The Clarissa Project

Volumes 1-8

CLARISSA

Volume 4

CLARISSA.
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF A
YOUNG LADY:
Comprehending
The most Important CONCERNS
OF PRIVATE LIFE.

by

Samuel Richardson
The Third Edition • London, 1751
in Eight Volumes

With a New Introduction to the AMS Edition

by

Florian Stuber
and a bibliographic note by O M Brack, Jr.

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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.

VOL. IV.
The Third Edition.

LONDON:
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And by J. LEAKES, at Bath.
M.DCC.L.
The History of Vol. 4.

Lct. 42. Clarissa Harlowe.

- actually brought to tryal on this occasion: How bravely shall we enter a court, I at the head of you, dressed out each man, as if to his wedding-appearance!—You are sure of all the women, old and young, of your fide.—What brave fellows!—What fine gentlemen!—There goes a charming handsome man!—meaning me, to be sure!—Who could find in their hearts to hang such a gentleman as that!—whispers one Lady, fitting perhaps, on the right-hand of the Recorder [I suppose the scene to be in London]: While another disbelieves that any woman could fairly swear against me. All will crowd after me: It will be each man's happiness (if ye shall chance to be bashful) to be neglected: I shall be found to be the greatest criminal; and my safety, for which the general voice will be engaged, will be yours.

- But then comes the triumph of triumphs, that will make the accused look up, while the accusers are covered with confusion.

- Make room there!—Stand by!—Give back!—
- One receiving a rap, another an elbow, half a score a push apiece!—
- Enter the flow-moving, hooded-faced, down-looking Plaintiffs.
- And first the Widow, with a sorrowful countenance, tho' half-veil'd, pitying her Daughter more than herself. The people, the women especially, who on this occasion will be five-sixths of the spectators, reproaching her—You'd have the conscience, would you, to have five such brave gentlemen as these hanged for you know not what?

- Next comes the poor maid—who perhaps had been ravished twenty times before; and had not appeared now, but for company—fake; mincing, simpering, weeping, by turns; not knowing whether she should be sorry or glad.

But
Let. 42. Clarissa Harlowe.

- swarmers, who have been us pafs by at one place, 
run with stretched-out necks, and strained eye-balls, 
a round-about way, and elbow and shoulder themselves into places by which we have not pafted, in order to obtain another sight of us; every street continuing to pour out its swarm of late-comers, to add to the gathering snowball; who are content to take descriptions of our persons, behaviour, and countenances, from those who had the good fortune to have been in time to see us.

- Let me tell thee, Jack, I see not why (to judge according to our principles and practices) we should not be as much elated in our march, were this to happen to us, as others may be upon any other the moft melodramatic occasion—Suppose a Lord-Mayor on his Gaudy; suppose a victorious General, or Embassador, on his public Entry—Suppose (as I began with the lowest) the grandest parade that can be supposed, a Coronation—For, in all thefe, do not the royal guard, the heroic trained bands, the pendent, clinging thongs of spectators, with their waving heads rolling to-and-fro from house-tops to house-bottoms and street-ways, as I have above described, make the principal part of the Raree-show?

- And let me ask thee, If thou dost not think, that either the Mayor, the Embassador, or the General, would not make very pitiful figures on their Gala's, did not the trumpets and tabrets call together the Canaille to gaze at them?—Nor perhaps should we be the moft guilty Heroes neither: For who knows how the Magistrate may have obtained his gold chain? While the General probably returns from cutting of throats, and from murders, sanctified by custom only,—Caesar, we are told (a), had won, at the age of Fifty-six, when he was affiluted,

(a) Pliny gives this account, putting the number of men slain at 1,100,000. See also Litius de Cæsarcia.

