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RICHARDSON



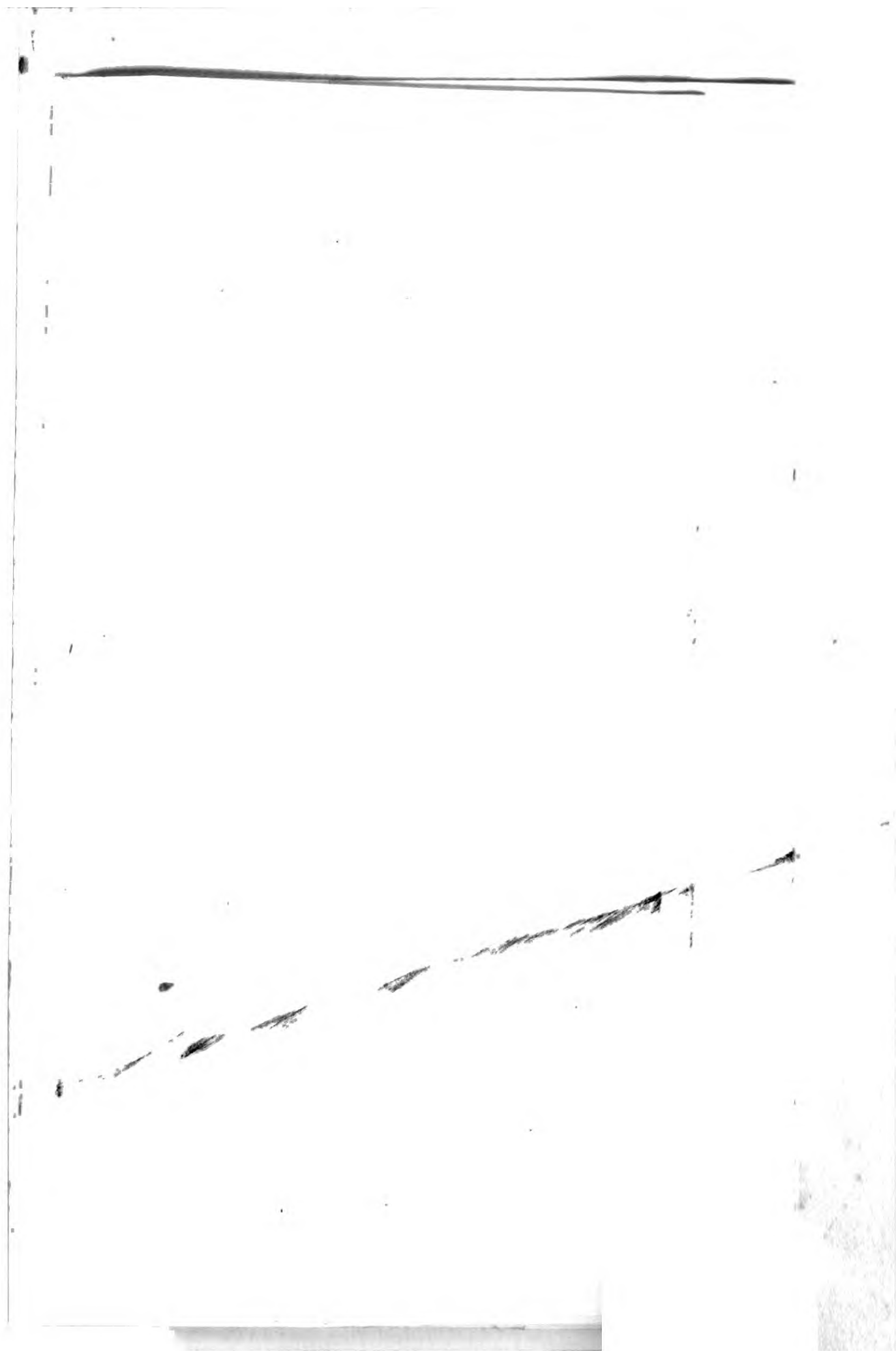




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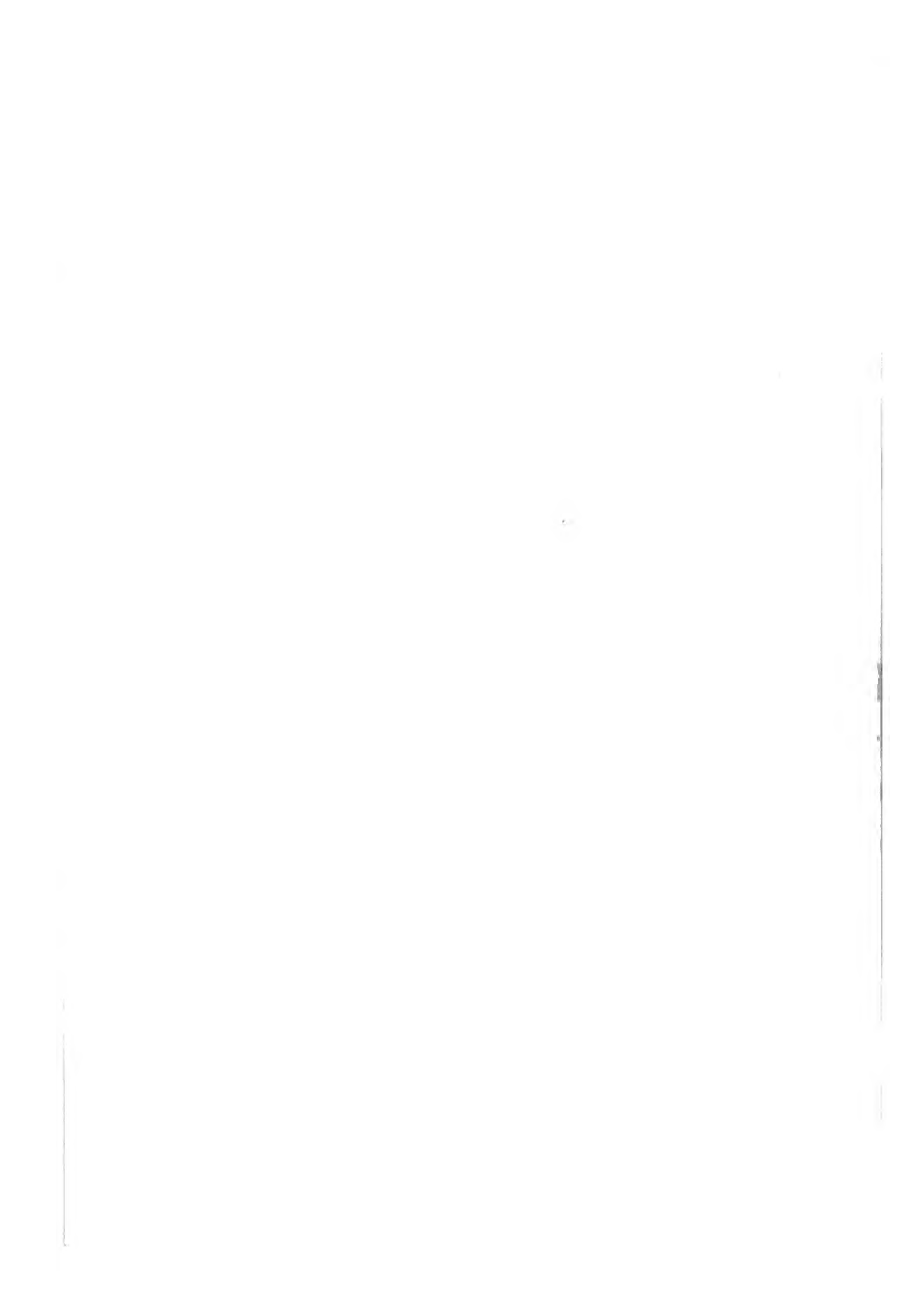
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SAMUEL RICHARDSON



Samuel Richardson.
From the painting by Joseph Highmore.

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INTRODUCTION

I.

THE chief interest of an author's life generally lies in its relation to his writings, and it is scarcely remarkable that where life and work touch most intimately the finest flash of achievement should be the result. There is, however, a rather rare type of author whose experience runs a quiet course apart from his expression—at no point can we find any contact, the whole trend of the one might be altered without influencing a hair's-breadth the character of the other.

Richardson is a most perfect example of this class. It is interesting to compare him with representatives of the "life and experience" type, Defoe, Fielding, Smollett, and, in more recent times, Charlotte Brontë. The last, perhaps, offers the best points of comparison, for her life was in every respect as quiet, monotonous, even dull, as Richardson's own. The great difference between them is that, while each one of Miss Brontë's novels reflects a separate phase of her existence, but for which it would never have been written, Richardson, as far as we know, did not reproduce a single character or episode from his outer world in the inner

world of his imagination. If Charlotte Brontë had never been to school at Cowan Bridge, or served tedious months as a governess, we should never have had *Jane Eyre*, nor, without the visit to Brussels, should we have had *Villette* or *The Professor*. But we cannot say that if Richardson had never married Miss Martha Wilde, or if he had never become Law Printer to the King, or even if he had never endured some dreary months of domestic trouble, we should have lost a single character or a single scene of *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, or *Sir Charles Grandison*. He drew his characters and their adventures entirely from his inner consciousness, not only in their broader outlines but in their minutest details.

For an account of his early years we have to depend on Richardson himself. His father was a joiner, in the days when the trade was often combined with some practice of drawing and architecture. "His skill and ingenuity, and an understanding superior to his business, with his remarkable integrity of heart and manners, made him personally beloved by several persons of rank, among whom were the Duke of Monmouth and the first Earl of Shaftesbury. . . . Their known favour for him having, on the Duke's attempt on the crown, subjected him to be looked upon with a jealous eye . . . he thought it proper, on the decollation of the first-named unhappy nobleman, to quit his London business, and retire to Derbyshire, though to his great detriment."

Richardson was born in Derbyshire in 1689, and was at first intended for the Church, but as his father

could not afford to give him more than a "common school education," the project had to be abandoned. Richardson always had an unbounded admiration for the clergy and the Church of England, and it is easy to imagine him as an eighteenth-century divine. If he had been ordained we should probably never have had his novels, for it is doubtful whether he sat down to write *Pamela* with any view other than "to cultivate principles of virtue and religion in the minds of the youth of both sexes." It was his exclusion from the pulpit that sent him to the circulating library.

In the account he gives us of his boyhood it is interesting to note the two subjects which seem to have absorbed him most—"the cause of virtue and religion," and what he called "the tender passion." It is also significant that both soon became associated with letter-writing. "I was not eleven years old when I wrote spontaneously a letter to a widow near fifty, who, pretending a zeal for religion, and being a constant frequenter of Church ordinances, was continually fomenting quarrels and disturbances by backbiting and scandal among all her acquaintance. I collected from the Scripture texts that made against her. Assuming the style and address of a person in years, I exhorted her, I expostulated with her." In the matter of love he was equally zealous, and doubtless better appreciated. "I was not more than thirteen when three young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lovers'

letters." In this way he had opportunity not only of learning to write fair English, but of grounding himself in that peculiar knowledge of feminine outlook and motive which has made him unique among eighteenth-century writers, if not in literature. "I have been directed to chide and even repulse at the very time that the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection ; and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing this word or that expression to be softened or changed."

After Richardson had left his native county, and had become the industrious apprentice of John Wilde, a printer, of Stationers' Hall, he continued to improve himself in letter-writing, corresponding regularly with a gentleman who, he tells us, was "a master of the epistolary style." When the term of his apprenticeship was over, he became a journeyman printer and corrector of the press, and afterwards an overseer. In 1719 he set up for himself as a master printer in Fleet Street, and two years later married the daughter of his former master, Martha Allington Wilde.

His marriage necessitated his supplementing his income in some way ; accordingly we find him writing prefaces, indexes, and dedications, as well as printing them. In 1739 two booksellers, Osborne and Rivington, knowing his skill as a letter-writer, asked him to compile for them a volume of "familiar letters" for the use of those who had difficulty in writing for themselves. Richardson took characteristic advantage of the occasion. "Will it be any harm, in a piece you

want written so low, if we should instruct them how to think and act in common cases, as well as indite?" At this, he tells us, "they were the more urgent with me to begin the little volume." It did not, however, appear till two years later, its progress being interrupted by the writing and publication of *Pamela*. "In the progress of it writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid snares that might be laid against their virtue . . ." he remembered a story he had heard many years before from a friend concerning a certain Mr. B. who had married his mother's serving-maid. "I thought the story, if written in an easy and natural manner, suitable to the simplicity of it, might possibly introduce a new species of writing, that might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing, and dismissing the improbable and marvellous with which novels generally abound, might promote the cause of religion and virtue."

Pamela was published anonymously in 1740, and was received with rapturous enthusiasm by a public unaccustomed and delighted to find the ordinary joys and sorrows of every day between the covers of a novel. It seems also to have been welcomed as a work of the most beautiful morality. It was recommended from the pulpit, and its moral influence rated second to that of the Bible alone. Even Pope admired *Pamela*, declaring that it would "do more good than many volumes of sermons," and on the secret of its authorship being divulged, he suggested

that Richardson should write a sequel, satirizing the society of the time. Richardson, however, would probably have done nothing so foolish had not a spurious continuation—*Pamela in High Life*—appeared in 1741, and induced him, in self-defence, to write two more volumes, which are not only unnecessary, but far inferior to the first part. The second part of *Pamela* is no witty exposure of the vices and follies of “high life”—Richardson would have been quite incapable of taking such a liberty—but a dreary exposition of the heroine as “an affectionate wife, a faithful friend, a polite and kind neighbour, an indulgent mother, and a beneficent mistress.”

For eight years Richardson worked enthusiastically and industriously, both at his printing-office and at his writing-table, and in 1748 appeared the novel which has universally been acknowledged his masterpiece—*Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady*. It found even greater contemporary favour than *Pamela*, in spite of the fact that it was published in two parts, with a seven months' interval between them, during which the catastrophe of the story leaked out through the indiscretion of the author's lady confidantes. It at once made Richardson the most popular writer of his day, and won him fame and praise not only at home but abroad, where Diderot lauded it to extravagance, and Rousseau paid it the compliment of imitation.

In 1754 appeared *The History of Sir Charles Grandison, in a Series of Letters*. It is certainly not so fine a work as *Clarissa*—indeed, some critics have rated it

below *Pamela*—but it was received with little less enthusiasm. With it Richardson completed his literary scheme. His object had been to write three novels dealing with lower-class, middle-class, and upper-class life respectively, and though his qualifications for dealing with fashionable life were not such as would secure entire success, *Sir Charles* must be acknowledged a fitting conclusion to a trilogy which stands unique in English literature. All three novels were translated, soon after their publication, into French, German, Dutch, Italian, and Spanish. “We may be proud of Richardson,” writes Professor Saintsbury, “and justly proud, for the very reason that he ranks among the extremely few writers who have achieved the extraordinary honour of popularity, both immediate and lasting, in countries other than their own.”

During this period of success, Richardson continued to live the life of a plain, hard-working tradesman. In 1754 he was made master of the Stationers’ Company, and in 1760 he bought a moiety of the patent of Law Printer to the King. In 1754 he also moved from his country house at North End, Fulham, to another, more imposing, at Parson’s Green; but he continued to go regularly to his office, by this time transferred to larger premises in Salisbury Court. It was in Salisbury Court, where his town house also stood, that he was seized with a paralytic stroke on July 2, 1761. He died on the 4th, and was buried in St. Bride’s, Fleet Street, where his first wife had been laid in 1731. He was twice married—the second time to Elizabeth Leake, the daughter of a bookseller at Bath—but

though he had twelve children, only four survived him.

For the last years of his life Richardson was a valetudinarian; he suffered from a nervous disorder, brought on by a series of domestic trials—the loss of his first wife and all her children, of his father and two brothers, and “a friend more valuable than most brothers.” He was a vegetarian in an age when vegetarianism was looked upon as a form of insanity, and a total abstainer in days when even the virtuous and decorous Clarissa could be allowed a glass of beer. As time wore on his frailty increased, so that at length he could not lift a glass to his lips without help. He seems, however, to have attended to his business to the very last, though he preferred to give instructions to his workmen in writing, shrinking from the possibility of any noise or altercation.

During his famous years he was surrounded by what Mrs. Barbauld calls “a flower-garden of ladies,” and Dr. Johnson rather unkindly, yet perhaps truthfully, suggests that he chose female society because he found in women a more uncritical and effusive admiration than in his own sex. Most certainly his chief failing was vanity, and it is no doubt for this reason that we do not find a single instance of friendship between him and one of his more famous contemporaries. He delighted to encourage and patronize men halfway up the ladder, or who were in no danger of becoming his rivals in his own field—such as Aaron Hill, Cdley Cibber, and Dr. Johnson in his unfortunate days—if only they were willing to offer the incense without

which he could not breathe ; but his attitude towards the great fictionists of his time, especially Fielding, shows an unhealthy sensitiveness of criticism, and a far from generous rivalry.

In his private life Richardson was hospitality and charity itself ; his house was always open to his friends, and his purse to the poor. In an age of looseness and coarseness his morals and conversation were exceptionally pure, and he was totally free of any despicable tendency to make his literary fame a stepping-stone to the favour of the rich and great. On the whole, his faults seem to have been the faults of a constricted rather than of a little nature, and no doubt some of them were due to that strange feminine quality which permeated his entire outlook as well as his writings, making his outlook trivial and his writings great.

II.

In dealing with Richardson as a writer, one is confronted by a series of paradoxes ; for one has to do with a novelist who wrote with a high moral purpose books of very dubious morality, who, regarded to-day as one of the most delicate-minded and verbally pure writers of the eighteenth century, was charged in his own time with bringing blushes to the cheeks of the young ladies who read and enjoyed *Tom Jones*, who, a plain man in every respect, gives us a universe seen entirely from a woman's point of view. It is further paradoxical that Richardson should be a paradox. There is nothing in the least paradoxical on the

surface of his good, simple, uneventful life, and no one would have been more astonished at some of the results of his work than the author himself.

Richardson wrote his novels in the twofold capacity of moralist and novelist. The first he considered the most important vocation; it was the cry of the disappointed clergyman in him. For the sake of the first alone he became the second, but it is only for the sake of the second that he is tolerated as the first. He is a moralist by design and a genius by accident, consequently he is a far finer genius than moralist.

He is one of the few writers whom one can unhesitatingly describe as a genius, a word which at once suggests the spiritual and subconscious. The definition of genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains" is more edifying than applicable. If it were rigorously enforced, then Shakespeare would appear a poorer genius than some Grub-Street translator. Genius is the supernatural in literature. A keen observer, with a sound idea of his native language and a good control of his reasoning faculties, has it in his power to produce a work of any excellence short of genius, but for a work of genius more indefinite and more spiritual qualities are required; it is not merely the case of a fine imagination or deep powers of intuition, but of something beyond both and yet akin to both.

Of the two aspects of genius, the imaginative aspect and the intuitive aspect, Richardson was best endowed with the second. An imaginative writer always leaves much to his readers' imagination, but Richardson leaves nothing. His wonderful knowledge of lives, loves,

and thoughts, of which he can have had little or no experience, is due to a typically feminine characteristic—the intuition by means of which the law of compensation has atoned to woman for a poor judgment and a treacherous imagination. It is this power which is in a great degree responsible for the feminism of Richardson's writings. It is no exaggeration to say that each of his three books might have been written by a woman. It is not only that his heroines are real women, in striking contrast to most heroines of man-made fiction, but he writes about them from a woman's point of view. His personal character, though far from effeminate, seems to have been essentially feminine. He had all a woman's sensitiveness — which explains, though it cannot excuse, his attitude towards Swift, Sterne, Fielding, and other famous contemporaries ; he had all a woman's insight into motive, all a woman's love of detail and the external, all a woman's faultiness of judgment and lack of true proportion.

It is interesting to compare Richardson's heroines with those of Fielding, his great rival and antithesis. Fielding's bouncing, big-hearted heroines are not, properly speaking, women at all. Fanny and Sophia are unblushingly boys, while Amelia is a woman seen from the outside, a charming outside it must be owned, but none the less Amelia, seen from Fielding's point of view, whereas Pamela is never seen from any point of view but Pamela's. It seems strange, then, that while we unhesitatingly add both Sophia and Amelia to the intimate circle of our friends, we hesitate about admitting Pamela or Clarissa, Anna Howe or Charlotte

Grandison. The reason, Professor Saintsbury suggests, is that "even Pamela, even Anna Howe, even Charlotte Grandison, is not quite flesh and blood to-day." Richardson's women are women, but, paradoxically, they are not quite human beings. The woman is there, but she is so muffled in the frills and furbelows of hyperbole, and laced up in the stays of convention, that we lose sight of her humanity, and find her as out of place in our affections as her clothes would be in our streets. Sophia and Amelia wore mittens and paniers ; charming Fanny wore ear-caps like Pamela, but it is possible to imagine Fanny, Sophia, and Amelia in the garments of to-day, whereas the clothes of Richardson's heroines are, so to speak, sewn on to them, and those who wish to make friends with Pamela, Clarissa, or Harriet Byron, must not hope to bring them into this century, but must go boldly to meet them in their own.

In spite of his freedom from exterior coarseness, a far deeper knowledge of, and sympathy with, the eighteenth century is necessary for the reader of Richardson than for the reader of Fielding, Smollett, or Sterne. Fielding and Smollett and Sterne give us an eighteenth-century picture which it is possible to appreciate from a twentieth-century point of view ; but in order to enjoy and understand Richardson, one must transport oneself, outlook and all, to the days of artificial sentiment and commercial morality. It is unfair to judge a lamplight drawing by daylight, neither is it fair to take Richardson out of the groping righteousness of his time and station and judge him in

the light of modern standards. One is repaid by the fact that a more truly inward knowledge of eighteenth-century middle-class life and thought is to be found in Richardson than in any other writer. The fighting life of the time, the life of the inns, of the pleasure-gardens, of the ships, the exterior and exceptional life of adventure, intrigue, and romance, we find magnificently set forth in the pages of Fielding and Smollett; but life as it was lived by women in quiet manor-houses and cottages, the domestic life of the period, the everyday of yesterday, is given us nowhere with such minuteness, truth, and sympathy, as in the novels of Richardson.

In this respect the author's limited and highly feminine outlook is distinctly an advantage, but in others it has grave drawbacks. For one thing, it is responsible for the failure of his male characters. On the whole, it seems as if he had taken more pains over them than over his women, and certainly as if he had found more difficulty in their presentation. They are more elaborately constructed, more explained, and there is more art about them than about anything else in Richardson. But they do not live—there is some fine machinery, but no flesh and blood to cover it.

They have, also, a far more serious drawback, which is due not so much to the author's feminism as to a flaw in his feminism—not only do they represent a woman's outlook, but the outlook of an inferior type of woman. In this respect it is interesting to compare Richardson with George Meredith, the greatest and

most convincing feminist of modern times. Directly the comparison is made we grasp the reason of Richardson's failure—he does not give us the best in womanhood. His women are the best of an inferior type, models of chastity, charity, and submission, but falling woefully short in the broader virtues of courage and dignity, spirit and truth. "There is always something," says Dr. Johnson, "which Clarissa prefers to truth." Meredith's heroines, on the other hand, are all women of uprightness of character and greatness of soul; though probably they do not come so near to their author's ideal as Richardson's do to his, that ideal is infinitely higher, infinitely more catholic. Diana Warwick belongs altogether to a superior order of beings to Clarissa Harlowe; she does not, perhaps, act up to her principles as loyally as Clarissa, but she falls short of her aim only because it is the sky, whereas Richardson's heroines seldom lift their eyes above the trees of virtue and decorum. We may feel quite sure that in none of "Antonia's" novels were there heroes of the type of Lovelace or Sir Charles Grandison—women are generally more short-sighted in these matters than men, but Diana would at once have recognized the former as a bounder and the latter as a prig, whereas by Richardson's heroines they were regarded as, respectively, a fine gentleman and a saint. They are women's men, no doubt, but men beloved of an inferior order of women, the type which surrounded Richardson as he wrote.

The unfortunate men are further handicapped by the fact that they are fashioned expressly to deal with

certain circumstances, instead of such circumstances being the logical outcome of their character and conduct. Lovelace, for instance, has to be made not only a heartless but a motiveless libertine, and Mr. B. has to play the double part of villain and hero, with the further disadvantage that he does not play them together but consecutively, without even a breathing space between.

Richardson the novelist undoubtedly suffered much from Richardson the moralist. "He always valued himself upon the morality of his pieces," says Mrs. Barbauld, "much more than upon his invention, and had partly persuaded himself, and partly been persuaded by others, into the idea that he was the great reformer of the age." He liked to class his novels, not with masterpieces of English fiction, such as *Gulliver's Travels*, *Tom Jones*, or *Tristram Shandy*, but with such works as Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, Nelson's *Fasts and Festivals*, and *The Whole Duty of Man*. His moral purpose, with his enormous length, is the chief barrier between him and modern readers, for not only is it constantly obtruding itself to the point of nausea, but in more than one instance it is hopelessly perverted and unhealthy. His morality was the morality of the eighteenth century—that it was no worse is proved by the eagerness with which the eighteenth century welcomed him as a moralist. *Pamela*—perhaps the greatest ethical monstrosity in existence—was hailed as "the best book ever published and calculated to do most good," while one of Richardson's correspondents writes "that if all other books were

to be burnt, this book, next to the Bible, ought to be preserved."

Nowadays we have gone to the opposite extreme, and the attitude of the modern critic is one of amused contempt. It is dangerous, however, to insist that Richardson as a moralist is wholly negligible, or to deny that in some respects he was wiser not only than his own times, but than ours. He never forces any crude, half-thought-out problem on his readers' consideration; we may rise from a Richardson sermon either thoroughly disgusted or irreverently amused, but never in that state of tingling, unwholesome perplexity which is the invariable result of contact with raw doubts or the consideration of a question which the author frankly begs in the last chapter. Moreover, Richardson's morality is quite untainted by party spirit or special pleading; he is there to recommend goodness and to condemn evil, not to cry up the goodness of any special system, or to attack the evils of any particular class. "We shall probably," says Mrs. Barbauld, "not find any writings of the class of novels in which virtue and piety are so strongly and uniformly recommended, without any party spirit or view to recommend a particular system."

III.

Richardson's fame undoubtedly suffered from his popularity. He was once the fashion, and, like everything which was once the fashion, in course of time he became unfashionable, and suffered more dispraise and neglect than doubtless would have been his lot had he

never been worshipped so unquestioningly or extolled so unblushingly.

Perhaps the novel which has withstood with least success his collapse as a fashionable writer is *Pamela*. As early as 1778, Mrs. Chapone, once one of the author's most enthusiastic admirers, confesses that "it appeared somewhat different from what I thought of it thirty years ago." Nowadays, though we still appreciate its literary qualities, we can only marvel that it was ever received as a work of high morality. Fashions change in morals as in other things, but the morality of *Pamela* is not merely old-fashioned, it is perverted and pernicious, and the reader sometimes has difficulty not to sneer at the society which was able to see anything improving in this farrago of distorted ethics.

That society, cultivated as well as uncultivated, saw little to cavil at from a moral point of view is evident from a study of contemporary criticism. Objections were made, but merely to trivial matters of style and method. In the "Curious Letters to the Author," prefixed to the edition of 1785, the "anonymous gentleman from the country" has nothing further to suggest than "that the style ought to be a little raised, at least as soon as Pamela knows the gentleman's love is honourable," or "that the passage where the gentleman is said to span the waist of Pamela with his hands, is enough to ruin a nation of women by tight-lacing." All that Aaron Hill can see to object to is "that mothers and grandmothers in families of affluent fortune" will have reason to fear "that the example of so amiable a gentleman as Mr. B. may be followed by

the Jackies their sons." Few seem to have realized the genuine shortcomings of the novel, except "Conny Keyber" in his "Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews, in which the many notorious falsehoods, and misrepresentations of a Book called Pamela, are exposed and refuted, and all the matchless arts of that young Politician set in a true and just light."

"Conny Keyber" is almost certainly Fielding, for not only is his pseudonym evidently a travesty of the name of Fielding's chief butt, Colley Cibber, but Mr. B. becomes Mr. Booby, as in *Joseph Andrews*, and the humour of the whole is typical of the author of *Tom Jones*. The objections made to *Pamela* at the end of this parody show a true grasp of the book's limitations and anticipate much modern criticism. "Young gentlemen are here taught that to marry their mother's chambermaids, and to indulge in the passion of lust, at the expense of reason and common sense, is an act of religion, virtue, and honour; and, indeed, is the surest road to happiness. . . . All chambermaids are strictly enjoined to look out after their masters; they are taught to use little arts to that purpose, and lastly are countenanced in impertinence to their superiors and in betraying the secrets of families."

If it could be stripped of its morality, *Pamela* would perhaps be found a greater literary achievement than *Sir Charles Grandison*. It possesses to a greater extent than either *Grandison* or *Clarissa* that air of "pleasing simplicity" to which Richardson owes so much of his greatness, and *Pamela* is perhaps the

best-drawn character in the three novels. She is an admirable picture of a little eighteenth-century serving-maid: good and conscientious; obsequious, even grovelling, to her superiors, though sometimes capable of pertness; in many ways beautifully innocent, in others extraordinarily wary and sophisticated.

Richardson's mistake lies in forcing this very human and faulty little baggage on our attention as a model of all the virtues, particularly of the virtue in which she is most lacking. During the earlier letters, when we see Pamela as a simple, childlike, happy-minded girl, her suspicions all unaroused, or later, when, though convinced of her master's evil intentions, she is equally sure of her own indignation, we are inclined both to love and to sympathize. It is when we find her staying on in her seducer's house after she is free to leave it; acknowledging a liking for him in spite of his insulting grossness; admitting the odious Mrs. Jewkes to familiarity and abandoning Mr. Williams, for fear of offending her master; finally, though steadfastly refusing to satisfy his lust in the "uncertificated line," both ready and eager to do so under the legal covert of matrimony—then our sense of decency is outraged, and we are tempted to consign Pamela and her story to the devil, with whom she dialogues so edifyingly.

The character-drawing in *Pamela* is not, as a whole, equal to that in the other two novels. The heroine's father is the best of minor characters, though he shares his daughter's tendency to grovel, and Mrs. Jervis, Longman, and the other servants of Mr. B. are all well realized—servants to the core. But the "high

life" characters—Lady Davers and Mr. B. himself—must be described as utter failures. Both are the originals of types found more fully developed in the other two novels—one of Richardson's faults as a writer is a lack of variety in his characterization—Lady Davers becomes Anna Howe in *Clarissa* and Lady G. in *Grandison*, while in Mr. B. are the crude beginnings of Lovelace and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Clarissa, the second novel of the trilogy, has been almost unanimously declared Richardson's masterpiece. Few would seriously dispute its claims; not only does it give us one of the most noble and most touching figures in English fiction, but the whole scheme of the story, its progress, its climax, its catastrophe, have about them a ring of inevitable tragedy, a high sublimity, a magnetic beauty, which lift them not only above *Pamela* and *Grandison*, but indeed above any novel of the eighteenth century, that Golden Age of novel-writing. Alfred de Musset's well-known definition of *Clarissa* as "le premier roman du monde" is not so uncritical as would at first appear. When we come to examine the heroine and her story, we see in them the apotheosis of that hidden and spiritual gift which had struggled with the bad taste of *Pamela* and was to triumph over the moralizings of *Grandison*. *Clarissa* is, indeed, a work of genius. There is no craft about it, except of the poorest kind; it is full of faults of construction and errors in observation and judgment; its situations are connected by a chain of improbabilities; its chief male character is absolutely impossible—and yet it triumphs. It is the book into

which went all the immense force of the author's intuition, all his sympathy with and comprehension of womanhood, all his zeal for virtue, and his pity for the unfortunate.

Undoubtedly its chief beauty lies in the character of the heroine. Like Pamela, Clarissa is not quite what her author intended, but this time it is all to her advantage. Richardson meant her to be something above the goodness of this world, crowned with every virtue as she is crowned with every sorrow. But the divine Clarissa is in many ways beautifully human. We forget her "needlework and discretion" when we see her tearing Lovelace's ruffles; we forget her advice to the daughters of the poor to "fly the delusions of men" when we find her blundering so innocently and helplessly into the snares a man has spread. There is about her, too, a mingling of obstinacy and irresolution which is essentially human and essentially feminine.

If the moral of *Pamela* is virtue rewarded, the moral of *Clarissa* is surely virtue triumphant. *Clarissa* is a supremely moral work, far more moral, perhaps, than its author intended. Richardson's chief end was doubtless to show "the distresses that may attend the conduct both of parents and children in relation to marriage;" but, as Mrs. Barbauld beautifully says, "The real moral of *Clarissa* is that virtue is triumphant in every situation; that in circumstances the most painful and degrading, in a prison, in a brothel, in grief, in distraction, in despair, it is still lovely, still commanding, still the object of our veneration, of our fondest affec-

tion ; that if it is seated on the ground it can still say with Constance—

“‘Here is my throne ; kings come and bow to it.’”

After the contemplation of the heroine and her victory it is something in the nature of bathos to turn to the hero—or villain—Lovelace. On him Richardson has bestowed far more elaborate efforts with a far poorer result. Lovelace is the creature of art, whereas Clarissa, together with the real significance of her story, is the accident of genius. Lovelace may possibly have been drawn from life. The author, in a letter to Aaron Hill, says that he is from the same model as Mr. B., “made still worse by my mingling the worst of two other characters, that were as well known to me, of that gentleman’s acquaintance.” The gentleman referred to may possibly be the Duke of Wharton, with whom Richardson was associated, during his earlier years, in the publication of *The True Briton* ; but Mr. Austin Dobson, in his *Life of Richardson*, discounts the idea that he means more than that he could parallel Lovelace’s villainies in real life if he chose. That though, as he tells us, he had “never spoken to a licentious woman,” he was not unfamiliar with male scoundrels and their ways, is evident from his friendship not only with the Duke of Wharton, but with that infamous old rake, Colley Cibber. If Lovelace were actually drawn from life, the circumstance does not say much for Richardson’s powers of observation, for certainly no such man as Lovelace ever existed. “Is not the Lovelace of Richardson,” asks Twining, “more

out of nature, more improbable, than the Caliban of Shakespeare? The latter is, at least, consistent. I can *imagine* such a monster as Caliban; I never could imagine such a man as Lovelace."

There is little doubt, however, that though Lovelace has all the improbability inherent in a character made expressly to fit highly improbable circumstances, he is richly endowed with charm, even with fascination. He is certainly not in the least a fine gentleman, and Hazlitt has gone rather far in speaking of the "regality of Lovelace," but there is about him all the glamour of birth and prodigality, and, in addition, a certain saucy liveliness which makes him essentially a "woman's villain," just as Sir Charles Grandison is a "woman's hero." Indeed, the ladies of his time found him so attractive that Richardson felt in duty bound to give them a worthier object for their affection. Accordingly, as soon as it could be written—and that was necessarily not very soon—appeared *The History of Sir Charles Grandison*.

This is the most elaborate of all three novels, and shows, perhaps, the highest literary finish. It would seem as if at last the fact were dawning on Richardson that he was a novelist as well as a moralist, and that the former vocation had its duties and interests as well as the latter. In *Pamela* and *Clarissa* respectively there are only two characters of real importance—the heroine and Mr. B. in the first, the heroine and Lovelace in the second. Between those couples the action is fought out, the other characters being entirely subsidiary and comparatively unimportant. In *Grandison*,

however, there is a large number of important characters, whose fortunes are involved in a multitude of side-issues and by-plots—the whole linked together with some skill.

The connecting link is the hero. Every incident is described and every character depicted with a view to illustrate some perfection of the matchless Sir Charles. Richardson's first idea was to call the book *The Good Man*, and Sir Charles represents his ideal of manly virtue. As such he has been subjected to a good deal of rather merciless criticism. Richardson does much to defeat his own aims by driving home to us his hero's perfections with such insistence that we become heartily tired of them, and are inclined to dismiss the mirror of all the virtues as an unqualified prig. As an example, moreover, Sir Charles is of little use, owing to the extreme easiness and pliability of his circumstances. "It is impossible," says Scott, "that any very deep lesson can be derived from contemplating a character which is placed in circumstances of worldly ease and prosperity that render him entirely superior to temptation." Everyone admires Sir Charles; even his enemies are compelled to do him homage. He knows nothing of the temptations which arise when "the just upright man is laughed to scorn." He sails no tempest; the little ripples of adversity break under his ship's keel, and scarcely heave the bows. He owes far too much to fortune and the fencing-master. It must have been but a poor help to an eighteenth-century anti-duellist to be told that if he did not want to fight, all he had to do was to disarm his rival before

he could put in a thrust. Richardson held decided views on one of the chief scandals of his age, but he was not brave enough to make his hero bear not only the glory of the reformer but the shame.

Sir Charles's very virtues are scarcely the kind to inspire imitation. It is true that he is merciful to his beast—a point strangely neglected by the average eighteenth-century moralist—and refuses to have his horses' tails docked according to the prevailing fashion; but in other matters he is seldom free from conventionality, and his qualities are of a stolid, respectable, uninspiring order, which scarcely makes for beauty or even for true dignity. He is totally devoid of any moving, human passion; he is able with perfect decorum to love two ladies at once, and is apparently equally ready to marry either. He represents, as Leslie Stephen says, "a rather carnal ideal; he suggests to us those well-fed, almost beefy and corpulent angels, whom the contemporary school of painters sometimes portray. No doubt they are angels, for they have wings and are seated in the clouds, but there is nothing ethereal in their whole nature."

It would, however, be grossly unfair to Richardson to dismiss his hero as a mere prig and failure. In Sir Charles he has given us his ideal; conscientiously and enthusiastically he has built up for us the character of "a man of religion and virtue," who, if he is too redolent of his century to be acceptable in ours, represents none the less the highest which that century, as a century, was able to attain. If we have not a man righteous beyond his times, we have at least a man

righteous to the fullest extent of his times, and the character of Sir Charles Grandison will help us understand those times more thoroughly—not by the mere study of their history, but by the consideration of their ideals.

Of the two heroines, Clementina is perhaps the most attractive. Harriet Byron suffers from her vocation, as “a model of true female excellence.” She is dutiful, kind-hearted, even generous to a degree, but she is too communicative for our modern taste, and, at the same time, is rather quiet and colourless. “Her character,” says Mrs. Barbauld, “has no very prominent feature, except her love for Sir Charles.” Clementina, however, belongs to a rarely delineated type—the gentle bigot—and there is about her a delicate pathos which at once wins our sympathy. We may not feel inclined to agree with Dr. Warton, who doubts “whether the madness of Lear is wrought up and expressed by so many little strokes of nature and passion,” and declares that “it is absolute pedantry to prefer and compare the madness of Orestes, in Euripides, to this of Clementina”; but there is no denying the beauty and tragedy of the Italian scenes, which, moreover, have about them a certain air of “largeness” that is generally lacking in Richardson. They point to an enlargement of his outlook. Lady Mary Wortley Montague may swear that he knows nothing of the Italian aristocracy, but his attempt to portray it shows a widening of sympathies hitherto confined in rather a petty sphere.

The immense amount of detail in the last volume,

in which Sir Charles's family mansion is described at truly staggering length, seems to have appealed specially to Richardson's leisured readers. A rather pathetic evidence of this is "*The History of Sir Charles Grandison. Spiritualized in part. A Vision with Reflections thereon. By Theophila,*" which was published in 1760. "Perusing last night," says the author in her Introduction, "the beginning of the seventh volume of Sir Charles Grandison, where he introduces his happy bride to his paternal seat, surrounded by all her congratulating friends, I could not help thinking it a proper representation of the happiness of a pious soul, who, after many years' conflict with the infirmities and uncertainties of this present state, finds herself at once released by death, and put in immediate and full possession of the joy of her Lord." Perhaps it would be no exaggeration to say that Richardson was most appreciated in his own times for the very characteristics we most decry in ours.

IV.

As a novelist pure and simple, Richardson fails, owing to his refusal to regard his novels as more than a means to an end. Of artistic construction and literary grace he thought little or nothing, and his achievements on the purely literary side of his work are as accidental as they are magnificent. Perhaps it is this very air of accident which gives him so great a charm. One is not irritated by conscious straining after effect or originality, by "fine writing," or precious graces.

His style has been immensely discussed, some critics unhesitatingly condemning it as "heavy, vulgar, and embarrassed," while others praise it as "a sort of Dutch painting, of extraordinary minuteness." No doubt it is neither polished nor effective, but it is the ordinary conversational style of the eighteenth century, and, as such, adds to the value of his novels as faithful portraits of the backwaters of that period. "Richardson's novels deserve special mention," says Professor Fitz-edward Hall in his *Modern English*, "as being a rich storehouse of the conversational dialect of their author's age"; and in a very interesting pamphlet, *Studies in the Language of Samuel Richardson*, published recently at Upsala, Wilhelm Uhrström proves this assertion by an exhaustive study of eighteenth-century language—of the colloquial and conversational, as apart from the literary style—showing in the course of it that many of Richardson's clumsy and seemingly ungrammatical expressions, such as the Anglo-Saxon comparison and the omission of the nominative relative, were part of the common syntax of his times.

