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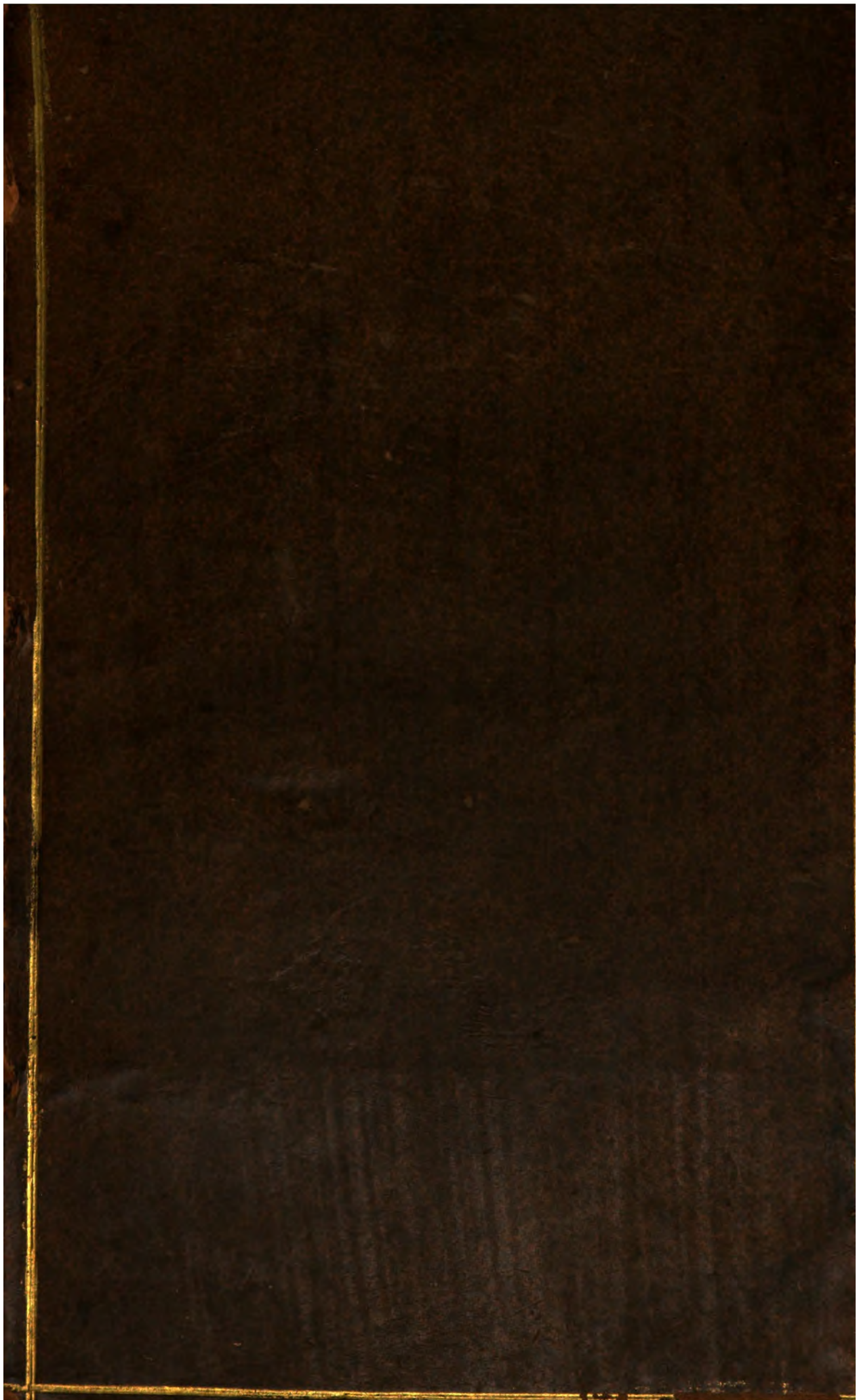
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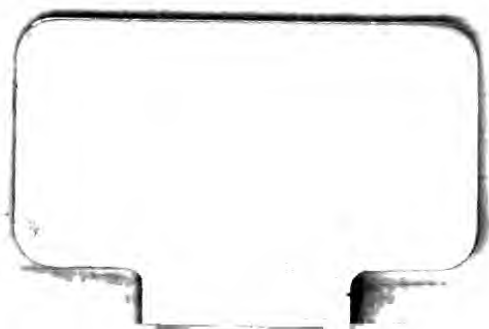


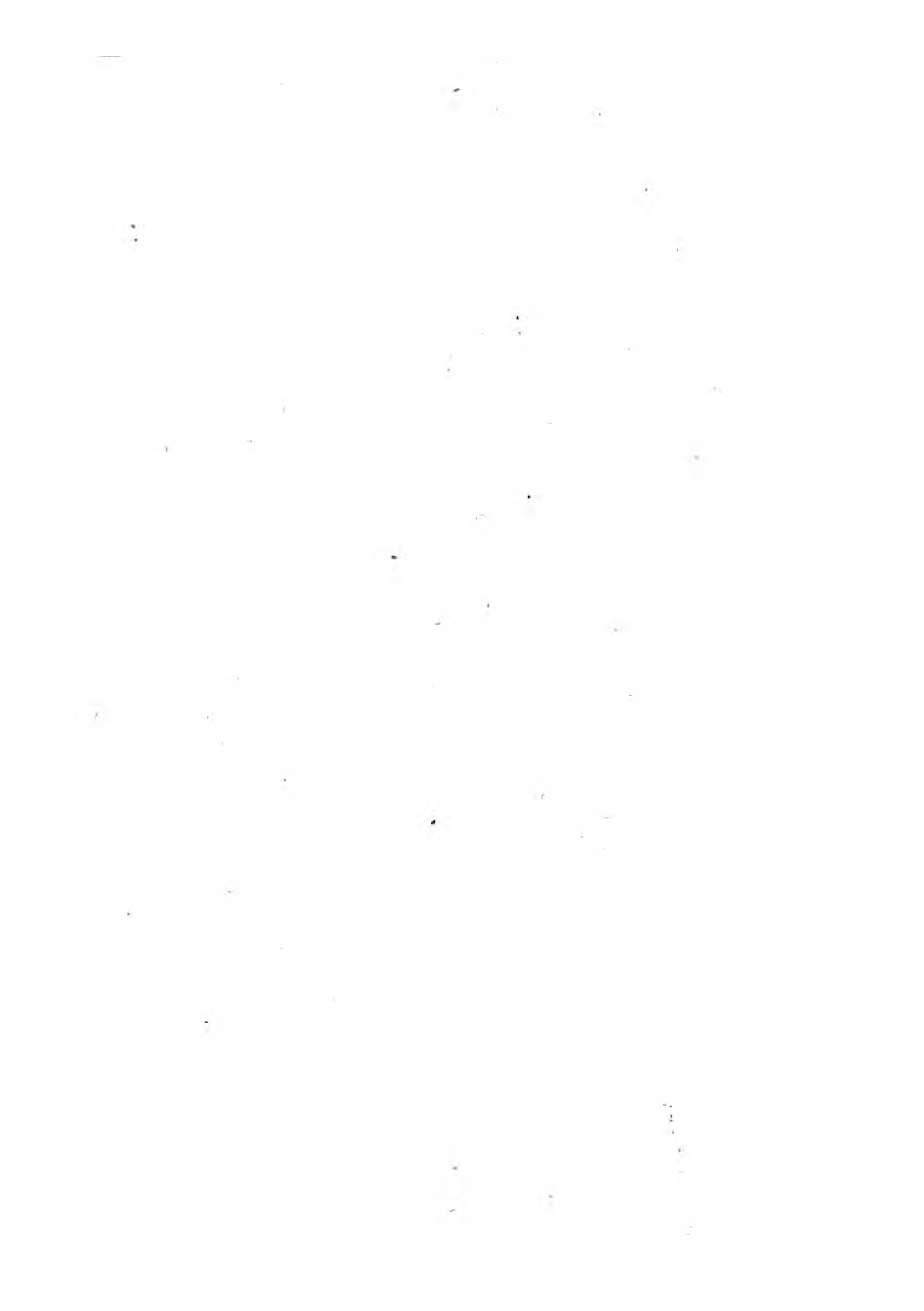
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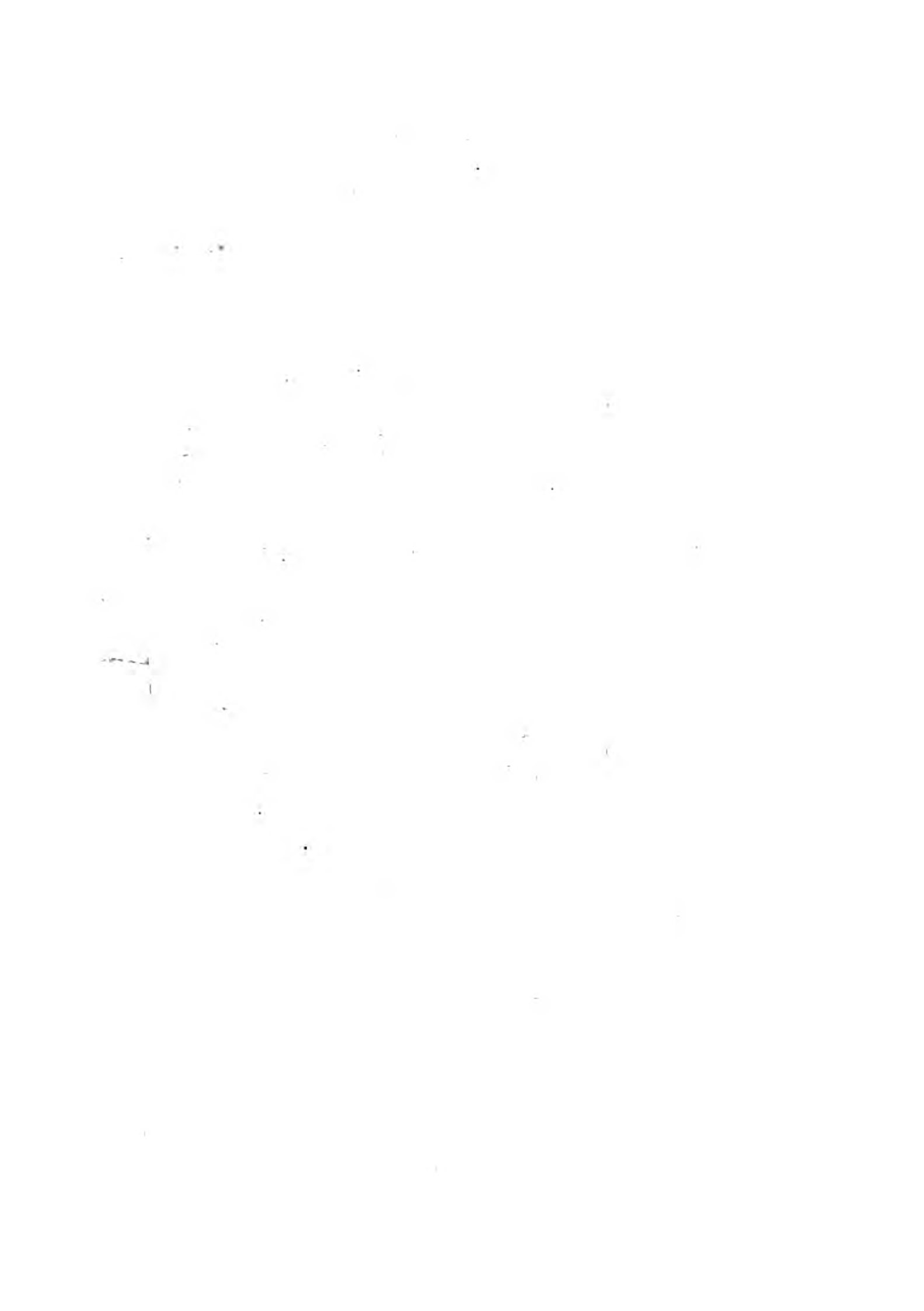


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I

THE
SISTERS;
OR THE
HISTORY
OF

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON,
Entrusted to a false FRIEND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

Printed for T. WALLER, opposite *Fetter-Lane* in
Fleet-street.

MDCCLIV.

P R E F A C E

B Y T H E

E D I T O R.

TO recommend virtue, and decry one species of vice, so universally predominant in our country, seems to be the author's single intention in this work. Tho' form'd upon the plan and manner of our modern historical romances, it will be found, in its whole conduct and mode of writing, perfectly different from them: and will necessarily afford every reader more satisfaction, as it is founded on real facts, and characters that once existed. The author, retir'd far from the busy world, and escap'd from the tumultuous sea of pleasure and libertinism, determin'd to hang up this * *votive tablet*

* This alludes to the following passage in *Horace*---

— *Me tabulâ sacer*
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo. Ode 5. B. 1.

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to Neptune, and to erect a light-house for the benefit of future mariners. His desires are only, that it may be attended to, and he assures, by me, the female reader more particularly, that if she steers by its light, she may avoid many shelves and quicksands in that dangerous ocean, wherein she is embark'd.

FALLEN as we are among evil times and evil men, it requires no small caution to guide ourselves aright, and to pass thro' life, our virtue unshaken, and our principles uncorrupted. We cannot peep out, and receive no damage: we find so little to strengthen us in goodness, so much to establish us in evil, that the best heart, the more it is conversant with the world, by degrees dissolves into lukewarmness, and at length totally relaxes the reins to the furious drive of passion and pleasure. These are maladies which corrupt the very root, and which must indisputably level the proud oak with the ground, unless immediate remedies be applied, the causes of the disorder remov'd, and proper refreshments given to the languid and decaying tree.

AMONGST the many other vices, which like a torrent, overwhelm and bear down
all

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all before them, reigns *adultery*, notoriously prevalent, and triumphant in its power: — which, as being the violation of every sacred and human tie, must of consequence bring along with it a train of evils, desperate and destructive. Injury and injustice, cruelty and dishonesty, are its constant attendants; every noble and virtuous, every pure and religious sentiment must vanish, utterly vanish from the bosom where it is found; the names of husband, father, friend, brother, and every dear and social relation be given up, and relinquish'd; lust, mighty lust, only is father, husband, friend and brother, every thing dear, and every thing sacred to the heart of the adulterer!

TRAGICAL enough are its consequences; too tragical indeed, one wou'd conceive, for a little momentary pleasure, to out-weigh and over-balance, (which, as the poet observes,

The beasts enjoy so very much above us)

yet the tears of innocence, the heart-rending agonies of the parent, the miseries of the unfortunate and ruin'd virgin, the horrors and lamentations of the wife, and the sufferings of every friend are
weak,

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weak, too weak to restrain the man of pleasure, and to hold him from the arms of a delusive and deceitful mistress! How inconsistent is man! pride and vanity constitute his very nature: yet so abject is he, that a vile and shameless prostitute causes him to give up both! so very mean, that unbridled passion renders him a dupe to a wanton harlot, whose fondness is all dissimulation, and who rejoices solely in the power and art of cajoling him! Son of reason, exert thyself, and be wise! reflect, and be abashed! scorn her wiles, break from her chains, forsake the falsely smiling mistress, and be blest, truly blest, in the bosom of a virtuous wife.

But I fear in thus speaking, the bounds of my office are exceeded, and I presume too far upon the province of the author; who hath indeed so strongly represented to us the miseries attendant upon this crime, that we must either have utterly divested ourselves of humanity, or be sensibly affected by it. The colouring is lively and strong, the description is tender and pathetic; and there runs thro' the whole so noble and elegant a strain of morality, as must indisputably recommend the work to every serious reader: for
whom

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whom it is no less calculated than for the young and sprightly : nay, the most religious may find something to admire and approve : lessons worthy to be treasur'd up, truths meriting a place in the heart and memory. I cannot help urging all parents to a sober and careful perusal of this little history : its design seems to be particularly for their emolument and advantage : and I am persuaded it will prove greatly so, if they give it that attention which it deserves, and attend to that counsel, which it so generally and carefully inculcates. But above all, I wou'd recommend it to the men of pleasure, by whatever other name or title dignified or distinguish'd : I wou'd by all means entreat them to read it again and again carefully and conscientiously, applying those parts which affect them to their own breasts, and in sincerity asking their own hearts, whether these things ought thus to be, and whether they wou'd wish to be the authors of such consummate misery ? Surely, no ; one and all will reply : and if they are sincere in this declaration, they will not fail to recollect, that every unlawful amour, every criminal indulgence in this shameless vice, may be, and probably is attended with a train of consequences, equally affecting and horrid
with

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with those related in this history; and possibly much worse and more fearful, may sometimes ensue. The consideration, indeed, of a future reckoning, and dreadful account to be hereafter given, is so antiquated, and out of fashion, that I fear little stress can be laid upon it: Our divines must be left to press home that important doctrine; but I shou'd conceive, however we may endeavour to think freely on the point, and to persuade ourselves of the *nothingness* of eternity; that at least the *very certain* and *clear* proofs, which we have even to *mathematical demonstration*, of our departure from this scene of *happiness* and *pleasure*, wou'd arouse us to some thought, and make us willing to procure in this unknown hereafter, as good an interest as possible: for the old argument is still as forcible as ever; if we are mistaken in our notions of a future state, and find contrary to our belief, that there really is an avenging God, who will distribute to every one according to his works, the infidel and impious will be most shamefully and sorrowfully disappointed: the good and virtuous will then be envied by them, and their happiness' no small aggravation of the other's misery: but if it proves, as the Infidel hopes, and *wou'd fain believe*,
he

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he is still no gainer, more than the virtuous man, each sink alike into silent non-entity. But whatever the scorner of religion may in his gayer hours pretend, the truth, in the dark moments of thought, cuts deep, and he is fearfully and terribly afraid.

LET us hear then no more of their proud boasting : away with their insulting madness : tell them only of their still and private hours ; appeal to their hearts, when darkness, danger, or death, approaches ; and the lion will soon be shaken off, displaying the coward ass, the mean the dastard, trembling infidel !

It is not to be admir'd, that such persons abound in these times ; nor is there any hope that the general malady shou'd be remedied by any such accidental applications as these : it is possible a work like this may strike a heart or two, and drive them to reflection : and he who once seriously reflects, cannot be far from amendment. The author's only view in it, is, if possible, to do good to some : he earnestly desires it, and the work appears to me calculated well for that end. The best preface to any work is its own native excellence : if it be really good, it wants none ; if it be
bad,

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bad, no preface can possibly recommend or establish its character : I shall therefore urge no more in its behalf, than that it is highly pleasing, affecting and instructive : and he who hath gain'd these three things in such a work, hath gain'd its eminence.

I wou'd only further observe, that what the author so frequently and earnestly presses upon parents, is the only means ever to revive true virtue in this land : that is, an early care of the minds of youth, and a diligent training them up in the paths of religion ; a duty greatly neglected even by parents themselves, far more unhappily omitted in most of our schools and places of instruction ; where, I am sorry to declare it, trifles, and insignificant learning, so much employ the minds of the young gentlemen, that nobler and more important things are wholly pass'd by ; and the precepts of religion esteem'd unnecessary to be taught, and too *well-known*, or at least too unpolite to be inculcated. This is a notorious truth : 'tis within the observation of us all, and requires the utmost attention of our governors to remedy : I heartily wish they may by some means or other be awaken'd to a due consideration
of

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of this matter, and a serious application to the proper relief and care of it. In the mean time, I shall conclude this little, and I fear fruitless effort, with a few lines on this subject, from the manuscript poem of an ingenious friend of mine, who is well-known to the great world, and who hath shone there with no small lustre. —

*From education all our ills arise,
Quick from the cradle the babe grows in vice :
The foolish parent, when his darling son
Can hammer Greek, thinks all his bus'ness
done :
So the fond mother spreads her daughter's
fame;
Her dancing, music, wit, and work, her
theme !
But neither ask how far they're in the
road
To virtue, truth, humility and God.
These by some instinct, in their breasts, may
spring,
If not ——— " Religion's no such mighty
thing !"*

*Fools, yet with care, yon flower-bed
they tend,
Pluck up each weed, and warping tulips
bend :*

With

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*With studious zeal the welcome stream supply,
Shield from the summer's sun, and winter's
sky :
And when the big carnations lively blow,
Boast their own care, and triumph in the
show !*

*Why shou'd the father wonder to behold,
In every vice, the son that hates him, bold?
Why the fond mother tenderly complain,
Her best-lov'd daughter kept in Drury-lane?
With bleeding hearts, ah why the crime
pursue——*

*Unhappy parents, all proceeds from you !
Why then, ah why, the forming soul for-
sake,——*

*The wax of youth will each impresson take:
From first ideas all our tempers spring,
These form the clown, the courtier, and the
king :*

*Join'd as the objects by our minds are seen,
And busy thought associates the train :
Her early votaries virtue kindly guards,
Obtain'd, forsakes not ; and sincere, rewards :
Peace, honour, wealth to each possessor
brings,
And pleasures — found not in the breasts of
kings !*

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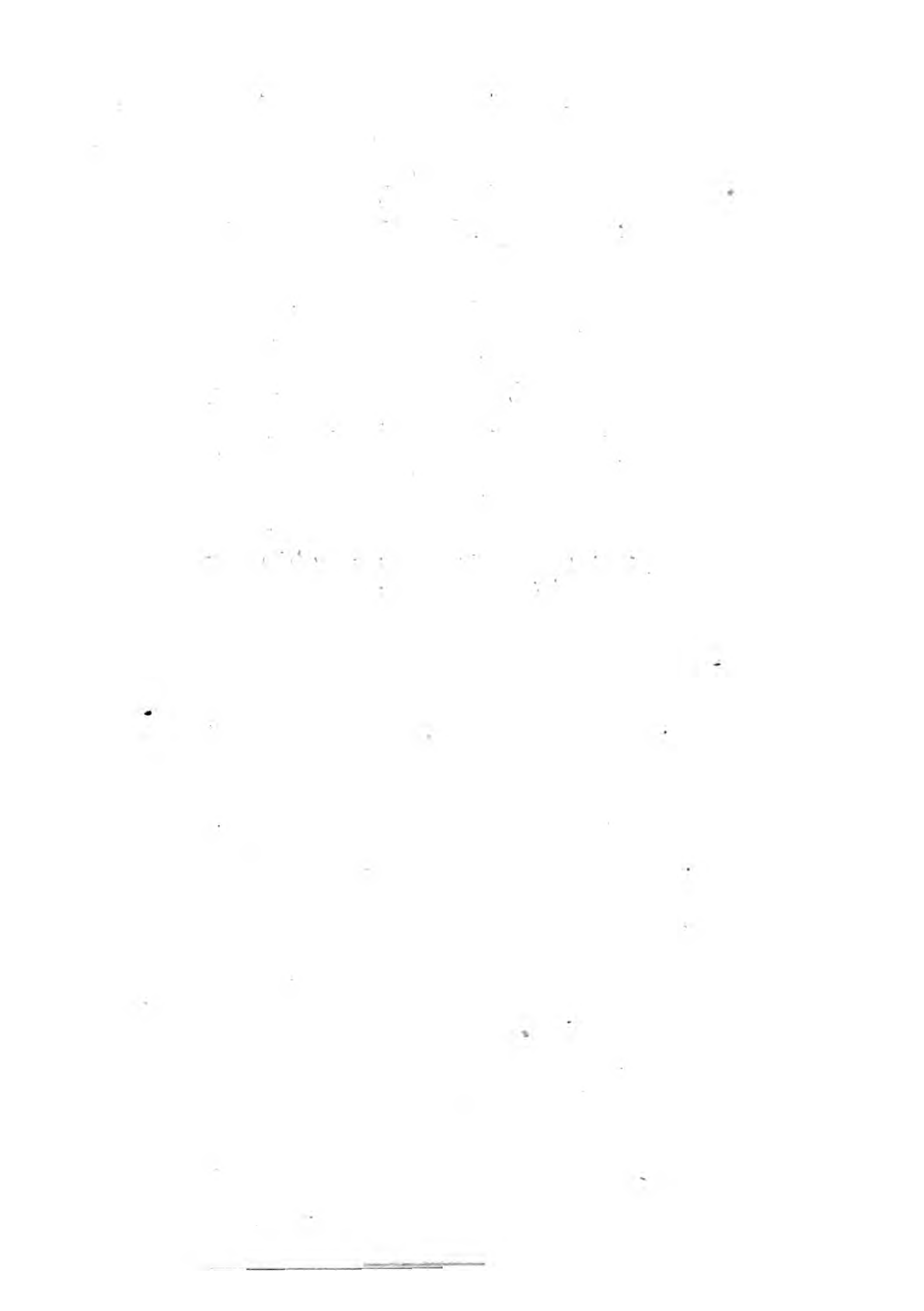
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THE
HISTORY
OF

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*The folly, danger, and misfortunes of family-pride.
Mr. Sanson's family, their great expectations
and difficulties.*

IN the north of *England*, liv'd Mr. *Sanson*, a gentleman of good character, small fortune, and large family; he had many virtues, which procured him the esteem of his neighbourhood, but was unhappy in one great foible, which the wife observ'd with pity, and the judicious foresaw might probably be the occasion

B caſion

2 The HISTORY of

caſion of many miſfortunes to his children; 'twas family-pride, a foible as common as abſurd; for what, vain man, are the virtues or greatneſs of thy anceſtors to thee? what merit or what glory can their good deeds reflect on thee, their deſcendant, unleſs thou treadeſt in the ſame ſteps, and, like them, wilt nobly toil up the ſteep of virtue? Which alone can ennoble, and which alone makes a man truly great, and truly illuſtrious.—

** For who will call thoſe NOBLE, who deſace,
By meaner a&ts, the glories of their race;
Whoſe only title to their father's fame,
Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
Long galleries of anceſtors, and all
The follies which ill grace a country-hall;
Challenge no wonder, or eſteem from me,
“ Virtue alone is true nobility.”*

The thoughts of his family's great ſplendor and magnificence for many generations, ſo totally engroſs'd Mr. Sanſon's heart, that though he ſaw his finances very ſmall, and his children yearly encreaſing, he cou'd not bear the reflection of placing a ſon to a *mechanic* trade, or giving a daughter any notion of thoſe branches of buſineſs, by which an induſtrious young wo-

** Juvenal, Sat. 8.*

man

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON. 3

man may support herself with credit. His wife, a good and amiable woman, was also born of parents equally renowned for pedigree ; yet her education had been so excellent before she married, that she never once had heard of families, and descent ; tho' by long conversing with her husband, whom she tenderly lov'd, she, as usual, imbib'd all his notions, and became as great a bigot to the grandeur of her forefathers, as he ; and would entertain you many days with the glory of her great grandfather, the fame of her great uncle, the illustrious feats, and celebrated prowess of her third cousin's, *first cousin's uncle's son-in-law*, and trace her lineage through lords, knights, champions, and squires, down from *William the Conqueror*, to the present generation. — No wonder, when she found herself the mother of four fine young ladies, soon as they were able to distinguish, she inform'd them of their rank, place, and pre-eminence ; instructed 'em in every branch of female eminence, and polite behaviour, and instilled into their minds, chimerical notions of grandeur, and coaches, titles, honour, diamonds and brocades : “ For these, Ladies, wou'd she often say, were what your mother should have enjoy'd, and which no doubt will soon be in your possession, particularly as heaven has blest you all with so many beau-

ties, and so many graces."——And to say truth, *Britain* could scarcely paragon the two eldest, *Lucy* and *Caroline*; they were of a most delicate frame, form'd for love, and what the most perverse old maid, grinning horribly a ghastly smile of applause, would have acknowledged complete beauties. 'Tis no wonder, when such tales were perpetually founded in their ears, that the young girls grew vain, foolish and affected; *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, *Heywood's* novels, and above all the works of the inimitable *Fielding*, with a thousand more romantic books of the same kind, (wherewith the present age, so happily abounds,) were the constant employment of their days; pleased with the wondrous relations, and magic scenes of joy, success, and transports, found in these charming entertainers, each began to despise the addresses of rude villagers, and to sigh for enchanted raptures and delightful scenes, with which they had heard the great metropolis so nobly abounded. But unsurmountable difficulties rose to their view; mountains on mountains; *Ossa* on *Pelion*, and *Pelion* on *Ossa*; money they had none; and what can be achiev'd without all powerful money?——Friends likewise they knew not of, none at least from whence they could expect any particular favour; however, at length, one of them bethought her of
a distant

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON. 5

a distant relation living in town; soon as the remembrance shot into her mind, she communicated it to the family, and prevailed on her father to write; the old man fear'd a denial, having no reasonable ground to expect so mighty a boon, which, as he observ'd, might be the making of *Lucy*, and of consequence, the whole family; nevertheless, he wrote in as complaisant terms as conceivable, and *Lucy* with her own fingers, while the little tyrant in her bosom panted midst hopes and fears, committed the dear important letter to the post.

CHAP. II.

The miseries of suspense. The seeming felicity of Mr. Sanson's family. The mischiefs of high expectations.

OF all the states upon earth, none is so distracting as that of suspense; how dreadful are the long long hours of expectation, how tedious, how heavily the moments drag along, till the wish'd for time approaches?—Every thing then is disgusting, every pulse beating the alarm, and the blood flowing with wild agitation thro' the veins, and firing every

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part with restless anxiety, and pungent impatience.

IN the utmost misery of this most uneasy state liv'd, or rather breath'd Mr. *Sanfon*'s whole family, from almost that very moment the letter was delivered, to the hour an answer arriv'd; and that answer was a full fortnight before it came to hand; every night they watch'd the post, and every night, alas! disappointed, went with eyes overloaded with tears to bed; so blind are we to futurity, so little knowing of what here will tend to our sorrow or success.

O LEARN hence, ye sons and daughters of perseverance, never to be solicitous for the future; rest contented in the hands of an ever-wise and watchful providence.—So shall ye inhabit the delightful vales of serenity, and dwell at ease amidst the fertile plains of peace and safety!

AT length, the letter came; *Lucy* receiv'd it, the mother caught it, the father snatch'd it from her; and the whole souls of each of them were tiptoe on the keen point of expectation. Mixed with tears, the poor old man presently burst out; "Well, my *Lucy*, heaven begins to be kind to us—and thou
art

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON. 7

art going I trust, to where fortune and felicity await thee;—Oh good, good man—— hear his letter; I remember when he and I;—”
“ For heavens sake, dear Sir, said *Lucy* eagerly, no remembering now; pray read.”
“ Oh, pray, my dear, cries the mother——don’t keep us any longer in suspense”——“ dear papa, says this — good Sir, the other”——and all with one united voice, stopp’d the progress of the old man’s tale, and oblig’d him to read the long expected epistle.

Dear SIR,

I SHOULD be glad, by any means in my power, to add to the happiness of your family more especially, tho’ I have not a greater satisfaction, than the doing good to any of my fellow-creatures; I spoke to my friend the Earl of ——, and he has promised me to receive my cousin *Lucy* into his family, as a companion to his eldest daughter; and if you please to send up miss *Caroline*, I’ll take such care of her, as respect to your family deserves I should, till I can get something reputable and proper for her. I hope soon to see the young ladies; and am with all esteem and due respects to your family,

Dear Cousin,

Yours most sincerely,

JOSEPH DOOKALB.

“THERE is a sincere friend now, said the fond father: Oh, good man, how shall I repay him!” And all with him grew very loud in the praises of their cousin *Dookalb*; *Lucy* congratulated *Caroline*, and *Caroline*, *Lucy*. “And who knows, my dear, cried the mother, but my lord’s eldest son may take a liking to you, and marry you, and then you’ll be a countess; and so *Caroline* being with her sister, and getting into good company, I dare say, will marry a nobleman too; and then we’ll come to town in one of your coaches and six; and you shall provide for us and for your brothers and sisters, and then how great and happy shall we be! how much like ourselves!——And indeed, my dear, said she, to her husband, no lord need be ashamed of marrying from such ancient and honourable families as ours.” “Sure not, replied the old man; I believe there are few of our nobility, my children, better descended than you, as you may have often heard me say——Let me see——*William the Conqueror’s daughter’s husband’s nephew*——stay——fetch me the pedigree *Lucy*.” —— Oh, no papa —— quoth she, no pedigree now——we’ll send for it when we are married; and our names, the *countess* of such a place, and my *lady* such a one will add no small lustre to it.” ——“What if they were to take it to town, my dear, said the father?”

—“ I think it might be very proper, replies mama” —“ Yes, says *Lucy*, to be sure it will — but how will the little envious folks here stare and gape at us, when we come down with our chariots and our footmen — and all our grandeur — and how shall we then be able to shew Mrs. *Gibson* a proper contempt for her pride and affronts to us? — Oh, the pleasure — well — — — — — sure never were people so lucky !” Such were the fond reveries of this deluded family ; all were equally buoy’d up ; all of the same opinion with mama, and none of the girls had a thought of obtaining less than a lord, or a duke ; as the boys too of marrying ladies, countesses, and so on.

Who would ever give a loose to the wild follies of luxurious fancy, and the extravagance of pride and self opinion ? Heaven fills the fond brain with such chimeras, such air-built notions, only to bring us to a better knowledge of ourselves ; but when our imaginations have been strongly heated with the sight of visionary blessings, the loss of them is scarce less afflicting than the loss of real ones ; a reflection that ought to inspire us with true humility, the best and most christian-like virtue, and which is of all the most probable to make us happy ; by which never mor-

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tal yet knew ruin, and by which many have rose to the noblest pitch and truest excellencies of earthly glory.

