

CLARISSA HARLOWE
or the
HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY

By Samuel Richardson

Volume VII. (of Nine Volumes)

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DETAILED CONTENTS

LETTER I. Miss Howe to Clarissa.— Beseeches her to take comfort, and not despair. Is dreadfully apprehensive of her own safety from Mr. Lovelace. An instruction to mothers.

LETTER II. Clarissa To Miss Howe.— Averse as she is to appear in a court of justice against Lovelace, she will consent to prosecute him, rather than Miss Howe shall live in terror. Hopes she shall not despair: but doubts not, from so many concurrent circumstances, that the blow is given.

LETTER III. IV. Lovelace to Belford.— Has no subject worth writing upon now he has lost his Clarissa. Half in jest, half in earnest, [as usual with him when vexed or disappointed,] he deplores the loss of her.—Humourous account of Lord M., of himself, and of his two cousins Montague. His Clarissa has made him eyeless and senseless to every other beauty.

LETTER V. VI. VII. VIII. From the same.— Lady Sarah Sadleir and Lady Betty Lawrance arrive, and engage Lord M. and his two cousins Montague against him, on account of his treatment of the lady. His trial, as he calls it. After many altercations, they obtain his consent that his two cousins should endeavour to engage Miss Howe to prevail upon Clarissa to accept of him, on his unfeigned repentance. It is some pleasure to him, he however rakishly reflects, to observe how placable the ladies of his family would have been, had they met with a Lovelace. MARRIAGE, says he, with these women, is an atonement for the worst we can do to them; a true dramatic recompense. He makes several other whimsical, but characteristic observations, some of which may serve as cautions and warnings to the sex.

LETTER IX. Miss Howe to Clarissa.— Has had a visit from the two Miss Montague's. Their errand. Advises her to marry Lovelace. Reasons for her advice.

LETTER X. Miss Howe to Clarissa.— Chides her with friendly impatience for not answering her letter. Re-urges her to marry Lovelace, and instantly to put herself under Lady Betty's protection.

LETTER XI. Miss Howe to Miss Montague.— In a phrensy of her soul, writes to her to demand news of her beloved friend, spirited away, as she apprehends, by the base arts of the blackest of men.

LETTER XII. Lovelace to Belford.— The suffering innocent arrested and confined, by the execrable woman, in a sham action. He curses himself, and all his plots and contrivances. Conjures him to fly to her, and clear him of this low, this dirty villany; to set her free without conditions; and assure her, that he will never molest her more. Horribly execrates the diabolical women, who thought to make themselves a merit with him by this abominable insult.

LETTER XIII. XIV. Miss Montague to Miss Howe, with the particulars of all that has happened to the lady.—Mr. Lovelace the most miserable of men. Reflections on libertines. She, her sister, Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, Lord M., and Lovelace himself, all

sign letters to Miss Howe, asserting his innocence of this horrid insult, and imploring her continued interest in his and their favour with Clarissa.

LETTER XV. Belford to Lovelace.— Particulars of the vile arrest. Insolent visits of the wicked women to her. Her unexampled meekness and patience. Her fortitude. He admires it, and prefers it to the false courage of men of their class.

LETTER XVI. From the same.— Goes to the officer's house. A description of the horrid prison-room, and of the suffering lady on her knees in one corner of it. Her great and moving behaviour. Breaks off, and sends away his letter, on purpose to harass him by suspense.

LETTER XVII. Lovelace to Belford.— Curses him for his tormenting abruption. Clarissa never suffered half what he suffers. That sex made to bear pain. Conjures him to hasten to him the rest of his soul-harrowing intelligence.

LETTER XVIII. Belford to Lovelace.— His farther proceedings. The lady returns to her lodgings at Smith's. Distinction between revenge and resentment in her character. Sends her, from the vile women, all her apparel, as Lovelace had desired.

LETTER XIX. Belford to Lovelace.— Rejoices to find he can feel. Will endeavour from time to time to add to his remorse. Insists upon his promise not to molest the lady.

