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CLARISSA.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF A

YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending

The most Important Concerns *of* Private LIFE.

And particularly shewing,

The DISTRESSES that may attend the Misconduct
Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,

In Relation to MARRIAGE.

Published by the EDITOR *of* PAMELA.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardson:

And Sold by A. MILLAR, over-against *Catharine-street* in the *Strand*:
J. and JA. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*:
JOHN OSBORN, in *Pater-noster Row*;
And by J. LEAKE, at *Bath*.

M.DCC.XLVIII.

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THE HISTORY OF Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOL. II.

LETTER I.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedneſday Night, March 22.

ANGRY!—What ſhould I be angry for?—I am mightily pleaſed with your freedom, as you call it. I only wonder at your patience with me; that's all. I am ſorry I gave you the trouble of ſo long a letter upon the occaſion *(a)*; notwithſtanding the pleaſure I received in reading it.

I believe, you did not intend reſerves to me: For two reaſons, I believe you did not: Firſt, becauſe you *ſay*, you did not: Next, becauſe you have not, *as yet*, been able to convince *yourſelf*, how it is to be

(a) See Letter XXXVII, *in the preceding Volume, for the occaſion: And Letters* XXXVIII, XL, *in the ſame, for the freedoms Miſs Harlowe apologizes for.*

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with you; and, perſecuted as you are, how ſo to ſeparate the effects that ſpring from the two cauſes (*Perſecution* and *Love*), as to give to each its particular due. But this I believe I hinted to you once before. And ſo will ſay no more upon that ſubject at preſent.

Robin ſays, you had but juſt depoſited your laſt parcel when he took it: For he was there, but half an hour before, and found nothing. He had ſeen my impatience; and loiter'd about, being willing to bring me ſomething from you, if poſſible.

My couſin Jenny Fynnett is here, and deſires to be my bedfellow to-night. So I ſhall not have an opportunity to ſit down with that ſerioufneſs and attention, which the ſubjects of yours require. For, ſhe is all prate, you know, and loves to ſet me a prating: Yet comes upon a very grave occaſion:—On purpoſe to procure my mamma to go with her to her grandmother Larkin, who has been long bed-ridden; and, at laſt, has taken it into her head, that ſhe is mortal; and therefore will make her will; a work ſhe was, till now, extremely averſe to; but it muſt be upon condition, that my mamma, who is her diſtant relation, will go to her, and adviſe her, as to the particulars of it: For, ſhe has a high opinion, as every one elſe has, of my mamma's judgment in all matters relating to wills, ſettlements, and ſuch-like notable affairs.

Mrs. Larkin lives about ſeventeen miles off; and as my mamma cannot abide to lie out of her own houſe, ſhe propoſes to ſet out early in the morning, in order to get back again at night. So, to-morrow I ſhall be at your devotion from day-light to day-light; nor will I be at home to any-body.

As to the impertinent man, I have put him upon eſcorting the two ladies, in order to attend my mamma home at night: Such expeditions as theſe, and to give our ſex a little air of vanity and aſſuredneſs at public places, is all that I know theſe dangling fellows are good for.

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I have hinted before, that I could almoſt wiſh my mamma and Mr. Hickman would make a match of it: And I here repeat my wiſhes. What ſignifies a difference of fifteen or twenty years; eſpecially when the Lady has ſpirits that will make her young a long time, and the gentleman is a *mighty* ſober man?—I think verily, I could like him better for a papa, than for a nearer relation: And they are ſtrange admirers of one another.

But allow me a perhaps ſtill better (and, as to *years*, more ſuitable and happier) diſpoſal; for the *man* at leaſt:—What think you, my dear, of compromizing with your friends, by rejecting *both* your men, and encouraging my parader?—If your liking of one of the two go no farther than *conditional*, I believe it will do.—A rich thought, if it obtain your approbation. In this light, I ſhould have a prodigious reſpect for Mr. Hickman; more by half than I can have in the other. The vein is open'd—Shall I let it flow?—How difficult to withſtand conſtitutional foibles!—

Hickman, is certainly a man more in your taſte, than any of thoſe who have hitherto been brought to addreſs you. He is mighty ſober! mighty grave! and all that. Then you have told me, that he is your favourite!—But that is, becauſe he is my mamma's, perhaps.—The man would certainly rejoice at the transfer: Or he muſt be a greater fool than I take him to be.

O but your fierce lover would knock him o' the head—I forgot that!—What makes me incapable of ſerioufneſs when I write about this Hickman?—Yet the man ſo good a ſort of man in the main?—But who is perfect? This is one of my foibles. And ſomething for you to chide me for.

You believe me very happy in my proſpects, in relation to him: Becauſe you are ſo very unhappy in the fooliſh uſage you meet with, you are apt (as I ſuſpect) to think that tolerable which otherwiſe would

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be far from being so. I dare say, you would not with all your grave airs, like him for yourself; except being addressed by Solmes and him, you were obliged to have one of them. I have given you a test; let me see what you'll say to it.

For my own part, I confess to you, that I have great exceptions to Hickman. *He*, and *wedlock* never yet once enter'd into my head at one time. Shall I give you my free thoughts of him?—Of his *best* and his *worst*; and that as if I were writing to one, who knows him not? I think I will. Yet it is impossible I should do it gravely. The subject won't bear to be so treated, in my opinion. We are not come so far as that yet, if ever we shall? And to do it in another strain, ill becomes my present real concern for you.

HERE I was interrupted on the honest man's account. He has been here these two hours—courting my mamma for her daughter, I suppose—Yet she wants no courting neither: Tis well one of us does; else the man would have nothing but halcyon; and be remiss, and saucy of course.

He was going. His horses at the door.

My mamma sent for me down, pretending to want to say something to me.

Something she said when I came, that signify'd nothing—Evidently, for no reason called me, but to give me an opportunity to see what a fine bow he could make; and that he might wish me a good-night. She knows I am not over-ready to oblige him with my presence, if I happen to be otherwise engag'd. I could not help an air a little upon the fretful, when I found she had nothing of moment to say to me, and when I saw her end.

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

He bow'd to the ground, and would have taken my hand, his whip in the other: I did not like to be

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be ſo companion'd: I withdrew my hand, but touched his elbow with a motion, as if from his low bow I had ſuppoſed him falling, and would have help'd him up. A ſad ſlip, it might have been, ſaid I!

A mad girl, ſmil'd it off my mamma!

He was put quite out; took his horſe-bridle, ſtump'd back, back, back, bowing, till he run againſt his ſervant: I laughed; he mounted his horſe; rid away: I mounted up ſtairs, after a little lecture.—And my head is ſo filled with him, that I muſt reſume my intention; in hopes to divert you for a few moments.

Take it then—His *beſt*, and his *worſt*, as I ſaid before.

Hickman is a ſort of fiddling, buſy, yet to borrow a word from you, *un*-buſy man: Has a great deal to do, and ſeems to me to diſpatch nothing. Irreſolute, and changeable in every thing, but in teazing me with his nonſenſe; which yet, it is evident, he muſt continue upon my mamma's intereſt, more than his own hopes; for none have I given him.

Then I have a quarrel againſt his face, though in his perſon, for a well-thriven man, tolerably genteel:—Not to his features ſo much neither—For what, as you have often obſerved, are features in a man?—But Hickman, with ſtrong lines, and big cheek and chin bones, has not the manlineſs in his aſpect, which Lovelace has with the moſt regular and agreeable features.

Then what a ſet and formal mortal is he in ſome things!—I have not been able yet to laugh him out of his long bib and beads: Indeed, that is, becauſe my mamma thinks it becomes him; and I would not be ſo free with him, as to own I ſhould *chooſe* to have him leave it off. If he did, ſo particular is the man, he would certainly, if left to himſelf, fall into a King-William-Cravat, or ſome ſuch antique chin-cuſhion, as, by the pictures of that Prince, one ſees was then the faſhion.

As to his dreſs, in general, he cannot, indeed, be

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called a ſloven, but ſometimes he is too gaudy, at other times too plain, to be uniformly elegant. And for his manners, he makes ſuch a buſtle with them, and about them, as would induce one to ſuſpect that they are more ſtrangers to him, than familiars. You, I know, lay this to his fearfulneſs of diſobliging, or offending. Indeed your *Over-does* generally give the offence they endeavour to avoid.

The man, however, is honeſt: Is of family: Has a clear and good eſtate; and may one day be a Baronet, and pleaſe you. He is humane and benevolent, tolerably generous, as people ſay; and as *I* might ſay too, if I would accept of his bribes; which he offers in hopes of having them all back again, and the *bribed* into the bargain: A method taken by all corruptors, from old Satan, to the loweſt of his ſervants. — Yet, to ſpeak in the language of a perſon I am bound to honour, he is deemed a *prudent* man; that is, a *good manager*.

Then, I cannot ſay, that now I like any-body better, whatever I did once.

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

Nevertheleſs, to own the truth, I cannot ſay I love the man; nor ever ſhall, I believe.

Strange! that theſe ſober fellows cannot have a decent ſprightlineſs, a modeſt aſſurance with them! Something debonnaire; which need not be ſeparated from that awe and reverence, when they addreſs a woman,

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woman, which should shew the ardor of their passion, rather than the sheepishness of their nature; for who knows not, that Love delights in taming the Lyon-hearted? That those of the sex, who are most conscious of their own defect, in point of courage, naturally *require*, and therefore *as* naturally *prefer*, the man who has most of it, as the most able to give them the requisite protection? That the greater their own cowardice, as it would be called in a man, the greater is their delight in subjects of heroism? As may be observed in their reading; which turns upon difficulties encounter'd, battles fought, and enemies overcome, 4 or 500 by the prowess of one single hero, the *more* improbable the *better*: In short, that *their* man should be a hero to every one living but themselves; and to them know no bound to his humility. A woman has some glory in subduing a heart no man living can appall; and hence too often the bravo, assuming the hero, and making himself pass for one, succeeds as only a hero should.

But as for honest Hickman, the good man is so *generally* meek, as I imagine, that I know not whether I have any *preference* paid me in his obsequiousness. And then, when I rate him, he seems to be so naturally fitted for rebuke, and so much expects it, that I know not how to disappoint him, whether he just then deserve it, or not. I am sure, he has puzzled me many a time when I have seen him look penitent for faults he has not committed, whether to pity or laugh at him.

You and I have often *retrospected* the faces and minds of grown people; that is to say, have formed images from their present appearances, outside and in, (as far as the manners of the persons would justify us in the latter) what sort of figures they made when boys and girls. And I'll tell you the lights in which Hickman, Solmes, and Lovelace, our three heroes, have appeared to me, supposing them boys at school.

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Solmes I have imagin'd to be, a little, ſordid, pilfering rogue, who would purloin from every-body, and beg every boy's bread and butter from him; while, as I have heard a reptile brag, he would in a winter-morning, ſpit upon his thumbs, and ſpread his own with it, that he might keep it all to himſelf.

Hickman, a great over-grown, lank-hair'd, chubby boy, who would be hunch'd and punch'd by every-body; and go home, with his finger in his eye, and tell his mother.

While Lovelace I have ſuppoſed a curl-pated villain, full of fire, fancy, and miſchief; an orchard-robber, a wall-climber, a horſe-rider without ſaddle or bridle, neck or nothing: A ſturdy rogue, in ſhort, who would kick and cuff, and do no right, and take no wrong of any-body; would get his head broke, then a plaiſter for it, or let it heal of itſelf; while he went on to do more miſchief, and if not to get, to deſerve, broken bones. And the ſame diſpoſitions have grown up with them, and diſtinguiſh the men, with no very material alteration.

Only, that all men are monkeys more or leſs, or elſe that you and I ſhould have ſuch baboons as theſe to chooſe out of, is a mortifying thing, my dear.

I am ſenſible, that I am not a little out of ſeaſon in treating thus ludicrouſly the ſubject I am upon, while you are ſo unhappy; and if my manner does not divert you, as my flightineſſes uſed to do, I am inexcuſable both to you, and to my own heart: Which, I do aſſure you, notwithſtanding my ſeeming levity, is wholly in your caſe.

As this letter is intirely whimſical, I will not ſend it until I can accompany it with ſomething more ſolid and better ſuited to your unhappy circumſtances; that is to ſay, to the preſent ſubject of our correſpondence. To-morrow, as I told you, will be wholly yours, and of conſequence, your

ANNA HOWE's.

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LETTER II.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday Morn. 7 o'Clock.

MY mamma and couſin are already gone off in our chariot and four, attended by their doughty 'Squire on horſeback, and he by two of his own ſervants, and one of my mamma's. They both love parade, when they go abroad, at leaſt in compliment to one another; which ſhews, that each thinks the other does. Robin is your ſervant and mine, and nobody's elſe: And the day is all my own.

I muſt begin with blaming you, my dear, for your reſolution not to litigate for your right, if occaſion were to be given you. Juſtice is due to one's ſelf, as well as to every-body elſe. Still more muſt I blame you for declaring to your aunt and ſiſter that you will *not*: Since (as they will tell it to your father and brother) the declaration muſt needs give advantages to ſpirits who have ſo little of that generoſity for which you yourſelf are ſo much diſtinguiſhed.

There never was a ſpirit in the world that would inſult where it *dared*, but it would creep and cringe where it dared *not*. Let me remind you of a ſentence of your own, the occaſion for which I have forgotten: 'That little Spirits will always accommodate themſelves to the ſubject they would work upon:—Will fawn upon a ſturdy-temper'd perſon: Will inſult the meek:'— And another given to Miſs Biddulph, upon an occaſion you cannot forget:—'If we aſſume a dignity in what we ſay and do; and take care not to diſgrace by arrogance our own aſſumption, every-body will treat us with reſpect and deference.'

I remember that you once made an obſervation, which you ſaid, you was obliged to Mrs. Norton for, and ſhe to her father, upon an excellent preacher,

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who was but an indifferent liver: 'That to excell in 'theory, and to excell in practice, generally required 'different talents; which not always met in the same 'person.' Do you, my dear (to whom theory and practice are the same thing, in almost every laudable quality) apply the observation to yourself, in this particular case, where Resolution is required; and where performance of the will of the defunct is the question— No more to be dispensed with by *you*, in whose favour it was made, than by any-body else, who have only Themselves in view, by breaking thro' it.

I know how much you despise riches in the main: But yet it behoves you to remember, that in one instance you yourself have judged them valuable— 'In 'that they put it into one's power to *lay* obligations; 'while the want of them puts a person under a ne'cessity of *receiving* favours; receiving them, perhaps 'from grudging and narrow spirits, who know not 'how to confer them with that grace, which gives 'the principal merit to a beneficent action.'— Reflect upon this, my dear, and see how it agrees with the declaration you have made to your aunt and sister, that you would not resume your estate, were you to be turned out of doors, and reduced to indigence and want. Their very fears that you will resume, point out to you the *necessity* of resuming, upon the treatment you meet with.

I own, that I was much affected (at first reading) with your mamma's letter sent with the patterns!—A strange measure, however, from a mother; for *she* did not intend to insult you; and I cannot but lament that so sensible and so fine a Lady should stoop to so much art, as that letter is written with: And which also appears in some of the conversations you have given me an account of. See you not in her passiveness, what boistrous spirits can obtain from gentler, merely by teazing and ill-nature?

I know

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I know the pride they have always taken in calling you an Harlowe—*Clariſſa Harlowe*, ſo *formal* and ſo *ſet*, at every word, when they are grave, or proudly ſolemn.— Your mamma has learnt it of them—And as in *marriage*, ſo in *will*, has been taught to bury her own ſuperior name and family in theirs. I have often thought that the ſame ſpirit govern'd them, in this piece of affectation, and others of the like nature (as *Harlowe*-Place, and ſo-forth, tho' not the elder brother's or paternal ſeat) as govern'd the tyrant Tudor *(a)*, who marrying Elizabeth, the Heireſs of the Houſe of York, made himſelf a title to a throne, which he would not otherwiſe have had (being but a baſe deſcendant of the Lancaſter Line); and proved a gloomy and vile huſband to her; for no other cauſe, than becauſe ſhe had laid him under obligations, which his pride would not permit him to own.—Nor would the unprincely wretch marry her till he was in poſſeſſion of the crown, that he might not be ſuppoſed to owe it to her claim.

You have chidden me, and again will, I doubt not, for the liberties I take with ſome of your relations. But, my dear, need I tell *you*, That pride in *ourſelves* muſt, and for-ever will, provoke contempt, and bring down upon us abaſement from *others?* — Have we not, in the caſe of a celebrated Bard, obſerved, that thoſe who aim at more than their due, will be refuſed the honours that they may juſtly claim?— I am very loth to offend you; yet I cannot help ſpeaking of *them*, as well as of *others*, as I think they deſerve. *Praiſe* or *Diſpraiſe*, is the Reward or Puniſhment which the world confers or inflicts on *Merit* or *Demerit*; and, for my part, I neither can nor will confound them in the application. I deſpiſe them All, but your mamma: Indeed I do: — And as for her — But I will ſpare the good Lady for your ſake — And one argument, indeed, I think may be pleaded in her favour,

(a) Henry VII. in

in the preſent contention— She who has for ſo many years, and with ſuch abſolute reſignation, borne what ſhe has borne, to the ſacrifice of her own will, may think it an eaſier taſk, than another perſon can imagine it, for her daughter to give up *her*'s.—But to think to whoſe inſtigation all this is originally owing—God forgive me; but with ſuch uſage I ſhould have been with Lovelace before now—Yet remember, my dear, that the ſtep which would not be wonder'd at from ſuch an haſty-temper'd creature as me, would be inexcuſable in ſuch a conſiderate perſon as you.

After your mamma has been thus drawn in againſt her judgment, I am the leſs ſurpriſed, that your aunt Hervey ſhould go along with her; ſince the two ſiſters never ſeparate. I have inquired into the nature of the obligation which Mr. Hervey's indifferent conduct in his affairs has laid him under:— It is only, it ſeems, that your brother has paid off for him a mortgage upon one part of his eſtate, which the mortgagee was about to foreclose; and taken it upon himſelf: A ſmall favour (as he has ample ſecurity in his hands) from kindred to kindred: But ſuch a one, it is plain, as has laid the whole family of the Herveys under obligation to the ungenerous lender; who has treated him, and his aunt too (as Miſs Dolly Hervey has privately complain'd) with the leſs ceremony ever ſince.

Muſt I, my dear, call ſuch a creature your *brother?*—I believe I muſt — Becauſe he is your *father*'s *ſon.* There is no harm, I hope, in ſaying That.

I am concerned, that you ever wrote at all to him. It was taking too much notice of him: It was adding to his ſelf-ſignificance; and a call upon him to treat you with inſolence: A call which you might have been aſſured he would not fail to anſwer.

But ſuch a pretty maſter as this, to run riot againſt ſuch a man as Lovelace; who had taught him to put his ſword into his ſcabbard, when he had pulled it out

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out by accident! — Theſe in-door inſolents, who, turning themſelves into bugbears, frighten women, children, and ſervants, are generally cravens among men. Were he to come fairly croſs me, and ſay to my face ſome of the free things, which, I am told, he has ſaid of me behind my back, or that (as by your account) he has ſaid of our ſex, I would take upon myſelf to aſk him two or three queſtions; altho' he were to ſend me a challenge likewiſe.

I repeat, You know that I will ſpeak my mind, and *write* it too. He is not *my* brother. Can you ſay, he is *yours?*— So, for your life, if you are juſt, you can't be angry with me: For would you ſide with a *falſe brother* againſt a *true friend?* A brother may *not* be a friend: But a friend will be *always* a brother.—*Mind That*, as your uncle *Tony* ſays!

I cannot deſcend ſo low, as to take very particular notice of the epiſtles of thoſe poor ſouls, whom you call *uncles*.— Yet I love to divert myſelf with ſuch groteſque characters too.—But I know *them*, and love *you*; and ſo cannot make the jeſt of them, which their abſurdities call for.

Now I have ſaid ſo much on theſe *touching* topics, (as I am but too ſenſible you will think them) I muſt add one reflection more, and ſo intitle myſelf to your correction for all at once.—It is upon the conduct of thoſe women (for you and I know more than *one* ſuch) who can ſuffer themſelves to be out-bluſter'd and out-gloom'd, till they have no *will* of their own; inſtead of being prevailed upon, by acts of tenderneſs and complaiſance, to be *fooled out of it*. —I wiſh, that it does not demonſtrate too evidently, that, with ſome of the ſex, inſolent controul is a more efficacious ſubduer than kindneſs or conceſſion.—Upon my life, my dear, I have often thought, that many of us are mere babies in matrimony: Perverſe fools, when too much indulg'd and humour'd; creeping ſlaves, when treated harſhly. But ſhall it be ſaid, that *fear* makes

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makes us more gentle obligers than *love?*—Forbid it, honour! forbid it, gratitude! forbid it, juſtice! that any woman of ſenſe ſhould give occaſion to have this ſaid of her!

Did I think you would have any manner of doubt, from the ſtyle or contents of this letter, whoſe ſaucy pen it is that has run on at this rate, I would write my name at length; ſince it comes too much from my heart to diſavow it:— But at preſent the initials ſhall ſerve; and I will go on again directly.

A. H.

LETTER III.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday morn. 10 *o' clock (Mar.* 23*).*

I Will poſtpone, or perhaps paſs by, ſeveral obſervations which I had to make on other parts of your letters; to acquaint you, that Mr. Hickman, when in London, found an opportunity to inquire after Mr. Lovelace's town-life and converſation.

At the Cocoa-tree in Pall-mall he fell in with two of his intimates, the one named Belton, the other Mowbray; very free of ſpeech, and rakiſh gentlemen both: But the waiter, it ſeems, paid them great reſpect, and, on his inquiry after their characters, called them men of fortune and honour.

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

And ſo he led them on to expatiate more particularly on his qualities; which they were very fond of doing:

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doing: But said not one single word in behalf of his morals—*Mind that* also, in your uncle's style.

Mr. Hickman said, That Mr. Lovelace was very happy, as he understood, in the esteem of the Ladies; and, smiling, to make them believe he did not think amiss of it, that he push'd his good fortune as far as it would go.

Well put, Mr. Hickman! thought I; equally grave and sage— Thou seemest not to be a stranger to their dialect, as I suppose this is!—But I said nothing; for I have often try'd to find out this *mighty* sober man of my mamma's: But hitherto have only to say, that he is either very moral, or very cunning.

No doubt of it, reply'd one of them; and out came an oath, with a Who would not?—That he did as every young gentleman would—

Very true! said my mamma's puritan—But I hear he is in treaty with a fine lady—

So he was, Mr. Belton said—The d—l fetch her! (Vile brute!) for she ingrossed all his time!— But that the Lady's family ought to be—something—(Mr. Hickman desired to be excused repeating what,—tho' he had repeated what was worse)—and might dearly repent their usage of a man of his family and merit.

Perhaps they may think him too wild a gentleman, cry'd Hickman: And theirs is, I hear, a very sober family—

SOBER! said one of them: A good honest word, Dick!—Where the devil has it lain all this time?—D— me if I have heard of it in this sense, ever since I was at college! And then, said he, we bandy'd it about among twenty of us, as an obsolete—

There's for you, my dear!— These are Mr. Lovelace's companions: You'll be pleased to take *notice of that!*

Mr. Hickman said, this put him out of countenance.

I stared at him, and with such a meaning in my eyes,

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eyes, as he knew how to take; and so was out of countenance again.

Don't you remember, my dear, who it was that told a young gentleman designed for the gown, who own'd he was apt to be too easily put out of countenance, when he came among free company; 'That it was a 'bad sign; that it looked as if his morals were not 'proof; but that his good dispostion seemed rather 'the effect of accident and education, than of such a 'choice as was founded upon principle?' And don't you know the lesson the very same young Lady gave him, 'To endeavour to stem and discountenance 'vice, and to glory in being an advocate in all com-'panies for virtue;' particularly observing, 'That it 'was natural for a man to shun, or give up, what 'he was ashamed of?' Which she should be sorry to think his case on this occasion: Adding, 'That 'vice was a coward, and would hide its head, when 'opposed by such a virtue as had presence of mind, 'and a full persuasion of its own rectitude, to support 'it.' The Lady, you may remember, modestly put her doctrine into the mouth of a worthy preacher, Dr. Lewin, as she uses to do, when she has a mind not to be thought to be what she is at so early an age; and that it may give more weight to any-thing *she hit upon, that might appear tolerable*, was her modest manner of speech.

Mr. Hickman, upon the whole, professed to me, upon his *second recovery*, that he had no reason to think well of Mr. Lovelace's morals, from what he heard of him in town: Yet his two intimates talked of his being *more regular* than he *used to be:* That he had made a very good resolution; *That* of old Tom Wharton was the expression, That he would never *give* a challenge, nor *refuse* one; which they praised in him highly: That, in short, he was a very brave fellow, and the charming'st companion in the world:

And

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And would one day make a great figure in his country; for there was nothing he was not capable of—

I am afraid that this is too true. And this, my dear, is all that Mr. Hickman could pick up about him: And is it not enough to determine ſuch a mind as yours, if not *already* determined?

Yet it muſt be ſaid too, that if there be a woman in the world that can reclaim him, it is you. And, by your account of his behaviour in the interview between you, I own I have ſome hope of him. At leaſt, This I will ſay, That all his arguments with you, then, ſeem to be juſt and right: And if you *are* to be his—But no more of That: He cannot, after all, deſerve you.

LETTER IV.

Miſs Howe, *To Miſs* Clarissa Harlowe.

Thurſday afternoon, March 23.

AN unexpected viſitor has turned the courſe of my thoughts, and chang'd the ſubject I had intended to purſue. The only one for whom I would have diſpenſed with my reſolution not to ſee any-body all the dedicated day: A viſitor, whom, according to Mr. Hickman's report from the expectations of his libertine friends, I ſuppoſed to be in town.— Now, my dear, have I ſaved myſelf the trouble of telling you, That it was your too-agreeable Rake. Our ſex is ſaid to love to trade in ſurprizes: Yet have I, by my over-promptitude, ſurpriſed myſelf out of mine.— I had intended, you muſt know, to run twice the length, before I had ſuffer'd you ſo much as to gueſs who, and of which ſex, my viſitor was: But ſince you have the diſcovery at ſo cheap a rate, you are welcome to it.

The end of his coming was, to engage my intereſt with my *charming friend*; and as he was ſure, that I knew

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knew all your mind, to acquaint him what he had to truſt to. He mentioned what had paſſed in the interview between you:— But could not be ſatisfy'd with the reſult of it, and with the little ſatisfaction he had obtained from you; the malice of your family to him increaſing, and their cruelty to you not abating.— His heart, he told me, was in tumults, for fear you ſhould be prevailed upon in favour of a man deſpiſed by every-body. He gave me freſh inſtances of indignities caſt upon himſelf by your uncles and brother; and declared, that if you ſuffered yourſelf to be forced into the arms of the man for whoſe ſake he was loaded with undeſerved abuſes, you ſhould be one of the youngeſt, as you would be one of the lovelieſt, widows in England: And that he would moreover call your brother to account for the liberties he takes with his character to every-one he meets with.

He propoſed ſeveral ſchemes, for you to chooſe ſome one of them, in order to enable you to avoid the perſecutions you labour under: One I will mention; That you will reſume your eſtate; and if you find difficulties, that can be no otherwiſe ſurmounted, that you will, either avowedly or privately, as he had propoſed to you, accept of his aunt Lawrance's, or Lord M's, aſſiſtance to inſtate you in it. He declared, that, if you did, he would leave it abſolutely to your own pleaſure afterwards, and to the advice which your couſin Morden on his arrival ſhould give you, whether to encourage his addreſs, or not, as you ſhall be convinced of the ſincerity of the reformation which his enemies make him ſo much want.

I had now a good opportunity to ſound him (as you wiſh'd Mr. Hickman would Lord M.), as to the continued or diminiſhed favour of the Ladies, and of his Uncle, towards you, upon their being acquainted with the animoſity of your relations to them, as well as to their kinſman. I took the opportunity; and he ſatisfy'd me, by reading ſome paſſages of a letter he had about

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about him, from Lord M, That an alliance with you, and that on the foot of your own ſingle merit, would be the moſt deſirable event to them, that could happen: And ſo far to the purpoſe of your wiſhed inquiry does his Lordſhip go, in this letter, that he aſſures him, that whatever you ſuffer in fortune from the violence of your relations, on *his* account, he and his ſiſters will join to make it up to him. And yet the reputation of a family ſo ſplendid, would, no doubt, in a caſe of ſuch importance to the honour of both, make them prefer a general conſent.

I told him, as you yourſelf I knew had done, that you were extremely averſe to Mr. Solmes; and that, might you be left to your own choice, it would be the Single Life. As to himſelf, I plainly ſaid, That you had great and juſt objections to him, on the ſcore of his careleſs morals: That it was ſurpriſing, that young gentlemen, who gave themſelves the liberties he was ſaid to take, ſhould preſume to think, that, whenever they took it into their heads to marry, the moſt virtuous and worthy of the ſex were to fall to their lot: That as to the Reſumption, it had been very ſtrongly urged by myſelf, and would be more; tho' you had been averſe to it hitherto: That your chief reliance and hopes were upon your couſin Morden: And that to ſuſpend or gain time, till he arrived, was, as I believed, your principal aim.

I told him, That with regard to the miſchief he threatened, neither the act nor the menace could ſerve any end but theirs who perſecuted you; as it would give them a pretence for carrying into effect their compulſatory projects; and that with the approbation of all the world; ſince he muſt not think the public would give its voice in favour of a violent young man, of no extraordinary character as to morals, who ſhould ſeek to rob a family of eminence of a child ſo valuable; and who threatened, if he could not obtain her in preference to a man choſen by themſelves, that he

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he would avenge himſelf upon them All, by acts of violence.

I added, That he was very much miſtaken, if he thought to intimidate *you* by ſuch menaces: For that, tho' your diſpoſition was all ſweetneſs, yet I knew not a ſteadier temper in the world than yours; nor one more inflexible (as your friends had found, and would ſtill farther find, if they continued to give occaſion for its exertion), whenever you thought yourſelf in the right; and that you were dealt ungenerouſly with, in matters of too much moment to be indifferent about. Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, Mr. Lovelace, let me tell you, ſaid I, timid as her foreſight and prudence may make her in ſome caſes, where ſhe apprehends dangers to thoſe ſhe loves, is above fear, in points where her honour, and the true dignity of her ſex, are concerned.—In ſhort, Sir, you muſt not think to frighten Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe into ſuch a mean or unworthy conduct, as only a weak or unſteady mind can be guilty of.

He was ſo very far from intending to intimidate you, he ſaid, that he beſought me not to mention one word to you, of what had paſſed between us: That what he had hinted at, that carried the air of a menace, was owing to the fervor of his ſpirits, raiſed by his apprehenſions of loſing all hope of you for ever; and on a ſuppoſition, that you were to be actually forced into the arms of a man you hated: That were this to be the caſe, he muſt own, that he ſhould pay very little regard to the world, or its cenſures: Eſpecially as the menaces of ſome of your family now, and their triumph over him afterwards, would both provoke and warrant all the vengeance he could take.

He added, that all the countries in the world were alike to him, but on your account: So that whatever he ſhould think fit to do, were you loſt to *him*, he ſhould have nothing to apprehend from the Laws of this.

I did not like the determined air he ſpoke this with: He is certainly, my dear, capable of great raſhneſs.—

He

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He palliated a little this fierceness (which by the way I warmly censured) by saying, That while you remain single, he will bear all the indignities that shall be cast upon him by your family. But would you throw yourself, if you were still farther driven, into any other protection, if not his uncle's, or that of the ladies of his family (into my mamma's, suppose); or would you go to London to private lodgings, where he would never visit you, unless he had your leave; and from whence you might make your own terms with your relations; he would be intirely satisfy'd; and would, as he had said before, wait the effect of your cousin's arrival, and your free determination, as to his own fate.— Adding, That he knew the family so well, and how much fixed they were upon their measures, as well as the absolute dependence they made upon your temper and principles, that he could not but apprehend the worst, while you remained in the power of their persuasion and menaces.

We had a great deal of other discourse: But as the reciting of the rest would be but a repetition of many of the things that passed between you and him, in the interview between you in the woodhouse, I refer myself to your memory on that occasion *(a)*.

And now, my dear, upon the whole, I think, it behoves you to make yourself independent: All then will fall right. This man is a violent man. I should wish, methinks, that you should not have either him or Solmes. You will find, if you get out of your brother's and sister's way, what you *can* or can-*not* do, with regard to either. If your relations persist in their foolish scheme, I think I will take his hint, and, at a proper opportunity, sound my mamma. Mean time, let me have your clear opinion of, and reasonings upon, the Resumption, which I join with Lovelace in advising. You can but see how your demand will work. To *demand*, is not to *litigate*. But be your

(a) See Vol. I. *Letter* xxxvi.

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your reſolution what it will, do not by any means repeat, that you will not aſſert your right. If they go on to give you provocation, you may have ſufficient reaſon to change your mind: And let them expect that you *will* change it. They have not the generoſity to treat you the better for diſclaiming the power they know you have. *That*, I think, need not now be told you.

I am, my deareſt friend, and will be ever,

Your moſt affectionate and faithful

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER V.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedn. Night, March 22.

ON my aunt's and ſiſter's report of my obſtinacy, my aſſembled relations have taken an *unanimous* reſolution (as Betty tells me it is) againſt me. This reſolution you will find ſignify'd to me in the incloſed letter from my brother, juſt now brought me. Be pleaſed to return it, when peruſed. I may have occaſion for it, in the altercations between my relations and me.

Miſs CLARY,

I AM commanded to let you know, that my father and uncles having heard your aunt Hervey's account of all that has paſſed between her and you: Having heard from your ſiſter what ſort of treatment ſhe has had from you: Having recollected all that has paſſed between your mamma and you: Having weighed all your pleas and propoſals: Having taken into conſideration their engagements with Mr. Solmes; that gentleman's patience, and great affection for you; and the little opportunity you have given yourſelf to be acquainted either with his merit, or his propoſals: Having conſidered two points more; to wit, The wounded authority of a father;

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a father; and Mr. Solmes's continual intreaties (little as you have deſerved regard from him), that you may be freed from a confinement to which he is deſirous to attribute your perverſeneſs to him (*averſeneſs* I ſhould have ſaid, but let it go), he being unable to account otherwiſe for ſo ſtrong a one, ſuppoſing you told truth to your mamma, when you aſſerted, that your heart *was free*; and which Mr. Solmes is willing to believe, tho' no-body elſe does.—For all theſe reaſons, it is reſolved, that you ſhall go to your uncle Antony's: And you muſt accordingly prepare yourſelf ſo to do. You will have but ſhort notice of the day, for obvious reaſons.

I will honeſtly tell you the motive for your going: It is a double one; firſt, That they may be ſure, that you ſhall not correſpond with any-body they do not like; for they find from Mrs. Howe, that, by ſome means or other, you *do* correſpond with her daughter; and, thro' her, perhaps with ſomebody elſe: And next, That you may receive the viſits of Mr. Solmes; which you have thought fit to refuſe to do here; by which means you have deprived yourſelf of the opportunity of knowing *whom* and *what* you have hitherto refuſed.

If after one fortnight's converſation with Mr. Solmes, and after you have heard what your friends ſhall further urge in his behalf, unharden'd by clandeſtine correſpondencies, you ſhall convince them, that Virgil's *amor omnibus idem* (for the application of which I refer you to the Georgic, as tranſlated by Dryden) is verify'd in you, as well as in the reſt of the animal creation; and that you cannot, or will not, forego your prepoſſeſſion in favour of the moral, the virtuous, the pious Lovelace (I would pleaſe you if I could!), it will then be conſidered, whether to humour you, or to renounce you for ever.

It is hoped, that, as you *muſt* go, you will go chearfully. Your uncle Antony will make everything at his houſe agreeable to you. But indeed he won't

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won't promiſe, that he will not, at *proper times*, draw up the bridge.

Your viſitors, beſides Mr. Solmes, will be myſelf, if you permit me that honour; your ſiſter; and, as you behave to Mr. Solmes, your aunt Hervey, and your uncle Harlowe; and yet the two latter will hardly come neither, if they think it will be to hear your *whining vocatives*.—Betty Barnes will be your attendant: And, I muſt needs tell you, Miſs, that we none of us think the worſe of the faithful maid, for your diſlike of her: Which Betty, however, who would be glad to oblige you, laments as a misfortune.

Your anſwer is required, whether you *chearfully* conſent to go? And your indulgent mamma bids me remind you from her, That a fortnight's viſits from Mr. Solmes are all that is meant at preſent.

I am, as you ſhall be pleaſed to deſerve,

Yours, &c.

JAMES HARLOWE, *jun.*

So here is the maſter-ſtroke of my brother's policy! Called upon to conſent to go to my uncle Antony's, *avowedly* to receive Mr. Solmes's viſits!—A chapel!—A moated houſe!—Deprived of the opportunity of correſponding with you!—or of any poſſibility of eſcape, ſhould violence be uſed to compel me to be that odious man's!

Late as it was, when I received this inſolent letter, I wrote an anſwer to it directly, that it might be ready for the writer's time of riſing. I incloſe the rough draught of it. You will ſee by it how much his vile hint from the Georgic, and his rude one of my *whining vocatives*, have ſet me up. Beſides, as the command to get ready to go to my uncle's is in the name of my father and uncles, it is but to ſhew a piece of the art they accuſe me of, to reſent the vile hint, I have ſo much reaſon to reſent, in order to palliate the refuſal of obeying, what would otherwiſe be

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be interpreted an act of rebellion by my brother and ſiſter: For, it ſeems plain to me, that they will work but half their ends, if they do not deprive me of my father's and uncles favour, altho' I ſhould even comply with terms, which it is impoſſible I ſhould ever comply with.

YOU might have told me, Brother, in three lines, what the determination of my friends was; only, that then you would not have had room to diſplay your pedantry by ſo deteſtable an alluſion or reference to the Georgic. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, That if *humanity* were a branch of your ſtudies at the Univerſity, it has not found a genius in you for maſtering it. Nor is either my Sex or my ſelf, tho' a ſiſter, I ſee, intitled to the leaſt decency from a brother, who has ſtudied, as it ſeems, rather to cultivate the malevolence of his natural temper, than any tendency which one would have hoped his parentage, if not his education, might have given him, to a tolerable politeneſs.

I doubt not, that you will take amiſs my freedom: But as you have deſerved it from me, I ſhall be leſs and leſs concerned on that ſcore, as I ſee you are more and more intent to ſhew your wit at the expence of juſtice and compaſſion.

The time is, indeed, come, that I can no longer bear thoſe contempts and reflections, which a brother, leaſt of all men, is intitled to give. And let me beg of you one favour, officious Sir: — It is *this*, That you will not give yourſelf any concern about a huſband for *me*, till I ſhall have the forwardneſs to propoſe a wife to *you*. Pardon me, Sir; but I cannot help thinking, that could I have the art to *get my papa* of my ſide, I ſhould have as much right to preſcribe for you, as you have for me.

As to the communication you make me, I muſt take upon me to ſay, That altho' I will receive, as

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becomes me, any of my papa's commands; yet, as this ſignification is made me by a brother, who has ſhewn of late ſo much of an unbrotherly animoſity to me (for no reaſon in the world that I know of, but that he believes he has, in me, *one* ſiſter too many for his intereſt) I think myſelf intitled to conclude, that ſuch a letter as you have ſent me, is all your own — And of courſe to declare, that, while I ſo think it, I will not willingly, nor even without violence, go to any place avowedly, to receive Mr. Solmes's viſits.

I think myſelf ſo much intitled to reſent your infamous hint, and this as well for the ſake of my Sex, as for my own, that I ought to declare, as I do, that I will not receive any more of your letters, unleſs commanded to do ſo, by an authority I never will diſpute; except in a caſe, where I think my *future*, as well as *preſent* happineſs concerned — And were ſuch a caſe to happen, I am ſure my father's harſhneſs will be leſs owing to himſelf, than to you; and to the ſpecious abſurdities of your ambitious and ſelfiſh ſchemes.—Very true, Sir!

One word more, provoked as I am, I will add: That had I been thought as really obſtinate and perverſe, as of late I am ſaid to be, I ſhould not have been ſo diſgracefully treated as I have been—Lay your hand upon your heart, Brother, and ſay, By whoſe inſtigations — And examine what I have done to deſerve to be made thus unhappy, and to be obliged to ſtyle myſelf,

Your injured Siſter,

CL. HARLOWE.

When, my dear, you have read my anſwer to this letter, tell me, what you think of me? — It *ſhall go!*—

LET-

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LETTER VI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday Morning, Mar. 23.

MY letter has ſet them *all* in tumults: For, it ſeems, none of them went home laſt night; and they all were deſired to be preſent to give their advice, if I ſhould refuſe compliance with a command thought ſo reaſonable as, it ſeems, this was.

Betty tells me, That, at firſt, my father, in a rage, was for coming up to me himſelf, and for turning me out of his doors directly. Nor was he reſtrained, till it was hinted to him, that That was no doubt my wiſh, and would anſwer all my perverſe views. But the reſult was, That my brother (having really, as my mamma and aunt inſiſted, taken wrong meaſures with me) ſhould write again in a more *moderate* manner: For nobody elſe was permitted or cared to write to ſuch a *ready ſcribbler*. And, I having declared that I would not receive any more of his letters without command from a ſuperior authority, my mamma was to give it *hers:* And accordingly has done ſo in the following lines, written on the ſuperſcription of his letter to me: Which letter alſo follows: Together with my reply.

Clary Harlowe,

RECEIVE and read This, with the temper that becomes your ſex, your character, your education, and your duty: And return an anſwer to it, directed to your brother.

CHARLOTTE HARLOWE.

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To Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday Morning.

ONCE more I write, altho' imperiouſly prohibited by a younger ſiſter. Your mamma will have me do ſo, that you may be deſtitute of all defence, if you perſiſt in your *pervicacy*. Shall I be a *pedant*, Miſs, for this word? She is willing to indulge in you the leaſt appearance of that delicacy for which ſhe once, as well as every-body elſe, admired you— Before you knew Lovelace; I cannot, however, help ſaying *that:* And ſhe, and your aunt Hervey, will have it (They would fain favour you, if they could), that I may have provoked from you the anſwer they nevertheleſs own to be ſo exceedingly *unbecoming*. I am now learning, you ſee, to take up the ſofter language, where you have laid it down. This then is the caſe:

They *intreat*, they *pray*, they *beg*, they *ſupplicate*— (Will either of theſe do, Miſs Clary?) That you will make no ſcruple to go to your uncle Antony's: And fairly I am to tell you, for the very purpoſe mentioned in my laſt—or, 'tis preſumable, they need not *intreat, pray, beg, ſupplicate*. — Thus much is promiſed to Mr. Solmes, who is your advocate, and very uneaſy, that you ſhould be under conſtraint, ſuppoſing that your diſlike to him ariſes from That. And, if he finds you are not to be moved in his favour, when you are abſolutely freed from That you call a *controul*, he will forbear thinking of you, whatever it coſts him. He loves you too well: And in this, I really think his underſtanding, which you have reflected upon, is to be queſtioned.

Only for one fortnight, therefore, permit his viſits. Your *Education* (you tell me of *mine*, you know) ought to make you incapable of rudeneſs to anybody. He will not, I hope, be the firſt man, myſelf excepted, whom you ever treated rudely, purely becauſe he

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he is eſteemed by us all. I am, what you have a mind to make me, Friend, Brother, or Servant—I wiſh I could be ſtill *more* polite, to ſo polite, ſo delicate, a Siſter.

JA. HARLOWE.

You muſt ſtill write to *me*, if you condeſcend to reply. Your mamma will not be permitted to be diſturbed with your nothing-meaning Vocatives!—*Vocatives*, once more, Madam Clary, repeats the *pedant* your brother!

To JAMES HARLOWE, *jun. Eſq;*

Thurſday, March 23.

PERMIT me, my ever-dear and honoured papa and mamma, in this manner to ſurpriſe you into an *audience* (preſuming This will be read to you) ſince I am deny'd the honour of writing to you directly. Let me beg of you to believe, that nothing but the moſt unconquerable diſlike could make me ſtand againſt your pleaſure. What are riches, what are ſettlements, to happineſs? Let me not thus cruelly be given up to a man my very ſoul is averſe to. Permit me to repeat, that I cannot *honeſtly* be his. Had I a ſlighter notion of the matrimonial duty than I have, perhaps I might. But when I am to bear all the miſery, and That for *life*; when my *heart* is leſs concerned in this matter, than my *ſoul*; my *temporal*, perhaps, than my *future* good; why ſhould I be deny'd the liberty of *refuſing?* That liberty is all I aſk.

It were eaſy for me to give way to hear Mr. Solmes talk for the mentioned fortnight, altho' it is impoſſible for me, ſay what he would, to get over my diſlike to him. But the Moated houſe, the Chapel there, and the little mercy my brother and ſiſter, who are to be there, have hitherto ſhewn me, are what I

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am extremely apprehenſive of. And why does my brother ſay, my reſtraint is to be taken off (and that too at Mr. Solmes's deſire), when I am to be a ſtill cloſer priſoner than before; the Bridge threaten'd to be drawn up; and no dear papa and mamma near me, to appeal to, in the laſt reſort?

Transfer not, I beſeech you, to a brother and ſiſter your own authority over your child—To a brother and ſiſter, who treat me with unkindneſs and reproach; and, as I have too much reaſon to apprehend, miſrepreſent my words and behaviour; or, greatly favour'd as I uſed to be, it is impoſſible I ſhould be ſunk ſo low in your opinions, as I unhappily am!

Let but this my hard, my diſgraceful confinement be put an end to. Permit me, my dear mamma, to purſue my Needleworks in your preſence, as one of your maidens, and you ſhall be witneſs, that it is not wilfulneſs or prepoſſeſſion that governs me. Let me not, however, be put out of your own houſe. Let Mr. Solmes come and go, as my papa pleaſes: Let me but tarry or retire when he comes, as I can; and leave the reſt to Providence.

Forgive me, Brother, that thus, with an appearance of art, I addreſs myſelf to my father and mother, to whom, I am forbid to approach, or to write. Hard it is to be reduced to ſuch a contrivance! Forgive likewiſe the plain-dealing I have uſed in the above, with the nobleneſs of a gentleman, and the gentleneſs due from a brother to a ſiſter. Altho', of late, you have given me but little room to hope for your favour or compaſſion; yet, having not deſerved to forfeit *either*, I preſume to claim *both*: For I am confident it is, at preſent, much in your power, altho' but my brother (my honoured parents both, I bleſs God, in being), to give peace to the greatly diſturbed mind of

Your unhappy Siſter,

CL. HARLOWE.

Betty

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Betty tells me, my brother has taken my letter all in pieces; and has undertaken to write ſuch an anſwer to it, as ſhall confirm the *wavering* — So, it is plain, that I ſhould have moved ſomebody by it, but for this hard-hearted brother; God forgive him!

LETTER VII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday Night, Mar. 23.

I Send you the boaſted confutation-letter, juſt now put into my hands — My brother and ſiſter, my uncle Antony and Mr. Solmes are, I underſtand, exulting over the copy of it below, as an unanſwerable performance.

To Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE.

ONCE again, my inflexible ſiſter, I write to you: It is to let you know, that the pretty piece of art you found out to make me the vehicle of your whining pathetics to your father and mother, has not had the expected effect.

I do aſſure you, that your behaviour has not been miſrepreſented: Nor need it. Your mamma, who is ſollicitous to take all opportunities of putting the favourableſt conſtructions upon all you do, has been forced, as you well know, to give you up, upon full proof: No need then of the expedient of purſuing your Needleworks in her ſight. She cannot bear your whining pranks: And it is for *her* ſake, that you are not permitted to come into her preſence; nor will be, but upon her own terms.

You had like to have made a ſimpleton of your aunt Hervey yeſterday: She came down from you, pleading in your favour: But when ſhe was aſked,

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What conceſſion ſhe had brought you to? ſhe look'd about her, and knew not what to anſwer. So your mamma, when ſurpriſed into the beginning of your cunning addreſs to her and to your papa, under my name (for I had begun to read it, little ſuſpecting ſuch an *ingenious* ſubterfuge) and would then make me read it thro', wrung her hands, Oh! her dear child, her dear child, muſt not be ſo compelled! — But when ſhe was aſked, Whether ſhe would be willing to have for her Son-in-law, the man who bids defiance to her whole family; and who had like to have murder'd her ſon? And what conceſſions ſhe had gain'd from her beloved, to occaſion this tenderneſs? And that for one who had apparently deceived her, in aſſuring her that her heart was free? then could ſhe look about her, as her ſiſter had done before: Then was ſhe again brought to herſelf, and to a reſolution to aſſert her authority; not to *transfer* it, witty preſumer! over the rebel who of late, has ſo ingratefully ſtruggled to throw it off.

You ſeem, child, to have a high notion of the matrimonial duty; and I'll warrant, like the reſt of your ſex (one or two, whom I have the honour to know, excepted) that you will go to church to promiſe what you will never think of afterwards. But, *ſweet* child! as your *worthy* mamma Norton calls you, think a little leſs of the *matrimonial* (at leaſt, till you come into that ſtate) and a little more of the *filial*, duty.

How can you ſay, you are to bear *all the miſery*, when you give ſo large a ſhare of it to your parents, to your uncles, to your aunt, to myſelf, and to your ſiſter; who all, for Eighteen years of your life, loved you ſo well?

If of late I have not given you room to hope for my favour or compaſſion, it is becauſe of late you have not deſerved either. I know what you mean, little reflecting fool, by ſaying, it is much in my power,

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power, altho' *but* your brother (a very ſlight degree of relation with you) to give you that peace, which you can give yourſelf whenever you pleaſe.

The liberty of *refuſing*, pretty Miſs, is deny'd you, becauſe we are all ſenſible, that the liberty of *chooſing*, to every one's diſlike, muſt follow. The vile wretch you have ſet your heart upon, ſpeaks This plainly to every-body, tho' you won't. He ſays you are *His*, and *ſhall* be *His*, and he will be the death of any man who robs him of his PROPERTY. So, Miſs, we have a mind to try this point with him. My father ſuppoſing he has the right of a father in his child, is abſolutely determin'd not to be bully'd out of that right. And what muſt that child be, who prefers the Rake to a Father?

This is the light in which this whole debate ought to be taken. Bluſh, then, Delicacy! that cannot bear the Poet's *Amor omnibus idem!* — Bluſh then, Purity! Be aſhamed, Virgin modeſty! And if capable of conviction, ſurrender your whole will to the will of the honoured pair, to whom you owe your being: And beg of all your friends to forgive and forget the part you have of late acted.

I have written a longer letter, than ever I deſigned to write to you, after the inſolent treatment and prohibition you have given me: And now I am commiſſion'd to tell you, that your friends are as weary of confining you, as you are of being confin'd. And therefore you muſt prepare yourſelf to go in a very few days, as you have been told before, to your uncle Antony's; who, notwithſtanding your apprehenſions, will draw up his bridge when he pleaſes, will ſee what company he pleaſes in his own houſe; nor will he demoliſh his chapel to cure you of your fooliſh late-commenc'd antipathy, to a place of Divine Worſhip.— The more fooliſh, as, if we intended to uſe force, we could have the ceremony paſs in your chamber as well as any where elſe.

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Prejudice againſt Mr. Solmes has evidently blinded you, and there is a *charitable* neceſſity to open your eyes: Since no one but you thinks the gentleman ſo contemptible in his *perſon*; nor, for a plain country gentleman, who has too much ſolid ſenſe to appear like a coxcomb, juſtly blameable in his *manners*.— And as to his *temper*, it is neceſſary you ſhould ſpeak upon fuller knowlege, than at preſent it is plain you can have of him.

Upon the whole, it will not be amiſs, that you prepare for your ſpeedy removal, as well for the ſake of your own conveniency, as to ſhew your readineſs, in *one* point, at leaſt, to oblige your friends; one of whom you may, if you pleaſe to deſerve it, reckon, tho' *but* a Brother,

JAMES HARLOWE.

P. S. If you are diſpoſed to ſee Mr. Solmes, and to make ſome excuſes to him for your paſt conduct, in order to be able to meet him *ſomewhere elſe* with the leſs concern to yourſelf for your freedoms with him; he ſhall attend you where you pleaſe. If you have a mind to read the ſettlements, before they are read to you for your ſigning, they ſhall be ſent you up— Who knows, but they will help you to ſome freſh objections? — Your heart is *free* you know— It *muſt*— For, did you not tell your mother it was? And will the *pious* Clariſſa Harlowe fib to her mamma?

I deſire no reply. The caſe requires none. Yet I will aſk you, Have you, Miſs, no more propoſals to make?

I was ſo vexed when I came to the end of this letter (the poſtſcript to which, perhaps, might be written, after the reſt had ſeen the letter) that I took up my pen, with an intent to write to my uncle Harlowe about reſuming my own eſtate, in purſuance of

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of your advice: But my heart failed me, when I recollected, that I had not one friend to ſtand by or ſupport me in my claim; and that it would but the more incenſe them, without anſwering any good end. O that my couſin were but come!

Is it not a ſad thing, beloved as I thought myſelf, ſo lately, by every one, that now I have not one perſon in the world to plead for me, to ſtand by me, or who would afford me refuge, were I to be under the neceſſity of ſeeking for it?—I, who had the vanity to think I had as many friends as I ſaw faces, and flatter'd myſelf too, that it was not altogether unmerited, becauſe I ſaw not my Maker's Image, either in man, woman, or child, high or low, rich or poor, whom, comparatively, I loved not as myſelf.—Would to heaven, my dear, that you were marry'd! Perhaps, then, you could have induc'd Mr. Hickman, upon my application, to afford me protection, till theſe ſtorms were over-blown. But then this might have involv'd *him* in difficulties and dangers; and that I would not have had done for the world.

I don't know what to do, not I!—God forgive me, but I am very impatient!—I wiſh—but I don't know what to wiſh, without a ſin!—Yet I wiſh it would pleaſe God to take me to his mercy!—I can meet with none here!—What a world is this! What is there in it deſireable? The good we hope for, ſo ſtrangely mix'd, that one knows not what to wiſh for: And one half of mankind tormenting the other, and being tormented themſelves in tormenting!—For here in this my particular caſe, my relations cannot be happy, tho' they make me unhappy!—Except my brother and ſiſter, indeed—and they ſeem to take delight in, and enjoy, the miſchief they make!

But it is time to lay down my pen, ſince my ink runs nothing but gall.

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LETTER VIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday Morning, Six o'Clock.

MRS. Betty tells me, there is now nothing talked of but of my going to my uncle Antony's. She has been order'd, ſhe ſays, to get ready to attend me thither. And, upon my expreſſing my averſeneſs to go, had the confidence to ſay, That having heard me often praiſe the *romantic-neſs* of the place, ſhe was *aſtoniſh'd* (her hands and eyes lifted up) that I ſhould ſet myſelf againſt going to a houſe ſo much in *my taſte*.

I aſked, if this was her own inſolence, or her young miſtreſs's obſervation?

She half-aſtoniſh'd me by her anſwer; That it was hard ſhe could not ſay a *good* thing, without being robbed of the merit of it.

As the wench looked as if ſhe really thought ſhe had ſaid a good thing, without knowing the boldneſs of it, I let it paſs. But, to ſay the truth, this creature has ſurpriſed me on many occaſions with her ſmartneſs: For, ſince ſhe has been imploy'd in this controuling office, I have diſcover'd a great deal of wit in her aſſurance, which I never ſuſpected before. This ſhews, that inſolence is her talent; and that Fortune, in placing her as a ſervant to my ſiſter, has not done ſo kindly by her as Nature; for that ſhe would make a better figure as her *companion*. And, indeed, I can't help thinking ſometimes, that I myſelf was better fitted by *Nature* to be the ſervant of *both*, than the *miſtreſs* of the *one*, or the *ſiſter* of the *other*. And within theſe few months paſt, *Fortune* has acted by me, as if ſhe were of the ſame mind.

Going

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Friday, Ten o'Clock.

Going down to my Poultry-yard, just now, I heard my brother and sister, and that Solmes laughing and triumphing together. The high Yew Hedge between us, which divides the yard from the garden, hinder'd them from seeing me.

My brother, as I found, had been reading part, or the whole perhaps, of the copy of his last letter — Mighty prudent and consistent, you'll say, with their views, to make me the wife of a man, from whom they conceal not, what, were I to be such, it would be kind in them to endeavour to conceal, out of regard to my future peace: But I have no doubt, that they hate me heartily.

Indeed you was up with her there, brother, said my sister! You need not have bid her not write to you. I'll engage, with all her wit, she'll never pretend to answer it.

Why, indeed, said my brother, with an air of College-sufficiency, with which he abounds, (for he thinks nobody writes like himself) I believe I have given her a *choak-pear*. What say you, Mr. Solmes?

Why, Sir, said he, I think it is unanswerable. But will it not exasperate her more against me?

Never fear, Mr. Solmes, said my brother, but we'll carry our point, if she do not tire *you* out first. We have gone too far in this method to recede. Her cousin Morden will soon be here; so all must be over, before that time, or she'll be made independent of us all.

There, Miss Howe, is the reason given for their Jehu-driving!

Mr. Solmes declar'd, that he was determin'd to persevere while my brother gave him any hopes, and while my father stood firm.

My sister told my brother, that he *hit me charmingly* on the reason why I ought to converse with Mr.

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Mr. Solmes. But that he ſhould not be ſo ſmart upon the *ſex*, for the faults of *this perverſe girl.*

Some lively, and I ſuppoſe, witty anſwer, my brother return'd; for he and Mr. Solmes laugh'd outrageouſly upon it, and Bella laughing too, call'd him a naughty gentleman: But I heard no more of what they ſaid; they walking on into the garden.

If you think, my dear, that what I have related, did not again fire me, you will find yourſelf miſtaken, when you read at this place the incloſed copy of my letter to my brother; ſtruck off, while the iron was red-hot.

No more call me meek and gentle, I beſeech you.

To Mr. JAMES HARLOWE.

SIR, *Friday Morning.*

IF, notwithſtanding your prohibition, I ſhould be ſilent on occaſion of your laſt, you would perhaps conclude, that I was conſenting to go to my uncle Antony's, upon the condition you mention. My father muſt do as he pleaſes with his child. He may turn me out of his doors, if he thinks fit, or give *you* leave to do it; but, (loth as I am to ſay it) I ſhould think it very hard to be carry'd by force to any-body's houſe, when I have one of *my own* to go to.

Far be it from me, notwithſtanding your's and my ſiſter's provocations, to think of taking my eſtate into my own hands, without my papa's leave: But why, if I muſt not ſtay any longer here, may I not be permitted to go thither? I will engage to ſee nobody they would not have me ſee, if this favour be permitted. *Favour* I call it, and am ready to receive and acknowlege it as ſuch, altho' my grandfather's will has made it matter of right.

You aſk me, in a very unbrotherly manner, in the poſtſcript to your letter, if I have not ſome new propoſals

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posals to make. I HAVE (since you put the question) three or four: — *New ones* all, I think; tho' I will be so bold as to say, that, submitting the case to any one impartial person, whom *you* have not set against me, my *old* ones ought not to have been rejected. I *think* This, why then should I not *write* it? — Nor have you any more reason to storm at your *sister*, for telling it you (since you seem, in your letter, to make it your boast how you turned my mamma and my aunt Hervey against me) than I have to be angry with my *brother*, for treating me as no brother ought to treat a sister.

These are my new proposals then:

That, as above, I may not be hinder'd from going to reside (under such conditions as shall be prescribed to me, which I will most religiously observe) at my grandfather's late house. I will not again in this place call it *mine*. I have reason to think it a great misfortune, that ever it was so! *Indeed* I have!

If this be not permitted, I desire leave to go for a month, or for what time shall be thought fit, to Miss Howe's. I dare say her mamma will consent to it, if I have my papa's permission to go.

If this, neither, be allowed, and I *am* to be turned out of my father's house, I beg I may be suffer'd to go to my aunt Hervey's, where I will inviolably observe her commands, and those of my papa and mamma.

But if this, neither, is to be granted, it is my humble request, that I may be sent to my uncle Harlowe's, instead of my uncle Antony's. I mean not by this any disrespect to my uncle Antony: But his Moat, with his Bridge threaten'd to be drawn up, and perhaps his Chapel, terrify me beyond expression, notwithstanding your *witty* ridicule upon me for that apprehension.

If this likewise be refused, and I must be carried to the Moated house, which used to be a delightful one to

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to me, let it be promiſed me, that I ſhall not be compelled to receive Mr. Solmes's viſits there; and then I will as chearfully go, as ever I did.

So here, Sir, are my new propoſals. And if none of them anſwer your end, as each of them tends to the excluſion of that ungenerous perſiſter's viſits, be pleaſed to know, that there is no misfortune I will not ſubmit to, rather than yield to give my hand to the man, to whom I can allow no ſhare in my heart.