C H A P. III.

A short history of the worthy and amiable personage, mentioned in the last chapter.

BEFORE we enter any further on our little history, it will be requisite to inform the courteous reader, who, and what this so friendly man, this good cousin Mr. *Dookalb* was; for sure a character so amiable as his appears to be, cannot but engross every attention, and engage every heart. But alas! appearances are too often deceitful, and actions which seem truly generous in themselves, spring from motives the most mean, villainous and interested. Such was the case with this person.

He was born of poor parents in *Scotland*, who brought him up hardily amidst the bleak mountains, making the snow his pillow, and the star bespangled sky his canopy. The laird of his clan observing the boy of an active, acute disposition, took him into his family; where he liv'd a year or two, 'till the wickedness of his temper, and his proneness to mischief, so
noto-

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON. II

notoriously indicated itself, that he was oblig'd to fly; and having procured a small sum of money, with another of the same stamp with himself, he made the best of his way to *England*, of which he had heard much from a servant in his laird's family, who had liv'd in *London*; a place he more than commonly long'd to arrive at, as there, he was assured, his countrymen seldom failed of good encouragement. Accordingly, amidst various adventures, too numerous and too unworthy to detain us here, by begging, stealing, and the like, they arriv'd at the great city; but when there, they knew not how to gain subsistence. At length, *Dookalb* hearing of a *Scotch* nobleman, determined to apply to him; and making himself as smart as he possibly could, and being in reality a very well-made personable young fellow, he waited on lord ****, and pretending a recommendation from the laird he had left, by his good appearance, nice hypocrisy, and well-managed fraud, he so far gain'd my lord's affection, as to be put by him into a place in his own family, and soon after to be made his valet de chambre. His unhappy companion not meeting with so good success, and being entirely neglected by his false and ungrateful friend, was forced to steal for sustenance, and in a session or two, was condemn'd to the gallows.

DOOK.

D O O K A L B now became a perfect valet, remarkable for his vanity, impudence, and impertinence; amidst all which, he still retain'd the most supple method of engaging esteem; and having a good deal of the gentleman in his outward appearance, by that and an abundant stock of flattery and dissimulation, he constantly insinuated himself into the good graces of his master and his friends, — and was as much esteem'd by them as he was detested by the servants beneath him. His lordship was a man of great gallantry, and besides two mistresses which he kept unknown to his wife, very frequently took up with the very refuse of the *flesh-boxes*; a term which perhaps may want explaining to some, but which for the credit of our nation, and the honour of our lawgivers, we think much more prudent to pass over than dwell upon; particularly, as agreeable to the usual vanity of authors, we expect this our performance will live to the very end of time, a monument, like the *vain old Roman's ære perennius*, (that is, for the sake of the *English* reader, *more durable than brass*;) and therefore, we are not willing to perpetuate, but desirous rather to draw a veil over, any matter that might chance to obumbrate the bright glory of our country. Here

we

we are greatly inclin'd to shew our *learning*, as well as our *patriotism*—but knowing, how severely some eminent authors are censured for their digressions—we judge it more expedient to go on with the history.

DOOKALB was the prime confidant in all his master's amours, and the principal means of carrying on the secret of his mistresses; he it was who attended, serv'd and assisted them, and by a duteous and obsequious behaviour to them, as much acquired their easy esteem as he had done his lord's. No wonder, if, for such services, he grew every day more and more in favour; and, after being promoted to the high honour of his lordship's gentleman, was at length placed in a noble house, not far from his lordship's, by whose interest he procured a considerable place, and by whose recommendation he set up as connoisseur in fine girls, and proveditor-general to great part of the nobility. He had by some means acquired, or pretended to have acquired, a taste in paintings; and as the great men look'd upon him as a true judge, they gave any money for pictures bought by him. Pieces frequently which cost him five or ten guineas, he with the utmost

most reluctance, and as the greatest favour done to the purchaser, would modestly and generously sell for four or five hundred. By means like these, one would have thought, he should have acquired money enough to rest easy, and more particularly, as the expences of near twenty kept ladies passed through his hands ; but though thus in a capacity of procuring an immense fortune, he still continued indigent ; at last, after he had long sought for one, a widow lady of very large possessions fell in his way ; he visited, wooed, and won her ; but alas ! her possessions were for life only, and, as she soon after died, he was compell'd again to take up his old way of living. His marriage gave him a further capacity of extending his trade, as his wife, a woman of rank, had introduced him to many families of the first distinction. To him every nobleman that wants a mistress applies, and he kindly procures 'em of what fort, size, or complexion soever the innamorato chuses ; and makes the possessor pay, according to the merits of his fair one. By an amazing assurance, he creeps even into the affections and esteem of those very ladies whose husbands he procures for, and has *now* some places under several, who, if they knew how *black* a fellow they employed, would detest themselves for ever having had him near them, and tremble
when

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when they behold that man, who has the office
opposite to Saint *Peter*,

And keeps the gates of hell. Othello.

CHAP. IV.

*Preparation for the young ladies departure.—The
little family's sollicitude.—A caution against
precipitation.*

SUCH was the man into whose hands these unhappy girls were destined to fall. Such was the man who made no conscience of ruining the good and virtuous, and spreading confusion and horror, despair and agony, amongst miserable and worthy families. My tears almost prevent my pursuing the fatal story, yet as truths, horrid and shocking as these, may warn the unexperienced, and teach the unwary how cautious they ought to be; I shall with some degree of pleasure make my own heart bleed; nay, I shall do it with transport, if thereby I may be so happy as to save even one young helpless creature from misery and destruction.

THE

THE poor fond mother had now scrap'd together for her beloved daughters, all the little trinkets, caps, laces, and finery, she had long been in careful possession of, and sedulously fought for every little piece of gaiety which she thought might adorn the two charmers of her fond bosom ; and the careful good father stripp'd himself of all the money he had, and left pinching poverty at home, to give his lovely ones, his dear departing children, all he could, which at best was but a scanty pittance ; each little brother with tears in his half-rejoicing eyes, gave his dear sisters the fine money he had receiv'd as gifts, from his kind godfathers or relations ; and the lisping sisters brought in their mite of glittering ribbands, and splendid bugles. All deprived themselves of what they before wholly rejoiced and were happy in, and all, with one consent, were glad to give their sisters what they could ; for they were to be great, and to make them so. Unhappy parents !—miserable children ! you are binding wreaths of flowrets, you are decking with triumphant garlands, and with all the pomp of sacrifice, harmless lambs, destined speedily to fall victims ; destined speedily to be led through the temples of ruin, and to bleed on the altars of iniquity !

PLEAD

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PLEAD softly for them, ye whose hearts overflow with tenderness, and whose gentle bosoms are the seats of pity and compassion---softly entreat the muse or genius whichever it be, that presides over tales like these, to spare and protect them, to preserve the wretched parents from sorrow and sighing, and the hapless little family from deep woe and lamentation.— But alas! what have muses to do with tales like these? Truth lights up her splendid torch, the cruel force of facts demands us closely to follow, and fable and fiction can have no place in the melancholy story.

THE day fixed for their journey was come; and they slept not the night before the appointed morning, lest they should be so unhappy as to lose their places in the coach; however, they with all the family were at the inn two hours before the coach set out; which they enter'd with all the life conceivable, and with as much transport as if hurrying to scenes of the most certain felicity. On the other side, the scene was affecting; soon as the coach mov'd out of the yard, the poor old father's heart misgave him, and he burst into tears; the mother wept too, and began to regret the loss of her daughters; soon after the dangers
of

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of the town recurr'd to her sickening fancy, and the face of pleasure never more appear'd in that unfortunate family. Necessity sat on their brows, and poverty press'd close at the door; the little children as they heard their parents lament, sat weeping around them, and every hour and every moment was uneasily distracted by fears, and the dire terrors of uneasy fancy.

AND such always must be their fate, who are precipitately hurried on an undertaking without duly weighing the advantages with the dangers, and who vainly enough delude themselves with looking at any scheme proposed, only in a favourable and pleasing point of view. Who would be happy, should be cautious,——

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

CHAP. V.

*A description of London, by a morose old maid.
The fatal consequences of masquerades.*

IT would be tedious and disgusting to our readers, to give a particular and minute account of the little accidents and trifling circumstances which befel our heroines on their journey;

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ney ; however, we cannot help relating the conversation that passed between them and a lady they took up the last day at *Stevenage*, as it seem'd to have much effect, on the mind of *Caroline* particularly. From her admission into the coach, and first appearance, they conceiv'd no very favourable opinion of her ; and could not help tittering a little at the quaintness and peculiarity of her manner ; which the old gentlewoman perceiving, gave no small signs of disapprobation, by the overclouding her face, already sufficiently gloomy ; she seem'd of the old maid-kind, from a certain stern and dissatisfactory moroseness scowling on her brow ; naturally not form'd to please, never the seat of rosy love and dimpled smiles ; her forehead was exceeding low and deep furrow'd with ten-thousand wrinkles ; her hair was grey, but cover'd o'er with black curls ; which being by some accident displaced, serv'd only to encrease the horror of the scene beneath, where the grey bristles, like stiff stubble, cut to make way for the youthful locks, stood staring and frightfully an-end ; her nose was not of the *aquiline sort*, but to say the truth, rather inclined to flatness, insomuch that two fierce glass-colour'd eyes seem'd to peer over it, as if to flash furious and blasting glances at each other ; two large black teeth, dreadful to behold, seated themselves
in

in warlike array, in each scurvy-eaten gum; and a bristly beard, like that of the witches in *Macbeth*, nip'd in the bud all desire of gentle kissing on the lips of those who beheld her. Such was her countenance; her dress was equally striking; whimsical, antiquated, and unbecoming; so that one would naturally imagine, no beholder could entertain any great prejudices in her favour at first sight. When she was seated, she gave the fullest idea of *Spencer's envy*, whom he represents as *gnawing her malign and cancred gall*; for the old lady, darting keen looks around her, mumbled and mutter'd, and murmur'd to herself. At length she thus began, after a long interval of silence, addressing herself to the fair sisters,---

“ So, you are going to *London* to sell your beauty I warrant; these are fine times; it was very wise of your parents, if you have any, to permit you I think; but parents are no parents now-a-days; my papa and mama would never let me go to such dangerous places without them; —and perhaps I had as much prudence and as much beauty too, as other folks.” “ There is no-body here, Madam, I dare say, that disputes your prudence, much less your beauty, reply'd *Lucy*; and as to ourselves, we are so unhappy as to be oblig'd to come without our parents, tho' not without the protection of a near
rela-

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relation ;” “ So much the better, miss,” rejoined the old lady, somewhat soften’d by the genteel compliment paid her—which seem’d to have the same effect on her, that the fop thrown by *Æneas*, the pious prince of *Troy*, had on *Cerberus*, the wicked dog-porter of the infernal regions :—Accordingly, in a more inviting manner, she enquired into their place of abode, their relations, name and residence, and their business in town ; in all which circumstances having her curiosity satisfied ; she went on thus : “ Well, I wish you good success ; but, believe me, you are going to a place, where you’ll certainly be surrounded with innumerable dangers ; a place full of houses, and full of people ; where there is every thing to charm, and captivate the heart, and at the same time to deceive and ensnare it ; think every woman you see fatter than ordinary, whether in coach or on foot, a bawd ready to entrap and betray you ; think every young female you set your eyes on, a trader, a wretch that lives by her iniquity ; either the property of some married wicked man, some cruel devilish bawd, or else cast out on herself, with diseases loathsome and infectious. Be sure, every man you behold in lace or embroidery, is a debauched rake, without humanity or one good principle ; be certain if he fixes his eyes on you, he already in his heart
has

has committed fornication with you, and would run thro' every subtle artifice to accomplish his hellish purposes ; look upon none of them ; they are all deceivers, wretches, and debauchees. Judge no person of any sex or age, great or wealthy from their appearances ; the good and worthy you'll meet generally in a plain, or perhaps a tatter'd garment, while the gilt chariot and *Flanders* mares draw usurers, extortioners, spendthrifts, whores, bullies, and infidels. Fear every body ; but more especially those, who speak you fairest ; they are hypocrites ; wolves in sheep's clothing. Never speak freely to any man ; above all things never go to plays, much less to masquerades ; at both the Devil reigns high emperor." At these last words, a lady who sat very silent and seemingly much afflicted, in a corner of the coach, burst into tears ; and all being anxious to know the reason ; interrupted by deep sighs—she said—" The mention of masquerades has renew'd all my anguish ; I am a most unhappy mother, ruin'd by them in the destruction of the loveliest and most dutiful daughter : Oh young ladies, all who saw her, were big with my *Emely's* praises, and esteem'd me most blest in a child so good, so kind, and virtuous ; in an unhappy hour, I consented to her seeing *London* with a female relation, with whom she got acquainted with a man of the town ; with
him

him she was persuaded to see a masquerade; he, wretch as he was, took the fatal opportunity, carried her to a bagnio, and forc'd my poor, poor helpless child. Oh. how can I go on? pity my sorrows; how can I see her? how can I live? the anguish of her soul was so great, that she lost her senses; and, miserable mother, that I am, I am now going to visit a daughter, the joy of my heart and flower of all my hopes, debauch'd and ruin'd, robb'd of her virtue - - - and oh the dreadful consequence, robb'd too of her senses, and now in a mad-house!" A violent fit of tears succeeded her truly piteous story, and there was not a dry eye in the coach, which gave the old maid, after some time for recollection, no small matter for triumph; as she observed, this story proved the veracity of her description of *London*; which indeed the young ladies began now to give more regard to, having before look'd upon it only as the effect of malice and disappointment, the odious representation of an old maid, devour'd with spleen, discontent and dissatisfaction.

C H A P. VI.

The arrival of the young ladies in town. Some new characters introduced on the stage. The meanness of betraying a young person. An assignation.

THEIR thoughts chiefly engaged on this melancholy story, they arrived in town, the wonders of which soon totally engross'd the young ladies fancies, as they pass'd along, 'till arriving at their inn, they found their cousin *Dookalb* waiting for them, who received them with all the complaisance and affability imaginable, and straightway ordering a coach, took them to his house in *Henrietta-street*. Though they were a good deal fatigued with their journey, yet the agreeable company they found at Mr. *Dookalb's* raised their spirits to the utmost flow, and gave every thing around them an air of enchantment, and supernatural delight. Their company consisted of two ladies, and with them three gentlemen; the first was the blythe Mrs. *Searchwell*, a laughter-loving, merry-hearted dame, whose engaging politeness soon won over unwary maidens, little dreaming of the destruction that bask'd in her smiles, and the miseries that waited on her friendship. The other female
was

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was Miss *Charlotte Repook*, a young girl of fine features, delicate frame, and amorous complexion. She pass'd at present for Mrs. *Searchwell's* niece, but was in reality mistress to one of the worthy gentlemen here present, who for sundry reasons and causes assumed the name of Mr. *Wilson*. The other two were Men dignified with titles: The first father of several children, and husband to a most worthy lady, once the triumph of his adoration, now the disregarded object of disgusted indifference. The two fair sisters were destin'd to the arms of these gentlemen, if their persons should chance to hit their fancy, and the sum agreed upon for their possession was already deposited in the hands of *Dookalb*. The Names they chose to be known by on such occasions, were, capt. *Smith*, and capt. *Thomas*. Such was the jovial band the gladsome sisters now sat laughing with. At first their native modesty cover'd them with blushes whenever they spoke, and rarely it was they ventur'd to speak; but when the glass was briskly put round, and the god of wine began to hail the god of love, when the mother's tongue enter'd into the realms of luscious talking, and wanton *Charlotte* threw her snowy arms round the neck of her fond lover, imprinting kisses warm with transport, then it was the two young unexperienced

lasses gave a loose to love themselves, and were pleased to find the young noblemen pressing their heaving breasts with glowing hands, and sucking from their unpolluted roseate mouths ten thousand and ten thousand sweets, and swearing amidst the warmth of furious passions,

*That the air passing thro' the Arabian groves
Yields not so sweet an odour as their breath.*

IN short, they had no remembrance of the old lady's description and advice, or of the story that lately so much affected them; and there seem'd to want but little inducements even then to pluck the rose, and break the virgin knot; for oh! what maiden can withstand the torrent of impetuous desires; or how, when strong passion so pressingly pleads, can feeble woman resist, if man dare seize the golden opportunity, be villain enough to triumph over human weakness, and ruin the love-sick maid because he finds he may? Yet what numbers are there who daily act so inhumanly? who sooth the tender believing fair to love and softness, and when opportunity, long and studiously sought after, presents its inviting hand, destroy all those hopes of innocent pleasures a young creature had indulged in, and perhaps plunge her, and a family, that

that placed their chief comfort in their promising little charmer, in anguish inexpressible and everlasting perdition ?

BUT tho' honest *Dookalb* was fully fix'd this should be the case with these two deluded sisters, and was rejoiced to see the poison work as he could wish ; he was determined to delay their destruction one day longer ; and now assuming an air of modesty, and seeming much displeas'd with the too great familiarity which the captains took with his cousins, he observ'd to them, " it was not so well ; that the ladies were fatigued, and that it was two o'clock." Upon which chairs were order'd, and the pair of turtles with the old mother withdrew. The young noblemen wast'd half an hour more in gentle dalliance, swore and promis'd an endless transport and perpetual constancy, and appointed to-morrow for another meeting, happy as the present, and each clasping his beloved fair one's warm and yielding hand, thus parted with *Shakespeare's* fam'd assignation :

*I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves ;*

*By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow, truly, will I meet with thee.*

C H A P. VII.

Serious reflections on marriage, according to the polite taste: or, A silent apology for Keeping.

WHEN the company was gone, Mr. *Dookalb*, in short, set forth the merits of each, and observed to the ladies, if they were kind enough, they need not doubt of taking in these gentlemen. “ Men, I assure you, continued he, of very great worth, and as great fortunes, whom you may easily win over by a condescending behaviour, and submitting to what their love desires; for the world, cousins, is greatly mistaken in its notions of things, and indeed, to say the truth, the multitude, for the most part, judges wrong: young ladies are apt to imagine a prudish reserved behaviour the likeliest method to obtain a fortune, and having heard from antiquated aunts and mothers, I know not what foolish tales of virtue, coyness, and stuff of that sort, resist the addresses of men of quality, who, disgusted with their
shy-

shyness, immediately relinquish them, and leave them to low life and poverty ; whereas freedom and good-nature, which costs nothing, engages all hearts, and makes every one's fortune who properly manages it. For suppose a young girl of no fortune admits a man of quality to her bed, and binds him thereby in the strongest cords of affection, everlasting love and happiness is the consequence, and riches flow into her lap like full rivers. Priests and blockheads, for their own advantage, and to swell their own coffers, have invented an idle ceremony, which ignorant people look upon, through long custom, to be of wonderful effect ; as if, cousins, a fellow in a black gown mumbling over a few words could have any sort of influence over the heart, where *love* must be rooted, and which, to be sure, is the only just tie in the sight of heaven. Marriage has some shew of advantage, but if a man and woman of honour mutually pledge their troth to each other, and live together faithfully, where is the difference in the sight of God ? Are they not as much and truly husband and wife as if a musty parson had pretended to join their hands in inseparable union ? But I beg pardon for keeping you up, I am always so moved by this subject, I can scarce know where to end ; the maid waits to attend you in the next room."

THIS curious speech concluded, the good man withdrew, as did the ladies, immensely delighted with their situation: “and, oh what a charming man is captain *Smith*, says this; and what a sweet creature is captain *Thomas*, says the other, and how merry Mrs. *Searchwell*, and how agreeable Miss *Charlotte*, and what a sensible man is our cousin! for my part I shall doat on him so long as I live, and I am sure will follow his advice in every thing; for he talks the most wisely and the best I ever heard a man in my life. And yet, said *Caroline*, there is something in his last discourse to us, which I must own did not give me so much pleasure. He seem’d to hint, did he not, sister? as if matrimony was a matter of little consequence, and to be disregarded if two people mutually should consent to live together. I think something particular appears in that, and not quite agreeable to my way of thinking?”

“Poo, replied *Lucy*, what he said, to be sure, was all very true; but as for your part, you are continually raising doubts and scruples, and full of foolish fancies about whims and chimera’s, that exist no where but in your own brain. And pray, is it not most certain that *love* alone can make marriage firm and acceptable in the sight of God? pray what good can a priest’s words do?”

’Tis

'Tis only custom, as Mr. *Dookalb* observed."

"Well, well, sister, rejoined *Caroline*, I would not, to be made a queen, be married, as you may call it, without that custom, idle as it may seem; and believe me, I can never think so many good people would submit to such a custom, if there were no tie further in it. Marriage, doubtless, was ordained of God, and whoever lives with another without this bond commits the greatest sin." "Prithee, *Caroline*, no more of your finning; I dare say those sweet gentlemen we have just parted from, would not be so mean as to do any thing wrong or sinful; and I am sure I have conceived so great and good an opinion of them, that I could safely trust myself to their care and honour: for did you ever see men so genteel and charming! such persons! Then their dress, how gay and becoming! Lord, what a striking difference is there between them and those poor creatures we have left at *Winstrop*! Well, God be praised, that we are thus happily delivered, and thus likely to be made what we at first scarce dared to dream of."

"Indeed, my dear, quoth *Caroline*, one must be a stock or a stone not to be sensible of these gentlemen's personal as well as other merits; and in our circumstances especially, since my cousin *Dookalb* assures they are men of worth and fortune, we

should be mad, not to shew all becoming freedom, if we may be so lucky as to gain them by it; but to be sure we can't be too cautious." "Oh, never fear that, replied *Lucy*, you know, sister, the power of beauty, and you know too who are in possession of that beauty, — I say no more; and so recommending pleasant thoughts and dreams to you, I wish you a good night." — Having thus mutually eased their minds, and charmed with the promised *Elysium* now before them, they drop'd into the arms of gentle slumber.

C H A P. VIII.

A summary of the life of Miss Charlotte Repook.

AS the reader of an history can neither sufficiently enter into the spirit thereof, nor understand the several events therein recorded, which often depend on the nicest accidents, and the minutest part of a character, unless he is first acquainted with the several persons, who are actors in it, we judge it not improper to set before those, who will condescend to handle these humble volumes, a short account of the young lady who appeared a jovial guest at the late banquet. As to the merry-hearted *Mrs. Searchwell*,
we

we shall, a while, omit saying any thing concerning her, seeing those whom we most would choose to please, the gay and young, will not be over anxious after her, having been once informed she was fat and old, and because we shall have future occasion, more than once, perhaps, to pay our compliments to her at her own house; but *Charlotte* being young, gay, sprightly and charming, no wonder the heart burns to know more of her, and the bosom pants for a nearer acquaintance.

CHARLOTTE was the daughter of an humble *basket-maker*, or, as some hold, a *bottomer of chairs*, at one of those places of resort, where the polite, like birds of passage, fly in gilt chariots to *trifle* away the *summer*, as they have lately *trifled* away the *winter-season*. It was her business, when in her infant years, to attend on the company, and receive their generous contributions, which were greatly excited by the pleasing appearance of the child, its sportive vivacity, and diverting sprightliness. The ladies universally commended the beautiful red and white of its innocent cheeks, the gracefulness of its auburn and naturally-curling hair, its eyes black and lively, the snowy pureness of its skin, and the fine turn of its little tender

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limbs; and the gentlemen smilingly observed, *Charlotte* would make a most delicate creature by and by: destining her, even in her infancy, to their shocking purposes, and looking on her spotless purity with the eyes of cruelty and desire; to which, in short, she speedily fell a prey; for before she was fifteen, horrid gold, the spring and fountain of all evils, tempted her miserable parents to yield her up a prey to the arms of a man, who now has the high rapture to boast, "I have introduced *Charlotte* to sin, sorrow, shame, and eternal misery." Hear that and tremble, reflect and gnash thy teeth, son of perdition — Thou hast deflower'd a virgin, and spread a blighting mildew over the fair flourishing gardens of innocence!

THUS entered into the court of shame, and enrolled in the long list of the undone, she abandoned all remorse, and having no advantage of knowledge from her education, felt no pungency from her present circumstances. She rejoiced to be clad in silk and gold, to ride in a chariot with her beloved, and to be gazed at and admired (foolish vanity) wherever she appeared. No wonder she grew doubly proud, and doubly vain, on hearing the sighing adulations of every man that approached her, and on find-
ing

ing herself the triumphant mistress of every heart. No wonder presents or caprice would entice her to favour others with the same freedoms her lover enjoy'd : no wonder she preferred others, or at least variety, and by this means disgusted him, quarrell'd, parted, and became the mistress of, and a trader for, herself. She had been the admiration of every eye, at play-houses and gardens, opera's and balls. Nay, so amazing was her influence, or rather tyranny, that the ladies of reputation, hearing continually her praises from the gentlemen, were anxious to appear like *Charlotte*; and therefore, in whatever dress she adorn'd herself, however peculiar, the virtuous followed, as desirous also to please ; and she became, nay, and wond'rous ! still is the grand leader of female fashions.

IT was not long before she again enter'd into keeping, in full lustre, and in full possession of every extravagance her heart could wish for ; but even this did not long continue ; in a furious passion one morning with her lover, (like the gentle fair one whom the humorous * son of fancy and satire hath so elegantly display'd,) she kicked down, with her angry foot, the whole tea-table, damn'd the mean rascal with whom

* HOGARTH.

she had to do, and threw at his head the paltry settlement he had made her, called a chair, and full of indignation, withdrew. Speedily, however, she again enlisted herself in the service of a cavalier, who knew no happiness equal to the boast of having this pride of beauty, this flower of excellence, in his possession. She was no stranger to her ascendancy over him, and therefore reign'd wholly despotic. Had she an inclination to shew her power, she perhaps would drop a ring, or some other female trinket, in the largest of his ponds, and immediately order the waters to be drained off, and the mud to be clear'd thro' the fingers of a thousand workmen to find the lost and darling relic. Had she a desire to shew her superior soul, and greater influence than the boasted queen of *Egypt*, she would enclose bank * notes of considerable value between slices of her bread and butter, and tell to her admiring slaves how many hundreds she had swallowed at a breakfast. She wished only to possess jewels like *Cleopatra's*, to shew how much more profusely than the queen of *Ægypt* she could

* We would not have the reader imagine this circumstance true of *Charlotte* only, since we could now produce four, at least, who have excelled and gloried in the very same notable feast.

squander them away in expressing her unbounded affection to her admirers. So notorious were her extravagancies, and still so prevailing her charms, that though every man condemned the foolish possessor of this powerful lady for his absurd condescension, yet every man wished and wanted to be him.

So, to compare small things with great, when the footy god of fire had trapan'd the god of war and queen of beauty, and entangled them in his subtile and well-devised net, the whole inhabitants of heaven came down to gaze on their shame, and to be witnesses of their guilt; and though every power put on the severity of virtuous resentment, *Mercury*, the fovereign disposer of wit, was bold enough to speak their sentiments, in honestly proclaiming his own:

** Thus serious they; but he who gilds the skies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
Wouldst thou enchain'd, like Mars, oh Hermes lie,
And bear the shame, like Mars, to share the joy?--
Oh envy'd shame! (the smiling youth rejoin'd)
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind:
Gaze, all ye gods, and ev'ry goddess gaze,
Yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace.*

* *Pope's Homer's Odyssey, B. 8. V. 372.*

CHARLOTTE was one night at a masquerade, and as her heart was very susceptible of love, whenever an agreeable object presented, she was particularly struck with the figure and fine appearance of the gentleman in whose possession our history found her. He was ever remarkable for the peculiarity and elegance of his dress on these occasions, but on this happy night was adorned with uncommon *charms*, inasmuch that the fair *incog.* using the liberty allowed in these blest scenes of freedom and unreserve, joined herself to his side, and made a way into his heart. They parted not any more that evening; why should I add the rest? they were missed from the company, and, we presume, retired to some dear retreat, form'd for love and rapture, where, indulging together, they so mutually pleased, that each determin'd never more to part with the other, but like fond turtles, not only in life, but even in death, to be united. Her former, and now deserted lord and master grieved, as is easy to imagine, deeply for her loss; but time and absence, those fatal murderers of love, at length eased his swelling heart, and his passion now began to melt into a tender and endearing remembrance of his Charmer.

C H A P. IX.

The lovers impatience. A hint to guard against the first approaches to vice. Lucy's removal and entrance into a new situation.

THUS have we filled up the interval, while our young ladies were lock'd in soft repose, with a few hints that may explain any future appearances in this fair excellency's conduct; chiefly, that if hereafter any chronologist should be desirous to settle precisely and exactly the time or æra's of this our history, he may not be at a loss, even for any the least interval, nor be left (as is too usual with many cruel historians) to torture himself for conjectures, and to perplex his subject with hard guesses and dry probabilities. We might, by Simile, (the best way of illustrating) more fully explain our meaning; but out of mere humanity refuse to do so, lest, by giving instances, those worthy gentlemen, who pay so deep for copies, should be hinder'd in the sale of much valued authors; lest the whole band of booksellers, armed with folio's, should rise up against, and destroy us. *Peace*, therefore, to all such, say we, with the late excellent Mr. Pope; and entreating the further influence of the Muse, who

who hath thus far led and inspired us, we proceed in our story.

EARLY in the morning, before either the ladies or their kind cousin were up, he was rous'd by an epistle from the passionate lover to whose arms *Lucy* was destined, in the warmest raptures expressing his approbation of her person, and ardent desire to possess the dear angel; earnestly wishing and entreating that Mr. *Dookalb*, if possible, even that night, would bless him; and as a further incitement thereto, promising to give him a *cool hundred* more than they had agreed for; vehemently and strongly protesting, "his very soul was on the points of ten thousand spikes, his heart burnt with more flames than hell could hold, and every pulse now ready to burst through his glowing skin in eager expectation of clasping the panting, struggling, dying charmer, and rioting in the rich spoils of her virginity." *Dookalb*, as he knew they were now in his power, stood not greatly in his own mind upon niceties; and therefore resolved to obtain the other hundred, and to grant the fiery lover's request: accordingly, after ordering the servant to wait on the young ladies, he himself soon attended to drink chocolate by their bed-side. With much raillery he enquired into their dreams,

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON. 41

dreams, prettily touched upon their longing looks, and merrily hinted at the mighty pleasures each might expect, so young, so blooming, in the arms of a fine sprightly lover : for it is ever the art of deluders to usher the mind gradually into an approbation of the wickedness they are about to recommend. None can be too careful of the first approaches of vice ; loose conversation, or at least innocently gay, as it is falsely called, accustoms us to hear of things, which at first, or in their native colours, would appear highly shocking : the ear being used to hear without dislike, too soon begins to hear with pleasure. Guard well therefore, O reader, thy mind while pure ; carefully struggle against the first, however slight advances to guilt ; nor dare to hear, much less to speak, but with horror and indignation, the corrupt delusions of the vicious and deceitful.

WHEN they had drank their chocolate, he told them to prepare themselves for the gentlemen, whom he soon expected, and particularly his cousin *Lucy*, whom, he said, he that day intended to shew the situation she was going to be happily placed in. Their little hearts beat high, and they were soon plumed out with all the elegance of female vanity, and descended to breakfast

fast. Every moment seemed tedious 'till the lovers arrived ; but dinner came, and still no lovers ; how then began their hopes to sink, and their frightened fancies to form imaginary distresses. The night began to come on, and still their fears encreased ; at length Mr. *Dookalb*, who well enough knew no lovers would really be there, told them he would wait no longer, but begg'd *Caroline* would amuse herself as well as she could with his books, while he and her sister went to her new place of abode, where, my dear, says he, very soon you may visit her ; but at present you know it would be improper. *Caroline* readily acquiesced, particularly as she still hoped the dear captain might be with her, and a coach was at the door to take Miss *Lucy* and her cousin, who very soon arrived at the place appointed. A footman in elegant livery opened the door, and two maids stood at the stairs waiting. When they entered, " Well, *John*, said *Dookalb*, here is your new mistress." " Madam, I wish you joy of your house, for this, and all you see, calls you the lady and possessor." *Lucy* did not at all understand this language, but being conducted up stairs, she found an elegant entertainment preparing. And Mr. *Dookalb*, seating himself by her, informed her of her abundant happiness, as follows.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

Dookalb's singular friendship to Miss Lucy. Her ruin, and introduction to her future miseries.

