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JULIA COLVILLE.

VOL. III.

JULIA COLVILLE.

IN

THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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JULIA

JULIA COLVILLE.

BIBLIOTECA CENTRALE
THE TANDON

LETTER LII.

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

London.

Dear Charles,

THE account I received from the keepers of the unhappy lunatic, I have here inclosed.....and return to my former subject.

Finding that all my trouble and purſuit was of no avail, I returned to London; and, on my arrival there, found your letter.

I ſhall not ſay what I felt, on peruſing its diſmal contents.....be contented to know, that I inſtantly ſet off for Mrs. Denham's, in Glamorganſhire, to perform the moſt unpleaſant office I had ever undertaken.

When I reached the parſonage, I was informed, that both Mr. and Mrs. Denham were at the houſe of a relation, ſuppoſed to be in a dangerous ſituation; but the ſervant aſſured me, that neither Mrs. Colville nor her daughter had been there.

I was aſtoniſhed at this intelligence; and, not knowing where to find your friend, I determined to follow Mrs. Denham to Mr. Thornhill's; as, from her intimacy with your family, I ſuppoſed ſhe could inform me where they were.

On

On my arrival at Elm-park, the ſervant, taking me either for a relation or a medical man, was proceeding to ſhew me into the chamber of the ſick gentleman, when I undeceived him by ſaying, that my buſineſs was only with Mr. or Mrs. Denham; and ſending in my name, requeſted immediately to ſee one of them, on an affair of the greateſt conſequence.

The huſband was not at home; but after waiting a conſiderable time, *madame* entered, with an air of *hauteur*, which ſat very awkwardly on the wife of a Welſh parſon.

Struck by the coldneſs of her manner, I informed her, that, entruſted with a meſſage of the laſt importance to Mrs. and Miſs Colville,

I only wiſhed to learn from her their preſent place of reſidence.

"I ſuſpected this," ſaid ſhe; "but aſſure yourſelf, ſir, that I value "the peace of my friends much too "highly, to give you any informa- "tion, that may enable you again to "diſturb their retreat."

"I proteſt, Madam," replied I, "what you have uttered is totally "unintelligible to me.....It is true, "that I ſhall be an unwelcome viſitor; "but the fault lies not with me..... "As a friend to Captain Colville, I "am entruſted with letters, which I "muſt deliver in perſon."

"What, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "do you "think we are not already too well "convinced of the mean artifices

"you

" you have employed, to be caught by
" ſo ſhallow a contrivance as this?"

" Madam," ſaid I, aſtoniſhed at her language, " perhaps you do not
" know to whom you addreſs yourſelf
" .....I am above all artifice; nor
" have I the moſt diſtant idea, by
" what right you tax me with a beha-
" viour, that would ill become the
" character of the friend of Captain
" Colville."

" Oh! doubtleſs," ſaid ſhe, " the
" Captain has a high opinion of your
" merit; and has much to thank you
" for, on the ſcore of friendſhip;....
" but as here you will not ſucceed, in
" procuring the addreſs you require,
" under any pretence whatſoever, you
" will only loſe your time, by ſtaying
" any longer."

Saying this, ſhe rang the bell for my ſervants, and I walked off, aſtoniſhed at my reception.

I am quite at a loſs, Charles to unriddle the cauſe of this woman's impertinence.....I never in my life ſaw her before; but ſhe has heard of me, ſhe ſays, and that, certainly, in a way, that (as I truſt) does me no juſtice.

From Elm-park I returned to London, fatigued in mind and body; and had juſt laid myſelf down, when Thomas brought me your laſt letter.

I inſtantly knew the hand, and, trembling as I broke the ſeal, ran over its contents.

How

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How fortunate did I eſteem myſelf, in not finding Mrs. Colville!.... I forgave, from my ſoul, the obſtinate inſolence of the parſon's wife; for what miſchief might I have occaſioned, by diſcloſing your then ſituation!

But now, that I am no longer agitated on your account, my own misfortunes return, with redoubled force, and render me the moſt miſerable man exiſting.

This dreadful paſſion ſaps my health, and conſumes my vitals..... You would hardly recollect your friend, the once *gay Lothario*.

Indeed, the change is ſo great, that it does not even eſcape the dim eyes of my uncle, who rallies me, very

much, on my melancholy, and inquires, whether I am grieving for the loſs of Miſs Demeſey, or her eighty thouſand pounds?

I did not undeceive him; and am content to let him triumph in his conjectures.....Nor do I mean to let him know the ſtate of my mind; as, I fear, he would never approve of any marriage, of which gold was not the baſis.

Adieu.....Drive to my lodgings on your arrival.....as, let me be wherever I may, you will find them ready to receive you.

FRED. BLAIR.

THE

THE LUNATIC.

SIR William Springfield, at a very early period of his life, found himſelf, by the death of an uncle, in poſſeſſion of a title, and an eſtate of ſeven thouſand pounds a year.

Formed with elegance.....endowed with every manly grace.....and a heart, whoſe generous warmth now glowed with the high blood of youthful health.....it is not ſurpriſing, that he became the admirer and favorite of the ſex.

Numberleſs were the hearts that palpitated for the young baronet;.....

but, while he fluttered among the ſweets of trivial *penchant*, ſipping the honey of each inviting flower, the arrival of a young ſtranger ſoon taught him, in his turn, to ſigh; and, by experience, he learnt, that if the females with whoſe feelings he had unthinkingly ſported, were not objects of admiration, they certainly, at leaſt, merited his pity.

Silena Hervey, with a figure too *petite* to be handſome.....features too irregular to be beautiful.....had that intereſting *tourneur*, that indeſcribable ſomething, which is for ever new, for ever inviting; and for the cauſe of which, when the admiring gazer ſearches, he becomes faſcinated with the effect, though unable to define it.

With

With the moſt feminine gentleneſs, and feeling ſenſibility, ſhe poſſeſſed an innocent chearfulneſs, a witty vivacity, which needed not the ſacrifice of good nature to diſplay itſelf.

The only daughter of a man of faſhion, whoſe extravagancies had ruined himſelf, and broken the heart of a moſt amiable woman, ſhe found herſelf an orphan.....unprotected..... without fortune.....at that age, when, with ſuch attractions as her's, not even maternal prudence can always guard unſuſpecting innocence from the inſidious ſnares of mankind.

An uncle, who, preferring the ſports of the field to the gayer ſcenes of life, and who had greater reliſh for the company of his huntſman than

civilized ſociety, fearful of the cenſure of the world, invited Silena to his ſeat; and publicly declared his intention of providing for her, as his own child.

The ſquire had a daughter, about the age of his niece.....ſhe had dreſſed, ſighed, ogled, and employed every female art, to captivate Sir William Springfield; who, as he found her lively and communicative, had, of late, very frequently preſented her his hand at the aſſemblies of the neighbourhood.

This was immediately pronounced, by the goſſips of the country, an aſſurance of attachment, on the part of the baronet; and Miſs Fanny began to flatter herſelf, that ſhe had actually made a conqueſt.

But

But the arrival of her couſin ſoon convinced her of her miſtake.

From the moment Sir William firſt ſaw Silena, his attentions were ſo marked, his eyes ſpoke ſo intelligibly, that the ſtate of his heart was known to others, before he noticed it himſelf.

Miſs Fanny ſoon perceived the magnet which attracted her lover; and, fired with jealouſy, at a ball, where Sir William had been very attentive to her couſin, ſhe retired, unable to behold the triumph of her rival.

Burſting with rage, and deluged with tears, ſhe informed her father, that, on the point of a moſt brilliant marriage, which would not only have reſtored the loſt ſplendor of their houſe,

houſe, but would have rendered all dowry unneceſſary, her couſin had, in one evening, overturned all her projects, and built the baſis of her own fortune on the ruins of hers.

The ſquire, though not a man of the world, knew enough of it to think, that gold was a moſt neceſſary ingredient in the compound of human happineſs.....he had ever indulged ſome ideas of a ſeat in parliament, but could never muſter caſh enough to prepare againſt a conteſted election, which he had every reaſon to apprehend would be the caſe, if he offered himſelf.....The baronet had two boroughs at his diſpoſal.....If he married Miſs Fanny, he might ſlip into one of them, without expence..... And as for political principles, as he had no opinions of his own, he was

ready

ready to vote in any way his ſon-in-law ſhould preſcribe.

Beſides this, Sir William had one of the beſt packs of hounds in the kingdom.....a ſtud of the higheſt bred and fleeteſt hunters.....And, with theſe reſources, the ſquire preſumed he might drop his own harriers, and retrench his ſtable expences.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he was as much diſpleaſed as his daughter, at the thoughts of loſing ſuch ſplendid advantages, eſpecially the latter; and, with an oath, he declared, that he would exclude Silena from the light of the ſun, if ever after ſhe even dared to ſpeak to Sir William.

In conſequence of a conſultation with Miſs, it was agreed, that, till Fanny's marriage ſhould have placed her beyond the danger of rivality, Silena ſhould no more appear in public.

Sir William Springfield, in hopes of again ſeeing the fair ſtranger, called frequently at the ſquire's;.....but, though treated with the moſt flattering attention, was ever diſappointed in meeting Silena, who, now a priſoner in her own chamber, was left to the ſolitary entertainment of her books, except when her couſin choſe to plague her, and vent her jealous ſpleen.

The baronet now found, that Silena was neceſſary to his happineſs; and, with that open frankneſs which characteriſed him, he deſired a private conference with Mr. Hervey.

The

The old gentleman, exulting in the ſucceſs of his plans, ſuppoſed his motive was to demand the hand of his daughter, and had determined, after granting his requeſt, to ſtate his own parliamentary ſcheme; but he ſoon found, that, inſtead of obliterating, the ſecluſion of his niece had confirmed, the attachment of his viſiter.

He received his propoſals with confuſion; and, heſitating to give a deciſive anſwer, aſſured the baronet, that on the following day he ſhould hear from him, definitively, on the ſubject.

He directly imparted this converſation to Miſs Fanny, who inſolently reproached her father for not giving a downright refuſal; and immediately dictated a letter, full of compliments

on

on the honor Sir William had intended him, and lamenting his preference for a woman, whom an unworthy attachment precluded from ſo eligible an alliance, and the effects of whoſe ſhameleſs conduct had become ſo evident, that he had ſent her into a very remote part of the country, determined never again to ſee her.

This malicious fabrication was diſpatched to Springfield-lodge, and gave the baronet the deepeſt concern. ....He no longer was the ornament of every aſſembly.....the ſoul of ſociety .....but, ſecluded in the ſolitude of his own domain, wandered about, melancholy, and ſhunned the preſence of all mankind.

The ſquire, who now perceived, that his daughter's hopes had no founda-

foundation, curſed his own folly, in not permitting the nuptials of his niece; and it required all the addreſs and cunning of Miſs Fanny, to prevent her father from writing to the baronet, and diſcloſing the plot.

Sir William, in one of his evening rambles, paſſed through a ſmall wood, on the ſkirts of Mr. Hervey's manor; and ſoon came to a ſmall cottage, he had never before remarked, but had now, from its ſituation, on the margin of a bubbling ſtream, whoſe banks were trimmed with much apparent care, and which ſerpentized through a neat garden, laid out with more than ordinary taſte.

He ſtopped to inquire, by whom it was inhabited.

He

He had hardly been informed, that a favorite huntſman of the ſquire's, whoſe leg had been broken in a chace, that had deſtroyed two capital hunters, had received it as a reward for his *very eminent* ſervices;.....and that Miſs Fanny frequently walked there, in the heat of ſummer, and had ordered and defrayed the expence of the little arrangement he had admired.....when a melancholy air, ſung in a plaintive voice, and with conſiderable taſte, ſtruck his ear.

"Have you a daughter," ſaid the baronet, "who ſings thus charm-
"ingly?"

"Alas! no," anſwered the woman, in the utmoſt confuſion; "my Sally
"died, two years ago."

"And

" And who, then, is this warbler ?" ſaid the baronet, who began to be intereſted in the diſcovery.

" Why, ſir," ſaid ſhe, " it is..... " a neighbour's child....it is....it is"....

" Nay, good woman," replied Sir William, who perceived ſhe was prevaricating, " take this earneſt of " my diſcretion" (preſenting her with two guineas) " and be aſſured, that " you may confide your ſecret (if it " be one) to me, with ſafety."

