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

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Sunday, *May 28.*

THIS story of captain Tomlinson employed us not only for the time we were together last night, but all the while we sat at breakfast this morning. She would still have it, that it was the prelude to some mischief from Singleton. I insisted (according to my former hint) that it might much more probably be a method taken by colonel Morden to alarm her, previous to a personal visit. Travelled gentlemen affected to surprise in this manner. And why, dearest creature, said I, must every thing that happens, which we cannot immediately account for, be what we least wish?

She had had so many disagreeable things befall her of late, that her fears were too often stronger than her hopes.

And this, Madam, makes me apprehensive, that you will get into so low-spirited a way, that you will not be able to enjoy the happiness that seems to await us.

Her duty and her gratitude, she gravely said, to the Dispenser of all good, would secure her, she hoped, against unthankfulness. And a thankful spirit was the same as a joyful one.

So, Belford, for all her future joys she depends entirely upon the invisible good. She is certainly

right; since those who fix least upon second causes are the least likely to be disappointed—And is not this gravity for her gravity?

She had hardly done speaking, when Dorcas came running up in a hurry—She set even my heart into a palpitation—Thump, thump, thump, like a precipitated pendulum in a clock-case—Flutter, flutter, flutter, my charmer's, as by her sweet bosom rising to her chin I saw.

This lower class of people, my beloved herself observed, were for ever aiming at the stupid wonderful, and for making even common incidents matter of surprise.

Why the devil, said I to the wench, this alarming hurry?—And with your spread fingers, and your O Madams, and O Sirs!—and be curs'd to you! Would there have been a second of time difference, had you come up slowly?

Captain Tomlinson, Sir!

Captain Devilson, what care I!—Do you see how you have disordered your Lady?

Good Mr. Lovelace, said my charmer trembling (see, Jack, when she has an end to serve, I am good Mr. Lovelace) If—if my brother,—if captain Singleton should appear—pray now—I beseech you—let me beg of you—to govern your temper—My brother is my brother—captain Singleton is but an agent.

My dearest life, folding my arms about her (when she asks favors, thought I, the devil's in it, if she will not allow of such innocent freedoms as this, from good Mr. Lovelace too) you shall be witness of

all that passes between us.—Dorcas, desire the gentleman to walk up.

Let me retire to my chamber first!—Let me not be known to be in the house!

Charming dear!—Thou see'st, Belford, she is afraid of leaving me!—O the little witchcrafts! Were it not for surprisings now and then, how would an honest man know where to have them?

She withdrew to listen.—And though this incident has not turned out to answer all I wished from it, yet is it necessary, if I would acquaint thee with my whole circulation, to be very particular in what passed between captain Tomlinson and me.

Enter captain Tomlinson in a riding-dress, whip in hand.

Your servant, Sir—Mr. Lovelace, I presume?

My name is Lovelace, Sir.

Excuse the day, Sir—Be pleased to excuse my garb. I am obliged to go out of town directly, that I may return at night.

The day is a good day. Your garb needs no apology.

When I sent my servant, I did not know that I should find time to do myself this honor. All that I thought I could do to oblige my friend this journey, was only to assure myself of your abode; and whether there were a probability of being admitted to the speech either of you, or your Lady.

Sir, you best know your own motives. What

your time will permit you to do, you also best know. And here I am, attending your pleasure.

My charmer owned afterwards her concern on my being so short. Whatever I shall mingle of her emotions, thou wilt easily guess I had afterwards.

Sir, I hope no offence. I intend none.

None — None at all, Sir.

Sir, I have no interest in the affair I come about. I may appear officious; and if I thought I should, I would decline any concern in it, after I have just hinted what it is.

And pray, Sir, what is it?

May I ask you, Sir, without offence, whether you wish to be reconciled, and to co-operate upon honorable terms, with one gentleman of the name of Harlowe; preparative as it may be hoped, to a general reconciliation?

O how my heart fluttered! cried my charmer.

I can't tell, Sir — (and then it fluttered still more, no doubt): the whole family have used me extremely ill. They have taken greater liberties with my character than are justifiable; and with my family too; which I can less forgive.

Sir, Sir, I have done. I beg pardon for this intrusion.

My beloved was then ready to sink, and thought very hardly of me.

But pray, Sir, to the immediate purpose of your present commission; since a commission it seems to be?

It is a commission, Sir; and such a one, as I

thought would be agreeable to all parties, or I should not have given myself concern about it.

Perhaps it may, Sir, when known. But let me ask you one previous question? Do you know colonel Morden, Sir?

No, Sir. If you mean personally, I do not. But I have heard my good friend Mr. John Harlowe talk of him with great respect; and as a co-trustee with him in a certain trust.

Lovel. I thought it probable, Sir, that the colonel might be arrived; that you might be a gentleman of his acquaintance; and that something of an agreeable surprise might be intended.

Capt. Had colonel Morden been in England, Mr. John Harlowe would have known it; and then I should not have been a stranger to it.

Lovel. Well but, Sir, have you then any commission to me from Mr. John Harlowe?

Capt. Sir, I will tell you, as briefly as I can, the whole of what I have to say; but you'll excuse me also a previous question, for which curiosity is not my motive; but it is necessary to be answered before I can proceed; as you will judge when you hear it.

Lovel. What, pray, Sir, is your question?

Capt. Briefly, Whether you are actually, and *bona fide*, married to Miss Clarissa Harlowe?

I started, and, in a haughty tone, Is this, Sir, a question that must be answered before you can proceed in the business you have undertaken?

I mean no offence, Mr. Lovelace. Mr. Harlowe

befought me to undertake this office. I have daughters and nieces of my own. I thought it a good office, or I, who have many considerable affairs upon my hands, had not accepted of it. I know the world; and will take the liberty to say, that if that young Lady —

Captain Tomlinson, I think you are called?

My name is Tomlinson.

Why then, captain Tomlinson, no liberty, as you call it, will be taken well, that is not extremely delicate, when that Lady is mentioned.

When you had heard me out, Mr. Lovelace, and had found, I had so behaved, as to make the caution necessary, it would have been just to have given it. — Allow me to say, I know what is due to the character of a woman of virtue, as well as any man alive.

Why, Sir! Why, captain Tomlinson, you seem warm. If you intend any thing by this (O how I trembled! said the Lady, when she took notice of this part of our conversation afterwards) I will only say, that this is a privileged place. It is at present my home, and an asylum for any gentleman who thinks it worth his while to inquire after me, be the manner or end of his inquiry what it will.

I know not, Sir, that I have given occasion for this. I make no scruple to attend you elsewhere, if I am troublesome here. I was told, I had a warm young gentleman to deal with: but as I knew my intention, and that my commission was

an amicable one, I was the less concerned about that. I am twice your age, Mr. Lovelace, I dare say: but I do assure you, that if either my message, or my manner, give you offence, I can suspend the one or the other for a day, or for ever, as you like. And so, Sir, any time before eight to morrow morning, you will let me know your further commands. — And was going to tell me where he might be found.

Captain Tomlinson, said I, you answer well. I love a man of spirit. Have you not been in the army?