THE great affection I have for your good family in the country, induced me to attempt any difficulty that might be subservient to your happiness; and believe me, dear Miss *Lucy*, I have run through much fatigue to procure this desirable situation for you. When your father first wrote to me concerning you, I immediately thought Capt. *Smith*, the gentleman you saw last night, a person form'd to please you, and never ceased, when in his company, commending your beauty, and extolling your charms; this so far excited his curiosity, that at length he desired to be known to you, which I promised he should, on condition, he would fix you in this house, which you must know was his. After much persuasion he consented, and being highly pleased with you last night, sent me orders to convey you hither, and put you in possession of all that here belongs to him. There is every thing you can wish or desire, and you are to be his wife *in private*, to enjoy all blessings this earth can afford, and only for a little time to submit to secrecy. You may to-morrow look over your furniture,

furniture, to night will be better employ'd, for I expect the captain every moment, who pants to fly into your embraces. *Lucy* was like something enchanted, and lost in an amazing dream; she knew not how to believe herself mistress of so elegant a place; she knew not what to think of being so soon made a wife, and had some odd scruples about going to bed without any of the *sanctimonious ceremonies*. However *Dookalb* suffer'd no doubts to arise in her mind, still plying her with fresh arguments of her felicity, as well as every now and then with some of the most intoxicating liquor, which designing lust could procure. But he had not long time to keep her in this airy vision before the captain arrived, who flew to her arms with more than common rapture, and met from her panting bosom equal transport, which heaved up and down with wild and wishing throbs, tears of pleasure mean while overflowing her artless eyes. He, though with new delight, told her again the syren tale which *Dookalb* had before sung in her ears, and to crown all, threw a large purse of gold into her lap to provide her proper necessaries, enough of which he promised she should never want, if she could love, and live, and doat on him. They scarce permitted the supper to come and go, (so eager were both for a more delicate repast) before

before the maid was order'd to help her mistress to undress, and she, cover'd over with blushes, retired into the next room, destined for love and her undoing. The captain could scarce stay a few short minutes before he flew to her, and finding her half undrest, her charms half-concealed and half display'd, the most inviting and delicious situation, with his own glowing fingers he freed her from her other incumbrances, and locking the doors, put a stop to all her virgin fears; and, in a luckless hour, for a momentary pleasure, gave up the thoughtless and deluded girl to eternal horror. Dreadful introduction to sin and sorrow! fatal beginning of misery and destruction! Thus fell the unhappy daughter of an unhappy father, from her state of innocence and joy; like our first mother, seduced and betray'd: who, fatally *pluck'd* and eat,

————— *Her rash hand in evil hour*

Forth reaching to the fruit: —————

*Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
Sighing, thro' all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost.*

MILTON B. 9.

THE guilty pair lay bath'd in wanton shameful luxury, 'till late the next day, when fully fated

fated with the luscious banquet, the captain arose, hastily took leave,

————— *And left the nymph*
To think of what was past, and sigh alone.

THE high-raised extasy in her lover's arms had been so great, even yet *Lucy* was a stranger to reflection on any thing but delight; she lay after his departure to indulge her glowing fancy, but when the tide of passion began to ebb, dreadful thought assum'd its empire, and wild remorse began to dart her serpents through her bosom. Determined, however, to give no harbour to tortures of this kind, she rung for her maid, and chatting with her, and looking over her fine furniture, well enough beguiled the painful time 'till the agreeable Miss *Charlotte Repook* came to visit her. She enter'd with all the air of social familiarity. And, "So, my dear, she began, I give you joy. Very pretty apartments truly — Well, I heartily congratulate you on being one of us — for I suppose you are now enrolled in our splendid list."

LUCY, amazed at her discourse, asked what she meant. "Ha, Miss, replied *Charlotte*, why so strange? I fear the loss of your * * * * * han't agreed with you, child. What do I mean? Why, pr'ythee now, are you not enter'd into
keeping

keeping with captain *Smith*, as they call him?"

"Keeping, returned *Lucy*, angrily; no, be assured, Ma'am, I'd ne'er consent to that; I am his wife." Wife, indeed, oh fine, cried *Charlotte* laughing, would you now be that dull household thing? Go, you little fool, there is ten thousand times the pleasure and profit in being a mistress, for here we are paid for what pleases us; and when our keeper is away, can bilk him, and indulge our genius, child, with any favourite young gallant, we will. Oh God, there is something so delicious in bilking a foolish keeper! Lord bless me, I'll put you into a way, never fear. Who wou'd think of being a wife? Besides, let me tell you, though the law allows concubines, it does not allow two wives, and your owner is already tagg'd to one plague for life, who has brought him five or six little brats into the world, and he hates her worse than a toad—and so, faith, I believe all men do their wives. And I'll tell you another secret by the by, his real name is not captain *Smith*, but Lord——, eldest son to the —— of——— and heir to an immense estate; so that you have a man with money enough, and you are to blame, my girl, if you don't fleece him well, and make him pay dearly for the use of your household, ha, *Lucy?*"

C H A P. XI.

The distress of Lucy. Miss Charlotte's and Dookalb's consolation. The force of virtue: A general admonition to the reader.

MISS Charlotte's speech had by no means the desired effect, for she had scarce finished before *Lucy's* colour faded, her eyes closed, and Life seemed fluttering at her lips; for tho' she had a large share of vanity, yet virtue was not altogether so obscured and dissipated by it, as to let her look on vice with an indifferent eye. *Charlotte*, but little moved, (for her heart, habituated to sights like these, was no more affected by them than the hardest rocks of adamant by the dew drops distilling adown their rugged sides) called the maid for hartshorn, by the assistance of which she soon brought the young lady to herself, who, opening her languid eyes, burst into tears, and exclaimed in words which would have moved a stone, that she was lost, undone, and ruined for ever. "Oh! miserable daughter, she cried, of the most miserable parents! Dear, fond, wretched mother, where art thou? — Oh! my father, must I see thee no more? — Thy once loved, once — Oh! dreadful remembrance! — What am I now? let me

me die!—my sister, my sister, how shall I tell thee of mine, and how save thee from the same undoing! poor deluded parents——vain foolish child! dreamt we not of every blessing, and behold every horror is fallen to my lot!” Tho’ thus pathetically breathing forth her complaints, *Charlotte* little regarded her, but smiling observed “these were only the first qualms of conscience, which as commonly seized people first entering on her state of life, as sickness those who first go to sea: but never fear, child, says she, have a good heart and all will go well; Lord bless thee, my poor, dear, foolish girl—I made just as much *puling* and *wewuling* as you do; but it was soon over—and when I thought on t’other affair—you know what, my dear—I laugh’d on one side my mouth, and cried on the other: exactly like the showers in sun-shine, when the good honest folks called cuckolds, are hoisting by baskets-full to heaven.” She was going on, when in a lucky minute approach’d our good cousin *Dookalb*, whom *Lucy* permitted not to speak, but immediately upon his entrance, interrupted with sobs and tears, cried out, “Dear cousin, did you not tell me, I should be captain *Smith’s* wife—that I was so in reality, but must submit for a little time to keep it secret?” *Dookalb* a little startled at such a question, particularly

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larly

larly as *Charlotte* was there, hesitated---“ Wife, child—ay child—but what of that, what’s the matter, pray? what occasions all this—wife, ay to be sure.” “ My fears arose, replied she, from Miss *Charlotte*, who has informed me of strange things, and that I am not really his wife but his mistress.” “ Well my dear, said *Dookalb*, and where’s the difference I pray you? wife and mistress are but two names for the same thing, only mistress is preferable to wife, as you enjoy all the blessings without the torments of an eternal confinement. Don’t you remember, cousin, an argument we once had, wherein I prov’d to you, that marriage was but a thing devised by priests to keep fools in awe? that there was no such thing in former ages, when the world was less mercenary, and far less wicked than now: Marriage consisteth only in the will: Have you not read your bible, cousin? Don’t you remember that those people, who were God’s peculiar favourites, were by him permitted to have concubines, which are no other than what we call mistresses now; concubine and mistress is the same: Don’t you remember *Rebecca*’s permitting her husband to lie with his concubines? and likewise the account we have of *David* and *Solomon*, men most approved by Heaven, how they kept great numbers of mistresses? Indeed, my dear,

’tis

'tis all nonsense to be uneasy at any foolish scruples: You are to all intents and purposes Captain *Smith's* wife, and he will give you all this world can afford to make you happy: Riches, pleasures, and delights in abundance; infomuch that you ought to thank God, for being thus kind to you." These arguments to a weak female mind, carried full conviction, and she began to feel comfort returning; yet a certain heaviness hung over her thoughts, and many things she had heard of kept mistresses recurr'd to her mind, which would have pinch'd, had she been left to reflection. But *Charlotte* and her cousin plied her with agreeable chat, devis'd pleasures and schemes, and formed various parties, that her fancy now again began to be afloat, and she seemed to sail with fortunate breezes most joyously along the silver sea of prosperity. *Dookalb* having thus far set things right, whispered in her ear, she might expect the Captain at six, and withdrew: *Charlotte* then reminded her of various things she wanted, and accordingly two chairs were called, and they travelled from shop to shop till three, and returned loaden with abundance of trinkets, the food of female vanity. An elegant dinner was ready for them, of which *Lucy* eat sparingly, having her mind solely fixed on the fine things in which she design'd to

appear before her lover; she was scarcely trimm'd out, before he came and met his belov'd fair one flush'd with vanity, and glowing with fond expectation. The reader may imagine it was not long before they hurried to their guilty pleasures: where, when a dull pause succeeded, *Lucy* leaning on her elbow, sigh'd out, "Alas, sir, I find you have deceived me, and are not to be my husband, having already a lady; how could you be so cruel?" Startled at this, the Captain began—"What! perdition seize the rascal, did *Dookalb* tell you so?" "No, said she, it was Miss *Charlotte*." "Mind not that, my angel, my dearest girl, replied he, I have a wife 'tis true, but she hates me, is false to my bed, and disagreeable to me as death and hell: You I love: I doat; I die for you; and will make you in every sense my wife, and give you all things to consummate your happiness: But why this foolish chiding; loveliest creature, let me kiss those lips, sweeter and more red than cherries, and indulge on this soft bosom, whiter than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster— Oh my life, my best—lov'd, my delicious *Lucy*." When could not adulation and blandishment sooth a female mind, warm with rapture, and but now tasting of the sweet forbidden fruit? youthful blood swelling in every turgid vein, and

scenes

scenes of delight hovering every where around ; the fair one forgot her fears ; the lover that honour he had long since pawn'd, and *Cupid* and pleasure reigned lords of the banquets. Thus was the unhappy young girl fully initiated into the school of wickedness, and properly entered into the fashionable mystery of keeping. Already had virtue took her wing, and left her a prey to imprudence and desire, whose attendants are misery, remorse, and despair. Pleasure got fast hold of her heart, and pleasure once rooted there never loses her hold, till spread all over the body, it introduces insensibility, and yields the sway to sleepy and inactive stupidity. Then even desire itself dies and is no more ; every faculty is lost, and every power of the soul drowned and sunk :

*Till even insensibility gives way,
And yields to tortures and disease, the prey :
For tortures and diseases ever gain
Whole power, where wild desire and lawless
pleasure reign.*

When her lover was gone, Charlotte, though better reconciled to her new situation, yet could not help feeling some certain informations from within, which whispered to her, that it was not quite good and unexceptionable ; and tho' she

Lucy

represented it to herself in the most favourable light possible, as knowing, having thus far advanced, she could not well retreat—like those illustrious sons of Mars, (if I may dare to liken a weak female to such thunderbolts of war) who being now about to face the fiery-mouth'd engines of the enemy, know not of any methods of retreat, yet secretly wish to be walking free from danger in the pleasing *Mall*, or to be seated with locks well powdered in the gay side-box, while the inimitable *Garrick* thunders thro' the crowded theatre—Tho', like them, *Lucy* could not at present greatly approve her circumstances, and, like them, tacitly wish'd for her former situation, her lost innocence, and wonted serenity; yet, finding no possibility to emerge, she was determined, if Heaven would permit, to deliver her sister at least from the same sorrow, and the like fatal necessity: Accordingly she wrote, informing her of her present situation, and what, alas! she was become! and advising her, (though she feared her advice would be of little avail) to take the utmost care of herself, and to avoid the misery into which her poor undone sister had been fatally seduced; greatly by her own imprudencce, vanity, and folly; more by her unwari-ness, and most of all by her absolute confidence on her cousin *Dookalb*. As the deeply-affected
sister

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sister wrote, the remembrance of her parents and her family recurred to her sad thoughts: And heavy drops of tears fell plentifully from her eyes: So strong is the force of virtue—so irresistible, spight of all art, the power of truth.

GENTLE reader, whosoever thou art,—stop here a while with me, and let us seriously commune together! Think not these pages, how inconsiderable soever they may appear in thy eye, are written solely to amuse and divert thee. I would labour to attain a nobler end---and as my heart burns with love to thee——treat me as a friend, and answer me as such---for with the voice of friendship only do I call upon thee. Art thou a parent, blest with a rising, and a beautiful family? And hast thou never fed thy fond heart with airy hopes and vain imaginations---delusive as these which thou hast already condemned in the parents of these unhappy daughters? Consider well, fond father, that on thy childrens virtue depends their felicity---Vain mother, reflect, religion and goodness are the only beauty. Carefully then watch the first dawns of their infant years: Water them well with instruction---So shalt thou behold them daily expand, like the gayest flowers, their full colours to the sun, open at length with the freshest bloom, and dispense a-

round their chearing odours to you, and to all who delight in virtue.

YOUNG man—believe me, thy situation is dangerous! Vice in every alluring form besets thee---thy friends and thy companions entice thee with them, and thou must either be contemned of them or of thyself! try then, for a while, their ridicule: to day it will be painful, to morrow it will be less so, the next it will fit more easily on thee, and in fine, give thee no uneasiness at all! but if thou art to day contemptible to thy self, every hour will encrease it; and to avoid recollection, thou wilt fly still to that false friend Vice to screen thee, still becoming more despicable at home, till either total insensibility or despair seize thee! think then of eternity, for which alone thou wast born! think, and dare for once to be *one* of a million.

AND thou bright daughter of innocence, still spotless, and still happy, walk as if adders lurk'd in every foot-fall---be wary, be wise, be circumspect! Hast thou not heard of *Ulysses*,—how he stop'd his companion's ears, and caused himself to be confined, while passing the *Syrens*, whose voice none could hear, and not be persuaded, whose persuasions none could obey, and not be undone?

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undone? Alas! such too frequently is the voice of love, which is for the most part the voice of adulation--such ever is the voice of vanity; thou can'st not listen, and be safe. Learn, therefore, the graces of humility, and let her attend thee as thy counsellor: for she is fair and lovely, her ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths ever lead to the dwellings of peace. Let no false shews---no gilded promises--no air-built hopes delude thee: guided by humility, make the invincible power of virtue thy firmest friend: walk hand in hand with modesty and seriousness: so shall impudence, and levity fly from thy presence: so shalt thou at length be happy in the husband of thy wishes, the son of truth and tenderness; so shall thy days be crowned with serenity, and thy life be calm and chearful, as the summer heavens, brightened by the glorious sun, and cleared from every cloud.-----

*Hark mortals--vanity from yonder dome,
In sounds of sweet persuasion bids you come!
She calls, and shews ten thousand joys at hand,--
But mark! her house is founded on the sand:
Soon as the storms shall beat, and rains shall fall,
One general ruin must envelop all!*

Built

*Built then on rocks, that nobler fane survey,
Where beams immortal virtues living ray:
Tho' storms and time, and every foe assail,
No power shall shake it, and no force prevail:
Haste thither--haste--and bow before the shrine,
Of virtue --- so eternity is thine!*



THE
HISTORY
OF
LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Caroline's situation. The Force of hypocrisy. A description of an unsuccessful gamester.

WE left *Caroline* at home in expectation of her beloved captain, in a situation as likely to fall as *Lucy*; and indeed it was as much designed she should do so by her kind cousin; his intentions to her were no less friendly than to her sister, and his resolution no less amiable. The captain came not that night, and the lady, a good deal chagrin'd, went to bed. The next morning

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morning her cousin told her much of her sister's delectable situation, harangued on his old argument, the folly of matrimony, and dropt some obscure hints to *Caroline*, that, if she would yield, she might be *made* for ever. Though these unhappy sisters had abundance of female vanity, and through a mistaken turn in their education, had imbibed many strange and airy notions, yet they had ever been accustomed to hear the dictates, and listen to the lore of virtue. Their mother was a thorough good and faithful wife, and from her example they had seen nothing to encourage wantonness and guilt, but on the contrary, every thing to recommend sobriety and chastity. And the judicious reader, doubtless, must have observed that *Caroline* was of a much less precipitate temper than her sister, far more cautious and wary, greatly more susceptible of fears and danger; and, though perhaps equally vain, yet firmly resolved never to gratify her vanity at the expence of her innocence. Hence it happened, that when *Mr. Dookalb* talked of yielding, *Caroline*, dreading she too nearly guessed at what he meant, desired him to explain to her by what method it was, she could *be made*; "for so much indebted as I and all our family are to you, said she, dear cousin, there is nothing consistent with virtue and honour I would not gladly embrace, to make
you

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you amends for your kind offices to me, and to reward the tenderness and care of the best of parents." " You speak like a sensible young woman, cousin *Caroline*, replied he, and I doubt not but that your goodness will be sufficiently rewarded ; for the scripture promises temporal rewards to nothing more certainly than obedience to parents. It promises length of days and happiness, and surely it is the first law of nature : doubtless then it is and ought to be the chief concern of every good child, to endeavour, by all means in their power, to do what may advantage themselves, and consequently bless their parents ; for your happiness is theirs, and to see you or any of their children in felicity would be equally the same to your father and mother as to be so themselves. " Without doubt, rejoin'd she, and heaven is my witness, there is nothing I would not attempt, however difficult or dangerous, if so be it were honourable, to make them happy. Your advice can and will direct me, I am sure, and a person, led by such goodness as yours, can never err." Such, and so great is the power of hypocrisy ; this poor girl was deluded into a belief of her cousin's really being one of the very best of men, by his appearance of being so ; and his seeming goodness wrought a firm assurance in her that there was no deceit in him,
but

but that his purposes were all just, friendly and pure; and no wonder, that he, whose hypocrisy pass'd undiscover'd by many far wiser, could conceal his soul from a poor weak woman;

*For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible except to God alone,
By his permissive will, thro' heav'n and earth:
And oft', tho' wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill,
Where no ill seems. —————*

MILTON.

And 'tis the very perfection of falsity, and a practice too common to introduce a bad cause with a good argument, that the appearance of truth and probity may set a gloss on the subsequent guilty purpose.

*Mark you this, Bassanio, (says Shakespear)
The Devil can cite scripture for his purpose:
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.*

Alarm'd by a loud thundering at the door, their conversation was interrupted, and *Dookalb's* presence

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presence desired by a gentleman in another room; where, as soon as he enter'd, a figure well known to him, and no other than the very worthy capt. *Thomas*, to whose arms *Caroline* was destined, presented itself to view. His face was ghastly, pale and horrid, his eyes sunk in his head, and, staring from their fiery hollowness with wild confusion; his hair, of late so elegantly crisp'd, trimm'd and powder'd, hanging over his forehead, and beside his cheeks, lank and uncurled, squalid and frightful; his ruffles were half torn off, his waistcoat wholly unbutton'd, his sword turn'd before, his stockings unrolled, and his whole frame and oeconomy in disorder. "Oh *Dookalb*, he began, help me to curse to the lowest pit of hell all gaming and gamesters, all fools and mad-men, myself, my soul and body! perdition, damnation and ruin to the whole universe!" "Good, my lord, rejoined *Dookalb* calmly, why this sudden start of passion, I hope nothing amiss has happened: pray be cool." "Talk of coolness to me! replied the captain, (stalking around the room, and stamping with all the frantick fury of madness) bid the fire, that roaring in its rage, consumes all before it, stop at thy command—Bid the Devil—Why do I talk of bidding? I am ruined—my whole estate is
gone,

gone, and I want nothing now but thee to be friendly enough at once to free me, and drive me headlong into eternity! I have all this night been engaged with sharpers and villains; and buoy'd up by a run of luck, ventured my all, and have lost it. You had five hundred pounds of me the other day for a d—d w—e, which now I shall never have; return me the money instantly, that I may never see the face of family or friend, but fly to the utmost part of the globe, and die like a dog as I am, unknown and unnoticed." "You are far too precipitate, Sir, quoth *Dookalb*, I am apt to imagine your brain is somewhat intoxicated with wine, perhaps things may be better than you represent them. Let me advise you to retire home and sleep, and in a little time I'll wait upon you: you are not cool enough to talk or reason. Believe me, Sir, I have no five hundred pounds now; but we'll talk of that hereafter." "Nay, but, good *Dookalb*, replied he, dost thou think, I am only drunk and mad? Do you really believe I have not lost my all? I shall be mightily obliged to you, if you can so persuade me. Let me go to bed here—pr'ythee now do—and when I waken, perhaps I shall remember better; and as some encouragement, let me have the girl we agreed upon. Ha, ha, what is ruin to love?

Clasp'd

*Clasp'd in the folds of love I'd meet my doom,
And aet my joys tho' thunder shook the room.*

DOOKALB, as we may imagine, was not willing thus to resign the golden prize; for, as he very prudently recollected, "if such should be the case with this very worthy and good friend of mine, as is not at all improbable, I may keep his five hundred pounds, and possibly acquire as much more on the same conditions;" therefore he kindly and pressingly advised him to return home, and promised to visit him as soon as would be convenient. Persuaded by his friendly sollicitations, the gentleman withdrew;" and *Dookalb*, a good deal satisfied with the appearance, began to revolve in his mind who would be most likely to pay highest for the cousin now under his protection; and how he might render most *happy* the daughter of that father for whose family he had so great an esteem.

C H A P. II.

A visit to Mrs. Searchwell from Miss Caroline and Mr. Dookalb. Their reception.

ACCORDINGLY, as soon as the worthy personage before mentioned withdrew, Mr. *Dookalb* returned to his cousin, and after having made many apologies for his long absence, and the like, proposed, if it were agreeable to Miss *Caroline*, to make a short excursion, to see what was doing abroad, and to try if they could meet with any thing that might divert them. *Caroline* readily consented, and after having look'd in at several auctions, and two or three milliner's shops, where the more to engage the young lady's esteem, he made her some pretty and polite presents, they paid Mrs. *Searchwell* a morning visit. At their approach they were conducted by a fellow, whose leer bespoke him a descendant of *Pandarus*, into a room furnish'd with all the elegance and grandeur conceivable; but were greatly surpriz'd at their continuing there near a quarter of an hour before any person made their approach: at last a loud volley of oaths thunder'd in their ears, the door open'd with great violence, and Mrs. *Searchwell* presented herself to view. Her cap was pinn'd aloft upon
her

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her head, her face glow'd with the deep red of the ruby, her eyes flash'd with fury and indignation, and into the room she waddled, grumbling and frowning, uttering imprecations and curses, and darting looks terrible as those of the Basilisk. In one hand she held a glass, in the other a bottle, a long brocaded sack was tied over her flabby dewlaps, which sunk below her waist without the support of stays, a pair of long ruffles dangled dirtily down to her fingers, and on each side hung a large bunch of keys, not unlike those which grace the venerable turnkey of Newgate. Without preface or compliment, such as *Caroline* vainly imagined her presence in some measure required, she began with a horrid oath, "I assure you, cousin *Dookalb*, there is no business upon earth so fatiguing as ours; for ~~what~~ with the squeamish stomachs of some b—s, and the plaguy impudence of others, the profit they bring in scarce pays for the trouble they give. But come, here's my service to you; nothing like this to drown care;" upon which she swallowed down a dose of her cinnamon, and, smacking her lips, assured the young lady it was as good as ever was *tip'd over tongue*. She then presented it to *Caroline*, who refused it, observing she never drank in a morning. "Well, well, as to that, says she,

I

I never force ladies ; but she'll be wiser, cousin *Dookalb*, by and by, ha ? Here's to you then." *Dookalb* knew it was not for his purpose to let *Caroline* see this, so that he sat, perhaps, as much on thorns as ever he did in his life ; however he was obliged not to appear over nice, and to pledge the mother, who went on with a voice enough to make the hearer tremble, " Would you believe it, cousin, I have spent fifty guineas on a country wench, remitted to me by a friend of ours some time since, to improve her, and make her fit for a man of quality, and when I told her last night that she must consent to *see company*, the ungrateful vixen refused me the profits of her maidenhead, and pretended to fall into fits and I don't know what nonsense and folly ? However, fits or not fits, I had her convey'd to bed, and put her paramour to her, a good friend of yours and mine ; and a fine girl she is, and worthy of him, plump, round, moist and juicy, and will curl, I warrant her, by and by, like a vine round her man. Well, this morning all the house was alarmed with news that madam was dead, in good truth. Up I got, and there was she at her old trade, in her fits. I called my neices about me, and gave her all the drams I could think of ; and no sooner did we recover her, than

than she fell to her usual exclamations against me, that I had ruined and undone her, and such stuff as you know I have heard so often as to take no notice of at all; then into fits again; and I am almost afraid that she will never turn out a trader, and that I shall be all my money out of pocket by the obstinate young devil." She was going on with this fine tale, when one of her neices entered with a face wonderously sedate, and assured her, with a very composed countenance, "that *Sally* was dead now." Up started the old beldame, in a furious passion, and, cursing and swearing, made the best of her way out; when *Caroline*, half fainting and dead with fright, begg'd her cousin to depart instantly from this fearful place; to which he seem'd readily and gladly to consent, and, full of pious observations and piteous remarks, convey'd home his almost lifeless cousin.

C H A P. III.

The delusion of country girls. A word to professed rakes. The consequence of the visit to Mrs. Searchwell.

NOTHING could have been more unlucky for *Dookalb*, or more cross to his purposes, than this interview with Mrs. *Searchwell*,
for

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for there wanted no sagacity to inform any person that had been present, what and who she was; no wonder then that *Caroline* was abundantly shock'd and astonish'd, and, at her return, was in nearly the same condition with the unhappy girl mentioned above, who was the only daughter of an honest country farmer, and had been enticed to *London* by the offers of a fine place, and preferment, which she was vain enough to think reserved for her, as some gypsies had promised extraordinary good luck to her, and had told her she should ride in her coach, and wear silks and sattins before she died; a practice very common with an idle set of vagrant wretches, who haunt the country, and infuse notions into the heads of credulous girls, easily imposed on, and glad to believe what they esteem fortunate, which are often the means of their ruin, and the first steps to their destruction. At her coming to town she fell into Mrs. *Searchwell's* hands, who had now employ'd some time and expence in fitting her for her devilish purposes, and had contracted, for a large sum, with a certain L— for the first enjoyment and the ruining of her! Unthinking men! can passion so much blind their reason, can lust so much destroy humanity, as never to indulge them one reflection on the horrid miseries they occasion a wretched woman

man to undergo, and the unknown sorrows their guilty pleasures introduce? What man, if he would seriously consider, would have the curses of a tortured woman, miserable beyond expression, perpetually thundering round him, as the execrable cause of her sufferings, the detested beginner of her woes? Who is so much hardened in guilt as to stand the shock of self-accusing reflections, when he beholds the woman whom he first ruined, and embraced in all the gaiety of wanton joy, after some time, and a series of guilt into which necessity plunges her, half naked, and lost to shame, in the streets? those fine features he once was pleased with, now deformed, disfigured and discoloured, the objects of his hate and disgust; her tongue, that once charm'd with soft murmurs of love, roughly growling out oaths and impudence, and every vice, disease and horror in possession of that metamorphos'd wretch, whom his conscience terribly assures him he first introduced to so shocking an acquaintance? Sure a man must tremble at thoughts like these. Sure thoughts like these, if duly weigh'd, should deter any man from running into the same evils, and sharing the same poignant and self-tormenting accusations here, and alas, he knows not how much worse hereafter.

BT

BUT to return. Nothing perhaps on earth could equal the anxiety and agitation of mind which *Caroline* felt at this juncture ; every suspicious word and dark hint of *Dookalb's*, before little regarded, returned to her affrighted thoughts with uncommon horror, and her imagination gave reality to every dreadful conjecture : her sister then became the object of her dread ; she fear'd she knew not what, and trembled thro' the terror of that which yet she scarcely dared to think of. *Dookalb* endeavour'd to sooth her, and said a thousand plausible things, but in vain : he appear'd no longer in his former friendly character : she suspected his intentions, and conceived a double meaning in all his words and fair speeches : in short, a dreadful fever seiz'd her, the violence of which threw her into delirium, which lasted nearly to the time that her sister's letter came to hand ; the contents of which, we may easily conceive, could not contribute to the alleviating her distemper ; they added fresh fuel to it, and augmented her already well-nigh insupportable agonies. The interval of the fever suffer'd her to feel all the pungent reflections with which the sense of her undone sister's condition pierced her, together with the fearful apprehensions of what must befall her miserable parents on hearing the woeful tale. Every thing that can be
imagined

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imagined a tender and loving sister, a compassionate and dutiful daughter must suffer on such an occasion, she suffer'd; and it may well be said the madness of the fever, which took away all sensation of herself from her, did her the kindest office. So great was the burden of woe that over-press'd her heart, so deep the torrent of anguish that overflowed her breast. And great indeed must be their sorrows who wish for madness as a relief, who think it well and happy to be lost to themselves, and a blessing to be distracted.

SUCH was the situation of *Caroline* after the sight of Mrs. *Searchwell*, and the receipt of her sister's letter. The fever held her long, and her life was for some time despaired of; however, by the strength of a good constitution she again recover'd her health; but as there was very little happened during her illness to amuse or entertain the reader, fears and plaints being the general companions of her mournful hours, and her whole desire to see, and hear from her sister's mouth an account of her undoing, let us return to *Lucy*, and observe how she spent her time, and became better reconciled to her situation during the interval of *Caroline's* illness, and to the time of their once more meeting, their meeting—no longer like the
E. former.

former.—Unhappy sisters—no more meeting in love and innocence, in spotless purity, and spotless affection!

CHAP. IV.

Miss Lucy pays the park a morning visit. Is introduced to the acquaintance of the celebrated beau Leicart. The consequences thereof.

LUCY had scarcely finished the letter, we left her writing to her sister, e'er Miss *Charlotte*, with two other young ladies of fashion came to visit her, and desired her company into the park; where they no sooner arrived than four or five gentlemen thronged to our bright group of fair ones, and whisper'd very anxious enquiries after their companion, whom they immediately perceived to be a fresh face; for the gentlemen of the town in an instant distinguish a new *bona roba*, as they make it their perpetual business to know all in the list of good-natured ones, and haunt, (or I may rather say, *infest*) publick places solely, to pick out and remark unhappy women, destined to satiate their vile lusts and unruly passions. Amongst the rest of the gentlemen that joined these well-known ladies,

ladies, eminently distinguished by their careless air and dress, their long, white, pearly ear-rings, and quaintly-cock'd (or, as they have been perhaps not improperly call'd, *Fanny-Murray'd* hats) was the celebrated beau *Leicart*, a man not less remarkable for the goodness of his person than the badness of his manners, whose outside is no less glittering and gay than his inside is dull, dark and dreary; fond of idly sauntering in every place of resort, and as fond of ruining any woman that shall fall in his way; little regarding the ties of honour and virtue, and esteeming them, like many more of his fraternity, as a meer dead letter, idle names, and empty sounds.

HE was no sooner inform'd by Miss *Charlotte* who our heroine was, than he made his whole court to her, offer'd her his snuff-box, talk'd of the fineness of the day and place, observed there was a good deal of company there, that the town was very full, that the mall was a fine morning's amusement, that *Garrick* was a good player, *Woodward* an excellent *Harlequin*, but queen *Mab* upon the whole a very la la entertainment, a meer bagatelle. *Charlotte* observed to Mr. *Leicart*, "these were subjects to which Miss *Lucy* was yet an utter stranger, having never seen Mr. *Garrick*, or either of the play-

houses." At which, expressing the utmost astonishment and pity, he begg'd she would no longer deprive herself of one of the most noble amusements, the greatest pleasures possible; but give him leave to have the honour that very evening of introducing her to an acquaintance with that soul of fire, that wonder of wonders, that child and *ape of nature, the inimitable *Garrick*. "Let us see, to night, continued he—oh how excessive fortunate!—D—me, madam, if he does not play *Romeo*! Miss *Charlotte*, interceed for me with this charming and most agreeable friend of yours, that I may have the high honour of attending her to *Drury-Lane*." *Charlotte* kindly enough complied with his request, and at her desire *Lucy*, as kindly consented to partake with them the diversion of the evening, especially as Mr. *Leicart* so pressingly entreated her, who in his person and manners appear'd to her amazingly charming, and in his every accomplishment superior to all the men she had ever before seen.

THE more polite company now retiring from the park, our party, no less polite than the best,

* We thought it necessary, to advertise the less learned reader, that Mr. *Leicart* meant this as the highest compliment possible to Mr. *Garrick*; and that he seems to have aimed at Mr. *Pope's* celebrated eulogium of the no less celebrated Sir *Isaac Newton*.

thought

thought fit to do so too ; but being mutually pleased with each other, they were unwilling to part for even the short interval to the time of the play, and therefore the ladies accepted an offer made by the gentlemen of dining with them at the *Bedford-Arms* tavern, and each taking a chair hasten'd home to dress, again to meet their companions, and to burst on their sight with new charms and double splendor. *Lucy's* heart flutter'd, as she dress'd, with the gladsome thought of having made a conquest of so fine a gentleman as Mr. *Leicart* ; she used all her little endeavours, and exerted her utmost sedulity and niceness to appear as beautiful and enticing as possible, the more to attract his eyes, and through them convey to the seat of fondness the delicious poison of love. And wonder not, my fair reader, that with so large a stock of vanity she was fond of flattery and conquest, and very proud to think she had power to win so pretty a fellow, and to hold in her chains so gaudy a captive. I say, wonder not, but rather ask your own heart, whether at some time it may not have indulged the same vanity, the same secret, flattering, and pernicious pleasure ? If it has, remember its folly, reflect upon its mortification, consider its fatal consequences, then correct the growing weakness, and

learn with all your study to be humble and lowly in your own eyes.