It is, however, impossible to deny the truth of Mrs. Barbauld's criticism, that though "he wrote with facility, expressions as well as thoughts flowing readily from his pen, we do not find in his writings either the ease and elegance of good company, or the polished period of the finished author. They are not only overloaded with a redundance of complimentary expression, which gives a stiffness to the dialogue . . . but they are blemished with little flippancies of expression, new-coined words, and sentences involved and ill-con-

structed.” “Is there not here and there a nursery phrase?” diffidently asks one of Richardson’s correspondents; and the answer must be, Yes, there certainly is. Throughout the whole of the author’s work one notices an utter lack of culture; education is undoubtedly there, but of culture—not a vestige. Richardson may sneer at Fielding as “low,” but Fielding brings more culture and literary flavour into a sponging-house than Richardson brings into a drawing-room. In *Samuel Richardsons Belesenheit*, Dr. Erich Poetzsche shows by means of quotations from the novels and the correspondence, that the author was acquainted with an enormous mass of English and foreign literature, and with the best-known classical writers. The quotations, however, in many cases do not prove that these were known to Richardson more than by name. His profession would make him familiar with the names and works of his contemporaries, and it is noticeable that by far the largest number of quotations are either from the author’s contemporaries or from his immediate predecessors. A striking and significant gap is made by the omission of all Elizabethan writers except Spenser and Shakespeare—Richardson had evidently but little acquaintance with the most educative and expansive, as well as the most brilliant, period of English literature. As for the foreign authors, he can have known their works only through translations, for he himself confesses that he had no knowledge of any foreign language, not excepting French, though *The Life of Balbe Berton, translated from the French, by a Lady*, gives notice that it has been “revised by Mr.

Richardson." As to the classics, his knowledge was confined to translations and hackneyed quotations, the assistance of his friends being required for any ambitious efforts in the way of pedantry, such as Brand's letter in *Clarissa*.

Perhaps the most salient characteristic of Richardson's style is its enormous prolixity. In this respect he has hardly escaped from the influence of the romance-writers he despised. Not that *Clarissa* is as long as *Le Grand Cyrus*, but it is as long as it could possibly be made, with the further disadvantage that not only are incidents detailed at enormous length, but the same event is often described a second or a third time, by another letter-writer, from another point of view. This, however, as various critics have pointed out, is a method which has its compensations. To it we undoubtedly owe the intimate terms between characters and reader which invariably exist during the actual reading of the novel, though they are often destroyed by cold criticism when the book is finished. "With Richardson we slip invisible into the domestic privacy of his characters," writes Jeffrey, "we feel [for them] as for our private friends and acquaintance, with whose whole situation we are familiar." "There is," says Mr. Austin Dobson, "an extraordinary quality about that nerveless, ambling, redundant style of his, which, to those who persevere, gradually absorbs and fascinates."

No doubt that even more would have been forgiven Richardson had he possessed anything remotely approaching a sense of humour. Some of the letters

are amusing, no doubt, and Lovelace occasionally shows wit as well as liveliness, but the humour is not a part of the author himself, it is merely a part of his characters, given them, perhaps, in order to provide the necessary relief to the serious purpose of their creator. It also lacks breadth and polish. "The gaiety of Richardson's characters"—again to quote Jeffrey—"is extremely girlish and silly, and is more like the prattle of spoiled children than the wit and pleasantry of persons acquainted with the world." It is sometimes worse, for it shares the disadvantage of his men characters, and is not only "girlish," but the wit beloved of an inferior type of girl. "Anna Howe and Charlotte Grandison," writes a contemporary woman-critic, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, "are recommended as patterns of charming pleasantry, and applauded by his saintlike dames, who mistake pert folly for wit and humour and ill-nature for spirit and fire. . . . Charlotte acts with an ingratitude, I think, too black for human nature, with such coarse jokes and low expressions as are only to be heard among the lowest class of people."

However, a striking quality of Richardson's work is that one cannot go far in the enumeration of its shortcomings without being confronted by one of its most sterling qualities—that it is practically impossible to criticize it in hot blood. The interest, in spite of long-windedness, is so excellently maintained, and the characters, in spite of stiffness and inconsistencies, so lifelike, that one is carried breathlessly from one incident to another, and criticism is smothered in

emotion. While we read we cannot realize that our excitement and our horror are ridiculous, that Pamela is more of a prudent merchant than a modest maiden, that Clarissa comes sometimes dangerously near a fool, and that it is not worth while troubling whether so poor a creature as Harriet Byron will marry Sir Charles Grandison or not. We are infected by that Innermost which, pushing aside the wrappers of convention and the commonplace, grips hold of us and will not let us go.

“The power of Richardson’s painting in his deeper scenes of tragedy never has been and probably never will be excelled.” Few who have read of the sufferings of Pamela and Clarissa will feel inclined to dispute Scott’s verdict. Richardson is at his best in scenes of assailed and struggling innocence. When we compare Pamela Andrews and Clarissa Harlowe with Fielding’s Sophia and Fanny under similar circumstances, we at once grasp one point, at least, in which Richardson rises infinitely superior to his rival. Never have we had brought before us so poignantly the sense of hopeless and helpless terror, of mad struggling and mad anguish, which make for that moment the loss of a purely physical chastity the most awful and hideous calamity possible to poor women. The scene in which Clarissa implores mercy from Lovelace on the night of the fire—now pleading “in the anguish of her soul, her streaming eyes lifted up to my face with supplicating softness, her bosom heaving with sighs and broken sobs, as if to aid her quivering lips,” now sliding through his arms to lie a quivering

heap of agony at his feet, now tearing his ruffles, transformed by terror from a delicate Miss to a poor little scratching animal—this is surely one of the most marvellous and most appalling scenes in fiction.

In the writing of such scenes Richardson has sometimes been accused of coarseness and an inflaming realism. "There are many lascivious images in it" (*Pamela*), writes the author of *Mrs. Shamela Andrews*, "very improper to be laid before the youth of either sex"; while Dr. Watts tells the author that the ladies complain that they cannot read certain passages without blushing. The fact is that a little more verbal coarseness would have done these passages no harm, for they would then have become—like similar passages in Smollett—crudely repulsive, and far less likely to inflame an unguarded imagination. Richardson tells us, in his preface to *Pamela*, that it is his object to effect the good ends of the book "without raising a single idea throughout the whole that shall shock the exactest purity, even in the warmest of those instances where purity would be most apprehensive." His mistake undoubtedly lies in the limiting of purity to external matters of phrase, and a failure to realize the safeguards of æsthetic repulsion.

An attempt to appreciate Richardson as a novelist would be incomplete without a survey of his influence on the career of the novel, both at home and abroad. Fielding has been called "the father of the English novel," but it is doubtful if, had Richardson never written *Pamela*, we should have heard of Fielding as

more than a clever pamphleteer or an indifferent playwright. Not that Richardson has any claims to father English fiction. As early as the sixteenth century Nash wrote *The Unfortunate Traveller*, the first English novel, and a little over a hundred years later Defoe published *Moll Flanders*, *Roxana*, and *Colonel Jack*. These deal with the lives of plain men and women, as distinct from the princes and princesses of orthodox romance ; but they all belong to the picaresque class of novel—the novel of the adventurous and the exceptional. It was for Richardson to strip fiction of the abnormal, as Defoe had stripped it of the impossible, to give us not only men and women, but men and women in ordinary circumstances.

Richardson was also the founder of the sentimental school. The word "sentimental" had only just come into use, and Richardson was both to popularize it and to immortalize it. Though he would have been horrified at the idea, it is to him we owe Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, the apotheosis of sentiment, with the saving grace of humour. His influence on Fanny Burney, Henry Mackenzie, and Henry Brooke is as easy to trace and easier to account for. Jane Austen, we know, was a sincere admirer of Richardson, and though she is no sentimentalist, we probably owe many of her inimitable feminine studies to the man who first made women psychologically interesting in fiction.

On the Continent Richardson's influence is even more remarkable. In Germany *Sir Charles Grandison* seems to have been the most popular of the novels ; it certainly has characteristics likely to make special appeal

to the Teutonic mind. It is the most slow moving of the trio, the most substantial, and the most pretentious. Its popularity is emphasized by Musäus' parody, *Grandison der Zweite*, an edition of which was published as late as 1803. Much of the German literature of this period may be traced directly to Richardson—Gellert's *Das Leben der Swedischen Gräfin von G.*, Hermes' *Geschichte der Miss Fanny Wilkes*, Lessing's *Miss Sara Sampson*, and later and more indirectly—probably through the medium of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*—the famous *Sorrows of Werther*.

In France both *Pamela* and *Clarissa* were preferred to *Grandison*. It was *Clarissa* which inspired Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, published in 1760. This novel is an imitation of Richardson in many respects; it is lengthy and sentimental, and departs from the canons of contemporary romance in the exaltation of the domestic virtues; moreover, it is told in a series of letters. However, in most ways, as was only to be expected, Rousseau and Richardson are poles apart. The morality of *La Nouvelle Héloïse* is essentially Gallic, and shocked the British author past expression. Rousseau's chief aim did not happen to be "to cultivate principles of virtue and religion in the youth of both sexes," and though his novel contains a good deal of moralizing, this is, so to speak, accidental to it, not, as is the case with *Clarissa*, bound up with the very heart of the story. Above all, Rousseau was a lover of freedom and a worshipper of Nature. Richardson cared nothing for the latter. "There is scarcely," says Sir Leslie Stephen, "throughout his books one

description showing the power of appealing to emotions through scenery." And the cause of the former was scarcely advanced by the grovelling class-distinctions he delighted both to practise and to preach.

The warmest, wildest praise Richardson ever received undoubtedly comes from Diderot. It can hardly have been equalled by the most enthusiastic of his female coterie. The well-known *Éloge* in *Le Journal Étranger* is almost lyrical in its enthusiasm. . . . "O Richardson, Richardson, first of men in my eyes, you shall be my reading at all times ! Pursued by pressing need—if my friend should fall into poverty—if the limitations of my fortune should prevent me from giving fit attention to the education of my children—I will sell my books ; but you shall remain on the same shelf as Moses, Euripides, and Sophocles, and I will read you by turns."

"Voilà ce qui s'appelle louer !"

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.

CALENDAR OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN RICHARDSON'S LIFE

- 1689. Born, in Derbyshire.
- 1706. Sent to London, and apprenticed to John Wilde,
printer.
- 1719. Started a printing business of his own.
- 1721. Married Martha, daughter of John Wilde.
- 1730. Death of his wife.
- 1740. Published *Pamela*.
- 1747-48. Published *Clarissa*.
- 1753. Published *Sir Charles Grandison*.
- 1754. Elected Master of the Stationers' Company.
- 1761. July 4, died of apoplexy.

APPRECIATIONS FROM GREAT CRITICS

DR. JOHNSON

An author . . . who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue.

MRS. BARBAULD

The style of Richardson has the property of setting before the reader, in the most lively manner, every circumstance of what he means to describe. He has the accuracy and finish of a Dutch painter . . . he is content to produce effects by the patient labour of minuteness.

JEFFREY

The great excellence of Richardson's novels consists in the unparalleled minuteness and copiousness of his descriptions, and in the pains he takes to make us thoroughly and intimately acquainted with every particular in the character and situation of the personages with whom we are occupied.

HAZLITT

Richardson seemed to spin his material entirely out of his own brain, as if there had been nothing existing in the world beyond the little room in which he sat writing. There is an artificial reality about his work which is nowhere else to be

APPRECIATIONS FROM CRITICS 39

met with. . . . This kind of high finishing from imagination is an anomaly in the history of human genius, and certainly nothing so fine was ever produced by the same accumulation of minute parts . . . The effect of reading this work is like an increase of kindred.

SCOTT

The power of Richardson's painting in his deeper scenes of tragedy never has been and probably never will be excelled. . . . The genius of Richardson must ever be acknowledged to have done honour to the language in which he wrote.

MACAULAY

Not read *Clarissa*! It you have once thoroughly entered on *Clarissa*, and are infected by it, you can't leave it.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

. . . A sort of Dutch painting of extraordinary minuteness. The art reminds us of the patient labour of a line-engraver, who works for days at making out one little bit of minute stippling and cross-hatching. The characters are displayed to us step by step and line by line. We are gradually forced into familiarity with them by a process resembling that by which we learn to know people in real life.

MRS. OLIPHANT (OF "CLARISSA")

No Greek, no Italian, no English poet has painted such a figure in the great picture gallery which is common to the world. Neither ancient nor modern woman has ever stood before us thus pale and splendid in the shame which is not hers. . . . Almost every other victim shrinks and burns with the stain of her own fault; and even Lucretia

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herself, if more awful, is less womanly, less tender, less sweet than the maiden creature in whom nature and religion reassert their right after the first moment of frenzy, who calls for no vengeance, and can accept no expiation, and dies smiling, of no external wound, but only by the deadly puncture of the shame itself, making all other daggers unnecessary. . . . Not Desdemona, not Imogen, is of herself a more tender creation. They are so much the more fortunate that it is immortal verse that clothes them. Clarissa, for her part, has but a garrulous and pottering expositor, but in her own person she is divine.

AUSTIN DOBSON

There is an extraordinary quality about that nerveless, ambling, redundant style of his, which, to those who persevere, gradually absorbs and fascinates. . . . He was the pioneer of a new movement; the first certificated practitioner of sentiment. . . . There was something in his nervous, high-strung constitution—a feminine streak, as it were—which made him an unrivalled anatomist of female character. He seems to have known women more intimately and instinctively than any other deceased author we can recall.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY

We owe him much wonderful, if slightly lamp-lit and lamp-smelling, analysis and description of motive and conduct. Some altogether admirable scenes, a few perfectly drawn if not quite vivified characters, a wonderful profusion of outward detail, an exhibition of the art of evolving story and personage from the inner consciousness, to which there is hardly a parallel in point of minute finish.

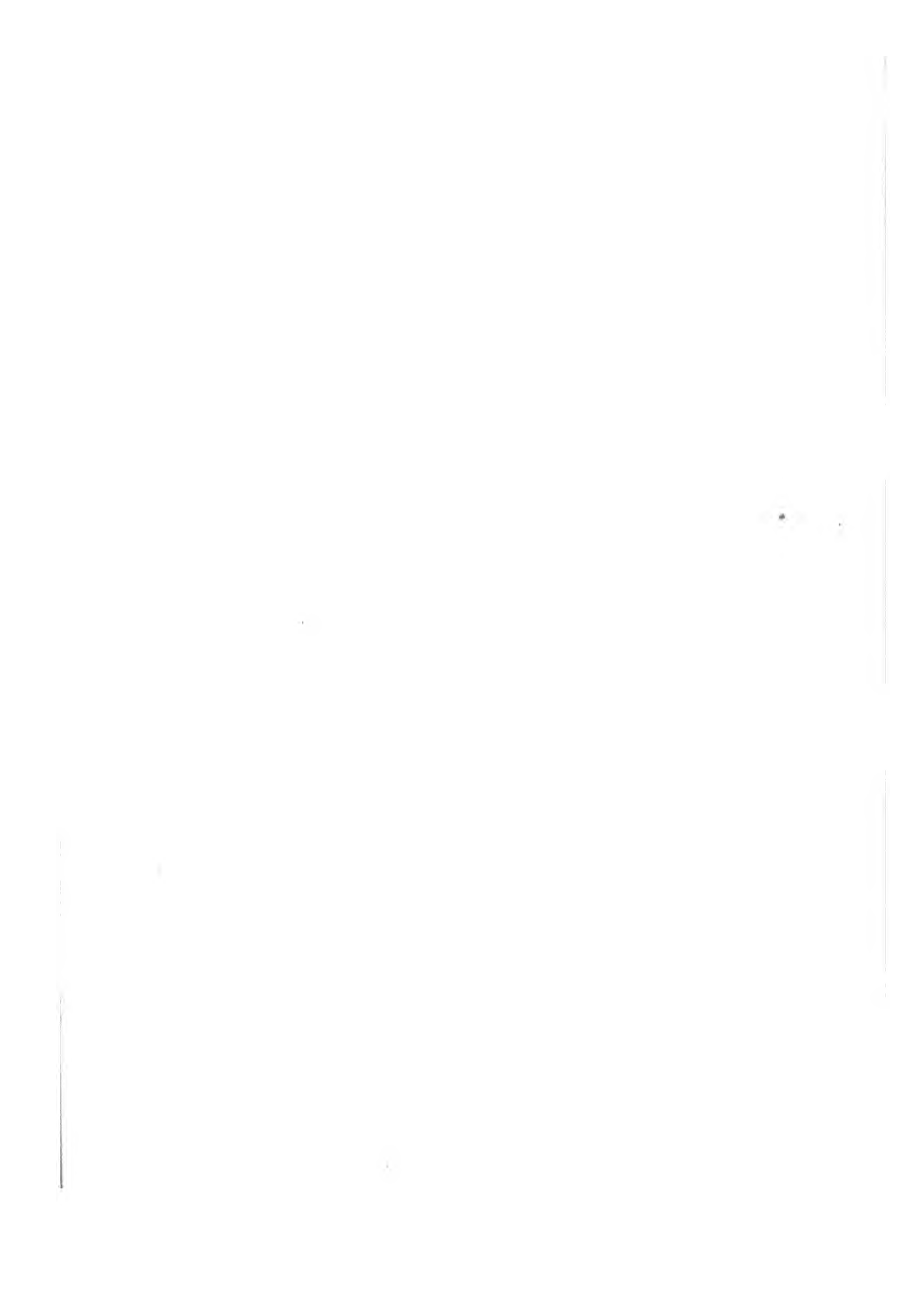
PAMELA

OR

VIRTUE REWARDED

IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM A
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG DAMSEL TO HER PARENTS :
PUBLISHED IN ORDER TO CULTIVATE PRINCIPLES
OF VIRTUE AND RELIGION IN THE YOUTH OF
BOTH SEXES

A NARRATIVE WHICH HAS ITS FOUNDATION IN
TRUTH ; AND AT THE SAME TIME THAT IT
AGREEABLY ENTERTAINS, BY A VARIETY OF CURIOUS
AND AFFECTING INCIDENTS, IS ENTIRELY DIVESTED
OF ALL THOSE IMAGES WHICH, IN TOO MANY PIECES
CALCULATED FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY, TEND TO
INFLAME THE MINDS THEY SHOULD INSTRUCT



PAMELA
OR
VIRTUE REWARDED

PAMELA TO HER FATHER AND MOTHER.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I have great trouble, and some comfort, to acquaint you with. The trouble is, that my good lady died of the illness I mention'd to you, and left us all much griev'd for the loss of her; for she was a dear good lady, and kind to all us her servants. Much I fear'd, that as I was taken by her ladyship to wait upon her person, I should be quite destitute again, and forc'd to return to you and my poor mother, who have enough to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my lady's goodness had put me to write and cast accompts, and made me a little expert at my needle, and otherwise qualify'd above my degree, it was not every family that could have found a place that your poor Pamela was fit for: But

God, whose graciousness to us we have so often experienc'd, put it into my good lady's heart, on her death-bed, just an hour before she expir'd, to recommend to my young master all her servants, one by one; and when it came to my turn to be recommended (for I was sobbing and crying at her pillow) she could only say—My dear son! and so broke off a little; and then recovering—Remember my poor Pamela! And those were some of her last words! O how my eyes overflow! Don't wonder to see the paper so blotted!

Well, but God's will must be done! and so comes the comfort, that I shall not be obliged to return back to be a burden to my dear parents! For my master said—I will take care of you all, my good maidens; and for you, Pamela, (and took me by the hand; yes, he took my hand before them all) for my dear mother's sake, I will be a friend to you, and you shall take care of my linen. God bless him! and pray with me, my dear father and mother, for a blessing upon him: For he has given mourning and a year's wages to all my lady's servants; and I, having no wages as yet, my lady having said she would do for me as I deserv'd, ordered the housekeeper to give me

mourning with the rest, and gave me with his own hand four guineas, and some silver, which were in my lady's pocket when she dy'd ; and said, if I was a good girl, and faithful and diligent, he would be a friend to me, for his mother's sake. And so I send you these four guineas for your comfort. I formerly sent you such little matters as arose from my lady's bounty, loth as you was always to take any thing from me ; But Providence will not let me want ; and I have made, in case of sudden occasions, a little reserve (besides the silver now given me) that I may not be obliged to borrow, and look little in the eyes of my fellow-servants : And so you may pay some old debt with part ; and keep the other part to comfort you both. If I get more, I am sure it is my duty, and it shall be my care, to love and cherish you both ; for you have lov'd and cherish'd me, when I could do nothing for myself. I send them by John our footman, who goes your way ; but he does not know what he carries ; because I seal them up in one of the little pill-boxes, which my lady had, wrapp'd close in paper, that they may not chink ; and be sure don't open it before him.

I know, my dear father and mother, I must

give you both grief and pleasure ; and so I will only say, pray for your Pamela ; who will ever be

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

I have been scared out of my senses ; for just now, as I was folding up this letter, in my late lady's dressing - room, in comes my young master ! Good sirs ! how I was frightened ! I went to hide the letter in my bosom, and he, seeing me tremble, said smiling—To whom have you been writing, Pamela ?—I said, in my confusion—Pray, your honour, forgive me ! Only to my father and mother.—Well, then, let me see what a hand you write.—He took it without saying more, and read it quite through, and then gave it me again ; and I said—Pray your honour, forgive me !—Yet I know not for what : For he was not undutiful to *his* parents ; and why should he be angry that I was dutiful to *mine* ! And indeed he was not angry ; for he took me by the hand, and said—You are a good girl, to be kind to your aged father and mother. I am not angry with you for writing such innocent matters as these ; *tho' you ought to be wary what tales you send out of a family.* Be faithful and diligent ; and do as you should do, and I like you the better for this. And

then he said—Why, Pamela, you write a pretty hand, and *spell* very well too. You may look into any of my mother's books to improve yourself, so you take care of them.

To be sure I did nothing but curt'sy and cry, and was all in confusion, at his goodness. Indeed, he was once thought to be wildish ; but he is now the best of gentlemen, I think !

But I am making another long letter : So will only add to it, that I shall ever be Your dutiful Daughter,

PAMELA ANDREWS.

HER FATHER IN ANSWER.

MY DEAR CHILD,—Your letter was indeed a great trouble, and some comfort, to me, and to your poor mother. We are troubled, to be sure, for your good lady's death, who took such care of you, and gave you learning, and for three or four years past has always been giving you clothes and linen, and every thing that a gentlewoman need not be ashamed to appear in. But our chief trouble is, and indeed a very great one, for fear you should be brought to any thing dishonest or wicked, *by being set so above yourself*. Every body talks how you are come

on, and what a genteel girl you are ; and some say you are very pretty ; and, indeed, when I saw you last, which is about six months ago, I should have thought so myself, if you was not our child. But what avails all this, if you are to be ruin'd and undone ! Indeed, my dear Pamela, we begin to be in great fear for you ; for what signify all the riches in the world, with a bad conscience, and to be dishonest ? We are, it is true, very poor, and find it hard enough to live ; *tho' once*, as you know, *it was better with us*. But we would sooner live upon the water, and, if possible, the clay of the ditches I contentedly dig, than live better at the price of our dear child's ruin.

I hope the good squire has no design ; but, as he was once, as you own, a little wildish, and as he has given you so much money, and speaks so kindly to you, and praises your coming on ; and, oh ! that frightful word, that he would be kind to you, if you would do as *you should do* ; these things make us very fearful for your virtue.

I have spoken to good old widow Mumford about it, who, you know, has formerly lived in good families ; and she gives us some comfort : for she says it is not unusual when a lady dies,

to give what she has about her person to her waiting-maid, and to such as sit up with her in illness. But then, *why should he smile so kindly upon you?* Why should he take such a poor girl as you by the hand, as your letter says he has done twice? Why should he deign to read your letter written to us, and commend your writing and spelling? Indeed, indeed, my dearest child, our hearts ake for you; and then you seem so full of *joy* at his goodness, so *taken* with his kind expressions (which, truly, are very great favours, if he means well) that we *fear*—Yes, my dear child, we *fear*—you should be *too* grateful, and reward him with that jewel, your virtue, which no riches, nor favour, nor any thing in this life, can make up to you.

I, too, have written a long letter; but will say one thing more; and that is, that in the midst of our poverty and misfortunes we have trusted in God's goodness, and been honest, and doubt not to be happy hereafter, if we continue to be good, tho' our lot is hard here: But the loss of our dear child's virtue would be a grief that we could not bear, and would very soon bring our grey hairs to the grave.

If, then, you love *us*, if you wish for *God's* blessing, and *your own* future happiness, we

charge you to stand upon your guard ; and, if you find the least thing that looks like a design upon your virtue, be sure you leave every thing behind you, and come away to us ! for we had rather see you all cover'd with rags, and even follow you to the churchyard, than have it said a child of ours preferr'd any worldly conveniences to her virtue.

We accept kindly of your dutiful present ; but till we are out of our pain, cannot make use of it, for fear we should partake of the price of our poor daughter's shame : So have laid it up in a rag among the thatch, over the window, for a while, lest we should be robbed.

With our blessings, and our hearty prayers for you, we remain, Your careful but loving Father and Mother,

JOHN *and* ELIZ. ANDREWS.

[Pamela, however, refuses to believe any ill of her master, though he makes her several presents from the clothing left by her dead mistress. There is some talk of her going as waiting-maid to Lady Davers, Mr. B.'s sister, but no definite plans are made, and Pamela does not wish to leave her present situation.]

PAMELA TO HER FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Since my last, my master gave me more fine things. He called me up to my late lady's closet, and pulling out her drawers, he gave me two suits of fine Flanders lac'd head-clothes, three pair of fine silk shoes, two hardly the worse, and just fit for me (for my lady had a very little foot), and the other with wrought silver buckles in them; and several ribands and top-knots of all colours; four pair of fine white cotton stockings, and three pair of fine silk ones; and two pair of rich stays. Your poor lady, Pamela, said he, was finely shaped, tho' in years, and very slender. I was quite astonished, and unable to speak for a while; but yet I was inwardly ashamed to take the stockings; for Mrs. Jervis was not there; if she had, it would have been nothing. I believe I receiv'd them very awkwardly; for he smil'd at my awkwardness, and said—Don't blush, Pamela: dost think I don't know pretty maids wear shoes and stockings?

I was so confounded at these words, you might have beat me down with a feather. For, you must think, there was no answer to be made to this. And besides, it was a little odd,

I thought, and so I thought before, that he himself should turn over my lady's apparel, and give me these things with his own hands, rather than to let Mrs. Jervis give them to me. So, like a fool, I was ready to cry ; and went away curt'sying and blushing, I am sure, up to the ears ; for, tho' there was no harm in what he said, yet I did not know how to take it. But I went and told all to Mrs. Jervis, who said, God put it into his heart to be good to me, and I must double my diligence. It looked to her, she said, as if he would fit me in dress for a waiting-maid's place on Lady Davers's own person.

But still your fatherly cautions came into my head, and made all these gifts nothing near to me what they would have been. But yet, I hope, there is no reason ; so I will conclude, all that happens is for our good ; and God bless you, my dear father and mother ; and I know you constantly pray for a blessing upon me. Who am, and shall always be,

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

[Pamela now begins to feel alarmed, especially as her master definitely decides that she is not to go to Lady Davers.]

PAMELA TO HER MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—You and my good father may wonder you have not had a letter from me in so many weeks: but a sad, sad scene has been the occasion of it. For, to be sure, now it is too plain, that all your cautions were well-grounded. O my dear mother, I am miserable! truly miserable! But yet, don't be frightened, I am honest! And I hope God, of his goodness, will keep me so!

O this angel of a master! this fine gentleman! this gracious benefactor to your poor Pamela! who was to take care of me at the prayer of his good dying mother! who was so apprehensive for me, lest I should be drawn in by Lord Davers's nephew, that he would not let me go to Lady Davers's: This very gentleman (yes, I *must* call him gentleman, tho' he has fallen from the merit of that title) has degraded himself to offer freedoms to his poor servant: he has now shewed himself in his true colours, and, to me, nothing appears so black and so frightful.

I have not been idle; but had writ from time to time, how he, by sly mean degrees, exposed his wicked views; but somebody stole my

letter, and I know not what is become of it. It was a very long one. I fear, he that was mean enough to attempt bad things in one respect, did not stick at *this*. But be it as it will, all the use he can make of it will be, that he may be ashamed of *his* part ; I not of *mine* : for he will see I was resolved to be virtuous, and glory'd in the honesty of my poor parents.

I will tell you all, the next opportunity ; for I am watched very narrowly ; and he says to Mrs. Jervis—“ This girl is always scribbling ; I think she may be better employed.” And yet I work very hard with my needle, upon his linen, and the fine linen of the family ; and am, besides, about flowering him a waistcoat. But, Oh ! my heart's almost broken ; for what am I likely to have for my reward, but shame and disgrace, or else ill words, and hard treatment ? I'll tell you all soon, and hope I shall find my long letter.

* * * * *

Well, my dear mother, I can't find my letter, and so I'll try to recollect it all.

All went well enough, in the main, for some time after my last letter but one. At last, I saw some reason to be suspicious ; for he would look upon me, whenever he saw me, in such a

manner, as shew'd not well : And one day he came to me, as I was in the summer-house in the little garden, at work with my needle, and Mrs. Jervis was just gone from me ; and I would have gone out ; but he said—Don't go, Pamela ; I have something to say to you ; and you always fly me, when I come near you, as if you were afraid of me.

I was much out of countenance you may well think ; and began to tremble, and the more when he took me by the hand ; for no soul was near us.

Lady Davers, said he, (and seem'd, I thought, to be as much at a loss for words as I) would have had you live with *her* ; but she would not do for you what I am resolved to do, if you continue faithful and obliging. What say you, my girl ? said he, with some eagerness ; had you not rather stay with me than go to Lady Davers ? He look'd so, as fill'd me with fear ; I don't know how ; wildly, I thought.

I said, when I could speak—Your Honour will forgive me ; but as you have no lady for me to wait upon, and my good lady has been now dead this twelvemonth, I had rather, if it would not displease you, wait upon Lady Davers, *because*—

I was proceeding, and he said a little hastily—
——*Because* you are a little fool, and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you, I will make a gentlewoman of you, if you are obliging, and don't stand in your own light. And so saying, he put his arm about me, and kiss'd me.

Now, you will say, all his wickedness appear'd plainly. I burst from him, and was getting out of the summer-house ; but he held me back, and shut the door.

I would have given my life for a farthing. And he said, I'll do you no harm, Pamela ; don't be afraid of me.

I said, I won't stay.

You *won't*, hussy ! Do you know whom you speak to ?

I lost all fear, and all respect, and said, Yes, I do, sir, too well ! Well may I forget that I am your servant, when you forget what belongs to a master.

I sobb'd and cry'd most sadly.—What a foolish hussy you are ! said he : Have I done you any harm ?——Yes, sir, said I, the greatest harm in the world : You have taught me to forget myself, and what belongs to me ; and have lessen'd the distance that fortune has made between us, by demeaning yourself to be

so free to a poor servant. Yet, sir, I will be bold to say, I am honest, tho' poor : And if you were a prince, I would not be otherwise than honest.

He was angry, and said, Who, little fool, would have you otherwise? Cease your blubbering. I own I have undervalued myself ; but it was only to try you. If you can keep this matter secret, you'll give me the better opinion of your prudence : And here's something, added he, putting some gold in my hand, to make you amends for the fright I put you in. Go, take a walk in the garden, and don't go in till your blubbering is over ; And I charge you say nothing of what has past, and all shall be well, and I'll forgive you.

I won't take the money indeed, sir, said I : I won't take it. And so I put it upon the bench. And as he seemed vex'd and confounded at what he had done, I took the opportunity to open the door, and hurried out of the summer-house.

He called to me, and said, Be secret, I charge you, Pamela ; and don't go in yet.

O how poor and mean must those actions be, and how little must they make the best of gentlemen look, when they offer such things as

are unworthy of themselves, and put it into the power of their inferiors to be greater than they!

I took a turn or two in the garden, but in sight of the house, for fear of the worst; and breathed upon my hand to dry my eyes, because I would not be too disobedient.

My next shall tell you more.

Pray for me, my dear father and mother; and don't be angry, that I have not yet run away from this house, so late my comfort and delight, but now my terror and anguish. I am forc'd to break off hastily.

YOUR DUTIFUL AND HONEST DAUGHTER.

[Mr. B. is so annoyed at her conduct that he declares she shall leave his service. Pamela is more than willing to go.]

And now, my dearest father and mother, expect soon to see your poor daughter, with an humble and dutiful mind, returned to you: And don't fear, but I know how to be as happy with you as ever: For I will lie in the loft, as I used to do; and pray let my little bed be got ready; and I have a small matter of money, which will buy me a suit of clothes, fitter for my condition than what I have; and I will get Mrs. Mumford to help me to some needle-

work ; and fear not, my being a burden to you, if my health continues. I know I shall be blessed, if not for my own sake, for both *your* sakes, who have, in all your trials and misfortunes, preserved so much integrity, as makes everybody speak well of you. But I hope he will let good Mrs. Jervis give me a character, for fear it should be thought I was turn'd away for dishonesty.

I hope Mrs. Jervis is not angry with me. She has not call'd me to supper ; tho' I could have eat nothing, if she had. But I make no doubt I shall sleep purely to-night, and dream that I am with you, in my dear, dear happy loft once more.

[She resolves to dress herself in a manner more suitable to her approaching change of station.]

PAMELA TO HER FATHER AND MOTHER.

I shall write on, as long as I stay, tho' I should have nothing but sillinesses to write ; for I know you divert yourselves on nights with what I write, because it is mine. John tells me how much you long for my coming ; but he says, he told you, he hop'd something would happen to hinder it.

I am glad you did not tell him the occasion of my going away ; for if my fellow-servants were to guess the reason, it were better so than to have it from you or me. Besides, I really am concerned that my master should cast away a thought upon such a poor creature as me ; for besides the disgrace, his temper is quite chang'd ; and I begin to believe what Mrs. Jervis told me, that he likes me, and can't help it ; and is vex'd he cannot.

Don't think me presumptuous and conceited ; for it is more my concern than my pride, to see such a gentleman so much undervalue himself in the eyes of his servants, on my account. But I am to tell you of my new dress to-day.

And so, when I had dined, up stairs I went, and lock'd myself into my little room. There I trick'd myself up as well as I could in my new garb, and put on my round-ear'd ordinary cap ; but with a green knot, however, and my home-spun gown and petticoat, and plain leather shoes ; but yet they are what they call Spanish leather. A plain muslin tucker I put on, and my black silk necklace, instead of the French necklace my lady gave me ; and put the earrings out of my ears, and when I was quite equipp'd, I took my straw hat in my hand, with

its two green strings, and look'd about me in the glass, as proud as anything. To say truth, I never lik'd myself so well in my life.

O the pleasure of descending with ease, innocence, and resignation! Indeed there is nothing like it! An humble mind, I plainly see, cannot meet with any very shocking disappointment, let fortune's wheel turn round as it will.

So I went down to look for Mrs. Jervis, to see how she liked me.

I met, as I was upon the stairs, our Rachel, who is the house-maid; and she made me a low court'sy, and I found did not know me. I smil'd, and went to the housekeeper's parlour: and there sat good Mrs. Jervis at work. And, would you believe it, *she* did not know me at first; but rose up, and pull'd off her spectacles; and said—Do you want *me*, young woman?—I could not help laughing, and said—Hey-day; Mrs. Jervis, what! don't you know me? She stood all in amaze, and look'd at me from head to foot—Why, you surprise me, said she; what, Pamela, thus metamorphosed! How came this about?

As it happen'd in stepp'd my master: and my back being to him, he thought it was a

stranger speaking to Mrs. Jervis, and withdrew again ; and did not hear her ask, if his honour had any commands for her ?

I told her, I had no clothes suitable to my condition, when I returned to my father's ; and so it was better to begin here, as I was soon to go away, that all my fellow-servants might see I knew how to suit myself to the state I was returning to.

Well, said she, I never knew the like of thee. But this sad preparation for going away (for now I see you are quite in earnest) is what I know not how to get over. O my dear Pamela, how can I part with you ?

My master rung in the back-parlour, and so I withdrew, and Mrs. Jervis went to attend him. It seems he said to her—I was coming in to let you know that I shall go to Lincolnshire, and perhaps to my Lord Davers's, and be absent some weeks. But pray, what pretty neat damsel was that with you ?

She says, she smil'd, and ask'd if his honour did not know who it was.

No, said he, I never saw her before. Farmer Nichols, or Farmer Brady, have neither of them such a tight smart lass for a daughter, have they ?—Tho' I did not see her face neither.

If your honour won't be angry, said she, I will introduce her into your presence ; for I think she outdoes our Pamela.

That can't be, he was pleased to say : but if you can find an excuse for it, let the girl come in.

Now I did not thank her for this, as I told her afterwards ; for it brought a great deal of trouble upon me, as well as crossness, as you shall hear.

She then stepp'd to me, and told me, I must go in with her to my master—But, said she, for goodness sake, let him find you out ; for he don't know you—O fie, Mrs. Jervis, said I, how could you serve me so? Besides, it looks too free both *in me*, and *to him*.

I tell you, said she, you *shall* come in ; and pray don't reveal yourself till he finds you out.

So I went in, foolish creature that I was ! yet I must have been seen by him another time, if I had not then. And she would make me take my straw hat in my hand.

I dropp'd a low court'sy, but said never a word. I dare say he knew me as soon as he saw my face ; but was as cunning as Lucifer. He came up to meet me, and took me by the hand, and said—Whose pretty maiden are you ? —I dare say you are Pamela's sister, you are so

like her ; so neat, so clean, so pretty ! Why, child, you far surpass your sister Pamela !

I was all confusion, and would have spoken ; but he took me about the neck—Why, said he, you are very pretty, child : I would not be so free with your *sister*, you may believe ; but I must kiss *you*.

O sir, said I, as much surpriz'd as vex'd, I am Pamela. Indeed I am Pamela, *her own self* !

Impossible ! said he, and kiss'd me, for all I could do. You are a lovelier girl by half than Pamela ; and again would kiss me.

This was a sad trick upon me, and what I did not expect ; and Mrs. Jervis look'd like a fool, as much as I, for her officiousness. At last I disengag'd myself, and ran out of the parlour, very much vex'd, you may well think.

He talk'd a good deal to Mrs. Jervis, and at last ordered me to attend him again ; and insisting on my obedience, I went, but very unwillingly. As soon as he saw me—Come in, said he, you *little villain* ! (I thought men only could be call'd villains) ; who is it you put your tricks upon ? I was resolved never again to honour you with my notice ; and so you must disguise yourself, to attract me, and yet pretend, like an hypocrite as you are——

I beseech you, sir, said I, do not impute disguise and hypocrisy to me. I have put on no disguise.—What a plague, said he, for that was his word, do you mean then by this dress?

I mean, may it please your honour, said I, one of the honestest things in the world. I have been in disguise, indeed, ever since my good lady your mother took me from my poor parents. I came to my lady so low in garb, that these clothes I have on are a princely suit, to those I had then. And her goodness heap'd upon me rich clothes, and other bounties : and as I am now returning to my parents, I cannot wear those good things without being laugh'd at ; and so have bought what will be more suitable to my degree.

He then took me in his arms, and presently push'd me from him.—Mrs. Jervis, said he, take the little witch from me ; I can neither *bear*, nor *forbear* her. (Strange words these!)—But stay ; you shan't go !—Yet begone !—No, come back again.

I thought he was mad, for my share ; for he knew not what he would have. I was going, however ; but he stepp'd after me, and took hold of my arm, and brought me in again. I am sure he made my arm black and blue ; for

the marks are upon it still. Sir, sir, said I, pray have mercy ; I will, I will come in.

He sat down, and look'd at me, and, as I thought afterwards, as silly as such a poor girl as I. At last he said—Well, Mrs. Jervis, as I was telling you, you may permit her to stay a little longer, till I see if Lady Davers will have her ; provided she humble herself, and ask this as a favour, and is sorry for her pertness, and the liberty she has taken with my character, as well out of the house as in it.

Your honour indeed told me so, said Mrs. Jervis.

I was silent and motionless too.—What a thankless creature ! said he. Do you hear, statue, you may stay a fortnight longer, till I see Lady Davers. Can you neither speak, nor be thankful ?

Your honour frights me so, said I, that I can hardly speak : but I have only to beg, as a favour, that I may go to my father and mother.

Why, fool, said he, won't you like to go to wait on Lady Davers ?

Sir, replied I, I was once fond of that honour ; but you were pleased to say, I might be in danger from her ladyship's nephew, or he from me.

Impertinence ! said he. Do you hear, Mrs.

Jervis, do you hear how she retorts upon me? And he look'd very angry, and colour'd.

I then fell a weeping; for Mrs. Jervis said—Fie, Pamela, fie! And I said—My lot is very hard, indeed! I am sure I would hurt nobody: and I have been, it seems, guilty of indiscretions, which have cost me my place, and my master's favour. And when the time is come, that I should return to my poor parents—Good, your honour, what have I done, that I must be used worse than if I had robb'd you!

Robb'd me! said he; why so you have, girl; you *have* robb'd me.

Who! I, sir? said I: have I robb'd you? Why then you are a Justice of Peace, and may send me to gaol, if you please, and bring me to a trial for my life! If you can prove that I have robb'd you, I am sure I ought to die.

Now I was quite ignorant of his meaning; though I did not like it when it was afterwards explained, neither.—Well, thought I, at the instant, what will this come to at last, if the poor Pamela shall be thought to be a thief? And how shall I show my face to my honest parents, if I am but suspected?