I have, Sir; but have turned my sword into a ploughshare, as the Scripture has it (there was a clever fellow, Jack! — He was a good man with somebody, I warrant! O what a fine coat and cloak for a hypocrite will a text of Scripture, properly applied, make at any time in the eye of the pious! How easily are the good folks taken in!) — And all my delight, added he, for some years past, has been in cultivating my paternal estate. I love a brave man, Mr. Lovelace, as well as ever I did in my life. But let me tell you, Sir, that when you come to my time of life, you will be of opinion, that there is not so much true bravery in youthful choler, as you may now think there is.

A clever fellow again, Belford! — Ear and heart, both at once, he took in my charmer! — 'Tis well, she says, there are some men who have wisdom in their anger.

Well, captain, that is reproof for reproof. So

we are upon a foot. And now give me the pleasure of hearing the import of your commission.

Sir, you must first allow me to repeat my question: are you really, and *bona fide*, married to Miss Clarissa Harlowe? Or are you not yet married?

Bluntly put, captain. But if I answer that I am, what then?

Why then, Sir, I shall say, that you are a man of honor.

That I hope I am, whether you say it or not, captain Tomlinson.

Sir, I will be very frank in all I have to say on this subject — Mr. John Harlowe has lately found out, that you and his niece are both in the same lodgings; that you have been long so, and that the Lady was at the play with you yesterday was se'n-night; and he hopes, that you are actually married. He has indeed, heard, that you are; but as he knows your enterprising temper, and that you have declared, that you disdain a relation to their family, he is willing by me to have your marriage confirmed from your own mouth, before he take the steps he is inclined to take in his niece's favor. You will allow me to say, Mr. Lovelace, that he will not be satisfied with an answer that admits of the least doubt.

Let me tell you, captain Tomlinson, that it is a high degree of vileness for any man to suppose —

Sir — Mr. Lovelace — don't put yourself into a passion. The Lady's relations are jealous of the honor of their family. They have prejudices to

overcome as well as you — Advantage may have been taken — and the Lady, at the time, not to blame.

This Lady, Sir, could give no such advantages: and if she had, what must the man be, captain Tomlinson, who could have taken them? — Do you know the Lady, Sir?

I never had the honor to see her but once; and that was at church; and should not know her again.

Not know her again, Sir! — I thought there was not a man living who had once seen her, and would not know her among a thousand.

I remember, Sir, that I thought I never saw a finer woman in my life. But, Mr. Lovelace, I believe, you will allow, that it is better that her relations should have wronged you, than you the Lady. I hope, Sir, you will permit me to repeat my question.

Enter Dorcas, in a hurry.

A gentleman, this minute, Sir, desires to speak with your Honor — (My Lady, Sir! — *Aside.*)

Could the dear creature put Dorcas upon telling this fib, yet want to save me one? —

Desire the gentleman to walk into one of the parlours. I will wait on him presently.

(Exit Dorcas.)

The dear creature, I doubted not, wanted to instruct me how to answer the captain's home put. I

knew how I intended to answer it — Plumb, thou may'st be sure — But Dorcas's message staggered me. And yet I was upon one of my master-strokes — Which was, to take advantage of the captain's inquiries, and to make her own her marriage before him, as she had done to the people below; and if she had been brought to that, to induce her, for her uncle's satisfaction, to write him a letter of gratitude, which of course must have been signed Clarissa Lovelace. I was loth, therefore, thou may'st believe, to attend her sudden commands: and yet, afraid of pushing matters beyond recovery with her, I thought proper to lead him from the question, to account for himself, and for Mr. Harlowe's coming at the knowledge of where we are; and for other particulars which I knew would engage her attention; and which might possibly convince her of the necessity there was for her to acquiesce in the affirmative I was disposed to give. And this for her own sake; for what, as I asked her afterwards, is it to me, whether I am ever reconciled to her family? — A family, Jack, which I must for ever despise.

You think, captain, that I have answered doubtfully to the question you put. You may think so. And you must know, that I have a good deal of pride: and, only that you are a gentleman, and seem in this affair to be governed by generous motives, or I should ill brook being interrogated as to my honor to a Lady so dear to me. — But before I answer more directly to the point, pray satisfy me in a question or two that I shall put to you.

With all my heart, Sir. Ask me what questions you please, I will answer them with sincerity and candor.

You say, Mr. Harlowe has found out that we were at the play together: and that we were both in the same lodgings — How, pray, came he at his knowledge? — For, let me tell you, that I have for certain considerations (not respecting myself, I will assure you) condescended, that our abode should be kept secret. And this has been so strictly observed, that even Miss Howe, though she and my beloved correspond, knows not directly whither to send to us.

Why, Sir, the person who saw you at the play, was a tenant of Mr. John Harlowe. He watched all your motions. When the play was done, he followed your coach to your lodgings. And early the next day, Sunday, he took horse, and acquainted his landlord with what he had observed.

Lovel. How oddly things come about! — But does any other of the Harlowes know where we are?

Capt. It is an absolute secret to every other person of the family; and so it is intended to be kept: as also that Mr. John Harlowe is willing to enter into treaty with you, by me, if his niece be actually married; for perhaps he is aware, that he shall have difficulty enough with some people to bring about the desirable reconciliation, altho' he could give them this assurance.

I doubt it not, captain — To James Harlowe is all the family folly owing. — Fine fools! (heroically stalking about) to be governed by one to whom

malice and not genius, gives the busy liveliness that distinguishes him from a natural! — But how long, pray, Sir, has Mr. John Harlowe been in this pacific disposition?

I will tell you, Mr. Lovelace, and the occasion; and be very explicit upon it, and upon all that concerns you to know of me, and of the commission I have undertaken to execute; and this the rather, as when you have heard me out, you will be satisfied, that I am not an officious man in this my present address to you.

I am all attention, captain Tomlinson.

And so I doubt not was my beloved.

Capt. You must know, Sir, that I have not been many months in Mr. John Harlowe's neighbourhood. I removed from Northamptonshire, partly for the sake of better managing one of two executorships, which I could not avoid engaging in (the affairs of which frequently call me to town, and are part of my present business); and partly for the sake of occupying a neglected farm, which has lately fallen into my hands. But though an acquaintance of no longer standing, and that commencing on the bowling-green, (uncle John is a great bowler, Belford) upon my decision of a point to every one's satisfaction, which was appealed to me by all the gentlemen; and which might have been attended with bad consequences, no two brothers have a more cordial esteem for each other. You know, Mr. Lovelace, that there is a consent, as I may call it, in some minds, which will unite them stronger

together in a few hours, than years can do with others, whom yet we see not with disgust.

Lovel. Very true, Captain.

Capt. It was on the foot of this avowed friendship on both sides, that on Monday the 15th, as I very well remember, Mr. Harlowe invited himself home with me. And when there, he acquainted me with the whole of the unhappy affair that had made them all so uneasy. Till then I knew it only by report; for, intimate as we were, I forbore to speak of what was so near his heart, till he began first. And then he told me, that he had had an application made to him, two or three days before, by a gentleman whom he named, to induce him not only to be reconciled himself to his niece, but to forward for her a general reconciliation.

A like application, he told me, had been made to his sister Harlowe, by a good woman whom every body respected; who had intimated, that his niece, if encouraged, would again put herself into the protection of her friends, and leave you: but if not, that she must unavoidably be yours.