" Why, ſir," ſaid the woman, curtſying, " I ſhould be proud to " oblige your honour, and *ſartin*, " every body knows you *bees* a good " gentleman, and would not ruin a " poor woman.....but if it was *knowed* " as I ſhould ſay, as it was the " ſquire's

" ſquire's niece he ſent here, I and
" my poor dear Will would be turned
" out of houſe and home, and quite
" *ruinated*, as a body may ſay."

" What!" ſaid Sir William, " is
" Miſs Silena Hervey here?.....I muſt
" ſee her, this moment."

" Oh! for the love of God, ſir," ſaid the woman, " do not attempt to
" go up.....If Will was to catch you
" here, I ſhould be half murdered,
" and Squire Hervey would never
" look upon us again."

" Fool!" ſaid the baronet, " do
" you not know, that it is in my
" power to make you richer and
" happier then your ſquire?.....Aſſure
" yourſelf, if any thing happens to
" you, in conſequence of my viſit here,

" here, Mill-hill farm ſhall be your " huſband's.....Go, therefore, my " good woman, and give my reſpects " to the lady, and ſay, that I requeſt " ten minutes audience, as I have " ſomething to communicate, on " which her future happineſs de- " pends."

" Well, ſir," ſaid the ruſtic, " your honour muſt be obeyed.....and " if any thing ſhould come of it, I " knows as how you will be as good " as your word."

The interview with Silena ſoon expoſed the baſe conduct of her uncle;....and the firm innocence with which ſhe refuted his villanous aſperſions, confirmed her conqueſt.

Sir

Sir William beſought her to compleat his happineſs, by accepting his hand;....and Silena, too artleſs to be inſincere, avowed her partiality, and acceded to his propoſal.

For ſeveral days, the baronet continued to viſit the cottage; and flattered himſelf, that the weight of his bribes had ſecured the obedience of the huntſman and his wife.

But the fidelity of this Nimrod to his old maſter, was not to be ſo eaſily ſhaken off; and though he ſaw the advantage of conniving at the lovers viſits, yet he determined to be true to his maſter's intereſts; and, with a ſophiſtry not uncommon, flattered himſelf, that as his wife always received the bribe, he had no hand in the treachery.....He therefore determined

mined to inform the ſquire of the buſineſs, though not till his ſpouſe had made good profit of her viſitor.

In purſuance of this reſolution, the day before the intended elopement of Silena, the huntſman informed the ſquire, that Sir William Springfield had diſcovered, that the young lady was in his cottage; and, in the abſence of himſelf and his wife, had ſeen and converſed with her.

"Well," ſaid Miſs Fanny, "are "you ſure, that my couſin does not "ſuſpect your having informed my "father of this affair?"

"I cannot ſay," replied the fellow, "all that I know is, that Sir William "would fain have had me accept ſome "money from him; but, thank God,

" I knows my duty too well to finger " his caſh."

" You have done wiſely," replied the daughter (whoſe volubility had not permitted the ſquire to ſay a word on the ſubject, had he been ſo inclined, which probably was not now the caſe, as he was cloſely engaged with a tankard of ale) " and if you ſuſpect, " that the lover will repeat his viſit " this evening, come here about duſk " .....I will accompany you to the " cottage.....and you ſhall place me, " concealed in ſuch a manner, that I " may overhear all that paſſes between " my couſin and her gallant."

" Nothing is more eaſy than to " oblige you, Miſs," anſwered the huntſman, " over the room where " Miſs Silena ſleeps, is a ſmall loft,

in

" in which I keeps lumber and ſeeds ;
" and a crack in the ceiling of the
" bed-chamber, will not only enable
" you to hear, but alſo to ſee, all
" that paſſes."

As ſoon as the twilight proclaimed that it was time to ſet out, Miſs Fanny flew to the cottage, and was placed, by Will, in a ſituation which commanded a full view of Silena's room.

Hence ſhe witneſſed the vows of reciprocal love.....the chaſte kiſs of virtuous deſire.....and ſaw the lovers part, with the bleſt aſſurance, that the enſuing evening would unite them for ever.

Fanny, hardly able to contain her rage, returned to her father.....She

raved.....ſhe urged him to confine Silena in ſome mad-houſe, where, deprived of all comfort, ſhe might expiate the crime, of being too lovely, in a total ſecluſion from rational ſociety.....ſhe beſought her father to loſe no time; but inſtantly diſpatch a carriage, to convey her from the cottage.

But the ſquire, not quite ſo irra ſcible as his daughter, taking his pipe from his mouth (whence iſſued a cloud of ſmoke)

"Well, Fan," ſaid he, "if Sir "William does marry your couſin, it "is better it ſhould be ſo, than let "him ſlip entirely out of the family; "and it's plain, now, that though he "beat about a little, he never had "any ſerious deſign of taking you;

"and

" and as he is ſo ſtrong upon this
" other ſcent, and has had a view,
" why he may even run the wench
" down, if he will; for, damn me,
" if I croſs him, though he has
" found his game in my covers."

Miſs Fanny made no reply.....Diſappointed in making her father the inſtrument of her revenge, ſhe determined to effect it herſelf; and retired to her chamber, to meditate on the deſtruction of her rival.

Soon after Silena had riſen, the enſuing morning, Miſs Fanny preſented herſelf to her couſin, to complete the ſad work, which envy and jealouſy had traced out for her.

With ſmiles ſhe ſaluted her;.... lamented the long confinement ſhe

had experienced ;....had now, ſhe ſaid, every reaſon to hope, that her papa, with whom ſhe had always pleaded the cauſe of Silena, would very ſoon accede to her deſires, and reſtore her dear couſin to liberty.

Silena was ſurpriſed at an addreſs ſo very different from the uſual tenor of Miſs Fanny's behaviour :....But ſhe replied to it with thankfulneſs ; and although her manner was cold, it was not repelling.

Breakfaſt was ordered ; and Miſs Hervey, with admirable addreſs, infuſed, in Silena's cup, the fatal powder, which was to blaſt, for ever, the happineſs of Sir William !

Then taking a haſty leave, ſhe ran home, diſtracted with fear and doubt.

Unable

Unable to abide the agitation, which the interval, before ſhe could aſcertain the effect of the poiſon, created, ſhe ſwallowed a ſtrong ſoporific, and ſunk into inſenſibility.

But the doſe had been adminiſtered with ſo much profuſion, to Silena, that it ſoon began its fatal office.

The ſhrieks of the wretched girl, brought the woman of the houſe to her aſſiſtance, who, alarmed at the agonies of the beautiful victim, ran to Mr. Hervey's.

The ſquire was juſt returned from a ſevere chace....All his horſes were jaded, and could not, at that time, be ſent for a ſurgeon.....The humane uncle, therefore, ordering the woman to be ſupplied, from his cellar, with a bottle

of real Coniac (his grand ſpecific for all complaints) reſumed his pipe, with the *ſang froid* of a burgo-maſter.

On re-entering the chamber, the terrified woman found the agonized Silena at the point of diſſolution; and a few moments releaſed her from all earthly torments.

Her hoſteſs, who had really conceived an affection for her poor priſoner, continued for ſome time to weep, and gaze in ſilence on the disfigured corpſe...., but evening was approaching..... Will did not return..... and, unable longer to remain the ſole witneſs of this melancholy ſcene, ſhe lighted a candle, and leaving the door of the cottage unlocked, leſt her huſband ſhould return, ſhe went to the

the houſe of a neighbour, to await his arrival.

In the mean time, the hour, which was to render Sir William the happieſt of men, approached.

A clergyman was in waiting, at the lodge, to tie the gordian knot; and the baronet proceeded towards the cottage .....his heart exulting with the happieſt expectation.....every nerve thrilling with rapturous eagerneſs.

He approached the door.....He tapped thrice, the preconcerted ſignal .....It was unanſwered.....He repeated it .....Yet all was ſilent.

Unable to remain thus doubtful, he raiſed the latch.....and entering the hovel, demanded, who was in it?

He repeated the queſtion in a louder voice;....but obtained no more ſatiſfaction.

A thouſand apprehenſions, a thouſand fears, preſented themſelves to his agitated mind.

He perceived a light in Silena's chamber.....he aſcended the ſtairs.

His limbs trembled.....a dreadful preſentiment, of ſome unknown misfortune, palſied his hand.....He feared to turn the lock.....A cold ſweat bedewed his manly forehead.....his knees tottered beneath him.

With an effort of firmneſs, he ſhook off this ſudden depreſſion..... He opened the door.....Silena was not in the chamber.

In

In a cloſet, ſtood her bed.....He ventured thither.....He withdrew the curtains.....and found.....inſtead of the blooming virgin, he had left the day before.....in place of the lovely woman, he was that night to have called his own.....all that remained of the beautiful Silena, was now.....a cold, ſwollen, disfigured corpſe !

He ſunk, in a ſwoon, upon the bed.

At the return of the huntſman, reanimation was effected.....but his reaſon had fled, for ever !

A proper ſum was allotted to his maintainance ;.....his favorite retreat is the cavern ;.....and the once gay and admired Sir William Springfield,

now wanders, through the heathy wilds of Cumberland, a poor, unoffending lunatic!

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

MRS. DENHAM

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

Elm-park.

MOST ſincerely, my dear Julia, do I regret, that I cannot inſtantly fly to you; but ſuch is the ſituation of my uncle, that although it is not poſſible for him to recover, he may yet linger ſome time longer.

You ſee the impracticibility of my leaving him in this ſtate; and are, I truſt, ſufficiently convinced of my friendſhip, to believe, that nothing but

but his being at the point of death, could prevent my poſting to you, the moment I received your letter.

You will be ſurpriſed to hear, that Mr. Blair has thought fit to pay me a viſit, in order to find out where you were lodged; and had the art to aſſert, that he had received ſome letters of conſequence from your brother, which he muſt deliver to you in perſon.

How he knew, that I was acquainted with your addreſs, I cannot ſay; but theſe men are indefatigable in their purſuits, and ſtick at nothing to attain their point.

I was upon my guard, and plainly told him, that I would anſwer no queſtion of that kind.

He

He undoubtedly is handſome, and has much the appearance of a man of faſhion.....It is not therefore extraordinary that he has made an impreſſion, which you find ſome difficulty in eraſing.

Yet, for heaven's ſake, continue to be cautious; and depend, that you ſhall ſee me, as ſoon as ever I can leave this place with propriety.

God bleſs you, my dear friend!

EMMA DENHAM.

LETTER LIV.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

Boulogne ſur Mer.

WHY, my good friend, love has certainly diſordered your intellects.

Mrs. Denham.....the intimate of Julia.....the friend of my mother..... receive you in the manner you deſcribe?.....I can hardly credit my eyes, when I read it.

There muſt exiſt ſome very great miſtake; and it was your buſineſs to have inſiſted on an eclairciſſement.

You

You have made me very happy, in finding, that my diſpatches were not delivered to my ſiſter; but I am very uneaſy at your not finding her in Glamorganſhire.

She has not been there, you ſay.

Why, then, did ſhe wiſh her letters directed thither?

There is a myſtery in this, alſo, which I cannot underſtand.....Surely my mother could have no reaſon to conceal her place of reſidence from her friends!

I add, to this *envelope*, a letter for Mr. Denham, to requeſt he will explain this enigma; and do you, on your ſide, endeavour, by all poſſible means,

means, to gain intelligence where my mother reſides.

It is very long ſince I heard from my family; and a thouſand fears haunt my imagination.....Haſten, my good fellow, to diſpel them.

Since my confinement, I have been extremely ill, and indeed remain ſo at preſent.....the effects of the damp dungeon I was lodged in.....But this ſhall not prevent me from ſeizing the firſt opportunity of going to England.

I am now in private lodgings.

Poor Souchet ſometimes viſits me; and I have the happineſs to find, that it may be in my power to return the obligations I owe him, by ſerving

ſome

ſome part of his family.....He has a ſon, a hair-dreſſer, who lives in Bury-ſtreet, St. James's; and he begs me to obtain the cuſtom and protection of ſome of my friends for him; and in this, too, you may aſſiſt me.

