

CLARISSA HARLOWE
or the
HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY

By Samuel Richardson

Nine Volumes
Volume IV.

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LETTER I. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— Likes her lodgings; but not greatly the widow. Chides Miss Howe for her rash, though friendly vow. Catalogue of good books she finds in her closet. Utterly dissatisfied with him for giving out to the women below that they were privately married. Has a strong debate with him on this subject. He offers matrimony to her, but in such a manner that she could not close with his offer. Her caution as to doors, windows, and seals of letters.

LETTER II. Miss Howe to Clarissa.— Her expedient to correspond with each other every day. Is glad she had thoughts of marrying him had he repeated his offer. Wonders he did not.

LETTER III. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— Breakfasts with him and the widow, and her two nieces. Observations upon their behaviour and looks. He makes a merit of leaving her, and hopes, ON HIS RETURN, that she will name his happy day. She is willing to make the best constructions in his favour. In his next letter (extracts from which are only given) he triumphs on the points he has carried. Stimulated by the women, he resumes his resolution to try her to the utmost.

LETTER IV. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— Lovelace returns the next day. She thinks herself meanly treated, and is angry. He again urges marriage; but before she can return his answer makes another proposal; yet she suspects not that he means a studied delay. He is in treaty for Mrs. Fretchville's house. Description of it. An inviting opportunity offers for him to propose matrimony to her. She wonders he let it slip. He is very urgent for her company at a collation he is to give to four of his select friends, and Miss Partington. He gives an account who Miss Partington is. In Mr. Lovelace's next letter he invites Belford, Mowbray, Belton, and Tourville, to his collation. His humourous instructions for their behaviour before the lady. Has two views in getting her into their company.

LETTER V. Lovelace to Belford.— Has been at church with Clarissa. The sabbath a charming institution. The text startles him. Nathan the prophet he calls a good ingenious fellow. She likes the women better than she did at first. She reluctantly consents to honour his collation with her presence. Longs to have their opinions of his fair prize. Describes her to great advantage.

LETTER VI. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— She praises his good behaviour at St. Paul's. Is prevailed on to dine with Mrs. Sinclair and her nieces. Is better pleased with them than she thought she should be. Blames herself for her readiness to censure, where reputation is concerned. Her charitable allowances on this head. This day an agreeable day. Interprets ever thing she can fairly interpret in Mr. Lovelace's favour. She could prefer him to all the men she ever knew, if he would always be what he had been that day. Is determined, as much as possible, by true merit, and by deeds. Dates again, and is offended at Miss Partington's being introduced to her, and at his making her yield to be present at his intended collation.

LETTER VII. From the same.— Disgusted with her evening. Characterizes his four companions. Likes not Miss Partington's behaviour.

LETTER VIII. From the same.— An attempt to induce her to admit Miss Partington to a share in her bed for that night. She refuses. Her reasons. Is highly dissatisfied.

LETTER IX. From the same.— Has received an angry letter from Mrs. Howe, forbidding her to correspond with her daughter. She advises compliance, though against herself; and, to induce her to it, makes the best of her present prospects.

LETTER X. Miss Howe. In answer.— Flares out upon this step of her mother. Insists upon continuing the correspondence. Her menaces if Clarissa write not. Raves against Lovelace. But blames her for not obliging Miss Partington: and why. Advises her to think of settlements. Likes Lovelace's proposal of Mrs. Fretchville's house.

LETTER XI. Clarissa. In reply.— Terrified at her menaces, she promises to continue writing. Beseeches her to learn to subdue her passions. Has just received her clothes.

LETTER XII. Mr. Hickman to Clarissa.— Miss Howe, he tells her, is uneasy for the vexation she has given her. If she will write on as before, Miss Howe will not think of doing what she is so apprehensive of. He offers her his most faithful services.

LETTER XIII. XIV. Lovelace to Belford.— Tells him how much the lady dislikes the confraternity; Belford as well as the rest. Has a warm debate with her in her behalf. Looks upon her refusing a share in her bed to Miss Partington as suspecting and defying him. Threatens her.—Savagely glories in her grief, on receiving Miss Howe's prohibitory letter: which appears to be instigated by himself.

LETTER XV. Belford to Lovelace.— His and his compeer's high admiration of Clarissa. They all join to entreat him to do her justice.

LETTER XVI. XVII. Lovelace. In answer.— He endeavours to palliate his purposes by familiar instances of cruelty to birds, &c.—Farther characteristic reasonings in support of his wicked designs. The passive condition to which he wants to bring the lady.