I hope, Mr. Lovelace, I make no mischief. — You look concerned — You sigh, Sir.

Proceed, captain Tomlinson. Pray proceed. — And I sighed still more profoundly.

Capt. They all thought it extremely particular, that a Lady should decline marriage with a man she had so lately gone away with.

Pray, captain — Pray, Mr. Tomlinson — No more of this subject. — My beloved is an angel. In every thing

thing unblamable. Whatever faults there have been, have been theirs and mine. What you would further say, is, that the unforgiving family rejected her application. They did. She and I had had a misunderstanding. — The falling out of lovers — you know captain. We have been happier ever since.

Capt. “ Well, Sir; but Mr. John Harlowe could not but better consider the matter afterwards. And he desired my advice how to act in it. He told me, that no father ever loved a daughter as he loved this niece of his; whom, indeed, he used to call his daughter-niece. He said, she had really been unkindly treated by her brother and sister; and as your alliance, Sir, was far from being a discredit to their family, he would do his endeavour to reconcile all parties, if he could be sure that ye were actually man and wife.”

Lovel. And what, pray, captain, was your advice?

Capt. “ I gave it as my opinion, that if his niece were unworthily treated, and in distress (as he apprehended from the application to him) he would soon hear of her again: but that it was likely, that this application was made without expecting it would succeed; and as a salvo only, to herself, for marrying without their consent. And the rather thought I so, as he had told me, that it came from a young Lady her friend, and not in a direct way from herself; which young Lady was no favorite of the family; and, therefore, would hardly have been employed, had success been expected.”

Lovel. Very well, captain Tomlinson — Pray proceed.

Capt. “Here the matter rested till last Sunday evening, when Mr. John Harlowe came to me with the man who had seen you and your Lady (as I presume she is) at the play; and who had assured him, that you both lodged in the same house.—And then the application having been so lately made, which implied, that you were not then married, he was so uneasy for his niece’s honor, that I advised him to dispatch to town some one in whom he could confide, to make proper inquiries.”

Lovel. Very well, captain—And was such a person employed on such an errand by her uncle?

Capt. “A trusty and discreet person was accordingly sent; and last Tuesday, I think it was (for he returned to us on the Wednesday) he made the inquiries among the neighbours first (the very inquiry, Jack, that gave us all so much uneasiness). But finding that none of them could give any satisfactory account, the Lady’s woman was come at, who declared, that you were actually married. But the inquirer keeping himself on the reserve as to his employers, the girl refused to tell the day, or to give him other particulars.”

Lovel. You give a very clear account of every thing, captain Tomlinson. Pray proceed.

Capt. “The gentleman returned; and on his report, Mr. Harlowe, having still doubts, and being willing to proceed on some grounds in so important a point, besought me (as my affairs called me frequently to town) to undertake this matter.

You, Mr. Tomlinson, he was pleased to say, have children of your own: you know the world: you know what I drive at: you will proceed, I am sure, with understanding and spirit: and whatever you are satisfied with, shall satisfy me."

Enter Dorcas, in a hurry.

Sir the gentleman is impatient.

I will attend him presently.

The captain then accounted for his not calling in person, when he had reason to think us here.

He said he had business of consequence a few miles out of town, whither he thought he must have gone yesterday; and having been obliged to put off his little journey to this day, and understanding that we were within, not knowing whether he should have such another opportunity, he was willing to try his good fortune before he set out; and this made him come booted and spurred, as I saw him.

He dropped a hint in commendation of the people of the house; but it was in such a way, as to give no room to suspect that he thought it necessary to inquire after the character of persons who made so genteel an appearance, as he observed they do.

And here let me remark, that my beloved might collect another circumstance in favor of the people below, had she doubted their characters, from the silence of her uncle's inquirer on Tuesday among the neighbours.

Capt. "And now, Sir, that I believe I have satisfied you in every thing relating to my commission,

A a 2

I hope you will permit me to repeat my question—
which is —

Enter Dorcas again, out of breath.

Sir, the gentleman will step up to you—(My Lady is impatient. She wonders at your Honor's delay. Aside.)

Excuse me, captain, for one moment.

I have staid my full time, Mr. Lovelace. What may result from my question and your answer, whatever it shall be, may take us up time.—And you are engaged. Will you permit me, to attend you in the morning, before I set out on my return?

You will then breakfast with me, captain?

It must be early if I do. I must reach my own house to morrow night, or I shall make the best of wives unhappy. And I have two or three places to call at in my way.

It shall be by seven o'clock, if you please, captain. We are early folks. And this I will tell you, that if ever I am reconciled to a family so implacable as I have always found the Harlowes to be, it must be by the mediation of so cool and so moderate a gentleman as yourself.

And so, with the highest civilities on both sides, we parted. But for the private satisfaction of so good a man, I left him out of doubt, that we were man and wife, though I did not directly aver it.

LETTER XLIX.

MR. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Sunday Night.

THIS captain Tomlinson is one of the happiest as well as one of the best men in the world. What would I give to stand as high in my beloved's opinion, as he does! But yet I am as good a man as he, were I to tell my own story, and have equal credit given it. But the devil should have had him before I had seen him on the account he came upon, had I thought I should not have answered my principal end in it. I hinted to thee in my last what that was.

But to the particulars of the conference between my fair one, and me, on her hasty messages; which I was loth to come to, because she has had a half triumph over me in it.

After I had attended the captain down to the very passage, I returned to the diningroom, and put on a joyful air, on my beloved's entrance into it — O my dearest creature, said I, let me congratulate you on a prospect so agreeable to your wishes! And I snatched her hand, and smothered it with kisses.

I was going on; when, interrupting me, You see, Mr. Lovelace, said she, how you have embarrassed yourself, by your obliquities! You see, that you have not been able to return a direct answer to a

plain and honest question, though upon it depends all the happiness on the prospect of which you congratulate me.

You know, my best love, what my prudent, and I will say, my kind motives were, for giving out, that we were married. You see that I have taken no advantage of it; and that no inconvenience has followed it. You see that your uncle wants only to be assured from ourselves, that it is so —

Not another word on this subject, Mr. Lovelace. I will not only risk, but I will forfeit, the reconciliation so near my heart, rather than I will go on to countenance a story so untrue!

My dearest soul — would you have me appear —

I would have you appear, Sir, as you are! I am resolved that I will appear to my uncle's friend, and to my uncle, as I am.

For one week, my dearest life! Cannot you for one week — only till the settlements —

Not for one hour, with my own consent. You don't know, Sir, how much I have been afflicted, that I have appeared to the people below what I am not. But my uncle, Sir, shall never have it to upbraid me, nor will I to upbraid myself, that I have wilfully passed upon him in false lights.

What, my dear, would you have me say to the captain to-morrow morning? I have given him room to think —

Then put him right, Mr. Lovelace. Tell the truth. Tell him what you please of the favor of your relations to me: tell him what you will about the settlements: and if when drawn, you will submit them to

his perusal and approbation, it will show him how much you are in earnest.

My dearest life — Do you think, that he would disapprove of the terms I have offered?

No.

Then may I be accursed, if I willingly submit to be trampled under foot by my enemies!

