

man of the house, promised to speak to an old lady of her acquaintance, a kind of mother Mid-night, who, being both skilled in the obstetric art, and accustomed to the management of the secret transactions that were entrusted to her, would receive her into her house, where, for an adequate compensation, she might be delivered of her burthen, and if she thought fit, might, for a sum of money, leave it behind her, to be disposed of so as never to be troublesome to her.

The first part of this offer was too agreeable to Caroline, not to be accepted with thanks; but it shocked her very soul to think both that there could be any women in the world capable of such barbarity to their children, as to leave them to the mercy of those mercenary creatures, and that it should be her lot even to be supposed likely to be one of them. Nevertheless, she expressed no part of her sentiments to them; and a bargain, though at a very extravagant rate, being made, Caroline, with an aching heart, removed to her new habitation; where, however, the assiduous and fawning behaviour of the woman, which her inexperience made her mistake for real goodness, and feminine sympathy, rendered her, in a little time, more easy.

She had now more reason than ever to be impatient for a letter from Lothario, which till she received she could not write to him; but the people of the house where she had lodged had assured her, that the moment any one directed to her should arrive, they would send it to her, and she endeavoured to keep her mind satisfied on that score. This she did till a much longer time than she expected had passed over without any letter coming; and time soon brought about the dreaded hour, when, as if to double her cares, and increase her anxious desires to hear from Lothario