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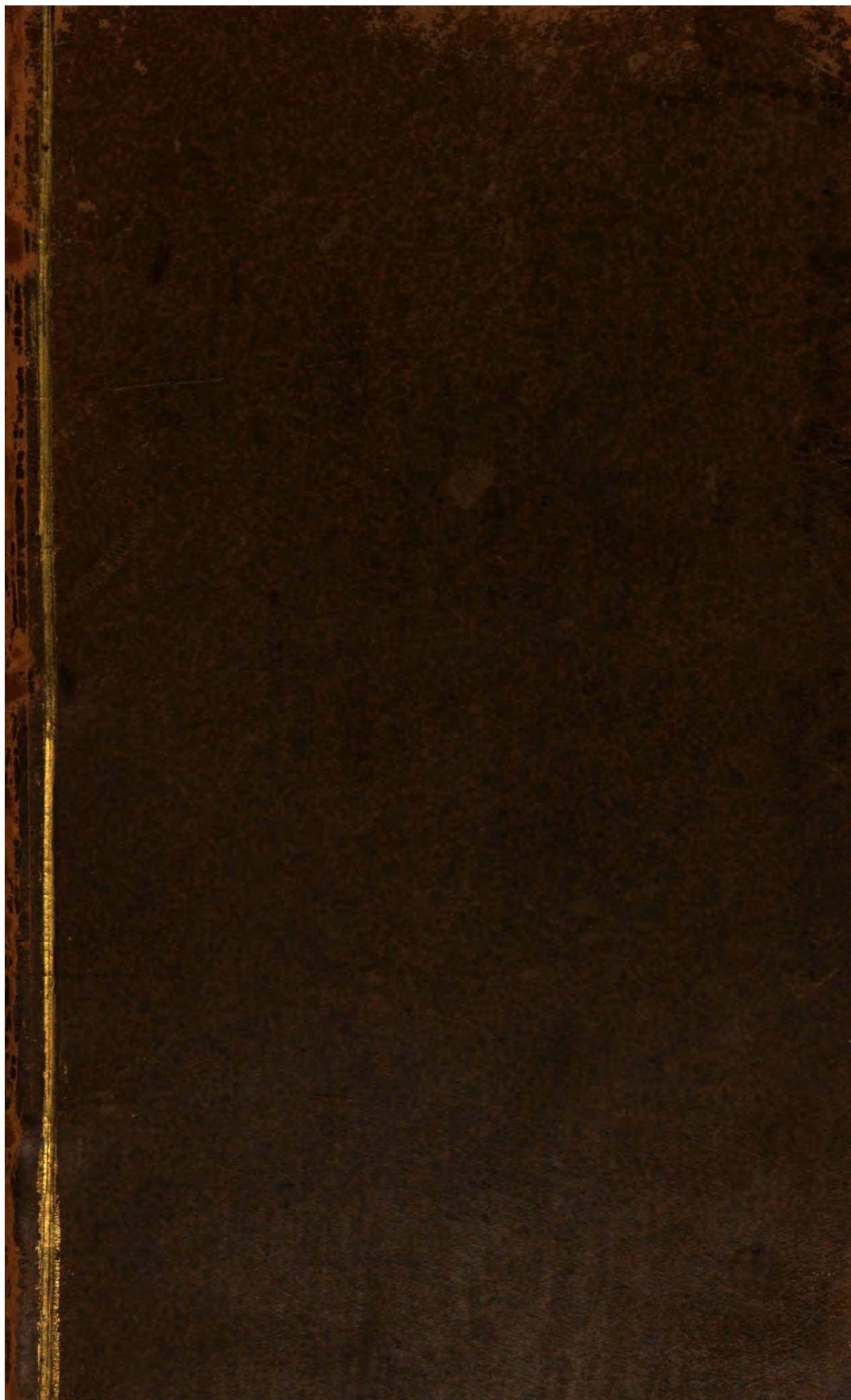
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THE
S I S T E R S;
OR THE
H I S T O R Y
OF

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON,
Entrusted to a false FRIEND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



L O N D O N :

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

MDCCLIV.



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

B O O K IV.

C H A P. I.

Caroline's great distress and anxiety : her miserable night, and more miserable morning : her removal by Mr. Dookalb.

IF Mr. *Faison's* distress was great on the loss of *Caroline*, her's was infinitely greater to find herself in a small gloomy room, laid upon a miserable tatter'd dirty bed, by the side of which stood a female, horrid of aspect, and terrible to behold, with a glimmering candle in one hand, and a bottle in the other ; some of whose contents she offered to *Caroline*,

as soon as she unclosed her eyes, enquiring with a rough hoarse tone of voice, tho' it seemed greatly softened from its natural harshness, how she found herself, and what she would chuse to have? *Caroline* raised herself up, and looking beyond the bed, saw by a little glimmering fire two men grim and dreadful, whose look struck terror through her soul, and whose voices made her tremble in every limb. The woman again renewed her requests, to know what she chose, to which *Caroline* replied only, by asking where she was, and how she came thither, and why she was thus confined? The woman informed her, that it was the house of one of those gentlemen who fate by the fire, her worthy husband, an officer of the county, or in other terms a bailiff, who had, with the other gentleman, been the means of seizing and conveying her hither by a writ granted for that purpose; and that at present she must submit to continue in confinement, tho' possibly it might not last longer than this night only. "However, said she, I'll make matters very easy to you; you shall have a pair of clean sheets to your bed, and whatever you like, and nobody shall molest you, unless you prefer company, mine or my husband's, or any of the ladies in the House — Some of them, I can assure you, Madam, are of the first rate, and very agreeable

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greeable diverting ladies too." *Caroline* replied, "She had no mind at all to see any company in her present melancholy circumstances, but desired, after having asked the gentleman, her husband, a question or two, to be left alone." The bailiff hearing this arose, and with a bold and assuming air demanded to be informed what she would know of him. — *Caroline* trembled at his voice and appearance. "I would only know, Sir, said she, at whose instigation you have conveyed me hither, and what I have done to merit this treatment at your hands?" "Nay, madam, replied he, as to that matter, gentlemen of our profession don't stand much upon merit; we neither regard friend nor foe, when our king and the laws demand our compliance. I have a writ against you from my honest master *Dookalb*, and have been a pretty while upon the watch for you, but you have always been too well guarded for me; however I have kidnapped you at last, as I'd have you know I seldom fail. I never fail'd above once in my life: my master *Dookalb* knows my excellence well, or he would not employ me so often. Don't imagine you are the first I have taken for him; and I think I never took one more cleverly in all my life." *Caroline* could scarce refrain from tears; deep sighs bespoke the anguish of her heart. — And pray, sir,

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continued she, how did you proceed after your fallacious admission to the room where I was? (for the bailiffs sent up word to *Caroline*, that they had a message from Mr. *Faison* to deliver to her, and she suspecting no wrong, had given them leave to come in, upon which they seized her, and she immediately, through the violence of the fright, fell into a swoon, from whence she did but now perfectly recover.) “Oh, madam, continued the bailiff, we did not much mind your fainting and fits, and so on, for these are common tricks to gain time; but my brother and I took you in our arms; you are not very heavy you know, madam, and brought you here to my dwelling, which is not far from where we laid hold on you, and to which you are kindly welcome. Call for what you like. “Barbarous cruel treatment, indeed, said *Caroline* — but ’tis no matter: pray may I not be permitted the use of a pen and ink, to inform my friends of this misfortune, that they may rescue me, and pay you all your demands?” “No, no, quoth the bailiff’s wife, no pen and ink here; Mr. *Dookalb* must see to that. Never fear, he’ll take care of you — But what will you have to take care of yourself? come, let us procure you something.” “Pray, good woman, said *Caroline*, leave me alone, and be anxious for yourself.
I don’t

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I don't want, nor will have any thing ; leave me alone, perhaps I may sleep and so better refresh my wearied spirits." They pressed her much to the use of liquors, or the company of some worthy gentlemen in the house, as well as ladies ; all which *Caroline* refused, and persisted in her request, that she might be left alone, which with much regret, murmuring, and discontent, was at length granted to her.

NEVER was night spent amidst more anxiety, more torture, and uneasiness ; for as she could not see the event of this most dreadful action, she pictured to herself the most frightful consequences, and imagined the most consummate destruction. Now almost on the brink of felicity to be so snatched away from that man, the reflection on whose sufferings for her sake much augmented her own, and made the bitter cup still more bitter : To be again in the power of a monster in iniquity, and to be totally separated from all relief, plunged her well-nigh into despair, and rendered every thought distracting. But above all these, the mournful and melancholy recollection of what must befall her unhappy parents, should she too be destroyed, added double weight to every woe, and rendered her agony well nigh insupportable. However, she firmly resolved,

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(and fervently asked of heaven its gracious assistance, to support her in the resolution) rather to suffer all the severest miseries of life; all

*That age, ach, penury, imprisonment,
Cou'd lay on nature,*

than ever to comply with any thing unbecoming the strictest virtue, and inconsistent with the purest honour.

THUS strengthen'd, and thus determined, she waited in the most uneasy and anxious solicitude for the approach of the morning, that she might have some knowledge of her fate, and the design of this most dreadful seizure. But when the morning came, she could have wished almost that darkness had reigned eternal; for the first object that presented itself to her view was no other than Mr. *Dookalb*! At the very sight of him she fainted away, and it was with great difficulty that they recovered her, weak and over-fatigued as she was with a night of such dread, horror, and distress. Her illness prevented any conversation for the present, and Mr. *Dookalb* was obliged to remove her in a chair to a proper place which he had provided for her. The *good people* of the house took wonderful great care of her, and by their kind offices she was ere long restored

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restored to a tolerable degree of strength, which being made known to Mr. *Dookalb*, he came with great concern and tenderness to enquire after his cousin's welfare. Distress and despair frequently raise the soul above itself, and give a degree of boldness and resolution which at other times are not to be found in the same person. It was thus with *Caroline*, whom, tho' made up of meekness, the sense of Mr. *Dookalb's* injuries so much affected, and the apprehension of her own danger so much aroused, that on his entrance into the room, she arose, advanced with hasty steps towards him, and looking him full in the eyes — "Base wicked man, said she, as you will one day answer it before the throne of God, tell me what is your design, and why you have laid this snare to entrap me? are you resolved upon my ruin? Is not the destruction of one sister sufficient? Are you bent upon the total overthrow of a poor miserable family? Cruel, cruel monster, I charge you dismiss me, or vengeance will attend my prayers; and you ——" "Pray good young lady, quoth he calm and sweet as summer, why so angry? why so fierce and furious? you'll do yourself harm, my child, you'll make yourself ill again; I am afraid for your health; sit down, and let us talk coolly together." "Oh cursed hypocrisy, cried she, and must I

bear this too — Well, sir, and what is it you would say—let me hear—justify yourself. Why have you robbed me of my liberty? why am I made a slave?” “You are neither robbed of liberty nor made a slave by me, miss, said he. I propose to give you liberty and to free you from slavery, if you are wise enough to accept my offers; but you have ever thwarted my endeavours, my honest zealous endeavours for your welfare.” *Caroline* fixed her eyes stedfastly upon his, shook her head, and burst into tears. He went on — “As your parents entrusted you to my care, it behoves me to consult your interest, and to guard against evils that threaten your ruin. You cannot but remember, that on your first coming to town you contracted a very large debt with Mr. *Wilson* the apothecary, who attended you long; he was determined to have his money, and as I had no further concern, (and indeed to my great sorrow did not so much as know where you was) gained my consent to use such measures as he should find proper towards the recovery of his debt: ’twas on account of this, child, that you was seized and carried to a place of hold. He informed me immediately, and promised to proceed no further than was agreeable to my directions. As soon therefore as I had received the information, I hastened to deliver you from the
disagreeable

disagreeable house where I found you, and procured a lodging, which I hope you'll approve. But remember, cousin, the bill must be paid; here it is. The sum total (for it is to little purpose to regard apothecary's *Items*) is only, a trifle, let me see—only twenty-five pounds; but it must be paid, cousin, and I suppose in your present exigencies that may be a larger sum than you are mistress of." Oh, cried *Caroline*, was there ever so black a scheme! malicious worthless man! to cast your evil on others, to contrive such a method to distress me, and all under the colour of the highest friendship! Twenty-five pounds for a few paltry drugs, not worth so many shillings! But give me the bill, and let me have leave to go, and you shall have your money, if that will satisfy you; true, in my present exigencies, I am not mistress of so much; but know, sir, that the wretched find friends, and real ones, too." "I do not doubt, miss, but a young lady of your person and merits may find friends enough, said Mr. *Dookalb*; but that is the very reason why I am so anxiously concerned for your felicity; it is pity, great pity, so beautiful and amiable a young creature as yourself should be so early given up, abandoned, and destroyed; and I must honestly confess, that your situation when I heard it, very much alarmed and

aroused me; since I am no stranger to the intrigues and arts of that gentleman, whom, I am sorry to say, you falsely imagined your friend.”

“ That gentleman, said *Caroline*, well deserves your censure; 'tis the sure stamp of his excellence; and know, that the smallest grain of his worth would out-weigh all that you ever had, or ever will have in your whole life; but I shall not attempt to say any thing in his behalf; he is best able to justify himself. For myself, sir, I beg leave to inform you, that I would rather suffer the misery of being constantly tormented by you, than be that abandoned prostituted wretch you long since would have made me, and now villainously suspect me to be. All your arts are in vain; virtue is on my side, and I defy you. Either therefore set me at full liberty, and you shall receive your demand, or let me assure you, that however you may distress me, you shall never conquer me, though my life be the consequence, and my blood spilt rise up in judgment against you.”

“ You grow perfectly tragical, cousin, said *Dookalb*; I think you was caught at a tragedy: Well, well, your high stomach will, nay must come down, and you will speedily see your real interest: it shall be my endeavour to shew it you. I'll not forsake you now, and I'll warrant you shall serve me no more

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more slippery tricks. Look you, madam, you are by the laws fully and intirely in my power ; and if you will consult your advantage, you will readily comply with the prudent measures I shall suggest. This rant of resolution and stuff we are used to, you know ; and I dare say you do not imagine that I regard it in the least, I must look to myself, and answer well to my friends ; and in order thereto I must neither let you go from hence, nor regard any opposition to the purpose for which you are intended, which is to make you extremely happy, with all that this world can give : if you are so wayward as to stand out and oppose your own felicity, mine is not the fault ; but it would be my fault, if I did not compel you to receive it. If I saw my friend in a fever, and knew a draught that would perfectly cure him, I should be greatly to blame if I did not administer it, in spite of all his dislike and opposition to it. — So, good cousin, pray think a little on this matter, till I see you again. Here is every thing at your command ; whatsoever you want, pray order, and nothing shall be refused to your wishes.” So saying, he smil’d, bow’d, and departed.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Caroline's further distress; a visit to her from a former acquaintance; the consequence of it; Mr. Jaifon's anxiety, distress, and sufferings.

CAROLINE sat down overpowered with distress, and, lost in melancholy, had not any reflection of the miserable state she was in; benumbed, as it were, and stupified with her grief. But what a dreadful summons was it to recollection, to be awakened from this reverie on the appearance and approach of that detestable woman, whom she so much abhorred, Mrs. *Searchwell!* She arose, and scream'd out at the sight of her; crying with a piteous voice "Then I am undone; then I am miserable indeed." — "Are you so in good truth," quoth the Bel-dame, clapping her arms a-kembo, pronouncing a most emphatical hum, and darting keen fire-brands from her little red eyes. For there is just the same love and tenderness found presiding in the bosoms of such gentle ladies, to women of a contrary disposition, in the bosoms of bawds to females of modesty and virtue, that there is found in the heart of a savage and hungry wolf, to an innocent lamb. Their contrariety is no less than their antipathy; and no wonder whence

we

we cannot be surprized, that Mrs. *Searchwell's* spirit was somewhat fir'd at such a reception from miss *Caroline*, whom she so much despised, as being utterly in her power, and so much hated, as being absolutely averse to her wicked intentions and practices. It was indeed contrary to Mr. *Dookalb's* orders, that the old lady made so sudden and abrupt a visit: he had directed that no interruption should be given to *Caroline* for some little time, and that all imaginable respect and deference should be paid to her. But Mrs. *Searchwell* had so great an opinion of her own address and management, and besides so strong a curiosity to see and examine this wayward fair one, that she scrupled not at all to break through Mr. *Dookalb's* injunctions, and to visit the young lady immediately upon his departure. She was ignorant, that *Caroline* had heretofore been at her house; as how indeed could she remember any thing at that time, when the reader may recollect, she was in such a dreadful confusion and fury of disappointment? She expected however, by no means, such a reception, and was perfectly confounded at *Caroline's* behaviour, on her entrance into the room; yet speedily rallying, she sat down, and begged of the young lady to be seated too; professing herself perfectly amazed, that there could be any thing in her appearance so
horrid

horrid and frightful, to occasion such amazement and dread; and adding, that doubtless she mistook her for some other person, who had given her perhaps reason thus to be terrified and shock'd? — “No, no, said *Caroline*, shaking her hands, and weeping with violent agony, — I am not mistaken — wou'd to God I were! I know you too well — I can never forget that horrid interview — Wretch that I am to fall into such hands, where certain ruin awaits me, and where compassion was never found to succour the afflicted! Gracious God, (continued she, falling on her knees, and clasping her hands together with uncommon fervour,) oh! thou hast promised never to fail those that seek thee! I have now no trust, no hope but thee—deliver me, thy poor unworthy servant, from the hands of such cruel destroyers, and either rescue me with my innocence uninjured, or now, oh now, take away this burthensome life from me!” while she was uttering which, Mrs. *Searchwell* stole softly out of the room, and *Caroline* long continued immovable in the same posture, with her eyes, her hands, and her heart jointly and sincerely elevated to heaven! Turning round at length she perceived Mrs. *Searchwell* retired, and something of an assuring hope so gleam'd that instant upon her heart, that I have heard her often declare, she felt
for

for that moment, more peace, joy, and satisfaction, than she ever enjoyed before in the course of her whole life. She arose, and applied herself to the windows, imagining she might possibly behold some people passing by, and give them information of her misery. But Mr. *Dookalb* did not use to be such a mean contriver in villainy; the windows were well and strongly barred with iron, and looked only upon a dark and dismal passage, where none ever came but those who belong'd to the house. What hope then could she have of deliverance? what thoughts of a rescue, where all things thus conspir'd to perfect her overthrow, and to plunge her in destruction. She had no other prospect before her eyes; all was gloom and misery, and, on every hand, nothing but thick darkness, distress, and sorrow encompass'd her. Revolving every circumstance, and deeply meditating on every scene of her past and present sufferings, a sad despair sat upon her mind, and she was sunk in a melancholy, little inferior to the total loss of her senses.

SUCH was the miserable situation of *Caroline*: we cannot expect to find poor Mr. *Faison* in any much better circumstances: After a vain and fruitless enquiry all the night, he endeavoured at the approach of the morning to recruit his spirits a little, and for that purpose, dress'd as he was, laid himself

himself on the bed to sleep ; but what has *sleep* to do with the wretched ? —

*He like the world his ready visit pays,
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes ;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsully'd with a tear.*

YOUNG.

Vain was the attempt, for he was no sooner laid along, than it struck into his mind, that possibly his beloved, his only wish and only pleasure, might by some means or other be returned to Mrs. *Stevens*. There seemed something supernatural in the thought ; something like a secret and certain intelligence, such as every man has experienced, and fondly pleas'd himself with more or less in his pilgrimage amidst ten thousand invisible beings, that guard and direct his way through this desert world. He arose, sprung from the bed, and with quick and hasty steps strode away to Mrs. *Stevens's*. The family were not used to arise so early ; however he roused them all, and demanded tidings of his *Caroline* : but, alas—vain was the enquiry, she was not there ; they would have asked of him ; they wanted equally with him to know the sad tale : his heart was too full to relate ; all his soul was on the stretch, to devise some means

to

to recover the jewel, not to rehearse the method how he lost it. A second thought again darted like lightning into his working and agitated mind, that he would in all the papers advertise her, with a considerable reward. No sooner did this arise in his thoughts, than he proceeded to execution, and penning a proper advertisement, with a hundred pounds reward for any that could bring him information, he sent it to the press, but unhappily too late for the day's morning papers, much to his chagrin and disappointment; in the evening papers, however, it obtained a place. This point dispatched, he again returned and renewed his enquiries at the *Shakespeare's* head, leaving particular injunctions concerning their noting and sending to him either of the bailiffs, if they should appear there again, and be known by any of the family. Nor did he rest here: he enquired out the dwellings of the most eminent bailiffs, went to them, and particularly sought of them some information; but still in vain: promises, bribes, and threats were of no avail, as possibly they could not be so. And Mr. *Faison* had the horror to see another night well nigh spent, and no tidings of *Caroline* yet attained, no hopes of a recovery, not the least glimpse of her, who was all his light and happiness, all his glory and desire.

C H A P. III.

Caroline's still further distress: Mr. Dookalb's and Mrs Searchwell's consultation, &c.

A BUNDANT fatigue and weariness both of body and mind compelled Mr. *Faison* to sleep this night, though his rest was little less troublesome than his waking; he again renew'd all the labour of the Day, and had not even the pleasure of recovering in fancy, what he so earnestly wished in reality to enjoy. And never did *Caroline* stand more in need of his assistance. Some little time after her departure from the room, Mrs. *Searchwell*, out of her great kindness, sent one of her nieces to enquire of the young lady what she would chuse to eat and drink, as something was necessary for the recruiting of her spirits. The messenger on her entrance was not a little surpris'd to behold *Caroline* laid along upon the floor, her hand supporting her languid head, her eyes fixed and stedfast, whence full tears stole insensibly down her cheeks, and her lovely auburn locks hanging dishevelled about her head. She spoke, and courtesied; but *Caroline* took no notice: she again renew'd her address, but equally unobserved, and not daring to advance further, stood with the door half open, and

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and a third time requested to know what she would be pleased to eat or drink; and whether she would not arise from that uneasy posture. *Caroline* then turn'd her eyes, and shaking her head, replied, — "'Tis far from uneasy to me, child — *When the mind's at ease, the body's delicate.* — Ah, poor father — cruelty in a child is strangely unnatural: ah me! what a long story have I to tell, how pitiful! sure it will make you cry like me, for indeed I don't deserve such barbarous usage: it was but two years ago, and I was so happy—but it is gone, quite gone, and I am content to be miserable. If I could but dye! ah poor *Lucy*—dear, dear sister—what a thing it is to think of!" Thus she was proceeding, when the girl withdrew, and in a strange affright told Mrs. *Searchwell*, "that the woman was certainly mad." She, by no means unus'd to such tricks as she call'd them, damn'd the girl for a fresh-water fool, and waddled away, to know the truth of this deplorable relation. She opened the door with some force, and fixing her eyes on *Caroline*, who still remained in the same posture — "Hey day, quoth she, what's here to do, Miss? up, up, and no more of these vagaries—or I shall find some means to make you." — "I know you will," said *Caroline*, starting up, and trembling in every joint, — Pray, pray tell me where I am

to

to go next ; but don't kill me quite." — " Kill you, replied Mrs. *Searchwell*? you are a pretty young devil ; what would you lay murder to my charge — ha, would you so? but I'll do for you, I warrant — Come, come, sit down in peace and quietness, do as you are ordered, and nobody shall hurt a hair of your head. None of this fooling and nonsense : let's have no more of it : what do you think people have nothing to do but to wait on such peevish perverse devils as you are?" — " Is she dead, Madam, said *Caroline*, quite cold and dead : the poor girl ! sure she is not dead yet ; I would die with her, if you'd please." " What a plague does she mean now, said the Mother? she seems not to be in her senses indeed : who dead? who do you mean, child? what makes you talk of dying?" — " Nay, said *Caroline*, it was but three days ago — and I fancied myself in heaven ; but woe is me ! I shall never go thither, for I lost my guide ; he was drowned, and I saw him sink. — Oh that I could but have sunk down with him." " There's no talking with her now, said the old woman to her nieces, we must consult what to do. — Let us go — see, fasten the door : wou'd the devil had the picking the bones of all your curs'd proud, modest, virtuous b——es !" Just as she was descending down stairs, Mr. *Dookalb* made his ap-

appearance, to whom she related the above with several aggravating Circumstances; and those two ministers of darkness laid their heads together how best to proceed in the grand affair of her ruin. Plain it was to both of them, that they could never hope to succeed by any fair means; persuasion they found perfectly fruitless; but then the great point to be considered of was how not to lose the profits of her first prostitution; for the profits arising from hence are to these kind of traders generally very considerable. It was not possible to introduce her as they cou'd wish; the only scheme therefore which they could devise was to agree with a friend, whom they had ready, for the first enjoyment of her, and to put him privately to bed to her, when she was asleep, secure, and thinking no evil. Thus they concerted and plann'd the ruin of this miserable girl; not at all moved, nor in the least affected that her senses seem'd disturbed, and her mind entirely disordered. — Alas, that any of the human species should ever arrive at such a pitch of iniquity! that any bearing the stamp of humanity should be able to contrive such diabolical mischief! But worse than worst of all is it, that a woman should thus give up all that's valuable in her sex, abandon all remorse, and be thus mad in cruelty and guilt. What must we think of
those

those who encourage such wretches, who frequent such houses, and become themselves the chief means of so much sin, sorrow, infamy, and distress! Ye sons of pleasure, ye children of shame, reflect and be admonished—enter not the gates of the wicked woman; for scorpions are in her chambers, and in her dwellings lurk poisonous adders. Take them not to thy bosom, cherish them not to thy own destruction; for they will wound, they will sting thee, even after the most mortal sort: they will sting thy soul, and to what physician canst thou apply for so deadly a disease?

*Not all the poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Can ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,*

that blest repose, which in innocence thou hast enjoyed, and which only is the gift of uprightness and integrity; for no man alas, can minister to a mind diseased.

*Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written tables of the brain;
Nor with a sweet oblivious antidote
Cleansse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart.*

Beware therefore of so dangerous, so incurable a distemper: keep thy footsteps from any approaches

proaches to evil, and guard well thy heart from every incentive to iniquity: so shall sweet repose play chearfully around thee, and the children of true virtue constantly delight, bless, comfort, and secure thee.

C H A P. IV.

Dookalb agrees with a Jew for the first enjoyment of Caroline---Some reflections on the humanity of the Jews--Mr. Jaison's ill success and chagrin --- He meets with Miss Jenny and Mr. Fortebbrand---Falls into an unlucky quarrel, and prepares to fight.

THE matter being perfectly settled between Mrs. Searchwell and Mr. Dookalb, who were to go snacks in the profits arising from *Caroline's* first debauchery, as also in the next sale of her to the honourable station of a mistress, *Dookalb* took upon him to inform their friend, whom they propos'd to favour with this happy enjoyment, this *blest* destruction of an innocent girl. The gentleman fixed upon was a man indeed, to say truth, not of the christian religion; though I fear it will yet reflect no honour upon christians in general; one would conceive

ceive it impossible, did not daily experience prove the contrary, for a christian to perpetrate such black crimes against any of those whom his religion obliges him to love as himself, to esteem as brethren and sisters, and to honour in the same degree that he honours his own body, interest, and reputation. I say, one would conceive it impossible for christians to do such things ; but there is no great wonder, that a *Jew* should be glad and ready to defile and destroy a christian virgin, since, besides the pleasures of enjoyment, there is also a double pleasure in feeding his cankered revenge, in that he deflowers a maiden of theirs, whose name he hates, and whose every interest and blessing he would rejoice to blast, mildew, and destroy, as he blasts and destroys the innocence of the unhappy virgin. The reader will want no further information, that the person pitched upon on this occasion was a *Jew*. He was also, we may be assured a wealthy one ; he was also, a man advanced in years ; nay, he was a husband too, and more than that a father of sons and daughters ! As soon as Mr. *Dookalb* informed him of the acceptable news, that Mrs. *Searchwell* had at that time a young lady, of inimitable charms, a person fit for a monarch, wanton, warm, and pleasing, unenjoyed, and yet untouched by man, with a skin white and smooth

as

as the down of a swan, hair brown as the hazle, eyes striking fire at every glance, bosom heaving with throbs of amorous extasy, and much, very much besides; — and that out of her singular friendship to him, at such a price, he, even he only should have the high rapture of rifling her virginity.” Soon as *Dookalb* informed him hereof, his black shining eyes rolled with greedy rapture, his mouth churned, and he gave a deadly smile of approbation, bespeaking at once his delight and his rancour. So when the wolf that has long prowled around the fold, at length seizes the snowy lamb which the shepherds have secured from his hungry jaws; he sharpens his teeth with greedy fury, rolls with livid indignation his fiery eye-balls, and with joyful fierceness tears the quivering limbs of the bleating innocent, and quaffs with delight the warm life’s-flood as it spouts from the tender veins.— Thus did the Jew even now riot in imagination, and clasping Mr. *Dookalb*’s hand with inexpressible force, assured his good friend, that nothing could so much oblige him, and that he would punctually be there at the hour and time appointed. Thus far all succeeds well, and to the wishes of these destroyers; thus far fortune sails along with them, and every scheme which they concert is happily prosperous to the ruin of *Caroline*, and to the satiating their hellish revenge, and thirst of money.

Let us a while leave her in this fearful situation, and return to Mr. *Faison*, whom, I fear, we shall find in no less distress, though in less danger; in no less anxiety and horror, though in far less probability of destruction and misery.

HE arose early in the morning, renewed his former enquiries, but fruitless as at first, and under the apprehension of every misfortune, dragged his lifeless limbs to the house of Mrs. *Stevens*. In vain was every consolation from the good Mrs. *Hodson*, unavailing every gleam of comfort proposed, every shadow of hope offered to him. To say truth, that excellent woman was little less concerned and afflicted than he, for the loss of poor *Caroline*; and though Mrs. *Stevens* observed something more in Mr. *Faison* than a common anxiety, yet she attributed all to the goodness of her nephew's heart, and was amidst her sorrow for *Caroline*, pleased with the humanity and tender benevolence of Mr. *Faison*. When the mind is uneasy and dissatisfied, every place soon grows tedious and displeasing; we carry our own happiness or misery always in our own bosoms. Hence it was that Mr. *Faison* was quickly tired with this company, and again sallied forth to search and see, though hopeless of finding, and perfectly abandoned to despair. Mrs. *Hodson*, as well as Mrs. *Stevens*, was of opinion, that without
doubt,

doubt, *Caroline* was by some means fallen into the hands of Mr. *Dookalb*; a matter which Mr. *Faison* also thoroughly and perfectly believed; but he was assured he could not procure any information from *Dookalb* himself, whom he had so severely treated, and with whom he had made so great a breach. He was therefore in a perfect mist, which way to proceed, and knew not how to direct himself, or what scheme to propose, that he might find out the villainy, and detect the fraud. He considered with himself, whether he could not seize *Dookalb* upon suspicion, and with this vain design in his head determined to consult one of his friends, eminent in the law; but in the interim he bethought himself of setting *Peter*, his man, honest *Peter*, to work with Mr. *Dookalb's* servant, if possible, to obtain some information from them. With this resolution he returned to his chambers, but to his mortification found *Peter* absent, though he had given him a particular and exact charge to be at home. Enraged and disappointed, he sat down and wept, agitated and tossed about by such a variety of disturbing passions; a little recovered at length, he made the best of his way to his friend the lawyer's. He too was absent; and thus continually disappointed, vexed, and chagrin'd, he knew not what course to take, or whither to apply himself for ease of mind, and any tollerable alleviation of his

distresses. As crossing *Fleet-street*, absorbed in melancholy, and thus sunk in grief, in a small private court, a female voice assaulted him, and a gentle pat on the shoulder caused him to turn, when behold miss *Jenny Stevens*, with a smart young spark attending her! She began with telling him she could not help laughing most egregiously to see him so down cast, so hanging his head, and looking positively like a man of fifty! She rallied him prettily on the occasion, and went on to inform him that she had a most *dear* piece of news to acquaint him with, which was, that sweet ***** mouth was quite well again, and he proposed to sing the next night at the house. “I assure you, sir, said the gentleman attending her, it is very true; I breakfasted myself with Mr. ***** at his girl’s this morning, and a fine boy she has brought him indeed, a very fine boy, upon my honour.” “Impertinent nonsense, replied Mr. *Faison*, what is all this folly to me?—think you, I concern myself with the idle affairs of *****, and the scenes of vice and infamy transacted by men, who deserve not the notice of a gentleman, and who should be mentioned only with pity or scorn? And do you imagine, sir, it reflects any honour upon yourself to boast of an intimacy with such persons, and a knowledge of the dark scenes of their shame and iniquity? if you do, I leave you to enjoy the ho-

mour

nour, and am your very humble servant." —
 " Hold, hold, fir, said *Jenny's* beau, you are not gone yet, d——e—you are not gone yet; d——e fir, I assure you upon my honour, you are not.— no, no, we must talk a little more on this head. What do you mean; fir? I am as good a gentleman, fir, as yourself— d——e, fir, am I, and not used to take such treatment. — I wear a sword, fir — here it is — I say, I wear a sword, fir, and expect you to give me satisfaction, fir, — d——e do I, fir, upon my honour, ha!" " Step into the coach, young gentleman, said Mr. *Faison*, softly, and leave your lady to find her way home alone; we'll go and decide the matter wherever you shall be pleased to appoint." " Oh, ay fir, quoth he, with all my heart; by my dear, dear *Jenny*, I'll just go do for this youth, just make the light shine through his body — d——e, and then, my dear, and then — you understand me, child — ha, say no more." " Oh lord, Mr. *Fortebbrand*, said *Jenny*, pray let me go — I never saw a duel in my life, I never saw a man killed since I was born; I long to see a man killed; pray let me go with you, Dear Mr. *Fortebbrand*, don't stick him, don't stick poor Mr. *Faison*, without he'll let me go and see you do it."

VEXED and dissatisfied as Mr. *Faison* was, he could not forbear laughing at the folly and im-

pertinence of this idle girl ; and at the same time reflecting upon the absurdity of regarding any affront from so insignificant a wretch, as this gay gallant spirit, Mr. *Fortebrand*, in whose blood, perhaps by this means, he might imbrue his hands, and be made, for a foolish word or two, the object of both human and divine judgment. The consideration of offending the latter, and falling into the hands of angered omnipotence for spilling the blood of one of his creatures, so wrought upon him, that he even shuddered at the thought, and turned pale upon the recollection of his near approach to the act. Mr. *Fortebrand* observed this, and construed it not unreasonably into fear, even into fear of his dreadful and puffed self ! who had thus boldly challenged, and thus shewed his high courage and exalted spirit. It is not to be wondered at, if he triumphed somewhat on the occasion, and with an air of great contempt “ Come, come, sir, said he, let us have no trifling---for my part, I am resolved to vindicate my honour ; d---e a man’s honour, sir, is better than his life. —What is life without honour ? As to the lady, I should be always glad to oblige a lady, but I leave that to you, sir, you may do as you please. I am at present hungry only for honour ; my soul, d---e, is athirst only for reputation. —Come, sir, let us try : yours or mine.” “ I believe, said Mr *Faison*,

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it might be better, fir, if we saw this young lady home first, and cool'd a little upon this rash hasty matter: there is no reason why you or I shou'd be the means of each others destruction, and for my own part as I by no means desire to die just yet, so am I by no means desirous to rob you of life---" "No, no fir, replied *Fortebrand*, of that I believe there is not much danger — I believe there is not much danger of that: d——me, if I am not surprized, that there should be such scoundrels in the world as dare to affront a man of honour or his friends, and then not have the courage to make him satisfaction: I don't understand, I say, fir, that there should be such *scoundrels*. — "No hard language neither fir, said Mr. *Faison*, --- beware of that, it ill-becomes the gentleman and the man of honour, which, you so boast yourself to be: but I think, and I hope in so thinking I behave like a gentleman, that for such slight matters it is scarce worth while to endanger both our lives every way, to the sword and to justice; and to the justice of the supreme avenger of blood no less than to that of the temporal judge --- and therefore if you think like me, you will be glad, that we quit scores, and leave each other just as we were at first---" "None of your cant, fir, none of your d——'d hypocritical cant, fir, replied *Fortebrand*, of

supreme avengers, and hell and the devil --- I fear neither one nor t'other --- I have been better educated, fir --- I have had wiser and better notions than all this instilled into me --- old-wives tales to keep fools and children in awe --- come, come, fir, none of this --- I say you are a coward, a scoundrel and a paltroon --- and I'll post you for such in every coffee-house if you don't fight, fir --- if you do not --- fir --- draw your little blade and let me touch you a death-tip under the fifth rib of your left side --- d---e --- fir? --- "Ay do, do, Mr. *Fortebrand*, do, if he won't fight --- so I wou'd, I am sure, if I was a man, said *Jenny*. ---" Mr. *Faison* was fired with resentment at this, and cou'd not restrain his choler --- but taking him by the arm, "come friend, said he, I attend you --- no trifling now --- for by the eternal heavens, I'll chastise that impudent tongue of yours." --- So saying he advanced towards a coach, and they stept into it, leaving miss *Jenny* much chagrin'd and much discontented behind, who, nevertheless call'd another coach, order'd the coachman to drive after that in which the gentlemen before her were, and to follow it, wherever it went. The conversation being nothing particular or diverting enough to find a place in this our history, we will endeavour to amuse the reader awhile with a short account of Mr. *Fortebrand*, while

our heroes hasten over the stony streets, and are rapidly rattled to the scene of combat; where, O god of war, we invoke thy presence, fierce clattering thy brazen shield, and bring with thee too thy favourite queen of love; she perchance may sooth every difference, and cause olive-crowned peace to interpose between these fiery heroes, death, — denouncing, and big with the hopes of destruction.

CHAP. VI.

Mr. Fortebrand's education and character: the fatal consequence of the duel: Peter's anxious enquiry after his master: a note from Miss Jenny: its effects, and Peter's further anxiety —

MR. Fortebrand, was the eldest and favourite son of an eminent and wealthy merchant, who, so exceeding great was his fondness for this darling child, cou'd scarce ever suffer him from his sight, much less cou'd he be persuaded to send him out to school, lest masters shou'd be harsh, and not kind enough to him, and lest the poor little boy shou'd be whipp'd and ill-used: for which reason he plac'd him at a neighbouring academy, the

matter of which was one of those commonly known by the name of *Undertakers*: that is, to explain the term, one who *undertakes* to keep a school or *Academy* (as they are pleas'd to call it), tho' himself utterly unqualified for the business; which therefore he performs by certain persons called assistants or ushers, over which he is the supreme governor; and as carrying a very grave sedate and composed outside obtains the character of a very wise and learned man; while content with the character, he maintains himself well and clears a considerable sum of money. Under one of these gentlemen little master *Fortibrand* begun his studies: and here he was taught to dance, fence, write, cypher, talk french, to read his accidence, and ride the great horse: and having continued here near twelve years, came out perfectly adroit in the principal parts of these sciences, being esteem'd to dance, to ride, and to fence as well as any young gentleman of the present age. His father, being a man of considerable fortune, and daily encreasing his estate, determin'd to bring his son up a gentleman, that is to say, he determin'd to bring him up to nothing; and for that purpose he made him a present of a pair of bays, and a genteel phaeton, and allowing him a considerable stipend, gave him to know, he was to be his own master. He had

above

above all this the felicity to fall into the hands of an usher at the academy, who was a profest deist, or free-thinker, or if you please, a reviler of religion in general: a strict acquaintance was contracted between these two worthies, and Mr. *Fortebbrand* imbibed all Mr. *Brushabout's* religious sentiments: so that he sate very easy as to obligations of that sort, and cou'd see no kind of moral turpitude, in keeping a girl, in debauching a wife, in shuffling at a gaming-table, in duelling, drinking, and a long et cetera: fraught with principles like these, he liv'd what the gay world calls a polite life: he had genteel apartments at the other end of the town, occupied by as genteel a lady; he was constant at every public place, intimate with every person of quality and taste, and deep in the secrets of the town, insomuch that he was esteem'd one of the most knowing, as well as the most gallant men of the town: for there are, readers, men of the town as well as women, and believe me, the term is no less reproachful to one than the other. Such was Mr. *Fortebbrand's* birth, life, and education: so that we find Mr. *Faison* had an enemy to encounter, much more important and formidable, than I dare venture to pronounce, he appear'd at first either to Mr. *Faison* or the reader: however it was now impossible for either to retract,

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stripp'd as they were for the combat, and ready to engage in the most private part of the green-park, the place agreed upon and destin'd for one of their falls! Mr. *Faison* had conceiv'd so poor and base an opinion of his antagonist, that he imagin'd he wou'd not dare to fight when they came to the very point, or that if he did, a slight wound wou'd terrify him and put an end to the quarrel. But how greatly was he deceiv'd to find him well skill'd in the science, and calling for the utmost care to ward off his thrusts, and to parry his excellent sets? — Mr. *Faison* however was no less skill'd in the science, and oblig'd, by self-defence to exert all his activity and art: It accordingly prov'd successful, and a well-made pass entered his side, and down fell the vanquish'd groaning hero to the ground! Mr. *Faison* desir'd to shake hands, and proceeded according to the rules of honour established on such occasions, promis'd to make the best of his way for a surgeon, and in great fear and precipitation retir'd from this unhappy miserable field of combat. *Fenny* by some mistake of the coachman did not arrive, till the duel was ended, and with big woe and lamentation she wept over the bleeding wound of her lover, her dear gallant charming man! she staunch'd the blood with her apron, and call'd aloud for assistance; how.

however before any cou'd be procur'd on her part, a surgeon came from Mr. *Faison*, who took proper care of Mr. *Fortebland*, and at his request convey'd him to his house in *Park-street*: there we will leave him awhile and the disconsolate lady attending him, while we return to some more material concern in our story, and see to some more important points, which appear to deserve our attention.