If I write in a ſtyle different from my uſual, and different from what I wiſhed to have occaſion to write, an impartial perſon, who knew what I have accidentally, within this hour paſt, heard from your mouth, and my ſiſter's, and a third perſon's (particularly the reaſon you give for driving on at this violent rate; to-wit, my couſin Morden's ſoon-expected arrival), would think, I have but too much reaſon for it. Then be pleaſed to remember, Sir, that when my *whining vocatives* have ſubjected me to ſo much ſcorn and ridicule, it is time, were it but to *imitate* examples ſo excellent as *you* and my *ſiſter* ſet me, that I ſhould endeavour to aſſert my character, in order to be thought leſs an *alien*, and *nearer of kin to you both*, than either of you have of late ſeemed to ſuppoſe me.

Give me leave, in order to *empty my female quiver* at once, to add, that I know no other reaſon you can have, for forbidding me to reply to you, after you have written what you pleaſed to me, than that you are conſcious you cannot anſwer to reaſon and to juſtice the treatment you give me.

If it be otherwiſe, I, an un-learned, un-logical girl, younger by near a third than yourſelf, will venture (ſo aſſured am I of the juſtice of my cauſe) to put my fate upon an iſſue with *you*: With *you*, Sir, who have had the advantage of an academical education; whoſe mind muſt have been ſtrengthen'd by obſervation, and learned converſation; and who, pardon my

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my going ſo *low*, have been accuſtomed to give *choak-pears* to thoſe you vouchſafe to write againſt.

Any impartial perſon, your late Tutor, for inſtance; or the pious and worthy Dr. Lewin, may be judge between us: And if either give it againſt me, I will promiſe to reſign to my deſtiny: Provided, if it be given againſt you, that my father will be pleaſed only to allow of my negative to the perſon ſo violently ſought to be impoſed upon me.

I flatter myſelf, Brother, that you will the readier come into this propoſal, as you ſeem to have a high opinion of your talents for argumentation; and not a *low* one of the cogency of the arguments contained in your laſt letter. And as I can poſſibly have no advantage in a contention with you, if the juſtice of my cauſe affords me not any, (as you have no opinion it will) it behoves you, methinks, to ſhew to an impartial moderator, that *I* am wrong, and *you* not ſo.

If this be accepted, there is a neceſſity for its being carry'd on by the pen; the facts to be ſtated, and agreed upon by both; and the deciſion to be given, according to the force of the arguments each ſhall produce in ſupport of their ſide of the queſtion: For, give me leave to ſay, I know too well the *manlineſs* of your temper, to offer at a *perſonal* debate with you.

If it be not accepted, I ſhall conclude, that you cannot defend your conduct towards me: And ſhall only beg of you, that, for the future, you will treat me with the reſpect due to a ſiſter from a brother, who would be thought as polite as learned.

And now, Sir, if I have ſeem'd to ſhew ſome ſpirit, not quite foreign to the relation I have the honour to bear to *you*, and to my *ſiſter*; and which may be deem'd not altogether of a piece with that part of my character which once, it ſeems, gained me every one's love; be pleaſed to conſider to *whom*, and to *what* it is owing; and that this part of that character was not diſpenſed with, till it ſubjected me to that ſcorn and

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and those insults, which a brother, who has been *so tenacious of an independence*, that I *voluntarily* gave up, and who has appeared *so exalted* upon it, ought not to have shewn to *any-body*, much less to a *weak* and *defenceless* sister: Who is, notwithstanding, an affectionate and respectful one, and would be glad to shew herself to be so upon all future occasions; as she has in every action of her past life, altho' of late she has met with such unkind returns.

CL. HARLOWE.

See the force and volubility, as I may say, of passion; for the letter I send you is my first draught, struck off without a blot or erazure.

Friday, Three o'Clock.

AS soon as I had transcribed it, I sent it down to my brother by Mrs. Betty.

The wench came up soon after, all aghast, with her *Lord, Miss!* What *have* you done?—What *have* you written? For you have set them all in a *joyful* uproar!

MY Sister is but this moment gone from me: She came up, all in a flame, which obliged me abruptly to lay down my pen: She run to me—

O Spirit! said she; tapping my neck a little *too* hard. And is it come to this at last!—

Do you beat me, Bella?

Do you call this beating you? Only tapping your shoulder *thus*, said she; tapping again more gently—This is what we expected it would come to—You want to be independent—My papa has lived too long for you!—

I was going to speak with vehemence; but she put her handkerchief before my mouth, very rudely—You have done enough with your pen, mean listener, as you are! But, know, that neither your independent

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pendent ſcheme, nor any of your viſiting ones, will be granted you. Take your courſe, perverſe one; call in your Rake to help you to an *in*-dependence upon your parents, and a dependence upon him!—Do ſo!—Prepare this moment—Reſolve what you will take with you!—To-morrow you go!—Depend upon it, to-morrow you go!—No longer ſhall you tarry here, watching, and creeping about to hearken to what people ſay!—'Tis determin'd, child!—You go to-morrow!—My brother would have come up to tell you ſo!—But I perſuaded him to the contrary—For I know not, what had become of you, if he had—Such a letter!—Such an inſolent, ſuch a *conceited* challenger!—O thou vain creature!—But prepare your ſelf, I ſay—To-morrow you go—My brother will accept your bold challenge; but it muſt be *perſonal*; and at my uncle Antony's—Or perhaps at Mr. Solmes's—

Thus ſhe ran on, almoſt foaming with paſſion, till, quite out of patience, I ſaid, No more of your violence, Bella—Had I known in what a way you would come up, you ſhould not have found my chamber-door open!—Talk to your ſervant in this manner: Unlike *you*, as I bleſs God I am, I am nevertheleſs your ſiſter—And let me tell you, that I won't go to-morrow, nor next day, nor next day to that—except I am dragg'd away by violence.

What! not if your papa, or your mamma commands it—Girl? ſaid ſhe; intending another word, by her pauſe, and manner, before it came out.

Let it come to *that* Bella—Then I ſhall know what to ſay—But it ſhall be from either of their own mouths, if I do.—Not from yours, nor your Betty's—And ſay another word to me, in this manner, and be the conſequence what it may, I will force myſelf into their preſence; and demand what I have done to be uſed thus!

Come along, child!—Come along, meekneſs—taking

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taking my hand, and leading me towards the door— Demand it of them now— You'll find *both* your deſpiſed parents together! — What! does your heart fail you?—[for I reſiſted being thus inſolently led, and pulled my hand from her.]

I want not to be led, ſaid I; and ſince I can plead your invitation, I will go: And was poſting to the ſtairs, accordingly, in my paſſion — But ſhe got between me and the door, and ſhut it—

Let me firſt, bold one, appriſe them of your viſit: — For your own ſake, let me — For my brother is with them. But yet opening it again, ſeeing me ſhrink back — Go if you will! — Why don't you go! — Why don't you go, Miſs—following me to my cloſet, whither I retired, with my heart full, and pulled the ſaſh-door after me; and could no longer hold in my tears.

Nor would I anſwer one word to her repeated aggravations, and demands upon me to open my door (for the key was on the inſide) nor ſo much as turn my head towards her, as ſhe looked thro' the glaſs at me. And at laſt, which vex'd her to the heart, I drew the ſilk curtain, that ſhe ſhould not ſee me, and down ſhe went muttering all the way.

Is not this uſage enough to provoke one to a raſhneſs one had never thought of committing?

As it is but too probable, that I may be hurry'd away to my uncle's, without being able to give you previous notice of it; I beg, that as ſoon as you ſhall hear of ſuch a violence, you will ſend to the uſual place, to take back ſuch of your letters, as may not have reached my hands, or to fetch any of mine, that may be there. May you, my dear, be always happy, prays your

CL. HARLOWE.

I have received your four letters. But am in ſuch a ferment, that I cannot at preſent write to them.

LET-

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LETTER IX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday Night, March 24.

I Have a moſt provoking letter from my ſiſter. — I might have ſuppoſed, ſhe would reſent the contempt ſhe brought upon herſelf in my chamber. Her conduct, ſurely, can only be accounted for by the rage of a ſuppoſed rivalry.

To Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE.

I Am to tell you, That your mamma has begg'd you off for the morrow: — But that you have effectually done your buſineſs with her, as well as with every-body elſe.

In your propoſals, and letter to your brother, you have ſhew'd yourſelf ſo ſilly, and ſo wiſe; ſo young, and ſo old; ſo gentle, and ſo obſtinate; ſo meek, and ſo violent; that never was there ſo mix'd a character.

We all know of whom you have borrowed this new ſpirit. And yet the ſeeds of it muſt be in your heart, or it could not all at once ſhew itſelf ſo rampant. It would be doing Mr. Solmes a ſpight, to wiſh him ſuch a *ſhy*, *un*-ſhy girl; another of your contradictory qualities—I leave you to make out what I mean by it.

Here, Miſs, your mamma will not let you remain: She cannot have any peace of mind while ſuch a rebel of a child is ſo near her: Your aunt Hervey will not take a charge all the family put together cannot manage: Your uncle Harlowe will not ſee you at his houſe till you are marry'd: So, thanks to your own ſtubbornneſs, you have nobody that will receive you but your uncle Antony: Thither you muſt go in a very few days, and when there, your brother will ſettle with you, in my preſence, all that relates to your

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your modeſt challenge:— For it is accepted, I will aſſure you. Dr. Lewin will poſſibly be there, ſince you make choice of him; *Another* gentleman likewiſe, were it but to convince you, that he is another ſort of man than you have taken him to be: Your two uncles will *poſſibly* be there too, to ſee that the *poor*, *weak*, and *defenceleſs ſiſter* has fair play. So, you ſee, Miſs, what company your ſmart challenge will draw together.

Prepare for the day. You'll ſoon be called upon.

Adieu, mamma Norton's ſweet child!

ARAB. HARLOWE.

I tranſcrib'd this letter, and ſent it to my mamma, with theſe lines.

A very few words, my ever-honour'd Mamma!

IF my ſiſter wrote the incloſed by my father's direction, or yours, I muſt ſubmit to the uſage, with this *only* obſervation, That it is ſhort of the perſonal treatment I have received from her. If it be of her own head:— Why then, Madam — But I *knew*, that when I was baniſh'd from your preſence— Yet, till I know, if ſhe has or has not authority for this uſage, I will only write further, that I am

Your very *unhappy Child*,

CL. HARLOWE.

This anſwer I receiv'd in an open ſlip of paper, but it was wet in one place. I kiſs'd the place; for I am ſure it was bliſter'd, as I may ſay, with a mother's tear!— The dear Lady muſt (I *hope* ſhe muſt) have wrote it reluctantly.

TO apply for protection, where authority is defy'd, is bold!— Your ſiſter, who would not in *your* circumſtances have been guilty of *your* perverſeneſs, may, allowably, be angry at you for it.— However, we

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we have told her to moderate her *zeal* for our insulted authority. See, if you can deserve another behaviour, than That which cannot be so grievous to *you*, as the *cause* of it is, to

Your more *unhappy Mother.*

How often must I forbid you any address to me!

GIVE me, my dearest friend, your opinion, what I *can*, what I *ought* to do. Not what you would do (push'd as I am push'd) in *resentment* or *passion*— for in *That* spirit you tell me, you should have been with somebody before now. — And steps made in passion, hardly ever fail of leading to repentance: But acquaint me with what you think cool judgment, and after-reflection, whatever be the event, will justify.

I doubt not your *sympathizing* love: But yet you cannot possibly feel indignity and persecution so very sensibly as the immediate sufferer feels them: Are *fitter* therefore to advise me, than I am myself.

I will here rest my cause. Have I, or have I not, suffer'd or borne enough? And if they will still persevere; if that strange persister against an antipathy so strongly avow'd, will *still* persist, say, What *can* I do?— What course pursue?— Shall I fly to London, and endeavour to hide myself from Lovelace, as well as from all my own relations, till my cousin Morden arrives? Or shall I embark for Leghorn in my way to my cousin? Yet, my Sex, my Youth, consider'd, how full of danger is that!—And may not my cousin be set out for England, while I am getting thither?— What *can* I do?—Tell me, tell me, my dearest Miss Howe; for I dare not trust myself!—

Eleven o'Clock at Night.

I HAVE been forced to try to compose my angry passions at my Harpsichord; having first shut close my doors and windows, that I might not be heard below.

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below. As I was closing the shutters of the windows, the distant whooting of the Bird of Minerva, as from the often-visited Woodhouse, gave the subject in that charming ODE to WISDOM, which does honour to our Sex, as it was written by one of it. I made an essay, a week ago, to set the three last stanza's of it, as not unsuitable to my unhappy situation; and after I had re-perused the Ode, those three were my lesson: And, I am sure, in the solemn address they contain to the All-wise, and All-powerful Deity, my heart went with my fingers.

I inclose the Ode, and my Effort with it. The subject is solemn: My circumstances are affecting; and I flatter myself, that I have not been quite unhappy in the performance. If it obtain your approbation, I shall be out of doubt: And, should be still more assured, could I hear it try'd by your voice, and by your finger.

ODE to WISDOM,

By a LADY.

I.

THE solitary Bird of Night
Thro' the thick Shades now wings his Flight,
And quits his Time-shook Tow'r;
Where, shelter'd from the Blaze of Day,
In Philosophic Gloom he lay,
Beneath his Ivy Bow'r.

II.

With Joy I hear the solemn Sound,
Which midnight Echoes waft around,
And sighing Gales repeat.
Fav'rite of PALLAS! I attend,
And, faithful to thy Summons, bend
At WISDOM's awful Seat.

III. She

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III.

She loves the cool, the silent Eve,
Where no false Shews of Life deceive,
Beneath the Lunar Ray.
Here Folly drops each vain Disguise,
Nor sport her gaily-colour'd Dyes,
As in the Beam of Day.

IV.

O PALLAS! Queen of ev'ry Art,
That glads the Sense, and mends the Heart,
Blest Source of purer Joys!
In ev'ry Form of Beauty bright,
That captivates the *mental* Sight
With Pleasure and Surprize;

V.

To thy unspotted Shrine I bow:
Attend thy modest Suppliant's Vow,
That breathes no wild Desires;
But taught by thy unerring Rules,
To shun the fruitless Wish of Fools,
To nobler Views aspires.

VI.

Not FORTUNE's Gem, AMBITION's Plume,
Nor CYTHEREA's fading Bloom,
Be Objects of my Pray'r:
Let *Av'rice*, *Vanity*, and *Pride*,
Those envy'd glitt'ring Toys divide,
The dull Rewards of Care.

VII.

To *me* thy *better* Gifts impart,
Each moral Beauty of the Heart,
By studious Thought refin'd;
For WEALTH, the Smiles of glad Content,
For POW'R, its amplest, best Extent,
An Empire o'er my Mind.

VIII.

When *Fortune* drops her gay Parade,
When *Pleasure*'s transient Roses fade,

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And wither in the Tomb,
Unchang'd is *thy* immortal Prize;
Thy ever-verdant Laurels riſe
In undecaying Bloom.

IX.

By *Thee* protected, I defy
The Coxcomb's Sneer, the ſtupid Lye
Of Ignorance and Spite:
Alike contemn the leaden Fool,
And all the pointed Ridicule
Of undiſcerning *Wit*.

X.

From Envy, Hurry, Noiſe, and Strife,
The dull Impertinence of Life,
In *thy* Retreat I reſt;
Purſue thee to the peaceful Groves,
Where PLATO's ſacred Spirit roves,
In all thy Beauties dreſt.

XI.

He bad Ilyſſus' tuneful Stream
Convey thy Philoſophic Theme
Of PERFECT, FAIR, and GOOD:
Attentive Athens caught the Sound,
And all her liſt'ning Sons around
In awful Silence ſtood:

XII.

Reclaim'd her wild, licentious Youth,
Confeſs'd the potent Voice of TRUTH,
And felt its juſt Controul.
The *Paſſions* ceas'd their loud Alarms,
And *Virtue*'s ſoft perſuaſive Charms
O'er all their Senſes ſtole.

XIII.

Thy Breath inſpires the POET's Song,
The PATRIOT's free, unbiaſs'd Tongue,
The HERO's gen'rous Strife;
Thine are RETIREMENT's ſilent Joys,
And all the ſweet engaging Ties
Of STILL, DOMESTIC Life.

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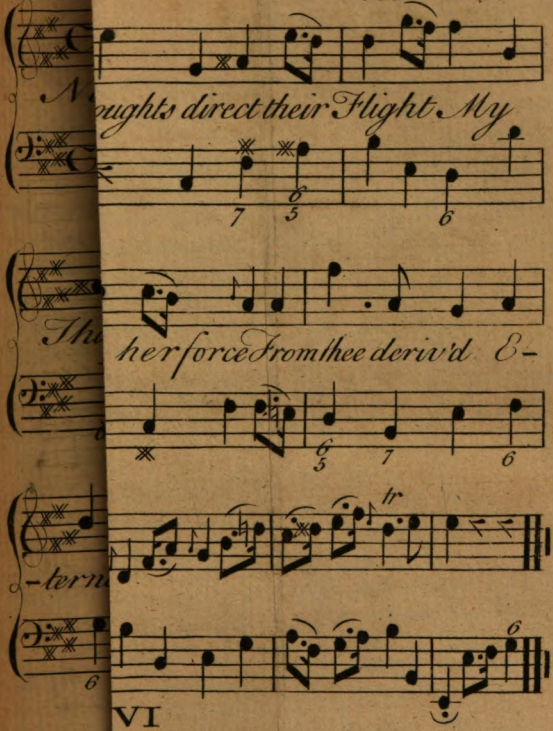

VI

r discerning Eye
hadows fly
inted Show.
ry fair Disguise,
RTUE'S solid Joys,
and Woe.

LETTER X.

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LETTER X.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday Midnight.

I Have now a calmer moment. Envy, Ambition, high and ſelfiſh Reſentment, and all the violent Paſſions, are now, moſt probably, aſleep all around me; and ſhall not my own angry ones give way to the ſilent hour, and ſubſide likewiſe? — They *have* given way to it; and I have made uſe of the gentler ſpace to re-peruſe your laſt letters. I will touch upon ſome paſſages in them: And that I may the leſs endanger the but juſt-recovered calm, I will begin with what you write about Mr. Hickman.

Give me leave to ſay, That I am ſorry you cannot yet perſuade yourſelf to think better, that is to ſay, *more juſtly*, of that gentleman, than your whimſical picture of him ſhews you do; or, at leaſt, than the humorouſneſs of your natural vein would make one *think* you do.

I do not imagine, that you yourſelf will ſay, he ſat for the picture you have drawn. And yet, upon the whole, it is not greatly to his diſadvantage. Were I at eaſe in my mind, I would venture to draw a much more amiable and juſt likeneſs.

If Mr. Hickman has not that aſſurance which ſome men have, he has that humanity and gentleneſs, which many want: And which, with the infinite value he has for you, will make him one of the propereſt huſbands in the world for a perſon of your vivacity and ſpirit.

Altho' you ſay I would not like him myſelf, I do aſſure you, if Mr. Solmes were ſuch a man as Mr. Hickman, in perſon, mind, and behaviour, my friends and I had never diſagreed about him, if they would not have permitted me to live ſingle; Mr. Lovelace

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(having ſuch a character as he has) would have ſtood no chance with me. This I can the more boldly aver, becauſe, I plainly perceive, that of the two paſſions, *Love* and *Fear*, This man will be able to inſpire one with a much greater proportion of the *latter*, than I imagine is compatible with the *former*, to make a happy marriage.

I am glad you own, that you like no one better than Mr. Hickman. In a little while, I make no doubt, you will be able, if you challenge your heart upon it, to acknowlege, that you like not any man ſo well: Eſpecially, when you come to conſider, that the very faults you find in Mr. Hickman, admirably fit him to make *you* happy: That is to ſay, If it be neceſſary to your happineſs, that you ſhould have your own will in every thing.

But let me add one thing: And that is this:—You have ſuch a ſprightly turn, that, with your admirable talents, you would make any man in the world, who loved you, look like a fool, except he were ſuch a one as Lovelace.

Forgive me, my dear, for my frankneſs: And forgive me alſo, for ſo ſoon returning to ſubjects ſo immediately relative to myſelf, as thoſe I now muſt touch upon.

You again inſiſt, ſtrengthen'd by Mr. Lovelace's opinion, upon my aſſuming my own eſtate: And I have given you room to expect, that I will conſider this ſubject more cloſely than I had done before.—I muſt however own, that the reaſons that I had to offer againſt your advice, were ſo obvious, that I thought you would have ſeen them yourſelf, and been determin'd by them, againſt your own haſtier counſel.—But ſince this has not been ſo; and that both you and Mr. Lovelace call upon me to aſſume my own eſtate, I will enter briefly into the ſubject.

In the firſt place, let me aſk you, my dear, ſuppoſing I were inclined to follow your advice, Whom have

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have I to ſupport me in my demand?— My uncle Harlowe is one of my truſtees. He is againſt me. My couſin Morden is the other. He is in Italy, and may be ſet againſt me too. My brother has declar'd, that they are reſolved to carry their point before he arrives: So that, as they drive on, all will probably be decided before I could have an anſwer from him, were I to write: And, confined as I am, if the anſwer were to come in time, and they did not like it, they would keep it from me.

In the next place, parents have great advantages in every eye over the child, if ſhe diſpute their pleaſure in the diſpoſing of her: And ſo they ought: Since out of twenty inſtances, perhaps two could not be produced, where *they* were not in the right, the *child* in the wrong.

You would not, I am ſure, have me accept of Mr. Lovelace's offer'd aſſiſtance in ſuch a claim. If I would embrace any *other* perſon's, who elſe would care to appear for a child againſt parents, ever, till of late, ſo affectionate? But were ſuch a protector to be found, what a length of time would it take up in a courſe of litigation?—The Will and the Deeds have flaws in them, they ſay: My brother ſometimes talks of going to reſide at *The Grove:* I ſuppoſe with a deſign to make ejectments neceſſary, were I to offer at aſſuming; or ſhould I marry Lovelace, in order to give him all the oppoſition and difficulty the Law would help him to give.

Theſe caſes I have put to myſelf, for argument-ſake: But they are all out of the queſtion, altho' anybody *were* to be found who would eſpouſe my cauſe: For, I do aſſure you, I would ſooner beg my bread, than litigate for my right with my papa: Since I am convinc'd, that whether or not the parent do his duty by the child, the child cannot be exempted from doing hers to him. And to go to law with my *Father*, what a ſound has That? You will ſee, that I have

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mention'd my wish (as an alternative, and as a favour) to be permitted, if I *must* be put out of his house, to go thither: But not one step further can I go. And you see how This is resented.

Upon the whole then, what have I to hope for, but a change in my father's resolution? And is there any probability of that; such an ascendency as my brother and sister have obtained over every-body; and such an interest to pursue the enmity they have now openly avow'd against me?

As to Mr. Lovelace's approbation of your assumption-scheme, I wonder not at it. He, very probably, penetrates the difficulties I should have to bring it to effect, without his assistance. Were I to find myself as free as I would wish myself to be, perhaps that man would stand a worse chance with me, than his vanity may permit him to imagine; notwithstanding the pleasure you take in raillying me on his account. How know you, but all that appears to be specious and reasonable in his offers — Such as, standing his chance for my favour, after I became independent, as I may call it (by which, I mean no more, than having the liberty to refuse a man in that Solmes, whom it hurts me but to think of as a husband); and such as his not visiting me but by my leave; and till Mr. Morden came; and till I were satisfy'd of his reformation;—How know you, I say, that he gives not himself these airs purely to stand better in *your* graces as well as *mine*, by offering, of his own accord, conditions which he must needs think would be insisted on, were the case to happen?

Then am I utterly displeased with him. To threaten as he threatens — Yet to pretend, that it is not to intimidate me; and to beg of you not to tell me, when he must know you *would*, and no doubt must *intend* that you *should*, is so meanly artful!—The man must think he has a frighted fool to deal with.—I, to join hands with such a man of violence!— My own brother

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ther the man he threatens! — And Mr. Solmes! — What has Mr. Solmes done to him?—Is *he* to be blamed, if he thinks a perſon would make a wife worth having, to endeavour to obtain her?—Oh! that my friends would but leave me to my own way in this one point! — For have I given the man encouragement ſufficient to ground theſe threats upon? Were Mr. Solmes a man to whom I could be but indifferent, it might be found, that to have the merit of a ſufferer given him, from ſuch a flaming ſpirit, would very little anſwer the views of that flaming ſpirit. — It is my fortune to be treated as a fool by my brother: But Mr. Lovelace ſhall find—Yet I will let *him* know my mind; and then it will come with a better grace to your knowlege.

Mean time, give me leave to tell you, that it goes againſt me, in my cooler moments, wicked as my brother is to me, to have you, my dear, who are *myſelf*, as it were, write ſuch very ſevere reflections upon him, in relation to the advantage Lovelace had over him. He is not indeed *your* brother: But you write to *his* ſiſter, remember! — Upon my word, Miſs, you dip your pen in gall, whenever you are offended: And I am almoſt ready to queſtion, when I read ſome of your expreſſions, againſt others of my relations as well as him (altho' in my favour), whether you are ſo thoroughly warranted, by *your own* patience, as you think yourſelf, to call *other* people to account for *their* warmth. Should we not be particularly careful to keep clear of the faults we cenſure?— And yet I am ſo angry at both my brother and ſiſter, that I ſhould not have taken this liberty with my dear friend, notwithſtanding I know you *never* loved them, had you not made ſo light of ſo ſhocking a tranſaction, where a brother's life was at ſtake: Where his credit in the eye of the miſchievous ſex, has received a ſtill deeper wound, than he *perſonally* ſuſtained; and when a revival of the

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ſame wicked reſentments (which may end more fatally) is threaten'd.

His credit, I ſay, in the eye of the *miſchievous Sex*: Who is not warranted to call it ſo; when it is reckon'd among the men, ſuch an extraordinary piece of ſelf-conqueſt, as the two libertines his companions gloried, to reſolve never to *give* a challenge; and among whom duelling is ſo faſhionable a part of brutal bravery, that the man of temper, who is, moſtly, I believe, the truly brave man, is often at a great loſs how to behave in ſome caſes, to avoid incurring either a mortal guilt, or a general contempt.

To inlarge a little upon this ſubject, may we not infer, That thoſe who would be guilty of throwing theſe contempts upon a man of temper, for avoiding a greater evil, know not the meaſure of true magnanimity: Nor how much nobler it is to *forgive*, and even how much more *manly* to *deſpiſe*, than to *reſent*. Were I a man, methinks, I ſhould have too much ſcorn for a perſon, who could wilfully do me a mean injury, to put a value upon his life, equal to what I put upon my own. What an abſurdity, Becauſe a man had done me a *ſmall* injury, that I ſhould put it in his power (at leaſt, to an *equal* riſque) to do me, and thoſe who love me, an irreparable one?—Were it not a *wilful* injury, nor *avow'd* to be ſo, there could not be *room* for reſentment.

How willingly would I run away from myſelf, and what moſt concerns myſelf, if I could! This digreſſion brings me back again to the occaſion of it.—And That to the impatience I was in, when I ended my laſt letter; for my ſituation is not alter'd. I renew therefore my former earneſtneſs, as the new day approaches, and will bring with it perhaps new tryals, that you will (as undiveſtedly as poſſible of favour or reſentment) tell me what you would have me do:—For if I am obliged to go to my uncle Antony's,

All,

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All, I doubt, will be over with me. Yet how to avoid it — That's the difficulty!

I shall depositе this the first thing: When you have it, losе no time, I pray you, to advisе (leſt it be too late)

Your ever-obliged,

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XI.

Miss HOWE, *To Miss* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Sat. March 25.

WHAT *can* I advisе you, my noble creature? Your merit is your crime. You can no more change *your* nature, than your perſecutors can *theirs*. Your diſtreſs is owing to the vaſt diſparity between you and them. What would you have of them? Do they not act in character?—And to whom? To an Alien. You are not one of them. — They have two dependencies— Upon their own *impenetrableneſs*, one (I'd give it a properer name, if I dared); the other, on the regard you have always had for your *character* (Have they not heretofore own'd as much?) and upon your apprehenſions from *that* of Lovelace, which would diſcredit you, ſhould you take any ſtep by his means to extricate yourſelf. Then they know, that reſentment and unperſuadableneſs are not natural to you; and that the anger they have wrought you up to, will ſubſide, as all *extraordinaries* ſoon do; and that once marry'd, you'll make the beſt of it.

But ſurely your *father*'s eldeſt ſon and eldeſt daughter have a view to intail unhappineſs for life upon you, were you to have the man who is already more nearly related to them, than ever he can be to you, ſhould the ſhocking compulſion take place; by communicating to ſo narrow a ſoul all they know of your juſt averſion to him.

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As to that wretch's perſeverance, thoſe only, who know not the man, will wonder at it. He has not the leaſt delicacy. When-*ever* he ſhall marry, his view will not be for mind. How ſhould it? He has *not* a mind: And does not *Like ſeek its Like?*—And if it finds ſomething beyond itſelf, how ſhall that be valued, which cannot be comprehended? Were you to be his, and ſhew a viſible want of tenderneſs to him; it is my opinion, he would not be much concerned at it; ſince that would leave him the more at liberty to purſue thoſe ſordid attachments which are predominant in him. I have heard you well obſerve, from your Mrs. Norton, That a perſon who has any *over-ruling* paſſion, will compound by giving up twenty *ſecondary* or *under*-ſatisfactions, tho' more laudable ones, in order to have *that* gratify'd.

I'll give you the ſubſtance of a converſation (no fear you can be made to like him worſe than you do already) that paſſed between Sir Harry Downeton and this Solmes, but three days ago, as Sir Harry told it but yeſterday to my mamma and me. It will confirm to you that what your ſiſter's inſolent Betty reported he ſhould ſay, of governing by fear, was not of her own head.

Sir Harry told him, he wonder'd he ſhould hope to carry you ſo much againſt your inclination, as every-body knew it would be, if he did.

He matter'd not That, he ſaid: Coy maids made fond wives (A ſorry fellow!) It would not at all grieve him to ſee a pretty woman make wry faces, if ſhe gave him cauſe to vex her. And your eſtate, by the convenience of its ſituation, would richly pay him, for all he could bear with your ſhyneſs.

He ſhould be ſure, after a while, of your complaiſance, at leaſt, if not of your love: And in That ſhould be happier than nine parts in ten of his marry'd acquaintance.

What a wretch is this!

For

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For the rest, your known virtue would be as great a security to him, as he could wish for.

She will look upon you, said Sir Harry (who is a reader), if she be forced to marry you, as Elizabeth of France did upon Philip II. of Spain, when he received her on his frontiers, as her husband, who *was* to have been but her father-in-law: That is, with fear and terror, rather than with complaisance and love: And you will, perhaps, be as surly to her, as That old Monarch was to *his* bride.

Terror and Fear, the wretch, the horrid wretch, said, looked pretty in a bride, as well as in a wife: And, laughing (yes, my dear, the hideous fellow laughed immoderately, as Sir Harry told us, when he said it), It should be his care, to perpetuate the occasion for that *fear*, if he could not think he had the *love*. And, for his part, he was of opinion, that if Love and Fear must be separated in matrimony, the man who made himself *feared*, fared best!

If my eyes would carry with them the execution which the eyes of the Basilisk are said to do, I would make it my first business to see this creature.

My mamma, however, says, it would be a prodigious merit in you, if you could get over your aversion to him. Where, asks she, as you have been ask'd before, is the praise-worthiness of obedience, if it be only paid in instances where we give up nothing?

What a fatality, that you have no better an option!— Either a *Scylla* or a *Charybdis!*

Were it not You, I should know how (barbarously used, as you are used) to advise you in a moment. But such a noble character to suffer from a (supposed) rashness and indiscretion of such a nature, would be a wound to the Sex, as I have heretofore observed.

While I was in hope, that the asserting of your own independence would have helped you, I was pleased, that you had *one* resource, as I thought: But

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now, that you have so well proved, that such a step would not avail you, I am intirely at a loss what to say. I will lay down my pen, and think.

I HAVE considered, and considered again; but, I protest, I know no more what to say, than before. Only this: That I am young, like yourself; and have a much weaker judgment, and stronger passions, than you have.

I have heretofore said, that you have offer'd as much as you ought to offer in living single. If you were never to marry, the estate they are so loth should go out of their name, would, in time, I suppose, revert to your brother: And *he* or *his* would have it, perhaps, much more certainly this way, than by the precarious reversions Solmes makes them hope for. Have you put this into their odd heads, my dear?—The tyrant word AUTHORITY, as they use it, can be the only objection against this offer.

One thing you must consider, that, if you leave your parents, your duty and love to them will not suffer you to appeal against them, to justify yourself for so doing; and so you'll have the world against you. And should Lovelace continue his wild life, and behave ungratefully to you, how will That justify their conduct to *you* (which nothing *else* can), as well as their resentments against *him?*

May heaven direct you for the best! I can only say, that, for my own part, I would do any-thing, go any-whither, rather than be compelled to marry the man I hate; and, were he such a man as *Solmes*, must always hate. Nor could I have borne, what you have borne, if from father and uncles, not from brother and sister.

My mamma will have it, that after they have try'd their utmost efforts to bring you into their measures, and find them ineffectual, they will recede. But I

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cannot say I am of her mind. She does not own, she has any other authority for this, but her own conjecture. I should otherwise have hoped, that your uncle Antony and she had been in one secret, and that favourable to you:— Woe be to one of them at least (your uncle I mean), if they should be in *any other!*—

You must, if possible, avoid being carried to that uncle's. The man, the parson, the chapel, your brother and sister present!— they'll certainly there marry you to Solmes. Nor will your newly-raised spirit support you in your resistance on such an occasion. Your meekness will return; and you will have nothing for it but tears (tears despised by them all), and ineffectual appeals and lamentations:— And *these*, when the ceremony is *profaned*, as I may say, you must suddenly put a stop to, and dry up: And endeavour to dispose yourself to such an humble frame of mind, as may induce your new-made Lord to forgive all your past declarations of aversion.

In short, my dear, you must then blandish him over with a confession, that all your past behaviour was maidenly reserve only: And it will be *your* part to convince him of the truth of his impudent sarcasm, *That the coyest maids make the fondest wives.* Thus will you begin the state with a high sense of obligation to his *forgiving goodness!* And if you will not be kept to it by that *fear* he proposes to govern by, I am much mistaken.

Yet, after all, I must leave the point undetermin'd, and only to *be* determin'd, as you find they recede from their avowed purpose, or resolve to remove you to your uncle Antony's. But I must repeat my wishes, that something may fall out, that *neither* of these men may call you *his!* And may you live single, my dearest friend, till some man shall offer, that may be as worthy of you, as man *can* be.

But yet, methinks, I would not, that you, who are

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are so admirably qualify'd to adorn the matrimonial state, should be always single. You know I am incapable of flattery; and that I always speak and write the sincere dictates of my heart. Nor can you, from what you must know of your own merit (taken in a comparative light with others), doubt my sincerity. For why should a person who delights to find out and admire every thing that is praise-worthy in *another*, be supposed ignorant of like perfections in *herself*, when she could not so much admire them *in* another, if she had them *not* herself? And why may not one give *her* those praises, which *she* would give to any other, who had but half of her own excellencies?— Especially when she is incapable of pride and vainglory; and neither despises others for the want of her fine qualities, nor over-values herself upon them? — *Over*-values, did I say! — How can that be?—

Forgive me, my beloved friend. My admiration of you (increased, as it is, by every letter you write) will not always be held down in silence; altho' in order to avoid offending you, I generally endeavour to keep it from flowing to my pen, when I write to you, or to my lips, whenever I have the happiness to be in your company.

I will add nothing, tho' I could an hundred things, on occasion of your latest communications, but that I am,

Your ever-affectionate and faithful,

ANNA HOWE.

I hope I have pleased you with my dispatch. I wish I had been able to please you with my requested advice.

You have given new beauties to the charming Ode which you have transmitted to me. What pity that the wretches you have to deal with, put you

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you out of your admirable courſe; in the purſuit of which, like the ſun, you was wont to chear and illuminate all you ſhone upon.

LETTER XII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday Morning, Mar. 26.

HOW ſoothing a thing is praiſe from thoſe we love!—Whether conſcious or not, of deſerving it, it cannot but give us great delight, to ſee one's ſelf ſtand high in the opinion of thoſe whoſe favour we are ambitious to cultivate. An ingenuous mind will make this farther uſe of it, that if it be ſenſible, that it does not *already* deſerve the charming attributes, it will haſten, before its friend finds herſelf miſtaken, to obtain the graces it is complimented for: And this it will do, as well in honour to itſelf, as to preſerve its friend's opinion, and juſtify her judgment!—May This be always my aim!—And then you will not only give the *praiſe*, but the *merit*; and I ſhall be more worthy of that friendſhip, which is the only pleaſure I have to boaſt of.

Moſt heartily I thank you for the kind diſpatch of your laſt favour. How much am I indebted to you! and even to your honeſt ſervant!—Under what obligations does my unhappy ſituation lay me!

But let me anſwer the kind contents of it, as well as I may.

As to getting over my diſguſts to Mr. Solmes, it is impoſſible to be done; while he wants Generoſity, Frankneſs of Heart, Benevolence, Manners, and every qualification that diſtinguiſhes a worthy man. O my dear! what a degree of patience, what a greatneſs of ſoul, is required in the wife, not to deſpiſe a huſband who is more ignorant, more illiterate, more low-minded, than herſelf?—The wretch, veſted with

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with prerogatives, who will claim rule in virtue of them (and not to *permit* whose claim, will be as disgraceful to the *prescribing* wife, as to the *govern'd* husband); How shall such a husband as This be borne, were he, for reasons of *convenience* and *interest*, even to be one's CHOICE? But, to be *compelled* to have such a one, and that compulsion to arise from motives as unworthy of the *prescribers* as of the *prescribed*, who can think of getting over an aversion so justly founded? How much easier to bear the *temporary* persecutions I labour under, *because* temporary, than to resolve to be *such* a man's for *life*? Were I to comply, must I not leave my relations, and go to him? *One month* will decide the one perhaps: But what a *duration of woe* will the other be!—Every day, it is likely, rising to witness to some new breach of an Altar-vow'd duty!

Then, my dear, the man seems already to be meditating vengeance upon me for an aversion I cannot help: For yesterday, my saucy gaolereſs assured me, That all my oppositions would not signify that *pinch of snuff*, holding out her genteel finger and thumb: That I *must* have Mr. Solmes: That therefore, I had not best carry my jest too far; for that Mr. Solmes was a man of spirit, and had told HER, that as I should surely be his, I acted very unpoliticly; since, if he had not more *mercy* (that was *her* word; I know not if it were *his*) than I had, I might have cause to repent the usage I gave him, to the last day of my life.

But enough of this man; who, by what you repeat from Sir Harry Downeton, has all the insolence of his Sex, without any one quality to make that insolence tolerable.

I have received two letters from Mr. Lovelace, since his visit to you; which made three that I had not answer'd. I doubted not his being very uneasy; but in his last he complains in high terms of my silence; not in the still small voice, or rather style, of an

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an humble Lover, but in a ſtyle like that, which would probably be uſed by a ſlighted Protector. And his pride is again touched, that like a *thief* or *eves-dropper*, he is forced to dodge about in hopes of a letter, and return five miles, and then to an inconvenient lodging, without any.

His letters, and the copy of mine to him, ſhall ſoon attend you: Till when, I will give you the ſubſtance of what I wrote to him yeſterday.

I take him ſeverely to taſk, for his freedom in threatening me, thro' you, with a viſit to Mr. Solmes, or to my brother. I ſay, 'That, ſurely, I muſt be 'thought to be a creature fit to bear *any-thing*: That 'violence and menaces from ſome of my *own family* 'are not enough for me to bear, in order to make 'me avoid *him*; but that I muſt have them from *him* 'too, upon a ſuppoſition that I will oblige thoſe, 'whom it is both my *inclination* and *duty* to oblige in 'every-thing that is reaſonable, and in my power.

'Very extraordinary, I tell him, that a violent ſpirit 'ſhall threaten to do a raſh and unjuſtifiable thing, 'which concerns *me* but little, and himſelf a great 'deal, if I do not ſomething *as* raſh, my character 'and ſex conſider'd, to divert him from it.

'I even hint, that, however it may affect me, if 'any miſchief ſhall be done on my account, yet there 'are perſons, as far as I know, who, in my caſe, 'would not think there would be reaſon for *much* 'regret, were ſuch a committed raſhneſs as he threat-'ens Mr. Solmes with, to rid her of *two* perſons, 'whom had ſhe never known, ſhe had never been 'unhappy.'

This is plain-dealing, my dear! And I ſuppoſe he will put it into ſtill plainer Engliſh for me.

I take his pride to taſk, on his diſdaining to watch for my letters; and for his *eves-dropping* language: And ſay, 'That, ſurely, he has the leſs reaſon to 'think ſo hardly of his ſituation, ſince his faulty mo-

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'rals are the original cauſe of all; and ſince faulty 'morals deſervedly level all diſtinction, and bring 'down rank and birth to the *Canaille*; and to the 'neceſſity, of which he complains, of appearing, if I 'muſt deſcend to his language, as an *eves-dropper* 'and a *thief*. And then I forbid him ever to expect 'another letter from me, that is to ſubject him to 'ſuch diſgraceful hardſhips.

'That as to the ſolemn vows and proteſtations, he 'is ſo ready, upon all occaſions, to make, they have 'the leſs weight with me, as they give a kind of de-'monſtration, that he himſelf thinks, from his own 'character, there is *reaſon* to make them. *Deeds* are 'to me the only evidences of *intentions*. And I am 'more and more convinced of the neceſſity of break-'ing-off a correſpondence with a perſon, whoſe ad-'dreſſes I ſee it is impoſſible either to expect my 'friends to encourage, or him to deſerve that they 'ſhould.

'What therefore I repeatedly deſire is, That ſince 'his birth, alliances, and expectations, are ſuch, as 'will at any-time, if his immoral character be not an 'objection, procure him, at leaſt, equal advantages, in 'a woman whoſe taſte and inclinations, moreover, 'might be better adapted to his own; I inſiſt upon 'it, as well as adviſe it, that he give up all thoughts 'of me: And the rather, as he has all along, by his 'threatening and unpolite behaviour to my friends, 'and whenever he ſpeaks of them, given me reaſon 'to conclude, that there is more malice to *them*, than 'regard to *me*, in his perſeverance.'

This is the ſubſtance of the letter I have written to him.

The man, to be ſure, muſt have the penetration to obſerve, that my correſpondence with him hitherto is owing more to the ſeverity I meet with, than to a very high value for him. And ſo I would have him think. What a *worſe* than Moloch-deity is That, which

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which expects an offering of reason, duty, and discretion, to be made to its shrine!

Your mamma is of opinion, that *at last* my friends will relent. Heaven grant that they may!—But my brother and sister have such an influence over everybody, and are so determin'd; so pique themselves upon subduing me, and carrying their point; that I despair that they will:— And yet, if they do not, I frankly own, I would not scruple to throw myself upon any not disreputable protection, by which I might avoid my present persecutions, on one hand, and not give Lovelace advantage over me, on the other.—That is to say, were there manifestly *no other* way left me: For, if there *were*, I should think the leaving my father's house, without his consent, one of the most inexcusable actions I could be guilty of, were the protection to be ever so unexceptionable; and This notwithstanding the independent fortune willed me by my grandfather. And indeed I have often reflected with a degree of indignation and disdain, upon the thought of what a low, selfish creature that child must be, who is to be rein'd in only by what a parent can or will do for her.

But notwithstanding all this, I owe it to the sincerity of friendship to confess, that I know not what I *should* have done, had your advice been conclusive any way. Had you, my dear, been witness to my different emotions, as I read your letter, when, in one place, you advise me of my danger, if I am carry'd to my uncle's; in another, when you own you could not bear what I bear, and would do any thing rather than marry the man you hate: yet, in another, represent to me my reputation suffering in the world's eye; and the necessity I should be under to justify my conduct, at the expence of my friends, were I to take a rash step: in another, insinuate the *dishonest* figure I should be forced to make, in so compell'd a matrimony; endeavouring to cajole, fawn upon,

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upon, and play the hypocrite with a man I have an averſion to; who would have reaſon to believe me an hypocrite, as well from my former avowals, as from the ſenſe he *muſt* have (if common ſenſe he has) of his own demerits:— The neceſſity you think there would be for me, the more averſe I really was, to ſeem the fonder of him: A fondneſs, were I capable of ſo much diſſimulation, that would be imputable to the moſt diſgraceful motives; as it would be too viſible, that love, either of perſon or mind, could be neither of them:— Then his undoubted, his even conſtitutional narrowneſs: His too probable jealouſy, and unforgivingneſs, bearing in mind my declared averſion, and the unfeigned deſpights I took all opportunities to do him, in order to diſcourage his addreſs: A preference avow'd againſt him from the *ſame* motive: with the pride he profeſſes to take in curbing, and ſinking the ſpirits of a woman he had acquired a right to tyrannize over:— Had you, I ſay, been witneſs of my different emotions as I read; now leaning This way; now That; now perplexed; now apprehenſive; now angry at one, then at another; now reſolving; now doubting;— you would have ſeen the power you have over me; and would have had reaſon to believe, that, had you given your advice in any determin'd or poſitive manner, I had been ready to have been concluded by it. So, my dear, you will find, from theſe acknowlegements, that you muſt juſtify me to thoſe Laws of Friendſhip, which require undiſguiſed frankneſs of heart; altho' your juſtification of me in that particular, will perhaps be at the expence of my prudence.

But, upon the whole, This I do repeat—That nothing but the *laſt* extremity ſhall make me abandon my father's houſe, if they will permit me to ſtay; and if I can, by any means, by any honeſt pretences, but keep off my evil deſtiny in it, till my couſin Morden arrives. As one of my truſtees, *his* is a protection

that

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that I may, without diſcredit, throw myſelf into, if my other friends ſhould remain determin'd. And This (altho' they ſeem too well aware of it) is all my hope: For, as to Lovelace, were one to be ſure of his tenderneſs to one's-ſelf, and even of his reformation, muſt not the thoughts of embracing the offer'd protection of his family, be the ſame in the world's eye, as accepting of his own?— Could I avoid receiving his viſits at his own relations? Muſt I not be his, whatever, on ſeeing him in a *nearer* light, I ſhould find him out to be. For you know, it has always been my obſervation, that both ſexes too generally cheat each other, by the more *diſtant*. Oh! my dear! how *wiſe* have I endeavour'd to be! how anxious to chooſe, and to avoid every-thing, precautiouſly, as I may ſay, that might make me happy, or unhappy; yet all my wiſdom now, by a ſtrange fatality, likely to become fooliſhneſs.

Then you tell me, in your uſual, kindly-partial manner, what is expected of *me*, more than would be of ſome others. This ſhould be a leſſon to me. Whatever my motives, the world would not know them: To complain of a brother's unkindneſs, *that* one might do: It is too common a caſe, where intereſts claſh: But where the unkind father cannot be ſeparated from the faulty brother; who could bear to lighten herſelf, by loading a father?— Then, in this particular caſe, muſt not the hatred Mr. Lovelace expreſſes to every-one of my family, altho' in return for *their* hatred of him, ſhock one extremely? Muſt it not ſhew, that there is ſomething implacable, as well as highly unpolite, in his temper?—And what creature can think of marrying ſo as to live at continual enmity with all her own relations?

But here, having tir'd myſelf, and I dare ſay you, I will lay down my pen.

Mr. Solmes is almoſt continually here: So is my aunt

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aunt Hervey: So are my two uncles. Something is working againſt me, I doubt. What an uneaſy ſtate is ſuſpenſe!—When a naked ſword, too, ſeems hanging over one's head!

I hear nothing but what this confident creature, Betty, throws out in the wantonneſs of office. Now it is, Why, Miſs, don't you look up your things? You'll be call'd upon, depend upon it, before you are aware!—Another time ſhe intimates darkly, and in broken ſentences, as if on purpoſe to teaze me, what *one* ſays, what *another*; with their inquiries, how I diſpoſe of my time? And my brother's inſolent queſtion comes frequently in, Whether I am not writing a hiſtory of my ſufferings?

But I am now uſed to her pertneſs: And as it is only thro' that, that I can hear of any thing intended againſt me, before it is to be put in execution; and as ſhe pleads a commiſſion, when ſhe is moſt impertinent; I bear with her: Yet, now-and-then, not without a little of the heart-burn.

I will depoſite thus far. Adieu, my dear.

CL. HARLOWE.

Written on the Cover, after ſhe went down, with a pencil:

On coming down, I found your ſecond letter of yeſterday's date *(a)*. I have read it; and am in hopes, that the *within* will, in a great meaſure, anſwer your mamma's expectations of me.

My moſt reſpectful acknowlegements to her for it, and for her very kind admonitions.

You'll read to her what you pleaſe of the incloſed.

(a) See the next Letter.

LET-

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LETTER XIII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Sat. Mar. 25.

I Follow my laſt of this date, by command. I mentioned in my former, my mamma's opinion of the merit you would have, if you could oblige your friends, againſt your own inclination. Our conference upon this ſubject was introduced by the converſation we had had with Sir Harry Downeton; and my mamma thinks it of ſo much importance, that ſhe injoins me to give you the particulars of it. I the rather comply, as I was unable in my laſt to tell what to adviſe you to; and as you will in this recital have my mamma's opinion, at leaſt; and, perhaps, in *hers*, what the *world*'s would be, were it to know only what ſhe knows; and not ſo much as I know.

My mamma argues upon this caſe in a moſt diſcouraging manner, for all ſuch of our ſex as look forward for happineſs in marriage with the *man of their choice*.

Only, that I know, ſhe has a ſide-view to her daughter; who, at the ſame time that ſhe now prefers no one to another, values not the man her mamma moſt regards, of one farthing; or I ſhould lay it more to heart.

What is there in it, ſays ſhe, that all this buſtle is about? Is it ſuch a mighty matter for a young Lady to give up her own inclinations to oblige her friends?

Very well, my mamma, thought I! Now, may you aſk this — At FORTY, you may — But what would you have ſaid at EIGHTEEN, is the queſtion!

Either, ſaid ſhe, the Lady muſt be thought to have very violent inclinations (and what nice young creature would have That ſuppoſed?) which ſhe *could* not give up; or a very ſtubborn will, which ſhe *would*

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would not; or, thirdly, have parents she was indifferent about obliging.

You know my mamma now and then argues very notably: always very warmly at least. I happen often to differ from her; and we both think so well of our own arguments, that we very seldom are so happy as to convince one another. A pretty common case, I believe, in all *vehement* debatings. She says, I am *too witty*; Anglicè, *too pert*: I, That she is *too wise*; that is to say, being likewise put into English, *Not so young as she has been:* In short, is grown so much into *mother*, that she has forgotten she ever was a *daughter*. So, generally, we call another cause by consent — Yet fall into the old one half a dozen times over, *without* consent:—Quitting and Resumeing, with half-angry faces, forced into a smile, that there might be some room to piece together again: But go to bed, if bed-time, a little sullen, nevertheless; or, if we speak, her silence is broke, with an Ah! Nancy! You are so lively! so quick! I wish you were less like your papa, child!—

I pay it off with thinking, that my mamma has no reason to disclaim her share in her Nancy: And if the matter go off with greater severity on her side than I wish for, then her favourite Hickman fares the worse for it, next day.

I know I am a saucy creature: I know, if I do not *say* so, you will *think* so; so no more of This, just now. What I mention it for, is to tell you, that on this serious occasion, I will omit, if I can, all that passed between us, that had an air of flippancy on my part, or quickness on my mamma's, to let you into the *cool* and the *cogent*, of the conversation.

'Look thro' the families, said she, which we both 'know, where the Gentleman and Lady have been 'said to marry for Love; which, at the time it is 'so called, is perhaps no more than a passion begun 'in folly, or thoughtlessness, and carried on from a 'spirit

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'spirit of perverseness and opposition [Here we had a 'parenthetical debate, which I omit;] and see, if 'they appear to be happier than those whose principal 'inducement to marry, has been convenience, or to 'oblige their friends; or even whether they are ge-'nerally *so* happy: For *convenience* and *duty*, where 'observed, will afford a *permanent* and even an *in-'creasing* satisfaction, as well at the time, as upon the 'reflection, which seldom fail to reward themselves: 'While *Love*, if Love *be* the motive, is an idle pas-'sion' —[*Idle in* ONE SENSE *my mamma cannot say; for Love is as busy as a monkey, and as mischievous as a school-boy*—] 'It is a *fervor*, that, like all other *fer-'vors*, lasts but a little while; a bow over-strained, 'that soon returns to its natural bent.

'As it is founded generally upon mere *notional* ex-'cellencies, which were unknown to the persons 'themselves, till attributed to either by the other; 'one, two, or three months, usually sets all right on 'both sides; and then with open'd eyes they think of 'each other—just as every-body else thought of them 'before.

'The lovers *imaginaries* [Her own word! Notable 'enough! i'n't it?] are by that time gone off; Na-'ture, and Old habits, painfully dispensed with or con-'cealed, return: Disguises thrown aside, all the 'moles, freckles, and defects in the minds of *each*, 'discover themselves; and 'tis well if each do not 'sink in the opinion of the other, as much below the 'common standard, as the blinded imagination of 'both had set them above it. And now, said she, 'the fond pair, who knew no felicity out of each 'other's company, are so far from finding the never-'ending variety each had proposed in an unrestrained 'conversation with the other (when they seldom were 'together; and always parted with something *to say*; 'or, on recollection, when parted, wishing they *had* 'said); that they are continually on the wing in pursuit

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'of amuſements out of themſelves; and thoſe, con-'cluded my ſage mamma [Did you think her wiſdom 'ſo *very* moderne?], will perhaps be the livelier to 'each, in which the other has no ſhare.'

I told my mamma, that if *you* were to take any raſh ſtep, it would be owing to the indiſcreet violence of your friends: I was afraid, I ſaid, that theſe reflections upon the conduct of people in the married ſtate, who might ſet out with better hopes, were but too well-grounded: But that this muſt be allowed me, that if children weighed not theſe matters ſo thoroughly as they ought, neither did parents make thoſe allowances for youth, inclination, and inexperience, which were neceſſary to be made for themſelves at their childrens time of life.

I remember'd a letter, I told her hereupon, which you wrote a few months ago, perſonating an anonymous elderly Lady (in Mr. Wyerley's day of plaguing you) to Miſs Drayton's mamma, who, by her ſeverity and reſtraints, had like to have driven the young Lady into the very fault, againſt which her mother was moſt ſollicitous to guard her. And, I dared to ſay, ſhe would be pleaſed with it.

I fetched the copy of it, which you had favoured me with at the time; I would have read only that part of it, which was moſt to my purpoſe: But ſhe would hear it all *(a)*.

My

(a) The paſſage moſt particularly recommended by Miſs Howe, is the following.

'Permit me, Madam (ſays the perſonated grave writer) to obſerve, 'That if perſons of your experience would have young people look *for-'ward*, in order to be wiſer and better by their advice, it would be kind 'in them to look *backward*, and allow for their childrens youth, and 'natural vivacity; in other words, for their lively hopes, unabated by 'time, unaccompanied by reflection, and unchecked by diſappointment. 'Things appear to us all in a very different light at our Entrance upon 'a favourite Party, or Tour; when, with golden proſpects, and high ex-'pectations, we riſe vigorous and freſh, like the ſun, beginning its 'morning courſe; from what they do, when we ſit down at the End of 'our

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My mamma was pleased with the whole letter; and said, It deserved to have the effect it had. But asked me, what excuse could be offer'd for a young Lady capable of making such reflections; and who, at her time of life, could so well assume the character of one of riper years; if she should rush into any fatal mistake herself?

She then touched upon the moral character of Mr. Lovelace; and how reasonable the aversion of your relations is, to a man, who gives himself the liberties he is said to take; and who, indeed, himself, denies not the accusation; having been heard to declare, that he will do all the mischief he can to the Sex, in revenge for the ill usage and broken vows of his first love, at a time when he was *too young* (his own expression, it seems) to be insincere.

'our views, tired, and preparing for our journey homeward: For then 'we take into our *reflection*, what we had left out of our *scheme*, the 'fatigues, the checks, the hazards, we had met with; and make a 'true estimate of pleasures, which, from our raised expectations, must 'necessarily have fallen miserably short of what we had promised our-'selves at setting out—— Nothing but experience can give us a strong 'and efficacious conviction of this difference: And when we would in-'culcate the fruits of *that* upon the minds of those we love, who have 'not lived long enough to find those fruits, and would hope, that our '*advice* should have as much force upon *them*, as *experience* has upon *us*; 'and which, perhaps, *our* parents advice had not upon *ourselves* at our 'daughters time of life; should we not proceed by patient reasoning and 'gentleness, that we may not harden, where we would convince? For, 'Madam, the tenderest and most generous minds, when harshly treated, 'become generally the most inflexible. If the young Lady knows her '*heart* to be right, however defective her *head* may be, for want of 'years and experience, she will be apt to be very tenacious. And if she 'believes her friends to be wrong, altho' perhaps they may be only so 'in their methods of treating her, how much will every *unkind* cir-'cumstance on the parent's part, or *heedless* one on the child's, though 'ever so slight in itself, widen the difference? The parent's *prejudice* in '*dis*-favour, will confirm the daughter's in favour, of the same person; 'and the best reasonings in the world on either side, will be attributed 'to that prejudice. In short, neither of them will be convinced: A 'perpetual opposition ensues; the parent grows impatient; the child 'desperate: And, as a too natural consequence, That falls out, which 'the mother was most afraid of, and which, possibly, had been pre-'vented, had the child's passions been only *led*, not *driven*.'

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I reply'd, That I had heard every one ſay, that that Lady really uſed him ill; that it affected him ſo much at the time, that he was forced to travel upon it; and, to drive her out of his heart, ran into courſes, which he had ingenuity enough himſelf to condemn: That, however, he had denied the menaces againſt the Sex, which were attributed to him, when charged with them by me in your preſence; and declared himſelf incapable of ſo unjuſt and ungenerous a reſentment againſt *all*, for the perfidy of *one*.

You remember this, my dear; as I do your innocent obſervation upon it, That you could believe his ſolemn aſſeveration and denial: 'For, ſurely, 'ſaid you, the man who would reſent, as the higheſt 'indignity, that could be offer'd to a gentleman, the 'imputation, of a *wilful* falſhood, would not be guilty 'of one.'

I inſiſted upon the extraordinary circumſtances in your caſe, particularizing them: Obſerving, that Mr. Lovelace's morals were, at one time, no objection with your relations for Miſs Arabella: That then much was built upon his family, and more upon his parts and learning, which made it out of doubt, that he might be reclaim'd by a woman of virtue and prudence: And [Pray forgive me for mentioning it] I ventured to add, that altho' your family might be good ſort of folks, as the world went, yet no-body imputed to any of them, but yourſelf, a very punctilious concern for religion or piety — Therefore were they the leſs intitled to object to the defects of that kind in others. Then, what an odious man, ſaid I, have they picked out, to ſupplant, in a Lady's affections, one of the fineſt appearances of a man in England, and one noted for his brilliant parts, and other accompliſhments (whatever his morals might be); as if they were determined upon an act of power and authority, without rhyme or reaſon!

Still my mamma inſiſted, that there was the greater merit

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merit in your obedience on that account, and urged, that there hardly ever was a very handſome and a ſprightly man who made a good huſband: For that they were generally ſuch Narciſſus's, as to imagine every woman ought to think as highly of them, as they did of themſelves.

There was no danger from that conſideration *here*, I ſaid, becauſe the Lady had ſtill greater advantages, both of perſon and mind, than the Man; graceful and elegant, as he muſt be allowed to be, beyond any of his ſex.

She cannot endure to hear me praiſe any man but her favourite Hickman: Upon whom, nevertheleſs, ſhe generally brings a degree of contempt, which he would eſcape, did ſhe not leſſen the little merit he has, by giving him on all occaſions, more than I think he can deſerve, and entering him into compariſons, in which it is impoſſible but he muſt be a ſufferer. And now, prepoſterous partiality! She thought, for *her* part, that Mr. Hickman, 'bating, that his *face* indeed was not ſo ſmooth, nor his complexion *quite* ſo good, and ſaving that he was not ſo preſuming and ſo bold (which ought to be no fault with a modeſt woman!), equalled Mr. Lovelace *at any hour of the day*.

To avoid entering further into ſuch an *incomparable* compariſon, I ſaid I did not believe, had they left you to your own way, and treated you generouſly, that you would have had the thought of encouraging any man, whom they diſliked.

Then, Nancy, catching me up, the excuſe is leſs —For, if ſo, muſt there not be more of *contradiction*, than *love*, in the caſe?

