

A narrative of the seizure & confinement of Ann Brookhouse ; who was assaulted in one of the streets of London, and carried off by two hired ruffians, May 7, 1798, and detained in close imprisonment, till August 25, following; as related by herself / Written by a friend.

Contributors

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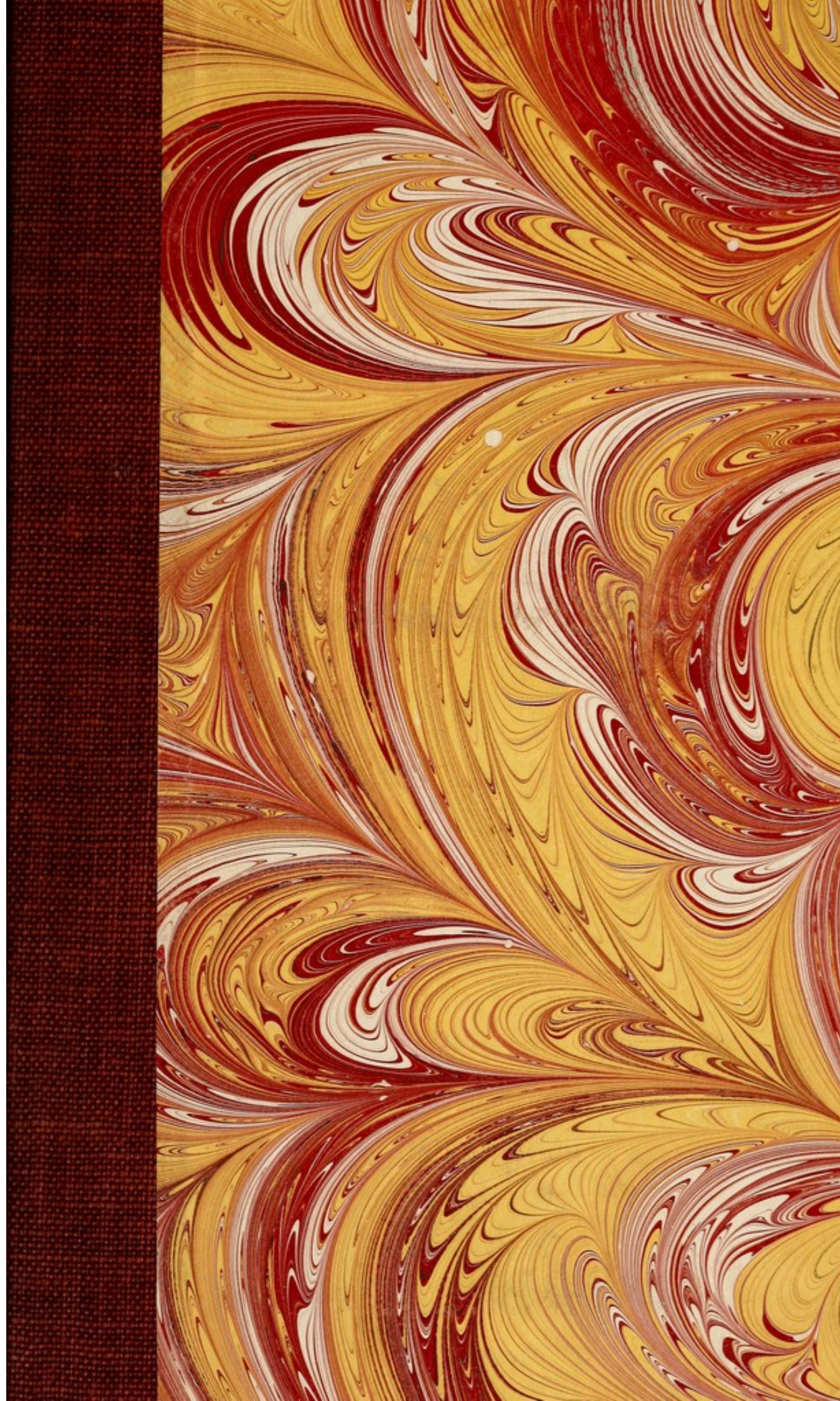
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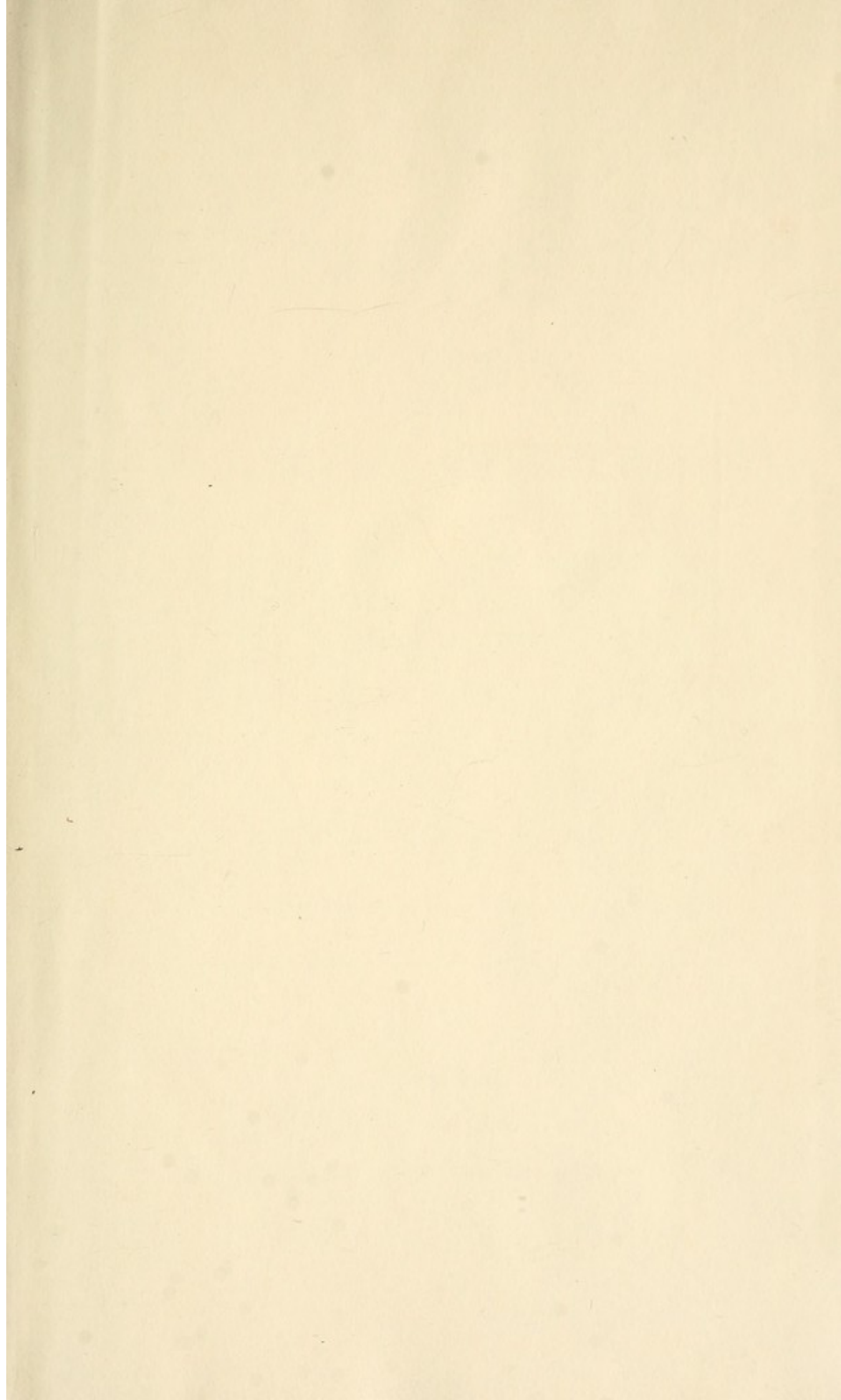
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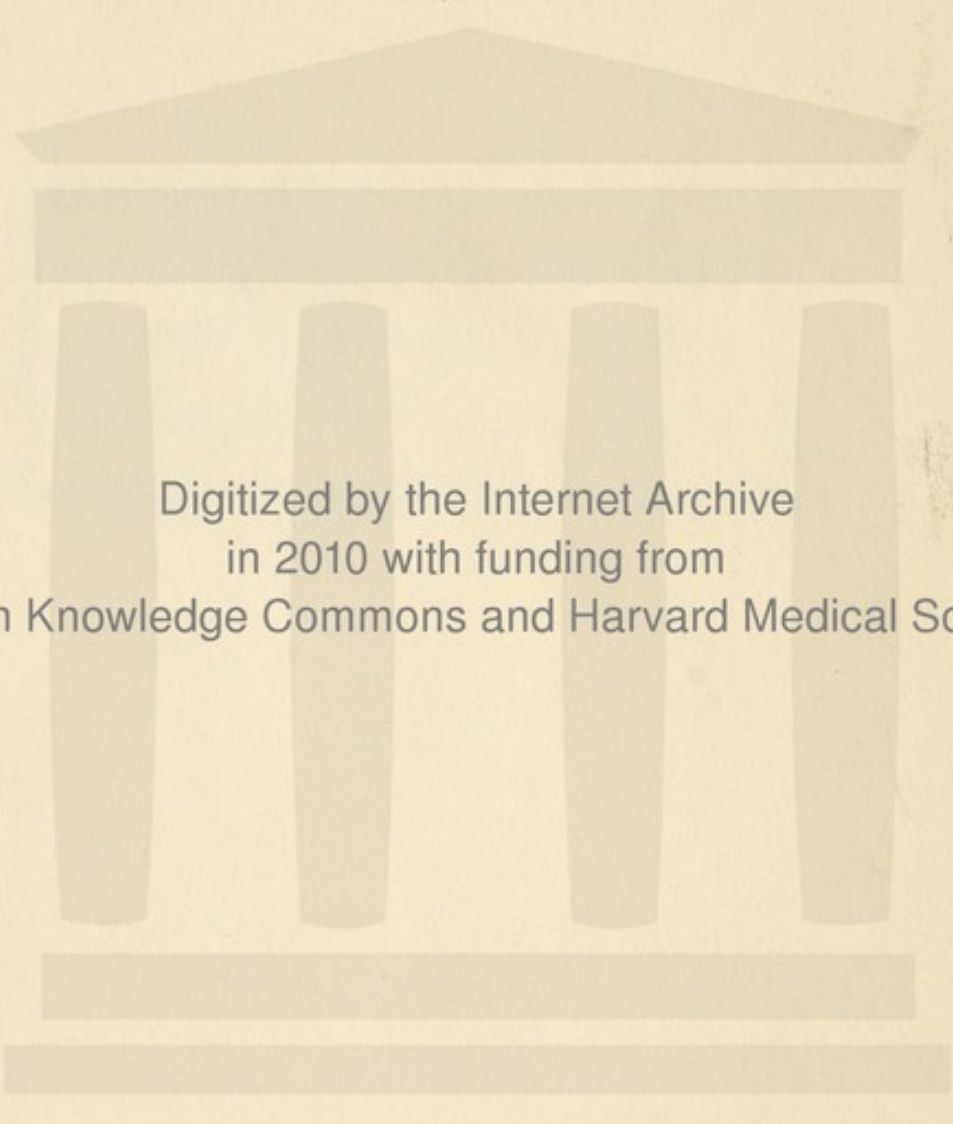


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A
NARRATIVE
OF THE *J. Patterson*
Seizure & Confinement
OF
ANN BROOKHOUSE;
—
WHO
WAS ASSAULTED IN ONE OF THE STREETS OF LONDON,
AND CARRIED OFF BY TWO HIRED RUFFIANS,
MAY 7, 1798,
And Detained in Close Imprisonment, till
AUGUST 25,
FOLLOWING;
AS RELATED BY HERSELF.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

London,
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
AND SOLD BY
F. & C. RIVINGTONS, AND J. JOHNSON,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

A
NARRATIVE

OF THE

Life of a

OF

ANN BROOKHOUSE;

WHO

WAS A SAILOR IN ONE OF THE SHIPS OF THE
AND CARRIED OFF BY TWO WHITE MEN.

MAY 7, 1793.

AND PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

AUGUST 28.

TO THE

AS RECEIVED BY HERSELF.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

LONDON.

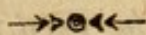
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

AND SOLD BY

J. C. FLETCHER, AND J. JOHNSON,

IN PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

PREFACE.



LITTLE apology can be thought necessary, for introducing the following narrative to the attention of the public. It relates the circumstances of a most extraordinary and horrible outrage, of which short accounts have already been given in the public papers; and by which, it is understood, that the public curiosity has been much excited. It is, therefore, supposed that a story, read with interest, imperfectly detailed in the columns of a news-paper, will not be read, without increasing interest, as it is circumstantially told, by the sufferer herself, in the following pages.

But the relator is induced to publish her narrative, chiefly with a view to protect her unfortunate case, from those misrepresentations, to which, otherwise, she is sensible, it may be exposed. To obviate unjust suspicions, which might rest upon her character, arising from mis-stated accounts, or from false reports, she was advised by her friends, and she perceived herself, that no means could be so effectual, as the publication of a full, plain, unadorned narrative of all her sufferings; and she is encouraged to hope, that thus her character will be securely sheltered from those insinuations, which have already been levelled against it—she would not say, by the malignant, or the uncandid—but, in justice to herself, she must say, by those who have little information, and who have supplied the want of it, too much, either from the unfounded surmises of others, or from their own conjectures.

In some material circumstances, it will be seen, that her narrative is supported by the evidence of other persons, to whom she has accordingly appealed for the confirmation of it. But, for the greater part, it can only be sustained by the credit, whatever it be, which her own veracity may obtain, from the testimony of all who are acquainted with her, and from the internal marks of truth and fidelity, which, it is presumed, will sufficiently discover themselves in the following pages. She ventures, on the whole, to assure herself, with some degree of confidence, that a story, extraordinary as it is in itself, which has been heard, with the fullest conviction, by all those to whom she has related it, will not be read by others, without leaving upon their minds strong impressions of its truth.

With these few prefatory remarks, the relator begs leave to submit her narrative to public perusal; and she submits it, with all the calmness of conscious innocence—yet, at the same time, not without an anxious concern to retain unsuspected, or to recover from too hasty suspicion, that fair unfulled reputation, which she has always been so happy as to enjoy, till now, in secure and tranquil possession—on which, indeed, her means of a comfortable subsistence have hitherto depended,—and which she prizes next in value, to the testimony of her conscience, and the approbation of her God.

Warwick, December 11, 1793.

A NARRATIVE, &c.

THE first time that I saw and noticed the two men—who have since succeeded, alas! too well in their cruel and horrid designs—was one evening in January last. I was going from Mr. Whish's house in Berner's-street, in whose service I had long lived, to my Cousin Moore's in Bird-street. I had occasion to call in my way at Mr. Ward's, Calendar, in Great Portland-street; and as I was stepping from his door, I first observed the two men, walking slowly, the one hanging on the other's arm; and, as I thought, watching for me. It was then about six o'clock in the evening, and very dark: yet, by the light of the lamps, and that proceeding from the shops, I could distinguish them well enough to be perfectly satisfied, that they were the *same men*, who have several times since way-laid and pursued me; and by whom I was, at last,

seized and carried off. They came down Margaret-street, as I had done the moment before; and followed me through Cavendish-square.