THE hour appointed for dinner elapsed before she was dress'd; impatience flush'd her cheeks, and gave them a new glow of uncommon elegance: in short, dress'd as she was, and so sweetly adorn'd, she look'd another *Venus*, and appear'd like beauty itself. Thus attir'd she hasten'd to the delicious place, where she found all the company waiting, and all plumed in their finest feathers, to attract each other's eyes and admiration; for (shame to our sex) these men abounded with as much, and with the same kind of vanity as the women. The beaux, soon as ~~they~~ beheld the maid advance *with all her bravery on, and tackle trim*, rush'd with uncommon ardour to her arms, and each imprinted a thousand and a thousand kisses, swearing with oaths as terrible as common, and denouncing all death and damnation on their own souls, (a horrid practice too notorious) if she was not the finest girl eyes ever beheld on the face of the whole earth. Such encomiums, not at all unpleasing to *Lucy*, elevated her to an uncommon pitch of mirth, and every thing was joy, rapture and enchantment. The repast over, the table was
cover'd.

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cover'd with a rich collation of fruits, and with wines of every sort ; the glass was briskly put round, the ladies became alive and jocund, their eyes languished, their bosoms heaved, their lips grew dry, and athirst for kisses, and love most importunately craved for admittance. Though the other gentlemen much desir'd, and much envied his situation, yet *Leicart* stuck close to Miss *Lucy*, and ventured at length (what will not vice and impudence venture?) to thrust his glowing hands into her snowy panting bosom ; which freedom she neither did nor could deny, as she perceived Miss *Charlotte*, and all the other ladies indulged the same to their lovers ; nay, and many more, which those who have been present on such occasions will very easily recollect ; but which we shall smother in silence, and only, with a dull moral, observe how great the force of example is, and how pernicious the conversation of the bad, the lost, the depraved and abandoned.

WHAT could a person of less warmth and caution than *Lucy* have done in such a situation and in such society ? What would they not have done, if, as was the case with her, the freedoms proved not displeasing ? For being yet but a novice in love, and highly transported with

what she had felt of its raptures, every touch thrill'd through her veins, and inspired her with the most killing delight. She was exalted too with more wine than perhaps she had ever drank, and above all mightily fond of the dear sweet man who took these charming and alluring liberties with her! Why should we add the rest? The experienced will soon read the consequences; from the raw and ignorant it may, not improperly, be concealed: suffice it therefore to add, they enter'd not into the house 'till *Juliet* was preparing to drink the fatal draught, and silence sat closely attentive to the plaintive voice of piteous *Bellamy*.

CHAP. V.

*A hint to keepers. What happened at the play.
Lucy's dissatisfaction in her present state.*

MARK, reader, and more especially if thou shalt happen to be one of the fashionable followers of the vices of the age, how uncertain a thing the favour of a mistress is, and how little assurance the foolish keeper has of ever retaining the woman, whom he so dearly hires for his lustful purposes, to himself.

A

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A reflection, one should imagine, that would make men of sense abhor the practice, and scorn to be the dupes of a poor wretch, unsecured by the least principle, for a moment of unlawful transitory pleasure, when they might enjoy all satisfaction in the arms of a woman, the object of a prudent choice, whose love, sense, and duty, would encrease, and reason, religion and honour join to strengthen and improve. For let the libertine boast how much soever he will of the joys of a debauch, the transports of variety, and the rapture felt in the embraces of a mistress, every man, the least experienced, must and does know, that this is all but boasting; and the banquet so much talk'd of, always palling to the appetite, for the most part nauseous and distasteful; whereas the full possession of a good and virtuous woman has every true bliss in it, and the endearments of a nuptial bed are to be paralleled by no other earthly felicity; every pleasure attends the embrace, every transport smiles round and augments the joy, and every blessing sheds its benign influence on the tender, fond, and love-united pair.

SOME such reflections as these, perhaps, arose in the mind of capt. *Smith*, when he beheld from a side-box, where he sat with his lady,

Mr. *Leicart*, that formidable rival, handing into one of the flesh-boxes his beloved, his last-found, his dear, delicious *Lucy*! But what were her reflections we shall not presume to guess, when the very first object which presented itself to view was capt. *Smith*! Conscience accused her; and spite of all her fondness for her new admirer, spite of his kind endeavours to point out all the beauties and elegancies of the place, the performance and the spectators, she could not find any satisfaction, but sat in great anxiety, as dreading the displeasure of him, on whom at least her maintenance depended. Her blood too began to run a little cooler in her veins, the fever of passion no longer reigned, and she could not help reflecting on herself; which, for a moment, drew a silent tear from her eyes, and a secret sigh from her bosom, expressive of her guilt and wretchedness. During this struggle, a Billet was presented her by the hands of one of the *orange-girls*, the contents of which was,

I shall be with you soon as the play is over. Be at home.

SMITH.

THERE appeared much anger in this, which still encreased her uneasiness, and when
the

the play was done, communicating it to *Leicart*, a new scene of disquietude succeeded ———. What pain alas! it was to part? So lately blest——so soon to be divided——so quickly from each other to be torn——unhappy pair——oh cruel destiny——“Rather, said *Leicart*, fondly clasping her—rather tear my fluttering heart from out my bosom — rather tear each throbbing pulse from out its warm abode—rather—in short, rather tear my expiring soul from my body, than tear thy dear self from me; my better soul, my better self---my heart, my life, my love, my every thing?” But, alas! to what purpose were these warm exclamations? Part they must, and part they did, with the firm and often repeated assurance of quickly, very quickly, meeting again——of soon, very soon enjoying consummate raptures——perfect happiness in each other’s arms.

It is no wonder, that when capt. *Smith* came, he express’d great resentment at seeing Miss *Lucy* in such a place, and with such company: but she excused all with many tears, and many protestations of innocence; laid the whole blame on Miss *Charlotte*, at whose solicitations and earnest desire, though an utter stranger to the rest of the company, she had consented to see a
 play

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play—and mixing much endearing blandishments, and many very alleviating circumstances, (as, When did woman in such a case want an advocate?) the fond captain was soon softened, and won over——like our first *Father*

*Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.*

And as he too.—on *Eve*

*Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:*

So was it with our no less fallen, lost, and miserable couple: they burnt with lust; their eyes datted contagious fire, and their wanton purposes were not long unexecuted——

*They their fill of love, and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin; till dewy sleep
* Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous
play.*

* The reader, to enter the more fully into this passage, will do well to consult *Milton's* 9th book of *Paradise lost*, ver. 999.

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IT would be needless and unentertaining to inform the reader of the many little artifices, and numberless stratagems *Lucy* after this was forced for some time to employ, that she might continue to herself the possession of her beloved *Leicart*, and still retain her present maintenance. It will be enough to say, capt. *Smith* became not only disagreeable, but odious and disgusting to her; and indeed she was so wholly captivated by her other adorer, that she found no happiness when absent from him; especially as she began to conceive what she did not at first in the least suspect, that none of the ladies in the neighbourhood ever visited or came near her, but seemed to fly and avoid her house, as if some pest or infectious disease reign'd there; an observation which created her great uneasiness, as it could not but cause her to descend very severely into her present dreadful state, and was highly mortifying to her pride, as well as contrary to her inclination, to be wholly cut off from, and deprived of the company and acquaintance of the virtuous of her own sex. For some time she lived in this uneasy round of bilking the captain, and submitting, through hard necessity, to his desires and commands whenever he thought proper to see her, obliged to counterfeit and dissemble pleasures which she
never

never felt, and to feign strong raptures which she never experienced ; for many wearysome hours left to her lonely, desert and uncomfortable self, and for the remainder compelled to the slavery of lust and unbounded appetites, 'till the following accident happened, which, as it occasioned no small disturbance, so it seemed to threaten some change in her situation.

C H A P. VI.

Capt. Smith's jealousy, and its grounds. The revengeful spite of Lucy's maid. Its consequences, and Mr. Leicart's sufferings.

A VARIETY of circumstances had coincided to raise the jealousy of capt. *Smith*, and to convince him that he stood not so high in *Lucy's* favour, as the envy'd object of her own free choice. Though he had frequently forbidden it, he had frequently seen them together in private parts of the play-house ; he had likewise seen them dance together at the masquerade, and at no great distance from each other in a morning at *Ranelagh* ; but an unlucky mistake of the lady's in the direction of a couple of letters, the one for Mr. *Leicart*, the other
for

for the captain, above all things augmented his suspicion, and blew up the coals of jealousy into a raging flame. Mr. *Dookalb* was employ'd as the messenger of his wrath, to inform her of the captain's high displeasure, and his fixed resolution to cast her off, unless she immediately abjured all correspondence or acquaintance with Mr. *Leicart*. *Lucy* by no means moved by his threats, boldly and hardily enough asserted her innocence, fidelity and constancy; insisted on the pureness of her intention in this so blameable a letter, which she protested was only (nay she appealed to it with the utmost fervour) a genteel reply to a gentleman's friendly enquiry after her health, as he had seen her not very well the foregoing evening; and all this the letter well enough countenanced, as it was couched in the coldest terms, and luckily contained nothing which could justify any malicious insinuations. To crown the whole she burst into a flood of tears, proclaim'd aloud to her dear cousin, much more than her innocence, her unbounded love for captain *Smith*, and, on her knees, begg'd of him, her only friend, protector and guide, to make up the affair, and clear her to her dear, dear captain, or she could not live another day. *Dookalb* himself was deceived; as poison conquers poison, so art was victorious over art; and accordingly

accordingly he promised to sooth the captain, and assur'd her that his violent warmth proceeded from nothing but his most violent affection for her, which was so unbounded, that he could not bear to think of having a *corner in the thing* he loved. All thus far pass'd very well, but an unlucky quarrel with her maid plunged *Lucy* again into a sea of troubles; for *Dookalb* was not long gone before *Leicart* came at the appointed hour, and after having toy'd away the time 'till the usual season of captain *Smith's* visits was elapsed, according to custom, *they sought soft transport in a bed of down*. Her maid, who was resolv'd to be revenged for some great affront she had received from her mistress, and thinking herself full as good, full as handsome, and full as fit for her station, thought this as convenient a season, as could offer, for wreaking her revenge, for driving *Lucy* from her master's arms, and jumping into them herself. Full fraught with this glorious scheme, she sent the following billet by a trusty instrument of hers to the captain, directing the person to the places where he was most likely to be found.

Onurrd

Onurrd Surre

*Ou is bagd too cum too Mrs Sanesones
has soone has tymeas will paremet ou has is erninsale
dasiurd for oure proffat bye*

oure dewtful Sarvante

OI Cloke nite

Mary Steele

prae onurrd Surre sai has I no noethen of hit

AMIDST a set of jovial companions, at the *King's Arms* in *Pall-Mall*, this elegant billet recommended itself to the hands of the captain; to which he sent no answer, but that it was very well; though resolved in his mind to obey the summons. After having briskly, for some time longer, put about the glafs, and being *hot with the Tuscan grape*, and very high in blood, he stagger'd into a chair, and gave the requisite orders. When arrived at the appointed door, the chairman gave the necessary alarm, and the watchful *Mrs. Steele*, who, to prevent any suspicion, went to bed, heard it with all imaginable joy, and arose to see whether it was him whom her heart desired. But what tongue can express, or pen describe the mutual agitation and surprize of the awakened lovers, who lay happily lock'd in each other's arms, who folded in
each

each other's embraces, were peaceably resigned to downy rest? When they heard the loud thundering at the door from the brazen hated and sonorous rapper, each started, each trembled, each asked the other what was to be done, and in the mean time a louder and a louder summons still, cut off all time for deliberation, and compelled poor *Leicart* to secure his cloaths, and creep, as the best retreat, beneath that bed whereon, alas! he had but even now been so happy! There awhile solace thyself, O lover, and recollect that the mighty *Agamemnon* offers it to the father of his beloved mistress, as no small token of his esteem for his daughter, and respect to the father, that she should be permitted to deck and adorn that bed which she once enjoy'd.

*Mine she shall be —————
 'Till time shall trifle every youthful grace,
 And age dismiss her from my cold embrace:
 In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
 Or * giv'n to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.*

HOMER'S Iliad B. 1.

SOON as Mrs. *Steele* was assured all was right, and that in very deed capt. *Smith* was at the

* *Giv'n* suits us better than *doom'd*; the original will bear either. *Tanaquill. Faber. F. S. T.*

door,

door, she descended to her lady's chamber with all imaginable precipitation, and advised her for God's sake and her own to get up. "Lord, lord, madam, said she, here's the captain; who would have thought it! But sure, if you have any body with you, we all are ruined and undone. For my part, I dare not stay any longer.—Take care of yourself.—Oh what shall we do? Take care of yourself. I must go down and let him in." On which she hastened to the door, and mean while *Lucy* endeavoured to adjust her head-cloaths, the bedding and all other matters, and the prisoner beneath lay, as we may well imagine, in no less uneasiness of body than mind. Soon as the door was opened to him, supported by his friends the chairmen, in enter'd the reeling hero. "And where the devil's your mistress—you, madam—quoth he—why—hold, I can walk well enough—wh—where is she—ha? Where's *Lucy*?" Being informed she was up stairs in bed, he required the good men's assistance a little further, and at length gained the lady's chamber; where he no sooner beheld her than he grew wonderful fond, and uttered all the sweet things which love and drunkenness could inspire, greatly to the dissatisfaction of Mrs. *Mary*, who began to fear mightily for herself, and to dread that in
this

this fit of violent affection, he would discover a'l. And indeed her fears were not ill founded, for soon as, by the help of *Lucy* and her maid, he was hoisted into bed. “ My dearest, dear angel, said he, I—I am greatly obliged to your maid for this night’s happiness—I am greatly obliged to your maid, my dear,—indeed, my love, *Lucy*, sweet *Lucy*—tell me, arn’t we both greatly obliged to your maid ?” “ In what, my dearest, replied she—pray tell me, that I may join with you to thank her ?” “ Indeed, my love, *Lucy*, upon my word we are greatly oblig’d to poor *Mary*: I’ll remember poor *Mary Steele*—Yes, yes, —I should not have lain in these precious arms to night, if it had not been for your maid.—Upon my word it was very kind.” “ What, then she sent for you, my sweet captain, did she, Oh kind creature.—She was unwilling, I suppose, her poor mistress should lie one night alone—and so sent for thee, my dear—Oh good-natured girl !” “ Yes, yes, to be sure, it was very kind: I’ll shew you her letter to me, my dearest—feel in that pocket, I shall ever love her for it, my *Lucy*.” According to his directions *Lucy* found the letter, and read it. (Cavil not, reader, saying it was night; the experienced know at such times a candle is always burning, since to see the beautiful

tiful object enjoying, doubly augments the rapture of enjoyment.) She read the note, and reading it, the whole wickedness was too plain. However, at present soothing the captain in his own way, she endeavoured to lull him to sleep; which taking effect, the dreadful situation of her dear Mr. *Leicart* recurred to her thoughts, and she stole softly from bed, opened the door, gave a significant hem, and laid herself down to slumber. He was not such a novice in these things as to misunderstand her design, and accordingly gathering himself and his cloaths together well as he could, he crept softly from beneath the bed, and, sorely sighing, left the room, and his beloved *Lucy* to the arms of a drunkard. Dreadfully shocked with this reflection, and wholly meditating thereon, the disappointed gallant accoutred himself, and execrating the swinish captain, unbarr'd the door, and departed undiscover'd from the house. But *Lucy* did not escape so easily, the lover was quickly arous'd from his dozing, by the strongly operating power of the wine: miserable was his sickness, and *Lucy*, unacquainted with such matters, was incapable of relieving him; *Mary*, good *Mary Steele*, was summoned to attend and assist, but all in vain; the poor man was peevish, fretful, and wretchedly torn; *Lucy*, in every respect, shock'd,

shock'd, dissatisfied and disgusted, and the whole night, a night of filth, uneasiness and perplexity. How then began she to detest her horrid situation, how to curse the hour that ever she was thus wretchedly enslaved, and to cast on herself every stinging and opprobrious reflection! It was not very early in the morning that he was able to depart, and no sooner was he departed, than she threw herself on the floor, agitated with ten thousand various and struggling passions, meditating revenge on her maid, on herself, on her brutish keeper—full of sorrow, shame, conscious guilt and boiling indignation.

C H A P. VII.

The meeting of the two sisters.

ON this very morning it was that *Caroline* came to visit her sister, and in this very situation it was that she found her. Imagine, reader, if thou canst, the pungent sorrow each felt at the dreadful interview. “Well, *Caroline*, *Lucy* began, (hastily arising from the ground where she lay, her hair dishevelled, her eyes swollen with tears, her lips pale, and trembling with

with the fore-afflicting sense of her shame,) you are come, I suppose to triumph over me in my melancholy undoing, and to sting me with the severe upbraidings of a sister. Begin, then—let me hear all—all the severest things you can say—for my mind is in the right disposition to hear them.” *Caroline*, far from replying, burst into a flood of anguish, fell on her sister’s neck, who again closely embraced her, and not a word, for several minutes, passed between them—but alas! my sister, my sister!” At length, interrupted by deep sobs, the tender-hearted *Caroline* began, “Oh think not, dear *Lucy*, I am come with any other purpose than with the kindest intentions of the fondest of sisters, to see and know the worst, to join my tears with thine, and to consult if possible for means to rescue you, and deliver me from the hands of that most barbarous man, into which we have been so fatally drawn and deluded; that at least our poor parents——” “Oh *Caroline*, said *Lucy*, mention not parents to me: I have no parents—I am no child.—Oh! speak not of them to me—say not I have a father—tell me not of the fondest best of mothers. Oh! hide them, thyself, and my own wretched self from me—and I will then thank and acknowledge thee for the kindest of Sisters. Thou seeft

seeft—thou knoweft the worft—I am loft, undone and abandoned.— Seek to know no more, but leave me, leave me, and forget me— Farewel, farewel, dear *Caroline*— never let me fee thee again.” “ Think, Oh my fifter! replied *Caroline*, think how we have grown up together from infancy in love and affection; think how we have lived in peace and tenderness together, one bed has held us ’till this fatal feperation, one table fed us ’till this fhocking divifion; in heart and mind we have ever been united—and do you bid me forget you? Do you think it poffible for me to raze the remembrance of you from my mind—or do you think it poffible for me to bid you, in thefe circumftances, farewel? Do you think I can forget the fifter of my love? But alas! we mutually want each other’s affiftance. I ftand in need of yours no lefs than you of mine; and let us join, if poffible, to deliver ourfelves, and mutually to give and bring confolation.” “ Moft unhappy parents, indeed! cried *Lucy* haftily, moft miserable of all upon earth!—I dreamt but of half your forrows. Alas! I imagined, one only was fallen into the fatal fnare; I did not fuppose the cruel deftroyer had blighted all your hopes. I did not fear but that *Caroline* was safe, though I was loft: and yet what ground had I for fuch
 vain

vain hopes, when both were alike under the power of the deepest villain, in the hands of the most subtle and most cruel among men. Oh! my sister! those pale, wan cheeks, lately so blooming and fresh with innocence, those eyes, red and sunk with sorrow, all—all proclaim the dismal truth, and assure me that *Caroline* is lost as well as *Lucy*. Alas! when, sunk beneath a sense of my guilt and shame, I never dared to offer a prayer to Heaven for myself—I never expected to be heard—but indeed have often dared to sigh for thee, and my whole prayer to God has been, “Preserve but my sister, and I am contented to suffer thy wrath!” But how could I, guilty as I am, how could I expect to be heard more for thee than myself?—how could I imagine the prayers of a wretch so lost would be of any the least avail?—“Your apprehensions, my dear sister, are, heaven be praised, ill founded; I am yet secure from that cruel destroyer, who hath so dreadfully deceived us, but under every terror, the utmost distress and perplexity, to know how still to be preserved, how to rescue you, and how to answer this.” On saying which she gave the following letter to *Lucy*.

F

My

My dear children,

YOU should have considered, when you parted from me and your poor mother, you left a family at home whose happiness entirely depended on yours: and you should have also considered, that every day and every hour must seem heavy, long and tedious to us, while in constant expectation of hearing from you. Why then have you been so very unkind, as never to have acquainted us with your present situation, or with any thing more than your kind reception from that good and best of men, Mr. Dookalb, to whom let me return the most grateful thanks, as I shall ever think myself bound to bless and love him. Why should I, my dear children, damp your present joy? But surely those parents who have lived only for, and in you, deserve to be remembered by you? And though you, perhaps, never cast one thought on us, or your dear little brothers and sisters; yet we and they never talk or think of any thing but you. Indeed, my children, the face of happiness or pleasure has never been seen in our melancholy dwelling since your departure. You know, for my own part, that I stript myself of all I had, of almost of every penny, that I might not prevent your happiness. Oh my daughters, remember the smallness of my income, the largeness of my family, and the many distresses

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON. 99

I have had to struggle with, and for God's sake do not you encrease my Difficulties. You, the fond objects of all my hopes and wishes, do not you become the means of enhancing my grief, and bringing my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Your good and tender mother sits by me while I write this to you, and, with her eyes flowing with tears, entreats me not to say one word that may occasion the least uneasiness to her beloved children, that may chance to throw the least damp on the happiness, we trust, you enjoy; and yet, kind as she is in seeking to sooth and alleviate my fears and apprehensions, (the fears perhaps of old age only, my dears) yet, good woman, she cannot conceal her own. Oh! my Lucy, my dear Caroline, why have you been so cruel, thus long to forget and neglect us? Tears, poverty, sorrow and dread are the only companions of our solitary hours; and the cruelty of some insulting neighbours is still more insupportable than these. Weak, infirm and distressed as I am, be assured, if we do not speedily hear from you, I shall set forward, and wearily labour to walk up to you; for money, alas! I have none sufficient to procure me a passage. Think of these things, my daughters, and if you have any love, any regard, any reverence for your parents, or your family, deliver us from this melancholy situation, and inform us of your own. Your dear

mother joins with me in every prayer, that whatever we suffer, you may know nothing but perfect peace. Poor little Patty is constantly asking and crying for you ; and when she sees the big tears trickling down mine or your mother's cheeks, the pretty innocent wipes them away, or mingles her own with them, and lisps out some of the most tender, and at the same time, most affecting speeches to us. Oh ! my children, as at present never sorrow was like our sorrow, so will never joy, when we hear of your felicity, be like the joy of

Your most affectionate parents,

J. and M. SANSON.

“ ANSWER it indeed, said *Lucy*—How can this be answer'd, *Caroline*?—Mistaken father, rather than prayers and blessings, let your and mine, and the curses of the whole world fall on the head of that monster ! that cruel barbarian ! that instrument of all iniquity ! that foe to innocence and virtue ! that most accursed of all wretches, *Dookalb* ! Yet why do I rave against him, when I ought rather to rave against and detest myself ? Sister—there is no possibility of my recovery ; I am lost—look upon me as such—leave me—forget me—never see me

me again——leave me to my own horrid self, and to the sure consequences of my present misery—Oh! never, never, my dear *Caroline*, let me again see thee——learn to be happy from thy sister's distress——go and be a comfort to those parents I must never hope to behold again——blot me out from the volume of your memory——never more recollect, that such an undone outcast lived to destroy herself and afflict you —”

A long pause of tears succeeded, and neither the one was able to proceed, nor the other to reply; 'till at length *Lucy* went on: “But tell me, *Caroline*, what is to be done—though there is no hopes of my alleviating the sorrow of my parents, tell me, for I will be guided by your better prudence, what is your resolution and advice?” “My resolution is, replied she, to fly from the house of that base wicked man, and to continue no longer under so dangerous and detestable a roof; but how to provide myself with money sufficient to place me in a small lodging, and to support me a little, I am utterly at a loss, as you know our expences to town wasted almost the whole of our small pittance. A good and tender woman, who has been my nurse, during my late sickness, hath kindly informed me of a proper place, and given me much wholesome and friendly instruction; which, I hope,

will turn out to my advantage, as it hath fully informed me of all the snares and dangers of this wicked city; and, after having thus resolved for myself, if I can by any means procure sufficient barely for my subsistence, I would most tenderly entreat of you to forsake the dreadful situation you are in, to fly from this horrid place, to come to me, and recover your lost happiness, that so we may deliver ourselves into the hands of providence, and advise together how best to proceed, so as to remove the fears, and give some comfort to our dear, distressed parents."

"Your resolutions, my sister, rejoined *Lucy*, are good and noble, and I pray sincerely you may have strength to go thro', and to meet with no preventing obstacles: and I thank God, that amidst all my sorrows it is yet some little in my power to assist you in your most laudable designs. I have here some money, more greatly than I want, which let me entreat you to accept, but as for myself, never ask me to come to you, or to return from the darkness, which I am in, to light: it cannot be; I can never bear it, so strong is my detestation, so absolute my abhorrence of myself and my present guilt. Do you think I could bear to stand amidst the virtuous; do you think I could support the taunting sneer, the cruel mockings of my own sex;
the

the rudeness, indignity, and shocking insults of the other? No, *Caroline*, I never can, nor will; lost as I am, lost I'll continue; sorrow and pungent reflection, will, I hope, quickly bring me to my grave." So saying, she offer'd a purse of gold to her sister, who, though greatly necessitated, and vehemently press'd to receive it, absolutely refused, gilding her refusal with many kind and obliging pretences; but in reality determined not to handle that money which was the price of her sister's innocence, and the hire of lust and iniquity; fearing that nothing would prosper with her, if this was her support, and resolved to procure her bread rather by the labour of her own hands, and by honest industry, than by the gold of adultery and the silver of prostitution. She inform'd her sister, that the little she had would serve for her present necessities, and she hoped by means of the good woman before mentioned, that she should be enabled to keep herself from want. She further press'd from every tender and persuasive consideration, but more particularly from the deep scene of woe it must cause to their parents, the absolute need of her relinquishing this state, and doing all in her power to recover her fall. She plied her no less with temporal than religious motives to cleanse herself from such pollution;

lution; and having baffled every argument which *Lucy* could use, and brought her down to a due sense of herself, she at length gained this promise from her, that if *Caroline* would go and provide herself with a proper, convenient and retired lodging, as soon as she was fix'd in it, *Lucy* would immediately come and continue with her. *Caroline* urged home the necessity of doing it now from the danger of a relapse, and the chance of her altering her resolution: she very earnestly entreated her now to go, but in vain, and the whole she could obtain was, the absolute assurance of her sister's immediate presence the moment she was settled; with which, after having spent the best part of the day in this and the like conversation, she retired, fully fix'd not to lose one moment; and resolved, if possible, to snatch her sister, e'er she was wholly consumed, from those flames which burnt all around her, and were now ready to devour her.

C H A P. VIII.

A scene between Lucy and her maid. The intervention of Mr. Leicart, and the consequences thereof.

HER sister was scarcely gone before the reflection on other matters began to take place in *Lucy's* head. The miseries of the last night quickly recurred to her, and no wonder the occasion of them was as quickly remember'd. Grief and sorrow gave way instantly to rage and resentment, and her thoughts immediately turn'd from the grating subject of herself, to the consideration how she might most properly be revenged on her ungrateful maid, the perfidious, base, wicked *Mary Steele*. She read her note over and over, bit her lips, and burst into tears with indignation, and yet could think of no proper way sufficiently to punish the detested creature. Wearied at length with meditating revenge, she rung her bell with no small fury, when up nimbly stept *Mary*, and with the utmost familiarity and complaisance possible, "begg'd to know of her ladyship what she would be pleased to have?" *Lucy* trembled with passion, her colour changed from white to red, and from red to white alternately, her

heart panted with hasty throbs, every pulse beat the alarm, and her whole frame was shock'd and disorder'd. She endeavoured two or three times to speak, and passion stop'd her tongue; but at length, holding the note before the criminal, "Pray, madam, said she, is this your fine writing? An excellent hand, indeed, are you at composing a billetdoux; a charming writer, in good truth; very kind, very dutiful, and very complaisant, *Mary Steele!*" "Well, Madam, replied *Mary*, (for, seeing this, she had no hopes at all of mercy) and now you may do your worst: to be sure, as to my part, I think myself as good as other folks, and to be sure it's a shame, I say it is, and I know all honest folks will say so too, as you should behave as you do to my master; and if I was so honest, and my conscience would not let me see him wrong'd, why no body can say as how I am to blame; but howsoever, it's the way of the world; they that have the most honesty are least look'd upon now-a-days. If I had a mind to wink at some folks, and to have been as bad as they, I might have been look'd upon as well as some folks; for no disparagement neither, I think myself every way as good, may be, I might not say false, if I said better; and I know some, may hap, that may think some folks as handsome as
other

other some—but no matter for that—” “Hold your impudent tongue, you saucy hussy, said *Lucy*, do you think it becomes your place to talk in this manner. Let me see, what your demand for wages is, and get you immediately out of my house.” *Mary* accordingly made her demand, and was immediately paid, muttering mean time, that it was none of her house, and that the mistress was as liable to be turn’d out and blown up as her maid.” A reflection which *Lucy*, over-hearing, could not bear, her passion subsided, and a flood of tears gushed from her eyes, sufficient matter of triumph for the cruel and insulting wretch, who occasioned them; but just in the instant an alarm was given at the door, the usual and appointed alarm of the late suffering, and now infinitely more beloved *Leicart*, whose presence was as cheering to her as the sun to the snow-girt *Laplander*, and reviving as the sight of shore to the weary mariner, who many tedious months, out-bellowing storms and tempests, hath beheld nothing but one wide waste of roaring seas, and one wide expanse of black, gloomy, and over-clouded heavens.

HAST thou, reader, never beheld, and beholding admir’d, in one of those inimitable prints
found

found in the late * beautiful edition of *Paradise lost*, the struggling passions of envy, malignity, hatred, malice and fury, strongly and speakingly express'd in the face of the grand adversary, Satan, while he rolls his livid eye-balls on the happy pair in paradise? where *our general mother*

————— with eyes
*Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
 On our first father : half her swelling breast
 Naked met his, under the flow'ring gold
 Of her loose tresses hid : he in delight
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
 Smil'd with superior love, and press'd her lips
 With kisses pure :—aside the Devil turn'd
 For envy : yet with jealous leer
 Ey'd them askance,——&c*

PAR. LOST. B. 4. V. 492.

I say, gentle reader, if thou hast beheld this expressive countenance, thou may'st then form to thyself the best and fullest idea possible of the countenance of *Mary Steele*, when beholding

* The reader will not be at a loss to know, that the edition meant is that of Dr. *Newton's*, and the cut that prefixed to the 4th book ; tho' perhaps he may not have heard, what we have credibly been informed, that the great master of expression in the face, *Mr. Garrick*, sat for it.

Mr.

Mr. *Leicart* in all the tenderness of love, rushing to the arms of his beloved *Lucy*; she meantime leaning her gentle head on his bosom, and sighing out the most complaining and bewitching softness. The creature was order'd instantly to leave the room and the house; which, growling threats, and muttering imprecations, she obey'd, and left the fond lovers mutually to rehearse their mighty sufferings, sadly to condole together, and to commiserate each other's wretched misfortunes. *Lucy* largely related to him the scene of her distress with the drunken monster, whom she now abhorr'd; nor did she dwell less copiously on the torture of soul which she had felt from the interview with her sister; and upon the whole she pathetically assured the dear man, that he was the only comfort left her upon earth, and that unless he would provide some means to rescue her from such extraordinary misery, she would never more see the face of comfort, of joy, or satisfaction. *Leicart*, though he had much rather feed on another man's pasture, and was not so over and above nice as to dislike a lady because another had portion in her; tho' he had no great notion of being at the expence of maintaining a mistress, as his finances were but barely sufficient for himself, as he knew women enough were at his
command,

command, and as variety was highly agreeable to him; yet finding the lady thus resolved to throw herself upon him, and thus trusting in him solely for protection, according to his *elevated* principles of honour and generosity, he thought himself obliged to receive her, and to become her sacred guardian; and therefore in the most pathetick, the most tender terms conceivable, he thanked, he adored, he blessed the dear angel for this proof of her love, this striking expression of her kindness, and begg'd her not to delay one moment informing him what she would command, that, *swift as meditation, or the thoughts of love, he might instantly sweep* to the performance of her request. She replied, "the whole desire of her fond heart was to live and die with him, the dear object of all her wishes; and therefore she begg'd of him only to take her from hence, and every thing would be well." He promised so to do, but very prudently counselled her to pack up all her valuable matters, and to leave nothing of any use or importance behind; which he advised her to defer to the morning; but *Lucy's* temper was ever too precipitate for the least delay, accordingly she collected together every thing of consequence which she could easily carry off, saw *Mrs. Steele* safe departed, and dismissing the
servants

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servants: different ways on different errands, procured a coach, and trusted herself to the steering of her soul's delight, picturing the triumphs of her delivery as great, important and glorious as ever poor lady did, confined in a strong enchanted castle, and rescued from the dreadful archimago by her knight, the pink of prowess, and flower of chivalry.

C H A P. IX.

Mrs. Steele's complaint. Mr. Dookalb's confusion and fury. His letter to Mr. Sanfon.

