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Master Nobody's
THE
HISTORY

OF

Sir Charles Grandifon.

Abridged from the WORKS of

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, Esq.

AUTHOR of PAMELA and CLARISSA.

The First BOSTON EDITION, adorned with CUTS.



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THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

C H A P. I.

A concise Account of Sir Thomas Grandison and his Lady, and the Education they gave their Son. The Death of that Lady.

SIR CHARLES, the subject of this History, was the only son of Sir Thomas Grandison, a person fond of magnificence and splendor, who valued himself on his breed of race-horses and hunters, and on his kennels, in which he was prodigiously extravagant. He inherited from his father an estate in England, which brought in 6000*l.* a year, and another in Ireland, worth about 2000*l.* per annum, besides a very considerable fortune in money. His lady, who was of a noble family, also brought him a great fortune. She was a most excellent woman, to whom he was a complaisant, but careless husband. Soon after his marriage, giving way to his predominant inclination for pleasure, he entirely left the care of the family to her, who cheerfully applied herself

to the domestic duties ; and finding that she could not prevail on Sir Thomas to reduce his expences, she thought it prudent to use her utmost endeavours to enable him to support them, without discredit to himself, or any visible injury to his family. Yet this lady, while she used the best œconomy, was free from all narrow, mean, and selfish views : she was beloved for her benevolence and generosity, and idolized by her poor neighbours. She had a plentiful table, and was extremely hospitable, both from her natural goodness, and to give credit to her husband. By this excellent lady, Sir Thomas had a son and two daughters, who received from her the best part of their education, she instilling into their young minds the first principles of christianity, and strong ideas of moral rectitude.

Sir Thomas, considering his daughters as an incumbrance, grew extremely fond of his son, and placing all his affections on him, was desirous of his becoming master of every accomplishment : he early filled his mind with high notions of honour, and before he had reached his thirteenth year, provided him a master to instruct him in the science of defence ; hence the amiable youth soon acquired such skill in the weapons, as gave the greatest satisfaction both to his father and master. He had remarkable strength of body, with great agility, and this exercise added to both, while the praises he received from his father and master so inflamed his courage, that he was almost tempted to wish for a subject to exercise it upon. His excellent mother, however, trembled for the effects of their praises, which she dreaded might render him too liable to take offence, and to resent it with the sword, to the danger of his own life, or of his future peace of mind ; and was continually dis-

courting to him on the virtues of true magnanimity, the law of kindness, benevolence, and forgiveness of injuries; frequently reminding him, that what he was then learning was called the science of defence, and not of offence.

Mr. Grandison had the misfortune to lose this best of mothers while young; but it was by a circumstance that deeply impressed all her lessons on his heart. His father was brought home, as it was thought, mortally wounded in a duel, when this good lady's surprise threw her into fits, from which she was never after free, and the danger in which Sir Thomas continued for a considerable time, with her extraordinary solicitude and care in attending him night and day, broke her constitution, and brought her into an ill state of health, that soon proved fatal. A few hours before this excellent lady expired, after having, on general principles, warmly recommended to her children, duty to their father, and brotherly and sisterly love, as necessary to their happiness, she had a private discourse with her son on the same subject, in which she with great affection recommended his sisters to him: they entering at this instant found him in tears, when the amiable youth, taking each of their hands, kneeled down, and put them into his mother's held-out dying hand; then bowing his face upon all three, he cried, All, madam—all, my dearest, best of mamma's, that you have enjoined—He was unable to proceed; but their arms were bedewed with his tears. —Enough, enough, my son, I distress you! she returned, and kissing her own arm, added, These, my dear, are precious tears—you embalm me with your tears,———O how precious the balm! Then lifting up her head, she kissed him, and repeated her blessings.

Upon her death, the engaging youth became inconsolable.

lable. He loved his father, but had been more particularly fond of his mother. Sir Thomas, though he had given but little attention to his education in general, was extremely fond of him, and had taken the less care on this head, as he was well convinced that his neglect would be well supplied by his excellent lady, who had mingled her instructions with those of the masters of the several sciences, who, at her desire, attended upon him.

C H A P. II.

Mr. Grandison sets out on his Travels. The dissolute Life of Creutzer, his Governor. Mr. Grandison becomes intimate with Dr. Bartlett, Governor to Mr. Lorimer, a profligate young Gentleman, who contracting an Intimacy with Creutzer, the latter commits Crimes which oblige him to seek his Safety in Flight. Mr. Lorimer and a Courtezian conspire the Death of Dr. Bartlett; which is near being effected. Mr. Lorimer's Death. Instances of Mr. Grandison's Generosity.

THE young gentleman being seized with a deep melancholy on his suffering so irreparable a loss, his father, who was also greatly grieved, and the more so, as he could not help reproaching himself for having, in some measure, been the occasion of that loss, yielded to the entreaties of General W. his late lady's brother, to permit him to travel. The general recommended for a governor to Mr. Grandison, one Creutzer, an officer under him, who having been wounded, was obliged to quit the army. Sir Thomas allowed his son, who

was about seventeen, 800l. a year, from the time of his setting out on his travels, and sometime after raised his allowance to 1000l.

Creutzer, though recommended by his uncle, soon convinced Mr. Grandison, that he was a most abandoned profligate; he had, however, the happiness, by his prudence, to escape several snares which this artful wretch laid for his virtue, from the hopes, that if he could betray him into them, he should silence his remonstrances against his own bad conduct, and prevent his complaining of him in his letters to Sir Thomas.

When they were at Turin, Mr. Grandison commenced an acquaintance with Dr. Bartlett, governor to Mr. Lorimer, a young gentleman, with whom Mr. Creutzer became extremely intimate, and the two former became as closely united from their good qualities, as the two latter from their bad ones. Several riotous things were done there by Mr. Grandison's governor and Lorimer, who, notwithstanding the Doctor's using his utmost endeavours to keep them asunder, were almost constantly together; but one of their exploits rendering them in danger from the civil magistrate, Creutzer, to avoid the punishment he deserved, fled to Rome, from whence he wrote to desire Mr. Grandison to join him in that city.

The worthy youth, who had often in vain threatened to complain of him to his father, then sent to inform him of the profligacy and abandoned principles of the man who had been placed over him, in order to direct his conduct, and to intreat him to appoint him another governor, or permit him to return to England, till he had chose one for him. In the mean time he besought Doctor Bartlett to allow him to apply to him for his advice and

instruction, till he had received his father's answer. Sir Thomas wrote him word, that having heard of his prudence from every mouth, he gave him full liberty to choose what companion he pleased, and appointed him no other governor but his own discretion. Upon this, Mr. Grandison, more earnestly than before, with a modesty and diffidence of himself, suited to his natural generosity of temper, that would never permit him to grow vain, and assuming upon indulgence, entreated the Doctor's directions with the greatest earnestness ; and when they were obliged to part, they established a correspondence that was to last as long as their lives.

While the empty and profligate Mr. Lorimer passed through a few of the cities of Lombardy, where he spent his time in dissipation, and attending the idle diversions of the places in which he lived, Mr. Grandison made almost the tour of Europe, and yet took sufficient time to make such remarks upon persons, places, and things, as could scarcely be believed to be the observations of a man so young.

Dr. Bartlett observing the idle manner in which Mr. Lorimer spent his time, was the more patient, as he hoped the carnival at Venice would be over before his pupil got to that city. But Lorimer suspecting that he intended to prevent his being there, gave his governor the slip, and got thither at the very beginning of it. The Doctor was obliged to follow him, and on his arrival at Venice, had the mortification to hear that he was one of the most dissolute persons there. When he saw him again, he set before him the example of Mr. Grandison, a much younger man, and endeavoured to inspire him with emulation, by reading to him some of Mr. Grandison's let-

ters. But all the effect these had upon him, was to encrease his aversion both to his governor and to that gentleman. However, by one of these letters, he for a time obtained some reputation : it was written some months before it was shewn him, and described some places of note through which Mr. Grandison had passed ; he therefore contrived to steal it, and his father having frequently desired him to let him see a specimen of his observations on his travels, he copied it almost verbatim, and sent it as his own. The Doctor was greatly surpris'd on his receiving a congratulatory letter from his father on his son's improvements, mixed with some little asperity at the Doctor's having represented him in a too disadvantageous light. The fond father observed, that he could never believe that a son of his wanted genius, and he was certain he needed nothing but to apply. He then gave orders for doubling the value of his next remittance. Upon this, Doctor Bartlett taking the young gentleman to task, he owned what he had done, and seem'd greatly elated at his contrivance. His governor, however, thought proper to undeceive the father. Mr. Lorimer, enrag'd at Doctor Bartlett for exposing him, and for his continually obstructing his lawless pursuits, was determin'd to make him repent it ; and becoming acquainted with a courtesan, who by her subtle and dangerous contrivances had ruined many young travellers, they joined in a resolution to be revenged on the Doctor, whom they considered as their greatest enemy. They formed several projects, and one of them proved so successful, as to put his life in the greatest danger. Great pains had been taken with Lorimer to instruct him in the histories of ancient Greece and Rome ; and his tutor being a learned man, was very desirous of seeing those

places of ancient Greece of which he had read so much. Doctor Bartlett, with great difficulty, prevailed on the young man to leave Venice, where the vile woman, and the diversions of the place, had taken scandalous hold of him. He took him with him to Athens, where he at length found that very woman, who had given him such uneasiness at Venice, had followed them, and was still Lorimer's mistress. However, upon their being guilty of some fresh enormities, he complained of her to the tribunal of Christians, consisting of eight venerable men, out of the eight divisions of the city, who determine causes among the Christians; when, they taking cognizance of the facts, this abandoned woman suborned wretches to accuse the Doctor to the Cadi, who is the Turkish judge of the place, as a dangerous, disaffected person: and he being corrupted by presents, got the Vayvode or governor to interfere, on which the Doctor was seized, and thrown into prison. His Christian friends in the place were forbidden to interpose in his favour. He was denied the use of pen and ink, and all access to him was prohibited. After which, the vile woman, having taken proper measures with the persons she had suborned for continuing the worthy Doctor in his severe confinement, returned with her paramour to Venice, where they abandoned themselves to the most dissolute manner of life.

In the mean time, Mr. Beauchamp, a young man of learning and fine parts, who had some time before made an acquaintance with Mr. Grandison, visiting Athens, was informed of the Doctor's misfortune, and being told that Mr. Grandison was then at Constantinople, sent a man on purpose to inform him of the whole affair, with all the particulars that had come to his knowledge. Mr. Grandison, who, at this information, was struck with

grief and astonishment, immediately applied to the English Ambassador at the Porte, and also to the French Minister there, to whom he was known, and they made application to the grand Vizier; upon which an order was issued for setting the Doctor at liberty. Mr. Grandison, with a view to hasten the Chiaux who carried it, accompanied him, and reached Athens just as the Vayvode, who had found the Doctor's finances exhausted, had determined to get rid of the whole affair in a private manner by the bowstring. The danger endeared the Doctor to the generous mind of Mr. Grandison; and so happy and sensible a relief endeared Mr. Grandison to the Doctor; while both of them were filled with gratitude to Mr. Beauchamp, who had busied himself in the best manner he could to suspend the fatal blow, and would not leave Athens till he had seen the Doctor delivered.

Mr. Lorimer's father not having the least idea that his son had any concern in the plot formed against Doctor Bartlett, wrote to entreat that gentleman, when he had obtained his liberty, to take his son again under his care; and the Doctor, as little thinking then that his pupil had been capable of so base an instance of villainy, returned to Venice, and got him out of the hands of the vile woman, after which they went to Rome. But there the unhappy Lorimer, continuing his profligate courses, at length became a sacrifice to his vices. On his death-bed, he confessed his connivance at the plots which this infamous woman had formed against the Doctor, and particularly that which she had carried into execution at Athens. He was filled with horrors not to be described, and as his death approached, begged for life with the greatest earnestness, promising, on that condition, the most perfect reformation. The manner of his death, and the crimes

of which he confessed himself guilty, by the instigation of the most abandoned of women, so shocked and afflicted his governor, that he fell ill.

In the mean while, Mr. Grandison visited several parts of Asia and Africa, and in particular Egypt, during which he carried on a correspondence with Doctor Bartlett. On his return to Italy, and joining his two friends, he engaged the Doctor to accompany Mr. Beauchamp into some of the eastern regions, which he himself had been particularly pleased with, and, as he said, wanted to be more exactly informed of; and therefore insisted on its being undertaken at his own expence; for he knew that Mr. Beauchamp had a step-mother, who had prevailed on his father to take off two thirds of the allowance he made him when he set out on his travels.

That gentleman was very unwilling to comply with the condition imposed on him by his beloved friend; but Mr. Grandison was never at a loss for arguments to keep those in countenance whose interest he promoted, and to make their acceptance of his favours appear to be both a duty and an obligation conferred on himself. Indeed, Mr. Grandison delighted in doing good. Thus, while he was at Leghorn, where he resided sometime for the conveniency of the English chapel, he lent an honest tradesman a considerable sum on his bond; but after a while, things not answering the poor man's expectation, that benevolent young gentleman took notice that he seemed dejected, and occasionally came into his company with such a sense of obligation in his behaviour and countenance, as filled him with compassion. Why, said he to himself, should I keep it in my power to distress one, whose modesty and diffidence shews that he deserves

to be made easy ? My life is uncertain ; I may die suddenly ; my executors may think it but justice to exact payment, and that may involve the poor man in as great difficulties as those from which this money has delivered him. I will therefore make his heart light, and instead of suffering him to sigh over his uncertain prospects at his board or in his bed, I will make both easy to him. His wife and children shall rejoice with him ; they shall see his countenance again shine upon them, and occasionally meet mine with grateful comfort. He then cancelled the bond ; and at the same time, fearing that the poor man's distress might be deeper than he was willing to acknowledge, offered to lend him a farther sum. But by his behaviour upon this generous offer, he found that the sum he owed, and his doubts of being able to pay it in time, were his only grievances ; for he gratefully declined the additional offer, and from that time walked erect with a cheerful countenance.



CHAP. III.

An Account of a noble Family at Bologna. Mr. Grandison's Friendship for Seignior Jeronymo, whom he in vain endeavours to reform. They quarrel; Mr. Grandison refuses to draw his Sword; but afterwards saves his Life. The Gratitude shewn by all Jeronymo's Family on this Occasion.

WE are now going to enter on many interesting scenes arising from Mr. Grandison's connections with persons who from henceforward will make a very considerable figure in this history, and with whom it is necessary to render the reader acquainted.

At the city of Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are two branches of a noble family, who are Marquisses and Counts of Porretta, and trace their pedigree from the Roman Princes. In Bologna is the Marchese della Porretta, a nobleman of distinguished merit, whose lady is illustrious for her descent, her prudence, her goodness of heart, and sweetness of temper. They have three sons and a daughter. The eldest of the sons is a general officer in the service of the king of the Two Sicilies, and is a man of great honour and distinguished bravery, but being proud of his descent, is haughty and passionate. The second, who belongs to the church, is already a bishop. The third, who is called Seignior Jeronymo, and sometimes the Barone della Porretta, has a regiment in the king of Sardinia's service. The sister is

beloved by them all ; she has a fine person, is gentle in her manners, and has lofty, but just notions of the honour of her sex : she is pious, beneficent, and charitable.

The ingenious and engaging Mr. Grandison became intimate with Signior Jeronymo while at Rome. This youth had many fine qualities ; he had such a sweetness of manners, and was so delightfully gay and lively, that every one fought for his company ; but he unhappily had a set of dissolute companions, with whom he was very desirous of bringing Mr. Grandison acquainted. That gentleman suffered himself several times to be brought into their company ; but as he found they were totally abandoned in their morals, he earnestly endeavoured to draw his friend from such dangerous companions, by opposing their libertine principles ; but infatuated by a love of pleasure, he had not the courage to forsake them, or to resist their attacks upon his morals. However, Mr. Grandison's friendship was so sincere as to induce him to make use of all his abilities to reclaim him ; but finding his repeated admonitions were to no purpose, he had recourse to writing, and sent him a friendly and affectionate letter, in which he exposed the weakness of the arguments used by his libertine companions, and in a forcible manner represented the motives to virtue and honour, and the meanness which is the inseparable companion of guilt. Let us consider, said he, the object of your pursuit. Are they women you have seduced from the path of virtue, who would, perhaps, have otherwise married, and made useful members of society ? What a capital crime is a seduction of this kind ! Can you glory in the virtue of your own sister, and allow yourself to destroy the virtue of the daughter or the sister of another ? Men, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to suppose that nature

has designed them to be superior to women. The highest proof that can be given of such superiority, is the protection afforded by the stronger to the weaker; but what can he say for himself and his proud pretensions, who employs all his art to seduce, betray, and ruin her whom he ought to guide and protect?—Sedulous to save her, perhaps, from every foe but the devil and himself.

What a blessing are good children to their parents! but what comfort can that parent have in children born the heirs of disgrace, and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have no family honour to support, no fair example to imitate, but must be warned by their father, when he is convinced by bitter experience, to shun the paths he has trod? On the other hand, how delightful is the domestic connection! to bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a sister, a daughter, that shall be received with tender love, to strengthen your own interest by an alliance with some noble and worthy family, who shall rejoice to trust to the Barone della Porretta the darling of their hopes!—This would, to a generous heart like yours, be the source of infinite delights. But could you now think of introducing to the friend you revere, the unhappy object of a vagrant affection? Must not my Jeronymo estrange himself from his home, to conceal from his father, from his mother, from his sister, persons shut out from their society by all the laws of honour? Justly do you boast of the nobility of your descent, of the excellence of every branch of your family. Bear with my question, my Lord, Are you determined to sit down with the honour of your ancestors? Your progenitors, and every one of your own family, have given you reason to applaud their worth: will you not give them

cause to boast of yours? You have shewed me letters from your noble father, from your mother, from the pious prelate your brother, and still, if possible, more admirable ones from your sister, all filled with concern for your present and future welfare. How dearly is my Jeronymo beloved by his whole family, and how tenderly does he love them! What ought to be the result? Jeronymo cannot be ungrateful. He knows so well what belongs to the character of a dutiful son and an affectionate brother, that I need not attempt to enforce their arguments.