AT least so we must conclude from honest *Peter*; whom his master, as we may remember, left at his chambers with particular injunctions not to depart from thence; and whose departure perhaps was one principal occasion of this unhappy affair, which so perplex'd, distress'd, and afflicted him. Mr. *Faison* had not been long gone from Mrs. *Stevens's*, when *Peter* out of breath, and in a full sweat came thither to enquire for his master: miserably chagrin'd was he to find him departed from thence, "plague on't, quoth he, in the hearing of Mrs. *Hodson*, this is always the case; when I have any good news for him." Which she eagerly catching at desir'd to know the particulars of it; what it was he had to acquaint his master with, and whether it was any thing concerning Miss *Caroline* -- *Peter* shook his head, and sigh'd deeply, wishing he cou'd but find his master, for as to his news it concern'd no body but him;

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tho' in truth it was about Miss *Caroline* — and so saying, he took to his heels, and away he ran in quest of Mr. *Faison*. He sought him at every coffee-house, and at every tavern, which he usually frequented: he enquired of every acquaintance and companion, and perfectly unsuccessful return'd home to his masters chambers --- and curs'd his ill-fortune in the bitterness of his spirit. The poor fellow did not know what course to take, or how to direct himself: he resolv'd however to return again to Mrs. *Stevens*, to renew his enquiry---but alas every thing there was dark as at first, and all intelligence wanting: Mrs. *Hodson* was again soliciting *Peter* to a discovery of the important news, when a violent rap at the door made the house ring, and the hearts of them all jump: *Peter* was at the door first, nothing doubting but that it was his master --- but shocking disappointment, behold only a chairman with a note to Mrs. *Stevens*, --- which as soon as she had open'd and read, she scream'd out and was ready to faint. No wonder Mrs. *Hodson* was anxious to know the contents; at Mrs. *Stevens's* desire she took the note and read to the following effect. —

“ Miss *Stevens's* compliments to her mamma, and hopes she'll not be angry at her staying
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ing out longer than she intended --- for Mr. *Faison* and Mr. *Fortebrand* has fought a duel, and he is kill'd, and at Mr. *Cut-deep's* surgeon in *Park-street*, where she is obliged in good manners to stay with the poor gentleman till he dies." --- Miserable shocking story indeed — my poor dear nephew, said Mrs. *Hodson* with tears, is then alas no more, — *Peter*, who stood at the door listening to the contents of the note, burst in upon hearing these words — and while his hair stood an end, and his eyes star'd with fright, call'd out — where, madam, where the devil did you say he was? “ here, said she, poor *Peter*, take that note, make the best of your way to where it directs, and bring me some direct intelligence.” Upon which she gave *Peter* the note, who reading it threw it to the ground, and jump'd up and down like a madman, crying out, “ no, no, he is not dead, my master is not dead — 'tis the other, Mr. *Forteraro* — *buzza* — and he's not dead neither — for he's only kill'd, and she stays till he dies — *buzza* — oh rare news.” — Is the fellow mad, said Mrs. *Hodson* — give me the note again — (which reading in her hurry she had not distinctly observed" ---) was there ever such absurd nonsense — “ Mr. *Faison* and Mr. *Fortebrand* has fought a duel and he is kill'd --- who is kill'd? ---” “ oh Mr. *Ferteraro*, madam said *Peter* to be sure, my
 master

master knows better : he wou'd never be such a fool to be kill'd by ever a *Forteraro* of them all —” “ But then continued Mrs. *Hodson*, how strangely does she go on, he is killed and yet she is obliged in good manners to stay till he dies” — I am apt to imagine neither of them is dead — “ You must excuse the poor girl in her fright, madam, said Mrs. *Stevens*, we are all apt to mistake in such hurries” — oh, ay excuse, quoth *Peter*, with all my heart we'll excuse it, never fear, so be my master has but kill'd this t'other chap—we'll excuse it, never fear.— “ Well *Peter*, said Mrs. *Hodson*, to be certainly inform'd of this matter, the surest method will be for you to make the best of your way to Mr. *Cut-deeps* in *Park-street*, and there inform yourself of the whole truth of the matter—but pray be expeditious : for I shall be in the most miserable anxiety, till you return” — Quick as lightning, madam, said *Peter*—-I'm gone ;” and so saying—he jump'd from the room and made the best of his way to the place appointed. But was ever chagrin or disappointment equal to that of poor *Peter's* ? when arriv'd there he found, Mr. *Fortebrand*, as they told him dying—his master fled no body cou'd tell whether, and as *Peter* observ'd, very likely gone from town, and making the best of his way towards *France*. “ And now said *Peter*, within himself, was there ever such

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such an unlucky dog as my master, except it be myself, he is as unlucky a man!—I can never find him now—no, that's impossible, for to follow him thro' his lurking holes can't be done, and to go after him abroad—for they say all duellists go abroad—I dare not—the sea's no place for me—so my master will lose his country, I shall lose my master, miss *Caroline* will lose all that she has, and my old master, his father, will go mad, his mother will run crazy, Mrs. *Hodson* will go beside herself, and there will be a rare company for *Bedlam*. Plague take this fighting--- I never lik'd it, never in my life--- and what to do, I know no more, than if I was directly to be hanged." --- oh my old song, now for you.

*When doubts and fears disturb the breast,
The present thoughts are always best,
'Tis mad to go, 'tis vain to stay—
Then haste to chambers, haste away."*

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A reflection on duelling, &c.—Peter's unexpected surprize—Mr. Jaison's eager sollicitude—some information gain'd of Caroline—a resolution form'd upon it.

PETER had either knowingly or wilfully forgot that he was to return to Mrs. Hodson, and give her some information concerning the state of this matter, which gave her such uneasiness, and pierc'd her to the soul: not only on account of her fears for Mr. Jaison, but from a religious motive, to think that he cou'd be so extreamly deaf to the calls of conscience and every sacred tye, as to adventure on any condition to expose his own life, or to run the hazard of taking away that of another's — false honour and vain thirst of applause! the good man builds on another foundation—and esteeming it so far from a reproach upon him, not to resent and revenge an injury, he thinks it the highest pitch of his duty to forgive all that offend him, and to shew his courage as well in a noble suffering as a blood-thirsty action. Learn ye men of blood and honour, learn the price of a life, learn the price of an immortal soul: fear

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fear to deface the divine image, fear to spill the blood of them whose avenger is the almighty : learn to be meek, to forgive, and pardon, cease to boil with resentment, learn humility, and be at peace !—

WITH reflections somewhat like these, perhaps, Mrs. *Hodson* amused herself and those who were present with her on this melancholy occasion : and sat with painful solicitude expecting *Peter's* return : being at length wearied out of all degree of patience, Mrs. *Stevens* and she resolved themselves to go, and enquire after the truth of the story, and the reasons of *Peter's* delay. They were no sooner introduced, than Miss *Jenny* came down to them, and informed them of the whole rise and progress of the quarrel and contest, and of Mr. *Fortebbrand's* situation, whom Mr. *Cut-deep* look'd upon to be in imminent danger, tho' he was not peremptory in declaring, whether the wound was mortal or not. However *Jenny* observed to them that Mr. *Jaison* was fled, and if Mr. *Fortebbrand* died, she did not imagine but that his friends wou'd prosecute him to the utmost : words can scarcely describe the state of Mrs. *Hodson's* mind : nor was Mrs. *Stevens* even now less solicitous but on another account, to find her daughter so well and intimately acquainted with
Mr.

Mr. *Fortebland*, a man, of whose morals and character she had but the most indifferent opinion. Finding their presence of no effect, they immediately return'd home, and much against her will, took *Jenny* with them; a family at present perhaps as much distracted and as violently uneasy amongst themselves, as any one of those miserable many to be found in the popular and horrid streets of *England's* grand and illustrious metropolis: where the expences and follies and vices of the inhabitants so much impoverish, distress and distract them; where religion, goodness, and regard to God is so much neglected, that as they fall into the most afflicting circumstances, so have they no stay, no hold to support themselves, (for religion only can be a support in distress) and thus abandon'd to their own troubled minds, plunge deep in despair, and fall head-long into utter ruin.—

It happen'd as *Peter* was journeying homewards, that a voice accosted him from a window, and as he turned round to look and see, a door was open'd to receive him, and he was ordered to walk up stairs. But what words can express his joy, what imagination picture his face to behold the person, the very person he had so long been in quest of, thus accidentally, thus
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wonderfully found, when he had given over all hopes, and was in perfect despair : he look'd, he jump'd, he laugh'd, and was in a perfect agony of joy, uttering at the same time, some inconsistent sentences, which, as they rais'd Mr. *Faison's* curiosity, so did they no less elevate *Peter*, and keep up the high tide of his extacy. At length the flood being somewhat subsided, " Oh sir! said *Peter*, to think what I have suffered for your sake : in body and mind, not a bit less in body than mind : for I have so run backward and forward that I thought my limbs must have dropp'd off, and then my mind, there, there indeed has been all my suffering, to think you was run away, had kill'd a man ; pox take the man, I did not care for your killing him, but to think you cou'd not hear the news I had got for you. Well, so long as you are found, all may be well yet—cheer up, honest *Peter*." " your news, your news, firrah, said Mr. *Faison*, inform me of that directly to make some amends for daring to leave my chambers, when I ordered you to wait there, and not to stir out on any occasion." " See there now, said *Peter*, there's a fine return for all my fatigue and uneasiness : to be upbraided and huff'd—at last, when one's joy was uppermost, to have it all turn'd into wrath." Well, well, said Mr. *Faison*,—your news, your business, your good tidings,—come let me hear directly, and I may per-

perhaps, yet reward you." "That you will when you hear, said *Peter*,—I am sure of that: but durst you stir out, sir? are you confin'd here for the man that you have kill'd? can you go a little way with me? for all depends upon that."—"I am willing said Mr. *Faison*, to know how the affair will turn out, and whether he is dead or not, before I go out: if he dies I must abscond, but if he lives, I need then be in no fear."—"Pox on him, said *Peter*, they told me he could not live, the wound was quite thro' his body,—and how can he live then?——"Well, well, said Mr. *Faison*, no more of that,—your business *Peter*—you make strange delays." "Why you shall hear sir, replied he.—Soon after you was gone out,—up to the chamber, stalks at all thin fellow, in a green banyan, with long black hair—a wonderous pale face, with watchful black eyes,—and a devilish leering look,—and enquires for Mr. *Faison*.—I took him, you must know, for a pimp, or some of the fraternity, and so master,—don't be angry, I was rather uncivil to my gentleman. Well, said I, pretty sternly, and what want you with my master, friend?—I am come sir (replied he, with a very soft, small gentle voice,) on account of an advertisement here in the paper, (and so he pulls out the News) concerning which I have enquired at the place directed in the advertisement, and they have sent
me

me hither. I prick'd up my ears at this, you must think,—and pray sir, said I, walk in sir if you please, pray sir sit down,—what do you choose to drink? a glass of wine, or a dish of chocolate? pray sir, be so kind as to speak, and so I ran and fetched him a chair, and clapp'd myself down by him, desiring him to proceed.—Why, sir, said he, I can give your master some satisfaction concerning the matter;—can you so, said I, well, I am sure, good sir, he'll make you satisfaction enough—that he will---I'm sure---but pray good sir, can you stay, till I just run and fetch my master—to which he consented, informing me, that he could not stay more than an hour so begg'd I would return within that time,—away went I—and a devil of a run had I—but no master,—so home I comes,—down I sat, wip'd the sweat by pints off me, and roar'd for madness,—which the poor green-coated gentleman seeing pitied me exceedingly. And now not being able to stay any longer, he told me, he would leave a note of direction with me—and that as soon as I found my master I might bring him; and he should hear some tidings of the young lady advertis'd.” “Where's the direction, said Mr. *Faison*, in a hurry shew it me, this instant. Where does she live?—haste, run, fly, bring her in to me,—fly dear *Peter*, bring her in this moment,—that I may hear of and receive
my

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my dear dear *Caroline*,—my soul's only darling and wish."—"Lord, sir, replied *Peter*, you scare one quite out of one's wits—besides, I have run so much before, I can't fly now."—So saying, he began to look for the direction, but the direction was not to be found,—and without speaking a word he vanished in an instant from the room jump'd down stairs, and away he ran. Mr. *Faison* no less precipitate hasten'd away after him, and forgetting all his fears, was at his chambers nearly as soon as *Peter*. Luckily enough, and to his no small joy *Peter* found the note, lying upon the table: and was by his master's immediate order sent in quest of the person, whom he was to bring without all delay. He instantly obey'd: found the man, as directed, who being engaged in some particular business, was oblig'd to delay his coming, till near an hour. Of this *Peter* returning informed Mr. *Faison*, who roar'd with such impetuosity of impatience, that he approached near to madness, during the tedious minutes of the dreadful and torturing interval. At length the fellow approached and Mr. *Faison* scarce suffer'd him to enter into the room, before he began to enquire concerning his beloved *Caroline*. "You have promis'd sir, said the man, a considerable reward, to any one who shall discover to you, such a lady, I believe I can do it— I hope you will not refuse me the reward."—

“ Oh

“oh by no means, fir, replied Mr. *Faison*—do but assure me that you know where she is, that she is alive, safe and secure—and here is already half the money offer’d, for you.”—“Well, fir, said he, of thus much I can assure you, she is alive, and very *secure* as to her *safety*, that is not altogether so certain”—“What is she not safe—speak in a moment, direct me to her, said Mr. *Faison*, interrupting him; where is she, in the hands of that vile wretch *Dookalb*? tell me, that I may instantly fly to her deliverance?”

“She is not in the hands of Mr. *Dookalb*, fir, said the man, but in the hands of one of his great friends, my worthy mistress, Mrs. *Searchwell*; in whose house I have been a waiter these many years, and a very indefatigable industrious one, introducing many a gentleman, and no little trade to the house; but if ever I serve her again, may every whore she keeps prove faithful to her, and every trader become honest as I have been.” “Well friend, said Mr. *Faison*, leave that awhile: tell me, is this young lady where you say; how came she there, how long has she been there, who brought her there, what do they intend to do with her?—But fool as I am, why do I ask these questions, come let me follow you to her, let me immediately fly to recover this dear unhappy charmer of my soul.” “It will require, fir, replied the

man, more caution than perhaps you imagine to recover her: It must be done secretly and by art, or you will never get a sight of her"—

"Secretly and by art, rejoined Mr. *Faison*?— Is she there?—you say she is---and who shall hinder me from rescuing my own? By heavens, I'll not delay a moment---nor will I proceed by any secrecy or art in a deed so just and honest." "Hold, sir, said *Peter*, be advised by this good gentleman, who understands matters of this sort much better than you and I--- besides, consider the man you have kill'd—or however if not quite kill'd, much endanger'd, and if he shou'd die, think what a risk you run by venturing out publickly—I am sure you had better be advis'd." Mr. *Faison* threw himself into a chair, and fetching a deep sigh, cried out, "was there ever born so unfortunate so miserable a fellow—oh my *Caroline*, my love, yet fool and mad, what avails this fruitless bewailing? I will—and yet, sir, you say I had better be advis'd—come quickly say, how shall I, how must I, how wou'd you have me proceed?"

"You know sir, rejoined the informer, the Nature of our houses: and what free access all gentlemen have there for their money. This young lady, you must know, was brought in by Mr. *Dookalb*, with a design to make a trader of her." "Hell and fury, said Mr. *Faison*,

Faison, a trader of my *Caroline*?—damnation seize his thoughts—vile miscreant! hellish villain.”—“Please to hear a little, sir, continued the man, we have had much difficulty with her; she is not to be persuaded, or threaten’d into the matter: tho’ my mistress raves and swears, she believes she has been a trader before.”

“Your mistress, sir, quoth Mr. *Faison* with a settled indignation.—No, she cannot think otherwise of any one—she judges from her own vile and deprav’d heart: she knows not what innocence and virtue are.”—“Well sir, said the man, my mistress however raves and swears after her old sort, and vows that any man shall have the full enjoyment of her, who will take the pains to get it: now if you could contrive to disguise yourself like a foreigner, or how you please, and so visit our house, call in my mistress, talk loud of your prowess, and boast of your activity, shewing a few guineas at the same time; you might perhaps gain admision to, and rescue your lady from the destruction which threatens her.”

“Prepare me a proper dress *Peter*, instantly, away to *Monmouth-street*, and provide me a suit of tawdry *French* cloaths, and dress yourself too—said Mr. *Faison*—and for you, sir, be ready to meet and usher me in—I like the scheme—away *Peter*—My dear friend, be at home, and at hand: we shall meet with

success, for if I find her—I'll part with every drop of blood, before I ever part with her again."—*Peter* flew to his business—the informer withdrew very well satisfied, and *Mr. Jaison* stirr'd up his soul to every resolution—determin'd as he knew where *Caroline* was to rescue and deliver her from so miserable a situation, at the hazard of his own life, and every other earthly enjoyment.

C H A P. VIII.

The Jew's visit to Caroline,—his villainy—his ill success therein—but more especially to Mrs. Searchwell—Caroline's deliverance—Mr. Jaison's further disappointment—an apostrophe to the fair ones.—

PUNCTUAL and exact as the dial to the sun, the lust-inspired, ravishing *Jew* approach'd the venerable doors of the mansion of iniquity, the dwelling of that barbarous destroyer, that consumer of innocence, that pest of virginity, *Mrs. Searchwell*. He was introduc'd to the best apartment, and immediately attended by good *Mrs. Searchwell* herself, "Well madam, he began (while his glittering eyes gleam'd a fierce and black lasciviousness,) where

where is that fine lady, Mr. *Dookalb* says, you got for my purpose?—come, no stay, no stay, come come, where is she?”—Nay, said Mrs. *Searchwell*, I don’t know where she is,—I am sorry, good sir, you have the trouble to come for such a peevish imp—I wish Mr. *Dookalb* had kept her to himself, I cou’d have provided better for your honour without so much trouble.” The *Jew* was very sollicitous to know the reason of this, and as fearful of a disappointment, desir’d to be acquainted with the meaning of these words, which sounded to him so strange after a punctual agreement with Mr. *Dookalb*. “Why sir, replied the old mother, this is a way-ward girl, that Mr. *Dookalb* can make nothing of, and so wants to be tried and broke here first before he brings her into life: but she has got such notions of virtue and honour, and I can’t tell you what, with a devil to it, that she feigns herself mad, and won’t eat or drink, or sleep, or do any thing—“Pox on your christian virtue and honour! said the *Jew*,”—but how then?” “Why, faith sir, continued the dame, I don’t think it worth your while to try—besides I can suit your taste as well with a fine fresh plump juicy lovely nimble lass, that will please you I warrant her—I know she’ll please you.” The *Jew* enlarged greatly upon the account which Mr. *Dookalb* had

given him of *Caroline's* person and beauty, and was very desirous to make a tryal, nay indeed insisted upon it; to which Mrs. *Searchwell*, tho' reluctantly, consented; as the truth was, she had another to dispose of, the whole profits of whom was her own sure and certain; whereas this was not only doubtful, but also to be shar'd with Mr. *Dookalb*. The reader need not be surpriz'd, that there appears a want of sincerity to Mr. *Dookalb* in Mrs. *Searchwell*, when there seem'd so close and strict a friendship between them; for such persons are bound by no obligations of love and regard, but are only friends as interest inclines, and advantage directs; so that their hearts know not the social ties of real and virtuous friendship, but are ready to break thro' every bond, where any self-service powerfully invites them thereto: so certain it is, that there is no friendship either with or between the wicked, and that there is no friendship sincere and firm, but that which is founded in virtue, and rais'd upon the rock of true honour.

Mrs. *Searchwell* usher'd the *Jew* to the door of *Caroline's* apartment, which the poor girl as some defence had fasten'd, resolving rather to perish than admit their or any other base solicitations. But
 herein

herein she was mistaken; for Mr. *Searchwell's* house was form'd for business of this kind: accordingly the old mother desir'd the *Jew* to follow her a little way round; and there she open'd a part of the wainscot, so contriv'd on purpose, and by means thereof, to *Caroline's* infinite surprize, in she enter'd with this frightful fearful-looking man! *Caroline* on their admision arose from the place where she was seated, and advanced a few steps towards them, which the *Jew* esteeming a good omen, advanc'd also himself towards her, that he might salute her—but she stepping backward—fix'd her eyes upon him with such a look of pity, sorrow, and indignation mingled together, which no words can express, which struck into stone the purpose of his soul, and fix'd him in awe at a small distance from her. Quickly recovering himself, he made a profound bow—and *Caroline*, addressing herself to Mrs. *Searchwell*, said, “I should be glad, madam, to know the design of your introducing this gentleman in such a manner to me? what is your purpose, sir; speak, for I wou'd fain know, that your business may be dispatch'd, and that I may again be left alone, unmolested, and without any disturbance of this kind?” “His business, Miss, is to see you, said the *Beldame*—so pray sit down and make the gentleman welcome—away with your scruples and

nonsense; give him your hand, and make up matters peaceably and quietly.—It will be better for you.” “Ay, said the *Jew*, make up matters peaceably and quiet, Miss—It will be better for you and me too, so it will.” “I do not understand either your or her meaning, sir, said *Caroline*—tho’ I apprehend some dreadful purpose in your words: but remember and observe, I am resolute; and if you intend any harm to me, you shall have my life freely—but I will never be that base wretch, you, Madam, wou’d make me—you do the worst you can to me—and yet you neither can nor will hurt me.” Her resolution being thus exerted to the utmost, tears burst from her eyes, and she threw herself along upon the floor,—weeping and groaning in a manner that would have affected any hearts but those of a bawd and a *Jew*!--- They however were not at all mov’d, and Mrs. *Searchwell* observed to her friend that now was the time—she was down and he might have the advantage: she herself wou’d help him. The wretch took the hint, and throwing himself down, was about to employ his hands in the vile profanation of her tender lovely spotless limbs: but who have strength like the injur’d and innocent? strength not their own and powers not only from themselves. She started up—rush’d from his infamous touch, sprung by Mrs. *Searchwell*, and with the violence of her speed

speed throwing her down, made the best of her way thro' the door in the wainscot, which providentially was left a-jarr, and hastening down the stairs, was met by the person who had acquainted Mr. *Faison* with the tidings of her, who perceiving her, ran hastily before her, bidding her follow him, and safely conducted her from that shocking and detestable place into the streets—secure from the *Jew* and from Mrs. *Searchwell*; who arising nimbly as she cou'd from the floor, hasten'd to pursue her, alarming the house with a voice loud as thunder, and terrible as that *impetuous and jarring sound, which those infernal doors grated on their brazen hinges, (shaking even the lowest bottom of Erebus,)* which *sin* open'd for *satan*, and thro' which he enter'd into that chaos, where scarcely less confusion reign'd, than quickly reign'd in the house of Mrs. *Searchwell*; and where *his ear was scarce less peal'd* with noises loud and ruinous (to compare great things with small) than was every ear in this dwelling, with the curses of Mrs. *Searchwell*, her cries and groans, the lamentations and howlings of her nieces, and the screams and outcries of all her servants! There was no less noise,

—*Than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to raise
Some capital city; nor less, than if this frame,*

*Of heav'n were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth---*

See *Par. lost.* b. 2. ver. 880, 920.

For in her haste of pursuing, Mrs. *Searchwell* mist her step down one of the stairs, and down she fell from almost the highest to the bottom; her immense bulk with impetuous recoil bounding from stair to stair, while she roar'd with fearful astonishment, and shook the whole house with her bellowing! she was taken up at the bottom senseless, and a surgeon was instantly called to her relief, who making the proper applications, bleeding, &c. order'd her to bed, where recovering her senses, she lay in the utmost inward pain and agony, rav'd, and denounc'd curses terrible to hear, and presented all hell in herself to the view of every astonished beholder.—

IN the midst of all this uproar and disturbance, in came Mr. *Faison* and his man *Peter*, perfectly frenchified, yea more so, than any one of our modern beaux, who with all the insignificance of foreign dress, smiles in the side-box, and fancies he does honour to his country by aping all the absurd fashions and ridiculous follies of other nations. Doom'd to continual disappointment

appointment and chagrin Mr. *Faison* cou'd scarcely keep any tolerable bounds or refrain from discovering himself, when on his admission into a room, he stay'd some time and found no appearance of the man, whose presence he long'd for, as the means of conducting him to his beloved *Caroline*. He had not however waited long in expectation before in rush'd *Peter* with no small haste and precipitancy; so big was he with the news he brought, that he cou'd not speak a syllable—but hesitating and stammering, at length he vented—"sir, sir, she's gone, she's gone away, just now."—What do you mean, replied Mr. *Faison*, with the utmost haste and anxiety? "Why sir, said *Peter*, something recover'd from his surprize—she, miss *Caroline*, I know it's her, I say she has gotten away from the old bawd by some means or other—run down stairs, and as far as I can find, our friend the man there, you know who, with her, and they are both gone quite clear of—and more than that, the old devil—how glad I am of it—the old bawd, mother *Searchwell* following her, has tumbled down stairs and broke her neck—thanks be to God—for such good luck—an old devil its come home to her at last." Mr. *Faison* immediately call'd a waiter to know the truth of the matter, from whom gaining an imperfect account, with
which

which he was half satisfied, and half displeas'd, he made the mother's misfortune a pretence for his departure, and with his man *Peter* sallied forth in anxious sollicitude to enquire after and recover his lost jewel; whom so many unlucky accidents so long prevented him from obtaining, unable as he was in such a case to bear delay, unwilling as he was one moment to be kept from her.

CAROLINE we may observe, for her present low and weak state of body, exerted unusual strength; but what cannot fear arm'd with virtue and resolution perform? however in such cases it generally happens that after violent exertion of the powers, a more violent languor succeeds: which was the case with *Caroline*; who had not advanc'd many steps into the street, before her faculties all resign'd their functions, and down she dropt in the deepest swoon. Her companion by the assistance of a chairman at hand remov'd her into a neighbouring tavern, and making some part of her case known to the mistress of the house, requested her to take all due care of her, while he went to inform the young ladies friends of her present circumstances and situation. Accordingly the good woman remov'd her upstairs, sent for a surgeon to bleed or at least
 apply

apply proper relief, and in some time, she recover'd, tho' in the utmost distress and flutter of spirits, not knowing where she was, or how she came thither, and fearing lest she was again fallen into some dreadful and destructive snare. But these fears were quickly remov'd by the humane behaviour of the mistress of the house, whose tender concern for her dispell'd her fears, and gave her some glimpse of the joy she was speedily to receive: her spirits were by degrees greatly recruited, and tho' she was desirous of being remov'd to Mrs. Stevens's, yet at the pressing sollicitation of the good woman of the house, she consented to stay till the man return'd; who, she inform'd *Caroline*, was gone with all haste to bring her friends to her, and who doubtless wou'd speedily be back again. But tedious as the days appear to a captive already redeem'd, and shortly to be restor'd to perfect liberty; tedious as the hours to a virgin betroth'd and speedily to be blest in the arms of her belov'd husband; so tedious, yea, and far more so did the time, the minutes, the moments seem to *Caroline*, till she receiv'd some information and till she beheld some whom she knew and in whom she cou'd confide. Nor was it long before she was thus blest—a reward certainly due to her for her strict perseverance in the ways of
vir-

virtue and firm resolution in the school of innocence.

OH ye simple ones, ye daughters of fearfulness and trembling, ye children of shame and dishonour, why will ye not learn to be wise, why will ye not hearken and consider? sorrow loses its sting, its poison shall not harm you, when virtue embalms with her precious ointment the deep wound; the cup of affliction hath no bitter in it, when innocence purges the draught, and casts her sweet drugs into the potion! why shou'd you fear ought but the loss of virtue, why shou'd you dread any evil but the destruction of your innocence! preserve them and be blest: they are a sure defence against all mortal disquietude: sin only produces sorrow; she that dares resist temptations, that hath the courage to be virtuous, shall assuredly be crown'd with a bright circlet of unfading glory: virtue brings peace, innocence never fails to reward those who triumph under her banners; and honour gladdens every one who basks in the sunshine of his dwelling. Be virtuous then, O ye daughters of beauty—and ye shall be blessed—let innocence smile on your rosy cheeks, and perfect love shall there make his abode: let honour's high steps for ever attend you, and behold you are near to the temple of ever-sure and ever-glorious felicity.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

Mr. Jaison's anxiety—his happy meeting with Caroline, their conversation and exquisite love—their return to Mrs. Stevens's.

N. B. In this chapter the learned reader may find matter for deep dispute and speculation.

MR. *Jaison* was in the utmost anxiety, when he departed from Mrs. *Searchwell's*, which way to betake himself, or where to go, as most probable to meet with *Caroline*: he was strongly of opinion she wou'd hasten to Mrs. *Stevens's*: *Peter* imagin'd his friend the informer, wou'd make the best of his way to Mr. *Jaison's* chambers; so that in this doubtfulness of council it was determin'd that Mr. *Jaison* shou'd adjourn to his chambers, and free himself from his disguise, and that *Peter* shou'd depart to Mrs. *Stevens's*, and wait there for some information. Accordingly they parted:—luckily it so fell out that Mr. *Jaison* arriv'd on the stairs leading to his chambers, just as the man from *Caroline* was coming down, not a little disappointed in finding him from home. The chronological reader must have observ'd from an exact consideration of the time, that it was now dark and late in the evening, and as Mr. *Jaison* was disguised
in

in his dress, the fellow was on the brink of passing him: Mr. *Faison* however call'd to him, asking his name and business there; the man recollected his voice, and with great triumph cried out, "Well sir, she's safe. I have her, sir, come follow me, and I'll lead you to the young lady." Can the joy of a heart be express'd, which having lost its sole pleasures, hope and happiness, and is plung'd in the depth of despair, on a sudden and unexpectedly recovers all its wishes, and is in a moment rais'd to the highest satisfaction? If the joy of such a heart cannot be express'd, be assur'd, reader, that of Mr. *Faison's* surpasses all my power to declare--- he spoke not to the man any more than—"Lead my friend, I follow"—His heart was too full for utterance: he cou'd not speak, it throbb'd too quick, and the faculties of his soul were too much tied up with eager expectation. He seem'd to tread in air, as he pass'd along the streets, following his guide, and with hasty steps and long, strode impatiently, measuring every pace, and deeming every step a furlong. Oh how cou'd he then have wish'd for that mighty power in striding, which *Homer* so grandly, sublimely, and nobly (*as learn'd criticks write*) allots to the mighty monarch of the waves,

At

*At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
 Prone down the rocky steep * HE rush'd along :
 Fierce as he past the lofty mountains nod,
 The forests shake, earth trembled as he trod, }
 And felt the footsteps of the † wat'ry God, }
 From realm to realm ‡ three ample strides he took !
 And at the fourth the distant Ægæ shook !*

(See Pope's Homer, b. 13, v. 27.)

THOUGH not with altogether so few steps, yet with expedition passing wonder indeed, Mr. *Faison* arriv'd at the tavern, which held the darling of his soul. He was immediately conducted

* Neptune.

† Mr. Pope reads *immortal* here: we for fundry good reasons read *wat'ry*.

‡ *Three ample strides*. This is a *very grand imagination*; we are told, that at four steps he reach'd Ægæ, which, (supposing it meant of the town of that name in Eubæa, which lay the nighest to Thrace) is hardly less than a *degree*, at *each step*! One may from a view of the map, *imagine* him striding from promontory to promontory, his first step on mount *Athos*, his second on *Pallene*, his third upon *Pelion*, and his fourth in *Eubæa*! *Dacier* is not to be forgiven, for omitting this *miraculous* circumstance, which so perfectly agrees with the *marvellous* air of the whole passage, and without which
 the

ducted up stairs to her, and on the long-wish'd view of his dearest *Caroline* melted into tears, while he flew to her arms, embracing and embrac'd with all the fervour of the most tender and most ardent affection. "And do I then (said he) do I then hold thee thus, do I again encircle my life's comfort, my soul, my darling, in these arms,—oh, my *Caroline*, my love, my joy!" Fain wou'd she have spoken, fain wou'd she have utter'd something of that which her heart now felt; but the sincerity and strength of her passion, join'd to the faintness of her body forbid all speaking, while with a deep sigh she drop'd her head on his bosom, and melting into tears—continued in silence and sweetness in-

the *sublime* image of *Homer* is not compleat! *Pope*. What a giant, gentle reader, was this same *Nep-tune*! and what a prodigious poet, this same *Homer*! but his great commentator what justice hath he done him—how finely hath he explain'd this *grand* and *sublime* passage! do you not admire our similitude? can you not by contemplating a map of *London*, imagine you see Mr. *Jaiſon* striding from the *Temple* to *Covent-garden*? his first step on *Temple-bar*, his second on the *new church* in the *Strand*, his third step on *Long's* ware-house the corner of *Tavistock-street*, or on Mr. *Garrick's* house (as being the highest) in *Southampton-street*, and his next in the *Piazza's*! Is it not grand?

expressible.

expressible. Mr. *Faison's* whole soul was mov'd: language was too poor to express his heart; he therefore continued silent also, and both in gentle embraces indulged a pleasing sadness, which perhaps excell'd all the joy, either of them had ever felt in life before. At length however he broke the sadly-solemn silence, and, "oh my *Caroline*, said he, what have you suffer'd, what a dreadful interval has this been? Let us never part more, let us not be divided again: for on my soul I knew not how I lov'd you, I was unacquainted with the sincerity and violence of my passion for you, dearest creature, before I had this horrid proof, this melancholy assurance, how dear you was to me: how much more precious than liberty, than life, and every thing below. Oh my *Caroline*, how shall I make thee amends for all thy sufferings: how, my love, shall I make thee most happy? speak, for my very soul melts with fondness for you, and my whole heart is big with the tenderest and most sincere affection?" "This moment, replied she, makes me amends indeed: for my own part I am so much indebted to you, so absolutely on every account your slave, that you have but to command and I must obey—I am sure you will command nothing inconsistent with your or my honour. Indeed my heart bears me witness that I have such sincerity of esteem

esteem for you, as to be able thro' it to vanquish every difficulty and to go thro' every hardship: and shou'd I not be ungenerous to deny it? no, thou best and dearest of men, such instances as I have receiv'd of your generosity and friendship; I shou'd have a heart cold indeed not to be touch'd with gratitude—blame not then my sincerity: tax me not with forwardness: in my case, and in my unhappy circumstances, I hope, there is no fear of it—alas I have been so very wretched, and now am so brought into a new world, that if in the wantonness of my heart, I have said any thing unbecoming the modesty or reserve of my sex, oh impute it not to me, but pardon my frailty and excuse the openness of my soul.” “I pardon, I excuse, my life, my love, (rejoin'd Mr. *Faison*, with inexpressible ardor—embracing her with the utmost fondness, and printing a thousand kisses on her lovely cheek) oh this well repays my toil and labour; this moment—what then will the future do?—well rewards me for every anxious thought and for all the misery I have felt on thy account—thou dearest of women, thou loveliest, best of thy sex! tho' I may seem too hasty, tho' possibly you may judge me too precipitate, yet consider our distresses, consider our circumstances, and then do not refuse, what on my knees I most earnestly

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON? 69

nestly request of you to grant me——” On which words he was about to fall on his knees before her, which she preventing—observ’d—“ that he who had a just title to command her in all things honourable, shou’d not on any account address her in such a form—the therefore beg’d him to ask whatever he design’d, promising by no means to refuse, if it was in her power to grant it,——“ I most earnestly then (continued he) I most fervently desire, my loveliest, kindest *Caroline*, that you wou’d consent to be my bride, my soul, my wife, and on the blessed morrow give me that dear hand and heart .” A flood of tears from her eyes prevented any reply: and caus’d such a moments disquietude and anxiety in Mr. *Faison’s* soul, as was not to be parallell’d: “ into what, said he with violent haste, into what, my love, am I to construe this?—say, is it a refusal?—yet say not that, if you intend to preserve my life! oh ease my fears, deliver me from my dread—speak, dearest *Caroline*, I entreat of you——speak to me, resolve me, make me, oh make me the most happy of men!” while he was uttering these words, she stretched out her hand, whiter than the purest snow, and gave it to him, which he receiv’d with transport, holding it to his panting throbbing heart, and fixing his glowing lips to it with joy and rapture,

ture, such as true lovers only feel, and such as true lovers only can conceive ! “ Dearest, softest, Loveliest hand, said he, fixing his eyes upon it, sure pledge of my heavenly mistress’s heart ! thou art mine, for ever mine, and I will love thee, will honour and adore thee and her, with more veneration than dying faints cleave to their protecting gods ! oh admirable snowy whiteness, emblem of thy spotless soul, my *Caroline*, my wife, my espoused—let me address thee in every tenderest name, for thou art all that’s lovely, all that’s tender, all that’s amiable and all that is desirable below ! my soul shall live but for thee : my heart shall only beat for thee : my thoughts sleeping and waking shall be thine, and it shall be the whole concern of every hour how to bless thee, how to give thee joy, and how to shew thee that my passion as far surpasses all other men’s, as thy excellencies, dear woman, surpass the excellencies of all other women !” “ And witness against me, reply’d she, Mr. *Faison*, upbraid me with all that’s base and mean and low, if I ever prove deficient in any the least branch of my duty to you, if I do not make it the one only study of my hours to please and delight you, to give you happiness, and to sooth your soul with the most fond sincere and gentle endearments ! as I never can or will know
any

any other pleasure, but the pleasure of your company, and the transports of your dear presence, so teach me how most to render myself in every respect amiable, how to become so lovely ever in your eyes, as to bless you with unpalling delight, and to cheer you with satisfactions that shall know not the least intermission. My unwearied care shall be to shew how much I love you, and how much I am sensible of the value and greatness of your love to me! for surely never was woman yet so oblig'd to any man, never did any man take a woman to his arms so sensible of the obligations, and I trust and hope so likely to prove constantly mindful of and grateful for them! May the blessings of heaven ever attend us both, and may we grow together in such sincere esteem and affection, that every day may improve upon the last, and every one that beholds us cry out —“ See how much they love one another.—”

CAN’ST thou wonder, oh reader, if thy heart hath ever felt the least share of that powerful passion, which so prevailed over this happy couple, can’st thou be in the least amazed, that the time imperceptibly and unregarded stole away, and that they perfectly forgot all support of food, all refreshment to their bodies, while their united souls were thus banqueting in mutual delight and pleasure, that swallow’d
up

up every faculty, and triumph'd on every exulting throb in their hearts? they were however in some measure arous'd from this fond reverie, by the kind instruction of the mistress of the house, who solicitous for *Caroline's* welfare, came to enquire after it, and to give a gentle hint, that company which did not call for any thing was not altogether so acceptable. Mr. *Faison* accordingly order'd what was proper and agreeable, and after a small and sparing repast, he convey'd miss *Caroline* to Mrs. *Stevens's*--having highly satisfied the good landlady, and given that content to all, which his own delighted soul enjoyed. It was indeed so late, that he had but small expectations to find the family up, and *Caroline* was something nice in taking up her lodgings any where else. Which Mr. *Faison* observing cou'd not help with concern saying to her, "Alas, my dear *Caroline*, I am sorry to find you place so little confidence in me---why do you not repose your whole heart in me, why do you do me such injury as to have the least suspicion of my love and honour? have I not espous'd you, are you not my wife? and do you think it possible for me to do any thing base or mean to you, dearer as you are to me than myself, and whose virtue and innocence are my whole joy and satisfaction? Cou'd I not set patiently the whole night by
your

your bed, and guard you---cou'd I not with the utmost sincerity be with you, and protect you without any evil lusts or criminal intentions, which wou'd defeat and destroy all my future schemes of happiness, and disappoint me of that joy, that lawful and extatic joy, which believe me, never man long'd more to partake than I do in your soft and lovely embraces?" "Do not imagine Mr. *Faison*, replied she, that I cou'd suspect you, who have ever been the guardian of my honour, of any evil intentions, any wrong or criminal desires. No, far, very far from that—but surely you cannot condemn that modesty, which you are pleas'd to approve, or dislike that reserve, which as it highly becomes me, so doth it highly adorn our sex. I cou'd and do indeed trust myself, nay wholly repose myself in you: I look upon myself as much your wife, as if the priest had really join'd our hands; yet my soul fears any approaches to boldness which shou'd in the least disgust you; nay, and I have the pleasure to confess, my nature and whole disposition is perfectly contrary to all that forwardness, which must in my opinion make the most lovely woman grow tasteless, if not nauseous." "Oh, replied Mr. *Faison*, how, I delight to hear that tongue sweeter than the sweetest musick! oh how it thrills thro' my enraptur'd heart—the language of those lips—whence

wisdom so plenteously distils, whence delicacy so flows like the honey of *Hybla*, whence sense in such full streams pours its chearing waters on my love-thirsty soul! happy, happy hour, that I knew thee—thrice, yea more than thrice happy, infinitely happy beyond all expression be the hour that gives you back to me—that blesses me with this uncommon transport—but what shall I say, or how shall I express the unbounded rapture of my soul—words are wanting to say what I am, and what I feel, in the recollection that you, you my *Caroline*, that you are mine! oh I cou'd grow poetic in a moment: and thus inspir'd by such a muse, tho' in this dark coach, this place so unfavourable to the muses—chant out my songs of love, tell to every listening swain, give it to every waving bough, and whisper it to each murmuring breeze, what bliss I enjoy, and what a charmer gladdens my soul, and elevates my heart to joy—do not wonder, my life, my love, do not wonder that I am thus beyond measure chearful: for I am beyond measure happy, and the misery of the past time sharpens the present into keener rapture: as the darkness of the night serves to set off the beauties of the orient sun.”—In such discourse the time presently passed away, while they were journeying to Mrs. *Stevens's*, at whose house, when they arrived beyond their expectations, they

they found the doors open to them, and the first object which presented itself was *Peter*, who, instead of coming to the coach to let them out, perceiving it was them, ran jumping and hollowing into the house—"they are come, they are come—he has found her, he has found her—madam, madam, they are come, they are come." His intention was to inform Mrs. *Hodson*, but neither Mr. *Faison* nor *Caroline* cou'd refrain from laughter at seeing the fellow's zeal and violent agitation; Mrs. *Stevens* soon approach'd, but with some reserve and much melancholy, to their infinite surprize, on her brow: however far different was the welcome they received from Mrs. *Hodson*: she embraced *Caroline* in her arms, with the fondness of a mother, and gave the highest commendations to Mr. *Faison* for his great and indefatigable care in the recovery of this poor innocent. "For my own part, child, said she, I have scarce suffer'd less for you, than if you had been my own daughter: and I know not that I have ever spent such painful hours, since your unhappy departure thro' my fears for you, and the other melancholy accidents that have happen'd, in my whole life. However, I bless God, I have learnt such an absolute resignation to his will as to rely wholly on his goodness, and to esteem every thing that befalls us here, as to some

good end; for nothing, not the minutest circumstance happens to us without his providence: it is our business to attain such a disposition and our happiness too: for then we shall never be sorrowful above measure." Mrs. *Stevens* imagining Mrs. *Hodson* address these precepts to her, shook her head and dropt a tear, observing it was much easier to preach and advise, than to put into practice. " True, replied Mrs. *Hodson*, but by a repeated advice, and a constant habit of thinking, the proper temper will become habitual to us, and as easy and natural as murmuring and discontent." " Alas, madam, replied Mrs. *Stevens* with tears, have I not reason for murmuring and discontent?" This, as was reasonable to imagine, produc'd a desire in them to be inform'd of the cause, which Mrs. *Hodson* advised to be delay'd till the morning, as she perceiv'd both miss *Caroline* and her nephew were much fatigued. Accordingly they were each conducted to their several apartments, and waited with some impatience for the morning to hear the circumstances and occasion of poor Mrs. *Stevens's* grief and uneasiness.—

CHAP. IX.