fifty
fifty pitched battles, had taken by assault above a
thousand towns, and slain near 1,200,000 men;
I suppose exclusive of those who fell on his own
side in slaying them. Are not you and I, Jack,
inocent men, and babes in swaddling-cloths, com-
pared to Caesar, and to his predecessor in heroism
Alexander, dubbed for murders and depredation
Magnus?
The principal difference that strikes me in the
comparison between us and the Mayor, the Em-
assador, the General, on their Gawdies, is, that
the mob make a greater noise, a louder huzzaing,
in the one case than in the other, which is called
acclamation, and ends frequently in higher taste, by
throwing dead animals at one another, before they
disperse; in which they have as much joy, as in
the former part of the triumph: While they will
attend us with all the marks of an awful or silent
(at most only a whispering) respect; their mouths
distended, as if set open with gags, and their voices
generally loth in goggle-eyed admiration.
Well, but suppose, after all, we are convicted;
what have we to do, but in time make over our
estates, that the sheriffs may not revel in our spoils?
—There is no fear of being hanged for such a crime
as this, while we have money or friends.—And sup-
pose even the worst, that two or three were to die,
have we not a chance, each man of us, to escape?
The devil's in them, if they'll hang Five for ravish-
ing Three!
I know I shall get off for one—were it but for
family sake: And being a handsome fellow, I shall
have a dozen or two of young maidens, all drest
in white, go to Court to beg my life—And what
a pretty show they will make, with their white
hoods, white gowns, white petticoats, white scarves,
white gloves, kneeling for me, with their white
handkerchiefs at their eyes, in two pretty rows,
as

L E T T E R XLIII.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Esq;

If, Belford, thou likest not my plot upon Miss
Howe, I have three or four more as good in my
own opinion; better, perhaps, they will be in thine:
And so 'tis but getting loose from thy present engage-
ment, and thou shalt pick and chufe. But as for thy
three brethren, they must do as I would have them:
And so, indeed, must thou—Elfe why am I your
general? But I will refer this subject to its proper
reason,
seasom. Thou knowest, that I never absolutely conclude upon a project, till 'tis time for execution; and then Lightning strikes not quicker than I.

And now to the subject next my heart.

Wilt thou believe me, when I tell thee, that I have so many contrivances rising up and crouding upon me for preference, with regard to my Gloriana, that I hardly know which to chuse?—I could tell thee of no lesse than fix princely ones, any of which must do. But as the dear creature has not grudged giving me trouble, I think I ought not, in gratitude, to spare combustibles for her; but, on the contrary, to ma'ce her flaire and stand aghaft, by springing three or four mines at once.

Thou remembrest what Shakespeare, in his Troilus and Cressida, makes Hector, who, however, is not used to boast, say to Achilles, in an interview between them; and which, applied to this watchful Lady, and to the vexation she has given me, and to the certainty I now think I have of subduing her, will run thus; Supposing the Charmer before me; and I meditating her sweet perfon from head to foot:

Henceforth, O watchful Fair-one, guard thee well:
For I'll not kill thee There! nor There! nor There!
But, by the zone that circles Venus’ waif.,
I'll kill thee Ev’ry-where; yea, o’er and o’er.
Thou, wifest Belford, pardon me this brag:
Her watchfulness drawes folly from my lip;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match the words,
Or may I never—

Then, I imagine thee interposing to qualify my impatience, as Ajax did to Achilles:

—Do not chafe thee, Cousin:
—And let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpoze bring thee to it.

All

Lett. 43. Clarissa Harlowe.

• All that vexes me, in the midst of my gloried-in devices, is, that there is a sorry fellow in the world, who has presumed to question, whether the prize, when obtained, is worthy of the pains it costs me:

• Yet knows, with what patience and trouble a birdman will spread an acre of ground with gins and snares; let up his stalking horse, his glaffes;

• plant his decoy-birds, and invite the feathered throng by his whistle; and all his prize at last (the reward of early hours, and of a whole morning’s pains) only a simple Linnet.

• To be serious, Belford, I must acknowledge, that all our pursuits, from childhood to manhood, are only trifles of different sorts and sizes, proportioned to our years and views: But then is not a fine woman the noblest trifle, that ever was or could be obtained by man?—And to what purpose do we say obtained, if it be not in the way we wish for?—If a man is rather to be her prize, than the his?

* * *

And now, Belford, what dost think? That thou art a curfed fellow, if—

If—No Ifs—But I shall be very sick to-morrow.

I shall, 'faith.

Sick!—Why sick?—What a devil shouldst thou be sick for?

For more good reasons than one, Jack.