Not ſo, neither, Madam: For I know Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe would prefer Mr. Lovelace to all men, if morals—

If, Nancy!— That *If* is every-thing!— Do you really think ſhe loves Mr. Lovelace?

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What would you have had me to say, my dear? —I won't tell you what I *did* say—But had I *not* said what I *did*, who would have believed me?

Besides, I *know* you love him!— Excuse me, my dear: Yet, if you deny it, what do you but reflect upon yourself, as if you thought you *ought not?*

Indeed, said I, the man is worthy of any woman's love (*If*, again, I could say)— But her parents, Madam—

Her parents, Nancy—[You know, my dear, how my mamma, who accuses her daughter of quickness, is evermore interrupting!—]—

May take wrong measures, said I—

Cannot do wrong—They have reason, I'll warrant, said she—

By which they may provoke a young Lady, said I, to do rash things, which otherwise she would not do.

But if it *be* a rash thing (returned she), should she do it! A prudent daughter will not wilfully err, because her parents err, if they *were* to err: If she *do*, the world, which blames the parents, will not acquit the child. All that can be said, in extenuation of a daughter's error, arises from a kind consideration, which Miss's letter to Lady Drayton pleads for, to be paid to *her* daughter's youth and inexperience. And will such an admirable young person as Miss Clarissa Harlowe, whose prudence, as we see, qualifies her to be an adviser of persons much older than herself, take shelter under so poor a covert?

Let her know, Nancy, out of hand, what I say; and I charge you to represent farther to her, That let her dislike one man, and approve another, ever so much, it will be expected of a young Lady of her unbounded generosity, and greatness of mind, that she should *deny herself*, when she can *oblige all her family* by so doing: No less than ten or a dozen, perhaps, the nearest and dearest to her of all the persons in the world,

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world, an indulgent father and mother at the head of them. It may be *fancy* only on her ſide; but parents look deeper: And will not Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe give up her *fancy* to her parents *judgment?*

I ſaid a great deal upon this *judgment*-ſubject: All that you could wiſh I ſhould ſay; and all that your extraordinary caſe allowed me to ſay. And my mamma was ſo ſenſible of the force of it, that ſhe charged me not to write to you any part of my anſwer to what ſhe ſaid; but only what ſhe herſelf had advanced; leſt, in ſo critical a caſe, it ſhould induce you to take meaſures, that might give us both reaſon (I for giving it, you for following it) to repent it as long as we lived.

And thus, my dear, I ſet my mamma's arguments before you. And the rather, as I cannot myſelf tell what to adviſe you to do! — You know beſt your own heart; and what That will let you do!

Robin undertakes to depoſite This very early, that you may receive it by your firſt morning airing.

Heaven guide and direct you for the beſt, is the inceſſant prayer, of

Your ever-affectionate,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday Afternoon.

I Am in great apprehenſions. Yet cannot help repeating my humble thanks to your mamma, and you, for your laſt favour. I hope her kind end is anſwer'd by the contents of my laſt. Yet I muſt not think it enough to acknowlege her goodneſs to me, with a pencil only, on the cover of a letter ſealed up. A few lines give me leave to write with

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regard to my anonymous letter to Lady Drayton — If I did not at that time tell you, as I believe I did, that my excellent Mrs. Norton gave me her assistance in that letter; I now acknowlege that she did.

Pray let your mamma know this, for two reasons: One, that I may not be thought to arrogate to myself a discretion which does not belong to me; the other, that I may not suffer by the severe, but just inference she was pleased to draw; *doubling* my faults upon me, if I myself should act unworthy of the advice I was supposed to give.

Before I come to what most nearly affects me, I must chide you, once more, for the severe, the very severe things, you mention of our family, to the disparagement of their morals, as I may say: Indeed, my dear, I wonder at you!— A slighter occasion might have passed me, after I have written to you so often to so little purpose, on this topic. But, affecting as my own circumstances are, I cannot, without a breach of duty, let slip the reflection I need not repeat in words.

There is not a worthier person in England than my mamma. Nor is my papa that man you sometimes make him. Excepting in one point, I know not any family which lives up more to their duty, than the principals of ours. A little too *uncommunicative* for their great circumstances — that is all.—Why, then, have they not reason to insist upon unexceptionable morals in a man whose relationship to them, by a marriage in their family, they have certainly a right to allow of, or disapprove?

Another line or two, before I am ingross'd by my own concerns:—Upon your treatment of Mr. Hickman.— Is it, do you think, generous, to revenge upon an innocent person, the displeasure you receive from another quarter, where I doubt you are a trespasser too?— But one thing I can tell him; and you had not best provoke me to it; That no woman uses a man

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a man ill whom ſhe does not abſolutely reject, but ſhe has it in her heart to make him amends, when her tyranny has had its run, and he has completed the meaſure of his ſervices and patience. But my mind is not enough at eaſe, to puſh this matter further.

I will now give you the occaſion of my preſent apprehenſions.

I had reaſon to fear, as I mention'd in mine of this morning, that a ſtorm was brewing. Mr. Solmes came home this afternoon, from church, with my brother. Soon after, Betty brought me up a letter, without ſaying from whom. It was in a cover, and directed by a hand I never ſaw before; as if it was ſuppoſed, I would not have received and open'd it, had I known it came from him. Theſe are the contents.

To Miſs Clarissa Harlowe.

Deareſt Madam, *Sunday, Mar.* 26.

I Think myſelf a moſt unhappy man, in that I have never yet been able to pay my reſpects to you with youre conſent, for one halfe hour. I have ſomething to communicate to you that concernes you much, if you be pleaſed to admitt me to youre ſpeech. Youre honour is concerned in itt, and the honour of all youre familly. Itt relates to the deſignes of one whom you are ſed to valew more then he deſerves; and to ſome of his reprobat actions; which I am reddie to give you convincing proofes of the truth of. I may appear to be intereſſed in itt: But nevertheleſſe, I am reddy to make oathe, that every tittle is true: And you will ſee what a man you are ſed to favour. But I hope not ſo, for youre owne honour.

Pray, Madam, vouchſafe me a hearing, as you valew your honour and familly: Which will oblidge, deareſt Miſs,

Youre moſt humble and moſt faithfull Servant,

Roger Solmes.

I waite below for the hope of admittance.

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I have no manner of doubt, that this is a poor device, to get this man into my company. I would have sent down a verbal answer; but Betty refused to carry any message, which should prohibit his visiting me. So I was obliged either to see him, or to write to him. I wrote, therefore, an answer, of which I shall send you the rough draught. And now my heart akes for what may follow from it; for I hear a great hurry below.

To ROGER SOLMES, *Esq*;

SIR,

WHatever you have to communicate to me, which concerns my honour, may as well be done by writing, as by word of mouth. If Mr. Lovelace is any of *my* concern, I know not that, *therefore*, he ought to be *yours:* For the usage I receive on *your* account (I *must* think it so!) is so harsh, that were there not such a man in the world as Mr. *Lovelace*, I would not wish to see Mr. *Solmes*, no, not for one half-hour, in the way he is pleased to be desirous to see me. I never can be in any danger from Mr. Lovelace; and, of consequence, cannot be affected by any of your discoveries, if the proposal I made be accepted. You have been acquainted with it, no doubt. If not, be pleased to let my friends know, that if they will rid *me* of my apprehensions of one gentleman, I will rid them of *theirs* of another: And then, of what consequence to *them*, or to *me*, will it be, whether Mr. Lovelace be a good man, or a bad? And, if to neither of *us*, I see not how it can be of any to *you*. But if *you* do, I have nothing to say to That; and it will be a Christian part, if you will expostulate with him upon the errors you have discover'd, and endeavour to make him as good a man, as, no doubt, you are *yourself*, or you would not be so ready to detect and expose *him*.

Excuse me, Sir:— But after my former letter to you,

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you, and your ungenerous perſeverance; and after this attempt to avail yourſelf at the expence of another man's character, rather than by your own proper merit, I ſee not that you can blame any aſperity in Her, whom you have ſo largely contributed to make unhappy.

CL. HARLOWE.

Sunday night.

MY father was for coming up to me, in great wrath, it ſeems; but was perſuaded to the contrary. My aunt Hervey was permitted to ſend me This that follows.— Quick work, my dear!

To Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Niece,

EVery-body is now convinc'd, that nothing is to be done with you by way of gentleneſs or perſuaſion. Your mamma will not let you ſtay in the houſe; for your papa is ſo incenſed by your ſtrange letter to his friend, that ſhe knows not what will be the conſequence, if you do. So, you are commanded to get ready to go to your uncle Antony's, out of hand.

Your uncle thinks he has not deſerv'd of you this unwillingneſs to go to his houſe.

You don't know the wickedneſs of the man you think it worth while to quarrel with all your friends for.

You muſt not anſwer me. There will be no end of That.

You know not the affliction you give to every-body; but to none more than to

Your affectionate Aunt,

DOROTHY HERVEY.

Forbid to write to my aunt, I took a bolder liberty. I wrote a few lines to my mamma; imploring

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her to procure me leave to throw myself at my father's feet, and hers, if I *must* go (no-body else present), to beg pardon for the trouble I had given them both, and their blessings; and to receive their commands, as to my removal, and the *when*, from their own lips.

'What new boldness This!— Take it back; and 'bid her learn to obey,' was my mamma's angry answer, with my letter return'd, unopen'd.

But that I might omit nothing that was in my power, or heart, to do, that had an appearance of duty, I wrote a few lines to my papa himself, to the same purpose; begging he would not turn me out of his house, without his blessing. But This, torn in two pieces, and unopen'd, was brought me up again by Betty, with an air, one hand held up, the other extended, the torn letter in her open palm; and a See here!—What a *sad* thing is This!—Nothing will do but duty, Miss!— Your papa said, Let her tell me of *deeds!*— I'll receive no *words* from her: And so he tore the letter, and flung the pieces at my head.

So desperate my case, I was resolved not to stop even at this repulse. I took my pen, and addressed myself to my uncle Harlowe, inclosing that which my mamma had return'd unopen'd, and the torn unopen'd one sent to my papa; having first scratch'd thro' a transcript for you.

My uncle was going home, and it was deliver'd to him just as he stepped into his chariot. What may be the fate of it, therefore, I cannot know till to-morrow.

The following is a copy of it.

To JOHN HARLOWE, *Esq*;.

My dear and ever-honoured Uncle,

I Have no-body now but you, to whom I can apply, with hope, so much as to have my humble addresses

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dreſſes open'd and read. My aunt Hervey has given me commands which I want to have explain'd; but ſhe has forbid me writing to her. Hereupon I took the liberty to write to my papa and mamma: You will ſee, Sir, by the torn one, and by both being return'd *un*-open'd, what has been the reſult. This, Sir, perhaps you know: But, as you know not the *contents* of the diſgraced letters, I beſeech you to read them both, that you may be a witneſs for me, that they are not filled with complaints, with expoſtulations, nor contain any thing undutiful. Give me leave to ſay, Sir, That if deaf-ear'd anger will neither grant *me* a hearing, nor *what I write* a peruſal, ſome time hence the hard-heartedneſs may be regretted. I beſeech you, dear, good Sir, to let me know what is meant by ſending me to my uncle Antony's, rather than to your houſe, or to my aunt's, or elſewhere? If it be for what I apprehend it to be, life will not be ſupportable upon the terms: I beg alſo to know, WHEN I am to be turned out of doors!—My heart ſtrongly gives me, that once I am compelled to leave this houſe, I never ſhall ſee it more.

It becomes me, however, to declare, that I write not This thro' perverſeneſs, or in reſentment; God knows my heart, I do not!—But the treatment I apprehend I ſhall meet with, if carried to my other uncle's, will, in all probability, give the finiſhing ſtroke to the diſtreſſes, the *undeſerved* diſtreſſes I will be bold to call them, of

Your once highly favour'd,

But now moſt unhappy, Kinſwoman,

CL. HARLOWE.

LET-

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LETTER XV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Monday morning, March 27.

THIS morning early my uncle Harlowe came hither. He ſent me up the incloſed very tender letter. It has made me wiſh I *could* oblige him!—You'll ſee how Mr. Solmes's ill qualities are gloſs'd over in it. What blemiſhes does affection hide!—So, perhaps, may they ſay to me, What faults does antipathy bring to light! Be pleaſed to ſend me back this letter of my uncle's, by the firſt return. I may poſſibly try to account for, and wiſh to obviate, my being ſuch a formidable creature to my whole family, as I am repreſented in it.

Sunday night, or rather Monday morning.

I Muſt anſwer you, tho' againſt my own intention. Every-body loves you; and you know they do. The very ground you walk upon is dear to moſt of us. But how can we reſolve to ſee you? There is no ſtanding againſt your looks and language. It is the ſtrength of our love makes us decline to ſee you. How *can* we, when you are reſolved not to *do*, what we are reſolved you *ſhall* do? I never, for my part, loved any creature, as I loved you from your youth till now. And indeed, as I have often ſaid, Never was there a young creature ſo deſerving of our love. But what is come to you now!—Alas! alas, my dear! How you fail in the trial!

I have read the letters you incloſed. At a proper time, I may ſhew them to my brother and ſiſter. But they will receive nothing from you at preſent.

For my part, I could not read your letter to myſelf, without being unmann'd. How can you be ſo unmov'd yourſelf, yet be ſo able to move every-body elſe? How could you ſend ſuch a letter to Mr. Solmes? Fie upon you!— How ſtrangely are you alter'd?

Then

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Then to treat your brother and ſiſter as you did, that they don't care to write to you, or to ſee you.—Don't you know where it is written, That *ſoft anſwers turn away wrath?* But if you will truſt to your ſharp-pointed wit, you may wound: But a club will beat down a ſword: And how can you expect, that they who are hurt by you will not hurt you again?—Was this the way you uſed to take to make us all adore you, as we did?—No, it was your gentleneſs of heart and manners, that made every-body, even ſtrangers, at firſt ſight, treat you as a Lady, and call you a Lady, tho' not born one, as your mamma was, any more than your ſiſter; while ſhe was only plain Miſs Harlowe, or Miſs Arabella. If you *were* envied, why ſhould you ſharpen envy, and file up its teeth to an edge?—You ſee I write like an impartial man, and as one that loves you ſtill!

But ſince you have diſplay'd your talents, and ſpared no-body, and moved every-body, without being moved, you have but made us ſtand the cloſer and firmer together. This is what I likened to an imbattled Phalanx, once before. Your aunt Hervey forbids your writing, for the ſame reaſon that I muſt not countenance it. We are all afraid to ſee you, becauſe we know we ſhall be made as ſo many fools. Nay, your mamma is ſo afraid of you, that once or twice, when ſhe thought you was coming to force yourſelf into her preſence, ſhe ſhut the door, and locked herſelf in, becauſe ſhe knew ſhe muſt not ſee you upon *your* terms, and you are reſolved you will not ſee her upon *hers*.

Reſolve but to oblige us all, my deareſt Miſs Clary, and you ſhall ſee how we will claſp you every one by turns, to our rejoicing hearts!— If the one man has not the wit, and the parts, and the perſon, of the other, no one breathing has a worſe heart than that other: And is not the love of all your friends, and a ſober man (if he be not ſo poliſhed), to be preferred

to

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to a debauchee, tho' ever ſo fine a man, to look at? You have ſuch fine talents, that you will be adored by the one: But the other has as much advantage in thoſe reſpects, as you have yourſelf, and will not ſet by them one ſtraw: For huſbands are ſometimes jealous of their authority, with witty wives. You will have, in one, a man of virtue. Had you not been ſo rudely affronting to him, he would have made your ears tingle, with what he could have told you of the other.

Come, my dear niece, let me have the honour of doing with you what no-body elſe yet has been able to do. Your father, mother, and I, will divide the pleaſure, and the *honour*, I will again call it, between us; and all paſt offences ſhall be forgiven; and Mr. Solmes, we will engage, ſhall take nothing amiſs hereafter, that is juſt.

He knows, he ſays, what a jewel that man will have, who can obtain your favour; and he will think light of all he has ſuffer'd, or ſhall ſuffer, in obtaining you.

Dear, ſweet creature, oblige us: And oblige us with a grace. It *muſt* be done, whether with a grace or not. I do aſſure you it *muſt*. You muſt not conquer father, mother, uncles, every-body: Depend upon That.

I have ſat up half the night to write This. You don't know how I am touch'd at reading yours, and writing this. Yet will I be at Harlowe-place early in the morning. So, upon reading this, if you will oblige us all, ſend me word to come up to your apartment: And I will lead you down, and preſent you to the embraces of every-one: And you will then ſee, you have more of a brother and ſiſter, than of late your prejudices will let you think you have. This from one who uſed to love to ſtile himſelf

Your paternal Uncle,

JOHN HARLOWE.

In

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In about an hour after this kind letter was given me, my uncle ſent up to know, if he ſhould be a welcome viſitor, upon the terms mention'd in his letter? He bid Betty bring him down a verbal anſwer: A written one, he ſaid, would be a bad ſign; and he bid her therefore not bring a letter. But I had juſt finiſh'd the incloſed tranſcription of one I had been writing. She made a difficulty to carry it; but was prevailed upon to oblige me, by a token which theſe Mrs. Betty's cannot withſtand.

Dear and honoured Sir,

HOW you rejoice me by your condeſcending goodneſs!— So kind, ſo paternal a letter!— ſo ſoothing to a wounded heart; and of late what I have been ſo little uſed to!— How am I affected with it! Tell me not, dear Sir, of my way of writing: Your letter has more moved *me*, than I ever could move *any-body!*—It has made me, with all my heart, wiſh I could intitle myſelf to be viſited upon your own terms; and to be led down to my papa and mamma, by ſo good and ſo kind an uncle.

I will tell you, deareſt Sir, what I will do to make my peace. I have no doubt that Mr. Solmes would greatly prefer my ſiſter to ſuch a ſtrange, averſe creature as me: His chief, or one of his chief motives to addreſs me, is, as I have reaſon to believe, the contiguity of my grandfather's eſtate to his own: I will reſign it; for ever I will reſign it: And the reſignation muſt be good, becauſe I will never marry at all: I will make it over to my ſiſter, and her heirs for ever. I ſhall have no heirs, but my brother and her; and I will receive, as of my papa's bounty, ſuch an annuity (not in lieu of the eſtate, but as *of* his bounty), as he ſhall be pleaſed to grant me, if it be ever ſo ſmall; and whenever I diſoblige him, he ſhall withdraw it, at his pleaſure.

Will not This be accepted?—Sure it muſt!—Sure it

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it will!—I beg of you, deareſt Sir, to propoſe it; and ſecond it with your intereſt. This will anſwer every end. My ſiſter has a high opinion of Mr. Solmes. I never can have *any* in the light he is propoſed to me. But as my ſiſter's huſband, he will be always intitled to my reſpect; and ſhall have it.

If this be accepted, grant me, Sir, the honour of a viſit; and do me then the inexpreſſible pleaſure of leading me down to the feet of my honoured parents, and they ſhall find me the moſt dutiful of children; and to the arms of my brother and ſiſter, and they ſhall find me the moſt obliging and moſt affectionate of ſiſters.

I wait, Sir, for your anſwer to this propoſal, made with the whole heart of

Your dutiful and moſt obliged Niece,

CL. HARLOWE.

Monday noon.

I HOPE this will be accepted: For Betty tells me, that my uncle Antony and my aunt Hervey are ſent for; and not Mr. Solmes, which I look upon as a favourable circumſtance. With what chearfulneſs will I aſſign over this envied eſtate!—What a much more valuable conſideration ſhall I part with it for!—The love and favour of all my relations!—That love and favour, which I uſed for eighteen years together to rejoice in, and be diſtinguiſhed by!—And what a charming pretence will this afford me of breaking with Mr. Lovelace! And how eaſy will it poſſibly make him, to part with *me!*

I found this morning, in the uſual place, a letter from him, in anſwer, I ſuppoſe, to mine of Friday, which I depoſited not till Saturday. But I have not opened it; nor will I, till I ſee what effect this new offer will have.

Let me but be permitted to avoid the man I hate; and I will give up, with all my heart, the man I could

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could prefer. To renounce the one, were I really to value him, as you ſeem to imagine, can give but a temporary concern, which time and diſcretion will make light: This is a ſacrifice which a child owes to parents and friends, if they inſiſt upon its being made. But the other, to marry a man one *cannot endure*, is not only a diſhoneſt thing, as to the man; but it is enough to make a creature, who wiſhes to be a good wife, a bad or indifferent one, as I once wrote to the man himſelf: And then ſhe can hardly be either a good miſtreſs; a good friend; or any thing but a diſcredit to her family, and a bad example to all around her.

Methinks I am loth, in the *ſuſpenſe* I am in at preſent, to depoſite this, becauſe I ſhall then leave you in as *great*: But having been prevented by Betty's officiouſneſs twice, I will now go down to my little poultry; and if I have an opportunity, will leave it in the uſual place, where I hope to find ſomething from you.

LETTER XVI.

Miſs Clarissa Harlowe, *To Miſs* Howe.

Monday afternoon, March 27.

I HAVE depoſited my narrative down to this day noon; but I hope ſoon to follow it with another letter, that I may keep you as little a while as poſſible in that ſuſpenſe, which I am ſo much affected by at this moment: For my heart is diſturbed at every foot I hear ſtir; and every door below, that I hear open or ſhut.

They have been all aſſembled ſome time, and are in cloſe debate, I believe: But can there be room for long debate upon a propoſal, which, if accepted, will ſo effectually anſwer all their views?—Can they inſiſt a moment longer upon my having Mr. Solmes, when

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when they see what sacrifices I am ready to make, to be freed from his addresses?— O but I suppose the struggle is, first, with Bella's nicety, to persuade her to accept of the estate, and of the husband; and next, with her pride, to take her *sister's refusals*, as she once phrased it!— Or, it may be, my brother is insisting upon equivalents, for his reversion in the estate: And these sort of things take up but too much the attention of some of our family. To these, no doubt, one, or both, it must be owing, that my proposal admits of so much consideration. I want, methinks, to see, what Lovelace, in his letter, says. But I will deny myself *this* piece of curiosity, till that which is raised by my present suspense is answered.— Excuse me, my dear, that I thus trouble you with my uncertainties. But I have no employment, nor heart, if I had, to pursue any other but what my pen affords me.

Monday evening.

WOULD you believe it?— Betty, by anticipation, tells me, that I am to be refused. I am 'a vile, artful creature. Every-body is too good to me. My 'uncle Harlowe has been *taken-in*, that's the phrase. 'They knew how it would be, if he either wrote to 'me, or saw me. He has, however, been made 'ashamed to be so wrought upon.— A pretty thing, 'truly, in the eye of the world, were they to take 'me at my word. It would look as if they had 'treated me thus hardly, as *I* think it, for this very 'purpose. My peculiars, particularly Miss Howe, 'would give it that turn; and I myself could mean 'nothing by it, but to see if it would be accepted, 'in order to strengthen my own arguments against 'Mr. Solmes. It was amazing, that it could admit 'of a moment's deliberation: That any thing could 'be *supposed* to be done in it. It was equally against 'Law and Equity: And a fine security Miss Bella

'would

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'would have, or Mr. Solmes, when I could reſume
'it when I would!— My *brother* and *ſhe* my heirs!
'O the artful creature!— *I* to reſolve to live ſingle,
'when Lovelace was ſo *ſure* of me!— and every-
'where declared as much!—and could, whenever he
'pleaſed, if my huſband, claim under the Will!—
'Then the inſolence— the confidence— (as Betty
'mincingly told me, that one ſaid; you may eaſily
'gueſs who) that ſhe, who was ſo juſtly in diſgrace
'for downright rebellion, ſhould pretend to preſcribe
'to the whole family!— ſhould name a husband for
'her elder ſiſter!—What a triumph would her obſti-
'nacy go away with, to delegate her commands,
'not as from a priſon, as ſhe called it, but as from
'her throne, to her elders and betters; and to her
'father and mother too!—Amazing, perfectly amazing!
'that any-body could argue upon ſuch a plan as this!
'It was a maſter-ſtroke of fineſſe!— It was ME in
'perfection!— Surely my uncle Harlowe will never
'be ſo taken-in again!'

All this was the readier told me, becauſe it was againſt me, and would teaze and vex me. But as ſome of this fine recapitulation implied, that ſomebody ſpoke up for me, I was curious to know who it was: But Betty would not tell me, for fear I ſhould have the conſolation to find, that *all* were not againſt me.

But do you not ſee, my dear, what a ſad creature ſhe is whom you honour with your friendſhip!—You could not doubt your influence over me: Why did you not let me know myſelf a little better?— Why did you not take the friendly liberty I have always taken with you, and tell me my faults, and what a ſpecious hypocrite I am? For if my brother and ſiſter could make ſuch diſcoveries, how is it poſſible, that faults ſo enormous [You could ſee *others*, you thought, of a *more ſecret* nature!] could eſcape your penetrating eye?

Well,

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Well, but now, it ſeems, they are debating how and by whom to anſwer me: For they know not, nor *are* they to know, that Mrs. Betty has told me all theſe fine things. One deſires to be excuſed, it ſeems: Another chooſes not to have any thing to ſay to me: Another has enough of me: And of writing to ſo ready a ſcribbler, there will be no end.

Thus are thoſe imputed qualifications, which uſed ſo lately to gain me applauſe, now become my crimes; ſo much do diſguſt and anger alter the property of things.

What will be the reſult of their debate, I ſuppoſe, will, ſome-how or other, be communicated to me by-and-by. But let me tell you, my dear, that I am made ſo deſperate, that I am afraid to open Mr. Lovelace's letter, leſt, in the humour I am in, I ſhould do ſomething, if I find it not exceptionable, that may give me repentance as long as I live!

Monday night.

THIS moment the following letter is brought me by Betty.

Miſs Cunning-ones, *Monday,* 5 *o' clock.*

YOUR fine, new propoſal is thought unworthy of a particular anſwer. Your uncle Harlowe is aſhamed to be ſo taken-in. Have you no new fetch for your uncle Antony? Go round with us, child, now your hand's in. But I was bid to write only one line, that you might not complain, as you did, of your worthy ſiſter, for the freedoms you provoked: It is This;— Prepare yourſelf. To-morrow you go to my uncle Antony's. That's all, child.

JAMES HARLOWE.

I was vexed to the heart at this: And immediately, in the warmth of reſentment, wrote the incloſed to my uncle Harlowe; who, it ſeems, ſtays here this night.

To

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To JOHN HARLOWE, *Eſq*;.

Honoured Sir, *Monday night.*

I Find I am a very ſad creature, and did not know it. I wrote not to my Brother. To *you*, Sir, I wrote. From *you* I hope the honour of an anſwer. No one reveres her uncles more than I do. Nevertheleſs, I will be bold to ſay, that the diſtance, great as it is, between uncle and niece, excludes not ſuch a hope: And I think I have not made a propoſal that deſerves to be treated with ſcorn.

Forgive me, Sir—My heart is full.—Perhaps one day you may think you have been *prevailed upon* (for that is plainly the caſe!) to join to treat me, as I do not deſerve to be treated. If *you* are aſhamed, as my brother hints, of having expreſſed any returning tenderneſs to me, God help me! I ſee I have no mercy to expect, from any-body! But, Sir, from *your* pen let me have an anſwer; I humbly beſeech it of you.—Till my brother can recollect what belongs to a ſiſter, I will take no anſwer from *him*, to the letter I wrote to *you*, nor any commands whatever.

I move every-body! This, Sir, is what you are pleaſed to mention:— But whom have I moved?—One perſon in the family has more moving ways than I have, or he could never ſo undeſervedly have made every-body aſhamed to ſhew any tenderneſs to a poor diſtreſſed child of the ſame family.

Return me not this with contempt, or torn, or unanſwer'd, I beſeech you. My papa has a title to do that, or any-thing, by his child: But from no other perſon in the world, of your ſex, ought a young creature, of mine (while ſhe preſerves a ſupplicating ſpirit), to be ſo treated.

When what I have before written in the humbleſt ſtrain has met with ſuch ſtrange conſtructions, I am afraid, that this unguarded ſcrawl will be very ill-received. But I beg, Sir, you will oblige me with one

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one line, be it ever so harsh, in answer to my proposal. I still think it ought to be attended to. I will enter into the most solemn engagements to make it valid, by a perpetual single life. In a word, any thing I *can* do, I *will* do, to be restored to all your favours. More I cannot say, but that I am, very undeservedly,

A most unhappy creature.

Betty scrupled again to carry this letter; and said, she should have anger; and I should but have it returned in scraps and bits.

I must take That chance, I said: I only desired she would deliver it as directed.

Sad doings! very sad! she said, that young Ladies should so violently set themselves against their duty!

I told her, she should have the liberty to say what she pleased, so she would but be my messenger that one time—And down she went with it.

I bid her, if she could, slide it into my uncle's hand, unseen; at least, unseen by my brother or sister, for fear it should meet, thro' *their* good offices, with the fate she had bespoken for it.

She would not undertake for That, she said.

I am now in expectation of the result. But having so little ground to hope for either favour or mercy, I opened Mr. Lovelace's letter.

I would send it to you, my dear (as well as those I shall inclose, by this conveyance; but not being able at present to determine in what manner I shall answer it, I will give myself the trouble of abstracting it here, while I am waiting for what may offer from the letter just gone down.

'He laments, as usual, my ill opinion of him, and 'readiness to believe every thing to his disadvantage. 'He puts into plain English, as I supposed he would, 'my hint, that I might be happier, if, by any rashness 'he might be guilty of to Solmes, he should come to 'an untimely end himself.'

'He

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He is concerned, he ſays, 'That the violence he 'had expreſſed on his extreme apprehenſiveneſs of 'loſing me, ſhould have made him guilty of any thing 'I had ſo much reaſon to reſent.'

He owns, 'That he is paſſionate: All good-na-'tured men, he ſays, are ſo, and a ſincere man can-'not hide it.' But appeals to me, 'Whether, if any 'occaſion in the world could excuſe the raſhneſs of 'his expreſſions, it would not be his preſent dread-'ful ſituation, thro' my indifference, and the malice 'of his enemies.'

He ſays, 'He has more reaſon than ever, from 'the contents of my laſt, to apprehend, that I ſhall 'be prevailed upon by force, if not by fair means, 'to fall in with my brother's meaſures; and ſees but 'too plainly, that I am preparing him to expect it.

'Upon this preſumption, he ſupplicates, with the 'utmoſt earneſtneſs, that I will not give way to the 'malice of his enemies.

'Solemn vows of reformation, and everlaſting 'truth and obligingneſs, he makes; all in the ſtyle of 'deſponding humility; yet calls it a cruel turn upon 'him, to impute his proteſtations to a conſciouſneſs 'of the neceſſity there is for making them from his 'bad character.

'He deſpiſes himſelf, he ſolemnly proteſts, for 'his paſt follies: Thanks God he has ſeen his error; 'and nothing but my more particular inſtructions, are 'wanting to perfect his reformation.

'He promiſes, that he will do every thing that I 'ſhall think he can do with honour, to bring about 'a reconciliation with my father; and will even, if 'I inſiſt upon it, make the firſt overture to my bro-'ther, and treat him as his own brother, becauſe he 'is mine, if he will not, by new affronts, revive the 'remembrance of the paſt.

'He begs, in the moſt earneſt and humble man-'ner, for one half-hour's interview; undertaking by

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'a key, which he owns he has to the garden-door, 'leading into the *Coppice*, as we call it (if I will but 'unbolt the door) to come into the garden at night, 'and wait till I have an opportunity to come to him, 'that he may re-assure me of the truth of all he writes, 'and of the affection, and, if needful, protection, of 'all his family.

'He presumes not, he says, to write by way of 'menace to me; but, if I refuse him this favour, he 'knows not (so desperate have some strokes in my 'letter made him) what his despair may make him 'do.'

He asks me, 'Determined, as my friends are, and 'far as they have already gone, and declare they will 'go, what I can propose to do, to avoid having Mr. 'Solmes, if I am carried to my uncle Antony's; un-'less I resolve to accept of the protection he has of-'fered to procure me; or except I will escape to 'London, or elsewhere, while I *can* escape?'

He advises me, 'To sue to *your* mamma, for her 'private reception of me; only till I can obtain pos-'session of my own estate, and procure my friends 'to be reconciled to me; which he is sure they will 'be desirous to *be*, the moment I am out of their 'power.'

He apprises me [It is still my wonder, how he comes by his intelligence!], 'That my friends have 'written to my cousin Morden, to represent matters 'to him in their own partial way; nor doubt they to 'influence him on their side of the question.

'That all this shews I have but *one way*, if none of 'my own friends or intimates will receive me.

'If I will transport him with the honour of my 'choice of this *one way*, settlements shall be drawn, 'with proper blanks, which I shall fill up as I please. 'Let him but have my commands from my own 'mouth; all my doubts and scruples from my own 'lips; and only a repetition, that I will not, on any

'consideration,

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'conſideration, be Solmes's wife; and he ſhall be 'eaſy.—But, after ſuch a letter as I have written, no-'thing but an interview can make him ſo.' He be-ſeeches me, therefore, 'To unbolt the door, *as that* '*very night*.—If I receive not this time enough, *this* '*night*;—and he will in a diſguiſe, that ſhall not give 'a ſuſpicion who he is, if he ſhould be ſeen, come to 'the garden-door, in hopes to open it with his key; 'nor will he have any other lodging than in the Cop-'pice both nights: watching every wakeful hour for 'the propitious unbolting, unleſs he has a letter with 'my orders to the contrary, or to make ſome other 'appointment.'

This letter was dated yeſterday: So he was there laſt night, I ſuppoſe; and will be there this night; and I have not written a line to him: And now it is too late, were I determined *what* to write.

I hope he will not go to Mr. Solmes!—I hope he will not come hither!—If he does, I will break with him for ever.

What have I to do, with ſuch headſtrong ſpirits! I wiſh I had never—But what ſignifies wiſhing?—I am ſtrangely perplexed—But I need not have told you this, after ſuch a repreſentation of my ſituation.

LETTER XVII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday Morning, 7 o'Clock.

MY uncle has vouchſafed to anſwer me. This is his letter; but juſt now brought me, altho' written laſt night; late, I ſuppoſe.

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Miſs Clary, *Monday Night.*

SINCE you are grown ſuch a bold challenger, and teach us all our duty, tho' you will not practiſe your own, I *muſt* anſwer you.—No-body wants your eſtate from you. Are *you*, who refuſe every-body's advice, to preſcribe a huſband to your *ſiſter?* Your letter to Mr. Solmes is inexcuſable. I blam'd you for it before. Your parents *will* be obey'd. It is fit they *ſhould.* Your mamma has nevertheleſs prevailed to have your going to your uncle Antony's put off till Thurſday: Yet owns you deſerve not that, or any other favour from her. I will receive no more of your letters. You are too artful for me. You are an ingrateful and unreaſonable child! You will have your will paramount to every-body's. How are you alter'd!

Your diſpleaſed Uncle,

JOHN HARLOWE.

To be carry'd away on Thurſday—To the moated Houſe—To the Chapel—To Solmes! How can I think of this!—They will make me deſperate!

Tueſday Morn, Eight o'Clock.

I HAVE another letter from Mr. Lovelace. I open'd it, with the expectation of its being filled with bold and free complaints, on my not writing to prevent his two nights watching, in weather not extremely agreeable. But, inſtead of complaints, he is 'full of tender concern leſt I may have been prevented by indiſpoſition, or by the cloſer confinement 'which he has frequently caution'd me that I may 'expect.'

He ſays, 'He had been in different diſguiſes loitering about our garden and park wall, all the day 'on Sunday laſt; and all Sunday-night was wandering 'about the coppice, and near the back-door. It rain'd; 'and

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'and he has got a great cold, attended with feveriſh-'neſs, and ſo hoarſe, that he has almoſt loſt his 'voice.'

Why did he not ſtame out in his letter?—Treated, as I am treated by my friends, it is dangerous for me to lie under the ſenſe of an obligation to any one's patience, when that perſon ſuffers in health for my ſake.

'He had no ſhelter, he ſays, but under the great 'overgrown Ivy, which ſpreads wildly round the 'heads of two or three Oaklings; and that was ſoon 'wet through.'

You and I, my dear, once thought ourſelves obliged to the natural ſhade they afforded us, in a ſultry day.

I can't help ſaying, I am ſorry he has ſuffer'd for my ſake.— But 'tis his own ſeeking!

His letter is dated laſt night at eight: 'And in-'diſpoſed as he is, he tells me, That he will watch 'till ten, in hopes of my giving him the meeting he 'ſo earneſtly requeſts. And after that, he has a mile 'to walk to his horſe and ſervant; and four miles 'then to ride to his inn.'

He owns, 'That he has an intelligencer in our 'family; who has failed him for a day or two paſt: 'And not knowing how I do, or how I may be 'treated, his anxiety is the greater.'

This circumſtance gives me to gueſs who this trea-cherous man is: One Joſeph Leman: The very crea-ture imploy'd and confided in, more than any other, by my brother.

This is not an honourable way of proceeding in Mr. Lovelace.— Did he learn this infamous practice of corrupting the ſervants of other families at the French Court, where he reſided a good while?

I have been often jealous of this Leman in my little airings and poultry-viſits: I have thought him (doubly obſequious, as he was always to me) my brother's ſpy

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upon me; and, altho' he oblig'd me by his haſtening out of the garden, and poultry-yard, whenever I came into either, have wonder'd, that from his reports my liberties of thoſe kinds have not been abridged. So, poſſibly, this man may take a bribe of both, and yet betray both. Worthy views want not ſuch obliquities as theſe on either ſide. An honeſt mind muſt riſe into indignation both at the traitor-maker and the traitor.

'He preſſes with the utmoſt earneſtneſs for an interview. He would not offer, he ſays, to diſobey 'my laſt perſonal commands, that he ſhould not 'endeavour to attend me again in the wood-houſe. 'But ſays, he can give me ſuch reaſons, for my 'permitting him to wait upon my father or uncles, 'as he hopes will be approved by me: For he cannot 'help obſerving, that it is no more ſuitable to my 'own ſpirit than to his, that he, a man of fortune and 'family, ſhould be obliged to purſue ſuch a clandeſtine addreſs, as would only become a vile fortune-hunter. But, if I will give my conſent for his 'viſiting me like a man, and a gentleman, no treatment ſhall provoke him to forfeit his temper.

'His uncle will accompany him, if I pleaſe: Or 'his aunt Lawrance will firſt make the viſit to my 'mamma, or to my aunt Hervey, or even to my 'uncles, if I chooſe it. And ſuch terms ſhall be offer'd, as *ſhall* have weight upon them.

'He begs, that I will not deny him making a viſit 'to Mr. Solmes. By all that's good, he vows, that 'it ſhall not be with the leaſt intention either to hurt 'or affront him; but only to ſet before him calmly 'and rationally, the conſequences that may poſſibly 'flow from ſo fruitleſs a perſeverance; as well as the 'ungenerous folly of it; to a mind ſo noble as mine.

'He repeats his own reſolution to attend my pleaſure, 'and Mr. Morden's arrival and advice, for the reward of his own patience.

'It

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'It is impossible, he says, but one of these methods *must* do. Presence, he observes, even of a disliked person, takes off the edge from resentments which absence whets, and makes keen.

'He therefore most earnestly repeats his importunities for the supplicated interview.' Says, 'He has business of consequence in London: But cannot stir from the inconvenient spot, where he has for some time resided in disguises unworthy of himself, until he can be absolutely certain, that I shall not be prevailed upon, either by force or otherwise; and until he finds me deliver'd from the insults of my brother. Nor ought This to be an indifferent point to one, for whose sake, all the world reports me to be used so unworthily as I am used.—But *one* remark, he says, he cannot help making; That did my friends know the little favour I shew him, and the very great distance I keep him at, they would have no reason to confine me, on his account: And *another*, that they themselves seem to think him intitled to a different usage, and expect that he receives it; when, in truth, what he meets with from me is exactly what they wish him to meet with, excepting in the favour of the correspondence I honour him with: upon which, he says, he puts the highest value, and for the sake of which he has chearfully submitted to a thousand indignities.

'He renews his professions of reformation: He is convinc'd, he says, that he has already run a long and dangerous course; and that it is high time to think of returning: It must be from proper convictions, he says, that a person who has lived too gay a life resolves to reclaim, before age or sufferings come upon him.

'All generous spirits, he observes, hate compulsion. Upon this observation he dwells; but regrets, that he is likely to owe all his hopes to this compulsion; this *injudicious* compulsion, he justly calls it; and

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'none to my esteem for him. Altho' he presumes upon 'some merit, In his implicit regard to my will: In the 'bearing the daily indignities offer'd not only to him, 'but to his relations, by my brother: In the nightly 'watchings, and risques which he runs, in all weathers; 'and which his present indisposition makes him men- 'tion, or he had not debased the nobleness of his 'passion for me, by such a selfish instance.'— I cannot but say, I am sorry the man is not well.

I am afraid to ask you, my dear, what *you* would have done, thus situated. But what I *have* done, I *have* done. In a word, I wrote, 'That I would, if 'possible, give him a meeting to-morrow night, be- 'tween the hours of nine and twelve, by the ivy-sum- 'mer-house, or in it, or near the great cascade, at 'the bottom of the garden; and would unbolt the 'door, that he might come in by his own key. But 'that, if I found the meeting impracticable, or should 'change my mind, I would signify as much by another 'line; which he must wait for until it were dark.'

Tuesday, Eleven o' Clock.

I AM just return'd from depositing my billet. How diligent is this man! It is plain he was in waiting: For I had walked but a few paces, after I had deposited it, when, my heart misgiving me, I return'd, to have taken it back, in order to reconsider it as I walked, and whether I should, or should not, let it go: But I found it gone.

In all probability, there was but a brick wall, of a few inches thick, between Mr. Lovelace and me, at the very time I put the letter under the brick.

I am come back dissatisfy'd with myself. But I think, my dear, there can be no harm in meeting him: If I do *not*, he may take some violent measures: What he knows of the treatment I meet with in malice to him, and with a view to frustrate all his hopes, may make him desperate. His behaviour last time I saw

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ſaw him, under the diſadvantages of time and place, and ſurpriſed as I was, gives me no apprehenſion of any thing but diſcovery. What he requires is not unreaſonable, and cannot affect my future choice and determination: It is only to aſſure him from my own lips, that I will never be the wife of a man I hate. If I have not an opportunity to meet without hazard or detection, he muſt once more bear the diſappointment. All his trouble, and mine too, is owing to his faulty character. This, altho' I hate tyranny and arrogance in all ſhapes, makes me think leſs of the riſques he runs, and the fatigues he undergoes, than otherwiſe I ſhould do; and ſtill leſs, as my ſufferings (derived from the ſame ſource) are greater than his.

Betty confirms the intimation, that I muſt go to my uncle's on Thurſday. She was ſent on purpoſe to direct me to prepare myſelf for going, and to help me to get up every thing in order to it.

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs Clarissa Harlowe, *To Miſs* Howe.

Tueſday, Three o' Clock, March 28.

I HAVE mention'd ſeveral times the pertneſs of Mrs. Betty to me; and now, having a little time upon my hands, I will give you a ſhort dialogue that paſſed juſt now between us: It may, perhaps, be a little relief to you from the dull ſubjects with which I am perpetually teazing you.

As ſhe attended me at dinner, ſhe took notice, That Nature is ſatisfy'd with a very little nouriſhment: And thus ſhe complimentally proved it: — For, Miſs, ſaid ſhe, you eat nothing; yet never looked more charmingly in your life.

As to the former part of your ſpeech, Betty, ſaid I, you obſerve well; and I have often thought, when

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I have seen how healthy the children of the labouring poor *look*, and *are*, with empty stomachs, and hardly a good meal in a week, that Providence is very kind to its creatures, in this respect, as well as in all others, in making *Much* not necessary to the support of life; when three parts in four of its creatures, if it were, would not know how to obtain it. It puts me in mind of two proverbial sentences, which are full of admirable meaning.

What, pray, Miss, are they? I love to hear you talk, when you are so sedate as you seem now to be.

The one is to the purpose we are speaking of; *Poverty is the mother of health:* And let me tell you, Betty, if I had a better appetite, and were to encourage it, with so little rest, and so much distress and persecution, I don't think I should be able to preserve my reason.

There's no inconvenience but has its convenience, said Betty, giving me proverb for proverb. But what is the other, Madam?

That the *pleasures of the mighty are obtain'd by the tears of the poor:* It is but reasonable therefore, methinks, that the plenty of the one should be followed by distempers; and that the indigence of the other should be attended with that health, which makes all its other discomforts light on the comparison. And hence a third proverb, Betty, since you are an admirer of proverbs; *Better a bare foot, than none at all*; that is to say, than not to be able to walk.

She was mightily taken with what I said: See, said she, what a fine thing scholarship is!—I, said she, had always, from a girl, a taste for reading, tho' it were but in *Mother Goose*, and concerning the *Fairies* [And then she took genteelly a pinch of snuff]: Could but my parents *have let go as fast as I pulled*, I should have been a very happy creature.

Very likely, you would have made great improvements, Betty: But as it is, I cannot say, but since I have

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have had the favour of your attendance in this *intimate* manner, I have heard ſmarter things from you, than I have heard at table from ſome of my brother's fellow-collegians.

Your ſervant, dear Miſs; dropping me one of her beſt courteſies: So fine a judge as you are!—It is enough to make one very proud. Then, with another pinch—I cannot indeed but ſay, bridling upon it, that I have heard famous ſcholars often and often ſay very ſilly things: Things I ſhould be aſhamed myſelf to ſay—But I thought they did it out of humility, and in condeſcenſion to thoſe who had not their learning.

That ſhe might not be too proud, I told her, I would obſerve, that the livelineſs and quickneſs ſhe ſo happily diſcovered in herſelf, was not ſo much an honour to her, as what ſhe owed to her *Sex*; which, as I had obſerved in many inſtances, had great advantages over the other, in all the powers that related to imagination: And hence, Mrs. Betty, you'll take notice, as I have of late had opportunity to do, that your own talent at repartee and ſmartneſs, when it has *ſomething to work upon*, diſplays itſelf to more advantage, than could well be expected from one whoſe friends, to ſpeak in your own phraſe, could not *let go ſo faſt as you pulled.*

The wench gave me a proof of the truth of my obſervation, in a manner ſtill more alert than I had expected: If, ſaid ſhe, our ſex have ſo much advantage in *ſmartneſs*, it is the leſs to be wondered at, that *you*, Miſs, who have had ſuch an education, ſhould outdo all the men and women too, that come near you.

Bleſs me, Betty, ſaid I, what a proof do you give me of your wit and your courage at the ſame time! This is outdoing yourſelf. It would make young Ladies leſs proud, and more apprehenſive, were they generally attended by ſuch ſmart ſervants, and their

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mouths permitted to be unlocked upon them, as yours has lately been upon me!— But, take away, Mrs. Betty.

Why, Miſs, you have eat nothing at all:—I hope you are not diſpleaſed with your dinner for any thing I have ſaid.

No, Mrs. Betty, I am pretty well uſed to your freedoms, now, you know.— I am not diſpleaſed in the main, to obſerve, that, were the ſucceſſion of modern fine Ladies to be extinct, it might be ſupplied from thoſe whom they place in the next rank to themſelves, their chambermaids and confidants. Your young miſtreſs has contributed a great deal to this quickneſs of yours. She always preferred your company to mine. As *you pulled, ſhe let go*; and ſo, Mrs. Betty, you have gained by *her* converſation what I have loſt.

Why, Miſs, if you come to that, no-body ſays better things than Miſs Harlowe. I could tell you one, if *I pleaſed*, upon my obſerving to her, that you lived of late upon air, and had no ſtomach to any thing, yet looked as charmingly as ever.—

I dare ſay, it was a very good-natured one, Mrs. Betty!—Do you then *pleaſe* that I ſhall hear it?

Only this, Miſs, *That your ſtomachfulneſs had ſwallowed up your ſtomach*; and, *That obſtinacy was meat, drink, and cloth to you.*

Ay, Mrs. Betty; and *did* ſhe ſay This?— I hope ſhe laughed when ſhe ſaid it, as ſhe does at all her *good things*, as ſhe calls them. It was very ſmart, and very witty. I wiſh my mind were ſo much at eaſe, as to aim at being witty too. But if you admire ſuch ſententious ſayings, I'll help you to another; and that is, *Encouragement and Approbation make people ſhew talents they were never ſuſpected to have*; and This will do both for miſtreſs and maid: And another I'll furniſh you with, the contrary of the former, that will do only for me; That *Perſecution*

and

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and Diſcouragement depreſs ingenuous *minds, and blunt the edge of lively imaginations.*— And hence may my ſiſter's Brilliancy and my Stupidity be both accounted for. *Ingenuous*, you muſt know, Mrs. Betty, and *ingenious*, are two things; and I would not arrogate the latter to myſelf.

Lord, Miſs, ſaid the Fooliſh, you know a great deal for your years.— You are a very learned young Lady!—What pity—

None of your *pities*, Mrs. Betty. I know what you'd ſay. But tell me, if you can, Is it reſolved that I ſhall be carry'd to my uncle Antony's on Thurſday?

I was willing to reward myſelf for the patience ſhe had made me exerciſe, by getting at what intelligence I could from her.

Why, Miſs, ſeating herſelf at a little diſtance (excuſe my ſitting down), with the ſnuff-box tapp'd very ſmartly, the lid opened, and a pinch taken with a dainty finger and thumb, the other three fingers diſtendedly bent, and with a fine flouriſh—I cannot but ſay, that it is my opinion, you will certainly go on Thurſday; and this *noleſs foleſs*, as I have heard my young Lady ſay in FRENCH.

Whether I am *willing* or *not willing*, you mean, I ſuppoſe, Mrs. Betty?

You have it, Miſs.

Well but, Betty, I have no mind to be turned out of doors ſo ſuddenly. Do you think I could not be permitted to tarry one week longer?

How can I tell, Miſs?

O Mrs. Betty, you can tell a great deal, if *you pleaſe*. But here I am forbid writing to any one of my family; none of it now will come near *me*; nor will any of it permit me to ſee *them*: How ſhall I do to make my requeſt known, to tarry here a week or fortnight longer!

Why, Miſs, I fanſy, if you were to ſhew a compliable

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pliable temper, your friends would ſhew a compliable one too. But would you expect favours, and grant none?

Smartly put, Betty! But who knows what may be the reſult of my being carried to my uncle Antony's?

Who knows, Miſs!— Why any-body will gueſs what may be the reſult.

As how, Betty?

As how! repeated the pert wench, Why, Miſs, you will ſtand in your own light, as you have hitherto done: And your parents, as ſuch good parents *ought*, will be obeyed.

If, Mrs. Betty, I had not been uſed to your *oughts*, and to have my duty laid down to me, by your oraculous wiſdom, I ſhould be apt to ſtare at the liberty of your ſpeech.

You ſeem angry, Miſs. I hope I take no unbecoming liberty.

If thou really think'ſt thou doſt not, thy ignorance is more to be pitied, than thy pertneſs reſented. I wiſh thou'd'ſt leave me to myſelf.

When young Ladies fall out with their *own* duty, it is not much to be wondered at, that they are angry at any-body who do *theirs*.

That's a very pretty ſaying, Mrs. Betty!— I ſee plainly what *thy* duty is in *thy* notion, and am obliged to thoſe who taught it thee.

Every-body takes notice, Miſs, that you can ſay very cutting words in a cool manner, and yet not call names, as I have known *ſome* gentlefolks, as well as others, do, when in a paſſion. But I wiſh you had permitted 'Squire Solmes to ſee you; he would have told you ſuch ſtories of 'Squire Lovelace, as would have turned your heart againſt him for ever.

And know you any of the particulars of thoſe ſad ſtories?

Indeed,

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Indeed, I don't; but you'll hear all at your uncle Antony's, I ſuppoſe; and a great deal more, perhaps, than you will like to hear.

Let me hear what I will, I am determined againſt Mr. Solmes, were it to coſt me my life.

If you are, Miſs, the Lord have mercy on you! For what with this letter of yours to 'Squire Solmes, whom they ſo much value, and what with their antipathy to 'Squire Lovelace, whom they hate, they will have no patience with you.

What will they do, Betty? They won't kill me? What *will* they do?

Kill you! No!— But you will not be ſuffered to ſtir from thence, till you have complied with your duty. And *no pen and ink* will be allowed you, as here; where they are of opinion you make no good uſe of it: Nor would it be allowed here, only as they intend ſo ſoon to ſend you away to your uncle's. Nobody will be permitted to ſee you, or to correſpond with you. What farther will be done, I can't ſay; and, if I could, it may not be proper. But you may prevent it all, by One word: And I wiſh you would, Miſs. All then would be eaſy and happy. And, if I may ſpeak my mind, I ſee not why one man is not as good as another: Why, eſpecially, a ſober man is not as good as a rake.

Well, Betty, ſaid I, ſighing, all thy impertinence goes for nothing. But I ſee I am deſtined to be a very unhappy creature. Yet will I venture upon one requeſt more to them.

And ſo, quite ſick of the pert creature, and of myſelf, I retired to my cloſet, and wrote a few lines to my uncle Harlowe, notwithſtanding his prohibition; in order to get a reprieve, from being carried away ſo ſoon as Thurſday next, if I muſt go. And This, that I might, if comply'd with, ſuſpend the appointment I have made with Mr. Lovelace; for my heart miſgives me, as to meeting him; and that more and

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more, I know not why. Under the superscription of the letter, I wrote these words: 'Pray, dear Sir, 'be pleased to give This a reading.

This is the copy of what I wrote:

Honoured Sir, *Tuesday Afternoon.*

LET me this once be heard with patience, and have my petition granted. It is only, that I may not be hurried away so soon as next Thursday.

Why should the poor girl be turned out of doors so suddenly, so disgracefully? Procure for me, Sir, one fortnight's respite. In that space of time, I hope you will all relent. My mamma shall not need to shut her door, in apprehension of seeing her disgraced child. I will not presume to think of entering her presence, or my papa's, without leave. One fortnight's respite is but a small favour for them to grant, except I am to be refused every-thing I ask: But it is of the highest import to my peace of mind. Procure it for me, therefore, dear Sir, and you will exceedingly oblige

Your dutiful, tho' greatly afflicted, Niece,
CL. HARLOWE.

I sent this down: My uncle was not gone: And he now stays to know the result of the question put to me in the inclosed answer, which he has given to mine:

YOUR going to your uncle's was absolutely concluded upon for next Thursday. Nevertheless, your mamma, seconded by Mr. Solmes, pleaded so strongly to indulge you, that your request for a delay will be comply'd with, upon one condition; and whether for a fortnight, or a shorter time, that will depend upon yourself. If you refuse this condition, your mamma declares, she will give over all further intercession for you. — Nor do you deserve this

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this favour, as you put it upon our relenting, not your own.

This condition is, That you admit of a viſit from Mr. Solmes, for one hour, in company of your brother, your ſiſter, or your uncle Antony, chooſe which you will.

If you comply not, you go next Thurſday to a houſe which is become ſo ſtrangely odious to you of late, whether you get ready to go, or not. Anſwer therefore directly to the point. No evaſion. Name your day and hour. Mr. Solmes will neither eat you, nor drink you. Let us ſee, whether *we* are to be comply'd with *in any thing*, or not.

JOHN HARLOWE.

After a very little deliberation, I reſolved to conſent to this condition. All I fear is, that Mr. Lovelace's intelligencer may inform him of it; and that his apprehenſions upon it may make him take ſome deſperate reſolution: Eſpecially as now (having more time given me, here) I think to write to him to ſuſpend the interview he is poſſibly ſo ſure of. I ſent down the following to my uncle:

Honoured Sir,

ALtho' I ſee not what end the propoſed condition can anſwer, I comply with it. I wiſh I could with every thing expected of me. If I muſt name one, in whoſe company I am to ſee the gentleman, and that one *not* my mamma, whoſe preſence I could wiſh to be honoured by on the occaſion, let my uncle, if he pleaſes, be the *perſon*. If I muſt name the *day* (a long day, I doubt, will not be permitted me), let it be next Tueſday. The *hour*, four in the afternoon. The *place*, either the ivy-ſummer-houſe, or in the little parlour I uſed to be permitted to call mine.

Be pleaſed, Sir, nevertheleſs, to prevail upon my mamma

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mamma to vouchsafe me her presence on the occasion. I am, Sir,

Your ever-dutiful

CL. HARLOWE.

A reply is just sent me. I thought it became my averseness to this meeting, to name a distant day: But I did not expect they would have comply'd with it. So here is one week gain'd!— This is it:

YOU have done well to comply. We are willing to think the best of every slight instance of your duty. Yet have you seem'd to consider the day as an evil day, and so put it far off. This nevertheless is granted you, as no time need to be lost, if you are as generous *after* the day, as we are condescending *before* it. Let me advise you, not to harden your mind; nor take up your resolution beforehand. Mr. Solmes has more awe, and even terror, at the thoughts of seeing you, than you can have at the thoughts of seeing him. *His* motive is *Love*; let not *yours* be *Hatred*. My brother Antony will be present, in hopes you will deserve well of *him*, by behaving well to the friend of the family. See you use him as such. Your mamma had permission to be there, if she thought fit: But says, she would not, for a thousand pounds, unless you would encourage her beforehand, as she wishes to be encouraged. One hint I am to give you, mean time. It is this: To make a discreet use of your pen and ink. Methinks a young creature of niceness should be less ready to write to one man, when she is designed to be another's.

This compliance, I hope, will produce greater; and then the peace of the family will be restored: Which is what is heartily wished by

Your loving Uncle,

JOHN HARLOWE.

Unless it be to the purpose our hearts are set upon, you need not write again.

This

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This man have *more terror at ſeeing me, than I can have at ſeeing him!* — How can that be? If he had half as much, he would not wiſh to ſee me! — His *motive Love!*—Yes indeed! Love of himſelf!— He knows no other!—For Love, that deſerves the name, ſeeks the ſatisfaction of the beloved object, more than its own!— Weighed in this ſcale, what a profanation is this man guilty of!

Not to take up my reſolution beforehand! — That advice comes too late!

But I muſt *make a diſcreet uſe of my pen.* That, I doubt, as they have managed it, in the ſenſe they mean it, is as much out of my power, as the other.

But *to write to one man, when I am deſigned for another!* What a ſhocking expreſſion is That!

Repenting of my appointment with Mr. Lovelace, *before* I had this favour granted me, you may believe I heſitated not a moment about revoking it *now*, that I had gained ſuch a reſpite. Accordingly, I wrote, 'That I found it inconvenient to meet him, as I had 'intended: That the riſque I ſhould run of a diſ-'covery, and the miſchiefs that might flow from it, 'could not be juſtified by any end that ſuch a meet-'ing could anſwer: That I found one certain ſer-'vant more in my way, when I took my morning 'and evening airings, than any other: That he knew 'not but that the perſon who might betray the ſecrets 'of a family to *him*, might be equally watchful to oblige 'thoſe whom he ought to oblige; and ſo, if oppor-'tunity were given him, might betray me, or him, 'to them: That I had not been uſed to a conduct ſo 'faulty, as to lay myſelf at the mercy of ſervants: 'And was ſorry he had meaſures to purſue, that made 'ſteps neceſſary in his own opinion, which, in mine, 'were very culpable, and which no end could juſtify: 'That things drawing towards a criſis between me 'and my friends, an interview could avail nothing; 'eſpecially as the method by which this correſpond-'ence

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'ence was carried on, was not ſuſpected, and he 'could write all that was in his mind to write: That 'I expected to be at liberty to judge of what was 'proper and fit upon this occaſion: Eſpecially as he 'might be aſſured, that I would ſooner chooſe death, 'than Mr. Solmes.'

Tueſday Night.

I HAVE depoſited my letter to Mr. Lovelace. Threatening as things look againſt me, I am much better pleaſed with myſelf, than I was before. I reckon he will be a little out of humour upon it, however. But as I reſerved to myſelf the liberty of changing my mind; and as it is eaſy for him to imagine there may be reaſons for it *within*-doors, which he cannot judge of *without*; and I have ſuggeſted to him ſome of them; I ſhould think it ſtrange, if he acquieſces not, on this occaſion, with a chearfulneſs, which may ſhew me, that his laſt letter is the genuine product of his heart: For if he be really ſo much concerned at his paſt faults, as he pretends, and has for ſome time pretended, muſt he not, of courſe, have corrected, in ſome degree, the impetuoſity of his temper? The firſt ſtep to reformation, as I conceive, is to ſubdue ſudden guſts of paſſion, from which frequently the greateſt evils ariſe, and to learn to bear diſappointments. If the iraſcible paſſions cannot be overcome, what opinion ſhall one have of the perſon's power over thoſe to which bad habit, joined to *greater* temptation, gives ſtronger force?