LETTER XX. From the same.— Describes her lodgings, and gives a character of the people, and of the good widow Lovick. She is so ill, that they provide her an honest nurse, and send for Mr. Goddard, a worthy apothecary. Substance of a letter to Miss Howe, dictated by the lady.

LETTER XXI. From the same.— Admitted to the lady's presence. What passed on the occasion. Really believes that she still loves him. Has a reverence, and even a holy love for her. Astonished that Lovelace could hold his purposes against such an angel of a woman. Condemns him for not timely exerting himself to save her.

LETTER XXII. From the same.— Dr. H. called in. Not having a single guinea to give him, she accepts of three from Mrs. Lovick on a diamond ring. Her dutiful reasons for admitting the doctor's visit. His engaging and gentlemanly behaviour. She resolves to part with some of her richest apparel. Her reasons.

LETTER XXIII. Lovelace to Belford.— Raves at him. For what. Rallies him, with his usual gayety, on several passages in his letters. Reasons why Clarissa's heart cannot be broken by what she has suffered. Passionate girls easily subdued. Sedate ones hardly ever pardon. He has some retrograde motions: yet is in earnest to marry Clarissa. Gravely concludes, that a person intending to marry should never be a rake. His gay resolutions. Renews, however, his promises not to molest her. A charming encouragement for a man of intrigue, when a woman is known not to love her husband. Advantages which men have over women, when disappointed in love. He knows she will permit him to make her amends, after she has plagued him heartily.

LETTER XXIV. Miss Howe to Clarissa.— Is shocked at receiving a letter from her written by another hand. Tenderly consoles her, and inveighs against Lovelace. Re-

urges her, however, to marry him. Her mother absolutely of her opinion. Praises Mr. Hickman's sister, who, with her Lord, had paid her a visit.

LETTER XXV. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— Her condition greatly mended. In what particulars. Her mind begins to strengthen; and she finds herself at times superior to her calamities. In what light she wishes her to think of her. Desires her to love her still, but with a weaning love. She is not now what she was when they were inseparable lovers. Their views must now be different.

LETTER XXVI. Belford to Lovelace.— A consuming malady, and a consuming mistress, as in Belton's case, dreadful things to struggle with. Farther reflections on the life of keeping. The poor man afraid to enter into his own house. Belford undertakes his cause. Instinct in brutes equivalent to natural affection in men. Story of the ancient Sarmatians, and their slaves. Reflects on the lives of rakes, and free-livers; and how ready they are in sickness to run away from one another. Picture of a rake on a sick bed. Will marry and desert them all.

LETTER XXVII. From the same.— The lady parts with some of her laces. Instances of the worthiness of Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard. He severely reflects upon Lovelace.

LETTER XXVIII. Lovelace to Belford.— Has an interview with Mr. Hickman. On what occasion. He endeavours to disconcert him, by assurance and ridicule; but finds him to behave with spirit.

LETTER XXIX. From the same.— Rallies him on his intentional reformation. Ascribes the lady's ill health entirely to the arrest, (in which, he says, he had no hand,) and to her relations' cruelty. Makes light of her selling her clothes and laces. Touches upon Belton's case. Distinguishes between companionship and friendship. How he purposes to rid Belton of his Thomasine and her cubs.

LETTER XXX. Belford to Lovelace.— The lady has written to her sister, to obtain a revocation of her father's malediction. Defends her parents. He pleads with the utmost earnestness to her for his friend.

LETTER XXXI. From the same.— Can hardly forbear prostration to her. Tenders himself as her banker. Conversation on this subject. Admires her magnanimity. No wonder that a virtue so solidly based could baffle all his arts. Other instances of her greatness of mind. Mr. Smith and his wife invite him, and beg of her to dine with them, it being their wedding day. Her affecting behaviour on the occasion. She briefly, and with her usual noble simplicity, relates to them the particulars of her life and misfortunes.

LETTER XXXII. Lovelace to Belford.— Ridicules him on his address to the lady as her banker, and on his aspirations and prostrations. Wants to come at letters she has written. Puts him upon engaging Mrs. Lovick to bring this about. Weight that proselytes have with the good people that convert them. Reasons for it. He has hopes still of the lady's favour; and why. Never adored her so much as now. Is about to go to a ball at Colonel Ambrose's. Who to be there. Censures affectation and finery in the dress of men; and particularly with a view to exalt himself, ridicules Belford on this subject.