LETTER XVIII. Belford. In reply.— Still warmly argues in behalf of the lady. Is obliged to attend a dying uncle: and entreats him to write from time to time an account of all his proceedings.

LETTER XIX. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— Lovelace, she says, complains of the reserves he gives occasion for. His pride a dirty low pride, which has eaten up his prudence. He is sunk in her opinion. An afflicting letter sent her from her cousin Morden. Encloses the letter. In which her cousin (swayed by the representations of her brother) pleads in behalf of Solmes, and the family-views; and sets before her, in strong and just lights, the character of a libertine. Her heavy reflections upon the contents. Her generous prayer.

LETTER XX. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— He presses her to go abroad with him; yet mentions not the ceremony that should give propriety to his urgency. Cannot bear the life she lives. Wishes her uncle Harlowe to be sounded by Mr. Hickman, as to a reconciliation. Mennell introduced to her. Will not take another step with Lovelace till

she know the success of the proposed application to her uncle. Substance of two letters from Lovelace to Belford; in which he tells him who Mennell is, and gives an account of many new contrivances and precautions. Women's pockets ballast-bags. Mrs. Sinclair's wardrobe. Good order observed in her house. The lady's caution, he says, warrants his contrivances.

LETTER XXI. Lovelace to Belford.— Will write a play. The title of it, The Quarrelsome Lovers. Perseverance his glory; patience his hand-maid. Attempts to get a letter the lady had dropt as she sat. Her high indignation upon it. Farther plots. Paul Wheatly, who; and for what employed. Sally Martin's reproaches. Has overplotted himself. Human nature a well-known rogue.

LETTER XXII. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— Acquaints her with their present quarrel. Finds it imprudent to stay with him. Re-urges the application to her uncle. Cautions her sex with regard to the danger of being misled by the eye.

LETTER XXIII. Miss Howe. In answer.— Approves of her leaving Lovelace. New stories of his wickedness. Will have her uncle sounded. Comforts her. How much her case differs from that of any other female fugitive. She will be an example, as well as a warning. A picture of Clarissa's happiness before she knew Lovelace. Brief sketches of her exalted character. Adversity her shining time.

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LETTER XXVI. Mrs. Norton. In answer.

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LETTER XXVIII. Mrs. Harlowe's pathetic letter to Mrs. Norton.

LETTER XXIX. Miss Howe to Clarissa.— Fruitless issue of Mr. Hickman's application to her uncle. Advises her how to proceed with, and what to say to, Lovelace. Endeavours to account for his teasing ways. Who knows, she says, but her dear friend was permitted to swerve, in order to bring about his reformation? Informs her of her uncle Antony's intended address to her mother.

LETTER XXX. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— Hard fate to be thrown upon an ungenerous and cruel man. Reasons why she cannot proceed with Mr. Lovelace as she advises. Affecting apostrophe to Lovelace.

LETTER XXXI. From the same.— Interesting conversation with Lovelace. He frightens her. He mentions settlements. Her modest encouragements of him. He evades. True generosity what. She requires his proposals of settlements in writing. Examines herself on her whole conduct to Lovelace. Maidenly niceness not her motive for the distance she has kept him at. What is. Invites her correction if she deceive herself.

LETTER XXXII. From the same.— With Mr. Lovelace's written proposals. Her observations on the cold conclusion of them. He knows not what every wise man knows, of the prudence and delicacy required in a wife.

LETTER XXXIII. From the same.— Mr. Lovelace presses for the day; yet makes a proposal which must necessarily occasion a delay. Her unreserved and pathetic answer to it. He is affected by it. She rejoices that he is penetrable. He presses for her instant resolution; but at the same time insinuates delay. Seeing her displeased, he urges for the morrow: but, before she can answer, gives her the alternative of other days. Yet, wanting to reward himself, as if he had obliged her, she repulses him on a liberty he would have taken. He is enraged. Her melancholy reflections on her future prospects with such a man. The moral she deduces from her story. [A note, defending her conduct from the censure which passed upon her as over nice.]

Extracts from four of his letters: in which he glories in his cruelty. Hardheartedness he owns to be an essential of the libertine character. Enjoys the confusion of a fine woman. His apostrophe to virtue. Ashamed of being visibly affected. Enraged against her for repulsing him. Will steel his own heart, that he may cut through a rock of ice to her's. The women afresh instigate him to attempt her virtue.