MR S. *Steele* made the best of her way to Mr. *Dookalb's*, but finding him not at home, she was obliged, to her no small mortification, to defer her business 'till the morning, when, as early as was convenient, she was introduced to her good and worthy master, and, with the most rueful countenance, and melancholy accent, related to him the whole of her disastrous affair, her own great and untainted honesty, and the barbarous, shocking, cruel, and unkind behaviour of her mistress; and all she protested, with flowing eyes and deep sobs, was occasioned solely by her concern for the worthy captain, and her dear old master, whom, as she frequently

quently declared, her conscience would not let her stand by and see injured. *Dookalb* very gravely and solemnly commended the goodness of her heart, over and over repeated his thorough approbation of her fidelity, and dried up all her tears with assuring her she should not be any loser by the bargain; and in order to set matters right he immediatly went away to Miss *Lucy's*. But how abundant was his surprize, when the servants informed him she had not been at home all night: but how much more abundant was it, when, walking up stairs, he found the chief part of her cloaths, linnen, &c. wanting, and every thing around plainly manifesting a retreat. To be thus outwitted by a raw young country girl was galling enough to him, and more especially, as he was under no small apprehensions that the noble captain might transfer the whole of his resentment upon him. To prevent which, however, he determined instantaneously to put his cousin *Caroline* in her sister's room, hoping by this means to make up matters very well, and not yet despairing to recover *Lucy*. Full fraught with this purpose he hasted home again, and, enquiring after *Caroline*, whom he did not usually see in a morning since her late illness, was informed by his servants, that they supposed she was at her sister's, as she acquainted them soon
after

after he left home, that she was going thither, and as they had not seen her all night. How then began he to rave, and utter every imprecation on them, his servants, and himself! condemning his so careless watch and little heed of these girls, over whom he never dreamt of setting any regular guard, from whom he never expected any fraud or circumvention; free and unsuspecting, strangers and unbefriended, open and unguarded as they were. Wild with rage, impatience and madness, he hurried one servant this way, another that, a third he sent and called back, bidding each rather jump into the hottest hell than ever dare to look in his face again unless they brought tidings of these the fugitives. The maids trembled, and run backwards and forwards, neither going one way nor t'other, and the men, staring with terror, tumbled over one another in their violent hurry to get first out of his sight. In the midst of all this confusion, trembling and tottering, hemming and fetching her breath hardly, sorely affrighted, and yet mightily desirous to speak, poor *Mary Steele* presented herself before him. "Speak, then, says he, in a wild hurry, tell me—you come I suppose for that purpose—tell me where they both are, or dare not to open your lips." *Mary* hesitated, and strove to utter something, yet could not

not recover her breath to say more than, "Sir, —indeed I know—" when he, apprehending she was going to say, that she knew where they were, in an instant grew calm, and very coolly said, "Well, my good *Mary*, you always bring me comfort—You know, you say, where they are—Be assured you shall not lose your reward for the information." "Indeed, Sir, replied she, I know that madam *Caroline* went from our house a great while before my mistress did, but I don't know any more." "Death and hell, quoth he, is that all you know with your long parade, and fufs, and folly: get you from my sight; fly, seek and find them, or never look me in the eyes again."—* That timorous and gentle knight Sir *Joseph Wittol* is not more glad to get out of the fan of the thundering captain *Bluff's* threats, than *Mary* was from the voice of her master, in her violent precipitation to do which her unwary foot slipt, and down the kitchen stairs she fell, when so loud a scream eccho'd through the house, so dreadful a cry issued from the alarming throat of the unfortunate maiden, that *Dookalb's* attention was awhile torn from the present accident; which, though very prejudicial to the poor woman, as she was

* See *Congreve's Old Bachelor*.

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sofely and grievoufly wounded, yet brought this advantage along with it, that it anfwer'd the end of cool water thrown on the burning furnace of Mr. *Dookalb's* paffion.

MATTERS being a little compofed, he himfelf fallied forth in queft of the ladies; but his fearch was no lefs unavailing than that of his fervants, every enquiry proved fruitlefs, and their whole labour abortive. A tyger caught in the toils, a lion roaring with hunger, a bull enrag'd, and befet on every fide, are none of them worthy to compare with the frenzy and madimpatience of *Dookalb*; he ftamped, he tore, he rav'd, and meditated vengeance. But at pre- fent could think of nothing better than to ftab, with fevereft grief, the wretched parents for thefe offences of their children, which to him appear'd fo ungrateful, wicked and dreadful. Wherefore he immediately fat down, and, with his ufual friendfhip, wrote and fent the following letter to Mr. *Sanfon*.

Dear coufin,

I Must inform you, that contrary to all my advice, your daughters have left me; whither they are gone, with whom, or on what defign I know not. I thought myfelf, in honour and duty,
obliged

obliged to inform you of this, and am sorry to be the messenger of what most probably will occasion you some uneasiness; but it was necessary for me, though no very agreeable task, to be the messenger of ill news, since your daughters were entrusted to my care, from which, as they have withdrawn themselves, (and I'll be bold to say, from their only friend,) they must look to the consequence. For my own part I have exonerated my conscience, and were I, in your case, should esteem children thus disobedient to my commands, (as doubtless your commands were, that they should be directed by me) wholly strangers and aliens to me. I am, dear cousin, with hearty good wishes for your family's welfare,

Yours most affectionately,

JOSEPH DOOKALB.



CHAP.

C H A P. X.

Caroline's removal and happy situation. The beneficent friend she makes. Her visit to her sister, and its dreadful consequences.

CAROLINE, the moment she left her sister, made the best of her way to the honest nurse, on whose friendship and assistance was her sole reliance. The poor good creature informed her that a worthy gentlewoman in the next street had a small and convenient apartment to let, which she would, by all means, recommend: since there she would have the benefit of an agreeable companion, and a proper example. "Mrs. Stevens, said nurse, is the widow of a worthy clergyman, who left her, some years since, with four small children, utterly unprovided for, and in no way of procuring her bread: however, her blameless conduct created her many friends, who have kindly assisted her in the support of her family, which is now almost wholly off her hands; and, by great industry, she has kept herself above want. She has always taken in creditable lodgers, and, as she is a thorough charitable woman, will, I dare say, be ready to let you live as cheap with her as possible." Caroline, whose heart was truly tender,
dropt

dropt a tear, and, commiserating the poor woman, replied, "That such a situation of all others would be most agreeable to her." And straitway nurse conducted her to her new dwelling. Mrs. *Stevens* was of a very grave yet engaging countenance, a melancholy composure sat on her brow, agreeably softened by an attracting look of tenderness and affability. She welcomed the young lady to her house, and nurse, in her open and unreserved manner, related *Caroline's* circumstances, and the occasion of their visit. The eyes of them all overflow'd with tears, while the artless woman spoke of the unhappy young lady's absence from her parents, her anxious desire to return, when possible, to them, and her still more anxious desire to recover her unhappy sister. Mrs. *Stevens* gently touch'd on her own misfortunes, and kindly encouraging Miss *Caroline* to hope for the best, and to dispel awhile such gloomy ideas, desir'd her to take a view of the apartment; which *Caroline* was very little solicitous about, sufficiently happy in being no longer under Mr. *Dookalb's* roof, and in the protection of so good and serious a woman. She begg'd leave only to be indulged a short absence while she wrote to her parents, whom she could not bear to keep longer in suspense; but alas! when all things were prepared

pared for her, her misery doubly encreased, and she trembled to think what first she could say to them. To write the truth she knew was death, to conceal it she knew was highly dangerous; to tell of her own and her sister's departure from Mr. *Dookalb's*, without assigning the true reason, she judged absurd, and to assign the true reason she thought still as absurd, because her parents had so high a veneration, so mighty an esteem for this imagined friend, this fancied benefactor.

AMIDST such perplexity however she wrote, and covered over every thing as well as she could; informing her parents, "that her sister was safe, that she had indeed left her cousin *Dookalb*, but was very happily fix'd with a worthy clergyman's widow; that she begged her father to be easy and happy, and would endeavour, to the utmost of her power, to make him and the whole family so." She said all it was possible for affection to utter, all that could be said in circumstances so deplorable.

AFTER she had finish'd and sent away her letter, Mrs. *Stevens* insisted on her company to supper, to which she greatly objected her dress, but most of all her swollen eyes, which the friendly woman

man observed might possibly be no disadvantage to her: she was therefore obliged to comply. The company consisted of Mrs. *Stevens*, her eldest daughter, and an elderly lady, who had long lodged in the family, whom the mistress of the house had fully acquainted with *Caroline's* story, as knowing and having greatly experienced the goodness of her heart, and the beneficence of her temper. Mrs. *Hodson's* whole life was spent in assisting and serving her fellow-creatures; heaven had blessed her with a plentiful fortune, which she consider'd in the right view, as so much lent her only to do good, and to recommend herself, by the fidelity of her stewardship. For this purpose, as willing and desirous to live only for a better life, she had never enter'd into matrimony, not thro' a sour disapprobation of that honourable estate, but thro' an inclination to be as little encumber'd with the world as possible. As she made it her business to seek for proper objects of her relief, when informed of Mrs. *Stevens*, and her situation, she immediately took an apartment in her house, and was the greatest contributor to the maintenance of the little family, made happy by her kindness, and cheer'd by her regard. Having inspired into all around her the same real love and esteem for every creature which she herself felt, the
good

good people fear'd not a rival in her favour, actuated by no narrow selfish motives, influenced by no mean envy. And hence it was, that Mrs. *Stevens* related to her the whole of Miss *Caroline's* distress, and hence it was, that she so greatly press'd the young lady's company at their little sparing supper.

Mrs. *Hodson* beheld *Caroline* with her wonted tenderness, was greatly pleas'd with her modest manner of behaving, and much mov'd to see so much sorrow written in so young a countenance; according to her kind engaging manner, she diverted the evening with relating many agreeable and affecting stories of people, who, though in the last distress, had, by the all-prevailing hand of providence, been wonderfully extricated and rais'd to the greatest happiness. With the utmost kindness she sought to sooth the afflictions of poor *Caroline*, and pour into her bosom that balm of life, that sovereign medicine, hope.

AT her usual hour she retir'd to her chamber, and request'd the young lady's company to breakfast next morning; which *Caroline* refus'd, informing her she was oblig'd to see her sister early in the morning, whom she hop'd to bring
 G thither

thither; a purpose the worthy Mrs. *Hodson* could by no means oppose, but begg'd, when she came, to see them together. Highly delighted with this pleasing scene of returning felicity before her, truly thankful to providence for raising so unexpected a friend, and fond of restoring her sister, to bless herself and her poor parents, *Caroline* scarcely closed her eyes all night, but watched the approaches of the morning with eager and longing impatience. About eight she arose, and, getting a guide in the house, made the best of her way to *Lucy's* dwelling; but how great was her consternation, how strong was her surprize, when, entering in, she was told that her sister was gone no body knew whither, but that she had left her house, and taken all her valuable things away. Thinking it, therefore, after she found all her enquiries fruitless, in vain to stay there; she was going to return, when the footman stepped between her and the door, and told her, "if she pleased she might content herself there awhile till he took care to inform his master *Dookalb* of her presence, who very much wanted to speak with her." Thunderstruck at this dreadful denunciation, *Caroline* fell on her knees, wept, intreated, and earnestly implored the marble-hearted wretch to release her, not to involve
her

her in the greatest distress, which she inform'd him would certainly follow from such a proceeding; not to endanger her life, nay, and what she priz'd more than life, by cruelly discovering her to his master." But her tears, her prayers and remonstrances no more affected his bosom than the soft falling snow the hardest rock: interest filled his breast, and barr'd up every avenue to compassion; and the hopes of an advantage from so highly obliging Mr. *Dookalb*, on whom was his chief dependance, render'd intreaties unavailing, and every honest motive a stranger to his soul. Instantly he procured a messenger, and sent the joyful news of the happy recovery of Miss *Caroline* to her worthy cousin, anxiously desiring his immediate attendance. As the lion, who hath roam'd the long night in search of prey, roaring with hunger, boundeth with furious joy on the little fawn that at length presenteth itself to his sight; his eyes flash fire, he erecteth his bristly mane, stretcheth himself delighted on the prostrate prey, and, with contracted claws and well whetted teeth, teareth murmuring, and growling devoureth it; so *Dookalb's* eyes flash'd fiery and indignant joyfulness, so bounded his heart, and so he sprung with impatient hunger to behold and rejoice in this recovered sheep, the prey which he had

fought so unsuccessfully, which now he destined to speedy and certain destruction. However, on his admission, he cloathed, according to his usual manner, his hellish purposes in smiles and tenderness, and, being left alone with Miss *Caroline*, who was quite drowned in tears, he began with observing, that he was extremely sorry to find his cousin so great a stranger to her own happiness, as to have thus cast herself far from his protection; and unbefriended as she was, to enter into that part of life to which she was so utter a stranger. “ I know not, for my part, said he, any thing in my behaviour to you which can justify such unkindness to me; heaven is my witness, with how tender a regard I have always looked upon you since your abode with me, and how little soever you may imagine it, Miss, a concern for you hath not seldom kept me a stranger to sleep on my pillow. However, not to aggravate matters, as I really have felt such prodigious uneasiness since your departure from me, I am very willing, my dear cousin, to forget it all, and to say no more of it, if you’ll only return home, and entertain no unworthy notions of me, but join in all my endeavours to make yourself happy; which, believe me, is the sole wish and desire of my bosom, not only on account of my great love to your
father,

father, but my real esteem and affection for you." On which words *Caroline* gave him a look the most significantly expressive; she fix'd her eyes full on his, shook her head, and again burst into tears; but soon recollecting herself, "If, Sir, said she, your words are true, and your desire, as you affirm, to make me happy, give me now the most convincing proof of it, by suffering me to depart from this detested house, and to be at my liberty." "Dear cousin, replied *Dookalb*, what do you mean? Give you leave to depart from this detested house, and to be at your liberty! bless me, you amaze me; are you not at your liberty; have you not full leave to go or stay, or do as you like best? Who presumes to controul you, my dear cousin? But sure you cannot condemn the honest fidelity and zeal of a servant, who, seeing and knowing the uncommon torture I was in for your loss, who, acquainted with my dreadful fears, and restless apprehensions for your sake, was willing, if possible, to relieve me, and to give me the greatest happiness that the world could afford in once more seeing and conversing with you. All I wanted was but to be assur'd that you was secure from danger and destruction; all I desired, and do now desire is, to know the reason of your separating yourself from me, whom I thought

you esteem'd your chief benefactor, and the only instrument you had, whereby to acquire the blessing of independency?" "I had a sister once, cruel man, rejoined she, and this loathed dwelling was her independency. Can you wonder I was anxious to escape from you, when I had seen your horrid Mrs. *Searchwell*, when I had heard of your barbarous friendship to the other daughter of your deluded friend? Is it not natural for the dove to fly from the Hawk? Think you the lamb will dwell with the wolf? Think you——" "Lookee, Madam, said *Dookalb*, sternly, interrupting her, I am not used to such language, or such ingratitude as this; you will do well to consider, I am not to be trifled with, and it is to no purpose to conceal my intentions any longer from you; your sister, base and wicked as she is, was, by my means, placed in the midst of happiness, if she had known her felicity. She has abruptly left her house, and is gone lewdly away with a fellow, whose life is one scene of wickedness and debauchery. The very worthy and honourable gentleman who took her into his care, his bed, and his protection, is by this means left totally neglected and abandoned; and though he loved her dearly as his own soul, and made her perfectly happy, fool and undeserving as she was, yet I am sure
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he will now never again admit her to his favour. Let her then go to that fate which she deserves, to the drudgery of a brothel, and to perishing in the streets; but do you be wise; and, following my advice, secure to yourself a better fate; and for that purpose, let me persuade you to divest yourself of all former foolish and antiquated principles, and to consent this night to supply your sister's place, and to make captain *Smith*, by your love and fidelity, ample amends for the ingratitude of your sister. You have heard me often speak of the honesty and excellence of that state, and I hope not unregarding. The many present examples of the most worthy persons in the world fully recommend and justify it; and your own advantage will, I think, most of all persuade you to a compliance." Thus *Mr. Dookalb* very nobly and persuasively harangued, when, on a sudden down dropt *Caroline* from her seat, and all further discourse was cut off by the severity of a fit, which held her long and very powerfully; when recovering, amidst a flood of tears, she most earnestly and pathetically begg'd, if they had any desire to preserve her life, that she might but be removed from this house, that they would only take her hence, and convey her any where else they chose, and she would endeavour to do all she could to

oblige and satisfy them. Her agony still continuing, and her desire to be removed still encreasing, *Dookalb* found himself herein obliged to comply, and she was forthwith convey'd to her former apartment in his house.

C H A P. XI.

The fate of capt. Thomas. A word to the gamblers. Dookalb's farther employment by a new personage. Caroline's resolution.

THE reader may remember, that this unhappy girl was destined, on her first coming to Town, to the arms of capt. *Thomas*, but an account we have heard from that gentleman concerning his ill success at play, seem'd to promise a prevention of that design, even in the opinion of the sagacious Mr. *Dookalb*; who (we may recollect) advis'd his worthy friend to a retreat home, and gave him a promise to see him as soon as convenient; and Mr. *Dookalb*, good honest man, was ever punctual to his promises, where his own interest was nearly concern'd; early, therefore, on the morrow he wait'd on the captain; but how great was his astonishment, when the sorrowing servants related to him the shocking catastrophe!

strophe! As an intimate friend he sent up his name, and desired admittance to the captain's lady, which being granted, he was usher'd up stairs, and introduced to a spectacle the most piteous and deplorable. On the bed lay his deceased friend weltering in his gore, the fatal instrument of his destruction still in his hand, and his eyes unclosed, *their impious fury* (as Dr. Young strongly expresses it) *still alive in Death*. His lady, in all the agonies of grief, was kneeling by the bed, hanging over him, watering his lifeless coarſe with a flood of tears, wringing her hands, and by every expreſſive ſighs demonſtrating her heart's deep woe. The ſervants were wailing ſorrowfully around her; and what moſt heighten'd the tragick and affecting ſcene, was a poor little harmleſs infant turning with affright from the melancholy ſpectacle, and tenderly crying for its miſerable mother. Thinkeſt thou, reader, *Dookalb's* heart felt a pang? Perhaps it did, which made him the more anxious to quit this houſe of mourning, as unwilling to continue amidſt bitterneſs, or to be ſtung with the keen adder reflection. Suffice it he retired under ſome ſpecious friendly pretext, and as all was gone to him here, doubtleſs never more ſet foot within this houſe of affliction.

BUT do thou, if gaming is thy ruling and favorite passion, oh reader, not yet depart hence, 'till thou hast well consider'd, and diligently meditated on the whole transaction. Behold here a man strong in youth, buoyant in health, and blessed with profuse plenty of this world's good; behold him in an instant, by his own hand, cut off from the sons of men, and blotted from the book of life. One fatal cast hath done it. Beware, and even now stop thy hand: thy all, thy present and eternal all, — think, think and tremble,—depends on those base dies! This cast perhaps drives the hot ball through thy distracted brain, plunges thee in irrecoverable perdition, (for, believe and fear, wretched mortal, no stroke can reach thy soul) and leaves a forlorn, distressed and undone family to struggle with want and affliction, to languish in sorrow, in penury and contempt. Where is the pleasure that can counterbalance these? Be wise, and reflect; refrain and be happy.

THUS was *Dookalb*, happily enough in his own private opinion, rid of his friend and possessed of his money. His next purpose was, how to make another advantageous bargain, how to favour some worthy gentleman with the possession of the amiable cousin of his love, and
how

how, by so doing, to confer on that cousin the greatest and most invaluable favour. In a lucky hour he was applied to, on that occasion, by a young fellow, the son of a country gentleman of great wealth, who was passionately fond of him, and who having ever indulged him, had, after his education at *Oxford*, permitted him to take chambers at one of the inns of court, that he might share in all the fashionable gaieties (not to say vices) of the age. He had been recommended to Mr. *Dookalb* as the prime connoisseur in matters of this kind, and promised to reward him very liberally in case he should provide for him agreeably to his fancy, which Mr. *Dookalb* very rightly imagined he should exactly hit, in presenting him with the first, and highly to be desired possession of his cousin *Caroline*, whom, being now free from any engagements, he determined to resign up to him. Mr. *Faison* had never yet seen the lady, though he grew mighty anxious and impatient so to do after *Dookalb's* description of her; but the time fixed for his first visit was the very day after that whereon she and her sister *Lucy* eloped. This disconcerted the whole of *Dookalb's* scheme, and plung'd him in the deepest perplexity: however, as captain *Smith* was constantly his firm and staunch friend, he determined by no means to hazard the loss of his

his

his friendship ; but to demonstrate, by his great readiness to offer him a supply, how zealous he was in his cause, how careful of his *interest* ; and therefore he resolved to give up *Caroline* to his embraces, and to place her, as we find he informed the unhappy young girl, in her sister's situation, nothing doubting but that such a change would alleviate the captain's rage, and cause him not greatly to lament the loss of his beloved *Lucy* ; trusting he should quickly have it in his power to supply his new friend, and to bless Mr. *Faison* according to his wishes.

FOR this purpose, when *Caroline* was tolerably recover'd, and able to see him, he again plied her with his old arguments, endeavoured to sooth and alleviate all former matters, to represent to her the many advantages of closing with his advice, and hinting, in fine, that a ready compliance would be infinitely more happy for herself, as well as pleasing to him. She told him in reply, " that let her sufferings be never so great, let her sorrows and hardships be never so much encreased on her head, she was firmly determined to resist his abhorred design, and would rather submit to all the bitterest agonies, and the most painful death, than move one step from her resolution, or ever become the detested
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and abject wretch he desir'd. Wonder not, Sir, at my firmness, nor be surpriz'd to see a poor, weak, defenceless woman able to withstand both your delusions and menaces; know, while innocence and virtue are my guardians I shall ever dare to look in the face and defy every one who is their enemy. But still the tender concern and the affectionate duty I bear my dear absent parents strengthens me most of all, and confirms me in my purpose never to consent to any thing which will be their certain destruction. And oh, dear Sir, (she went on, bursting into tears, and falling on her knees) if you have any the least friendship for my poor father and mother, who place all their trust, and all their hopes in you, if you have any desire to save them from the most shocking of all deaths, a death of sorrow, if you have any the least tenderness for a miserable abject wretch like me, whose utter ruin and misery sure never can give you delight, let me beg, let me, for God's sake, for your own, and for your friends, my unhappy parents, let me earnestly entreat of you to deliver me from this undoing, and my prayers and my tears shall ever join in begging blessings and happiness for you." *Dookalb* seemed a good deal affected by the pathetick but resolute manner in which *Caroline* addressed him; he raised her from the ground,
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bit his lips, walk'd hastily backward and forward, frown'd, sat down, rose up instantly, and shew'd every sign of perturbation; for her looks and tears spoke with such inexpressible persuasion, that a heart of steel must have been penetrated, and softened into pity. He told her at length, "that since she was so extremely averse to his proposal, which greatly surprized him, as her happiness was his sole aim in it, he would mention no more concerning the matter, but hoped when she came coolly to reflect, that she would be more wise, and know her own interest. However, continued he, be that as it will, cousin, let us forget and forgive all hard words that may have passed, and rest assured I will neither do nor propose any thing but what shall be wholly to your approbation. Endeavour, then, to dispel that melancholy sadness from your countenance, and let me have the pleasure of your company with your wonted cheerfulness and vivacity." *Caroline* promised to comply with every thing he should desire that was right and honourable; and a truce being thus settled between them, *Dookalb* retired, and left the lady to her private concerns.

SEEING her thus extremely averse to his favourite scheme, and so very deeply rooted in
her

her determination, he prudently imagined no great advantage could accrue from force; for that reason he resolved to proceed in a more subtle manner against her virtue, and to subdue by fraud what was impregnable by an open attack. As he could not thus, according to his wishes, supply his grand friend, captain *Smith*, other methods were to be taken for that worthy gentleman's comfort, and his other storehouses to be examined for a proper mate to pair with this deserted turtle; while *Caroline*, as at first, was destined to fall a victim, and to become the prey of Mr. *Jaison*, whom he invited to dinner the next day, that he might reconnoitre his intended mistress, who, at *Dookalb's* sollicitation, was to do the honours of the table.

C H A P. XII.

Caroline's dreadful situation. Mr. Jaison's visit, disappointment and character. His conversation with her, and the consequence thereof.

CAROLINE's situation was fearful and terrible to her; her heart beat with constant alarms, and she was in perpetual dread of some cruel attack, some deep concerted scheme of *Dookalb's* to destroy her: she perceived a more
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than ordinary diligence and assiduity in the servants to attend and oblige her, but at the same time she perceived a more than ordinary diligence in them to watch and observe her every motion ; so that it was too evident she lived only in a nominal freedom, hers being in reality the closest confinement. Mr. *Dookalb's* courteous behaviour seemed but as the dreadful calm before the thunder rolls ; and the truce he had made with her such as the wolf makes with the lamb, whose hunger is at any time a sufficient motive with him to break it. Yet these were not all her miseries, her concern for her sister, and utter ignorance of her situation ; her deeper concern for her parents, and fearful apprehension of what might be the consequence ; and her uneasiness to be parted from the good people with whom she so lately promised herself such peace and security, added new weight to her woe, sharper poignancy to her sorrows, and double bitterness to the bitter cup of her afflictions. She was obliged, however, as much as possible, to smother up, and conceal her anxious fears and distress ; and throwing herself, with the humblest resignation, into the hands of providence, a small ray of hope enlivened her bosom, a little portion of that powerful balm distilled into her heart, and alleviated its tortures.

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IT would be needless to observe how greatly Mr. *Faison* was charm'd with Miss *Caroline* on her first appearance ; since her person was so extremely pleasing, her manner so soft and engaging, her whole deportment so sweet and attracting, that few men could behold without Love and affection, none without approbation and delight. But as he was much disappointed in her, so that disappointment seem'd to have a good deal of influence on his mind, by the serious and sedate manner in which he behaved during the whole time of dinner. He expected and prepar'd himself to encounter the usual impertinence of a giddy town woman ; he expected the unblushing stare, the loud laugh, the familiar freedom of a thoughtless and deluded creature ; but how great was his surprize to behold the finest person set off with the most engaging manners ! instead of giddy impertinence, a graceful silence, which, when she broke, the sweetest musick seemed not one half so sweet as her voice, soft and agreeable, indeed, beyond compare ; instead of the unblushing stare, a down-cast melancholy sat soberly on her eyes, which, when raised up, darted forth the most inviting glances, modest yet piercing, sharp yet lovely ; instead of loud laughter and familiar freedom, a distant yet becoming frankness, a seriousness steady tho' not stiff,

stiff, and a reserve tempered with the most becoming gentility. Mr. *Faison* could not keep down in his bosom a troublesome reflection as it seem'd, tho' in reality, highly deserving entertainment there. He could not help reflecting how truly pityable a case it was, that so much seeming innocence, and so much certain beauty should be destroy'd and disfigured, and be made a miserable prey to lust, vice and lasciviousness. For, it will be necessary to observe, that this young gentleman was a person of many excellent qualities, and one of those, who, with the utmost good nature, yet much good sense, was not able to resist the stream of popular prejudices, nor to stand out the laugh and ridicule of his gay companions. His heart was extremely tender and compassionate, and strongly influenced by the principles of virtue instilled in him when young, which, however, the force of example, the love of gallantry, and the desire of being like the rest of the world, greatly obumbrated and obscured; yet not so much as to cause him to look on vice and virtue with an equal eye. He was not yet so far gone as to be blind to the lustre of truth, or deaf to the call of conscience; and though frequently erring, he never esteemed vice indifferent, nor ever failed condemning the fault. His strongest and
most

most prevailing passion was love of the fair sex, amongst whom he was no small favourite, not only on account of his person, which was highly commendable, but on account of that perpetual flow of mirth and jollity which ever inspired him, and diffused itself around wherever he appeared. The taste being so very much against marriage, the thought of it, we may venture to pronounce, never once rose in his breast; for he was a good deal actuated by the reigning fashion, and too frequently suffered common opinions to blind his better reason; as is eminently remarkable in the case before us, since a man like this could certainly never approve his business with Mr. *Dookalb*, nor hold any very favourable opinion of a person employ'd on such detestable purposes. No wonder then such a reflection as before recorded, with many others of the like kind, suggested themselves to him, while in the present company; which Mr. *Dookalb*, according to agreement, took care, as soon as proper, to lessen by his own absence; pretending some necessary and immediate business, he excused himself to his cousin and Mr. *Faison*, and promising as speedy a return as possible, begg'd of her to make coffee for his friend, and withdrew. *Caroline* knew not what to understand by this behaviour, yet she was so fully persuaded

persuaded of all her cousin's intentions, that she could not but entertain the most dreadful apprehensions, tho' there appear'd to her something which forbad fear in Mr. *Faison*; there seem'd something in his deportment hitherto which express'd nothing of vice and evil designs, but on the contrary shew'd great modesty and tenderness of heart: however, she could not be free from dread, nor at the same time from very sensibly declaring it in her countenance. Mr. *Faison* drew nearer her, and taking hold of her hand, *to whose soft seizure the cygnet's down is harsh*, he perceived she trembled much, and was in no small agitation; upon which, being himself well nigh as much moved, "Madam, said he, I hope my presence does not cause this alarm; I would hope there is nothing so formidable in me as to raise your fears thus strongly; — be assur'd nothing would make me so unhappy as such a thought; nothing would be more displeasing to me than the sense of giving pain to so amiable a lady." "Alas! Sir, replied she, I am ill-disposed to hear the voice of flattery now; for, believe me, you see a wretch of all others the most miserable. What are Mr. *Dookalb's* designs in leaving you, Sir, thus alone with me I am utterly ignorant; but let me confess I too much fear my own conjectures are not ill grounded.

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I suppose you are his friend, and as such will be very ill inclined to hear any thing I say; but let me beg of you to consider me as a poor destitute orphan, without a friend, without the least power to assist myself; and then recollect whether the ruin of such an one (for too much I have reason to imagine that the purpose of this visit) consider whether the ruin of such a one can bring any happiness, or any satisfaction to you." Her words drew tears into Mr. *Faison's* eyes; when he rejoined, "I am much concern'd, Miss, to stand so very unworthy and abject in your opinion, but much more so, I assure you, to hear so mournful an account of your present unhappiness. Indeed you wrong me greatly, to imagine I could find any satisfaction in your ruin: believe me, if I could be any way subservient to your happiness, or make you otherwise than you now pronounce yourself, that would be a satisfaction, indeed, and the greatest this earth can afford me. You greatly mistake me, if you think my ears deaf to the voice of complaint, or prejudiced in favour of my friend. Were I to speak my opinion of Mr. *Dookalb*, it perhaps would not be very different from your own; but do not wrong me, dear creature, do not think me a wretch, an abject abandoned wretch — and I shall be contented." "I have no reason, Sir, said she,

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to think you such; you are no less a stranger to me than I probably am to you; though no doubt Mr. *Dookalb* has told you my unhappy story; and pray forgive me, but I cannot help looking upon you as the person chosen by him to be my destroyer. Indeed I would not injure you, but so many reasons join to persuade me, I cannot help very greatly fearing you; and yet I would fain believe — (for alas! Sir, the wretched who have no support are willing to lay hold of every twig;) I would fain believe you are not one of his instruments — and yet, what reason have I to hope? Would he leave any one with me, whom he intended not to ensnare and betray me?”

Mr. *Faison*, clasping her hands with the utmost eagerness, replied, “On my soul, dearest Miss, I hate the rascal, and I hate myself: It would be no less ungenerous than unavailing, to conceal from you the real purpose of my visit. Do not despise me wholly, (for you cannot but despise me, and, sincerely, I despise myself) when I frankly confess, that you only was the occasion of my presence here to day——But alas! how can I shock your ears with declaring, it was to possess it, if I approved your person?” “Oh cruel, wicked man, (said *Caroline*, interrupting Mr. *Faison*) now the whole of his barbarous friendship to me is notorious; now the reason
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of his pressing and earnest desire for me to appear at dinner to day, is too grossly and shockingly manifest!" "Believe me, Miss, replied he, I did not expect to find a lady like you; my evil thoughts were fix'd on something worthy their vileness, on some unhappy woman, already deluded, and already lost to shame. Believe me, I never dreamt of beholding such modesty and such innocence, much less of being the hellish instrument to destroy and ruin them. Bad as my inclinations are, they never yet have proceeded to that infamous stretch of wickedness; and I cannot now but look upon *Dookalb* with the utmost abhorrence and indignation: nay, on my soul, I almost tremble to be under so accursed a roof; but since matters are in this dangerous and desperate situation, as you are not one minute safe from so black and deadly an enemy, let me desire that you would use my means, and direct me how to rescue you from this horror; and that will atone, I hope, for the sinful intention with which I enter'd these execrable doors." "Alas! Sir, said *Caroline*, how can I ever sufficiently thank you, or how repay you for so great a kindness? A poor, dejected, friendless creature, unknown and unsupported, and placed in the midst of so many and so great difficulties! you at least will have the prayers of
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an unhappy father and mother for delivering their miserable child from destruction ; for saving their second daughter from the melancholy fate of their first. But why do I dwell on such circumstances, or why lose one moment from deliberating how soonest to procure my ransom ? You best know what was your agreement with Mr. *Dookalb*, and what was to have been the dreadful consequence of this interview, and as such can best advise me what to do, and how to escape from this house, where I need not tell you, I am held close prisoner.” “ Madam, replied he, I cannot so much offend and disgust you, as to say what were the purposed consequences ; be it sufficient to inform you, that execrable wretch told me he fear’d I should not succeed at the first interview ; but if I found it probable, he advised me not to leave the attack ’till morning, which he promised not to interrupt by his presence : however, if, after all, your virtue should remain impregnable, it was resolv’d I should continue my visits a few days, and have every proper opportunity granted me, and that convenient methods should be taken with you to incline you to a compliance. What those methods were I blush to speak. And he also promised, that you, the more to engage you to me, should have free leave to go with
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me where-ever it was agreeable. You see then, there is no great difficulty to procure you a safe riddance ; but we must take care to deceive the villain with his own deceit ; we must vanquish the hypocrite with hypocrisy ; you dissembling your real hatred of him, and pretending a delight in the prospect of captivating me ; and I also affecting a gay assurance, that I shall quickly gain the point desired with you. But there will be need of this no longer than to-morrow morning, when I'll visit you, and beg your attendance to *Ranelagh*, which he'll not refuse, and you may then bid adieu to this scene of distress, and, let me hope, be perfectly happy. *Caroline*, deeply touched with a sense of the divine goodness towards her, could not help falling on her knees and blessing the God who protected her, and who had thus, by turning evil into good, wonderfully and gloriously worked her deliverance ! Nor was she less profuse in her gratitude to Mr. *Faison*, her eyes flowing with expressive tears, while her melodious tongue utter'd the sweetest and most harmonious thanksgivings. The remainder of the evening was spent in agreeable converse between them, she, at his request, relating the whole of her and her sister's affecting story, while he soothed her sufferings with the kindest remarks, and revived her hopes

by the warmest assurances of serving her to the utmost of his power. Shall we say it became a little irksome to both, when the hour of parting drew nigh? Who knows not that love is a subtle fire, and frequently is kindled in the bosom when we dream not of its influence? Something like this perhaps was the case, when Mr. *Faison* gently pressing her hand, confused and trembling touched her coral lips; while she, in no less confusion, suppressed a soft sigh rising in her breast, while big tears hung labouring in her eyes, as if doubtful whether to continue in that bright dwelling, or to kiss their pleasing way adown her damask cheeks.