Pray, my dear, be ſo kind, as to make inquiry by ſome ſafe hand, after the diſguiſes Mr. Lovelace aſſumes at the inn he puts up at in the poor village of Neale, he calls it. If it be the ſame I take it to be, I never knew it was conſiderable enough to have a name; nor that it has an inn in it.

As he muſt be much there, to be ſo conſtantly near us, I would be glad to have ſome account of his behaviour;

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haviour; and what the people think of him. In ſuch a length of time, he muſt give ſcandal, or hope of reformation. Pray, my dear, humour me, in this inquiry: I have reaſons for it, which you ſhall be acquainted with another time, if the reſult of the inquiry diſcover them not.

LETTER XIX.

Miſs Clarissa Harlowe, *To Miſs* Howe.

Wedneſday Morning, Nine o'Clock.

I AM juſt return'd from my morning walk, and already have received a letter from Mr. Lovelace in anſwer to mine depoſited laſt night. He muſt have had pen, ink, and paper, with him; for it was written in the coppice; with this circumſtance; On one knee, kneeling with the other. Not from reverence to the written-to, however, as you'll find.

Well are we inſtructed early to keep this ſex at a diſtance. An undeſigning open heart, where it is loth to diſoblige, is eaſily drawn in, I ſee, to oblige more than ever it deſigned. It is too apt to govern itſelf by what a bold ſpirit is encouraged to *expect* of it. It is very difficult for a good-natured young perſon to give a negative where it diſeſteems not.

One's heart may harden and contract, as one gains experience, and when we have ſmarted perhaps for our eaſy folly: And ſo it *ought*, or it would be upon very unequal terms with the world.

Excuſe theſe grave reflections. This man has vex'd me heartily. I ſee his gentleneſs was *art*; fierceneſs, and a temper like what I have been too much uſed to at home, are *nature* in him. In the mind I am in, nothing ſhall ever make me forgive him, ſince there can be no good reaſon for his impatience on an expectation given with reſerve, and abſolutely revocable.

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cable.—*I* so much to suffer *thro'* him; yet, to be treated as if I were obliged to bear insults *from* him!—

But here you will be pleased to read his letter; which I shall inclose.

To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Good God!

WHAT is now to become of me!—How shall I support this disappointment!—No new cause!—On one knee, kneeling with the other, I write!—My feet benumbed with midnight wanderings thro' the heaviest dews, that ever fell: My wig and my linen dripping with the hoar-frost dissolving on them!—Day but just breaking—Sun not risen to exhale—May it never rise again!—Unless it bring healing and comfort to a benighted soul!—In proportion to the joy you had inspired (ever lovely promiser!), in such proportion is my anguish!

And *are things drawing towards a crisis between your friends and you?*—Is not this a reason for me to expect, the *rather* to expect, the promised interview?

CAN *I write all that is in my mind*, say you?—Impossible!—Not the hundredth part of what is in my mind, and in my apprehension, can I write!

O the wavering, the changeable sex!—But can Miss Clarissa Harlowe—

Forgive me, Madam!—I know not what I write!—Yet, I must, I do, insist upon your promise—Or that you will condescend to find better excuses for the failure—Or convince me, that stronger reasons are imposed upon *you*, than those you offer.—A promise *once* given; upon *deliberation* given!—the promise-*ed* only can dispense with;—or some very apparent necessity imposed upon the promise-*er*, which leaves no power to perform it.

The first promise you ever made me! Life and Death,

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Death, perhaps, depending upon it — My heart desponding from the barbarous methods resolved to be taken with you, in malice to me!

You would sooner choose death than Solmes (How my soul spurns the competition!) O my beloved creature, what are these but *words!* — *Whose* words? — Sweet and ever-adorable — What? — Promise-breaker — must I call you? — How shall I believe the asseveration (your supposed Duty in the question! Persecution so flaming! Hatred to me so strongly avow'd!) after this instance of your so lightly dispensing with your promise!

If, my dearest life! you would prevent my distraction, or, at least distracted consequences, renew the promised hope! — My *fate* is indeed upon its crisis.

Forgive me; dearest creature, forgive me! — I know I have written in too much anguish of mind! — Writing this, in the same moment that the just-dawning light has imparted to me the heavy disappointment!

I dare not re-peruse what I have written. — I *must* deposite it — It may serve to shew you my distracted apprehensions, that This disappointment is but a prelude to the greatest of All. — Nor, having here, any other paper, am I able to write again, if I would, on this gloomy spot. Gloomy is my soul; and all nature round me partakes of my gloom! — I trust it, therefore, to your goodness! If its fervor excites your displeasure, rather than your pity, you wrong my passion; and I shall be ready to apprehend, that I am intended to be the sacrifice of more miscreants than one! — Have patience with me, dearest creature! — I mean Solmes, and your Brother only — But, if, exerting your usual generosity, you will excuse and *re*-appoint, may That God, whom you profess to serve, and who is the God of *Truth* and of *Promises*, protect and

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and bleſs you, for both; and for reſtoring to Himſelf, and to Hope,

Your ever-adoring, yet almoſt deſponding

LOVELACE!

Ivy-Cavern in the Coppice—day but juſt breaking.

This is the Anſwer I ſhall return.

Wedneſday Morning.

I AM amazed, Sir, at the freedom of your reproaches. Preſſed and teazed, againſt convenience and inclination, to give you a private meeting, am *I* to be thus challeng'd and upbraided, and my Sex reflected upon, becauſe I thought it prudent to change my mind?— A liberty I had reſerved to myſelf, when I made the *appointment*, as you call it. I wanted not inſtances of your impatient ſpirit to other people: yet may it be happy for me, that I have this new one; which ſhews, that you can as little ſpare *me*, when I purſue the dictates of my own reaſon, as you do *others*, for acting up to theirs. Two motives you muſt be governed by in this exceſs. The one *my eaſineſs*; the other *your own preſumption*. Since you think you have found out the *firſt*, and have ſhewn ſo much of the *laſt* upon it, I am too much alarmed, not to wiſh and deſire, that your letter of this day may conclude all the trouble you have had from, or for,

Your humble Servant,

CL. HARLOWE.

I BELIEVE, my dear, I may promiſe myſelf your approbation, whenever I write or ſpeak with ſpirit, be it to whom it will. Indeed, I find but too much reaſon to exert it, ſince I have to deal with people, who meaſure their conduct to me, not by what is fit or decent, right or wrong, but by what they think my temper

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temper will bear. I have, till very lately, been praised for mine; but it has always been by those who never gave me opportunity to return the compliment to themselves: Some people have acted, as if they thought forbearance on *one side* absolutely necessary for them and me, to be upon good terms together; and in this case have ever taken care rather to *owe* that obligation than to *lay* it. You have hinted to me, that resentment is not natural to my temper, and that therefore it must soon subside. It may be so, with respect to my relations: But not to Mr. Lovelace, I assure you.

Wednesday Noon, March 29.

We cannot always answer for what we *can* do: But to convince you, that I can keep my above resolution, with regard to This Lovelace, angry as my letter is, and three hours as it is since it was written, I assure you, that I repent it not, nor will soften it, altho' I find it is not taken away. And yet I hardly ever before did any-thing in anger, that I did not repent in half an hour; and question myself in *less* than that time, whether I was right or wrong.

In this respite till Tuesday, I have a little time to look about me, as I may say, and consider of what I *have* to do, and *can* do. And Mr. Lovelace's insolence will make me go very home with myself. Not that I think I can conquer my aversion to Mr. Solmes. I am sure I cannot. But, if I absolutely break with Mr. Lovelace, and give my friends convincing proofs of it, who knows but they will restore me to their favour, and let their views in relation to the other man go off by degrees? — Or, at least, that I may be safe till my cousin Morden arrives: To whom, I think, I will write; and the rather, as Mr. Lovelace has assured me, that my friends have written to him to make good their side of the question.

But, with all my courage, I am exceedingly apprehensive

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prehenſive about Tueſday next, and about what may reſult from my ſtedfaſtneſs; for ſtedfaſt I am ſure I ſhall be. They are reſolved, I am told, to try every means to induce me to comply with what they are determin'd upon. I am reſolved to do the like, to avoid what they would force me to do. A dreadful contention between parents and child!—Each hoping to leave the other without excuſe, whatever the conſequence may be.

What can I do? Adviſe me, my dear! Something is ſtrangely wrong ſomewhere! to make parents, the moſt indulgent till now, ſeem cruel in a child's eye; and a daughter, till within theſe few weeks, thought unexceptionably dutiful, appear, in their judgment, a rebel!—O my ambitious and violent brother!—What may he have to anſwer for to both!—

Be pleaſed to remember, my dear, that your laſt favour was dated on Saturday. This is Wedneſday: And none of mine have been taken away ſince. Don't let me want *your* advice. My ſituation is extremely difficult.—But I am ſure you love me ſtill: And not the leſs on *that* account. Adieu, my beloved friend.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XX.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday Morning, Day-break, March 30.

AN accident has occaſioned my remiſſneſs, as, till you know it, you may juſtly think my ſilence.

My mamma was ſent for on Sunday night, with the utmoſt earneſtneſs, by her couſin Larkin, whom I mentioned in one of my former.

This poor woman was always afraid of Death, and was one of thoſe weak perſons who imagine that the making

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making of their Will muſt be an undoubted forerunner of it.

She had always ſaid, when urged to the neceſſary work, That whenever ſhe made it, ſhe ſhould not live long after; and, one would think, imagined ſhe was under an obligation to prove her words: For, tho' ſhe had been long bed-rid, and was, in a manner, worn out before, yet ſhe thought herſelf better, till ſhe was perſuaded to make it: And from that moment, remembering what ſhe uſed to prognoſticate (her *fears helping on what ſhe feared*, as is often the caſe, particularly in the Small-Pox), grew worſe; and had it in her head once to burn her Will, in hopes to grow better upon it.

She ſent my mamma word, That the Doctors had given her over: But that ſhe could not die till ſhe ſaw her. I told my mamma, That if ſhe wiſh'd her a chance for recovery, ſhe ſhould not, for *that* reaſon, go. But go ſhe would; and, what was worſe, would make me go with her; and that, at an hour's warning [Had there been more time for argumentation, to be ſure I had not gone!] for ſhe ſaid nothing of it to me, till ſhe was riſing in the morning *early*, reſolving to return *at night*. So that there was a kind of neceſſity, that my preparation to obey her, ſhould, in a manner, accompany her command.—A command ſo much out of the way, on ſuch a ſolemn occaſion! And this I repreſented—But to no purpoſe: —There never was ſuch a contradicting girl in the world— *My* wiſdom always made *her* a fool!— But ſhe *would* be obliged *this time*, proper or improper.

I have but one way of accounting for this ſudden whim of my mamma—She had a mind to accept of Mr. Hickman's offer to eſcorte her: — And I verily believe [I wiſh I were quite ſure of it] had a mind to oblige him with my company— as far as I know, to keep me out of *worſe*.

For, would you believe it? — As ſure as you are

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alive, she is afraid for her favourite Hickman, because of the long visit your Lovelace, tho' so much by accident, made me in her absence, last time she was at the same place. I hope, my dear, *you* are not jealous too. But, indeed, I now and then, when she teazes me with praises which Hickman cannot deserve, in return, fall to praising those qualities and personalities in Lovelace, which the other never will have. Indeed I do love to teaze a little bit, that I do. — My mamma's girl! — I had like to have said.

As you know she is as passionate, as I am pert, you will not wonder to be told, that we generally fall out on these occasions: She flies from me, at the long run: It would be undutiful in me to leave her *first* — And then I get an opportunity to pursue our *correspondence.*

For, now I am rambling, let me tell you, that she does not much favour *that*; — for *two* reasons, I believe: One, that I don't shew her all that passes between us; the other, That she thinks I harden your mind against your duty, as it is called; and with *her*, for a reason at home, as I have hinted more than once, parents cannot do wrong; children cannot oppose, and be right. This obliges me now-and-then to *steal* an hour, as I may say, and not let her know how I am employ'd.

You may guess from what I have written, how averse I was to comply with this stretch of motherly authority, made so much against rhyme and reason. — But it came to be a *test of duty*; so I was obliged to yield, tho' with a full persuasion of being in the right.

I have always your reproofs upon these occasions: In your late letters stronger than ever. A good reason why, you'll say, Because more deserved than ever. I thank you kindly for your correction. I hope to make *cor*-rection of it — But let me tell you, that your

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your stripes, whether deserved or not, have made me sensible deeper than the skin — But of this another time.

It was Monday afternoon before we reached the old gentlewoman's. That fiddling, parading fellow, you know who I mean, made us wait for him two hours (and I to go a journey I disliked!) only for the sake of having a little more tawdry upon his housings; which he had hurry'd his saddler to put on, to make him look fine, being to escorte his dear Madam Howe, and her fair daughter.— I told him, that I supposed he was afraid, that the double solemnity in the case, that of the visit to a dying woman, and that of his own countenance, would give him the appearance of an *undertaker*; to avoid which, he ran into as bad an extreme, and I doubted would be taken for a *mountebank*.

The man was confounded. He took it as strongly, as if his conscience gave assent to the justice of the remark.— Otherwise, he would have borne it better: For he is used enough to this sort of treatment. I thought he would have cry'd. I have heretofore observed, that on this side of the contract, he seems to be a mighty meek sort of creature.— And tho' I should like it in him *hereafter*, perhaps, yet I can't help despising him a little in my heart for it *now*. I believe, my dear, we all love your blustering fellows best; could we but direct the bluster, and bid it roar when, and at whom, we pleased.

The poor man looked at my mamma. She was so angry [My airs upon it, and my opposition to the journey, having all helped], that for half the way she would not speak to me. And when she did, it was, I wish I had not brought you!—You know not what it is to condescend. It is *my* fault, not *Mr. Hickman*'s, that you are here, so much against your will.—Have you no eyes for this side of the chariot?

And then he far'd the better from *her*, as he always

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does, for faring worse from *me*: For there was, how do you *now*, Sir? And how do you *now*, Mr. Hickman? as he ambled now on this side of the chariot, now on that, stealing a prim look at me; *her* head half out of the chariot, kindly smiling as if marry'd to the man but a fortnight herself: While I always saw something to divert myself, on the side of the chariot where the honest man was not, were it but old Robin at a distance, on his Roan Keffel.

Our courtship-days, they say, are our best days. Favour destroys courtship. Distance increases it. Its essence is distance. And to see how familiar these men-wretches grow upon a smile, what an awe they are struck into when one frowns! Who would not make them stand off? Who would not enjoy a power, that is to be so short-lived?

Don't chide me one bit for this, my dear. It is in nature. I can't help it: Nay, for that matter, I love it, and wish not to help it. So spare your gravity, I beseech you on this subject. I set not up for a perfect character. The man will bear it. And what need you care? My mamma over-balances all he suffers: And if he thinks himself unhappy, he ought never to be otherwise.

Then, did he not deserve a fit of the sullens, think you, to make us lose our dinner, for his parade, since in so short a journey one would not bait, and lose the opportunity of coming back that night, had the old gentlewoman's condition permitted it? To say nothing of being the cause, that my mamma was in the glout with her poor daughter all the way.

At our alighting I gave him another dab; but it was but a little one. Yet the manner, and the air, made up (as I intended they should) for that defect. My mamma's hand was kindly put into his, with a simpering altogether bridal; and with another, How do you now, Sir? — All his plump muscles were in motion, and a double charge of care and obsequiousness

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neſs fidgetted up his whole form, when he offer'd to me his officious palm. My mamma, when I was a girl, always bid me hold up my head. I juſt then remember'd her commands, and was dutiful: I never held up my head ſo high. With an averted ſupercilious eye, and a rejecting hand, half-flouriſhing—I have no need of help, Sir!—You are in my way.

He ran back, as if on wheels; with a face exceſſively mortify'd: I had thoughts elſe to have follow'd the too gentle touch, with a declaration, that I had as many hands and feet as himſelf: But this would have been telling him a piece of news, as to the latter, that I hope, he had not the preſumption to gueſs at.

WE found the poor woman, as we thought, at the laſt gaſp. Had we come *ſooner*, we could not have got away, as we intended, that night. You ſee I am for excuſing the man all I can; and yet, I aſſure you, I have not ſo much as a *conditional liking* to him. My mamma ſat up moſt part of the night, expecting every hour would have been her poor couſin's laſt. I bore her company till two.

I never ſaw the approaches of death in a grown perſon before; and was extremely ſhock'd. Death, to one in health, is a very terrible thing. We pity the perſon for what *ſhe* ſuffers: And we pity ourſelves for what *we* muſt ſome time hence, in like ſort, ſuffer; and ſo are *doubly* affected.

She held out till Tueſday morning, eleven; and having told my mamma, that ſhe had left her an executrix, and her and me rings and mourning; we were employ'd all that day, in matters of the Will; [By which my couſin Jenny Fynnett is handſomely provided for]; ſo that it was Wedneſday morning early, before we ſet out on our return.

It is true, we got home (having no houſings to ſtay for) by noon: But tho' I ſent Robin away be-

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fore he alitt; and he brought me back a whole packet, down to the ſame Wedneſday noon; yet was I really ſo fatigued (and ſhock'd, as I muſt own, at the hard death of the old gentlewoman); my mamma likewiſe [who has no reaſon to diſlike this world] being indiſpoſed from the ſame occaſion; that I could not ſet about writing, time enough, for Robin's return that night.

But having recruited my ſpirits, my mamma having alſo had a good night, I aroſe with the dawn, to write this, and get it diſpatched time enough for your breakfaſt-airing; that your ſuſpenſe may be as ſhort as poſſible.

I WILL ſoon follow This with another. I will employ a perſon directly to find out how Lovelace behaves himſelf at his inn. Such a buſy ſpirit muſt be traceable.

But, perhaps, my dear, you are indifferent now about him, or his employments; for this requeſt was made before he *mortally* offended you. Nevertheleſs, I will have inquiry made. The reſult, it is very probable, will be of uſe to confirm you in your preſent unforgiving temper. — And yet, if the *poor* man [Shall I pity him for *you*, my dear?] ſhould be depriv'd of the greateſt bleſſing any man on earth can receive, and which he has the preſumption, with ſo little merit, to aſpire to; he will have run great riſques; caught great colds; hazarded fevers; ſuſtained the higheſt indignities; brav'd the inclemencies of ſkies, and all for—nothing! — Will not this move your *generoſity* (if nothing elſe) in his favour? — Poor Mr. Lovelace!—

I would occaſion no throb; nor half-throb; no flaſh of ſenſibility, like lightning darting in, and as ſoon ſuppreſs'd, by a diſcretion that no one of the Sex ever before could give ſuch an example of — I

would

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would not, I ſay; and yet, for a trial of *you* to *yourſelf*, rather than as an impertinent overflow of raillery in your friend, as money-takers try a ſuſpected guinea by the *ſound*, let me, on ſuch a ſuppoſition, ſound *you*, by repeating, *Poor Mr. Lovelace!* —

And now, my dear, how is it with you? How do you now, as my mamma ſays to Mr. Hickman, when her pert daughter has made him look ſorrowful?

LETTER XXI.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday Morning.

I Will now take ſome notice of your laſt favour. But being ſo far behind-hand with you, muſt be brief.

In the firſt place, as to your reproofs, thus ſhall I diſcharge myſelf of that part of my ſubject: Is it likely, think you, that I ſhould avoid deſerving them now-and-then, occaſionally, when I admire the manner in which you give me your rebukes, and love you the better for them? And when you are ſo well *intitled* to give them? For what faults can *you* poſſibly have, unleſs your relations are ſo kind as to find you a *few* to keep their *many* in countenance? — But, They are as kind to *me* in This, as to *you*; for I may venture to affirm, That any one who ſhould read *your* letters, and would ſay, you were *right*, would not, on reading *mine*, condemn me for being *quite wrong*.

Your reſolution, not to leave your father's houſe, is right — if you can ſtay in it, and avoid being Solmes's wife.

I think you anſwer'd Solmes's letter, as *I* ſhould have anſwer'd it.—Will you not compliment me and yourſelf at once; by ſaying, that *That* was right?

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You have, in your letters to your uncle, and the reſt, done all that you ought to do. You are wholly guiltleſs of the conſequence, be it what it will. To offer to give up your eſtate! — That would not I have done! — You ſee, this offer ſtagger'd them: They took time to conſider of it: They made my heart ake in the time they took: I was afraid they would have taken you at your word: And ſo, but for ſhame, and for fear of Lovelace, I dare ſay, they would. — You are too noble by half for them. This, I repeat, is an offer I would not have made. Let me beg of you, my dear, never to repeat the temptation to them.

I freely own to you, that their uſage of you upon it, and Lovelace's different behaviour in his letter received at the ſame time, would have made *me* his, paſt redemption. The duce take the man, I was going to ſay, for not having had ſo much regard to his character and morals, as would have intirely juſtify'd ſuch a ſtep in a *Clariſſa Harlowe*, perſecuted as ſhe is!

I wonder not at your appointment with him. I may further touch upon ſome part of this ſubject by-and-by.

Pray, pray, I pray you now, my deareſt friend, contrive to ſend your Betty Barnes to me! — Does the Coventry-act extend to women, know ye? — The leaſt I would do, ſhould be, to ſend her home well ſouſed in, and dragged thro', our deepeſt horſe-pond. I'll engage, if I get her hither, that ſhe ſhall keep the anniverſary of her deliverance as long as ſhe lives.

I wonder not at Lovelace's ſaucy anſwer, ſaucy as it really is. If he loves you as he ought, he muſt be vex'd at ſo great a diſappointment. The man muſt have been a deteſtable hypocrite, I think, had he not ſhewn his vexation. Your expectations of ſuch a Chriſtian command of temper in him, in a diſappointment of this nature eſpecially, are too early, by almoſt

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almost half a century, in a man of his constitution. But, nevertheless, I am very far from blaming you for your resentment.

I shall be all impatience to know how this matter ends between you and him. But a *few inches of brick-wall* between you so lately; and now such *mountains!* — And you think to hold it! — May be so!—

You see the temper he shew'd in his preceding letter was not *natural* to him, you say. And did you before think it *was?* Insolent creepers and insinuators! Inch-allow'd, ell-taking incroachers!— This very Hickman, I make no doubt, will be as saucy as your Lovelace, if ever he dare. He has not half the arrogant bravery of the other, and can better hide his horns; that's all. But whenever he has the power, depend upon it, he will *butt* at one as valiantly as the other.

If ever I should be persuaded to have him, I shall watch how the imperative Husband *comes upon him*; how the obsequious Lover *goes off*; in short, how he *ascends*, and how I *descend*, in the matrimonial wheel, never to take my turn again, but by fits and starts, like the feeble struggles of a sinking state for its dying liberty.

All good-natured men are passionate, says Mr. Lovelace. A pretty plea to a beloved object in the plenitude of her power! As much as to say, Greatly as I value you, Madam, I will not take pains to curb my passions to oblige you.— Methinks, I should be glad to hear from Mr. Hickman such a plea for good-nature as this!

Indeed, we are too apt to make allowances for such tempers as *early* indulgence has made uncontroulable; and therefore habitually evil. But if a boistrous temper, when under *obligation*, is to be thus allowed for, what, when the tables are turned, will it expect? You know a husband, who, I fancy,

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had some of these early allowances made for him: And you see, that neither himself, nor any-body else, is the happier for it!

The suiting of the tempers of two persons who are to come together, is a great matter: And yet there should be boundaries fixed between them, by consent, as it were, beyond which neither should go: And each should hold the other to it; or there would probably be incroachments in both. If the boundaries of the Three Estates that constitute our Political Union were not known, and occasionally asserted, what would become of each? The two branches of the Legislature would incroach upon each other; and the Executive power would swallow up both.

If two persons of discretion, you'll say, come tother—

Ay, my dear, that's true: But, if none but persons of discretion were to marry— And would it not surprise you if I were to advance, that the persons of discretion are generally single?— Such persons are apt to consider too much, to resolve.—Are not you and I complimented as such?— And would either of us marry, if the fellows, and our friends, would let us alone?

But to the former point;—Had Lovelace made his addresses to me (unless, indeed, I had been taken with a liking for him *more* than *conditional)*, I would have forbid him, upon the first *passionate* instance of his *good-nature*, as he calls it, ever to see me more: 'Thou must bear with me, honest friend, might I 'have said (had I condescended to say any thing to 'him), an hundred times more than This:—Begone, 'therefore;— I bear with no passions that are predo-'minant to That thou hast pretended for me.'

But to one of *your* mild and gentle temper, it would be all one, were you marry'd, whether the man be a Lovelace or a Hickman in his spirit.— You are so obediently principled, that perhaps you would have

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have told a mild man, that he muſt not *intreat*, but *command*; and that it was beneath him not to exact from you the obedience you had ſo ſolemnly vow'd to him at the altar.— I know of old, my dear, your meek regard to that little piddling part of the marriage-vow, which ſome prerogative-monger foiſted into the office, to make That a *duty*, which he knew was not a *right*.

Our way of training-up, you ſay, *makes us need the protection of the brave:* Very true: And how extremely brave and gallant is it, that this brave man will free us from all inſults, but Thoſe which will go neareſt to us; that is to ſay, His own!

How artfully has Lovelace, in the abſtract you give me of one of his letters, calculated to your meridian; *Generous ſpirits hate compulſion!*— He is certainly a deeper creature by much than once we thought him. He knows, as you intimate, that his own wild pranks cannot be concealed; and ſo owns juſt enough to palliate (becauſe it teaches you not to be ſurpriſed at) any new one, that may come to your ears; and then, truly, he is (however faulty) a mighty *ingenuous* man; and by no means an *hypocrite:* A character, when found out, the moſt odious of all others, to *our ſex*, in the *other*; were it only becauſe it teaches us to doubt the juſtice of the praiſes ſuch a man gives us, when we are willing to believe them to be our due.

By means of this ſuppoſed *ingenuity*, Lovelace obtains a praiſe, inſtead of a merited diſpraiſe; and, like an abſolved confeſſionaire, wipes off, as he goes along, one ſcore, to begin another: For an eye favourable to him will not magnify his faults; nor will a woman, willing to *hope the beſt*, forbear to impute to ill-will and prejudice all that charity can make ſo imputable. And if ſhe even give credit to ſuch of the unfavourable imputations, as may be too flagrant to be doubted; ſhe will be very apt to take in the *future hope*, which

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which he inculcates, and which to queſtion would be to queſtion her own power, and perhaps *merit:* And thus may a woman be inclined to make a *flight*, or even a *fancied*, virtue atone for the moſt *glaring* vice.

I have a reaſon, a new one, for this preachment upon a text you have given me. But, till I am better inform'd, I will not explain myſelf. If it come out, as I ſhrewdly ſuſpect it will, the man, my dear, is a devil; and you muſt rather think of —— I proteſt I had like to have ſaid—*Solmes*, than him.

But let This be as it will, ſhall I tell you, how, after all his offences, he may creep in with you again?

I will.— Thus then: It is but to claim for himſelf the *good-natur'd character:* And This, granted, will blot out the fault of *paſſionate* inſolence: And ſo he will have nothing to do, but This hour to accuſtom you to inſult; the Next, to bring you to forgive him, upon his ſubmiſſion: The conſequence will be, that he will, by this ſee-ſaw teazing, break your reſentment all to pieces: And then, a little *more* of the inſult, and a little *leſs* of the ſubmiſſion, on his part, will go down, till nothing elſe but the *firſt* will be ſeen, and not a bit of the *ſecond:* You will then be afraid to provoke ſo offenſive a ſpirit; and at laſt will be brought ſo *prettily*, and ſo *audibly*, to pronounce the little reptile word OBEY, that it will do one's heart good to hear you. The *Muſcovite* wife takes place of the *managed* miſtreſs.— And, if you doubt the progreſſion, be pleaſed, my dear, to take your *mamma*'s judgment upon it.

But no more of This juſt now. Your ſtory is become too arduous to dwell upon theſe ſort of topics. And yet this is but an *affected levity* with me. My heart, as I have heretofore ſaid, is a ſincere ſharer in all your diſtreſſes. My ſunſhine darts but thro' a drizly cloud. My eye, were you to ſee it, when it ſeems to you ſo *gladden'd*, as you mention in a former, is more than ready to overflow, even at the very

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very paſſages, perhaps, upon which you impute to me the *archneſs* of *exultation*.

But now the unheard of cruelty and perverſeneſs of ſome of your friends [*Relations*, I ſhould ſay; I am always blundering thus!]; the *as* ſtrange determinedneſs of others; your preſent quarrel with Lovelace; and your approaching interview with Solmes, from which you are right to apprehend a great deal; are ſuch conſiderable circumſtances in your ſtory, that it is fit they ſhould ingroſs all my attention.

You aſk me to adviſe you how to behave upon Solmes's viſit. I *cannot* for my life. I know they expect a great deal from it: You had not elſe had your long day comply'd with. All I will ſay is, That if Solmes cannot be prevailed for, now, that Lovelace has ſo much offended you, he never will. When the interview is over, I doubt not but that I ſhall have reaſon to ſay, that All you did, that All you ſaid, was right, and could not be better: Yet, if I don't think ſo, I won't ſay ſo; that I promiſe you.

Only, let me adviſe you, to pull up a ſpirit, even to your uncle, if there be occaſion. Reſent the vile and fooliſh treatment you meet with, in which he has taken ſo large a ſhare, and make him aſham'd of it, if you can.

I know not, upon recollection, but This interview may be a good thing for you, however deſign'd. For when Solmes ſees (if that is to *be* ſo), that it is impoſſible he ſhould ſucceed with you; and your relations ſee it too; the one muſt, I think, recede, and the other come to terms with you; upon offers, that it is my opinion, will go hard enough with you to comply with; when the *ſtill* harder are diſpenſed with.

There are ſeveral paſſages in your laſt letters, as well as in your former, which authorize me to ſay This. But it would be unſeaſonable to touch this ſubject further juſt now.

But,

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But, upon the whole, I have no patience to see you thus made the sport of your brother's and sister's cruelty: For what, after so much steadiness on your part, in so many trials, can be their hope?

I approve of your intention to send out of their reach all the letters and papers you would not have them see. Methinks, I would wish you to deposite likewise a parcel of cloaths, linen, &c. before your interview with Solmes; lest you should not have an opportunity for it afterwards. Robin shall fetch it away on the first orders, by day or by night.

I am in hopes to procure from my mamma, if things come to extremity, leave for you to be privately with us.

I will condition to be good-humour'd, and even *kind*, to HER favourite, if she will shew me an indulgence, that shall make me serviceable to MINE. It has been a good while in my head. But I cannot promise that I shall succeed in it.

Don't absolutely despair, however, my dear. Your quarrel with Lovelace may be a help to it. And the offers you made, in your answer to your uncle Harlowe's letter of Sunday night last, may be another.

I depend upon your forgiveness of all the, perhaps unseasonable, slippancies of your naturally too lively, yet most sincerely sympathizing,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXII.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miss* HOWE.

Friday, March 31.

YOU have very kindly accounted for your silence. People in misfortune are always in doubt. They are too apt to turn even unavoidable accidents into slights and neglects; especially in those whose favourable opinion they wish to preserve.

I am

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I am ſure I ought evermore to exempt my Anna Howe from the ſuppoſed poſſibility of her becoming one of thoſe who baſk only in the ſunſhine of a friend: But nevertheleſs her friendſhip is too precious to me, not to doubt my own merits on the one hand, and not to be anxious for the preſervation of it, on the other.

You ſo generouſly give me liberty to chide you, that I am afraid of taking it, becauſe I could ſooner miſtruſt my own judgment, than that of a beloved friend, whoſe ingenuity in acknowleging an *imputed* error, ſets her above the commiſſion of a *wilful* one. This makes me half afraid to aſk you, If you think you are not too cruel, too *ungenerous* ſhall I ſay, in your behaviour to a man who loves you ſo dearly, and is ſo worthy and ſo ſincere a man?

Only it is by You, or I ſhould be aſham'd to be outdone in that true magnanimity, which makes one thankful for the wounds given by a true friend. I believe I was guilty of a petulance, which nothing but my uneaſy ſituation can excuſe; if *that* can. I am almoſt *afraid* to beg of you, and yet I repeatedly *do*, to give way to that charming ſpirit, whenever it riſes to your pen, which ſmiles, yet goes to the quick of one's fault. What patient ſhall be afraid of a probe in ſo delicate a hand?— I ſay, I am almoſt afraid to pray you to give way to it, for fear you ſhould, for that very reaſon, reſtrain it. For the edge may be taken off, if it does not make the ſubject of its raillery wince a little. *Permitted* or *deſired* ſatire may be apt, in a generous ſatiriſt, mending as it raillies, to turn too ſoon into panegyric. Yours is intended to inſtruct; and tho' it bites, it pleaſes at the ſame time: No fear of a wound's rankling or feſtering by ſo delicate a point, as you carry; not invenom'd by *perſonality*, not intending to expoſe, or ridicule, or exaſperate.—The moſt admired of our moderns know nothing of this art: Why? Becauſe it muſt be founded in

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in good-nature, and directed by a right heart. The *man*, not the *fault*, is the ſubject of *their* ſatire: And were it to be *juſt*, how ſhould it be *uſeful?* How ſhould it anſwer any good purpoſe? When every gaſh (for their weapon is a Broad-ſword, not a Lancet) lets in the air of public ridicule, and exaſperates where it ſhould heal. Spare me not therefore, becauſe I am your *friend*. For *that* very reaſon ſpare me not. I may *feel* your edge, fine as it is; I may be pained: You would loſe your end if I were not: But after the firſt ſenſibility (as I have ſaid more than once before), I will love you the better, and my amended heart ſhall be all yours; and it will then be more worthy to be yours.

You have taught me what to ſay to, and what to think of, Mr. Lovelace. You have, by agreeable anticipation, let me know how it is probable he will apply to me to be excus'd. I will lay every thing before you that ſhall paſs on the occaſion, if he *does* apply, that I may take your advice, when it can come in time; and when it cannot, that I may receive your correction, or approbation, as I may happen to merit either.— Only one thing muſt be allow'd for me; that whatever courſe I ſhall be *permitted* or be *forced* to ſteer, I muſt be conſidered, as a perſon out of her own direction. Toſt to and fro, by the high winds of paſſionate controul, and, as I think, unreaſonable ſeverity, I behold the deſired Port, the *ſingle ſtate*, which I would fain ſteer into; but am kept off by the foaming billows of a brother's and ſiſter's envy; and by the raging winds of a ſuppoſed invaded authority; while I ſee in Lovelace, the Rocks on one hand, and in Solmes, the Sands on the other; and tremble, leſt I ſhould ſplit upon the former, or ſtrike upon the latter.

But you, my better pilot, what a charming hope do you bid me aſpire to, if things come to extremity!—I will not, as you caution me, too much depend

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depend upon your ſucceſs with your mamma, in my favour: For well I know her high notions of implicit duty in a child.—But yet I will *hope* too;—becauſe her ſeaſonable protection may ſave me perhaps from a greater raſhneſs: And, in this caſe, ſhe ſhall direct all my ways: I will do nothing but by her orders, and by her advice and yours: Not ſee any-body: Not write to any-body: Nor ſhall any living ſoul, but by her direction and yours, know where I am. In any cottage place me, I will never ſtir out, unleſs, diſguiſed as your ſervant, I am now-and-then permitted an evening-walk with you: And this private protection to be granted me for no longer time than till my couſin Morden comes; which, as I hope, cannot be long.

I am afraid I muſt not venture to take the hint you give me, to depoſite ſome of my cloaths; altho' I will ſome of my linen, as well as papers.

I will tell you why. Betty had for ſome time been very curious about my wardrobe, whenever I took out any of my things before her.

Obſerving this, I once left my keys in the locks, on taking one of my garden-airings; and on my return, ſurpriſed the creature with her hand upon the keys, as if ſhutting the door.

She was confounded at my ſudden coming back. I took no notice: But, on her retiring, I found my cloaths did not lie in the uſual order.

I doubted not, upon this, that her curioſity was an effect of their orders to her; and being afraid they would abridge me of my airings, if their ſuſpicions were not obviated, it has ever ſince been my cuſtom (among other contrivances), not only to leave my keys in the locks; but to employ the wench now-and-then, in taking out my cloaths, ſuit by ſuit, on pretence of preventing their being rumpled or creaſed, and to ſee that the flower'd ſilver ſuit did not tarniſh; ſometimes declaredly as a wile-away-time, having little

elſe

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else to do: With which employment (super-added to the delight taken by the low as well as the high of our sex in seeing fine cloaths) she seem'd always, I thought, as well pleased, as if it answer'd one of the offices she had in charge.

To this, and to the confidence they have in a spy so diligent, and to their knowing, that I have not one confidante in a family, where, I believe, nevertheless, every servant in it loves me; nor have attempted to make one; I suppose, I owe the freedom I enjoy of my airings: And, perhaps (finding I make no movements towards going off), they are the more secure, that I shall at last be prevailed upon to comply with their measures: Since they must think, that, otherwise, they give me provocations enough to take some rash step, in order to free myself from a treatment so disgraceful; and which (God forgive me, if I judge amiss!), I am afraid my brother and sister would not be sorry to drive me to take.

If therefore such a step should become necessary (which I yet hope will not!) I must be contented to go away with the cloaths I shall have on at the time. My custom to be dress'd for the day, as soon as breakfast is over, when I have had no household-employments to prevent me, will make such a step, if I am forced to take it, less suspected. And the linen I shall depositе, in pursuance of your kind hint, cannot be miss'd.

This custom, altho' a prisoner, as I may too truly say, and neither visited nor visiting, I continue. One owes to *one's-self*, and to one's *sex*, you know, to be always neat; and never to be surprised in a *way* one should be pained to be seen in.

Besides, people in adversity, which is the state of trial of every good quality, should endeavour to preserve laudable customs, that, if sunshine return, they may not be losers by their trial.

Does

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Does it not, moreover, manifest a firmness of mind, in an unhappy person, to keep hope alive?

To *hope* for better days, is half to *deserve* them: For could we have just ground for such a hope, if we did not resolve to deserve what that hope bids us aspire to?—Then, who shall befriend a person who forsakes herself?—These are reflections by which I sometimes endeavour to support myself.

I know you don't despise my *grave airs*, altho' (with a view, no doubt, to irradiate my mind in my misfortunes) you rally me upon them. Every-body has not your talent of introducing serious and important lessons, in such a happy manner, as at once to delight and instruct.

What a multitude of contrivances may not young people fall upon, if the mind be not engaged by acts of kindness and condescension! I am not used by my friends, of late, as I always used their servants.

When I was intrusted with the family-management, I always found it both generous and just, to repose a trust in them. Not to seem to expect or depend upon justice from them, is, in a manner, to bid them take opportunities, whenever they offer, to be *un*-just.

Mr. Solmes (to expatiate a little on this low, but not unuseful, subject), in his more trifling solicitudes, would have had a sorry key-keeper in me. Were I mistress of a family, I would not either take to myself, or give to servants, the pain of keeping those I had reason to suspect. People low in station have often minds not sordid. — Nay, I have sometimes thought, that, even take number for number, there are more *honest low people*, than *honest high*. In the one, honesty is their *chief* pride. In the other, the love of power, of grandeur, of pleasure, mislead; and that love, and their ambition, induce a paramount pride, which too often swallows up the more laudable one.

Many

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Many of the former would scorn to deceive a confidence. But I have seen, among the most ignorant of their class, a susceptibility of resentment, if their honesty has been suspected: And have more than once been forced to put a servant right, whom I have heard say, That, altho' she valued herself upon her *honesty*, no master or mistress should suspect her for nothing.

How far has the comparison I had in my head, between my friends treatment of *me*, and my treatment of their *servants*, carried me! But we always allowed ourselves to expatiate on such subjects, whether low or high, that might tend to inlarge our minds, or mend our management, whether notional or practical, and whether they respected our present, or might respect our probable future situations.

What I was principally leading to, was to tell you, how ingenious I am in my contrivances and pretences to blind my gaolereſs, and to take off the jealousy of her principals, on my going down so often into the garden and poultry-yard. People suspiciously treated never, I believe, want invention. Sometimes I want *air*, and am better the moment I am out of my chamber— Sometimes *spirits*; and then my Bantams and Pheasants, or the Cascade, divert me; the former, by their inspiriting livelineſs; the latter, more solemnly, by its echoing dashings, and hollow murmurs.—Sometimes, solitude is of all things my wish, and the awful silence of the night, the spangled element, and the rising and setting sun, how promotive of contemplation!—Sometimes, when I intend nothing, and expect not letters, I am officious to take Betty with me; and at others, bespeak her attendance, when I know she is otherwise employ'd, and cannot give it me.

These more capital artifices I branch out into lesser ones, without number. Yet *all* have not only the face of truth, but are real truth; altho' not the principal

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cipal motive. How prompt a thing is *will!* What impediments does *dislike* furnish!—How swiftly, thro' every difficulty, do we move with the one!—How tardily with the other!—Every trifling obstruction weighing one down, as if lead were fastened to our feet!

Friday Morning, Eleven o'Clock.

I HAVE already made up my parcel of linen; my heart aked all the time I was employ'd about it; and still akes, at the thoughts of its being a necessary precaution.

When it comes to your hands, as I hope it safely will, you will be pleased to open it. You will find in it two parcels sealed up; one of which contains the letters you have not yet seen; being those written since I left you; in the other are all the letters, and copies of letters, that have passed between you and me, since I was last with you; with some other papers, on subjects so much above me, that I cannot wish them to be seen by any-body whose indulgence I am not so sure of, as I am of yours. If my judgment ripen with my years, perhaps I may review them.

Mrs. Norton used to say, from her reverend Father, that there was one time of life for *imagination* and *fancy* to work in: Then, were the writer to lay by his works till *riper years* and *experience* should direct the fire rather to *glow*, than to *flame out*; something between both, might, perhaps, be produced, that would not displease a judicious eye.

In a third division, folded up separately, are all Mr. Lovelace's letters, since he was forbidden this house, and copies of my answers to them. I expect that you will break the seals of this parcel, and when you have perused them all, give me your free opinion of my conduct.

By the way, not a line from that man!—Not one line!

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line!— Wednesday I deposited mine. It remained there on Wednesday night. What time it was taken away yesterday I cannot tell. For I did not concern myself about it, till towards night; and then it was not there. No return at ten this day. I suppose he is as much out of humour, as I. With all my heart!

He may be mean enough, perhaps, if ever I should put it into his *power*, to avenge himself for the trouble he has had with me. — But that now, I dare say, I never shall.

I see what sort of a man the incroacher is. — And I hope we are equally sick of one another! — My heart is *vexedly*-easy, if I may so describe it. *Vexedly* —because of the apprehended interview with Solmes, and the consequences it may have: Or else I should be *quite* easy; for why? I have not *deserved* the usage I receive: — And could I be rid of Solmes, as I presume I am of Lovelace, *their* influence over my father, mother, and uncles against me, could not hold.

The five guineas ty'd up in one corner of a handkerchief under the linen, I beg you will let pass, as an acknowlegement for the trouble I give your trusty servant. You must not chide me, my dear. You know I cannot be easy, unless I have my way, in these little matters.

I was going to put up what little money I have, and some of my ornaments; but they are portable, and I cannot forget them. Besides, should they, suspecting me, desire to see any of the jewels, and were I not able to produce them, it would amount to a demonstration of an intention, which would have a guilty appearance to them.

Friday, One o'Clock, in the Woodhouse.

No letter yet from this man! — I have luckily deposited my parcel, and have your letter of last night. If

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If Robert takes This without the parcel, pray let him return immediately for it. But he cannot miſs it, I think; and muſt conclude that it is put there for him to take away.—You may believe, from the contents of yours, that I ſhall immediately write again.—

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXIII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday Night, March 30.

THE fruits of my inquiry after your abominable wretch's behaviour and baſeneſs, at the paltry ale-houſe, which he calls an inn; prepare to hear.

Wrens and Sparrows are not too ignoble a quarry for this villainous goſhawk!—His aſſiduities; his watchings; his nightly riſques; the inclement weather he travels in; muſt not be all placed to *your* account. He has opportunities of making every thing light to him of that ſort. A ſweet pretty girl, I am told:—Innocent till he went thither—Now!—Ah! poor girl!—who knows what?

But juſt turn'd of Seventeen!—His friend and brother Rake; a man of humour and intrigue, as I am told, to ſhare the ſocial bottle with. And ſometimes another diſguiſed Rake or two. No ſorrow comes near their hearts. Be not diſturbed, my dear, at his *hoarſeneſſes*. His pretty Betſey, his Roſe-bud, as the vile wretch calls her, can *hear* all he ſays.

He is very fond of her. They ſay ſhe is innocent even yet!—Her father, her grandmother, believe her to be ſo. He is to fortune her out to a young lover!—Ah! the poor young lover!—Ah! the poor ſimple girl!

Mr. Hickman tells me, that he heard in town, that he uſed to be often at Plays, and at the Opera, with women; and every time with a different one!—Ah! my ſweet friend!—But I hope he is nothing to you,

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if all this were truth — But this intelligence will do his buſineſs, if you had been ever ſo good friends before.

A vile wretch! Cannot ſuch purity in purſuit, in view, reſtrain him? But I leave him to you!—There can be no hope of him. More of a fool, than of ſuch a one. Yet I wiſh I may be able to ſnatch the poor young creature out of his villainous paws. I have laid a ſcheme to do ſo; if *indeed* ſhe is hitherto innocent and heart-free.

He appears to the people as a military man, in diſguiſe, ſecreting himſelf on account of a duel fought in town; the adverſary's life in ſuſpenſe. They believe he is a great man. His friend paſſes for an inferior officer; upon a foot of freedom with him: He, accompany'd by a third man, who is a ſort of ſubordinate companion to the ſecond. The wretch himſelf but with one ſervant. O my dear! How pleaſantly can theſe devils, as I muſt call them, paſs their time, while our gentle boſoms heave with pity for their ſuppoſed ſufferings for us!

I AM juſt now inform'd, that, at my deſire, I ſhall ſee this girl, and her father: I will ſift them thoroughly. I ſhall ſoon find out ſuch a ſimple thing as This, if he has not corrupted her already — And if he has, I ſhall ſoon find that out too.—If more Art than Nature in either her or her father, I ſhall give them both up—But, depend upon it, the girl's undone.

He is ſaid to be fond of her. — He places her at the upper end of his table — He ſets her a-pratling. — He keeps his friend at a diſtance from her. — She prates away. — He admires for nature all ſhe ſays. — Once was heard to call her charming little creature!—An hundred has he called ſo no doubt.—Puts her upon ſinging — Praiſes her wild note. — O my dear, the girl's undone! — muſt be undone! — The man,

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man, you know, is LOVELACE—Let 'em bring Wyerley to you, if they will have you marry'd—Any-body but Solmes and Lovelace be yours!—So adviſes

Your

ANNA HOWE.

My deareſt friend, conſider this ale-houſe as his gariſon. Him as an enemy. His brother-rakes as his aſſiſtants and abetters: Would not your brother, would not your uncles, tremble, if they knew how near them, as they paſs to and fro!—I am told, he is reſolv'd you ſhall not be carry'd to your uncle Antony's.—What can you do, *with*, or *without* ſuch an enterprizing—Fill up the blank I leave.—I cannot find a word bad enough.

LETTER XXIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday, Three o'Clock.

YOU incenſe, alarm, and terrify me, at the ſame time! Haſten, my deareſt friend, haſten to me, what further intelligence you can gather about this vileſt of men!

But never talk of innocence, of ſimplicity, and this unhappy girl together! Muſt ſhe not know, that ſuch a man as That, dignify'd in his very aſpect; and no diſguiſe able to conceal his being of condition—muſt mean too much, when he places her at the upper end of his table, and calls her by ſuch tender names?—Would a girl, modeſt as ſimple, above Seventeen, be ſet a ſinging at the pleaſure of ſuch a man as That? A ſtranger, and profeſſedly in diſguiſe!—Would her father and grandmother, if honeſt people, and careful of their ſimple girl, permit ſuch freedoms?

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Keep his friend at distance from her!—To be sure his *designs* are villainous, if they have not been already effected.

Warn, my dear, if not too late, the unthinking father, of his child's danger. — There cannot be a father in the world, who would sell his child's virtue. — No mother!— The poor thing!

I long to hear the result of your intelligence. You shall *see* the simple creature, you tell me. — Let me know what sort of a girl it is. — A *sweet pretty girl*, you say. —A *sweet* pretty *girl*, my dear!—They are sweet, pretty words from your pen. But are they *yours*, or *his*, of her?—If she be so simple, if she have Ease and Nature in her manner, in her speech, and warbles prettily her *wild notes* [How affectingly you mention this simple Thing, my dear!] why, such a girl as That, must engage such a profligate wretch, as now, indeed, I doubt this man is; accustom'd, perhaps, to town-women, and their confident ways!— Must *deeply*, and for a *long season*, engage him! Since, perhaps, when her innocence is departed, she will endeavour by art to supply the natural charms that engaged him.

Fine hopes of such a wretch's reformation! —I would not, my dear, for the world, have any thing to say — But I need not make resolutions. — I have not open'd, nor will I open, his letter. — A sycophant creature!— With his hoarsenesses— got, perhaps, by a midnight revel, singing to his wild-note singer. — And only increased in the coppice!

To be already on a foot!—In his esteem, I mean, my dear. — For myself, I despise him. —I hate myself almost for writing so much about *him*, and of such a simpleton as *This sweet pretty girl:* But nothing can be either *sweet* or *pretty*, that is not modest, that is not virtuous.

This vile Joseph Leman had given a hint to Betty, and she to me, as if Lovelace would be found out

to

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to be a very bad man, at a place where he had been lately ſeen in diſguiſe. But he would ſee further, he ſaid, before he told her more; and ſhe promiſed ſecrecy, in hope to get at further intelligence. I thought it could be no harm, to get you to inform yourſelf, and me, of what could be gather'd. And now I ſee, his enemies are but too well warranted in their reports of him: And, if the ruin of this poor young creature is his aim, and if he had not known her, but for his viſits to Harlowe-place, I ſhall have reaſon to be doubly concerned for her; and doubly incenſed againſt ſo vile a man. I think I hate him worſe than I do Solmes himſelf.—But I will not add one other word about him; after I have wiſhed to know, as ſoon as poſſible, what further occurs from your inquiry; — becauſe I ſhall not open his letter till then; and becauſe then, if it come out, as I dare ſay it will, I'll directly put the letter unopen'd into the place I took it from, and never trouble myſelf more about him. Adieu, my deareſt friend.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Friday Noon, March 31.

JUSTICE obliges me to forward This after my laſt, on the wings of the wind, as I may ſay.—I really believe the man is innocent. Of this *one* accuſation, I think, he muſt be acquitted; and I am ſorry I was ſo forward in diſpatching away my intelligence by halves.

I have ſeen the girl. She is really a very pretty, a very neat, and what is ſtill a greater beauty, a very innocent young creature. He who could have ruin'd ſuch an undeſigning home-bred, muſt have been in-

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deed infernally wicked. Her father is an honeſt ſimple man; intirely ſatisfy'd with his child, and with her new acquaintance.

I am almoſt afraid for your heart, when I tell you, that I find, now I have got to the bottom of this inquiry, ſomething noble come out in this Lovelace's favour.

The girl is to be marry'd next week; and This promoted and brought about by him. He is reſolv'd, her father ſays, to make one couple happy, and wiſhes he could make more ſo. [There's for you, my dear!] And having taken a liking alſo to the young fellow whom ſhe profeſſes to love, he has given her an hundred pounds: The grandmother actually has it in her hands, to anſwer to the like ſum, given to the youth by one of his own relations: While Mr. Lovelace's companion, attracted by the example, has preſented twenty-five guineas to the father, who is poor, towards cloaths to equip the pretty Ruſtic.

They were deſirous, the poor man ſays, when they firſt came, of appearing beneath themſelves; but now he knows the one (but mention'd it in confidence) to be Colonel Barrow, the other Capt. Sloane. The Colonel he owns, was at firſt, very *ſweet upon his girl*: But upon her grandmother's begging of him to ſpare her innocence, he vow'd, that he never would offer any thing but good counſel to her; and had kept to his word: And the pretty fool acknowleged, that ſhe never could have been better inſtructed by the miniſter himſelf from the *Bible-Book!* — The girl, I own, pleaſed me ſo well, that I made her viſit to me worth her while.

But what, my dear, will become of us now?— Lovelace not only reform'd, but turn'd preacher!— What will become of us now? — Why, my ſweet friend, your *generoſity* is now engaged in his favour!— Fie, upon this *Generoſity!* —I think in my heart, that it does as much miſchief to the noble-minded,

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minded, as *Love* to the ignobler. —What before was only a *conditional liking*, I am now afraid will turn to *liking unconditional.*

I could not endure to turn my invective into panegyric all at once, and ſo ſoon. We, or ſuch as I, at leaſt, love to keep ourſelves in countenance for a raſh judgment, even when we know it to be raſh. Every-body has not your generoſity in confeſſing a miſtake. It requires a greatneſs of ſoul to do it. So I made ſtill farther inquiry after his life and manners, and behaviour there, in hopes to find ſomething bad: But all uniform!

Upon the Whole, Mr. Lovelace comes out with ſo much advantage from this inquiry, that were there the leaſt room for it, I ſhould ſuſpect the whole to be a plot ſet on foot to waſh a blackmoor white. Adieu, my dear.

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXVI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Saturday, April 1.

HASTY cenſurers do indeed ſubject themſelves to the charge of variableneſs and inconſiſtency in judgment: And ſo they ought; for, if you, even you, were really ſo loth to own a miſtake, as, in the inſtance before us, you pretend to ſay you were, I believe I ſhould not have loved you ſo well as I really do love you. Nor could you, my dear, have ſo frankly thrown the reflection I hint at, upon yourſelf, had you not had one of the moſt ingenuous minds that ever woman boaſted.

Mr. Lovelace has faults enow to deſerve very ſevere cenſure, altho' he be not guilty of this. If I were upon ſuch terms with him, as he would wiſh me to be, I ſhould give him a hint, that this treacherous

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Joseph Leman cannot be so much his friend, as perhaps he thinks him. If he had, he would not have been so ready to report to his disadvantage (and to Betty Barnes too) this slight affair of the pretty Rustic. Joseph has engaged Betty to secrecy; promising to let her, and her young master too, know more, when he knows the whole of the matter: And this hinders her from mentioning it, as she is nevertheless agog to do, to my sister or my brother. And then she does not choose to disoblige Joseph; for altho' she pretends to look above him, she listens, I believe, to some love-stories he tells her. Women having it not in their power to *begin* a courtship, some of them very frequently, I believe, lend an *ear* where their *hearts* incline not.

But to say no more of these low people, neither of whom I think tolerably of; I must needs own, that as I should for ever have despised this man, had he been capable of such a vile intrigue in his way to Harlowe-place; and as I believed he *was* capable of it, it has indeed engaged my *generosity*, as you call it, in proportion (— I *own* it has—) in his favour: Perhaps more than I may have reason to wish it had. And, railly me, as you will, pray tell me fairly, my dear, would it not have had such an effect upon you?

Then the real generosity of the act. —I protest, my beloved friend, if he would be good for the rest of his life from this time, I would forgive him a great many of his past errors, were it only for the demonstration he has given in This, that he is *capable* of so good and bountiful a manner of thinking.

You may believe I made no scruple to open his letter, after the receipt of your second on this subject: Nor shall I of answering it, as I have no reason to find fault with it: An article in his favour, procured him, however, so much the easier (as I must own) by way of amends for the undue displeasure I took against him; tho' he knows it not.

It is lucky enough that this matter was cleared up to

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to me by your friendly diligence so soon: For had I wrote at all before that, it would have been to reinforce my dismission of him; and perhaps the very motive mentioned; for it had affected me more than I think it ought: And then, what an advantage would that have given him, when he could have clear'd up the matter so happily for himself?

When I send you This letter of his, you will see how very humble he is: What acknowlegements of natural impatience: What confession of faults, as you prognosticated. A very different appearance, I must own, all these make, now the story of the pretty Rustic is clear'd up, than they would have made, had it not.— And, methinks too, my dear, I can allow the girl to be prettier than before I could, tho' I never saw her — For *Virtue* is Beauty in perfection.

You will see how he accounts to me, thro' indisposition, 'that he could not come for my letter in 'person; and he labours the point, as if he thought 'I should be uneasy that he did not.' I am sorry he should be ill on my account; and I will allow, that the suspense he has been in, for some time past, must have been vexatious enough to so impatient a spirit. But all is owing originally to himself.

You will find him (in the presumption of being forgiven) 'full of contrivances and expedients for my 'escaping the compulsion threatened me.'

I have always said, that next to being without fault, is the acknowlegement of a fault; since no amendment can be expected, where an error is defended: But you will see, in this very letter, an haughtiness even in his submissions. 'Tis true, I know not where to find fault, as to the expression, yet cannot I be satisfy'd, that his humility *is* humility; or even an humility upon such conviction as one should be pleased with.

To be sure, he is far from being a polite man: Yet is he not directly and characteristically *un*-polite.

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But *his* is such a sort of politeness, as has, by a carelessness founded on a very early indulgence, and perhaps on too much success in riper years, and an arrogance built upon both, grown into assuredness, and, of course, as I may say, into indelicacy.

The distance you recommend, at which to keep this sex, is certainly right in the main: Familiarity destroys reverence: But with whom?— Not with those, surely, who are prudent, grateful, and generous.

But it is very difficult for persons, who would avoid running into one extreme, to keep clear of another. Hence Mr. Lovelace, perhaps, thinks it the mark of a great spirit to humour his pride, tho' at the expence of delicacy: But can the man be a deep man, who knows not how to make such distinctions, as a person of moderate parts cannot miss?

He complains heavily of my 'readiness to take mortal offence at him, and to dismiss him for ever: It 'is a *high* conduct, he says he must be sincere enough 'to tell me; and what must be very far from contributing to allay his apprehensions of the possibility 'that I may be persecuted into my relations measures 'in behalf of Mr. Solmes.'

You will see how he puts his present and his future happiness, 'with regard to both worlds, intirely up'on me.' The ardour with which he vows and promises, I think the heart only can dictate: How else can any one guess at a man's heart?

You'll also see, 'that he has already heard of the 'interview I am to have with Mr. Solmes;' and with what vehemence and anguish he expresses himself on the occasion.— I intend to take proper notice of the ignoble means he stoops to, to come at his early intelligence out of our family. If persons pretending to principle, bear not their testimony against unprincipled actions, who shall check them?

You'll see, how passionately he presses me to oblige 'him

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'him with a few lines, before the interview between 'Mr. Solmes and me take place (if it must take place) 'to confirm his hope, that I have no view, in my dis- 'pleasure to *him*, to give encouragement to *Solmes*. 'An apprehension, he says, that he must be excused 'for repeating; especially as it is a favour granted to 'that man, which I have refused to him; since, as 'he infers, were it not with such an expectation, why 'should my *friends* press it?'

Saturday, April 1.

I HAVE written; and to this effect: 'That I had 'never intended to write another line to a man, who 'could take upon himself to reflect upon my sex and 'myself, for having thought fit to make use of my 'own judgment.

'That I have submitted to this interview with Mr. 'Solmes, purely as an act of duty, to shew my 'friends, that I will comply with their commands as 'far as I can; and that I hope, when Mr. Solmes 'himself shall see how determin'd I am, he will no 'longer prosecute a suit, in which it is impossible he 'should succeed with my consent.

'That my aversion to him is too sincere to permit 'me to doubt myself on this occasion. But, never- 'theless, he, Mr. Lovelace, must not imagine, that 'my rejecting of Mr. Solmes is in favour to him. 'That I value my freedom and independency too 'much, if my friends will but leave me to my own 'judgment, to give them up to a man so uncontroul- 'able, and who shews me beforehand, what I have 'to expect from him, were I in his power.

'I express my high disapprobation of the methods 'he takes to come at what passes in a private family: 'That the pretence of corrupting other people's ser- 'vants, by way of reprisal for the spies they have set 'upon him, is a very poor excuse; a justification of 'one meanness by another.

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'That there is a *right* and a *wrong* in every thing, 'let people put what gloſſes they pleaſe upon their 'actions. To condemn a deviation, and to follow it 'by as great a one, what is This doing but propa-'gating a general corruption? A Stand muſt be made 'by ſomebody, turn round the evil as many as may, 'or virtue will be loſt: *And ſhall it not be I*, a wor-'thy mind will ſay, that ſhall make this Stand?

'I leave it to him to judge, whether *his* be a wor-'thy one, try'd by this rule: And whether, know-'ing the impetuoſity of his diſpoſition; and the im-'probability there is, that my family will ever be re-'conciled to him, I ought to encourage his hopes?