The Barone had a high spirit, and could not bear to be opposed in any pursuit in which his passions were engaged: hence he was displeas'd at the generous freedom of this letter, and Mr. Grandison soon became less solicitous to cultivate a friendship with a person, who, where his morals were concerned, could not bear the most friendly admonitions. They therefore separated, and during their absence dropped all correspondence with each other. The Barone, however, being some time after involved by his libertine companions in great difficulties, broke his connection with them, and afterwards accidentally meeting Mr. Grandison at Padua, their friendship was again renewed at the earnest desire of Jeronymo. That youth thought himself reformed, and Mr. Grandison flattered himself that his reformation was real; but in a little time he met with a temptation which he had not the resolution to resist. This was from a lady more famed for her birth, her beauty and fortune, than for her prudence and virtue. Before Jeronymo became acquainted with her, she had spread her snares for Mr. Grandison, and being exasperated at his slighting the ad-

vances she had made him, she hoped now to find an opportunity of being revenged.

Mr. Grandison, being deeply concerned at the infatuation of his friend, thought himself under an obligation, both from honour and conscience, to endeavour, by writing him another letter, to recal him to the paths of virtue. He, in the gentlest and most friendly terms, censured his conduct, and strove to put him on his guard, by informing him that his life was in danger from two men of violent tempers, who, unknown to each other, considered this lady as their own. Jeronymo was so weak as to let her see the contents of this letter; he even resolved to vindicate her honour, and prompted by this revengeful woman, desired, and challenged his friend. Mr. Grandison, with a noble disdain, refusing to draw his sword, appealed to Jeronymo's cool reflections; high words arose between them; Jeronymo even called him coward; but Mr. Grandison, after a violent struggle with himself, mastered his temper, and defying the unjust censures of the world, told him that he would never meet as a foe the man he had ever desired to consider as his friend. If ever we meet again, I assure you, he added, it must be by accident; and then it will be time enough to dispute the occasion of this misunderstanding. Indeed, the next meeting was unsought for. Jeronymo rashly pursuing the adventure, which had occasioned this misunderstanding, one of the lady's admirers hired several Brescian bravoës to assassinate him. They made their attempt in the Cremonese, where they fell upon him, in a thicket at a distance from the road.

Happily Mr. Grandison was passing by, attended by two servants, when a frightened horse, with his bridle





broke, and his saddle bloody, ran across the way. Mr. Grandison imagining that some mischief had befallen the rider, drove down the opening from which the horse came, and soon beheld a man struggling on the ground with two ruffians, one stopping his mouth, and the other stabbing him. Mr. Grandison then jumped out of the post-chaise, drew his sword, and ran towards them as fast as he was able, calling to his servants to follow him. On this the villains fled, when he heard one of them say, Let us make off, we have done his business. Shocked at the villainy of these assassins, he pursued and came up with one of them, who turning upon him, he beat down the fellow's blunderbuss at the instant he presented it at him, then wounded and threw him on the ground; but observing the other ruffian turning back to help his companion, and two others suddenly appearing with their horses, he thought it more prudent to make his retreat, though he was very desirous of securing one of them. His servants, at the same instant seeing his danger, hastened shouting towards him, when the bravo's, perhaps, imagining there were more still behind, seemed as glad to escape with their rescued companion as he was to leave them. Mr. Grandison then hastened to the unhappy man; but how great was his astonishment, when he found him to be Jeronimo, who had been pursuing his amour in disguise!

As he gave signs of life, Mr. Grandison immediately sent one of the servants to Cremona for a surgeon, and in the mean while bound up two of his wounds, one in his breast, and the other in his shoulder; but he had another in his hip, which his young deliverer found beyond his skill to manage: he however strove to stop the blood

with his handkerchief, and having lifted him into his chaise, stepped in with him, and held him up in it, till he was told by one of his men, that in another part of the thicket he had found the Barone della Porretta's servant bound and wounded, and near him his horse lying dead. At this Mr. Grandison stepped out, and finding the poor fellow faint with his wounds, and unable to stand, put him into the chaise; then walked by its side, and in this manner moved slowly towards Cremona, in order to shorten the way of the expected surgeon, who soon met them.

The post-chaise was stopped, when the surgeon entering it, found that the Barone had fainted away; but he dressed his wounds, and proceeded with him to Cremona: where opening his eyes, he beheld and knew Mr. Grandison; and being informed by the surgeon that he owed his life to him, O Grandison, said he, that I had followed your advice! that I had kept my promise with you!—How did I insult you!—Can my generous deliverer forgive me? If it please God to restore me, you shall be the guide of my future life.

Mr. Grandison staid with him till he was fit to be removed from Cremona, where he was visited by his whole family. Never was there a family more affectionate to each other; for the suffering of one was the suffering of all. The Barone was extremely beloved by his father, mother, and sister, for his affectionate heart, and the engaging sweetness of his manners. It is therefore easy to conceive how acceptable to the whole family was the important service which Mr. Grandison was so happy as to render their Jeronymo. They all joined in blessing him, which they repeated with double ardour when they knew

that he was the person whom their Jeronymo, during their intimacy, had warmly extolled in his letters to both his brothers and to his sister, and who now told them the occasion of their quarrel, with circumstances as much to Mr. Grandison's honour as they were disgraceful to himself. While his generous friend attended him by his bed's side, he frequently called for a repetition of those arguments which he had before joined with his pretended friends in deriding. He begged him to forgive his having treated them with levity, and him with the greatest disrespect; and entreated his family to consider his generous friend, not only as the preserver of his life, but as the restorer of his morals. Hence the whole family entertained the highest idea of Mr. Grandison's exalted virtue and friendship; and to strengthen their good opinion, the noble youth shewed them the letters his friend had wrote, with the hopes of enforcing his temporary convictions, and drawing him from the shameful pursuits in which he was unhappily engaged.

The whole family were inspired with the utmost gratitude. The father was uneasy from his not knowing how to acknowledge, according to the largeness of his heart, to a man of genteel circumstances, the obligations under which he had laid them. The mother, with an amiable freedom, which the Italian ladies are unaccustomed to express, desired her Clementina to consider, as her fourth brother, the preserver of the third; and the Barone observed, that he should never rest till his dear Grandison was rewarded in the manner he deserved,





C H A P. IV.

The Manner in which Mr. Grandison lived with this noble Family at Bologna. The Count of Belvedere falls in love with Clementina, whom Mr. Grandison admires, yet is desired to talk to her in that Nobleman's Favour. That Lady is suspected to be in love with Mr. Grandison, who leaves Italy. Her strange Behaviour during his Absence and her love for Mr. Grandison.

THE Barone was no sooner removed to Bologna than the whole family appeared studious to get Mr. Grandison among them. The general made him promise, when his relations, as he termed them, at Bologna, could part with him, to favour them with his company at Naples. The bishop, who spent all the time he could spare from his diocese at Bologna, in compliment to Mr. Grandison, his fourth brother, would have him give him lessons on the English language. Our Milton's reputation had reached them, and the friendship that had subsisted between him and a learned Italian nobleman, endeared his memory to them: he was therefore their principal author. As these lectures were usually held in the wounded brother's chamber, in order to amuse him, he likewise became his scholar. The father and mother were frequently present, and the lovely Clementina was seldom absent: she also termed him her tutor; and though she was seldomer present at these pleasing lectures than her brothers, she made a much greater proficiency than any of them.

In such company Mr. Grandison could not fail of passing his time very agreeably ; he was particularly honoured with the confidence of the Marchioness, who opened her heart to him on every material occurrence that presented itself. Her lord, who is distinguished by his politeness, was never better pleased than when he found them together ; and frequently, though they were not engaged in lectures, the lovely Clementina claimed a right to be present with her mother.

Things were in this situation when the young count of Belvedere, who had received his education in Spain, returned to Parma, and paying a visit to this noble family, saw and loved Clementina. As the count was not only a man of sense, but had a handsome person, and a great fortune, they all thought that his alliance was very desirable. The Marquis highly approved of it, and the Marchioness had several conversations with Mr. Grandison on this subject : she thought it necessary to know his thoughts on the occasion, as the Barone, unknown to him, had frequently declared, that he thought there was no other way of rewarding his merit than by giving him a relation to the family. In the mean time Mr. Grandison, thus distinguished by all the persons of this noble house, and a daily witness of the innumerable excellencies of the lovely Clementina, found it impossible not to suffer his vanity to be sometimes awakened, and to stifle his wishes of obtaining such a prize ; but he endeavoured to check the pleasing idea the moment he found it play about his heart, for he would have thought any attempt to recommend himself to the young lady's favour, though only by his looks and assiduities, a breach of that generous trust and confidence which they all reposed in him.

Mean while the rebellion breaking out in Scotland, Mr. Grandison being known to be warm in the interest of his country, was often obliged to enter into debates, which he sincerely wished to avoid. It was not doubted that the success of the rebels would be attended with the restoration of the Romish religion ; and Clementina was in particular pleased with the thought, that her heretick tutor would then take refuge in the bosom of the mother church : she even took great delight in saying things of this nature in the language he taught her, and which she now spoke very intelligibly.

Mr. Grandison now formed the resolution of retiring from Italy, and visiting some of the German courts. This he communicated to the Marchioness, who expressed her concern at the thoughts of his leaving them, and prevailed on him to defer his departure for some time ; but hinted her and her lord's apprehensions of his being in love with Clementina. He convinced her that he had behaved with the utmost honour in this particular, and she so fully satisfied the Marquis, that, on their daughter's absolutely refusing the Count of Belvedere, they desired him to talk to her in favour of that nobleman. The young lady and Mr. Grandison had a conference on this subject, while the Marquis and the Marchioness, unknown to either of them, had placed themselves to listen to their discourse in a closet adjoining to the room, and which communicated to another room, as well as to that they were in : however, they had not the least reason to be displeas'd with their conversation.

The time of Mr. Grandison's departure now drawing near, and the young lady repeatedly refusing the Count of

Belvedere, the Barone, unknown to his friend, declared in his favour. His relations objected difficulties with respect to his religion and his country; on which he desired they would permit his talking to ~~him~~ on those subjects, and discoursing with his sister on her motives for refusing the Count of Belvedere; but this they would not allow. The Marchioness herself undertook to talk to her daughter, and to demand of her, her reasons for disliking all the proposals that had been made her; but on her closeting the lovely Clementina, nothing was to be got from her but tears: a silence, that had not the least appearance of sullenness, had, for some days, shewn that a deep melancholy had begun to take possession of her mind; and yet she appeared extremely offended at their attributing it to love: however, her mother informed Mr. Grandison, that she could not help suspecting, that unknown to herself, she was under the dominion of that passion, from her never appearing cheerful, but when taking lessons for learning a language that was never likely to be of the least service to her. Her melancholy still encreasing, he was desired to talk with her. He did so, and it was observed that she generally assumed a cheerful air while he was present, and, though she said little, appeared pleased with every thing he said to her; but the moment he left her, she studied to find opportunities of being alone. Her parents, who were in the deepest affliction, consulted physicians, who all declared that she was in love: she was taxed with it, and the utmost indulgence promised her with respect to the object of her affection that she could wish; but still she could not bear the imputation with patience.

On the evening before the day appointed for Mr.

Grandison's departure, this noble family made a splendid entertainment in honour of a guest who had laid them under such extraordinary obligations ; for they had the more readily brought themselves to approve of his leaving them, from their desire to know how it would affect Clementina. That lady appeared at table, and, during the whole evening, supported her part of the conversation with extraordinary vivacity ; and yet there appeared nothing in her looks or behaviour that seemed the least affected. When they thanked him for the pleasure he had given the whole family, she joined her acknowledgements ; and when they expressed their wishes to see him again before he returned to England, she did the same. Mr. Grandison's heart was dilated, and he was overjoyed at seeing such a happy alteration. When he took leave of them, she stood forward to receive his compliments. He offered to press her hand with his lips, but presenting her cheek to him, My brother's deliverer, said she, must not affect this distance, adding, God preserve my tutor wherever he goes ! May you never want such an agreeable friend as you have been to us ! And, in English, God convert you, Chevalier !

As the Barone was not able to be with them, his friend went to take his leave of him, when, throwing his arms about him, he cried, O my Grandison ! will you go ? Blessings attend you ! but what will become of a brother and sister, when they have lost you ? She must, she shall be yours—why will you leave us ? Mr. Grandison was surprised ! for he had never before been so particular, and answered, It could not be, for there were a thousand obstacles ;—All of which, returned the Barone, that depend on us, I don't doubt I shall overcome. They then settled a method of carrying on their correspondence, and parted.

The next morning Mr. Grandison set out for Inspruck, but on his arrival at that city, was deeply afflicted at receiving a letter by which he was informed that Clementina's chearful and lively behaviour had lasted no longer than the next day, and that her malady had returned with double force. She shut herself up in her chamber without seeming to know that her woman was in it, or making any answer to the questions she asked her; but setting her chair with its back towards her over against a closet, after a deep silence, leaned forwards, and in a low voice, seemed talking to a person in the closet, crying, You say he is actually gone? Gone for ever? No, not forever! Who, Madam? said the woman. To whom, pray, do you direct your discourse?—We are all doubtless obliged to him, resumed she; so bravely to rescue my brother, and to pursue the bravoës, and, as my brother says, to put him into his own chaise, and walk on foot by its side.—Why, as you say, the assassins might have murdered him, or the horses might have trampled him under their feet. Her woman then stepped into the closet, and in order to turn the course of her ideas, opened the door, and left it open, to try if that would divert her attention from the place; but she still talked calmly, as if to somebody in it, then bursting into a faint laugh, she cried, In love! that is such a silly whim; and yet I love every body better than myself. At this instant the Marchioness entering the room, Clementina rose in haste, and shutting the closet door, as if somebody had been hid there, threw herself at her feet, crying, my dear Mamma, forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you—But I will, I must be God's child as well as your's, I will retire into a convent.

Every thing that medicine could do was now tried : but her confessor, though an honest and worthy man, had filled her mind with fears and terrors. He observed the favour Mr. Grandison was in with the whole family, and dreading lest his influence might have such an effect as to withdraw this lady from the bosom of the church, had raised such a conflict in her heart, between her piety, which was ardent and sincere, and her gratitude and sensibility, as her tender frame was unable to bear.

In the city of Florence is a family of distinguished rank and honour, the ladies of which have a friend who lives with them named Beaumont, who in the early part of life was defrauded of her fortune by an uncle. She is an English protestant, and is greatly esteemed for her genius, and the goodness of her heart. These ladies, with this their companion, were one day visiting at the Marchese della Porretta's, when the distressed mother told them the mournful tale ; and they thinking nothing that could be effected by human prudence impossible to Mrs. Beaumont, desired, that the young lady might be entrusted to her care at their house in Florence. To this they immediately agreed, and they took her with them. Mrs. Beaumont soon engaged the unhappy Clementina's affections, and, by her very artful management, found means to prevail on her to reveal the cause of her melancholy, and that it arose from her regard of Mr. Grandison. Her hopes that this absence would restore her tranquillity, had made her behave with such steadiness at his departure ; but she was not long able to maintain so great a part ; yet she still professed that she would never marry one who by his religion was an enemy to the faith, in which she had never wavered, and which, she observed,

she would never change, were an earthly crown to be placed on the head of the man she loved, to be the reward.

Upon this, Mrs. Beaumont wrote an affecting letter to the Marchioness, in which she gave her a particular account of this conversation; and that lady, in return, sent her an answer, filled with the warmest expressions of gratitude, inclosing it in a letter to her daughter, wherein she endeavoured to give her all the consolation possible, inviting her and her amiable friend to Bologna, and promising, in the name of her father and brothers, a most indulgent welcome, with the gratification of all her wishes. The lady Clementina became much easier and more composed, on receiving these assurances, and returned to Bologna, with a more serene and settled mind than she enjoyed at her leaving that city.

CH A P. V.

The whole family being informed of Clementina's Passion, sent for Mr. Grandison. His Reception at his Return. They propose his marrying the Lady; but though he loves her with the greatest Tenderness, the Conditions are such as he cannot comply with, on which he again leaves Italy.

THE whole family were desired to assemble upon this occasion, when, by common consent, it was agreed that Mr. Grandison should be sent for. That gentleman was then at Vienna, and Jeronymo, in his letter, congratulated him on his having it now in his power to reward him; hinting in general, that the conditions

would be such as he could not fail of thinking highly to his advantage. This news greatly affected Mr. Grandson ; for, from his knowledge of the lady and the whole family, he was afraid the articles of residence and religion would not be easily compromised ; on which account he summoned up all his prudence to keep alive his fears, and suspend every flattering hope.

He instantly returned to Bologna, where, on his arrival, he was received with all the marks of friendship and esteem by the Marquis and the Bishop. The Barone, who still kept his chamber, embracing him, said, Now is the affair I have so long had in view, determined. O Chevalier, you'll be a happy man ; Clementina will be your's, and you will be Clementina's. Now do I indeed embrace my brother—But I won't detain you ; haste to the happy girl, who is with her mother, and both are ready to welcome you. Mr. Grandson was then conducted into the Marchioness's drawing-room, where he found that lady richly dressed, with the lovely Clementina also elegantly dressed, and standing by her chair ; while her natural modesty, heightened by a glowing consciousness that seemed to arise from the occasion, gave her advantages superior to her richest jewels. The Marchioness behaved to him with great tenderness and respect, apologized for her daughter's silence and confusion ; and, on her retiring, congratulated him on the happiness intended him, observing that she would leave particular subjects to be discoursed of between the Bishop and him, adding, that the same thing should be done for Clementina, as if she had married the man they wished her to have, when they imagined her affections entirely disengaged. Mr. Grandson applauded her goodness, and she added, that she did not doubt his loving Clementina

more than any other lady. He returned, that he had never seen one he could have loved with such tenderness, had he not put a restraint upon himself, from the high notions they entertained of their rank and quality, from the difference of religion, and from the confidence the family reposed in him ; he therefore assured the Marchioness, that not having presumed to encourage hopes of the happiness that now seemed to await him, he could hardly yet flatter himself that he should enjoy such felicity. She answered, that he deserved it all : he knew the value they had for him : Clementina's regard was founded on virtue, and she did not doubt but all that depended on him would, as well from generosity as gratitude, be complied with. The Marquis, who entered soon after, behaved with the same indulgence, letting him know that his son the Bishop would discourse with him upon terms. A great fortune, besides a noble estate bequeathed her by her two grandfathers, was proposed, and his father was to be invited over to grace their nuptials.

