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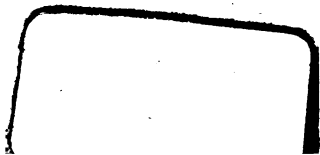
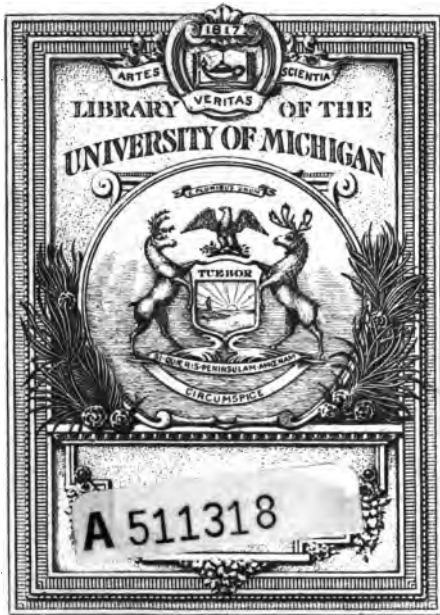
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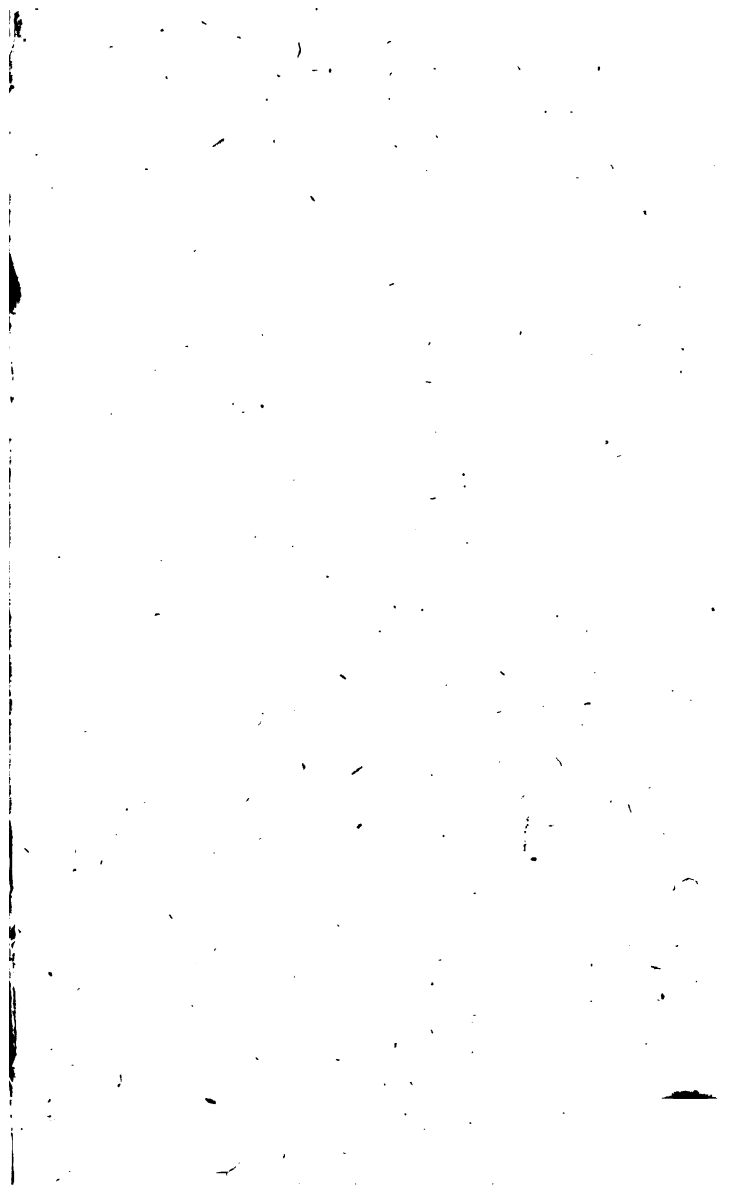
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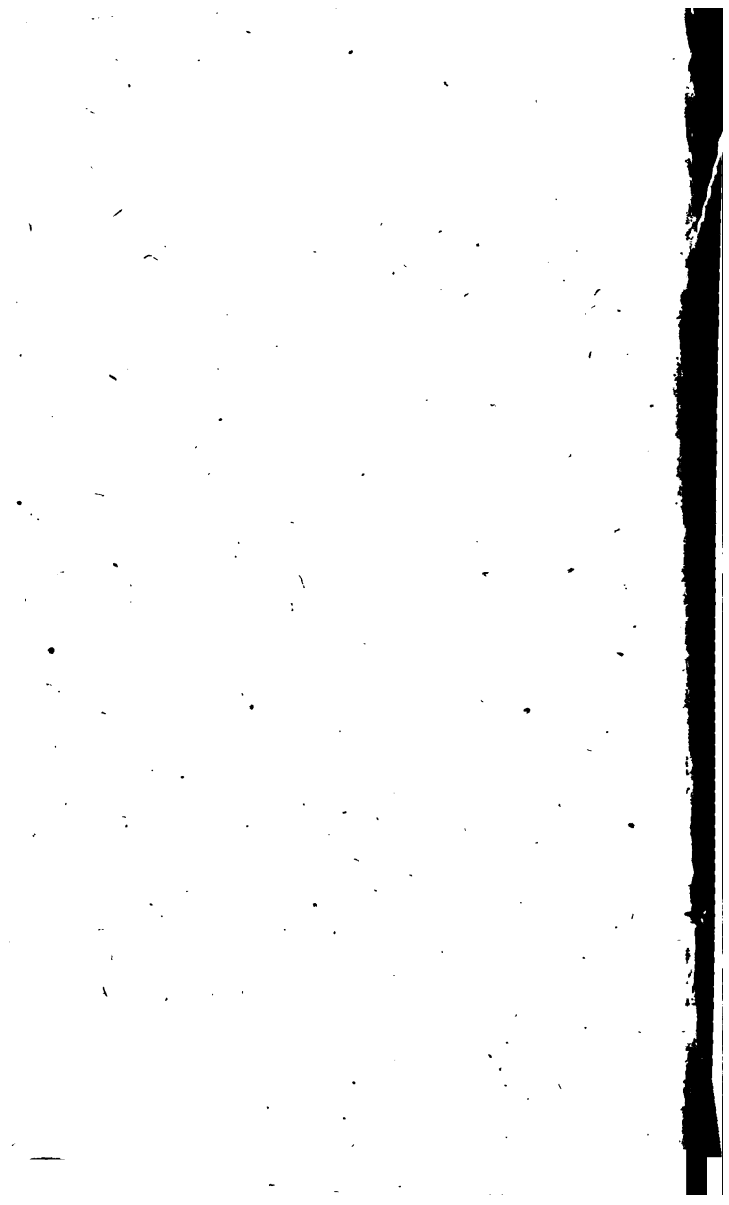
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U 2

2 vols.







Devonshire, Georgiana (Spencer)
= Cavendish, THE Duchess of

S Y L P H;

N O W E L.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

“ Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
“ Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear!
“ Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
“ By laws eternal to th' aërial kind:
“ Some in the fields of purest æther play,
“ And bask, and whiten, in the blaze of day;
“ Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
“ Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky:
“ Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
“ Not a less pleasing, nor less glorious care.”

POPE'S Rape of the Lock.

THE SECOND EDITION.

V O L I.

George, Duchess of Devon.



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THE SYLPH.

LETTER I.

TO LORD BIDDULPH.

IT is a certain sign of a man's cause being bad, when he is obliged to quote precedents in the follies of others, to excuse his own. You see I give up my cause at once. I am convinced I have done a silly thing, and yet I can produce thousands who daily do the same with, perhaps, not so good a motive as myself. In short, not to puzzle you too much, which I know is extremely irksome to a man who loves to have every thing as

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B

clear

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clear as a proposition in Euclid; your friend (now don't laugh) is married. "Married!" Aye, why not? don't every body marry? those who have estates, to have heirs of their own; and those who have *nothing*, to get *something*; so, according to my system, every body marries. Then why that stare of astonishment? that look of unbelief? Yes, thou infidel, I am married, and to such a woman! though, notwithstanding her beauty and other accomplishments, I shall be half afraid to present her in the world, she's such a rustic! one of your sylvan deities. But I was mad for her. "So you have been for half the women in town." Very true, my Lord, so I have, till I either gained them, or saw others whose image obliterated theirs. You well know, love with me has ever been a laughing God, "Rofy lips and cherub smiles," none of its black despairing looks have I experienced.

What will the world say? How will some exult that I am at last taken in! What, the gay seductive Stanley shackled! But, I apprehend, your Lordship will

will wish to be informed how the “smiling mischief” seized me. Well, you shall have the full and true particulars of the matter how, the time when, and place where. I must, however, look back. Perhaps I have been too precipitate—I might possibly have gained the charming maid at a less expence than “adamantine everlasting chains.”—But the bare idea of losing her made every former resolution of never being enslaved appear as nothing.—Her looks “would warm the cool bosom of age,” and tempt an Anchorite to sin.

I could have informed you in a much better method, and have led you on through a flowery path; but as all my elaborate sketches must have ended in this disastrous truth, *I am married*, I thought it quite as well to let you into that important secret at once. As I have divided my discourse under three heads, I will, according to some able preachers, *begin with the first*.

I left you as you may remember (though perhaps the burgundy might

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have washed away your powers of recollection) pretty early one morning at the Thatched-house, to proceed as far as Wales to visit Lord G——. I did not find so much sport as I expected in his Lordship's grounds; and within doors, two old-fashioned maiden sisters did not promise such as is suited to my taste, and therefore pretended letters from town, which required my attendance, and in consequence made my *congé* and departed. On my journey—as I had no immediate business any where, save that which has ever been my sole employ, amusement—I resolved to make little deviations from the right road, and like a *sentimental traveller* pick up what I could find in my way conducive to the chief end of my life. I stopped at a pleasant village some distance from Abergavenny, where I rested some time, making little excursive progressions round the country. Rambling over the *cloud-capt* mountains one morning—a morning big with the fate of moor-game and your friend—from the ridge of a precipice I beheld, to me, the most delicious game in the hospitable globe, a
brace

brace of females, unattended, and, by the stile of their dress, though far removed from the vulgar, yet such as did not bespeak them of *our* world.—I drew out my glass to take a nearer ken, when such beauties shot from one in particular, that fired my soul, and ran thrilling through every vein. That instant they turned from me, and seemed to be bending their footsteps far away. Mad with the wish of a nearer view, and fearful of losing sight of them, I hastily strove to descend. My eyes still fixed on my lovely object, I paid no regard to my situation, and, while my thoughts and every faculty were absorbed in this pleasing idea, scrambled over rocks and precipices fearless of consequences; which however might have concluded rather unfortunately, and spoiled me for adventure; for, without the least warning, which is often the case, a piece of earth gave way, and down my worship rolled to the bottom. The height from whence I had fallen, and the rough encounters I had met with, stunned me for some time, but when I came to my recollection, I was charmed

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to see my beautiful girls running towards me. They had seen my fall, and, from my lying still, concluded I was killed; they expressed great joy on hearing me speak, and most obligingly endeavoured to assist me in rising, but their united efforts were in vain; my leg was broken. This was a great shock to us all. In the sweetest accents they condoled me on my misfortune, and offered every assistance and consolation in their power. To a genius so enterprising as myself, any accident which furthered my wishes of making an acquaintance with the object I had been pursuing, appeared trivial, when the advantages presented themselves to my view. I sat therefore *like Patience on a monument*, and bore my misfortune with a stoical philosophy. I wanted much to discover who they were, as their appearance was rather equivocal, and might have pronounced them belonging to any station in life. Their dress was exactly the same: white jackets and petticoats, with light green ribbands, &c. I asked some questions, which I hoped would lead to the point I wished

to be informed in: their answers were polite, but not satisfactory; though I cannot say they were wholly evasive, as they seemed artlessly innocent; or, if at all reserved, it was the reserve which native modesty teaches. One of them said, I was in great need of instant assistance; and she had interest enough to procure some from an house not very distant from us: on which, they were both going. I intreated the younger one to stay, as I should be the most wretched of all mortals if left to myself. "We go," said she, "in order to relieve that wretchedness." I fixed my eyes on her with the most tender languor I could assume; and, sighing, told her, "it was in her power alone to give me ease, since she was the cause of my pain: her charms had dazzled my eyes, and occasioned that false step which had brought me sooner than I expected at her feet." She smiled, and answered, "then it was doubly incumbent on her to be as quick as possible in procuring me every accommodation necessary." At that instant they spied an herdsman, not

far off. They called aloud, and talking with him some little time, without saying a word further to me, tripped away like two fairies. I asked the peasant who those lovely girls were. He not answering, I repeated my question louder, thinking him deaf; but, staring at me with a stupid astonishment, he jabbered out some barbarous sounds, which I immediately discovered to be a Welsh language I knew no more than the Hottentotts. I had flattered myself with being, by this fellow's assistance, able to discover the real situation of these sweet girls: indeed I hoped to have found them within my reach; for, though I was at that moment as much in love as a man with a broken leg and bruised body could be supposed, yet I had then not the least thoughts of matrimony, I give you my honour. Thus disappointed in my views, I rested as contented as I could—hoping better fortune by and bye.

In a little time a person, who had the appearance of a gentleman, approached, with three other servants, who carried a
gate,

gate, on which was laid a feather-bed. He addressed me with the utmost politeness, and assisted to place me on this litter, and begged to have the honour of attending me to his house. I returned his civilities with the same politeness, and was carried to a very good-looking house on the side of a wood, and placed on a bed in a room handsomely furnished. A surgeon came a few hours after. The fracture was reduced ; and as I was ordered to be kept extremely quiet, every one left the room, except my kind host, who sat silently by the bed-side. This was certainly genuine hospitality, for I was wholly unknown, as you may suppose : however, my figure, being that of a gentleman, and my distressed situation, were sufficient recommendations.

After lying some time in a silent state, I ventured to breathe out my grateful acknowledgements ; but Mr. Grenville stopped me short, nor would suffer me to say one word that might tend to agitate my spirits. I told him, I thought it absolutely necessary to inform him who I was, as the

event of my accident was uncertain. I therefore gave a concise account of myself. He desired to know if I had any friend to whom I would wish to communicate my situation. I begged him to send to the village I had left that morning for my servant, as I should be glad of his attendance. Being an adroit fellow, I judged he might be of service to me in gaining some intelligence about the damsels in question : but I was very near never wanting him again ; for, a fever coming on, I was for some days hovering over the grave. A good constitution at last got the better, and I had nothing to combat but my broken limb, which was in a fair way. I had a most excellent nurse, a house-keeper in the family. My own servant likewise waited on me. Mr. Grenville spent a part of every day with me ; and his agreeable conversation, though rather too grave for a fellow of my fire, afforded me great comfort during my confinement : yet still something was wanting, till I could hear news of my charming wood-nymphs.

One morning I strove to make my old
nurse

nurse talk, and endeavoured to draw her out; she seemed a little shy. I asked her a number of questions about my generous entertainer; she rung a peal in his praise. I then asked if there were any pretty girls in the neighbourhood, as I was a great admirer of beauty. She laughed, and told me not to let my thoughts wander that way yet a while; I was yet too weak. "Not to talk of beauty, my old girl," said I. "Aye, aye," she answered, "but you look as if talking would not content you." I then told her, I had seen the loveliest girl in the world among the Welsh mountains, not far from hence, who I found was acquainted with this family, and I would reward her handsomely if she could procure me an interview with her, when she should judge I was able to talk of love in a proper style. I then described the girls I had seen, and freely confessed the impression one of them had made on me. "As sure as you are alive," said the old cat, "it was my daughter you saw." "Your daughter!" I exclaimed, "is it possible for your daughter to be such an angel?" "Good luck! why not? What, because I am poor, and
 B. 6. " a servant,

“ a servant, my daughter is not to be
“ flesh and blood.” “ By heaven ! but she
“ is,” said I, “ and such flesh and blood,
“ that I would give a thousand pounds to
“ take her to town with me. What say
“ you, mother ; will you let me see her ?”
“ I cannot tell,” said she, shaking her head:
“ To be sure my girl is handsome, and
“ might make her fortune in town ; for
“ she’s as virtuous as she’s poor.” “ I pro-
“ mise you,” said I, “ if she is not foolish
“ enough to be too scrupulous about one,
“ I will take care to remove the other. But,
“ when shall I see her ?” “ Lord ! you
“ must not be in such a hurry : all in
“ good time.” With this assurance, and
these hopes, I was constrained to remain
satisfied for some time : though the old
wench every now and then would flatter
my passions by extolling the charms of
her daughter ; and above all, commend-
ing her sweet compliant disposition ; a
circumstance I thought in my favour, as
it would render my conquest less arduous.
I occasionally asked her of the family
whom she served. She seemed rather
reserved on this subject, though copious
enough

enough on any other. She informed me, however, that Mr. Grenville had two daughters; but no more to be compared with her's, than she was; and that, as soon as I was able to quit my bed-chamber, they would be introduced to me.

As my strength increased, my talkative nurse grew more eloquent in the praises of her child; and by those praises inflamed my passion to the highest pitch. I thought every day an age till I again beheld her; resolving to begin my attack as soon as possible, and indulging the idea, that my task would, through the intervention of the mother, be carried on with great facility. Thus I wiled away the time when I was left to myself. Yet, notwithstanding I recovered most amazingly fast considering my accident, I thought the confinement plaguy tedious, and was heartily glad when my surgeon gave me permission to be conveyed into a dressing-room. . On the second day of my emigration from my bed-chamber, Mr. Grenville informed me he would bring me acquainted with the rest of his family.

I assured

I assured him I should receive such an indulgence as a mark of his unexampled politeness and humanity, and should endeavour to be grateful for such favour. I now attained the height of my wishes; and at the same time sustained a sensible and mortifying disappointment: for, in the afternoon, Mr. Grenville entered the room, and in either hand one of the lovely girls I had seen, and who were the primary cause of my accident. I attained the summit of my wishes in again beholding my charmer; but when she was introduced under the character of daughter to my host, my fond hopes were instantly crushed. How could I be such a villain as to attempt the seduction of the daughter of a man to whom I was bound by so many ties? This reflection damped the joy which flushed in my face when I first saw her. I paid my compliments to the fair sisters with an embarrassment in my air not usual to a man of the world; but which, however, was not perceptible to my innocent companions. They talked over my adventure, and congratulated my recovery with so much good-nature.

nature as endeared them both to me, at the same time that I inwardly cursed the charms that enslaved me. Upon the whole, I do not know whether pain or pleasure was predominant through the course of the day; but I found I loved her more and more every moment. Uncertain what my resolves or intentions were, I took my leave of them, and returned to my room with matter for reflection sufficient to keep me waking the best part of the night. My old tabby did not administer a sleeping potion to me, by the conversation I had with her afterwards on the subject in debate.

“ Well, Sir,” she asked, “ how do you like my master’s daughters ?” “ Not so well as I should your daughter, I can tell you. What the devil did you mean by your cursed long harangues about her beauty, when you knew all the while she was not attainable ?” “ Why not ? she is disengaged ; is of a family and rank in life to do any man credit ; and you are enamoured of her.” “ True ; but I have no inclination to marry.”

“ And

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“ And you cannot hope to succeed on
“ any other terms, even if you could form
“ the plan of dishonouring the daughter
“ of a man of some consequence in the
“ world, and one who has shewn you such
“ kindness !”

“ Your sagacity happens to be right in
“ your conjecture.”

“ But you would have had no scruples
“ of conscience in your design on *my*
“ daughter.”

“ Not much, I confess ; money well ap-
“ plied would have silenced the world,
“ and I should have left it to her and your
“ prudence to have done the rest.”

“ And do you suppose, Sir,” said she,
“ that the honour of my daughter is not
“ as valuable to me, because I am placed so
“ much below you, as that of the daugh-
“ ter of the first man in the world ? Had
“ this been my child, and, by the various
“ artifices you might have put in practice,
“ you had triumphed over her virtue, do
“ you suppose, I say, a little paltry dross
“ would have been a recompence ? No,
“ Sir, know me better than to believe any
“ worldly

“ worldly advantages would have silenced
“ my wrongs. My child, thank heaven, is
“ virtuous, and far removed from the dan-
“ ger of meeting with such as I am sorry
“ to find you are ; one, who would basely
“ rob the poor of the only privilege they
“ possess, that of being innocent, while
“ you cowardly shrink at the idea of at-
“ tacking a woman, who, in the eye of a
“ venal world, has a sufficient fortune to
“ varnish over the loss of reputation. I
“ confess I knew not the depravity of your
“ heart, till the other day, I by accident
“ heard part of a conversation between you
“ and your servant ; before that, I freely
“ own, though I thought you not so strict
“ in your morals as I hoped, yet I flattered
“ myself your principles were not corrupt-
“ ed, but imputed the warmth of your ex-
“ pressions to youth, and a life unclouded,
“ by misfortune. I further own, I was
“ delighted with the impression which my
“ young lady had made on you. I fancied
“ your passion disinterested, because you
“ knew not her situation in life ; but now,
“ I know you too well to suffer her to en-
“ tertain

"ertain a partiality for one whose senti-
 "ments are unworthy a man of honour,
 "and who can never esteem virtue though
 "in her loveliest form."

"Upon my soul! mother," cried I,
 (affecting an air of gaiety in my manner,
 which was foreign to my heart, for I was
 cursedly chagrined), "you have really a
 "fine talent for preaching; why what a
 "delectable sermon have you delivered a-
 "gainst *simple fornication*. But come, come,
 "we must not be enemies. I assure you,
 "with the utmost sincerity, I am not the
 "sad dog you think me. I honour and re-
 "vere virtue even in you, who, you must
 "be sensible, are rather too advanced in
 "life for a Venus, though I doubt not in
 "your youth you made many a Welsh
 "heart dance without a harp. Come, I
 "see you are not so angry as you were.
 "Have a little compassion on a poor young
 "fellow, who cannot, if he wishes it, run
 "away from your frowns. I am tied by
 "the leg, you know, my old girl. But to
 "tell you the serious truth, the cause of
 "the air of dissatisfaction which I wore,
 "was,

“ was, my apprehension of not having merit to gain the only woman that ever made any impression on my heart; and likewise my fears of your not being my friend, from the ludicrous manner in which I had before treated this affair.”—

I added some more prevailing arguments, and solemnly attested heaven to witness my innocence of actual seduction, though I had, I confessed with blushes, indulged in a few fashionable pleasures, which, though they might be stiled crimes among the Welsh-mountains, were nothing in our world. In short, I omitted nothing (as you will suppose by the lyes I already told of my *innocence of actual seduction*, and such stuff—) that I thought conducive to the conciliating her good opinion, or at least a better than she seemed to have at present.

When I argued the matter over in my own mind, I knew not on what to determine. Reflection never agreed with me: I hate it confoundedly—It brings with it a consumed long string of past transactions, that bore me to death, and is worse than a fit of the hypochondriac. I endeavoured

to

to lose my disagreeable companion in the *arms* of sleep; but the devil a bit: the idea of the raptures I should taste in those of my lovely Julia's, drove the drowsy God from my eye-lids—yet my pleasurable sensations were damped by the enormous purchase I must in all probability pay for such a delightful privilege: after examining the business every way, I concluded it as I do most things which require mature deliberation, left it to work its way in the best manner it could, and making chance, the first link in the chain of causes, ruler of my fate.

I now saw my Julia daily, and the increase of passion was the consequence of every interview. You have often told me I was a fellow of no speculation or thought: I presume to say, that in the point in question, though you may conceive me running hand over head to destruction, I have shewn a great deal of fore-thought; and that the step I have taken is an infallible proof of it. Charming as both you and I think the lady Betty's and lady Bridget's, and faith have found them too, I believe neither you nor I ever intended to take any
 one

one of them *for better, for worse*; yet we have never made any resolution against entering into the pale of matrimony. Now though I like a little *badinage*, and sometimes something more, with a married woman—I would much rather that my wife, like Cæsar's, should not be suspected: where then is it so likely to meet with a woman of real virtue as in the lap of innocence? The women of our world marry; that they may have the greater privilege for leading dissipated lives. Knowing them so well as I do, I could have no chance of happiness with one of their class—and yet one must one time or other “settle soberly and raise a brood.”—And why not now, while every artery beats rapidly, and nature is alive?

However, it does not signify bringing this argument, or that, to justify my procedure; I could not act otherwise than I have done. I was mad, absolutely dying for her. By heaven! I never saw so many beauties under one form. There is not a limb or feature which I have not adored in as many different women; here, they are
all

all assembled with the greatest harmony : and yet she wants the polish of the world : a *je ne sçai quoi*, a *tout ensemble*, which nothing but mixing with people of fashion can give : but, as she is extremely docile, I have hopes that she will not disgrace the name of Stanley.

Shall I whisper you a secret—but publish it not in the streets of Askalon—I could almost wish my whole life had passed in the same innocent tranquil manner it has now for several weeks. No tumultuous thoughts, which, as they are too often excited by licentious excess, must be lost and drowned in wine. No cursed qualms of conscience, which will appall the most hardy of us, when nature sickens after the fatigue of a debauch. Here all is peaceful, because all is innocent : and yet what voluptuary can figure a higher joy than I at present experience in the possession of the most lovely of her sex, who thinks it her duty to contribute to my pleasure, and whose every thought I can read in her expressive countenance? Oh! that I may ever see her with the same eyes I do at this moment!

ment! Why cannot I renounce a world, the ways of which I have seen and despise from my soul? What attachments have I to it, guilty ones excepted? Ought I to continue them, when I have sworn—Oh! Christ! what is come to me now? can a virtuous connexion with the sex work miracles? but you cannot inform me—having never made such: and who the devil can, till they marry—and then it is too late: the die is cast.

I hope you will thank me for making you my confidant—and, what is more, writing you so enormous a long letter. Most likely I shall enhance your obligation by continuing my correspondence, as I do not know when I shall quit, what appears to me, my earthly paradise. Whether you will congratulate me from your heart I know not, because you may possibly imagine, from some virtuous emanations which have burst forth in the course of this epistle, that you shall lose your old companion. No, no, not quite so bad neither—though I am plaguy squeamish at present, a little town air will set all to rights again,
and

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and I shall no doubt fall into my old track with redoubled alacrity from this recess. So don't despair, my old friend: you will always find me,

Your lordship's devoted,
W. STANLEY.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

WHAT a restless discontented animal is man! Even in Paradise unblest. Do you know I am, though surrounded with felicity, languishing for *sin and sea-coal* in your regions. I shall be vapoured to death if I stay here much longer. Here is nothing to exercise the bright genius with which I am endued: all one calm sunshine;

“And days of peace do still succeed

“To nights of calm repose.”

How unfit to charm a soul like mine! I, who love every thing that the moderns call pleasure. I must be amongst you, and that presently. My Julia, I

am

am certain, will make no resistance to my will. Faith! she is the wife for me. Mild, passive, duteous, and innocent: I may lead my life just as I please; and she, dear creature! will have no idea but that I am a very good husband!

And when I am weary of wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come.

I did intend, when first I began my correspondence with your lordship, to have informed you of the whole process of this affair; but, upon my soul, you must excuse me. From being idle, I am become perfectly indolent;—besides, it is unfashionable to talk so much of one's wife. I shall only say, I endeavoured, by all those little attentions which are so easily assumed by us, to gain her affections,—and at the same time, to make sure work, declared myself in form to her father.