'That theſe ſpots and blemiſhes give me not ear-'neſtneſs enough for any ſake but *his own*, to wiſh 'him in a juſter and nobler train of thinking and acting; 'for that I truly deſpiſe many of the ways he allows 'himſelf in: Our minds are therefore infinitely dif-'ferent: And as to his profeſſions of reformation, I 'muſt tell him, that profuſe acknowlegements, with-'out amendment, are but to me as ſo many ſtop-'mouth conceſſions, which he may find much eaſier 'to make, than either to defend himſelf, or amend 'his errors.

'That I have been lately made acquainted [And ſo I have by Betty, and ſhe by my brother] 'with 'the fooliſh liberty he gives himſelf of declaiming 'againſt matrimony. I ſeverely reprehend him on 'this occaſion: And aſk him, with what view he can 'take ſo witleſs, ſo deſpicable a liberty, worthy only 'of the moſt abandon'd, and yet preſume to addreſs '*me?*

'I tell him, That if I am obliged to go to my 'uncle Antony's, it is not to be inferr'd, that I 'muſt therefore *neceſſarily* be Mr. Solmes's wife: Since 'I may not be ſo ſure, perhaps, that the ſame ex-'ceptions lie ſo ſtrongly againſt my quitting a houſe 'to which I ſhall be forcibly carry'd, as if I left my

'father's

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'father's house: And, at the worst, I may be able to 'keep them in suspense till my cousin Morden comes, 'who will have a right to put me in possession of 'my grandfather's estate, if I insist upon it.'

This, I doubt, is somewhat of an artifice; being principally design'd to keep him out of mischief. For I have but little hope, if carry'd thither, whether sensible or senseless, if I am left to my brother's and sister's mercy, but they will endeavour to force the solemn obligation upon me. Otherwise, were there but any prospect of avoiding this, by delaying (or even by taking things to make me ill, if nothing else would do) till my cousin comes, I hope I should not think of leaving even my uncle's house. For I should not know how to square it to my own principles, to dispense with the duty I owe to my father, wherever it shall be his will to place me.

But while you give me the charming hope, that, in order to avoid one man, I shall not be under the necessity of throwing myself upon the friends of the other; I think my case not absolutely desperate.

I see not any of my family, nor hear from them in any way of kindness. This looks, as if they themselves expected no great matters from that Tuesday's conference which makes my heart flutter every-time I think of it.

My uncle Antony's intended presence I do not much like: But That is preferable to my brother's or sister's. My uncle is very impetuous in his anger. I can't think Mr. Lovelace can be much more so; at least, he cannot *look it*, as my uncle, with his harder features, can. These sea-prosper'd gentlemen, as my uncle has often made me think, not used to any but elemental controul, and even ready to buffet That; bluster often as violently as the winds they are accustomed to be angry at.

I believe both Mr. Solmes and I shall look like a couple of fools, if it be true, as my uncle Harlowe writes,

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writes, and Betty often tells me, that he is as much afraid of seeing me, as I am of seeing him.

Adieu, my happy, thrice happy, Miss Howe, who have no hard terms affixed to your duty!— Who have nothing to do, but to fall in with a choice your mamma has made for you, to which you have not, nor can have, a just objection: Except the frowardness of sex, as our free censurers would perhaps take the liberty to say, makes it one, that the choice was your mamma's, at first hand. Perverse nature, we know, loves not to be prescribed to; altho' youth is not so well qualify'd, either by sedateness or experience, to choose for itself.

To *know* your own happiness; and that it is *now*, nor to leave it to *after*-reflection to look back upon the *preferable past* with a heavy and self-accusing heart, that you did not choose it when you might have chosen it, is all that is necessary to complete your felicity!—And this power is wish'd you by

Your

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVII.

Miss HOWE, *To Miss* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Sunday, April 2.

I Ought yesterday to have acknowleged the receipt of your parcel: Robin tells me, that the Joseph Leman whom you mention as the traitor, saw him. He was in the poultry-yard, and spoke to Robin over the bank which divides that from the Green-Lane. What brings you hither, Mr. Robert?— But I can tell. Hie away, as fast as you can.

No doubt but their dependence upon this fellow's vigilance, and upon Betty's, leaves you more at liberty in your airings, than you would otherwise be: But you are the only person I ever heard of, who, in such circumstances, had not some faithful servant, to trust

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truſt little offices to. A poet, my dear, would not have gone to work for an Angelica, without giving her her Violetta, her Cleanthe, her Clelia, or ſome ſuch pretty-nam'd confidante. — An old nurſe at the leaſt.

I read to my mamma ſeveral paſſages of your letters. But your laſt paragraph, in your yeſterday's, charm'd her quite. You have won her heart by it, ſhe told me. And while her fit of gratitude for it laſted, I was thinking to open my propoſal, and to preſs it with all the earneſtneſs I could give it, when Hickman came in, making his legs, and ſtroking his cravat and ruffles in turn.

I could moſt freely have ruffled him for it.— As it was—Sir—ſaw you not ſome one of the ſervants?— Could not one of them have come in before you?

He begg'd pardon: Looked as if he knew not whether he had beſt keep his ground, or withdraw:—Till my mamma. Why, Nancy, we are not upon particulars. —Pray, Mr. Hickman, ſit down.

By your le—ave, good madam, to me.— You know his drawl, when his muſcles give him the reſpectful heſitation—

Ay, ay, pray ſit down, honeſt man, if you are weary!—But by my *mamma*, if you pleaſe. I deſire my hoop may have its full circumference. All they're good for, that I know, is to clean dirty ſhoes, and to keep ill-manner'd fellows at a diſtance.

Strange girl! cry'd my mamma, diſpleaſed; but with a milder turn, Ay, ay, Mr. Hickman, ſit down by *me*. I have no ſuch *forbidding folly* in my dreſs.— I looked ſerious; and in my heart was glad this ſpeech of hers was not made to your uncle Antony.

My mamma, with the true widow's freedom, would mighty prudently have led into our ſubject, and have had him ſee, I queſtion not, that very paragraph in your letter, which is ſo much in his favour. He was highly obliged

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obliged to dear Miſs Harlowe, ſhe would aſſure him; that ſhe *did* ſay—

But I aſked him, If he had any news by his laſt letters from London: A queſtion he always underſtands to be a *ſubject-changer*; for otherwiſe I never put it. And ſo if he be *but* ſilent, I am not angry with him, that he anſwers it not.

I chooſe not to mention my propoſal before him, till I know how it will be reliſh'd by my mamma. If it be not well received, perhaps I may employ *him* on the occaſion. Yet I don't like to owe him an obligation, if I could help it. For men who have his views in their heads, do ſo parade it, ſo ſtrut about, if a woman condeſcend to employ them in her affairs, that one has no patience with them. But if I *find* not an opportunity this day, I will *make* one to-morrow.

I ſhall not open either of your ſealed-up parcels, but in *your* preſence. There is no need. Your conduct is out of all queſtion with me: And by the extracts you have given me from his letters and your own, I know all that relates to the preſent ſituation of things between you.

I was going to give you a little flippant hint or two. But ſince you wiſh to be thought ſuperior to all our ſex, in the command of yourſelf; and ſince indeed you deſerve to be ſo thought; I will ſpare you.—You are, however, at times, more than half inclin'd to ſpeak out. That you do not, is only owing to a little baſhful ſtruggle between *you* and *yourſelf*, as I may ſay. When that is quite got over, I know you will favour me undiſguiſedly with the reſult.

I cannot forgive your taking upon you (at ſo extravagant a rate too) to pay my mamma's ſervant. Indeed I *am*, and I *will be*, angry with you for it. A year's wages at once well nigh (only as, unknown to my mamma, I make it better for the ſervants, accord-

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ng to their merits)!—How it made the man stare!—And it may be his ruin too, as far as I know. If he should buy a ring, and marry a sorry body in the neighbourhood with the money, one would be loth, a twelvemonth hence, that the poor old fellow should think he had reason to wish the bounty never conferr'd!

I MUST *give you your way in these things*, you say.—And I know there is no contradicting you: For you were ever putting too great a value upon little offices done for *you*, and too little upon the great ones you do for *others*. The satisfaction you have in doing so, I grant it, repays you. But why should you, by the nobleness of your mind, throw reproaches upon the rest of the world?— Particularly, upon your own family, and upon ours too?

If, as I have heard you say, it is a good rule to *give* WORDS *the hearing, but to form our judgments of men and things by* DEEDS ONLY; what shall we think of one, who seeks to find palliatives in *words*, for narrowness of heart in the very persons her *deeds* so silently, yet so forcibly, reflect upon? Why blush you not, my dear friend, to be thus singular?—When you meet with another person, whose mind is like your own, then display your excellencies as you please: But till then, for pity's sake, let your heart and your spirit suffer a little contraction.

I intended to write but a few lines; chiefly to let you know, your parcels are come safe. And accordingly I began in a large hand; and I am already come to the end of my second sheet. But I could write a quire without hesitation, upon a subject so copious, and so beloved, as is your praise.— Not for *this* single instance of your generosity; since I am really angry with you for it; but for the benevolence exemplified in the whole tenor of your life and actions; of which This is but a common instance. God direct you, in your own arduous trials, is all

I have

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I have room to add; and make you as happy, as you think to be

Your own

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday Night, April 2.

I Have many new particulars to acquaint you with, that ſhew a great change in my friends behaviour to me. I did not think we had ſo much art among us, as I find we have. I will give them to you as they offer'd.

All the family was at church in the morning. They brought good Dr. Lewin with them, in purſuance of a previous invitation. And the doctor ſent up to deſire my permiſſion to attend me in my own apartment.

You may believe it was eaſily granted.

So the doctor came up.

We had a converſation of near an hour before dinner: But, to my ſurprize, he waved every thing that would have led to the ſubject I ſuppoſed he wanted to talk about. At laſt, I aſked him, If it were not thought ſtrange I ſhould be ſo long abſent from church? He made me ſome handſome compliments upon it: But ſaid, For his part, he had ever made it a rule, to avoid interfering in the private concerns of families, unleſs deſired to do ſo.

I was prodigiouſly diſappointed: But ſuppoſing that he was thought too juſt a man to be made a judge of in this cauſe; I led no more to it: Nor, when he was called to dinner, did he take the leaſt notice of leaving me behind him there.

But this was the firſt time, ſince my confinement, that I thought it a hardſhip not to dine below. And when I parted with him on the ſtairs, a tear would burſt its

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its way; and he hurried down; his own good-natured eyes gliſtening; for he ſaw it.— Nor truſted he his voice, leſt the accent, I ſuppoſe, ſhould have diſcover'd his concern; departing in ſilence; tho' with his uſual graceful obligingneſs.

I hear, that he praiſed me, and my part in the converſation we had held together.— To ſhew them, I ſuppoſe, that it was not upon the intereſting ſubjects which I make no doubt he was deſired not to enter upon.

He left me ſo diſſatisfy'd, yet ſo perplexed with this new way of treatment, that I never found myſelf ſo puzzled, and ſo much out of my train.

But I was to be more ſo. This was to be a day of puzzle to me. *Pregnant* puzzle, if I may ſo ſay:— For there muſt great meaning lie behind it.

In the afternoon, all but my brother and ſiſter went to church with the good doctor; who left his compliments for me. I took a walk in the garden: My brother and ſiſter walked in it too, and kept me in their eye a good while, on purpoſe, as I thought, that I might ſee how gay and good-humour'd they were together. At laſt they came down the walk that I was coming up, hand-in-hand, lover-like.

Your ſervant, Miſs — Your ſervant, Sir — paſſed between my brother and me.

Is it not cold-iſh, ſiſter Clary? in a kinder voice than uſual, ſaid my ſiſter, and ſtopp'd.— I ſtopp'd, and courteſy'd low to her half-courteſy.— I think not, ſiſter, ſaid I.

She went on. I courteſy'd without return; and proceeded; turning to my poultry-yard.

By a ſhorter turn, arm-in-arm, they were there before me.

I think, Clary, ſaid my brother, you muſt preſent me with ſome of this breed, for Scotland.

If you pleaſe, brother.

I'll chooſe for you, ſaid my ſiſter.

And

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And while I fed them, they picked out half a dozen: Yet intending nothing by it, I believe, but to shew a deal of love and good-humour to each other, before me.

My uncles next (after church was done, to speak in the common phrase) were to do me the honour of *their* notice. They bid Betty tell me, they would drink tea with me in my own apartment. Now, thought I, shall I have the subject of next Tuesday inforced upon me.

But they contradicted the tea-orders, and only my uncle Harlowe came up to me.

Half-distant, half-affectionate, was the air he put on to his *daughter-niece*, as he used to call me; and I threw myself at his feet, and besought his favour.

None of these discomposures, child! None of these apprehensions! You'll now have every-body's favour! All is coming about, my dear!— I was impatient to see you! — I could no longer deny myself this satisfaction. And raised me, and kissed me, and called me, Charming creature!

But he waved entering into any interesting subject. All will be well now! All will be right!— No more complainings! Every-body loves you!—I only came to make my earliest court to you, were his condescending words, and to sit and talk of twenty and twenty fond things, as I used to do.— And let every past disagreeable thing be forgotten; as if nothing had happen'd.

He understood me as beginning to hint at the disgrace of my confinement. — No disgrace, my dear, can fall to your lot: Your reputation is too well established. — I long'd to see you, repeated he.— I have seen no-body half so amiable, since I saw you last.

And again he kissed my cheek, my glowing cheek, for I was impatient, I was vexed, to be thus, as I thought, play'd upon: And how could I be grateful for a visit, that, it now was evident, was only a too

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humble artifice, to draw me in against the next Tuesday, or to leave me inexcusable to them all!

O my cunning brother!—This is his contrivance! And then my anger made me recollect the triumph in his and my sister's loves to each other, acted before me; and the mingled indignation flashing from their eyes, as, arm in arm, they spoke to me, and the forced condescension playing upon their lips, when they called me Clary, and Sister.

Do you think I could, with these reflections, look upon my uncle Harlowe's visit as the favour he seem'd desirous I should think it to be?—Indeed I could not; and seeing him so studiously avoid all recrimination, as I may call it, I gave into the affectation; and followed him in his talk of indifferent things:—While he seemed to admire This thing and That, as if he had never seen them before; and now and then, condescendingly kissed the hand that wrought some of the things he fixed his eyes upon; not so much to admire them, as to find subjects to divert what was most in his head, and in my own heart.

At his going away—How can I leave you here by yourself, my dear?—You, whose company used to enliven us all.—You are not expected down indeed! But I protest, I had a good mind to surprise your papa and mamma!—If I thought nothing would arise, that would be disagreeable—My dear, my love! [O the dear artful gentleman! how could my uncle Harlowe so dissemble?] What say you?—Will you give me your hand?—Will you see your father?—Can you stand his first displeasure, on seeing the dear creature who has given him and all of us so much disturbance?—Can you promise future—

He saw me rising in my temper—Nay, my dear, if you cannot be all resignation, I would not have you think of it!

My heart, struggling between duty and warmth of temper, was full. You know, my dear, I never could bear

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bear to be dealt meanly with!—How,—how *can* you, Sir!—You, my papa-uncle!—How *can* you, Sir!—The poor girl!—For I could not ſpeak with connexion.

Nay, my dear, if you cannot be all duty, all reſignation—better ſtay where you are.—But after the inſtance you have given—

Inſtance, I have given!—What inſtance, Sir?

Well, well, child, better ſtay where you are, if your paſt confinement hangs ſo heavy upon you—But now there will be a ſudden end to it.—Adieu, my dear!—Three words only—Let your compliance be ſincere!—And love me, as you uſed to love me—Your grandfather did not do ſo much for you, as I will do for you.

Without ſuffering me to reply, he hurry'd away, I thought, as if he had an eſcape, and was glad his part was over.

Don't you ſee, my dear, how they are all determin'd?—Have I not reaſon to dread next Tueſday?

Up preſently after came my ſiſter:—To obſerve, I ſuppoſe, the way I was in—She found me in tears.

Have you not a Thomas à Kempis, ſiſter? with a ſtiff air.

I have, Madam.

Madam! How long are we to be at this diſtance, Clary?

No longer, if you allow me to call you, ſiſter, my dear Bella! And I took her hand.

No fawning neither, girl!

I withdrew my hand as haſtily, as I ſhould do, if, reaching at a parcel from under the wood, I had been bit by a ſcorpion.

I beg pardon.—Too, too ready to make advances, I am always ſubjecting myſelf to contempts!

People who know not how to keep a middle behaviour, ſaid ſhe, muſt ever-more do ſo.

I will

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I will fetch you the Kempis—I did—Here it is.—You will find excellent things, Bella, in that little book.

I wiſh, retorted ſhe, you had profited by them.

I wiſh *you* may, ſaid I. Example from a ſiſter older than one's ſelf is a fine thing.

Older! Saucy little fool!—And away ſhe flung.

What a captious old woman will my ſiſter make, if ſhe lives to be one!—Demanding the reverence; yet not aiming at the merit; and aſham'd of the years, that only can intitle her to the reverence.

It is plain from what I have *related*, that they think they have got me at ſome advantage, by obtaining my conſent to this interview: But if it were *not*, Betty's impertinence juſt now would make it more evident. She has been complimenting me upon it; and upon the viſit of my uncle Harlowe. She ſays, the difficulty now is more than half over with me. She is ſure I would not ſee Mr. Solmes, but to have him. Now ſhall ſhe be ſoon better imploy'd than of late ſhe has been. All hands will be at work. She loves dearly to have weddings go forward!—Who knows whoſe turn will be next?

I found in the afternoon a reply to my anſwer to Mr. Lovelace's letter: It is full of promiſes, full of gratitude, of *eternal* gratitude, is his word, among others ſtill more hyperbolic. Yet Mr. Lovelace, the *leaſt* of any man whoſe letters I have ſeen, runs into thoſe elevated abſurdities. I ſhould be apt to deſpiſe him for it, if he did. Such language looks always to me, as if the flatterer thought to *find* a woman a fool, or hop'd to *make* her one.

'He regrets my indifference to him; which puts 'all the hope he has in my favour, upon my friends 'ſhocking uſage of me.

'As to my charge upon him of unpoliteneſs and 'uncontroulableneſs—What (he aſks) can he ſay? 'Since being unable abſolutely to vindicate himſelf, 'he

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'he has too much ingenuity to attempt to do so: 'Yet is struck dumb by my harsh construction, that 'his acknowleging temper is owing more to his care-'lessness to defend himself, than to his inclination to 'amend. He had never *before* met with the ob-'jections against his morals which I had raised, *justly* 'raised. And he was resolved to obviate them. 'What is it, he asks, that he had promised, but re-'formation by my example? And what occasion for 'the promise, if he had not faults, and those very 'great ones, to reform of? He hopes, acknowlege-'ment of an error is no bad sign; altho' my severe 'virtue has interpreted it into one.

'He believes I may be right (*severely* right, he 'calls it) in my judgment against making reprisals in 'the case of the intelligence he receives from my fa-'mily: He cannot charge himself to be of a temper 'that leads him to be inquisitive into any-body's pri-'vate affairs; but hopes, that the circumstances of 'the case, and the strange conduct of my friends, 'will excuse him; especially, when so much depends 'upon his knowing the movements of a family so 'violently bent, by measures right or wrong, to carry 'their point against me, in malice to him. People 'he says, who act like Angels, ought to have Angels 'to deal with. For his part, he has not yet learn'd 'the difficult lesson of returning *good for evil:* And 'shall think himself the less encourag'd to learn it, 'by the treatment I have met with, from the very 'spirits, which, were he to lay himself under their feet, 'would trample upon him, as they do upon me.

'He excuses himself for the liberties he owns he 'has heretofore taken in ridiculing the marriage-state. 'It is a subject, he says, that he has not of late treated 'so lightly. He owns it to be so trite, so beaten, a 'topic with all libertines and witlings; so frothy, so 'empty, so nothing-meaning, so worn-out a *theme*, 'that he is heartily ashamed of himself, ever to have

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'made it *his*. He condemns it as a ſtupid reflection 'upon the laws and good order of ſociety, and upon 'a man's own anceſtors: And in himſelf, who has 'ſome reaſon to value himſelf upon his deſcent and 'alliances, more cenſurable, than in thoſe who have 'not the ſame advantage to boaſt of. He promiſes 'to be more circumſpect than ever, both in his words 'and actions, that he may be more and more wor-'thy of my approbation; and that he may give an 'aſſurance before-hand, that a foundation is laid in 'his mind, for my example to work upon, with equal 'reputation and effect to us both;—if he may be ſo 'happy as to call me his.

'He gives me up, as abſolutely loſt, if I go to my 'uncle Antony's: The cloſe confinement; The 'Moated-houſe; The Chapel; the implacableneſs of 'my brother and ſiſter, and their power over the reſt 'of my family, he ſets forth in ſtrong lights, and 'plainly hints, that he muſt have a ſtruggle to pre-'vent my being carry'd thither.'

Your kind, your generous intereſting of yourſelf in your mamma's favour for me, I hope, will prevent thoſe harſher extremities which I might otherwiſe be driven to. And to you I will fly, if permitted, and keep all my promiſes, of not correſponding with any-body, not ſeeing any-body, but by your mamma's direction and yours. — I will cloſe, and depoſite at This place. It is not neceſſary to ſay, How much I am

Your ever-affectionate and obliged

CL. HARLOWE.

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LETTER XXIX.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miss* HOWE.

Monday, April 3.

I Am glad my papers are safe in your hands. I will make it my endeavour to deserve your good opinion, that I may not at once disgrace your judgment, and my own heart.

I have another letter from Mr. Lovelace. He is extremely apprehensive of the meeting I am to have with Mr. Solmes to-morrow. He says, 'That the airs 'that wretch gives himself on the occasion, add to 'his concern; and it is with infinite difficulty that 'he prevails upon himself, not to make him a visit, to 'let him know what he may expect, if compulsion be 'used towards me in his favour. He assures me, That 'Solmes has actually talked with tradesmen of new 'equipages, and names the people in town, with 'whom he has treated: That he has even' (Was there ever such a horrid wretch!) 'allotted This and That 'apartment in his house, for a nursery, and other 'offices.'

How shall I bear to hear such a creature talk of love to me? I shall be out of all patience with him! —Besides, I thought that he did not dare to make or talk of these impudent preparations — So inconsistent as such are with my brother's views — But I fly the shocking subject.

Upon this confidence of Solmes, you will less wonder at That of Lovelace, 'in pressing me, in the name 'of all his family, to escape from so determined a 'violence, as is intended to be offer'd to me at my 'uncle's: That the forward contriver should propose 'his uncle's chariot-and-six to be at the stile that 'leads up to the lonely coppice, adjoining to our 'paddock. You will see how audaciously he men-

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'tions settlements ready drawn; horsemen ready to 'mount; and one of his cousins Montague to be in 'the chariot, or at the George in the neighbouring 'village, waiting to accompany me to Lord M's, or 'to either of his aunts, or to town, as I please; and 'upon such orders, or conditions, and under such re-'strictions, as to himself, as I shall prescribe.'

You will see how he threatens 'To watch and way-'lay them, and rescue me, as he calls it, by an 'armed force of friends and servants, if they attempt 'to carry me against my will to my uncle's; and this, 'whether I give my consent to the enterprise, or not: '—Since he shall have no hopes if I am once there.'

O my dear friend! Who can think of these things, and not be extremely miserable in her apprehensions!

This mischievous sex! What had I to do with any of them; or they with me! — I had deserv'd This, were it by my own seeking, by my own giddiness, that I had brought myself into this situation—I wish, with all my heart— But how foolishly we are apt to wish, when we find ourselves unhappy, and know not how to help ourselves.

On your mamma's goodness, however, is my reliance. If I can but avoid being precipitated on either hand, till my cousin Morden arrives, a reconciliation must follow; and all will be happy!

I have deposited a letter for Mr. Lovelace; in which 'I charge him to avoid any rash step, any visit 'to Mr. Solmes, which may be followed by acts of 'violence, as he would not disoblige me for ever.

I re-assure him, 'That I will sooner die than be 'that man's wife.

'Whatever be my usage, whatever the result of 'this interview, I insist upon his not presuming to 'offer violence to any of my friends: And express 'myself highly displeased, that he should presume up-'on such an interest in my favour, as to think him-'self intitled to dispute my father's authority in my

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'removal to my uncle's; altho' I tell him, that I will 'omit neither prayers nor contrivance, even to the 'making of myself ill, to avoid going.'

To-morrow is Tuesday!—How soon comes upon us the day we dread!—O that a deep sleep of twenty-four hours would seize my faculties—But then the next day would be Tuesday, as to all the effects and purposes, for which I so much dread it. If this reach you before the event of this so much apprehended interview can be known, pray for

Your

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXX.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miss* HOWE.

Tuesday Morning, Six o'Clock.

THE day is come!—I wish it were happily over. I have had a wretched night. Hardly a wink have I slept, ruminating upon the approaching interview. The very distance of time they consented to, has added solemnity to the meeting, which otherwise it would not have had.

A thoughtful mind is not a blessing to be coveted, unless it had such a happy vivacity with it, as yours: A vivacity, which enables a person to enjoy the *present*, without being over-anxious about the *future*.

Tuesday, Eleven o'Clock.

I HAVE had a visit from my aunt Hervey. Betty, in her alarming way, told me, I should have a Lady to breakfast with me, whom I little expected; giving me to believe it was my mamma. This flutter'd me so much, on hearing a Lady coming up-stairs, supposing it was she (not knowing how to account for her motives in such a visit, after I had been so long banish'd from her presence) that my aunt, at her entrance,

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trance, took notice of my diſorder, and after the firſt ſalutation,

Why, Miſs ſaid ſhe, you ſeem ſurpriz'd!—Upon my word, you thoughtful young Ladies have ſtrange apprehenſions about nothing at all. What, taking my hand, can be the matter with you?—Why, my dear, tremble, tremble, tremble at this rate? You'll be fit to be ſeen by no-body. Come, my love, kiſſing my cheek, pluck up a courage! By this needleſs flutter on the approaching interview, when it is over, you will judge of your other antipathies, and laugh at yourſelf for giving way to ſo apprehenſive an imagination.

I ſaid, that whatever we ſtrongly imagin'd, was, in its effects at the time, *more* than imaginary, altho' to others it might not appear ſo: That I had not reſted one hour all night: That the impertinent ſet over me had flutter'd me, with giving me room to think, that it was my mamma who was coming up to me: And that, at this rate, I ſhould be very little qualify'd to ſee any-body I diſliked to ſee.

There was no accounting for theſe things, ſhe ſaid. Mr. Solmes laſt night ſuppos'd he ſhould be under as much agitation as I.

Who is it, then, Madam, that ſo reluctant an interview on both ſides, is to pleaſe?

Both of you, my dear, I hope, after the firſt flurries are over. The moſt apprehenſive beginnings, I have often known, make the happieſt concluſions.

There can be but one happy concluſion to the intended viſit, and that is, That both ſides may be ſatisfy'd it will be the laſt.

She then repreſented, how unhappy it would be for me, if I did not ſuffer myſelf to be prevailed upon: She preſſed me to receive him as became my education: And declar'd, that his apprehenſions at ſeeing me, were owing to his love and his awe; intimating, that true love was beſt known by fear, and

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reverence; and that no bluſtering, braving lover could deſerve encouragement.

To this I anſwered, That conſtitution was a great deal to be conſidered: That a man of ſpirit would act like one, and could do nothing meanly: That a creeping mind would creep in every-thing, where it had a view to obtain a benefit by it; and inſult, where it had power, and nothing to expect:— That this was not a point now to be determin'd with me: That I had ſaid as much as I could poſſibly ſay on this ſubject: That this interview was impoſed upon me: By thoſe, indeed, who had a right to impoſe it; but that it was ſorely againſt my will comply'd with, and for this reaſon, That there was *averſion*, not *wilfulneſs*, in the caſe; and ſo nothing could come of it, but a pretence, as I much apprehended, to uſe me ſtill more ſeverely than I had been uſed.

She was then pleaſed to charge me with prepoſſeſſion, and prejudice: Expatiated upon the duty of a child: Imputed to me abundance of fine qualities; but told me, that, in this caſe, *that* of perſuadableneſs was wanting to crown All. She inſiſted upon the *merit* of obedience, altho' my will were *not* in it. From a little hint I gave of my ſtill greater diſlike to ſee Mr. Solmes, on account of the freedom I had treated him with, ſhe talked to me of his forgiving diſpoſition; of his infinite reſpect for me; and I-cannot-tell-what of this ſort.—

I never found myſelf ſo fretful in my life. I told my aunt ſo; and begg'd her pardon for it. But ſhe ſaid, it was well diſguiſed then; for ſhe ſaw nothing but little tremors uſual with young Ladies, when they were to ſee their admirers for the *firſt* time, as this might be called: For that it was the firſt time I had conſented to ſee him in that light. — But that the *next*—

How, Madam, interrupted I!—Is it then imagined I give this meeting upon that foot?—

To

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To be ſure it is, child.——

To be ſure it is, Madam! — Then do I yet deſire to decline it!— I will not, I cannot, ſee him, if he expects me to ſee him upon thoſe terms.

Niceneſs, punctilio! — Mere punctilio, niece!— Can you think that your appointment, Day, Place, Hour, and knowing what the intent of it was, is to be interpreted away as a mere ceremony, and to mean nothing?— Let me tell you, my dear, your father, mother, uncles, every-body, reſpect this appointment as the firſt act of your compliance with their wills; and therefore recede not, I deſire you; but make a merit of what cannot be help'd!—

O the hideous wretch!— Pardon me, Madam,— *I* to be ſuppos'd to meet ſuch a man as *that*, with ſuch a view! and *he* to be arm'd with ſuch an expectation!—But it cannot be that *he* expects it, whatever others may do.— It is plain he cannot, by the fear he tells you all, he ſhall have to ſee me: If his *hope* were ſo audacious, he could not *fear* ſo much.

Indeed, he *has* this hope; and juſtly founded too. But his fear ariſes from his reverence, as I told you before.

His reverence!— his unworthineſs!— 'Tis ſo apparent, that he himſelf ſees it, as well as every-body elſe. Hence the purchaſe he aims at! — Hence is it, that ſettlements are to make up for acknowleg'd want of merit!—

His *unworthineſs*, ſay you!—Not ſo faſt, my dear. Does not this look like ſetting a high value upon yourſelf?— We all have exalted notions of your merit, niece; but nevertheleſs, it would not be wrong, if you were to arrogate leſs to *yourſelf*; tho' more were to be your due, than your friends attribute to you.

I am ſorry, Madam, it ſhould be thought arrogance in me, to ſuppoſe I am not worthy of a better man than Mr. Solmes, both as to perſon and mind:

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And as to fortune, I thank God I deſpiſe all that can be inſiſted upon in his favour, from ſo poor a plea.

She told me, It ſignify'd nothing to talk: I knew the expectation of every-one—

Indeed I did not.— It was impoſſible I could think of ſuch a ſtrange expectation, upon a compliance made only to ſhew, I would comply in all that was in my power to comply with.

I might eaſily, ſhe ſaid, have ſuppoſed, that every-one thought I was beginning to oblige them all, by the kind behaviour of my brother and ſiſter to me in the garden, laſt Sunday; by my ſiſter's viſit to me afterwards in my chamber; altho' both more ſtiffly received by me, than were either wiſhed or expected; by my uncle Harlowe's affectionate viſit to me the ſame afternoon; not indeed ſo very gratefully received, as I uſed to receive his favours:— But this he kindly imputed to the diſpleaſure I had conceived at my confinement, and to my coming-off by degrees, that I might keep myſelf in countenance for my paſt oppoſition!

See, my dear, the low cunning of that Sunday-management, which then ſo much ſurpriſed me! And ſee the reaſon why Dr. Lewin was admitted to viſit me, yet forbore to enter upon a ſubject that I thought he came to talk to me about!— For, it ſeems, there was no occaſion to diſpute with me on a point I was to be *ſuppoſed* to have conceded to.— See, alſo, how unfairly my brother and ſiſter muſt have repreſented their pretended kindneſs, when (tho' they had an end to anſwer by *appearing* kind) their antipathy to me ſeems to have been ſo ſtrong, that they could not help inſulting me by their arm-in-arm lover-like behaviour to each other; as my ſiſter afterwards likewiſe did, when ſhe came to borrow my Kempis.—

I lifted up my hands and eyes! — I cannot, ſaid I, give this treatment a name!—The *end* ſo unlikely to be anſwer'd by *means* ſo low! —I know *whoſe* the whole is!

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is!—He that could get my uncle Harlowe to contribute his part, and procure the acquiescence of the rest of my friends to it, must have the power to do any thing with them against me!—

Again my aunt told me, that talking and invective, now I had given the expectation, would signify nothing. She hoped I would not shew them all, that they had been too forward in their constructions of my desire to oblige them. She could assure me, that it would be worse for me, if *now* I receded, than if I had never advanced—

Advanced, Madam! How can you say *advanced?* Why, this is a trick upon me!—A poor, low trick! Pardon me, Madam, I don't say you have a hand in it.—But, my dearest aunt, tell me, Will not my mamma be present at this dreaded interview?—Will she not so far favour me?—Were it but to qualify—

Qualify, my dear, interrupted she—Your mamma, and your uncle Harlowe, would not be present on this occasion for the world—

O then, Madam, how can they look upon my consent to this interview as an *advance?*

My aunt was displeased at this home push. Miss Clary, said she, there is no dealing with you. It would be happy for you, and for every-body else, were your obedience as ready as your wit. I will leave you—

Not in anger, I hope, Madam! interrupted I—All I meant was, to observe, that let the meeting issue as it *must* issue, it cannot be a disappointment to *any-body*.

O Miss! you seem to be a very determin'd young creature.—Mr. Solmes will be here at your time: And remember once more, that upon the coming afternoon depends the peace of your whole family, and your own happiness.—

And so saying, down she hurried.

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Here I ſtop. In what way I ſhall reſume, or when, is not left to me to conjecture; much leſs to determine. I am exceſſively uneaſy!— No good news from your mamma, I doubt!— I will depoſite thus far, for fear of the worſt.

Adieu, my beſt, my *only* friend!

LETTER XXXI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday Evening; and continued thro' the night.

WELL, my dear, I am alive, and here! But how long I ſhall be either here, or alive, I cannot ſay!—I have a vaſt deal to write; and perhaps ſhall have little time for it. Nevertheleſs, I muſt tell you how the ſaucy Betty again fluttered me, when ſhe came up with this Solmes's meſſage; altho', as you will remember from my laſt, I was in a way before, that wanted no additional ſurprizes.

Miſs! Miſs! Miſs! cry'd ſhe, as faſt as ſhe could ſpeak, with her arms ſpread abroad, and all her fingers diſtended, and held up, will you be pleaſed to walk down into your own parlour?— There is every-body, I'll aſſure you, in full *congregation!* — And there is Mr. Solmes, as fine as a Lord, with a charming white peruke, fine laced ſhirt and ruffles, coat trimmed with ſilver, and a waiſtcoat ſtanding an end with lace!— Quite handſome, believe me!— You never ſaw ſuch an alteration!— Ah! Miſs, ſhaking her head, 'tis pity you have ſaid ſo much againſt him!— But you know how to come off, for all that!—I hope it will not be too late!—

Impertinence! ſaid I,—Wert thou bid to come up in this fluttering way?— And I took up my fan, and fann'd myſelf.

Bleſs me! ſaid ſhe, how ſoon theſe fine young Ladies will be put into *fluſterations!* — I meant not either to offend or frighten you, I am ſure.—

Every-

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Every-body there, do you say?—Who do you call every-body?—

Why, Miss, holding out her left palm opened, and with a flourish, and a saucy leer, patting it with the fore-finger of the other at every mentioned person, There is your papa!—There is your mamma!—There is your uncle Harlowe!—There is your uncle Antony!—Your aunt Hervey!—*My* young Lady!—And my young master!—And Mr. Solmes, with the air of a great courtier, standing up, because he named you:— Mrs. Betty, said he, [Then the ape of a wench bowed, and scraped, as awkwardly as I suppose the person she endeavoured to imitate] Pray give my humble service to Miss, and tell her, I wait her commands.

Was not this a wicked wench?—I trembled so, I could hardly stand. I was spiteful enough to say, that her young mistress, I supposed, bid her put on these airs, to frighten me out of a capacity of behaving so calmly, as should procure me my uncle's compassion.

What a way do you put yourself in, Miss, said the insolent!— Come, dear Madam, taking up my fan, which I had laid down, and approaching me with it, fanning, shall I—

None of thy impertinence!— But say you, *all* my friends are below with him? And am I to *appear* before them *all?*

I can't tell if they'll stay when you come. I think they seemed to be moving when Mr. Solmes gave me his orders. — But what answer shall I carry to the 'Squire?

Say, I can't go!—But yet, when 'tis over, 'tis over! Say, I'll wait upon—I'll attend—I'll come presently—Say any thing; I care not what— But give me my fan, and fetch me a glass of water.

She went, and I fanned myself all the time; for I was in a flame; and hemm'd, and struggled with my-

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ſelf, all I could; and, when ſhe returned, drank my water; and finding no hope preſently of a quieter heart, I ſent her down, and followed her with precipitation; trembling ſo, that, had I not hurried, I queſtion if I could have gone down at all. O, my dear, what a poor, paſſive machine is the body, when the mind is diſorder'd!

There are two doors to *my* parlour, as I uſed to call it. As I entered at one, my friends hurried out at the other. I ſaw juſt the gown of my ſiſter, the laſt who ſlid away. My uncle Antony went out with them; but he ſtaid not long, as you ſhall hear: And they all remained in the next parlour, a wainſcot-partition only parting the two. I remember them both in one: But they were ſeparated in favour of us girls, for each to receive her viſitors in, at her pleaſure.

Mr. Solmes approached me as ſoon as I entered, cringing to the ground; a viſible confuſion in every feature of his face. After half a dozen choak'd-up Madams,—He was very ſorry—he was very much concerned—It was his misfortune—And there he ſtopp'd, being unable preſently to complete a ſentence.

This gave me a little more preſence of mind. Cowardice in a foe begets courage in one's-ſelf:—I ſee that plainly now;—Yet perhaps, at bottom, the new-made bravo is a greater coward than the other.

I turned from him, and ſeated myſelf in one of the fire-ſide chairs, fanning myſelf. I have ſince recollected, that I muſt have looked very ſaucily. Could I have had any *thoughts* of the man, I ſhould have deſpiſed myſelf for it. But what can be ſaid in the caſe of an averſion ſo perfectly ſincere?

He hemmed five or ſix times, as I had done above; and theſe produced a ſentence—That I could not but ſee his confuſion. This ſentence produced two or three more. I believe my aunt was his tutoreſs: For it was his awe, his reverence for ſo ſuperlative a Lady

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Lady— [I assure you] —And he hoped—he hoped— Three times he hoped, before he told me what— that I was too generous [Generosity, he said, was my character], to despise him for such — for such— *true* tokens of his love.—

I do indeed see you under some confusion, Sir; and this gives me hope, that altho' I have been compelled, as I may call it, to this interview, it may be attended with happier effects than I had apprehended from it.

He had hemmed himself into more courage.

You could not, Madam, imagine any creature so blind to your merits, and so little attracted by them, as easily to forego the interest and approbation he was honoured with by your worthy family, while he had any hope given him, that one day he might, by his perseverance and zeal, expect your favour.

I am but too much aware, Sir, that it is upon the interest and approbation you mention, that you build such hope. It is impossible, otherwise, that a man, who has any regard for his *own* happiness, would persevere against such declarations as I have made, and think myself obliged to make, in justice to you, as well as to myself.

He had seen many instances, he told me, and had heard of more, where Ladies had seemed as averse, and yet had been induced, some by motives of compassion; others by persuasion of friends, to change their minds; and had been very happy afterwards: And he hoped this might be the case here.

I have no notion, Sir, of compliment, in an article of such importance as this: Yet am I sorry to be obliged to speak my mind so plainly, as I am going to do.—Know then, that I have invincible objections, Sir, to your address. I have declared them with an earnestness that I believe is without example: And why?— Because I believe it is without example, that any young creature, circumstanced as I am, was ever treated as I have been treated on your account.

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It is hoped, Madam, that your conſent may, in time, be obtained: *That* is the hope; and I ſhall be a miſerable man if it cannot.

Better, Sir, give me leave to ſay, you were miſerable by yourſelf, than that you ſhould make two ſo.

You may have heard, Madam, things to my diſadvantage.—No man is without enemies.—Be pleaſed to let me know *what* you have heard, and I will either own my faults, and amend; or I will convince you, that I am baſely *beſpattered:* And once I underſtand you overheard ſomething that I ſhould ſay, that gave you offence:— Unguardedly, perhaps; but nothing but what ſhewed my value, and that I would perſiſt ſo long as I could have hope.

I have indeed heard many things to your diſadvantage:— And I was far from being pleaſed with what I overheard fall from your lips: But as you were not any thing to me, and never could be, it was not for me to be concerned about the one or the other.

I am ſorry, Madam, to hear this: I am ſure you ſhould not tell me of any fault, that I would be unwilling to correct in myſelf.

Then, Sir, correct this fault:— Do not wiſh to have a poor young creature compelled in the moſt material article of her life, for the ſake of motives ſhe deſpiſes; and in behalf of a perſon ſhe cannot value: One that has, in her own right, ſufficient to ſet her above all offers, and a ſpirit that craves no more than what it *has*, to make itſelf eaſy and happy.

I don't ſee, Madam, how you would be happy, if I were to diſcontinue my addreſs: For——

That is nothing to you, Sir, interrupted I: Do you but withdraw your pretenſions: And if it be thought fit to ſtart up another man for my puniſhment, the blame will not lie at your door. You will be intitled to my thanks; and moſt heartily will I thank you.

He pauſed, and ſeemed a little at a loſs: And I was

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was going to give him ſtill ſtronger and more perſonal inſtances of my plain-dealing; when in came my uncle Antony!

So, niece, ſo!—ſitting in ſtate like a Queen, giveing audience!—*haughty* audience!—Mr. Solmes, why ſtand you thus humbly?— Why this diſtance, man? I hope to ſee you upon a more intimate footing before we part.

I aroſe, as ſoon as he entered— and approached him with a bent knee: Let me, Sir, reverence my uncle, whom I have not for ſo long a time ſeen!—Let me, Sir, beſpeak your favour and compaſſion!

You'll have the favour of every-body, niece, when you know how to deſerve it.

If ever I deſerved it, I deſerve it now.— I have been hardly uſed— I have made propoſals that ought to have been accepted; and ſuch as would not have been *aſked* of me. What have I done, that I muſt be baniſhed and confined thus diſgracefully? That I muſt be allowed to have no free-will, in an article that concerns my preſent and future happineſs?—

Miſs Clary, replied my uncle, you have had your will in every-thing till now; and this makes your parents will ſit ſo heavy upon you.

My will, Sir! Be pleaſed to allow me to aſk, What was my will till now, but my father's will, and yours, and my uncle Harlowe's will?— Has it not been my pride to obey and oblige?— I never aſked a favour, that I did not firſt ſit down and conſider, if it were fit to be granted. And now, to ſhew my obedience, have I not offered to live ſingle? Have I not offered to diveſt myſelf of my grandfather's bounty, and to caſt myſelf upon my papa's; to be withdrawn, whenever I diſoblige him? Why, dear good Sir, am I to be made unhappy in a point ſo concerning to my happineſs?

Your grandfather's eſtate is not wiſhed from you. You are not deſired to live a ſingle life. You know

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our motives, and we guess at *yours*. And let me tell you, well as we love you, we would much sooner choose to follow you to the grave, than that *yours* should take place.

I will engage never to marry any man, without my father's consent, and your's, Sir, and everybody's. Did I ever give you cause to doubt my word?—And here I will take the solemnest oath that can be offered me——

That is the matrimonial one, interrupted he, with a big voice—and to this gentleman.—It shall, it shall, cousin Clary!— And the more you oppose it, the worse it shall be for you.

This, and before the man, who seem'd to assume courage upon it, highly provoked me.

Then, Sir, you shall sooner follow me to the grave *indeed*.— I will undergo the cruelest death: I will even consent to enter into the awful vault of my ancestors, and to have that bricked up upon me, than consent to be miserable for life.— And, Mr. Solmes, (turning to him) take notice of what I say; *This*, or *any* death, I will sooner undergo (That will soon be over), than be yours, and for *ever* unhappy!

My uncle was in a terrible rage upon this: He took Mr. Solmes by the hand, shocked as the man seemed to be, and drew him to the window— Don't be surprised, Mr. Solmes, don't be concerned at *this*. We know, and rapp'd out a sad oath, what women will say: The wind is not more boistrous, nor more changeable: And again he swore to That! If you think it worth your while to wait for such an ungrateful girl as This, I'll engage she'll *veer about*; I'll engage she *shall*: And a third time violently swore to it.

Then coming up to me (who had thrown myself, very much disordered by my vehemence, into the contrary window), as if he would have beat me; his face violently working, his hands clenched, and his teeth

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teeth ſet—Yes, yes, yes, hiſſed the poor gentleman, you ſhall, you ſhall, you ſhall, couſin Clary, be Mr. Solmes's; we will ſee that you ſhall; and this in one week at fartheſt.— And then a fourth time he confirmed it. Poor gentleman, how he ſwore!—Strange! that people who have ſuffered in their time ſo much by ſtorms, ſhould be ſo ſtormy!—

I am ſorry, Sir, ſaid I, to ſee you in ſuch a paſſion. All This, I am but too ſenſible, is owing to my brother's inſtigation; who would not himſelf give the inſtance of duty that is exacted from me. It is beſt for me to withdraw. I ſhall but provoke you farther, I fear: For though I would gladly obey you, if I could, yet This is a point determined with me; and I cannot ſo much as *wiſh* to get it over.

How could one help theſe ſtrong declarations, the man in preſence?

I was going out at the door I came in at; the gentlemen looking upon one another, as if referring to each other what to do, or whether to engage my ſtay, or ſuffer me to go: And who ſhould I meet at the door but my brother, who had heard all that had paſſed.

Judge my ſurprize, when he bolted upon me ſo unexpectedly, and taking my hand, which he graſped with violence, Return, pretty Miſs, ſaid he; return, if you pleaſe!— You ſhall not yet *be bricked up!*— Your *inſtigating* brother ſhall ſave you from That!— O thou fallen angel, ſaid he, peering up to my downcaſt face,— ſuch a ſweetneſs *here!*— and ſuch an obſtinacy *there*, tapping my neck! — O thou true woman!—tho' ſo young— But you ſhall not have your Rake: Remember that; in a loud whiſper, as if he would be decently indecent before the man!— You ſhall be redeemed, and this worthy gentleman, raiſing his voice, will be ſo good as to redeem you from ruin—and hereafter you will bleſs him, or have reaſon to bleſs him, for his *condeſcenſion*; that was the brutal brother's word!

He

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He had led me up to meet Mr. Solmes, whose hand he took, as he himself held mine. Here, Sir, said he, take the rebel daughter's hand; I give it you now; She shall confirm the gift in a week's time; or will have neither father, mother, nor uncles, to boast of.

I snatched my hand away.

How now, Miss!—

And how now, Sir— What right have YOU to dispose of my hand?—If you govern every-body else, you shall not govern *me*; especially in a point so immediately relative to myself, and in which you neither have, nor ever shall have, any thing to do.

I would have broke from him, but he held my hand too fast.

Let me go, Sir!—Why am I thus treated?—You *design*, I doubt not, with your unmanly gripings, to hurt me, as you do: But again I say, Wherefore is it that I am to be thus treated by YOU?

He tossed my hand from him with a whirl, that pained my very shoulder. I wept, and held my other hand to the part.

Mr. Solmes blamed him; so did my uncle.

He had no patience, he said, with such a perverseness; and to think of my reflections upon himself, before he entered. He had only given me back the hand, I had not deserved he should touch. It was one of my arts, to pretend to be pained.

Mr. Solmes said, He would sooner give up all his hopes of me, than that I should be used unkindly: And he offered to plead in my behalf to them both; and applied himself with a bow, as if for my approbation of his interposition.

But, I said, I am obliged to your intention, Mr. Solmes, to interpose to save me from my brother's violence: But I cannot wish to owe so poor an obligation to a man whose ungenerous perseverance is the occasion, or at least the pretence, of *that* violence, and of all my disgraceful sufferings.

How

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How generous in you, Mr. Solmes, said my brother to him, to interpose in behalf of such an immoveable spirit! But I beg of you to persist!— For all our family's sake, and for *her* sake too, if you love her, persist!—Let us save her, if possible, from ruining herself. Look at her person! Think of her fine qualities!—All the world confesses them, and we all gloried in her till now: She is worth saving!— And, after two or three more struggles, she will be yours, and, take my word for it, will reward your patience!— Talk not, therefore, of giving up your hopes, for a little whining folly. She has entered upon a parade, which she knows not how to quit with a *female* grace. You have only her pride and her obstinacy to encounter: And, depend upon it, you will be as happy a man in a fortnight, as a marry'd man *can* be.

You have heard me say, my dear, that my brother has always taken a liberty to reflect upon our Sex, and upon Matrimony!— He would not, if he did not think it *wit!*—Just as poor Mr. Wyerley, and others, we both know, prophane and ridicule Scripture; and all to evidence their pretensions to the same pernicious talent, and to have it thought, that they are too wise to be good.

Mr. Solmes, with a self-satisfied air, presumptuously said, He would suffer every thing, to *oblige* my family, and to *save* me. And doubted not to be amply rewarded, could he be so happy as to succeed at last.

Mr. Solmes, said I, if you have any regard for your own happiness [*Mine* is out of the question: You have not generosity enough to make *That* any part of your scheme] prosecute no further your address. It is but *just* to tell you, that I could not bring my heart to think of you, without the utmost disapprobation, *before* I was used as I have been:—And can you think I am such a slave, such a *poor* slave, as

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as to be brought to change my mind by the violent uſage I have met with?

And you, Sir, turning to my brother, if you think that *meekneſs* always indicates *tameneſs*; and that there is no *magnanimity* without *bluſter*, own yourſelf miſtaken for once: For you ſhall have reaſon to judge from henceforth, that a generous mind is not to be forced; and that—

He lifted up his hands and eyes: No more, ſaid the imperious wretch, I charge you!—Then turning to my uncle, Do you hear, Sir? This is your once faultleſs niece! This is your favourite!

Mr. Solmes looked as if he knew not what to think of the matter; and had I been left alone with him, I ſaw plainly, I could have got rid of him eaſily enough.

My uncle came up to me, looking up to my face, and down to my feet: And is it poſſible This can be *you?* All this violence from *you*, Miſs Clary?

Yes, it is poſſible, Sir— And, I will preſume to ſay, this vehemence on my ſide, is but the natural conſequence of the uſage I have met with, and the rudeneſs I am treated with, even in your preſence, by a brother, who has no more right to controul me, than I have to controul him.

This uſage, couſin Clary, was not till all other means were try'd with you.

Try'd! to what end, Sir— Do I contend for any thing more than a mere negative? You *may*, Sir (turning to Mr. Solmes) *poſſibly* you may, be induced the *rather* to perſevere, thus ungenerouſly, as the uſage, I have met with, for your ſake, and what you have now ſeen offered to me by my brother, will ſhew you what I *can* bear, were my evil deſtiny ever to make me yours!

Lord, Madam, cried Solmes, all this time diſtorted into twenty different attitudes, as my brother and my uncle were bleſſing themſelves, and ſpeaking only to each

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each other by their eyes, and by their working features; Lord, Madam, what a conſtruction is This!

A fair conſtruction, Sir, interrupted I: For he that can ſee a perſon he pretends to value, thus treated, and approve of it, muſt be capable of treating her thus himſelf. And that you *do* approve of it, is evident by your declared perſeverance, when you know I am confined, baniſhed, and inſulted in order to make me conſent to be what I never *can be* — And this, let me tell you, as I have often told others, not from motives of obſtinacy, but *averſion*.

Excuſe me, Sir, turning to my uncle!—To you, as to my *papa*'s brother, I owe duty. I beg *your* pardon, that I cannot obey you: But as for my *brother*; he is *but* my brother; he ſhall not conſtrain me. And, turning to my brother, Knit your brows, Sir, and frown as you will, I will aſk you, Would *you*, in my caſe, make the ſacrifices I am willing to make, to obtain every one's favour? If *not*, what right have you to treat me thus? and to procure me to be treated as I have been, for ſo long paſt?

I had put myſelf by this time into great diſorder. They were ſilent, and ſeemed to want to talk to one another by their looks, walking about in violent diſorders too, between whiles.—I ſat down fanning myſelf (as it happened, againſt the glaſs) and I could perceive my colour go and come; and being ſick to the very heart, and apprehenſive of fainting, I rung. Betty came in. I called for a glaſs of water, and drank it:— But no-body minded me — I heard my brother pronounce the words, Art! d—d Art! to Solmes; which, I ſuppoſe, kept *him* back, together with the apprehenſion, that he would not be welcome. —Elſe I could ſee the man was more affected than my brother. And I, ſtill fearing I ſhould faint, riſing, took hold of Betty's arm, ſtaggering with extreme diſorder, yet courteſying to my uncle, Let me hold by you, Betty, ſaid I; Let me withdraw.

Whither

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Whither go you, niece, said my uncle? We have not done with you yet. I charge you depart not. Mr. Solmes has something to open to you, that will astonish you:—And you *shall* hear it.

Only, Sir, by your leave, for a few minutes into the air— I will return, if you command it — I will hear all that I am to hear; that it may be over *Now*, and *for-Ever*. — You will go with me, Betty?

And so, without any farther prohibition, I retired into the garden; and there, casting myself upon the first seat, and throwing Betty's apron over my face, leaning against her side, my hands between her's, I gave way to a violent burst of grief, or passion, or both; which, as it seemed, saved my heart from breaking, for I was sensible of an immediate relief.

I have already given you specimens of Mrs. Betty's impertinence. I shall not, therefore, trouble you with more: For the wench, notwithstanding this my distress, took great liberties with me, after she saw me a little recovered, and as I walked further into the garden; insomuch, that I was obliged to silence her by an absolute prohibition of saying another word to me; and then she dropped behind me quite sullen and gloomy.

It was near an hour before I was sent for in again. The messenger was my cousin Dolly Hervey, who, with an eye of compassion and respect [for Miss Hervey always loved me, and calls herself my scholar, as you know] told me, my company was desired.

Betty left us.

Who commands my attendance, Miss, said I? — Have you not been in tears, my dear?

Who can forbear tears, said she?

Why, what's the matter, cousin Dolly?—Sure, nobody is intitled to weep in this family, but I!

Yes, I am, Madam, said she, because I love you.

I kissed her; And is it for me, my sweet cousin, that you shed tears?— There never was love lost between

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tween us: But tell me, what is designed to be done with me, that I have this kind instance of your compassion for me?

You must take no notice of what I tell you: But my mamma has been weeping for you, too, with me; but durst not let any-body see it: O my Dolly, said my mamma, there never was so set a malice in man, as in your cousin James Harlowe. They will ruin the flower and ornament of their family.

As how, Miss Dolly?—Did she not explain herself?—As how, my dear?

Yes, she said, Mr. Solmes would have given up his claim to you; for he said, you hated him, and there were no hopes; and your mamma was willing he should; and to have you taken at your word, to renounce Mr. Lovelace, and to live single: My mamma was for it too; for they heard all that passed between you and my uncle Antony, and my cousin James; saying, it was impossible to think of prevailing upon you to have Mr. Solmes. My uncle Harlowe seemed in the same way of thinking; at least, my mamma says, he did not say any thing to the contrary. But your papa was immoveable, and was angry at your mamma and mine upon it: And hereupon your brother, your sister, and my uncle Antony, joined in, and changed the scene intirely. In short, she says, that Mr. Solmes had great matters ingaged to him. He owned, that you were the finest young Lady in England, and he would be content to be but little beloved, if he could *not*, after marriage, engage your heart, for the sake of having the honour to call you his but for one twelvemonth—I suppose he would break your heart in the next–For he is a cruel-hearted man, I am sure.

My friends may break my heart, cousin Dolly; but Mr. Solmes will never have it in his power.

I don't know That, Miss: You'll have good luck to avoid having him, by what I can find; for my mamma

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mamma says, they are all now of one mind, herself excepted; and she is forced to be silent, your papa and brother are both so outragious.

I am got above minding my brother, cousin Dolly: He is *but* my brother:— But to my papa I owe duty and obedience, if I could comply.

We are apt to be fond of any-body, who will side with us, when oppressed, or provoked: I always loved my cousin Dolly; but now she endeared herself to me ten times more, by her soothing concern for me. I asked what *she* would do, were she in my case?

Without hesitation she replied, Have Mr. Lovelace out-of-hand, and take up her own estate, if she were me; and there would be an end of it — And Mr. Lovelace, she said, was a fine gentleman; — Mr. Solmes was not worthy to *buckle his shoes*.

Miss Hervey told me further, that her mamma was desired to come to me, to fetch me in; but she excused herself. I should have all my friends, she said, she believed, sit in judgment upon me.

I wish it had been so. But, as I have been told since, neither my papa, nor my mamma, would trust themselves with me: The one for passion-sake, it seems; my mamma, for tenderer considerations.

By this time we entered the house. Miss accompanied me into the parlour, and left me, as a person devoted, I just then thought.

No-body was there. I sat down, and had leisure to weep; reflecting, with a sad heart, upon what my cousin Dolly had told me.

They were all in my sister's parlour adjoining: For I heard a confused mixture of voices, some louder than others, drowning, as it seemed, the more compassionating accents.

Female accents I could distinguish the drowned ones to be. O my dear! What a hard-hearted Sex is the other! Children of the same parents, how came they by their cruelty? — Do they get it by travel? Do they

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they get it by conversation with one another? — Or how do they get it?— Yet my sister too, is as hard-hearted as any of them. But this may be no exception neither: For she has been thought to be masculine in her air, and in her spirit. She has then, perhaps, a soul of the *other* Sex in a body of *ours*. — And so, for the honour of *our own*, will I judge of every woman for the future, who, imitating the rougher manners of men, acts unbeseeming the gentleness of her own sex.

Forgive me, my dear friend, breaking into my story by these reflections. Were I rapidly to pursue my narration, without thinking, without reflecting, I believe I should hardly be able to keep in my right mind: Since vehemence and passion would then be always uppermost; but while I *think* as I write, I cool, and my hurry of spirits is allayed.

I believe I was above a quarter of an hour enjoying my own comfortless contemplations, before anybody came in to me; for they seemed in full debate. My aunt looked in first; O my dear, said she, are you there? and withdrew hastily to apprise them of it.

And then (as agreed upon, I suppose) in came my uncle Antony, crediting Mr. Solmes with the words, *Let me lead you in, my dear friend*; having hold of his hand; while the new-made Beau awkwardly followed, but more edgingly, as I may say, setting his feet mincingly, to avoid treading upon his leader's heels. Excuse me, my dear, this seeming levity; but those we do not love, in every thing are ungraceful with us.

I stood up. My uncle looked very surly.— Sit down!—sit down, girl!—And drawing a chair near me, he placed his *dear* friend in it, whether he would or not, I having taken my seat. And my uncle sat on the other side of me.

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Well, niece, taking my hand, we ſhall have very little more to ſay to you than we have already ſaid, as to the ſubject that is ſo diſtaſteful to you— Unleſs, indeed, you have better conſidered of the matter— And firſt, let me know if you have?

The matter wants no conſideration, Sir.

Very well, very well, *Madam!* ſaid my uncle, withdrawing his hands from mine: Could I ever have thought of this from you?

For God's ſake, deareſt Madam, ſaid Mr. Solmes, folding his hands— And there he ſtopped.

For God's ſake, *what*, Sir? — How came God's ſake, and your ſake, I pray you, to be the ſame?

This ſilenc'd *him*. My uncle could *only* be angry; and that he was before.

Well, well, well, Mr. Solmes, ſaid my uncle, no more of ſupplication. You have not confidence enough to expect a woman's favour.

He then was pleaſed to hint what great things he had deſigned to do for me; and that it was more for *my* ſake, after he returned from the Indies, than for the ſake of any *other* of the family, that he had reſolved to live a ſingle life.— But now, concluded he, that the perverſe girl deſpiſes all the great things it was once as much in my will, as in my power, to do for her, I will change my meaſures.

I told him, that I moſt ſincerely thanked him for all his kind intentions to me: But that I was willing to reſign all claim to any *other* of his favours than kind looks, and kind words.

He looked about him this way and that.

Mr. Solmes looked pitifully down.

But both being ſilent, I was ſorry, I added, that I had too much reaſon to ſay a very harſh thing, as it might be thought; which was, That if he would but be pleaſed to convince my brother and ſiſter, that he was abſolutely determined to alter his generous purpoſes towards me, it might poſſibly procure me better

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better quarter from both, than I was otherwiſe likely to have.