LETTER XXXIII. XXXIV. XXXV. XXXVI. XXXVII. Sharp letters that pass between Miss Howe and Arabella Harlowe.

LETTER XXXVIII. Mrs. Harlowe to Mrs. Howe.— Sent with copies of the five foregoing letters.

LETTER XXXIX. Mrs. Howe to Mrs. Harlowe. In answer.

LETTER XL. Miss Howe to Clarissa.— Desires an answer to her former letters for her to communicate to Miss Montague. Farther enforces her own and her mother's opinion, that she should marry Lovelace. Is obliged by her mother to go to a ball at Colonel Ambrose's. Fervent professions of her friendly love.

LETTER XLI. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— Her noble reasons for refusing Lovelace. Desires her to communicate extracts from this letter to the Ladies of his family.

LETTER XLII. From the same.— Begs, for her sake, that she will forbear treating her relations with freedom and asperity. Endeavours, in her usual dutiful manner, to defend their conduct towards her. Presses her to make Mr. Hickman happy.

LETTER XLIII. Mrs. Norton to Clarissa.— Excuses her long silence. Her family, who were intending to favour her, incensed against her by means of Miss Howe's warm letters to her sister.

LETTER XLIV. Clarissa to Mrs. Norton.— Is concerned that Miss Howe should write about her to her friends. Gives her a narrative of all that has befallen her since her last. Her truly christian frame of mind. Makes reflections worthy of herself, upon her present situation, and upon her hopes, with regard to a happy futurity.

LETTER XLV. Copy of Clarissa's humble letter to her sister, imploring the revocation of her father's heavy malediction.

LETTER XLVI. Belford to Lovelace.— Defends the lady from the perverseness he (Lovelace) imputes to her on parting with some of her apparel. Poor Belton's miserable state both of body and mind. Observations on the friendship of libertines. Admires the noble simplicity, and natural ease and dignity of style, of the sacred books. Expatiates upon the pragmatistical folly of man. Those who know least, the greatest scoffers.

LETTER XLVII. From the same.— The lady parts with one of her best suits of clothes. Reflections upon such purchasers as take advantage of the necessities of their fellow-creatures. Self an odious devil. A visible alteration in the lady for the worse. She gives him all Mr. Lovelace's letters. He (Belford) takes this opportunity to plead for him. Mr. Hickman comes to visit her.

LETTER XLVIII. From the same.— Breakfasts next morning with the lady and Mr. Hickman. His advantageous opinion of that gentleman. Censures the conceited pride and narrow-mindedness of rakes and libertines. Tender and affecting parting between Mr. Hickman and the lady. Observations in praise of intellectual friendship.

LETTER XLIX. Miss Howe to Clarissa.— Has no notion of coldness in friendship. Is not a daughter of those whom she so freely treats. Delays giving the desired negative to the solicitation of the ladies of Lovelace's family; and why. Has been exceedingly fluttered

by the appearance of Lovelace at the ball given by Colonel Ambrose. What passed on that occasion. Her mother and all the ladies of their select acquaintance of opinion that she should accept of him.

LETTER L. Clarissa. In answer.— Chides her for suspending the decisive negative. Were she sure she should live many years, she would not have Mr. Lovelace. Censures of the world to be but of second regard with any body. Method as to devotion and exercise she was in when so cruelly arrested.

LETTER LI. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— Designed to be communicated to Mr. Lovelace's relations.

LETTER LII. LIII. Lovelace to Belford.— Two letters entirely characteristic yet intermingled with lessons and observations not unworthy of a better character. He has great hopes from Miss Howe's mediation in his favour. Picture of two rakes turned Hermits, in their penitentials.

LETTER LIV. Miss Howe to Clarissa.— She now greatly approves of her rejection of Lovelace. Admires the noble example she has given her sex of a passion conquered. Is sorry she wrote to Arabella: but cannot imitate her in her self-accusations, and acquittals of others who are all in fault. Her notions of a husband's prerogative. Hopes she is employing herself in penning down the particulars of her tragical story. Use to be made of it to the advantage of her sex. Her mother earnest about it.