LETTER XXXIV. Miss Howe to Clarissa.— Is enraged at his delays. Will think of some scheme to get her out of his hands. Has no notion that he can or dare to mean her dishonour. Women do not naturally hate such men as Lovelace.

LETTER XXXV. Belford to Lovelace.— Warmly espouses the lady's cause. Nothing but vanity and nonsense in the wild pursuits of libertines. For his own sake, for his family's sake, and for the sake of their common humanity, he beseeches him to do this lady justice.

LETTER XXXVI. Lord M. to Mr. Belford.— A proverbial letter in the lady's favour.

LETTER XXXVII. Lovelace to Belford.— He ludicrously turns Belford's arguments against him. Resistance inflames him. Why the gallant is preferred to the husband. Gives a piece of advice to married women. Substance of his letter to Lord M. desiring him to give the lady to him in person. His view in this letter. Ridicules Lord M. for his proverbs. Ludicrous advice to Belford in relation to his dying uncle. What physicians should do when a patient is given over.

LETTER XXXVIII. Belford to Lovelace.— Sets forth the folly, the inconvenience, the impolicy of KEEPING, and the preference of MARRIAGE, upon the foot of their own principles, as libertines.

LETTER XXXIX. Lovelace to Belford.— Affects to mistake the intention of Belford's letter, and thanks him for approving his present scheme. The seduction progress is more delightful to him, he says, than the crowning act.

LETTER XL. From the same.— All extremely happy at present. Contrives a conversation for the lady to overhear. Platonic love, how it generally ends. Will get her to a play; likes not tragedies. Has too much feeling. Why men of his cast prefer comedy to tragedy. The nymphs, and Mrs. Sinclair, and all their acquaintances, of the

same mind. Other artifices of his. Could he have been admitted in her hours of dishabille and heedlessness, he had been long ago master of his wishes. His view in getting her to a play: a play, and a collation afterwards, greatly befriended a lover's designs; and why. She consents to go with him to see the tragedy of Venice Preserved.

LETTER XLI. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— Gives the particulars of the overheard conversation. Thinks her prospects a little mended. Is willing to compound for tolerable appearances, and to hope, when reason for hope offers.

LETTER XLII. Miss Howe to Clarissa.— Her scheme of Mrs. Townsend. Is not for encouraging dealers in prohibited goods; and why. Her humourous treatment of Hickman on consulting him upon Lovelace's proposals of settlements.

LETTER XLIII. From the same.— Her account of Antony Harlowe's address to her mother, and of what passed on her mother's communicating it to her. Copy of Mrs. Howe's answer to his letter.

LETTER XLIV. XLV. Lovelace to Belford.— Comes at several letters of Miss Howe. He is now more assured of Clarissa than ever; and why. Sparkling eyes, what they indicate. She keeps him at distance. Repeated instigations from the women. Account of the letters he has come at. All rage and revenge upon the contents of them. Menaces Hickman. Wishes Miss Howe had come up to town, as she threatened.

LETTER XLVI. Clarissa to Miss Howe.—Is terrified by him. Disclaims prudery. Begs of Miss Howe to perfect her scheme, that she may leave him. She thinks her temper changed for the worse. Trembles to look back upon his encroachments. Is afraid, on the close self-examination which her calamities have caused her to make, that even in the best actions of her past life she has not been quite free from secret pride, &c. Tears almost in two the answer she had written to his proposals. Intends to go out next day, and not to return. Her farther intentions.

LETTER XLVII. Lovelace to Belford.— Meets the lady at breakfast. Flings the tea-cup and saucer over his head. The occasion. Alarms and terrifies her by his free address. Romping, the use of it by a lover. Will try if she will not yield to nightly surprises. A lion-hearted lady where her honour is concerned. Must have recourse to his master-strokes. Fable of the sun and north wind. Mrs. Fretchville's house an embarrass. He gives that pretended lady the small-pox. Other contrivances in his head to bring Clarissa back, if she should get away. Miss Howe's scheme of Mrs. Townsend is, he says, a sword hanging over his head. He must change his measures to render it abortive. He is of the true lady-make. What that is. Another conversation between them. Her apostrophe to her father. He is temporarily moved. Dorcas gives him notice of a paper she has come at, and is transcribing. In order to detain the lady, he presses for the day. Miss Howe he fancies in love with him; and why. He sees Clarissa does not hate him.