The Bishop at last made the dreaded proposals, with which neither his conscience nor his love for his country would suffer him to comply. He was to make a formal renunciation of his religion, and to settle in Italy, and only be allowed once in two or three years to go to England, if he pleased, for two or three months : and if their daughter should desire it, she might once in her life be carried thither on a visit of curiosity, and stay there the time they should limit. The Bishop, who was amazed at his scruples, in vain endeavoured to convince him of what he called his errors ; for he could not change his religion without conviction : he even reproached him with obstinacy, ingratitude, and cruelty. The General,

who was now at Bologna, raved, threatened, and treated him with contempt, while the Marquis began to consider him as unworthy of the honour designed him. In what distress was Mr. Grandison involved, in being thus obliged to deny himself the dearest wish of his heart, and to disappoint the warm expectations of those who had a sincere value for him ! But when his dear Jeronymo intreated his compliance ; when the tender mother entreated him to have pity on her heart, and her poor child's head ; and when the gentle, the lovely Clementina, urged him for his soul's sake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother the church : how was his mind torn by the contending passions which tortured his breast ! But he was fully satisfied with his own faith, and had insuperable objections to that which they desired him to embrace ; and if he complied, his conscience and his country were to be the sacrifice. Yet he studied for a compromise. Clementina was very dear to him, and he then beheld graces in her which he had hitherto struggled to behold with indifference. He proposed to live one year in Italy, and one in England, by turns, if their dear Clementina would consent to live with him there ; if not, he proposed to pass only three months in every year in his native country. He offered to leave her entirely at her liberty in the article of religion ; and, in case of children by the marriage, the daughters to be educated by her, and the sons by him ; a condition to which the Pope himself, it was presumed, would not refuse his sanction. To this the unhappy Clementina would have consented, and earnestly endeavoured to procure the consent of her friends. But no arguments could prevail on them to allow their daughter to marry a pro-

testant. This determination was followed by the most distressful scenes : the mother, indeed, seemed in a manner neutral ; and the Barone remained still firm in Mr. Grandison's interest ; but the Marquis, the General, the Bishop, and the whole Urbino branch of the family, were immoveable. The General treated him even with an insolent arrogance, and imagining that Mr. Grandison had used some art to engage his sister's affections, pretended to have a right to call him to account for it : but notwithstanding Mr. Grandison's being deeply distressed, he answered the General's passionate speeches with spirit ; but let him know that nothing should make him attempt the life of the brother of his friend. The rigour of their behaviour was now extended even to the unhappy Clementina, and Mr. Grandison in vain recommended their treating her with indulgence. He was desired to depart from Bologna, and Clementina was not permitted to see him, though she begged on her knees to have a parting interview. At hearing of his being gone, her grief moved every one to pity, and this subsided into fits, the deepest melancholy, and silence.



CHAP. VI.

Mr. Grandison saves Mr. Danby's Life. The manner in which Sir Thomas Grandison lived while his Son was on his Travels. His Death, and the Treatment Mrs. Oldham received from Sir Charles's Sisters.

MR. Grandison no sooner left Italy than he proceeded to Paris, to wait there for orders from his father to return to his native country. While he was in France, he paid a visit to Mr. Danby, an eminent merchant of great integrity, to whom his father remitted money for his use. With this gentleman he had been before acquainted, and having now spent two days with him in the city, he accompanied him to a little lone house in the Cambresis, which that gentleman used to term his dormitory. Mr. Grandison had only one servant with him, who lay in a little room over the stable, with a man-servant of Mr. Danby's, there being conveniences in the house only for Mr. Danby, a friend, and two women-servants. About midnight Mr. Grandison was alarmed by hearing a noise at the window of Mr. Danby's room, when instantly slipping on his clothes, and drawing his sword, he ran thither just as a villain with a large knife in his hand had seized Mr. Danby's throat, who till then was found asleep. The skin of his neck, and one of his hands, which he had lifted up to defend himself, were slightly wounded, when Mr. Grandison run the ruffian into the shoulder with his sword, and at the same moment threw him with violence from the

bed against the door ; on which he roared out, that he was a dead man. By that time a second fellow, who had got to the window, was half in, when calling to a third below to haste up after him, Mr. Grandison ran to the second fellow, who then fired a pistol, but happily missed him ; and feeling the point of the sword in his arm, threw himself, with a little of Mr. Grandison's help, upon the third ruffian, who was mounting the ladder, and knocked him off ; after which both made their escape. Mean while the assassin within had fainted away, and the two maids let in Mr. Grandison's and Mr. Danby's servants, who had been alarmed by the screams of the women from their window, and the report of the pistol. The two footmen having, by Mr. Grandison's order, bound up the ruffian's shoulder, and carried him into the hall, he came to himself, and offered to make a full confession ; and being carried before a magistrate, laid open the whole villainy.

Mr. Danby had a brother of very abandoned principles, to whom he had frequently given large sums, which he had squandered away in his debaucheries. He had also settled a thousand guineas on each of the children of his brother, who had the folly and impudence to make a demand of the same sum, pleading that he had as much right to it as they ; and enraged at his meeting with a refusal, formed a design to get the possession of his whole fortune : for Mr. Danby being a bachelor, and known to have an aversion to the thoughts of making his will, this wretch had hired these ruffians to murder him ; and that the fact might have the appearance of being done by robbers, the house was to have been plundered, as soon as the horrid fact was perpetrated. The villains were each

to receive a thousand crowns on this unnatural monster's getting possession of his brother's fortune ; and they had fifty crowns a piece paid them in hand. Their base employer waited the event at Calais ; and being soon informed of what had happened, passed over to Dover. The two men who had escaped, were disabled by their bruises from flying far, and were apprehended ; but the wounded man having lost much blood, did not recover : the survivors were ordered for execution ; but Mr. Danby interceding for them, they were sent to the galleys.

During the time that Mr. Grandison was sacrificing the dearest wishes of his heart to his religion, and his love of his country, and was exposed to dangers that called forth all his courage, his father was indulging his love of pleasure. He placed over his daughters, as governesses, the widow of one of his companions, named Oldham, whose fortune had not held out as Sir Thomas's had done. This lady had fine qualities, was well descended, handsome, and an œconomist ; but she soon became so unhappily sensible of Sir Thomas's favours and presents, that in a little more than a twelve month, she was obliged to come up to town, where she lay in. The eldest of these young ladies, being at that time about nineteen, and the youngest sixteen years old, they had such spirit as to oppose this lady's return to her office ; and undertook to manage every thing themselves at their capital seat in Hampshire. But Sir Thomas having another seat in Essex, carried Mrs. Oldham thither ; and for some time every body apprehended that they were married. Sir Thomas was highly displeased at his daughters for opposing the return of their governess ; and he had another mistress in town, who had a taste for all its gaieties.

The young ladies were now treated with great severity by Sir Thomas, and his son had not been long abroad, when they were forbid to correspond with him, lest his follies should be the subject of their correspondence ; and he also ordered their brother not to write to them. This prohibition gave these ladies the most sensible concern, as they dreaded its laying a foundation for their being treated with indifference by their brother, on whom, as their mother had foretold, they were likely, if he survived their father, to have too great a dependence. But though Sir Thomas shewed not the least tenderness for his daughters, he, in all companies, gloried in his son, who, he observed, was all that was dutiful, brave, worthy, and pious ; alleging to his intimate friends, that the reason of his permitting his being so long absent, was, that his son's morals and his own were so different, that he should be ashamed of his superiority ; but that he intended to alter his course of life, and then he would send for him. In the mean while Mrs. Farnborough, the woman he lived with when in town, being seized with the small pox, died ; on which, Sir Thomas was so much affected, that he left the town, and in pursuance of his temporary good resolutions, lived with his daughters, and talked of sending for his son ; and for some months behaved like a man of sense and understanding.

About the time of Mrs. Farnborough's being taken ill, Lord L———returning from his travels, brought Sir Thomas some presents from his son, who took all opportunities to send him curiosities, some of which were of considerable value, and served to shew both his duty and œconomy. Sir Thomas appeared fond of Lord —— ; and on his retiring to Grandison Hall, after Mrs. Farnborough's

death, gave him an invitation to visit him there. Hence that nobleman attended him at the Hall, where he fell in love with the eldest of the young ladies, to whom he revealed his passion. She referred herself wholly to her father ; but though this match would have been highly to her advantage, Sir Thomas absolutely refused his consent.

At length, Sir Thomas resolved to regulate his affairs, preparative to the leave he intended to give his son to return home ; but he knew not what to do with Mrs. Oldham and two children he had by her. He made no doubt of his son's having heard of his guilty commerce with her ; but did not chuse that he should find her living with him as a mistress in one of the family seats. He was also unwilling to use her unhandsomely, and thought himself obliged to provide for the children he had by her.

While he was thus contriving how to make the best appearance before his son, whose character for virtue and prudence made him half afraid of him, he received a proposal of marriage for the young gentleman from one of the first men in the kingdom, whose daughter, accompanying her brother and his lady in a tour to France and Italy, fell in love with Mr. Grandison at Florence. Sir Thomas had several meetings on this subject, both with the brother and the Earl his father ; and was so fond of bringing it to bear, that he had thoughts of reserving to himself an annuity, and, in favour of this match, making over the whole estate to his son ; and actually sent him this proposal. But Mr. Grandison, in his answer, observed, that, if this arose from his generosity, affection, and indulgence he had so often experienced, he could not bear it ; but if it proceeded from proposals

made to him, God forbid, said he, that I should give your name to a woman, however illustrious in her descent and however wealthy, whose friends could offer such conditions to my father. On this answer, Sir Thomas resolved to suspend the treaty of marriage till his son's arrival.

While Sir Thomas was planning future schemes of life, and had actually begun to treat with Mrs. Oldham, who desiring to reform her conduct, agreed to retire at the first word; he was seized with a violent fever, which in three days deprived him of the use of his reason. He was at this time with Mrs. Oldham at his seat in Essex; and the physicians soon giving her no hopes of his recovery, she wrote to acquaint the two young ladies with his danger, who, a few days after, dispatched a letter to their brother, who was waiting at Paris, expecting to receive permission from his father to return home. On the eleventh day of his illness, Sir Thomas coming a little to himself, knew his daughters, and wept over them. He then wished he had been kinder to them. He was sensible of his danger, and several times lifted up his feeble hands and dying eyes, repeating, God is just. I have been very wicked!—Repentance! repentance! how hard a task! And Mrs. Oldham entering the room, Oh Mrs. Oldham, what is the world now? What would I give? But repent! repent! repent! Put your good resolutions in practice, lest I have more souls to answer for than my own. Soon after his delirium returned, and he expired.

Now the two daughters, their cousin Grandison, and Mrs. Oldham for her own security, put their respective seals on every place at that house, where any thing valu-

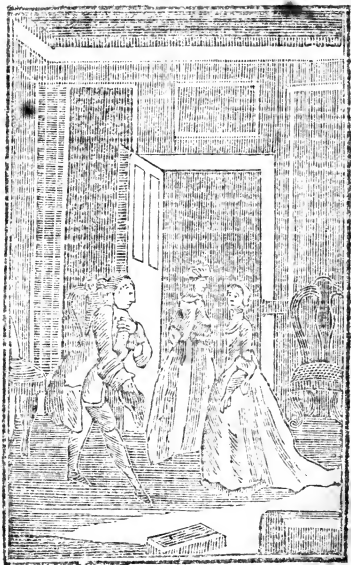
able was supposed to be deposited ; and Mr. Grandison assuming the management, turned out Mrs. Oldham, permitting her to take with her only one suit of cloaths besides those she had on. She wept bitterly, complaining of harsh treatment, but met with no pity, and was referred by Mr. Grandison for more rigorous justice to his absent cousin. She appealed to the ladies, but they reproached her with having lived a life of shame, observing that her punishment was but beginning, that their brother would do her justice : he was a man of virtue, and they were sure would look upon her with abhorrence. Thus this unhappy woman already received a severe instance of the change of her fortune, and had too much reason to believe that they would easily incense their brother against her, as his fortune had been lessened by his father's profusion. The few relations she had living were people of honour, who, since her living with Sir Thomas, had renounced all correspondence with her ; and she had one son by her husband, besides the two by Sir Thomas, to provide for.



C H A P. VII.

Sir Charles returns to England. His engaging Behaviour to his Sisters, and to Mrs. Oldham.

THE affairs of the family were in this situation when Sir Charles arrived. He returned no answer to his sisters' letter, but instantly set out for Calais, embarked, and the same day in which he landed arrived at his late father's house in St. James's square. How awful





to the sisters, after an absence of eight or nine years, must be the first appearance of a brother on whom their fortunes entirely depended, and to whom they had been accused by their father, now so lately departed, of want of duty ! He alighted from his post-chaise at the door, and his two sisters met him in the hall. They remembered the graceful youth of seventeen who had left them, with his fine curling auburn locks waving on his shoulders, intelligence sparkling in his fine eyes, and his lively features sweetened by good humour ; and, forgetting the womanly beauties into which their own features were ripened, seemed not to expect that manly stature and air, and that equal vivacity and intrepidity, with a noble countenance, that then appeared more than usually solemn, from his having in his thoughts an unburied and beloved father. O my brother ! said Caroline, meeting him with open arms, but shrinking from his embrace, may I say my brother ? and was just fainting. He clasped her, and supported her in his arms. Charlotte, the youngest, affected at his presence, and surprised at her sister's emotion, ran back into the room they had left, and threw herself upon a settee. Her brother followed her, soothing Miss Caroline, with his arm round her waist, and with eyes of expectation, cried, My Charlotte ! holding out his inviting hand, and hastening towards the settee. She then found her feet, and throwing her arms about his neck, he folded both of his sisters to his bosom, crying, Receive, my dearest sisters, receive your brother, your friend. Assure yourselves of my unabated love. That assurance, they cried, was balm to their hearts ; and when each was seated, he sitting over against them, looked first on one, then on the other ; and taking

each by the hand, Charming women ! said he, how I admire my sisters ! I don't doubt that you have minds answerable to your persons. What pleasure, what pride shall I take in my sisters ! My dear Charlotte ! said Miss Caroline, taking her sister's other hand, has not our brother all the brother in his face ? His goodness only looks stronger and more perfect. What was I afraid of ? My heart also sunk, I knew not why, said Charlotte : but we feared—indeed, Sir, we both feared—O my brother ! tears trickling down the cheeks of each—we did not mean to be undutiful—Love your brother, my dear sisters, he returned, as he will endeavour to deserve your love. My mother's daughters could not be undutiful—mistake only !—unhappy misapprehension ! He then pressed the hands of each with his lips, arose, went to the window, and wiped his eyes :—then turning towards them, added, Permit me, my dear sisters, to retire for a moment ; my father demands this tribute. They waited on him to his apartment with silent respect. No ceremony I hope, my Caroline, my Charlotte, he resumed ; we were true sisters and brother a few years ago : see your Charles as you saw him then ; and don't let absence, which has increased my love, lessen yours. Each sister then took a hand, and would have kissed it ; but he clasped his arms about them both, and saluted them. He cast his eyes on his father's and mother's pictures with some emotion, then on them, and again saluting each of them, they withdrew with tears of joy trickling down their cheeks.

Sir Charles in half an hour rejoined them in another dress, and again saluted them with an air of tenderness that banished fear, and left room for nothing but love. Soon after their cousin Grandison came in ; and after

the first compliments, the ladies retiring, that gentleman touched upon the circumstances of Sir Thomas's illness and death ; inveighing against Mrs. Oldham, telling Sir Charles what they had done, and exclaiming against her for the state she had lived in, and her unwillingness to resign the care of Sir Thomas, in his illness, to his daughters ; and particularly for having the assurance to put her seal with theirs to the cabinets and closets that were supposed to contain what was valuable. He then asked Sir Charles, if he was not pleased with what they had done as to that vile woman ? But he only observed, that he believed every thing was designed for the best. Mr. Grandison then ridiculed her grief and mortification at being obliged to leave the house, where she had so long reigned Lady Paramount. Sir Charles asked if they had found a will ? and was answered, that they looked in every probable place, but found none. I intend, said Sir Charles, to inter the venerable remains with those of my mother, which I know was his desire. An elegant, but not sumptuous monument, shall be erected to the memory of both, with a modest inscription, that shall be rather a matter of instruction to the living, than a panegyrick on the deceased. The funeral shall be decent, but not ostentatious ; and the difference of the expence shall be privately applied to assist distressed housekeepers, or some of my father's poor tenants who have large families, and have endeavoured by their industry to maintain them. And this was soon after carried in execution.

The solemnity was no sooner over, than Sir Charles, leaving every thing as he found it at Grandison Hall, came to town, and, in the presence of his sisters, broke the seals they had affixed to the cabinets and escrutores in

the house there; and having made memorandums of the contents of many papers, went with his sisters to the house in Essex, and when there, told them it was necessary for Mrs. Oldham, who had lodgings at a farm-house in the neighbourhood, to be present at breaking the seals, as she had affixed hers; and accordingly sent for her. She came with fear and trembling, when Sir Charles, not expecting her so soon, was in his stable, with the groom and coachman, looking at his horses, which were some of the finest hunters and racers in England. She was shewn, by mistake, into the room where the two ladies were, and at seeing them was in great confusion, wept, courtesied, and, on Miss Caroline's blaming her maid for bringing her to them, begged pardon, and was withdrawing, but stopped on that lady's saying, My brother, not we, sent for you, I assure you, Madam. He says it is necessary, as you thought fit to put your seal with ours, that you should be present at the breaking them. Prepare yourself to see him: you seem mighty unfit—No wonder! Indeed I am unfit, very unfit, said the poor woman: let me, ladies, bespeak your generosity; a little of your pity; a little of your countenance; I am indeed an unhappy woman! And so you deserve to be, said Miss Caroline. I am sure we are the sufferers. And so you have put yourself into mourning, Madam! Pretty deep too; Indeed, ladies, said Mrs. Oldham, I am a real mourner. Here, ladies, are the keys of the stores, of the confectionary, and of the wine vault. I thought it best to keep them till I could deliver them to your or Sir Charles's order. I have not, ladies, been a bad manager, considered as a house-keeper; all I have in the world is under the seals. I am at yours and your brother's mercy.

You'll soon know, Madam, said Miss Charlotte, what you have to trust to from him.

