G. Betts

AN AUTHENTIC

AND

IRREFUTABLE STATEMENT

OF

Mrs. Sinclair Sutherland's

UNFORTUNATE INTIMACY

WITH

MR. WHICHCOTE TURNER,

Ci-devant Brevet Major of the Third or King's own Dragoons,

INVOLVING A NARRATIVE

BOTH INTERESTING AND DISTRESSING.

Learn to be wise by other's harm,
And you may do full well.

LILLO.

To be had (by Persons of respectability) of Mrs. SUTHERLAND,
No. 7, Portman-Street, Portman-Square;
Or at her Cottage, New Buckenham, Norfolk.

B. Clarke, Printer, Well-Street, London.

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PREFACE.

HOWEVER painful it may be to relate publicly the transactions of private life, yet there are circumstances that warrant such a procedure, both for the vindication of character, and the detection of *ingratitude, imposture,* and *wickedness.*

I have been represented by the Rev. Mr. Method*, Mr. Turner, and Mr. Alderson, his counsel, as "a lady with whom Mr. Turner had formed a "transient connexion, and that on terminating that "intercourse, I had become so enraged, that I had "followed Mr. Turner to his house, and put him "in fear of his life;" to which ascribed fear Mr. Turner *swore* at the Norfolk sessions!

I have been induced by that imperious necessity which the love of honest fame imposes upon minds justly constituted, to write the following pages, in which I shall *clearly* and *most irrefutably* prove, by the *literal copies* of *Mr. Turner's Letters,* that my acquaintance with him did not originate in *caprice,* or *wantonness,* or *lightness of heart,* but from a series of HONOURABLE OFFERS, *morally*

* Mr. Turner's brother-in-law, whose living is at Stonham, in Suffolk, and is also a Prebend of Norwich.

conceived, systematically arranged, and *most tenderly enforced*, and that I have been the most *cruelly oppressed, persecuted,* and *deceived* of women; that my behaviour has afforded no cause whatever for the conduct I have experienced: indeed, my readers will perceive by his letters, and those of Mr. Joshua Grigby*, that nothing can be really alleged against me in extenuation of his baseness; and that all the blame which can attach to me is in putting too much confidence in the vows of a man who has proved himself, by his general conduct, divested of RELIGION, COURAGE, and HONOUR.

I am aware that Mr. Turner and his partizans may say that the following pages are the *invention* of an artful woman; but I *earnestly implore* my readers to use their *own* opinion on the occasion, and to reflect well on the Letters I insert of Mr. Turner's and Mr. Grigby's, which they will perceive corroborate and shew the *unfeigned truth* of the very melancholy tale which they are about to peruse. The original Letters of the above gentlemen are in *my possession,* the greatest part of them *sealed* with their respective arms, and all *stamped* by the public post-mark; and I pledge myself to produce them to ANY, and EVERY person, of respectability, who may feel the least curiosity to investigate the *truth,* and ascertain beyond the possibility of contradiction whether I am REALLY that *injured* woman which I describe myself to be; if not, it would be an act of justice to society, to *detect*

* Of Woolpit, in Suffolk.

and *expose* me; and I shall in that case deserve to be proclaimed as an IMPOSTOR, a CALUMNIATOR, and a LIBELLER.

I have avoided troubling my readers with more Letters than are immediately necessary to prove the truth of my distressing tale; and I again repeat that they are faithful copies of the originals. I have omitted some passages in Mr. Turner's Letters, because they are fraught with the impassioned language of a lover, and not quite proper to meet the general eye; but that trifling omission does not affect either the tenor of our history, or the establishment of the facts.

Having been educated to revere truth, and having lived in the society of the *honourable*, the *worthy*, and the *wise*, whose word was considered as *sacred* obligations upon action, it is not very surprising that I should have been induced to place a limitless confidence in Mr. Turner's positive *verbal* and *written* PROMISE OF MARRIAGE: and I hope that the philanthropy of my readers will impel them to make every allowance for my *imprudence* and *credulity*, when they have seen the unmerited *cruelty* and TREACHERY which it has been my unhappy fortune to endure, and that they will recollect, that when I yielded to Mr. Turner's *ardent* and *ceaseless* importunities, I did not do so *viciously* or *easily*, but under the persuasive operation of those ENGAGEMENTS which no *man of honour* would think of violating—ENGAGEMENTS

which are countenanced by the better classes of society, and for a breach of which the laws of our country have awarded an adequate punishment—ENGAGEMENTS that are held in Scotland as compulsatory as if the ceremony had been performed at the altar.

Neither *gain* nor *celebrity* induces me to make this afflictive explanation of my acquaintance with, and claims on Mr. Turner, but a zealous desire to vindicate my name from the heavy aspersions that have been so unmanfully *invented* to my prejudice; and reluctantly to unravel and unveil the mystery in which my conduct to Mr. Turner hath been, hitherto, so artfully wrapped by my enemies.

If there are men so depraved in habitude, and so steeled in their sensations, as to believe it an admissible gallantry, or a mere *badinage*, to play an insiduous overture upon those delicate chords which vibrate in the female bosom, to lead the victim of sensibility, eventually, to destruction—*sedulously* to wound and lacerate the heart of an unprotected woman, and then expose it bleeding to society, with an air of apathy and scorn—I trust that they will be recognized with abhorrence; as what barbarity can be greater than that which makes the awakened sympathy of the object that they have sworn to adore the primary medium of her seduction, and, finally, of her eternal overthrow?

"He who denies his succour to the heart he has subdued
Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity."

As I should be sorry that the distresses and trials that I have pourtrayed in the following pages should become the sport of the *unfeeling* and the vulgar, by an open publication, I have preferred the mode of presenting this work, gratis, to those persons whose situation in society lead me to suppose that they possess *hearts*, and *minds*, to judge, *without prejudice*, of FACTS, and to do *justice* to the INJURED, and *despise* and *abhor* the WICKED. Such persons only it is my wish and intention should read the following narrative; and on the *judgment*, and *justice*, of such persons I readily throw myself, in full confidence that they will feel the utmost commiseration for my sufferings and persecutions; and if I am fortunate enough to do away any prejudices that may at present exist against me in the minds of some, from the prevalence of misrepresentation, and retain and strengthen the good opinion of those who, when I was a stranger in Norfolk, afforded me their aid, and protection, I shall think myself amply rewarded for that labour of mind, and acuteness of feeling, which I have endured in writing and transcribing the ensuing sheets.

LUCY SINCLAIR SUTHERLAND.

Portman-street, Portman-square,
Sept. the 17th, 1810.

AN

IRREFUTABLE STATEMENT,

&c. &c. &c.

I FIRST saw Mr. Whichcote Turner, Captain of the Third, or King's Own Dragoons, at Canterbury, in September, 1807, who became immediately so enamoured with me, that the fourth time of his being in my company he made me an offer of marriage, which, however flattering it might be to me, I considered as a mark of great weakness and indiscretion, for I observed to him how necessary it was for two persons looking forward to go through life together to be far better acquainted than we were, and that I was determined if I ever married again *happiness* should be my only pursuit, as my fortune was sufficient to afford me every comfort; and that therefore congeniality of mind and habits should solely regulate my choice. Mr. Turner commended my determination, but begged permission to avail himself of every opportunity of being in my society, that he might *try* to render himself agreeable to me. The annual and long leave of absence he soon after obtained from his regiment enabled him to be in London, and to pay me the most unremitting attention. At first I felt no tenderness of sentiment for Mr. Turner; but the affectionate attentions I experienced daily from

him, led me, by degrees, to feel a considerable interest about him. I thought him *weak*, and *uneducated*, but *good*, and *compassionate;* and from having tears at command, which he shed profusely whenever I related any of the many trials and miseries that I had known at my entrance into life, I was led to think very favourably of him. He took advantage of the impression that his hypocrisy had made upon my heart to repeat his former offers; and as I discovered that his habits, and his ideas of retirement, were very similar to my own, I began to think very seriously about him.

I then explained to Mr. Turner more minutely and circumstantially than I now write, that in the year 1791 I had been placed by my father for my education at a boarding school in Paris, and that in a family where I was permitted to visit I had unfortunately met with Colonel Sinclair, who, hearing of the great fortune that my father possessed, took advantage of my inexperience to persuade me to become his wife, without consulting my parents; which undutiful conduct brought on me the anger of my whole family, as they discovered Colonel Sinclair to be a man of very doubtful character. When this man, whom it was my fatal destiny to call my husband, found himself disappointed of my property, after behaving three years most brutally towards me, he availed himself of the privilege of a Catholic country to divorce himself from me,* and live with a Mrs. Macdonald, a lady of fortune, and good connexions in Scotland.

It was a fortunate acquaintance for him, for through the unpropitious events of the emigrant army he had been deprived of a regiment he held in that service. I, in the mean time, being pregnant with my present daughter, was reduced to the

* See my Address to the Inhabitants of Norfolk.

greatest want; and many were the hardships that I endured, and the struggles that I made, to support her and myself by the fruits of my education. During my great distress, Colonel Sinclair applied to me to ratify by signature our continental divorce in this country, that he might be enabled to marry Mrs. Macdonald, he having taken legal opinion on that subject; but I refused to do so, unless he, or she, would make me a small income, sufficient to secure me against the want of the common necessaries of life, for I had endured this evil in its fullest extent since he had deserted me.

Not long after this proposal he was convicted in the Court of King's Bench of the *grossest perjury*, for which he suffered the sentence of the law; and Mrs. Macdonald was the first to forsake him in his disgrace, his poverty, and his confinement.* Shortly after that event, my father, who was in Germany, took compassion on my sufferings, and made me an allowance, which he annually encreased till his death, and then left me an equal share of his property. When Colonel Sinclair heard of the change in my circumstances he was desirous to be reconciled to me; but that was utterly impossible from the criminal disgrace then attached to him. Exasperated at my refusal, and distressed in circumstances, he, in collusion with a set of men as *guilty* as himself, put an execution into my house, under pretence that *my property as his wife must be sold to pay his debts*; and an inventory was taken of *every* thing, even of *my wearing apparel*.

My friends, however, would not allow them to be publicly sold, but paid the value that was put upon them. About two years afterwards the same

* He was sentenced to be imprisoned for one year in the King's Bench.

stratagem was again adopted by him, and my friends again paid a few hundred pounds. I had scarcely taken possession of my present house in Portman Street, five years ago, when I was visited for the third time by the bailiffs, who had a bill of sale to raise on my furniture £600. debts contracted *as they said* by Colonel Sinclair; but I was then prepared to resist such reiterated oppression. The Sheriff was indemnified, and they were forced to try it in a court of justice. From the notorious character of the parties, they dared not venture to bring it into the Court of King's Bench, being there too well known; but it was discussed in the Court of Exchequer, where they lost their cause, and had costs on both sides to pay.

Since this decision in my favour Colonel Sinclair has been more inveterate against me than ever, attempting at various times to extort money from me, under the threat of publishing injurious scandal against myself and family; but I was properly advised to treat such threats with contempt, as there might be no termination to demands made on such base principles of action.

I likewise informed Mr. Turner that Mrs. P——, a daughter of my dear departed friend Lady Field, had lately returned to this country, and had discovered to me that Colonel Sinclair had been married at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, about the year 1786, to a Miss James; and that Colonel Sinclair (then Captain Lieutenant Sinclair) had formerly been in the 57th Regiment, to which Mrs. P——'s husband also belonged; that she was very intimate with the *real* Mrs. Sinclair, whom he married when he was quartered at Annapolis Royal, but forsook her, and a child he had by her, when the regiment left the place. Mrs. P—— parted from Mrs. Sinclair in May, 1791, and I was the same year married to him on the twelfth of the next month: and she pointed

out to me the different persons who could identify him in the clearest way, and kindly wrote as follows on a sheet of paper, signed with her name, which Mr. Turner has seen, and which I have still in my possession.——"I know to a certainty
" that Captain Sinclair (I believe he was then Cap-
" tain Lieutenant) of the 57th Infantry, was law-
" fully married about the year 1786 to Miss James,
" daughter of a very respectable gentleman of
" Granville, near Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia.
" I am sure that General Gladstanes of that regi-
" ment will corroborate my statement. I knew
" the lady very well, and parted from her in May,
" 1791. I have no doubt of her being alive years
" after, and may be now. She has a daughter by
" him. I recollect that Mr. William Winnett,
" who was High Sheriff in 1791, would be a very
" likely person to give information respecting
" Mr. James's family. I can make oath to the
" above particulars if necessary.

(Signed) "F. C. P."

August, 1807.

I have since learnt that this poor Mrs. Sinclair, who is still alive, and married again, had made every inquiry after her husband, but that, on leaving America, Colonel Sinclair had quitted the 57th, and went to the continent, which was the reason she never could discover him; and it was at that period I had the misfortune of becoming acquainted with him in Paris.

I informed Mr. Turner that the reason I had not availed myself of my information to try to annul my marriage arose from the reluctance I felt in sending him or any fellow creature to Botany Bay, which was the punishment I understood that the law had provided for the perpetration of bigamy: besides, not having ready money sufficient to support the prosecution, and never, till my

knowing him, having any serious ideas of changing my situation, I had made it a matter of indifference to me; my property being now all in the hands of trustees, and Colonel Sinclair having no further power to injure me.

Mr. Turner expressed the greatest pity for the calamities that I had endured in very early life, and readily offered, and insisted on bearing the whole expences of procuring my liberty, in any way that might be most congenial to my feelings. I preferred the endeavour of bribing Colonel Sinclair to ratify our continental divorce, as the most lenient measure, and as one that would equally answer our purposes.

I accordingly made an appointment with Colonel Sinclair to meet me in Hyde Park, who, without hesitation, agreed to ratify the divorce that was registered in the Griffe* at Brussels; but his pecuniary demands, in return for so doing, exceeded the offers Mr. Turner commissioned me to make, and we parted without coming to any positive agreement.

When I informed Mr. Turner of what had passed, he merely replied:—"Well! we know at "least what Sinclair's terms are, and we can but "comply with them when every other point for the "conclusion of our marriage is settled; for the "present we will treat with him no further on the "subject, and appear quite indifferent about it, "which may probably induce him to lower his "demand."

Mr. Turner's affectionate conduct attached me to him daily more and more, and I *fancied* that the goodness of his heart, and his submissive and obliging disposition, would compensate for his deficiency in intellect and education. I *then* fully

* A sort of chancery.

believed that we should have gone through life together, with affection and with comfort; but how fallacious have been all *my* plans of happiness!

Though I was quite at liberty to dispose of myself in any way I chose, yet I thought it more prudent to consult some friend on the subject, and get them to investigate Mr. Turner's proposals. As all my nearest male relations reside abroad, I solicited a General Officer, whose sister had greatly loved me when I was very young, and who had been besides a particular acquaintance to a dear deceased and ever regretted friend of mine, to hear Mr. Turner's intentions towards me, to which solicitation he readily and kindly assented, previously inquiring if I had candidly explained to Mr. Turner my exact situation with Sinclair. I assured the General I had done so, and that from a point of honour; and to secure our domestic happiness (which was *my* only pursuit in marrying) from being ever disturbed by consequent slander, I had circumstantially informed him of *every* private transaction of my life, and that Mr Turner had highly commended my candour, and made every allowance for my unprotected situation at such an early period in life, and declared that the honour of his intentions was not in the least altered by my generous confidence.

When the General saw Mr. Turner, he informed him that I had known many painful vicissitudes in life, from which he trusted I was then fully extricated, and hoped I should take no steps that would bring fresh misfortunes upon me. Mr. Turner declared that his first object should always be to promote my happiness. He then told the General that his fortune was actually £16,000. and that he should possess as much more at the death of his mother; that he proposed to settle on me

£3000. which he should augment in his will, according to the family he might have, and that my income, which I received through the hands of my trustees, was to be entirely at my disposal. The General made no objection to these pecuniary arrangements, but strongly recommended to Mr. Turner, for my sake, to *consider well of the engagements he was making*. He kindly described me as possessing one of the best of hearts; but so *imprudent* and so *credulous* that I was not fit to judge for myself. Mr. Turner thanked him for his kind advice, but assured the General that he had fully weighed *every* thing, and that he was persuaded I was the only woman in the world with whom he could be truly happy.

From that time I presented Mr. Turner to my friends and acquaintance as my intended husband, and he gave a verbal order to my solicitor, Mr. Wilkinson, of Red Lion-Square, to draw a deed of settlement for £3000. We went to look at a house belonging to Admiral Aylmer, on Wingfield Plain, when he told Mrs. Aylmer that, as he was on the point of being married to me, his purchasing the estate depended entirely upon my approbation. He afterwards advertised for another residence, and the answers to which I still have.

About that period, some of his brother officers hinted that by allying himself to me, they supposed he meant to secure the protection of the Duke of York, the then commander in chief, with whom they insisted I had unlimited influence. Disturbed as we both were by these unfounded and unjust reports, we saw, however, the necessity of retarding our union till Mr. Turner could quit the army, thereby shewing the world that no interest of that nature led him to unite himself with me. He therefore immediately made known his intention of disposing of his troop of dragoons, or ma-

king an exchange with a major of infantry, and then retiring on half pay; but this business could not be so soon concluded as he at first expected, and the mutual affection we felt for each other made us greatly regret the cause that forced us to delay our happiness.

When Mr. Turner found there was no immediate chance of his retiring from the army, he earnestly besought me to place confidence in his honour, and to consider ourselves united in the eyes of God, till we could become so agreeably to the demands and institutes of law. *Every solemn assurance, every sacred appeal to our Creator* was used by him to induce me to consent to his proposals, and to feel fully confident of his meaning every thing that was *honourable* and *right* by me, the instant that he could procure his emancipation from the army.

He observed that the delay did not originate with him, but was occasioned by the unjust suspicions of his brother officers: he used every argument in his power to convince me that he could have no inducement to deceive me, or have any excuse for so doing, as my *connexions*, my *education*, and my *fortune*, were superior to his own, which must make his union with me always highly desirable, and above all, he commended me for my candour, as that conduct rendered it impossible that his sentiments could ever change towards me. He declared that nothing but the most excessive love had led him to make the proposal, but which he wished should remain a secret to every one but ourselves; and that should any circumstance occur that was likely to discover our intercourse, he should in that case instantly sacrifice every thing to his duty to me, and lead me immediately to the altar, in defiance of the suspicions of the world.

Pray, reader, stop here, and ask your heart, if those possessing more judgment and mistrust than yourself, might not, under such a tissue of artifice, have been equally persuaded? I felt my *superiority* over Mr. Turner; I knew that superiority must ever remain, and consequently could not suppose that he would sacrifice those advantages to become a *villain*; besides, Mr. Turner had acknowledged to so *many* of my friends his intentions towards me, that it did not appear to me possible, that he could betray any confidence I placed in his honour, which confidence I thought and felt *ought* to bind him more truly to his engagements than *compulsatory law*. In short, so many *solemn oaths, protestations*, and *vows* were made, which on his knees he called our Maker to witness (which I conceived impossible for any *Christian* to break) that at the utmost our union should only await his retirement from the army, that I was induced to accede to his wishes: the following letter will shew I have stated nothing but the truth.

My dearest little Woman,

You cannot think how anxiously I look forward to put into execution the plans we determined on yesterday, but that will never alter my determination of making you my *wife*, for that has, and ever will be, my fixed resolution. Believe me, you need not entertain one moment's thought upon that subject: in case of any pledge of affection soon occurring, I most solemnly declare I will without the least delay perform that engagement at the altar I consider you so justly entitled to. I again repeat you never shall experience a single moment's remorse to conceal your situation: instant arrangements shall be made to place you in that honourable and respectable rank in society which your great goodness and numerous amiable virtues

so justly entitle you to. Adieu, my ever dearest Lucy; confide in me, as I am unalterably determined so to do in you. Ever and ever

Your's, most affectionately,
(Signed) W. TURNER.

Mrs. Sutherland.