One day, when I could hobble about, I took occasion to say to Mr. Grenville, that I was meditating a return for his civilities,

which was no other than running away with his daughter Julia : that, in the whole course of my life, I had never seen a woman whom I thought so capable of making me happy ; and that, were my proposals acceptable to him and her, it would be my highest felicity to render her situation such. I saw the old man was inwardly pleased.—In very polite terms he assured me, he should have no objection to such an alliance, if Julia's heart made none ; that although, for very particular reasons, he had quarrelled with the world, he did not wish to seclude his children from partaking of its pleasures. He owned, he thought Julia seemed to have an inclination to see more of it than he had had an opportunity of shewing her ; and that, as he had for ever renounced it, there was no protector, after a father, so proper as a husband. He then paid me some compliments, which perhaps, had his acquaintance been of as long standing as your's and mine, he might have thought rather above my desert : but he knows no more of me than he has heard from me,—and the
devil

devil is in it, if a man won't speak well of himself when he has an opportunity.

It was some time before I could bring myself to the pious resolution of marrying.—I was extremely desirous of practising a few manœuvres first, just to try the strength of the citadel ;—but madam house-keeper would have blown me up. “ You are in love with my master's daughter,” said she, one day, to me ; “ if you “ make honourable proposals, I have not “ a doubt but they will be accepted ;—” “ I find you endeavouring to gain her heart “ in a clandestine manner, —remember “ you are in my power. My faithful services in this family have given me some “ influence, and I will certainly use it for “ their advantage. The best and loveliest “ of her sex shall not be left a prey to the “ artful insinuating practices of a man too “ well versed in the science of deceit. “ Marry her ; she will do you honour in “ this world, and by her virtues ensure “ your happiness in the next.”

I took the old matron's advice, as it perfectly accorded with my own wishes.

The gentle Julia made no objection.—Vanity apart, I certainly have some attractions ; especially in the eyes of an innocent young creature, who yet never saw a reasonable being besides her father ; and who had likewise a secret inclination to know a little how things go in the world. I shall very soon gratify her wish, by taking her to London.—I am sick to death of the constant *routine* of circumstances here—*the same to-day, to-morrow, and for ever.* Your mere good kind of people are really very insipid sort of folks ; and as such totally unsuited to my taste. I shall therefore leave them to their pious meditations in a short time, and whirl my little Julia into the giddy circle, where alone true joy is to be met with.

I shall not invite her sister to accompany her ; as I have an invincible dislike to the idea of marrying a whole family. Besides, sisters sometimes are more quick-sighted than wives : and I begin to think (though from whence she has gained her knowledge I know not, I hope honestly !) that Louisa is mistress of more penetration than my
rib.

rib.—She is more serious, consequently more observing and attentive.

The day of our departure is fixed on.—Our *suite* will be a Welsh *fille de chambre*, yclep'd Winifred, and an old male domestick, who at present acts in capacity of groom to me, and who I foresee will soon be the butt of my whole house;—as he is chiefly composed of Welsh materials, I conclude we shall have fine work with him among our *beaux d'esprits* of the motley tribe.—I shall leave Taffy to work his way as he can. Let every one fight their own battles I say.—I hate to interfere in any kind of business. I burn with impatience to greet you and the rest of your confederates. Assure them of my best wishes.—I was going to say services,—but alas! I am not my own master! I am married. After that, may I venture to conclude myself your's?

W. STANLEY.

LETTER III.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

HOW strange does it seem, my dearest Louisa, to address you at this distance! What is it that has supported me through this long journey, and given me strength to combat with all the softer feelings; to quit a respectable parent and a beloved sister; to leave such dear and tender relations, and accompany a man to whom four months since I was wholly a stranger! I am a wretched reasoner at best.—I am therefore at a loss to unravel this mystery. It is true, it became my duty to follow my husband; but that a duty so newly entered into should supersede all others is certainly strange. You will say, you wonder these thoughts did not arise sooner;—they did, my dear; but the continual agitation of my spirits since I married, prevented my paying any attention to them. Perhaps, those who have been accustomed to the bustles of the world would laugh at my talking of the agitation

tion of spirits in the course of an affair which was carried on with the most methodical exactness; but then it is their being accustomed to bustles, which could insure their composure on such an important occasion. I am young and inexperienced—and what is worst of all, a perfect stranger to the disposition of Sir William. He may be a very good sort of man; yet he may have some faults, which are at present unknown to me.—I am resolved, however, to be as indulgent to them as possible, should I discover any.—And as for my own, I will strive to conceal them, under an implicit obedience to his will and pleasure.

As to giving you an account of this hurrying place, it is totally out of my power. I made Sir William laugh very heartily several times at my ignorance. We came into town at a place called Piccadilly, where there was such a croud of carriages of all sorts, that I was perfectly astonished, and absolutely frightened. I begged Sir William would order the drivers to stop till they were gone by.—This intreaty threw him almost into a convulsion of

C 4 laughter

laughter at my simplicity;—but I was still more amazed, when he told me, they would continue driving with the same vehemence all night. For my part, I could not hear my own voice for the continual rattle of coaches, &c.—I still could not help thinking it must be some particular rejoicing day, from the immense concourse of people I saw rushing from all quarters;—and yet Sir William assured me the town was very empty. “Mercy defend us!” cried Winifred, when I informed her what her master had said, “what a place must it be when it is full, for the people have not room to walk as it is!” I cautioned Win, to discover her ignorance as little as possible;—but I doubt both mistress and maid will be subjects of mirth for some time to come.

I have not yet seen any thing, as there is a ceremony to be observed among people of rank in this place. No married lady can appear in public till she has been properly introduced to their majesties. Alas! what will become of me upon an occasion so singular!—Sir William has been so obliging as to bespeak the protection of a
 lady,

lady, who is perfect mistress of the *etiquettes* of courts. She will pay me a visit previous to my introduction; and under her tuition, I am told, I have nothing to fear. All my hopes are, that I may acquaint myself so as to gain the approbation of my husband. Husband! what a sound has that, when pronounced by a girl barely seventeen,—and one whose knowledge of the world is merely speculative;—one, who, born and bred in obscurity, is equally unacquainted with men and manners.—I have often revolved in my mind what could be the inducement of my father's total seclusion from the world; for what little hints I (and you, whose penetration is deeper than mine) could gather, have only served to convince us, he must have been extremely ill treated by it, to have been constrained to make a vow never again to enter into it,—and in my mind the very forming of a vow looks as if he had loved it to excess, and therefore made his retreat from it more solemn than a bare resolution, lest he might, from a change of circumstances or sentiments, again be seduced

by its attractions, and by which he had suffered so much.

Do you know, I have formed the wish of knowing some of those incidents in his history which have governed his actions? will you, my dear Louisa, hint this to him? He may, by such a communication, be very serviceable to me, who am such a novice.

I foresee I shall stand in need of instructors; otherwise I shall make but an indifferent figure in the drama. Every thing, and every body, makes an appearance so widely opposite to my former notions, that I find myself every moment at a loss, and know not to whom to apply for information. I am apprehensive I shall tire Sir William to death with my interrogatories; besides, he gave me much such a hint as I gave Win, not to betray my ignorance to every person I met with; and yet, without asking questions, I shall never attain the knowledge of some things which to me appear extremely singular. The ideas I possessed while among the mountains seem intirely usefess to me here. Nay, I begin to think, I might as well have learnt nothing; and that the time and expence which were bestowed on my education

education were all lost, since I even do not know how to walk a minuet properly. Would you believe it? Sir William has engaged a dancing-master to put me into a genteel and polite method of acquitting myself with propriety on the important circumstance of moving about a room gracefully. Shall I own I felt myself mortified when he made the proposition? I could even have shed tears at the humiliating figure I made in my own eyes; however, I had resolution to overcome such an appearance of weakness, and turned it off with a smile, saying, "I thought I had not stood in need of any accomplishments, since I had had sufficient to gain his affections." I believe he saw I was hurt, and therefore took some pains to re-assure me. He told me, "that though my person was faultless, yet, from my seclusion from it, I wanted an air of the world. He himself saw nothing but perfection in me; but he wished those, who were not blinded by passion, should think me not only the most beautiful, but likewise the most polished woman at court." Is there not a little vanity in this, Louisa? But Sir

William is, I find, a man of the world ; and it is my duty to comply with every thing he judges proper, to make me what he chuses.

« Monsieur Fierville pays me great compliments. “ Who is he ? ” you will ask.

Why my dancing-master, my dear. I am likewise to take some lessons on the harpsichord, as Sir William finds great fault with my fingering, and thinks I want taste in fingering.

I always looked on taste as genuine and inherent to ourselves ; but here, taste is to be acquired ; and what is infinitely more astonishing still, it is variable.

So, though I may dance and sing in taste now, a few months hence I may have another method to learn, which will be the taste then. It is a fine time for teachers,

when scholars are never taught. We used to think, to be made perfect mistress of any thing was sufficient ; but in this world it is very different ; you have a fresh lesson to learn every winter.

As a proof, they had last winter one of the first singers in the world at the opera-house ; this winter they had one who surpassed her. This assertion

you and I should think nonsense, since, according

According to our ideas, nothing can exceed perfection: the next who comes over will be superior to all others that ever arrived. The reason is, every one has a different mode of singing; a taste of their own, which by arbitrary custom is for that cause to be the taste of the whole town. These things appear incomprehensible to me; but I suppose use will reconcile me to them, as it does others, by whom they must once have been thought strange.

I think I can discover Sir William Stanley has great pride, that is, he is a slave to fashion. He is ambitious of being a leading man. His house, his equipage, and wife—in short, every thing which belongs to him must be admired; and I can see, he is not a little flattered when they meet with approbation, although from persons of whose taste and knowledge of life he has not the most exalted idea.

It would look very ungrateful in me, if I was to make any complaints against my situation; and yet would it not be more so to my father and you, if I was not to say, I was happier whilst with you? I certainly was. I will do Sir William the justice to say,

say, he contributed to make my last two months residence very pleasant. He was the first lover I ever had, at least the first that ever told me he loved. The distinction he paid me certainly made some impression on my heart. Every female has a little vanity ; but I must enlarge my stock before I can have a proper confidence in myself in this place.

My singing-master has just been announced. He is a very great man in his way, so I must not make him wait ; besides, my letter is already a pretty reasonable length. Adieu, my dearest sister ! say every thing dutiful and affectionate for me to my father ; and tell yourself that I am ever your's,

JULIA STANLEY.

L E T T E R I V .

To Colonel MONTAGUE.

Dear JACK,

I WAS yesterday introduced to the loveliest woman in the universe ; Stanley's wife. Yes, that happy dog is still

the favourite of Fortune. How does he triumph over me on every occasion ! If he had a soul of worth, what a treasure would he possess in such an angel ! but he will soon grow tired even of her. What immense pains did he take to supplant me in the affections of Lucy Gardner, though he has since sworn to you and many others he proposed no other advantage to himself than rivaling me, and conquering her prejudices in my favour. He thinks I have forgot all this, because I did not call him to an account for his ungenerous conduct, and because I still style him my friend ; but let him have a care ; my revenge only slept till a proper opportunity called it forth. As to retaliating, by endeavouring to obtain any of his mistresses, that was too trivial a satisfaction for me, as he is too phlegmatic to be hurt by such an attempt. I flatter myself, I shall find an opening by and by, to convince him I have neither forgotten the injury, or am of a temper to let slip an occasion of piercing his heart by a method effectual and secure. Men, who delight to disturb the felicity of others, are most tenacious of their own.

And

And Stanley, who has allowed himself such latitude of intrigue in other men's families, will very sensibly feel any stain on his. But of this in future; let me return to Lady Stanley. She is not a perfect beauty: which, if you are of my taste, you will think rather an advantage than not; as there is generally a formality in great regularity of features, and most times an insipidity. In her there are neither. She is in one word *animated nature*. Her height is proper, and excellently well proportioned; I might say, exquisitely formed. Her figure is such, as at once creates esteem, and gives birth to the tenderest desires. Stanley seemed to take pleasure in my commendations. "I wanted you to see her, my Lord," said he: "you are a man of taste. May I introduce Julia, without blushing through apprehension of her disgracing me? You know my sentiments. I must be applauded by the world; lovely as I yet think her, she would be the object of my hate, and I should despise myself, if she is not admired by the whole court; it is the only apology I can make to myself for

“marrying at all.” What a brute of a fellow it is! I suppose he must be cuckolded by half the town, to be convinced his wife has charms.

Lady Stanley is extremely observant of her husband at present, because he is the only man who has paid her attention; but when she finds she is the only woman who is distinguished by his indifference, which will soon be the case, she will likewise see, and be grateful for, the assiduities paid her by other men. One of the first of those I intend to be. I shall not let you into the plan of operations at present; besides, it is impossible, till I know more of my ground, to mark out any scheme. Chance often performs that for us, which the most judicious reflection cannot bring about; and I have the whole campaign before me.

I think myself pretty well acquainted with the failings and weak parts in Stanley; and you may assure yourself I shall avail myself of them. I do not want penetration; and doubt not, from the free access which I have gained in the family, but I shall soon be master of the ruling passion of her ladyship. She is, as yet, a
total

total stranger to the world; her character is not yet established; she cannot know herself. She only knows she is handsome; that secret, I presume, Nature has informed her of. Her husband has confirmed it, and she liked him because she found in him a coincidence of opinion. But all that rapturous nonsense will, and must soon, have an end. As to the beauties of mind, he has no more idea of them, than we have of a sixth sense; what he knows not, he cannot admire. She will soon find herself neglected; but at the same time she will find the loss of a husband's praises amply supplied by the *devoirs* of a hundred, all equal, and many superior to him. At first, she may be uneasy; but repeated flattery will soon console her; and the man who can touch her heart, needs fear nothing. Every thing else, as Lord Chesterfield justly observes, will then follow of course. By which assertion, whatever the world may think, he certainly pays a great compliment to the fair sex. Men may be rendered vicious by a thousand methods; but there is only one way to subdue women.

Whom

Whom do you think he has introduced as *chaperons* to his wife? Lady Besford, and Lady Anne Parker. Do not you admire his choice? Oh! they will be charming associates for her! But I have nothing to say against it, as I think their counsels will further my schemes. Lady Besford might not be so much amiss; but Lady Anne! think of her, with whom he is belied if he has not had an affair. What madness! It is like him, however. Let him then take the consequences of his folly; and such clever fellows as you and I the advantage of them. Adieu, dear Jack! I shall see you, I hope, as soon as you come to town. I shall want you in a scheme I have in my head, but which I do not think proper to trust to paper. Your's,

BIDDULPH.

L E T T E R V.

To Lady STANLEY.

I HAVE lost you, my Julia; and who shall supply your loss? How much am I alone! And yet, if you are happy, I must

I ~~must~~ and will be satisfied. I should, however, be infinitely more so, if you had any companion to guide your footsteps through the devious path of life: I wish you some experienced director. Have you not yet made an acquaintance which may be useful to you? Though you are prevented appearing in public, yet I think it should have been Sir William's first care to provide you with some agreeable sensible female friend; one who may love you as well as your Louisa, and may, by having lived in the world, have it more in her power to be of service to you.

My father misses you as much as I do: I will not repeat all he says, lest you should think he repents of his complying with Sir William's importunity. Write to us very often, and tell us you are happy; that will be the only consolation we can receive in your absence. Oh, this vow! It binds my father to this spot. Not that I wish to enter into the world. I doubt faithlessness and insincerity are very prevalent there, since they could find their way among our mountains. But let me not overcloud your sunshine. I was, you know,

always of a serious turn. May no accident make you so, since your natural disposition is cheerfulness itself!

I read your letter to my father; he seemed pleased ~~at~~ your wish of being acquainted with the incidents of his life: he will enter on the task very soon. There is nothing, he says, which can, from the nature of things, be a guide to you in your passage through the world, any farther than not placing too much confidence in the prospect of felicity, with which you see yourself surrounded; but always to keep in mind, we are but in a state of probation here, and consequently but for a short time: that, as our happiness is liable to change, we ought not to prize the possession so much as to render ourselves miserable when that change comes; neither, when we are oppressed with the rod of affliction, should we sink into despair, as we are certain our woe, like ourselves, is mortal. Receive the blessing of our only parent, joined with the affectionate love of a tender sister. Adieu!

LOUISA GRENVILLE.

LET

LETTER VI.

TO JAMES SPENCER, Esq.

IT is high time, my dear Spencer, to account to you for the whimsical journey, as you called it, which your friend undertook so suddenly. I meant not to keep that, or even my motives for it, a secret from you. The esteem you have ever shewn me merited my most unlimited confidence.

You said, you thought I must have some other view than merely to visit the ruins of a paternal estate, lost to me by the extravagant folly of my poor father. You said true; I had indeed some other view; but alas! how blasted is that view! Long had my heart cherished the fondest attachment for the loveliest and best of human beings, who inhabited the mountains, which once my father owned. My fortune was too circumscribed to disclose my flame; but I secretly indulged it, from the remote hope of having it one day in my power to receive her hand without blushing at my inferiority in point of wealth. These thoughts, these wishes, have supported
me

me through an absence of two years from my native land, and all that made my native land dear to me.

Her loved idea heightened every joy I received, and softened every care. I knew I possessed her esteem; but I never, from the first of my acquaintance, gave the least hint of what I felt for, or hoped from, her. I should have thought myself base in the highest degree, to have made an interest in her bosom, which I had nothing to support on my side but the sanguine wishes of youth, that some turn of Fortune's wheel might be in my favour. You know how amply, as well as unexpectedly, I am now provided for by our dear Frederic's death. How severely have I felt and mourned his loss! But he is happier than in any situation which our friendship for him could have found.

I could run any lengths in praising one so dear to me; but he was equally so to you, and you are fully acquainted with my sentiments on this head; besides, I have something more to the purpose at present to communicate to you.

All

All the satisfaction I ever expected from the acquisition of fortune was, to share it with my love. Nothing but that hope and prospect could have enabled me to sustain the death of my friend. In the bosom of my Julia I fondly hoped to experience those calm delights which his loss deprived me of for some time. Alas! that long-indulged hope is sunk in despair! Oh! my Spencer! she's lost, lost to me for ever! Yet what right had I to think she would not be seen, and, being seen, admired, loved, and courted? But, from the singularity of her father's disposition, who had vowed never to mix in the world;—a disappointment of the tenderest kind which her elder sister had met with, and the almost monastic seclusion from society in which she lived, joined to her extreme youth, being but seventeen the day I left you in London: all these circumstances, I say, concurred once to authorize my fond hopes,—and these hopes have nursed my despair. Oh! I knew not how much I loved her, till I saw her snatched from me for ever. A few months sooner, and I might have
pleaded

pleaded some merit with the lovely maid from my long and unremitting attachment. My passion was interwoven with my existence,—with that it grew, and with that only will it expire.

My dear-lov'd Julia! from my youth began

The tender flame, and ripen'd in the man;

My dear-lov'd Julia! to my latest age,
No other vows shall e'er my heart engage.

Full of the fond ideas which seemed a part of myself, I flew down to Woodley-vale, to reap the long-expected harvest of my hopes.—Good God! what was the fatal news I learnt on my arrival! Alas! she knew not of my love and constancy;—she had a few weeks before given her hand, and no doubt her heart, to Sir William Stanley, with whom an accident had brought her acquainted. I will not enlarge upon what were my feelings on this occasion.—Words would be too faint a vehicle to express the anguish of my soul. You, who know the tenderness of my disposition, must judge for me.

Yesterday I saw the dear angel, from the inn from whence I am writing; she and her happy husband stopped here for fresh horses. I had a full view of her-beauteous face. Ah! how much has two years improved each charm in her lovely person! lovely and charming, but not for me. I kept myself concealed from her—I could hardly support the sight of her at a distance; my emotions were more violent than you can conceive. Her dress became her the best in the world; a riding habit of stone-coloured cloth, lined with rose-colour, and frogs of the same—the collar of her shirt was open at the neck, and discovered her lovely ivory throat. Her hair was in a little disorder, which, with her hat, served to contribute to, and heighten, the almost irresistible charms of her features. There was a pensiveness in her manner, which rendered her figure more interesting and touching than usual. I thought I discovered the traces of a tear on her cheek. She had just parted with her father and sister; and, had she shewn less concern, I should not have been so satisfied

I

tified

tified with her. I gazed till my eye-balls ached; but, when the chaise drove from the door—oh! what then became of me! “She’s gone! she’s gone!” I exclaimed aloud, wringing my hands, “and never “knew how much I loved her!” I was almost in a state of madness for some hours—at last, my storm of grief and despair a little subsided, and I, by degrees, became calm and more resigned to my ill fate. I took the resolution, which I shall put in execution as soon as possible, to leave England. I will retire to the remaining part of my Frederic’s family—and, in their friendship, seek to forget the pangs which an habitual tenderness has brought upon me.

You, who are at ease, may have it in your power to convey some small satisfaction to my wounded breast. But why do I say *small satisfaction*? To me it will be the highest to hear that my Julia is happy. Do you then, my dear Spencer, enquire, among your acquaintance, the character of this Sir William Stanley. His figure is genteel, nay, rather handsome; yet he does not look the man I could wish for her.

I did not discover that look of tenderness, that soft impassioned glance, which virtuous love excites; but you will not expect a favourable picture from a rival's pen.

I mentioned a disappointment which the sister of my Julia had sustained: it was just before I left England. While on a visit at Abergavenny, she became acquainted with a young gentleman of fortune, who, after taking some pains to render himself agreeable, had the satisfaction of gaining the affections of one of the most amiable girls in the world. She is all that a woman can be, except being my Julia. Louisa was at that time extremely attached to a lady in the same house with her, who was by no means a favourite with her lover. They used frequently to have little arguments concerning her. He would not allow her any merit. Louisa fancied she saw her own image reflected in the bosom of her friend. She is warm in her attachments. Her zeal for her friend at last awakened a curiosity in her lover, to view her with more scrutiny. He had been accustomed

customed to pay an implicit obedience to Louisa's opinion; he fancied he was still acquiescing only in that opinion when he began to discover she was handsome, and to find some farther beauties which Louisa had not painted in so favourable a light as he now saw them. In short, what at first was only a compliment to his mistress, now seemed the due of the other. He thought Louisa had hardly done her justice; and in seeking to repair that fault, he injured the woman who doated on him. Love, which in some cases is blind, is in others extremely quick-sighted. Louisa saw a change in his behaviour—a studied civility—an apprehension of not appearing sufficiently assiduous—frequent expressions of fearing to offend—and all those mean arts and subterfuges which a man uses, who wants to put it in a woman's power to break with him, that he may basely shelter himself behind, what he styles, her cruelty. Wounded to the soul with the duplicity of his conduct, she, one day, insisted on knowing the motives which induced him to act in so disinge-

nuous a manner by her. At first his answers were evasive; but she peremptorily urged an explicit satisfaction. She told him, the most unfavourable certainty would be happiness to what she now felt, and that *certainty* she now called on him in justice to grant her. He then began by palliating the fatal inconstancy of his affections, by the encomiums which she had bestowed on her friend; that his love for her had induced him to love those dear to her; and some unhappy circumstances had arisen, which had bound him to her friend; beyond his power or inclination to break through. This disappointment, in so early a part of Louisa's life, has given a tenderness to her whole frame, which is of advantage to most women, and her in particular. She has, I question not, long since beheld this unworthy wretch in the light he truly deserved; yet, no doubt, it was not till she had suffered many pangs. The heart will not recover its usual tone in a short time, that has long been racked with the agonies of love; and even when we fancy ourselves quite recovered, there

is an aching void, which still reminds us
of former anguish.

I shall not be in town these ten days at least, as I find I can be serviceable to a poor man in this neighbourhood, whom I believe to be an object worthy attention. Write me, therefore, what intelligence you can obtain; and scruple not to communicate the result of your inquiry to me speedily. Her happiness is the wish next my heart. Oh! may it be as exalted and permanent as I wish it! I will not say any thing to you; you well know how dear you are to the bosom of your

HENRY WOODLEY.

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L E T T E R VII.

To HENRY WOODLEY, Esq.

NO, my dear Harry, I can never consent to your burying yourself abroad; but I will not say all I could on that subject till we meet. I think, I shall then be able to offer you some very powerful reasons, that you will esteem sufficient to in-

duce you to remain in your native land.— I have a scheme in my head, but which I shall not communicate at present.

Sir William Stanley is quite a man of fashion.—Do you know enough of the world to understand all that title comprehends? If you do, you will sincerely regret your Julia is married to *a man of fashion*. His passions are the rule and guide of his actions. To what mischiefs is a young creature exposed in this town, circumstanced as Lady Stanley is—without a friend or relation with her to point out the artful and designing wretch, who means to make a prey of her innocence and inexperience of life!

The most unsafe and critical situation for a woman, is to be young, handsome, and married to a man of fashion; these are thought to be lawful prey to the specious of our sex. As a man of fashion, Sir William Stanley would blush to be found too attentive to his wife;—he will leave her to seek what companions chance may throw in her way, while he is associating with rakes of quality, and glorying in those

these scenes in which to be discovered he should really blush. I am told he is fond of deep play—attaches himself to women of bad character, and seeks to establish an opinion, that he is quite the *ton* in every thing. I tremble for your Julia.—Her beauty, if she had no other merit, making her fashionable, will induce some of those wretches, who are ever upon the watch to ensnare the innocent, to practise their diabolical artifices to poison her mind.—She will soon see herself neglected by her husband,—and that will be the signal for them to begin their attack.—She is totally unhackneyed in the ways of men, and consequently can form no idea of the extreme depravity of their hearts. May the innate virtue of her mind be her guide and support!—but to escape with honour and reputation will be a difficult task. I must see you, Harry. I have something in my mind. I have seen more of the world than you have.—For a whole year I was witness of the disorder of this great town; and, with blushes I write, have too frequently joined in some of its extravagances

and follies; but, thank heaven! my eyes were opened before my morals became corrupt, or my fortune and constitution impaired.—Your virtue and my Frederic's confirmed me in the road I was then desirous of pursuing,—and I am now convinced I shall never deviate from the path of rectitude.

I expect you in town with all the impatience of a friend zealous for your happiness and advantage: but I wish not to interfere with any charitable or virtuous employment.—When you have finished your affairs, remember your faithful

J. SPENCER.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

SURROUNDED with mantua-makers, milliners, and hair-dressers, I blush to say I have hardly time to bestow on my dear Louisa. What a continual bustle do
I live

I live in, without having literally any thing to do! All these wonderful preparations are making for my appearance at court; and, in consequence of that, my visiting all the places of public amusement. I foresee my head will be turned with this whirl of folly, I am inclined to call it, in contradiction to the opinion of mankind. — If the people I am among are of any character at all, I think I may comprise it in few words: to me they seem to be running about all the morning, and throwing away time, in concerting measures to throw away more in the evening. Then, as to dress, to give an idea of that, I must reverse the line of an old song.

“ What was our *shame*, is now our
“ *pride*.” —

I have had a thousand patterns of silks brought me to make choice, and such colours as yet never appeared in a rainbow. A very elegant man, one of Sir William's friends I thought, was introduced to me the other morning. — I was preparing to receive him as a visitor; when taking out

his pocket-book, he begged I would do him the honour to inspect some of the most fashionable patterns, and of the newest taste. He gave me a list of their names as he laid them on the cuff of his coat. This you perhaps will think unnecessary; and that, as colours affect the visual orb the same in different people, I might have been capable of distinguishing blue from red, and so on; but the case is quite otherwise; there are no such colours now. "This your ladyship will find extremely becoming,—it is *la cheveaux de la Regne*;—but the *colour de puce* is esteemed before it, and mixed with *d'Artois*, forms the most elegant assemblage in the world; the *Pont sang* is immensely rich; but to suit your ladyship's complexion, I would rather recommend the *seuile mort*, or *la noysette*." Fifty others, equally unintelligible, he ran off with the utmost facility. I thought, however, so important a point should be determined by wiser heads than mine;—therefore requested him to leave them with me, as I expected some ladies on
 whose

whose taste I had great reliance. As I cannot be supposed from the nature of things to judge for myself with any propriety, I shall leave the choice of my cloaths to Lady Besford and Lady Anne Parker, two ladies who have visited me, and are to be my protectors in public.