And may I, Mr. Lovelace, never be happy in this life, if I submit to the passing upon my uncle Harlowe a wilful and premeditated falsehood for truth! I have too long labored under the affliction which the rejection of all my friends has given me, to purchase my reconciliation with them now at so dear a price as at that of my veracity.

The women below, my dear —

What are the women below to me? I want not to establish myself with them. Need they know all that passes between my relations and you and me.

Neither are they any thing to me, Madam. Only, that when, for the sake of preventing the fatal mischiefs which might have attended your brother's projects, I have made them think us married, I would not appear to them in a light which you yourself think so shocking. By my soul, Madam, I had rather die, than contradict myself so flagrantly after I had related to them so many circumstances of our marriage.

Well, Sir, the women may believe what they please. That I have given countenance to what you told them, is my error. The many circumstances which you own one untruth has drawn you in to

relate, is a justification of my refusal in the present case.

Don't you see, Madam, that your uncle wishes to find that we are married? May not the ceremony be privately over, before his mediation can take place?

Urge this point no farther, Mr. Lovelace. If you will not tell the truth, I will to morrow morning, if I see captain Tomlinson, tell it myself. Indeed I will.

Will you, Madam, consent, that things pass as before with the people below? This mediation of Tomlinson may come to nothing. Your brother's schemes may be pursued; the rather, that now he will know (perhaps from your uncle) that you are not under a legal protection.—You will, at least, consent, that things pass here as before?

To permit this, is to go on in an error, Mr. Lovelace. But as the occasion for so doing (if there can be in your opinion an occasion that will warrant an untruth) will, as I presume, soon be over, I shall the less dispute the point with you. But a new error I will not be guilty of, if I can avoid it.

Can I, do you think, Madam, have any dishonorable view in the step I supposed you would not scruple to take towards a reconciliation with your own family? Not for my own sake, you know, did I wish you to take it; for what is it to me, if I am never reconciled to your family? I want no favors from them.

I hope, Mr. Lovelace, there is no occasion, in our present not disagreeable situation, to answer such

a question. And let me say, that I shall think my prospects still more agreeable, if, to morrow morning, you will not only own the very truth, but give my uncle's friend such an account of the steps you have taken, and are taking, as may keep up my uncle's favorable intentions towards me. This you may do under what restrictions of secrecy you please. Captain Tomlinson is a prudent man; a promoter of family-peace, you find; and, I dare say, may be made a friend.

I saw there was no help. I saw that the inflexible Harlowe spirit was all up in her.—A little witch!—A little—Forgive me, love, for calling her names! And so I said, with an air, We have had too many misunderstandings, Madam, for me to wish for new ones: I will obey you without reserve. Had I not thought I should have obliged you by the other method (especially as the ceremony might have been over, before any thing could have operated from your uncle's intentions, and of consequence no untruth persisted in) I would not have proposed it. But think not; my beloved creature, that you shall enjoy, without condition, this triumph over my judgment.

And then, clasping my arms about her, I gave her averted cheek (her charming lip designed) a fervent kiss.—And your forgiveness of this sweet freedom (bowing) is that condition.

She was not mortally offended. And now must I make out the rest as well as I can. But this I will tell thee, that altho' her triumph has not diminished my love for her, yet has it stimulated me more than

ever to revenge, as thou wilt be apt to call it. But victory or conquest is the more proper word.

There is a pleasure, 'tis true, in subduing one of these watchful beauties. But, by my soul, Belford, men of our cast take twenty times the pains to be rogues, that it would cost them to be honest; and dearly, with the sweat of our brows, and to the puzzling of our brains (to say nothing of the hazards we run) do we earn our purchase; and ought not, therefore, to be grudging our success when we meet with it—Especially as, when we have obtained our end, satiety soon follows; and leaves us little or nothing to show for it. But this, indeed, may be said of all worldly delights. — And is not that a grave reflection from me?

I was willing to write up to the time. Altho' I have not carried my principal point, I shall make something turn out in my favor from captain Tomlinson's errand. But let me give thee this caution; that thou do not pretend to judge of my devices by parts; but have patience till thou seest the whole. But once more I swear, that I will not be out-Norris'd by a pair of novices. And yet I am very apprehensive at times of the consequences of Miss Howe's smuggling scheme.

My conscience, I should think, ought not to reproach me for a contrivance, which is justified by the contrivances of two such girls as these: one of whom (the more excellent of the two) I have always, with her own approbation as I imagine, proposed for my imitation.

But here, Jack, is the thing that concludes me,

and cates my heart with adamant : I find by Miss Howe's letters, that it is owing to her, that I have made no greater progress with my blooming fair one. She loves me. The Ipecacuanha contrivance convinces me that she loves me. Where there is love, there must be confidence, or a desire of having reason to confide. Generosity, founded on my supposed generosity, has taken hold of her heart. Shall I not now see (since I must be for ever unhappy, if I marry her, and leave any trial untried) what I can make of her love, and her newly-raised confidence?—Will it not be to my glory if I succeed? And to hers, and to the honor of her sex, if I cannot?—Where then will be the hurt to either, to make the trial? And cannot I, as I have often said, reward her when I will by marriage?

'Tis late, or rather early; for the day begins to dawn upon me. I am plaguy heavy. Perhaps I need not to have told thee that. But will only indulge a doze in my chair, for an hour; then shake myself, wash and refresh. At my time of life, with such a constitution as I am blessed with, that's all that's wanted.

Good night to me!—It cannot be broad day till I am awake.—Aw-w-w-w-haugh—Pox of this yawning!

Is not thy uncle dead yet?

What's come to mine, that he writes not to my last?—Hunting after more wisdom of nations, I suppose!—Yaw - yaw - yawn-ing again!—Pen, begone.

L E T T E R L.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Monday, *May 29.*

NOW have I established myself for ever in my charmer's heart.

The captain came at seven, as promised, and ready equipped for his journey. My beloved chose not to give us her company till our first conversation was over—Ashamed, I suppose, to be present at that part of it, which was to restore her to her virgin state by my confession, after her wifehood had been reported to her uncle. But she took her cue nevertheless, and listened to all that passed.

The modestest women, Jack, must think, and think deeply sometimes. I wonder whether they ever blush at those things by themselves, at which they have so charming a knack of blushing in company. If not; and if blushing be a sign of grace or modesty; have not the sex as great a command over their blushes, as they are said to have over their tears? This reflection would lead me a great way into female minds, were I disposed to pursue it.

I told the captain, that I would prevent his question; and accordingly (after I had enjoined the strictest secrecy, that no advantage might be given to James Harlowe; and which he answered for as well on Mr. Harlowe's part as his own) I acknowledged nakedly and fairly the whole truth—

To wit, "That we were not yet married. I gave him hints of the causes of procrastination. Some of them owing to unhappy misunderstandings: but chiefly to the Lady's desire of a previous reconciliation with her friends; and to a delicacy that had no example."

Less nice Ladies than this, Jack, love to have delays, wilful and studied delays, imputed to them in these cases — Yet are indelicate in their affected delicacy; for do they not thereby tacitly confess, that they expect to be the greatest gainers in wedlock; and that there is self-denial in the pride they take in delaying?

I told him the reason of our passing to the people below as married — Yet as under a vow of restriction, as to consummation, which had kept us both to the height, one of forbearing, the other of vigilant punctilio; even to the denial of those innocent freedoms, which betrothed lovers never scruple to allow and to take.