A discovery of Mrs. Hodson in appearance dangerous: Mrs. Stevens, her great unhappiness in her daughter: a letter from her: the mischiefs of the modern romances:—an incident strange and amazing—likely to open some new scene in our story.

CAROLINE'S violent fatigue, and sufferings tho' unfelt and unperceiv'd during the happy time of her deliverance, and overborne by her present tide of joy, yet recurr'd with prodigious power soon after she was compos'd for rest, and occasion'd a general alarm in the family. Proper aid was immediately summon'd, and the physicians with gravity and great sagacity pronounc'd her case very dangerous indeed! alas, what is all earthly felicity! Mr. Faison, who a few hours since esteem'd himself the most happy of all men living, was now abandon'd to grief and distraction, and in the utmost agonies of terror and distress. Mrs. Hodson perceiving such an uncommon degree of grief in him began to suspect what before she had never in the least surmised; and addressing herself to Mr. Faison, begg'd to know the reason of such unbounded sorrow: "There must be my
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dear nephew, said she, something herein more than common friendship. Sure you have not proceeded any further: I wou'd earnestly hope, there is nothing more between this unhappy young creature and yourself: sure, you have not proceeded beyond those bounds, which innocence and honesty shou'd prescribe?" "Alas, madam, replied he, I have gone very far indeed, but, believe me, not beyond the noblest bounds of innocence and honesty: and I will boldly declare to you, that if this dear creature shou'd do otherwise than well, I shall never more in this life be happy. "Fie, fie, my dear, replied the good woman, think of religion, and consider how ill such a behaviour wou'd suit with your dependance on the all-prevailing power of God. But why shou'd you not be happy? what particular conjunctions can there be between you and her: sure you have never injur'd her? nay, you say, you never have—what then can you mean, for as to any alliance by marriage, the wide and prodigious difference between you hinders all such thoughts. "Then rejoind Mr. *Faison*, since you have proceeded thus far—why shou'd I conceal the rest? Know, madam, that tho' she is not join'd to me by the priest, yet she is my wife, and shall be so—we are link'd in heart and soul—and it is not in the power of all mankind to divide us. I
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am hers and she is mine, and I glory in her, more than in the possession of ten thousand worlds: shou'd I be deprived of her, misery, the most consummate misery is the consequence." "Do you not consider, child, said Mrs. *Hodson*, that you have a father, and that he has a right to judge in matters of that kind: oh bring not down such anguish on that head, as to disobey and disoblige him—think—think—and God give you a due understanding!" Mr. *Faison* was thunder-struck at these words, and then first saw the difficulties wherein he must be involved by that discovery which he had made to Mrs. *Hodson*—he felt dumb, and over-awed; he knew not what to reply, and was in the utmost confusion of heart and soul—at length with a deep sigh, "Well madam, said he, there is no great fear of my incurring the displeasure of my father by this means—poor dear unhappy *Caroline* thou wilt never remain to make me blest or any other miserable! alas, she make any miserable? her tender nature wou'd rather endure all that she hath hitherto endured, than give to any soul on earth a moment's pain: softness and compassion make up her heavenly mind, and her heavenly heart is compos'd wholly of tenderness and love! Join with me, dear madam, in every means to restore her health and ease; oh! assist me with all your kindness, and believe me,

I will endeavour all I can to give no one pain, but I dare not be so dishonest and ungenerous as to say I will ever forsake my dearest *Caroline*." Their discourse was interrupted by a servant's informing Mr. *Faison* that miss *Caroline* desired to speak with him: and Mrs. *Hodson* immediately took the opportunity (as she esteem'd it a duty incumbent upon her,) to write to his father, giving him an account of his son's amour and seeming resolution to marry this young lady. Which letter big with troubles to our unhappy lovers, was immediately convey'd to the post, and in an evil hour sent to the father, to the future disquietude and vexation of *Caroline* and Mr. *Faison*.

As there happen'd nothing very material and active during the course of this illness, it may not be amiss or unpleasing for the reader to hear the reasons of Mrs. *Stevens*'s uneasiness, which as she sat by *Caroline*'s bed-side, she thus related to her and Mr. *Faison*. "I have always (she began,) thought myself happy in the midst of my misfortunes, that I have never done any thing wrong or criminal, any thing wherewith my conscience might accuse me, any thing that might deprive my mind of its peace and tranquillity, of its rest and repose in God. And as I myself have found such sincere happiness in
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an exact discharge of my duty, so have I endeavour'd all I cou'd, to instruct my poor children, since the loss of their dear father, in the same, that they might be worthy of so good a parent as he was, and thro' life enjoy that which is the only happiness below. I dare say, you must have observed the uneasiness which *Jenny's* behaviour hath frequently given me: whose fondness for reading I always esteem'd a great blessing, till foolish and idle books of romances and novels, the destruction of youth, and the pest of the age fell into her hands, and destroy'd all love of things serious and serviceable in her mind: I date her overthrow from a young gentleman, who lodg'd once with me, and who without any ill design, perceiving her fondness for reading, lent her variety of books of that kind, which so confounded her head and fancy, that she never cou'd think or act in a proper manner. Oh that I had a voice loud enough, and a persuasion strong enough to make every parent hear and observe, how pernicious such books are, of what dangerous tendency, of what fatal consequences. They give the mind a wrong bias, and turn it wholly aside into the road of pleasure, and of course into the road of ruin. At least, I have the misery to say so from most unhappy experience; nay, and with sorrow I have observ'd it more than once. Infatuated!

by books of this kind, and introduc'd by some unlucky means to a taste of the pleasures and diversions of our times, still more fatal than the former; I perceiv'd my poor girl in the utmost danger, and with all my power endeavour'd to shew her the folly of these things, and the uneasiness she gave me thereby. Foolish mothers are too often blinded: she had so much to urge in her own behalf, so many reasons to give for the advantages of seeing the world, making her fortune, and the like; and besides, had such a deal to say on the strength of her virtue, her resolutions to die rather than ever do any thing contrary to the strictest purity, and much of the same kind, that I was persuaded, she wou'd never do any thing amiss, I was convinc'd *Jenny* cou'd never offend. But oh the dreadful issue shew'd my mistake—how shall I relate it, how shall I express my agony—think of what a mother must suffer on such a declaration as I heard from her yesterday, when forbidding her going as she desir'd to that villain, whom you, sir, have almost kill'd, to *Fortebland*,—she told me she wou'd and must go—for that she was with child by him—and that she loved him dearer than herself? I fell into a fit on hearing it, and she greatly unconcern'd, as I was told, call'd in assistance for me, and leaving me in that deplorable condition, departed to that vile rascal, who

who has debauch'd my poor poor child, and who is well enough recover'd from his wound to join with her in abusing and condemning me. The loss of her innocence and her present situation, is dreadful beyond expression: but to think of such base ingratitude added to it—Ingratitude from such a child, and to a mother so kind and tender as I have ever been to her! Poor miserable *Lear*, I always think of him, and fear I shall go mad like him, provok'd as I am by the same cause, and urged by the same ingratitude, well did he say——

*Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou strew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster."*

MRS. *Stevens* was proceeding, when her narration was interrupted by a letter, which having first run over, she burst into tears, and gave it to Mr. *Faison* to read—the contents were these.

Honoured Madam,

FOR so I still think myself oblig'd to call you, tho' as the poet says, *Cruelty destroys all duty*, and indeed your cruelty to me, as you must know yourself, is very great and dreadful: I am sure there has never been a more dutiful child,
and

and why thou'd you be averſe to my making my fortune, and myſelf happy, is utterly unaccountable, except on the ſame motives that the charming *Clariffa's* inhuman and brutiſh parents prevented her happineſs with that moſt delightful creature ſweet Mr. *Lovelace*. As I have read, and I hope to advantage, I have well conſider'd the reaſons wherefore theſe perſons as Miſs *Clariffa Hurlowe*, Miſs *Sophia Weſtern*, *Arabella*, *Amelia*, and the reſt, have met with ſo much uneaſineſs and diſappointment in life, and I have perceived it to proceed from a fooliſh notion imbibed early in youth, (and prejudices you know Madam, *Fielding* inimitably obſerves are not eaſily got the better of,)—what was I ſaying?—Oh their miſfortunes all aroſe from an abſurd regard to ſcrupulous virtue, a falſe phantom, which they frighted themſelves with; for if they had each given way a little, it is plain they had avoided infinite miſchiefs and miſery. Now, Madam, as I am aſſur'd you have a much better opinion of me than to think I have ſo ill-diſtinguiſhing a head as to read without making proper reflections and improvement, and as I conceive this moral way of writing, in which we of this age ſo much excel, and which to be ſure is the fineſt, beſt and moſt inſtructive way of writing that ever was invented, is to teach us life, and to direct us in
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the knowledge of things, so I have read with this view, and greatly improv'd my way of thinking, avoiding the errors there recorded, and following my better judgment, have without any of their troubles made myself happy. For never did a man, no, not all the *Lovelaces*, or *Jones's*, or *Booths*, or *Pickles*, or *Randoms*, or all the men in the world, never did they love a woman as dear charming Mr. *Fortebrand* loves me—he sits by me and kisses me, and bids me say so—nay, now he insists upon it, that I let him put in a word—(here was written in Mr. *Fortebrand's* hand) “Madam, what she says is true, d—me, *Fortebrand*.”

WELL, never was any woman more happy, and can I distrust his love? no, he declares he will marry me, if I desire it, tho' to be sure as he observes, there is no great matter in it, only just to satisfy one's friends and the world, tho' indeed I think, it rather more fashionable not to marry: as to marriage, Madam, it is only a ceremony, and ceremonies cannot tie hearts.

*Hearts united are the thing,
Love alone can hearts unite:
Priests may join with words and ring,
Nought but love can hold us tight.*

So true are the words of that delightful poet—
 what—who? I forget his name but no matter
 for that. However I tend Madam to the busi-
 ness and conclusion of my letter: I wou'd not
 have you uneasy: for I am not so: if you can
 be tolerably civil, I shall be glad to see you at
 my lodgings with my dear sweet *Forte*: if not,
 I beg you wou'd not interrupt my happiness, but
 believe me always to be and ever to continue,

Your most happy,

Most fortunate,

and delighted daughter,

JANE FORTEBRAND.

MR. *Faison* on concluding the letter promis'd
 Mrs. *Stevens* all the assistance in his power, and
 advis'd, as the least evil of the two, that Mrs.
Stevens should dissemble any dislike, visit her
 daughter, and if possible procure a marriage
 between them: the poor unfortunate woman was
 in such violent grief that advice was then una-
 vailing: she was so overborne with her distress,
 that counsel in *Shakespear's* fine phrase,

Fell into her ears as profitless

As water in a sieve—

NAY, she might well go on in the words of
 the unhappy *Leonato*—(*Much ado about nothing*.
 Act. 5. Sc. 1.

—Give

—Give not me counsel,
 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
 But such a one whose wrong doth suit with mine :
 Bring me a father that so lov'd a child,
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
 And bid him speak of patience :
 Measure his love, the length and breadth of mine,
 And let it answer every strain for strain :

—bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience :
 But there is no such man; for, brother, men,
 Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel: but tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Wou'd give preceptial medicine to rage :
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread;
 Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
 No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
 But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
 To be so moral when he shall endure
 The like himself: therefore give me no counsel,
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

AND so indeed did the griefs of this unfortu-
 nate mother, which no words cou'd at all as-
 suage, and which no comforts cou'd at all dimi-
 nish. Miserable mother of a more miserable
 daughter,

daughter, born to sorrow, and created only to inherit distress ! Alas poor world, what hast thou worth enjoying—how full of disquietude are all thy comforts ; how abounding with miseries all thy enjoyments ! happy they, yea far happiest amongst the children of men, who having no hope, build not at all on this sandy mole-hill, but with a steady eye, look forward to a future inheritance, and on the rock of heavenly Adamant tread firm and confident towards the bright regions of immortality. These reflections cannot be too serious for the occasion : for we have at present melancholy only around us : a sick bed above all things compels the mind to self-recollection, and more particularly the sick bed of a person so young and blooming as *Caroline* : but no less forcibly do the misfortunes of a tender parent drive us to commiseration, and force us to tender concern. May the parent who shall read these pages gather instruction therefrom : love ye not the little darlings of all your hopes and pleasures ? Do you not rejoice to see them grow up in outward grace and beauty ? Are ye not charmed to behold their innocent cheeks glow with the ruddy gladness of the damask rose, and health and elegance shine in their every feature ? and will ye not take more especial care that their minds too grow in grace and beauty, that in full health and strength they may relish the sweet repasts

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON. 89

repasts of virtue and nauseate the sickly, tho' palatable dainties of vice? Oh be wise, and early in youth, form them to the love of truth and goodness; rewards innumerable attend the care, and blessings without end wait to crown such true parental sollicitude! of their books and their company, be particularly nice: of their masters and tutors be still more careful! guard them from self-opinion, and for their everlasting good, give them not early a taste of pleasures: do not, oh do not in youth initiate them into the many fashionable schools of vice, wherewith our age and nation abounds, and wherein to have made a progress, is esteem'd now almost a virtue! oh tremble and be afraid of their insinuations, and guard them from thence, as ye wou'd guard them from the den of the serpent, as ye wou'd secure them from the hole of the *Cockatrice*.

THAT our little history might not be wholly useless and unprofitable, we have judged it not amiss, to insert such admonitions, as might, if received, bring some advantage to the reader: we trust and hope they will do so—tho' indeed they were no other than such as our present company themselves made, and such as of course demanded, and have a just right to a place herein. From Mrs. *Hodson's* lips, (who was now
come

come into the room) counsel distill'd as the dew, and instruction flow'd sweet and plentiful as honey from the rocks of *Hymettus*: oh, how amiable is wisdom, when adorn'd and beautified with elegance and delicacy: in a female lovely and engaging, how doth sense shine, how doth goodness appear with lustre more than her own?—like the diamond, set in gold, whose rays are brighten'd by its encircling glory, and which each add to each new beauties and double lustre! Their concern for Mrs. *Stevens* was by no means abated, when the servant came in, acquainting Miss *Caroline*, that a person below in a seeming hurry desired instantly to speak with her: Mr. *Faison* as she was herself unable, went down to him; and enquiring, found that he came from Mr. *Daokalb*, with a message from an old grey-headed gentleman there, who requested without any loss of time to see Miss *Caroline* at his house: Mr. *Faison* desired to know, who the gentleman was; concerning which gaining no information, he went and told Miss *Caroline*; who by the joint advice of them all, return'd for answer back, that if the gentleman wou'd be pleas'd to send his name or business in writing, she shou'd then know what answer to return—with which the messenger retir'd, and left them in great anxiety and consternation, tho' Mr. *Faison* was firmly persuaded, as he observed,

served to them, that it was some wicked scheme of *Dookalb's* to get her again into his power. Mrs. *Hodson* imagin'd, that it cou'd not be so, as he proceeded in so open a manner, and so unlikely to succeed: which Mr. *Faison* the rather suspected, as knowing *Dookalb* well vers'd in every art, and not uncommonly using the fairest cloke, and the most unsuspected guise, the more securely to deceive, and the more certainly to delude. However they were not suffer'd to continue long in their anxiety, for the messenger speedily return'd and brought with him a note, which he deliver'd to the maid, having as he declar'd strict injunctions, that it shou'd immediately be given into the hands of Miss *Caroline*, who weak as she was, rais'd herself up in her bed, and immediately upon opening the note, dropt it from her hands, burst into tears, and fell backward into her bed in the utmost agony, beating her breast and crying out with the most piteous lamentation—"Oh my father—my father—my poor, poor father—oh my father, my father." —

The End of the Fourth Book.

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

B O O K V.

C H A P. I.

The melancholy parting of Mr. Sanson and his family: his journey to town: his kind reception from Mr. Dookalb: his sorrow and anxiety, with Mr. Dookalb's advice and counsel.

THE Reader may remember, that the unhappy * Mr. Sanson had determin'd, in case he shou'd gain no information concerning his daughters, to his and the family's satisfaction, to make the best of his way to

* See vol. I. p. 177, and 220.

London, and their gain that knowledge, the want of which was so prejudicial to his peace, and the obtaining of which, he fear'd, might prove infinitely more prejudicial. Accordingly the poor old man faint in heart, and no less faint in body, supplied from the hard hands of a griping and insolent usurer, with a small pittance for his journey, prepar'd to depart from his tender and afflicted wife, from his unhappy and weeping children. No words can picture the distress of the wretched family on his departure: his wife embraced him with fear and agony, and hung over him speechless for some time, while her copious tears bedew'd his bosom, and mix'd with the stream, that plentifully flow'd from his eyes: the little children mov'd by this state of their parents, clung around them, weeping and lamenting, and nothing but mourning and distress was heard or seen in these miserable dwellings. "Oh my wife, said the affectionate husband, these many years we have liv'd together in love and friendship, and you have made me the father of many children, in whom we have but too much delighted, in whom we have taken but too much pleasure, and on whom we have built our hopes too, too high—alas—as our downfall I fear will fatally prove. Heaven only knows whether I shall ever behold you more here below, for I am weak
and

and infirm, and perhaps unable to support the burden of sorrows which providence shall think good to lay upon me: but I trust, we shall meet in a better, far better world, and finding all our sins forgiven, enjoy the reward of that little degree of faithfulness, which we have shewn in our duties to each other and our family: bear witness, my dear little babes, and remember what I now tell you, that there never was a wife more fond, indulgent and kind, more glad to oblige, please, and make their father happy than this, this lov'd woman hath been: and oh! remember that never children had a better mother—more kind, tender and careful—her life has been employ'd for your welfare, and all her joy has been in you—remember then my poor dear babes—oh remember the last words, which perhaps you will ever hear from your father, obey her carefully and constantly in all things, follow her counsels, her rules and precepts; honour, love, and reverence her, and as God will bless you for so doing, be diligent to provide for her in her old age, and make the setting of her life peaceable, that her grey hairs may descend to the grave in quiet, and that we may all meet with joy in the kingdom of heaven. Oh farewell, my dearest partner in life, farewell best of women: I leave you to the care of that providence, which I trust will

will protect me; and you, my children, you the dear pledges of our mutual love—farewel—farewel: may heaven's choicest dew descend upon my poor unprotected infants—and gracious God—whatever befalls the unhappy worn out father—let their lot be happy—guard protect and defend them—guard, oh my God—the children of an unhappy wretched, yet resign'd and patiently-enduring father.”——So speaking he embrac'd with fervent affection each of his children, incapable almost of tearing himself from the embraces of any one of them: his own distress and sorrow being encreas'd to a high degree by their little plaints and artless speeches, which cut him, and their poor mother to the soul, and render'd them almost statues in grief.

OH the lamentable fruits of vanity—the horrid consequences of pride, of lust and sin!

A melancholy silence continued some time, interrupted only by sobs and sighs, which Mrs. *Sanson* at length broke with this exclamation—
 “ Oh that I had been barren, and never given suck: oh that I had never known the pleasures of a parent,—but that the springs and fountains of life had been dried up in me for ever: then had not these misfortunes befallen us: nor forc'd this infirm and sorrowful parent to undertake, what he is so little able to perform—
 alas

Alas vain foolish mother—how didst thou pride thyself in the beauty of thy daughters—how didst thou behold them with eyes of vanity and self-applause: how didst thou build upon their graces, and fancy to thyself a thousand blessings from such children, so fair so excellent in every feature? Delusion all and empty hopes! why, why, was I not more careful to instruct them in meekness and humility? why was I not more careful to deck and adorn their minds than to plume out and decorate their persons! then had I been happy indeed, then had I received comfort from them, then had they been a never-failing joy and consolation to us their now afflicted parents! But oh, what shall I say, or how shall I appease my troubled conscience? perhaps from me, too fondly admiring, too vainly commending their outward forms, they have drawn in the first seeds of that vanity and self-admiration, which, I fear, has prov'd their ruin! Oh my poor dear daughters—oh my dear lov'd children, sure it cannot, sure it is not so! But if it is, was ever mother equal to me in misery? and must I to encrease the too, too heavy load of my affliction—must I lose you, you my husband, my ever affectionate husband also, and be depriv'd of the only staff and support left me in these my calamitous circumstances? But thus afflicted, how small support can
we

we bring to each other? go then, my only expectation, my only desire—and may some happy event turn our mourning into joy, and give us another and more peaceful meeting! oh may you find our dearest and now lost children but safe and secure in innocence,—may he, just God—may he but find them alive to virtue—I ask, I wish, I desire, I request no more! But be careful for mine and for the sake of these poor little babes—oh be careful of yourself: nor run into any fatigue or any danger, which may be likely to deprive us of you. And, if the prayers the fervent prayers of an affectionate wife can at all prevail, mine shall never be wanting for you, till your wish'd return. I will ever be with you in soul and thought, and always labouring with my God for you—oh may his mercy incline him to hear me and preserve you safe and unhurt amidst every difficulty: may he return you safe to your longing family, and grant the winter of our days to conclude in peace: may he, oh may he but once more restore my dearest daughters! my poor *Lucy*, my sweet *Caroline*, my lovely children; oh may he but once more restore them to these eyes, and they then will close in peace, and blessing him, gladly for that sight yield up to darkness, and the grave. Best of husbands, most tender, most obliging, and most affectionate, kindest

and most indulgent of fathers—farewel, farewel!—and be assur'd I shall know nothing like peace, till I hear from, or see you once more safe and secure from every danger." Thus as she concluded in tears—the least of their sons weeping bitterly, look'd up to his father, and with the most heart—effecting innocence cried out—“Farewel, farewel, dear papa—indeed I will have no peace neither, till you come to me again : but cry all the time with my poor mama for you :” which enter'd more deeply into both their hearts and edg'd their already too sharp sorrows more than all the pathetic breathings of their own afflicted souls.

BUT the time appointed was come, and however severe the agony of parting was, so it must be, and so it was determined. Accordingly the distressed father left his no less distressed family, and as never did man depart with a more reluctant mind, so never was there more reluctance than in all his family to part with him. The poor woman continued *like Niobe all tears*, and perfectly lifeless, and he knew nothing of pleasure during the tedious journey to town ; where he was no sooner arrived than he made the best of his way to his cousin *Dockalb's*, nothing doubting but that there he shou'd receive a full information concerning his daughters. When he made his appearance at Mr.
Dockalb's

Dookalb's door, the servant who open'd to him, not doubting but that he was some more genteel beggar, wherewith *London* abounds, treated him very roughly and inhumanly, as no beggar found better treatment at the door of the humane *Mr. Dookalb*. The old man's appearance indeed had not much in it to create respect: for as his dress was shabby, so was it highly old-fashioned, and of the formal cut of antiquity: but his grey hairs one would have imagined, might have procured him some veneration; though alas what is there venerable to those, who are used to imagine shew and pomp the sole valuable thing in life, and grey hairs only the badge of impotence and worn out iniquity? The old man whose spirits were not very high, was much chagrin'd at the treatment of the servant, and did not imagine, unaccustom'd to the town and its manners, but such wou'd be also the behaviour of the master: however he adventur'd to tell him, that his name was *Sanfon*, and that he desir'd him immediately to inform his master thereof, as he had particular business with him. The servant shut the door, and left the miserable old man in the streets, till he shou'd go and inform his master, which he was not very hasty to do, keeping *Mr. Sanfon* at the door in the most intolerable, and uneasy suspense. Presently however he flew to the door, begg'd the gentleman's pardon, that he

did not know, he was any relation of his master's, and hop'd he wou'd excuse him—desiring him at the same time to walk up stairs to the dining-room to his master. This somewhat cheer'd and elevated Mr. *Sanfon's* spirits, and with a trembling, bleeding, and half broken heart, he advanced to Mr. *Dookalb's* presence. As soon as he was enter'd in, Mr. *Dookalb* flew to him with all the eagerness of sincere friendship, embrac'd him again and again, shook him with extatic fervour by the hand, and then pronouced it the happiest day of his life, that he saw his dear cousin *Sanfon* at his house: declaring, he cou'd now die with ease, after having attained such a blessing. Poor Mr. *Sanfon* wept with excess of joy. A table was instantly spread with all sorts of cold niceties, and variety of wines; and e're the deluded father cou'd vent a syllable, the ready and kind Mr. *Dookalb* prevented him with a profusion of love and gladness, protesting himself scarce able to contain himself for pleasure. “To see you in my old age, dear cousin *Sanfon*, a man, for whose singular worth, and good character I have had ever so particular a respect and veneration, a man whose many virtues have reflected such lustre on the honour of our house and family, to see you, I say, here and at this time of life is such good fortune as I could scarce expect, and
be

be assur'd, I cannot make too much of it ; dear cousin, all I have is yours, I have not a relation in the world so near as you ; all I have must be yours, and I thank God, that is not inconsiderable neither." Overpower'd with such civility Mr. *Sanson* knew not what to say—indeed he uttered scarce a syllable, but at length with broken sighs and deep sobs—he cried out—" my daughters, dear cousin, my poor dear children—how do they ? are they yet alive ? are they here—my poor dear children—my daughters, my daughters ?" Upon which Mr. *Dookalb* altering the whole form and sweetness of his visage, changing it into a stern and severe look, with a voice deep and hoarse, and quite varied from his gratulatory tone—" Oh, sir, said he, I am sorry I can give you no account of them : indeed it is my misfortune to have been concerned with them : but to say the truth I know nothing of them : imagine the worst, and that possibly may be the case — but why should you concern yourself about them ? There is a mutual contract between children and parents—which if broken on either part the obligation is null and void : they have by their disobedience broken their contract, and in my opinion deserve not the least regard from you : I should not esteem them any longer as children."

" Oh Mr. *Dookalb*, Mr. *Dookalb*, replied Mr.

Sanfon, holding his hand to his heart, they grow here, they grow here—pluck away these poor old strings, pluck out this poor old heart, and then you may pluck away all remembrance of my children, my dear dear children—oh they are still my children and I am for ever undone!”

“ Well but cousin, (replied the marble hearted monster, no more moved by the wretched father’s tears and sighs, than the black rock by the cries of the ship-wrecked mariners,) consider, cousin, you are a reasonable creature. God hath given to man reason, as the sole or principal mark of his superiority over the rest of his works, and if we do not use that reason, thus implanted in us for good and wise purposes, we degrade ourselves to the rank of animals, and become little better than the beasts that perish. Is a father to plunge headlong into extravagant grief and violent passions of sorrow; is he therefore to break his heart, because his children have disobey’d his commands, and run into their own ruin? Doubtless he is not: a man of reason and understanding wou’d rather pluck up his spirits in such a case and rend them absolutely from his heart—as aliens and strangers, who had forfeited all right to his friendship and regard. In your case what have you to charge yourself withal? You did every thing in your power and as became a kind and tender parent to promote
your

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your childrens welfare : you have discharged your duty in every respect to them ; and they have thought proper to break themselves off from your power, to disobey all your commands, and to rush precipitately into vice and shame and destruction. Of necessity therefore such children shou'd be rather had in hatred than in pity, and be the subjects of our aversion rather than of our compassion." " Tell me, said Mr. *Sanson*, interrupting him, dear cousin tell me, Were you ever a father ? I think not—and if so, you can no more judge of a parents agonizing throes for a child, than of the pangs of a mother, when she brings them into the world. Oh they were my only hope, the constant pleasure of my life, my darlings, my sweet, sweet babes, whom I have foster'd up from infancy, and in whom I had garner'd up my heart, my soul, my every thing ! Oh, my *Lucy*, my child, my child, my pretty *Caroline*, sweet innocent, what bloom, what beauty, what graces have I beheld in you, while prattling your harmless little stories on my knee, and pleasing me with tales artless and diverting beyond all others upon earth ! And are these dear children, are these poor girls ruin'd, destroy'd, lost, dead, miserable, undone, did you say ?—Speak out at once—oh burst my heart in one word—tell me at once—are all my hopes blasted, are all my joys le-

vell'd to the ground? Are my children no more, and am I the most miserable father yet existing in this wretched, lamentable vale of mourning?"

"Indeed cousin, replied *Dookalb*, as you lay this matter so much to heart, I cou'd wish it were in my power to speak any comfort to you: as for my own part I assure you, I have done as much and felt as much for these untoward obstinate girls as if they were really my own children: but they have despised my advice, disregarded all my counsel, defeated all my good intentions, for their welfare; and run lengths which are, to say truth, almost dreadful to repeat: however, as you must know the truth sooner or later, I will inform you of it however painful it may be to myself. Sorry I am, that it falls to my lot to acquaint you with any thing disagreeable and hurtful to your repose: far otherways, you cannot be ignorant, was my purpose, and nothing wou'd have given me greater felicity than to have made you, my dear cousin, and all your family happy: but such are the decrees of providence, and our best designs are often not only render'd uselefs but turn'd into evil." "Oh Mr. *Dookalb*, rejoin'd the deluded father, what need is there to repeat these things! you know what a trust and confidence I have plac'd in you: with what unfeign'd reliance I have repos'd myself upon you, and can
can

can you imagine I can ever suspect your sincerity? no, unhappy as I am, not all the world and all its miseries shall ever render me ungrateful to so good, so valuable, so kind a friend." Upon which Mr. *Dookalb* again renew'd his protestations of friendship — and, after many endearing words, proceeded as in the next Chapter.

C H A P. II.

Mr. Dookalb's narrative and account of Lucy and Caroline. The misery of Mr. Sanson. His letter to Caroline.

"IT will be necessary to give you an exact account of the whole proceedings with regard to your children from their first arrival to their utter casting themselves out of my favour. Know then, sir, that immediately after the reception of your letter, I cast about and consider'd, which way more especially to serve and assist my young cousins. And as I had an intimacy with a young gentleman of fortune, whom I knew to be of an amorous disposition, and whom I had in my own power also to perswade to whatever I pleas'd, I was determin'd to give one of my pretty cousins to him, and thus indisputably to make her happy. Accordingly I contriv'd

a meeting on their first arrival—to say truth, my cousins beauty much exceeded my expectations—and so managed it, that my friend shou'd have the pleasure of first seeing them : He fix'd his eye upon *Lucy*, and the scheme succeeded even beyond my wishes : Never did I see a creature so enamour'd, so struck in all my days ! Well, thinks I, happy day indeed for my poor cousin *Sanfon*—what satisfaction will it be to him, to see his daughter speedily pay him a visit in her coach and fix : joyful hour—and so alas I rejoic'd —vain in hope—cousin too vain in hope alas—but who can command success ?” Here he drop'd some crocodile-tears, which drew tears also, from the eyes of the unhappy father. These soon wip'd away he proceeded. —But in the morning how was my joy encreas'd to receive a letter from my friend expressing himself in the warmest and most rapturous terms, insisting upon having *this angel*, *this divine creature*, *this most beautiful of her sex* (for such were his expressions) insisting upon no delay, if she approv'd him, and designing immediately to be made the happy partner of her bed and affections. Adding at the same time, that the house where his *Dowager*—(bless me I am sorry for the mistake, well it cannot be help'd, I did not intend indeed to have informed you of all the happiness—I did not intend to have told you, that he was a nobleman of the first

rank,

rank, but truth will slip out—and so I cannot help it)—well—let me see—where was I—? Oh—informing me, that the house of his late dowager mother was ready furnished and had proper servants, and that he entreated I wou'd there directly place *Lucy*, making her mistress of every thing, for she was mistress of his heart,—and shou'd be the mistress and directress of all his affairs. I communicated the matter to *Lucy*, who to my great joy, received it as indeed she ought, with much thankfulness: and in a day or two we went together and took possession of this splendid and spacious dwelling: elegant and furnished indeed in a most sumptuous and magnificent manner. As many necessary affairs render'd it impossible to consummate the nuptials immediately, a few days was spent very happily on all hands; my cousin elevated with joy in her new house, the young lover never easy but when in her company, and I perfectly delighted to see such a prospect before my eyes, as I knew—cousin, must certainly be the making of all your family. Well thus every thing succeeded: but in the interim she contracted an acquaintance with a gay young lady, who came to visit her: and together they went to all publick places: gardens, plays, and the like: and upon the whole I had no objection to this: nor had my friend, your daughter's intended, neither: for
 this

this young lady was useful in attending her to shops, and the like, where she might furnish herself with all their necessary things, as cloaths, jewels, and matters of that kind, which the approaching solemnity and her state and quality hereafter wou'd require: besides we were by no means averse to her seeing all the diversions, as in an innocent participation of them you know, cousin, there cou'd be no disservice. Well unluckily, in troth, at some one or other of these places she met with a celebrated rascal, a villain of the deepest dye, one *Yeciart*, call'd by the foolish women *Beau Yeciart*, and for his dress and nonsense mightily admir'd by them. Wond'rous to relate, yet spite of all her rising prospects of bliss, this foolish creature fell in love with this insignificant beau: an acquaintance not to say an intimacy was contracted between them; he gallanted her to publick places, treated her at taverns, and worst of all was treated at her own house. The villain I suppose took the advantage of her foolish fondness for him, and half consenting inclinations, and so at once blasted all our hopes, robb'd your daughter of her innocence, you of a child, and me of the great satisfaction I vainly imagin'd at hand for us." "Where is the villain, where is he to be found, cried the afflicted and wounded parent, oh tell me, where I may find him,—even
yet

yet this poor old arm hath some strength to vindicate an injur'd child: I'll do it—I'll do it—and then I'll die!" Not unlike his resolution was that of old * *Leonato*, who thus declared his power to avenge his daughter.—

*I know not if they speak but truth of her
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her
honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life wreckt me so much of friends,
But they shall find awak'd, in such a sort,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends
To quit me of them thoroughly—*

BUT alas this tide soon ebb'd in Mr. *Sanfon*, whose fury quickly gave way to tenderness—and weeping he cried out—"then she's undone and lost for ever! such too is the fate of her sister!—What have I to do, but to dash this white head against the stones, and perish in my blood for ever!" "Be compos'd continued *Dookalb*, and bear misfortunes, coufin, like a man: thus

* See much ado about nothing. Act. 4.

ruin'd and plung'd into pleasure, it was impossible, you know, she could continue in the house, which I had provided for her, and to say truth—she did not afford me any opportunity to give her a discharge, but at once with her lover withdrew, and liv'd a life of lust and debauchery with him: nauseated and disgusted soon with which, he utterly cast her off: upon which, the necessary consequence was, that she became every man's meat for his money, a common harlot, and I know not whether at present she is not perishing with diseases and misery in the streets."

"Oh insupportable—horror—horror, horror! dear sir, strike me dead, strike me dead at once, let me hear no more, dear Mr. *Dookalb*, said the old man, with vehemence and agony inexpressible. But yet continue your horrid story: to know the worst is something: go on, and tell me such another tale: do but inform me of the like concerning my other daughter, and all will be well, all will then be quite well indeed!"

ONE would have conceived it impossible for a man with the least spark of humanity, when he found his words thus piercing to the heart of a distracted father, to have proceeded in his cruelty, and to have added fresh blows and new poignancy to his pains, now almost insupportable.

- **LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON.** III

portable. But *Dookalb* had long since abandon'd all humanity and his barbarous soul fed with delight on this sorrow of the father, as it served to glut in some sort his diabolical revenge on the daughters. He went on therefore. "Sorry I am, cousin, to see you thus affected, but still more sorry that I can give you no better an account of your other most undutiful daughter. Nay perhaps it wou'd be better for me to say no more to you : but you must one day or other hear it : and as my conduct will be much call'd in question, and my zealous regard for her welfare construed into cruelty not unprobably ; I will in my own defence continue my disagreeable narrative. *Caroline* had not been long in town before she fell ill and contracted a large debt with an apothecary : which, that the grateful lady might make some amends to me for my care, and expences, and anxiety for her welfare, she left me to pay, and to my inexpressible agony, elop'd, run away, cousin — I cou'd not tell where. Miserable and half distracted as I was, I used every means to find her again : but alas she had been better lost, than so found : for she was decoy'd into a very wicked notorious house, and there I presume, she too lost her virtue : there I fear indeed poor *Caroline* lost her virtue : and when once her virtue is lost, what is a woman worth ? however

I was

I was not willing to abandon the poor girl quite, as there was something in her behaviour, cousin, so very sweet, pretty, and obliging, that I lov'd her as well as yourself: I receiv'd her again, but away she ran a second time with a wild young spark of the town, who took her into keeping, and became her bully abusing and threatening me, infomuch that I was well nigh afraid to go out of my house. To add to my afflictions the apothecary too became importunate, insisted upon his bill, and talk'd very high: I persuaded him a long time to desist, hoping yet my cousin would return, see her error, and amend: but when at length all hopes were to no purpose, I gave him my consent, and in short he arrested her. No sooner did I hear of this, than I flew instantly to her rescue and relief: and in a dismal shocking situation I found her. To win her mind by the most generous proceeding, and to do all I cou'd, that might engage her to goodness and to a confidence in me, I did not take her to my house, lest that shou'd disgust and offend her: but myself becoming bail for her, remov'd her to a worthy old lady, of my particular acquaintance, who having a large family, I thought most likely to amuse and divert her, and to whom as a woman of peculiar address and politeness I earnestly recommended my dear recover'd friend.