Though I had known Mr. Turner since September, 1807, yet I never acceded to the forementioned proposal till the end of January, 1808. I then agreed to pass a couple of months at Sandwich, a small town in Kent, where he was quartered for a short time, with only his troop of dragoons. As it was understood by all my acquaintance we were honourably betrothed to each other, it appeared very natural that I should seek every opportunity of being in his society, as his military duty prevented his being much in London, or master of his time. During my stay at Sandwich I had scarcely any other society than Mr. Turner's, who I then fully believed to be one of the best and most affectionate of men, and I never suspected for a moment but that he would honourably reward the confidence I placed in him. *I* considered myself as RELIGIOUSLY his WIFE. Our *Maker* had witnessed our VOWS; and I thought that the mere ceremony at the altar could not make our union more real, and certainly not more binding in the eyes of heaven than it was. Our attachment daily increased: we hardly breathed out of each others presence. If my spirits or health at any time failed, he was like a distracted man: he seemed to exist only in my smiles. A heart so susceptible and grateful as mine was completely won by such endearing attentions; and *I* would not have forsaken Mr. Turner to have become the *Empress of the World*; and could I

now regenerate him into the amiable being as he *then* was, and blot from my recollection the CRUEL and PERFIDIOUS conduct he has since adopted towards me, I would readily sacrifice my whole fortune, and work at daily labour for our support, which I should think no hardship, but cheerfully indulge in it as far as my health and strength would allow, for I am sensible that no fortune, however large, can purchase the *peace* and *comfort* that I then knew, and might still know, if I had nothing to complain of but POVERTY.

The following Letters, which were written when I was compelled to return to London, will shew the nature of our feelings, and the seriousness of our engagements.

As Mr. Turner scarcely ever dated his letters, I have dated them according to the post mark stamped on the outside.

Sandwich, March 17th, 1808.

My ever dearest Lucy,

I never cease thinking of you day and night: with what real joy I reflect on my happiness! I never knew how much I really loved you, if I had not experienced the loss of your society by a temporary separation; but I look forward with the greatest impatience for the arrival of that period which will again put me in possession of the dear object of my affections, without which life would be insupportable: believe me I am sincere in what I write, and rest assured of my determined fidelity towards you. I rode over to Walmer yesterday, and returned to a late dinner. Colonel Mundy informed me I was to return to Canterbury shortly, so I shall make my arrangements to pass a short time with you, as soon as will be most convenient to you. I conclude you are in the midst of

white washing and painting: my dear little woman, be careful of your health; there is nothing so injurious as the smell of paint. I conclude the carriage is nearly finished, and that the coachmaker will allow something liberal for the barouche* without your troubling yourself to advertise it. I should really be quite vexed if I thought you had any bother about the old German waggon; I hope it carried you safe to town. I hope you found your mother better; pray do not forget to say how sorry I was she was not well enough to visit the country. I shall look most anxiously for a letter by Saturday's post; don't disappoint me; it is the only way we have of conveying each others sentiments: if you only entertain the same regard and affection towards me as I do to you, I ask no more. I can with truth declare I never loved any one to the extent I do you. I trust no one occurrence will ever shake our attachment, and that every time we meet we shall mutually experience an encrease of love and regard for each other. Adieu, God bless you, my ever dearest Lucy.

Your's most affectionately,
W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

Sandwich, March 19th, 1808.

My ever dearest Lucy,

Indeed your mind cannot be occupied more about my welfare than mine is towards you. I never cease thinking of you, and trust nothing will prevent my soon getting leave of absence. Believe me, my dearest love, I am equally anxious with yourself to meet again and never more part. Indeed I will always treat you in the most kind and affectionate manner: it shall be my constant

* A barouche of Mr. Turner's he wished me to dispose of for him.

study to promote your happiness, and to contribute as much as lays in my power to afford you every earthly enjoyment: make your mind perfectly tranquil, and rest assured when we meet we will make such arrangements I trust perfectly satisfactory to you. Believe me, my love and affection towards you is too great to allow me taking the least advantage of your liberal offers. It will be my greatest pride to encrease your happiness and independence; I want words to express the sincerity of my intention towards you: from the bottom of my heart I forgive and forget all past ill humours and violence of temper. I never will intentionally do any thing to provoke in future a repetition of such conduct; indeed my love for you is so deeply rooted, I never could make up my mind to come to a quarrel. When I come to town my whole time will be devoted to you, my dearest Lucy: we will talk over and digest well our future plans in life: no one thing shall be left undone on my part to insure our permanent plans, which I again repeat nothing but death shall ever dissolve; I will attend to all you desire me. I am sorry I cannot hear any thing of your silver pencil. I purpose going over to Margate Sunday or Monday. I shall tell dear Lou Lou* I intend to present her with a new coral padlock. I purpose going over to Canterbury to procure leave of absence; will immediately inform you of the result. Do not allow a post to leave London without writing: your dear letter has filled my heart with the most lively sensations: continue to assure me you love me, to all the world besides. Adieu, my dearest life,

Ever and ever your's affectionately,

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

* My daughter, who was there at school.

Sandwich, March 21st, 1808.

It is impossible to convey to your mind the grief I felt upon being informed of your sufferings. I trust in God you will soon be relieved, and restored to health. I have obtained leave of absence to the end of this month: allow me, my ever dearest angel, to hasten to the object most dear to me: permit me to shew you those attentions during your sickness I am so solicitous of bestowing upon one who deserves so much from me. I shall be wretched until I hear from you, and I devoutly pray good accounts of your mending health: point out to me what plans you wish me to adopt, by a letter directed to me at the post-office, Canterbury, by Tuesday's post. I can go to Ibbetson's hotel, or any where; so I can only occasionally see you I shall be happy. To-morrow if it is fine I will go to Margate and see dear Lou Lou: whatever is dear to you cannot fail to excite a lively interest in my breast. The reason I am so anxious of getting a letter from you at Canterbury is because I shall be so far on my road to town, and I shall be ready to start as soon as I can get the letters out of the office. For God's sake do not disappoint me. I shall have ten thousand apprehensions about you; indeed, your kind and affectionate letter has afforded me the most grateful sensations: my heart is ready to burst with the sincerest love for you.

I fear you do too much, and exert yourself beyond your strength in your domestic concerns: for God's sake take care of your health for me: if any thing was to happen to you, I should be the most miserable and wretched of beings. I see the impossibility of your being able to leave town for a length of time; but surely I might render you assistance in looking out for a pair of horses, and executing many other little commissions that may occur to you; indeed, my ever dearest Lucy, I

hope the time is not far distant when I shall relieve you from all the cares occasioned in domestic life, and that you will only partake of the enjoyments; and leave me to exert myself and bustle to make you completely happy, for that is my constant prayer and hope: be assured no one exertion on my part shall be wanted to accomplish that end. My life, every thought and action of your's impregnates me with the great love and regard you bear towards me. On my sacred soul and honour I love you as ardently as you do me, and ever will continue so to do; more I am sure I cannot, for I am sure it is out of the power of two to love so ardently as we do each other. With the greatest anxiety I await the arrival of Sunday's post: my plans and every thing will be regulated by your wishes, not only in this, but upon all future occasions. Adieu, my ever dearest Lucy: with what impatience I look forward to behold you again! Believe me to remain most faithfully and affectionately your's as long as I live

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

Mr. Turner's arrival in town interrupted our correspondence for a few days.

Sandwich, April 4th, 1808.

I anticipated, my dearest Lucy, your goodness by favouring me with a letter. I dispatched Jones to the post-office as soon as he called me, and was most agreeably surprised by your affectionate epistle. Believe me, my life, I want words to express myself sufficiently kind and affectionate to you; believe me you may confide in me; it shall be my constant care to make you happy. I am *very very* sorry to inform you, my dearest love, I received a letter from Colonel Mundy, saying

General Cartwright would inspect my troop one day this week, towards the latter end, of course I could not think of moving for an instant until after the inspection. I am under the painful disappointment of relinquishing the inexpressible happiness I should have experienced in my ever dearest Lucy's society—I trust that happiness is only deferred till the 14th instant, at which period I hope nothing will occur to prevent my coming by the mail. I am under the necessity of remaining here for the purpose of rigidly drilling the troops, consequently cannot go over to Canterbury to offer the barouche and harness. I am much better to day, and trust I shall in a few days recover my voice, taste, and smell. I cannot conclude without earnestly beseeching of you, my dearest love, to assure yourself I love you as ardently as you do me, and that I look forward with the utmost impatience to enjoy with you all that domestic happiness and numerous comforts you have in your power to bestow upon me, and I am sure sincere inclination. Accept my ardent love, affection, and regard, and believe me for ever and ever your's faithfully,

WHICHCOTE.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

Sandwich, April 6th, 1808.

Indeed, my ever dearest little woman, I was unusually disappointed at not hearing from you this morning. I sent Jones over to Margate with a note to dear Lou Lou. I received her answer: she desires her love to her dear mamma, and assures me she is quite well, and will write soon. The reason I did not send you word by yesterday's post, was being so fully satisfied in my own mind I should have got a letter this morning, and as the child is so well, I thought I would defer writing, thinking some part of the letter might require im-

mediate reply. I hope my dearest Lucy has not seen any one she likes better than me—I am full of anxiety on that subject: do not disappoint me, write frequently, assure me you love me as ardently as I do you, and I shall be happy. I cannot sufficiently lament how I am disappointed in not being able to see you at Chatham. It will not be many days before the arrival of the 14th—with what impatience do I count the hours for that happy event. I trust to-morrow's post will bring me a letter from my dearest Lucy, full of kind and affectionate assurances; believe me I never cease thinking of you night and day. We must fix upon some plan, for I cannot bear to be separated from you. I have the pleasure to assure you the horses are getting into uncommon high condition; when the weather will allow I will drive them in a hack chaise. My dearest life, if there is any thing I can do for you command me; consider we have our interests strongly united to each other; what I possess is your's, and the only desire I have is to make you happy, and see you enjoy to the utmost all I possess—*my ardent love and my fortune.*

I am to dine with Admiral Campbell this day: I had much rather eat a mutton chop at home, and indulge in thinking of you, fixing plans for our future happiness. How and where we shall pass our time, that is a secondary consideration, provided we are not separated; any habitation where my dearest Lucy can enjoy health and comfort; all places are alike to me provided you are contented and happy. I trust you will soon be able to finally arrange with Mr. B———; that done, we will see what terms can be made with Sinclair:—these points accomplished, I see no bar to our uniting ourselves. I am all anxiety and impatience to hear from you: do not allow a post to leave Lon-

don without some kind assurance; it is more gratifying to me than all the world besides can bestow upon me. Believe me, my dearest life, to remain until death your's, most affectionately ever and ever,

(Signed) W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, *Portman-street, Portman-square.*

Sandwich, April 9th, 1808.

I reproach myself, my ever dearest little woman, being the cause of the great uneasiness of mind you laboured under about dear Lou. I am happy to say I have two bottles of the London wine left; I will send her one to-morrow. You will see at least I have been temperate since I have been in solitude; indeed I am never alone, for I am always thinking and conversing in idea with you, my love. If it is fine to-morrow I purpose going to Canterbury, and I shall make my arrangements for setting off by the mail the evening of the 14th; to prevent disappointment I will secure my place. I will not forget to bring your book; indeed I often read it; my heart is filled with the most lively recollection--Abelard and Heloisa could not be more ardently attached to each other than you and I are. Indeed, my love, I count the very seconds, and look forward with the utmost impatience and anxiety for our next happy happy meeting. I trust you will have finally settled every thing to our satisfaction with Mr. B———, we will then turn in our minds what will be best to propose to Sinclair: these ends accomplished, I hope we shall not experience any more of those painful but temporary separations. I beseech you, my love, rely on my unalterable and unshaken attachment for you, for you and your child: I will do every thing to make you happy and contented; indeed you will ever find in me a constant resource. I trust, my love, I shall not be disappointed of a letter whenever the

post leaves town: if it is only to assure me you are well and happy, and full of confidence with me, I shall be amply rewarded. Adieu, my ever dearest Lucy, ever affectionately your's,

W. Turner.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, *Portman-street, Portman-square.*

Sandwich, April 11th, 1808.

My ever dearest life,

I should have been most unhappy if I had not been convinced the same post that conveyed my letter conveyed one to you from me. Full of the real dictates of my heart, I hope you rely on the sincerity of every word in it; I was in hopes you would have had full confidence in me; you promised you would; pray do; let me beseech you in future not to disturb your mind by such unpleasant thoughts; can you suppose me capable of such base conduct, to sport with any one's feelings, far less your's, my ever dearest Lucy. I love you more than I can express. I hope my conduct will convince you how sincerely I am attached to you. I have the satisfaction to assure you I have obtained leave from the fourteenth to the twenty-fourth instant. With what impatience do I look forward to repair to the object of every thing that is *dear* and interesting to me!

I am interrupted by the regimental surgeon, to attend at the hospital; let me hear from you by return of post, my dearest life. Pray write full of confidence: if you could read my heart, you would cease to indulge in such unpleasant ideas. Rest assured of my unalterable attachment, real esteem and regard, ever and ever most affectionately your's,

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, *Portman-street, Portman-square,*

Sandwich, April 13th, 1808.

My ever dearest Lucy,

If I did not say I was disappointed in not being able to see you immediately on my arrival I should not speak truth; however, from motives of prudence, and the sake of keeping up appearances, I willingly submit. Indeed, my love, you have been a slave; pray don't fatigue yourself, or I shall have the sad task of being your nurse. The only thing to keep me in London will be to purchase a horse; as soon as I have succeeded, I am fully at your disposal to pass a few days in the country, as I fear if you continue in Portman-Street we shall be frequently interrupted by visitors. I hope I shall not be disappointed of a letter with every particular about the questions I desired you to make about the horses. This place is all bustle: there is a great contest expected for this borough. I am rejoiced I shall be passing my time with my dearest Lucy, uninterrupted, free from all cares. With what joy do I look forward for the arrival of the 15th, the day after to-morrow. In haste, excuse more, as I have many orders and things to arrange previous to my departure. Believe me to remain ever and ever your's, unalterably, most attached, your's affectionately,

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, *Portman-street, Portman-square.*

The following fortnight was passed in London by Mr. Turner, and he appeared more passionately attached to me than ever.

Sandwich, May 2nd, 1808.

I am under the necessity of going to Walmer, to pay my respects to the General to-day: if I am not prevented by duty, I will ride over to Margate to-morrow, and request to see dear Lou. I will not forget to take with me her parasol, and

your kind and affectionate regards for her. I hope *my* dearest Lucy will ever bear in mind the *solemn appeal* we made to our Creator just before we parted of mutual fidelity and unalterable affection, for I *swear by all my hopes of future salvation,* I love you more than ever; pray do assure me you have no doubts to the contrary, for indeed, and indeed I am sincere in what I write, I sincerely wish my dear little Lucy all health and happiness to enjoy the use of her new carriage. My curricle is nearly finished, and indeed the coach-maker has done me justice in the workmanship, and finishing off, but I fear he will not stand so strictly to his contract as he ought; he wants to introduce little additions; he has most assuredly no right. I hope, my dear little love, you will allow me to get rid of the house; I took it without thinking. Pray do not be so arbitrary: if you really love me, you will not wound my feelings so much as to come to Canterbury, without the power of seeing you. Accept, my dearest Lucy, the most unalterable assurance of fidelity, and most ardent affection, believe me ever and ever your's, W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

Sandwich, May 5th, 1808.

I rode over to Margate yesterday, and am happy to assure you dear Lou looks uncommonly well; she informed me she had written to you. Indeed, my ever dearest love, I am quite unhappy at the state of mind you express yourself to be under, and believe me I have shed many tears in consequence, well knowing the goodness of heart you possess; a depression of looks in the person* you once so ardently loved cannot fail to make a melancholy impression upon your spirits. My ever dearest Lucy, consult your own feelings, and if you

* Mr. B.

think a personal interview will afford either of you consolation or relief, you have my full consent: still I am of opinion it will tend to no good purpose; it will only recal to your recollection past events, and fill your bosoms with the bitterest reflections. I entreat on you to write me by return of post, as I am most impatient to hear you are more composed. Mix in society, receive your company at home as usual; it will amuse your mind and dissipate gloomy ideas, that too frequently haunt a mind so susceptible as your's. Indeed I do not wish to deprive you of rational society; but for my sake, as well as for your own, it is prudent to guard against a possibility of breaking the *solemn* appeal we made to our *Creator*, which I am convinced will be most sacredly preserved by us, not only from obligation, but mutual inclination. I trust time will enable you to forget every thing that is in the least unpleasant to your recollection: bear in mind, my ever dearest Lucy, how sincerely I am attached to you, and how sensible I am of your worth; the many amiable and good qualities you possess. I beseech you endeavour as much as possible to curb the caprice of your temper; determine within yourself to reform it. You have it in your power to make me the happiest of men; I most earnestly hope my ever dearest Lucy will frequently read this letter over, as my remarks are not meant to wound the feelings, but to correct the only few little faults you have. I dined at the guard mess last Sunday. Believe me to remain with the utmost regard and affection your's ever and ever,

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

The two following letters were written on the same day, probably from a suspicion that I was displeased by his last.

Sandwich, May 8.

I am distracted at the short contents of your letter, to learn, my dearest Lucy has been so severely indisposed: not hearing from you, I had ten thousand horrid conjectures. I am grieved to the bottom of my heart lest my last letter should have given offence; do pardon, I beseech you, and make me happy by assuring me you are better, and not displeased with me. Indeed, and indeed, I love you too sincerely and affectionately for my own happiness: my anxieties about you are more distressing to me than you are aware of. Pray do not keep me in suspense; relieve the distress of mind I labour under, about my ever, ever, dearest love. Adieu, most affectionate of women.

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

Canterbury, May 8th, 1808.

I am just rode over: I am most wretched, considering myself the origin of all your illness. You will perceive I forgot to reply to you about the barouche in the other letter: by all means, my dearest love, part with it for fifty guineas; do not have any more plague about it. I have ten thousand alarms about you, and shall continue the most unhappy of mortals until I have a letter from my dearest Lucy, assuring of me you are better, and forgive me all my ingratitude towards you: my tears will not cease to drop until I get a consolatory letter. I am full of uneasiness, lest you should be determined never to love me again. What atonement can I offer; will you forgive me; you know I am too sincerely attached to wound your feelings for an instant; don't, for heaven's sake, harbour a thought that will for a moment lessen me in your good opinion, love, and regard. If I thought you ceased to love me, life would be a

burthen to me; it's for you and *Lou* I only wish to live: you are indeed almost all perfection. How I regret I should have touched upon a subject that has given you uneasiness, and been the cause of making me most wretched; I trust your goodness of heart will be alive, and that I shall have a letter by Tuesday's post, acquitting me of my past ingratitude, and assuring me you love me as much as ever. In hopes of your forgiveness, I will endeavour to compose myself, and await with the utmost impatience the arrival of Tuesday's post, which I trust will not fail to bring me tidings of your recovery. Adieu, my ever dearest Lucy, believe me ever to subscribe myself your's, most attached and affectionately,

W. T.

P. S. I am just congratulated on my promotion, but I can have no comfort until I hear favourable accounts from my dearest Lucy. God bless you, my love.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

Sandwich, May 11th, 1808.

My ever dearest Love,

Your kind letter has revived my spirits: I pray most earnestly you will never keep me in suspense; write, I beseech you, by every post, if it's only to say you are mending, which I trust in God will be the case until you are again restored to health and spirits. I never cease thinking of you, my life: in all my actions I have you in view. I have the satisfaction to assure you I have been fortunate enough to purchase a horse, which I think in every respect calculated to carry my dearest Lucy. I hope you will like it; indeed it's my full determination to quit the army as soon as possible, and I will consult with you the most

advantageous way. I mean to exchange and get a difference, which will be about two thousand guineas, and then give up my company; and I trust from twenty-five years service, and having a good friend at the Horse Guards, Colonel Gordon, I shall get Major's half pay, and my rank will go on: I can then live wherever my Lucy chuses, unmolested. I ask so little, and resign what the Commander in Chief so much wants, companies for promoting his *favourites*; you and I will talk the business over when I come to town, which will be about the 1st of June. I have no doubt with your assistance I shall get my retirement upon advantageous terms. I long for the time when we shall not be exposed to frequent separations, which can only be done by quitting in the way I propose. In expectation of a letter, and I flatter myself one that will give happy tidings of your rapid recovery; believe me, my ever dearest Lucy, most faithfully and affectionately your's,

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, *Portman-street, Portman-square.*

Sandwich, May 14th, 1808.

