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THE
GODFREY F. SINGER
MEMORIAL
PRESENTED BY
MR. AND MRS. JACOB SINGER

ILLICIT LOVE:

A NOVEL.

VOL. I.

ILLICIT LOVE:

A

NOVEL.

By Mrs. MORRIS,

Author of the RIVAL BROTHERS, a Novel; POEMS, &c.

" Truſt not a man; they are by nature falſe,
" Fickle, ſubtle, deceitful, and inconſtant;
" If a man talks of love, with caution truſt him;
" But if he ſwears, he'll certainly deceive."

OTWAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO THE HONOURABLE

Mrs. M A S S E Y.

MADAM,

HAVING obtained your private approbation of the following ſheets, I am happy to have your permiſſion to throw them in a public manner under your protection.—A Lady, whoſe public and private character does honour to all whom you are pleaſed to regard with particular attention,

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and whoſe lovely children, from the bright example of their excellent parents, ſhine with unexampled luſtre in the exalted ſphere in which they move, cannot fail to give a ſanction to whatever you are pleaſed to patronize. Permit me, therefore, in a public manner, to applaud thoſe virtues which all affect to admire, though few poſſeſs; and earneſtly to pray, that you may, with your amiable partner, whoſe brow has long been encircled with a crown of laurel, and whoſe great and heroic actions in the field of battle,

with thoſe of his noble brother (whoſe magnanimous ſoul now ſoars in the regions of bliſs), be handed down to poſterity, and held forth to view as bright examples to every future hero, and every virtuous character.— And may you both long, very long enjoy every various bleſſing Heaven has ſo liberally beſtowed, and which the great and good ſo eminently deſerve, is the ſincere prayer of, Madam,

Your obedient Couſin, and
devoted humble Servant,
R. P. MORRIS.

PREFACE.

THE following pages, like ſome former work of mine, contain a narrative drawn from real life; it is a faithful relation of incidents which actually occurred. They are not the rambling and incoherent productions of fancy, nor the exuberant overflowings of a learned and well-taught pen; but an abſolute recital of facts, plain and ſimply told, as they really happened a very few years ſince.

I have not yet had occaſion to tread the wild and trackleſs paths of imagination; real life has furniſhed me with ſcenes ſufficient to engroſs

my

my attention hitherto; and I truſt, from the obſervations I have made in life, that it will be ſufficient to employ me in future.

I have been aſked by one of the greateſt and moſt learned men of the age, What right I have to relate facts; and why I do not have recourſe to fancy, as the moſt laudable of the two?—To which my anſwer is briefly this, Which of the two artiſts would the world at large, upon mature deliberation, eſteem the moſt, him that ſhould faithfully delineate with ſimple and judicious colourings, one of the tremendous cataracts in North America, with all its real ſurrounding beautiful

beautiful horrors; or he that ſhould paint one deſcending from the moon to the earth, with all the moſt glowing taints that art and nature can unite, and finiſhed by the ſtricteſt rules that pencil can define?—I am induced to think, that to the firſt, though we muſt not give our immediate approbation, yet we ſhould be led to make the following obſervation: *This* really *exiſts*; *that* only in the *imagination* of the painter: we muſt allow the artiſt to poſſeſs great abilities, be maſter of his profeſſion, and to deſerve that applauſe ſuperior merit claims; yet, upon recollection, we muſt acknowledge the former ought to claim our attention moſt, as a faithful copier of real nature.

ture. Thefe are my ideas; if they are oppofite to the learned gentleman's, I hope he will impute it to the erring judgment of a woman's pen, and not to that of the heart.

To thofe gentlemen who were kindly pleafed to point out the grammatical errors of the laft, I return my moft fincere thanks; and hope, if they honour this with a perufal, they will fee their kind obfervations attended to: therefore, throwing myfelf on their candour, and that of a generous public, I beg leave to fubfcribe myfelf,

Their ever obliged and
obedient humble fervant,

THE AUTHOR.

ILLICIT LOVE.

LETTER I.

MISS GREVILLE TO MISS HOTHAM.

DEAR JULIA,

YESTERDAY I was prevented from writing, by that odious thing Danby's arrival. He throws a gloom wherever he appears. The very ſight of him gives me the vapors. What can the creature mean by plaguing me with his paſſion, as he calls it?

for I never can or will like him. This I have ſignified to him more than once, and yet the wretch will ſtill dangle after me. What a difference between him and the dear fellow Dawſon! No compariſon muſt be admitted. The one all frolic, life, ſpirit, and gaiety; heedleſs of every thing but a handſome woman. The other, a dull, ſerious, ſentimental ſoul, without the leaſt ſpark of intrigue in his compoſition. O horrid! I expire at the bare idea of ſuch a creature for a huſband. Give *me* ſuch as Dawſon for a *cara ſpoſa*; and let all ſenſitive plants, like *Danby*, chuſe a rib from among ſuch ſerious mortals

as

as yourſelf; Amen, ſays your lady-ſhip.

But now to inform you how I firſt became acquainted with this enchanting Adonis, whom you make ſuch enquiries after. I thought to have given you a circumſtantial account, but I am not old maid enough to be particular, therefore you muſt take it briefly thus. It was at York aſſembly that I firſt ſaw him, and that evening I was not engaged to dance with any one in particular, neither did I think I ſhould dance at all, until I had been at the rooms near an hour. The minuets were over, and I had

ſullenly retired to a ſeat, not chuſing to give my hand for the evening to any of the country boors that had ſolicited it. I was admired, and that was enough for me. I had walked a minuet with my ſiſter's humble ſervant, on purpoſe to diſplay the elegance of my perſon and dreſs (which, by the bye, was the moſt charming in the room,) that I might be the topic of converſation, envy and admiration, —I mean for the enſuing evening— Charming work for the country damſels!—is it not?—

I was ſitting ruminating how many ſmart fellows I ſhould have had flut-

tering

tering round me, had I appeared at a circle in town, dreſſed as I was, when, oh heavens! the divine, the enchanting *Dawſon* made his appearance. He entered the room careleſsly, lolling on the arm of a young fellow, who ſeemed the counterpart of himſelf. They eyed, with particular attention, every fair ſhe that preſented herſelf to notice, with rather a diſſatisfied air,—till my fair form offered itſelf to view; and then, ye gods! with what rapture he haſtened to requeſt the honour of my hand for the evening! A few minutes before, I was determined in my mind not to dance at all, but oh!—his

form—his every thing, commands the inſtant he requeſts, and in obedience thereto I aroſe with pleaſure, and joined the moving circle with a perſon I had never ſeen before. All eyes were upon us, and every tongue buſy enquiring, Who is he? As they concluded he muſt be known to me, the Miſs Egertons were requeſted by ſeveral to aſk me his name. I only ſmiled and anſwered,—they would ſoon know. The elegance of his dreſs added charms, if poſſible, to his enchanting perſon. It was pale blue and ſilver, with a white ſattin waiſtcoat tamboured with ſilver; his ruffles moſt elegant point. I was

in

in a pale pink ſpotted with ſilver, and, as luck would have it, had the greateſt part of my jewels on. This gave me an air of importance ſuperior to any in the room. Charlotte was the partner of Frederick. He adores her and ſhe him; they did not therefore regard much who danced with me. Papa and mamma were among the dowagers and old maids in the card-room, ſo that I was left in a manner to myſelf.

After the firſt dance was over, he led me to a chair, and placed himſelf beſide me. His friend was engaged in the ſame manner with Miſs

Bolton. After ſome diſcourſe uſual on ſuch occaſions, he requeſted the honour of knowing my name. I readily complied; and then pointing out my ſiſter to him, he ſurveyed her with attention, and remarked, ſhe was handſome, but that her charms fell abundantly ſhort of mine.

How pleaſing is flattery to a female mind!—I was happy to hear him ſay, that even my ſiſter's beauty was inferior to my own. The evening, as you may imagine, paſſed exceedingly agreeable. At half paſt twelve my father ordered the coach, and at that time

I was

I was totally ignorant of the name of my partner, but when Charlotte came up, and told me the coach was ready, I was very deſirous of knowing whether he had an inclination of ſeeing me again (for to be ingenuous with you, I muſt confeſs I wiſhed he might). I accordingly requeſted the favour of his name, adding, I ſhould be happy to ſee him at my father's, if he meant to ſtay any time in the neighbourhood, as I ſhould wiſh to acquaint him *who* had honoured me with his hand that night. My ſpark anſwered me his name was *Dawſon*, but was very little known here, being

but

but lately come into this country, and that his preſent reſidence was at B. where he had purchaſed an eſtate, and meant in future chiefly to reſide. He aſſured me, he ſhould take the earlieſt opportunity of calling at my father's, for he ſhould be miſerable until he had the extreme pleaſure of ſeeing me again: but at the ſame time ſeemed to expreſs a wiſh of rather ſeeing me in any other place than at my father's, until he was better known in this neighbourhood. His reaſons for ſuch a wiſh I cannot imagine, neither ſhall I trouble myſelf to inquire. I was going to reply when

Frede-

Frederick came to eſcort us to the coach. Dawſon preſſed my hand, and whiſpered ſoftly, he ſhould from that evening reſign his liberty to my all-powerful charms. He accompanied me to the coach, breathing a ſoft kiſs on my hand, as he raiſed it up, and genteelly bowing, the coach drove off.

The ſequel you ſhall have to-morrow, as I am now under an engagement to meet him at Keyton's mother's; it is the only felicity I ever enjoyed. The idea of meeting him ſurpaſſes any pleaſing thought you can comprehend. You are too

dull,

dull, too ſerious, and too ſentimental, to coincide with my notions. Adieu. Let me hear from you by the return of James.

ETHELINDA GREVILLE.

LETTER II.

MR. DAWSON TO FREDERICK LUMLEY, ESQ.

By my ſoul, Lumley, thou art a fool! why, thy ſermonizing epiſtle is enough to throw even a rake into the vapors. I have been accuſtomed to regard thee as a fellow of ſenſe and ſpirit, but now thou haſt proved thyſelf an errant ideot. What! to perſuade me not to meet one of the fineſt girls in the country, when ſhe offers to come three parts of the way

way herſelf! Why ſhe, and every girl of ſpirit, muſt call me an aſs if I did not.—No, no, faith; no muſty rules for me—that domeſtic thing called wife ſhall not abridge me in my pleaſures. I married her money, and not her perſon; it is enough for her to have the honour of *calling* me her huſband, without expecting any thing elſe. With regard to the vows at the altar, which you argue ſo learnedly on, I muſt aſſure thee I gave them to the winds as ſoon as they were made (if made at all, but faith I don't recollect a ſyllable of the matter). It was the money I adored, and the ce-

remony which the parſon muttered over I regard only as the deed of conveyance; in the name of Venus therefore, let us hear no more of ſuch ſtuff.—As to deſtroying the peace of the family, what have I to do with them? If girls will fall in love with me, who is to blame? Why, not *Dawſon*, to be ſure, anſwers my old friend at my elbow. And if ſo, then here's have at ye, my pretty laſs, for a month or ſo, and then the next fool may be as welcome as the firſt, and thy friend Dawſon in queſt of *another kind fair one*; may ſhe be the counterpart of this! and then I run no riſque thou knoweſt, but have the

poſ-

poſſeſſion of a deviliſh ſmart girl, and nothing to pay. I truſt when I have next the pleaſure of ſeeing thee, of being able to ſing, with propriety,

" I kiſs'd and I prattl'd with fifty fair maids,
" And chang'd them as oft, as you ſee."

Bravo! excellent lines, and well adapted to my roving fancy. 'Tis now near ſix, and eight is the hour of aſſignation. I am all impatience to meet my Cytherea, therefore, rot it, I can write no more; for

" I feel my blood mounting
" Like ſtreams in a fountain;"

and

and I ſhall be all titter, titter, titter, till the ſoft moment arrives that lays me at the feet of my adoring goddeſs. Farewell for to-night; tomorrow I will ſend thee my anſwer reſpecting Lambert; 'tis a curſed ſilly affair to be ſure; but as it turns out, the bantling muſt be provided for. Thy judgment is ſuperior to mine, therefore point out a remedy, and I will endeavour to effect a cure. Let me hear from you the inſtant you have heard from her brother, but don't let me have a word about virtue, and ſuch ſtuff; if thou doſt, I am no longer thy friend.

DAWSON.

LETTER III.

MISS GREVILLE TO MISS HOTHAM.

NOW, my dear Julia, for the promiſed ſequel.

As ſoon as my father had properly adjuſted his wig (which had been a little diſcompoſed by a jolt of the coach), he obſerved to me, that the gentleman who came to the coach-door was a mighty ſmart fellow, was he your partner, Ethelinda? Yes, Sir, was my anſwer; and I told my father

father what I knew of him. His reply was, he had never heard of any of his name in that country before, and therefore ſuppoſed he was ſome Londoner. Frederick remarked he might poſſibly be the brother of the famous *Nancy Dawſon*. This occaſioned a laugh. I was angry with him for hinting ſuch a diſgraceful relationſhip. What reaſon had he to inſinuate ſuch a low idea? but he is *Danby*'s friend; therefore I need not wonder.

My father had won at play; my mother had loſt; ſo that their diſcourſe ſoon turned on their re-

ſpective fortunes. We trio were ſilent. The two lovers enjoying their thoughts, and I mine.

About twelve the next day, Keyton came ſmiling into my dreſſing-room with a letter in her hand. My heart gave a ſpring, and I eagerly aſked who that letter was for? She as readily anſwered, 'Yourſelf, Madam; it comes from a gentleman that waits in the meadow for an anſwer. He ſent a poor lad to me, to deſire me to come to him. When I came, he aſked whether I was Miſs Greville's maid? I told him I was. He ſaid, He would give me a couple of guineas

guineas if I would take that letter to you; and here they are, Madam. Is not he a good-natured gentleman? Do pray, dear Madam, read it, and let me take back an anſwer. I will get your pen and ink, that you may do it; and away ſhe goes to fetch them. The contents of his letter were, that he was my profeſſed admirer, but was unhappy to find I was already pre-engaged, as a gentleman in the neighbourhood had informed him. On that account he ſhould not preſume to viſit at my father's, which he otherwiſe intended to have done: but as he felt he could not live without ſeeing me,

earneſtly implored I would favour him with an interview at any time and place I ſhould think proper to appoint.

I read over the contents again and again. In every line he manifeſted the lover. I was ſorely vexed at the hint he gave of my pre-engagement. Who can the fellow be that has told him ſuch a falſity? What, if my father is pleaſed to nominate *Danby* for a huſband for me, is that the reaſon I muſt receive him as ſuch? No, avaunt the thought! Dawſon ſhall be mine, or none at all.

Well,

Well, but to the letter. I had juſt finiſhed reading it when Keyton returned with my ſtandiſh. What to do I knew not; to appoint a place to meet him at, was what I could not eaſily come into; and wholly to deny him, equally perplexed me. Keyton ſeeing me embarraſſed, entreated to know the occaſion. I told her, the ſtrange gentleman, who had ſent the letter by her, deſired to ſee me at ſome place I would appoint, but that I knew not of any acquaintance at whoſe houſe I could conveniently meet him, therefore ſhould not ſend him any anſwer. She exclaimed, Do pray, Madam, write

ſomething or other, for I am certain he will be unhappy if I go to him with ſuch a meſſage. At her pronouncing the word *unhappy*, I took up the pen, and wrote a few lines in anſwer. The purport of which was, that he may reſt aſſured, I was not pre-engaged; and that whatever he might have been given to underſtand on that ſubject, was entirely groundleſs. Therefore deſired he would not let that be an obſtacle to his calling at our houſe; eſpecially as I knew not of any place that I could with propriety meet him at; and writing I ſhould in future object to.

This

This letter I ſealed, and ſent by Keyton, who returned in about a quarter of an hour, with a note wrote with a pencil, wherein he expreſſed himſelf happy to hear I was not pre-engaged; but that he ſhould not think of preſuming to viſit me at my father's, until he had had the happineſs of ſeeing me alone, for cogent reaſons, which he would acquaint me with at our meeting; and again requeſted I would appoint a place. Still I was perplexed, not knowing what to do. At laſt I wrote him, that I ſhould be at H. on Wedneſday, and after tea would take a walk on the parade, when he might take

take occaſion to ſpeak to me, whether alone, or in company. This Keyton expeditiouſly took to him. He ſeemed quite in raptures at the contents, and bid her tell me, he ſhould not fail the extreme happineſs of meeting me at H.

When Wedneſday arrived, agreeably to my promiſe I went to H. and told my mother I ſhould juſt ſtep to Saintry's the milliner, and be back again time enough to tea. As ſoon as I entered the parade, he ſaw me (he had been waiting ſome time), and joined me in an inſtant, thanking me in the moſt polite terms

for

for my condeſcenſion, as he called it, in meeting him, &c. &c. I was perfectly charmed with him. Oh Julia! his manner is ſo engaging, that I know not how to deſcribe it. We had a deal of diſcourſe the little time I ſtayed with him; but he refuſed to tell me his reaſons for not calling at my father's, till he had an opportunity of ſeeing me in a place where he could talk to me without interruption. As he ſeemed very earneſt to deſire an interview, I told him at parting, if he would call on me in the ſame manner as he did laſt, ſome time next week, I did not doubt but I ſhould be able by that

time

time to fix on ſome convenient place.

He thanked me in terms the moſt enchanting, and promiſed to call. I expect him to-morrow. I have, by the aſſiſtance of Keyton, fixed on her aunt's. She lives near B. A few preſents will effectually purchaſe her ſilence. So that I ſhall have nothing to fear from that quarter. I intend to meet him there on Friday; and on Monday I will ſend you word what his motives are in deſiring me to keep the meeting a ſecret. It will be ſo to all but you. Adieu.

I remain yours,

ETHELINDA GREVILLE.

P. S. When you ſend again, let it be under cover to Keyton, as I ſtrongly ſuſpect Charlotte opens my letters.

LETTER IV.

MR. DANBY TO MR. ORDWAY.

DEAR ORDWAY,

YOUR letter did not reach me till yesterday, as I had left town some hours before you arrived there. I am happy to find you are so well recovered as to be able to bear the fatigue of travelling, without inconvenience. On that account, shall expect you at Danby House. The journey will be short, easy, and amazingly pleasant. I will take no excuse,

excuſe, as I intend to paſs the remainder of the ſummer here. You partly know my reaſons for preferring it to that houſe in Surry, the ſituation of which you have ſo often admired. But to ſpeak in the Scripture phraſe, " Where your treaſure is, " there will your heart be alſo." The too amiable and too lovely Greville holds me in chains of adamant. I endeavour to break them, but cannot.

In vain do I call my former boaſted philoſophy to my aſſiſtance. The more I court it, the more it flies me. Love, tyrannic love,

reigns deſpotic, and I am content to drag a willing chain.