But

But there are some minds, whom benefits receive'd, so far from obliging, even harden : and this was the case here ; for she would neither eat nor drink ; abus'd, call'd and threaten'd me, pretended to fall into fits at the sight of the worthy lady my friend, and counterfeited madness to crown all ; so that the lady begg'd of me not to let her house be thus troubled ; and after I had earnestly requested her to try her another week, she contriv'd some means to get away ; and return'd to that vile wicked rascal who was the occasion of all these things, and with whom she now is, indulging I suppose, in shameful lust, and little little thinking of what I and her poor father suffer on her account."

" Fool that I was, said Mr. *Sanson*, deeply groaning, fool that I was to part with these poor creatures from under my wing : had they continued peaceful in my homely cottage, I had been happy, they had been innocent ! Miserable daughters of a far more miserable father ! whom shall I blame, or whom most shall I condemn ? oh how lovely were they, what joy was it to my heart to behold their dear full blossoms, fair and flourishing, beauteous in innocence and promising happiness to me and to all their friends ! now they are spotted over, defil'd, defac'd : I suppose, I should not even know my poor disfigur'd children ! good God, why

why all this load on so weak and feeble an old man ! oh my wife, it is well thou art not here—melancholy indeed was our parting : but were we ever more to meet, more melancholy far wou'd be that meeting ! good God—was there ever in all the creation such a wretch as I ! oh who wou'd wish to be a father—or if one, who would not teach their daughters virtue, only virtue ! vain old man—horrid destructive pride of heart thou hast ruin'd me and mine—burst my heart, crack every sinew, weep drops of blood oh my eyes — curfed be the villains — curfed the day, my daughters departed from home : but if it be possible, avenging heaven, if yet, if possible, hear a miserable father's prayer—save my children—save my dear children, my daughters, my daughters : oh save them from utter ruin !”

MAY the almighty hear your prayers : and, if indeed it be possible, dear cousin, save our mutual care, your once so beloved daughters, — said *Dookalb*, his hands lifted up, and his eyes raised in fervour to the ceiling of the room—for higher yet he never looked. “ But, continued he, I greatly greatly fear the possibility of it : however as I can inform you where *Caroline* is, my servant is greatly at your command to carry any message or letter, which you shall think proper

per to send. And I cannot think it wou'd be amiss to send directly, ordering her upon her duty to come and give an account of herself to you her injur'd and much aggrieved father." "Oh bring me pen and ink, dear sir, cried Mr. *San-son*, instantly let me write, instantly let me send, that I may at least see my poor child, that I may at least see one of my dear daughters, before I am no more, before I leave this vale of misery." His request was directly complied with, and Mr. *Dookalb* advising him to write positively and with some severe commands, the trembling father, with much difficulty while every nerve shook, and his eyes bedew'd the paper, wrote as follows—

My Child,

WHAT dreadful things do I hear? alas, did I ever think it wou'd have come to this? you and your sister have kill'd a fond and affectionate father, you have broke my heart and I have now but a very short time to live. I am come to *London*, and am at my worthy friend Mr. *Dookalb's*, where I command you—if you have yet any degree of love and duty remaining, where, I say, I command you instantly to attend me. Oh *Caroline* my tears flow so fast I can scarcely see what I write: my hand trembles so vehemently I can scarce form one distinct letter. Cruel, cruel

cruel child, to bring the tenderest father that ever lived to such a situation! But your own heart must upbraid and condemn you, more than all I can write; and tho' thus afflicted myself, even yet I wou'd not give any sorrow, if possible, to my dear children. Do not then give me any more, but make all expedition to see me, that you may afford me some comfort, if any be left for me, before I go hence and be no more seen.

Your most affectionate Father,

J. SANSON.

THE poor old man, after he had written this letter, imagin'd it by far too severe, and therefore determin'd not to send it: and observing to Mr. *Dookalb*, that a message by his servant might do as well, at his pressing sollicitation the servant was dispatch'd, who, forgetting Mr. *Sanson's* name, occasion'd that mistake, which was spoken of above; and upon his return, received the letter with an additional word or two, which he carefully convey'd to *Caroline*, and who upon the reading it, fell, as was related in the close of the last book, into that violent agony of grief, and those pathetic exclamations, which as they were astonishing to all who heard them, so did they raise the
curi .

curiosity of all to be informed of the reason of them: however, as in such a tide of passion, that was impossible; their whole endeavours were exerted to recover *Caroline*, and to assuage the impetuosity of her sorrow; which being in some measure done by the kind endearments and gentle persuasives of Mr. *Faison*, she at length so far emerg'd from her grief, as to give him the letter, desiring him to read it aloud, that all might join in advising her, what measures to take, and which way best to proceed.

C H A P. III.

Deliberations upon the letter: a resolution taken: Mr. Dookalb and Mr. Sanson's contrary opinions: Mr. Dookalb's prevails—a short digression upon abandon'd profligates.—His design and determination.

MR. *Faison* accordingly read the letter, which drew tears from all their eyes, and at the same time greatly puzzled them how to determine, and after what manner to direct this affair. For that Mr. *Dookalb* had prepossess'd Mr. *Sanson's* mind, was evident enough; and therefore it requir'd some care and caution
to

to manage so nice a matter. Mrs. *Hodson* observ'd, "that his prepossessions in prejudice of his children, wou'd be of no consequence, since the extreme fondness of the good father was, amidst so many evils, very plain and conspicuous: she therefore advised the sending Mr. *Faison* to inform him of the state of the case, and to beg his company there." To this Mr. *Faison* readily and instantly agreed; but *Caroline* burst into tears, and cried out, "Oh no, no, no, it must not be thus: it may be perhaps some scheme of that wicked man, Mr. *Dookalb*, to draw him or me into a snare, and to destroy and ruin us," which Mr. *Faison*, smiling at, as an idle fear, told her, that he wou'd take his man with him, and arm him as well as himself with a sword; and then he cou'd easily stand upon his own defence. The recollection of the former duel, upon this, shot into Mrs. *Hodson*'s mind, and she began greatly to exclaim against such methods of defence, and to alter her opinion, observing, that probably it might be better, if *Caroline* wrote a short letter to her father, informing him of her present illness, and begging him to come directly to Mrs. *Stevens*. "Alas, alas, said she, while you are thus deliberating, my poor unhappy father is in horrible suspense and dread: give me pen and ink, let me write instantly,
for

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for I shou'd be cruel indeed, to keep him any longer in anxiety." So saying, she was furnish'd with pen, ink, &c. and wrote, desiring her father's immediate presence. She wrote with all imaginable tenderness, deference, and respect. The note was without delay convey'd to the old man, who upon reading it, cried out, "Oh Mr. *Dookalb*, she is ill, very ill, confin'd to her bed: my poor dear child is confin'd to her bed: pray shew me the way, pray direct me to the place where she is; my good friend, shew me the way to my poor child: alas, alas, what a most miserable wretch am I?" "Give me leave, sir, said *Dookalb*, give me leave to look at this curious note: a very dutiful child indeed, to send a note to her father: I wonder Miss was not polite enough to send a card." "Nay indeed, my good friend, said Mr. *San-son*, while tears trickled from his eyes, indeed she writes like a very dutiful good daughter! oh may she prove but sincere! but in truth I cannot blame any thing here: take and read, sir, I am sure, my child speaks very affectionately, very tenderly to her unhappy distressed father!" "And she must be a brute indeed, said *Dookalb*, taking the note, if she spoke otherwise at a distance from you: no, no, they are not young, cousin *San-son*, in hypocrisy: beware, I say, beware, that your own children
don't

don't prove too subtle for you; I only give it you as a caution, I wish, you may find it profitable.—Ay, continued he, it is all plain,—plain as can be; this sickness is all a pretence, a meer pretence for not coming to you: the lady is above that: believe me, cousin, it is all a sham,—no uncommon case I can assure you: no, no, it is very much practised every day, I have seen and known enough of it: you do not know quite so much of the world as I do—take my word, this sickness is all a perfect cheat.” “Alas, sure not, said Mr. *Sanfon*: I hope, my daughter is not quite so base: however, my most worthy friend, as the best way to detect the fraud is to go and see, pray, grant me the favour, let us go together; let us go and see whether it be really as she says: and believe me, if it be not, tho' she were ten times more dearer to me than she is—I'd tear her from my heart, and give every feather of affection to the winds for ever and ever”. “Oh cousin, replied *Dookalb*, don't imagine that you will immediately be undeceived: don't suppose, she will be such a novice in hypocrisy, as to meet you well and in perfect appearance of health at her door: No, quite otherwise I dare pronounce: possibly she'll be in bed, have her nurses and physicians about her, and every thing that can present you with a shew of real illness.

illness. This I doubt not will be done; and now I recollect, there's more design and artifice in this, than I at first imagin'd: depend upon it, cousin *Sanfon*, (and I am not often deceiv'd in my opinion of things; besides some experience hath made me wise :) depend upon it, this sickness is pretended purposely to draw your pity and compassion upon her; and that seeing her, as you'll imagine, in such a desperate state, such a very dangerous condition, you may be inclined to lay aside all your resentment, your very just and due resentment; and turn all your anger into commiseration. Oh these girls have such counsellors, sir, that put them upon such unheard of and uncommon artifices, as wou'd puzzle the sagacity of the most knowing amongst men: 'tis amazing to think of their schemes; and besides all this, your daughter has a young fellow, a gentleman with her, whom few can equal, very few I assure you, no novice, take my word in iniquity, no stranger to guile: no, he's an old offender, and knows every turn and quirk; more skilful is he in such businesses, than the most roguish petty-fogger in all the little knaveries of the law. They'll deceive you or I—cousin—but let us be upon our guard; indeed we shou'd be strictly so, if we wou'd proceed rightly in such matters: and I never was right in my life, if I am

now mistaken. Be confident, cousin *Sanfon*, this is all a piece of chicanery, of gross deceit; and exert your parental authority a little, that you may satisfy yourself, and find out the delusion: and so with *Othello* arm yourself resolutely to say,

— *If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.*—

“ WELL, in truth, cousin, replied Mr. *Sanfon*, I know not what step to take; your advice is, I dare say, extremely good and proper, but I must confess I have such a yearning, such an earnest desire to see my child, that I cou'd wish you wou'd pardon the fondness of a father, give way to my humour, and permit me to visit her; do, be so kind as to shew me the way; and since certainly we shall thus detect the fraud, if, as you suppose, there be any; in my weak judgment, it is best to do it immediately and directly as we can.” “ Oh pray, sir, replied Mr. *Dookalb*, somewhat warmly, pray, sir, do as you think proper: I have neither power nor will to forbid or restrain you: you have my free leave, assure yourself, to visit your daughter, or to do just as you judge convenient: I only, sir, as a friend,
sug-

suggested my opinion ; I only just hinted what perhaps it was in my power more fully to enlarge upon : but as you seem to think me mistaken, pray indulge your own humour : I have had uneasiness enough already, by indulging other peoples humours ; but I say nothing of that : excuse me, sir, from attending you, my servant shall direct you, if you approve it.”

The poor old man was cut to the heart at this speech, and what resolution to take, he was utterly doubtful : to think he shou’d affront this best and kind friend, and be left perhaps in this wild city, intirely unaided and unassisted ; to think he shou’d despise counsel, which, as it appear’d to him, cou’d have no other end than his welfare : to think he shou’d in fine be ungrateful to a man, who had been so very friendly to all his family, shock’d him exceedingly, and so absolutely incapacitated him of all power of judging, that he sat some time lifeless and silent as a stone, in a perfect revery and dissipation of all power of thinking or determining. However, at length recovering himself, “ Well, sir, said he, I am a very weak and miserable old man, direct me as you seem good, order my proceedings as seems best to your far better judgment and understanding.” “ I will then myself write a note to your daughter, said *Dookalb*, and send again, demanding her immediate presence here ;”

here ;"—which accordingly he perform'd, and wrote (as he read it to Mr. *Sanfon*, at least) to the following effect.

Dear cousin,

I Am very sorry you shou'd give your poor father so much additional trouble and uneasiness, as not to attend him on his first message to you : surely you shou'd be ready to fly on the first news of his presence, a father so fond, kind, and affectionate. Indeed was he capable, fatigued and wearied as he is with his journey, or was it consistent with parental reverence, he wou'd have been with you ere now : but as that neither can nor ought to be expected, I desire you wou'd make no further delays or excuses to attend him at my house, as you are in duty bound : whatever objections you may have against entring my house, as indeed your unkindness to me makes your backwardness to see me, not unreasonable, yet under the protection of your father, you cannot scruple, I conceive, to enter the roof, ever hospitable to you and yours, of,

Dear cousin,

Your most affectionate and sincere friend,

JOSEPH DOOKALB.

THIS

THIS letter Mr. *Sanson* not disapproving, Mr. *Dookalb* left him a-while to deliver it and a message, to the servant, who was one of his old pimps and procurers, famous and beloved for his zeal, ingenuity and activity. The truth was, *Dookalb* solely desired to get *Caroline* once more in his clutches, as determin'd, if possible, to wreak his revenge upon her. The reader possibly may wonder, that after having had so much trouble with her, and so much difficulty to perform his hellish designs, he shou'd still have any desire to renew his labour, or any inclination again to concern himself with so squeamish and resolute a girl. But whoever shall think thus, has not sufficiently attended to the character and disposition of Mr. *Dookalb*, or enough studied the human heart: where, if once malevolence and vice hath extirpated every humane and good principle, it is never to be admired, that men proceed to any lengths in wickedness. Since their consciences are absolutely seared, and like the very devils, who delight only in blackness and darkness, they take a pleasure in evil; iniquity becomes their food and sustenance, the support and nourishment of their poisonous souls and tempers, as venomous animals can only be nourish'd and sustain'd by venom. *Dookalb* had not proceeded any moderate way in iniquity: he was no novice in the school of vice, and had so far

extinguish'd every good principle in his soul, that whatever look'd like sin, was a pleasure and satisfaction. We cannot surely be surprized at it; for if they who turn one from vice to virtue, are promis'd a reward bright and conspicuous as the stars in the firmament—what must they expect who have been the instruments of their own destruction, to turn many from virtue to vice, to turn many from innocence to shame and sin, and to plunge numberless souls into certain and horrible destruction? No doubt such, tho' the very principal agents in establishing his kingdom, are the constant mock and ridicule of Satan and all his hellish crew; who tho' they cannot but delight to see mortals thus promote their interest, yet doubtless grin *terrible and ghastly smiles* of wonder and contempt, to behold them thus running into their nets, and enhancing their own damnation by the damnation of others! Oh, fools and deluded,—what a miserable reckoning have ye to make!—what a dreadful eternity have ye to pass! Think one moment, think and tremble: nor put off the reflection thro' the horror and pungency of it! Think of the worm of conscience never dying, think of the flames of hell never consuming! think of the stripes, the mocks, the indignities of devils, the howlings, the cursings, the bitter woe and lamentation of those brought to these miseries by your means—
and

and of the inexpressible anguish, which tho' intolerably severe, is yet never to be intermitted, but must continue still the same thro' all eternity—think of crying out in your lake of fire and brimstone—

*Forbid it, and oh grant, great God, at least,
This one, this sinner, almost no request :
When I have wept a thousand lives away,
When torment is grown weary of its prey ;
When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
Ten thousand thousands let me then expire !*

YOUNG's last day.

I FEAR no reflection can possibly avail a mind like that of *Dookalb's* : to whom, as we before observed, every scene of vice, every practice of iniquity, every lover of sin was dear as his own soul, and welcome, as every appearance of virtue is to the benevolent and honest heart ! What a round of felicity then must he daily have enjoy'd ? when he cou'd not pass a day, or even step from his own door, without highly satisfying this his diabolic appetite ! What rapture must he secretly have felt to hear the loud oaths, the amazing profaneness, the shocking blasphemies constantly and dreadfully echo'd thro' the gallant streets of *England's* noble and right christian metropolis ? What abundant joy must he have received

on beholding such a crowd of females daily and nightly plying the streets, half-starved, half-naked, rotting away with loathsome diseases, and degraded almost beneath the rank of animals? But how much more abundant must his joy be to think, that he, even he himself, hath been the happy means of introducing many a one of these females to their present horrid state: that he hath been the degrader of them from the rank of all that's lovely and desirable, to the infamous condition of the most filthy and detestable: thus reflecting, how may he smite his heart with transport, and cry, "Here is my triumph!" In short, what joy must arise to him, from almost every place, to behold vice so highly ennobled, so illustriously splendid, and votaries of every kind flocking to her temples, and bringing offerings to her shrines? But to return.—

As anxious only to gratify his revenge, *Dookalb* was solicitous, if possible, to regain *Caroline* into his power; and therefore he ordered this faithful minister of his hellish purposes to conduct her to the place, which was mentioned in the letter to her, and to bring back word, that she was not at home, if he manag'd the point according to their wishes. With this purpose the messenger departed; and *Dookalb* returned

to Mr. *Sanson*, who, tho' by no means approving this scheme, was yet obliged to submit to it, in deference to his friend's advice : his heart was with his daughter, and his whole desire to see her, that he might know the uttermost of his misery, and learn something concerning the fate of poor *Lucy*, whom he earnestly wish'd to see and hear of : and of whom he cou'd obtain no tidings from Mr. *Dookalb*.

CHAP. IV.

Mr. Dookalb's further deceit and villainy, detected at length, Mr. Sanson's delivery from him—his meeting with Caroline—his further anxiety, &c.

THE messenger soon arrived at Mrs. *Stevens's*, and Mr. *Dookalb's* letter was convey'd to *Caroline* ; but how great was her astonishment there to read—

Madam,

YOUR father, with myself, was coming to the place where you now are, to visit you ; in our way he was taken violently ill, and oblig'd to be convey'd to the house nearest at hand, where he lies in a dreadful condition, and I fear unless you make all possible haste, it will be too late,

and you will not have the satisfaction to see alive your father, who hath so tenderly loved you.—
I am yours, &c.

J. DOOKALB!

P. S. The bearer of this will direct you to the place.

SCARCE had she read it, before she cried out with the utmost agony, and was preparing to arise from her bed, wringing her hands and saying “oh let me fly—let me fly to him, let me hasten to my poor dying father—let me hasten to him—wretch, miserable wretch as I am!” upon which Mrs. *Hodson* and Mrs. *Stevens* restrained her, and Mr. *Faison* snatched up the note—which reading, he said—“be compos’d a few minutes—I will fly myself and be informed of the truth of this matter.—Pray, be compos’d a little, and I will use all expedition.” So saying he hastened down stairs, where stood Mr. *Dookalb’s* messenger—“Come, friend, said Mr. *Faison* to him—quickly conduct me to the place where this gentleman is—haste away before me, and use all your speed.—” Upon which the fellow did not move a step, but look’d him full in the eyes, and drawl’d out—“fir—” “Well fir, replied Mr. *Faison*—and why don’t you obey my orders—no delays now—hasten this instant, or I’ll push [you forward with this,” clapping his hand upon his sword,---“I wanted

a young lady, fir, said the fellow, I was to shew her the way and not you : her father wants her and I can't go without her : I have no business with you."—"Prithee don't tell me of business, rascal, replied Mr. *Faison*, but immediately conduct me to the place where the poor old gentleman is—or depend upon it, I'll severely compel you;" which Mr. *Faison* utter'd with such resolution, with a look so stern and frightful, and a voice so commanding and peremptory, that the pusillanimous pandar began to tremble, and be in no small fear for his own carcase. This was not unobserv'd by Mr. *Faison*, who more mildly said "Come friend—don't be terrified, I want only to be shown the place, where this gentleman is, where you was to conduct the lady—shew me in a moment and I'll reward you—" upon which he open'd the door, and the fellow taking the opportunity fled before him with all imaginable precipitancy. Mr. *Faison* concluding fairly from hence that there was some notorious defraud, follow'd after equally swift, and at length overtook and caught the fugitive. Of whom he demanded the reason of all this strange proceeding, and threaten'd instantly to run him thro' the body, (for which purpose he drew his sword,) unless he declared the whole mystery to him—which, intimidated by his threats and death thus hanging over him, the fellow fairly confess'd

fess'd, and open'd the whole truth. To which Mr. *Faison* said nothing—but keeping his hold, conducted him to a neighbouring coffee-house, and by bribes and threats oblig'd him to write a note to *Dookalb*, informing him that he had succeeded, and begg'd for a particular reason his immediate presence. This was no sooner written, than Mr. *Faison* ordering proper officers deliver'd the affrighted miscreant into their custody: and dispatched the note by a porter, himself attending at a proper distance to wait the issue. *Dookalb* no sooner received the note, than a flush of uncommon transport cover'd his cheek: and apologizing to Mr. *Sanfon*, he told him some most urgent and particular business demanded his immediate presence, which being but at two or three doors distance, he should dispatch in ten minutes, and wou'd then return: desiring him to excuse it, as necessity had no law and begging him to take no resolution, till he shou'd be again with him. So saying he departed: leaving the poor old Man in great and strange anxiety.

SOON as Mr. *Faison*, who observed his departure, thought him at a proper distance, he went to the House, and desir'd to speak with Mr. *Sanfon*: which being granted, he was introduced to the wretched father of his beloved
Caroline

Caroline, at the sight of whom I have often heard him declare, he thought his very heart would have burst : for he never beheld an object, that so commanded and rais'd compassion. His venerable white locks, his downcast settled melancholly, big tears stealing down his eyes, and his whole appearance bespeaking consummate sorrow. He cou'd not help dropping a tear himself on the first view of him ; and taking him by the hand, " You will be surprized, sir, said he, perhaps at this familiarity in a stranger, but the pressing occasion requires it— you must ask no Questions but instantly go with me." " Go with you, sir, said the old man, for what, or where, or why ? alas you are a perfect stranger to me, where wou'd you hurry such an unhappy wretch ?" " To your excellent and best of daughters, who is in anxiety to see you, replied Mr. *Faison* ; from whom I come to rescue you from this house, and to make you happy in her presence. Indeed, sir, the time and occasion admits no delay, trust me I am your sincere friend tho' unknown : trust me my designs are wholly for your happiness : ask what you will or how you will, when once from hence, only follow me now, and say nothing." " Oh there appears something, said Mr. *Sanfon*, so sincere and noble in your look and manner, that I cannot distrust you : and you say, you come from my
daugh-

daughter—what from my *Lucy*, or my *Caroline*—?” “From *Caroline*, sir, rejoin’d Mr. *Faison* hastily,—but pray do not delay, come after me—and I will speedily inform you of every thing.” So saying he took his hand, and made all possible expedition to the door, to which they arrived unnotic’d, and from which they escap’d unobserv’d, to Mr *Faison*’s no small joy and satisfaction; who at a small distance procured a coach, entering into which with Mr. *Sanfon* he order’d the coachman to make all possible expedition to Mrs. *Stevens*’s, the place directed. “The whole of this proceeding sir, said Mr. *Sanfon*, soon as they were seated, is so mysterious to me, I cannot comprehend it—pray inform me, and satisfy a most anxious mind.” “I hope, sir, replied Mr. *Faison*, facts will speedily more fully and indisputably inform you than any thing I can now say: which perhaps your present prejudices and scruples may render doubtful, but which seen in reality will admit of no misconception. However, it may not be amiss to undeceive you in your opinion of Mr. *Dookalb*, and to declare to you, that he is one of the greatest and the most inhuman of villains: a fellow, to whom you owe all the misfortunes, that have befallen your family, and from whose pretended friendship you have received every wound, and stab, that has afflict-

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LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON. 135

ed you." "Good God, cried Mr. *Sanson*, is it possible? sure it cannot be? sure I am not mistaken in this man—And yet what can be your motive thus to speak of him? oh, dear sir, tell me all, let me hear—that I may be acquainted with all my wretchedness." "Oh, sir, replied Mr. *Faison*, never call yourself wretched, while you have such a daughter, as miss *Caroline*: Her virtue and goodness shou'd make you truly contented and happy, and silence every complaint for the misfortunes that may otherwise befall you." "And may I then believe this, sir, replied the old man, tears gently trickling down his cheeks—Do you not deceive me too? May I indeed believe this, which you say of my dear child! Oh indeed I do believe it, for she was ever mild and lovely, ever averse to all appearance of vice. We are very ready to credit, what we wish; and you say my child is virtuous, and safe,—she is not, what I tremble to say. I have been told she is — you assure me *Caroline* is happy: oh give me such another cheering word, say but the same of my *Lucy*, and I'll bless you with my last dying breath." "I have not the happiness to know your other daughter, sir, replied Mr. *Faison*: but you may and shall command me to exert all my endeavours, for her welfare. Be not however uneasy on her account, but bless God, that he hath

hath in this particular so far exceeded your wishes, and already assur'd you of a much better fate, than you expected. And having such an earnest of happiness, hope the best, and be not too sollicitous." "Oh sir, replied the old man, can a tender father, be otherwise than sollicitous, even to the utmost degree of anxiety, for children whom he loves dearer far than his own life? if it does but please the everlasting goodness to rescue them from the evils wherein I have imagin'd, and been told, they were plung'd, if they are but virtuous, I shall bless my happiness, and by no means repine at the miseries I have suffered, but go down to the grave in peace and satisfaction. But surely Mr. *Dookalb* cannot be what you represent him! such disinterested kindness, such generous friendship as he hath shewn me and mine,—surely sir, you either mistake or misrepresent him." "I do not in the least wonder, at your doubts concerning him, said Mr. *Faison*; it is no easy matter to change our opinions either from good or bad; the mind is not easily to be persuaded of their virtues, whom it hath always hated and despised, no more than of their vices, whom it hath formerly held in the highest esteem and veneration. Nay, I desire you not, sir, to believe me, or to give any credit to my bare affirmation, I appeal only to facts: let them speak;

speak ; and let the future circumstances, in which you cannot be deceived, let them only shew you, what a diabolical rascal, this same fancied friend of yours is."

THUS discoursing they arriv'd at Mrs. Stevens's door : and Mr. *Faison* conducted Mr. *Sanson* up stairs, having inform'd him that *Caroline* was indeed ill, and having clear'd away those vile suggestions, which *Dookalb* had infused into his mind ! *Caroline's* heart fainted in her, when she heard Mr. *Faison's* voice—and turning her eyes to look upon his entrance into the room, she beheld her father—reached out her hand, sigh'd deeply, and fainted away ! The poor old man caught hold of it, fell upon her face, which watering plentifully with his tears, he kiss'd a thousand and a thousand times—crying out—" my child, my poor dear child—my *Caroline*, my daughter—oh my love, my dear, dear child ! " There was not a dry eye in the room : and none knew which most to pity, or over which most to rejoice, the father or the daughter. Scarce cou'd they prevail with him to suffer them to come near her, and apply proper things for her recovery ; so rivetted was he to her, so unwilling to remove one moment from his dear and tenderly beloved *Caroline* : however, by proper means, she was at length
recover'd

recover'd—and opening her faint and languid eyes, turn'd them on her father, and bursting into tears, hung her snowy arms round his neck, while he embraced her with the same affection, and each in silent sorrow mingled their plenteous tears together. “My mother, my mother”—were the only words she cou'd speak—which after some time she more fully explain'd by saying—“oh dear sir, how is my poor mother, how does that best of women, my poor dear fondest best of mothers?” “Alas my child, replied he, that unhappy woman has known nothing of comfort a long long time : never since your and my *Lucy's* departure have either of us seen the least shadow of peace. Oh, my child, she is the best of women indeed, indeed she is the very tenderest of mothers ! Oh *Caroline*, what has she suffered for you — oh my child, what has she endured—but how are you my daughter—speak and tell me, that I may not lose you, now thus happily found ! Oh they tell me, I have been deceived, my child—has not Mr. *Dookalb* been the best of friends to you, and have not you been ungrateful to him?” “Oh sir, replied *Caroline*, I must not scruple to say, that every thing we have suffer'd, you, my mother, myself, and all of us, I must not keep back the truth, I must not scruple to say all our evils and all our misfortunes are from him : But let us
not

not dwell upon this, let us only rejoice, that we are met again ; and that by the abundant tenderness of these worthy people, but particularly, that gentleman (pointing to Mr. *Faison*) you receive me safe and unhurt, you receive me indeed alive and happy.” “ Then all he has told me is false, cried Mr. *Sanson*, all is false, dear child ; cruel, barbarous man,—and yet I’ll not call him cruel ; thanks be to God, that he hath thus deceiv’d me, and that I shall receive both my poor girls again safe, and secure : free from that deadly ruin, which I fear’d they had fallen into ! Say, my *Caroline* where is your sister, where is my *Lucy*,—shall I not see her too, where is my poor child ?—alas, what terrors have I suffer’d on her account, what a horrible story have I heard from Mr. *Dookalb*—Oh, my dear, every word he utter’d was a dagger to my heart,--- and he struck it home indeed,—I wonder, that I have been able one moment to survive it !” “ His cruelty is unparelled, sir, said Mr. *Faison*, yet I trust it will be in our power to make him a proper return, and to deliver the earth from the depredations of such a monster : ’twill be a work, I am sure infinitely more advantageous to mankind, than any one of the labours of *Hercules* : for none of the monsters tam’d by him ever were so obnoxious to mankind, or did so much injury as this most consummate

summate of villains. However, fir, as this must be the matter of future deliberations let me at present entreat you to leave your daughter a while, that both may receive some proper nourishment and support, and return with greater activity and vigour to a proper exertion of your resolutions." This Mr. *Faison* suggested, as a means to divert the poor old mans enquiry after *Lucy*, and to deliver *Caroline* from the violent anxiety she must be under to open this melancholy affair. Mr. *Faison* therefore pressed it very closely, but Mr. *Sanfon* replied, "Oh fir, I want now no support, no nourishment: thank God, I receive here comfort and support enough: but my bowels yearn to my other child, I want to be informed concerning her, and then I may leave my *Caroline* in peace." "You see, fir, said Mrs. *Hodson*, how very weak and low your daughter is, you had much better not hurry her spirits too much, lest you throw her down entirely, and make her situation more dangerous than it is: be advised, good fir, and go down into my apartment: we can give you a full account of your other daughter: without disturbing and discomposing this." To which Mr. *Sanfon* at length, tho' with some regret consented; leaving *Caroline* in the utmost anxiety and sollicitude, to think how this affair cou'd be opened to him; and under the deepest

deepest sorrow to reflect what a melancholy scene of affliction yet awaited him: after having suffered so much already, after having already experienced such a round of disquietude on her and her sister's account. She trusted however to the prudence and wisdom of Mrs. *Hodson*, and the gentleness and power of Mr. *Faison*, and hop'd the reflection of her present state and security, might be some lenitive, some gentle assuasive of the terrible pains he must endure on *Lucy's* behalf.

SCARCE were they seated below stairs before Mr. *Sanson* renewed his enquiry, observing to Mrs. *Hodson*, that she had declar'd herself very capable of informing him concerning his other daughter; which Mr. *Faison* however insisted upon being wav'd, till Mr. *Sanson* had taken some proper nourishment. "Oh sir, said the old man, with most pathetic tears, that wou'd be the most salutary nourishment to me to hear my child was safe and well, and virtuous: I should then want no incitements to food: but my mind being at ease, my body wou'd soon be so too: inform me but in a word, that *Lucy*, my dearest *Lucy*, is what I find my *Caroline*, and I'll grow young again with joy, I'll exceed all bounds in my exultation.—But why are you silent? oh, I am sure you wou'd be ready
to

to speak, you wou'd be ready to inform me of it, were she happy and good—dreadful silence—speak at once, oh speak the worst, for I already prevent it in my thoughts—say, all that *Dookalb* has told me is true—say she is—and yet say it not, for the tidings must be death.” “It is the peculiar mercy of God, sir, said Mrs. *Hodson*, that you receive your daughter *Caroline* virtuous and uninjured: 'tis I say the peculiar mercy of God, and therefore demands your most unfeigned and sincere thanks: And do we receive good at his hands and shall we not receive evil? Thank and bless him for the one, with resignation and humility receive the other. Your daughters had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a man, who has no notions of right or wrong, no principles of virtue, but who makes a sacrifice of all things to his interest: if it has been the unhappiness of one of them to fall into his snare, you should rejoice to think one has escaped to be your comfort, and that both are not equally involved in the design'd destruction.” Then *Lucy* is undone, replied Mr. *Sanfon?*--- It is I fear too too true, that she is, said Mrs. *Hodson*---but possibly not undone beyond a power of recovery; tho' she has fallen into Mr. *Dookalb's* net, it is very likely, you may be able to extricate her therefrom: for which you cannot too resolutely arm yourself,

yourself, and for which you ought to be the more zealously active, as I am assur'd the poor young lady was not at all consenting to her own ruin, but drawn, absolutely drawn into it by the vile and barbarous artifices of that most cruel man!" "Cruel indeed, said Mr. *Sanson*---oh inhuman monster---false, perjur'd, deceitful villain! what a smooth tale did the hypocrite---damn'd dissembling *Dookalb*, what a smooth tale did he varnish over to the prejudice of my poor children, and to alienate my heart from them, when he himself alone was the fit object of my detestation. Oh how I cou'd curse him! And has the Almighty no thunder, has he utterly forsaken the cause of the innocent and oppressed, does he suffer iniquity thus to stare unapall'd, in the broad eye of the sun?---Oh that the agonies of a father cou'd reach his throne, arouse his justice, launch his lightnings, and consume to very ashes consume that execrable fiend of destruction, cursed, cursed, wicked *Dookalb*! May hotter brands than---" Thus was the raving father in all the fury of grief and just resentment proceeding to execrate the cause of all his misery---when Mrs. *Hodson* thus interrupted him. "Hold fir, let me entreat you: forbear these rash ventings of your passion; and bear yourself with patience becoming a man and a christian." "I am both, madam, replied he
something

something wildly,--but do christians not feel, are men like brute beasts, divested of humanity? I am a man and a christian---and like a man and a christian must feel, exquisitely feel the miseries that sting me, cut me, I should say to the very soul ! For I have lost-- oh I have lost a daughter lovely as the morning, beautiful as the rosebud in its blowing, ever pleasing, ever dearer to me than my life, my liberty;--- my *Lucy* is undone, and my best friend is a villain, an execrable villain ! Is not this extreme misery, is not this affliction beyond perishing in flames, tearing out eyes, and broiling to death on slow consuming fires ! Oh eternal judge, all dreaded hand of omnipotence, king of awful and most terrible power, whom now I behold encircled with fire and accompanied with ten thousand ministers of vengeance---send them forth,---crack every sinew in this poor old carcase with slow and bitterest torments, tear with red-hot pinchers every piece of flesh from these poor feeble bones, wrack me, destroy me inch by inch in agonies most insupportable and acute---God of vengeance, do all this to me,---if that can plead with thee for my poor dear child, if that can rescue and restore my *Lucy* to virtue and happiness ; oh let the father suffer all that can be endured, if that may plead for his daughter, and secure her from the evils,
which

which I fear surround her—but let me not suffer unless thy hottest bolts fall down on *Dookalb*—vile hypocrite!—friend, friend!—Oh fatal name—Oh most bitter of enemies was that friend!—may he suffer worse evils, than now afflict me.” “Believe me, sir, said Mr. *Faison*, you shall find me truly ready to assist you in prosecuting any true revenge, or exacting any due punishment on this vilest of wretches: but let not your grief thus exceed all bounds: consider what is past and over cannot be recalled; and ’tis vain and unreasonable to lament what we cannot hinder or alter: your whole business now should be to consider what steps are best to be taken for the recovery of your daughter, and how in prudence we may best proceed to regain her to your wishes, establish her in virtue, and yet make her happy: and in the mean time, you should greatly console yourself on the recollection of the jewel, the inestimable jewel you possess in your daughter *Caroline*, whose exemplary and eminent virtue ought to suggest constant rejoicing to your soul, and make you peaceably acquiesce in the determinations of almighty providence: and not further provoke its vengeance by an unwillingness to submit to its dispensations, and a wayward struggling under that load, which you cannot throw off: for God is too strong for man: and the best

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argument for resignation is, the necessity of bearing whether we will resign or not.”

“Oh sir, replied the old man, your words give great comfort and satisfaction to my soul; I perceive a gleam of hope arising from my terrible darkness, and some faint rays of comfort shining on my gloomy heart! But, oh to think of my child—she was my first born, the sweetest babe, my chief delight, and my fondest companion: there was such inexpressible cheerfulness and pleasure in all her behaviour, such an artless vivacity, such a ready obedience to all my commands, and such a glad some joy in all her actions, when they were directed to my pleasure and service—that to think of her ruin, to think this dear child is spotted over with infamy, made a——Oh I cannot utter the word! Sure, sure I am not thus wretched! Miserable old man, I never knew any joy but in my children! confin’d to narrow circumstances, hardly pinch’d for subsistence, constantly under anxiety to maintain and support them, and yet amidst all these things, my children, my pretty little children were a constant comfort and satisfaction to me. Then what beauty was there in her person—oh dreadful thought! there, there has been her destruction—and that fine form, those lovely limbs—break my heart to think on’t—my child—oh a prostitute, abandoned

doned prostitute, sweet, lovely, spotless, innocent as she went from me—a prostitute—good God—and is she, can she be thus defiled? Spare me, spare me the certainty, the horrid assurance of these things, and cut my life short now, even now, benignant fountain of all power and mercy!” Thus he breath’d forth his mournful lamentations, oppressed with the heaviest load of affliction: which Mrs. *Hodson* used all the power and strength of her reason and persuasion to mitigate and appease, and which she at length attained, assisted by Mr. *Faison*, who promis’d the unhappy father to make it his immediate business the next morning to search out his daughter *Lucy*, and if possible to give him some information concerning her: sooth’d by which, and not yet utterly hopeless, at their intreaties he retired to bed, not to rest, for that was a stranger to his pillow, as quietness and repose were strangers to his mind.

CHAP. V.

Dookalb's approaching fall: a strange discovery not much to his advantage.

BEFORE we proceed any further, it may be proper to turn our view on Mr *Dookalb*, whom we left in high spirits, and greatly rejoicing

joicing to think his scheme had thus far succeeded, and that he had once more recover'd this fugitive. As he walk'd along to the place appointed, he applauded himself and his great skill and address, with wond'rous rapture: and feasted on the success of his artifice with more abundant joy than a hungry lion on the prey for which he had long lain in wait. He approached the door of the house which he had appointed for *Caroline's* reception with great and transporting alacrity—and order'd the servant who open'd it to him, to shew him to the young lady, who was just come in. The fellow surpriz'd, told him there had been no young lady there that day; which he attributing to the man's ignorance, or absence, or some other plausible cause, desired to see his mistress instantly: which request being granted, he had the same terrible truth fully declar'd to him, and he began to suspect some alarming deceit and treachery. He read the note again and again, examin'd the hand and found it to be in very deed his faithful servant's; he cou'd find no marks of forgery: but a strange damp struck his soul, and his proud heart sunk. Something horribly vex'd and disturbed his conscience, and he felt an uneasiness hitherto absolutely unknown. He determined however to return home and enquire, if any tidings had been brought from *Caroline*, or
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the messenger : willing to hope there was some mistake, tho' dreadfully mistrusting there was some knavery, ill-boding to him: Accordingly he return'd ; but how was his shock redoubled, and his fears confirm'd on the information, which he receiv'd concerning Mr. *Sanson's* departure? He enquired particularly concerning the person whom his servant had introduc'd to Mr. *Sanson* ; and too shrewdly conjectur'd from the description, that it was Mr. *Faison* his deadly and mortal enemy ! His ancient fury sunk into melancholy and gloomy despair—and like the celebrated *Cardinal Wolfey*, he fancied that an end of all his glory was come : and that Mr. *Faison* was acting the part of a *Northumberland* : on whose parting from that *little good Lord Cardinal*, he thus pathetically speaks.—

*So farewell to the little good you bear me !
Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,
The third Day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do —*

Hen. VIII. S. 6. Act. 3.