I was extremely shocked, when I sent for a mantua-maker, to find a man was to perform that office. I even refused a long time to admit him near me—and, thinking myself perfectly safe that I should have him on my side, appealed to Sir William. He laughed at my ridiculous scruples, as he called them, and farther told me, “custom justified every thing, nothing was indecent or otherwise, but as it was the *ton*.” — I was silent, but neither satisfied or pleased,—and submitted, I believe, with but an ill grace.

Lady Besford was so extremely polite to interest herself in every thing concerning my making a fashionable appearance, and procured for me a French friseur of the last importation, who dressed hair to a miracle, *au dernier gout*. I believe, Louisa,

I must send you a dictionary of polite phrases, or you will be much at a loss, notwithstanding you have a pretty competent knowledge of the French tongue. I blush twenty times a day at my own stupidity,—and then Sir William tells me, “it is so immensely *bore* to blush;” which makes me blush ten times more, because I don’t understand what he means by that expression, and I am afraid to discover my ignorance; and he has not patience to explain every ambiguous word he uses, but cries, shrugging up his shoulders, *ab! quel savage!* and then composes his ruffled spirits by humming an Italian air.

* * *

Well, but I must tell you what my dress was, in which I was presented. My gown was a silver tissue, trimmed with silver net, and tied up with roses, as large as life, I was going to say. Indeed it was very beautiful, and so it ought, for it came to a most enormous sum. My jewels are *magnifique*, and in immense quantities. Do you know, I could not find out half their purposes, or what I should do with them;

them; for such things I never saw. What should poor Win and I have done by ourselves?—Lady Besford talked of sending her woman to assist me in dressing.—I told her I had a servant, to whom I had been accustomed for a long time.—“ Ah! for heaven’s sake, my dear creature!” exclaimed my husband, “ don’t mention the *tramontane*. She might do tolerably well for the Welsh mountains, but she will cut a most *outré* figure in the *beau monde*. I beg you will accept of Lady Besford’s polite offer, till you can provide yourself with a *fille de chambre*, that knows on which side her right hand hangs.” Alas! poor Winifred Jones! Her mistress, I doubt, has but few advantages over her. Lady Besford was lavish in the encomiums of her woman, who had had the honour of being dresser to one of the actresses many years.

Yesterday morning the grand task of my decoration was to commence. Ah! good Lord! I can hardly recollect particulars.—I am morally convinced my father would have been looking for his Julia,
had

had he seen me ;—and would have spent much time before he discovered me in the midst of feathers, flowers, and a thousand gew-gaws beside, too many to enumerate. I will, if I can, dissect my head for your edification, as it appeared to me when Monsieur permitted me to view myself in the glass. I was absolutely ready to run from it with fright, like poor Acteon when he had suffered the displeasure of Diana; and, like him, was in danger of running my new-acquired ornaments against every thing in my way.

Monsieur alighted from his chariot about eleven o'clock, and was immediately announced by Griffith, who, poor soul! stared as if he thought him one of the finest men in the world. He was attended by a servant, who brought in two very large caravan boxes, and a number of other things. Monsieur then prepared to begin his operations.—Sir William was at that time in my dressing-room. He begged, for God's sake! “ that Monsieur “ would be so kind as to exert his abilities, “ as every thing depended on the just im-
“ pression.

“pression my figure made.” — Monsieur bowed and shrugged, just like an overgrown monkey. In a moment I was overwhelmed with a cloud of powder. “What are you doing? I do not mean to be powdered,” I said. “Not powdered!” repeated Sir William; “why you would not be so barbarous as to appear without—it positively is not decent.”

“I thought,” answered I, “you used to admire the colour of my hair—how often have you praised its glossy hue! and called me your *nut-brown maid!*”

“Pho! pho!” said he, blushing, perhaps lest he should be suspected of tenderness, as that is very vulgar, “I can bear to see a woman without powder in summer; but now the case is otherwise. Monsieur knows what he is about. Don’t interrupt or dictate to him. I am going to dress. Adieu, *ma char-mante!*”

With a determination of being passive, I sat down under his hands—often, I confess, wondering what kind of being I should

should be in my metamorphosis,—and rather impatient of the length of time, to say nothing of the pain I felt under the pulling and frizing, and rubbing in the exquisitely-scented *pomade de Venus*. At length the words, “*vous etes finis,*” “*madame, au dernier gout,*” were pronounced; and I rose with precaution, lest I should discompose my new-built fabric, and to give a glance at myself in the glass;—but where, or in what language, shall I ever find words to express my astonishment at the figure which presented itself to my eyes! what with curls, flowers, ribbands, feathers, lace, jewels, fruit, and ten thousand other things, my head was at least from one side to the other full half an ell wide, and from the lowest curl ~~that~~ lay on my shoulder, up to the top, I am sure I am within compass, if I say three quarters of a yard high; besides six enormous large feathers, black, white, and pink, that reminded me of the plumes which nodded on the immense casque in the castle of Otranto. “Good God!” I exclaimed, “I can never
“ ver

“ ver bear this.” The man assured me I was dressed quite in taste. “ Let me be dressed as I will,” I answered, “ I must and will be altered. I would not thus expose myself, for the universe.” Saying which, I began pulling down some of the prodigious and monstrous fabrick.—The *dresser of the actresses* exclaimed loudly, and the friseur remonstrated. However, I was inflexible: but, to stop the volubility of the Frenchman’s tongue, I inquired how much I was indebted to him for making me a monster. A mere trifle! Half a guinea the dressing, and for the feathers, pins, wool, false curls, *cbignon*, *toque*, *pomades*, flowers, wax-fruit, ribband, &c. &c. &c. he believes about four guineas would be the difference. I was almost petrified with astonishment. When I recovered the power of utterance, I told him “ I thought at least he should have informed me what he was about before he ran me to so much expence; three-fourths of the things were useless, as I would not by any means appear in them.” “ It was the same to him,” he said, “ they

“ they were now my property. He had
 “ run the risk of disobliging the Duchesse
 “ of D——, by giving me the preference
 “ of the finest bundles of radishes that
 “ had yet come over; but this it was
 “ to degrade himself by dressing com-
 “ moners. Lady Besford had intreated
 “ this favour from him; but he must say,
 “ he had never been so ill-treated since his
 “ arrival in this kingdom.” In short, he
 flew out of the room in a great rage, leav-
 ing me in the utmost disorder. I begged
 Mrs. Freeman (so her ladyship’s woman
 is called) to assist me a little in undoing
 what the impertinent Frenchman had taken
 such immense pains to effect. I had sacri-
 ficed half a bushel of trumpery, when
 Lady Besford was ushered into my dressing-
 room. “ Lord bless me! my dear Lady
 “ Stanley, what still *disbabillé*? I thought
 “ you had been ready, and waiting for
 “ me.” I began, by way of apology, to
 inform her ladyship of Monsieur’s inso-
 lence. She looked serious, and said, “ I am
 “ sorry you offended him; I fear he will
 “ represent you at her grace’s *ruelle*, and
 “ you

“ you will be the jest of the whole court.
 “ Indeed, this is a sad affair. He is the
 “ first man in his walk of life.” “ And if
 “ he was the last,” I rejoined, “ it would
 “ be the better ; however, I beg your lady-
 “ ship’s pardon for not being ready. I shall
 “ not detain you many minutes.”

My dear Louisa, you will laugh when I tell you, that poor Winifred, who was reduced to be my gentlewoman’s gentlewoman, broke two laces in endeavouring to draw my new French stays close. You know I am naturally small at bottom. But now you might literally span me. You never saw such a doll. Then, they are so intolerably wide across the breast, that my arms are absolutely sore with them ; and my sides so pinched !—But it is the *ton* ; and pride feels no pain. It is with these sentiments the ladies of the present age heal their wounds ; to be admired, is a sufficient balsam.

Sir William had met with the affronted Frenchman, and, like Lady Besford, was full of apprehensions lest he should expose me ; for my part, I was glad to be from
 under

under his hands at any rate ; and feared nothing when he was gone ; only still vexed at the strange figure I made. My husband freely condemned my behaviour as extremely absurd ; and, on my saying I would have something to cover, or at least shade, my neck, for that I thought it hardly decent to have that intirely bare, while one's head was loaded with superfluities ; he exclaimed to Lady Besford, clapping his hands together, " Oh ! God ! " this ridiculous girl will be an eternal " disgrace to me ! " I thought this speech very cutting. I could not restrain a tear from starting. " I hope not, Sir William," said I ; " but, lest I should, I will stay at home till I have properly learnt to submit to insult and absurdity without emotion." My manner made him ashamed ; he took my hand, and, kissing it, begged my pardon, and added, " My dear creature, I want you to be admired by the whole world ; and, in compliance with the taste of the world, we must submit to some things, which, from their novelty, we may think absurd ; but use will reconcile them

“them to you.” Lady Besford encouraged me ; and I was prevailed on to go, though very much out of spirits. I must break off here, for the present. This letter has been the work of some days already. Adieu!

IN CONTINUATION.

MY apprehensions increased each moment that brought us near St. James’s : but there was nothing for it, so I endeavoured all in my power to argue myself into a serenity of mind, and succeeded beyond my hopes. The amiable condescension of their Majesties, however, contributed more than any thing to compose my spirits, or, what I believe to be nearer the true state of the case, I was absorbed in respect for them, and totally forgot myself. They were so obliging as to pay Sir William some compliments ; and the King said, if all my countrywomen were like me, he should be afraid to trust his son thither. I observed Sir William with the utmost attention ; I saw his eyes were on me the whole time ; but, my Louisa,
I can-

I cannot flatter myself so far as to say they were the looks of love; they seemed to me rather the eyes of scrutiny; which were on the watch, yet afraid they should see something displeasing. I longed to be at home, to know from him how I had acquitted myself. To my question, he answered, by pressing me to his bosom, crying, "Like an angel, by heaven! Upon my soul, Julia, I never was so charmed with you in my life." And upon my honour," I returned, "I could not discover the least symptom of tenderness in your regards. I dreaded all the while that you was thinking I should disgrace you."

"You was never more mistaken. I never had more reason to be proud of any part of my family. The circle rang with your praises. But you must not expect tenderness in public, my love; if you meet with it in private, you will have no cause of complaint."

This will give you but a strange idea of the world I am in, Louisa. I do not above half like it, and think a ramble, arm in arm with you upon our native mountains,

mountains, worth it all. However, my lot is drawn; and, perhaps, as times and husbands go, *I have no cause of complaint.*

Your's most sincerely,

JULIA STANLEY.

To Lady STANLEY.

My dearest Child,

THE task you set your father is a heavy one; but I cheerfully comply with any request of my Julia's. However, before I enter upon it, let me say a little to you: Are you happy, my child? Do you find the world such as you thought it while it was unknown to you? Do the pleasures you enjoy present you with an equivalent for your renunciation of a fond father, and tender sister? Is their affection amply repaid by the love of your husband? All these, and a thousand other equally important questions, I long to put to my beloved. I wish to know the true state of your heart. I then should be able to judge

whether I ought to mourn or rejoice in this separation from you. Believe me, Julia, I am not so selfish to wish you here, merely to augment my narrow circle of felicity, if you can convince me you are happier where you are. But can all the bustle, the confusion you describe, be productive of happiness to a young girl, born and educated in the lap of peaceful retirement? The novelty may strike your mind; and, for a while, you may think yourself happy, because you are amused, and have not time to define what your reflections are: but in the sober hour, when stillness reigns, and the soul unbends itself from the fatigues of the day; what judgment then does cool reason form? Are you satisfied? Are your slumbers peaceful and calm? Do you never sigh after the shades of Woodley, and your rural friends? Answer these questions fairly and candidly, my Julia—prove to me you are happy, and your heart as good and innocent as ever; and I shall descend to the silent tomb with peaceful smiles.

Perhaps the resolution I formed of retiring from a world in which I had met
with

with disgust, was too hastily concluded on. Be that as it may—it was sacred, and as such I have, and will, keep it. I lost my confidence in mankind; and I could find no one whose virtues could redeem it. Many years have elapsed since; and the manners and customs change so frequently, that I should be a total stranger among the inhabitants of this present age.

You have heard me say I was married before I had the happiness of being united to *your* amiable mother. I shall begin my narrative from the commencement of that union; only premising, that I was the son of the younger branch of a noble family, whose name I bear. I inherited the blood, but very little more, of my ancestors. However, a taste for pleasure, and an indulgence of some of the then fashionable follies, which in all ages and all times are too prevalent, conspired to make my little fortune still more contracted. Thus situated, I became acquainted with a young lady of large fortune. My figure and address won her heart; her person was agreeable; and although I might not be what

the world calls in love, I certainly was attached to her. Knowing the inferiority of my fortune, I could not presume to offer her my hand, even after I was convinced she wished I should; but some circumstances arising, which brought us more intimately acquainted, at length conquered my scruples; and, without consulting any other guide than our passions, we married. My finances were now extremely straitened; for although my wife was heiress of upwards of thirty thousand pounds, yet, till she came of age, I could reap no advantage of it; and to that period she wanted near four years. We were both fond of pleasure, and foolishly lived as if we were in actual possession of double that income. I found myself deeply involved; but the time drew near that was to set all to rights; and I had prevailed on my wife to consent to a retrenchment. We had formed a plan of retiring for some time in the country, to look after her estate; and, by way of taking a polite leave of our friends (or rather acquaintance; for, when they were put to the test, I found them unde-
serving

(servant of that appellation); by way, I say, of quitting the town with *éclat*, my wife proposed giving an elegant entertainment on her birth-day, which was on the twenty-fourth of December. Christmas-day fell that year upon a Monday: unwilling to protract this day of joy till the Tuesday, my wife desired to anticipate her natal festival, and accordingly Saturday was appointed. She had set her heart on dancing in the evening, and was extremely mortified on finding an extreme pain in her ankle, which she attributed to abstinence. It was so violent during dinner-time, that she was constrained to leave the table. A lady, who retired with her, told her, the surest remedy for a strain, was to plunge the leg in cold water, and would procure instant relief. Impatient of the disappointment and anguish, she too fatally consented. I knew nothing of what was doing in my wife's dressing-room, till my attention was roused by repeated cries, Terribly alarmed—I flew thither, and found her in the agonies of death. Good God! what was my distraction at that

moment! I then recollected what she had often told me, of all her family being subject to the gout at a very early age. Every medical assistance was procured with all speed. The physician, however, gave but small hopes, unless the disorder could be removed from her head and stomach, which it had attacked with the greatest violence. How was all our mirth in one sad moment overthrown! The days, which had risen with smiles, now promised to set in tears. In the few lucid intervals which my unhappy wife could be said to have, she incessantly prayed to live till she could secure her fortune to my use; which could be done no other way than making her will; since, having had no children, the estate, should she die before she came of age—or even then, without a bequest—would devolve upon a cousin, with whose family we had preserved no intimacy, owing to the illiberal reflections part of them had cast on my wife, for marrying a man without an answerable fortune. My being allied to a noble family was no recommendation to those who had acquired their

wealth

wealth by trade, and were possessed of the most fordid principles. I would not listen to the persuasion of my friends, who urged me to get writings executed, to which my wife might set her hand: such measures appeared to me both selfish and cruel; or, rather, my mind was too much absorbed in my present affliction, to pay any attention to my future security.

In her greatest agonies and most severe paroxysms, she knew and acknowledged her obligations to me, for the unremitting kindness I had shewn her during our union: "Oh! my God!" she would exclaim; "Oh! my God! let me but live to reward him! I ask not length of years— though in the bloom of life, I submit with chearful resignation to thy will: My God! I ask not length of days; I only petition for a few short hours of sense and recollection, that I may, by the disposition of my affairs, remove all other distress from the bosom of my beloved husband, save what he will feel on this separation."

Dear soul! she prayed in vain. Nay, I doubt her apprehension and terrors, lest she should die, encreased the agonies of her body and mind.

Unknown to me, a gentleman, by the request of my dying wife, drew up a deed; the paper lay on the bed: she meant to sign it as soon as the clock struck twelve. Till within a few minutes of that time, she continued tolerably calm, and her head perfectly clear; she flattered herself, and endeavoured to convince us, she should recover—but, alas! this was only a little gleam of hope, to sink us deeper in despair: Her pain returned with redoubled violence from this short recess; and her senses never again resumed their seat. She suffered the most excruciating agonies till two in the morning—then winged her flight to heaven—leaving me the most forlorn and disconsolate of men.

I continued in a state of stupefaction for several days, till my friends roused me, by asking what course I meant to pursue. I had the whole world before me, and saw myself, as it were, totally detached from any

any part of it. My own relations I had disoblged, by marrying the daughter of a tradesman. They were, no doubt, glad of an excuse, to rid themselves of an indigent person, who might reflect dishonour on their nobility—of them I had no hopes. I had as little probability of success in my application to the friends of my late wife; yet I thought, in justice, they should not refuse to make me some allowances for the expences our manner of living had brought on me—as they well knew they were occasioned by my compliance with her taste—at least so far as to discharge some of my debts.

I waited on Mr. Maynard, the father of the lady who now possessed the estate, to lay before him the situation of my affairs. He would hardly hear me out with patience. He upbraided me with stealing an heiress, and with meanly taking every method of obliging a dying woman to injure her relations. In short, his behaviour was rude, unmanly, and indecent. I scorned to hold converse with so fordid a wretch, and was leaving his house with

the utmost displeasure, when his daughter slipped out of the room. She begged me, with many tears, "not to impute her father's incivility to her—wished the time was come when she should be her own mistress; but hoped she should be able to bring her father to some terms of accommodation; and assured me, she would use all her influence with him to induce him to do me justice."

Her influence over the mind of such a man as her father had like to have little weight—as it proved. She used all her eloquence in my favour, which only served to instigate him against me. He sent a very rude and abrupt message to me, to deliver up several articles of household furniture, and other things, which had belonged to my wife; which, however, I refused to do, unless I was honoured with the order of Miss Maynard. Her father could not prevail on her to make the requisition; and, enraged at my insolence, and her obstinacy, as he politely styled our behaviour, he swore he would be revenged. In order to make his words good,

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he went severally to each of the trades-people to whom I was indebted, and, collecting the sums, prevailed on them to make over the debts to him; thereby becoming the sole creditor; and how merciful I should find him, I leave you to judge, from the motive by which he acted.

In a few days there was an execution in my house, and I was conveyed to the King's-Bench. At first I took the resolution of continuing there contentedly, till either my cruel creditor should relent, or that an act of grace should take place. A prison, however, is dreadful to a free mind; and I solicited those, who had, in the days of my prosperity, professed a friendship for me: some few afforded me a temporary relief, but dealt with a scanty hand; others disclaimed me—none would bail me, or undertake my cause: many, who had contributed to my extravagance, now condemned me for launching into expences beyond my income; and those, who refused their assistance, thought they had a right to censure my conduct. Thus did I find myself deserted and neglected

by the whole world; and was early taught, how little dependence we ought to place on the goods of it.

When I had been an inmate of the house of bondage some few weeks, I received a note from Miss Maynard. She deplored, in the most pathetic terms, “the steps her father had taken, which she had never discovered till that morning; and in- treated my acceptance of a trifle, to render my confinement less intolerable; and if I could devise any methods, wherein she could be serviceable, she should think herself most happy.” There was such a delicacy and nobleness of soul ran through the whole of this little *billet*, as, at the same time that it shewed the writer in the most amiable light, gave birth to the liveliest gratitude in my bosom. I had, till this moment, considered her only as the daughter of Mr. Maynard; as one, whose mind was informed by the same principles as his own. I now beheld her in another view; I looked on her only in her relation to my late wife, whose virtues she inherited with her fortune. I felt

felt a veneration for the generosity of a young girl, who, from the narrow sentiments of her father, could not be mistress of any large sum; and yet she had, in the politest manner (making it a favour done to herself), obliged me to accept of a twenty-pound-note. I had a thousand conflicts with myself, whether I should keep or return it; nothing but my fear of giving her pain could have decided it. I recollected the tears she shed the last time I saw her: on reading over her note again, I discovered the paper blistered in several places; to all this, let me add, her image seemed to stand confessed before me. Her person, which I had hardly ever thought about, now was present to my imagination. It lost nothing by never having been the subject of my attention before. I sat ruminating on the picture I had been drawing in my mind, till, becoming perfectly enthusiastic in my ideas, I started up, and, clasping my hands together,—“Why,” exclaimed I aloud, “why have I not twenty thousand pounds to bestow on this adorable creature!” The sound

found of my voice brought me to myself, and I instantly recollected I ought to make some acknowledgment to my fair benefactress. I found the task a difficult one. After writing and rejecting several, I at last was resolved to send the first I had attempted, knowing that, though less studied, it certainly was the genuine effusions of my heart. After saying all my gratitude dictated, I told her, “that, next to her
“society, I should prize her correspon-
“dence above every thing in this world ;
“but that I begged she would not let com-
“passion for an unfortunate man, lead her
“into any inconveniencies; but be guided
“entirely by her own discretion. I would,
“in the mean time, intreat her to send me
“a few books—the subject I left to her,
“they being her taste would be their
“strongest recommendation.” Perhaps I said more than I ought to have done, although at that time I thought I fell infinitely short of what I might have said; and yet, I take God to witness, I did not mean to engage her affection; and nothing

thing was less from my intention than basely to practise on her passions.

In one of her letters, she asked me, if my debts were discharged, what would be my dependence or scheme of life : I freely answered, my dependence would be either to get a small place, or else serve my king in the war now nearly breaking out, which rather suited the activity of my disposition. She has since told me, she shed floods of tears over that expression—*the activity of my disposition*; she drew in her imagination the most affecting picture of a man, in the bloom and vigour of life, excluded from the common benefits of his fellow-creatures, by the merciless rapacity of an inhuman creditor. The effect this melancholy representation had on her mind, while pity endeared the object of it to her, made her take the resolution of again addressing her father in my behalf. He accused her of ingratitude, in thus repaying his care for her welfare. Hurt by the many harsh things he said, she told him, “the possession of ten times the estate could convey no pleasure to her bosom, while it

was tortured with the idea, that he, who had the best right to it, was secluded from every comfort of life; and that, whenever it should be in her power, she would not fail to make every reparation she could, for the violence offered to an innocent, injured, man." This brought down her father's heaviest displeasure. He reviled her in the grossest terms; asserted, "she had been fascinated by me, as her ridiculous cousin had been before; but that he would take care his family should not run the risk of being again beggared by such a spendthrift; and that he should use such precautions, as to frustrate any scheme I might form of seducing her from her duty." She sought to exculpate me from the charges her father had brought against me; but he paid no regard to her assertions, and remained deaf and inexorable to all her intreaties. When I learnt this, I wrote to Miss Maynard, intreating her, for her own sake, to resign an unhappy man to his evil destiny. I begged her to believe, I had sufficient resolution to support confinement, or any other ill; but that it was

an aggravation to my sufferings (which to sustain was very difficult) to find her zeal for me had drawn on her the ill-usage of her father. I further requested, she would never again mention me to him; and if possible, never think of me, if those thoughts were productive of the least disquiet to her. I likewise mentioned my hearing an act of grace would soon release me from my bonds; and then I was determined to offer myself a volunteer in the service, where, perhaps, I might find a cannon-ball my best friend.

A life, so different to what I had been used, brought on a disorder, which the agitation of my spirits increased so much as to reduce me almost to the gates of death. An old female servant of Miss Maynard's paid me a visit, bringing me some little nutritive delicacies, which her kind mistress thought would be serviceable to me. Shocked at the deplorable spectacle I made, for I began to neglect my appearance; which a man is too apt to do when not at peace with himself: shocked, I say, she represented me in such a light to her

her

her lady, as filled her gentle soul with the utmost terror for my safety. Guided alone by the partiality she honoured me with, she formed the resolution of coming to see me. She however gave me half an hour's notice of her intention. I employed the intermediate time in putting myself into a condition of receiving her with more decency. The little exertion I made had nearly exhausted my remaining strength, and I was more dead than alive, when the trembling, pale, and tottering guest made her approach in the house of woe. We could neither of us speak for some time. The benevolence of her heart had supported her during her journey thither; but now the native modesty of her sex seemed to point out the impropriety of visiting a man, unsolicited, in prison. Weak as I was, I saw the necessity of encouraging the drooping spirits of my fair visitor. I paid her my grateful acknowledgments for her inestimable goodness. She begged me to be silent on that head, as it brought reflections she could ill support. In obedience to her, I gave the conversation

conversation another turn; but still I could not help reverting to the old subject. She then stopped me, by asking, "what was there so extraordinary in her conduct?" and whether, in her situation, would not I have done as much for her?" "Oh! yes!" I cried, with eagerness, "that I would, and ten times more." I instantly felt the impropriety of my speech. "Then I have been strangely deficient," said she, looking at me with a gentle smile. "I ask a thousand pardons," said I, "for the abruptness of my expression; I meant to evince my value for you, and my sense of what I thought you deserved. You must excuse my method, I have been long un- used to the association of human beings, at least such as resemble you. You have already conferred more favours than I could merit at your hands." Miss Maynard seemed disconcerted—she looked grave. "It is a sign you think so," said she, in a tone of voice that shewed she was piqued, "as you have taken such pains to explain away an involuntary compliment"

“compliment.—But I have already exceeded the bounds I prescribed to myself in this visit—it is time to leave you.”

I felt abashed, and found myself incapable of saying any thing to clear myself from the imputation of insensibility or ingratitude, without betraying the tenderness which I really possessed for her, yet which I thought, circumstanced as I was, would be ungenerous to the last degree to discover, as it would be tacitly laying claim to her's. The common rules of politeness, however, called on me to say something.—I respectfully took her hand, which trembled as much as mine. “Dear Miss Maynard,” said I, “how shall I thank you for the pleasure your company has conveyed to my bosom?” Even then thinking I had said too much, especially as I by an involuntary impulse found my fingers compress her's, I added, “I plainly see the impropriety of asking you to renew your goodness—I must not be selfish, or urge you to take any step for which you may hereafter condemn yourself.”

“I find,

“ I find, Sir,” she replied, “ your prudence is greater than mine. I need never apprehend danger from such a monitor.”

“ Don’t mistake me,” said I, with a sigh I could not repress. “ I doubt I have,” returned she, “ but I will endeavour to develop your character. Perhaps, if I do not find myself quite perfect, I may run the risk of taking another lesson, unless you should tell me it is imprudent.”