I should be glad to hear but one.—Sick, quotha! Of all thy rogutful inventions I should not have thought of this.

Perhaps thou thinkeft my view to be, to draw the Lady to my bed-side: That’s a trick of three or four thousand years old; and I should find it much more to my purpose, if I could get to hers. However, I'll condescend to make thee as wife as myself.

I am excessively disturbed about this Smuggling scheme of Miss Howe. I have no doubt, that my

Fair—
that I shall be half-sorry, when the occasion for them is over; for never, never, shall I again have such charming exercise for my invention.

Mean time these plaguy women are so impertinent, so full of reproaches, that I know not how to do anything but curse them. And then, truly, they are for helping me out with some of their trite and vulgar artifices. Sally particularly, who pretends to be a mighty contriver, has just now in an inofficious manner told me, on my rejecting her proffered aids, that I had no mind to conquer; and that I was so wicked as to intend to marry, tho' I would not own it to her.

Because this little devil made her first sacrifice at my altar, she thinks she may take any liberty with me: And what makes her outrageous at times, is, that I have, for a long time, studiously as she says, flighted her too readily offered favours: But is it not very impudent in her to think, that I will be any man's success? It is not come to that neither. This, thou knowest, was always my rule—Once any other man's, and I know it, and never more mine. It is for such as thou, and thy brethren, to take up with harlots. I have been always aiming at the merit of a first discoverer.

The more devil I, perhaps thou wilt say, to endeavour to corrupt the uncorrupted.

But I say, No; since, hence, I have but very few adulteries to answer for.

One affair, indeed, at Paris, with a married Lady [I believe I never told thee of it] touched my conscience a little: Yet brought on by the spirit of intrigue, more than by sheer wickedness. I'll give it thee in brief:

A French Marquis, somewhat in years, employed by his Court in a public function at that of Madrid, had put his charming young new-married wife under the control and wardship, as I may say, of his inoffolent Sister, an old Prude.

...
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me a high notion of what that Virtue must be [What other name can I call it?] which in a mind so capable of delicate transport, should be able to make so charming a creature, in her very bloom, all frost and snow to every advance of Love from the man she hates not. This must be all from Education too—Must it not, Belford? Can Education have stronger force in a woman's heart than Nature?—Sure it cannot. But if it can, how entirely right are Parents to cultivate their Daughters Minds, and to inspire them with notions of Reserve and Distance to our Sex; and indeed to make them think highly of their own! For Pride is an excellent Substitute, let me tell thee, where Virtue shines not out, as the Sun, in its own unborrowed Lustr.

L E T T E R L I.

Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Esq;

And now it is time to confess (and yet I know that thy Conjectures are aforesaid with my Exposition) that this Captain Tomlinson, who is so great a favourite with my Charmer, and who takes so much delight in healing breaches, and reconciling differences, is neither a greater man nor a less, than honest Patrick McDonald, attended by a discarded footman of his own finding out.

Thou knowest what a various-lived rascal he is; and to what better hopes born and educated. But that ingenious knack of Forgery, for which he was expelled the Dublin-University, and a detection since in Evidencinghip, have been his ruin. For these have thrown him from one Country to another; and at last, into the way of life, which would make him a fit Husband for Miss Howe's Townsend with her contrabands. He is, thou knowest, admirably qualified for any enterprise that requires adroitness and solemnity. And can there, after all, be a higher piece
of justice, than to keep one Smuggler in readiness to play against another?

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

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

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

And what was the reason, thinkest thou, that she had not been of so long time at this Uncle's?—Why, this old finner, who imagines himself entitled to call me to account for my Freedoms with the Sex, has lately fallen into familiarities, as it is suspected, with his Housekeeper; who affirms airs upon it. —A cursed deluding Sex!—In Youth, Middle age, or Dotage, they take us all in.

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

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

"Well but, methinks, thou questionest again, Is it not probable that Miss Howe will make enquiry after such a man as Tomlinson?—And when the she cannot—"

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

I will conclude with a short Story.