C H A P. XIII.

The concern of Mrs. Stevens and her family. Caroline's happy return to them, and Mrs. Hodson's remarks on her deliverance.

POOR Mrs. *Stevens* was under the greatest concern, as well as her whole family, for the absence of Miss *Caroline*; they sent to the house whither she was conducted, but could gain no information from thence, the servants, by their master's direction, denying any knowledge of her. They sought wherever seemed
most

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most probable to them, but to no purpose; and their best intelligence, the honest nurse, heretofore mentioned with no small applause, was at a distance from home too, so that they were under the greatest distress and anxiety for the poor unhappy young creature, whose modest deportment, mournful story, and hard fate had greatly engaged their esteem and affection. The worthy Mrs. *Hodson* was afflicted to a very great degree, and determined, that if when nurse should return, her enquiries should also prove fruitless, to advertise her, with a promise of a large reward, as afraid she was deluded into some danger, and unable to deliver herself. But if their uneasiness was great, *Caroline's* was no less so, under the apprehensions of it; and it was no small portion of her present happiness, to think she should soon return to these worthy people, and free them from their fearful surmises concerning her. This and the many other joyful thoughts which crowded in upon her after Mr. *Faison's* departure, together with the damping fears which attended them, and the silent pain, which yet unobserved, secretly stole through her bosom, drove sleep far from her eyes, and made rest for that night a stranger to her eyelids.

Mr. *Dookalb*, in the morning, was highly pleased to see the usual melancholy which sat on his cousin's brow greatly dissipated, and cheerful vivacity reigning in its stead. He scrupled not to touch, in his jocosé and familiar way, on what he imagined the cause, and much approving Miss *Caroline's* taste, strongly recommended Mr. *Faison* as a person of the most finished accomplishments, and well deserving so charming a young lady's esteem. And he failed not, by the bye, covertly to insinuate his mighty regard for her, and singular friendship in introducing her to such an acquaintance; with a gentle hint on the unkindness of her suspicions and behaviour to him. *Caroline*, hoping this was the last time she should ever hear these syren tales, calculated to deceive and destroy, smother'd her indignation, dissembled her resentment, and closed with the good man in most of his conclusions, giving him no small hopes that his purposes would quickly be answer'd, and matters go on prosperously with this hitherto wayward and uncomplying girl. Nor was his opinion at all changed, when in a little time Mr. *Faison* appear'd, on whose approach *Dookalb*, tenting *Caroline* to the quick, perceiv'd a rosy blush overspread her countenance, and

a bright ray of delight dart from her speaking, soft, and melting eyes. Mr. *Faison* making his request known to Mr. *Dookalb*, that his intention was, with his permission, to entertain the young lady with the morning's amusement at *Ranelagh*, he very kindly observed, his desires always were, that his cousin should be entirely at her own option in every respect, where he knew the place and company : for his own part, he could have no objection to so obliging a proffer, much less to the company of a gentleman so worthy, good and amiable. Thus a general consent was obtained ; for who can doubt of *Caroline's* ? and she, properly preparing herself, stept into a coach ready for them, more joyful, and more triumphing in her deliverance than a hapless mariner, when ascending the tall steep side of some brave *British* admiral from a desert of sand, whereon he had been unfortunately cast, where every want of nature was unsupplied, and where slow destruction, in meager aspect, hourly was digging a deep grave to overwhelm him.

Mr. *Faison*, after they were at a proper distance from Mr. *Dookalb's*, enquiring where she would choose to be driven, was surpriz'd and pleased to

hear her place of abode was at his friend's, Mrs. *Stevens's*; "for there, Madam, said he, lives a very worthy and excellent relation of mine, in whose acquaintance you'll be happy, and from whose conversation you'll receive great pleasure." "I guess whom you mean, Sir; replied she, Mrs. *Hodson*, no doubt; I promised myself the greatest satisfaction under her protection, when first made known to her; but these hopes, alas! were speedily frustrated by the cruelty of Mr. *Dookalb*, who confin'd me from them; and that I once more see them is wholly owing to your generous goodness; and, believe me, next to the satisfaction of being rescued from the horror of horrors, I know not any greater at present than the thought of shortly being blest amongst those good people again." The time was easily beguiled, nor seemed it long to Miss *Caroline* or her friend, while they were hurried over the rattling stones to the port of peace, the wish'd-for-dwelling of the good Mrs. *Stevens*, whose house was in no small uproar of joy and gladness on the appearance of Miss *Caroline*, the lost bewailed *Caroline*, and in no small admiration to behold her conducted thither by their friend and acquaintance, Mr. *Faison*; whose worthy aunt, Mrs. *Hodson*, was immediately informed

formed of the glad tidings, and one peal of thanksgivings and pleasure rung through every portion of the little echoing house. Soon as the tide of congratulations and transport was somewhat subsided, curiosity, like another moon, hung up her lamp on high, and raised again the swelling desire of their minds to a higher flow : all with one consent anxiously sought to know the reasons of *Caroline's* long absence, and the whole train of events which had kept her from them, and brought her once more safe and welcome to their longing view ; all which *Caroline* related to them in the most exact and copious manner, and failed not to dwell abundantly on the praises of Mr. *Faison*. The old lady observed to Miss *Caroline*, that it was matter of the greatest delight to her, that providence had so disposed it, as to make her sufferings, (since she was ordained to suffer,) the means of her nephew's doing good ; the highest delight, in her mind, human nature was capable of receiving ; and, that being strongly attach'd to virtue, it had pleased him, whose delight is in those that do well, so wonderfully to rescue her, as to make even him, who was intended to be her destroyer, her deliverer ; for Mr. *Faison*, though *Caroline* softly pass'd over that part of the story,

in deep humiliation, related the whole, omitting no one circumstance. After many excellent remarks on the meanness of betraying a young creature, the guilt and condemnation sure attendant thereupon, Mrs. *Hodson* greatly commended her nephew for the sincere sorrow he professed for his past shame, and firm resolution, having seen the glaring horror of his fault, never thus hereafter to offend : for she well observed, that the first step to amendment is a knowledge of ourselves and our offences, and the first advance to goodness, humiliation, and a sense of having done ill.

*To know ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.
 When Nature's blush, by custom, is wip'd off,
 And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
 Has into manners nat'raliz'd our crimes ;
 The curse of curses is our curse to love :
 To triumph in the blackness of our guilt,
 (As Indians glory in their deepest jet)
 And throw aside our senses with our peace.*

“ So, said she, observes that excellent, pious, and never sufficiently to be admired writer, Dr. *Young*, in his *Night Thought*, ; and so with him speaks all nature and all experience. Neither do

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do you lament, young lady, for that it hath pleased him, who directs you, to plunge you in difficulties, to present you with dangers, and to beset you with temptations; rather rejoice in this mark of his favour; and as a certain means of never being overcome, imagine yourself constantly in the eye of him who sees through all the creation at a glance, and readeth every secret in every heart; think yourself always in his presence, dangers and difficulties will then vanish before you, and temptations be resisted and broken like a feeble reed. Your increase in goodness too will thus be glorious, and your life will be happy, for your conscience will ever applaud you. And mark these lines of the above-mentioned fine poet.

*No man is happy, 'till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself.
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all:
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.*

WITH this, and such like advice, the excellent lady entertained the company, which we hope will no less entertain and profit you, our kind readers and companions thus far in these little adventures; that you may there-

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fore pause a while, and weigh these serviceable remarks, we here close our second book; and having seen *Caroline* in a state of rest, will return to the remaining personages, with whom in the course of these pages we have contracted some small an acquaintance.



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THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON.

B O O K III.

CHAP. I.

Lucy's happy situation. Mr. Leicart's growing dislike. The consequence of their going to the play. Lucy's distress. Her visit to Miss Repock, and very kind reception.

WE left *Lucy* in the full fruition of her whole heart's desire, blest in the embraces of a man highly pleasing to her capricious fancy, and rescued from one disagreeable and loathsome as death and the grave. What felicity was equal then to that of hers and her beloved

beloved *Leicart*? The fond expressions of her unbounded rapture in his arms, her exquisite beauty, and most delicate frame, her limbs soft as doves down, white as the virgin snow, and polished like the finest marble, must have given transport, beyond idea, to the coldest; what then to a man no less susceptible of love and pleasure than herself? But the highest delights of sense, the most ravishing and entrancing extasies, surely, too surely pall and grow insipid, if appetite holds the sway, and guilt reigns lord of the banquet; a fact eminently proved by this happy couple: for what bliss could excel their bliss, what joy transcend their joy? And yet, so it happen'd, that Mr. *Leicart* grew tired of her too luxurious fondness, was almost sick with love, and relished not the luxurious feast, and the riotous enjoyment, with his former goust and usual eagerness. Besides, the reflection that he was to be at the expence of keeping and providing for this lady, as well as debarr'd from the company and possession of other women, while thus enslaved to her, gave him no small anxiety and dissatisfaction, as knowing that his fortune was barely sufficient for himself, as thinking this had much the appearance of that slavish miserable state matrimony, and as very unwilling to be deprived of the bliss of roving, and
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the pleasures of variety. *Lucy* had the first full and very uneasy assurance of this given her one evening at the play, whither she went with Mr. *Leicart*, who had not been long in the box before he beheld in the opposite one a lady of his acquaintance, who was greatly in his esteem. He made a slight apology to *Lucy* for leaving her a little, and retired to her rival, with whom she had the mortification to see him continue during well nigh the whole time of the performance; which being almost ended, he returned, begging her pardon, and making some lame excuses, which palliated, however, the matter tolerably enough, as she had recover'd him again from that detested creature who had so long detained him from her. But what was her surprize, when, conducting her to a chair after the play was over, he told her she must dispence with his company that evening, as he was engag'd to some particular friends; and therefore desired her to go to bed at her usual time, and not to wait for him, as he could not exactly tell when he should be at home. So saying, he wished her a good night, gave the chairmen their orders, and withdrew; while she, so full, so ready to burst was her heart, could utter nothing more than, *Cruel Man!* It is scarce to be conceived, what a tumult of wild passions distracted her bosom;
love

love, rage, jealousy, indignation, pride, anguish, scorn and bitterness at once possess'd and tortured her. The ingratitude of *Leicart* stung her to the soul; the hated woman she saw him with at the play never was one moment from before her eyes; and the recollection of her own miserable, undone, dependant state, was not the least busy or burthensome of all her tormentors. Fond and foolish hope, however, still buoy'd her up, and she sat in painful watching almost the whole night, expecting his desired return, anxiously catching every sound, as hoping he was at hand, and feeding herself with the airy wish, that she mistook him all the while, and that necessity obliged the dear man to be absent from her so long. But even this pleasing delusion turn'd out to her pain: soon as she perceived the long, long night wholly spent, and all her expectations vanish'd into air, at length, in downright despair, she betook herself to bed, that bed, alas! once the seat of love and rapture only,—now, dreadful change! no love, or rapture was to be found; gnawing jealousy possess'd Mr. *Leicart's* place on her bosom, and thorny discontent remov'd the down-pillow from her head. She slept but little; and when she did sleep, waking was less dreadful than her dreams: there she saw all her horrid apprehensions

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apprehensions realized ; there she beheld herself contemned, despised and rejected ; while on the bosom of the rival fair lay her laughing lover, pointing with scorn at the fond broken-hearted *Lucy*, and printing ten thousand glowing kisses on the soft bosom of his new mistress. How could she bear such Dreams ; how could she bear such waking ? Behold the morning came, and found *Lucy* still as unhappy as the night had seen her ; no Mr. *Leicart* still : miserable woman ! all was now too plain, and the only remedy left her, yea, the only result of her resolution was to hate and despise him. And when about eleven he returned, (for not before did he return) she attack'd him in the furiousness of her rage, with all the bitterness of her soul, and every opprobrious term incensed and despised love could utter. “ Base, worthless, cruel, wicked and ungrateful wretch, said she, I hate and despise you, I scorn and detest you.” “ With all my Heart, Madam, replied the villain, very coolly, I am glad of it ; perhaps we may be equal in that respect ; but remember where you are, that I am no slave, and that these are my apartments.” “ And they shall be wholly yours, Sir, said she, very shortly.” “ The sooner the better, Miss, quoth he, if you are of such a very testy stomach, so
wonderous

wonderous waspish, and so mighty squeamish, believe me, your absence will be highly agreeable. D—e, Madam, do you think I am a mean married dog? Do you apprehend I should be confin'd from all other women for you, truly? No, faith, you greatly mistake me, if you think so. However, I shall not hurry you; you are at full liberty to stay here 'till you can provide yourself, and you must confess that *generous enough*; but I shall take care not to trouble you with my company; and so your very humble servant, very angry Miss *Lucy*." No wonder the love remaining in her bosom evaporated in an instant, and immediately was gone upon such ungenerous and barbarous treatment; for what woman can stand the shock of insulting contempt? She bid him, therefore, go like a perfidious and ungrateful miscreant as he was; and pouring out a flood of imprecations, declared her utter abhorrence of him, and her determined readiness to break off all kind of commerce and communication with him. *Leicart* wanted no more than this; and therefore retired from the room, very well satisfied, and much pleased with his own address, and excellent management in thus freeing himself from so heavy an incumbrance.

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It will be very possible, that some of the fair sex in this place may loudly exclaim against the barbarous ingratitude, and shocking cruelty of the men ; and we cannot but confess, that there is sufficient grounds for it, in this behaviour of one of their *darlings*, the celebrated *Beau Leicart* ; but before they presume to open their lips on this subject, they will do well to consider how much, how very nearly it concerns every woman to guard against the least approaches to vice, much more to guard against the infidelity of men, by keeping their virtue ever in their own possession. Be assured, fair reader, whoever thou art, so long as blooming in innocence, the warm sun of affection and desire will shine round, beautify and bless thee ; but if once thou hast admitted to the last and most inviting favour the son of thy affection, if thou hast permitted him to pluck the virgin rose, — tremble in horrid certainty, for blighting contempt will quickly wither thee, the breath of disregarding satiety will soon mildew and destroy thy former bloom and fragrancy. Persevere, therefore, constant and firm in the paths of virtue ; even the wicked will then, at distance, adore thee, the good will love and honour thee with the sincerest fondness ; the voice of complaining shall never
issue

issue from thy lips; — daughter of bright charity, thou shalt be blessed.

LUCY, thus wholly cast off, and left to the wide world, wholly unexperienced and unbenefriended, was in much doubt and perplexity how to direct herself, or which course to take. She thought of applying again to *Dookalb*, but still the remedy there appeared worse than the disease. She wish'd to be with her sister, yet knew not how to submit to the voice of upbraiding, and the language of reformation. The last and only refuge she could possibly conceive, was to betake herself to her friend, *Miss Repook*, of whose good-nature, sense, and affability she had the highest esteem. Accordingly, packing up what little matters she had, and giving orders for them to be delivered when she should send for them, she stept into a chair, and was convey'd to her friend's House. *Charlotte* was just up, and at breakfast, when *Lucy* made her appearance with a countenance woefully dejected, and a look wonderously downcast and disconsolate. *Charlotte*, in her usual frank and familiar manner accosted her thus, “ Bless, me, my dear, I am afraid your paramour did not please you last night. I never saw woman look so dissatisfied—sure *Leicart* could never be
your

your bed-fellow!" *Lucy* turned off her raillery with seriously informing her she was now come solely to consult and ask her advice; for as to herself she knew not what method to take, or how to act. Upon which she acquainted her friend with the whole ingratitude, baseness and barbarity of Mr. *Leicart*, and her firm resolution never more to have any concern with so ungenerous and base a wretch. *Charlotte* joined very heartily and copiously in damning the mean worthless rascal, bid *Lucy* be of good comfort, and promised to use her utmost interest to serve her. "In the mean time, my dear, said she, to settle your grief a little, and to obtain a drop of consolation, follow my example, and take a glass of ratafia child, and never fear, have a good heart, and I'll warrant you trade enough." Upon which she pledged her friend in a sociable glass of the abovesaid liquor, and initiated *Lucy* into the very fashionable, excellent, and advantageous custom of drinking drams. "Looke, my dear, continued *Charlotte*, you have my free consent to make what use you please of my house; the apartment above is wholly at your service; for my own part I have money in profusion, and therefore you will do well to make the greatest advantage you can at present of your commodity, 'till some cull falls in our way, pro-
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per for you, and with pence enough ; I'll introduce you to company, and put you into a method of trading ; but remember to make your gentry pay high, that's a matter of great consequence ; the higher your price the more eager they will be for possessing you : I speak by experience, and you cannot ask too high, as being really so very fine a person, and which is of all things with them most valuable, so entirely fresh. Twenty guineas a night, I should think, however, by no means any thing less than ten." *Lucy* testified her obligation to *Miss Repook* in the strongest terms possible, as unknowing, however, to make her any return for so great kindness, and as indebted to her in the most singular manner. Melancholy subjects were soon cast aside, another glass elevated their spirits, and dispelled all the gloom of disturbing thought. When *Charlotte*, acquainting *Lucy* with a custom she had of relieving every morning all such as attended her levee, and sought her protection, told her, she should see some of her pensioners and dependants ; and ringing for her maid, ordered, one by one, all those to be introduced to her who waited for admission that morning. " Many, my dear, said *Charlotte*, of the virtuous of our sex, as they stile themselves, think us abandoned and wicked beyond all bounds, and
falsely

falsely imagine we do no good at all ; but I appeal to every one of them, whether they do more good than I ; whether they relieve a greater number of poor objects and sufferers, or hold any more laudable custom than this of mine, as you'll speedily be convinced." Thus idly did she imagine, that a design calculated to feed her vanity only, was praise-worthy, and acceptable in the sight of God and man. Thus did she, deluded enough, suppose, that while she continued to be charitable, the rest of her sins would surely be forgiven ; for she, once in her life, had heard an eminent preacher say, that charity covereth a multitude of sins, and that relieving the distressed is the greatest, most christian-like, and most divine virtue.

CHAP. II.

Miss Charlotte's levee. The tragic Poet, and penitent prostitute. Lucy and Charlotte's disgust and search of adventures.

THE door being opened, a tall thin personage was introduced : he was dressed in a tye-wig, a coat formerly brocaded, but much tattered and tarnish'd, a waistcoat richly trim'd heretofore.

heretofore, but now almost stripp'd of its trimming. He had on a long sword, and long, but very unclean ruffles; a large muff, worn well-nigh bare, hung on one of his buttons, and on his wrist a very gorgeous gold-headed cane. His appearance was too extraordinary not to raise the ladies curiosity and admiration, and also too good, as they thought, to be treated like a common pensioner. Miss *Charlotte* therefore begg'd the gentleman to sit down, and very politely asked what there was in her power wherein she could oblige him. "Madam, he began, I am a man of family and fortune,

*But such is e'er the cruelty of fate,
Those who are truly good are rarely great.*

Our family, by accidents as strange as new, is now to the utmost poverty reduced, and left to shuffle with a thankless world. For me, young ladies, I have nothing left, but that which in the days of worthy men would have procured me honour and applause, (not barely what I now desire, sufficiency to keep from want myself and family—) genius and wit: these none can take from me, and *si miserum fortuna sinonem*, if fortune makes me wretched, yet can she never rob me of god-born poesy; for poets are so born.
Now,

Now, Madam, you must be informed, that having heard full loudly of your fame, for deeds of worth, and generous actions great, I come to beg your patronage and aid in my behalf; that to the worthy gentleman who shares your heart and bed, you'd please to recommend a tragedy of mine, which, if he should approve, (and none who have read or heard it but approve,) which, if he should, I trust his love of merit will cause him to commend it to the theatres for his own sake, for mine, and for our country's." So saying he drew from his pocket a large scrawl of manuscript papers, while the ladies, unused to such exalted heroics were ready to burst with laughter. "Madam, continued the tragedian, I have a wife and seven children small; my wife quilts petticoats to get her bread, while I write works of art and fancy, and so do my part. Our hopes, at present, are all center'd here, and be assured, if you can recommend to our *great manager* this work of mine, you'll bless, for ever bless, my thankful flock and me." "Sir, said *Charlotte*, I'll do my endeavours--but pray, what is your subject?" "Oh, Madam, rejoin'd he, 'tis a domestic tale. Domestic tales, I know, are what our actors chuse. 'Tis called, *The Fall of Plenty*; exemplified in the sufferings of a family reduced from great wealth to deep distress. If
you'll

you'll permit me, I'll rehearse it—Lady.” *Charlotte* objecting their want of time, he desired her, at least, to give him leave to read a few lines, which he had prefix'd, as an introduction to her. This being granted, he began.

To the celebrated and much esteemed beauty,
Miss *Charlotte Repook*.

*B*Right lady, glowing in the list of fame,
In beauty, wit, and excellence the same,
Permit me, to address, with song divine,
And with fair poesy your worth consign
To immortality, — for that is thine. }
How doth your beauty bless your lover's arms,
Unparallel'd, unequalled in charms!
How doth your goodness ev'ry suff'rer bless,
And make the wretched sing amidst distress!
Oh look regarding, goddess of our earth,
On this thy servant's first true tragic Birth,
Like Pharaoh's daughter, from the wat'ry grave
This orphan infant most humanely save.
Then of your name triumphantly I'll sing,
Then soar aloft on my new fledged wing,
And sound from pole to pole your mighty worth,
Your charms and beauty e'en to heav'n from earth:
Then shall thy virtues never know decay,
But bloom and flourish in eternal day.

Charlotte

CHARLOTTE was vain enough to be delighted with this incense, and desiring the gentleman to favour her his with performance, promised to leave no stone unturn'd in his favour. As she open'd the door for him, he gently whisper'd, that he should be greatly obliged to her if she could lend him a crown. She could not think of presenting a gentleman with so small a sum, and therefore, pulling out her purse, begg'd him to accept five guineas for his trouble and the compliment he had paid her; with which the poor author retired home highly delighted to his half-starved wife and children.

THE next petitioner introduced, was a miserable figure of a woman, almost naked, with a blanket only wrapt round her loins, and with every sign of distress and wretchedness. The ladies desiring to know her case, she informed them, "that once, like them, she was in high life, and in the keeping of a person of rank; that she was the daughter of a citizen of *London*, a man of good trade and credit, but one who lived too fast, and brought up his children too fashionably; that while in her father's house she was used to see nothing but what might pamper her pride, and feed her vanity; and was accustomed to dress according to the most fashionable

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folly,

folly, and to attend every public place of resort and entertainment. In an unhappy hour, ladies, said she, I gave up my virtue, on our return from a masquerade, to a journeyman of my father's, who had long made his addresses to me, and which I had received by the consent of my parents, they intending, as they used to hint, in case we should agree, to leave off business and retire, and place him in the shop; but alas! very soon after I was blessed in his arms, as, I imagined, never woman was blessed before, a statute of bankruptcy came out against my father, and all in a moment was gone. My lover, as is ever to be expected in such cases, refused to perform his repeated promises of marrying me, and, to add to my miseries, I found myself with child. My poor father was thrown into prison, and my dear mother never left him; grief and despair seized him for his losses, but much deeper grief and despair when he heard of his daughter's undoing. He sent for me on his death-bed, but had strength to say no more, than, feebly holding my hand, while a big tear stood in his sunk and hollow eyes, "Pray God bless thee, I forgive thee, my poor, poor ruined child." In short, I was so much affected, that I miscarried, happily for the poor unborn babe; and being friendless, and, let me confess, too
much

much inclined that way by my natural inclination, I enter'd into keeping with a gentleman of the town; from thence, by my ingratitude and inconstancy to him, I was turned out to trade at the taverns, and afterwards in the streets; so that now, though but one and twenty years old, I am ready to perish with diseases, with want, and the utmost torture. Oh, ladies, if you have any pity in your present affluence, remember and assist me. But indeed I have another purpose in thus presuming to call upon you, and that is, by representing to you my own sufferings, to warn and deliver you from the like. See then in me your own selves; such as you are, I once was; such as I am, if you recover not yourselves immediately, you surely will be. For my own part, I think myself so sincerely penitent, and see my crimes so fully, that I am content to suffer these and much worse things, if, by my sorrows here, I may wipe away my past offences, and obtain forgiveness at the hands of my offended lord." "Away with your preaching and hypocritical stuff, cried *Charlotte*, what mean you, woman, by having the impudence to advise and condemn me or this lady, or to think of comparing such a poor wicked wretch as yourself with us? Pr'ythee stop your tongue and be
I 2 gone,

gone, and learn, as a certain rule, beggars must never presume to be teachers. Pray trot, good Madam Penitence." "Alas! alas!" replied the poor half-starved creature, I from my soul pity and deplore your situation; you cannot bear the voice of truth; may God have mercy upon you; but believe and tremble, for I speak certain truth, many, though I shall not live to see it, will behold you even in distresses superior to mine." So saying, she departed, and left the ladies so greatly chagrin'd and ruffled with her dreadful denunciation of their future calamities that neither the one nor the other was in any sort of temper to hear or see any more of *Charlotte's* levee; and *Lucy*, for her part, advised her friend to lay aside the custom, as she could not tell how frequently she might meet with such wretches, who, under the colour of distress, would affront and censure her. To divert their thoughts, and destroy all possibility of reflection, *Charlotte* ordered her chariot to be got ready, (for *Charlotte* kept her chariot, and was remarkable for the fineness of her horses, and the elegance of her equipage,) and chearing her own as well as her companion's spirits with the usual cup of comfort, ordered her servant to several shops auctions, &c. where she had any business, or where she had
none,

none, but principally where it was most likely to find some company to amuse and entertain herself and Miss *Lucy*.

LET us leave them then awhile to their search, 'till they find something worthy our further attention, while we take a little jaunt from the smoke of the town into the fresh air of the country, to enquire after the situation of Mr. *Sanson* and his family, of whom we have heard nothing since Mr. *Dookalb's* and Miss *Caroline's* letters came to hand. All writers, all poets, and all historians, with one consent admire and praise the country: wonder not therefore, gentle reader, if you perceive, on our approach thither, a new spirit glow throughout our writings, and double warmth animate every page.

C H A P. III.

The reception of Mr. Dookalb's and Miss Caroline's letters. The misery of Mr. Sanson's family. His determination and visit to Mr. Thompson.

MR. *Sanson's* letter, recorded in the foregoing part of our history, is a sufficient demonstration and picture of the miserable
 I 3 anxiety

anxiety and fearful suspense of this unhappy family, which every day augmented, and to which every hour added fresh terrors. And who can wonder, that a fond father and mother were agitated with restless fears and solitudes for the beloved children of their bosoms?

*For those, where they had garner'd up their hearts,
Where either they must love, or bear no life,
The fountain from which their current runs,
Or else dries up.*—————

OTHELLO.

No wonder with such, the day dragg'd heavily along 'midst torturing impatience; no wonder the tedious night was mournfully distracted with black dismay, and horrid imaginations. But on a sudden the long gloom was dispelled, a bright gleam of light and pleasure dawn'd upon them; for behold two letters are presented to them, the one directed by the known and beloved hand of their darling *Caroline*, the other by the fingers of their much esteemed and highly honoured friend, Mr. *Dookalb*. But alas! the ray of comfort which had suddenly broke in upon them, was but as an angry flash of lightning, which, in a moment, is devoured up by the jaws of darkness, and serves only to make
the

the former gloomy horror more horrible. The old man no sooner opened Mr. *Dookalb's* letter, than a violent trembling seized him, and having read it, he called out with an urgent impatience, "Give it me, give it me," to his wife, who had opened, and was about to read her daughter's letter. She, no less alarmed than her husband, immediately resigned it to him, and catching at Mr. *Dookalb's*, read, sighed, and fainted. The poor old man, with big tears in his aged eyes, hanging over her, suffer'd awhile means to be used for her recovery, crying out in a wild and uncommon strain, "that it was best—it was best so to be—it would be well if the poor unhappy mother should never more return to life and sorrow." At length recovering by degrees, Mrs. *Sanson* perceived her husband walking hastily along the house, now reading one, and then the other letter, now shedding many tears, now uttering the most pathetic exclamations; and when turning his eyes towards her, and the little weeping train that stood sorrowing around her, -"Oh my wife, oh my dear children, said he, here is the end of all our hopes—here is the bane of all our joy—my daughters, my once dear darling daughters are ruined, lost, and undone, and I am a poor miserable old man, just distracted, and travelling

I 4

hastily

hastily to the grave in despair." Though the little children understood not the meaning of their father's words, yet they perceived a sadness and fury in them, which caused them to cling around their mother, and in loud plaints express their fears and consternation. She, still weak, and scarce able to support herself, yet, good woman, studiously endeavoured to give that comfort which she could not find. She intreated her husband more calmly to consider the matter, once more coolly to read over and weigh each letter; to which he consented. But to what could the cruel lines of *Dookalb* serve, except with every word to dart a scorpion into the breasts of the miserable parents, pen'd, as they were, with the blackest malice, written, as they were, with the most cursed and odious design? *Caroline's* letter too was evidently full of shift and evasion, and plainly demonstrated the badness of her's and her sister's situation, though she was unwilling to declare it, and anxious, if possible, to keep it from her parents; for whom all that now remained, was only with mutual tears, plaints and lamentations, to sit together and bewail their hard fate, and the folly of their past lives, the madness of their vain and destructive pride, and the absurdity of their conduct in trusting two girls, so raw and unexperienced, to a wild,

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON. 177

wild, wicked and injurious world. But yet this was such a state of uncertainty, such a bed of thorns, as none would chuse to rest upon. To know the worst is some degree of ease; each was willing and desirous to be informed of the whole, and each, with the rack'd *Othello*, cried out, "Wou'd I were satisfied!" However, there appear'd no means to attain right information, but, either by commanding the young ladies to return home, or by the father's immediately taking a journey to them. Though *Mrs. Sanson* greatly and fondly desired, if possible, the return of her daughters, their former ease, innocence and security, yet she could not think it proper or possible to order them directly to come down, and seem'd more inclined to her husband's going up, as the means, perhaps, of adjusting all matters, reconciling *Mr. Dookalb* to them, and putting them in the right road to happiness. The old man was, himself too, much of the same opinion; but a dreadful obstacle stood in the way, the want of money enough to defray his expences. This was such a difficulty as was not easy to surmount, and of consequence added new encrease to their sorrows, and a fresh occasion for their fears. The result of all their consultations was, that each of them should write, the one to their

I 5 daughters,

daughters, the other to Mr. *Dookalb*, requesting an exact and precise account of their present situation, and the reason of their leaving so good a friend, their future intentions; and that in the mean time Mr. *Sanfon* should wait on a neighbour and acquaintance of theirs, to procure a small sum of money, with which, if they were not speedily relieved from their shocking and uncomfortable anxieties, he might make the best of his way to town.