But, sir, said I, let me ask one question, and not displease you; for I don't mean disrespect-

fully: Why, if I had done amiss, am I not left to be discharged by your house-keeper, as other maid-servants usually are? Why should you so demean yourself to take notice of me? For indeed I am not of consequence enough for my master to concern himself, and be angry, about such a creature as I am.

Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis, how pertly I am interrogated? Why, sauce-box, says he, did not my good mother desire me to be kind to you? And have you not been always distinguished by me, more than a common servant has reason to expect? And does your ingratitude upbraid me for this?

I said something mutteringly, and he vow'd he would hear it. I begg'd excuse; but he insisted upon it.—Why then, replied I, if your honour must know, I said, That my good lady did not desire your kindness to extend to the *summer-house* and her *dressing-room*.

Well, this was a little saucy, you'll say! And he flew into *such* a passion, that I was forc'd to run for it; and Mrs. Jervis said, It was happy I got out of his way.

[Soon after this Mr. B. makes a brutal and cowardly assault on her honour. She is saved by Mrs. Jervis, the housekeeper, and, though he tries to persuade her to stay, she insists on returning to her parents.]

Here it is necessary the reader should know, that when Mr. B. found Pamela's virtue was not to be subdued, and he had in vain try'd to conquer his passion for her, he had ordered his Lincolnshire coachman to bring his travelling chariot from thence, in order to prosecute his base designs upon the innocent virgin ; for he cared not to trust his Bedfordshire coachman, who, with the rest of the servants, so greatly lov'd and honour'd the fair damsel. And having given instructions accordingly, and prohibited his other servants, on pretence of resenting Pamela's behaviour, from accompanying her any part of the way to her father's, that coachman drove her five miles on her way ; and then turning off, cross'd the country, and carry'd her onward towards Mr. B.'s Lincolnshire estate.

It is also to be observ'd, that the messenger of her letters to her father, who so often pretended business that way, was an implement in his master's hands, and employ'd by him for that purpose ; and always gave her letters first to him, and his master used to open and read them, and then send them on ; by which means, as he hints to her, as she observes in one of her letters, he was no stranger to what she wrote. Thus every way was the poor virgin beset.

PAMELA TO HER FATHER AND MOTHER.

O MY DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER,—Let me write, and bewail my miserable fate, tho' I have no hope that what I write can be convey'd to your hands! I have now nothing to do but write, and weep, and fear, and pray! But yet what can I hope for, when I seem to be devoted as a victim to the will of a wicked violator of all the laws of God and man!—But, gracious Father of all Mercies, forgive me my impatience. Thou best knowest what is fit for thine handmaid! And as Thou sufferest not thy poor creatures to be tempted above what they can bear, I will resign myself to thy will. Still, I hope, desperate as my condition seems, that as these trials are not the effects either of my presumption or vanity, I shall be enabled to overcome them, and in thine own good time be delivered from them.

Thus do I hourly pray!—And O! join with me, my dear parents!—But, alas! how can you know, how can I reveal to you, the dreadful situation of your poor daughter! The unhappy Pamela may be undone, before you can know her hard lot!

But now I will tell you what has befallen me.

And yet how shall you receive what I write? Here is no honest John to carry my letters to you! And, besides, I am watched in all my steps; and no doubt shall be, till my hard fate ripen his wicked projects for my ruin. I will every day, however, write my sad state; and some way, perhaps, may be opened to send the melancholy scribble to you. But when you *know* it, what will it do but aggravate your troubles? For what, alas! can the abject poor do against the mighty rich, when they are determined to oppress?

The often wish'd-for Thursday morning came, when I was to set out. I had taken my leave of my fellow-servants over-night; and a mournful leave it was to us all: for men, as well as women-servants, wept to part with me: and, for *my* part, I was overwhelmed with tears on the affecting instances of their love. They all would have made me little presents; but I would not take anything from the lower servants. But Mr. Longman would make me accept of several yards of Holland, and a silver snuff-box, and a gold ring, which he desired me to keep for his sake; and he wept over me: but said—I am sure, so good a maiden God will bless; and tho' you return to your poor father again,

and his low estate, yet Providence will find you out: remember I tell you so; and *one* day, tho' I may not live to see it, you *will* be rewarded.

* * * * *

My master was above stairs, and never ask'd to see me. I was glad of it in the main; but, false heart! he knew that I was not to be out of his reach. O preserve me, heaven, from his power, and from his wickedness!

They were none of them suffered to go with me one step, as I writ to you before; for he stood at the window to see me go. And in the passage to the gate (out of his sight) there they stood, all of them, in two rows; and we could say nothing on each side, but—God bless you! and God bless you! But Harry carry'd my own bundle, my third bundle, as I was used to call it, to the coach, and some plum-cakes, and diet-bread, made for me over-night, and some sweet-meats, and six bottles of Canary wine, which Mrs. Jervis would make me take in a basket, to cheer our hearts now and then, when we got together, as she said. And I kissed all the maids again, and shook hands with the men again; but Mr. Jonathan and Mr. Longman were not there; and then I went down steps to

the chariot, leaving Mrs. Jervis weeping as if she would break her heart.

I look'd up when I got to the chariot, and I saw my master at the window, in his gown ; and I court'sy'd three times to him very low, and prayed for him with my hands lifted up ; for I could not speak ; indeed I was not able. And he bow'd his head to me, which made me then very glad he would take such notice of me ; and in I stepp'd, and my heart was ready to burst with grief ; and could only, till Robin began to drive, wave my white handkerchief to them, wet with my tears. And at last away he drove, Jehu-like, as they say, out of the courtyard : and I too soon found I had cause for greater and deeper grief.

Well, said I to myself, at this rate of driving I shall soon be with my father and mother ; and till I had got, as I suppos'd, half way, I thought of the good friends I had left. And when, on stopping for a little bait to the horses, Robin told me I was near half way, I thought it was high-time to dry my eyes, and remember to whom I was going ; as then, alas for me ! I thought. So I began with the thoughts of our happy meeting, and how glad you would both be, to see me come to you safe and innocent ;

and I try'd to banish the other gloomy side from my mind : but yet I sighed now and then, in remembrance of those I had so lately left. It would have been ungrateful, you know, not to love those who shewed so much love for me.

It was about eight in the morning when I set out ; and I wonder'd, and wonder'd, as I sat, and more when I saw it was about two, by a church-dial in a little village we passed thro', that I was still more and more out of my knowledge. Heyday, thought I, to drive at this strange rate, and to be so long going little more than twenty miles, it is very odd ! But, to be sure, thought I, Robert knows the way.

At last he stopp'd, and looked about him, as if he was at loss for the road ; and I said—Mr. Robert, sure you are out of the way !—I'm afraid I am, answer'd he : but it can't be much ; I'll ask the first person I see.—Pray do, said I ; and he gave his horses a little hay ; and I gave him some cake, and two glasses of Canary wine ; and he stopp'd about half an hour in all. Then he drove on very fast again.

I had so much to think of, of the dangers I now doubted not I had escaped, of the good

friends I had left, and my best friends I was going to, and the many things I had to relate to you ; that I the less thought of the way, till I was startled out of my meditations by the sun beginning to set, and still the man driving on, and his horses in a foam ; and then I began to be alarm'd all at once, and call'd to him ; and he said, he had wretched ill luck, for he had come several miles out of the way, but was now right, and should get in still before it was quite dark. My heart began then to misgive me, and I was much fatigued ; for I had had very little sleep for several nights before ; and at last I called out to him, and said—Lord protect me, Mr. Robert ; how can this be ? In so few miles to be so much out ! How can this be ? He answer'd fretfully, as if he was angry with himself ; and said, he was bewitched, he thought.—There is a town before us, said I. What do you call it ? If we are so much out of the way, we had better put up there ; for the night comes on a-pace.—I am just there, said he. 'Tis but a mile on one side of the town before us.—Nay, replied I, I may be mistaken ; for it is a good while since I was this way ; but I am sure the face of the country here is nothing like what I remember it.

He still pretended to be much out of humour with himself; and at last stopp'd at a farm house, about two miles beyond the village I had seen; and it was then almost dark, and he alighted, and said—We must put up here. I know the people are very worthy people; and I am quite out.

Lord, thought I, be good to the poor Pamela! And I prayed most fervently for the Divine protection.

The farmer's wife, and maid, and daughter, came out; and the wife said—What brings you this way at this time of night, Mr. Robert? And with a gentlewoman too!—Laying then all circumstances together, the blackest apprehensions filled my mind, and I fell a crying, and said—God give me patience! I am undone for certain!—Pray, mistress, do you know Squire B. of Bedfordshire?

The wicked coachman would have prevented her from answering me; but the daughter said—Know his worship! yes, surely! why he is my father's landlord!—Then said I, I am undone, undone for ever! O wicked wretch! what have I done to *you*, said I to the coachman, to induce you to serve me thus? Vile tool of a wicked master!—Faith, said the fellow, I'm

sorry this task was put upon me : but I could not help it. But make the best of it now. These are very civil reputable folks ; and you'll be safe here, I assure you.—Let me get out, said I, and I'll walk back to the town we came through, late as it is. For I will not enter this house.

You will be very well used here, I assure you, young gentlewoman, said the farmer's wife, and have better conveniences than any where in the village.—I matter not conveniences, said I : I am betrayed and undone ! As you have a daughter of your *own*, pity me, and let me know, if your landlord be here!—No, I assure you, he is not, said she.

And then came the farmer, a good sort of man, grave, and well-behav'd ; and he spoke to me in such honest-seeming terms, as a little pacify'd me ; and seeing no help for it, I went in ; and the wife immediately conducted me up stairs to the best apartment, and told me, that was mine as long as I staid ; and nobody should come near me, but when I call'd. I threw myself on the bed in the room, tir'd and frighten'd to death almost, and gave way to my grief.

The daughter came up, and said, Mr.

Robert had given her a letter to give me ; and *there* it was. I raised myself, and saw it was the hand and seal of the wicked wretch my master, directed to Mrs. Pamela Andrews. This was a little better than to have *him* here ; tho', if he had, he must have been brought through the air ; for I thought *I* was.

The good woman (for I began to see things about a little reputable, and no guile appearing in them, but rather a face of concern for my grief) offered me a glass of some cordial water, which I accepted, for I was ready to faint ; and then I sat up in a chair. And they lighted a brush-wood fire ; and said, if I called, I should be waited upon instantly ; and so left me to ruminate on my sad condition, and to read my letter, which I was not able to do presently. After I was a little come to myself, I found it to contain the following words :

“DEAR PAMELA,—The regard I have for you, and your obstinacy, have constrain'd me to act by you in a manner that I know will give you equal surprize and apprehension. But, by all that is good and holy, I intend nothing dishonourable by you ! Suffer not your fears therefore to excite a behaviour in

you, that will be disreputable to yourself, as well as to me, in the eyes of the people of the house where you will be when you receive this. They are my tenants, and very honest civil people.

“You will by this time be far on your way to the place I have allotted for your abode for a few weeks, till I have manag’d some particular affairs ; after which I shall appear to you in a very different light, from that in which you may at present, from your needless apprehensions, behold me.

“To convince you, mean time, that I intend to act by you with the utmost honour, I do assure you, that the house to which you are going, shall be so much at your command, that I will not myself approach it without your leave. Make yourself easy therefore ; be discreet and prudent ; and a happy event shall reward your patience.

“I pity you for the fatigue you will have, if this comes to your hand in the place where I have directed it to be given you.

“I will write to your father, to satisfy him that nothing but what is strictly honourable is intended you by

“YOUR TRUE FRIEND.”

I but too well apprehended, that this letter was written only to pacify me for the present ; but as my danger was not so immediate as I had had reason to dread, and as he had promised to forbear coming to me, and that he would write to you, my dear father, to quiet your concern, and that you might contrive some way to help me, I was a little more easy than before : and made shift to taste of a boil'd chicken they had got for me. But the table was hardly taken away, when the coachman came (with a look of a hangman, as I thought) and calling me *madam* at every word, begged that I would get ready to pursue my journey by five in the morning, or else he should be late in. I was quite griev'd at this ; for I began not to dislike my company, considering how things stood, and was in hopes to get a party among them, by whose connivance I might throw myself into some worthy protection in the neighbourhood, and not be obliged to go forward.

* * * * *

I had very little rest that night ; and next morning early was obliged to set out. They were so civil, however, as to suffer their servant-maid to accompany me five miles onward, as it

was so early ; and then she was set down, and walked back.

I was not quite hopeless, that I might yet find means to escape the plots of this wicked designer. And as I was on the way in the chariot, after the maid had left me, I thought of an expedient which gave me no small comfort.

This it was. I resolved that when we came into some town to bait, as Robert, I doubted not, must do for the horses' sake, (for he drove at a great rate) I would apply myself to the mistress of the house, and tell her my case, and refuse to go further.

Having nobody but this wicked coachman to contend with, I was very full of this project ; and depended so much on its success, that I forbore to call out for help, and for rescue, as I may say, to different persons whom we passed ; and who, perhaps, would have heard my story, and taken me out of the hands of a coachman. Yet two of these were young gentlemen ; and how did I know but I might have fallen into difficulties as great as those I wanted to free myself from ?

After very hard driving, we reached the town at which this too faithful servant to a wicked master proposed to put up. And he drove into

an inn of good appearance. But you may believe, my dear father and mother, that I was excessively alarmed, when, at my being shewn a room, I was told that I was *expected* there, and that a little entertainment was provided for me. Yet was neither met nor received at my alighting by any body who had so provided for me.

Nevertheless, I was determined to try what could be done with relation to my project with the mistress of the inn ; and for fear of the worst, to lose no time about it. I sent for her in, therefore, and making her sit down by me I said—I hope, madam, you will excuse me ; but I must tell you my case, and that before any body comes in, who may prevent me. I am a poor unhappy young creature, to whom it will be great charity to lend your advice and assistance, as I shall appear to deserve your pity. And you seem to be a good sort of gentlewoman, and one who would assist an oppressed innocent person.

Yes, madam, said she, I hope you guess right, and I have the happiness to know something of the matter before you speak. Pray, call my sister Jewkes.—Jewkes ! Jewkes ! thought I, I have heard of that name ; for I

was too much confounded to have a clear notion of any thing at the moment.*

Then the wicked creature appear'd, whom I had never seen but once before, and I was frighted out of my wits.—Now, thought I, am I in a much worse situation than I was at the farmer's.

The naughty woman came up to me with an air of confidence, and kiss'd me—See, sister, said she, here's a charming creature! and looked in such a manner as I never saw a woman look in my life.

I was quite silent and confounded. But yet, when I came a little to myself, I was resolved to steal away from them, if I could; and once being a little faintish, I made that a pretence to take a turn into the garden for air: but the wretch would not trust me out of her sight; and the people I saw being only those of the house—who, I found, were all under the horrid Jewkes's direction, and prepossessed by her, no doubt—I was forced, tho' with great reluctance, to set out with her in the chariot; for she came thither on horseback with a manservant, who rode by us the rest of the way, leading her horse. And now I gave over all thoughts of redemption.

* Mrs. Jewkes was Mr. B.'s Lincolnshire housekeeper.

Here are strange pains, thought I, taken to ruin a poor innocent, helpless, and even *worthless* young creature. This plot is laid too deep, and has been too long hatching, to be baffled, I fear. But then, I put up my prayers to God, who I knew was able to save me, when all human means should fail: and in him I was resolved to confide.

You may see—(yet, O! that kills me; for I know not whether ever you can see what I now write, or not) what sort of woman this Mrs. Jewkes is, compared to good Mrs. Jervis, by this—

Every now and then she would be staring in my face, in the chariot, and squeezing my hand, and saying—Why, you are very pretty, my silent dear! And once she offer'd to kiss me. But I said—I don't like this sort of carriage, Mrs. Jewkes; it is not like two persons of one sex to each other. She fell a laughing very confidently, and said—That's prettily said, I vow! Then thou hadst rather be kiss'd by the other sex? 'Ifackins, I commend thee for that!

I was sadly teaz'd with her impertinence, and bold way; but no wonder; she was house-keeper at an inn, before she came to my master.

And indeed she made nothing to talk boldly on twenty occasions in the chariot, and said two or three times, when she saw the tears trickle down my cheeks, I was sorely hurt, truly, to have the handsomest and finest young gentleman in five counties in love with me !

So I find I am got into the hands of a wicked procuress, and if I had reason to be apprehensive with good Mrs. Jervis, and where every body lov'd me, what a dreadful prospect have I now before me, in the hands of such a woman as this !

O Lord bless me, what shall I do ! What shall I do !——

About eight at night we enter'd the courtyard of this handsome, large, old, lonely mansion, that look'd to me then, with all its brown nodding horrors of lofty elms and pines about it, as if built for solitude and mischief.—And here, said I to myself, I fear, is to be the scene of my ruin, unless God protect me, who is all sufficient.

I was very ill at entering it, partly from fatigue, and partly from dejection of spirits : and Mrs. Jewkes got some mull'd wine, and seem'd mighty officious to welcome me thither.

She calls me *madam* at every word ; paying that undesired respect to me, as you shall hear, in the view of its being one day in my power to serve or dis-serve her, if ever I should be so vile as to *be a madam* to the wickedest designer that ever lived. Poor creatures *indeed* are such as will court the favour of wretches who obtain undue power, by the forfeiture of their honesty! And such a poor creature is this woman, who can madam up an inferior fellow-servant, in such views ; and who yet, at times, is insolent enough ; for it is her true nature to be insolent.

Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, don't *madam* me so : I am but a silly poor girl, set up by the gambol of fortune, for a may-game ; and now I am to be something, and now nothing, just as that thinks fit to sport with me. Let us, therefore, talk upon a foot together ; and that will be a favour done me ; for I was at best but a servant girl ; and now am no more than a discarded poor desolate creature ; and no better than a prisoner. God be my deliverer and comforter !

Ay, ay, says she, I understand something of the matter. You have so great power over my master, that you will be soon mistress of us all : and so, I will oblige you, if I can. And I must and will call you madam ; for I am instructed

to shew you all respect, I assure you.—See, my dear father, see what a creature this is?

Who instructed you to do so? said I.—Who! my master, to be sure, answered she.—Why, said I, how can that be? You have not seen him lately.—No, that's true; but I have been expecting you here some time, [O the deep laid wickedness! thought I] and besides, I have a letter of instructions by Robin; but, perhaps, I should not have said so much. If you would shew me those instructions, said I, I should be able to judge how far I could, or could not, expect favour from you, consistent with your duty.—I beg your excuse, fair mistress, for *that*, returned she; I am sufficiently instructed, and you may depend upon it, I will observe my orders; and so far as they will let me, so far will I oblige you; and that is saying all in one word.

You will not, I hope, replied I, do an unlawful or wicked thing, for any master in the world.—Look-ye, said she, he is my master; and if he bids me do a thing that I *can* do, I think I *ought* to do it; and let him, who has power to command me, look to the *lawfulness* of it.—Suppose, said I, he should bid you cut my throat, would you do it?—There's no danger

of that, replied she ; but to be sure I would not ; for then I should be hanged ; since that would be murder.—And suppose, said I, he should resolve to ensnare a poor young creature, and ruin her, would you assist him in such wickedness ? And do you not think, that to rob a person of her virtue, is worse than cutting her throat ?

Why now, said she, how strangely you talk ! Are not the two sexes made for each other ? And is it not natural for a man to love a pretty woman ? And then the wretch fell a laughing, and talk'd most impertinently, and shew'd me, that I had nothing to expect either from her virtue or compassion. And this gave me the greater mortification ; as I was once in hopes of working upon her by degrees.

We ended our argument, as I may call it, here ; and I desired her to shew me to the apartment allotted for me.—Why, said she, lie where you list, madam ; I can tell you, I must sleep with you.—But is it in your *instructions*, that you must be my bed-fellow ?—Yes, indeed, replied she.—I am sorry for it, said I.—Why, said she, I am wholesome, and cleanly too, I'll assure you.—I don't doubt that, said I ; but I love to lie by myself.—How so ? returned

she ; was not Mrs. Jervis your bed-fellow at the other house ?

Well, said I, quite sick of her and my condition, you must do as you are instructed. I can't help myself ; and am a most miserable creature.

She repeated her insufferable nonsense—Mighty miserable indeed, to be so well belov'd by one of the finest gentlemen in England !

[Pamela is kept a close prisoner, but manages to chronicle the events of each day. She appeals for help to Mr. B.'s Lincolnshire chaplain, Mr. Williams. The chaplain falls desperately in love with Pamela, and declares that the only feasible way of her effecting her escape is by marriage with him. Mr. B. finds out about his proposals and Pamela's schemes, has the curate clapped into prison for debt, and tells Pamela that, as she has behaved so treacherously, he no longer considers himself bound by his promise not to come near her without her consent. Pamela, in desperation and deprived of all outside help, resolves to escape alone.]

FROM PAMELA'S JOURNAL.

*Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, the 28th
29th, 30th, and 31st days of my distress.*

And distress indeed ! For here I am still !
And every thing has been worse and worse ! O

the unhappy Pamela? Without any hope left, and ruin'd in all my contrivances! But do you, my dear parents, rejoice with me, even in this low plunge of my distress; for your poor child has escap'd from an enemy worse than any she ever met with; an enemy she never thought of before, and was hardly able to stand against: I mean the weakness and presumption, both in one, of her own mind, which, had not the Divine Grace interposed, would have sunk her into everlasting perdition!

I will proceed, as I have opportunity, with my sad relation: for my pen and ink (in my now doubly-secur'd closet) is all I have to employ myself with; and indeed I have been so weak, that till yesterday evening, I have not been able to hold a pen.

I took with me but one shift, besides what I had on, and two handkerchiefs, and two caps, which my pocket held (for it was not for me to encumber myself), and all my stock of money, which was but five or six shillings, to set out for I knew not whither; and got out of the window, not without some difficulty, sticking a little at my shoulders and hips; but I was resolved to get out, if possible. The distance from the window to the leads was greater than I

had imagined, and I was afraid I had sprain'd my ankle ; and the distance from the leads to the ground was still greater ; but I got no hurt considerable enough to hinder me from pursuing my intentions. So, being now in the garden, I hid my papers under a rose-bush, and cover'd them over with mould, and there I hope they still lie. Then I hy'd away to the pond : the clock struck twelve, just as I got out ; and it was a dark misty night, and very cold ; but I was not then sensible of it.

When I came to the pond-side I flung in my upper coat, as I had design'd, and my handkerchief, and a round-ear'd cap, with a knot pinned upon it ; and then ran to the door, and took the key out of my pocket, my poor heart beating all the time, as if it would have forc'd its way through my stays. But how miserably was I disappointed, when I found that my key would not open the lock ! The wretch, as it proved, had taken off the old lock, and another was put on ! I try'd and try'd before I was convinced it was so ; but feeling about found a padlock on another part of the door : then how my heart sunk ! I dropp'd down with grief and confusion, unable to stir for a while. But my terror soon awaken'd my resolution ; for I

knew that my attempt, if I escaped not, would be sufficient to give a pretence for the most outrageous insults from the woman ; and for the cruellest treatment from my master ; and to bring him down the sooner to put his horrid purposes in execution. I therefore was resolved, if possible, to get over the wall ; but that being high, had no other hope to do it, than by help of the ledges of the door, which are very strong and thick. I clamber'd up, therefore, upon them, and upon the lock, which was a great wooden one ; and reached the top of the door with my hands ; which shut not close to the wall ; and then, little thinking I could climb so well, I made shift to lay hold on the top of the wall with my hands : but, alas for me ! nothing but ill luck ! no escape for poor Pamela ! The wall being old, the bricks I held by, gave way, just as I was taking a spring to get up ; and down came I, and received such a blow upon my head, with one of the bricks, that it quite stunn'd me ; and I broke my shins and my ancle besides, and beat off the heel of one of my shoes.

In this dreadful way, flat upon the ground, I lay, for I believe five or six minutes ; and then trying to get up, I sunk down again two or

three times. My left hip and shoulder were sadly bruised, and pained me much ; and besides my head bled quite down into my neck, as I could feel, and ak'd grievously with the blow I had with the brick. Yet these hurts I valued not ; but crept a good way upon my knees and hands, in search of a ladder I just recollected to have seen against the wall two days before, on which the gardener was nailing a nectarine branch, that was loosen'd from the wall : but no ladder could I find. What, now, thought I, must become of the miserable Pamela ? Then I began to wish myself again in my closet, and to repent of my attempt, which I now confessed as rash ; but that was because it did not succeed.

God forgive me ! but a sad thought came just then into my head ! I tremble to think of it ! Indeed my apprehensions of the usage I should meet with, had like to have made me miserable for ever ! O my dear, dear parents, forgive your poor child ! But being then quite desperate, I crept along, till I could raise myself on my staggering feet ; and away limped I ! What to do, but to throw myself into the pond, and so put a period to all my terrors in this world ! But, oh ! to find them infinitely

aggravated in a miserable *eternity* ! had I not by the *Divine Grace* been withheld.

It was well for me, as I have since thought, that I was so bruised as I was ; for this made me the longer before I got to the water ; and gave time for a little reflection, for a ray of grace to dart in upon my benighted mind ; and so, when I came to the pond-side, I sat myself down on the sloping bank, and began to ponder my wretched condition ; and thus I reasoned with myself :

“ Pause here a little, Pamela, on what thou art about, before thou takest the dreadful leap ; and consider whether there be no way yet left, no hope, if not to escape from this wicked house, yet from the mischiefs threatened thee in it ?”

I then consider'd, and after I had cast about in my mind, every thing that could make me hope, and saw no probability ; a wicked woman, devoid of all compassion ! a horrid abettor just arrived in this dreadful Colbrand !* an angry and resenting master, who now hated me, and threaten'd me with the most dreadful evils ! and that I should, in all probability, be soon depriv'd even of the opportunity I now had before me

* Mr. B.'s Swiss manservant.

to free myself of all their persecutions!—
“What hast thou to do, distressed creature, *said I to myself*, but to throw thyself upon a merciful God, (who knows how innocently thou sufferest) to avoid the merciless wickedness of those who are determined on thy ruin?”

“And then,” thought I, (and O, that thought was surely of the devil’s instigation; for it was very soothing and powerful with me) “these wicked wretches, who now have no remorse, no pity on me, will then be moved to lament their mis-doings; and when they see the dead corpse of the miserable Pamela dragg’d out to these dewy banks, and lying breathless at their feet, they will find that remorse to soften their obdurate hearts, which, now, has no place in them! And my master, my angry master, will then forget his resentments, and say, Alas! and it may be, wring his hands—This is the unhappy Pamela! whom I have so causelessly persecuted and destroy’d! Now do I see she preferr’d her honesty to her life. She, poor girl! was no hypocrite, no deceiver; but really was the innocent creature she pretended to be!

“Then,” thought I, “will he, perhaps, shed a few tears over the corpse of his persecuted servant; and, though, he may give out, it was

disappointment, and (in order to hide his own guilt) love for poor Mr. Williams ; yet will he be inwardly grieved, and order me a decent funeral, and save me, or rather *this part* of me, from the dreadful stake, and the highway interment : and the young men and maidens in my father's neighbourhood will pity poor Pamela ! But yet I hope I shall not be the subject of their ballads and their elegies, but that my memory, for the sake of my dear father and mother, may quickly slide into oblivion !”

I was once rising, so indulgent was I to this sad way of thinking, to throw myself in : but again my bruises made me slow ; and I thought —“ What art thou about to do, wretched Pamela ? How knowest thou, tho' the prospect be all dark to thy short-sighted eye, what God may do for thee, even when all human hearts fail ? God Almighty would not lay me under these sore afflictions, if he had not given me strength to grapple with them, if I will exert it as I ought : and who knows, but that the very presence I so much dread, of my angry and designing master, (for he has had me in his power before, and yet I have escaped) may be better for me, than these persecuting

emissaries of his, who, for his money, are true to their wicked trust, and are harden'd by that, and a long habit of wickedness, against compunction of heart? God *can* touch his heart in an instant: and if this should *not* be done, I can *then* but put an end to my life by some other means, if I am so resolved.

“But how do I know,” thought I, “on the other hand, that even *these bruises* and *maims* that I have got, while I pursued only the laudable escape I had meditated, may not have been the means of furnishing me with the kind opportunity I now have of surrendering up my life, spotless and unguilty, to that merciful Being who gave it?”

But then recollecting—“Who gave thee,” said I to myself, “presumptuous as thou art, a power over thy life? Who authoris'd thee to put an end to it? Is it not the weakness of thy mind that suggests to thee that there is no way to preserve it with honour? How knowest thou what purposes God may have to serve, by the trials with which thou art now exercised? Art *thou* to put a bound to the Divine Will and to say—*Thus much will I bear, and no more?* And wilt thou *dare* to say—That if the trial be augmented and continued, thou wilt

sooner die than bear it? Was not Joseph's exaltation owing to his unjust imprisonment?

“What then, presumptuous Pamela, dost thou *here*?” thought I: “quit with speed these perilous banks, and fly from these dashing waters, that seem in their meaning murmurs, this still night, to reproach thy rashness! Tempt not God's goodness on the mossy banks, which have been witnesses of thy guilty purpose; and while thou hast power left thee, avoid the temptation, lest thy grand enemy, now, by Divine Grace, repuls'd, return to the assault with a force that thy weakness may not be able to resist! And lest thou in one rash moment destroy all the convictions, which now have awed thy rebellious mind into duty and resignation to the Divine Will!”

And so saying, I arose; but was so stiff with my hurts, so cold with the dew of the night, and the wet grass on which I had sat, as also with the damps arising from so large a piece of water, that with great pain I got from this pond, which now I think of with terror; and bending my limping steps towards the house, took refuge in the corner of an out-house, where wood and coals were laid up for family use. There, behind a pile of fire-wood, I crept, and

lay down, as you may imagine, with a heart just broken ; expecting to be soon found out by cruel keepers, and to be worse treated than ever I yet had been.

It seems Mrs. Jewkes awaked not till day-break ; and not finding me in bed, she called out for me ; and no answer being return'd, arose and ran to my closet. Finding me not there, she search'd under bed, and in another closet ; having before examined the chamber-door, and found it as she had left it, quite fast, and the key, as usual, about her wrist. For if I could have stole that from her, in her deep sleep, and got out at the chamber-door, there were two or three passages, and doors to them all, double-lock'd and barr'd, to go thro', into the great garden ; so that there was no way to escape but out of the window ; and out of that window I dropped from, because of the summer parlour under it ; the other windows being a great way from the ground.

She says, she was excessively alarmed. She instantly rais'd the two maids, who lay not far off, and then the Swiss ; and finding every door fast, she said, I must be carry'd away, as St. Peter was, out of prison, by some angel. It is a wonder she had not a worse thought.

She says, she wept, wrung her hands, and ran about like a mad woman, little thinking I could have got out of the closet-window, between the iron bars ; and indeed I don't know whether I could do so again. But at last, finding that casement open, they concluded it must be so ; and ran out into the garden, and found my footsteps in the mould of the bed which I dropp'd down upon from the leads ; and so speeded away all of them, that is to say, Mrs. Jewkes, Colbrand, Nan, and the gardener, who by that time had joined them, towards the back door, to see if that was fast, while the cook was sent to the out-offices to raise the men-servants, and make them get horses ready, to take each a several way to pursue me.

But it seems, finding that door double-locked and padlock'd, and the heel of my shoe, and the broken bricks, they verily concluded I was got away by some means over the wall ; and then, they say, Mrs. Jewkes seem'd like a distracted woman ; till at last Nan had the thought to go towards the pond, and there seeing my coat, and cap and handkerchief, in the water, cast almost to the banks by the motion of the waves, she thought it was me, and screaming out, ran to Mrs. Jewkes, and said—O madam,

madam! here's a piteous thing! Mrs. Pamela lies drown'd in the pond!

Thither they all ran; and finding my clothes, doubted not but I was at the bottom; and then they all, Swiss among the rest, beat their breasts, and made most dismal lamentations; and Mrs. Jewkes sent Nan to the men, to bid them get the drag-net ready, and leave the horses, and come to try to find the poor innocent, as she, it seems, *then* call'd me, beating her breast, and lamenting my hard hap; but most what would become of them, and what account they should give to my master.

While everyone was thus differently employ'd, some weeping and wailing, some running here and there, Nan came into the wood-house; and there lay poor I, so weak, so low, and so dejected, and withal so stiff with my bruises, that I could not stir nor help myself to get upon my feet. And I said, with a low voice, (for I could hardly speak) Mrs. Ann, Mrs. Ann! The creature was sadly frightened, but was taking up a billet to knock me on the head, believing I was some thief, as she said; but I cry'd out—O Mrs. Ann, Mrs. Ann! help me, for pity's sake, to Mrs. Jewkes! for I cannot get up.—Bless me! said she, what! you,

madam ! Why our hearts are almost broken, and we were going to drag the pond for you, believing you had drown'd yourself. Now, said she, shall we be all alive again !

Without staying to help me, she ran away to the pond, and brought all the crew to the wood-house. The wicked woman, as she entered, said—Where is she ? Plague of her spells, and her witchcrafts ! She shall dearly repent of this trick, if my name be Jewkes ; and coming to me, took hold of my arm so roughly, and gave me such a pull, as made me scream out (my shoulder being bruis'd on that side) and drew me on my face. O cruel creature ! said I, if you knew what I have suffer'd, it would move you to pity me !

Even Colbrand seem'd to be concern'd, and said—Fie, madam, fie ! you see she is almost dead ! You must not be so rough with her.—The coachman Robin seem'd to be sorry for me too, and said, with sobs—What a scene is here ! Don't you see she is all bloody in her head, and cannot stir ?—Curse of her contrivances ! said the horrid creature ; she has frightened *me* out of my wits, I'm sure. How the d——l came you here ?—O, said I, ask me now no questions, but let the maids carry me up to my prison ;

and there let me die decently, and in peace !
Indeed I thought I could not live two hours.

I suppose, said the tygress, you want Mr. Williams to pray by you, don't you? Well, I'll send for my master this minute ! Let him come and watch you himself, for me ; for there's no such thing as a woman's holding you, I'm sure.

The maids took me up between them, and carry'd me to my chamber ; and when the wretch saw how bad I was, she began a little to relent.

I was so weak, that I fainted away, as soon as they got me up stairs ; and they undress'd me, and got me to bed, and Mrs. Jewkes order'd Nan to bathe my shoulder, and arm, and ankle, with some old rum warm'd ; and they cut from the back part of my head, a little of the hair, for it was clotted with blood ; and put a family plaster to the gash, which was pretty long, but not deep. If this woman has any good quality, it is, it seems, in a readiness and skill to manage in cases where sudden accidents happen in a family.

After this, I fell into a pretty sound and refreshing sleep, and lay till nearly twelve o'clock, tolerably easy, yet was feverish, and

aguishly inclin'd. The wretch took a great deal of care of me: but for what end? Why, to fit me to undergo more troubles; for that is the sad case.

[Mr. B. arrives at Brandon Hall, and makes Pamela certain proposals in writing, which she indignantly rejects. On the following Sunday she watches her master set out to visit a friend at Stamford. "To be sure, he is a handsome, fine gentleman! Why can't I hate him?" He sends word that he will not return that night, and Pamela rejoices in the sense of at least temporary security.]

For the future, I will always mistrust most, when appearances look fairest. O your poor daughter, what has she not suffer'd since Sunday night, the time of her worst trial, and fearfullest danger!

O how I shudder to write you an account of this wicked interval of time! For, my dear parents, will you not be too much frighten'd and affected with my distress, when I tell you, that his journey to Stamford was all abominable pretence?

The maid Nan is fond of liquor, if she can get at it; and Mrs. Jewkes happen'd or design'd, as is too probable, to leave a bottle of cherry-brandy in her way, and the wench drank more

of it than she should; and when she came to lay the cloth, Mrs. Jewkes perceiv'd it, and rated at her most sadly. The wretch has too many faults of her own to suffer any of the like sort in any body else, if she can help it: and she bade her get out of her sight, when we had supp'd, and go to bed, to sleep off her liquor, before we came to bed. And so the poor maid went muttering upstairs.

About two hours after, which was near eleven o'clock, Mrs. Jewkes and I went up to go to bed; I pleasing myself with what a charming night I should have. We lock'd both doors, and saw poor Nan,* as I thought, sitting fast asleep, in an elbow-chair, in a dark corner of the room, with her apron thrown over her head and neck. But oh! it was my abominable master, as you shall hear by and by. And Mrs. Jewkes said—There is that beast of a wench fast asleep! I knew she had taken a fine dose.—I will wake her, said I.—Let her sleep on, answered she, we shall lie better without her.—So we shall, said I; but won't she get cold?

I hope, said the vile woman, you have no

* Ever since Pamela's attempted escape, she had had Nan to sleep with her as well as Mrs. Jewkes.

writing to-night.—No, replied I, I will go to bed when you go, Mrs. Jewkes.—That's right, answered she ; indeed I wonder what you can find to write about so continually. I am sure you have better conveniences of that kind, and more paper than I am aware of. Indeed I had intended to rummage you, if my master had not come down ; for I spy'd a broken tea-cup with ink, which gave me a suspicion : but as he is come, let him look after you, if he will. If you deceive him, it will be his own fault.

All this time we were undressing ; and I fetching a deep sigh—What do you sigh for ? said she.—I am thinking, Mrs. Jewkes, answered I, what a sad life I live, and how hard is my lot. I am sure the thief that has robb'd is much better off than I, bating the guilt ; and I should, I think, take it for a mercy to be hang'd out of the way, rather than live in these cruel apprehensions. So, being not sleepy, and in a prattling vein, I began to give a little history of myself, in this manner :

“ My poor honest parents,” said I, “ in the first place, took care to instil good principles into my mind, till I was almost twelve years of age ; and taught me to prefer goodness and poverty, if they could not be separated, to the

highest condition ; and they confirm'd their lessons by their own practice ; for they were of late years remarkably poor, and always as remarkably honest, even to a proverb ; for, *As honest as Good-man ANDREWS*, was a bye-word.

“ Well, then comes my late dear good lady, and takes a fancy to me, and said she would be the making of me, if I was a good girl : and she put me to sing, to dance, to play on the harpsichord, in order to divert her melancholy hours ; and also taught me all manner of fine needle-works ; but still this was her lesson—*My good Pamela, be virtuous, and keep the men at a distance.* Well, so I did ; and yet, tho' I say it, they all respected me ; and would do any thing for me, as if I were a gentlewoman.

“ But then, what comes next ? Why, it pleased God to take my good lady ; and then comes my master : and what says he ? Why, in effect, it is—*Be not virtuous, Pamela.*

“ So here have I lived above sixteen years in virtue and reputation ; and, all at once, when I come to know what is good, and what is evil, I must renounce all the good, all the whole sixteen years' innocence, which, next to God's grace, I owed chiefly to my parents and to my lady's good lessons and examples, and

chuse the evil ; and so, in a moment's time, become the vilest of creatures ! And all this, for what, I pray ? Why, truly, for a pair of diamond earrings, a solitaire, a necklace, and a diamond ring for my finger ; which would not become me ; for a few paltry fine clothes ; which, when I wore them, would make but my former poverty more ridiculous to every body that saw me ; especially when they knew the base terms I wore them upon. But, indeed, I was to have a great parcel of guineas beside ; I forget how many ; for had there been ten times more, they would not have been so much to me, as the honest six guineas you trick'd me out of, Mrs. Jewkes.

“ Well, but then I was to have I know not how many pounds a year for my life ; and my poor father (fine encouragement indeed !) was to be the manager for the abandon'd prostitute, his daughter : and then (there was the jest of it !) my kind, forgiving, virtuous master would pardon me all my misdeeds.

“ And what, pray, are all these violent misdeeds ? Why, they are, for daring to adhere to the good lessons that were taught me ; for not being contented, when I was run away with, in order to be ruin'd ; but contriving, if my

poor wits had been able, to get out of danger, and preserve myself honest.

“Then was he once jealous of poor John, tho’ he knew John was his own creature, and helped to deceive me.

“Then was he outrageous against poor Mr. Williams; and him has this good, merciful master thrown into gaol! and for what? Why, truly, for that being a divine, and a good man, he was willing to forego all his expectations of interest, and assist a poor creature, whom he believed innocent!

“But, to be sure, I must be, *forward, bold, saucy*, and what not, to dare to attempt an escape from certain ruin, and an unjust confinement. Poor Mr. Williams! how was he drawn in to make marriage proposals to me? O Mrs. Jewkes! what a trick was that! The honest gentleman would have had but a poor catch of me, had I consented to be his wife; but he, and *you* too, know I did not want to marry *any body*. I only wanted to go to my poor parents, and not to be laid under an unlawful restraint, and which would not have been attempted, but only that I am a poor destitute young creature, and have no friend that is able to right me,

“So here, Mrs. Jewkes,” said I, “have I given my history in brief. I am very unhappy: and whence my unhappiness? Why, because my master sees something in my person that takes his present fancy; and because I would not be ruined; why, therefore, to chuse, I must, and I shall be ruined! And this is all the reason that can be given!”

She heard me run on all this time, while I was undressing, without any interruption; and I said—Well, I must go to the two closets, ever since an affair of the closet at the other house, tho’ he is so far off. And I have a good mind to wake this poor maid.—No, don’t, said she, I charge you. I am very angry with her, and she’ll get no harm there; and if she wakes, she will find her way to bed well enough, as there is a candle in the chimney.

