

**THE HISTORY OF SIR
CHARLES GRANDISON; IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS. IN SEVEN
VOLUMES, VOL. V, PP. 1-311**

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by Samuel Richardson

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SAMUEL RICHARDSON

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THE
HISTORY
OF
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON;
IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON,
AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

LETTER I.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, Monday night, May 15-26.

I AM just returned. You will expect me to be particular.

I went the earlier in the afternoon, that I might pass half an hour with my Jeronymo. He complains of the aperture so lately made; but Mr. Lowther gives us hopes from it.

When we were alone, They will not let me see my sister, said he; I am sure she must be very bad. But I understand, that you are to be allowed that favour, by-and-by. O my Grandison! how I pity that tender, that generous heart of yours!—But

what have you done to the general? He assures me, that he admires and loves you; and the bishop has been congratulating *me* upon it. He knew it would give me pleasure. My dear Grandison, you subdue every-body; yet in your own way; for they both admire your spirit.

Just then came in the general. He saluted me in so kind a manner, that Jeronymo's eyes overflowed; and he said, Blessed be God, that I have lived to see you two, dearest of men to me, so friendly together.

This sweet girl! said the general:—How, Grandison, will you bear to see her?

The bishop entered: O chevalier! my sister is insensible to every-thing and every body. Camilla is nobody with her to-day.

They had forgot Jeronymo, though in his chamber; and their attention being taken by his audible sensibilities, they comforted him; and withdrew with me into Mr. Lowther's apartment; while Mr. Lowther went to his patient.

The marchioness joined us in tears. This dear child knows me not; heeds me not: she never was unmindful of her mother before. I have talked to her of the Chevalier Grandison: she regards not your name. O this affecting silence!—Camilla has told her, that she is to see you. My daughter-in-law has told her so. O Chevalier! she has quite, quite lost her understanding. Nay, we were barbarous enough to try the name of Laurana. She was not terrified, as she used to be, with that.

Camilla came in with a face of joy: Lady Clementina has just spoken! I told her, she must prepare to see the Chevalier Grandison in all his glory, and that every-body, the general in particular, admired him. Go, naughty Camilla, said she, tapping my hand; you are a wicked deceiver. I have been

told this story too often, to credit it. This was all I could get her to say.

Hence it was concluded, that she would take some notice of me when she saw me; and I was led by the general, followed by the rest, into the marchioness's drawing-room.

Father Marescotti had given me an advantageous character of the general's lady, whom I had not yet seen. The bishop had told me, that she was such another excellent woman as his mother, and like her, had the Italian reserve softened by a polite French education.

When we came into the drawing-room, the general presented me to her. I do not, madam, bid you admire the Chevalier Grandison, said he; but I forgive you if you do; because you will not be able to do otherwise.

My lord, said she, you told me an hour ago, that I must; and now, that I see the chevalier, you will have no cause to reproach me with disobedience.

Father Marescotti, madam, said I, bid me expect from the lady of the young Marchese della Porretta every-thing that was condescending and good. Your compassionate love for an unhappy new sister, who deserves every-one's love, exalts your character.

Father Marescotti came in. We took our places. It was designed, I found, to try to revive the young lady's attention, by introducing her in full assembly, I one of it. But I could not forbear asking the marchioness, if Lady Clementina would not be too much startled at so much company?

I wish, said the marquis, sighing, that she *may* be startled.

We meet, as only on a conversation-visit, said the marchioness. We have tried every other way to awaken her attention.

We are all near relations, said the bishop.

And want to make our observations, said the general.

She has been bid to expect you among us, resumed the marchioness. We shall only be attended by Laura and Camilla.

Just then entered the sweet lady, leaning upon Camilla, Laura attending. Her movement was slow and solemn. Her eyes were cast on the ground. Her robes were black and flowing. A veil of black gauze half covered her face. What woe was there in it!

What, at the moment, was my emotion! I arose from my seat, sat down, and arose again, irresolute, not knowing what I did, or what *to do*!

She stopt in the middle of the floor, and made some motion, in silence, to Camilla, who adjusted her veil: but she looked not before her; lifted not up her eyes; observed no-body.

On her stopping, I was advancing towards her; but the general took my hand: Sit still, sit still, dear Grandison, said he: yet I am charmed with your sensibility. She comes! She moves towards us!

She approached the table round which we sat, her eyes more than half closed, and cast down. She turned to go towards the window. Here, here, madam, said Camilla, leading her to an elbow-chair that had been placed for her, between the two marchionesses. She implicitly took her woman's directions, and sat down. Her mother wept. The young marchioness wept. Her father sobbed; and looked from her. Her mother took her hand: My love, said she, look around you.

Pray sister, said the count her uncle, leave her to her own observation.

She was regardless of what either said; her eyes

were cast down, and half closed. Camilla stood at the back of her chair.

The general, grieved and impatient, arose, and stepping to her, My dearest sister, said he, hanging over her shoulder, look upon us all. Do not *scorn* us, do not *despise* us: see your father, your mother, your sister, and every-body, in tears. If you love us, smile upon us. He took the hand which her mother had quitted, to attend to her own emotions.

She reared up her eyes to him, and, sweetly condescending, tried to smile; but such a solemnity had taken possession of her features, that she only could shew her obligingness, by the effort. Her smile was a smile of woe. And, still further to shew her compliance, withdrawing her hand from her brother, she looked on either side of her; and seeing which was her mother, she, with both hands, took hers, and bowed her head upon it.

The marquis arose from his seat, his handkerchief at his eyes. Sweet creature! said he, never, never let me again see such a smile as that. It is *here*, putting his hand to his breast.

Camilla offered her a glass of lemonade; she accepted it not, nor held up her head for a few moments.

Obliging sister! you do not scorn us, said the general. See, Father Marescotti is in tears [the reverend man sat next me]: pity his grey hairs! See, your own father too—Comfort your father. *His* grief for your silence—

She cast her eyes that way. She saw me. Saw me greatly affected. She started. She looked again; again started; and, quitting her mother's hand, now changing pale, now reddening, she arose, and threw her arms about her Camilla—O Camilla! was all she said; a violent burst of tears wounding, yet giving some ease to every heart. I was spring-

ing to her, and should have clasped her in my arms before them all; but the general taking my hand, as I reached her chair, Dear Grandison, said he, pronouncing in her ear my name, keep your seat. If Clementina remembers her English tutor, she will bid you welcome once more to Bologna.—O Camilla, said she, faithful, good Camilla! Now, at last, have you told me truth! It is, it is he!—And her tears *would* flow, as she hid her face in Camilla's bosom.

The general's native pride again shewed itself. He took me aside. I see, Grandison, the consequence you are of to this unhappy girl: every one sees it. But I depend upon your honour: you remember what you said this morning—

Good God! said I, with some emotion: I stopt—And resuming, with pride equal to his own, Know, Sir, that the man whom you thus remind, calls himself a man of honour; and you, as well as the rest of the world, shall find him so.

He seemed a little abashed. I was flinging from him, not too angrily for *him*, but for the rest of the company, had they not been attentive to the motions of their Clementina.

We, however, took the bishop's eye. He came to us.

I left the general; and the bishop led him out, in order to enquire into the occasion of my warmth.

When I turned to the company, I found the dear Clementina, supported by the two marchionesses, and attended by Camilla, just by me, passing towards the door, in order, it seems, at *her* motion, to withdraw. She stopt. Ah, chevalier! said she; and reclining her head on her mother's bosom, seemed ready to faint. I took one hand, as it hung down lifelessly extended (her mother held the other); and kneeling, pressed it with my lips—Forgive me la-