LETTER XLVIII. From the same.— Copy of the transcribed paper. It proves to be her torn answer to his proposals. Meekness the glory of a woman. Ludicrous image of a termagant wife. He had better never to have seen this paper. Has very strong remorse. Paints them in lively colours. Sets forth the lady's transcendent virtue, and

greatness of mind. Surprised into these arguments in her favour by his conscience. Puts it to flight.

LETTER XLIX. From the same.— Mennell scruples to aid him farther in his designs. Vapourish people the physical tribe's milch-cows. Advice to the faculty. Has done with the project about Mrs. Fretchville's house. The lady suspects him. A seasonable letter for him from his cousin Charlotte. Sends up the letter to the lady. She writes to Miss Howe, upon perusing it, to suspend for the present her application to Mrs. Townsend.

LETTER L. From the same.— An interview all placid and agreeable. Now is he in a train. All he now waits for is a letter from Lord M. Inquires after their marriage by a stranger of good appearance. The lady alarmed at them.

LETTER LI. Lovelace to Belford.— Curses his uncle for another proverbial letter he has sent him. Permits the lady to see it. Nine women in ten that fall, fall, he says, through their own fault.

LETTER LII. Lord M.'s characteristic letter.

LETTER LIII. Lovelace to Belford.— The lady now comes to him at the first word. Triumphs in her sweetness of temper, and on her patience with him. Puts his writings into counsellor Williams's hands, to prepare settlements. Shall now be doubly armed. Boasts of his contrivances in petto. Brings patterns to her. Proposes jewels. Admires her for her prudence with regard to what he puts her upon doing for her Norton. What his wife must do and be. She declines a public wedding. Her dutiful reasons. She is willing to dispense with Lord M.'s presence. He writes to Lord M. accordingly. Extract from a letter from Clarissa.— After giving Miss Howe an account of the present favourable appearances, she desires her to keep herself all such of the particulars which she has communicated to her as may discredit Mr. Lovelace.

LETTER LIV. Lovelace to Belford.— His projected plot to revenge himself upon Miss Howe.

LETTER LV. From the same.— Fresh contrivances crowd in upon him. He shall be very sick on the morrow; and why. Women below impertinently reproachful. He will be no man's successor. Will not take up with harlots.—History of the French marquis.

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE

VOLUME FOUR

LETTER I

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 26.

At length, my dearest Miss Howe, I am in London, and in my new lodgings. They are neatly furnished, and the situation, for the town, is pleasant.

But I think you must not ask me how I like the old gentlewoman. Yet she seems courteous and obliging.—Her kinswomen just appeared to welcome me at my alighting. They seemed to be genteel young women. But more of their aunt and them, as I shall see more.

Miss Sorlings has an uncle at Barnet, whom she found so very ill, that her uneasiness, on that account, (having large expectations from him,) made me comply with her desire to stay with him. Yet I wished, as her uncle did not expect her, that she would see me settled in London; and Mr. Lovelace was still more earnest that she would, offering to send her back again in a day or two, and urging that her uncle's malady threatened not a sudden change. But leaving the matter to her choice, after she knew what would have been mine, she made me not the expected compliment. Mr. Lovelace, however, made her a handsome present at parting.

His genteel spirit, on all occasions, makes me often wish him more consistent.

As soon as he arrived, I took possession of my apartment. I shall make good use of the light closet in it, if I stay here any time.

One of his attendants returns in the morning to The Lawn; and I made writing to you by him an excuse for my retiring.

And now give me leave to chide you, my dearest friend, for your rash, and I hope revocable resolution not to make Mr. Hickman the happiest man in the world, while my happiness is in suspense. Suppose I were to be unhappy, what, my dear, would this resolution of yours avail me? Marriage is the highest state of friendship: if happy, it lessens our cares, by dividing them, at the same time that it doubles our pleasures by a mutual participation. Why, my dear, if you love me, will you not rather give another friend to one who has not two she is sure of? Had you married on your mother's last birth-day, as she would have had you, I should not, I dare say, have wanted a refuge; that would have saved me many mortifications, and much disgrace.

Here I was broke in upon by Mr. Lovelace; introducing the widow leading in a kinswoman of her's to attend me, if I approved of her, till my Hannah should come, or till I had provided myself with some other servant. The widow gave her many good qualities; but said, that she had one great defect; which was, that she could not write, nor read writing; that part of her education having been neglected when she was young;

but for discretion, fidelity, obligingness, she was not to be out-done by any body. So commented her likewise for her skill at the needle.