POOR *Dookalb*, thy greatness was a *ripening*, and thy *blushing* honours were now thick upon thee—thou wast about to mellow the maturest piece of iniquity thou hadst ever taken in hand ; and to be thus disappointed---to be thus cast down too--- alas, alas, hold up, courage, brave veteran in vice ! what shall a simple girl and an unexperienc'd boy cause thee to tremble ; shall these despis'd children of virtue make the patron of wickedness afraid and abashed ? let us hear no more of it, lest the daughters of thy crimes, lest the lovers of thy sage discipline should lament, lest a general sorrow should eccho thro' the garden of Covent, and the mothers should howl out their complaints thro' the merry domes of prostitution and filthiness ! But vain are such exhortations, fruitless indeed are such kind and gentle admonitions : poor Mr. *Dookalb* continued fix'd in silence, and a long, long series of crimes now for the first time stared him in the face, and like the ghosts of his murder'd friends passing before the inhuman *Richard*, appear'd to him and sat heavy on his affrighted conscience.

How wonderful is the power of conscience ? which amidst numberless iniquities, and a long train of vice frequently remains absolutely callous and unaffected ; never is touch'd or sensible :

ble: never gives the soul any alarm, or rings the night *bell* to awaken the composed and deeply-slumbring mind, and yet at length is aroused by the smallest accidents and recovers its feeling with double force on trivial occasions, or even small disappointments! *Dookalb* whose life had been one scene of guilt, had never felt the least remorse, or such as continued long to affect him; nay he was even grown to such a hardness in sin, that it was a pleasure and a satisfaction to him: and of the multitude of vile actions which he had done, never any touch'd his soul with shame and confusion. And yet now behold, what a shock he hath received, and how he seems to anticipate the horrors prepar'd for him? It happen'd, while he was torturing his heart with vexations and disquietude, and fate wrapt up in the gloom of melancholly, that a messenger arriv'd informing him, that Mrs. *Searchwell*, who was on the point of expiring, as it was thought, desired instantly to see him, since she had something of peculiar necessity to communicate to him. *Dookalb* shew'd much reluctance to the visit, but the man press'd it so vehemently and earnestly that he complied. Shock'd as his mind already was, nothing cou'd have given such additional horror and force to the uneasiness of it, as this sight: He was introduc'd to Mrs. *Searchwell's* apartment, whose loud voice he

heard thundering before he enter'd the room; but as soon as he beheld her, what a miserable frightful object presented itself, and render'd him almost incapable to advance! Her face, naturally red, was ting'd with a double deepness from the violence of the fever, which was the consequence of her fall down stairs, wherein she broke her thigh: her eyes gleam'd with a terrible fierceness, and she cast out from her foaming mouth, (whence her struggling breath labour'd with great difficulty) words like these—

“*Dookalb, Dookalb*—accursed— don't murder her—I am burnt--burnt and parch'd--her blood's all fire — prythee stop it — damn'd assassin—*Dookalb*, blacker than devils—I tell you, she must not be murder'd—the devils say so—Oh cursed villain!” Upon which words, (tho' as *Dookalb* conceived there was no other person in the room, or within hearing, but himself and her) he trembled in every joint, his colour departed, and he stood speechless, and terrified—like a statue—However recovering himself a little, he ventur'd to say, “for God's sake be appeas'd—good Mrs. *Searchwell*, dont let any such strange things run in your head: do, be quiet and easy, or you'll never be well. Why do you talk of such things? Upon which she raising herself and looking at him, cried out, “Oh fiend are you there? did you not persuade me to it? do not

not your bloody hands shew it? See, she stands by to torture us — curse on your cunning—or I ne'er had done it---whip me, rack me, tear me, burn me!---oh the horror --- sulphurous and tormenting! *Dookalb*, blackest of devils, wipe off that blood, wipe it away or it will consume us all"—Thus as she spoke, her body heav'd with intollerable agony, her eyes were fix'd, her breath with slow and deep groans, interrupted with curses, labour'd forth from her corrupted breast, and her whole frame testified all the horrors of the most deeply convicted conscience. *Dookalb* secretly condemn'd himself for coming to such a place, and such a scene, and privately retired from the room; to the door of which, when he came, two men laid hold of him; and shewing their authority, demanded his attendance to a neighbouring justice; as, they observed to him, there appear'd something very extraordinary in Mrs. *Searchwell's* words, who during the whole time of her delirium at least, had laid the murder of some innocent person to his charge: the truth of which they were determined, at the request of some other persons who had been with her, to find out and examine. *Dookalb* astonish'd at this, sunk into the most abject cowardice; and conscience strongly convicting, was struck perfectly dumb: he hesitated, and hammer'd, and was surpriz'd at their proceedings---

and hop'd they were only in joke---and much to the same insignificant purpose : which they disregarding demanded him to attend them, otherwise they must be obliged to use means not so agreeable. The miscreant was forced to comply, and a coach which stood ready at the door, received him and his companions, the most disagreeable he had ever yet proved or known in his life. He reasoned much with the gentlemen as they rode together, and objected against their proceedings, as strange, ungenerous, and cruel, since it was surely highly so to conclude any thing from the mad expressions of a delirious brain, or the wild ravings of a person in a fever. To which they replied nothing more than that doubtless, if he were innocent, he cou'd well clear and justify himself : but they had some further evidence, they assur'd him. Unable to gain any thing further from them, he arriv'd at justice *Gildons*, a magistrate, whose diligence and integrity does honour as well as service to his country : a man, whom *Dookalb* had no great veneration for, as heretofore, there had passed some things between them, which now he recollected, cou'd give the justice no very favourable opinion of him : but if the person of the justice was not quite acceptable to him, how was he struck to behold, when introduced to him his old and
mortal

mortal foe, Dr. L**, whose very look he dreaded, more than he hated, and whose great goodness was no less obnoxious to him, than the zeal which that worthy man had shewn on some former occasions for his advantage.

THE doctor was indeed the whole cause of this proceeding; in order fully to comprehend which it will be necessary to inform the courteous reader, that in these parishes where houses and wretches like Mrs. Searchwell's and her nieces abound, it is no uncommon thing, when all hopes of life is over, and when the breath is almost ready to depart, to send for a clergyman to do the last offices: on these extremities, alas, they too late begin to see and feel! Dr. L*** being fix'd in one of these parishes, unlike many modern divines, always made it his custom to visit every sick-bed to which he was call'd, "since, he often us'd to say, tho' perhaps I may not profit the soul of the departing person *always*, yet I always profit my *own* soul, and frequently those of the attendants and bystanders, and not seldom gain some information from the dying persons, which enables me to do signal services, and be more extensively useful." And in this his many years experience had confirm'd him. Mrs. Searchwell being in his parish, and being now given over by the physician, according to custom sent for the doctor,

tor, who coming immediately, found her perfectly delirious, and venting such broken horrors, as we have lately heard: he sat long by her bed-side, and sooth'd her phrenzy, by which means he gain'd many hints, which strongly rais'd his suspicions, and made him very desirous to know more. Accordingly, he sent for two or three persons of credit in the neighbourhood, and desired them to minute down what they heard, and to give the utmost heed to it. He likewise call'd in two or three of the oldest servants in the house, and ordering every one to keep silence, himself only prudently examin'd, and properly fed her delirium, by questions and replies suitable to the purpose wherein he was engaged. He found plain enough, that a murder had been committed, and that principally by *Dookalb's* means and agency—and at length to his infinite satisfaction for the purpose of detecting it—the nam'd a person whom he suspected to be murdered, and call'd out, “ Oh cursed name—*Cranvers*, cursed *Cranvers*—I'll write it in your own blood.” Upon which he arose, and desiring his friends to remark it, “ Alas, gentlemen, said he, it is now too plain; I am no stranger to all this iniquity, and I bless God the avenger of innocent blood, that he hath made me the instrument of detecting it. However, we must still proceed with exact care; let us awhile withdraw.”

draw." So saying they departed, and the doctor, in a private room, thus unfolded to them the reasons of his suspicion, and the great cause he had to be assured of this wicked, dying woman's declaration, tho' deliver'd in a phrenzy.

"ABOUT four years since a worthy clergyman of my acquaintance in the west, dying left a large family of children, and greatly unprovided for, as is too commonly the case: the widow knowing the intimacy which always had subsisted between her late husband and myself, wrote to me a mournful account of their circumstances and great distresses, and crav'd my advice and relief. I did what I cou'd to serve her; and desir'd her to send up her eldest son to me, then about fifteen years of age, and her eldest daughter little more than sixteen, as I wou'd take upon me the care of both, and see them put in some way to get their bread with honesty and diligence. The boy I put apprentice, and blessed be God he succeeds well, and proves very careful, to my great comfort: the girl likewise I put apprentice to a millener in my own parish, a woman whom you all know of unexceptionable character, Mrs. M***: it seems the bawds and wicked directresses of such infamous houses have a custom of examining all milleners shops, and other such places where there are numbers
of

of young women, either by themselves or other instruments of theirs—in order to find out some for their hellish purposes. Cruel and abandon'd destroyers!—one of these scouts came to the shop where *Polly Cranvers*, for that was the child's name, I call her a child, for she was really little better, just turn'd sixteen! I say one of them came to the shop, and pleas'd with her face and make, which were both very good and becoming, gave notice, I suppose, to her principal, and so determin'd my poor girl for destruction. Long wou'd it be for me to rehearse the numberless arts and means they tried to seduce her, of which she wou'd frequently complain to me with tears in her eyes, and lament, that she dare not even stir abroad, thro' the terror of some people who constantly molested her: strange stories she has told me, which I cou'd scarcely credit: however, to wave that, this *Mr. Dookalb* at length came to the shop, and by a most insinuating way, under the cloak of great friendship and regard to the girl, got so far into her good graces, as to take off all fear or suspicion from himself of any harm to her; insomuch, that she frequently went to his house, which was very near, and always return'd pleas'd with the civility and goodness of *Mr. Dookalb*. This, by the way, was all a secret to me, I knew nothing of it; (some occasional business calling me
from

from town during the progress of this acquaintance) or believe me I should speedily have put a stop to it, as I have had so many proofs of that man's villainy, have so frequently heard poor dying wretches curse him with their parting breath, as the cause and original of all their evils, and have, on representing these things to him, been able to make so little, not to say, no impression at all upon his hard heart. But guess what was my surprise, to be inform'd in the country, that *Polly* had absented herself from her mistress for three days, and that upon the most strict search no information cou'd be gain'd of her: I hasten'd back to town, and made all the possible enquiry I cou'd: and upon the most exact information cou'd not find that she had been out upon any other business than to carry some book to Mr. *Dookalb's*, which he had lent her, and desir'd her as on that morning to return: Mrs. *M**** had made enquiry at Mr. *Dookalb's*, who sent her word back, that she had indeed been at his door that morning, but never within it. I myself went to him, and got most severely abus'd, and threaten'd for my pains, as if I suspected him of secreting a poor silly girl. In short, whatever I might imagine, I cou'd gain no assurance; and tho' her mistress and I advertis'd her long and constantly, with a very considerable reward, we were never able to obtain
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the least glimpse of her, spite of all my diligence, and utmost assiduity, which I us'd in the affair! guess then, gentlemen, what must I imagine, on hearing these words from Mrs. *Searchwell*—I leave it to your own reflection." They with one consent agreed, that there seem'd something very black and dreadful; and upon the doctor's advice agreed to get a proper order from justice *Gildon* to secure *Dookalb*, whom they determin'd, if possible, to bring to Mrs. *Searchwell*, as hoping some further discovery might arise from thence: accordingly, they sent the messenger, as related above; watched at the door to hear what might pass between these two worthies; caught Mr. *Dookalb*, as in bitterness of heart he was departing from her; and presented him, as we have seen, before this excellent magistrate, and active minister.

It wou'd be tedious and unnecessary to inform the reader of the whole process of the examination, and the several corroborating evidences which were brought in support of the doctor's suspicions: it appear'd however plain enough from the declaration of two of Mrs. *Searchwell's* servants, that such a person as was mention'd by the doctor, was brought into the house, and that it was found a difficult matter to cause her to comply, and that she was carried away, as they
were

were told, after a compliance, to be a nobleman's mistress; things which they observed were every day so common with them, that they paid little or no heed to them: *Dookalb* urged in his defence, that it was surprizing any thing of this kind should be in the least imagin'd of him, when it was well known how great an esteem he had for *Polly Cranvers*: nor cou'd he help objecting against the justice of such proceedings, which were highly injurious to an innocent man, who cou'd never be safe, if the wild words of delirious persons were sufficient to condemn him. To the first, both the justice and the doctor well replied, that they had but too much proof that his friendship to young women was wholly to decoy and ruin them, a practice wherein they were assur'd he had long too successfully proceeded: and as to the latter, they begg'd him to take notice, that it was not on *Mrs. Searchwell's* words only, but on far more weighty and clear evidence, that they thus acted—upon the strength of which the justice did not hesitate to commit him, spite of *Dookalb's* threats, that he should suffer for such iniquity, and that all his noble friends would join to deliver and vindicate an injur'd man: this nothing mov'd or terrified the worthy magistrate, who observ'd, that he was, and wou'd be very ready to explain the causes and motives of his actions
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in a proper place ; and in the mean time begg'd leave to recommend Mr. *Dookalb* to a place where he should be sure to find him, the prison ; hoping, that if he were really innocent, he might clear himself ; but if guilty, that he might suffer what was so justly his due.

C H A P. VI.

An account of the very miserable and distress'd condition of Lucy, with many curious particulars.

IN this situation then we will a while leave Mr. *Dookalb*, to our satisfaction, as we hope it is to the satisfaction also of every reader : for however disagreeable it may be to forsake the wretched in their misery, it certainly cannot but be very pleasing to see villainy about to merit its reward, and public destroyers about to be cut off from the people. But it will be highly more agreeable to us to find vengeance hovering over the head of *Dookalb*, when we return back and consider into what a wretched situation his deceit and wickedness had brought poor *Lucy*, the unhappy daughter of Mr. *Sansen*, whom we left him so anxiously desirous to see and recover. It will be necessary for us to turn our eyes on this
our

our other heroine, that we may know her present condition, and in what circumstances, if at all, her father is likely to find her.

WE left her * under the surgeon's hands for the cure of those wounds and burns which she had received from the inhuman cruelty of some *gentlemen*: whom her unhappy profession oblig'd her to visit, and by a submission to whose lusts and passions she earn'd—Miserable woman—the hardest bread, and the most dreadful livelihood. It may perhaps appear amazing to some, that there shou'd be so quick a transition, such a strange and momentary vicissitude, as we have represented, and as is really the case in the lives of these unhappy creatures. But let such only reflect on the numbers found in the populous streets of *London*, who are perishing with diseases, abandon'd to infamy, and in the very last stages of distress, when, for the most part, not exceeding *twenty years*; to which indeed few arrive, the generality being thrown out much younger, and many corrupting away piece-meal, at an age, when few are esteem'd women! And can we be surprized? A young creature perhaps is debauch'd at fifteen, soon abandon'd, quickly common, as quickly diseas'd, and as quickly loathsome and detested! Other intemperance is

* See Vol. I. p. 205—206.—

superadded to lust, and the fatal poison of spiritous liquors is greedily swallowed to intoxicate, and destroy the power of corroding conscience. Alas, what are beauty and youth when slaves to such destroyers? The fairest features, and the tenderest form are like the choicest flowers soonest blighted, wither'd and decay'd: and the rough usages of intemperance, like rough blasts, and killing frosts, soon despoil them of all their beauty, and lay them to rot unregarded on the merciless earth. Oh let the reflection enter deep into your hearts, ye fond, but erring parents; and as ye wou'd preserve your flourishing innocents, so water them with the dew of early instruction, and warm them with the sunshine of virtue and religion! *Lucy* was no stranger to the necessity of these things--Oh she cou'd have told you very feelingly of their use, and the dreadful consequences of their neglect: but it was now too late for her, since deeply involv'd in debts, she had no power to retrieve, and had but one choice, one horrible alternative, to perish in a gaol, or to—alas, she did not know the consequences of remaining and persisting in her present dismal way of life! Soon however as she was tolerably recover'd of her wounds and sores, she again return'd to her ancient business of frequenting play-houses, attending at taverns, and complying with the other branches of her occupation.

cupation. Mrs. *Holdfast*, in whose pay she still continued, was a very hard Mistress, and rigidly demanded a strict performance of her *duty*, (as she merrily, I suppose, call'd it :) and not imagining her profits sufficient, gave *Lucy* some very broad hints, that there were many traders in her house, who were greatly more advantageous than she was to her ; and knew how to turn a penny better : for Mrs. *Holdfast* observ'd, that she had never brought in one watch, or jewel of value—or any little trifle which gentlemen don't miss or regard, when occupied in other matters : and she gave *Lucy* to know, that unless she wou'd mend her manners, she must walk abroad, and see what better business she cou'd find in the streets : a thing which she always dreadfully fear'd, and much abhor'd. It happen'd however one night, that she was summon'd to attend a company of gentlemen at a tavern, one of whom, a middling tradesman, was greatly struck with her form, beauty, and behaviour, and passing the night with her, was desirous of further acquaintance. Accordingly, he began to talk with her upon the business of keeping, and offer'd to find her a lodging, and half a guinea *per* week, if she wou'd consent to become his mistress. It was a very inviting proposal to the poor girl, and one that she readily accepted ; but then there appear'd an unsurmount-

mountable difficulty with regard to Mrs. *Holdfast*, which the tradesman quickly remov'd by absolutely despising it : telling her, that it wou'd be a merit to bilk such a fury, and that if she wou'd follow his advice, it shou'd be done. *Lucy* gladly consented, and attended her new lover in a coach, to a place where he said there was a lodging ready, and where she might live very well, tho' it must be very retir'd. The lodging was at a tripe-sellers, in one of the private streets in *St. Giles's* ; a miserable abode, but well adapted to the purpose : this same person had heretofore lodg'd a lady here ; and the mistress of the house was his particular friend and council-keeper. Tho' now reduc'd to the low and servile office of selling tripe in such a miserable place, she was the daughter of a gentleman ; but had been successfully wicked from her youth in her debaucheries, and had escaped the fatality of those diseases which carry off so many, but had robb'd her of nothing more than that needless excrescence on the human countenance, the nose. All possibility of *trading* in her former way being denied her, she resolv'd to turn honest, and to gain her bread by fair and industrious *trading* : upon which she entered on the occupation before mention'd, and according to the custom in town, let out the best part of her [house in lodgings. Here then *Lucy* commenc'd again mistress
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in form, tho' in somewhat lower life than before: and here she liv'd the most miserable of all human beings; for she had no other conversation but that of the old woman, and a few wretched infamous creatures of her acquaintance; she never dar'd to peep out of the door, lest some of Mrs. *Holdfast's* friends shou'd see and discover her; her misery became insupportable to her, and as the only possible alleviation of it, she follow'd her good landlady's advice and example, and betook herself to the horrid custom of dram-drinking; the almost inevitable consequence of this detestable way of life. Her gallant was of a boarish nature, and his usage of course, not the most tender and delicate: insomuch, that frequent quarrels arose between them, and he ever dreadfully threaten'd her not only with abandoning her, but with informing Mrs. *Holdfast* of her. So that never did wretch live under such a fearful uneasy disquietude: the least degree of peace and pleasure never shining upon her benighted heart. When she was not intoxicated with liquor, the power of conscience and reflection was so strong and piercing, that she more than once resolv'd upon destroying herself; and yet the fear of what she might hereafter be, constantly compell'd her rather to bear her present ills, than, in the words
of

of the poet, to *fly to others that she knew not of*. How pathetically wou'd she at some times lament her fate ; at others, how wou'd she curse herself, and the instruments of her destruction with all the bitterness of woe ! It happen'd one day, that she was standing contrary to her custom, in the shop, when a couple of young gentlemen in a chariot passing by, observ'd her : and as her appearance had something striking, especially in such a place, they stopp'd ; and being undaunted blades, entered the shop, from which she very precipitately retir'd, and they as precipitately pursued after her. After the first sallies on both sides were over, and the little necessary skirmishes successfully compleated on the side of our heroes, they all peaceably sat down together, and began to enter into a sociable, and somewhat amorous converse. *Lucy* concluded them something of figure and fashion, by their equipage, and was not backward to parly with them, as her present circumstances were not the most eligible, and she had some distant hopes to obtain a rescue and deliverance. They too were not displeas'd with her person, as she had not quite lost all her former beauty, tho' the greatest part of it was wither'd and decay'd ; delighted with the adventure, they talk'd in high spirits, and began to be quite intimate. Freedoms naturally ensued ; but the grand point
Lucy

Lucy absolutely denied, unless they wou'd free her from her present state, and take her into their own patronage and protection. To which they were somewhat averse, but however, upon her repeated entreaties, and firm refusal to comply with their desires—(as she might well refuse to comply, who felt in herself no temptation, or the least degree of passion) they at length determin'd to take her with them, and bilk the bonny brazier of *** *Street*.—But behold, just as they were fallying forth with their prize, in entered the very man! He look'd confounded to the last degree, as did *Lucy*, and as did the *ravishers*; (for thus in flowery romance, and in the deeds atchiev'd by knights of mighty prowess in old times, thus I wot these heroes wou'd have been right nobly term'd) The brazier paying them all lowly respect, with due submission, thus address'd one of them—“ My lord, I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, but I must beg leave to take that lady out of your hands; for tho' your lordship is pleas'd to trade with me for brass, I don't deal in any other ware.”—“ D—e, sir, replied his lordship, much chagrin'd, disconcerted and disappointed, I don't understand what you mean—Such rascals as you, have impudence indeed to controul me in my pleasures! Is it not sufficient that I permit you to enter my house?—Sir, be assur'd, if you say another word,

I'll never trade with you henceforth for ever." The brazier warm'd by these words, and stimulated by the fear and dishonour of losing his mistress, with a saucy boldness, equal to the young nobleman's, replied — "And d—m you, my lord, and your trade too—these five years I have serv'd you, furnish'd your house in my way on your marriage, and supplied it ever since, and the devil a farthing have I seen of your lordship's money for all my goods: do but pay me what you owe me, or return me my own, and I never desire to enter your *noble* house, with a pox, nor to have any sort of concern with such fine gentlemen. But believe me, sir, you shall have none of this lady—so pray walk to your fine chariot, and call at your coach-makers as you go home, and pay him for it." "Oh pray, good Mr. *Brassy*, said the other gentleman, don't be so very angry; pray take your sweet lady, your mistress, sir, you must have a mistress truly! pray take her, his lordship and myself are very ready to part with her: we can have no more of her than we have already had my blood,—no more, I assure thee." The brazier's choler rose very high at this; *Lucy* burst into tears, and the two delighted heroes laughing very loudly, were about to make the best of their way off. "Cruel barbarous wretches, said she—was there ever such a vile artifice! Have you ever touch'd me? Have

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON. 171

Have you ever exceeded the bounds of modesty with me? Speak, do not injure a poor wretched woman thus—answer me, clear me, justify me. Mr. *Copper*—pray do not suffer them thus to abuse me.” “Clear yourself and be d——d, said he, you are bad enough, or you wou’d not have been so ready to go away with them: get you up stairs, and I’ll do for you; never fear me, madam, I’ll do for you.”

THUS was *Lucy* unhappy in all her undertakings, and unsuccessful in all her designs: she went weeping up stairs, and Mr. *Copper*, her lover, followed grumbling, and fraught with wondrous indignation. Much hard language past between them, and there seem’d no possibility of making up the breach; however, much she protested, much she wept, and much she intreated: she was at length permitted to use the little blandishments of love—and prov’d the truth of *Shakespear*’s observation——

———*When maidens sue,
Men give like gods, but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themselves wou’d owe them.*

Measure for Measure.

HER blandishments prov'd effectual, and she turn'd the anger of her gallant into lust, which she appeas'd with all her power, and love alone reign'd triumphant after this dreadful and unhappy fray.

—BUT however outwardly pleas'd our two disappointed gallants might appear, they were inwardly much dissatisfied, and boil'd with choler and resentment against their brazier, whose insults the nobleman could not well brook; since the exact truth of them pointed his reproaches with double acuteness. They meditated therefore how they might be reveng'd; and it at length came into his lordship's noble mind, that the best way so to be was to drive directly to the brazier's house, and inform his wife of the state of the case—accordingly they immediately executed their purpose: they came to his house, and his lordship only got out of his chariot, and begg'd to speak with Mrs. *Copper* on some important business. She was a woman of spirit, and tho' married to a brazier, let me tell you, descended from a very considerable family, which she was determin'd to honour by her manner of life. She therefore, according to the present fashion and manner amongst the trading part of this city, furnish'd her house with the best mahogany,

hogany, and elegant silk damask, and had every thing in the newest, the *Chinese* taste ; in which too she herself dress'd, well becoming that fashion, for she was of the *Chinese* make. She was very fond of a play. Oh she doated on Mr. *Garrick* ; but she rather lov'd Mr. *Barry* better, tho', to say the truth, she thought Mr. *Dexter* as sweet a man as any of them : and then *Vauxhall* ! to be sure, it was a heaven upon earth, tho', for her part, she cou'd not bear to go after the holy-days, for there was no *quality*, nothing but riff-raff, tradesman's wives, and servant-maids, after that time. *Ranelagh* was in her opinion far the genteelest, especially the breakfastings : it was so heavenly to walk round and round, and round—well, what a place was *Ranelagh* ! But oh, a *carnival* there—or a *jubilee-ball*—what things cou'd Mrs. *Copper* tell one of them, how eloquent cou'd she be in her encomiums—and in short, in the praises of every fashionable amusement, every *innocent* place of diversion, which so happily abound to recreate the melancholy and care-clad citizens of *London* !

SUCH was Mrs. *Copper*—who upon the sight of his lordship, begg'd him to walk up stairs into the dining-room, as she esteem'd it a very particular honour, and was highly oblig'd

to his lordship, and begg'd he wou'd be so condescending as to sit down; tho' indeed her chairs were scarce fit for his lordship to sit down on, used as he was to so far better, but poor folks --- and his lordship wou'd excuse it. (*N. B.* the chairs in her dining-room cost 3*l.* 15*s.* a piece—) after many such apologies, his lordship being seated, began—“ I believe, *Mrs. Copper*, you are persuaded of the great esteem and value I have for you and your family, and the readiness there is in me to do any thing in my power to serve you.”—“ Oh, to be sure, my lord, yes, my lord, my husband and I are very well assur'd of it, my lord, replied *Mrs. Copper*.” “ For you, madam, continued his lordship, I have a particular regard—(she simper'd very sweetly, and cried—“ I am very much oblig'd to your lordship indeed—”) “ And as I cannot suffer any injury to be done to you in my knowledge, so cannot I know of any injury done to you, without informing you of it. Your husband is guilty of that most atrocious and flagrant sin of adultery: he has broken thro' the most sacred obligation of the nuptial tye, and defil'd your bed! I am sorry to say it, but desperate diseases must have desperate cures.—“ Oh the villain, said she, in a flame, I have long suspected it, and I'll tear him to pieces—perhaps now with some cursed strumpet, even now he is injuring me,

me, and depriving me of my just right!" This was the very thing his lordship desir'd—"Your fears, madam, said he, are I doubt too well grounded—I doubt it is just as you suspect: give me leave to inform you of my proceedings in your behalf. I was informed of this affair, and speaking of it to my lady, who is a good and excellent woman, and has a singular friendship for you, Mrs. *Copper* — says she, "Surely, my lord, you cannot see poor Mrs. *Copper* thus injur'd; you can't bear to know this, and not do your part to assist the lady. Pray, my dear, go try, do what you can for her." I who can deny nothing to the request of so fine and charming a woman, as indeed you know, a good husband ought not, promis'd to do my utmost: and accordingly, Mrs. *Copper*, ordered my chariot, and while you knew nothing of the matter, resolv'd in secret to do you all the real service in my power. So you see we have often friends when we don't think of them." "It was very kind of her good ladyship indeed, said she—Oh, if all women had but such obliging husbands, how happy wou'd they be—Alas, I have no such happiness—mine is the worst of villains—but pray proceed, my lord, that I may know the rascal's tricks." "You must observe, continued he, that I was inform'd he kept a mistress at a tripe-shop in *St. Giles's*; I determin'd

therefore to go and talk with the infamous woman, the vile strumpet there, and if possible take her away. All things succeeded very well: the woman consented, upon my remonstrating to her the wickedness of her way of life, the dreadful and aggravating sin of thus daily injuring an innocent wife, and promising, if she wou'd reform her manners, and alter her way of life, to provide for her in some proper and reputable way. She agreed, as I observ'd, and with a friend, whom I took upon the occasion with me, we were just departing, when behold in enters your husband. He began bullying, storming, cursing and swearing in such a sort, as made my hair stand upright, and my very joints tremble with horror. He is mighty fond of this woman, it seems, and therefore no wonder he was thus enrag'd at the fear of losing her. He abus'd me with the blackest and most infamous abuse, damn'd me beyond all imagination, and absolutely swore, he never desir'd any of my trade:—his lady, I suppose, will help to maintain him—well, no matter for that, for my own part, I must confess I was somewhat angry, but however, I rejoice to think, that I restrained my resentment. My friend indeed was the chief reason of my so doing; who turn'd the whole into a laugh, and desir'd me to withdraw, as there was no reason to endanger ourselves,
which

which poffibly we fhould have done, if we had any further provok'd this outrageous man. We left him there, and you may be affur'd he is now in guilty pleasures, embracing his harlot, to the exquisite wrong of fo good a wife, and fo fine a woman, as you, madam ; to whom, I affure you, his miftrefs is not in the leaft comparable, and whole perfon, believe me, is as far fuperior to hers, as Mifs *Gunning's* to an oyfter-wench ! but luft, we know, often proceeds fo unreafo- nably." " Alas, alas, faid Mrs. *Copper*, pierc'd to the very heart with keeneft jealousy, what muft I do—or what fteps can I take—" " I'll advife you, madam, continued his lordfhip : make the beft of your way to the place where your husband is—delay not at all ; ftand upon no ceremonies, but as foon as you are in the fhop, go directly up ftairs, and you'll fee the whole iniquity : then fhame him, as you ought—frighten the ftumpet with fevere threatenings againft her : compel your husband to go home with you, and affure him, that you fhall always be able to find out his infamous practices—fo you may depend upon it he will reform, and you'll fee in the end what a faithful and excellent husband by this means you'll gain to yourfelf." Mrs. *Copper* return'd her fincereft thanks to his lordfhip : and gaining from him a very exact direction to the place, with much civility and re-
I 5
fpect,

he parted from her, and return'd to his chariot with no small satisfaction : hugging himself in the rapture of his own excellent wit, and diverting his companion highly with a detail of his fine story to the brazier's foolish wife. They had each of them a great inclination to see how the plot would succeed, and what would be the consequence ; but as that was impossible, without making some discovery, they contented themselves with the pleasure of reflecting upon it, and each of them retir'd to dine with their mistresses, as they had been so disappointed in their adventure with *Lucy*.

Mrs. Copper, as one wou'd reasonably expect, burning with fury, and red-hot with indignation, determin'd immediately to make the best of her way to the hated place, where this kind gentleman had inform'd her she might find her villain of a husband. She order'd a coach therefore to be call'd (for *Mrs. Copper* never stirr'd out unless in a coach or chair) and made the best of her way to the detested tripe-shop--the scene of combat, the bloody field of *Philippi*. She follow'd his lordship's advice and good directions, and gaining admission into the shop, made the best of her way up stairs, and with some little precipitation, rush'd—an unwelcome guest—into the chamber, where our two lovers
were

were in no very proper circumstances to be found by a mild and gentle wife! To say truth, they were in bed; for as quarrels when made up, generally render lovers more fond and doating, so our affectionate couple having kindled the flame of love, and given its fire new strength from the former anger, were infinitely more doating and passionate than if no such thing had happen'd. But to describe the mutual consternation, confusion and amazement of them all, is infinitely out of the reach and power of my pen. Raves the lioness when depriv'd of her young; does the fierce hyæna tear the ground with all the malignity of her savage nature, when robb'd of her prey?—yet what is all their fierceness compar'd to the fury of the enrag'd Mrs. *Copper*? She flew to *Lucy* as that same lioness or hyæna flies furious on her prey—and very dangerous indeed were the menaces of her wrath. But Mr. *Copper* kindly warded off the blows, and with-held the enraged woman from a perpetration of her revenge. Nothing but confusion reign'd: in which at length poor Mrs. *Copper* was dreadfully worsted: for spite of threats and entreaties, persisting in her resolution of vengeance, Mr. *Copper* and *Lucy* were oblig'd both to exert themselves, and belabour the good wife into better manners. Hard indeed was the usage, but what cou'd be expected otherwise?

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At length however, she begg'd for quarter, and a truce was agreed upon—and she retir'd from the enemies quarters, tho' subdu'd in body, far from subdu'd in mind: for on her departure she declar'd to *Lucy*, that she shou'd find no rest from her, and to the old tripe-woman she threaten'd many high and heavy persecutions, punishments and destructions.

CHAP. VII.

Lucy's visit to an old friend: her ill success: her entrance on a new way of life: its miseries, her great distress. Mr. Jaison's fears, and some appearance of danger.

THIS discovery utterly disconcerted Mr. *Copper's* schemes, and tho' he pretended to defy it all, yet he was secretly chagrin'd in his own mind, and fully determin'd to give up poor *Lucy*. He did not well know how to manage the matter: and was almost resolv'd to inform Mr. *Holdfast*, and so get rid of her, and throw the whole odium of the matter upon his wife. In these doubts he departed, and left *Lucy*, tho' under many protestations not to abandon her. She was no less dissatisfied and disquieted in her mind, and was very desirous, if possible, to be deliver'd from such a disquieting state. It
hap-

happen'd as with her old landlady, she was regaling herself, and elevating her too depress'd spirits—that the old woman, amongst other topics of conversation, made this remark — “ Ay, see what a successful fortunate w——e that *Charlotte Repook* is; she manages well, and holds up her head a long while: she lives now better than ever she did, and they say is kept by a richer man than ever kept her before.” This alarm'd *Lucy*, and imagining, that from the intimacy which formerly subsisted between them, *Charlotte* would be glad and ready to assist her, she got a particular account of her place of abode, and ventur'd out in a coach to see her. She rais'd her spirits for the interview as well as she cou'd, with a chearing glass, and adorn'd herself to the best advantage in the few remaining scraps of tawdry, which had escap'd the general shipwreck of her necessities: and thus she sallied forth to pay her respects to the still triumphant, and still flourishing *Charlotte*: when she came to her house, she was amaz'd at its elegance, while she waited below in expectation of a call up stairs, having sent up her name by the footman; who after some tedious time of waiting, came down, and told her that his lady had really forgot her name, and begg'd to know her business — She express'd great surprize at that, and desir'd him to inform her, that it was very
 strange

strange she shou'd forget the name of a person with whom she had liv'd for some time, and whose only business was a friendly visit." The fellow staid still longer than at first with this message, and at length brought for answer, that his lady had got the head-ach, and desir'd not to be interrupted and perplex'd that morning with any company. Never was any thing so mortifying surely as this to *Lucy*: for she had pleas'd herself with mighty hopes, and fancied a thousand extravagant things upon this renewal of her acquaintance with her great friend *Charlotte*: she was not however willing to be thus utterly disappointed, and begg'd the favour of the footman to lend her pen, ink and paper, just to write one word or two to his lady, as it was of some consequence. The fellow told her it was not in his power; he dare not carry up any other message, for fear of incurring his lady's displeasure. "Well, friend, said she, then since you dare not, I dare: for I must and will see her." So saying, she advanc'd towards the stairs, upon which a small uproar succeeding, *Charlotte* advanc'd to the top of the stairs, and in a very authoritative strain demanded the reason of that horrid noise below. To which *Lucy* replied, "It is only me, only your old friend *Lucy Sanson*—and I beg to have the pleasure of seeing you, which your faucy fellow here refuses me."

"Madam,

“Madam, said *Charlotte*—he had my orders—I beg you wou’d make no disturbance here—lest you meet with treatment you don’t like. *Thomas*, shew the woman to the door.” So saying, she walk’d into her dining-room, and bang’d to the door with no small violence. *Lucy* was forc’d to retreat : but her choler rose very high, and she with a loud voice call’d out — “Vile, false friend, you may, and will know, the miseries I suffer, and may your accursed whoredoms all come about and destroy you piece-meal.” For which she was treated with great roughness by *Thomas*, and forc’d into the streets with a heart burden’d with grief and resentment. Such was the event of her visit to *Charlotte*, such was the friendship of this vile woman to her, and such, as we have before observ’d, is always the friendship of the wicked.

SHE return’d to her friendin *St. Giles’s*, who upon hearing of her ill success began to grow herself rather more cool to *Lucy* : For these people always act and judge according to the good fortune of the persons with whom they have any concern : In short, she was on all sides miserable and distress’d, and knew not whither to betake herself or how to act. But to complete the whole—in the morning behold a letter from *Mr. Copper*, wherein he very kindly informs
Lucy

Lucy, “ that the late unhappy affair with his wife prevents him from ever seeing her again, and therefore sorry as he is and afflicted to the heart, he must leave her : to which he adds, that he wou’d advise her speedily to leave her present place of abode, as he has great reason to fear Mr. *Holdfast* had made some discovery, and so it might be dangerous to her to continue.” *Lucy* was so entirely disconcerted at this, that she could not even in the least degree guess or imagine what course she should take, or how she should proceed. She went however to her landlady and communicated the contents to her: who upon it greatly alter’d her voice and countenance, and spoke and look’d with the air of great majesty and authority. She observ’d that it was difficult to say, which part of life she had best take : as to an honest one, she was too young for that, and had a person yet that might serve her very well to trade with : but as she was afraid of day service, she must only appear in the night, and as good as you let me tell you, said the old beldam, are employ’d in this branch of business. I have an acquaintance, whom I once serv’d in this way two or three years, and if you’ll make me a proper acknowledgement, I’ll recommend you to her : and a very good sort of woman she is, and very comfortably you may live with her ; I am sure, I
never

never was more happy in my life." Averse as *Lucy* might heretofore have been to such a proposal, she was glad now---miserable wretch, to embrace it---driven as she was and impelled by direful necessity ! Tho' she observed to the old woman, that if she could get a lodging somewhere thereabouts she might under her instructions and by her advice maintain herself and live as well. This was not to the old woman's purpose, for she had a fellow feeling in these matters with the friend she spoke of, and to whose protection she recommended *Lucy*: So that it was agreed they should go together, and see her, that if possible, *Lucy* might be enter'd into her service. Soon as it grew dark they made the best of their way to mother *Cox*'s, for that was her name: her place of abode was in a horrid part of this city---call'd *Hockley in the Hole*, the seat of thieves and whores, the nest of robbers and prostitutes. It is uneasy indeed for us to visit such places, but we are obliged, reader, to follow this unhappy woman thro' all her stages, as we assure thee, they are exactly agreeable to fact, nay and to every day's fatal and melancholy experience.

No very favourable ideas cou'd arise in *Lucy*'s mind upon the sight of mother *Cox*, nor upon her behaviour, which was exactly such as might
be

be reasonably expected, from a wretch conversant in every scene of iniquity. *Lucy* indeed was a good deal intoxicated with liquor, and therefore the less capable of distinguishing: however all matters were well adjusted between them: and they proposed as a specimen and tryal, that *Lucy* should that night under the protection of one of the girls of the house, take her walks abroad, and see what she cou'd pick up: She consented, and attended by a miserable drab, enter'd upon that most shocking way of life---walking the streets, and solliciting drunken or any other passing wretches for her own prostitution! Oh vile neglect of the laws! shameful truth in a christian realm! tell it not abroad; proclaim it not amongst our enemies, lest the *Jews* find true reason to abuse the christian dogs---lest the barbarians and infidels take occasion to rejoice!

IT is far from my intention to pursue and accompany *Lucy* thro' all the variety of horror and distress, which attended her in these night adventures: it may suffice to inform the readers that her tender and delicate body unused to the hardships of weather and the inclemencies of the seasons was shrivel'd and chang'd to an amazing degree---that diseases prey'd upon her in a violent manner from the liberal and constant prostitution of that body; and that she now began to be so loathsome and infectious, as
to

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to be unfit for trade, and therefore given up by mother *Cox*---and forced amidst many other fellow sufferers to wander about half naked, and in the night crowd amongst them, to warm their miserable limbs, and to defend themselves from the severity of the skies.