Sir Charles entered, and saw her standing pale and trembling near the door. He bowed to her. Mrs. Oldham, I presume, said he—Pray, Madam, be seated; I sent to you that you might see the seals broken—Pray, Madam, sit down, added he, taking her hand, and leading her to a chair not far distant from his sisters; and then sitting in one between them and her, Pray, Madam, compose yourself, added he, with pity in his eyes; and then turned to his sisters, to allow her time to recover herself. She was relieved by a flood of tears, and tried to suppress her audible sobs, which he would not seem to hear. Her emotions then attracting the eyes of his sisters, he took them off by asking them something about a picture that hung on the other side of the room. Then drawing his chair nearer to the unhappy woman, and again taking her trembling hand, said, I am not a stranger, Mrs. Oldham, to your melancholy story. Don't be discomposed. See in me a friend ready to thank you for all your past good offices, and to forget all mistaken ones. This was more than she could bear; she threw herself at his feet, when raising her to her chair, he added, Poor Mrs. Oldham was unhappily careless, yet I have been told he loved you, and that you merited his love. Your misfortunes threw you into the knowledge of our family. You have been a faithful manager of the affairs of this house. By written evidences I can justify you; evidences that I am sure none here will dispute. Mr. Grandison, who is a good-natured man, but a little hasty, has told me, that he treated you with unkindness. He thought you wrong for insisting to put your seal; but he

was mistaken, you did right. O brother ! O brother ! said both the ladies at once, half in admiration, though half vexed. Bear with me, my sisters, said he ; we have all something to be forgiven for. They knew not but they might be concerned in the admonition from what their father had written of them. He then mentioned chocolate being brought in, and being desirous of relieving Mrs. Oldham by some little employment, desired her to be so obliging as to see it made.

She had no sooner left the room, than, addressing himself to the ladies, My dear sisters, said he, let me, on this occasion, desire you to think favourably of me. I don't consider this poor woman on the foot of her own merits with respect to us : the memory of our father is concerned : she is intitled to justice, for its own sake ; to generosity, for ours ; to kindness, for my father's. In several of his letters to me, he praises Mrs. Oldham's œconomy, and he had a right to do what he would with his own fortune. It was not ours till now. Whatever he has left us he might have lessened. The œconomy is all that concerns us in the point of interest, and that is in her favour. He might have given Mrs. Oldham a title to a name that would have commanded our respect, if not our reverence. You have enlarged minds ; and are the daughters of the most charitable, the most forgiving of women ; and I was willing to judge of her behaviour, before I recommended her to your humanity. Is she not humbled enough ? From my soul, I pity her. She loved my father, I don't doubt mourns for him in secret, yet does not dare to plead her love. I would now consider her only as one who has executed a principal office in this house ; and it will become us to behave to her

in such a manner as to make the world think we consider her only in that light.

When they had drank chocolate, he told Mrs. Oldham, he was ready to attend her, and desired his sisters to give them their company. On their coming to the chamber in which Sir Thomas died, Mrs. Oldham turned pale, and begged to wait in the adjoining drawing room. Poor woman, cried he, how unhappily is she circumstanced ! She dares not, before us, shew the tenderness which is the glory of her sex, and of human nature ! On opening one of the cabinets in that chamber, they found a beautiful little casket with a paper wafered upon it, on which was written, *My wife's jewels.* Sir Charles asked his sisters, if they had not received their mother's jewels, and they answering, that their father had said they should be theirs on their marriage, he immediately presented them this casket, which they retired to open, while their brother was taking minutes of papers. Besides the jewels, they found in it three purses, in two of which were a considerable number of old broad pieces, with some bank-notes and India-bonds. The third parcel was thus labelled, *For my beloved son : in acknowledgement of his duty to his father and me, from infancy to this hour ; of his love to his sisters ; of the generosity of his temper ; of his love of truth, and of his modesty, courage, benevolence, steadiness of mind, docility, and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral assurance of his making a good man. God grant it ! Amen.*

This purse the ladies immediately carried to their brother, when having read the label, Excellent woman, said he, being dead she yet speaks ; may her pious prayer be answered ! Then opening the purse, he found five cor-

onation medals of different princes, a gold snuff-box, in which were three diamond rings, and a miniature picture of his mother, an admirable likeness, set in gold. Neglecting the rest, he took it out, gazed at it in silence, kissed it, and put it next his heart. The ladies then told him what was in the other purses, and offered him the bonds, notes, and money ; when asking if there were no directions upon either, they answered, No. He then observing there might be a difference in their value, emptied them upon the table, and mixing the contents of both together, added, Thus mingled, you, my sisters, will equally divide them between you. This picture, placing his hand on his bosom, where it still was, is of infinitely more value than what all the three purses contain besides.

Sir Charles and his sisters having examined every other place in this apartment, he followed Mrs. Oldham to her's ; where, shewing him the closet in which was contained all she was worth, she complained of Mr. Grandison's refusing to let her take out of it gold. He told her she might assure herself of justice, and breaking the seal, desired her to produce what she thought proper for him to take account of. He was obliged to check the curiosity of his sisters, who would fain have examined her drawers. She shewed him the cabinet in which was contained all the money, notes, and securities she had honestly saved. Miss Caroline asked to what amount ? No matter, sister, said Sir Charles. You hear, Mrs. Oldham says, they are honestly saved. I dare say my father's bounty enabled his meanest servants to save money. I would not keep one that I thought did not. I make no comparison. Mrs. Oldham, you are a gentlewoman. I believe, said Mrs. Oldham, looking afraid of the censures of the

ladies, there is near 1200*l*. They appeared surpris'd at the largeness of the sum, and observ'd, that they should often have been glad of having as many shillings between them. Sir Charles ask'd what occasion had they for more than current money? but added, that now they had a claim to independency, he hop'd either of their stores would exceed that sum. Mrs. Oldham, then trembling, said, In this private drawer are some presents—I disclaim them: if you'll believe me, ladies, I never wish'd for them, offering to pull out the drawer. Forbear, Mrs. Oldham, said Sir Charles, both the presents and money are yours: never will I either disparage or diminish my father's bounty. He had a right to do as he pleas'd. Had he made a will, would they not have been yours?—If you, my sisters, if you, Mrs. Oldham, can tell me any thing he but intended to do for any of his people, I will execute that intention with the same exactness as if he had insert'd it in a will. Shall we do nothing but legal justice?—The law was not made for a man of conscience.

When Sir Charles had examin'd and taken minutes of every thing in this house, he deliver'd to Mrs. Oldham the key of her apartment, ordering the house-keeper to assist her in the removal of her effects when she pleas'd, and to allow her to come and go at all times with the same freedom and civility as if she had never left the house. Then, address'ing himself to his sisters, he said, You may consider the justice I am willing to do to persons who can claim only justice from me, as an earnest that I will do more than justice for you. You should have been the first to have found the fruits of my love, had I not fear'd that prudence would have narrow'd my intentions, I am sorry, my dear sisters, for the sake of your spirits, that

you are left in my power. The best of women always feared that it would be so ; but as soon as I can, you shall be absolutely independent on your brother. Both Caroline and Charlotte expressed their gratitude by their tears, telling him that their being in the power of such a brother was their highest felicity.

Some time after, Sir Charles, at parting with Mrs. Oldham, told her he should be glad to know how she disposed of herself, every unhappy person having a right to the good offices of those who are less embarrassed ; and that when she was settled, she would let him know the state of her affairs, and what she proposed to do with those intitled to her care, and she should find that her confidence was not ill-placed. Mrs. Oldham, the first opportunity, presented him a written estimate of all she was worth, and an account of the manner in which she proposed to live ; on which he had the generosity to settle an annuity upon her for the sake of her sons by his father.

As Sir Charles found that his father had left his affairs embarrassed, he disposed of his hunters, racers, and dogs, took a survey of the timber upon his estate, and felled what would have been worse for standing ; but for the sake of posterity, planted an oakling for every oak he cut down. The sale of the timber he felled in Hampshire, lying convenient for water carriage for the use of the government, furnished him with a considerable sum. He then went to examine his estate in Ireland, paid off a mortgage upon it, and ordered great improvements.

Two or three months after Sir Charles's arrival in England, Lord L. came to town from Scotland, and paid him his first visit ; when his Lordship mentioning his love for Miss Caroline, and she acknowledging her regard for

him, he introduced him to her, and joining their hands, held them between both his, saying, With pleasure do I join hands, where such worthy hearts are united. From this time, my Lord, do me the honour to look upon me as your brother. My father was a little embarrassed in his affairs, and was perhaps loth they should early claim another protection ; but if he had lived to make himself easy, he would doubtless have made them happy. He has left that duty upon me, and I will perform it. Miss Caroline's joy rendered her unable to speak, and my Lord was extremely affected. Miss Charlotte was moved with this scene, and lifting up her hands and eyes, prayed, that God would make his power as large as his heart. And has not my Charlotte, said he, turning towards her, some happy man whom she can distinguish by her love ? You, my sisters, are equally dear to me. Come, Charlotte, make me your confidant, and your inclinations shall direct my choice.

Before the marriage Sir Charles gave his sister a paper sealed up. Receive this, my Caroline, said he, as from your father's bounty, in compliance with what your mother, had she lived, would have wished. When you oblige Lord L—— with one hand, make him this present with the other ; and thus intitle yourself to all the gratitude with which his worthy heart will overflow. I have only done my duty in performing an article of the will I have made in my own mind for my father. He then saluted her, and withdrew before she broke the seal ; and when she did, she found it contained bank notes for 10,000*l*. She threw herself into a chair, and for some time was unable to rise ; but recovering herself, she hurried out to find her brother, and was told he was in his

sister's apartment. She ran thither, and found Charlotte was in tears, Sir Charles having just left her. What ails my Charlotte? said she. O Caroline, cried the other, this brother! there is no bearing his generous goodness. See that deed! She took it up, and finding it was for the same sum he had given her, and to carry interest, they congratulated and wept over each other, as if distressed. Caroline found out her brother, but when she approached him, could only express her gratitude by lifting up her hands and eyes. He had no sooner raised and seated her, than the equally grateful Charlotte entered, when placing her next her sister, and drawing a chair for himself, he took the hand of each, and then said, My dear sisters, you are too sensible of these instances of my brotherly love. It has pleased God to deprive us of our father and mother, and we must supply their loss to each other. Consider me as an executor of a will that ought to have been made, and perhaps would, had there been time. My circumstances are greater than I expected; greater, I dare say, than my father thought they would be; and I could not do less than I have done. You don't know how much you'll oblige me if you never say another word upon this subject. Soon after this, Caroline was married to Lord L——, who carried her down with him to Scotland, where she was greatly admired and esteemed by all his relations.



C H A P. VIII.

The History of Miss Byron, who is rescued by Sir Charles from the Attempts of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, who afterwards sent him a Challenge, which he refuses to comply with, yet behaves with great Dignity.

WE shall now leave Sir Charles to bring the reader acquainted with an accomplished young lady, who will engage his attention in the following part of this work. Miss Harriet Byron had united in her face the most enchanting beauty, grace, and expression; she had a heart equally pure and open, and a noble mind legible in her lovely and expressive countenance. This lady lived at Selbyhouse, in Northamptonshire, and was the delight, the pride of her relations, and the admiration of all who either saw or conversed with her. She was brought to London by her aunt Reeves, who had paid a visit to her relations; and here, as well as in the country, had several admirers, among whom was Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a gay, proud, and conceited fop, with a handsome person, and an estate of 8000l. a year. The Baronet had been accidentally in her company when she enlivened the conversation with the most agreeable sallies of wit; and afterwards, waiting upon her at Mrs. Reeves's, made an open declaration of his passion in the presence of her uncle and aunt; on which Miss Harriet frankly told him, she thanked him for his good opinion, but could not encourage his addresses. He appeared amazed at this declaration, and repeating, *cannot encourage my addresses!*

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said, he had been assured her affections were not engaged, but that surely it must be a mistake. She desired to know if it was a necessary consequence, that the woman must be engaged, who could not receive the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? Why, madam, as to that, said he, I don't know what to say; — but to a man of my fortune, and I hope not absolutely disagreeable, either in person or temper, of some rank in life, — what, madam, if you are as much in earnest as you pretend, can be your objections? We can't, said she, all like the same person. Women are said to be very capricious, and, perhaps, I am so; but there is a something, we can't always say what, that attracts or disgusts us. *Disgusts!* madam, — *Disgusts!* Miss Byron, cried he. I hope in general — Sir, she returned, I dare say nineteen women out of twenty would think themselves favoured by the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. You, Sir, may have more merit, perhaps, than the man I may happen to like better; but pardon me, Sir, you don't hit my fancy. If pardon depends upon my breath, cried he, let me die if I do! — *Not bit your fancy,* madam, looking upon himself all round, *not bit your fancy,* madam! In short, the Baronet, provoked at the thought of her rejecting so accomplished a person as himself, behaved with great insolence, charging her with pride, ingratitude, and cruelty; when Miss Byron, being unwilling to stay to be insulted, begged his excuse, and hastily withdrew.

Sir Hargrave soon after paid her another visit, and having apologized for his former behaviour, made vehement professions of love, offered to make her large settlements, and told her, that she should prescribe to him in every thing. To which she answered as before; but on his

insisting upon knowing her reasons for refusing him, she frankly told him, it was with some reluctance that she owned her not having that opinion of his morals, that she must have of those of the man on whom she must build her hopes of present happiness, and on whose guidance entrust her future. Sir Hargrave stormed, repeating, *My morals, madam ! You have no opinion of my morals, madam !* and then shewing several menacing airs, abruptly departed.

As this young lady had never before been in London, Lady Betty Williams, a near relation to Mr. Reeves, insisted on Miss Byron's accompanying her to a ball at the Opera-house, in the Haymarket, and providing her with a dress ; and as she would take no denial, she with reluctance complied. Mr. Reeves was a Hermit, Mrs. Reeves a Nun, Lady Betty an Abbess, and Miss Byron an Arcadian Princess. She wore a white Paris-net cap, glittering with spangles, and enriched by a chaplet of artificial flowers, with a small white feather on the left side, and her hair hung down in natural ringlets, shading her neck. She had a kind of waistcoat of blue sattin, trimm'd with silver point d'Espagne, the skirts edged with silver fringe : this waistcoat was fastened close to her waist by silver clasps, with a small tassel at each ; and all was set off with bugles and spangles. A scarf of white Persian silk was fastened to her shoulders, and flew loose behind. Her petticoat was of blue sattin, trimmed and fringed like the waistcoat. She had bracelets on her arms, and a Venetian mask. Miss Byron took no pleasure in the place, for the shoals of fools that swarmed around her. The glitter of her dress, which attracted the eyes of the company, filled her with confusion, while their insipid and

absurd behaviour made her frequently despise both herself and them.

They staid till about two in the morning, when Mr. Reeves conducted her to her chair, and saw her in it, before he attended Lady Betty and his wife unto theirs ; but observed, that neither the chair nor the chairmen were those that brought her ; on which he asked the reason of it, and was told by her servant, who had been hired only a few days before, that the chairmen had been inveigled away to drink, and that after having waited two hours for them, he had hired a chair to supply their place.

The chair moved off with her servant, carrying his lighted flambeau before it. The chairmen had not gone a great way, when she calling out, they stopped, and her servant asked her commands. Where am I, William ? said she. Just at home, madam, he answered, and on her observing, that they must have come a roundabout way, told her, they had done so on purpose to avoid the croud of coaches and chairs. They then proceeded forwards ; but soon after, in drawing the curtains, she found herself in the open fields, and presently after the lights put out ; on which she pierced the air with her cries, till her strength was exhausted. She was at last taken out in fits, and, on recovering her senses, found herself on a bed with three women about her ; one at her head holding a bottle to her nose, which was sore with hartshorn, and the room was filled with the strong smell of burnt feathers. Where am I ? who are you, madam ? she cried. No harm is intended you, said the eldest of them ; for you are to be made one of the happiest women upon earth. We would not be concerned in a bad action. I hope not, I hope not, she returned. You seem to be a mother, these

young gentlewomen, I presume, are your daughters. Save me from ruin, I beseech you, madam——Save me from ruin, as you would these your daughters. This must be the vile contrivance of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Is it not ? is it not ? Tell me, I beg you to tell me.

Miss Byron then rising, sat on the side of the bed ; when Sir Hargrave instantly entered. She screamed out, and he threw himself at her feet ; but finding that the women could hardly keep her out of a fit, retired. On her reviving, she begged and offered rewards to induce them to facilitate her escape ; but she had scarce begun to speak before Sir Hargrave returned, and haughtily bade her not needlessly terrify herself, ordering the women to withdraw. As they went out, she rushed forward, and followed the foremost of the daughters into the parlour, and then sinking on her knees, clasped her arms about her, crying, O save me ! save me ! Sir Hargrave following them, Miss Byron kneeled to him, crying, If you have any compassion, let me now, I beseech you, Sir, experience your mercy. The women again walked out, and he answered, I have entreated you, madam, and on my knees too, to shew me mercy ; but you would shew me none. Kneel if you will, the tables are now turned. Barbarous man ! said she, rising from her knees ; but her spirits immediately subsiding, she added, Don't be cruel, Sir Hargrave, I beseech you ; I never was cruel to any body : you know I was civil to you. Yes, you called me no names, and I call you none. Sweet creature, added he, your very terror is beautiful ! I can enjoy your terror, madam ! Then offering to kiss her, she turned aside her head, on which he added, *I don't bit your fancy, madam ! You don't like my morals, madam ! Are these,*

Sir Hargrave, said she, the means you take to convince me that I ought to like them ! Well, madam, he returned, you shall meet with the mercy in me you would not shew. Be mine, madam, I offer you my honest hand ; consent to be Lady Pollexfen——no punishment, I hope ! or take the consequence. Take my life, Sir, said she, but my hand and my heart are my own ; they never shall be separated. You can't fly me, madam, returned he ; you are securely mine, and mine shall be still more securely. Don't provoke me, don't make me desperate. Then throwing his arms about her, she was terrified, and cried out ; when instantly entered one of the daughters, crying, Good Sir ! did not you say you would be honourable ? The mother following her in, saying, Sir ! Sir ! in my house——What a plague, cried he, do you come in for ? I thought you knew your own sex better than to mind a woman's squalling. Dear, blessed, blessed woman ! cried the lady, frantic with mingled terror and joy, to find herself in better hands than she expected ; protect me ! save me ! Indeed I have not deserved this treacherous treatment. Nay, dear lady, said the women, if Sir Hargrave will make you his true and lawful wife, there can be no harm done, surely. Then turning to him, she told him the gentleman was waiting.