The letters accordingly were written; and the next day the poor distressed and sorrowful old man paid a visit to Mr. *Thompson*, his neighbour, on the business just mentioned. Mr. *Thompson* is a man who, from the lowest station, by many indirect and unlawful means, by a most diligent and attentive concern to the business of the world, has raised to himself a most plentiful fortune, and amassed a prodigious quantity of gold and silver, which is always, with men of this kind, the test of worth and virtue; every man being, in their esteem, more or less, great, good and honourable, as he hath acquired more or less of their darling and high-prized jewel. Whence we may judge Mr. *Sanfon*, whose chief pride was his birth and descent, stood not very high in this gentleman's opinion, nor was held much in estimation by him; so that it is no wonder

wonder on the old man's approach, that Mr. *Thompson* received him with all the supercilious haughtiness which is peculiar to men of money, and not of sense and probity. Mr. *Sanson*, whose mind was in the lowest state of depression and grief, opened his business with tears in his eyes; and informing his neighbour that some immediate concerns demanded his presence in town, he was at loss for a small sum to bear his expences, which if he could let him have, it would be conferring the greatest obligation possible. The rustic tyrant, pleased with such an occasion for triumph over what he hated, a gentleman in low circumstances, observed, that he supposed *the young ladies* had not met with the *great* success they had imagined. "Truly, Sir, said he, I should have apprehended, had you spared less cost in prinking and pranking them out so very fine and gawdy, it might have been better for you and your family—but you see the consequence, I suppose now,—and as for my part, I don't well know what to say to it." "That was not the purpose of my coming, Mr. *Thompson*, said he, my daughters never offended you." "Well, Sir, said the clown, but the purpose of your coming, as you call it, was to borrow some money of me, was it not? And every man that lends money
has

has a right to speak his mind freely, (as I love to do,) concerning the person to whom he lends it. Lookee, upon these occasions we must expect a little plain dealing. And so friend *Sanfon*, I would be glad to know what sum you want, what security you propose to give me, and at what interest you wou'd desire to have it of me in this case." "The sum I want, replied Mr. *Sanfon*, is but small, and I imagined my own note, for such a trifle as five or ten pounds, would have been sufficient security, and the pleasure of having obliged a neighbour, and conferr'd so singular a favour, as much interest as any one would have required." "Very fine security indeed, quoth the other, laughing very loudly, and special good interest whereby a man may get his bread; this is the way, I suppose, you gentlefolks, as you call yourselves, oblige one another, *and get large estates*. No, no, Sir, it is not my fashion to lend money on such terms. I don't know any thing of your affairs; you have a large family, two fine ladies at *London*, prink'd out, and sent up to be made no body can tell what; and very few folks, I suppose, will be desirous to let such a person have money on his note, truly: and if that's all the security you have to offer, I must take care of myself first; my money is not used
to

to be lent on such conditions." The poor old man's heart was ready to burst under such indignities; however, pressing necessity vanquishes all other feelings, and enquiring from this mercenary what he would expect, he found some pledge or pawn of value was his usual demand, and a shilling *per* month his interest for every pound! On which hard terms, delivering up what plate and other things amounted to double the value, he obtained the mighty favour of ten pounds, which was put into his hands with great insult, while the purse-proud rustic vented his odious advice, as he term'd it, which was, in reality, the most piercing reflections; and mightily triumph'd in having a gentleman so much at his command, and bound to him by so singular a piece of service.

CHAP. IV.

Charlotte and Lucy's high life and prosperity.

Lucy's terrible disaster and recovery therefrom.

Her still more terrible ill fortune, introduction into a spunging-house, and miserable distress.

WHILE her parents were involved in such a scene of distress, thus sunk in woe, and overwhelm'd with affliction at home, far

far different was the situation of the thoughtless, gay and now abandoned *Lucy*; the loose conversation of her companion *Charlotte*, her great encouragement and learned advice, the profuseness of her generosity, and the quantity of her presents so prodigiously elevated and charmed her soul, that she by no means regretted her late loss, or felt any remorse for her present miserable situation. *Charlotte* faithfully, according to her promise, introduced her to several gentlemen, who were all equally glad, willing and earnest to pay for so desirable a woman; and she had but to appear at play-house, ball, or the like, and a dealer was at hand, ready to purchase for the present night, and happy was he who could first strike up a bargain. During this run of high success, *Charlotte* too quarrelled with her paramour, and they two, late so, fond so loving, were parted, never to meet again; upon which the two ladies determined to join stocks, to keep house together, and to live on their mutual profits. And, by this means, as *Charlotte* was well known to all the gay men of the town, *Lucy* had a good opportunity of extending her commerce and acquaintance; insomuch, that in a very short time their dwelling became universally celebrated, the resort of all the beau mond, and as much attended

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attended as the levee of our greatest statesman. Their chariot was remarkable for its elegance and neatness, their liveries for their richness and grandeur, their house for its furniture and magnificence. And who were better capacitated to live in the utmost profusion, than our ladies, who wanted not nightly visitants in very numerous plenty, and who never admitted any to the joy of their embraces, under the stipulated sum of ten pieces? Many, in the wantonness of their love, and to testify their affection and fondness for their dear creatures, were greatly more kind, more liberal and more expressive of their passion! But what mortal felicity is ever long secure? By some fatal accident, more to be expected than admired, the unhappy *Lucy* found herself, to her inexpressible sorrow, under the power of that fell disease, which is the certain consequence, and very just punishment of unlawful and unbounded lust. No wonder, when this was once perceived and known, her former trade fell off, and she was left to disease, agony and want; for, like the rest of her inconsiderate sisterhood, she had never dreamt of the morrow, but apprehended every day would continue bright as the present hour of prosperity. Nor was it less destructive of the credit of *Charlotte* than her companion, the gentlemen imagining as was
one,

one, so was the other, and therefore flying alike from both; so that the house which ere while was thronged and crowded, now became neglected, and forsaken, except by the hungry tradesman, and the thin and meagre-looking creditor. *Lucy* was put into the hands of an able and experienced physician, well skilled in the distemper, and celebrated amidst the daughters of *Covent-Garden*; by whose nice skill and application she was freed from the evil, and very well assured of it by the good doctor's making the first overtures of love and pleasure to her. We cannot blame *Lucy*, on her own principles, if she accepted the good doctor's terms, and so wiped off her long score with him; nor can we wonder that the doctor continues in poverty and disesteem, spite of all his sagacity, who thus discharges his debtor, and gives such receipts for his bills.

THUS happily delivered from so desperate a misfortune, *Lucy* hoped quickly to retrieve her credit, and appear again in her wonted splendor. She had, for the recovery of her health, retired to a small village near the town, and now returning to her house, was greatly surprized to find the bailiffs in possession, *Charlotte* vanished, and every thing in confusion. She
demanded:

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demanded her cloaths at least, and necessaries, but was told by one of the catchpoles, in very rough terms, that she was now in his hands, and not at liberty to leave him; and therefore he hoped the lady would not take it ill, if he should shew her the way to his house, which she was soon made to understand was a spunging-house; and that she must submit to the rigour of the law, worse much, and far more severe to her, than the rigour and severity of the cruel disease under which she had just now languished. But what could be done in such a case? Friends she had none to whom she could apply, money she had none sufficient to bribe or rescue her; ruin alone seemed the certain consequence, and, in gloomy despair, she seemed willing and glad to embrace it. Accordingly, she attended the surly officer, and was introduced by him into a miserable house, where dirt, horror, noise and confusion reigned in wild and lawless anarchy. On her entrance a loud laugh rung thro' the room, the ladies that were seated with their several tatter'd gallants, drinking large draughts of porter, gin and love, congratulating Mr. *Holdfast* on his prey, and welcoming their sister, as they stiled poor *Lucy*, to their acquaintance and her new lodgings. *Lucy* was so thunderstruck and confused, she knew not what to say or do,

do, having never been in such a place, or with such company before: however, enquiring of the officer if there were no other apartments in the house besides, where she could be alone, she was told, if she liked to pay the price she might have very good rooms; and desiring to see them, she fix'd on the first she entered; as there, being free from the wretched rabble in the former room, she could consider a little and reflect on what was best to be done in her present circumstances. The exorbitant demands of Mr. *Holdfast* on her admission hither almost exhausted all her small stock of money, and she perceived that still greater expences threatened her; so that she could foresee no probability of escaping from that comfortless dwelling; nay nor of continuing in her present apartment, in which, at least, she was unmolested by any insults, and undisturbed by any outrages from the miserable crew which she beheld on her entrance. Thus reduced to the brink of despair, what could she do, but weep and lament the long, long day, and the no less tedious night? Had she one comfortable thought on looking back to cheer and delight her? Alas! the whole prospect was dreary, dark and condemning. Had she one reviving hope or expectation before her? All alike, there too was dismal, and melancholy

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melancholy, thick night, and impenetrable darkness. A thousand times she determined to end her wretched life, but strong fear, and guilty self-condemning conscience, with their flaming swords, stood in the way and prevented her. She dared not even to think of her parents; her sister never came into her thoughts, but her pains encreased; and in all the seriousness of rage and madness she cursed the hour of her birth, and the day on which she left the little, happy, peaceful village.

IN one of these frantick fits Mr. *Holdfast* one day found her, when, without ceremony, he entered her apartment, declaring his immediate want of a sum due to him, which was more than she possessed upon the face of the whole earth. He told her he was surprized she should think of living in such a manner, having a room to herself, and calling for the best things the house supplied, without money to pay; that for his part he could not afford any such thing, and therefore she must think of removing to a place where she might get her bread by her daily labour." Shock'd at so terrible a denunciation, she, on her knees, entreated him to have some compassion, and if he possibly could, to direct her into any way of life, whereby

whereby she might have a probability of paying him, and maintaining herself. "I perceive, Madam, you have a watch there, said he, if you please to deliver that into my hands, we may, perhaps, find out some means to keep you a little from *Bridewell*, for to be sure you are rather too fresh for it yet." Which demand being complied with, he went on, "We can put you into a method, and furnish you with proper cloaths to see company at home as well as abroad; and I'll endeavour to recommend you to some of my friends, the porters at our taverns here about *Covent-Garden*; nay, if you should not find business enough that way, we have two or three outward-bound traders in the house, who shall introduce you to their acquaintance abroad, and teach you the right way of picking up: and faith, I think walking the streets, though esteemed the lowest, much the pleasantest part of your trade. I'll see what's to be done: I'll go talk with my wife about you; she's a friendly good woman to young folks: I'll talk to her and she shall advise you." So saying, he departed well enough pleased with *Lucy's* watch, which was of considerable value, and had been purchased by her in the high days of her grandeur and prosperity.

CHAP. V.

Porters of taverns, what they are. A true story of a cruel ravisher, Mrs. Holdfast's visit to Lucy, and its consequence.

WE hope it will be necessary to inform several of our readers what is meant by a *Porter* of a tavern, a term well understood by the gay and fashionable, and little suspected by the simple and innocent. A porter is no other than a pimp or proeditor-general, one whose business it is to furnish the guests with ladies, and to supply the wants of the sons of pleasure with courtezans of whatever complexion or disposition they chuse; for, that posterity may see and know how much they are improved, and how much wiser, better, and more virtuous they are, than this our generation, we cannot help recording it, even in these inconsiderable annals, that the taverns of *Great-Britain*, to the honour of our country, are the rankest brothel-houses, and the seats of all kinds of debauchery; an abuse which we doubt not will speedily be reformed, in this wise, prudent, and reforming age; and therefore, we think proper to deliver it down to futurity, lest it should be wholly forgotten,

forgotten, and men in latter times should be unacquainted with the great advances they have made in purity and perfection. But to return to *Lucy*.

THE poor penitent prostitute she had seen at her friend *Charlotte's* levee had been long in her mind, and was now never out of her thoughts; she perceived all the sorrows, attendant on guilt and shame, about to surround and torture her. Thought became the most irksome of all things, and whatever tended to dissipate that, of consequence became the most agreeable to her. Hence she courted the acquaintance and company of some other wretched women confined with her in this horrid place, and joining with them in their usual recreations, promised a downfall and destruction miserable as theirs. Amongst the rest of her companions, was one of somewhat a milder and more reserved turn than the others, who nevertheless greedily drank her gin, and swore with the roughness of a porter; yet at some times she would weep heartily, with great lamentation, bewail her fate, and curse the savage cruelty of that doctor to whom *Lucy* had been lately so much obliged for her cure. "For that monster, said she, one day to *Lucy*, was the occasion, by the most barbarous

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rous means, of making me the wretch I am, and depriving me of the pleasures of life. My father was a tradesman in the city, of no extraordinary wealth, but in very good life; he, as is common, you know, used to let out part of his house in lodgings. On the first floor lodged this brute doctor,—who, perceiving me a good smart young girl, though not fourteen, endeavoured by every means to entice me to his hellish purposes, and to seduce me to my ruin. Alas! I was too innocent then to understand any part of his designs, and never had the least suspicion but that all his toying and fondness for me was such as a father had for his child; for such was he, and greatly more in years, to me. However, it happened that I was seized by a violent fever, and being utterly senseless, this barbarian, this monster, amongst men, took an opportunity, when I was left alone to rob me of my virtue, and in my delirium, while I protest the whole was unknown to me as death, lay with me and ruined me. The wretch had the infamous confidence to tell me of it, when I recovered my senses, and to offer a renewal of his guilty purposes, which, with just indignation, I refused; and not daring to declare my case to my father, (my poor dear mother had been some time dead) I languished
long

long in sorrow and sickness, but youth and a good constitution got the better of both, and reserved me to the present misery. What now do you think such a villain merits? Does he deserve to loll at ease in his chariot? Ought he to be received into any house, or admitted into any company? They say there's a God, but I'll never believe it 'till I see this worst of all creatures either swallowed up by the earth, or struck dead in the midst of his prosperity."

THUS was this miserable undone woman relating her sorrowful tale to *Lucy*, when *Mrs. Holdfast* made her entrance; a little squab, fat, fiery-faced dame, the bastard daughter of an old bawd and the head keeper of Newgate; who for thirty years had spent her life either in her mother's house, or in her father's prison; in the latter of which places she met with *Mr. Holdfast*, her worthy spouse, who was one of her father's seekers, and remarkable for his vigilance and activity: him by her father's consent she married, who placed the young couple in the present excellent and celebrated spunging-house, and by his great interest with some of his majesty's justices of the peace, procured him the place of an officer for the county.

SUCH

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SUCH was the birth, parentage and education of the amiable Mrs. *Holdfast*, who introduced herself to poor *Lucy*, with the good news, as she was pleased to call it, that she had made interest in her behalf with the porter of the *Bedford-Arms*, who had promised to recommend her that very night, the first of any lady that should be called for. “And as my husband, continued she, has informed me you are desirous of trade to keep yourself awhile from harder labour, I am always glad to encourage honest and industrious young people, and so will supply you with all things to make you appear genteel, clean and tempting. The price for the night is only a guinea, to be paid out of your profits, and I am sure as no body can call that out of the way ; for in the first place, you’ll get a good supper by the bargain, and plenty of the best of liquors, besides the recreation itself, and most likely, if you manage matters right, two or three guineas more. There are (let me tell you by the bye) some that have ways and means to bring in a considerably larger booty ; ha, *Nancy*, han’t they, said she to the lady who was present with *Lucy* ? “Ay, ay, said *Nancy*, she’ll soon understand matters I warrant ; she’ll be a dab quickly, I’ll answer for her. Never fear, sister *Lucy*, never
K fear,

fear, we'll teach you the whole mystery—
Come, come, pluck up your courage, have a
good heart, and defy the world." Mrs. *Hold-*
fast perceiving the lady a little low-spirited, re-
commended a cup of comfort to her, her own
never-failing specifick, and accordingly some of
her own bottle was produced, and each pledged
the other in a flowing glass of genuine *strip-me-*
naked, dashed with some excellent bitters, a pre-
sent to her from her father's turnkey, who was
a near relation of, and had very great concerns
with that useful member of society, Dr. *Rock*.
The conversation that afterwards passed between
them would very ill beseem any writer to re-
hearse, and us more especially, who intend not
these pages, with some of our contemporary
authors, as provocatives to lust, and incentives
to passion; but, on the contrary, as dreadful
warnings and alarming declarations to all, yet
uninjured by vice, of the shocking miseries
which too surely attend it, and the almost insup-
portable hardships, that as constantly follow as
the light accompanies the sun; who enter not
into these dwellings of pollution and wickedness,
but to inform others of the lurking adder,
whereof they are not yet aware, and to turn
their steps from the paths of sin, which at first
seem fair and flowery, but end in nothing
save

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save sorrow and sighing, diseases, anguish and death.

SUFFICE it then, *Lucy*, according to agreement, was dressed out in her borrowed plumes, and adorned in every elegance to be made a prostitute. When quite equipped, and now waiting only for the miserable summons, as beholding herself in a glass, reflection demanded attendance, and she could not help bursting into tears, and bewailing her hard lot in the tenderest and most pathetick manner. “Oh cruel, cursed, bewitching beauty, she began, foolish, vain and inconsiderate creature! how have I stood and beheld my fancied charms with pride and self-applause, and triumphed over the rest of my acquaintance, because I was so much more handsome than they! Alas, poor *Lucy*, how art thou fallen! to what now serves all thy beauty—lost, gone, and destroy’d, soiled with vice, and blotted out with pollution! Oh God! can I bear the thought—were these limbs form’d to write whore upon—to be the prey of lust—and intemperance, and perhaps, in the end, to rot and perish in abhorred and loathsome destruction? Cursed be the day of my birth, and doubly cursed the day on which I saw this destructive city—and left my poor dear—Ah, *Caroline!*

thy words now sting me to the soul. Oh! my sister, may'st thou be their comfort—where was there ever a mother so tender as mine, where ever a father who took such pleasure in his child, or so rejoiced to make me happy! And well have I repaid them!—Why do I want the courage to die?—fool that I am—Ah me, how happy was I once!” Thus was she pouring forth her soul in complaints, when up ran Mr. *Holdfast*, and inform'd her that a chair waited for her below, by her friend the porter's order, and she must immediately repair to the *Bedford-Arms*. Some natural tears she drop'd, but wip'd them soon, appeas'd as well as possible the tumultuous throbbings of her troubled heart, and entered into the chair with as much pleasure and alacrity, as the celebrated Mr. *Maclane* ascended the fatal cart, when about to journey towards the dismal regions of *Tyburn*, and the still more dismal, detested regions of darkness and terror.

C H A P. VI.

Lucy's introduction into a tavern, and entrance on her new life. Her very ill success. Her future adventures. The misery of women of pleasure. The cruelty of modern rakes exemplified in a true story.

A Company of gay young fellows were assembled, after the play, to spend their evening together, and according to the fashionable custom of the place, order'd a bottle of claret and a girl apiece round. They were seven only in number, and unluckily for poor *Lucy*, she was the first of all the seven ladies who made her appearance amidst this revel-rout of rakes and bloods. She, unaccustomed yet to her horrid trade, enter'd, as one would apprehend, with no small confusion, covered o'er with blushes, and trembling violently in every limb. On her admission, up with one consent arose the jovial company, and pushing one over the other, hasted each to be the first who might salute the fair daughter of pleasure. Abandon'd as they were, some little compassion even touch'd their oaken hearts at the very great uneasiness

Lucy so plainly expressed : however, setting her amidst them, each filled a full bumper to her, tofs'd the glass o'er their heads, and kissing her once more round, presented her with a half-pint glass of claret, to dispel her fears, as they said, and raise her mounting spirits to their own pitch of mirth and jollity. By and by, the doors again expanded, and three more ladies were usher'd in, a loud peal of applause rung through the resounding room, and shouts and laughter shook the re-echoing house. A flowing bowl of arrack was order'd, the ladies were consulted concerning what delicacies they would chuse to eat, and each of the sweet ones, save *Lucy*, chose for herself the most exquisite dainties the season could afford, and a supper accordingly was ordered. It was not long before the company was compleated, and every lad had his lass ; the bowl was pushed briskly around, *Lucy* forgot her former fears, and a sad heart for the mad moment was not found amidst the jocund band.

DECEIVE not thyself, reader, with the vain expectations, that we shall record in this our history the whole behaviour and conversation of this company ; their indecencies, of course, became too shocking, and their midnight revels too

too infamous to be related. The man of pleasure knows them, and knowing them, let him reflect, and must he not detest them? Thou, who, happy for thee, art unexperienced in such iniquity, hast thou never seen that inimitable representation of such a society, in one of the pictures of that moral master, and child of fancy, the excellent *Hogarth* *, where the young heir, in happy drunkenness, lolls, with his ladies around him; some of whom, drunk like himself, are venting their fury one at the other, the remainder otherwise laudably employ'd in the several branches of their mystick occupation? Having seen that, thou may'st have some faint resemblance of this wretched company. For us, as our attendance on Miss *Lucy*, has necessarily obliged us to enter amongst them, we shall regard them only with a passing eye; and dwell solely on the actions and concerns of our heroine.

EVIL communication, it hath been long since observed, corrupts good manners; the best and most plenteously fraught with virtue would find it, of all difficulties the most difficult to withstand the power of ill examples, and the mischief of surrounding and pressing temptations; but those who have already given up virtue,

* *In his Rake's Progress.*

though not cordially taken vice to their embraces, must inevitably fall lower and lower, the more they are invited to sin, and the greater the incentives to evil, wherewith they are provoked and assaulted. *Lucy*, thus situated, of consequence was obliged to comply with the inclinations of her gallants, and the general behaviour of the company; if they were free, she was also the same; if they were loose, so was she; if they were immodest, she likewise was immodest; and if they scrupled not to transcend all the bounds of decency, who can wonder that *Lucy* did the same? In short, the night was wholly spent in debauchery and intemperance, and the day-dawn drawing nigh, *Lucy's* gallant, not willing to part so speedily, as he pretended, with a lady who pleased him so highly, determined, by her permission, to attend her home, to share her bed, and the farther sweets of her lov'd society. By some accident chairs were not to be had for both, or the gentleman perhaps prefer'd walking, the distance being small, or by some other means, of no great moment to us in our present enquiry, it so fell out, that he either was forced, or chose to walk to the lady's lodging, while she was convey'd thither, out of his great tenderness and care for her health, in a chair. But what words can express *Lucy's* sur-
prize

prize, when entering Mr. *Holdfast's* doors, she perceived one of the chairmen follow after for his hire, and no gallant at hand? She told the man that the gentleman would pay him. Upon which he informed her that the gentleman had turned another way, and left them soon after her entrance into the chair; of which, though at first imagining such a deceit impossible, being fully persuaded, boiling with resentment, tortured with chagrin, and unknowing how to appear before her landlady, who was now retired to rest, she betook herself to bed, and rav'd with incessant fury at the cruel disappointment, since her lover had sneak'd off without paying the unhappy girl the price of her prostitution. As a fierce hyæna leaps eager and furious to devour her prey, so in the morning enter'd Mrs. *Holdfast* into *Lucy's* chamber to demand the hire for her cloaths, and to receive them again safe from her hands. She waken'd the poor creature from her sleep, who was no less frighten'd, perhaps, at her appearance, than a sleeping traveller would be, if awaken'd by the paw of the same hyæna on his breast: but the monster confined in double chains fumes not, rages not, and roars not more than did this woman at the rehearsal of *Lucy's* mournful tale, and on the information of the loss of her expected profit.

She abused her with all the grossness of the coarsest language, and threaten'd, that instant to strip her of every thing tolerable which belonged to her, and to have her immediately convey'd to *Bridewell*. She stamp'd, she foam'd, she swore, she shook her man-like fists over the trembling girl, and denounced all kind of curses and imprecations on her head. But as *Shakespeare* observes,

————— *Anger is like*
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. —————

So was it with this daughter of the venerable keeper of *Newgate*, she at length over-ran herself, and her fury being a good deal subsided, *Lucy's* entreaties at length prevailed, and she consented to allow her again another trial, hoping better success, and observing, that experience made fools wise. Thus, after this unlucky disaster, matters were again tolerably composed, and the young lady equipped as before for the adventures of the succeeding night ; and things, by great good fortune, turned out much more advantageously for her ; for being summoned at the *Fountain* to attend a grave elderly gentleman, they soberly settled their business together,

together, and billed very lovingly ; infomuch that *Lucy*, on his demanding her price, wheedled him out of half a guinea more than her regular fee, and sent the good honest man well-contented home to his ignorant wife and family. But tedious and endless would it be to record her several adventures here, and the numberless disastrous circumstances which attended many of them ; suffice it to say, she frequented the flesh-boxes with tolerable success, and was scarce ever a night disingaged ; suffice it to say, that enjoyment, so far from a pleasure to her, from this frequent and promiscuous use of it, became the greatest pain, or rather a matter of loathsome indiffererice : she, like the rest of her unhappy sisterhood, submitted to it, as an ass submits to the burden ; but satisfaction or joy was never found in it ; man was never preferr'd by her to man, unfeeling, cold and miserable. Such is the punishment of our vices here, that even those pleasures which have been our greatest indulgence, by abuse lose their name, as well as power, and become our scourges and our bane. Nor is this all, for when these truly pitiable young creatures fall into the hands of barbarous, as well as lustful men, their treatment is too frequently, beyond expression, horrid, and their usage too severe to be borne. A fact which

Lucy

Lucy one night most feelingly experienced, when summoned to a tavern, she was usher'd into the company of two young fellows of rank, bucks of the first head, as they are pleas'd merrily to style themselves. At their commands she was oblig'd to strip naked as she was born, and thus to submit to the hellish purposes of either; and after having been thus abus'd, each presented a red hot poker, near to every part as possible, made her dance, as they call'd it, for all their amusements, round about the room, swearing if she did not, they would run the pokers into her. Which finish'd, they perform'd many other acts of merriment, in their phrase, (in the phrase of every one besides, acts of savage inhumanity) towards the suffering and affrighted girl: and at length, (gracious Heaven avert such horrid crimes from our guilty land!) at length demanding the perpetration of something too black to be nam'd, too diabolical to be mention'd, which she, with just aversion utterly refusing, and resolutely denying, determin'd rather to die, they swore, unless she consented, that they would burn her alive; and finding her spite of all their threats, still unmoved, they caught hold of her to lay her on the fire, and were now doing it, when, alarm'd by her excessive cries and screams, the master of the house

house broke into the room, and rescued her from the hand of these barbarians; by whom, however, she was so much burnt; that a surgeon was obliged to be ordered, and the gentlemen, with a considerable fee, were forced to hush up the matter.

READ and attend, all ye simple ones, ye daughters of burning desire, who esteem the yoke of virtue hard and heavy to be borne, and the empire of vice perfect liberty, and perfect peace; let experience warn and teach you; look well around and consider; cast your eye on every side, and contemplate; who that ever gave a loose to vice and impurity was happy? who that ever lived in sin lived in tranquillity and ease? Be not deceived, virtue is the daughter of Heaven, and mother of immortality; sin is the daughter of Satan, and mother of death. Let her not entice thee, my fair one, my beloved; let not her outward appearance seduce thee to her power;

*Tho' she seem woman to the waste, and fair;
Yet she ends foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting* —————

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C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Mr. Dookalb's dream and rising fears. His visit to Mr. Jaison, and treatment from his servant. Mr. Jaison's letter to him. His visit to justice Thrasher.

SUCH was the present situation of *Lucy*, in which, however, disagreeable and unkind it is to forsake the wretched in their miseries, we must awhile leave her, that we may return to *Mr. Dookalb*, of whom we have heard so little, while engross'd by the concerns of the other characters employ'd in this our historical drama. He was not greatly surprized, that his cousin and *Mr. Jaison* return'd not home to dinner from *Ranelagh*, nor yet that she return'd not home to rest, from her lover, at night; attributing this to what, he did not at all doubt, was the right cause, and therefore was very little solicitous concerning the matter; nay, to confess the truth, was rather pleas'd to think, that the gentleman had succeeded, and that the fort was storm'd. With this hope he spent his evening with prodigious chearfulness; but in the morning was alarmed by an ill-boding dream, which greatly disturb'd him; for in this respect he was mighty superstitious, and from national prejudice

dice, a wonderous observer of dreams. He dreamt that one of his eyes starting from the socket, wander'd away from him, he could not tell whither, and, that having spent long time in fruitless search after it, a ray of light extinguished the other, and left him in utter darkness; when a hand caught hold of his nose, and pulled it from his face, leaving him in the midst of a crowd, who insulted him in the most cruel and barbarous manner, and drove him into a distant country, where he was sold for a slave, and whipped every day of his life by four blacks, with horrid whips made of living scorpions. He wakened from his sleep in all the agony of a real sufferer, cold sweat distilling adown every limb, and every limb trembling like the tops of pines shaken by the southern gale. Nor could he help interpreting this dreadful vision of the night, nor could he find any interpretation which boded aught but sorrow to himself. *Lucy* and *Caroline* recurred strongly to him; nor could he explain the two eyes by any thing but these two sisters; and yet that appeared not just altogether, since, 'till this very moment, he had no apprehensions of any deceit from Mr. *Faison*; though, observed he, fool that I am, I might have recollected that obstinate vixen's former cunning, and perhaps she hath

hath again over-reached me." Full fraught with this apprehension, and pondering on the last night's vision, he arose, determining instantly to visit Mr. *Faison*, to know the reasons of his long absence, and the consequence of his free intercourse with Miss *Caroline*. Mr. *Faison* was at home, and in bed, but suspecting a visit of this sort from Mr. *Dookalb*, ordered his servant, (an arch country fellow, who had lived long in his father's family) to deny him, and treat Mr. *Dookalb* with no respect, if he should come as he expected. Hence it happened, that when Mr. *Dookalb* knock'd at the door, the servant bid him come in, loudly and roughly; which he obey'd; the fellow, mean time keeping his seat, mending one of his stockings, and looking *Dookalb* in the face, "Well, says he, and what do you want?" "Sirrah, quoth *Dookalb*, do you know who I am?" "Know you, ay, replied *Peter*, who don't know you? I would know next, I tell you, what you want here? *Dookalb*, unaccustomed to such treatment, was ready to burst with fury and passion, and threatening honest *Peter* in very severe terms, demanded to know if his master was at home." "Why, faith, Sir, said *Peter*, my master is at home, and he is not at home; that is as much as to say, I am here for my master, and my
master.

master is not here for himself; so that if you have any business with my master, lookee, I am at home to receive it. — What do you give a pair for such stockings in *Scotland*, master *Dookalb*? “ Impudent rascal, said he, if it was not beneath me, I’d drub your jacket for you—but as it is—be assured your master shall know of your usage, and either you or I must and shall leave his acquaintance.” “ Lord, lord, said the fellow, why are you so angry now? I was but a little merry with you—can’t you take a jest from a body, but you must threaten to drub one’s jacket? They don’t drub jackets in your country, I have been told, because they go without—Ha, master—did you ever wear any breeches before you came into *Old England*? ” *Dookalb*’s cane was raised to level poor *Peter* with the ground before the *Scot* could utter a syllable, almost choaked, as he was, with chagrin and madness. “ Villain, said he, who taught you to reflect on our nation?—take that for your pains. But *Peter* luckily escaped the blows, and laying hold of the instrument of vengeance, begg’d him to be pacified, telling him passion was a very dreadful distemper, no less hurtful to soul than body, the good of both which he desired him, (as being so valuable a friend of his master’s) by all means

means to consult. As the bull, when blood-thirsty mastiffs hang growling at his chest, and when the goading crowd surround him with loud shouts and clamours, that make the brazen vault of heaven re-eccho, tears, roars, fumes and rages, so was Mr. *Dookalb* maddened and distressed by the cool and cutting insults of this minister of Mr. *Faison's* resentment, who, with no small satisfaction, in the adjoining room, lay and heard the whole conversation between them. *Dookalb*, however, finding it fruitless to contend with him, his eyes darting fire and vengeance, declared, "that his soul should never enjoy peace 'till he saw himself fully revenged on so impudent a villain, and demanding to know whether he would inform him where his master was or not? To which being answer'd in the negative, he retir'd, full of menaces, and uttering a thousand imprecations.

BOILING water, or red hot iron, requires some time before it will grow cold, so doth a man boiling and red hot with passion. Reason and reflection will not immediately return to their stations, but wisely keep at a distance 'till they perceive the mad rout, which invade their thrones, are driven away, and banish'd from the breast. It was of consequence, some time before Mr. *Dookalb* could

could reflect, or determine with himself what course to take ; but considering this as an insult from a servant only, his business was immediately to inform the master. Accordingly, he went to a neighbouring coffee-house, and writing an account of his usage to Mr. *Faison*, ordered a porter to go with it first to his chambers, and, if not finding him there, to get information where he was, and carry it to him. Mr. *Faison* was from home to no body but Mr. *Dookalb*, and therefore, receiving his letter, with the contents of which he was full as well acquainted as the writer, he sent the following answer,

S I R,

I Am sorry this is the *first* time, as you say, that you ever met with such treatment, and somewhat displeas'd it should be my servant's lot to shew you *first* what treatment you must henceforth expect where-ever you are known. Common destroyers must of necessity be common nufances, and handled as such. If your conscience acquits you, well ; *let the galled horse wince*. But to the business of your visit, for that I suppose is your nearest concern ; contempt and ill usage you are stoic enough to bear. Know then, Sir, I have placed, in a reputable

putable house, amongst people of virtue and goodness, the unhappy young creature whom your cruelty had destined to destruction. I have secured her from your power; for which the day will come when you, as she does now, will bless and thank me. I would advise you, if it may be lawful to advise so venerable a personage, to reflect on the miseries and cursed iniquity of your present way of life, to amend, repent, and abjure it. In that case I shall be at your service in any respect whatever; but at present beg leave to have no concern at all with a man of so infamous a character.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

C. H. J.

DOOKALB read this with more calmness than could have been expected; but immediately determined, let what would be the consequence, fully to satiate his revenge on Mr. *Faison* as well as *Caroline*, and to pull destruction, if possible, on their heads, though he pluck'd up the pillars of the world to do it, and overwhelm'd himself, like *Sampson*, in the ruin and overthrow of his enemies. His first and most necessary scheme was, to plant spies on Mr. *Faison*, in order to find out the place of rendezvous

rendezvous, this secret house of virtue and goodness, which he so much detested, where *Caroline* was lodged secure from his power: and this done, he next waited on that excellent justice high *Thrasher*, (of whom, reader, thou hast doubtless heard so very largely in the celebrated *Amelia*, the last work of *Henry Fielding*; and who readeth not the works of *Henry Fielding*?) and him he found surrounded with his usual train, sitting on the seat of justice, administering right and equity, and inflicting salutary punishment on the various offenders trembling before his awful bar. On information of his worthy friend, Mr. *Dookalb*'s approach, the venerable magistrate, with great expedition, dispatched the publick concerns, and retired to welcome his guest; who speedily unburdening his troubled mind to the justice, they entered into close consultations on the properest means to prevent such violent injuries, and gross insults, which, as Mr. *Thrasher* well observed, did great dishonour not only to the laws, but also to the magistrates, who were vested with the power to execute them. To their deliberations therefore we will leave them awhile, and wait with patience the result of their honest and hearty intentions for the exact and rigorous administration of right and equity.

