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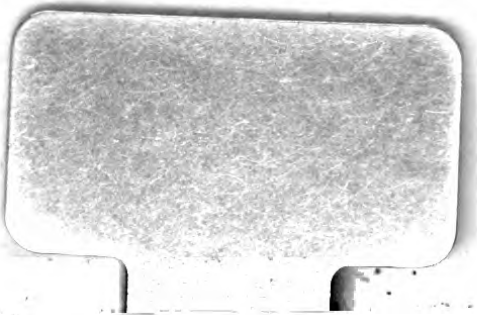
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The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, featuring large, irregular, dark greenish-blue spots or 'stones' set against a background of swirling, wavy lines in shades of red, brown, and tan. The overall effect is a complex, organic, and somewhat chaotic pattern. In the center of the cover, the text 'OXFORD UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH' is printed in a gold-tooled, serif font, arranged in four lines. The text is slightly raised and has a metallic sheen. The edges of the cover show signs of wear, particularly at the corners and along the spine area on the left, where the marbled paper has been rubbed away, revealing a dark, textured material underneath, likely leather or cloth. The spine itself is visible on the left side, showing a dark, pebbled texture.

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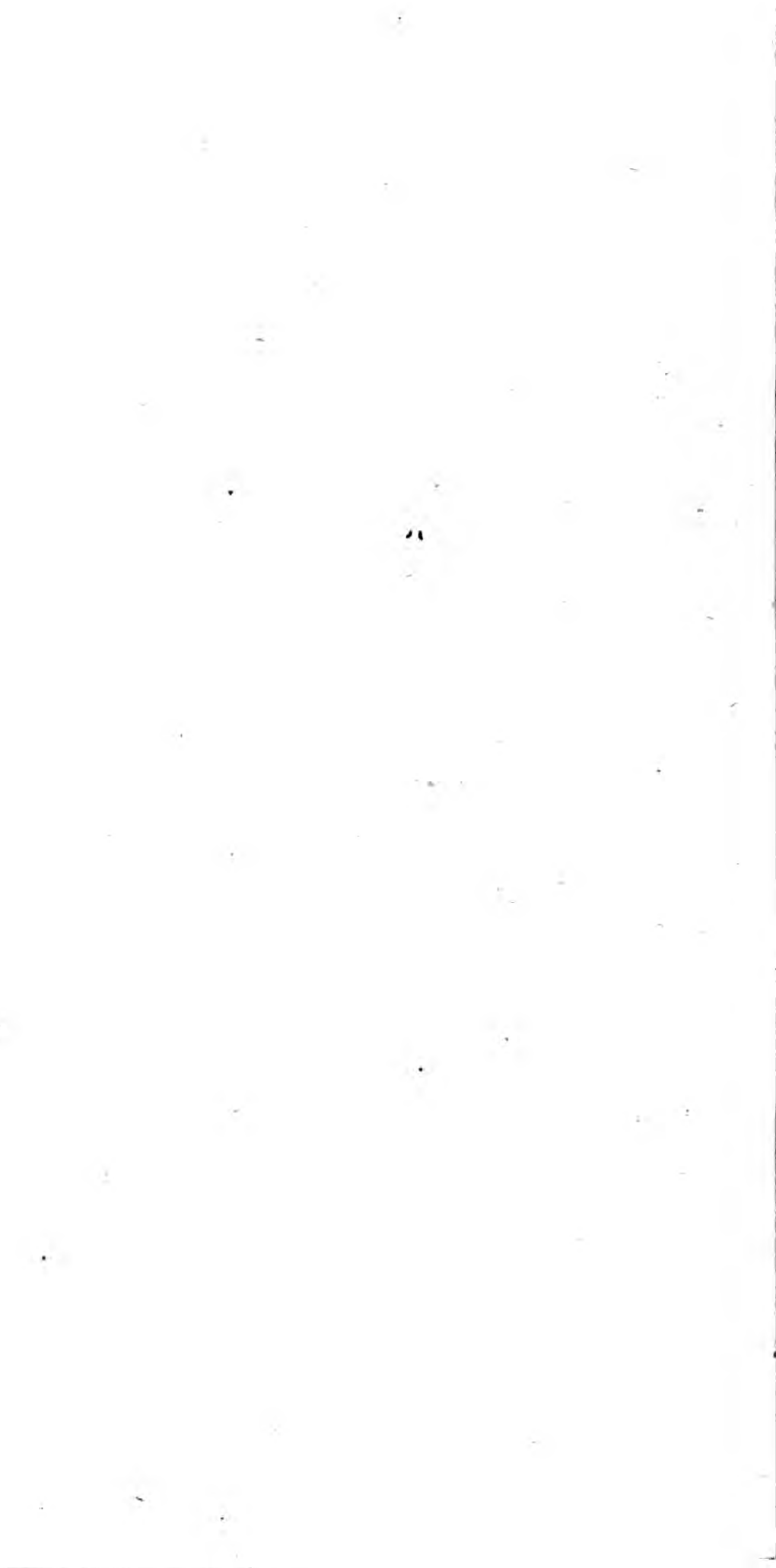
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CAMILLA:

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF
EVELINA AND *CECILIA*.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for T. PAYNE, at the Mews-Gate; and
T. CADELL Jun. and W. DAVIES (Successors
to Mr. CADELL) in the Strand.

1796.



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OF THE
S E C O N D V O L U M E.

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CAMILLA;
OR,
A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

A few kind Offices.

WITH deep concern Edgar revolved in his mind the suggestions of Dr. Marchmont; and meditation, far from diminishing, added importance to the arguments of his friend. To obtain the hand of an object he so highly admired, though but lately his sole wish, appeared now an uncertain blessing, a suspicious good, since the possession of her heart was no longer to be considered as its inseparable appendage. His very security of the approbation of Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold be-

came a source of solicitude; and, secret from them, from her, and from all, he determined to guard his views, till he could find some opportunity of investigating her own unbiaſſed ſentiments.

Such were his ruminations, when, on re-entering the Park, he perceived her wandering alone amidſt the trees. Her figure looked ſo intereſting, her air ſo ſerious, her ſolitude ſo attractive, that every maxim of tardy prudence, every caution of timid foreſight, would inſtantly have given way to the quick feelings of generous impuſe, had he not been reſtrained by his promiſe to Dr. Marchmont. He diſmounted, and giving his horſe to his groom, re-traced her footſteps.

Camilla, almoſt without her own knowledge, had ſtrolled towards the gate, whence ſhe concluded Edgar to have ridden from the Park, and, almoſt without conſciouſneſs, had continued ſauntering in its vicinity; yet ſhe no ſooner deſcried him, than, ſtruck with a ſpecies of ſelf-accuſation for this appearance of awaiting

ing him, she crossed over to the nearest path towards the house, and, for the first time, was aware of the approach of Edgar without hastening to meet him.

He slackened his pace, to quiet his spirits, and restore his manner to its customary serenity, before he permitted himself to overtake her. "Can you," he then cried, "forgive me, when you hear I have been fulfilling my own appointment, and have postponed my promised investigation?"

"Rather say," she gently answered, "could I have forgiven you, if you had shewn me you thought my impatience too ungovernable for any delay?"

To find her thus willing to oblige him, was a new delight, and he expressed his acknowledgments in terms the most flattering.

An unusual seriousness made her hear him almost without reply; yet peace and harmony revisited her mind, and, in listening to his valued praise, she forgot her late alarm at her own sensations, and without

extending a thought beyond the present instant, again felt tranquil and happy: while to Edgar she appeared so completely all that was adorable, that he could only remember to repent his engagement with Dr. Marchmont.

Her secret opinion that he was dissatisfied with his lot, gave a softness to her accents that enchanted him; while the high esteem for his character, which mingled with her pity, joined to a lowered sense of her own, from a new-born terror lest that pity were too tender, spread a charm wholly new over her native fire and vivacity.

In a few minutes, they were overtaken by Mandlebert's gardener, who was bringing from Beech Park a basket of flowers for his master. They were selected from curious hot-house plants, and Camilla stopt to admire their beauty and fragrance.

Edgar presented her the basket; whence she simply took a sprig of myrtle and geranium, conceiving the present to be designed for Indiana. "If you are fond of geraniums,"

niums," said he, "there is an almost endless variety in my green-house, and I will bring you to-morrow some specimens."

She thanked him, and while he gave orders to the gardener, Miss Margland and Indiana advanced from the house.

Miss Margland had seen them from her window, where, in vain deliberation, she had been considering what step to take. But, upon beholding them together, she thought deliberation and patience were hopeless, and determined, by a decisive stroke, to break in its bud the connection she supposed forming, or throw upon Camilla all censure, if she failed, as the sole means she could devise to exculpate her own sagacity from impeachment. She called upon Indiana, therefore, to accompany her into the Park, exclaiming, in an angry tone, "Miss Lynmere, I will shew you the true cause why Mr. Mandlebert does not declare himself—your cousin, Miss Camilla, is wheedling him away from you."

Indiana, whose belief in almost whatever was said, was undisturbed by any species of reflection, felt filled with resentment, and a sense of injury, and readily following, said—"I was sure there was something more in it than I saw, because Mr. Melmond behaved so differently. But I don't take it very kind of my cousin, I can tell her!"

They then hurried into the Park; but, as they came without any plan, they were no sooner within a few yards of the meeting, than they stopt short, at a loss what to say or do.

Edgar, vexed at their interruption, continued talking to the gardener, to avoid joining them; but seeing Camilla, who less than ever wished for their communications, walk instantly another way, he thought it would be improper to pursue her, and only bowing to Miss Margland and Indiana, went into the house.

"This is worse than ever," cried Miss Margland, "to stalk off without speaking, or even offering you any of his flowers,
which,

which, I dare say, are only to be put into the parlour flower-pots, for the whole house."

"I'm sure I'm very glad of it," said Indiana, for I hate flowers; but I'm sure Mr. Melmond would not have done so; nor colonel Andover; nor Mr. Macdersey more than all."

"No, nor any body else, my dear, that had common sense, and their eyes open; nor Mr. Mandlebert neither, if it were not for Miss Camilla. However, we'll let her know we see what she is about; and let Sir Hugh know too: for as to the colonels, and the ensigns, and that young Oxford student, they won't at all do; officers are commonly worth nothing; and scholars, you may take my word for it, my dear, are the dullest men in the world. Besides, one would not give up such a fine fortune as Mr. Mandlebert's without making a little struggle for it. You don't know how many pretty things you may do with it. So let us

shew her we don't want for spirit, and speak to her at once."

These words, reviving in the mind of Indiana her wedding clothes, the train of servants, and the new equipage, gave fresh pique to her provocation: but finding some difficulty to overtake the fleet Camilla, whose pace kept measure with her wish to avoid them, she called after her, to desire she would not walk so fast.

Camilla reluctantly loitered, but without stopping or turning to meet them, that she might still regale herself with the perfume of the geranium presented her by Edgar.

"You're in great haste, ma'am," said Miss Margland, "which I own I did not observe to be the case just now!"

Camilla, in much surprize, asked, what she meant.

"My meaning is pretty plain, I believe, to any body that chose to understand it. However, though Miss Lynmere scorns to be her own champion, I cannot, as a friend,

friend, be quite so passive, nor help hinting to you, how little you would like such a proceeding to yourself, from any other person."

"What proceeding?" cried Camilla, blushing, from a dawning comprehension of the subject, though resenting the manner of the complaint.

"Nay, only ask yourself, ma'am, only ask yourself, Miss Camilla, how you should like to be so supplanted, if such an establishment were forming for yourself, and every thing were fixt, and every body else refused, and nobody to hinder its all taking place, but a near relation of your own, who ought to be the first to help it forward. I should like to know, I say, Miss Camilla, how you would feel, if it were your own case?"

Astonished and indignant at so sudden and violent an assault, Camilla stood suspended, whether to deign any vindication, or to walk silently away: yet its implications involuntarily filled her with a thousand other, and less offending emo-

tions than those of anger, and a general confusion crimsoned her cheeks.

“ You cannot but be sensible, ma’am,” resumed Miss Margland, “ for sense is not what you want, that you have seduced Mr. Mandlebert from your cousin; you cannot but see he takes hardly the smallest notice of her, from the pains you are at to make him admire nobody but yourself.”

The spirit of Camilla now rose high to her aid, at a charge thus impertinent and unjust. “ Miss Margland,” she cried, “ you shock and amaze me ! I am at a loss for any motive to so cruel an accusation : but you, I hope at least, my dear Indiana, are convinced how much it injures me.” She would then have taken the hand of Indiana, but disdainfully drawing it back, “ I shan’t break my heart about it, I assure you,” she cried, “ you are vastly welcome to him for me; I hope I am not quite so odious, but I may find other people in the world besides Mr. Mandlebert !”

“ O,

“O, as to that,” said Miss Margland, “I am sure you have only to look in order to chuse; but since this affair has been settled by your uncle, I can’t say I think it very grateful in any person to try to overset his particular wishes. Poor old gentleman! I’m sure I pity him! It will go hard enough with him, when he comes to hear it! Such a requital!—and from his own niece!”

This was an attack the most offensive that Camilla could receive; nothing could so nearly touch her as an idea of ingratitude to her uncle, and resting upon that, the whole tide of those feelings which were, in fact, divided and subdivided into many crossing channels, she broke forth, with great eagerness, into exclaiming, “Miss Margland, this is quite barbarous! You know, and you, Indiana, cannot but know, I would not give my uncle the smallest pain, to be mistress of a thousand universes!”

“Why, then,” said Miss Margland, “should you break up a scheme which

he has so much set his heart upon? Why are you always winning over Mr. Mandlebert to yourself, by all that flattery? Why are you always consulting him? always obliging him? always of his opinion? always ready to take his advice?"

"Miss Margland," replied Camilla, with the extremest agitation, "this is so unexpected—so undeserved an interpretation,—my consultation, or my acquiescence have been merely from respect; no other thought, no other motive—Good God! what is it you imagine?—what guilt would you impute to me?"

"O dear," cried Indiana, "pray don't suppose it signifies. If you like to make compliments in that manner to gentlemen, pray do it. I hope I shall always hold myself above it. I think it's their place to make compliments to me."

A resentful answer was rising to the tongue of Camilla, when she perceived her two little sprigs, which in her recent disorder she had dropt, were demolishing under the feet of Indiana, who, with apparent

rent unmeaningness, but internal suspicion of their giver, had trampled upon them both. Hastily stooping she picked them up, and, with evident vexation, was blowing from them the dust and dirt, when Indiana scoffingly said, "I wonder where you got that geranium?"

"I don't wonder at all," said Miss Margland, "for Sir Hugh has none of that species; so one may easily guess."

Camilla felt herself blush, and letting the flowers fall, turned to Indiana, and said, "Cousin, if on my account, it is possible you can suffer the smallest uneasiness, tell me but what I shall do—you shall dictate to me—you shall command me."

Indiana disclaimed all interest in her behaviour; but Miss Margland cried, "What you can do, ma'am, is this, and nothing can be easier, nor fairer: leave off paying all that court to Mr. Mandlebert, of asking his advice, and follow your own way, whether he likes it or not, and go to see Mrs. Arlbery, and Mrs. every body else,

else, when you have a mind, without waiting for his permission, or troubling yourself about what he thinks of it."

Camilla now trembled in every joint, and with difficulty restrained from tears, while, timidly, she said—"And do you, my dear Indiana, demand of me this conduct? and will it, at least, satisfy you?"

"Me? O dear no! I demand nothing, I assure you. The whole matter is quite indifferent to me, and you may ask his leave for every thing in the world, if you chuse it. There are people enough ready to take my part, I hope, if you set him against me ever so much."

"Indeed, indeed, Indiana," said Camilla, overpowered with conflicting sensations, "this is using me very unkindly!" And, without waiting to hear another word, she hurried into the house, and flew to hide herself in her own room.

This was the first bitter moment she had ever known. Peace, gay though uniform, had been the constant inmate of her breast, enjoyed without thought,
possessed

possessed without struggle; not the subdued gift of accommodating philosophy, but the inborn and genial produce of youthful felicity's best aliment, the energy of its own animal spirits.

She had, indeed, for some time past, thought Edgar of too refined and too susceptible a character for the unthinking and undistinguishing Indiana; and for the last day or two, her regret at his fate had strengthened itself into an averfeness of his supposed destination, that made the idea of it painful, and the subject repugnant to her; but she had never, till this very morning, distrusted the innoxiousness either of her pity or her regard; and, startled at the first surmise of danger, she had wished to fly even from herself, rather than venture to investigate feelings so unwelcome; yet still and invariably, she had concluded Edgar the future husband of Indiana.

To hear there were any doubts of the intended marriage, filled her with emotions indefinable; to hear herself named

as the cause of those doubts, was alarming both to her integrity and her delicacy. She felt the extremest anger at the unprovoked and unwarrantable harshness of Miss Margland, and a resentment nearly equal at the determined petulance, and unjustifiable aspersions of Indiana.

Satisfied of the innocence of her intentions, she knew not what alteration she could make in her behaviour; and, after various plans, concluded, that to make none would best manifest her freedom from self-reproach. At the summons therefore to dinner, she was the first to appear, eager to shew herself unmoved by the injustice of her accusers, and desirous to convince them she was fearless of examination.

Yet, too much discomposed to talk in her usual manner, she seized upon a book till the party was seated. Answering then to the call of her uncle, with as easy an air as she could assume, she took her accustomed place by his side, and began,
for

for mere employment, filling a plate from the dish that was nearest to her; which she gave to the footman, without any direction whither to carry, or enquiry if any body chose to eat of it.

It was taken round the table, and, though refused by all, she heaped up another plate, with the same diligence and speed as if it had been accepted.

Edgar, who had been accidentally detained, only now entered, apologizing for being so late.

Engrossed by the pride of self-defence, and the indignancy of unmerited unkindness, the disturbed mind of Camilla had not yet formed one separate reflexion, nor even admitted a distinct idea of Edgar himself, disengaged from the accusation in which he stood involved. But he had now amply his turn. The moment he appeared, the deepest blushes covered her face; and an emotion so powerful beat in her breast, that the immediate impulse of her impetuous feelings,

ings, was to declare herself ill, and run out of the room.

With this view she rose; but ashamed of her plan, seated herself the next moment, though she had first overturned her plate and a sauce-boat in the vehemence of her haste.

This accident rather recovered than disconcerted her, by affording an unaffected occupation, in begging pardon of Sir Hugh, who was the chief sufferer, changing the napkins, and restoring the table to order.

“What upon earth can be the matter with Miss Camilla, I can't guess!” exclaimed Miss Margland, though with an expression of spite that fully contradicted her difficulty of conjecture.

“I hope,” said Edgar surprized, “Miss Camilla is not ill?”

“I can't say I think my cousin looks very bad!” said Indiana.

Camilla, who was rubbing a part of her gown upon which nothing had fallen, affected

affected to be too busy to hear them : while Sir Hugh, concluding her silent from shame, entreated her not to think of his cloaths, which were worth no great matter, not being his best by two or three suits. Her thoughts had not waited this injunction ; yet it was in vain she strove to behave as if nothing had happened. Her spirit instigated, but it would not support her ; her voice grew husky, she stammered, forgot, as she went on, what she designed to say when she began speaking, and frequently was forced to stop short, with a faint laugh at herself, and with a colour every moment encreasing. And the very instant the cloth was removed, she rose, unable to constrain herself any longer, and ran up stairs to her own room.

There all her efforts evaporated in tears. "Cruel, cruel, Miss Margland," she cried, "unjust, unkind Indiana ! how have I merited this treatment ! What can Edgar think of my disturbance ? What can I devise to keep from his knowledge the
barbarous

barbarous accusation which has caused it?"

In a few minutes she heard the step of Eugenia.

Ashamed, she hastily wiped her eyes; and before the door could be opened, was at the further end of the room, looking into one of her drawers.

"What is it that has vexed my dearest Camilla?" cried her kind sister, "something I am sure has grieved her."

"I cannot guess what I have done with—I can no where find—" stammered Camilla, engaged in some apparent search, but too much confused to name any thing of which she might probably be in want.

Eugenia desired to assist her, but a servant came to the door, to tell them that the company was going to the summer-house, whither Sir Hugh begged they would follow.

Camilla besought Eugenia to join them, and make her excuses: but, fearing Miss Margland would attribute her absconding

to

to guilt, or cowardice, she bathed her eyes in cold water, and overtook her sister at the stairs of the little building.

In ascending them, she heard Miss Margland say, "I dare believe nothing's the matter but some whim; for to be sure as to whims, Miss Camilla has the most of any creature I ever saw, and Miss Lynmere the least; for you may imagine, Mr. Mandlebert, I have pretty good opportunity to see all these young people in their real colours."

Overset by this malignancy, she was again flying to the refuge of her own room, and the relief of tears, when the conviction of such positive ill-will in Miss Margland, for which she could assign no reason, but her unjust and exclusive partiality to Indiana, checked her precipitancy. She feared she would construe to still another whim her non-appearance, and resummg a little fresh strength from fresh resentment, turned back; but the various keen sensations she experienced as she entered the summer-house, rendered

dered this little action the most severe stretch of fortitude, her short and happy life had yet called upon her to make.

Sir Hugh addressed her with some kind enquiries, which she hastily answered, while she pretended to be busy in preparing to wind some sewing silk upon cards.

She could have chosen no employment less adapted to display the cool indifference she wished to manifest to Miss Margland and Indiana. She pulled the silk the wrong way, twisted, twirled, and entangled it continually; and while she talked volubly of what she was about, as if it were the sole subject of her thoughts, her shaking hands shewed her whole frame disordered, and her high colour betrayed her strong ~~internal~~ emotion.

Edgar looked at her with surprize and concern. What had dropt from Miss Margland of her whims, he had heard with disdain; for, without suspecting her of malice to Camilla, he concluded her warped by her prejudice in favour of Indiana.

diana. Dr. Marchmont, however, had bid him judge by proof, not appearance; and he resolved therefore to investigate the cause of this disquiet, before he acted upon his belief in its blamelessness.

Having completely spoiled one skein, she threw it aside, and saying "the weather's so fine, I cannot bear to stay within,"—left her silk, her winders, and her work-bag, on the first chair, and skipt down the stairs.

Sir Hugh declined walking, but would let nobody remain with him. Edgar, as if studying the clouds, glided down first. Camilla, perceiving him, bent her head, and began gathering some flowers. He stood by her a moment in silence, and then said: "To-morrow morning, without fail, I will wait upon Mrs. Needham."

"Pray take your own time. I am not in any haste."

"You are very good, and I am more obliged to you than I can express, for
suffering

suffering my officious interference with such patience."

A rustling of silk made Camilla now look up, and she perceived Miss Margland leaning half out of the window of the summer-house, from earnestness to catch what she said.

Angry thus to be watched, and persuaded that both innocence and dignity called upon her to make no change in her open consideration for Edgar, she answered, in a voice that strove to be more audible, but that irresistibly trembled, "I beg you will impartially consult your own judgment, and decide as you think right."

Edgar, now, became as little composed as herself: the power with which she invested him, possessed a charm to dissolve every hesitating doubt; and when, upon her raising her head, he perceived the redness of her eyes, and found that the perturbation which had perplexed him was mingled with some affliction, the most
tender

tender anxiety filled his mind, and though somewhat checked by the vicinity of Miss Margland, his voice expressed the warmest solicitude, as he said, "I know not how to thank you for this sweetness; but I fear something disturbs you?—I fear you are not well, or are not happy?"

Camilla again bent over the flowers; but it was not to scent their fragrance; she sought only a hiding place for her eyes, which were gushing with tears; and though she wished to fly a thousand miles off, she had not courage to take a single step, nor force to trust her voice with the shortest reply.

"You will not speak? yet you do not deny that you have some uneasiness?—Could I give it but the smallest relief, how fortunate I should think myself!—And is it quite impossible?—Do you forbid me to ask what it is?—forbid me the indulgence even to suggest——"

"Ask nothing! suggest nothing! and think of it no more!" interrupted Ca-

milla, "if you would not make me quite ——"

She stopt suddenly, not to utter the word unhappy, of which she felt the improper strength at the moment it was quivering on her lips, and leaving her sentence unfinished, abruptly walked away.

Edgar could not presume to follow, yet felt her conquest irresistible. Her self-denial with regard to Mrs. Arlbery won his highest approbation; her compliance with his wishes convinced him of her esteem; and her distress, so new and so unaccountable, centered every wish of his heart in a desire to solace, and to revive her.

To obtain this privilege hastened at once and determined his measures; he excused himself, therefore, from walking, and went instantly to his chamber, to reclaim, by a hasty letter to Dr. Marchmont, his procrastinating promise.

C H A P. II.

A Pro and a Con.

WITH a pen flowing quick from feelings of the most generous warmth, Edgar wrote the following letter :

To Dr. Marchmont.

Accuse me not of precipitance, my dear Doctor, nor believe me capable of forgetting the wisdom of your suggestions, nor of lightly weighing those evils with which your zeal has encompassed me, though I write at this instant to confess a total contrariety of sentiment, to call back every promise of delay, and to make an unqualified avowal, that the period of caution is past! Camilla is not happy—something, I know not what, has disturbed the gay serenity of her bosom: she has forbid me to enquire the cause;

—one way only remains to give me a claim to her confidence. — O Doctor! wonder not if cold, tardy, suspicious—I had nearly said unfeeling, caution, shrinks at such a moment, from the rising influence of warmer sympathy, which bids me sooth her in distress, shield her from danger, strengthen all her virtues, and participate in their emanations!

You will not do me the injustice to think me either impelled or blinded by external enchantments; you know me to have withstood their yet fuller blaze in her cousin: O no! were she despoiled of all personal attraction by the same ravaging distemper that has been so fierce with her poor sister; were a similar cruel accident to rob her form of all symmetry, she would yet be more fascinating to my soul, by one single look, one single word, one sweet beaming smile, diffusing all the gaiety it displays, than all of beauty, all of elegance, all of rank, all of wealth, the whole kingdom, in some wonderful aggregate, could oppose to her.

Her

Her face, her form, however penetrating in loveliness, aid, but do not constitute, her charms; no, 'tis the quick intelligence of soul that mounts to her eyes, 'tis the spirit checked by sweetness, the sweetness animated by spirit, the nature so nobly above all artifice, all study — O Doctor! restore to me immediately every vestige, every trait of any promise, any acquiescence, any idea the most distant, that can be construed into a compliance with one moment's requisition of delay!

EDGAR MANDLEBERT.

Cleves Park, Friday Evening.

* * *

Camilla, meanwhile, shut up in her room, wept almost without cessation, from a sense of general unhappiness, though fixed to no point, and from a disturbance of mind, a confusion of ideas and of feelings, that rendered her incapable of reflection. She was again followed by Eugenia, and could no longer refuse, to her

tender anxiety, a short detail of the attack which occasioned her disorder; happy, at least, in reciting it, that by unfolding the cause, there no longer remained any necessity to repress the effects of her affliction.

To her great surprise, however, Eugenia only said: "And is this all, my dear Camilla?"

"All!" exclaimed Camilla.

"Yes, is it all?—I was afraid some great misfortune had happened."

"And what could happen more painful, more shocking, more cruel?"

"A thousand things! for this is nothing but a mere mistake; and you should not make yourself unhappy about it, because you are not to blame."

"Is it then nothing to be accused of designs and intentions so criminal?"

"If the accusation were just, it might indeed make you wretched: but it is Miss Margland only who has any reason to be afflicted; for it is she alone who has been in the wrong."

Struck with this plain but uncontrovertible

vertible truth, Camilla wiped her eyes, and strove to recover some composure; but finding her tears still force their way, "It is not," she cried, with some hesitation, "it is not the aspersions of Miss Margland alone that give me so much vexation—the unkindness of Indiana—"

"Indeed she is highly reprehensible; and so I will tell her;—but still, if she has any fears, however ill-founded, of losing Edgar, you cannot but pardon—you must even pity her."

Struck again, and still more forcibly, by this second truth, Camilla, ashamed of her grief, made a stronger and more serious effort to repress it; and receiving soon afterwards a summons from her uncle, her spirit rose once more to the relief of her dejection, upon seeing him seated between Miss Margland and Indiana, and discerning that they had been making some successful complaint, by the air of triumph with which they waited her approach.

"My dear Camilla," he cried, with a

look of much disturbance, "here's a sad ado, I find; though I don't mean to blame you, nor young Mr. Mandlebert neither, taste being a fault one can't avoid; not but what a person's changing their mind is what I can't commend in any one, which I shall certainly let him know, not doubting to bring him round by means of his own sense: only, my dear, in the mean while, I must beg you not to stand in your cousin's way."

"Indeed, my dear uncle, I do not merit this imputation; I am not capable of such treachery!" indignantly answered Camilla.

"Treachery! Lord help us! treachery!" cried Sir Hugh, fondly embracing her, "don't I know you are as innocent as the baby unborn? and more innocent too, from the advantage of having more sense to guide you by! treachery, my dear Camilla! why, I think there's nobody so good in the wide world!—by which I mean no reflections, never thinking it right to make any."

Indiana,

Indiana, fullenly pouting, spoke not a word ; but Miss Margland, with a tone of plausibility that was some covert to its malice, said " Why then all may be well, and the young ladies as good friends as ever, and Mr. Mandlebert return to the conduct of a gentleman, only just by Miss Camilla's doing as she would be done by ; for nothing that all of us can say will have any effect, if she does not discourage him from dangling about after her in the manner he does now, speaking to nobody else, and always asking her opinion about every trifle, which is certainly doing no great justice to Miss Lynmere."