SHE was reduc'd to the last extremity, when her unhappy father came to town : and there seems little probability that he shou'd ever find her, tho' Mr. *Faison* had promised and indeed used all his endeavours to gain some information concerning her. But his endeavours in general were very fruitless, and Mr. *Sanson's* heart was almost broken with the disappointments which attended the search. His last resource was that wherein he had been so happily successful before, a determination to advertise her in all the publick papers, if happily by this means he might again meet with a discovery. But the terrible delay occasion'd hereby increas'd Mr. *Sanson's* grief and anxiety to such a degree, as render'd him an object every way deserving compassion : he eat or drank very little, and sleep was a stranger to his eyes : all comfort from *Caroline* or Mr. *Faison* was unavailing : his constant cry was, " Alas, alas, poor ruin'd undone *Lucy* ! Sometimes in the violence of his passion he would rejoice over Mr. *Dookalb*, and bless God for bringing his wickedness home to him :

him: he was often very desirous of visiting him in the prison, that he might have the pleasure to insult over such an execrable villain, and sometimes his bitter voice wou'd even carry him beyond himself, and vent its sorrows in frantic ravings. *Caroline* was distressed beyond measure and Mr. *Faison* was no less solicitous; for there did not appear much probability of a deliverance from this dreadful state of anxiety and horror. And they had flattered themselves with far different expectations, with far different hopes of joy and rapture.

Mr. *Faison* was one day sitting with *Caroline*, and complaining of their hard fate, when he thus prest her to a performance of the promise which she had heretofore made him—"there is something, said he, my dearest *Caroline*, which hangs so heavy upon my heart, that I can enjoy no peace or satisfaction, for wherever I go, or wherever I am, I am constantly vexed with this reflection that you are not mine: Something like an evil genius is ever whispering to me, particularly when reflecting on your dear charms—"oh fool—but they are not yours—whence can this thought arise, or why shou'd I thus perpetually be terrified with it—unless some danger unforeseen yet threatens me, and I am to lose what is dearer, infinitely dearer than life
and

and all things which this earth can bestow. Let me then entreat of you, my love, only to perform your promise, only to suffer our hands to be joined, I shall then be easy, and no more distracted with these boding fears which render me at present of all men most miserable, as if blest with you, I shall be of all men most happy." "Alas Mr. *Faison*, replied *Caroline*, you must be well convinc'd in your own mind of the impropriety of your present request: think of my situation: think of my father; and can I dream of being happy when he is thus afflicted? Oh no—I neither can nor will: as to your fears, be assured they arise from nothing but the many disappointments we have met with: You are well assured, that on my part nothing but death can break the obligation; for I esteem myself bound by every sacred tie to you, and may without reserve, declare, that I have no wish or expectation of any happiness but from you. All that I have is yours—all depends upon you, all flows from you: by obligation no less than inclination am I yours; and I trust nothing ever can or will divide us." "But why, my love, replied Mr. *Faison*, should we not put it out of the power of any thing to divide us—why should not our hands be joined—why should we not be made one? for my part I can see no objection to it
from

from your father: it wou'd rather serve, I should think, to make him happy: but oh! my *Caroline* — how wou'd it make me happy? Cou'd you, my charmer, cou'd you bear to see me groaning beneath the heaviest woe—cou'd you, dear creature, suffer me to languish under the severest sufferings — when you had power in a moment to ease me of my burden, to give me perfect peace, and rest, and love! oh think, my *Caroline*—think of the gnawing and restless disquietudes that constantly molest and torture me; think of the excess of my passion for you—oh lay it all to your heart, and let me not languish in such a state of uneasiness and distress! Have I not loved you more than ever man has lov'd—Have not my actions spoke my heart's pure flame—Have I not shewn a tenderness sincere and unaffected—a tenderness beyond the power of man to feign—and can my love refuse me this request? Oh do not, do not! something sure invible thus prompts me to a zealous desire and earnest wish to call you truly mine—Grant me my petition, loveliest creature,—and all my life shall henceforth move at your command." " *Caroline* cou'd not refrain from tears at the vehement and pathetic manner, wherein Mr. *Faison* urged this, and—" Oh, she cried, you know my heart, why need I further disclose its fondness to you? You know I prize you
above

above all things, you know I cannot refuse whatever you earnestly solicit—but, dear Mr. *Faison*, recollect what a sad appearance it will have, that I shou'd think of joy and marriage, that I shou'd be so regardless of a suffering father, as to think of happiness in the midst of his exquisite distress—Indeed those who hear it will greatly condemn me, and your wife must suffer much from the reproaches of others, who may justly censure her for hardness and baseness of heart. Witness heaven and earth how tenderly I love you—Witness heaven and earth that I wou'd undertake any thing, however hard and difficult, however hateful and disagreeable to procure you a moment's pleasure, or to give you satisfaction—I am willing to do as you desire, but I wou'd fain have you not desire it—I wou'd fain have your prudence refuse a request which must do your wife dishonour to grant.”—“ I'll tell you, *Caroline*, said he, I am not much used to be superstitious, and the vain bodings of dreams are what I never in my life regarded—but I have one which has recurred three several nights, and I confess its repetition startles me — I dreamt, that blest with you my love, I was wandering thro' a dreary waste, where nought but gloomy desolation reign'd around us, yet at a distance, thro' a beauteous avenue, we spied methought a prospect so delightful as fancy ne'er cou'd form,

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or fiction imitate : a radiant angel hovering o'er our heads, play'd on a silver harp : methought the melody was more indeed than earthly—and at length soft fing'g, with a voice that might have lull'd old *Chaos*, he utter'd, as I well remember, these words,

*Yonder plain forbids delay—
Haste then lovers, haste away :
Who obey not virtue's call—
Slow and sluggish, forfeit all.*

A cloud methought, as he spoke these words, cover'd the face of the sun ; and of a grim aspect, horrid and severe, of stature giant-like, and terrible ; a man descended from I know not whither, and bore me from thee—Then, oh good God, what agonies I suffer'd—I saw thee weeping, and in sore distress calling for my assistance ; but unable to get free, all I cou'd do was but to plead and earnestly beseech this marble-hearted wretch, who chain'd me to a rock, and sat him down to watch me. But never more cou'd I behold my *Caroline* ; the miseries of my soul for the loss and the abundance of my tears then awaken'd me. Do you, my love, interpret for me : I will not be so foolish as to say I absolutely regard or pay any deference at all to dreams ; but acknowledge, that this so
odd

odd and regular, so contrary to all my general dreaming, own, that there is something very strange in having it repeated these three several nights: and then confess I have some reason for thus earnestly pressing you to make me happy, and to render all foolish fears idle and insignificant." *Caroline* cou'd not help betraying some little concern, and confessing that there was indeed something very strange and unaccountable in the dream; yet still she observ'd it was but a dream, and we had no reason to expect any such supernatural warnings. And she concluded with observing, that if providence had so order'd it, that they were not to be join'd together, all their power cou'd not prevent it. *Mr. Faison* was a little displeas'd at the last sentence, and observ'd, it seem'd as if she held a very dangerous notion, and one highly dishonourable to the providence of God: "For do you not know, said he, that we have all a freedom and power of acting and choosing, and an ability to do or refuse whatever our will shall direct? Yes, surely, or we shall cast a stain upon that almighty governor, who, as all-knowing, sees our actions long before, and well discerns how we shall determine: but his discerning by no means causes us so determine—'tis our determining that causes him so to discern. However, this is somewhat beside our present purpose: but I

cannot see my *Caroline* in the least erring, and not endeavour to set her right : excuse me, my love, and say — what shall I do, shall I press my first request, or shall I, at your desire, say no more concerning it ?

CAROLINE was just about to make a reply, when a message came from Mrs. *Hodson*, desiring Mr. *Faison*'s company immediately ; with which he complied, promising as speedy a return as possible. He had scarce left the room before Mr. *Sanfon* enter'd, with a look the most deject and downcast, expressive of every woe, and declarative of unnumber'd sorrows. “ *Caroline*, said he, I have been writing to your poor mother ; as I can send her nothing to please her, I am unwilling to send her any letter at all ; yet I must write to her : here's two letters, I'll read both, and you shall judge which is most proper to send.

My dear wife,

CALAMITIES crowd thick upon us ; expect no happiness in this world ; but be resign'd and patient. I have dreadful things to tell you ; not one drop of comfort to send, not one drop for you or me. *Dookalb*--oh the wicked friend ! *Dookalb* is a villain, and all the satisfaction I have, is to think that I shall see him at *Tyburn* before I die—

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die—*Lucy*, poor *Lucy* — oh my wife, *Lucy* is — undone: dead to me, dead to you, dead to every one! wou'd God she were really dead, wou'd God she had died in the womb! *Caroline* is in an unhappy situation, sick, miserable, and distressed — we are all so; I am sick, I am miserable, I am distressed: my old batter'd frame is almost broken to pieces with these shocks; another blow or two and it falls: but what is worse than all this, I cannot find her, our dear lovely child — alas, no one can tell where she is; *Lucy* is gone, and I am most wretched. Yet still there is something worse than this; my little scanty pittance, my sorrowful sum so dreadfully obtained, is gone, just gone, and I must perish for want: how can I get home again? No, I can never return—see, that I have christian burial, and let me not be treated like a dead dog. Oh my wife, I am so full of fears, so beset with miseries, that my brain is well nigh turn'd: how cou'd I tear these old grey locks, curse my evil fortune, and expire in the bitterness of my soul! I shall never see you more: take care of my poor children at home; never send them to *London*: all are *Dookalbs* there—never send them to *London*, 'tis a den of lions, a nest of serpents. Farewell, and remember, that miserable as I am made by my children,

there never was a more affectionate and tender father, or a more faithful husband than

Yours,

J. SANSON.

“ This is a letter indeed, sir, said *Caroline!* I wou’d not you shou’d send it for the world to my poor mother : why wou’d you make her so extremely unhappy ? Alas, alas, that ever there was cause !” “ Why, child, replied he, must she not one day know the truth ? the shock will come, and the sooner it is suffer’d, the sooner it will be over : she must know it — I wou’d give these hands, *Caroline,* I wou’d pluck out these poor old eyes, I wou’d suffer every trembling piece of flesh to be torn from off the bones ; oh I wou’d endure all that cruelty cou’d devise, to falsify these truths, to make them lies, and to delight her soul with the news of your’s and of your sister’s happiness ; but since that is fruitless, since this is impossible, since she must know it — why shou’d it be conceal’d from her ? and yet I have written another letter — it shall be sent — poor woman, methinks it might be as well to keep her in ignorance : yet dreadful, dreadful is suspence — certainty is far better than uneasy and horrid expectation : observe, child, —

My dear wife,

MAKE yourself easy : I'll come home to you very soon : we will lie down together in the grave, as we have liv'd together—and if we have no hopes in this world, build better hopes on that to which we are going. Commend me to my dear children ! May they and you be happy. Farewell. I am

Your Affectionate Husband,

J. SANSON.

“ Worse, far worse than the last, said *Caroline* : this brings neither comfort nor information : I am miserable to think, that your mind is thus oppress'd and uneasy ; and more miserable, oh my father, that it is not in my power to give you that consolation I wish : but I must intreat of you not to express yourself thus to my poor dear mother : give me leave to write to her, and let us yet hope providence hath some felicity in store for us ! Let us not despair : we can then never be happy ; he that gave life to the dead ; he that created all things from nothing ; he that ever defends and protects us, can change the deepest mourning into joy, and raise us from the lowest pit to a place of gladness and

delight. Trust but in him, and we may yet be happy."—"Oh never, never, my child, replied he; happiness is a thing I have never been much acquainted with—and now we shall not become friends: misery rock'd my cradle, misery attended my youth, and was its constant companion: meagre misery has silver'd o'er this head: she has not left my age; and misery will close these old eyes, and lay this old head on the hard pillow of a mournful death! misery and I have been very intimate — and she hates happiness: they never dwell together: misery grovels on the ground, and builds her nest in the mire: happiness soars aloft, and builds her nest on the tops of the towering cedars: she falls often, and the more dreadful is it so to do; thank God I never was happy—I cannot fall—welcome misery, welcome cold and melancholy friend—leave me not in death; for base it is to forsake in extremities an old and lov'd associate. Oh, *Caroline*, I grow eloquent, and, now I think on't, I'll read you a tale, perhaps, my child, you may guess its meaning." *Caroline* burst into tears at these words; for she perceived a degree of madness in him, which cut her to the soul: and "oh, said she to herself, is this misery reserv'd for me also — to see a tender and most kind father depriv'd of his senses—and abandon'd to distraction! Gracious heaven avert the evil!

evil! and rather grant me to perish at once, than to behold a calamity so dreadful and melancholy!" When the old man perceiv'd that she was crying, he ran to her, kiss'd her tears, —and mingling his own with them, groan'd the most piteously, and utter'd words, enough to melt a heart of stone. Never was scene more distressful — the poor man was not himself, and his wild ravings were piercing as the keenest dagger to her heart; her tears augmented his distress, and the sorrow which both endeavour'd to sooth and appease, became more powerful and afflicting by those very endeavours; so that it wou'd have been difficult for the nicest casuist to have determin'd which was the most miserable, the daughter or the father, or which was most sorrowful, their lamentings, or mutual consolations: this however wou'd admit of no dispute, that never sufferers more deserv'd compassion, never did misery more forcibly demand commiseration!

HERE then, oh reader, let us pause a while, and give a generous tear or two to this unhappy father, and still as unhappy daughter; whose distress, so far from diminishing, will appear likely to encrease, when we return to Mr. *Faison*, and find the unlucky occasion of his summons from Mr. *Hodson*. In the mean time, ad-

monish'd by these sufferers—let us learn to be humble——from vanity let us turn our eyes, as from a harlot that wou'd seduce us into her embraces with deluding love, and plunge us into inextricable evils. Build on no false and airy hopes: make virtue your friend, and innocence your companion: consult with that best of counsellors, true religion, and lean on her precepts, as on a rock; consult her ere the day dawn, and with the setting sun, see thou attend her courts: bring her home to thy house, espouse her to thy heart, take her to thy bosom, and fill thy soul with her love; unlike all other love, that shall never satiate thee, its transports shall never end, its raptures shall never cloy: time shall have no power to diminish it: passion no ability to shake it: for behold thus building, thou buildest on a rock, whose basis is unshaken, whose top reacheth far above the clouds, and which shall endure to the longest eternity.

The End of the Fifth Book.

T H E

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

B O O K VI.

C H A P. I.

*The arrival of Mr. Jaifon's father in town : his
and Caroline's distress thereupon : their resolu-
tion : Mr. Jaifon's scheme.*

IT will be easy to imagine, that Mr. *Jaifon's* surprize was infinitely great, when, on entering the room, he beheld there his father : Little did he suspect any such matter, little did he think of so unwelcome a guest. He was confounded and distressed beyond measure ; he scarcely knew how properly to address him, and to pay him that duty and reverence which is demanded from a son to his father. The old gen-

tleman, who was naturally not one of the sweetest tempers, and gentlest dispositions, perceived his confusion, and cou'd not refrain from bursting into a violent passion, abusing his son with very gross language, threatening absolutely to disinherit him, and demanding his immediate attendance on him into the country. Mr. *Faison* sat down mute, and thunder-struck: he cou'd make no reply, and any reply which he shou'd have made, wou'd have been like oil cast into a flaming fire. Mrs. *Hedson* took upon her the part of a mediator, advising the father to greater coolness and gentleness, the son to an exact compliance and obedience. "Cooler, or not cooler, madam, said the father, matters little: I am greatly oblig'd to you for your kind information; and I'll not set down and see my son ruin'd: he either this very day departs with me from *London*, or believe me he is no longer a son of mine. What say you, sir; which do you prefer, ruin or happiness? Come, come, I'll have no delay; for death is not more certain or resolv'd." Mr. *Faison*, who well knew his father's temper, its rigid obstinacy, and pertinacious stubbornness, thought it better to comply with it a little, as the more probable method of success in such a dilemma: since it is more prudent for a man who hath fallen into a deep and dangerous torrent, to swim down with the stream, than

than to oppose its force, and resist its proudly swelling waves. "I am ready, sir, said he, to do as you advise me : I am ready to attend you, whenever you please ; I am perfectly at your command. But, for your sake and mine, we had better proceed with a little more deliberation, lest we give the world a handle for ill talking, and you bring a discredit on your son, which perhaps it may not be easy to wipe off. I offer nothing, I say nothing, wholly subject as I am, and desire to be to you, sir — but I wou'd leave this matter to Mrs. *Hodson* ; let her prudence direct us herein." "I don't understand thee, boy, said the father — what's all this *Canterbury* tale to end in ? — none of your foolery : we'll away." My nephew, brother, said Mrs. *Hodson*, speaks extremely well ; and I rejoice to find him so ready to obey ; I have indeed always had great reason to approve and commend him ; before this unhappy slip, never saw the least thing improper in him. What he means, if I understand him right, is to proceed in this affair with prudence and caution, and to shew himself, as he has done, in all his actions a gentleman, and a man of worth, becoming you and his family. He wou'd not have this mistake of his blazon'd abroad to your and his dishonour, which it must inevitably be, if you carry him from town thus abruptly, and
take

take him off thus suddenly. Be advised therefore brother, and stay a day or two : and then go together in peace and friendship."

The old gentleman, tho' waspish and passionate, did not want either sense or affection for his son : nay, to say the truth, he was remarkably fond of him, and made him his constant boast, as he was indeed his chief joy and pleasure. Besides he had the most singular good esteem for Mrs. *Hodson*, and was confidently assur'd that she cou'd never advise any thing, which she did not know to be for his service and advantage, and that she had so much good sense, as to be a very competent judge of what was so. Accordingly, he listen'd very attentively to her words : and when she had finished, " Well, said he, what you say is very true : I cannot deny it : and for my part, I wou'd not do *Charles* any hurt ; I only wish to serve the boy ; but he must serve himself. I have a plentiful fortune for him, and a good interest in the country, that the boy may do as well as e're a one of them all : but to go to throw it all away, no body can tell how — wou'd it not fret a man ? Pox take these women — it wou'd have been better for the world, if there had been none of them born ; his mother that's dead never brought me a shilling, and yet that was
my

my own fault too." "Hold brother, said Mrs. *Hodson*, a little mov'd — don't be too hard upon the women neither — consider you have one in company, and one whom you have been pleas'd at some times to regard and esteem: and as to my poor late sister, you know that was absolutely your own act and deed: you lik'd her, and my father was too fond of all his children indeed to refuse you any thing; and so he gave you his consent to marry her, tho' she had no fortune: Yet believe me she brought you an excellent fortune in herself, for never man had a better and more faithful wife." "Why ay, replied he, all this is true enough, however, the story might have been as well omitted now; for if the father was a fool, that's no reason why the son shou'd be the same: and so much for that affair. But pray where is this fine pennyless lady which that foolish fellow there (pointing to his son) is so mightily in love with? whereabouts does she grow, that we may keep at a distance from her, while I stay; and do you hear, young man, I expect you are never out of my sight." "I will carefully obey you sir, replied Mr. *Faison*." "You can require no more, said Mrs. *Hodson*; as to the young lady, you need be under no great apprehensions concerning her: She is in this house, but, poor girl, there is nothing to be

be feared from her. She is of so meek and gentle a disposition, that we need dread no proceedings, which will disturb or distress us." The old gentleman then enquired much about *Caroline*, and had her whole history deliver'd to him, by Mrs. *Hodson*, with which his heart was a good deal affected; and after it was done, he whisper'd Mrs. *Hodson*, that he should like prodigiously just to see the young woman. But then there were insurmountable difficulties, and so he gave over the thought of it.

Mr. *Faison's* wit was all the while at work, how to manage matters, and how to escape the dangers that threatened him: for his heart was too much fix'd on *Caroline* to think of resigning her so easily, and his honour too strictly bound to permit one thought of deserting her: nay, he so tenderly and sincerely lov'd her, that he wou'd have rather incurr'd his father's whole displeasure, than hers, and rather have relinquish'd all his birth-right than his better fortune in this amiable young lady. Tho' determin'd in his resolution, he was willing to proceed with all caution and reserve, and therefore thus seemingly condescended, tho' at the greatest distance from a real condescension. He had gain'd one main and principal point which was a longer continuance in town, and did not
doubt,

doubt, but by some means or other to obtain his other better wishes. Nor was he dissatisfied to find *Caroline's* story affecting to his father, since he look'd upon that as a happy omen: for we generally have a secret esteem for those in distress, and love is commonly nearly allied to compassion. Such preparatives succeeding well and to his wishes, he was determined to try the success of another attempt: and to recommend his cause to a friend of his fathers, who was no less a friend to him, and for whom his father had the highest respect and veneration.

THE present day was spent in the company of Mrs. *Hodson* and his father, nor had he any the least opportunity to write a syllable either to *Caroline* or his friend, as he propos'd: however he sent a message up to her, that his father was come, but desired her not to be dispirited. And when they separated for bed, he pretended to go to the temple, but gave a hint, and got admittance again, and was introduced to *Caroline*, whom he found dreadfully dejected, and fearfully dismay'd. As the return of the sun to the snow-girt Laplanders after a long and dismal half-years night, was Mr. *Faison's* presence to her, comfortable, reviving, and chearing. As melancholy minds are wont, she had fed
herself

herself with a thousand uneasy and wracking sollicitudes, and had perplexed her soul with variety of fears and apprehensions, which had a reality only in her afflicted mind. And surely she had cause, just cause to be afflicted:—Her father's distress wrought very sensibly upon her, and was a heavy burden, well nigh too grievous for her enfeebled shoulders: and the dread of losing Mr. *Faison*, whom she tenderly loved, and who was all her hope, her stay and comfort, was a weight added to this, that render'd it perfectly insupportable. His former converse recurr'd very strongly to her mind, and the dream which she before despised, appear'd cloath'd in terrors. Thus was she oppress'd and sunk in woe, when all unexpected Mr. *Faison* made his appearance, and rose like the day-star on her benighted heart: They embraced with all that fervour which true love inspires: and silence expressive and pathetic a long time stopp'd their words: at length, while a speaking tear stole gently down her damask cheeks, she thus address'd him—“ Oh Mr. *Faison*, it grieves me to the heart, to think, I shou'd be so unfortunate as to cause you so much pain and uneasiness: wou'd to God, I had never so afflicted you, but that some lady worthy such love and honour had bless'd you, and given you that happiness, which I alas cannot give you, but which
my

my heart most sincerely and tenderly wishes you." "I do not understand these words, my love, replied he; *you* give me pain, you cause me uneasiness, another give me happiness, which you cannot give! — alas, what are all these things, and what have I done, that you have reason to suspect my love and honour? — what have I done that has given you cause to imagine any other woman besides yourself cou'd give me the least degree of happiness? Alas, alas *Caroline*, you wrong me abundantly: never was love more sincere than mine, never was love more firm and durable: do not then, my dearest *Caroline*, suspect me of any action unworthy that love; but join your endeavours with mine, to forward both our felicities." She hid her face in his bosom, and wept. "Strange infatuated creature, said she, that I am — can you pardon me — sure you must despise me, for indeed I despise myself. And yet in such a variety of fears and distresses, such a number of discouragements and disagreeable circumstances, you cannot wonder, that I am sometimes terribly afraid, and ready to faint beneath my oppression. But dear Mr. *Faison*, excuse and strengthen me: I have had most uneasy fears upon me, since I hear your father was come, and I cannot yet but dread it is to convey you from me. Oh, do not impute it to my want of love: witness

witness heaven and earth, that oft have heard my vows,---oh witness all things to the sincerity and purity of my heart—and be assur'd nothing but death's cold finger can dissolve my love."

"I do not wonder my dearest, replied he, at your fears, or suspicions, for they are but too well grounded, and you have but too much cause to be afraid: but depend upon my truth, and there found your hopes firm as on a rock, which shall never fail you: My father is indeed come to town, with an intention to convey me from you: Mrs. *Hodson* out of her abundant kindness and respect to me, has informed him of my amour with you, and the necessity of his immediate presence: a wrong unlucky word or two of mine gave her the hint; and she fail'd not to take it: I cannot and ought not to condemn her, she did it in sincerity and with a good motive: My father was resolved to depart from town immediately, but we have carried that point, and he now proposes a short continuance here: I know not how we shall manage the affair, but some how or other it must be done: for here, my *Caroline*, my wife,—oh God, that you had consented and were but really so,—but why do I say really?—you are, in all honour and in the sight of heaven

ven, you are my wife—I call therefore heaven and earth and all things sacred to witness for me, and may every horror, every misery attend me, if ever I forsake thee, if ever I prove false to the vows, which I have made, if ever I relinquish thee till death; oh then may I be the very mark for providence to shoot all its angriest sharpest arrows at, may I then be surrounded with sufferings on every side, the contempt of all men, and the very scorn of my nature! Thus far, my dearest *Caroline*, am I determined in myself: but tho' thus warm in thy love, I would proceed with all coolness and deliberation, that if possible my father may be brought to consent to it, and all things may be easy and peaceable: for this purpose, I will procure and give you a bond for a considerable sum, to be paid upon forfeiture of my promise of marriage, and you shall do the like to me; which if all other methods fail, may at least be probable to move my father. But my greatest hope is in a worthy friend of my father's and mine, for whom he has a singular friendship, and whose opinion weighs more strongly with him, than that of any other man living. I propose applying to him, and getting him to undertake my cause. Fear not, my *Caroline*, we have providence on our side: we have fortitude in ourselves, and doubt not, but we shall succeed
yet

yet to our wishes." "Methinks Mr. *Faison*, said she, that Mrs. *Hodson* shou'd be the informer gives me great uneasiness: that good woman, whose friendship to me I have no reason to suspect, certainly judges it more for my advantage to have no concern with you: she undoubtedly thinks so, were it not then better— Oh strengthen me, kind heaven, to say it, were it not better—Oh I cannot, cannot utter it — good God, that I should be so miserable a wretch!" So saying she burst into tears, and Mr *Faison's* heart was little less affected: lovers only know what lovers feel! ye gentle fair ones, and ye enamour'd shepherds whose hearts glow with that amiable and delightful passion---oh sympathize with these true votaries, this affectionate and lovely pair; pour out in sighs your ardent wishes for their bliss — so may the god of love crown all your hopes, so may the queen of beauty be your friend; and give to each the raptures which soft fancy pictures, the transports which imagination, glowing warm, and fir'd by true affection, points to view!

"Oh my *Caroline*, at length somewhat recovered from his silent anxiety, said Mr. *Faison*, well indeed it is, that you cannot utter it — never, never more attempt it: your heart can never consent to it—why shou'd you speak, what is worse than death to you or me? no, *Caroline*,
we

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we will never part: no power on earth shall divide us — here am I fixt — come what will, I am ready to receive it. Be happy therefore in this my resolution: and be comforted under this reflection: show the same on your own part, and endure with all the patience and magnanimity you are able. Let my affection strengthen you, and fear nothing, while you have a lover and a friend so tender and stedfast: be assur'd, there shall be on my part nothing wanting to perfect our blifs, and I have no fears concerning it. All my fears are for you: and I wou'd wish sincerely to remove them. I come now purposely so to do, and as my time is short and precarious, earnestly entreat, my love, that whatever may happen, or however necessity may keep me from you, you wou'd be convinc'd and satisfied, that I am resolv'd as death, and your's beyond the power or malice of men or devils." "I cannot doubt it, replied she, but yet excuse the timidity of a weak woman, and pardon the fears of an unhappy daughter: for to say the truth, my father's sufferings so distress and torture my mind, that I am scarce capable of reflecting on any thing beside. He has been with me since you left me, and sure never was any thing so afflicting! I fear he will lose his senses, and unless he, by some means or other, recovers my sister---never
more

more recover the right state of his mind. What to do or how to proceed in these distresses, I am utterly ignorant : nor can I guess, where they will end : But indeed I fear something very dreadful." " I have, you know, exerted all my endeavours, replied he, for his service and to find out your sister, if possible : our last resource has not yet fail'd us, for tho' we have heard nothing from the advertisements, it is not impossible, but that we may : as much as I am able in my present straits and distresses, you may be assur'd, I will assist him : do not doubt me : rest satisfied, that I can forget nothing, which any way tends to make you happy. And for that purpose, tho' to part with you is worse than death, I must now hasten to my friends, and employ this night in a proper consultation : welcome, *Caroline*, sleepless nights and sleepless days, welcome fears, and every fatigue, so be I may but thereby prove my affection to thee, my dearest love, and at length be rewarded with the possession of thee, with peace and transport, which will I am sure as much exceed my expectations, as your excellencies exceed all my power to describe or speak them." So saying he embraced her in his arms with sincerest fondness, and unable either of them to speak, they sigh'd, they wept, they press'd each others hand, they
wept,

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wept, and sigh'd again---they smote their breasts
and parted.—

MR. *Faison* hasten'd to his friend, and tho' somewhat unseasonable, begg'd to speak with him on important business. He succeeded here to his wishes: and Mr. *Clayton* (for that was his name) promis'd to wait at home the next morning, when Mr. *Faison* propos'd bringing his father to visit him. This done he retir'd to his chambers, and having refresh'd himself with a little rest, rose early, and was at Mrs. *Steven's* long before his father was up: The old man when he came down found his son very studiously reading, and was highly delighted to behold him there, and so well employ'd: his heart was ever fond of him: and it requires no great matter to kindle again the flame of affection. All were perfectly in good humour at break-fast, and Mr. *Faison* propos'd to his father a visit to their old and worthy friend Mr. *Clayton*: he readily consented, and every thing seem'd likely to succeed to their wishes. Mrs. *Hodson* was highly delighted on perceiving this great amity between the father and son, and blest herself, for that prudent step which she had taken: she spoke very copiously and well on the matter, and descanted largely and wisely on the necessity every one is under to discharge their
their

their duty exactly without favour or affection, without any regard to this or that man, and to leave the consequence to the supreme. She spoke no less powerfully on the great duty of obedience to parents, and the necessary blessings which certainly attend it, than on the immediate duty every parent is under to consult for his child's good, and to do all in their power to forward his advantage, and to correct his errors. In short, she dwelt well and persuasively on every moral topic, which their present circumstances might suggest, and enlarged on every branch of duty, which the present occasion gave her an opportunity to introduce: insomuch that all the company applauded her wisdom and goodness; and Mr. *Faison* who was so great a sufferer at present by means of it, cou'd not but acknowledge an amiable force, and power, which oblig'd him to commend and admire it, which, spite of his reasonable prejudices, compell'd him to revere and esteem it: such is the persuasive rhetoric of real and undissembled religion and goodness.

CHAP. II.

Old Mr. Jaison's satiric remarks upon the town, its diversions, ladies, Jews, &c.—his visit to an old friend, their conversation, favourable to the lovers, a visit to Caroline—successful enough.

AS old Mr. *Jaison* walk'd with his son to Mr. *Clayton's*, there was scarce an object which presented itself, that did not raise his indignation and anger: for he was a true country gentleman, and detested all the follies of the town, tho' he judged many things in it necessary. The numbers of bills for plays, balls, assemblies, and the like, struck him with great disgust, nor cou'd he help exclaiming very loudly against the religious governors of this realm, for suffering such an abundant quantity of diversions, so contrary to our national establishment, in church and state, so utterly prejudicial to the lives and properties of the subject. Nor was he less disgusted at the dress of the men and women, the politer sort I mean, which casually fell under his observation: the ridiculous aping of foreign fashions caus'd him to lament and forebode great miseries to *England* from thence, and to remark that it was no ro-

mantick notion, that after we have imported all the follies with the language of *France*, we shall then be ready to import their laws also, and to submit to their government : which he pronounced with a hearty, God forbid---and a severe sarcasm on that nation which he always greatly disliked, and the language of which he would never suffer his son, by his consent, to learn, esteeming it, as he used to say, *prognosticatory* ! The ladies indecency in their dress struck him exceedingly, particularly the immense rotundity of some hoops which he met, and the dapper conciseness of their silken coats, well contriv'd to display the beauties of the leg and foot, better concealed than too lavishly display'd to vulgar and unworthy eyes. He was no less offended at the disproportionate littleness of their hats, and cou'd not help remarking the smallness of that concentric circle to the circle of the hoop, observing the ladies, were certainly unskill'd in mathematics : but the enormous length of ribbon hanging dangling down, with the smart gay cock of the hat, was matter of more mirth than indignation to him : since, says he, these women are certainly stage-dancers, and come abroad to make one laugh, and to entice one to the play-houses, just as your tumblers in puppet-shows go about country towns in their fool-coats : he cou'd not be persuaded the ladies
whom

whom he saw so adorn'd, were ladies of character and modesty: you might have as well persuaded him, that Admiral *Vernon* was an enemy to *Britain*: for Admiral *Vernon* was his *Magnus Apollo*, a patriot in his estimation greater than ever *England* before produced: and he had many things to say in proof hereof. But there was yet behind something, that gave him more disturbance than all before related, and that was the sight of a man with a jew-like appearance, Oh his gall rose ever to the height on the beholding such, and he could freely have told them, as he said, a little of his mind: "Anti-christian hereticks, that have not the form of godliness, cormorants ready to devour us, to eat up our lands, our lives, our properties, our every thing:" nor did he ever touch upon the subject without an exact and long detail of their sufferings in the siege of *Jerusalem*: "See their reward in that, wou'd the old patriot say, for crucifying the king of heaven, see there what blessed rewards attended them, see there what choice glories and honours pursued them, see there how they were respected and remunerated---oh 'tis a fine, a glorious prospect: but I hope, there will be no such prospect for us: I wou'd advise a return to this *Jerusalem*, not a making of *England* the land of *Canaan*; we have no milk and honey to spare: Nay, if once they come in tribes amongst us, we

shall have no more milk and honey for ourselves : away with them to *Canaan*, let them build again their old city : the *Romans* won't hurt them again---and who wou'd not assist this *poor unhappy people* ?”

THUS the old gentleman descanted, till they arrived at Mr. *Clayton's* : who, as soon as they were seated, and common compliments had pass'd, began to enquire into the reason of this unexpected journey of Mr. *Faison's* to town---to which he returning but evasive kind of answers, Mr. *Clayton* prest him the more closely on the score of their ancient friendship to inform him, unless it were some private, or family affairs, into which he had no right to enquire. The old gentleman shaking his head, and very significantly looking at his son, observ'd that it was indeed a family affair, and one of great consequence, otherwise he shou'd never have taken such a plaguy troublesome, tedious journey, to such a diabolical detested place as this same *London*, the seat of folly, the metropolis of iniquity, the nest of whores and villains, the sink of corruption, and the den of plunderers, homicides, and barbarians. “ Hold, sir, said Mr. *Clayton*, smiling, don't condemn us one and all together : I doubt not but there may be many such as you describe amongst us, but consider, 'tis hard for the offences of some,
all

all shou'd suffer : a little more charity wou'd hurt neither your son nor myself." " My son, replied the old man, I heartily wish I had never been fool enough to have sent him hither : to say the truth, it was always against my will ; but we country folks know nothing : your wiser heads must direct us : your law and your council are mighty plausible arguments for young fellows taking chambers, to study—not the law, but the way to live *lawless*, to spend most money in pleasure and gaiety, and to lead a life of debauchery and infamy. I was in great danger of knowing this too late." " How so, my good friend, said Mr. *Clayton* ; what dangers have you been in from hence ? I hope no misfortune either have, or have been likely to befall you : I shou'd be infinitely sorry for that, and I trust, you will not scruple to use my small endeavours in any matter, where I can be serviceable." " I am and always have been obliged to you, my old friend, for your good-will to me, replied Mr. *Faison* the elder ; but indeed, friend *Clayton*, that boy there, that boy has gone near to ruin himself, and to break my heart : well its a delicate subject, and I hope we are out of danger now---so we may rest a little easy." " I am heartily sorry to hear this, sir, replied Mr. *Clayton* : heartily sorry indeed : I have always entertain'd a better opi-

nion of my young friend, and I shou'd be sorry to alter it---I must own, you surprize me very much : Surely you have had some wrong information ; I cannot think, but you must have by some means or other, mistaken the matter : I cannot conceive what you say : *ruin himself and break your heart ?* impossible : you surprize me exceedingly." " Surprized more or less, said the old gentleman, so it is : for if the first be true, depend upon the latter : if he ruins himself, certain it is, he breaks my heart : nothing more clear and infallible, friend *Clayton*. Why, consider he is my only child, and a good boy enough in general he has been to me : I have a pretty good estate ; nay, to say no more, few men, in our country I believe, can touch me--- and to think of his forfeiting this, death and hell, is it not enough to make a father mad ? why, man, he was on the brink of matrimony---with---" Upon this Mr. *Clayton* laughing exceedingly, said, " Pray excuse me, sir, for I cannot help smiling at these your wond'rous fears, and at the same time rejoicing that nothing worse comes out : I thought he had been at a gaming table and lost all his fortune. I thought---bless me I don't know what dreadful things I thought !---but come, so long as a lady is all the affair, we'll not be very uneasy, friend *Jarvis*, at this matter. For put it upon the very worst

worst footing you can, and that is, the lady's want of fortune, I see nothing, and in your heart, I dare say, neither do you, that ought to give you the least trouble." "What! not trouble me to see my son, replied he, married to a woman of neither fortune nor family! may he not expect one of the best ladies in the land?---he is a fool if he marries any other: I'll assist him there." "It wou'd be no difficult matter, friend *Faison*, replied he, to give you a sufficient answer on this head: but pray give me leave to enquire, who this female is, that has caused all these fears and disturbances---pray sir, said he to the son, who is this lady, whom your father speaks of?" "It wou'd be very improper sir, said he, for me to say any thing concerning her, without my father's permission, if he thinks proper, I will inform you concerning her." "You may spare yourself that trouble *Charles*, replied the father: I'll tell you; she's a young woman of not a half-penny fortune, who came up to town here to seek her fortune, and in good faith she had almost found it: to say truth, my cousin *Hodson* speaks well enough of the girl herself, but what avails all that --- do you think *Charles* shall ever be so mad as to marry a woman without fortune?" "Of what family, pray, is she---said Mr. *Clayton*?" "Her father is a gentleman of small fortune, replied Mr. *Faison* the younger, in the north,

of a very ancient, good and honourable family : nay, indeed, I believe, of a noble descent : but what is that to the inborn virtues and excellencies of a person's own mind ?” “ Well, my good friend, said Mr. *Clayton*, and was this really the occasion of your journey to town ?” “ Yes truly, replied he, and I think a very sufficient reason : for I have a right at least to judge of these matters, and altho' perhaps I wou'd never intrude a wife upon my son, yet I have a negative voice doubtless.” “ Therein I entirely agree with you, said Mr. *Clayton* : but I am sure you have too much good sense to think of refusing your son, the greatest happiness this world can afford, a free choice, and the possession of a woman he loves, on account of any such little petty considerations as a few thousand pounds : was your estate encumber'd, or did he or you want money, it wou'd be reasonable enough to consult that in a wife : but as the case stands, surely the one only thing to be consulted by such a father as you, is the happiness of your son. Nay, I am convinced, it must be so : or if you proceed otherwise, I shall judge, you have run out your estate, and want your son's wife to mend it again.” Mr. *Clayton* well knew, that this was a string Mr. *Faison* cou'd not bear touching, and the only proper one to make him sound as they could wish : and so it proved---“ No, sir, replied

replied he, if I thought you or any man wou'd judge thus of me, I wou'd marry my son to a woman, that had not a groat: believe me, friend *Clayton*, few people have taken greater care of the main chance, and I believe also, few people have more improv'd a fortune that I have done---" "I have always thought so, said he: but consider with your self, how strange it will appear in the eyes of the world, that you shou'd refuse your son a liberty which (pardon me) you took yourself---a power to make himself happy, and a means to please himself in one of the principal concerns of life---all for a little paltry money! on my word it will sound very odd, I must confess, it will stagger me greatly. Don't imagine, I wou'd advise you to run precipitately into any scheme of this sort; no, I wou'd have the merits and character of the lady well consider'd, I wou'd have the whole affair well and prudently deliberated; and if nothing but money was found to be the obstacle, then I would have you act generously, and as you would have chosen yourself in a similar case. Excuse me, my good friend: for as I am an absolute stranger to the merits of the cause, I only speak and advise as a well wisher to you and your son, and as you have been pleas'd more than once to be directed by me, I therefore speak the more freely: and the more

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earnestly,

earnestly, as most sincerely desirous that your honour should suffer no stain."