I then communicated to him the copy of my proposals of settlement; the substance of her written answer; the contents of my letter of invitation to Lord M. . . to be her nuptial-father; and of my Lord's generous reply. But said, that having apprehensions of delay from his infirmities, and my beloved chusing by all means (and that from principles of unrequited duty) a private solemnization, I had written to excuse his Lordship's presence; and expected an answer every hour.

The settlements, I told him, were actually

drawing by counsellor Williams, of whose eminence he must have heard —

He had.

And of the truth of this he might satisfy himself before he went out of town.

When these were drawn, approved, and engrossed, nothing, I said, but signing, and the nomination of my happy day, would be wanting. I had a pride, I declared, in doing the highest justice, to so beloved a creature, of my own voluntary motion, and without the intervention of a family from whom I had received the greatest insults. And this being our present situation, I was contented that Mr. John Harlowe should suspend his reconciliatory purposes till our marriage were actually solemnized.

The captain was highly delighted with all I said; yet owned, that as his dear friend Mr. Harlowe had expressed himself greatly pleased to hear that we were actually married, he could have wished it had been so. But, nevertheless, he doubted not that all would be well.

He saw my reasons, he said, and approved of them, for making the gentlewomen below (whom again he understood to be good sort of people) believe, that the ceremony had passed; which so well accounted for what the Lady's maid had told Mr. Harlowe's friend. Mr. James Harlowe, he said, had certainly ends to answer in keeping open the breach; and as certainly had formed a design to get his sister out of my hands. Wherefore it as much imported his worthy friend to keep this treaty a secret, as it

did me; at least till he had formed his party, and taken his measures. Ill-will and passion were dreadful misrepresenters. It was amazing to him, that animosity could be carried so high against a man capable of views so pacific and so honorable, and who had shown such a command of his temper, in this whole transaction, as I had done. Generosity, indeed, in every case, where love of stratagem and intrigue (I would excuse him) were not concerned, was a part of my character —

He was proceeding, when breakfast being ready, in came the empress of my heart, irradiating all around her, as with a glory — A benignity and graciousness in her aspect, that though natural to it, had been long banished from it.

Next to prostration lowly bowed the captain. O how the sweet creature smiled her approbation of him! Reverence from one, begets reverence from another. Men are more of monkeys in imitation, than they think themselves — Involuntarily, in a manner, I bent my knee — My dearest life — and made a very fine speech on presenting the captain to her. No title, myself, to her lip or cheek, 'tis well he attempted not either. He was indeed ready to worship her; — could only touch her charming hand.

I have told the captain, my dear creature — And then I briefly repeated (as if I had supposed she had not heard it) all I had told him,

He was astonished, that any body could be displeased one moment with such an angel. He undertook her cause as the highest degree of merit to himself.

Never, I must needs say, did the angel so much look the angel. All placid, serene, smiling, self-assured: a more lovely flush than usual heightening her natural graces, and adding charms, even to radiance, to her charming complexion.

After we had seated ourselves, the agreeable subject was renewed, as we took our chocolate. How happy should she be in her uncle's restored favor!

The captain engaged for it—No more delays, he hoped, on her part! Let the happy day be but once over, all would then be right. But was it improper to ask for copies of my proposals, and of her answer, in order to show them to his dear friend her uncle?

As Mr. Lovelace pleased—O that the dear creature would always say so!

It must be in strict confidence then, I said. But would it not be better to show her uncle the draught of the settlements, when drawn?

And will you be so good, as to allow of this, Mr. Lovelace?

There, Belford! We were once the Quarrelsome, but now we are the Polite, Lovers.

Indeed, my dearest creature, I will, if you desire it; and if captain Tomlinson will engage, that Mr. Harlowe shall keep them absolutely a secret; that I may not be subjected to the cavil and control of any others of a family that had used me so very ill.

Now, indeed, Sir, you are very obliging.

Dost think, Jack, that my face did not now also shine?

I held

I held out my hand (first consecrating it with a kiss) for hers. She condescended to give it me. I pressed it to my lips: you know not, captain Tomlinson (with an air) all storms overblown, what a happy man —

Charming couple! (his hands lifted up) How will my good friend rejoice! O that he were present! You know not, Madam, how dear you still are to your uncle Harlowe! —

I am unhappy ever to have disoblighed him!

Not too much of that, however, fairest, thought I!

The captain repeated his resolutions of service, and that in so acceptable a manner, that the dear creature wished, that neither he, nor any of his, might ever want a friend of equal benevolence.

Nor any of his, she said; for the captain brought it in, that he had five children living, by one of the best of wives and mothers, whose excellent management made him as happy, as if his eight hundred pounds a year (which was all he had to boast of) were two thousand.

Without œconomy, the oraculous Lady said, no estate was large enough: with it, the least was not too small.

Lie still, teasing villain! lie still! — I was only speaking to my conscience, Jack.

And let me ask you, Mr. Lovelace, said the captain; yet not so much from doubt, as that I may proceed upon sure grounds—You are willing to co-operate with my dear friend in a general reconciliation?

Let me tell you, Mr. Tomlinson, that if it can be distinguished, that my readiness to make up with a family, of whose generosity I have not had reason to think highly, is entirely owing to the value I have for this angel of a woman, I will not only co-operate with Mr. John Harlowe, as you ask; but I will meet Mr. James Harlowe senior, and his Lady, all the way. And furthermore, to make the son James and his sister Arabella quite easy, I will absolutely disclaim any further interest, whether living or dying, in any of the three brother's estates; contenting myself with what my beloved's grandfather has bequeathed to her: for I have reason to be abundantly satisfied with my own circumstances and prospects—Enough rewarded, were she not to bring a shilling in dowry, in a woman who has a merit superior to all the goods of fortune.—True as the Gospel, Belford!—Why had not this scene a real foundation!

The dear creature, by her eyes, expressed her gratitude, before her lips could utter it. O Mr. Lovelace, said she—You have infinitely—And there she stopt.

The captain run over in my praise. He was really affected.

O that I had not such a mixture of revenge and pride in my love, thought I!—But (my old plea) cannot I make her amends at any time? And is not her virtue now in the height of its probation?—Would she lay aside, like the friends of my uncontenting Rosebud, all thoughts of defiance—Would she throw herself upon my mercy, and try me but

one fortnight in the life of honor — What then?
— I cannot say, what then. —

Do not despise me, Jack, for my inconsistency.
— In no two letters, perhaps, agreeing with myself
— Who expects consistency in men of our character?
— But I am mad with love — fired by revenge —
puzzled with my own devices — my invention is
my curse — my pride my punishment — Drawn five
or six ways at once, can she possibly be so unhappy
as I? — O why, why, was this woman so divinely
excellent! — Yet how know I that she is? What
have been her trials? Have I had the courage to
make a single one upon her person, though a thou-
sand upon her temper? — Enow, I hope, to make
her afraid of ever disobliging me more! —

* * *

I must banish reflection, or I am a lost man. For
these two hours past have I hated myself for my
own contrivances. And this not only from what
I have related to thee; but from what I have further
to relate. But I have now once more steeled my
heart. My vengeance is uppermost; for I have
been re-perusing some of Miss Howe's virulence. The
contempt they have both held me in, I cannot bear —

The happiest breakfast-time, my beloved owned,
that she had ever known since she had left her father's
house (she might have let this alone). The captain
renewed all his protestations of service. He would
write me word how his dear friend received the ac-
count he should give him of the happy situation of
our affairs, and what he thought of the settlements,
as soon as I should send him the draughts so kindly

promised. And we parted with great professions of mutual esteem; my beloved putting up vows for the success of his generous mediation.