Indiana, with a toss of the head, protested his notice was the last thing she desired.

" My dear Indiana," said Sir Hugh, " don't mind all that outward shew. Mr. Mandlebert is a very good boy ; and as to your cousin Camilla, I am sure I need not put you in mind how much she is the same ; but I really think,

think, whatever's the reason, the young youths of now-a-days grow backward and backward. Though I can't say but what in my time it was just the same; witness myself; which is what I have been sorry for often enough, though I have left off repenting it now, because it's of no use; age being a thing there's no getting ahead of."

"Well, then, all that remains is this," said Miss Margland, "let Miss Camilla keep out of Mr. Mandlebert's way; and let her order the carriage, and go to Mrs. Arlbery's to-morrow, and take no notice of his likings and dislikings; and I'll be bound for it he will soon think no more of her, and then, of course, he will give the proper attention to Miss Lynmere."

"O, if that's all," cried Sir Hugh, "my dear Camilla, I am sure, will do it, and as much again too, to make her cousin easy. And so now, I hope, all is settled, and my two good girls will kiss one another, and be friends; which I am sure I am myself, with all my heart."

Camilla

Camilla hung her head, in speechless perturbation, at a task which appeared to her equally hard and unjust; but while fear and shame kept her silent, Sir Hugh drew her to Indiana, and a cold, yet unavoidable salute, gave a species of tacit consent to a plan which she did not dare oppose, from the very strength of the desire that urged her opposition.

They then separated; Sir Hugh delighted, Miss Margland triumphant, Indiana half satisfied, half affronted, and Camilla with a mind so crowded, a heart so full, she scarcely breathed. Sensations the most contrary, of pain, pleasure, hope, and terror, at once assailed her. Edgar, of whom so long she had only thought as of the destined husband of Indiana, she now heard named with suspicions of another regard, to which she did not dare give full extension; yet of which the most distant surmise made her consider herself, for a moment, as the happiest of human beings, though she held herself the next as the most culpable for even wishing it.

She found Eugenia still in her room, who, perceiving her increased emotion, tenderly enquired, if there were any new cause.

“ Alas! yes, my dearest Eugenia! they have been exacting from me the most cruel of sacrifices! They order me to fly from Edgar Mandlebert—to resist his advice—to take the very measures I have promised to forbear—to disoblige, to slight, to behave to him even offensively! my uncle himself, lenient, kind, indulgent as he is, my uncle himself has been prevailed with to inflict upon me this terrible injunction.”

“ My uncle,” answered Eugenia, “ is incapable of giving pain to any body, and least of all to you, whom he loves with such fondness; he has not therefore comprehended the affair; he only considers, in general, that to please or to displease Edgar Mandlebert can be a matter of no moment to you, when compared with its importance to Indiana.”

“ It is a thousand and a thousand, a
* million.

million and a million times more important to me, than it can ever be to her!" exclaimed the ardent Camilla, "for she values not his kindness, she knows not his worth, she is insensible to his virtues!"

"You judge too hastily, my dear Camilla; she has not indeed your warmth of heart; but if she did not wish the union to take place, why would she shew all this disquiet in the apprehension of its breach?"

Camilla, surpris'd into recollection, endeavoured to become calmer.

"You, indeed," continued the temperate Eugenia, "if so situated, would not so have behaved; you would not have been so unjust; and you could not have been so weak; but still, if you had received, however causelessly, any alarm for the affection of the man you meant to marry, and that man were as amiable as Edgar, you would have been equally disturbed."

Camilla,

Camilla, convinced, yet shocked, felt the flutter of her heart give a thousand hues to her face, and walking to the window, leaned far out to gasp for breath.

“ Weigh the request more coolly, and you cannot refuse a short compliance. I am sure you would not make Indiana unhappy.”

“ O, no! not for the world!” cried she, struggling to seem more reasonable than she felt.

“ Yet how can she be otherwise, if she imagines you have more of the notice and esteem of Edgar than herself?”

Camilla now had not a word to say; the subject dropt; she took up a book, and by earnest internal remonstrances, commanded herself to appear at tea-time with tolerable serenity.

The evening was passed in spiritless conversation, or in listening to the pianoforte, upon which Indiana, with the utmost difficulty, played some very easy lessons.

At

At night, the following answer arrived from Dr. Marchmont :

To Edgar Mandiebert, *Esq.*

Parsonage House, Cleves,
MY DEAR FRIEND, *Friday Night.*

I must be thankful, in a moment of such enthusiasm, that you can pay the attention of even recollecting those evils with which my zeal only has, you think, encompassed you. I cannot insist upon the practice of caution which you deem unfounded; but as you wait my answer, I will once more open upon my sentiments, and communicate my wishes. It is now only I can speak them; the instant you have informed the young lady of your own, silences them for ever. Your honour and her happiness become then entangled in each other, and I know not which I would least willingly assail. What in all men is base, would to you, I believe, be impossible—to trifle with such favour as may be the growth of your own unconfessed partiality.

Your

Your present vehemence to ascertain the permanent possession of one you conceive formed for your felicity, obscures, to your now absorbed faculties, the thousand nameless, but tenacious, delicacies annexed by your species of character to your powers of enjoyment. In two words, then, let me tell you, what, in a short time, you will daily tell yourself: you cannot be happy if not exclusively loved, for you cannot excite, you cannot bestow happiness.

By exclusively, I do not mean to the exclusion of other connections and regard; far from it; those who covet in a bride the oblivion of all former friendships, all early affections, weaken the finest ties of humanity, and dissolve the first compact of unregistered but genuine integrity. The husband, who would rather rationally than with romance be loved himself, should seek to cherish, not obliterate the kind feelings of nature in its first expansions. These, where properly bestowed, are the guarantees to that constant and respectable tenderness,

tenderness, which a narrow and selfish jealousy rarely fails to convert into distaste and disgust.

The partiality which I mean you to ascertain, injures not these prior claims; I mean but a partiality exclusive of your situation in life, and of all declaration of your passion: a partiality, in fine, that is appropriate to yourself, not to the rank in the world with which you may tempt her ambition, nor to the blandishments of flattery, which only soften the heart by intoxicating the understanding.

Observe, therefore, if your general character, and usual conduct, strike her mind; if her esteem is yours without the attraction of assiduity and adulation; if your natural disposition and manners make your society grateful to her, and your approbation desirable.

It is thus alone you can secure your own contentment; for it is thus alone your reflecting mind can snatch from the
time

time to come the dangerous surmises of a dubious retrospection.

Remember, you can always advance ; you can never, in honour, go back ; and believe me when I tell you, that the mere simple avowal of preference, which only ultimately binds the man, is frequently what first captivates the woman. If her mind is not previously occupied, it operates with such seductive sway, it soothes, so flatters, so bewitches her self-complacency, that while she listens, she imperceptibly fancies she participates in sentiments, which, but the minute before, occurred not even to her imagination ; and while her hand is the recompence of her own eulogy, she is not herself aware if she has bestowed it where her esteem and regard, unbiassed by the eloquence of acknowledged admiration, would have wished it sought, or if it has simply been the boon of her own gratified vanity.

I now no longer urge your acquiescence, my dear friend ; I merely entreat
you

you twice to peruse what I have written, and then leave you to act by the result of such perusal.

I remain

Your truly faithful and obliged

GABRIEL MARCHMONT.

Edgar ran through this letter with an impatience wholly foreign to his general character. "Why," cried he, "will he thus obtrude upon me these fastidious doubts and causeless difficulties? I begged but the restitution of my promise, and he gives it me in words that nearly annihilate my power of using it."

Disappointed and displeased, he hastily put it into his pocket-book, resolving to seek Camilla, and commit the consequences of an interview to the impulses it might awaken.

He was half way down stairs, when the sentence finishing with, "you cannot excite, you cannot bestow happiness," confusedly recurred to him: "If in that,"
thought

thought he, "I fail, I am a stranger to it myself, and a stranger for ever;" and, returning to his room, he re-opened the letter to look for the passage.

The sentence lost nothing by being read a second time; he paused upon it dejectedly, and presently re-read the whole epistle.

"He is not quite wrong!" cried he, pensively; "there is nothing very unreasonable in what he urges: true, indeed, it is, that I can never be happy myself, if her happiness is not entwined around my own."

The first blight thus borne to that ardent glee with which the imagination rewards its own elevated speculations, he yet a third time read the letter.

"He is right!" he then cried; "I will investigate her sentiments, and know what are my chances for her regard; what I owe to real approbation; and what merely to intimacy of situation. I will postpone all explanation till my visit here expires, and devote the probationary interval,

terval, to an examination which shall obviate all danger of either deceiving my own reason, or of beguiling her inconsiderate acceptance."

This settled, he rejoiced in a mastery over his eagerness, which he considered as complete, since it would defer for no less than a week the declaration of his passion.

C H A P. III.

An Author's Notion of Travelling.

THE next morning Camilla, sad and unwilling to appear, was the last who entered the breakfast-parlour. Edgar instantly discerned the continued unhappiness, which an assumed smile concealed from the unsuspecting Sir Hugh, and the week of delay before him seemed an outrage to all his wishes.

While she was drinking her first cup of tea, a servant came in, and told her the carriage was ready.

She coloured, but nobody spoke, and the servant retired. Edgar was going to ask the design for the morning, when Miss Margland said—"Miss Camilla, as the horses have got to go and return, you had better not keep them waiting."

Colouring still more deeply, she was

§

going

going to disclaim having ordered them, though well aware for what purpose they were come, when Sir Hugh said—"I think, my dear, you had best take Eugenia with you, which may serve you as a companion to talk to, in case you want to say any thing by the way, which I take for granted; young people not much liking to hold their tongues for a long while together, which is very natural, having so little to think of."

"Miss Eugenia, then," cried Miss Margland, before Camilla could reply, "run for your cloak as soon as you have finished your breakfast."

Eugenia, hoping to aid her sister in performing a task, which she considered as a peace-offering to Indiana, said, she had already done.

Camilla now lost all courage for resistance; but feeling her chagrin almost intolerable, quitted the room with her tea undrunk, and without making known if she should return or not.

Eugenia

Eugenia followed, and Edgar, much amazed, said, he had forgotten to order his horse for his morning's ride, and hastily made off: determined to be ready to hand the sisters to the carriage, and learn whether it was to drive.

Camilla, who, in flying to her room, thought of nothing less than preparing for an excursion which she now detested, was again surprised in tears by Eugenia.

“What, my dearest Camilla,” she cried, “can thus continually affect you? you cannot be so unhappy without some cause!—why will you not trust your Eugenia?”

“I cannot talk,” she answered, ashamed to repeat reasons which she knew Eugenia held to be inadequate to her concern—“If there is no resource against this persecution—if I must render myself hateful to give them satisfaction, let us, at least, be gone immediately, and let me be spared seeing the person I so ungratefully offend.”

She

She then hurried down stairs; but finding Edgar in waiting, still more quickly hurried back, and in an agony, for which she attempted not to account, cast herself into a chair, and told Eugenia, that if Miss Margland did not contrive to call Edgar away, the universe could not prevail with her to pass him in such defiance.

“My dear Camilla,” said Eugenia, surprised, yet compassionately, “if this visit is become so painful to you, relinquish it at once.”

“Ah, no! for that cruel Miss Margland will then accuse me of staying away only to follow the counsel of Edgar.”

She stooped; for the countenance of Eugenia said—“*And is that not your motive?*” A sudden consciousness took place of her distress; she hid her face, in the hope of concealing her emotion, and with as calm a voice as she could attain, said, the moment they could pass unobserved she would set off.

Eugenia went down stairs.

“Alas! alas!” she then cried, “into what misery has this barbarous Miss Margland thrown me! Eugenia herself seems now to suspect something wrong; and so, I suppose, will my uncle; and I can only convince them of my innocence by acting towards Edgar as a monster.—Ah! I would sooner a thousand times let them all think me guilty!”

Eugenia had met Miss Margland in the hall, who, impatient for their departure, passed her, and ascended the stairs.

At the sound of her footsteps, the horror of her reproaches and insinuations conquered every other feeling, and Camilla, starting up, rushed forward, and saying “Good morning!” ran off.

Edgar was still at the door, and came forward to offer her his hand. “Pray take care of Eugenia,” she cried, abruptly passing him, and darting, unaided, into the chaise. Edgar, astonished, obeyed, and gave his more welcome assistance to Eugenia; but when both were seated, said—

said—"Where shall I tell the postillion to drive?"

Camilla, who was pulling one of the green blinds up, and again letting it down, twenty times in a minute, affected not to hear him; but Eugenia answered, "to the Grove, to Mrs. Arlbery's."

The postillion had already received his orders from Miss Margland, and drove off; leaving Edgar mute with surprize, disappointment and mortification.

Miss Margland was just behind him, and conceived this the fortunate instant for eradicating from his mind every favourable pre-possession for Camilla; assuming, therefore, an air of concern, she said—"So, you have found Miss Camilla out, in spite of all her precautions! she would fain not have had you know her frolic."

"Not know it! has there, then, been any plan? did Miss Camilla intend——"

"O, she intends nothing in the world for two minutes together! only she did not like you should find out her fickleness. You know, I told you, before, she was all

whim; and so you will find. You may always take my opinion, be assured. Miss Lynmere is the only one among them that is always the same, always good, always amiable."

"And is not Miss——" he was going to say Camilla, but checking himself, finished with—"Miss Eugenia, at least, always equal, always consistent?"

"Why, she is better than Miss Camilla; but not one among them has any steadiness, or real sweetness, but Miss Lynmere. As to Miss Camilla, if she has not her own way, there's no enduring her, she frets, and is so cross. When you put her off, in that friendly manner, from gadding after a new acquaintance so improper for her, you set her into such an ill humour, that she has done nothing but cry, as you may have seen by her eyes, and worry herself and all of us round, except you, ever since; but she was afraid of you, for fear you should take her to task, which she hates of all things."

Half

Half incredulous, yet half shocked, Edgar turned from this harangue in silent disgust. He knew the splenetic nature of Miss Margland, and trusted she might be wrong; but he knew, too, her opportunities for observation, and dreaded lest she might be right. Camilla had been certainly low spirited, weeping, and restless; was it possible it could be for so slight, so unmeaning a cause? His wish was to follow her on horseback; but this, unauthorized, might betray too much anxiety: he tried not to think of what had been said by Dr. Marchmont, while this cloud hung over her disposition and sincerity; for whatever might be the malignity of Miss Margland, the breach of a promise, of which the voluntary sweetness had so lately proved his final captivity, could not be doubted, and called aloud for explanation.

He mounted, however, his horse, to make his promised enquiries of Mrs. Needham; for though the time was already past for impeding the acquaintance from

taking place, its progress might yet be stopt, should it be found incompatible with propriety.

The young ladies had scarce left the Park, when Sir Hugh, recollecting a promise he had made to Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold, of never suffering Eugenia to go abroad unattended by some gentleman, while Bellamy remained in the country, sent hastily to beg that Edgar would follow the carriage.

Edgar was out of sight, and there was no chance of overtaking him.

“Lack-a-day!” said Sir Hugh, “those young folks can never walk a horse but full gallop!” He then resolved to ask Dr. Orkborne to go after his pupil, and ride by the side of the chaise. He ordered a horse to be saddled; and, to lose no time by messages, the tardiness of which he had already experienced with this gentleman, he went himself to his apartment, and after several vain rappings at his door, entered the room unbid, saying—“Good Dr. Orkborne, unless you are dead, which
God

God forbid! I think it's something uncomfortable that you can't speak to a person waiting at your door; not that I pretend to doubt but you may have your proper reasons, being what I can't judge."

He then begged he would get booted and spurred instantly, and follow his two nieces to Mrs. Arlbery's, in order to take care of Eugenia; adding, "though I'm afraid, Doctor, by your look, you don't much listen to me, which I am sorry for; my not being able to speak like Horace and Virgil being no fault of mine, but of my poor capacity, which no man can be said to be answerable for."

He then again entreated him to set off.

"Only a moment, sir! I only beg you'll accord me one moment!" cried the Doctor, with a fretful sigh; while, screening his eyes with his left hand, he endeavoured hastily to make a memorandum of his ideas, before he forced them to any other subject.

“ Really, Dr. Orkborne,” said Sir Hugh, somewhat displeased, “ I must needs remark, for a friend, I think this rather slow: however, I can’t say I am much disappointed, now, that I did not turn out a scholar myself, for I see, plain enough, you learned men think nothing of any consequence but Homer and such; which, however, I don’t mean to take ill, knowing it was like enough to have been my own case.”

He then left the room, intending to send a man and horse after the chaise, to desire his two nieces to return immediately.

Dr. Orkborne, who, though copiously stored with the works of the ancients, had a sluggish understanding, and no imagination, was entirely overset by this intrusion. The chain of his observations was utterly broken; he strove vainly to rescue from oblivion the slow ripening fruits of his tardy conceptions, and, proportioning his estimation of their value by their labour, he

he not only considered his own loss as irreparable, but the whole world to be injured by so unfortunate an interruption.

The recollection, however, which refused to assist his fame, was importunate in reminding him that the present offender was his patron; and his total want of skill in character kept from him the just confidence he would otherwise have placed in the unalterable goodness of heart of Sir Hugh, whom, though he despised for his ignorance, he feared for his power.

Uneasy, therefore, at his exit, which he concluded to be made in wrath, he uttered a dolorous groan over his papers, and compelled himself to follow, with an apology, the innocent enemy of his glory.

Sir Hugh, who never harboured displeasure for two minutes in his life, was more inclined to offer an excuse himself for what he had dropt against learning, than to resist the slightest concession from the Doctor, whom he only begged to make haste, the horse being already at the door. But Dr. Orkborne, as soon as he

comprehended what was desired, revived from the weight of sacrificing so much time; he had never been on horseback since he was fifteen years of age, and declared, to the wondering baronet, he could not risk his neck by undertaking such a journey.

In high satisfaction, he would then have returned to his room, persuaded that, when his mind was disembarrassed, a parallel between two ancient authors which, with much painful stretch of thought, he had suggested, and which, with the most elaborate difficulty, he was arranging and drawing up, would recur again to his memory: but Sir Hugh, always eager in expedients, said, he should follow in the coach, which might be ready time enough for him to arrive at Mrs. Arlbery's before the visit was over, and to bring Eugenia safe back; "which," cried he, "is the main point, for the sake of seeing that she goes no where else."

Dr. Orkborne, looking extremely blank

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at

at this unexpected proposition, stood still.

“ Won't you go, then, my good friend?”

The Doctor, after a long pause, and in a most dejected tone, sighed out, “ Yes, sir, certainly, with the greatest—alacrity.”

Sir Hugh, who took every thing literally that seemed right or good-natured, thanked him, and ordered the horses to be put to the coach with all possible expedition.

It was soon at the door, and Dr. Orkborne, who had spent in his room the intervening period, in moaning the loss of the time that was to succeed, and in an opinion that two hours of this morning would have been of more value to him than two years when it was gone, reluctantly obeyed the call that obliged him to descend: but he had no sooner entered the carriage, and found he was to have it to himself, than leaping suddenly from it, as the groom, who was to attend him, was preparing to shut the door, he

hastened back to his chamber to collect a packet of books and papers, through the means of which he hoped to recall those flowers of rhetoric, upon which he was willing to risk his future reputation.

The astonished groom, concluding something had frightened him, jumped into the coach to find the cause of his flight; but Sir Hugh, who was advancing to give his final directions, called out, with some displeasure "Hollo, there, you Jacob! if Dr. Orkborne thinks to get you to go for my nieces in place of himself, it's what I don't approve; which, however, you need not take amiss, one man being no more born with a livery upon his back than another; which God forbid I should think otherwise. Nevertheless, my little girls must have a proper respect shewn them; which, it's surprizing Dr. Orkborne should not know as well as me."

And, much disconcerted, he walked to the parlour, to ruminate upon some other measure.

" I am

“ I am sure, your honour,” said Jacob, following him, “ I got in with no ill intention; but what it was as come across the Doctor I don’t know; but just as I was a going to shut the door, without saying never a word, out he pops, and runs up stairs again; so I only got in to see if something had hurt him; but I can’t find nothing of no sort.”

Then, putting to the door, and looking sagaciously, “ Please your honour,” he continued, “ I dare say it’s only some maggot got into his brain from over reading and writing; for all the maids think he’ll soon be cracked.”

“ That’s very wrong of them, Jacob; and I desire you’ll tell them they must not think any such thing.”

“ Why, your honour don’t know half, or you’d be afraid too,” said Jacob, lowering his voice; “ he’s like nothing you ever see. He won’t let a chair nor a table be dusted in his room, though they are covered over with cobwebs, because
he

he says, it takes him such a time to put his things to rights again; though all the while what he calls being to rights is just the contrary; for it's a mere higgledy pig-gledy, one thing heaped o'top of t'other, as if he did it for fun."

The baronet gravely answered, that if there were not the proper shelves for his books he would order more.

"Why, your honour, that's not the quarter, as I tell you! why, when they're cleaning out his room, if they happen but to sweep away a bit of paper as big as my hand, he'll make believe they've done him as much mischief as if they'd stole a thousand pound. It would make your honour stare to hear him. Mary says, she's sure he has never been quite right ever since he come to the house."

"But I desire you'll tell Mary I don't approve of that opinion. Dr. Orkborne is one of the first scholars in the world, as I am credibly informed; and I beg you'll all respect him accordingly."

"Why,

“ Why, your honour, if it i'n't owing to something of that sort, why does he behave so unaccountable? I myself heard him making such a noise at the maids one day, that I spoke to Mary afterwards, and asked her what was the matter?—‘ Laws, nobody knows,’ says she, ‘ but here’s the Doctor been all in a huff again; I was just a dusting his desk (says she) and so I happened to wipe down a little bundle of papers, all nothing but mere scraps, and he took on as if they’d been so many guineas (says she) and he kept me there for an hour looking for them, and scolding, and telling such a heap of fibs, that if he was not out of his head, would be a shame for a gentleman to say’ (says she).”

“ Fie, fie, Jacob! and tell Mary fie, too. He is a very learned gentleman, and no more a story-teller than I am myself; which God forbid.”

“ Why, your honour, how could this here be true? he told the maids how they had undone him, and the like, only
because

because of their throwing down them few bits of papers; though they are ready to make oath they picked them up, almost every one; and that they were all of a crump, and of no manner of use."

"Well, well, say no more about it, good Jacob, but go and give my compliments to Dr. Orkborne, and ask him, what's the reason of his changing his mind; I mean, provided it's no secret."

Jacob returned in two minutes, with uplifted hands and eyes; "your honour," cried he, "now you'll believe me another time! he is worse than ever, and I'll be bound he'll break out before another quarter."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Why, as sure as I'm here, he's getting together ever so many books, and stuffing his pockets, and cramming them under his arms, just as if he was a porter! and when I gave him your honour's message, I suppose it put him out, for he said, 'Don't hurry me so, I'm a coming;' making

making believe as if he was only a preparing for going out, in the stead of making that fool of himself."

Sir Hugh, now really alarmed, bid him not mention the matter to any one; and was going up stairs himself, when he saw Dr. Orkborne, heavily laden with books in each hand, and bulging from both coat pockets, slowly and carefully coming down.

"Bless me," cried he, rather fearfully, "my dear sir, what are you going to do with all that library?"

Dr. Orkborne, wishing him good morning, without attending to his question, proceeded to the carriage, calling to Jacob, who stood aloof, to make haste and open the door.

Jacob obeyed, but with a significant look at his master, that said, "you see how it is, sir!"

Sir Hugh following him, gently put his hand upon his shoulder, and mildly said, "My dear friend, to be sure you know best, but I don't see the use of
loading

loading yourself in that manner for nothing."

"It is a great loss of time, sir, to travel without books," answered the Doctor, quietly arranging them in the coach.

"Travel, my good friend? Why, you don't call it travelling to go four or five miles? why, if you had known me before my fall—However, I don't mean to make any comparisons, you gentlemen scholars being no particular good horsemen. However, if you were to go one hundred miles instead of four or five, you could not get through more than one of those books, read as hard as you please; unless you skip half, which I suppose you solid heads leave to the lower ignoramuffes."

"It is not for reading, sir, that I take all these books, but merely to look into. There are many of them I shall never read in my life, but I shall want them all."

Sir Hugh now stared with increased
perplexity;

perplexity; but Dr. Orkborne, as eager to go, since his books were to accompany him, as before to stay, told Jacob to bid the coachman make haste. Jacob looked at his master, who ordered him to mount his mare, and the carriage drove off.

The baronet, in some uneasiness, seated himself in the hall, to ruminate upon what he had just heard. The quietness and usual manner of speaking and looking of Dr. Orkborne, which he had remarked, removed any immediate apprehensions from the assertions of Jacob and Mary; but still he did not like the suggestion; and the carrying off so many books, when he acknowledged he did not mean to read one of them, disturbed him.

In every shadow of perplexity, his first wish was to consult with his brother; and if he had not parted with both his carriages, he would instantly have set off for Etherington. He sent, however, an express for Mr. Tyrold, begging to see him at Cleves with all speed.

C H A P. IV.

An internal Detection.

WHEN the chaise drove from Cleves Park, all attempt at any disguise was over with Camilla, who alive only to the horror of appearing ungrateful to Edgar, wept without controul; and, leaning back in the carriage, entreated Eugenia to dispense with all conversation.

Eugenia, filled with pity, wondered, but complied, and they travelled near four miles in silence; when, perceiving, over the paling round a paddock, Mrs. Aribery and a party of company, Camilla dried her eyes, and prepared for her visit, of which the impetuosity of her feelings had retarded all previous consideration.

Eugenia, with true concern, saw the
unfitness

unfitness of her sister to appear, and proposed walking the rest of the way, in the hope that a little air and exercise might compose her spirits.

She agreed; they alighted, and bidding the footman keep with the carriage, which they ordered should drive slowly behind, they proceeded gently, arm in arm, along a clean raised bank by the side of the road, with a pace suited at once the infirmity of Eugenia, and the wish of delay in Camilla.

The sound of voices reached them from within the paddock, though a thick shrubbery prevented their seeing the interlocutors.

“Can you make out the arms?” said one.

“No;” answered another, “but I can see the postillion’s livery, and I am certain it is Sir Hugh Tyrold’s.”

“Then it is not coming hither,” said a third voice, which they recollected for Mrs. Arlbery’s; “we don’t visit: though I should not dislike to see the old baronet.

They

They tell me is a humorist; and I have a taste for all oddities: but then he has a house full of females, and females I never admit in a morning, except when I have secured some men to take the entertaining them off my hands."

"Whither is Bellamy running?" cried another voice, "he's off without a word."

"Gone in hopes of a rencounter, I doubt not," answered Mrs. Arlbery; "he made palpable aim at one of the divinities of Cleves at the ball."

Eugenia now grew uneasy. "Let us be quick," she whispered, "and enter the house!"

"Divinities! Lord! are they divinities?" said a girlish female voice; "pray how old are they?"

"I fancy about seventeen."

"Seventeen! gracious! I thought they'd been quite young; I wonder they a'n't married!"

"I presume, then, you intend to be more expeditious?" said another, whose voice spoke him to be General Kinfale.

"Gracious!

“ Gracious! I hope so, for I hate an old bride. I’ll never marry at all, if I stay till I am eighteen.”

“ A story goes about,” said the General, “ that Sir Hugh Tyrold has selected one of his nieces for his sole heiress; but no two people agree which it is; they have asserted it of each.”

“ I was mightily taken with one of the girls,” said Mrs. Arlbery; “ there was something so pleasant in her looks and manner, that I even felt inclined to forgive her being younger and prettier than myself; but she turned out also to be more whimsical—and that there was no enduring.”

Camilla, extremely ashamed, was now upon the point of begging Eugenia to return, when a new speech seized all her attention.

“ Do you know, General, when that beautiful automaton, Miss Lynmere, is to marry young Mandlebert?”

“ Immediately, I understand; I am
told

told he has fitted up his house very elegantly for her reception.”

A deep sigh escaped Camilla at such publicity in the report and belief of the engagement of Edgar with her cousin, and brought with it a consciousness too strong for any further self-disguise, that her distress flowed not all from an unjust accusation: the sound alone of the union struck as a dagger at her heart, and told her, incontrovertibly, who was its master.

Her sensations were now most painful: she grew pale, she became sick, and was obliged, in her turn, to lean upon Eugenia, who, affrighted to see her thus strangely disordered, besought her to go back to the chaise.

She consented, and begged to pass a few minutes there alone. Eugenia therefore stayed without, walking slowly upon the bank.

Camilla, getting into the carriage, pulled up the blinds, and, no longer self-deceived, lamented in a new burst of sorrow,

row, her unhappy fate, and unpropitious attachment.

This consciousness, however, became soon a call upon her integrity, and her regret was succeeded by a summons upon propriety. She gave herself up as lost to all personal felicity, but hoped she had discovered the tendency of her affliction, in time to avoid the dangers, and the errors to which it might lead. She determined to struggle without cessation for the conquest of a partiality she deemed it treachery to indulge; and to appease any pain she now blushed to have caused to Indiana, by strictly following the hard prescription of Miss Margland, and the obvious opinion of Eugenia, in shunning the society, and no longer coveting the approbation of Edgar. "Such, my dear father," she cried, "would be your lesson, if I dared consult you! such, my most honoured mother, would be your conduct, if thus cruelly situated!"

This thought thrilled through every vein with pleasure, in a sense of filial de-

fert, and her sole desire was to return immediately to those incomparable parents, under whose roof she had experienced nothing but happiness, and in whose bosoms she hoped to bury every tumultuous disturbance.