I was a good deal alarmed. There were but few people about. I walked fast, and they kept close behind me. I over-heard them talking very low; but durst not turn my head. I went on, from Cavendish-square, into Vere-street; and just as I was passing the chapel, they stepped up and clasped hold, one of each arm. I gave a violent jump, and exclaimed "what do you mean?" At that instant, a young man and woman appeared in sight; for which reason, I conclude, they suddenly let go their hold, and made off. I stepped to the young man, and begged to walk with him, if he was going my way. He said, he was going into Oxford Road. I walked down Vere-street with him. I told him how much I was alarmed by the two men—who, he must have seen, had just laid hold of me. He said, "I suppose, Madam, they wanted
 "to rob you, as I have heard of several people
 "being stopped in the street lately." We went together into Oxford Road; and, at the corner of Bird-street, I thanked him, and parted from him.

Though I had been much frightened by the two men, yet as I had received no other injury, and was besides with-held by the idea of being laughed at; I said nothing, at my cousin Moore's, of what had just happened. I was, however, so much impressed by my fears, that I took care to return back by a different way; and glad I was to reach home without any further alarm. At supper, I related to my fellow servants, how I had been frightened by two men, in the street; but my story produced only, as might be expected, a little merriment and laughter. This did not, however, prevent me from relating the same story, afterwards, to my two brothers, and to several other of my friends; all of whom, also, made it the subject only of a little harmless pleasantry.

From this time, in the month of January, I saw no more of either of the two men—who ceased not, however, all this while, as it afterwards appeared, to mark me for their prey—till the beginning of the following March. I was going, one evening about eight o'clock, to see Mrs. Ware, at Mrs. Nacker's, Saville-row. As I passed along Swallow-street, I again observed two men, who appeared to

be *following* me; and whom I instantly recollected, with terror, to be *the same* that had given me so much alarm before. I hastened on, however, and got safe to Mrs. Neckar's door; and just as it was opened to me, they came up together, and seemed to *stop* a little as if to watch me in. I mentioned, I believe, this second alarm as well as the first, to Mrs. Ware and Mrs. Nacker; but they, I think, let it pass with little notice. I was again careful, however, to return back by a different way. When I got home, I told my brothers and fellow servants, that I had seen the same two men again. They were still disposed to treat the matter lightly. But I was now seriously alarmed; and, from terrifying myself, I had several unpleasant and remarkable *dreams*, which I afterwards related to them, and which neither they nor I can ever forget.

The next time that I thought I saw one of these men, was, on the fourth of May, from a window of my cousin Moore's. I was writing a letter; and, on taking up my head, I caught a glimpse of a man, walking on the other side of the street—who instantly struck me to be one of these who had caused me so much alarm. I mentioned my fears

to my cousin's partner, Mr. Greenwood; who afterwards, was so good as to send his servant home with me. I got there very safely: but I endeavored to subdue my fears in vain.

On Monday the seventh of May—a day which I have reason to remember, as one of the most calamitous of my life—it was proved that I had not been disturbed by *vain terrors*. I had been to visit a female friend, who lived at Sir Joseph Mawbey's, in Great-George-street Westminster. She had some other friends with her, and I staid till eight o'Clock. I was pressed to stay still longer: but I excused myself on account of my apprehensions of the two men. My friend then offered either to accompany me herself on my way home, or to send some one with me—I have forgotten which; but I was afraid of putting her to some inconvenience, and so departed alone. I avoided going through the Park; and, passing by the Horse-Guards, proceeded to Cockspur-street. There I paused to think whether I should go through the Hay-market: but I chose rather to turn into Whitcombe-street. I had scarcely proceeded two hundred yards along that Street, when a man—

whom I instantly knew to be one of those who had seized me before — suddenly caught hold of me from behind, and said with vehemence, but in a low tone, “ Damn! you, Madam, if you scream, or “ make any resistance, I will fire this pistol into “ your mouth ” — at the same time presenting one to my cheek. Nevertheless I made some noise, or faint scream; on which in a moment he clapped his hand to my mouth. At that instant a coach drove up — I cannot be positive whether a hackney-coach or not — and another man appeared — whom I also instantly recollected to be the other of the two, who had assaulted me before. I was now too much terrified to be capable of making the slightest resistance. One of the men in an instant opened the coach door, and both of them together lifted me into it. Just at that moment, I recollected, one of them cried out “ my wife is very ill, I will shut the “ door myself; for the coachman is damned drunk.” I heard and saw no more at that time; for, from excessive terror, I became insensible. Afterwards recovering a little, I found myself still in the coach, with my eyes covered, and seated between the two men, both of them holding me. I cried “ for God’s sake what do you mean? ” — “ Or what have I

“done?”—But before I could say another word, one of them forced a pistol into my mouth,—swearing, with bitter oaths and imprecations, that if I made the least noise or resistance he would fire down my throat.

From that moment, I concluded, I must have swooned away. For I have no recollection of any thing further that passed—till, on opening my eyes, and recovering a little my senses, I found myself in a room, with the two men who had seized me, and a woman; who all appeared, from their looks and manner, to have been under serious apprehensions for my life. I was seated on a chair—a candle was burning on a table near—and the three persons were standing round me, busied in using every means to recover me to my senses, or to prevent me from fainting again. On looking further about me, I perceived my neck handkerchief *bloody*—My first thought was, that they had attempted to cut my throat—and, by a frantic scream, I signified the same to them. But I was presently satisfied that the blood had proceeded only from a tooth, which had been loose before; and which the pistol had probably forced out, when it was thrust so violently into my mouth.

As soon as I found myself, in some tolerable degree, restored to my senses, I begged with earnestness to know “Why I had been treated in that “barbarous manner?”—“and what further they “intended?—“I have done,” said I, “no creature wrong.”—They answered if I would endeavour to compose myself a little more—they would tell me. Then they began to talk about *the love of some great person*, whose ardent passion, they said, had instigated them to what they had done—and a great deal more that I scarcely heard. I refused any longer to listen to their soothing, but to me *horrid* excuses. I was now beginning to grow quite frantic. My senses almost forsook me. The terrible idea of my present situation, and the dread of something yet more terrible, filled me with amazement, grief, and horror, which almost overcame me. Then the recollection of the astonishment and fright of my unhappy friends, and an idea that my master might think I had robbed him, with many other painful reflections, wrung my heart with the bitterest anguish. At last, a great gush of tears brought me some relief. I cried violently, I think, for some hours. The people about me seemed glad. I heard them whispering—“It will

“do her good”—“she will be better for it:”—And so I found it—for I verily think it prevented my heart from breaking.

At length the morning began to dawn; and the day-light shone through the window—but beamed with no hope or comfort to me. I was still almost in distraction. My tears continued to flow in torrents; and the excess of my grief seemed to excite some pity, even in those who had been the cause of it. They often entreated me, with seeming earnestness, to compose myself and to take comfort; assuring me, that I should not be hurt there, and that I should suffer no more alarms. The woman, in particular, exerted herself to afford me the best consolation, as she thought it, in her power.—She said “that every attention should be paid, to render my situation as comfortable as possible.”—“The part we act,” added she, “is to oblige a gentleman, who is a friend of *ours*, and wishes, if agreeable, to be a friend of *yours* also.” She was going on further—when I stopped her, by protesting that I would not hear a word more, on that subject. She mentioned the word *proposals*. —“No proposals!” said I, “I will hear of none”

—“ nor,” I added, “ will I eat, drink, or sleep, till I am permitted to write to my unhappy friends.”

The morning advanced. The same persons still continued to watch over me, and I saw no other. The two men, occasionally, I remember, left the room ; but always soon returned. In this dreadful situation, I was not long suffered to remain, before I was made to understand, by a new and humiliating proof, how absolutely I was thrown into the power of violent and wicked people ; and how little reason I had to indulge the hope of any thing like a just or honorable *use* of that power. While the two men were standing over me, the woman demanded from me the *contents of my pockets*, and in spite of all I could say, she proceeded to search them. She took away all they contained—my keys, scissars, papers, watch, and about 8*l.* in money—a sum I had carried out with the design of settling a small money-transaction with a friend ; in which, however, I had been disappointed. But what *then* I valued more than all, she took from me my *pencil* ; and, at the same time, denied me the use of pen, ink and paper.

It was in vain I demanded her authority ; or that I protested, with as much spirit as I could command, against this fresh outrage. I was obliged to submit. I had, however, the address to conceal—what, at that time, I valued most of all—my pen-knife—by wrapping it in my handkerchief—which I always afterwards carried in my bosom by day ; and placed, with anxious care, under my pillow by night. Such was my deplorable situation, that this little instrument became the source of the greatest comfort to me—since I hoped, by means of it, either to preserve my own life with honor, or to perish in the attempt.

I had several times repeated my request, in the most urgent manner, that I might be permitted the consolation of writing, at least to inform my afflicted friends that I was still alive ; and some consultation, I observed, was held upon this point, by those—who were now so strangely become the arbiters of my fate. At length the permission was granted—but on the express conditions—that the letter should be addressed to my Lady, or some one of her family—and that the contents of it should first be submitted to their approbation. Pen and paper

were then brought. I began several letters — of which they did not approve — because I was going to give an account of the manner in which I had been seized and carried off, so far as I knew it. But they positively refused to permit a word on that subject to be mentioned. With much difficulty, at last, the following letter was written and approved.

“ May 8th.

“ Dear Mrs. Ware,

“ The trouble my absence must have occasioned has thrown me into the greatest agonies of mind, and sleep has been a stranger to my eyes. But my grief and entreaties have moved the hearts of those in whose power I am, to allow me this small favour. And I bless God who has given me power to write this, to inform my dear friends that I am alive, and after the great fright I have suffered, only wonder that I am so. But my faith and resolution will be equal, I hope, to my trial: for death I will prefer to any thing dishonorable. I am assured of every care: and no injury but my fright has been offered at present.

“ Who is the author of all this I am at the greatest
 “ loss to know; nor could I support it, but for
 “ the hopes of being again restored to my un-
 “ happy friends. For Heaven’s sake let them
 “ all be acquainted with this, for I may never
 “ have it in my power to write again. And
 “ break this to my good lady and master, in as gen-
 “ tle a manner as possible; and as the last favour
 “ for their unhappy servant, I humbly beg they
 “ will take care of my little property under their
 “ hospitable roof—My head swims—I can write
 “ no more — Beg all to join in prayer for my
 “ safety; and I will submit myself to the will of
 “ heaven — I am forbid to say any more — So
 “ God bless you all! And believe me yours
 “ but unhappy :

“ Ann Brookhouse.”

“ Oh! if I were but certain you would get
 “ this, I should be more happy—but how can I
 “ know?”

When the latter part of the letter was read, it
 drew forth some expressions of *displeasure*, as it
 seemed to imply a doubt of their veracity : for they

had *promised*, they said, to deliver it safely. I asked “ if I had not reason to distrust every thing?” However they let it pass. When I had written the direction, “ *that*,” said I, “ is the housekeeper.” “ We know it,” said one of the men, quickly. The other man then took my letter into his hands—promised, on his soul, it should go safe—hoped I should soon get the better of my fright—wished me a good morning—and bowing, disappeared. I answered him not a word. I never heard this man’s name—nor did I see him any more, during the whole time of my long confinement—nor till the day, when he came to assist in restoring to me that liberty—of which I was now, in so cruel and horrible a manner, deprived.

After this man had retired—which, I think, must have been towards noon—the other continued, with the woman, some time longer. They still tried their endeavours to console me. They promised me every civility, on their part; and protested that no further injury was intended me; and, as what they supposed, from my distress, would be the greatest consolation of all, they solemnly and repeatedly declared that “ the gentleman—their

“ friend and mine ”—as they called him—but whom I, at least, could only consider in the light of my cruelest enemy—was then *at a great distance*;—so that I needed not to be under any apprehension of even a *visit* from him at present. This last would, indeed, have been a comforting assurance to me, could I have trusted to their asseverations—but alas! what place was here for confidence?—I enquired, however, several times, “ who this person was ? ” But to that question I could obtain no answer.

At length the second man, also, withdrew; and I saw him no more that day—nor, as I think, for several succeeding days. He was presently followed by the woman—who always passed herself to me for *his wife*—and the name they assumed was *Brown*; by which name, therefore, I shall in the rest of my narrative distinguish them. Having pressed me often to take some nourishment which I refused—and having once more entreated me to be comforted—Mrs. Brown then retired—but not till she had fast locked the only door of the room. And secured it farther by bolting it on the outside. By this, it was now too clear that I was henceforth to consider myself as in a state of *imprisonment*,

most dreadful indeed!—shut out, not only from the access of friends, but even from the sight and knowledge of all human beings—except *that* of the three strange persons—at whose absolute disposal I was—of whose *characters* I could possibly form no other than the *worst* opinions—and whose *avowed designs*, in truth, with regard to me, were at once the most cowardly, cruel, detestable, and wicked, that the most corrupted minds could conceive! Judge, then, Reader, what a terrible situation was mine! Never can I, to the last day of my life, I think, cease to wonder how, with some sensibility of mind, and some delicacy of bodily frame, I was enabled to support myself, under sensations so full of piercing anguish, and with forebodings so black and horrible, as mine were, at that time! But “God,” it is said, “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb”—And never, never can I cease to acknowledge “those tender mercies from on high,” which have thus visited me, a weak and miserable captive; and afforded such wonderful support, amidst the horrors of a long imprisonment, under the constant dread of *death*, or a calamity *worse* than death, and which have opened a way of safe and happy deliverance at last!

But to return now to the unhappy part of my story — The door of my prison being thus fastened upon me, and the window, as I instantly observed, being secured with bars; I was left for the rest of this dreadful day, with little interruption, and without hope of relief, to my own terrifying reflections. Depressed and exhausted, by the sufferings I had already undergone, and by the dread of what was yet to come; I sat *motionless* and almost *lifeless*, one sad hour after another, with scarcely power to raise my head, or to cast my eyes around the dismal walls which inclosed me. To the door, however, was my attention oftenest directed; and the least noise, I heard or *thought* I heard towards it, made my heart almost die within me. A thousand times has my affrighted imagination painted *before that door* the image of some lustful brute, in the shape of man, entering to seize upon his prey; and often have I shrunk, in terror, at the mere phantom of a disturbed brain. But all *without* me continued as silent and as still as death; except once or twice, when the door was unlocked, and Mrs. Brown entered with entreaties, that I would consent to take some refreshment. But I had little inclination for food; and was besides

with-held from it, by the apprehension that *poison or some stupifying mixture* might, perhaps, be given me with it. One small piece of bread only, cut from a loaf that was brought me, in the evening, was all that I ventured to take; with a little water, from a jug which stood in my room. At a late hour, Mrs. Brown appeared once more; and, having consented to leave the lighted candle, retired for the night. That night passed with me, like the day, in grief, in amaze, in terror, and in tears. I slept not. I dared not even throw myself for a moment on the bed, which stood at my feet; lest sleep should for an instant over-power me, and the danger, I incessantly dreaded, should come upon me unawares. But I had no disturbance—except from my own unceasing, distracting apprehensions; which, indeed, amidst the awful silence and stillness of midnight, weak, solitary, and defenceless as I was, harraffed me miserably. Even now, the remembrance of that night, preceeded by so calamitous a day, as often as it recurs, draws fresh tears from my eyes.