As for her defect, I can easily forgive that. She is very likely and genteel—too genteel indeed, I think, for a servant. But what I like least of all in her, she has a strange sly eye. I never saw such an eye; half-confident, I think. But indeed Mrs. Sinclair herself, (for that is the widow's name,) has an odd winking eye; and her respectfulness seems too much studied, methinks, for the London ease and freedom. But people can't help their looks, you know; and after all she is extremely civil and obliging,—and as for the young woman, (Dorcas is her name,) she will not be long with me.

I accepted her: How could I do otherwise, (if I had had a mind to make objections, which, in my present situation, I had not,) her aunt present, and the young woman also present; and Mr. Lovelace officious in his introducing them, to oblige me? But, upon their leaving me, I told him, (who seemed inclinable to begin a conversation with me,) that I desired that this apartment might be considered as my retirement: that when I saw him it might be in the dining-room, (which is up a few stairs; for this back-house, being once two, the rooms do not all of them very conveniently communicate with each other,) and that I might be as little broken in upon as possible, when I am here. He withdrew very respectfully to the door, but there stopt; and asked for my company then in the dining-room. If he were about setting out for other lodgings, I would go with him now, I told him; but, if he did not just then go, I would first finish my letter to Miss Howe.

I see he has no mind to leave me if he can help it. My brother's scheme may give him a pretence to try to engage me to dispense with his promise. But if I now do I must acquit him of it entirely.

My approbation of his tender behaviour in the midst of my grief, has given him a right, as he seems to think, of addressing me with all the freedom of an approved lover. I see by this man, that when once a woman embarks with this sex, there is no receding. One concession is but the prelude to another with them. He has been ever since Sunday last continually complaining of the distance I keep him at; and thinks himself entitled now to call in question my value for him; strengthening his doubts by my former declared readiness to give him up to a reconciliation with my friends; and yet has himself fallen off from that obsequious tenderness, if I may couple the words, which drew from me the concessions he builds upon.

While we were talking at the door, my new servant came up with an invitation to us both to tea. I said he might accept of it, if he pleased: but I must pursue my writing; and not choosing either tea or supper, I desired him to make my excuses below, as to both; and inform them of my choice to be retired as much as possible; yet to promise for me my attendance on the widow and her nieces at breakfast in the morning.

He objected particularly in the eye of strangers as to avoiding supper.

You know, said I, and you can tell them, that I seldom eat suppers. My spirits are low. You must never urge me against a declared choice. Pray, Mr. Lovelace, inform them of all my particularities. If they are obliging, they will allow for them—I come not hither to make new acquaintance.

I have turned over the books I found in my closet; and am not a little pleased with them; and think the better of the people of the house for their sakes.

Stanhope's Gospels; Sharp's, Tillotson's, and South's Sermons; Nelson's Feasts and Fasts; a Sacramental Piece of the Bishop of Man, and another of Dr. Gauden, Bishop of Exeter; and Inett's Devotions, are among the devout books:—and among those of a lighter turn, the following not ill- chosen ones: A Telemachus, in French; another in English; Steel's, Rowe's, and Shakespeare's Plays; that genteel Comedy of Mr. Cibber, The Careless Husband, and others of the same author; Dryden's Miscellanies; the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians; Pope's, and Swift's, and Addison's Works.

In the blank leaves of the Nelson and Bishop Gauden, is Mrs. Sinclair's name; and in those of most of the others, either Sarah Martin, or Mary Horton, the names of the two nieces.

I am exceedingly out of humour with Mr. Lovelace: and have great reason to be so, as you will allow, when you have read the conversation I am going to give you an account of; for he would not let me rest till I gave him my company in the dining-room.

He began with letting me know, that he had been out to inquire after the character of the widow, which was the more necessary, he said, as he supposed that I would expect his frequent absence.

I did, I said; and that he would not think of taking up his lodging in the same house with me. But what, said I, is the result of your inquiry?

Why, indeed, the widow's character was, in the main, what he liked well enough. But as it was Miss Howe's opinion, as I had told him, that my brother had not given over his scheme; as the widow lived by letting lodgings, and had others to let in the same part of the house, which might be taken by an enemy; he knew no better way than for him to take them all, as it could not be for a long time, unless I would think of removing to others.