These ideas and resolutions, dejecting, yet solacing, occupied her to the forgetfulness of her intended visit, and even of Eugenia, till the words: "Pray let me come to you, my dear Camilla!" made her let down the blinds.

She then perceived Mr. Bellamy earnestly addressing her sister.

He had advanced suddenly towards her, by a short cut from the paddock, of which she was not aware, when she was about twenty yards from the chaise.

She made an effort to avoid him; but he planted himself in the way of her retreat, though with an air of supplication, with which she strove in vain to be angry.

He warmly represented the cruelty of thus flying him, entreated but the privilege

lege of addressing her as a common acquaintance; and promised, upon that condition, to submit unmurmuring to her rejection.

Eugenia, though in secret she thought this request but equitable, made him no answer.

“O madam,” he cried, “what have I not suffered since your barbarous letter! why will you be so amiable, yet so inexorable?”

She attempted to quicken her pace; but again, in the same manner, stopping her, he exclaimed: “Do not kill me by this disdain! I ask not now for favour or encouragement—I know my hard doom—I ask only to converse with you—though, alas! it was by conversing with you I lost my heart.”

Eugenia felt softened; and her countenance, which had forfeited nothing of expression, though every thing of beauty, soon shewed Bellamy his advantage. He pursued it eagerly; depicted his passion,

deprecatèd her severity, extollèd her virtues and accomplishments, and bewailèd his unhappy, hopeless flame.

Eugenia, knowing that all she said, and believing that all she heard issued from the fountain of truth, became extremely distressed. "Let me pass, I conjure you, Sir," she cried; "and do not take it ill—but I cannot hear you any longer."

The vivacity of bright hope flashèd into the sparkling eyes of Bellamy, at so gentle a remonstrance; and entreaties for lenity, declarations of passion, professions of submission, and practice of resistance, assailèd the young Eugenia with a rapidity that confounded her: she heard him with scarce any opposition, from a fear of irritating his feelings, joinèd to a juvenile embarrassment how to treat with more severity so sincere and so humble a suppliant.

From this situation, to the extreme provocation of Bellamy, she was relieved by the appearance of Major Cerwood,

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who

who having observed, from the paddock, the slow motion of the carriage, had come forth to find out the cause.

Eugenia seized the moment of interruption to press forward, and make the call to her sister already mentioned; Bellamy accompanying and pleading, but no longer venturing to stop her: he handed her, therefore, to the chaise, where Major Cerwood also paid his compliments to the two ladies; and hearing they were going to the seat of Mrs. Arlbery, whither Camilla now forced herself, though more unwillingly than ever, he ran on, with Bellamy, to be ready to hand them from the carriage.

They were shewn into a parlour, while a servant went into the garden to call his mistress.

This interval was not neglected by either of the gentlemen, for Bellamy was scarce more eager to engage the attention of Eugenia, than the Major to force that of Camilla. By Lionel he had been informed she was heiress of Cleves; he

deemed, therefore, the opportunity by no means to be thrown away, of making, what he believed required opportunity alone, a conquest of her young heart. Accustomed to think compliments always welcome to the fair, he construed her fadness into softness, and imputed her silence to the confusing impression made upon an inexperienced rural beauty, by the first assiduities of a man of figure and gallantry.

In about a quarter of an hour the servant of Mrs. Arlbery slowly returned, and, with some hesitation, said his lady was not at home. The gentlemen looked provoked, and Camilla and Eugenia, much disconcerted at so evident a denial, left their names, and returned to their carriage.

The journey back to Cleves was mute and dejected: Camilla was shocked at the conscious state of her own mind, and Eugenia was equally pensive. She began to think with anxiety of a contract with a person wholly unknown, and to consider
the

the passion and constancy of Bellamy as the emanations of a truly elevated mind, and meriting her most serious gratitude.

At the hall door they were eagerly met by Sir Hugh, who, with infinite surprise, enquired where they had left Dr. Orkborne.

“ Dr. Orkborne ? ” they repeated, “ we have not even seen him.”

“ Not seen him ? did not he come to fetch you ? ”

“ No, Sir.”

“ Why, he went to Mrs. Arlbery’s on purpose ! And what he stays for at that lady’s, now you are both come away, is a thing I can’t pretend to judge of ; unless he has stopt to read one of those books he took with him ; which is what I dare say is the case.”

“ He cannot be at Mrs. Arlbery’s, Sir,” said Eugenia, “ for we have but this moment left her house.”

“ He must be there, my dear girls, for he’s no where else. I saw him set out myself, which, however, I shan’t men-

tion the particulars of, having sent for my brother, whom I expect every minute."

They then concluded he had gone by another road, as there were two ways to the Grove.

Edgar did not return to Cleves till the family were assembling to dinner. His visit to Mrs. Needham had occasioned him a new disturbance. She had rallied him upon the general rumour of his approaching marriage; and his confusion, from believing his partiality for Camilla detected, was construed into a confirmation of the report concerning Indiana. His disavowal was rather serious than strong, and involuntarily mixt with such warm eulogiums of the object he imagined to be meant, that Mrs. Needham, who had only named *a certain fair one at Cleves*, laughed at his denial, and thought the engagement undoubted.

With respect to his enquiries relative to Mrs. Arlbery, Mrs. Needham said, that she was a woman far more agreeable to the men, than to her own sex; that she
was

was full of caprice, coquetry, and singularity; yet, though she abused the gift, she possessed an excellent and uncommon understanding. She was guilty of no vices, but utterly careless of appearances, and though her character was wholly unimpeached, she had offended or frightened almost all the county around, by a wilful strangeness of behaviour, resulting from an undaunted determination to follow in every thing the bent of her own humour.

Edgar justly deemed this a dangerous acquaintance for Camilla, whose natural thoughtlessness and vivacity made him dread the least imprudence in the connexions she might form; yet, as the reputation of Mrs. Arlbery was unfulled, he felt how difficult would be the task of demonstrating the perils he feared.

Sir Hugh, during the dinner, was exceedingly disturbed. "What Dr. Orkborne can be doing with himself," said he, "is more than any man can tell, for he certainly would not stay at that lady's, when.

when he found you were both come away; so that I begin to think it's ten to one but he's gone nobody knows where! for why else should he take all those books? which is a thing I have been thinking of ever since; especially as he owned himself he should never read one half of them. If he has taken something amiss, I am very ready to ask his pardon; though what it can be I don't pretend to guess."

Miss Margland said, he was so often doing something or other that was ill-bred, that she was not at all surpris'd he should stay out at dinner time. He had never yet fetched her a chair, nor opened the door for her, since he came to the house; so that she did not know what was too bad to expect.

As they were rising from the table, a note arrived from Mr. Tyrold, with an excuse, that important business would prevent his coming to Cleves till the next day. Camilla then begged permission to go in the chaise that was to fetch him,
flattering

flattering herself something might occur to detain her, when at Etherington. Sir Hugh readily assented, and composing himself for his afternoon nap, desired to be awaked if Dr. Orkborne came back.

All now left the room except Camilla, who, taking up a book, stood still at a window, till she was aroused by the voice of Edgar, who, from the Park, asked her what she was reading.

She turned over the leaves, ashamed at the question, to look for the title; she had held the book mechanically, and knew not what it was.

He then produced the promised nose-gay, which had been brought by his gardener during her excursion. She softly lifted up the sash, pointing to her sleeping uncle; he gave it her with a silent little bow, and walked away; much disappointed to miss an opportunity from which he had hoped for some explanation.

She held it in her hand some time,

scarcely sensible she had taken it, till, presently, she saw its buds bedewed with her falling tears.

She shook them off, and pressed the nosegay to her bosom. "This, at least," she cried, "I may accept, for it was offered me before that barbarous attack. Ah! they know not the innocence of my regard, or they would not so wrong it! The universe could not tempt me to injure my cousin, though it is true, I have valued the kindness of Edgar—and I must always value it!—These flowers are more precious to me, coming from his hands, and reared in his grounds, than all the gems of the East could be from any other possessor. But where is the guilt of such a preference? And who that knows him could help feeling it?"

Sir Hugh now awakening from a short slumber, exclaimed—"I have just found out the reason why this poor gentleman has made off; I mean, provided he is really gone away, which, however, I hope
not :

not: but I think, by his bringing down all those books, he meant to give me a broad hint, that he had got no proper book-case to keep them in; which the maids as good as think too."

Then, calling upon Camilla, he asked if she was not of that opinion.

"Y--e--s, Sir," she hesitatingly answered.

"Well, then, my dear, if we all think the same, I'll give orders immediately for getting the better of that fault."

Miss Margland, curious to know how Camilla was detained, now re-entered the room. Struck with the fond and melancholy air with which she was bending over her nosegay, she abruptly demanded—"Pray, where might you get those flowers?"

Covered with shame, she could make no answer.

"O, Miss Camilla! Miss Camilla!—ought not those flowers to belong to Miss Lynmere?"

"Mr.

“ Mr. Mandlebert had promised me them yesterday morning,” answered she, in a voice scarce audible.

“ And is this fair, Ma’am?—can you reckon it honourable?—I’ll be judged by Sir Hugh himself. Do you think it right, Sir, that Miss Camilla should accept nose-gays every day from Mr. Mandlebert, when her cousin has had never a one at all?”

“ Why, it’s not her fault, you know, Miss Margland, if young Mr. Mandlebert chuses to give them to her. However, if that vexes Indiana, I’m sure my niece will make them over to her with the greatest pleasure; for I never knew the thing she would not part with, much more a mere little smell at the nose, which, whether one has it or not, can’t much matter after it’s over.”

Miss Margland now exultingly held out her hand: the decision was obliged to be prompt; Camilla delivered up the flowers, and ran into her own room.

The sacrifice, cried she, is now complete! Edgar will conclude I hate him, and believe Indiana loves him! — no matter! — it is fitting he should think both. I will be steady this last evening, and to-morrow I will quit this fatal roof!

C H A P. V.

An Author's Opinion of Visiting.

WHEN summoned to tea, Camilla, upon entering the parlour, found Sir Hugh in mournful discourse with Edgar upon the non-appearance of Dr. Orkborne. Edgar felt a momentary disappointment that she did not honour his flowers with wearing them; but consoled himself with supposing she had preserved them in water. In a few minutes, however, Indiana appeared with them in her bosom.

Almost petrified, he turned towards Camilla, who, affecting an air of unconcern, amused herself with patting a favourite old terrier of her uncle's.

As soon as he could disengage himself from the Baronet, he leant also over the dog, and, in a low voice, said—"You have

have discarded, then, my poor flowers?"

"Have I not done right?" answered she, in the same tone; "are they not where you must be far happier to see them?"

"Is it possible," exclaimed he, "Miss Camilla Tyrold can suppose——" He stooped, for surprised off his guard, he was speaking loud, and he saw Miss Margland approaching.

"Don't you think, Mr. Mandlebert," said she, "that Miss Lynmere becomes a bouquet very much? she took a fancy to those flowers, and I think they are quite the thing for her."

"She does them," he coldly answered, "too much honour."

Ah, Heaven! he loves her not! thought Camilla, and, while trembling between hope and terror at the suggestion, determined to redouble her circumspection, not to confirm the suspicion that his indifference was produced by her efforts to attach him to herself.

She

She had soon what she conceived to be an occasion for its exertion. When he handed her some cakes, he said—"You would think it, I conclude, impertinent to hear any thing more concerning Mrs. Arlbery, now you have positively opened an acquaintance with her?"

She felt the justice of this implied reproach of her broken promise; but she saw herself constantly watched by Miss Margland, and repressing the apology she was sighing to offer, only answered—"You have nothing, you own, to say against her reputation—and as to any thing else——"

"True," interrupted he, "my information on that point is all still in her favour: but can it be Miss Camilla Tyrold, who holds that to be the sole question upon which intimacy ought to depend? Does she account as nothing manners, disposition, way of life?"

"No, not absolutely as nothing," said she, rising; "but taste settles all those things,

things, and mine is entirely in her favour."

Edgar gravely begged her pardon, for so officiously resuming an irksome subject; and returning to Sir Hugh, endeavoured to listen to his lamentations and conjectures about Dr. Orkborne.

He felt, however, deeply hurt. In naming Mrs. Arlbery, he had flattered himself he had opened an opportunity for which she must herself be waiting, to explain the motives of her late visit; but her light answer put an end to that hope, and her quitting her seat shewed her impatient of further counsel.

Not a word that fell from Sir Hugh reached his ear: but he bowed from time to time, and the good Baronet had no doubt of his attention. His eyes were perpetually following Camilla, though they met not a glance from her in return. She played with the terrier, talked with Eugenia, looked out of the window, turned over some books, and did every thing with an air of negligence, that,
while

while it covered absence and anxiety, displayed a studied avoidance of his notice.

The less he could account for this, the more it offended him. And dwells caprice, thought he, while his eye followed her, even there! in that fair composition!—where may I look for singleness of mind, for nobleness of simplicity, if caprice, mere girlish, unmeaning caprice, dwell there!

The moment she had finished her tea, she left the room, to shorten her cruel task. Struck with the broken sentence of “is it possible Miss Camilla Tyrold can suppose——” the soft hope that his heart was untouched by Indiana, seized her delighted imagination; but the recollection of Miss Margland’s assertions, that it was the real right of her cousin, soon robbed the hope of all happiness, and she could only repeat—To-morrow I will go!—I ought not to think of him!—I had rather be away—to-morrow I will go!

She

She had hardly quitted the parlour, when the distant sound of a carriage roused Sir Hugh from his fears; and, followed by Edgar and the ladies, he made what haste he could into the court-yard, where, to his infinite satisfaction, he saw his coach driving in.

He ordered it should stop immediately, and called out—"Pray, Dr. Orkborne, are you there?"

Dr. Orkborne looked out of the window, and bowed respectfully.

"Good lack, I could never have thought I should be so glad to see you! which you must excuse, in point of being no relation. You are heartily welcome, I assure you; I was afraid I should never see you again; for, to tell you the honest truth, which I would not say a word of before, I had got a notion you were going out of your mind."

The Doctor took not the smallest heed of this speech, and the carriage drove up to the door. Sir Hugh then seating himself under the portico, said—"Pray,
Dr.

Dr. Orkborne, before you go to your studies, may I just ask you how you came to stay out all day? and why you never fetched Eugenia? for I take it for granted it's no secret, on the account Jacob was with you; besides the coachman and horses."

Dr. Orkborne, though not at all discomposed by these questions, nor by his reception, answered, that he must first collect his books.

"The poor girls," continued the Baronet, "came home quite blank; not that they knew a word of my asking you to go for them, till I told them; which was lucky enough, for the sake of not frightening them. However, where you can have been, particularly with regard to your dinner, which, I suppose, you have gone without, is what I can't guess; unless you'd be kind enough to tell me."

The Doctor, too busy to hear him, was packing up his books.

"Come, never mind your books," said Sir Hugh; "Jacob can carry them for you,

you, or Bob, or any body. Here, Bob, (calling to the postillion, who, with all the rest of the servants, had been drawn by curiosity into the court-yard) whisk me up those books, and take them into the Doctor's room; I mean, provided you can find a place for them, which I am sorry to say there is none; owing to my not knowing better in point of taking the proper care; which I shall be sure to do for the future."

The boy obeyed, and mounting one step of the coach, took what were within his reach; which, when the Doctor observed, he snatched away with great displeasure, saying, very solemnly, he had rather at any time be knocked down, than see any body touch one of his books or papers.

Jacob, coming forward, whispered his master not to interfere; assuring him, he was but just got out of one of his tantrums.

Sir Hugh, a little startled, rose to return to the parlour, begging Dr. Orkborne
to

to take his own time, and not hurry himself.

He then beckoned Jacob to follow him.

“There is certainly something in all this,” said he to Edgar, “beyond what my poor wit can comprehend: but I’ll hear what Jacob has to say before I form a complete judgment; though, to be sure, his lugging out all those books to go but four or five miles, has but an odd look; which is what I don’t like to say.”

Jacob now was called upon to give a narrative of the day’s adventures: “Why, your Honour,” said he, as soon as we come to the Grove, “I goes up to the coach door, to ask the Doctor if he would get out, or only fend in to let the young ladies know he was come for them; but he was got so deep into some of his larning, that, I dare say, I bawled it three good times in his ears, before he so much as lifted up his head; and then it was only to say, I put him out! and to it he went again, just as if I’d said never a word; till

till, at last, I was so plaguy mad, I gives the coach such a jog, to bring him to himself like, that it jerked the pencil and paper out of his hand. So then he went straight into one of his takings, pretending I had made him forget all his thoughts, and such like out of the way talk, after his old way. So when I found he was going off in that manner, I thought it only time lost to say no more to him, and so I turned me about not to mind him; when I sees a whole heap of company at a parlour window, laughing so hearty, that I was sure they had heard us. And a fine comely lady, as clever as ever you see, that I found after was the lady of the house, bid me come to the window, and asked what I wanted. So I told her we was come for two of the Miss Tyrols. Why, says she, they've been gone a quarter of an hour, by the opposite road. So then I was coming away, but she made me a sign to come into the parlour, for all it was brimful of fine company, dressed all like I don't

know what. It was as pretty a fight as you'd wish to see. And then, your honour, they all begun upon me at once! There was such a clatter, I thought I'd been turned into a booth at a fair; and merry enough they all was sure!---'specially the lady, who never opened her lips, but what they all laughed: but as to all what they asked me, I could as soon conjure a ghost as call a quarter of it to mind."

"Try, however," said Edgar, curious for further information of whatever related to Mrs. Arlbery.

"Why as to that, 'squire," answered Jacob, with an arch look, "I am not so sure and certain you'd like to hear it all."

"No? and why not?"

"O! pray tell, Jacob," cried Miss Margland; "did they say any thing of Mr. Mandlebert?"

"Yes, and of more than Mr. Mandlebert," said Jacob, grinning.

"Do tell, do tell," cried Indiana, eagerly.

"I'm afeard, Miss!"

Every

Every body assured him no offence should be taken.

“ Well, then, if you must needs know, there was not one of you, but what they had a pluck at. — Pray, says one of them, what does the old gentleman do with all those books and papers in the coach? — That’s what nobody knows, says I, unless his head’s cracked, which is Mary’s opinion. — Then they all laughed more and more, and the lady of the house said: — Pray can he really read? — Whoo! says I, why he does nothing else; he’s at it from morning till night, and Mary says she’s sure before long he’ll give up his meat and drink for it. — I’ve always heard he was a quizz, says another, or a quoz, or some such word; but I did not know he was such a book-worm. — The old quoz is generous, however, I hear, says another, pray do you find him so? — As to that, I can’t say, says I, for I never see the colour of his money. — No! then, what are you such a fool as to serve him
F 2 for? —

for?—So, then, your honour, I found, owing to the coach and the arms, and the like; they thought all the time it was your honour was in the coach. I hope your honour don't take it amiss of me?"

"Not at all Jacob; only I don't know why they call me an old quiz and quoz for; never having offended them; which I take rather unkind; especially not knowing what it means."

"Why, your honour, they're such comical sort of folks; they don't mind what they say of nobody. Not but what the lady of the house is a rare gentlewoman. Your honour could not help liking her. I warrant she's made many a man's heart ache, and then jumped for joy when she'd done. And as to her eyes, I think in my born days I never see nothing like 'em: they shines like two candles on a dark night afar off on the common——."

"Why Jacob," said Sir Hugh, "I see you have lost your heart. However, go on."

"Why,

“ Why, as soon as I found out what they meant—That my master? says I, no, God be thanked! What should I have to live upon if a was? Not so much as a cobweb! for there would not be wherewithal for a spider to make it.”

Here Sir Hugh, with much displeasure, interrupted him; “ As to the poor gentleman’s being poor,” said he, “ it’s no fault of his own, for he’d be rich if he could, I make no doubt; never having heard he was a gambler. Besides which, I always respect a man the more for being poor, knowing how little a rich man may have in him; which I can judge by my own case.”

Jacob proceeded.

“ Well, if it is not Sir Hugh, says one of them, who is it?—Why, it’s only our Latin master, says I; upon which they all set up as jolly a laugh again as ever I heard in my days. Jobbins, they’re pure merry!—And who learns Latin? says one, I hope they don’t let him work at poor old Sir

Hugh? No, says I, they tried their hands with him at first, but he thanked 'em for nothing. He soon grew tired on't.—So then they said, who learns now, says they, do you?—Me! says I, no God be praised, I don't know *A* from *B*, which is the way my head's so clear, never having muddled it with what I don't understand.—And so then they all said I was a brave fellow; and they ordered me a glass of wine.”

What a set! thought Edgar, is this, idle, dissipated, curious—for Camilla to associate with!—the lively, the unthinking, the inexperienced Camilla!

“ So then they asked me, says they, does Miss Lynmere learn, says they?—Not, as I know of; says I, she's no great turn for her book, as ever I heard of; which I hope Miss you won't take ill, for they all said, no, to be sure, she's too handsome for that.”

Indiana looked uncertain whether to be flattered or offended.

“ But you have not told us what they said

said of Mr. Mandlebert yet?" cried Miss Margland.

"No, I must come to you first, Miss," answered he, "for that's what they come upon next. But mayhap I must not tell?"

"O yes, you may;" said she, growing a little apprehensive of some affront, but determined not to seem hurt by it; "I am very indifferent to any thing they can say of me, assure yourself!"

"Why, I suppose, says they, this Latin master studies chiefly with the governess?—They'd study fifty-cuffs I believe, if they did, says I, for she hates him like poison; and there's no great love lost between them."

"And what right had you to say that, Mr. Jacob? I did not ask what you said. Not that I care, I promise you!"

"Why, some how, they got it all out; they were so merry and so full of their fun, I could not be behind hand. But I hope no offence?"

“ O dear no! I'm sure it's not worth while.”

“ They said worse than I did,” resumed Jacob, “ by a deal; they said, says they, she looks duced crabbed—she looks just as if she was always eating a sour apple, says the lady; she looks—”

“ Well, well, I don't want to hear any more of their opinions. I may look as I please I hope. I hate such gossiping.”

“ So then they said, pray does Miss Camilla learn? says they;—Lord love her, no! says I.”

“ And what said they to that?” cried Edgar.

“ Why, they said, they hoped not, and they were glad to hear it, for they liked her the best of all. And what does the ugly one do? says they.—”

“ Come, we have heard enough now,” interrupted Edgar, greatly shocked for poor Eugenia, who fortunately, however, had retired with Camilla.

Sir Hugh too, angrily broke in upon
him,

him, saying: "I won't have my niece called ugly, Jacob! you know it's against my commands such a thing's being mentioned."

"Why, I told 'em so, sir," said Jacob; "ugly one, says I, she you call the ugly one, is one of the best ladies in the land. She's ready to lend a hand to every mortal soul; she's just like my master for that. And as to learning, I make no quæry she can talk you over the Latin grammar as fast as e'er a gentleman here. So then they laughed harder than ever, and said they should be afeard to speak to her, and a deal more I can't call to mind.—So then they come to Mr. Mandlebert. Pray, says they, what's he doing among you all this time?—Why, nothing particular, says I, he's only squiring about our young ladies.—But when is this wedding to be? says another. So then I said—"

"What did you say?" cried Edgar hastily.

"Why—nothing," answered Jacob, drawing back.

“Tell us, however, what they said,” cried Miss Margland.

“Why, they said, says they, every thing has been ready some time at Beech Park;—and they’ll make as handsome a couple as ever was seen.”

“What stuff is this!” cried Edgar, “do prithee have done.”—

“No, no,” said Miss Margland; “go on, Jacob!”

Indiana, conscious and glowing at the words handsome couple, could not restrain a simper; but Edgar, thinking only of Camilla, did not understand it.

“He’ll have trouble enough, says one of the gentlemen,” continues Jacob, “to take care of so pretty a wife.—She’ll be worth a little trouble, says another, for I think she is the most beautifulest girl I ever see—Take my word of it, says the lady of the house, young Mandlebert is a man who won’t be made a fool of; he’ll have his own way, for all her beauty.”

“What a character to give of me to
young

young ladies!" cried Edgar, doubtful, in his turn, whether to be hurt or gratified.

"O she did not stop at that, sir," resumed Jacob, "for she said, I make no question, says she, but in half a year he'll lock her up."

Indiana, surprized, gave an involuntary little shriek: but Edgar, not imputing it to any appropriate alarm, was filled with resentment against Mrs. Arlbery. What incomprehensible injustice! he said to himself: O Camilla! is it possible any event, any circumstance upon earth, could induce me to practise such an outrage? to degenerate into such a savage?

"Is this all?" asked Miss Margland.

"No, ma'am; but I don't know if Miss will like to hear the rest."

"O yes," said Indiana, "if it's about me, I don't mind."

"Why, they all said, Miss, you'd make the most finest bride that ever was seen, and they did not wonder at

Mr. Mandlebert's chusing you; but for all that—."

He stopt, and Edgar, who, following the bent of his own thoughts, had till now concluded Camilla to be meant, was utterly confounded by discovering his mistake. The presence of Indiana redoubled the awkwardness of the situation, and her blushes, and the increased lustre of her eyes, did not make the report seem either unwelcome, or perfectly new to her.

Miss Margland raised her head triumphantly. This was precisely such a circumstance as she flattered herself would prove decisive.

The Baronet, equally pleased, returned her nod of congratulation, and nodding himself towards Edgar, said; "you're blown, you see! but what matters secrets about nothing? which, Lord help me, I never knew how to keep."

Edgar was now still more disconcerted, and, from mere distress what to say or do, bid Jacob go on.

§

"Why

“ Why then, they said a deal more, how pretty she was, he continued, but they did not know how it would turn out, for the young lady was so much admired, that her husband had need look sharp after her; and if —”

“ What complete impertinence!” cried Edgar, walking about the room; “ I really can listen no longer.”

“ If he had done wisely, says the lady of the house, he would have left the professed beauty, and taken that pretty Camilla.”

Edgar surprized, stopt short; this seemed to him less impertinent.

“ Camilla is a charming creature, says she; though she may want a little watching too; but so does every thing that is worth having.”

That woman does not want discernment, thought Edgar, nor she does not want taste.—I can never totally dislike her, if she does such justice to Camilla.

He now again invited Jacob to proceed;

ceed; but Indiana, with a pouting lip, walked out of the room, and Miss Margland said, there was no need to be hearing him all night.

Jacob, therefore, when no more either interrupted or encouraged, soon finished his narrative. Mrs. Arlbery, amused by watching Dr. Orkborne, had insisted, for an experiment, that Jacob should not return to the coach till he was missed and called for; and so intense was the application of the Doctor to what he was composing, that this did not happen till the whole family had dined; Jacob and the coachman, at the invitation of Mrs. Arlbery, having partaken of the servants fare, equally pleased with the regale and the joke. Dr. Orkborne then, suddenly recollecting himself, demanded why the young ladies were so late, and was much discomposed and astonished when he heard they were gone. Mrs. Arlbery invited him into the house, and offered him refreshments, while she ordered water
and

and a feed of corn for the horses; but he only fretted a little, and then went on again with his studies.

Sir Hugh now sent some cold dinner into the Doctor's room, and declared he should always approve his niece's acquaintance with Mrs. Arlbery, as she was so kind to his servants and his animals.

CHAP. VI.

An Author's Idea of Order.

NOT a bosom of the Cleves party enjoyed much tranquillity this evening. Miss Margland, though to the Baronet she would not recede from her first assertions, strove vainly to palliate to herself the ill grace and evident dissatisfaction with which Edgar had met the report. To save her own credit, however, was always her primary consideration; she resolved, therefore, to cast upon unfair play in Camilla, or upon the instability of Edgar, all the blame really due to her own undiscerning self-sufficiency.

Indiana thought so little for herself, that she adopted, of course, every opinion of Miss Margland; yet the immovable coldness of Edgar, contrasted frequently in her remembrance by the fervour of Melmond and of Macdersey, became
more

more and more distasteful to her; and Mrs. Arlbery's idea, that she should be locked up in half a year, made her look upon him alternately as something to shun or to over-reach. She even wished to refuse him:—but Beech Park, the equipage, the servants, the bridal habili-ment.—No! she could enjoy those, if not him. And neither her own feelings, nor the lessons of Miss Margland, had taught her to look upon marriage in any nobler point of view.

But the person most deeply dissatisfied this evening was Edgar. He now saw that, deceived by his own consciousness, he had misunderstood Mrs. Needham, who, as well as Mrs. Arlbery, he was convinced concluded him engaged to Indiana. He had observed with concern the approving credulity of Sir Hugh, and though glad to find his real plan, and all his wishes unsuspected, the false report excited his fears, lest Indiana should give it any credit, and secretly hurt his delicacy for the honour of his taste.

All

All the influence of pecuniary motives to which he deemed Camilla superior, occurred to him in the very words of Dr. Marchmont for Indiana ; whose capacity he saw was as shallow as her person was beautiful. Yet the admiration with which she had already made her first appearance in the world, might naturally induce her belief of his reported devotion. If, therefore, his situation appeared to her to be eligible, she had probably settled to accept him.

The most timid female delicacy was not more scrupulous, than the manly honour of Edgar to avoid this species of misapprehension ; and though perfectly confident his behaviour had been as irreproachable as it was undefining, the least idea of any self-delusion on the part of Indiana, seemed a call upon his integrity for the most unequivocal manifestation of his intentions. Yet any declaration by words, with whatever care selected, might be construed into an implication that he concluded the decision in
his

his own hands. And though he could scarcely doubt the fact, he justly held nothing so offensive as the palpable presumption. One only line of conduct appeared to him, therefore, unexceptionable; which was wholly to avoid her, till the rumour sunk into its own nothingness.