At length the morning dawned; and the second sad day, wednesday 9th May, of my confinement began. It was little else but a repetition of the

miseries of the former day. I was still in a state of half-distracted; often without any clear recollection of *where I was*, or *what had befallen me*. Sometimes I fretted and raved, like one frantic; and then again torrents of tears would flow down my cheeks. In the course of the day, Mrs. Brown visited me several times; but I saw no other person. She always locked carefully the door, whenever she entered the room; and locked, and bolted it also, when ever she went out. There was a sort of studied civility in her behaviour to me; and she still endeavoured, in her manner, to console me. For fear of adding to my distress, as I suppose, she even *avoided* speaking to me of *him*—the cruel author of all my sufferings—whose notice and admiration (if so it be) I may reckon most truly one of the greatest calamities of my life. I took no more food this second day than the first; and at night was equally afraid to permit myself the indulgence of seeking the smallest respite from sorrow, in sleep. Woful and wakeful, I passed the hours of this, like those of the former night: sometimes starting, with terror, at imaginary noises; and sometimes weeping, and wailing my unhappy fate, with tears of the bitterest anguish.

Thursday morn—with wearied eyes and broken spirits, I had watched the dawning of the day—But worn out at last by long-continued fasting and wakefulness, by excessive fatigue of body, added to dreadful agony of mind—tired nature would be denied no longer—and I was obliged to submit, at whatever hazard, to the necessity of taking some repose. There was no fastening to the door on the inside; but to secure myself, as well as I could, from sudden alarm, I pushed the small chest of drawers, which stood near the door, against it—and having fervently commended myself to the merciful protection of Heaven—I laid myself down on the bed in my cloaths; and soon lost the sense of suffering in a sound sleep, which lasted for several hours. I awoke, and found myself refreshed. Mrs. Brown came in soon afterwards, and entreated me to take some breakfast. As now I felt the sharp pains of hunger, as much as I had before done the want of sleep, I signified my consent; but stipulated, as some security from the dreaded poison, or other hurtful mixture, that she should partake with me of whatever I eat or drank. She agreed, and we had breakfast together—during which, much conversation passed of an interesting kind to me;

since it served a little to unravel the mystery of my fate—dark and mysterious as, after all, it continued to be.

This conversation—which, it may be supposed, left a deep impression upon my mind—began, as I perfectly remember, with the question from me—
 “ For what purpose was I brought here? and by
 “ whose order?”—“ By that,” answered Mrs. Brown, “ of a gentleman, who loves you, and who
 “ was determined to get you.”—“ But who is he?”
 said I, “ and where does he live?”—“ *That* I shall
 “ not tell you,” was the answer.—“ Well! but, why
 “ does he not write to me himself? or let me see
 “ him?—Why adopt such measures with regard to
 “ one, who am only a servant; who am neither very
 “ young, nor handsome; nor possessed of accomplish-
 “ ments such as usually excite admiration?”—“ You
 “ have sufficient, however,” said she, to attract the
 “ notice of a great gentleman; and as fancy passes
 “ beauty, so he has his reasons.”—“ Well! but
 “ why not write me his intentions himself?”—
 “ He is so circumstanced,” said she, “ that he
 “ cannot make you his wife, if he would.”—
 “ Then,” said I, “ he is a married man, I suppose?”
 —to which an answer was refused.

The conversation was again, after this, resumed by my asking—"where I had been seen by this gentleman?"—"That," answered she, "I don't chuse to tell you. But you were once seen," said she, "with a fat vulgar-looking woman, who was taken for no better than she should be. On enquiry, however, it was found, that you were a lady's maid, who had lived some years in a very creditable family, who had always borne a good character, and was considered as very prudent."—"So for that reason, she added, was the plan laid which has secured you,"—at which words, how well do I recollect! a deep sense of my unhappy situation, and a dread of what was yet to come, again overpowered me, and I burst into tears afresh.

Having a little composed myself—and being yet unwilling to quit a subject, in which I was so deeply though painfully interested—I asked Mrs. Brown "*how long* this Gentleman had known me?" She seemed still disposed to communicate, and answered very readily—"That it was so long as the *spring before* I was intended to be taken—but that I had left town, with the family, before the plan was compleated—that the gentleman himself was soon

“ afterwards obliged to be absent—but that he had
 “ left strict command with his agents, to keep close
 “ watch for me on my return—that I had been seen
 “ and followed by Brown and his companion,
 “ several times—but that no favourable opportunity
 “ offered till that night, so terrible to me! when
 “ their long concerted plan was executed with so
 “ much success.”—And here the wretched woman
 seemed to *exult* in that success, as much as I sunk,
 at the mention, into sorrowful dejection.

In the course of the same conversation, Mrs.
 Brown mentioned,—of her own accord, I think—
 at least I recollect no question of mine which led
 to it—“ that I was seen, with admiration, on Christ-
 “ mas-day last; when I was going from Berner’s-
 “ street to my cousin Moores (which I perfectly
 “ remember)—that I was then dressed well, and was
 “ thought to look *very elegant*” (that was her ex-
 pression)—she even described truly the dress I wore.
 But when I asked “ by whom I was seen?” —
 “ I shall not tell you,”—was her answer.

Nothing further very material passed in this
 conversation. Mrs. Brown now thought, I sup-

pose, that enough had been said at that time; and, our breakfast being ended, she arose and retired, repeating “you shall want for nothing if you will make yourself happy.” — “That” said I, “I can never be till I am restored to my friends.”

The third miserable day of confinement, thus began. I afterwards consented to take some food at dinner, and at the other usual meals, on the same condition, that Mrs. Brown should partake of it with me: to which she never objected. And for the rest of the day, and through the long hours of the night, I was left, without interruption, to my own sad and solitary reflection. I began now to form some distinct idea of the *nature* of my unhappy situation; but as to *who was the author of my sufferings?* I wearied myself, hour after hour, with conjectures, concerning it, in vain. I was sensible it could only be some *great and wealthy one*, whose notice I had been so unfortunate as to attract; and who had so wretchedly misused his power and wealth to the cruel purposes of entrapping and ruining an unsuspecting and a once *happy* young female, of hitherto unsullied reputation — and whose happiness, let me add, has always *essen-*

tially depended upon the *conscious purity and integrity* of her own principals and conduct. But with persons of that high station in life, I knew that I had, and possible could have, no acquaintance. I believed that I had always acquired some reputation for propriety and prudence of conduct: and I was quite sure that I could recollect *no one occasion* of my life, on which I had ever been so unhappy as to engage, or so unthinking as to receive, the attentions of any one of a rank, so much superior to my own.—Never once, in short, from that time to this, have my suspicions been able to fix themselves for a moment upon any *one* individual, to whom I could, with the least appearance of probability, ascribe the dreadful calamities I have endured.

Thus miserably passed the third day of my confinement, May the 10th, in vain conjecturings concerning the author of my wrongs, and in constant dread of beholding his *actual approach*, to complete his horrid designs!—and the night passed like the day. All that night I dared not suffer myself once to close my eyes—nor even to stretch myself for a moment upon the bed—lest I should

be surpris'd by the sudden appearance of *that cruel invader of my peace*, who was now become the constant object of my terror. I had always, however, the sad consolation of knowing that I still possessed *in my concealed knife* the instrument—by which, it was my firm determination either to attempt the *life* of him who should attempt my honor; or, as a last refuge from infamy, to put a period to *my own*. Terrible as this resolution was, it was not only a resolution which I had *most deliberately taken*—but in which I found my *greatest relief*, next to the hope of God's protection, under all those black and horrible fears which constantly harraßed me. It is true, I had all this while received the most positive assurances that the person I had so much reason to dread and to detest, was then at *great distance from me*: but how could I *trust* for a moment to such assurances? Till the morning-light, therefore, had inspired some degree of composure and courage, I dared not think of inviting those slumbers—of which yet *exhausted nature* stood in the greatest need. But, then, having taken my usual precaution of securing the door, as well as I could—and having once more implored almighty protection—I ventured to lie down

yet still in my cloaths; and had some hours of refreshing sleep, though often *disturbed* by the same terrifying images of dishonor and death, which haunted so constantly my waking thoughts.

After this fourth morning, May 11th—my days of wretchedness began to assume so much of *dismal uniformity* that I could scarcely distinguish them, one from another. At my earnest request, the use of my *watch* had been restored to me; by which I was enabled to take some note of the *hours*, as they slowly followed each other. But of the *days*, I often lost the true reckoning—till I was set right by asking Mrs. Brown, at her next visit. Her *sunday's dress*, too, would always painfully remind me that another week, and another, of miserable confinement, in horrid suspense, was gone—of which at length I despaired of ever seeing an end. But an end, and a *happy* end too, by a most *unlooked-for* interposition of providence, praise to the awful justice of the Supreme! came at last.

From Friday 11th May, to about Wednesday 23d May—I recollect little more than that the

greatest part of my days and nights passed in a state of heavy and death-like *stupor*—from which, however, I was sometimes *roused*, by the approach of my attendant; and often by the fancied step of some terrible spectre of my own imagination. I generally slept in the earlier part of the morning; till at last I got courage enough to commit myself to my slumbers a little *before* the day-light appeared. But I always continued my lonely watchings, with ears constantly on the stretch to catch the least whisperings sound, till long after the hour of midnight. All this time I durst not, when I laid down, take off more than a *part* of my dress; and I was careful never to neglect the only precaution in my power against sudden alarm—by placing the chest of drawers in the door-way. But though undisturbed from without—my *unquiet imagination* would seldom suffer me long to press my pillow in peace. I cannot even now recollect, without uneasiness, the black and horrible *dreams* which have so often tortured and terrified me in sleep; and sometimes thrown my whole frame into the most violent and dreadful agitations; till at last my cries and shrieks have awakened me in the midst of horrors—which I could scarcely believe

for a time to be the work only of a disordered brain. The strong impression of these dreams have even sometimes remained—producing strange tremblings, and startings, and sinkings of spirits—long after the illusions themselves have vanished.

When my morning slumbers ended—short and broken, as they often were—from my bed I removed to my chair; from which I scarcely ever stirred, till the usual time of repose came round. Hour after hour, and day after day, have I sat in gloomy silence and stillness—sunk into deep and dead dejection—my eyes fixed—my arms folded—or raised to support my drooping head. Mrs. Brown visited me several times each day: but chiefly at the hour of meals, of which at first she always partook with me. But after a time, I so far got above my fears, that I no longer insisted upon her company; and on all other accounts I was glad enough to dispense with it. Her manners were extremely low and disagreeable; and her conversation was principally confined to one subject, and *that*, of all others the most disgusting to me: especially after I had found that she was determined to maintain inviolable secrecy

with respect to the only points, on which I wished to hear her further. To my repeated questions *who was my persecutor?* or *what his name?* or *where he lived?* or *where he had seen me?* her constant reply was, "I don't chuse to tell you." However, she was always sufficiently attentive to my accommodations, during the whole of my confinement. My food was plain, but good. My drink was porter, weakened with a little water. There was a bell-wire in the room, by which I was directed to ring whenever I wanted any thing; and she seldom failed to answer it. But besides her, and Mr. Brown, who sometimes visited me, I saw no other person whatever; and when he came, it was either with her, or while she was in the room. He always behaved with perfect civility. But he seldom staid more then four or five minutes, and hardly ever sat down.

Thus passed the *two first weeks* of my imprisonment—in all which time, the distressing sense of my own deplorable condition, and the agonizing thought of the grief and despair of my distracted friends, left no power of attention to any thing beside. But in the *third week*, about Wednesday

or Thursday May 23d or 24th—having felt for sometime very uncomfortable from the state of my *linen*, which I had worn, without any change, since the first day of my confinement—I made complaint of it to the person, on whose pleasure I was now absolutely dependent for every thing. “What!” said I, in rather an angry tone, “am I “to wear my linen for ever?” “Not unless you “please it,” answered Mrs. Brown. “But” said she, “you will not hear what I have to say,” and then she added, that she had often mentioned the subject to me before, but that I would never hear her out—of all which I remembered nothing. “But “will you,” continued she, “give me leave, Miss, “to buy you some new clothes now? I know “what will fit you,” “No! No!” I instantly exclaimed, “not for the world! But if you will “lend me some of your linen for a change; I “shall be glad of it.” She seemed much displeased at my refusal to have any thing new. However, she afterwards lent me as much linen of her own as I wanted. I looked for some *mark* upon it; but there was none.

Soon after this time, in hopes of diverting my thoughts a little from the gloomy reflections, which

so constantly occupied them; I asked for some *books*. Mrs. Brown went away, and presently brought me one. It was a *romance*—a kind of reading of which I was never fond; but which, I thought, peculiarly unfitted to my *awful situation* at that time. So I instantly threw the book down, in anger, on the table. She went away a second time; and returned with two other books, which pleased me. The one was a *Church Prayer-Book*; the other a treatise on the *Consolations and Joys of Religion*, which I afterwards read with much relief and satisfaction. There was no *name* in either of the books.

I shall here interrupt a little the course of my narrative, to give my Readers some idea of the *place* of my confinement—of which I had now leisure enough to take many a sad survey. From every appearance I was very soon convinced—in which I was afterwards fully confirmed—that it was a *room under ground*. It was about fifteen feet by ten or eleven feet in extent, with a low ceiling. The floor was boarded: and the side-walls partly wainscotted, and partly plastered and white-washed. It was lighted by one window, shaded,

and secured with iron-bars, fixed downwards. The window looked into a *small area* of brick, which was also secured with iron-bars across the top. Over the top of the area, nothing appeared to view but a *dead brick wall*, of which I could see neither end nor summit. This wall stood at a small distance from the window, which caused my room to be *dark*: nor was I ever visited, during the whole time of my confinement, by the cheering rays of the sun; which shone not once into my room, even in the very midst of the summer-months. But though in other respects dismal enough, yet the room was sufficiently warm and dry. There was a small fire-place, in which was a Bath-stove.

My room was decently furnished. A good Scotch carpet covered the floor; a white calico tent-bed stood in one corner, and a small chest of drawers in another. There were three chairs, a round mahogany table, a glass, wash-hand stand, and other conveniences. Two silver spoons were always left in the room, both unmarked.

To one in my unfortunate condition, it naturally became an object of much interest and even

importance to discover, if possible, the situation of my solitary apartment with regard to other parts of the same building, or whether it was not entirely *detached* from every other building. Above all, I could not but feel considerable anxiety to determine whether any *human being*, more or less unfortunate than myself, resided near me, besides the two persons who held me in confinement. And the observations which I made, in order to ascertain these points, I shall here state to my readers.

I have listened again and again, at all hours of the day and night, with the utmost stretch of my attention, and in the midst of the profoundest silence, sometimes as I sat in my chair, and at other times standing at the door or at the window: but *never* could I once hear the least sound of a *human voice*, or the least noise of *foot-steps*, either in any room *above* mine, or in any *adjoining* one—if any such there were. Nor, besides the two persons so often mentioned, did any human creature ever approach my door, or pass my window, from the first to the last day of my confinement. I have also had frequent opportunities to observe, on the opening of the door, that it opened into a *dark passage*, which

seemed to lead to no other apartment but mine. This passage was probably of some *length*, since I could distinctly hear the sound of approaching footsteps, moving as if upon a level surface, and always in the same direction, for a *minute or two* before the door opened. In this idea of its length, I had afterwards an opportunity of being fully confirmed: at which time, I also found, that, at the end of the passage, there was a *flight of stone steps ascending*, about fifteen or sixteen in number—as will be distinctly related hereafter. From all these observations, I cannot but draw the conclusion—that my prison was under ground, situate either in some *detached* building; or, at least, in some *remote part* of a building, which was not inhabited. Nay, it appears, that even the two persons, employed to detain me, resided in some apartment *at a distance from mine*: since, on ringing the *bell* which communicated to them, I could never *hear* the least sound of it; and it was always *three or four minutes* before it was answered. And now and then, it has happened that my bell has not been answered for half an hour or an hour together, during which I have continued to ring several times—till at last Mrs. Brown has entered, *with her*

bonnet on : whence I supposed that she had been absent, and that there was *no other person near* ; or, at least, none that was permitted to approach me.