I was at her father's yeſterday. On my entrance into the breakfaſt-parlour, where they all were, joy on ſeeing me appeared on every countenance, but that of Ethelinda. Had *ſhe* ſmiled on me with that cordiality and frankneſs the reſt did, I ſhould have eſteemed myſelf *bleſſed indeed.* Inſtead of which, a remarkable coolneſs appeared in her manner of ſpeaking to me, that I had never obſerved before; and on my taking her hand as I ſat down by her ſide, a cold ſhivering, like the damp of death,

death, ſeemed to overſpread me; what it could indicate I cannot poſſibly imagine. Certainly I have not a rival. If I have, and ſhe ſhould prefer him to me, then farewell to happineſs! for, without the poſſeſſion of this lovely angel, I find I ſhall be for ever miſerable indeed! Her friends are all ſtrenuous in my favor, and it ſeems to be the firſt wiſh of their heart to ſee me allied to their family. May their ſanguine wiſhes be ſpeedily accompliſhed! and I ſhall not envy an Eaſtern monarch the poſſeſſion of all the various beauties of the earth!

Six months are now elapſed ſince I firſt ſaw her; ſhe then appeared, and does now appear, perfectly divine, at leaſt to me; to others, who are not doomed, like me, to be her ſlave, her exceſſive vivacity may be diſpleaſing; but not to one who ſometimes ſtands in need of a cheerful companion to diſſipate the gloom that involuntarily overſpreads him.

Let me therefore intreat you to come and ſpend a few weeks with me, that you may be able to exerciſe your wonted talent of ſoft perſuaſion, to make this enchanting girl my envied property. I will not receive any

letter

letter from you. 'Tis your preſence alone that I requeſt.

I thank you for the caution you have given reſpecting *Dawſon*. He has purchaſed a houſe at B. and *Damer* informs me, he has ſeen him twice at York Aſſembly. He paſſes there, I find, for an unmarried man, as well as his infamous companion *Willſon*. The firſt night he appeared there, he danced with Miſs Greville. Had the divine creature known, that evening, what an abandoned wretch ſhe ſo greatly honoured, I think ſhe would not have eaſily conſented to dance with him. But be that as it

may, I ſhall give her a few hints who and what he is, that ſhe may be cautious how ſhe notices him in future.

'Tis now time for me to haſten to my lovely girl, as I have appointed to make one in a party on the canal this evening; therefore farewell. I ſhall expect you on Thurſday.

DANBY.

LETTER V.

MR. DAWSON TO FREDERICK LUMLEY, ESQ.

DEAR FRED.

MY firſt grand point is accomplifhed. I have prevailed on my dulcinea to meet me *incognita* at a little lonely cottage two miles from B. a place the dear girl has fixed on herſelf (mind that, Lumley). It is at a relation's of her maid, a little, lively, ignorant country wench, who undertakes to deliver my letters unknown to any one; and although not

quite eighteen, has a head and heart as well formed for intrigue as any old pimp of ſixty.

This works rarely, does it not? My head is almoſt topſy turvy with the bare idea of being maſter of ſuch a couple of ſpirited laſſes. By my ſoul, I am a clever fellow, or I ſhould never be ſo fortunate, as firſt to begin with the miſtreſs, and then—oh, what then! exclaims the non-intriguing Lumley!—Why, to be ſhort, *end with the maid.* This will juſt employ me two months, and then the next fool may be as welcome as the firſt, as I have told thee already. Bravo! bravo!

bravo! a ſhort life and merry one; the old vulgar adage is, and has been always adopted by *Dawſon*; and thus I go ſwimmingly on.

But I forgot to tell thee, that this pretty damſel is abſolutely engaged to thy old acquaintance *Danby*; although ſhe poſitively denies it. She aſſured me yeſterday, ſhe deſpiſes him too much to indulge even a thought about him, being too dull and ſentimental for her choice. I believe it; for the devil is in it, if a girl of ſpirit won't prefer a ſmart fellow, like me, to ſuch a ſerious, compound of oddities as *Danby*. I

have now got a moſt glorious opportunity of revenge for the inſult he put on me at Nando's. He was then eſteemed a fellow of ſpirit, and I a ſneaking puppy, by the monkies that frequent there, becauſe I did not chuſe to draw my ſword on being pulled by the noſe. Where can there be a more glorious revenge than to debauch the girl he means to marry? She will be obliged to wed him, to cover you know what. Oh, ye gods! how I ſhall enjoy the fool's mortification! She cannot have me, neither can her friends compel me; I am therefore ſafe on that ſcore. See what advantages we married men

enjoy.

enjoy. By heavens! I am glad I'm married, as it does not damp my ſpirit for intrigue in the leaſt; on the contrary, ſets a keener edge to my inclinations.

However, I muſt be cautious in my manœuvres, leſt my plot ſhould be diſcovered before it is ripe for execution. Whatever ſhe might hear concerning my marriage, I ſhall aſſert to be entirely falſe. This I can eaſily do, as Mrs. D. will not be here till the latter end of November, and then not to ſtay, for I have found means to perſuade her the houſe is very damp, which may endanger her health;

health; this ſhe implicitly believes, and I have not a ſervant here but what I have hired in the country; neither ſhall any come till I have completed my deſign, which is, to ruin, as the vulgar call it, both Miſs and Maid, and then *Danby* may marry which he pleaſes, whilſt *Dawſon* is in purſuit of freſh game.

I ſhall write again to thee on Wedneſday next. Willſon, who is to ſtay with me ſome weeks, will ſend my letters by a relation of his to town; and by him I ſhall expect a return.

Thine, in every ſenſe of the word,

DAWSON.

LETTER VI.

MISS HOTHAM TO MISS GREVILLE.

DEAR ETHE,

YOUR two laſt letters have given me the moſt ſenſible concern. I am, for more reaſons than one, ſorry to hear of your attachment to Mr. Dawſon: and although I have not the pleaſure of knowing him, yet ſomething tells me, he is not a fit acquaintance for a friend of mine, eſpecially my eſteemed Ethelinda. What can occaſion theſe ideas I know not, unleſs it is that air of

myſtery

myſtery which you ſpeak of reſpecting his objections to viſiting you at your father's. Were his deſigns perfectly honourable, he could not heſitate a moment. That ſilly plea which he makes uſe of, concerning your engagement, is certainly a feigned one. There muſt be ſomething more at the bottom, than merely the fear of a rival, unleſs he is conſcious of not poſſeſſing thoſe amiable qualities which Mr. Danby is known to inherit. In that caſe, I ſhould not be ſurpriſed at his fearing the ſcrutinizing eye of your parents, who, I am certain, would prefer a man of principle and virtue for a child of

theirs,

theirs, before the firſt man on earth, who could not boaſt of being in reality what they could wiſh.

Pray, therefore, be adviſed by me, and either not ſee him at all, or inſiſt on his viſiting you at home. That uncommon ſhare of vivacity which you poſſeſs, will probably tempt him to take liberties with you, if you conſent to ſee him in private (eſpecially at ſuch a houſe as that you mention), which he would not dare to do, if his conduct were under the inſpection of your friends. Not that I mean to inſinuate any thing to his pre-

prejudice. I only hint that he poſſibly *might be tempted* to do it. Beauty and ſprightlineſs, like yours, might be a temptation for a philoſopher (if opportunity offered), much more ſuch a gay, intriguing young man as *Dawſon*. And I have always laid it down as an invariable rule, that the man who can affect an air of myſtery where none is requiſite, has certainly ſome dark, bad deſign at bottom. However, your prudent judgment, I truſt, will direct you how to act, that you may have nothing to blame yourſelf for in the end.

I ſhall

I ſhall keep what you have entruſted me with an entire ſecret, and remain

Yours ſincerely,

JULIA HOTHAM.

P. S. The little animal you wrote for, ſhall be ſent by the coach next Thurſday. Your mother's kind donation was thankfully and very ſeaſonably received by the afflicted people. Their prayers are inceſſantly offered up for Mrs. Greville, and alſo Mr. Danby, who has, I find, been, as he always is in caſes of diſtreſs, a liberal benefactor. I moſt ſincerely wiſh

wiſh you could be as ſenſible of his worth as every one that has the pleaſure of his acquaintance is; but that we muſt leave to time. Adieu.

LETTER VII.

MISS GREVILLE TO MISS HOTHAM.

PEACE, my dear Julia, to your pious remonſtrances! Why will you blame me for an attachment to a handſome fellow? Your concern really makes me laugh. What in the name of wonder can make you ſorry for my having ſuch a dangler as Dawſon? I am happy to hear you ſay, you have not the pleaſure of knowing him (leſt you might ſteal him from me); although, for one reaſon, I at the ſame time wiſh you

did, for then all your remonſtrances would ceaſe.

I am now to inform you, I have ſeen him at Keyton's aunt's. His reaſons for not viſiting at my father's are very forcible, being on account of a quarrel he ſome months ago had with Danby, relative to ſome female. He has let me greatly into the light of Danby's private character, who, he tells me, at preſent keeps the girl they had the quarrel about. This is an excellent diſcovery, and would ſerve to irradicate all tender ſentiments, ſuppoſing I poſſeſſed any for your charitable and pious Mr.

Danby;

Danby; but thank my ſtars I have none, or ever ſhall.

I am ſorry you are led to ſuppoſe Dawſon capable of deceiving me, and of taking liberties; that, I am certain, he would deteſt the bare idea of: It is your friendſhip for Danby that makes you behold him in ſuch an odious light: I cannot think you really ſuſpect him of deſigns injurious to my peace; it cannot be; I will not admit of it; therefore ſhall continue to ſee him in private, till I can prevail on my mother to forbid Danby's viſits. Stolen pleaſures are ſweet; and I have no reaſon to fear

a diſcovery, as the road is moſt exceedingly private.

His motives are certainly honorable, and my own ideas of rectitude will keep him in awe, ſhould he preſume to take freedoms which prudery forbids. Not that I mean to call your kind admonitions prudery; no, believe me, I regard them as the ſerious advice of a ſerious ſincere friend, who has never known love's pleaſures, or felt love's pains. I enjoy the former at preſent; whether I ſhall ever feel the latter, or not, time alone muſt determine.

Don't

Don't blame me for my vivacity, as it is that, Dawſon aſſures me, which charms and holds him faſt my willing ſlave. What a triumph is mine! who will not envy me! all my fair neighbours will, I am certain; therefore I ſhall think of nothing, but how to keep my captive ſafe. Adieu.

Your's,

ETHELINDA.

LETTER VIII.

MR. DANBY TO MR. ORDWAY.

DEAR ORDWAY,

WHY will you any longer delay your journey? If you are capable of travelling at all, I intreat you to come; for I really now ſtand in need of a friend like you.

I yeſterday made propoſals in form to Mr. and Mrs. Greville for my Ethelinda. They received them with infinite pleaſure. Was happy in the idea of ſeeing me ſoon their ſon-in-law,

law, not doubting in the leaſt of their daughter's ready acquieſcence, and of ſpeedily appointing the day to bless me with her hand.—I was therefore deſired to take an opportunity ſoon after dinner to ſound her inclinations on the ſubject; which I did: but, oh Heavens! what was her anſwer! —killing thought! it chills me to think of!—it was briefly this; I will give it you in her own words: "I "thank you, Sir, for your partial "opinion of me, but muſt be inge-"nuous and acquaint you, that I "*never can be yours*; as I cannot "think of being united to a perſon "whoſe public and private character

" do not at all correſpond." Saying this, ſhe left me without the leaſt ceremony; whilſt I, incapable of comprehending her meaning, ſtood motionleſs, and remained ſo for ſome moments after ſhe had left the room.

What can ſhe poſſibly mean? To what can ſhe allude? " Can never " think of being united to a man " whoſe public and private character " do not correſpond." What villain has dared to throw a ſtigma on my character, or wrongfully to accuſe me to this lovely woman? None but ſuch an infamous wretch as *Dawſon* and his aſſociates can be guilty of a meanneſs

neſs like it. I muſt endeavour to come to an explanation before I give her up entirely; and if the calumny originates from the quarter I ſuſpect it does, no place on earth ſhall hide the dark aſſaſſin from me; and although I have hitherto deſpiſed and condemned duelling, yet when touched in ſo tender a point as this, who can poſſibly avoid it?

I ſaw my fair one no more that evening. She complained of a headach, and retired to her room. I was unwilling to make Mrs. Greville acquainted with the rebuff I met with; therefore feigned an engagement that I pre-

I pretended to have forgot, which, I alleged, was of great moment to me; and acquainted Mrs. Greville I was under the neceſſity of leaving their houſe that evening, but would be there again in the morning.

Upon this I left them for the purpoſe of ſending Williams to make enquiry reſpecting *Dawſon*, who, I find, is now at H.

If you cannot come immediately on receiving this, I ſhall be ſtill more unhappy than I am at preſent, which prevents my ſaying more—than that I am truly,

Your friend,

DANBY.

LETTER IX.

MISS GREVILLE TO MISS HOTHAM.

DEAR JULIA,

TELL me, my friend, tell me, for Heaven's ſake, how I ſhall bear the rigid commands of inflexible parents? commands that I have been unaccuſtomed to fulfil, which makes them appear to me derogatory to parental love. Yeſterday, for the firſt time, they enforced them with unexampled ſternneſs in regard to Danby. "'Tis my will," ſaid my father, "that you receive Mr. Danby as a

"future

" future husband. You cannot make a
" better choice. I expect your instant
" and ready acquiescence."—Laconic, but significant.—I was going to remonstrate; but he interrupted me by saying, " *I will hear nothing, Ethelinda.*
" Mr. Danby this morning asked
" mine and your mother's consent to
" address you seriously on the sub-
" ject, which we immediately granted.
" He is a most amiable and deserv-
" ing character; and if you make
" any objections to the choice we
" have made for you, remember you
" never share with Charlotte a shilling
" of my fortune." I was still desirous of informing him what Mr. Dawson

told

told me reſpecting Danby's keeping the girl they quarrelled about; but my father abruptly left the room; and my mother, whoſe heart, will, and mind, are ever at my father's diſpoſal, as ſoon as he had left the room, bid me retire to dreſs, as it was near our time of dinner.—I obeyed, and ſullenly withdrew.

Charlotte ſeemed much pleaſed at the commands I had received; and, whilſt dreſſing, ſaid, ſhe ſhould be quite happy to ſee Mr. Danby her brother-in-law.—Wiſhed he had made choice of her before ſhe ſaw Frederick. Heaven grant thy pious wiſh! ſaid I; but

but it is now too late. What a diſpoſition ſhe poſſeſſes! I cannot, nay I dare not, make her my confidant: her temper is too forbidding; and 'tis to you alone I can impart the ſecrets of my heart.

Soon after dinner they all left the dining-room, leaving me and Danby alone. When they were gone, he in a familiar manner accoſted me, and made me a tender of his hand; accompanied, as he ſaid, with the ſincerity of his heart. My anſwer was truly laconic, That I could not think of giving my hand to a perſon whoſe public and private character did not corre-

correſpond, and then left him to make out the enigma as he thought proper; but I dare ſay he perfectly knew what I meant, as he coloured exceedingly. Thus you ſee a guilty conſcience needs no accuſer. I left him, and retired to my room, complaining of a ſudden violent headach, which afforded an excellent excuſe for not coming down to tea, or ſupper; but I find I had no reaſon to have confined myſelf on *Danby*'s account; for I underſtand he left our houſe ſoon after I quitted him, acquainting my mother he ſhould be with us again ſoon to-day. I expect him every moment, and Charlotte has been tea-

zing me this hour to find out what reception I gave Danby; but to her I am mute. She is his friend, therefore not a fit confidant for me, as I obſerved before: no, no; let my refuſal be made known to the elders by himſelf; it ſhall not come from me.

To-night I am to meet Dawſon, to whom I ſhall impart the injunctions I have received. He, no doubt, will ſtimulate me to act in oppoſition; and, in order to avoid this ſaid match, ſhould he propoſe an elopement to Scotland, I think I ſhall not make any violent objections; but reſolutely, like other heroines, brave

every

every danger, and grace Gretna with my preſence. It will only ſerve for a little ſmall talk among the forſaken nymphs of the village. My father will probably rave, and in his paſſion vow he will never ſee me again; but that will be only for the moment. When he comes to behold the choice I have made of a ſon-in-law to him, his paſſion will readily ſubſide, and I ſhall be quickly re-inſtated his joint heireſs, his beloved Ethelinda.

Don't I reaſon as many a pretty damſel has before me? ſurely you will ſay Aye; why then adieu to vapours, and all the *et cæteras* of diſ-

appointed love; and Dawſon, all lovely Dawſon, I am ready to be thy wife at Gretna-Green, or any other convenient place, whilſt Danby, with his philoſophy, madly raves at love, and in a fit of heroiſm takes a trip to the Elyſian fields.—And then, as the ſong ſays,

> "Whilſt they tell the diſmal ſtory,
> "With a ſigh I'll cry Poor Tom!"

I wonder he is not come, having told my mother that he ſhould be here early this morning. I have ſeveral times told him, half ſerious and half in jeſt, that I could never like him for a huſband; but I muſt now be thoroughly ſerious, and let him ſee,

by

by all my words and actions, that I utterly diſlike him; and that I never mean to be *his property*. The ſooner it is terminated the better, as then the accompliſhed Dawſon will be permitted to viſit at our houſe; till then, he will not. I am ſent for. Adieu, my dear Julia; will write again ſoon.

Yours affectionately,

ETHELINDA.

LETTER X..

MR. DAWSON TO FREDERICK LUMLEY, ESQ.

DEAR FRED.

THINGS go on ſwimmingly at the Grevilles. The old man, in peremptory terms, commands the fair Ethelinda to receive Danby for a huſband; whilſt the blind deity as effectually oppoſes it. Laſt night I ſaw her at the uſual place, and then brought her to a confeſſion, that me, and me alone, muſt conſtitute her future happineſs. Bravo! what a

deviliſh

deviliſh clever fellow I am! to be able to do more with this ſmart girl in one week, than Danby could accompliſh in a year! Now a confeſſion is made, there will be no receding; and if I ſhould take a few liberties, thou knoweſt, Lumley, I have a good plea. Should ſhe pout, or look angry, I ſhall make the uſual obſervation, "Surely you can-
"not have ſpoken truth; have you
"not told me that you loved me?" Her anſwer will neceſſarily be in the affirmative. Why then is it poſſible for a woman to be angry at any freedoms a lover may take, when ſhe is certain ſhe is beloved in return?

This will ſoften her. I ſhall proceed to take ſome trifling freedoms at firſt, and ſo proceed, by degrees, till, ah, till what? Why, till ſhe is made a fit wife for that piece of vegetation *Danby*, or any other fool that chuſes to marry her; ſo here is at you, my fair one, as quick as poſſible; leſt my ſcheme ſhould be diſcovered before it is ripe for execution. In love and war thou knoweſt all ſtratagems are lawful.

But I had forgot to tell thee, that when ſhe informed me her father inſiſted on her marrying Danby, ſhe dropped broad hints to make me propoſe

propoſe an elopement, but that bait would not take. I feigned not to underſtand her, but perſuaded her to endeavour to prevail on her father to diſcard Danby, and then the road would be fair for me to make propoſals in form. This, ſhe ſays, ſhe will try to effect, but doubts of ſucceſs, as her father has had this match in view ſome years, and now wiſhes to ſee it accompliſhed; which that he may, but not till I have done with her, prays thy friend

DAWSON.