This demanded from him a sacrifice the most painful, that of retiring from Cleves in utter ignorance of the sentiments of Camilla; yet it seemed the more necessary, since he now, with much uneasiness, recollected many circumstances which his absorbed mind had hitherto suffered to pass unnoticed, that led him to fear Sir Hugh himself, and the whole party, entertained the same notion.

He was shocked to consider Camilla involved in such a deception, though delighted by the idea that he might perhaps owe to an explanation, some marks of that preference for which Dr. Marchmont had taught him to wait, and which
he

he now hoped might lie dormant from the persuasion of his engagement. To clear this mistake was, therefore, every way essential, as otherwise the very purity of her character must be in his disfavour.

Still, however, the visit to the Grove hung upon his mind, and he resolved to investigate its cause the following morning, before he made his retreat.

Early the next day, Camilla sent to hasten the chaise which was to fetch Mr. Tyrold, and begged leave of her uncle to breakfast at Etherington. His assent was always ready; and believing every evil would yield to absence, she eagerly, and even with happiness set off.

When the rest of the party assembled without her, Edgar, surprised, enquired if she were well? Miss Margland answered yes; but for the sake of what she loved best in the world, a frolic, she was gone in the chaise to Etherington. Edgar could not prevail with himself to depart till he had spoken with her, and privately deferred

deferred his purposed leave-taking till noon.

During this report, Sir Hugh was anxiously engaged in some business he seemed to wish to conceal. He spoke little, but nodded frequently to himself, with an air of approving his own ideas; he summoned Jacob to him repeatedly, with whom he held various whispering conferences; and desired Miss Margland, who made the tea, not to pour it out too fast, as he was in no hurry to have breakfast over.

When nothing he could urge succeeded, in making any of the company eat or drink any thing more, he pulled Edgar by the sleeve; and, in an eager but low voice, said, "My dear Mr. Edgar, I have a great favour to beg of you, which is only that you will do something to divert Dr. Orkborne."

"I should be very happy, Sir," cried Edgar, smiling, "but I much doubt my capability."

"Why,

“ Why, my dear Mr. Edgar, it’s only to keep him from finding out my new surprise till it’s got ready. And if you will but just spout out to him a bit or two of Virgil and Horace, or some of those Greek and Latin language-masters, he’ll be in no hurry to budge, I promise you.”

A request from Sir Hugh, who with the most prompt alacrity met the wishes of every one, was by Edgar held to be indisputable. He advanced, therefore, to Dr. Orkborne, who was feeling for his tablets, which he commonly examined in his way up the stairs, and started a doubt, of which he begged an exposition, upon a passage of Virgil.

Dr. Orkborne willingly stopt, and displayed, with no small satisfaction, an erudition, that did him nearly as much honour in the ears of the ignorant and admiring Sir Hugh, as in those of the cultivated and well-judging Edgar.

“ Ah!” said the Baronet, sighing, though

†

addressing

addressing himself to no one, "if I had but addicted myself to these studies in due season, I might have understood all this too! though now I can't for my life make out much sense of what they're talking of; nor a little neither, indeed, as to that; thanks to my own idleness; to which, however, I am not much obliged."

Unfortunately, the discussion soon led to some points of comparison, that demanded a review of various authors, and the doctor proposed adjourning to his own apartment. The Baronet winked at Edgar, who would have changed the discourse, or himself have sought the books, or have been satisfied without them; but Dr. Orkborne was as eager here, as in other matters he was slow and phlegmatic; and, regardless of all opposition, was making off, when Sir Hugh, catching him by the arm, exclaimed, "My good friend, I beg it as a particular favour, you won't stir a step!"

"Not

“ Not stir a step, Sir ? ” repeated the doctor, amazed.

“ That is, not to your own room. ”

“ Not go to my own room, Sir ? ”

The Baronet gently begged him not to take it amiss, and presently, upon the appearance of Jacob, who entered with a significant smile, said, he would keep him no longer.

Dr. Orkborne, to whom nothing was so irksome as a moment's detention from his books and papers, instantly departed, inviting Edgar to accompany him; but without troubling himself to inquire for what end he had been held back.

When they were gone, Sir Hugh, rubbing his hands, said, “ Well, I think this good gentleman won't go about the country again, with all his books fastened about him, to shew he has no where to put them : for as to his telling me he only took them to look at, I am not quite such an ignoramus, with all my ignorance, as to believe such
-a thing

a thing as that, especially of a regular bred scholar."

A loud and angry sound of voices from above here interrupted the pleased harangue of the Baronet; Miss Margland opened the door to listen, and, with no small delight, heard words, scarce intelligible for rage, breaking from Dr. Orkborne, whose anger, while Edgar was endeavouring to moderate, Jacob and Mary were vociferously resenting.

Sir Hugh, all astonished, feared there was some mistake. He had sent, the preceding day, as far as Winchester, for two book-cases, which he had ordered should arrive early, and be put up during the breakfast; and he had directed Mary to place upon the shelves, with great care, all the loose books and papers she found dispersed about the room, as neatly as possible: after which Jacob was to give notice when all was arranged.

The words now "If I must have my manuscripts rummaged at pleasure, by every dunce in the house, I would

rather lie in the street!" distinctly caught their ears. Sir Hugh was thunderstruck with amazement and disappointment, but said nothing. Miss Margland looked all spight and pleasure, and Eugenia all concern.

Louder yet, and with accents of encreasing asperity, the Doctor next exclaimed "A twelvemonth's hard labour will not repair this mischief! I should have been much more obliged to you if you had blown out my brains!"

The Baronet, aghast, cried, "Lord help us! I think I had best go and get the shelves pulled down again, what I have done not being meant to offend, being what will cost me ten pounds and upwards."

He then, though somewhat irresolute, whether or not to proceed, moved towards the foot of the stairs; but there a new storm of rage startled him. "I wish you had been all of you annihilated ere ever you had entered my room! I had rather have lost my ears than that
manuscript!

manuscript ! I wish with all my heart you had been at the bottom of the sea, every one of you, before you had touched it !”

“ If you won't believe me, it can't be helped,” said Mary ; “ but if I was to tell it you over and over, I've done nothing to no mortal thing. I only just swept the room after the carpenter was gone, for it was all in such a pickle it was a shame to be seen.”

“ You have ruined me !” cried he, “ you have swept it behind the fire, I make not a moment's doubt ; and I had rather you had given me a bowl of poison ! you can make me no reparation ; it was a clue to a whole section.”

“ Well, I won't make no more words about it,” said Mary, angrily ; “ but I'm sure I never so much as touched it with a pair of tongs, for I never see it ; nor I don't so much as know it if I do.”

“ Why, it's a piece of paper written all over ; look ! just such another as this : I left it on the table, by this corner-- ”

“ O! that?” cried Mary; “ yes, I remember that.”

“ Well, where is it? What have you done with it?”

“ Why, I happened of a little accident about that;—for as I was a sweeping under the table, the broom knocked the ink down; but, by good luck, it only fell upon that little morsel of paper.”

“ Little morsel of paper? it’s more precious than a whole library! But what did you do with it? what is become of it? whatever condition it is in, if you have but saved it—where is it, I say?”

“ Why—it was all over ink, and good for nothing, so I did not think of your missing it—so I throwed it behind the fire.”

“ I wish you had been thrown there yourself with all my heart! But if ever you bring a broom into my room again—”

“ Why, I did nothing but what my master ordered—”

“ Or

“ Or if ever you touch a paper, or a book of mine, again—”

“ My master said himself—”

“ Your master’s a blockhead! and you are another—go away, I say!”

Mary now hurried out of the room, enraged for her master, and frightened for herself; and Edgar, not aware Sir Hugh was within hearing, soon succeeded in calming the doctor, by mildly listening to his lamentations.

Sir Hugh, extremely shocked, sat upon the stairs to recover himself. Miss Margland, who never felt so virtuous, and never so elated, as when witnessing the imperfections or improprieties of others, descanted largely against ingratitude; treating an unmeaning fall of passion as a serious mark of turpitude: but Eugenia, ashamed for Dr. Orkborne, to whom, as her preceptor, she felt a constant disposition to be partial, determined to endeavour to induce him to make some apology. She glided, there-
fore,

fore, past her uncle, and tapped at the doctor's door.

Mary, seeing her master so invitingly in her way, could by no means resist her desire of appeal and complaint; and, descending the stairs, begged his honour to hear her.

“ Mary,” said he, rising, and returning to the parlour, “ you need not tell me a word, for I have heard it all myself; by which it may be truly said, listeners never hear good of themselves; so I've got the proper punishment; for which reason, I hope you won't look upon it as an example.”

“ I am sure, Sir,” said Mary, “ if your honour can excuse his speaking so disrespectful, it's what nobody else can; and if it was not for thinking as his head's got a crack in it, there is not a servant among us as would not affront him for it.”

The Baronet interrupted her with a serious lecture upon the civility he expected

pected for all his guests; and she promised to restrain her wrath; "But only, sir," she continued, "if your honour had seen the bit of paper as he made such a noise at me for, your honour would not have believed it. Not a soul could have read it. My Tom would ha' been well licked if he'd wrote no better at school. And as to his being a twelvemonth a scrawling such another, I'll no more believe it than I'll fly. It's as great a fib as ever was told."

Sir Hugh begged her to be quiet, and to think no more of the matter.

"No, your honour, I hope I'm not a person as bears malice; only I could not but speak of it, because he behaves more comical every day. I thought he'd ha' beat me over and over. And as to the stories he tells about them little bits of paper, mortal patience can't bear it no longer."

The remonstrance of Eugenia took immediate effect. Dr. Orkborne, shocked and alarmed at the expression which

had escaped him, protested himself willing to make the humblest reparation, and truly declared, he had been so greatly disturbed by the loss he had just sustained, that he not merely did not mean, but did not know what he had said.

Edgar was the bearer of this apology, which Sir Hugh accepted with his usual good humour. "His calling me a blockhead," cried he, "is a thing I have no right to resent, because I take it for granted, he would not have said it, if he had not thought it; and a man's thoughts are his castle, and ought to be free."

Edgar repeated the protestation, that he had been hurried on by passion, and spoke without meaning.

"Why, then, my dear Mr. Edgar, I must fairly own I don't see the great superiority of learning, if it can't keep a man's temper out of a passion. However, say nothing of the sort to poor Clermont, upon his coming over, who I expect

I expect won't speak one word in ten I shall understand; which, however, as it's all been done for the best, I would not have the poor boy discouraged in."

He then sent a kind message by Edgar to Dr. Orkborne, desiring him not to mind such a trifle.

This conciliating office was congenial to the disposition of Edgar, and softened his impatience for the return of Camilla, but when, soon after, a note arrived from Mr. Tyrold, requesting Sir Hugh to dispense with seeing him till the next day, and apologising for keeping his daughter, he felt equally disappointed and provoked, though he determined not to delay any longer his departure. He gave orders, therefore, for his horses immediately, and with all the less regret, for knowing Camilla no longer in the circle he was to quit.

The ladies were in the parlour with Sir Hugh, who was sorrowfully brooding over his brother's note, when he entered it to take leave. Addressing himself

somewhat rapidly to the Baronet, he told him he was under an unpleasant necessity, to relinquish some days of the month's sojourn intended for him. He made acknowledgments full of regard for his kindness and hospitality; and then, only bowing to the ladies, left the room, before the astonished Sir Hugh comprehended he was going.

"Well," cried Miss Margland, "this is curious indeed! He has flown off from every thing, without even an apology!"

"I hope he is not really gone?" said Eugenia, walking to the window.

"I'm sure I don't care what he does," cried Indiana, "he's welcome to go or to stay. I'm grown quite sick of him, for my part."

"Gone?" said Sir Hugh, recovering breath; "it's impossible! Why, he never has said one word to me of the day, nor the settlements, nor all those things!"

He then rang the bell, and sent to desire Mr. Mandlebert might be called immediately.

Edgar,

Edgar, who was mounting his horse, obeyed with some chagrin. As soon as he re-entered the room, Sir Hugh cried ; “ My dear Mr. young Edgar, it’s something amazing to me you should think of going away without coming to an explanation ? ”

“ An explanation, sir ? ”

“ Yes, don’t you know what I mean ? ”

“ Not in the least, sir,” cried Edgar, staggered by a doubt whether he suspected what he felt for Camilla, or referred to what was reported of Indiana.

“ Why, then, my pretty dear,” said Sir Hugh to Indiana, “ you won’t object, I hope, to taking a little walk in the garden, provided it is not disagreeable to you ; for you had better not hear what we are going to talk about before your face.”

Indiana, pouting her beautiful underlip, and scornfully passing Edgar, complied. Eugenia accompanied her ; but Miss Margland kept her ground.

Sir Hugh, always unwilling to make

any attack, and at a loss how to begin, simply said; "Why, I thought Mr. Mandlebert, you would stay with us till next year?"

Edgar only bowed.

"Why, then, suppose you do?"

"Most probably, sir, I shall by that time be upon the Continent. If some particular circumstance does not occur, I purpose shortly making the tour of Europe."

Sir Hugh now lost all guard and all restraint, and with undisguised displeasure exclaimed; "So here's just the second part of Clermont! at the moment I sent for him home, thinking he would come to put the finish to all my cares about Eugenia, he sends me word he must travel!—And though the poor girl took it very well, from knowing nothing of the matter, I can't say I take it very kind of you, Mr. young' Edgar, to come and do just the same by Indiana!"

The surprize of Edgar was unspeakable: that Sir Hugh should wish the relation

lation of Jacob, with respect to Indiana, confirmed, he could not wonder; but that his wishes should have amounted to expectations, and that he should deem his niece ill used by their failure, gave him the most poignant astonishment.

Miss Margland, taking advantage of his silent consternation, began now to pour forth very volubly, the most pointed reflections upon the injury done to young ladies by reports of this nature, which were always sure to keep off all other offers. There was no end, she said, to the admirers who had deserted Indiana in despair; and she questioned if she would ever have any more, from the general belief of her being actually pre-engaged.

Edgar, whose sense of honour was ac-
naciouſly delicate, heard her with a mixture of concern for Indiana, and indignation againſt herſelf, that kept her long uninterrupted; for though burning to aſſert the integrity of his conduct, the fear of uttering a word that might be offensive to Indiana, embarrassed and checked him.

Sir

Sir Hugh, who in seeing him overpowered, concluded he was relenting, now kindly took his hand, and said: "My dear Mr. Mandlebert, if you are sorry for what you were intending, of going away, and leaving us all in the lurch, why, you shall never hear a word more about it, for I will make friends for you with Indiana, and beg of Miss Margland that she'll do us the favour to say no more."

Edgar, affectionately pressing the hand of the Baronet, uttered the warmest expressions of personal regard, and protested he should always think it an honour to have been held worthy of pretending to any alliance in his family; but he knew not how the present mistake had been made, or report had arisen: he could boast of no partiality from Miss Lynmere, nor had he ever addressed her with any particular views: yet, as it was the opinion of Miss Margland, that the rumour, however false, might prevent the approach of some deserving object, he now finally determined to become, for
awhile,

awhile, a stranger at Cleves, however painful such self-denial must prove.

He then precipitately left the room, and, in five minutes, had galloped out of the Park.

The rest of the morning was spent by Sir Hugh in the utmost discomposure; and by Miss Margland in alternate abuse of Camilla and of Edgar; while Indiana passed from a piqued and short disappointment, to the consolatory idea that Melmond might now re-appear.

Edgar rode strait to Beech Park, where he busied himself the whole day in viewing alterations and improvements; but where nothing answered his expectations, since Camilla had disappointed them. That sun-beam, which had gilded the place to his eyes, was now overclouded, and the first possession of his own domain, was his first day of discontent.

C H A P. VII.

A Maternal Eye.

THE vivacity with which Camilla quitted Cleves, was sunk before she reached Etherington. She had quitted also Edgar, quitted him offended, and in doubt if it might ever be right she should vindicate herself in his opinion. Yet all seemed strange and unintelligible that regarded the asserted nuptials: his indifference was palpable; she believed him to have been unaccountably drawn in, and her heart softly whispered, it was herself he preferred.

From this soothing but dangerous idea, she struggled to turn her thoughts. She anticipated the remorse of holding the affections of the husband of her cousin, and determined to use every possible method to forget him—unless, which she strove vainly not to hope,
the

the reported alliance should never take place.

These reflections so completely engrossed her the whole way, that she arrived at the Parsonage House, without the smallest mental preparation how to account for her return, or how to plead for remaining at Etherington. Foresight, the offspring of Judgment, or the disciple of Experience, made no part of the character of Camilla, whose impetuous disposition was open to every danger of indiscretion, though her genuine love of virtue glowed warm with juvenile ardour.

She entered, therefore, the breakfast parlour in a state of sudden perplexity what to say; Mr. Tyrold was alone and writing. He looked surprized, but embraced her with his accustomed affection, and enquired to what he owed her present sight.

She made no answer; but embraced him again, and enquired after her mother.

“She is well,” he replied: “but, tell me,

me, is your uncle impatient of my delay? It has been wholly unavoidable. I have been deeply engaged; and deeply chagrined. Your poor mother would be still more disturbed, if the nobleness of her mind did not support her."

Camilla, extremely grieved, earnestly enquired what had happened.

He then informed her that Mrs. Tyrold, the very next morning, must abruptly quit them all and set out for Lisbon to her sick brother, Mr. Relvil.

"Is he so much worse?"

"No: I even hope he is better. An act of folly has brought this to bear. Do not now desire particulars. I will finish my letter, and then return with you for a few minutes to Cleves. The carriage must wait."

"Suffer me first to ask, does Lavinia go with my mother?"

"No, she can only take old Ambrose. Lavinia must supply her place at home."

"Ah! my dearest father, and may not I, too, stay with you and assist her?"

"If

“ If my brother will spare you, my dear child, there is nothing can so much contribute to wile away to me your mother’s absence.”

Enchanted thus, without any explanation, to have gained her point, she completely revived; though when Mrs. Tyrold, whom she almost worshipped, entered the room, in all the hurry of preparing for her long journey, she shed a torrent of tears in her arms.

“ This good girl,” said Mr. Tyrold, “ is herself desirous to quit the present gaities of Cleves, to try to enliven my solitude till we all may meet again.”

The conscious and artless Camilla could not bear this undeserved praise. She quitted her mother, and returning to Mr. Tyrold, “ O my father!” she cried, “ if you will take me again under your beloved roof, it is for my sake—not your’s—I beg to return!”

“ She is right,” said Mrs. Tyrold; “ there is no merit in having an heart; she
could

could have none, if to be with you were not her first gratification."

"Yes, indeed, my dear mother, it would always be so, even if no other inducement—." She stopt short, confused.

Mr. Tyrold, who continued writing, did not heed this little blunder; but his wife, whose quickness of apprehension and depth of observation, were always alive, even in the midst of business, cares, and other attentions, turned hastily to her daughter, and asked to what "other inducement" she alluded.

Camilla, distressed, hung her head, and would have forborne making any answer.

Mrs. Tyrold, then, putting down various packets which she was sorting and selecting, came suddenly up to her, and taking both her hands, looked earnestly in her face, saying: "My Camilla! something has disquieted you?—your countenance is not itself. Tell me, my dear girl, what brought you hither this morning?"

ing? and what is it you mean by some other inducement?"

"Do not ask me now, my dearest mother," answered she, in a faltering voice; "when you come back again, no doubt all will be over; and then—"

"And is that the time, Camilla, to speak to your best friends? would it not be more judicious to be explicit with them, while what affects you is still depending?"

Camilla, hiding her face on her mother's bosom, burst afresh into tears.

"Alas!" cried Mrs. Tyrold, "what new evil is hovering? If it must invade me again through one of my children, tell me, at least, Camilla, it is not wilfully that you, too, afflict me? and afflict the best of fathers?"

Mr. Tyrold, dropping his pen, looked at them both with the most apprehensive anxiety.

"No, my dearest mother," said Camilla, endeavouring to meet her eyes; "not wilfully,—but something has happened—

pened—I can hardly myself tell how or what—but indeed Cleves, now—” she hesitated.

“ How is my brother ? ” demanded Mr. Tyrold.

“ O ! all that is good and kind ! and I grieve to quit him—but, indeed, Cleves, now — ” Again she hesitated.

“ Ah, my dear child ! ” said Mrs. Tyrold, “ I always feared that residence !—you are too young, too inconsiderate, too innocent, indeed, to be left so utterly to yourself.—Forgive me, my dear Mr. Tyrold ; I do not mean to reflect upon your brother, but he is not *you* !—and with you alone, this dear inexperienced girl can be secure from all harm. Tell me, however, what it is — ? ”

Camilla, in the extremest confusion changed colour, but tried vainly to speak. Mr. Tyrold, suspended from all employment, waited fearfully some explanation.

“ We have no time, ” said Mrs. Tyrold, “ for delay ;—you know I am going abroad,—and cannot ascertain my return ;

turn; though all my heart left behind me, with my children and their father, will urge every acceleration in my power."

Camilla wept again, fondly folding her arms round her mother; "I had hoped," she cried, "that I should have come home to peace, comfort, tranquillity! to both of you, my dearest father and mother, and to all my unbroken happiness under your roof!—How little did I dream of so cruel a separation!"

"Console yourself, my Camilla, that you have not been its cause; may Heaven ever spare me evil in your shape at least!—you say it is nothing wilful? I can bear every thing else."

"We will not," said Mr. Tyrold, "press her; she will tell us all in her own way, and at her own time. Forced confidence is neither fair nor flattering. I will excuse her return to my brother, and she will the sooner be able to give her account for finding herself not hurried."

"Calm yourself, then," said Mrs. Tyrold,

rold, "as your indulgent father permits, and I will proceed with my preparations."

Camilla now, somewhat recovering, declared she had almost nothing to say; but her mother continued packing up, and her father went on with his letter.

She had now time to consider that her own fears and emotion were involving her in unnecessary confessions; she resolved, therefore, to repress the fulness of her heart, and to acknowledge only the accusation of Miss Margland. And in a few minutes, without waiting for further enquiry, she gathered courage to open upon the subject; and with as much ease and quietness as she could command, related, in general terms, the charge brought against her, and her consequent desire to quit Cleves, "till,—— till——" Here she stopt for breath. Mr. Tyrold instantly finished the sentence, "till the marriage has taken place?"

She coloured, and faintly uttered, "Yes."

“ You are right, my child,” said he, “ and you have acted with a prudence which does you honour. Neither the ablest reasoning, nor the most upright conduct, can so completely obliterate a surmise of this nature, from a suspicious mind, as absence. You shall remain, therefore, with me, till your cousin is settled in her new habitation. Do you know if the day is fixed?”

“ No, sir,” she answered, while the roses fled her cheeks at a question which implied so firm a belief of the union.

“ Do not suffer this affair to occasion you any further uneasiness,” he continued; “ it is the inherent and unalienable compact of Innocence with Truth, to hold themselves immovably superior to the calumny of false imputations. But I will go myself to Cleves, and set this whole matter right.”

“ And will you, too, sir, have the goodness—” She was going to say, *to make my peace with Edgar*; but the fear

of misinterpretation checked her, and she turned away.

He gently enquired what she meant; she avoided any explanation, and he resumed his writing.

Ah me! thought she, will the time ever come, when with openness, with propriety, I may clear myself of caprice to Edgar?

Less patient, because more alarmed than her husband, Mrs. Tyrold followed her to the window. She saw a tear in her eye, and again she took both her hands: "Have you, my Camilla," she cried, "have you told us all? Can unjust impertinence so greatly have disturbed you? Is there no sting belonging to this wound that you are covering from our sight, though it may precisely be the spot that calls most for some healing balm?"

Again the cheeks of Camilla received their fugitive roses. "My dearest mother," she cried, "is not this enough?—to be accused—suspected—and to fear—"

She

She stammered, and would have withdrawn her hands; but Mrs. Tyrold, still holding them, said, "To fear what? speak out, my best child! open to us your whole heart!—Where else will you find repositories so tender?"

Tears again flowed down the burning cheeks of Camilla, and dropping her eyes, "Ah, my mother!" she cried, "you will think me so frivolous—you will blush so for your daughter—if I own—if I dare confess—"

Again she stopped, terrified at the conjectures to which this opening might give birth; but when further and fondly pressed by her mother, she added, "It is not alone these unjust surmises,—nor even Indiana's unkind concurrence in them—but also—I have been afraid—I must have made a strange—a capricious—an ungrateful appearance in the eyes of Edgar Mandlebert."

Here her voice dropt; but presently recovering, she rapidly continued; "I know it is very immaterial—and I am

sensible how foolish it may sound—but I shall also think of it no more now,—and therefore, as I have told the whole—”

She looked up, conscience struck at these last words, to see if they proved satisfactory: she caught, in the countenance of her mother, an expression of deep commiseration, which was followed by a thousand maternal caresses of unusual softness, though unaccompanied by any words.

Penetrated, yet distressed, she gratefully received them, but rejoiced when, at length, Mr. Tyrold, rising, said, “Go, my love, up stairs to your sister; your mother, else, will never proceed with her business.”

She gladly ran off, and soon, by a concise narration, satisfied Lavinia, and then calmed her own troubled mind.

Mr. Tyrold now, though evidently much affected himself, strove to compose his wife. “Alas!” cried she, “do
you

you not see what thus has touched me? Do you not perceive that our lovely girl, more just to his worth than its possessor, has given her whole heart to Edgar Mandlebert?"

"I perceived it through your emotion, but I had not discovered it myself. I grieve, now, that the probability of such an event had not struck me in time to have kept them apart for its prevention."

"I grieve for nothing," cried she, warmly, "but the infatuated blindness of that self-lost young man. What a wife would Camilla have made him in every stage of their united career! And how unfortunately has she sympathised in my sentiments, that he alone seemed worthy to replace the first and best protector she must relinquish when she quits this house! What will he find in Indiana but a beautiful doll, uninterested in his feelings, unmoved by his excellencies, and incapable of comprehending him

if he speaks either of business or literature!"

"Yet many wives of this description," replied Mr. Tyrold, "are more pleasing in the eyes of their husbands than women who are either better informed in intellect, or more alive in sensation; and it is not an uncommon idea amongst men, that where, both in temper and affairs, there is least participation, there is most repose. But this is not the case with Edgar."

"No! he has a nobler resemblance than this portrait would allow him; a resemblance which made me hope from him a far higher style of choice. He prepares himself, however, his own ample punishment; for he has too much understanding not to sicken of mere personal allurements, and too much generosity to be flattered, or satisfied, by mere passive intellectual inferiority. Neither a mistress nor a slave can make him happy; a companion is what he requires; and
for

for that, in a very few months, how vainly his secret soul may sigh, and *think of our Camilla!*"

They then settled, that it would be now essential to the peace of their child to keep her as much as possible from his sight; and determined not to send her back to Cleves to apologize for the new plan, but to take upon themselves that whole charge. "Her nature," said Mrs. Tyrold, "is so gay, so prompt for happiness, that I have little fear but in absence she will soon cease to dwell upon him. Fear, indeed, I have, but it is of a deeper evil than this early impression; I fear for her future lot! With whom can we trust her?—She will not endure negligence; and those she cannot respect she will soon despise. What a prospect for her, then, with our present race of young men! their frivolous fickleness nauseates whatever they can reach; they have a weak shame of asserting, or even listening to what is right, and a shallow pride in professing and performing what is

wrong. How must this ingenuous girl forget all she has yet seen, heard, or felt, ere she can encounter wickedness, or even weakness, and disguise her abhorrence or contempt?"

"My dear Georgiana, let us never look forward to evil."

"Will it not be doubly hard to bear, if it come upon us without preparation?"

"I think not. Terror shakes, and apprehension depresses: hope nerves as well as gladdens us. Remember always, I do not by hope mean presumption; I mean simply a cheerful trust in heaven."

"I must always yield," cried Mrs. Tyrold, "to your superior wisdom, and reflecting piety; and if I cannot conquer my fears, at least I will neither court nor indulge them."

The thanks of a grateful husband repaid this compliance. They sent for Camilla, to acquaint her they would make her excuses at Cleves: she gave a ready though melancholy consent, and the virtue of her motives drew tears from her
idolizing

idolizing mother, as she clasped her to her heart.

They then set out together, that Mr. Tyrold might arrange this business with Sir Hugh, of whom and of Eugenia Mrs. Tyrold was to take leave.

C H A P. VIII.

Modern Ideas of Duty.

CAMILLA now felt more permanently revived, because better satisfied with the rectitude of her conduct. She could no longer be accused of interfering between Edgar and Indiana; that affair would take its natural course, and, be it what it might, while absent from both parties, she concluded she should at least escape all censure.

Peaceably, therefore, she returned to take possession of her usual apartment, affectionately accompanied by her eldest sister.

The form and the mind of Lavinia were in the most perfect harmony. Her polished complexion was fair, clear, and transparent; her features were of the extremest delicacy, her eyes of the softest blue, and her smile displayed internal serenity.

renity. The unruffled sweetness of her disposition bore the same character of modest excellence. Joy, hope, and prosperity, sickness, sorrow, and disappointment, assailed alike in vain the uniform gentleness of her temper: yet though thus exempt from all natural turbulence, either of pleasure or of pain, the meekness of her composition degenerated not into insensibility; it was open to all the feminine feelings of pity, of sympathy, and of tenderness.