From every appearance, therefore, I could not but look upon myself, from the first hour of my confinement to the last, as in the deplorable condition of one, cut off from all intercourse with human beings; and removed, by the snares of villany, beyond the *possibility* of obtaining human pity or succour, even in the very last extremities. Immured under ground, I believed myself far out of the reach of the *sight* or *hearing* of every one, who might be disposed or induced to aid an escape, or to afford protection from violence. I was even sensible that the most *piercing cries* of alarm or distress could not penetrate *beyond* those walls which enclosed me, or reach to the ears of any but those — who would only have disregarded or derided them !

Such were, upon the whole, the melancholy conclusions to which all my observations led, with regard to *the place of my confinement*. And it certainly appeared, in every view, a place well suited

to the “ deed of dreadful note,” for which it was probably chosen. It was an *under-ground* apartment, into which the sun never shone; and it was most likely situated in some *remote* and *uninhabited* part of a building, to which there was no access but to those to whom it belonged. Tremendous situation this! to a helpless young female!—thus thrown, without hope of escape, into the power of a man of violence, who threatened her honor! A thousand times, when I looked around me, and considered *where I was*, and *what was likely to become of me*, I acknowledge, I have yielded myself up to the most dismal and despairing thoughts: and the terrible idea has struck, with irresistible force, upon me that *there I was surely doomed to end life miserably*. In many and many a gloomy hour, has my mind been under the strongest impressions that insulted honor could only be saved, at the dreadful price of shedding my own blood, with my own hand—that my prison would be my grave—that under the very *floor* I trod upon, my wretched remains would probably lie concealed—and the sad story of my wrongs be buried with them in darkness for ever! My sensations, at those times, it is utterly impossible to describe!—My

heart sickens at the bare remembrance!—I must turn from it!—

Among the many opportunities which I had, during the long course of my confinement, of being made sensible of my own forlorn and lost condition, *one* occurred on the following occasion. Mrs. Brown had a small spotted terrier, of which she was very fond, and which frequently followed her into my apartment. I had one day begged the favor that she would leave him with me; as a sort of companion, insignificant as it may appear, of which a miserable solitary, like myself, would have been glad. She consented: and I endeavored to soothe and gratify the animal, by playing with and caressing him, in the hope that he would be fond of coming to me. But he soon grew tired of his confinement; and went to the door, and scratched, and barked, and howled most vehemently. I endured the noise, without attempting to interrupt it, for a long while. For, it instantly occurred that this was an opportunity of determining a question of high importance to me at that time! which was—whether any person was near enough to be *within hearing* of that noise?—who, if so, would, probably, have

been drawn by it towards the place from whence it came. But none heard! no one came! not even Mrs. Brown herself!—till afterwards I rang for her. And thus I was once more obliged to yield to the dreadful conviction—that I was far removed from the access of every human creature—that even those, who held me confined, were at a distance from me—and that, in the worst extremities of danger or distress, there could be *none* near enough to hear, pity, or help me!

In ruminating upon the *probable situation* of the place of my confinement—as I have been looking thoughtfully through my window, I have sometimes conceived the idea that the *wall*, which appeared opposite, might be the wall of some *adjoining garden*; which belonged, perhaps, to the same premises. But, upon the whole, I am rather of a contrary opinion. For, though the period of my confinement extended through the whole of the summer months, yet I never heard the *singing of birds*, except only the chirping of a few *sparrows*; and once a little *robbin* flew in at my window. My table, too, was but scantily furnished with *vegetables*. I never saw any *flowers* but once, when

some were brought into my room ; nor had I any *fruit*, more than twice, when some cherries and currants were offered me. — Every appearance, however, from the window, strongly favors the idea — which all my other observations confirm — that my prison was, probably, at the *back-part* of some house, and *that*, too, in a very *retired* situation.

That the place of my confinement was some where in *London*, or *its immediate vicinity*, must be considered as certain ; but as to *in what part of it*, I have had no possible means of forming the smallest conception. When I was first carried into my imprisonment, I was in a state of *insensibility* ; and when I was taken from it, as will be distinctly related hereafter, I was *blinded*. On the latter occasion, however, I had the possession of my senses : and I was able to make the following observations — that, on coming out of my prison, I soon found myself in some *paved* street — that at first every thing was silent and still around me — that in a little time I heard the sound of human voices, and of people and carriages passing, and all the other usual noise and bustle of some of the more public streets of *London* — which continued, more or less, till,

after being driven about in a carriage for an hour, I was put down in a street, near Bloomsbury-square. From these observations, it seems to be certain that the place of my imprisonment must have been in some one of the more private streets of London, or at least, of its immediate vicinity; and all my other observations lead to the same conclusion.

Listening as I have done, from the deepest solitude, hour after hour, with the most profound attention, when all has been the still repose of death around me—yet never once did the *faintest sounds*, as if coming from a distance, reach me, like those of the voices of children playing, or the buzz of crouds, or the trampling of busy feet. Nor has the least murmur of noises, near or distant, like those of *dogs* barking to their fellows, or *watchmen* calling their nightly rounds, ever disturbed even the deep silence of *the mid-night hour*—which I have so often, in sorrow and in fearful apprehension, out-watched, almost starting at the gentlest breeze that whispered near me. Once or twice, I have thought that I could hear, though very imperfectly, the low distant *rumbling of carriages*. But the only distinguishable sounds, which

ever met my ear, from the first hour that I was shut out from the light of day to the last, were *the firing of cannon, and the ringing of church-bells*. Even the latter sounds I heard only *at times*, when perhaps the wind set in a particular direction; and they always seemed to come from a *great distance*, though possibly my situation underground might make that distance appear greater than it really was.—It hardly need be added that these observations concur sufficiently with the opinion above-stated, that my prison was probably in some retired situation in London, or near it—but every attempt, that has hitherto been possible, towards a *more particular* discovery, has ended in utter disappointment.

Having thus laid before the Reader an account of all that I have been able to discover or conjecture, concerning the *place* of my confinement—I shall here subjoin a description of the *persons* of those who were the chief, if not the only, agents, in this dreadful and deep-laid plot to ensnare and ruin female innocence.

Mrs. Brown, whom I shall name first, and whom I had the opportunity of knowing best, was

a very tall stout woman, about fifty years of age. She had a fair complexion, with dark blue eyes, and had all the remains of a handsome face; but her teeth were bad. Her hair was light-coloured, turning to grey, and dressed with powder. She wore rouge. Her usual dress was white, and very fashionable. Her caps were made of the finest muslin, with good lace. She often wore a fashionable straw bonnet, with white satin ribbons. But notwithstanding these advantages of person and dress, her air and behaviour had nothing of the ease and polish of genteel life. On the contrary, her conversation and manners were extremely coarse and vulgar. Her countenance expressed, especially when lighted up with anger, and her actions, on many occasions, discovered, much of that low spiteful malignity of temper, which loves to insult and to vex, even where it dares not more serious injuries.

Mr. Brown, whom I saw about two or three times every week, during the whole sixteen of my confinement, was a tall thin man, about forty years of age or more. He had a dark complexion, and small dark eyes, with rather a high nose, and

good teeth. He wore his hair tied, and powdered. His usual dress was a dark brown coat, white mar-fail waistcoat, and light-coloured pantaloons. His whole appearance was that of a *gentleman*; and he had much of the air and address which usually characterize those of higher rank in life. Whatever might be the depravity of his mind, his *countenance* certainly betrayed nothing of it; the features of which were regular and pleasing, somewhat inclined to the serious, yet very expressive of easy and placid good-humour.

The other man, whose name I never heard, and whom I saw twice only during my confinement, and twice before it, was of the middle height, very stout-made; between thirty and forty years of age. His complexion was rather fair; but his face was much pitted with the small-pox. He had light eyes, thick lips, bad teeth. His hair was red, and powdered. He wore a blue coat, white-waistcoat, silk stockings. But though extremely well-dressed, yet his air and carriage betokened a rank much inferior to Brown's; and he seemed, from his look and manners, which were fierce and savage, to be much better fitted for deeds of violence and brutality. In fact, I observed, that whatsoever of

harshness or cruelty, was thought necessary, when I was seized, proceeded from him.

To return now again to the course of my narrative. On May 28th began the *fourth week* of my confinement, of which a particular account would be only a sad and tiresome repetition of *that* of the two former weeks. One constant succession of anxious thoughts, and gloomy apprehensions, filled up the hours of the day and the night; and the slumbers of the morning, though often sound and refreshing, were still too frequently broken and by "scaring dreams" disturbed. At times, indeed, a *rising hope* would for a moment beam upon me; but alas! it quickly disappeared, and left me in darkness more dreadful than ever. My prospects were still black and horrible! I could never forget that I was still within the grasp of that unknown but terrible *power*, which had seized and so long detained me; and though my fate seemed to be *strangely delayed*, yet I could not believe that it was therefore the less inevitable. Mrs. Brown visited me, as usual, every day. Her *general* behaviour was still attentive and obliging: but the harshness of her language, and the abrupt-

ness of her manner, on some occasions, made me think that all her civility was but studied and constrained. Perhaps, her *orders* were, from which she was more afraid than disinclined to depart, that no unnecessary or wanton cruelty should be offered to the wretched victim, marked for destruction, and now incapable of resistance. Mr. Brown, also, came into my room, I think, for a minute or two, once or twice in the course of the week: from whom I had no reasons to complain of the slightest incivility. But whenever he came, I generally observed, it was only to call away Mrs. Brown, at times when she happened to be wanted.

Sometime about the beginning of this fourth week, as I was one day sitting, I remember, at dinner, at which she had given me her company, Mrs. Brown again introduced, but in a more than usually soft and insinuating manner, the subject, that seemed ever uppermost in her thoughts. “I am sure, Miss,” said she, “you had better give me leave to send the gentleman word, that you accept his offers.”—“Offers!” I exclaimed, “I don’t know what offers you mean!”—“Then, with your leave, I will tell you”—answered she.

—“ Proceed, if you please.”—Why, Miss,” said she, “ the gentleman will engage to settle one hundred pounds a year on you for life, and one hundred pounds a year for every child you may have ; and he will promise, besides, to provide every thing necessary to make you comfortable and happy.”——“ And if,” continued she, after a moment’s pause, “ you will only signify your consent, I have orders to lay out immediately one hundred pounds in clothes, and whatever else you may want.—“ But if,” added she, in a firmer tone, “ you are determined to be obstinate, why then you must look to the consequences ; for you are absolutely in his power.”——“ I defy his power and your threats”—said I, with a rising spirit of mingled anger and disdain, which I could no longer suppress —“ for never will I accept any of his fine favors.”——“ I prefer,” said I further, “ a morsel of bread, earned by honest labour, to all the grandeur of the world, dishonorably obtained.” — “ And this,” added I, in conclusion, “ is my decided resolution ; and no power, or persuasion on earth shall ever make me *change* it. So never do you try any more.”—But even this little exertion of spirit, so much was I weak-

ened by long suffering, entirely overcame me—I grew faint and sick—our dinner abruptly ended—and Mrs. Brown left me in high displeasure, which she was at no pains to conceal.

Monday, June 4th.—From this day begins, in my melancholy reckoning, a *fifth week* of sad and solitary confinement—and it is distinctly marked in my remembrance, by the following circumstance. I had observed that I could hear the firing of cannon, and the ringing of bells, with more distinctness, on that day than I had usually done before: and when Mrs. Brown came into my room I asked, “if it were
“not the sounds of *guns firing*, and *bells ringing*,
“that I heard? and what was the occasion?” She said it was the King’s birth-day.”—“It is then,” I exclaimed, “the fourth of June! and I have been
“confined here almost a month!”—“Oh! my
“God! *when* shall I be set at liberty? or shall it
“*ever* be?”—and at that instant, how deep is the impression on my memory! a thousand dreadful reflections started up before me at once—the horrible remembrance of that night in which I was first entrapped in the snare spread around me—the distressing thought of all that I had suffered since—the

recollection of so many fond afflicted friends, in utter despair of ever seeing me more—and the dark and awful prospects still before me—all these terrible reflections, crowding upon me at once, overpowered me quite; I felt as if my sorrows were all *renewed* afresh; tears of anguish bathed my cheeks; and I wept bitterly, I think, for some hours. Mrs. Brown quickly turned from me, to the door; and, having locked and bolted it, hastened away, leaving me to the uninterrupted indulgence of my grief.

Thus began, in tears and distresses, my fifth melancholy week. But dreadful, indeed, as my condition still was; yet there were moments, about this time, in which I felt a degree of *composure* and *serenity* of mind, that I had never felt before. From having, I suppose, been long accustomed to it, I began to think less frequently of the gloom and horror of my situation. That cruel design, which aimed destruction to all my happiness upon earth, still remained suspended; and I anxiously cherished the hope, that something had happened, or would happen, to prevent the further execution of it for ever. In my books, also, which

generally lay open before me, I found, not only some *employment* to relieve the tediousness of time, but even some valuable *consolation*, fitted to cheer and support a drooping mind. Removed, too, as I was, beyond the reach of all human aid, I fled for refuge, as is natural, with more than usual *ardour of feeling* to the hope of divine protection; and no words can describe the comfort I derived from that source. My thoughts, from these causes, I believe, became often more composed; and my sleep more regular and refreshing.

And yet, after all, I could not be insensible that, in every view, my situation was still very deplorable: and a few *moments* of some ease and composure of mind were too commonly followed by *hours* and *days* of sadness, and moaning, and frightful apprehensions. I still saw myself the wretched tenant of a solitary and dreary cell, shut out from the light and the air; without friend, or companion, or even the sight of a human face, that did not look *enmity* to me. And though the cruel plottet, who had succeeded so far in his black designs, still *delayed* to complete them; yet I could not suppose that he would *easily relinquish* an ob-

ject, he had pursued so long, the moment it seemed to be within his reach. Nor could I, amidst all my own sufferings, ever long lose the remembrance of those dear and much-valued friends, who loved me tenderly, still in ignorance of what had befallen me; and who, disappointed in all their anxious enquiries and searches after me, had probably by that time yielded themselves up to bitter sorrow and despondence. Above all, the recollection of an aged and affectionate parent, an image of deep and dumb despair, would often recur, and as often pierce me with the keenest anguish. For her age and her declining strength, I had too much reason to fear that the weight of her unhappy daughter's misfortunes would prove alas! too heavy; and “bring down her grey hairs, with sorrow, to the grave.” And though I sometimes hoped that she might still be *unacquainted* with all that had happened; yet how could I be assured, either it was so then, or that it could be so much longer?

But this fifth week of my confinement was distinguished by an occurrence, very interesting and important to me; which, though it could not wholly dispel my fears, yet contributed much to raise a

desponding mind, and to give new life to its feeble and languishing hopes.