So saying, she left me. There was rather an affectation of gaiety in her last speech, which would have offended me, had I not seen it was only put on to conceal her real feelings from a man, who seemed coldly insensible of her invaluable perfections both of mind and body.—Yet how was I to act? I loved her with the utmost purity, and yet fervour. My heart chid me for throwing cold water on the tenderness of this amiable girl;—but my reason told me, I should be a villain to strive to gain her affections in such a situation as I was. Had I been lord of the universe, I would have shared it with my Maria. You will ask,

ask, how I could so easily forget the low-
 nels of my fortune in my connection with
 her cousin? I answer, the case was widely
 different.—I then made a figure in life
 equal to my birth, though my circum-
 stances were contracted.—Now, I was
 poor and in prison:—then, I listened only
 to my passions—now, reason and prudence
 had some sway with me. My love for my
 late wife was the love of a boy;—my at-
 tachment to Maria the sentiments of a
 man; and a man visited by, and a prey
 to, misfortune. On reflection, I found I
 loved her to the greatest height. After
 passing a sleepless night of anguish, I came
 to the resolution of exculpating myself
 from the charge of insensibility, though
 at the expence of losing sight of her I
 loved for ever. I wrote her a letter, where-
 in, I freely confessed the danger I appre-
 hended from the renewal of her visit.—
 I opened my whole soul before her, but
 at the same time told her, “I laid
 “no claim to any more from her than
 “compassion; shewed her the rack of
 “constraint I put on myself, to conceal
 “the

“ the emotions of my heart, lest the ge-
 “ nerosity of her's might involve her in a
 “ too strong partiality for so abject a
 “ wretch. I hoped she would do me the
 “ justice to believe, that as no man ever
 “ loved more, so no one on earth could
 “ have her interest more at heart than my-
 “ self, since to those sentiments I sacrificed
 “ every thing dear to me.” Good God! what tears did this letter cost me! I sometimes condemned myself, and thought it false generosity.—Why should I, said I to myself, why should I thus cast happiness away from two, who seem formed to constitute all the world to each other?—How rigorous are thy mandates, O Virtue! how severe thy decree! and oh! how much do I feel in obeying thee! No sooner was the letter gone, than I repented the step I had pursued.—I called myself ungrateful to the bounty of heaven; who thus, as it were, had inspired the most lovely of women with an inclination to relieve my distress; and had likewise put the means in her hands.—These cogitations contributed neither to establish my health, or compose

my

my spirits. I had no return to my letter; indeed I had not urged one. Several days I passed in a state of mind which can be only known to those who have experienced the same. At last a packet was brought me. It contained an ensign's commission in a regiment going to Germany; and a paper sealed up, on which was written, "It is the request of M. M. that Mr. Grenville does not open *this* till he has crossed the seas."

There was another paper folded in the form of a letter, but not sealed; *that* I hastily opened, and found it contained only a few words, and a bank bill of an hundred pounds. The contents were as follow :

" True love knows not the nice distinctions you have made,—at least, if I may be allowed to judge from my own feelings, I think it does not. I may, however, be mistaken; but the error is too pleasing to be relinquished; and I would much rather indulge it, than listen at present to the cold prudential arguments which a

“ too refined and ill-placed generosity points
 “ out. When you arrive at the place of
 “ your destination, you may gain a farther
 “ knowledge of a heart, capable at the
 “ same time of the tenderest partiality, and
 “ a firm resolution of conquering it.”

Every word of this billet was a dagger to my soul. I then ceased not to accuse myself of ingratitude to the loveliest of women, as guilty of false pride instead of generosity. If she placed her happiness in my society, why should I deprive her of it? As she said my sentiments were too refined, I asked myself, if it would not have been my supreme delight to have raised her from the dregs of the people to share the most exalted situation with me? Why should I then think less highly of her attachment, of which I had received such proofs, than I was convinced mine was capable of? For the future, I was determined to sacrifice these nice punctilios, which were ever opposing my felicity, and that of an amiable woman, who clearly and repeatedly told me, by her looks, actions, and a thousand little

nameless attentions I could not mistake, that her whole happiness depended on me.

I thought nothing could convince her more thoroughly of my wish of being obliged to her, than the acceptance of her bounty: I made no longer any hesitation about it. That very day I was released from my long confinement by the grace-act, to the utter mortification of my old prosecutor. I drove immediately to some lodgings I had provided in the Strand; from whence I instantly dispatched a billet-doux to Maria, in which I said these words:

“ The first moment of liberty I devote
 “ to the lovely Maria, who has my heart
 “ a slave. I am a convert to your asser-
 “ tion, that love makes not distinctions.
 “ Otherwise, could I support the reflec-
 “ tion, that all I am worth in the world I
 “ owe to you? But to you the world owes
 “ all the charms it has in my eyes.
 “ We will not, however, talk of debtor
 “ and creditor, but permit me to make
 “ up in adoration what I want in wealth.
 “ Fortune attends the brave.—I will there-
 “ fore

"fore flatter myself with returning loaden
 "with the spoils of the enemy, and in such
 "a situation, that you may openly indulge
 "the partiality which makes the happiness
 "of my life, without being put to the
 "blush by fordid relations.

"I shall obey your mandates the more
 "cheerfully, as I think I am perfectly
 "acquainted with every perfection of your
 "heart; judge then how I must value it.
 "Before I quit England, I shall petition
 "for the honour of kissing your hand;—
 "but how shall I bid you adieu!"

The time now drew nigh when I was
 to take leave of my native land—and,
 what was dearer to me, my Maria.—I
 was too affected to utter a word;—her
 soul had more heroic greatness.—"Go,"
 said she, "pursue the paths of glory;
 "have confidence in Providence, and
 "never distrust me. I have already ex-
 "perienced some hazards on your ac-
 "count; but perhaps my father may be
 "easier in his mind, when he is assured
 "you have left England."

I pressed her to explain herself. She
 did

did so, by informing me, "her father
 "suspected her attachment, and, to prevent
 "any ill consequence arising, had proposed
 "a gentleman to her for a husband, whom
 "she had rejected with firmness. No ar-
 "tifice, or ill usage," continued she,
 "shall make any change in my resolu-
 "tion;—but I shall say no more, the pac-
 "quet will more thoroughly convince
 "you, of what I am capable."

"Good God!" said I, in an agony,
 "why should your tenderness be incom-
 "patible with your duty?"

"I do not think it," she answered;—
 "it is my duty to do justice; and I do no,
 "more, by seeking to restore to you your
 "own."

We settled the mode of our future
 correspondence; and I tore myself from
 the only one I loved on earth. When I
 joined the regiment, I availed myself of
 the privilege given me to inspect the pa-
 pers. Oh! how was my love, esteem,
 and admiration, increased! The contents
 were written at a time when she thought
 me insensible, or at least too scrupulous.

She made a solemn vow never to marry; but as soon as she came of age, to divide the estate with me, making over the remainder to any children I might have; but the whole was couched in terms of such delicate tenderness, as drew floods of tears from my eyes, and riveted my soul more firmly to her. I instantly wrote to her, and concealed not a thought or sentiment of my heart,—*that* alone dictated every line. In the letter she returned, she sent me her picture in a locket, and on the reverse a device with her hair; this was an inestimable present to me.—It was my sole employ, while off duty, to gaze on the lovely resemblance of the fairest of women.

For some months our correspondence was uninterrupted.—However, six weeks had now passed since I expected a letter. Love is industrious in tormenting itself. I formed ten thousand dreadful images in my own mind, and sunk into despair from each. I wrote letter after letter, but had still no return. I had no other correspondent in England.—Distraction seized me.

“She’s dead!” cried I to myself, “she’s dead! I have nothing to do but to follow her.” At last I wrote to a gentleman who lived in the neighbourhood of Mr. Maynard, conjuring him, in the most affecting terms, to inform me of what I yet dreaded to be told.—I waited with a dying impatience till the mails arrived.—A letter was brought me from this gentleman.—He said, Mr. Maynard’s family had left L. some time;—they proposed going abroad; but he believed they had retired to some part of Essex;—there had a report prevailed of Miss Maynard’s being married; but if true, it was since they had left L. This news was not very likely to clear or calm my doubts. What could I think?—My reflections only served to awaken my grief. I continued two years making every inquiry, but never received the least satisfactory account.

A prey to the most heart-felt affliction, life became insupportable to me.—Was she married, I revolved in my mind all the hardships she must have endured before she would be prevailed on to falsify her

her

her vows to me, which were registered in heaven.—Had death ended her distress, I was convinced it had been hastened by the severity of an unnatural father.—Whichsoever way I turned my thoughts, the most excruciating reflections presented themselves, and in each I saw her sufferings alone.

In this frame of mind, I rejoiced to hear we were soon to have a battle, which would in all probability be decisive. I was now raised to the rank of captain-lieutenant. A battalion of our regiment was appointed to a most dangerous post. It was to gain a pass through a narrow defile, and to convey some of our heavy artillery to cover a party of soldiers, who were the flower of the troops, to endeavour to flank the enemy. I was mortified to find I was not named for this service. I spoke of it to the captain, who honoured me with his friendship.—“It was my care
 “for you, Grenville,” said he, “which
 “prevented your name being inrolled.
 “I wish, for the sakes of so many brave
 “fellows, this manœuvre could have been
 F 4 “avoided.

" avoided. It will be next to a miracle
 " if we succeed ; but success must be won
 " with the lives of many ; the first squa-
 " dron must look on themselves as a
 " sacrifice." " Permit me then," said I,
 " to head that squadron ; I will do my
 " duty to support my charge ; but if I
 " fall, I shall bless the blow which rids me
 " of an existence intolerable to me."

" You are a young man, Grenville,"
 replied the captain : " you may experience
 " a change in life, which will repay you
 " for the adversities you at present com-
 " plain of. I would have you courageous,
 " and defy dangers, but not madly rush
 " on them : that is to be despairing, not
 " brave ; and consequently displeasing
 " to the Deity, who appoints us our task,
 " and rewards us according to our acquit-
 " tal of our duty. The severest winter
 " is followed oftentimes by the most
 " blooming spring : " " It is true," said I :

" But when will spring visit the mouldering urn ?
 " Ah ! when will it dawn on the gloom of the
 " grave ?"

" Will

“ Will you, however, allow me to offer an
 “ exchange with the commanding officer?”

My captain consented ; and the lieutenant
 was very glad to exchange his post, for one
 of equal honour, but greater security.

I was sitting in my tent the evening of
 the important day, ruminating on the past
 events of my life ; and then naturally
 fell into reflections of what, in all pro-
 bability, would be the consequence of the
 morrow’s attack. We looked on ourselves
 as devoted men ; and though, I dare say,
 not one in the whole corps was tired of
 his life, yet they all expressed the utmost
 eagerness to be employed. Death was
 the ultimate wish of my soul. “ I shall,
 “ before to-morrow’s sun goes down,”
 said I, addressing myself to the resem-
 blance of my Maria ; “ I shall, most
 “ lovely of women, be re-united to thee ;
 “ or, if yet thy sufferings have not ended
 “ thy precious life, I shall yet know where
 “ thou art, and be permitted, perhaps,
 “ to hover over thee, to guide thy foot-
 “ steps, and conduct thee to those realms
 “ of light, whose joys will be incomplete

“without thee.” With these rhapsodies I was amusing my mind, when a serjeant entered, and acquainted me, there was, without, a young man enquiring for me, who said, he must be admitted, having letters of the greatest importance from England. My heart beat high against my breast, my respiration grew thick and difficult, and I could hardly articulate these words,—“For God’s sake, let me see
“him! Support me, Oh, God! what is
“it I am going to hear?”

A cold sweat bedewed my face, and an universal tremor possessed my whole frame.

A young gentleman, wrapped up in a Hussar cloak, made his appearance. “Is
“this Lieutenant Grenville?” I bowed.
“I am told, Sir,” said I, in a tremulous voice, “you have letters from England;
“relieve my doubts I beseech you.”—
“Here, Sir, is one,” said the youth, extending his hand, which trembled exceedingly.—I hastily snatched it, ready to devour the contents;—what was my agitation, when I read these words!

“If,

“ If, after a silence of two long years,
 “ your Maria is still dear to you, you will
 “ rejoice to hear she still lives for you alone.
 “ If her presence is wished for by you, you
 “ will rejoice on finding her at no great
 “ distance from you. But, if you love with
 “ the tenderness she does, how great, how
 “ extatic, will be your felicity, to raise
 “ your eyes, and fix them on her’s!”

The paper dropped from my enervate hand, while I raised my eyes, and beheld, Oh! my God! under the disguise of a young officer, my beloved, my faithful, long-lost Maria!

“ Great God !” cried I, in a transport of joy, clasping my hands together, “ have then my prayers been heard! do “ I again behold her!” But my situation recurring to my imagination; the dangers which I had unnecessarily engaged myself in for the morrow; her disguise; the unprotected state in which I should leave her, in a camp, where too much licentiousness reigned; all these ideas took instant possession of my mind, and damped the rising joy her loved presence had at first

excited. The agonizing pangs which seized me are past description. "Oh! my God!" I exclaimed in the bitterness of soul, "why did we thus meet! Better,—Oh! how much better would it have been, that my eyes had closed in death, than to see all they adored thus exposed to the horrid misery and carnage of destructive war." The conflict became too powerful; and in all the energy of woe I threw myself on the ground. Poor Maria flung herself on a seat, and covered her face in her great coat. — Audible sobs burst from her bosom — I saw the convulsive heavings, and the sight was as daggers to me. — I crawled on my knees to her, and, bending over her, — "Oh! my Maria!" said I, "these pangs I feel for you; speak to me, my only love; if possible, ease my sufferings by thy heavenly welcome voice." — She uttered not a word; I sought to find her hand; she pushed me gently from her, then rising, — "Come, thou companion of my tedious and painful travel, come, my faithful Hannah,"

"nah,"

“nah,” said she, to one I had not before taken notice of, who stood in the entrance of the tent, “let us be gone, here we are
 “unwelcome visitors. Is it thus,” continued she, lifting up her hands to heaven, “is it thus I am received? Adieu! Gren-
 “ville! My love has still pursued you
 “with unremitting constancy: but it shall
 “be your torment no longer. I will no
 “longer tax your compassion for a fond
 “wretch, who perhaps deserves the scora
 “she meets.” She was leaving the tent. I was immoveably rooted to the ground while she spake. — I caught her by the coat. “Oh! leave me not, dearest of
 “women, leave me not! You know not
 “the love and distress which tear this
 “wretched bosom by turns. Injure me
 “not, by doubting the first,—and if you
 “knew the latter, you would find me an
 “object intitled to your utmost pity. Oh!
 “that my heart was laid open to your
 “view! then would you see it had wasted
 “with anguish on the supposition of your
 “death. Yes, Maria, I thought you dead.
 “I had a too exalted idea of your worth
 “to

“ to assign any other cause ; I never called
 “ you cruel, or doubted your faith. Your
 “ memory lived in my fond breast, such
 “ as my tenderness painted you. But you
 “ can think meanly of me, and put the
 “ most ungenerous construction on the
 “ severest affliction that ever tore the heart
 “ of man.”

“ Oh ! my Grenville,” said she, raising
 me, “ how have I been ungenerous ? Is
 “ the renunciation of my country, rela-
 “ tions, and even sex, a proof of want of
 “ generosity ? Will you never know, or,
 “ knowing, understand me ? I believe
 “ you have suffered, greatly suffered ;
 “ your pallid countenance too plainly
 “ evinces it ; but we shall now, with the
 “ blessing of heaven, soon see an end to
 “ them. — A few months will make me
 “ mistress of my fortune. In the mean
 “ time, I will live with my faithful Han-
 “ nah retired ; only now and then let me
 “ have the consolation of seeing you,
 “ and hearing from your lips a confir-
 “ mation that I have not forfeited your
 “ affection.”

I said.

T H E S Y L P H. III

I said all that my heart dictated, to reassure my lovely heroic Maria, and calm her griefs. I made her take some refreshment; and, as the night was now far spent, and we yet had much to say, we agreed to pass it in the tent. My dear Maria began to make me a little detail of all that had passed. She painted out the persecutions of her father in the liveliest colours; the many artifices he used to weaken her attachment to me; the feigning me inconstant; and, when he found her opinion of my faith too firmly rooted, he procured a certificate of my death. As she was then released from her engagement, he more strongly urged her to marry; but she as resolutely refused. On his being one day more than commonly urgent, she knelt down, and said, in the most solemn manner; “Thou knowest, O God! “had it pleased thee to have continued “him I doated on in this life, that I was “bound, by the most powerful assevera- “tions, to be his, and only his:—hear me “now, O God! while I swear still to be “wedded to his memory. In thy eye, I “was”

“was his wife; I attest thee to witness,
 “that I will never be any other. In his
 “grave shall all my tendernefs be buried,
 “and with him shall it rife to heaven.”

Her father became outrageous; and swore, if she would not give him a fon, he would give her a mother; and, in confequence, married the houfekeeper—a woman fordid as himfelf, and whose principles and fentiments were as low as her birth.

The faithful Hannah had been difcharged fome time before, on finding out ſhe aided our correſpondence. My letters had been for a long time intercepted. Maria, one day, without the leaſt notice, was taken out of her chamber, and conveyed to a ſmall houſe in the hundreds of Eſſex, to ſome relations of her new mother's, in hopes, as ſhe found, that grief, and the unhealthinefs of the place, might make an end of her before ſhe came of age. After a ſeries of ill-uſage and miſfortunes, ſhe at length was ſo fortunate as to make her eſcape. She wrote to Hannah, who came inſtantly to her; from her ſhe learnt I was ſtill living. She then
 formed

formed the resolution of coming over to Germany, dreading again falling into the hands of her cruel parent. The plan was soon fixed on, and put in execution. To avoid the dangers of travelling, they agreed to put on men's cloaths; and Maria, to ensure her safety, dressed herself like an English officer charged with dispatches to the British army.

While she was proceeding in her narrative, I heard the drum beat to arms. I started, and turned pale. Maria hastily demanded the cause of this alteration! I informed her, "We were going to prepare for battle. And what, oh! what is to become of you? Oh! Maria! the service I am going on is hazardous to the last degree. I shall fall a sacrifice; but what will become of you?"

"Die with you," said she, firmly, rising, and drawing her sword. "When I raise my arm," continued she, "who will know it is a woman's. Nature has stamped me with that sex, but my soul shrinks not at danger. In what am I different from the Romans, or even from

“ from some of the ancient Britons?
 “ They could lose their lives for less cause
 “ than what I see before me. As I am
 “ firmly resolved not to outlive you—so
 “ I am equally determined to share your
 “ fate. You are certainly desirous my sex
 “ should remain concealed. I wish the
 “ same—and, believe me, no womanish
 “ weakness on my part shall betray it.
 “ Tell your commander, I am a volunteer
 “ under your direction. And, assure your-
 “ self, you will find me possessed of suffi-
 “ cient courage to bear any and every
 “ thing, for your sake.”

I forbore not to paint out the horrors
 of war in the most dreadful colours. “ I
 “ shudder at them,” said she, “ but am
 “ not intimidated.” In short, all my ar-
 guments were in vain. She vowed she
 would follow me: “ Either you love me,
 “ Grenville, or you love me not—if the
 “ first, you cannot refuse me the privilege
 “ of dying with you—if the last sad fate
 “ should be mine, the sooner I lose my
 “ life the better.” While I was yet using
 dissuatives, the Captain entered my tent.

“ Come,

“Come, Grenville,” said he, “make preparations, my good lad. There will be hot work to-day for us all. I would have chosen a less dangerous situation for you: but this was your own desire. However, I hope heaven will spare you.”

“I could have almost wished I had not been so precipitate, as here is a young volunteer who will accompany me.”

“So young, and so courageous!” said the captain, advancing towards my Maria. “I am sure, by your looks, you have never seen service.”

“But I have gone through great dangers, Sir,” she answered, blushing—and, with so brave an officer as Lieutenant Grenville, I shall not be fearful of meeting even death.”

“Well said, my little hero,” rejoined he, “only, that as a volunteer you have a right to chuse your commander, I should be happy to have the bringing you into the field myself. Let us, however, as this may be the last time we meet on earth, drink one glass to our success. Grenville, you can furnish us.”

We

We soon then bid each other a solemn adieu!

I prevailed on Maria and poor Hannah (who was almost dead with her fears) to lie down on my pallet-bed, if possible, to procure a little rest. I retired to the outside of the tent, and, kneeling down, put up the most fervent prayers to heaven that the heart of man could frame. I then threw myself on some baggage, and slept with some composure till the second drum beat.

Hannah hung round her mistress; but such was her respect and deference, that she opened not her lips. We began our march, my brave heroine close at my side, with all the stillness possible. We gained a narrow part of the wood, where we wanted to make good our pass; but here, either by the treachery of our own people, or the vigilance of our enemy, our scheme was intirely defeated. We marched on without opposition, and, flushed with the appearance of success, we went boldly on, till, too far advanced to make a retreat, we found ourselves surrounded by a party
of

of the enemy's troops. We did all in our power to recover our advantage, and lost several men in our defence. Numbers, however, at last prevailed; and those who were not left dead on the field were made prisoners, among whom were my Maria and myself. I was wounded in the side and in the right arm. She providentially escaped unhurt. We were conveyed to the camp of the enemy, where I was received with the respect that one brave man shews another. I was put into the hospital, where my faithful Maria attended me with the utmost diligence and tenderness.

When the event of this day's disaster was carried to the British camp, it struck a damp on all. But poor Hannah, in a phrenzy of distress, ran about, wringing her hands, proclaiming her sex, and that of the supposed volunteer, and intreating the captain to use his interest to procure our release. She gave him a brief detail of our adventures—and concluded by extolling the character of her beloved mistress. The captain, who had at that time
a great

a great regard for me, was touched at the distressful story; and made a report to the commander in chief, who, after getting the better of the enemy in an engagement, proposed an exchange of prisoners, which being agreed to, and I being able to bear the removal, we were once more at liberty.

I was conveyed to a small town near our encampment, where my dear Maria and old Hannah laid aside their great Hussar cloaks, which they would never be prevailed on to put off, and resumed their petticoats. This adventure caused much conversation in the camp; and all the officers were desirous of beholding so martial a female. But, notwithstanding the extraordinary step she had been induced to take, Miss Maynard possessed all the valued delicacy of her sex in a very eminent degree; and therefore kept very reclusive, devoting herself entirely to her attendance on me.

Fearful that her reputation might suffer, now her sex was known, I urged her to complete my happiness, by consenting to our marriage. She, at first, made some
7 difficulties,

difficulties, which I presently obviated; and the chaplain of the regiment performed the ceremony, my Captain acting as father, and, as he said, bestowing on me the greatest blessing man could deserve.

I was now the happiest of all earthly creatures; nor did I feel the least alloy, but in sometimes, on returning from duty in the field, finding my Maria uncommonly grave. On enquiry she used to attribute it to my absence; and indeed her melancholy would wear off, and she would resume all her wonted cheerfulness.

About three months after our marriage, my dear wife was seized with the small-pox, which then raged in the town. I was almost distracted with my apprehensions. Her life was in imminent danger. I delivered myself up to the most gloomy presages. "How am I marked out for "misfortune!" said I, "am I destined to "lose both my wives on the eve of their "coming of age?" Her disorder was attended with some of the most alarming symptoms. At length, it pleased heaven to hear my prayers, and a favourable crisis presented

presented itself. With joy I made a sacrifice of her beauty, happy in still possessing the mental perfections of this most excellent of women. The fear of losing her had endeared her so much the more to me, that every mark of her distemper, reminding me of my danger, served to render her more valuable in my eyes. My caresses and tenderness were redoubled; and the loss of charms, which could not make her more engaging to her husband, gave my Maria no concern.

Our fears, however, were again alarmed on Hannah's account. That good and faithful domestic caught the infection. Her fears, and attention on her beloved mistress, had injured her constitution before this baleful distemper seized her. She fell a sacrifice to it. Maria wept over the remains of one who had rendered herself worthy of the utmost consideration. It was a long time before she could recover her spirits. When the remembrance of her loss had a little worn off, we passed our time very agreeably; and I, one day, remarking the smiles I
 always

always found on my Maria's face, pressed to know the melancholy which had formerly given me so much uneasiness. "I may now," said she, "resolve your question, without any hazard; the cause is now entirely removed. You know there was a time when I was thought handsome; I never wished to appear so in any other eyes than your's; unfortunately, another thought so, and took such measures to make me sensible of the impression my beauty had made, as rendered me truly miserable. Since I am as dear to you as ever, I am happy in having lost charms that were fated to inspire an impious passion in one, who, but for me, might have still continued your friend."

I asked no more, I was convinced she meant the captain, who had sought to do me some ill offices; but which I did not resent, as I purposed quitting the army at the end of the campaign. By her desire, I took no notice of his perfidy, only by avoiding every opportunity of being in his company.

One day, about a fortnight after Maria came of age, I was looking over some English news-papers, which a brother officer had lent me to read, in which I saw this extraordinary paragraph :

*“ Last week was interred the body of
 “ Miss Maria Maynard, daughter of James
 “ Maynard, Esq; of L. in Bedfordshire,
 “ aged twenty years, ten months, and a
 “ fortnight. Had she lived till she at-
 “ tained the full age of twenty-one, she would
 “ have been possessed of an estate worth up-
 “ wards of forty thousand pounds, which
 “ now comes to her father, the above-men-
 “ tioned James Maynard, Esq.*

*“ By a whimsical and remarkable desire
 “ of the deceased, a large quantity of quick-
 “ lime was put into the coffin.”*

This piece of intelligence filled us with astonishment, as we could not conceive what end it was likely to answer : but, on my looking up to Maria, by way of gathering some light from her opinion ; and seeing not only the whole form of her face, but the intire cast of her countenance changed ; it immediately struck into my
 mind,

mind, that it would be a difficult matter to prove her identity—especially as by the death of Hannah we had lost our only witness. This may appear a very trivial circumstance to most people; but, when we consider what kind of man we had to deal with, it will wear a more serious aspect. It was plain he would go very great lengths to secure the estate, since he had taken such extraordinary measures to obtain it: he had likewise another motive; for by this second marriage he had a son. It is well known that the property of quick-lime, is to destroy the features in a very short space; by which means, should we insist on the body's being taken up, no doubt he had used the precaution of getting a supposititious one; and, in all probability, the corrosive quality of the lime would have left it very difficult to ascertain the likeness after such methods being used to destroy it. We had certainly some reason for our apprehensions that the father would disown his child, when it was so much his interest to support his own assertion of her death, and when he had gone

so far as actually to make a sham-funeral; and, above all, when no one who had been formerly acquainted with could possibly know her again, so totally was she altered both in voice and features. However, the only step we could take, was to set off for England with all expedition—which accordingly we did.

I wrote Mr. Maynard a letter, in which I inclosed one from his daughter. He did not deign to return any answer. I then consulted some able lawyers; they made not the least doubt of my recovering my wife's fortune as soon as I proved her identity. That I could have told them; but the difficulty arose how I should do it. None of the officers were in England, who had seen her both before and after the small-pox, and whose evidence might have been useful.

Talking over the affair to an old gentleman, who had been acquainted with my first wife's father—and who likewise knew Maria: "I have not a doubt," said he, "but this lady is the daughter of old Maynard, because you both tell me so—otherwise I could never have believed it.

"But

“ But I do not well know what all this
 “ dispute is about : I always understood
 “ you was to inherit your estate from your
 “ first wife. She lived till she came of
 “ age ; did she not ?”

“ According to law,” said I, “ she cer-
 “ tainly did ; she died that very day ;
 “ but she could not make a will.”

“ I am strangely misinformed,” re-
 plied he, “ if you had not a right to it
 “ from that moment.—But what say the
 “ writings ?”

“ Those I never saw,” returned I. “ As
 “ I married without the consent of my
 “ wife’s relations, I had no claim to de-
 “ mand the sight of them ; and, as she
 “ died before she could call them her’s, I
 “ had no opportunity.”