Thus copiously gifted with "all her sex's softness," her society would have contributed to restore Camilla to repose, had they continued together without interruption; but, in a few minutes, the room door was opened, and Lionel, rushing into the apartment, called out, "How do, do, my girls? how do, do?" and shook them each by the hand, with a swing that nearly brought them to the ground.

Camilla always rejoiced at his sight; but Layinia gravely said, "I thought, brother,

brother, you had been at Dr. Marchmont's?"

"All in good time, my dear! I shall certainly visit the old gentleman before long."

"Did you not sleep there, then, last night?"

"No, child."

"Good God, Lionel!—if my mother—"

"My dear little Lavinia," cried he, chucking her under the chin, "I have a vast notion of making visits at my own time, instead of my mamma's."

"O Lionel! and can you, just now——"

"Come, come," interrupted he, "don't let us waste our precious minutes in old moralizing. If I had not luckily been hard by, I should not have known the coast was clear. Pray where are they gone, tantivyng?"

"To Cleves."

"To Cleves! what a happy escape! I was upon the point of going thither myself."

myself. Camilla, what is the matter with thee?"

"Nothing—I am only thinking—pray when do you go to Oxford?"

"Pho, pho,—what do you talk of Oxford for? you are grown quite stupid, girl. I believe you have lived too long with Miss Margland. Pray how does that dear creature do? I am afraid she will grow melancholy from not seeing me so long. Is she as pretty as she used to be? I have some notion of sending her a suitor."

"O brother," said Lavinia, "is it possible you can have such spirits?"

"O hang it, if one is not merry when one can, what is the world good for? besides, I do assure you, I fretted so consumed hard at first, that for the life of me I can fret no longer."

"But why are you not at Dr. Marchmont's?"

"Because, my dear, you have no conception the pleasure those old doctors
take

take in lecturing a youngster who is in any disgrace."

"Disgrace!" repeated Camilla.

"At all events," said Lavinia, "I beseech you to be a little careful; I would not have my poor mother find you here for the world."

"O, as to that, I defy her to desire the meeting less than I do. But come, let's talk of something else. How go on the classics? Is my old friend, Dr. Orkborne, as chatty and amusing as ever?"

"My dear Lionel," said Camilla, "I am filled with apprehension and perplexity. Why should my mother wish not to see you? And why—and how is it possible you can wish not to see her?"

"What, don't you know it all?"

"I know only that something must be wrong; but how, what, or which way, I have not heard."

"Has not Lavinia told you, then?"

"No," answered Lavinia; "I could be in no haste to give her pain."

"You

“ You are a good girl enough. But how came you hither, Camilla? and what is the reason you have not seen my mother yourself?”

“ Not seen her! I have been with her this half hour.”

“ What! and in all that time did not she tell you?”

“ She did not name you.”

“ Is it possible!— Well, she’s a noble creature! I wonder how she could ever have such a son as me. And I am still less like my father than her. I suppose I was changed in the cradle. Will you countenance me, young ladies, if some villainous attorney or exciseman should by and by come to own me?”

“ Dear Lionel,” cried Camilla, “ do explain to me what has happened. You make me think it important and trifling twenty times in a minute.”

“ O, a horrid business!— Lavinia must tell it you. I’ll go away till she has done. Don’t despise me, Camilla; I am confounded sorry, I promise you.”

He

He then hurried out of the room, evidently feeling more emotion than he cared to display.

Yet Lavinia had but just begun her relation, when he abruptly returned. "Come, I had better tell it you myself," cried he, "for she'll make such a dismal ditty of it, that it won't be over this half year; the sooner we have done with it the better; it will only put you out of spirits."

Then, sitting down, and taking her hand, he began, "You must know I was in rather a bad scrape at Oxford last year—"

"Last year! and you never told us of it before!"

"O, 'twas about something you would not understand, so I shall not mention particulars now. It is enough for you to know that two or three of us wanted a little cash!—well, so—in short, I sent a letter—somewhat of a threatening sort—to poor old uncle Relvil!"—

"O Lionel!"

"O, I

“O, I did not sign it,—it was only begging a little money, which he can afford to spare very well; and just telling him, if he did not come to a place I mentioned, he would have his brains blown out.”—

“How horrible!”

“Pho, pho,—he had only to send the money, you know, and then his brains might keep their place; besides, you can’t suppose there was gunpowder in the words. So I got this copied, and took the proper measures for concealment, and,—would you believe it! the poor old gull was fool enough actually to send the money where he was bid?”

“Fie, Lionel!” cried Lavinia; “do you call him a fool because you terrified him?”

“Yes, to be sure, my dear; and you both think him so too, only you don’t hold it pretty to say so. Do you suppose, if he had had half the wit of his sister, he would have done it? I believe, in my conscience, there was some odd mistake
in

in their births, and that my mother took away the brains of the man, and left the woman's for the noddle of my poor uncle."

"Fie, fie, brother!" said Lavinia again; "you know how sickly he has always been from his birth, and how soon therefore he might be alarmed."

"Why, yes, Lavinia—I believe it was a very bad thing—and I would give half my little finger I had not done it. But it's over, you know; so what signifies making the worst of it?"

"And did he not discover you?"

"No; I gave him particular orders, in my letter, not to attempt any thing of that sort, assuring him there were spies about him to watch his proceedings. The good old ass took it all for gospel. So there the matter dropt. However, as ill luck would have it, about three months ago we wanted another sum—"

"And could you again—"

"Why, my dear, it was only taking a
little

little of my own 'fortune before-hand, for I am his heir; so we all agreed it was merely robbing myself; for we had several consultations about it, and one of us is to be a lawyer."

"But you give me some pleasure here," said Camilla; "for I had never heard that my uncle had made you his heir."

"No more have I neither, my dear; but I take it for granted. Besides, our little lawyer put it into my head. Well, we wrote again, and told the poor old gentleman—for which I assure you I am heartily repentant—that if he did not send me double the sum, in the same manner, without delay, his house was to be burnt to the ground the first night that he and all his family were asleep in bed.—Now don't make faces and shruggings, for, I promise you, I think already I deserve to be hanged for giving him the fright; though I would not really have hurt him, all the time, for half his fortune.

fortune. And who could have guessed he would have bit so easily? The money, however, came, and we thought it all secure, and agreed to get the same sum annually."

"Annually!" repeated Camilla, with uplifted hands.

"Yes, my dear. You have no conception how convenient it would have been for our extra expences. But, unluckily, uncle grew worse, and went abroad, and then consulted with some crab of a friend, and that friend with some demagogue of a magistrate, and so all is blown!—However, we had managed it so cleverly, it cost them near three months to find it out, owing, I must confess, to poor uncle's cowardice in not making his enquiries before the money was carried off, and he himself over the seas and far away. The other particulars Lavinia must give you; for I have talked of it now till I have made myself quite sick. Do tell me something diverting to drive
it

it a little out of my head. Have you seen any thing of my enchanting widow lately?"

"No, she does not desire to be seen by me. She would not admit me."

"She is frankness itself, and does not pretend to care a fig for any of her own sex.—O, but, Camilla, I have wanted to ask you this great while, if you think there is any truth in this rumour, that Mandlebert intends to propose to Indiana?"

"To propose! I thought it had all long since been settled."

"Ay, so the world says; but I don't believe a word of it. Do you think, if that were the case, he would not have owned it to me? There's nothing fixed yet, depend upon it."

Camilla, struck, amazed, and delighted, involuntarily embraced her brother; though, recollecting herself almost at the same moment, she endeavoured to turn off the resistless impulse into taking leave, and hurrying him away.

Lionel,

Lionel, who to want of solidity and penetration principally owed the errors of his conduct, was easily put upon a wrong scent, and assured her he would take care to be off in time. "But what," cried he, "has carried them to Cleves? Are they gone to tell tales? Because I have lost one uncle by my own fault, must I lose another by their's?"

"No," answered Lavinia, "they have determined not to name you. They have settled that my uncle Hugh shall never be told of the affair, nor any body else, if they can help it, except your sisters, and Dr. Marchmont."

"Well, they are good souls," cried he, attempting to laugh, though his eyes were glistening; "I wish I deserved them better; I wish, too, it was not so dull to be good. I can be merry and harmless here at the same time,—and so I can at Cleves;—but at Oxford—or in London,—your merry blades there—I can't deny it, my dear sisters—your merry blades there are but sad fellows. Yet
there

there is such fun, such spirit, such sport amongst them, I cannot for my life keep out of their way. Besides, you have no conception, young ladies, what a bye word you become among them if they catch you flinching."

"I would not for the world say any thing to pain you, my dear brother," cried Lavinia; "but yet I must hope that, in future, your first study will be to resist such dangerous examples, and to drop such unworthy friends?"

"If it is not to tell tales, then, for what else are they gone to Cleves, just at this time?"

"For my mother to take leave of Eugenia and my uncle before her journey."

"Journey! Why whither is she going?"

"Abroad."

"The deuce she is!—And what for?"

"To try to make your peace with her brother; or at least to nurse him herself till he is tolerably recovered."

Lionel flapped his hat over his eyes, and saying, "This is too much!—if I were a man I should shoot myself!"—rushed out of the room.

The two sisters rapidly followed him, and caught his arm before he could quit the house. They earnestly besought him to return, to compose himself, and to promise he would commit no rash action.

"My dear sisters," cried he, "I am worked just now only as I ought to be; but I will give you any promise you please. However, though I have never listened to my father as I ought to have listened, he has implanted in my mind a horror of suicide, that will make me live my natural life, be it as good for nothing as it may."

He then suffered his sisters to lead him back to their room, where he cast himself upon a chair, in painful rumination upon his own unworthiness, and his parents excellence; but the tender soothing of Lavinia and Camilla, who trembled

bled lest his remorse should urge him to some act of violence, soon drew him from reflections of which he hated the intrusion; and he attended, with complacency, to their youthful security of perfect reconciliations, and re-established happiness.

With reciprocal exultation, the eyes of the sisters congratulated each other on having saved him from despair: and seeing him now calm, and, they hoped, safe, they mutually, though tacitly, agreed to obtrude no further upon meditations that might be useful to him, and remained silently by his side.

For some minutes all were profoundly still; Lionel then suddenly started up; the sisters, affrighted, hastily arose at the same instant; when stretching himself and yawning, he called out, "Pr'ythee, Camilla, what is become of that smug Mr. Dubster?"

Speechless with amazement, they looked earnestly in his face, and feared he was raving.

They were soon, however undeceived; the tide of penitence and sorrow was turned in his buoyant spirits, and he was only restored to his natural volatile self.

“ You used him most shabbily,” he continued, “ and he was a very pretty fellow. The next time I have nothing better to do, I’ll send him to you, that you may make it up.”

This quick return of gaiety caused a sigh to Lavinia, and much surprise to Camilla; but neither of them could prevail with him to depart, till Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold were every moment expected; they then, though with infinite difficulty, procured his promise that he would go straight to Dr. Marchmont, according to an arrangement made for that purpose by Mrs. Tyrold herself.

Lavinia, when he was gone, related some circumstances of this affair which he had omitted. Mr. Relvil, the elder brother of Mrs. Tyrold, was a country gentleman of some fortune, but of weak parts, and an invalid from his infancy.

He

He had suffered these incendiary letters to prey upon his repose, without venturing to produce them to any one, from a terror of the menaces hurled against him by the writer, till at length he became so completely hypochondriac, that his rest was utterly broken, and, to preserve his very existence, he resolved upon visiting another climate.

The day that he set out for Lisbon, his destined harbour, he delivered his anonymous letters to a friend, to whom he left in charge to discover, if possible, their author.

This discovery, by the usual means of enquiries and rewards, was soon made; but the moment Mr. Relvil learnt that the culprit was his nephew, he wrote over to Mrs. Tyrold a statement of the transaction, declaring he should disinherit Lionel from every shilling of his estate. His health was so much impaired, he said, by the disturbance this had given to his mind, that he should be obliged to spend the ensuing year in Portugal; and he even

felt uncertain if he might ever return to his own country.

Mrs. Tyrold, astonished and indignant, severely questioned her son, who, covered with shame, surprise, and repentance, confessed his guilt. Shocked and grieved in the extreme, she ordered him from her sight, and wrote to Dr. Marchmont to receive him. She then settled with Mr. Tyrold the plan of her journey and voyage, hoping by so immediately following, and herself nursing her incensed brother, to soften his wrath, and avert its final ill consequences.

C H A P. IX.

A few Embarrassments.

MR. and Mrs. Tyrold returned to Etherington somewhat relieved in their spirits, though perplexed in their opinions. They had heard from Sir Hugh, that Edgar had decidedly disavowed any pretensions to Indiana, and had voluntarily retreated from Cleves, that his disavowal might risk no misconstruction, either in the family or the neighbourhood.

This insensibility to beauty the most exquisite wanted no advocate with Mrs. Tyrold. Once more she conceived some hope of what she wished, and she determined upon seeing Edgar before her departure. The displeasure she had nourished against him vanished, and justice to his general worth, with an affection nearly maternal to his person, took again their wonted place in her bosom, and

made her deem herself unkind in having purposed to quit the kingdom without bidding him farewell.

Mr. Tyrold, whom professional duty and native inclination alike made a man of peace, was ever happy to second all conciliatory measures, and the first to propose them, where his voice had any chance of being heard. He sent a note, therefore, to invite Edgar to call the next morning; and Mrs. Tyrold deferred her hour of setting off till noon.

Her own natural and immediate impulse, had been to carry Camilla with her abroad; but when she considered that her sole errand was to nurse and appease an offended sick man, whose chamber she meant not to quit till she returned to her family, she gave up the pleasure she would herself have found in the scheme, to her fears for the health and spirits of her darling child, joined to the superior joy of leaving such a solace with her husband.

Sir Hugh had heard the petition for
postponing

postponing the further visit of Camilla almost with despondence; but Mr. Tyroid restored him completely to confidence, with respect to his doubts concerning Dr. Orkborne, with whom he held a long and satisfactory conversation; and his own benevolent heart received a sensible pleasure, when, upon examining Indiana with regard to Edgar, he found her, though piqued and pouting, untouched either in affection or happiness.

Early the next morning Edgar came. Mrs. Tyroid had taken measures for employing Camilla up stairs, where she did not even hear that he entered the house.

He was received with kindness, and told of the sudden journey, though not of its motives. He heard of it with unfeigned concern, and earnestly solicited to be the companion of the voyage, if no better male protector were appointed.

Mr. Tyroid folded his arms around him at this grateful proposal, while his wife, animated off her guard, warmly exclaimed —“ My dear, excellent Edgar! you are

indeed the model, the true son of your guardian!"

Sorry for what had escaped her, from her internal reference to Lionel, she looked anxiously to see if he comprehended her; but the mantling blood which mounted quick into his cheeks, while his eyes sought the ground, soon told her there was another mode of affinity, which at that moment had struck him.

Willing to establish whether this idea were right, she now considered how she might name Camilla; but her husband, who for no possible purpose could witness distress without seeking to alleviate it, declined his kind offer, and began a discourse upon the passage to Lisbon.

This gave Edgar time to recover, and, in a few seconds, something of moment seemed abruptly to occur to him, and scarcely saying adieu, he hurried to remount his horse.

Mrs. Tyrold was perplexed; but she could take no steps towards an explanation, without infringing the delicacy she
felt

felt due to her daughter: she suffered him, therefore, to depart.

She then proceeded with her preparations, which entirely occupied her till the chaise was at the gate; when, as the little party, their eyes and their hearts all full, were taking a last farewell, the parlour door was hastily opened, and Dr. Marchmont and Edgar entered the room.

All were surprised, but none so much as Camilla, who, forgetting, in sudden emotion, every thing but former kindness and intimacy, delightedly exclaimed---“Edgar! O how happy, my dearest mother!—I was afraid you would go without seeing him!”

Edgar turned to her with a quickness that could only be exceeded by his pleasure; her voice, her manner, her unlooked-for interest in his appearance, penetrated to his very soul. “Is it possible,” he cried, “you could have the goodness to wish me this gratification? At a moment such as this, could you——?” think of me, he would have added; but Dr.

Marchmont, coming forward, begged him to account for their intrusion.

Almost overpowered by his own sudden emotion, he could scarce recollect its motive himself; while Camilla, fearful and repentant that she had broken her deliberate and well-principled resolutions, retreated to the window.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold witnessed the involuntary movements which betrayed their mutual regard with the tenderest satisfaction; and the complacency of their attention, when Edgar advanced to them, soon removed his embarrassment.

He then briefly acquainted them, that finding Mrs. Tyrold would not accept him for her chevalier, he had ridden hard to the parsonage of Cleves, whence he hoped he had brought her one too unexceptionable for rejection.

Dr. Marchmont, with great warmth, then made a proffer of his services, declaring he had long desired an opportunity to visit Portugal; and protesting that, besides the pleasure of complying with any wish

wish of Mr. Mandlebert's, it would give him the most serious happiness to shew his gratitude for the many kind offices he owed to Mr. Tyrold, and his high personal respect for his lady; he should require but one day for his preparations, and for securing the performance of the church duty at Cleves during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold were equally struck by the goodness of Dr. Marchmont, and the attentive kindness of Edgar. Mrs. Tyrold, nevertheless, would immediately have declined the scheme; but her husband interposed. Her travelling, he said, with such a guard, would be as conducive to his peace at home, as to her safety abroad. "And with respect," cried he, "to obligation, I hold it as much a moral duty not to refuse receiving good offices, as not to avoid administering them. That species of independence, which proudly flies all ties of gratitude, is inimical to the social com-

paſt of civilized life, which ſubſiſts but by reciprocity of ſervices.”

Mrs. Tyrold now oppoſed the ſcheme no longer, and the chaiſe was ordered for the next day.

Dr. Marchmont hurried home to ſettle his affairs ; but Edgar begged a ſhort conference with Mr. Tyrold.

Every maternal hope was now awake in Mrs. Tyrold, who concluded this requeſt was to demand Camilla in marriage; and her husband himſelf, not without trepidation, took Edgar into his ſtudy.

But Edgar, though his heart was again wholly Camilla's, had received a look from Dr. Marchmont that guarded him from any immediate declaration. He ſimply opened upon the late miſconception at Cleves; vindicated himſelf from any verſatility of conduct, and affirmed, that both his attentions and his regard for Indiana had never been either more or leſs than they ſtill continued. All this was ſpoken with a plainneſs to which the integrity

tegrity of his character gave a weight superior to any protestations.

“ My dear Edgar,” said Mr Tyrold, “ I am convinced of your probity. The tenor of your life is its guarantee, and any other defence is a degradation. There is, indeed, no perfidy so unjustifiable, as that which wins but to desert the affections of an innocent female. It is still, if possible, more cowardly than it is cruel; for the greater her worth, and the more exquisite her feelings, the stronger will be the impulse of her delicacy to suffer uncomplaining; and the deluder of her esteem commonly confides, for averting her reproach, to the very sensibility through which he has ensnared her good opinion.”

“ No one,” said Edgar, “ can more sincerely concur in this sentiment than myself; and, I trust, there is no situation, and no character, that could prompt me to deviate in this point. Here, in particular, my understanding must have been as defective as my morals, to have betrayed me into such an enterprize.”

“ How

“How do you mean?”

“I beg pardon, my dear sir; but, though I have a sort of family regard for Miss Lynmere, and though I think her beauty is transcendent, her heart, I believe——” he hesitated.

“Do you think her heart invulnerable?”—

“Why—no—not positively, perhaps,” answered he, embarrassed, “not positively invulnerable; but certainly I do not think it composed of those finely subtle sensations which elude all vigilance, and become imperceptibly the prey of every assailing sympathy; for itself, therefore, I believe it not in much danger; and, for others—I see not in it that magnetic attraction which charms away all caution, beguiles all security, enwraps the imagination, and masters the reason!”——

The chain of thinking which, from painting what he thought insensible in Indiana, led him to describe what he felt to be resistless in Camilla, made him finish the last sentence with an

energy that surpris'd Mr. Tyrold into a smile.

“ You seem deeply,” he said, “ to have studied the subject.”

“ But not under the guidance of Miss Lynmere,” he answered, rising, and colouring, the moment he had spoken, in the fear he had betrayed himself.

“ I rejoice, then, the more,” replied Mr. Tyrold, calmly, “ in her own slackness of susceptibility.”

“ Yes,” cried Edgar, recovering, and quietly re-placing himself; “ it is her own security, and it is the security of all who surround her; though to those, indeed, there was also another, a still greater, in the contrast which——” he stopt, confus'd at his own meaning; yet presently, almost irresistibly, added—“ Not that I think the utmost vivacity of sentiment, nor all the charm of soul, though eternally beaming in the eyes, playing in every feature, glowing in the complection, and brightening every smile——” he stopt again, overpowered with the consciousness
of

of the picture he was portraying; but Mr. Tyrold continuing silent, he was obliged, though he scarce knew what he said, to go on. "Nothing, in short, so selfishly are we formed,—that nothing, not even the loveliest of the lovely, can be truly bewitching, in which we do not hope or expect some participation.—I believe I have not made myself very clear?—However, it is not material—I simply meant to explain my retreat from Cleves. And, indeed, it is barbarous, at a season such as this, to detain you a moment from your family."

He then hastily took leave.

Mr. Tyrold was sensibly touched by this scene. He saw, through a discourse so perplexed, and a manner so confused, that his daughter had made a forcible impression upon the heart of Mandlebert, but could not comprehend why he seemed struggling to conceal it. What had dropt from him appeared to imply a distrust of exciting mutual regard; yet this, after his own observations
upon

upon Camilla, was inconceivable. He regretted, that at a period so critical, she must part with her mother, with whom again he now determined to consult.

Edgar, who hitherto had opened his whole heart upon every occasion to Mr. Tyrold, felt hurt and distressed at this first withholding of confidence. It was, however, unavoidable, in his present situation.

He went back to the parlour to take leave once more of Mrs. Tyrold; but, opening the door, found Camilla there alone. She was looking out of the window, and had not heard his entrance.

This was not a sight to still his perturbed spirits; on the contrary, the moment seemed to him so favourable, that it irresistibly occurred to him to seize it for removing every doubt.

Camilla, who had not even missed her mother and sister from the room, was contemplating the horse of Edgar, and internally arraigning herself for the dangerous

gerous pleasure she had felt and manifested at the sight of his master.

He gently shut the door, and approaching her, said, "Do I see again the same frank and amiable friend, who in earliest days, who always, indeed, till—"

Camilla, turning round, startled to behold him so near, and that no one else remained in the room, blushed excessively, and without hearing what he said, shut the window; yet opened it the same minute, stammering out something, but she herself knew not what, concerning the weather.

The gentlest thoughts crossed the mind of Edgar at this evident embarrassment, and the most generous alacrity prompted him to hasten his purpose. He drew a chair near her, and, in penetrating accents, said: "Will you suffer me, will you, can you permit me, to take the privilege of our long friendship, and honestly to speak to you upon what has passed within these last few days at Cleves?"

She

She could not answer: surprize, doubt, fear of self-deception, and hope of some happy explanation, all suddenly conspired to confound and to silence her.

“ You cannot, I think, forget,” he soon resumed, “ that you had condescended to put into my hands the management and decision of the new acquaintance you are anxious to form? My memory, at least, will never be unfaithful to a testimony so grateful to me, of your entire reliance upon the deep, the unspeakable interest I have ever taken, and ever must take, in my invaluable guardian, and in every branch of his respected and beloved family.”

Camilla now began to breathe. This last expression, though zealous in friendliness, had nothing of appropriate partiality; and in losing her hope she resumed her calmness.

Edgar observed, though he understood not, the change; but as he wished to satisfy his mind before he indulged his inclination, he endeavoured not to be
sorry

sorry to see her mistress of herself during the discussion. He wished her but to answer him with openness: she still, however, only listened, while she rose and looked about the room for some work. Edgar, somewhat disconcerted, waited for her again sitting down; and after a few minutes spent in a useless search, she drew a chair to a table at some distance.

Gravely then following, he stood opposite to her, and, after a little pause, said, "I perceive you think I go too far? you think that the intimacy of childhood, and the attachment of adolescence, should expire with the juvenile sports and intercourse which nourished them, rather than ripen into solid friendship and permanent confidence?"

"Do not say so," cried she, with emotion; "believe me, unless you knew all that had passed, and all my motives, you should judge nothing of these last few days, but think of me only, whether well or ill, as you thought of me a week ago."

The

The most laboured and explicit defence could not more immediately have satisfied his mind than this speech. Suspicion vanished, trust and admiration took its place, and once more drawing a chair by her side, "My dear Miss Camilla," he cried, "forgive my having thus harped upon this subject; I here promise you I will name it no more."

"And I," cried she, delighted, "promise you"—she was going to add, that she would give up Mrs. Arlbery, if he found reason to disapprove the acquaintance; but the parlour door opened, and Miss Margland stalked into the room.

Sir Hugh was going to send a messenger to enquire how and when Mrs. Tyrold had set out; but Miss Margland, from various motives of curiosity, offered her services, and came herself. So totally, however, had both Edgar and Camilla been engrossed by each other, that they had not heard the carriage drive up to the garden gate, which, with the door

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of the house, being always open, required neither knocker nor bell.

A spectre could not more have startled or shocked Camilla. She jumped up, with an exclamation nearly amounting to a scream, and involuntarily seated herself at the other end of the room.

Edgar, though not equally embarrassed, was still more provoked; but he rose, and got her a chair, and enquired after the health of Sir Hugh.

“He is very poorly, indeed,” answered she, with an austere air, “and no wonder!”

“Is my uncle ill?” cried Camilla, alarmed.

Miss Margland deigned no reply.

The rest of the family, who had seen the carriage from the windows, now entered the room, and during the mutual enquiries and account which followed, Edgar, believing himself unobserved, glided round to Camilla, and in a low voice, said, “The promise—I think I guess its gratifying import—I shall not, I hope, lose, through this cruel intrusion?”

Camilla,

Camilla, who saw no eyes but those of Miss Margland, which were feverely fastened upon her, affected not to hear him, and planted herself in the group out of his way.

He anxiously waited for another opportunity to put in his claim; but he waited in vain; Camilla, who from the entrance of Miss Margland had had the depressing feel of self-accusation, sedulously avoided him; and though he loitered till he was ashamed of remaining in the house at a period so busy, Miss Margland, by indications not to be mistaken, shewed herself bent upon out-staying him; he was obliged, therefore, to depart; though, no sooner was he gone, than, having nothing more to scrutinize, she went also.

But little doubt now remained with the watchful parents of the mutual attachment of Edgar and Camilla, to which the only apparent obstacle seemed, a diffidence on the part of Edgar with respect to her internal sympathy. Pleased
with

with the modesty of such a fear in so accomplished a young man, Mr. Tyrold protested that, if the superior fortune were on the side of Camilla, he would himself clear it up, and point out the mistake. His wife gloried in the virtuous delicacy of her daughter, that so properly, till it was called for, concealed her tenderness from the object who so deservingly inspired it; yet they agreed, that though she could not, at present, meet Edgar too often, she should be kept wholly ignorant of their wishes and expectations, lest they should still be crushed by any unforeseen casualty: and that, meanwhile, she should be allowed every safe and innocent recreation, that might lighten her mind from its depression, and restore her spirits to their native vivacity.

Early the next morning Dr. Marchmont came to Etherington, and brought with him Lionel, by the express direction of his father, who never objected to admit the faulty to his presence; his hopes of doing good were more potent
from

from kindness than from severity, from example than from precept: yet he attempted not to conquer the averfeness of Mrs. Tyrold to an interview; he knew it proceeded not from an inexorable nature, but from a repugnance infurmountable to the fight of a beloved object in difgrace.

Mrs. Tyrold quitted her husband with the moft cruel regret, and her darling Camilla with the tendereft inquietude; ſhe affectionately embraced the unexceptionable Lavinia, with whom ſhe left a meſſage for her brother, which ſhe ſtrictly charged her to deliver, without ſoftening or omitting one word.

And then, attended by Dr. Marchmont, ſhe ſet forward on her journey towards Falmouth: whence a packet, in a few days, ſhe was informed, would fail for Liſbon.

C H A P. X.

Modern Ideas of Life.

GRIEVED at this separation, Mr. Tyrold retired to his study; and his two daughters went to the apartment of Lionel, to comfort him under the weight of his misconduct.

They found him sincerely affected and repentant; yet eager to hear that his mother was actually gone. Ill as he felt himself to deserve such an exertion for his future welfare, and poignant as were his shame and sorrow to have parted her from his excellent father, he thought all evil preferable to encountering her eye, or listening to her admonitions.

Though unaffectedly beloved, Mrs. Tyrold was deeply feared by all her children, Camilla alone excepted; by Lionel, from his horror of reproof; by
Lavinia,

Lavinia, from the timidity of her humility; and by Eugenia, from her high sense of parental superiority. Camilla alone escaped the contagion; for while too innocent, too undefining, wilfully to excite displeasure, she was too gay and too light-hearted to admit apprehension without cause.

The gentle Lavinia knew not how to perform her painful task of delivering the message with which she was commissioned. The sight of Lionel in dejection was as sad as it was new to her, and she resolved, in conjunction with Camilla, to spare him till the next day, when his feelings might be less acute. They each sat down, therefore, to work, silent and compassionate; while he, ejaculating blessings upon his parents, and calling for just vengeance upon himself, stroamed up and down the room, biting his knuckles, and now and then striking his forehead.

This lasted about ten minutes: and then, suddenly advancing to his sisters, and snatching a hand of each: "Come, girls,"

girls," he cried, "now let's talk of other things."