I am quite angry with you, my dear love, for your imprudence, walking out in your weak state of health. Your coachman ought to blush at such conduct; he as well as the horses have had too easy a time. I should not spare him for his inattention to my dear Lucy, who requires such extraordinary attention and civilities. I fear you did not receive a long letter I wrote the day before yesterday, or I think you would have replied to it, as I particularly desired you would not let a single post leave town without letting me know how you do. I don't want to fatigue you by writing long letters, but my anxieties are so great about you, I should

be miserable if I did not hear whenever an opportunity offered. I have been very unwell for some days with a bilious fever. I am still at my lodgings: the Barracks are so noisy, and the men so sickly, that I prefer for the present remaining where I am, being so excessively unwell. My dear love, I trust the time is not far distant when you will enjoy the privilege of my constant society. Excuse more, as I am so excessively unwell. Pray take care of yourself, for my sake. Adieu, my dearest life, your's most truly and affectionately,

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

Sunday, May 16th, 1808.

Indeed, my love, I do not love you less; if there is any alteration in the style of my last letter, do not impute it to any thing but extreme indisposition and want of power. Ill as you and I are, let me intreat you to relinquish all thoughts of going to the races; in the best health, there is nothing I dread so much as the heat, noise, and dust of a race course; besides situated as we are, and having a point to carry with Sinclair, it would be the height of imprudence for you to be figuring away with four horses. I am convinced your good sense will be open to conviction, and you will see the propriety and necessity of submitting to a disappointment: I cannot for an instant suppose it could be attended with the least disappointment to you. We are alike tired of the follies and vanities of the world, and look for far more solid happiness in you, than what can be produced by either splendid equipages or establishments. With respect to Mr. Pierce,* I will not make any comments

* A gentleman who was greatly attached to me, and who not only made me an offer of his hand, but of his estate in Devon-

at present; we will wait until we meet, which I trust will not be long; we will then consider on what you should write to him. I think with you, he ought not to be kept in suspense, it would be wounding his peace of mind. Indeed, my love, I am as desirous as you are to be a constant partaker of your society; if you are pretty well, I will see you on Thursday at Chatham; we will talk and settle our future plans; I have many things to suggest. Devonshire, Wales, or Cumberland, you may choose for a residence, but on no account would I ever take up my residence in the neighbourhood of *Windsor*, for many very strong objections, which I will point out when we meet. I trust and hope Tuesday's post will bring me a long letter, in the mean time rest assured of my most ardent love and affection. Adieu, my ever dearest Lucy.

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, *Portman-street, Portman-square.*

Sandwich, May 18th, 1808.

I am sorry you express such regret and disappointment at my not wishing you under the peculiar circumstances I conceive we are under going to Ascot; I think my objections reasonable, and I regret you do not see them in the same light as myself. I fear it will not be in my power asking leave of absence until after the 14th of June; it has been hinted already I have had more leave than any other officer lately. I do not see I can have

shire; and waited on my Solicitor to explain to him the nature of his property. He was obliged to go to Sicily soon after I became acquainted with Mr. Turner, who availed himself of his absence to ingratiate himself into my favour. It was by Mr. Turner's desire I wrote to him at Messina, declining his offers, and naming the person I at that time thought I should so shortly be united to.

the face to make an application so soon as the 1st of June, particularly as we are in the midst of our drilling. Indeed, I cannot charge myself with the least unkind conduct towards you, and I am at a loss to know what part of my conduct has been offensive to you. I shall be delighted to see you at Chatham on Sunday; say what time you will be there, that I may be ready ro receive my dear Lucy. Adieu, your's most affectionately,

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

On Sunday, the 22nd. of May, I saw Mr. Turner at Chatham, according to his appointment, when I stayed till the following Wednesday. I then imparted to him my fears as to my *situation.* He expressed himself quite ready and anxious to fulfil every engagement he had made, without delay, should my *suspicions* be realized; and he assured me he should take immediate steps to quit the army, as he thought he had found a person with whom he could make an exchange, and then retire on half pay. We parted with every assurance of mutual tenderness, and expressions of hope that we should shortly meet to part no more. I thought myself the happiest of women, and that fortune, tired of the tricks she had played me through life, had more than rewarded me, by giving me such a man as Mr. Turner.

Sandwich, May 27th, 1808.

I most sincerely hope my dearest Lucy got safe to Portman-Street, and found herself pretty well after the journey. Now, my love, be very particular in describing to me how you do, and above all if you are happy, and tranquil in your mind. Indeed our's has been a singular and most eccentric courtship: notwithstanding all our fall-

ings out, I can with truth declare I am more attached to you than ever. I will do every thing that can make woman happy, and particularly my dear Lucy. It was my intention to have seen Colonel Mundy on my return through Canterbury, upon the subject of my leaving the regiment: I was disappointed in not seeing him, as he is on leave of absence, but I will as soon as I have an opportunity make known my intentions; it would be running a risk doing it by writing, particularly as I do not mean to take the regulated difference: it would be placing too much in his power. I trust my love will be soon restored to health and spirits, and be able to make every arrangement necessary to put our plans of happiness in execution. You must not fail to let me know if you have a prospect of soon getting rid of your house, likewise if you have left the advertisement with Christie in Pall-Mall, and Dyke in Aldersgate-street. I have no doubt but some residence will soon offer in North Wales, answering the description of the advertisement. Let me have a long letter by return of post; give me every particular, tell me if you are now happy. I never will teaze you again depend upon it: tell me if you love me as well as you did, and above all if you will swear never to chide me with ingratitude: in return I will be all, every thing that is kind to my dear Lucy. I am for ever and ever,

your's most ardently and affectionately,

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

Sandwich May 29th, 1808.

I am unhappy beyond measure to hear so unfavorable an account of my dear Lucy's health and spirits; it is a pity we should ever be separated for a day; I am sure you are convinced how happy I am in your society, and the extraordinary passion

I entertain for you: do not therefore be unhappy from fears and dreads; although you are not with me, you never cease to be uppermost in my recollection. I wish I had the command of my time that I might by actions assure my dearest love how sincerely attached I am; no little soothing kind or affectionate attention would be omitted on my part to alleviate your sufferings of body and mind.

I rather think Colonel Mundy will return immediately after the birth-day. Rely on it I will lose no time in making every arrangement for bringing us together never more to separate. You cannot doubt for a moment how sincerely I am attached to you. I am fully persuaded we shall be most happy. I earnestly entreat you to write me a very circumstantial letter, if you really love and esteem me, if you are more composed and happy. Your's ever and ever most faithfully and affectionately,

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, *Portman-street, Portman-square.*

The next letter I received from Mr. Turner threw me into the greatest anguish, for he hinted in as kind a manner as he could his desire to be excused from leading me to the altar, but expressed a wish for our continuing as lovers. I cannot give the copy of that cruel epistle, as Mr. Turner made me return it to him from understanding the distress that it brought upon me, and with a promise never to repeat the subject again. From that period his weak mind began to waver between his attachment to me, and the disingenuous persuasions of some person *then* unknown. I have since understood that it was about that period Mr. Joshua Grigby of Woolpit first became acquainted with our attachment, and being a particular friend and schoolfellow of Mr. Turner's, used his influence to prevent

our union. Mr. Grigby has the character in Suffolk of possessing no religion, and being otherwise very profligate; it is therefore not astonishing that he should have persuaded and encouraged Mr. Turner to adopt such dishonourable and perfidious conduct towards me. But I beg to inform my readers that I was during a considerable period the dupe of this Mr. Grigby, whose private character I was for a length of time a stranger to. He has a great share of address and an appearance of much feeling, and I only discovered when it was too late, that (in my great distress) I depended for assistance on the promoter of my misfortunes. The ensuing letters will shew the agitated state of Mr. Turner's mind, which brought on a billious fever, and they also show the sincere affection he *then* felt for me, and I do not hesitate to own I was equally attached to him: we sometimes quarrelled, and I was violent for the moment, but not having a shade of *malice* or *sulkiness* in my disposition, I always *instantly* proposed a reconciliation, which was generally as readily acceded to by him, but I fear with not equal SINCERITY!

Had Mr. Turner but been steady in his resolutions, we might both of us have continued to know that *happiness* and *comfort* that falls to the lot of *very few*, and instead of my being plunged for months into the greatest *wretchedness* and *misery* by him for whom I would have sacrificed my life, I might at this instant be the happiest of women, and instead of having the painful task of publicly exposing Mr. Turner in my own *vindication* and *defence*, I might have the delightful occupation of dutifully exerting myself to promote his domestic comfort. He even now acknowledges that I am *intelligent*, *domestic*, *frugal*, and *humane*, and can assign no good reason for the unmerited cruelty with which he has recently treated me.

Sandwich, June the 7th, 1808.

I am, my dear Lucy, worn out with grief; I do not know where it will terminate; my looks bespeak my wretchedness; I wish much to see you and be with you, and to afford you all the consolation I can. I hope you will not take a house in the neighbourhood of Windsor until we have some further conversation. I am sincerely attached to you, and I hope I shall do what is right and honourable: pity my weakness. I merely write to request you will let me know how you do, and to assure you how desirous I am to contribute to the restoration of your health and happiness by every kind and soothing attention. You know the weakness of my mind. Pity me: my attention and kind treatment may yet recompense you for the apparent ingratitude with which you accuse me. Make yourself as happy as you can; I will explain myself more fully when we meet. Adieu, God bless you,

Your's ever attached and most affectionately,

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square:

Sandwich, June the 8th, 1808.

I am very unhappy at the sad accounts you give of yourself: my health is so precarious that I have got a sick certificate for change of air. I hope I shall get a months leave to be near you, my love, and administer all the consolation and soothing attentions your weak state of health requires; I will talk every thing over with you and your mother, I mean every thing right and honourable with regard to my conduct with you. I am always delighted when in your society, and if ever so ill, recover instantly when with you. Indeed I am greatly affected by your letter. The happiness I have known with you I trust will ever exist as

long as we live, for I never can ever love any other woman as I have loved you. If you could read my heart you would pity my weakness. I trust we shall hit on some plan or other, for my happiness depends upon you; without your society and affection I should be lost and wretched. I trust my conduct towards you in the time of your *trial* will endear and cement the great love that does and ever will exist between us. I hope nothing will prevent my being with you by the 15th, and I sincerely trust we meet to part no more. You must be prepared to see a poor sallow emaciated object, fretted to death on your account; conscious of the unmerited uneasiness I have caused you, not from a real badness of heart but want of mind. I am so nervous I scarcely know what I write, but this I know, what I write flows from my heart. God bless you, my dearest life,

ever and ever affectionately your's,

W. T.

N. B. With respect to any answers concerning the advertisement for a country house we will settle when I come to London.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, *Portman-street, Portman-square.*

Sandwich, June 10th, 1808.

My dearest Lucy,

I was excessively disappointed in receiving the answer to my letter, urging leave in consequence of ill health. General Payne will not allow a single officer leave. I lament, because I fear you will feel I think I have not done my utmost to procure leave. Will you see me at Chatham the 15th. I am partly promised a recruiting party after the first of July. I trust I shall soon be out the regiment. I am about an exchange; if I do not succeed in the exchange, I am sure of the

party. I want much indeed to see and be with you, for I fear you will take this disappointment to heart, and think me unkind. I have done my utmost, my love, to procure leave. I cannot command my time, you can; but I hope I soon shall have the full disposal of myself. Be very particular in giving me an account of yourself, for you may fret yourself unnecessarily upon THAT point. I am most unhappy at the disappointment. I have done nothing but think of you and cry all last night; you know how sincerely I am attached to you, and how much I desire to do all that is right and honourable. Something must be soon done, for I cannot support the wretchedness I endure. I feel the cause of your uneasiness. I fear I have not the strength of mind to make the public avowals you require; so I am doomed to be miserable, for I cannot help feeling the most excruciating sensations. I will not desert you depend upon it. I never can cease to love you most ardently. I sincerely hope and trust we shall hit upon some plan satisfactory to us both; I am sure I shall most scrupulously do my duty to you. For God sake write me a kind consolatory letter; I stand much in need of your kind assurances. God bless you, my ever dearest life. I hope you will fix for us soon to meet. Your's most affectionately,

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

Sandwich, June 12th, 1808.

My ever dearest Lucy,

With what impatience did I wait the arrival of the post, and how great was my disappointment not hearing from you. It is cruel keeping me in such suspense: recollect to-morrow there is no post, consequently I cannot receive a

letter before Tuesday. Indeed, my life, I will cease to fret. Your letter has made me very comfortable. I do not wish to sacrifice you, only to maintain my own peace of mind; I have a plan to submit to your consideration, which I trust you will say is so fair and just, that you will instantly subscribe to it: there will be nothing to prevent our soon putting in execution all our plans of happiness sanctioned by respectability. In my last letter I beseeched you to dry up your tears: I trust you have, and are fully convinced how sincerely I am attached to you, and how determined is my resolution to do every thing to make you happy. I can with the greatest truth call my God to witness since I have been acquainted with you my attachment towards you has been unshaken. Indeed, my love, I consider you *far far* superior to other women; all I ask is as much love, kind treatment, in return for the conduct I adopt towards you; I ask no greater happiness. I am certain no woman can expect more kind treatment than you will ever experience from me. My impatience and anxiety is so great to see you that it will appear an age. I am sorry I altered the day of your coming to Chatham; I shall on the sight of you be restored to health. I trust we shall mutually forget every thing that has caused uneasiness. Adieu, my ever dearest life, ever and ever attached most affectionately your's,

W. T.

When I saw Mr. Turner at Chatham he was again irresolute and undecided: he appeared passionately attached to me, and to feel the utmost pity for my situation; yet he framed excuses for *then* retarding the fulfilment of his solemn engagements, but promised eventually to do every thing that was right, which would at once have relieved

my great distress, and proved him at the same time *a man of honour!*—I returned to London in the utmost anguish, bitterly regretting the confidence I had placed in him; and it was the season of the year in which I generally go into the country. I resolved in making Canterbury (where Mr. Turner was quartered) for a short time the place of my residence; for I every day had some additional proof of his being so *weak* and so *unsteady* that I hardly knew what steps to take. I thought by residing in the same town that I should have frequent opportunities of reminding him of the misfortunes he had brought upon me, and I trusted he would see the necessity of fulfilling those engagements which he had not only *signed* and *written*, but to which he had stood *pledged* to all my *friends*, and by all his *hopes of future salvation*.

His declared intentions varied daily, which produced so many altercations beween us, that he proposed a meeting at my house in town, between the General and his friend Mr. Grigby to talk over my situation; pledging himself to abide by their decision on that occasion. I explained every thing to those two gentlemen, and the reasons which had caused our marriage to be delayed till Mr. Turner could effect his retirement from the army; but acknowledged at the same time that I had been induced to place every confidence in Mr. Turner's *honour*, and had considered him as my clandestine husband, till the settlement of his affairs would enable him publicly to appear in that character. I laid before them the Letter which I have copied at the commencement of this publication; and I entreated them to observe minutely the engagements contained in the following lines: "In case of any pledge of affection soon occurring, "I most solemnly declare I will without the

" least delay perform that engagement at the altar
" I consider you so justly entitled to. I again
" repeat, you never shall experience a single mo-
" ment's remorse to conceal your situation; in-
" stant arrangements shall be made to place you
" in that honourable and respectable sphere in
" society your great goodness and numerous ami-
" able virtues so justly entitle you to. Adieu,
" my ever dearest Lucy, confide in me, as I am
" unalterably determined so to do in you ever and
" ever.

Your's most affectionately,
W. TURNER."

I represented to them without disguise that I was, and had been for months, in that state which Mr. Turner so particularly specifies should cause him, *under all circumstances*, to lead me instantly to the altar; but that, to my great grief, he had protracted the fulfilment of his word up to that period, which made me feel the utmost wretchedness, as I was in continued dread of my situation being discovered. Mr. Grigby, whom I then saw for the first time, treated me apparently with great kindness, and I thought felt for my truly unhappy state. He allowed Mr. Turner had made every *promise* that a man could make, and that unless I relieved him from those *promises* he was bound *to fulfil them*. That it was therefore impossible for him to decide on measures which must rest with our private feelings; and that as my situation was then so critical, he thought the first thing to be attended to was to make some arrangements to keep it a secret from the world; and that during the several months that must elapse before I could again mingle in society, Mr. Turner was bound by every tie of *honour* and *humanity* to afford me his utmost assistance, and every kind attention,

which would give us many opportunities of consulting our feelings, and settling our future plans.

The General reminded Mr. Turner of the serious proposals he had made to him about me, and the strict charge he (the General) had given him not to lead me into fresh difficulties, and to consider well what he was about: that it appeared to him that Mr. Turner had done the very reverse of what he had promised, for that my situation, instead of being rendered happier by his acquaintance, was become most deplorable; but that as Mr. Turner had so improperly delayed so long ratifying his own offers, he must agree with Mr. Grigby: that for the *present* the first object must be to find out a place where I could retire unknown, and where he trusted Mr. Turner would exert himself to mitigate the sufferings of mind and body I must endure for so long a period: that after that event, if Mr. Turner could reconcile it to his mind, with such an additional endearing tie as would then most probably exist between us, still to refuse the fulfilment of his honourable engagements, he could not however avoid making good the pecuniary injuries I had sustained through my connexion with him: that an annuity of £200. per annum Mr. Turner knew had been withdrawn in consequence, besides many other expences he had led me into, by which my income had materially suffered. On that subject the General maintained that there could be but one opinion among honest men, much less men of honour.

Both gentlemen mutually agreed that Mr. Turner should take on himself the whole expences and trouble of my retirement, and my confinement; and that on the birth of the child he should immediately settle on it £200. *per annum,* in case of Mr. Turner's death, and that during his life he was bound to support and maintain it solely at his

own expence. Mr. Turner appeared quite satisfied, and willing to comply with these arrangements; and he further promised the General that I should experience from him the most affectionate treatment, and every assistance that it was in his power to obtain.

Mr. Grigby, Mr. Turner, and myself, dined and passed the rest of the day together, and I perceived that Mr. Grigby, who was no longer awed by the presence of the General, tried to impress on my mind that Mr. Turner and myself were not formed to make each other happy; and that we had better think no more of marriage!—But I insisted that *religiously* we had as little power to separate from each other, as those who were lawfully married. I never could understand why Mr. Grigby endeavoured so systematically to part us, for I must again repeat that no two persons were ever happier, or more firmly attached to each other than we were, till Mr. Grigby interfered with his *friendly* offices.

The next day Mr. Turner and myself returned to Canterbury, when he went to his quarters, and I to my house, and during our journey we settled the following plan: *viz.* That I should discharge my servants and horses, under pretence of being compelled to go to Guernsey on business of importance, that would detain me for *five* or *six* months: and Mr. Turner observed that should the orders which had lately reached his Regiment, "*to hold themselves in readiness to embark for foreign service,*" continue, it would prevent his quitting the army; but in that event he should take an apartment for me at Feversham *, and hire a man and his wife, who had formerly been servants of his, to attend and wait upon me; that he thought the distance sufficient to prevent his brother officers from dis-

* A town eight miles from Canterbury.

covering me, and at the same time he should be enabled, unless the Regiment went abroad, to ride over frequently to see me, and attend to my comforts; but that should they be relieved from their orders of embarkation, he should then instantly sell his commission, having found a purchaser, which he preferred to an exchange, and take a lodging for me under a false name over Blackfriars-Bridge, and devote his whole time in making every thing as comfortable as possible to me.

He informed me that his mother had a complete and new set of baby linen, which he should obtain from her, and which would save me much trouble and himself much expence. This arrangement appeared to me as satisfactory as any that could be made in my unhappy state, and I employed myself to get ready to put it into execution. Some difference of opinion having occurred between Mr. Turner and myself, and I appealed by letter to Mr. Grigby, who I was really ideot enough to think pitied me, and was kindly disposed towards me. I *then* in my own mind excused his persuading us not to marry, and believed his persuasions were well intended, originating from the misery and dissatisfaction which he told me he had entailed upon himself by entering into that state. The following is a correct copy of his answer, which fully corroborates my statement.

Drinkstow, July 31, 1808.

Dear Madam,

I am highly flattered by your good opinion, and should be sincerely happy if I could profit by it, so far as to propose any plan that might be mutually satisfactory to you and Mr. Turner; but I feel myself perfectly incompetent.

If there were not circumstances that prevented a final separation at this moment, I should not hesitate to say, that when tempers and minds are so different, the sooner a separation takes place the less distressing will it be to each party, but with the prospect of a family the case is much altered.