LETTER LV. Miss Howe to Miss Montague.— With Clarissa's Letter, No. XLI. of this volume. Her own sentiments of the villanous treatment her beloved friend had met with from their kinsman. Prays for vengeance upon him, if she do not recover.

LETTER LVI. Mrs. Norton to Clarissa.— Acquaints her with some of their movements at Harlowe-place. Almost wishes she would marry the wicked man; and why. Useful reflections on what has befallen a young lady so universally beloved. Must try to move her mother in her favour. But by what means, will not tell her, unless she succeed.

LETTER LVII. Mrs. Norton to Mrs. Harlowe.

LETTER LVIII. Mrs. Harlowe's affecting answer.

LETTER LIX. Clarissa to Mrs. Norton.— Earnestly begs, for reasons equally generous and dutiful, that she may be left to her own way of working with her relations. Has received her sister's answer to her letter, No. XLV. of this volume. She tries to find an excuse for the severity of it, though greatly affected by it. Other affecting and dutiful reflections.

LETTER LX. Her sister's cruel letter, mentioned in the preceding.

LETTER LXI. Clarissa to Miss Howe.— Is pleased that she now at last approved of her rejecting Lovelace. Desires her to be comforted as to her. Promises that she will not run away from life. Hopes she has already got above the shock given her by the ill treatment she has met with from Lovelace. Has had an escape, rather than a loss. Impossible, were it not for the outrage, that she could have been happy with him; and why. Sets in the most affecting, the most dutiful and generous lights, the grief of her

father, mother, and other relations, on her account. Had begun the particulars of her tragical story; but would fain avoid proceeding with it; and why. Opens her design to make Mr. Belford her executor, and gives her reasons for it. Her father having withdrawn his malediction, she now has only a last blessing to supplicate for.

LETTER LXII. *Clarissa to her sister.*— Beseeching her, in the most humble and earnest manner, to procure her a last blessing.

LETTER LXIII. *Mrs. Norton to Clarissa.*— *Mr. Brand to be sent up to inquire after her way of life and health. His pedantic character. Believes they will withhold any favour till they hear his report. Doubts not that matters will soon take a happy turn.*

LETTER LXIV. *Clarissa. In answer.*— *The grace she asks for is only a blessing to die with, not to live with. Their favour, if they design her any, may come too late. Doubts her mother can do nothing for her of herself. A strong confederacy against a poor girl, their daughter, sister, niece. Her brother perhaps got it renewed before he went to Edinburgh. He needed not, says she: his work is done, and more than done.*

LETTER LXV. *Lovelace to Belford.*— *Is mortified at receiving letters of rejection. Charlotte writes to the lady in his favour, in the name of all the family. Every body approves of what she has written; and he has great hopes from it.*

LETTER LXVI. *Copy of Miss Montague's letter to Clarissa.*— Beseeching her, in the names of all their noble family, to receive Lovelace to favour.

LETTER LXVII. *Belford to Lovelace.*— *Proposes to put Belton's sister into possession of Belton's house for him. The lady visibly altered for the worse. Again insists upon his promise not to molest her.*

LETTER LXVIII. *Clarissa to Miss Montague.*— *In answer to her's, No. LXVI.*

LETTER LXIX. *Belford to Lovelace.*— *Has just now received a letter from the lady, which he encloses, requesting extracts form the letters written to him by Mr. Lovelace within a particular period. The reasons which determine him to oblige her.*

LETTER LXX. *Belford to Clarissa.*— *With the requested extracts; and a plea in his friend's favour.*

LETTER LXXI. *Clarissa to Belford.*— *Thanks him for his communications. Requests that he will be her executor; and gives her reasons for her choice of him for that solemn office.*

LETTER LXXII. *Belford to Clarissa.*— *His cheerful acceptance of the trust.*

LETTER LXXIII. *Belford to Lovelace.*— *Brief account of the extracts delivered to the lady. Tells him of her appointing him her executor. The melancholy pleasure he shall have in the perusal of her papers. Much more lively and affecting, says he, must be the style of those who write in the height of a present distress than the dry, narrative, unanimated style of a person relating difficulties surmounted, can be.*

LETTER LXXIV. *Arabella to Clarissa.*— *In answer to her letter, No. LXII., requesting a last blessing.*

LETTER LXXV. Clarissa to her mother.— Written in the fervour of her spirit, yet with the deepest humility, and on her knees, imploring her blessing, and her father's, as what will sprinkle comfort through her last hours.