Too young to have developed the character of Lionel, they were again as much astonished as they had been the preceding day: but his defects, though not originally of the heart, were of a species that soon tend to harden it. They had their rise in a total aversion to reflection, a wish to distinguish himself from his retired, and, he thought, unfashionable relations, and an unfortunate coalition with some unprincipled young men, who, because flashy and gay, could lead him to whatever they proposed. Yet, when mischief or misfortune ensued from his wanton faults, he was always far more sorry than he thought it manly to own; but as his actions were without judgment, his repentance was without principle; and he was ready for some new enterprise the moment the difficulties of an old one subsided.

Camilla, who, from her affection to him, read his character through the innocence

nocence of her own, met his returning gaiety with a pleasure that was proportioned to her pain at his depression; but Lavinia saw it with discomfort, as the signal for executing her charge, and, with extreme reluctance, gave him to understand she had a command to fulfil to him from his mother.

The powers of conscience were again then instantly at work; he felt what he had deserved, he dreaded to hear what he had provoked; and trembling and drawing back, entreated her to wait one half hour before she entered upon the business.

She cheerfully consented; and Camilla proposed extending the reprieve to the next day: but not two minutes elapsed, before Lionel protested he could not bear the suspense, and urged an immediate communication.

“She can have said nothing,” cried he, “worse than I expect, or than I merit. Probe me then without delay. She is acting by me like an angel, and if

she were to command me to turn ancho-
ret, I know I ought to obey her."

With much hesitation, Lavinia then be-
gan. "My mother says, my dear Lionel,
the fraud you have practised—"

"The fraud! what a horrid word!
why it was a mere trick! a joke! a fro-
lic! just to make an old hunk open
his purse-strings for his natural heir. I
am astonished at my mother! I really
don't care if I don't hear another sylla-
ble."

"Well, then, my dear Lionel, I will
wait till you are calmer: my mother,
I am sure did not mean to irritate, but
to convince."

"My mother," continued he, striding
about the room, "makes no allowances.
She has no faults herself, and for that
reason she thinks nobody else should have
any. Besides, how should she know what
it is to be a young man? and to want a
little cash, and not know how to get it?"

"But I am sure," said Lavinia, "if
you wanted it for any proper purpose, my
father

father would have denied himself every thing, in order to supply you."

"Yes, yes; but suppose I want it for a purpose that is *not* proper, how am I to get it then?"

"Why, then, my dear Lionel, surely you must be sensible you ought to go without it," cried the sisters, in a breath.

"Ay, that's as you girls say, that know nothing of the matter. If a young man, when he goes into the world, was to make such a speech as that, he would be pointed at. Besides, who must he live with? You don't suppose he is to shut himself up, with a few musty books, sleeping over the fire, under pretence of study, all day long, do you? like young Melmond, who knows no more of the world than one of you do?"

"Indeed," said Camilla, "he seemed to me an amiable and modest young man, though very romantic."

"O, I dare say he did! I could have laid any wager of that. He's just a girl's man, just the very thing, all sentiment,

timent, and poetry and heroics. But we, my little dear, we lads of spirit, hold all that amazing cheap. I assure you, I would as soon be seen trying on a lady's cap at a glass, as poring over a crazy old author when I could help it. I warrant you think, because one is at the university, one must all be book-worms?"

"Why, what else do you go there for but to study?"

"Every thing in the world, my dear."

"But are there not sometimes young men who are scholars without being book-worms?" cried Camilla, half colouring; "is not—is not Edgar Mandlebert—"

"O yes, yes; an odd thing of that sort happens now and then. Mandlebert has spirit enough to carry it off pretty well, without being ridiculous; though he is as deep, for his time, as e'er an old fellow of a college. But then this is no rule for others. You must not expect an Edgar Mandlebert at every turn."

Ah no! thought Camilla.

"But, Edgar," said Lavinia, "has had
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an extraordinary education, as well as possessing extraordinary talents and goodness : and you, too, my dear Lionel, to fulfil what may be expected from you, should look back to your father, who was brought up at the same university, and is now considered as one of the first men it has produced. While he was respected by the learned for his application; he was loved even by the indolent for his candour and kindness of heart. And though his income, as you know, was so small, he never ran in debt, and by an exact but open œconomy, escaped all imputation of meanness: while by forbearing either to conceal, or repine at his limited fortune, he blunted even the railery of the dissipated, by frankly and good humouredly meeting it half way. How often have I heard my dear mother tell you this !”

“ Yes; but all this, child, is nothing to the purpose; my father is no more like other men than if he had been born in another planet, and my attempting to re-

resemble him, is as great a joke, as if you were to dress up Miss Margland in Indiana's flowers and feathers, and then expect people to call her a beauty."

"We do not say you resemble my father, now," said Camilla, archly; "but is there any reason why you should not try to do it by and by?"

"O yes! a little one! nature, nature, my dear, is in the way. I was born a bit of a buck. I have no manner of natural taste for study, and poring, and expounding, and black-letter work. I am a light, airy spark, at your service, not quite so wise as I am merry;—but let that pass. My father, you know, is firm as a rock. He minds neither wind nor weather, nor sneerer nor sneerer: but this firmness, look ye, he has kept all to himself; not a whit of it do I inherit; every wind that blows veers me about, and makes me look some new way."

Soon after, gathering courage from curiosity, he desired to hear the message at once.

Lavinia,

Lavinia, unwillingly complying, then repeated: "The fraud which you have practised, my mother says, whether from wanton folly to give pain, or from rapacious discontent to gain money, she will leave without comment, satisfied that if you have any heart at all, its effects must bring its remorse, since it has dangerously increased the infirmities of your uncle, driven him to a foreign land, and forced your mother to forsake her home and family in his pursuit, unless she were willing to see you punished by the entire disinheritance with which you are threatened. But——"

"O, no more! no more! I am ready to shoot myself already! My dear, excellent mother! what do I not owe you! I had never seen, never thought of the business in this solemn way before. I meant nothing at first but a silly joke, and all this mischief has followed unaccountably. I assure you, I had no notion at the beginning he would have minded the letter; and afterwards, Jack Whiston

persuaded me, the money was as good as my own, and that it was nothing but a little cribbing from myself. I will never trust him again; I see the whole now in its true and atrocious colours.—I will devote myself in future to make all the amends in my power to my dear incomparable mother.”

The sisters affectionately encouraged this idea, which produced near a quarter of an hour's serious thinking and penitence.

He then begged to hear the rest; and Lavinia continued.

“ But since you are re-admitted, said my mother, to Etherington, by the clemency of your forbearing father, she charges you to remember, you can only repay his goodness by an application the most intense to those studies you have hitherto neglected, and of which your neglect has been the cause of all your errors; by committing to idle amusements the time that innocently, as well as profitably, ought to have been dedicated to the attainment of knowledge. She charges you

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also

also to ask yourself, since, during the vacation, your father himself is your tutor, upon what pretext you can justify wasting his valuable time, however little you may respect your own?—Finally—”

“ I never wasted his time! I never desired to have any instruction in the vacations. 'Tis the most deuced thing in life to be studying so hard incessantly. The waste of time is all his own affair;—his own choice—not mine, I assure you! Go on, however.”

“ Finally, she adjures you to consider, that if you still persevere to consume your time in wilful negligence, to bury all thought in idle gaiety, and to act without either reflection or principle, the career of faults which begins but in unthinking folly, will terminate in shame, in guilt, and in ruin! And though such a declension of all good, must involve your family in your affliction, your disgrace, she bids me say, will ultimately fall but where it ought; since your own want of personal sensibility to the horror
of

of your conduct, will neither harden nor blind any human being besides yourself. This is all."

"And enough too," cried he, reddening: "I am a very wretch!—I believe that—though I am sure I can't tell how; for I never intend any harm, never think, never dream of hurting any mortal! But as to study—I must own to you, I hate it most deucedly. Any thing else—if my mother had but exacted any thing else—with what joy I would have shewn my obedience!—If she had ordered me to be horse-pounded, I do protest to you, I would not have demurred."

"How always you run into the ridiculous!" cried Camilla.

"I was never so serious in my life; not that I should like to be horse-pounded in the least, though I would submit to it for a punishment, and out of duty: but then, when it was done, it would be over: now the deuce of study is, there is no end of it! And it does so little for one! one can go through life so well without it! There

is

is not above here and there an old codger that asks one a question that can bring it into any play. And then, a turn upon one's heel, or looking at one's watch, or wondering at one's short memory, or happening to forget just that one single passage, carries off the whole in two minutes, as completely as if one had been working one's whole life to get ready for the assault. And pray, now, tell me, how can it be worth one's best days, one's gayest hours, the very flower of one's life—all to be sacrificed to plodding over musty grammars and lexicons, merely to cut a figure just for about two minutes once or twice in a year?"

The sisters, brought up with an early reverence for learning, as forming a distinguished part of the accomplishments of their father, could not subscribe to this argument. But they laughed; and that was ever sufficient for Lionel, who, though sincerely, in private, he loved and honoured his father, never bestowed upon him

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one voluntary moment that frolic or folly invited elsewhere.

Lavinia and Camilla, perfectly relieved now from all fears for their brother, repaired to the study of their father, anxious to endeavour to cheer him, and to accelerate a meeting and reconciliation for Lionel; but they found him desirous to be alone, though kindly, and unsolicited, he promised to admit his son before dinner.

Lionel heard this with a just awe; but gave it no time for deep impression. It was still very early, and he could settle himself to nothing during the hours yet to pass before the interview. He persuaded his sisters, therefore, to walk out with him, to wile away at once expectation and retrospection.

C H A P. XI.

Modern Notions of Penitence.

THEY set out with no other plan than to take a three hours stroll. Lionel led the way, and they journied through various pleasant lanes and meadows, till, about three miles distance from Etherington, upon ascending a beautiful little hill, they espied, fifty yards off, the Grove, and a party of company sauntering round its grounds.

He immediately proposed making a visit to Mrs. Arlbery; but Lavinia declined presenting herself to a lady who was unknown to her mother; and Camilla, impressed with the promise she had intended for Edgar, which she was sure, though unpronounced, he had comprehended, dissented also from the motion.

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He then said he would go alone; for his spirits were so low from vexation and regret, that they wanted recruit; and he would return to them by the time they would be sufficiently rested to walk home.

To this they agreed; and amused themselves with watching to see him join the group; in which, however, they were no sooner gratified, than, to their great confusion, they perceived that he pointed them out, and that all eyes were immediately directed towards the hill.

Vexed and astonished at his quick passing penitence, they hastened down the declivity, and ran on till a lane, with an high hedge on each side, sheltered them from view.

But Lionel, soon pursuing them, said he brought the indisputable orders of his invincible widow to convoy them to the mansion. She never, she had owned, admitted formal visitors, but whatever was abrupt and out of the way, won her heart.

To the prudent Lavinia, this invitation was by no means alluring. Mrs.
Tyrold,

Tyrol, from keeping no carriage, visited but ~~his~~ the Grove was not included in her small circle; Lavinia, therefore, though she knew not how to be peremptory, was steady in refusal; and Camilla, who would naturally with pleasure have yielded, had a stronger motive for firmness, than any with which she was gifted by discretion, in her wish to oblige Mandlebert. But Lionel would listen to neither of them; and when he found his instance insufficient, seized Lavinia by one arm, and Camilla by the other, and dragged them up the hill, in defiance of their entreaties, and in full view of the party. He then left the more pleading, though less resisting, Lavinia alone; but pulled Camilla down by the opposite side, with a velocity that, though meant but to bring her to the verge of a small rivulet, forced her into the midst of it so rapidly that he could not himself at last stop; and wetted her so completely, that she could with difficulty, when she got across it, walk on.

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The violent spirits of Lionel always carried him beyond his own intentions; he was now really sorry for what he had done: and Lavinia, who had quietly followed, was uneasy from the fear of some ill consequence to her sister.

Mrs. Arlbery, who had seen the transaction, came forth now herself, to invite them all into her house, and offer a fire and dry clothing to Camilla; not sparing, however, her well-merited raillery at the awkward exploit of young Tyrold.

Camilla, ashamed to be thus seen, would have hidden herself behind her sister, and retreated; but even Lavinia now, fearing for her health, joined in the request, and she was obliged to enter the house.

Mrs. Arlbery took her up stairs, to her own apartment, and supplied her immediately with a complete change of apparel; protesting that Lionel should be punished for his frolic, by a solitary walk to Etherington, to announce that she would keep his two sisters for the day.

Opposition was vain; she was gay, good humoured,

humoured, and pleasant, but she would not be denied. She meant not, however, to inflict the serious penalty which the face of Lionel proclaimed him to be suffering, when he prepared to depart; and the sisters, who read in it his dread of meeting Mr. Tyrold alone, in the present circumstances of his affairs, conferred together, and agreed that Lavinia should accompany him, both to intercede for returning favour from his father, and to explain the accident of Camilla's staying at the Grove. Mrs. Arlbery, meanwhile, promised to restore her young guest safe at night in her own carriage.

Notwithstanding the pleasure with which Camilla, in any other situation, would have renewed this acquaintance, was now changed into reluctance, she was far from insensible to the flattering kindness with which Mrs. Arlbery received and entertained her, nor to the frankness with which she confessed, that her invisibility the other morning, had resulted solely from pique that the visit had not been made sooner.

Camilla

Camilla would have attempted some apology for the delay, but she assured her apologies were what she neither took nor gave; and then laughingly added—"We will try one another to day, and if we find it won't do—we will shake hands and part. That, you must know, is my mode; and is it not vastly better than keeping up an acquaintance that proves dull, merely because it has been begun?"

She then ordered away all her visitors, without the smallest ceremony; telling them, however, they might come back in the evening, only desiring they would not be early. Camilla stared; but they all submitted as to a thing of course.

"You are not used to my way, I perceive," cried she, smiling; "yet, I can nevertheless assure you, you can do nothing so much for your happiness as to adopt it. You are made a slave in a moment by the world, if you don't begin life by defying it. Take your own way, follow your own humour, and you and the world will both go on just as well,

as if you ask its will and pleasure for every thing you do, and want, and think."

She then expressed herself delighted with Lionel, for bringing them together by this short cut, which abolished a world of formalities, not more customary than fatiguing. "I pass, I know," continued she, "for a mere creature of whim; but, believe me, there is no small touch of philosophy in the composition of my vagaries. Extremes, you know, have a mighty knack of meeting. Thus I, like the sage, though not with sage-like motives, save time that must otherwise be wasted; brave rules that would murder common sense; and when I have made people stare, turn another way that I may laugh."

She then, in a graver strain, and in a manner that proved the laws of politeness all her own, where she chose, for any particular purpose, or inclination, to exert them, hoped this profession of her faith would plead her excuse, that she had thus incongruously made her fair guest a second
time

time enter her house, before her first visit was acknowledged; and enquired whether it were to be returned at Etherington or at Cleves.

Camilla answered, she was now at home, on account of her mother's being obliged to make a voyage to Lisbon.

Mrs. Arlbery said, she would certainly, then, wait upon her at Etherington; and very civilly regretted having no acquaintance with Mrs. Tyrold; archly, however, adding: "As we have no where met, I could not seek her at her own house without running too great a risk; for then, whether I had liked her or not, I must have received her, you know, into mine. So, you see, I am not quite without prudence, whatever the dear world says to the contrary."

She then spoke of the ball, public breakfast, and raffle; chatting both upon persons and things with an easy gaiety, and sprightly negligence, extremely amusing to Camilla, and which soon, in despite of the unwillingness
with

with which she had entered her house, brought back her original propensity to make the acquaintance, and left no regret for what Lionel had done, except what rested upon the repugnance of Edgar to this intercourse. As he could not, however, reproach what was begun without her concurrence, he would see, she hoped, like herself, that common civility henceforward would exact its continuance.

In proportion as her pleasure from this accidental commerce was awakened, and her early partiality revived, her own spirits re-animated, and, in the course of the many hours they now spent completely together, she was set so entirely at her ease, by the good humour of Mrs. Arlbery, that she lost all fear of her wit. She found it rather playful than satirical; rather seeking to amuse than to disconcert; and though sometimes, from the resistless pleasure of uttering a *bon mot* she thought more of its brilliancy than of the pain it might

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inflict, this happened but rarely, and was more commonly succeeded by regret than by triumph.

Camilla soon observed she had, personally, nothing to apprehend, peculiar partiality supplying the place of general delicacy, in shielding her from every shaft that even pleasantry could render poignant. The embarrassment, therefore, which, in ingenuous youth, checks the attempt to please, by fear of failure, or shame of exertion, gave way to natural spirits, which gaily rising from entertainment received, restored her vivacity, and gradually, though unconsciously, enabled her to do justice to her own abilities, by unaffectedly calling forth the mingled sweetness and intelligence of her character; and Mrs. Arlbery, charmed with all she observed, and flattered by all she inspired, felt such satisfaction in her evident conquest, that before the *tête à tête* was closed, their admiration was become nearly mutual.

When the evening party was announced,

nounced, they both heard with surprise that the day was so far advanced. "They can wait, however," said Mrs. Arlbery, "for I know they have nothing to do."

She then invited Camilla to return to her the next day for a week.

Camilla felt well disposed to comply, hoping soon to reason from Edgar his prejudice against a connection that afforded her such singular pleasure; but to leave her father at this period was far from every wish. She excused herself, therefore, saying, she had still six weeks due to her uncle at Cleves, before any other engagement could take place.

"Well, then, when you quit your home for Sir Hugh, will you beg off a few days from him, and set them down to my account?"

"If my uncle pleases—"

"If he pleases?" repeated she, laughing; "pray never give that *If* into his decision; you only put contradiction into people's heads, by asking what pleases them. Say at once, My good uncle,

Mrs. Arlbery has invited me to indulge her with a few days at the Grove; so to-morrow I shall go to her. Will you promise me this?"

"Dear madam, no! my uncle would think me mad."

"And suppose he should! A little alarm now and then keeps life from stagnation. They call me mad, I know, sometimes; wild, flighty, and what not; yet you see how harmless I am, though I afford food for such notable commentary."

"But can you really like such things should be said of you?"

"I adore the frankness of that question! why, n--o,—I rather think I don't. But I'm not sure. However, to prevent their minding me, I must mind them. And it's vastly more irksome to give up one's own way, than to hear a few impertinent remarks. And as to the world, depend upon it, my dear Miss Tyrold, the more you see of it, the less you will care for it."

She

She then said she would leave her to re-invest herself in her own attire, and go down stairs, to see what the poor simple souls, who had had no more wit than to come back thus at her call, had found to do with themselves.

Camilla, having only her common morning dress, and even that utterly spoilt, begged that her appearance might be dispensed with; but Mrs. Arlbery, exclaiming, "Why, there are only men; you don't mind men, I hope!" ashamed, she promised to get ready; yet she had not sufficient courage to descend, till her gay hostess came back, and accompanied her to the drawing room.

C H A P. XII.

Airs and Graces.

UPON entering the room, Camilla saw again the Officers who had been there in the morning, and who were now joined by Sir Sedley Clarendel. She was met at the door by Major Cerwood, who seemed waiting for her appearance, and who made her his compliments with an air that studiously proclaimed his devotion. She seated herself by the side of Mrs. Arlbery, to look on at a game of chess, played by Sir Sedley and General Kin-fale.

“Clarendel,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “you have not the least in the world the air of knowing what you are about.”

“Pardon me, ma’am,” said the General, “he has been at least half an hour contemplating this very move,—for which, as you see, I now check-mate him.

him. Pray, Sir Sedley, how came you, at last, to do no better?"

"Thinking of other things, my dear General. 'Tis impossible in the extreme to keep one's faculties pinioned down to the abstruse vagaries of this brain-befieging game. My head would be deranged past redress, if I did not allow it to visit the four quarters of the globe once, at least, between every move."

"You do not play so slow, then, from deliberating upon your chances, but from forgetting them?"

"Defined, my dear General, to scrupulosity! Those exquisite little moments we steal from any given occupation, for the pleasure of speculating in secret upon something wholly foreign to it, are restless to deliciousness."

"I entreat, and command you then," cried Mrs. Arlbery, "to make your speculations public. Nothing will more amuse me, than to have the least intimation of the subjects of your reveries."

“ My dear Mrs. Arlbery ! your demand is the very quintessence of impossibility ! Tell the subject of a reverie ! know you not it wafts one at once out of the world, and the world’s powers of expression ? while all it substitutes is as evanescent as it is delectable. To attempt the least description would be a presumption of the first monstrosities.”

“ O never heed that ! presumption will not precisely be a novelty to you ; answer me, therefore, my dear Clarendel, without all this conceit. You know I hate procrastination ; and procrastinators still worse.”

“ Softly, dearest madam, softly ! There is nothing in nature so horribly shocking to me as the least hurry. My poor nerves seek repose after any turbulent words, or jarring sounds, with the same craving for rest that my body experiences after the jolts, and concussions of a long winded chase. By the way, does any body want a good hunter ? I have the first, perhaps, in Europe ; but I would
sell

sell it a surprising bargain, for I am excruciatingly tired of it."

All the gentlemen grouped round him to hear further particulars, except Mr. Macdersey, the young Ensign, who had so unguardedly exposed himself at the Northwick ball, and who now, approaching Camilla, fervently exclaimed; "How happy I should have been, madam, if I had had the good fortune to see you meet with that accident this morning, instead of being looking another way! I might then have had the pleasure to assist you. And O! how much more if it had been your divine cousin! I hope that fair angel is in perfect health! O. what a beautiful creature she is! her outside is the completest diamond, I ever saw! and if her inside is the same, which I dare say it is, by her smiles and delicate dimples, she must be a paragon upon earth!"

"There is at least something very inartificial in your praise," said General Kinfales, "when you make your panegyric of an absent lady to a present one."

“O General, there is not a lady living can bear any comparison with her. I have never had her out of my thoughts from the first darling moment that ever I saw her, which has made me the most miserable of men ever since. Her eyes so beautiful, her mouth so divine, her nose so heavenly!—”

“And how,” cried Sir Sedley, “is the tip of her chin?”

“No joking, sir!” said the Ensign, reddening; “she is a piece of perfection not to be laughed at; she has never had her fellow upon the face of the earth; and she never will have it while the earth holds, upon account of there being no such person above ground.”

“And pray,” cried Sir Sedley, carelessly, “how can you be sure of that?”

“How! why by being certain,” answered the inflamed admirer; “for though I have been looking out for pretty women from morning to night, ever since I was conscious of the right use of my eyes, I never yet saw her parallel.”

A servant

A servant was now bringing in the tea ; but his lady ordered him to set it down in the next room, whence the gentlemen should fetch it as it was wanted.

Major Cerwood took in charge all attendance upon Camilla ; but he was not, therefore, exempt from the assiduities required by Mrs. Arlbery, for whom the homage of the General, the Colonel, and the Ensign, were insufficient ; and who, had a score more been present, would have found occupation for them all. Sir Sedley alone was excepted from her commands ; for knowing they would be issued to him in vain, she contented herself with only interchanging glances of triumph with him, at the submission of every vassal but himself.

“Heavens !” cried she, to Colonel Andover, who had hastened to present her the first cup, “you surely think I have nerves for a public orator ! If I should taste but one drop of this tea, I might envy the repose of the next man who robs on the highway. Major Cerwood, will

you try if you can do any better for me?"

The Major obeyed, but not with more success. "What in the world have you brought me?" cried she; "Is it tea? It looks prodigiously as if just imported out of the stop basin. For pity sake, Macdersey, arise, and give me your help; you will at least never bring me such maudlin stuff as this. Even your tea will have some character; it will be very good or very bad; very hot or very cold; very strong or very weak; for you are always in flames of fire, or flakes of snow."

"You do me justice, ma'am.; there is nothing upon the face of the earth so insipid as a medium. Give me love or hate! a friend that will go to jail for me, or an enemy that will run me through the body! Riches to chuck guineas about like halfpence, or poverty to beg in a ditch! Liberty wild as the four winds, or an oar to work in a galley! Misery to tear my heart into an hundred thousand millions of atoms, or joy to make my
I soul

foul dance into my brain! Every thing has some gratification, except a medium. 'Tis a poor little soul that is satisfied between happiness and despair."

He then flew to bring her a dish of tea.

"My dear Macdersey," cried she, in receiving it, "this is according to your system indeed; for 'tis a compound of strong, and rich, and sweet, to cloy an alderman, making altogether so luscious a syrup, that our spring would be exhausted before I could slake my thirst, if I should taste it only a second time. Do, dear General, see if it is not possible to get me some beverage that I can swallow."

The youngest man present was not more active than the General in this service; but Mrs. Arlbery, casting herself despondingly back the moment she had tasted what he brought her, exclaimed, "Why this is worst of all! If you can do no better for me, General, than this, tell me, at least, for mercy's sake, when some other regiment will be quartered here?"

"What

“What a cruelty,” said the Major, looking with a sigh towards Camilla, “to remind your unhappy prey they are but birds of passage!”

“O, all the better, Major. If you understand your own interest you will be as eager to break up your quarters, as I can be to see your successors march into them. I have now heard all your compliments, and you have heard all my repartees; both sides, therefore, want new auditors. A great many things I have said to you will do vastly well again for a new corps; and, to do you justice, some few things you have said yourselves may do again in a new county.”

Then, addressing Camilla, she proposed, though without moving, that they should converse with one another, and leave the men to take care of themselves. “And excessively they will be obliged to me,” she continued, without lowering her voice, “for giving this little holiday to their poor brains; for, I assure you, they have not known what to say this half hour. Indeed,

deed, since the first fortnight they were quartered here, they have not, upon an average, said above one new thing in three days. But one's obliged to take up with Officers in the country, because there's almost nothing else. Can you recommend me any agreeable new people?"

"O no, ma'am! I have hardly any acquaintance, except immediately round the rectory; but, fortunately, my own family is so large, that I have never been distressed for society."

"O, ay, true! your own family, begin with that; do, pray, give me a little history of your own family?"

"I have no history, ma'am, to give, for my father's retired life——"

"O, I have seen your father, and I have heard him preach, and I like him very much. There's something in him there's no turning into ridicule."

Camilla, though surpris'd, was delighted by such a testimony to the respectability of her father; and, with more courage, said—"And, I am sure, if you knew my
mother,

mother, you would allow her the same exemption."

"So I hear; therefore, we won't talk of them. It's a delightful thing to think of perfection; but it's vastly more amusing to talk of errors and absurdities. To begin with your eldest sister, then—but no; she seems in just the same predicament as your father and mother: so we'll let her rest, too."

"Indeed she is; she is as faultless——"

"O, not a word more than; she won't do for me at all. But, pray, is there not a single soul in all the round of your large family, that can afford a body a little innocent diversion?"

"Ah, madam," said Camilla, shaking her head; "I fear, on the contrary, if they came under your examination, there is not one in whom you would not discern some foible!"

"I should not like them at all the worse for that; for, between ourselves, my dear Miss Tyrold, I am half afraid they might find a foible or two in return
in.

in me; so you must not be angry if I beg the favour of you to indulge me with a few of their defects."

"Indulge you!"

"Yes, for when so many of a family are perfect, if you can't find me one or two that have a little speck of mortality, you must not wonder if I take flight at your very name. In charity, therefore, if you would not drop my acquaintance, tell me their vulnerable parts."

Camilla laughed at this ridiculous reasoning, but would not enter into its consequences.

"Well, then, if you will not assist me, don't take it ill that I assist myself. In the first place, there's your brother; I don't ask you to tell me any thing of him; I have seen him! and I confess to you he does not put me into utter despair! he does not alarm me into flying all his race."

Camilla tried vainly to look grave.

"I have seen another, too, your cousin, I think;

think; Miss Lynmere, that's engaged to young Mandlebert."

Camilla now tried as vainly to look gay.

"She's prodigiously pretty. Pray, is not she a great fool?"

"Ma'am?"

"I beg your pardon! but I don't suppose you are responsible for the intellects of all your generation. However, she'll do vastly well; you need not be uneasy for her. A face like that will take very good care of itself. I am glad she is engaged, for your sake, though I am sorry for Mandlebert; that is, if, as his class of countenance generally predicts, he marries with any notion of expecting to be happy."

"But why, ma'am," cried Camilla, checking a sigh, "are you glad for my sake?"

"Because there are two reasons why she would be wonderfully in your way; she is not only prettier than you, but fillier."

"And

“ And would both those reasons,” cried Camilla, again laughing, “ make against me ?”

“ O, intolerably, with the men ! They are always enchanted with something that is both pretty and silly ; because they can so easily please and so soon disconcert it ; and when they have made the little blooming fools blush and look down, they feel nobly superior, and pride themselves in victory. Dear creatures ! I delight in their taste ; for it brings them a plentiful harvest of repentance, when it is their conubial criterion ; the pretty flies off, and the silly remains, and a man then has a choice companion for life left on his hands !”

The young Ensign here could no longer be silent : “ I am sure and certain,” cried he, warmly, “ Miss Lynmere is incapable to be a fool ! and when she marries, if her husband thinks her so, it’s only a sign he’s a blockhead himself.”

“ He’ll be exactly of your opinion for the first month or two,” answered Mrs. Arlbery,

Arlbery, "or even if he is not, he'll like her just as well. A man looks enchanted while his beautiful young bride talks nonsense; it comes so prettily from her ruby lips, and she blushes and dimples with such lovely attraction while she utters it; he casts his eyes around him with conscious elation to see her admirers, and his enviers; but he has amply his turn for looking like a fool himself, when youth and beauty take flight, and when his ugly old wife exposes her ignorance or folly at every word."