A silence ensued : and the old man, tho' unable to advance any thing against Mr. *Clayton's* remarks, was yet absolutely unwilling to come into any such measures. He thank'd him however for his friendly advice, and observ'd, that his son had found an able advocate in him : but that, as to himself, he was perfectly determined : which Mr. *Clayton* observ'd it was not in his power to prevent : he cou'd do no more, nor indeed was it proper for him to say more : as a friend and sincere well-wisher to the family, he had delivered his opinion ; in doing which he had no other motive, than a true and unfeign'd friendship for them, and if they thought not proper to pay any attention to his opinions, it was by no means his fault : " But prithee, *Charles*, said he to Mr. *Faison* the son, where is this lady of yours, where is she to be found ? methinks I shou'd like very well to see her ; I cou'd give a better judgment of the matter, if I was a little time in her company. May I be permitted that honour ?" " Doubtless, sir, replied he, if you desire it : but as that will hardly be agreeable to my father, you must excuse his presence there. I cou'd wish it were so ; for tho' I think myself bound to obey him, and tho' I am determined to do so, yet I must openly confess and declare, that

that without her I never can, I never will be happy : It is not possible for me to be so : she has my heart, and her many excellencies truly deserve it : she shall keep it ; and tho' I will not disoblige my father, yet in intention, I must and ever will be hers. Nay, I am bound to her, by so many ties of honour and love, that I much question whether it were even possible for me to get free. I hope therefore my good and honoured father who has ever been so indulgent and kind to me, will maturely weigh the matter : and consider, that I am ready to obey his will, tho' at the loss of every thing dear to me, and yet must not forfeit my honour and oaths, for every other earthly consideration. To marry any other is what I will never do : and if I am not permitted to possess this most amiable of her sex, I will enjoy her in my thoughts, and in melancholy reflection indulge the fond hopes I had conceived." He spoke this in such a manner that it truly reach'd his father's heart : a tear stole down his cheeks, and he made no sort of reply. Mr. Clayton perceiving it, prest the matter home, and urg'd a visit of them all to the young lady ; to which after much entreaty the other consented, as he was really desirous to see *Caroline*, and having spent an hour or two in social chat, and drank a dish of chocolate ; they made the best of their way to Mrs. Stevens's to pay Miss *Caroline* a visit.

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IT happened, that the first object which presented itself on their entrance into the house was Miss *Jenny Stevens*, whose figure and appearance very highly disgusted old Mr. *Faison*, and more especially as he imagin'd her to be the lady whom they were about to visit. *Jenny* was pretty round too about the waste, which did not escape the old connoisseur's eyes, and her dress was exactly such as he hated, such as the ladies of her taste eminently distinguish themselves by in the gay world. The reader may perhaps be surpriz'd to find her here at home again, after her happy alliance with the charming Mr. *Fortebbrand*: but we must inform him, that some unlucky accident or other happen'd in the midst of all their blifs, which destroy'd the scene of happiness between them, and unluckily for poor *Jenny*, compell'd her dear gallant to fly the realm, and to forsake the woman, whom he so tenderly lov'd, and had so barbarously ruined. It is not to be imagined or suspected, that he had made or left any sort of provision for *Jenny*, or the little miserable unborn infant: No, he had no regard to any moral or sacred obligations, and was absolutely unconcerned for the welfare of any one, however connected or allied to him: the truth of the matter was, he wanted to get rid of *Jenny*, and therefore contrived a tale to deceive her, and pretending immediate necessity, and violent haste,

haste, told it, kiss'd her, damn'd his ill-luck, and parted from her. Thus was she left entirely friendless, without either money or credit, without either innocence or industry: she did not indeed deserve pity; but parents feel not like indifferent people: she applied to her mother: the bowels of her mother yearn'd to her unfortunate daughter, and she received the miserable object home again, undutiful and ungrateful as she before had been.

She could not prejudice any one much in her favour, as she had a peculiar pertness and levity, which wherever they are found must be hateful to every reasonable man: no wonder therefore old Mr. *Faison* was greatly disgusted: who turning round to his son, "prithee, *Charles*, said he, is this your elegant mistress? ha---! on my word she is a most charming young lady." Mr. *Faison* was by no means displeas'd with the mistake, imagining, as was the case, the modest meek deportment of *Caroline* wou'd not suffer any disadvantage by such a comparison. He inform'd his father therefore, that this was the daughter of the landlady, much unlike the lady they were about to visit: for which purpose they were introduced into Mrs. *Hodson's* apartment, who was made acquainted with their intention, and desir'd to inform *Caroline* thereof. Mrs. *Hod-*
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son, as we may well conceive, was no enemy to *Caroline*, but on the contrary wish'd her well in every part of life : nor can any such matter be inferr'd from her proceeding in the manner above related with regard to her nephew. She doubtless therein judg'd and acted very rightly : well knowing the impropriety there was in such a match without the consent of Mr *Faison's* father, well knowing the breach of duty, which must be made thereby, and the calamities which wou'd be probable therefore to befall him. Actuated by which laudable motives she certainly proceeded in a manner the most justifiable and commendable. *Caroline* had too much good sense, and too good an opinion of Mrs. *Hodson* to judge otherwise, and therefore tho' she could not but be sorry for the disappointment, yet could she not in reason be displeas'd at Mrs. *Hodson* for her part in it : whence it happened, that the respect and regard on both sides was not at all diminish'd or decreas'd. It was great satisfaction nevertheless to Mrs. *Hodson* to bear such a message to *Caroline*, as she had really no objection to her nephew's marryi ngher, if his father saw fitting ; as she had no doubt, nay, on the contrary, had the greatest opinion of her modesty and virtue, and a very strong opinion that she would make one of the best and most excellent wives. With much pleasure therefore she

she went to *Caroline's* apartment, and inform'd her of the purport of her visit, desiring her to dress herself neatly as she cou'd, and to come down to her room.

“ PERHAPS, child, said she, there may be something turn out more to your advantage than you are aware of: methinks it seems a good sign: do not imagine me your enemy, or think that I wou'd do any thing to prejudice you: no, very far from it: you may perhaps esteem me such from what has pass'd, and from the information which I have given my brother: but therein I did not more or less than my duty: and that it behoves every individual without favour or affection always to do; leaving the consequence to an all-wise providence, who cannot be displeas'd at us if we fulfil our parts, whatever may be the event. Make that always your standing and invariable rule: act according to your conscience, and discharge your duty to the full: leave the rest, and be assur'd it will prosper. In your case, and my nephew's, I have proceeded thus; and I am assur'd whatever is best for you and him, will follow: for my own part, I most sincerely wish your welfare, and if my brother thinks proper to give his consent, I shall be by no means backward: nay, more than that, if I perceive the least probability of it,
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be assur'd I will do my utmost to forward it : I sincerely wish you well, and whatever I can do to promote your real advantage, you are convinc'd, I hope, that I am ready to do : but do not offer to proceed one step in any affair or concern of your life, that may hereafter upbraid you, and be a matter of uneasiness and inquietude to your mind." " Whatever, madam, I might suffer, said *Caroline*. I wou'd on no account dare to blame the excellence of your proceeding, since I am so fully convinc'd it is in all things right : nor can I ever imagine you, who have behav'd so kindly to me in every respect, my enemy : far, very far from that : but your kindness will give a little to the frailty of human nature ; and I trust will excuse me, if by means thereof I have err'd a little. Mr. *Faison's* behaviour has been altogether such as must command my esteem, not to say my greatest affection : you are no stranger to the many obligations conferr'd upon me by him ; you know what I owe to him, even all that I enjoy, life, innocence, liberty, and every thing : you wou'd, you must condemn me, were I ungrateful to such a benefactor, had not my mind a due sense of the greatness of my obligations : and I need not inform you how nearly love and gratitude are allied : do but then consider how almost impossible it hath been for me to resist those kind and tender offers

offers which he has made me, warm'd, as my heart already was, prepar'd as my inclinations were, by the abundant and singular favours conferr'd upon me by him. You will not blame me, for indeed I was here a good deal involuntary; my mind was not perfectly free to chuse or refuse—you cannot condemn me, if I receiv'd his offers with joy, and felt a satisfaction in accepting and returning his love. I will make a generous confession to you, madam, as I esteem you my sincere and undoubted friend—tho' I love Mr. *Faison* infinitely more than myself, tho' I can never be happy separated from him, yet so far am I from desiring any thing contrary to his interest or advantage, that I willingly give up all right and title to him, hard as it may be to my soul, and will endeavour to be contented under my misfortune, if it may render him, his father, and yourself happy. I trust in God I can resign, and I will use my endeavours (tho' it were far less difficult to part with life) to part with him; and in mournful solitude spend my days, ever wishing an encrease of his happiness."

Mrs. *Hodson* was surpriz'd at such an heroic, yet so serene, and pathetic a declaration: and was almost sorry that she had thrown any obstacle in the way of this worthy pair: however, she was determin'd to use all her endeavours

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vours towards their happiness, and promised *Caroline* her utmost assistance :—who being modestly and decently adorn'd, descended with *Mrs. Hodson* to the room where was all she lov'd, and all she fear'd. Old *Mr. Faison* had retain'd nothing in his mind so strongly as the figure and appearance of *Miss Jenny*, he had continued to ruminate constantly upon it, and as he was mightily disgusted, so did he not easily forget it: But when *Caroline*, introduc'd by *Mrs. Hodson*, made her appearance, the comparison struck him very strongly, and his prejudice was as much warp'd to the other side. *Caroline's* person was indeed very striking: her sickness had greatly injur'd her, having robb'd her cheeks of that fine damask blush, which nature spread over the ivory whiteness of her skin, and which exceeded all that painter's pencil ever yet cou'd represent: however, this occasion restor'd it; for on her entrance a beauteous glow spread itself over her face, and her lovely eyes in modest meekness fix'd upon the ground, discover'd only so much of their lustre, as help'd imagination to form, and fancy the rest. She was tall, and remarkably graceful in her person; her manner was peculiarly engaging, and her address particularly pleasing, as it was particularly modest, sweet, and affable. She was dress'd in a long white sack, neat without affectation, and

and genteel without a foolish and forward compliance with fashions. The exactest artist cou'd not find a fault in her face, which yet receiv'd such an inexpressible softness from the lovely disposition of her mind, as struck every beholder with delight. She was in no small confusion on her first admission, her little heart beat with tumultuous throbs, and her snowy bosom heav'd with fearful anxiety. Old Mr. *Faison* fix'd his eyes upon her, and compar'd her precisely in his mind with *Jenny*: she lost nothing thereby; and was secretly much satisfied, not to say delighted with her. The conversation grew tolerably sociable and jocular. Mr. *Clayton* grew merry, and old Mr. *Faison's* heart began to open: the young folks reviv'd a little in hope, and Mrs. *Hodson* was not backward to promote the growing chearfulness. In which situation we must at present leave them, as we are summoned to attend the concerns of our other worthies, particularly Mr. *Sanson*, who appears by his haste and zeal to have some important matter on the anvil, some point which requires fiery expedition and dispatch.————

C H A P. III.

Mr. Sanfon finds out, and visits his daughter Lucy: the distress occasion'd thereby, and the misery of the unhappy father. She is remov'd by Mr. Jaison from the place where they found her.

HE had heard that Mr. *Jaison* was engaged in company, and therefore went not into the room, but desir'd instantly to speak with him; with which he complied, and Mr. *Sanfon* scarce beheld him before, he cried out—"She is found, we have her—she is found—oh, pray go with me, now this instant, dear sir, go with me to my *Lucy*." Mr. *Jaison*, as was natural, desir'd to know whence he had this information: "From that gentleman, said he, pointing to a person who was with him, and who was no other than the identical Mr. *Copper*, concerning whom we have heretofore heard; who reading the advertisement concerning *Lucy* in the papers, came to give in his information of her, and to receive the reward propos'd. Mr. *Jaison* enquired of him concerning her; and finding that he was acquainted with her present situation, promis'd immediately to attend them, after he had just given a proper notice to his friends in the next room. Accordingly

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ly he begg'd his father's permission, letting him know a general state of the case; and having procur'd it, made the best of his way with Mr. *Sanson* and Mr. *Copper* in quest of *Lucy*. Mr. *Faison* satisfied Mr. *Copper* as to the gratuity offer'd for the person who shou'd give information of her: and both he and Mr. *Sanson* were pretty anxious in enquiring after her present situation and state. "I wish, gentlemen, said Mr. *Copper*, it were in my power to give you any account that might be satisfactory, but I fear you will find matters even worse than you can imagine: were she a friend of mine — you know best — I shou'd think her far better lost than so found." "Man, do not make me mad, said Mr. *Sanson*, she is my child, my daughter, my poor dear child — and shall I not recover her again — Oh, I shall now soon see my *Lucy*, and then to die in her arms will be a comfort indeed!" "I am sorry, sir, replied Mr. *Copper*, very sorry, that she is your child; but might I persuade you (and I wish I had known the case before) I wou'd return back, and not think of seeing her: worse miseries are reserv'd for you than you imagine." "Worse than I suffer, said Mr. *Sanson*? oh, ignorant and unskilful! you know not what I suffer! you are not so well-taught and experienced in the school of misery as I am; you have not had such trials---may
never

never man have such again." "But, sir, said Mr. *Faison*, you shou'd let your happiness in some measure weigh with your misery: consider what a daughter you have in Miss *Caroline*; whose many virtues and great goodness should compensate for almost every other earthly misery: consider how much worse your sufferings might have been, and what a dreadful load you must have had, if she had not escap'd in this unhappy wreck; and if you had not had one drop of hope or comfort left in the destruction of all you love or value: and you are convinced that this was no improbable matter: providence hath here exerted itself in your behalf: anger it not therefore by an utter and absolute unthankfulness." "I thank you for your counsel, sir, replied he; but good now, who are they that are so wise as thus to medicine their grief with sweet words? Oh, they come wond'rous smoothly from a heart at ease; these things appear quite light and very trifling—as who shou'd say I wou'd not do so and so—but mark me, nature is far stronger than flowery rhetoric, and stings of parental grief severer than to be healed by the gilded pill of counsel. Come, come, no more of that: I tell you, *Lucy* is my child, my first-born, my darling; a thousand times I have dandled her on my knees; I have joyed in her pretty innocent prattle——she
was

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was my chief pleasure, and can a man forget his child, can a man forget himself? talk no more on't, but hasten away and bring me, bring me to her—that as I gave her breath, I may in her arms resign my own.”—

WITH such discourse they beguiled the way, till they came to *Hockley in the Hole*, the place where *Lucy* was, and having at the house procured an immediate information where she was, Mr. *Copper* attended them to the door, and parted, having, as he said, no inclination to be present at such mournful and distressful scenes. The door was open'd, and lo a sight, that wou'd have pierc'd the hardest heart of a barbarian; think then, oh reader think, what must have been the suffering of a tender and affectionate father! Oh if thou hast a heart susceptible of the least tenderness, if thou hast a heart the least affected by the concerns of thy fellow creatures, come here and look, attend and consider! Behold, no fancied scenes of flowery imagination, no fictitious painting of licentious fancy! See plain and miserable truth delineated in its exact colours! Truth not rare and uncommon, but every day unhappily prov'd by numberless examples in this grand metropolis! oh weigh it well and be wise! fly from the first approaches to iniquity, and dread the very appearance of sin! See to what
horrid

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horrid lengths guilt forces us—see what calamities are the consequences of infamy! ye sons of pleasure, listen and tremble; ye daughters of simplicity, mark and be advised.

THE door the miserable door expanded, and behold in a little horrid gloomy apartment, stretched on the ground, on a bed of straw, lay a wretched object, piteously groaning, and sorrowfully pouring forth her lamentation and woe. Mr. *Faison* trembled: his blood ran cold: the old man turn'd round short, caught hold of him and said---“ Why are we brought hither, what has this to do with my child---what is all this horror to me?” “ In truth I know not, said Mr. *Faison*, would we were away---” “ Hold, hold, replied Mr. *Sanfon*, I'll call to yon poor wretch --- they said my *Lucy* was here --- I'll ask her if she knows her”---upon which he advanc'd a few steps into the room---his heart again misgave him, and he turn'd back, sent forth a deep groan---and fixed his eyes on Mr. *Faison*---“ do you speak to her, said he; 'tis strange—but when I offer to speak, my breath is gone---and I know not what to call her, or how to speak--pray ask her if she knows *Lucy Sanfon*!” Upon his saying which something louder than the rest, the unhappy object on the floor raised herself a little---and with a dismal hollow voice, sighed

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figh'd forth, who enquires for that miserable wretch, *Lucy Sanson*---? "I, I enquire, replied he, say where is she---speak, at once, where may I find her?" Upon which she raised herself a little more, and looking at Mr. *Sanson*, cried out, "alas, alas, my father---oh cursed lot---misery, misery worse than all beside!" Mr. *Sanson* was like a man struck into stone: He stood unmov'd like an image: He held up his hands, and for some minutes continued absolutely motionless; Mr. *Faison* was little less affected: He knew not what to say or do, and never was reduced to such a melancholy dilemma. At length breaking the horrid silence---"said she not my father---cried the old unhappy man---said she not my father---hark---let me listen---poor miserable object, that in this distress and sorrow hast but even now call'd me father---one word more and I have done---speak one word more--and I will be no farther curious---say thou art my daughter---and there needs not another syllable to burst my heart-strings--they are already cracking."—She groan'd—she wept—and with a voice, that would have melted stone, she said—
"I am thy daughter—thy most wretched daughter—oh my father, my dear distressed father!" with vehement haste he threw himself on the floor by her side, and unable to speak, uttered sounds far more pathetic and expressive than all

speaking! At length raising himself up, he leant upon his elbow, and looking her full in the face, “oh miserable deception — said he, fool and mad — she is no more my daughter than — wretch, who hath bribed thee to deceive a poor old man in such a barbarous way! My *Lucy* — oh ye powers, my *Lucy* was a little angel upon earth — her eyes were bright and beaming lustre, that gave rapture to my heart, when I beheld them: thine are dim, are hollow, sunk, and dreadful — thine eyes had never brightness — thy eyes ne’er beam’d heart-warming lustre — thine are dim tapers, clouded, melancholy — *Lucy’s* spoke life and innocence — these are not my *Lucy’s* eyes! — Then what a ruddy health was in her cheeks — good God — she look’d another *Hebe* — oh ’twas heaven to my fond heart, when I beheld her blushing beauties — thou art wan and pale, meagre and thin — these cheeks, overspread with dreary yellowness, cou’d ne’er have been like *Lucy’s*: that aspect full of dread and horror cou’d ne’er have had the sweetness, love, and rapture, of my child’s — her voice was soft and tuneful: ’twas bliss, ’twas musick to hear her speak: and thine is hoarse and hollow — speak again — I cannot be deceived in that: I charge thee speak — what, who shall say, tho’ I am a poor infirm old man, that I cannot remember my child’s, my own, my dearest child’s voice? — I cannot

cannot be deceived in't — I tell you, it was sweet beyond expression — sing me her song — sing me that song, she oft so oft has sung to cheer my melancholy — oh sing me that, and I'll confess thou art my daughter.” “ Well indeed may you doubt, said she, I am not what I was : far, very far different, lost beyond recovery to all my former happiness : alas, my father, I wish'd not to have seen you, --- oh that I had died, and you not known my wretchedness ! But now desire to know no more, leave me to my horrid fate ; commend me to my poor dear mother, oh commend me to her, and curse the day with me, that ever I beheld the face of *Dookalb.*” “ What has he done it, did he bring thee hither (said Mr. *Sanson*) --- did he bring thee to this place of woe ? a thousand thousand curses light upon him --- may his grey hairs go forrowing to the grave, and may he only suffer just as I do ! May he be tortured thus, and see a child the very darling of his soul, his only joy, oh may he see her in such woful misery ! Oh *Lucy*, what a change !--- my child, my child --- when last I saw thee, beauty, life, and health, play'd joyfully around thee --- I blest myself, and wonder'd if a father liv'd on earth so happy as was I, in children like my *Lucy* and my *Caroline* --- now, good God---where is my boasting, where is my happiness ! gone for ever gone,

and I may question, if upon earth there lives so miserable a father as this poor worn out old man ! To find thee in a place the very sink of wretchedness, unaided, unassisted, left to pine and die alone in extreme misery ! a room fit only for the raving madman, cold, bleak, dark and dreadful ! stretch'd too on straw, my child upon a bed of straw, with scarce a covering to conceal her nakedness : perishing with sickness, cold, and hungar ! Oh fate accurst, oh miserable hour !” Thus was he proceeding to vent his griefs, and give utterance to the bitter sorrows of his heart, when Mr. *Faison*, soothing him to the utmost of his power, desir'd his permission to go and procure some proper assistance, that they might remove his daughter from that place, and try all due methods to restore her again to health and peace. “ Ay, prithee do it, sir, said the old man, I wou'd to God, we had a friend : but all mankind are false : do not trust them : they'll rob you of your children, cruel monsters, they'll rob your children too of innocence and virtue : and then what griefs await them ! I had a daughter once, but now I'm old, and every one contemns old age ! Oh were my child but with me, she would comfort me, she would sooth all my sorrows ; now she's lost, I care not what may follow !” The air with which he spoke this sufficiently declar'd the situation of his
his

his mind : and therefore Mr. *Faison* waited not for any reply, but hastened away with all expedition to procure some assistance, that *Lucy* might be removed from this distressful state, to a place where her friends might be able to visit and relieve her. Mrs. *Cox* hearing that some stir was made about this wretched object, whom she had absolutely given up, according to custom ; was willing to make her own bargain and advantage therefrom, and on that account betook herself to the place where *Lucy* and her father were, just after Mr. *Faison* was departed from thence. She enter'd in her usual free manner, and as her heart was an absolute stranger to pity or compassion, she address'd the old man without any regard to affliction or distress : informing him, that if he wanted that woman, he must expect to pay her debts, for she was pretty deep in her accounts : — Mr. *Sanson* rose from the ground, alarmed by the loud and hoarse sound of her man-like voice, and advancing towards her, fixed his eyes steadfastly upon her, and said — “ Lookee woman — she's my child — if you can give us comfort, don't delay it : for in sad truth we want it very greatly : but if you only come, ill neighbour, to spy out and triumph o'er my misery, look, fill your eyes and heart, see it in all its pomp — behold my child — behold her father—

look and be satisfied—get home and tell your children on't; shake your sad head and sigh;—bless your own hap, and go to bed in thankfulness." Mother *Cox* did not at all understand him, and esteeming it abuse and mockery, began to be exceeding choleric, and pronouncing a hearty ban or two, declar'd, she did not care a straw for his words; her money she would have, and if he did not pay her it by fair means, she knew how to get it by foul: for she was not used to be choused by such old grey-headed fools as he was, she had lived long enough to know better. " 'Tis true, good woman, replied Mr. *Sanfon*, I am old, and very foolish: but do not mock me for these old white locks: they speak my age, and used to challenge reverence: but age and reverence all are lost to me. There lies my daughter: can you assist her? look at her distress—oh be not too hard-hearted; indeed she once was all that's fair and lovely! Look at that bed of straw, see those thin coverings, ragged, and base—do you not hear her groans? she has a mother: it wou'd break her heart, yea in a moment stop each throbbing pulse, and lay her lifeless at her feet, to see her child, her lovely loving child, her *Lucy*, her first born, to see her in so piteous a condition! You are a woman—have a woman's heart, and don't deny your sex: weep with me, and lament

ment a fate so dreadful!" "You may think perhaps to put me off with these fine words, replied the beldam, and by finding fault with my things, hope to pay nothing for them: but you are mistaken, man: I know better things, I have seen too much of life to be so tricked and deceived: and as to your pity, and compassion, and nonsense, I see enough of this sort of sport every day of my life to deliver me, thank God, from all that: No, no, your daughter, if she is your daughter, old master, has been the cause of all her misfortunes as you call them: she has no body to thank for them but herself; and so wants no body to pity her: however bad as her bed and covering may be, if you don't think proper to pay me, she must e'en lye on the ground, and rot if she likes it." The old man, as one wou'd reasonably expect, was astonish'd and terrified at this speech, deliver'd, as it was, with all the malignity of tone and gesture, all the fury of voice and action, which this wretch was capable of shewing. In the utmost agony of mind, on her pronouncing these words, he trembled in every limb, and throwing himself again on the ground by *Lucy's* side, clasp'd her in his arms, and bursting into a flood of tears — cried out — "She shall not lye and rot — she shall not, shall not, perish in cold and nakedness: I'll warm her in this bosom — I'll cloath her — tho'

I am naked, my *Lucy* shall not want a covering." Upon saying which he was about to strip himself, when Mr. *Faison* return'd with proper assistance to remove these unhappy objects to a more decent and convenient place, where if all aid shou'd prove unavailing, they might at least die in peace. His mind had been already sufficiently shock'd and alarm'd, but human nature cou'd not behold such a scene unmov'd! The poor weeping father was endeavouring to get off his cloaths, crying out, "I'll cover thee, my child — thou shalt not be naked — I'll cover thee, and keep thee from the cold:" while the feeble daughter scarce able to lift up her hand, was with tears entreating him to forbear, and striving to hold and prevent him! "Suffer me, said she, to die, and do not further disturb me: give me up, my father, leave me and do not on my account thus distract yourself and me: I am undone beyond all relief: there is no hopes of me: but do not for such a worthless wretch as I am, do not plunge yourself into such sorrow, do not add new afflictions to my mother, to whom I am now alas a stranger: do not distress your other poor children, but reserve yourself for their advantage, and leave me to the fate I well deserve." In such a situation Mr. *Faison* found these unhappy people; and scarcely was he enter'd into the room, before
mother

mother *Cox* fell upon him too, for the pretended debt, and the money which she averr'd to be due to her from *Lucy*. Mr. *Faison* did all he could to appease the fiend, and told her, that she should be satisfied, if she would apply to him; but begg'd her not to make any disturbance or further uneasiness at present, as she cou'd not be a stranger to the miserable circumstances of this unhappy daughter and still more unhappy father. With this, however, she would by no means be satisfied, insisting upon something down, without which she protested *Lucy* should not be moved from thence: Mr. *Faison* willing to keep matters as peaceable as might be, gave her a couple of guineas, with which she, acknowledging herself contented, retir'd and left them to proceed as they thought proper. Such hearts have no feeling, or sense of humanity: the miseries of their fellow creatures are so general to them, that they pass off utterly unnoticed: sighs never touch their souls, and tears have no power to affect their bosoms: anguish and horror are as feasts of joy, and the sufferings of others are render'd matter of pleasure or profit, to them.

As soon as this wretch was departed, Mr. *Faison* desir'd the old weeping father to arise, and give the persons, who attended, leave to

bear his daughter to a proper conveyance, that she might be carried to a place, where she wou'd be in no danger of perishing by cold, by hunger, and nakedness. The old man rais'd up his eyes, and fixing them on Mr. *Faison*—“ Oh thou good young man, said he, still my better genius, still in my sorrows, my only succour and support: Oh this is a dreadful time — fearfully indeed am I now reduced: what can your help avail me, what can your friendship now further assist me? Look only at my child — in truth I am not distracted — say, have I not cause to weep, say, had ever father greater cause to lament, than I have there? Oh, sir, my sufferings are not for words to express: go then, and be a friend to my poor *Caroline*, commend her dying father to her, and be happy.” “ The only way, sir, replied Mr. *Faison*, that I can be a friend to her, is to be such to you and your other daughter: whom I wou'd remove from this dreadful place, that proper means may be made use of for her recovery, if possible; and that yet you may be blessed, however improbable it may at present seem to you. These men will convey your daughter to a convenient lodging, where she may have all due assistance, and your other child may attend her and comfort you.” “ There's reason in your words, replied the old man, raising himself from the ground: true,

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true, 'tis a dreadful place, and 'twould be well, if both were rescued from it : Come then, my child — we yet have got some friends : old and most wretched tho' I be, yet view, I am not quite forsaken : Give me thy hand, my daughter — I'll raise the up ; oh ye Gods --- is this my *Lucy's* hand ? the soft round arm, the snowy whiteness, all reduc'd to this — pale flaccid skin drawn o'er the staring bones — ! oh cruel weight of misery ! deadly sorrow ! how, does thy poison prey upon the body, and even consume the fairest freshest beauties ! But come, no more of this : time ! there is always time enough to mourn, the wretched ne'er want hours to vent their greifs ! Here, gentlemen, pray, be kind, and very careful : raise up my child, with all the nicest care : for she is wonderous weak, and very tender — I'll bless you for your gentleness, 'tis all a poor wretched father, indeed 'tis all he has the power to give --- a blessing on you and a hearty prayer, that none of you may ever suffer grief like his." So saying he assisted the men to raise up *Lucy* ; and with much difficulty the poor and almost dying creature, unable to bear the least shock, was convey'd to a lodging, which was prepar'd and ready to receive her, her father never leaving her side, but walking close by the bier, whereon she was carried, uttering often pathetic exclamations,
demon-

demonstrative of the deepest affliction, and expressive of the severest anguish: proper assistance was call'd in to her relief, but all was too late; she was now too far gone, and the pangs of death came fast and fearfully upon her.

C H A P. IV.

Caroline and Mrs. Hodson visit Lucy: a clergyman sent for, the doctor before-mention'd; his account of Dookalb's dastardly behaviour: a letter to him from a former friend: Mr. Sanson's triumph: Lucy's death.

CAROLINE, whom we left tollerably easy, and happy, began to be under great anxiety at the long stay of her father and Mr. *Faison*; and was much surprized at having heard nothing concerning them: old Mr. *Faison* too was not quite satisfied; tho', as the young lady was with him, he was pretty easy on that account, knowing nothing cou'd be done contrary to his inclinations. He was much softened by the lenient advice of Mr. *Clayton*, as well as by the gentle remarks of Mrs. *Hodson*; and found nothing in *Caroline's* behaviour to disgust or displease him: nay, rather to say the truth, he was greatly prejudic'd in her behalf, and secretly approv'd, tho' he cou'd not openly commend his

his son's choice. During the time of their anxiety, and as it began to encrease, a message came from Mr. *Faison* to desire Miss *Caroline's* and Mrs. *Hodson's* presence at the place (to which they were directed) where Mr. *Sanson* and his daughter *Lucy* were. Mr. *Faison* the elder desired permission to attend them, for reasons best known to himself; and accordingly they hasten'd away with all possible expedition. Young Mr. *Faison* met them below stairs, and inform'd them of the state of the case; upon which the old gentleman had no inclination to go up, but waiting below with his son, the ladies went to the room where lay the unfortunate *Lucy*, just breathing her last, and the still more unfortunate father hanging over her, and lamenting the misery of his fate.

CAROLINE could not support the sight: she fainted instantly away on her approach towards the bed where her sister was: the old man was in the utmost consternation; he arose from the side of the bed, ran to *Caroline*, then to *Lucy*, and now would stand in the midst between them; holding up his hands, and shaking his head, while the tears trickled plenteously down his cheeks: then he wou'd cry out—“ Oh, 'tis too much, 'tis too much, righteous heaven— both at once, both in one moment! Youth and strength

strength could not support such misery: what then, can age and weakness, what then, can an infirm old man sustain such shocks? two strings tied fast my heart: to have broke one had surely been sufficient: but to crack each at once, oh, traitor fortune — what needed such consummate agony! and does she then revive? Oh, *Caroline*, look there, behold thy sister! Speak, *Lucy*; one word to thy father: ah, poor girl! — what dreadful groans, what horrid sobs are these? — Oh, *Dookalb*, may each groan, each sob of hers cost thy accursed heart a stream of blood! may'st thou in vilest infamy complete thy days, and full of horror quick descend to hell! how does my child — speak, *Caroline* — say, *Lucy* — how art thou? ah me, I wonder that my fiery brain don't burst asunder, and furious madness tear my distracted senses — two children, both my darlings, both at once perishing before my eyes: oh, that I were but blind — oh that long since my body had been dust, and my soul slept in quietness and peace." *Caroline's* eyes and heart were both too full to utter one syllable, or to offer one word of consolation to her father: Mrs. *Hodson* endeavoured so to do, but fruitless were her endeavours, and very much in vain all her offers of comfort: when she began to speak, Mr. *Sanfon* fixed his eyes upon her, and seem'd to listen with great
at-

attention — but she had scarcely began, ere he pointed to the bed where *Lucy* lay — and threw himself by her side, little regarding any thing which she said. But when she came to talk of death, and its consequences, he started up, and told them, “ That was well remembered ; for he wish’d to die, and fain wou’d be prepar’d : and therefore desired they would provide some worthy clergyman, that he might join in prayers with him, and hear if he had any hopes of happiness hereafter.” Mrs. *Hodson* immediately communicated this request to Mr. *Faison*, who readily agreed to it ; and accordingly himself waited upon the worthy *doctor*, of whom we have had occasion to make mention heretofore, as the properest person he could choose for this office. He found him at home, and very ready to comply with his request : they therefore made all possible expedition to the wretched father, and delayed not to bring all the relief in their power. Mrs. *Hodson* had, upon Mr. *Faison*’s determination, informed Mr. *Sanson*, that the clergyman who would speedily visit him, was that worthy and excellent man, who out of zeal for goodness, and a desire that iniquity should not be concealed, carried on the prosecution against *Dookalb* ; nay, indeed was the very author, and principal cause of the whole proceeding

ceeding. The old man bless'd himself upon this news, and rejoic'd to think he should not only see and thank so good a man, but have the satisfaction to hear of the compleat downfall of that complicated villain. Even *Lucy*, wretched and weak as she was, desir'd to be rais'd up a little on the doctor's arrival, that, as she said, she might hear of *Dookalb's* destruction, and then die in peace. The doctor when present, perceiving that their minds were thus bitterly enraged against this terrible wretch was somewhat averse to gratify their revenge, observing that such a state of mind was absolutely unfitting a christian, when in health and strength; much more when in all appearance, just launching into eternity: and therefore he judg'd it far better to consider only of the proper preparation for that great voyage, and the due provisions for so long and untried a journey. "I tell you, sir, said Mr. *Sanfon*, upon these hints from the doctor—I tell you, he, that cruel, cruel *Dookalb*—even he has ruin'd my child: I pray you turn your eyes to that sad bed—there lies my daughter—look upon her misery, hear her heart-rending groans, behold her death-like countenance; oh, sir, contemplate for a moment that poor creature; and then I'll shew you what she was—None, none, can even in the least degree conceive the change, but those who knew her beauty! she was the loveliest, and the best of children

dren; as fair as good, and no less fair than innocent; pure snow was not more white and spotless; so she went from me; such she was when she departed from my fostering arms! This *Dookalb*, this vile traitor *Dookalb*, was my friend: he talk'd of services, he proffer'd kindnesses; and I, vain, credulous old man, heard and believ'd—nay, would you think it, esteem'd him—this same monster—I esteem'd him the very best of men, and first of friends! All that was valuable, all that was dear, all that was tender to me, I intrusted to this felon; to this false, seeming friend: this man with whom I would have trusted even my soul, so zealously did I affect him. Oh, cou'd you see how I commended to him these my dear daughters, these my lovely children—how I conjur'd him by each sacred tie, by all that's binding to humanity—to guard them, to protect them, to secure their virtue, and see that nothing hurtful might approach their yet untainted minds! And well he kept his faith. Oh, heaven and earth unite your utmost powers to blast the villain—a thousand, thousand curses fall upon him; nay, I will be but just in my demands——make him, oh make him suffer, only suffer just what his horrid cruelty hath brought on me!”

“ Well, sir, said the doctor, I cannot but confess, that you have the greatest reason to be displeas'd

pleas'd and enraged at this wicked man's behaviour and cruel treatment of you ; but his punishment you must leave to that avenging deity, who never suffers vice and villainy like his to pass away unpunish'd ; and believe me he is rewarded to the utmost : the most savage revenge wou'd be greatly more than satisfied : it is only to be lamented, that his agonies are not directed into a proper chanel, and that he feels the load of his infamies, only to torture and distract himself. You are not ignorant, I suppose, of the prosecution which hath been carried on against him : we had from the very first moment great reason to suspect him guilty of the horrid crime laid to his charge : but we had not so full proof as was necessary. It pleas'd heaven therefore to give Mrs. *Searchwell*, his wicked accomplice in many, many, dark scenes of the vilest sort ; I say, it pleas'd heaven to give her a short interval from the rage of her fever before her death, which I took and improv'd to the greatest advantage. I prest her to a discovery of the whole fact, which in the fury of her disorder, she had so plainly opened to us : and after many and cogent perswasions, she came to a full and ample confession : acknowledged, that the girl proving unfit for their purpose, *Dookalb*, from the frequent advertising her, fearing a discovery, advis'd a secret taking her off ; which was done with the utmost privacy, by them, with the assistance of an old and tried
servant

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servant, who, after they had cut her throat, convey'd her body by pieces out of the house: and at different times differently dispos'd of them, where there was no possibility of a discovery. Having gain'd this information from the miserable dying wretch, and caus'd it to be confirm'd before proper witnesses, my next care was to secure this servant; which done, he turn'd evidence, has sav'd himself, and condemn'd *Dookalb*. The time for his execution is fix'd; and he is well nigh dead already: all his friends have forsaken him, and a thousand scenes of such black and vile horror are now laid open, as wou'd any one hang him. Nothing can equal his dastardly and mean behaviour: that wonted insolence and haughty pride which he wore in prosperity, were sunk before his trial into the most abject and groveling meanness. He applied to all those great friends, for whom he had infamously pimp'd heretofore, and begg'd of them to use all their interest in his favour: from most of them he received no answer at all, from many only curses, and upbraidings, telling him, that he had gain'd at last what he deserv'd, and that it would be a pity to rob the gibbet of so worthy a personage, who had so long been due to it. * One of his friends more especially,

who

* See vol. I. p. 75. This was no other than that worthy personage known in the former part of our story by the name of *Captain Smith*.

who had constantly used his assistance, and with whom he had liv'd in great esteem, gave him the severest shock: he had placed his hopes here, and was assur'd, that let who would forsake him, this faithful and tried master would never abandon him. He therefore wrote to him, and most pressingly desir'd his immediate interest to save him from the infamy, which the malice of his enemies was about to bring upon him. In answer to which, he received the following letter, which he deliver'd to me on my visiting him—— You must not wonder that he communicates any thing to me, for so abject, so mean is the man grown, as even to communicate his grievances to me, and to apply to me for my interest in his behalf, so very a coward is he, so infinitely fearful, as well indeed he may be, of his approaching fate, and sure impending destiny—— This is the letter.

‘**I**T surprizes me, *Dookalb*, that you have the confidence to make any application to me on such an affair, when you well know, that I am perfectly convinced you wholly deserve the fate you are about to suffer. Scandalous as your past life has been, and infamous as is the present crime laid to your charge, do you imagine I can use any interest in your favour? No, I cannot: but were not this the case, to say truth, I wou'd not assist you, unless it were to
further

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further the prosecution, and to forward that punishment, which you so justly and truly deserve. Oh thou vile Pandar, and most consummate of villains — accursed be the day, that ever I saw thee, and accursed the hour, that thy insinuating hypocrisy found way to my heart. My heart? — 'tis false, you never found a way thither: you reign'd only in my lusts: my better reason ever abhorr'd and detested you. What a heap of vengeance is reserv'd for my soul by thy means, what a load of anguish now horribly afflicts my conscience! Oh *Dookalb*, in whatever hell we meet together, we shall be no small tormentors to each other: I'll be a fiend to torture thee, and the reflection that I was such a dupe to be deluded by thee, will be sufficient torture to my soul. Know, it is a hell already: and the miserable wretches whom I have robb'd of their Virtue and plung'd into irrecoverable ruin begin to have their revenge, and to be as very adders to my conscience. To think that I have plung'd many a soul in hell, to think, that I have robb'd heaven to people the kingdom of darkness — what agony can equal that reflection, and what sufferings can be adequate to such a crime? Thou art about to meet thy due here upon earth; but let me pour the dreadful tidings into thy ears, this, this is but indeed the very beginning of sorrows:
worse

worse far worse than I can describe, will soon overwhelm thee, and agonies insufferable will speedily be thy everlasting lot. For myself I feel them now ; thou art never a moment from my view : thou art my constant attendant, and my constant torturer : thou and those wretched women— (oh ten thousand curses light upon my lusts and thee !) ye are ever haunting me, rest is banish'd from my soul, and slumber from my eyelids : comfort or hope I have none ; I live in the very blackness of diabolic darkness : I can neither pray to God, nor expect any relief from him, whom I wou'd not believe in, and whose power, if possible, I would gladly deny — but that my heart too forcibly compels me to own him, and my horrors proclaim his power and fiery justice. May I never see him ! oh that I cou'd plunge quick into damnation, and avoid the consuming shame of that dread day, when all my guilt must be laid open to every eye, and the whole world be witness to my infamy, my vice — and above all to my folly, my accursed folly in listening to thy abhorred and pernicious counsels ! See then here all the assistance, all the interest thou art like to have from me : Think of the nights of shame, the days of filthiness, the hours of vice, and the moments of pollution, which I have horribly, horribly spent, and which thou hast introduced me to : think of the poor
young

young creatures, whom fair in purity and blushing in innocence, I have robb'd of their virtue, by all the artifices and specious delusions, which thou could'st devise and hell put into thy accursed thoughts: think of the consequences of that ruin: the misery, shame and sorrow, which have involved them, and the curses which now come to us, and which in the bitterness of their afflicted souls they have shower'd on thee and me: think of the parents, the tender fathers, the affectionate mothers, the kind relations, and beloved friends whose hearts have been broken to satisfy my lust and thy — what? — oh let me call it nothing but thy truly devilish love of doing injury and spreading destruction! all these with the accumulated force of our many other weighty transgressions, our oaths, blasphemies, lies, — and worst of all with me --- my adultery --- oh there's the sting --- my adultery *Dook-ah!* --- where's your plausible reasoning now --- where's your arguments so strong and forceable for the use of concubines, and defiling the sacred marriage bed? --- Oh they vanish now; I see their weakness, and thy wickedness; and have only to commend my sincerest curses to thee --- wishing thee every woe which a convicted and condemned conscience feels; in this world a foretaste of thy sorrows, and in the next a full very full and ripe harvest of them. There will

will I meet thee: there more largely upbraid thee, and in the fight of every delighted devil proclaim myself thy tool and slave; led on, ruined, deceiv'd and undone as I am by thy hypocrisy and baseness. Read this again and again—curse thyself and die: do not dare to have a hope—but curse thyself, horrid miscreant, curse thyself and plunge into perdition.”