LETTER LXXVI. Miss Montague to Clarissa.— In reply to her's, No. LXVIII.—All their family love and admire her. Their kinsman has not one friend among them. Beseech her to oblige them with the acceptance of an annuity, and the first payment now sent her, at least till she can be put in possession of her own estate. This letter signed by Lord M., Lady Sarah, Lady Betty, and her sister and self.

LETTER LXXVII. Lovelace to Belford.— Raves against the lady for rejecting him; yet adores her the more for it. Has one half of the house to himself, and that the best; having forbid Lord M. and the ladies to see him, in return for their forbidding him to see them. Incensed against Belford for the extracts he has promised from his letters. Is piqued to death at her proud refusal of him. Curses the vile women, and their potions. But for these latter, the majesty of her virtue, he says, would have saved her, as it did once before.

LETTER LXXVIII. Lovelace to Belford.— He shall not, he tells him, be her executor. Nobody shall be any thing to her but himself. What a reprobation of a man, who was once so dear to her! Farther instances of his raving impatience.

LETTER LXXIX. Lovelace to Clarissa.— A letter full of penitence, promises, praises, and admiration of her virtue. Has no hopes of escaping from perdition but by her precepts and example. All he begs for the present is a few lines to encourage him to hope for forgiveness, if he can justify his vows by his future conduct.

LETTER LXXX. Clarissa to Lord M. and the ladies of the house.— Thankfully declines accepting of their offered bounty. Pleads for their being reconciled to their kinsman, for reasons respecting her own peace. Hopes that they may be enabled to rejoice in the effects of his reformation many years after she is laid low and forgotten.

LETTER LXXXI. Belford to Lovelace.— Brief account of his expelling Thomasine, her sons, and her gallant. Farther reflections on keeping. A state not calculated for a sick bed. Gives a short journal of what had passed relating to the lady since his last. Mr. Brand inquires after her character and behaviour of Mrs. Smith. His starchedness, conceit, and pedantry.

LETTER LXXXII. From the same.— Farther particulars relating to the lady. Power left her by her grandfather's will.

LETTER LXXXIII. Clarissa to Lovelace.— In answer to his letter, No. LXXIX.

LETTER LXXXIV. Her uncle Harlowe's cruel answer, in answer to her's to her mother, No. LXXV. Meditation stitched to it with black silk.

LETTER LXXXV. Clarissa to her uncle Harlowe. In reply.

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE
VOLUME SEVEN

LETTER I

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE WED. NIGHT, JULY 12.

I write, my dearest creature, I cannot but write, to express my concern on your dejection. Let me beseech you, my charming excellence, let me beseech you, not to give way to it.

Comfort yourself, on the contrary, in the triumphs of a virtue unsullied; a will wholly faultless. Who could have withstood the trials you have surmounted?—Your cousin Morden will soon come. He will see justice done you, I make no doubt, as well with regard to what concerns your person as your estate. And many happy days may you yet see; and much good may you still do, if you will not heighten unavoidable accidents into guilty despondency.

But why, why, my dear, this pining solicitude continued after a reconciliation with relations as unworthy as implacable; whose wills are governed by an all-grasping brother, who finds his account in keeping the breach open? On this over-solicitude it is now plain to me, that the vilest of men built all his schemes. He saw that you thirsted after it beyond all reason for hope. The view, the hope, I own, extremely desirable, had your family been Christians: or even had they been Pagans who had had bowels.

I shall send this short letter [I am obliged to make it a short one] by young Rogers, as we call him; the fellow I sent to you to Hampstead; an innocent, though pragmatical rustic. Admit him, I pray you, into your presence, that he may report to me how you look, and how you are.