"The contrast of beginning and end," said the General, "is almost always melancholy. But how rarely does any man,—nay, I had nearly said, or any woman—think a moment of the time to come, or of any time but the present day, in marrying?"

"Except with respect to fortune!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, "and there, methinks, you men, at least, are commonly sufficiently provident. I don't think reflection

fection is generally what you want in that point."

"As to reflection," exclaimed Mr. Macdersey, "'tis the thing in the world I look upon to be the meanest! a man capable of reflection, where a beautiful young creature is in question, can have no soul nor vitals. For my part, 'tis my only misfortune that I cannot get at that lovely girl, to ask her for her private opinion of me at once, that I might either get a licence to-morrow, or drive her out of my head before sleep overtakes me another night."

"Your passions, my good Macdersey," said Mrs. Arlbery, "considering their violence, seem tolerably obedient. Can you really be so fond, or so forgetful at such short warning?"

"Yes, but it's with a pain that breaks my heart every time."

"You contrive, however, to get it pretty soon mended!"

"That, madam, is a power that has come upon me by degrees; I have paid
dear

dear enough for it!—nobody ever found it harder than I did at the beginning; for the first two or three times I took my disappointments so to heart, that I should have been bound for ever to any friend that would have had the good nature to blow my brains out.”

“ But now you are so much in the habit of experiencing these little failures, that they pass on as things of course?”

“ No, madam, you injure me, and in the tenderest point; for, as long as I have the least hope, my passion’s as violent as ever; but you would not be so unreasonable as to have a man love on, when it can answer no end? It’s no better than making him unhappy for a joke. There’s no sense in such a thing.”

“ By the way, my dear Miss Tyrold, and *apropos* to this Miss Lynmere,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “ do tell me something about Mr. Mandlebert—what is he?—what does he do always amongst you?”

“ He—he!—” cried Camilla, stammering, “ he was a ward of my father’s—”

“ O, I

“ O, I don't mean all that; but what is his style?—his class?—is he agreeable?”

“ I believe—he is generally thought so.”

“ If he is, do pray, then, draw him into my society, for I am terribly in want of recruits. These poor gentlemen you see here are very good sort of men; but they have a trick of sleeping with their eyes wide open, and fancy all the time they are awake; and, indeed, I find it hard to persuade them to the contrary, though I often ask them for their dreams. By the way, can't you contrive, some or other amongst you, to make the room a little cooler?”

“ Shall I open this window?” said the Major.

“ Nay, nay, don't ask me; I had rather bear six times the heat, than give my own directions: nothing in the world fatigues me so much as telling stupid people how to set about things. Colonel, don't you see I have no fan?”

“ I'll

“ I’ll fetch it directly—have you left it in the dining-parlour ?”

“ Do you really think I would not send a footman at once, if I must perplex myself with all that recollection? My dear Miss Tyrold, did you ever see any poor people, that pretended at all to walk about, and mingle with the rest of the world, like living creatures, so completely lethargic?—’tis really quite melancholy! I am sure you have good nature enough to pity them. It requires my utmost ingenuity to keep them in any employment; and if I left them to themselves, they would stand before the fire all the winter, and lounge upon sofas all the summer. And that indolence of body so entirely unnerves the mind, that they find as little to say as to do. Upon the whole, ’tis really a paltry race, the men of the present times. However, as we have got no better, and as the women are worse, I do all I can to make them less insufferable to me.”

“ And

“And do you really think the women are worse?” cried Camilla.

“Not in themselves, my dear; but worse to me, because I cannot possibly take the same liberties with them. Macdersey, I wish I had my salts.

“It shall be the happiness of my life to find them, be they hid where they may; only tell me where I may have the pleasure to go and look for them.”

“Nay, that’s your affair.”

“Why, then, if they are to be found from the garret to the cellar, be sure I am a dead man, if I do not bring them you!

This mode of displaying airs and graces was so perfectly new to Camilla, that the commands issued, and the obedience paid, were equally amusing to her. Brought up herself to be contented with whatever came in her way, in preference either to giving trouble, or finding fault, the ridiculous, yet playful wilfulness with which she saw Mrs. Arlbery send every one upon her errands, yet object to what every one

performed, presented to her a scene of such whimsical gaiety, that her concern at the accident which had made her innocently violate her intended engagement with Edgar, was completely changed into pleasure, that thus, without any possible self blame, an acquaintance she had so earnestly desired was even by necessity established: and she returned home at night with spirits all revived, and eloquent in praise of her new favourite.

C H A P. XIII.

Attic Adventures.

MR. Tyrold, according to the system of recreation which he had settled with his wife, saw with satisfaction the pleasure with which Camilla began this new acquaintance, in the hope it would help to support her spirits during the interval of suspense with regard to the purposes of Mandlebert. Mrs. Arlbery was unknown to him, except by general fame; which told him she was a woman of reputation as well as fashion, and that though her manners were lively, her heart was friendly, and her hand ever open to charity.

Upon admitting Lionel again to his presence, he spoke forcibly, though with brevity, upon the culpability of his conduct. What he had done, he said, let him colour it to himself with what levity

he might, was not only a robbery, but a robbery of the most atrocious and unjustifiable class; adding terror to violation of property, and playing upon the susceptibility of the weakness and infirmities, which he ought to have been the first to have sheltered and sheathed. Had the action contained no purpose but a frolic, even then the situation of the object on whom it fell, rendered it inhuman; but as its aim and end was to obtain money, it was dishonourable to his character, and criminal by the laws of his country. "Yet shudder not more," continued he, "young man, at the justice to which they make you amenable, than at having deserved, though you escape it! From this day, however, I will name it no more. Feeble must be all I could utter, compared with what the least reflection must make you feel! Your uncle, in a broken state of health, is sent abroad; your mother, though too justly incensed to see you, sacrifices her happiness to serve you!"

Lionel,

Lionel, for a few hours, was in despair after this harangue; but as they passed away, he strove to drive it from his mind, persuading himself it was useless to dwell upon what was irretrievable.

Mrs. Arlbery, the following day, made her visit at Etherington, and invited the two sisters to a breakfast she was to give the next morning. Mr. Tyrold, who with surprize and concern at a coldness so dilatory, found a second day wearing away without a visit from Mandlebert, gladly consented to allow of an amusement, that might shake from Camilla the pensiveness into which, at times, he saw her falling.

Mrs. Arlbery had declared she hated ceremony in the summer; guarded, therefore, by Lionel, the sisters walked to the Grove. From the little hill they had again to pass, they observed a group of company upon the leads of her house, which were flat, and balustraded round; and when they presented themselves at the door, they were met

by Major Cerwood, who conducted them to the scene of business.

It was the end of July, and the weather was sultry; but though the height of the place upon which the present party was collected, gave some freshness to the air, the heat reflected from the lead would have been nearly intolerable, had it not been obviated by an awning, and by matts, in the part where seats and refreshments were arranged. French horns and clarinets were played during the repast.

This little entertainment had for motive a young lady's quitting her boarding school. Miss Dannel, a niece, by marriage, of Mrs. Arlbery, who, at the age of fourteen, came to preside at the house and table of her father, had begged to be felicitated by her aunt, upon the joyful occasion, with a ball: but Mrs. Arlbery declared she never gave any entertainments in which she did not expect to play the principal part herself; and that balls and concerts were therefore excluded
from

from her list of home diversions. It was vastly well to see others shine superior, she said, elsewhere, but she could not be so accommodating as to perform Nobody under her own roof. She offered her, however, a breakfast, with full choice of its cakes and refreshments; which, with leave to fix upon the spot where it should be given, was all the youthful pleader could obtain.

The Etherington trio met with a reception the most polite, and Camilla was distinguished by marks of peculiar favour. Few guests were added to the party she had met there before, except the young lady who was its present foundress; and whose voice she recollected to have heard, in the enquiries which had reached her ear from within the paddock.

Miss Denzel was a pretty, blooming, tall girl, but as childish in intellect as in experience; though self-persuaded she was a woman in both, since she was called from school to sit at the head of her father's table.

Camilla required nothing further for entertainment than to listen to her new friend; Lavinia, though more amazed than amused, always modestly hung back as a mere looker on; and the company in general made their diversion from viewing, through various glasses, the seats of the neighbouring gentlemen, and re-viewing, with yet more scrutiny, their characters and circumstances. But Lionel, ever restless, seized the opportunity to patrol the attic regions of the house, where, meeting with a capacious lumber room, he returned to assure the whole party it would make an admirable theatre, and to ask who would come forth to spout with him.

Mr. Macdersey said, he did not know one word of any part, but he could never refuse any thing that might contribute to the company's pleasure.

Away they sped together, and in a few minutes reversed the face of every thing. Old sofas, bedsteads, and trunks, large family chests, deal boxes and hampers, carpets

carpets and curtains rolled up for the summer, tables with two legs, and chairs without bottoms, were truckled from the middle to one end of the room, and arranged to form a semi-circle, with seats in front, for a pit. Carpets were then uncovered and untied, to be spread for the stage, and curtains, with as little mercy, were unfurled, and hung up to make a scene.

They then applied to Miss Dannel, who had followed to peep at what they were about, and asked if she thought the audience might be admitted.

She declared she had never seen any place so neat and elegant in her life.

Such an opinion could not but be decisive; and they prepared to re-ascend; when the sight of a small door, near the entrance of the large apartment, excited the ever ready curiosity of Lionel, who, though the key was on the outside, contrived to turn it wrong; but while endeavouring to rectify by force what he had spoilt by awkwardness, a sudden noise

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from

from within startled them all, and occasioned quick and reiterated screams from Miss Dannel, who, with the utmost velocity burst back upon the company on the leads, calling out; "O Lord! how glad I am I'm come back alive! Mr. Macdersey and young Mr. Tyrold are very likely killed! for they've just found I don't know how many robbers shut up in a dark closet!"

The gentlemen waited for no explanation to this unintelligible story, but hastened to the spot; and Mrs. Arlbery ordered all the servants who were in waiting to follow and assist.

Miss Dannel then entreated to have the trap door through which they ascended, from a small stair case, to the leads, double locked till the gentlemen should declare upon their honours that the thieves were all dead.

Mrs. Arlbery would not listen to this, but waited with Lavinia and Camilla the event.

The gentlemen, meanwhile, reached the
scene

scene of action, at the moment when Macdersey, striking first his foot, and then his whole person against the door, had forced it open with such sudden violence, that he fell over a pail of water into the adjoining room.

The servants arriving at the same time, announced that this was merely a closet for mops, brooms, and pails, belonging to the house maid : and it appeared, upon examination, that the noise from within, had simply been produced by the falling down of a broom, occasioned by their shaking the door in endeavouring to force the lock.

The Ensign, wetted or splashed all over, was in a fury ; and, turning to Lionel, who laughed vociferously, whilst the rest of the gentlemen were scarce less moderate, and the servants joined in the chorus, peremptorily demanded to know if he had put the pail there on purpose ; “ In which case, sir,” said he, “ you must never let me see you laugh again to the longest hour you have to live !”

“ My good Macderfey,” said the General, “ go into another room, and have your cloaths wiped and dried; it will be time enough then to settle who shall laugh longest.”

“ General,” said he, “ I scorn to mind being either wet or dry; a soldier ought to be above such delicate effeminacy: it is not, therefore, the fousing I regard, provided I can once be clear it was not done for a joke.”

Lionel, when he could speak, declared, that far from placing the pail there on purpose, he had not known there was such a closet in the house, nor had ever been up those stairs till they all mounted them together:

“ I am perfectly satisfied, then, my good friend,” said the Ensign, shaking him by the hand with an heartiness that gave him no small share of the pail’s contents; “ when a gentleman tells me a thing seriously, I make it a point to believe him; especially if he has a good honest countenance, that assures me he would not
refuse

refuse me satisfaction, in the case he had meant to make game of me."

"And do you always terminate your jests with the ceremony of a tilting match?" cried Sir Sedley.

"Yes, Sir! if I'm made a joke of by a man of any honour. For, to tell you a piece of my mind, there's no one thing upon earth I hate like a joke; unless it's against another person; and then it only gives me a little joy inwardly; for I make it a point of complaisance not to laugh out: except where I happen to wish for a little private conversation with the person that gives me the diversion."

"Facetious in the extreme!" cried Sir Sedley, "an infallibly excellent mode to make a man die of laughter? Droll to the utmost!"

"With regard to that, Sir, I have no objection to a little wit or humour, provided a person has the politeness to laugh only at himself, and his own particular friends and relations; but if once he takes the liberty to turn me into ridicule, I
look

look upon it as an affront, and expect the proper reparation."

"O, to refuse that would be without bowels to a degree!"

Lionel now ran up stairs, to beg the ladies would come and see the theatre; but suddenly exclaimed, as he looked around, "Ah ha!" and hastily galloped down, and to the bottom of the house. Mrs. Arlbery descended with her young party, and the ensign, in mock heroics, solemnly prostrated himself to Miss Denzel, pouring into her delighted ears, from various shreds and scraps of different tragedies, the most high flown and egregiously ill-adapted compliments: while the Major, less absurdly, though scarce less passionately, made Camilla his Juliet, and whispered the tenderest lines of Romeo.

Lionel presently running, out of breath, up stairs again, cried: "Mrs. Arlbery, I have drawn you in a new beau."

"Have you?" cried she, coolly; "why then I permit you to draw him out again. Had you told me he had forced himself
in,

in, you had made him welcome. But I foster only willing slaves. So off, if you please, with your boast and your beau."

" I can't, upon my word, ma'am, for he is at my heels."

Mandlebert, at the same moment, not hearing what passed, made his appearance.

The surprised and always unguarded Camilla, uttered an involuntary exclamation, which instantly catching his ear, drew his eye towards the exclamer, and there fixed it; with an astonishment which suspended wholly his half made bow, and beginning address to Mrs. Arlbery.

Lionel had descried him upon the little hill before the house; where, as he was passing on, his own attention had been caught by the sound of horns and clarinets, just as, without any explanation, Lionel flew to tell him he was wanted, and almost forced him off his horse, and up the stairs.

Mrs. Arlbery, in common with those who dispense with all forms for themselves,

selves, exacted them punctiliously from all others. The visit therefore of Mandelbert not being designed for her, afforded her at first no gratification, and produced rather a contrary feeling, when she observed the total absence of all pleasure in the surprise with which he met Camilla at her house. She gave him a reception of cold civility, and then chatted almost wholly with the General, or Sir Sedley.

Edgar scarce saw whether he was received or not; his bow was mechanical, his apology for his intrusion was unintelligible. Amazement at seeing Camilla under this roof, disappointment at her breach of implied promise, and mortification at the air of being at home, which he thought he remarked in her situation, though at an acquaintance he had taken so much pains to keep aloof from her, all conspired to displease and perplex him; and though his eyes could with difficulty look any other way, he neither spoke to nor approached her.

Nor was even thus meeting her all he had to give him disturbance; the palpable devoirs of Major Cerwood incensed as well astonished him; for, under pretext of only following the humour of the day, in affecting to act the hero in love, the Major assailed her, without reserve, with declarations of his passion, which though his words passed off as quotations, his looks and manner made appropriate. How, already, thought Edgar, has he obtained such a privilege? such confidence? To have uttered one such sentence, my tongue would have trembled, my lips would have quivered!

Camilla felt confounded by his presence, from the consciousness of the ill opinion she must excite by this second apparent disregard of a given engagement. She would fain have explained to him its history; but she could not free herself from the Major, whose theatrical effusions were not now to be repressed, since, at first, she had unthinkingly attended to them.

Lionel

Lionel joined with Macderfey in directing similar heroics to Miss Dannel, who, simply enchanted, called out: "I'm determined when I've a house of my own, I'll have just such a room as this at the top of it, on purpose to act a play every night."

"And when, my dear," said Mrs. Arlbery, "do you expect to have a house of your own?"

"O, as soon as I am married, you know."

"Is your marrying, then, already decided?"

"Dear no, not that I know of, aunt. I'm sure I never trouble myself about it; only I suppose it will happen some day or other."

"And when it does, you are very sure your husband will approve your acting plays every night?"

"O, as to that, I shan't ask him. Whenever I'm married I'll be my own mistress, that I'm resolved upon. But
papa's

papa's so monstrous cross, he says he won't let me act plays now."

"Papas and mamas," cried Sir Sedley, "are ever most egregiously in the way. 'Tis prodigiously surprising they have never yet been banished society. I know no mark more irrefragable of the supineness of mankind."

Then rising, and exclaiming: "What savage heat! I wish the weather had a little feeling!" he broke up the party by ordering his curricule, and being the first to depart.

"That creature," cried Mrs. Arlbery, "if one had the least care for him, is exactly an animal to drive one mad! He labours harder to be affected than any ploughman does for his dinner. And, completely as his conceit obscures it, he has every endowment nature can bestow, except common sense!"

They now all descended to take leave, except the Ensign and Lionel, who went, arm in arm, prowling about, to view all the garrets, followed on tip-toe by Miss Dannel.

Dennel. Lavinia called vainly after her brother; but Camilla, hoping every instant she might clear her conduct to Edgar, was not sorry to be detained.

They had not, however, been five minutes in the parlour, before a violent and angry noise from above, induced them all to remount to the top of the house; and there, upon entering a garret whence it issued, they saw Miss Dennel, decorated with the Ensign's cocked hat and feather, yet looking pale with fright; Lionel accoutred in the maid's cloaths, and almost in a convulsion of laughter; and Macdersey, in a rage utterly incomprehensible, with the coachman's large bob-wig hanging loose upon his head.

It was sometime before it was possible to gather, that having all paraded into various garrets, in search of adventures, Lionel, after attiring himself in the maid's gown, cap, and apron, had suddenly deposited upon Miss Dennel's head the Ensign's cocked hat, replacing it with the coachman's best wig upon the toupee
of

of Macdersey; whose resentment was so violent at this liberty, that it was still some minutes before he could give it articulation.

The effect of this full buckled bobberom, which stuck hollow from the young face and powdered locks of the Ensign, was irresistibly ludicrous; yet he would have deemed it a greater indignity to take it quietly off, than to be viewed in it by thousands; though when he saw the disposition of the whole company to sympathise with Lionel, his wrath rose yet higher, and stamping with passion, he fiercely said to him—"Take it off, fir!—take it off my head!"

Lionel, holding this too imperious a command to be obeyed, only shouted louder. Macdersey then, incensed beyond endurance, lowered his voice with stifled choler, and putting his arms akimbo, said—"If you take me for a fool, fir, I shall demand satisfaction; for it's what I never put up with!"

Then, turning to the rest, he solemnly added—

added—"I beg pardon of all the worthy company for speaking this little whisper, which certainly I should scorn to do before ladies, if it had not been a secret."

Mrs. Arlbery, alarmed at the serious consequences now threatening this folly, said—"No, no; I allow of no secrets in my house, but what are entrusted to myself. I insist, therefore, upon being umpire in this cause."

"Madam," said Macdersey, "I hope never to become such a debased brute of the creation, as to contradict the commands of a fair lady: except when it's upon a point of honour. But I can't consent to pass for a fool; and still more not for a poltroon—You'll excuse the little hint."

Then, while making a profound and ceremonious bow, his wig fell over his head on the ground.

"This is very unlucky," cried he, with a look of vexation; "for certainly, and to be sure no human mortal should have

made me take it off myself, before I was righted."

Camilla, picking it up, to render the affair merely burlesque, pulled off the maid's cap from her brother's head, and put on the wig in its place, saying—
"There, Lionel, you have played the part of *Lady Wrong Head* long enough; be so good now as to perform that of *Sir Francis*."

This ended the business, and the whole party, in curricles, on horseback, or on foot, departed from the Grove.

CAMILLA

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

A few Explanations.

THE last words of Dr. Marchmont, in taking leave of Edgar, were injunctions to circumspection, and representations of the difficulty of drawing back with honour, if once any incautious eagerness betrayed his partiality. To this counsel he was impelled to submit, lest he should risk for Camilla a report similar to that which for Indiana had given him so much disturbance. There, indeed, he felt himself wholly blameless. His admiration was but such as he always experienced at sight of a beautiful picture, nor had it ever been demonstrated in any more serious manner. He had distinguished her by no particular attention, singled her out by no pointed address, taken no pains to engage her

her good opinion, and manifested no flattering pleasure at her approach or presence.

His sense of right was too just to mislead him into giving himself similar absolution with respect to Camilla. He had never, indeed, indulged a voluntary vent to his preference; but the candour of his character convinced him that what so forcibly he had felt, he must occasionally have betrayed. Yet the idea excited regret without remorse; for though it had been his wish, as well as intention, to conceal his best hopes, till they were ratified by his judgment, he had the conscientious integrity of knowing that, should her heart become his prize, his dearest view in life would be to solicit her hand.

To preserve, therefore, the appearance of an undefining friend of the house, he had forced himself to refrain, for two days, from any visit to the rectory, whether he was repairing, when thus, unlooked and unwished for, he surprized Camilla at the Grove.

Disappointed and disapproving feelings kept him, while there, aloof from her; by continual suggestions, that her character was of no stability, that Dr. Marchmont was right in his doubts, and Miss Margland herself not wrong in accusing her of caprice; and when he perceived, upon her preparing to walk home with her brother and sister, that Major Cerwood stepped forward to attend her, he indignantly resolved to arrange without delay his continental excursion. But again, when, as she quitted the room, he saw her head half turned round, with an eye of enquiry if he followed, he determined frankly, and at once, in his capacity of a friend, to request some explanation of this meeting.

The assiduities of the Major made it difficult to speak to her; but the aid of her desire for a conversation, which was equally anxious, and less guarded than his own, anticipated his principal investigation, by urging her, voluntarily to seize an opportunity of relating to him the
-history

history of her first visit to Mrs. Arlbery ; and of assuring him that the second was indispensably its consequence.

Softened by this apparent earnestness for his good opinion, all his interest and all his tenderness for her returned ; and though much chagrined at the accident, or rather mischief, which had thus established the acquaintance, he had too little to say, whatever he had to feel, of positive weight against it, to propose its now being relinquished. He thanked her impressively for so ready an explanation ; and then gently added ; “ I know your predilection in favour of this lady, and I will say nothing to disturb it ; but as she is yet new to you, and as all residence, all intercourse, from your own home or relations, is new to you also—tell me, candidly, sincerely tell me, can you condescend to suffer an old friend, though in the person of but a young man, to offer you, from time to time, a hint, a little counsel, a few brief words of occasional advice ? and even, perhaps, now and then,

to torment you into a little serious reflection?"

"If you," cried she, gaily, "will give me the reflection, I promise, to the best of my power, to give you in return, the seriousness; but I can by no means engage for both!"

"O, never, but from your own prudence," he answered, gratefully, "may your delightful vivacity know a curb! If now I seem myself to fear it, it is not from moroseness, it is not from insensibility to its charm——"

He was stopt here by Macdersey, who, suddenly overtaking him, entreated an immediate short conference upon a matter of moment.

Though cruelly vexed by the interruption, he could not refuse to turn back with him; and Camilla again was left wholly to the gallant Major; but her heart felt so light that she had thus cleared herself to Edgar, so gratified by his request to become himself her monitor, and so enchanted to find her acquaintance
with

with Mrs. Arlbery no longer disputed, that she was too happy to admit any vexation; and the Major had never thought her so charming, though of the Major she thought not one moment.

Macdersey, with a long, ceremonious, and not very clear apology, confessed he had called Mandlebert aside only to enquire into the certain truth, if it were not a positive secret, of his intended nuptials with the beautiful Miss Lynmere. Mandlebert, with surprize, but without any hesitation, declared himself wholly without any pretensions to that lady. Macdersey then embraced him, and they parted mutually satisfied.

It seemed now too late to Mandlebert to go to Etherington till the next day, whither, as soon as he had breakfasted, he then rode.

According to his general custom, he went immediately to the study, where he met with a calm, but kind reception from Mr. Tyrold; and after half an hour's conversation, upon Lisbon, Dr. Marchmont,

and Mrs. Tyrold, he left him to seek his young friends.

In the parlour, he found Lavinia alone ; but before he could enquire for her sister, who was accidentally up stairs, Lionel, just dismounted from his horse, appeared.

“ O, ho, Edgar !” cried he, “ you are here, are you ? this would make fine confusion, if that beauty of nature, Miss Margland, should happen to call. They’ve just sent for you to Beech Park. I don’t know what’s to be done to you ; but if you have any inclination to save poor Camilla’s eyes, or cap, at least, from that meek, tender creature, you’ll set off for Cleves before they know you are in this house.”

Edgar amazed, desired an explanation ; but he protested the wrath of Miss Margland had been so comical, and given him so much diversion, that he had not been able to get at any particulars ; he only knew there was a great commotion, and that Edgar was declared in love with
some

some of his sisters or cousins, and Miss Margland was in a rage that it was not with herself; and that, in short, because he only happened to drop a hint of the latter notion, that delectable paragon had given him so violent a blow with her fine eyes, that in order to vent an ungovernable fit of laughter, without the risk of having the house pulled about his ears, he had hastily mounted his horse, and galloped off.

The contempt of Edgar for Miss Margland would have made him disdain another question, if the name of Camilla had not been mingled in this relation; no question, however, could procure further information. Lionel, enchanted that he had tormented Miss Margland, understood nothing more of the matter, and could only repeat his own merry sayings, and their effect.

Lavinia expressed, most innocently, her curiosity to know what this meant; and was going for Camilla, to assist in some

conjecture; but Edgar, who by this strange story had lost his composure, felt unequal to hearing it discussed in her presence, and, pleading sudden haste, rode away.

He did not, however, go to Cleves; he hardly knew if Lionel had not amused him with a feigned story; but he no sooner arrived at Beech Park, than he found a message from Sir Hugh, begging to see him with all speed.

The young Ensign was the cause of this present summons and disturbance. Elated by the declaration of Mandlebert, that the rumour of his contract was void of foundation, and buoyed up by Mrs. Arlbery, to whom he returned with the communication, he resolved to make his advances in form. He presented himself, therefore, at Cleves, where he asked an audience of Sir Hugh, and at once, with his accustomed vehemence, declared himself bound eternally, life and soul, to his fair niece, Miss Lynmere; and de-
fired

fired that, in order to pay his addreffes to her, he might be permitted to fee her at odd times, when he was off duty.

Sir Hugh was fcarce able to underftand him, from his volubility, and the extravagance of his phrafes and gestures; but he imputed them to his violent paffion, and therefore answered him with great gentlenefs, affuring him he did not mean to doubt his being a proper alliance for his niece, though he had never heard of him before; but begging he would not be affronted if he could not accept him, not knowing yet quite clearly if fhe were not engaged to a young gentleman in the neighbourhood.

The Ensign now loudly proclaimed his own news: Mandlebert had protested himfelf free, and the whole county already rang with the miftake.

Sir Hugh, who always at a lofs how to fay no, thought this would have been a good answer, now fent for Mifs Margland, and defired her to fpeak herfelf with the young gentleman.

Miss Margland, much gratified, asked Macderfey if she could look at his rent roll.

He had nothing of the kind at hand, he said, not being yet come to his estate, which was in Ireland, and was still the property of a first cousin, who was not yet dead.

Miss Margland, promising he should have an answer in a few days, then dismissed him; but more irritated than ever against Mandlebert, from the contrast of his power to make settlements, she burst forth into her old declarations of his ill usage of Miss Lynmere; attributing it wholly to the contrivances of Camilla, whom she had herself, she said, surprized wheedling Edgar into her snares, when she called last at Etherington; and who, she doubted not, they should soon hear was going to be married to him.

Sir Hugh always understood literally whatever was said; these assertions therefore of ill humour, merely made to vent black bile, affected him deeply for the
I honour

honour and welfare of Camilla, and he hastily sent a messenger for Edgar, determining to beg, if that were the case, he would openly own the whole, and not leave all the blame to fall all upon his poor niece.

At this period, Lionel had called, and, by inflaming Miss Margland, had aggravated the general disturbance.

When Edgar arrived, Sir Hugh told him of the affair, assuring him he should never have taken amiss his preferring Camilla, which he thought but natural, if he had only done it from the first.

Edgar, though easily through all this he saw the malignant yet shallow offices of Miss Margland, found himself, with infinite vexation, compelled to declare off equally from both the charges; conscious, that till the very moment of his proposals, he must appear to have no preference nor designs. He spoke, therefore, with the utmost respect of the young ladies, but again said it was uncertain if

he should not travel before he formed any establishment.

The business thus explicitly decided, nothing more could be done: but Miss Margland was somewhat appeased, when she heard that her pupil was not so disgracefully to be supplanted.

Indiana herself, to whom Edgar had never seemed agreeable, soon forgot she had ever thought of him; and elated by the acquisition of a new lover, doubted not, but, in a short time, the publication of her liberty would prove slavery to all mankind.

Early the next morning, the carriage of Sir Hugh arrived at the rectory for Camilla. She never refused an invitation from her uncle, but she felt so little equal to passing a whole day in the presence of Miss Margland, after the unaccountable, yet alarming relation she had gathered from Lionel, that she entreated him to accompany her, and to manage that she should return with him as soon as the horses were fed and rested.

Lionel,

Lionel, ever good humoured, and ready to oblige, willingly complied; but demanded that she should go with him, in their way back, to see a new house which he wanted to examine.

Sir Hugh received her with his usual affection, Indiana with indifference, and Miss Margland with a malicious smile: but Eugenia, soon taking her aside, disclosed to her that Edgar, the day before, had publicly and openly disclaimed any views upon Indiana, and had declared himself without any passion whatever, and free from all inclination or intention but to travel.