On Thursday, or Friday, June 7th. or 8th. Mrs. Brown entered my room, with a *letter* open in her hand, and with a countenance in which were strongly marked anxiety, vexation, and disappointment. I started with surprize and fear. I trembled, lest that letter should forebode some new evil to me. But, with what sudden and tumultuous joy did my bosom throb! when she addressed me in the following words—“ This letter, Miss, is
“ from the gentleman, to whom an *accident* has
“ happened; which may, perhaps, put an end to
“ all your fears, and be the cause of your being set
“ at liberty.”—As soon as the first tumult of my thoughts had a little subsided, I eagerly enquired
“ what had befallen him?—She said, “ he is very ill.”
—I asked again, “ what was his complaint?” To that question I observed, she hesitated a little, but at length replied, “ the gout”—and instantly burst into tears. She sat down and cried, for some minutes; and then left the room.

Far different was it with me. The intelligence, just communicated, founded in my ears, like a

sudden reprieve from death. My first emotions were those of high hope, and joy, and gratitude to God. I fell on my knees in a transport little short, for that moment, of *perfect bliss*—rendering thanks, with fervour of spirit, to that all-merciful Being, who had heard my cries from the depth of despair, and who had, in so unexpected a manner, interposed for my safety—implored still, with re-animating confidence, that protection from above, on which all my hopes of safety, and of final deliverance, depended.

But though my first thoughts were thus brightened with hope, yet a little further reflection filled me with the most painful perplexities and fears. “Could I be assured of the *truth* of the intelligence?” was a question I asked myself, with the greatest hesitation, again and again. And yet it had certainly been communicated, with every appearance of *real* anxiety and distress: nor could I easily conceive any possible *motive* for attempting a deception of that kind. It seemed, too, as if some serious case of *sickness* could alone account, in any tolerable manner, for that strange *suspension* of designs, which had been brought so long, in all

appearance, to the very point of execution. But supposing the truth of the information — another and a more alarming question still remained, relating to the possibility or probability of a *recovery* from that sickness, and a consequent *renewal* of those designs—which, it was plain, were as yet suspended only, not abandoned. How miserably has that question tortured my unhappy mind, with alternate hope and fear!

As there was now some probability of my release, I pressed earnestly, at Mrs. Brown's next visit, for leave to write to my brother some account of my present situation; to which she signified her own willingness to consent, and said she supposed Mr. Brown would have no objection. "However, it must be considered," said she, "as a great favor, done only to make you happy; and you must desire your brother to be very secret with it. For if the Gentleman should recover, he may be displeased" — "I am sorry," added she, "to be obliged to act in this manner: But we are under great obligations" — To all this I only replied "that I should be very thankful if she would bring me pen and paper;

“ for that I longed to write to my beloved friends,
“ to inform them that I was still alive, and to give
“ them what hope I could of my release.

Sunday June 10—Pen and paper were brought,
and the following letter was written.

“ June 10th.

“ Dear Dear Brother,

“ I am once more indulged with a pen, and
“ I will be grateful for it, as it will convey to
“ you and all my dear friends the welcome news,
“ that heaven has heard my prayers, and has
[“ *suspended* so far the execution of this villanous
“ plot, by with-holding the wretch, who is the
“ the author of my troubles, through some un-
“ fore-seen disaster or other. But this was de-
“ fired to be told me as an honorable propofal.
“ I was to have one hundred pounds a year set-
“ tled on me for life, and one hundred pounds
“ a year for every child I might have, and every
“ thing besides to make me comfortable and
“ happy. It is expected that I will comply with
“ such advantageous offers: but yet, if obfti-
“ nate, I am told that I must expect the con-

“ sequences, as I am absolutely in his power.
 “ Now, my dear brother, don't suppose that I
 “ will ever accept these offers. I fear not his
 “ threats. For, I am firmly resolved that no
 “ power on earth shall make me forget the good
 “ name I have ever borne: and I will resign life
 “ and honor together, if it should be attempted.
 “ But some superior Being encourages me, in the
 “ midst of all my despair; and tells me that I
 “ shall yet escape, and be happy. O God!
 “ that I may with honor and credit return to my
 “ dear, but unhappy, friends! If not with *both*,
 “ let me die, and never see them more!

“ It is still a mystery to me who is the author
 “ of my troubles. I am told I was seen with
 “ a very fat vulgar-looking woman, who was ta-
 “ ken for no better than she should be; but
 “ that, on enquiry, I was found to be a servant,
 “ living in a very creditable family, and had
 “ done so for some years; that I had always
 “ borne a good character, and was considered
 “ as a very prudent woman—for which reason,
 “ this deep and black plot was laid for me.

“ Oh! my dear brother, may we never be
 “ unduly biaſſed by intereſt or obligations, for it
 “ compels people to act contrary to their own
 “ inclinations. Such I find to be the caſe with
 “ thoſe about me—for—I muſt inform you that
 “ I am treated with every civility from them.
 “ But it is the dreadful ſuſpenſe I am kept in,
 “ that makes me wretched. Yet I will ſtill en-
 “ courage *hope*; and I am thankful to God for
 “ his merciful protection ſo far, and will ſtill
 “ implore his gracious care and aid, in future
 “ time.

“ My duty and love to all my friends, and I beg
 “ they will not be too unhappy about me. I
 “ truſt my dear dear mother is quite well, and
 “ a ſtranger to her poor Nancy’s troubles. Ah!
 “ could I but know that ſhe and the reſt of
 “ my beloved friends are well, I ſhould be
 “ more compoſed. But I muſt not dwell too
 “ long upon this ſubject: it is too melancholy.
 “ I am juſt reminded that this is a long letter:
 “ therefore muſt conclude, and not encroach too
 “ much upon this goodneſs; but only beg fur-
 “ ther that you and all my friends will ſtill love,

“ and pray for, your truly affectionate, though
 “ absent, sister,

“ Ann Brookhouse.”

“ I trust this will be sent, as I am assured
 “ one before was. But I am to beg that you
 “ will be very secret with this, as it is only to
 “ make me happy that this is sent: and I may
 “ otherwise be denied the favour again. So
 “ once more God bless you and all my friends!
 “ I can scarce give over, but must.”

During the whole time of writing the above letter, Mrs. Brown sat near me, looking on, though with much impatience, at last, to be gone. When finished, she read it over, with seeming approbation: and as soon as it was wafered and directed, she removed away all the implements of writing. But when I asked “ how soon it would be sent?” she said “ not just at present.” And afterwards she deferred it, on various pretences, from day to day, and from one week to another, till at last I concluded, in despair, that it was not her intention it should *ever* be sent at all.

During the following *sixth week* of my confinement, which began June 11th, no nearer or more certain prospect of *release* opened itself, to my anxious view: and every day diminished something from that confidence of expectation, with which I had ventured to look forward to it. Mrs. Brown still seemed to speak of *that recovery*, as a probable event, on which all hopes and fears hung in trembling suspense. My *continued* confinement, indeed, was itself a melancholy proof that no decision with regard to my fate had yet taken place; none, at least, favorable to me.

My prospects were thus again over-cast with clouds and darkness; and I began to feel once more all the miseries of long, close, and solitary imprisonment, in dreadful uncertainty, not only with regard to its further *continuance*, but even with respect to its final *issue*. In every hour of more than usual dejection, the same images of death and dishonor would again rear up their horrid forms, which had so often terrified me before. The dismal uniformity and the heavy tediousness of my time, confined always to one narrow and gloomy chamber, without the solace of company,

without any sources of engagement, besides my books and my devotions, and without any but dark and discouraging views before me, again became almost insupportable. How often, God forgive my impatience! have I been tempted to seek a refuge from all the griefs, that pressed so heavy upon me, in death! But blessed be *that divine grace* which with-held me from this rashness! And may my unhappy story read, to the wretched children of adversity, a new instance to confirm and enforce that maxim—equally the dictate of wisdom and piety—“never despair!”

From the obtrusion of melancholy thoughts, I knew, even by the little experience which the *reading of my two books* afforded, that there was no surer resource than interesting *engagement*: and as a further expedient, I bethought myself about this time of asking Mrs. Brown to furnish me with some *needle-work*. She heard my request with a little surprize, and consented to it with a multitude of apologies, which shewed that the scheme of my threatened advancement to splendid misery was not yet discarded from her thoughts. “I am sure, Miss,” said she, “you have no occasion to work

“ any more ! ” — “ Your days of labour might now
 “ be over ” — “ It is a pity, Miss, you will not con-
 “ sent to be happy. ” — I told her, “ That I wished
 “ not to hear a word more upon that subject ; but
 “ that I only requested her to give me some *needle-*
 “ *work*, which would, perhaps, amuse me a little
 “ in my lonely hours. ” She accordingly supplied
 me, from time to time, with work ; and during the
 long course of my confinement, I made several
 shirts, caps, and other articles, of which the mate-
 rials were all of the best kind. When I asked “ what
 “ *mark* shall I put upon the linen ? ” She said “ none. ”

The following *seventh week* of my confinement
 began, June 18th, and ended, without any nearer
 or brighter prospect of the long hoped-for release, to
 which all my thoughts and wishes had been so anxi-
 ously, but hitherto so vainly, directed. My fondly-
 cherished expectations could now, with difficulty,
 support themselves longer against the new disap-
 pointment, which each succeeding day added to all
 the former : and fretful impatience sometimes arose
 almost to frenzy. Mrs. Brown, though she gave
 not the least hint of having received any further
 intelligence concerning her employer's state of

health, yet spoke always of his recovery with the chearful tone and look of one who had still hopes. As often as I ventured to remind her of the long-neglected letter, written by her own express permission, under the implied promise of being speedily sent, her usual excuses were—"It is not convenient at present."—"You must make yourself contented a little longer"—"The gentleman may recover"—"I dare not do any thing till I have further orders."—Her daily visits continued, and she remitted nothing of her usual attentions. At times, indeed, "the insolence of office" would a little discover itself in rudeness and petulance of language, and insulting airs of behaviour: but of the slightest incivilities, beyond these, I had never once reason to complain. And Mr. Brown was even more observant of the strictest rules of good manners in his behaviour towards me, whenever he entered my apartment; which was still, however, very seldom; and his stay never exceeded two or three minutes. On one of these occasions, I remember asking him, in a tone of deep despondency, "What was to become of me?"—He answered, "I hope, Miss Brookhouse, in a little time to see you in a happier situation."

“Then,” said I, “you must restore me to my friends: or *happy* I never can be.”—This was the first time, and the last, that *that* subject was ever mentioned between us; or, indeed, any other. For our conversation always began and ended with a civil enquiry after my health, on the one side, and with a slight acknowledgment of it on the other.

June 25th, began *another week* of lingering expectation and of disappointed hope—the *eighth* of a tedious and long-protracted confinement. It may well be supposed that I had not suffered, all this time, a miserable imprisonment, at the doom only of lawless violence, without looking anxiously about for the means, if any were possible, of effecting an escape. But none, that were in the least practicable, could I ever discover. A strong door, always locked and bolted, which my utmost efforts could not have burst, secured the only passage from my room. Eight strong bars of iron, placed so near together that my hand only could pass between them, grated the window; and as many, equally strong, were fixed across the top of the area, into which it looked. Through this double grating, I knew, it was absolutely impos-

sible for any art or power of mine to find or force
 a way: nor could I tell what, except a high blank
 wall, was beyond. So much was Mrs. Brown al-
 ways upon her guard, that she never once entered
 the room, even for the shortest space of time, with-
 out having first *re-locked* the door, and *secured the*
key in her pocket: nor would it have been *possi-*
ble for me, especially enfeebled as I was by long
 suffering, to *overpower* a woman, so very far superior
 in size and strength. And besides her, no human
 creature ever approached my dreary abode; whom,
 perhaps, I *might* have been able to gain to my
 interests. Sometimes, indeed, the expedient has
 occurred to me of *breaking the glass of my window,*
 with the idea that, in order to it's being replaced,
another person must necessarily be introduced; to
 whom, then, I might have appealed for pity and
 succour. But from this experiment, I was always
 with-held by the apprehension, that, either I should
 first be removed out of the way; or, what I dread-
 ed still more, that the window-shutters would, per-
 haps, be *fastened up*; and thus to all the other hor-
 rors of my imprisonment would be added *that of*
 total and perpetual darkness.

Unexpectedly, however, in the course of this week, an opportunity presented itself of making *one* effort to regain that liberty, of which I had been so long deprived.

I had been more than usually low and dejected that day, and was sitting at work, in the evening; when Mrs. Brown entered the room, with her work in her hand; and, with an offer of her company, took a seat near mine. She seemed very much flushed with wine. She talked fast. Her conversation was chiefly upon *that subject*, always so offensive to me, but in a strain that was *peculiarly* senseless and disgusting. “ Well! Miss,” said she, “ it will not, perhaps, be long, before you are seated in your coach. You will soon become a fine lady, and have servants to wait upon you, instead of being *poked up* in this dismal room. Then will all your friends bow low to you, as they pass”—and thus she ran on. I entreated her, again and again, not to make me more miserable than I already was. But she still went on—till at last, finding all her efforts to engage me in conversation without effect, she relapsed by degrees into silence. Presently after, I perceived, she

grew heavy; his eyes closed, and she fell asleep. I sat watching her earnestly, and my heart beat high with expectation. For, instantly the thought struck me that now the moment was come for attempting to regain my long-lost liberty—by getting possession of the *door-key* from her pocket, and stealing away, as she slept. I waited a few minutes longer in the utmost stillness, scarce daring even to fetch my breath, till I thought she was fast locked in the arms of sleep; and then, slow and softly, I approached her. But what a throbbing and tumultuous moment was that! and with what a struggle of varying thoughts and emotions was it agitated! now, the hope of succeeding, and joy at the prospect of recovered liberty, prevailing; and then, dismay at the bold attempt, and fear of failing in it, and the terror of provoking new severities. And so violent was the conflict of these contending passions, that my weak and exhausted frame was unable to sustain it. Horrid tremblings seized and convulsed me—I shook in every limb and nerve—and just as my hand reached forward and touched her clothes—my strength utterly failed—I tottered and fell—and my head struck forceably against her. She started up, in a

fearful surprise; but, presently raising me from the floor, gave me some water and a smelling bottle. From the first violence of the shock, I was in a little time recovered; but the *anguish* of this mortifying disappointment to the flattering hopes of liberty was not so soon nor so easily assuaged.—Whether Mrs. Brown suspected my design, or only supposed I had fainted, I know not. But I observed that she ever after adopted a rule of sure precaution against a *second* danger of this kind, by never sitting down in my room, for more than two or three minutes at a time.

July 2—the *eighth* week of my imprisonment began, and passed heavily on, like so many former weeks, in continued suspense and misery. My late discouraging disappointment painfully convinced me how little I had to hope for, from my own exhausted strength and spirits, in *future* attempts to effect an escape, even if future favourable opportunities should offer. In despair of success from force or contrivance, I have tried again and again the power of remonstrance, persuasion, and entreaties; but it soon appeared that neither, by these means, could I entertain the smallest

hopes of regaining my liberty. Alas! I found that it would have been quite as reasonable to complain and to weep to the "relentless walls" that surrounded me, as attempt to soften to pity *one*—whose heart was utterly a stranger to the tender sympathies, and in whom even the dictates of common justice and humanity were opposed by the powerful sense of interest. No agonies of the deepest distress, nor moving appeals for pity, ever seemed to excite in her one emotion of compassion. How often have I urged to her my own *extreme misery*, in the most impassioned language, interrupted by tears and convulsive sobs, that might alone have convinced her of it! How often have I entreated her to be assured of my utter and unalterable *abhorrence* of the so often-mentioned proposals; and supplicated her pity, with all the importunity and frantic vehemence of desperation, reduced to it's last resource! How often have I pictured to her, in the strongest colours, that a fearful imagination could supply, the grief and distraction of those affectionate friends, from whose arms I had been so cruelly torn; and especially the overwhelming sorrow of the tenderest of parents, sinking in despair, and refusing to be comforted! But it

was all in vain! Her heart was *impenetrable* to whatever I could urge, either to excite compassion, or to awaken a sense of justice: and one short reply, with a look of affected surprise, or with a smile of contemptuous derision, was always ready —“ You and your friends might be *proud* of such an offer!”