At this instant entered a horrid looking clergyman ; he was a tall, big-boned, splay-footed man, in a shabby gown, a wig equally shabby, with a huge red pimpled face, and a great red nose. He held a dog's eared common-prayer book in his hand, opened at the page of matrimony. But paying little attention to his horrid visage, she pushed by Sir Hargrave, turning him half round, and making the woman of the house totter ; then

throwing herself at the clergyman's feet, Good, dear, reverend Sir, cried she, save a poor creature, basely tricked away from her friends.—Save me from violence! don't give your aid to sanctify a base action! The man snuffed his answer, and opening his pouched mouth, the tobacco hung about his great yellow teeth; when taking her clasped hands, Rise, madam! said he. Don't kneel to me. No harm is intended you. Who is that gentleman in the silver-laced cloaths? He is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Sir, said she; a wicked, a very wicked man. O madam, returned he, a very honourable man! bowing to Sir Hargrave. Then asking her name, and she telling it to him, Sir Hargrave seized her hand, and the snuffling priest began, *Dearly beloved*—The lady was perfectly frantic, and crying, Read no more! read no more! dashed the book out of his hand, adding, I beg your pardon, Sir; but you must read no further. I am basely betrayed. I can't, I won't be his. Proceed, proceed, Sir, said Hargrave, taking her hand by force; virago as she is, I will own her my wife. Again snuffed the minister, *Dearly beloved*. She stamped, crying, No dearly beloved's! while Sir Hargrave held her struggling hand, and the minister proceeded, *We are gathered together in the sight of God*. I adjure you, Sir Hargrave, in the same tremendous name, to stop all further proceedings. Take my life, but my hand shall never be joined with yours. Proceed, Doctor, pray Doctor, proceed, said the vile Sir Hargrave. When the day dawns she'll be glad to own her marriage. Proceed at your peril, Sir, said she. If you are really a minister of God, don't proceed. Don't make me desperate. Then turning to the window, she added, Madam, you are a mother, and have given

me room to hope you are a good woman ; look upon me as if I was one of those your daughters.—Could you see one of them treated thus ? Dear young women, turning to each, can you unconcernedly look on, and see a poor creature tricked, betrayed, and thus violently, basely treated, and not make my case your own ? Speak for me ! plead for me ! If you are women, plead for me !—You have a soul to answer for. I can die ; but never, never will be his ! The young women wept, and the mother being moved, desired they might talk to the lady by themselves. This was granted, when retiring into another room, they pleaded Sir Hargrave's great estate, his handsome person, his honourable love, and their being unable to save her from worse treatment. On the other hand, Miss Byron pleaded her invincible aversion, and contempt of riches, crying, How, not able ! Is not this, ladies, your own house ? Cannot you raise your neighbours ? Before the week is out, I will order a thousand pounds to be paid into your hands. I pledge my honour for the payment—A thousand pounds, dear ladies, only to save me, and see me safe to my friends ?

At this moment Sir Hargrave entered, and, with a malicious look, desired the young women to go to bed, and leave the perverse beauty to him. He called her cruel and ungrateful, swearing, that if she would not permit him to exalt her into Lady Pollexfen, he would humble her. She would be greatly hurt indeed, cried he, to be the wife of a man of my fortune and consequence ! But I'll bring down her pride. What the devil am I to creep, beg, and entreat only for a wife ?—But, madam, added he, with a sneer, perhaps you'll be mine upon certain terms.

The mother and youngest daughter were then led by Sir Hargrave to the door, the eldest following them, while Miss Byron entreated them not to go; and when they did, made an attempt to follow them; but Sir Hargrave, in shutting them out, gave her a dreadful crush with the door, she being half in and half out; her nose gushed out with blood; her stomach was much pressed, and one of her arms bruised: she screamed, and he appeared frightened; but she instantly recovering herself, cried out, she hoped he had killed her; and throwing herself into a chair, repeated, So, so you have killed me. Well, I hope you are now satisfied. I forgive you; only leave me to my own sex. She was in violent pain, her head swam, her eyes failed her, and she fainted away. Sir Hargrave, filled with consternation, ran about the room, calling upon God to have mercy upon him, and having let in the women, they lamented over her, and said she had death in her face. The Baronet, in the midst of his horror, seized her bloody handkerchief, and saying it should not appear against him, stepped into the next room, and thrust it into the fire, by which was sitting the minister and his helper, over some burnt brandy. O gentlemen, said he, nothing can be done to-night. Take this, giving them money; the lady is in a fit; I wish you well home. They, however, proposed to sit in the chimney-corner till peep of day; but the women fearing she would not recover, one of them ran in, and declared she was dead, on which, calling for a dram, they snatched up their hats and sticks and hurried away.

On Miss Byron's coming to herself, she found nobody with her but the three women. She was in a cold sweat, and as there was no fire in the room, they conducted her

into the parlour which the two men had left, and she being hardly able to stand, placed her in an elbow chair, and chafed her temples with Hungary water. Soon after the mother and eldest daughter left her, and went to Sir Hargrave, and the youngest being at length called out, the Baronet entered, took a chair and sat down by Miss Byron, who still felt a violent pain in her stomach and arm. At last the lady breaking silence, said, Have you done well, Sir Hargrave, to commit such violence on one who never did nor thought to injure you? In what distraction have you involved my cousin Reeves! She stopped, and he continued silent, she resumed, These seem to be honest people, and I hope you only design to terrify me. Your bringing me into no worse company assures me that you meant better——Devils all! interrupted he. She against stopped, but soon added, I forgive you, Sir, the pain you have given me.——But as soon as day breaks, I'll get the women to let my cousin Reeves——Up he started, crying, Miss Byron, you are a woman, a true woman, holding up his clenched hand. Then after a short pause, you are the most consummate hypocrite that I ever knew in my life. She was silent and trembled. Damn'd fool! Ass! Blockhead! Woman's fool! I could curse myself for sending away the parson! But your hypocrisy, madam, shall be of no service to you. What I failed in here, shall be done elsewhere. She wept, but could not speak. Can't you go into fits again? cried he, with a sneering air. God deliver me, prayed she to herself, from this madman's hands. She then stood up, and the candle standing near the glass, saw herself in the habit, to which she had hitherto paid little attention. Pray, Sir Hargrave, said she, let me beg you to terrify me

no farther. I will forgive what is past, and consider it as a proper punishment for my consenting to be thus marked for a vain and foolish creature. Your abuse, Sir, allow me to say, is low and unmanly ; but in the light of a punishment I will confess I deserve it. Let my punishment end here, and I'll thank and forgive you with all my heart. Your fate is determined, said he ; and the servant maid giving him a capuchin, he repeated, Your fate is determined, madam.—Here, put this on.—Now fall into fits again !—Put this on. She begged, prayed, and would have kneeled to him, but in vain ; the capuchin was put on, whether she would or no ; and being afterwards muffled up in a man's cloak, in spite of all her prayers, struggles, and resistance, he lifted her into a chariot and fix, which came up to the door.

The chariot was attended by several men on horseback, among whom was her own servant, and Sir Hargrave stepping in, said to him, If you meet with impertinents, you know what to say ; and on her screaming out, he upbraidingly cried, Scream on, my dear, and barbarously mocked her, imitating the bleating of a sheep : then rearing himself up, cried, with an air of triumph, Now am I Lord of Miss Byron ! At their first setting out she once or twice cried out for help, when pretending she would catch cold, he tied a handkerchief over her face and mouth ; and muffling her up in the cloak, leaned against her with his whole weight, holding both her hands with one of his, while his other arm, being thrown round her, kept her on her seat. On her calling out for help at the approach of passengers, she heard one of the men represent Sir Hargrave as the best of husbands, and herself as the worst of wives. Thus every glimmering ray of hope vanished from the poor lady's mind.

Sir Charles expecting Lord and Lady L——, who were returning from Scotland, had been at that Nobleman's seat at Colnebrook, where he had left his sister Charlotte, to see every thing but in order against their arrival, and was coming to town in his chariot and six, when meeting Sir Hargrave's chariot, the coachmen seemed to dispute the way. Sir Hargrave looking out, to see what was the matter, Miss Byron pushed the handkerchief from her mouth and eyes, and cried out, Help ! help ! for God's sake. Sir Charles ordered his coachman to stop, and Sir Hargrave damning his coachman, called out, Drive on when I bid you. The lady again cried out for help, when Sir Charles ordered his servants on horseback to stop the postillion of the other chariot, and bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril. Sir Hargrave, with dreadful execrations, continued calling out on the contrary side of the chariot to that Sir Charles was on : upon which Sir Charles alighting, walked round to the other side, and the lady endeavouring to cry out, he observed Sir Hargrave struggle to put the handkerchief over her mouth, when she seeing the stranger, spread out both her hands, repeating, For God's sake !—Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, by the arms, said, Sir Charles, I am afraid you are engaged in a very bad affair. I am Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and carrying away a fugitive wife.—Your own wife, Sir Hargrave ? Yes, said he, swearing, and she was going to elope from me, at a damn'd masquerade. See, drawing aside the cloak, I detected her in the very dress ! O no ! no ! no ! said the Lady. Proceed, coachman, cried Sir Hargrave, and cursed and swore. Let me ask the Lady a question, Sir Hargrave. You are impertinent, Sir, said the villain, who the devil

are you? Are you, madam, Lady Pollexfen? returned Sir Charles. O no! no! no! repeated she.

Instantly two of Sir Charles's servants rode up to him, and a third held the head of the horse on which the postillion sat. Three of Sir Hargrave's approached on their horses, but appeared afraid of coming too near. Have an eye on those fellows, said Sir Charles, some base work is on foot. Then addressing Sir Hargrave's coachman, who lashed his horses, he cried, Sirrah, proceed at your peril; while Sir Hargrave, cursing and threatening him, ordered him to drive over all that opposed him. Sir Charles then turning to the Lady, said, madam, will you—O Sir, Sir, Sir, cried she, relieve me! help me for God's sake! I am in a villain's hands! Vilely tricked into a villain's hands! Help! help! for God's sake! Sir Hargrave then drew his sword, and called upon his servants to fire at all that dared to oppose his passage. My servants, said Sir Charles, have fire-arms as well as yours, and will not dispute my orders. Don't provoke me to give the word. Will you, madam, put yourself into my protection? O yes, yes, Sir, said she, with all my heart!

At this instant Sir Charles opened the chariot door, when Sir Hargrave making a pass at him, Take that, scoundrel; but Sir Charles being aware of the thrust, put it by, though the sword raked his shoulder. His own sword was in his hand, but undrawn, and the chariot door remaining open, he seized Sir Hargrave by the collar, before he could recover from the pass he had made, and with a jerk laid him under the hind wheel of the chariot; then wrenching his sword from him, he snapped it, and threw away the two pieces. Sir Hargrave's mouth and face were instantly covered with blood, they being

hurt by the pummel of Sir Charles's sword, and one of his legs, in the sprawling, getting between the spokes of the chariot wheel, Sir Charles charged his coachman not to stir for his master's sake.

Notwithstanding the disorder of Miss Byron's mind, she had disengaged herself from the man's cloak. Sir Charles was struck with her beauty, but still more with her terror. He then offered his hand, but instead of accepting it, she threw herself into his arms ready to faint, on which he carried her round Sir Hargrave's horses, and seating her in his own chariot, assured her that she was now in honourable hands, and that he would carry her to his sister, a young lady of virtue and honour; when shutting the door, he entreated her to banish her fears, for he would attend her in a moment. Sir Hargrave's men had fled, and Sir Charles's servants, having pursued them a little way, were returning to support their master, when, bidding one of them tell Sir Hargrave his name, he stepped back to his chariot, where, through terror, she was sunk down to the bottom, and at his approach, could only say, Save me! save me! Sir Charles lifted her on the seat, and giving her all the consolation possible, carried her to his sister's.

Miss Charlotte was so much surpris'd at her brother's unexpected return, and so affected at the disorder still visible in the lady's countenance, that she at first gave little attention to her dress; and hearing Sir Charles, in a very tender manner, assure her of his and his sister's kindest protection, she stepped up to her, and saluting her, bid her thrice welcome to that house. Miss Byron, too much humbled by her distress, threw herself on her knees to Miss Charlotte, when Sir Charles and that lady,





raising her to her seat, You see before you, madam, said she, a strange creature, and looked at her dress ; but I hope you will believe I am an innocent one. Think not hardly, Sir, added she, holding up her clasped hands, of her whom you have so generously delivered. Think not hardly of me, madam ; the vile, vile man—Sir Charles desired his sister to make it her first care to raise the spirits of injured beauty, and her next to take her directions, and inform her friends of her safety, observing, that such an admirable young lady could not be missed an hour without exciting the fears of all her friends : then sending for an eminent physician, and repeating that she was in honourable hands, and that his sister would take pleasure in obliging her, took his leave.

The consternation of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves was exceeding great, on their coming home from the masquerade, and finding that Miss Byron was not there. They immediately sent to Lady Betty's ; but she being unable to give them any information, every method they could think of was taken to discover the place to which she was carried, but without effect, till they received a letter from Miss Charlotte, which informed them that she had been cruelly treated, but was now in safe and honourable hands ; and though she was very ill, she was better than she had been. Mr. Reeves instantly set out for Lord L's, taking with him a portmanteau filled with Miss Byron's cloaths, and there found his lovely cousin ill, but filled with gratitude for the favours she received from Sir Charles and Miss Charlotte.

As to Sir Hargrave, he was not only much bruised, but had still a greater mortification by his having three of his teeth struck out in his fall from the chariot, and his upper lip cut through, which he was obliged to have sewed

up. He vowed revenge, and was no sooner recovered, than he sent Sir Charles a challenge. But though Sir Charles was perfectly skilled in the use of all the offensive weapons, he had resolved never to make use of them, except in his own defence. Sensible that duelling was contrary both to the laws of God and society, he vindicated his right to guard his own life, and to spare himself the guilt of murder; yet he justified what he had done, boldly asserting to Sir Hargrave's face, that was he to find him again guilty of a notorious violation of the laws of humanity and justice, he would again exert himself in attempting to save injured innocence from the effects of brutality.

Sir Charles and his sister were charmed with the conversation and engaging qualities of their amiable guest, and became so extremely fond of her, as to give her the title of sister; and on Lord and Lady L's arrival, after Miss Byron's return to Mr. Reeves's, they were conducted thither by Sir Charles and Miss Charlotte, that they might see and acknowledge their new relation. Miss Byron's heart was filled with gratitude to her generous deliverer, whose virtues were the subject of her admiration; and this gratitude soon ripened into love. The whole family seemed to be actuated by one soul: Sir Charles was the tender friend, as well as the affectionate brother; and both Lord L. his lady and her sister, considered him not only as their brother, but as their better father, glorying in their relation to him as their highest honour. Upon every new occasion that called forth his virtues, he was the subject of their praise; and as Miss Byron frequently resided for several days together at Lord L's seat, she was informed of all the circumstances of his life which had come to their knowledge.

C H A P. IX.

Sir Charles's generous Behaviour to Mr. Danby's Nephews and Niece.

MISS Byron, in one of her visits to Lord L's, was enjoying with the ladies of Sir Charles's family, all the delights that arise from an unreserved sympathy of soul, when their brother suddenly set out for Canterbury without telling them the reason of his journey. They at first supposed, he was carried thither by love, and Miss Byron suffered some inquietude on that supposition; but they were soon informed of the following particulars: Mr. Danby, the French merchant, whose life Sir Charles had saved, when in France, being ill, was desirous of dying in his native country, and accordingly landed at Dover; but being unable to proceed any farther in his way to town than to Canterbury, sent for Sir Charles, and dying there, his body was afterwards brought to London. He had two nephews and a niece, who owed their education to him, to each of whom he had also given a thousand pounds to put the young men out apprentices to merchants of credit, and enable them to make a reputable appearance; and had given them hopes, that at his death he would leave each of them three thousand pounds more; but on the attempt made upon his life by the villains employed by their father, of which they were, however, innocent, he left the bulk of his fortune to Sir Charles, making him executor, and residuary legatee,

after bequeathing two thousand pounds to each of the three ; making some generous remembrances of three of his friends in France, and desiring his executor to dispose of three thousand to charitable uses, either in France or England, and to what objects he pleased. Had Sir Charles strictly executed this will, he would have been a considerable gainer, as Mr. Danby's effects amounted to upwards of 30,000*l.* But though he was a little offended that neither Mr. Danby's nephews nor his niece attended the funeral, to which he had invited them, nor were present at the opening of the will, though he had sent for them for that purpose, he was resolved to make up the defects occasioned by Mr. Danby's extending his resentment to the innocent, and his having too deep a sense of gratitude for Sir Charles's having saved his life. Sir Charles, therefore, desired Mr. Sylvester, their attorney, who came to excuse their attendance, to advise the young people to recollect themselves, as he was disposed to be kind to them, and wished they would place such confidence in him, as to give him a particular account of their views and prospects.

Their attorney, who was a man of character, was highly pleased with Sir Charles, and about two hours after he left him, sent him a note in the names of all his clients, expressing their gratitude, and their desire to be allowed the honour of waiting on him that afternoon ; on which Sir Charles invited the honest attorney and his three clients to sup with him. Sir Charles, at the first moment, dissipated all their uneasiness, and they sat down together with confidence in each other. After their informing him of their different prospects, he, without keeping them in suspense, asked what had been their ex-

pectations from their uncle, and their prospects; and they having given him an account of their views and designs, he told Mr. Thomas Danby, the eldest, that besides his legacy, he might reckon upon 5000*l.* and accordingly entered into treaty with his master for marrying his niece, and have a share in the business. He commissioned Mr. Edward Danby, on the strength of the like additional sum, to treat about entering into partnership with the gentleman he had served. And you, my good Miss Danby, said he, shall acquaint your favoured admirer, the merchant's son, that besides the two thousand pounds already yours, you'll have five thousand pounds more at his service. And if these sums don't answer your full purpose, I expect you'll let me know. I never will be a richer man than I ought to be; and you must inform me what other relations you have, and of their different situations in life, that I may amend a will made in a long and painful sickness, that might sour a disposition naturally benevolent. They wept, looked at each other, wiped their eyes, and wept again; when Sir Charles, thinking his presence painful to them, withdrew to his study. But soon returning, Do you—do you, cried each brother to the other; when Mr. Thomas Danby rising to speak, Sir Charles told them he saw gratitude in their countenances. Do you think, added he, my pleasure is not at least equal to yours? I am sufficiently rewarded in the consciousness of having endeavoured to make a right use of the power entrusted to me. You will each of you, I hope, with this capital, be eminent in his particular business. If I have obliged you, let me recommend each of you, according to your abilities, and as opportunity may offer, to raise those worthy hearts that are rendered spirit-

less by their calamities. Consider what is done for you, not as the reward of any particular merits in yourselves; but as to that Providence, which has made it a principal part of your religion to do good; and let me enjoin you, in all your transactions, to remember mercy as well as justice. The brothers declared, that his example had opened their hearts, which they hoped would never be shut; the sister looked the same declaration; and Mr. Sylvester, raised with this scene, said, with tears in his eyes, that after so noble an example, he should be impatient till he had looked into his affairs, in order to qualify himself to do some little good. Sir Charles, at parting, told the nephews, that he expected to hear from them; and whether their masters and they agreed or not, he would take the speediest method of putting them into possession of what they were intitled to, as well by his promise, as by their uncle's will. Their sister wept, and when Sir Charles pressed her hand at taking leave of her, gratefully returned the pressure, but in a manner so modest as shewed that gratitude had possession of her whole heart, and set her above the forms of her sex.