I am sure you will permit me to observe, that the plan you propose of retiring to the neighbourhood of Canterbury, with the expectation of being confined there, appears to me attended with much danger of discovery, and that if you remove to a distance, it will be better to remain at a distance till after that event. Mr. Turner is bound by every tie to do all in his power to alleviate your sufferings on that occasion, and I cannot allow myself to doubt but he will do so.

As to the future provision for the child, the General and I thought that £200 a year should be settled upon it, in the case of the death of Mr. Turner, and that of course he should support it during his life; but as a final separation was not to take place, we were in great measure precluded from coming to any other decision. I am not sufficiently conversant with the legal mode of doing this, though I confess I fear you must relinquish your objection to being named as the mother *.

I hope you will not press me to give my opinion, as to the proposed arrangement of Mr. Turner, I really know not how to do it.

I remain,

Dear Madam,

Respectfully your's, most obediently,

J. GRIGBY.

Mrs. Sutherland,
Canterbury.

* I expressed my wishes to Mr. Grigby of not being named in Mr. Turner's Will as the mother of the child for whom he was to make the above provision.

On Wednesday, the 31st of August, 1808, I had occasion to go to Margate, and Mr. Turner drove me there in his curricle; when on the road I informed him that I should remain there until the following Saturday, in order to go on the Friday to a masquerade with Mrs. Ball, a lady with whom I had become acquainted at Margate; but Mr. Turner insisted on the impropriety of my going to such an amusement in such violent terms, that great altercations arose between us, and it was on that occasion when he threatened to overturn me in the ditch (which violence I alluded to at the Norfolk Sessions) till I reminded him that he would accompany me in the fall—*a foresight much beyond his comprehension.* He repeated then what had more than once escaped him (but which threat I never believed it *possible* he could seriously intend) *that he would get out of the army, and secrete himself from me, so that I should not know where to find him.*

As we approached to Mrs. Ball's house, I earnestly entreated Mr. Turner to let us part in friendship, and to fetch me on the following Saturday; but he was sulky, and refused to be reconciled, and as I was at that time extremely attached to Mr. Turner, I felt the greatest pain at his displeasure, and expressed my uneasiness to Mrs. Ball, and begged that she would excuse my returning the next day, as it was not possible I could enjoy any amusement while at variance with Mr. Turner.

When I got back to Canterbury, I found he had left it within half an hour, having obtained a fortnight's leave of absence. I inquired of his commanding officer, and his brother officers, where he was gone, but no one knew, except that he went for London, to give in his resignation. I thought it useless to wait till his leave was expired, because

I suspected he would have it renewed, under some pretence or other, if he found that I remained at Canterbury; I therefore settled every thing to return there no more, and got to London on the following Tuesday, the 4th of September, time enough to make many inquiries after Mr. Turner; but they were all in vain, for I could hear no tidings of him. On the following day I renewed my inquiries, but could not discover the place of his residence, though I found he had been at the Horse Guards, giving notice of his intentions to resign. This information alarmed me greatly, not only on account of his *staining his honour* by quitting the service while his regiment was UNDER ORDERS OF EMBARKATION, but the possibility there would then be of his putting his threats in execution, of SECRETING HIMSELF FROM ME. I considered what a dreadful predicament I should be in, were he capable of such perfidious conduct, for I felt that for the ensuing four or five months I must depend upon him *solely* for support of *every* kind.

After much reflection I saw no other alternative than to apply to the Commander in Chief, to delay accepting Mr. Turner's resignation till the beginning of the following March. I named that time, because I calculated to be confined the beginning of January, 1809. I thought during the remainder of that month and February I should either be restored to health, and to the world, or relieved by death from all my sorrows; and I considered that while he remained in the regiment, I should at least know where to find him, and he could not "*secrete himself from me.*" I therefore wrote as follows to his Royal Highness the Duke of York; and I should have made the same request of any other person filling the office of Commander in Chief.

London, Sept. 5th, 1808.

SIR,

I hope your Royal Highness will do me the favor of not accepting the resignation of Major Turner, of the 3d, or King's Own Dragoons, till next March. He has behaved with great unkindness to a lady* who merits different conduct from him, and from whom he threatens to secrete himself. It is therefore an object of the greatest importance for her to know where to find him till that time; beyond that period your Royal Highness is to use your own pleasure, and I flatter myself you will not refuse me this trifling request.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

LUCY SINCLAIR SUTHERLAND.

On the afternoon of the day when I had sent this letter, as I was going through Fleet-street, I recollected that Mr. Turner had an uncle who resided there, I therefore went into the shop and inquired for him; when the man, to my great surprise, informed me that Mr. Turner was above stairs, and I instantly desired to be shewn to him. At first we mutually reproached each other, but I was so overjoyed at finding him again, that my anger soon subsided, and I proposed our dining together, to which he consented. After some explanation he expressed the greatest regret for the uneasiness he had occasioned me, assured me my persisting in going to the masquerade was the cause of his conduct, but as I had not been there he protested I was as dear to him as ever. He persisted in his idea of *quitting the army,* in spite of all the representations I made of the disgrace that

My *pride* would not allow me to acknowledge myself the lady whose happiness depended on Mr. Turner's conduct. I felt his inferiority and deficiency of person, understanding, and rank in society, and was therefore ashamed to own my attachment to his Royal Highness.

would for ever attach to his name on such conduct being known, and I in my own mind hoped my letter to the Commander in Chief would be the means of preventing the stigma he appeared determined to bring upon himself, by leaving his regiment WHILE UNDER ORDERS FOR EMBARKATION; and the more especially as his regiment expected to be relieved from those orders daily.

The remaining nine days of Mr. Turner's leave of absence from the regiment were entirely devoted to me; and as I had on my arrival in town parted with all my servants except one, who was to take care of the house during my proposed absence, Mr. Turner kindly offered to settle my money matters; he received, on my cheque all the money I had at my banker's,* and which was all that I could command, until the ensuing year, when the dividends would be again due on my property: With this sum he liquidated, at my desire, every debt that I recollected, and after having borrowed sufficient *to pay his taylor's bill* †, there remained only £23. which he gave to me. And as at that time Mr. Turner had provided no place for me to retire to, and I had settled every thing for quitting my own house in Portman-street, where it was quite imprudent for me to stay any longer, I determined to go for two or three weeks to Wincanton, a retired place in Somersetshire, where I was quite unknown, and where there was a mineral water lately discovered that I thought might be of service to my general health, during which time Mr. Turner faithfully promised to settle every thing for my reception either at Faversham or in London. Full of confidence in him,

* Messrs. Coutts and Co. Strand.

† Which he promised to return me the instant he reached Canterbury, but which to this day, with many other sums, I have never yet received.

we took leave of each other, on the 12th of September, 1808. Many tears were shed by both, and every *affectionate, consoling, and solemn* assurance was made by him to me, that we should *shortly meet to part no more.*

After he had left me, he met Admiral Aylmer, whom he had previously seen at my house, and who he knew was a great well-wisher of mine, and who had more than once argued with Mr. Turner on the dishonour of violating his engagement, and the grief it occasioned me. Mr. Turner, however on that occasion, addressed him in the street, by saying: "Oh! sir, go I pray to that dear little woman whom I have left in tears, and beg her to make herself quite happy, for I am going now to do every thing that is right and honourable by her; and a rascal I should be if I did otherwise, for she has not a fault in the world but violence of temper; but in consideration of her many other amiable qualities, I shall readily overlook that only failing." The admiral replied, that he knew me to be sincerely attached to him, and ready to make every sacrifice for his happiness. Mr. Turner acknowledged himself sensible of all those I had already made for him, and that to render my future life as happy as was in his power was his determination. The admiral very good naturedly came and told me the above conversation, but my heart was full of sadness, and I could know no comfort.

As I had now discovered that Mr. Turner was not the forgiving and kind-hearted man that at first I had thought him, but was capable of entertaining great resentment and malice towards those who offended him, I was fearful of making a fresh quarrel by informing him that I had actually made a request at the Horse-Guards for his resignation to be delayed; and though my readers will perceive that I could truly have pleaded

being *compelled* to do so from his conduct, yet I dared not venture to communicate the fact to such a man as Mr. Turner; but merely told him, that it was my intention to have done so, had I not found him at his uncle's; and that if he repeated such perfidious conduct, I should certainly have no other alternative than to endeavour to delay his resignation till March. I was therefore thrown into some dilemma by the following letter, which he wrote on his reaching Canterbury.

Canterbury, 16*th September*, 1808.

I am very sorry to find my dearest little woman made herself so conspicuous* at Canterbury.—Indeed, if I am not gazetted out by to-morrow, there will be strong grounds for suspicion that you did actually put your threats in execution with the Duke of York, to prevent my retiring. I hope for my sake, as well as for the Sittwells, and appearances, you will make a point of writing, or seeing the Duke, that I may be forthwith gazetted out. I have a right to expect so much from you, even had you not in anger threatened to delay the business till March. I trust you will not refuse me this small request; be candid, and tell the Duke you threatened in anger to stop the business, and request it may be speedily carried through. You may assure him it will be only known to you and him. I trust Sunday's post will bring me a letter, informing of me you have complied with my wishes. First send a line to Mackenzie, or any other friend to

* Mr. Turner alludes to the anxiety I expressed when I returned from Margate, and found he had left Canterbury on leave of absence. I could not disguise my uneasiness to some of his brother officers.

the agent's, to inquire if my resignation is accepted. Greenwood would inform you of that by note; in case it is not yet accepted, lose no time in addressing the Duke upon the subject. I am anxious to hear how you do; when you think of leaving town for Somersetshire. I inquired at the post-office if there were any letters for you, which I would have forwarded in case there had been any. When I come to London I will bring the keys of your carriage, and see it well aired, agreeable to promise. Pray let all my things be left out, as Jones had packed up all my coloured things agreeable to my directions, and forwarded the boxes to Bury. I had not the least doubt but I should have been gazetted out ere this. I gave Mrs. Wilkinson your letter. Let me know, my dear little woman's plans; I shall be able to fix mine as soon as I am informed when I am to be a private gentleman. I am quite unsettled and uncomfortable: in expectation of a letter. I remain, my dear Lucy,

Your's, ever affectionately,

W. T.

Mrs. Sutherland,

7, Portman-Street, Portman-Square.

Though I felt I was doing him a service in the general opinion of the world, by trying to keep him in the army, although contrary to his wishes, while his regiment was under *orders of embarkation for foreign service*; yet I could not resist his urgent request *not* to impede his retirement, and I greatly regretted that his conduct had caused me to interfere at all in the business.

After much consideration in devising the best and most candid method to adopt, I resolved to write again to his Royal Highness, and inform him that delaying Mr. Turner's resignation was

no longer an object to the *lady*, as their differences had been amicably settled. After having written the above note, I informed Mr. Turner, by letter, that if he still persisted in going out of the army at such an improper moment, I had no doubt but that permission would be granted him in due time to do so, and that he might rely on it I was no impediment to the fulfilment of those wishes. I did not hesitate in making this assertion, for *if* any attention had been paid to my request at the Horse Guards, my last note entirely relinquished that request.

On the 18th of September I quitted my house, as I imagined for five months, and I thought it even probable that I never might return to it again; I took the public conveyance for Wincanton, and deputed a distant relation to call occasionally in Portman-street, and forward me the letters that might be left there; but he was a perfect stranger to the real reasons of my leaving London in the clandestine manner that I did, and I believe attributed it entirely to pecuniary embarrassments.

When I arrived at Wincanton I took a very humble lodging by the week, and engaged the maid of the house to afford me what little attendance I might require; for as Mr. Turner had not sent me back the money he borrowed for the payment of his taylor's bill, and my £23. was already greatly diminished since the 12th of September, I was therefore compelled to regulate every thing with the greatest frugality, as Mr. Turner appeared to forget, not only what he had so lately borrowed, but the small overplus that remained, and which he delivered to me when he had settled my bills, knowing at the time that it was *all* I had in the world till the following January, when the dividends on my property would be again paid.

I remained several days at Wincanton in the greatest suspense, in expectation of a letter from Mr. Turner, which I fully believed would announce to me his having settled every thing for my reception. After waiting for several days, in an agony of anxiety, on the 27th of September I received the long-wished for letter, which began as follows :—

"I am now out of the army, and I set you at defiance, you and your powerful combinations, for I am no stranger to your attempt to prevent my resignation ; all correspondence between you and I must be done now through the General and Mr. Grigby. You have forfeited all claims to my protection, my love, and pecuniary aid."

Mrs. Sutherland,
Post-Office, Wincanton, Somersetshire.

The above letter I transcribe only from memory, for I sent it to the General, who destroyed it, after having read it. It made, however, so great an impression on my mind that I was petrified with grief and despair, and I viewed the misery and wants of my situation with horror. I cou'd not go and throw myself at Mr. Turner's feet, to implore his aid, and try to touch his treacherous and hard heart, with pity for the miseries that he had brought upon me; for you will perceive, kind reader, that he was now out of the army, and I knew not where to find him. I at last determined to adopt the mode of corresponding with him, which he had pointed out in his letter, I therefore wrote to him, and acknowledged at once my having been induced by his conduct, and his repeated threats of getting out of the army, and *secreting* himself from me, to apply at the Horse Guards, for a delay of his resignation until March ; that I had not dared to posi-

tively inform him of my having done so, because I feared to incur his anger, but that I had withdrawn that request at the Horse Guards, in consequence of his letter of the 16th of September; and it had enabled me, with truth, to assure him, that I was no impediment to his retirement, I had therefore made the "amende honorable;" and that if the Commander in Chief had thought it right to pay any attention to my wishes, (which request, by the bye, I understand was quite consonant with the regulations of the British army), it had only occasioned a delay of a few days, which certainly could not be considered as an offence; and that had his behaviour led me to follow up my first entreaty of keeping him in the regiment until March, I would not allow that even then there was any serious cause of complaint; for I well knew that the sale of his commission was not an object to him at that moment; and that being compelled to continue in the army five months longer than his caprice might warrant, was certainly no injury, as he had been in it by choice twenty-five years; but on the contrary, on the present occasion it was doing him a service, as his regiment was then *under orders of embarkation.**

* When Mr. Turner volunteered his services to Colonel Wardle, to gratify his malice against the Commander in Chief, and brought forward my application at the Horse Guards, having been attended to for a few days as a crime against the Duke of York, Sir Arthur Wellesley (now Lord Wellington) gave his opinion on the occasion in the following words, which were repeated to me by different Members of Parliament:—"That Mr. Turner and myself were total strangers "to him, but that he thought Mr. Turner ought to be obliged "to me for my interference, rather than angry, for if it had "occasioned any delay, it was giving him an opportunity of re-"flecting and recanting intentions so prejudicial to his honour; "that he hoped, for his part, no officer belonging to *his* regiment "would ever think of disgracing it so much as to quit it while "*under orders of embarkation.*"

I added every thing that my distressed feelings dictated to induce him to protect and assist me in my overwhelming and melancholy situation. I reminded him that I should shortly be reduced to my last shilling; that the state I was in banished me from my own home, to which I might otherwise return, and avail myself of my credit in my neighbourhood, to obtain the common necessaries; that I dared not apply to my Banker's, or to my acquaintances, for assistance, for they believed me on my road to Guernsey, and would therefore not only detect me in falsehood, but discover my misfortune, which I was so anxious to keep a secret. I reminded Mr. Turner, at the same time, of the sincere attachment I had ever borne towards him; that my faithful and steady affection deserved different conduct from him. I sent my letter open to the General, and begged he would forward it *unsealed* to Mr. Grigby, and address a note at the same time to that gentleman, urging him to use his influence with Mr. Turner to relieve my immediate and painful distresses, and to assist me in the way *they* had settled, which arrangement Mr. Turner had pledged himself to fulfil. I also wrote to Admiral Aylmer, who was with me at the time I received Mr. Turner's letter of the 16th of September, and with whom I consulted on the propriety of my second note to his Royal Highness. I begged him, for my sake, to wave all ceremony, and to address Mr. Grigby, though a stranger, and point out to him the necessity of compelling Mr. Turner to attend to my immediate wants and distresses. The Admiral was kind enough to comply with my wishes, and inclosed me the answer he had received, which was as follows:

Drinkston, Oct. 7th, 1808.

SIR,

It was perfectly unnecessary to make the least apology for addressing me on the unfortunate subject of your letter. In two letters which I have written to Mr. Turner since the receipt of one from Wincanton, I have mentioned the pecuniary distress of Mrs. Sutherland, and desired him to lose no time in remitting what may place her at ease for the present.

I could not hear from him in answer, as he thought I might have left this place for a week; but in the second I strongly pressed him to come over, as I find, which I did not know when I wrote the first, that he is within twenty miles of me. I expect him to-day or to-morrow, and will not fail to impress him again with the necessity of attending to Mrs. Sutherland's situation.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOSHUA GRIGBY.

Admiral Aylmer,
Blandford-Street, Portman-Square.

The General informed me that he was going into Suffolk, where he should endeavour to see Mr. Grigby, which would enable him to be more explanatory than in writing. I wrote also frequently to Mr. Grigby, and to Mr. Turner under his cover, but always *unsealed,* that *he* should be no stranger to the miseries and anxieties that I described therein; sometimes I threatened that I would publish an account of Mr. Turner's cruel and perfidious conduct if he persevered in it; but generally my letters were replete with the most *humble* and *submissive* entreaties.

I had caught a violent cold on my arrival at Wincanton, which had grown considerably worse,

and with the agony of mind that I laboured under, I found myself so extremely ill as to require good advice. As Wincanton is a very small poor town, principally inhabited by French prisoners, where no physician resides, I resolved to go and consult one at Exeter, which was at no great distance from Wincanton; and I the more readily adopted this plan, because I perceived that during the short time I had been there I had excited some surprise and curiosity. I thought in so large a town as Exeter I should be less observed; besides my money was then so low that it was necessary I should obtain a fresh supply by disposing of part of my apparel, which I could not do at Wincanton; and it was very unfortunate that I had hardly any thing of value with me, for when I left my home for five months, I naturally (from the peculiar occasion) took with me only a trunk of necessary linen, but no useless ornaments, which I should at that time so readily have disposed of, to supply myself with the immediate articles necessary to existence. I had luckily with me a Brussels lace veil and handkerchief, which in happier days had cost me thirty guineas, and which I sold to a milliner at Exeter for half that sum. All these difficulties I minutely described by letter to Mr. Grigby and Mr. Turner, so that they cannot plead being ignorant of my distress; I also, to avoid a discovery as much as possible, passed in my humble habitation, and at the post-office at Exeter, as Mrs. Eleoner Smith, under which name the General wrote to me from Suffolk, on the 12th of October, 1808, informing me he had seen Mr. Grigby, but who had not then had a meeting with Mr. Turner; that Mr. Grigby promised him to remit me fifty pounds for immediate wants, till he could have some conversation with Mr. Turner. I received also the following letter from Mr. Grigby, but

the promised *fifty* pounds was diminished to *twenty*.

Old Hummums, Covent-Garden,
Oct. 15th, 1808.

Dear Madam,

I should have written before had not a most unexpected event called me from home. Your letter was forwarded to me here. I have but time to add that I have seen the General, and that Mr. Turner has appointed a meeting early next week towards the end of it: for I cannot answer for myself an hour, I hope to send you the result. I must express a hope you will take no violent measures, which can answer no good purpose, and may create greater difficulties. I have enclosed a twenty pound note, being all the cash I have at this moment by me, and fearful you may be under temporary difficulties.

Your obedient servant,
J. GRIGBY.

P. S. I may possibly be out of London when any letters from you may arrive; indeed it will be better to direct to me at Drinkston.

Mrs. Eleanor Smith,
Post-Office, Exeter.

I awaited from day to day in a state of anxiety not to be described, for the result of the meeting, and on the 24th of October I received a letter, which I knew came from Mr. Grigby. I recollect but too keenly that when I saw the superscription I was so sensible of the importance of the contents, that for a considerable time I dared not open it; and my agitation was so great that I threw myself on my knees, earnestly beseeching my maker to give me fortitude to bear up against the mis-

fortunes that pressed so heavily upon my aching heart, and under which I was nearly sinking: at last I summoned courage to break the seal, and read as follows:—

London, Oct. 22nd, 1808.

Perplexed with business, which requires all my attention, I know not how to devote any portion of it to other concerns; that from a late interview with Mr. Turner I am able, in a very few words, to state his final determination.