“HERE’S a triumph, said old Mr. *Sanfan*, as soon as the Doctor had finish’d reading this letter: Did’st thou hear it, my *Lucy*—ah poor girl—it is now almost too late for thee; but I am strong—I am healthy for revenge—and however otherways weak I may be—yet I am most nervous and stout in this faculty of my soul. Give me my fill: glut me with a further detail of the miseries of this execrable *fiend*: tell me more, more, good sir, tell me more of this accursed *Dookalb*, and I’ll be mute as midnight silence, while you speak: lie still my *Lucy*—oh I cou’d gladly sit and hear of this same wicked *Dookalb*, till my feeble pulse stood still, and my exulting heart throbb’d its last, feasting on the villains guilty horrors.” “His horrors, replied the Doctor, are now great indeed: and such as even might draw compassion from his bitterest enemies: his soul is already in hell: I visited him in the condemned dungeon where
he

he lyes : but never fure was there fo miserable a fpectacle : the place added no fmall frightfulnefs to his woe, and the company, the dreadful company much encreafed the lamentable mifery : loaded with irons, thrown all along upon the ground, fqualid and pale, and filthy, groaning out the deepeft woe, and weeping with the terror of a child, I beheld this fame *Dookalb* — late fo high in profperity, fo proud in authority, fo infolent in all his behaviour : he who lately had nobles at his beck, had not now one fingle friend to adminifter the leaft comfort : he who lately had admiffion to the moft fplendid palaces, and whose own dwelling was adorn'd with every elegance, now had not a bed whereon to ftretch his manacled limbs, nor ought to fatisfy his hunger and thirft, but bare bread, and cold, — even cold water — here is a change ; here is mifery ! contemplate it and pity him.” — “ I do, I do with all my foul — faid Mr. *Sanfon* — oh I rejoyce, that I have the power to pity him : pity him ! good heaven — I thank thee, that I have lived to pity *Dookalb* ! Let no man pity me : — for where is the relief from cold compaffion ? I'll have none on't ; but greatly bear my forrors by myfelf ; and wifh for no man's pity ! yet, fir, I fhall be pitied : I have a wife — and cou'd I fpeak her praifes, alas good woman, fhe wou'd find a friend, and you

wou'd help the widow in distress. Let me unfold my heart : you see what cause, what very little cause I have for joy : Earth has no comforts left for me — and truth to say, I do not wish its comforts. Death has naught dreadful in his aspect to me, save in my better self — and — there I die — and in the little helpless orphans, poor fatherless defenceless babes, I leave behind me ! How can they struggle thro' an evil world, how unbefriended scape the various rocks, and quicksands that are gaping to devour them ! And where's the remedy ? — 'tis fruitless all : hope, every wretches last resource, is gone from me, and I am — words are wanting to say what — yet I'm a husband of all others most unfortunate, a father, oh that I had never known the name ! a father curst beyond the lot of parents : a friend — oh base hypocrisy, that word contains all ruin ! My brains turn round, my heart's blood boils in fury, and I am mad indeed, whene'er I mention friend ! *Dookalb* was my friend !”

Thus was he proceeding, when deep and hollow groans from the bed call'd his and all their attention : the pangs of death lay'd fast hold upon his wretched daughter, and poor unhappy *Lucy* was now about to resign her last breath. To see so young a creature, scarce in full bloom, just in the dawn of life, reduc'd to such circumstances, and in so dreadful a condition,

was

was truly pitiable. She fix'd her languid sinking eyes on *Caroline*, and pressing with a cold and feeble gripe her sister's hand, while her scarce intelligible voice rattled indistinct in her struggling throat — she labour'd out — “commend me, oh commend me to my dear sister, to my poor” — mother she wou'd fain have said — but death forbid an utterance, and as she was with all her might endeavouring to express it, at once depriv'd her of all power of further speaking.

THUS fell the once lovely, the once innocent, and once happy *Lucy*! a prey to the vile artifices of a wicked monster, and the unbridled lust of a barbarous destroyer! Happy might she have continued, had she continued innocent, lovely might she still have been, had virtue never forsaken her: but happiness never dwells with vice and iniquity, peace and loveliness are never found with sin and shame! Oh what a life of bliss and pleasure might this unhappy maiden have enjoy'd, treasuring up tranquillity and comfort for future times, what exquisite and compleat happiness might she have given to some delighted partner of her heart—had not the fell destroyer blasted her virtue, and spread a consuming mildew over all her future bliss! what shall such destroyers feel! Imagination cannot reach it,

fancy cannot picture it : Sons of perdition, knock at your own hearts : enquire there, be terrified, and tremble ! oh that this example cou'd in the least prevail, or prove in the smallest degree efficacious, to alarm and awaken the unwary virgin, and to shew her the horrors, that wait on guilty pleasure ! Think it not, ye fair ones, oh think it not, the wild invention of a fruitful brain ! but read it, as it is, a fearful horrid truth, which every day's observance may confirm to you, and, which too common and notorious experience will sufficiently declare ! Wou'd God, this were the sole example ! but ask the man of pleasure, and in a triumphant strain, he'll boast of every hapless virgin, that he has ruin'd : and exult—(tho' his own conscious heart mean time severely stings him) o'er every hapless heart, that he has broken ! Behold the wretched women, that haunt our populous streets — ask of them, enquire, learn the truth : while they speak, your blood will freeze with terror, and while they tell their melancholy tale your heart will almost be congeal'd to stone ! Improve their relations, grow strong in virtue : and despise all the vile and artful insinuations of vice. The man of pleasure, unrestrained by any principle, only sooths you to destroy you ; only attends to seek occasion for your ruin. Dread him, as you'd dread the poisonous adder : trust
not

not yourselves too far : but fear your resolution. Fly carefully from every distant and yet scarce appearing danger, and keep your souls in purity and modesty most sacred : seek for an aid superior to your own : and there rely ! receive counsel, oh ye daughters of beauty, and without fee, hear the voice of instruction : faithful are the admonitions of a friend, sincere and unprejudic'd : I am sincere : I write solely for your advantage : I am unprejudiced, for your misery or blis can by no means affect mine ! Listen therefore and be happy ! read, consider, and lay it to your hearts !

CHAP. V.

Mr. Sanson's distress : Mr. Jaison's declaration to him : Mrs. Hodson's and old Mr. Jaison's generosity — the happiness of the young people, — &c.

SUCH melancholy and distress ensued upon the departure of this wretched soul, as they can best conceive who have been present at such doleful scenes. To say truth, the death of *Lucy* was not so affecting, or in any degree so mournful, as the agony of the father consequent upon it. His grief was indeed before almost raised to the highest pitch : his brain had long

since appear'd disorder'd, and the torrent of his misfortunes had well-nigh overwhelmed his soul. *Caroline* scream'd violently upon the last parting gasp, and struggling thro' of her sister --- upon which Mr. *Sanfon* seiz'd hold of her hand, and standing at arm's length from her, fix'd his full eyes upon her, whence flow'd unbidden and plenteous tears, and deeply groaning, trembled in every limb! he stood some time thus, not uttering a word: a chill cold horror ran thro' *Caroline's* heart, and she was equally unable to vent a syllable: at length starting from her, he threw himself on the bed by the side of his departed daughter, and clapping his cheek to her's, lay as if watching for or observing when she should breath --- but after having lain a few moments in this manner, he rais'd his head up, and looking at *Caroline*, "see child, said he, that I am buried by thy sister, one grave will serve us well," so saying he again threw himself by *Lucy's* side, and lay, groaning and sighing in such piteous sort, as render'd all hopes of consolation fruitless, and express'd the incurable anguish of his heart: *Caroline* was in little less distress: she knelt by the bed-side, and clasping her father's hand, bedew'd it with tears, and fervently implor'd heaven on his behalf. The Doctor, by Mrs. *Hodson's* advice, offer'd to do his office and to pray with them: but Mr. *Sanfon* wav'd his hand,

hand, desir'd to be left alone unmolested, saying, that there was nothing wanting to fix his mind on God, nothing to incline him to pray. The Doctor hereupon retir'd, and informing Mr. *Faison* below of the state of affairs, he went up to give all the comfort in his power, and to see, if he cou'd bring any relief. The mournful spectacles before him, greatly afflicted his heart: and, as he observ'd, there appear'd such just and real cause for grief, that he cou'd not even offer one word tending to sooth or assuage it. He at length however applied himself to Mr. *Sanson*, and begg'd him to leave this dismal scene of sorrow, and to resign to the will of the divine providence. Upon which the old man raising himself up, shook his head, and with a deep sigh, "oh I resign, I do indeed resign, said he, — the worst is past, — and I will do my utmost to support it: But it is here, it has seized this heart, and is too firmly rivetted. I never more shall leave this dismal scene, a dismal one, indeed it is, look at my child, look at my poor dear child: see how she lies quite breathless, — I may call, no *Lucy* now can hear me: I may speak, no *Lucy* now can answer; clos'd are those eyes, whose lustre gave me life, stopp'd is that mouth whence flow'd such tender softness, as gave my bosom ease in every suffering! There lies her breathless corpse! oh had

she died by any common fate, I cou'd have borne it : well, very well, I cou'd have borne this shock : but when I think, good Gods, of her distresses, when my mind dwells upon that place of horror, where I beheld my miserable daughter — oh sir, all patience, fortitude of soul, and every power of resolution vanishes: you know it well : you were a witness with me of such a scene, as would have shock'd the proudest heart on earth : Do you not remember, the dark and gloomy dwelling, where we found her ; do you not remember the hollow voice that from the strawy bed assail'd my frighted ears, and prov'd to be my daughter's ? oh do you not remember all the horror, to think of which well nigh distracts my brain — how cou'd my child, how could she then support it ? oh 'twas such wretchedness, as passes belief — and yet, my lovely tender darling child, yet it was hers ! — see. there the consequence ! talk then no more of comfort, teach me no stoic lessons of forbearance : tell me no more of patience and cold resignation — I must be patient and I must resign — but I'm a father and a tender one — and as a father, must I feel my woes" — “ alas, sir, said *Caroline*, 'tis grief to me, that I shou'd even attempt a word of comfort on such an occasion to you : but oh remember my poor mother, think of your other children, and plunge not
us.

us all in the bitterest woe, by wholly despairing, and casting off all power of relief." "Oh my child, said he, holding her hand, and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon her, wou'd God, I had the power to receive and welcome any the least ray of comfort : but my sorrows have been such, and my sufferings so great and violent, that my feeble nature has not been able to support them, and I feel myself sinking beneath the burden. Indeed, my child, whatever I have suffered on your lost sisters account, as well as in my dreadful fears for you, is yet in some measure repay'd by the happiness of finding you safe and virtuous. Let nothing, my *Caroline*, let nothing move you from thence : be resolute in goodness, and God will bless you, my child. Remember your unhappy father, and if you prosper in this world, be a friend to the utmost to your mother, and my hapless little family. Oh *Caroline*, I shall never see them more : unless we meet in some happier better world than this : but do you, my child, commend me to them, tell them my last prayers, and my sincerest wishes were for them, and if I cou'd have liv'd, if I cou'd have sustain'd these dreadful shocks, I wou'd have liv'd, as I have done hitherto, only for their and for your welfare" — a flood of tears prevented him proceeding — and embracing *Caroline*, he continued some time silent — "it rends

my heart with anguish indeed (at length he went on) to think of what remains for your poor mother to endure: oh, *Caroline*, how can she support it? perhaps it will be too mighty for her also, and you'll be at once bereft of both your parents: then, my *Caroline*, my children have not a friend, then are they left utterly defenceless! Oh thou all-seeing eye, thou universal father, befriend, assist, and protect them! Be to my poor little orphans, be to them a father—to thee, to thee alone, I intrust and commend them. Oh, if my sins have not block'd up the way for my prayers to thee: if they do not prevent my petitions from being heard at thy mercy-seat, hear me, hear me, and let the prayers of a tender and affectionate parent earnestly struggle, and at length prevail with thee for a blessing on his helpless and deserted children.”

“ Be compos'd and easy on this account, sir, said Mr. *Faison* to him; and be assur'd your family shall find the sincerest friend in me. Esteem me as your son, for such I really am, and as such command me, in whatever respect you think proper, or that can give you peace. You know and have approv'd my intentions of making myself happy in your lovely remaining daughter: and may rest confident, that I shall esteem myself

self obliged to serve her family in every respect, and to consider and study their welfare to the utmost. Have, therefore, dear sir, no uneasy fears on that head ; but compose your mind : and yet perhaps things may be better than you fancy : they might have been much worse ; look upon them only in that view, and you'll find cause even for thankfulness." When Mr. *Faison* had concluded these words, which he spoke with great earnestness and resolution, Mrs. *Hodson* silently departed from the room, and went down and told old Mr. *Faison*, with whom the doctor had been conversing during almost the whole time, since he departed from the room, and having now left him, the old gentleman began to be somewhat weary and dissatisfied. The reader may remember he was greatly altered from his first opinion and resolution, and much softened by the reasoning and persuasions of his friend, no less than the amiable appearance and behaviour of *Caroline*, which highly prejudic'd him in her favour. Tho' a man of a natural warmth, and much inclin'd to passion, we may observe, that he wanted not humanity, and that he was exquisitely fond of his son : he was a person of such a temper, as no man could either love or esteem, because he was seldom inclin'd to do a generous action of his own head ; but he would hearken to advice and counsel, and
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by those people for whom he had an esteem; might by degrees be perswaded to almost any thing. Mrs. *Hodson* was amongst the very first of his favourites: he had a singular good opinion of her sense and judgment; and in that particular affair he was convinc'd, that whatever she should say or advance, must be with a single and unprejudic'd eye to the good of his son, and the advantage of his family; therefore happily she was of all others most proper to perswade him.

SHE was a woman of the greatest tenderness, as well as goodness of heart; and tho' she detested every criminal, and unjust action, yet she was no stranger to the proper method of doing a generous one. She saw with infinite compassion the wretched agonies of poor Mr. *Sanfon*, no less than those of *Caroline*, and was greatly affected by Mr. *Faison's* declaration to him; which (tho' perhaps she would have prevented it) as having made, she esteem'd him bound by every sacred tie to perform; since a vow and promise given to a dying person ought ever to be held in the highest veneration. And therefore she was solicitous that the power of breaking it might be taken away: wherefore she came down with a resolution to perswade Mr. *Faison* the father, to give his consent, and do his part towards the happiness

ness of these distressed persons; for tho' she was absolutely averse to such a match contrary to the consent of the parent, yet she had no objection to it with his permission, as reasoning justly, that a fortune on one side is sufficient where there is virtue, and the other requisite qualifications on the other: and these she was well persuaded were all found in *Caroline*. Accordingly, she represented the whole melancholy affair to Mr. *Faison* as it really was, and did all in her power to raise his pity, and to gain her point. I shall not trouble the reader with a long detail of the arguments used on both sides; suffice it to say, that Mr. *Faison* was at length persuaded by her to go up stairs, and to give before Mr. *Sanson* his full consent to the marriage of his son with *Caroline*: he was greatly shock'd on his first entrance into the room, and cou'd scarce refrain from dropping a silent tear! For Mr. *Sanson*, whose appearance was truly pitiable, was after the most melancholy sort endeavouring to close *Lucy's* eyes, and was making some heart-affecting remarks on the clayey coarce of his deceas'd daughter! There is nothing which more affects the human heart than the presence of a corpse: there is, I know not what, of terror in it, which certainly strikes a damp thro' the soul, and curdles the blood into horror and affright. But to see an old wretched father hanging over the body of
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a beloved child, big tears stealing down his aged cheeks, deep groans issuing from his broken heart, and his hands shockingly employed in doing the last sad offices for his darling and his former comfort, is a spectacle which few could contemplate unmov'd, and to the misery of which no description can ever in the least degree arrive ! The parent only who hath unhappily prov'd it, can be a judge of its exquisite agony : let such speak ; it is only for me to remark, that Mr. *Faison* was sensibly affected by it, and his heart bled with feeling commiseration.

Mrs. *Hodson* interrupted Mr. *Sanfon* in his complainings, and applying with all gentleness to him, said, “ I am come, sir, to bring you comfort ; providence is ever gracious in all its dispensations to us : we have never any bitter cup without some sweet mixed therein, to temper, and render it not perfectly nauseous.” “ Comfort for me, said he, comfort on this side the grave ! Alas, that is not possible : I cannot, nay, I do not even wish for any comfort, but once more, if 'twere possible to behold my dear wife, that best of women, to take my last farewell of her : but that too is denied me—and I must be contented.” “ But you would wish, replied Mrs. *Hodson*, if it should please God to take you from her and your children, that she should

should have a friend, and that they should find a protector." "I would wish, rejoined he; oh, I would gladly suffer every agony which cruelty could devise, or barbarity inflict upon me: old, weak, and miserable as I am, gladly would I endure every torment, and never repine in the midst of the severest sufferings, could I secure such a blessedness to my beloved family; could I but hope to defend and rescue them from that woe, to which unprotected innocency too commonly, and too unhappily is subject. But—where have I, where, save in that worthy young man, where have I any hopes?—Alas, I have proved the deceitfulness of my friends: none, none are to be trusted: so absolute was my confidence in that monster *Dookalb*, that I did indeed trust him, and my friend prov'd my worst and deadliest enemy." "But, replied Mrs. *Hodson*, you have no reason to suspect any such usage from that young gentleman: and as you have hopes in him, I am come to settle those hopes, and to fix them in surety. Your distresses are doubtless great; but if you wou'd consider a little, your comforts are so too: you are miserable indeed in one daughter; rejoice that you are not so in both; be glad, that in the other you have all occasion for joy; since she is so likely to procure the greatest blessings to herself and family, and to make all happy, as a reward for her excellent

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perseverance in that virtue, which shall never go away unrewarded. Mr. *Faison* has desir'd you to esteem him as your son: there is his father, and I have the pleasure to inform you, that there is no obstacle from that quarter: I hope therefore you will receive such good tidings, as they ought to be received." "And are you come, sir, said he, applying himself to Mr. *Faison* the father, are you come with the kind intention to lighten an old man's woes? May every blessing descend upon you and yours, and may my daughter be ever amiable and faithful, and so worthy of your son, that you may never repent your condescension to her! Come here, my child——said he to *Caroline*——it ill would become a parent to dwell upon the perfections of his daughter; but believe me, sir, I give you here a jewel, whose value rightly estimated, nothing can exceed, and whose price is greater than all diamonds and jewels——I give her to your hands, and I commend her to your protection; be a father to my child, and bring down happiness for it on your own head: oh, defend and guard her—and thou, excellent young man, whose virtues I have prov'd, let not thy affections stray from her, repose thy heart in her bosom, there repose it, and be happy. Think of the sufferings, of her miserable father; and when you speak of me, drop a tear
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in pity for my anguish : and should heaven bless your embraces with a happy offspring, oh, be careful, be nicely careful to instruct them well in virtue, and to bring them up in that path of peace which they will then never forsake, and which will bring continual pleasantness to you and them !” So saying, he delivered *Caroline*, who wept and trembled, into the hands of old Mr. *Faison* ; he receiv’d her with great regard and tenderness—and thus bespoke Mr. *San-
sen*——“ I am heartily sorry for your distresses, sir, and am not willing to augment the miseries of the wretched ; truth to say, I came hither to town with a far different purpose than to give my son to your daughter : but we know not what arguments may arise in favour even of matters highly disagreeable to us ; my friends have set things in a different view ; and I am persuaded to alter my opinion. I have but this child in the world ; and I love him as I love my own soul. ’Tis true I want no encrease of fortune for him : I have taken care enough of that point ; tho’ I must confess it would have been disagreeable to me : however, I would have *Charles* please himself, and as he likes the young woman, and I have had an exceeding good account of her ; why, I must e’en give my consent, and may they live long and happily together.” So saying, he delivered *Caroline* into
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the hands of his son, and both in such confusion of grief and joy, as they had never felt before, knelt down, while with tears the old man bless'd them, and turn'd away to conceal the rheum that issued from his melting eyes. "Come here, too my children, come here, too, said Mr. *Sanfon*, for now I may call you both my children, and receive the blessing also of another father! May happiness and love crown all your days; may virtue and peace make all your life easy and joyful! Remember to be dutiful and very kind to your poor mother: forget not her, and God will never forget you! Be parents to my other dear children; consider the cause of the orphan, and you will never be disregarded by the best of fathers! live long and happy! and remember, my *Caroline*, to lay my bones by your wretched sister's: see us entomb'd in one grave! I feel the pangs of death come fast upon me: and my trembling soul is now preparing to launch into unknown eternity! where I have offended, gracious fountain of mercy, look down with a pitying and forgiving eye! I know *thy sufferings* have atoned for all our sins! I repent; do thou pardon! Oh impute not to me my numberless transgressions! let my reliance on thee prove a sure and stedfast anchor to my soul; and to the affectionate father, and most faithful husband, speak comfort, and send not out the
word

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON. 293
word of thy vengeance! Bless, for ever bless,
those I leave behind; nay, if it be possible, for-
give even *Dookalb*: oh, I forgive, I forgive
him—— O Lord, even as I hope forgiveness
from thee.”——

C H A P. VI.

*Mr. Sanson's sufferings and death: reflections up-
on it: the difficulty of acquainting Mrs. San-
son therewith: done by Caroline and Mr. Jai-
son, who go down to her in the country: her
violent grief—&c.——the nuptials of Caroline
and Mr. Jaison——the auther's testimony——
their happiness: a conclusion——*

LIKE a fond and affectionate daughter, *Ca-
roline* used every means, and applied every
art to sooth her father's distress, and if possible to
bring him some comfort. He grew weaker and
weaker, and at the pressing sollicitations of his
daughter, and his other friends, submitted to be
remov'd to Mrs. *Stevens's*, tho' not without an
absolute promise from her, that the corpse of *Lucy*,
when laid in its coffin, should be brought thither
to him. To die of a broken heart, is of all
deaths most dreadful and affecting: he took no
nourishment, he was not able to take it: tears
were

were his only drink, groans and deep sobs the only food of his soul : he wasted daily, and daily consum'd within thro' pining grief ; which now had got so much the dominion over him, and prey'd so fast upon his vitals, that it was not in his power, how much soever it might have been in his will, to receive any consolation or relief. Indeed no application was wanting to recover and restore him : physicians of the greatest eminence were called in, and their whole art wearied out to assist him : they prescribed wisely, no doubt, and largely ; and it is not improbable, but that their drugs tended greatly to hasten his approaching end ; for they were absolutely unavailing, and therefore might be very disserviceable : what can medicine do in such cases—his own art here cou'd not have avail'd *Apollo* himself—

*For who can minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?*

HE was not easy till his daughter's corpse was brought to him, which he insisted upon having placed in the same room where he was, and
over

over which he wept in the bitterest agony. He would hang over the coffin for many minutes, in the saddest and most solemn silence; then would he order the lid to be taken off, and contemplate the miserable body of his deceas'd child: the smell of whom now began to be so offensive, that few could possibly bear the place where the corpse was. An incident which affected the old man's heart to such a degree, as hasten'd his end, and more precipitately hurried him to the grave—"Ah, lovely rose, wou'd he often say, thou art wither'd now—sweet blossom thou art decay'd and fallen; and even in death I may not enjoy thy sweetness: cruel tyrant, what, rob me of this last, this mournful satisfaction? And must I no more behold these clay-cold limbs? Oh, my child, my child, my *Lucy*, thou can'st not hear me now—deaf, deaf my girl, thy sorrows have an end, and thou art quite regardless of thy poor old father's grief! Cold, cold my child, quite cold—and pale—and worse than all, my daughter grows offensive—I see, tho' they would hide it from me, that all, who visit this sad place of sorrow, express their disgust, and fly this charnel-house! Oh! that I were at rest, oh, *Lucy*, that I were but with thee: that cold and pale alike we might lye down together, give no offence to any, but

peaceable and quiet rest in the grave, and find an end of all our woes and sorrow.”

OFTEN would he vent his grief in this or some such like manner, commending sometime his love to his daughter *Caroline*, and blessing her for her great care of, and tenderness to him, and often most pathetically breathing forth his kindest wishes and prayers in behalf of his wife and dear children at home; to whom he begg'd to be carried down soon as he was dead, requesting also, that *Caroline* and Mr. *Faison* would accompany his and *Lucy's* remains, that they might bring some consolation to the afflicted family. After having languished a few days in this manner, the lamp of life being perfectly spent and exhausted, he lay senseless for some time, and uttering prayers for his dear wife and children, expir'd at length, and with a deep affecting groan, resign'd his breath into the hands of him who gave it.

BEHOLD here, ye too fond and inconsiderate parents, behold in this unhappy man an instance not rare or uncommon of a father, undone, ruin'd and destroyed by his children! Not guilty of any notorious vice, free from any greater blame, he fell a sacrifice to little foibles, and the vanity of even a tender heart! Let it admonish you to guard well

well your souls not from open transgressions only, but also from those same little and destructive foibles : which tho' not so glaring are yet too often equally pernicious with more daring offences ! Make it the one business of your lives, make it the one study of your thoughts, make it the one subject of your petitions, to seek and request virtue for your children ! Inspire them solely with that principle, and kindle not in their hearts the detestable love of pleasure, and the delusive smoak of vanity. Teach them to be humble, and you teach them to be happy : teach them to be humble, and you treasure up for yourselves and them riches indeed — peace which shall never forsake you, and comforts which shall attend you beyond the grave ! Fix their eyes there : do not instruct them in the vile arts of gain or fill their bosoms with the insatiable thirst of worldly pomp and glories : tell them they are pilgrims, and must soon follow their forefathers either to certain shame or certain joy ! Thus, if you direct their little footsteps in the way, thus if you put them in the right path, be assur'd, they will ever diligently keep it : and their hearts will escape those agonizing throes, which the world-entangled parent prepares for himself and his children : which the vain father leaves for an inheritance to his son, and which the proud and simple mother gives as

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a dowry to her daughter : a cure for the vanity of the one, a strong medicine for the pride and simplicity of the other !

HAPLESS Mrs. *Sanfon* felt and acknowledged these truths : and wou'd have rejoyc'd, oh reader, had she enjoy'd the advantages, and receiv'd a timely warning ! Thou hast a warning, enjoy its advantages : and may'st thou be happy ! *Caroline* had taken a proper care to advertise her mother of some part of the sorrows, which must soon be revealed to her : she had written herself, as also Mr. *Faison* did, at *Caroline's* request. She had informed her of her fathers ill health, and the probability of his never recovering : she had soothed her soul with all the comforts in her power, and applied all the lenient medicines she was able. When, however, the fatal stroke was at length come, she was utterly incapable of writing, and knew not in what manner to proceed : she was determin'd to comply with her father's dying request, and to carry him down to be buried : yet she knew not how to inform her mother of it : how to open the melancholy tale. Mrs. *Hodson* advised, that she should herself with Mr. *Faison*, and some other female friend, go down before the hearse, and prepare her mother ; for which old Mr. *Faison's* consent being obtained, that point was fix'd and

and determin'd. It was death to poor *Caroline*, or something worse to meet her mother in such circumstances : yet such was her hard lot, and she was obliged to endure it. All things necessary being provided, *Caroline* and Mr. *Faison* took their leave of Mrs. *Hodson* and their father, (who return'd to his house in the country, and ordered them as soon as possible to attend him there—) and set out on their journey. They were three days on the road, and on the third towards the evening, they arriv'd at the village, and having before sent notice, that they were coming, found the little wretched family in painful expectation of them. To express or describe the meeting of *Caroline* and her mother exceeds the ablest pen : I shall leave it therefore to the reader's imagination : begging him only one moment to reflect on the sufferings of this mother and this child, and the present mournful circumstances of which the one was ignorant, yet suspicious, and which the other well knew, but was afraid to disclose ; and to which the great affection of the parent to her child, and the child to her parent, and the sincere love which always existed between them, and then contemplate, what a meeting it must have been, where sorrow on one hand, and joy on the other were so strangely and dreadfully mix'd and blended ! Mrs. *San-son* hung around her neck, wept, and wrung her

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hands, then run around the room exclaiming with all the violence of a disorder'd mind. Then kiss'd her returning daughter, enquired for her husband, ask'd for her *Lucy*, rejoyc'd over her *Caroline*, and, in short, was agitated with such a tumult and hurry of passions as human nature, one would conceive was scarce able to support. When however the impetuosity of her mind was a little assuaged, she began anxiously to press and demand an account of all her misery: "Tell me my child, said she, are they both dead, shall I never more behold them; am I the most miserable of all wretches, is your dear, dear father's heart quite broken, and is *Lucy* dead too, ruin'd lost and undone?" Mr. *Faison* took upon him to sooth her grief, and as the only means so to do, represented how much worse it might have been, and therefore what reason she had for thankfulness and resignation! But alas, all this was by no means availing: she begg'd to know the worst, and when *Caroline*, weeping with her, could not speak, the miserable mother fell down on her knees, and implor'd her daughter, saying—"She should be happier to know all her sorrow, than to suspect the most consummate misery." *Caroline* cou'd not bear this, nor yet cou'd she bear to say the horrid things she had to speak. A long, long time was consumed in this dreadful dilemma of grief: and by slow degrees

grees at length the whole was pour'd gently as possible into the heart of the afflicted mother, and the wound healed at the same time with as much oyl of comfort as was possible. "What both at once wou'd she often cry out — my husband and my child — oh that I cou'd die with them ! oh that I might be buried in the same grave with my beloved Mr. *Sanson*, with whom I have lived so many, many years, — and now wretched widow --- whither shall I turn me ?" Then wou'd she fix her eyes on the poor little children who stood weeping around her, and lay'd their sorrowing heads in her lap, sadly sobbing to behold their dear mother in such an agony of distress --- Oh poor babes, would she say, hapless hapless orphans, who shall protect you now, who shall guard you from a fate like your dear ruined sister's ? Oh that I had died the day, he was about to depart from me --- fool that I was to suffer it --- wou'd God, I had gone with him --- oh that I had never parted from him : my heart too wou'd then have been broken, then should I too have died ; then shou'd I have died, and breath'd my last by my dear tender husband's side, and in one coffin with him never known the misery of surviving, the misery of living after so dear a friend, so affectionate a companion. But why do I live now --- ah foolish weak heart, that can bleed and la-

ment on every little occasion : but when such mighty sorrows lay hold of it, is stout enough to bear them all, and will not, will not burst and set me for ever free ! Weep not, my pretty little ones, weep not my dearest children --- alas, alas, did I bid you not cry ?--- oh join your harmless tears with me, and let us all weep and die together." Thus did the truly distressed mother with all the eloquence of grief utter her deep and heart-affecting lamentations : little did her sorrows abate, all that night or the next day, and fruitless almost wholly fruitless was the voice of comfort from her daughter and Mr. *Faison* : she seem'd however towards the evening somewhat more at ease and pacified --- when the doleful bell resounded, and its melancholy toll bespoke the approach of the hearse to the town : such was the custom of the place, and they had forgot to over-rule it. Soon as she heard it, she burst into fresh agonies of grief --- and cried, "'tis for them, 'tis for them, my husband, my child are coming, and I'll fly, I'll run to meet them : I come, your wife, your mother comes ; oh dear remains of all I lov'd, I'll hasten to receive you, and I'll welcome you, yes, yes, I'll welcome you with such a true and unfeigned grief, as none shall doubt of, none shall call a compliment :"—

The noise of the hearse now approach'd the
house :

house : upon which she fell along on the floor, stopp'd her ears and cried --- " Let me not hear it, for heaven's sake, let me not hear it --- oh that I were deaf, --- oh that I were blind and cou'd not see ! --- Yet shall I be ungrateful ? not see thee, oh my husband, life or death makes no distinction in my love --- ungrateful, what not see thy dear remains ? --- and my poor child --- where are they (here she arose) lead me to them --- and I will so embrace their lifeless corpses, so warm with tears, their clayey senseless limbs, as either " — (the sound of men removing the coffins struck her as she was uttering this) " oh horrible, most horrible, must they be then thus handled --- can they not help themselves --- what is it come to this ? --- I'll help them then — my hands shall join to do that office for them ! Oh she wou'd walk with such a sprightly grace — methinks, I see her now, so nimbly would my *Lucy* tread that threshold — and now rude hands even labour to convey her lifeless body o'er it ! Not so she enter'd once, dear healthful pair, not so they enter'd these unfortunate doors ! Oh happy daughter thus to be join'd with thy departed father — oh hapless mother thus to be seperated, thus cut off from both ! " While she was uttering this, the coffin of Mr. *Sanson* was brought into the room, — soon as she saw it, she scream'd out, she smote
 O 3 her

her breast, she wept, she dropt down speechless! — It would be not only an unwelcome task to me, but dissatisfactory to the reader to attend this afflicted wife and mother thro' all the stages of her sore distress. It will be sufficient therefore to say, that she continued long in the most violent extremities of grief! and was very near reduc'd to death; but time and reflection lent their gentle and benignant assistance, and these join'd with the tenderness of *Caroline*, and her approaching happiness with *Mr. Faison*, render'd her sufferings in some measure supportable, and stem'd the impetuous torrent of her passions: which indeed admitted of no assuatives, till the funeral of her husband and daughter was over, and that melancholy debt was paid to their beloved remains: these sad and solemn rites perform'd, than which none were ever more sad and solemn, at which the whole village attended — at which the whole village wept — at which even the griping hard-hearted *Thompson* wept — (for who could refrain on so melancholy an occasion, who cou'd refrain at a funeral so truly distressful?) I say these rites being perform'd, all possible means were used to give the utmost ease to the unfortunate widow, and *Mr. Faison* promised every thing, that he had power to offer, which was every thing that cou'd give her tolerable ease in so mournful a situation. All she desir'd,

desir'd, was to continue in her present place of abode, with a very small addition to her income, that she might dedicate the remainder of her days to God, and prepare for a second and happier meeting with her faithful husband : and that Mr. *Faison* wou'd be a father to her children, the boys more especially, recommending them to some proper means of procuring their bread : for the girls she resolv'd to instruct them herself in such a manner, as to leave them able to protect and provide for themselves with virtue and religion.

“ I REJOICE, madam, said Mr. *Faison*, as she was one day talking to him in this manner, that I have an opportunity to shew my ardent and sincere affection for your dear daughter, by any acts of kindness, to those whom I know she loves and honours as herself : be assur'd, I shall ever think it my greatest happiness to serve and assist this family : whatever you ask, in my power, is granted ; I will be instead of a husband to you, and in the place of a father to all these pretty orphans. My *Caroline* shall repay me for all : her love and her tenderness will make me an ample amends, and it shall be the labour of my life to shew my great and unfeigned affection for her,
in

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in which I am sure, she will never be wanting
to me."

"OH Mr. *Faison*, replied *Caroline*, such is your extreme kindness to me and mine, and such the obligations I have receiv'd from you, that I even blush to think of them : and have them so deeply engraven on my heart, that no time or power upon earth can in the least degree efface them. May I prove worthy of you ! and by my constant attendance to the business of pleasing and making you happy, never give you occasion to repent of the infinite trouble and uneasiness you have had on my account. I will at least endeavour to do my part towards it, and I am willing to hope I shall be successful !" " You are already so, my delight, my only joy, replied Mr. *Faison*, and our love is founded on such a basis, as can never move, but must render us truly blessed. My only anxiety is, that these accidents have happen'd so unfortunately as to hinder me so long from the entire possession of you ; for as I have long possess'd your heart, so I esteem you absolutely and entirely my own, tho' the priest hath not join'd our hands." This remark was occasioned by *Caroline's* declaring to Mr. *Faison* her utter refusal of marriage, till the decent and proper time of mourning was fulfill'd : during part of which Mr. *Faison* return'd to town,
and

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and provided all things necessary, visited his father, and procur'd a proper and sumptuous dwelling, whereto he might convey his lovely bride. He wrote *Caroline* word from town that he saw *Dookalb's* execution; who suffered in the most abject pusillanimous manner; the mob to express their high horror and detestation of him, pelted him all the way to Tyburn, and shew'd their indignation by all the means in their power. It is said, his rage and fury was so kindled against those great and noble friends, who refused to use their interest in his behalf, that he order'd a journal to be brought from his house, which he had kept of all the transactions of his life, and which contain'd many the most notable secrets, and amours of the great world — and sold it to a bookseller, whom he bound under articles to print it: so that the world may possibly expect much entertainment, many very diverting, and extraordinary relations, when that same bookseller shall think proper to publish *Dookalb's Journal*.

OF him then we take our leave: and return to our young lovers: who waited with no very patient expectation for the happy moment, which join'd their hands and hearts for ever, and united them in the bands of wedlock. Happy was it to them both: for never did a couple meet together

ther more truly fond, more virtuously affectionate! peace and pleasure for ever attend them: joy and felicity crown all their hours! Mr. *Faison* receiv'd all that man could wish, and *Caroline* declar'd herself the happiest of the daughters of happiness! for my own part, I never yet beheld a couple, which I envied, save them: my acquaintance commenc'd with this lovely, loving pair, near a twelve-month after their marriage: they diffuse cheerfulness and peace wherever they arrive: and wherever present, transport and bliss reign in the highest degree! they are ever uneasy separate, and know not any joy equal to that of each others lov'd society! such a tender complaisance appears in all his behaviour to her as witnesses the most settled affection, and such a soft and winning sweetness in hers, as bespeaks the most fond heart, and the sincerest esteem for her husband! nothing gave them the least shadow of uneasiness they declared to me, save the want of children: which for almost a year providence denied to them, Mrs. *Faison* never have been with child: but that fear has been since remov'd, and she has made him the happy father of two lovely boys, and one beautiful girl like herself; the very image of their delightful mother. Old Mr. *Faison* is become so very fond of her and her children, that he is scarce ever easy, when he is not in the nursery with them: and as he lives
not

not a great way from them, every day rides over to visit and enquire after his little darlings. Her mother and family are never forgot by *Caroline*; she prevents every wish; and that unfortunate woman avows, that the dutiful behaviour and happiness of this daughter, almost wholly compensates for the miseries she suffers: which yet a settled melancholy demonstrates too plainly, a constant reservedness, and a love of solitude. The whole neighbourhood love and respect this amiable pair: the ladies envy Mrs. *Faison* so uncommon and loving a husband: the gentlemen envy him so tender and lovely a wife! happy Mr. *Faison*,—happy, happy *Caroline*!

YE Sons of lawless pleasure, contemplate and be abashed: fly from the delusive embraces of the wanton and the harlot: boast no more of your speedy-palling joys, but to obtain happiness sure and lasting, scorn the delusions of flattering iniquity, and live under the awful protection of real honour and firm integrity!

YE daughters of simplicity: listen and be wise! she that abandoneth the paths of modesty, that once hath trodden in the ways, the falsely-deemed flowery ways of sinful delight—she shall fall, she shall wither, she shall certainly in some sort or other partake of *Lucy's* fate, and
suffer

suffer like that miserable daughter of distress and folly!

BUT who so fixeth her eyes on the bright chaplet, which virtue seated on yonder golden cloud offers as a reward to all her strenuous followers,—she who fears sin more than she fears death, she who dreads the allurements of vice more than the snares and fury of the hyrcanian tyger,—she shall be rewarded here, she shall be blest like faithful, virtuous *Caroline*, and like her shall shine in never ending-glory! be steadfast therefore, ye daughters of *Britain*! endure, be resolute: be watchful, be sober; be serious and reserved: be virtuous—ye lovely ones,—be virtuous and be blessed.

F I N I S.



