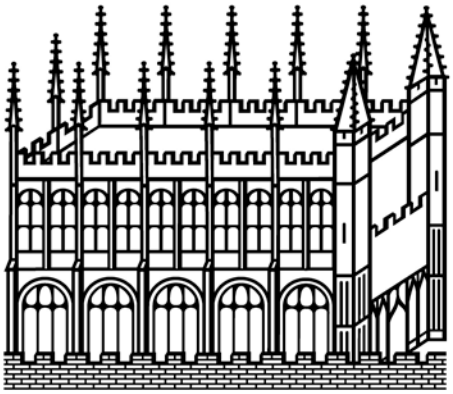

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A

SIMPLE STORY.

IN

FOUR VOLUMES.

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SIMPLE STORY.

IN

FOUR VOLUMES.

By Mrs. INCHBALD.

VOL. I.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

IT is ſaid, *a book ſhould be read with the ſame ſpirit with which it has been written.* In that caſe, fatal muſt be the reception of this — for the writer fankly avows, that during the time ſhe has been writing it, ſhe has ſuffered every quality and degree of wearineſs and laſſitude, into which no other employment could have betrayed her.

It has been the deſtiny of the writer of this Story to be occupied

throughout her life, in what has the leaſt ſuited either her inclination or capacity — with an invincible impediment in her ſpeech, it was her lot for thirteen years to gain a ſubſiſtence by public ſpeaking — and, with the utmoſt deteſtation to the fatigue of inventing, a conſtitution ſuffering under a ſedentary life, and an education confined to the narrow boundaries preſcribed her ſex, it has been her fate to devote a tedious ſeven years to the unremitting labour of literary productions—whilſt a taſte for authors of the firſt rank has been an additional puniſhment, forbidding her one moment of thoſe ſelf-approving reflections, which are aſſuredly due to the induſtrious.—

But,

But, alas! in the exerciſe of the arts, induſtry ſcarce bears the name of merit.—What then is to be ſubſtituted in the place of genius? GOOD FORTUNE.—And if theſe volumes ſhould be attended by the good fortune that has accompanied her other writings, to that divinity, and that alone, ſhe ſhall attribute their ſucceſs.

Yet, there is a *firſt cauſe* ſtill, to whom I cannot here forbear to mention my obligations.

The Muſes, I truſt, will pardon me, that to them I do not feel myſelf obliged—for, in juſtice to their heavenly inſpirations, I believe they have never yet favoured me with one

viſitation; but ſent in their diſguiſe NECESSITY, who, being the mother of Invention, gave me all mine —while FORTUNE kindly ſmiled, and was acceſſary to the cheat.

But this important ſecret I long wiſhed, and endeavoured to conceal; yet one unlucky moment candidly, though unwittingly, divulged it — I frankly owned, "That Fortune having chaſed away Neceſſity, there remained no other incitement to ſtimulate me to a labour I abhorred." — It happened to be in the power of the perſon to whom I confided this ſecret, to ſend NECESSITY once more. — Once more, then, bowing

bowing to its empire, I ſubmit to the taſk it enjoins.

This caſe has ſomething ſimilar to a theatrical anecdote told (I think) by Colly Cibber:

" A performer of a very mean " ſalary, played the Apothecary in " Romeo and Juliet ſo exactly to " the ſatisfaction of the audience, " that this little part, independent " of the other characters, drew im- " menſe houſes whenever the play " was performed — The manager " in conſequence, thought it but " juſtice to advance the actor's ſa- " lary; on which the poor man " (who, like the character he re- " preſented, had been half ſtarved " before)

" before) began to live ſo comfort-
" ably, he became too plump for
" the part; and being of no impor-
" tance in any thing elſe, the ma-
" nager of courſe now wholly diſ-
" charged him—and thus, actually
" reducing him to the want of a
" piece of bread, in a ſhort time
" he became a proper figure for the
" part again."

Welcome, then, thou all-powerful principle, NECESSITY!—THOU, who art the inſtigator of ſo many bad authors and actors — THOU, who from my infancy ſeldom haſt forſaken me, ſtill abide with me.— I will not complain of any hardſhip thy commands require, ſo thou doſt

not urge my pen to proſtitution.—In all thy rigour, oh! do not force my toil to libels—or, what is equally pernicious — panegyric on the unworthy!

A

SIMPLE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

DORRIFORTH, bred at St. Omer's in all the ſcholaſtic rigour of that college, was by education, and the ſolemn vows of his order, a Roman Catholic prieſt — but nicely diſcriminating between the philoſophical and the ſuperſtitious part of that character, and adopting the former only, he poſſeſſed qualities not unworthy the firſt profeſſors of Chriſtianity. — Every virtue which

it was his vocation to preach, it was his care to practiſe; nor was he in the claſs of thoſe of the religious, who, by ſecluding themſelves from the world, fly the merit they might have in reforming mankind. He refuſed to ſhelter himſelf from the temptations of the layman by the walls of a cloiſter, but ſought for, and found that ſhelter in the centre of London, where he dwelt, in his own prudence, juſtice, fortitude, and temperance.

He was about thirty, and had lived in the metropolis near five years, when a gentleman above his own age, but with whom he had from his youth contracted a moſt ſincere friendſhip, died, and left him the ſole guardian of his daughter, who was then eighteen.

The

The deceaſed Mr. Milner, on his approaching diſſolution, perfectly ſenſible of his ſtate, thus reaſoned with himſelf before he made the nomination:—"I have formed no intimate friendſhip during my whole life, except one—I can be ſaid to know the heart of no man, except the heart of Dorriforth.—After knowing his, I never ſought acquaintance with another—I did not wiſh to leſſen the exalted eſtimation of human nature which he had inſpired. In this moment of trembling apprehenſion for every thought which darts acroſs my mind, and more for every action which I muſt ſoon be called to anſwer for; all worldly views here thrown aſide, I act as if that tribunal before which I every moment expect to appear, were now ſitting in judgement upon my purpoſe.—The care of an only child is the great

charge that in this tremendous criſis I have to execute. — Theſe earthly affections that bind me to her by cuſtom, ſympathy, or what I fondly call parental love, would direct me to ſtudy her preſent happineſs, and leave her to the care of thoſe whom ſhe thinks her deareſt friends; but they are friends only in the ſunſhine of fortune; in the cold nipping froſt of diſappointment, ſickneſs, or connubial ſtrife, they will forſake the houſe of care, although the very houſe which they may have built themſelves."

Here the excruciating anguiſh of the father, overcame that of the dying man.

" In the moment of deſertion," continued he, " which I now picture to myſelf, where will my child find comfort ?

fort?—That heavenly aid which religion gives, and which now amidſt theſe agonizing tortures, chears with trembling hope my afflicted ſoul; that ſhe will be denied."

It is in this place proper to remark, that Mr. Milner was a member of the church of Rome, but on his marriage with a lady of Proteſtant tenets, they mutually agreed their ſons ſhould be educated in the religious opinion of their father, and their daughters in that of their mother. One child only was the reſult of their union, the child whoſe future welfare now occupied the anxious thoughts of her expiring father.—From him the care of her education had been withheld, as he kept inviolate his promiſe to her departed mother on the article of religion, and therefore

conſigned his daughter to a boarding-ſchool for Proteſtants, whence ſhe returned with merely ſuch ideas of religion as ladies of faſhion at her age moſtly imbibe. Her little heart employed in all the endleſs purſuits of perſonal accompliſhments, had left her mind without one ornament, except ſuch as nature gave; and even they were not wholly preſerved from the ravages made by its rival, *Art*.

While her father was in health he beheld, with extreme delight, his accompliſhed daughter without one fault which taſte or elegance could have imputed to her; nor ever enquired what might be her other failings.—But, caſt on a bed of ſickneſs, and upon the point of leaving her to her fate, thoſe failings at once ruſhed on his memory — and all the

pride, the fond enjoyment he had taken in beholding her open the ball, or delight her hearers with her wit, eſcaped his remembrance; or, not eſcaping it, were lamented with a ſigh of compaſſion, or a contemptuous frown, at ſuch frivolous qualifications.

"Something eſſential," ſaid he to himſelf, "muſt be conſidered—ſomething to prepare her for an hour like this.—Can I then leave her to the charge of thoſe who themſelves never remember ſuch an hour will come?—Dorriforth is the only perſon I know, who, uniting the moral virtues to thoſe of religion, and pious faith to native honour, will protect without controling, inſtruct without tyrannizing, comfort without flattering, and perhaps in time make good, by choice rather than by conſtraint,

the dear object of his dying friend's ſole care."

Dorriforth, who came poſt from London to viſit Mr. Milner in his illneſs, received a few moments before his death all his injunctions, and promiſed to fulfill them.—But in this laſt token of his friend's perfect eſteem, he ſtill was reſtrained from all authority to direct his ward in one religious opinion contrary to thoſe her mother had profeſſed, and in which ſhe herſelf had been educated.

"Never perplex her mind with an idea that may diſturb, but cannot reform"—were his lateſt words; and Dorriforth's reply gave him entire ſatisfaction.

Miſs

Miſs Milner was not with her father at this affecting period—ſome delicately nervous friend, with whom ſhe was on a viſit at Bath, thought proper to conceal from her not only the danger of his death, but even his indiſpoſition, leſt it might alarm a mind ſhe thought too ſuſceptible. This refined tenderneſs gave poor Miſs Milner the almoſt inſupportable agony of hearing that her father was no more, even before ſhe was told he was not in health. In the bittereſt anguiſh ſhe flew to pay her laſt duty to his remains, and performed it with the trueſt filial love, while Dorriforth, upon important buſineſs, was obliged to return to town.

CHAPTER II.

DORRIFORTH returned to London heavily afflicted for the loſs of his friend, and yet perhaps with his thoughts more engaged upon the truſt which that friend had repoſed in him. He knew the life Miſs Milner had been accuſtomed to lead; he dreaded the repulſes his admonitions might poſſibly meet; and feared he had undertaken a taſk he was too weak to execute — the protection of a young woman of faſhion.

Mr. Dorriforth was nearly related to one of our firſt Catholic peers; his income was by no means confined, but approaching to affluence; yet ſuch was his

his attention to thoſe in poverty, and the moderation of his own deſires, that he lived in all the careful plainneſs of œconomy.—His habitation was in the houſe of a Mrs. Horton, an elderly gentlewoman, who had a maiden niece reſiding with her not many years younger than herſelf.—But although Miſs Woodley was thirty-five, and in perſon exceedingly plain, yet ſhe poſſeſſed ſuch an extreme chearfulneſs of temper, and ſuch an inexhauſtible fund of good nature, that ſhe eſcaped not only the ridicule, but even the appellation of an old maid.

In this houſe Dorriforth had lived before the death of Mr. Horton; nor upon that event had he thought it neceſſary, notwithſtanding his religious vow of celibacy, to fly the roof of two

ſuch

ſuch innocent females as Mrs. Horton and her niece.—On their part, they regarded him with all that reſpect and reverence which the moſt religious flock ſhews to its paſtor; and his friendly ſociety they not only eſteemed a ſpiritual, but a temporal advantage, as the liberal ſtipend he allowed for his apartments and board, enabled them to continue in the large and commodious houſe which they had occupied during the life of Mr. Horton.

Here, upon Mr. Dorriforth's return from his journey, preparations were made for the reception of his ward, her father having made it his requeſt that ſhe might, for a time at leaſt, reſide in the ſame houſe with her guardian, receive the ſame viſits, and cultivate the acquaint-

acquaintance of his companions and friends.

When the will of her father was made known to Miſs Milner, ſhe ſubmitted without the leaſt reluctance to all he had required. Her mind, at that time impreſſed with the moſt poignant ſorrow for his loſs, made no diſtinction of happineſs that was to come; and the day was appointed, with her ſilent acquieſcence, when ſhe was to arrive in London, and there take up her abode, with all the retinue of a rich heireſs.

Mrs. Horton was delighted with the addition this acquiſition to her family was likely to make to her annual income, and ſtyle of living.—The good-natured Miſs Woodley was overjoyed at the expectation of their new gueſt, yet ſhe

herſelf could not tell why—but the reaſon was, that her kind heart wanted a more ample field for its benevolence; and now her thoughts were all pleaſingly employed how ſhe ſhould render, not only the lady herſelf, but even all her attendants, happy in their new ſituation.

The reflections of Dorriforth were leſs agreeably engaged—Cares, doubts, fears, poſſeſſed his mind—and ſo forcibly poſſeſſed it, that upon every occaſion which offered, he would inquiſitively endeavour to gain intelligence of his ward's diſpoſition before he ſaw her; for he was, as yet, a ſtranger not only to the real propenſities of her mind, but even to her perſon; a conſtant round of viſits having prevented his meeting her at her father's, the very few times he

he had been at his houſe, ſince her final return from ſchool.—— The firſt perſon whoſe opinion he, with all proper reſerve, aſked concerning Miſs Milner, was Lady Evans, the widow of a Baronet who frequently viſited at Mrs. Horton's.

But that the reader may be intereſted in what Dorriforth ſays and does, it is neceſſary to give ſome deſcription of his perſon and manners.—His figure was tall and elegant, but his face, except a pair of dark bright eyes, a ſet of white teeth, and a graceful fall in his clerical curls of brown hair, had not one feature to excite admiration—yet ſuch a gleam of ſenſibility was diffuſed over each, that many people miſtook his face for handſome, and all were more

more or leſs attracted by it—in a word, the charm, that is here meant to be deſcribed, is a *countenance* — on *his* you read the feelings of his heart — ſaw all its inmoſt workings — the quick pulſes that beat with hope and fear, or the gentle ones that moved in a more equal courſe of patience and reſignation. On this countenance his thoughts were pourtrayed; and as his mind was enriched with every virtue that could make it valuable, ſo was his face adorned with every expreſſion of thoſe virtues — and they not only gave a luſtre to his aſpect, but added a harmonious ſound to all he uttered; it was perſuaſive, it was perfect eloquence; whilſt in his looks you beheld his thoughts moving with his lips, and ever coinciding with what he ſaid.

With

With one of thoſe intereſting looks which revealed the anxiety of his heart, and yet with that graceful reſtraint of all geſticulation, for which he was remarkable, even in his moſt anxious concerns, he addreſſed Lady Evans, who had called on Mrs. Horton to hear and to requeſt the news of the day: "Your Ladyſhip was at Bath laſt ſpring—you know the young lady to whom I have the honour of being appointed guardian. —Pray,"—

He was earneſtly intent upon aſking a queſtion, but was prevented by the perſon interrogated.

"Dear Mr. Dorriforth, do not aſk me any thing about Miſs Milner—when I ſaw her ſhe was very young; though indeed this is but three months ago, and ſhe can't be much older now."

"She is eighteen." anſwered Dorriforth, colouring with regret at the doubts which this lady had increaſed, but not inſpired.

"And ſhe is very beautiful, that I can aſſure you." ſaid Lady Evans.

"Which I call no qualification," ſaid Dorriforth, riſing from his chair in evident uneaſineſs.

"But where there is nothing elſe, let me tell you, beauty is ſomething."

"Much worſe than nothing, in my opinion," returned Dorriforth.

"But now, Mr. Dorriforth, do not, from what I have ſaid, frighten yourſelf, and imagine your ward worſe than ſhe really is—all I know of her, is merely, that ſhe's young, idle, indiſcreet, and giddy, with half a dozen lovers in her ſuite; ſome coxcombs, others men of gallantry,

gallantry, ſome ſingle, and others married."

Dorriforth ſtarted. — "For the firſt time of my life," cried he with a manly ſorrow, "I wiſh I had never known her father."

"Nay," ſaid Mrs. Horton, who expected every thing to happen juſt as ſhe wiſhed, (for neither an excellent education, the beſt company, or long experience had been able to cultivate or brighten this good lady's underſtanding,) "Nay," ſaid ſhe, "I am ſure, Mr. Dorriforth, you will ſoon convert her from all her evil ways."

"Dear me," returned Lady Evans, "I am ſure I never meant to hint at any thing evil — and for what I have ſaid, I will give you up my authors if you pleaſe; for they were not obſerva-

tions of my own; all I do is to mention them again."

The good-natured Miſs Woodley, who ſat working at the window, an humble, but an attentive liſtener to this diſcourſe, ventured here to ſay exactly ſix words: "Then don't mention them any more."

"Let us change the ſubject," ſaid Dorriforth.

"With all my heart," cried Lady Evans; "and I am ſure it will be to the lady's advantage."

"Is Miſs Milner tall or ſhort?" aſked Mrs. Horton, ſtill wiſhing for farther information.

"Oh, tall enough of all conſcience," returned ſhe; "I tell you again that no fault can be found with her perſon."

"But if her mind is defective,"—exclaimed Dorriforth, with a ſigh——

"That

"That may be improved as well as the perſon," cried Miſs Woodley.

"No, my dear," returned Lady Evans, "I never heard of a pad to make ſtrait an ill-ſhapen diſpoſition."

"Oh, yes," anſwered Miſs Woodley, "good company, good books, experience, and the misfortunes of others, may have more power to form the mind to virtue, than"——

Miſs Woodley was not permitted to proceed, for Lady Evans riſing haſtily from her ſeat, cried, "I muſt be gone —I have an hundred people waiting for me at home—beſides, were I inclined to hear a ſermon, I ſhould deſire Mr. Dorriforth to preach, and not you."

Juſt then Mrs. Hillgrave was announced.—"And here is Mrs. Hillgrave," continued ſhe—"I believe, Mrs. Hillgrave, you know Miſs Milner,

don't you? The young lady who has lately loſt her father."

Mrs. Hillgrave was the wife of a merchant who had met with ſevere loſſes, and as ſoon as the name of Miſs Milner was uttered, ſhe lifted up her hands, and the tears ſtarted in her eyes.

"There!" cried Lady Evans, "I deſire you will give your opinion of her, and I am ſorry I cannot ſtay to hear it." Saying this, ſhe curtſied and took her leave.

When Mrs. Hillgrave had been ſeated a few minutes Mrs. Horton, who loved information equally with the moſt inquiſitive of her ſex, begged the new viſitor —"If ſhe might be permitted to know, why, at the mention of Miſs Milner, ſhe had ſeemed ſo much affected?"

This

This queſtion intereſting the fears of Dorriforth, he turned anxiouſly round attentive to the reply.

" Miſs Milner," anſwered ſhe, " has been my benefactreſs, and the beſt I ever had." As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe took out her handkerchief and wiped away the tears that ran down her face.

" How ſo?" cried Dorriforth eagerly, with his own eyes moiſtened with joy, nearly as much as her's were with gratitude.

" My huſband, at the commencement of his diſtreſſes," replied Mrs. Hillgrave, owed a ſum of money to her father, and from repeated provocations, Mr. Milner was determined to ſeize upon all our effects — his daughter, however, procured us time in order to diſcharge the debt; and when ſhe found *that* time was inſufficient, and her father no longer

to be diſſuaded from his intention, ſhe ſecretly ſold ſome of her moſt valuable ornaments to ſatisfy his demand and ſcreen us from its conſequences."

Dorriforth, pleaſed at this recital, took Mrs. Hillgrave by the hand, and told her, "ſhe ſhould never want a friend."