One day, about this time, I remember, she condescended to expatiate a little upon the reasons I had to be *proud* of the offer of infamy, under the insulting name of honorable proposals.—“ You are only a servant,” said she speaking contemptuously, “ and I think it the *meanest of all professions* in the world”—You are quite too nice in this matter”—“ You will surely repent”—“ You must not expect to meet with such a proposal as this every day,” —“ And for my part” added she “ I don’t know what the devil the gentleman could see in your face to take such a fancy to! but, as I said before, fancy passes beauty.”—In all this, I remember, she delivered herself, with such an air and tone of dauntless assurance, and of insolent disdain, that I was for a moment unable to reply. But the words “ *meanest of professions*” presently

roused up all my remaining spirit—and rising to reach my book—and fixing upon her a look of pointed indignation—I said “ would that there was no
 “ *meaner* profession, Mrs. Brown, than that of servant! and then, you would not act the part you
 “ now do!”—“ You are in a fine passion, Miss
 “ Brookhouse,” returned she, “ but your spirit will
 “ come down”—“ Never,” thought I “ to the
 “ meanest of professions”—but I felt that I was in her power, and was afraid of provoking her further. She then quickly rose up, in a rage, to leave the room, and turning to me, with the door in her hand,
 “ I suppose Miss, you can drink no tea this afternoon,” said she tauntingly—“ As you please” I replied—upon which the lock was instantly turned, and the bolt drawn; and I was glad to find myself once more alone.—It will be observed that this was *one* of the occasions, on which Mrs. Brown suffered herself to depart from those rules of civility towards her unhappy prisoner, which had probably been prescribed to her, and which in general she sufficiently observed.

There are few cases of human wretchedness, it is to be hoped, so deplorable, in which some

alleviating circumstances may not be found: and it is often salutary advice, that is given to suffering mortals, to endeavour to view things in the most favorable lights; and to consider in what respects, *bad* as their case is, it might, without introducing improbable or over-strained suppositions, have been *worse*. This, at least, I can speak from my own experience, that, under the pressure of my heavy calamities, I have frequently derived much comfort from the recollection of a *possible* circumstance of *such dreadful aggravation*, that my actual distress appeared almost as *nothing* in the comparison. That circumstance I shall here take leave to mention: as it will be thought, I believe, to afford a remarkable instance of the *possibility*, at least, of cases, in which the most pure and spotless *innocence* may be over-clouded with all the *appearances* and *presumptions* of *guilt*.

Some little time previous to my imprisonment, Mr. Whish, my master, had entrusted to me a bill of £100, to be paid to a person, who was to call for it, but who did not come at the time expected. Having occasion to go out in the course of the same evening, I took the bill with me, intending

to call, and leave it by the way. But the person, to whom it was due, was not at home; and I had still the money in my possession. How often has the thought since suggested itself—what! if my arrest had taken place only a little earlier, *when* I had that money in my possession? Alas! how tremendous would have been the inevitable consequences! My sudden disappearance, with so large a sum, would instantly have covered me with suspicions of the blackest guilt; and suspicions, too, as *apparently* just and reasonable, as they would have been most terrible to me. The money, no doubt, would have shared the fate of my own; it would have been seized by those in whose power I was, and perhaps *never* restored. To have returned *without* it, would have been to go back to certain infamy and punishment. My unhappy story, in that case, would hardly have obtained sufficient credit, to prove my innocence, or ever to protect me from the severities of the law. And it might, also, admit of a question, whether my return, *with the bill* itself untouched in my hand, and with so extraordinary a tale on my lips, would have obtained for me the unhesitating verdict of *acquittal*, even from the candid and im-

partial. With what fervor of self-congratulation have I raised my hands, and with what ardor of gratitude lifted my eyes to heaven! as often as I recollected that, to all my other load of grief, was *not* added the insupportable calamity of laboring under suspicions of a treachery, which my very soul abhorred — suspicions, which I could have no power, even with conscious innocence, to repel; and of which, though utterly false in themselves, yet I could not complain, as unfounded in the strongest appearances and presumptions! Covered thus with infamy, even though I had escaped punishment—what a thankless boon to me would have been the restoration to life and liberty!

July 9. “The flow but steady steps of time
 “kept moving onwards;” and, from this day, I began to number a *tenth week* of lingering suspense and imprisonment. Oppressed so long by that dreadful “kind of sickness of the heart, which
 “arises from hope deferred,” as well as by the length and severities of my confinement itself, my health was now seriously impaired; and I could not, without some alarming apprehensions, look forward to the consequences of a much longer

continuance, in my present deplorable condition. Buried beneath the surface of the ground, and shut up always within the same narrow and gloomy walls, I felt the want of *air* and *exercise*, in more painful degrees, than any, who have not been so unfortunate as to suffer a rigorous imprisonment, like mine, can possibly conceive. I often entreated earnestly for permission to be led out to enjoy, though but for the shortest space of time, that common blessing of nature—never so truly valued as when lost—“the breath of heaven, fresh blowing, “pure and sweet;” and I even offered to be blinded, and to submit to any other restraint, that might be thought necessary. But never could I obtain that favor. From the hour that I was first brought, insensible, within my prison-door, I was not once afterwards suffered to repass it; nor even permitted the enjoyment of sitting, for a moment, with the door *open*—when a few refreshing currents of purer air, passing through my room, would have been to me the highest of gratifications!

But, except in that one instance, none of the little comforts were denied me, of which my melancholy situation admitted. My room was always kept per-

fectly clean, and the bed-linen changed sufficiently often. My bed I usually made myself, for the sake of exercise; but I grew so weak, at last, as to be often incapable even of that little exertion. My provisions were always wholesome and good. I drank nothing stronger than porter; except once, when, complaining of being ill, Mrs. Brown insisted upon my drinking a glass of wine. Once, too, she brought me some *flowers*; and a more grateful present she could scarcely have offered. Their beautiful forms, gay colours, and agreeable scents, threw an air of some cheerfulness, even around my gloomy apartment. I watched and tender them with an anxious care, which could not, however, longer than a few days, preserve their fading beauties from decay. I pleased myself with comparing each of them to some beloved friend, according to any slight resemblance which imagination could conceive between them; and how incessantly did I turn, with delight, to view these frail and fancy-formed memorials of friends—whom I felt that I loved, even with more ardor of affection than ever, since I had been so cruelly divided from them! Alas! what a miserable outcast was I, not only from human society, but even from all the plea-

fures and common bounties of nature! Nothing of all that charms in the spring, or delights in the summer, besides that handful of flowers, and two small dishes of fruit, was ever once permitted to cheer my sight, or to gladden my heart! But for them, indeed, and the *lengthening* of my dimly-reflected day-light, I should scarcely have *known* that “the stern winter” had ever retired, and yielded it’s place to more delightful seasons!

July 16—began my *eleventh-week* of confinement; and, in the course of it, nothing occurred to revive my drooping spirits, or to dissipate the clouds of darkness and uncertainty which hung over my fate. I often asked Mrs. Brown, “whether all hopes of my liberty was at an “end?”—or “why I was still detained?”—and “for what reason my letter was never sent?” Her constant reply was—“The Gentleman is still “ill; but there is yet hope that he may get better; “and I have no orders, at present, to set you at “liberty.”

One morning, about this time, as I was sitting in the posture of deep-musing melancholy, my

eyes fixed, my head leaning on my hand, and all in it's usual stillness and solitary silence around me—my attention was suddenly roused by the soft notes of a robin, that had perched on the edge of my window. My heart jump'd with joy at the sight of a living thing, though of so small and simple a nature: and I had the cruelty to rise, with a design to put down the window, and detain it for my companion. But my haste shortened it's visit; it flew back, and perched itself on one of the bars of the area. I solicited it's return, by some crumbs of bread: but it prized it's freedom too highly. It presently winged away it's flight, and I saw it no more.

July 23—sometime in the course of the *twelfth* week, which was now commencing, Mrs. Brown, came into my room, with a small parcel in her hand. She presently opened it, and shewed me *four pair of white cotton stockings*; evidently, I thought, with a design of tempting me to ask for them, or to accept them; as they were of much too small a size for herself. However, I signified no desire to have them, being fully determined not to accept them, or any thing else: by which, perhaps,

she was discouraged from *offering* them. They were very fine, and I asked "what they cost?" — "Two and six-pence a pair," said she. I expressed some surprise at the smallness of the price, and said "where did you buy them?" — "At Mr. Langhorn's," she answered — "But where does he live?" I rejoined. — "At the Hen-and-Chickens, Fore-Street," said she, unguardedly — I marked her words carefully; and repeated the name and place over and over to myself, in order to fix them in my memory, having no other means of retaining the remembrance of them. For, it immediately occurred that this information might, perhaps, lead to some important discovery — if I should ever be so happy as to regain my liberty. What use was actually made of it, the Reader will know hereafter.

July 30 — My *thirteenth week* of confinement commenced as heavily, in gloom and despondence of mind, as the many preceeding weeks had done; but it was far happier in its close! The dark clouds broke and a little dispersed, that had so long overspread my views; the prospect brightened before me; and I began to direct an eye of clearer and

steadier hope towards the *happy conclusion* of all my sorrows.

August 4th—Mrs. Brown entered my room, this afternoon, with a second letter in her hand; and as soon as the door was closed after her, she announced—“that she had now orders to convey me away.” I was terror-struck at the words; and instantly sunk back, pale and breathless, in my chair. The whole train of fears and horrors that had so long harraffed my thoughts, returned upon me, with sudden and united force; and the words I had just heard conveyed to me *no other* than the terrible idea, that I was to be carried away only *to meet somewhere that wretch*, who had never yet ceased to be the constant object of my dread. Mrs. Brown perceived my distress, and made haste to assure me, that I had entirely mistaken the purport of her intelligence. “The gentleman,” said she, “is so ill, that he is not expected to *live* much longer; nor can he live or die, with any peace to his mind, till he has set you at liberty.”—“He is very sorry,” continued she, “to have been the cause of so much distress to you: and he directs that you shall be immediately restored to your

“ friends.”— Then, opening the letter, she read part of it, which ran nearly in the following words —“ even if I should get better, tell her, that I will “ never disturb or molest her more; for she is “ certainly a prudent good young woman”—“ But “ if her friends should discredit her account, or “ refuse to receive her, let her then only advertise three times the following words—“ The “ young woman who was taken away, May 7th, “ 1798, is now willing to accept the offers made “ to her; at the same time, signifying the place where “ she may be found—and she shall still command the “ same advantageous proposals as before ——.”

Whilst she was reading these words—a sudden impulse moved me—I started from my seat—and though my trembling frame almost refused to support me, yet tottering as well as I could towards the place where she stood, I tried to catch a glimpse of the name, date, or hand-writing of the letter; any thing, in short, that might lead to a discovery of the person. But Mrs. Brown perceived and baffled my design, by drawing the letter closer to herself. Then, the thought struck me of snatching it at once from her hand; but fear of conse-

quences restrained me. Again, staggering back, I threw myself into my chair; and, in an agony of torturing suspense between hope and fear, uttered aloud—"O God! that it may be true!"—"Do you doubt it?" said Mrs. Brown, sternly; adding, after the pause of a moment, in a firm tone—"Miss Brookhouse, I do assure you, upon my life and soul, it is true. The gentleman has been ill, ever since you were first taken—or you would not return, as you now do—*that* I can assure you," said she angrily; and then, with a voice of increasing vehemence, continued—"For my part, I wish I had had no hand in this affair. It has been trouble enough to me, I am sure; for you are such a d——d obstinate and suspicious creature—tho' I have always been so good to you"—"I acknowledge you have, Mrs. Brown," said I, in a trembling accent, alarmed at the rising fury of her temper—"Pray don't be angry with me—you must allow for my fears."—"I tell you, again, you have nothing to be afraid of now," returned she, in a high and impassioned tone, which spoke rather an angry concern for the credit of her own declaration, than a kind wish to relieve the doubts and anxieties of a distracted mind.

Often before had Mrs. Brown presented to me the ruffled features of peevish and petulant ill-humour: but never had she turned upon me, till now, so inflamed a countenance of fierce, and furious passion. Perfectly aware that I was still in her power, and terrified at the idea of having incurred her serious displeasure, I talked no more of my doubts; but endeavoured to look and to speak, as if my fears had yielded, at last, to her loud protestations. After a short pause of silence—"I hope you will be so good as to give me leave," said I, with a timid and hesitating voice, "to write to my brother"—"for otherwise, the surprize of seeing me, after so long an absence, and when perhaps I am thought to be dead, may be too great."—"You shall do as you please now," returned she, somewhat softened, "if you will only make yourself easy, and plague me no more with your suspiciousness."—I had yet one important question to ask, and her returning temper encouraged me, at length, to propose it. "*How soon* am I to be so happy," said I, speaking with a fearful doubt, which I could not subdue, "as to be restored to my friends?"—"I will ask Mr. Brown," answered she; "but it will

“ be in a night or two at farthest. And to morrow
 “ you may write your letter.” I thanked her for
 that concession; and presently afterwards she re-
 tired.

August 5th—The occurrences of the preceed-
 ing evening, had so agitated my long-harassed spirits,
 that I had no inclination, at night, to seek for re-
 pose. Abstracted in the deepest thought, anxiously
 weighing probabilities, and listening to every rising
 suggestion of either hope or fear, I passed the lonely
 hours—till long after returning day had thrown its
 first light round my dismal walls. Then, wearied
 with watching, I laid myself down to rest, but
 sought for the kind soothing of sleep in vain.
 Starting, presently, from a restless pillow, and
 seated once more in my chair; I began to look for-
 ward, with impatient expectation, to the events of
 the day—which I sometimes almost dared to hope
 might be the last of my confinement!

Mrs. Brown appeared at the usual times: and
 as far as calm, explicit, and solemn assertions could
 go, she gave every confirmation to the hopes, that
 throbbed within me, of once more seeing and em-

bracing my long-lost friends. But she did not lead me to expect that my liberation would take place that night; nor was it till towards the evening that she came, with pen and ink in her hand, to fulfil her promise of permitting me to write to my brother. I then reminded her of the letter dated June 10th, which was still in my possession; and told her, I would open it again, and, with her leave, write what I had further to say, on the blank page. She consented. I asked if I might enter a little more into the particulars of what had befallen me, than I had there done? “Mr. Brown is coming,” said she, “we will ask him.” I laid down the pen; in a few minutes, he approached the door; and she arose to unlock it. He bowed to me, on entering, and said, “he hoped that what Mrs. Brown had told me, had made me quite happy.” I returned his bow, but said not a word. His darkened countenance expressed so strongly disappointment and displeasure, that I almost trembled. Mrs. Brown asked him—“what I might say in the letter?”—“Oh! any thing she pleases, for what I care now,” said he, peevishly; “for the devil himself cannot find us out.”—He then told Mrs. Brown he was going out; and, ordering the door to be opened,

with a second bow to me, left the room. Having re-locked the door, Mrs. Brown, resumed her seat, and waited, though somewhat impatiently, till I had written the following lines :—

“ With what pleasure do I inform you, my
 “ dear brother, that the time is come when I am
 “ to see you once more! But why do I say
 “ *pleasure*, till I am *certain* not only of *seeing*
 “ you, but seeing you *all*? Vain thought! for
 “ if I am deprived of any *one* of my dear friends,
 “ out of the number, I shall almost regret my
 “ liberty. But I pray to God, I may see you
 “ *all* once again, to tell of this wonderful escape
 “ from some great, but bad man. O God! I
 “ will ever be grateful for thy merciful good-
 “ nefs to me. I am at liberty to say what I
 “ think proper now. But the manner in which
 “ I was taken, and the time and manner in
 “ which I am to return, have not been told me
 “ yet. I hope this is not another plot. I can-
 “ not but mistrust every thing, after what I
 “ have suffered. You will see, my dear brother,
 “ by the date of this letter that I was deprived
 “ of an opportunity of sending it. But it will

“ spare me some pain in repeating every parti-
 “ cular, on my first arrival.