LETTER XI.

DANBY, ESQ. TO C. ORDWAY.

DEAR ORDWAY,

MY laſt informed you of the diſagreeable *tête-a-tête* I had with my Ethelinda, and of quitting Greville's houſe in conſequence of it, which I left with a heart diſtracted by various paſſions.

As ſoon as I reached my houſe, I diſpatched William to make enquiries reſpecting *Dawſon*. He was not to return without ſome account

or

or other. Nor did he come back until the next day, when all the information that he could get was, that he was much talked of among the Ladies, and his company greatly wiſhed for: That Miſs Greville was looked upon to be the only lady he ſeemed deſirous of forming an acquaintance with, as he precipitately left every circle in which ſhe did not appear. There were various conjectures formed reſpecting him, but all concluded him to be a young man of faſhion, with a large independent fortune. Good God! what abſurd ideas people in general form; and what ſilly notions do we entertain of

thoſe

thoſe with whom we are not intimately acquainted!

Thus a man of virtue, with principles that do honour to human nature, and who deſpiſes every idea of deception, ſhall paſs unnoticed thro' the buſy ſcene of life, and his company be ſcarcely ſought after, by even his moſt intimate friends, unleſs by thoſe whoſe hearts are in uniſon with his own; whilſt a fop, a fribble, a gambler, and debauchee, are admired, applauded, and their company courted by even the moſt virtuous of the other ſex. This wrong and abſurd diſtinction, adopted by the

the Ladies, puts virtue out of countenance, and encourages vice to ride triumphant; it opens a field for the deſtruction of innocence, and paves the way to thoſe prepoſterous matches which we ſee too often and almoſt daily announced to the public.

Theſe, my dear friend, are my reflections; they ſtrike me, at preſent, as if, in future, I ſhould feel the force of them. Should my Ethelinda be ſo far loſt to herſelf, as to prefer ſo infamous a perſon as Dawſon to me, and I ſhould live to be convinced of it, I muſt, nay I ſhall, without a ſigh, reſign to him

all my pretenſions to her as a perſon unworthy of a moment's thought. If her friends can reconcile themſelves to ſuch an abſurd choice, be it ſo; I ſhall have only then to wiſh, ſhe may enjoy that happineſs with him, which ſhe might uninterruptedly have experienced with me. All that I can do, to warn her againſt the impending evil which awaits her, I moſt certainly will do, by letting her into the knowledge of Dawſon's real character, as far as I am acquainted with it.

There was a rumour ſome months ſince, when I was in town laſt, of his being about to be married to a Mrs. Wells,

Wells, a widow lady, with a large fortune. I paid little or no attention to the report at that time; but now I would wiſh you to make all poſſible enquiries. She lived either in or near St. James's Square. Her former huſband was a Creole. Mrs. Spencer, I think, can give you ſome information reſpecting her. Do be as ſpeedy as poſſible in your enquiries; but let your intelligence be authentic. I ſhould not chuſe to point out any thing to Miſs Greville but what may be depended on as a fact. In the mean time I ſhall endeavour to come to an explanation with her reſpecting her laconic and ambiguous expreſ-

expreſſion, in refuſing me; till when I ſhall be very, very unhappy.

I intend being at Greville Houſe this evening; and hope my next will inform you what I at preſent almoſt die to know. I have been ſo much indiſpoſed ever ſince I wrote to you laſt, that I was under the painful neceſſity of ſending to Mr. Greville's the next day, acquainting them of my inability of waiting on them, agreeable to appointment; ſince which, their repeated kind enquiries after my health plainly evince they entertain for me the tendereſt regard.

I am

I am ſorry to find you have had a relapſe; you muſt be very careful, otherwiſe your complaint will probably increaſe with every return. If you continue in the ſtate you are at preſent, I moſt ſtrenuouſly adviſe the Briſtol Hot-Wells, being certain they will be of infinite ſervice to you. I would not have you fatigue yourſelf with writing long at a time; let me have a few lines in anſwer to mine, and that will be as much as I can deſire. Adieu. I ſhall write again on Thurſday.

Your friend,

DANBY.

LETTER XII.

MISS HOTHAM TO MISS GREVILLE.

DEAR ETHELINDA,

IS it poſſible that you can heſitate a moment to believe what all the world, ſave yourſelf, would inſtantly pronounce a fact? I am poſitive you are to blame in perſiſting to ſee Mr. Dawſon, after what I acquainted you with in my laſt. However, ſince that will not convince you, take the account literally as I had it from Mrs. Bowes.

On

On my aſking her whether ſhe knew a Mr. Dawſon, who about a year ſince lived in Cavendiſh-ſquare, ſhe looked me full in the face, and anſwered, with great emotion, "Know "a Mr. Dawſon, Miſs Hotham! "what can be your reaſons for aſk-"ing ſuch a queſtion? I hope you "have no acquaintance with him." I replied in the negative; but I was intimate with a young lady that had ſome ſlight knowledge of him, and who would wiſh to be better informed who and what he was. "Good "heavens, Miſs!" cried Mrs. Bowes, "acquaint her he is of all creatures "on earth the laſt ſhe ſhould form

" an acquaintance with. A wretch " without any kind of principle; a " profeſſed gambler; and were it not " for his wife's income, he would be " a vagabond!"—Wife, I exclaimed! has the villain a wife! Yes; did you not know it? ſhe anſwered; he has been married theſe ſix months to a widow of large fortune. Her former huſband was a Creole, with whom ſhe came to England for the recovery of his health, but he died ſoon after their arrival. Dawſon met with her at Mrs. Stretton's rout, at whoſe houſe Mrs. Dawſon viſited for ſome time after her marriage, till her huſband was found to be laying ſnares

to

to debauch Mrs. Stretton's eldeſt daughter: this was diſcovered by the accidental dropping of a letter from Miſs Stretton's pocket, the morning after ſhe had received it.

This diſcovery led to an explanation; and Miſs Stretton confeſſed ſhe had not forbid his writing; and that he pretended to be violently in love with her; and often lamented he had not the happineſs of knowing her, previous to his marriage (ſhe being at ſchool); that he had frequently deſired her to meet him at a houſe in Chandois-ſtreet (which houſe, upon enquiries ſince, proved to be a

bagnio); this, however, ſhe declined, as not thinking it prudent: and the letter which had been dropped, expreſſed his regret at her inflexibility of refuſal, and propoſing another houſe in Mary-le-bone, at a friend's of his, of the name of Willſon, who, he ſaid, was a very reputable character, and that Willſon's ſiſter, an amiable young lady, lived with him as his houſekeeper (he being unmarried), and who would be very happy to cultivate an acquaintance. This Willſon turned out to be as great a raſcal as Dawſon, living entirely upon gambling and ſwindling; and the girl whom Willſon called his ſiſter,

was a creature he had kept for a conſiderable length of time.

When this confeſſion was made, Mrs. Stretton diſpatched a meſſage to Mrs. Dawſon, requeſting her immediate preſence. She readily came, and the letter was inſtantly produced to her to read; which ſhe did with no ſmall emotion, and appeared to be exceedingly hurt at the treachery of her huſband, who ſhe could not be perſuaded was guilty of any thing ſo infamouſly bad; and if, upon taxing him with it, ſhe ſhould find him guilty, ſhe would not live with him another day.

All her acquaintance, ſhe ſaid, had blamed her for her precipitate choice; but that hitherto ſhe had had no reaſon to lament it, as he always behaved to her with the greateſt politeneſs and the ſtricteſt honour; and till ſhe was amply convinced of his infidelity, ſhe would not raſhly pronounce him guilty of ſuch deception. At ſaying this, ſhe left them, in order to interrogate her huſband upon the ſubject; but who found means to convince her, that the whole of the accuſation was a mere fiction, calculated ſolely to ſet them at variance; ſolemnly affirming, he had never even ſhewn her common

civility;

civility; and effectually to convince her of the truth of his aſſertion, he would conſent to ſee Miſs Stretton in her preſence, and then aſk her ſuch queſtions as Mrs. Dawſon ſhould chuſe to propoſe. Theſe offers and aſſurances induced Mrs. Dawſon to believe that what ſhe had been told at Mrs. Stretton's aroſe, as he had obſerved, from ſome private pique, and was meant to cauſe a ſeparation between them. Theſe ideas ſhe communicated, by letter, to Mrs. Stretton, at the ſame time informing her, ſhe was ſorry to find Mrs. Stretton capable of ſuch a meanneſs, as to accuſe a gentleman of a crime that he

would blush even to think of, much less to put in execution. She concluded by saying, she was convinced of Mr. Dawson's conjugal love, and of his total innocence of the charge; and, on that account, could never think of visiting her more. Thus dropped the acquaintance at Mrs. Stretton's.

When the villain found he had succeeded in imposing on his wife's credulity, in order to be revenged on Miss S. for disclosing the secret, he made it a point in all companies to asperse her character, and to insinuate that she was always at his service privately as a mistress.

These

Theſe reports reaching the ears of her couſin Danby, he happened, by accident, to meet Dawſon at a coffee-houſe, where he immediately accuſed him of it before company, and demanded ſatisfaction for aſperſing the character of his innocent couſin. The raſcal refuſing to draw, Mr. Danby pulled him by the noſe, and turned him out of the coffee-room, to the no ſmall diverſion of the whole company; ſince which time he has been afraid to be ſeen much in public, and is now, I find, at his old pranks in the country.

Thus ended Mrs. Bowes's account of your favorite. Every circumſtance appears

appears too plauſible to be doubted. No wonder now that he ſhould object to viſit at your father's; or that he ſhould inſinuate every thing to the prejudice of Mr. Danby, a perſon whoſe character has hitherto been unſullied, and whoſe public and private ſentiments have ever been in uniſon.

Fly then, my deareſt Ethelinda; for heaven's ſake, fly the deluſive flatterer, whoſe only aim is your inevitable ruin, and who ſeeks only to deſtroy! Liſten, let me intreat you, before it is too late, to the voice of friendſhip, and inſtantly diſcard every

tender

tender ſentiment, ſhould you poſſeſs any, for ſo infamous a wretch. Let a ſilly, romantic paſſion give place to reaſon and truth; and let thoſe favorable ideas you have formed for a contemptible villain, be immediately transferred to one, whom every woman of virtue muſt eſteem and love.

If you do not comply with my requeſt, I muſt be free and tell you, that notwithſtanding our long friendſhip for each other, I never can think of correſponding with a perſon who can perſiſt in an intimacy with a man with whom even the moſt abandoned would bluſh to acknowledge an acquaint-

acquaintance. For what can be worſe than him who can unfeelingly deſtroy the peace of a family, by robbing an innocent and inexperienced girl of the only ornament that can dignify the female character, leaving her expoſed to the reſentment of her injured relations, whoſe honour would ſuffer with hers; and to the inſults of a world, that is never diſpoſed to treat the frailty of human nature with lenity or compaſſion, but always exaggerate rather than extenuate the fault? but ſuch, I truſt, will never be the fate of my Ethelinda. What diſtreſs would equal mine, were I ever to hear that my friend had fallen

into

into the ſnare laid for her by ſuch an abandoned wretch! Your next will make me happy, if I hear you mean never to ſee him more; but if on the contrary, then adieu to friendſhip. I ſhall be eaſy in my own mind to think that I have, without any envious motives, cautioned you againſt the impending evil. Adieu; may you be adviſed, and happy, is the prayer of your ſincere and affectionate friend,

JULIA HOTHAM.

P. S. Preſent my reſpects to Frederick; tell him, I hope to ſee him, if he comes to town, ſoon after his arrival, as my father has ſomething to propoſe to him about his eſtate.

LETTER XIII.

DAWSON, ESQ. TO FREDERICK LUMLEY, ESQ.

DEAR FRED.

PRITHEE talk no more of women's virtue; it is to me a mere bubble. What girl can resist, when such a smart fellow as me is bent on conquest? Poh! poh! it is idle stuff; my Ethelinda's virtue nods already, and I shall soon, very soon, be in the quiet possession of what the diffident Danby would blush to think of.

In

In a kind of pet my enamoured nymph told me laſt evening, that ſhe had been informed by a friend I was already married, and that if it was true, ſhe wondered how I could have the inſolence for a moment to think of her, &c. and this with a great deal more ſtuff to the ſame purpoſe. I affected to be offended at what I called her unjuſt accuſation, and gave her to underſtand, if ſhe was diſpoſed to liſten to every idle tale which envy or jealouſy might be tempted to invent to my prejudice, I ſhould take a final farewel of her that evening, and leave her to the poſſeſſion of him whom I was certain would not love her with half the ardour

dour which I did; for I conſidered that none but a low, groveling ſpirit would attempt a vindication. I was about to quit her with an aſſumed indifference, when ſhe burſt into tears, and exclaimed, Oh, dear Mr. Dawſon, how can you uſe me thus! I do not, neither will I, believe any thing that ſhall be ſaid to your prejudice; will that content you, as I now firmly believe it to be fabricated for the ſole purpoſe that I may think of none but Danby.—I advanced back again, throwing myſelf at her feet, and exclaimed, Now, my Ethelinda, you prove yourſelf an angel; henceforth I am devotedly your entire ſlave.

This,

This, and ſome more, equally ſuitable to my views, effectually brought her to my purpoſe; and before we parted, I prevailed on her to conſent to admit me at night into her father's garden, in which place I hope to accompliſh my wiſhes much better than at the houſe we now meet at. Now don't ſermonize upon the occaſion, when thou ſendſt an anſwer to this; for I am bent on the completion of my work. That puppy Danby diſappointed me before, in my attempt on his little demure couſin, or my life to a turnep but I had conquered, notwithſtanding the diſcovery; for, Alexander like, I

never attacked (but that once) without ſucceeding.

Bravo, Dawſon! thou art the man for the ladies. Among an army of them, I'd be bound to do more execution in one month, than a whole legion of ſcientifics would in a year. Nothing like ſpirit, Lumley, by Jove, and a *ſang froid*, to be uſed occaſionally.

When the dear creatures imagine they are likely to loſe us, even their moſt darling paſſion muſt give way, to retain the lover whom a few moments before, with all the heroiſm

peculiar-

peculiar to the ſex, they threatened to diſcard.

I ſhall pride myſelf more on this conqueſt than on any other I ever made before. This will eſtabliſh my fame amongſt the Ladies; and whatever the ſqueamiſh may affect to think of my morals, all girls of ſpirit, I'm ſure, will admire me, and applaud my conduct. So, here's, Tartar-like, turn free-booter, and endeavour to ſecure all that comes in my way.

I had forgot to tell thee, that we were diſcovered yeſterday, walking together, at the end of a field which

leads to the old woman's houſe where we meet. It has been the cuſtom of my charming laſs to alight at ſome diſtance from the houſe (whenever ſhe rode there), to give the horſe to her ſervant, and bid him wait at a neighbouring ale-houſe for her return. This he did, without ſuſpecting his miſtreſs went to meet any perſon, till yeſterday, when our little quarrel having occaſioned her to ſtay longer than uſual, he came in queſt of my fair one, thinking ſomething had unhappily befallen her; and as we were coming down the field, arm in arm, I talking a thouſand tender things, and ſhe credulouſly believing every

word

word I uttered, when lo! all of a ſudden, her ſervant appeared, ſtaring as if frightened out of his wits, at ſeeing me with his miſtreſs. I however, although a little perplexed, had preſence of mind ſufficient to give her a hint to keep our meeting a ſecret from him, and to make him believe I met his miſtreſs by accident. The fellow ſaid to my charmer, "I "was coming, Madam, to ſee for "you; as you ſtayed ſo long, I "was afraid ſomething had hap-"pened."—"Something has hap-"pened, indeed, John (ſaid ſhe); "and if it had not been for this "good gentleman, I ſhould not

" have reached you to-night, for
" juſt as I came up to old Mrs.
" Keyton's, by accident I turned my
" foot on a ſtone, and ſprained my
" ancle; and had not this gentleman
" providentially come paſt, I ſhould
" not have been able to walk, the
" pain being ſo very great. I was
" crying out for help, when he for-
" tunately ſaw me, and he has
" kindly aſſiſted me to come thus
" far to meet you."

The poor ſimple fellow ſeemed eagerly to believe every thing told him. I aſked him where the horſes were; he anſwered, " Down yon-
" der,"

" der."—I replied, he had better fetch Miſs Greville's, as the leſs ſhe walked the better, and we would endeavour to put her on it there.

Whilſt the fellow was gone, I had enough to do to quiet her apprehenſions, in regard to her father's being made acquainted by the ſervant of her being ſeen with me; however, I at laſt ſucceeded, and we parted with a firm reſolve not to run the like riſque again: no, no, the garden will be the beſt place, where the firſt ſcene ſhall be Romeo in perfection; then leave all the reſt to me; a few meetings of that ſort, I truſt, will

anſwer my purpoſe, and then for the maid. Money will do there, with a few fine phraſes. Now what think you of me, Lumley? Won't my ſcheme take, think ye? I am certain it will; I ſhall ſend thee an account of my ſucceſs, which I hope will be ſoon. Prithee join in the prayer, and thou wilt prove thyſelf the friend of

DAWSON.

For—" What's life without paſſion,
" Sweet paſſion of love?"

P. S. Don't fail to let Willſon know whether any rumours have reached Mrs. Dawſon's ears; no doubt but ſcandal has done me that piece of ſervice; but I know how to reconcile matters there.

LETTER XIV.

MISS GREVILLE TO MISS HOTHAM.

DEAR JULIA,

WHAT a painful alternative have you prescribed! I acknowledge the justness of your admonitions; but to your advice I cannot give my assent. I can never think any person deserving reprehension, until I am convinced of his meriting it.

I am positively sure Mr. Dawson is not the person you allude to; it must be some other of the same name.

name. I have taxed him with being married, and likewiſe with the other crimes you lay to his charge; to all of which he has anſwered with that unequivocation and preciſion, as convinces me you have done it purpoſely to favour the addreſſes of Danby; and that your charges are not founded on any degree of truth. Thus much for your allegations.

I muſt now inform you of ſome matters reſpecting your favorite Danby, who has been confined to his room ill. Yeſterday he was better, when he again, to my great mortification, made his appearance at our houſe; he

he was received with rapture by all but me; and in ſpight of their and your favorable opinion of him, I cannot ſee him with any degree even of complaiſance. 'Tis Dawſon, all-conquering Dawſon; he alone is mine. Danby, I find, is come to ſtay ſome days; on that account, I ſhall not venture to ſee Mr. Dawſon at the uſual place; but meet him at night in the garden behind our houſe.

Certainly there can be no harm to meet a man that loves me with unexampled tenderneſs, when all his actions are of the moſt delicate kind.