"Is Miſs Milner tall, or ſhort?" again aſked Mrs. Horton, fearing, from the ſudden pauſe which had enſued, the ſubject ſhould be dropped.

"I don't know," anſwered Mrs. Hillgrave.

"Is ſhe handſome, or ugly?"

"I really can't tell."

"It is very ſtrange you ſhould not take notice!"

"I did take notice, but I cannot depend upon my own judgement — to me ſhe

ſhe appeared beautiful as an angel; but perhaps I was deceived by the beauties of her diſpoſition.

CHAPTER III.

THIS gentlewoman's viſit inſpired Mr. Dorriforth with ſome confidence in the principles and character of his ward. — The day arrived on which ſhe was to leave her late father's ſeat, and fix her abode at Mrs. Horton's; and her guardian, accompanied by Miſs Woodley, went in his carriage to meet her, and waited at an inn on the road for her reception.

After many a ſigh paid to the memory of her father, Miſs Milner, upon the tenth of November, arrived at the place, half way on her journey to town, where Dorriforth and Miſs Woodley were expecting

pecting her. — Beſides attendants, ſhe had with her a gentleman and lady, diſtant relations of her mother's, who thought it but a proper teſtimony of their civility to attend her part of the way, but who ſo much envied her guardian the truſt Mr. Milner had repoſed in him, that as ſoon as they had delivered her ſafe into his care, they returned.

When the carriage which brought Miſs Milner ſtopped at the inn gate, and her name was announced to Dorriforth, he turned pale — ſomething like a foreboding of diſaſter trembled at his heart, and conſequently ſpread a gloom over all his face. — Miſs Woodley was even obliged to rouſe him from the dejection into which he was caſt, or he would

would have ſunk beneath it: ſhe was obliged alſo to be the firſt to welcome his lovely charge. — Lovely beyond deſcription.

But the natural vivacity, the gaiety which report had given to Miſs Milner, were ſoftened by her recent ſorrow to a meek ſadneſs—and that haughty diſplay of charms, imputed to her manners, was changed to a penſive demeanor.—The inſtant Dorriforth was introduced to her by Miſs Woodley as her "Guardian, and her deceaſed father's moſt beloved friend," ſhe burſt into tears, knelt down to him for a moment, and promiſed ever to obey him as her father.—He had his handkerchief to his face at the time, or ſhe would have beheld the agitation — the remoteſt ſenſations of his heart.

This

This affecting introduction being over, and ſome minutes paſſed in general converſation, the carriages were again ordered, and, bidding farewell to the relations who had accompanied her, Miſs Milner, her guardian, and Miſs Woodley departed for town; the two ladies in Miſs Milner's carriage, and Dorriforth in that in which he came.

Miſs Woodley, as they rode along, made no attempts to ingratiate herſelf with Miſs Milner; though, perhaps, it might conſtitute one of her firſt wiſhes —ſhe behaved to her but as ſhe conſtantly behaved to every other human creature—that was ſufficient to gain the eſteem of a perſon poſſeſſed of an underſtanding equal to that of Miſs Milner—ſhe had penetration to diſcover Miſs

Miſs Woodley's unaffected worth, and was ſoon induced to reward it with the warmeſt friendſhip.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER a night's reſt in London, ieſs violently impreſſed with the loſs of her father, reconciled, if not already attached to her new acquaintance, her thoughts pleaſingly occupied with the reflection that ſhe was in that gay metropolis — a wild and rapturous picture of which her active fancy had often formed — Miſs Milner waked from a peaceful and refreſhing ſleep, with much of that vivacity, and with all thoſe airy charms, which for a while had yielded their tranſcendent power to the weaker influence of her filial ſorrow.

Beauti-

Beautiful as ſhe had appeared to Miſs Woodley and to Dorriforth on the preceding day, when ſhe joined them in the morning at breakfaſt, re-poſſeſſed of her lively elegance and dignified ſimplicity, they gazed at her, and at each other alternately, with aſtoniſhment! — and Mrs. Horton as ſhe ſat at the head of her tea-table, felt herſelf but as a menial ſervant: ſuch command has beauty if united with ſenſe and virtue.—In Miſs Milner it was ſo united.—Yet let not our over-ſcrupulous readers be miſled, and extend their idea of her virtue ſo as to magnify it beyond that which frail mortals commonly poſſeſs; nor muſt they cavil, if, on a nearer view, they find it leſs — but let them conſider, that if ſhe had more faults than generally belong to others, ſhe had likewiſe more temptations.

From her infancy ſhe had been indulged in all her wiſhes to the extreme of folly, and ſtarted habitually at the unpleaſant voice of controul.—She was beautiful; ſhe had been too frequently told the high value of that beauty, and thought every moment paſſed in waſteful idleneſs during which ſhe was not gaining ſome new conqueſt.—She had beſides a quick ſenſibility, which too frequently diſcovered itſelf in the immediate reſentment of injuries or neglect.—She had alſo acquired the dangerous character of a wit; but to which ſhe had no real pretenſions, although the moſt diſcerning critic, hearing her converſe, might fall into this miſtake.—Her replies had all the effect of repartee, not becauſe ſhe poſſeſſed thoſe qualities which can properly be called wit, but that what ſhe ſaid was delivered

with an energy, an inſtantaneous and powerful conception of the ſentiment, joined with a real or a well-counterfeited ſimplicity, a quick turn of the eye, and an arch ſmile of the countenance.—Her words were but the words of others, and, like thoſe of others, put into common ſentences; but the delivery made them paſs for wit, as grace in an ill-proportioned figure will often make it paſs for ſymmetry.

And now—leaving deſcription—the reader muſt form a judgement of her by her actions; by all the round of great or trivial circumſtances that ſhall be related.

At breakfaſt, which had juſt begun at the commencement of this chapter, the converſation was lively on the part of Miſs

Miſs Milner, wiſe on the part of Dorriforth, good on the part of Miſs Woodlay, and an endeavour at all three on the part of Mrs. Horton.—The diſcourſe at length drew from Mr. Dorriforth this obſervation.

"You have a greater reſemblance of your father, Miſs Milner, than I imagined you had from report: I did not expect to find you ſo like him."

"Nor did I, Mr. Dorriforth, expect to find you any thing like what you are."

"No?—pray what did you expect to find me?"

"I expected to find you an elderly man, and a plain man."

This was ſpoken in an artleſs manner, but in a tone which obviouſly declared ſhe thought her guardian young and handſome.—He replied, but not

without ſome little embarraſſment, " A plain man you ſhall find me in all my actions."

" Then your actions are to contradict your looks."

For in what ſhe ſaid, Miſs Milner had the quality peculiar to wits, of hazarding the thought that firſt occurs, which thought has generally truth on its ſide.—On this he paid her a compliment in return.

" You, Miſs Milner, I ſhould ſuppoſe, muſt be a very bad judge of what is plain, and what is not."

" How ſo ?"

" Becauſe I am ſure you will readily own you do not think yourſelf handſome; and allowing that, you inſtantly want judgement."

" And

" And I would rather want judgement than beauty," ſhe replied, " and ſo I give up the one for the other."

With a ſerious face, as if propoſing a very ſerious queſtion, Dorriforth continued, " And you really believe you are not handſome ?"

" I ſhould, if I conſulted my own opinion, believe that I was not, but in ſome reſpects I am like you Roman Catholics; I don't believe upon my own underſtanding, but from what other people tell me."

" And let this convince you," replied Dorriforth, " that what we teach is truth; for you find you would be deceived did you not truſt to perſons who know better than yourſelf. — But, my dear Miſs Milner, we will talk upon ſome other topic, and never reſume this again.

—we differ in opinion, I dare ſay, on one ſubject only, and this difference I hope will never extend itſelf to any other.—Therefore, let not religion be named between us; for as I have reſolved never to perſecute you, in pity be grateful, and do not perſecute me."

Miſs Milner looked with ſurpriſe that any thing ſo lightly ſaid, ſhould be ſo ſeriouſly received.—The kind Miſs Woodley ejaculated a ſhort prayer to herſelf, that heaven would forgive her young friend the involuntary ſin of religious ignorance—while Mrs. Horton, unperceived, as ſhe imagined, made the ſign of the croſs upon her forehead as a guard againſt the infectious taint of heretical opinions. This pious ceremony Miſs Milner by chance obſerved, and now ſhewed ſuch an evident propenſity

to burſt into a fit of laughter, that the good lady of the houſe could no longer contain her reſentment, but exclaimed, "God forgive you." With a ſeverity ſo different from the idea which the words conveyed, that the object of her anger was, on this, obliged freely to indulge that impulſe which ſhe had in vain been ſtruggling to ſuppreſs; and no longer ſuffering under the agony of reſtraint, ſhe gave way to her humour, and laughed with a liberty ſo uncontrouled, that ſoon left her in the room with none but the tender-hearted Miſs Woodley a witneſs of her folly.

"My dear Miſs Woodley," (then cried Miſs Milner, after recovering herſelf) "I am afraid you will not forgive me."

"No, indeed I will not." returned Miſs Woodley.

But how unimportant, how weak, how ineffectual are *words* in converſation—looks and manners alone expreſs—for Miſs Woodley, with her charitable face and mild accents, ſaying ſhe would not forgive, implied only forgiveneſs—while Mrs. Horton, with her enraged voice and aſpect, begging heaven to pardon the offender, palpably ſaid, ſhe thought her unworthy of all pardon.

CHAPTER V.

SIX weeks have now elapſed ſince Miſs Milner has been in London, partaking with delight all its pleaſures, while Dorriforth has been ſighing with apprehenſion, attending to her with precaution, and praying with zealous fervour for her ſafety.—Her own and her guardian's acquaintance, and, added to them, the new friendſhips (to uſe the unmeaning language of the world) which ſhe was continually forming, crowded ſo perpetually to the houſe, that ſeldom had Dorriforth even a moment left him from her viſits or viſitors, to warn her of her danger:—yet when a moment offered, he caught it eagerly—preſſed the neceſſity of "Time

not

not always paſſed in ſociety; of reflection; of reading; of thoughts for a future ſtate; and of virtues acquired to make old age ſupportable."—That forcible power of genuine feeling, which directs the tongue to eloquence, had its effect while ſhe liſtened to him, and ſhe ſometimes put on the looks and geſture of aſſent—ſometimes even ſpoke the language of conviction; but this the firſt call of diſſipation would change to ill-timed raillery, or peeviſh remonſtrance, at being limited in delights her birth and fortune entitled her to enjoy.

Among the many viſitors who attended at her levees, and followed her wherever ſhe went, there was one who ſeemed, even when abſent from her, to ſhare her thoughts.—This was Lord Frederick Lawnly, the younger ſon of a Duke,

Duke, and the avowed favourite of all the moſt diſcerning women of taſte.

He was not more than twenty-three; animated, elegant, extremely handſome, and poſſeſſed of every accompliſhment that would captivate a heart leſs ſuſceptible of love than Miſs Milner's was ſuppoſed to be.—With theſe allurements, no wonder if ſhe took pleaſure in his company—no wonder if ſhe took pride in having it known that he was among the number of her devoted admirers.—Dorriforth ſaw this growing intimacy with alternate pain and pleaſure—he wiſhed to ſee Miſs Milner married, to ſee his charge in the protection of another, rather than of himſelf; yet under the care of a young nobleman, immerſed in all the vices of the town, without one moral excellence, but ſuch as might re-

ſult

ſult eventually from the influence of the moment—under ſuch care he trembled for her happineſs—yet trembled more leſt her heart ſhould be purloined without even the authority of matrimonial views.

With ſentiments like theſe, Dorriforth could never diſguiſe his uneaſineſs at the ſight of Lord Frederick, nor could the lover help diſcerning the ſuſpicion of the guardian, and conſequently each was embarraſſed in the preſence of the other.—Miſs Milner obſerved, but obſerved with indifference, the ſenſations of both—there was but one paſſion which then held a place in her boſom, and that was vanity; vanity defined into all the ſpecies of pride, vain glory, ſelf-approbation—an inordinate deſire of admiration, and an immoderate enjoyment of

of the art of pleaſing, for her own individual happineſs, and not for the happineſs of others.—Still had ſhe a heart inclined, and oftentimes affected by tendencies leſs unworthy; but thoſe approaches to what was eſtimable, were in their firſt impulſe too frequently met and intercepted by ſome darling folly.

Miſs Woodley (who could eaſily diſcover a virtue, although of the moſt diminutive kind, and ſcarce through the magnifying glaſs of calumny could ever perceive a fault) was Miſs Milner's inſeparable companion at home, and her zealous advocate with Dorriforth, whenever, during her abſence, ſhe became the ſubject of diſcourſe.—He liſtened with hope to the praiſes of her friend, but ſaw with deſpair how little they were merited.—Sometimes he ſtruggled to ſubdue

ſubdue his anger, but oftener ſtrove to ſuppreſs tears of pity for her hapleſs ſtate.

By this time all her acquaintance had given Lord Frederick to her as a lover; the ſervants whiſpered it, and ſome of the public prints had even fixed the day of marriage;—but as no explanation had ever taken place on his part, Dorriforth's uneaſineſs was increaſed, and he ſeriouſly told his ward he thought it would be indiſpenſably prudent in her to entreat Lord Frederick to diſcontinue his viſits.—She ſmiled with ridicule at the caution, but finding it repeated, and in a manner that ſavoured of authority, ſhe promiſed not only to make, but to enforce the requeſt.—The next time he came ſhe did ſo, aſſuring him it was by her guardian's deſire;

" Who

" Who from motives of delicacy had permitted her to ſolicit as a favour, what he could himſelf make as a demand."—Lord Frederick reddened with anger—he loved Miſs Milner; but he doubted whether (from the frequent proofs he had experienced of his own inconſtancy) he ſhould continue to love—and this interference of her guardian threatened an explanation or a diſmiſſion, before he became thoroughly acquainted with his own heart.—Alarmed, confounded, and provoked, he replied,

" By heaven I believe Mr. Dorriforth loves you himſelf, and it is jealouſy that makes him treat me in this manner."

" For ſhame, my Lord!" cried Miſs Woodley, who was preſent, and who trembled with horror at the ſacrilegious idea.

" Nay,

"Nay, ſhame to him if he is not in love"—anſwered his Lordſhip, "for who but a ſavage could behold beauty like her's without owning its power?"

"Habit," replied Miſs Milner, "is every thing—Mr. Dorriforth ſees and converſes with beauty, but from habit he does not fall in love, as you, my Lord, from habit ſo often do."

"Then you believe that love is not in my nature?"

"No more of it, my lord, than habit could very ſoon extinguiſh."

"But I would not have it extinguiſhed—I would rather it ſhould mount to a flame, for I think it a crime to be inſenſible of the divine bleſſings love can beſtow."

"Then you indulge the paſſion to avoid

avoid a ſin?—this very motive deters Mr. Dorriforth from that indulgence."

"It ought to deter him, for the ſake of his oaths—but monaſtick vows, like thoſe of marriage, were made to be broken—and ſurely when your guardian looks at you, his wiſhes"——

"Are never leſs pure," ſhe replied eagerly, "than thoſe which dwell in the boſom of my *celeſtial* guardian."

At that inſtant Dorriforth entered the room. The colour had mounted into Miſs Milner's face from the warmth with which ſhe had delivered her opinion, and his accidental entrance at the very moment this praiſe had been conferred upon him in his abſence, heightened the bluſh to a deep glow on every feature—confuſion and earneſtneſs cauſed

even her lips to tremble and her whole frame to ſhake.

"What's the matter?" cried Dorriforth, looking with concern on her diſcompoſure.

"A compliment paid by herſelf to you, Sir," replied Lord Frederick, "has affected your ward in the manner you haveſeen."

"As if ſhe bluſhed at the untruth," ſaid Dorriforth.

"Nay, that is unkind," cried Miſs Woodley; "for if you had been here"——

"—I would not have ſaid what I did," replied Miſs Milner, "but left him to vindicate himſelf."

"Is it poſſible that I can want any vindication? Who would think it worth their while to ſlander ſo unimportant a perſon as I am?"

"The

"The man who has the charge of Miſs Milner," replied Lord Frederick, "derives a conſequence from her."

"No ill conſequence, I hope, my lord?" ſaid Dorriforth, with a firmneſs in his voice, and with an eye ſo fixed, that his antagoniſt hefitated for a moment in want of a reply—and Miſs Milner ſoftly whiſpering to him, as her guardian turned his head, to avoid an argument, he bowed acquieſcence.—And then, as if in compliment to her, he changed the ſubject;—with an air of ridicule he cried,

"I wiſh, Mr. Dorriforth, you would give me abſolution of all my ſins, for I confeſs they are many, and manifold."

"Hold, my Lord," exclaimed Dorriforth, "do not confeſs before the ladies, leſt, in order to excite their compaſſion, you ſhould be tempted to accuſe your-

ſelf of ſins, you have never yet committed."

At this Miſs Milner laughed, ſeemingly ſo well pleaſed, that lord Frederick, with a ſarcaſtic ſneer, repeated,

——"From Abelard it came,
"And Eloiſa ſtill muſt love the name."

Whether from an inattention to the quotation, or from a conſciouſneſs it was wholly inapplicable, Dorriforth heard it without one emotion of ſhame or of anger—while Miſs Milner ſeemed ſhocked at the implication; her pleaſantry was immediately ſuppreſſed, and ſhe threw open the ſaſh and held her head out at the window, to conceal the embarraſſment theſe lines had occaſioned.

The

The earl of Elmwood was at that juncture announced—a Catholic nobleman, juſt come of age, and on the eve of marriage—his viſits was to his couſin, Mr. Dorriforth, but as all ceremonious viſits were alike received by Dorriforth, Miſs Milner and Mrs. Horton's family in one common apartment, lord Elmwood was uſhered into this, and of courſe directed the converſation to a different ſubject.

CHAPTER VI.

WITH an anxious deſire that the affection, or acquaintance, between lord Frederick and Miſs Milner might be finally diſſolved, her guardian received with infinite ſatisfaction, overtures of marriage from Sir Edward Aſhton.—Sir Edward was not young or handſome; old or ugly; but immenſely rich, and poſſeſſed of qualities that made him worthy of the happineſs to which he aſpired.—He was the man whom Dorriforth would have choſen before any other for the huſband of his Ward, and his wiſhes made him ſometimes hope, againſt his reaſon, that Sir Edward would not be rejected—he was reſolved, at all events,

to

to try the force of his own power in the ſtrongeſt recommendation of him.

Notwithſtanding that diſſimiliarity of opinion which, in almoſt every inſtance, ſubſiſted between Miſs Milner and her guardian, there was in general the moſt punctilious obſervance of good manners from each towards the other—on the part of Dorriforth more eſpecially; for his politeneſs would ſometimes appear even like the reſult of a ſyſtem which he had marked out for himſelf, as the only means to keep his ward reſtrained within the ſame limitations.—Whenever he addreſſed her there was an unuſual reſerve upon his countenance, and more than uſual gentleneſs in the tone of his voice; this appeared the effect of ſentiments which her birth and ſituation inſpired, joined to a ſtudied mode

of reſpect beſt calculated to enforce the ſame from her.—The wiſhed-for conſequence was produced—for though there was an inſtinctive rectitude in the underſtanding of Miſs Milner that would have taught her, without other inſtruction, what manners to obſerve towards her deputed father; yet, from ſome volatile thought, or ſome quick ſenſe of feeling, which ſhe had not been accuſtomed to ſubdue, ſhe was perpetually on the verge of treating him with levity; but he would immediately recall her recollection by a reſerve too awful, and a gentleneſs too ſacred for her to violate. The diſtinction which both required, was thus, by his ſkilful management alone, preſerved.