When I returned from attending the captain down stairs, which I did to the outward door, my beloved met me as I entered the diningroom; complacency reigning in every lovely feature.

“ You see me already, said she, another creature. You know not, Mr. Lovelace, how near my heart this hoped for reconciliation is. I am now willing to banish every disagreeable remembrance. You know not, Sir, how much you have obliged me. And Oh, Mr. Lovelace, how happy shall I be, when my heart is lightened from the all-sinking weight of a father's curse! When my dear mamma (you don't know, Sir, half the excellencies of my dear mamma! and what a kind heart she has, when it is left to follow its own impulses —) When this blessed mamma shall once more fold me to her indulgent bosom! When I shall again have uncles and aunts, and a brother and sister, all striving who shall show most kindness and favor to the poor outcast, then no more an outcast! — And you, Mr. Lovelace, to behold all this, and to be received into a family so dear to me, with welcome. — What though a little cold at first? When they come to know you better, and to see you oftener, no fresh causes of disgust occurring, and you, as I hope, having entered upon a new course, all will be warmer and warmer love on both sides, till every one, perhaps, will wonder, how they came to set themselves against you. ”

Then drying her tears with her handkerchief, after a few moments pausing, on a sudden; as if recollecting that she had been led by her joy to an expression of it which she had not intended I should see, she retired to her chamber with precipitation leaving me almost as unable to stand it, as herself.

In short, I was — I want words to say how I was — My nose had been made to tingle before; my eyes have before been made to glisten by this soul-moving beauty; but so very much affected, I never was — For trying to check my sensibility, it was too strong for me, and I even sobbed — Yes, by my soul, I audibly sobbed, and was forced to turn from her before she had well finished her affecting speech.

I want, methinks, now I have owned the odd sensation, to describe it to thee — The thing was so strange to me — Something choaking, as it were, in my throat — I know not how — Yet, I must needs say, though I am out of countenance upon the recollection, that there was something very pretty in it; and I wish I could know it again, that I might have a more perfect idea of it and be better able to describe it to thee.

But this effect of her joy on such an occasion gives me a high notion of what that virtue must be (what other name can I call it ?) which in a mind so capable of delicate transport, should be able to make so charming a creature, in her very bloom, all frost and snow to every advance of love from the man she hates not. This must be all from

education too — Must it not, Belford? Can education have stronger force in a woman's heart than nature? — Sure it cannot. But if it can, how entirely right are parents to cultivate their daughters minds, and to inspire them with notions of reserve and distance to our sex; and, indeed, to make them think highly of their own! For pride is an excellent substitute, let me tell thee, where virtue shines not out, as the sun, in its own unborrowed lustre.

LETTER LI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

AND now it is time to confess (and yet I know that thy conjectures are aforehand with my exposition) that this captain Tomlinson, who is so great a favorite with my charmer, and who takes so much delight in healing breaches, and reconciling differences, is neither a greater man nor a less, than honest Patrick M^cDonald, attended by a discarded footman of his own finding out.

Thou knowest what a various-lived rascal he is; and to what better hopes born and educated. But that ingenious knack of forgery, for which he was expelled the Dublin University, and a detection since in evidenceship, have been his ruin. For these have thrown him from one country to another; and at last, into the way of life, which

would make him a fit husband for Miss Howe's Townsend with her contrabands. He is, thou knowest, admirably qualified for any enterprise that requires adroitness and solemnity. And can there, after all, be a higher piece of justice, than to keep one smuggler in readiness to play against another?

"Well but, Lovelace (methinks thou questionest) how camest thou to venture upon such a contrivance as this, when, as thou hast told me, the Lady used to be a month at a time at this uncle's; and must, therefore, in all probability, know, that there was not a captain Tomlinson in all the neighbourhood; at least no one of the name so intimate with him, as this man pretends to be?"—

This objection, Jack, is so natural a one, that I could not help observing to my charmer, that she must surely have heard her uncle speak of this gentleman. No, she said, she never had. Besides, she had not been at her uncle Harlowe's for near ten months (this I had heard her say before): and there were several gentlemen who used the same green, whom she knew not.

We are all very ready, thou knowest, to believe what we like.

And what was the reason, thinkest thou, that she had not been for so long time at this uncle's?—Why, this old sinner, who imagines himself entitled to call me to account for my freedoms with the sex; has lately fallen into familiarities, as it is suspected, with his housekeeper; who assumes airs

upon it. — A cursed deluding sex! — In youth, middle age, or dotage, they take us all in.

Dost thou not see, however, that this housekeeper knows nothing, nor is to know any thing, of the treaty of reconciliation designed to be set on foot; and, therefore, the uncle always comes to the captain, the captain goes not to the uncle? And this I surmised to the Lady. And then it was a natural suggestion, that the captain was the rather applied to, as he is a stranger to the rest of the family — Need I tell thee the meaning of all this?

But this intrigue of the ancient is a piece of private history, the truth of which my beloved cares not to own, and indeed affects to disbelieve: as she does also some puiſny gallantries of her foolish brother; which, by way of recrimination, I have hinted at, without naming my informant in their family.

“ Well but, methinks, thou questionest again, is it not probable that Miss Howe will make inquiry after such a man as Tomlinson? — And when she cannot — ”

I know what thou wouldst say — But I have no doubt, that Wilson will be so good, if I desire it, as to give into my own hands any letter that may be brought by Collins to his house, for a week to come. And now I hope thou art satisfied.

I will conclude with a short story.

“ Two neighbouring sovereigns were at war together, about some pitiful chuck-farthing thing or other; no matter what; for the least trifles will set princes and children at loggerheads. Their armies had been drawn up in battalia some days, and the

news of a decisive action was expected every hour to arrive at each court. At last, issue was joined; a bloody battle was fought; and a fellow, who had been a spectator of it, arriving with the news of a complete victory, at the capital of one of the princes some time before the appointed couriers, the bells were set a ringing, bonfires and illuminations were made, and the people went to bed intoxicated with joy and good liquor. But the next day all was reversed: the victorious enemy, pursuing his advantage, was expected every hour at the gates of the almost defenceless capital. The first reporter was hereupon sought for, and found; and being questioned, pleaded a great deal of merit, in that he had, in so dismal a situation, taken such a space of time from the distress of his fellow citizens, and given it to festivity, as were the hours between the false good news and the real bad.

Do thou, Belford, make the application. This I know, that I have given greater joy to my beloved, than she had thought would so soon fall to her share. And as the human life is properly said to be chequer-work, no doubt but a person of her prudence will make the best of it, and set off so much good against so much bad, in order to strike as just a balance as possible.