My uncle was very much diſpleaſed. But he had not the opportunity to expreſs his diſpleaſure, as he ſeemed prepared to do; for in came my brother in exceeding great wrath; and called me ſeveral vile names. His ſucceſs hitherto, had ſet him above keeping even decent meaſures.

Was This my ſpiteful conſtruction, he aſked? — Was This the interpretation I put upon his brotherly care of me, and concern for me, in order to prevent my ruining myſelf?

It *is*, indeed it *is*, ſaid I: I know no other way to account for your late behaviour to me: And before your face, I repeat my requeſt to my uncle, and I will make it to my other uncle, whenever I am permitted to ſee him, that they will confer all their favours upon you, and my ſiſter; and only make me happy [It is all I wiſh for!] in their kind looks, and kind words —

How they all gazed upon one another! — But could I be leſs peremptory before the man?

And, as to *your* care and concern for me, Sir, turning to my brother; once more, I deſire it not. You are but my brother. My papa and mamma, I bleſs God, are both living; and, were they *not*, you have given me abundant reaſon to ſay, that you are the very laſt perſon I would wiſh to have any concern for me.

How, Niece? And is a Brother, an *only* Brother, of ſo little conſideration with you, as this comes to? And ought he to have no concern for his ſiſter's honour, and the family's honour?

My honour, Sir!—I deſire none of his concern for That! It never was endanger'd till it had his undeſired concern! — Forgive me, Sir—But when my brother knows how to act like a brother, or behave like a gentleman, he may deſerve more conſideration from me, than it is poſſible for me to think he now does.

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I thought my brother would have beat me upon this — But my uncle ſtood between us.

Violent girl, however, he called me!—Who, ſaid he, would have thought it of her?

Then was Mr. Solmes told, that I was unworthy of his purſuit.

But Mr. Solmes warmly took my part: He could not bear, he ſaid, that I ſhould be treated ſo roughly.

And ſo very much did he exert himſelf on this occaſion, and ſo patiently was his warmth received by my brother, that I began to ſuſpect, that it was a contrivance to make me think myſelf obliged to him; and that it might, perhaps, be one end of the preſſed-for interview.

The very ſuſpicion of this low artifice, violent as I was thought to be before, put me ſtill more out of patience; and my uncle and my brother again praiſing his wonderful generoſity, and his noble return of good for evil, You are a happy man, Mr. Solmes, ſaid I, that you can ſo *eaſily* confer obligations upon a whole family, except one ingrateful perſon of it, whom you ſeem to intend *moſt* to oblige; but who, being made unhappy by your favour, deſerves not to owe to *you* any protection from the violence of a brother.

Then was I a rude, an ingrateful, an unworthy creature.

I own it all!— All, all you can call me, or think me, brother, do I own. I own my own unworthineſs with regard to This gentleman: I take your word for his abundant merit, which I have neither leiſure nor inclination to examine into — It may, perhaps, be as great as your own—But yet I cannot thank him for his mediation: For who ſees not, looking at my uncle, that this is giving himſelf a merit with everybody at my expence?

Then turning to my brother, who ſeemed ſurpriſed into ſilence by my warmth, I muſt alſo acknowlege, Sir,

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Sir, the favour of *your* superabundant care for me. But I discharge you of it; at least, while I have the happiness of nearer and dearer relations. You have given me no reason to think better of *your* prudence, than of my *own*. I am independent of *You*, Sir; tho' I never desire to be so of my Father: And altho' I wish for the good opinion of my Uncles, it is *All* I wish for from Them: And This, Sir, I repeat, to make you and my sister easy.

Instantly almost came in Betty, in a great hurry, looking at me as spitefully as if she were my *sister*: Sir, said she to my brother, my master desires to speak to you this moment at the door.

He went to that which led into my sister's parlour; and this sentence I heard thundered from the mouth of one who had a right to all my reverence: Son James, let the rebel be this moment carried away to my brother's—This very moment—She shall not stay one hour more under my roof!

I trembled; I was ready to sink. Yet, not knowing what I did, or said, I flew to the door, and would have opened it — But my brother pulled it to, and held it close by the key—O my papa!—my dear papa, said I, falling upon my knees, at the door — admit your child to your presence! — Let me but plead my cause at your feet! — O reprobate not thus your distressed daughter!

My uncle put his handkerchief to his eyes: Mr. Solmes made a still more grievous face than he had before. But my brother's marble heart was untouched.

I will not stir from my knees, continued I, without admission. — At this door I beg it! — O let it be the door of mercy! And open it to me, honoured Sir, I beseech you!—But this once, this once! altho' you were afterwards to shut it against me for ever!

The door was endeavoured to be opened on the inside, which made my brother let go the key on a

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ſudden, and I preſſing againſt it (all the time remaining on my knees) fell flat on my face into the other parlour; however, without hurting myſelf. But everybody was gone, except Betty, who helped to raiſe me up; and I looked round that apartment, and ſeeing nobody there, re-entered the other, leaning upon Betty; and then threw myſelf into the chair which I had ſat in before; and my eyes overflowed, to my great relief: While my uncle Antony, my brother, and Mr. Solmes, left me, and went to my other relations.

What paſſed among them, I know not: But my brother came in by the time I had tolerably recovered myſelf, with a ſettled and haughty gloom upon his brow — Your father and mother command you inſtantly to prepare for your uncle Antony's. You need not be ſolicitous about what you ſhall take with you. You may give Betty your keys: Take them, Betty, if the perverſe-one has them about her, and carry them to her mother. She will take care to ſend every thing after you that you ſhall want. But another night you will not be permitted to ſtay in this houſe.

I don't chooſe to give my keys to any-body, except to my mamma, and into her own hands. You ſee how much I am diſordered. It may coſt me my life, to be hurried away ſo ſuddenly. I beg to be indulged, till next Monday at leaſt.

That will not be granted you. So prepare for this very night. And give up your keys. Give them to *me*, Miſs. I'll carry them to your mamma.

Excuſe me, brother. Indeed, I won't.

Indeed you muſt. In no one inſtance comply, Madam Clary?

Not in this, Sir.

Have you any thing you are afraid ſhould be ſeen by your mamma?

Not, if I be permitted to attend my mamma.

I'll make a report accordingly.

He went out.

In

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In came Miſs Dolly Hervey: I am ſorry, Madam, to be the meſſenger!— But your mamma inſiſts upon your ſending up all the keys of your cabinet, library, and drawers.

Tell my mamma, that I yield them up to her commands; Tell her, I make no conditions with my mamma: But if ſhe finds nothing ſhe diſapproves of, I beg that ſhe will permit me to tarry here a few days longer. — Try, my Dolly [the dear girl ſobbing with grief]; Try, if your gentleneſs cannot prevail for me.

She wept ſtill more, and ſaid, It is ſad, very ſad, to ſee matters thus carried!

She took the keys, and wrapped her arms about me; and begged me to excuſe her. — And would have ſaid more; but Betty's preſence awed her, as I ſaw.

Don't pity me, my dear, ſaid I. It will be imputed to you as a fault. You ſee who is by.

The inſolent wench ſcornfully ſmiled: One young Lady pitying another in things of this nature, looks promiſing in the youngeſt, I muſt needs ſay.

I bid her, for a ſaucy creature, begone from my preſence.

She would moſt gladly, ſhe ſaid, were ſhe not to ſtay about me by my mamma's order.

It ſoon appeared for what ſhe ſtaid; for I offering to go up-ſtairs to my apartment when my couſin went from me with the keys, ſhe told me ſhe was commanded, (to her very great regret, ſhe muſt own) to deſire me not to go up at preſent.

Such a bold-face, as ſhe, I told her, ſhould not hinder me.

She inſtantly rang the bell, and in came my brother, meeting me at the door.

Return, return, Miſs—No going up yet.

I went in again, and throwing myſelf upon the window-ſeat, wept bitterly.

Shall I give you the particulars of a ridiculouſly ſpiteful converſation that paſſed between my brother

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and me, while he, with Betty, was in office to keep me in play, and my closet was searching? — But I think I will not. It can answer no good end.

I desired several times, while he stay'd, to have leave to retire to my apartment; but it was not permitted me. The search, I suppose, was not over. Bella was one of those employ'd in it. They could not have a more diligent searcher. How happy it was they were disappointed!

But when my sister could not find the *cunning creature*'s papers; I was to stand another visit from Mr. Solmes— preceded now by my aunt Hervey, sorely against her will, I could see that; accompany'd by my uncle Antony, in order to keep her steady, I suppose.

But being a little heavy (for it is now past Two in the morning), I will lie down in my cloaths, to indulge the kind summons, if it will be indulged.

Three o'Clock, Wednesday Morning.

I COULD not sleep — Only dozed away one half-hour.

My aunt Hervey accosted me thus — O my dear child, what troubles do you give to your parents, and to every-body!—I wonder at you!

I am sorry for it, Madam.

Sorry for it, child!— *Why* then so very obstinate? —Come, sit down, my dear. I will sit next you, taking my hand.

My uncle placed Mr. Solmes on the other side of me: Himself over-against me, almost close to me. Finely beset now, my dear! Was I not?

Your brother, child, said my aunt, is too passionate — His zeal for *your* welfare pushes him on a little too vehemently.

Very true, said my uncle: But no more of This. We would now be glad to see if milder means will do with you—Tho', indeed, they were tried before.

I asked

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I aſked my aunt, If it were neceſſary, that That gentleman ſhould be preſent?

There is a reaſon, that he ſhould, ſaid my aunt, as you will hear by-and-by. But I muſt tell you, firſt, that, thinking you was a little too angrily treated by your brother, your mamma deſired me to try what gentler means would do upon a ſpirit ſo generous as we uſed to think yours.

Nothing can be done, Madam, I muſt preſume to ſay, if This gentleman's addreſs be the end.

She looked upon my uncle, who bit his lip, and looked upon Mr. Solmes, who rubbed his cheek; and ſhaking her head, Good, dear creature, ſaid ſhe, be calm:— Let me aſk you, If ſomething would have been done, had you been gentler uſed, than you ſeem to think you have been?

No, Madam, I cannot ſay it would, in this gentleman's favour. You know, Madam, you know, Sir, to my uncle, I ever valued myſelf upon my ſincerity: And once, indeed, had the happineſs to be valued for it.

My uncle took Mr. Solmes aſide. I heard him ſay, whiſperingly, She muſt, ſhe ſhall, be ſtill yours!— We'll ſee, who'll conquer, parents, or child, uncles, or niece! — I doubt not to be witneſs to all this being got over, and many a good-humour'd jeſt made of this high phrenſy!

I was heartily vexed.

Tho' we cannot find out, continued he, yet we *gueſs*, who puts her upon this obſtinate behaviour. It is not natural to her, man. Nor would I concern myſelf ſo much about her, but that I know what I ſay to be true, and intend to do great things for her.

I will hourly pray for that happy time, whiſper'd, as audibly, Mr. Solmes. I never will revive the remembrance of what is now ſo painful to me.

Well, but, niece, I am to tell you, ſaid my aunt, that the ſending up your keys, without making any conditions, has wrought for you what nothing elſe

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could have done.— That, and the not finding anything that could give them umbrage, together with Mr. Solmes's interposition—

O, Madam, let me not owe an obligation to Mr. Solmes.— I cannot repay it, except by my *thanks*; and *those* only on condition that he will decline his suit. To my thanks, Sir, (turning to him) if you have a heart capable of humanity, if you have any esteem for me, for my *own* sake, I beseech you to intitle yourself!— I beseech you, do!—

O Madam, cry'd he, believe, believe, believe me, it is impossible!— While you are single, I will hope. While that hope is encouraged by so many worthy friends, I must persevere!— I must not slight *them*, Madam, because you slight *me*.

I answered him with a look of high disdain; and, turning from him— But what favour, dear Madam, (to my aunt) has the instance of duty you mention procur'd me?

Your mamma and Mr. Solmes, replied my aunt, have prevailed, that your request, to stay here till Monday next, shall be granted, if you will promise to go chearfully then.

Let me but choose my own visitors, and I will go to my uncle's house with pleasure.

Well, niece, said my aunt, we must wave this subject, I find. We will now proceed to another, which will require your utmost attention. It will give you the reason why Mr. Solmes's presence is requisite.—

Ay, said my uncle, and shew you what sort of a man Somebody is. Mr. Solmes, pray favour us, in the first place, with the letter you received from your anonymous friend.

I will, Sir. And out he pulled a letter-case, and, taking out a letter, It is written in answer to one sent to the person. It is superscribed, *To Roger Solmes, Esq*; It begins thus: *Honoured Sir*—

I beg

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I beg your pardon, Sir, said I: But what, pray, is the intent of reading this letter to me?

To let you know, what a vile man you are thought to have set your heart upon, said my uncle, in an audible whisper.

If, Sir, it be suspected, that I have set my heart upon any other, why is Mr. Solmes to give himself any farther trouble about me?

Only hear, niece, said my aunt: Only hear what Mr. Solmes has to read, and to say to you, on this head.

If, Madam, Mr. Solmes will be pleased to declare, that he has no view to serve, no end to promote, for himself, I will hear any thing he shall read. But if the contrary, you must allow me to say, That it will abate with me a great deal of the weight of whatever he shall produce.

Hear it but read, niece, said my aunt.—

Hear it read, said my uncle.—You are so ready to take part with—

With any-body, Sir, that is accused anonymously; and from interested motives.

He began to read; and there seemed to be a heavy load of charges in this letter, against the poor criminal: But I stopped the reading of it, and said, It will not be *my* fault, if this vilified man be not as indifferent to me, as one whom I never saw. If he be otherwise at present, which I neither own, nor deny, it proceeds from the strange methods taken to prevent it. Do not let one cause unite him and me, and we shall not be united. If my offer to live single be accepted, he shall be no more to me than *this* gentleman.

Still—Proceed, Mr. Solmes—Hear it out, niece, was my uncle's cry.

But, to what purpose, Sir? said I—Has not Mr. Solmes a *view* in this? And, besides, can any-thing

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worſe be ſaid of Mr. Lovelace, than I have heard ſaid for ſeveral months paſt?

But this, ſaid my uncle, and what Mr. Solmes can tell you beſides, amounts to the *fulleſt proof*—

Was the unhappy man, then, ſo freely treated in his character before, *without* full proof? I beſeech you, Sir, give me not *too good* an opinion of Mr. Lovelace; as I may have, if ſuch pains be taken to make him guilty, by one who means not his reformation by it; nor to do good, if I may preſume to ſay ſo in this caſe, to any-body but himſelf.

I ſee very plainly, ſaid my uncle, your prepoſſeſſion, your fond prepoſſeſſion, for the perſon of a man without morals.

Indeed, my dear, ſaid my aunt, you too much juſtify all our apprehenſions. Surpriſing! that a young creature of virtue and honour ſhould thus eſteem a man of a quite oppoſite character!

Dear Madam, do not conclude againſt me too haſtily. I believe Mr. Lovelace is far from being ſo good as he ought to be: But if every man's private life were ſearched into by *prejudiced people*, ſet on for that purpoſe, I know not whoſe reputation would be ſafe. I love a virtuous character, as much in man, as in woman. I think it as requiſite, and as meritorious, in the one as in the other. And, if left to myſelf, I would prefer a perſon of ſuch a character to Royalty, without it.

Why then, ſaid my uncle—

Give me leave, Sir — But I may venture to ſay, that many of thoſe who have eſcaped cenſure, have not merited applauſe.

Permit me to obſerve further, That Mr. Solmes himſelf may not be abſolutely faultleſs. I never heard of his virtues. Some vices I have heard of— Excuſe me, Mr. Solmes, I ſpeak to your face—The text about *caſting the firſt ſtone* affords an excellent leſſon.

He

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He looked down; but was silent.

Mr. Lovelace may have vices *you* have not. You may have others, which *he* has not.—I speak not this to defend him, or to accuse you. No man is bad, no one is good, in *every-thing*. Mr. Lovelace, for example, is said to be implacable, and to hate my friends; that does not make me value him the more. But give me leave to say, That they hate *him* as bad. Mr. Solmes has his antipathies, likewise, very *strong* ones! and those to his *own relations!* which I don't find to be the other's fault; for he lives well with *his*. —Yet he may have as bad:—Worse, pardon me, he cannot have, in my poor opinion: For what must be the man, who *hates his own flesh?*

You know not, Madam;
You know not, Niece;
You know not, Clary;
} All in one breath.

I may not, nor do I desire to know his reasons: It concerns me not to know them: But the world, even the impartial part of it, accuses him. If the world is unjust, or rash, in *one* man's case, why may it not be so in *another*'s? That's all I mean by it. Nor can there be a greater sign of want of merit, than where a man seeks to pull down another's character, in order to build up his own.

The poor man's face was all this time overspread with confusion; it appearing as if he were ready to cry; twisted, as it were, and all awry, neither mouth nor nose standing in the middle of it. And had he been capable of pitying me, I had certainly tried to pity him.

They all three gazed upon one another in silence. My aunt, I saw (at least I thought so), looked as if she would have been glad she might have appeared to approve of what I said. She but feebly blamed me, when she spoke, for not hearing what Mr. Solmes had to say. He himself seemed not now very earnest to be heard. My uncle said, There was no talking to me. And I should have

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have abſolutely ſilenced both gentlemen, had not my brother come in again to their aſſiſtance.

This was the ſtrange ſpeech he made at his entrance, his eyes flaming with anger; This prating girl has ſtruck you all dumb, I perceive. Perſevere however, Mr. Solmes. I have heard every word ſhe has ſaid: And I know no other method of being even with her, than, after ſhe is yours, to make her as ſenſible of your power, as ſhe now makes you of her inſolence.

Fie, couſin Harlowe! ſaid my aunt—Could I have thought a *brother* would have ſaid this to a gentleman, of a *ſiſter?*

I muſt tell you, Madam, ſaid he, that *you* give the rebel courage. You yourſelf ſeem to favour too much the arrogance of her ſex in her; otherwiſe ſhe durſt not have thus ſtopp'd her uncle's mouth by reflections upon him; as well as denied to hear a gentleman tell her the danger ſhe is in from a libertine, whoſe protection, as ſhe has plainly hinted, ſhe intends to claim againſt her family.

Stopp'd my uncle's mouth, by reflections upon him, Sir! ſaid I, How can that be! How *dare* you to make ſuch an application as This!

My aunt wept at his reflection upon her.—Couſin, ſaid ſhe to him, If *This* be the thanks I have for my trouble, I have done: Your father would not treat me thus:— And I *will* ſay, that the hint you gave was an unbrotherly one.

Not more unbrotherly than all the reſt of his conduct to me, of late, Madam, ſaid I. I ſee, by this ſpecimen of his violence, how every-body has been brought into his meaſures. Had I any the leaſt apprehenſion of ever being in Mr. Solmes's power, this *might* have affected me. But you ſee, Sir, to Mr. Solmes, what a conduct is thought neceſſary to enable you to arrive at your ungenerous end. You ſee how my brother *courts* for you!

I diſ-

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I diſclaim Mr. Harlowe's violence, Madam, with all my ſoul. I will never remind you—

Silence, worthy Sir! ſaid I; I will take care you never ſhall have the opportunity.

Leſs violence, Clary, ſaid my uncle. Couſin James, you are as much to blame as your ſiſter.

In then came my ſiſter. Brother, ſaid ſhe, you kept not your promiſe. You are thought to be to blame within, as well as here. Were not Mr. Solmes's generoſity and affection to the girl *well* known, what you have ſaid would be inexcuſable. My papa deſires to ſpeak with you; and with you, aunt; and with you, uncle; and with you, Mr. Solmes, if you pleaſe.

They all four withdrew into the next apartment.

I ſtood ſilent, as not knowing, till ſhe ſpoke, how to take this intervention of my ſiſter's.—O thou perverſe thing, ſaid ſhe, (poking out her angry face at me, when they were all gone, but ſpeaking ſpitefully low)—What troubles do you give to us all!

You and my brother, Bella, ſaid I, give trouble to yourſelves; for neither you nor he have any buſineſs to concern yourſelves about me.

She threw out ſome ſpiteful expreſſions, ſtill in a low voice, as if ſhe choſe not to be heard without; and I thought it beſt to oblige her to raiſe her tone a little, if I could. If I *could*, did I ſay? It is eaſy to make a paſſionate ſpirit anſwer all our views upon it.

She accordingly flamed out in a raiſed tone: And this brought my couſin Dolly in to us. Miſs Harlowe, your company is deſired.

I will come preſently, couſin Dolly.

But again provoking a ſeverity from me which ſhe could not bear, and calling me names; in once more came Dolly, with another meſſage, that her company was deſired.

Not mine, I doubt, Miſs Dolly, ſaid I.

The ſweet-temper'd girl burſt out into tears, and ſhook her head.

Go

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Go in before me, child, ſaid Bella (vexed to ſee her concern for me), with thy ſharp face like a new moon: What doſt thou cry for? Is it to make thy keen face look ſtill keener?

I believe Bella was blamed, too, when ſhe went in; for I heard her ſay, The *creature* was ſo provoking, there was no keeping a reſolution.

Mr. Solmes, after a little while, came in again by himſelf, to take leave of me: Full of ſcrapes and compliments; but too well tutored and encouraged, to give me hope of his declining. He begged me not to impute to him any of the ſevere things to which he had been a ſorrowful witneſs. He beſought my compaſſion, as he called it.

He ſaid, the reſult was, That he had ſtill hopes given him; and, altho' diſcouraged by me, he was reſolved to perſevere, while I remained ſingle:— And ſuch long and ſuch painful ſervices he talk'd of, as never were heard of.

I told him, in the ſtrongeſt manner, what he had to truſt to.

Yet ſtill he determined to perſiſt.— While I was no man's elſe, he muſt hope.

What! ſaid I, will you ſtill perſiſt, when I declare, as I now do, that my affections are engaged?— And let my brother make the moſt of it.—

He knew my principles, and adored me for them.

He doubted not, that it was in his power to make me happy: And he was ſure I would not want the will to be ſo.

I aſſured him, that, were I to be carried to my uncle's, it ſhould anſwer no end; for I would never ſee him; nor receive a line from him; nor hear a word in his favour, whoever were the perſon who ſhould mention him to me.

He was ſorry for it. He muſt be miſerable, were I to hold in that mind. But he doubted not, that I might be induced by my father and uncles to change it.—

Never,

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Never, never, he might depend upon it.

It was richly worth his patience, and the trial.

At my *expence?*—At the price of all my *happineſs*, Sir?

He hoped I ſhould be induced to think otherwiſe.

And then would he have run into his fortune, his ſettlements, his affection— Vowing, that never man loved a woman with ſo ſincere a paſſion, as he loved me.

I ſtopp'd him, as to the firſt part of his ſpeech: And to the ſecond, of the ſincerity of his paſſion;— What then, Sir, ſaid I, is your love to one, who muſt aſſure you, that never young creature looked upon man with a ſincerer diſapprobation, than I look upon you: And tell me, What argument can you urge, that this *true* declaration anſwers not beforehand?

Deareſt Madam, what can I ſay?— On my knees I beg—

And down the ungraceful wretch dropp'd on his knees.

Let me not kneel in vain, Madam: Let me not be thus deſpiſed.— And he looked moſt odiouſly ſorrowful.

I have kneeled too, Mr. Solmes: Often have I kneeled: And I will kneel again—Even to *you*, Sir, will I kneel, if there be ſo much merit in kneeling; provided you will not be the implement of my cruel brother's undeſerved perſecution.—

If all the ſervices, even to worſhip you during my whole life—You, Madam, invoke and expect mercy, yet ſhew none—

Am I to be cruel to myſelf, to ſhew mercy to you? —Take my eſtate, Sir, with all my heart, ſince you are ſuch a favourite in This houſe!— Only leave me *myſelf*—The mercy you aſk for, do *you* ſhew to others.

If you mean to my relations, Madam— unworthy as they are, all ſhall be done that you ſhall preſcribe.

Who, I, Sir, to find you bowels you naturally have not? I to purchaſe *their* happineſs, by the forfeiture of

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of *my own?* What I ask you for, is mercy to myself: That, since you seem to have some power over my relations, you will use it in my behalf. Tell them, that you see I cannot conquer my aversion to you: Tell them, if you are a wise man, that you value too much your own happiness, to risque it against such a determin'd antipathy: Tell them, that I am unworthy of your offers: And that, in mercy to yourself, as well as to me, you will not prosecute a suit so impossible to be granted.

I will risque all consequences, said the fell wretch, rising, with a countenance whiten'd over, as if with malice, his hollow eyes flashing fire, and biting his under-lip, to shew he could be *manly*. Your hatred, Madam, shall be no objection with me: And I doubt not in a few days to have it in my power to shew you—

You have it in your power, Sir—

He came well off— *To shew you* more generosity, than, noble as you are said to be to others, you shew to me.

The man's face became his anger: It seems form'd to express the passion.

At that instant, again came in my brother—Sister, sister, sister, said he, with his teeth set, act on the termagant part you have so newly assumed— Most wonderfully well does it become you. It is but a short one, however. Tyrannes in your turn! accuse others of your own guilt!—But leave her, leave her, Mr. Solmes; her time is short. You'll find her humble and mortify'd enough very quickly!—Then, how like a little tame fool will she look, with her conscience upbraiding her, and begging of you [with a whining voice, the barbarous brother spoke] to forgive and forget!—

More he said, as he flew out, with a face as red as scarlet, upon Shorey's coming in to recal him, on his violence.

I re-

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I removed from chair to chair, exceſſively frighted and diſturbed, at this brutal treatment.

The man attempted to excuſe himſelf, as being ſorry for my brother's paſſion.

Leave me, leave me, Sir, fanning — or I ſhall faint. And indeed I thought I ſhould.

He recommended himſelf to my favour with an air of aſſurance; augmented, as I thought, by a diſtreſs ſo viſible in me; for he even ſnatched my trembling, my ſtruggling hand; and raviſh'd it to his odious mouth.

I flung from him with high diſdain: And he withdrew, bowing and cringing; ſelf-gratify'd, and enjoying, as I thought, the confuſion he ſaw me in.

The creature is now, methinks, before me; and now I ſee him aukwardly ſtriding backward, as he retired, till the edge of the open'd door, which he run againſt, remember'd him to turn his welcome back upon me.

Upon his withdrawing, Betty brought me word, that I was permitted to go up to my own chamber: And was bid to conſider of every-thing: For my time was ſhort. Nevertheleſs, ſhe believed I might be permitted to ſtay till Saturday.

She tells me, That altho' my brother and ſiſter were blam'd for being ſo *haſty* with me, yet when they made *their* report, and my uncle Antony *his*, of my provocations, they were all more determin'd than ever in Mr. Solmes's favour.

The wretch himſelf, ſhe tells me, pretends to be more in love with me than before; and to be rather delighted, than diſcouraged, with the converſation that paſſed between us. He run on, ſhe ſays, in raptures, about the grace wherewith I ſhould dignify his board; and the like ſort of ſtuff, either of *his* ſaying, or *her* making.

She cloſed all with a Now is my time to ſubmit with a grace, and to make my own terms with him:—

Elſe,

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Elſe, *ſhe* can tell me, were *ſhe* Mr. Solmes, it ſhould be worſe for me: And who, Miſs, of *our* ſex, proceeded the ſaucy creature, would admire a rakiſh gentleman, when ſhe might be admired by a ſober one to the end of the chapter?

The creature tells me, I have had *amazing* good luck, to keep my writings concealed ſo cunningly: I muſt needs think, that ſhe knows I am always at my pen: And as I endeavour to hide that knowlege from her, ſhe is not obliged to keep my ſecret. But that ſhe loves not to aggravate. She had rather reconcile by much. Peace-making is her talent, and ever was. And had ſhe been as much my foe, as I imagined, I had not perhaps been here now.— But this, however, ſhe ſaid not to make a merit with me: For, truly, it would be better for me the ſooner everything was over with me. And better for her, and every-one elſe; that was certain.— Yet one hint ſhe muſt conclude with; that my pen and ink, ſhe would aſſure me (ſoon as I was to go away), would not be long in my power. And then, having loſt *that* amuſement, it would be ſeen, how a mind ſo active as mine, would be able to employ itſelf.

This hint has ſuch an effect upon me, that I ſhall inſtantly begin to conceal, in different places, pens, ink, and paper; and to depoſite ſome in the ivy-ſummer-houſe, if I can find a ſafe place; and, at the worſt, I have got a pencil of black, and another of red, lead, which I uſe in my drawings; and my patterns ſhall ſerve for paper, if I have no other.

How lucky it was, that I had got away my papers! They made a ſtrict ſearch for them; That I can ſee, by the diſorderly manner they have left all things in: For you know that I am ſuch an obſerver of method, that I can go to a bit of ribband, or lace, or edging, blindfold: The ſame in my books; which they have ſtrangely diſordered and miſmatched, to look *behind* them, and *in* ſome of them, I ſuppoſe. My cloaths, too,

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too, are rumpled not a little. No place has eſcaped them. To your hint, I thank you, are they indebted for their diſappointment.

The pen, thro' heavineſs and fatigue, dropp'd out of my fingers, at the word *indebted*. I reſume it, to finiſh the ſentence; and to tell you, that I am,

Your for-ever obliged and affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedneſday, Eleven o' Clock, April 5.

I Muſt write as I have opportunity; making uſe of my concealed ſtores: For my pens and ink (all of each, that they could find) are taken from me; as I ſhall tell you more particularly by-and-by.

About an hour ago, I depoſited my long letter to you; as alſo, in the uſual place, a billet to Mr. Lovelace, leſt his impatience ſhould put him upon ſome raſhneſs; ſignifying, in four lines, 'That the 'interview was over; and that I hoped my ſteady re-'fuſal of Mr. Solmes would diſcourage any further 'applications to me in his favour.'

Altho' I was unable, through the fatigue I had undegone, and by reaſon of ſitting up all night to write to you, (which made me lie longer than ordinary this morning) to depoſit my letter to you ſooner; yet I hope you will have it in ſuch good time, as that you will be able to ſend me an anſwer to it this night, or in the morning early; which, if ever ſo ſhort, will inform me, whether I may depend upon your mamma's indulgence, or not. This it behoves me to know as ſoon as poſſible; for they are reſolved to hurry me away on Saturday next, at fartheſt; perhaps to-morrow.

I will now inform you of all that happen'd previous to

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to their taking away my pen and ink, as well as of the manner in which that act of violence, as I may call it, was committed; and this as briefly as I can.

My aunt, (who with Mr. Solmes, and my two uncles) lives here, I think, came up to me, and said, she would fain have me hear what Mr. Solmes had to say of Mr. Lovelace— Only that I might be apprised of some things, that would convince me what a vile man he is, and what a wretched husband he must make.— I might give them what degree of credit I pleased; and take them with abatement for Mr. Solmes's interestedness, if I thought fit.—But it might be of use to me, were it but to question Mr. Lovelace indirectly upon some of them, that related to *myself*.

I was indifferent, I said, about what he could say of me, as I was sure it could not be to my disadvantage; and as *he* had no reason to impute to me the forwardness which my unkind friends had so causelessly taxed me with.

She said, That he gave himself high airs on account of his family; and spoke as despicably of ours, as if an alliance with *us* were beneath him.

I reply'd, That he was a very unworthy man, if it were true, to speak slightingly of a family, which was as good as his own, 'bating that it was not allied to the peerage: That the dignity itself, I thought, convey'd more shame than honour to descendents, who had not merit to adorn, as well as to be adorned by it: That my brother's absurd pride, indeed, which made him every-where declare, he would never marry but to *quality*, gave a disgraceful preference against ours: But that were I to be assured, that Mr. Lovelace were capable of so mean a pride, as to insult us, or value himself, on such an accidental advantage, I should think as despicably of his sense, as every-body else did of his morals.

She insisted upon it, that he *had* taken such liberties;

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ties; and offer'd to give some instances, which, she said, would surprise me.

I answer'd, That were it ever so certain, that Mr. Lovelace had taken such liberties, it would be but common justice, (so much hated as he was by all our family, and so much inveighed against in all companies by them) to inquire into the provocation he had to say what was imputed to him; and whether the value some of my friends put upon the riches they possess, (throwing perhaps contempt upon every other advantage, and even discrediting *their own* pretensions to family, in order to depreciate *his*) might not provoke him to like contempts. Upon the whole, Madam, said I, can you say, that the inveteracy lies not as much on *our* side, as on *his?* Can *he* say any-thing of *us* more disrespectful, than *we* say of him?— And as to the suggestion, so often repeated, that he would make a bad husband, is it possible for him to use a wife worse than I am used; particularly by my brother and sister?

Ah, niece! ah, my dear! how firmly has this wicked man attached you!

Perhaps not, Madam. But really great care should be taken by fathers and mothers, when they would have their daughters of *their* minds in these particulars, not to say things that shall necessitate the child, in honour and generosity, to take part with the man her friends are averse to. But, waving all this, as I have offered to renounce him for ever, I see not why he should be mentioned to me, nor why I should be wished to hear any-thing about him.

Well, but still, my dear, there can be no harm to let Mr. Solmes tell you what Mr. Lovelace has said of *you*. Severely as you have treated Mr. Solmes, he is fond of attending you once more: He begs to be heard on this head.

If it be proper for me to hear it, Madam—

It *is*, eagerly interrupted she, very proper.

Has

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Has what he has ſaid of *me*, Madam, convinced *you* of Mr. Lovelace's baſeneſs?

It has, my dear: And that you ought to abhor him for it.

Then, dear Madam, be pleaſed to let me hear it from *your* mouth: There is no need that I ſhould ſee Mr. *Solmes*, when it will have double the weight from *you*. What, Madam, has the man dared to ſay of *me?*

My aunt was quite at a loſs.

At laſt, Well, ſaid ſhe, I ſee how you are attached. I am ſorry for it, Miſs. For I do aſſure you, it will ſignify nothing. You muſt be Mrs. Solmes; and that in a very few days.

If conſent of heart, and aſſent of voice, be neceſſary to a marriage, I am ſure I never can, nor ever will be married to Mr. Solmes. And what will any of my relations be anſwerable for, if they force my hand into his, and hold it there till the Service be read; I perhaps inſenſible, and in fits, all the time?

What a romantic picture of a forced marriage have you drawn, niece! Some people would ſay, you have given a fine deſcription of your own obſtinacy, child.

My brother and ſiſter would: But you, Madam, diſtinguiſh, I am ſure, between obſtinacy and averſion.

Suppoſed averſion may owe its riſe to *real* obſtinacy, my dear.

I know my own heart, Madam. I wiſh *you* did.

Well, but ſee Mr. Solmes, once more, niece. It will oblige, and make for you, more than you imagine.

What ſhould I ſee him for, Madam?—Is the man fond of hearing me declare my averſion to him?—Is he deſirous of having me more and more incenſe my friends againſt myſelf?—O my cunning, my ambitious brother!

Ah, my dear!—with a look of pity, as if ſhe underſtood the meaning of my exclamation:—But muſt That neceſſarily be the caſe?

It

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It muſt, Madam, if they will take offence at me for declaring my ſtedfaſt deteſtation of Mr. Solmes, as a huſband.

Mr. Solmes is to be pitied, ſaid ſhe. He adores you. He longs to ſee you once more. He loves you the better for your cruel uſage of him yeſterday. He is in raptures about you.

Ugly creature, thought I! He in raptures!—

What a cruel wretch muſt He be, ſaid I, who can enjoy the diſtreſs he ſo largely contributes to!—But I ſee, I ſee, Madam, that I am conſider'd as an animal to be baited, to make ſport for my brother, and ſiſter, and Mr. Solmes. They are all, all of them, wanton in their cruelty.— *I*, Madam, ſee the man!—the man ſo incapable of pity!—Indeed I won't ſee him, if I can help it.—Indeed I won't.

What a conſtruction does your lively wit put upon the admiration Mr. Solmes expreſſes of you!— Paſſionate as you were yeſterday, and contemptuouſly as you treated him, he dotes upon you for the very ſeverity he ſuffers by. He is not ſo ungenerous a man as you think him: Nor has he an unfeeling heart.— Let me prevail upon you, my dear (as your *father* and *mother* expect it of you), to ſee him once more, and hear what he has to ſay to you.—

How can I conſent to ſee him again, when yeſterday's interview was interpreted by you, Madam, as well as by every other, as an encouragement to him? When I myſelf declared, that if I ſaw him a *ſecond* time by my own conſent, it might be ſo taken? And when I am determined never to encourage him?

You might ſpare your reflections upon *me*, Miſs. I have no thanks either from one ſide, or the other.

And away ſhe flung.

Deareſt Madam! ſaid I, following her to the door—

But ſhe would not hear me further; and her ſudden breaking from me occaſioned a hurry to ſome

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mean liſtener; as the ſlipping of a foot from the landing-place on the ſtairs diſcovered to me.

I had ſcarcely recovered myſelf from this attack, when up came Betty, with a, Miſs, your company is deſired below-ſtairs in your own parlour.

By whom, Betty?

How can I tell, Miſs? — Perhaps by your ſiſter; perhaps by your brother—I know they won't come up-ſtairs to your apartment again.

Is Mr. Solmes gone, Betty?

I believe he is, Miſs:—Would you have him ſent for back, ſaid the bold creature?

Down I went: And who ſhould I be ſent for down to, but my brother and Mr. Solmes? The latter ſtanding ſneaking behind the door, that I ſaw him not, till I was mockingly led by the hand into the room by my brother. And then I ſtarted as if I had beheld a ghoſt.

You are to ſit down, Clary.

And what then, brother?

Why, then, you are to put off that ſcornful look, and hear what Mr. Solmes has to ſay to you.

Sent for down to be baited again, thought I!

Madam, ſaid Mr. Solmes, as if in haſte to ſpeak, leſt he ſhould not have opportunity given him; and he judged right; Mr. Lovelace is a declared *marriage-hater*, and has a deſign upon your honour, if ever—

Baſe accuſer! ſaid I, in a paſſion, ſnatching my hand from my brother, who was inſolently motioning to give it to Mr. Solmes; he has not!—he dares not! But *you* have! if endeavouring to force a free mind, is to diſhonour it!

O thou violent creature! ſaid my brother—But not gone yet—for I was ruſhing away.

What mean you, Sir (ſtruggling vehemently to get away), to detain me thus againſt my will?

You ſhall not go, violence, claſping his unbrotherly arms about me.

Then

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Then let not Mr. Solmes ſtay. — Why hold you me thus? He ſhall not, for *your own* ſake, if I can help it, ſee how barbarouſly a brother can treat a ſiſter, who deſerves not evil treatment.

And I ſtruggled ſo vehemently to get from him, that he was forced to quit my hand; which he did with theſe words—Begone, then, Fury!—How ſtrong is will!—There is no holding her.

And up I flew to my chamber again, and locked myſelf in, trembling, and out of breath.

In leſs than a quarter of an hour, up came Betty. I let her in, upon her tapping, and aſking (half out of breath too) for admittance.

The Lord have mercy upon us! ſaid ſhe.—What a *confuſion of a houſe* is This! — Hurrying up and down, fanning herſelf with her handkerchief— Such angry maſters and miſtreſſes! Such an obſtinate young lady!— Such an humble lover!— Such enraged uncles! — Such — O dear! dear! What a topſy-turvy houſe is This?—And all for what, trow?—Only becauſe a young Lady *may* be happy, and will *not*?— Only becauſe a young Lady *will* have a huſband, and will *not* have a huſband? — What hurly-burlies are here, where all uſed to be peace and quietneſs?

Thus ſhe ran on, talking to herſelf; while I ſat as patiently as I could (being aſſured that her errand was not deſigned to be a welcome one to me), to obſerve when her ſoliloquy would end.

At laſt, turning to me—I muſt do as I am bid: I can't help it—Don't be angry with me, Miſs. But I muſt carry down your pen and ink: And that, this moment.

By whoſe order?

By your papa's and mamma's.

How ſhall I know that?

She offered to go to my cloſet: I ſtept in before her: Touch it, if you dare.

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Up came my couſin Dolly—Madam!—Madam! ſaid the poor weeping good-natured creature, in broken ſentences— You muſt—indeed you muſt— deliver to Betty—or to me—your pen and ink.

Muſt I, my ſweet couſin? Then I will to you; but not to this bold body. And ſo I gave my ſtandiſh to her.

I am ſorry, very ſorry, ſaid Miſs, to be the meſſenger: But your papa will not have you in the ſame houſe with him: He is reſolved you ſhall be carried away to-morrow, or Saturday at fartheſt. And therefore your pen and ink is taken away, that you may give no body notice of it.

And away went the dear girl very ſorrowfully, carrying down with her my ſtandiſh, and all its furniture, and a little parcel of pens beſide, which having been ſeen when the great ſearch was made, ſhe was bid to aſk for: As it happened, I had not diminiſhed it, having half a dozen Crow-quills, which I had hid in as many different places. It was lucky; for I doubt not they had told how many were in the parcel.

Betty run on, telling me, that my mamma was now as much incenſed againſt me, as any-body—That my doom was fixed!—That my violent behaviour had not left one to plead for me. That Mr. Solmes bit his lip, and mumbled, and ſeemed to have more in his head, than could come out at his mouth; that was her phraſe.

And yet ſhe alſo hinted to me, that the cruel creature took pleaſure in ſeeing me; altho' ſo much to my diſguſt.—And ſo wanted to ſee me again. Muſt he not be a ſavage, my dear?

The wench went on—That my uncle Harlowe ſaid, That now *he* gave me up.—That he pitied Mr. Solmes—Yet hoped he would not think of This to my detriment hereafter: That my uncle Antony was of opinion, That I ought to ſmart for it: *And*, for

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her part—And then, as one of the family, ſhe gave her opinion of the ſame ſide.

As I have no other way of hearing any thing that is ſaid, or intended, below, I bear ſometimes more patiently, than I otherwiſe ſhould do, with her impertinence. And, indeed, ſhe ſeems to be in all my brother's and ſiſter's counſels.

Miſs Hervey came up again, and demanded an half-pint ink-bottle, which they had ſeen in my cloſet.

I gave it her without heſitation.

If they have no ſuſpicion of my being able to write, they will, perhaps, let me ſtay longer than otherwiſe they would.

This, my dear, is now my ſituation.

All my dependence, all my hopes, is in your mamma's favour. But for That, I know not what I might do: For who can tell what will come next?

LETTER XXXIII.

Miſs Clarissa Harlowe, *To Miſs* Howe.

Wednesday, Four o'Clock in the Afternoon.

I Am juſt returned from depoſiting the letter I ſo lately finiſhed, and ſuch of Mr. Lovelace's letters as I had not ſent you. My long letter, I found remaining there. — So you'll have both together.

I am concerned, methinks, it is not with you.—But your ſervant cannot always be at leiſure. However, I'll depoſite as faſt as I write: I muſt keep nothing by me now; and when I write, lock myſelf in, that I may not be ſurpriſed, now they think I have no pen and ink.

I found, in the uſual place, another letter from this diligent man: And by its contents, a confirmation, that nothing paſſes in this houſe, but he knows it; and that, as ſoon as it paſſes. For this letter muſt have been written before he could have received my

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billet; and depoſited, I ſuppoſe, when that was taken away; yet, he compliments me in it, upon aſſerting myſelf, as he calls it, on that occaſion, to my uncle and to Mr. Solmes.

'He aſſures me, however, that they are more and 'more determin'd to ſubdue me.

'He ſends me the compliments of his family; and 'acquaints me with their earneſt deſire to ſee me 'amongſt them. Moſt vehemently does he preſs for 'my quitting This houſe, while it is in my power 'to get away: And again craves leave to order his 'uncle's chariot-and-ſix to attend my orders at the 'ſtyle leading to the coppice, adjoining to the pad-'dock.

'Settlements to my own will, he again offers. Lord 'M. and both his aunts to be guaranties of his ho-'nour and juſtice. But, if I chooſe not to go to ei-'ther of his aunts, nor yet to make him the happieſt 'of men ſo ſoon, as it is nevertheleſs his hope that I 'will, he urges me to withdraw to my own houſe; 'and to accept of my Lord M. for my guardian and 'protector, till my couſin Morden arrives. He can 'contrive, he ſays, to give me eaſy poſſeſſion of it, 'and will fill it with his female relations, on the firſt 'invitation from me; and Mrs. Norton, or Miſs Howe, 'may be undoubtedly prevailed upon to be with me 'for a time. There can be no pretence for litigation, 'he ſays, when I am once in it. Nor, if I chooſe to 'have it ſo, will he appear to viſit me; nor preſume to 'mention marriage to me till all is quiet and eaſy; 'till every method I ſhall preſcribe for a reconciliation 'with my friends, is try'd; till my couſin comes; 'till ſuch ſettlements are drawn, as he ſhall approve 'of for me; and that I have unexceptionable proofs 'of his own good behaviour.'

As to the diſgrace a perſon of my character may be apprehenſive of, upon quitting my father's houſe, he obſerves, too truly, I doubt, 'That the treatment 'I meet

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'I meet with, is in every one's mouth: Yet, he says, 'that the public voice is in my favour: My friends 'themselves, he says, *expect* that I will do myself, 'what he calls, this justice; why else do they confine 'me? He urges, that, thus treated, the independence 'I have a right to, will be my sufficient excuse, go-'ing but from their house to my own, if I choose that 'measure; or, in order to take possession of my own, 'if I do not: That all the disgrace I *can* receive, 'they have already given me: That his concern, and 'his family's concern, *in* my honour, will be equal to 'my own, if he may be so happy ever to call me his: 'And he presumes to aver, that no family can better 'supply the loss of my own friends to me, than his, 'in whatever way I do them the honour to accept of 'his and their protection.

'But he repeats, that, in all events, he will oppose 'my being carried to my uncle's; being well assured, 'that I shall be lost to him for ever, if once I enter 'into that house.' He tells me, 'That my brother 'and sister, and Mr. Solmes, design to be there to re-'ceive me: That my father and mother will not 'come near me, till the ceremony is actually over: 'And that then they will appear, in order to try to re-'concile me to my odious husband, by urging upon 'me the obligations I shall be supposed to be under, 'from a double duty.'

How, my dear, am I driven between both!—This last intimation is but a too probable one. All the steps they take, seem to tend to this! And, indeed, they have declared almost as much.

He owns, 'That he has already taken his measures 'upon this intelligence:— But that he is so desirous, 'for *my sake* [I must *suppose*, he says, that he owes '*them* no forbearance *for their own*], to avoid coming 'to extremities, that he has suffer'd a person, whom 'they do not suspect, to acquaint them, as if un-'known to himself, with his resolutions, if they per-

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'ſiſt in their deſign to carry me by violence to my 'uncle's; in hopes, that they may be induced, from 'fear of miſchief, to *change* their meaſures: Altho' 'he runs a riſque, if he cannot be benefited by their 'fears, from their doubly guarding themſelves againſt 'him on this intimation!'

What a dangerous enterprizer, however, is this man!

'He begs a few lines from me, by way of anſwer 'to this letter, either This evening, or to-morrow 'morning.— If he be not ſo favour'd, he ſhall con-'clude, from what he knows of their fixed determi-'nation, that I ſhall be under a cloſer reſtraint than 'before: And he ſhall be obliged to take his meaſures 'according to that preſumption.'

You will ſee by this abſtract, as well as by his letter preceding This (for both run in the ſame ſtrain), how ſtrangely forward the difficulty of my ſituation has brought him in his declarations and propoſals; and in his threatenings too: Which, but for That, I would not take from him.

Something, however, I muſt ſpeedily reſolve upon, or it will be out of my power to help myſelf.

Now I think of it, I will incloſe his letter (ſo might have ſpared the abſtract of it), that you may the better judge of all his propoſals, and intelligence; and leſt it ſhould fall into other hands. I cannot forget the contents, altho' I am at a loſs what anſwer to return.

I cannot bear the thoughts of throwing myſelf upon the protection of his friends:—But I will not examine his propoſals cloſely, till I hear from you. Indeed, I have no *eligible* hope, but in your mamma's goodneſs. *Hers* is a protection I could more *reputably* fly to, than to That of any other perſon: And from hers ſhould be ready to return to my father's (for the breach then would not be irreparable, as it would be, if I fled to his family): *To return*, I repeat,

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peat, on ſuch terms as ſhall ſecure but my *negative*; not my *independence:* I do not aim at That (ſo ſhall lay your mamma under the leſs difficulty); altho' I have a right to it, if I were to inſiſt upon it:—Such a right, I mean, as my brother exerts in the eſtate, left *him*; and which no-body diſputes.—God forbid, that I ſhould ever think myſelf freed from my father's *reaſonable* controul, whatever right my grandfather's will has given me! He, good gentleman, left me that eſtate, as a reward of my duty, and not to ſet me above it, as has been juſtly hinted to me: And this reflection makes me more fearful of not anſwering the intention of ſo valuable a bequeſt.—O that my friends knew but my heart! — Would but think of it, as they uſed to do—For once more, I ſay, If it deceive me not, it is not altered, altho' theirs are!

Would but your mamma permit you to ſend her chariot, or chaiſe, to the bye-place where Mr. Lovelace propoſes his uncle's ſhall come (provoked, intimidated, and apprehenſive, as I am), I would not heſitate a moment what to do!—Place me any-where, as I have ſaid before!—In a cott, in a garret; any-where— Diſguiſed as a ſervant — or let me paſs as a ſervant's ſiſter—So that I may but eſcape Mr. Solmes on one hand, and the diſgrace of refuging with the family of a man at enmity with my own, on the other; and I ſhall be in ſome meaſure happy!—Should your good mamma refuſe me, what refuge, or whoſe, can I fly to?— Deareſt creature, adviſe your diſtreſſed friend.

I BROKE off here — I was ſo exceſſively uneaſy, that I durſt not truſt myſelf with my own reflections: So went down to the garden, to try to calm my mind, by ſhifting the ſcene. I took but one turn upon the filbeard walk, when Betty came to me. Here Miſs, is your Papa!—Here is your uncle Antony!—

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Here is my young maſter—and my young miſtreſs, coming, to take a walk in the garden; and your papa ſends me to ſee where you are, for fear he ſhould meet you.

I ſtruck into an oblique path, and got behind the yew-hedge, ſeeing my ſiſter appear; and there concealed myſelf till they were gone paſt me.

My mamma, it ſeems, is not well. My poor mamma keeps her chamber!—Should ſhe be worſe, I ſhould have an additional unhappineſs, in apprehenſion, that my reputed undutifulneſs has touched her heart!

You cannot imagine what my emotions were behind the yew-hedge, on ſeeing my papa ſo near me.—I was glad to look at him thro' the hedge, as he paſſed by: But I trembled in every joint, when I heard him utter *theſe* words: Son James, To you, and to Bella, and to You, brother, do I wholly commit this matter.—For that I was meant, I cannot doubt. And yet, why was I ſo affected; ſince I may be ſaid to have been given up to their cruelty, for many days paſt?

WHILE my papa remained in the garden, I ſent my dutiful compliments to my mamma, with inquiry after her health, by Shorey, whom I met accidentally upon the ſtairs; for none of the ſervants, except my gaolereſs, dare to throw themſelves in my way. I had the mortification of ſuch a return, as made me repent my meſſage, tho' not my concern for her health. Let her not inquire after the diſorders ſhe occaſions, was the harſh anſwer. I will not receive any compliments from her!

Very, very, hard, my dear! Indeed it is very hard!

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I HAVE the pleasure to hear my mamma is already better, however. A colicky disorder, to which she is too subject:—And it is hoped is gone off.—God send it may!—Every evil that happens in this house is owing to me!

This good news was told me, with a circumstance very unacceptable; for Betty said, she had orders to let me know, that my garden-walks, and poultry-visits were suspected; and that both will be prohibited, if I stay here till Saturday or Monday.

Possibly this is said by order, to make me go with less reluctance to my uncle's.

My mamma bid her say, if I expostulated about these orders, and about my pen and ink, 'That read-'ing was more to the purpose, at present, than write-'ing: That by the one, I might be taught my duty; 'That the other, considering whom I was believed 'to write to, only stiffen'd my will: That my needle-'works had better be pursued, than my airings; which 'were observed to be taken in all weathers.'

So, my dear, if I do not resolve upon something soon, I shall neither be able to avoid the intended evil, nor have it in my power to correspond with you.

Wednesday Night.

ALL is in a hurry below-stairs. Betty is in and out like a spy. Something is working, I know not what. I am really a good deal disorder'd in body as well as mind. Indeed I am quite heart-sick!

I will go down, tho' 'tis almost dark, on pretence of getting a little air and composure. Robert has my two former, I hope, before now: And I will deposite This, with Lovelace's inclosed, if I can, for fear of another search.

I know not what I shall do!—All is so strangely busy!—Doors clapt to: Going-out of one apartment, hurryingly, as I may say, into another. Betty in her alarming way, staring, as if of frighted importance;

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twice with me in half an hour; called down in haſte, by Shorey, the laſt time; leaving me with ſtill more meaning in her looks and geſtures! — Yet poſſibly nothing in all This, worthy of my apprehenſions.— Here, again, comes the creature, with her deep-drawn affected ſighs, and her *O dear's! O dear's!*

MORE dark hints thrown out by this ſaucy creature. But ſhe will not explain herſelf. 'Suppoſe 'this pretty buſineſs ends in murder, ſhe ſays. I may 'rue my oppoſition, as long as I live, for aught ſhe 'knows. Parents will not be *baffled* out of their 'children by impudent gentlemen; nor is it fit they 'ſhould. It may come home to me, when I leaſt 'expect it.'

Theſe are the gloomy and perplexing hints this impertinent throws out. Probably they ariſe from the information Mr. Lovelace ſays he has ſecretly permitted them to have [From his vile double-faced agent, I ſuppoſe!] of his reſolution to prevent my being carried to my uncle's.

How juſtly, if ſo, may This exaſperate them! — How am I driven to and fro, like a feather in the wind, at the pleaſure of the raſh, the ſelfiſh, and the headſtrong! and when I am as averſe to the proceedings of the one, as I am to thoſe of the other! But being forced into a clandeſtine correſpondence, indiſcreet meaſures are fallen upon by the raſh man, before I can be conſulted: And between them, I have not an option, altho' my ruin [For is not the loſs of reputation a ruin?] may be the dreadful conſequence of the ſteps taken. What a perverſe fate is mine!

If I am prevented depoſiting this, and the incloſed, as I intend to try to do, late as it is, I will add to it,

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it, as occaſion ſhall offer. Mean time, believe me to be

Your ever affectionate and grateful
CL. HARLOWE.

Under the ſuperſcription, written with a penſil, after ſhe went down.

'My two former not taken away!—I am ſurpriſed! '—I hope you are well— I hope All is right be-'twixt your mamma and you.'

LETTER XXXIV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday Morning, April 6.

I Have your three letters. Never was there a creature more impatient on the moſt intereſting uncertainty than I was, to know the event of the interview between you and Solmes.

It behoves me to account to my dear friend, in her preſent unhappy ſituation, for every thing that may have the leaſt appearance of a negligence or remiſſneſs, on my part. I ſent Robin in the morning early, in hopes of a depoſite. He loiter'd about the place till near Ten, to no purpoſe; and then came away; my mamma having given him a letter to carry to Mr. Hunt's, which he was to deliver before Three, when only, in the day-time, that gentleman is at home; and to bring her back an anſwer to it. Mr. Hunt's houſe, you know, lies wide from Harlowe-Place.— Robin but juſt ſaved his time; and return'd not till it was too late to ſend him again. I could only direct him to ſet out before day, this morning; and, if he got any letter, to ride, as for his life, to bring it to me.

I lay by myſelf; A moſt uneaſy night I had, thro' impatience; and being diſcompoſed with it, lay longer than uſual. Juſt as I was riſen, in came Kitty, from Robin,

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Robin, with your three letters. I was not a quarter dreſs'd; and only ſlipp'd on my morning ſacque; proceeding no further till (long as they are) I had read them all thro': And yet I often ſtopp'd to rave aloud (tho' by myſelf) at the deviliſh people you have to deal with.

How my heart riſes at them all! How poorly did they deſign to trick you into an encouragement of Solmes, from the interview to which they had extorted your conſent!—I am very, very angry at your aunt Hervey! To give up her own judgment ſo tamely!—And not content with that, to become ſuch an *active* inſtrument in their hands.—But it is ſo like the world!—So like my mamma too!—Next to her own child, there is not any-body living ſhe values ſo much as ſhe does you:—Yet, it is—Why ſhould we embroil ourſelves, Nancy, with other peoples affairs?

Other people!—How I hate the poor words, where friendſhip is concern'd, and where the protection to be given may be of ſo much conſequence to a friend, and of ſo little detriment to one's ſelf!

I am delighted with your ſpirit, however. I expected it not from you. Nor did They, I am ſure. Nor would *you*, perhaps, have exerted it, if Lovelace's intelligence of Solmes's nurſery-offices had not ſet you up. I wonder not that the wretch is ſaid to love you the better for it. What an honour to have ſuch a wife? And he can be even with you when you are ſo. He muſt indeed be a ſavage, as you ſay.—Yet is he leſs to blame for his perſeverance, than thoſe of your own family, whom moſt you reverence.

It is well, as I have often ſaid, that I have not ſuch provocations and trials; I ſhould, perhaps, long ago, have taken your couſin Dolly's advice—Yet dare I not to touch that key.—I ſhall always love the good girl, for her tenderneſs to you.

I know not what to ſay to Lovelace; nor what to think of his promiſes, nor of his propoſals to you. 'Tis

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'Tis certain that you are highly eſteem'd by all his family. The Ladies are perſons of unblemiſh'd honour. My Lord M. is alſo, as Men and Peers go, a man of honour. I could tell what to adviſe any other perſon in the world to do but you. So much expected from you! Such a ſhining light!— Your quitting your father's houſe, and throwing yourſelf into the protection of a family, however honourable, that has a Man in it, whoſe perſon, parts, declarations, and pretenſions, will be thought to have engag'd your warmeſt eſteem!— Methinks I am rather for adviſing, that you ſhould get privately to London; and not to let either him, or any-body elſe but me, know where you are, till your couſin Morden comes.

As to going to your uncle's, that you muſt not do, if you can help it. Nor muſt you have Solmes, that's certain: Not only becauſe of his unworthineſs in every reſpect, but becauſe of the averſion you have ſo openly avow'd to him; which every-body knows and talks of; as they do of your approbation of the other. For your reputation-ſake, therefore, as well as to prevent miſchief, you muſt either live ſingle, or have Lovelace.

If you think of going to London, let me know; and I hope you will have *time* to allow me a farther concert, as to the manner of your getting away, and thither, and how to procure proper lodgings for you.

To obtain this *time*, you muſt palliate a little, and come into ſome ſeeming compromiſe, if you cannot do otherwiſe. Driven as you are driven, it will be ſtrange if you are not obliged to part with a few of your admirable punctilioes.

You will obſerve from what I have written, that I have not ſucceeded with my mamma.

I am extremely mortify'd and diſappointed. We have had very ſtrong debates upon it. But, beſides the narrow argument of *embroiling ourſelves with other peoples affairs*, as above-mentioned, ſhe will have it, that

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that it is your duty to comply. She says, she was *always* of opinion, that daughters *should*, and govern'd herself by it; for that my papa was, at first, more her father's choice than her own.

This is what she argues in behalf of her favourite Hickman, as well as for Solmes in your case.

I must not doubt, but my mamma always govern'd herself by this principle, because she *says* she did. I have likewise another reason to believe it; which you shall have, tho' it may not become me to give it:— That they did not live so very happily together, as one would hope people might, who married preferring each other to the rest of the world.

Somebody shall fare never the better for this double-meant policy of my mamma, I will assure him. Such a retrospection in her arguments to him, and to his address, it is but fit, that *he* should suffer for *my* mortification in a point I had so much set my heart upon.

Think, my dear, if in any way I can serve you. If you allow of it, I protest I will go off privately with you, and we will live and die together. Think of it. Improve upon my hint, and command me.

A little interruption. What is breakfast to the subject I am upon!

LONDON, I am told, is the best hiding-place in the world. I have written nothing but what I will stand to at the word of command. Women love to engage in knight-errantry, now-and-then, as well as to encourage it in the men. But in your case, what I propose, will have nothing in it of what can be deemed *that*. It will enable me to perform what is no more than a duty in serving and comforting a dear and worthy friend, labouring under undeserved oppression: And you will *ennoble*, as I may say, your

Anna

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Anna Howe, if you will allow her to be your companion in affliction.

I'll engage, my dear, we ſhall not be in town together one month, before we ſurmount all difficulties; and This without being beholden to any men-fellows for their protection.

I muſt repeat what I have often ſaid, That the authors of your perſecutions would not have preſumed to ſet on foot their ſelfiſh ſchemes againſt you, had they not depended upon the gentleneſs of your ſpirit: Tho' now, having gone ſo far, and having engaged *Old* AUTHORITY in it [Chide me, if you will!] neither *he* nor *they* know how to recede.