One morning he took an opportunity, before her and Miſs Woodley, to introduce

introduce and preſs the ſubject of Sir Edward Aſhton's hopes. He firſt ſpoke warmly in his praiſe, then plainly ſaid that he believed ſhe poſſeſſed the power of making ſo deſerving a man happy to the ſummit of his wiſhes. A laugh of ridicule was the only anſwer;– but a ſudden frown from Dorriforth having put an end to it, he reſumed his uſual politeneſs and ſaid,

" I wiſh, you would ſhew a better taſte than thus pointedly to diſapprove of Sir Edward."

" How, Mr. Dorriforth," can you " expect me to give proofs of a good taſte, when Sir Edward, whom you conſider with ſuch high eſteem, has given ſo bad an example of his, in approving me ?"

Dorriforth wiſhed not to flatter her by a compliment ſhe ſeemed to have ſought

ſought for, and for a moment heſitated what anſwer to make.

"Reply, Sir, to that queſtion," ſhe ſaid.

"Why then, Madam," returned he, "it is my opinion, that ſuppoſing what your humility has advanced be juſt, yet Sir Edward will not ſuffer by the ſuggeſtion; for in caſes where the heart is ſo immediately concerned, as I believe Sir Edward's to be, taſte, or rather reaſon, has no power to act."

"You are in the right, Mr. Dorriforth; this is a thorough juſtification of Sir Edward—and when I fall in love, I muſt beg that you will make the ſame excuſe for me."

"Then," ſaid he earneſtly, "before your heart is in that ſtate which I have deſcribed, exert your reaſon."

"I ſhall,"

"I ſhall," anſwered ſhe, "and not conſent to marry a man whom I could never love."

"Unleſs your heart is already given away, Miſs Milner, what can make you ſpeak with ſuch a degree of certainty?"

He thought on Lord Frederick when he ſaid this, and he riveted his eyes upon her as if to penetrate her ſentiments, and yet trembled for what he ſhould find there.—She bluſhed, and her looks would have confirmed her guilt, if the unembarraſſed and free tone of her voice, more than her words, had not preſerved her from that ſentence.

"No," ſhe replied, "my heart is not given away; and yet I can venture to declare Sir Edward will never poſſeſs an atom of it."

"I am ſorry, for both your ſakes, that theſe are your ſentiments,—he replied,

plied, " But as your heart is ſtill your own," (and he ſeemed rejoiced to find it was) " permit me to warn you how you part with a thing ſo precious—the dangers, the ſorrows you hazard in beſtowing it, are greater than you may be aware of. The heart once gone, our thoughts, our actions, are no more our own, than that is."——He ſeemed *forcing* himſelf to utter all this, and yet broke off as if he could have ſaid much more, if the extreme delicacy of the ſubject had not prevented him.

When he left the room, and ſhe heard the door ſhut after him, ſhe ſaid with an inquiſitive thoughtfulneſs, " What can make good people ſo ſkilled in all the weakneſſes of the bad?" Mr. Dorriforth, with all thoſe prudent admonitions, appears rather like a man who has paſſed his

his life in the gay world, experienced all its dangerous allurements, all its repentant ſorrows; than like one who has lived his whole time ſecluded in a monaſtery, or in his own ſtudy.—Then he ſpeaks with ſuch exquiſite ſenſibility on the ſubject of love, that he commends the very thing which he attempts to depreciate.—I do not think my lord Frederick would make the paſſion appear in more pleaſing colours by painting its delights, than Mr. Dorriforth could in deſcribing its ſorrows—and if he talks to me frequently in this manner, I ſhall certainly take pity on Lord Frederick, for the ſake of his adverſary's eloquence."

Miſs Woodley, who heard the concluſion of this ſpeech with the tendereſt concern, cried, "Alas! you then think ſeriouſly of lord Frederick!"

"Suppoſe

"Suppoſe I do," wherefore that *alas!* Miſs Woodley?"

"Becauſe I fear you will never be happy with him."

"That is plainly telling me he will not be happy with me."

"I cannot ſpeak of marriage from experience," anſwered Miſs Woodley, "but I think I can gueſs what it is."

"Nor can I ſpeak of love from experience," replied Miſs Milner, "but I think I can gueſs what it is."

"But do not fall in love, my dear," (cried Miſs Woodley, with her accuſtomed ſimplicity of heart, as if ſhe had been aſking a favour that depended upon the will of the perſon entreated,) "pray do not fall in love without the approbation of your guardian."

Her

Her young friend laughed at the inefficacious prayer, but promiſed to do "all ſhe could to oblige her."

CHAPTER VII.

SIR Edward, not wholly diſcouraged by the denial with which Dorriforth had, with delicacy, acquainted him, ſtill hoped for a kind reception, and was ſo often at the houſe of Mrs. Horton, that lord Frederick's jealouſy was excited, and the tortures he ſuffered in conſequence, convinced him beyond a doubt of the ſincerity of his affection. Every time he beheld the object of his paſſion, (for he ſtill continued his viſits, tho' leſs frequently than before) he pleaded his cauſe ſo ardently, that Miſs Woodley, who was ſometimes preſent, and ever compaſſionate, could not reſiſt wiſhing him ſucceſs. He now unequivocally offered

unequivocally offered marriage, and entreated that he might lay his propoſals before Mr. Dorriforth, but this was poſitively forbidden.

Her reluctance he imputed, however, more to the known partiality of her guardian for the addreſſes of Sir Edward, than to any motive which depended upon herſelf; and to Mr. Dorriforth he conceived a greater diſlike than ever; believing that through his interpoſition, in ſpite of his ward's attachment, he might yet be deprived of her.—But Miſs Milner declared both to him and to her friend, that love had, at preſent, gained no influence over her mind. — Yet did the watchful Miſs Woodley oftentimes hear a ſigh eſcape from her unknown to herſelf, till ſhe was reminded of it, and then a ſudden

bluſh of ſhame would inſtantly over ſpread her face.—This ſeeming ſtruggle with her paſſion, endeared her more than ever to Miſs Woodley, and ſhe would even riſk the diſpleaſure of Dorriforth by her compliance with every new purſuit that might amuſe the time, which elſe her friend uſed to paſs in heavineſs of heatt.

Balls, plays, inceſſant company, at length rouſed her guardian from that mildneſs with which he had been accuſtomed to treat her. — Night after night his ſleep had been diſturbed by fears for her when abroad; morning after morning it had been broken by the clamour of her return. — He therefore ſaid to her one forenoon as he met her accidentally upon the ſtaircaſe,

" I hope,

"I hope, Miſs Milner, you paſs this evening at home?"

Unprepared for the ſudden queſtion, ſhe bluſhed and replied, "Yes."—Though ſhe knew ſhe was engaged to a brilliant aſſembly, for which her milliner had been conſulted a whole week.

She, however, flattered herſelf that what ſhe had ſaid might be excuſed as a miſtake, the lapſe of memory, or ſome other trifling fault, when he ſhould know the truth.—The truth was earlier divulged than ſhe expected—for juſt as dinner was removed, her footman delivered a meſſage to her from her milliner concerning a new dreſs for the evening—the *preſent evening* particularly marked.—Her guardian looked aſtoniſhed.

"I thought, Miſs Milner, you gave

me your word that you would paſs this evening at home?"

"I miſtook then — for I had before given my word that I ſhould paſs it abroad."

"Indeed!" cried he.

"Yes, indeed; and I believe it is right that I ſhould keep my firſt promiſe; is it not?"

"The promiſe you gave me then, you do not think of any conſequence?"

"Yes, certainly, if you do."

"I do."

"And mean, perhaps, to make it of more conſequence than it deſerves, by being offended."

"Whether or not, I *am* offended — you ſhall find I am." And he looked ſo.

She caught his piercing eyes — her's were immediately caſt down; and ſhe trem-

trembled — either with ſhame or with reſentment.

Mrs. Horton roſe from her ſeat — moved the decanters and fruit round the table — ſtirred the fire — and came back to her ſeat again, before another word was uttered. — Nor had this good woman's officious labours taken the leaſt from the aukwardneſs of the ſilence, which, as ſoon as the buſtle ſhe had made was over, returned in its full force.

At laſt, Miſs Milner riſing with alacrity, was preparing to go out of the room, when Dorriforth raiſed his voice, and in a tone of authority ſaid,

Miſs Milner, you ſhall not leave the houſe this evening."

" Sir !" — ſhe exclaimed with a kind of doubt of what ſhe had heard — a ſur-

priſe, which fixed her hand on the door ſhe had half opened, but which now ſhe ſhewed herſelf irreſolute whether to open wide in defiance, or to ſhut ſubmiſſively.—Before ſhe could reſolve, he roſe from his chair, and ſaid, with a force and warmth ſhe had never heard him uſe before,

"I command you to ſtay at home this evening."

And he walked immediately out of the apartment by another door.—Her hand fell motionleſs from that which ſhe held—ſhe appeared motionleſs herſelf—till Mrs. Horton, "Beſeeching her not to be uneaſy at the treatment ſhe had received," made her tears flow, and her boſom heave as if her heart was breaking.

Miſs

Miſs Woodley would have ſaid ſomething to comfort her, but ſhe had caught the infection, and could not utter a word.—It was not from any real cauſe of grief that ſhe wept; but there was a magnetic quality in tears, which always attracted hers.

Mrs. Horton ſecretly enjoyed the ſcene, though the real well meaning of her heart, and eaſe of her conſcience, did not ſuffer her to think ſo.—She, however, declared ſhe had "Long prognoſticated it would come to this;" and ſhe "only thanked heaven it was no worſe."

"What could be worſe, Madam?" cried Miſs Milner; "am not I diſappointed of the ball?"

"You don't mean to go then?" ſaid Mrs. Horton; "I commend your prudence; and I dare ſay it is more

than your guardian gives you credit for."

"Do you think I would go," anſwered Miſs Milner, with an eagerneſs that for a time ſuppreſſed her tears, "in contradiction to his will?"

"It is not the firſt time, I believe, you have acted contrary to that, Miſs Milner," replied Mrs. Horton, and affected a tenderneſs of voice, to ſoften the harſhneſs of her words.

"If that is the caſe, Madam, I ſee nothing that ſhould prevent me now." And ſhe flung out of the room as if ſhe had reſolved to diſobey him.—This alarmed poor Miſs Woodley.

"My dear aunt," ſhe cried to Mrs. Horton, "follow and prevail upon Miſs Milner to give up her deſign; ſhe means to be at the ball in oppoſition to her guardian's will."

"Then,"

" Then," ſaid Mrs. Horton, " I'll not be inſtrumental in deterring her—if ſhe does, it may be for the beſt; it may give Mr. Dorriforth a clearer knowledge what means are proper to convert her from evil."

" But, my dear Madam, ſhe muſt be preſerved from the evil of diſobedience; and as you tempted, you will be the moſt likely to diſſuade her.—But if you will not, I muſt endeavour."

Miſs Woodley was leaving the room to perform this good work, when Mrs. Horton, in humble imitation of the example given her by Dorriforth, cried,

" Niece, I command you not to ſtir out of this room this evening."

Miſs Woodley obediently ſat down—and though her thoughts and heart were in the chamber of her friend, ſhe never marked

marked by one impertinent word, or by one line of her face, the reſtraint ſhe ſuffered.

At the uſual hour, Mr. Dorriforth and his ward were ſummoned to tea:—he entered with a countenance which evinced the remains of anger; his eye gave teſtimony of his abſent thoughts; and though he took up a pamphlet affecting to read, it was plain to diſcern that he ſcarcely knew he held it in his hand.

Mrs. Horton began to make tea with a mind as intent upon ſomething elſe as Dorriforth's—ſhe longed for the event of this miſunderſtanding, (for to age trivial matters are important,) and though ſhe wiſhed no ill to Miſs Milner, yet with an inclina-

inclination bent upon ſeeing ſomething new—without the fatigue of going out of her own houſe—ſhe was not over ſcrupulous what that novelty might be.—But for fear ſhe ſhould have the imprudence to ſpeak a word upon the ſubject which employed her thoughts, or even to look as if ſhe thought of it at all; ſhe pinched her lips cloſe together, and caſt her eyes on vacancy, leſt their ſignificant regards might expoſe her to detection.—And for fear any noiſe ſhould intercept even the ſound of what might happen, ſhe walked acroſs the room more ſoftly than uſual, and more ſoftly touched every thing ſhe was obliged to lay her hand on.

Miſs Woodley thought it her duty to be mute; and now the gentle gingle

of

of a tea ſpoon was like a deep-toned bell, all was ſo quiet.

Mrs. Horton, too, in the ſelf-approving reflection that *ſhe* was not in any quarrel or altercation of any kind, felt herſelf at this moment remarkably peaceful and charitable.—Miſs Woodley did not recollect *herſelf* ſo, but was ſo in reality—in her, peace and charity were inſtinctive virtues, accident could not increaſe them.

The tea had ſcarce been made, when a ſervant came with Miſs Milner's compliments, and ſhe "Did not mean to have any tea."—The pamphlet ſhook in Dorriforth's hand while this meſſage was delivered—he believed her to be dreſſing for her evening's entertainment, and now ſtudied in what manner he ſhould prevent

prevent or reſent it.—He coughed—drank his tea—endeavoured to talk, but found it difficult—ſometimes read—and in this manner near two hours were paſſed away, when Miſs Milner came into the room.——Dreſt for no ball, but as ſhe had riſen from dinner.—Dorriforth read on, and ſeemed afraid of looking up, leſt he ſhould ſee what he could not have pardoned.—She drew a chair and ſat at the table by the ſide of her delighted friend.

After a few minutes pauſe, and ſome little embarraſſment on the part of Mrs. Horton, at the diſappointment ſhe had to encounter from this unexpected obedience, ſhe aſked Miſs Milner "If ſhe would now have any tea?"—She replied, "No, I thank you, Ma'am," in a voice ſo languid, compared with her uſual

uſual one, that Dorriforth lifted up his eyes from the book; and ſeeing her in the ſame dreſs that ſhe had worn all the day, turned them away again—not with a look of triumph, but of confuſion.

And whatever he might have ſuffered if he had ſeen her decorated, and bidding defiance to his commands, yet even upon that trial, he would not have endured half the painful ſenſations he now for a moment felt—he felt himſelf to blame.

He feared that he had treated her with too much ſeverity—he admired her condeſcenſion, accuſed himſelf for having exacted it—he longed to aſk her pardon—he did not know how.

A chearful reply from her, to a queſtion of Miſs Woodley's, embarraſſed him ſtill more—he wiſhed that ſhe had been ſullen, he then would have had a temptation, or pretence, to have been ſo too.

With all theſe thoughts crowding faſt on his mind he ſtill read, or ſeemed to read, as if he took no notice of what was paſſing; till a ſervant came into the room and aſked Miſs Milner at what time ſhe ſhould want the chariot? to which ſhe replied, "I don't go out to night."—He then laid the book out of his hand, and by the time the ſervant had left the room, thus began:

"Miſs Milner, I give you, I fear, ſome unkind proofs of my regard.—It is often the ungrateful taſk of a friend to be troubleſome—ſometimes unmannerly.

nerly.—Forgive the duties of my office, and believe that no one is half ſo much concerned if it robs you of any amuſements, as I myſelf am."

What he ſaid, he looked with ſo much ſincerity, that had ſhe been burning with rage at his behaviour, ſhe muſt have forgiven him, for the regret which he ſo forcibly expreſt.—She was going to reply, but found ſhe could not, without accompanying her words with tears, therefore after the firſt attempt, ſhe deſiſted.

On this he roſe from his chair, and going to her, ſaid, "Once more ſhew your ſubmiſſion by obeying me a ſecond time to day.—Keep your appointment, and be aſſured that I ſhall iſſue my commands with more circumſpection for the future, as I find how ſtrictly they are complied with."

Miſs

Miſs Milner, the gay, the proud, the diſſipated, the haughty Miſs Milner, ſunk underneath this kindneſs, and wept with a gentleneſs and patience, which did not give more ſurpriſe than joy to Dorriforth.—He was charmed to find her diſpoſition ſo tractable—propheſied to himſelf the future ſucceſs of his guardianſhip, and her eternal as well as temporal happineſs from this ſpecimen.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH Dorriforth was the good man that he has been deſcribed, there were in his nature ſhades of evil—there was an obſtinacy which he himſelf, and his friends termed firmneſs of mind; but had not religion and ſome oppoſite virtues weighed heavily in the balance, it would frequently have degenerated into implacable ſtubbornneſs.

The child of a ſiſter once beloved, who married a young officer againſt her brother's conſent, was at the age of three years left an orphan, deſtitute of all ſupport but from his uncle's generoſity: but though Dorriforth main-

tained, he would never ſee him. Miſs Milner, whoſe heart was a receptacle for the unfortunate, no ſooner was told the melancholy hiſtory of Mr. and Mrs. Ruſhbrook, the parents of the child, than ſhe longed to behold the innocent inheritor of her guardian's reſentment, and took Miſs Woodley with her to ſee the boy.—He was at a farm houſe a few miles from town; and his extreme beauty and engaging manners, wanted not the ſorrows to which he had been born, to give him farther recommendation to the kindneſs of her, who had come to viſit him. She looked at him with admiration and pity, and having endeared herſelf to him by the moſt affectionate words and careſſes, on her bidding him farewell, he cried moſt pitiouſly to go along with her. Unuſed at any time to reſiſt temptations, whether

to reprehenſible, or to laudable actions, ſhe yielded to his ſupplications, and having overcome a few ſcruples of Miſs Woodley's, determined to take young Ruſhbrook to town and preſent him to his uncle. This idea was no ſooner formed than executed.—By making a preſent to the nurſe, ſhe readily gained her conſent to part with him for a day or two, and the ſigns of joy denoted by the child on being put into the carriage, repaid her beforehand for every reproof ſhe might receive from her guardian, for the liberty ſhe had taken.

"Beſides," ſaid ſhe to Miſs Woodley, who had ſtill her apprehenſions, "do you not wiſh his uncle ſhould have a warmer intereſt in his care than duty? —it is that alone which induces Mr. Dorriforth to provide for him; but it is proper that affection ſhould have ſome

ſhare

ſhare in his benevolence—and how, hereafter, will he be ſo fit an object of the love, that compaſſion muſt excite, as he is at preſent?"

Miſs Woodley acquieſced.—But before they arrived at their own door it came into Miſs Milner's remembrance, that there was a grave ſternneſs in the manners of her guardian when provoked, the recollection of which made her a little apprehenſive for what ſhe had done—her friend who knew him better, was more ſo.—They both became ſilent as they approached the ſtreet where they lived—for Miſs Woodley having once repreſented her fears, and having ſuppreſſed them in reſignation to Miſs Milner's better judgement, would not repeat them—and Miſs Milner would not confeſs they were now troubling her.