If the neceſſary articles of life are paid for by Frenchmen, at the ſame rate they charge me, it is no wonder that half the people here are in a ſtate of ſtarvation.....My landlady, yeſterday, perceiving that I was much indiſpoſed, recommended a little *bouillon*, for which I paid a crown; but was ſufficiently ſatisfied of the quality of this Spartan broth, by its appearance, and did not touch it..... It brought to my recollection the following anecdote:

Several

Several years ago, when the ..... regiment was quartered at Minorca, it was obſerved by ſome of the company at their meſs, that the ſoup had a very peculiar and diſagreeable flavor.

The cook was ſent for, and interrogated.

He ſtated, that he had procured the water from an adjacent well, and had uſed the beſt meat, &c.

This was by no means ſatisfactory ....The well was ordered to be inſtantly inſpected; and the remains of ſeveral Frenchmen, whoſe bodies had been thrown into it, by their countrymen, to conceal their loſs, when the iſland was captured by the Engliſh, were found at the bottom of it.

This

This report was made to the commanding officer, before the dinner was removed from the table, and had an immediate effect on the ſtomachs of every one who had taſted the broth.

But an old Scotch officer, taking up the ſoup ladle, filled his plate from the tureen, and exclaiming,

"In gude troth, I wiſh aw the "French army was in it,"

Supped it up, with great ſatisfaction.

I ſhall ſoon rally you out of your low ſpirits, when we meet; but, in the mean time, do not ſeclude yourſelf from ſociety.

Surely

Surely there are, in London, as beautiful women as your Miſs Brown, who ſeems to have monopolized all your affections; and remember, that Diderot ſays,

" Man is born for ſociety.....ſepa-
" rate him from his kind, place him
" in an iſolated ſtate, his ideas will
" become diſtorted, his character
" reverſed, a thouſand abſurd af-
" fections ſpring up in his heart,
" his mind will teem with ex-
" travagant thoughts, as an uncultivated field is over-run with noxious
" weeds."

I am of opinion, that this is quite appoſite to your caſe; but we will ſhortly rouſe you to be *yourſelf again!* ....and a flaſk of Champaigne ſhall break

break the ſpell, that holds you in melancholy gloom.

Adieu.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

REV. MR. DENHAM,

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

Parſonage.

Dear Sir,

I AM extremely ſorry, that you ſhould have addreſſed yourſelf to me, on the ſubject of your family, as it impoſes upon me one of the moſt painful offices man can execute..... that of announcing, to an affectionate ſon, the loſs of a moſt worthy parent.

This event, although you might perhaps not have been ſo informed by Miſs Julia (who wiſhed to keep all ſorrows

ſorrows for herſelf) has been long expected; and laſt Sunday terminated (by a gentle decay of nature) the exiſtence of Mrs. Colville.

But we ought not to regret the departure of a perſon from this world of ſorrow, whoſe virtues and piety enabled her to look forward, with hope and confidence, to that goal which terminates the earthly career of all.

With reſpect to your other queries; and, in order to explain the cauſe of Miſs Colville's chuſing her letters to be ſent to my houſe:

The reaſon was, that eſteeming it neceſſary and prudent, on account of the rebellion in Ireland, to retrench, and avoid the expence of a routine of com-

pany, it was determined, that a ſmall houſe ſhould be hired in the vicinity of London, and to elude all inquiries, the above method was adopted.

Miſs Colville will accompany my wife into Glamorganſhire; and if, on your return, you will for a time make my cottage your reſidence, you will much oblige,

Dear Sir, &c.

HENRY DENHAM.

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LETTER LVI.

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO THE

EARL OF KINCARDINE.

PERMIT me, my dear uncle, to open my heart to you, and make a confeſſion of thoſe follies, which bear down my ſoul, and have, by deſtroying every proſpect of future happineſs, rendered life a burthen too grievous to be borne.

In doing this, however humiliating it is, I ſhall, at leaſt, have the ſatiſfaction of acting with that ſincerity, which, I truſt (till theſe recent events) has ever been my characteriſtic.

In thus developing the cauſes, which have for ever rendered me miſerable, do not ſuppoſe that I am actuated by any principle of intereſt. ....As I cannot forgive myſelf, it would be needleſs to look for pardon elſewhere :.....But to you I addreſs myſelf, as to my friend, to the perſon who, ever ſince the loſs of my parent, has been to me an indulgent father.....To whom better can I divulge the torments I endure ?..... Who will ſo readily perceive, that my errors have proceeded from the glow of youth ?

But it ill becomes me, to attempt at exculpation.....No, my Lord, ſelf-condemned, I have only to relate by what means I am reduced to deſpair; and the only right I have to hope for your commiſeration, is, from the kind-

kindneſs I have always experienced from you, and a conviction, that if you cannot forgive, you will at leaſt pity.

From the firſt moment I ſaw Miſs Demeſey, I felt a repugnance to marry her, which you certainly muſt have remarked.....Yet as you ſeemed to ſet your mind on my marriage, I complied with your wiſhes, ſo far as to addreſs her;.....and although I could not expect felicity, yet I thought it was poſſible to live upon tolerable terms with any woman, who poſſeſſed a common ſhare of good humour.

At this time, I had no partiality for any one woman; nor had I any idea of that ſublime ſentiment, which has ſince been the ſource of all my ſorrows.

By the mereſt chance, accompanying Miſs Demeſey, one day, to the houſe of a faſhionable milliner, I there beheld a young perſon, whoſe figure intereſted me extremely.....I had not then ſeen her face....She ſeemed diſtreſſed; and, on my inquiring the cauſe, I was informed, that without ſome ſecurity, ſhe could not be indulged with the work ſhe had been ſoliciting to take with her.

This difficulty I inſtantly obviated, by offering myſelf as her ſurety..... And here you will credit me, that I had *no* ſelfiſh view in the little ſervice I had rendered her.....It was a ſudden impulſe of compaſſion, which, if it does not merit encomium, ought, at leaſt, not to be ſuſpected of ſiniſter deſigns.

The

The curioſity of Miſs Jemima prompted her to beg, that the lady might be introduced.

What a fatal moment for me!.... All my freedom.....all my happineſs .....inſtantly vaniſhed.....and, I fear, for ever!

Oh, ſir, you have aſſuredly been, in your youth, a warm admirer of female beauty; and, as your heart ſtill vibrates with every noble feeling, I cannot believe, that the tide of life flows yet ſo coldly, as to have effaced all recollection of its power.

Dreſſed in the ſimpleſt garb of modeſt elegance, the radiance of her beauty, when it ſtruck me with admiration, ſeemed only to inſpire the ladies, I accompanied, with hatred;

and they vainly attempted to deprecate thoſe excellencies, which made them ſhrink into their own deformities.

Could I here deſcribe but the twentieth part of thoſe charms, whoſe power I ſo feelingly experience, you would forgive me for deteſting Miſs Demeſey; nor wonder, that I ſhould employ every method to break through my engagement.

And here I have to acknowledge, that I deceived you.....that the intrigue of the colonel, was known to me, though not my contrivance.

However, as it is evident, that Miſs Demeſey was partial to Gauntlet, ſhe muſt be happier with him, than with a perſon, whoſe every thought was occupied by a very different object.

You

You will ſuppoſe I ſedulouſly endeavoured to ſee the lady again.....I did ſo ;....and learning that misfortune had occaſioned her appearing in her preſent ſituation, I made offers of aſſiſtance, but (I deſpiſe myſelf, as I write it) with the baſe deſign of ſeducing her.

How little was I acquainted with her virtues !....How little did I know how to appreciate her worth !....She received my offers with gratitude, but refuſed them with dignity.

As yet, I did not know the extent of my miſery.....A ſtranger to all emotions, but the tranſient paſſions, common to youth, I little heeded the ſenſation of that new-born ſentiment, I experienced ; and, in purſuance of my licentious principles, had already marked her for my own pleaſures.

What a wretch, thus to avail myſelf of her misfortunes, to work her ruin!

When I gazed on her beauteous eyes, dim with tears, for the diſtreſſes of a parent, even *then* did I prepare the cup, that was to blaſt thoſe expanding charms I beheld with delight!

Yes.....I was this villain!

The day of her deſtruction was fixed on; and my ſnares were ſo judiciouſly planned, by diabolical cunning, that I fancied her already mine.

Yet was I not ſo hackneyed in crime as to undertake this enterprize with calmneſs.....No.....my heart, at the moment that it panted with deſire, upbraided me with my villany.

Dif-

Diſtracted with love and remorſe, I applied to the bottle.....I was inebriated.....but ſtill, the voice of that internal monitor was not ſilenced..... I therefore flew to the milliner's.....My ſpirits roſe at the ſight of the charming girl.....All doubt vaniſhed.....and, like a devouring monſter, I ruſhed upon my prey!

You ſhudder, my uncle!....You daſh my letter from your hands.....and for ever renounce your unhappy nephew!

True, I deſerve it all.....But the lovely maid lives unpolluted.....The arm of Providence ſnatched her from my graſp, and reſcued her from ruin.

Yet am I the leſs guilty?....Did I not make the ſacriligeous attempt?

Too true, I would have been the perpetrator of the foul deed.....but what a hell have I created for myſelf? and what an Elyſium might I have enjoyed?

Diſtraction is in the idea!.....My brain maddens with the retroſpection! ....But I muſt return to my narative.

From this time, I loſt ſight of the young lady, till meeting her ſervant, I prevailed on her to let me know where her miſtreſs lodged.....It was at a paltry ſhop, in the outſkirts of the town; and there, under a feigned name, did this virtuous girl ſupport, by her labour, and beguile by her attentions and aſſumed chearfulneſs, the diſtreſſes and pains of an aged parent.

Often

Often (the ſervant told me) has ſhe ſeen her turn from her mother, to hide the falling tear, when ſhe perceived her diſorder increaſe; and then, with a gaiety very foreign to her heart, endeavour to divert her ſufferings.

I had planted ſpies, to inform me when ſhe went abroad; but in vain I waited for an opportunity of ſeeing her.....I could not endure to remain in this ſituation; and I found, that I really loved, when I ſuppoſed I only admired.

I had offended, beyond hope of pardon; but it was my duty to offer all the atonement in my power.....I did ſo.....I wrote to her, and proceeded to the door of her lodgings, the bearer of my own letter.....She was no longer

longer there.....It was thought that ſhe was gone to Carliſle.

In a frenzy of deſpair, I flew thither.....My inquiries were uſeleſs.

I returned to London, where calamities of a different nature awaited me.....I found a letter from Captain Colville, the friend of my youth..... my deareſt intimate.....he was on the point of being ſhot, on a falſe charge, at Boulogne-ſur-Mer, in France; and requeſted me to inform his mother and ſiſter of his fate.

I ſet off for Glamorganſhire, and from thence to Devonſhire:.....but Mrs. Denham, for reaſons now too obvious, refuſed giving me any information where Mrs. Colville was; and I returned, ſad and ſolitary, to the capital.

My

My love yielded, for a moment, to the feelings of friendſhip; but a ſecond letter from my friend informed me of his eſcape, and reſtored me to myſelf, and to my torments.

You, my Lord, remarked the change my ſufferings had produced in my perſon.....A burning fever attacked me, and, for three days, I lay ſuſpended between life and death.

Youth, however, overcame my diſorder; and I was again permitted to become a ſolitary wanderer.

I ſhunned all ſociety.....I avoided the town, and ſought the moſt unfrequented walks.

Yeſterday, I was returning home, by Kenſington.....A carriage ſtopped

at

at a door, as I paſſed it; and a lady, in deep mourning, entered the houſe. ....It was Mrs. Denham.

As Captain Colville was particularly anxious to learn, where his family reſided, this was the moment to obtain the addreſs; and although I had before failed in my endeavours to obtain it, from this lady, the intereſt of Charles Colville urged me to attempt it again.

I entered the houſe.....No one appeared.

I ventured to proceed up ſtairs, and entered an apartment, the door of which was half open.

Judge, my lord, of my feelings! ....of my aſtoniſhment!.....when I there

there beheld.....the object of my love!

A coffin, prepared for interment, was in the middle of the room..... She was kneeling before it;....her eyes, ſtreaming with tears, were ſo riveted to the melancholy vehicle, that ſhe did not ſeem to perceive me.

Mrs. Denham was at her ſide, waiting till the paroxiſm of her friend's grief ſhould be ſo far calmed, as to admit of her efforts to ſooth her;....but, on ſeeing me, ſhe ſtarted up, and taking me by the arm, drew me from the room.