I can-

I cannot, nay, I will not, admit that there can be the leaſt impropriety in it. If there were not ſufficient reaſons for his not viſiting at my father's, it would be different; and whilſt his actions give the lie to the faults alleged againſt him, I cannot think you ſhould condemn me, for what all who love like me would applaud me for doing.

Oh Julia! Julia! may I one time or other ſee you as much in love as I am at preſent, and I am certain you would then ceaſe to talk ſo coolly on the ſubject. I ſhall one time or other catch you breathing a few ſhort ſighs

for

for an abſent lover, and wiſhing for the moment that will bring him to your arms. Now was you a prude, you would probably bluſh at ſuch an inſinuation; but as you have not a ſpark of that about you, I think you will only ſay, Dear giddy girl, how ſhe does romance!

How, or in what manner, I ſhall bring about the affair to my father (I mean what I have been told reſpecting Danby's miſtreſs), I know not; ſomething muſt be done, and that ſoon, or I ſhall run crazy. Oppoſition is the ſoul of woman. I muſt purpoſely oppoſe this match, becauſe

it was firſt propoſed by my father. I know not how it was, but I never could bear to hear Danby's name mentioned, even before I knew him, and whilſt he was on his travels. It is not therefore altogether the attachment I have to Dawſon that eſtabliſhes my diſlike to him.

I acknowledge he poſſeſſes virtues; but a fig for virtues ſolely in a man. What have they to do with complete happineſs? mere idle ſtuff; ſophiſtry all; give me for a huſband ſuch a perſon as Dawſon, one who poſſeſſes virtues indeed, but widely different from what you mean by that appellation;

lation; and in that ſituation I ſhall not envy the greateſt lady upon earth.

But I had forgot to tell you, we are to have a ſmall concert at our houſe to-night, when, like Signior Giordini, I am to lead the band. This will ſet the pious ſwain in raptures, as I intend to play part of Handel's Meſſiah. I'll do every thing to pleaſe him, except marrying him; but there avaunt the thought! Give me life, ſpirit, love, frolic, and gaiety, till I take a trip acroſs the Styx, and enter the Elyſian fields, where I ſhall have nothing then to wiſh for.

We

We are to have with us the Miſs Egertons, and their old prim aunt, a veſtal of ſixty, according to her own account, but I believe ſorely againſt her will, and for that reaſon, raves ſeverely againſt the whole male creation, and won't ſuffer one of them to touch even the hem of her garment, leſt it ſhould diſcompoſe it. Oh heavens! I would not be ſuch a neglected mortal for the whole empire of Indoſtan.

Frederick will be in town about the latter end of next week, but this I learned *by the bye*, as Charlotte and myſelf are upon indifferent terms.

She

She complains of my indifference to Danby, and I parry her ſtrokes with great good humour. She has not as yet diſcovered my attachment to Dawſon, though I fancy ſhe ſuſpects it, but don't know how to come at the truth; be that as it may, let her find it out as ſhe can: I am determined not to underſtand any hints ſhe may drop concerning it.

The Ladies are to ſtay with us ſome days, which will prevent my writing. If you think my love a fault, pity, but don't condemn me; *for love I muſt.* The encroaching urchin will not admit of my deſertion.

 I ſhould

I ſhould be ſupremely happy, could I bring you to plead the cauſe of Dawſon with the ſame energy you do that of Danby; but that indeed I can never expect; I muſt therefore reſt contented with aſſuring you, that let whoever will, be my lover, you ſhall ever be the friend next my heart; and may you always retain the ſame ſentiments for me, is the ſincere wiſh of Your

ETHELINDA GREVILLE.

LETTER XV.

— DANBY, ESQ. TO — ORDWAY, ESQ.

DEAR ORDWAY,

SOMETHING tells me that all is not right in the breaſt of my Ethelinda. I write now from her father's, where I have been ever ſince I wrote to you laſt.

A few days after I came here, I took an opportunity of ſpeaking to her alone reſpecting our converſation when I was laſt here, and lamented I had not an opportunity to come to an

ecclairciſſement with her before. I begged her, in the moſt delicate terms, to acquaint me of the particulars of her accuſation againſt me, and who had been her informant. She coolly anſwered, " Who the " perſon was, mattered not; ſhe " ſhould only inform me, that a " friend had told her I kept a girl, " and had done ſo for a conſiderable " time; that with ſuch a ſtigma ſhe " could never think of being my " wife, as ſhe ſhould rather make " choice of a *profeſſed libertine*, than " marry a man who could make uſe " of any *deception* to gain the heart " he wiſhed for." She was about to withdraw,

withdraw, as ſhe had done before, but I earneſtly entreated her to ſtay, and liſten for a moment to what I might ſay in juſtification of myſelf. With viſible reluctance ſhe ſat down, and two or three times a ſigh eſcaped her, which ſhe endeavoured to ſuppreſs; I conjured her to tell me the name of the perſon who was the author of the foul calumny; but ſhe perſiſted in her refuſal, and ſaid, ſhe would be candid enough to confeſs ſhe *never could* be mine. I then deſired her to name her reaſons, as I was poſitive they muſt be ſomething more than the cauſe alleged. She anſwered me, That her reaſons were

to herſelf, and deſired I would reſt contented with what ſhe had already ſaid. I aſked her, Whether I ſhould inform Mr. and Mrs. Greville of her reaſons for declining the offer of my hand? She ſaid, I was at liberty to make what uſe I thought proper of her refuſal, and begged I would not trouble her again with any diſcourſe upon the ſubject. She then withdrew, leaving me in a ſtate better felt than deſcribed.

From what can her averſion poſſibly ſpring? It cannot be from *Dawſon*, as he, I find, has left the country for ſome time, and when here, was

was never ſeen but once in the company of Miſs Greville. Had he continued here, I ſhould have been led to imagine he had found means to get an intereſt in her heart. I know him capable of the baſeſt action; but he is abſent; and her ſiſter Charlotte alſo aſſures me, that ſhe was never under the leaſt engagement to any gentleman before ſhe knew me. Whence then can this diſlike to me originate?

I thought I ſhould be under the painful neceſſity of taking leave of the family immediately; but on my acquainting her father and mother

with my ſituation, they inſiſted on my ſtay, and of knowing what Ethelinda had ſaid, which could occaſion in me ſo ſudden a reſolve. I could rather have wiſhed not to have informed them of what had paſſed between us, but a thought ſtruck me, that probably ſhe might think I feared a diſcovery of what I might chuſe to keep a ſecret; and as I was conſcious the whole was an abſolute falſehood, I conceived it better to acquaint the old people with it, to give them every opportunity to convince my Ethelinda that ſhe had been greatly miſinformed and impoſed upon; and the report raiſed by ſome perſon who

envied

envied my happineſs, and who meant to be, or already was, my rival.

With this thought I reſolved to ſee Mr. and Mrs. Greville. They came to me in the parlour; I expreſſed a deſire to thank them for the very kind partiality they had hitherto entertained for me, but that I was under the painful neceſſity of reſigning their proffered alliance, to one who might be more agreeable to the inclinations of their daughter than I ſeemed to be at preſent. The old gentleman ſtarting, exclaimed, What! what! Mr. Danby reſign my daughter! why? what reaſon have

have you to do that?—" Reaſons " beſt known to Miſs Greville," I replied.—Reaſons beſt known to Miſs Greville, do you ſay?—I anſwered in the affirmative; and he immediately requeſted an explanation. I then related to him what had paſſed between me and Ethelinda; adding, that as Miſs Greville appeared to be ſo extremely averſe to an union with me, I thought it moſt prudent to withdraw my pretenſions; for I would never wiſh to poſſeſs the hand of any lady upon earth who would not, at the ſame time, give me the full poſſeſſion of her heart. Time, I ſaid, might

convince

convince Miſs Greville of the falſity of the report raiſed to my prejudice; *and until ſhe was ſo*, I ſhould not chuſe to continue my addreſſes. In the mean time, would leave both them and Miſs Greville to make what enquiries they thought proper into the affair.

The old gentleman liſtened with great attention, until I was about to take my leave, when he exclaimed aloud, " Mr. Danby, you are too " generous! too noble! Ethelinda " does not deſerve you! the whole " that ſhe has been told to your pre- " judice, I know to be a lie, a

" d——d lie! and if ſhe does not
" let me know the author of the
" ſcandal, I will immediately diſown
" her as my daughter. She muſt,
" and ſhall be yours, let who will
" dare to have any pretenſions to
" her! You *ſhall not leave us thus*;
" I therefore *inſiſt* on your ſtaying.
" Pray order your horſes to be put
" up again, for go you ſhall not."
I anſwered the good old man, that
if it was his earneſt deſire, I cer-
tainly would ſtay; but, at the ſame
time, muſt requeſt he would not
make uſe of his authority over Miſs
Greville, or attempt to force her
to do any thing reſpecting myſelf,
contrary

contrary to her own inclination; aſſuring him it would give me more pleaſure to ſee her happy with a perſon ſhe might prefer to me, than to behold her my wife *by the commands of her parents*, merely out of regard to me. I therefore begged they would not uſe any compulſive meaſures to enforce obedience, as I ſhould eſteem Miſs Greville's *friendſhip* beyond any other woman's *love*.— I ſhall not uſe any authority, ſaid her father; but am determined to come at the bottom of her ſtrange behaviour. If ſhe can be blind to your merit, Mr. Danby, ſhe is unworthy the name of *my* child. I muſt intreat

treat you to ſtay here, until I am convinced of the author of this infamous report; for by G—d he ſhall not eſcape *my* vengeance, let him be who he will. Sit down, Mr. Danby, I will ring for Ethelinda. The bell was no ſooner rung than the lovely girl appeared.

"Well, Miſs," ſaid her father, "you have dared, I underſtand, in "defiance of *my* authority, to refuſe "the hand of Mr. Danby. Pray, "what are your reaſons? mighty "great ones, I ſuppoſe. Come, "Miſs, I inſiſt on knowing the "*truth*; ſpeak immediately, or by "G—d I'll make you.—"

Seeing

Seeing her frightened, I ventured to interpoſe, and told Mr. Greville, I thought him too harſh, deſiring him to moderate his paſſion, as I was pretty certain Miſs Greville was not in fault. I intreated her to dry her tears, and hoped ſhe would never more be diſtreſſed on my account.

Her father, however, inſiſted on knowing who it was that had informed her of my keeping a miſtreſs. —She heſitated.—He began again in the ſame paſſionate manner to demand the truth, the whole truth, &c. At length, after much reluctance, ſhe owned it was the gentleman that danced with

with her at *York Assembly* lately, who had assured her, he knew Mr. Danby well, and had only hinted it to her as a circumstance she might possibly know before.—I then asked Miss Greville, whether his name was not *Dawson?* she answered in the affirmative.

This was what I suspected. I told her father I would very soon convince him what reasons Mr. Dawson had to asperse my character, if they should be alone in the evening; as I had wrote to a friend to make some enquiries respecting him, to which I had not yet received any answer, but

expected

expected to have one in a few hours.

"Well, Miſs," ſaid Mr. Greville, "I ſuppoſe your delicacy will not "permit you to receive the addreſſes "of a gentleman, whom every one "knows to be an amiable, worthy "gentleman, becauſe a coxcomb, a "puppy, a raſcal of a fellow, whom "nobody knows, has told you that "he keeps a miſtreſs. Very pretty "reaſoning truly! you deſerve to "have a worthy man for a huſband, "to be ſure! I ſuppoſe you have "dared to correſpond with the "ſcoundrel, have you not?"—She

anſwered No indeed, ſhe had not. " And I inſiſt upon it, Ethelinda," continued Mr. Greville, " that you " *never do.* You are deſtined by " me to be the wife of Mr. Danby, " and you will, in that caſe, be the " envy of your acquaintance, and " the pride and honour of your fa- " mily; but if you act in oppoſition " to mine and your mother's wiſhes; " reſt aſſured that miſery and want " will attend you, and be *your por-* " *tion.* As ſoon, therefore, as Mr. " Danby has been generous enough " to convince you of the infamy of " Dawſon's character, I expect you " to conſent to be Mr. Danby's wife.

" I inſiſt

"I insist on your begging his par-
"don immediately."—This I would, however, by no means admit of; but desired that he would give me leave to see Miss Greville to her apartment, which was complied with, and she withdrew; but spoke not a word to me, when I expressed my regret at having occasioned her so much distress; sullenly dropping a curtsey only as we parted.

I took a turn or two in the garden to recover my spirits a little, but found it ineffectual. How this matter will terminate, Heaven only knows! I should be happy could I

poſſeſs her hand by her own conſent; by any other means I can never even wiſh her to be mine; as matches that are not founded on a reciprocal love cannot, in my opinion, be by any means happy. I ſhall wait with impatience for a letter from you, which, I truſt, will terminate a ſuſpenſe that is at preſent very irkſome. Could I find out for a certainty, where that wretch Dawſon at preſent reſides, I would endeavour to prevent his doing any further miſchief to me. However, as it is, I muſt reſt contented. I am called upon by Mr. Greville to ſee ſome improvements he has made near his houſe; I ſhall cloſe this at my return.

The

The firſt thing I ſaw on my entrance into the ſalloon at my return, was your letter brought by William, for which accept my ſincere thanks; it came very luckily for me, as I had an opportunity, a few hours after, to convince Miſs Greville how much ſhe had been impoſed upon. You are certain, I find, of his being married. This I imparted to Mr. and Mrs. Greville, and they ſeemed happy to hear of it; for I believe, from ſome hints, they are apprehenſive the raſcal had endeavoured to correſpond with Ethelinda. She has hitherto been their favourite child, and her future happineſs in life appears

pears to be the grand object of their wiſhes. Something, although I know not what, tells me, that I am not deſtined to be the perſon who is to make her ſo; for the evening when we were together, and Mr. Greville had deſired me to relate what I knew of Dawſon, I obſerved her countenance change repeatedly; and when I came to produce your letter, wherein you write who he is married to, ſhe burſt into tears, and was near fainting. Greatly alarmed, I run and caught her in my arms; but ſhe deſired ſhe might be permitted to retire, as ſhe was perfectly convinced of the injury done me; ſaid, ſhe

ſhe wiſhed ſhe had never ſeen Dawſon, as ſhe now believed him to be a great villain: ſhe could ſay no more; tears ſtopped her. I felt exceedingly for her diſtreſſed, agitated mind, and hope, although I may never have the happineſs of being her huſband, that ſhe is ſaved from deſtruction, which certainly would have been the caſe, had not Providence deſigned me as the inſtrument to prevent it. Had I known, when I pulled him by the noſe at Nando's, that he was married, nothing, I am certain, would have protected him from my ſevere vengeance; but I only heard that he had aſperſed my

couſin's

couſin's character, without enquiring into particulars.

I have not ſeen her ſince ſhe retired to her room. Heaven grant ſhe may be convinced of the impropriety of forming an intimacy with ſuch an abandoned character, is the ardent wiſh of

Your ſincere friend,

DANBY.

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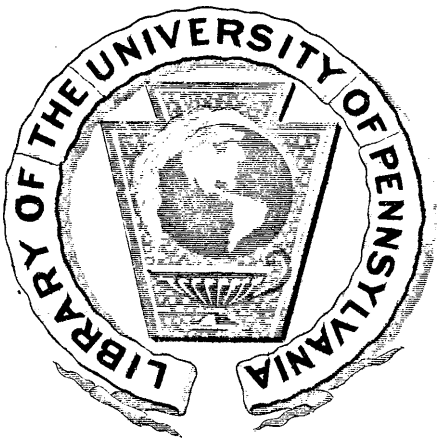

THE
GODFREY F. SINGER
MEMORIAL
PRESENTED BY
MR. AND MRS. JACOB SINGER

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ILLICIT LOVE:

A NOVEL.

VOL. II.

V L O A E T

I E T I L L T O A E

12

ILLICIT LOVE:

A

NOVEL.

By Mrs. MORRIS,

Author of the RIVAL BROTHERS, a Novel; POEMS, &c.

"Truſt not a man; they are by nature falſe,
"Fickle, ſubtle, deceitful, and inconſtant;
"If a man talks of love, with caution truſt him;
"But if he ſwears, he'll certainly deceive."

OTWAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ILLICIT LOVE.

LETTER XVI.

MR. DAWSON TO LUMLEY.

DEAR FRED.

REJOICE with me, my friend! the campaign of love is opened, and I ſhall ſoon return, crowned with myrtle. O Venus! Venus! what exalted joys are thine! Give me but the poſſeſſion of every ſmart girl I meet with through life, upon

726010

the ſame terms I truſt to have the lovely Ethelinda, and a fig for philoſophy, religion, morality, and all the *et cæteras* of prieſtcraft nonſenſe. But now to the purpoſe.

I have met the dear girl ſeveral times ſince I laſt wrote to thee, in a romantic, love-inviting bower, at the end of her father's garden, near the fields. It is an enchanting ſpot, built on the top of a declivity, at the bottom of which is a fiſh-pond. The bower, or rather room, is elegantly fitted up, either for pleaſure or repoſe. 'Tis there the dear girl tells me, ſhe is often obliged to entertain her father

and

and mother, in company with Danby, on the guittar. Envied mortal at preſent! but which of us will ſoon be the moſt ſo, I ſhall leave thee to determine, when I tell thee, I have preſumed (as my fair one calls it) to take liberties which modeſty forbids; theſe, after a little pouting at firſt, have always been forgiven. The idea of loſing me will ſeal my pardon in an inſtant. She has procured a key to the garden-gate which leads into the fields, and by the diſguiſe which I have aſſumed ſince I have been in the ſame village, I am under no apprehenſion of a diſcovery. I am certain I could have accompliſhed

my purpoſe laſt night, had I not had a prior engagement on my hands with one of the little ruſtics in the village, who has been at my diſpoſal this week paſt. You ſee I'm not idle, having work ſufficient on my hands. At preſent I ſhall not cloſe this, till I can inform thee that I am the happy Dawſon. To-morrow night I'll do as *Polydore* ſays:

" Wait on and watch her looſe unguarded
" hours;
" Then, when her roving thoughts have been
" abroad,
" And brought in wanton wiſhes to her heart,
" I' th' very minute when her virtue nods,
" I'll ruſh upon her in a ſtorm of love,
" Beat down her guard of honour all before
" her,

" Surfeit

"Surfeit on joys till e'en defire grows fick;
"Then by long abfence liberty regain,
"And quite forget the pleafure and the pain."

Excellent fpeech! the beft that ever was penn'd, by Jupiter! fo now adieu, till the above is realized.

Half paft three in the morning.

Now, Lumley, whofe triumph can equal mine? I have conquered; 'tis enough. Now, Danby, thou art welcome to take her for thy fpoufe, or any thing elfe thou fhalt chufe to make her. I fhould now be content to refign her, though I cannot fay but I fhould much rather chufe to continue the intimacy a little longer,

till I was aſſured (if ſhe ſhould be married) that a certain event would convince the fond doating huſband, that ſome other fortunate fellow had ſhared his bed, or poſſeſſed it before him I mean, and been a co-partner in his wife's charms.