Juſt, however, as the coach ſtopt at the door, ſhe had the forecaſt and the humility to ſay, "We will not tell Mr. Dorriforth the child is his nephew, unleſs he ſhould appear fond, and pleaſed with him, and then I think we may venture without any danger."

This was agreed; and when Dorriforth entered the room juſt before dinner, poor Harry Ruſhbrook was introduced as the ſon of a lady who frequently viſited there. The deception paſſed—his Uncle ſhook hands with him, and at length highly pleaſed with his engaging manner, and applicable replies, took him on his knee, and kiſſed him with affection. Miſs Milner could ſcarce reſtrain the joy it gave her; but unluckily, Dorriforth ſaid ſoon after to the child, "And now tell me your name."

"Harry

"Harry Ruſhbrook." Replied he, with great force and clearneſs in his voice.

Dorriforth was holding him fondly round the waiſt as he ſtood with his feet upon his knees; and at this reply he did not *throw* him from him—but he removed his hands, which had ſupported him, ſo ſuddenly, that the child to prevent falling on the floor, threw himſelf about his uncle's neck.—Miſs Milner and Miſs Woodley turned aſide to conceal their tears. "I had like to have been down," cried Harry, fearing no other danger.—But his uncle took hold of each hand which had twined around him, and placed him immediately on the ground;—the dinner being that inſtant ſerved, he gave no greater marks of his reſentment than calling for his hat, and walking inſtantly out of the houſe.

Miſs Milner cried for anger; yet ſhe did not ſhew leſs kindneſs to the object of this vexatious circumſtance: ſhe held him in her arms while ſhe ſat at table, and repeatedly ſaid to him, (though he had not the ſenſe to thank her) "That ſhe would always be his friend."

The firſt emotions of reſentment againſt Dorriforth being paſſed, ſhe returned with her little charge to the farm houſe, before it was likely his uncle ſhould come back; another inſtance of obedience which Miſs Woodley was impatient her guardian ſhould know; ſhe therefore enquired where he was, and ſent him a note for the ſole purpoſe of acquainting him with it, offering at the ſame time an apology for what had happened. He returned in the evening ſeemingly

ſeemingly reconciled, nor was a word mentioned of the incident which had occurred in the former part of the day; yet in his countenance remained a perfect remembrance of it, without one trait of compaſſion for his helpleſs nephew.

CHAPTER V.

THERE are few things ſo mortifying to a proud ſpirit as to ſuffer by immediate compariſon—men can hardly bear it, but to women the puniſhment is intolerable; and Miſs Milner now laboured under this humiliation to a degree which gave her no ſmall inquietude.

Miſs Fenton, young, of exquiſite beauty, elegant manners, gentle diſpoſition, and diſcreet conduct, was introduced to Miſs Milner's acquaintance by her guardian, and frequently, ſometimes inadvertently, held up by him as a pattern for her to follow—for when he did not ſay this in direct terms, it was inſinuated

ſinuated by the warmth of his panegyric on thoſe virtues in which Miſs Fenton excelled, and in which his ward was obviouſly deficient. Conſcious of her own inferiority in theſe ſubjects of her guardian's praiſe, Miſs Milner, inſtead of being inſpired to emulation, was provoked to envy.

Not to admire Miſs Fenton was impoſſible—to find one fault in her perſon or ſentiments was equally impoſſible—and yet to love her was unlikely.

That ſerenity of mind which kept her features in a continual placid form, though enchanting at the firſt glance, upon a ſecond or third, fatigued the ſight for want of variety; and to have ſeen her diſtorted with rage, convulſed with mirth, or in deep dejection, had been

been to her advantage.—But her ſuperior ſoul appeared above thoſe emotions, and there was more inducement to worſhip her as a ſaint than to love her as a woman.—Yet Dorriforth, whoſe heart was not formed (at leaſt not educated) for love, regarding her in the light of friendſhip only, beheld her as the moſt perfect model for her ſex. Lord Frederick on ſeeing her firſt was ſtruck with her beauty, and Miſs Milner apprehended ſhe had introduced a rival; but he had not ſeen her three times, before he called her "The moſt inſufferable of Heaven's creatures," and vowed there was more charming variation in the features of Miſs Woodley.

Miſs Milner had a heart affectionate to her own ſex, even where ſhe ſaw them in poſſeſſion of ſuperior charms; but whether

whether from the ſpirit of contradiction, from feeling herſelf more than ordinarily offended by her guardian's praiſe of this lady, or that there was a reſerve in Miſs Fenton that did not accord with her own frank and ingenuous diſpoſition ſo as to engage her eſteem, certain it is that ſhe took infinite ſatisfaction in hearing her beauty and virtues depreciated or turned into ridicule, particularly if Mr. Dorriforth was preſent. This was painful to him upon many accounts; perhaps an anxiety for his ward's conduct was not among the leaſt; and whenever the circumſtance occurred, he could with difficulty reſtrain his anger. Miſs Fenton was not only a perſon whoſe amiable qualities he admired, but ſhe was ſoon to be allied to him by her marriage with his neareſt relation, Lord Elmwood, a young

a young nobleman whom he ſincerely loved.

Lord Elmwood had diſcovered all that beauty in Miſs Fenton which every common obſerver could not but ſee.—The charms of her mind and of her fortune had been pointed out by his tutor; and the utility of their marriage, in perfect ſubmiſſion to his precepts, he never permitted himſelf to queſtion

This preceptor held with a magiſterial power the government of his pupil's paſſions; nay, governed them ſo entirely, that no one could perceive (nor did the young lord himſelf know) if he had any.

This

This rigid monitor and friend was a Mr. Sandford, bred a Jeſuit in the ſame college at which Dorriforth had been educated, but before his time the order was compelled to take another name.—Sandford had been the tutor of Dorriforth as well as of his couſin Lord Elmwood, and by this double tie ſeemed now entailed upon the family.—As a Jeſuit, he was conſequently a man of learning; poſſeſſed of ſteadineſs to accompliſh the end of any deſign once meditated, and of ſagacity enough to direct the conduct of men more powerful, but leſs ingenious, than himſelf.—The young Earl accuſtomed in his infancy to fear him as his maſter, in his youth and manhood received every new indulgence with gratitude, and at length loved him as a father—

nor

nor had even Dorriforth as yet ſhaken off ſimilar ſenſations.

Mr. Sandford perfectly knew how to work upon the paſſions of all human kind, but yet he had the forbearance not to "Draw all hearts towards him."—There were ſome whoſe hatred he thought not unworthy his pious labours; and in that purſuit he was more rapid in his ſucceſs than even in procuring eſteem. It was an enterprize in which he ſucceeded with Miſs Milner even beyond his moſt ſanguine wiſh.

She had been educated at an Engliſh boarding ſchool, and had no idea of the ſuperior and ſubordinate ſtate of characters in a foreign ſeminary—beſides, as a woman, ſhe was privileged to ſay any thing ſhe pleaſed; and as a beautiful woman,

man, ſhe had a right to expect that whatever ſhe pleaſed to ſay, ſhould be admired.

Sandford knew the hearts of women, as well as thoſe of men, though he had paſſed little of his time in their ſociety—he ſaw Miſs Milner's heart at the firſt view of her perſon; and beholding in that little circumference a weight of folly that he wiſhed to eradicate, he began to toil in the vineyard, eagerly courting her deteſtation of him, in the hope he could alſo make her abominate herſelf. In the mortifications of ſlight he was expert; and being a man of talents, whom all companies, and eſpecially her friends, reſpected, he did not begin by waſting that reverence ſo highly valued upon ineffectual remonſtrances, of which he could foreſee the reception, but wa-

kened her attention by his neglect of her. He ſpoke of her in her preſence as of an indifferent perſon, ſometimes forgetting even to name her when the ſubject required it; then would aſk her pardon, and ſay that he "Really did not recollect her," with ſuch ſeeming ſorrow for his fault, that ſhe could not think the offence intended, and of courſe felt the affront much more acutely.

While, with every other perſon ſhe was the principle, the firſt cauſe upon whom a whole company depended for converſation, cards, muſick, or dancing, with Mr. Sandford ſhe found that ſhe was of no importance. — Sometimes ſhe tried to conſider this diſregard of her as merely the effect of ill-breeding; but he was not an ill-bred man: he was a gentleman by birth, and one who had kept the

the beſt company — a man of ſenſe and learning.—" And can ſuch a man ſlight me without knowing it?" ſhe ſaid — for ſhe had not dived ſo deeply into the powers of ſimulation, as to ſuſpect that ſuch careleſs manners were the reſult of art.

This behaviour of Mr. Sandford had its deſired effect — it humbled her in her own opinion more than a thouſand ſermons would have done preached on the vanity of youth and beauty. She felt an inward ſhame at their inſignificance that ſhe never knew before, and would have been cured of all her pride, had ſhe not poſſeſſed a degree of ſpirit beyond the generality of her ſex — ſuch a degree of it as even Mr. Sandford, with all his penetration, did not expect. — She determined to reſent his treatment, and, en-

tering the liſts as his declared enemy, to give a reaſon to the world why he did not acknowledge her ſovereignty, as well as the reſt of her numerous ſubjects.

She now commenced hoſtilities againſt all his arguments, his learning, and his favourite axioms; and by a happy talent of ridicule, in want of other weapons for this warfare, ſhe threw in the way of the holy Father as great trials of his patience as any that his order could have ſubſtituted in penance. Many things he bore like a martyr — at others, his fortitude would forſake him, and he would call on her guardian, his former pupil, to interpoſe with his authority: ſhe would then declare that ſhe only had acted thus "To try the good man's temper," and that if he had combated with his fretfulneſs a few minutes longer, ſhe would

would have acknowledged his claim to canonization; but that having yielded to the ſallies of his anger, he muſt now go through numerous other probations.

If Miſs Fenton was admired by Dorriforth, by Sandford ſhe was adored—and, inſtead of giving her as an example to Miſs Milner, he ſpoke of her as of one endowed beyond her power of imitation. — Often, with a ſhake of his head and a ſigh, would he ſay,

" No, I am not ſo hard upon you as your guardian: I only deſire you to love Miſs Fenton; to reſemble her, I believe, is above your ability."

This was too much — and poor Miſs Woodley, who was generally a witneſs of theſe controverſies, felt a degree of ſorrow at every ſentence of this kind which

diſtreſt her friend.—Yet as ſhe ſuffered too for Mr. Sandford, the joy of her friend's reply was abated by the uneaſineſs it gave to *him*. But Mrs. Horton felt for none but the right reverend prieſt; and often did ſhe feel ſo violently intereſted in his cauſe, that ſhe could not refrain giving an anſwer herſelf in his behalf—thus doing the duty of an adverſary with all the zeal of an advocate.

CHAPTER X.

MR. Sandford finding his friend Dorriforth frequently perplexed in the management of his ward, and he himſelf thinking her incorrigible, gave his counſel, that a ſuitable match ſhould be immediately ſought out for her, and the care of ſo dangerous a perſon given into other hands. Dorriforth acknowledged the propriety of this advice, but lamented the difficulty of pleaſing his ward as to the quality of her lover; for ſhe had refuſed, beſides Sir Edward Aſhton, many others of equal pretenſions. — "Depend upon it then," cried Sandford, "that her affections are engaged, and it is proper that you ſhould know to

whom."—Dorriforth thought he knew, and mentioned Lord Frederick, but ſaid that he had no farther authority for the ſuppoſition than what his obſervation had given him, for that every explanation both upon his and her ſide were evaded. —"Take her then," cried Sandford, "into the country, and if Lord Frederick ſhould not follow, there is an end of your ſuſpicions."—"I ſhall not eaſily prevail upon Miſs Milner to leave town," replied he, "when it is in the higheſt faſhion."—"You can but try," returned Sandford; "and if you ſhould not ſucceed now, at leaſt fix the time you mean to go during the autumn, and be firm to your determination."—"But in the autumn," replied Dorriforth, "Lord Frederick will of courſe be in the country; and as his uncle's eſtate is near our reſidence, he will not then ſo evidently

follow

follow her, as he would if I could induce her to go now."

It was agreed the attempt ſhould be made.—Inſtead of receiving this abrupt propoſal with uneaſineſs, Miſs Milner, to the ſurpriſe of all preſent, immediately conſented; and gave her guardian an opportunity of ſaying ſeveral of the kindeſt and politeſt things upon her ready compliance.

"A token of approbation from you, Mr. Dorriforth," returned ſhe, "I always conſidered with the higheſt eſtimation — but your commendations are now become infinitely ſuperior in value by their ſcarcity; for I do not believe that ſince Miſs Fenton and Mr. Sandford came to town, I have received one teſtimony of your friendſhip."

Had

Had theſe words been uttered with pleaſantry, they might have paſſed without obſervation; but at the concluſion of the period, reſentment flew to Miſs Milner's face, and ſhe darted a piercing look at Mr. Sandford, which more pointedly expreſſed that ſhe was angry with him, than if ſhe had ſpoken volumes in her uſual ſtrain of railery.—Dorriforth was confuſed — but the concern ſhe had ſo plainly evinced for his good opinion throughout all that ſhe had ſaid, ſilenced any rebuke he might elſe have given her, for this unwarrantable charge againſt his friend. — Mrs. Horton was ſhocked at the irreverent manner in which Mr. Sandford was treated — and Miſs Woodley turned to him with a benevolent ſmile upon her face, hoping to ſet him an example of the manner in which he ſhould receive

the

the reproach.—Her good wiſhes did not ſucceed—yet he was perfectly unruffled, and replied with coolneſs,

"The air of the country has affected the lady already—but it is a comfortable thing," continued he, "that in the variety of humours to which ſome women are expoſed, they cannot be uniform even in deceit."

"Deceit!" cried Miſs Milner, "in what am I deceitful? did I ever pretend that I had an eſteem for you?"

"That would not have been deceit, Madam, but merely good manners."

"I never, Mr. Sandford, ſacrifice truth to politeneſs."

"Except when the country has been propoſed, and you thought it politeneſs to appear ſatisfied."

"And I *was* ſatisfied, till I recollected that you might probably be of the

party — then, every grove was changed into a wilderneſs, every rivulet into a ſtagnated pool, and every ſinging bird into a croaking raven."

"A very poetical deſcription," ſaid he calmly. — "But, Miſs Milner, you need not have had any apprehenſions of *my* company in the country, for I underſtand the ſeat to which your guardian means to go, belongs to you; and you may depend upon it, Madam, that I ſhall never enter a houſe in which you are the miſtreſs."

"Nor any houſe, I am certain, Mr. Sandford, but in which you are yourſelf the maſter."

"What do you mean Madam? (and for the firſt time he elevated his voice,) am I the maſter here?"

"Your ſervants," replied ſhe, looking

ing at the company, " will not tell you ſo, but I do."

" You condeſcend," Mr. Sandford," cried Mrs. Horton, " in talking ſo much to a young woman; but I know you do it for her good."

" Well, Miſs Milner," cried Dorriforth, (and the moſt cutting thing he could ſay,) " ſince I find my propoſal of the country has put you out of humour, I ſhall mention it no more."

With all that quantity of reſentment, anger, or rage, which ſometimes boiled in the veins of Miſs Milner, ſhe was yet never wanting in that reſpect towards her guardian, which withheld her from uttering one angry ſentence, directed immediately to him; and a ſevere word of his, inſtead of exaſperating, was ſure to ſoften her. This was the caſe at preſent—

his words wounded her to the heart, but ſhe had not the aſperity to reply to them as ſhe thought they merited, and ſhe burſt into tears.—Dorriforth, inſtead of being concerned, as he uſually was at ſeeing her uneaſy, appeared on the preſent occaſion provoked.—He thought her weeping was a new reproach to his friend Mr. Sandford, and that to ſuffer himſelf to be moved by it, would be a tacit condemnation of his friend's conduct.—She underſtood his thoughts, and getting the better of her tears, apologiſed for her weakneſs; adding,

"She could never bear with indifference an unjuſt accuſation."

"To prove that mine was unjuſt, Madam," replied Dorriforth; "be prepared to quit London, without any marks of regret, in a few days."

She

She bowed aſſent; the neceſſary preparations were agreed upon; and while with apparent ſatisfaction ſhe adjuſted the plan of her journey, (like thoſe who behave well, not ſo much to pleaſe themſelves as to vex their enemies,) ſhe ſecretly triumphed in the mortification ſhe hoped that Mr. Sandford would receive from her obedient behaviour.

The news of this intended journey was of courſe very ſoon made public.—There is a ſecret charm in being pitied, when the misfortune is but ideal; and Miſs Milner found infinite gratification in being told, "That her's was a cruel caſe, and that it was unjuſt and barbarous to force ſo much beauty into concealment in the country, while London was filled with her admirers; who, like her,

her, would languiſh in conſequence of her ſolitude." Theſe things, and a thouſand ſuch, a thouſand times repeated, ſhe ſtill liſtened to with pleaſure; yet preſerved the conſtancy not to ſhrink from her reſolution of ſubmitting.

Thoſe involuntary ſighs, however, that Miſs Woodley had long ago obſerved, became ſtill more frequent; and a tear half ſtarting in her eye was an additional ſubject of her friend's obſervation. Yet though Miſs Milner at thoſe times was ſoftened into melancholy, ſhe by no means appeared unhappy. Her friend was acquainted with love only by name; yet ſhe concluded from theſe increaſed ſymptoms, what ſhe before only ſuſpected, that *love* muſt be the foundation of her care. "Her ſenſes have been captivated by the perſon and accompliſh-

ments

ments of Lord Frederick," ſaid Miſs Woodley to herſelf, " but her underſtanding compels her to ſee his faults, and reproaches her paſſion—And, oh !" cried ſhe, " could her guardian and Mr. Sandford know of this conflict, how much would they have to admire; how little to condemn !"

With ſuch friendly thoughts, and with the pureſt intentions, Miſs Woodley did not fail to give both gentlemen reaſon to believe, a contention of this nature was the actual ſtate of Miſs Milner's mind. — Dorriforth was affected at the deſcription, and Sandford urged more than ever the neceſſity of leaving town. —— In a few days they departed; Mrs. Horton, Miſs Woodley, Miſs Milner, and Mr. Dorriforth, accompanied by Miſs Fenton, whom Miſs Milner,

knowing it the wiſh of her guardian, invited, for three months before her marriage, to her country ſeat.—Elmwood Houſe, or rather Caſtle, the ſeat of Lord Elmwood, was only a few miles from this reſidence, and he was expected to paſs great part of the ſummer there, with his tutor, Mr. Sandford.

In the neighbourhood was alſo (as it has been already ſaid) an eſtate belonging to an uncle of Lord Frederick's, and moſt of the party ſuſpected they ſhould ſoon ſee him on a viſit there. To that expectation they in great meaſure attributed Miſs Milner's viſible content.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH this party Miſs Milner arrived at her country houſe, and for near ſix weeks, all around was the picture of tranquillity;—her ſatisfaction was as evident as every other perſon's; and all ſevere admonition being at this time unneceſſary, either to teaſe her to her duty, or to warn her againſt her folly, ſhe was even in perfect good humour with Miſs Fenton, and added friendſhip to hoſpitality.