C H A P. X.

Miss Byron acknowledges to Sir Charles's Sisters her Love for their Brother, Sir Charles lets her know his perplexed Situation with regard to Clementina, who is greatly disordered in her mind, and he being influenced by a Letter from Jeronymo, again sets out for Italy, with the Advice of Physicians in Writing, and attended by a Surgeon.

MISS Byron was charmed with such instances of disinterested goodness in her deliverer; and Sir Charles's sisters, by whom she was tenderly beloved, observing the pleasure with which she listened to every thing they said of him, and the delight she took in his conversation, prevailed on her to confess the impression he had made on her heart; letting her know, that they wished to acknowledge her as their real sister, and generously offered their assistance, in order to discover the situation of their brother's mind. They knew that he had a high esteem for Miss Byron, but could not be certain that he was not under engagements to some foreign beauty. They therefore applied for information to the worthy Doctor Bartlett, who was now Sir Charles's chaplain, and was well acquainted with every circumstance of his life. But this gentleman referred them to their brother; on which they took the first opportunity to ask him whether he had any thought of marriage, and if his heart was in the possession of any foreign lady. To this he on-

ly answered, that he was in a very difficult situation, and far from being happy. But a few days after, taking Miss Byron into Lord L——'s study, he gave her the history of the noble Clementina and his friend Jeronymo, referring her, for further particulars, to his letters to Dr. Bartlett. She was extremely moved by the affecting story, admired and pitied the lovely Italian, and, every hope of happiness by an union with him being now vanished, resolved to use her utmost endeavours to conquer her passion.

Sir Charles, some days after, paid a visit to Miss Byron at her uncle Reeves's, where being left alone with her, he, with a solemn air, thus addressed her: The last time I had the honour of being alone with my good Miss Byron, I told her a very tender tale, which must raise in such a heart as hers a generous compassion for the noblest lady on the continent. The story did, indeed, affect you; and I am sure you must have suffered still more from the same compassionate goodness on the communications made you by Dr. Bartlett. May I be allowed, Madam, to add a few particulars on the same subject? for I am desirous to acquaint you, rather than any woman in the world, with all I know myself of this melancholy affair. Miss Byron, with trembling hesitation, answered, that the story was, indeed, a most affecting one, and that he would do her an honour in acquainting her with further particulars. Sir Charles then told her, that Clementina's brother the Bishop had written to entreat, that he would once more visit Bologna, though the General was against his coming. He offered to meet him where he pleased, and to conduct him to Bologna, where his presence would rejoice every heart. He likewise shewed her a letter from Mrs. Beaumont, which in-

formed him of many affecting particulars. The noble, yet unhappy Clementina had been hurried from place to place, with the expectation of seeing him, and had afterwards been put into the hands of the Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, who, from interested motives, and envy of her superior qualities, had treated her with the utmost cruelty. Miss Byron wept at reading the affecting particulars of those inhumanities which had broken the spirit of the excellent Lady, while Sir Charles cried out, How insupportable would have been my reflections, did my conscience tell me that I had been the wilful cause of the noble Clementina's calamities ! He also shewed her a letter from Seignior Jeronymo, which informed him that his life was a burden to him, and that he did not think himself in skilful hands, wishing that Sir Charles and himself had been of one country, since the greatest felicity he could now enjoy would be to resign up his life to the great Author of it, in the arms of his dearest friend.

At this instant Mr. Reeves entering the room, Miss Byron walked to the window, and strove to recollect herself. The gentleman soon after withdrew, when Sir Charles coming up to her, My heart bleeds, Sir, said she, for the distresses of your Clementina ; I admire, beyond expression, the greatness of her behaviour, and most sincerely do I lament her distresses. But what is there in the power of man that Sir Charles Grandison cannot do ? You, Sir, have honoured me with the title of sister, and in the tenderness of that relation, permit me to say, that I dread the effects of the General's petulance : I feel for you the pain it must give your humane heart to be once more personally present to the woes of the inimitable lady :

but, I am sure, you did not hesitate a moment about leaving all your friends here, and resolving to haste over, to try at least what can be done for the noble sufferer. Sir Charles leading her to her seat, and taking his by her, answered, Ever since I had the honour of knowing Miss Byron, I have considered her as one of the most excellent of women. My heart demands an alliance with hers, though I am in so perplexed a situation, that I scarcely dare trust myself to speak on the subject. From the first, I called Miss Byron my sister; but she is even more to me than the dearest sister; and whatever may be the accidents of either side to bar a further wish, I aspire to hold a more tender friendship with her; and this, I hope, she will not deny me, so long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments.—He paused, and she made an effort to speak, but could not utter a word. He then told her, that he had wrote to the Bishop, that he would most cheerfully comply with his wishes, and that as Jeronimo expressed himself dissatisfied with his surgeons, he only waited for a skilful one, who was settling his affairs, in order to go with him. Then, inviting Miss Byron to dine with him the next day, he took his leave.

Sir Charles having settled some important affairs, particularly the marriage of his sister Charlotte to Lord G——, and obtained the opinion of several eminent physicians in writing on Lady Clementina's case, he set out for Italy, by the way of France, accompanied by Mr. Lowther, a skilful surgeon.

C H A P. XI.

Sir Charles rescues Sir Hargrave Pollexfen from the further Resentment of the Persons whom he had injured. The Reception he meets with from the noble family at Bologna, who consent to his marrying the unhappy Clementina on his own Terms ; but when he thinks his Happiness secure, she, from a Scruple of Conscience, rejects him, and entreats him to marry another Lady. The distressful Scenes which followed.

IN his journey to Paris, he was stopped by one of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's servants, who gave him a dismal account that his master and another gentleman had been attacked by several men, who were at that time murdering them behind a hill at a small distance. Sir Charles, leaping out of the post-chaise, desired Mr. Lowther's servant to dismount, and getting on his horse, galloped away with his three servants towards the place. His ears were soon pierced with the poor wretches cries, and he beheld two men on horseback, holding the horses of four others, who had two gentlemen under them, struggling, groaning, and crying for mercy. Sir Charles, who was a good way a head of his servants, called to them to spare the gentlemen, and galloping towards the prostrate sufferers, two of the four quitted them, and mounting, joined the two other horsemen, advancing to meet him, with a shew of supporting the two men on foot, who continued laying on the wretches unmercifully with the butt-end of their

whips. The four men on horseback, demanded a conference, with their pistols in their hands, as Sir Charles also had his, advising him not to provoke his fate by his rashness, and declaring that he was a dead man if he fired. Sir Charles bid them forbear all further violence to the gentlemen, and then he would hear what they had to say. He then put his pistol into his holster, and one of his servants coming up, and the two others being at hand, he called out to them not to fire till they had his orders ; and giving him his horse's reins, leaped down, drew his sword, and advanced towards the two men who were so cruelly exercising their whips ; but on his approach, they drew their hangers, and retired to a little distance. The four men on horseback joining the two on foot, just as they were quitting the object of their fury, one of them said, Forbear, brother, for the present, any further violence ; the gentleman shall be told the cause. Murder, Sir, said he, is not intended, nor are we robbers ; those you are solicitous to save, are villains. At this instant, Sir Charles raised first one groaning man, and then the other. Their heads were covered with blood, and they were sore bruised, that they could not extend their arms to reach their wigs and hats which lay near them. By this time the men on foot had mounted their horses, and all six stood on their defence ; but one of them was so furious, that two of the others could scarce restrain him, he crying that his vengeance should be still more complete. At this instant came up Mr. Lowther, and his servant in the chaise, each with a pistol in his hand ; and he having, at Sir Charles's desire, examined their wounds, declared that there was no apparent danger of death. On which Sir Charles observed, that as they had neither attempted to

fly, nor been guilty of violence to himself, his friend, or servants, he was afraid they had reason to think themselves ill used by the gentlemen. You, Sir, cried one of them, seem to be a man of honour and temper; we are men of honour as well as you. Our design was not to kill the miscreants, as we told you, but to give them reason to remember their villainy as long as they lived, and to put it out of their power ever to be guilty of the like. They have made a vile attempt on a lady's honour at Abbeville, and finding themselves detected, have endeavoured, by round-about ways, to escape the vengeance of her friends. That gentleman has reason for being enraged, since he is the lady's husband; that and that are her brothers. The villains have not yet been punished as they deserve; but let them ask on their knees this gentleman's pardon, pointing to the husband, and promise never more to come within two leagues of Abbeville, and we will leave them in your protection. Sir Charles then turning towards Sir Hargrave and his companion, said, Gentlemen, if you have done wrong, you ought not to scruple asking pardon; but if you know yourselves to be innocent, though I would be loth to risque the lives of my friend and servants, my countrymen shall not make so undue a submission. The wretches instantly kneeled; and the others civilly saluting Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther, rode off; to the great joy of the two delinquents, who again kneeled to their deliverers, pouring forth blessings on the man whose life one of them had so lately fought, and in whose preservation he had such reason to rejoice. Sir Hargrave's post-chaise now coming up, he and his companion were with difficulty lifted into it, while Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther went into theirs, and

being only at a small distance from Paris, they proceeded to that city in company.

Sir Charles was met at Parma by the Bishop and Father Marefcotti, where he found them at the palace of the Count of Belvedere. They all expressed great joy at seeing him; but told him, on his enquiring after the Barone Jeronymo, that he was alive, and that was all; however, the sight of his friend would be a cordial to his heart. As to Clementina, her bodily health was greatly impaired, and they had little hopes of the recovery of her mind. They both regretted that she had been denied the requested interview at his departure, and were convinced, that if it had been granted, and she had been left to Mrs. Beaumont's friendly care, they might have expected a happy issue. The next day they set out for Bologna, and the Count of Belvedere accompanying them about half way, found an opportunity to mention to Sir Charles his unabated passion for Clementina, and that he had lately made offers to marry her, notwithstanding the disorder of her mind, since he flattered himself that her cure was not impossible.

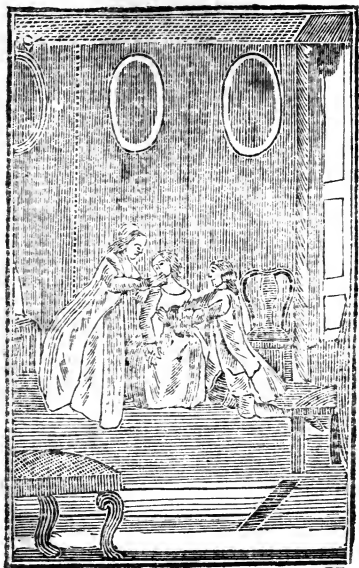
Sir Charles, on his arrival at Bologna, hastened to the Barone, who, the moment he saw him, cried, Do I once more behold my friend, my Grandison? Let me embrace my dearest friend. Now, now, I have lived long enough; and bowing his head on his pillow, his countenance shone with pleasure, in spite of his pain. The Bishop then led him to the Marquis and Marchioness, when his reception from the former was kind, but from his lady, it was that of a mother to a long absent child. She told him, she had ever esteemed him her fourth son, and now he had brought over with him a surgeon of experience, and advice in writing of eminent physicians of his country, the

obligations he had laid on their whole family were too great ever to be returned. They received Mr. Lowther with great politeness, and recommended their Jeronymo to his best skill. His two surgeons were sent for, and Sir Charles having given them Mr. Lowther's character, presented him to them, and they informed him of their method of proceeding. The same evening Mr. Lowther assisted at the dressings, and in so easy and gentle a manner suggested an alteration, that the gentlemen came readily into it. The family were now delighted with Mr. Lowther, and flattered themselves with the hopes of the Barone's recovery.

When Sir Charles had been a few days at Bologna, the Lady Clementina was brought thither by the General and his Lady, to whom he had lately been married. The General could never bear the thought that Sir Charles, an English protestant, should be thought of such consequence to his sister's happiness; hence he had always been his enemy: he therefore now expressed himself with coldness on his coming over, and treated him with contempt. This behaviour Sir Charles resented, and with a noble superiority of behaviour obliged him to banish his unjust suspicions, and at length to grant him his esteem. The lady Clementina seemed the picture of silent woe; she neither knew nor paid the least attention to her mother, of whom she had never before been unmindful; hence it was resolved to revive her attention, by introducing her in a full assembly, in which Sir Charles was present. Being before told that he was arrived, she entered, having only Camilla, her woman, with her servant Laura attending. Her motion was slow and solemn; her robes were black and flowing; her dejected face was half cov-

ered by a veil of black gauze, and her eyes were cast on the ground. Sir Charles arose from his seat, sat down, and rose again irresolute, not knowing what he did, or what to do. She approached the table round which the company sat, but with her eyes cast down, and more than half closed : she then turned towards the window. Here, here, madam, said Camilla, leading her to a chair that had been placed for her between the Marchioness and the General's Lady. She sat down. Her mother wept, as did also the General's Lady ; and her father sobbing, turned his head aside. Her mother then took her hand, saying, My love, look around you ; but she took no notice. The General, grieved and impatient, arose ; stepped to her ; and hanging over her shoulder, cried, My dearest sister, look upon us all. See your father, mother, sister, and every body in tears. If you love us, smile upon us ; when lifting up her eyes to him, she tried to smile ; but such a solemnity had taken possession of her features, that her smile appeared the smile of woe. The Marquis rising from his seat, with his handkerchief at his eyes, cried, sweet creature ! never, never let me see again such a smile as that. It is here, added he, laying his hand on his bosom. Obliging sister, said the General ; see Father Marescotti is in tears, (he sat by Sir Charles) pity his grey hairs ! She cast her eyes that way, and saw Sir Charles greatly affected. She started. She looked again ; again started, reddening and growing pale by turns. She rose, then threw her arms about Camilla, who stood by her, crying, O Camilla ! then gave way to a violent burst of tears. Sir Charles was springing to her, and before them all would have clasped her in his arms, but the General stopping him, said, Dear Grandi-





son, keep your seat. If Clementina remembers her English tutor, she will once more welcome you to Bologna. O Camilla, said she, faithful good Camilla ! now at last you have told me the truth ! It is, it is he, hiding her face in Camilla's bosom. She then, supported by the Marchioness and the General's Lady, turned towards the door ; but Sir Charles coming up to her, she stopped, and saying, Ah, Chevalier, reclined her head on her mother's bosom, seeming ready to faint. He took her hand, and kneeling, pressed it to his lips, crying, Forgive me, ladies, forgive me, Lady Clementina ! His soul overflowing with tenderness, he could say no more ; he therefore arose. She moved on to the door, and there turned her head, straining to look at him till she was out of the room, Sir Charles standing like a statue.

After this, many tender interviews passed between Sir Charles and Clementina. All the family repeatedly used the most earnest persuasions to induce Sir Charles to change his religion ; but those proving ineffectual, they consented to give him Clementina on the conditions he himself had proposed : The daughters were, therefore, to be considered as Italians, they were to be educated in Italy, and to enjoy the great estate given to Clementina by her two grandfathers, on condition of her marrying ; while the sons, as being protestants, were to be educated in England, and provided for by their father. Meanwhile, Sir Charles's joy was damped by the grief of the Count of Belvedere, who arrived at Bologna, paid him several visits ; and being weary of life, strove but in vain, to prevail on Sir Charles to meet him without the city gates, protesting that while he had life, Clementina should not be his.

The whole family having consented to Sir Charles's

union with Clementina, and the marriage articles being settled, it was imagined she would have received his hand with transport : but now a sudden thoughtfulness took possession of her mind, and she spent a considerable time in writing. On Sir Charles being introduced to her, she received him with tears, sighs, and trembling hesitation ; and having put a paper into his hand, cried, Leave me, leave me ; then retiring to her closet, shut the door, and fell on her knees ; when Sir Charles, to avoid hearing sighs which pierced his heart, walked into the next room, where he found her mother and Camilla, who instantly went to her ; when opening the paper, he was astonished at finding that it contained the most earnest persuasions to banish all thoughts of being united to her by marriage, urged with all the tenderness of mind influenced by pity, and overflowing with love and gratitude ; the substance of which is as follows :

O thou whom my heart loveth ; my tutor, my brother, my friend ; seek me not to marriage. Thy soul was ever most dear to Clementina ; whenever I meditated the gracefulness of thy person, I restrained my eye, I checked my fancy, by meditating on the superior graces of thy mind. And is not that soul, thought I, to be saved ? Dear, obstinate, and perverse ! And shall I bind my soul to a soul allied to perdition ?—O thou most amiable of men ! how can I be sure, that were I thine, thou wouldst not draw me after thee, by thy love, by thy sweetness of manners, by thy condescending goodness ? I who once thought a heretic, the worst of beings, have been already led by the amiableness of thy piety, by the universality of thy charity, to think more favourably of all heretics for thy sake. Of what force could be the advice

of the most pious confessor, were thy condescending goodness and sweet persuasion to be exerted, to melt a heart wholly thine? O thou, whom my soul loveth, seek not to entangle me by thy love! Were I to be thine, my duty to thee would mislead me from that I owe to my God, and make me more than temporally unhappy; for, canst thou, can I be indifferent in these high matters? Hast thou not shewn me that thou canst not? And shall I not be instructed by thy example? Shall a wrong religion have a force and efficacy upon thee, which a right one cannot have upon me? O thou most amiable of men! seek not to entangle me by thy love. But dost thou indeed love me, or is it owing to thy generosity, thy nobleness, thy compassion for a creature, who aiming to be great, like thee, could not sustain the effort? I know thou lovest Clementina; it is her pride to think thou dost. But she is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own that thou lovest her soul, her immortal soul, and her future peace. In that wilt thou shew thy love, as she has endeavoured to shew hers. Thou art all magnanimity; thou canst sustain the effort to which she was unequal. Make some other woman happy, but let it not be an Italian.