So I looked into the closets; and kneeled down in my own, as I used to do, to say my prayers, and this with my underclothes in my hand; and passed by the supposed sleeping wench, in my return. But little did I think, it was my wicked, wicked master in a gown and petticoat of hers, and her apron over his face and shoulders.

Mrs. Jewkes by this time was got to bed, on

the further side, as she used to do. Where are the keys? said I, and yet I am not so much afraid to-night. In less than a quarter of an hour, hearing the supposed maid in motion—Poor Nan is awake, said I; I hear her stir.—Let us go to sleep, reply'd she, and not mind her: she'll come to bed, when she's quite awake.—Poor soul! said I, I'll warrant she will have the head-ache finely to-morrow for this.—Be silent, answered she, and go to sleep; you keep me awake. I never found you in so talkative a humour in my life.—Don't chide me, said I; I will say but one thing more: do you think Nan could hear me talk of my master's offers?—No, no, reply'd she, she was dead asleep.—I am glad of that, said I; because I would not expose my master to his common servants; and I knew you were no stranger to his *fine* articles.—I think they *were* fine articles, replied she, and you were bewitch'd you did not close with them: but let us go to sleep.

So I was silent: and the pretended Nan (O wicked, base, villainous designer! what a plot, what an unexpected plot was this!) seem'd to be awaking; and Mrs. Jewkes, abhorred creature! said—Mrs. Pamela is in a talking fit, and won't go to sleep one while. At that, the

pretended she came to the bedside, sitting down in a chair concealed by the curtain.—Poor Mrs. Ann, said I, I warrant your head aches most sadly!—How do you do? No answer was returned. But he kissed me with frightful vehemence; and then his voice broke upon me like a clap of thunder.—I screamed out for help; but there was no body to help me.

O sir, exclaimed I, leave me, do but leave me, and I will do any thing I ought to do.—Swear then to me, said he, that you will accept my proposals!

With terror, I quite fainted away, and did not come to myself soon; so that they both thought me dying. And I remember no more, than that, when, with great difficulty, they brought me to myself, she was sitting on one side of the bed, with her clothes on; and he on the other, in his gown and slippers. I talked quite wild, and knew not what; for I was on the point of distraction.

He most solemnly, and with a bitter imprecation, vow'd, that he was frighten'd at the terrible manner I was taken with the fit; and begg'd but to see me easy and quiet, and he would leave me directly.—O then, said I, take with you this most wicked woman, this vile

Mrs. Jewkes, as an earnest that I may believe you!

I fainted away once more ; and when I came a little to myself, I saw him sit there, and the maid Nan holding a smelling-bottle to my nose, and no Mrs. Jewkes.

He said, taking my hand—Now will I vow to you, my dear Pamela, that I will leave you the moment I see you better, and pacify'd. Here's Nan knows, and will tell you, my concern for you. And since I found Mrs. Jewkes so offensive to you, I have sent her to the maid's bed. The maid only shall stay with you to-night ; and but promise me, that you will compose yourself, and I will leave you.—But, said I, will not Nan let you come in again? He swore that he would not return that night.—Nan, said he, do you go to bed to the dear creature, and say all you can to comfort her : and now, Pamela, give me but your hand, and say you forgive me, and I will leave you to your repose.

I held out my trembling hand, which he vouchsafed to kiss ; and again demanding my forgiveness—God forgive you, sir, said I, as you will be just to what you promise ! And he withdrew, with a countenance of remorse, as

I hoped ; and Nan shut the doors, and, at my request, brought the keys to bed.

This, O my dear parents! was a most dreadful trial. I tremble still to think of it.

[Soon afterwards Mr. B. tells her that her artless prattle which he overheard that Sunday night has softened his heart towards her. He is in a relenting mood, and talks almost as if he were inclined to marry her. Pamela falls at his feet and embraces his knees, but he repulses her. "Indeed, I cannot marry!" Soon afterwards he discovers part of her Journal, and insists on her showing him the rest.]

He took the parcel, and broke the seal instantly. I was walking away.—Whither now? said he.—I was going in, sir, that you might read them (since you *will* read them) without interruption. He put them into his pocket, and said—You have *more* than these, I am sure you have. Tell me truth.—I have, sir, I own. But *you* know as well as *I* all that they contain.—But I don't know, said he, the light you represent things in. Give them to me, therefore, if you have not a mind that I should search for them myself.—Why then, unkind sir, if it must be so, here they are.

And so I gave him, out of my pocket, the second parcel, seal'd up, as the former, with this

superscription : *From the wicked articles, down, thro' vile attempts, to Thursday the 42nd day of my imprisonment.*—This is last Thursday, is it?—Yes, sir ; but now that you seem determined to see every thing I write, I will find some other way to employ my time.

I would have you, said he, continue writing by all means ; and I assure you, in the mind I am in, I will not ask you for any papers after these ; except something very extraordinary happens. And if you send for those from your father, and let me read them, I may very probably give them all back again to you. I desire therefore that you will.

This hope a little encourages me to continue my scribbling ; but, for fear of the worst, I will, when they come to any bulk, contrive some way to hide them, that I may protest I have them not about me, which, before, I could not say of a truth.

He led me then to the side of the pond ; and sitting down on the slope, made me sit by him. —Come, said he, this being the scene of part of your project, and where you so artfully threw in some of your clothes, I will just look upon that part of your relation here.—Sir, said I, let me then walk about at a little distance ; for

I cannot bear the thought of it.—Don't go far, said he.

When he came, as I suppose, to the place where I mention'd the bricks falling upon me, he got up, and walk'd to the door, and look'd upon the broken part of the wall ; for it had not been mended ; and reading on to himself, came towards me ; and took my hand, and put it under his arm.

Why this, said he, my girl, is a very moving tale. It was a very desperate attempt, and had you got out, you might have been in great danger ; for you had a very bad and lonely way ; and I had taken such measures, that let you have been where you would, I should have had you.

All I ventured, and all I suffered, was nothing, sir, to what I apprehended. You will be so good from hence to judge—Romantic girl! interrupted he, I know what you'd say, and read on.

He was very serious at my reflections, on what God enabled me to escape. And when he came to my reasonings, about throwing myself into the water, he said—Walk gently before ; and seem'd so mov'd, that he turn'd away his face from me ; and I bless'd this good sign, and began not so much to repent his seeing this mournful part of my story.

He put the papers in his pocket, when he had read my reflections, and my thanks for escaping from *myself*; and said, taking me about the waist—O my dear girl! you have touch'd me sensibly with your mournful tale, and your reflections upon it. I should truly have been very miserable had that happen'd which might have happened. I see you have been us'd too roughly; and it is a mercy you stood proof in that dangerous moment.

Then he most kindly folded me in his arms.—Let us, say I, my Pamela, walk from this accursed piece of water; for I shall never look upon it again with pleasure. I thought, added he, of terrifying you to my will, since I could not move you by love; and Mrs. Jewkes too well obey'd me, when the effect had like to have been so fatal to my girl.

O sir, said I, I have reason to bless my dear parents, and my good lady, for giving me a religious education; since but for that, I should, upon more occasions than one, have attempted a desperate act: and I the less wonder how poor creatures, who have not the fear of God before their eyes, and give way to despondency, cast themselves into perdition.

Give me a kiss, my dear girl, said he, and

tell me you forgive me, for plunging you into so much danger and distress. If my mind hold, and I can see these former papers of yours, and that these in my pocket give me no cause to alter my opinion, I will endeavour to defy the world, and the world's censures, and, if it be in the power of my whole life, make my Pamela amends for all the hardships she has undergone by my means.

I could hardly suppress my joyful emotions on this occasion. But fears will ever mingle with one's hopes, where a great and unexpected, yet uncertain good opens to one's view.—O sir, said I, what do you bid me look up to? Your poor servant can never wish to create envy to herself, and discredit to you? Therefore, sir, permit me to return to my parents, and that is all I have to ask.

He flew into a violent passion. And is it *thus*, said he, in my fond conceding moments, that I am to be answered? Precise, perverse, unseasonable Pamela! begone from my sight, and know as well how to behave in a hopeful prospect, as in a distressed state; and then, and not till then, shalt thou attract the shadow of my notice.

I was startled, and would have spoken: but

he stamp'd with his foot, and said—Begone, I tell you. I cannot bear this romantic, this stupid folly.

One word, said I ; but one word, I beseech you, sir.

He turn'd from me in great wrath, and took down another alley, and I went in with a very heavy heart. I fear I was indeed foolishly unseasonable : but if it was a piece of art of his side, as I apprehended, I think I was not *so much* to blame.

I went up to my closet ; and wrote thus far. He walk'd about till dinner was ready ; and is now set down to it. Mrs. Jewkes tells me he is very thoughtful, and out of humour ; and ask'd, what I had done to him ?

Now, again, I dread to see him ! When will my fears be over ?

[Still angry, he orders his chariot to be brought round, and Pamela is driven off, she has no idea whither. On her journey a letter is handed to her telling her that she is being sent back to her parents. But Mr. B. cannot live without her, and sends another letter begging her to return—as his affianced bride. Full of mingled dread and ecstasy, Pamela returns, and soon after is married to her erstwhile seducer in the chapel at Brandon Hall. She is in great anxiety as to how the news of his marriage will be taken by his relatives, particularly by Lady Davers, his aristo-

cratic sister. She is terrified when, on the temporary absence of her husband at a neighbour's house, she hears that Lady Davers has arrived, and demands her presence.]

I followed her woman down ; my gloves on, and my fan in my hand, that I might be ready to step into the chariot, when I could get away. I had hoped, that the occasion for all my tremblings had been over ; but I trembled sadly ; yet resolv'd to put on as easy an air as possible : and entering the parlour, and making a very low curt'sy—Your servant, my good lady, said I.—And *your* servant, again, said she, *my lady* ; for I think you are dressed out like one.

A charming girl tho' ! said her rakish nephew, and swore a great oath : dear madam, forgive me, but I must kiss her. And came up to me.

Forbear, uncivil gentleman, said I ; I won't be us'd with freedom.

Jackey, said my lady, sit down, and don't touch the creature : she's proud enough already. There's a great difference in her air, as well as in her dress, I assure you, since I saw her last.

Well, child, said she, sneeringly, how dost find thyself ? Thou'rt mightily come on of late ! I hear strange reports about thee !

Thou'rt got into a fool's paradise, I doubt ; but wilt find thyself terribly mistaken, in a little while, if thou thinkest my brother will disgrace his family for the sake of thy baby-face !

I see, said I, sadly vex'd, (her woman and nephew smiling by) your ladyship has no particular commands for me, and I beg leave to withdraw.

Wordon, said she to her woman, shut the door ; my young lady and I must not part so soon.

Where's your well-manner'd deceiver gone, child ? said she.

When your ladyship is pleased to speak intelligibly, replied I, I shall know how to answer.

Well, but my dear child, said she in drollery, don't be too *pert* neither. Thou wilt not find thy master's sister half so ready as thy mannerly master is, to bear with thy freedoms. A little more of that modesty and humility, therefore, which my mother's waiting-wench used to shew, will become thee better than the airs thou givest thyself.

Her nephew, who swears like a fine gentleman at every word, rapp'd out an oath, and said, drolling—I think, Mrs. Pamela, if I may

be so *bold* as to say so, you should know you are speaking to Lady Davers!—I hope, sir, replied I (vexed at what my lady said, and at his sneering), that as there was no need of your information, you don't expect my thanks for it; and I am sorry you seem to think it wants an oath.

He look'd more foolish than I, if possible, not expecting such a reprimand. At last—Why, Mrs. Pamela, said he, you put me half out of countenance with your witty reproof.

Sir, said I, you seem quite a fine gentleman. I hope, however, that you *can* be out of countenance.

How now, Pert-one, said my lady, do you know to whom you talk?

I beg pardon, madam! But lest I should still further forget myself—

And then I made a low curtsey, and was going. But she arose, and gave me a push, and pull'd the chair, and setting the back against the door, sat down in it.

Well, said I, I can bear any thing at your ladyship's hands.

Yet I was ready to cry. And I went and sat down, and fann'd myself, at the other end of the room.

Her woman, who stood all the time, said

softly—Mrs. Pamela, you should not sit in my lady's presence. My lady, tho' she did not hear *her*, said—You shall sit down, child, in the room where I am, when I give you leave.

I stood up, and said—When your ladyship will hardly permit me to stand, I might be allowed to sit.

But I ask'd you, said she—Whither your master is gone?

To one Mr. Carlton's, madam, about sixteen miles off, who is very ill.

And when does he come home?

This evening, madam.

And whither are you going?

To a gentleman's house in town, madam.

And how were you to go?

In a chariot, madam.

Why, you must be a lady in time, to be sure! I believe you'd become a chariot mighty well, child! Were you ever out in it, with your master?

I beseech you, madam, said I, very much nettled, to ask half a dozen such questions together; because one answer may do for all!

Why, Bold-face, said she, you'll forget your distance and bring me to your level before my time.

I could no longer refrain tears, but said— Pray your ladyship, let me ask, What I have done to be thus severely treated? If you think I am deceived, as you were pleased to hint, ought I not rather to be entitled to your pity, than to your anger?

* * * * *

Jackey, said my lady, come, let us go to dinner. Do you, Wordon, (to her woman) assist the girl in waiting on us. We will have no men-fellows. Come, my young lady, shall I help you off with your white gloves?

I have not, madam, deserv'd this at your ladyship's hands.

Mrs. Jewkes coming in with the first dish, she said—Do you expect any body else, Mrs. Jewkes, that the cloth is laid for *three*?

I hoped your ladyship and madam, replied Mrs. Jewkes, would have been so well reconcil'd, that she would have sat down too.

What means the clownish woman? said my lady, in great disdain: could you think the creature should sit down with me?

She does, and please your ladyship, with my master.

So! said she, the wench has got thee over! Come, my little dear, pull off thy *gloves*, I say;

and off she pull'd my left glove herself, and spy'd my ring.—O my dear God! said she, if the wench has not got a ring! Well! this *is* a pretty piece of foolery, indeed! Dost know, my friend, that thou art miserably trick'd? And so, poor innocent! thou hast made a fine exchange, hast thou not? Thy honesty for this bauble! And, I'll warrant, my little dear has topp'd her part, and paraded it like any real wife; and so mimicks still the condition! —Why, said she, and turn'd me round, thou art as mincing as any bride! No wonder thou art thus trick'd out, and talkest of thy *pre-engagements!* Pr'ythee, child, walk before me to that glass: survey thyself, and come back to me, that I may see how finely thou canst act the theatrical part given thee.

I was then resolved to try to be silent; altho exceedingly vex'd. I went to the window, and sat down in it, and she took her place at the table; and her saucy nephew, fleering at me most provokingly, sat down by her.

Her ladyship eat some soup, as did her kinsman; and then, as she was cutting up a chicken, said, with as little decency as goodness—If thou *longest*, my little dear, I will help thee to a pinion, or breast.

Pamela, said my lady, help me to a glass of wine.—No, Wordon, *you* shan't; for she was offering to do it. I will have my Lady Bride confer that honour upon me; and then I shall see if she can *stand up*.—I was silent, and stirr'd not.

Dost hear, *Chastity*? said she: wilt thou help me to a glass of wine, when I bid thee? What! not stir! Then I'll come and help *thee* to one.

Still, I mov'd not; but, fanning myself, continued silent.

When I have ask'd thee, Meek-one, *half a dozen questions together*, said she, I suppose thou wilt answer them *all at once*. Canst thou not find one word for me? Canst thou not find thy feet?

I was so vex'd, I bit out a piece of my fan, not knowing what I did; but still I said nothing, only fluttering it, and fanning myself.

I believe, said she, my next question will make up half a dozen; and then, Modest-one, I shall be entitled to an answer.

* * * * *

When the cloth was taken away, I said—I suppose I may not depart your presence, madam?

I suppose *not*, said she. Why, I'll lay thee a wager, child, thy stomach's too full to eat, and so thou mayest fast till thy mannerly master comes home.

I offered to go out, but her kinsman again set his back against the door, and put his hand to his sword, and said I should not go, till Lady Davers permitted it. He drew it half-way, and I was so terrified, that I cry'd out—O the sword! the sword! And, not knowing what I did, ran to my lady, and clasp'd my arms about her, forgetting, just then, how much she was my enemy; and said, sinking on my knees—Defend me, good your ladyship! The sword! the sword!—Mrs. Jewkes said—My lady will fall into fits. But Lady Davers was herself so startled at the matter being carry'd so far, that she did not mind her words, and said—Jackey, don't draw your sword! You see, violent as her spirit is, she is but a coward.

Come, said she, be comforted: I will try to overcome my anger, and will pity you. So, wench, rise up, and don't be foolish. Mrs. Jewkes held her salts to my nose. I did not faint. And my lady said—Jewkes, if *you* wish to be forgiven, leave Pamela and me by our-

selves ; and, Jackey, do you withdraw ; only you, Wordon, stay.

I sat down in the window, trembling like a coward, as her ladyship called me, and as I am.

You should not sit in my lady's presence, Mrs. Pamela, again said her woman.

Yes, let her sit, till she is a little recover'd, replied my lady. She sat down over against me. To be sure, Pamela, said she, you have been very provoking with your tongue, to be sure you have, as well to my nephew (who is a man of quality too), as to me. And, palliating her cruel usage, conscious she had carry'd the matter too far, she wanted to lay the fault upon me :—Own, said she, you have been very saucy, and beg my pardon, and beg Jackey's pardon ; and I will try to pity you : for you would have been a sweet girl, after all, if you had but kept your innocence.

I arose from the window, and walking to the other end of the room—Beat me again, if you please, said I : but I must tell your ladyship, I scorn your words, and am as much marry'd as your ladyship !

At that she ran to me, but her woman interposed again—Let the vain creature go from

your presence, madam, said she. She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your ladyship.

Stand away, Wordon, said my lady. That is an assertion that I would not take from my brother. I can't bear it. As much marry'd as I! Is that to be borne?

Mrs. Jewkes coming nearer me, and my lady walking about the room, being then at the end, I whisper'd—Let Robert stay at the elms; I'll have a struggle for't by-and-by.

As much marry'd as I! repeated she.—The insolence of the creature!—Talking to herself, to her woman, and now and then to me, as she walked; but seeing I could not please her, I thought I had better be silent.

And then it was—Am I not worthy of an answer?

If I speak, replied I, your ladyship is angry with me, tho' it be ever so respectfully. Would to Heaven I knew how to please your ladyship!

I was quite sick at heart, at all this passionate extravagance, and the more as I was afraid of incurring displeasure, by not being where I was expected: and seeing it was no hard matter to get out of the window, into the front-yard, the

parlour floor being almost even with the yard, I resolv'd to attempt it ; and to have a fair run for it. Accordingly, having seen my lady at the other end of the room, in her walks backward and forward, and having not pulled down the sash, which I put up when I spoke to Mrs. Jewkes, I got upon the seat, and whipp'd out in a moment, and ran away as fast as I could ; my lady at one window, and her woman at another, calling after me to return.

Two of her servants appeared at her crying out ; and she bidding them stop me, I said—Touch me at your peril, fellows! But their lady's commands would have prevailed, had not Mr. Colbrand, who, it seems, had been order'd by Mrs. Jewkes, when she saw how I was treated, to be within call, come up, and put on one of his deadly fierce looks, the only time, I thought, it ever became him, and said—He would *chine* the man (that was his word) who offer'd to touch his lady ; and so he ran alongside of me ; and I heard my lady say—The creature flies like a bird. Indeed, Mr. Colbrand, with his huge strides, could hardly keep pace with me. I never stopp'd till I got to the chariot. Robert had got down from his seat, seeing me running at a distance, and held the

door in his hand, with the step ready down ; and in I jump'd, without touching the step, saying—Drive me, drive me, as fast as you can, out of my lady's reach ! He mounted his seat, and Colbrand said—Don't be frighten'd, madam ; nobody shall hurt you. He shut the door, and away Robert drove ; but I was quite out of breath, and did not recover it, and my fright, all the way.

[Pamela returns with her husband to Bedfordshire, and makes an excellent impression on the local squirearchy. The rest of the novel is taken up with the account of her triumphs and her virtues as Mrs. B. The following extract shows her attitude towards a past fault of her husband's.]

Prepare, my dear parents, to hear something very particular. We set out at about half an hour after six, in the morning ; and got to the truly neat house I mentioned in my former, by half an hour after eight.

We were prettily receiv'd and entertain'd here, by the good woman, and her daughter ; and an elegancy ran through every thing, persons as well as furniture, yet all plain. And my master said to the good housewife—Do your young boarding-school ladies still at times continue their visits to you, Mrs. Dobson?—

Yes, sir, said she ; I expect three or four of them every minute.

There is, my dear, said he, within three miles of this farm, a very good boarding-school for ladies. The governess of it keeps a chaise and pair, which is to be made a double chaise at pleasure ; and in summer-time, when the misses perform their tasks well, she favours them with an airing to this place, three or four at a time, to breakfast : and this serves both for a reward, and for exercise. The young ladies who have this favour, are not a little proud of it ; and it brings them forward in their respective tasks.

A very good method, sir, said I. And just as we were talking, the chaise came in with four misses, all pretty much of a size, and a maid-servant to attend them. They were shewn another little neat apartment, that went thro' ours ; and made their honours very prettily as they pass'd by us. I went into the room to them, and asked them questions about their work, and their lessons ; and what they had done to deserve such a fine airing and breakfasting. They all answered me very prettily.— And pray, little ladies, said I, what may I call your names ? One was called Miss Burdoff,

one Miss Nugent, one Miss Booth, and the fourth Miss Goodwin.—I don't know which, said I, is the prettiest; but you are all best, my little dears; and you have a very good governess, to indulge you with such a fine airing, and such delicate cream, and bread and butter. I hope you think so.

My master came in. He kissed each of them; but look'd more wistfully on Miss Goodwin, than on any of the others; but I thought nothing just then: had she been called Miss Godfrey, I had hit upon it in a trice.

When we returned to our own room, he said—Which do you think the prettiest of those children?—Really, sir, reply'd I, it is hard to say: Miss Booth is a pretty brown girl, and has a fine eye. Miss Burdoff has a great deal of sweetness in her countenance, but her features are not so regular. Miss Nugent has a fine complexion: and Miss Goodwin has a fine black eye, and is, besides, I think, the genteelest-shap'd child. But they are all pretty.

Their maid led them into the garden, to shew them the bee-hives; and Miss Goodwin made a particular fine curtsy to my master. And I said—I believe miss knows you, sir. And

taking her by the hand—Do you know this gentleman, my pretty dear?—Yes, madam, said she; he is my own uncle. I clasp'd her in my arms :—O, why did you not tell me, sir, said I, that you had a niece among these little ladies? And I kiss'd her, and away she tript after the others.

But pray, sir, said I, how can this be?—You have no sister nor brother, but Lady Davers. How can this be?

He smiled; and then I said—O, my dearest sir, tell me now of a truth, does not this pretty miss stand in a nearer relation to you, than that of a niece? I *know* she does! I *know* she does!

'Tis even so, my dear, reply'd he; and you remember my sister's good-natur'd hint of Miss Sally Godfrey—I do, sir, answer'd I: but this young lady is Miss Goodwin, not Godfrey.—Her mother chose that name for her, answered he, because she would not have her called by her own.—You must excuse me, sir, said I; I must go and prattle with her.—I will send for her in again, reply'd he. He did; and in she came, in a moment.—I took her in my arms, and said—Will you love me, my charming dear? Will you let me be your

aunt?—Yes, madam, answer'd she ; and I will love *you* dearly : but I must not love my uncle. —Why so ? asked Mr. B.—Because, reply'd she, you would not speak to me at first ! And because you would not let me call you uncle (for it seems she was bid not, that I might not guess at her presently) ; and yet, said the pretty dear, I had not seen you a great while—so I had not.

Well, Pamela, said he, now can you allow me to love this little innocent?—*Allow* you, sir ! reply'd I ; you would be very barbarous, if you did not ; and I should be more so, if I did not promote it all I could, and love the little innocent myself, for your sake, and for her own sake, and in compassion to her poor mother, tho' unknown to me. Tears stood in my eyes.

Why, my love, said he, are your words so kind, and your countenance so sad ? I drew to the window, from the child, he following me ; and said—Sad it is not, sir ; but I have a strange grief and pleasure mingled at once in my breast, on this occasion : it is indeed a twofold grief and a twofold pleasure.—As how, my dear ? —Why, sir, I cannot help being grieved for the poor mother of this sweet babe, to think, if she

be living, that she must call her chiefest delight her shame : if she be no more, that she must have had sad remorse on her mind, when she came to leave the world, and her little babe : and, in the second place, I grieve, that it must be thought a kindness to the dear little soul, not to let her know how near the dearest relation she has in the world is to her. Forgive me, sir ; I say not this in the least to reproach you : indeed, I do not. And I have a twofold cause of joy. First, that I have had the grace to escape the misfortune of this poor lady ; and next, that this discovery has given me an opportunity to shew the sincerity of my grateful affection for you, sir, in the love I will always bear to this dear child.

I then stepp'd to her again, and kissed her ; and said—Join with me, my pretty love, to beg your uncle to let you come and live with your new aunt : indeed, my precious, I will love you dearly.

Will you, sir ? said the little charmer, will you let me go and live with my aunt ?

You are very good, my Pamela, said he. I have not been once deceived in the hopes my fond heart had entertain'd of your prudence.—But will you, sir, said I, will you grant me this

favour? I shall most sincerely love the little charmer; and she shall be entitled to all I am capable of doing for her, both by example and affection. My dearest sir, added I, oblige me in this thing! I think already my heart is set upon it! What a sweet employment and companion shall I have!

We will talk of this some other time, reply'd he; but I must, in prudence, put some bounds to your amiable generosity. I had always intended to surprise you into this discovery; but my sister led the way to it, out of a poorness in her spite, that I could hardly forgive. You have obliged me beyond expression, yet I cannot say, that you have gone much beyond my expectation on this occasion. For I have such a high opinion of you, that I think nothing could have shaken it, but a contrary conduct to this you have shewn on so tender a circumstance.

Well, sir, said the dear little miss, then you will not let me go home with my aunt, will you? She will be my pretty aunt; and I am sure she will love me.—When you break up next, my dear, said he, if you are a good girl, you shall pay your new aunt a visit. She made a low curtesy—Thank you, sir.—Yes, my dear, said I, and I will get you some pretty picture

books against the time. You love reading, I dare say?—Indeed I do.—I would have brought some now, said I, had I known I should have seen my pretty love.—Thank you, madam, return'd she.

I ask'd him, how old she was?—He said—Between six and seven.—Was she ever, sir, at your house?—My sister, reply'd he, brought her thither once, as a little relation of her lord's.—I remember, sir, said I, a little miss, once brought thither by Lady Davers; and Mrs. Jervis and I took her to be a relation of Lord Davers.

My sister, returned he, knew the whole secret from the beginning: and it made her a great merit with me, that she kept it from the knowledge of my father, who was then living, and of my mother, to her dying day; altho' she descended so low, in her passion, as to hint the matter to you.

The little misses took their leaves soon after. I know not how, but I am strangely taken with this dear child. I wish Mr. B. would let me have her home. It would be a great pleasure to have such a fine opportunity, oblig'd as I am, to shew my love for him, in my fondness for this dear miss.

* * * * *

CLARISSA
OR
THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG
LADY

COMPREHENDING THE MOST IMPORTANT CONCERNS
OF PRIVATE LIFE, AND PARTICULARLY SHOWING
THE DISTRESSES THAT MAY ATTEND THE MIS-
CONDUCT BOTH OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN IN
RELATION TO MARRIAGE

THE HISTORY
OF
MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE

MISS HOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

I AM much concerned, my dearest friend, at the disturbances that have happened in your family, and long to have the particulars from yourself of the usage you have received on an accident you could not help, in which the sufferer was the aggressor.

The surgeon whom I sent for after the rencontre to inquire how your brother was, told me there was no danger from the wound. . . . They say that Mr. Lovelace could not avoid drawing his sword, and that your brother's passion or unskilfulness left him from the first pass at his mercy. . . . Everybody pities you. . . . My mother and all of us talk of no one else. Write me, my dear, the whole of

your story from the time Mr. Lovelace was introduced to your family.

Some have it that the younger sister has stolen the lover from the elder. If anything unhappy should fall out, your account of all things previous will be your justification.

Pardon me—yet why should I say pardon when your concerns and honour are mine?—when I love you as never woman loved another?

Your affectionate

A. HOWE.

CLARISSA TO MISS HOWE.

January 15.

THE moment, my dear, that Mr. Lovelace's visits were mentioned to my brother on his arrival from Scotland, he expressed his disapprobation, justifying his inveteracy by declaring that he had ever hated him since he had known him at college, and would never own me for a sister if I married him.

* * * * *

He found my sister ready to join him in his resentment against the man he hated. She utterly disclaimed all manner of regard for him. "Never liked him at all. His estate was

encumbered. He kept no house—no equipage. The reason was easy to guess at.” And then did she boast of, and my brother praised her for, refusing him. Both joined on all occasions to depreciate him.

Now and then when their vehemence carried them beyond all bounds, I thought it just to put in a word for him. This subjected me to reproach, so that when I could not change the subject I retired.

Their behaviour to him when they could not help seeing him was very disobliging, and at last they gave such loose to their passion that instead of withdrawing when he came, they threw themselves in his way to affront him.

Mr. Lovelace you may believe ill brooked this, but contented himself by complaining to me, adding that, but for my sake, my brother’s treatment of him was not to be borne.

I was sorry for the merit this gave him, in his own opinion, and the more so as some of the affronts he received were too flagrant to be excused. But I told him that I was determined not to fall out with my brother if I could help it ; and, since they could not see one another with temper, should be glad that he would not

throw himself in my brother's way. He, I was sure, would not seek *him*.

He was nettled at my answer, but said he must bear his affronts if I must have it so. He hoped to show on this occasion that he had a command of his passions, and doubted not it would be attributed to a proper motive by a person of my generosity.

I must observe in his disfavour, that notwithstanding the merit he wanted to make of his patience upon my brother's ill treatment, I owed him no compliment for trying to conciliate with *him*. He showed such a contempt of my brother and sister, especially my brother, as was construed into a defiance of them, and I doubted not that, having so little encouragement from anybody, his pride would soon take fire.

But my brother's antipathy would not permit him to *wait* for such an event; and after several excesses, which Mr. Lovelace still returned with a haughtiness too much like that of the aggressor, my brother took upon himself to fill up the doorway once, when he came, as if to oppose his entrance; and, upon his asking for me, demanded what his business was with his sister.

The other, with a challenging air, told him he would answer a gentleman *any* question ; but he wished that Mr. James Harlowe, who had of late given himself high airs, would remember that he was not *now* at college.

Just then the good Dr. Lewin, who had parted with me in my own parlour, came to the door, and, hearing the words, interposed between both gentlemen, having their hands upon their swords, and, telling Mr. Lovelace where I was, the latter burst by my brother to come to me, leaving him chafing, he said, like a hunted boar at bay.

After this, my father was pleased to hint that Mr. Lovelace's visits should be discontinued, and I, by his command, spoke a great deal plainer ; but Mr. Lovelace is a man not easily brought to give up his purpose, especially on a point wherein he protests his heart is so much engaged ; and no absolute prohibition having been given, things went on for a while as before, till my brother again took occasion to insult Mr. Lovelace, when that unhappy rencontre followed, in which, as you have heard, my brother was wounded and disarmed, and on being brought home and giving us ground to suppose he was worse hurt than he was, and a

fever ensuing, every one flamed out, and all was laid at my door.

Mr. Lovelace sent twice a day to inquire after my brother, and on the fourth day came in person, and received great incivilities from my two uncles, who happened to be there. My papa also was held from going to him with his sword in his hand, although he had the gout.

I fainted away with terror, seeing every one so violent ; hearing his voice swearing he would not depart without seeing me, my mamma struggling with my papa, and my sister insulting me. When he was told how ill I was, he departed, vowing revenge.

He was ever a favourite with our domestics ; and on this occasion they privately blamed everybody else, and reported his behaviour in such favourable terms, that those reports, and my apprehensions of the consequences, induced me to *read a letter* he sent me that night, it being written in the most respectful terms, offering to submit the whole to my decision, *to answer* it some days after.

To this unhappy necessity is owing our renewed correspondence ; meantime I am extremely concerned to find that I am become the public talk. Your kind regard for my fame

is so like the warm friend I have ever found you, that with redoubled obligation you bind me to be

Your ever grateful

CLARISSA.

[Clarissa's troubles are increased by her family's decision that she is to marry a certain Mr. Solmes, a man abhorrent to her. She steadfastly refuses to do so.]

CLARISSA TO MISS HOWE.

March 3rd.

Oh my dear friend, trial upon trial! I went down this morning to breakfast with an uneasy heart, wishing for an opportunity to appeal to my mamma when she retired afterwards to her own room; but unluckily there was the odious Solmes with assurance in his looks!

The creature must needs rise from his seat and take one that was next mine. I removed mine to a distance, and then down I sat abruptly enough.

He took the removed chair and drew it so near me that in sitting down he pressed upon my hoop, at which I was so offended that I removed to another. I own I had too little command of myself, but I could not help it; I knew not what I did. I saw my papa was

excessively displeased. When angry, no man's countenance ever shows it so much as my papa's. "Clarissa Harlowe," said he with a big voice, and there he stopp'd! "Sir!" said I, and curtsied. I trembled and put my chair nearer the wretch. I felt my face all in a glow.

"Sit by me, love," said my kind mamma, "and make tea."

I removed to her side with pleasure, and being thus indulgently put into employment, soon recovered myself, and in course of breakfast asked some questions of Mr. Solmes, which I would not have done, but to make up with my papa. "*Proud spirits may be brought to,*" whispered my sister to me with an air of triumph and scorn.

My mamma was all kindness and condescension. I asked her if she were pleased with the tea, she said "yes," softly, calling me *dear*; told me she was pleased with all I did. I was very proud of this encouraging goodness, and all blew over, as I hoped, between my papa and me, for he spoke kindly to me two or three times.

Before breakfast was over my papa withdrew with my mamma, telling her he wanted to speak to her. My brother gave himself some

airs, which I understood well enough. But at last he rose and went away, my sister following him.

I saw what all this was for ; so I stood up to go also, the man hemming up for a speech, rising and beginning to set his splay feet in an approaching posture. I curtsied "Your servant, Sir." The man cried "Madam" twice, and looked like a fool. But away I went—to find my brother. He was gone to walk in the garden with my sister.

I had just got to my room, and began to think of sending Hannah to beg an audience of my mamma, when Shorey, her woman, brought me her commands to attend her in her closet.

My papa, Hannah told me, had just gone out of it with a positive angry countenance. Then I as much dreaded the audience, as I had wished for it before.

I went down ; but approached her trembling, and my heart in visible palpitations.

She saw my concern. Holding out her kind arms, "Come kiss me, my dear," said she, with a smile like a sunbeam breaking through the cloud that overshadowed her benign aspect. "Why flutters my jewel so?"

This sweetness, with her goodness just before,

confirmed my apprehensions. My mamma saw the bitter pill wanted gilding.

“O my mamma!” was all I could say; and I clasped my arms round her neck, and my face sunk into her bosom.

“My child! restrain your feelings,” said she; “I dare not trust myself with you.” And my tears trickled down her bosom, as hers bedewed my neck.

Oh the words of kindness all to be expressed in vain that fell from her lips!

“Lift up your sweet face, my best child, my own Clarissa. Oh my daughter! best beloved of my heart, lift up a face ever precious to me. Why these sobs? Is an apprehended duty so affecting a thing that before I can speak you can guess at what I have to say to you? I am glad then that I am spared the pains of breaking to you what has been made a reluctant task to me.”

And drawing her chair near mine, she put her arms round my neck, and my cheek wet with tears next her own.

“You know, my dear,” she said, “what I undergo every day for peace. Your papa is a good man, but will neither be controlled nor persuaded. You are a good child,” she was

pleased to say, "you would not wilfully break that peace, which it costs me so much to preserve. Obedience is better than sacrifice. Oh, my Clary! I see your perplexity (loosing her arm and rising, not willing I should see how much she herself was affected). I will leave you a moment. Answer me not (for I was essaying to speak, and had, as soon as she took her dear cheek from mine, dropped down on my knees, my hands clasped and lifted up in a supplicating manner): I am not prepared for your expostulations. I will leave you to recover from your agitation. And I charge you, on my blessing, that all this my truly maternal tenderness be not thrown away upon you."

And then she withdrew into the next apartment; wiping her eyes as she went: mine overflowed.

She returned, having recovered more steadiness.

Still on my knees, I had thrown my face across her chair.

"Look up to me, my dear Clary. No sullenness, I hope?"

"No, indeed, my revered mamma." And I rose. I bent my knee.

She raised me. "No kneeling to me but

with knees of duty and compliance. Your heart must bend. It is absolutely determined. Prepare yourself therefore to receive your *papa*, when he visits you by-and-by. On this quarter of an hour depends the peace of my future life, the satisfaction of the family, and your own security from a man of violence ; and I charge you *besides*, on my blessing, that you think of being Mrs. Solmes."

There went the dagger to my heart, and down I sunk. When I recovered, I found myself in the arms of my Hannah, my sister's Betty holding open my palm, my linen scented with hartshorn, and my mamma gone. Had I been less kindly treated, I had stood it all with less visible emotion, but to be bid on the blessing of a mother so dearly beloved to think of being Mrs. Solmes, what a denunciation was that !

Shorey came in with a message, delivered in her solemn way. "Your mamma, Miss, is concerned for your disorder, she expects you down in an hour, and bid me say that she then hopes everything from your duty."

Within that time my mamma came up to me.

"Come, my dear," she said, "we will go into your library."

She took my hand, led the way, made me sit

down by her, and after she had inquired how I did, began in a strain as if she supposed I had made use of the intervening space to overcome all my objections. She was pleased to tell me that my papa and she, in order to spare me, had taken the whole affair upon themselves.

Just then came my papa, with a sternness in his looks that made me tremble. He took two or three turns about my chamber, and then said to my mamma, who was silent as soon as she saw him,—“My dear, dinner is near ready, let us have you soon down, your daughter in your hand, if worthy of the name.” And down he went, casting his eyes upon me with a look so stern that I was unable to say one word to him.

My mamma called me her good child, and kissed me, told me my papa should not know that I had made such opposition. “Come, my dear, shall we go down?” and took my hand.

This made me start. “What, madam, go down, to let it be supposed we were talking of preparation. O my beloved mamma, command me not upon such a supposition.”

“And do you design not to give me hope. Perverse girl!” *rising and flinging from me.* “When I see you next, let me know what

blame I have to cast upon myself for my indulgence to you."

She made a little stop at the chamber door.

"O madam," cried I, "whose favour can I hope for, if I lose my mamma's?"

As I must write as I have opportunity, the formality of *super* and *subscription* will be excused, for I need not say how much I am

Your sincere and affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

[Clarissa is after this kept a close prisoner, and is told that, if she refuses to marry Solmes of her free will, she will be compelled to do so by force. In her desperation she listens to certain proposals made by Lovelace that she shall take refuge with his relations.]

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

March 13th.

In vain dost thou* press me to go to town, while I am in such an uncertainty with this proud beauty. All the ground I have hitherto gained with her is entirely owing to her concern for the safety of people whom I have reason to hate.

* These gentlemen affected what they called the Roman style—to wit, "Thee" and "Thou"—and it was an agreed rule with them to take in good part whatever freedoms they treated each other with.

The lady's malevolent brother has now, as I told thee at M. Hall, introduced another man the most unpromising in his person and qualities, the most formidable in his offers, that has yet appeared.

This man has captivated every soul of the Harlowes. *Soul!* did I say?—There is not a soul among them but my charmer's and she is actually confined and otherwise maltreated, by a father the most gloomy and positive, at the instigation of a brother the most arrogant and selfish. But thou knowest their characters.

Is it not a confounded thing to be in love with one who is the daughter the sister the niece of a family I despise? That love increasing with her—what shall I call it? 'Tis not scorn, 'tis not pride, 'tis not the insolence of an adored beauty;—but 'tis to *virtue*, it seems, that my difficulties are owing.

But what a mind must that be, which, though not virtuous itself, admires not virtue in another? My visit to Arabella was owing to a mistake of the sisters into which, as thou hast heard me say, I was led by a blundering uncle who was to introduce me (but lately come from abroad) to the Divinity, as I thought; but, instead of her, carried me to a mere mortal.

And much difficulty had I with so fond and so forward a mortal, to get off without forfeiting all with a family that I intended should give me a goddess.

I have boasted that I was once in love before. It was in my early manhood, with that Quality jilt whose infidelity I have vowed to revenge upon the sex. . . . But now I am indeed in love. I can think of nothing but the *divine* Clarissa. . . . And with revenge I glow ; for dost thou think I can bear the insults of this stupid family?

* * * * *

And what my motive, dost thou ask? No less than this. That my beloved shall find no protection out of my family ; for, if I know hers, fly she must, or have the man she hates. This, therefore, if I take my measures right, and my familiar fail me not, will secure her mine in spite of them all ; in spite of her own inflexible heart ; mine without condition, without reformation promises. Then shall I have all the rascally members of the family come creeping to me, I prescribing to them and bringing that sordidly-imperious brother to kneel at the footstool of my throne.