If you think proper to return all his letters, and whatever papers you have relating to his connexion with you, and engage also to give him no further trouble, one thousand pounds, which he has lodged with his attorney, Mr. Blake, in Essex-Street, Strand, will be paid upon your signing a formal renunciation of all claims whatever, except as to the child with which you are pregnant.

His resolution on this subject is *to take it* and provide for it, if you wish him to do so; but he will not make any allowance for its support unless he has the sole direction of its maintenance and education.

As to the threat of publication, he directs me to say that if any violent measures are adopted by you, he shall have no hesitation in bringing forward certain facts in his possession, which will place friends of your's in no very pleasant predicament, for he is no longer to be restrained from producing before the public the infamous transactions at the Horse-Guards, through apprehension of the displeasure of His Royal Highness.

I am

Your very obedient servant,

JOSHUA GRIGBY.

If I forbear troubling my readers with a minute representation of the extreme anguish and suspense I had endured since I left my home, it is that I know no words in the vocabulary that would enable me to describe my sufferings; I therefore prefer the *relating facts*, the truth of which cannot be doubted, as they are all corroborated by copies of original letters in my possession, and leave my readers to form their own judgment of Mr. Grigby and Mr. Turner, and afford me that share of their pity and sympathy, which my almost unprecedented distresses entitle me to in their minds.

I received at that time a letter from the General, sincerely commiserating my hard fate, and acknowledging that my misfortunes were so great that he knew not what to advise. He enclosed me a letter addressed to him by Mr. Grigby, and of the same date as mine, which contained these words:—

London, Oct. 22nd, 1808.

Dear Sir,

I have had long conversations with Turner respecting Mrs. Sutherland. He is beyond measure exasperated against different persons, who, he asserts, have taken unwarrantable liberties by interfering with his concerns; and declares positively that if the lady adopts any violent measures, he will not hesitate to bring forward several circumstances, which will make a very pretty supplement to the pamphlet of Major Hogan.

Her conduct in regard to his resignation relieves him, he says, from all obligations of a pecuniary nature; but I have with some difficulty prevailed upon him to lodge one thousand pounds with his attorney, Mr. Blake, to be paid her upon her delivering up all letters and papers, and signing a formal renunciation of all claims whatever. If

she chooses to keep the child, he will not make any allowance for its maintenance, but is ready to take it and provide for it himself.

I have written to her to this effect: if you approve Turner's proposals, pray signify this to her, as your opinion will have great weight.

I am, dear sir,

Your's sincerely,

J. GRIGBY.

To General ———.

These two last letters of Mr. Grigby's completely opened my eyes, as they must those of my readers as to his *feelings* as a *Christian*, and his *honour* as a *man*; and though Mr. Turner is the ostensible promoter of my misfortunes, yet I attribute them more fully to Mr. Grigby, whose influence over Mr. Turner, from his superior understanding, was so great, that his conduct no doubt was indubitably regulated by Mr. Grigby's advice entirely; and these two disgraceful letters must for ever attach a stigma on his *humanity*, *honour*, and *loyalty*. Ought Mr. Grigby, knowing fully the truth of every thing, to have encouraged or advised Mr. Turner to adopt such wicked and perfidious conduct, at *any* time, much less in my then helpless and forlorn state? Besides, Mr. Grigby had *settled* and decided with the General that Mr. Turner was bound by every tie of *honour* and *justice* to afford me full and efficient assistance and support, till I was relieved from my embarrassments. I had not forfeited my claims to his aid by any misconduct, and I pray my readers particularly to observe that my persecutors were not able to make any *real* accusation against me, as an excuse for their wickedness, for certainly no friends of mine ever interfered on my account with Mr. Turner, without it was to shew him

every species of civility, except the General and Admiral Aylmer: indeed, at that time no other person of my acquaintance knew that there was any dissatisfaction between us, and it was at Mr. Turner's particular desire, and much against my inclination, that he made me write from Canterbury to the General to request him to meet Mr. Grigby at my house; and the General at the time expressed how unpleasant the interference was to him, and that nothing had induced him to consent to it but the hopes of being able to ameliorate and relieve my embarrassment.

As for Admiral Aylmer, he interfered no farther than every man of feeling would readily do in behalf of a *persecuted, distressed,* and *deceived female;* and as for making my request to delay Mr. Turner's resignation a subject of complaint, that is evidently a mere subterfuge, as by so doing I did him no injury, for if it had occasioned any delay, it was only for a few days; but I shall relate in this publication some circumstances that have since come to my knowledge, which will most incontrovertibly shew, that *previous* to my making that request at the Horse-Guards, Mr. Turner was without my knowledge planning to get out of the army, in order to be enabled to *desert* and *forsake* me, at the very moment that he was so much in duty bound to protect me! Yes, reader, this man, who is a disgrace to the name, when he was meeting me with *smiles,* and pretending to feel for me the greatest *affection, esteem,* and *regard,* was UNDERHANDEDLY planning my destruction. I discovered it some months afterwards, by a correspondence that I had with his commanding officer. Correct extracts from Colonel Mundy's letters (the originals being in my possession) shall be given to my readers in another part of this book.

The more I reflected on the contents of the two

last letters from Mr. Grigby, the more my indignation was roused, and it was evident that they artfully held out terms which they knew I could not comply with, had I even been willing to do so, which, however, was not the case; but in the way of argument let me ask, how could I deliver to Mr. Blake, in Essex-street, Strand, all Mr. Turner's letters, and sign a formal renunciation of all claims, when I was near 200 miles distant from London; I was also banished from my own house, where the principal part of Mr. Turner's letters were, and I was almost in a dying state from *want* and *sickness*, without any immediate assistance being offered me. Besides, *if* I am a lady (as the Reverend Mr. Methold, Counsellor Alderson, and Mr. Turner, have represented) with whom he formed a transient connexion, what *claims* can I possibly have, that he should offer me £1000. to resign? My readers will naturally form their own opinion of this insiduous proposal. As for the mean threat of exposing the infamous transaction (as Mr. Grigby calls it) at the Horse-Guards, I cannot explain it, because I do not understand it, for certainly every thing that could be brought forward by Mr. Turner, and even more than the truth, was discussed in the House of Commons; and the minutes of evidence will shew that asking a delay of Mr. Turner's resignation was all that I was accused of, and it was proved that no more attention was paid to my request than became a Commander-in-Chief in the discharge of his public duty.

As it was necessary I should make some reply to Mr. Grigby, I then informed him *that* was not the moment to propose terms of separation; that I wanted an asylum to rest my wearied body in; support of every kind, cloaths and covering for a little Being who would shortly make its appearance in this world, and that if Mr. Turner would assist me through the trials that awaited me, I

might be induced to do *far* more from *gratitude* than from *compulsion*; and that though I was sinking under every species of misery and sickness, yet my mind was still too strong to allow of any advantage being taken of my deep distress; and that sooner than be *forced* into terms at such a moment, I would patiently endure my sufferings, even though my life should be the forfeiture of my fortitude.

That the £1000. I refused with *contempt* and *disdain*, for that should I live to be restored to the world and my house, I was not so very distressed that £45. per annum* would be an object to me; and that I certainly never would receive that sum as a compensation for an annuity of £200. per annum, which I had sacrificed on Mr. Turner's account, besides various other sums I had lent him, and had expended for his convenience.

That as to agreeing to part with the child in the way proposed, *I would not*; that I possessed even then, and should still more powerfully, the feelings of a mother; and that from the sorrow I had known on its account, I felt it would attach me still more strongly to it; and that had I no other alternative, I would prefer begging in the streets with it at my back, rather than subscribe to the unnatural proposal of separating myself from my infant. I referred Mr. Grigby to Mr. Turner, in testimony of the firmness of my disposition in resisting every thing like *oppression* or *compulsion*; and also how easily I was managed by a conduct of a liberal tendency; and that if Mr. Turner was but to treat me with kindness and humanity, he but too well knew, by experience, there was no sacrifice but what I should readily make to him.

I informed them† that my cough and general

* The interest of £1000. deducting the Income Tax.

† For in writing to Mr. Grigby it was the same as addressing Mr. Turner.

health was so alarmingly bad, that the physician advised me to go without delay to Bristol, and that I was then so ill as to require a constant attendant, which was an expence that I had avoided as long as I possibly could.

To this letter, of which I have only related the subjects it contained (but which consisted of many pages full of the representations of my *extreme* distress, and earnest entreaties to afford me that assistance that it had been settled I should receive, and in full confidence of the fulfilment of the same, I had banished myself from a comfortable home, thrown myself among strangers on whose assistance I had no claims; and that what to do I knew not, without Mr. Turner relieved me), I received no answer.

I arrived at Bristol the second of November, 1808, and I then had no other means of satisfying the most frugal and humble wants, than by the sale of my immediate wearing apparel, of which I had but very little with me. Worn out with fatigue of mind and body, on the sixth of November I gave birth to a little infant, two months sooner than my calculation warranted. And now, kind reader, let me entreat you to lay down these pages for a few minutes, and ponder well on all I have related, and on my then dreadful situation, and if you will afford me one sigh of compassion and pity, it is the only tribute I ask of your humanity.

I lay suffering, as it was thought, on my bed of death, with a naked infant by my side, without a guinea to obtain for it or myself the necessaries we required, among strangers who were unacquainted even with my real name, and deserted by Mr. Turner, whose unkindness was not among the least of my miseries, for my attachment to him had been so sincere that I loved him in spite of his perfidiousness.

For some days no hopes were entertained of my

recovery, and as I felt how important it was that Mr Turner should be made acquainted with my sickness, and the event that had taken place, I made an effort, and dictated with great difficulty to the woman who attended on me the following letter to Mr. Turner, and which I transcribe from an ill spelt copy I caused her to take of what I desired her to write.

Nov. 9th, 1808.

Sir,

A lady* has been delivered apparently of a seven months child, who seems in perfect health, and likely to do well, but from her previous weak state, and this unexpected event, she is so ill, the doctor thinks there is little or no hopes of her recovery; she therefore, being sensible of her danger, desires me without loss of time to inform you of these circumstances, and how much her affliction is augmented at this trying and awful moment by your absence, and your displeasure; but, notwithstanding, she shall quit this world in peace with you, forgiving the undeserved cruelty with which you have lately treated her, she begs you will make amends for the misfortunes you have brought on her, by protecting her poor little orphan and friendless girl;† present her to the females of your family, and screen her innocence from harm; as for the other infant, she bequeaths it to you as a melancholy relic of the love you once bore her;

* My readers will recollect I was unknown to every one at Bristol, and I was desirous to continue so if possible, even after my death; and therefore dictated the letter in a way to be understood only by the parties concerned, and caused her to put only the initials of the persons' names alluded to in the letter.

† My daughter Lou Lou, who he expresses himself so fond of in several of his letters.

you are its only friend, and its father, and let the faithful and religious manner you fulfil your trust to these poor children compensate for the sins you have committed against their unfortunate mother.

She for the last time repeats that since her first joining you at S----,* her faith to you has been inviolate, and had she never parted from you, she thinks your love had never ceased. She hopes you will ever preserve in your mind the dreadful distress and suffering you have exposed her to, and sometimes drop a tear of pity, and regret, at her unhappy fate. She begs you will speedily let her know where the child is to be sent to you; and if you will write her a few lines, saying you will fulfil these her last requests, it will be the only consolation she can now experience.

The great expences her unexpected situation has necessarily incurred makes her hope you will send her without delay sufficient money to pay her debts, cloath and forward the child, and leave where withal to lay her with common decency in the ground, where her sorrows and her expences will end for ever; and she could have wished this eternal and last farewel had been softened by your presence and your kindness.

In a will she has made, in which you are named as an executor, and which she hopes will not be disputed, she bequeaths to Mr. P—† £1000. to you £500. His legacy is meant as a small compensation for the disappointments she has occasioned him at your request. Your's she says is an offering of gratitude for the happy days she once knew with you, the recollection of which is

* Sandwich.

† Mr. Pearce, the gentleman alluded to in Mr. Turner's letter, dated May 16th, 1808.

still engraven on her memory; and her grief is great they were of so short a duration, and past never more to return. She earnestly begs you will keep her misfortunes a profound secret till you have got her will, and consulted with Mr. C—*, your joint executor, on the properest method to proceed to ratify her wishes as to her property.

This letter, intended for Mr. Turner, was enclosed unsealed, and without an address, to the General, to whom my attendant, by my desire, wrote the following lines.

Bristol, Nov. 9th, 1808.

Sir,

A *lady* begs you will once more accept her unfeigned thanks for your repeated acts of friendship and kindness: you have always endeavoured to screen her from misfortune and unhappiness; she owes you therefore the same gratitude as had your kind intentions succeeded. Should you have it in your power to promote the welfare of her dear girl, she is sure you will do it for her sake; you have been a faithful, true, and anxious friend to her, as such she blesses you.

She troubles you to forward the enclosed to *Drinkston*†, if he is not in London, and press them to send an immediate answer, as her situation will admit of no delay.

This letter I had the precaution to have directed, and put into the post-office by the Doctor, who was unacquainted with the contents, and my

* Mr. Champernowne, of Darlington-house, near Totness, Devon. He had been the companion of my youth during the time I was at Leipsig for my education, and has ever since been a sincere and attached friend. I therefore named him an executor.

† The name of Mr. Grigby's house.

attendant, who wrote them both, was by that means a stranger to the persons they were intended for.

The General has since informed me, that the letter enclosed to him, which he perceived was meant for Mr. Turner, he immediately sent to Mr. Grigby, expressing to that gentleman his sorrow for the fatal issue of my connection with Mr. Turner, and his regret in ever having consented to interfere between us.

My compassionate readers will scarcely believe it possible that no notice was taken of this affecting appeal; *not a* LINE, *not a* SHILLING was sent to me at that moment of extreme and excessive wretchedness, and neither me, or my helpless infant, received the least relief or notice from Mr. Turner, for there was a *chance,* which it was evident he would not forego, that as my recovery was very doubtful, and the child prematurely born, that we might both PERISH! by which means he would be quietly relieved from all my claims, all trouble and expence, not forgetting we may presume, at the same time, that "dead people tell no tales."

I beg to call the attention of my readers to those parts of Mr. Grigby's last letters, both to the General and myself, in which he offers in Mr. Turner's name, that he (Mr. Turner) will! "*take the child and provide for it, but will allow of no joint interference in its maintenance and education.*" It appears Mr. Turner was not serious in making this proposal, and that he was too well acquainted with my humanity and tenderness of feeling to suppose I would consent to such an arrangement; but when I believed myself expiring, and have no alternative than to send the infant to its only natural friend, and its father, he then

avoids fulfilling his offer, and exposes his own child* to the chance of being buried by the parish, or becoming the inhabitant of a parochial workhouse, such atrocious villainy is, I think and hope, without a parallel !

My health, contrary to the expectations of those around me, began to mend; and as I had hardly any thing remaining on which I could raise a shilling, my baby being almost destitute of linen, and myself of every comfort, I had no alternative than to address a near female relation, and, though with great reluctance, make known to her my deplorable situation, and entreat her to obtain, on any interest, sufficient for my then immediate wants; and by her kind assistance I was enabled to defray all the debts that had been contracted during my illness, redeem my cloaths, purchase covering for my infant, and place it out to nurse.

About the beginning of December, 1808, I reached once more my own house, in a convalescent, but very weak state, when I wrote the following letter to Mr. Turner (of which I kept a copy), addressed as usual at Mr. Grigby's.

* When Mr. Grigby came to town to meet the General, as it appears he never lost an opportunity of endeavouring to injure me by raising suspicions in Mr. Turner's mind, he particularly, and closely questioned him, as to my fidelity towards him, when Mr. Turner assured him that on that subject he was quite satisfied, that we were violently attached to each other, had passed most of our time together, and that he did not entertain the least doubt of my faith. Mr. Turner on that occasiou behaved towards me as a just and honourable man. I regret that the instance is a solitary one !

"That providence who has protected me in all my sufferings, has raised me from my bed of death, and though the shock my constitution has sustained has been too great ever to recover entirely, yet I hope shortly to be sufficiently so to support my claims, and those of your child if necessary. I take the first moment I have the power and strength of writing, to call on you to come forward *as a man*, and let me hear what you have to say in extenuation of your late conduct, and your future intentions as to me and your child. You will naturally dread to meet the reproaches of one you have so treacherously treated, and towards whom you have committed such dark, foul deeds; but the man who is capable of such deeds is beneath my reproaches and anger—to an all-seeing providence I commit your punishment.

"A heart that could read unmoved the appeal I made to you from Bristol, when I thought myself on the verge of the grave, and not only refuse softening those agonizing moments by a few kind lines, but denying me, and your new-born offspring your assistance to obtain common necessaries, and so completely desert us, that, but for the mercy of a gracious providence, I might at this instant be beholden to the parish, for committing my wretched corpse to the earth, and the dear infant, unclaimed, and unprotected by its father (which evidently appeared would have been the case), would have owed its support to a workhouse. I say there can be no hopes to reclaim a heart capable of such dreadful crimes—human nature shudders at the thought! may you repent before it is too late, and may I never be compelled in my own defence to expose your actions to the world.

"Neither esteem, or any prospect of happiness, now actuates me to see you, but *necessity*. The child which I have been forced to trust, for the

present, to the care of a mercenary nurse, is still unchristened: my helpless and dying state, my poverty, my false name, my want of friends near me, prevented me from having that necessary ceremony performed: haste then, therefore, and assist me in no longer delaying making a christian of it, that should it die, it may be numbered with the blessed; endeavour also to find out some situation, where, under your or my immediate eye, we may see it properly attended to; 'tis your's as well as mine; let therefore no wrangles of our's prevent our mutally fulfilling our duty to this innocent infant.

"The sums my——— has lately borrowed for my support makes it necessary I should sell some of my capital to repay; I shall be glad if you will as a trustee sign a power to enable my bankers to do so without delay.

"I will receive no communication but from yourself. If you are exasperated at the interference of my friends allow me the same privilege; I am ready to hear your proposals and plans, and when we have mutally expressed our wishes, 'tis likely we may decide on what may be satisfactory to you. I have no objection to Mr. Grigby's being present at our interview if you wish it; I bear him no malice for his unprovoked change of conduct, at a moment when I was sinking by extreme distress and illness. I *now* no longer want his aid, and the momentary anger I felt towards him is therefore entirely forgotten, and I only regret that I cannot number him among my friends, a pleasure I once hoped I should have enjoyed.

"I consider myself your *affianced* and *betrothed* WIFE, in the eyes of GOD, the WORLD, and the LAW: you yourself have specified the conditions that bound you to lead me to the altar, those conditions are now fulfilled, and I have purchased my claims

at far too dear a rate to relinquish them lightly; your home is therefore mine, be it where it will; and if you do not come to me, I shall be compelled to seek you as soon as I am able; with my child in my arms, and your promises in my hand."

Whichcote Turner, Esq.
Drinkston, Woolpit, Suffolk.

Having sent this letter, of which I have transcribed the two first pages, being the only part interesting to my readers, and appertaining to my narrative; but before I could receive an answer, I heard that Mr. Turner was to run a horse at Epsom (a private race) for *one hundred* guineas. I thought that would be a favourable opportunity of seeing him, which I ought not to neglect; and though I was hardly able to support the journey, with great exertion I reached the place where his horse stood at Epsom. At first when Mr. Turner beheld me, *who no doubt thought me quiet in my grave,* he fancied, I believe, it was my ghost, for he turned pale: but when he recovered himself, he prepared to quit me without the least notice; but I earnestly entreated him to hear me on a most interesting and important subject, and in the anxiety of the moment I laid hold of his coat, to induce him to stay and listen to my request. I reminded him of the weak state of my health, that made me more fit to be in bed than there; and on that account I trusted he would treat me with indulgence; but Mr. Turner, without the least pity, pushed me violently from him, and appointed the next day to meet me at his lawyer's, Mr. Blake, of Essex-Street, Strand. I allude to that meeting in my appeal to the public. Mr. Turner came, accompanied by his cousin, Mr. Robert Walmsley, of Verulam Buildings, Grays Inn, whom I had never seen before, and I by my solicitor. I reminded Mr. Turner of his

cruelty and perfidy, and therefore insisted on coming to some settlement about the child, and also upon other pecuniary subjects, as I should have upwards of two hundred pounds to pay for the expences I had incurred since we last parted, the 12th of September, and that he had *promised* to provide for, as from my annual income I had not the power of sparing that sum; and that if he did not I must sell out of the funds to pay it. Mr. Turner appeared as undecided and as wavering as ever; he made a thousand proposals, and as often contradicted them; talked again of the thousand pounds, but instead of offering it to me as before, he thought of settling it on the child, and that the interest I should apply to its maintenance. But I not only represented that forty-five pounds per annum was insufficient for its support, and the education it would require, should it live, but I declined receiving *any* money on its account, as I wished to put it out of his power of suspecting I derived the least pecuniary advantage by such an arrangement. I reminded him of the General's and Mr. Grigby's decision, as to settling the two hundred pounds per annum on the child, in case of Mr. Turner's death, which I insisted ought to be done without delay, and that if he would inform me of the mode in which he wished it to be reared, I would punctually attend to his wishes; but I was desirous he should pay the expences of the same to the persons to whom the same was due.