Mr. Sandford, who came with Lord Elmwood to the neighbouring ſeat, about a week after the arrival of Miſs Milner at her's, was ſo ſcrupulouſly ex-

act in the obſervance of his word, "*Never to enter a houſe of Miſs Milner's,*" that he would not even call upon his friend Dorriforth there — but in their walks, and at Lord Elmwood's, the two parties would occaſionally join, and of courſe Sandford and ſhe at thoſe times met—yet ſo diſtant was the reſerve on either ſide, that not a ſingle word upon any occaſion was ever exchanged between them.

Miſs Milner did not like Mr. Sandford; yet as there was no real cauſe of inveterate rancour, admiring him too as a man who meant well, and being beſides of a moſt forgiving temper, ſhe frequently felt concerned that he did nor ſpeak to her, although it had been to find fault as uſual—and one morning as they were all, after a long ramble, drawing

drawing towards her houſe, where Lord Elmwood was invited to dine, ſhe could not reſtrain her tears at ſeeing Sandford turn back and wiſh them a "Good day."

But though ſhe had the generoſity to forgive an affront, ſhe had not the humility to make a conceſſion; and ſhe foreſaw that nothing leſs than ſome very humble atonement on her part would prevail upon the haughty prieſt to be reconciled. Dorriforth ſaw her concern upon this trifling occaſion with a ſecret pleaſure, and an admiration that ſhe had never before excited. She once inſinuated to him to be a mediator between them; but before any accommodation could take place, the peace and compoſure of their abode were diſturbed by the arrival of Sir Edward Aſhton at Lord

Elmwood's, where it appeared as if he had been invited in order to purſue his matrimonial plan.

At a dinner given by Lord Elmwood, Sir Edward was announced as an unexpected viſitor; Miſs Milner did not ſuppoſe him ſuch, and ſhe turned pale when his name was uttered.—Dorriforth fixed his eyes upon her with ſome tokens of compaſſion, while Sandford ſeemed to exult, and by his repeated "Welcomes" to the Baronet, gave evident proofs how much he was rejoiced to ſee him. All the declining enmity of Miſs Milner was renewed at this behaviour, and ſuſpecting Sandford as the inſtigator of the viſit, ſhe could not overcome her diſpleaſure, but gave way to it in a manner ſhe thought the moſt mortifying.—Sir Edward, in the courſe of

of converſation, enquired "What neighbours were in the country;" and ſhe, with an appearance of high ſatisfaction, named Lord Frederick Lawnly as being hourly expected at his uncle's. The colour ſpread over Sir Edward's face—Dorriforth was confounded—and Mr. Sandford looked enraged.

"Did Lord Frederick tell *you* he ſhould be down?" Sandford aſked of Dorriforth.

To which he replied, "No."

"But I hope, Mr. Sandford, you will permit *me* to know?" ſaid Miſs Milner.—For as ſhe now meant to torment him by what ſhe ſaid, ſhe no longer conſtrained herſelf to ſilence—and as he had harboured the ſame kind intention towards her, he had no longer any objection to make a reply, and therefore anſwered,

"No, madam, if it depended upon my permiſſion, you ſhould *not* know."

"Not *any thing*, Sir, I dare ſay;—you would keep me in utter ignorance."

"I would."

"From a ſelf-intereſted motive, Mr. Sandford—that I might have a greater reſpect for you.

Some of the company laughed—Mrs. Horton coughed—Miſs Woodley bluſhed—Lord Elmwood ſneered—Dorriforth frowned—and Miſs Fenton looked juſt as ſhe did before.

The converſation was changed as ſoon as poſſible, and early in the evening the party from Milner Lodge returned home.

Miſs

Miſs Milner had ſcarce left her dreſſing room, where ſhe had been taking off ſome part of her dreſs, when Dorriforth's ſervant came to acquaint her that his maſter was alone in his ſtudy, and begged to ſpeak with her.—She felt herſelf tremble—ſhe immediately experienced a conſciouſneſs that ſhe had not acted properly at Lord Elmwood's; for ſhe felt a preſentiment that her guardian was going to upbraid her, and her heart whiſpered that he had never yet reproached her without a cauſe.

Miſs Woodley juſt then entered the apartment, and ſhe found herſelf ſo much a coward, as to propoſe that ſhe ſhould go with her, and aid her with a word or two occaſionally in her excuſe.

"What

"What you, my dear," returned Miſs Woodley, "who not three hours ago had the courage to vindicate your own cauſe before a whole company, of whom many were your adverſaries; do *you* want an advocate before your guardian alone, who has ever treated you with tenderneſs."

"It is that very tenderneſs which frightens me; which intimidates, and ſtrikes me dumb.—Is it poſſible I can return impertinence to the language and manners that Mr Dorriforth uſes? and as I am debarred from that reſource, what can I do but ſtand before him like a guilty creature, acknowledging my faults."

She again entreated her friend to go with her; but on a poſitive refuſal, from the impropriety of ſuch an intruſion, ſhe was obliged at length to go by herſelf.

How

How much does the difference of exterior circumſtances influence not only the manners, but even the perſons of ſome people!—Miſs Milner in Lord Elmwood's drawing room, ſurrounded by liſteners, by admirers, (for even her enemies could not look at her without admiration) and with animated approbation and applauſe—and Miſs Milner, with no giddy obſerver to give her actions a falſe eclat, deſtitute of all but her own underſtanding, (which ſecretly condemns her) upon the point of receiving cenſure from her guardian and friend, are two different beings.—Though ſtill beautiful beyond deſcription, ſhe does not look even in perſon the ſame.—In the laſt-mentioned ſituation, ſhe was ſhorter in ſtature than in the former—ſhe was paler—ſhe was thinner—and a very different

different contour preſided over her whole air, and all her features.

When ſhe arrived at the door of the ſtudy, ſhe opened it with a trepidation ſhe could hardly account for, and entered to Dorriforth the altered woman ſhe has been repreſented. His heart had taken the moſt decided part againſt her, and his face aſſumed the moſt ſevere aſpect of reproach; but her appearance gave an inſtantaneous change to his whole mind, and countenance.

She halted, as if ſhe feared to approach—he heſitated, as if he knew not how to ſpeak.—Inſtead of the anger with which he was prepared to begin, his voice involuntarily ſoftened, and without knowing what he ſaid, he began,

"My

" My dear Miſs Milner."—

She expected he was angry, and in her confuſion his gentleneſs was loſt upon her.—She imagined that what he ſaid might be ſevere, and ſhe continued to tremble, though he repeatedly aſſured her, that he meant only to adviſe, not upbraid her.

" For as to all thoſe little diſputes between Mr. Sandford and you," ſaid he, " I ſhould be partial if I blamed you more than him—indeed, when you take the liberty of condemn him, his character makes the freedom appear in a more ſerious light than when he complains of you—and yet, if he provokes your retorts, he alone muſt anſwer for them; nor will I undertake to decide betwixt you.——But I have a queſtion to aſk you, and to which I require a ſerious

and

and unequivocal anſwer.—Do you expect Lord Frederick in the country?"

Without heſitation ſhe replied, "Sir, I do."

"One more queſtion I have to aſk, madam, and to which I expect a reply equally unreſerved.—Is Lord Frederick the man you approve for your huſband?"

Upon this cloſe interrogation ſhe diſcovered an embarraſſment, beyond any ſhe had ever betrayed, and faintly replied,

"No, he is not."

"Your words tell me one thing," anſwered Dorriforth, "but your looks declare another—which am I to believe?"

"Which you pleaſe," was her anſwer, with an inſulted dignity, that aſtoniſhed, without convincing him.

"But

"But then why encourage him to follow you hither Miſs Milner?"

"Why commit a thouſand follies (ſhe replied in tears) every hour of my life?"

"You then promote the hopes of Lord Frederick without one ſerious intention of completing them? This is a conduct againſt which it is my duty to guard you, and you ſhall no longer deceive either him or yourſelf. The moment he arrives, it is my reſolution that you refuſe to ſee him, or agree to become his wife."

In anſwer to the alternative thus offered, ſhe appeared averſe to both propoſitions; and yet came to no explanation why; but left her guardian at the end of the conference as much at a loſs to decide upon her true ſentiments, as he was before he had thus ſeriouſly requeſted

ed that he might be informed of them; but having ſtedfaſtly taken the reſolution which he had juſt communicated, he found that reſolution a certain relief to his mind.

CHAPTER XII.

SIR Edward Aſhton, though not invited by Miſs Milner, yet frequently did himſelf the honour to viſit her at her houſe; ſometimes he accompanied Lord Elmwood, at others he came to ſee Dorriforth alone, who generally introduced him to the ladies. But Sir Edward was either ſo unwilling to give pain to the object of his love, or ſo intimidated by her frowns, that he ſeldom addreſſed her with a ſingle word, except the uſual compliments at entering, and retiring.—This apprehenſion of offending, without one hope of pleaſing, had the moſt awkward effect upon the manners of the worthy Baronet; and his

endeavours to inſinuate himſelf into the affections of the woman he loved, merely by not giving her offence either in ſpeaking to her or looking at her, formed a character ſo whimſical, that it frequently forced a ſmile from Miſs Milner, though his very name had often power to throw a gloom over her face: ſhe looked upon him as the cauſe of being hurried to the election of a lover, before her own mind could well direct her where to fix.—Beſides, his purſuit was troubleſome, while it was no triumph to her vanity, which by the addreſſes of Lord Frederick, was in the higheſt manner gratified.

His Lordſhip now arrives in the country, and calls at Miſs Milner's; her guardian ſees his carriage coming up the avenue, and gives orders to the ſervants, to ſay

their

their lady is not at home, but that Mr. Dorriforth is; Lord Frederick leaves his compliments and goes away.

The ladies all obſerved his carriage and ſervants.—Miſs Milner flew to her glaſs, adjuſted her dreſs, and in her looks expreſſed every ſign of palpitation —but in vain ſhe keeps her eye fixed upon the door of the apartment; no Lord Frederick appears.

After ſome minutes of expectation, the door opens and her guardian comes in;—ſhe was diſappointed; he perceived that ſhe was, and he looked at her with a very ſerious face;— ſhe immediately called to mind the aſſurance he had given her, "That her acquaintance with Lord Frederick in its then improper ſtate ſhould not continue," and between

chagrin and confuſion, ſhe was at a loſs how to behave.

Though the ladies were all preſent, Dorriforth ſaid, without the ſmalleſt reſerve, " Perhaps, Mſs Milner, you may think I have taken an unwarrantable liberty, in giving orders to your ſervants to deny you to Lord Frederick; but until his Lordſhip and I have had a private conference, or you condeſcend at once to declare your ſentiments more fully in regard to his viſits, I think it my duty to put an end to them."

" You will always perform your duty, Mr. Dorriforth, I have no doubt, whether I concur or not."

" Yet believe me, madam, I ſhould perform it more chearfully, if I could hope

hope that it was ſanctioned by your inclinations."

"I am not miſtreſs of my inclinations, Sir, or they ſhould conform to yours."

"Place them under my direction, and I will anſwer for it they will."

A ſervant came in — "Lord Frederick is returned, Sir, and ſays he ſhould be glad to ſee you." — "Shew him into the ſtudy," cried Dorriforth haſtily, and riſing from his chair, left the room.

"I hope they won't quarrel," ſaid Mrs. Hotton, meaning, that ſhe thought they would.

"I am ſorry to ſee you ſo uneaſy, Miſs Milner," ſaid Miſs Fenton, with perfect unconcern.

As the badneſs of the weather had prevented their uſual morning's exerciſe, the ladies were employed at their needles till the dinner bell called them away.—"Do you think Lord Frederick is gone?" whiſpered Miſs Milner to Miſs Woodley.—"I think not," ſhe replied.—"Go aſk of the ſervants, dear creature." And Miſs Woodley went out of the room.—She ſoon returned and ſaid, apart, "He is now getting into his chariot; I ſaw him paſs in violent haſte through the hall; he ſeemed to fly."

"Ladies, the dinner is waiting," cried Mrs. Horton, and they repaired to the dining room, where Dorriforth ſoon after came, and engroſſed their whole attention by his diſturbed looks, and unuſual ſilence. Before dinner was over, he was, however, more himſelf, but ſtill he appeared thoughtful and diſ-

ſatisfied.

ſatisfied. At the time of their evening walk he excuſed himſelf, and they ſaw him in a diſtant field with Mr. Sandford in earneſt converſation; for they often ſtopt on one ſpot for a quarter of an hour, as if the intereſt of the ſubject had ſo engaged them, they ſtood ſtill without knowing it. Lord Elmwood, who had joined the ladies, walked home with them; Dorriforth entered ſoon after, in a much leſs gloomy humour than when he went out, and told his relation, that he and the ladies would dine with him the next day if he was diſengaged; and it was agreed they ſhould.

Still Dorriforth was in ſome perturbation, but the immediate cauſe was concealed till the day following, when, about an hour before the company's departure from the Caſtle, Miſs Milner

and Miſs Woodley were deſired, by a ſervant, to walk into a ſeparate apartment, in which they found Mr. Dorriforth with Mr. Sandford waiting for them. Her guardian made an apology to Miſs Milner for the form, the ceremony, of which he was going to make uſe; but he truſted, the extreme weight which oppreſſed his mind, leſt he ſhould miſtake the real ſentiments of a perſon whoſe happineſs depended upon his correct knowledge of them, would plead his excuſe.

"I know, Miſs Milner," continued he, "the world in general allows to unmarried women great latitude in diſguiſing their mind with reſpect to the man they love. — I too, am willing to pardon any little diſſimulation that is but conſiſtent with a modeſty that becomes every woman upon the ſubject of marriage. But here, to what point I

may

may limit, or you may extend, this kind of venial deceit, may ſo widely differ, that it is not impoſſible for me to remain unacquainted with your ſentiments, even after you have revealed them to me. — Under this conſideration, I wiſh once more to hear your thoughts in regard to matrimony, and to hear them before one of your own ſex, that I may form an opinion by her conſtructions."

To all this ſerious oration, Miſs Milner made no other reply than by turning to Mr. Sandford, and aſking, " If he was the perſon of her own ſex, to whoſe judgement her guardian was to ſubmit his own ?"

" Madam," cried Sandford angrily, " you are come hither upon ſerious buſineſs."

" Any buſineſs muſt be ſerious to me, Mr. Sandford, in which you are concerned ;

concerned; and if you had called it *ſor-rowful*, the epithet would have ſuited as well."

"Miſs Milner," ſaid her guardian, "I did not bring you here to contend with Mr. Sandford."

"Then why, Sir, bring him hither? for where he and I are, there muſt be contention."

"I brought him hither, Madam, or, I ſhould rather ſay, brought you to this houſe, merely that he might be preſent on this occaſion, and with his diſcernment relieve me from a ſuſpicion, that my own judgement is neither able to ſuppreſs nor to confirm."

"Are there any more witneſſes you may wiſh to call in, Sir, to remove your doubts of my veracity? if there are, pray ſend for them before you begin your interrogations."

He ſhook his head—ſhe continued.

"The whole world is welcome to hear what I ſay, and every different perſon is welcome to judge me differently."

"Dear Miſs Milner"—cried Miſs Woodley, with a tone of reproach for the vehemence with which ſhe ſpoke.

"Perhaps, Miſs Milner," ſaid Dorriforth, "you will not now reply to thoſe queſtions I was going to put?"

"Did I ever refuſe, Sir," returned ſhe with a ſelf-approving air, "to comply with any requeſt that you have ſeriouſly made? Have I ever refuſed obedience to your commands whenever you thought proper to lay them upon me? If not, you have no right to ſuppoſe that I will now."

He was going to reply, when Mr. Sandford ſullenly interrupted him, and making towards the door, cried, "When you

you come to the point for which you brought me here, ſend for me again."

"Stay now," ſaid Dorriforth.—"And Miſs Milner," continued he, "I not only entreat, but command you to tell me—have you given your word, or your affections to Lord Frederick Lawnley?"

The colour ſpread over her face, and ſhe replied—"I thought confeſſions were always to be in ſecret; however, as I am not a member of your church, I ſubmit to the perſecution of a heretic, and I anſwer—Lord Frederick has neither my word, nor any ſhare in my affections."

Sandford, Dorriforth, and Miſs Woodley looked at each other with a ſurpriſe that for ſome time kept them ſilent.—At length Dorriforth ſaid, "And it is your

your firm intention never to become his wife ?"

To which ſhe anſwered — " At preſent it is."

" At preſent ! do you ſuſpect you ſhall change your ſentiments ?"

" Women ſometimes do."

" But before that change can take place, your acquaintance will be at an end : for it is that which I ſhall next inſiſt upon, and to which you can have no objection."

She replied, " I had rather it ſhould continue."

" On what account ?" cried Dorriforth.

" Becauſe it entertains me."

" For ſhame, for ſhame !" returned he; " it endangers your character and your happineſs. — Yet again, do not ſuffer me to interfere, if the breaking

with Lord Frederick can militate againſt your felicity."

"By no means," ſhe anſwered; Lord Frederick makes part of my amuſement, but could never conſtitute my felicity."

"Miſs Woodley," ſaid Dorriforth, "do you comprehend your friend in the ſame literal and unequivocal ſenſe that I do?"

"Certainly I do, Sir."

"And pray, Miſs Woodley," ſaid he, "were thoſe the ſentiments which you have always entertained?"

Miſs Woodley heſitated — he continued. "Or has this converſation altered them?"

She heſitated again, then anſwered — "This converſation has altered them."

"And

"And yet you confide in it!" cried Sandford, looking at her with contempt.

"Certainly I do," replied Miſs Woodley.

"Do not you then, Mr. Sandford?" aſked Dorriforth.

"I would adviſe you to act as if I did," replied Sandford.

"Then, Miſs Milner," ſaid Dorriforth, "you ſee Lord Frederick no more—and I hope I have your permiſſion to apprize him of this arrangement.

"You have, Sir," ſhe replied with a completely unembarraſſed countenance and voice.

Her friend looked at her as if to diſcover ſome lurking wiſh, adverſe to all theſe proteſtations, but ſhe could not diſcern one.—Sandford too fixed his penetrating eyes upon her, as if he would

would look through her ſoul, but finding it perfectly compoſed, he cried out,

"Why then not write his diſmiſſion herſelf, and ſave you, Mr. Dorriforth, the trouble of any farther conteſt with him?"

"Indeed, Miſs Milner," ſaid Dorriforth, "that would oblige me; for it is with great reluctance that I meet him upon this ſubject—he was extremely impatient and importunate when he was laſt with me—he took advantage of my eccleſiaſtical ſituation to treat me with a levity and ill breeding, that I could ill have ſuffered upon any other conſideration than a compliance with my duty."

"Dictate what you pleaſe, Mr. Dorriforth, and I will write it," ſaid ſhe, with a warmth like the moſt unaffected inclination.—"And while you, Sir," ſhe continued, "are ſo indulgent as not

to

to diſtreſs me with the importunities of any gentleman to whom I am averſe, I think myſelf equally bound to rid you of the impertinence of every one to whom you may have objection."

"But," anſwered he, "be aſſured I have no material objection to my Lord Frederick, except from that dilemma, in which your acquaintance with him has involved us all; and I ſhould conceive the ſame againſt any other man, where the ſame circumſtance occurred.—As you have now, however, freely and politely conſented to the manner in which it has been propoſed that you ſhall break with him, I will not trouble you a moment longer upon a ſubject on which I have ſo frequently explained my wiſhes, but conclude it by aſſuring you, that your ready acquieſcence has given me the ſincereſt ſatisfaction."