But I muſt tell thee in what manner I ſucceeded. The appointment was made at half paſt ten, as uſual, it being their general time of going to bed; I haſtened to the garden-gate, from thence to the bower, where, as *Lothario* ſays,

" I found the fond believing love-ſick maid,
" Looſe, unattired, warm, tender, full of
" wiſhes;

" Fierceneſs

" Fierceneſs and pride, the guardians of her
" honour,
" Were charm'd to reſt, and love alone was
" waking;
" I catch'd the glorious golden opportunity,
" And with prevailing youthful ardour preſt
" her,
" Till, with ſhort ſighs and murmuring re-
" luctance,
" The yielding fair one gave me perfect hap-
" pineſs."

I ſhall continue here till there ſhall be a diſcovery, which I hope will be ſoon, leſt Mrs. Dawſon ſhould take it into her head to come down, in order to ſee the houſe. I ſhall not undeceive my love-ſick damſel, to tell her that I am married, till I am certain of what I hinted to thee

above; when I am ſure of it, I ſhall throw off diſguiſe, and let her know that I am irrevocably tied to another; that it is impoſſible for me to be her huſband; and as that is the caſe, adviſe her by all means to give her hand to Danby. Upon my ſoul, I think I ought to be a member of the Privy-Council, for having ſuch an excellent head at contrivances! I am a perfect Machiavel! am I not, think you? I have ſounded her maid; ſhe conſents to go off with me, as ſoon as her miſtreſs commences Mrs. Danby. I intend to take her to town, when ſhe will ſuit my purpoſe deviliſh well for a week or two; and then ſhe

may

may diſpoſe of herſelf to the beſt bidder. Variety, pleaſing variety, what charms are thine! could I but wheedle my old lady to give up a few hundreds a-year more of her income, I would have a perfect Eaſtern ſeraglio, and, like the Grand Seignior, change as often as a new one could be procured. I am interrupted. A note from Ethelinda! O the whims of women! what's the matter now? This is it; read Lumley. My ſcheme works rarely.

" My dear adored Dawſon,

" How, or in what manner ſhall
" I expreſs my grief! My father
" has

" has this moment left me, and that
" in ſuch a paſſion, as I never ſaw
" him in before. He has *inſiſted* on
" my informing him who was the
" perſon that told me ſuch lies of
" Mr. Danby. I heſitated. He
" ſtormed; and with threats that
" ſhudders me to think of, obliged
" me to declare the truth; it was in
" the preſence of Danby. He in-
" terfered, 'tis true, to calm my
" father's anger, and only coolly
" ſaid, he ſuſpected as much, which
" indeed had induced him to write
" to a friend in town, to make en-
" quiries after you; an anſwer to
" which he had not as yet received.

" Turning

" Turning to my father, he ſaid,—
" Pray, Sir, pardon Miſs Greville,
" ſhe knows not Mr. Dawſon's pri-
" vate character, or what reaſons he
" had to aſperſe mine; but I hope
" to have the pleaſure (he added) of
" convincing both yourſelf and Miſs
" Greville, that what ſhe has been
" told is altogether *falſe* and *mali-*
" *cious*.—Then turning to me, beg-
" ged my pardon for the diſtreſs he
" had occaſioned, and hoped never
" more, on his account, I ſhould
" have occaſion to drop a tear.—
" My father then aſked me, Whether
" I had dared to correſpond with
" you? if I had, he would for ever
" diſown

" difown me.—I told him I *had not*,
" but at the fame inftant wifhed
" earneftly to plead your caufe.—
" I hear my fifter on the ftairs; am
" therefore prevented from faying
" more, only to defire you not to fail
" being in the arbour as ufual. Your

" ETHELINDA."

MISS GREVILLE in continuation.

" Charlotte only came to fetch
" her calafh; they are all gone out
" in the coach, therefore I embrace
" the moments of their abfence to
" refume my pen. I was going to
" acquaint you fomething refpecting

" my

" my father's diſcourſe, but am in-
" terrupted again; Charlotte is re-
" turned to fetch me; my father will
" have it, the air will be of ſervice to
" me. Let me intreat you to come
" as early as you poſſibly can. After
" the ſacrifice I have made, I am
" certain you can deny me nothing.
" I ſend Keyton for ſome ribbon,
" that ſhe may have an opportunity,
" unſuſpectedly, to deliver you this.

" Yours eternally,

" ETHELINDA GREVILLE."

Poor, fond, deluded maid! ſo you really think I can deny you nothing! What think you of that, Lumley?

And poor Danby, in order to convince his fair one 'tis *me* inſtead of *himſelf* that loves the girls, is obliged to have recourſe to enquiries, to ſatisfy his intended deary what a ſad dog I am! Be it ſo; I care not; I am the *victor*, and mind not how ſoon my being a Benedict is known to all of them. I ſhall meet her again to-night, and will continue to do ſo, until my being in the village ſhall be diſcovered. I am properly prepared for *ſighs*, *tears*, *reproaches*, and ſo forth; to all of which I ſhall plead Love. There is a deviliſh deal in that monoſyllable, according to my own ideas, and I ſhall endeavour to make

make every girl I meet with believe ſo too. Tom is going off with the letter to Mrs. Dawſon; therefore I muſt abruptly take my leave.

Thine,

DAWSON.

LETTER XVII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DEAR FRED.

OH Heavens! as the girls ſay, what a night I have had! ſwooning, crying, reproaching, and the devil knows what; but however 'tis over; ſo there's an end to it.

I went agreeable to the aſſignation, but did not find my laſs, as uſual, in the garden; I ſauntered about near two hours, and was about to return to my cottage, when I ſaw, at a diſtance,

diſtance, a glimmering light, and preſently after my dear girl made her appearance; but inſtead of flying to me, as uſual, with all the ecſtacies of love, on my going to embrace her, ſhe rudely puſhed me from her, and ſaid, " She was come to inſiſt on " knowing the truth of ſomething " that ſhe ſhould aſk me."—I deſired her to name it. Her queſtion was,—" Are you, or are you not, " married?"—" Why that queſtion, " my dear girl?" ſaid I: " have not I " already ſatisfied you on that ſubject?" She anſwered,—" No, Mr. Dawſon, " you have not; I will have no " evaſions; anſwer me explicitly."—

" Firſt tell me, Miſs Greville, what
" your reaſons are for aſking that
" queſtion; and then I will ſubmit to
" be catechiſed in what manner you
" think proper."—" Why thēn, Sir,"
ſaid ſhe, " if you muſt know, Mr.
" Danby has received a letter from
" a friend in town, ſince I ſent to
" you this morning, which contains
" a long account of your marriage
" with a widow lady, whoſe former
" huſband was a Creole; now anſwer
" me, is this, or is it not, a truth?"
" Why then, my dear girl, ſince you
" inſiſt," I anſwered, " on my telling
" you, I muſt be candid, and acknow-
" ledge the truth, that I am married."
—" Married,

—" Married, did you ſay!" ſhe exclaimed, and fainted away. I caught her in my arms, and kiſſed her lips again and again, to re-animate her beauteous form; but it was ſo long before I could accompliſh it, that I began to be in a d——d puzzle. At length, however, her heaving boſom once more manifeſted returning life, and ſhe burſt into tears, and exclaimed,—" Oh Dawſon! Dawſon! " how could you uſe me thus? " Then you are married, and I am " completely miſerable! What, ah " what will become of me! My father " will diſown me; and you, in whom " I have repoſed the greateſt confi-

" dence, turn out to be, what I
" have ſo often been told, a *complete*
" *villain.* You have it not in your
" power to make me the leaſt re-
" paration. I fondly believed, that
" by ſacrificing my honour, I might
" have had it in my power, by that
" means, to prevail on my father
" to conſent to your being my
" huſband; but I can never now
" be yours, or *Danby*'s. What, ah
" what will become of me!"

Seeing her cry ſo much, I cannot ſay but I was hurt. Conſcience! Conſcience! thou wilt intrude ſometimes! but I take eſpecial care not to let it trouble me long.

I held

I held her in my arms, and endeavoured to quiet her apprehenſions, by telling her, that ſhe made the matter infinitely worſe than it really was; for that as love, ſincere love, was the baſis of my attachment to her, ſhe could marry Danby, to prevent diſagreeable conſequences, and we could continue our intimacy as well afterwards as now. I had only to lament, that it was my great misfortune to be married to a woman whom I utterly deſpiſed before I had the extreme happineſs of knowing my adored Miſs Greville; and as matters now ſtood, ſhe muſt not condemn me, but *Love*, irreſiſtible

Love! and desired her to rest assured, that I should ever be her most faithful lover; for that I disliked my wife too much to bestow a moment's thought about *such a being*; that I had married her for pecuniary reasons, and my heart she *never had* possessed, nor ever would; but it should be entirely at *her disposal alone*, notwithstanding she might be the wife of another. Our intimacy, I said, might be continued with greater security after she was married, than at present. I would therefore advise her, by all means, to comply with her father's wishes, and, as soon as possible, be *Danby's wife*; that I would continue

to

to meet her every night in the ſame manner, till ſhe went to town, when there would be opportunities enough for us to meet, even more convenient than at preſent.

This, and a great deal more ſuch inſipid ſtuff, dried her tears, ſilenced her reproaches, and, once more, we were upon as good terms as ever. She has promiſed to follow my advice implicitly; ſo that, if I continue in the country, *Danby* will be as *Cæſar* was before him, in every ſenſe of the word.

Bravo! braviſſimo! may all my amours end like this!

Prays thy friend

 DAWSON.

LETTER XVIII.

MR. DANBY TO MR. ORDWAY.

DEAR ORDWAY,

I MOST ſincerely beg pardon for my neglect. Your letter has rous'd me from my lethargy, and made me quite a new mortal (if I may ſo deem my preſent pleaſing ſituation). Had not my thoughts been entirely engroſſed by the lovely Ethelinda, you ſhould have received intelligence of the happy change in my favour, without the trouble of requeſting it; but, as Gay ſays,

" When

"When a lady is in the caſe,
"You know all other things give place."

But now, to explain what I hint at above, I muſt inform you, that ever ſince the receipt of your letter reſpecting *Dawſon*, which, as I told you, I communicated to Miſs Greville and her parents, I have been happily bleſt with the ſmiles of my Ethelinda.—I *believe* I related to you the exclamation ſhe made uſe of on hearing Dawſon was married, and of her retiring to her room immediately after; when ſhe had quitted us, the old gentleman ſeemed in ecſtacy, as he was certain Ethelinda was now convinced of her error, and would

ſoon

ſoon conſent to be Mrs. Danby.—I doubted the remark then, and was too much depreſſed in ſpirits to continue in the room; but the next morning was agreeably ſurpriſed by a viſible alteration in her behaviour to me. —I was at breakfaſt when ſhe entered; I roſe and preſented her a chair.—She appeared pleaſed with my attention in a manner I had never ſeen before; and on my preſenting her with a cup of coffee, ſhe ſmiled, and thanked me; and on Mr. Greville's ſaying, "Well, Ethe, what is "your opinion now of Mr. Dawſon; "don't you think he is a pretty ſort "of a fellow?"—She, ſmiling, anſwered,

ſwered, "I do, indeed, papa;" at the ſame time ſigh'd, and turning to me, ſaid, "If Mr. Danby can pardon my "unjuſt opinion of him, he ſhall "have no occaſion, in future, to re-"pent his partiality for me."—"Well ſaid, Ethe," anſwered Mr. Greville, "now you are my "daughter again; and when you "are Mrs. Danby, I ſhall think my-"ſelf bleſt indeed; which I hope will "not be long firſt, now you are "convinced of his worth."—She bowed aſſent, which I took as a good omen, and it has proved ſo; for ever ſince that happy morning ſhe has been all kindneſs; and laſt even-

ing

ing I got her to conſent to be Mrs. Danby before we leave the country. Dear enchanting girl! with what rapture do I gaze upon her charms! Mr. Greville and family know not how to expreſs the pleaſure they feel in the idea of our approaching union.—Charlotte is to be the wife of Frederick at the ſame time.—So that you can form ſome little idea of the pleaſure I at preſent enjoy, to repay me for the anxiety I have ſuffered hitherto.—I ſhould be happy to have your company here, but as that is impoſſible, you muſt be content to receive intelligence in rather an uncouth manner, till I am bleſt

with

with the hand of my dear lovely maid, whoſe future happineſs ſhall be the whole ſtudy of my life. Let me hear as often as poſſible how you are. —I feel for your confinement in a ſenſible degree, and frequently wiſh you here, to have it in my power to ſoften its rigour.—God bleſs you; may you recover ſoon, is the ſincere prayer of your friend

DANBY.

P. S. Dawſon, I find, has left the country for ſome time; neither him nor his wife have been ſeen at the houſe he purchaſed as yet; fearing, I ſuppoſe, I ſhould make diſagreeable

diſcoveries

diſcoveries reſpecting his character. We expect Miſs Hotham here about the latter end of next week.—She is ſhortly to be married to the Hon. Mr. Farnham, a very amiable, deſerving young man; and Miſs H. all that can be deſired in woman, at leaſt, according to my ideas; though ſome allow her ſiſter Julia to excel her, but ſhe is rather, I think, too ſerious, bordering on melancholy; but George Stretton is abſolutely as much her captive as I am my adored Greville's; this I underſtand by Ethelinda, who correſponds with the charming girl again; ſome miſunderſtanding took place between them concerning Dawſon;

ſon; but as the impediment is now removed, the correſpondence is again renewed. Adieu. I am called upon.

LETTER XIX.

MISS GREVILLE TO MISS HOTHAM.

MY DEAREST JULIA,

AFTER ſo long a ſilence, I am certain you will be happy to hear that I am every thing you can wiſh me.—In ſhort, I am ſoon to be the wife of your *friend Danby*. I am now heartily ſorry our correſpondence was ever interrupted on that ſcore. —Dawſon is now effectually forgot, and happineſs is again reſtored to the breaſt of Ethelinda. *Charlotte* is to be united to Frederick at the ſame time;

time; to fix which, depends on *my ladyſhip*. I believe it will not be long, as my father ſeems ſo anxious to ſee it completed; and I have my own private reaſons for granting their requeſt, which is partly that I may ſee Charlotte ſhackled, for ſhe teazes me to comply, but wants to put it off as to herſelf: this, however, I will not admit of; ſhe muſt become a wife at the ſame time that I do, or I ſhall part with too much to pleaſe any one. But I forgot to thank you for your very kind letter; Charlotte gave it me yeſterday. If you had not firſt broke the ice, I believe I ſhould hardly have ventured to write; but

you are all goodneſs. I ſincerely congratulate you on your ſiſter's approaching marriage. I cannot help laughing to myſelf, to think what an awkward ſet we married ones ſhall appear, this winter, in town. Oh Heavens! I expire even at the idea! no fluttering beaus, no flattery, no compliments paid to us, but by *our huſbands*. Horrid! horrid! abſolutely horrid! Well, if it were not for one thing more than another, I think I ſhould ſcarcely conſent, even now; but as matters ſtand, I hardly know how to revoke my kindneſs of conſenting, as I have done, to their requeſt.—Having told the creature I

would

would confider of it, and give him an anfwer, he looks upon it as an irrevocable promife, and plagues me to comply accordingly.—Charlotte will let you know the time, for I have not patience to write about it. Adieu my dear friend, and believe me Your

ETHELINDA GREVILLE.

LETTER XX.

MISS HOTHAM TO MISS GREVILLE.

DEAREST ETHE,

YOUR letter has given me more pleaſure than I have experienced for ſome weeks paſt. That kind compliance with the wiſhes of your friends eſtabliſhes you in mine and my ſiſter's good opinion, and plainly ſhews the goodneſs of that heart we are all ſo very deſirous to ſee happy; and that, I am certain, will be the caſe, when united to the good Mr. Danby. Next Thurſday, I find by Charlotte,

is

is the day fixed; I am ſorry I cannot abſolutely promiſe to be at your houſe, as my mother is at preſent ſomewhat indiſpoſed, owing to a ſlight cold ſhe caught at Vauxhall. My ſiſter, you may depend upon it, will make one of the happy party. I have ſeen your jewels (I mean thoſe Mr. D. means to preſent you with, previous to the happy morning); they abſolutely ſurpaſs any thing I ever ſaw, and plainly evince the love of him who means to make the preſent. Siſter *Bell* is almoſt led to envy you the poſſeſſion of ſuch a huſband, and ſuch jewels, though I really think Mr. Farnham will not be much be-

hind hand; but envy, you know, my dear, is inherent in the breaſt of every female, eſpecially where finery is in queſtion; this is my father's obſervation. Your ſiſter ſeems pleaſed, in a great degree, to think on your approaching happineſs; ſhe ſeems to forget her own in the contemplation of yours. She is a dear worthy ſoul, and I ſincerely hope, will be as happy with *her* amiable couſin as, I truſt, you will be with Mr. Danby. I ſuppoſe you know the reaſon why my ſiſter's marriage is delayed; but leſt you ſhould not, I muſt inform you; it is ſomething reſpecting the future diſpoſal of my father's eſtate in Kent;

but

but this, I hope, will ſoon be adjuſted, for, though I do not mean to become a wife myſelf, yet I have a ſincere wiſh to ſee all my acquaintance enter that ſtate, when there is ſuch flattering proſpects of future happineſs, as at preſent ſeems to await you all.—But I have one requeſt to make; as it will be the laſt whilſt your name is Greville, I think you will grant it me under your hand and ſeal, and then I ſhall conclude I have finally diſcharged my duty as a friend; it is this: that if, after your marriage, you ſhould chance to meet *Dawſon*, you will treat him with all the *contempt* ſo

infamous a *wretch* as he moſt richly merits. I have my private reaſons for making this requeſt, which, I think, you will the more readily comply with, when I aſſure you, it is for the ſake of your future peace of mind that I aſk it. When once a woman becomes a wife, every other idea ought to be abſorbed in that alone. According to my notions of rectitude, not even common civility ought to be ſhewn, after marriage, to thoſe who, before, had any pretenſions to our favour; but ſuch as Dawſon ought, in a ſuperlative degree, to be cautiouſly ſhunned. It was happy for you that his villany was dif-

covered

covered in time, or, in all probability, your peace of mind might have been wretched for ever: this circumſtance alone ſhows us how cautious we ought to be in forming acquaintance with thoſe we are not perfectly aſſured deſerve to be ranked in the claſs of intimates; but may your future conduct, my deareſt Ethelinda, give the lie to any aſperſion the infamous wretch may think proper to propagate (as he did by Miſs Stratton), is the ſincere prayer of Your

JULIA HOTHAM.

LETTER XXI.

DAWSON TO —— LUMLEY, ESQ.

DEAR FRED.