O thou whom my soul loveth! let me try the greatness of thy love, and the greatness of thy soul, by thy endeavours to strengthen, and not to impair a resolution, which, after all, it will be in thy power to make me break or keep! but my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? And shall I not endeavour to make the close of it happy? But, O my friends, what can we do for this great and good man, in return for his goodness to two of your children? These obligations lie heavy upon

my heart. Yet who knows not his magnanimity? Divine, almost divine Philanthropist, canst thou forgive me? I know thou canst. Thou hast the same notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come! If I have the courage, the resolution to shew thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to complete the conquest of myself; and do not put me upon taking advantage of the generosity of my honoured friends—Yet, after all, it must be, let me own, in thy choice, (for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to such exalted merit,) to add what name thou pleasest to that of Clementina.

At reading this paper, Sir Charles was amazed, confounded, and filled with admiration at the angelic soul of this lady. He threw himself on a couch, without thinking of Camilla, who sat in the window. Clementina rang, Camilla hastened to her. He started as she passed him, and arose; but on her return, she roused him from the stupefaction with which he was seized. O Sir, cried she, my poor lady fears your anger; she fears, yet hopes to see you. Haste, haste, and save her from fainting. He ran in. The admirable lady met him half way, and throwing herself at his feet, said, Forgive, forgive the creature that must be miserable, if she has offended you. He attempted to raise her, but she cried, she would not rise till he had forgiven her. He then kneeled to her as she kneeled, and clasping her in his arms, cried, Forgive you, madam! O inimitable woman! Can you forgive me for having presumed, and for still presuming, to hope to call such an angel mine! Being ready to faint, she threw her arms about Sir Charles, to support herself. Camilla held her salts to her nose, and

ſhe again repeated, Am I, am I forgiven ! Say that I am. Forgive you, Madam ! he returned, you have done nothing that wants forgiveness ! I admire your greatness of mind. What you wiſh, bid me be, and that I will be. Riſe, moſt excellent of human creatures ! Sir Charles then raiſing her, led her to a chair, and involuntarily kneeled on one knee with both her hands in his, and looked up to her with eyes filled with love and reverence. Camilla had haſted to the Marchionefs, crying, O Madam ! ſuch a ſcene ! haſten up, haſten up. They will faint in one another's arms. The Marchionefs ran after Camilla, and found them thus kneeling. Dear Chevalier, cried ſhe, for the ſake of my child's head, refrain your grateful rapture ! O madam, ſaid he, riſing and taking one of her hands, glory in your daughter : you always loved and admired her ; you will now glory in her, ſhe is an angel. Permit me, madam, added he, looking at Clementina, to preſent this paper to the Marchionefs. He then gave it her, ſaying, Read it, madam, let your Lord, let the Biſhop, let Father Mareſcotti read it. But read it with compaſſion for me, and then direct me what to ſay, what to do ! I reſign myſelf entirely to your direction and theirs ; and to yours, my dear lady Clementina. You ſay you forgive me, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe ; now ſhall I forgive myſelf, God's goodneſs and yours will, I hope, perfectly reſtore me. O Chevalier, love my mind, as yours was ever the object of my love.

Every perſon in the family were aſtoniſhed at this unexpected turn : the Barone pitied his friend, telling him that he could not bear to ſee a mind like his ſubject to the petulance of a brain ſick girl : but none of them imagined ſhe would be able to keep her reſolution ; and to

encourage Sir Charles, they reminded him, that she had entirely put herself in his power, by writing that he might add what name he pleased to that of Clementina. Sir Charles, however, perceived, that her conscience was concerned, and notwithstanding his passion, he told them, he could not resolve to persuade her to violate it. Dear Grandison, said the Bishop, taking his hand, how I admire you ! But can you be so great ? Shall I not, my Lord, he returned, emulate such an example set by a woman ? I came over without any interested views. I, indeed, considered myself as bound by the conditions to which I had formerly agreed ; but the lady Clementina and your family, as free. If she persists in her present resolution, I will endeavour to acquiesce.

A few days after, the Marchioness, in Clementina's name, begged of Sir Charles, that he would accept of her on the conditions they themselves had proposed, and that he would change his religion. Father Marescotti seconding the motion, would have entreated him on his knees. O Chevalier, said the Bishop, how happy is it in your power to make us all ! You will not, I hope, dear Grandison, said the Marquis, refuse my daughter. Ask any conditions of us. She shall be with you in England in a month's time. We will accompany her thither, and stay till you shall chuse to return with us. Jeronymo, sobbing, caught his hand, crying, For God's sake, for my sake, for all our sakes, for your soul's sake, my Grandison, be ours. Let your Jeronymo call you brother. If my tears, if my prayers have weight, said the Marchioness, let me call down my child, and she shall give you her hand in our presence. She thinks, besides her regard for your soul, that she ought to insist upon the terms on

which we would have consented to make her yours, in gratitude for our compliance with her wishes. Dearest Grandison ! rejoined the Bishop, refuse not my sister, refuse not the assenting Clementina.

They were all silent, with their eyes fixed upon Sir Charles, on which he replied, Refuse lady Clementina, said you ! How you wound my soul by the supposition ! Lady Clementina's generous and condescending proposal, when I am willing to allow terms to her that she will not to me, shews how important she thinks the difference between the two religions ; and I have only to confess myself that the power of refusal lies where it ought. Yet let me add, this company cannot think me too solemn—Were I to live always here, and were convinced that there is no life after this, your commands and Clementina's would be laws to me. But has she not the goodness to say in her paper, that I have the same notions as she of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come. It is hard, very hard, said the Bishop, for a man convinced of the truth of his religion, to allow to another of a different persuasion, what he expects should be allowed for himself. You, Chevalier, however, can allow it ; and have such greatness of mind, as to judge favourably of those who cannot. I do love you, but fain would I love you more. The Marchioness wept. My dear love, said the Marquis, taking her hand, how many tears has this affair cost you ! My heart bleeds to see you weep. The Chevalier is unworthy of our child, unworthy of the terms we offered him, unworthy of our joint entreaties—He is an invincible man.

Sir Charles being greatly affected, withdrew ; but having taken two or three turns in the saloon, returned ; on

which the Marquis coming to him, cried, I am sorry— Not one word of apology, my Lord, said Sir Charles, interrupting him : I did not withdraw from resentment, but purely from concern, that in your opinion I did not deserve the honour done me by one so dear to you.— Think me unhappy, my Lord, and pity me. Principle, not perverseness, influences me ; it does every one present, it does the lady above ; and shall we not allow for one another, when we are all actuated by the same motive ? At this the Bishop threw his arms about Sir Charles, crying, Generous expansion of heart !

Sir Charles now finding that Clementina stedfastly persisted in her resolution, desired they would allow him to make one effort to convince her that she might be happy with him, by endeavouring to remove her scruples with respect to his inviolable honour, and his allowing her the free exercise of her religion. To this they at length consented, and she desiring to see him, he earnestly pleaded his having agreed to allow her her chapel, her confessor, and her own servants. He alleged that he might prevail on her father and mother to give them the pleasure of their company in their first journey to England ; and that the Barone would likewise go with them, and might obtain great benefit from the use of the restorative baths of his country. He expatiated on the pleasure she would receive from the affection of his sisters and their lords, who would accompany her in her journies to Italy ; and on the delight with which she would every other year visit and revisit England and her native country. How dear, cried he, will you be, in turn, to your old friends and to your new !—My dearest Clementina ! let me hear you say, that you think you can be happy, and yet

blefs me with your love. O how, said ſhe, ſhall I guard myſelf againſt a voice that is the voice of love !—If I attempt to argue I am loſt ! Does not this ſhew me, that were I to be yours, I muſt be all you wiſh ? And then my everlaſting peace ! my everlaſting happineſs ! O Chevalier ! I doubt not your juſtice, your generoſity ; but I fear myſelf :—Seek not, let me repeat, ſeek not, kindeſt of men, to entangle me with your love. Sir Charles, fearing ſhe would have fainted, claſped her in his arms ; and ſhe returned, Let me, let me cut ſhort what I intended to ſay, by referring you to my paper, which cannot be answered to my ſatiſfaction. Be my advocate to your own heart, and ſeek not, deareſt of men, to entangle me with your love. Sir Charles then aſſured her, that whatever it coſt him, he would yield to her pleaſure, and never urge her again on that ſubject, except he was informed by the Biſhop that ſhe had changed her mind.

The agitations he had ſuffered were ſcarcely to be ſupported ; and as he found his health affected, he thought it neceſſary, both on the noble lady's account and his own, to wean himſelf by abſence. He therefore viſited ſeveral cities of Italy, and then returned to take his final leave of Bologna. The joy and gratitude of the Marquis, his lady, and her ſon, on the recovered intellects of their incomparable daughter ; the pleaſing proſpect of the recovery of Jeronymo, and their admiration and affection for a perſon to whom they were under ſuch great obligations, made them at a loſs how to return the favour he had conferred upon them ; and they entreated him to let them know what return he would accept : on which he obſerved, that the higheſt favour he could poſſibly receive, would be the honour of a viſit, the next ſpring, from that

noble family ; by which means, he made no doubt, but that his dear Jeronymo would be perfectly recovered by the use of the English baths. They accepted this proposal with hearts filled with admiration, and Sir Charles, after taking an affecting leave of Clementina and Jeronymo, set out for England.

C H A P. XII.

Miss Byron struggles to conquer her Passion ; but Sir Charles no sooner returns to England, than he pays his Addresses to her. Their Courtship and Marriage.

DURING his stay in Italy, he had sent to Dr. Bartlet a particular account of whatever passed in relation to the noble Clementina ; and these letters were constantly sent by Sir Charles's sisters to Miss Byron ; who, notwithstanding her love for the writer, had the generosity to admire the lady, who, in a thousand instances shewed the greatness of her mind, and the dignity of her sentiments. By some of these letters, Miss Byron was deprived of all hope of being united to her generous deliverer, who alone had ever made an impression on her heart ; she however strove to acquiesce with cheerfulness in her lot, and to consider him only as a dear and invaluable friend, while she struggled to banish every idea of his being more nearly related to her ; but the struggles with herself had such an effect, that her health gradually declined.

On Sir Charles's arrival in his native country, he was received by his family and friends with the warmest test-

imonies of joy : but he was extremely alarmed at the news of Miss Byron's illness ; he therefore took a journey into Northamptonshire, where that lady lived with her relations, and paid a visit to Mrs. Shirley, her grandmother, an elderly lady of a very amiable character ; when, informing her of his situation with respect to Clementina, he asked, if it was consistent with her notions of delicacy to give her interest in his favour ; adding, that if it was, and if Miss Byron would accept of a heart that had been thus unaccountably divided, they would lay him under an obligation that he could only endeavour to return by the utmost gratitude and affection : then desiring an answer in writing, he left upon the table several letters he had received from Jeronymo and Clementina, with his answers, that she might see that the affair was entirely finished between him and that lady, and then took his leave.

Immediately Mrs. Shirley sent for Miss Byron, Mr. and Mrs. Selby, with some other relations ; and having informed them of the welcome news, they read the letters, which gave them entire satisfaction ; on which the old lady wrote to Sir Charles, that they received, as the highest honour, the offer he had made of an alliance that would do credit to families of the first rank ; and that it had been their most ardent wish, that the man who had rescued the dear creature might be at liberty to entitle himself to her grateful love.

Sir Charles, on receiving this welcome letter, paid his addresses to Miss Byron. She at first received him with visible confusion, but was soon encouraged by his polite and tender behaviour. He shewed her another letter from Jeronymo, in which his dear friend urged him to

set an example to Clementina, by entering into the marriage state ; and informed him, that the noble lady wished for nothing more than to hear of his being happily married. You see, madam, added he, I am fully free, with regard to Clementina ; free by her own choice. It was always Clementina's wish that I would marry, and only be careful that my choice should not disgrace her regard for me ; but when she has the pleasure of knowing the dear lady before me, if I am allowed that honour, she will confess that my choice has done the highest credit to the favour she honoured me with. He was silent, and seemed to expect an answer. The honour, said she, with much hesitation, of Sir Charles Grandison, no one ever did, or ever can doubt. I must own—I must confess—Here she paused. What does my dear Miss Byron own ? What confess ? said he. Assure yourself, madam, of my honour, of my gratitude. Should you have doubts, speak them. This, Sir, said she, is my confession, the confession of a heart no less sincere than yours, that I am dazzled and confounded at the superiour merits of the noble lady you still so justly esteem. I fear not, Sir, any more than she, your honour, your justice, your indulgent tenderness. Your character, your principles are full security to the woman who shall endeavour to deserve that indulgence. But so justly high do I think of the Lady Clementina's conduct, that I fear it is impossible—What impossible ? What does my dear Miss Byron fear is impossible ? Thus kindly urged, returned she, why shall I not speak all that is in my mind ? The poor Harriet Byron, when she contemplates the magnanimity of that excellent lady, fears, that with all her endeavours, she shall never be able to make the figure to herself that is ne-

cessary for her tranquillity. This, Sir, is all my fear. Generous, kind, noble Miss Byron, returned he, in a rapture ; and is this all your fear ? Then must the man before you be happy. Clementina has acted gloriously, preferring her religion and her country to all other considerations ; and shall I not be doubly bound in gratitude to her sister's excellence, who not having these trials, yet the most delicate of human minds, shews in my favour a frankness of heart which sets her above little forms, and at the same time a generosity with regard to the merits of another lady, that has few examples ? May my future life be attended with blessings, in proportion as this grateful heart shall acknowledge your goodness !

Miss Byron having now before her the prospect of an union with a person entitled to her tenderest love, esteem, and gratitude ; a happiness which she had not till this time even dared to hope for ; her heart was oppressed with the excess of her joy, and the view of the completion of her highest hopes filled her with apprehensions. On Sir Charles's pressing her to name the happy day, her generous concern for the distresses of the noble lady made her desire to wait till he had received a letter, in answer to one he had wrote, to inform her that he had paid his addresses to an English lady, who would do honour to his choice. At length this letter arrived, and in it the generous Clementina, in the fullest terms, expressed her wishes that the English lady might make him as happy as she herself would have endeavoured to have done, had not an insurmountable obstacle intervened ; declaring that she wished for nothing with greater ardour than to hear of the celebration of their nuptials.

At last, the happy day was fixed. The relations of

Miss Byron chose to have the ceremony performed in as public a manner as possible ; and Sir Charles coming into their measures, that lady acquiesced, though she could not, without great uneasiness, think of being exposed, on this solemn occasion, to the view of a number of spectators. Sir Charles invited his nearest relations, and those of Miss Byron were desirous of attending her. On the morning of the happy day, finding her apprehensions increase, Mrs. Shirley, her excellent grandmother, blessed and encouraged her ; and Sir Charles entreated, that in compliment to the best of parents, she would resume her usual presence of mind ; else I, said he, who should glory in receiving the honour of your hand before a thousand witnesses, shall be sorry that I acquiesced so cheerfully for a public celebration. This day, my dearest life, said he, we call upon the world to witness our mutual joy. Let us shew that world, that our hearts are one, and that the sacred ceremony cannot make it more so. The engagement is a holy one ; and let us shew the multitude, as well as our surrounding friends, that we think it a laudable one. I call upon you, my dearest love, to justify my joy by your visible approbation. The world around you has been accustomed to see your lovers, shew them now the husband of your choice. Oh, Sir, returned the lady, you have given me a motive, which through the whole sacred transaction I will never lose sight of.

The ladies were all elegantly dressed ; but Miss Byron was in virgin white. The procession to church consisted of eight coaches and four, and the way was lined with spectators. On their stopping at the church-yard, four tenants daughters, the eldest not above thirteen, unexpectedly appeared with neat baskets in their hands, filled



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with flowers ; and as soon as the bride, Mr. Selby, Sir Charles, and Mrs. Shirley alighted, these pretty little Flora's, all dressed in white, with chaplets of flowers for head dresses, large nosegays in their bosoms, white ribbons adorning their stays and their baskets, some streaming down, and others tied round the handles in true lovers knots, attended the company, two going before, and the others here and there, all strewing flowers.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Sir Charles, with a joy that lighted up a finer flush than usual in his face, took the bride by the hand, and saluting her, said in an audible voice, May God, my dearest life, be gracious to your Grandison, as he will be good to his Harriet, now no longer Byron ! She courtesied low, every one blessing her, and pronouncing her the loveliest of women, and him the politest and most graceful of men. Sir Charles now led her into the vestry, followed by the rest of their friends ; and the moment she beheld her grandmother, she kneeling, cried, Bless, madam, your happy, happy child. God forever bless, said she, the darling of my heart ! Sir Charles then, bending his knee to the venerable lady, said, Receive and bless also your son. The good lady was affected ; she slid off her seat on her knees, and lifting up her hands and eyes, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, cried, Thou Almighty, bless the dear son of my wishes ! He raised her with a pious tenderness, and saluted her, Excellent lady ! said he ; but was too much affected to say more ; and having seated her, turned to Mrs. Selby. Words are poor, said he. My actions, my behaviour shall speak the grateful sense I have of your goodness, saluting her ; of yours, madam, to Mrs. Shirley ; and of yours, my dearest life, address-

king himself again to his lovely bride, who seemed scarce able to support her joy. Let me once more, added he, bless the hand that has blessed me ! She cheerfully offered it. I give you, Sir, said she, my hand, courtesying, and with it a poor but grateful heart—It is all your own. He bowed upon it, unable to speak. Joy, joy, joy, was wished the happy pair from every mouth. See, my dear young ladies, said the happy and instructive Mrs. Shirley, addressing herself to several who had entered the vestry, the reward of duty, virtue, and obedience ! How unhappy must those parents and relations be, whose daughters, unlike our Harriet, have disgraced themselves and their families by a shameful choice ! As my Harriet's is, such, looking round her, be your lot, my amiable daughters ! They each besought her hand, kissed it, and promised to cherish the memory of what they had seen and heard.