The Lady in three several letters, acquaints her friend with the most material passages and conversations contained in those of Mr. Lovelace preceding. These are her words, on relating what the commission of the pretended Tomlinson was,

after the apprehensions that his distant inquiry had given her:

At last, my dear, all these doubts and fears were cleared up, and banished; and, in their place, a delightful prospect was opened to me. For it comes happily out (but at present it must be an absolute secret, for reasons which I shall mention in the sequel) that the gentleman was sent by my uncle Harlowe (I thought he could not be angry with me for ever); all owing to the conversation that passed between your good Mr. Hickman and him. For altho' Mr. Hickman's application was too harshly rejected at the time, my uncle could not but think better of it afterwards, and of the arguments that worthy gentleman used in my favor.

Who, upon a passionate repulse, would despair of having a reasonable request granted?—Who would not by gentleness and condescension, endeavour to leave favorable impressions upon an angry mind; which, when it comes coolly to reflect, may induce it to work itself into a condescending temper? To request a favor, as I have often said, is one thing; to challenge it as our due, is another. And what right has a petitioner to be angry at a repulse, if he has not a right to demand what he sues for as a debt?

She describes captain Tomlinson, on his breakfast visit, to be, a grave good sort of man. And in another place, a genteel man, of great gravity, and a good aspect; she believes upwards of fifty

years of age. I liked him, says she, as soon as I saw him.

As her prospects are now, as she says, more favorable than heretofore, she wishes, that her hopes of Mr. Lovelace's so often promised reformation were better grounded than she is afraid they can be.

We have both been extremely puzzled, my dear, says she, to reconcile some parts of Mr. Lovelace's character with other parts of it: his good with his bad; such of the former in particular, as, his generosity to his tenants; his bounty to the innkeeper's daughter; his readiness to put me upon doing kind things by my good Norton, and others.

A strange mixture in his mind, as I have told him! For he is certainly (as I have reason to say, looking back upon his past behaviour to me in twenty instances) a hard-hearted man.—Indeed, my dear, I have thought more than once, that he had rather see me in tears than give me reason to be pleased with him.

My cousin Morden says, that free-livers are remorseless. And so they must be in the very nature of things.

Mr. Lovelace is a proud man. We have both long ago observed, that he is. And I am truly afraid that his very generosity is more owing to his pride and his vanity, than to that philanthropy (shall I call it?) which distinguishes a beneficent mind.

Money he values not, but as a means to support his pride and his independence. And it is easy, as I have often thought, for a person to part with a secondary appetite, when, by so doing, he can promote or gratify a first.

I am afraid, my dear, that there must have been some fault in his education. His natural bias was not, I fancy, sufficiently attended to. He was instructed, perhaps, (as his power was likely to be large) to do good and beneficent actions; but not, I doubt, from proper motives.

If he had; his generosity would not have stooped at pride, but would have struck into humanity; and then would he not have contented himself with doing praise-worthy things by fits and starts, or, as if relying on the doctrine of merits, he hoped by a good action to atone for a bad one; but he would have been uniformly noble, and done the good for its own sake.

O my dear! what a lot have I drawn! Pride this poor man's virtue; and revenge his other predominating quality! — This one consolation, however, remains: he is not an infidel, an unbeliever: had he been an infidel, there would have been no room at all for hope of him; but (priding himself as he does, in his fertile invention) he would have been utterly abandoned, irreclaimable, and a savage.

When she comes to relate those occasions, which Mr. Lovelace in his narrative acknowledges himself to be affected by, she thus expresses herself:

He endeavoured, as once before, to conceal his emotion. But why, my dear, should these men (for Mr. Lovelace is not singular in this) think themselves above giving these beautiful proofs of a feeling heart? Were it in my power again to chuse, or to refuse, I would reject the man with contempt, who fought to suppress, or offered to deny, the power of being visibly affected upon proper occasions, as either a savage-hearted creature, or as one who was so ignorant of the principal glory of the human nature, as to place his pride in a barbarous insensibility.

These lines translated from Juvenal by Mr. Tate, I have been often pleased with:

Compassion proper to mankind appears :
Which nature witness'd, when she lent us tears.
Of tender sentiments we only give
These proofs: To weep is our prerogative:
To show by pitying looks, and melting eyes,
How with a suffering friend we sympathize.
Who can all sense of others ills escape,
Is but a brute at best, in human shape.

It cannot but yield me some pleasure, hardly as I have sometimes thought of the people of the house, that such a good man, as captain Tomlinson, had spoken well of them, upon inquiry.

And here I stop a minute, my dear, to receive, in fancy, your kind congratulation.

My next, I hope, will confirm my present, and open still more agreeable prospects. Mean time be

assured, that there cannot possibly any good fortune befall me, which I shall look upon with equal delight to that I have in your friendship.

My thankful compliments to your good Mr. Hickman, to whose kind intervention I am so much obliged on this occasion, conclude me, my dearest Miss Howe,

Your ever affectionate and grateful

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Tuesday, *May* 30.

I HAVE a letter from Lord M.. Such a one as I would wish for, if I intended matrimony. But as matters are circumstanced, I cannot think of showing it to my beloved.

My Lord regrets, "that he is not to be the Lady's nuptial father. He seems apprehensive that I have still, specious as my reasons are, some mischief in my head."

He graciously consents, "that I may marry when I please; and offers one or both of my cousins to assist my bride; and to support her spirits on the occasion, since, as he understands, she is so much afraid to venture with me.

“Pritchard, he tells me, has his final orders to draw up deeds for assigning over to me in perpetuity 1000*l.* per annum; which he will execute the same hour that the Lady in person owns her marriage.”

He consents, “that the jointure be made from my own estate.”

He wishes, “that the Lady would have accepted of his draught; and commends me for tendering it to her. But reproaches me for pride in not keeping it myself. What the right side gives up, the left, he says, may be the better for.”

The girls, the left-sided girls, he means.

With all my heart. If I can have my Clarissa, the devil take every thing else.

A good deal of other stuff writes this stupid Peer; scribbling in several places half a dozen lines, apparently for no other reason, but to bring in as many musty words in an old saw.

If thou askest, “How I can manage, since my beloved will wonder, that I have not an answer from my Lord to such a letter as I wrote to him; and if I own I have one, will expect that I should show it to her, as I did my letter?”—This I answer—That I can be informed by Pritchard, that my Lord has the gout in his right hand; and has ordered him to attend me in form, for my particular orders about the transfer: and I can see Pritchard, thou knowest, at the King’s Arms, or wherever I please, at an hour’s warning; though he be at M.. Hall, I in town; and he, by word of mouth, can acquaint me with every thing in my Lord’s letter that is necessary for my charmer to know.

Whenever it suits me, I can restore the old Peer to his right hand, and then can make him write a much more sensible letter than this that he has now sent me.

Thou knowest, that an adroitness in the art of manual imitation, was one of my earliest attainments. It has been said, on this occasion, that had I been a bad man in meum and tuum matters, I should not have been fit to live. As to the girls, we hold it no sin to cheat them. And are we not told, that in being well deceived consists the whole of human happiness?

Wednesday, *May 31.*

All still happier and happier. A very high honor done me: a chariot, instead of a coach, permitted, purposely to indulge me in the subject of subjects.