Two neighbouring Sovereigns were at war together, about some pitiful chuck-farthings thing or other; no matter what; for the least trifles will set princes and children at loggerheads. Their armies had been drawn up in battalia some days, and the news of a decisive action was expected every hour to arrive at each court. At last, issue was joined; a bloody battle was fought; and a fellow, who had been a spectator of it, arriving with the news of a complete victory, at the capital of one of the princes, some time before the appointed couriers, the bells were set a ringing, bonfires and illuminations were made, and the people went to bed intoxicated with joy and good liquor. But the next day all was reversed: The victorious enemy, pursuing his advantage, was expected every hour at the gates of the almost defenceless capital. The first reporter was hereupon fought for, and found; and being questioned, pleaded a great deal of merit, in that he had, in so dismal a situation, taken such a space of time from the distress of his fellow-citizens, and given it to festivity, as were the hours between the false good news and the real bad."
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Do thou, Belford, make the application. This I know, that I have given greater joy to my Beloved, than she had thought would so soon fall to her share. And as the human life is properly said to be chequer-work, no doubt but a person of her prudence will make the best of it, and set off so much good against so much bad, in order to strike as just a balance as possible.

The Lady, in three several Letters, acquaints her friend with the most material passages and conversations contained in those of Mr. Lovelace preceding. These are her words, on relating what the commission of the pretended Tomlinson was, after the apprehensions that his distant enquiry had given her:

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

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

She describes Captain Tomlinson, on his breakfast visit, to be, a grave good sort of man. And in another place, a genteel man, of great gravity, and a good aspect; she believes upwards of fifty years of age. “I liked him, says she, as soon as I saw him.”

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

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

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

My Cousin Morden says, that free livers are remembered (a). And so they must be in the very nature of things.

Mr. Lovelace is a proud man. We have both long ago observed, that he is. And I am truly afraid, that his very Generosity is more owing to his Pride

(a) See p. 53. See also Mr. Lovelace’s own confession of the delight he takes in a woman’s tears, in different parts of his Letters.
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ever, remains: He is not an Infidel, an Unbeliever; Had he been an Infidel, there would have been no room at all for hope of him; but (priding himself, as he does, in his fertile invention) he would have been utterly abandoned, irreclaimable, and a savage.

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

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

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

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

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

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

P 4

My
My next, I hope, will confirm my present, and
open still more agreeable prospects. Mean time be
afforded, that there cannot possibly any good for-
tune befall me, which I shall look upon with equal
delight to that I have in your friendship.

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

Your ever-affectionate and grateful

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ;

Tuesday, May 30.

I have a letter from Lord M. Such an one as I
would withal, if I intended matrimony. But
as matters are circumstanced, I cannot think of shew-
ing it to my Beloved.

My Lord regrets, 'that he is not to be the Lady's
Nuptial Father. He seems apprehensive that I
have full, specious as my reasons are, some mis-
ciens in my head.'

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

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

He conveys, 'that the jointure be made from my
own Estate.'

He wishes, 'that the Lady would have accepted
of his draught; and commends me for tendering it
to

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' to her. But reproaches me for pride in not keep-
ing it myself. What the right-side gives up, the
'left, he says, may be the better for.'

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

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

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

If thou askest, 'How I can manage, since my
Beloved will wonder, that I have not an answ
er from my Lord to such a Letter as I wrote to him;
and if I own I have one, will expect that I should
shew it to her, as I did my Letter?'.—This I an-
swer.—That I can be informed by Pritchard, that
my Lord has the gout in his right-hand; and has or-
ered him to attend me in form, for my particular
orders about the transfer: And I can see Pritchard,

thou knowest, at the King's Arms, or where-ever I
please, at an hour's warning; tho' he be at M. Hall,
I in town; and he, by word of mouth, can acquaint
me with every-thing in my Lord's Letter that is ne-
cessary for my Charmer to know.

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

Thou knowest, that an adroitness in the Art of
Manual Initiation, was one of my earliest attain-
ments. It has been fad, on this occasion, that had
I been a bad man in meum and tuum matters, I should
not have been fit to live. As to the girls, we hold
it no fin to cheat them. And are we not told, that
in being well deceived confits the whole of human
happiness?

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Wood.
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III. Belford, To Lovelace. His and his companions high admiration of Clarissa. They all join to entreat him to do her justice.