"What! ſir," ſaid ſhe, "is it "into the chamber of death that you "come, for purpoſes of ſeduction? "....Do you thus inſult the aſhes of "a de-

" a deceaſed mother, in ſeeking the " ruin of her child ?....Fly, villain !" added ſhe, " the ſacred abode of " ſorrow ; nor prophane it longer " with your preſence."

Stupid with amazement, I walked down ſtairs ; and the people of the houſe, remarking I was ill, aſked me to walk into a parlour, where I remained till the melancholy proceſſion had left the houſe ; and a chaiſe driving to the door, I ſaw the lovely mourner, ſupported by Mrs. Denham, enter the carriage, which was immediately driven away.

This aroufed me from the ſtupor in which I had been abſorbed.

Prejudiced as Mrs. Denham was againſt me, it would be impoſſible to obtain

obtain an interview with the idol of my heart, at her houſe; and ſo great did her diſlike to me appear, that I feared ſhe would, if in her power, prevent me from ever ſeeing her again.

The perſon to whom the lodgings belonged, remarking my agitation, addreſſing me, ſaid,

"You, ſeem, ſir, to be much "affected at this melancholy event; "and are, I ſuppoſe, a near relation "to the good old lady."

I aſſured her, that I was no ways connected with, but had a very high reſpect for, both the mother and the daughter.

"Reſpect!" ſaid the garrulous landlady, "Miſs Julia is an angel, "and

" and deſerves to be adored !....Who,
" like her, would ſacrifice health, and
" give up every enjoyment, to attend
" upon an infirm parent ?....What
" faſhionable young lady (for ſhe is a
" woman of condition) would work
" her fingers to the bone, to earn a
" ſcanty ſubſiſtence, when ſhe might
" marry a man of immenſe fortune ?
" ....This," continued ſhe, " I know,
" from Betty, to be the caſe ; and
" although ſhe was here, under a
" feigned name, I was ſoon convinced
" that they were ladies of good family
" .....But what ſad relations muſt they
" be, who would thus leave them to
" want.....Miſs, I am told, has a
" brother abroad, who would un-
" doubtedly aſſiſt them, if he had
" known their ſituation :....but I dare
" ſwear, he has heard nothing of
" their diſtreſs.....This Mrs. Denham

" is

" is the only perſon who has inte-
" reſted herſelf in their concerns.....
" She is very fond of the dear young
" lady; has been here two days;
" and I underſtand, they meant to go
" into the country tomorrow; but on
" finding that you, ſir, were ſtill in
" the houſe, their baggage was
" ordered down ſtairs, and a chaiſe
" immediately ſent for, as ſoon as
" poor Mrs. Colville was carried out
" for interment."

She had talked on, totally unheeded, till ſhe mentioned this name.

" What do you ſay?" I demanded, ſtarting up, " the ladies name is " Brown."

" Aye, ſo they wiſhed it to be " thought," replied ſhe; " but the " plate

" plate upon the coffin diſcovered the
" ſecret; and, if you ſtill doubt it,
" walk up with me, and I will ſhew
" you a trunk, that remains to be ſent
" after Miſs Julia, which bears a
" direction to Miſs Colville."

The name ſounded in my ears like the knell of death.....A cold dew dropped from my face.....I aſcended the ſtairs, with tottering ſteps; and found, in the confirmation of what ſhe had aſſerted, that it was poſſible to be ſtill more miſerable than I was before.

Yes, my uncle, I am a monſter..... This lovely woman, whoſe beauty induced me to ſeduce her.....of whoſe poverty I baſely meant to take advantage.....the virtuous maid, whom I would have deſtroyed by brutal violence....

violence.....was.....Oh ! horror !....the ſiſter of my friend !

Is there a deed ſtill remaining, which could render me more odious, than what I have already done ?

No.....the earth has no example of crimes ſo complicated.....But I will rid the world of a miſcreant, who no longer deſerves to live.

In this laſt deed of my exiſtence, I ſhall, at leaſt, be juſt ; and although I muſt have lived deteſted and deſpiſed, yet may I, perhaps, be pitied, when the heart that panted for the deſtruction of innocence, ſhall have ceaſed to beat.

If I can muſter ſufficient reſolution, I ſhall addreſs a few words to my moſt injured

injured friend.....If not, on you, my dear uncle, I ſhall rely, to explain a conduct, I dare not avow; and, by urging the agonies I have endured, and my late, though thorough, deteſtation of my crimes, induce him not to curſe my memory.

He is generous, and would preſs the hand which had ſtruck a dagger to his own heart.....But his ſiſter !.... there, I fear, he cannot forgive.

A paper, written in a female hand, lay unfolded, and forgotten, on the floor.....I could not reſiſt the temptation of inſpecting it; and found, in the contents, a farther aggravation of my enormities, and new reaſon for unavailing regret and deſpair.

I ſend

I ſend it you, my lord, as it is a portrait of the angel who wrote it.

Who is the man that would not prefer ſuch a diſplay of virtue, to the ampleſt rent-roll of wealth?....And what might have been my felicity, if happy in your approbation, and bleſſed with the eſteem of a Julia Colville?

But my ſun is ſet, to riſe no more..... Eternal night has cloſed on all my proſpects; and I can only hope for peace in annihilation.

Receive, my dear uncle, my acknowledgments and thanks, for all your care and kindneſs.....Generous, as I know you, you will perhaps pardon my errors, and even lament the fate of him, who, at leaſt, could not be branded with ingratitude.

Farewell, mydear lord.....Farewell, my uncle, for ever !

FRED. BLAIR.

JOURNAL.

JOURNAL.

I HAVE now devoted myſelf to the care of my dear parent.....Heaven grant me powers to rock the cradle of age.....to ſooth her cares, and beguile her ſorrows!

How enchanting will be my taſk! ....how rich my reward, if my endeavours are repaid by the ſmiles of my mother!

THIS day I have been to Madame Fontanges.....What did I undergo, when urging my requeſt!....how was my pride humiliated!....She doubted my honeſty....ſhe interrogated me with

ſeverity; and refuſed my application with cruelty:...but I was ſnatched from this unpleaſant ſituation, by the generoſity of a gentleman, I do not know.

May *he* ever be a ſtranger to diſtreſs, who can thus wipe the tear from the eye of the unfortunate!

My work ſucceeds admirably..... My profits are really aſtoniſhing.

My mother looks chearful, and I am happy.

But who is the kind ſtranger?.... Am I not very remiſs, in not having made the inquiry?....Yet I cannot tax myſelf with ingratitude, for I do not ceaſe to think of him.

I HAVE ſeen him again.....What a form!....How faſcinating is the human face divine, when beaming with benevolence!.....His manners, how gentle!....what dignity in his air!

No, never can I forget my benefactor.

EMMA tells me, to beware.....What am I to guard againſt?....Surely a baſe mind could not be concealed in the perſon of Mr. Blair!.....But Emma loves me.....I muſt attend to her advice.....Yet I cannot do him the injuſtice to ſuppoſe him capable of deceit.

My mother has been again ill..... her health requires air.....we cannot

afford a carriage.....My work, alas! will not procure one.....Never before did I know the value of riches.

AGAIN have I met Mr. Blair.....he perceived that I was not born to labour, and wiſhed to add to his former kindneſs, by preſenting me ſome notes.

There was an indelicacy in this direct way of offering a ſervice; but above the little forms of ceremony, he is only actuated by the pureſt generoſity.

What injuſtice my dear Emma does him!....Had ſhe beheld his fine eyes moiſtened with tears, when I refuſed his

his offer, ſurely ſhe could not think thus hardly of him.

Ah! 'tis too true.....The veil is fallen....he is, alas! the villain, Emma believed him.....But I live ſtill innocent, to adore the goodneſs of that Supreme Being, who ſnatched me from the clutches of the fiend!

My heart fails me, at the recollection of my danger.....How fortunate, that my mother did not perceive my diſorder!

Who can we believe, if, in ſuch apparent worth, we meet with atrocious wickedneſs!

I will go no more to the milliner's; therefore, am in no danger of ſeeing Mr. Blair again.

What a revolution have my opinions experienced in a few moments! ....The man whom I eſteemed, whom I admired, as the moſt virtuous of his ſex, now dwindled into a wretch, whoſe baſe contrivances, and brutal attempts, merit my abhorrence.

Our ſervant girl has informed this man where we live....Simple creature! ....how little does ſhe ſuſpect the magnitude of the miſchief ſhe has done!

I AM

I AM watched!.....Mr. Blair has aſſuredly planted ſpies to obſerve me.

I muſt inform my mother of this circumſtance, and as much of my dreadful adventure, as may ſerve to make her underſtand, that it is neceſſary to remove.

A PERSON, diſguiſed, has ſeveral times paſſed our lodgings.....It is certainly ſome new ſcheme, that Mr. Blair has in contemplation.

Betty tells me, ſhe knows a perſon of reſpectability, who has apartments to let in Kenſington.....I will ſend thither, and hire them.

How cruel, to oblige my mother, in her ill ſtate of health, to remove!

This Madame Fontanges is aſſuredly in the plot againſt me.....I will receive no more employment from her, let the conſequence be what it may.

THANK God, my mother does not appear to have ſuffered by moving to our new habitation.....The air is free, and the ſituation dry.

It is very long ſince we received a letter from Charles.....My dear mother has a thouſand apprehenſions, which I cannot calm.

I HAVE juſt returned the work I finiſhed for our landlady, who alſo is a milliner, but very different from the vile woman, the agent of Mr. B..... Yet what a falling off in the produce of my induſtry! Surely I have been overpaid, for the worſt of purpoſes.

I tremble leſt my preſent earnings will not defray our neceſſary expences.

MY gains are ſo very trifling, that I have been obliged to have recourſe to the preſent of Mrs. Denham.

My mother's malady, I much fear, gains ground.....She muſt, and ſhall, have proper medical advice.

Doctor Hayes flatters me.....I ſee, too plainly, that the beſt of women droops every day.....As yet, ſhe wants for nothing; but my fund is much reduced, and my heart ſhrinks with terror at the apprehenſions of my inability to ſupply her with what is proper.

Oh! Charles, your heart would bleed, if you knew our ſituation.

Still does my mother preſerve her ſpirits; but mine ſink, as our money melts away.....Five pounds only remain.....But why am I thus perplexed, when I have a robe left, that can be converted to her uſe..

Happy thought!.....this evening, Betty ſhall make a ſale of part of my wardrobe.

My dreſſes have produced but a very ſmall ſum; but that little is at preſent a treaſure.

My deareſt mother fails every day; but ſhe regards the period of exiſtence as the commencement of a life of eternal joy.

Ought I to regret, that ſhe is haſtening to that bliſs, ſhe ſo well deſerves? .....Alas! I cannot boaſt reſignation ſufficient, to yield her up without the deepeſt regret.

This Mr. Blair haunts, for ever, my imagination, even in the height of my diſtreſſes.....Would to God, I could forget as I forgive him!

My

My mother is much worſe.....I will write, to beg Emma to come to me.

She comes not.....I am forgotten by every one.

How ſhall I ſuſtain the threatening blow, which will ſever me from the beſt and kindeſt of parents!

Oh God! ſpare my mother!.... Every moment increaſes her danger, and my deſpair.....Our friends too!....

Ah!....my mother!....

END OF THE JOURNAL.

LETTER

LETTER LVII.

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR TO CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

London.

CONCEIVE a perſon bleſt in the friendſhip of one of the worthieſt men exiſting.....whoſe honeſt heart, glowing with the warmeſt feelings of affection, would ſhed its vital blood for the ſervice of his friend.....who, at the moment when his arms are ſtretched out to receive him, finds, that he embraces the aſſaſſin of his honour! ....the deſtroyer of his happineſs!

Such

Such a villain am I!....Yes, Charles, believe me all that is atrocious..... Prepare your mind, by attributing to me guilt in its blackeſt dye.....and yet you will ſtart, with horror and rage, when I declare to you.....that, in deſcribing my attempts to ſeduce a beauteous woman.....this woman was .....JULIA COLVILLE!

You *cannot* forgive me....The wound is too deep for cure.....Yet curſe me not.....Your deteſtation can never equal my ſelf-abhorrence; and it would appear, that my misfortunes have only required to implant the dagger in the breaſt of my deareſt friend, to form the climax of my miſery.

But I have done with life; and, before this reaches you, ſhall be no more.

Farewell.