THY letter aſtoniſhes me! is it poſſible that Willſon has told my wife of the intrigue with Ethelinda? It cannot be; I will not believe it.—But whether he has or has not, as thou valueſt my friendſhip, the moment you receive this, go to my houſe, and prevail on Mrs. Dawſon not to leave town; for reſt aſſured, I ſhall be there by Sunday evening. Tell her, I am on my way

to

to town, but mean to ſtop at Evered's, in Lancaſhire, for one or two nights. In ſhort, tell her any thing to prevent her coming here; and I know how to reconcile matters when I am once at home.—Damn it, if I could but prevail on her to add a little more to that ſhe has already granted, ſo as to make me independent of her, I'd care not what ſhe knew of my intrigues; but as matters at preſent ſtand, I am obliged to worſhip the devil for fear, but moſt curſedly againſt my inclination. But I muſt inform thee how affairs are here:—In the firſt place, Danby's lovely angel becomes his property

to-morrow

to-morrow morning; this haſte is occaſioned by the fair maid herſelf, who is now as impatient to become a wife as ſhe was two months ago averſe to it.—See what miracles can be worked, in a ſhort time, by ſuch a fellow as myſelf! I fancy ſhe would hardly have commenced wife ſo ſoon, was I not pretty ſure ſhe is in a certain ſecret condition; and another argument, equally as cogent, induced me to preſs its completion; which is, I begin to be curſedly tired of garden-ſcenes with the ſelf-ſame perſon, and wanted, of all things, to be ſtarting ſome *other game*; and none now remains but her maid, as I have rouſed

all

all there was to be had, without a diſcovery, in the neighbourhood. *This ſame girl*, as I told thee in a former letter, agreeable to appointment, is to ſet off with me to-morrow evening, during the entertainment made for her miſtreſs, who I am to meet this evening, as uſual, in the arbour; therefore, as this will reach thee juſt one day before me, I muſt deſire thee to let thy fellow get a lodging ſome way near Mary-le-bone, and let him be at the Swan, Holborn-Bridge, to receive her when the coach comes in, as I ſhall quit it a few miles out of town, and take another to go home in. She is a nice tit-bit; and,

as

as ſhe has vanity enough to believe I am in love with her, I think I can be conſtant to her for about a month; but I fancy I ſtretch too long, for, upon recollection, a month is a deviliſh long while to be confined to one girl. However, I muſt continue to make it poſſible, unleſs a new one can be procured. Not a ſoul ſuſpects my being here; Danby has made enquiries repeatedly, but my diſguiſe effectually bars ſuſpicion; what can the fellow mean by it? Does he ſuſpect his *deary*, I wonder? whether ſo or not, he will have more reaſon at a future period, as he may depend upon it I ſhall not be idle in propagating

my

my triumph when I come to town, of which her maid will be a ſtriking proof.—This will be a glorious revenge; and I, as *Chamont* ſays,

More glory in't,
Than if poſſeſſed of all that fortune
Ever threw on fools.

Methinks I ſee thee now exclaiming, Oh Dawſon! Dawſon! what a ſad dog thou art! how many girls haſt thou already ruined! when will thy mad pranks be ended? Why, I will tell thee, not till the heat of this ſaid conſtitution of mine is allayed, and the dear bewitching things ſhall ſay, "Dawſon, thou canſt no longer "pleaſe;" but that will not happen

theſe fifty years, according to my own reckoning. How long in thine, I leave thee to determine; but it is almoſt time to cloſe this, as the old man who takes my letters to the poſt is at preſent waiting, and I am to be in the garden rather early this evening, to plan matters for our future meetings in town, if I can ever be prevailed on to keep them; but that is at preſent a mute point: I have had poſſeſſion enough already, even in a woman's conſcience; but however, I will *promiſe*, although I may never *perform*. There is ſeveral viſitors at old Greville's already, on account of the double marriage; but I had forgot

to

to tell thee that Ethelinda's ſiſter is to give her hand at the ſame time to a couſin of hers, a finical puppy of a fellow that I never ſaw but once, and that was when I firſt beheld my fair Ethelinda; joyful evening! that ever paved the way to the moſt ample revenge ever beſtowed on roving mortal! 'Tis now very near the time for me to be off.—Zounds! I muſt cloſe this! or I ſhall be too late.—Do as I have above deſired thee, and thou wilt prove thyſelf the friend of

DAWSON.

P. S. If Willſon is in town, endeavour to ſecure him till I come;

and if he has really ſaid what you informed me, I will oblige him to recant the whole before Mrs. Dawſon, and declare it is a lie, or I will lodge him in priſon directly.

LETTER XXII.

MR. DANBY TO MR. ORDWAY.

DISTRACTION! horror! what ſhall I ſay to my friend! or how relate the horrid tale I muſt now unfold! ye bleſſed attendant ſpirits, that look with compaſſionate eyes on the diſtreſſes of blind, deluded mortals, aſſiſt me to collect my ſcattered ſenſes, ſufficient to pour the anguiſh of my ſoul into the boſom of that friend who has ever ſympathiſed in all my cares, and partook of all my ſorrows! Look down, oh merciful God! and

indulge me with an eye of pity; and calm, calm my diſtracted ſoul, and enable me to remember I am a man. I muſt throw down the pen, for I cannot proceed.—Tears ſtop me; it is too much to recollect. Pardon my weakneſs, my dear friend.—I am now a little more myſelf; and will go on to impart to you what muſt for ever be repoſed within your own breaſt.

Yeſterday morning, which I informed you was to bleſs me, as I vainly thought, with the hand of my lovely Ethelinda, and to raiſe me to the ſummit of all my earthly wiſhes,

beheld

beheld her a lifeleſs corpſe! O God! I cannot proceed;—pity, pity me, oh my friend!—I again reſume my pen, and will relate the ſad ſtory as minute and connected as I can.

The evening preceding yeſterday we had ſpent in the company of a few friends, who had been invited to partake of a friendly ſupper (as Mr. Greville thought) on the *double happy* occaſion of the expected nuptials. About ten, Miſs Greville complained of a ſlight head-ach; I adviſed her to retire to bed, and endeavour to ſleep, as the moſt efficacious remedy; ſhe appeared happy at my propoſal,

and retired accordingly, ſaying to me, as I quitted her in the veſtibule, that "I might ſpare her now a little "earlier than uſual, as I may pro- "bably very ſoon have too much "of her company."—My anſwer was, "that for a certainty I never "ſhould think ſo."—She tripped up the ſtairs, and ſmiling ſaid, "Go, "go, you are a flatterer."—Theſe were the laſt dear words I ever heard her lovely lips pronounce; the be-witching ſmile with which it was ſpoke, is ſtill before my eyes. Oh woman! woman! what art thou!

When Mrs. Greville went to her own apartment, between eleven and twelve,

twelve, ſhe ordered ſome ſack-whey to be brought her, of which ſhe drank, and then ordered her maid to carry it to Ethelinda, and deſire her to drink, as ſhe ſeemed ſlightly indiſpoſed. The ſervant obeyed the orders; but on coming to Miſs Greville's room, ſhe diſcovered Miſs G. was not in bed, nor had been there all the night; her night-cloaths were on the chair, and the bed the ſame as in the evening; ſhe was of courſe ſurpriſed at this, and went down to her fellow-ſervant (Miſs Greville's maid) to enquire for her miſtreſs, and was anſwered, ſhe muſt certainly be in bed, and had been there for two

hours; the other afferted the contrary in pofitive terms; whilft Mifs Greville's maid as fharply contefted that fhe had made a miftake, and gone into Mifs Charlotte's room inftead of her miftrefs's.

Whilft they were contending for the truth, Mrs. Greville rung the bell for her maid; the fervant went immediately to her miftrefs, and Mifs Greville's, in a great hurry, haftened to the garden. Mrs. G. chided her maid for ftaying, which induced the woman to tell her reafons; Mrs. Greville was aftonifhed, got out of bed directly, and went to

her

her daughter's apartment to be convinced, which ſhe too ſoon was, of the truth.—Miſs Greville's maid was immediately called for, but ſhe could not be found any more than her miſtreſs; the alarm was then given by Mrs. Greville's running down into the dining-room, and exclaiming, Lord, Mr. Greville! Mr. Greville! Ethelinda is loſt! ſhe cannot be found any where! come and ſearch for her! come and ſearch for her!—I was thunder-ſtruck; I flung down the glaſs I had in my hand, and darted acroſs the room like lightning (not knowing what I did), and followed Mr. Greville towards

wards the garden, he exclaiming all the way, Damn'd villain! damn'd villain! he has ſtole my daughter! we'll purſue him! we'll purſue him!

We entered the garden; I ran I know not whither; the company exclaiming, Miſs Greville! and Mr. Greville calling, My dear Ethelinda! but no anſwer could we receive: at laſt I perceived a faint light at the bottom of the garden, glimmering through the ſhrubs. I reached the ſpot before any perſon elſe, and found it to be a candle in Miſs Greville's chamber-candleſtick; it was placed on the top of a ſlope, which

which led to a fiſh-pond, oppoſite a large arbour; I catched it up, and, in an inſtant, entered the ſummer-houſe, but no perſon was there; on the table lay a gentleman's hat, and a gold-headed cane, with a cypher engraved on it, I.D.D.—By this time, Mr. Greville and the reſt were come up to me,—on my ſhewing it to them, no aſtoniſhment could equal what appeared on the countenance of every one. I could ſcarce believe the reality of my own exiſtence;—all concluded it belonged to Dawſon, and that he was in the garden, or not far from it.

We

We all haſtened to the garden-gate which led to the fields, in order to purſue them, thinking ſhe was eloped with him; but, on coming to the gate, we found it locked on the inſide, and the key in it; we then ſearched every place that we hoped would lead to diſcover them; but our ſearch was in vain for near an hour; and we were about to return to the houſe, to give orders for the horſes and carriages to be got ready directly, to ſet off in ſearch of them:—when, oh ye eternal powers! ſpare the recollection of my horrors! at that moment, oh God! the thoughts of it harrows up my ſoul!

on

on looking with a diſtracted look to that end of the pond where I had firſt ſeen the candle, there I thought I ſaw ſomething white near the end of the water.—I darted towards the place, and found it to be muſlin faſtened to a ſtick, which had ſupported ſome peas that grew near the water: I raiſed it up with my hand, and found it extended farther. I gave a loud ſcream, and had not Frederick caught me, ſhould have plunged headlong into the pond. —Before I could recollect myſelf ſufficient to attempt to pull it out of the water, two gentlemen and Mr. Greville had dragged out the body of

Ethelinda,

Ethelinda, and the breathleſs beauty lay extended at my feet, lifeleſs and inanimate as primitive duſt.

Mrs. Greville, on ſeeing the body of her child, was ſeized with convulſions, and carried to the houſe; as was likewiſe Charlotte; poor Mr. Greville not much otherwiſe; the ſurgeon was called in immediately; but all aſſiſtance came too late; and the body was carried into the houſe, to wait the coroner's inqueſt, which ſat yeſterday afternoon.

Nothing was ſeen in the houſe but horror and confuſion; Miſs Greville's

ville's maid was the only perſon that could throw a light on the diſmal affair, but ſhe could not be found.—Dawſon, if it was him, eſcaped over the garden-wall, as the tiles were broke where he made the deſcent from the wall, and his footſteps were traced to the ſpot.

I muſt again lay down my pen.—In mercy pity me.—'Tis now near twelve o'clock.—I muſt lay down, and endeavour to take ſome reſt.—Will conclude it to-morrow.

Three times have I taken up the pen, to finiſh the above; and as often

been

been obliged to lay it down again.—What I have now to relate, you will perhaps ſcarcely credit.—Surely, if there is in hell, or elſewhere, a place of torment more exquiſite than another, it will be reſerved for the final lot of that execrable villain, *Dawſon*.

Gracious God! and Father of mercies! pity me.—Why didſt thou form me with a heart ſuſceptible of the fineſt feelings, yet permit me to experience the keeneſt anguiſh, and that in the perſon of her thou didſt ſo lovely make, and apparently without blemiſh! couldſt thou permit a heart to dwell therein, capable of ſo

much deceit, as that which now wrongs me, and all thoſe to whom ſhe was ſo dear?—But pardon my complaints, thou juſt and merciful God! and teach me in thy decrees to know, that whatever is, is right.

I believe I left off where I informed you that the body of Miſs G. was taken to the houſe.—The remainder of the night was ſpent in ſearch of the ſervant; the pond was dragged, as thinking ſhe might poſſibly have plunged into the pond after her miſtreſs; but ſhe was no where to be found. The ſearch was therefore given over about five in the morning.

I ſpent the hours that paſſed from that period till four in the afternoon, in horrors not to be deſcribed.—My poor ſervant informs me, I was from one at noon until half paſt three in the afternoon in a kind of ſtupefaction, but was rouſed from it by intelligence being brought, that the maid was found, at a village a little way diſtant, going off with a gentleman in a poſt-chaiſe.—A tenant of Mr. Greville's ſtopped her, and brought her home; but the gentleman ſat off inſtantly.

Whilſt William was relating this to me, the Jury were aſſembling in the

the hall, where the body of Miſs G. lay; they had been, it ſeems, prevented from proceeding for ſeveral hours, as the ſervant who had been miſſing, was the perſon they principally wanted to examine; and as ſoon as ſhe was brought home, they proceeded to make the neceſſary enquiries. I was ſoon after ſummoned to the hall, as were the other friends of Mr. Greville. When I entered, the horror that appeared on every countenance beggars all deſcription; and when the Coroner put the uſual queſtion to me, I being the firſt that was examined, and the firſt that was ſworn, my ſenſes forſook me, and,

for the firſt time in my life, I fainted away.—See in how ſhort a time ſorrow can enervate the human frame!

When I came to myſelf, they were examining Miſs G.'s ſervant; her depoſition was briefly this:—that her miſtreſs, for ſome time paſt, had conſtantly met a gentleman at night in the garden.—That his name was *Dawſon*.—That he had been in the village for ſome weeks paſt in a diſguiſe.—That her miſtreſs had often told her, ſhe loved Mr. Dawſon beyond any thing on earth; but that it was impoſſible for her to marry him; and as that was the caſe, did not

not think there was any harm in meeting him there. — That Mr. Dawſon had perſuaded her miſtreſs to marry Mr. Danby (as ſhe was with child by Mr. Dawſon)—That, to prevent a diſcovery of ſuch a nature, ſhe had conſented to be married.—They had made an agreement to meet that evening for the laſt time in the country; but were to ſee each other when again in town.—That it was her uſual cuſtom to ſit in Miſs Greville's room till her miſtreſs came in from the garden; but having by accident forgot ſomething, ſhe had gone down ſtairs to fetch it, not thinking any body would go to her

apartment in the mean while.—That as ſoon as ſhe found it was diſcovered, ſhe ran immediately to the garden to tell her miſtreſs, but had hardly time to reach the ſpot, before ſhe heard Mr. Greville's voice in the garden.—That as ſoon as ſhe had told Miſs Greville of her father's coming to ſearch for her, Miſs G. in a violent hurry puſhed Mr. Dawſon out of the ſummer-houſe, and bid him run to ſave himſelf, ſaying, If you are caught here, you will be killed in the confuſion.—That he forgot his hat and cane, and making directly down thro' the ſhrubbery, jumped over the wall, by the aſſiſtance of a tree that grew near.

near.—She herſelf made directly to the houſe, and her miſtreſs attempted to follow, but hearing ſomebody coming down the walk, her miſtreſs turned ſhort round, and ran down the ſlope which led to the fiſh-pond; and ſhe heard ſomething fall into the water, but ſaw her miſtreſs no more; ſhe therefore concluded it muſt be her that had fallen into the pond.—That whilſt they were ſearching for her miſtreſs, ſhe returned to the houſe, took her hat and cloak, and ſet out in purſuit of Mr. Dawſon; that ſhe met him in the meadow, oppoſite the garden, went away with him, and aſſiſted him to pack up his cloaths;

and as ſoon as that was done, they travelled to the village where ſhe was ſtopped; they had waited for a poſt-chaiſe to take them to London, as Mr. Dawſon had told her ſhe muſt not attempt to go back to her miſtreſs, but go with him to town, and he would provide her a place, and buy her ſome cloaths; that ſhe had conſented to it, and was going off.

Thus ended her depoſition.—To deſcribe to you, my dear Ordway, the torments I endured, would be impoſſible! nature was too weak for the conflict; and in a few minutes after ſhe had ended her narrative, and

I was

I was about to ſay ſomething to the Coroner, I fainted a ſecond time; and when I recovered, found myſelf in bed, with a ſurgeon near, who, it ſeems, had bled me in the courſe of the night. I had ſome ſleep, which rather compoſed me, and enabled me to write you this; but even at this moment I find myſelf ſtrangely diſordered: a flushing on my brain, joined to repeated cold ſhivers, make me fitter for the bed, or probably the grave, than any where elſe.

It is with the greateſt difficulty I have ſupported myſelf to write ſo much. I wiſh to ſay ſomething relative

relative to the monſter that has been the occaſion of all this diſtreſs, but cannot. Farewel, my dear Ordway; pity your truly miſerable friend,

DANBY.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS CHARLOTTE HOTHAM TO MISS HOTHAM.

DEAR JULIA,

BEFORE this, I ſuppoſe you will have received my diſtracted and incoherent letter of yeſterday, wherein I informed you of the dreadful cataſtrophe which put a period to Miſs Greville's life, on Wedneſday evening.—O my deareſt ſiſter, to what a ſcene of miſery am I now a witneſs? ſuch as, I believe, cannot be parallelled.—In one room lies dreſt, in the melan-

melancholy habiliments of death, our once beloved, valued friend—like a lily levelled in the duſt, by a rude and unexpected blaſt. The ſplendid dreſſes, coſtly jewels, and all the pompous preparations for, what Mr. Greville thought would be, the happieſt period of his life (in ſeeing his children happily ſettled in the world), are now huddled together, and for ever buried from the eye.—Inſtead of the jocund ſong, the ſprightly dance, the enlivening wit, and brilliant repartees, —all, all is horror, heart-rending anguiſh, and inevitable deſpair!

The

The Coroner's inqueſt, as I believe I informed you, brought in their verdict Accidental death. Preparations are therefore making, as faſt as poſſible, for the funeral. Poor Mr. and Mrs. Greville, and Miſs Charlotte, were removed to Mr. Harding's, previous to the inqueſt being taken. Mrs. G. was ſeized with convulſions when ſhe ſaw the body of her child taken out of the water, and has remained in that ſtate ever ſince. Miſs Charlotte is extremely ill with a fever, that heightens every hour.—Poor Mr. Greville and Mr. Danby, the laſt not the leaſt in ſorrow!—over their miſery let me draw a veil.

Poor

Poor ſuffering Mr. Danby! he is here, and we find it impoſſible to remove him: he was taken extremely ill yeſterday afternoon, about four o'clock, and before twelve became delirious; he raves inceſſantly on his Ethelinda—and that infernal villain Dawſon; at times he imagines Miſs Greville near him, and riſes up with eagerneſs to claſp her to his boſom; the next minute he thinks he ſees Dawſon rolling down ſeas of ſulphur, and devils laſhing the hardened wretch; in an inſtant he changes to ſuch plaintive ſorrow, as would melt the hardeſt and moſt obdurate heart. He knows no one near him, nor permits

us

us to give him any ſort of medicine.