IV. V. Lovelace. In Anger. He endeavours to palliate his purposes by evincent instances of cruelty to birds, &c. — Further characteristic reasonings in support of his wicked designs. The passive condition to which he wants to bring the Lady.

VI. Belford. In Reply. Still warmly argues in behalf of the Lady. Is obliged to attend a dying Uncle; and entreat him to write from time to time an account of all his proceedings.

VII. Clarissa, To Miss Howe. Lovelace, the false, complains of the revenge he gives occasion for. His pride a dirty low pride, which has eaten up his prudence. He is funk in her opinion. An affecting Letter sent her from her Cousin Morden. Includes the Letter, in which her Cousin (swayed by the representations of her Brother) pleads in behalf of Selmes, and the family-views: and sets before her, in strong and just lights, the character of a Libertine.

Her heavy reflections upon the contents. Her generous prayer.

VIII. From the same. He prays her to go abroad with him; yet mentions not the Ceremony, that should give propriety to his urgency. Cannot bear the life he lives. Wishes her Uncle Harlews to be founded by Mr. Hickman, as to a Reconciliation. Mennell introduced to her. Will not take another step with Lovelace till he know the success of the proposed application to her Uncle.

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XIV. Mrs. Norton. In Answer.

XV. Miss Howe. In Reply.

XVI. Mrs. Harlowe's pathetic Letter to Mrs. Norton.

XVII. Miss Howe, To Clarissa. Fructifies issue of Mr. Hickman's application to her Uncle. Advises her how to proceed with, and what to say to Lovelace. Endeavours to account for his doing thus. Who knows, if she says, her dear friend was permitted to suffer, in order bring about this reformation? Informs her of her Uncle Antony's intended address to her Mother.

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XX. From the same. With Mr. Lovelace's written Proposals. Her observations on the cold conclusion of them. He knows not what every wife knows. of the prudence and delicacy required in a Wife.

XXI. From the same. Mr. Lovelace prefix for the day; yet makes a proposal, which must necessarily occasion a delay. Her unreserved and pathetic answer to it. He is affronted by it. She rejoices that he is penetrable. He prefix for her infant resolution; but at the same time infuses delay. Seeing her displeased, he urges for the morrow: But before she can answer, gives her the alternative of other days. Yet, wanting to reward himself, if it he had obliged her, she repulses him on a liberty he would have taken. He is enraged. Her melancholy reflections on her future prospects with such a man. The moral forebode from her story. [A Note, defending her conduct from the charge which some have passed upon her as unwise.]

XXII. Extracts from four of his Letters: In which he glorifies in his cruelty, Hardheartedness she owns to be an essential of the Libertine character. Enjoying the confusion of a fine woman. His apostrophe to Virtue. Ashamed of being visibly affected. Enraged against him for replying him.

XXIII. Belford, To Lovelace. Warmly states the fate of the lady. Nothing but vanity and nonsense in the wild pursuits of Libertines. For his own sake, for his family's sake, and for the sake of their common humanity, he beseeches her to do the lady justice.

XXIV. Lord M. To Mr. Belford. A provolent Letter in the lady's favour.

XXV. Lovelace, To Belford. He ludicrously turns Belford's argument against him. Resistance inflames him. Why the Gallant is preferred to the Husband. Creates a piece of advice to married women. Subtitles his Letter to Lord M. directing him to give the Lady to hire in person. His view in this Letter. Ridicules Lord M. for his proverb. Ludicrous advice to Belford in relation to his dying Uncle. What physicians should do when a patient is given over.

XXVI. Belford, To Lovelace. Sets forth the folly, the inconvenience, the impolicy of keeping, and the preference of marriage, upon the foot of their own principles; as Libertines.

XXVII. Lovelace, To Belford. Afflicts to mishake the intention of Belford's Letter, and thanks him for approving his present schemes. The seduction progress is more delightful to him, he says, than the coming off.