Farewell.....When you remember the failings of an unhappy man, let pity ſoften the rigour of your reſentment; and when you recollect the injuries I have done you, compaſſionate a wretch, whoſe agonizing feelings were too dreadful to be endured.

FRED. BLAIR.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

THE EARL OF KINCARDINE

TO THE

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

Bath.

My dear boy,

YOUR letter has alarmed me more than I have power to expreſs.

Was it poſſible for me to ſee you myſelf, I would loſe no time; but, confined to my bed by a fit of the gout, I have diſpatched my ſteward, Mr. Johnſon, with orders to ſupply you with any ſums you may need; as I much apprehend, that love is not the

the ſole cauſe of the deſpondency too viſible in your laſt letter.

It is true, that it was my ambition, by procuring you a wealthy alliance, to reſtore our houſe to all its former ſplendor; but I am not the only ſchemiſt, who has beheld the demolition of his airy caſtles.....though, unlike you, I do not ſuffer my ſpirits to be depreſſed by caſual diſappointments.

Every man ought to be a free agent; and he who would controul the feelings, attempts to impoſe the moſt abject of all ſlavery.

No, my dear Frederick, far from thwarting your inclinations, I am happy to find, that the beauties of the mind have contributed to faſcinate you.

The

The journal is a picture of filial piety; and though perhaps your ſituation in life may not be altogether ſo brilliant, I confeſs, that, with ſuch a woman as Miſs Colville, you have every reaſon to expect happineſs.

It would be indelicate to advert to grievances, or to ſay, that I was intitled (I flatter myſelf, perhaps) to more confidence than you choſe to repoſe in me; but I will convince you, that I have ever your happineſs in view; and therefore you have not only my hearty conſent to addreſs the young lady, but if my interference can be of any ſervice, I will endeavour to make up the little *fracas*, which you ſeem to regard as a matter of ſo much conſequence; and doubt not, that I ſhall be able to prevail on

Miſs

Miſs Colville, to forgive this unlucky ſally of youthful paſſion.

You find, that I have *not totally forgot that I was once young*.....do not forget, that you are ſo now; and that, in the ſpring of life, you have every right to hope for all terreſtrial felicity.

I am glad to know, that the lady of your choice is of a very reſpectable family, whoſe alliance would not diſgrace the beſt blood in the realm.

I confeſs, that I have ſome degree of family pride.....This may be a foible, but it is at leaſt an innocent one; and it is well known, that thoſe perſons who would ſubſtitute a plan of levelling equality, and do away all hereditary diſtinctions, are always people who have ſprung from the dunghill.

I do

I do not inſiſt, that my friend ſhould diſplay ſixteen quarters in his eſcutcheon; but I do not reſpect him the leſs for knowing, that he can tell me the names of his father and grandfather; and although a man would be deſpicable, whoſe ſole merit was that of boaſting a long line of anceſtry, yet the recollection of being born of a noble family, ought to ſtimulate every man of ſpirit to tranſmit the honours of his houſe, untarniſhed, to poſterity, and to rival the glorious deeds of his forefathers.

Come to me here, as ſoon as poſſible; and, in the mean time, let me hear from you, but not in the ſame ſtile as your laſt.

KINCARDINE.

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

MR. JOHNSON

TO THE

EARL OF KINCARDINE.

My Lord,

I HARDLY know how to break the horrible event that has happened. ....Mr. Blair ſtill lives; but it is much feared that he cannot recover.

This ſad cataſtrophe, as I learnt from Mr. Blair's ſervant, took place yeſterday morning.

His maſter, he tells me, had long appeared in a melancholy ſtate, in conſequence of the diſappearance of a young

a young lady, to whom he was attached; but ſeemed, within a few days to be more compoſed.

His ſtarts, and ſudden fits of deſpondency, appeared to be mellowed into a placid melancholy; and Thomas hoped, that this ſerenity was the happy forerunner of his wonted chearfulneſs.

The day before yeſterday, he employed in looking over certain papers; and, in the evening, ordered his ſervant to go to Stanmore, to order his horſes to London, that they might be put into riding order.

On the return of Thomas, he found the miſtreſs of the lodging pale and in tears.....Unable to explain the fatal intelligence, ſhe graſped his coat,

coat, and attempted to prevent his aſcending the ſtairs; but the ſervant's terror and impatience increaſing, he burſt from her, and entering Mr. Blair's chamber, beheld his maſter, apparently lifeleſs, extended on the bed.....A ſurgeon, and his aſſiſtant, were dreſſing the wound; and the floor was covered with a deluge of blood.

Poor Thomas, diſtracted with this ſhocking ſpectacle, and believing his maſter dead, embraced his feet, and continued in an agony of grief, out of which nothing could rouſe him.

The ſurgeon in vain proteſted, that Mr. Blair ſtill exiſted.....Thomas was deaf to every thing.

At length, a groan from the poor young gentleman, convinced him of the truth of the aſſertion.

He ſtarted up...flew to his maſter, and, had he not, with great difficulty, been reſtrained, would have endangered the patient, by the exceſs of his joy.

It appears, that, from diſtraction of mind, Mr. Blair had twice loaded his piſtol, which, thus charged with two brace of bullets, burſt in the moment of firing....The balls, conſequently, loſt their direction; one only lodged in the neck; but the right hand and arm are terribly ſhattered.

The ſurgeons are of opinion, that if it is found practicable to extract the

the ball, there is every reaſon to hope, he will recover.

Your lordſhip may depend, that the ableſt advice will be procured, and every means adopted, that may be thought conducive to Mr. Blair's ſafety.

I ſhall do myſelf the honour of ſending daily reports of his health; and

Have the honour to remain,

With reſpect, &c.

JAMES JOHNSON.

LETTER LX.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

Dover.

ALAS! my Julia, what a dreadful loſs have we ſuſtained!....Let it, my deareſt ſiſter, only ſerve to ſtrengthen the bonds of affection, and bind us in cloſer ties of friendſhip.

Do not yield to the indulgence of unavailing ſorrow.....Is it not ſelfiſh, to regret too deeply the departure of our deareſt parent, when we know, that ſhe is gone to the enjoyment of that

that blifs, which her virtues inſured her!

What have you ſuffered!.....I know every thing.....but not from you.

Why would you not permit me to participate in your misfortunes?..... Why, my Julia, would you monopolize all miſery for yourſelf, when you have a brother, whoſe heart-ſtrings will ever vibrate with ſympathetic ſorrow, when you, my ſiſter, experience any affliction?

Alone you toiled.....and have thus reſcued a ſex, from the imputation of weakneſs and frivolity, by ſtemming the harſh torrent of adverſity, and lulling exhauſted and ſuffering nature into peace, even in the manſion of poverty.

To have thus concealed the exquiſite feelings of the tendereſt heart, and at the moment that it was burſting with grief, to aſſume the calm ſmile of content, was an effort indeed worthy of my Julia.....But why was I denied my ſhare of calamity ?.....Oh ! my ſiſter, it is becauſe you are good to exceſs, and virtuous beyond praiſe.

My exchange, you will find, is at laſt effected ; but I muſt remain here for ſome days, as I am ſomewhat indiſpoſed.

When able to travel, I will avail myſelf of Mr. Denham's invitation, and fly to embrace you.....In the mean time, write, and tell me, you are calm and happy.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

THE EARL OF KINCARDINE

TO

MR. JOHNSON.

Bath.

THE ſhock I received, by the contents of your letter, has occaſioned a relapſe of my diſorder, which moſt unfortunately renders it totally impoſſible to remove me.

For God's ſake, endeavour to calm my nephew's mind.....Tell him, that I will go myſelf, and plead his cauſe with Miſs Colville; and that he may aſſure himſelf of my ſucceſs.

Say every thing that may induce him to wiſh to live; for as I regard myſelf as, in ſome meaſure, the cauſe of his raſhneſs, by endeavouring to direct his views to a lucrative marriage, to loſe him thus would break my heart.

Send off the incloſed to Captain Colville, if he is in England; and find out alſo the addreſs of Miſs Julia.

Fail not to ſend me frequent accounts of the poor young man; and rely on my gratitude for your attention.

KINCARDINE.

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

THE EARL OF KINCARDINE

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

Bath.

Sir,

I OUGHT to apologize for addreſſing you at a moment, when your feelings are ſuffering for a moſt melancholy event.

Was I writing to a perſon, totally unknown to me, I might doubt, that a heart already wrung by family diſtreſs, could ſympathize in the miſeries of an unfortunate man, whoſe life is about to pay the forfeit of his

errors; but I have been ſo long acquainted with the worth of your character, that I truſt you will, for a moment, forget your own calamities, to yield comfort to an expiring friend.

My unfortunate nephew has committed (I fear) his laſt folly, by attempting to obtain death by a piſtol .....The ball has erred in its direction, but ſtill remains lodged in the neck; and I apprehend, there is little hope of his recovery.

If you have received a letter, which he informed me he had ſome intention of ſending, you will doubtleſs know the cauſe of this horrid attempt; and as you were the friend of his boſom, permit me to intreat you, to pardon thoſe offences which have ſo deeply impreſſed the mind of the poor youth with

with a conviction of guilt, as to urge him to rush into eternity, with all his failings on his head.

I will attempt, by no means, to vindicate the conduct of a young man, who is on the point of expiating all his errors, and in whose loss I must contemplate the extinction of a family, whose virtues have long added dignity to splendor.....But allow me to say, that if he lives, and that you will give me permission to mention the subject to Miss Colville, and intercede for my unhappy nephew, it would be my highest ambition to see her in possession of those titles, and that rank, which her virtues will serve to adorn.

I have the honour, &c.

KINCARDINE.

LETTER LXIII.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO THE

EARL OF KINCARDINE.

Dover.

My Lord,

I SHOULD be unworthy the very high opinion you honour me with, was I to defer giving you the aſſurance, that I will make every endeavour to ſooth my unfortunate friend.....againſt whom, I do not entertain the ſmalleſt reſentment.

Unreſerved in his correſpondence, as he was unſuſpecting in his conduct, I have

I have long been the confidant of Mr. Blair's attachment.

There is a barrier, which, had he overleapt, even though he did not know, that the perſon he admired was my ſiſter, I have not ſufficient knowledge of myſelf to ſay, that I could have forgiven him;.....but, thank God! we have been ſpared ſo dreadful an event; and, as I can only regard his wanderings as the effects of a life of gaiety and ſucceſsful gallantry, as he could not have the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion, that, in a milliner's journeywoman, he beheld Julia Colville, he has committed no inſult to me.....Yet I will not venture to ſay, whether my ſiſter will ſo readily pardon an attempt againſt her honour, *though, at that moment, virtue was in the garb of poverty.*

Your

Your Lordſhip muſt forgive me for not mentioning this ſubject to her at preſent, as ſhe has lately ſuffered too much to endure the information of an event, of which ſhe has been the innocent cauſe.

Generous and feeling as ſhe is, I think there may be hopes of reconciliation, and if ever it is happily effected, it will be my utmoſt pride to boaſt an alliance with a peer, whoſe leaſt merit is the luſtre of his houſe.

I have been confined by a fever ever ſince my arrival in England; but in all caſes where I can contribute to the happineſs of my friend, my own ſituation will ever be a ſecondary conſideration.

I ſhall

I ſhall ſet off for London tomorrow morning, and travel with as much diſpatch as my weakneſs will admit of.

I truſt, that I ſhall find my friend in a better ſtate than your Lordſhip apprehends; and beg to aſſure you, that from me he ſhall receive all the comfort that a friend can impart.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

MR. JOHNSON

TO THE

EARL OF KINCARDINE.

London.

My Lord,

CAPTAIN Colville's viſit has produced the happieſt effects; and my hopes of Mr. Blair's recovery, are more ſanguine than I dared before to flatter myſelf with.

When the captain arrived here, Mr. Blair had fallen into a dozing ſlumber, out of which, the phyſicians or-

ordered us by no means to disturb him.....Mr. Colville was, consequently, not permitted to see him for some time.

At length, Mr. Blair awoke, more collected, and calmer than I had seen him, since his misfortune.

When I perceived that he was quite sensible, I ventured to inform him, that Mr. Colville was in the house.

"He comes, then," said he, "to "take a life, which is at its lowest "ebb.....Let him approach.....and, "in my torments, he will see himself "amply revenged."

We endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade him of Mr. Colville's kind intentions.

He

He was again relapſing into frenzy; and I eſteemed it the ſafeſt way, as Captain Colville's arrival had been announced, to introduce him into the apartment.....But how did I repent of this ſtep, when, the moment he entered, your nephew, in a delirium of deſpair, attempted to ſpring out of the bed; and his weakneſs preventing him, he cried out, in a voice of horror,

" This is indeed damnation !....
" Come, thou avenging ſpirit !....Still
" deeper ſink me in perdition !....Glut
" thy revenge with my agonies !....He
" weeps !....Poor ſoul !....he would
" not harm me.....why do you look
" thus pitying on me ?....compaſſion
" from the injured, is a dagger keener
" than reproach.....See, he advances
" .....Oh ! hide me, earth !"

On

On this, he ſunk into a ſtate of inſenſibility, and animation was ſo totally ſuſpended, that I feared his ſoul had taken its flight.

His friend was in a ſituation leſs happy.....Haggard and wan, he hung over the apparent lifeleſs corpſe, watching, in fearful ſuſpenſe, his return to exiſtence, and bedewing the poor ſufferer with the manly tear of ſenſibility.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the affliction that was impreſſed on his countenance, or to do juſtice to his ſympathiſing attention.

At length, Mr. Blair recovered from the ſwoon; and finding himſelf in the captain's arms, was about to relapſe, when the generous ſoldier, preſſing him to his boſom,

"Live,"

"Live," ſaid he, "my friend!.... "live, for Julia.....She pardons you, "and all will be happineſs."

Mr. Blair, ſmiling faintly, ſhook his head, and preſſed his friend's hand.

"Why," continued Mr. Colville, "would you do me the injuſtice to "believe, that I would add to the "load of grief, which has over- "powered your reaſon, and induced "you to yield to feelings of too ex- "quiſite ſenſibility?.....Yes," added he, "you ſtill and ever will poſſeſs "my eſteem.....Live, to return me "your friendſhip.....Let all remem- "brance of the paſt, be forgotten; "....and we will look forward to a "life of felicity!"

We

We perſuaded Captain Colville to leave the room for ſome time, as the agitated ſpirits of the invalid might increaſe his fever.

I ſhall leave this open, and add to it Mr. Blair's ſituation tomorrow, as this very unexpected viſit will aſſuredly produce ſome important change.

* * * * * * *

It is a happy one.....After a night tolerably tranquil, Mr. Blair recollected every tranſaction, and deſired to ſee his friend.

He acknowledged his goodneſs; but appeared convinced, that he was approaching his end.

He

He then expreſſed a wiſh to ſee your lordſhip; but, on being informed of your indiſpoſition, lamented feelingly the occaſion of your abſence.

With great difficulty, he has conſented to permit the ſurgeon to endeavour, this evening, to extract the ball.

His arm is much wounded, but the fever is ſomewhat abated.

I will not defer any longer diſpatching this information; but will tranſmit the earlieſt intelligence of the ſucceſs of the operation.

I am, &c.

JAMES JOHNSON.

LETTER

LETTER LXV.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

London.

My dear ſiſter,

THE fortitude you have evinced on a late and very trying occaſion, and the generoſity I have ever known you to poſſeſs, prompt me to introduce a ſubject, that circumſtances could render the preſent a very unfit time for, was not the life of an unhappy man depending on the reſolution you may form.

Yes, my Julia, you are beloved, adored, by an unfortunate being, who,

who, having in the thoughtleſſneſs of youthful folly, tranſgreſſed the bounds of decorum, cannot exiſt under your diſpleaſure, and has ſought to hide his tranſgreſſions in death.

Believe me, my ſiſter, the man who ſought to betray.....who aſſiſted you, in order to ſeduce.....is, at this moment, the moſt wretched example of repentant error, that the world can exhibit.

Educated from our childhood together.....the companion of my youth .....and the friend of manhood.....I have long been enabled to know his heart.....A heart, throbbing with the nobleſt feelings of generous ſentiment, though ſometimes yielding to the impetuous current of paſſion.

When

When firſt you aſſumed the name of Brown, he communicated to me the progreſs of his attachment; and, accuſtomed to view women, of the buſineſs you had adopted, in a very light way, he did not ſuppoſe, that he could ſue in vain, but aſſured himſelf, that a little trouble would bend you to his wiſhes.

Hurried on by deſire, he did not give himſelf time to inveſtigate thoſe real claims to admiration, which you poſſeſs; nor did he remark thoſe virtues, which form the true and permanent embelliſhment of your ſex.

But no ſooner had your repulſe taught him to ponder on his conduct, to weigh his baſeneſs, and to ruminate on the deſtruction he had meditated; ....he had no ſooner liſtened to the

upbraiding of a good heart, than he flew to your lodgings, to offer all the reparation in his power, by tendering you his hand; and although this, in the eyes of rigid purity, may be regarded as a mere act of juſtice, yet it was undoubtedly a ſtep, which few young men in Mr. Blair's ſituation would have taken.

In eſpouſing the journey-woman of a milliner, he was convinced, that he ſhould forfeit all his uncle's favour, and relinquiſh the gay views of ſplendor, to which his birth and acquirements entitled him.....For you, he was contented to forego all theſe brilliant advantages, and preferred making you proper atonement, to the alluring pomp of wealth.

Diſ-

Diſappointed, by your removal from Edgware-road, his mind became gloomy.....Deſpair was marked in every feature; and, to him, there was no world, where you were not.

The accident which introduced him at your ſecond lodgings, conduced, by informing him, that you were the ſiſter of his friend, to add to grief already oppreſſive beyond conception.

Stung with the idea of having, at once, forfeited all claim to your pity, and the eſteem of your brother, he took the horrid reſolution to put a period to his woes.

He yet exiſts.....But there are ſmall hopes he can long ſurvive his wound. ....And deſponding as he is, he regards life with abhorrence.

It is in your power, my Julia, to command him to live.

You cannot, will not, refuſe him that pardon, which his ſincere repentance merits.....you will do more, my ſiſter, you will pity the errors of the head, in conſideration of the worth of the heart.

Let me aſſure him, that you do not hate him; and reſcue me from the miſery of beholding my friend expire.

I am a warm advocate, Julia; but nothing on earth ſhould prevail on me to ſay thus much, was I not convinced of Frederick's contrition.

Lord Kincardine, his uncle, has written to me, very feelingly, on this

ble

ſubject; and you will have the double ſatisfaction, of wiping a tear from the heavy eye of age, and of ſnatching a noble youth from the fangs of deſpair.

I have only to add, that the deareſt wiſh of my ſoul is, to ſee you happy; and ſhould a future period mellow the pity, which I am ſure you muſt feel, for my poor friend, into ſentiments of a ſofter nature, I dare aſſert, that your felicity would be inſured by a union with a man, who loves you beyond his own exiſtence.

Though far from being yet recovered, I have been dragged to London, and am now at Mr. Blair's lodgings, whence I ſhall not remove, till his recovery is rendered certain, or till I have done the laſt duties of

friendſhip for the poor youth.....I ſhall then ſee you in Glamorganſhire; and remain, till then, and ever, &c. &c.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER LXVI.

MISS COLVILLE.

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

Parſonage.

YOU did me injuſtice, Charles, to ſuppoſe me capable of harbouring reſentment againſt an unhappy man, who once offended me.

It is true, the injury, he intended, would have been irreparable; but the ſame Power who reſcued me from the danger, has taught us to forgive.

Tell Mr. Blair, therefore, that from my ſoul I pardon the outrage,

and pray for his recovery to health and reaſon.

But would my brother adviſe me to connect myſelf, to give my hand, to a perſon, whoſe furious paſſions have nearly overwhelmed himſelf in deſtruction, and might alſo plunge me into the vortex, whither his tranſports might hurry him?

What opinion can I form of a frantic mortal, who, to avoid the cenſure of a *man*, would ruſh unbidden into the preſence of an Almighty Judge, and brave, at the bar of heaven, the dread ſentence of Omnipotence?.....And how unfit a ſeaſon is this, to talk of future eſtabliſhments, when the tears of duty ſtill flow warmly for the beſt of mothers.

I have

I have complied with all you can, at preſent, require.....Let it ſuffice; and ſpare me the repetition of a ſubject, which will ever be to me a painful one.

Mr. Denham, whoſe kindneſs I want words to expreſs, finding I am very uneaſy at your ill ſtate of health, ſets off for London tomorrow morning, in order to take care, that, in yielding conſolation to your friend, you may not totally overlook your own malady.

Adieu.....To ſay, that I long to embrace you, will but faintly expreſs the feelings of

JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER LXVII.

MR. JOHNSON

TO THE

EARL OF KINCARDINE.

London.

My Lord,

WITH the moſt lively ſatiſfaction, I have to acquaint you, that, after a very painful operation, the ſkill of Mr. Oſborne has overcome all difficulties, and that the ball is extracted.

Mr. Blair bore it with the utmoſt fortitude; and the only expreſſion, that evinced the torture he endured, was,

was, a ſlight preſſure of Captain Colville's hand.

To this gentleman we are indeed highly indebted.....he, alone, could prevail on your nephew to ſubmit to the ſearch for the bullet; and to his attention Mr. Blair will owe (under heaven) his recovery.

The medical gentlemen will not yet pronounce him out of danger; but I think, there is every reaſon to regard him now as convaleſcent.

I truſt your lordſhip will ſoon be able perſonally to convince yourſelf of the reality of my hopes; and

I remain, &c. &c.

JAMES JOHNSON.

LETTER LXVIII.

THE EARL OF KINCARDINE

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

Bath.

Dear Sir,

MY ſucceſs, in prevailing with you to pardon my poor nephew, has tempted me to puſh my good fortune, by interceding with Miſs Colville, in behalf of the raſh boy.

Perhaps, eager in the wiſh of relieving him from his miſery, I have ventured too far, in addreſſing your ſiſter.....that you may decide on this point, I have encloſed you the letter, un-

unſealed.....If you approve of it, you will have the goodneſs to forward it: ....If not, commit it to the flames.

The very handſome and humane manner, in which you have acted to poor Frederick, has for ever ſtamped my heart with gratitude; and ſhould you, in the event, loſe one friend, you will allow me to ſay, that you have acquired another, in

Dear Sir,

&c. &c.

KINCARDINE.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

EARL OF KINCARDINE

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

Bath.

Madam,

I FEEL leſs repugnance in addreſſing myſelf to you, whoſe goodneſs has been ſo eminently diſplayed, in the exerciſe of the moſt ſacred of duties.

Convinced that a mind capable of ſuch virtuous exertion, will pity the anguiſh of an old man, who ſees the laſt hope of his family at the point of diſ-

diſſolution.....It is in your power, madam, to recal the quivering flame, which yet retains its vital powers.

You, alone, can give value to life, and prevail on my unhappy nephew to return to exiſtence.

He has erred.....but how ſeverely has he ſuffered!.....The mind that can dwell ſo painfully on, and view with increaſing ſorrow, a miſdeed, cannot ſurely be vicious.

Permit me, madam, to intercede for Mr. Blair; and allow me to hope, that you will one day ſuffer him to addreſs you, on a ſubject, which, if he ſucceeds, will give to the Autumn of my life the joyous glow of Spring.

Madam,

Madam, I recommend our fate to your deciſion; and relying on your generoſity,

Have the honour to be, &c.

KINCARDINE.

LETTER LXX.

REV. MR. DENHAM

TO

MRS. DENHAM.

London.

I KNOW, my dear Emma will be anxious to hear of my ſafety.....I therefore haſten to inform her of my arrival here; and as you will, of courſe, communicate the contents of this letter to Miſs Julia, I proceed to the ſubject of my journey.

I waited on the captain, and found him pale and ill, from the fatigue of attend-

attending his friend:.....But I have inſiſted on his now taking proper repoſe, as Mr. Blair is conſiderably better.

I alſo prevailed on him to introduce me to the invalid, who, far from ſhrinking from, ſeemed to court, my converſation.

I have endeavoured, and with ſucceſs, to impreſs his mind with a due ſenſe of the horrid ſtep he had taken; and to view with reverence, the interpoſition of that Providence, that ſnatched him from perdition.

I have ſearched his heart; and if my friend, Miſs Colville, could think ſo, I would venture to ſay, it is not unworthy of her.