“ Then you have been wronged, take
 “ my word for it. I assert, that her for-
 “ tune was her’s on the day of marriage,
 “ unconditionally. I advise you to go to
 “ law with the old rogue (I beg your par-
 “ don, Madam, for calling your father so),
 “ go to law with him for the recovery
 “ of your first wife’s estate ; and let him

“thank heaven his daughter is so well
“provided for.”

This was happy news for us. I changed my plan, and brought an action against him for detaining my property. In short, after many hearings and appeals, I had the satisfaction of casting him. But I became father to your sister and yourself before the cause was determined. We were driven to the utmost straits while it was in agitation. At last, however, right prevailed; and I was put in possession of an estate I had unjustly been kept out of many years.

Now I thought myself perfectly happy. “Fortune,” said I, “is at length tired of persecuting me; and I have before me the most felicitous prospect.” Alas! how short-sighted is man! In the midst of my promised scene of permanent delight, the most dreadful of misfortunes overtook me. My loved Maria fell into the most violent disorder, after having been delivered of a dead child.—Good God! what was my situation, to be reduced to pray for the death of her who made up my whole scheme
of

of happiness! "Dear, dear Maria! thy
 "image still lives in my remembrance;
 "that,

"—Seeks thee still in many a former scene;
 "Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
 "Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 "Inspir'd: whose moral wisdom mildly shone,
 "Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd
 "In all her smiles, without forbidding pride."

Oh! my Julia, such was thy mother!
 my heart has never tasted happiness since
 her lamented death. Yet I cease not to
 thank heaven for the blessings it has given
 me in thee and my Louisa. May I see
 you both happy in a world that to me has
 lost its charms!

The death of my Maria seemed to de-
 tach me from all society. I had met with
 too many bad people in it to have any re-
 gard for it; and now the only chain that
 held me was broken. I retired hither;
 and, in my first paroxysms of grief, vowed
 never to quit this reclusive spot; where, for
 the first years of your infancy, I brooded
 my misfortunes, till I became habituated
 and enured to melancholy. I was always
 happy when either you or your sister had

an opportunity of seeing a little of the world. Perhaps my vow was a rash one, but it is sacred.

As your inclination was not of a retired turn, I consented to a marriage, which, I hope, will be conducive to your felicity. Heaven grant it may! Oh! most gracious Providence, let me not be so curst as to see my children unhappy! I feel I could not support such an afflicting stroke. But I will not anticipate an evil I continually pray to heaven to avert.

Adieu, my child! May you meet with no accident or misfortune to make you out of love with the world!

Thy tender and affectionate father,

E. GRENVILLE.

L E T T E R X.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

I HAVE just perused my father's long packet: I shall not however comment upon it, till I have opened my whole mind to you in a more particular manner than I yet have done.

The

The first part of my father's letter has given me much concern, by awakening some doubts, which I knew not subsisted in my bosom. He asks such questions relative to my real state of happiness, as distress me to answer. I have examined my most inward thoughts. Shall I tell you, my Louisa, the examination does not satisfy me? I believe in this life, and particularly in this town, we must not search too deeply—to be happy, we must take both persons and things as we in general find them, without scrutinizing too closely. The researches are not attended with that pleasure we would wish to find.

The mind may be amused, or, more properly speaking, employed, so as not to give it leisure to think; and, I fancy, the people in this part of the world esteem reflection an evil, and therefore keep continually hurrying from place to place, to leave no room or time for it. For my own part, I sometimes feel some little compunction of mind from the dissipated life I lead; and wish I had been cast in a less tumultuous scene. I even sometimes

venture to propose to Sir William a scheme of spending a little more time at home—telling him, it will be more for our advantage with respect to our health, as the repeated hurries in which we are engaged must, in future, be hurtful to us. He laughs at my sober plan, “No—thing,” he says, “is so serviceable to the body, as unbending the mind—as to the rest, my notions are owing to the prejudices of education; but that in time he hopes my rusticity will yield to the *ton*. For God’s sake,” he continues, “make yourself ready—you know you are to be at the opera—” or somewhere or other. So away goes reflection; and we are whirled away in the stream of dissipation, with the rest of the world. This seems a very sufficient reason for every thing we do, *The rest of the world does so*: that’s quite enough.

But does it convey to the heart that inward secret pleasure which increases on reflection? Too sure it does not. However, it has been my invariable plan, from which I have not nor do intend to recede,

to

to be governed in these matters by the will of my husband : he is some years older than me, and has had great experience in life. It shall be my care to preserve my health and morals;—in the rest, *he* must be my guide.

My mind is not at the same time quite at ease. I foresee I shall have some things to communicate to you which I shall be unwilling should meet my father's eye. Perhaps the world is altered since he resided in it; and from the novelty to him, the present modes may not meet his approbation. I would wish carefully to conceal every thing from him which might give him pain, and which it is not in his power to remedy. To you, my Louisa, I shall ever use the most unbounded confidence. I may sometimes tell you I am dissatisfied; but when I do so, it will not be so much out of a desire of complaint, as to induce you to give me your advice. Ah! you would be ten times fitter to live in the world than I. Your solidity and excellent judgment would point out the proper path, and how far you might stray in it unhurt; while my vivacity impels

me to follow the gay multitude ; and when I look back, I am astonished to behold the progress I have made. But I will accustom myself to relate every circumstance to you : though they may in themselves be trivial, yet I know your affection to me will find them interesting. Your good sense will point out to you what part of our correspondence will be fit for my father's ear.

I mentioned to you two ladies, to whose protection and countenance I had been introduced by Sir William. I do not like either of them, and wish it had suited him to have procured me intimates more adapted to my sentiments. And now we are upon this subject, I must say, I should have been better pleased with my husband, if he had proposed your coming to town with me. He may have a high opinion of my integrity and discretion ; but he ought in my mind to have reflected how very young I was ; and, he scruples not frequently to say, how totally unlearned in polite life.—Should I not then have had a real protector and friend ? I do not mention my
early

early years by way of begging an excuse for any impropriety of conduct; far from it: there is no age in which we do not know right from wrong; nor is extreme youth an extenuation of guilt: but there is a time of life which wants attention, and should not be left too much to its own guidance.

With the best propensities in the world, we may be led, either by the force of example, or real want of judgment, too far in the flowery path of pleasure. Every scene I engage in has the charm of novelty to recommend it. I see all to whom I am introduced do the same; besides, I am following the taste of Sir William; but I am (if I may be allowed to say so) too artless. Perhaps what I think is his inclination, may be only to make trial of my natural disposition. Though he may choose to live in the highest *ton*, he may secretly wish his wife a more retired turn. How then shall I act? I do every thing with a chearful countenance; but that proceeds from my desire of pleasing him. I accommodate myself to what I think his taste;

taste ; but, owing to my ignorance of mankind, I may be defeating my own purpose. I once slightly hinted as much to Lady Besford. She burst out into a fit of laughter at my duteous principles. I supposed I was wrong, by exciting her mirth : this is not the method of reforming me from my errors ; but thus I am in general treated. It reminds me of a character in the Spectator, who, being very beautiful, was kept in perfect ignorance of every thing, and who, when she made any enquiry in order to gain knowledge, was always put by, with, “ You are too handsome to trouble yourself about such things.” This, according to the present fashion, may be polite ; but I am sure it is neither friendly nor satisfactory.

Her ladyship, the other day, showed me a very beautiful young woman, Lady T. “ She is going to be separated from her husband,” said she. On my expressing my surprize,—“ Pshaw ! there is nothing surprizing in those things,” she added : “ it is customary in this world to break through stone-walls to get together this
“ year ;

“ year; and break a commandment the
 “ next to get afunder.” “ But with re-
 “ gard to her ladyship, I do not know that
 “ she has been imprudent; the cause of
 “ their disagreement proceeds from a pro-
 “ pensity she has for gaming; and my
 “ lord is resolved not to be any longer an-
 “ swerable for her debts, having more of
 “ that sort on his own hands than he can
 “ well discharge.” Thus she favours me
 with sketches of the people of fashion.
 Alas! Louisa, are these people to make
 companions of?—They may, for want of
 better, be acquaintance, but never can be
 friends.

By her account, there is not a happy
couple that frequents St. James's.—Hap-
 piness in her estimate is not an article in
 the married state. “ Are you not happy?”
 I asked one day. “ Happy! why yes, pro-
 “ bably I am; but you do not suppose my
 “ happiness proceeds from my being mar-
 “ ried, any further than that state allowing
 “ greater latitude and freedom than the
 “ single. I enjoy title, rank, and liberty,
 “ by bearing Lord Besford's name. We
 “ do

“ do not disagree, because we very seldom
 “ meet. He pursues his pleasures one way,
 “ I seek mine another; and our disposi-
 “ tions being very opposite, they are sure
 “ never to interfere with each other. I am,
 “ I give you my word, a very unexception-
 “ able wife, and can say, what few women
 “ of quality would be able to do that spoke
 “ truth, that I never indulged myself in
 “ the least liberty with other men, till I
 “ had secured my lord a lawful heir.” I
 felt all horror and astonishment.—She saw
 the emotion she excited. “ Come, don’t
 “ be prudish,” said she: “ my conduct in
 “ the eye of the world, is irreproachable.
 “ My lord kept a mistress from the first
 “ moment of his marriage. What law
 “ allows those privileges to a man, and
 “ excludes a woman from enjoying the
 “ same? Marriage now is a necessary kind
 “ of barter, and an alliance of families;—
 “ the heart is not consulted;—or, if that
 “ should sometimes bring a pair together,
 “ —judgment being left far behind, love
 “ seldom lasts long. In former times, a
 “ poor foolish woman might languish out
 “ her

“ her life in sighs and tears, for the infide-
 “ delity of her husband. Thank heaven!
 “ they are now wiser ; but then they should
 “ be prudent. I extremely condemn those,
 “ who are enslaved by their passions, and
 “ bring a public disgrace on their families
 “ by suffering themselves to be detected ;
 “ such are justly our scorn and ridicule ;
 “ and you may observe they are not taken
 “ notice of by anybody. There is a de-
 “ cency to be observed in our amours ;
 “ and I shall be very ready to offer you
 “ my advice, as you are young and inex-
 “ periened. One thing let me tell you ;
 “ never admit your *Cicisbeo* to an unli-
 “ mited familiarity ; they are first suspect-
 “ ed. Never take notice of your favourite
 “ before other people ; there are a thou-
 “ sand ways to make yourself amends in
 “ secret for that little, but necessary, sa-
 “ crifice in public.”

“ Nothing,” said I, “ but the convic-
 “ tion that you are only bantering me,
 “ should have induced me to listen to you
 “ so long ; but be assured, madam, such
 “ discourses

“discourses are extremely disagreeable to me.”

“You are a child,” said she, “in these matters; I am not therefore angry or surprized; but, when you find all the world like myself, you will cease your astonishment.”

“Would to heaven,” cried I, “I had never come into such a depraved world! How much better had it been to have continued in ignorance and innocence in the peaceful retirement in which I was bred! However, I hope, with the seeds of virtue which I imbibed in my infancy, I shall be able to go through life with honour to my family, and integrity to myself. I mean never to engage in any kind of amour, so shall never stand in need of your ladyship’s advice, which, I must say, I cannot think Sir William would thank you for, or can have the least idea you would offer.”

“She assured me, Sir William knew too much of the world to expect, or even wish, his wife to be different from most women who composed it; but that she

“ she had nothing further to say.—I might
 “ some time hence want a *confidante*, and
 “ I should not be unfortunate if I met
 “ with no worse than her, who had ever
 “ conducted herself with prudence and
 “ discretion.”

I then said, “ I had married Sir William
 “ because I preferred him,—and that my
 “ sentiments would not alter.”

“ If you can answer for your future sen-
 “ timents,” replied Lady Besford, “ you
 “ have a greater knowledge, or at least a
 “ greater confidence, in yourself than most
 “ people have.—As to your preference of
 “ Sir William, I own I am inclined to
 “ laugh at your so prettily deceiving your-
 “ self.—Pray how many men had you
 “ seen, and been addressed by, before
 “ your acquaintance with Sir William?
 “ Very few, I fancy, that were likely to
 “ make an impression on your heart, or
 “ that could be put into a competition,
 “ with him, without an affront from the
 “ comparison. So, because you thought
 “ Sir William Stanley a handsome man,
 “ and genteeler in his dress than the boors
 “ you

“ you had been accustomed to see—add to
“ which his being passionately enamoured
“ of you—you directly conclude, you have
“ given him the preference to all other
“ men, and that your heart is devoted to
“ him alone: you may think so; nay, I
“ dare say, you do think so; but, believe
“ me, a time may come when you will
“ think otherwise. You may possibly
“ likewise imagine, as Sir William was so
“ much in love, that you will be for ever
“ possessed of his heart:—it is almost a
“ pity to overturn so pretty a system; but,
“ take my word for it, Lady Stanley, Sir
“ William will soon teach you another
“ lesson; he will soon convince you, the
“ matrimonial shackles are not binding
“ enough to abridge him of the fashion-
“ able enjoyments of life; and that, when
“ he married, he did not mean to seclude
“ himself from those pleasures, which, as
“ a man of the world, he is intitled to
“ partake of, because love was the princi-
“ pal ingredient and main spring of your
“ engagement. That love may not last
“ for

“ for ever. He is of a gay disposition, and
 “ his taste must be fed with variety.”

“ I cannot imagine,” I rejoined, inter-
 rupting her ladyship, “ I cannot imagine
 “ what end it is to answer, that you seem
 “ desirous of planting discord between my
 “ husband and me.—I do not suppose you
 “ have any views on him ; as, according
 “ to your principles, his being married
 “ would be no obstacle to that view.—
 “ Whatever may be the failings of Sir
 “ William, as his wife, it is my duty not
 “ to resent them, and my interest not to
 “ see them. I shall not thank your lady-
 “ ship for opening my eyes, or seeking to
 “ develope my sentiments respecting the
 “ preference I have shewed him ; any more
 “ than he is obliged to you, for seeking to
 “ corrupt the morals of a woman whom
 “ he has made the guardian of his honour.
 “ I hope to preserve that and my own un-
 “ tainted, even in this nursery of vice and
 “ folly. I fancy Sir William little thought
 “ what instructions you would give, when
 “ he begged your protection. I am, how-
 “ ever, indebted to you for putting me on
 “ my

“ my guard ; and, be assured, I shall be
 “ careful to act with all the discretion and
 “ prudence you yourself would wish me.”
 Some company coming in, put an end to
 our conversation. I need not tell you, I
 shall be very shy of her ladyship in future.
 Good God ! are all the world, as she calls
 the circle of her acquaintance, like her-
 self ? If so, how dreadful to be cast in
 such a lot ! But I will still hope, detrac-
 tion is among the catalogue of her fail-
 ings, and that she views the world with
 jaundiced eyes.

As to the male acquaintance of Sir
 William, I cannot say they are higher in
 my estimation than the other sex. Is it
 because I am young and ignorant, that
 they, one and all, take the liberty of al-
 most making love to me ? Lord Biddulph,
 in particular, I dislike ; and yet he is Sir
 William’s most approved friend. Colonel
 Montague is another who is eternally
 here. The only unexceptionable one is
 a foreign gentleman, Baron Tonhausen.
 There is a modest diffidence in his address,
 which interests one much in his favour.

I declare, the only blush I have seen since I left Wales was on his cheek when he was introduced. I fancy he is as little acquainted with the vicious manners of the court as myself, as he seemed under some confusion on his first conversation. He is but newly known to Sir William; but, being a man of rank, and politely received in the *beau monde*, he is a welcome visitor at our house. But though he comes often, he is not obtrusive like the rest. They will never let me be at quiet—for ever proposing this or the other scheme—which, as I observed before, I comply with, more out of conformity to the will of Sir William, than to my own taste. Not that I would have you suppose I do not like any of the public places I frequent. I am charmed at the opera; and receive a very high, and, I think, rational, delight at a good play. I am far from being an enemy to pleasure—but then I would wish to have it under some degree, of subordination; let it be the amusement, not the business of life.

Lord

Lord Biddulph is what Lady Besford ftiles, my *Cicisbeo*—that is, he takes upon him the task of attending me to public places, calling my chair—handing me refreshments, and such-like; but I assure you, I do not approve of him in the least: and Lady Besford may be assured, I shall, at least, follow her kind advice in this particular, not to admit him to familiarities; though his Lordship seems ready enough to avail himself of all opportunities of being infinitely more assiduous than I wish him.

Was this letter to meet the eye of my father, I doubt he would repent his ready acquiescence to my marriage. He would not think the scenes, in which I am involved, an equivalent for the calm joys I left in the mountains. And was he to know that Sir William and I have not met these three days but at meals, and then surrounded with company; he would not think the tenderness of an husband a recompence for the loss of a father's and sister's affection. I do not, however, do well to complain. I have no just reasons, and it is a weakness to be uneasy without a cause.

a cause. Adieu then, my Louisa; be assured, my heart shall never know a change, either in its virtuous principles, or in its tender love to you. I might have been happy, superlatively so, with Sir William in a desert; but, in this vale of vice, it is impossible, unless one can adapt one's sentiments to the style of those one is among. I will be every thing I can, without forgetting to be what I ought, in order to merit the affection you have ever shewed to your faithful

JULIA STANLEY.

L E T T E R XI.

To Lady STANLEY.

THREE days, my Julia, and never met but at meals! Good God! to what can this strange behaviour be owing? You say, you tell me every circumstance. Have you had any disagreement; and is this the method your husband takes to shew his resentment? Ah! Julia, be not

afraid of my shewing your letters to my father; do you think I would precipitate him with sorrow to the grave, or at least wound his reverend bosom with such anguish? No, Julia, I will burst my heart in silence, but never tell my grief. Alas! my sister, friend of my soul, why are we separated? The loss of your loved society I would sacrifice, could I but hear you were happy. But can you be so among such wretches? Yet be comforted, my Julia; have confidence in the rectitude of your own actions and thoughts; but, above all, petition heaven to support you in all trials. Be assured, while you have the protection of the Almighty, these impious vile wretches will not, cannot, prevail against you. Your virtue will shine out more conspicuously, while surrounded with their vices.

That horrid Lady Besford! I am sure you feel all the detestation you ought for such a character. As you become acquainted with other people, (and they cannot be all so bad)—you may take an opportunity of shaking her off. Dear crea-

ture!

sure! how art thou beset! Surely, Sir William is very thoughtless: with his experience, he ought to have known how improper such a woman was for the protector of his wife. And why must this Lord—what's his odious name?—why is he to be your *escorte*? Is it not the husband's province to guard and defend his wife? What a world are you cast in!

I find poor Win has written to her aunt Bailey, and complains heavily of her situation. She says, Griffith is still more discontented than herself; since he is the jest of all the other servants. They both wish themselves at home again. She likewise tells Mrs. Bailey, that she is not fit to dress you according to the fashion, and gives a whimsical account of the many different things you put on and pull off when you are, what she calls, high-dressed. If she is of no use to you, I wish you would send her back before her morals are corrupted. Consider, she has not had the advantage of education, as you have had; and, being without those resources within, may the more easily fall a prey to some insidious betrayer; for, no doubt, in such a place,

“ Clowns as well can act the rake,
 “ As those in higher sphere.”

Let her return, then, if she is willing, as innocent and artless as she left us. Oh! that I could enlarge that wish! I should have been glad you had had Mrs. Bailey with you; she might have been of some service to you. Her long residence in *our* family would have given her some weight in *your's*, which I doubt is sadly managed by Win's account. The servants are disorderly and negligent. Don't you think of going into the country? Spring comes forward very fast; and next month is the fairest of the year.

Would to heaven you were here!—I long ardently for your company; and, rather than forego it, would almost consent to share it with the dissipated tribe you are obliged to associate with;—but that privilege is not allowed me. I could not leave my father. Nay, I must further say, I should have too much pride to come unasked; and you know Sir William never gave me an invitation.

I shed tears over the latter part of your letter, where you say, *I could be happy, superlatively*

perlatively so, with Sir William in a desert; but here it is impossible. Whatever he may think, he would be happy too; at least he appeared so while with us. Oh! that he could have been satisfied with our calm joys, which mend the heart, and left those false delusive ones, which corrupt and vitiate it!

Dearest Julia, adieu!

Believe me your faithful

LOUISA GRENVILLE.

LETTER XH.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

LOUISA! my dearest girl! who do you think I have met with?—No other than Lady Melford! I saw her this day in the drawing-room. I instantly recognized her ladyship, and, catching her eye, made my obeisance to her. She returned my salute, in a manner which seemed to say, “I don’t know you; but I wish to recollect you.”—As often as I looked up, I found I engaged her attention.

When their majesties were withdrawn, I was sitting in one of the windows with Lady Anne Parker, and some other folks about me. — I then saw Lady Melford moving towards me. I rose, and pressed her to take my place. “You are very obliging,” said she: “I will, if please, accept part of it, as I wish to be informed who it is that is so polite as to pay such civility to an old woman.” Lady Anne, finding we were entering on conversation, wished me a good day, and went off.

“I am perfectly well acquainted with your features,” said her ladyship; “but I cannot call to my memory what is your name.”

“Have you then quite forgot Julia Grenville, to whom you was so kind while she was on a visit with your grandfather at L.?”

“Julia Grenville! Aye, so it is; but, my dear, how came I to meet you in the drawing-room at St. James’s, whom I thought still an inmate of the mountains? Has your father rescinded his resolution

“ resolution of spending his life there ?

“ and where is your sister ?”

“ My father,” I replied, “ is still in his favourite retreat ; my sister resides with him.—I have been in town some time, and am at present an inhabitant of it.”

“ To whose protection could your father confide you, my dear ?”

“ To the best protector in the world, madam,” I answered, smiling—“ to an husband.”

“ A husband !” she repeated, quite astonished, “ What, child, are you married ? And who, my dear, is this husband that your father could part with you to ?”

“ That gentleman in the blue and silver velvet, across the room,—Sir William Stanley. Does your ladyship know him ?”

“ By name and character only,” she answered. “ You are very young, my dear, to be thus initiated in the world. Has Sir William any relations, female ones I mean, who are fit companions for you?—This is a dangerous place for

“ young inexperienced girls to be left to
“ their own guidance.”

I mentioned the ladies to whom I had been introduced. “ I don’t know them,” said Lady Melford; “ no doubt they are
“ women of character, as they are the
“ friends of your husband. I am, how-
“ ever, glad to see you, and hope you are
“ happily married. My meeting you here
“ is owing to having attended a lady who
“ was introduced; I came to town from
“ D. for that purpose.”

I asked her ladyship, if she would permit me to wait on her while she remained in town. She obligingly said, “ she took
“ it very kind in a young person shewing
“ such attention to her, and should always
“ be glad of my company.”

The counsel of Lady Melford may be of service to me. I am extremely happy to have seen her. I remember with pleasure the month I passed at L. I reproach myself for not writing to Jenny Melford. I doubt she thinks me ungrateful, or that the busy scenes in which I am immersed have obliterated all former fond remembrances.

brances. I will soon convince her, that the gay insignificant crowd cannot wear away the impression which her kindness stamped on my heart in early childhood.

* * * *

Your letter is just brought to my hands. Yes, my dear Louisa, I have not a doubt but that, while I deserve it, I shall be the immediate care of heaven. Join your prayers to mine; and they will, when offered with heart-felt sincerity, be heard.

I have nothing to apprehend from Lady Besford.—Such kind of women can never seduce me. She shews herself too openly; and the discovery of her character gives me no other concern, than as it too evidently manifests in my eyes the extreme carelessness of Sir William: I own *there* I am in some degree piqued. But, if *he* is indifferent about my morals and well-doing in life, it will more absolutely become my business to take care of myself,—an arduous task for a young girl, surrounded with so many incitements to quit the strait

H 5 paths,

paths, and so many examples of those that do.

As to the œconomy of my family, I fear it is but badly managed.—However, I do not know how to interfere, as we have a house-keeper, who is empowered to give all orders, &c. If Win is desirous of returning, I shall not exert my voice to oppose her inclinations, though I own^d I shall be very sorry to lose the only domestic in my family in whom I can place the least confidence, or who is attached to me from any other motive than interest. I will never, notwithstanding my repugnance to her leaving me, offer any objections which may influence her conduct; but I do not think with you her morals will be in any danger, as she in general keeps either in my apartments, or in the house-keeper's.

I do not know how Griffith manages; I should be concerned that he should be ill-used by the rest of the servants; his dialect, and to them singular manners, may excite their boisterous mirth; and I know, though he is a worthy creature, yet he has all the irascibility of his countrymen;

men; and therefore they may take a pleasure in thwarting and teasing the poor Cambro-Briton; but of this I am not likely to be informed, as being so wholly out of my sphere.

I could hardly help smiling at that part of your letter, wherein you say, you think the husband the proper person to attend his wife to public places. How different are your ideas from those of the people of this town, or at least to their practice!— A woman, who would not blush at being convicted in a little affair of gallantry, should she receive these *tendres* from an husband in public, which when offered by any other man is accepted with pleasure and complacency. Sir William never goes with me to any of these fashionable movements. It is true, we often meet, but very seldom join, as we are in general in separate parties. *Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder*, is a part of the ceremony; but here it is the business of every one to endeavour to put a man and wife asunder;

—fashion not making it decent to appear together.

These *etiquettes*, though so absolutely necessary in polite life, are by no means reconcileable to reason, or to my wishes. But my voice would be too weak to be heard against the general cry; or, being heard, I should be thought too insignificant to be attended to.

“Conscience makes cowards of us all,” some poet says; and your Julia says, fashion makes fools of us all; but she only whispers this to the dear bosom of her friend. Oh! my Louisa, that you were with me!—It is with this wish I end all my letters; mentally so, if I do not openly thus express myself.—Absence seems to increase my affection.—One reason is, because I cannot find any one to supply me the loss I sustain in you; out of the hundreds I visit, not one with whom I can form a friendly attachment. My attachment to Sir William, which was strong enough to tear me from your arms, is not sufficient to suppress the gushing tear, or hush the rising sigh, when I sit and reflect on what I once possessed,
and

and what I so much want at this moment. Adieu, my dear Louisa! continue your tender attention to the best of fathers,—and love me always.

JULIA STANLEY.

L E T T E R XIII.

TO THE SAME.

I SPENT a whole morning with Lady Melford, more to my satisfaction than any one I have passed since I left you. But this treat cannot be repeated; her ladyship leaves town this day. She was so good as to say, she was sorry her stay was so short, and wished to have had more time with me. I can truly join with her. Her conversation was friendly and parental. She cautioned me against falling into the levities of the sex—which unhappily, she observed, were now become so prevalent; and further told me, how cautious I ought to be of my female acquaintance, since the reputation of a young woman rises and falls in proportion to the merit of her associates. I judged she had Lady Besford.

Besford in her mind. I answered, I thought myself unhappy in not having you with me, and likewise possessing so little penetration, that I could not discover who were, or who were not, proper companions; that, relying on the experience of Sir William, I had left the choice of them to him, trusting he would not introduce those whose characters and morals were reprehensible; but whether it proceeded from my ignorance, or from the mode of the times, I could not admire the sentiments of either of the ladies with whom I was more intimately connected, but wished to have the opinion of one whose judgment was more matured than mine.

