

chance, we don't give her fair play, nor even put it in her power to serve us.

I would, Camilla,—yes, I must confide my secret in your bosom; I would be so weak, so imprudent, so—whatever name you chuse to call it, as to go down to Bristol. Nor is this all; I would, yes, my friend, I would that you should not only be my confidante, but my companion in this affair. Happy as you are in your *dénouement*, you may surely quit the Marquis for a short time.

But I leave you to judge of my request, and to the perusal of Sir Charles Vernon's letter, which has occasioned

Sarah. Sands Her B.