So far was well enough. But as it was easy for me to see, that he spoke the slighter of the widow, in order to have a pretence to lodge here himself, I asked him his intention in that respect. And he frankly owned, that if I chose to stay here, he could not, as matters stood, think of leaving me for six hours together; and he had prepared the widow to expect, that we should be here but for a few days; only till we could fix ourselves in a house suitable to our condition; and this, that I might be under the less embarrassment, if I pleased to remove.

Fix our-selves in a house, and we, and our, Mr. Lovelace—Pray, in what light—

He interrupted me—Why, my dearest life, if you will hear me with patience—yet, I am half afraid that I have been too forward, as I have not consulted you upon it—but as my friends in town, according to what Mr. Doleman has written, in the letter you have seen, conclude us to be married—

Surely, Sir, you have not presumed—

Hear me out, my dearest creature—you have received with favour, my addresses: you have made me hope for the honour of your consenting hand: yet, by declining my most fervent tender of myself to you at Mrs. Sorlings's, have given me apprehensions of delay: I would not for the world be thought so ungenerous a wretch, now you have honoured me with your confidence, as to wish to precipitate you. Yet your brother's schemes are not given up. Singleton, I am afraid, is actually in town; his vessel lies at Rotherhithe—your brother is absent from Harlowe- place; indeed not with Singleton yet, as I can hear. If you are known to be mine, or if you are but thought to be so, there will probably be an end of your brother's contrivances. The widow's character may be as worthy as it is said to be. But the worthier she is, the more danger, if your brother's agent should find us out; since she may be persuaded, that she ought in conscience to take a parent's part against a child who stands in opposition to them. But if she believes us married, her good character will stand us instead, and give her a reason why two apartments are requisite for us at the hour of retirement.

I perfectly raved at him. I would have flung from him in resentment; but he would not let me: and what could I do? Whither go, the evening advanced?

I am astonished at you! said I.—If you are a man of honour, what need of all this strange obliquity? You delight in crooked ways—let me know, since I must stay in your company (for he held my hand), let me know all you have said to the people below.—Indeed, indeed, Mr. Lovelace, you are a very unaccountable man.

My dearest creature, need I to have mentioned any thing of this? and could I not have taken up my lodgings in this house unknown to you, if I had not intended to make you the judge of all my proceedings?—But this is what I have told the widow before her kinswomen, and before your new servant—'That indeed we were privately married at Hertford; but that you had preliminarily bound me under a solemn vow, which I am most religiously resolved to keep, to be contented with separate apartments, and even not to lodge under the same roof, till a certain reconciliation shall take place, which is of high consequence to both.' And further that I might convince you of the purity of my intentions, and that my whole view in this was to prevent mischief, I have acquainted them, 'that I have solemnly promised to behave to you before every body, as if we were only betrothed, and not married; not even offering to take any of those innocent freedoms which are not refused in the most punctilious loves.'

And then he solemnly vowed to me the strictest observance of the same respectful behaviour to me.

I said, that I was not by any means satisfied with the tale he had told, nor with the necessity he wanted to lay me under of appearing what I was not: that every step he took was a wry one, a needless wry one: and since he thought it necessary to tell the people below any thing about me, I insisted that he should unsay all he had said, and tell them the truth.

What he had told them, he said, was with so many circumstances, that he could sooner die than contradict it. And still he insisted upon the propriety of appearing to be married, for the reasons he had given before—And, dearest creature, said he, why this high displeasure with me upon so well-intended an expedient? You know, that I cannot wish

to shun your brother, or his Singleton, but upon your account. The first step I would take, if left to myself, would be to find them out. I have always acted in this manner, when any body has presumed to give out threatenings against it.

'Tis true I would have consulted you first, and had your leave. But since you dislike what I have said, let me implore you, dearest Madam, to give the only proper sanction to it, by naming an early day. Would to Heaven that were to be to-morrow!—For God's sake, let it be to-morrow! But, if not, [was it his business, my dear, before I spoke (yet he seemed to be afraid of me) to say, if not?] let me beseech you, Madam, if my behaviour shall not be to your dislike, that you will not to-morrow, at breakfast-time, discredit what I have told them. The moment I give you cause to think that I take any advantage of your concession, that moment revoke it, and expose me, as I shall deserve.—And once more, let me remind you, that I have no view either to serve or save myself by this expedient. It is only to prevent a probable mischief, for your own mind's sake; and for the sake of those who deserve not the least consideration from me.