When they find you out of their reach, and know that I am with you, you'll ſee how they'll pull in their odious horns.

I think, however, that you ſhould have written to your couſin Morden, the moment they had begun to treat you diſgracefully.

I ſhall be impatient to hear, whether they will attempt to carry you to your uncle's. I remember, that Lord M.'s diſmiſſed bailiff reported of Lovelace, that he had ſix or ſeven companions as bad as himſelf; and that the country was always glad when they left it. He *has* ſuch a knot of them now, I hear, about him. And, depend upon it, he will not ſuffer them quietly to carry you to your uncle's: And whoſe muſt you be, if he ſucceeds in taking you from them?

I tremble for you, but upon ſuppoſing what may be the conſequences of a conflict upon this occaſion. To be ſure, he owes ſome of them vengeance. This gives me a double concern, that my mamma ſhould refuſe her conſent to the protection I had propoſed, and ſet my heart upon procuring, for you.

My mamma will not breakfaſt without me. A quarrel has its conveniencies ſometimes: Yet too much love, I think, is as bad as too little.

WE

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WE have juſt now had another pull. Upon my word, ſhe is *exceſſively*— What ſhall I ſay?— *imperſuadeable*—I muſt let her off with that ſoft word.

What old Greek was it, that ſaid, *He* govern'd Athens; his *wife*, him; and his *ſon*, her?

It was not my mamma's fault [I am writing to *you*, you know], that ſhe did not govern my *papa*. But I am but a *daughter!*—Yet I thought I was not quite ſo powerleſs, when I was ſet upon carrying a point, as I find myſelf to be.

Adieu, my dear!— Happier times muſt come!— And that quickly too.—The ſtrings cannot long continue thus overſtrained. They muſt break, or be relaxed. In either way, the Certainty muſt be preferable to the Suſpenſe.

One word more.

I think in my conſcience you muſt take one of *theſe* two alternatives: 1. To conſent to let us go to London together privately: In which caſe, I will procure a vehicle, and meet you at your appointment at the ſtile Lovelace propoſes to bring his uncle's chariot to. Or, 2dly, To put yourſelf into the protection of Lord M. and the Ladies of his family.

You have another, indeed; and that is, if you are abſolutely reſolved againſt Solmes, to meet and marry Lovelace directly.

Whichſoever of theſe you make choice of, you'll have This plea, both to yourſelf, and to the world, that you are concluded by the ſame uniform principle that has govern'd your whole conduct, ever ſince the contention between Lovelace and your brother has been on foot: That is to ſay, that you have choſen a leſſer evil, in hope to prevent a greater.

Adieu! and Heaven direct for the beſt my beloved creature, prays

Her ANNA HOWE.

LET-

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LETTER XXXV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday, April 6.

I Thank you, my deareſt friend, for the kind pains you have taken in accounting ſo affectionately for my papers not being taken away yeſterday; and for the kind protection you would have procured for me, if you could.

This kind protection was what I wiſhed for: But my wiſhes, raiſed at firſt by your love, were rather govern'd by my deſpair of other refuge (having before caſt about, and not being able to determine, what I *ought* to do, and what I *could* do, in a ſituation ſo unhappy) than by a reaſonable hope: For why, indeed, ſhould any-body embroil themſelves for another, when they can avoid it?

All my conſolation is, as I have frequently ſaid, that I have not, by my own inadvertence or folly, brought myſelf into this ſad ſituation. If I *had*, I ſhould not have dared to look up to any-body with the expectation of protection or aſſiſtance, nor to you, for excuſe of the trouble I give you. But, nevertheleſs, we ſhould not be angry at a perſon's not doing that for ourſelves, or for our friend, which ſhe thinks ſhe ought *not* to do; and which ſhe has it in her option to *do*, or to *let alone*. Much leſs have you a right to be diſpleaſed with ſo prudent a mother, for not engaging herſelf ſo warmly in my favour, as you wiſh'd ſhe would. If my own aunt can give me up, and that againſt her judgment, as I may preſume to ſay; and if my father, and mother, and uncles, who once loved me ſo well, can join ſo ſtrenuouſly againſt me; can *I* expect, or ought *you*, the protection of your mamma, in *oppoſition* to them?

Indeed, my deareſt love [Permit me to be *very* ſerious],

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rious], I am afraid I am ſingled out, either for my own faults, or for the faults of my family, or for the faults of both, to be a very unhappy creature!— *ſignally* unhappy! For ſee you not how irreſiſtibly the waves of affliction come tumbling down upon me?

We have been till within theſe few weeks, every-one of us, too happy. No croſſes, no vexations, but what we gave ourſelves from the *pamperdneſs*, as I may call it, of our own wills. Surrounded by our heaps and ſtores, hoarded up as faſt as acquired, we have ſeemed to think ourſelves out of the reach of the bolts of adverſe fate. I was the pride of all my friends, proud *myſelf* of *their* pride, and glorying in my ſtanding, who knows what the juſtice of Heaven may inflict, in order to convince us, that we are not out of the reach of misfortune; and to reduce us to a better reliance, than That we have hitherto preſumptuouſly made?

I ſhould have been very little the better for the *converſation-viſits* which the good Dr. Lewin uſed to honour me with, and for the principles *wrought*, as I may ſay, into my earlieſt mind by my pious Mrs. Norton, founded on her reverend father's experience, as well as on her own, if I could not thus retroſpect and argue, in ſuch a ſtrange ſituation as we are in. *Strange*, I may well call it; for don't you ſee, my dear, that we ſeem all to be *impelled*, as it were, by a perverſe fate, which none of us are able to reſiſt?— And yet all ariſing (with a ſtrong appearance of ſelf-puniſhment), from ourſelves?— Do not my parents ſee the hopeful children, from whom they expected a perpetuity of worldly happineſs to their branching family, now grown up to anſwer the *till* now diſtant hope, ſetting their angry faces againſt each other, pulling up by the roots, as I may ſay, that hope, which was ready to be carried into a probable certainty?

Your partial love will be ready to acquit me of capital and intentional faults:— But oh, my dear! my calamities

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calamities have humbled me enough, to make me turn my gaudy eye inward; to make me look into myſelf!— And what have I diſcover'd there?— Why, my dear friend, more *ſecret* pride and vanity, than I could have thought had lain in my unexamined heart.

If *I* am to be ſingled out to be the *puniſher* of myſelf, and family, who ſo lately was the *pride* of it, pray for me, my dear, that I may not be left wholly to myſelf; and that I may be enabled to ſupport my character, ſo as to be *juſtly* acquitted of wilful and premeditated faults. The will of Providence be reſigned to in the reſt: As *that* leads, let me patiently, and unrepiningly, follow!—I ſhall not live always!— May but my *cloſing* ſcene be happy!—

But I will not oppreſs you, my deareſt friend, with further reflections of this ſort. I will take them all into myſelf. Surely I have a mind, that has room for them. My afflictions are too ſharp to laſt long. The criſis is at hand. Happier times you bid me hope for. I *will* hope!

❁ ❁

But yet, I cannot but be impatient at times, to find myſelf thus driven, and my character ſo depreciated and ſunk, that were all the *future* to be happy, I ſhould be aſham'd to ſhew my face in public, or to look up. And all by the inſtigation of a ſelfiſh brother, and envious ſiſter!—

But let me ſtop: Let me reflect!—Are not theſe ſuggeſtions the ſuggeſtions of the *ſecret* pride I have been cenſuring? Then, *already* ſo impatient! But this moment ſo reſigned! ſo much better diſpoſed for reflection!— Yet 'tis hard, 'tis very hard, to ſubdue an embitter'd ſpirit!— In the inſtant of its trial too!— O my cruel brother!— But now it riſes again!— I will lay down a pen I am ſo little able to govern.— And I will try to ſubdue an impatience, which (if my afflictions are ſent me for corrective ends) may otherwiſe lead me into ſtill more puniſhable errors!—

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I WILL return to a ſubject, which I cannot fly from for ten minutes together— called upon eſpecially as I am, by your three alternatives ſtated in the concluſion of your laſt.

As to the firſt; to wit, *Your advice for me to eſcape to London*— Let me tell you, that that other hint or propoſal which accompanies it, perfectly frightens me—Surely, my dear [happy as you are, and indulgently treated as your mamma treats you], you cannot mean what you propoſe! What a wretch muſt I be, if I could, for *one* moment only, lend an ear to ſuch a propoſal as This!— *I*, to be the occaſion of making ſuch a mother's (perhaps *ſhorten'd*) life unhappy to the laſt hour of it!— *Ennoble* you, my dear creature! How muſt ſuch an enterprize [the raſhneſs *public*, the motives, were they excuſable, *private*] debaſe you!— But I will not dwell upon the ſubject.— For your *own* ſake I will not.

As to your ſecond alternative, *To put myſelf into the protection of Lord M. and of the Ladies of that family*, I own to you (as I believe I have owned before), that altho' to do This would be the ſame thing in the eye of the world, as putting myſelf into Mr. Lovelace's protection, yet, I think, I would do it, rather than be Mr. Solmes's wife, if there were evidently no other way to avoid being ſo.

Mr. Lovelace, you have ſeen, propoſes to contrive a way to put me into poſſeſſion of my own houſe; and he tells me, that he will ſoon fill it with the Ladies of his family, as my viſitors;—upon my invitation, however, to them.—A very inconſiderate propoſal I think it to be, and upon which I cannot explain myſelf to him. What an exertion of independency does it chalk out for me! How, were I to attend to *him* (and not to the natural conſequences which the following of his advice would lead me to) might I be drawn by *gentle* words, into the perpetration of the moſt *violent* acts!——

For

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For how could I gain possession, but either by legal litigation, which, were I *inclin'd* to have recourse to it [as I never can be], must take up time; or by forcibly turning out the persons whom my papa has placed there, to look after the gardens, the house, and the furniture— persons intirely attached to himself, and who, as I know, have been lately instructed by my brother?

Your third alternative, *To meet and marry Lovelace directly*: a man with whose morals I am far from being satisfy'd—A step, that could not be taken with the least hope of ever obtaining pardon from, or reconciliation with, any of my friends;— and against which a thousand objections rise in my mind— That is not to be thought of.

What appears to me, upon the fullest deliberation, the most eligible, if I *must* be thus driven, is the escaping to London.—But I would forfeit all my hopes of happiness in this life, rather than you should go off with me, as you rashly propose.—If I could get safely thither, and be private, methinks I might remain absolutely independent of Mr. Lovelace, and at liberty, either to make proposals to my friends, or, should they renounce me (and I had no other or better way) to make terms with him; supposing my cousin Morden, on his arrival, were to join with them. But they would, perhaps, *then* indulge me in my choice of a single life, on giving him up: The renewing to them this offer, when I was at my own liberty, would at least convince them, that I was in earnest when I made it first: And, upon my word, I *would* stand to it, dear as you seem to think, when you are disposed to railly me, it would cost me, *to* stand to it.

If, my dear, you can procure a conveyance for us *both*, you can, perhaps, procure one for me *singly*; But can it be done without embroiling *yourself* with your mamma, or *her* with our family?—Be it coach, chariot, chaise, waggon, or horse, I matter not, provided

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provided You appear not in it. Only, in case it be one of the two latter, I believe I must desire you to get me an ordinary gown and coat, or habit, of some servant; having no concert with any of our own: The more ordinary the better. They may be thrust into the wood-house; where I can put them on; and then slide down from the bank, that separates the wood-yard from the green lane.

But, alas! my dear, this, even *this* alternative, is not without difficulties, which seem, to a spirit so little enterprizing as mine, in a manner insuperable. These are my reflections upon it:

I am afraid, in the first place, that I shall not have time for the requisite preparations to an escape.

Should I be either detected in those preparations, or pursued and overtaken in my flight, and so brought back, then would they think themselves doubly warranted to compel me to have their Solmes: And, conscious, perhaps, of an intended fault, I should be less able to contend with them.

But were I even to get safely to London, I know no-body there, but by name; and those the tradesmen to our family; who, no doubt, would be the first wrote to, and engag'd, to find me out. And should Mr. Lovelace discover where I was, and he and my brother meet, what mischiefs might ensue between them, whether I were willing, or not, to return to Harlowe-Place?

But supposing I could remain there unconcealed, what might not my youth, my sex, an unacquaintedness with the ways of that great, wicked town, expose me to?—I should hardly dare to go to church, for fear of being discover'd. People would wonder how I lived. Who knows but I might pass for a kept mistress; and that, altho' no-body came to me, yet, that every-time I went out, it might be imagined to be in pursuance of some assignation?

You, my dear, who alone would know where to direct

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direct to me, would be watched in all your ſteps, and in all your meſſages; and your mamma, at preſent not highly pleaſed with our correſpondence, would then have reaſon to be *more* diſpleaſed; and might not differences follow between you, that would make me very unhappy, were I to know it? And this the more likely, as you take it ſo unaccountably [and give me leave to ſay, ſo ungenerouſly] into your head, to revenge yourſelf upon the innocent Mr. Hickman for all the diſpleaſure your mamma gives you?

Were Lovelace to find out where I was; that would be the ſame thing, in the eye of the world, as if I had actually gone off with him: For (among ſtrangers, as I ſhould be) he would not be prevailed upon to forbear viſiting me: And his unhappy character [a fooliſh man!] is no credit to any young creature, deſirous of concealment. Indeed, the world, let me eſcape whither, and to whomſoever, would conclude *him* to be at the bottom, and the contriver, of it.

Theſe are the difficulties which ariſe to me on revolving this ſcheme; which, ſituated as I am, might appear ſurmountable to a more enterpriſing ſpirit. If you, my dear, think them ſurmountable, in any one of the caſes put [and to be ſure I can take no courſe, but what muſt have *ſome* difficulty in it], be pleaſed to let me know your free and full thoughts upon it.

Had *you*, my dear friend, been married, then ſhould I have had no doubt, but you and Mr. Hickman would have afforded an aſylum to a poor creature, more than half loſt, in her own apprehenſion, for want of one kind, protecting friend!

You ſay, I ſhould have written to my couſin Morden the moment I was treated diſgracefully. But could I have believed that my friends would not have ſoften'd by degrees, when they ſaw my antipathy to their Solmes?

I had thoughts indeed ſeveral times of writing to

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him. But by the time an anſwer could have come, I imagined all would have been over, as if it had never been :—So from day to day, from week to week, I hoped on: And, after all, I might as reaſonably fear (as I have heretofore ſaid), that my couſin would be brought to ſide againſt me, as that ſome of thoſe I have named, would.

And then to appeal to a *couſin* [I muſt have written with *warmth*, to engage him], againſt a *father*; This was not a deſirable thing to ſet about! Then I had not, you know, one ſoul of my ſide; my mamma herſelf againſt me: To be ſure he would have ſuſpended his judgment till he could have arrived. — He might not have been in haſte to come, hoping the malady would cure itſelf: But *had* he written, his letters probably would have run in the qualifying ſtyle; to perſuade *me* to ſubmit, or *them* only to relax: Had his letters been more on *my* ſide than on *theirs*, they would not have regarded them: Nor perhaps *himſelf*, had he come, and been an advocate for me: For you ſee how ſtrangely determined they are; how they have over-awed, or got in, every-body; ſo that no one dare open their lips in my behalf: And you have heard, that my brother puſhes his meaſures with the more violence, that all may be over with me before my couſin's expected arrival.

But you tell me, That, in order to gain time, I muſt *palliate*; that I muſt ſeem to compromiſe with my friends.— But how *palliate?* how *ſeem* to compromiſe?— You would not have me endeavour to make them believe, that I will conſent to what I never intend to conſent to!— You would not have me try to gain time, with a view to *deceive!*

To *do evil, that good may come of it*, is forbidden. And ſhall I do evil, yet know not, whether good may come of it, or not?

Forbid it, Heaven! that Clariſſa Harlowe ſhould have it in her thought to *ſerve*, or even to *ſave*, herſelf,

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self, at the expence of her sincerity, and by a *studied* deceit!

And is there, after all, no way to escape one great evil, but by plunging myself into another?— What an ill-fated creature am I?—Pray for me, my dearest Nancy!— My mind is at present so much disturbed, that I hardly can for myself!—

LETTER XXXVI.

Miss Clarissa Harlowe, *To Miss* Howe.

Thursday Night.

THE alarming hurry I mentioned under my date of last night, and Betty's saucy, dark hints, come out to be owing to what I guess'd they were; that is to say, to the private intimation Mr. Lovelace contrived our family should have of his insolent resolution [*insolent* I must call it] to prevent my being carried to my uncle's.

I saw at the time, that it was as *wrong*, with respect to answering his own view, as it was *insolent*: For could he think, as Betty (I suppose from her betters) justly observed, That parents would be insulted out of their right to the disposal of their own child, by a violent man, whom they hate; and who could have no pretension to dispute that right with them, unless what he had from *her*, who had none over herself? And how must this insolence of his exasperate them against me, emblazon'd, as my brother is able to emblazon it?

The rash man has indeed so far gained his point, as to intimidate them from attempting to carry me away: But he has put them upon a surer and a more desperate measure: And this has put me also upon one *as* desperate; the consequence of which, altho' he could not foresee it, may, perhaps, too well an-

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ſwer his great end, little as he deſerves to have it anſwer'd.

In ſhort, I have done, as far as I know, the raſheſt thing that ever I did in my life!

But let me give you the motive, and then the action will follow of courſe.

About ſix o' clock this evening, my aunt [who ſtays here all night; on my account, no doubt] came up, and tapp'd at my door; for I was writing, and had lock'd myſelf in. I open'd it; and ſhe entering, thus delivered herſelf:

I come once more to viſit you, my dear; but ſorely againſt my will; becauſe it is to impart to you matters of the utmoſt concern to You, and to the whole family.

What, Madam, is now to be done with me? ſaid I; wholly attentive.

You will not be hurried away to your uncle's, child; let that comfort you.—They ſee your averſion to go.— You will not be obliged to go to your uncle Antony's.

How you revive me, Madam! [I little thought what was to follow this ſuppoſed condeſcenſion] This is a cordial to my heart!

And then I ran over with bleſſings for this good news [and ſhe permitted me ſo to do, by her ſilence]; congratulating myſelf, that I *thought* my papa could not reſolve to carry things to the laſt extremity—

Hold, niece, ſaid ſhe, at laſt.—You muſt not give yourſelf too much joy upon the occaſion neither.—Don't be ſurpriſed, my dear.— Why look you upon me, child, with ſo affecting an earneſtneſs!—But you muſt be Mrs. Solmes, for all that.

I was dumb.

She then told me, that they had had undoubted information, that a certain deſperate *ruffian* [I muſt excuſe her that word, ſhe ſaid] had prepared armed men

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men to way-lay my brother and uncles, and seize me, and carry me off.—Surely, she said, I was not consenting to a violence, that might be followed by murder, on one side, or the other; perhaps on both.—

I was still silent.

That therefore my father (still more exasperated than before) had changed his resolution as to my going to my uncle's; and was determined next Tuesday to set out thither *himself* with my mamma; and that (for it was to no purpose to conceal a resolution so soon to be put in execution)—I must not dispute it any longer—on Wednesday I must give my hand—as they would have me.

She proceeded, That orders were already given for a licence: That the ceremony was to be performed in my own chamber, in presence of all my friends, except of my father and mother; who would not return, nor see me, till all was over, and till they had a good account of my behaviour.

The very intelligence, my dear!—the very intelligence This, which Lovelace gave me!

I was still dumb—Only sighing, as if my heart would break.

She went on comforting me, as she thought. She laid before me the merit of obedience; and told me, that if it were my desire that my Mrs. Norton should be present at the ceremony, it would be complied with: That the pleasure I should receive from reconciling all my friends to me, and in their congratulations upon it, must needs over-balance, with such a one as me, the difference of persons, however preferable I might think the one man to the other: That Love was a fleeting thing, little better than a name, where morality and virtue did not distinguish the object of it: That a choice made by its dictates was seldom happy; at least not *durably* so: Nor was it to be wonder'd at, when it naturally exalted the object above its merits, and made the lover blind to

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faults, that were visible to every-body else: So that when a nearer intimacy stript it of its imaginary perfections, it left frequently both sides surprized, that they could be thus cheated; and that then the Indifference became stronger than the Love ever was. That a woman gave a man great advantages, and inspired him with great vanity, when she avowed her love for him, and preference of him, and was generally requited with insolence and contempt: Whereas the confessedly-obliged man, it was probable, would be all reverence and gratitude; and I cannot tell what.

You, my dear, said she, believe you shall be unhappy, if you have Mr. Solmes: Your parents think the contrary; and that you will be undoubtedly so, were you to have Mr. Lovelace, whose morals are unquestionably bad:—Suppose it were your sad lot to be unhappy with either, let me beseech you to consider, what great consolation you will have on one hand, if you pursue your parents advice, that you did so; what mortification on the other, that, by following your own, you have no-body to blame but yourself.

This, you remember, my dear, was an argument inforced upon me by Mrs. Norton.

These and other observations which she made, were worthy of my aunt Hervey's good sense and experience, and, applied to almost any young creature, who stood in opposition to her parents will, but one who had offered to make the sacrifices I have offered to make, ought to have had their due weight. But altho' it was easy to answer some of them in my own particular case; yet, having over and over, to my mamma, *before* my confinement, and to my brother and sister, and even to my aunt Hervey, *since*, said what I must now have repeated, I was so much mortified and afflicted at the cruel tidings she brought me, that, however attentive I was to what she said, I had neither power nor will to answer one word; and, had

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had ſhe not ſtopp'd of herſelf, ſhe might have gone on an hour longer, without interruption from me.

Obſerving this, and that I only ſat weeping, my handkerchief covering my face, and my boſom heaving ready to burſt; What! no anſwer, my dear?—Why ſo much *ſilent* grief? You know *I* always loved you. You know, that *I* have no intereſt in this affair. You would not permit Mr. Solmes to acquaint you with ſome things which would have ſet your heart againſt Mr. Lovelace. Shall I tell you ſome of the matters charged againſt him? Shall I, my dear?

Still I anſwered only by my tears and ſighs.

Well, child, you ſhall be told theſe things afterwards, when you will be in a better ſtate of mind to hear them, and to rejoice in the eſcape you will have had. It will be ſome excuſe, then, for you to plead for your behaviour to Mr. Solmes before marriage, that you could not have believed Mr. Lovelace had been ſo very vile a man.

My heart flutter'd with impatience and anger at being ſo plainly talked to as the wife of this man; but yet I then choſe to be ſilent. If I had ſpoke, it would have been with vehemence.

Strange, my dear, ſuch ſilence!— Your concern is infinitely more on this ſide the day, than it will be on the other.—But let me aſk you, and do not be diſpleaſed, Will you chooſe to ſee what generous ſtipulations for you there are in the ſettlements? —You have knowlege beyond your years—Give the writings a peruſal: Do, my dear.—They are ingroſſed, and ready for ſigning, and have been for ſome time.—Excuſe me, my love,—I mean not to diſturb you:—Your papa would oblige me to bring them up, and to leave them with you. He commands you to read them.—*But* to read them, niece—ſince they are ingroſſed, and were, before you made them abſolutely hopeleſs.

And then, to my great terror, out ſhe drew ſome parchments from her handkerchief, which ſhe had kept

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(unobſerved by me) under her apron, and, riſing, put them in the oppoſite window. Had ſhe produced a ſerpent, I could not have been more frighted.

Oh! my deareſt aunt, turning away my face, and holding out my hands: Hide from my eyes thoſe horrid parchments!—Let me conjure you to tell me! By all the tenderneſs of near relation-ſhip, and upon your honour, and by your love for me, ſay, Are they abſolutely reſolved, that, come what will, I muſt be That man's?

My dear, you muſt have Mr. Solmes: Indeed you muſt.

Indeed I never will! This, as I have ſaid over and over, is not originally my father's will. — Indeed I never will!—And that is All I will ſay!

It is your father's will *now*, reply'd my aunt: And conſidering how all the family is threatened by Mr. Lovelace, and the reſolution he has certainly taken to force you out of their hands; I cannot but ſay they are in the right, not to be bullied out of their child.

Well, Madam, then nothing remains for me to ſay. I am made deſperate. I care not what becomes of me!

Your piety, and your prudence, my dear, and Mr. Lovelace's immoral character, together with his dareing inſults, and threatenings, which ought to incenſe *you*, as much as any-body, are every one's dependence. We are ſure the time will come, when you'll think very differently of the ſteps your friends take to diſappoint a man who has made himſelf ſo juſtly obnoxious to them all.

She withdrew; leaving me full of grief and indignation: — And as much out of humour with Mr. Lovelace as with any-body; who, by his conceited contrivances, has made things worſe for me than before; depriving me of the hopes I had of gaining time to receive your advice, and private aſſiſtance to get to town; and leaving me no other choice, in all appearance,

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appearance, than either to throw myself upon his family, or to be made miserable for ever with Mr. Solmes. But I was still resolved to avoid both these evils, if possible.

I sounded Betty in the first place (whom my aunt sent up, not thinking it proper, as Betty told me, that I should be left by myself, and who, I found, knew their designs) whether it were not probable that they would forbear, at my earnest entreaty, to push matters to the threatened extremity.

But she confirmed all my aunt said; rejoicing, (as she said they All did) that the wretch had given them so good a pretence to save me from him now, and for ever.

She run on about equipages bespoke; talked of my brother's and sister's exultations, that now the whole family would soon be reconciled to each other: Of the servants joy upon it: Of the expected licence: Of a visit to be paid me by Dr. Lewin, or another Clergyman, whom they named not to *her*; which was to crown the work: And of other preparations, so particular, as made me dread that they designed to surprize me into a still nearer day than next Wednesday.

These things made me excessively uneasy. I knew not what to resolve upon.

At one time, thought I, what have I to do, but to throw myself at once into the protection of Lady Betty Lawrance? But then, in resentment of his *fine* contrivances, which had so abominably disconcerted me, I soon resolved to the contrary. And at last concluded to ask the favour of another half-hour's conversation with my aunt.

I sent Betty to her with my request.

She came.

I put it to her, in the most earnest manner, to tell me, whether I might not obtain the favour of a fortnight's respite?

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She assured me, It would not be granted.

Would a week? Surely a week would?

She believ'd a week might, if I would promise two things: The first, upon my honour, not to write a line out of the house, in that week: For it was still suspected, she said, that I found means to write to *some-body*. And, secondly, to marry Mr. Solmes, at the expiration of it.

Impossible! Impossible! I said with passion. — What! might I not be obliged with one week, without such a horrid condition at the last?

She would go down, she said, that she might not seem of her own head, to put upon me what I thought a hardship so great.

She went down. And came up again.

Did I want, was the answer, to give the vilest of men opportunity to put his murderous schemes in execution?—It was time for them to put an end to my obstinacy (they were tired out with me) and to his hopes, at once. And an end *should* be put on Tuesday or Wednesday next, at furthest; unless I would give my honour to comply with the condition upon which my aunt had been *so good* as to allow me a longer time.

I even stamp'd with impatience! — I called upon her to witness, that I was guiltless of the consequence of this compulsion; This barbarous compulsion, I called it; let that consequence be what it would.

My aunt chid me, in an higher strain than ever she did before.

While I, in a half frenzy, insisted upon seeing my Papa: Such usage, I said, set me above fear. I would rejoice to owe my death to him, as I did my life.

She own'd, that she fear'd for my head.

I did go down half way of the stairs, resolved to throw myself at his feet, where-ever he was.—My aunt

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aunt was frighted.—Indeed I was quite frenzical for a few minutes.—But hearing my brother's voice, as talking to somebody, in my sister's apartment just by, I stopped; and heard the barbarous designer, say, speaking to my sister, This works charmingly, my dear sister!

It does! It does! said she, in an exulting accent.

Let us keep it up, said my brother.—The villain is caught in his own trap!—Now she must be what we'd have her be.

Do You keep my father to it; I'll take care of my mamma, said Bella.

Never fear, said he!— And a laugh of congratulation to each other, and derision of me, (as I made it out) quite turned my frenzical humour into a vindictive one.

My aunt, just then coming down to me, and taking my hand, led me up; and try'd to sooth me.

My raving was turned into sullenness.

She preached patience and obedience to me.

I was silent.

At last she desired me to assure her, that I would offer no violence to myself.

God, I said, had given me more grace I hoped, than to be guilty of so horrid a rashness. I was His creature, and not *my own*.

She then took leave of me; and I insisted upon her taking down with her the odious parchments.

Seeing me in so ill an humour, and very earnest that she should take them with her, she did; but said, That my papa should not know that she did: And hoped I would better consider of the matter, and be calmer next time they were offer'd to my perusal.

I revolved, after she was gone, all that my brother and sister had said: I dwelt upon their triumphings over me: And found rise in my mind a rancour, that I think I may say was new to me; and which I could

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not withſtand. — And putting every thing together, dreading the near day, what could I do? — Am I, in any manner excuſable for what I *did* do? — If I am condemned by the world, who know not my provocations, may I be acquitted by you? — If *not*, I am unhappy indeed.—For This I did.

Having ſhook off Betty as ſoon as I could, I wrote to Mr. Lovelace, to let him know, 'That all that was 'threatened at my uncle Antony's, was intended to 'be executed *here*. That I had come to a reſolution 'to throw myſelf upon the protection of either of 'his two aunts, who would afford it me: In ſhort, 'that by endeavouring to obtain leave, on Monday, 'to dine in the ivy-ſummer-houſe, I would, if poſ-'ſible, meet him without the garden-door, at two, 'three, four, or five o'Clock on Monday afternoon, 'as I ſhould be able. That in the mean time he 'ſhould acquaint me, whether I might hope for ei-'ther of thoſe Ladies protection: — And if ſo, I abſo-'lutely inſiſted, that he ſhould leave me with either, 'and go to London himſelf, or remain at his uncle's; 'nor offer to viſit me, till I were ſatisfied, that nothing 'could be done with my friends in an amicable way; 'and that I could not obtain poſſeſſion of my own 'eſtate, and leave to live upon it: And particularly, 'that he ſhould not hint marriage to me, till I con-'ſented to hear him upon that ſubject.—I added, that 'if he could prevail upon one of the Miſſes Monta-'gue to favour me with her company on the road, it 'would make me abundantly eaſier in an enterprize 'which I could not think of (altho' ſo driven) without 'the utmoſt concern; and which would throw ſuch 'a ſlur upon my reputation in the eye of the world, 'as, perhaps, I ſhould never be able to wipe off.'

This was the purport of what I wrote; and down into the garden I ſlid with it in the dark, which at another time I ſhould not have had the courage to do,

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do, and deposited it, and came up again, unknown to any-body

My mind so dreadfully misgave me when I returned, that to divert, in some measure, my increasing uneasiness, I had recourse to my private pen; and in a very short time ran this length.

And now, that I am come to this part, my uneasy reflections begin again to pour in upon me. Yet what can I do?—I believe I shall take it back again the first thing I do in the morning.—Yet what *can* I do?

For fear they should have an earlier day in their intention, than that which will too soon come, I will begin to be very ill. Nor need I feign much; for indeed, I am extremely low, weak, and faint.

I hope to deposite this early in the morning for you, as I shall return from resuming my letter, if I do resume it, as my *inwardest* mind bids me.

Altho' it is now near Two o'clock, I have a good mind to slide down once more, in order to take back my letter. Our doors are always locked and barred up at a eleven; but the seats of the lesser hall windows being almost even with the ground without, and the shutters not difficult to open, I could easily get out.—

Yet why should I be thus uneasy?—Since, should the letter go, I can but hear what Mr. Lovelace says to it. His aunts live at too great a distance for him to have an immediate answer from them; so I can scruple going off till I have invitation. I can *insist* upon one of his cousins meeting me, as I have hinted, in the chariot; and he may not be able to obtain that favour from either of them. Twenty things may happen to afford me a suspension, at least: Why should I be so very uneasy?—When, too, I can resume it early, before it is probable he will have the thought of finding it there. Yet he owns he spends three parts of his days, and has done for this fortnight past, in loitering about in one disguise or other, besides.

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ſides the attendance given by his truſty ſervant, when he himſelf is not *in waiting*, as he calls it.

But theſe ſtrange fore-bodings! —Yet I can, if you adviſe, cauſe the chariot he ſhall bring with him, to carry me directly for town, whither in my London ſcheme, if you were to approve it, I had propoſed to go: And This will ſave you the trouble of procuring for me a vehicle; as well as the ſuſpicion from your mamma of contributing to my eſcape.

But, ſollicitous for your advice, and approbation too, if I *can* have it, I will put an end to this letter.

Adieu, my deareſt friend, adieu!

LETTER XXXVII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday Morning, Seven o'Clock, April 7.

MY aunt Hervey, who is a very early riſer, was walking in the garden, (Betty attending her, as I ſaw from my window this morning) when I aroſe; for, after ſuch a train of fatigue and reſtleſs nights, I had unhappily overſlept myſelf: So all I durſt venture upon, was, to ſtep down to my poultry-yard, and depoſite mine of yeſterday, and laſt night. And I am juſt come up; for ſhe is ſtill in the garden: This prevents me from going to reſume my letter, as I think ſtill to do; and hope it will not be too late.

I ſaid, I had unhappily overſlept myſelf. I went to bed at about half an hour after Two. I told the quarters till Five; after which I dropt aſleep, and awaked not till paſt Six, and then in great terror from a dream, which has made ſuch an impreſſion upon me, that, ſlightly as I think of dreams, I cannot help taking this opportunity to relate it to you.

'Methought my brother, my uncle Antony, and 'Mr. Solmes, had formed a plot to deſtroy Mr. 'Lovelace;

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'Lovelace; who diſcovering it, turned all his rage 'againſt me, believing I had a hand in it. I thought 'he made them all fly into foreign parts upon it; 'and afterwards ſeizing upon me, carried me into a 'church-yard; and there, notwithſtanding all my 'prayers and tears, and proteſtations of innocence, 'ſtabbed me to the heart, and then tumbled me in-'to a deep grave ready dug, among two or three 'half-diſſolved carcaſes; throwing in the dirt and 'earth upon me, with his hands, and trampling it 'down with his feet.'

I awoke with the terror, all in a cold ſweat, trembling, and in agonies; and ſtill the frightful images raiſed by it, remain upon my memory.

But why ſhould I, who have ſuch *real* evils to contend with, regard *imaginary* ones? This, no doubt, was owing to my diſturbed imagination; huddling together wildly all the frightful ideas which my aunt's communications and diſcourſe, my letter to Mr. Lovelace, my own uneaſineſs upon it, and the apprehenſions of the dreaded Wedneſday, furniſhed me with.

Eight o'Clock.

THE man, my dear, has got the letter!—What a ſtrange diligence! I wiſh he mean me well, that he takes ſo much pains!—Yet, muſt own, that I ſhould be diſpleaſed, if he took leſs—I wiſh, however, he had been an hundred miles off!—What an advantage have I given him over me!

Now the letter is out of my power, I have more uneaſineſs and regret, than I had before. For, till now, I had a doubt whether it ſhould, or ſhould not go: And now I think it ought *not* to have gone. And yet is there any other way, than to do as I have done, if I would avoid Solmes? But what a giddy creature ſhall I be thought, if I purſue the courſe to which this letter muſt lead me?

My

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My dearest friend, tell me, have I done wrong? — Yet do not *say* I have, if you *think* it; for should all the world besides condemn me, I shall have some comfort, if *you* do not. The first time I ever besought you to flatter me. That, of itself, is an indication, that I have done wrong, and am afraid of hearing the truth — O tell me [but yet do not tell me], if I have done wrong!

Friday, Eleven o'Clock.

My aunt has made me another visit. She began what she had to say, with letting me know, That my friends are all persuaded, that I still correspond with Mr. Lovelace; as is plain, she said, by hints and menaces he throws out, which shews, that he is apprized of several things that have passed between my relations and me, sometimes within a very little while after they have happened.

Altho' I approve not of the method he stoops to take to come at his intelligence, yet is it not prudent in me to clear myself by the ruin of the corrupted servant [as his vileness has neither my connivance, nor approbation], since my doing so might occasion the detection of my own correspondence; and so frustrate all the hopes I have to avoid this Solmes. Yet it is not at all unlikely, that this very agent of Mr. Lovelace plays booty between my brother and him: How else can *our family* know (so *soon* too) his menaces upon the passages they hint at?

I assured my aunt, that I was too much ashamed of the treatment I met with, for every-one's sake, as well as for my own, to acquaint Mr. Lovelace with the particulars of it, were the means of corresponding with him afforded me: That I had reason to think, that if he were to know of it from me, we must be upon such terms, that he would not scruple making some visits, which would give me great apprehensions. They all knew, I said, that I had no communication with

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with any of my papa's ſervants, except my ſiſter's Betty Barnes: For altho' I had a good opinion of them all, and believed, if left to their own inclinations, they would be glad to ſerve me; yet, finding by their ſhy behaviour, that they were under particular direction, I had forborne ever ſince my Hannah had been ſo diſgracefully diſmiſſed, ſo much as to ſpeak to any of them, for fear I ſhould be the occaſion of their loſing their places too: They muſt, therefore, account among *themſelves* for the intelligence Mr. Lovelace met with, ſince neither my brother, nor ſiſter, (as Betty had frequently, in praiſe of their ſincerity, informed me) nor perhaps their favourite Mr. Solmes, were at all careful who they ſpoke before, when they had any thing to throw out againſt him, or even againſt *me*, whom they took great pride to join with him on this occaſion.

It was but too natural, my aunt ſaid, for my friends to ſuppoſe, that he had his intelligence, part of it at leaſt, from me; who, thinking myſelf hardly treated, might complain of it, if not to him, to Miſs Howe; which, perhaps, might be the ſame thing; for they knew Miſs Howe ſpoke as freely of them, as they could do of Mr. Lovelace; and muſt have the particulars ſhe ſpoke of, from ſome-body, who knew what was done here. That this determined my papa to bring the whole matter to a ſpeedy iſſue, leſt fatal conſequences ſhould enſue.

I perceive you are going to ſpeak with warmth, proceeded ſhe [And ſo I was] — For my own part I am ſure, you would not write any thing, if you *do* write, to inflame ſo violent a ſpirit.—But this is not the end of my preſent viſit.—

You cannot, my dear, but be convinced, that your father *will* be *obeyed*. The more you contend againſt his will, the more he thinks himſelf obliged to aſſert his authority. Your mamma deſires me to tell you, that if you will give her the leaſt hopes of a dutiful

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a dutiful compliance, she will be willing to see you in her closet just now, while your papa is gone to take a walk in the garden.

Astonishing persistence, said I! — I am tired with making declarations and pleadings on this subject; and had hoped, that my resolution being so well known, I should not have been further urged upon it.

You mistake the purport of my present visit, Miss [looking gravely]. Heretofore you have been *desired* and *prayed*, to obey and oblige your friends: *Intreaty* is at an end: They give it up. Now it is *resolved upon*, that your father's will *is to be obeyed*; as it is fit it should. Some things are laid at your door, as if you concurred with Lovelace's threatened violence to carry you off; which your mamma will not believe. She will tell you her own good opinion of you: She will tell you how much she still loves you: And what she expects of you on the approaching occasion: But yet, that she may not be exposed to an opposition, which would the more provoke her, she desires, you will first assure her, that you go down with a resolution to do that with a grace which must be done with or without a grace. And besides, she wants to give you some advice how to proceed, in order to reconcile yourself to your papa, and to everybody else. Will you go down, Miss, or will you not?

I said, I should think myself happy, could I be admitted to my mamma's presence, after so long a banishment from it; but that I could not wish it upon those terms.

And This is your answer, Miss?

It must be my answer, Madam. Come what may, I never will have Mr. Solmes. I am very much concerned, that this matter is so often press'd upon me. —I never will have that man!

Down she went with displeasure. I could not help it. I was quite tired with so many attempts, all to the

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the ſame purpoſe. I am amazed that They are not! — So little variation! And no conceſſion on either ſide!

I will go down and depoſite this; for Betty has ſeen I have been writing. The ſaucy creature took a napkin, and dipt it in water, and with a ſleering air, Here, Miſs; holding the wet corner to me.

What's That for, ſaid I?

Only, Miſs, one of the fingers of your right-hand, if you pleaſe to look at it.

It was inky.

I gave her a look; but ſaid nothing.

But leſt I ſhould have another ſearch, I will cloſe here.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday, One o'Clock.

I Have a letter from Mr. Lovelace, full of tranſports, vows, and promiſes. I will ſend it to you incloſed. You'll ſee how he engages in it for his aunt Lawrance's protection, and for Miſs Charlotte Montague's accompanying me. 'I have nothing to 'do, but to perſevere, he ſays, and prepare to receive 'the perſonal congratulations of his whole family.'

But you'll ſee, how he preſumes upon my being *his*, as the conſequence of throwing myſelf into that Lady's protection.

The chariot-and-ſix is to be ready at the place he mentions. You'll ſee, as to the ſlur upon my reputation, which I am ſo apprehenſive about, how boldly he argues. Generouſly enough, indeed, were I to be *his*; and had given him reaſon to believe that I would!—But that I have not done.

How one ſtep brings on another with this incroaching

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ing Sex! How soon may a young creature, who gives a man the least encouragement, be carried beyond her intentions, and out of her own power! — You would imagine, by what he writes, that I have given him reason to think, that my aversion to Mr. Solmes is all owing to my favour for him!

The dreadful thing is, that, comparing what he writes from his intelligencer, of what is designed against me [though he seems not to know the threatened day] with what my aunt and Betty assure me of, there can be no hope for me, but that I must be Solmes's wife, if I stay here.

I had better have gone to my uncle Antony's, at this rate! I should have gained time, at least, by it. This is the fruit of his fine contrivances!

'What we are to do, and how good he is to be: 'How I am to direct all his future steps.' All this shews, as I said before, that he is sure of me.

However, I have reply'd to the following effect: 'That although I had given him room to expect, that 'I would put myself into his aunt's protection; yet, 'as I have three days to come, between this and 'Monday, and as I hope that my friends will still re-'lent, or that Mr. Solmes will give up a point they 'will both find it impossible to carry; I shall not look 'upon myself as absolutely bound by the appointment: 'And expect therefore, if I recede, that I shall not 'be called to account for it by him. That I think 'it necessary to acquaint him, that if, by putting 'myself into Lady Betty Lawrance's protection, he 'understands, that I mean directly to throw myself 'into *his* power, he is very much mistaken: For that 'there are many points in which I must be satisfied; 'several matters to be adjusted, even, after I have 'left this house (if I do leave it), before I can think 'of giving him any particular encouragement: That, 'in the first place, he must expect, that I will do my 'utmost to procure my father's reconciliation and

'approbation.

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'approbation of my future ſteps; and that I will 'govern myſelf intirely by his commands, in every 'reaſonable point, as much as if I had not left his 'houſe: That if he imagines, that I ſhall not re-'ſerve to myſelf this liberty, but that my withdraw-'ing is to give him any advantages, which he would 'otherwiſe have had; I am determined to tarry where 'I am, and abide the event, in hopes that my friends 'will ſtill accept of my reiterated promiſe, never 'to marry him, or any-body elſe, without their 'conſent.'

This I will depoſite as ſoon as I can. And as he thinks things are near their criſis, I dare ſay it will not be long before I have an anſwer to it.

Friday, Four o'Clock.

I AM far from being well: Yet muſt I make myſelf worſe than I am, preparative to the ſuſpenſion I hope to obtain of the menaced evil of Wedneſday next. And if I do obtain it, I will poſtpone my appointment to meet Mr. Lovelace.

Betty has told them I am very much indiſpoſed. But I have no pity from any-body.

I believe, I am become the object of every-one's averſion; and that they would all be glad I were dead.—Indeed, I believe it!—'What ails the perverſe crea-'ture,' cries one?—'Is ſhe love-ſick,' another?

I was in the Ivy-ſummer-houſe, and came out ſhivering with cold, as if aguiſhly ſeized. Betty obſerved this, and reported it.—'O, no matter!—Let 'her ſhiver on!—Cold cannot hurt her. Obſtinacy 'will defend her from That. Perverſeneſs is a Bracer 'to a love-ſick girl, and more effectual than the Cold 'Bath to make hardy, altho' the conſtitution be ever 'ſo tender.'

This ſaid by a cruel brother, and heard ſaid by the dearer friends of one, for whom, but a few months ago,

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ago, every-body was apprehenſive at every blaſt of wind to which ſhe expoſed herſelf!

Betty, it muſt be owned, has an admirable memory on theſe occaſions. Nothing of this nature is loſt by her repetition: Even the very air ſhe repeats with, renders it unneceſſary to aſk, Who ſaid This or That ſevere thing.

Friday, Six o'Clock.

My aunt, who again ſtays all night, has juſt left me. She came to tell me the reſult of my friends deliberations about me. It is this.

Next Wedneſday morning they are all to be aſſembled: To wit, my father, mother, my uncles, herſelf, and my uncle Hervey; my brother and ſiſter of courſe; my good Mrs. Norton is likewiſe to be admitted: And Dr. Lewin is to be at hand, to exhort me, it ſeems, if there be occaſion: But my aunt is not certain, whether he is to be among them, or to tarry till called in.

When this awful court is ſet, the poor priſoner is to be brought in, ſupported by Mrs. Norton; who is to be firſt tutored to inſtruct me in the duty of a child; which, it ſeems, I have quite forgotten.

Nor is the ſucceſs at all doubted, my aunt ſays: For it is not believed I can be ſo harden'd, as to withſtand ſo venerable a judicature, altho' I have withſtood ſeveral of them ſeparately. And ſtill the leſs, as ſhe hints at extraordinary condeſcenſions from my papa. But what condeſcenſions, from even my father, can induce me to make ſuch a ſacrifice as is expected from me?

Yet my ſpirits will never bear up, I doubt, at ſuch a tribunal: My father preſiding in it.

I believed indeed, that my trials would not be at an end, till he had admitted me once more into his awful preſence!

What is hoped from me, ſhe ſays, is, That I will

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will chearfully, on Tueſday night, if not before, ſign the articles; and ſo turn the ſucceeding day's ſolemn convention of all my friends, into a day of feſtivity. I am to have the licence ſent me up, however, and once more the ſettlements, that I may ſee how much in earneſt they are.

She further hinted, that my papa himſelf would bring up the ſettlements for me to ſign.

O my dear! what a trial will This be! — How ſhall I be able to refuſe to my father [My father! from whoſe preſence I have been ſo long baniſh'd; he commanding and intreating, perhaps, in a breath! How ſhall I be able to refuſe to my father] the writing of my name?

They are ſure, ſhe ſays, ſomething is working on Mr. Lovelace's part, and perhaps on mine: And my papa would ſooner follow me to the grave, than ſee me *his* wife.

I ſaid, I was not well; That the very apprehenſions of theſe trials, were already inſupportable to me; and would increaſe upon me, as the time approached; and I was afraid I ſhould be extremely ill.

They had prepared themſelves for ſuch an *artifice* as That, was my aunt's unkind word; and ſhe could aſſure me, it would ſtand me in no ſtead.

Artifice! repeated I: And this from my aunt Hervey?

Why my dear, ſaid ſhe, do you think people are fools? — Can they not ſee, how diſmally you endeavour to ſigh yourſelf down within-doors? — How you hang down your *ſweet face* [thoſe were the words ſhe was pleaſed to uſe] upon your boſom: — How you totter, as it were, and hold by this chair, and by that door-poſt, when you know that Any-body ſees you [This, my dear Miſs Howe, is an aſperſion to faſten hypocriſy and contempt upon me: My brother's or ſiſter's aſperſion! — I am not capable of arts

ſo

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ſo low]. But the moment you are down with your poultry, or advancing upon your garden-walk, and, as you imagine, out of every-body's ſight, it is ſeen how nimbly you trip along; and what an alertneſs governs all your motions.

I ſhould hate myſelf, ſaid I, were I capable of ſuch poor *artifices* as theſe. I muſt be a fool to uſe them, as well as a mean creature; for have I not had experience enough, that my friends are incapable of being moved in much more *affecting inſtances?*—But you'll ſee how I ſhall be by Tueſday.

My dear, you will not offer any violence to your health? — I hope, God has given you more grace, than to do that.

I hope he has, Madam. But there is violence enough offer'd, and threatened, to affect my health; and that will be found, without my needing to have recourſe to any other, or to *artifice* either.

I'll only tell you one thing, my dear: And that is; Ill or well, the ceremony will probably be performed before Wedneſday-night: — But This, alſo, I will tell you, altho' beyond my preſent commiſſion, that Mr. Solmes will be under an engagement, (if you ſhould require it of him, as a favour) after the ceremony is paſſed, and Lovelace's hopes thereby utterly extinguiſhed, to leave you at your father's, and return to his own houſe every evening, until you are brought to a full ſenſe of your duty, and conſent to acknowlege your change of name.

There was no opening of my lips to ſuch a ſpeech as This. I was dumb.

And theſe, my dear Miſs Howe, are They, who, *ſome* of them, at leaſt, have called me a romantic girl! — This is my chimerical brother, and wiſe ſiſter; both joining their heads together, I dare ſay. And yet, my aunt told me, that the laſt part was what took in my mamma; who had, till that was ſtarted, inſiſted, that her child ſhould not be married, if,

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if, thro' grief or opposition, she should be ill, or fall into fits.

This intended violence my aunt often excused, by the certain information they pretended to have, of some plots or machinations, that were ready to break out, from Mr. Lovelace *(a)*: The effects of which were thus cunningly to be frustrated.

Friday, Nine o'Clock.

And now, my dear, what shall I conclude upon? You see how determin'd — But how can I expect your advice will come time enough to stand me in any stead? For here, I have been down, and already have another letter from Mr. Lovelace [The man lives upon the spot, I think]: And I must write to him, either that I will, or will not, stand to my first resolution of escaping hence on Monday next. If I let him know, that I will not (appearances so strong *against* him, and *for* Solmes, even stronger, than when I made the appointment), will it not be justly deemed my own fault, if I am compelled to marry their odious man? And if any mischief ensue from Mr. Lovelace's rage and disappointment, will it not lie at my door? — Yet, he offers so fair! — Yet, on the other hand, to incur the censure of the world, as a giddy creature! — But that, as he hints, I have already incurred! — What can I do? Oh! that my cousin Morden! — But what signifies wishing?

I will here give you the substance of Mr. Lovelace's letter. The letter itself I will send, when I have answered it; but that I will defer doing as long as I can, in hopes of finding reason to retract an appointment on which so much depends. And yet it is necessary you should have all before you, as I go

(a) It may not be amiss to observe in this place, That Mr. Lovelace artfully contrived to drive them on, by permitting *his* agent and *theirs*, to report machinations, which he had no intention, nor power, to execute.

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along, that you may be the better able to adviſe me in this dreadful criſis of my fate.

'He begs my pardon, for writing with ſo much aſ-'ſurance; attributing it to his unbounded tranſport; 'and intirely acquieſces in my will. He is full of 'alternatives and propoſals. He offers to attend me 'directly to Lady Betty's; or, if I had rather, to 'my own eſtate; and that my Lord M. ſhall pro-'tect me there, [He knows not, my dear, my reaſons for rejecting this inconſiderate advice]. 'In either 'caſe, as ſoon as he ſees me ſafe, he will go up to 'London, or whither I pleaſe; and not come near 'me, but by my own permiſſion; and till I am ſa-'tisfy'd in every thing I am doubtful of, as well with 'regard to his reformation, as to ſettlements, &c.

'To conduct me to You, my dear, is another of 'his alternatives, not doubting, he ſays, but your 'mamma will receive me. Or, if That be not agree-'able to you, to your mamma, or to me, he will 'put me into Mr. Hickman's protection; whom, no 'doubt, Miſs Howe can influence; and that it may 'be given out, that I am gone to Bath, or Briſtol, 'or Abroad; where-ever I pleaſe.

'Again, If it be more agreeable, he propoſes to 'attend me privately to London, where he will pro-'cure handſome lodgings for me, and both his couſins 'Montague to receive me there, and to accompany 'me till all ſhall be adjuſted to my mind; and till 'a reconciliation ſhall be effected; which, he aſſures 'me, nothing ſhall be wanting in him to facilitate; 'greatly as he has been inſulted by all my family.

'Theſe ſeveral meaſures he propoſes to my choice; 'it being unlikely, he ſays, that he can procure in 'the time, a letter from Lady Betty, under her 'own hand, inviting me in form to her houſe, un-'leſs he had been himſelf to go to that Lady for it; 'which, at this critical conjuncture, while he is at-'tending my commands, is impoſſible.

'He

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'He conjures me, in the solemnest manner, if I 'would not throw him into utter despair, to keep to 'my appointment.

'However, instead of threatening my relations, or 'Solmes, if I recede, he respectfully says, that he 'doubts not, but that, if I do, it will be upon such 'reasons, as he ought to be satisfy'd with; upon no 'slighter, he hopes, than their leaving me at full liberty 'to pursue my own inclinations: In which (whatever 'they shall be), he will intirely acquiesce; only endea-'vouring to make his future good behaviour, the sole 'ground for his expectation of my favour.

'In short, he solemnly vows, that his *whole* view at 'present, is, To free me from my imprisonment; and 'to restore me to my own free-will, in a point so ab-'solutely necessary to my future happiness. He de-'clares, that neither the hopes he has in my future 'favour, nor the honour of himself and family, will 'permit him to propose any thing that shall be in-'consistent with my own most scrupulous notions: 'And, for my mind's sake, should choose to have this 'end obtained by my friends declining to compel me. 'But that, nevertheless, as to the world's opinion, 'it is impossible to imagine, that the behaviour of 'my relations to me, has not already brought upon 'my family those free censures which they deserve, 'and caused the step which I am so scrupulous about 'taking, to be no other than the natural and expected 'consequence of their treatment of me.'

Indeed, I am afraid all this is true: And it is owing to some little degree of politeness, that Mr. Lovelace does not say all he might say on this subject: For I have no doubt, that I am the talk, and perhaps the by-word of half the county. If so, I am afraid, I can now do nothing that will give me more disgrace than I have already so causelessly received by their indiscreet persecutions: And let me be whose I will, and do what I will, I shall never wipe off the stain my con-

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finement, and the rigorous usage I have received, have fixed upon me; at least in my own opinion.

I wish, if ever I am to be considered as one of the eminent family this man is ally'd to, some of them do not think the worse of me, for the disgrace I have received!— In that case, perhaps, I shall be obliged to him, if *he* do not. You see how much this harsh, this cruel, treatment from my own family has humbled me!— But, perhaps, I was too much exalted before.

Mr. Lovelace concludes, 'with repeatedly begging 'an interview with me; and That, *this* night, if pos-'sible: An honour, he says, he is the more encour-'aged to solicit for, as I had twice before made him 'hope for it. But whether he obtain it, or not, he 'beseeches me to choose one of the alternatives he of-'fers to my acceptance; and not to depart from my 'resolution of escaping on Monday, unless the reason 'ceases on which I had taken it up; and that I have 'a prospect of being restored to my friends favour; 'at least to my own liberty and freedom of choice.'

He renews all his vows and promises on this head, in so earnest and so solemn a manner, that (his own interest, and his family's honour, and their favour for me, co-operating) I can have no room to doubt of his sincerity.

LETTER XXXIX.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miss* HOWE.

Sat. Morn, 8 *o' Clock*, *April* 8.

WHether you will blame me, or not, I cannot tell, But I have deposited a letter confirming my former resolution to leave this house on Monday next, within the hours, if possible, prefixed in my former. I have not kept a copy of it. But this is the substance:

I tell

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I tell him, 'That I have no way to avoid the determin'd resolution of my friends in behalf of Mr. Solmes; but by abandoning this house by his assistance.'

I have not pretended to make a merit with him on this score; for I plainly tell him, 'That could I, 'without an unpardonable sin, die when I *would*, I 'would sooner make death my choice, than take a 'step, which all the world, if not my own heart, 'will condemn me for taking.'

I tell him, 'That I shall not try to bring any 'other cloaths with me, than those I shall have on; 'and those but my common wearing-apparel; lest I 'should be suspected. That I must expect to be 'deny'd the possession of my estate: But that I am determin'd never to consent to a litigation with my father, were I to be reduced to ever so low a state: 'So that the protection I am to be obliged for, to any 'one, must be alone for the distress-sake: And yet, 'that I have too much pride to think of marrying, 'until I have a fortune that shall make me appear 'upon a foot of equality with, and void of obligation 'to, any-body: That, therefore, he will have nothing to hope for from this step, that he had not before: And that, in every light, I reserve to myself to 'accept or refuse his address, as his behaviour and circumspection shall appear to me to deserve.'

I tell him, 'That I think it best to go into a private lodging, in the neighbourhood of his aunt Lawrance; and not to her house; that it may not appear to the world, that I have refuged myself in his 'family; and that a reconciliation with my friends, 'may not, on that account, be made impracticable: 'That I will send for thither my faithful Hannah; 'and apprize only Miss Howe where I am: That he 'shall instantly leave me, and go to London, or to 'one of his uncle's seats; and (as he had promised)

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'not come near me, but by my leave; contenting 'himself with a correſpondence by letter only.

'That if I find myſelf in danger of being diſco- 'vered, and carried back by violence, I will then 'throw myſelf directly into the protection of either 'of his aunts, who will receive me: But This only 'in caſe of abſolute neceſſity; for that it will be more 'to my reputation, for me, by the beſt means I can, '(taking advantage of my privacy) to enter by a ſe- 'cond or third hand into a treaty of reconciliation 'with my friends.

'That I muſt, however, plainly tell him, That 'if, in this treaty, my friends inſiſt upon my reſolve- 'ing againſt marrying him, I will engage to comply 'with them; provided they will allow me to promiſe 'him, that I will never be any other man's, while 'he remains ſingle, or is living: That this is a com- 'pliment I am willing to pay to him, in return for 'the trouble and pains he has taken, and the uſage 'he has met with, on my account: Altho' I intimate, 'that he may, in a great meaſure, thank himſelf, and 'the little regard he has paid to his reputation, for the 'ſlights he has met with.'

I tell him, 'That I may, in this privacy, write to 'my couſin Morden, and, if poſſible, intereſt him 'in my cauſe.

'I take ſome brief notice of his alternatives.'

You muſt think, my dear, that this unhappy force upon me, and this projected flight, makes it neceſ- ſary for me to account to him much ſooner than it agrees with my ſtomach to do, for every part of my conduct.

'It is not to be expected, I tell him, that your 'mamma will embroil herſelf, or ſuffer you, or Mr. 'Hickman to be embroiled, on my account: And as 'to his propoſal of my going to London, I am ſuch 'an abſolute ſtranger to every-body there, and have

'ſuch

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'such a bad opinion of the place, that I cannot by 'any means think of going thither; except I should 'be induced, some time hence, by the Ladies of his 'family to attend them.

'As to the meeting he is desirous of, I think it by 'no means proper; especially as it is so likely that I 'may soon see him. But that if any thing occurs to 'induce me to change my mind, as to withdrawing, 'I may then, very probably, take the first opportu-'nity to see him, and give him my reasons for that 'change.'

This, my dear, I the less scrupled to write, that I might qualify him for such a disappointment, should I give it; he having, besides, behaved so very unexceptionably, when he surprized me some time ago in the lonely woodhouse.

Finally, 'I commend myself, as a person in di-'stress, and merely as such, to *his* honour, and to 'his *aunt*'s protection. I repeat [most cordially, I am 'sure!] my deep concern for being forced to take a 'step so disagreeable, and so derogatory to my 'honour. And having told him, that I will endea-'vour to obtain leave to dine in the Ivy summer-'house *(a)*, and to send Betty of some errand, when 'there, I leave the rest to him; but imagine, that 'about four o' clock will be a proper time for him to 'contrive some signal to let me know he is at hand, 'and for me to unbolt the garden-door.'

I added, by way of postscript, 'That their suspi-

(a) The *Ivy summer-house*, or *Ivy bower*, as it was sometimes called in the family, was a place, that from a girl, this young Lady delighted in. She used, in the summer-months, frequently to sit and work, and read, and write, and draw, and (when permitted) to breakfast, and dine, and sometimes to sup, in it; especially when Miss Howe, who had an equal liking to it, was her visitor and guest.

She describes it, in another letter, as 'angularly pointing to a pretty 'variegated landschape of wood, water, and hilly country; which had 'pleased her so much, that she had drawn it; the piece hanging up, in 'her parlour, among some of her other drawings.'

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'cions ſeeming to increaſe, I adviſe him to contrive 'to ſend or come to the uſual place, as frequently 'as poſſible, in the interval of time, till Monday morn-'ing ten or eleven o' clock; as ſomething may poſ-'ſibly happen to make me alter my mind.'

O my dear Miſs Howe!—what a ſad, ſad thing is the neceſſity, forced upon me, for all this preparation and contrivance!—But it is now too late!—But how!—*Too late*, did I ſay?—What a word is *that!*—what a dreadful thing, *were* I to repent, to *find* it to be too late, to remedy the apprehended evil!