XXVIII. From the same. All extremely happy at present. Considers a conversation for the Lady to overhear. Platonic Love, how it generally ends. Will get her to a Play. Lakes not Tragedies. Has too much feeling. Why men of his call prefer Comedy to Tragedy. The Nymphs, and Mrs. Sinclair, and all their acquaintance, of the same mind. Other articles of his. Could he have been admitted in three hours of ladies and ladies, he had been long ago master of his wishes. His view in getting her to a Play. A Play, and a Collection afterwards, greatly benefited a Lover's designs. And why. She contents to go with him to see the Tragedy of Venice Preferred.

XXIX. Clarissa, To Miss Howe. Gives the particulars of the overheard conversation. Thanks her prospects a little mended. Is willing to continue, for tolerable appearance, and to hope, when reason for hope offers.

XXX. Miss Howe, To Clarissa. Her scheme of Mrs. Townsend. Is not for encouraging dealers in prohibited goods. And why. Her humorous treatment of Hickman on consulting him upon Lovelace's proposals of Settlements.

XXIII. From the same. Her account of Antony Harlowe's adresses to her Mother, and of what passed on her Mother's communicating it to her. Copy of Mrs. Howe's Answer to his Letter.

XXXII. XXXIII. Lovelace, To Belford. Comes at several Letters of Miss Howe. He is now more allured of Clarissa than ever. And why. Sparkling eyes, what they indicate. She keeps it at distance.
XXXIV. Clarissa, To Miss Howe. Is terrified by him. Distraught. Begins to exult at Miss Howe to the Duke. Trembles to look back upon her conduct. In, or the chief scene. Her conduct, by the time she may have leave. She thinks the course of her past life has not been quite so free from arrant, &c. Two almost in two last. The answer he had written to his Proposal. Intends to go out next day, and not to return. Her further intentions.

XXXV. Lovelace, To Belvedere. Masts the Lady at breakfast. Flings the tea-cup and saucer over his head. The occasion. Alleys and terraces on his left garden. Running, the use of it to a Lover. Will try. She will not yield to any. The Lady where her honour is concerned. Must have recourse to his master's house. Fables of the Sun and North Wind. Mrs. Fretchville's house a refuge. He gives her that pretender. He is not so much the Small Fox. Other contrivances in his head to bring Clarissa back, if she should get away. Miss Howe's scheme of Mrs. Townsend it, he says, a word hanging over his head. Must change his measures and render it abortive. He is of the true Lady. Make. What is that. Another conversation between them. Her apostrophe to her Father. He is temporarily moved. Dorcas gives him notice of a paper she has come at and istransferring. In order to retain the Lady, he pretexts for the day. Miss Howe he fears in Love with him. And why. He fears Clarissa does not hate him.

XXXVI. From the same. Copy of the transferred paper. It proves to be her turn. Answer to his Proposal. Masts the glory of a woman. Bitter as to the image of a woman. He had better never to have seen this paper. There are very strong remarks. Paints them in lively colours. Sets forth the Lady's transcendent virtue, and greatness of mind. Surprised into these argumets in her favour by his confidence. Puts it to flight.

XXXVII. From the same. Marmaduke sends you to him further in his desolate state. Vagabonds are the physique tribe's chief. Advice to the Faculty. Has done with his project about Mrs. Fretchville's house. The Lady supposes. A reasonable Letter from him to his cousin Charlotte. Sends up the Letter to the Lady. She writes to Miss Howe, upon perusing it, to suspend for the present her application to Mrs. Townsend.

XXXVIII. From the same. An interview all placid and agreeable. Now he is a train. All he now waits for, is a Letter from Lord M. Enquiries after their marriage by a stranger of good appearance. The Lady alarmed at them.

XXXIX. From the same. Curries his uncle for another更具 Letter, he has sent him. Permission to the Lady to see it. Nine women in ten that fall, fill he says, are by their own fault. XL. Lord M.'s characteristical Letter. XLI. Lord M.'s letter.
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LVIII. Lovelace, To Belford. Preparative to his springing his little mine, as he calls it. Loves to write to the moment. Alarm begins. Affectionately terrified.

LIX. From the same. The Lady frighted out of her bed by dreadful cries of Fire. She awes him into decency. On an exerted promise of forgiveness, he leaves her. Repenting, he returns; but finds her door fastened. What a triumph has her Sex obtained by her Virtue! But how will she see him next morning, as he has made her promise? Exults in the puzzle he has given her.

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