What could I say? What could I do?—I verily think, that had he urged me again, in a proper manner, I should have consented (little satisfied as I am with him) to give him a meeting to-morrow morning at a more solemn place than in the parlour below.

But this I resolve, that he shall not have my consent to stay a night under this roof. He has now given me a stronger reason for this determination than I had before.

Alas! my dear, how vain a thing to say, what we will, or what we will not do, when we have put ourselves into the power of this sex!—He went down to the people below, on my desiring to be left to myself; and staid till their supper was just ready; and then, desiring a moment's audience, as he called it, he besought my leave to stay that one night, promising to set out either for Lord M.'s, or for Edgeware, to his friend Belford's, in the morning, after breakfast. But if I were against it, he said, he would not stay supper; and would attend me about eight next day—yet he added, that my denial would have a very particular appearance to the people below, from what he had told them; and the more, as he had actually agreed for all the vacant apartments, (indeed only for a month,) for the reasons he before hinted at: but I need not stay here two days, if, upon conversing with the widow and her nieces in the morning, I should have any dislike to them.

I thought, notwithstanding my resolution above-mentioned, that it would seem too punctilious to deny him, under the circumstances he had mentioned: having, besides, no reason to think he would obey me; for he looked as if he were determined to debate the matter with me. And now, as I see no likelihood of a reconciliation with my friends, and as I have actually received his addresses, I thought I would not quarrel with him, if I could help it, especially as he asked to stay but for one night, and could have done so without my knowing it; and you being of opinion, that the proud wretch, distrusting his own merits with me, or at least my regard for him, will probably bring me to some concessions in his favour—for all these reasons, I thought proper to yield this point: yet I was so vexed with him on the other, that it was impossible for me to comply with that grace which a concession should be made with, or not made at all.

This was what I said—What you will do, you must do, I think. You are very ready to promise; very ready to depart from your promise. You say, however, that you will set out to-morrow for the country. You know how ill I have been. I am not well enough now to debate with you upon your encroaching ways. I am utterly dissatisfied with the tale you have told below. Nor will I promise to appear to the people of the house to-morrow what I am not.

He withdrew in the most respectful manner, beseeching me only to favour him with such a meeting in the morning as might not make the widow and her nieces think he had given me reason to be offended with him.

I retired to my own apartment, and Dorcas came to me soon after to take my commands. I told her, that I required very little attendance, and always dressed and undressed myself.

She seemed concerned, as if she thought I had repulsed her; and said, it should be her whole study to oblige me.

I told her, that I was not difficult to be pleased: and should let her know from time to time what assistance I should expect from her. But for that night I had no occasion for her further attendance.

She is not only genteel, but is well bred, and well spoken—she must have had what is generally thought to be the polite part of education: but it is strange, that fathers and mothers should make so light, as they generally do, of that preferable part, in girls, which would improve their minds, and give a grace to all the rest.

As soon as she was gone, I inspected the doors, the windows, the wainscot, the dark closet as well as the light one; and finding very good fastenings to the door, and to all the windows, I again had recourse to my pen.

Mrs. Sinclair is just now gone from me. Dorcas, she told me, had acquainted her, that I had dismissed her for the night. She came to ask me how I liked my apartment, and to wish me good rest. She expressed her concern, that they could not have my company at supper. Mr. Lovelace, she said, had informed them of my love of retirement. She assured me, that I should not be broken in upon. She highly extolled him, and gave me a share in the praise as to person. But was sorry, she said, that she was likely to lose us so soon as Mr. Lovelace talked of.

I answered her with suitable civility; and she withdrew with great tokens of respect. With greater, I think, than should be from distance of years, as she was the wife of a gentleman; and as the appearance of every thing about her, as well house as dress, carries the marks of such good circumstances, as require not abasement.

If, my dear, you will write, against prohibition, be pleased to direct, To Miss Laetitia Beaumont; to be left till called for, at Mr. Wilson's, in Pall Mall.

Mr. Lovelace proposed this direction to me, not knowing of your desire that your letters should pass by a third hand. As his motive for it was, that my brother might not trace out

where we are, I am glad, as well from this instance as from others, that he seems to think he has done mischief enough already.

Do you know how my poor Hannah does?

Mr. Lovelace is so full of his contrivances and expedients, that I think it may not be amiss to desire you to look carefully to the seals of my letters, as I shall to those of yours. If I find him base in this particular, I shall think him capable of any evil; and will fly him as my worst enemy.

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