I repeated my own embarrassments, and my solicitor joined with me in entreating him to refund the expences I had been at since we last met, as well as the different sums he was previously in my debt, till some arrangement could be made about the material annual loss of income I had endured through my acquaintance with him. Mr. Turner *then* shewed great anxiety to be gone, par-

ticularly when he found that his lawyer and his cousin merely listened to what was said, but did not vindicate his dishonourable proceedings, or support his cause. He therefore, no doubt to get away, asked me, in the presence of the above mentioned gentlemen, if I had not been to my banker's, as he had paid in money on my account? I replied in the negative, not supposing they had a guinea of mine in hand; that I wished he had informed me of the circumstance sooner, as I had been, and was greatly distressed for money to last me till the payment of the dividends, as all that my relation had borrowed was expended. Mr. Turner then, without listening to my earnest entreaties that something might be settled about the child, insisted on not being able to stay any longer, as he was quitting town that evening, and called on his cousin to accompany him. Mr. Walmsley then came up to me, and presented me with his card, and said:—"Madam, I am very sorry to find that circumstances between you and Mr. Turner are so different to what I was given to understand; I have just heard sufficient to excite my utmost concern. This is my address, and if I can at any time render you any service in this unhappy business, I shall readily do so."*

My readers will perceive that the above interview was unavailing. I, however, inquired at my banker's (Messrs. Coutts) for the money Mr. Turner said, in the presence of Mr. Blake, Mr. Walmsley, and my solicitor, that he had paid in on my account; but it was *utterly* FALSE, for not *one* shilling had been received from Mr. Turner.

* As I am compelled to publicly name Mr. Walmsley, I in the same public manner declare that I think him one of the most humane and most honourable of men; I have been I fear at times very troublesome to him, but his conduct on all occasions has been the reverse of Mr. Grigby's, for he has ever treated me with the most attentive civility and kindness.

Having no other alternative, I wrote frequently to Mr. Grigby, always begging him to urge Mr. Turner to come to some settlement with me about the child, as I could ill afford the additional expence with my diminished income *. I represented to Mr. Grigby that I some times sat up whole nights to make cloaths for my baby, to prevent my servants from remarking my occupation; and that I deprived myself of many common comforts, that it should not know the want of any; and that all this I did from duty; and I would do it with pleasure, if its father had not the power of befriending it.

I received to all these entreaties occasional replies, that he begged to be excused in interfering any farther in the business. When I addressed Mr. Turner at his mother's at Ipswich, my letters were returned unopened. I remained in this state of misery and suspense till the 9th of February, 1809, when I heard that Mr. Turner was in town, at Mr. Walmsley's chambers, and was dining at Colonel Wardle's. It instantly occurred to me that he had come to London for some mischievous purpose; and the next morning early I went to Verulam Buildings. Mr. Walmsley received me with his usual civility, insisted on my breakfasting with them, and it was on that day and in his presence that Mr. Turner declared, that *malice and hatred* † *alone* towards the Duke of York induced him to volunteer his services to Colonel Wardle. I then told Mr. Turner, if he was the means of my name being mentioned by that party unpleasantly,

* Mr. Turner well knew that I had not only lost two hundred pounds per annum through my acquaintance with him, but also an annuity left me by my father, which my brother had regularly paid me till he became a prisoner of Buonaparte, and was unable to do so any longer.

† See page 33, in my Appeal to the Public.

I should not hesitate to produce his Letters in the House of Commons, to shew *why* I asked the delay of his resignation, and then every person would be acquainted with his dishonourable conduct to me; that if Colonel Wardle confined himself to facts, it would not signify, as His Royal Highness had paid no more attention to my request than became a Commander in Chief in the discharge of his public duty.

Mr. Turner repeated before Mr. Walmsley that his only view in laying his case before Colonel Wardle was to assist him in injuring the Duke, and in hopes that he would be removed from being Commander in Chief; but that he trusted I would not think, on any account, of producing his Letters, at which suggestion he seemed to be greatly alarmed. Both Mr. Walmsley and myself exerted our utmost endeavours to persuade him to forbear interfering in such a disgraceful transaction, but it was in vain; for Mr. Turner declared himself determined. Mr. Walmsley then kindly quitted the room, in order to give me an opportunity of speaking to his cousin on my own affairs.

When I found myself alone with Mr. Turner, who had that morning been *tolerably* civil to me; when I looked at him, and recollected past events, and saw him smiling on me, all my anger instantly subsided; all his cruelty was forgotten; and I burst into tears, and gave way to feelings for which I fear my readers will despise me; but as I am relating *facts*, and not invention, I throw myself and my weaknesses on their indulgence.

I told Mr. Turner that I understood he was desirous of marrying Miss W. a lady of superior fortune to myself; and that if he thought he could be happier with her on that account than with me, his welfare was still so dear to me, that I would in that case readily relinquish my claims; that

should he find himself mistaken in his matrimonial happiness, which was too often the case in the present day, and it should cause him to recollect me as I deserved, and that it would be any relief to him to return to my society, never to feel ashamed of making known to me his wishes and his disappointments; for that he would ever find a place by my fire-side, where he would be received with the smiles and open arms of friendship; and that the more *distressed* and *unfortunate he* was, the more ready he would ever find me to contribute to his entertainment*. Mr. Turner looked at me for some time, fell on his knees, bathed my hands with his tears, declared that I was the *best,* most *generous,* and most *honourable of women!* and that he regretted beyond measure he had been induced to treat me as he had done. He laid his hand on his heart, and solemnly asserted having no intention of marrying Miss W.; that he was rejoiced I had sought the interview I had, and which his obstinacy (his own expression) would have caused him to persevere in refusing me; that it had entirely changed his ideas and his resolutions; and that I might depend on his not quitting town till every thing was settled as much to my satisfaction as possible. He then called into the room Mr. Walmsley to witness our reconciliation, who gave us both joy, and expressed his, at our return to friendship; and he hoped Mr. Turner would persevere in his kind intentions towards me.

The next morning, the 11th, I saw Mr. Turner again, only for a few minutes, who proposed pass-

* Mr. Turner, in some of his Letters says, that if he is ever so ill, he recovers instantly at sight of me; and I have frequently, from the great flow of spirits I *then possessed*, had the power of dissipating both his melancholy and his ill-humour.

ing the evening with me; he then appeared, and described himself to be extremely uneasy, lest I might be induced or forced to produce his Letters at the Bar of the House of Commons; and offered, if I would deposit them, till the business *there* was concluded, in the hands of Mr. Walmsley, he would give me as security a note for one thousand pounds; but this offer I positively refused. I reminded Mr. Turner of the dependance he knew he might place on my word, and that I again pledged it to him that I would not wantonly produce them; that it was impossible for me to know in what way Colonel Wardle might represent my asking a "delay of his resignation;" and that, on such representation, must depend my conduct. I, jokingly, observed to him that I thought he would make a very ludicrous witness, and afford great entertainment to the House of Commons; for I was certain they would soon puzzle him by their cross questions, and make him contradict himself in a most laughable manner. I farther told him that there were two or three friends of mine who knew something of our affairs, and who certainly would not spare him. It is impossible I can forget; and I laugh even now when I think of the alarm he expressed (at which, however, I was not sorry, as he was actuated in the transaction by such despicable and disgraceful motives.) The whole evening was passed in forming plans to spare HIMSELF *every* exposure; and when he found he could fix on none sufficiently secure, he determined on going the next day to Colonel Wardle to beg him to return him his papers, and say nothing of his business—so much for Mr. Turner's politics! I saw Colonel Wardle and Lord Folkstone in the evening of the next day, when the former gentleman informed me that Mr. Turner had been at his house in a great "fuss," re-demanding his papers, and urging

him not to bring forward his case; but Colonel Wardle would not comply with his wishes, but pacified him by assuring him that he would neither call him * nor myself to the Bar of the House of Commons. Mr. Turner, in consequence, recovered from his anxiety; got into the mail-coach, without giving Mr. Walmsley or myself any notice of his intentions, or informing us of the place of his residence, and left me to ruminate at my leisure on what had passed.

On the 15th Mr. Turner's case was brought before the House, and it was proved that the Duke of York's conduct on the occasion had been quite consonant with the army regulations. The disrespectful falsehoods that were then uttered against me† to answer a political purpose, induced my friends to propose calling me to the House of Commons, in order that I might vindicate myself; but Colonel Wardle and Lord Folkstone told them that Mr. Turner had furnished them with sufficient anecdote to enable them to hunt my feelings in other ways, if I vindicated myself from their accusations. They even alluded to different persons, high in rank (who have shewn me through life the greatest friendship), whose names in that case they should bring before the public; and therefore, for these kind friends' sake, more than for my own, I endured the treatment I have alluded to.

I have since learnt that when Mr. Turner dined with Colonel Wardle and his party on the 9th of February (the company being all total strangers to Mr. Turner), he was dishonourable enough to BETRAY *every secret* I had generously confided to him, when he first made me an offer of his hand;

* Whose evidence, I suppose, Colonel Wardle thought would only injure his cause.

† See my APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC, in which I have entered into a full explanation of Colonel Wardle's behaviour.

and, from a mistaken point of honour, I made known to him *every* private transaction of my life; for I scorned to accept his offers till he was acquainted with *every* action of mine through my existence; and he *then* honoured me for my candour and magnanimity, and declared, that so far from diminishing, it augmented his good opinion of me. Yet this *weak* and *wicked* man, because he is *persuaded* to cease to love me without the least provocation on my part, divulges to strangers my most important secrets, which he had SWORN *solemnly* never to betray. The sentiment which such perfidy must naturally create in the bosoms of the good and generous of both sexes will not be very highly creditable to his honour as a man.

Yet palpably debased as Mr. Turner must already seem, I cannot avoid relating the following circumstance, as one among the many specimens he has given me of the little attention he pays to his word. I was displeased with some particular act of Mr. Turner's at the commencement of my acquaintance with him; and, to relieve my uneasiness, he wrote on paper, "that he engaged on "the word of a Christian, and the honour of a "Gentleman, never to repeat such conduct," specifying *what it was*; and he concludes by writing: "Should I break the above engagement, I am "aware I can no longer claim the character of a "gentleman or man of honour"—dated Feb. 24, 1808—signed W. Turner. This paper I have in my possession, and will shew it to any one desirous of seeing it; but I do not relate the particulars, as the cause of my dissatisfaction is too insignificant to trouble my readers with.

When I saw Mr. Turner at Mr. Walmsley's, I reproached him with his wickedness in having broken the above-mentioned *solemn* promise: his reply was, "Lord! how can I recollect what I

"' have *sworn?* I ought to have had a copy of the "' *oath* in my pocket to read every day !" As it is not possible to advance any thing in extenuation of such loose morals, I shall merely remark that the ignorance of the man may be pardoned, though his want of honour cannot; for what adequate cement would remain to bind men properly in civilized life, if the obligation of an *oath* is to be thus wantonly and shamefully sported with?

To return to my narrative, the unkind falsehoods that had been uttered against me by Colonel Wardle and his party in the House of Commons caused me such unutterable sorrow, that for several days death would have been welcome to me; and the result of my reflection was, that I ought to lay before the public a statement of Colonel Wardle's conduct towards me, and an explanation of my acquaintance with the Duke of York. But before I resolved on taking a step that would expose Mr. Turner, and which would for ever make a breach between us, I wrote to Mr. Grigby, and represented the injury Mr. Turner had done me in society; that it was an additional claim on his fulfilling his engagements which he had so *lately* renewed to me; that should he be so totally divested of honour and truth, and every proper feeling, as again to refuse fulfilling them, I had no alternative than to bring his name before the public in vindication of the attack made against me by Colonel Wardle; that if I was compelled to do so, I should do it with the utmost reluctance, as it must ever give me pain to injure and expose him.

At that period I learnt where Mr. Turner resided in Norfolk; and as I could obtain no satisfactory answer from Mr. Grigby, I determined on going there and argue the subject myself. I reached Mr. Turner's house on the 7th of March, 1809, when, instead of receiving me with that ci-

vility which is due to our sex, he abused me violently, and desired me to quit his premises. I insisted (but with mildness, which his servants and mine can witness) that I would stay till he gave me the opportunity I sought of conversing with him on an important subject. So obstinate was he, that, instead of listening to what I had to say, he quitted his house. When I found that during the whole of the next day he did not return, I thought it useless to wait any longer, and set off to London with a determination of writing my vindication, without attending any more to the feelings of a man who had on all occasions most cruelly sported with mine.

Notwithstanding my determination, when my pamphlet was completed, and before it was in circulation, I sent it to Mr. Grigby, and requested him to exert himself to promote a reconciliation between me and Mr. Turner, on which terms only and for *his sake* I would relinquish making my public defence relative to the scandal which had been so unhandsomely propagated against me, *at his instigation*, in the House of Commons. But Mr. Grigby, jeeringly, replied, that though my publication would naturally be unpleasant to Mr. Turner, yet the world took only a momentary concern in matters of that sort. Provoked beyond measure that my kind and best intentions met with such an ungrateful return, I advertised my "Ap-"peal to the Public," which had an immense sale, and which I cannot but confess has essentially disgraced Mr. Turner in society; but I hope my readers will allow that *I* did not seek to injure him; that he *forced* me then by his conduct, as he *now* does, in my own defence to betray those events which otherwise would have remained for ever buried in my bosom.

From the above period I gave up with regret,

on account of the tie that exists between us, all hopes of ever being reconciled to Mr. Turner; and he had fallen so low in my esteem, that my feelings were greatly changed towards him; yet he was still bound to provide for his child, and repay me what he owed me both in *duty* and *justice*; and I ultimately hoped to obtain an opportunity of awakening, even in his *coarse nature*, the feelings of a parent, and induce him to afford his protection to his poor boy. For that especial purpose I went to his house on the 4th of June, 1809, when, instead of hearing quietly what I had to say, he was more violent and abusive than ever. He told me "he would pay me nothing but what I could recover in a court of justice; and that he knew I had not, without the assistance he promised to afford me *, ready money sufficient to annul my marriage with Colonel Sinclair, and therefore as a *femme convert* I could make no *legal* demand against him! He therefore set me at defiance; and that, in what might regard the child, I might swear it, and recover forty pounds."

Exasperated at such ungenerous and unfeeling threats, I declared I would remain in his house till he repaid me my money, and entered into some arrangement about the infant. Mr. Turner then left it, as he did in the month of March last, but locked up and took the keys of every room, except the parlour I sat in, giving orders that I was to have neither bed or food. As I had nothing to expect from Mr Turner's *reflections*, all my hopes then rested, and now rest, on having some eventual opportunity of arguing sufficiently with him to awaken those feelings in favour of his deserted child, which I *hope* are only dormant, but not entirely extinct. I therefore, in spite of the above

* See page 14.

inconvenience of having no bed *, resolved to remain there till his return, hoping by that means to induce him to give me a hearing; but I was greatly vexed when he came back, four days afterwards, on the 8th of June, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Methold, his brother-in-law, who though a stranger to me personally, yet I had heard much of this Mr. Methold from those who were well acquainted with him. He had been represented to me as a most violent, revengeful, and malignant man, passing, when in London, his Sundays at Tattersall's, and the rest of the week at Bow-street, picking up there a little law, which he practised as a magistrate in Suffolk upon his poor parishioners, instead of composing and preaching sermons for their edification, and making himself imitative and beloved, by assisting the needy and the sick, which are the proper occupations of a Christian clergyman.

I therefore feared this Mr. Methold might instigate Mr. Turner to strike me, which induced me to take up a small fork I had used for breakfast, and say, "Mr. Turner, if you mean to be "violent to me, you will recollect that I shall be "under the necessity of defending myself with this "fork, which I shall stick into your foolish head, "not into your brains, because you have got none." The use Mr. Turner and Mr. Methold made of that thoughtless and inadvertent speech of mine is well known to the public, and therefore I shall not fatigue my readers with saying any thing farther on the subject than that all the persons, Magistrates, and Counsellors, who have ever spoken to me respecting it, were at a loss to conceive how a CON-

* My maid went at night to New Buckenham to sleep, and returned in the morning loaded with kind offers and presents of food from the compassionate villagers, to whom I was then a total stranger.

DITIONAL *threat* of merely defending myself, IF *necessary*, could be construed at the Norfolk sessions into a *breach of the peace.*

By that business Mr. Turner has brought on himself the ridicule and contempt of every man of courage and honour,* for in spite of the arguments of his counsellor, Mr. Alderson, in court, to shew the propriety of Mr. Turner's conduct, no *gentleman* was ever known to condescend, to swear the peace against a *lady;* and against the very lady who, but a short time before, Mr. Turner had been passionately attached to, and for eleven months lived with her on terms of the greatest intimacy, as his *affianced* and *betrothed* WIFE, without thinking his life *then* in the least danger.

Mr. Turner has either perjured himself by swearing falsely, or he is a *despicable* COWARD, to be in fear of his life, because I (the smallest of women) held a little fork in my hand, which I threatened to use, *if* necessary, *in my own defence.*

NO WONDER HE QUITTED HIS REGIMENT WHILE UNDER ORDERS OF EMBARKATION.

Being bound over to keep the peace was no inconvenience to me, for it never was my intention or wish to break it; but I was determined that no unjust persecutions should make me relax in those exertions I was in duty bound to make in behalf

* See page 256, in the *Sporting* Magazine for the month of September, 1809, where Mr. Turner's conduct affords them *sport* for their pen, I transcribe from it two verses, with which I think my readers will be entertained.

"In former times, our chevaliers
For beauty took up arms,
And thought their valour highly paid,
When hail'd by beauty's charms:

But, lack-a-day! our modern knights
The arms of beauty dread,
And supplicate the law to shield
That weakest part—the head."

of our child. I considered but too seriously that I had nothing to leave to the infant in case of my death,* nor would it have, in that event, a friend in the world to protect and support it; I therefore resolved on residing near Mr. Turner in Norfolk, hoping, by that means, to obtain an opportunity of speaking to him, for I could not then, nor can I even now, but suspect that his conduct towards me and his child is greatly regulated by Mr. Grigby and Mr. Methold. The former I suppose interferes from malice, the latter from selfishness, as his son is a great favourite with Mr. Turner; who I really think and *hope* would not of his own accord have obstinacy sufficient to persevere in such atrocious acts of villiany.

My visits, after that period, to Mr. Turner's home, were grossly misrepresented at the last October sessions at Norwich, for it was said *I had ascended a ladder and looked in at his window, abused him, and put him in fear of his life*; and that he prayed the court to bind me over in two securities, in lieu of my recognizance. The chairman *(an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Methold's)* insulted and oppressed me by every means in his power; he even refused the privilege granted me at the preceding sessions, of vindicating myself, and told me he should *eommit* me if I *dared* to

* Mr. Turner, from being a trustee of mine, is well acquainted that nearly all my property is bequeathed after my death to different branches of my family. The small capital that I could command, he must know, with my lessened income, the additional support of the child, and the expences incurred during my sickness and confinement, must be greatly diminished; and I am sorry to confess it is likely to be entirely consumed very shortly, without Mr. Turner refunds me what he is actually in my debt, and fulfils my other pecuniary claims, and his engagement. But, alas! I fear I have little or nothing to expect from a man who so totally disregards both his *honour* and his *word*.

speak; nor were my witnesses allowed to be examined; and I am certain it was merely decided I should find two securities as a pretext for putting me into the Castle, suspecting as I was a stranger in Norfolk I should not easily find persons to bail me in so large a sum.