“ I trust my dear brother is in town; for I
 “ should suppose few of my friends are, at this
 “ time of the year: and it is to your house, I shall
 “ fly first. I hope, please God! to see all my
 “ relations once again: and then with pleasure
 “ would I resign my life to him that gave it,
 “ and has so wonderfully supported and preserv-
 “ ed it. Ah! shall I confess to you, that I
 “ have at times been almost in despair; and
 “ have more than once, had the instrument of
 “ death in my hand? Yes! I will acknowledge
 “ to you, it was my firm determination to have
 “ attempted the life of him that should attempt
 “ my honor; and if I had not succeeded, my
 “ own should have fallen. But I will be thank-
 “ ful to Him who has taken justice into his own
 “ hand. And may the wretch on his sick, or
 “ rather, as I am told, *dying* bed, make his peace
 “ with that good God who is able to pardon! I
 “ forgive, as I am to expect forgiveness. My duty
 “ and love to all my friends. I trust I shall be
 “ with you almost as soon as this letter. But still

“ continue to pray for me. I hope you will
 “ excuse all imperfections in this, from your
 “ truly affectionate sister, till death,”

“ Ann Brookhouse.”

“ Aug. 5, 98.”

Mrs. Brown read over the above lines, as soon as I had finished them; and found nothing to which she thought proper to object. When she came to the words “ instrument of death”—turning to me a look of surprise—“ what instrument,” said she, “ have you got”—“ For I took every thing from you”—I had no sooner uttered, in answer, the words “ my penknife”—than I perceived, with pain, my indiscretion, in having thus betrayed my own secret, before I could be *certain* that it was no longer important. However, she made no further remark, nor did she demand the penknife. But having received my letter into her hand, she retired, with a promise that it should be sent the next day; but I had still doubts, which I could not subdue, whether it would ever be sent at all. I was never satisfied that even the former letter, written the first day of my confinement, had been conveyed to my friends, or that their anxiety

had ever been relieved by the slightest intelligence concerning me—and how much more dreadful is uncertainty, in such a case, than even a knowledge of the worst!

But the melancholy part of my story is not yet concluded—no less than *twenty days* more of wretchedness were still to be added to the number of all the past. From August 5th, to August 25th—comprehending the *three last weeks* of my confinement—I was doomed to linger on with the expectation, constantly deferred, from one day to another, of that restoration to liberty, which, I was directed to believe, would have been immediate, or, at least, speedy. How sickening to the heart such continual and cruel suspense, no words can describe!

For the first seven or eight days of this dreadful delay, no other reason was given for it then this—“it is not *convenient to us*, that you should “be removed yet, but in a night or too it may.” What a vague and unsatisfactory and even incomprehensible reason was that to me—especially after it had been repeated five or six days successively! and

how ill was it calculated to re-assure the trembling hopes, or appease the fretful impatience, of a long-irritated, fearful, and anxious mind! During this time, there have been moments, when I have found myself unable to resist the alarming apprehensions, that I was deluded by a plausible tale—that the letters were forgeries—that the flattering hope of liberty was held up only to lull me into a false security, in order to facilitate some new plans of villany, concerted against me. In those moments, all my former terrors have anew assailed me; and my harrassed spirits have returned once more into as dreadful a state of depression and despondence, as at the very worst period of my confinement.

In general, however, my hopes of a speedy liberation were sufficiently powerful to be able to support themselves, against all opposing doubts, perplexities, and fears. The *length* of time that had elapsed, during my confinement, without having suffered the smallest molestation—the two *letters*, and the seeming *probability* of the information they contained—the difficulty of conceiving what *purposes* could be answered, by so long-continued

a scheme of deception—the calm, solemn, repeated, unhesitating, and unvarying *assertions* of Mrs. Brown—and above all the circumstance of being still left in *quiet possession of my penknife*, which surely would *not* have been suffered, if any further outrages were intended—all these considerations never failed, as often as they recurred, to re-animate my drooping mind, with the assured and joyful hope of being, in a little time, restored once more to freedom and to my friends.

But still there was intense and painful anxiety mingled with my joy; still my hopes were repressed by some *reasonable* causes of fearful doubt, and apprehension; which my own imagination, rendered by long-suffering too susceptible of impressions of terror, perhaps, greatly magnified, and which often-repeated disappointment further aggravated. Upon the whole, therefore, as may easily be supposed, the concluding days of my imprisonment were, indeed, sufficiently heavy and miserable. From slumbers disturbed by anxiousness of mind, I generally awoke in the morning with the fondly-indulged expectation, that now surely the last day of confinement was come—that surely the approach-

ing evening would find me *free*, and folded, with joyful surprize, in the arms of friends, that had long despaired of seeing me more. Starting from my pillow with fresh hopes, I resumed my accustomed seat; I watched with impatience the progress of the hours; heavily they moved along; at length the evening came—and passed away—leaving me still a wretched prisoner, sighing for freedom, and pining in lengthened suspense. The next day, and the next, would again awaken me to the same flattering hopes; and the evenings close upon me, with the same severely-mortifying disappointment. As often as Mrs. Brown entered my apartment, my enquiring eyes were eagerly fixed upon her, to *anticipate*, from her looks, the answer to my constantly-repeated demand, even before I had proposed it—“ May I expect to be set at liberty to “ night?” But how cold and chilling to the ardor of my hopes was her constant reply!—“ No! not, “ I believe, to night; but perhaps in another night “ or two!” Yet she was always careful to assure me, that I had nothing to apprehend from this delay; that I might make myself perfectly sure of seeing my friends, within a little time; that the determination of restoring me to liberty remained

unchanged; and that nothing was waited for, but a convenient opportunity.

About the ninth or tenth day after the order for my liberation was said to have been received, in answer to a more than usually earnest and importunate demand, *why I was detained so long?* Mrs. Brown informed me that the same man who had assisted to convey me thither, was also to assist in carrying me back; that, at present, he was ill with a complaint in his bowels; but that as soon as he was recovered, I might rest assured of being immediately set at liberty. This was certainly a more reasonable and intelligible account of that strange and tedious delay, which harraressed so cruelly my spirits, and which began to fill me, at last, with the most serious and alarming apprehensions. It would, have been even a *satisfactory* account, if I could have been relieved from every doubt of its *truth*, and of its not being merely a pretence for further delay, with a view to some further outrages against me. Mrs. Brown added, at the same time, that it was plainly no interest of hers to detain me longer than she could help, that she heartily wished to have done with the affair,

that she should then be much happier, and a great deal more to the same purpose.

But this state of long and intolerable suspense had, at last, an end. Saturday, August 25th, early in the afternoon, Mrs. Brown came into my room, announcing—that I was to be released that night—assuring me, at the same time, that I should be conveyed safely to some street, in that part of London, where my friends resided. My spirits almost died away, as I thus heard—what I had been so long and so anxiously wishing to be told. But mine was doubtful and trembling joy. My imagination was still haunted by the terrors of new plots. Mrs. Brown, however, immediately delivered to me my bonnet and cloak, and a gown-piece which I had under my arm, when seized; together with my money, all right, my keys, pencil, and every thing else, which she had taken from my pockets—not the most trifling article was missing.—“ I think, Miss Brookhouse,” said she, on delivering them, “ you have now every thing of your own safe”—“ and will you please to accept of any thing else?”—“ No! nothing at all,” I answered, “ here are my own; and it is all I want.”

She then withdrew : leaving me to make what little preparations were necessary for my departure, which consisted only of some trifling regulations of my dress. That quickly done—I sat down once more, endeavouring to compose my hurried spirits, and to summon all my resolution to my aid, in the view of what was about to happen—scarcely daring yet to assure myself, that some new troubles were not preparing for me. In a tumult of hope and fear, of anxiety and impatience, the remaining hours of the evening passed on. I thought them some of the most lingering hours, I had ever been doomed to pass in that gloomy chamber, which my eyes were now, for the last time, surveying—from which it was certain only that I was going to be removed, but *whither?* I could not but regard as still involved in dark and awful uncertainty!

Between the hours of eight and nine, Mrs. Brown once more entered my room, accompanied by Mr. Brown and the other man, who had assisted to despoil me of liberty, and was now to assist in restoring it. The men bowed, and directly informed me—“ that the time was come, and that I

“ must get ready to follow them.”—“ I am quite ready,” said I, with a tremulous voice, which told that *fear* was still at least as powerful within me as *hope*. Then, turning to the men, I solemnly and earnestly demanded whether “ it was really their intention to carry me back to my friends?” They all protested that such only was their intention, and that no further injury whatever should be offered me. They then said, that if I would promise to be quiet, and to make no noise, I should go without being *gagged*; which, otherwise, would be necessary for their own safety. They added, that as I was now going back to my friends, I might as well *consent* to go quietly; but if not, as their lives depended on it, I must expect severity. I asked, how I could be assured of the truth of what they had declared, that no farther harm was intended me?—“ Will you,” said I, “ *swear* to the truth of it?”—They each cried out with vehemence—“ Upon my life and soul it is most true!”—and then I thought it prudent to give a promise of silence.

Having now hurried on my cloak and bonnet, Mrs. Brown advanced to take leave of me, with so

much apparent emotion, and with such an earnest solemnity of manner, that I was both surprized, and moved with compassion. She first offered me a glass of wine, which she entreated me, for my own sake, to drink—but I steadily declined it. Then, pressing my hand, she repeated several times—“ God bless you ! ”—“ I wish you your health ! ”—adding in a low and mournful tone—“ You are going, Miss Brookhouse, to be happy — and *that* is more than I am—I wish my conscience was like yours—for you are a good young woman—but I hope you will forgive me ! ” And the tears filled her eyes, as she spoke:—at that moment, I almost forgot all that I had so lately suffered, and looking to her “ more in sorrow than in anger ”—“ I do forgive you ! ” said I, with earnestness—“ And I hope you will pray for mercy to the same good God, that has so wonderfully protected me ! ”—“ I wish you happy ! ”

I was now quite ready, and tremblingly-impatient to be gone. Turning, then, to the two men—“ Gentlemen ! ” said I, “ I wait your pleasure,” speaking with all the calmness and steadiness of voice which I was able to command—which, however,

but ill endeavoured to conceal those strong emotions of fear and distrust, contending with hope and joy, that a wildly-disordered look and an agitated frame too plainly discovered. Mrs. Brown caught me, once more, by the hand; but seemed unable to speak. The stranger, then, approaching me, said—"Of course, Madam, you will not expect to see"—upon which, taking from his pocket, a cover, contrived for the purpose, he clapped it upon my eyes. It felt cold and gluy, and adhered closely to my face. I submitted in silence. He then took hold of one arm, as the other man did of the other; and thus I was led from the place of my long imprisonment.

But violently agitated as I was, I had yet so far possession of myself, that I was able to entertain, with some deliberation, the thought of making whatever *observations* I could, as I passed along—to some of which I have already had occasion to allude, in the course of the preceeding pages.

From my prison-door, I was conducted into what I always conceived to be a dark narrow passage—it was of considerable length—and at the

end of it, we ascended some stone steps, about fifteen or sixteen in number. At a small distance from the top, a door opened, through which we passed; and the door again closed upon us. All was yet quiet and still around me; my conductors spoke not; nor did the least sounds, near or distant, break on the profound silence in which we moved. I was next led, for the space of two or three minutes, along a hard smooth path, but which was not pavement. Now, for the first time, I heard some faint and distant sounds, but nothing that I could distinguish. At the end of the path, a carriage was waiting, which appeared to be a one horse chaise; into which I was lifted. The two men, then, got in, and I was seated between them. Brown drove, and the other man held me to my seat. I did not observe that I had stepped upon pavement, before I had reached the carriage; but as soon as it was put in motion, I instantly perceived that we were in a *paved* street. The distant sounds, that had before met my ears, seemed now to approach nearer; and I soon heard distinctly the noise of boys hallooing, people walking, carriages passing, and watchmen calling the hour. The carriage was driven very

fast; it passed through many different streets, as I could tell by the frequent turnings; till, after about the space of an hour, it suddenly stopped, and I was lifted from it. Then, in an instant, one of the men drove off again furiously, with the carriage; while the other stood, holding me, in the street, for three or four minutes. After which, putting my gown-piece upon my arm, and snatching the cover from my eyes—"Madam" said he, "you are safe"—and then ran off. It was a clear moon-light night; I looked after him, but he was out of sight in a moment.

Thus suddenly vanished, at last, all my fears: and I was left to the free possession of my liberty; but, for some minutes, I was utterly deprived of the power of *using* it, or of moving from the spot where I had been set down. The first surprise and joy of escape, in my state of extreme bodily weakness, so immediately after the dreadful agitation of mind I had suffered, together with the sudden transition from total blindness to the use of sight, almost over-powered me. I caught hold of some pallisades that were near and thus supported myself for several minutes; scarcely yet daring to believe

that I was awake, or that I was not again deceived by *such visionary scenes*, as had often before mocked my hopes of liberty, in my sleeping, and sometimes even in my *waking* hours. In a little time, however, I began to recollect myself, and to admit the conviction of the reality of all that had passed. The moon shone bright; and the freshness of the air contributed to revive me, beyond the *conception* of those, who have never escaped from a long confinement, like mine. I now looked around me, and began to consider what I should do. I knew not where I was; nor which way I should turn, to seek my friends. The street appeared still and quiet. I saw only a woman and a pot-boy, passing at a distance. As soon, however, as I was in some degree recovered, I began to move, as well as my trembling limbs could bear me, along the street. Presently I met the watchman, coming from his box, calling the hour. I asked him—"what street I was in?" "and where I could get a coach?"—He said "It was Gloucester Street Bloomsbury"—and offered to walk with me to the nearest stand, which was only at the top of the street. I was soon seated in a coach; and, having given directions to be driven

to Berner's-Street, in the course of a few minutes, I found myself in the arms of an affectionate brother—whose sudden astonishment, at such a meeting, followed by quick and rapturous joy, it would be impossible to describe.

As soon as our first expressions of surprise and mutual congratulation were over, and I had received some satisfactory account of the health of my other friends; I endeavoured a little to appease my brother's anxious curiosity, by giving him a short detail of all that I had suffered. But I first mentioned the *two letters*, which I had sent, and which he informed me had been *duly received*. At the same time he told me, what indeed I might easily have supposed, that the joyful hopes of seeing me once more, which the second letter had excited, had long since yielded to a second and a deeper despair. Having somewhat satisfied his numerous and impatient enquiries—my brother gave me, in return, some account of what had been suffered, and what had been done, on the part of my afflicted relatives. He told me that the magistrates had been consulted—that advertisements had been published—that a reward of fifty pounds had been

offered—and that every possible search had been made after me—but that all had ended in utter disappointment. To my great satisfaction, however, he informed me, that my dear mother had been, with some difficulty, kept all this time in ignorance of what had befallen her unhappy daughter, and had thus been spared unutterable anguish, which might even have been fatal to her.