All my fear arises from the little hold I have in

the heart of this charming frost-piece. Such a constant glow upon her lovely features, eyes so sparkling, limbs so divinely turned ; youth so blooming, air so animated,—to have a heart so impenetrable. And *I* the hitherto successful Lovelace, the suitor. How can it be? Yet there are people and I have talked with some of them, who remember that she was *born*. Her nurse boasts of her maternal offices in her earliest infancy, so that there is full proof that she came not from above all at once an angel ! How then can she be so impenetrable !

“Perdition catch my soul, but I do love her.”

Else, could I bear the revilings of her implacable family? Else, could I basely creep about—not her proud father’s house—but his paddock—and garden-walls? *Else*, should I think myself amply repaid if the fourth, fifth, or sixth midnight stroll, through unfrequented paths and over briary inclosures afford me a few cold lines, the purport only to let me know that she values the most worthless person of her very worthless family more than she values me, and that she would not write at all but to induce me to bear insults which un-*man* me to bear ! My lodging in the intermediate way at

a wretched ale-house disguised like an inmate of it.

Was ever hero in romance called upon to harder trials?—fortune, family, reversionary grandeur, on my side—such a wretched fellow for my competitor! Must I not be deplorably in love that can go through these difficulties, encounter these contempts? By my soul I am half ashamed of myself!

Yet is it not a glory to love *her* whom everyone who sees her loves and reveres?

Thou art curious to know if it be possible that such a universal lover as I can be confined to one object. Thou knowest nothing of this charming creature that can put such a question to me. All that is excellent in her sex is in this lady! . . . Taking together person, mind, and behaviour, should we not acknowledge in the words of Shakespear the justice of the universal voice in her favour:—

“ For sev’ral virtues
Have I liked sev’ral women. Never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil. But She! Oh She!
So perfect and so peerless, is created
Of ev’ry creature’s best.”

Then are so many stimulatives to such a spirit as mine in this affair besides love, such a

field for stratagem and contrivance which thou knowest to be the delight of my heart. Then the rewarding end of all,—to carry off such a girl as this, in spite of all her watchful and implacable friends ; and in spite of a prudence and reserve that I never met with in any of the sex. What a triumph !—what a triumph over the whole sex ! And then such a revenge to gratify, which is only at present politically reined-in, eventually to break forth with the greater fury. Is it possible, thinkest thou, that there can be room for a thought that is not of her, and devoted to her ?

[Clarissa, of course, is quite ignorant of Lovelace's real aims and motives. She is still not without hope of persuading her family to release her from Solmes, though, so far, there is no sign of their relenting. She corresponds secretly both with Lovelace and Miss Howe. From the latter she receives the following characteristic letter.]

MISS HOWE TO CLARISSA.

March 22nd.

My cousin, Jenny Fynnet, is here ; she is all prate, you know, and loves to set *me* a prating ; yet comes upon a very grave occasion—to procure my mother to go to her grandmother

Larkin, who is bed-ridden ; and has taken it into her head that she is mortal and should make her will, but on condition that my mother who is her relation will go and advise as to the particulars of it, for she has a high opinion of my mother's judgment in all notable affairs.

Mrs. Larkin lives seventeen miles off, and as my mother cannot endure to lie out of her own house she proposes to set out in the morning, and get back at night. So to-morrow I shall be at your service ; nor will I be at home to anybody.

As to the impertinent Hickman,* I have put him upon escorting the two ladies, in order to attend my mother home at night. Such expeditions as these, and to give us women a little air at public places, is all I know these dangling fellows are good for.

Here I was interrupted on the honest man's account. He has been here these two hours, and was now going. His horses at the door. My mother sent for me down, pretending to want to say something to me.

Something she said when I came that signified nothing—evidently for no reason called me but she wished to give me an opportunity to see

* Miss Howe's accepted lover.

what a fine bow her man could make. She knows I am not over-ready to oblige him with my company, if I happen to be otherwise engaged. I could not help showing a fretful air when I saw her intention.

She smiled off the visible fretfulness, that the man might go away in good humour with himself.

He bowed to the ground, and would have taken my hand, his whip in the other, but I would not have it, and withdrew my hand.

“A mad girl,” said my mother.

He was quite put out, took his horse’s bridle, bowing back till he ran against his servant. He mounted his horse—I mounted up-stairs, after a lecture.

Hickman is a sort of fiddling, busy, yet, to borrow a word from you, *unbusy* man, has a great deal to do, and seems to me to dispatch nothing. Irresolute and changeable in everything but in teasing me.

The man however is honest, has a good estate, and may one day be a baronet, an’t so please you. He is humane, benevolent, and, people say, generous. I cannot but confess that now I like anybody better, whatever I did once.

He is no fox-hunter. He keeps a pack, indeed, but prefers not his hounds to his fellow-creatures. No bad sign for a wife, I own. He loves his horse, but dislikes racing in a gaming way, as well as all sorts of gaming. Then he is sober, modest, they *say* virtuous—in short, has qualities that mothers would be fond of in a husband for their daughters, and for which perhaps their daughters would be the happier could they judge for themselves.

Strange that these sober fellows cannot have a decent sprightliness, a modest assurance with them. Something debonnaire, which need not be separated from their awe and reverence, when they address a woman. You and I have often retrospected the faces and minds of grown people, that is, have formed images, from their present appearances, as far as they would justify us, what sort of figures they made when boys and girls. And I'll tell you the lights in which Hickman, Solmes, and Lovelace, our three heroes, have appeared to me, supposing them boys at school.

Solmes I have imagined to be a little sordid rogue, who would purloin and beg every boy's bread and butter from him.

Hickman, an overgrown, lank-haired, chubby

boy, who would be punched by everybody, and go home and tell his mother.

Lovelace, a curl-pated villain, full of fire, fancy, and mischief; an orchard robber, a wall climber, a horse rider without saddle or bridle—neck or nothing. A sturdy rogue, who would kick and cuff, and do no right, and take no wrong of anybody, would get his head broke, then a plaster for it, while he went on to do more mischief. And the same dispositions have grown up with them, and distinguish them as *men*.

As this letter is whimsical, I will not send it till I can accompany it with something better suited to your unhappy circumstances. Tomorrow will be wholly my own, and therefore yours.

Adieu till then,

A. H.

Tuesday Morning, 7 o'clock.

My mother and cousin are already gone off in our chariot-and-four, attended by their doughty squire on horseback, and he by two of his own servants, and one of my mother's. They both love parade when they go abroad, at least in compliment to one another, which shows, that each thinks the other does.

I must now acquaint you that Mr. Hickman, when in London, found an opportunity to inquire after Mr. Lovelace's town life. At the "Cocoa Tree," in Pall Mall, he fell in with two of his intimates, Belton and Mowbray—both very free of speech. But the waiters paid them great respect, and on Mr. Hickman's inquiry after their characters, called them men of fortune and honour.

They began to talk of Mr. Lovelace of their own accord; and upon some gentlemen in the room asking, when they expected him in town, answered, that very day. Mr. Hickman, as they both went on praising Lovelace, said, he had indeed heard, that Mr. Lovelace was a very fine gentleman—and was proceeding, when one of them, interrupting him, said, "Only, sir, the finest gentleman in the world; that's all."

And so he led them on to expatiate more particularly on his qualities, which they were very fond of doing, but said not one single word in behalf of his morals—*Mind that* also, I say, in your uncle's style.

Mr. Hickman said, that Mr. Lovelace was very happy, as he understood, in the esteem of the ladies, and, smiling, to make them believe

he did not think amiss of it, that he pushed his good fortune as far as it would go.

“No doubt of it,” replied one of them; and out came an oath, with a “who would not?” That he did as every young fellow would do.

“Very true!” said my mother’s Puritan, “but I hear he is in treaty with a fine lady—”

“So he was,” Mr. Belton said—“The devil fetch her, vile brute! for she engrossed all his time—but that the lady’s family might dearly repent their usage of a man of his family and merit.”

“Perhaps they may think him too wild,” said Mr. Hickman; “theirs is a very sober family.”

“Sober!” said one. “A good honest word. Where the devil has it lain all this time? I have not heard it since I was at college, and then we bandied it about as obsolete.”

These, my dear, are Mr. Lovelace’s companions. Be pleased to take notice of that.

Mr. Hickman, upon the whole, professed to me that he had no reason to think well of Mr. Lovelace’s morals, from what he heard of him in town. Yet his two intimates talked of his being *more regular* than he *used to be*: that he had made a good resolution, viz., that he would never give a challenge, nor refuse one, that, in

short, he was a very brave fellow, and the most agreeable companion in the world, and would one day make a great figure in his country, since there was nothing he was not capable of.

I am afraid that this last assertion is too true. Is it not enough to determine such a mind as yours, if not already determined ?

Yet it must be said too, that if there be a woman in the world that can reclaim him it is you. And if you *are* to be his,—but no more of that ; he cannot, after all, deserve you.

Your affectionate,

A. H.

[In spite of her knowledge of his profligate character, poor Clarissa is driven to such straits that she sees no hope except in flight with Lovelace. She does not really love him, but she thinks, in her innocence, that if she accepts his offer of protection she can marry him or not as she pleases, and that if the marriage does not take place she will find a refuge with his uncle, Lord M., or with his aunts, the Ladies Betty and Sarah.]

CLARISSA TO MISS HOWE.

April 8th.

Whether you will blame me or not I cannot tell. I have deposited a letter to Mr. Lovelace confirming my resolution to leave this house on

Monday next. I tell him I shall not bring any clothes than those I have on, lest I be suspected. That I must expect to be denied possession of my estate ; that it will be best to go to a private lodging near Lady Betty Lawrance's, that it may not appear to the world I have *refuged myself with his family*, that he shall instantly leave me nor come near me but by my leave and that if I find myself in danger of being discovered and carried back by violence, I will throw myself into the protection of Lady Betty or Lady Sarah.

O, my dear, what a sad thing is the necessity forced upon me for all this contrivance !

[Soon after this Miss Howe hears that Clarissa has left Harlowe Place.]

CLARISSA TO MISS HOWE.

Tuesday Night.

I think myself obliged to thank you, my dear Miss Howe, for your condescension in taking notice of a creature who has occasioned you so much scandal.

* * * * *

After I had deposited my letter to you, written down to the last hour, as I may say, I returned to the Ivy Summer-house.

When the bell rang to call the servants to dinner, Betty came to me and asked if I had any commands before she went to hers.

I asked her some questions about the cascade, and expressed a curiosity to see how it played, in order to induce her—how cunning to cheat myself, as it proved!—to go thither if she found me not where she left me, it being at a part of the garden most distant from the Ivy Summer-house.

She could have hardly got into the house when I heard the first signal—O how my heart fluttered!—But no time was to be lost. I stepped to the garden-door, and seeing a clear coast, unbolted the already unlocked door—and there was he, all impatience, waiting for me.

A panic next to fainting seized me when I saw him. My heart seemed convulsed, and I trembled so I could hardly have kept my feet, had he not supported me.

“Fear nothing, dearest creature,” said he; “let us hasten away—the chariot is at hand—and, by this sweet condescension, you have obliged me beyond expression.”

Recovering my spirits a little as he kept drawing me after him; “O Mr. Lovelace,” said

I, "I cannot go with you—*indeed* I cannot—I wrote you word so—let go my hand, and you shall see my letter. It has lain there from yesterday morning till within this half-hour. I bid you watch to the last for a letter from me, lest I should be obliged to revoke the appointment, and, had you followed the direction, you would have found it."

"I have been watched, my dearest life," said he, "and my trusty servant has been watched too, and dared not come near your wall. Here, we shall be discovered in a moment, speed away, my charmer! If you neglect this opportunity, you may never have another."

"What is it you mean, sir? Let go my hand! I tell you,"—struggling, "I would rather die than go with you."

"Good God!" said he, "what is it I hear? but," still drawing me on, "it is no time to argue. To leave you now would be to lose you for ever."

"As you value me, Mr. Lovelace, urge me no further. Let me give you the letter I had written."

"Nothing, madam, will convince me; I will not leave you. . . . All my friends expect you. All your own are against you. Wednes-

day next is perhaps the *fatal* day. Would you stay to be Solmes's *wife*?"

* * * * *

I wept. I could not help it.

He threw himself upon his knees at my feet. "Who can bear," said he, with an ardour that could not be feigned, his own eyes glistening, "who can bear to behold such sweet emotion? O charmer of my heart," and, respectfully still kneeling, he took my hand with both his, pressing it to his lips, "command me with you, command me from you; in every way I am all implicit obedience.

"The chariot ready: my friends with impatience expecting the result of *your own* appointment. A man whose will shall be entirely your will, imploring you thus, on his knees, imploring you—to be your own mistress; that is all. Nor will I ask for your favour, but as upon full proof I shall appear to deserve it. O my beloved creature!" pressing my hand once more to his lips, "let not such an opportunity slip. You never, never will have such another."

My apprehensions I told him grew too strong for my heart. I should think very hardly of him, if he sought to detain me longer.

But his acquiescence should engage my gratitude.

And then stooping to take up the key to let myself into the garden, he started, and looked as if he had heard somebody near the door, on the inside, clapping his hand on his sword.

This frightened me so that I thought I should have sunk down at his feet. But he instantly reassured me; he thought, he said, he had heard a rustling against the door. But *had* it been so the noise would have been stronger. It was only the effect of his apprehension for me.

And then taking up the key, he presented it to me. "If you *will* go, madam, I must enter the garden with you. Forgive me, but I *must* enter the garden with you."

"I have no patience," said I at last, taking courage, "to be thus constrained," and then freeing my hand I put the key in the lock, when with a voice of alarm loud whispering, and as if out of breath, "*They are at the door, my beloved creature!*" And taking the key from me, he fluttered with it, as if he would double-lock it. And instantly a voice from within cried out, bursting against the door, as if to break it open, "Are you there?—Come up

this moment!—this moment!—Here they are—Here they are both together!—Your pistol this moment!” Then another push. He at the same moment drew his sword, and clapping it naked under his arm took both my trembling hands in his, and drawing me swiftly after him, “Fly, fly, my charmer ; this moment is all you have for it,” said he. “Your brother! or Solmes! will instantly burst the door. Fly, my dearest life, if you would not be more cruelly used than ever. If you would not see two or three murders committed at your feet, fly, fly, I beseech you.”

“O Lord! help,” cried I, like a fool, all in amaze and confusion, frightened beyond the power of control.

Now behind me, now before me, now on this side, now on that, turned I my affrighted face in the same moment ; expecting a furious brother here, armed servants there, an enraged sister screaming, and a father armed with terror in his countenance more dreadful than even the drawn sword which I saw or those I apprehended. I ran as fast as he, yet knew not that I ran, my fears adding wings to my feet.

Thus terrified, I was out of sight of the door in a few minutes, and then putting my arm

under his, his drawn sword in the other hand, he hurried me on, my voice contradicting my action, crying, "No, no," and straining my eyes to look back, till he brought me to the chariot, where attending were two armed servants of his own and two of Lord M.'s, on horseback. . . .

O that I were again in my father's house !

[Clarissa is taken first of all to St. Albans, but Lovelace persuades her that she will be safer in London. He manages matters so artfully that he makes her of her own accord decide not to go to his relatives; he also, while ostensibly she has made her own choice, manages to convey her, once in London, to a house of ill-fame. Gradually, however, her suspicions are aroused, for Lovelace insists that it is necessary for her safety that she should masquerade as his wife, and takes lodgings in the same house. She also realizes that, though he continually speaks of marriage, he never comes to the point. One night her suspicions are justified.]

LOVELACE TO BELFORD.

At a little after two, when the whole house was still, my Clarissa fast asleep, I was alarmed by a buzz of voices, some scolding, some little sort of screaming, and soon down ran Dorcas to my door, and in hoarse accents cried out "Fire, fire!" She the more alarmed me as I saw she endeavoured to cry louder, but could not.

My pen, its last scrawl a benediction on my beloved, dropped from my hands, and starting up, I made but three steps to the door, exclaiming, "Where, where?" almost as much terrified as the wench, while she, unable to speak, pointed upstairs.

I was there in a moment, and found all owing to the carelessness of Mrs. Sinclair's cook-maid, who had set fire to an old window-curtain.

She had had the presence of mind, however, to tear it down and thrust it into the chimney, where it was blazing when I went up, but all danger over.

Meanwhile Dorcas, after she had directed me upstairs, not knowing the worst was over, and expecting every minute the house would be in a blaze, out of tender regard for her lady (*I shall for ever love the wench for it*), ran to her door, and rapping loudly at it, in a recovered voice cried out, "Fire! fire! The house is on fire! Rise, madam—this instant rise—if you would not be burnt in your bed!"

No sooner had she made this dreadful outcry, but I heard her lady's door, with hasty violence, unbar, unbolt, unlock, and open, and my charmer's voice sounding like that of one going into a fit.

Thou mayest believe that I was greatly affected. I trembled with concern for her, and hastened down faster than the alarm of fire had made me run up, in order to satisfy her that all the danger was over.

When I had flown down to her chamber-door, there I beheld the most charming creature in the world, supporting herself on the arm of the gasping Dorcas, sighing, trembling, ready to faint, and half-undressed, her feet just slipped into her shoes. As soon as she saw me she panted, and struggled to speak, but could only say, "O Mr. Lovelace!" and down was ready to sink.

I clasped her in my arms. "My dearest life! fear nothing. The danger is over; the fire is got under! And how, fool (to Dorcas), could you thus, by your hideous yell, alarm and frighten my angel!"

O Jack! how I could distinguish the dear heart flutter against my own as I held her, fearing she would go into fits.

Lifting her up, I endeavoured, with the utmost tenderness of action, as well as of expression, to dissipate her terrors.

But what did I get by this my generous care of her, and by my successful endeavours to

bring her to herself? Nothing—ungrateful as she was—but the most passionate exclamations. . . . Far from being affected, as I wished, by an address so fervent (although from a man for whom she had so lately owned a regard, and with whom, but an hour or two before, she had parted with so much satisfaction), I never saw a more moving grief, when she came fully to herself.

She appealed to Heaven against my *treachery*, as she called it, while I, by the most solemn vows, pleaded my own equal fright, and the reality of the danger that had alarmed us both. She did not believe one word, but conjured me, in the most solemn and affecting manner, by turns threatening and soothing, to quit her apartment, and permit her to hide herself from the light, and from every human eye.

I besought her pardon ; yet could not avoid offending ; and repeatedly vowed that the next morning's sun should witness our espousals. But taking, I suppose, all my protestations of this kind as an indication of evil, she would hear nothing that I said ; but, redoubling her struggles to get free from me, in broken accents, and exclamations the most vehement, she protested that she would not survive what

she called a treatment so disgraceful and villainous ; and, looking all wildly round her, and espying a pair of sharp-pointed scissors on a chair by the bedside, she endeavoured to catch them up, with design to make her words good on the spot.

Seeing her desperation, I begged her to be pacified ; that she would hear me speak but one word, declaring that I intended no wrong. And having seized the scissors, I threw them into the chimney, and she still insisting vehemently upon my distance, I permitted her to take a chair.

But, O the sweet discomposure !

* * * * *

When I again would have cast my arms about her, to save her from fainting, I could not prevent her sliding through them to fall upon her knees—which she did at my feet. And there, in the anguish of her soul, her streaming eyes lifted up to my face with supplicating softness, hands folded, dishevelled hair—for her night head-dress having fallen off in her struggling, her charming tresses fell down in naturally shining ringlets, her bosom heaving with sighs and broken sobs, as if to aid her quivering lips in pleading for her. In this

manner, but when her grief gave way to her speech, in words pronounced with that propriety which distinguishes this admirable creature from all the women I ever heard speak, did she implore my compassion and my honour.

“Consider me, *dear* Lovelace” (*dear* was her charming word), “on my knees I beg you to consider me as a poor creature who has no protector but you—who has no defence but your honour. By that honour—by your humanity—by all you have vowed—I conjure you not to make me abhor myself! not to make me vile in my own eyes!”

I mentioned the morrow as the happiest day of my life.

“Tell me not of to-morrow! If, indeed, you mean me honourably—*Now*—this very instant—NOW! You must show it, and be gone.”

* * * * *

Wicked wretch! insolent villain! Yes, she called me insolent villain, although so much in my power! And for what? only for kissing her beautiful lips, her cheeks, her forehead, and her streaming eyes, as she continued kneeling at my feet as I sat.

“If I *am* a villain, madam”—and then my grasping but trembling hand—

* * * * *

She tore my ruffles, and shrank from me with amazing force, as with my other arm I would have supported her. . . . Again I was her *dear* Lovelace. . . . “Kill me, kill me!” she cried; “I am odious enough in your sight to deserve this treatment; too long has my life been a burden to me.” On looking wildly round her—“Give me but the means, and I will instantly convince you that my honour is dearer to me than my life!”

Then with folded hands and streaming eyes, again I was “her *blessed* Lovelace,” and “she would thank me with her latest breath, if I would permit her to make that preference, or free her from further indignity.”

I sat suspended for a moment. By my soul, I thought—’tis an angel, and no woman, this! and still, as I raised her to my heart in my encircling arms, she slid through them. . . . “Good God, that I should live to see this hour! See, Mr. Lovelace, at your feet, a poor creature imploring your pity, who, for your sake, is abandoned by all the world! Let not my father’s curse be thus dreadfully fulfilled!

But spare me, I beseech you, spare me! For how have I deserved this treatment from you? For *your own sake*, if not for *my sake*, and as you would that God Almighty in your last hour should have mercy upon *you*, spare me!"

What heart but must have been penetrated?

I would again have raised the dear suppliant from her knees; but she would not be raised, till my softened mind, she said, had yielded to her prayer, and bid her rise to be innocent.

"Rise then, my angel! Only pronounce me pardon for what has passed, and tell me you will continue to look upon me with that eye of favour and serenity which I have been blessed with for some days past, and I will submit to my beloved conqueress, whose power never was at so great an height with me, as now."

"God Almighty," said she, "hear your prayers in your most arduous moments, as you have heard mine! And now, this moment, leave me to my own recollection. In *that* you will leave me to misery enough, and more than you ought to wish to your bitterest enemy."

"Impute not everything, my best beloved, to design; for design it was not."

"O Mr. Lovelace!"

"Upon my soul, madam, the fire was real."

(*And so it was, Jack.*) “The house, my dearest life, might have been consumed by it, as you will be convinced in the morning by ocular demonstration.”

“O Mr. Lovelace!”

“Let my passion for you, madam——”

* * * * *

“No more, no more! Leave me, I beseech you!” And, looking upon herself, and around her, in sweet confusion—“Begone! begone!”

* * * * *

“Impossible, my dearest life, till you pronounce my pardon.”

“I beseech you begone, that I may think what I *can* do, and what I ought to do.”

I clasped her in my arms, hoping she would *not* forgive me.

* * * * *

“I do—I do forgive you!”

“Heartily?”

“Heartily!”

“And freely?”

“Freely!”

“And will you look on me to-morrow as if nothing had passed?”

“Yes! yes!”

“I cannot take these peevish affirmatives, so

much like negatives ! Say you will, upon your honour."

"Upon my honour, then ; O now, begone ! begone ! And never—never——"

"What, never, my angel ! Is this forgiveness ?"

"Never," said she, "let what has passed be remembered more !"

I insisted upon one kiss to seal my pardon, and retired like a woman's fool, as I was ! Couldst thou have believed it ?

But I had no sooner entered my own apartment, than reflecting upon the ridicule I should meet with below upon a weakness so much out of my usual character, I repented, and hastened back.

But I was justly punished, for her door was fast ; and, hearing her sigh and sob as if her heart would burst, "My beloved creature," said I, rapping gently—her sobs ceasing—"I want but to say three words to you, which must be the most acceptable you ever heard from me. Let me see you but for one moment."

I thought I heard her coming to the door, and my heart leaped ; but it was only to draw another bolt, to make it still faster ; and she

either could not or would not answer me, but retired to the further end of her apartment—to her closet probably. And, more like a fool than before, again I sneaked away.

[Clarissa is now thoroughly frightened, and decides to make her escape; but, in her ignorance and simplicity, she takes refuge at Hampstead, where she had been before with Lovelace. Her persecutor soon discovers her whereabouts, but she refuses to return. In order to convince her of his honour, he procures a licence, and promises her that his aunt and cousin shall visit her at Hampstead.]

LOVELACE TO BELFORD.

Monday, June 12th.

Didst ever see a license, Jack? “*Edmund, by divine permission, Lord Bishop of London, to our well-beloved in Christ, Robert Lovelace.*” Your servant, my good lord! What have I done to merit so much goodness, who never saw your lordship in my life?

* * * * *

A good whimsical instrument, take it all altogether! But what, thinkest thou, are the arms to this matrimonial harbinger?—Why, in the first place, *two crossed swords*, to show that marriage is a state of offence as well as defence;

three lions, to denote that those who enter into the state, ought to have a triple proportion of courage.

* * * * *

Now my plot thickens.

* * * * *

I am preparing, with Lady Betty and Lady Montague, to wait upon my beloved with a coach-and-four, for Lady Betty will not stir out with a pair, and this is a well-known part of her character.

“But as to the arms and crest upon the coach and trappings?”

Blunt* must supply her while her own is new-lining and repairing. Liveries nearly Lady Betty’s.

Thou hast seen Lady Betty Lawrance several times, hast thou not, Belford?

“No, never in my life.”

But thou hast. Knowest thou not Lady Betty’s other name?

“*Other* name! has she two?”

She has, and what thinkest thou of *Lady Bab Wallis*?

“Oh, the devil!”

* The fashionable coachmaker of the day.

Now thou hast it. *Lady* Barbara, thou knowest, lifted up in circumstances, never appears herself but on occasions special ; to pass for a duchess, or countess at least. She has always been admired for a grandeur in her air that few women of quality can come up to, and never was supposed to be other than what she passed for.

And who, thinkest thou, is my cousin Charlotte Montague ?

“Nay, how should I know?”

How, indeed! Why, my little Johanetta Golding. A lively, yet modest-looking girl is my cousin Montague.

There, Belford, is an aunt!—there’s a cousin! Both have wit at will. Both are accustomed to ape quality.

And how dost think I dress them out? I’ll tell thee.

Lady Betty in gold tissue, with jewels of high price.

My cousin Montague in pale pink, standing on end with silver flowers, not quite so richly jewelled as Lady Betty, but ear-rings and solitaire very valuable and infinitely becoming.

Johanetta, thou knowest, has a good complexion, a fine neck, and ears remarkably fine ;

so has Charlotte. She is nearly of Charlotte's stature too.

Laces both, the richest that could be procured.

Thou canst not imagine what a sum the loan of the jewels cost me, though but for three days.

This sweet girl will half ruin me. But seest thou not by this time that her reign is short? Mrs. Sinclair has prepared everything for her reception once more.

* * * * *

Here come the ladies, attended by Susan Morrison, a tenant-farmer's daughter, as Lady Betty's woman, with her hands before her, and thoroughly instructed.

How dress advantages women, especially those who have naturally a genteel air and turn, and have had education.

Hadst thou seen how they paraded it: "cousin," and "cousin," and "nephew," at every word, Lady Betty looking *haughtily condescending*; Charlotte gallanting her fan and swimming over the floor without touching it.

"How I long to see my niece-elect!" cries one, for they are told that we are not married.

"How I long to see my dear cousin that is to be!" the other.

"Your la'ship," and "Your la'ship," and an

awkward curtesy at every address, prim Susan Morrison.

“Top your parts, ye villains! My charmer is as cool and as distinguishing as I am. Your commonly-assumed dignity won't do for me now. Airs of superiority, as if *born* to rank. But no over-do.”

“A little *graver*, Lady Betty.”

“That's the air. Charmingly hit. You have it.”

“Now for *your* part, cousin Charlotte.”

“Pretty well. But a little too frolicky that air. Yet have I prepared my beloved to expect in you both great vivacity and quality-freedom.”

“Sprightly, but not confident, cousin Charlotte.”

“Suppose *me* to be my charmer. Now you are to encounter my *examining* eye, and my *doubting* heart.”

“Charming! Perfectly right!”

“Pretty well, cousin Charlotte, for a young country lady! You must not be supposed to have forgot your boarding school airs.”

“Too low, too low, Lady Betty, for your years and your quality.”

“Graceful ease, conscious dignity, like that of my charmer. O how hard to hit!”

“Both together now.”

“Charming! That’s the air, Lady Betty!
That’s the cue, cousin Charlotte.”

And now we are gone.

[By the help of this imposture, Lovelace succeeds in bringing Clarissa back to Mrs. Sinclair’s house. As he has given up in despair the hope of corrupting her virtue, he cruelly betrays her.]

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Tuesday Morning, June 13th.

And now, Belford, I can go no farther.
Clarissa lives. And I am your humble servant,

R. LOVELACE.

[As the result of her sufferings, Clarissa loses her reason. She writes and tears up several incoherent letters to her friends and family. One letter she asks Dorcas, one of the women of the house, to give to Lovelace.]

TO MR. LOVELACE.

“I never intended to write another line to you. I would not see you if I could help it. O that I never had!

“But tell me of a truth, is Miss Howe really ill? very ill? And is not her illness poison? and don’t *you* know who gave it her?

“What you, or Mrs. Sinclair, or I cannot tell who, have done to my poor head, you best know ; but I shall never be what I was. My head is gone. I have wept away all my brain, I believe, for I can weep no more. I have had my full share ; so it is no matter.

“But, Lovelace, don't set Mrs. Sinclair upon me again. I never did her any harm. She *so* affrights me when I see her ! She may be a good woman. She was the wife of a man of honour—very likely—though forced to let lodgings. Poor gentlewoman ! Let her know I pity her ; but don't let her come near me again—pray don't !

“Yet she may be a very good woman.

“I forget what I was going to say.

“O Lovelace, you are Satan himself, or he helps you out in everything ; and that's as bad !

“But have you really and truly sold yourself to him ? And for how long ?

“Poor man ! the contract *will* be out ; and then what will be your fate !

“O Lovelace ! if you could be sorry for yourself, I would be sorry too. But when all my doors are fast, and nothing but the keyhole open, and the key of late put into that, to be where you are, in a manner without opening

any of them. O wretched, wretched Clarissa Harlowe !

“ For I never will be Lovelace’s.

“ Well, but now I remember what I was going to say. It is for *your* good—not *mine*. For nothing can do me good now ! O thou hated Lovelace !

“ But Mrs. Sinclair may be a good woman. But don’t let her bluster to me again ! O she is a frightful woman ! If she *be* a woman ! She needed not to put on that *fearful mask* to scare me out of my poor wits. But don’t tell her what I say ; I have no hatred to her. It is only foolish fear, that’s all. She may not *be* a bad woman.

“ Alas, you have killed my head ! God forgive you. But had it not been better to have put me out of your way at once ? You might safely have done it, for nobody would require me at your hands, except, indeed, Miss Howe would have said, when she should see you, ‘ What, Lovelace, have you done with Clarissa Harlowe ? ’ and then you could have given any gay answer. ‘ Sent her beyond sea, ’ or ‘ She has run away from me, ’ and this would have been easily credited.

“ But this is nothing to what I wanted to say.”

* * * * *

[Gradually Clarissa recovers her intellect. Lovelace, horror-struck at all he has brought upon her, offers her marriage; but, in the presence of Mrs. Sinclair and the other women of the house, she indignantly refuses him.]

LOVELACE TO BELFORD.

She would have spoken, but could not, looking down my guilt into confusion. A mouse might have been heard passing over the floor: her own light feet and rustling silks could not have prevented it; for she seemed to tread on air, to be all soul. She passed backwards and forwards, now towards me, now towards the door several times, before speech could get the better of indignation; and at last, "O thou contemptible and abandoned Lovelace, thinkest thou that I see not through this poor villainous plot of thine, and of these thy wicked accomplices?"

"Ye vile women, who perhaps have been the ruin, body and soul, of hundreds of innocents (you show me *how*, in full assembly) know that I am not married. Ruined, as I am, by your help, I bless God, I am *not* married to this miscreant; and I have friends that will demand my honour at your hands! And to whose authority I will apply; for none has this man

over me. Look to it, then, what further insults you offer me. I am a person, though thus vilely betrayed, of rank and fortune. I never will be his; and, to your utter ruin, will find friends to pursue you; and now I have this full proof of your detestable wickedness, will have no mercy upon you."

Lord! how every one, conscience-shaken, trembled!

* * * * *

"Madam," said I—and was advancing towards her with a fierce aspect, cursedly vexed.

"Stop where thou art, O vilest and most abandoned of men!—nor offer to touch me, if thou wouldst not see a corpse at thy feet!"

To my astonishment she held forth a pen-knife in her hand, the point to her own bosom, grasping resolutely so that there was no offering to take it from her.

"I offer no mischief to anybody but myself. You, sir—and ye women—are safe from every violence of mine. The LAW shall be all my resource—the LAW!" and she spoke the word with emphasis; "The LAW!" that to such people carries natural terror with it, and struck a panic into them.

"The LAW only shall be my refuge!"

The infamous mother whispered me that it were better to *make terms* with this *strange* lady.

Sally, notwithstanding all her impudent bravery at other times, said, “*If* Mr. Lovelace had told *them*, what was *not true* of her being his wife——”

“That is not now a matter to be disputed,” cried I; “you and I know, madam——”

“We do,” said she; “and I thank God I am *not* thine. *Once more*, I thank God for it: from my heart I despise thee, thou very poor Lovelace! How canst thou stand in my presence!”

“Madam, madam, madam—these are insults not to be borne!”—and was approaching her.

She withdrew to the door, and set her back against it, holding the pointed knife to her heaving bosom; while the women held me, beseeching me not to provoke the violent lady, for their *house's* sake; and all three hung upon me, while the truly heroic lady braved me at that distance.

“Approach me, Lovelace, if thou wilt. I dare die. It is in defence of my honour. God will be merciful to my poor soul! I expect no mercy from thee! Two steps nearer me, and thou shalt see what I dare do!”

“Leave me, women, to myself, and to my angel!” They retired at a distance. “O my beloved creature, how you terrify me!”—holding out my arms. “I am the blackest of villains.”

Unawares I had moved to my angel.

“And dost thou still move towards me? Dost thou! dost thou?” And her hand was extended. “I dare—I dare. My heart abhors the act which *thou* makest *necessary*! God, in thy mercy!” Lifting up her eyes and hands. “God, in thy mercy——!”

I threw myself to the farther end of the room. Her cheeks, that were all in a glow before, turned pale, as if terrified at her own purpose; and lifting up her eyes, “Thank God!—thank God!” said the angel, “Delivered *for the present*—from myself! Keep, sir, keep that distance.”—Looking towards me, prostrate, my heart pierced as with a hundred daggers. “That distance has saved a life; to what reserved, the Almighty only knows.”

Then taking one of the lights, she turned from us, and went away unmolested.

[Lovelace has to visit his uncle, Lord M., who is dangerously ill. While he is away Clarissa manages once more to escape, and finds refuge at a Mrs. Smith's

in King Street, Covent Garden. While there she gives a detailed account of her sufferings in a letter to Miss Howe.]

CLARISSA TO MISS HOWE.

He had found me out at Hampstead. I am at a loss to know by what means.

Mr. Lovelace, finding all he could say ineffectual to prevail upon me to forgive him, rested his hopes on a visit to be paid me by Lady Betty Lawrance and Miss Montague.

With my prospects all so dark, I knew not to whom I might be obliged to have recourse, and as those ladies had the best of characters, I thought I would not *shun* an interview with them though I would not seek it.

On the 12th of June these pretended ladies came to Hampstead, and I was presented to them by their kinsman.

They were richly dressed, and came in a coach-and-four, hired while their own was repairing in town; a pretence, I find, lest I should guess at the imposture by the want of the real lady's arms upon it.

I had heard that Lady Betty was a fine woman, and Miss Montague beautiful and full of vivacity. Such were these impostors. I

had not the least suspicion that they were not the ladies they personated.

I am ashamed to repeat to you, my dear, now I know what wretches they are, the tender, obliging things I said to them.

They engaged me in agreeable conversation, declaring that they would directly interest themselves to bring about a reconciliation between the two families.

Could I help, my dear, being pleased with them ?

* * * * *

In the midst of agreeablenesses, the coach came to the door. Lady Betty besought me to give them my company. I desired to be excused, yet suspected nothing.

I objected to my dress.

Mr. Lovelace, wicked deceiver, seeing, as he said, my dislike to go, desired her ladyship not to insist upon it.

She begged me to oblige her ; in short, was so very urgent, that my feet complied, and being, in a manner, led to the coach by her, and made to step in first, she followed with her pretended niece and the wretch, and away it drove.

Nothing but the height of affectionate complaisance passed all the way, over and over.

Though not pleased, I was then thoughtless of danger ; but think, my dear, what a dreadful turn all had upon me, when, through several streets I knew nothing of, the coach came within sight of the dreadful house.

“Lord be good unto me!” cried the poor fool, looking out of the coach. “Mr. Lovelace, Madam,” turning to the pretended Lady Betty. “Madam,” turning to the niece, my hands and eyes lifted up.

“What, what, my dear?”

He pulled the string.

“What need to have come this way ?” said he ; “but since we are, I will but ask a question.”

The coachman stopped, *his* servant alighted. “Ask,” said he, “if I have any letters?”

My heart then misgave me ; I was ready to faint.

“Why this terror, my life? You shall not stir out of the coach. But one question, now the fellow has drove us this way.”

“Your lady will faint,” cried the execrable Lady Betty, turning to him. “My dearest niece, we must alight. Only for water and hartshorn.”

“No, no, no ; I am quite well. Won't the

man drive on? *Man*, drive on," putting my head out of the coach, though my voice was too low to be heard.

The coach stopped at the door. How I trembled!

Dorcas came.

"My dearest creature," said the vile man, gasping, as it were for breath, "you shall *not* alight. Any letters for me, Dorcas?"

"There are two, sir. Mr. Belton is waiting for you."

"I'll just speak to him. You shan't step out, my dear."

I sighed, as if my heart would burst.

"But we *must* step out, nephew. You will faint, child; you must step out, my dear."

"Madam," said the vile seducer, "my dearest love must not be moved in this point against her will."

* * * * *

He stepped out.

"The coach may go on, madam," said I.

"The coach *shall* go on, my dear life," said he. But he gave no orders that it should.

The old creature came to the door. "A thousand pardons, dear madam," stepping to the coach side. "Be pleased, ladies to alight."

I still refused to go out. "Man! man!" cried I, gasping, "drive on!"

My heart misgave me; still I did not suspect these women. The sight of the old creature made me like a distracted person.

The hartshorn and water was brought. The pretended Lady Betty made me drink it. Heaven knows if there were anything else in it!

"Besides," said she, whisperingly, "I must see what sort of creatures the *nieces* are. You could not, my dear, have this aversion to re-enter a house, in our company, in which you lodged and boarded several weeks, unless these women could be so presumptuously vile, as my nephew ought not to know."

Out stepped the pretended lady; the servant having opened the door.

A crowd by this time was gathered about us: but I was too much affected to mind that.

The pretended Miss Montague urged me to go. "Lord, my dear," said she, "who can bear this crowd? What will people think?"

And thus pressed and gazed at, the women so richly dressed, people whispering, in an evil moment out stepped I, trembling, forced to lean on the pretended Lady Betty's arm. O that I had dropped down dead!

“We shall stay but a few minutes, my dear!” said the specious jilt.

“Come, Mrs. Sinclair, I think your name is, show us the way——” leading me. “I am very thirsty. I must have tea, if it can be got in a moment. We must return to Hampstead this night.”

“It shall be ready in a moment,” cried the wretch.

“Come, my dear, to me. Lean upon me—how you tremble! Dearest niece Lovelace” (the old wretch being in hearing), “we’ll be gone in a minute.”

And thus she led the poor sacrifice into the too well-known parlour.

The tea was ready presently.

There was no Mr. Belton, I believe; for the wretch went not to anybody, unless it were while we were parleying in the coach.

I was made to drink two dishes, urged by the pretended ladies. I was stupid to their hands, and could hardly swallow.

I thought that the tea had an odd taste.

I have no doubt that my two dishes were prepared for me.

Nevertheless, at the pretended ladies’ notion, I went upstairs, attended by Dorcas, and set

about taking out some of my clothes, ordering what should be sent after me.

While I was thus employed, up came the pretended Lady Betty, in a hurrying way—“My dear, you won't be long before you are ready. My nephew is answering his letters ; I'll just whip away, and change my dress, and call upon you in an instant.”

“O, madam ! I am *now* ready !—You must not leave me here.” And down I sunk, affrighted, into a chair.

“This instant I will return.”

And away she hurried before I could speak. Her pretended niece went with her.

Recovering my stupefied spirits as well as I could, I wondered to Dorcas what ailed me ; rubbing my eyes, and taking some of her snuff, to little purpose, I pursued my employment ; but, when that was over, I had nothing to do but to *think*. I shut myself into the chamber that had been mine ; I prayed, yet know not what I prayed for ; then ran out again ; it was almost dark, I said. Where, where was Mr. Lovelace ?

He came to me, taking no notice at first of my consternation and wildness (what they had given me made me incoherent and wild).

I *demanded* his aunt!—I *demanded* his cousin! The evening was closing! My head was very, *very* bad; and it grew worse and worse.

But terror kept up my spirits; and I insisted upon his going to hasten them.

He raved at the *sex* for *their* delay.

He terrified me with his looks as he gazed upon me. He snatched my hand with vehemence: speaking tender words; his manner carrying the appearance of convulsed passion! O, my dear! what mischiefs was he not then meditating!