C H A P. VIII.

Mrs. Hodson's remarks on Mr. Jaifon's treatment of Dookalb. Caroline's growing fondness for Mr. Jaifon, and his for her, an apostrophe to love. Caroline's uneasiness. A letter from her mother.

MR. *Jaifon* hurried with high satisfaction to Mrs. *Stevens's*, that he might acquaint Miss *Caroline* and the rest of them with the excellent manner in which his man *Peter* had treated Mr. *Dookalb*. Good Mrs. *Hodson* perceiving the elevated delight wherewith he told the story, observed, “ that revenge was, of all passions, the meanest, and at the same time the most incompatible with a christian ; which I remark, my dear nephew, said she, the rather because you seem to border very nearly upon it, from the manner of your relating the indignities which your servant has shewn towards this unhappy man, who deserves your pity, not your hatred, and whom, if you could by any means reform, you should not spare either time or pains : but if there is no probability, that such usage will amend, but rather irritate him, 'tis certainly best to refrain, and leave the miserable man to the will of those above us.”

us." Mr. *Faison* was not very ready to acknowledge any error in so justly expressing his contempt and abhorrence of so detestable a person, but however, at his aunt's request, promised no more to concern himself with *Dookalb*, but to let him pass unmolested and unregarded, little considering that he had raised a storm, which it was not in his power to appease, and that however he or they might dream of peace and quietness, they were things very little in the thoughts of Mr. *Dookalb*.

CAROLINE, though she could not but approve the excellency of Mrs. *Hodson's* reasoning, and the admirable perfection of her elevated mind, yet found some secret satisfaction in the humbling of a man who had so miserably deluded her sister into destruction, and laid such deep and diabolical plots to draw her into the same snare, and involve her in the same ruin. She could not help darting from her lovely eyes a speaking look of applause, which reached the very soul of Mr. *Faison*, and gave him perhaps more joy and transport than ever *Roman* felt, when mounted in his triumphal car, and ascending, amidst the acclamations of the people, the temple of *Feretrian Jove!* Oh Love! how mighty, how invincible a conqueror art thou! What breast but
sooner

fooner or later feels thy power? And who that has felt the sweetly painful passion, would wish ever to be free from thy influence, so pleasing is thy chain, so delectable the regions through which thou conductest thy votaries! Grant me still to continue in thy service, and having spent the summer of my days in zealous attendance on thy honour, to retain the blessing in declining age, a minister in thy temple, and a favourite of thy power; as in youth happily united with the lovely partner of my choice and heart, so united to the grave, and even in death — Oh may we not be divided!

THESE reflections were naturally suggested to me by the growing affection, which, as a bye-stander, I could not help observing in Mr. *Faison* and Miss *Caroline*, though both of them yet were strangers to their own hearts; something unaccountably pleasing gladden'd the breasts of each of them whenever they met; they wished, and yet each seem'd to know not why, rather to converse in sweet solitude together than to enjoy amidst promiscuous company each other's loved society. A *wilderness indeed would have been to them populous enough*, so each had been blest with the other's heavenly presence; for each could truly say to the other,

Where

*Where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.*

SHAKESPEAR.

MR. *Faison* wonder'd whence it was that every diversion, and every engagement lost all its relish, and no longer pleased, and that nothing was chearful, happy, and delightful when *Caroline* was away. She too could not guess whence it was that her spirits were ever deaden'd, low and feeble, when Mr. *Faison* was absent, that a thousand melancholy thoughts and gloomy fears distracted her, and that she lived in a kind of night 'till he appeared and like another sun dispelled the darkness, bringing at once light and sunshine, day and chearfulness. In short, they both grew insensibly fond of each other, and, without their perceiving it, slid *smooth, gliding without step* into the soft tyranny of tender and innocent affection. But *Caroline's* was a situation not to admit, or at least, not to encourage any thoughts of this kind, either in herself, or Mr. *Faison*; whenever daring and fond fancy suggested such an idea to her, she was ready to weep, and bewail her hard lot; reflecting within herself, " Fool that I am, to indulge such idle
L reveries,

reveries, when placed amidst such distress, when incapable to procure myself bread, when I ought to think only, if possible, of recovering my poor lost sister, and returning to comfort my disconsolate parents." Thoughts which constantly tormented her, and frequently interrupted the delightful calm she enjoy'd in the pleasing converse of her beloved deliverer, to whom she applied herself with all earnestness in behalf of her sister, begging him, if possible, to find her out, that she might at least know her fate, if she could not restore her to happiness. He very industriously sought after *Lucy*, but his enquiries proved fruitless, and *Caroline* was now out of hope to redeem her sister, or ever to bring back, from the dwellings of shame, the hapless daughter of her still more hapless parents, from whom, while in the midst of these solitudes, she received the letter, which, we were told in a foregoing chapter, those wretched people sent to their daughter on the receipt of hers and *Mr. Dookalb's* friendly epistle. *Mrs. Sanfon* was the writer; and thus the tender mother breath'd forth her afflicted soul.

My

My dear child,

YOUR letter and Mr. *Dookalb's* have been as daggers to our hearts ; what can be the meaning of them ? For God's sake let us know where you are, and what is become of you, why you have left a man, by all of us, and sure so justly, esteemed such a friend ? What can be the reason ? Oh gracious Heaven grant there is no ill befallen you ; for if there is, your poor father's life is certainly the consequence : for myself, you knew the weakness of my constitution, and how ill I can support more sorrows, having already had experience of so many. Dear *Caroline*, why have you written to us in such a dark and mysterious way ? Why do you say nothing of my other darling, *Lucy* ? Sure she is well ; is she not well ? What misfortune can have befallen my child ? Write, write directly, and inform me : do not distress your too, too afflicted mother. The same post that we received your letter we received one from Mr. *Dookalb*, wherein, shocking tidings to our ears, he acquaints us, " that you have both left him, who, he'll be bold to say, is your only friend, and that, were he in our case, he should esteem children thus disobedient, wholly strangers and aliens to him." Sure this bodes something

dreadful, and too terrible for me to think on, much more to name. What shall I say? what shall I do? My heart is almost broken, and my eyes flow so fast with tears, my children, my dear children, for you, I can scarce write the sorrowful sighings of my soul. One fear overtakes and presses hard upon another. May you but be virtuous, and I shall be happy. But leave us not to this uncertainty; what satisfaction can it be to you, that your distressed parents at home are bowed down to the very earth amidst the greatest sufferings? Alas! all our fond hopes were center'd in you; and if you are but blessed I could contentedly suffer torture and pangs all the days of my life. We have misfortune upon misfortune; for our tenant at *Weston* has broke, and is run away a whole year's rent in our debt; so that what will become of us I know not. Your father, who is worn to a perfect shadow with secret pining and grief, is resolved, if you do not satisfy him, to come up to town, as he before inform'd you, immediately; though, poor good man, how he will come I know not, for we have very little money, and very few friends about us. But what are all these things to our fears for you? Were you, my darling children, the only pleasures of my life, here with us,

as before, I could, with thanks, eat my sparing morsel, and drink, with pleasure, of the running river; but alas! poverty now does indeed greatly add to the weight of my other sufferings. It matters little indeed, what we have to eat and drink, to your father or myself, for we frequently sit down and moisten our mouths perhaps with nothing but a salt tear, shed in remembrance of you, my dear daughters, emblems only of the tears that flow from our afflicted hearts. Some of the neighbours have offer'd to bring me comfort, suspecting I know not what, or knowing, perhaps, more than we do. What can be more pitiable than to become the object of our enemies compassion? O *Caroline!* Mrs. *Gibson*, who ever hated all our family, was here the other day to comfort me, as she said, "since she really very greatly pitied my situation." My heart was ready to burst, and with tears in my eyes, I endeavoured to pluck up my courage, but all in vain; nor shall I ever do it 'till I am acquainted with your and your sister's intention and circumstances. My dear child, tell *Lucy* her father commands her to write as well as you, the very next post, fully to inform us why you left Mr. *Dookalb*, where you now are, and what are your designs. 'Till I hear from you farewell, farewell, my beloved daughters,

and think you see, in the greatest anxiety and distress, the most disconsolate and most tender of mothers,

MARY SANSON.

CAROLINE was utterly at a loss what to say or do in this difficult point; nor could she, after revolving a thousand anxious and distracting thoughts in her bosom, at all determine with herself which course to take, or how to bring comfort to her beloved and distressed parents. After long and vainly tormenting herself, she applied to the good Mrs. *Hodson*, and putting the above letter into her hands, requested her advice and opinion, how she should proceed, and what she should do. The old lady observ'd, that it was indeed a nice case, and she knew not well how to advise her. She commiserated the poor unhappy parents, and shed some kindly tears of compassion: she observed, "on all occasions it was her settled maxim, *that the truth is best*; and therefore, agreeable to it, she imagined it infinitely the most eligible scheme for her to inform her parents of the whole truth, and to make the best of her way to them in the country. In both which purposes, dear Miss, said she, I shall be glad and ready to assist you to the utmost of my power; and if you judge it
proper,

proper, will myself write to your poor father and mother, and set forth the whole case to them in the most favourable manner I can, at the same time that I will supply you with all necessaries for your journey. I know, and am assured, this counsel appears to you at present the most piercing and dreadful; but on recollection, your good sense will certainly shew you its rectitude. Consider, your parents must know the truth one day or other, and there seems not the least shadow of probability for the recovery of your sister: 'tis best then to ease their anxieties as soon as may be, and to sooth their great distresses, for great they must needs be, by your own presence, and the comfort they will naturally find in having you once more with them, free from the fatal snare, and unpolluted by the hands of iniquity. And indeed, I can see no probability of your well-doing in town; here is nothing for you to expect, and every thing for you to fear: 'tis best then to fly the danger, and, in humble content at home, devote yourself to the service of that God, who hath been so bountiful in loving-kindness, so abundant in grace and mercy towards you. Make it the business of your days to alleviate the sorrows of your good and afflicted parents, and let them not feel the loss of their other

darling, (poor people!) by your extraordinary care, dutifulness and regard; so will your hours be crowned with joy, and your heart filled with unspeakable delights." Too much, I fear, of Mrs. *Hodson's* counsel was wasted upon *Caroline*, who sat drowned almost in a flood of tears, and pierced to the soul with woe and misery. To inform her parents of *Lucy's* situation seemed such cruelty as mock'd all suffering, and to return home, and be herself the fatal messenger, seem'd infinitely worse than death, yea far more terrible than dying; which Mrs. *Hodson* perceived with the utmost sollicitude and uneasiness, and drawing nearer to her, clasped her hand, desiring her to be composed, and to declare her own sentiments, that so they might consult for the best, or at least think of some other way, if she judg'd not that which she offer'd proper. "Oh Madam, said *Caroline*, at length recovering herself, do you think it possible for me to drive a dagger into the heart of either dear, dear beloved parent? Could I, do you imagine, inform them of the fatal secret of my sister's ruin? No, rather let it, if possible, be kept for ever silent as the grave: let them not be so tortured—Sure here the truth cannot be best. It must be an honest fraud to deceive in such a case. Assist me then, for God's sake, assist

assist me to keep the secret still; instruct me, good Madam, if you can, to do that; but to declare it—wretched, wretched creature! And yet they surely will one day hear and be told the horrid and dreadful tale!” Here she burst again into a fit of crying; and Mrs. *Hodson* was scarce less affected herself, insomuch that she could only say, “Well, my child, don’t dwell so much upon it now; let us think a little of other things, and after we have slept upon it, perhaps we may each of us hit on some better method of proceeding; let us recommend ourselves and your case to providence, who directeth all things wisely and for the best, and beg the assistance and direction of heaven how to proceed in so critical an affair.” “Dear Madam, said *Caroline*, how shall I sufficiently thank and love your goodness? But could I, Oh could I relieve and comfort my kind and ever-tender parents, what would I not submit to, what would I not suffer? You advise me to return home to them; alas! would not that be the worst of all? Would not that daily remind them of my poor, undone, lost sister? Would it not daily upbraid and torture myself? Would it not add to, rather than diminish, their sufferings? But could I, by any means, procure an honest livelihood, that might be some pleasure

and satisfaction to them—and yet it would, I am apt to believe, nay, my dear mother says, were we, her *darling children, with her as before*.—Oh cruel *as before!* that, that can never be! Alas, I am bewilder'd with doubts and perplexities: I know not what is or is not best. Pardon, good Madam, my incoherent rambling; and impute it to the distress of my mind, almost distracted amidst so many fears and disturbances.” “Take, therefore, my advice, my dear, said the good woman, let us sleep upon it, and consider together, after having consulted our pillows, what must be done: be assured, whatever lies in my power to serve or assist you, or any of yours, shall be always at your command; but forget not above all things to trust solely in the Most High, for of him cometh success: joy and sorrow are both from the hands of the Supreme.”

C H A P.

V
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C H A P. IX.

Dookalb's rage against Caroline augmented by an unhappy accident. Mrs. Hodson's further advice to her, and her resolution thereupon, which is afterwards a little staggered by Mr. Jaifon.

WHILE *Caroline* was in this distress, and meditating safety and peace, with the good *Mrs. Hodson*, *Mr. Dookalb* was brooding revenge, and treasuring up in his poisonous bosom, rancour and fury against her, which an accident not only encreased, but rendered him ten-fold more set on vengeance, and hot to execute his malicious purposes. Paying a visit one morning, according to his usual custom, to lady * * * *, the worthy wife of the gentleman who was known by the name of capt. *Smith* *, in the beginning of our history, he was thunder-struck, on his admission into the room, to hear her begin with “ Villain, rascal, worthless base villain, how have you the impudence, the consummate impudence to appear in my presence? Wretch as you are, on whom I have heaped so many favours—and well have you repay’d me—but if there is such a thing as vengeance—”

* See page 25.

I'll do——take that and read it——scoundrel!” On which she threw him a letter, the contents of which were a whole history of his amiable self, and of his way of living, with an account of his providing for this lady's husband, and expressly pointing out the place where his present mistress, procured for him, and taken care of by *Doskalb*, now lived. It was written with great spirit, and by a female hand. “There, said the lady, there Sir, read a detail of your own monstrous villainies, and know that I was not so inattentive as to disregard that letter, nor so hasty as to believe without fuller proof; I have seen the lady, you Sir, you yourself introduced to my husband; and if you please to travel to her house, you'll find I have taken proper care of her: and if there be a possibility of punishing such a complicate monster as yourself, be assured I'll not rest day or night, but I'll make an example, a striking and fearful example of you.” “I am very sorry, my lady, said he, to see you so extremely warm; in good troth, I may be blame-worthy, but if my lord would have another woman——” “Oh horrid! horrid! horrid! said she, tearing her cap and hair with all the fury of madness, barbarous, diabolical fiend! have you not done enough, but you must drive the dagger still deeper and deeper into my
very

very heart's blood? Is it not more than any woman can bear, to find herself injur'd in this most tender and nearest concern; to find, after a life of spotless purity, of most undefiled and constant fidelity to the marriage-bed, after having borne a husband many pretty babes, the pleasing promised pledges of mutual love?—Oh! is it not then more than woman can bear to find that husband lost to her; a slave to the love of a prostitute, and daily injuring her, himself, and family in every respect—and all by the means of a devil like you? Were there not such pimps, such children of hell as yourself, half the miseries of the world would be prevented. I'll lessen the number—wicked *Dookalb*. If there are gibbets a thousand feet high—you shall—Would I could behold you meat for crows, and every bird of the air!—Alas, alas! would I were dead myself—miserable, forsaken woman—wretched wife, and far, infinitely far more wretched mother.” Here she burst into a flood of tears, and *Dookalb*, very submissively began to crave her pardon, to offer some comfort, and promise amendment: but as he was going on, she stopt him short, and stamping with her foot, said, while *Dookalb* trembled at her voice, “Villain, be gone—this instant leave me—nor ever dare to appear before my face—Be gone, Sir, I expect

expect and hope never more to behold that countenance, unless when I come to triumph over you, while the executioner is fastening the noose around your accursed neck." *Dookalb* obey'd the orders, and left the house, but perhaps never in his life with less satisfaction; and as he stalk'd indignant away, he threw up his fire-flashing eyes to the glorious sun: and, "May that light, quoth he, this moment turn into darts of red hot fire, and burn up my soul, if I do not pursue, to the last drop of my blood, *Caroline Sanfon* for this incendiary letter, for her I am sure, I am certain it is her that sent it." So when the tyger hath been repulsed from the herds, which he had attack'd to satiate his devouring hunger, his eye-balls flame with fire, he whets his pointed teeth, while the white foam bursts from his churning jaws, he growls with furious indignation, lashes with his tail his panting sides, and moving to his desert home with slow and stately steps, meditates future destruction, tearing in fancy herds and herdsmen, and drinking from every quivering limb the hot and living blood.

LESS furiously distracted, though perhaps not less uneasily suspended, was the mind of poor *Caroline*; she was now again in close deliberation with:

with Mrs. *Hodson*, after each had consulted their pillow, what was to be done. The old lady renewed her former advice, and told her, “that after the most mature consideration, she could not see any reason to alter her opinion with regard to the counsel she gave her the foregoing evening: for my own part, said she, were you my child, such would be the steps I should direct you to take: and as I before said, I myself will write to your parents, and supply you with all necessaries for your return home to them.” Before *Caroline* could reply, the honest old nurse, mentioned heretofore, was introduced, who began a most lamentable tale of I know not what dreadful things she had heard at Mr. *Dookalb*’s. “And to be sure, Miss, quoth nurse, there is strange work at Mr. *Dookalb*’s, he raves, and swears, and tears, and threatens you with every thing that’s bad: and what’s worse than all the rest is, I find he knows where you are, and he says he’ll prosecute Mrs. *Stevens* for harbouring you; and I can’t tell you half what he says; but if ever I saw a man raving mad, I am sure he is, or I never saw one in my life.” *Caroline* stared with the utmost fright and horror, and fixed her eyes on Mrs. *Hodson*, who very calm and unmoved observ’d. “Poor man, it is a great pity, any human creature should
so.

so injure themselves. Alas! I am sorry to hear there lives such an unhappy person as this Mr. *Dookalb*; but pray, my dear, don't you be afraid of him. As to Mrs. *Stevens*, never fear, we shall know how to manage him I warrant you: however, I can't help observing that this is another very good reason for your leaving town, and returning to your parents: you are beset with many great dangers, of which, perhaps, this is not the least. Who would wish to continue amidst a multitude of lions and tygers? Who would not fly with all their speed from such society? And, believe me, the difficulties which threaten you are lions and tygers indeed, though in different shapes." "Oh good Madam, quoth nurse, to be sure, as you say, very right. Upon my word, Miss *Caroline*, Madam *Hodson* gives you fine counsel. Oh lord! I have been better for it many a good time, and often: pray you follow it; it's always the best. Pray, my dear miss, and I am sure I love you as well as if you was my own child." "Oh, Madam, said *Caroline*, to Mrs. *Hodson*, bursting into tears, what can I say, or how possibly object to any thing you have offered: excuse a poor ill-judging creature like me; pardon the mistaken notions which I have so deeply imbibed; it is no small difficulty to get the better
of

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of them. Pray strengthen me all you can with your excellent counsel, fortify my yet weak resolution, combat my fears and prejudices; for though I am determined to do as you advise, believe me, my heart but half consents to it."

" 'Tis not to be wonder'd, my dear, said Mrs. *Hodson*, that you are reluctant and unwilling; but be assured, you will one day bless the hour in which you left this dangerous city. The prospect before you, I own, is gloomy and very disagreeable; but still remember what I have often told you, that the Supreme can, in an instant, bring light out of darkness, and change our blackest night into the brightest day."

"Alas! alas! Madam, said *Caroline*, the difficulty lies in practising what we hear. I bless you for your excellent advice, but one thing gives me infinite uneasiness, to think that I must be deprived of that advice and your friendship, which I prize so much, and from which I am so greatly profited." "That shall be no loss to you, be assured, replied the good lady, I'll take care to manage that matter: but you have a prudent mother at home, much more capable of directing you than myself: however, I'll not forget you, be you never so far distant from me." *Caroline* very sincerely thank'd Mrs. *Hodson*, and all affairs were settled with regard to her departure,

departure, and she and nurse withdrew, to give Mrs. *Hodson* an opportunity to write to the poor old folks in the country.

CAROLINE was, perhaps, never less satisfied, or more ill at ease, than at present; however, before recollection had power to seize on her distracted thoughts, Mr. *Faison* desired the favour of seeing her; which being granted, how was he surprized, at his entrance, to behold her lovely eyes red and swoln with tears, and her chearful countenance cloathed in melancholy and discontent! He desired nurse to retire, and, seating himself by Miss *Caroline*, with a look most inexpressibly tender, and a voice most persuasively pathetick, begged to know what was the occasion of this change and dismal appearance. “Do not ask me, Sir, said she; why should you concern yourself with the affairs of a miserable wretch like me? I am already so infinitely indebted to you, my life will be insufficient to express my gratitude—for the rest leave me to my own hard fate; and may you, in every part of life, be blessed and comforted; may all your days be peaceful and happy.” “If mine are so, replied he, with some warmth, so shall yours. Believe me, dear Miss, I’ll never see that day when you
are

are in sorrow, and I in felicity. Speak and inform me, I earnestly request it of you ; tell me whence these tears, and why this uneasiness ? On my soul, I am on the rack to behold them — Did you know my heart — Alas ! have not my actions made it already known to you ?”

Caroline was touched with delicate pleasure and pain, and while the pearly drops distilled from her sparkling eyes, while her faltering tongue scarce gave her utterance, she laboured out these half imperfect accents ; I must leave you for ever, I must return home.” “ Leave me, replied Mr. *Faison*, who says you must ? why, wherefore ? who has power to pronounce that cruel *must* ? No, Miss *Caroline*, if I have any sway, if it is not your own heart that makes this necessity, nothing on the earth beside, trust me, shall do it. I have long concealed the real feeling of my soul from you ; but now can conceal it no longer ; and let me hope you will use the same open frankness and honesty to me. Your amiable perfections have so far won my soul, your ten thousand graces so endeared you to me, that I can find joy, peace, or satisfaction in nothing but yourself, in nothing but your ever agreeable and desired society : and therefore, if, as I ardently wish, your heart could be so inclined to me, what hinders but that we might

make

make, of all others, the most happy and affectionate pair? I should indeed be glad of an immediate answer, but still, if agreeable to you, will wait with an anxious impatience till tomorrow for it. Speak then, my charmer, my best loved, speak your fond sentiments to me, and make me, of all men, the most happy."

Caroline was going to reply, when rising tears prevented, and unable to utter a syllable, she sigh'd, and hid her head in Mr. *Faison's* bosom; who, charm'd with so welcome a guest, embraced her with the most tender fondness, kissed the tears as they stole adown her cheeks, and both continued for some time silent. At length, "Into what, said he, shall I construe this, dearest loveliest creature? Is it not an acknowledgment, a tacit acknowledgment of all I wish,—your dear consent to, and approbation of, what I have offered—Speak, is it not, and will my *Caroline* give me her fond heart for mine?" "Oh Mr. *Faison*, said *Caroline*, would I could give you any thing worth your acceptance! but think what a destitute unhappy girl you see here before you: deem me not too light, too easily won, when I frankly confess my poor vain heart hath long been yours, engaged by such kindness, and bound to you by such favours, as never can be repaid—But consider, here we must go and no further:

further: I shall for ever retain the highest respect for you; but alas! while present with you, it may be, perhaps, impossible for us both not to go further, not to turn that respect into love and affection. 'Tis best therefore to part; for your condition in life must necessarily prevent any connection between us; 'tis best then to part, and——though I'll freely declare the pain I shall feel will be, I fear, almost more than I can endure, yet part we must——we must be torn from each other." *Caroline* had scarce finished, and *Mr. Faison* was going to reply, when in bolted *Miss Stevens*, a pert, airy, brisk girl: "Lord bless me, said she, I beg pardon indeed, but I did not know who and who was together, and I only came to desire you, *Miss Caroline*, to get ready, that we may be time enough for the play; because you know we must not be baulk'd to night; and I expect, *Miss Collitons*, and *Miss Jacksons*, and *Miss Newers*, with the gentlemen I told you of, all to be here very soon; because you know, if we are not at the play-house by half an hour after three we shall never get into the pit; for there's no getting in after that time, when that little, tiddy, pretty, dapper man *Mr. Garrick*, my sweet *Romeo*,

Oh

*Oh Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou
Romeo!*

how charming—I say, there’s no getting in, if one does not go soon, when he acts; and so pray let me beg of you to be ready, for I must not go without you for the world. And pray now, my dear Mr. *Faison*, won’t you go too? Do, go with Miss *Caroline*; I am sure we shall all be vastly glad of your company, than’t we, Miss *Caroline*?” “Well, and my little, pretty, tiddy, dapper *Jenny*, said Mr. *Faison*, laughing, to her, if Miss *Caroline* and you to be sure, desire my company, I am entirely at your service, what say you, Miss *Caroline*?” *Caroline* and he were both as much pleased with this interruption, as an old miser would be at the approach of a thief to carry off his gold as he was counting it over: however, they were obliged to postpone other matters, to put on an air of gaiety, and enter into the spirit of Miss *Jenny*. *Caroline* told Mr. *Faison*, she should be extremely glad of his company for her part, and more so, as it would perhaps oblige the young lady. “Nay, nay, as to that, replied Miss *Stevens*, as to that, my dear, I believe Mr. *Faison* knows who it will oblige most. Lord, Mr. *Faison*, ’tis *Romeo* and *Juliet* to night.
Had

Had you never any inclination to act? I do think now, if you would do *Romeo*; I could do *Juliet* vastly well.

*Give me my Romeo, ye gods; and when he's
dead——*

Stay, stay, how is it? something about stars
and cutting——

*I'll cut him out in little tiddy stars,
And he shall make the face of heaven so vastly fine,
The birds shall sing, and think it is not day.*

Don't you think there's a good deal of Miss *Bellamy's* manner in that now?" Though their Spirits were very low, neither *Caroline* nor Mr. *Faison* could refrain laughing at the girl's giddy lightness and impertinence; and as they knew not how to get shut of her, *Caroline* desired her to entertain Mr. *Faison* below, while she dress, in which she promised to be as expeditious as possible. "Oh yes, to be sure, my dear, said *Jenny*; come, come, Mr. *Faison*, lets go and entertain ourselves. Don't be jealous, Miss *Caroline*, pray don't be jealous, I won't run away with Mr. *Faison*: no, no, I believe you have heard who has my heart—and a
sweet

240 The H I S T O R Y of
sweet man he is—but 'no matter for that; come,
Sir,—By, by, my dear; come, Mr. *Faison*.”
So saying they departed.

C H A P. X.

*Mr. Jaison, Caroline, &c. go to the play-house.
The unhappy consequences of it.*

IT would be needless and impertinent to enter into the several minute circumstances, the whole behaviour and conversation of the company associated at the house of Mrs. *Stevens*, to honour Mr. *Garrick* with their presence. Mrs. *Hodson* express'd herself very warmly to Miss *Caroline* on the subject, and proclaimed aloud her utter abhorrence of stage-plays, and firm persuasion of their absolute unlawfulness; a notion which the company in general laughed at, and which *Jenny* hinted she had pick'd up amongst the many *parsons* that visited her, who hated play-houses, because they were fuller than their churches. But *Caroline* finding this her opinion, was extremely uneasy, and very desirous to stay at home with the old lady, which the rest of the party would by no means permit, insomuch that, contrary to her better sense and approbation,

approbation, she was obliged to submit, and attend the jovial and laughing band. They were at the doors of the play-house before three, and had the high satisfaction to stand there an hour before the doors were opened, and with great difficulty, after such a tedious time of waiting, got into the pit. Mr. *Faison* stuck close to *Caroline*, his presence and his conversation made every place agreeable and pleasing to her, and added fresh lustre and double grace to every part of the performance. But *Caroline's* pleasure was quickly damp'd; for in the third act, a couple of ladies, elegantly dress'd, made their appearance in one of the *flesh-boxes*, and as they attracted every body's eyes, *Caroline's* of course were turned to them; but not long on them, for she no sooner looked than she perceived one of them was her sister *Lucy*, and on the sight fainted away. The necessary methods were used for her recovery, but her uneasiness and sickness rather encreasing, when the act was finish'd she begg'd of Mr. *Faison*, if possible, to retire with her from the play-house; which being with great difficulty effected, she told him the occasion of her swoon was the sight of her sister in the upper side-box, and that she most earnestly entreated him to leave her somewhere, while he went to her sister, to beg the favour of seeing and speaking

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with

with her. Mr. *Faison* accordingly conducted her to the *Shakespear's-Head*, ordered a room, and proper refreshment for her, and at her earnest desire, immediately returned to speak with *Lucy*, and to bring her, if possible, to her sister.

HE was immediately admitted into the box, and enquiring of Miss *Lucy*, (of whom *Caroline* gave him an exact description) if her name was not *Sanfon*, and being answer'd it was, he told her that he came with a message from her sister *Caroline*, who was then at the *Shakespear's-Head Tavern*, and begg'd the favour of her company there. *Lucy* was a good deal surprized, and knew not what to reply; but the first question she asked was, how her sister knew that she was at the play-house? Upon which Mr. *Faison* informed her of the whole late transaction, which she had just observ'd, but not taken much notice of. She whisper'd her companion, who was no other than our old acquaintance (good reader) Miss *Charlotte*, and, on receiving her answer, told Mr. *Faison*, that if he would stay 'till the performance was over, she would go with him, or perhaps before, if a gentleman whom she expected should come, with whom she had some particular business, and must speak
to

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to him, according to appointment, before she left the play-house. Mr. *Faison* was greatly distressed by this reply, as he knew not how to act, being unwilling to leave *Lucy*, lest she should give him the slip, and being equally unwilling to keep his beloved *Caroline* in suspense so long. However, considering how dreadful a disappointment it would now be to her not to see her sister, and that she was herself very safe, and would be freed from all fears; he determined not to depart from *Lucy*, but to stay 'till she thought proper to go to the *Shakespear's-Head* with him. The play was almost finish'd before the expected gentleman came; and still Mr. *Faison* was obliged to wait, when the play was finished, a very long and tedious time, while they settled all matters, and made the due assignments; which finish'd, Miss *Lucy* inform'd Mr. *Faison* she was now ready to visit her sister with him.

THEY entered the *Shakespear's-Head* happily enough together, and Mr. *Faison*, with impatience, ordered the waiter to shew them up stairs to the lady whom he had left there. "Sir, said the waiter, hesitating"—"Shew me to the lady, I tell you, fellow, I left just now." "The lady, Sir, replied the man, what do you
M 2 mean

mean the lady that the bailiffs have this moment laid hold of?" "What bailiffs—who?—blockhead, replied the gentleman, where is the person that shewed me up stairs about an hour since—where's that man; bid him come"—Who appearing, "Ay, you are the person, said Mr. *Faison*, shew me to the lady I left." "Lord, poor girl, Sir, said the fellow sneering, she has met with an unlucky accident, though the common fate of most of them, so you must not be grieved, Sir; and I see you have got another to supply her loss." Mr. *Faison*, tortur'd with the most distracting anxiety, caught hold of the fellow's collar, and demanded instantly to be shewn the lady he left, and to know the meaning of such insolence. This of course caused an uproar, and the master of the tavern very politely came to enquire what was the occasion, and to offer amends, if his servants had committed any offence. "I left a young lady here who was ill at the play, said Mr. *Faison*, while I fetch'd her sister to her—that fellow shew'd me a room, and I want to return to her." "Good God, Sir, said the tavern man, was she not a lady of the town? We imagined her such, as it is very rare that a modest woman comes alone with a gentleman hither, and as soon as you was gone,
some

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some people enquiring for her, we conducted them to her; they proved to be bailiffs, who had a writ against her, and accordingly took her away screaming and crying, which, as being a thing so common hereabouts, we regarded very little, and—“Good God, the gentleman’s falling—bring some water—run—fly—” Mr. *Faison* could not support the heavy tidings, but dropt down in a fainting fit. *Lucy* was in the greatest distress and anxiety, and the whole house in confusion. However, at length he recovered, and desiring to be put into a room, made all possible enquiry after *Caroline*, his lost, and most dearly-beloved *Caroline*; and writing a note, dimissed it to Mrs. *Stevens’s*, informing them of the dreadful disaster, and his firm resolution not to rest ’till he found her, for whom his heart bled, and his soul was beyond measure troubled.

LUCY was obliged to retire, agreeable to her appointment: unhappy miserable *Lucy!* and poor Mr. *Faison*, having spent the whole night in fruitless enquiries after the place of abode, and names of the bailiffs, was obliged to return to his chambers, with the arrow festering in his heart, and just as easy as the wounded deep-sobbing stag, who vainly labours to remove the feathered dart.

Distracted

*Distracted with his pain he flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods :
With fruitless care ; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in his side, and rankles in his heart.*

VIRGIL B. 4. V. 97. By DRYDEN.

The End of the First Volume.