Mr. Hickman should attend you; but I apprehend, that all his motions, and mine own too, are watched by the execrable wretch: and indeed his are by an agent of mine; for I own, that I am so apprehensive of his plots and revenge, now I know that he has intercepted my vehement letters against him, that he is the subject of my dreams, as well as of my waking fears.

My mother, at my earnest importunity, has just given me leave to write, and to receive your letters—but fastened this condition upon the concession, that your's must be under cover to Mr. Hickman, [this is a view, I suppose, to give him consideration with me]; and upon this further consideration, that she is to see all we write.—'When girls are set upon a point,' she told one who told me again, 'it is better for a mother, if possible, to make herself of their party, than to oppose them; since there will be then hopes that she will still hold the reins in her own hands.'

Pray let me know what the people are with whom you lodge?—Shall I send Mrs. Townsend to direct you to lodgings either more safe or more convenient for you?

Be pleased to write to me by Rogers; who will wait on you for your answer, at your own time.

Adieu, my dearest creature. Comfort yourself, as you would in the like unhappy circumstances comfort

Your own ANNA HOWE.

LETTER II

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY, JULY 13.

I am extremely concerned, my dear Miss Howe, for being primarily the occasion of the apprehensions you have of this wicked man's vindictive attempts. What a wide-spreading error is mine!—

If I find that he has set foot on any machination against you, or against Mr. Hickman, I do assure you I will consent to prosecute him, although I were sure I could not survive my first appearance at the bar he should be arraigned at.

I own the justice of your mother's arguments on that subject; but must say, that I think there are circumstances in my particular case, which will excuse me, although on a slighter occasion than that you are apprehensive of I should decline to appear against him. I have said, that I may one day enter more particularly into this argument.

Your messenger has now indeed seen me. I talked with him on the cheat put upon him at Hampstead: and am sorry to have reason to say, that had not the poor young man been very simple, and very self-sufficient, he had not been so grossly deluded. Mrs. Bevis has the same plea to make for herself. A good-natured, thoughtless woman; not used to converse with so vile and so specious a deceiver as him, who made his advantage of both these shallow creatures.

I think I cannot be more private than where I am. I hope I am safe. All the risque I run, is in going out, and returning from morning-prayers; which I have two or three times ventured to do; once at Lincoln's-inn chapel, at eleven; once at St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, at seven in the morning,* in a chair both times; and twice, at six in the morning, at the neighbouring church in Covent-garden. The wicked wretches I have escaped from, will not, I hope, come to church to look for me; especially at so early prayers; and I have fixed upon the privatest pew in the latter church to hide myself in; and perhaps I may lay out a little matter in an ordinary gown, by way of disguise; my face half hid by my mob.—I am very careless, my dear, of my appearance now. Neat and clean takes up the whole of my attention.

* The seven-o'clock prayers at St. Dunstan's have been since discontinued.

The man's name at whose house I belong, is Smith—a glove maker, as well as seller. His wife is the shop-keeper. A dealer also in stockings, ribbands, snuff, and perfumes. A matron-like woman, plain-hearted, and prudent. The husband an honest, industrious man. And they live in good understanding with each other: a proof with me that their hearts are right; for where a married couple live together upon ill terms, it is a sign, I think, that each knows something amiss of the other, either with regard to temper or morals, which if the world knew as well as themselves, it would perhaps as little like them as such people like each other. Happy the marriage, where neither man nor wife has any wilful or premeditated evil in their general conduct to reproach the other with!—for even persons who have bad hearts will have a veneration for those who have good ones.

Two neat rooms, with plain, but clean furniture, on the first floor, are mine; one they call the dining-room.

There is, up another pair of stairs, a very worthy widow-lodger, Mrs. Lovick by name; who, although of low fortunes, is much respected, as Mrs. Smith assures me, by people of condition of her acquaintance, for her piety, prudence, and understanding. With her I propose to be well acquainted.