I complained of thirst and called for water; some table-beer was brought me; being extremely thirsty, I drank it, and instantly found myself much worse than before.

Then came one of the pretended Lady Betty's servants, with a letter for Mr. Lovelace.

He sent it up to me. I read it; and then it was I thought myself lost; it being to put off her going to Hampstead that night, on account of fits which Miss Montague was seized with. Then immediately came into my head his vile attempts in this house; and the revenge my flight might have inspired. His very looks were dreadful to me. All crowding together in my mind, I fell into a kind of frenzy.

I have no remembrance for the time it lasted ; but I know that in my first agitations, I pulled off my head-dress, and tore my ruffles in twenty tatters, and ran to find him out.

When a little recovered, I insisted upon the hint he had given of their coach. But he said that it was sent to fetch a physician.

* * * * *

All impatient with grief and apprehension, I declared myself resolved not to stay in that house till morning. All I had in the world, my rings, my watch, my little money, for a coach ; or, if one were not to be got, I would go on foot to Hampstead that night, though I walked by myself.

A coach was hereupon pretended to be sent for. None was to be got.

But let me now cut short the rest. I grew worse and worse in my head, now stupid, now raving, now senseless. The vilest of vile women was brought to frighten me. Never was there so horrible a creature as she appeared to me at the time.

I remember, I pleaded for mercy. I remember that I said I would be his—indeed I would be to obtain his mercy—but no mercy found I—my strength, my intellect failed me !—then

such scenes followed—O, my dear, such dreadful scenes!—fits upon fits (faintly indeed and imperfectly remembered) procuring me no compassion—but death was withheld from me. That would have been too great a mercy.

* * * * *

Thus was I tricked and deluded! I was so senseless that I dare not aver that the horrid creatures of the house were personally aiding and abetting. But some visionary remembrances I have of female figures, fitting as I may say before my eyes, the wretched woman's particularly. I never saw the personating wretches afterwards.

[Clarissa is not long left in peace at Smith's. Mrs. Sinclair discovers her whereabouts, and, thinking to do Lovelace a service, has her arrested for the rent owing for her former lodgings. Lovelace, however, is indignant, and, as he cannot go to town himself, sends Belford to her release. Belford has always been a well-wisher of Clarissa's, and has done what he could—short of actual interference—to dissuade Lovelace from his evil purposes. He remains in town in order to protect and cheer Clarissa, whose family obstinately refuses, in spite of entreaties, to be reconciled to her. Clarissa's health has suffered terribly from all she has been through, but she is kindly nursed by Mrs. Smith and by a friend of the latter, Mrs. Lovick. She refuses steadfastly to see

Lovelace, who, on the recovery of his uncle, clamours to be allowed to visit her. He is so persistent that she becomes alarmed. At last, however, he receives a letter which gives him intense pleasure.]

LOVELACE TO BELFORD.

Wednesday Morning, August 23rd.

Alive, Jack, and in ecstasy ; likely to be once more a happy man, for I have received a letter from my beloved Miss Harlowe, and 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, and at eight this morning, as I was dressing, I had this letter brought to me by a chairman.

*" Tuesday Night, 11 o'clock,
" August 22nd.*

" 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 despatched 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 declared it should be the study of my 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.

* * * * *

BELFORD TO LOVELACE.

Tuesday, August 29th.

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 on either of the two preceding days.

* * * * *

She returned immediately after prayers.

* * * * *

"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, 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 ; 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. She said,—
“A *religious* meaning is couched under it;”

and that's the reason 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.

And now, thou vile Lovelace, what hast thou to do, no hopes left for thee but to hang, drown, or shoot thyself, for an outwitted boaster?

[Clarissa grows worse and worse, till at last no hope is entertained of her recovery. Belford chronicles her gradual decline to Lovelace, now mad with remorse.]

BELFORD TO LOVELACE.

Thursday Night, August 31st.

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.

With an intrepidity of a piece with the preparation, having directed them to carry it into her bed-chamber, she returned to us. "They were not to have brought it in till after dark," said she. "Pray excuse me, Mr. Belford; and don't you, Mrs. Lovick, be concerned; nor you, Mrs. Smith. Why should you? There is nothing more in it than the unusualness of the thing. Why may we not be as reasonably shocked at going to the church where are the monuments of our ancestors, with whose dust we even *hope* our dust shall be

one day mingled, as to be moved at such a sight as this."

We all remained silent, the women having their aprons at their eyes. "Why this concern for nothing at all!" said she; "if I am to be blamed for anything, it is for showing too much solicitude, as it may be thought, for this earthly part. I love to do everything for myself that I can do. I ever did. Every other material point is so far done, and taken care of, that I have had *leisure* for things of lesser moment. Minutenesses may be observed where greater articles are not neglected for them. I might have had this to order, perhaps, when less fit to order it. 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

* Clarissa's old governess.

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 eyes. "Don't you lead back," said she, "a starting steed to the object he is apt to start at, in order to familiarize 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 !

* * * * *

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 shown 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 hourglass winged.
At bottom, an urn.

Under the hourglass, 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.”—*Psalms* ciii. 7, 8.

Over this text is the head of a white lily snapped 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.”—*Psalms* 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 10th, 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 not 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 with 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 steadfastly 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 manner 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."

[Clarissa persists in her refusal to see Lovelace. Various attempts are made to reconcile her with her family, but all fail. Her cousin, Colonel Morden, however, is on her side, and, on his return from abroad, comes to see her at Mrs. Smith's.]

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 her, 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 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.”

* * * * *

“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.”

[As Clarissa grows worse, Lovelace becomes more and more desperate. Belford asks two of his friends, Tourville and Mowbray, to stay with Lovelace at Uxbridge, so that he may not be alone when he hears the worst.]

BELFORD TO LOVELACE.

*Thursday Evening, 7 o'clock,
September 7th.*

I 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 BELFORD.

UXBRIDGE,
*September 7th, 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, and stamping and tearing, that the landlord ran in, and faster out again. And this was the *distraction-scene* for some time.

In vain was all Jemmy or I could say to him. I offered once to take hold of his hands, because he was going to do himself a mischief, as I believed, looking about for his pistols, which he had laid upon the table, but which Will, unseen, had taken out with him. A faithful, honest dog that Will. I shall for ever love the fellow for

it—and he hit me a blow that made my nose bleed. 'Twas well 'twas he ; for I hardly knew how to take it.

Jemmy raved at him, and told him how wicked it was in him to be so brutish to abuse a friend, and run mad for a woman. And then he said he was sorry for it ; and then Will ventured in with water and a towel ; and the dog rejoiced, as I could see by his looks, that I *had it* rather than he.

And so, by degrees, we brought him a little to his reason, and he promised to behave more like a man. And so I forgave him. And we rode on in the dark to *here* at Doleman's ; and we all tried to shame him out of his mad ungovernable foolishness ; for we told him as how she was but a woman, and an obstinate perverse woman too : and how could he help it ?

And you know, Jack (as we told him, moreover), that it was a shame for a man like him to give himself such *obstropulous* airs because she would die ; . . . and then what was there in one woman more than another ? And thus we comforted him and advised him.

But yet he runs upon this lady as much now she's dead as he did when she was living. For I suppose, Jack, it is no joke ; she is certainly

and *bonâ fide* dead, isn't she? If not thou deservest to be damned 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! I have no patience with the foolish 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 on him so thick* as he deserves. And do thou, till then, spare all reflections upon him; for, it seems, thou hast *worried 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. And *now* he is but very middling; curses and swears, and is confounded gloomy; and creeps into holes and corners, like

an old hedgehog. . . . 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 abovesaid, I write this after all are gone to bed ; and the fellow is to set out with it by daybreak.

BELFORD TO LOVELACE.

Thursday Night.

I may as well try to write ; since, were I go to bed, I should 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 hushed 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 worse to beholders than to me! I am all blessed hope—hope itself!”

She *looked* what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.

* * * * *

“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!*” 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 spoke together of her Christian, her divine frame, 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.”

* * * * *

Her breath grew shorter. . . . 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 a heavenly crown *hereafter* ; and such assurance 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 sunk her head upon her pillow, she fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We thought she was 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 several times, evidently desirous to distinguish 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 a whisper, expired ; such a smile, such a charming serenity overspreading her sweet face at the instant, as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness, already begun.

Oh, Lovelace ; but I can write no more !

[Hardly is Clarissa dead than letters arrive from her family, who, realizing at last how seriously ill she is, write to offer their love and forgiveness. Belford sorrowfully reflects that their goodness comes too late. All that the Harlowes can now do is to have Clarissa's body brought home for burial. She is given a most solemn funeral, made additionally im-

pressive by the presence of the numberless poor whom Clarissa had helped during her lifetime.

Meanwhile, Lovelace has fled to France, and Colonel Morden follows him to avenge the honour of the family. They arrange a duel, and soon afterwards Belford receives the following letter from Lovelace's second, the Chevalier de la Tour.]

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM
F. J. DE LA TOUR.

TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ., NEAR SOHO SQUARE,
LONDON.

TRENT,
December 18th, N.S.

SIR,

I have melancholy news to inform you of by order of the Chevalier Lovelace.

I had taken care to have ready, within a little distance, a surgeon and his assistant, to whom I had revealed the matter. A post-chaise was ready, with each of their footmen, at a distance.

The two chevaliers were attended by Monsieur Margate (the Colonel's gentleman) and myself.

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the greatest presence of mind I ever beheld, stripped 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 in his right side. But before my chevalier could recover himself, the Colonel, in return, pushed him in the left arm, near the shoulder, and this 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, and 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——" 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 and the surgeons instantly came up.

Colonel Morden 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.

We helped him into the voiture, and then the Colonel suffered his own wound to be dressed, and appeared concerned that my chevalier was (when he could speak) 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 them, 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."

"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.

We brought my chevalier 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.

He lived over the night, but suffered much. He seemed very unwilling to die.

He was delirious the two last hours, and several times cried out, as if he had seen some frightful spectre. "Take her away! take her away!" And sometimes praised some lady (that Clarissa, I suppose, whom he had invoked when he received his death-wound), calling her divine creature! fair sufferer! And once he said, "Look down, blessed spirit, look down!"

His few last words I must not omit, as they show 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 ; and with great fervour (lifting up his eyes and hands) again pronounced the word *Blessed*. At the last he distinctly uttered these three words,

LET THIS EXPIATE!

THE HISTORY
OF
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON
IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS

BY THE

EDITOR OF "PAMELA" AND "CLARISSA"

THE HISTORY
OF
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

MISS LUCY SELBY TO MISS HARRIET BYRON.

ASHBY CANNONS,
January 10th.

YOUR resolution to accompany Mrs. Reeves to London has greatly alarmed your three lovers : and two of them, at least, will let you know that it has.

Mr. Greville, in his usual resolute way, threatens to follow you to London ; and there, he says, he will watch the motions of every man who approaches you ; and, if he finds reason for it, will *early* let such man know *his* pretensions, and the danger he may run into if he pretend to be his competitor. Mr. Fenwick, in a less determined manner, declares that he will follow you to town, if you stay there above *one* fortnight. The gentle Orme sighs

his apprehensions, and wishes you would change your purpose.

If you hold your resolution, and my cousin Reeves's their time of setting out, pray let me know, and I will attend you at my uncle Selby's, to wish you a good journey, much pleasure in town, and a return with a safe and sound heart. My sister, who, poor dear girl, continues extremely weak and low, will spare me for a purpose so indispensable. I will not have you come to *us*. I know it would grieve you to see her in the way she is in.

Mr. Greville has just left us. He dropped in upon us as we were going to dinner. My grandmother Selby, you know, is always pleased with his rattling. She prevailed on him to alight, and sit down with us. All his talk was of you. He repeated his former *threatenings* (as I called them to him) on your going to town. After dinner, he read us a letter from Lady Frampton relating to you. He read us also some passages from the copy of his answer, with design, I believe, that I should ask him to leave it behind him. I *did* ask him. He pretended to make a scruple of *your* seeing, but it was a faint one.

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Send me a line by the bearer, to tell me if your resolution holds as to the day.

Adieu, my dearest Harriet. May angels protect and guide you whithersoever you go!

LUCY SELBY.

MR. GREVILLE TO LADY FRAMPTON,
INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.

NORTHAMPTON,
January 6th.

Your ladyship demands a description of the person of the celebrated Miss Byron in our neighbourhood; and to know whether, as report tells you, love has listed me in the number of her particular admirers?

No man living has a greater passion for beauty than I have. Till I knew Miss Byron, I was one of those who regarded nothing else in the sex. Indeed, I considered all intellectual attainments as either useless or impertinent in women. Your ladyship knows what were my free notions on this head, and has rebuked me for them. A wise, a learned lady, I considered as a very unnatural character. I wanted women to be all love, and nothing else. A *very* little prudence allowed I to enter into their composition; just enough to distinguish

the man of sense from the fool ; and that for my *own* sake.

Sweetness of temper must make plain features glow ; what an effect must it then have upon fine ones ? Never *was* there a sweeter tempered woman. She is just turned of twenty, but looks not more than seventeen. Her beauty, hardly yet in its full blow, will last longer, I imagine, than in an earlier blossom.

Yet with all this reigning good-nature visible in her face and manner, there is such a native dignity in all she says, in all she does (though mingled with a frankness that shows her mind's superiority to the minds of almost all other women), that it damps and suppresses, in the most audacious, all imaginations of bold familiarity.

And now will your ladyship doubt of an affirmative answer to your second question, Whether love has listed me in the number of her particular admirers ?

He has ; and the devil take me if I can help myself : and yet I have no encouragement—Nor anybody else : that's my consolation. Fenwick is deeper in, if possible, than I. We had at our first acquaintance, as you have

heard, a tilting-bout on the occasion : but are sworn friends now ; each having agreed to try his fortune by patience and perseverance ; and being assured that the one has no more of her favour to boast of, than the other.

* * * * *

But now to the description of her person. Let me die, if I know where to begin. Her stature ; shall I begin with her stature ? She cannot be said to be tall, but yet is something above the middling.

Her complexion is admirably fair and clear. I have sat admiring her complexion, till I have imagined I have seen the life-blood flowing with equal course through her translucent veins. Her forehead, so nobly free and open, shows dignity and modesty, and strikes into one a kind of *awe*, singly contemplated, that I know not how to describe. Every single feature, in short, will bear the nicest examination ; and her face, and neck so admirably set on her finely proportioned shoulders—let me perish, if, taking her all together, I do not hold her to be the most unexceptionable beauty I ever beheld. But what still is her *particular* excellence, and distinguishes her from all other women, is the grace which we call

expression: had *not* her features and her complexion been so fine as they are, that grace alone, that soul shining out in her lovely aspect, joined with the ease and gracefulness of her motion, would have made her as many admirers as beholders.

After this, shall I descend to a more particular description? No—and yet her mouth, her nose, her eyes, her hair, her arm,—on my soul, madam, I have not words eloquent enough to describe them!

Her hands, too, are extremely fine. Such fingers! and they accustomed to the pen, to the needle, to the harpsichord; excelling in all—O madam, women *have* souls! I now am convinced they have, though I dare own to your ladyship that once I doubted it. And have I not seen her dance! Have I not heard her sing! But, indeed, mind and person, she is all harmony.

Then for reading, for acquired knowledge, what lady so young equals her? But you know the character of her grandfather Shirley. He was a man of universal learning, and, from his public employments abroad, as polite as learned. This girl, from seven years of age, when he came to settle in England, to fourteen,

when she lost him, was his delight, and her education and instruction the amusement of his vacant hours. The dead languages he aimed not to teach her, lest he should overload her young mind ; but in the Italian and French he made her an adept.

Nor were the advantages common ones which she received from his lady, her grandmother, and from her aunt Selby, her father's sister, a woman of equal worthiness. Her grandmother particularly is one of the most pious, yet most cheerful of women. She will not permit her daughter Byron, she says, to live with her for *both* their sakes,—for the *girl's* sake, because there is a greater resort of company at Mr. Selby's than at Shirley Manor ; and she is afraid, as her grandchild has a serious turn, that *her* own contemplative life may make her more grave than she wishes so young a woman to be. “Youth,” she says, “is the season for cheerfulness.” For *her own* sake, because she looks upon her Harriet's company as a cordial too rich to be always at hand ; and when she has a mind to regale, she will either send for her, fetch her, or visit her at Mrs. Selby's. “*One* happy day with our child, the true child of the united minds of her late

excellent parents, will, I hope, effect the cure ; if it do not, you must spare her to me *two*."

Did I not tell you, madam, that it was very difficult to describe the person *only* of this admirable young lady?—But I stop here. A horrid apprehension comes across me! How do I know but I am praising another man's *future* wife, and not my own? Here is a cousin of hers, a Mrs. Reeves, a fine lady from London, come down, under the cursed influence of my evil stars, to carry this Harriet away with her into the gay world. Woman! woman!—I beg your ladyship's pardon ; but what angel of twenty is proof against vanity? The first hour she appears, she will be a toast : stars and titles will crowd about her ; and who knows how far a paltry coronet may dazzle *her* who deserves an imperial crown? But woe to the man, whoever he be, whose pretensions dare to interfere (and have any assurance of success) with those of your ladyship's most obedient and faithful servant,

JOHN GREVILLE.

[Miss Byron is greatly admired in London society, and the already large number of her suitors is increased. Among others, she receives the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, of whom, however, she has heard no good.]

MISS BYRON TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

Wednesday Night.

Sir Hargrave came before six o'clock. He was richly dressed. He asked for my cousin Reeves. I was in my closet writing. He was not likely to be the better received for the character Sir John Allestree gave of him. He excused himself for coming so early on the score of his impatience, and that he might have a little discourse with them, if I should be engaged before tea-time.

Shall I give you, from my cousins, an account of the conversation before I went down? You know Mrs. Reeves is a nice observer. He had had, he told my cousins, a most uneasy time of it ever since he saw me. The devil fetch him, if he had had one hour's rest. He never saw a woman before whom he could love as he loved me. By his soul, he had no view but what was strictly honourable. He sometimes sat down, sometimes walked about the room, strutting, and now and then adjusting something in his dress. He gloried in the happy prospects before him: not but he knew I had a little *army* of admirers; but as none of them had met encouragement from me, he hoped there

was room for him to flatter himself that *he* might be the happy man.

“I told you, Mr. Reeves,” said he, “that I will give you *carte blanche* as to settlements. What I do for so prudent a woman will be doing for myself. I am not used, Mr. Reeves, to boast of my *fortune*. But I will lay before you, or before any of Miss Byron’s friends—Mr. Deane, if she pleases—my rent-rolls. There never was a better conditioned estate. She shall live in town, or in the country, as she thinks fit ; and, in the latter, at which of my seats she pleases. I know I shall have no will but hers. I doubt not *your* friendship. Mrs. Reeves, I hope for *yours*, madam. I shall have great pleasure in the alliance I have in view with every individual of your family.” As if he would satisfy them of his friendship, in the near relation, as the only matter that could bear a doubt.

On a message that tea was near ready, I went down. On my entering the room, he addressed me with an air of kindness and freedom. I took my seat and endeavoured to look easy and free, as usual ; finding something to say to my cousins and to him. He begged that tea might be postponed for half an hour ; and that,

before the servants were admitted, I would hear him relate the substance of the conversation that had passed between him and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves.

Had not Sir Hargrave intended me an honour, and had he not a very high opinion of the efficacy of eight thousand pounds a year in an address of this kind, I dare say, he would have supposed a little more prefacing necessary; but after he had told me in few words how much he was attracted by my character before he saw me, he thought fit directly to refer himself to the declaration he had made at Lady Betty Williams's, both to Mr. Reeves and myself, and then talked of large settlements, boasted of his violent passion, and besought my favour with the utmost earnestness.

I would have played a little female trifling upon him, and affected to take his profession only for polite raillery, which men call *making love* to young women, who perhaps are frequently but too willing to take in earnest what the wretches mean but in jest; but the fervour with which he *renewed* (as he called it) his declaration admitted not of fooling. As therefore I could not think of encouraging his

addresses, I thought it best to answer him with openness and unreserve.

“To seem to question the sincerity of such professions as you make, Sir Hargrave, might appear to you as if I wanted to be assured; but be pleased to know that you are directing your discourse to one of the plainest-hearted women in England; and you may therefore expect from me nothing but the simplest truth. I thank you, sir, for your good opinion of me, but I cannot encourage your addresses.”

“You *cannot*, madam, *encourage my addresses!* And express yourself so seriously. Good Heaven! I have been assured, madam,” recovering from his surprise, “that your affections are not engaged. But surely it must be a mistake. Some happy man——”

“Is it,” interrupted I, “a necessary consequence that the woman who cannot receive the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen must be engaged?”

“Why, madam, as to that—I know not what to say. But a man of my fortune, and I hope not *absolutely* disagreeable either in person or temper; of *some* rank in life——” He paused; then resuming,—“What, madam, if

you are as much in earnest as you seem, can be your objection? Be so good as to name it, that I may know whether I can be so happy as to get over it?"

"We do not, we *cannot*, all like the same person. Women, I have heard say, are very capricious. Perhaps I am so. But there is a *something* (we cannot always say what) that attracts or disgusts us."

"*Disgusts!* madam. *Disgusts!* Miss Byron."

"I spoke in general, sir. I daresay nineteen women out of twenty would think themselves favoured in the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen."

"But *you*, madam, are the twentieth that I must love; and be so good as to let me know—"

"Pray, sir, ask me not a reason for a *peculiarity*. Do you not yourself show a *peculiarity* in making me the twentieth?"

"*Your* merit, madam—"

"It would be vanity in me, sir," interrupted I, "to allow a force to that plea. You, sir, may have more merit than perhaps the man I may happen to approve of better. But—*shall* I say?—(pardon me, sir)—you do not—"

you do not," hesitated I, "hit my fancy. Pardon me, sir."

"If pardon depends upon *my* breath, let me die if I *do*! *Not hit your fancy, madam!*" [And then he looked upon himself all round.] "*Not hit your fancy, madam!*"

I told you, sir, that you must not expect anything from me but the simplest truth. You do me an honour in your good opinion; and if my own heart were not in this case a very determined one, I would answer you with more politeness. But, sir, on such an occasion as this I think it would not be honourable, it would not be just, to keep a man in an hour's suspense when I am in none myself."

"Confound me!—and yet I am enough confounded!—but I will not take an answer so contrary to my hopes. Tell me, madam, by the sincerity which you boast, are you engaged in your affections?"

"I am a free person, Sir Hargrave. It is no impeachment of sincerity if a free person answers not every question that may be put to her by those to whom she is not accountable."

"Very true, madam. But as it is no impeachment of your freedom to answer this question either negatively or affirmatively, and

as you glory in your frankness, let me beseech you to answer it. Are you, madam, or are you not, disengaged in your affections?"

"Excuse me, Sir Hargrave. I don't think you are entitled to an answer to this question. Nor, perhaps, would you be determined by the answer I should make to it, whether negative or affirmative."

"Give me leave to say, madam, that I have some little knowledge of Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Greville, and of their addresses. They have both owned that no hopes have you given them, yet declare that they *will* hope. Have you, madam, been as explicit to them as you are to me?"

"I have, sir."

"Then *they* are not the men I have to fear—Mr. Orme, madam—"

"Is a good man, sir."

"Ah, madam! But why then will you not say that you are engaged?"

"If I own I *am*, perhaps it will not avail me. It will still much less if I say I am *not*."

"*Avail* you! dear Miss Byron! I have pride, madam. If I had not I should not aspire to *your* favour. But give me leave to say" [and he reddened with anger] "that my

fortune, my descent, and my ardent affection for you considered, it may not *dis-avail* you. Your relations will at least think so, if I may have the honour of your consent for applying to them."

"May your fortune, Sir Hargrave, be a blessing to you. It *will*, in proportion as you do good with it. But were it twice as much, that *alone* would have no charms for me. My duties would be increased with my power. *My* fortune is an humble one; but were it less it would satisfy my ambition while I am single; and if I marry I shall not desire to live beyond the estate of the man I choose."

"Upon my soul, madam, you *must* be mine. Every word you speak adds a rivet to my chains."

"*Then*, sir, let us say no more upon this subject."

"But you will allow of my visits to your cousin, madam?"

"Not on my account, sir."

"You will not withdraw if I come? You will not refuse seeing me?"

"As you will be no visitor of mine, I must be allowed to act accordingly. Had I the least thought of encouraging your addresses, I would

deal with you as openly as is consistent with my notions of modesty and decorum."

"Perhaps, madam, from my gay behaviour at Lady Betty Williams's, you think me too airy a man. You have doubts of my sincerity. You question my honour."

"That, sir, would be to injure myself."

"Your *objections* then, dear madam? Give me, I beseech you, some one material objection."

"Why, sir, should you urge me thus? When I have no *doubt*, it is unnecessary to look into my own mind for the particular reasons that move me to disapprove of the addresses of a gentleman whose professions of regard for me, notwithstanding, entitle him to civility and acknowledgment."

"By my soul, madam, this is very comical,—

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell :
The reason why, I cannot tell—
But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell."

Such, madam, seem to me to be your reasons."

"You are very pleasant, sir. But let me say, that if you are in earnest in your professions, you could not have quoted anything more against you than these humorous lines."

"I was not aware of that," replied he.

"Excuse me, cousin," said I, turning to

Mrs. Reeves ; “but I believe I have talked away the tea-time.”

“The devil fly away with the tea-kettle,” said Sir Hargrave ; “let it not have entrance here till I have said what I have further to say. And let me tell you, Miss Byron, that though you may not have a dying lover, you shall have a resolute one ; for I will not cease pursuing you till you are mine, or till you are the wife of some other man.”

I thought it was staying to be insulted. All that Sir John Allestree had said of him came into my head ; and, making a low courtesy, I withdrew in haste. He besought me to return, and followed me to the stairs foot.

He showed *his* pride, and his ill-nature too, before my cousins when I was gone. He bit his lip ; he walked about the room ; then sitting down he lamented, defended, accused, and redefended himself ; and yet besought their interest with me.

He was greatly disturbed, he owned, that with *such* honourable *intentions*, with so much POWER to make me happy, and *such* a WILL to do so, he should be refused ; and this without my assigning one reason for it. My proud repulse had stung him, he owned. He

begged that they would send for me down in their names. They liked not the humour he seemed to be in well enough to comply with his request, and he sent up in his own name.

But I returned my compliments ; I was busy in writing : [and so I was—to you, my Lucy] I hoped Sir Hargrave and my cousins would excuse me. I put *them* in to soften my refusal. This still more displeased him. He besought *their* pardon ; but he would haunt me like a ghost. In spite of man and devil, I should be his, he had the presumption to repeat ; and went away with a flaming face. Don't you think, my dear, that my cousin Reeves was a little too mild in his own house, as I am under his guardianship ? But perhaps he was the more patient for that very reason ; and he *is* one of the best-natured men in England. And then £8000 a year!—Yet why should a man of my cousin's independent fortune—But grandeur will have its charms. Thus did Sir Hargrave confirm all that Sir John Allestree had said of his bad qualities : and I think I am more afraid of him than ever I was of any man before. I remember that *mischievous* is one of the bad qualities Sir John attributed to him ; and *revengeful* another. Upon my word, I

would not, of all the men I have ever seen, be the wife of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. And so much for this first visit of his. I wish his pride may be enough piqued to make it the last.

[Soon afterwards Harriet goes to a masquerade, whence, to the horror of her relatives, she does not return, though her chair was seen to leave the door. Suspicion falls on a servant who had accompanied her. A few days later Mr. Reeves receives a letter from Sir Charles Grandison telling him that Miss Byron is safe at the house of his sister, Lady L. As soon as she is well enough—for she is ill some days with fright and exhaustion—she returns to the Reeves' house, and writes the following account of her adventures to Lucy Selby.]

MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

Monday, February 20th.

Is it again given me to write to you, my Lucy! and in you to all my revered friends! To write with cheerfulness! To call upon you all to rejoice with me—God be praised! With what wretched levity did I conclude my last letter! Giddy creature that I was, vain and foolish! But let me begin my sad story. Only let me premise, that gaily as I boasted, when I wrote to you so conceitedly, of my dress, and of conquests, and I know not what

nonsense, I took no pleasure at the place, in the shoals of fools that swam after me. I despised myself and them. Two Lucifers were among them ; but the worst, the very worst Lucifer of all, appeared in a harlequin dress. He hopped, and skipped, and played the fool about me ; and at last told me he knew Miss Byron, and that he was, as he called himself, the despised, the rejected, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. He behaved, however, with complaisance ; and I had no apprehension of what I was to suffer from his villany. Mr. Reeves has told you everything about the chair and the chairman. How can I describe the misgivings of my heart when I first began to suspect treachery ! But when I undrew the curtains, and found myself further deluded by another false heart, whose help I implored, and in the midst of fields, and soon after the lights put out, I pierced the night air with my screams, till I could scream no more. I was taken out in fits ; and when I came a little to my senses, I found myself on a bed, three women about me ; one at my head, holding a bottle to my nose, my nostrils sore with hartshorn, and a strong smell of burnt feathers ; but no man near me. “ Where am I?—Who are you, madam?—And who are

you?—Where am I?” were the questions I first asked.

The women were a mother and two daughters. The mother answered, “You are not in bad hands. No harm is intended you ; only to make you one of the happiest of women. We would not be concerned in a bad action.”

“I hope not ; I hope not. Let me engage your pity, madam. You seem to be a mother. These young gentlewomen, I presume, are your daughters. Save me from ruin, I beseech you, madam : save me from ruin, as you would your daughters.”

“These young women *are* my daughters. They are sober and modest women. No ruin is intended you. One of the richest and noblest men in England is your admirer. He dies for you ; he assures me that he intends honourable marriage to you. You are not engaged, he says ; and you must, and you shall be his. You may save murder, madam, if you consent. He resolves to be the death of any lover whom you encourage.”

“This must be the vile contrivance of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen,” immediately cried I out : “Is it not ? Is it not ? Tell me ; I *beg* of

you to tell me?" I arose, and sat on the bedside ; and at that moment in came the vile, vile Sir Hargrave. I screamed out. He threw himself at my feet. I reclined my head on the bosom of the elderly person, and by hartshorn and water they had much ado to keep me out of a fit. Had he not withdrawn, had he kept in my sight, I should certainly have fainted. But holding up my head, and seeing only the women, I revived, and began to pray, to beg, to offer rewards, if they would facilitate my escape, or procure my safety ; but then came in again the hated man.

"I beg of you, Miss Byron," said he, with an air of greater haughtiness than before, "to make yourself easy, and hear what I have to say. It is in your own choice, in your power, to be what you please, and to make *me* what you please. Do not, therefore, needlessly terrify yourself. You see I am a determined man. Ladies, you may withdraw——"

"Not and leave me here!" And as they went out, I pushed by the mother, and between the daughters, and followed the foremost into the parlour, and then sunk down on my knees, wrapping my arms about her. "Oh save me ! save me !" said I. The vile wretch entered.

I left her, and kneeled to him. I knew not what I did. I remember I said, wringing my hands, "If you have mercy; if you have compassion, let me now, now, I beseech you, sir, this moment, experience your mercy." He gave them some motion, I suppose to withdraw, for by that time the widow and the other daughter were in the parlour, and they all retired.

"I have besought *you*, madam, and on my *knees* too, to show *me* mercy; but none would you show me, inexorable Miss Byron! Kneel, if you will; in your turn kneel, supplicate, pray; you cannot be more in earnest than I was. Now are the tables turned."

"Barbarous man!" said I, rising from my knees. My spirit was raised, but it as instantly subsided. "Be not, I beseech you, Sir Hargrave, cruel to me. I never was cruel to anybody. You know I was civil to you; I was *very* civil——"

"Yes, yes, and very determined. You called me no names. I call you none, Miss Byron. You were very civil. Hitherto *I* have not been uncivil. But remember, madam—But, sweet, and ever-adorable creature," and he clasped his arms about me, "your very terror is

beautiful! I can *enjoy* your terror, madam." And the savage would have kissed me. My averted head frustrated his intention ; and at his feet I besought him not to treat the poor creature, whom he had so vilely betrayed, with indignity.

" *I don't hit your fancy*, madam !"

" Can you be a malicious man, Sir Hargrave ?"

" *You don't like my morals*, madam !"

" And is this the way, Sir Hargrave, are these the means you take to convince me that I ought to like them ?"

" Well, madam, you shall prove the mercy in me you would not show. You shall see that I cannot be a malicious man ; a revengeful man ; and yet you have raised my pride. You shall find me a *moral* man."

" Then, Sir Hargrave, will I bless you from the bottom of my heart !"

" But you know what will justify me in every eye for the steps I have taken. Be mine, madam : be legally mine. I offer you my honest hand. Consent to be Lady Pollexfen."

" What, sir ! justify by so poor, so very poor, a compliance, steps that you have so basely taken ! Take my life, sir ! But my

hand and my heart are my own: they never shall be separated." I arose from my knees, trembling, and threw myself upon the window-seat, and wept bitterly. He came to me. I looked on this side, and on that, wishing to avoid him.

"You cannot fly, madam. You are securely mine; and mine still more securely you shall be. Don't provoke me; don't make me desperate. By all that's good and holy——"

He threw himself at my feet, and embraced my knees with his odious arms. I was terrified. I screamed. In ran one of her daughters. Her mother followed her in—"Sir, sir! in my house——" Thank God, thought I, the people here are better than I had reason to apprehend they were.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

"What a plague," said the wretch to the women, "do you come in for? I thought you knew your own sex better than to mind a woman's squalling."

"Dear, blessed, blessed woman!" exclaimed I. "Protect me! Save me? Be my advocate! Indeed I have not deserved this treacherous

treatment. All my friends love me ; they will break their hearts if any mishap befall me ; they are all good people ; Sir Hargrave may have better and richer wives than I. Pray prevail upon him to spare me to my friends, for *their* sake. I will forgive him for all he has done."

"Nay, dear lady, if Sir Hargrave will make you his lawful and true wife, there can be no harm done, surely."

"I will, I will, Mrs. Awberry," said he ; "I have promised, and I will perform. But if she stand in her own light—she expects nothing from my *morals*—if she stand in her own light ;" and looked fiercely.

"God protect me !" said I ; "God protect me !"

"The gentleman is without, sir," said the woman.

And instantly entered the most horrible-looking clergyman that I ever beheld. This, as near as I can recollect, is his description—A vast tall, big-boned, splay-footed man. A shabby gown ; as shabby a wig ; a huge red face ; and a nose that hid half of it when he looked on one side, and he seldom looked fore-right when I saw him. He had a dog's-eared

Common Prayer Book in his hand, which once had been gilt ; opened, horrid sight ! at the page of matrimony ! Yet I was so intent upon making a friend, when a man, a clergyman, appeared, that I heeded not at his entrance his frightful visage, as I did afterwards. I pushed by Sir Hargrave, turning him half round with my vehemence, and made Mrs. Awberry totter ; and throwing myself at the clergyman's feet, "Man of God !" said I, my hands clasped, and held up ; "Man of God ! gentleman ! worthy man !—a good clergyman must be all this ! If ever you had children, save a poor creature ! basely tricked away from all her friends ! innocent ! thinking no harm to anybody ! I would not hurt a worm ! I love everybody ! Save me from violence ! Give not your aid to sanctify a base action."

The man snuffled his answer through his nose. When he opened his mouth, the tobacco hung about his great yellow teeth. He squinted upon me, and took my clasped hands, which were buried in his huge hand.

"Rise, madam. Kneel not to me. No harm is intended you. One question only : Who is that gentleman before me, in silver-laced clothes ? What is his name ?"

“He is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, sir : a wicked, a very wicked man !”

The vile wretch stood smiling, and enjoying my distress.

“Oh, madam ! A very hon-our-able man !” bowing, like a sycophant, to Sir Hargrave.

“And who, pray, madam, are you ? What is your name ?”

“Harriet Byron, sir ; a poor innocent creature” (looking at my dress), “though I make such a vile appearance. Good sir, your pity !” And I sunk down again at his feet.

“Of Northamptonshire, madam ? You are a single woman ? Your uncle’s name——”

“Is Selby, sir. A very good man. I will reward you, sir, as the most grateful heart——”

“All is fair ; all is above-board ; all is as it was represented. I am above bribes, madam. You will be the happiest of women before daybreak. *Good people !*” The three women advanced.

Sir Hargrave advanced. Sir Hargrave took my struggling hand ; and then I saw another ill-looking man enter the room, who, I suppose, was to give me to the hated man.

“*Dearly beloved,*” began to read the snuffing monster.

I was again like one frantic. "Read no more!" said I; and, in my frenzy, dashed the book out of the minister's hand, if a minister he was.

"Proceed, proceed," said Sir Hargrave, taking my hand by force; "virago as she is, I will own her for my wife. Are you the *gentle*, the *civil* Miss Byron, madam?" looking sneeringly in my face.

"*Dearly beloved*," again snuffed the wretch. Oh, my Lucy, I shall never love these words.

Sir Hargrave still retained my struggling hand. I stamped, and threw myself to the length of my arm, as he held my hand. "*No dearly beloved's*," said I. I was just beside myself. What to say, what to do, I knew not. The cruel wretch laughed at me. "*No dearly beloved's*," repeated he. "Very comical, 'faith," and laughed again; "but proceed, proceed, doctor."

"*We are gathered together here in the sight of God*," read he on. This affected me still more. "I adjure you, sir," to the minister, "by that God in whose sight you read, 'We are gathered together,' that you proceed no further. I adjure you, Sir Hargrave, in the same tremendous name, that you stop further proceedings. My

life take ; with all my heart take my life ; but my hand never, never, will I join with yours."

"Proceed, doctor ! doctor, pray proceed !" said the vile Sir Hargrave.

"Proceed at your peril, sir," said I. "If you are really and truly a minister of that God whose presence what you have read supposes, do *not* proceed ; do not make me desperate. Madam," turning to the widow, "you are a mother, and have given me room to hope you are a good woman. Look upon me as if I were one of those daughters, whom I see before me : could you see one of them thus treated ? Dear young women," turning to each, "can you unconcernedly look on, and see a poor creature tricked, betrayed, and thus violently, basely treated, and not make my case your own ? Speak for me ! plead for me ! be my advocates ! Each of you, if ye are women, plead for me, as you would yourselves wish to be pleaded for in my circumstances, and were thus barbarously used !"

The young women wept. The mother was moved. I wonder I kept my senses. My brain was on fire. Still, still, the unmoved Sir Hargrave cried out, "Proceed, proceed, doctor." The man who stood aloof came nearer. "To the question, doctor, and to my part, if you

please. Am not I her father? To the question, doctor, if you please! The gentlewomen will prepare her for what is to follow."

"Will you see this violence done to a poor young creature?" exclaimed I. "A soul, gentlewomen, you may have to answer for. I *can* die. Never, never, will I be his."

"Let us women talk to the lady by ourselves, Sir Hargrave." "Ay, ay, ay," said the parson, "by all means, let the ladies talk to one another, sir. She may be brought to consider."

He let go my hand. The widow took it. "Come, Sally, come, Deb, let us women go out together."

They led me into a little room adjoining to the parlour; and then, my spirits subsiding, I thought I should have fainted away. I had more hartshorn and water poured down my throat. When they had brought me a little to myself, they pleaded with me Sir Hargrave's great estate. "What are riches to me? I hate them. They cannot purchase peace of mind. I want not riches." They pleaded his honourable love—I, my invincible aversion. He was a handsome man—The most odious in my eyes of the human species. Never, never should my consent be had to signify such a

baseness. My danger! and that they should not be able to save me from worse treatment. "How!—*not able!*—Ladies, madam, is not this your own house? Cannot you raise a neighbourhood? Have you no neighbours? A thousand pounds will I order to be paid into your hands for a present before the week is out; I pledge my honour for the payment; if you will but save me. A thousand pounds! Dear ladies! only to save me, and see me safe to my friends!"

The wretches in the next room no doubt heard all that passed. In at that moment came Sir Hargrave. "Mrs. Awberry," said he, with a visage swelled with malice, "pray retire to your rest; leave me to talk with this perverse woman. She is mine."

"Pray, Sir Hargrave ——" said Mrs. Awberry.

"Leave her to *me*, I say."

"Madam, *pray*, madam," said the widow to me, "consider what you are about, and whom you refuse. Can you have a handsomer man? Can you have a man of a greater fortune? Sir Hargrave means nothing but what is honourable. You are in his power."

"In *his* power, madam!" returned I. "I am

in *yours*. You are mistress of this house. I claim the protection of it. Have you not neighbours? *Your* protection I put myself under." Then clasping my arms about her—"Lock me from him till you can have help to secure to you the privilege of your own house : and deliver me safe to my friends, and I will share my fortune with your two daughters."

The wicked man took the mother and the youngest daughter each by her hand, after he had disengaged the former from my clasping arms, and led them to the door. The elder followed them of her own accord. They none of them struggled against going. I begged, prayed, besought them not to go ; and when they did, would have thrust myself out with them ; but the wretch, in shutting them out, squeezed my arm dreadfully, as I was half in, half out ; and my nose gushed out with blood. I screamed : he seemed frightened. I was out of breath ; one of my arms was bruised. I have the marks still ; for he clapt to the door with violence ; not knowing, to do him justice, that I was so forward in the door-way. I was in dreadful pain. I talked half wildly, I remember. I threw myself in a chair. My head swam ; my eyes failed me ; and I fainted quite away.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I understood afterwards that he was in the most dreadful consternation. He had fastened the door upon me and himself; and for a few moments was not enough present to himself to open it. Yet crying out upon his God to have mercy upon him, and running about the room, the women hastily rapped at the door. Then he ran to it, opened it, cursed himself, and besought them to recover me, if possible. They said I had death in my face; they lamented over me.