Lady Melford replied, 'the circle' of her acquaintance was rather confined;— and that her short residences at a time in town left her an incompetent judge: “but, my dear,” she added, “the virtuous principles instilled into you by your excellent father, joined to the innate goodness of your heart, must guide you through the warfare of life. Never for one moment listen to the seduc-
“tive

“ tive voice of folly, whether its advo-
 “ cate be man or woman.—If a man is
 “ profuse in flattery, believe him an in-
 “ sidious betrayer, who only watches a
 “ favourable moment to ruin your peace
 “ of mind for ever. Suffer no one to
 “ lessen your husband in your esteem :
 “ no one will attempt it, but from sinister
 “ views ; disappoint all such, either by
 “ grave remonstrances or lively sallies.
 “ Perhaps some will officiously bring you
 “ informations of the supposed infidelity
 “ of your husband, in hopes they may
 “ induce you to take a fashionable re-
 “ venge.—Labour to convince such, how
 “ you detest all informers ; speak of your
 “ confidence in him,—and that nothing
 “ shall persuade you but that he acts as
 “ he ought. But, since the heart of man
 “ naturally loves variety, and, from the
 “ depravity of the age, indulgences, which
 “ I call criminal, are allowed to them,
 “ Sir William may not pay that strict
 “ obedience to his part of the marriage
 “ contract as he ought ; remember, my
 “ dear, his conduct can never exculpate
 “ any

“ any breach in your’s. Gentleness and
 “ complacency on your part are the only
 “ weapons you should prove to any little
 “ irregularity on his. By such behaviour,
 “ I doubt not, you will be happy, as you
 “ will deserve to be so.”

Ah! my dear Louisa, what a loss shall I have in this venerable monitress! I will treasure up her excellent advice, and hope to reap the benefit of it.

If I dislike Lady Besford, I think I have more reason to be displeas’d with Lady Anne Parker.—She has more artifice, and is consequently a more dangerous companion. She has more than once given hints of the freedoms which Sir William allows in himself.—The other night at the opera she pointed out one of the dancers, and assured me, “ Sir William was much en-
 “ vied for having subdued the virtue of
 “ that girl. That,” continued she, “ was
 “ her *vis à vis* that you admired this
 “ morning; she lives in great taste; I
 “ suppose her allowance is superb.” It is quite the *ton* to keep opera-girls, though, perhaps, the men who support them never
 pay

pay them a visit.—I therefore concluded this affair was one of that sort. Such creatures can never deprive me of my husband's heart, and I should be very weak to be uneasy about such connexions.

Last night, however, a circumstance happened, which, I own, touched my heart more sensibly. Lady Anne insisted on my accompanying her to the opera. Sir William dined out; and, as our party was sudden, knew not of my intention of being there. Towards the end of the opera, I observed my husband in one of the upper-boxes, with a very elegant-looking woman, dressed in the genteelst taste, to whom he appeared very assiduous.—“There is Sir William,” said I.—“Yes,” said Lady Anne, “but I dare say, he did not expect to see you here.”

“Possibly not,” I answered. A little female curiosity urged me to ask, if she knew who that lady was? She smiled, and answered, “she believed she did.” A very favourite air being then singing, I dropped the conversation, though I could not help now and then stealing a
look

look at my husband. I was convinced he must see and know me, as my situation in the house was very conspicuous; but I thought he seemed industriously to avoid meeting my eyes.—The opera being ended, we adjourned to the coffee-room; and, having missed Sir William a little time before, naturally expected to see him there; as it is customary for all the company to assemble there previous to their going to their carriages.

A great number of people soon joined us. Baron Ton-hausen had just handed me a glass of orgeat; and was chatting in an agreeable manner, when Lord Bid-dulph came up. “Lady Stanley,” said he, with an air of surprize, “I thought
“ I saw you this moment in Sir William’s
“ chariot. I little expected the happiness
“ of meeting you here.”

“ You saw Sir William, my Lord, I
“ believe,” said Lady Anne; “ but as to
“ the Lady, you are mistaken—though I
“ should have supposed you might have
“ recognized your old friend Lucy Gardi-
“ ner; they were together in one of the
“ boxes.

boxes—Sly wretch! he thought we did not see him.”

“Oh! you ladies have such penetrating eyes,” replied his Lordship, “that we poor men—and especially the married ones, ought to be careful how we conduct ourselves. But, my dear Lady Stanley, how have you been entertained? Was not Rauzzini exquisite?”

“Can you ask how her Ladyship has been amused, when you have just informed her, her *Caro Spose* was seen with a favourite Sultana?”

“Pshaw!” said his Lordship, “there is nothing in that—*tout la mode de François*. The conduct of an husband cannot discompose a Lady of sense. What says the lovely Lady Stanley?”

“I answer,” I replied very seriously, “Sir William has an undoubted right to act as he pleases. I never have or ever intend to prescribe rules to him; sufficient, I think, to conduct self.”

“Bravo!” cried Lord Biddulph, “spoke like a heroine: and I hope my
“ dear

“ dear Lady Stanley will act as she pleases
“ too.”

“ I do when I can,” I answered:—
Then, turning to Lady Anne, “ Not to
“ break in on your amusement,” I con-
tinued, “ will you give me leave to wait
“ on you to Brook-street? you know
“ you have promised to sup with me.”

“ Most cheerfully,” said she;—“ but
“ will you not ask the beaux to attend
“ us?”

Lord Biddulph said, he was most un-
fortunately engaged to Lady D—’s rout.
The Baron refused, as if he wished to be
intreated. Lady Anne would take no
denial; and, when I assured him his com-
pany would give me pleasure, he con-
sented.

I was handed to the coach by his
Lordship, who took that opportunity of
condemning Sir William’s want of taste;
and lavishing the utmost encomiums on
your Julia—with whom they passed as no-
thing. If Sir William is unfaithful,
Lord Biddulph is not the man to recon-
cile me to the sex. I see his motives in

too glaring colours. No, the soft timidity of Ton-hausen, which, while it indicates the profoundest respect, still betrays the utmost tenderness—he it is alone who could restore the character of mankind, and raise it again in my estimation. But what have I said? Dear Louisa, I blush at having discovered to you, that I am, past all doubt, the object of the Baron's tender sentiments. Ah! can I mistake those glances, which modest reserve and deference urge him to correct? Yet fear me not. I am married. My vows are registered in the book of heaven; and as, by their irreversibile decree, I am bound to *honour* and *obey* my husband, so will I strive to *love* him, and him alone; though I have long since ceased to be the object of his? Of what consequence, however, is that? I am indissolubly united to him; he was the man of my choice—to say he was the first man I almost ever saw—and to plead my youth and inexperience—oh! what does that avail? Nor does his neglect justify the least on my part.

“For man the lawless libertine may rove.”

But this is a strange digression. The Baron accompanied us to supper. During our repast, Lady Anne made a thousand sallies to divert us. My mind, however, seemed that night infected by the demon of despair. I could not be cheerful—and yet, I am sure, I was not jealous of this Lucy Gardiner. Melancholy was contagious: Ton-hausen caught it—I observed him sometimes heave a suppressed sigh. Lady Anne was determined to dissipate the gloom which enveloped us, and began drawing, with her satirical pen, the characters of her acquaintance.

“Baron,” said she, “did you not observe Lord P—, with his round unthinking face—how assiduous he was to Miss W—, complimenting her on the brilliancy of her complexion, though he knows she wore more *rouge* than almost any woman of quality—extolling her *forest of hair*, when most likely he saw it this morning brought in a bandbox—and celebrating the pearly whiteness of her teeth, when he was present

" at their transplanting? But he is not
 " a slave to propriety, or even common
 " sense. No, dear creature, he has a soul
 " above it. But did you not take notice
 " of Lady L——, how she ogled Capt. F.
 " when her booby Lord turned his head
 " aside? What a ridiculous fop is that!
 " The most glaring proofs will not convince
 " him of his wife's infidelity.—' Captain
 " F.' said he to me yesterday at court;
 " ' Captain F. I assure you, Lady Anne,
 " is a great favourite with me.' It is a
 " family partiality,' said I; ' Lady L.
 " seems to have no aversion to him.'
 " ' Ah, there you mistake, fair Lady. I
 " want my Lady to have the same affec-
 " tion for him I have. He has done all
 " he can to please her, and yet she does
 " not seem satisfied with him.' ' Uncon-
 " scionable!' cried I, ' why then she is
 " never to be satisfied.' ' Why so I say;
 " but it proceeds from the violence of her
 " attachment to me. Oh! Lady Anne,
 " she is the most virtuous and discreetest
 " Lady. I should be the happiest man in
 " the world, if she would but shew a little
 " more

“ more consideration to my friend.”—I
 “ think it a pity he does not know his
 “ happiness, as I have not the least doubt
 “ of F. and her Ladyship having a pretty
 “ good understanding together.” Thus
 was the thoughtless creature running on
 unheeded by either of us, when her har-
 rangue was interrupted by an alarming ac-
 cident happening to me. I had sat some
 time, leaning my head on my hand; though,
 God knows! paying very little attention
 to Lady Anne’s sketches, when some of the
 superfluous ornaments of my head-dress,
 coming rather too near the candle, caught
 fire, and the whole var-rago of ribbands,
 lace, and gew-gaws, were instantly in
 flames. I shrieked out in the utmost ter-
 ror, and should have been a very great
 sufferer—perhaps been burnt to death—
 had not the Baron had the presence of
 mind to roll my head, flames and all,
 up in my shawl, which fortunately hung
 on the back of my chair; and, by such
 precaution, preserved the *capitol*. How
 ridiculous are the fashions, which render
 us liable to such accidents!

My fright, however, proved more than the damage sustained. When the flames were extinguished, I thought Lady Anne would have expired with mirth, owing to the disastrous figure I made with my singed feathers, &c. The whimsical distress of the heroine of the Election Ball presented itself to her imagination; and the pale face of the affrighted Baron, during the conflagration, heightened the picture. "Even such a man," she cried, "so dead in look, so woe-be-gone! Excuse me, dear Ton-hausen—The danger is over now. I must indulge my risible faculties."

"I will most readily join with your Ladyship," answered the Baron, "as my joy is in proportion to what were my apprehensions. But I must condemn a fashion which is so injurious to the safety of the ladies."

The accident, however, disconcerted me not a little, and made me quite unfit for company. They saw the chagrin painted on my features, and soon took leave of me.

I retired to my dressing-room, and sent for Win, to inspect the almost ruined fabrick; but such is the construction now-a-days, that a head might burn for an hour without damaging the genuine part of it. A lucky circumstance! I sustained but little damage—in short, nothing which Monsieur *Correys* could not remedy in a few hours.

My company staying late, and this event besides, retarded my retiring to rest till near three in the morning. I had not left my dressing-room when Sir William entered.

“ Good God! not gone to bed yet,
 “ Julia? I hope you did not sit up for me.
 “ You know that is a piece of ceremony
 “ I would chuse to dispense with; as it
 “ always carries a tacit reproach under an
 “ appearance of tender sollicitude.” I
 fancied I saw in his countenance a consciousness that he deserved reproach, and a determination to begin first to find fault. I was vexed, and answered,

“ You might have waited for the re-
 “ proach at least, before you pre-judged

"my conduct. Nor can you have any ap-
 "prehensions that I should make such,
 "having never taken that liberty. Nei-
 "ther do you do me justice in supposing
 "me capable of the meanness you insinu-
 "ate, on finding me up at this late hour.
 "That circumstance is owing to an acci-
 "dent, by which I might have been a
 "great sufferer; and which, though you
 "so unkindly accuse me of being impro-
 "perly prying and curious, I will, if you
 "permit me, relate to you, in order to
 "justify myself." He certainly expected

I should ask some questions which would
 be disagreeable to him; and therefore,
 finding me totally silent on that head, his
 features became more relaxed; he enquir-
 ed, with some tenderness, what alarming
 accident I hinted at. I informed him of
 every circumstance.—My account put him
 into good humour; and we laughed over
 the droll scene very heartily. Observing,
 however, I was quite *en dishabille*, "My
 "dear girl," cried he, throwing his arms
 round me, "I doubt you will catch cold,
 "notwithstanding you so lately represent-

"ed a burning-mountain. Come," continued he, "will you go to bed?" While he spoke, he pressed me to his bosom; and expressed in his voice and manner more warmth of affection than he had discovered since I forsook the mountains. He kissed me several times with rapture; and his eyes dwelt on me with an ardor I have long been unused to behold. The adventure at the opera returned to my imagination. These caresses, thought I, have been bestowed on one, whose prostituted charms are more admired than mine. I sighed—"Why do you sigh, Julia?" asked my husband. "I know not," I answered. "I ought not to sigh in the very moment I am receiving proofs of your affection. But I have not lately received such proofs, and therefore perhaps I sighed." "You are a foolish girl, Julia, yet a good one too"—cried he, kissing me again: "Foolish, to fancy I do not love you; and a good girl, not to ask impertinent questions. That is, your tongue is silent, but you have wicked eyes, Julia, that seek to look into my inmost thoughts."

“ thoughts.”—“ Then I will shut them,” said I, affecting to laugh—but added, in a more serious tone—“ I will see no further than you would wish me; to please you, I will *be blind, insensible and blind.*”

“ But, as you are not deaf, I will tell you what you well know—that I was at the opera—and with a lady too.—Do not, however, be jealous, my dear: the woman I was with was perfectly indifferent to me. I met her by accident—but I had a mind to see what effect such a piece of flirtation would have on you. I am not displeas'd with your behaviour; nor would I have you so with mine.”

“ I will in all my best obey you,” said I.—“ Then go to bed,” said he—“ *To bed, my love, and I will follow thee.*”

You will not scruple to pronounce this a reasonable long letter, my dear Louisa; for a modern fine lady.—Ah! shield me from that character! Would to heaven Sir William was no more of the modern fine gentleman in his heart! I could be happy with him.—Yes, Louisa—was I indeed the object of his affections, not merely so

of his passions, which, I fear, I am, I could indeed be happy with him. My person still invites his caresses—but for the softer sentiments of the soul—that ineffable tenderness which depends not on the tincture of the skin—of that, alas! he has no idea. A voluptuary in love, he professes not that delicacy which refines all its joys. His is all passion; sentiment is left out of the catalogue. Adieu!

JULIA STANLEY.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

I HOPE, my dearest Louisa will not be too much alarmed at a whole fortnight's silence. Ah! Louisa, the event which occasioned it may be productive of very fatal consequences to me—yet I will not despair. No, I will trust in a good God, and the virtuous education I have had. They will arm me to subdue inclinations, irreverfible fate has rendered improper. But to the point.

Two

Two or three nights after I wrote my last, I went to the play.—Lady Anne, Colonel Montague, and a Miss Finch, were the party. Unhappily, the after-piece represented was one obtruded on the public by an author obnoxious to some of them; and there were two parties formed, one to condemn, the other to support. Wholly unacquainted with a thing of this kind, I soon began to be alarmed at the clamour which rang from every part of the house: The glass chandeliers first fell a victim to a hot-headed wretch in the pit; and part of the shattered fragments was thrown into my lap. My fears increased to the highest degree—No one seemed to interest themselves about me. Colonel Montague being an admirer of Miss Finch, his attention was paid to her. The ladies were ordered out of the house. I was ready enough to obey the summons, and was rushing out, when my passage was stopped by a concourse of people in the lobby. The women screaming—men swearing—together—I thought I should die with terror. “Oh! let me come out, let me

“come out!” I cried, with uplifted hands.—No one regarded me. And I might have stood screaming in concert with the rest till this time, had not the Baron most seasonably come to my assistance. He broke through the croud with incredible force, and flew to me. “Dearest “Lady Stanley,” cried he, “recover your “spirits—you are in no danger. I will “guard you to your carriage.” Others were equally anxious about their company, and every one striving to get out first increased the difficulty. Many ladies fainted in the passages, which, being close, became almost suffocating. Every moment our difficulties and my fears increased. I became almost insensible. The Baron most kindly supported me with one arm—and with the other strove to make way. The men even pushed with rudeness by me. Ton-hausen expostulated and raved by turns: at length he drew his sword, which terrified me to such a degree, that I was sinking to the earth—and really gave myself up totally to despair. The efforts he made at last gained

us a passage to the great door—and, without waiting to ask any questions, he put me into a coach that happened to be near: as to my carriage, it was not to be found—or probably some others had used the same freedom with that we had now with one unknown to us.

As soon as we were seated, Ton-hausen expressed his joy in the strongest terms, that we had so happily escaped any danger. I was so weak, that he thought it necessary to support me in his arms; and though I had no cause to complain of any freedom in his manner, yet the warmth of his expression, joined to my foregoing fright, had such an effect on me, that, though I did not wholly lose my senses, I thought I was dying—I never fainted in my life before; to my ignorance, then, must be imputed my fears and foolish behaviour in consequence. “Oh! carry me somewhere,” cried I, gasping; “do not let me die here! for God’s sake, do not let me die in the coach!”

“My angel,” said the Baron, “do not give way to such imaginary terrors. I

"will let down the glasses—you will be
 "better presently." But finding my head,
 which I could no longer support, drop on
 his shoulder, and a cold damp bedew my
 face, he gave a loose to his tenderness, which
 shewed itself in his attention to my well-
 fare. He pressed me almost frantic to his
 bosom, called on me in the most endearing
 terms. He thought me insensible. He
 knew not I could hear the effusions of his
 heart. Oh! Louisa, he could have no idea
 how they sunk in mine. Among the rest,
 these broken sentences were distinct, "Oh!
 "my God! what will become of me!
 "Dearest, most loved of women, how is
 "my heart distracted! And shall I lose
 "thee thus? Oh! how shall I support
 "thy loss! Too late found—ever beloved
 "of my soul! Thy Henry will die with
 "thee!" Picture to yourself, my Louisa,
 what were my sensations at this time. I
 have no words to express them—or, if I
 could, they would be unfit for me to ex-
 press. The sensations themselves ought
 not to have found a passage in my bosom.
 I will drive them away, Louisa, I will
 not

not give them harbour. I no longer knew what was become of me: I became dead to all appearance. The Baron, in a state of distraction, called to the coachman, to stop any where, where I could receive assistance. Fortunately we were near a chemist's. Ton-hausen carried me in his arms to a back room—and, by the application of drops, &c. I was restored to life. I found the Baron kneeling at my feet, and supporting me. It was a long time before he could make me sensible where I was. My situation in a strange place, and the singularity of our appearance, affected me extremely—I burst into tears, and entreated the Baron to get me a chair to convey me home. “A chair! Lady Stanley; will not you then permit me to attend you home? Would you place yourself under the protection of two strangers, rather than allow me that honour?”

“Ah! excuse me, Baron,” I answered, “I hardly know what I said. Do as you please, only let me go home.” And yet, Louisa, I felt a dread on going into the same carriage with him. I thought

myself extremely absurd and foolish; yet I could not get the better of my apprehensions. How vain they were! Never could any man behave with more delicate attention, or more void of that kind of behaviour which might have justified my fears. His despair had prompted the discovery of his sentiments. He thought me incapable of hearing the secret of his soul; and it was absurd to a degree for me, by an unnecessary circumspection, to let him see I had unhappily been a participater of his secret. There was, however, an awkward consciousness in my conduct towards him, I could not divest myself of. I wished to be at home. I even expressed my impatience to be alone. He sighed, but made no remonstrances against my childish behaviour, though his pensive manner made it obvious he saw and felt it. Thank God! at last we got home. "It would be rude," said he, "after your ladyship has so frequently expressed your wish to be alone, to obtrude my company a moment longer than absolutely necessary; but, if you will allow me to remain

" remain

“ remain in your drawing-room till I hear
 “ you are a little recovered, I shall esteem
 “ it a favour.”

“ I have not a doubt of being much
 “ better”, I returned, “ when I have had
 “ a little rest. I am extremely indebted
 “ to you for the care you have taken. I
 “ must repay it, by desiring you to have
 “ some consideration for yourself : rest will
 “ be salutary for both ; and I hope to re-
 “ turn you a message in the morning,
 “ that I am not at all the worse for this
 “ disagreeable adventure. Adieu, Baron,
 “ take my advice.” He bowed, and cast
 on me such a look—He seemed to correct
 himself.—Oh ! that look ! what was not
 expressed in it ! Away, away, all such
 remembrances.

The consequences, however, were not to
 end here. I soon found other circumstances
 which I had not thought on. In short,
 my dear Louisa, I must now discover to
 you a secret, which I had determined to
 keep some time longer at least. Not
 even Sir William knew of it. I intended
 to have surprized you all ; but this vile
 play-

play-house affair put an end to my hopes, and very near to my life. For two days, my situation was very critical. As soon as the danger was over, I recovered space. The Baron was at my door several times in the day, to enquire after me. And Win said, who once saw him, that he betrayed more anxiety than any one beside.

Yesterday was the first of my seeing any company. The Baron's name was the first announced. The sound threw me into a perturbation I laboured to conceal. Sir William presented him to me. I received his compliment with an aukward confusion. My embarrassment was imputed, by my husband, to the simple bashfulness of a country rustic—a bashfulness he generally renders more insupportable by the ridiculous light he chuses to make me appear in, rather than encouraging in me a better opinion of myself, which, sometimes, he does me the honour of saying, I ought to entertain. The Baron had taken my hand in the most respectful manner. I suffered him to lift it to his lips. “Is it thus,” said Sir William,
“you

“you thank your deliverer? Had I been
 “in your place, Julia, I should have re-
 “ceived my champion with open arms—
 “at least have allowed him a salute. But
 “the Baron is a modest young man.
 “Come, I will set you the example.”—
 Saying which, he caught me in his arms,
 and kissed me: I was extremely cha-
 grined, and felt my cheeks glow, not only
 with shame, but anger. “You are too
 “violent, Sir William,” said I very
 gravely. “You have excessively discon-
 “certed me.” “I will allow,” said he,
 “I might have been too eager: now you
 “shall experience the difference between
 “the extatic ardor of an adoring hus-
 “band, and the cool complacency of a
 “friend. Nay, nay,” continued he, see-
 ing a dissenting look, “you must reward
 “the Baron, or I shall think you either
 “very prudish, or angry with me.” Was
 there ever such inconsiderate behaviour?
 Ton-hausen seemed fearful of offending—
 yet not willing to lose so fair an opportu-
 nity. Oh! Louisa, as Sir William said, I
 did experience a difference. But Sir Wil-
 liam

ham is no adoring husband. The Baron's lips trembled as they touched mine; and I felt an emotion, to which I was hitherto a stranger.

I was doomed, however, to receive still more shocks. On the Baron's saying he was happy to see me so well recovered after my fright, and hoped I had found no disagreeable consequence—"No disagreeable consequence!" repeated Sir William, with the most unfeeling air; "Is the loss of a son and heir then nothing?" "It may be repaired," he continued, laughing, "to be sure; but I am extremely disappointed." Are you not enraged with your brother-in-law, Louisa? How indelicate! I really could no longer support these mortifications, though I knew I should mortally offend him; I could not help leaving the room in tears; nor would I return to it, till summoned by the arrival of other company. I did not recover my spirits the whole evening.

Good God! how different do men appear sometimes from themselves! I often am induced to ask myself, whether I really
gave

gave my hand to the man I now see in my husband. Ah! how is he changed! I reflect for hours together on the unaccountableness of his conduct. How he is carried away by the giddy multitude. He is swayed by every passion, and the last is the ruling one—

“ Is every thing by starts, and nothing long.”

A time may come, when he may see his folly; I hope, before it be too late to repair it. Why should such a man marry? Or why did fate lead him to our innocent retreat? Oh! why did I foolishly mistake a rambling disposition, and a transient liking, for a permanent attachment? But why do I run on thus? Dear Louisa, you will think me far gone in a phrenzy. But, believe me, I will ever deserve your tender affection.

JULIA STANLEY.

LETTER XIV.

To Lady STANLEY.

GOOD heavens! what a variety of emotions has your last letter excited in my breast! Surely, my Julia did not give it a second perusal! I can make allowance for the expressions of gratitude which you (in a manner lavish, not) bestow on the Baron. But oh! beware, my beloved sister, that your gratitude becomes not too warm; that sentiment, so laudable when properly placed, should it be an introduction to what my fears and tenderness apprehend, would change to the most impious.—You already perceive a visible difference between him and your husband—I assert, no woman ought to make a comparison, —'tis dangerous, 'tis fatal. Sir William was the man of your choice;—it is true you were young; but still you ought to respect your choice as sacred.—You are still young; and although you may have seen more of the world, I doubt your sentiments are little mended by your experience.

experience. The knowledge of the world—at least so it appears to me—is of no further use than to bring one acquainted with vice, and to be less shocked at the idea of it. Is this then a knowledge to which we should wish to attain?—Ah! believe me, it had been better for you to have blushed unseen, and lost your sweetness in the desert air, than to have, in *the busy haunts of men*, hazarded the privation of *that peace which goodness bosoms ever*. Think what I suffer; and, constrained to treasure up my anxious fears in my own bosom, I have no one to whom I can vent my griefs: and indeed to whom could I impart the terrors which fill my soul, when I reflect on the dangers by which my sister, the darling of my affections, is surrounded? Oh, Julia! you know how fatally I have experienced the interest a beloved object has in the breast of a tender woman; how ought we then to guard against the admission of a passion destructive to our repose, even in its most innocent and harmless state, while we are single!—But how much more should you keep a
strict

strict watch over every outlet of the heart, lest it should fall a prey to the insidious enemy;—you respect his silence;—you pity his sufferings.—Reprobate respect!—abjure pity!—they are both in your circumstances dangerous; and a well-experienced writer has observed, more women have been ruined by pity, than have fallen a sacrifice to appetite and passion. Pity is a kindred virtue, and from the innocence and complacency of her appearance, we suspect no ill; but dangers inexplicable lurk beneath the tear that trembles in her eye; and, without even knowing that we do so, we make a fatal transfer to our utter and inevitable disadvantage. From having the power of bestowing compassion, we become objects of it from others, though too frequently, instead of receiving it, we find ourselves loaded with the censure of the world. We look into our own bosoms for consolation: alas! it is flown with our innocence; and in its room we feel the sharpest stings of self-reproof. My Julia, my tears obliterate each mournful passage of my pen.

L E T.

LETTER XV.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

ENOUGH, my dearest sister, enough have you suffered through your unremit- ted tenderness to your Julia;—yet believe her, while she vows to the dear bosom of friendship, no action of her's shall call a blush on your cheek. Good God! what a wretch should I be, if I could abuse such sisterly love! if, after such friendly admonitions, enforced with so much moving eloquence, your Julia should degenerate from her birth, and forget those lessons of virtue early inculcated by the best of fathers! If, after all these, she should suffer herself to be immersed in the vortex of folly and vice, what would she not deserve! Oh! rest assured, my dearest dear Louisa, be satisfied, your sister cannot be so vile,—remember the same blood flows through our veins; one parent stock we sprang from; nurtured by one hand; listening, at the same time to
the

the same voice of reason ; learning the same pious lesson—why then these apprehensions of my degeneracy ? Trust me, Louisa, I will not deceive you, and God grant I may never deceive myself ! The wisest of men has said, “ the heart of man is deceitful “ above all things.” I however will strictly examine mine ; I will search into it narrowly ; at present the search is not painful ; I have nothing to reproach myself with ; I have, I hope, discharged my filial and fraternal duties ; my matrimonial ones are inviolate : I have studied the temper of Sir William, in hopes I should discover a rule for my actions ; but how can I form a system from one so variable as he is ? Would to heaven he was more uniform ! or that he would suffer himself to be guided by his own understanding, and not by the whim or caprice of others so much inferior to himself ! All this I have repeated frequently to you, together with my wish to leave London, and the objects with which I am daily surrounded.—Does such a wish look as if I was improperly attached

tached to the world, or any particular person in it? You are too severe, my love; but when I reflect, that your rigidity proceeds from your unrivalled attachment, I kiss the rod of my chastisement;—I long to fold my dear lecturer in my arms, and convince her, that one, whose heart is filled with the affection that glows in mine, can find no room for any sentiment incompatible with virtue, of which she is the express image. Adieu!