I think, however, I could have proved to the contrary, and that, had I *tried*, I could have found a *dozen* persons to have been my securities: but I told Mr. Cooper, my counsellor, who pressed me to be prepared with bail, that my firm determination was to *ask* that favour of no one—that should I be committed, I should write to London and be immediately removed by a *habeas corpus*, and have my conduct re-investigated in the Court of King's Bench, where I should meet with justice, and where Mr. Method would have *no influence*. I had not been a prisoner a quarter of an hour, when two gentlemen, to whom I was a total stranger, and merely from witnessing the oppression that was practised against me in court, offered to bail me. With feelings of the utmost gratitude, I refused *their proposal, from fearing it would prevent my* ardent wishes of the affair being discussed in the Court of King's Bench; but those around me, who I thought knew better than myself, assured me it would not interfere with my intentions; and their compassionate hearts led them to feel so much anxiety for my release, that to satisfy them I consented to accept the assistance of these two kind strangers, who bailed me in £100. each.

As I was *not* allowed at the sessions to relate the particulars of the *ladder* business, which was represented by the chairman, and Mr. Turner's counsel, as an act that *endangered Mr. Turner's life*, I beg now to give my readers a correct detail of it:—

After the July sessions, on the 23rd, I went to

Mr. Turner's house, and inquired if he was at home, as I wished to speak to him; and I had the precaution to take my maid with me, as a witness, besides being accompanied by my daughter. I was told he was gone out. I made answer, "I will walk about a little, probably he may soon come in." As I was passing and repassing the windows, I heard, as I thought, Mr. Turner's cough in the upper room, the windows of which were open, and not above nine or ten feet from the ground. I desired my maid to use a small ladder, lying against the wall, and see if Mr. Turner really was in his room, and if he was, to tell him I was desirous of speaking to him. The scene was so ludicrous, that *he* even (for it was himself I heard) could not help laughing when he came to the window. He soon after descended into the parlour, which looked immediately on the gravel walk were I was. Not to disturb his appearance of good-humour by any serious subject, I said to him jokingly:—"Good gracious, Mr. Turner, how could you think of going to the sessions in a wig? You looked quite frightful in it; it was a libel on my taste, and people wondered how I could ever fall in love with such a fright." He still found it impossible to appear ill-natured, but made no reply; and therefore went up stairs again, occasionally looking out of the window, when I always laughed, and kissed my hand to him. At last, his servant, who was highly entertained with the scene, informed me that he was going to serve Mr. Turner's dinner in his room. Encouraged by his apparent good-humour, I thought it probable, if I requested it, he might invite me to partake of it, which would afford me the opportunity I so earnestly desired of conversing with him. I accordingly mounted the ladder, and looking in at the window, I wished him joy of a good dinner, hoped it was dressed to his liking, and

begged him to give me a small bit, as I was very hungry. Without making me any reply, he took a jug of beer that was placed on the table, and threw it in my face: the shock was that of a cold bath, and I had nearly let go my hold and fallen to the ground. Notwithstanding this unmanly act, I avoided the least expression of anger or reproach, for I knew, by experience, how every word of mine would be perverted, if possible, into a fresh breach of the peace. I therefore quietly wiped the beer from my face and cloths, and desired the servant to tell Mr. Turner as he would give me no dinner, I would go home and get some, and I hoped the next time I came he would be in a better humour. On my return to my home at new Buckenham, a mile distant, the good villagers (whose kindness and hospitality I never can sufficiently express) were indignant at his rudeness, and advised me to go before a magistrate, and swear an assault against him; but I thought it then not worth my attention.

The following day, I had a present of some birds, and I was anxious that Mr. Turner should partake of them, though he had been so uncourteous as to throw the beer in my face. I wrote a note, and took the birds to his house, accompanied only by my daughter. I delivered the *billet*, unsealed, to his housekeeper: I begged her to dress the birds without his knowledge for his dinner, and as they were put on the table, to deliver my note, which was as follows:—— "As I know you "love delicacies, I have brought you a couple of "snipes and a plover, for your dinner; don't fear "depriving me, for my table is plentifully supplied "by my kind neighbours: I would have added a "brace of wild ducks, but knew not how to bring "them, as my maid is ill, and the coachman is "getting ready for our journey; don't give way to

"spite, that is beneath you, by refusing my little "offering. I hope they will turn out good, and "that in eating them you will think more favoura-"bly of me than you have lately done."

I could not help shedding many tears as I spoke to the housekeeper, and expressing how cruel I thought Mr. Turner's conduct was, after *all* that I had suffered on his account.

As I was returning home, I met Mr. Turner in a narrow lane, so that he could not avoid meeting me: when I came within hearing of him, I said:— "How do you do Mr. Turner, will you not take leave of Lou Lou, who is to-morrow going to school?" He made no reply, but looked furiously at me, (though he must have perceived by my eyes that I had been weeping) and tucked up his coat, lest it might touch us in passing, and walked on.

In the course of the evening, I heard that he had ordered the birds to be thrown on the dunghill; and had otherways received my best intentions most ungratefully, which so provoked me, that I resolved to delay my journey, and go on the following day, which was the 25th of July, before Sir Thomas Beaver, and swear the assault. Sir Thomas and some other Magistrates, among whom were two of his sons, received me with great politeness; they all thought Mr. Turner's conduct very *ungallant*, but they were rather uncertain whether throwing the beer in my face was an assault, as I was on Mr. Turner's premises; but they advised me, as I was going the next day to London, to inquire about it; and that on my return to Norfolk it would be time enough to renew the business.

On the 5th of September I went again to Sir Thomas Beaver's, who was indisposed, but his two sons, the Reverend Mr. Miles, and Mr. Thomas Beaver, officiated for him. I informed them that my solicitor, and different Counsellers, had decided

Mr. Turner's conduct in throwing the beer in my face to be a *positive* ASSAULT, notwithstanding my being on his grounds, and that I was therefore resolved to expose his unmanly rudeness. To my great surprise, they declined interfering, but advised me to go before the grand jury, at the ensuing sessions; and I have since learned that these gentlemen are friends of Mr. Methold.

I was the more astonished at their conduct, because the Honourable George Herbert, on the 8th of June, when I was taken to his house, apologized to me for interfering between Mr. Turner and myself; but assured me that he was *compelled* as a Magistrate to receive the oath and complaint of every one that thought proper to come before him.

After that period, bad health and bad weather prevented my seeking another interview with Mr. Turner for some weeks; I was therefore surprised by receiving a summons on the 2nd of October to attend the sessions on the 4th at Norwich. Notwithstanding the prejudice Mr. Methold excited against me there among the Magistrates, had I been permitted to *tell* MY *tale* circumstantially, and call my witnesses to make oath to the truth of it, I have no doubt but that *all* the gentlemen on the bench would have done me complete justice*. I should also have inquired of Counsellor ALDERSON why he represented me as having been under Mr. Turner's PROTECTION, and what was the nature of the PROTECTION that he had afforded me? It could not be of a pecuniary nature, as Mr. Turner had during our acquaintance lived principally at my

* I take this opportunity of expressing my unfeigned and most grateful thanks to those fourteen gentlemen who kindly voted on that occasion in my favour, and it will, no doubt, be a pleasure to them to find that their support was not bestowed on an unworthy object, or in an unjust cause.

table; by which, to his great joy, he *saved* the *expence of the mess*, besides extorting from me, under false pretences and promises, different sums of money. It certainly could not be that I expected him to become my champion, and *protect* me from insult; for how could I suppose that he would draw his sword in *my* defence, having refused to do so in defence of his *king* and his *country*, whose bread he had been eating for twenty-five years, in a state of inactive and ignoble security.*

I should have observed also, to the gentlemen on the bench, the absurdity of their believing for an instant that Mr. Turner's life was really in danger: for of what advantage could it be to me to deprive him of his existence: by so doing I should have lost all chance of obtaining a protector for his child, all chance of ever recovering the money he owes me, and should forfeit my own life.

I should have remarked, at the same time, what I now beg to do to my readers, that the act of getting up the ladder in order to look in at the window might not be strictly proper, yet great allowance should be made for the habits of intimacy that had so long existed between us, as well as on account of my thoughtless and volatile disposition; with which Mr. Turner is well acquainted, and has often endeavoured to curb. Yet this volatility of spirits has frequently contributed to his entertain-

* Mr. Turner, not only quitted the service on this occasion, when *under orders for foreign service*, but he did the same in the expedition under ADMIRAL CHRISTIAN; when Mr. Turner disapproved so much of endangering his life in the West Indies, that he then went on half pay, but returned to the army when all *danger* was over. This anecdote I have from gentlemen who formerly knew him, but who from that *cowardly* and *dishonourable* conduct would not be seen speaking or noticing him on any account, for they would think their character for *courage* and *honour* impeached by an acquaintance with Mr. Turner.

ment notwithstanding. He knows that in the *gaieté de Cœur* I say and do many foolish and imprudent things, but that it is never in my intention to *injure* any one.

My persecutors were greatly alarmed, lest I should be allowed the privilege of pleading for myself, and relating the *real* history of the ladder; and the chairman (Mr. Methold's friend) took extreme care that such permission should not be granted to me. Determined, however, not to submit quietly to such oppression, I went to London in the ensuing November, with the intention of bringing my case into the Court of King's Bench; and for that purpose I laid my papers before different Counsellors of the highest consideration, for I would not be satisfied with the opinion of one nor of two: they were all unanimous in thinking that I had been most scandalously treated by Mr. Turner, but that having given security, there was an end of *that* transaction; and that the only way to have the matter re-argued in the Court of King's Bench, was to return to Mr. Turner's house, which act might lead him to say I had broken the peace, and that my securities must pay the forfeit; which they would at my desire resist, and then *Mr. Turner* would be *compelled* to bring the business into the Court of King's Bench. I should readily and with joy have availed myself of this alternative; but I reflected that the two gentlemen who had kindly been my securities were in business; and that it might be productive of great inconvenience to them to be in London, to attend the trial, and wait the issue thereof; and though I felt I was in honour bound to pay every expence they might be put to on my account, yet it would be out of my power to make them due compensation for any injuries sustained in their own concerns, occasioned by their absence. I

therefore reluctantly relinquished this method of having my affairs discussed in a superior court, for it would have been quite in *Mr. Turner's style* to have made such an ungrateful and sad return to those who had befriended me in my distress.

The other method to bring his falsehoods before the public was to *indict him for perjury*, for having *sworn* at the Norfolk sessions that I had declared, when with him in Kent, that I would be revenged upon him; which was one of the reasons why he considered his life in danger. If I would have taken a *positive oath* that I never had uttered such words, there can be no doubt, but with the facts I could have brought forward, Mr. Turner would have shared the same fate as his friend Colonel Sinclair, *in being found guilty of perjury*. As I wish to make every thing I say *clear* and *satisfactory* to my readers, I will explain in what way I might have convicted him: I could easily have proved that I had quitted Kent on the 4th of September, 1808, and that I have never since, even to this moment, been into any part of it. Consequently this *threat*, IF ever I uttered it, which made Mr. Turner *think his life in actual danger*, must have taken place *previous* to the above period. How therefore does it happen, that *if I had uttered such a threat*, and he *believed* his LIFE IN DANGER, he should have accepted an apartment at my house, from the day I found him at his uncle's, the 5th of September*, and have remained spontaneously under the same roof with me for *nine* days in habits of the greatest friendship and apparent affection. This I could have proved by the confidential manner in which he addressed Admiral Alymer, on the 12th of September, 1808, also by many other respectable friends, whom we went

* See page 55.

together to visit at that period; also by the evidence of my servant in the house, as well as by his *own* letter*, dated Canterbury, the 16th, 1808.

From feeling the seriousness of an oath, and from the opinion I have always entertained that a *positive* oath can hardly ever be taken with safety, I was from that circumstance again prevented from bringing his conduct before the public. I reflected that it was possible I *might* in a joke, or some other way, have uttered such *words*, without their conveying the intention which Mr. Turner found necessary to put upon them, and therefore I would only *swear* that to the best of my *recollection* and *belief* I had never uttered such words, and certainly not as a *threat*; beyond that my ideas of religion would not allow me to go, and that was not sufficient.

I have no doubt that my readers will perceive, by the circumstances that I have related, that had I taken the required oath, how completely I should have proved in any court of justice that Mr. Turner was *not in fear of his life*. From whatever I might have said in Kent, though *he* SWORE THAT *he was!* and though I was disappointed in not having Mr. Turner's conduct discussed in the Court of King's Bench; yet it gave me very great consolation that all the counsellors that I applied to, and beforewhom I placed the undoubted documents of Mr. Turner's perfidy (all of which appear in this book), pitied me greatly, and thought me most undeservedly persecuted; and as a mark of their good wishes, gave me their advice without fee or reward; and my gratitude above all is particularly due to Counsellor Cooper of Norwich. That kind gentleman, though I applied to him as an entire stranger, in consequence of my *convincing* him of the unmerited sufferings I had

* See page 56.

endured through Mr. Turner, granted me his aid at the Norwich sessions, and on all occasions, without accepting any return but my genuine acknowledgments.

In the month of January, of this year, Mrs. Ball* called upon me, and informed me that she had met Mr. Turner in the street, who had walked home with her; that he had wasted a considerable time in abusing me without being able to assign any real reason for so doing. He also informed her, that he had come to town purposely to visit Colonel Sinclair, that he had taken that opportunity of bespeaking *a very sharp* MAN TRAP, to fix in his grounds, against I went there again, and that nothing would give him greater *pleasure* than to see my LEG CHOPPED OFF IN IT! that Mr. Methold and himself had *hoped* to make out that I wanted to obtain money under *false pretences*, in order to *transport me*. This brought to my recollection the following circumstance, which I then thought nothing of, and which probably, but for this information, never would have returned to my memory. The day after I had been taken before Mr. Herbert, the 9th of June, 1809, Mr. Methold came to me at the George Inn, New Buckenham, and, apparently with very friendly intentions, asked me, that if he were to attempt to make terms between Mr. Turner and myself, what my demand was. Very luckily for me, I expressed what were the dictates of my heart, namely that *money* was my least object; that his civility and friendship was of more value to me than all he owed me; but that if Mr. Turner determined to remain in enmity, in that case he certainly ought to make me a compensation for the pecuniary injury my income had sustained, and that I had refused

* The lady alluded to in page 51.

the £1000. from thinking it an insufficient return. But to shew Mr. Turner how little inclined I was to be unreasonable in my demands, I would be satisfied with £1500. in lieu of my annuity of £200. per annum. The expences of my confinement, the support of the child up to that moment, and for the different sums of money he had borrowed of me; that the provision for the child had been settled *at his desire* by the General and Mr. Grigby, that he had *acceded* to the arrangement, and was bound in honour to fulfil it.

Mr. Methold wrote down the sum required, and then proposed that I should sign the paper, which I readily did, without the least hesitation; for I was not *then* aware the *Reverend* Mr. Methold was the *trickey* gentleman that I have since found him to be, or I should have been more on my guard. This paper, which was extorted from me by such keen artifices, they expected would enable them to send me to BOTANY BAY; but their wicked intentions, on this occasion, did not succeed.

Mr. Methold could have no cause of anger against me, and therefore his assisting Mr. Turner, so readily, to harrass and distress me, though he was no stranger to Mr. Turner's engagements, and my sufferings, is surely indicative of that malignity which he is said to possess.

The holy order he belongs to ought to have led him to endeavour to conciliate and make peace between us, instead of promoting strife. How different was Mr. Walmsley's conduct, though also a relation of Mr. Turner's; but I can be surprised at nothing that this man does, after knowing him capable of the following conduct. Mr. Methold's father was a tradesman, who resided at Kew, immediately in the vicinity of the Royal Gardens. From that circumstance, our good King was led to notice the present Mr. Methold when a lad,

and to whose goodness he is indebted for being a *Prebend of Norwich*; yet this Rev Mr. Methold joined the number of Mr. Turner's associates, who advised his volunteering his services to Colonel Wardle, to assist him in persecuting not only the SON OF HIS SOVEREIGN, but of his GRACIOUS BENEFACTOR!

Were I to relate the many mean and malicious acts I have experienced from Mr. Methold and Mr. Turner, they would in themselves compose a volume; I therefore shall endeavour only to refer to those that are immediately connected with the history I am now relating.

Soon after my appearance at the July sessions, and during my stay in London, I learned that Mr. Turner and Colonel Sinclair had become acquainted; it did not excite much surprise in my mind, as from Mr. Turner's conduct to me it was evident he would colleague with any one who was disposed to embarrass and injure me, I however felt much anguish when my kind neighbours at New Buckenham wrote me word that some HAND BILLS had been circulated there by Mr. Turner, and one was inclosed to me for my perusal. It represented me as having been the colleague of a notorious character; that I had been confined in various prisons on the continent, and here for swindling; that my father was a Jew, and resided at Frankfort; even my dear girl, whose early age ought to have been her protection, did not escape their malice; and that a history of myself, with a caricature likeness, would be shortly laid before the public. I knew this to be the production of Mr Sinclair's pen, as I had had frequently one of these sort of bills sent me, threatening to distribute them, without I remitted him money.* But Mr. Sinclair, from some reason or

* See page 12.

other, with which I am unacquainted, never put his repeated threats in execution, till he became acquainted with Mr. Turner, who no doubt thought the distribution of these libellous bills in Norfolk would prevent my returning there again; but their effect upon my mind was of an opposite tendency, for I went back in consequence much sooner than I otherwise should.

From this mean and wicked behaviour of Mr. Turner, I was induced to publish in both the Norwich papers, on the 14th of September, 1809, my "Address to the inhabitants of Norfolk," in which I gave the outline of my life, and described who my father was, who so far from being a *Jew*, and residing at Frankfort, was a man of rank and family, and who lived for upwards of thirty years in the same house in London, and was one of the most opulent and most respectable of men; and it was a most fortunate circumstance for me that Mr. Charles Harvey, the recorder of Norwich, and Mr. Twining, also well known in Norfolk, were acquainted with some of my near relations, now on the continent; and the latter gentleman kindly corroborated to Sir Thomas Beaver all that I had said respecting my family, and acknowledged me to be the person that I had represented myself. I was prevented in my "Address to the inhabitants of Norfolk" of explaining myself so fully as I could have wished; I therefore now beg leave to observe to my readers the absurdity of my enemies, in saying I had been in many prisons on the continent, and in England, as the colleague of a notorious swindler. Had that been the case, would not the *trial* of my crimes, and the *punishment* attached to them, have been made public? Would persons, not only of respectability, but of the highest rank, associate *now* with me. (Mr. Turner *even* will not deny *this fact*). Would Mr. Greenwood publicly

in the House of Commons have declared that his occasional visits to me were intended as marks of *civility* and *attention?* Was I the character described in the hand-bill, would the lowest of creatures think me entitled to civility or attention? Should I have dared in my address to the inhabitants of Norfolk to have named Louis the 18th, Monsieur his brother, Lord Elgin, our Minister at Brussels, and Count Metterich, the Austrian ambassador, as persons to whom I was known on the continent, and who could attest the propriety of my conduct there? I have avoided as much as possible attempting to bias the opinion of my readers; I merely relate *facts*, and I wish them to form their own judgment upon them.

Mr. Methold told Counseller Cooper that Mr. Turner was not the *inventor* of the *hand-bills*, but *received* them from Colonel Sinclair: that certainly establishes what I say of their intimacy; besides, Mr. Turner told Mrs. Rush, his tenant at Old Buckenham, that Col. Sinclair was coming to stay a month with him. Mr. Turner's conduct has proved how little attention he pays to his word, and even to his *oath;* it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that he so readily associates with the PERJURED! I may have many faults, indeed I dare say I have more than the generality of people, but my HONESTY and my LOVE OF TRUTH was never impeached but by Colonel Sinclair and Mr. Turner; and had I been as malicious as Mr. Turner, I might with equal truth have distributed a hand-bill also, accusing him of being *tried at the Old Bailey for robbing on the highway*; it is not difficult to *invent*, but to prove what is advanced is now required by the public, from the frequent literary impositions which are practised upon their credulity. I again declare I have written nothing but what *I can*

prove. I have *endeavoured* to make the contents of this book so clear to my readers, by the letters I have copied, and the respectable persons that I have named,* as to prevent the least doubt on their minds as to my veracity; but should any exist, I take this opportunity of again repeating that I shall be happy and proud to lay my documents before any and every person of respectability who may wish to investigate them.