Our discourse in this sweet airing turned upon our future manner of life. The day is bashfully promised me. Soon was the answer to my repeated urgency. Our equipage, our servants, our liveries, were parts of the delightful subject. A desire that the wretch who had given me intelligence out of the family (honest Joseph Leman) might not be one of our menials; and her resolution to have her faithful Hannah, whether recovered or not; were signified, and both as readily assented to.

Her wishes, from my attentive behaviour, when with her at St. Paul's, that I would often accompany her

her to the Divine Service, were gently intimated, and as readily engaged for. I assured her, that I ever had respected the clergy in a body; and some individuals of them (her Dr. Lewen for one) highly: and that were not going to church an act of religion, I thought it (as I told thee once) a most agreeable sight to see rich and poor, all of a company, as I might say, assembled once a week in one place, and each in his or her best attire, to worship the God that made them. Nor could it be a hardship upon a man liberally educated, to make one on so solemn an occasion, and to hear the harangue of a man of letters (though far from being the principal part of the service, as it is too generally looked upon to be) whose studies having taken a different turn from his own, he must always have something new to say.

She shook her head, and repeated the word new: but looked as if willing to be satisfied for the present with this answer. To be sure, Jack, she means to do great despight to his Satanic Majesty in her hopes of reforming me. No wonder, therefore, if he exerts himself to prevent her, and to be revenged — But how came this in? — I am ever of party against myself. — One day, I fancy, I shall hate myself on recollecting what I am about at this instant. But I must stay till then. We must all of us do something to repent of.

The reconciliation prospect was enlarged upon. If her uncle Harlowe will but pave the way to it, and if it can be brought about, she shall be happy.

— Happy, with a sigh, as it is now possible she can be! —

She won't forbear, Jack!

I told her, that I had heard from Pritchard, just before we set out on our airing, and expected him in town to-morrow from Lord M. to take my directions. I spoke with gratitude of my Lord's kindness to me, and with pleasure of Lady Sarah's, Lady Betty's, and my two cousins Montagues' veneration for her: as also of his Lordship's concern that his gout hindered him from writing a reply with his own hand to my last.

She pitied my Lord. She pitied poor Mrs. Fetchville too; for she had the goodness to inquire after her. The dear creature pitied every body that seemed to want pity. Happy in her own prospects, she had leisure to look abroad, and wishes every body equally happy.

It is likely to go very hard with Mrs. Fetchville. Her face which she had valued herself upon, will be utterly ruined. "This good, however, as I could not but observe, she may reap from so great an evil — As the greater malady generally swallows up the less, she may have a grief on this occasion, that may diminish the other grief and make it tolerable."

I had a gentle reprimand for this light turn on so heavy an evil — "For what was the loss of beauty to the loss of a good husband?" Excellent creature!

Her hopes (and her pleasure upon these hopes) that Miss Howe's mother would be reconciled to

her, were also mentioned. Good Mrs. Howe was her word, for a woman so covetous, and so remorseless in her covetousness, that no one else will call her good. But this dear creature has such an extension in her love, as to be capable of valuing the most insignificant animal related to those whom she respects. Love me, and love my dog, I have heard Lord M. say. — Who knows, but that I may in time, in compliment to myself, bring her to think well of thee, Jack?

But what am I about? — Am I not all this time arraigning my own heart? — I know I am, by the remorse I feel in it, while my pen bears testimony to her excellence. But yet I must add (for no selfish consideration shall hinder me from doing justice to this admirable creature) that in this conversation she demonstrated so much prudent knowledge in every thing that relates to that part of the domestic management which falls under the care of a mistress of a family, that I believe she has no equal of her years in the world.

But, indeed, I know not the subject on which she does not talk with admirable distinction; inasmuch that could I but get over my prejudices against matrimony, and resolve to walk in the dull beaten path of my ancestors, I should be the happiest of men — And if I cannot, perhaps, I may be ten times more to be pitied than she.

My heart, my heart, Belford, is not to be trusted — I break off, to re-peruse some of Miss Howe's virulence.

* * *

Curfed letters, thefe of Mifs Howe, Jack! —
Do thou turn back to thofe of mine, where I take
notice of them. — I proceed —

Upon the whole, my charmer was all gentle-
nefs, all eafe, all ferenity, throughout this fweet
excursion. Nor had ſhe reafon to be otherwife:
for it being the firft time that I had the honor of
her company alone, I was refolved to encourage
her, by my refpectfulnefs to repeat the favor.

On our return, I found the counfellor's clerk
waiting for me, with a draught of the marriage
fettlements.

They are drawn, with only the neceffary vari-
ations, from thofe made for my mother. The
original of which (now returned by the counfellor)
as well as the new draughts, I have put into my
beloved's hands.

Thefe fettlements of my mother made the law-
yer's work eafy; nor can ſhe have a better preced-
ent; the great Lord S. having fettled them, at the
request of my mother's relations; all the difference,
my charmer's are 100 l. per annum more than my
mother's.

I offered to read to her the old deed, while ſhe
looked over the draught; for ſhe had refufed her
prefence at the examination with the clerk: but
this ſhe alfo declined.

I fuppofe ſhe did not care to hear of fo many chil-
dren, firft, fecond, third, fourth, fifth, fixth, and
feventh fons, and as many daughters, to be begotten
upon the body of the faid Clariffa Harlowe.

Charming matrimonial recitatives!—though it is always said lawfully begotten too—As if a man could beget children unlawfully upon the body of his own wife.—But thinkest thou not that these arch rogues the lawyers hereby intimate, that a man may have children by his wife before marriage?—This must be what they mean. Why will these fly fellows put an honest man in mind of such rogueries?—But hence, as in numberless other instances, we see, that Law and Gospel are two very different things.

Dorcas, in our absence, tried to get at the wainscot-box in the dark closet. But it cannot be done without violence. And to run a risk of consequence now, for mere curiosity sake, would be inexcusable.

Mrs. Sinclair and the nymphs are all of opinion, that I am now so much a favorite, and have such a visible share in her confidence, and even in her affections, that I may do what I will, and plead for excuse violence of passion; which, as they will have it, makes violence of action pardonable with their sex; as well as an allowed extenuation with the unconcerned of both sexes; and they all offer their helping hands. Why not? they say: has she not passed for my wife before them all?—And is she not in a fine way of being reconciled to her friends? And was not the want of that reconciliation the pretence for postponing consummation?

They again urge me, since it is so difficult to make night my friend, to an attempt in the day. They remind me, that the situation of their house

is such, that no noises can be heard out of it; and ridicule me for making it necessary for a Lady to be undressed. It was not always so with me, poor old man! Sally told me; saucily flinging her handkerchief in my face.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Friday, *June 2.*

NOTWITHSTANDING my studied for politeness and complaisance for some days past; and tho' I have wanted courage to throw the mask quite aside; yet I have made the dear creature more than once look about her, by the warm, though decent expression of my passion. I have brought her to own, that I am more than indifferent with her: but as to love, which I pressed her to acknowledge, What need of acknowledgments of that sort when a woman consents to marry?—And once repulsing me with displeasure, The proof of the true love I was vowing for her, was respect, not freedom. And offering to defend myself, she told me, that all the conception she had been able to form of a faulty passion, was, that it must demonstrate itself as mine fought to do.

I endeavoured to justify my passion, by laying over-delicacy at her door. Over-delicacy, she said, was not my fault, if it were hers. She must