"I hope, Mr. Sandford," ſaid ſhe, turning to him with a ſmile, "I have given *you* ſatisfaction likewiſe?"

Sandford could not ſay yes, and was aſhamed to ſay no; he, therefore, made no anſwer except by his looks, which were full of ſuſpicion. She, notwithſtanding, made him a very low courteſy. —Her guardian then handed her out of the apartment into her coach, which was waiting to take her, Miſs Woodley, and himſelf, home.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XIII.

NOtwithſtanding the ſeeming readineſs with which Miſs Milner had reſigned all farther acquaintance with Lord Frederick, during the ſhort ride home ſhe appeared to have loſt great part of her wonted ſpirits; ſhe was thoughtful, and once ſighed heavily. Dorriforth began to fear that ſhe had not only made a ſacrifice of her affections, but of her veracity; yet, why ſhe had done ſo, he could not comprehend.

As the carriage moved ſlowly through a lane between Elmwood Caſtle and her own houſe, on caſting her eyes out of the window, Miſs Milner's countenance was

brightened in an inſtant, and that inſtant Lord Frederick, on horſe-back, was at the coach door, and the coachman ſtopt.

"Oh, Miſs Milner," cried he, (with a voice and manner that could give little ſuſpicion of the truth of what he ſaid) "I am overjoyed at the happineſs of ſeeing you, even though it is but an accidental meeting."

She was evidently glad to ſee him; but the earneſtneſs with which he ſpoke, put her upon her guard not to expreſs the like, and ſhe ſaid, in a cool conſtrained manner, ſhe "Was glad to ſee his Lordſhip."

The reſerve with which ſhe ſpoke, gave Lord Frederick immediate ſuſpicion who was in the coach with her, and turning his head quickly, he met the

the ſtern eye of Dorriforth; upon which, without the ſmalleſt ſalutation, he turned from him again abruptly and rudely. Miſs Milner was confuſed, and Miſs Woodley in torture, at this palpable affront, to which Dorriforth alone appeared indifferent.

"Go on," ſaid Miſs Milner to the footman, "deſire the coachman to drive on."

"No," cried Lord Frederick, "not till you have told me when I ſhall ſee you again."

"I will write you word, my Lord," replied ſhe, ſomething alarmed. "You ſhall have a letter immediately after I get home."

As if he gueſſed what its contents were to be, he cried out with warmth, "Take care, then, Madam, how you treat me in that letter—and you, Mr. Dorriforth,"

turning to him, "do you take care what it contains; for if it is dictated by you, to you I ſhall ſend the anſwer."

Dorriforth, without making any reply, or caſting a look at him, put his head out of the window on the oppoſite ſide, and called, in a very angry tone, to the coachman, "How dare you not drive on, when your Lady orders you?"

The ſound of Dorriforth's voice in anger, was to the ſervants ſo unuſual, that it acted like electricity upon the man, and he drove on at the inſtant with ſuch rapidity, that Lord Frederick was in a moment left many yards behind. As ſoon, however, as he recovered from the ſurpriſe into which this ſudden command had thrown him, he rode with ſpeed after the carriage, and followed it, till it arrived at the door of Miſs Milner's houſe; there, giving himſelf up to the rage of

love,

love, or to rage againſt Dorriſorth for the contempt he had ſhewn to him, he leapt from his horſe when Miſs Milner ſtept from her carriage, and ſeizing her hand, entreated her "Not to deſert him, in compliance with the injunctions of monkiſh hypocriſy."

Dorriforth heard this, ſtanding ſilently by, with a manly ſcorn painted upon his countenance.

Miſs Milner ſtruggled to looſe her hand, ſaying, "Excuſe me from replying to you now, my Lord."

In return, he lifted her hand eagerly to his lips, and began to devour it with kiſſes; when Dorriforth, with an inſtantaneous impulſe, ruſhed forward, and ſtruck him a violent blow in the face.—Under the force of this aſſault, and the aſtoniſhment it excited, Lord Frederick ſtaggered, and letting

fall the hand of Miſs Milner, her guardian immediately laid hold of it, and led her into the houſe.

She was terrified beyond deſcription; and with extreme difficulty Mr. Dorriforth conveyed her to her own chamber, without taking her in his arms. When, by the aſſiſtance of her maid, he had placed her upon a ſopha—all ſhame and confuſion for what he had done, he fell upon his knees before her, and earneſtly "Entreated her forgiveneſs for the indelicacy he had been guilty of in her preſence."—And that he had alarmed her, and had forgot the reſpect which he thought ſacredly her due, ſeemed the only circumſtance which then dwelt upon his thoughts.

She felt the indecorum of the poſture he had condeſcended to take, and was ſhocked.—To ſee her guardian at her feet, ſtruck her with a ſenſe of impropriety, as if ſhe had ſeen a parent there.—All agitation and emotion, ſhe implored him to riſe, and, with a thouſand proteſtations, declared, "That ſhe thought the raſhneſs of the action was the higheſt proof of his regard for her."

Miſs Woodley now entered; her care being ever employed upon the unfortunate, Lord Frederick had been the object of it: ſhe had waited by his ſide, and, with every good purpoſe, had preached patience to him, while he was ſmarting under the pain, but more under the ſhame, of his chaſtiſement.—At firſt, his fury threatened a retort upon the ſervants around him (and who refuſed

fuſed his entrance into the houſe) of the puniſhment he had received.—But, in the certainty of an *amende honorable*, which muſt hereafter be made, he overcame the many temptations which the moment offered, and re-mounting his horſe, rode away from the ſcene of his diſgrace.

No ſooner had Miſs Woodley entered the room, and Dorriforth had reſigned to her the care of his ward, than he flew to the ſpot where he had left Lord Frederick, negligent of what might be the event if he ſtill remained there.—After enquiring, and being told that he was gone, Dorriforth returned to his own apartment, and with a boſom torn by more excruciating ſenſations than thoſe which he had given to his adverſary.

The

The reflection that ſtruck him firſt with remorſe, as he ſhut the door upon himſelf, was this:—"I have departed from my character—from the ſacred character, and the dignity of my profeſſion and ſentiments—I have departed from myſelf.——I am no longer the philoſopher, but the ruffian—I have treated with an unpardonable inſult a young nobleman, whoſe only offence was love, and a fond deſire to inſinuate himſelf into the favour of his miſtreſs.—I muſt atone for this outrage in whatever manner he may chooſe; and the law of honour and of juſtice (though in this one inſtance contrary to the law of religion) enjoins, that if he demands my life in ſatisfaction for his wounded feelings, it is his due. Alas! that I could have laid it down this morning, unſul-

unſullied with a cauſe for which it will make but inadequate atonement.

His next reproach was—" I have offended, and filled with horror, a beautiful young woman, whom it was my duty to have protected from thoſe brutal manners, to which I myſelf have expoſed her."

Again—" I have drawn upon myſelf the juſt upbraidings of my faithful preceptor and friend; of the man in whoſe judgement it was my delight to be approved — above all, I have drawn upon myſelf the ſtings of my own conſcience."

" Where ſhall I paſs this ſleepleſs night?" cried he, walking repeatedly acroſs his chamber; " Can I go to the ladies? I am unworthy of their ſociety. —Shall I go and repoſe my diſturbed mind

mind on Sandford? I am aſhamed to tell him the cauſe of my uneaſineſs.—Shall I go to Lord Frederick, and humbling myſelf before him, beg his forgiveneſs? He would ſpurn me for a coward.—No"———(and he lifted up his eyes to Heaven) "Thou all great, all wiſe and omnipotent Being, Thou whom I have moſt offended, it is to Thee alone that I have recourſe in this hour of tribulation, and from Thee alone I ſolicit comfort.—And the confidence in which I now addreſs myſelf to Thee, encouraged by that long intercourſe which religion has effected, repays me amply in this one moment, for the many years of my paſt life, devoted with my beſt, though imperfect, efforts to thy ſervice."

CHAPTER XIV.

ALTHOUGH Miſs Milner had not foreſeen any fatal event reſulting from the indignity offered to Lord Frederick, yet ſhe paſſed a night very different from thoſe to which ſhe had been accuſtomed. No ſooner was ſhe falling into a ſleep, than a thouſand vague, but diſtreſſing, ideas darted acroſs her imagination.—Her heart would ſometimes whiſper to her when ſhe was half aſleep, "Lord Frederick is baniſhed from you for ever."—She ſhakes off the uneaſineſs this idea brings along with it—ſhe then ſtarts, and ſees the blow ſtill aimed at him by Dorriforth.—And no ſooner has ſhe driven away this painful image, than ſhe

ſhe is again awakened by ſeeing her guardian at her feet ſueing for pardon.—She ſighs, ſhe trembles, and is chilled with terror.

Relieved by tears, towards the morning ſhe ſinks into a ſlumber, but waking, finds the ſame images crowding all together upon her mind:—ſhe is doubtful to which to give the preference—one, however, ruſhes the foremoſt, and continues ſo.—She knows not the fatal conſequence of ruminating, nor why ſhe dwells upon that, more than upon all the reſt, but it will give place to none.

She riſes languid and diſordered, and at breakfaſt, adds freſh pain to Dorriforth by her altered appearance.

He had ſcarce left the room, when an officer waited upon him with a challenge from

from Lord Frederick. To the meſſage delivered by this gentleman, he replied,

" Sir, as a clergyman, more eſpecially in the church of Rome, I know not whether I am not exempt from anſwering a demand of this kind; but not having had forbearance to avoid an offence, I have no claim to an exemption that would only indemnify me from making reparation."

" You will then, Sir, meet Lord Frederick at the appointed hour?" ſaid the officer.

" I will, Sir; and my immediate care ſhall be to find a gentleman who will accompany me."

The officer withdrew, and when Dorriforth was again alone, he was going once more to reflect, but he durſt not.—Since

yeſterday, reflection, for the firſt time, was become painful to him; and even as he rode the ſhort way to Lord Elmwood's immediately after, he found his own thoughts were ſo inſufferable, that he was obliged to enter into converſation with his ſervant. Solitude, that formerly charmed him, would, at thoſe moments, have been worſe than death.

At Lord Elmwood's, he met Sandford in the hall, and the ſight of him was no longer welcome—he knew how different the principles which he had juſt adopted were to thoſe of that reverend friend, and without his complaining, or even ſuſpecting what had happened, his preſence was a ſufficient reproach. — He paſſed him as haſtily as he could, and enquiring for Lord Elmwood, diſcloſed to him his errand. It was to

aſk him that he would be his ſecond;—the young Earl ſtarted, and wiſhed to conſult his tutor, but that, his kinſman ſtrictly forbade; and having urged his reaſons with arguments, which at leaſt *he* could not refute, he was at length prevailed upon to promiſe that he would accompany him to the field, which was at the diſtance only of a few miles, and the parties were to be there at ſeven on the ſame evening.

As ſoon as his buſineſs with Lord Elmwood was ſettled, Dorriforth returned home, to make preparations for the event which might enſue from this meeting.—He wrote letters to ſeveral of his friends, and one to his ward, in writing which, he could with difficulty preſerve the uſual firmneſs of his mind.

Sand-

Sandford going into Lord Elmwood's library ſoon after his relation had left him, expreſſed his ſurpriſe at finding that he was gone; upon which that nobleman, after anſwering a few queſtions, and giving a few ſignificant hints that he was entruſted with a ſecret, frankly confeſſed, what he had given his promiſe to conceal.

Sandford, as much as a holy man could be, was enraged at Dorriforth for the cauſe of the challenge, but was ſtill more enraged at his wickedneſs in accepting it.—He applauded his pupil's virtue in making the diſcovery, and congratulated himſelf that he ſhould be the inſtrument of ſaving not only his friend's life, but of preventing the ſcandal of his being engaged in a duel.

In the ardour of his deſigns, he went immediately to Miſs Milner's—entered that houſe which he had ſo long refuſed to enter, and at a time when he was upon aggravated bad terms with its owner.

He aſked for Dorriforth, went haſtily into his apartment, and poured upon him a torrent of rebukes.—Dorriforth bore all he ſaid with the patience of a devotee, but with the firmneſs of a man.—He owned his fault, but no eloquence could make him recall the promiſe he had given to repair the injury.—Unſhaken by the arguments, perſuaſions, and menaces of Sandford, he gave an additional proof of that inflexibility for which he had been diſtinguiſhed—and after a diſpute of two hours, they parted, neither of them the better for what either had advanced, but

but Dorriforth ſomething the worſe; his conſcience gave teſtimony to Sandford's opinion, "That he was bound by ties more ſacred than worldly honour." But while he owned, he would not yield to the duty.

Sandford left him, determined, however, that Lord Elmwood ſhould not be acceſſary in his guilt, and this he declared; upon which Dorriforth took the reſolution of ſeeking another ſecond.

In paſſing through the houſe on his return home, Sandford met, by accident, Mrs. Horton, Miſs Milner, and the other two ladies returning from a ſaunter in the garden.—Surpriſed at the ſight of Mr. Sandford in her houſe, Miſs Milner would not expreſs that ſurpriſe, but going up to him with all the friendly

benevolence which in general played about her heart, ſhe took hold of one of his hands, and preſſed it with a kindneſs which told him that he was welcome more forcibly, than if ſhe had made the moſt elaborate ſpeech to convince him of it.—He, however, ſeemed little touched with her behaviour, and as an excuſe for breaking his word, cried,

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I was brought hither in my anxiety to prevent murder."

"Murder!" exclaimed all the ladies.

"Yes," anſwered he, addreſſing himſelf to Miſs Fenton, "your betrothed huſband is a party concerned; he is going to be ſecond to Mr. Dorriforth, who means this very evening to be killed by my Lord Frederick, or to kill him,

him, in addition to the blow that he gave him laſt night."

Mrs. Horton exclaimed, "If Mr. Dorriforth dies, he dies a martyr."

Miſs Woodley cried with fervour, "Heaven forbid!"

Miſs Fenton cried, "Dear me!"

While Miſs Milner, without uttering one word, ſunk ſpeechleſs on the floor."

They lifted her up and brought her to the door which entered the garden. She ſoon recovered; for the tumult of her mind would not ſuffer her to remain inactive, and ſhe was rouzed, in ſpite of her weakneſs, to endeavour to ward off the impending diſaſter.—In vain, however, ſhe attempted to walk to her guardian's apartment—ſhe ſunk as before, and was taken to a ſettee, while

Miſs Woodley was diſpatched to bring him to her.

Informed of the cauſe of her indiſpoſition, he followed Miſs Woodley with a tender anxiety for her health, and with grief and confuſion that he had ſo careleſsly endangered it.– On his entering the room Sandford beheld the inquietude of his mind, and cried, "Here is your *Guardian*," with a cruel emphaſis on the word.

He was too much engaged by the ſufferings of his ward to reply to Sandford.—He placed himſelf on the ſettee by her, and with the utmoſt tenderneſs, reverence, and pity, entreated her not to be concerned at an accident in which he, and he alone, had been to blame; but which he had no doubt would be accommodated in the moſt amicable manner.

" I have one favour to require of you, Mr. Dorriforth," ſaid ſhe, " and that is, your promiſe, your ſolemn promiſe, which I know is ever ſacred, that you will not meet my Lord Frederick."

He heſitated.

" Oh, Madam," cried Sandford, " he is grown a libertine now, and I would not believe his word, if he were to give it you."

" Then, Sir," returned Dorriforth angrily, " you *may* believe my word, for I will keep that which I gave to *you*. —I will give Lord Frederick all the reſtitution in my power.—But my dear Miſs Milner, let not this alarm you; we may not find it convenient to meet this many a day; and moſt probably ſome fortunate explanation may prevent our meeting at all. If not, reckon but among

among the many duels that are fought, how few are fatal; and even in that caſe, how ſmall would be the loſs to ſociety, if——"— He was proceeding.

"I ſhould ever deplore the loſs!" cried Miſs Milner; "In ſuch a caſe I could not ſurvive the death of either."

"For my part," he replied, "I look upon my life as much forfeited to my Lord Frederick, to whom I have given a high offence, as it might in other inſtances have been forfeited to the offended laws of the land. Honour, is the law of the polite part of the land; we know it; and when we tranſgreſs againſt it knowingly, we juſtly incur our puniſhment.—However, Miſs Milner, this affair will not be ſettled immediately, and I have no doubt, but that all will be as you could wiſh.—Do you think I ſhould appear thus eaſy," added he with a ſmile,

ſmile, " if I were going to be ſhot at by my Lord Frederick;"

" Very well!" cried Sandford, with a look that evinced he was better informed.

" You will ſtay within then, all this day? ſaid Miſs Milner.

" I am engaged to dinner," he replied; " it is unlucky—I am ſorry for it—but I'll be at home early in the evening."

" Stained with human blood," cried Sandford, " or yourſelf a corpſe."

The ladies lifted up their hands!—Miſs Milner roſe from her ſeat, and threw herſelf at her guardian's feet.

" You knelt to me laſt night, I now kneel to you," (ſhe cried) " kneel, never deſiring to riſe again, if you perſiſt in your intention.—I am weak, I am volatile, I am indiſcreet, but I have a heart

heart from which ſome impreſſions can never,—oh! never, be eraſed.

He endeavoured to raiſe her, ſhe perſiſted to kneel—and here the affright, the terror, the anguiſh, ſhe endured, diſcovered to her her own ſentiments—which, till that moment, ſhe had doubted—and ſhe continued,

"I no longer pretend to conceal my paſſion—I love Lord Frederick Lawnly."

Her guardian ſtarted.

"Yes, to my ſhame I love him:" (cried ſhe, all emotion) "I meant to have ſtruggled with the weakneſs, becauſe I ſuppoſed it would be diſpleaſing to you—but apprehenſion for his ſafety has taken away every power of reſtraint, and I beſeech you to ſpare his life."

"This

"This is exactly what I thought," cried Sandford, with an air of triumph.

"Good heaven!" cried Miſs Woodley.

"But it is very natural," ſaid Mrs. Horton.

"I own," ſaid Dorriforth, (ſtruck with amaze, and now taking her from his feet with a force that ſhe could not reſiſt) "I own, Miſs Milner, I am greatly affected and wounded at this contradiction in your character."——

"But did not I ſay ſo?" cried Sandford, interrupting him.

"However," continued he, "you may take my word, though you have deceived me in your's, that Lord Frederick's life is ſecure.—For your ſake, I would not endanger it for the univerſe.—

verſe. — But let this be a warning to you"———

He was proceeding with the moſt auſtere looks, and pointed language, when obſerving the ſhame, and the ſelf reproach that agitated her mind, he diveſted himſelf in great meaſure of his reſentment, and ſaid, mildly,

" Let this be a warning to you, how you deal in future with the friends who wiſh you well.—You have hurried me into a miſtake that might have coſt me my life, or the life of the man you love; and thus expoſed *you* to miſery, more bitter than death."

" I am not worthy of your friendſhip, Mr. Dorriforth," ſaid ſhe, ſobbing with grief, " and from this moment forſake me."

" No, Madam, not in the moment you

you firſt diſcover to me, how I can make you happy."