The moment the ceremony was concluded, the bells were set a ringing, and Sir Charles led his lovely bride through a lane of applauding spectators, in the church and church-yard, flowers being still strewed as they passed, by little Flora's. My sweet girls, said he, I desire you to complete the honour you have done us by giving us your company at Selby-house. They came back in the same order they went, and on their assembling in the great hall, mutual congratulations flowed from every mouth : every man saluted the happy bride, and the equally happy bridegroom saluted every lady. The lady G—, Sir Charles's sister, led her into a parlour, and holding her in her arms, Now, my dear, said she, do I salute my real sister, my sister Grandison, both in Lady L——'s name and my own : May God confirm and establish your happiness ! My dearest, dearest lady

G—, returned the bride, how grateful, how encouraging is your kind salutation ! Your continued love, and that of my dear lady L—, will be essential to my happiness ! But why, ladies, said Sir Charles, do you sequester yourselves from the company ? Are we not all of a family to-day ? The four little Flora's with their baskets in their hands are entering the gates : we will join the company, and call them in. They returned into the great hall, and the pretty Flora's being introduced, Sir Charles taking each by the hand, said, My pretty loves, I wish I could present you with as pretty flowers as you threw away in honour of this company, putting five guineas into each basket ; and then presented them, two in each hand, to his bride, who received them with the most graceful familiarity and ease.

Afterwards the children desiring to return to their parents, were conducted to them ; but soon came back with a request from all the tenants, for whom an entertainment had been provided in the lesser park, that some time in the day, they might have the honour of seeing the bridegroom and bride among them, were it only for two minutes ; but this the bride declining, Sir Charles promised to go and make her excuse.

In the afternoon Sir Charles went, agreeable to his promise, when the tenants and their wives all wished him joy ; and as they would not sit down while he stood, he took his seat, and the rest followed his example. One of the honest men observed, that he remembered the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Byron, and praised them as the best and happiest of mankind. Another remembered the birth of the bride ; and others talked of what an excellent lady she was from her infancy. And let me tell you,

Sir, said a grey-headed man, that you will have much ado to deserve her. Sir Charles was highly pleased with his honest freedom : he apologized for his not bringing her with him ; but told them that he hoped they should have one happy dinner together, before he left Northamptonshire ; and then, with his usual affability, ease, and politeness, took his leave. The happy day was concluded with a ball, which was opened by the bride and bridegroom, by the desire of the whole company.

Sir Charles wrote the very next day to inform his dear friend the Barone della Porretta of the actual celebration of his nuptials, and concluded with a caution, given in the warmest terms, against urging Clementina with too much earnestness to marry. The same day, by Sir Charles's desire, the church-wardens brought a list of the poor, amounting to upwards of a hundred and forty persons, divided into two classes ; the one of the acknowledged poor, the other of house-keepers and labouring people, who were ashamed to apply, but to whom the church-wardens knew his bounty would be acceptable. He gave very liberally ; and in particular, to about thirty of the last he gave very handsomely ; and the church-wardens, who were men of great humanity, went away blessing him.

On the following Sunday, the relations of the bride and bridegroom were all richly dressed. The bride, lovely in any dress, wore richer silks than usual, costly laces, and jewels that added grace to that admirable proportion, and those fine features, to which no painter has ever been able to do justice. The bridegroom was principally admired for his native ease and dignity, and that inattention to his own appearance, which shews the truly fine

gentleman, accustomed to be always elegant. On his lady's coming to him and her friends, they involuntarily rose as if to pay her homage ; but Sir Charles approaching her with an air of unusual freedom, cried, How lovely ! But what is even all this amazing loveliness to the graces of her mind ? They every hour rise upon me. She hardly opens her lips, but I find reason to bless God and you, my dear ladies, bowing to Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby ; for God and you have given her goodness. My dear life, allow me to say, that this person, which will be your first perfection in every stranger's eye, is but a second in mine. Teach me, Sir, said she, to deserve your love, by improving the mind you have the goodness to prefer, and then I shall be the happiest of women upon earth. The church was extremely crowded, and the charming couple greatly admired ; Sir Charles and his bride, however, did not forget that humble deportment due to the place, which seemed to render them absent for the time from that splendor which attracted every eye out of the pews in which the family were placed. The church, in the afternoon, was still more crowded. How was Sir Charles blessed by the poor, and people of low circumstances, for his well-disposed bounty ! Sir Charles and his bride, having received and returned the visits of the neighbouring gentry, and given the tenants their company at another entertainment provided for them, they set out for Grandison-hall, Sir Charles's principal seat ; where having again run the round of receiving and paying visits, they settled into that pleasing serenity, that constitutes the most perfect state of human happiness.

A considerable part of his time was now employed in improving his estate, in order to enable him to exercise

his generous spirit. He became acquainted with every tenant, and even cottager, enquiring into their circumstances, the number of their children, and their prospects. When they were distressed, he would forgive arrears of rent, or send them on urgent occasions a supply of money; and when they had no prospect of success, he gave them money to quit. At the tenant's desire, he transplanted one to a larger farm, and another to a less, according to their stock, or the probability of success. By these means, his tenants overcame every difficulty, and grew rich, while he himself reaped the benefit of his own generosity, by the ease and punctuality with which they paid their rents. On the other hand, he began to employ himself, in reconciling the differences between his friends and tenants; and frequently united those, who from any misunderstanding became at variance; it being his settled opinion, that a day spent in restoring peace and harmony, let the objects be ever so mean, is more pleasing, upon reflection, than a day spent in the most elegant indulgence.

C H A P. XIII.

Clementina, who had escaped from her friends, came to England to avoid marrying the Count of Belvedere, and is protected by Sir Charles and his Lady. She is followed by her Relations and Friends, who were received by Sir Charles, and by his Management every Uneasiness is removed. The Conclusion.

WHILE Sir Charles was thus employed in the generous acts of humanity and friendship, a letter they received from the Barone della Porretta filled him with deep concern. By this letter he learned, that the Lady Clementina being strongly bent on taking the veil, had been pressed with such earnestness and incessant importunity to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere, as had greatly disordered her brain, and that, to avoid that union, and put a stop to these importunate solicitations, she had fled from her friends, and with no other attendants than her page, an English youth, and her servant Laura, had embarked in a vessel bound for London; and that both her father, mother, and himself, together with several other of her friends, being inconsolable for her loss, were following her; beseeching him to search for the fugitive Clementina, and to provide them lodgings against their arrival. It is no wonder that this news gave both Sir Charles and his lady great concern. They were then at Grandison-hall, and that lady being firmly convinced of the steadiness of his virtue, immediately persuaded him to give the unhappy Clementina his pro-

tection. Dear Sir, said she, consider me as a strengthener, not as a weakener of your hands, in her service. My only anxiety is for her safety and honour, and for your concern on the affecting occasion, and let me by sympathizing with you, lessen it. Soul of my soul, cried he, clasping her to his bosom, I had not the least doubt of your generous goodness. It would be doing injustice to the unhappy lady, and to the knowledge I have of my own heart, as well as to you, the absolute mistress of it, to think it necessary to make professions of my inviolable love to you. I will acquaint you with every step I take on this occasion, and must have your advice as I go along; for such delicate minds as yours and Clementina's must be nearly allied.

Sir Charles immediately rode post to town, where he found a long letter from the fugitive lady, who, in unconnected ramblings, lamented the step she had taken; observing, that she was far from being happy, but wished for his advice and protection, though she did not dare to let him know where he might see her; yet at the same time informed him how he might direct a letter so as to come to her hands. He strove, in his answer, to sooth her mind; offering to put her under his lady's or his sister's protection; and beseeching her to remove his anxiety, by giving him an immediate opportunity of seeing her. In another letter, she earnestly endeavoured to engage him to use his interest with her friends, to allow her the freedom of her choice, and prevent her being forced to marry the Count of Belvedere. All this he readily promised in his reply; and she allowed him to wait on her.

Sir Charles went, and was introduced by her servant **Laura**. On his entering the room, he immediately wel-

comed her to England. Do you, can you, cried she, bid me welcome, me a fugitive, an ingrate, undutiful!—O Chevalier, don't debase your un sullied character, by approving the unnatural step I have taken. I do bid you welcome, madam, said he; your brother, your friend, from his soul, welcomes you to England. Let me know, Chevalier, before another word passes, returned she, whether I have a father? whether I have a mother? Thank God, madam, you have both, said he. God, I thank thee! cried she, lifting up her hands. Had I not, distraction would have been my portion! If they had been no more, I should have thought myself the most detestable of parricides. They are in the utmost distress, rejoined he, for your safety; and will think themselves happy when they know that you are well, and in the possession of your brother Grandison. Will they, Sir? cried she; O how strange! They so cruel, yet so indulgent! I so dutiful, yet a fugitive! But determined as I was against entering into a state I had too much honour to enter with a reluctant heart, could I have taken any other step to free myself from the cruelty of persuasion? Your conscience, madam, said he, is a law to you. If that accuses you, you'll repent; if it acquits you, who shall presume to condemn? Sir Charles then strove to raise her spirits, by expatiating on the kind reception she would meet with among his friends. She then remarked, that he forbore to mention the principal person among them, and asked what his lady would think of the poor fugitive Clementina? desiring him to assure her, that she would not have landed in England, if he had not been married; adding, that should she render him and his lady unhappy, no person on earth could hate her so much

as she should hate herself. Sir Charles assured her, that her happiness was really essential to that of them both ; that his Harriet was another Clementina, whom she must know and love, for she was prepared to receive her as the dearest of her sisters. Generous Lady Grandison ! said she, I have heard her character, and congratulate you, Sir, on your happiness ; I should have been grieved had you not met with a lady worthy of you : but my being sensible of your happiness, and that you do not blame me for declining your addresses, will contribute more to my peace of mind than I can express. When I have more courage, and this poor heart is eased of that part of its trouble, you shall present me to her. In the meantime tell her, that I will love her ; and that I shall ever think myself under the highest obligations for making him happy, whom once, but for a superior motive, I had the vanity to think I could have made so. She here turned away her glowing face, bedewed with tears, while Sir Charles's admiration of her greatness of mind, so like that of his own Harriet, kept him silent ; but he at last persuaded her to accept of an apartment at Lady L——'s, she consented to go thither the next day. Sir Charles and his sister came the next morning, and after an affecting interview, took her away in Lord L's coach. All the ladies of Sir Charles's family strove who should most oblige the unhappy Clementina ; and particularly his Lady, who had all along admired her for her virtues and noble magnanimity, and now treated her with the tender affection of a beloved sister. Clementina had not been long acquainted with the principal persons of this happy family, when Sir Charles received a letter by an express from his dear friend the Barone, to let him know

the Marquis and the Marchioness, with several of their friends, were landed at Dover; upon which he immediately set out with four coaches and six of his own and his friends, to accommodate them and their attendants, he having before fitted up his house in Grosvenor-square for their reception. He had not been long gone, when the Count of Belvedere, who impatiently longed to hear news of Clementina, arrived with one of his friends, and were received by Lady Grandison with all possible marks of respect: she let them know that she was safe, and in good hands; but no arguments could prevail on her to inform them where that lady was.

Sir Charles no sooner arrived at Dover, than he was received with inexpressible joy by the whole noble family; however, though he found them breathing nothing but reconciliation and love to their dear Clementina, he was determined to keep her concealed, till he was fully satisfied that her understanding could not be endangered by her being teased to marry the Count of Belvedere.

Sir Charles conducted the family, by easy journies, to London, where he brought them to the house he had provided for their reception; and was agreeably surprised on their arrival, at finding that his lady had, unknown to him, prepared an elegant repast. The Marchioness was so impatient to see Clementina, that every one was afraid of the consequences, with respect to her health; and, on the other hand, the young lady was grieved at finding herself so situated, as to be obliged to cause her parents to enter into articles with her before she kneeled to them, which she longed to do, notwithstanding her dreading to see them. Sir Charles, by the desire of all parties, drew up a paper, copies of which

were given both to the principal persons of her family, and to Clementina ; in which he proposed, that she should lay aside all thoughts of retiring to a convent, be allowed to chuse her way of life, and her attendants ; that her parents and brothers should promise never to persuade her, much less to compel her, to marry any man ; and that the Court of Belvedere should discontinue his addresses. After some debate the whole family consented to these articles ; but the Lady Clementina found the greatest difficulty in giving up her favorite project of taking the veil ; nor could the Count of Belvedere, without the greatest agony of mind, submit to discontinue his pretensions. These precautions being taken, Clementina was to be introduced to her longing parents ; but her dread of appearing before them made her entreat the Lady Grandison and the Lady L—to introduce and countenance her by their presence ; to which they willingly consented. At the time fixed for this affecting interview, Sir Charles went to prepare her expecting parents, while the Lady Grandison waited upon her. Clementina looking wild and disordered, and giving Lady L—and Lady Grandison her hand, was led to the coach ; but at stepping in she trembled, and appeared much disturbed. They gave her all the comfort they were able, while the coach drove to Grosvenor-Square. On its stopping, Sir Charles appeared, and seeing her emotion, It is kind, my dear sister, said he, to accompany the Lady Clementina—Your goodness will be rewarded by the pleasure of seeing the most gracious reception that ever indulgent parents gave a long absent daughter. O Chevalier ! was all Clementina could say. He then told her that he would lead her into a drawing-room, where she should see none but those who were with her. Visibly encoura-

ged, she gave him her trembling hand, and he led her in, followed by the two ladies, who seated themselves on each side of her, but with difficulty kept her from fainting by their salts and soothing: on her recovering a little, holding up her finger with wildness in her looks, she cast her eyes to the doors and windows, crying, Hush! they will hear us; but soon coming more to herself, O Chevalier! said she, what shall I say? How shall I look? What shall I do? Am I indeed in the same house with my father, my mother, Jeronymo? Who else? who else? My dearest Clementina, said Sir Charles, it is, from love and tenderness to you, agreed, that you first only see your mother, then your father, and at your own pleasure your brothers, Mrs. Beaumont, and Father Marescotti. Your Mamma, madam, who is all indulgence, is impatient to hold you to her heart. What joy will you give her! He offered his hand, and she gave him hers, making a motion for the two ladies to come with her, and who followed her into the room, where was her expecting mother. They ran to each other with open arms. O my Clementina! O my mamma! was all they could utter: they sunk on the floor, the mother's arms about the daughter's neck, the daughters's about the mother's waist. Sir Charles lifting them up, seated them by each other. Pardon! pardon! pardon! cried Clementina, lifting up her hands and eyes, and sliding out of her mother's arms on her knees. The Marquis, unable longer to contain himself, rushed in, crying, My daughter! my child! My Clementina! do I once more see my child? Sir Charles had lifted her up, when her father entered, but she again sunk down prostrate on the floor, with her arms extended, crying, O father, forgive! forgive me,

O my father ! By Sir Charles's assistance he raised her up, and seating her between himself and his lady, they both threw their arms about her ; she in broken accents repeating prayers for forgiveness, while they in accents as broken, uttered their blessings.

When Clementina's first emotions were over, and she began to look up, she cried, Behold, madam, behold, my Lord, looking at Lady L—, the hospitable lady with whom I have lived. Behold, looking at Lady Grandison, a more than woman, an angel !—She here seemed at a loss for words. We have before, said the Marquis, seen and admired, in Lady Grandison, the noblest of all women. He arose to approach the ladies, when Sir Charles leading them both to him, Clementina first snatched Lady Grandison's hand, and eagerly pressed it to her lips, and then Lady L—'s. Her heart was full, and she seemed unable to speak ; when the two ladies, with their eyes overflowing with tears, congratulated the father, mother, and daughter.

Sir Charles then withdrew, but soon returned with the Bishop and Signior Jeronymo. It is not easy to determine whether these Lords shewed more joy than Clementina did shame and confusion. She attempted to beg pardon, but the Bishop cried, Not one word of past afflictions. None are in fault. We are all once more happy ; happy by means of this friend of mankind in general, and of our family in particular. My ever noble and venerable brother, said Jeronymo, who had clasped his sister to his fond heart, how I love you for thus comforting and encouraging the dear Clementina ! Every article of my Grandison's proposals shall be carried into execution. We will, as he has desired, rejoice with him in

England; and he, and all those who are dear to him, shall accompany us to Italy. Sir Charles then introduced the justly esteemed Mrs. Beaumont, when Clementina throwing herself into her arms, cried, Forgive me, virtue will! Pardon her who never, never would have so disgraced your excellent lessons, and her mamma's bright example, had not her unhappy mind been darkened by a heavy cloud. My dear Lady, returned she, it was not your fault, but your misfortune. You deserved pity and not blame. We all think so, and came here to heal your wounded mind: be that healed, and we all shall be happy.

The articles, signed and witnessed, were put into her hands a day or two after; when having written her name, she tore off the other names, and kissing the torn bit, put it in her bosom; then falling herself on her knees to her father and mother, who stood together, she presented the paper, crying, Never let it be mentioned that your Clementina has presumed to bind by these articles the dearest of parents. My name stands, and will be a witness against me, if I break those I have signed; but in your forgiveness, my Lord, in yours, madam, and in a thousand acts of indulgence, I have too much experienced your past goodness to doubt the future. May God enable your Clementina to be all you wish! Only indulge me in my choice of a single life, and your word is all the assurance I desire. They embraced her; then tenderly raising her, embraced her again.

This noble lady was not informed till the day before, that the Count of Belvedere had accompanied her friends to England. Sir Charles made use of great precaution in telling her; and at the same time let her know that the

Count was very desirous of taking his leave of her. She consented to see him as one of the friends of her father and brothers, and in that light deferred his departure. She had afterwards several conversations with him, and before all her relations behaved towards him with the respect due to his merit. She was sensible of the ardour with which her parents and brothers wished to see her married to that accomplished nobleman. She could not help observing the pleasure that sparkled in his eyes whenever she was pleased to enter into discourse with him; and seriously considering their motives, with the extraordinary merit of the Count, together with the reasons that had induced her to resolve never to enter into the marriage state, she, at length, began to hesitate, and voluntarily promised her relations, that if within a year's time she should find no reason to change her mind, she would cheerfully comply with their wishes.

In short, this noble family staid several months with Sir Charles, part of which time they passed at Grandison-Hall. Every opportunity was taken to render their residence in England as agreeable as possible, and on their taking their leave, Sir Charles and his Lady attended them to Dover. Jeronymo, however, staid in England with Sir Charles, in order to reap the benefit of the Bath waters, by means of which, added to the assistance he had received from the excellent Mr. Lowther, he was perfectly recovered.

The next year, Sir Charles and his Lady, with his two sisters and their Lords, attended him to Italy, where they were received by his noble family with transports of joy. They had there the pleasure to find the lady Clementina perfectly free from her unhappy disorder of mind, by

which she had been so long afflicted. After having spent several months in Italy, Sir Charles and his Lady, in company with his brothers and sisters, returned together to England, where they had the pleasure to resume their former plan of life. Their piety and virtue are the sources of the noblest pleasures that can fill the human mind. While they are admired and beloved by their friends, they are regarded with grateful affection by their tenants, and revered by the poor.



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