L E T T E R X V I.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

IF thy Julia falls, my beloved sister, how great will be her condemnation! With such supports, and I hope I may add with an inward rectitude of mind, I think she can never deviate from the right path. You see, my Louisa, that not you alone are interested in my well-doing. I have a secret, nay I may say, celestial friend and monitor,—a friend it certainly is, though unknown;—all who
 give

give good counsel must be my true and sincere friends. From whom I have received it, I know not; but it shall be my study to merit the favour of this earthly or heavenly conductor through the intricate mazes of life. I will no longer keep you in ignorance of my meaning, but without delay will copy for you a letter I received this morning; the original I have too much veneration for to part with, even to you, who are dearer to me than almost all the world beside.——

THE LETTER.

“ I cannot help anticipating the surprize your ladyship will be under, from receiving a letter from an unknown hand; nor will the signature contribute to develop the cloud behind which I chuse to conceal myself.

My motives, I hope, will extenuate the boldness of my task; and I rely likewise on the amiable qualities you so eminently possess, to pardon the temerity of
any

any one who shall presume to criticise the conduct of one of the most lovely of God's works.

I feel for you as a man, a friend, or, to sum up all, a guardian angel. I see you on the brink of a steep precipice. I shudder at the danger which you are not sensible of. You will wonder at my motive, and the interest I take in your concerns.—It is from my knowledge of the goodness of your heart: were you less amiable than you are, you would be below my solicitude; I might be charmed with you as a woman, but I should not venerate you;—nay, should possibly—enchanted as every one must be with your personal attractions, join with those who seek to seduce you to their own purposes. The sentiments I profess for you are such as a tender father would feel—such as your own excellent father cherishes; but they are accompanied by a warmth which can only be equalled by their purity; such sentiments shall I ever experience while you continue to deserve them, and every service in my power shall be exerted in your favour. I

have long wished for an opportunity of expressing to you the tender care I take in your conduct through life. I now so sensibly feel the necessity of apprizing you of the dangers which surround you, that I wave all forms, and thus abruptly introduce myself to your acquaintance—unknown, indeed, to you, but knowing you well, reading your thoughts, and seeing the secret motives of all your actions. Yes, Julia, I have watched you through life. Nay, start not, I have never seen any action of your's but what had virtue for its guide.—But to remain pure and uncontaminated in this vortex of vice, requires the utmost strength and exertion of virtue. To avoid vice, it is necessary to know its colour and complexion; and in this age, how many various shapes it assumes! my task shall be to point them out to you, to shew you the traps, the snares, and pitfalls, which the unwary too frequently sink into;—to lead you by the hand through those intricate paths beset with quicksands and numberless dangers;—to direct your eyes to such objects as you may with safety contemplate,

plate, and induce you to shut them for ever against such as may by their dire fascination intice you to evil;—to conduct you to those endless joys hereafter, which are to be the reward of the virtuous; and to have myself the ineffable delight of partaking them with you, where no rival shall interrupt my felicity.

I am a Rosicrusian by principle; I need hardly tell you, they are a sect of philosophers, who by a life of virtue and self-denial have obtained an heavenly intercourse with aërial beings;—as my internal knowledge of you (to use the expression) is in consequence of my connexion with the Sylphiad tribe, I have assumed the title of my familiar counsellor. This, however, is but as a preface to what I mean to say to you;—I have hinted, I knew you well;—when I thus expressed myself, it should be understood, I spoke in the person of the Sylph, which I shall occasionally do, as it will be writing with more perspicuity in the first instance; and, as he is employed by me, I may, without the appearance of robbery, safely

appropriate to myself the knowledge he gains.

Every human being has a guardian angel; my skill has discovered your's; my power has made him obedient to my will; I have a right to avail myself of the intelligences he gains; and by him I have learnt every thing that has passed since your birth;—what your future fortune is to be, even he cannot tell; his view is circumscribed to a small point of time; he only can tell what will be the consequence of taking this or that step, but your free-agency prevents his impelling you to act otherwise than as you see fit. I move upon a more enlarged sphere; he tells me what will happen; and as I see the remote, as well as immediate consequence, I shall, from time to time, give you my advice.—Advice, however, when asked, is seldom adhered to; but when given voluntarily, the receiver has no obligation to follow it.—I shall in a moment discover how this is received by you; and your deviation from the rules I shall prescribe will be a hint for me to withdraw my counsel where it is not acceptable.

All that then will remain for me, will be to deplore your too early initiation in a vicious world, where to escape unhurt or uncontaminated is next to a miracle.

I said, I should soon discover whether my advice would be taken in the friendly part it is offered: I shall perceive it the next time I have the happiness of beholding you, and I see you every day; I am never one moment absent from you in idea, and in my *mind's eye* I see you each moment; only while I conceal myself from you, can I be of service to you;—press not then to discover who I am; but be convinced—nay, I shall take every opportunity to convince you, that I am the most sincere and disinterested of your friends; I am a friend to your soul, my Julia, and I flatter myself mine is congenial with your's.

I told you, you were surrounded with dangers; the greatest perhaps comes from the quarter least suspected; and for that very reason, because, where no harm is expected, no guard is kept. Against such a man as Lord Biddulph, a watchful cen-

tinel is planted at every avenue. I caution you not against him; there you are secure; no temptation lies in that path; no precipice lurks beneath those footsteps. You never can fall, unless your heart takes part with the tempter; and I am morally certain a man of Lord Biddulph's cast can never touch your's; and yet it is of him you seem most apprehensive. Ask yourself, is it not because he has the character of a man of intrigue? Do you not feel within your own breast a repugnance to the assiduities he at all times takes pains to shew you? Without doubt, Lord Biddulph has designs upon you;—and few men approach you without. Oh! Julia, it is difficult for the most virtuous to behold you daily, and suppress those feelings your charms excite. In a breast inured to too frequent indulgence in vicious courses, your beauty will be a consuming fire; but in a soul whose delight is moral rectitude, it will be a cherishing flame, that animates, not destroys. But how few the latter! And how are you to distinguish the insidious betrayer from the open

open violator. To you they are equally culpable ; but only one can be fatal. Ask your own heart—the criterion, by which I would have you judge—ask your own heart, which is intitled to your detestation most ; the man who boldly attacks you, and by his threats plainly tells you he is a robber ; or the one, who, under the semblance of imploring your charity, deprives you of your most valued property ? Will it admit of a doubt ? Make the application : examine yourself, and I conjure you examine your acquaintance ; but be cautious whom you trust. Never make any of your male visitors the *confidant* of any thing which passes between yourself and husband. This can never be done without a manifest breach of modest decorum. Have I not said enough for the present ? Yet let me add thus much, to secure to myself your confidence. I wish you to place an unlimited one in me ; continue to do so, while I continue to merit it ; and by this rule you shall judge of my merit—The moment you discover that I urge you to any thing improper,

or take advantage of my self-assumed office, and insolently prescribe when I should only point out, or that I should seem to degrade others in your eyes, and particularly your husband, believe me to be an impostor, and treat me as such; disregard my sinister counsel, and consign me to that scorn and derision I shall so much deserve. But, while virtue inspires my pen, afford me your attention; and may that God, whom I attest to prove my truth, ever be indulgent to you, and for ever and ever protect you! So prays

Your SYLPH."

Who can it be, my Louisa, who takes this friendly interest in my welfare? It cannot be Lady Melford; the address bespeaks it to be a man; but what man is the question; one too who sees me every day: it cannot be the Baron, for he seems to say, Ton-hausen is a more dangerous person than Lord Biddulph. But why do I perplex myself with guessing? Of what consequence is it who is my friend, since I am convinced he is sincere. Yes! -
 thou

thou friendly monitor, I will be directed by thee! I shall now act with more confidence, as my Sylph tells me he will watch over and apprize me of every danger. I hope his task will not be a difficult one; for, though ignorant, I am not obstinate—on the contrary, even Sir William, whom I do not suspect of flattery, allows me to be extremely docile. I am, my beloved Louisa, most affectionately,
your's,

JULIA STANLEY.

LETTER XVII.

To Lady STANLEY.

BLESSED, for ever blessed, be the friendly monitor! Oh! my Julia, how fortunate are you, thus to become the care of heaven, which has raised you up a guide, with all the dispositions, but with more enlarged abilities than thy poor Louisa! And much did you stand in need of a guide, my sister: be not displeas'd that I write thus. But why do I depre-

cate your anger? you, who were ever so good, so tender, and indulgent to the apprehensions of your friends. Yet, indeed, my dear, you are reprehensible in many passages of your letters, particularly the last. You say, you cannot suspect Sir William of flattery; would you wish him to be a flatterer? Did you think him such, when he swore your charms had kindled the brightest flames in his bosom? No, Julia, you gave him credit then for all he said: but, allowing him to be changed, are you quite the same? No; with all the tenderness of my affection, I cannot but think you are altered since your departure from the vale of innocent simplicity. It is the knowledge of the world which has deprived you of those native charms, above all others. Why are you not resolute with Sir William, to leave London? Our acquiescence in matters which are hurtful both to our principles and constitution is a weakness. Obedience to the will of those who seek to seduce us from the right road is no longer a virtue; but a reprehensible participation of our leader's faults.

Be

Be assured, your husband will listen to your persuasive arguments. Exert all your eloquence: and, Heaven, I beseech thee, grant success to the undertaking of the dearest of all creatures to,

LOUISA GRENVILLE.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

AH! my dear Louisa, you are single, and know not the trifling influence a woman has over her husband in this part of the world. Had I the eloquence of Demosthenes or Cicero, it would fail. Sir William is wedded—I was going to say, to the pleasures of this bewitching place. I corrected myself in the instant; for, was he wedded, most probably he would be as tired of it as he is of his wife. If I was to be resolute in my determination to leave London, I must go by myself; and, notwithstanding such a circumstance might accord with his wishes, I do not chuse to begin the separation. All the determina-

tion I can make is, to strive to act so as to deserve a better fate than has fallen to my lot. And, beset as I am on all sides, I shall have some little merit in so doing; But you, my love, ought not to blame me so severely as you do. Indeed, Louisa, if you knew the slights I hourly receive from my husband, and the conviction which I have of his infidelity, you would not criticise my expressions so harshly. I could add many more things, which would justify me in the eye of the world, were I less cautious than I am; but his failings would not extenuate any on my side.

Would you believe that any man, who wished to preserve the virtue of his wife, would introduce her to the acquaintance and protection of a woman with whom he had had an intrigue? What an opinion one must have in future of such a man! I am indebted for this piece of intelligence to Lord Biddulph. I am grateful for the information, though I despise the motive which induced him: Yes, Louisa! Lady Anne Parker is even more infamous than Lady Besford—Nay;
Lord

Lord Biddulph offered to convince me they still had their private assignations. My pride, I own it, was more wounded than my love, from this discovery, as it served to confirm me in my idea, that Sir William never had a proper regard for me; but that he married me merely because he could obtain me on no other terms. Yet, although I was sensibly pained with this news, I endeavoured to conceal my emotions from the disagreeable prying eyes of my informer. I affected to disbelieve his assertions, and ridiculed his ill-policy in striving to found his merit on such base and detestable grounds. He had too much *effronterie* to be chagrined with my raillery. I therefore assumed a more serious air; and plainly told him, no man would dare to endeavour to convince a woman of the infidelity of her husband, but from the basest and most injurious motives; and, as such, was intitled to my utmost contempt; that, from my soul, I despised both the information and informer; and should give him proofs of it, if ever he
should

should again have the confidence to repeat his private histories to the destruction of the peace and harmony of families. To extenuate his fault, he poured forth a most elaborate speech, abounding with flattery; and was proceeding to convince me of his adoration; but I broke off the discourse, by assuring him, "I saw through his scheme from the first; but the man, who sought to steal my heart from my husband, must pursue a very different course from that he had followed; as it was very unlikely I should withdraw my affections from one unworthy object, to place them on another infinitely worse." He attempted a justification, which I would not allow him opportunity of going on with, as I left the room abruptly. However, his Lordship opened my eyes, respecting the conduct of Lady Anne. I have mentioned, in a former letter, that she used to give hints about my husband. I am convinced it was her jealousy, which prompted her to give me, from time to time, little anecdotes of Sir William's

amours.

smours. But ought I to pardon him for introducing me to such a woman? Oh! Louisa! am I to 'blame, if I no longer respect such a man?

Yesterday I had a most convincing proof, that there are a sort of people, who have all the influence over the heart of a man which a virtuous wife ought to have—but seldom has: by some accident, a hook of Sir William's waistcoat caught hold of the trimming of my sleeve. He had just received a message, and, being in a hurry to disengage himself, lifted up the flap of the waistcoat eagerly, and snatched it away; by which means, two or three papers dropped out of the pocket; he seemed not to know it, but flew out of the room, leaving them on the ground. I picked them up; but, I take heaven to witness, without the least intention or thought of seeing the contents—when one being open, and seeing my name written in a female hand, and the signature of *Lucy Gardener*, my curiosity was excited to the greatest degree—yet I had a severe conflict first with myself;

self; but *femaleism* prevailed, and I examined the contents, which were as follow, for I wrote them down :

“ Is it thus, Sir William, you repay
 “ my tenderneſs in your favour? Go,
 “ thou baſeſt of all wretches! am I
 “ to be made continually a ſacrifice to
 “ every new face that ſtrikes thy incon-
 “ ſtant heart? If I was contented to
 “ ſhare you with a wife, and calmly ac-
 “ quieſced, do not imagine I ſhall reſt
 “ in peace till you have given up Lady
 “ Anne. How have you ſworn you
 “ would ſee her no more! How have you
 “ falſified your oath! you ſpent ſeveral
 “ hours *tete à tete* with her yeſterday.
 “ Deny it not, I could tear myſelf to
 “ pieces when I reflect, that I left Bid-
 “ dulph, who adored me, whoſe whole
 “ ſoul was devoted to me,—to be ſlighted
 “ thus by you.—Oh! that Lady Stanley
 “ knew of your baſeneſs! yet ſhe is only
 “ your wife. Her virtue may conſole her
 “ for the infidelity of her huſband; but
 “ I have ſacrificed every thing, and how
 “ am

“ am I repaid ! Either be mine alone, or
 “ never again approach

“ LUCY GARDENER.”

The other papers were of little consequence. I deliberated some time what I should do with this precious *morceau* ; at last I resolved to burn it, and give the remainder, with as much composure as possible, to Sir William's *valet*, to restore to his master. I fancied he would hardly challenge me about the *billet*, as he is the most careless man in the universe. You will perceive there is another cause for Lord Biddulph seeking to depreciate my husband. He has private revenge to gratify, for the loss of his mistress. Oh ! what wretches are these men ! Is the whole world composed of such ?—No ! even in this valley of vice I see some exceptions ; some, who do honour to the species to which they belong. But I must not whisper to myself their perfections ; and it is less dangerous for me to dwell upon the vices of the one than the virtues of the other. Adieu !

L E T-

LETTER XIX.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

TO keep my mind constantly employed upon different objects, and prevent my thoughts attaching themselves to improper ones, I have lately attended the card-tables. From being an indifferent spectator of the various fashionable games, I became an actor in them; and at length play proved very agreeable. As I was an utter novice at games of skill, those of chance presented themselves as the best. At first I risked only trifles; but, by little and little, my party encroached upon the rules I had laid down, and I could no longer avoid playing their stake. But I have done with play for ever. It is no longer the innocent amusement I thought it; and I must find out some other method of spending my time—since this might in the end be destructive.

The other night, at a party, we made up a set at bragg, which was my favourite game. After various vicissitudes, I

lost

lost every shilling I had in my pocket; and, being a broken-merchant, sat silently by the table. Every body was profuse in the offers of accommodating me with cash; but I refused to accept their contribution. Lord Biddulph, whom you know to be justly my aversion, was very earnest; but I was equally peremptory. However, some time after, I could not resist the entreaty of Baron Ton-hausen, who, in the genteelest manner, intreated me to make use of his purse for the evening; with great difficulty he prevailed on me to borrow ten guineas—and was once more set up. Fortune now took a favourable turn, and when the party broke up, I had repaid the Baron, replaced my original stock, and brought off ninety-five guineas. Flushed with success, and more attached than ever to the game; I invited the set to meet the day after the next at my house. I even counted the hours till the time arrived. Rest departed from my eye-lids, and I felt all the eagerness of expectation.

About twelve o'clock of the day my company were to meet, I received a packet,

quet, which I instantly knew to be from my ever-watchful Sylph. I will give you the transcript.

To Lady STANLEY.

“ I should be unworthy the character I have assumed, if my pen was to lie dormant while I am sensible of the unhappy predilection which your ladyship has discovered for gaming. Play, under proper restrictions,—which however in this licentious town can never take place—may not be altogether prejudicial to the morals of those who engage in it for trifling sums. Your Ladyship finds it not practicable always to follow your own inclinations, even in that particular. The triumphant joy which sparkled in your eyes when success crowned your endeavours, plainly indicated you took no common satisfaction in the game. You, being a party so deeply interested, could not discover the same appearances of joy and triumph in the countenances of some of those you played with; nor, had you made the observation, could you have guessed the cause. It has been said, by those who
will

will say any thing to carry on an argument which cannot be supported by reason, that cards prevent company falling upon topics of scandal; it is a scandal to human nature, that it should want such a resource from so hateful and detested a vice. But be it so. It can only be so while the sum played for is of too trifling a concern to excite the anxiety which avaricious minds experience; and every one is more or less avaricious who gives up his time to cards.

If your ladyship could search into the causes of the unhappiness which prevails in too many families in this metropolis, you would find the source to be gaming either on the one side or the other. Whatever appears licentious or vicious in men, in your sex becomes so in a tenfold degree. The passionate exclamation—the half-uttered imprecation—and the gloomy pallidness of the losing gamester, ill accords with the female delicacy. But the evil rests not here. When a woman has been drawn-in to lose larger sums than her allowance can defray—even if she can submit to let her trades-people suffer from
her

her extravagant folly;—it most commonly happens, that they part with their honour to discharge the account; at least, they are always suspected. Would not the consideration of being obnoxious to such suspicion be sufficient to deter any woman of virtue from running the hazard? You made a firm resolution of not borrowing from the purses of any of the gentlemen who wished to serve you; you for some time kept that resolution; but, remember, it lasted no longer than when one particular person made the offer. Was it your wish to oblige him? or did the desire of gaming operate in that instant more powerful than in any other? Whatever was your motive, the party immediately began to form hopes of you; hopes, which, being founded in your weakness, you may be certain were not to your advantage.

To make a more forcible impression on your mind, your Ladyship must allow me to lay before you a piece of private history, in which a noble family of this town was deeply involved. The circumstances are indubitable facts—their names I shall
conceal

conceal under fictitious ones. A few years since, Lord and Lady D. were the happiest of pairs in each other. Love had been the sole motive of their union; and love presided over every hour of their lives. Their pleasures were mutual, and neither knew an enjoyment, in which the other did not partake. By an unhappy mischance, Lady D. had an attachment to cards — which yet, however, she only looked on as the amusement of an idle hour. Her person was beautiful, and as such made her an object of desire in the eyes of Lord L. Her virtue and affection for her husband would have been sufficient to have damped the hopes of a man less acquainted with the weakness of human nature than Lord L. Had he paid her a more than ordinary attention, he would have awakened her suspicions, and put her on her guard; he therefore pursued another method. He availed himself of her love of play — and would now and then, seemingly by accident, engage her in a party at picquet, which was her favourite game. He contrived to lose trifling sums, to increase her inclination

nation for play. Too fatally he succeeded. Her predilection gathered strength every day. After having been very unsuccessful for some hours at picquet, Lord L. proposed a change of the game; a proposal which Lady D. could not object to, as having won so much of his money. He produced a pair of dice. Luck still ran against him. A generous motive induced Lady D. to offer him his revenge the next evening at her own house. In the morning preceding the destined evening, her lord signified his dislike of gaming with dice; and instanced some families to whom it had proved destructive. Elate, however, with good fortune — and looking on herself engaged in honour to give Lord L. a chance of recovering his losses, she listened not to the hints of her husband, nor did they recur to her thoughts till too late to be of any service to her.

The time so ardently expected by Lord L. now arrived, the devoted time which was to put the long-destined victim into the power of her insidious betrayer.

Fortune, which had hitherto favoured
 her
 Lady

Lady D—, now deserted her—in a short time, her adversary reimbursed himself, and won considerably besides. Adversity only rendered her more desperate. She hazarded still larger stakes; every throw, however, was against her; and no otherwise could it be, since his dice were loaded, and which he had the dexterity to change unobserved by her. He lent her money, only to win it back from her; in short, in a few hours, she found herself stripped of all the cash she had in possession, and two thousand five hundred pounds in debt. The disapprobation which her husband had expressed towards dice-playing, and her total inability to discharge this vast demand without his knowledge, contributed to make her distress very great. She freely informed Lord L. she must be his debtor for some time—as she could not think of acquainting Lord D. with her imprudence. He offered to accept of part of her jewels, till it should be convenient to her to pay the whole—or, if she liked it better, to play it off. To the first, she said, she could not consent, as her husband would miss

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them—and to the last she would by no means agree, since she suffered too much already in her own mind from the imprudent part she had acted, by risking so much more than she ought to have done. He then, approaching her, took her hand in his; and, assuming the utmost tenderness in his air, proceeded to inform her, it was in her power amply to repay the debt, without the knowledge of her husband—and confer the highest obligations upon himself. She earnestly begged an explanation—since there was nothing she would not submit to, rather than incur the censure of so excellent a husband. Without further preface, Lord L. threw himself on his knees before her—and said, “if her heart could not suggest the restitution, which the most ardent of lovers might expect and hope for—he must take the liberty of informing her, that bestowing on him the delightful privilege of an husband was the only means of securing her from the resentment of one.” At first, she seemed thunder-struck, and unable to articulate a sentence. When she recovered
the

the use of speech, she asked him what he had seen in her conduct, to induce him to believe she would not submit to any ill consequences which might arise from the just resentment of her husband, rather than not shew her detestation of such an infamous proposal. "Leave me," added she; "leave me," in perfect astonishment at such insolence of behaviour. He immediately rose, with a very different aspect—and holding a paper in his hand, to which she had signed her name in acknowledgment of the debt—"Then, Madam," said he, with the utmost *sang-froid*—"I shall, to-morrow morning, take the liberty of waiting on Lord D. with this." "Stay, my Lord, is it possible you can be so cruel and hard a creditor?—I consent to make over to you my annual allowance, till the whole is discharged." "No, Madam," cried he, shaking his head, "I cannot consent to any such subterfuges, when you have it in your power to pay this moment." "Would to heaven I had!" answered she. — "Oh, that you have, most abundantly!" said he. — "Con-

“sider the hours we have been *tete à*
 “*tete* together; few people will believe
 “we have spent all the time at play.
 “Your reputation then will suffer; and,
 “believe me while I attest heaven to
 “witness, either you must discharge the
 “debt by blessing me with the posses-
 “sion of your charms, or Lord D.
 “shall be made acquainted with every cir-
 “cumstance. Reflect,” continued he,
 “two thousand five hundred pounds is
 “no small sum, either for your husband
 “to pay, or me to receive. — Come,
 “Madam, it grows late.—In a little time,
 “you will not have it in your power to
 “avail yourself of the alternative. Your
 “husband will soon return — and then
 “you may wish in vain that you had
 “yielded to my love, rather than have
 “subjected yourself to my resentment.”
 She condescended to beg of him, on her
 knees, for a longer time for consideration;
 but he was inexorable, and at last she
 fatally consented to her own undoing.
 The next moment, the horror of her
 situation, and the sacrifice she had made,
 rushed on her tortured imagination.

“ Give

" Give me the fatal paper," cried she,
 wringing her hands in the utmost agony,
 " give me that paper, for which I have
 " parted with my peace for ever, and
 " leave me. Oh! never let me in fu-
 " ture behold you. — What do I say?
 " Ah! rather let my eyes close in ever-
 " lasting darkness;—they are now un-
 " worthy to behold the face of heaven!"
 " And do you really imagine, Madam,
 " (all-beautiful as you are) the life-
 " less half-distracted body, you gave to
 " my arms, a recompence for five-and-
 " twenty hundred pounds?—Have you
 " agreed to your bargain? Is it with
 " tears, sighs, and reluctant struggles,
 " you meet your husband's careffes? Be
 " mine as you are his, and the bond is
 " void—otherwise, I am not such a spend-
 " thrift as to throw away thousands for
 " little less than a rape."

" Oh! thou most hateful and perfidi-
 " ous of all monsters! too dearly have
 " I earned my release—Do not then, do
 " not with-hold my right."

" Hush, Madam, hush," cried he with
 the most provoking coolness, " your rav-

“ ing will but expose you to the ridicule
 “ of your domestics. You are at present
 “ under too great an agitation of spirits
 “ to attend to the calm dictates of reason.
 “ I will wait till your ladyship is in a more
 “ even temper. When I receive your
 “ commands, I will attend them, and
 “ hope the time will soon arrive when you
 “ will be better disposed to listen to a
 “ tender lover who adores you, rather than
 “ to seek to irritate a man who has you in
 “ his power.” Saying which, he broke
 from her, leaving her in a state of mind,
 of which you, Madam, I sincerely hope,
 will never be able to form the slightest
 idea. With what a weight of woe she
 stole up into her bed-chamber, unable to
 bear the eye of her domestic! How fallen
 in her own esteem, and still bending un-
 der the penalty of her bond, as neither
 prayers nor tears (and nothing else was she
 able to offer) could obtain the release from
 the inexorable and cruel Lord L.

How was her anguish increased, when
 she heard the sound of her Lord's foot-
 step! How did she pray for instant death!
 To prevent a y conversation, she feigned
 sleep—

sleep—sleep, which now was banished from her eye-lids. Guilt had driven the idea of rest from her bosom. The morning brought no comfort on its wings—to her the light was painful. She still continued in bed. She framed the resolution of writing to the destroyer of her repose. She rose for that purpose; her letter was couched in terms that would have pierced the bosom of the most obdurate savage. All the favour she intreated was, to spare the best of husbands, and the most amiable and beloved of men, the anguish of knowing how horrid a return she had made, in one fatal moment, for the years of felicity she had tasted with him: again offered her alimony, or even her jewels, to obtain the return of her bond. She did not wish for life. Death was now her only hope;—but she could not support the idea of her husband's being acquainted with her infamy. What advantage could he (Lord L.) propose to himself from the possession of her person, since tears, sighs, and the same reluctance, would still accompany every

repetition of her crime—as her heart, guilty as it now was, and unworthy as she had rendered herself of his love, was, and ever must be, her husband's only. In short, she urged every thing likely to soften him in her favour. But this fatal and circumstantial disclosure of her guilt and misfortunes was destined to be conveyed by another messenger than she designed. Lord D—, having that evening expected some one to call on him, on his return enquired, “if any one had been there.” He was answered, “Only Lord L.” “Did he stay?” “Yes, till after eleven.”—Without thinking of any particularity in this, he went up to bed. He discovered his wife was not asleep—to pretend to be so, alarmed him. He heard her frequently sigh; and, when she thought him sunk in that peaceful slumber she had forfeited, her distress increased. His anxiety, however, at length gave way to fatigue; but with the morning his doubts and fears returned; yet, how far from guessing the true cause! He saw a letter delivered to a servant with

with some caution, whom he followed, and insisted on knowing for whom it was intended. The servant, ignorant of the contents, and not at all suspicious he was doing an improper thing, gave it up to his Lordship. Revenge lent him wings, and he flew to the base destroyer of his conjugal happiness.—You may suppose what followed.—In an hour Lord D. was brought home a lifeless corpse. Distraction seized the unhappy wife; and the infamous cause of this dreadful calamity fled his country. He was too hardened, however, in guilt, to feel much remorse from this catastrophe, and made no scruple of relating the circumstances of it.