The converſation appearing now to become of a nature in which the reſt of the company could have no ſhare whatever, they were all, except Mr. Sandford, retiring; when Miſs Milner called Miſs Woodley back, ſaying, "Stay you with me; I was never ſo unfit to be left without your friendſhip."

"Perhaps at preſent you can diſpenſe with mine?" ſaid Dorriforth. She made no anſwer. He then, once more aſſured her Lord Frederick's life was ſafe, and was quitting the room — but when he recollected in what humiliation he had left her, turning towards her as he opened the door, he added,

"And be aſſured, Madam, that my

eſteem for you, ſhall be the ſame as ever."

Sandford, as he followed, bowed, and repeated the ſame words—" And, Madam, be aſſured that *my* eſteem for you, ſhall be *the ſame as ever*."

CHAPTER XV.

THIS taunting reproof from Sandford made little impreſſion upon Miſs Milner, whoſe thoughts were all fixed on a ſubject of much more importance than the opinion which he entertained of her. — She threw her arms about her friend the moment they were left alone, and aſked, with anxiety, "What ſhe thought of her behaviour?" Miſs Woodley, who could not approve of the duplicity ſhe had betrayed, ſtill wiſhed to reconcile her as much as poſſible to her own conduct, and replied, ſhe "Highly commended the frankneſs with which ſhe had, at laſt, acknowledged her ſentiments."

"Frankneſs!" cried Miſs Milner, ſtarting. "Frankneſs, my dear Miſs Woodley!—What you have juſt now heard me ſay, is all a falſehood."

"How, Miſs Milner!"

"Oh, Miſs Woodley," returned ſhe, ſobbing upon her boſom, "pity the agonies of my heart, my heart, by nature ſincere, when ſuch are the fatal propenſities it cheriſhes, that I muſt ſubmit to the groſſeſt falſehoods rather than reveal the truth."

"What can you mean?" cried Miſs Woodley, with the ſtrongeſt amazement in her face.

"Do you ſuppoſe I love Lord Frederick?" Do you ſuppoſe I *can* love him?—Oh fly, and prevent my guardian from telling him ſuch an untruth."

"What can you mean?" repeated Miſs Woodley; "I proteſt you terrify

me."—For this inconſiſtency in the behaviour of Miſs Milner, appeared as if her ſenſes had been deranged.

" Fly," ſhe reſumed, " and prevent the inevitable ill conſequence which will enſue, if Lord Frederick ſhould be told this falſehood.—It will involve us all in greater diſquiet than we ſuffer at preſent."

" Then what has influenced you, my dear Miſs Milner?"

" That which impels all my actions —an unſurmountable inſtinct—a fatality, that will for ever render me the moſt miſerable of human beings; and yet you, even you, my dear Miſs Woodley, will not pity me."

Miſs Woodley preſſed her cloſely in her arms, and vowed, " That while ſhe was unhappy, from whatever cauſe, ſhe ſtill would pity her."

" Go to Mr. Dorriforth then, and prevent him from impoſing upon Lord Frederick."

" But that impoſition is the only means of preventing the duel," replied Miſs Woodley. " The moment I have told him that your affection was but counterfeited, he will no longer refuſe accepting the challenge."

" Then at all events I am undone," exclaimed Miſs Milner, " for the duel is horrible, even beyond every thing elſe."

" How ſo?" returned Miſs Woodley, " ſince you have declared you do not care for Lord Frederick?"

" But are you ſo blind," returned Miſs Milner with a degree of madneſs in her looks, " as to believe I do not care for Mr. Dorriforth? Oh! Miſs Woodley! I love him with all the paſſion

of

of a miſtreſs, and with all the tenderneſs of a wife.

Miſs Woodley at this ſentence ſat down—it was on a chair that was cloſe to her—her feet could not have taken her to any other.—She trembled—ſhe was white as aſhes, and deprived of ſpeech. Miſs Milner, taking her by the hand, ſaid,

"I know what you feel—I know what you think of me—and how much you hate and deſpiſe me.—But Heaven is witneſs to all my ſtruggles—nor would I, even to myſelf, acknowledge the ſhameleſs prepoſſeſſions, till forced by a ſenſe of his danger"——

"Silence." Cried Miſs Woodley, ſtruck with horror.

"And even now," reſumed Miſs Milner, "have I not concealed it from

all but you, by plunging myſelf into a new difficulty, from which I know not how I ſhall be extricated?—And can I entertain a hope? No, Miſs Woodley, nor ever will.—But ſuffer me to own my folly to you—to entreat your ſoothing friendſhip to free me from my weakneſs.—And, oh! give me your friendly advice, to deliver me from the difficulties which ſurround me."

Miſs Woodley was ſtill pale, and ſtill ſilent.

Education, is called ſecond nature; in the ſtrict (but not enlarged) education of Miſs Woodley, it was more powerful than the firſt—and the violation of oaths, perſons, or things conſecrated to Heaven, was, in her opinion, if not the moſt enormous, yet the moſt revolting in the catalogue of crimes.

Miſs

Miſs Milner had lived ſo long in a family who had imbibed thoſe opinions, that ſhe was convinced of their exiſtence; nay, her own reaſon told her that ſolemn vows of any kind, ought to be ſacred; and the more ſhe reſpected her guardian's underſtanding, the leſs did ſhe call in queſtion his religious tenets—in eſteeming him, ſhe eſteemed all his notions; and among the reſt, venerated even thoſe of his religion.—Yet that paſſion, which had unhappily taken poſſeſſion of her whole ſoul, would not have been inſpired, had there not ſubſiſted an early difference, in their ſyſtems of divine faith.—Had ſhe been early taught what were the ſacred functions of a Roman eccleſiaſtic, though all her eſteem, all her admiration, had been attracted by the qualities and accompliſhments of her guardian, yet educa-

tion would have given ſuch a prohibition to her love, that ſhe would have been precluded from it, as by that barrier which divides a ſiſter from a brother.

This, unfortunately, was not the caſe; and Miſs Milner loved Dorriforth without one conſcious check to tell her ſhe was wrong, except that which convinced her, that her love would be avoided by him with deteſtation, and with horror.

Miſs Woodley, ſomething recovered from her firſt ſurprife, and ſufferings—(for never did her ſuſceptible mind ſuffer ſo exquiſitely)—amidſt all her grief and abhorrence, felt that pity was ſtill predominant—and reconciled to the faults of Miſs Milner by her miſery, ſhe

once

once more looked at her with friendſhip, and aſked, "What ſhe could do to render her leſs unhappy?"

"Make me forget," replied Miſs Milner, "every moment of my paſt life ſince I firſt ſaw you—that moment was teeming with a weight of cares, under which I muſt labour till my death."

"And even in death," replied Miſs Woodley, "do not hope to ſhake them off.—If unrepented in this world"——

She was proceeding—but the anxiety her friend endured, would not ſuffer her to be free from the apprehenſion, that (notwithſtanding the poſitive aſſurance of her guardian) if he and Lord Frederick ſhould meet, the duel might ſtill take place; ſhe therefore rang the bell and enquired if Mr. Dorriforth was ſtill at home?—the anſwer was—"He had rode

rode out."—You remember ſaid Miſs Woodley, " he told you he ſhould dine from home."—This did not, however, diſmiſs her fears, and ſhe diſpatched two ſervants different ways in purſuit of him, acquainting them with her ſuſpicions, and charging them to prevent the duel. Sandford had alſo taken his precautions; but though he knew the time, he did not know the exact place of their appointment, for that Lord Elmwood had forgot to enquire.

The exceſſive alarm which Miſs Mil-Milner diſcovered upon this occaſion, was imputed by the ſervants, and by others who were witneſſes of it, to her affection for Lord Frederick; while none but Miſs Woodley knew, or had the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion of the real cauſe.

Mrs.

Mrs. Horton and Miſs Fenton, who were ſitting together expatiating on the duplicity of their own ſex in the inſtance juſt before them, had, notwithſtanding the intereſt of the diſcourſe, a longing deſire to break it off; for they were impatient to ſee this poor frail being whom they were loading with their *innocent* (as it was among friends) calumny. They longed to ſee if ſhe would have the confidence to look them in the face: them, to whom ſhe had ſo often proteſted, that ſhe had not the ſmalleſt attachment to Lord Frederick, but from motives of vanity.

Theſe ladies heard with infinite ſatisfaction that dinner had been ſerved, but met Miſs Milner at the table with a leſs degree of pleaſure than they had expected; for her mind was ſo totally abſtracted

ſtracted from them, that they could not diſcern a ſingle bluſh, or confuſed glance, which their preſence occaſioned. No, ſhe had before them divulged nothing of which ſhe was aſhamed; ſhe was only aſhamed that what ſhe had ſaid was not true. In the boſom of Miſs Woodley alone was that ſecret entruſted which could call a bluſh into her face, and before her, ſhe *did* feel confuſion—before the gentle friend, to whom ſhe had till this time communicated all her faults without embarraſſment, ſhe now caſt down her eyes in ſhame.

Soon after the dinner was removed, Lord Elmwood entered; and that gallant young nobleman declared—"Mr. Sandford had uſed him ill, in not permitting him to accompany his relation; for he feared that Mr. Dorriforth would

would now throw himſelf upon the ſword of Lord Frederick, without a ſingle friend near to defend him."—A rebuke from the eye of Miſs Woodley, which, from this day forward, had a command over Miſs Milner, reſtrained her from expreſſing the affright ſhe ſuffered from this intimation.—Miſs Fenton replied, "As to that, my Lord, I ſee no reaſon why Mr. Dorriforth and Lord Frederick ſhould not now be friends."—"Certainly," ſaid Mrs. Horton; "for as ſoon as my Lord Frederick is made acquainted with Miſs Milner's confeſſion, all differences muſt be reconciled."—"What confeſſion?" aſked Lord Elmwood.

Miſs Milner, to avoid hearing a repetition of that which gave her pain even to recollect, roſe in order to retire into her own apartment, but was obliged

to

to ſit down again, till ſhe received the aſſiſtance of her friend and Lord Elmwood, who led her into her dreſſing room. She reclined upon a ſopha there, and though left alone with her friend, a ſilence followed of half an hour; nor when the converſation began, was the name of Dorriforth once uttered—they were grown cool and conſiderate ſince the diſcovery, and both were equally fearful of naming him.

The vanity of the world, the folly of riches, the charms of retirement, and ſuch topics engaged their diſcourſe, (but not their thoughts) for near two hours; and the firſt time the word Dorriforth was ſpoken, was by a ſervant, who with alacrity opened the dreſſing room door, without previouſly rapping, and cried, "Mr. Dorriforth, Madam."

Dorri-

Dorriforth immediately came in, and went eagerly to Miſs Milner.—Miſs Woodley beheld the glow of joy and of guilt upon her face, and did not riſe to give him her ſeat, as was her cuſtom, if ſhe was ſitting by his ward when he came with intelligence to her.—He therefore ſtood while he repeated all that happened in his interview with Lord Frederick.

But with her gladneſs to ſee her guardian ſafe, ſhe had forgot to enquire of the ſafety of Lord Frederick; of the man whom ſhe had pretended to love ſo paſſionately—even ſmiles of rapture were upon her face, though Dorriforth might be returned from putting him to death. This incongruity of behaviour Miſs Woodley obſerved, and was confounded

—but

—but Dorriforth, in whoſe thoughts a ſuſpicion either of her love for him, or indifference for Lord Frederick, had no place, eaſily reconciled this inconſiſtency, and ſaid,

"You ſee by my countenance that all is well, and therefore you ſmile on me before I tell you what has paſſed."

This brought her to the recollection of her conduct, and now with looks ill conſtrained, ſhe attempted the expreſſion of an alarm ſhe did not feel."

"Nay, I aſſure you Lord Frederick is ſafe," he reſumed, "and the diſgrace of his blow waſhed entirely away, by a few drops of blood from his arm." And he laid his hand upon his left arm, which reſted in his waiſtcoat as a kind of ſling.

She caſt her eyes there, and ſeeing

where the ball had entered the coat ſleeve, ſhe gave an involuntary ſcream, and ſunk upon the ſopha. Inſtead of that affectionate ſympathy which Miſs Woodley uſed to exert upon her ſlighteſt illneſs or affliction, ſhe now addreſſed her in a ſharp tone, and ſaid, "Miſs Milner, you have heard Lord Frederick is ſafe, you have therefore nothing to alarm you."—Nor did ſhe run to offer a ſmelling bottle, or to raiſe her head. Her guardian ſeeing her near fainting, and without any aſſiſtance from her friend, was going himſelf to give it; but on this, Miſs Woodley interfered, and having taken her head upon her arm, aſſured him, "It was a weakneſs to which Miſs Milner was accuſtomed: that ſhe would ring for her maid, who knew how to relieve her inſtantly with a few drops."—Satisfied with this, Dorriforth

left the room; and a ſurgeon being come to examine his wound, he retired into his own chamber.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XVI.

THE power delegated by the confidential to the keeper of their ſecrets, Miſs Woodley was the laſt perſon on earth to abuſe—but ſhe was alſo the laſt, who, by an accommodating complacency, would participate in the guilt of her friend—and there was no guilt, except that of murder, which ſhe thought equal to the crime in queſtion, if it was ever perpetrated.—Adultery, reaſon would perhaps have informed her, was a more pernicious evil to ſociety; but to a religious mind, what found is ſo horrible as *ſacrilege?* Of vows made to God or to man, the former muſt weigh the heavieſt.—Moreover, the ſin of infidelity

in the married ſtate, is not a little ſoftened to common underſtandings, by the frequency of that crime; whereas, of religious vows broken by a devotee ſhe had never heard; unleſs where the offence had been followed by ſuch examples of divine vengeance, ſuch miraculous puniſhments in this world, (as well as eternal puniſhment in the other) as ſerved to exaggerate the wickedneſs.

She, who could, and who did pardon Miſs Milner, was the perſon who ſaw her paſſion in the ſevereſt light, and reſolved upon every method, however harſh, to root it from her heart — nor did ſhe fear ſucceſs, reſting on the certain aſſurance, that however deep her love might be fixed, it would never be returned. Yet this confidence did not prevent her taking every precaution, leſt

Dorri-

Dorriforth ſhould come to the knowledge of it.—She would not have his compoſed mind diſturbed with ſuch a thought—his ſteadfaſt principles ſo much as ſhaken by the imagination—nor overwhelm him with thoſe ſelf-reproaches which his fatal attraction, unpremeditated as it was, would ſtill have drawn upon him.

With this plan of concealment, in which the natural modeſty of Miſs Milner acquieſced, there was but one effort for which ſhe was not prepared; and that was, an entire ſeparation from her guardian.—She had, from the firſt, cheriſhed her paſſion without the moſt remote proſpect of a return—ſhe was prepared to ſee Dorriforth, without ever ſeeing him nearer to her than as her guar-

dian and friend; but not to ſee him at all—for *that*, ſhe was not prepared.

But Miſs Woodley reflected upon the inevitable neceſſity of this meaſure before ſhe made her propoſal, and then made it with a firmneſs, that might have done honour to the inflexibility of Dorriforth himſelf.

During the few days that intervened between her open confeſſion of a paſſion for Lord Frederick and this propoſal, the moſt intricate incoherence appeared in the character of Miſs Milner—and in order to evade a marriage with him, and conceal, at the ſame time, the ſhameful propenſity which lurked in her breaſt, ſhe was once even on the point of declaring a paſſion for Sir Edward Aſhton.

In

In the duel which had taken place between Lord Frederick and Dorriforth, the latter had received the fire of his antagoniſt, but poſitively refuſed to return it; by which he had kept his promiſe not to endanger his Lordſhip's life, and had reconci'ed Sandford, in great meaſure, to his behaviour — and Sandford now (his reaſolution once broken) no longer refuſed entering Miſs Milner's houſe, but came whenever it was convenient, though he yet avoided the miſtreſs of it as much as poſſible; or ſhowed by every word and look, when ſhe was preſent, that ſhe was ſtill leſs in his favour than ſhe had ever been.

He viſited Dorriforth on the evening of his engagement with Lord Frederick, and the next morning breakfaſted with him in his own chamber; nor did Miſs Milner ſee her guardian ſince his

firſt return from that engagement before the following noon. She enquired, however, of the ſervant how his maſter did, and was rejoiced to hear that his wound was but ſlight—yet this enquiry ſhe durſt not make before Miſs Woodley.

When Dorriforth made his appearance the next day, it was evident that he had thrown from his heart a load of cares; and though they had left a languor upon his face, content was in his voice, in his manners, in every word and action.—Far from ſeeming to retain any reſentment againſt his ward, for the danger into which her imprudence had led him, he appeared rather to pity her weakneſs, and to wiſh to ſooth the perturbation which the recollection of her own conduct had evidently raiſed in her mind. — His endeavours were ſucceſſful —

ful — ſhe was ſoothed every time he ſpoke to her; and had not the watchful eye of Miſs Woodley ſtood guard over her inclinations, ſhe had plainly diſcovered, that ſhe was enraptured with the joy of ſeeing him again himſelf, after the danger to which he had been expoſed.

Theſe emotions, which ſhe laboured to ſubdue, paſſed, however, the bounds of her ineffectual reſiſtance; when at the time of retiring after dinner, he ſaid to her in a low voice, but ſuch as it was meant the company ſhould hear, "Do me the favour, Miſs Milner, to call at my ſtudy ſome time in the evening; I have to ſpeak with you upon buſineſs."

She anſwered "I will, Sir." And her eyes ſwam with delight, in expectation of the interview.

Let

Let not the reader, nevertheleſs, imagine, there was in that ardent expectation, one idea which the moſt ſpotleſs mind, in love, might not have indulged without reproach. — Sincere love, (at leaſt among the delicate of the female ſex) is often gratified by that degree of enjoyment, or rather forbearance, which would be torture in the purſuit of any other paſſion.—Real, delicate, and reſtrained love, ſuch as Miſs Milner's, was indulged in the ſight of the object only; and having bounded her wiſhes by her hopes, the height of her happineſs was limited to a converſation, in which no other but themſelves took a part.

Miſs Woodley was one of thoſe who heard the appointment, but the only one who conceived with what ſenſation it was received.

While

While the ladies remained in the ſame room with Dorriforth, Miſs Milner thought of little, except of him.—As ſoon as they withdrew into another apartment, ſhe remembered Miſs Woodley; and turning her head ſuddenly, ſaw her friend's face imprinted with ſuſpicion and diſpleaſure:—this at firſt was painful to her—but recollecting that in a couple of hours ſhe was to meet her guardian alone—to ſpeak to him, and hear him ſpeak to her only—every other thought was abſorbed in that one, and ſhe conſidered with indifference, the uneaſineſs, or the anger of her friend.

Miſs Milner, to do juſtice to her heart, did not wiſh to beguile Dorriforth into the ſnares of love.—Could any ſupernatural power have endowed her with the means, and at the ſame time have ſhewn to her the ills that muſt ariſe from ſuch

ſuch an effect of her charms, ſhe had aſſuredly virtue enough to have declined the conqueſt; but without enquiring what ſhe propoſed, ſhe never ſaw him, without previouſly endeavouring to look more attractive, than ſhe would have deſired, before any other perſon. — And now, without liſtening to the thouſand exhortations that ſpoke in every feature of Miſs Woodley's countenance, ſhe flew to a looking-glaſs, to adjuſt her dreſs in a manner that ſhe thought moſt enchanting.