Frederick and myſelf are the only ones capable of attending on our truly unhappy friends, whoſe fate is ſingularly wretched.

Look down, O thou merciful and pitying God! upon the miſeries of theſe thy wretched creatures; and deign to ſhed the balm of comfort over their diſtracted ſouls.

A few minutes before I began to write this, I ſtepped to the chamber of death, and took, for the laſt time, a view

a view of our poor departed deluded friend!—Heavens! what were my ideas whilſt I ſurveyed that once beauteous angelic face!—What a leſſon to the young and giddy was there preſented!—My perturbated heart throbs with redoubled force at the recollection of the miſerable ſcene, and brings to my remembrance thoſe fine lines of Rowe, which begin,

"Truſt not a man; they are by nature falſe."

How true is the above exemplified in our friend! but what heightens the horror of the deed is, the thought of her being not only the *murderer* of herſelf, but likewiſe that of a dear

little innocent, who, in a few months, in all probability would have added another wretched being in this frail world!—And what further deaths it may occaſion, Heaven only knows at preſent!—Two bid fair to fall the wretched victims.

Let this be a monitor to you, to me, and all thoſe who ſhall know the diſmal ſtory, and teach us, how careful we ought to be in what manner we liſten to the deluſive flattery of dark, deſigning villains.—I am called to poor Mr. Danby, who is taken worſe; muſt therefore cloſe this letter. —Adieu, my dear ſiſter.

CHARLOTTE HOTHAM.

P. S. Beg my dear mama not to make herſelf uneaſy about me, as I find myſelf at preſent perfectly well, and hope I ſhall remain ſo, for the ſake of poor Mr. Danby, who is now much worſe; Frederick is with him, and four others, and it is with difficulty he is kept in bed.—Excuſe theſe blots; my tears will fall, notwithſtanding the reſolution I am miſtreſs of.—My poor Ethelinda is to be conſigned to the duſt to-morrow morning at four o'clock, for the ſake of privacy, to prevent a throng of people; but it is given out that it is to be at eight.

LETTER XXIV.

DAWSON TO LUMLEY, ESQ.

DEAR FRED.

THOU wilt be ſurpriſed to ſee this letter of mine come from my own houſe, as I am in town a day ſooner than expectation: but I have rare news to inform thee of; I am either the wiſeſt fellow thou couldſt ever boaſt of as a friend, or the moſt arrant fool thou ever heardeſt of.

In the firſt place, I muſt tell thee, that I have made a ſhift to get rid

of both miſtreſs and maid; but thou wilt aſk, how this has been done?—'Tis ſuch a damn'd bungling affair of it altogether, that I know not how to begin.

Thou mayeſt remember that I ſent thee word how prettily I had contrived matters with my Dulcinea.—That I was to meet her in the garden the evening previous to her marriage.—I went, and found her waiting.—We had paſſed ſome time as uſual, and were laughing at the credulity of *Danby*.—She was ſaying, how happy ſhe was in the idea of ſeeing me frequently in town, to which place ſhe would

would haſten as ſoon as poſſible.—She had ſcarcely pronounced theſe words, when we were ſurpriſed at a ſudden confuſed noiſe at the upper end of the garden, near the houſe; and, before I could ſpeak, heard old Greville's voice bellow forth the name of Ethelinda; and heard the footſteps of ſomebody, in a great hurry, advancing to the place where we then were:—There was no time for conſultation.—Eſcape was the word given by my deary, which I immediately effected by a curſed high leap from the garden wall into a meadow adjoining, leaving my hat and cane as proofs to Danby, of his bride's immaculate purity.

She was to make the beſt tale ſhe could to her noiſy father, whom I heard vociferating Ethelinda! as I took the lover's leap; although it was not quite ſo high as the promontory of Lucat, yet, by my ſoul, I thought all my bones were diſlocated, when I reached the ground; but Venus averted that misfortune, thanks to her goddeſsſhip.

I made a ſhort ſtop under the wall, and thought I heard a noiſe in the water; but the noiſe increaſing from the confuſion of voices, hindered me from being certain.

Whilſt

Whilſt I was ſauntering up the meadow, highly diverted at the denouement of my intrigue, I ſaw Miſs Greville's maid advancing precipitately towards me, exclaiming loudly, Lord, Sir, run, for I believe my miſtreſs has thrown herſelf into the fiſh-pond; and I have a thouſand things to tell you of: beſides, I am afraid my maſter will find me, and then, you know, I ſhall be forced to tell all.—Very right, my girl, ſaid I; therefore the ſooner we ſet off together the better.

This I thought the beſt expedient, and the ſooner accompliſhed the bet-

ter, as I did not much like an explanation to take place immediately, for very obvious reaſons.—However, to make ſhort of my ſtory, I hurried to my lodgings, bid my girl ſtay outſide the window, from which I flung my luggage, and bid her go off with it to the end of the village. I then left five guineas on the table; came down ſtairs as ſoftly as poſſible, and, without any ceremony, left the houſe: but before I got to the end of the village, I was aſtoniſhed to hear that my laſs had, in reality, taken an abſolute leap t'other ſide of Styx.—I thought it high time to decamp, and haſtened on with my new conqueſt to

the

ne next village, where we got about four in the morning: there happened to be an inn at this place, but the devil a bit of a poſt-chaiſe could I get till eleven o'clock the ſame morning; when, as his infernal worſhip would have it, juſt as I had put in my luggage, and was ready to decamp, up comes two raſcals, and ſeizes hold of the laſs; ſaying, they had hunted for her all that morning, were glad they had found her, for Madam Ethelinda had drowned herſelf, and ſhe could tell all about it; and, without any more ceremony, hurried her off.

This

This I ſaw from a window, as I did not chuſe to be viſible to them, when I found out their errand. As ſoon as they were out of ſight, I popp'd into the chaiſe, but not without paying the hire before-hand; for on the above circumſtance the owner was afraid to truſt me; however, as ſoon as I had ſilenced all ſcruples, I bid the fellow drive like the devil until I reached town, where I now am *in ſtatu quo*, and ſhall wait upon thee to-morrow morning to convince thee of it.—I ſhall want to borrow a hundred pieces of thee for ſix weeks, which I beg thou wilt oblige me with; and am thy friend,

DAWSON.

LETTER XXV.

LUMLEY, ESQ. TO DAWSON.

SIR,

YOU will, no doubt, wonder at your laſt letter laying unanſwered ſo long; but it is now time to aſſign the reaſon, and to aſſure you that this will be the laſt you ſhall ever receive from me.

In the firſt place, the contents of yours both aſtoniſhed and condemned me, for having kept up a correſpondence with a man whoſe principles are a diſ-

a diſgrace to human nature. In the ſecond, I muſt beg leave to inform you, that a letter I have juſt received from a friend, who happened to be on the ſpot at the time of the dreadful cataſtrophe, has fully opened my eyes; and your own, as well as my friend's letter, fully convince me that I have, for years, held a correſpondence with a determined villain. O Dawſon! Dawſon! if thou haſt but a ſingle ſpark of honour in thee, not to mention religion, liſten for a moment to the dictates of a friend, who, though he never can attempt to keep up an intimacy with thee, yet cannot help ſtill to admoniſh thee againſt approaching ruin.

My

My letter informs me, that the miſerable father intends to purſue every means that can poſſibly be deviſed to bring ſuch an abandoned wretch as you are to condign and merited puniſhment.—The poor diſtracted, unhappy mother breathed her laſt in the arms of her remaining child two days after the funeral of her deluded daughter.

Almighty God! is it poſſible that a human being, a man whom Heaven has crowned with accumulated bleſſings, can ſo far forget his Maker, as to make a jeſt of the murders he himſelf has been the author of? I can

ſcarcely

ſcarcely credit it; but yet, at the ſame inſtant, I am but too well convinced of its reality.

Repent; for Heaven's ſake, repent, before it is too late, or thou art loſt for ever! For ſure, an impenitent wretch like thee, never entered the confines of Heaven; and probably thou wilt too ſoon be called upon to appear in the preſence of that God, whoſe bounties thou haſt ſo wretchedly abuſed. The rod of vengeance hangs trembling over thy devoted head, and thou wilt certainly be ſummoned to anſwer for all thy heinous crimes, and all the miſeries of a truly unhappy murdered family.

The

The only one that remains capable of rifking his life, to ſend ſuch a being as thee out of the world, has made a ſolemn promiſe to purſue thee to the utmoſt regions of the earth, and from thy reeking blood to make ſome atonement for all the diſtracting horrors thou haſt occaſioned him.— The affair, I find, was made too public to admit of any palliation of the truth, and thou art univerſally reprobated as the moſt abandoned villain that ever diſgraced human ſociety.

Mrs. Dawſon, I ſuppoſe, by this time is made acquainted with the whole

whole circumſtance; and certainly, if ſhe is not totally devoid of reaſon, cannot fail to deteſt thee as much as all the world beſides.—If that is the caſe, what now muſt be thy miſerable ſituation? Nothing but horrors can certainly ſurround thee.—Hadſt thou followed my advice, which I long ſince gave thee, thou hadſt not been the wretch thou now art; but that is now paſt; and I ſhall always regret that my pen was ever diſgraced by a correſpondence with thee.

As to the money you write about, I will be ingenuous and aſſure thee, that were I poſſeſſed of thouſands be-

yond

yond what I am, not a ſhilling would I lend thee.—A time has been, when thou couldſt not boaſt of the poſſeſſion of a ſingle guinea: I was then ambitious to be thy friend, and could not bear to know thee feel the want of what had been ſo liberally beſtowed on me.—But now farewel, and that for ever.—And may the conviction of thy crimes teach thee to be a repentant ſinner, is the ſincere prayer of F. LUMLEY.

P. S. Before I had cloſed this, a note has been brought me from thy wife, requeſting my company on par-

ticular buſineſs. I judge the purport of the meſſage, and would lay my life on the odds that thou wilt ſoon hear and tremble.—Repent, Dawſon, repent, is my repeated prayer; remember that I charge thee to do it.—I ſhall diſguiſe nothing from thy wife; and if ſhe requeſts thy letters, I ſhall moſt certainly give them up.

LETTER XXVI.

DAWSON TO LUMLEY, ESQ.

DAMNATION to your nonſenſe! and may all ſermonizing epiſtles like thine be hurried to the infernal regions in an air balloon!—Pragmatical puppy! to attempt to preach repentance to a fellow like me! Abſurdities like that, are too ridiculous to be attended to for a moment.

No, I have now ſet my life upon a caſt, and will ſtand the hazard of the die. What I mean thou wilt probably

ſoon know, or perhaps not at all well.—Be it either way, I care not a ſtraw; and as I am an incorrigible villain, why e'en let me remain ſo, ſince I am that raſcal which the Being thou talkeſt ſo much about has made me, what occaſion is there for altering it, eſpecially when I happen to be ſo well pleaſed with it: then a damn for every one elſe; ſelf, dear ſelf, is all that I adore.

Thou mayeſt ſhew this to the old lady, with the reſt, for what Dawſon cares.—And as to your money, damn it, I can do without it.—Honeſty is a mere farce, and thoſe who firſt talked

about

about it, are as great fools as thee. A fig for honesty; and may honesty and fools go together, prays most fervently

DAWSON.

LETTER XXVII.

MISS HOTHAM TO HER SISTER.

DEAR SISTER,

ALL is now over with poor Mrs. Greville; ſhe breathed her laſt in the arms of the miſerable Charlotte this morning, about five o'clock. Miſs Greville had been ſummoned to attend her dying parent a few hours before, but was too ill herſelf at that time to be removed to her mother's room. Mrs. Greville had remained in ſtrong convulſions from the dreadful evening that put a period to Ethelinda's

linda's life, until laſt night, about eleven o'clock, when ſhe, of a ſudden, fell into a kind of ſlumber, and ſo remained for near an hour: this was joyfully perceived, by all preſent, as a happy preſage to her ſpeedy recovery; but it was all a deluſive dream, that vaniſhed in an inſtant; for when ſhe had lain about an hour in what we thought a profound ſleep, ſhe waked, and aſked eagerly for her daughter, deſired to ſee her immediately, as ſhe was certain ſhe had not long to live.

Miſs Charlotte was made acquainted with the deſire of her mo-

ther, but the reaſon for which ſhe was ſent, ſhocked her too much to be capable of going. This being communicated to poor Mrs. G. (as ſhe ſeemed anxious to know the reaſon) ſhe ſtarted at the thought of her child's illneſs, and exclaimed, with a kind of eagerneſs, Bleſſed Jeſus, thy will be done! but let me ſee my child, and then farewell. Miſs Charlotte was therefore fetched immediately, though ſo extremely ill, and carried to the bed-ſide by ſervants, but too ill to ſay any more than, Oh, my dear mother!—This exclamation, which ſhe uttered in a low voice, drew the attention of Mrs. Greville, who, raiſ-

ing

ing her head, perceived her child ſupported by two ſervants; ſhe appeared much agitated at the ſight, and eagerly ſtarting up in the bed, ſaid, Come cloſer, my only child, let me give thee a dying mother's——Here the words faultered on her lips, a livid paleneſs overſpread them in an inſtant; and as Miſs Charlotte extended her arms to receive her mother's laſt embrace, the ſuffering poor parent expired in her arms.

Oh heavens, I cannot proceed!—But I muſt, that I may put a period to the ſhocking ſcene. Charlotte fell inſenſible on the body of her parent,

 and

and was, by violence, taken from the corpſe; Mr. Greville was at this period fallen into a ſweet ſleep in the next room, and the tranſition being ſo ſudden, he could not be appriſed of it without, as we thought, its affecting him too much: ſhe had aſked for her huſband likewiſe during the ſhort interval ſhe ſeemed to poſſeſs her ſenſes, but we informing her of his being a little compoſed, ſhe anſwered, Then let him ſleep, poor man, he wants it much! Frederick was on one ſide the bed, myſelf on the other.

At this diſtreſſing ſcene, poor Frederick ſeemed quite inſenſible for ſome

ſome moments; but when Miſs Charlotte was taken from the body, he ſtarted in a kind of phrenzy from the place where he ſtood, and in a loud vociferating voice exclaimed, Juſt Heaven! this is too much! Canſt thou, O thou eternal God! permit murders like theſe to go unpuniſhed! If thou, Juſt Being, canſt allow it, then I myſelf will be the avenger, and as far as Heaven is from Hell, and the extremity of pole to pole, will I ſearch for the abandoned murderer, plunge my ſword into the villain's breaſt, and ſend his ſoul precipitately, ſend it to that Hell from whence it ſprung.—With this he

darted

darted out of the room, immediately ordered the poſt-chariot to be got ready, and, in ſpite of all my entreaties to prevent it, left the houſe with theſe words: "That he never "would return till Dawſon was no "more: take care of Charlotte, and "her poor father, my dear Miſs "Hotham, and Heaven will reward "you."

He ſtepped into the chariot, and bid the ſervant drive, like lightning, to H——; where he's going from thence, Heaven only knows; but the cauſe of the innocent, whom he goes to avenge, I hope will protect him

from

from all danger.—The noiſe made by Frederick awaked Mr. Greville. We amuſed him as well as poſſible from the reality of the cauſe, and only informed him that Mrs. G. had been ſomething worſe, but was then a great deal better, and we hoped would ſoon be recovered; at my ſaying this, he ſhook his head, and ſaid, "Oh "Miſs Hotham, your appearance "ſpeaks the contrary."—My eyes were, in appearance, ſtarting from their ſockets; but to amuſe him, and to avoid entering into a diſcourſe on the ſubject, which would have betrayed the whole, I informed him that Mr. Danby wanted to ſee me,

and

and that I was going to wait on him, deſiring him to take his medicines, and that I would come to him again very ſoon. I then left him, and ſtepped to Miſs Charlotte, who was too much exhauſted to take the leaſt notice of me.

After giving ſome orders, I went to Mr. Danby, but he, dear ſufferer, is loſt now to every calamity, and the phyſician aſſures me, there is not the leaſt proſpect of ever regaining his ſenſes more, admitting he ſhould recover his health.—He knows nobody near him, and paſſively takes any thing that is offered him; and, except

cept at ſhort intervals, can be taken any where, or done any thing with.—What a miſerable ſtate!

Pray don't think of ſending for me; I cannot leave the place.—I now am really in love with ſorrow.—God, in his almighty power, will, I hope, reſtore my miſerable friends in his own good time; till then we muſt ſubmit.—I have juſt been to Miſs G.'s apartments, and found her a little better: how ſhe will bear the abſence of Frederick, I know not; but I truſt we ſhall be able to reconcile her, by telling her that he is now with Mr. Danby; this is what I mean to aſſure her, as well as Mr. Greville.

Whilſt

Whilſt I am writing, I can hear the moans of Mr. Greville, whoſe acuteneſs of pain, from the fever, makes him frequently delirious.

May I never be witneſs to ſuch ſorrows again, is the prayer of your affectionate ſiſter,

HOTHAM.

P. S. If it be poſſible to trace out Frederick, I would wiſh my father to do it, and endeavour to prevent him from doing any thing that may endanger his life.

LETTER XXVIII.

FREDERICK GREVILLE, ESQ. TO MISS HOTHAM.

DEAR MISS HOTHAM,

MY diſtracted ſoul has not known a moment's peace ſince I left you laſt.—How is my poor afflicted Charlotte? Does ſhe and her unhappy father ſtill breathe? Or is ſhe, as well as the unfortunate mother, now no more?

What horrors did I not feel, when I left you laſt.—Certainly you muſt

conclude me to be like poor Danby, out of my ſenſes.—I left you to gueſs the cauſe of my departure.—I ſcarce knew what I did, nor do not even now.—But I muſt inform you that, agreeably to the orders you heard me give the ſervants, I poſted immediately to H——, where I was diſappointed of finding that *abandoned miſcreant, Dawſon.* Impatient to wreak my revenge, I made all the enquiries I could, and at length found he paſſed through that town early in the morning of the day before. This intelligence rather hurt me, to find that he had, and was ſtill likely to eſcape me for ſome time; however, not

not diſcouraged, I immediately followed in purſuit, and the deſcription I gave of him, traced him from place to place, till I reached town, where I now am, and every moment expecting to hear whereabouts he is, as I have not been able as yet to find him, he not having been at his own houſe ſince yeſterday morning, owing to ſome quarrel (which the ſervant informs William) that he has had with Mrs. Dawſon.—Would to Heaven that ſome guardian angel, who watches over the afflictions of innocence, might inform her what a ſerpent ſhe has foſtered in her boſom!

I feel myſelf inadequate to the taſk, or I ſhould not heſitate a moment to move on the wings of lightning, to inform her of the whole horrid tranſaction! horrid! beyond deſcription horrid!—If you ſee blots, pardon my weakneſs; the recollection of the laſt ſad ſcene ſtaggers all the man, and makes me ſink to the ſoftneſs of the too credulous ſex.—Oh, my dear Charlotte, what muſt be thy feelings, if mine are ſo acute!—Gracious Heaven pity and preſerve her!