“Oh, gentlemen!” cried the wretch, “nothing can be done to-night. Take this” (and gave them money). “The lady is in a fit. I wish you well home.” The younger daughter reported this to me afterwards. When I came a little to myself, I found the three women only with me. I was in a cold sweat, all over shivering. There was no fire in that room. They led me into the parlour, which the two men had quitted, and sat me down in an elbow-chair; for I could hardly stand, or support myself; and chafed my temples with Hungary-water. The mother and elder sister left me soon after, and went to Sir Hargrave. The

younger sister, with compassionate frankness, answered all my questions, and let me know all the above particulars. Yet she wondered I could refuse so handsome and so rich a man as Sir Hargrave. She boasted much of their reputation. Her mother would not do an ill thing, she said, for the world ; and she had a brother who had a place in the Custom House, and was as honest a man, though she said it, as any in it. She owned that she knew my new vile servant ; and praised his fidelity to the masters he had served in such high terms, as if she thought all duties were comprised in that one, of obeying his principals, right or wrong.

Mr. William, she said, was a pretty man, a genteel man, and she believed he was worth money ; and she was sure would make an excellent husband. I soon found that this simple girl was in love with this vile, this specious fellow. She could not bear to hear me hint anything in his disfavour, as, by way of warning to her, I would have done. We were broke in upon, as I was intending to ask more questions, and instantly came in Sir Hargrave. He took a chair, and sat down by me, biting his lips, looking at me, then

from me, then at me again, five or six times, as in malice. At last I broke silence. I thought I would be as mild as I could, and not provoke him to do me further mischief. "Well have you done, Sir Hargrave (have you not?) to commit such a violence upon a poor young creature, that never did nor thought you evil!" I paused. He was silent. "What distraction have you given to my poor cousin Reeves's! How my heart bleeds for them!" I stopped. He was silent. "I hope, sir, you are sorry for the mischief you have done me; and for the pain you have given to my friends! —I hope, sir——"

Then up he started. "Miss Byron," said he, "you are a *woman*, a *true woman*," and held up his hand, clenched. "You are the most consummate hypocrite that I ever knew in my life: and yet I thought that the best of you all could fall into fits and swoonings whenever you pleased."

I was now silent. I trembled.

"Damn'd fool! ass! blockhead! *woman's* fool! I ought to be d——n'd for my credulous folly! I tell you, Miss Byron——" Then he looked at me as if he were crazy, and walked two or three times about the room.

“To be dying one half hour, and the next to look so provoking!”

I was still silent.

“I could *curse* myself for sending away the parson. I thought I had known something of women’s tricks. But yet your arts, your hypocrisy, shall not serve you, madam. What I failed in *here*, shall be done *elsewhere*. By the great God of heaven it shall!”

I wept. I *could not* then speak.

“Can’t you go into fits again? Can’t you?” said the barbarian, with an air of a piece with his words, and using other words of the lowest reproach.

“God deliver me,” prayed I to myself, “from the hands of this madman.”

“Your fate is *determined*, Miss Byron.”

Just then came in a servant maid with a capuchin, who whispered something to him; to which he answered, “*That’s well.*”

He took the capuchin; the maid withdrew; and approached me with it. I was ready to faint, and caught hold of the back of the elbow chair.

“*Your fate is determined*, madam,” repeated the savage. “Here, put this on. Now fall into fits again. Put this on.”

“Pray, Sir Hargrave——”

“And pray, Miss Byron, what has not been completed here shall be completed in a safer place, and that in my own way. Put this on, I tell you. Your compliance may yet befriend you.”

“Where are the gentlewomen? Where are——”

“Gone to rest, madam. John! Frank!” called he out. In came two men servants. I cried out, “Mrs. ——, I forget your name— Miss ——, and t’other Miss ——; I forget your names. If you are good creatures, as I hoped you were——” I called as loud as my fears would let me. At last came in the elder sister. “Oh, madam! Good young gentlewoman! I am glad you are come,” said I.

“And so am I,” said the wicked man. “Pray, Miss Sally, put on this lady’s capuchin.” I would not permit her to put it on, as she would have done. The savage then wrapped his arms about mine, and made me so very sensible, by his force, of the pain I had had by the squeeze of the door, that I could not help crying out. The young woman put on the capuchin, whether I would or not.

“Now, Miss Byron,” said he, “make yourself

easy. Miss Sally, give orders." She ran out with the candle. "Frank, give me the cloak," said Sir Hargrave. The fellow had a red cloak on his arm. His barbarous master took it from him. "To your posts," said he. The two men withdrew in haste. He threw the cloak about me. I begged, prayed, would have kneeled to him; but all was in vain. He muffled me up in it, and by force carried me through a long entry to the fore-door. There was ready a chariot and six; and that Sally was at the door with a lighted candle. I called out to her. I called out for her mother, for the other sister. I besought him to let me say but six words to the widow. But no widow was to appear; no younger sister; she was, perhaps, more tender-hearted than the elder: and, in spite of all my struggles, prayers, resistance, he lifted me into the chariot. Men on horseback were about it. I thought *that* Wilson was one of them! and so it proved. Sir Hargrave said to that fellow, "You know what tale to tell, if you meet with impertinents." And in he came himself. I screamed. "Scream on, my dear," upbraidingly, said he; and barbarously mocked me; imitating, low wretch! the bleating of a sheep. [Could you not have killed him for

this, my Lucy?] Then rearing himself up, “Now am I lord of Miss Byron!” exulted he.

Still I screamed for help; and he put his hand before my mouth, though vowing honour, and such sort of stuff; and with his unmanly roughness made me bite my lip. And away lashed the coachman with your poor Harriet.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

As the chariot drove by houses, I cried out for help. But, under pretence of preventing my taking cold, he tied a handkerchief over my face, head, and mouth, having first muffled me up in the cloak; and with his right arm thrown round me, kept me fast on the seat: and, except that now and then my struggling head gave me a little opening, I was blinded.

On the road, just after I had screamed, and made another effort to get my hands free, I heard voices; and immediately the chariot stopped. Then how my heart was filled with hope! But, alas! it was momentary. I heard one of his men say—“The best of husbands, I assure you, sir; and she is the worst of wives.” I screamed again. “Aye, scream and be d——d! Poor gentleman, I pity him

with all my heart." And immediately the coachman drove on again. The vile wretch laughed.

I was ready to faint several times. I begged for air ; and when we were in an open road, and I suppose there was nobody in sight, he vouchsafed to pull down the blinding handkerchief, but kept it over my mouth ; so that, except now and then, that I struggled it aside with my head (and my neck is very stiff with my efforts to free my face), I could only make a murmuring kind of noise. The curtain of the fore-glass was pulled down, and generally the canvas on both sides drawn up. But I was sure to be made acquainted when we came near houses, by his care again to blind and stifle me up. A little before we were met by my deliverer, I had, by getting one hand free, unmuffled myself so far as to see (as I had guessed once or twice before, by the stone pavements) that we were going through a town ; and then I again vehemently screamed ; but he had the cruelty to thrust a handkerchief into my mouth, so that I was almost strangled, and my mouth was hurt, and is still sore.

At one place the chariot drove out of the road, over rough ways, and little hillocks, as I

thought, by its rocking ; and then, its stopping, he let go my hands, and endeavoured to soothe me. He begged I would be pacified, and offered, if I would forbear crying out for help, to leave my eyes unmuffled all the rest of the way. But I would not, I told him, give such a sanction to his barbarous violence. On the chariot's stopping, one of his men came up, and put a handkerchief into his master's hands, in which were some cakes and sweetmeats, and gave him also a bottle of sack, with a glass. Sir Hargrave was very urgent with me to take some of the sweetmeats and to drink a glass of the wine ; but I had neither stomach nor will to touch either. He eat himself very cordially. God forgive me ! I wished in my heart there were pins and needles in every bit he put into his mouth. He drank two glasses of the wine. Again he urged me. I said I hoped I had eat and drank my last.

I saw that I was upon a large, wild, heath-like place, between two roads, as it seemed. I asked nothing about my journey's end. All I had to hope for as to an escape (though then I began to despair of it) was upon the road, or in some town. My journey's end, I knew, must be the beginning of new trials ; for I

was resolved to suffer death rather than to marry him.

The chariot had not many minutes got into the great road again, over the like rough, and sometimes plashy ground, when it stopped on a dispute between the coachman and the coachman of another chariot and six, as it proved. Sir Hargrave looked out of his chariot to see the occasion of this stop ; and then I found means to disengage one hand. I heard a gentleman's voice directing his own coachman to give way. I then pushed up the handkerchief with my disengaged hand from my mouth, and pulled it down from over my eyes, and cried out for help—"Help, for God's sake!" A man's voice (it was my deliverer's, as it happily proved) bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril. Sir Hargrave, with terrible oaths and curses, ordered him to proceed, and to drive through all opposition.

The gentleman called Sir Hargrave by his name, and charged him with being upon a bad design. The vile wretch said he had only secured a runaway wife, eloped to, and intending to elope from, a masquerade, to her adulterer : [horrid!] He put aside the cloak, and appealed to my dress. The gentleman

would not be satisfied with Sir Hargrave's story. He would speak to *me*, and asked me, with an air that promised deliverance, if I were Sir Hargrave's wife ?

“ No, no, no, no !” I could only say.

For my own part, I could have no scruple, distressed as I was, and made desperate, to throw myself into the protection, and even into the arms of my deliverer, though a very fine young gentleman. But you may better conceive than I can express the terror I was in when Sir Hargrave drew his sword and pushed at the gentleman, with such words as denoted (for I could not look that way) he had done him mischief. But when I found my oppressor pulled out of the chariot by the brave, the gallant man (which was done with such force as made the chariot rock), and my protector safe, I was as near fainting with joy as before I had been with terror. I had shaken off the cloak, and untied the handkerchief. He carried me in his arms (I could not walk) to his own chariot. I heard Sir Hargrave curse, swear, and threaten. I was glad, however, he was not dead.

“ Mind him not, madam—fear him not !” said Sir Charles Grandison. [You know his

noble name, my Lucy.] “Coachman, drive not over your master: take care of your master!” or some such words he said, as he lifted me into his own chariot. He just surveyed, as it were, the spot, and bid a servant let Sir Hargrave know who he was; and then came back to me. He ordered his coachman to drive back to Colnebrook. In accents of kindness he told me that he had there at present the most virtuous and prudent of sisters, to whose care he would commit me, and then proceed on his journey to town.

How irresistibly welcome to me was his supporting arm, thrown round me, as we *flew* back, compared to that of the vile Sir Hargrave! Mr. Reeves has given you an account from the angelic sister. Oh! my Lucy, they are a pair of angels! I have written a long, long letter, or rather five letters in one, of my distresses, of my deliverance; and, when my heart is stronger, I will say more of the persons, as well as minds, of this excellent brother and sister.

[Harriet has many opportunities of seeing Sir Charles and his sisters at his town house; also his ward, Emily Jervois. She sends the following description of Charlotte and Charles Grandison to Lucy Selby.]

Miss Grandison is about twenty-four ; of a fine stature. She has dignity in her aspect, and a very penetrating black eye, with which she does what she pleases. Her hair is black, very fine, and naturally curls. She is not fair ; but her complexion is delicate and clear, and promises a long duration to her loveliness. Her features are generally regular ; her nose is a little aquiline ; but that is so far from being a blemish, that it gives a kind of majesty to her other features. Her teeth are white and even, her mouth is perfectly lovely, and a modest archness appears in her smiles that makes one both love and fear her, when she begins to speak. She is finely shaped ; and, in her air and whole appearance, perfectly genteel.

She has charming spirits. I daresay she sings well, from the airs she now and then warbles in the gaiety of her heart. She is very polite ; yet has a vein of raillery, that, were she *not* polite, would give one too much apprehension for one's ease : but I am sure she is frank, easy, and good-humoured. She says she has but lately taken a very great liking to reading. She pretends that she was too volatile, too gay, too airy, to be confined to

sedentary amusements. Her father, however, according to the genteelest and most laudable modern education for women, had given her a master who taught her history and geography, in both which she *acknowledges* she made some progress. In music she *owns* she has skill; but I am told by her maid, who attended me by her young lady's direction, and who delights to praise her mistress, that she reads and speaks French and Italian; that she writes finely; and is greatly admired for her wit, prudence, and obligingness. "Nobody," said Jenny (who is a sensible young woman, a clergyman's daughter, well-educated, and very obliging), "can stand against her good-natured raillery." Her brother, she says, is not spared; but he takes delight in her vivacity, and gives way to it, when it is easy to see that he could take her down if he pleased. "And then," added this good young woman, "she is an excellent manager in a family, finely as she is educated. She knows everything, and how to direct what should be done, from the private family dinner to a sumptuous entertainment; and every day inspects, and approves, or alters, the bill of fare." By the way, my Lucy, she is an early riser—do you mind that?—and so can do everything

with ease, pleasure, and without hurry and confusion ; for all her servants are early risers of course.

Yet this fine lady loves to go to the public places ; and often goes, and makes a brilliant figure there. She has time for them, and earns her pleasures by her early rising. Miss Grandison, Jenny tells me, has two humble servants ; [I wonder she has not two-and-twenty !] one is Sir Walter Watkins, a man of a large estate in Somersetshire ; the other is Lord G., son of the Earl of G., but neither of them highly approved by her : yet, Jenny says, they are both of them handsome men, and admired by the ladies. This makes me afraid that they are modern men, and pay their court by the exterior appearance, rather than by interior worth. Who, my Lucy, that has heard what my late grandfather has said, and my grandmamma still says of the men in their youthful days, will not say that we have our lots cast in an age of petit maîtres and insignificants ? Such an amiable woman is Miss Charlotte Grandison—May I be found, on further acquaintance, but half as lovely in her eyes as she is in mine !

But now for her brother—my deliverer !

Sir Charles Grandison, in his person, is really

a very fine man. He is tall, rather slender than full ; his face, in shape, is a fine oval ; he seems to have florid health—health confirmed by exercise. His complexion seems to have been naturally too fine for a man ; but, as if he were above being regardful of it, his face is overspread with a manly sunniness [I want a word], that shows he has been in warmer climates than England : and so it seems he has, since the tour of Europe has not contented him. He has visited some parts of Asia, and even of Africa, Egypt particularly.

I wonder what business a *man* has for such fine teeth, and for so fine a mouth as Sir Charles Grandison might boast of, were he vain.

In his aspect there is something great and noble, that shows him to be of rank. Were kings to be chosen for beauty and majesty of person, Sir Charles Grandison would have few competitors. His eye—— Indeed, my Lucy, his eye shows, if possible, more of sparkling intelligence than that of his sister.

What is beauty in a man to me ? You all know that I never thought beauty a qualification in a man. And yet, this grandeur in his person and air is accompanied with so much ease and freedom of manners, as engages one's

love with one's reverence. His good breeding renders him very accessible. In a word, he has such an easy, yet manly politeness, as well in his dress as in his address, that were he *not* a fine figure of a man, but were even plain and hard-featured, he would be thought very agreeable.

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear, has travelled, we may say, to some purpose. Well might his sister tell Mr. Reeves that whenever he married he would break half a score hearts.

The good sense of this real fine gentleman is not, as I can find, rusted over by sourness, by moroseness : he is above quarrelling with the world for trifles ; but he is still more above making such compliances with it as would impeach either his honour or conscience. Once Miss Grandison, speaking of her brother, said —“ My brother is valued by those who know him best, not so much for being a handsome man ; not so much for his birth and fortune ; nor for this or that single worthiness, as for being, in the great and yet comprehensive sense of the word, a *good man*.” And at another time she said, that he lived to himself, and to his own heart, and though he had the happiness to please everybody, yet he made the judgment

or approbation of the world matter but of second consideration. "In a word," added she, "Sir Charles Grandison, my *brother*" (and when she looks proud, it is when she says *my brother*), "is not to be misled either by false glory or false shame, which he calls the great snares of virtue."

But let me tell you, my dear, that Sir Charles does not *look* to be so great a self-denier as his sister seems to think him, when she says he lives to himself, and to his own heart, rather than to the opinion of the world. He dresses to the fashion, rather richly, 'tis true, than gaudily; but still richly: so that he gives his fine person its full consideration. He has a great deal of vivacity in his whole aspect, as well as in his eye. Mrs. Jenny says that he is a great admirer of handsome women. His equipage is perfectly in taste, though not so much to the glare of taste, as if he aimed either to inspire or show emulation. He seldom travels without a set, and suitable attendants; and, what I think seems a little to savour of singularity, his horses are not docked; their tails are only tied up when they are on the road. This I took notice of when we came to town. But if he be of opinion that the tails of these

noble animals are not only a natural ornament, but are of real use to defend them from the vexatious insects that in summer are so apt to annoy them (as Jenny just now told me was thought to be his reason for not depriving his cattle of a defence which nature gave them), how far from a dispraise is this humane consideration! And how, in the more minute as well as, we may suppose, in the greater instances, does he deserve the character of the man of mercy, who will be merciful to his beast!

[Sir Hargrave Pollexfen challenges Sir Charles to a duel; but the latter disapproves of duelling, and refuses to fight. He behaves so generously and spiritedly on the occasion of the challenge that Bagenhall, Sir Hargrave's emissary, is deeply impressed. Sir Hargrave, however, insists on fighting, and, when he finds Sir Charles still obdurate, he draws on him. Sir Charles manages to disarm him without striking a blow, and Sir Hargrave's friends all do homage to Grandison's courage and magnanimity.]

Miss Byron becomes on very intimate terms with Charlotte Grandison, and is invited to stay at the Grandisons' house at Colnebrook. She has fallen hopelessly in love with Sir Charles, and all his relatives and hers have made up their minds that he will marry her. However, though always courteous and affable, he never mentions the subject of marriage. Sir Charles has numberless adorers, among them his ward, Emily Jervois.]

MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

Monday, March 20th.

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

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

"That it can never be."

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

"God bless you, madam," said she; "you consider everybody." And then she sighed involuntarily.

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

"That's good of you to call me *your* Emily. My guardian calls me *his* Emily. I don't know why I sigh; but I have lately got a trick of sighing, I think. Will it do me harm: Anne tells me it will, and says I must break myself of

it. She says it is not pretty in a young lady to sigh ; but where is the un-pretty of it?"

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

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

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

"But I have *reason* for sighing, madam, which you have not. Such a mother! A mother that I wanted to be good, not so much to me as to herself : a mother so unhappy that one must be glad to run away from her. My poor papa! so good as he was to everybody, and even to her, yet had his heart broken. Oh, madam! have I not cause to sigh?"

"Dear girl," said I, my heart overflowing with compassion for her.

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

"What means my Emily?"

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

"And *does* everybody expect and wish, my

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

“ Do you think so, Emily ?”

“ You have not observed his eyes so much as I have done, when he is in your company. I have watched *your* eyes, too ; but have not seen that you mind him quite so much as he does you. Indeed, he loves you dearly. But tell me now, dear madam, tell me ; don't you love my guardian ?”

“ Everybody does. You, my Emily, love him.”

“ And so I do. But you love him, madam, with a hope that no one else will have reason to entertain. Dear now, place a little confidence in your Emily. My guardian shall never know it from me, by the *least* hint. I beg you will own it.”

“ I will be sincere with my Emily. But you must not let any one living know what I say to you of this nature. I would prefer your guardian, my dear, to a king in all his glory.”

“ And so, madam, would I, if I were you.”
And again she sighed.

“ Why *then* sighed my Emily ?”

“ I wish my guardian to be the happiest man in the world—I wish you, madam, to be the

happiest woman: and how can either be so, but in one another? But I am grieved, I believe, that there seems to be something in the way of your mutual happiness. I don't know whether that is all, neither. I don't know what it is. If I did I would tell you."

"Go on, my dear."

"Now, if anybody were to run upstairs in a hurry, and to say, 'Miss, miss, miss, your guardian is come!' I should be in *such* a flutter! I should sit down as much out of breath as if I had run down a high hill. And, for half an hour, may be, so tremble, that I should not be able to see the dear guardian that perhaps I wanted to see. And to hear him with a voice of gentleness—don't you think he has a sweet voice?"

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

"Symptoms of what, madam?"

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

"No; that cannot be, surely. Upon my word, I wish no one in the world, but you, to be Lady Grandison. I have but one fear."

"And what's that?"

"That my guardian won't continue to love me so well."

“ My dear, you are now almost a woman. He will, if he remain a single man, soon draw back into his heart that kindness and love for you, which, while you are a girl, he suffers to dwell upon his lips. You must expect this change of behaviour soon, from his prudence. You yourself, my love, will set him the example ; you will grow more reserved in your outward behaviour than hitherto there was reason to be.”

“ Then, I think, I shan't desire to live to see the time. Why, madam, all the comfort I have to set against my unhappiness from my mother, is, that so good, so virtuous, and so prudent a man as Sir Charles Grandison loves me as his child. Would you, madam, were you Lady Grandison, (now tell me, would you) grudge me these instances of his favour and affection ? And would you permit me to live with you ?— Now it is out—will you permit me to live with my guardian and you ? This is a question I wanted to put to you ; but was both ashamed and afraid, till you thus kindly emboldened me.”

“ Indeed I would if your guardian had no objection.”

“ That don't satisfy me, madam. Would you be my earnest, my sincere advocate, and plead

for me? He would not deny you anything. And would you (come, madam, I will put you to it—would you), say, ‘Look you here, Sir Charles Grandison; this girl, this Emily, is a good sort of girl: she has a great fortune. Snares may be laid for her; she has no father but you, poor thing!—no mother; or is more unhappy than if she had none. Where can you dispose of her so properly, as to let her be with us? I will be her protectress, her friend, her mother. I *insist* upon it, Sir Charles. It will make the poor girl’s heart easy.’ Dear dear, madam! you are *moved* in my favour—” [Who, Lucy, could have forborne being affected?] She threw her arms about me: “I see you are moved in my favour! and I will be your attendant; I will be your waiting-maid; I will help to adorn you, and to make you more and more lovely in the eyes of my guardian.” I could not bear this. I folded her to my heart as she hung about my neck.

“I grieve you. I would not, for the world, grieve you,” said she.

“I must leave you, Emily.”

“Say, then, ‘*my* Emily.’”

“I must leave you, *my*, and *more* than *my* Emily. You have cured me of sleepiness for this night.”

“Oh, then I am sorry.”

“No ; don't be sorry. I thank God, my love, that there is in my knowledge so worthy a young heart as yours.”

“Now, how good this is! — and will you go?”

“I must, I must, my dear ! But take this assurance, that my Emily shall have a first place in my heart for ever.”

“Then I am sure I shall live with my guardian and you for ever, as I may say ; and God grant,”—and down on her knees she dropped, with her arms wrapped about mine—“that you may be the happiest of women, and that soon, for my sake, as well as your own, in marriage with the best of men, my guardian.” I struggled from her. “Oh, my sweet girl ! I cannot bear you !” I kissed her once, twice, thrice, with fervour ; and away she tripped ; but stopped at the door, curtsying low, as I looked after her. Ruminating in my retirement, on all the dear girl had said, and on what might be my fate, so many different thoughts came into my head that I could not close my eyes. I therefore arose before day ; and, while my thoughts were agitated with the affecting subject, had recourse to my pen.

[Sir Charles, though still exceedingly attentive, makes no mention of marriage. He has had, Miss Byron knows, a prior attachment, made while he was travelling in Italy. While Harriet is still at Colnebrook, a message arrives summoning him to Bologna. Harriet's worst fears are aroused. Sir Charles gives her an account of the circumstances that take him to Italy. Miss Byron repeats his narrative.]

MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

Sir Charles gave us his company at breakfast. He entered with a kind of benign solemnity in his countenance ; but the benignity increased, and the solemnity went off, after a little while. After breakfast, having asked me for the promised conference, he conducted me to my lord's library. How I struggled with myself for presence of mind ! What a mixture was there of tenderness and respect in his countenance and air ! He seated me ; then took his place over against me.

* * * * *

“I do not intend, madam, to trouble you with the history of all that part of my life which I was obliged to pass abroad from about the seventeenth, to near the twenty-fifth year of my age ; though perhaps it has been as busy a period as could well be in the life of a man

so young, and who never sought to tread in oblique or crooked paths. After this entrance into it, Dr. Bartlett* shall be at liberty to satisfy your curiosity in a more *particular* manner; for he and I have corresponded for years, with an intimacy that has few examples between a youth and a man in advanced life. Thus, madam, was Dr. Bartlett in the place of a second conscience to me. And many a good thing did I do, many a bad one did I avoid, for having set up such a monitor over my conduct. And it was the more necessary that I should, as I am naturally passionate, proud, ambitious, and as I had the honour of being early distinguished by a sex, of which no man was ever a greater admirer. Nor is it so much to be wondered at that I had advantages which every one who travels has not. Residing for some time at the principal courts, and often visiting the same places, in the length of time I was abroad, I was considered, in a manner, as a native, at the same time that I was treated with the respect that is generally paid to travellers of figure, as well in France as Italy. I should not, madam, have been thus lavish in my own praise, but to account to you for the favour

* Sir Charles's chaplain.

I stood in with several families of the first rank, and to suggest an excuse for more than one of them, who thought it no disgrace to wish me to be allied with them."

I endeavoured to assume all my courage, and ordered him to proceed, but held by the arm of my chair, to steady me, lest my little tremblings should increase. He proceeded.

"At Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are seated two branches of a noble family, marquisses and counts of Porretta, which boasts its pedigree from Roman princes, and has given to the church two cardinals ; one in the latter age, the other in the beginning of this. The Marchese della Porretta, who resides in Bologna, is a nobleman of great merit : his lady is illustrious by descent, and still more so for her goodness of heart, sweetness of temper, and prudence. They have three sons and a daughter."

["Ah, that daughter!" thought I.]

"The eldest of the sons is a general officer in the service of the King of the Two Sicilies ; a man of equal honour and bravery, but passionate and haughty, valuing himself on his descent. The second is devoted to the church, and is already a bishop. The interest of his

family, and his own merits, it is not doubted, will one day, if he lives, give him a place in the Sacred College. The third, Signor Jeronymo (or, as he is sometimes called, the Barone) della Porretta, has a regiment in the service of the King of Sardinia. The sister is the favourite of them all. She is lovely in her person, gentle in her manners, and has high, but just, notions of the nobility of her descent, of the honour of her sex, and of what is due to her own character. She is pious, charitable, beneficent. Her three brothers preferred her interests to their own. Her father used to call her '*The pride of his life*;' her mother, '*Her other self; her own Clementina.*' "

[“ CLEMENTINA ! ”—Ah, Lucy ! what a pretty name is Clementina !]

“ I became intimate with Signor Jeronymo at Rome, near two years before I had the honour to be known to the rest of his family. He was master of many fine qualities ; but had contracted friendship with a set of dissolute young men of rank, with whom he was very earnest to make me acquainted. I allowed myself to be often in their company, in hopes, by degrees, to draw him from them ; but a love of pleasure had got fast hold of him ; and his other com-

panions prevailed over his good nature. We parted, nor held a correspondence in absence ; but afterwards meeting, by accident, at Padua, and Jeronymo having, in the interim, been led into inconveniences, he avowed a change of principles, and the friendship was renewed. It however held not many months. A lady, less celebrated for virtue than beauty, obtained an influence over him. On being expostulated with, and his promise claimed, he resented the friendly freedom. He was passionate ; and, on this occasion, less polite than it was natural for him to be : he even defied his friend. The result was, we parted, resolving never more to see each other.

“Jeronymo pursued the adventure which had occasioned the difference ; and one of the lady’s admirers envying him his supposed success, hired Brescian bravoës to assassinate him. The attempt was made in the Cremonese. They had got him into their toils in a little thicket at some distance from the road. I, attended by two servants, happened to be passing, when a frightened horse ran across the way, his bridle broken and his saddle bloody. This making me apprehend some mischief to the rider, I drove down the opening

he came from, and soon beheld a man struggling on the ground with two ruffians, one of whom was just stopping his mouth, the other stabbing him. I leaped out of the post-chaise, and drew my sword, running towards them as fast as I could, and calling to my servants to follow me. On this they fled; and I heard them say, 'Let us make off; we have done his business.' Incensed at the villany, I pursued them, and came up with one of them, who turned upon me. I beat down his *trombone*, a kind of blunderbuss, just as he presented it at me, and had wounded and thrown him on the ground; but seeing the other ruffian turning back to help his fellow, and on a sudden two others appearing with their horses, I thought it best to retreat, though I would fain have secured one of them. My servants then seeing my danger, hastened, shouting, towards me, and the bravoës seemed as glad to get off with their rescued companion as I was to retire. I hastened then to the unhappy man; but how much was I surprised when I found him to be the Barone della Porretta. He gave signs of life. I instantly despatched one of my servants to Cremona for a surgeon: I bound up, meantime, as well as I

could, two of his wounds—one in his shoulder, the other in his breast. He had one in his hip-joint, which disabled him from helping himself, and which I found beyond my skill to do anything with, only endeavouring with my handkerchief to stop its bleeding. I helped him into my chaise, stepped in with him, and held him up in it, till one of my men told me they had in another part of the thicket found his servant bound and wounded, his horse lying dead by his side. I then alighted, and put the poor fellow into the chaise, he being stiff with his hurts, and unable to stand. I walked by the side of it; and in this manner moved towards Cremona, in order to shorten the way of the expected surgeon. My servant soon returned with one. Jeronymo had fainted away. The surgeon dressed him, and proceeded with him to Cremona. Then it was, that opening his eyes, he beheld, and knew me: and being told by the surgeon that he owed his preservation to me, ‘Oh, Grandison!’ said he, ‘that I had followed your advice! that I had kept my promise with you! Can my deliverer forgive me? You shall be the director of my future life, if it please God to restore me.’ His wounds proved not mortal;

but he never will be the man he was. Excuse this particularity, madam. The subject requires it; and Signor Jeronimo now deserves it, and all your pity.

“I attended him at Cremona till he was fit to remove. He was visited there by his whole family from Bologna. There never was a family more affectionate to one another. The suffering of one is the suffering of everyone. The barone was exceedingly beloved by his father, mother, sister, for the sweetness of his manners, his affectionate heart, and a wit so delightfully gay and lively, that his company was sought by everybody. You will easily believe, madam, how acceptable to the whole family the service was which I had been so happy as to render their Jeronimo. They all joined to bless me; and the more, when they came to know that I was the person whom their Jeronimo, in the days of our intimacy, had highly extolled in his letters home; and who now related, by word of mouth, the occasion of the coolness that had passed between us, with circumstances as honourable for me as the contrary for himself.

“He now, as I attended by his bed or his couch side, frequently called for a repetition of

those arguments which he had till *now* derided. He besought me to forgive him for treating them before with levity, and he begged his family to consider me, not only as the preserver of his life, but as the restorer of his *morals*. This gave the whole family the highest opinion of *mine*.

“Never was there a more grateful family. The noble father was uneasy, because he knew not how to acknowledge to a man in genteel circumstances the obligation laid upon them all. The mother, with a freedom more amiably great than the Italian ladies are accustomed to express, bid her Clementina regard as her fourth brother the preserver of the third. The barone declared that he should never rest nor recover till he had got me rewarded in such manner as all the world should think I had honour done me in it. When the barone was removed to Bologna, the whole family were studious to make occasions to get me among them. The general made me promise, when *my relations*, as he was pleased to express himself, at Bologna, could part with me, to give him my company at Naples. The bishop, who passed all the time he had to spare from his diocese at Bologna, and who is a learned man, would have me

initiate him into the knowledge of the English tongue.

“Our Milton has deservedly a name among them. The friendship that there was between him and a learned nobleman of their country endeared his memory to them. Milton, therefore, was a principal author with us. Our lectures were usually held in the chamber of the wounded brother, in order to divert him ; *he* also became my scholar. The father and mother were often present ; and, at such times, their Clementina was seldom absent. *She* also called me her tutor, and made a greater proficiency than either of her brothers. The father, as well as the bishop, is learned ; the mother well read. She had had the benefit of a French education, being brought up by her uncle, who resided many years at Paris, in a public character ; and her daughter had, under her own eye, advantages in her education which are hardly ever allowed or sought after by the Italian ladies. In such company, you may believe, madam, that I, who was kept abroad against my wishes, passed my time very agreeably. I was particularly honoured with the confidence of the marchioness, who opened her heart to me, and consulted me on every

material occurrence. Her lord, who is one of the politest of men, was never better pleased than when he found us together ; and not seldom, though we were not engaged in lectures, the fair Clementina claimed a right to be where her mother was. About this time the young Count of Belvedere returned to Parma, in order to settle in his native country. His father was a favourite in the court of the Princess of Parma, and attended that lady to Madrid, on her marriage with the late King of Spain, where he held a very considerable post, and lately died there, immensely rich. On a visit to this noble family, the young lord saw and loved Clementina. The Count of Belvedere is a handsome, a gallant, a sensible man ; his fortune is very great : such an alliance was not to be slighted. The marquis gave his countenance to it : the marchioness favoured me with several conversations upon the subject. She was of opinion, perhaps, that it was necessary to know my thoughts on this occasion ; for the younger brother, unknown to me, declared that he thought there was no way of rewarding my merits to the family but by giving me a relation to it.

“ For my own part, it was impossible (dis-

tinguished as I was by every individual of this noble family, and lovely as is this daughter of it) that my vanity should not sometimes be awakened, and a wish arise, that there might be a possibility of obtaining such a prize: but I checked the vanity the moment I could find it begin to play about and warm my heart. To have attempted to recommend myself to the young lady's favour, though but by looks, by assiduities, I should have thought an infamous breach of the trust and confidence they all reposed in me. The pride of a family so illustrious in its descent; their fortunes unusually high for the country which, by the goodness of their hearts, they adorned; the relation they bore to the church; my foreign extraction and interest; the lady's exalted merits, which made her of consequence to the hearts of several illustrious youths, before the Count of Belvedere made known his passion for her; none of which the fond family thought worthy of their Clementina, nor any of whom could engage her heart: but, above all, the difference in religion; the young lady so remarkably stedfast in hers, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could restrain her from assuming the veil; and who once declared

in anger, on hearing me, when called upon, avow my principles, that she grudged to a heretic the glory of having saved the Barone della Porretta ; all these considerations outweighed any hopes that might otherwise have arisen in a bosom so sensible of the favours they were continually heaping upon me.

“ About the same time the troubles, now so happily appeased, broke out in Scotland ; hardly anything else was talked of in Italy but the progress, and supposed certainty of success, of the young invader. I was often obliged to stand the triumphs and exaltations of persons of rank and figure, being known to be warm in the interest of my own country. I had a good deal of this kind of spirit to contend with, even in this more moderate Italian family ; and this frequently brought on debates which I would gladly have avoided holding ; but it was impossible. Every new advice from England revived the disagreeable subject ; for the success of the rebels, it was not doubted, would be attended with the restoration of what they called the Catholic religion : and Clementina particularly pleased herself that then her *heretic tutor* would take refuge in the bosom of his holy mother, the Church ; and she delighted

to say things of this nature in the language I was teaching her, and which, by this time, she spoke very intelligibly.

“I took a resolution, hereupon, to leave Italy for a while, and to retire to Vienna, or to some one of the German courts that was less interested than they were in Italy in the success of the chevalier’s undertaking; and I was the more desirous to do so, as the displeasure of Olivia against me began to grow serious, and to be talked of, even by herself, with less discretion than was consistent with her high spirit, her noble birth, and ample fortune. I communicated my intention to the marchioness first, the noble lady expressed her concern at the thought of my quitting Italy, and engaged me to put off my departure for some weeks; but, at the same time, hinted to me, with an explicitness that is peculiar to her, her apprehensions, and her lord’s, that I was in love with her Clementina. I convinced her of my honour in this particular, and she so well satisfied the marquis in this respect, that, on their daughter’s absolute refusal of the Count of Belvedere, they confided in me to talk to her in favour of that nobleman. The young lady and I had a conference upon the subject. The father and mother, unknown

to us both, had placed themselves in a closet adjoining to the room we were in, and which communicated to another, as well as to that : they had no reason to be dissatisfied with what they heard me say to their daughter.

“The time of my departure from Italy drawing near, and the young lady repeatedly refusing the Count of Belvedere, the younger brother (still unknown to me, for he doubted not but I should rejoice at the honour he hoped to prevail upon them to do me) declared in my favour. They objected the more obvious difficulties in relation to religion and my country : he desired to be commissioned to talk to me on those subjects, and to his sister on her motives for refusing the Count of Belvedere ; but they would not hear of his speaking to me on this subject ; the marchioness undertaking herself to talk to her daughter, and to demand of her her reasons for rejecting every proposal that had been made her.

“She accordingly closeted her Clementina. She could get nothing from her but tears : a silence, without the least appearance of sullenness, had for some days before shown that a deep melancholy had begun to lay hold of her heart : she was, however, offended when love

was attributed to her ; yet her mother told me that she could not but suspect that she was under dominion of that passion without knowing it ; and the rather, as she was never cheerful but when she was taking lessons for learning a tongue which never, as the marchioness said, was likely to be of use to her. The melancholy increased. Her tutor, as he was called, was desired to talk to her. He did. It was observed that she generally assumed a cheerful air while she was with him, but said little, yet seemed pleased with everything he said to her ; and the little she did answer, though he spoke in Italian or French, was in her newly-acquired language : but the moment he was gone her countenance fell, and she was studious to find opportunities to get from company. Her parents were in the deepest affliction. They consulted physicians, who all pronounced her malady to be love. She was taxed with it, and all the indulgence promised her that her heart could wish as to the object ; but still she could not with patience bear the imputation. Once she asked her woman, who told her that she was certainly in love, ‘ Would you have me hate myself ? ’—Her mother talked to her of the passion in favourable terms, and as laudable :

she heard her with attention, but made no answer.

“The evening before the day I was to set out for Germany, the family made a sumptuous entertainment, in honour of a guest on whom they had conferred so many favours. They had brought themselves to approve of my departure the more readily, as they were willing to see whether my absence would affect their Clementina ; and, if it did, in what manner.

“They left it to her choice, whether she would appear at table or not. She chose to be there. They all rejoiced at her recovered spirits. She was exceedingly cheerful : she supported her part of the conversation during the whole evening with her usual vivacity and good sense, insomuch that I wished to myself I had departed sooner. When acknowledgments were made to me of the pleasure I had given to the whole family, she joined in them : when my health and happiness were wished, she added *her* wishes by cheerful bows as she sat : when they wished to see me again before I went to England, she did the same. So that my heart was dilated ; I was overjoyed to see such a happy alteration. When I took leave of them, she stood forward to receive my compliments

with a polite French freedom. I offered to press her hand with my lips: 'My brother's deliverer,' said she, 'must not affect this distance,' and, in a manner, offered her cheek; adding—'God preserve my tutor wherever he sets his foot!' and, in English—'God convert you too, chevalier! May you never want such an agreeable friend as you have been to us!'

"Signor Jeronymo was not able to be with us. I went up to take leave of him: 'Oh, my Grandison!' said he, and flung his arms about my neck; 'and will you go?—Blessings attend you!'

"'You will rejoice me,' replied I, 'if you will favour me with a few lines, by a servant whom I shall leave behind me for three or four days, and who will find me at Inspruck, to let me know how you all do, and whether your sister's health continues.'

"'She must, she shall be yours,' said he, 'if I can manage it. Why, why will you leave us?'

"I was surprised to hear him say this: he had never before been so particular. 'That cannot, cannot be,' said I. 'There are a thousand obstacles——'

"'All of which,' rejoined he, 'I doubt not to overcome.'

We agreed upon a correspondence, and I took leave of one of the most grateful of men. But how much was I afflicted when I received at Inspruck the expected letter, which acquainted me that this sunshine lasted no longer than the next day! The young lady's malady returned with redoubled force. Shall I, madam, briefly relate to you the manner in which, as her brother wrote, it operated upon her? She shut herself up in her chamber, not seeming to regard or know that her woman was in it; but, setting her chair with its back towards her, over against a closet in the room, after a profound silence, she bent forwards, and in a low voice seemed to be communing with a person in the closet—
'And you say he is actually gone? Gone for ever? No, not for ever!'

“‘Who gone, madam?’ said her woman.
'To whom do you direct your discourse?’

“‘We were all obliged to him, no doubt. So bravely to rescue my brother, and to pursue the bravoës; and, as my brother says, to put him in his own chaise, and walk on foot by the side of it.—Why, as you say, assassins might have murdered him; the horses might have trampled him under their feet.’ Still looking as if she were speaking to somebody in the closet.

Her woman stepped to the closet and opened the door, and left it open, to take off her attention to the place, and to turn the course of her ideas ; but still she bent forward towards it, and talked calmly, as if to somebody in it ; then breaking into a faint laugh—‘ In love !—that is such a silly notion ; and yet I love everybody better than I love myself.’

“ Her mother came into the room just then. The young lady arose in haste and shut the closet door, as if she had somebody hid there ; and, throwing herself at her mother’s feet—‘ My dear, my ever-honoured mamma,’ said she, ‘ forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you.—But I will, I must, you can’t deny me ; I will be God’s child as well as yours. I will go into a nunnery.’

