

Behold her now a wretched, forlorn, wanderer, without a friend to relieve her ; no roof under which to shelter herself and her infants from the inclemency of the weather ; no means of procuring even subsistence for the dreary day which was passing over her head, when she turned from the door of her heartless and unprincipled late hostess. To have recourse to her aunt, promised little chance of relief ; yet that seemed to be the only step she could take, and she ventured to write to her, letting her know she was married, though not to whom ; and beseeching her to afford her some assistance, or at least, not to suffer her two babies to perish for want of proper care and nourishment.

She had got leave to sit in a shop while she wrote, and sent her letter by a boy that run on errands for the neighbourhood ; but Cælia, had the inhumanity, so far from taking any compassion on her case, to order one of her maids to go to the place where the boy had said she was, and tell her, she would have nothing to say to her ;—that if one shilling would save her and her brats from starving, she would sooner throw it in the kennel than bestow it on her ; and that if ever she durst come into the neighbourhood where she lived, she would have her taken up and sent to the house of correction.

The poor girl was obliged to obey her lady in delivering this cruel message, but softened it as much as was in her capacity, or indeed the meaning of it would bear. Although Caroline, who knew perfectly well the severity of her aunt's temper, had endeavoured to arm herself against the worst she could expect ; yet she could not bear this unnatural reply to her request, without swooning away : the people of the shop, had the compassion to give her a glass of water with some