Saturday, Ten o' Clock.

Mr. Solmes is here. He is to dine with his new relations, as Betty tells me he already calls them.

He would have thrown himſelf in my way, once more: But I hurry'd up to my priſon, in my return from my garden-walk, to avoid him.

I had, when in the garden, the curioſity to ſee, if my letter were gone: I cannot ſay, with an intention to take it back again, if it had not; becauſe I ſee not how I could do otherwiſe than I have done. Yet what a caprice was this!—For when I found it gone, I began (as yeſterday-morning) to wiſh it had not: For no other reaſon, I believe, than becauſe it was out of my power.

A ſtrange diligence in this man!—He *ſays*, he almoſt lives upon the place; and I think ſo too.

He mentions, as you will ſee in his letter, four ſeveral diſguiſes, which he put on in one day. It is a wonder, nevertheleſs, that he has not been ſeen by ſome of our tenants: For it is impoſſible that any diſguiſe can hide the gracefulneſs of his figure. But this is to be ſaid, that the adjoining grounds being all in our own hands, and no common foot-paths near that part of the garden, and thro' the park and coppice, nothing can be more bye and unfrequented.

Then they are leſs watchful, I believe, over my garden-

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garden-walks, and my poultry-visits, depending, as my aunt hinted, upon the bad character they have taken so much pains to fasten upon Mr. Lovelace. This, they think (and justly think), must fill me with doubts. And then the regard I have hitherto had for my reputation, is another of their securities. Were it not for these two, they would not surely have used me as they have done; and at the same time left me the opportunities, which I have several times had, to get away, had I been disposed to do so *(a)*: And indeed, their dependencies on both these motives would have been well founded, had they kept but tolerable measures with me.

Then, perhaps, they have no notion of the back-door; as it is seldom open'd, and leads to a place so pathless and lonesome *(b)*. If not, there *can* be no other way to go off (if one would), without discovery, unless by the plashy lane, so full of springs, by which your servant reaches the solitary wood-house; to which lane one must descend from a high bank, that bounds the poultry-yard. For, as to the front-way, you know, one must pass thro' the house to That, and in sight of the parlours, and the servants hall; then have the large open court-yard to go through, and, by means of the iron-gate, be full in view, as one pas-

(a) They might, no doubt, make a dependence upon the reasons she gives: But their chief reliance was upon the vigilance of their Joseph Leman; little imagining, what an implement he was of Mr. Lovelace.

(b) This, in another of her letters, is thus described:—'A piece of 'ruins upon it, the remains of an old chapel, now standing in the 'midst of the coppice; here and there an overgrown oak, surrounded 'with ivy and mistletoe, starting up, to sanctify, as it were, the awful 'solemness of the place: A spot, too, where a man having been found 'hanging some years ago, it was used to be thought of by us when 'children, and by the maid-servants, with a degree of terror; as the 'habitation of owls, ravens, and other ominous birds; and as haunted 'by ghosts, goblins, spectres: The genuine result of country loneliness 'and ignorance: Notions which, early propagated, are apt to leave im-'pressions even upon minds grown strong enough, at the same time, to 'despise the like credulous follies in others.'

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ſes over the lawn, for a quarter of a mile together; the young plantations of elms and limes affording yet but little ſhade or covert.

The Ivy ſummer-houſe is the moſt convenient for this affecting purpoſe of any ſpot in the garden, as it is not far from the back-door, and yet in another alley, as you may remember. Then it is ſeldom reſorted to by any-body elſe, except in the ſummer-months, becauſe it is cool. When they loved me, they would often, for this reaſon, object to my long continuance in it:— But now, it is no matter what becomes of me. Beſides, *cold is a bracer*, as my brother ſaid yeſterday.

Here I will depoſite what I have written. Let me have your prayers, my dear; and your approbation, or your cenſure, of the ſteps I have taken: For yet it may not be quite too late to revoke the appointment. I am

Your moſt affectionate and faithful

CL. HARLOWE.

Why will you ſend your ſervant empty-handed?

LETTER XL.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Sat. Afternoon.

BY your laſt date of Ten, in your letter of this day, you could not long have depoſited it, before Robin took it. He rode hard, and brought it to me juſt as I had riſen from table.

You may juſtly blame me for ſending my meſſenger empty-handed, your ſituation conſider'd; and yet that very ſituation [ſo critical!] is partly the reaſon for it: For indeed I knew not what to write, fit to ſend you.

I had been inquiring privately, how to procure you a conveyance from Harlowe-Place, and yet not appear in it; knowing, that to oblige in the *fact*, and

to

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to diſoblige in the *manner*, is but obliging by halves: My mamma being, moreover, very ſuſpicious, and very uneaſy; made more ſo by daily viſits from your uncle Antony, who tells her, that now every-thing is upon the point of being determined, and hopes, that her daughter will not ſo interfere, as to diſcourage your compliance with their wills. This I came at by a way that I cannot take notice of, or *both* ſhould hear of it, in a manner *neither* would like: And, *without* that, my mamma and I have had almoſt hourly bickerings.

I found more difficulty than I expected, as the time was confined, and ſecreſy required, in procuring you a vehicle; and as you ſo earneſtly forbid me to accompany you in your enterprize. Had you not obliged me to keep meaſures with my mamma, I could have managed it with eaſe. I could even have taken our own chariot, on one pretence or other, and put two horſes extraordinary to it, if I had thought fit; and I could have ſent it back from London, and nobody the wiſer as to the lodgings we might have taken.

I wiſh to the Lord, you had permitted This! Indeed I think you are two punctilious a great deal for your ſituation. Would you expect to enjoy yourſelf with your uſual placidneſs, and not be ruffled, in an hurricane which every moment threatens to blow your houſe down?

Had your diſtreſs ſprung from yourſelf, that would have been another thing. But when all the world knows where to lay the fault, this alters the caſe.

How can you ſay I am happy, when my mamma, to her power, is as much an abettor of their wickedneſs to my deareſt friend, as your aunt, or any-body elſe?— And this thro' the inſtigation of that odd-headed and fooliſh uncle of yours, who [ſorry creature that he is] keeps her up to reſolutions, which are unworthy of her, for an example to me, and pleaſe you.

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Is not this cauſe enough for me to ground a reſentment upon, ſufficient to juſtify me for accompanying you; the friendſhip between us ſo well known?

Indeed, my dear, the importance of the caſe conſider'd, I muſt repeat, That you are too nice. Don't they already think, that your ſtanding-out is owing a good deal to my advice? Have they not prohibited our correſpondence upon that very ſurmize? And have I, but on *your* account, reaſon to value *what* they think?

Beſides, what diſcredit have I to fear by ſuch a ſtep? What detriment? Would Hickman, do you believe, refuſe me upon it?—If he did, ſhould I be ſorry for that?— Who is it, that has a Soul, who would not be affected by ſuch an inſtance of female friendſhip?

But I ſhould vex and diſorder my mamma!—Well, that is ſomething! But not more than ſhe vexes and diſorders me, on her being made an implement by ſuch a ſorry creature, who ambles hither every day in ſpite to my deareſt friend.— Woe be to *both*, if it be for a *double end!*—Chide me, if you will: I don't care.

I ſay, and I inſiſt upon it, ſuch a ſtep would *ennoble* your friend: And if ſtill you will permit it, I will take the office out of Lovelace's hands; and, to-morrow evening, or on Monday, before his time of appointment takes place, will come in a chariot, or chaiſe: And then, my dear, if we get off as I wiſh, will we make terms, and what terms we pleaſe, with them All. My mamma will be glad to receive her daughter again, I warrant ye: And Hickman will cry for *joy* on my return; or he ſhall for *ſorrow*.

But you are ſo very earneſtly angry with me for propoſing ſuch a ſtep, and have always ſo much to ſay for your ſide of any queſtion, that I am afraid to urge it farther.—Only be ſo good as to encourage me to reſume it, if, upon farther conſideration, and upon weighing

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weighing matters well [and in *this* light, Whether beſt to go off with *me*, or with *Lovelace*], you can get over your punctilious regard for my reputation. A woman going off with a woman is not ſo diſcreditable a thing, ſurely! and with no view, but to avoid the fellows!— I ſay, only be ſo good as to *conſider* this point; and if you can get over your ſcruples, on *my* account, do. And ſo I will have done with this argument for the preſent; and apply myſelf to ſome of the paſſages in yours.

A time, I hope, will come, that I ſhall be able to read your affecting narratives, without that impatience and bitterneſs, which now boils over in my heart, and would flow to my pen, were I to enter into the particulars of what you write. And, indeed, I am afraid of giving you my advice at all, or of telling you what I ſhould do in your caſe [ſuppoſing you will ſtill refuſe my offer]; finding too, what you have been brought, or rather driven, to, without it; leſt any evil ſhould follow it: In which caſe, I ſhould never forgive myſelf. And this conſideration has added to my difficulties in writing to you, now you are upon ſuch a criſis, and yet refuſe the only method— But I ſaid, I would not for the preſent touch any more that ſtring. Yet, one word more, chide me, if you pleaſe: If any harm betide you, I ſhall for ever blame my mamma— Indeed I ſhall— And perhaps yourſelf, if you do not accept of my offer.

But one thing, in your preſent ſituation, and proſpects, let me adviſe: It is this, That if you *do* go away with Mr. Lovelace, you take the firſt opportunity to permit the ceremony to paſs. Why ſhould you *not*, when every-body will know by *whoſe* aſſiſtance, and in *whoſe* company, you leave your father's houſe, go whitherſoever you will?— You may, indeed, keep him at diſtance, until ſettlements are drawn, and ſuch-like matters are adjuſted to your mind. But even Theſe are matters of leſs conſideration in your particular

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particular caſe, than they would be in that of moſt others: *Becauſe*, be his other faults what they will, nobody thinks him an ungenerous man: *Becauſe* the poſſeſſion of your eſtate muſt be given up to you, as ſoon as your couſin Morden comes; who, as your Truſtee, will ſee it done; and done upon proper terms: *Becauſe* there is no want of fortune on his ſide: *Becauſe* all his family value you, and are extremely deſirous that you ſhould be their relation: *Becauſe* he makes no ſcruple of accepting you without conditions. You ſee how he has always defy'd your relations [I, for my own part, can forgive him for that fault: Nor know I, if it be not a noble one]. And I dare ſay, he had rather call you *his*, without a ſhilling, than be under obligation to thoſe whom he has full as little reaſon to love, as they have to love him. You have heard, that his own relations cannot make his proud ſpirit ſubmit to owe any favour to them.

For all theſe reaſons, I think, you may the leſs ſtand upon previous ſettlements. It is therefore my abſolute opinion, that, if you *do* go away with him [And in that caſe you muſt let *him* be judge, when he can leave you with ſafety, you'll obſerve That], you ſhould not poſtpone the ceremony.

Give this matter your moſt ſerious conſideration. Punctilio is out of doors the moment you are out of your father's houſe. I know how juſtly ſevere you have been upon thoſe inexcuſable creatures, whoſe giddineſs, and even want of decency, have made them, in the ſame hour, as I may ſay, leap from a parent's window to a huſband's bed—But, conſidering Lovelace's character, I repeat my opinion, that your Reputation in the eye of the world requires, that no delay be made in this point, when once you are in his power.

I need not, I am ſure, make a ſtronger plea to *you*.

You ſay, in excuſe for my mamma (what my fervent

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vent love for my friend very ill brooks), That we ought not to blame any-one for not doing what she has an option to do, or to let alone. This, in cases of friendship, would admit of very strict discussion. If the thing requested be of *greater* consequence, or even of *equal*, to the person sought to, and it were, as the old phrase has it, *to take a thorn out of one's friend's foot, to put it into our own*, something might be said.—Nay, it would be, I will venture to say, a selfish thing, in us to ask a favour of a friend, which would subject That friend to the *same* or *equal* inconvenience, as That from which we wanted to be relieved. The requester would, in this case, teach his friend, by his *own* selfish example, with much *better* reason, to deny him, and despise a friendship so *merely* nominal. But if, by a *less* inconvenience to ourselves, we could relieve our friend from a *greater*, the refusal of such a favour makes the refuser unworthy of the name of Friend: Nor would I admit such a one, not even into the outermost fold of my heart.

I am well aware, that this is your opinion of friendship, as well as mine: For I owe the distinction to you, upon a certain occasion; and it saved me from a very great inconvenience, as you must needs remember. But you was always for making excuses for *other* people, in cases wherein you would not have allowed of one for *yourself*.

I must own, that were these excuses for a friend's indifference, or denial, made by any-body but *you*, in a case of such *vast* importance to herself, and of so comparative a *small* one to those whose protection she would be thought to wish for; I, who am for ever, as you have often remarked, endeavouring to trace effects to their causes, should be ready to suspect, that there was a latent, un-owned inclination, which balancing, or *preponderating* rather, made the issue of the alternative (however important) sit more lightly upon the excuser's mind than she cared to own.

You

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You will understand me, my dear. But if you do not, it may be as well for me; for I am afraid I shall *have it* from you, for but starting such a notion, or giving a hint, which, perhaps, as you did once in another case, you will reprimandingly call, 'Not 'being able to forego the ostentation of sagacity, tho' 'at the expence of that tenderness which is due to 'friendship and charity.'

What signifies owning a fault, without mending it, you'll say?— Very true, my dear. But you know I ever was a saucy creature!— Ever stood in need of great allowances.—And I know, likewise, that I ever had them from my dear Clarissa Harlowe. Nor do I doubt them now: For you know how much I love you!—If it be possible, *more* than *myself* I love you! Believe me, my dear! And, in consequence of that belief, you will be able to judge, how much I am affected by your present distressful and critical situation; which will not suffer me to pass by, without a censure, even that philosophy of temper in your own cause, which you have not in another's, and which all that know you, ever admired you for.

From this critical and distressful situation, it shall be my hourly prayers, that you may be delivered without blemish to that fair fame, which has hitherto, like your heart, been unspotted.

With This prayer, twenty times repeated, concludes

Your ever-affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

I hurry'd myself in writing This; and I hurry Robin away with it, that in a Situation so very critical, you may have all the time possible to consider what I have written, upon two points so very important. I will repeat them in a very few words:

'Whether you choose not rather to go off with 'one of *your own Sex*; with your ANNA HOWE— 'than

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'than with one of the *other*; with Mr. LOVE-'LACE?

And if not,

'Whether you ſhould not marry him as ſoon as 'poſſible?'

LETTER XLI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

[*The preceding letter not received.*]

Saturday Afternoon.

ALready have I an ecſtatic anſwer, as I may call it, to my letter.

'He promiſes compliance in every article with my 'will: Approves of all I propoſe; particularly of the 'private lodging: And thinks it a happy expedient to 'obviate the cenſures of the buſy and the unreflect-'ing: And yet he hopes, that the putting myſelf 'into the protection of either of his aunts, treated as 'I am treated, would be far from being looked upon 'by any, in a diſreputable light. But every thing I 'injoin, or reſolve upon, muſt, he ſays, be right, 'not only with reſpect to my preſent, but future, ho-'nour; with regard to which, he hopes ſo to behave 'himſelf, as to be *allow'd* to be next to myſelf, more 'ſolicitous than any-body. He will only aſſure me, 'that his whole family are extremely deſirous to take 'advantage of the perſecutions I labour under, to 'make their court, and endear themſelves, to me; 'by their beſt and moſt chearful ſervices: Happy, if 'they can, in any meaſure, contribute to my preſent 'freedom, and future happineſs.

'He will this afternoon, he ſays, write to his uncle, 'and to both his aunts, that he is now within view 'of being the happieſt man in the world, if it be not 'his own fault; ſince the only woman upon earth 'that can make him ſo, will be ſoon out of danger of 'being another man's; and cannot poſſibly preſcribe

'any

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'any terms to him, that he ſhall not think it his duty 'to comply with.

'He flatters himſelf now (my laſt letter *confirming* 'my reſolution), that he can be in no apprehenſion of 'my changing my mind, unleſs my friends change 'their manner of acting by me; which he is too ſure 'they will not. And now will all his relations, who 'take ſuch a kind and generous ſhare in his intereſts, 'glory and pride themſelves in the proſpects he has 'before him.

Thus artfully does he hold me to it!—

'As to fortune, he begs of me not to be ſolicitous 'on that ſcore: That his own eſtate is ſufficient for us 'both; not a *nominal*, but a *real*, two thouſand pounds '*per annum*, equivalent to ſome eſtates reputed a third 'more: That it never was incumbred: That he is clear 'of the world, both as to book and bond-debts; thanks, 'perhaps, to his pride, more than to his virtue. That 'his uncle moreover reſolves to ſettle upon him a thou-'ſand pounds *per annum* on his nuptials. And this, (if 'he writes to his Lordſhip's honour) more from mo-'tives of *juſtice*, than from thoſe of *generoſity*, as he 'ought to conſider it but as an equivalent for an eſtate 'which he had got poſſeſſion of, to which *his* [Mr. 'Lovelace's] mother had better pretenſions. That 'his Lordſhip alſo propoſed to give him up either his 'ſeat in Hertfordſhire, or that in Lancaſhire, at his 'own or at his wife's option, eſpecially if I am the 'perſon. All which it will be in my power to ſee done, 'and proper ſettlements drawn, *before* I enter into 'any farther engagements with him; if I *will* have 'it ſo.'

He ſays, 'That I need not be under any ſolicitude 'as to *apparel*: All *immediate* occaſions of That ſort 'will be moſt chearfully ſupplied by his aunts, or his 'couſins Montague: As my others ſhall, with the 'greateſt pride and pleaſure (if I will allow him that 'honour), by himſelf.

'That

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'That I ſhall govern him as I pleaſe, with regard 'to any-thing in his power towards effecting a recon-'ciliation with my friends: A point he knows my 'heart is ſet upon.

'He is afraid, that the time will hardly allow of 'his procuring Miſs Charlotte Montague's attendance 'upon me, at St. Albans, as he had propoſed ſhe 'ſhould; becauſe, he underſtands, ſhe keeps her cham-'ber, with a violent cold, and ſore throat. But both 'ſhe and her ſiſter, the firſt moment ſhe is able to go 'abroad, ſhall viſit me at my private lodgings; and 'introduce me to their aunts, or their aunts to me, as 'I ſhall chooſe; and accompany me to town, if I 'pleaſe; and ſtay as long in it with me, as I ſhall 'think fit to ſtay there.

'Lord M. will alſo, at my own time, and in my 'own manner, that is to ſay, either publicly or pri-'vately, make me a viſit. And, for his own part, when 'he has ſeen me in ſafety, either in their protection, 'or in the privacy I prefer, he will leave me, and not 'attempt to viſit me, but by my own permiſſion.

'He had thoughts once, he ſays, on hearing of his 'couſin Charlotte's indiſpoſition, to have engaged his 'couſin Patty's attendance upon me, either at or 'about the neighbouring village, or at St. Albans: 'But, he ſays, ſhe is a low-ſpirited, timorous girl, who 'would but the more perplex us.'

So, my dear, the enterprize requires courage and high ſpirits, you ſee!—And indeed it does!— What am I about to do!—

He himſelf, it is plain, thinks it neceſſary, that I ſhould be accompanied with one of my own Sex!— He might, at leaſt, have propoſed the woman of one of the Ladies of his family.— Lord bleſs me!—What am I about to do!—

AFTER all, far as I have gone, I know not but I may ſtill recede: And if I do, a mortal quarrel, I ſuppoſe,

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ſuppoſe, will enſue.— And what if it does?— Could there be any way to eſcape this Solmes, a breach with Lovelace might make way for the Single Life [ſo much my preferable wiſh!] to take place: And then I would defy the Sex. For I ſee nothing but trouble and vexation that they bring upon ours: And when once enter'd, one is obliged to go on with them, treading, with tender feet, upon thorns, and ſharper thorns, to the end of a painful journey.

What to do, I know not. The more I think, the more I am embarraſs'd!—And the ſtronger will be my doubts, as the appointed time draws nearer.

But I will go down, and take a little turn in the garden; and depoſite This, and his letters, all but the two laſt; which I will incloſe in my next, if I have opportunity to write another.

Mean time, my dear friend—— But what can I deſire you to pray for?— Adieu then!—Let me only ſay, — Adieu!—

LETTER XLII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

[*In anſwer to Letter* XL.]

Sunday Morning, April 9.

DO not think, my beloved friend, altho' you have given me, in yours of yeſterday, a *ſeverer* inſtance of what, nevertheleſs, I muſt call your *impartial* Love, than ever yet I received from you, that I will be diſpleaſed with you for it. That would be to put myſelf into the inconvenient ſituation of Royalty: That is to ſay, Out of the way of ever being told of my faults; of ever mending them; and In the way of making the ſincereſt and warmeſt friendſhip uſeleſs to me.

And then how brightly, how nobly, burns this ſacred flame in your boſom! that you are ready to im-

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impute to the unhappy ſufferer a *leſs degree* of warmth in *her own* cauſe, than *you* have for her, becauſe ſhe endeavours to diveſt herſelf of *Self*, ſo far as to leave others to the option which they have a right to make? Ought I, my dear, to blame, ought I not rather to admire, you for this ardor?

But, nevertheleſs, leſt you ſhould think, that there is any foundation for a ſurmize, which, altho' it owe its riſe to your friendſhip, would, if there *were*, leave me utterly inexcuſable; I muſt, in juſtice to myſelf, declare, That I know not my own heart, if I have any of that *latent* or *un-owned inclination*, which you would impute to *any other but me*. Nor does the *important alternative ſit lightly on my mind*. And yet I muſt excuſe your mamma, were it but on this ſingle conſideration, That I could not preſume to reckon upon *her* favour, as I could upon her *daughter*'s, ſo as to make the claim of friendſhip upon *her*, to whom, as the mother of my deareſt friend, a veneration is owing, which can hardly be compatible with that ſweet familiarity, which is one of the indiſpenſibles of the ſacred tie by which your heart and mine are bound in one.

What therefore I might expect from my *Anna Howe*, I *ought not* from her *mamma*; for would it not be very ſtrange, that a perſon of her experience ſhould be reflected upon, becauſe ſhe gave not up her own judgment, where the conſequence of her doing ſo would be, to embroil herſelf, as ſhe apprehends, with a family ſhe has lived well with, and in behalf of a child againſt her parents?—As ſhe has, moreover, a daughter of her own:—A daughter too, give me leave to ſay, of whoſe vivacity and charming ſpirits ſhe is more apprehenſive than ſhe need to be; becauſe her truly maternal cares make her fear more from her *youth*, than ſhe hopes from her *prudence*; which nevertheleſs ſhe, and all the world, know to be *beyond* her years.

And here let me add, That whatever you may, generouſly,

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generouſly, and as the reſult of an ardent affection for your unhappy friend, urge on this head, in my behalf, or harſhly againſt any one who may refuſe me protection in ſuch extraordinary circumſtances as I find myſelf in; I have ſome pleaſure, in being able to curb undue expectations upon my indulgent friends, whatever were to befal myſelf from thoſe circumſtances; for I ſhould be extremely mortified, were I, by my ſelfiſh forwardneſs, to give occaſion for ſuch a check, as to be told, that I had encouraged an unreaſonable hope; or, according to the phraſe you mention, wiſhed to take a *Thorn out of my own foot, and to put it into that of my friend.* Nor ſhould I be better pleaſed with myſelf, if, having been taught by my good Mrs. Norton, that the beſt of ſchools, is *That of affliction*, I ſhould rather learn impatience than the contrary, by the leſſons I am obliged to get by heart in it; and if I ſhould judge of the *merits of others*, as they were *kind to me*; and that at the expence of their own convenience or peace of mind. For is not This to ſuppoſe myſelf ever in the right; and all who do not act as I would have them act, perpetually in the wrong? In ſhort, to make *my* ſake, *God*'s ſake, in the ſenſe of Mr. Solmes's pitiful plea to me.

How often, my dear, have You and I endeavour'd to detect and cenſure this partial ſpirit in others?

But I know, you do not always content yourſelf with ſaying what you think may *juſtly* be ſaid: But, in order to ſhew the extent of a penetration, which can go to the bottom of any ſubject, delight to ſay, or to write, all that *can* be ſaid, or *written*, or even *thought*, on the particular occaſion; and this partly, perhaps, from being deſirous (pardon me, my dear!) to be thought miſtreſs of a ſagacity that is aforehand with events. But who would wiſh to drain off, or dry up, a refreſhing current, becauſe it now and then puts us to ſome little inconvenience by its over-flowings? In other words, who would not allow, for the livelineſs

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livelinefs of a ſpirit, which, for one painful ſenſibility, gives an hundred pleaſurable ones: And the *one* in conſequence of the *other*?

But now I come to the two points in your letter, that moſt ſenſibly concern me: Thus you put them:

'Whether I chooſe not rather to go off with one 'of my *own Sex*; with my ANNA HOWE—than 'with one of the *other*; with Mr. LOVELACE?

And if *not*,

'Whether I ſhould not marry him, as ſoon as 'poſſible?

You know, my dear, my reaſons for rejecting your propoſal, and even for being earneſt that you ſhould not be *known* to be aſſiſting to me in an enterprize, which a cruel neceſſity induced *me* to think of engaging in; and which *you* have not the ſame plea for. At this rate, *well* might your mamma be uneaſy at our correſpondence, not knowing to what inconveniencies it might ſubject her and you!—If *I* am hardly excuſable to think of flying from my *unkind* friends, what could *you* have to ſay for yourſelf, were you to abandon a mother ſo *indulgent*? Does ſhe ſuſpect, that your fervent friendſhip may lead you to a *ſmall* indiſcretion? and does this ſuſpicion offend you? And would you, in revenge, ſhew her and the world, that you can voluntarily ruſh into the *higheſt error*, that any of our ſex can be guilty of?

And is it worthy of your generoſity [I aſk you, my dear, is it?] to think of taking ſo undutiful a ſtep, becauſe you believe your mamma would be glad to receive you again?

I do aſſure you, that were I to take this ſtep myſelf, I would run all riſques rather than you ſhould accompany me in it. Have I, do you think, a deſire to *double* and *treble* my own fault, in the eye of the world? In the eye of that world, which, cruelly as I am uſed (not knowing all), would not acquit *me*?

But,

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But, my deareſt, kindeſt friend, let me tell you, That we will *neither* of us take ſuch a ſtep. The manner of putting your queſtions, abundantly convinces me, that I ought not, in *your* opinion, to *attempt* it. You, no doubt, intend, that I ſhall *ſo* take it; and I thank you for the equally polite and forcible conviction.

It is ſome ſatisfaction to me, taking the matter in this light, that I had begun to waver before I received your laſt. And now I tell you, that it has abſolutely determin'd me *not* to go away; at leaſt, not to-morrow.

If *You*, my dear, think the *iſſue of the alternative*, to uſe your own words, *ſits ſo lightly upon my mind*; in ſhort, that my *inclination* is *faulty*; the *world* would treat me much leſs ſcrupulouſly. When, therefore, you repreſent, *that all punctilio muſt be at an end the moment I am out of my father's houſe*; and hint, that I muſt ſubmit it to Lovelace to judge *when* he can leave me with ſafety; that is to ſay, give *him* the option whether he will leave me, or not; Who can bear theſe reflections, and reſolve to incur theſe inconveniencies, that has the queſtion ſtill in her own power to decide upon?

While I thought only of an eſcape from *This houſe*, as an eſcape from Mr. *Solmes*; that already my reputation ſuffer'd by my confinement; and that it would be ſtill in my own option, either to marry Mr. Lovelace, or wholly to renounce him; Bold as the ſtep was, I thought, treated as I am treated, ſomething was to be ſaid in excuſe of it — If not to the world, to *myſelf*: And to be *ſelf*-acquitted, is a bleſſing to be preferred to the opinion of all the world. But, after I have cenſured that indiſcreet forwardneſs in ſome, who (flying from their chamber to the altar) have, without the *leaſt* ceremony, ruſh'd upon the *greateſt*: After I have ſtipulated with him for time, and for an ultimate option, whether to accept or refuſe him; and for his leaving me, as ſoon as I am in a place of ſafety (which,

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(which, as you obſerve, *he* muſt be the judge of): And after he has comply'd with theſe terms; ſo that I cannot, if I *would*, recall them, and ſuddenly marry; —You ſee, my dear, that I have nothing left me, but to reſolve, *not* to go away with him.

But, how, on this revocation, ſhall I be able to pacify him?

How! — Why aſſert the privilege of my Sex! — Surely, on *This* ſide of the ſolemnity he has no *right* to be diſpleaſed. Beſides, did I not reſerve a power of receding, if I ſaw fit? To what purpoſe, as I aſked in the caſe between your mamma and you, has any-body an option, if the making uſe of it, ſhall give the refuſed a right to be diſguſted?

Far, very far, would *Theſe* be, who, according to the Old Law, have a *right* of *abſolving* or *confirming* a child's promiſe, from ratifying *mine*, had it been ever *ſo ſolemn* a one *(a)*. But This was rather an *appointment* than a *promiſe*: And ſuppoſe it had been

(*a*) See *Numb.* xxx. Where it is declared, whoſe vows ſhall be binding, and whoſe not. The vows of a man, or of a widow, are there pronounced to be indiſpenſible; becauſe they are ſole, and ſubject to no other domeſtic authority. But the vows of a ſingle woman, and of a wife, if the father of the one, or the huſband of the other, diſallow of them, as ſoon as they know them, are to be of no force.

A matter highly neceſſary to be known; by all young ladies. eſpecially, whoſe deſigning addreſſers too often endeavour to engage them by vows; and then plead conſcience and honour to them to hold them down to the performance.

It cannot be amiſs to recite the very words.

Ver. 3. *If a woman vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herſelf by a bond, being in her father's houſe in her youth;*

4. *And her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith ſhe hath bound her ſoul, and her father ſhall hold his peace at her; then all her vows ſhall ſtand, and every bond wherewith ſhe hath bound her ſoul ſhall ſtand.*

5. *But if her father diſallow her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows or of her bonds wherewith ſhe hath bound her ſoul ſhall ſtand: And the Lord ſhall forgive her becauſe her father diſallowed her.*

The ſame in the caſe of a wife, as ſaid above. See ver. 6, 7, 8, *&c.* ---And all is thus ſolemnly cloſed.

Ver. 16. *Theſe are the ſtatutes which the Lord commanded Moſes between a man and his wife, between the father and his daughter, being yet in her youth in her father's houſe.*

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the latter; and that I had *not* reſerv'd to myſelf a liberty of revoking it, was it to preclude *better* or *maturer* conſideration?—If ſo, how unfit to be given! — How ungenerous to be inſiſted upon! — And how unfitter ſtill, to be kept! — Is there a man living, who ought to be angry, that a woman, whom he hopes one day to call his, ſhall refuſe to keep a raſh promiſe, when, on the matureſt deliberation, ſhe is convinc'd, that it *was* a raſh one?

I reſolve then, upon the whole, to ſtand This one trial of Wedneſday next.—Or, perhaps, I ſhould rather ſay, of Tueſday evening; if my father hold his purpoſe of endeavouring, in perſon, to make me *read*, or *hear* read, and then *ſign*, the ſettlements.— *That*, *that* muſt be the greateſt trial of all.

If I am compelled to ſign them over-night! — Then [the Lord bleſs me!] muſt All I dread, follow, as of courſe, on Wedneſday. — If I can prevail upon them, by my prayers—Perhaps, by fits, and delirium, (for the very firſt appearance of my father, after having been ſo long baniſh'd his preſence, will greatly affect me) to lay aſide their views; or to ſuſpend, if but for one week; if *not*, but for two or three days; ſtill Wedneſday will be a lighter day of trial.— They will ſurely give me time to *conſider*; to argue with myſelf—This will not be *promiſing*—As I have made no effort to get away, they have no reaſon to ſuſpect me; ſo I may have an opportunity, in the laſt reſort, to eſcape. Mrs. Norton is to be with me: She, altho' ſhe ſhould be check'd for it, will, in my extremity, plead for me. My aunt Hervey *may*, on ſuch extremity, join her. Perhaps, my mamma may be brought over. I will kneel to each, one by one, to make a friend. They have been afraid, ſome of them, to ſee me, leſt they ſhould be moved in my favour: Does not This give me a reaſonable hope, that I *may* move them?—My brother's counſel, heretofore given, to turn me out of doors to my evil deſtiny, may again be

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be repeated, and may prevail: *Then* ſhall I be in no *worſe* caſe than *now*, as to the diſpleaſure of my friends; and thus far *better*, that it will not be my fault that I leave them, and ſeek another protection: Which even *then*, ought to be my couſin Morden's, rather than Mr. Lovelace's, or any other perſon's.

My heart, in ſhort, miſgives me leſs, when I reſolve *This* way, than when I think of the *other*: And in ſo ſtrong and involuntary a byaſs, the *heart* is, as I may ſay, *Conſcience*. And well cautions the wiſe man: 'Let the counſel of thine own heart ſtand; 'for there is no man more faithful to thee, than It: 'For a man's mind is ſometimes wont to tell him 'more than ſeven watchmen, that ſit above in a high 'tower.' *(a)*

Forgive theſe indigeſted ſelf-reaſonings. I will cloſe here: And inſtantly ſet about a letter of revocation to Mr. Lovelace; take it as he will. It will only be another trial of temper to *him*. To *me* of infinite importance. And has he not promiſed temper and acquieſcence, on the ſuppoſition of a change in my mind?

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday Morning, April 9.

NOBODY, it ſeems, will go to church this day. No bleſſing to be expected perhaps upon views ſo worldly, and in ſome ſo cruel.

They have a miſtruſt that I have ſome device in my head. Betty has been looking among my cloaths. I found her, on coming up from depoſiting my letter to Lovelace [for I *have* written!] peering among them, the key being in the lock. She colour'd, and was con-

O 2

(a) Eccluſ. xxxvii. 13, 14.

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confounded to be caught. But I only said, I should be accustom'd to *any* sort of treatment in time! — If she had her orders — those were enough for her.

She own'd, in her confusion, that a motion had been made to abridge me of my airings; and the report *she* should make, would be no disadvantage to me. One of my friends, she told me, urged in my behalf, That there was no need of laying me under greater restraint, since Mr. Lovelace's threatening to *rescue* me by violence, were I to have been carry'd to my uncle's, was a conviction that I had no design to go off to him voluntarily; and that if I *had*, I should have made preparations of that kind *before now*; and, most probably, been detected in them. — *Hence*, it was also inferr'd, that there was no room to doubt, but I would at last comply. And, added the bold creature, if you don't intend to do so, Your conduct, Miss, seems strange to me.–Only thus she reconciled it; That I had gone so far, I knew not how to come off *genteelly:* And she fancy'd I should, in *full congregation*, on Wednesday, give Mr. Solmes my hand. And then, said the confident wench, as the learned Dr. Brand took his text last Sunday, *There will be joy in heaven*—

This is the substance of my letter to Mr. Lovelace:

'That I have reasons, of the greatest consequence 'to *myself*, and which, when known, must satisfy 'him, to suspend, for the present, my intention of 'leaving my father's house: That I have hopes that 'matters may be brought to an happy conclusion, 'without taking a step, which nothing but the last ne-'cessity could justify: And that he may depend upon 'my promise, that I will die, rather than consent to 'marry Mr. Solmes.'

And so, I am preparing myself to stand the shock of his exclamatory reply. But be that what it will, it cannot affect me so much, as the apprehensions of what may happen to me next Tuesday or Wednesday;

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day.; for now thoſe apprehenſions engage my whole attention, and make me ſick at the very heart.

Sunday, Four o'Clock, P. M.

My letter is not yet taken away! — If he ſhould not ſend for it, or take it, and come hither on my not meeting him to-morrow, in doubt of what may have befallen me, what ſhall I do? Why had I any concerns with this Sex! — I, that was ſo happy till I knew This man!

I din'd in the Ivy ſummer-houſe. It was comply'd with at the firſt word. To ſhew I meant nothing, I went again into the houſe with Betty, as ſoon as I had dined. I thought it was not amiſs to aſk this liberty; the weather ſeeming to be ſet in fine. One does not know what Tueſday or Wedneſday may produce.

Sunday Evening, Seven o'Clock.

THERE remains my letter ſtill! — He is buſied, I ſuppoſe, in his preparations for to-morrow. But then he has ſervants. Does the man think he is ſo *ſecure* of me, that having appointed, he need not give himſelf any further concern about me, till the very moment!—He knows how I am beſet. He knows not what may happen. I *might* be ill, or ſtill more cloſely watched or confined, than before. The correſpondence *might* be diſcovered. It *might* be neceſſary to vary the ſcheme. I *might* be forced into meaſures, which might intirely fruſtrate my purpoſe. I *might* have new doubts: I *might* ſuggeſt ſomething more convenient, for any thing he knew. What can the man mean, I wonder!—Yet it ſhall lie; for if he has it any time before the appointed hour, it will ſave me declaring to him perſonally my changed purpoſe, and the trouble of contending with him on that ſcore. If he ſend for it at all, he will ſee by the date, that he might have had it in time; and if he be put to any

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inconvenience from shortness of notice, let him take it for his pains.

Sunday Night, Nine o'Clock.

IT is determined, it seems, to send to Mrs. Norton, to be here on Tuesday to dinner; and she is to stay with me for a whole week.

So she is first to endeavour to persuade me to comply, and, when the violence is done, she is to comfort me, and try to reconcile me to my fate. They expect *fits* and *fetches*, Betty insolently tells me, and expostulations, and exclamations, *without number:* But every-body will be prepared for them: And when it's over, it's over; and I shall be easy and pacified, when I find I cannot help it.

Mond. Morn. April 10, *Seven o'Clock.*

O MY dear! There yet lies the letter, just as I left it!

Does he think he is so sure of me! — Perhaps he imagines that I *dare not* alter my purpose. I wish I had never known him!—I begin now to see this rashness in the light every-one else would have seen it in, had I been guilty of it. — But what can I do, if he come to-day at the appointed time! — If he receive not the letter, I must see him, or he will think something has befallen me; and certainly will come to the house. As certainly he will be insulted. And what, in that case, may be the consequence! — Then I as good as promised, that I would take the first opportunity to see him, if I changed my mind, and to give him my reasons for it. I have no doubt but he will be out of humour upon it: But better *he* meet me, and go away dissatisfied with *me*, than that *I* should go away dissatisfied with *myself*.

Yet, short as the time is, he may still perhaps send, and get the letter. Something may have happened to prevent him, which, when known, will excuse him.

After

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After I have disappointed him more than once before, on a requested *interview* only, it is impossible he should not have *curiosity*, at least, to know if something has not happened; and if my mind hold in this more *important case*. And yet, as I rashly confirm'd my resolution by a second letter, I begin now to doubt it.

Nine o'Clock.

My cousin Dolly Hervey slid the inclosed letter into my hand, as I passed by her, coming out of the garden.

Dearest Madam,

I Have got intelligence from one as says she knows, that you must be married on Wednesday morning to Mr. Solmes. May-be, howsoever, only to vex me; for it is Betty Barnes: A saucy creature, I'm sure. A license is got, as she says: And so far she went as to tell me (bidding me say nothing; but she knew as that I would) that Mr. Brand the young Oxford Clergyman, and fine scholar, is to marry you. For Dr. Lewin, I hear, refuses, unless you consent; and they have heard that he does not like over-well their proceedings against you; and says, as that you don't deserve to be treated so cruelly as you are treated. But Mr. Brand, I am told, is to have his fortune made by uncle Harlowe, and among them.

You will know better than I what to make of all these matters; for sometimes I think Betty tells me things as if I should not tell you, and yet expects as that I will. She, and all the world knows how I love you: And so I would *have* them. It is an honour to me to love such a dear young Lady, who is an honour to all her family, let them say what they will. But there is such whispering between this Betty, and Miss Harlowe, as you can't imagine; and when that is done, Betty comes and tells me something.

This seems to be sure (and that is why I write: But

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pray burn it) you are to be ſearched once more for letters, and for pen and ink; for they know you write. Something they pretend to have betray'd out of one of Mr. Lovelace's ſervants, as they hope to make ſomething of; I know not what. That muſt be a very vilde and wicked man, who would brag of Lady's goodneſs to him, and tell ſecrets. Mr. Lovelace is too much of a gentleman for that, I dare ſay. If not, who can be ſafe of young innocent creatures, ſuch as we be?

Then they have a notion, from that falſe Betty, I believe, as that you intend to take ſomething to make yourſelf ſick, or ſome ſuch thing; and ſo they will ſearch for phials and powders, and ſuch-like.

Strange ſearching among them! God bleſs us young creatures, when we come among ſuch ſuſpicious relations. But, thank God, my mamma is not ſuch a one, at the preſent.

If nothing be found, you are to be uſed kindlier for that, by your papa, at the grand judgment, as I may call it.

Yet, ſick or well, alas, my dear couſin! you muſt be married, belike. So ſays this ſame creature; and I don't doubt it: But your huſband is to go home every night, till you are reconciled to go to him. And ſo illneſs can be no pretence to ſave you.

They are ſure you will make a good wife, when you be one. So would not I, unleſs I liked my huſband. And Mr. Solmes is always telling them how he will purchaſe your love and all that, by jewels and fine things.— A ſiccofant of a man!— I wiſh he and Betty Barnes were to come together; and he would beat her every-day till ſhe was good.—So, in brief, ſecure every thing you would not have ſeen: And burn This, I beg you. And, pray, deareſt Madam, do not take nothing as may hurt your health: For that will not do. I am,

Your truly loving Couſin,

D. H.

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When I firſt read my couſin's letter, I was half inclin'd to reſume my former intention; eſpecially as my countermanding letter is not taken away: And as my heart akes at the thoughts of the conflict I muſt expect to have with him on my refuſal. For, ſee him for a few moments I doubt I muſt, leſt he ſhould take ſome raſh reſolutions; eſpecially, as he has reaſon to expect I will. But here your words, *That all punctilio is at an end, the moment I am out of my father's houſe*, added to the ſtill more cogent conſiderations of Duty and Reputation, determin'd me once more againſt taking the raſh ſtep. And it will be very hard (altho' no ſeaſonable fainting, or wiſh'd-for fit, ſhould ſtand my friend) if I cannot gain one month, or fortnight, or week. And I have ſtill more hopes that I ſhall prevail for ſome delay, from my couſin's intimation, that the good Doctor Lewin refuſes to give his aſſiſtance to their projects, if they have not my conſent, and thinks me cruelly uſed: Since, without taking notice that I am apprized of this, I can plead a ſcruple of conſcience, and inſiſt upon having that worthy Divine's opinion upon it: Which, inforced as I ſhall inforce it, my mamma will ſurely ſecond me in: My aunt Hervey, and my Mrs. Norton, will ſupport *her*: The ſuſpenſion muſt follow: And I can but get away afterwards.

But, if they *will* compel me: If they *will* give me no time: If no-body *will* be moved: If it be reſolved that the ceremony ſhall be read over my conſtrained hand—Why then—Alas! What then!—I can but—But what? O my dear! This Solmes ſhall never have my vows I am reſolved! And I will ſay nothing but No, as long as I ſhall be able to ſpeak. And who will preſume to look upon ſuch an act of violence, as a marriage?—It is impoſſible, ſurely, that a father and mother can ſee ſuch a dreadful compulſion offer'd to their child—But if mine ſhould

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withdraw, and leave the task to my brother and sister, they will have no mercy!

I am griev'd to be driven to have recourse to the following artifices.

I have given them a clue, by the feather of a pen sticking out, where they will find such of my hidden stores, as I intend they shall find.

Two or three little essays I have left easy to be seen, of my own writing.

About a dozen lines also of a letter begun to you, in which I express my hopes, (altho' I say, that appearances are against me) that my friends will relent. They know from your mamma, by my uncle Antony, that, some how or other, I now and then get a letter to you. In this piece of a letter, I declare renewedly my firm resolution to give up the man so obnoxious to my family, on their releasing me from the address of the other.

Near the essays, I have left a copy of my letter to Lady Drayton *(a)*; which, affording arguments suitable to my case, may chance (thus accidentally to be fallen upon) to incline them to favour me.

I have reserves of pens and ink you may believe; and one or two in the Ivy summer-house; with which I shall amuse myself in order to lighten, if possible, those apprehensions which more and more affect me as Wednesday the day of trial approaches.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLIV.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miss* HOWE.

Ivy summer-house, Eleven o'Clock.

HE has not yet got my letter: And while I was contriving here, how to send my officious gaoleress from me, that I might have time for the intended inter-

(a) See Letter xiii. *p.* 74, *of this Vol.*

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interview, and had hit upon an expedient, which I believe would have done, came my aunt, and furniſh'd me with a much better. She ſaw my little table covered, preparative to my ſolitary dinner; and hoped, ſhe told me, that this would be the laſt day, that my friends would be deprived of my company at table.

You may believe, my dear, that the thoughts of meeting Mr. Lovelace, the fear of being diſcover'd, together with the contents of my couſin Dolly's letter, gave me great and viſible emotions. She took notice of them:—Why theſe ſighs, why theſe heavings here, ſaid ſhe, patting my neck?— O my dear niece, who would have thought ſo much natural ſweetneſs could be ſo very unperſuadable?

I could not anſwer her, and ſhe proceeded.—I am come, I doubt, upon a very unwelcome errand. Some things that have been told us yeſterday, which came from the mouth of one of the moſt deſperate and inſolent men in the world, convince your father, and all of us, that you ſtill find means to write out of the houſe. Mr. Lovelace knows every-thing that is done here; and that as ſoon as done; and great miſchief is apprehended from him, which you are as much concerned as any-body, to prevent. Your mamma has alſo ſome apprehenſions concerning yourſelf, which yet ſhe hopes are groundleſs; but, however, cannot be eaſy, nor will be permitted to be eaſy, if ſhe would, unleſs (while you remain here in the garden, or in this ſummer-houſe) you give her the opportunity once more of looking into your cloſet, your cabinet, and drawers. It will be the better taken, if you give me chearfully your keys. I hope, my dear, you won't diſpute it. Your deſire of dining in this place was the more readily comply'd with, for the ſake of ſuch an opportunity.

I thought myſelf very lucky, to be ſo well prepared, by my couſin Dolly's means, for this ſearch:

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But yet I artfully made ſome ſcruples, and not a few complaints of this treatment: After which, I not only gave her the keys of all; but even officiouſly empty'd my pockets before her, and invited her to put her fingers in my ſtays, that ſhe might be ſure that I had no papers there.

This highly obliged her; and ſhe ſaid, She would repreſent my chearful compliance as it deſerved, *let my brother and ſiſter ſay what they would.* My mamma, in particular, ſhe was ſure, would rejoice at the opportunity given her to obviate, as ſhe doubted not would be the caſe, ſome ſuſpicions that were raiſed againſt me.

She then hinted, That there were methods taken to come at all Mr. Lovelace's ſecrets, and even, from his careleſs communicativeneſs, at ſome of *mine*; it being, ſhe ſaid, his cuſtom, boaſtingly to prate to his very ſervants of his intentions, in particular caſes. She added, that, deep as he was thought to be, my brother was as deep as he; and fairly too hard for him at his own weapons; — as one day it would be found.

I knew not, I ſaid, the meaning of theſe dark hints. I thought the cunning ſhe hinted at, on *both* ſides, called rather for contempt than applauſe. I myſelf might have been put upon artifices which my heart diſdained to practiſe, had I given way to the reſentment, which, I was bold to ſay, was much more juſtifiable than the actions that occaſion'd it: That it was evident to me, from what ſhe had ſaid, that their preſent ſuſpicions of me were partly owing to this ſuppoſed ſuperior cunning of my brother; and partly to the conſciouſneſs, that the uſage I met with might naturally produce a reaſon for ſuch ſuſpicions: That it was very unhappy for me, to be made the butt of my brother's wit: That it would have been more to his praiſe, to have aimed at ſhewing a kind heart, than a cunning head: That, nevertheleſs, I wiſhed, he

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he knew *himself* as well as I imagin'd *I* knew him; and he would then have less conceit of his abilities: Which abilities would, in my opinion, be less thought of, if his power to do ill offices were not much greater than them.

I was vex'd. I could not help making this reflection. The dupe the other, too probably, makes of him, thro' his own spy, deserv'd it. But I so little approve of this low art in either, that were I but tolerably used, the vileness of that man, that Joseph Leman, should be inquired into.

She was sorry, she said, to find, that I thought so disparagingly of my brother. He was a young gentleman both of learning and parts.

Learning enough, I said, to make him vain of it among us women: But not of parts sufficient to make his learning valuable either to himself, or to any-body else.—

She wished, indeed, that he had more good-nature: But she feared, that I had too great an opinion of somebody else, to think so well of my brother, as a sister ought: Since, between the two, there was a sort of rivalry as to abilities, that made them hate one another.

Rivalry, Madam, said I!— If that be the case, or whether it be or not, I wish they both understood better than either of them seems to do, what it becomes gentlemen, and men of liberal education, to be, and to do.—Neither of them, then, would glory in what they ought to be ashamed of.

But waving this subject, it was not impossible, I said, that they might find a little of my writing, and a pen or two, and a little ink [Hated art!—or rather, hateful the necessity for it!], as I was not permitted to go up to put them out of the way: But, if they did, I must be contented. And I assured her, that, take what time they pleased, I would not go in to disturb them, but would be either in or near the garden,

in

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in this ſummer-houſe, or in the cedar one, about my poultry-yard, or near the great caſcade, till I was order'd to return to my priſon. With like cunning I ſaid, that I ſuppoſed the unkind ſearch would not be made, till the ſervants had dined; becauſe I doubted not, that the pert Betty Barnes, who knew all the corners of my apartment and cloſet, would be imploy'd in it.

She hoped, ſhe ſaid, that nothing could be found that would give a handle againſt me: For, ſhe would aſſure me, the motives to the ſearch, on my mamma's part eſpecially, were, that ſhe hoped to find reaſon rather to acquit than to blame me; and that my papa might be induced to ſee me to-morrow night, or Wedneſday morning, with temper: With *tenderneſs*, I ſhould rather ſay, ſaid ſhe; for he is reſolved ſo to do, if no new offence be given.

Ah! Madam, ſaid I!—

Why that Ah, Madam, and ſhaking your head ſo ſignificantly?

I wiſh, Madam, that I may not have more reaſon to dread my papa's continued diſpleaſure, than to hope for his returning tenderneſs.

You don't *know*, my dear!—Things may take a turn—Things may not be ſo bad as you fear—

Deareſt Madam, have you any conſolation to give me?—

Why, my dear, it is poſſible, that *you* may be more compliable than you have been.

Why raiſed you my hopes, Madam!—Don't let me think my dear aunt Hervey cruel to a niece who truly honours her.

I may tell you more perhaps, ſaid ſhe, (but in confidence, in abſolute confidence) if the inquiry within come out in your favour. Do you know of any-thing above, that can be found to your diſadvantage?

Some papers they will find, I doubt: But I muſt take conſequences. My brother and ſiſter will be at hand

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hand with their good-natured constructions. I am made desperate, and care not what is found.

She hoped, she *earnestly* hoped, she said, that nothing could be found, that would impeach my discretion; and then—But she might say too much—

And away she went, having added to my perplexity.

But I now can think of nothing but this man!—This interview!—Would to Heaven it were over!—To meet to quarrel—But I will not stay a moment with him, let him take what measures he will upon it, if he be not quite calm and resigned.

Don't you see how crooked some of my lines are? Don't you see how some of the letters stagger, more than others!—That is when this interview is more in my head, than my subject.

But, after all, should I, *ought* I, to meet him? How I have taken it for granted, that I should!—I wish there were time to take your advice. Yet you are so loth to speak *quite* out!—But that I owe, as you own, to the difficulty of my situation.

I should have mentioned, that in the course of this conversation I besought my aunt to stand my friend, and to put in a word for me, on my approaching trial; and to endeavour to procure me time for consideration, if I could obtain nothing else.

She told me, that, after the ceremony was perform'd [odious confirmation of a hint in my cousin Dolly's letter!] I should have what time I pleased to reconcile myself to my lot, before cohabitation.

This put me out of all patience.

She requested of me in *her* turn, she said, that I would resolve to meet them all with chearful duty, and with a spirit of absolute acquiescence. It was in my power to make them all happy. And how affectingly joyful would it be to her, she said, to see my father, my mother, my uncles, my brother, my sister, all embracing me with raptures, and folding me by turns to their fond hearts, and congratulating each other

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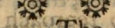
other on their reſtored happineſs. Her own joy, ſhe ſaid, would probably make her motionleſs and ſpeechleſs, for a time: And for her Dolly— the poor girl, who had ſuffer'd in the eſteem of ſome, for her *grateful* attachment to me, would have every-body love her again.

Will you doubt, my dear, that my next trial will be the moſt affecting that I have yet had?

My aunt ſet forth all this in ſo ſtrong a light, and I was ſo particularly touched on my couſin Dolly's account, that, impatient as I was juſt before, I was greatly moved: Yet could only ſhew by my ſighs and my tears, how deſirable ſuch an event would be to me, could it be brought about upon conditions with which it was poſſible for me to comply.

Here comes Betty Barnes with my dinner—



The wench is gone. The time of meeting is at hand. O that he may not come!—But ſhould I, or ſhould I not, meet him?— How I queſtion, without poſſibility of a timely anſwer!

Betty, according to my leading hint to my aunt, boaſted to me, that ſhe was to be *imploy'd*, as ſhe called it, after ſhe had eat her own dinner.

She ſhould be ſorry, ſhe told me, to have me found out. Yet 'twould be all for my good: I ſhould have it in my power to be forgiven for all at once, before Wedneſday night. The Confidence then, to ſtifle a laugh, put a corner of her apron in her mouth, and went to the door: And on her return, to take away, as I angrily bid her, ſhe begg'd my excuſe.—But—But—and then the ſaucy creature laugh'd again, ſhe could not help it; to think how I had drawn myſelf in by my ſummer-houſe dinnering; ſince it had given ſo fine an opportunity, by way of ſurprize, to look into all my private hoards. She thought ſomething was in the wind, when my brother came into my dining here ſo readily. Her young maſter was too

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hard for every-body. 'Squire Lovelace himſelf was nothing at all at a quick thought, to her young maſter.

My aunt mention'd Mr. Lovelace's boaſting behaviour to *his* ſervants: Perhaps he *may* be ſo mean. But as to my brother, he always took a pride in making himſelf appear to be a man of parts and learning to our ſervants. *Pride* and *Meanneſs*, I have often thought, are as nearly ally'd, and as cloſe borderers upon each other, as the poet tells us *Wit* and *Madneſs* are.

But why do I trouble you (and myſelf, at ſuch a criſis) with theſe impertinencies?— Yet I would forget, if I could, the neareſt evil, the interview; becauſe, my apprehenſions increaſing, as the hour is at hand, I ſhould, were my attention to be ingroſſed by them, be unfit to ſee him, if he does come: And then he will have too much advantage over me, as he will have ſeeming reaſon to reproach me with change of reſolution.

The *upbraider*, you know, my dear, is in ſome ſenſe a ſuperior; while the *upbraided*, if with reaſon upbraided, muſt make a figure as ſpiritleſs as conſcious.

I know that this wretch will, if he *can*, be his own judge, and *mine* too. But the latter he ſhall *not* be.

I dare ſay, we ſhall be all to-pieces. But I don't care for that. It would be hard, if I, who have held it out ſo ſturdily to my father and uncles, ſhould not— But he is at the garden-door—

❁ ❁

I was miſtaken!— How may noiſes *un*-like, be made *like* what one fears!— Why flutters the fool ſo!——

❁ ❁

I will haſten to depoſite this. Then I will, for the laſt time, go to the uſual place, in hopes to find, that he has got my letter. If he *has*, I will not meet him. If he has *not*, I will take it back, and ſhew him what

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I have written. That will break the ice, as I may say, and save me much circumlocution and reasoning: And a stedfast adherence to that my written mind is all that will be necessary.—The interview must be as short as possible; for should it be discover'd, it would furnish a new and strong pretence for the intended evil of Wednesday next.

Perhaps I shall not be able to write again one while. Perhaps not, till I am the miserable property of that Solmes!— But that shall never, never be, while I have my senses.

If your servant find nothing from me by Wednesday morning, you may conclude, that I can then neither write to you, nor receive your favours. —

In that case, pity and pray for me, my beloved friend, and continue to me that place in your affection, which is the pride of my life, and the only comfort left to

Your

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLV.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miss* HOWE.

St. Alban's, Tuesday Morn. past One.

O my dearest friend!

AFTER what I had resolved upon, as by my former, what shall I write? What *can* I? With what consciousness, even by *Letter*, do I approach you!— You will soon hear (if already you have not heard from the mouth of common fame), that your Clarissa Harlowe is gone off with a man!—

I am busying myself to give you the particulars at large. The whole twenty-four hours of each day (to begin the moment I can fix) shall be employed in it till it is finished: Every-one of the hours, I mean, that will be spared me, by this interrupting man, to whom

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whom I have made myself so foolishly accountable for too many of them. Rest is departed from me. I have no call for That: And That has no balm for the wounds of my mind. So you'll have all those hours, without interruption, till the account is ended.

But will you receive, shall you be *permitted* to receive, my letters, after what I have done?

O, my dearest friend!—But I must make the best of it. I hope that will not be very bad! Yet am I convinced, that I did a rash, an inexcusable thing, in meeting him; and all his tenderness, all his vows, cannot pacify my inward reproaches on that account.

The bearer comes to you, my dear, for the little parcel of linen, which I sent you with far better and more agreeable hopes.

Send not my letters. Send the linen only: Except you will favour me with one line, to tell me, you will love me still; and that you will suspend your censures, till you have the whole before you. I am the readier to send thus early, because if you have deposited any-thing for me, you may cause it to be taken back, or withhold any thing you had but intended to send.

Adieu, my dearest friend!—I beseech you to love me still!—But, alas! what will your mamma say?—What will mine!—What my other relations?—and what my dear Mrs. Norton? And how will my brother and sister triumph?—

I cannot at present tell you how, or where, you can direct to me. For very early shall I leave this place; harrassed and fatigued to death! But, when I can do nothing else, constant use has made me able to write. Long, very long, has that been all my amusement and pleasure: Yet could not that have been such to me, had I not had you, my best-beloved friend, to write to. Once more adieu. Pity, and pray for,

Your

Cl. Harlowe.

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LETTER XLVI.

Miss HOWE, *To Miss* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Tuesday, Nine o' Clock.

I Write, becauſe you enjoin me to do ſo.— Love you ſtill!—How can I help it, if I would?—You may believe how I ſtand aghaſt, your letter communicating the firſt news— Good God of heaven and earth!— But what ſhall I ſay?— I ſhall be all impatience for particulars.

Lord have mercy upon me!—But can it be?

My mamma will, *indeed*, be aſtoniſhed!— How can I tell it to her?— It was but laſt night that I aſſured her (upon ſome jealouſies put into her head by your fooliſh uncle), and this upon the ſtrength of your own aſſurances, that neither man nor devil would be able to induce you to take a ſtep, that was in the leaſt derogatory to the moſt punctilious honour.

But, once more, Can it be? What woman, at this rate!—But, God preſerve you!

Let nothing eſcape you in your letters. Direct them for me, however, to Mrs. Knollys's, till further notice.

OBSERVE, my dear, that I don't blame *you* by all this—Your relations only are in fault!— Yet how you came to change your mind, is the ſurpriſing thing!—

How to break it to my mamma, I know not. Yet, if ſhe hear it firſt from any other, and find I knew it before, ſhe will believe it is by my connivance!—— Yet, as I hope to live, I know not how to break it to her!

But this is teazing you!—I am ſure, without intention.

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Let me now repeat my former advice — If you are *not* married by this time, be ſure delay not the ceremony.— Since things are as they are, I wiſh it were thought, that you were privately married before you went away. If theſe men plead AUTHORITY to our pain, when we are *theirs*—why ſhould we not, in ſuch a caſe as *this*, make ſome good out of the hated word, for our reputation, when we are induced to violate a more natural one?

Your brother and ſiſter [that vexes me almoſt as much as any thing!] have now their ends. Now, I ſuppoſe, will go forward alterations of wills, and ſuch-like ſpiteful doings.

Miſs Lloyd and Miſs Biddulph this moment ſend up their names.—They are out of breath, Kitty ſays, to ſpeak to me.—Eaſy to gueſs their errand!—I muſt ſee my mamma, before I ſee them. I have no way but to ſhew her your letter, to clear myſelf. I ſhall not be able to ſay a word, till ſhe has run herſelf out of her firſt breath.—Forgive me, my dear!—Surprize makes me write thus. If your meſſenger did not wait, and were not thoſe young Ladies below, I would write it over again, for fear of afflicting you.

I ſend what you write for. If there be any-thing elſe you want, that is in my power, command, without reſerve,

Your ever-affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

END of VOL. II.

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