In such interesting and affectionate converse, after so long and painful a separation, the hours stole swiftly away, one after another; till it was necessary, at length, that I should retire to seek some repose from the fatigues of the agitated and eventful evening, that had passed. I soon fell into sound and refreshing slumbers, such as I had not for a long time enjoyed; and, in the morning, I was awakened to sensations of high delight, and of gratitude to the God, who had so wonderfully effected my deliverance, by the bright rays of the sun, beaming through my window—which to me, after a total exclusion for sixteen weeks from its cheering light, was a sight, more than I could describe, animating and enrapturing!

Though I was now released from all the miseries of actual confinement, yet the cruel effects of it were seen, long after, in looks of deep languor, in a shrunk and debilitated frame, and in depressed and weakened spirits. I was reduced so low that, at first, I could scarcely move or stand without support; and when I spoke, my enfeebled voice could with difficulty be heard. Repose and quiet were prescribed, by medical advice, as the best means for the restoration of my health. Yet I could not be denied the high and transporting pleasure of receiving the embraces of rejoicing friends, who hastened to me, some from great distances, with their affectionate congratulations, mingled with many tender condolences. Nor could I ever refuse, to their eager and anxious enquiries, a relation, however painful to myself, of all that I had suffered during our long separation: and as soon as I had recovered a little strength, I was induced, at their request, to draw up *that narrative*, from which, by the kindness of a friend, these pages were composed for the press. One satisfaction, however, on these occasions, I have always had; which is to find that my often-repeated story, extraordinary as it is, was heard with perfect

conviction of its truth, as well as with kind sympathy in the sufferings it relates, by all, I believe, without a single exception, to whom it has ever been recited—among which number are many, with whom I had little or no previous acquaintance.

On Tuesday, August 28th—I went, with my brother, to the Police Office, Hatton Garden; and before William Bleamire, Esq. the sitting magistrate, related the whole account of my sufferings; requesting, at the same time, his advice as to the best mode of proceeding, in order to discover the perpetrators of this horrible outrage. Having heard my story with the most obliging attention, Mr. Bleamire was pleased to deliver his opinion and advice, to the following purpose—that the plot appeared to be too well laid, and too well executed, to admit of much hope of discovery—that, however, the first proper step would be to enquire at the shop where the *four pair of stockings* were said to have been bought (see page 77), and where, perhaps, the woman might be known—after which, he said, he would be ready to offer his advice as to further proceedings.

From Hatton Garden we proceeded to Fore-street; where, we found that there was a hosier's shop, with the sign of the Hen and Chickens, but that the master of it was not Mr. Langhorn, but Mr. Webster. On enquiry, however, it appeared that a gentleman of the name of *Langhorn*, had frequent dealings with Mr. Webster, that he was often in his shop, and that he was even occasionally requested to serve, when more customers than usual happened to be in it. Hence it seems not unreasonable to suppose that seeing Mr. Langhorn and hearing his *name* mentioned, Mrs. Brown might conclude that *he* was the master of the shop. We obtained directions to Mr. Langhorn's lodgings, who lived in a distant part of the city; and we had afterwards an interview with him. He acknowledged that he was very frequently in Mr. Webster's shop, and that he often served in it; but he did not at all recollect the circumstance of selling the four pair of stockings, to the person in question. He very politely offered, however, on being informed of the nature of our business, to accompany us to Mr.

Webster's, for the purpose of making further enquiries.

Thursday August 30, I went, a second time, with my brother, to the office in Hatton Garden. Mr. Bleamire heard us with the same obliging attention as before. He still seemed to be of opinion that little or nothing could be done, with any effect, in the present case. He advised, however, that we should pursue our enquiries into the affair of the four pair of stockings, and report the result to him.

Friday August 31st, I went, a third time, to the public office Hatton Garden; accompanied by my two brothers, one of whom had just arrived from Warwick, for the purpose of giving his advice and personal assistance in the affair. My friends being many of them in affluent circumstances, it was resolved that no necessary or reasonable *expences* should be spared, in fulfilling that duty, which they considered as due to the public justice of their country,

by bringing to condign punishment the persons, who, in the horrid outrages they complained of, had been guilty of so daring a violation of the public order and peace. It was particularly determined that a reward of not less than *one hundred pounds* should be immediately offered for the discovery of the offenders, if such a measure should be approved by the magistrates. On requesting Mr. Bleamire's further advice, he repeated the opinion he had before delivered, that the chance of discovery was, in the present case, the smallest possible—that the persons employed in this business were no *common* offenders—that they were, without doubt, *well-paid*—that there was no *probability* of inducing them to betray their employer—and that the offering of the proposed reward, could only be attended with trouble and expence, without being likely to produce any good effect. However, he again recommended that our enquiries into the affair of the stockings should be pursued further; and that till then, at least, all other proceedings should be suspended. But when we stated to him, that the whole affair had been, at first, sub-

mitted to the consideration of the magistrates in Bow-Street; that Mr. Bond, in particular, had much interested himself in it; and that it would be a further satisfaction to us to hear his opinion, Mr. Bleamire said that, to *that* there could be no objection.

From Hatton Garden we went to Bow Street. But we found that the office was crowded with people upon business, and we were informed that Mr. Bond could not, for some considerable time, give us a hearing. It was therefore determined that we should go immediately in search of Mr. Langhorn, whom we soon met with; and who was so good as to engage to accompany us into Fore-Street. In the evening, accordingly, Mr. Langhorn, Miss Leech, a relation, my brother, and myself, proceeded together to Mr. Webster's.

As soon as we were introduced and our business explained, Mr. Webster, in the most obliging manner, offered to give us every af-

sistance in his power towards making the wished-for discovery. I then stated to him the affair of the four pair of stockings; mentioned the time (about six-weeks ago) when I supposed they were bought; and was *beginning* to describe the person, to whom they were sold—when Mr. Webster interrupted me, by saying, that he now well recollected such a person, coming to his shop; that he served her himself; and that he could tell to a day when the transaction took place: and so, he said, could Mrs. Webster, whom he called for the purpose of assisting his own recollection; and it proved to be exactly *that day six-weeks*. “What made him” he added “remember it so perfectly was, that a slight quarrel arose between himself and the woman,”—and he then related all the circumstances as follows:—

He said—that when the woman came in, she desired to see some fine cotton stockings. She was looking at some that were too *small* for herself; and when it was so intimated to her, she answered,

“ they were not for herself, but a nice young woman”—“ a daughter of her’s,” she added, with a significant smile; which Mr. Webster said, he perfectly understood. He then jokingly asked, “ Will you introduce me to your daughter?” —“ She is engaged,” returned she “ for a gentleman.”—She then went away with four pair of stockings—but the price was more than 2s. 6d. a pair. Within the space of two or three days, she returned; and desired that the stockings might be changed, for some of a larger size—saying, that the person, for whom they were intended, *would not have them*. Mr. Webster himself waited upon her, this second time. He made some objection to changing the stockings—upon which she grew angry and insolent, and suffered herself to use some very unbecoming language; by which, Mr. Webster said, he was confirmed in the opinion he had before conceived of her *real* character.

Mr. Webster added, that he knew neither the woman’s name, nor where she lived; that, however, he had seen her several times before; that he

had a perfect knowledge of her person, “ and
 “ could fingle her out from a thousand.” He
 then, at my request, gave us a particular descrip-
 tion of her person, her air, her manners, her dress,
 which corresponded exactly, in every particular—
 Mr. Langhorn, as well as my own friends present are
 witnesses!—with the description I had before given
 to him, to them, to many other persons in their
 hearing, and to the magistrates in Hatton Garden.
 Mr. Webster said, that he had never seen the wo-
 man since the time above-mentioned; but promised,
 at our desire, that if ever she came again into his
 shop, he would cause her to be secured.—The
 reader is requested to compare the above account
 with the circumstance related page 77 and 78.

Saturday, September 1.—My brother and my-
 self went, this day, to Hatton Garden, to report to
 Mr. Bleamire the result of our enquiries at Mr.
 Webster's. He now finally gave his decided
 opinion, that nothing more could be done, that
 the offering even of a large reward would be
 of no effect, and that it would be perfectly use-

less to give either them or ourselves any further trouble.

September 4.—It being still wished, for the full satisfaction of all our friends and of the public, that Mr. Bond's opinion should be taken in addition to that of Mr. Bleamire—my brother and myself went a second time, to the Public Office, Bow Street. But we found that Mr. Bond was, that day, prevented by indisposition from attending. My brother thought proper, however, to state the nature of our business to the chief clerk of the office, in the hearing of several of the runners—who all concurred in the opinion, before given us, that there was little chance of a discovery, and that it would be in vain to attempt any thing further.

September 7.—I need not attempt to describe what were my sufferings, in going through so many public examinations, on so painfully-affecting a subject; and, the two preceeding days, I was so

ill as to be unable even to leave my bed. But, this morning, being somewhat better, I endeavored, at my brother's earnest request, to rouse myself once more to exertion; and we went together, a third time, to the office in Bow-Street. Mr. Bond had been previously informed of our intended application to him; but we found, he was so engaged with a variety of other business, that, he said, he could not give us a hearing that day. He expressed his wish, however, that we should attend him, at his own house; but he could not, then, fix any particular time.

I think it proper to be mentioned, in this place, that Mr. Whish, my late master, and his family, were not, at this time, in London; otherwise, as it may naturally be supposed, I should have looked to him for the favor of his advice and countenance, in all the proceedings above detailed—a favor, which I am sure, his goodness, to one who had lived seven years in his family, would not have refused.

Sep. 8. As my health was seriously impaired, and as quiet, and change of air were strongly recommended as absolutely and immediately necessary, and as it appeared to be the general opinion, that nothing more was to be hoped for, from a longer continuance in London—it was now resolved to relinquish all further attempts; and—after leaving directions with a friend, to write a letter of thanks to Mr. Bond, with an explanation of our reasons for declining to give him any further trouble—I set out, with one of my brothers, for Bath; whence we afterwards proceeded to Warwick—where in the retirement of the country, with the kind affiduities of fraternal and sisterly affection, I have reason to hope, that my health will, in a little time, recover from that dreadful shock it has sustained.

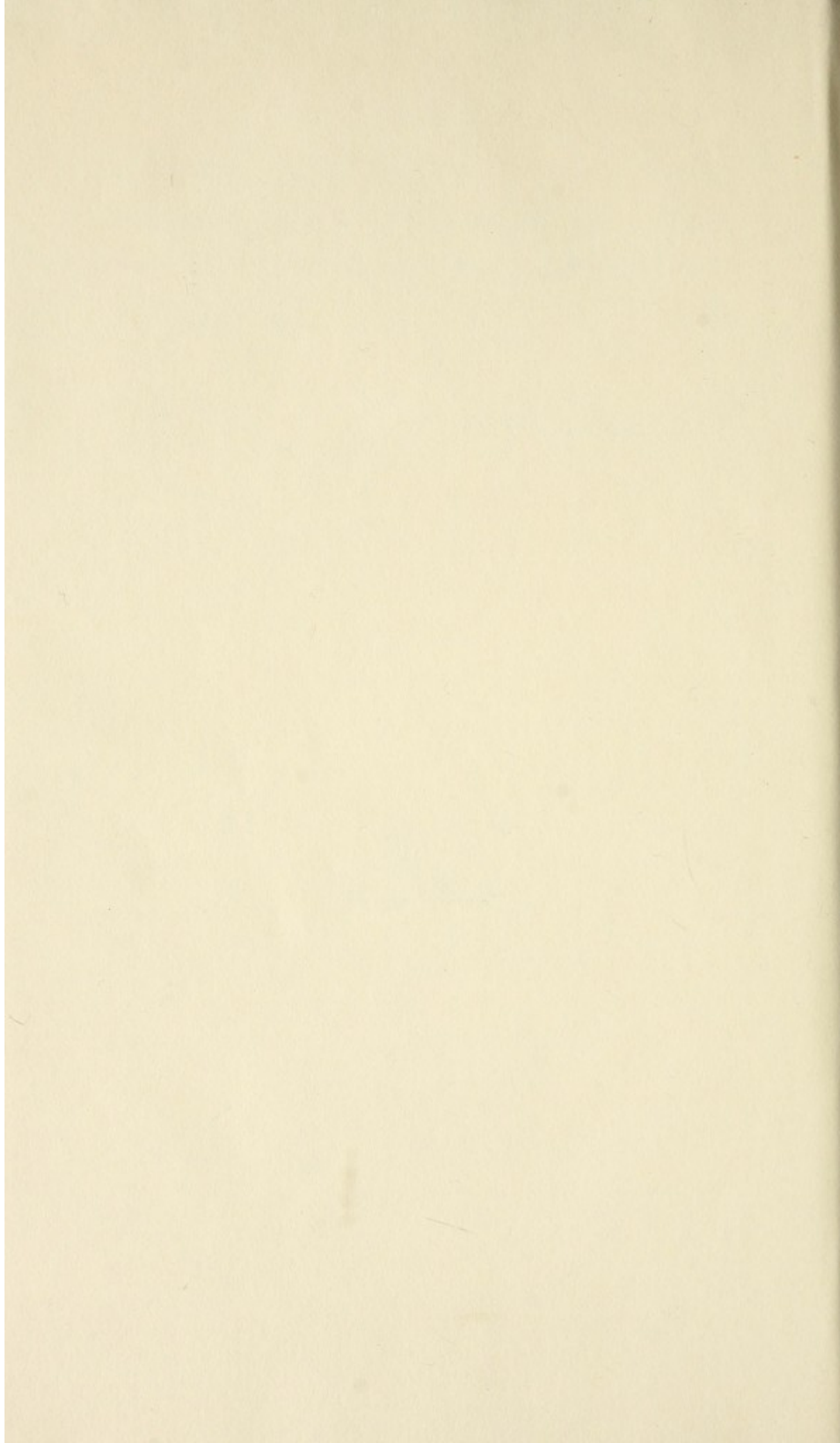
SUCH is the extraordinary story of the wrongs I have suffered, from lawless violence and wickedness; and such is the almost equally extraordinary account of that unexpected and powerful

protection, which I have found, in the moment of dreadful danger, when all human succour was fled, from the care of an over-ruling and gracious PROVIDENCE. Nor can I suffer these pages to be finally closed, without once more recording, by means of the friendly pen that has composed them, *the gratitude*, which glows, and must for ever glow, within my bosom, to the GREAT BEING above, who, looking down with an eye of compassion, beheld me, sunk in despair, secluded from the possibility of all human intervention, in a remote, solitary, tomb-like imprisonment, dwelling with black fears constantly around me; and who, in his own good time, was pleased to stretch forth a “mighty arm” of deliverance; and, by a most providential interposition—merciful to me—but terrible to my oppressor—has restored me, it may almost be said, from *death* and the *grave*, to liberty and life!—Praise for ever to his name!—And may the awfully-striking example, wheresoever it is known, fill the daring oppressor with *terror* of that Justice, from on high, which, sooner or later, will surely overtake him; and encourage,

at the same time, the trembling sufferer to repose his *hopes* in the care of that all-wise and all-good Providence, which will not finally suffer his hopes to deceive him!

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