“ It came out afterwards that her confessor, taking advantage of confessions extorted from her of regard for her tutor, had filled her tender mind with terrors, that had thus affected her head. She is, as I have told you, madam, a young lady of exemplary piety. I will not dwell on a scene so melancholy. How I afflict your tender heart, my good Miss Byron !”

[Do you think, Lucy, I did not weep ? Indeed I did.] “ Pray, sir, proceed,” said I.

“ All that medicine could do was tried, but her confessor, who, however, is an honest, a worthy man, kept up her fears and terrors. He saw the favour her tutor was in with the whole family ; he knew that the younger brother had declared for rewarding him in a very high manner ; he had more than once put this favoured man upon an avowal of his principles ; and betwixt her piety and her gratitude, had raised such a conflict in her mind, as her tender nature could not bear.

“ At Florence lives a family of high rank and honour, the ladies of which have with them a friend noted for the excellency of her heart and her genius ; and who, having been robbed of her fortune early in life by an uncle to whose care she was committed by her dying father, was received, both as a companion and a blessing, by the ladies of the family she has now for many years lived with. She is an English woman, and a Protestant, but so very discreet, that her being so, though at first they hoped to proselyte her, gives them not a less value for her, and yet they are all zealous Roman Catholics. These two ladies, and this their companion, were visiting one day at the Marchese della Porretta's, and there the distressed

mother told them the mournful tale ; the ladies, who think nothing that is within the compass of human prudence impossible to their Mrs. Beaumont, wished that the young lady might be entrusted for a week to her care, at their own house at Florence.

“It was consented to as soon as proposed, and Signora Clementina was as willing to go, there having always been an intimacy between the families, and she (as everybody else) having a high opinion of Mrs. Beaumont. Mrs. Beaumont went to the bottom of the malady ; she gave her advice to the family upon it. They were resolved (Signor Jeronymo supported her advice) to be governed by it. The young lady was told that she should be indulged in all her wishes. She then acknowledged what those were, and was the easier for the acknowledgment, and for the advice of such a prudent friend, and returned to Bologna much more composed than when she left it. I was sent for by common consent, for there had been a convention of the whole family, the Urbino branch, as well as the general, being present. In that, the terms to be proposed were settled, but they were not to be mentioned to me till after I had seen the lady ; a wrong policy, surely.

“I was then at Vienna. Signor Jeronimo, in his letter, congratulated me in high terms, as a man whom he had it now at last in his power to reward ; and he hinted, in general, that the conditions would be such, as it was impossible I could object to, as to fortune, to be sure, he meant. I could not but be affected with the news ; yet, knowing the lady and the family, was afraid that the articles of residence and religion would not be easily compromised between them. I arrived at Bologna. I was permitted to pay my compliments to Lady Clementina in her mother’s presence. How agreeable, how nobly frank, was the reception both from mother and daughter ! How high ran the congratulations of Jeronimo ! He called me *brother*. The marquis was ready to recognize the *fourth* son in me. A great fortune additional to an estate bequeathed her by her two grandfathers was proposed. My father was to be invited over to grace the nuptials by his presence.

“ But let me cut short the rest. The terms could not be complied with. For I was to make a formal renunciation of my religion, and to settle in Italy ; only once in two or three years was allowed, if I pleased, for two or three

months, to go to England ; and as a visit of curiosity, once in her life, if their daughter desired it, to carry her thither, for a time to be limited by them.

“ What must be my grief, to be obliged to disappoint such expectations as were raised by persons who had so sincere a value for me ! You cannot, madam, imagine my distress : so little as could be expected to be allowed by them to the principles of a man whom they supposed to be in an error that would inevitably cast him into perdition ! But when the friendly brother implored my compliance ; when the excellent mother, in effect, besought me to have pity on *her* heart, and on her *child's* reason ; and when the tender, the amiable Clementina, putting *herself* out of the question, urged me, for my soul's sake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother, the church—What, madam—But how I grieve you !” He stopped. We both wept.

“ And what, and what, sir,” sobbing, “ was the result ? Could you, *could* you resist ?”

“ Satisfied in my own faith ; entirely satisfied ! Having insuperable objections to that I was wished to embrace !—A lover of my native country too—But I *laboured*, I *studied*, for a

compromise. I must have been unjust to Clementina's merit, and to my own character, had she not been dear to me. And indeed I beheld graces in her *then*, that I had before resolved to shut my eyes against ; her rank next to princely ; her fortune high as her rank ; religion ; country ; all so many obstacles that had appeared to me insuperable, removed by themselves ; and no apprehension left of a breach of the laws of hospitality, which had till now made me struggle to behold one of the most amiable and noble-minded of women with indifference. I offered to live one year in Italy, one in England, by turns, if their dear Clementina would live with me there ; if not, I would content myself with passing only three months in every year in my native country. I proposed to leave her entirely at her liberty in the article of religion ; and, in case of children by the marriage, the daughters to be educated by her, the sons by me ; a condition to which his holiness himself, it was presumed, would not refuse his sanction, as there were precedents for it. This, madam, was a great sacrifice to compassion, to love. What *could* I more !”

“ And would not, sir, would not Clementina consent to this compromise ?”

“ Ah, the unhappy lady ! It is this reflection that strengthens my grief. She *would* have consented : she was earnest to procure the consent of her friends upon these terms. This her earnestness in my favour, devoted as she was to her religion, excites my compassion, and calls for my gratitude.

“ What scenes, what distressful scenes followed ! The noble father forgot his promised indulgence ; the mother indeed seemed in a manner neutral ; the youngest brother was still, however, firm in my cause ; but the marquis, the general, the bishop, and the whole Urbino branch of the family, were not to be moved ; and the less, because they considered the alliance as derogatory to their own honour, in the same proportion as they thought it honourable to me ; a *private*, an *obscure* man, as now they began to call me. In short, I was allowed, I was *desired*, to depart from Bologna ; and not suffered to take leave of the unhappy Clementina, though on her knees she begged to be allowed a parting interview. And what was the consequence ? Unhappy Clementina !— Now they wish me to make them one more visit to Bologna—Unhappy Clementina !—To what purpose ?”

I saw his noble heart was too much affected to answer questions, had I had voice to ask any. But, oh my friends! you see how it is! Can I be so unhappy as he is? As his Clementina is? Well might Dr. Bartlett say that this excellent man is not happy. Well might he himself say, that he has suffered greatly, even from good women. Well might he complain of sleepless nights. "Unhappy Clementina!" let me repeat after him; and not happy Sir Charles Grandison! And who, my dear, is happy? Not, I am sure, *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

[Before starting for Italy, Sir Charles arranges a marriage between his sister Charlotte and the son of the Earl of G. Soon after its celebration, he leaves England. He sends an account of his doings in Italy to his chaplain, Dr. Bartlett.]

BOLOGNA,
July 7th-18th.

It was late last night before I arrived at this place. I sent my compliments to the family. In the morning I went to their palace, and was immediately conducted to the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. Everybody, he told me, was amended both in health and spirits. Camilla came in soon after, congratulating me

on my arrival in the name of her young lady. She let me know that in less than a quarter of an hour she would be ready to receive my visit.

“O sir,” said the good woman, “miracles! miracles! we are all joy and hope!” At going out, she whispered as she passed (I was then at the window)—“My young lady is dressing in colours to receive you. She will no more *appear* to you, she says, in black. Now, sir, will you soon reap the reward of all your goodness.” The marquis, the marchioness, the count, Father Marescotti, all severally made me the highest compliments. The count, particularly, taking my hand, said—“From *us*, chevalier, nothing will be wanting to make *you* happy: from *you* there can be but one thing wanting to make *us* so.”

I was overwhelmed with gratitude on a reception so very generous and unreserved. Camilla came in seasonably with a message from the young lady, inviting my attendance on her in her dressing-room. The marchioness withdrew just before. I followed Camilla. She told me as we went that she thought her not quite so sedate as she had been for some days past, which she supposed owing to her

hurrying in dressing, and to her expectation of me. The mother and daughter were together. They were talking when I entered. "Dear, fanciful girl!" I heard the mother say, disposing otherwise some flowers that she had in her bosom.

Clementina, when her mind was sound, used to be all unaffected elegance. I never saw but one woman who equalled her in that respect. Miss Byron seems conscious that she may trust to her native charms, yet betrays no pride in her consciousness. Who ever spoke of her jewels that beheld her face? Clementina appeared exceedingly lovely; but her fancifulness in the disposition of her ornaments, and the unusual lustre of her eyes, showed an imagination more disordered than I hoped to see, and gave me pain at my entrance.

"The chevalier, my love!" (said the marchioness, turning round to me). "Clementina, receive your friend."

She stood up, dignity and sweetness in her air. I approached her: she refused not her hand. "The general, madam, and his lady, salute you by me."

"They received you, I am sure, as the friend of our family."

"Mrs. Beaumont, madam," said I, "sends you her compliments."

"Were you at Florence? Mrs. Beaumont, said you!—Were you at Florence?" Then, running to her mother, she threw her arms about her neck, hiding her face in her bosom. "O madam! conceal me! conceal me from myself! I am not well."

"Be comforted, my best love," wrapping her maternal arms about her, and kissing her forehead; "you will be better presently."

I made a motion to withdraw. The marchioness, by her head, approving, I went into the next apartment. She soon inquired for me, and, on notice from Camilla, I returned. She sat with her head leaning on her mother's shoulder. She raised it. "Excuse me, sir," said she: "I cannot be well, I see—but no matter! I am better, and I am worse, than I was—*worse*, because I am sensible of my calamity." Her eyes had then lost all that lustre which had shown a too raised imagination, but they were swimming in tears.

I took her hand. "Be not disheartened, madam. You will be soon well. These are usual terms of the malady you seem to be so sensible of, when it is changing to perfect health."

“God grant it! O chevalier! What trouble have I given my friends! My mamma here! You, sir! everybody! O that naughty Laurana!* But for *her*! But tell me—is she dead? Poor, cruel creature! Is she no more?”

“Would you have her to be no more, my love?” said her mother.

“O no! no! I would have had her to live, and to repent. Was she not the companion of my childhood? She loved me once. I *always* loved her. Say, chevalier, is she living?”

I looked at the marchioness, as asking if I should tell her she was; and receiving her approving nod — “She is living, madam,” answered I; “and I hope will repent.”

“Is she, is she, indeed, my mamma?” interrupted she.

“She is, my dear.”

“Thank God!” rising from her seat, clasping her hands, and standing more erect than usual. “Then have I a triumph to come,” said the noble creature. “Excuse my pride! I will show her that I can forgive her. But I will talk of her when I am better. You say, sir,

* Clementina’s cousin, who had behaved very cruelly to her during her illness.

I *shall* be better." Then with eyes and hands lifted up—"Great and good God Almighty! heal, heal, I beseech thee, my wounded mind, that I may be enabled to restore to the most indulgent of parents the happiness I have robbed them of. Join your prayers with mine, sir."

Her mother comforted her, and raised her dejected heart. And then Clementina looked down, a blush overspreading her face, and standing motionless, as if considering of something—"What is in my child's thoughts?" said the marchioness, taking her hand. "What is my love thinking of?"

"Why, madam," in a low but audible voice, "I should be glad to talk with the chevalier alone, methinks. He is a good man. But if you think I ought not, I will not desire it. In everything I will be governed by you: yet I am ashamed. What can I have to say that my mother may not hear? Nothing, nothing. Your Clementina's heart, madam, is a part of yours."

"My love shall be indulged in everything. You and I, Camilla, will retire." Clementina was silent, and both withdrew. She commanded me to sit down by her. I obeyed.

“The mind of Lady Clementina,” said I, “seems to have something upon it that she wishes to communicate. You have not, madam, a more sincere, a more faithful, friend than the man before you. Your happiness and that of my Jeronymo engrosses all my cares. Honour me with your confidence.”

“I had something to say—I had many questions to ask. But pity me, sir, my memory is gone. I have lost it all. But this I know : that we are all under obligations to you, which we never can return ; and I am uneasy under the sense of them.”

“What, madam, have I done, but answered to the call of friendship, which, in the like situation, not anyone of your family but would have obeyed ?”

“This generous way of thinking adds to the obligation. Say but, sir, in what way we can express our gratitude ; in what way I, in particular, can, and I shall be easy. Till we have done it, I never shall.”

“And can you, madam, think that I am not highly rewarded in the prospect of that success which opens to all our wishes ?”

“It may be so in your opinion ; but this leaves the debt still heavier upon us.”

“If, madam,” answered I, “you *will* suppose yourselves under obligations to me, and will not be *easy* till you have acknowledged them, the return must be a family act. Let me refer myself to your father, mother, brothers, and to yourself: what you and they determine upon must be right.”

After a short silence—“Well, sir, I believe you have put the matter upon a right footing. But *here* is my difficulty. You *cannot* be rewarded. *I* cannot reward you. But, sir, the subject begins to be too much for me. I have high notions—My duty to God and to my parents, my gratitude to you. But I have *begun* to write down all that has occurred to me on this important subject. I wish to act greatly. You, sir, have set me the example. I will *continue* to write down my thoughts. I cannot trust to my memory—no, nor yet to my heart. But no more on this subject at present. I will talk to my mother upon it first; but not just now, though I will ask for the honour of her presence.”

She then went from me into the next room, and instantly returned, leading in the marchioness. “Don’t, dear madam, be angry with me. I had many things to say to the chevalier,

which I thought I could best say when I was alone with him ; but I forget what they were. Indeed, I ought not to remember them, if they were such as I could not say before my mother."

"My child cannot do anything that can make me displeas'd with her. The chevalier's generosity, and my Clementina's goodness of heart, can neither of them be doubted."

"O madam ! what a deep sense have I of yours and of my father's indulgence to me. How shall I requite it ? How unworthy should I be of that returning reason, which sometimes seems to enliven my hope, if I were not to resolve that it shall be wholly employ'd in my duty to God, and to you both. But even then, my gratitude to that generous man will leave a burden upon my heart that never can be removed." She withdrew with precipitation, leaving the marchioness and me in silence, looking upon each other.

"What can be done with this dear creature, chevalier ?"

"She seems, madam, to have something on her mind that she has a difficulty to reveal. When she *has* revealed it, she will be easier. You will prevail upon her, madam, to com-

municate it to you. Allow me to withdraw to Signor Jeronymo. Lady Clementina will acquaint you with what passed between her and me."

"I heard it all," replied she, "and you are the most honourable of men. What man would, what man *could*, have acted as you acted, with regard to her, with regard to us; yet not slight the dear creature's manifest meaning, but refer it to us, and to her, to make it a family act? A family act it must, it *shall* be. Only, sir, let me be assured that my child's malady will not lessen your love for her, and permit her to be a Catholic. These are all the terms I, for *my* part, have to make with you. The rest of us still wish that *you* would be so, though but in appearance, for the sake of our alliances. But I will not expect an answer to the last. As to the first, you cannot be ungenerous to one who has suffered so much for love of you."

The marquis and the bishop entering the room—"I leave it to you, madam," said I, "to acquaint their lordships with what has passed. I will attend Signor Jeronymo for a few moments." On my way thither Camilla met me. It was evident to her, she said, that

she would be well when the marriage was solemnized. "They are all," said she, "in close conference together, I believe, upon that subject. My young lady is endeavouring to compose herself in her closet. The marchioness hopes you will stay and dine here." I excused myself from dining, and desired her to tell her lady that I would attend them in the evening.

[Thenceforward matters progress satisfactorily. Clementina gradually grows better, and her parents declare themselves willing to grant her anything which will secure her recovery. It seems practically certain that she will marry Sir Charles, and, away in England, Harriet Byron makes up her mind to lose him. However, when Clementina is recovered, her religious prejudices reassert themselves—she cannot bring herself to marry a heretic, and at last she gives Sir Charles his freedom.

On his return to England he begins to pay court to Harriet Byron. The course of their love this time runs smoothly, and he and Harriet are married. Lady G. and Miss Selby write a joint letter to Lady L., who was unable to be present at the festivities through ill-health.]

LADY G. AND MISS SELBY TO LADY L.

Thursday Morning, November 16th.

You shall find me, my dear sister, as minute as you wish. Lucy is a charming girl. For the

humour's sake, as well as to forward each other, on the joyful occasion, we shall write by turns.

It would look as if we had determined upon a public day, in the very face of it, were we to appear in full dresses: the contrary, therefore, was agreed upon yesterday. But everyone, however, intends to be dressed as elegantly as morning dresses can make them. Harriet, as you shall hear, is the least showy—all in virgin white. She looks, she moves, an angel, I must go to the dear girl. “Lucy, where are you?”

“Here, madam; but how can one write when one's thoughts——”

“Write as I bid you. Have not I given you your cue?”

[LUCY, TAKING UP THE PEN.] Dear Lady L., I am in a vast hurry. Lord W., Lady W., and Mr. Beauchamp are come. Sir Charles, Mr. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, have been here this *half-hour*. Has Lady G. dated? No, I protest! We women are above such little exactnesses. Dear Lady L., the gentlemen and ladies are all come. They say the churchyard is crowded with more of the living than of the dead, and there is hardly room for a spade.

What an image, on such a day! We are all out of our wits between joy and hurry. My cousin is not well; her heart misgives her. Foolish girl! She is with her grandmamma and my grandmamma Selby. One gives her hartshorn, another salts. "Lady G., Lady G., I must attend my dear Miss Byron: in an hour's time that will be her name no longer."

[LADY G.] Here, here, child: our Harriet's better, and ashamed of herself. Sir Charles was sent for up, by her grandmother and aunt, to soothe her. Charming man! Tenderness and love are indeed tenderness and love in the brave and manly heart. Emily will not be married, on any consideration. There is terror, and not joy, she says, in the attending circumstances. Good Emily! continue to harden thy thoughts against love and thoughts of wedlock for two years to come; and then change thy mind, for Beauchamp's sake.

"Dear Lucy, a line or two more. Your uncle; I hear his voice, summoning——" The man's mad; mad, indeed, Lady L.—in *such* a hurry!—"Lucy, they are not yet all ready."

"Nor I," says the raptured, saucy face, "to take up the pen. Not a line more can I, will I, write, till the knot is tied."

Nor I, my dear Lady L., till I can give you joy upon it. I fib, for this hurrying soul himself, in driving everybody else, has forgot to be quite ready. But we are in very good time.

Emily was very earnest to be bridemaïd, though advised to the contrary. Mr. Beauchamp was a brideman, at his own request also.

I will go back to the early part of the morning. We were each of us serenaded, as I may say, by direction of this joyful man, uncle Selby (*awakened*, as he called it, to music), by James Selby playing at each person's door an air or two, the words from an epithalamium (whose, I know not)—

“The day is come, you wish'd so long;
Love pick'd it out amidst the throng:
He destines to himself the sun,
And takes the reins, and drives it on.”

It is indeed a fine day. The sun seemed to reproach some of us; but Harriet slept not a wink. No wonder.

I hastened up to salute her. She was ready dressed. “Charming readiness, my love!” said I.

“I took the opportunity while I was able,” answered she.

Lucy, Nancy, were with her, both dressed, as she, for the day, that they might have nothing to do but attend her. What joy in their faces! What sweet carefulness in the lovely Harriet's! "And *will* this day," said she, in a low voice, to me, "give me to the lord of my heart? Let not *grief* come near it; *joy* can be enough painful."

The ceremony is happily over; and I am returned to oblige my Caroline. When everything was ready, Mr. Selby thought fit to call us down in order into the great hall, marshalling his fours; and great pride and pleasure did he take in his office. At his first summons, down came the angel and the four young ladies, and each of the four had her partner assigned her.

Emily seemed, between the novelty and the parade, to be wholly engaged.

Harriet, the moment she came down, flew to her grandmamma, and kneeled to her, Sir Charles supporting her as she kneeled, and as she arose. A tender and sweet sight!

The old lady threw her arms about her, and twice or thrice kissed her forehead, her voice faltering, "God bless, bless, sustain my child!" — Her aunt, kissing her cheek, "Now, now,

my dearest love," whispered she, "I call upon you for fortitude."

She visibly struggled for resolution ; but she passed me with such a sweet confusion. "Charming girl!" said I, taking her hand as she passed, and giving way to her quick motions, for fear restraint should disconcert her.

When her uncle gave the word for moving, and approached to take her hand, she in her hurry, forgetting her cue, put it into Sir Charles's. "Hold, hold," said her uncle, sweeping his bosom with his chin, in his arch way, "that must not yet be." My brother, kissing her hand, presented it, in a very gallant manner, to her uncle. "I yield it to you, sir," said he, "as a precious trust ; in an hour's time to be confirmed mine by Divine as well as human sanctions."

Mr. Selby led the lovely creature to the coach, but stopped at the door with her, for Mrs. Shirley's going in first ; the servants at a distance all admiring, and blessing, and praying for their beloved young lady.

Sir Charles took the good Mrs. Shirley's hand in one of his, and put the other arm round her waist to support her. "What honour you do me, sir," said she. "I think

I may throw away *this* :” (meaning her ebony crutch-stick) “do I ail anything?” Her feet, however, seconded not her spirits. My brother lifted her into the coach. It was so natural to him to be polite, that he offered his hand to his beloved Harriet ; but was checked by her uncle (in his usual pleasant manner). “Stay your time, too ready sir,” said he. “Thank God it will not be so long before both hands will be yours.”

We all followed, very exactly, the order that had been, with so much proud parade, prescribed by Earl Marshal Selby.

The coach-way was lined with spectators. Mr. Selby, it seems, bowed all the way, in return to the salutes of his acquaintance. Have you never, Lady L., called for the attention of your company, in your coach, to something that has passed in the streets, or on the road, and at the same time thrust your head through the window so that nobody could see but yourself? So it was with Mr. Selby, I doubt not. He wanted every one to look in at the happy pair ; but took care that hardly anybody but himself should be seen. I asked him afterwards if it were not so? He knew not, he said, but it might.

“Lucy, my dear girl, take the pen. You don't know, you say, what I wrote last—read it, my girl—you have it—take the pen ; I want to be among them.”

[Lucy.] Lady G. says I must give an account of the procession, and she will conduct them into the church ; I out of it. I cannot, she says, be too minute. Every woman's heart leaps, she says, when a wedding is described, and wishes to know all, *how and about it*. Your ladyship will know, that these words are Lady G.'s own ; but what can I say of the procession ?

The poor Harriet—Fie upon me—The *rich* Harriet, was not sorry, I believe, that her uncle's head, now on this side, now on the other, in a manner, filled the coach ; but when it stopped at the churchyard, an enclosed one, whose walls kept off coaches near a stone's throw from the church porch, then was my lovely cousin put to it ; especially as my grandmother walked so slow. We were all out of our coaches before the father and the bride entered the porch. I should tell your ladyship that the passage from the entrance of the churchyard to the church is railed in.

Every Sunday the crowd (gathered to see the gentry go in and come out) are accustomed to be bounded by these rails ; and were the more contentedly so now : the whole churchyard seemed one mass (but for that separating passage) of living matter, distinguished only by separate heads ; not a hat on the men's ; pulled off, perhaps, by general consent, for the convenience of seeing, more than from designed regard in *that* particular. But, in the main, never was there such silent respect shown, on the like occasion, by mortal mob. We all of us, Lady L., have the happiness of being beloved by high and low.

But one pretty spectacle it is impossible to pass by. Four girls, tenants' daughters, the eldest not above thirteen, appeared with neat wicker baskets in their hands, filled with flowers of the season. Cheerful way was made for them. As soon as the bride, and father, and Sir Charles, and Mrs. Shirley, alighted, these pretty little Floras, all dressed in white, chaplets of flowers for head-dresses, large nosegays in their bosoms, white ribbons adorning their stays and their baskets ; some streaming down, others tied round the handles in true lover's knots ; attended the company ; two going

before, the two others here and there, and everywhere, all strewing flowers: a pretty thought of the tenants among themselves. Sir Charles seemed much pleased with them: "Pretty dears," he called them, to one of them.

"*God* bless you!" and "*God* bless you!" was echoed from many mouths. Your brother's attention was chiefly employed on Mrs. Shirley, because of her age and lameness. Here my good Lady G. perhaps would stop to remark upon the worthy nature of the English populace, when good characters attract their admiration; for even the populace took notice, how right a thing it was for the finest young gentleman their eyes ever beheld, to take such care of so good an old lady. He *deserved* to live to be old himself, one said; they would warrant, others said, that he was a sweet-tempered man; and others, that he had a good heart. In the procession one of us picked up one praise, another, another. Though Lady G., Lady W., and the four bridemaids, as well as the lords, might have claimed high notice, yet not any of them received more than commendation; we were all considered but as satellites to the planets that passed before us. What, indeed, were we more? But let me say that Mrs.

Shirley had her share in reverence, as the lovely couple had theirs in admiration.

The churchwardens themselves were so complaisant as to stand at the church door, and opened it on the approach of the bride and her nuptial father. But all the pews near the altar were, however, filled (one or two excepted, which seemed to be left for the company) with ladies and well-dressed women of the neighbourhood : and though they seemed to intend to shut the doors after we had all got in, the church was full of people. Mr. Selby was displeased, for his niece's sake ; who, trembling, could hardly walk up to the altar. Sir Charles *seated* his venerable charge on a covered bench on the left side of the altar ; and by her, and on another covered bench on the right side, without the rails, we all, but the bridesmaids and their partners, took our seats. They stood, the men on the bridegroom's side ; the maids on Harriet's. Never——

[LADY G.] “Are you within the church, Lucy? You are, I protest. Let me read what you have done. Come, pretty well, pretty well. You were going to praise my brother, leave that to me, I have an excellent knack at it.”

Never was man so much, and so deservedly

admired. He saw his Harriet wanted support and encouragement. The minister stood suspended a few moments, as doubting whether she would not faint.

“My dearest love,” whispered Sir Charles, “remember you are doing honour to the happy, thrice happy, man of your choice: show that he is your choice in the face of this congregation.”

“Pardon me, sir, I will endeavour to be all you wish me.”

Sir Charles bowed to the minister to begin the sacred office. Mr. Selby, with all his bravery, trembled, and, overcome by the solemnity of the preparation, looked now pale, now red. The whole congregation were hushed and silent, as if nobody were in the church but persons immediately concerned to be there. Emily changed colour frequently. She had her handkerchief in her hand; and (pretty enough!) her sister bridemaids, little thinking that Emily had a reason for her emotion which none of them had, pulled out *their* handkerchiefs too, and *permitted* a gentle tear or two to steal down their glowing cheeks. I fixed my eyes on Emily, sitting outward, to keep her in order. The doctor began—“*Dearly beloved*——” “Ah,

Harriet!" thought I, "thou art much quieter, now, than once thou wert at these words."*

No *impediments* were confessed by either of the parties, when they were referred to by the minister on this head. I suppose this reference would have been omitted by Sir Hargrave's snuffing parson. To the question, to my brother, "*Wilt thou have,*" &c., he cheerfully answered, "*I will.*" Harriet did not say, *I will not.* "*Who giveth this woman,*" &c. "I, I, I," said uncle Selby; and he owns that he had much ado to refrain saying, "With all my heart and soul!" Sir Charles seemed to have the office *by heart*; Harriet, *in her heart*; for, before the minister could take the right hand of the good girl to put it into that of my brother, his hand knew its office; nor did her trembling hand decline the favour. Then followed the words of acceptance: "*I, Charles, take thee, Harriet,*" &c., on *his* part, which he audibly, and with apparent joy and reverence in his countenance, repeated after the minister. But not quite so alert was Harriet, in *her* turn: her hand was rather taken than offered. Her lips, however, moved after the minister; nor seemed to

* When Sir Hargrave Pollexfen would have compelled her to be his.

hesitate at the little word *obey*, which, I remember, gave a qualm to my poor heart, on the like occasion. The ring was presented. The doctor gave it to Sir Charles ; who, with his usual grace, put it on the finger of the most charming woman in England ; repeating after the minister, audibly, "*With this ring I thee wed,*" &c. She brightened up, when the minister, joining their right hands, read, "*Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.*" And the minister's address to the company, declaring the marriage, and pronouncing them man and wife, in the name of the Holy Trinity, and his blessing them, swelled, she owns, her grateful heart ready to bursting. In the responses, I could not but observe that the congregation generally joined, as if they were interested in the celebration.

Sir Charles, with a joy that lighted up a more charming flush than usual on his face, his lively soul looking out at his fine eyes, yet with an air as modest as respectful, did credit to our sex before the applauding multitude, by bending his knee to his sweet bride, on taking her hand, and saluting her, on the conclusion of the ceremony. "May God, my dearest life," said he, audibly, "be gracious to *your* Grandison,

as he will be good to *his* Harriet, now no more Byron!" She curtsied low, and with so modest a grace, that every soul blessed her, and pronounced her the loveliest of women, and him the most graceful and polite of men.

He invited Dr. Curtis to the wedding dinner, and led his bride into the vestry.

She was followed by her virgin-train; they by their partners. She threw herself, the moment she beheld her grandmother, at her feet. "Bless, madam, your happy, happy child."

"God for ever bless the darling of my heart!"

Sir Charles bent his knee to the venerable lady with such a *condescending* dignity, if I may so express myself—"Receive and bless also your son, my Harriet's reverend parent and mine."

The dear lady was affected. She slid off her seat on her knees, and with uplifted hands and eyes, tears trickling on her cheeks, "Thou Almighty, bless the dear son of my wishes!"

He raised her with pious tenderness, and saluted her. He was affected. Everybody was. And having seated the old lady, he turned to Mrs. Selby,—“Words are poor,”

said he ; “ my actions, my behaviour, shall speak the grateful sense I have of your goodness,” saluting her. “ Of yours, madam,” to Mrs. Shirley ; “ and of yours, my dearest life,” addressing himself to his lovely bride, who seemed hardly able to sustain her joy, on so respectful a recognition of relation to persons so dear to her. “ Let me once more,” added he, “ bless the hand that has blessed me !”

She cheerfully offered it. “ I give you, sir, my hand,” said she, “ and with it a poor heart—a poor heart, indeed ! But it is a grateful one ! It is all your own !”

He bowed upon her hand. He spoke not. He seemed as if he could not speak.

Joy, joy, joy ! was wished the happy pair from every mouth.

But here comes Lucy. “ My dear girl, take the pen ; I am too *sentimental*. The French only are proud of sentiments at this day ; the English cannot bear them : story, story, story, is what they hunt after, whether sense or nonsense, probable or improbable.”

[LUCY.] “ Bless me, Lady G. ! you have written a great deal in a little time. What am I to do ?”

[LADY G.] “ You brought the happy pair

into the church. I have told Lady L. what was done there. You are to carry them out."

[LUCY.] "And so I will."—"My dearest love," said her charming man to my cousin, who had a little panic on the thoughts of going back through so great a crowd, "imagine as you walk that you see nobody but the happy man whom you have honoured with your hand. Everybody will praise and admire the loveliest of women. Nobody, I hope, will blame your choice."

"Oh, sir! how charmingly do you strengthen my mind! I will show the world that my choice is my glory."

Everybody being ready, she gave her hand to the beloved of her heart.

The bells were set a-ringing the moment the solemnity was concluded; and Sir Charles Grandison, the esteemed of every heart, led his graceful bride, through a lane of applauding and decent behaving spectators, down through the church; and still more thronging multitudes in the churchyard; the four little Floras again strewing flowers at their feet as they passed. "My sweet girls," said he to two of them, "I charge you, complete the honour you have

done us by your presence at Selby House. You will bring your companions with you, my loves."

My uncle looked around him as he led Mrs. Shirley, *so* proud! and *so* stately! By some undesigned change, Mr. Beauchamp led Miss Jervois. She seemed pleased and happy, for he whispered to her, all the way, praises of her guardian. "*My guardian!*" twice or thrice, occasionally repeated she aloud, as if she boasted of standing in some relation to him.

The bride and bridegroom stopped for Mrs. Shirley a little while at the coach-side,—a very grateful accident to the spectators. He led them both in, with a politeness that attends him in all he does. The coach wheeled off, to give way to the next; and we came back in the order we went.

"Now, my dear Lady G., you who never were from the side of your dear new sister for the rest of the day, resume the pen."

[LADY G.] "I will, my dear; but in a new letter. This four sheet is written down to the very edge. Caroline will be impatient; I will send away this."

Joy to my sister! Joy to my aunt! Joy to the earl! To Lady Gertrude! To our dear

Dr. Bartlett! To every one on an event so happy, and so long wished for by us all!

“Sign Lucy, sign.”

“After your ladyship.”

“*There then,*” CHARLOTTE G.

“*And there then,*” LUCY SELBY.

[Harriet Grandison leaves with her husband for Grandison Hall as soon as all the festivities are over. She sends her grandmother, Mrs. Shirley, a detailed account of her new home. The last volume recounts the happiness of her married life and the beneficence of Sir Charles. Clementina arrives in England to escape a forced marriage, and finds a refuge at Grandison Hall, where Harriet treats her with the utmost goodness. Her family follow her to England, and, finding her so desperate, come to terms with her. She and they depart, but the reader is given to understand that she may some day soon accept the Count of Belvedere. The book ends with the death of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.]

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Sunday Afternoon.

A new engagement, and of a melancholy kind, calls Sir Charles away from me again. In how many ways may a good man be serviceable to his fellow creatures!

About two hours ago a near relation of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came hither, in Sir

Hargrave's chariot and six (the horses smoking), to beg he would set out *with* him, if possible, to the unhappy man's house on the forest, where he has been for a fortnight past, resigned to his *last* hope (and usually the physicians' *last* prescription), *the air*. The gentleman's *name* is Pollexfen. He will, if the poor man die childless, enjoy the greatest part of his large estate. Mr. Pollexfen is a worthy man, I believe, notwithstanding Sir Hargrave's former disregard to him, and jealousies ; for, after he had delivered his message from his cousin, which was to beseech the comfort of Sir Charles's presence, and to declare that he could not die in peace, unless he saw him ; he seconded Sir Hargrave's request with tears in his eyes, and an earnestness that had both honesty and compassion in it. Sir Charles wanted not this to induce him to go, for he looks upon visiting the sick, in such urgent cases, as an indispensable duty ; and, waiting but till the horses had baited, he set out with Mr. Pollexfen with the utmost cheerfulness.

Mr. Merceda, Mr. Bagenhall, and now Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, in the prime of their youth ! So lately revelling in full health, even to wantonness !—Companions in iniquity !—In

so *few* months!—Thou, Almighty, comfort the poor man in his last agonies! and receive him!

Having filled my paper with the journal of near a week, I will conclude here, my dear grandmamma, with every tender wish and fervent prayer for the health and happiness of all my dear friends in Northamptonshire, who so kindly partake in that of *their and your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LADY GRANDISON TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Wednesday, July 4th.

Ah, my grandmamma!—The poor Sir Hargrave!—

Sir Charles returned but this morning. He found him sensible. He rejoiced to see him. He instantly begged his prayers. He wrung his hands; wept; lamented his past free life. “Fain,” said he, “would I have been intrusted with a few years’ trial of my penitence. I have wearied heaven with my prayers to this purpose. *I deserved* not, perhaps, that they should be heard. My conscience cruelly told me, that I had neglected a multitude of opportunities! slighted a multitude of warnings! Oh, Sir

Charles Grandison! It is a hard, *hard* thing to die! In the prime of youth, too! Such noble possessions!”

Sir Charles, at his request, sat up with him all night: he endeavoured to administer comfort to him; and called out for mercy for him, when the poor man could only, by expressive looks, join in the solemn invocation. Sir Hargrave had begged he would close his eyes. He did; he stayed to the last painful moment.

Poor Sir Hargrave Pollexfen! May he have met with mercy from the All-merciful!

He gave his will into Sir Charles's hands, soon after he came down. He has made him his sole executor. Have you not been told that Sir Charles had heretofore reconciled him to his relations and heirs-at-law? He had the pleasure of finding the reconciliation sincere. The poor man spoke kindly to them all. They were tenderly careful of him. He acknowledged their care.

I cannot write for tears. The poor man, in the last solemn act of his life, has been *intendedly* kind, but *really* cruel to me. I should have been a sincere mourner for him, without this act of regard for me. He has left me, as a

small atonement, he calls it, for the terrors he once gave me, a very large legacy in money (Sir Charles has not yet told me what), and his jewels and plate ; and he has left Sir Charles a noble one besides. He died immensely rich. Sir Charles is grieved at both legacies ; and the more, as he cannot give them back to his heirs, for they declare that he bound them under a solemn oath not to accept back, either from Sir Charles or me, the large bequests he told them he had made us ; and they assured Sir Charles that they would be religiously bound by it.

Many unhappy objects will be the better for these bequests. Sir Charles tells me that he will not interfere, no not so much as by his advice, in the disposal of mine. You, madam, and my aunt Selby, must direct me, when it comes into my hands. Sir Charles intends that the poor man's memory shall receive true honour from the disposition of his legacy to him. He is pleased with his Harriet for the concern she expressed for this unhappy man. The most indulgent of husbands finds out some reason to praise her for everything she says and does. But could HE be otherwise than the best of HUSBANDS, who was the most dutiful of

SONS ; who is the most affectionate of BROTHERS ; the most faithful of FRIENDS ; who is good upon principle in every relation of life !

What, my dear grandmamma, is the boasted character of most of those who are called HEROES, to the unostentatious merit of a TRULY GOOD MAN ! In what a variety of amiable lights does such a one appear ! In how many ways is he a blessing and a joy to his fellow-creatures !

And this blessing, this joy, your Harriet can call more peculiarly her own !

My single heart, methinks, is not big enough to contain the gratitude which such a lot demands. Let the overflowings of your pious joy, my dearest grandmamma, join with my thankfulness, in paying part of the immense debt for *your undeservedly happy*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

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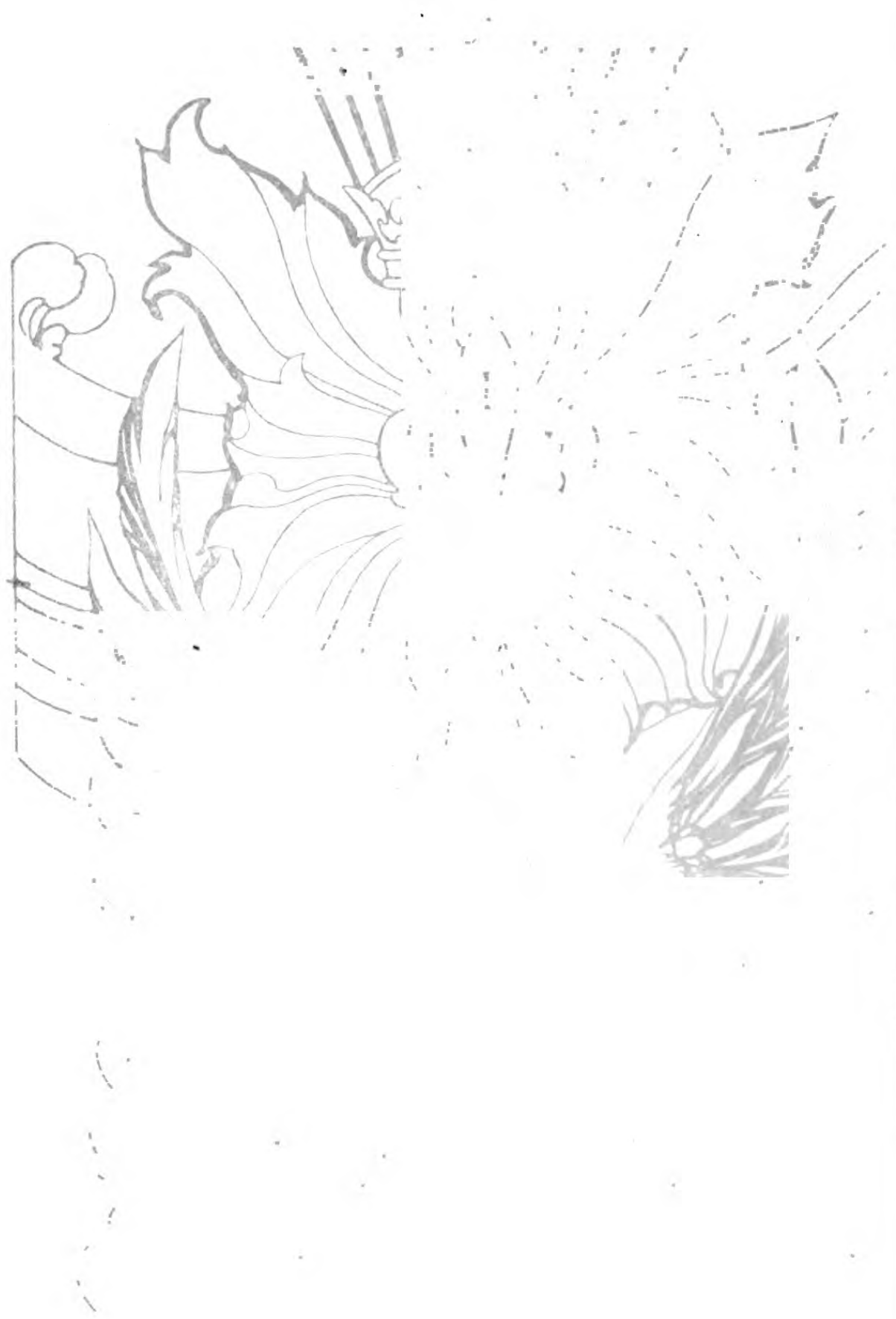
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