Time ſtole away, and the time of going to her guardian arrived. In his preſence, unſupported by the preſence of any other, every grace that ſhe had practiſed, every look that ſhe had borrowed to ſet off her charms, were annihilated; and ſhe became a native beauty, with

with the artleſs arguments of reaſon, only for her aid.—Awed thus by his power, from every thing but what ſhe really was, ſhe never was perhaps half ſo bewitching, as in thoſe timid, reſpectful, and embarraſſed moments, ſhe paſſed alone with him.—He caught at thoſe times her reſpect, her diffidence, nay, even her embarraſſment; and never would one word of anger paſs on either ſide.

On the preſent occaſion, he firſt expreſſed the high ſatisfaction that ſhe had given him, by at length revealing to him the real ſtate of her mind.

" And when I take every thing into conſideration, Miſs Milner," added he, " I rejoice that your ſentiments happen to be ſuch as you have owned.—For, although my Lord Frederick is not the very

very man I could have wiſhed for your perfect happineſs, yet, in the ſtate of human perfection and human happineſs, you might have fixed your affections with perhaps leſs propriety; and ſtill, where my unwillingneſs to thwart your inclinations might not have permitted me to contend with them."

Not a word of reply did this demand; or if it had, not a word could ſhe have given.

"And now, Madam, the reaſon of my deſire to ſpeak with you—is, to know from yourſelf, the means you think moſt proper to purſue, in order to acquaint Lord Frederick, that notwithſtanding this late repulſe, there are hopes of your partiality in his favour."

"Defer the explanation," ſhe replied eagerly.

"I beg

"I beg your pardon—it cannot be.—Beſides, how can you indulge a diſpoſition thus unpitying?—Even ſo ardently did I deſire to render the man who loves you happy, that though he came armed againſt my life, had I not reflected, that previous to our engagement it would appear like fear, and the means of bartering for his forgiveneſs, I ſhould have revealed your ſentiments the moment I had ſeen him. When the engagement was over, I was too impatient to acquaint you with his ſafety, to think then on gratifying him.—And indeed, the delicacy of the declaration, after the many denials you have no doubt given him, ſhould be conſidered.—I therefore entreat your approbation of the manner in which it ſhall be made."

"Mr. Dorriforth, can you allow nothing to the moments of ſurprize, and

that pity, which the fate impending inſpired? And which might urge me to expreſs myſelf of Lord Frederick, in a manner my cooler thoughts will not warrant?"

"There was nothing in your expreſſions, my dear Miſs Milner, the leaſt equivocal—if you were off your guard when you pleaded for Lord Frederick, as I believe you were, you ſaid more ſincerely what you thought; and no diſcreet, or rather indiſcreet, attempts to retract, can make me change my opinion."

"I am very ſorry," ſhe replied, confuſed and trembling.

"Why ſorry?—Come, give me commiſſion to reveal your ſentiments.—I'll not be too hard upon you—a hint from me will do.—Hope is ever apt to interpret the ſlighteſt words to its own

uſe

ıſe, and a lover's hope is beyond all others, ſanguine."

"I never gave Lord Frederick hope."

"But you never plunged him into deſpair."

"His purſuit intimates that I never have, but he has no other proof."

"However light and frivolous you have been upon frivolous ſubjects, yet I muſt own, Miſs Milner, that I did expect when a caſe of this importance came ſeriouſly before you, you would have diſcovered a proper ſtability in your behaviour."

"I do, Sir; and it was only when I was affected with a weakneſs, which aroſe from accident, that I have betrayed inconſiſtency."

"You then aſſert again, that you have no affection for my Lord Frederick?

"Not enough to become his wife."

"You are alarmed at marriage, and I do not wonder you ſhould be ſo; it ſhews a prudent foreſight which does you honour—but, my dear, are there no dangers in a ſingle ſtate?—If I may judge, Miſs Milner, there are many more to a young lady of your accompliſhments, than if you were under the protection of a huſband."

"My father, Mr. Dorriforth, thought your protection ſufficient."

"But that protection was rather to direct your choice, than to be the cauſe of your not chooſing at all.—Give me leave to point out an obſervation which, perhaps, I have too frequently made before, but upon this occaſion I muſt intrude it once again. Miſs Fenton is its object—her fortune is inferior to your's, her perſonal attractions are leſs"——

Here the powerful glow of joy, and

of

of gratitude, for an opinion ſo negligently, and yet ſo ſincerely expreſſed, flew to Miſs Milner's face, neck, and even to her hands and fingers; the blood mounted to every part of her ſkin that was viſible, for not a fibre but felt the ſecret tranſport, that Dorriforth thought her more beautiful than the beautiful Miſs Fenton.

If he obſerved her bluſhes, he was unſuſpicious of the cauſe, and went on.

"There is, beſides, in the temper of Miſs Fenton, a ſedateneſs that might with leſs hazard enſure *her* ſafety in an unmarried life; and yet ſhe very properly thinks it her duty, as ſhe does not mean to ſeclude herſelf by any vows to the contrary, to become a wife—and in obedience to the counſel of her friends, will be married within a very few weeks."

"Miſs Fenton may marry from obedience, I never will."

"You mean to ſay, that love ſhall alone induce you."

"I do."

"If you would point out a ſubject upon which I am the leaſt able to reaſon, and on which my ſentiments, ſuch as they are, are formed only from theory, (and even there, more cautioned than inſtructed) it is the ſubject of love.—And yet, even that little which I know, tells me, without a doubt, that what you ſaid yeſterday, pleading for Lord Frederick's life, was the reſult of the moſt violent and tender love."

"The *little you know* then, Mr. Dorriforth, has deceived you; had you *known more*, you would have judged otherwiſe."

"I ſub-

"I ſubmit to the merit of your reply; but without allowing me a judge at all, I will appeal to thoſe who were preſent with me."

"Are Mrs. Horton and Mr. Sandford to be the connoiſſeurs?"

"No; I'll appeal to Miſs Fenton and Miſs Woodley."

"And yet, I believe," replied ſhe with a ſmile, "I believe theory muſt only be the judge even there."

"Then from all you have ſaid, Madam, on this occaſion, I am to conclude that you ſtill refuſe to marry Lord Frederick?"

"You are."

"And you ſubmit never to ſee him again?"

"I do."

"All you then ſaid to me, yeſterday, was falſe?"

" I was not miſtreſs of myſelf at the time."

" Therefore it was truth!—for ſhame, for ſhame!

At that moment the door opened, and Mr. Sandford walked in—he ſtarted back on ſeeing Miſs Milner, and was going away; but Dorriforth called to him to ſtay, and ſaid with warmth,

" Tell me, Mr. Sandford, by what power, by what perſuaſion, I can prevail upon Miſs Milner to confide in me as her friend; to lay her heart open, and credit mine when I declare to her, that I have no view in all the advice I give to her, but her immediate welfare."

" Mr. Dorriforth, you know my opinion of that lady," replied Sandford; " it has been formed ever ſince my firſt acquaintance with her, and it continues the ſame."

" But

"But inſtruct me how I am to inſpire her with confidence," returned Dorriforth; "how I am to impreſs her, with a ſenſe of that, which is for her advantage?"

"You can work no miracles," replied Sandford, "you are not holy enough."

"And yet my ward," anſwered Dorriforth, "appears to be acquainted with that myſtery; for what but the force of a miracle can induce her to contradict to-day, what before you, and ſeveral other witneſſes, ſhe poſitively acknowledged yeſterday?"

"Do you call that miraculous?" cried Sandford; "the miracle had been if ſhe had *not* done ſo—for did ſhe not yeſterday contradict what ſhe acknowledged the day before?—and will ſhe not to-morrow diſavow what ſhe ſays to-day?"

"I wiſh that ſhe may," replied Dorriforth mildly, for he ſaw the tears flowing down her face at the rough and ſevere manner in which Sandford had ſpoken, and began to feel for her uneaſineſs.

"I beg pardon," cried Sandford, "for ſpeaking ſo rudely to the miſtreſs of the houſe—I have no buſineſs here, I know; but where *you* are, Mr. Dorriforth, unleſs I am turned out, I ſhall always think it my duty to come."

Miſs Milner curtſied, as much as to ſay, he was welcome to come.—He continued,

"I was to blame, that upon a nice punctilio, I left you ſo long without my viſits, and without my counſel; in that time, you have run the hazard of being murdered, and what is worſe, of being excommunicated; for had you

been ſo raſh as to have returned your opponent's fire, not all my intereſt at Rome would have obtained remiſſion of the puniſhment."

"Miſs Milner, through all her tears, could not now reſtrain her laughter.——On which he reſumed;

"And here do I venture, like a miſſionary among ſavages — but if I can only ſave you from the ſcalping knives of them, from the miſeries which that lady is preparing for you, I am rewarded."

Sandford ſpoke this with great fervour, and the offence of her love never appeared in ſo tremendous a point of view to her, as when thus, unknowingly, alluded to by him.

"*The miſeries that lady is preparing for you,*" hung upon her ears like the notes of a raven, and ſounded equally ominous.—The words "*murder*" and "*excommunication*"

tion" he had likewiſe uttered; all the fatal effects of ſacrilegious love.—Frightful ſuperſtitions ſtruck her to the heart, and ſhe could ſcarcely prevent falling down under their oppreſſion.

Dorriforth beheld the difficulty ſhe had in ſuſtaining herſelf, and with the utmoſt tenderneſs went and ſupported her, ſaying, "I beg your pardon—I invited you hither with a far different intention than your uneaſineſs, and be aſſured———"

Sandford was beginning to ſpeak. "Hold, Mr. Sandford," reſumed he, "the lady is under my protection, and I know not whether it is not neceſſary that you ſhould apologize to her, and to me, for what you have already ſaid."

"You aſked my opinion, or I had not given it you—would you have me, like her, ſpeak what I do not think?"

"Say

" Say no more, Sir," cried Dorriforth—and leading her kindly to the door, as if to defend her from his malice, told her " He would take another opportunity of renewing the ſubject."

CHAP.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Dorriſorth was alone with Sandford, he explained to him what before he had only hinted; and this learned Jeſuit frankly confeſſed, "That the mind of woman was far above, or rather beneath, his comprehenſion." — It was ſo, indeed—for with all his penetration, and few even of that ſchool had more, he had not yet penetrated into the receſſes of Miſs Milner's heart.

Miſs Woodley, to whom ſhe repeated all that had paſſed between herſelf, her guardian, and Sandford, took this moment, in the agitation of her ſpirits, to alarm them ſtill more by her prophetic inſinuations; and at length repreſented to her here, for the firſt time, the neceſ-

ſity,

ſity, " That Mr. Dorriforth and ſhe no longer ſhould remain under the ſame roof." This was like the ſtroke of ſudden death to Miſs Milner, and clinging to life, ſhe endeavoured to avert the blow by prayers, and by promiſes.—Her friend loved her too ſincerely, however, to be prevailed upon.

" But in what manner can I accompliſh the ſeparation?" cried ſhe, " for till I marry we are obliged, by my father's requeſt, to live in the ſame houſe."

" Miſs Milner," anſwered Miſs Woodley, " much as I reſpect the will of a dying man, I regard yours and Mr. Dorriforth's preſent and eternal happineſs much more; and it is my reſolution that you *ſhall part*.—If *you* will not contrive the means, that duty falls on me, and without any invention, I ſee the meaſure at once."

" What

"What is it?" cried Miſs Milner eagerly.

I will reveal to Mr. Dorriforth, without heſitation, the real ſtate of your heart; which your preſent inconſiſtency of conduct will but too readily confirm."

"You would not plunge me into ſo much ſhame, into ſo much anguiſh!" cried ſhe, diſtractedly.

"No," replied Miſs Woodley, "not for the world, if you will ſeparate from him by any mode of your own—but that you *ſhall* ſeparate is my determination; and in ſpite of all your ſufferings, this ſhall be the expedient, unleſs you inſtantly agree to ſome other."

"Good Heaven, Miſs Woodley! is this your friendſhip?"

"Yes—and the trueſt friendſhip I have to beſtow.—Think what a taſk I undertake for your ſake and his, when

I condemn myſelf to explain to him your weakneſs. — What aſtoniſhment! what confuſion! what remorſe, do I foreſee painted upon his face! — I hear him call you by the harſheſt names, and behold him fly from your ſight for ever, as an object of his deteſtation."

"Oh ſpare the dreadful picture.—Fly from my ſight for ever! — Deteſt my name! Oh! my dear Miſs Woodley, let but his friendſhip for me ſtill remain, and I will conſent to any thing.—You may command me. — I will go away from him directly — but let us part in friendſhip — Oh! without the friendſhip of Mr. Dorriforth, life would be a heavy burthen indeed."

Miſs Woodley immediately began to contrive ſchemes for their ſeparation; and with all her invention alive on the ſubject, this was the only natural one that ſhe could form. Miſs

Miſs Milner, in a letter to her diſtant relation at Bath, was to complain of the melancholy of a country life, which ſhe was to ſay her guardian impoſed upon her, and entreat the lady to ſend a preſſing invitation that ſhe would paſs a month or two at her houſe; this invitation was to be laid before Dorriforth for his approbation, and the two ladies were to enforce it, by expreſſing their earneſt wiſhes for his conſent. This plan having been properly regulated, the neceſſary letter was ſent to Bath, and Miſs Woodley waited with patience, but with a watchful guard upon the conduct of her friend, till the anſwer ſhould arrive.

During this interim a tender and complaining epiſtle from Lord Frederick was delivered to Miſs Milner; to which as he received no anſwer, he prevailed upon his uncle, with whom he reſided,

to

to wait upon her, and obtain a verbal reply; for he ſtill flattered himſelf, that fear of her guardian's anger, or perhaps his interception of the letter which he had ſent, was the ſole cauſe of her apparent indifference.

The old gentleman was introduced both to Miſs Milner and to Mr. Dorriforth, but received from each an anſwer ſo explicit, that left his nephew no longer in doubt but that all farther purſuit was vain.

Sir Edward Aſhton about this time alſo ſubmitted to a formal diſmiſſion; and had the mortification to reflect, that he was beſtowing upon the object of his affections, the tendereſt proof of his regard, by abſenting himſelf entirely from her ſociety.

Upon this ſerious and certain concluſion to the hopes of Lord Frederick, Dorriforth was more aſtoniſhed than ever at the conduct of his ward.—He had once thought her behaviour in this reſpect was ambiguous, but ſince her confeſſion of a paſſion for that nobleman, he had no doubt but in the end ſhe would become his wife.—He lamented to find himſelf miſtaken, and thought it proper now to condemn her caprice, not merely in words, but in the general tenor of his behaviour. He conſequently became more reſerved, and more auſtere than he had been ſince his firſt acquaintance with her; for his manners, not from deſign, but imperceptibly to himſelf, had been ſoftened ſince he became her guardian, by that tender reſpect which he had uniformly paid to the object of his protection.

Notwith-

Notwithſtanding the ſeverity he now aſſumed, his ward, in the proſpect of parting from him, grew melancholy; Miſs Woodley's love to her friend rendered her little otherwiſe; and Dorriforth's peculiar gravity, frequently rigour, could not but make their whole party leſs cheerful than it had been. Lord Elmwood too, at this time was lying dangerouſly ill of a fever; Miſs Fenton of courſe was as much in ſorrow as her nature would permit her to be, and both Sandford and Dorriforth in extreme concern upon his Lordſhip's account.

In this poſture of affairs, the letter of invitation arrives from Lady Luneham at Bath; it was ſhewn to Dorriforth; and to prove to his ward that he is ſo much offended, as no longer to feel that exceſſive intereſt in her concerns which he

once felt, he gives an opinion on the ſubject with indifference — he deſires "Miſs Milner will do what ſhe herſelf thinks proper."—Miſs Woodley inſtantly accepts this permiſſion, writes back, and appoints the day upon which her friend means to ſet off for the viſit.

Miſs Milner is wounded at the heart by the cold and unkind manners of her guardian, but dares not take one method to retrieve his opinion.—Alone, or to her friend, ſhe ſighs and weeps: he diſcovers her ſorrow, and is doubtful whether the departure of Lord Frederick from that part of the country is not the cauſe.

When the time ſhe was to ſet out for Bath was only two days off, the behaviour of Dorriforth took, by degrees, its uſual form, if not a greater ſhare of polite

polite and tender attention than ever.—It was the firſt time he had parted from Miſs Milner ſince he became her guardian, and he felt upon the occaſion, a reluctance.— He had been angry with her, he had ſhewn her that he was, and he now began to wiſh that he had not.—She is not happy, (he conſidered within himſelf) every word and action declares ſhe is not; I may have been too ſevere, and added perhaps to her uneaſineſs.—" At leaſt we will part on good terms," ſaid he—" Indeed, my regard for her is ſuch, I cannot part otherwiſe."

She ſoon diſcerned his returning kindneſs, and it was a gentle tie that would have faſtened her to that ſpot for ever, but for the firm reſiſtance of Miſs Woodley.

" What will the abſence of a few months effect?" ſaid ſhe, pleading her cauſe; " At the end of a few months

at fartheſt, he will expect me back, and where then will be the merit of this ſeparation?"

"In that time," replied Miſs Woodley, "we may find ſome method to make it longer."—To this ſhe liſtened with a kind of deſpair, but uttered ſhe "Was reſigned," and prepared for her departure.

Dorriforth was all anxiety that every circumſtance of her journey ſhould be commodious; he was eager ſhe ſhould be happy; and he was eager ſhe ſhould ſee that he entirely forgave her.—He would have gone part of the way with her, but for the extreme illneſs of Lord Elmwood, in whoſe chamber he paſſed moſt of the day, and ſlept in Elmwood Houſe every night.

On

On the morning of her journey, when Dorriforth gave his hand and conducted Miſs Milner to the carriage, all the way he led her ſhe could not reſtrain her tears; which increaſed, as he parted from her, to convulſive ſobs.—He was affected by her grief; and though he had previouſly bid her farewell, he drew her gently on one ſide, and ſaid, with the tendereſt concern,

"My dear Miſs Milner, we part friends?—I hope we do?—On my ſide, depend upon it, that I regret nothing ſo much at our ſeparation, as having ever given you a moment's pain."

"I believe ſo," was all ſhe could ſay, for ſhe haſtened from him, leſt his diſcerning eye ſhould diſcover the cauſe of the weakneſs which thus overcame her.—But her apprehenſions were groundleſs; the rectitude of his own heart was

a bar to the ſuſpicion of hers—He once more kindly bade her adieu, and the carriage drove away.

Miſs Fenton and Miſs Woodley accompanied her part of the journey, about thirty miles, where they were met by Sir Harry and lady Luneham.—Here was a parting nearly as affecting as that between her and her guardian. Miſs Woodley, who for ſeveral weeks had treated her friend with a rigidneſs ſhe herſelf hardly ſuppoſed was in her nature, now bewailed her own ſeverity; implored her forgiveneſs, promiſing to correſpond with her punctually, and omit no opportunity of giving every conſolation ſhort of cheriſhing her fatal paſſion; but in that, and that only, was the heart of Miſs Milner to be conſoled.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.