No

No longer a ſlave of turbulent paſſions, he contemplates, with diſtant admiration, the virtues of the only woman, who can cheer him into new life.

I know, that Miſs Julia muſt and will forgive; but why ſhould ſhe not perfect the good deed; and, by accepting the ſubmiſſion of Mr. Blair, procure a protector for life, who (his follies, thus early corrected,) will henceforth be guided by the dictates of wiſdom.

I know, Emma, that you have diſliked this young man; but it was the effect of reſentment, for the injuries of your friend.....Let charity now plead his cauſe; and may you become as ſtrenuouſly his advocate,

vocate, as you have been his enemy!

My beſt regard to Miſs Julia.

I am, &c. &c.

HENRY DENHAM.

LETTER LXXI.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

Parſonage.

PRESSED on all ſides....ſolicited by all parties.....to you, my brother, I fly for advice; nor ſhall my heart reſerve a ſecret wiſh from you.

I will confeſs, that, from the moment I firſt ſaw Mr. Blair, he made an impreſſion, which has ſince never been entirely effaced:.....but as in the firſt inſtance, I was warmly prepoſſeſſed in his favour, yet his ſubſequent conduct ſo far did away my

my favourable opinion of him; and although his image ſtill haunted me, yet it always wore the ſmile of villany; and I deplored the depravity of a man, who might have been all that is moſt amiable.

You have awakenedd ſentiments, which I flatfered myſelf time and reflection had eradicated, and have arouſed the dormant deſtroyer of my peace.

I am ſure you ſay what you believe to be the caſe.....But is it not poſſible, that Mr. Blair, on his recovery, may relapſe into his former gaieties?

From a man of ſuch violent paſſions, every thing is to be apprehended; and the extreme eagerneſs with which

he

he ſeeks any point he has in view, may only precede his indifference, when in poſſeſſion of it.

Would you thus barter away your Julia's happineſs, to a perſon, whoſe whims may render her for ever wretched?

Think well of this, Charles, before you again urge me to ſay more on a ſubject, on which depends my future welfare.

You will not betray the confidence I have placed in you, by divulging a weakneſs, which my reaſon cannot juſtify, and which the firm conviction, that your friend had bid adieu to all his follies, could alone reconcile to prudence.

Conſole

Conſole the invalid.....Cheer his ſpirits.....but do not involve me in difficulties, by promiſing more than I can perform.

I requeſt you to write to Lord Kincardine, and ſay whatever you may think expedient; and, I truſt, that at this ſeaſon of ſorrow, I ſhall hear no more on a ſubject, which, was it not for the unhappy ſituation of Mr. Blair, it would be highly indecorous to permit a thought of.

JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER LXXII.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO THE

EARL OF KINCARDINE.

London.

IN compliance with your lordſhip's deſire, I diſpatched your letter to my ſiſter.

You cannot be ſurpriſed, that the indignity ſhe ſuffered from Mr. Blair, is ſtill too freſh in her mind, to permit her, with delicacy, to do more, at preſent, than forgive.

Yet I have hopes, that a heart like hers, ſo prone to pity, ſo alive to all

the tender feelings of ſenſibility, will not long be obdurate, when time ſhall have reconciled her to an event, which, at preſent, ill ſuits the conſideration of an orphan daughter.

As I know my friend's heart, and as I believe him ſincere in his profeſſions of eſteem for Julia, you may rely, that I ſhall do every thing in my power to accompliſh an alliance, which will connect me with a nobleman I have long reſpected.

But was this not the caſe.....did I, in the ſmalleſt degree, doubt of his integrity.....no conſideration on earth ſhould induce me to aſſiſt in procuring the conſent of my ſiſter.

I have the happineſs to find, that your nephew is pronounced out of danger;

ger; but although heaven has ſpared me the misfortune of loſing my friend, I ſhall not relinquiſh the claims to your eſteem, which you allow me to hope for, and of which, to render myſelf worthy, ſhall ever be the ſtudy of,

Your lordſhip's, &c. &c.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER LXXIII.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

London.

I TRUST, that, in the return of Mr. Denham, you have found an advocate for my poor penitent, whoſe perſuaſive words have, I hope, had more effect, than all I could poſſibly advance.

You cannot ſuppoſe it poſſible for Mr. Denham to have formed too ſanguine an opinion of my friend's contrition.

trition.....Actuated entirely by the pureſt religion, *he* cannot be ſuſpected of partiality; and, prepoſſeſſed as he was againſt Mr. Blair, his preſent change of ſentiments are only imputable to the real cauſe, the conviction of my friend's worth.

Had you ſeen the tranſport with which he kiſſed that part of your letter, in which you pronounced his pardon.....could you have beheld the tear trembling in his reanimated eye, when he declared you an angel of mercy.....you would have authorized me to bid him live.....and live for you.

Yes, Julia, you love him, and he is deſerving of your eſteem.

Do not ſuffer a falſe delicacy to ſmother thoſe generous emotions, which do honour to the poſſeſſor..... Let pity do away all remembrance of paſt tranſgreſſions; and permit me to make two individuals happy, who deſerve felicity.

You may reſt aſſured, that, until you authorize me, I ſhall not allow him to ſuppoſe you have any partiality for him; but *peut on affliger ce qu'on aime*.....You cannot delight in the torments of a man, who adores you.....It is a malicious pleaſure, too often enjoyed by your ſex; but ſuch examples are not to influence my Julia, whoſe greateſt happineſs conſiſts in diffuſing peace.

Accept then a huſband, from the hand of your brother; and be aſſured, that

that in this, as I truſt in every other inſtance,

I am,

Your ſincereſt friend,

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER LXXIV.

REV. MR. DENHAM

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

Parſonage.

Dear Sir,

IN conformity to your wiſhes, and what I eſteemed my duty, I have expoſtulated, very ſeriouſly, with Miſs Colville; and although I have not prevailed on her abſolutely to conſent to a future union with Mr. Blair, yet I have ſo far ſucceeded, as to reſpect his ſufferings, and, in a great degree, to re-eſtabliſh him in her good opinion.

But

But to a woman of Miſs Julia's delicacy, we muſt allow time to adopt warmer ſentiments.

In deſcribing your friend's ſituation, her boſom ſwelled with pity, and pity is nearly allied to love.....The heart that throbs for *another's woe*, will not, for ever, be deaf to the ſolicitations of a man, ſhe is convinced loves her.

Let us, therefore, truſt to the generoſity of her nature, to effect what our further efforts might only ſerve to retard.

You will be concerned to hear, that Mrs. Denham's health is ſo bad, that we are about to ſet out for Bath.

Miſs Julia accompanies us; and if your friend's health will permit

of removal, he will there, perhaps, find a cure for all his maladies.

I requeſt you to preſent my regard to him; and to believe me,

&c. &c.

HENRY DENHAM.

LETTER

LETTER LXXV.

THE EARL OF KINCARDINE

TO THE

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

Bath.

My dear Frederick,

I AM again permitted to write to you, and to hope, that a ſhort time will reſtore you to health.

You have ſuffered ſo ſeverely, that I ſhall not chide you, for the unthinking attempt, which the hand of Providence prevented you from ſucceeding in.

In Captain Colville, you poſſeſs a friend, of whom, if his own merits have not impreſſed you with his value, my words will fail of that effect; and, ſhould you be ſo fortunate as to be united to his ſiſter, I have no doubt, that the buſineſs of your future life will be to deſerve her.

God bleſs you, my dear boy.....I am better, but ſtill too feeble to leave Bath.

KINCARDINE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVI.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

Bath.

WHAT have I done, Charles? ....The fatal word is pronounced!.... I have conſented to admit of your friend's addreſſes!

Yeſterday, a ſtranger, ſupported by two ſervants in rich liveries, entered our apartment.

"If Miſs Colville is not here," ſaid he, "I have to apologize for "this

" this intruſion; and if ſhe is, can
" only hope, that her goodneſs will
" pardon me."

I aroſe to ſalute the old gentleman, who, when the ſervants were diſmiſſed, addreſſed me in the following terms:

" You will be ſurpriſed, Miſs
" Colville," ſaid he, " when I tell
" you, that in me you ſee a lover,
" who comes to offer you his homage.
" ....Yes, madam, a man of my years
" may be permitted to love, though
" he may not expect a return.....how-
" ever, even to this, I am not certain,
" that I ſhall yield all claim.....The
" admiration of your virtues, and the
" cauſe of an unhappy young man, for
" whoſe pardon I come to implore
" you, have prompted me to take a
" liberty, which, I truſt, you and

" your

" your friends will forgive.....To you,
" madam, I come a ſuppliant.....The
" ſupport of my age.....the laſt prop
" of an illuſtrious houſe.....will fall or
" proſper.....His exiſtence is de-
" pending on the reſolution you
" may now form.

" Had my knees ſufficient flexibi-
" lity," continued he, " I would throw
" myſelf at your feet, nor riſe till I
" had prevailed on you to ſtamp our
" felicity, by permitting my nephew,
" Mr. Blair, to hope, that you will
" one day give him a hand, of
" which I know he will approve him-
" ſelf worthy.....I am convinced, that
" you compaſſionate his ſufferings.....
" and if you knew what I endure, in
" the dreadful apprehenſion of loſing
" my poor boy" (here the tears ran down his aged cheeks) " you would alſo
" pity the ſorrows of an old man."

It

It was impoſſible not to be extremely moved; and the affliction of the old peer, whoſe feelings agitated his whole frame, affected me ſo forcibly, that, riſing, I advanced, and preſenting my hand,

"If, my lord," ſaid I, "it is in "my power to contribute to your "comforts diſpoſe of this hand.....I "will not attempt to diſguiſe the "favorable ſentiments I formerly en- "tertained for Mr. Blair, and which "an unthinking conduct juſtly can- "celled.....But be you the guarantee "of his future behaviour, and all "my doubts vaniſh.....I ſhall then "make it the ſtudy of my life, to "render yours agreeable; and, I "truſt, I ſhall never give your ne- "phew reaſon to change thoſe ſenti- "ments, he now honours me with."

"Yes,

"Yes, angelic girl," replied he, with warmth kiſſing my hand; "I will "ſtake my exiſtence, for his future "rectitude; and may you, who "have thus diffuſed happineſs, long "enjoy a life of uninterrupted felicity, "ere you receive rewards, equal to "your deſerts, which heaven alone "can beſtow!"

Mr. Denham applauded my conduct; and I feel happy, in having acted as you wiſhed.....But yet I tremble at the ſtep I have taken.

Say, was it fair to work upon my weakneſs, and thus filch from me my conſent?....Write to me, Charles; and if you approve of what is paſt, I ſhall be ſatisfied.

JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVII.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

My dear ſiſter,

YOUR acquieſcence in the wiſhes of your beſt friends, will, I truſt, ſecure you a large portion of the happineſs you have imparted to two moſt worthy men; and had you witneſſed the magic change, which the countenance of poor Blair underwent, you would ſoon be convinced, that a man muſt really love, to evince ſuch tranſports.

I long

I long ſo much to embrace you, and my friend's ſpirits are ſo highly exhilarated, that I ſhall no longer deny myſelf the pleaſure of ſeeing you.....Sometime next week, therefore, you may expect my arrival in the realms of *King Bladud.*

I have juſt received the agreeable intelligence, from Mr. Macarthy, that affairs are ſo much tranquilized in Ireland, that remittances will be ſent over in the courſe of the next month.....But he mentions, that the tenants have ſuffered ſo ſeverely, from the depredations of the banditti, that he wiſhes us to draw for ſomething ſhort of the uſual rents.

Knowing, as I do, that my Julia will always adopt, with alacrity, every opportunity of exerciſing humanity,

I have

I have directed him to let the whole rents of thoſe, who have ſuffered moſt, lie over till their future proſperity may enable them to diſcharge them with eaſe to themſelves (and in this event, only, ſhall it be demanded) and to levy what may be due, from thoſe, whoſe poſſeſſions have not ſuffered, and whoſe puſillanimity induced them to abandon their country in the hour of danger.

As I ſuppoſe the old Earl is your conſtant viſiter, let him know, that his nephew's recovery is rapid beyond hope; and that the ſurgeons have decided, that he will be able to uſe his arm in a few weeks.

Adieu, my ſiſter.....Preſent my beſt wiſhes for Mrs. Denham's recovery, and reſpects to her worthy huſband.