I thank you, my dear, for your kind, your seasonable advice and consolation. I hope I shall have more grace given me than to despond, in the religious sense of the word: especially as I can apply to myself the comfort you give me, that neither my will, nor my inconsiderateness, has contributed to my calamity. But, nevertheless, the irreconcilableness of my relations, whom I love with an unabated reverence; my apprehensions of fresh violences, [this wicked man, I doubt, will not let me rest]; my being destitute of protection; my youth, my sex, my unacquaintedness with the world, subjecting me to insults; my reflections on the scandal I have given, added to the sense of the indignities I have received from a man, of whom I deserved not ill; all together will undoubtedly bring on the effect that cannot be undesirable to me.—The situation; and, as I presume to imagine, from principles which I hope will, in due time, and by due reflection, set me above the sense of all worldly disappointments.

At present, my head is much disordered. I have not indeed enjoyed it with any degree of clearness, since the violence done to that, and to my heart too, by the wicked arts of the abandoned creatures I was cast among.

I must have more conflicts. At times I find myself not subdued enough to my condition. I will welcome those conflicts as they come, as probationary ones.—But yet my father's malediction—the temporary part so strangely and so literally completed!—I cannot, however, think, when my mind is strongest—But what is the story of Isaac, and Jacob, and Esau, and of Rebekah's cheating the latter of the blessing designed for him, (in favour of Jacob,) given us for in the 27th chapter of Genesis? My father used, I remember, to enforce the doctrine deducible from it, on his children, by many arguments. At least, therefore, he must believe there is great weight in the curse he has announced; and shall I not be solicitous to get it revoked, that he may not hereafter be grieved, for my sake, that he did not revoke it?

All I will at present add, are my thanks to your mother for her indulgence to us; due compliments to Mr. Hickman; and my request, that you will believe me to be, to my last hour, and beyond it, if possible, my beloved friend, and my dearer self (for what is now myself!)

Your obliged and affectionate CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER III

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY, JULY 7.

I have three of thy letters at once before me to answer; in each of which thou complainest of my silence; and in one of them tallest me, that thou canst not live without I scribble to thee every day, or every other day at least.

Why, then, die, Jack, if thou wilt. What heart, thinkest thou, can I have to write, when I have lost the only subject worth writing upon?

Help me again to my angel, to my CLARISSA; and thou shalt have a letter from me, or writing at least part of a letter, every hour. All that the charmer of my heart shall say, that will I put down. Every motion, every air of her beloved person, every look, will I try to describe; and when she is silent, I will endeavour to tell thee her thoughts, either what they are, or what I would have them to be—so that, having her, I shall never want a subject. Having lost her, my whole soul is a blank: the whole creation round me, the elements above, beneath, and every thing I behold, (for nothing can I enjoy,) are a blank without her.

Oh! return, return, thou only charmer of my soul! return to thy adoring Lovelace! What is the light, what the air, what the town, what the country, what's any thing, without thee? Light, air, joy, harmony, in my notion, are but parts of thee; and could they be all expressed in one word, that word would be CLARISSA.

O my beloved CLARISSA, return thou then; once more return to bless thy LOVELACE, who now, by the loss of thee, knows the value of the jewel he has slighted; and rises every morning but to curse the sun that shines upon every body but him!

Well, but, Jack, 'tis a surprising thing to me, that the dear fugitive cannot be met with; cannot be heard of. She is so poor a plotter, (for plotting is not her talent,) that I am confident, had I been at liberty, I should have found her out before now; although the different emissaries I have employed about town, round the adjacent villages, and in Miss Howe's vicinage, have hitherto failed of success. But my Lord continues so weak and low-spirited, that there is no getting from him. I would not disoblige a man whom I think in danger still: for would his gout, now it has got him down, but give him, like a fair boxer, the rising-blow, all would be over with him. And here [pox of his fondness for me! it happens at a very bad time] he makes me sit hours together entertaining him with my rogueries: (a pretty amusement for a sick man!) and yet, whenever he has the gout, he prays night and morning with his chaplain. But what must his notions of religion be, who after he has nosed and mumbled over his responses, can give a sigh or groan of satisfaction, as if he thought he had made up with Heaven; and return with a new appetite to my stories? —encouraging them, by shaking his sides with laughing at them, and calling me a sad fellow, in such an accent as shows he takes no small delight in his kinsman.

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