I have endeavoured to trace the wretch in town, but, on account of the quarrel with his wife, have not been

been able as yet to effect it. If William does not return with news of him, I ſhall go in ſearch myſelf, for I am determined never to ſee my dear Charlotte's face again, unleſs the villain is no more.—I muſt lay down my pen, as I find myſelf too reſtleſs to write long at a time.

I now again reſume it, and that with a little more compoſure than before, ſince I can inform you, that part of my deſign is accompliſhed. William informed me, when he came back about an hour ſince, that he had fortunately met Dawſon in St. James's Street, and dogged him from thence

to a houſe in New Bond Street; he ſaw him enter, took the number, and then went to a public-houſe near, and made enquiries who the people were who lived there: the anſwer was, that they let lodgings, and were reputed to be good kind of people: this was all that he could learn from them; but under a pretence, he went and aſked for another gentleman that he knew was in the country; but they ſaid they had no lodgers of that name, only a Mr. Dawſon, who came there the day before; that was information ſufficient for him, and he haſted immediately to inform me. I inſtantly ſat down to write a ſhort note to him,

requeſting

requeſting him to be at home at ſeven this evening; William took it, but he was not at home, nor had not been ſince ten that morning. I ſhall wait impatiently to hear of his being at home; in the mean time, cannot omit ſending off this by an expreſs, that I may once more hear of my ſuffering friends. Take care of my dear, very dear Charlotte, my amiable Miſs Hotham, and let nothing be wanted for her afflicted father, and the truly unhappy Mr. Danby, who is now loſt to every ſenſe of affliction. You may either never ſee me more, or ſee me the avenger of injured innocence. Adieu, my dear, dear

Miſs Hotham; may you be happier than your friend, is the ſincere prayer of

FREDERICK GREVILLE.

P. S. Do not be under any apprehenſions in regard to my ſafety; I am determined to fight him before to-morrow night, if he be above ground: I have been told he is a coward, be it ſo, I care not; cowards made deſperate can fight as well as any other man; and the Omnipotent Hand that guides the innocent will not fail to direct mine aright: I will hold him to the ſtake, let him fight me as he can.

LETTER XXIX.

FREDERICK GREVILLE, ESQ. TO MISS HOTHAM.

DEAR MISS HOTHAM,

I THANK you, moſt ſincerely thank you, for your kind ſolicitude for my ſafety. When your letter came, I could ſcarcely credit my ſenſes, they have been ſo long bewildered; as I did not imagine the man would have returned ſo ſoon, but the tranſporting idea of my dear Charlotte's recovery has given comfort inexpreſſible to my tortured breaſt; her poor

poor father, he is better too. "Al-
"mighty Being, and Governor of
"the univerſe, what thanks do I
"not owe thee for theſe obligations;
"reſtore but the afflicted Danby to
"the uſe of his ſenſes once more,
"and all, I truſt, will be well again,
"when time has blunted the edge of
"ſorrow."

You will no doubt be ſolicitous to know what makes me write with more ſpirits than my laſt. I would inform you of the reaſon, but cannot at preſent, as your father is at this moment waiting for me; but my next ſhall acquaint you of the whole: let it be

ſufficient

ſufficient to tell you, that the Almighty, whoſe eye is ever over the unfortunate, and whoſe ear is ever open to their prayer, will prove the avenger of injured innocence on the abandoned murderer; and by the hand of juſtice, through his own machinations, ſhall the truly deteſted being fall.—Your worthy father is impatient for me to go with him to one of the courts of juſtice, to ſee what neither you nor I three days ago could even hope for.—I have time for no more. Adieu.

F. GREVILLE.

LETTER XXX.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DEAR MISS HOTHAM,

I SHALL now inform you what I meant for the laſt; you may remember that I told you in my firſt incoherent letter, in what manner I reached town, and the hope I had of ſoon meeting with the wretch that had occaſioned the firſt intenſe ſorrow I had ever felt. I waited till twelve that night for an anſwer, but none came; in the morning I ſent again, and requeſted to ſee him immediately,

mediately, but the anſwer was juſt the ſame as that of the preceding day, he had not been home ſince; his ſervant had, and to him they had given the note; but neither had been ſeen ſince the man ſaid he believed his maſter was going out of town for a few days, but was not certain; but deſired a fire might be kept in the rooms; this they did, but no Mr. Dawſon made his appearance. I waited in this irkſome ſituation for five days, when the fellow that I had kept upon the watch, came and told me, that Dawſon was juſt gone into the houſe, and that he appeared as if juſt come off a journey, or greatly hurried;

hurried; he left a chairman to watch his motions, whilſt he came with this intelligence to me. I inſtantly put on a ſword, took a brace of piſtols, and hurried immediately to the houſe; but before I reached it, I was aſtoniſhed at ſeeing a large mob near the door of the houſe that I was going to; I bid the fellow that was with me, go to aſk the reaſon; they informed him, that a gentleman who lodged there had been guilty of a forgery, and that he had attempted to ſhoot the officers who came to take him, and that had occaſioned the mob: I flew to the door on receiving this information, and the firſt

object

object that presented itself was Dawson, held by two men, who rudely forced him into a coach that was waiting at the door, and drove off amidst a rude rabble, that immediately followed it.

I stood for some moments lost in a kind of stupor, reflecting on the hidden designs of fate, and on the mysteries of the great Disposer of events, who could in so unaccountable a manner circumvent the designs of man, and bring a wretch, too depraved to live, to infamy, shame, and, in all probability, a miserable death.—Such were my reflections for

that

that moment; and this morning I find my prediction realized.

I ſhould moſt likely have continued longer in the reverie, had not a gentleman come up, and tapped me on the ſhoulder, and, in a voice that I fancied I had ſomewhere heard, ſaid,—If I miſtake not, your name, Sir, is Greville.—I ſtarted at the ſound of my name, looked full in the face of the gentleman, and inſtantly recollected an old ſchool-fellow of mine at Weſtminſter, Bill Pearcy, that you have often heard me mention as a remarkably good-natured fellow; I was extremely glad to ſee him, and

ſhaking

ſhaking him by the hand, aſked him how he diſcovered me; he ſaid, the odd attitude in which I ſtood when the coach drove off, and the different ſenſations that appeared on my countenance, induced him to take a nearer view, as thinking that I might be a perſon intereſted in the fate of Dawſon, or ſome relation; but on coming nearer diſcovered the miſtake, and inſtantly recognized me. I went with him to a coffee-houſe in Covent-Garden, where I briefly informed him of ſome particulars, and what my reaſons were in being at Bond-Street that morning, and that *I was really intereſted* in the fate of Dawſon.

The ſhort recital that I gave him ſeemed to wrap him in aſtoniſhment; and when I had finiſhed, he ſaid he could introduce me to the very perſon whoſe draft Dawſon had forged for eleven hundred pounds, or ſomething more, but could not tell exactly as to the ſum. I was happy to hear him ſay ſo, accepted of the propoſition, and ſent a fellow to Bow-Street to enquire for the gentleman, who it ſeems was there; this is the place where Dawſon was taken to, before ſome juſtices who were then ſitting; in about an hour the man returned with the gentleman, whoſe name is Lumley, an intimate acquaintance of

Pearcy's,

Pearcy's, and had been always of Dawſon's, till the ſhocking cataſtrophe in our family; after the introduction, Mr. Lumley informed us that he ſtood fully committed; and, as the ſeſſions were on at the Old-Bailey, that he would moſt probably be tried the next morning.

He informed me that he and Dawſon had always been upon a very intimate footing, till within a ſhort time, when ſome circumſtances had induced him to alter his opinion, and to decline his acquaintance; this had exaſperated Dawſon; and on Mr. Lumley's refuſing to aſſiſt him with a

temporary ſum, he had *forged* a draft on Mr. L.'s banker, for ſomething above eleven hundred pounds: it was ſo neatly executed, that were it not for a ſmall blot at the end of the name, no one would have been able to diſcover the fraud; Dawſon's ſervant preſented it for payment, which would have been immediately done, had not the clerk into whoſe hands the draft was given, accidentally diſcovered the blot. He told the ſervant to ſtop a few moments, whilſt he ſhewed the draft to one of the partners, who inſtantly compared it with ſome former ones, and found they differed; he then gave orders for the

man

man to be detained, whilſt the clerk was diſpatched to Mr. Lumley's houſe; to know whether it was his hand-writing; he happened to be at home; when the draft was ſhewn him, he was aſtoniſhed, and immediately ſaid, he knew nothing of the matter, and that it was a forgery; aſked who preſented it for payment, the clerk informed him, that the perſon was detained by his maſter's orders, till he returned with Mr. Lumley's anſwer. Mr. L. went immediately with the clerk to his banker's, was ſhewn the man, who ſaid he had the draft from his maſter, Mr. Lumley, to whom he had been hired the day before (Daw-

ſon had aſſumed that name); he was then aſked where his maſter was; he readily anſwered, "he is waiting not "far from here, I will take you to him." They all went out together, paſſed on the ſtreet a little way, and then went into a coffee-houſe; the ſervant enquired for the gentleman he left there, the waiter ſaid he had left the coffee-houſe a few minutes before, in a great hurry; that he had been out once before, and ſtayed a ſhort time; came in again, and drank ſome lemonade; then went out again, and, in a few minutes, returned, took out ſome ſilver, which he flung on the table, and, without waiting for the change, left the coffee-room.

Mr.

Mr. Lumley defired the young gentleman, who came with him from the banker's, to ftep and get two conftables, and follow him and the fervant immediately to Bond-Street; this was done; Mr. Lumley followed the fervant to the door, and entered after him, went directly to Dawfon's apartment, whom he found in the greateft agitation; a brace of piftols lay on the table, and the moment Mr. L. made his appearance Dawfon catched up one of them, and fired it at Mr. L. but the agitation with which it was prefented averted the intended murder, and inftead of effecting its purpofe the ball fhat-

tered a large picture which hung near the door; he was about to ſeize the other piſtol, when Mr. L. advanced, and caught hold of his arm, and ſaid, —Well, now Dawſon, the meaſure of your crimes is full.—He anſwered, I know thy errand, and damnation to the reſt!—And before he could ſay more, the gentleman was come with two conſtables, amidſt a prodigious quantity of people, who had got together in an inſtant, on the people below crying murder, at the report of the piſtol; he was immediately taken down ſtairs, and put into the coach, and taken off, as I obſerved to you before.

Mr.

Mr. Lumley ſaid, that on his examination he neither confeſſed or denied any thing, nor would ſpeak a ſingle word to Mr. L. though he addreſſed him ſeveral times; and ſpoke quite evaſive to all the queſtions put to him by the juſtice; but upon the oath of Mr. Lumley, both himſelf and ſervant were fully committed. The ſeſſions is now near half over at the Old-Bailey; therefore, I ſhall not leave town till I am certain as to the miſerable wretch's fate. I was curious to know of Mr. Lumley what Mrs. Dawſon thought of his conduct, as I made no doubt but Mr. L. muſt know from his paſt intimacy with him;

him; Mr. Lumley ſaid, that by ſome means or other Mrs. Dawſon had been made acquainted with the whole of our diſtreſſing affair; that ſhe had ſent for *him*, upon receiving the news; and as ſhe knew her huſband correſponded with him, deſired that ſhe might ſee ſome of his letters. Mr. L. in conſequence of her requeſt, gave ſome up; the contents plainly convinced her in what manner ſhe had been deceived, and in the preſence of Mr. Lumley, made a ſolemn vow never to ſee him more from that day; ſhe immediately ordered every thing to be packed up, and before he returned in the evening ſhe had

taken

taken whatever ſhe thought proper to have with her, and had left the houſe. He was ſhort of money when he came to town, and when he returned to his houſe, about eight in the evening, he had not five ſhillings left; he could not trace his wife any where, as ſhe only left a ſhort note to inform him of the diſcovery ſhe had made, and her reſolution thereupon; he left the houſe like one diſtracted, and was not heard of again till the above diſcovery.

The moment I hear his fate, I ſhall fly on all the wings of love and rapture to my dear afflicted Charlotte, and

and endeavour to pour the balm of comfort into her truly diſtreſſed ſoul. Adieu, my dear Miſs Hotham, try to comfort my dear afflicted friends, and prepare them to hear what I have related, and you will add to the favours already conferred on

Your ever obliged friend,

F. GREVILLE.

P. S. I have ſent down two of the moſt eminent phyſicians in town, to try what can be done for poor Danby. I am certain, when I return, however well my Charlotte and uncle may be, yet his ſufferings will almoſt diſtract me. Your worthy father will deliver this;

this; he is ſo good as to promiſe to continue with you till my return, which I hope will be in about three days, unleſs more accidents happen. Your amiable mother and ſiſter are very good; they endeavour to comfort me all they can.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS HOTHAM TO MR. GREVILLE.

DEAR MR. GREVILLE,

A THOUSAND thanks to you for your very long letter, and for the intelligence it contained; it has thrown a gleam of comfort over my oppreſſed heart, and the arrival of my dear father has a little abated my ſorrow for my dear afflicted friends. Miſs Greville and her unhappy father are ſtill ſomething better; but the wretched Danby is an object that muſt be regarded with the moſt ten-

der pity; he remains in much the ſame ſtate as when you leſt us; no material alteration has taken place, and the phyſicians cannot give any hopes of his ever regaining his ſenſes more. Mrs. Greville was buried yeſterday morning; we have not as yet let Mr. Greville know it; how we ſhall break it to him Heaven knows; he thinks ſhe ſtill breathes; we muſt, I believe, leave that taſk to my father; Mr. Greville ſeemed overjoyed at the ſight of him; when my father had ſome diſcourſe with him this morning, he ſaid, " My dear friend " Hotham, you know not what loſs I " have ſuſtained in my poor dear de-

" luded

" luded child; but your kind consola-
" tion will, I trust, with the assistance
" of Heaven, reconcile me to it, and
" my poor wife; comfort her, do, pray
" do; she wants it much; her sorrow
" is great enough." My father said, he would not have him think too intensely on the subject, but hoped that himself, as well as Mrs. Greville, would soon be better; he shook his head, and said, " I fear that will never
" be, for they tell me Mrs. Greville has
" been in fits almost ever since; go," he said to my father, " go to my dear
" creature, and tell her you come to
" comfort her; your amiable child will
" do the same." He pressed us to go,

we

we therefore left him. My father means to break it to him, ſome time to-day if poſſible, and likewiſe to let him into part of the contents of your letter; I have already read part of it to Miſs Charlotte, and as you are ſafe from danger, ſhe ſeems much happier; I was under the neceſſity to inform her where you were, as I had amuſed her too long to admit of deceiving her more. Let me beg of you to haſten your return as quick as poſſible, that ſomething may be fixed on for the removal of our friends, as ſoon as they are well enough to admit of it, which I truſt and hope will be ſoon.

Miſs Charlotte the phyſicians pronounced out of danger when they came firſt. Mr. Greville's age is rather againſt him; but I truſt, when they are removed from the ſpot where their ſorrows originated, they may again poſſeſs tranquillity (leaving our dear Danby out of the queſtion). I muſt expect you ſoon, and remain yours ſincerely,

JULIA HOTHAM.

LETTER XXXII.

FREDERICK GREVILLE, ESQ. TO MISS HOTHAM.

MY DEAR MISS HOTHAM,

I RECEIVED your welcome letter about five o'clock, and have the unſpeakable pleaſure to inform you, that I hope to thank you in perſon the day after to-morrow, for all your kindneſs to me, and thoſe that are dear to me. Dawſon was tried yeſterday morning, and being found guilty, had ſentence paſſed upon him about two hours ſince. I was in court at

the time; and may I never be witneſs to ſuch a ſcene again, is my moſt ſincere prayer. Picture to yourſelf a wretch hardened in wickedneſs, called up to the bar of an awful tribunal, to receive a ſentence doom'd to be paſſed upon him by the laws of his country, and hear the affecting admonition given him by his judge, to prepare for a ſpeedy approaching period that would precipitate him into the preſence of that God, whoſe laws as well as that of man he had ſo ſhamefully violated; you would ſee him receive it with the utmoſt indifference, and ſmile at the doom pronounced againſt him. Turning his

his eyes round the court with an affected composure, he discovered me among the listening throng, whose every eye appeared suffused with tears, to see him leave the place with an exulting smile at me, that seemed to indicate he was preparing for a triumph instead of a shameful death.—*Such, such*, my dear Miss Hotham, was the scene that I was a witness to.

Gracious God! what different sensations harrowed up my soul! I saw with a pitying heart, the wretch that I myself, a short time before, had doom'd to death, led away to wait for that hour that my very soul

trembled at. I ſaw him leave the Court with the moſt unaffected indifference, and ſeemed to ſay to death, I do defy thee.

I cannot dwell upon the ſubject; it hurts me too much; and I have been fool enough to drop a tear of pity for the wretch that cannot weep himſelf.—May he repent, ſincerely repent, of all his crimes, and be forgiven! is the ſincere and ardent wiſh of, dear Miſs Hotham,

Yours moſt truly,

F. GREVILLE.

LETTER XXXIII.

MISS HOTHAM TO HER SISTER.

DEAR SISTER,

I HAVE juſt time to inform you, that we hope to be in town by Thurſday evening; Mr. Greville is now ſo much recovered as to be able to walk about; and Miſs Charlotte is perfectly well. Mr. Danby is ſtill the ſame; we have taken him out ſeveral times, but he remains inſenſible to every thing; nor can any one make him know who are his friends: his whole ſoul is abſorbed in the remem-

brance of Ethelinda. Mr. Greville has ſeen him twice, but it affected him too much, to find that he did not know him; on that account, we have prevented him from ſeeing the ſufferer again. The phyſicians order the family to the ſouth of France, to which place they intend to go in about a week after they reach town, if Mr. Danby is not too much affected with the journey thither.

Mr. Greville received a letter yeſterday from a Mr. Piercy, whom you have heard my father mention; he informed him that Dawſon was executed yeſterday was a week; was

preſent

preſent at the execution, and ſays, he never before ſaw ſuch an unrelenting wretch; and as he lived ſo he appeared to die; and with an agitated ſmile, that appeared forced on his countenance, he haſtened into eternity. He had been reprieved twice; and the evening previous to his death, ſeemed to flatter himſelf with hopes of pardon; but about ten at night, he was given to underſtand that the royal mercy could not be extended any farther, and that he muſt prepare to die. He permitted, in the morning, the clergyman to pray by him, but ſeemed not to take any notice of a word that was ſaid; and, as I obſerved

ſerved before, in the manner that he lived ſo he died.—His wife is gone to Jamaica; ſhe left town ſoon after he was apprehended.—With the hopes of ſoon ſeeing you, I remain your, and my parents, ever affectionate

JULIA HOTHAM.

THE END.

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ſerved before, in the mani
he lived ſo he died.—His wife
to Jamaica; ſhe left town ſoo
he was apprehended.—With the
of ſoon ſeeing you, I remain your
my parents, ever affectionate

JULIA HO

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