I make

I make every effort to join your fire-ſide, as ſoon as poſſible.....But, alas! Julia, I ſhall find a vacancy, which, to us, can never be ſupplied! ....Yet to complain of the diſpenſations of Providence, is to be impiouſly ungrateful.....Let us, therefore, bend ſubmiſſively to the dread decree; and that you may ever be happy in his protection, is

The prayer of

Your brother,

CHARLES COLVILLE!

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

London.

BY this time, Charles, you have ſeen your lovely ſiſter.....Receive my congratulations on a meeting, which muſt amply repay you, for all the difficulties you have undergone.

The letter you received from Miſs Colville, and which you left with me, as the charter of my happineſs, forms all my preſent comfort.

Never

Never did an anchorite preſerve a relic with more enthuſiaſtic care, than I do this moſt precious pledge of my future felicity.....Never does it leave my boſom, except to approach my lips; and in theſe moments of rapture, I ſometimes ceaſe to lament, that you are abſent.

I have written to you, contrary to the advice of my ſurgeons.....How little do they know of my feelings, if they ſuppoſe, that addreſſing you, on a ſubject like this, can retard my recovery!

When I contemplate my bliſsful proſpects, I fancy I could fly, to throw myſelf at your ſiſter's feet..... But the leaſt effort to riſe, fatally convinces me, that I am ſtill very weak, and unable to pay my perſonal reſpects.

I have

I have ventured to incloſe a letter to Miſs Colville; and, believe me, it was not without many efforts, and the utmoſt difficulty, that my hand could trace legible characters.

Metaſtaſio has well deſcribed my ſituation when he ſays,

Che queſto pianto mio
Tutto non è dolor
Emeraviglia è amore
E üverenga è ſpeme
Son mille affetti affieme.*

In you, Charles, I know I have a ſteady friend.....Do not omit to aſſure your ſiſter, that I am no longer

* 'Tis not grief alone, nor fear,
Swells the heart, or prompts the tear;
Rev'rence, wonder, hope, and joy,
Thouſand thoughts my ſoul employ:
Struggling images, which leſs
Than falling tears can ne'er expreſs.

ger the diſſolute libertine; but that I will henceforth evince myſelf deſerving to be

Your friend,

FRED. BLAIR.

LETTER LXXIX.

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

London.

IMPRESSED with the utmoſt conviction of your goodneſs, and my own unworthineſs, I preſume to addreſs you, and offer my thanks, for the happineſs you have conferred on a man, who, reſcued from death, will dedicate every future hour of his life to convince you of his gratitude.

It would be an inſult to the nobleneſs of your heart, to offer an apology for thoſe crimes, which ſo weighed

weighed down my mind, that in the grave alone I hoped to find peace.

To exiſt for you, is indeed to live. ....and I have only to truſt, that by being conſtantly a witneſs of your excellence, I may ſo far profit by the influence of your example, as to acquire ſome pretenſions to thoſe virtues, which I ſhall endeavour to imitate.

I am, &c. &c.

FRED. BLAIR.

LETTER LXXX.

THE EARL OF KINCARDINE

TO THE

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

Bath.

CHARLES, you muſt yield the palm to me.....an invalid of ſixty winters.

Bluſh when I tell you, that, mounted on my crutches, I have, by one *coup de main*, forced the place to ſurrender, which would have coſt you a ſiege as tedious as that of Troy.

Miſs Colville is indeed a charming girl.....and I do not wonder at a man doing

doing every thing.....but ſhooting himſelf.....for ſuch a woman.....as the very act deſtroys the effect it is wiſhed to produce.

Of all the deſperate acts of deſponding lovers, I think the following inſtance of poſthumous gallantry, the moſt elegant :

A gentleman, after a courtſhip of five years, found, that his miſtreſs was on the eve of eſpouſing a perſon, who had not ſolicited her hand above as many months.

Unable to bear ſo dreadful a misfortune, he communicated his wiſhes to a confidential friend, who undertook to perform every thing he dictated.

The lover made his exit by hanging himſelf, with all due decorum.....A ſkilful anatomiſt was ſent for, who extracted from the body a certain portion of fat, which was dexterouſly formed into a taper.

His friend demanded an interview with the lady, who was ſtill ignorant of the cataſtrophe; and the following evening was appointed for the viſit.

The gentleman was punctual to the hour; and lighting his bougie (formed of this amorous tallow) he preſented a billet doux, to this effect:

"Madam,

"RECEIVE the beſt wiſhes of "an unfortunate man, for every hap- "pineſs, in a world to which he has "bid adieu; and of whoſe ſincere love,

" love, you can no longer doubt,
" when informed, that the taper,
" which now lights you to perúſe
" theſe few words, is formed of the
" remains of your unfortunate

" *******."

I believe, Charles, your whole carcaſe, at preſent, would not furniſh a farthing rush-light; for, when laſt we met, I never ſaw a man ſo much reduced.....You were the very ſhadow of grief.

But now, my boy, you muſt make haſte, and regain your uſual good looks; as a happineſs awaits you, that would animate a ſtatute.

The contemplation of ſo much beauty, has, I think, had a reſtorative

effect on my battered conſtitution; and was I a ſcore of years younger, I am not certain, that I ſhould be content to make love only as a proxy.

Take good care of yourſelf, that you may quickly join us at Bath; and then.....

KINCARDINE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXI.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO THE

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

Bath.

I HAVE executed your commiſſion moſt faithfully, and have prevailed on Julia to anſwer your epiſtle.

Every thing ſeems propitious to your happineſs, if you know how to appreciate it.

I have alſo the ſatisfaction of telling you, that our affairs are now ſo happily arranged, that my ſiſter's fortune will

be far from deſpicable.....a circumſtance which, as you are heir of the Earl of Kincardine, may appear of little conſequence; but which, in my eyes, is highly important, as it eſtabliſhes an agreeable equality.

This, perhaps, you will call pride. .....So it is; but you muſt confeſs, it is juſtifiable.

I met, laſt night, your deſerted belle and her huſband, at a private aſſembly.....She is every where that high play is to be found, at all public places, and is dreſſed in the very extreme of faſhion.

Gauntlet, on his part, has already been tolerably plucked by a ſet of black-legs, who frequent this place; and if he continues much longer in their

their ſociety, he will ſoon be obliged to hide his *diminiſhed head.*

The lady, however, by the prudence of her father, has a very handſome ſettlement, which the colonel cannot touch; but as they are both tugging hard at the old cit's purſe, it cannot long ſupply them.

It is well it was not at Bath that you took the fatal reſolution of appealing to a piſtol for comfort.....Had you even ſurvived the attempt, the good goſſips here would have almoſt perſuaded you, that your *bones* were *marrowleſs*; and the unfeeling jargon, of what is termed polite ſociety, would have prompted you to hide yourſelf from a world, you were born to adorn.

But not a word has tranſpired..... No one has the leaſt ſuſpicion of the cauſe of your illneſs ;....Yet as many of our old acquaintances inquire for you, I am in hopes you will ſhortly appear.....I mentioned a hurt that you had received in ſhooting.

I ſhall expect you here in ten or twelve days.

You can travel by ſlow ſtages ; and the ſalubrity of Bath will ſoon reinſtate you in your uſual good health and ſpirits.....Beſides, an air of ill health, you know, is particularly becoming in a lover, and can only render him more intereſting in the eyes of his miſtreſs.

Julia, however, I am certain, needs no additional motives for her affection.

Haſten,

Haſten, and ſeize the happineſs that awaits you; and let me find a brother in him whom, I have long eſteemed as my friend.

Mr. Denham is unfortunately called into Wales at preſent; but he purpoſes, if poſſible, to return, in order to perform the nuptial ceremony.

You are not a little indebted to him, for the very handſome manner in which he always mentions you; and in Mrs. Denham you will no longer ſee the "pert parſon's wife," but the friend of Julia, and, of courſe, of yours

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII.

MISS COLVILLE

TO THE

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

Bath.

Sir,

FEELING, as I do, the deepeſt regret, at the unfortunate event, of which I have been the innocent cauſe; and in compliance with the wiſhes of my friends, I have acceded to your requeſt, and hope to convince you, that Julia Colville no longer remembers the injuries of Miſs Brown.

I have

I have only to add, that, in complying with the desire of my brother, I do no violence to my feelings..... convinced, that his friend must ever be deserving of the

Esteem of

JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIII.

MRS. DENHAM

TO THE

REV. MR. DENHAM.

Dear Henry,

MR. Blair arrived here yeſterday morning, and was introduced to us by Captain Colville.

He appeared ſo abaſhed, ſo much confuſed, by the recollection of paſt occurrences, that I have no longer any doubt of the ſincerity of his contrition.

In

In theſe caſes of *eloquent ſilence*, the eyes are the only interpreters of the heart; and his, indeed, are the moſt expreſſive I ever beheld.

Julia ſuffered, alſo, at this firſt interview, very much; but, ſupported by conſcious innocence, ſhe kindly cheered the poor delinquent, and aſſiſted him to reſume courage.

As my preſence was by no means neceſſary, I retired for a ſhort time; and, on my return, found Mr. Blair no longer the timorous, trembling ſuppliant, but the exulting, happy lover.....joy ſparkling in his eyes, and pleaſure marked in every feature.

Julia's bluſhes evinced her own ſatiſfaction; the evening was one of the moſt agreeable I have ſpent ſince my arrival

arrival here; and had you, my Henry, been of the party, I ſhould have pronounced it the moſt happy.

Thus it is *c'eſt le premier pas qui conte*; and after that, we trip along on roſes; but how many circuitous routes, how many *detours* and thorny paths, do ſome women delight to lead their lovers through, before they will permit themſelves to be happy.....Such females are unworthy the attention of an ingenuous admirer, who, in offering himſelf for her huſband, certainly gives the moſt indubitable proof of his regard, by this ſelection, and pays the higheſt compliment man can offer, or woman receive.

You muſt tell me, poſitively, when you can return hither, as Julia declares that you ſhall perform the ceremony.

I am

I am ſomewhat better than when you left me; and flatter myſelf, I only want your preſence, to reſtore me to health.

Your

EMMA DENHAM.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIV.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

YOUR abſence, my dear Henry, was much regretted by all our happy ſociety; and I had much difficulty in perſuading Julia to permit the nuptials to be ſolemnized by another clergyman.

But there was no reſiſting the eagerneſs of the old peer, who, by the high flow of his ſpirits, might have been miſtaken for the bridegroom.

Mr.

Mr. Blair's re-eſtabliſhment has been ſo rapid, that the only appearance of any ailment that remains, is the ſcarf which he wears on his arm.

The ceremony was quite private.

Lord Kincardine would not hear of the portion, which Captain Colville intended for his ſiſter; but handſomely ſaid, that in giving her hand, ſhe made a preſent of more value than all the wealth of Hindoſtan could furniſh.

Julia, dreſſed in all the plainneſs of elegant ſimplicity, went through the ceremony with that modeſt compoſure and retiring timidity, that characterizes her.

The Earl preſented his nephew..... as did Charles his ſiſter.

Mr.

Mr. Blair ſeemed to regard his happineſs as almoſt too great for reality; but after having gone through the whole, in the moſt ſolemn and impreſſive manner, he flew to his wife, and, heedleſs of the ſurrounding company, impreſſed on her lovely lips the firſt kiſs of conjugal love.

I believe, I ſhall be a convert to the old maxim, that 'reformed 'rakes make the beſt huſbands;' for if ever woman was adored by man, Julia is by Mr. Blair; and his affection appears of too firm a root, to be eradicated by the hand of time.

Three thouſand pounds a year are ſettled on Julia, in caſe of her huſband's death; and, as the *comble* of gallantry, the old peer has preſented her

her with all the jewels of the late Lady Kincardine.

Next week they purpoſe ſetting off for Scotland; as the Earl inſiſts on keeping the wedding, with feudal magnificence, at Blair caſtle.

May heaven ever thus reward the daughter, who, like Julia, can forego the ephemeral pleaſures of gaiety and diſſipation, to wipe from the eye of an aged mother the tears of affliction!.... And may ſhe, whoſe filial piety has thus ſoftened the pillow on which repoſes the reverend head of an expiring parent, experience every happineſs in this world, as the earneſt of that felicity which awaits her in the regions of eternal bliſs!

EMMA DENHAM.

FINIS.

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