I am now desirous of giving my readers the explanation I promised in page 68, of Mr. Turner's perfidy, and prove that *previous* to my asking a "delay of his resignation," he was planning to desert and forsake me, and that he only clung to *that* circumstance as a sort of excuse for his conduct. When Mr. Turner's business was brought before the House of Commons, a letter was read from Colonel Mundy to Colonel Gordon, saying Mr. Turner was desirous of giving in his resignation, in order to terminate a connection he had formed with an *artful woman.* I immediately wrote to Colonel Mundy, and asked him why he represented me in that way. The following extract is copied from his answer, now before me, dated Canterbury, February 19, 1809. "When Major Tur-
" ner waited upon me with the resignation of his
" commission, he signified to me that he was in-
" duced to take that step in consequence of an
" unfortunate connection he had been unwarily
" led into. He did not enter into particulars, but
" complained in general terms of the means that
" had been used to persuade him to form the en-

* If I do not name the general Officer so often alluded to in this book, it is not at his request that I forbear doing so, but from thinking it would be wrong in me to expose the name of a person who fills a high and public situation; but should it at any time become necessary for him to attest the truth of what I now write, it is easy to refer to him.

" gagements he had done. I accordingly for-
" warded his resignation, but soon after received a
" letter from him, stating that the Commander-in-
" Chief had refused to accept the same, in con-
" sequence of the artful intrigues of the lady
" above alluded to, who had written a letter to
" his Royal Highness, reflecting strongly upon
" his character. When therefore I was called
" upon by Major General Cartwright to explain
" in what manner Major Turner had acted, I
" thought myself justified in expressing myself as
" I did. Had I imagined it possible, at that pe-
" riod, that my letter would have been made so
" public, I should most probably have expressed
" myself in more qualified terms. I cannot be
" supposed to have meant any personal affront to
" *you*, as I had not the honour of your acquaint-
" ance, or of knowing even your name until I re-
" ceived your letter.

" I am, Madam,

" Your most obedient Servant,

" G. R. MUNDY."

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

As a minute account of my acquaintance and engagements with Mr. Turner is now before my readers, I leave them to judge how true the representations were that he made to Colonel Mundy as an excuse for resigning. In reply to this letter, I informed Colonel Mundy of the general bearing of my situation with Mr. Turner, and the engagements that existed between us; and as Lord Aylmer was quartered at Canterbury, and a friend of Colonel Mundy's, I referred him for the truth of my assertions to Admiral Aylmer, who I thought it very likely he would soon meet at his relation's, Lord Aylmer's. I received his reply on the 26th

of February, 1809, from which letter I copy the following paragraph.

"I have perused your statement of the dif-
" ferent transactions that occurred between Major
" Turner and yourself with much attention, and
" with very unpleasant feelings, being not a little
" mortified and chagrined at the conduct of a
" person, in whose honour I always placed the
" utmost confidence, and on whose assertions I
" thought I could implicitly rely. Be assured,
" madam, that though I have been involuntarily
" led into an error, I shall never be wanting to do
" you every justice in my power, on all future oc-
" casions that may render it necessary.

" I have the honour to be,
" Madam,
" Your most obedient servant,
" G. R. Mundy,
" Lieutenant Colonel 3rd Dragoons."

Mrs. Sutherland,
7, Portman-street, Portman-square.

I was extremely pleased at the honourable and generous conduct of Colonel Mundy, and I am sure it will meet the approbation of my readers. His letters prove, beyond a doubt, Mr. Turner's base plan of getting out of the army, in order to *desert* and *secrete* himself from me; and those plans were formed by him at the very time that we were apparently on the best terms, and when I had afforded him NO *pretext* for forsaking me, for I did not ask a a delay of his resignation till some time *after* he had proposed to Colonel Mundy to resign.

I must now claim the indulgence of my readers for deviating from the immediate tenor of my narrative, to speak of my acquaintance with Mr. Cobbett, which I know is in some degree irrelevant to my present subject, but my enemies have

propagated a story to my prejudice, in which I am accused of *falsehood*, by inserting in my *Appeal to the Public*, "that Mr. Cobbett had thought, "from the documents I placed before him, that I "had been cruelly used by Mr. Turner, and that "he (Mr. Cobbett) would take an opportunity "of describing Mr. Turner in his Register as he "deserved." From the vague accounts I have heard, I understand they pretend to urge that Mr. Cobbett attached blame to *me*, instead of Mr. Turner. Counsellor Alderson was even beginning to speak on the subject at the Sessions, but was prevented by the Magistrates, as irrelevant to the articles of the peace. It does not, very materially, signify to the public, whether Mr. Cobbett befriends either Mr. Turner or myself; but it is of the utmost importance to *me*, that *I* should prove the truth of what I said in my APPEAL.

From reading Mr. Cobbett's Register (without attending to his politics), I thought he appeared to possess ideas of justice and humanity; and I was particularly struck by his exertions in favour of Miss Taylor, though a stranger, from merely thinking her ill-treated and oppressed. Knowing how very greatly, and undeservedly I had been injured, I thought if I could make it known to Mr. Cobbett, he, probably, would explain it to the public; or at least support my then intended publication on the subject. I obtained, by letter, permission to wait upon him at Botley; and on the 14th of April, 1809, I got there early in the forenoon. Mrs. Cobbett received me very politely, and begged I would wait the return of her husband (who was then absent) at her house: about two or three o'clock Mr. Cobbett arrived, to whom, in private, I related my history with Mr. Turner, and his cruel treatment, and laid before him the written proofs that attested every thing I said; and

I complained, above all, of Mr. Turner's having caused my name to be dragged before the House of Commons, by which he had done me an irreparable injury, and that merely from motives of *malice* and *revenge* towards his Royal Highness the Duke of York!

After my explanation, I appealed to Mr. Cobbett, if I was not an object worthy of his support and vindication. Mr. Cobbett appeared greatly affected with my melancholy story; and declared, that but for the undoubted original letters I put before him of Mr. Turner's and Mr. Grigby's, he could not have credited such perfidiousness. And while he was reading Mr. Grigby's letter to me dated the 22d October *, he exclaimed, "Oh the "—— ——! Now it comes to the expensive part "of the business, he picks a quarrel with you!" He informed me, that the unkind remarks he had been induced to make in his Register, on my letter to the Commander-in-Chief, arose from my requesting "Mr. Turner's resignation to be delayed on account of his unkindness to a *lady*;" that it did not strike him that that *lady* was myself, and therefore he supposed I had received a sum of money for my interference; but as he was now acquainted with the truth, he promised to speak of Mr. Turner's conduct as it deserved.

As the relation of my sufferings, and the misfortunes Mr. Turner had brought on me, caused me to weep very much, Mr Cobbett humanely insisted on my staying to pass the evening with his family, and from witnessing my great depression of spirits, he frequently invited me to take some refreshment, and endeavoured to enliven me by his conversation. At ten o'clock I took my leave, intending to leave Botley the next morning early,

* See page 65.

impressed with the utmost gratitude at the reception Mr. Cobbett and his family had afforded me; and from that instant to this I have never seen or heard any thing from him but from public report. This, I *most solemnly* declare, is a true statement of my limited acquaintance with Mr. Cobbett; and I never will believe, unless I saw it in his own hand-writing, that he could deny any part of it. The people at the inn at Botley can attest that on my arrival I went to Mr. Cobbett's, and that I passed the whole afternoon and evening at his house, which was a much longer time than was necessary to talk to him of my affairs. Besides, I never should have dared to have named Mr. Cobbett in my Appeal, but in relating the *truth*; for I felt, as I dare say my readers will, that he would very properly have contradicted the same long since in his Register, and exposed and reprimanded me as in that case I should have deserved.

This explanation is a great relief to my mind, because it proves, that though my persecutors accused me of falsehood, I was not guilty of it. Mr. Grigby, I am told, wrote to Mr. Cobbett, on the public use I made of his promised support, and exposure of Mr. Turner; and though Mr. Grigby is known to be a violent democrat, yet I have too good an opinion of Mr. Cobbett to believe he would, on *that* account, deny to Mr. Grigby the kindness and hospitality of his reception to me.

I thought that such malice as actuates Mr. Turner could not exist in any human heart; and my readers will, perhaps, start with amazement when I inform them that Mr. Turner offered a Serjeant recruiting at New Buckenham and its vicinity, for Colonel Powell of Old Buckenham Hall, *five* guineas to inveigle and enlist my coachman, merely because he was an attached and re-

spectful servant to me, possessing too much the feelings of a *man* to approve of the conduct I experienced at Mr. Turner's, and which he witnessed when he has driven me to his house to try to obtain an interview. The Serjeant told it publicly at the George Inn at New Buckenham, in the presence of the most respectable farmers in the neighbourhood, who repeated it, and expressed their indignation on the subject to me. Mr. Turner, by his contemptible conduct, has thrown himself out of all society in Norfolk, and has made himself the scorn and ridicule of all the neighbourhood, by the profligacy and folly of his conduct; for he does not hesitate to be seen, in the middle of the day, entering the huts and passing his time with the most depraved and the lowest of wretches, with whom even the labourer would be ashamed to be *known* to associate.

Mr. Turner, I am convinced, has no feeling for our sex beyond his own gratification; but it is generally known that only COWARDS treat WOMEN ill. Many *dreadful* and *dishonourable* stories of his behaviour to different females have come to my knowledge; but I knew them when it was too late to disentangle myself from him: and the sincere and great affection I bore him led me to make excuses for him, in my own mind, and to listen, with credulity, to those he made for himself.

Mr. Turner and his colleagues, not being able to allege any thing in *reality* against me, describe me as an *artful, designing* woman: the foregoing sheets will give my readers an opportunity of judging if I deserve that character; and that if I possessed the *art* they describe, if I should not have avoided the precipice of woe Mr. Turner has plunged me into. Besides, I am naturally so irritable, (at which moment I utter *every* thought that comes across my mind) that it would entirely

prevent my putting in execution any artful designs, even should I have formed any. Was I the *artful woman* my enemies represent, should I so honourably have related to Mr. Turner every error of my life when he made me the offer of his hand? Should I have put myself in his power by placing confidence in his honour? I think, therefore, the character he gives of *me* is more applicable to *himself*; for though he is a man not very proverbial for his *bright genius*, yet he certainly has had the ART *to deceive me completely*. I am, however, proud and happy to say, that every person who has been thoroughly acquainted with me, both *esteem* and *regard* me; and though it answers Mr. Turner's purpose to abuse and speak disrespectfully of me *now*, yet he *once* was sensible of, and *owned* my *worth* and *good qualities*; I refer my readers to *his* letters to see the high opinion he entertained of me for eleven months, which is too long a period for the most artful woman (considering the intimacy that existed between us) to have deceived by artifice; and hitherto no act of mine has been brought forward and proved that corroborates with that character. All the friends I have had through life, and still have, were either formed in youth, or are of many years standing, and who know me (in spite of *misrepresentation*) to be incapable of mean, dishonourable, or unfeeling behaviour to any one, and the recent private and public injuries I have sustained through Mr. Turner, Mr. Grigby, and the Rev. Mr. Methold, have increased their good wishes towards me.

Lady Field, a lady well known in Norfolk, the daughter of the late Sir Francis Head, and the aunt to the Honourable Mrs. George Herbert's father, has been particularly steady in affording me, in moments of deep distress, her comfort and

support; but TRUE VIRTUE *is always indulgent for the failings of others:* this surely was never more strongly proved than by this worthy lady's conduct towards me; she was recently no stranger to all the occurrences between Mr. Turner and myself, and so far from reproaching me, that she made every allowance for my mistaken confidence, in consideration of the solemn engagements that existed between us, and afforded me her countenance on every occasion, and repeatedly made me even an offer of her purse. I transcribe a letter received from her immediately after my appearance at the July Norfolk Sessions; and in so doing I am guilty of no breach of confidence, for in observing how cautiously I had alluded to her in my vindication at the Sessions, she desired me at *all times* and on *all occasions,* to name her in any way I pleased, or that might be useful to me. I therefore give the copy of one of her letters merely to shew that what I say about this kind lady is a literal fact, as I am sensible my enemies will pervert and contradict every circumstance that is not clearly proved.

London, July 24, 1809.

My Dear Madam,

I have to thank you for the Norwich Paper you had the goodness to send me. I was struck with admiration at your own vindication, and was much surprised the court should bind you over, as it seems to me they had no reason for so doing. I sent your paper agreeable to your request. I was quite in a *fever* when I read the *Herald* you allude to;* it was scandalous, malignant abuse. Unfor-

* Mr. Sinclair, who is now a distressed outcast of society, assists occasionally some of the inferior writers of the newspapers, by which means he contrived to insert in the *Herald* part of the scandal contained in the fore-mentioned *hand-bill.*

tunately some of *your friends* dined with me that day, and came full fraught with the subject: this added to my vehemence, and I said I knew you had more sense, and I believed you had more merit than half of my acquaintance and those that run you down, and that I hoped you would prosecute the editor for a libel; but perhaps you are better advised. I am sensible you have been cruelly oppressed, and forced upon public notice, to satisfy the malignant views of the most worthless characters.

I grieve at the loss I am likely to sustain of your pleasing society, but shall rejoice at the deprivation if it insures your happiness, and contributes to that *peace which the world cannot give.* If I can render you any service in town, I request to be favoured with your commands: wherever you may chuse to reside, rest assured my best and very affectionate wishes will attend you; I should feel myself unworthy could I ever forget your kind attentions to me since the first commencement of our acquaintance.

I remain,
Dearest Madam,
Your's most sincerely and affectionately,
CAMP. ELIZA FIELD.

Mrs. Sutherland,
Buckenham, Attleborough, Norfolk.

I am aware that my readers will think it strange that with such a POSITIVE WRITTEN PROMISE OF MARRIAGE as the one I possess from Mr. Turner, and the many letters that go to substantiate that promise, and the very many respectable witnesses I could call to prove that Mr. Turner in their presence treated me, and spoke of me as his affianced wife, that I do not sue him for a breach of that promise. I therefore beg to explain to them, that

it is my intention to do so, as all the legal gentlemen who have seen Mr. Turner's letters have advised this measure, and give it as their decided opinion that heavy damages will be awarded against him; but as there is no chance *now* of bribing Colonel Sinclair to ratify our continental divorce, (Mr. Turner being on terms of friendship with him, and determined to outbid me in *preventing* Colonel Sinclair from doing so) my only alternative therefore is to obtain an attested certificate of his marriage at Annapolis Royal, which I expected to have had before this, as a gentleman who was many years ago a resident at that place, and acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Jacob Bailey, the clergyman who married Mr. Sinclair to Miss James, wrote to him for the certificate, but instead of obtaining it he learned that the old gentleman was lately dead. I have therefore to find out another channel of obtaining this important certificate, and though it is attended with much difficulty, from the great distance of Annapolis Royal, and its being a place of no commerce, I hope ultimately to succeed.

Mr. Turner is dishonest enough to refuse to settle my pecuniary demands, because he says *I cannot claim it in law,* on account of my *supposed* coverture—what honourable sentiments! But I hope shortly to prove publicly that I have *never* been under coverture, and that Mr. Sinclair having a wife alive at the time of my marriage, made it invalid and null. Mr. Turner is so well convinced of *this fact,* which his *own* letters prove, that at one time he was all anxiety to be married to me himself, but it suits him *now* to plead my *supposed coverture,* to prevent my availing myself of the law to recover from him my property, which I so much want, and of which he has so unjustly defrauded me.

I almost forgot to acknowledge that about a year ago I received from Mr. Grigby £30. being the remainder of the £50.* that he engaged to the General to remit to me; but had he done it at the period he promised, which was the time when I laboured under the greatest want and suffering, it would have been of the utmost service to me. I, however, expended it on the child, which is every sixpence I have received since its birth to the present moment.

Since I have seriously set about this book, I have had several anonymous letters, threatening that if I published it, such a history of myself and family should be laid before the public that should amply punish me for exposing the letters and conduct of Mr. Turner, and his associates. I have, however, not allowed myself to be intimidated from making this painful but necessary explanation of my acquaintance with Mr. Turner, and which exposure he has brought upon himself; for by his PUBLIC, and unprovoked attacks on me he has *compelled* me to this PUBLIC vindication, and it is with reluctance, notwithstanding that I now bring him and his actions before the world, which I think my readers will readily believe, as it is now two years since I have endured every species of unkindness and oppression from him.

As for the threatened history of myself and family, I cannot prevent it; yet, who will give implicit credit to the *pen* of a COLONEL SINCLAIR, or the *honour* of a MR. WHICHCOTE TURNER; and I have had a specimen of their baseness, by the nature of the hand-bill circulated by them at New Buckenham. But as I should not have persumed to have written this narrative (however it might be composed of facts), without having Mr.

* See page 63.

Turner's documents and others to certify the truth of what I have advanced; so I trust that any fabricated history which they may maliciously invent, that is unsupported by the evidence of persons of respectability, and other requisite proofs, will be treated as it deserves.

Mr. Turner has made so many ridiculous and different excuses for his inhumane behaviour to me, that it is impossible I can pretend to argue upon them all; but one among the many I have heard, is, that he did not believe that I was so ill, so distressed as I was represented to be at Bristol. I can only in answer say, that if he really had any doubts, why did he not get into the mail coach, and come and investigate my situation? it would even have been politic in him to have done so, as to have detected me in falsehood, and misrepresentation, would have *relieved* him from engagements, and claims, which he has seemed determined to break so dishonourably. I could not deceive him as to my places of residence, as my dictated letter to the General had the Bristol post-mark upon it.

I have now concluded this little history, which I tremblingly present to the public candor, and throw myself upon its judgment and its justice. I solicit that they may not measure my actions by the unalterable rules of virtue, but as they would wish a CHILD or a SISTER of their own to be judged; who, like me, might be induced to place confidence in a villain, and might be exposed, eventually, to sufferings similar to mine. I do not pretend to aver that my conduct has been proper, because the very act of confiding in Mr. Turner was a deviation from virtue; but had my errors amounted even to criminality of the deepest dye, my consequent tears and sufferings might have atoned for the transgression. However some persons may feel inclined to represent the world as destitute of

compassion to the unfortunate, yet the very many friends that I have found ready to rally round me through life in the hour of trouble induces me to entertain a kinder opinion of the general sentiments; and I flatter myself that many kind-hearted christians will peruse my little tale of woe with sympathetic bosoms, and heave a sigh of pity for my misfortunes. I have done many wrong and imprudent things in the career of my folly; yet I can lay my hand upon my heart, and solemnly affirm, that towards Mr. Turner I have never erred: and that so far from desiring to embarrass him by seeking an interview, it was merely in pursuance of a melancholy duty that I had to fulfil with reluctance, and, as he knew the cause, it was doubly cruel in him to persecute me for an act which sprung from my ardent feelings, as a mother pleading for her deserted infant!

The complicate anguish of body and mind that I have known in pursuance of my unhappy intimacy with Mr. Turner have broken even my great spirits; and I am occasionally so absorbed in despondency, that did not my dear daughter require the polish and example of society, and my poor boy the protecting arm of one parent at least, I would have retired to some secluded spot, where the name of Turner would never again have vibrated in my ears. If the perusal of this plain, but *irrefutable*, recital, should awaken one spark of natural affection in *Mr. Turner* towards his deserted child, there will be a material advantage gained, for which he will be happier in the last moments of his life.

I can have no doubt but many of those gentlemen who were induced to support Mr. Turner in in his unmanly persecution of an unhappy woman will feel a pang of remorse upon reading this statement; for though the wisest individuals may

be momentarily diverted from sustaining the great ends of justice, by subtlety and misrepresentations, yet none but the wickedest of mankind will continue to be wrong in despite of the conviction of the understanding.

This simple appeal is not directed to that iron order of moralists, who can find no excuse for human frailty; nor to those who may think, with the French Cynic, that our sex were only created for obscurity and passive obedience,

> *" Les femmes n'ètoint nèes que pour le*
> *" repos, et pour la retraite,"*

But to that liberal and benevolent class, who feel disposed to weigh the temptation with the offence, and who seek an eternal pardon for themselves, in proportion as they extend their charity to the trespasses of others.

LUCY SINCLAIR SUTHERLAND.

THE END.

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