To you, Madam, I surely need make no comment. Nor do I need say any more to deter you from so pernicious a practice as gaming. Suspect a Lord L. in every one who would induce you to play; and remember they are the worst seducers, and the most destructive enemies, who seek to gain your heart by ruining your principles.

Adieu, Madam! Your ever-watchful angel will still hover over you. And may that God, who formed both you and me, enable me to give you good counsel, and dispose your heart to follow it!

Your faithful SYLPH."

Lady STANLEY in Continuation.

ALAS, my Louisa! what would become of your Julia without this respectable monitor? Would to heaven I knew who he was! or, how I might consult him upon some particular circumstances! I examine the features of my guests in hopes to discover my secret friend; but my senses are perplexed and bewildered in the fruitless search. It is certainly a weakness; but, absolutely, my anxiety to obtain this knowledge has an effect on my health and spirits; my thoughts and whole attention rest solely on this subject. I call it a weakness, because I ought to remain satisfied with the advantages which accrue to me from this correspondence, without being inquisitively curious who it may be; yet I wish

wish to ask some questions. I am uneasy, and perhaps in some instances my Sylph would solve my doubts ; not that I think him endued with a preternatural knowledge ; yet I hardly know what to think neither. However, I bless and praise the goodness of God, that has raised me up a friend in a place where I may turn my eyes around and see myself deprived of every other.

Even my protector—he who has sworn before God and man ;—but you, Louisa, will reprehend my indiscreet expressions. In my own bosom, then, shall the sad repository be. Adieu !

L E T T E R XX.

To Miss G R E N V I L L E.

AS you have entertained an idea that Sir William could not be proof against any occasional exertion of my eloquence, I will give you a sketch of a matrimonial *tete à tete*, though it may tend to subvert your opinion of both parties.

L 6

Yesterday

Yesterday morning I was sitting in my dressing-room, when Sir William, who had not been at home all night, entered it: He looked as if he had not been in bed; his hair disordered; and, upon the whole, as forlorn a figure as you ever beheld, I was going to say; but you can form very little idea of these rakes of fashion after a night spent as they usually spend it. To my inquiry after his health, he made a very slight or rather peevish answer; and flung himself into a chair, with both hands in his waistcoat pockets, and his eyes fixed on the fire, before which he had placed himself. As he seemed in an ill-humour, and I was unconscious of having given him cause, I was regardless of the consequences, and pursued my employment, which was looking over and settling some accounts relative to my own expences. He continued his posture in the strictest silence for near a quarter of an hour; a silence I did not feel within myself the least inclination to break through: at last he burst forth into this pretty soliloquy.

“ Damn

“ Damn it! sure there never was a more
 “ unfortunate dog than I am! Every
 “ thing goes against me. And then to be
 “ so situated too!” Unpromising as the
 opening sounded, I thought it would be
 better to bear a part in the conversation.
 —“ If it is not impertinent, Sir William,
 “ said I, may I beg to know what occa-
 “ sions the distress you seem to express?
 “ or at least inform me if it is in my
 “ power to be of service to you.”—“ No,
 “ no, you can be of no use to me—
 “ though,” continued he, “ you are in
 “ part the cause.”—“ I the cause!—for
 “ God’s sake, how?” cried I, all astonish-
 ment. “ Why, if your father had not
 “ taken advantage of my cursed infatua-
 “ tion for you, I should not have been
 “ distressed in pecuniary matters by mak-
 “ ing so large a settlement.”

“ A cursed infatuation! do you call it?
 “ Sure, that is a harsh expression! Oh!
 “ how wretched would my poor father
 “ feel, could he imagine the affection
 “ which he fancied his unhappy daughter
 “ had inspired you with, would be stiled

“ by

“ by yourself, and to *her* face, a *curfed*
 “ *infatuation!*” Think you, Louisa, I was
 not pained to the soul? Too sure I was—
 I could not prevent tears from gushing
 forth. Sir William saw the effect his cruel
 speech had on me; he started from his
 seat, and took my hand in his. A little
 repentment, and a thousand other reasons,
 urged me to withdraw it from his touch.
 —“ Give me your hand, Julia,” cried he,
 drawing his chair close to mine, and look-
 ing at my averted face—“ give me your
 “ hand, my dear, and pardon the rashness
 “ of my expressions; I did not mean to
 “ use such words;—I recall them, my
 “ love: it was ungenerous and false in me
 “ to arraign your father’s conduct. I
 “ would have doubled and trebled the
 “ settlement, to have gained you; I
 “ would, by heavens! my Julia.—Do not
 “ run from me in disgust; come, come,
 “ you shall forgive me a thoughtless ex-
 “ pression, uttered in haste, but seriously
 “ repented of.”

“ You cannot deny your sentiments, Sir
 “ William; nor can I easily forget them.

“ What

“ What my settlement is, as I never wish-
 “ ed to out-live you, so I never wished to
 “ know how ample it was. Large I might
 “ suppose it to be, from the conviction
 “ that you never pay any regard to con-
 “ sequences to obtain your desires, let
 “ them be what they will. I was the
 “ whim of the day ; and if you have paid
 “ too dearly for the trifling gratification,
 “ I am sorry for it ; heartily sorry for it,
 “ indeed, Sir William. You found me
 “ in the lap of innocence, and in the arms
 “ of an indulgent parent ; happy, peace-
 “ ful, and serene ; would to heaven you
 “ had left me there !” I could not pro-
 “ ceed ; my tears prevented my utterance.
 “ Pshaw !” cried Sir William, clapping
 his fingers together, and throwing his el-
 bow over the chair, which turned his face
 nearer me, “ how ridiculous this is ! Why,
 “ Julia, I am deceived in you ; I did not
 “ think you had so much resentment in your
 “ composition. You ought to make some
 “ allowance for the *derangement* of my af-
 “ fairs. My hands are tied by making a
 “ larger settlement than my present for-

“ tune would admit ; and I cannot raise
“ money on my estate, because I have no
“ child, and it is entailed on my uncle,
“ who is the greatest curmudgeon alive.
“ Reflect on all these obstacles to my re-
“ lease from some present exigencies ; and
“ do not be so hard-hearted and inexorable
“ to the prayers and intreaties of your
“ husband.”—During the latter part of
this speech, he put his arm round my
waist, and drew me almost on his knees,
striving by a thousand little caresses to
make me pardon and smile on him ; but,
Louisa, caresses, which I now know came
not from the heart, lose the usual effect
on me ; yet I would not be, as he said, in-
exorable. I therefore told him, I would
no longer think of any thing he would
wish me to forget.—With the utmost ap-
pearance of tenderness he took my hand-
kerchief, and dried my eyes ; laying his
cheek close to mine, and pressing my
hands with warmth,—in short, acting over
the same farce as (once) induced me to
believe I had created the most permanent
flame in his bosom. I could not bear the
reflection

reflection that he should suffer from his former attachment to me; and I had hopes that my generosity might rouse him from his lethargy, and save him from the ruin which was likely to involve him. I told him, "I would with the greatest cheerfulness relinquish any part of my settlement, if by that means he could be extricated from his present and future difficulties."—"Why, to be sure, a part of it would set me to rights as to the present; but as for the future, I cannot look into futurity, Julia."—"I wish you could, Sir William, and reflect in time."—"Reflect! Oh, that is so *outré*! I hate reflection. Reflection cost poor D——r his life the other day: he, like me, could not bear reflection."

"I tremble to hear you thus lightly speak of that horrid event. The more so, as I too much fear the same fatal predeliction has occasioned your distress: but may the cheerfulness with which I resign my future dependance awaken in you a sense of your present situation,
"and

“and secure you from fresh difficulties!”

“Well said, my little *monitress*! why
“you are quite an *orator* too. But you
“shall find I can follow your lead, and be
“*just* at least, if not so generous as your-
“self. I would not for the world accept
“the whole of your jointure. I do not
“want it; and if I had as much as I could
“raise on it, perhaps I might not be
“much richer for it. *Riches make to*
“*themselves wings, and fly away*, Julia.
“There is a sentence for you. Did you
“think your rattle-pated husband had
“ever read the book of books from
“whence that sentence is drawn?” I
“really had little patience to hear him
“run on in this ludicrous and trifling
“manner. What an argument of his in-
“sensibility! To stop him, I told him,
“I thought we had better not lose time,
“but have the writings prepared, which
“would enable me to do my duty as an
“obedient wife, and enable him to pay
“his debts like a man of honour and in-
“tegrity; and then he need not fear his
“treasure

“treasure flying away, since it would be
 “laid up where neither thieves could
 “break through, or rust destroy.”

The writings are preparing, to dispose of an estate which was settled on me; it brings in at present five hundred a year; which I find is but a quarter of my jointure. Ah! would to heaven he would take all, provided it would make a change in his sentiments! But that I despair of, without the interposition of a miracle. You never saw such an alteration as an hour made on him. So alert and brisk! and apishly fond! I mean affectedly so; for, Louisa, a man of Sir William's cast never could love sincerely,—never could experience that genuine sentimental passion,

“ Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 “ To bless the dearer object of its soul.”

No, his passions are turbulent—the madness of the moment—eager to please himself—regardless of the satisfaction of the object.—And yet I thought he loved—I likewise thought I loved. Oh! Louisa! how was I deceived! But I check my pen.

pen. Pardon me, and, if possible, excuse your sister.

JULIA STANLEY.

LETTER XXI.

To Colonel MONTAGUE:

WHAT are we to make of this divine and destructive beauty? this Lady Stanley? Did you not observe with what eager avidity she became a votary to the gaming-table, and bragged away with the best of us? You must: you was witness to the glow of animation that reigned despotic over every lovely feature when she had got a pair-royal of brag-gars in her snowy fingers. But I am confoundedly bit! She condescended to borrow of that pattern of Germanic virtue, Baron Ton-hausen. Perhaps you will say, why did not you endeavour to be the Little Premium? No, I thought I played a better game: It was better to be the second lender; besides, I only wanted to excite in her a passion for play; and, or I
am

am much deceived, never woman entered into it with more zeal. But what a turn to our affairs ! I am absolutely cast off the scent ; totally ignorant of the doubles she has made. I could hardly close my eyes, from the pleasing expectations I had formed of gratifying the wishes of my heart in both those interesting passions of love and revenge. Palpitating with hopes and fears, I descended from my chariot at the appointed hour. The party were assembled, and my devoted victim looked as beautiful as an angel of light ; her countenance wore a solemnity, which added to her charms by giving an irresistible and persuasive softness to her features. I scrutinized the lineaments of her lovely face ; and, I assure you, she lost nothing by the strict examination. Gods ! what a transporting creature she is ! And what an insensible brute is Stanley ! But I recall my words, as to the last :—he was distractedly in love with her before he had her ; and perhaps, if she was *my* wife, I should be as indifferent about her as *he* is, or as *I* am about the numberless women of all ranks and conditions

tions with which I have “trifled away the
 “dull hours.”—While I was in contem-
 plation anticipating future joys, I was
 struck all of a heap, as the country-girls
 say, by hearing Lady Stanley say,—“It is
 in vain—I have made a firm resolution
 “never to play again; my resolution is
 “the result of my own reflections on the
 “uneasiness which those bits of painted
 “paper have already given me. It is al-
 “together fruitless to urge me; for from
 “the determination I have made, I shall
 “never recede. My former winnings are
 “in the sweepstake-pool at the *commerce-*
 “*table*, which you will extremely oblige
 “me to sit down to; but for me, I play
 “no more.—I shall have a pleasure in see-
 “ing you play; but I own I feel myself
 “too much discomposed with ill fortune;
 “and I am not unreasonable enough to be
 “pleased with the misfortunes of others.
 “I have armed my mind against the shafts
 “of ridicule, that I see pointed at me;
 “but, while I leave others the full liberty
 “of following their own schemes of di-
 “version, I dare say, none will refuse me
 “the

“the same privilege.”—We all stared with astonishment; but the devil a one offered to say a word, except against sitting down to divide her property;—there we entered into a general protest; so we set down, at least I can answer for myself, to an insipid game.—Lady Stanley was marked down as a fine *pigeon* by some of our ladies, and as a delicious *morçeau* by the men. The gentle Baron seemed all âghast. I fancy he is a little disappointed in his expectations too.—Perhaps he has formed hopes that his soft sighs and respectful behaviour may have touched the lovely Julia’s heart. He felt himself flattered, no doubt, at her giving him the preference in borrowing from his purse. Well then, his hopes are *derangé*, as well as mine.—But, *courage, mi Lor*, I shall play another game now; and peradventure, as safe a one, if not more so, than what I planned before.—I will not, however, anticipate a pleasure (which needs no addition should I succeed) or add to my mortification should I fail, by expatiating on it at present.

Adieu!

Adieu! dear Montague! Excuse my boring you with these trifles;—for to a man in love, every thing is trifling except the *trifle* that possesses his heart; and to one who is not under the guidance of the *soft deity*, that is the *greatest* trifle (to use a Hibernicism) of all.

I am your's most cordially,

BIDDULPH.

LETTER XXII.

TO MISS GRENVILLE.

WELL, my dear Louisa, the important point I related the particulars of in my last is quite settled, and Sir William has been able to satisfy some rapacious creditors. Would to heaven I could tell you, the butcher, baker, &c. were in the list! No, my sister; the creditors are a vile set of gamblers, or, in the language of the *polite* world—*Black-legs*. Thus is the purpose of my heart entirely frustrated, and the laudably industrious tradesman defrauded

defrauded of his due. But how long will they remain satisfied with being repeatedly put by with empty promises, which are never kept? Good God! how is this to end? I give myself up to the most gloomy reflections, and see no point of time when we shall be extricated from the cruel dilemmas in which Sir William's imprudence has involved us. I vainly fancied, I should gain some advantages, at least raise myself in his opinion, from my generosity; but I find, on the contrary, he only laughs at me for being such a simpleton, to suppose the sale of five hundred a-year would set him to rights. It is plain, I have got no credit by my condescension, for he has not spent one day at home since; and his temper, when I do see him, seems more uncertain than ever.—Oh! Louisa! and do all young women give up their families, their hand, and virgin-affections, to be thus recompensed? But why do I let fall these expressions? Alas! they fall with my tears; and I can no more suppress the one than the other; I ought, however, and indeed do endeavour against

both. I seek to arm my soul to support the evils with which I see myself surrounded. I beseech heaven to afford me strength, for I too plainly see I am deprived of all other resources. I forget to caution you, my dear sister, against acquainting my father, that I have given up part of my jointure; and lest, when I am unburthening the weight of my over-charged bosom to you, I should in future omit this cautionary reserve, do you, my Louisa, keep those little passages a secret within your own kind sympathizing breast; and add not to my affliction, by planting such daggers in the heart of my dear—more dear than ever—parent. You know I have pledged my honour to you, I will never, by my own conduct, accumulate the distresses this fatal union has brought on me. Though every vow on his part is broken through, yet I will remember I am *his* wife,—and, what is more, *your* sister. Would you believe it? he—Sir William I mean—is quite displeas'd that I have given up cards, and very politely told me, I should be looked on as a fool by all his acquaintance;—and

himself not much better, for marrying such an ignorant uninstructed rustic. To this tender and husband-like speech, I returned no other answer, than “ that my conscience
 “ should be the rule and guide of my
 “ actions ; and *that*, I was certain, would
 “ never lead me to disgrace him.” I left the room, as I found some difficulty in stifling the resentment which rose at his indignant treatment. But I shall grow callous in time ; I have so far conquered my weakness, as never to let a tear drop in his presence. Those indications of self-forrow have no effect on him, unless, indeed, he had any point to gain by it ; and then he would feign a tenderness foreign to his nature, but which might induce the ignorant uninstructed fool to yield up every thing to him.

Perhaps he knows it not ; but I might have instructors enough ;—but he has taught me sufficient of evil—thank God ! to make me despise them all. From my unhappy connexions with one, I learn to hate and detest the whole race of rakes ; I might add, of both sexes. I tremble

to think what I might have been, had I not been blessed with a virtuous education, and had the best of patterns in my beloved sister. Thus I was early initiated in virtue; and let me be grateful to my kind *Sylph*, whose knowledge of human nature has enabled him to be so serviceable to me: he is a sort of second conscience to me:—What would the Sylph say? I whisper to myself. Would he approve? I flatter myself, that, insignificant as I am, I am yet the care of heaven; and while I depend on that merciful Providence and its vicegerents, I shall not fall into those dreadful pits that are open on every side: but, to strengthen my reliances, let me have the prayers of my dear Louisa; for every support is necessary for her faithful Julia.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE repeatedly mentioned to my Louisa, how earnestly I wished to have more frequent communications with

my Sylph. A thought struck me the other day, of the practicability of effecting such a scheme. I knew I was safe from detection, as no one on earth, yourself excepted, knew of his agency in my affairs. I therefore addressed an advertisement to my invisible friend, which I sent to the St. James's Chronicle, couched in this concise manner.

T O T H E S Y L P H.

“ Grateful for the friendly admonition, the receiver of the Sylph's favour is desirous of having the power of expressing *it* more largely than is possible through this channel. If still intitled to protection, begs to be informed, how a private letter may reach his hand.”

I have not leisure nor inclination to make a long digression, or would tell you, the St. James's is a news-paper which is the fashionable vehicle of intelligence; and from the circumstance alone of its admission into all families, and meeting all eyes, I chose it to convey my wishes to the Sylph. The next evening I had

the satisfaction of finding those wishes answered; and the further pleasure (as you will see by the enclosed copy) of being assured of his approbation of the step I have taken.

And now for a little of family-affairs. You know I have a certain allowance, of what is called pin-money;—my quarter having been due for some time, I thought I might as well have it in my own possession,—not that I am poor, for I assure you, on the contrary, I have generally a quarter in hand, though I am not in debt. I sent Win to Harris's the steward, for my stipend. She returned, with his duty to me, acquainting me, it was not in his power at present to honour my note, not having any cash in hand. Surprized at his inability of furnishing a hundred and fifty pounds, I desired to speak with him; when he gave me so melancholy a detail of his master's circumstances, as makes me dread the consequences. He is surrounded with Jew-brokers; for, in this Christian land, Jews are the money-negotiators; and such

such wretches as you would tremble to behold are admitted into the private recesses of the Great, and caressed as their better-angels. These infernal agents procure them money; for which they pay fifty, a hundred, and sometimes two hundred *per Cent.* Am I wrong in styling them *infernal*? Do they not make the silly people who trust in them pay very dear for the means of accomplishing their own destruction? Like those miserable beings they used to call *Witches*, who were said to sell their souls to the Devil for everlasting, to have the power of doing temporary mischief upon earth.

These now form the bosom-associates of my husband. Ah! wonder not the image of thy sister is banished thence! rather rejoice with me, that he pays that reverence to virtue, and decency as to distinguish me from that dreadful herd of which his chief companions are composed.

I go very little from home.—In truth, I have no creature to go with.—I avoid Lord Biddulph, because I hate him; and

(dare I whisper it to my Louisa?) I estrange myself from the Baron, lest I should be too partial to the numerous good qualities I cannot but see, and yet which it would be dangerous to contemplate too often. Oh, Louisa! why are there not many such men? His merit would not so forcibly strike me, if I could find any one in the circle of my acquaintance who could come in competition with him; for, be assured, it is not the tincture of the skin which I admire; not because *fairest*, but *best*. But where shall a married-woman find excuse to seek for, and admire, merit in any other than her husband? I will banish this too, too amiable man from my thoughts. As my Sylph says, such men (under the circumstances I am in) are infinitely more dangerous than a Bid-dulph. Yet, can one fall by the hand of virtue?—Alas! this is deceitful sophistry. If I give myself up to temptation, how dare I flatter myself I shall *be delivered from evil*?

Could

Could two men be more opposite than what Sir William appeared at Woodley-vale, and what he now is?—for too surely, *that* was appearance—*this* reality. Think of him then sitting in your library, reading by turns with my dear father some instructive and amusing author, while *we* listened to their joint comments; what lively sallies we discovered in him; and how we all united in approving the natural flow of good spirits, chastened as we thought with the principles of virtue! See him now—But my pen refuses to draw the pain-inspiring portrait. Alas! it would but be a copy of what I have so repeatedly traced in my frequent letters; a copy from which we should turn with disgust, bordering on contempt. This we should do, were the character unknown or indifferent to us. But how must that woman feel—who sees in the picture the well-known features of a man, whom she is bound by her vows to love, honour, and obey? Your tenderness, my sister, will teach you to pity so unhappy a wretch. I will not, however, tax that

tenderness too much. I will not dwell on the melancholy theme.

But I lose sight of my purpose, in thus contrasting Sir William *to himself*; I meant to infer, from the total change which seems to have taken place in him; that other men may be the same, could the same opportunity of developing their characters present itself. Thus, though the Baron wears this semblance of an angel—yet it may be assumed. What will not men do to carry a favourite point? He saw the open and avowed principles of libertinism in Lord Biddulph disgusted me from the first. He, therefore, may conceal the same invidious intention under the seducing form of every virtue. The simile of the robber and the beggar, in the Sylph's first letter, occurs to my recollection. Yet, perhaps, I am injuring the Baron by my suspicion. He may have had virtue enough to suppress those feelings in my favour, which my situation should certainly destroy in a virtuous breast.—Nay, I believe, I may make myself wholly easy on that head. He has, for some time, paid
great

great attention to Miss Finch, who, I find, has totally broke with Colonel Montague. Certainly, if we should pay any deference to appearance, she will make a much better election by chusing Baron Ton-hausen, than the Colonel. She has lately—Miss Finch, I should say—has lately spent more time with me than any other lady—for my two first companions I have taken an opportunity of civilly dropping. I took care to be from home whenever they called by *accident*—and always to have some *prior* engagement when they proposed meeting by *design*.

Miss Finch is by much the least reprehensible character I have met with.—But, as Lady Besford once said, one can form no opinion of what a woman is while she is single. She must keep within the rules of decorum. The single state is not a state of freedom. Only the married ladies have that privilege. But, as far as one can judge, there is no danger in the acquaintance of Miss Finch. I own, I like her, for having refused Colonel Montague; and yet, (Oh! human nature!) on
M 6. looking

looking over what I have written, I have expressed myself disrespectfully, on the supposition that she saw Ton-hausen with the same eyes as a certain foolish creature that shall be nameless.

LETTER XXIV.

Enclosed in the foregoing.

To Lady STANLEY.

THE satisfaction of a benevolent heart will ever be its own recompence; but not its *only* reward, as you have sweetly assured me, by the advertisement that blessed my eyes last night. I beheld, with pleasure, that my admonitions have not lost their intended effect. I should have been most cruelly disappointed, and have given up my knowledge of the human heart as imperfect, had I found you incorrigible to my advice. But I have heretofore told you, I was thoroughly acquainted with the excellencies of your mind. Your renunciation of your favourite game, and
cards

cards in general, give every reason to justify my sentiments of you. I have formed the most exalted idea of you.—And you alone can destroy the altar I have raised to your divinity. All the incense I dare hope to receive from you, is a just and implicit observance of my dictates, while *they* are influenced by virtue, of which none but you can properly judge, since to none but yourself they are addressed. Doubts, I am convinced, may arise in your mind concerning this invisible agency. As far as is necessary, I will satisfy those doubts. But to be for ever concealed from your knowledge as to identity, your own good sense will see too clearly the necessity of, to need any illustration from my pen. If I admired you before—how much has that admiration increased from the cheerful acquiescence you have paid to my injunctions! Go on, then, my beloved charge! Pursue the road of *virtue*; and be assured, however rugged the path, and tedious the way, you will, one day, arrive at the goal, and find her “in her own form—how lovely!” I had almost said, as lovely as yourself.

Perha

Perhaps, you will think this last expression too warm, and favouring more of the man—than the Rosicrucian philosopher.— But be not alarmed. By the most rigid observance of virtue it is we attain this superiority over the rest of mankind; and only by this course can we maintain it—we are not, however, divested of our sensibilities; nay, I believe, as they have not been vitiated by contamination, they are more *tremblingly alive* than other mortals usually are. In the human character, I could be of no use to you; in the Sylphiad, of the utmost. Look on me, then, only in the light of a preternatural being—and, if my sentiments should sometimes flow in a more earthly stile—yet, take my word as a Sylph, they shall never be such as shall corrupt your heart. To guard it from the corruptions of mortals, is my sole view in the lectures I have given, or shall from time to time give you.

I saw and admired the laudable motive which induced you to give up part of your settlement. Would to heaven, for your sake, it had been attended with the happy consequences you flattered yourself with seeing.

seeing. Alas! all the produce of that is squandered after the rest. Beware how you are prevailed on to resign any more; for, I question not, you will have application made you very soon for the remainder, or at least part of it: but take this advice of your true and disinterested friend. The time may come, and from the unhappy propensities of Sir William, I much fear it will not be long ere it does come, when both he and you may have no other resource than what your jointure affords you. By this ill-placed benevolence you will deprive yourself of the means of supporting him, when all other means will have totally failed. Let this be your plea to resist his importunities.

When you shall be disposed to make me the repository of your confidential thoughts, you may direct to A. B. at Anderton's coffee-house. I rely on your prudence, to take no measures to discover me. May you be as happy as you deserve, or, in one word, as I wish you!

Your careful

S Y L P H."

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SYLPH.

IT is happy for me, if my actions have stood so much in my favour, as to make any return for the obligations, which I feel I want words to express. Alas! what would have become of me without the friendly, the paternal admonitions of my kind Sylph! Spare me not, tell me all my faults—for, notwithstanding your partiality, I find them numerous. I feel the necessity of having those admonitions often enforced; and am apprehensive I shall grow troublesome to you.

Will, then, my friend allow me to have recourse to him on any important occasion—or what may appear so to me? Surely an implicit observance of his precepts will be the least return I can make for his disinterested interposition in my favour—and thus, as it were, stepping in between me and ruin. Believe me, my heart overflows with a grateful sense of these unmerited benefits—and feels the
strongest

strongest resolution to persevere in the paths of rectitude so kindly pointed out to me by the hand of Heaven.

I experience a sincere affliction, that the renunciation of part of my future subsistence should not have had the desired effect; but *none* that I have parted with it. My husband is young, and blest with a most excellent constitution, which even *his* irregularities have not injured. I am young likewise, but of a more delicate frame, which the repeated hurries I have for many months past lived in (joined to a variety of other causes, from anxieties and inquietude of mind) have not a little impaired; so that I have not a remote idea of living to want what I have already bestowed, or may hereafter resign, for the benefit of my husband's creditors. Yet in this, as well as every thing else, I will submit to your more enlightened judgment—and abide most chearfully by your decision.

Would to Heaven Sir William would listen to such an adviser! He yet might retrieve his affairs. We yet might be
 happy

happy. But, alas! he will not suffer his reason to have any sway over his actions. He hurries on to ruin with hasty strides—nor ever casts one look behind.

* * * *

The perturbation these sad reflections create in my bosom will apologize to my worthy guide for the abruptness of this conclusion, as well as the incorrectness of the whole. May Heaven reward you! prays your ever grateful,

JULIA STANLEY.

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