The blush of pleasure, with which Camilla heard the first sentence of this speech, became the tingle of shame at the second, and whitened into surprise and sorrow at the last.

Eugenia, though she saw some disturbance, understood not these changes. Early absorbed in the study of literature and languages, under the direction of a preceptor who had never mingled with
the

the world, her capacity had been occupied in constant work for her memory; but her judgment and penetration had been wholly unexercised. Like her uncle, she concluded every body, and every thing to be precisely what they appeared; and though, in that given point of view, she had keener intellects to discern, and more skill to appreciate persons and characters, she was as unpractised as himself in those discriminative powers, which dive into their own conceptions to discover the latent springs, the multifarious and contradictory sources of human actions and propensities.

Upon their return to the company, Miss Margland chose to relate the history herself. Mr. Mandlebert, she said, had not only thought proper to acknowledge his utter insensibility to Miss Lynmere, but had declared his indifference for every woman under the sun, and protested he held them all cheap alike. "So I would advise nobody," she continued, "to flatter themselves with making a conquest of
him,

him, for they may take my word for it, he won't be caught very easily."

Camilla disdained to understand this but in a general sense, and made no answer. Indiana, pouting her lip, said she was sure she did not want to catch him: she did not fear having offers enough without him, if she should happen to chuse to marry.

"Certainly," said Miss Margland, "there's no doubt of that; and this young officer's coming the very moment he heard of your being at liberty, is a proof that the only reason of your having had no more proposals, is owing to Mr. Mandlebert. So I don't speak for you, but for any body else, that may suppose they may please the difficult gentleman better."

Camilla now breathed hard with resentment; but still was silent, and Indiana, answering only for herself, said: "O, yes! I can't say I'm much frightened. I dare say if Mr. Melmond had known, ... but he thought like every body else ...
however,

however, I'm sure, I'm very glad of it, only I wish he had spoke a little sooner, for I suppose Mr. Melmond thinks me as much out of his reach as if I was married. Not that I care about it; only it's provoking."

"No, my dear," said Miss Margland, "it would be quite below your dignity to think about him, without knowing better who he is, or what are his expectations and connexions. As to this young officer, I shall take proper care to make enquiries, before he has his answer. He belongs to a very good family; for he's related to Lord O'Lerney, and I have friends in Ireland who can acquaint me with his situation and fortune. There's time enough to look about you; only as Mr. Mandlebert has behaved so unhand-
somely, I hope none of the family will give him their countenance. I am sure it will be to no purpose, if any body should think of doing it by way of having any design upon him. It will be lost labour, I can tell them."

*

"As.

“As to that, I am quite easy,” said Indiana, tossing her head, “any body is welcome to him for me;—my cousin, or any body else.”

Camilla, now, absolutely called upon to speak, with all the spirit she could assume, said, “With regard to me, there is no occasion to remind me how much I am out of the question; yet suffer me to say, respect for myself would secure me from forming such plans as you surmise, if no other sense of propriety could save me from such humiliation.”

“Now, my dear, you speak properly,” said Miss Margland, taking her hand; “and I hope you will have the spirit to shew him you care no more for him than he cares for you.”

“I hope so too,” answered Camilla, turning pale; “but I don’t suppose—I can’t imagine—that it is very likely he should have mentioned any thing good or bad—with regard to his care for me?”

This

This was painfully uttered, but from a curiosity irrepressible.

“As to that, my dear, don't deceive yourself; for the question was put home to him very properly, that you might know what you had to expect, and not keep off other engagements from a false notion.”

“This indeed,” said Camilla, colouring with indignation, “this has been a most useless, a most causeless enquiry!”

“I am very glad you treat the matter as it deserves, for I like to see young ladies behave with dignity.”

“And pray, then, what—was there any—did he make—was there any—any answer—to this—to—.”

“O, yes, he answered without any great ceremony, I can assure you! He said, in so many words, that he thought no more of you than of your cousin, and was going abroad to divert and amuse himself, better than by entering into marriage with either one or other of you; or with any body else.”

Camilla

Camilla felt half killed by this answer; and presently quitting the room, ran out into the garden, and to a walk far from the house, before she had power to breathe, or recollection to be aware of the sensibility she was betraying.

She then as hastily went back, secretly resolving never more to think of him, and to shew both to himself and to the world, by every means in her power, her perfect indifference.

She could not, however, endure to encounter Miss Margland again, but called for Lionel, and begged him to hurry the coachman.

Lionel complied—she took a hasty leave of her uncle, and only saying, “Good by, good by!” to the rest, made her escape.

Sir Hugh, ever unsuspecting, thought her merely afraid to detain her brother; but Eugenia, calm, affectionate, and divested of cares for herself, saw evidently that something was wrong, though she divined not what, and entreated leave

to

to go with her sister to Etherington, and thence to return, without keeping out the horses.

Sir Hugh was well pleased, and the two sisters and Lionel set off together.

C H A P. II.

Specimens of Taste.

THE presence of Lionel stifled the enquiries of Eugenia; and pride, all up in arms, absorbed every softer feeling in Camilla.

When they had driven half a mile, "Now, young ladies," said he, "I shall treat you with a frolic." He then stopt the carriage, and told the coachman to drive to Cornfield; saying, "Tis but two miles about, and Coachy won't mind that; will you Coachy?"

The coachman, looking forward to half a crown, said his horses would be all the better for a little more exercise; and Jacob, familiarly fond of Lionel from a boy, made no difficulty.

Lionel desired his sisters to ask no questions, assuring them he had great designs,

designs, and a most agreeable surprise in view for them.

In pursuance of his directions, they drove on till they came before a small house, just new fronted with deep red bricks, containing, on the ground floor, two little bow windows, in a sharp triangular form, enclosing a door ornamented with small panes of glass, cut in various shapes; on the first story, a little balcony, decorated in the middle and at each corner with leaden images of Cupids; and, in the attic story, a very small venetian window, partly formed with minute panes of glass, and partly with glazed tiles; representing, in blue and white, various devices of dogs and cats, mice and birds, rats and ferrets, as emblems of the conjugal state.

“ Well, young ladies, what say you to this ?” cried he, “ does it hit your fancy ? If it does, ’tis your own !”

Eugenia asked what he meant.

“ Mean ? to make a present of it to which ever is the best girl, and can first
cry

ery bo! to a goose. Come, don't look disdainfully. Eugenia, what say you? won't it be better to be mistress of this little neat, tight, snug box, and a pretty little tidy husband, that belongs to it, than to pore all day long over a latin theme with old Dr. Orkborne? I have often thought my poor uncle was certainly out of his wits, when he set us all, men, women, and children, to learn latin, or else be whipt by the old doctor. But we all soon got our necks out of the collar, except poor Eugenia, and she's had to work for us all. However, here's an opportunity—see but what a pretty place—not quite finished, to be sure, but look at that lake? how cool, how rural, how refreshing!”

“Lake?” repeated Eugenia, “I see nothing but a very dirty little pond, with a mass of rubbish in the middle. Indeed I see nothing else but rubbish all round, and every where.”

“That's the very beauty of the thing, my dear; it's all in the exact state for
being

being finished under your own eye, and according to your own taste."

"To whom does it belong?"

"It's uninhabited yet; but it's preparing for a very spruce young spark, that I advise you both to set your caps at. Hold! I see somebody peeping; I'll go and get some news for you."

He then jumped from the coach, and ran up five deep narrow steps, formed of single large rough stones, which mounted so much above the threshold of the house, that upon opening the door, there appeared a stool to assist all comers to reach the floor of the passage.

Eugenia, with some curiosity, looked out, and saw her brother, after nearly forcing his entrance, speak to a very mean little man, dressed in old dirty cloaths, who seemed willing to hide himself behind the door, but whom he almost dragged forward, saying aloud, "O, I can take no excuse, I insist upon your shewing the house. I have brought two young ladies on purpose to see it; and
who

who knows but one of them may take a fancy to it, and make you a happy man for life."

"As to that, fir," said the man, still endeavouring to retreat, "I can't say as I've quite made my mind up yet as to the marriage ceremony. I've known partly enough of the state already; but if ever I marry again, which is a moot point, I sha'n't do it hand over head, like a boy, without knowing what I'm about. However, it's time enough o'conscience to think of that, when my house is done, and my workmen is off my hands."

Camilla now, by the language and the voice, gathered that this was Mr. Dubster.

"Pho, pho," answered Lionel, "you must not be so hard-hearted when fair ladies are in the case. Besides, one of them is that pretty girl you flirted with at Northwick. She's a sister of mine, and I shall take it very ill if you don't hand her out of the coach, and do the honours of your place to her."

Camilla, much provoked, earnestly called to her brother, but utterly in vain.

“Lauk-a-day! why it is not half finished,” said Mr. Dubster; “nor a quarter neither: and as to that young lady, I can’t say as it was much in my mind to be over civil to her any more, begging pardon, after her giving me the slip in that manner. I can’t say as I think it was over and above handsome, letting me get my gloves. Not that I mind it in the least, as to that.”

“Pho, pho, man, you must never bear malice against a fair lady. Besides, she’s come now on purpose to make her excuses.”

“O, that’s another thing; if the young lady’s sorry, I sha’n’t think of holding out. Besides, I can’t say but what I thought her agreeable enough, if it had not been for her behaving so comical just at the last. Not that I mean in the least to make any complaint, by way of getting of the young lady scolded.”

“You

“ You must make friends now, man, and think no more of it;” cried Lionel, who would have drawn him to the carriage; but he protested he was quite ashamed to be seen in such a disabille, and should go first and dress himself. Lionel, on the contrary, declaring nothing so manly, nor so becoming, as a neglect of outward appearance, pulled him to the coach door, notwithstanding all his efforts to disengage himself, and the most bashful distortions with which he strove to sneak behind his conductor.

“ Ladies,” said he, “ Mr. Dubster desires to have the honour of walking over his house and grounds with you.”

Camilla declared she had no time to alight; but Lionel insisted, and soon forced them both from the coach.

Mr. Dubster, no longer stiff, starched, and proud, as when full dressed, was sunk into the smallest insignificance; and when they were compelled to enter his grounds, through a small Chinese gate, painted of a deep blue, would entirely have kept

out of sight; but for a whisper from Lionel, that the ladies had owned they thought he looked to particular advantage in that careless attire.

Encouraged by this, he came boldly forward, and suddenly facing them, made a low bow saying: "Young ladies, your humble."

They courtied slightly, and Camilla said she was very sorry to break in upon him.

"O, it don't much matter," cried he, extremely pleased by this civility, "I only hope, young ladies, you won't take umbrage at my receiving you in this pickle; but you've popt upon me unawares, as one may say. And my best coat is at this very minute at Tom Hicks's, nicely packed and papered up, and tied all round, in a drawer of his, up stairs, in his room. And I'd have gone for it with the greatest pleasure in life, to shew my respect, if the young gentleman would have let me."

And

And then, recollecting Eugenia, "Good lauk, ma'am," said he, in a low voice to Camilla, "that's that same lame little lady as I saw at the ball?"

"That lady, fir," answered she, provoked, "is my sifter."

"Mercy's me!" exclaimed he, lifting up his hands, "I wish I'd known as much at the time. I'm sure, ma'am, if I'd thought the young lady was any ways related to you, I would not have said a word disrespectful upon no account."

Lionel asked how long he had had this place.

"Only a little while. I happened of it quite lucky. A friend of mine was just being turned out of it, in default of payment, and so I got it a bargain. I intend to fit it up a little in taste, and then, whether I like it or no, I can always let it."

They were now, by Lionel, dragged into the house, which was yet unfurnished, half papered, and half white washed. The workmen, Mr. Dubster said, were

just gone to dinner, and he rejoiced that they had happened to come so conveniently, when he should be no loser by leaving the men to themselves, in order to oblige the young ladies with his company.

He insisted upon shewing them not only every room, but every closet, every cupboard, every nook, corner, and hiding place; praising their utility, and enumerating all their possible appropriations, with the most minute encomiums.

“ But I’m quite sorry,” cried he, “ young ladies, to think as I’ve nothing to offer you. I eat my dinner always at the Globe, having nobody here to cook. However I’d have had a morsel of cake or so, if the young gentleman had been so kind as to give me an item beforehand of your intending me the favour. But as to getting things into the house hap hazard, really every thing is so dear—it’s quite out of reason.”

The scampering of horses now carrying them to a window, they saw some hounds
in

in full cry, followed by horse-men in full gallop. Lionel declared he would borrow Jacob's mare, and join them, while his sisters walked about the grounds: but Camilla, taking him aside, made a serious expostulation, protesting that her father, with all his indulgence, and even her uncle himself, would be certainly displeased, if he left them alone with this man; of whom they knew nothing but his very low trade.

“ Why what is his trade?”

“ A tinker's: Mrs. Arlbery told me so.”

He laughed violently at this information, protesting he was rejoiced to find so much money could be made by the tinkering business, which he was determined to follow in his next distress for cash; yet added, he feared this was only the malice of Mrs. Arlbery, for Dubster, he had been told, had kept a shop for ready made wigs.

He gave up, however, his project, forgetting the chase when he no longer

heard the hounds, and desired Mr. Dubster to proceed in shewing his lions.

“Lauk a day! fir, I’ve got no lions, nor tygers neither. It’s a deal of expence keeping them animals; and though I know they reckon me near, I sha’n’t do no such thing; for if a man does not take a little care of his money when once he has got it, especially if it’s honestly, I think he’s a fool for his pains; begging pardon for speaking my mind so freely.”

He then led them again to the front of the house, where he desired they would look at his pond. “This,” said he, “is what I value the most of all, except my summer house and my labyrinth. I shall stock it well; and many a good dinner I hope to eat from it. It gets me an appetite, sometimes, I think, only to look at it.”

“’Tis a beautiful piece of water,” said Lionel, “and may be useful to the outside as well as the inside, for, if you go in head foremost, you may bathe as well as feed from it.”

“No,

“ No, I sha’n’t do that, sir, I’m not over and above fond of water at best. However I shall have a swan.”

“ A swan? why sure you won’t be contented with only one?”

“ O yes, I shall. It will only be made of wood, painted over in white. There’s no end of feeding them things if one has ’em alive. Besides it will look just as pretty; and won’t bite. And I know a friend of mine that one of them creatures flew at, and gave him such a bang as almost broke his leg, only for throwing a stone at it, out of mere play. They are mortal spiteful, if you happen to hurt them when you’re in their reach.”

He then begged them to go over to his island, which proved to be what Eugenia had taken for a mass of rubbish. They would fain have been excused crossing a plank which he called a bridge, but Lionel would not be denied.

“ Now here,” said he, “ when my island’s finished, I shall have something
o 5 these

these young ladies will like; and that's a lamb."

"Alive, or dead?" cried Lionel.

"Alive," he replied, "for I shall have good pasture in a little bit of ground just by, where I shall keep me a cow; and here will be grass enough upon my island to keep it from starving on Sundays, and for now and then, when I've somebody come to see me. And when it's fit for killing, I can change it with the farmer down the lane, for another young one, by a bargain I've agreed with him for already; for I don't love to run no risks about a thing for mere pleasure."

"Your place will be quite a paradise," said Lionel.

"Why, indeed, sir, I think I've earned having a little recreating, for I worked hard enough for it, before I happened of meeting with my first wife."

"O, ho! so you began with marrying a fortune?"

"Yes, sir, and very pretty she was too, if she had not been so puny. But she
was

was always ailing. She cost me a mort of money to the potecary before she went off. And she was a tedious while a dying, poor soul !”

“ Your first wife ? surely you have not been twice married already ? ”

“ Yes, I have. My second wife brought me a very pretty fortune too. I can't say but I've rather had the luck of it, as far as I've gone yet awhile.”

They now repassed the plank, and were conducted to an angle, in which a bench was placed close to the chinese rails, which was somewhat shaded by a willow, that grew in a little piece of stagnant water on the other side. A fyinga was planted in front, and a broom-tree on the right united it with the willow ; in the middle there was a deal table.

“ Now, young ladies,” said Mr. Dubster, “ if you have a taste to breathe a little fresh country air, here's where I advise you to take your rest. When I come to this place first, my arbour, as I call this, had no look out, but just to the
o 6 fields.”

fields, so I cut away them lilacs, and now there's a good pretty look out. And it's a thing not to be believed what a sight of people and coaches, and gentlemen's whiskeys, and stages, and flies, and waggons, and all sorts of things as ever you can think of, goes by all day long. I often think people's got but little to do at home."

Next, he desired to lead them to his grotto, which he said was but just begun. It was, indeed, as yet, nothing but a little square hole, dug into a chalky soil, down into which, no steps being yet made, he slid as well as he could, to the no small whitening of his old brown coat, which already was thread bare.

He begged the ladies to follow, that he might shew them the devices he had marked out with his own hand, and from his own head, for fitting up the inside. Lionel would not suffer his sisters to refuse compliance, though Mr. Dubster himself cautioned them to come carefully, "in particular," he said, "the
little

little lady, as she has happened of an ugly accident already, as I judge, in one of her hips, and 'twould be pity, at her time of life, if she should happen of another at t'other side."

Eugenia, not aware this misfortune was so glaring, felt much hurt by this speech; and Camilla, very angry with its speaker, sought to silence him by a resentful look; but not observing it; "Pray, ma'am," he continued, "was it a fall? or was you born so?"

Eugenia looked struck and surprized; and Camilla hastily whispered it was a fall, and bid him say no more about it; but, not understanding her, "I take it, then," he said, "that was what stunted your growth so, Miss? for, I take it, you're not much above the dwarf as they shew at Exeter Change? Much of a muchness, I guess. Did you ever see him, ma'am?"

"No, sir,"

"It would be a good sight enough to see you together. He'd think himself a

man in a minute. You must have had the small pox mortal bad, ma'am. I suppose you'd the conflint sort?"

Camilla here, without waiting for help, slid down into the intended grotto, and asked a thousand questions to change the subject; while Eugenia, much disconcerted, slowly followed, aided by Lionel.

Mr. Dubster then displayed the ingenious intermixture of circles and diamonds projected for the embellishment of his grotto; the first of which were to be formed with cockle-shells, which he meant to colour with blue paint; and the second he proposed shaping with bits of shining black coal. The spaces between would each have an oyster-shell in the middle, and here and there he designed to leave the chalk to itself, which would always, he observed, make the grotto light and cheary. Shells he said, unluckily, he did not happen to have; but as he had thoughts of taking a little pleasure some summer at Brighthelmstone or Margate, for he intended to see
all

all those places, he should make a collection then; being told he might have as curious shells, and pebbles too, as a man could wish to look at, only for the trouble of picking them up off the shore.

They next went to what he called his labyrinth, which was a little walk he was cutting, zig-zag, through some brushwood, so low that no person above three foot height could be hid by it. Every step they took here, cost a rent to some lace or some muslin of one of the sisters; which Mr. Dubster observed with a delight he could not conceal; saying this was a true country walk, and would do them both a great deal of good; and adding: "we that live in town, would give our ears for such a thing as this." And though they could never proceed a yard at a time, from the continual necessity of disentangling their dress from thorns and briars, he exultingly boasted that he should give them a good appetite for their dinner; and asked if this rural ramble did not make them

them begin to feel hungry. "For my part," continued he, "if once I get settled a bit, I shall take a turn in this zig-zag every day before dinner, which may save me my five grains of rhubarb, that the doctor ordered me for my stomach, since my having my illness, which come upon me almost as soon as I was a gentleman; from change of life, I believe, for I never knew no other reason; and none of the doctor's could tell me nothing about it. But a man that's had a deal to do, feels quite unked at first, when he's only got to look and stare about him, and just walk from one room to another, without no employment."

Lionel said he hoped, at least, he would not require his rhubarb to get down his dinner to day.

"I hope so too, 'squire," answered he, licking his lips, "for I've ordered a pretty good one, I can tell you; beef steaks and onions; and I dont know what's better. Tom Hicks is to dine with me at the
Globe,

Globe, as soon as I've give my workmen their tasks, and seen after a young lad that's to do me a job there, by my grotto. Tom Hicks is a very good fellow; I like him best of any acquaintance I've made in these here parts. Indeed, I've made no other, on account of the unconvenience of dressing, while I'm so much about with my workmen. So I keep pretty incog from the genteel; and Tom does well enough in the interim."

He then requested them to make haste to his summer-house, because his workmen would be soon returned, and he could not then spare a moment longer, without spoiling his own dinner.

"My summer house," said he, "is not above half complete yet; but it will be very pretty when it's done. Only I've got no stairs yet to it; but there's a very good ladder, if the ladies a'n't afraid."

The ladies both desired to be excused mounting; but Lionel protested he would not have his friend affronted; and as neither of them were in the habit of resisting

resisting him, nor of investigating with seriousness any thing that he proposed, they were soon teized into acquiescence, and he assisted them to ascend.

Mr. Dubster followed.

The summer-house was, as yet, no more than a shell; without windows, scarcely roofed, and composed of lath and plaister, not half dry. It looked on to the high road, and Mr. Dubster assured them, that, on market days, the people passed so thick, there was no seeing them for the dust.

Here they had soon cause to repent their facility,—that dangerous, yet venial, because natural fault of youth;—for hardly had they entered this place, ere a distant glimpse of a fleet stag, and a party of sportsmen, incited Lionel to scamper down; and calling out: “I shall be back presently,” he made off towards the house, dragging the ladder after him.

The sisters eagerly and almost angrily remonstrated; but to no purpose; and while they were still entreating him to
return

return, and supposing him, though out of sight, within hearing, they suddenly perceived him passing the window by the high road, on horse-back, switch in hand, and looking in the utmost glee. "I have borrowed Jacob's mare," he cried, "for just half an hour's sport, and sent Jacob and coachy to get a little refreshment at the next public house; but don't be impatient; I shan't be long."

Off then, he galloped, laughing; in defiance of the serious entreaties of his sisters, and without staying to hear even one sentence of the formal exhortations of Mr. Dubster.

C H A P. III.

A few Compliments.

THE two young ladies and Mr. Dubster, left thus together, and so situated that separation without assistance was impossible, looked at one another for some time in nearly equal dismay; and then Mr. Dubster, with much displeasure, exclaimed — “Them young gentlemen are as full of mischief, as an egg’s full of meat! Who’d have thought of a person’s going to do such a thing as this?—it’s mortal unconvenient, making me leave my workmen at this rate; for I dare say they’re come, or coming, by this time. I wish I’d tied the ladder to this here rafter.”

The sisters, though equally provoked, thought it necessary to make some apology for the wild behaviour of their brother.

“O, young

“O, young ladies,” said he, formally waving his hand by way of a bow, “I don’t in the least mean to blame you about it, for you’re very welcome to stay as long as it’s agreeable; only I hope he’ll come back by my dinner time; for a cold beef-steak is one or other the worst morsel I know.”

He then kept an unremitting watch from one window to another, for some passenger from whom he could claim aid; but, much as he had boasted of the numbers perpetually in sight, he now dolorously confessed, that, sometimes, not a soul came near the place for half a day together: “And, as to my workmen,” continued he, “the deuce can’t make ’em hear if once they begin their knocking and hammering.”

And then, with a smirk at the idea, he added—“I’ll tell you what; I’d best give a good squall at once, and then if they are come, I may catch ’em; in the proviso you won’t mind it, young ladies.”

This

This scheme was put immediately into practice; but though the sisters were obliged to stop their ears from his vociferation, it answered no purpose.

“Well, I’ll bet you what you will,” cried he, “they are all deaf: however, it’s as well as it is, for if they was to come, and see me hoisted up in this cage, like, they’d only make a joke of it; and then they’d mind me no more than a pin never again. It’s surprising how them young gentlemen never think of nothing. If he’d served me so when I was a ’prentice, he’d have paid pretty dear for his frolic; master would have charged him half a day’s work, as sure as a gun.”

Soon after, while looking out of the window, “I do think,” he exclaimed, “I see somebody!—It shall go hard but what I’ll make ’em come to us.”

He then shouted with great violence; but the person crossed a stile into a field, without seeing or hearing him.

This provoked him very seriously; and turning to Camilla, rather indignantly, he

he said—"Really, ma'am, I wish you'd tell your brother, I should take it as a favour he'd never serve me o' this manner no more!"

She hoped, she said, he would in future be more considerate.

"It's a great hindrance to business, ma'am, such things; and it's a sheer love of mischief, too, begging pardon, for it's of no manner of use to him, no more than it is to us."

He then desired, that if any body should pass by again, they might all squall out at once; saying, it was odds, then, but they might be heard.

"Not that it's over agreeable, at the best," added he; "for if one was to stop any poor person, and make 'em come round, and look for the ladder, one could not be off giving them something: and as to any of the gentlefolks, one might beg and pray as long as one would before they'd stir a step for one: and as to any of one's acquaintance, if they was to go by, it's ten to one but they'd only fall a
9 laughing.

laughing. People's generally ill-natured when they sees one in jeopardy."

Eugenia, already thoughtful and discomposed, now grew uneasy, lest her uncle should be surpris'd at her long absence; this a little appeas'd Mr. Dubster, who, with less resentment, said—"So I see, then, we're all in the same quandary! However, don't mind it, young ladies; you can have no great matters to do with your time, I take it; so it does not so much signify. But a man's quite different. He looks like a fool, as one may say, poked up in such a place as this, to be stared at by all comers and goers; only nobody happens to pass by."

His lamentations now were happily interrupted by the appearance of three women and a boy, who, with baskets on their heads, were returning from the next market town. With infinite satisfaction, he prepared to assail them, saying, he should now have some chance to get a bit of dinner: and assuring the ladies, that if they should like a little scrap for a relish, he

he should be very willing to send 'em it by their footman; "For it's a long while," said he, "young ladies, to be fasting, that's the truth of it."

The market women now approached, and were most clamorously hailed, before their own loud discourse; and the singing and whistling of the boy, permitted their hearing the appeal.

"Pray, will you be so kind," said Mr. Dubster, when he had made them stop, "as to step round by the house, and see if you can see the workmen; and if you can, tell 'em a young gentleman, as come here while they was at dinner, has taken away the ladder, and left us stuck up here in the lurch."

The women all laughed, and said it was a good merry trick; but were preparing to follow his directions, when Mr. Dubster called after the boy, who loitered behind, with an encouraging nod: "If you'll bring the ladder with you upon your shoulders, my lad, I'll give you a half-penny!"

The boy was well contented; but the women, a little alarmed, turned back and said—"And what will you give to us, master?"

"Give?" repeated he, a little embarrassed; "why, I'll give—why I'll thank you kindly; and it won't be much out of your way, for the house is only round there."

"You'll thank us kindly, will you?" said one of the women; it's like you may! But what will you do over and above?"

"Do? why it's no great matter, just to stop at the house as you go by, and tell 'em——"

Here Eugenia whispered she would herself satisfy them, and begged he would let them make their own terms.

"No, Miss, no; I don't like to see nobody's money fooled away, no more than my own. However, as you are so generous, I'll agree with 'em to give 'em a pot of beer."

He

bargain, for I did not reckon the boy for nothing."

"You didn't, didn't you?" cried the boy; "i'cod, I hope I'm as good as you, any day in the year!"

"You'll thank us kindly, will you?" said one of the women; "I'fackens, and so you shall, when we're fools enough to sarve you!—A pot of beer for four!"

"We help you down!—we get you a ladder!" cried another; "yes, forfooth, it's like we may!—no, stay where you are, like a toad in a hole as you be!"

Camilla and Eugenia now, tired of vain application to Mr. Dubster, who heard all this abuse with the most sedate unconcern, advanced themselves to the window; and Eugenia, ever foremost where money was to be given, began—
"Good women——" when, with a violent loud shout, they called out—
"What! are you all in Hob's pound? Well, they as will may let you out for we; so I wish you a merry time of it!"

Eugenia

Eugenia began again her—"Good women——" when the boy exclaimed—"What were you put up there for, Miss? to frighten the crows?"

Eugenia, not understanding him, was once more re-commencing; but the first woman said—"I suppose you think we'll sarve you for looking at?—no need to be paid?"

"Yes, yes," cried the second, "Miss may go to market with her beauty; she'll not want for nothing if she'll shew her pretty face!"

"She need not be afeard of it, however," said the third, "for 'twill never be no worse. Only take care, Miss, you don't catch the small pox!"

"O fegs, that would be pity!" cried the boy, "for fear Miss should be marked."

Eugenia, astonished and confounded, made no farther attempt; but Camilla, though at that moment she could have inflicted any punishment upon such unprovoked assailants, affected to give but

little weight to what they said, and gently drew her away.

“Hoity, toity!” cried one of the women, as she moved off, “why, Miss, do you walk upon your knees?”

“Why my Poll would make two of her,” said another, “though she’s only nine years old.”

“She won’t take much for cloaths,” cried another, “that’s one good thing.”

“I’d answer to make her a gown out of my apron,” said the third.

“Your apron?” cried another, “your pocket handkerchief you mean!—why she’d be lost in your apron, and you might look half an hour before you’d find her.”

Eugenia, to whom such language was utterly new, was now in such visible consternation, that Camilla, affrighted, earnestly charged Mr. Dubster to find any means, either of menace or of reward, to make them depart.

“Lauk, don’t mind them, ma’am,” cried he, following Eugenia, “they can’t
do

do you no hurt; though they are rather rude, I must needs confess the truth, to say such things to your face. But one must not expect people to be over polite, so far from London. However, I see the sporting gentry coming round, over that way, yonder; and I warrant they'll gallop 'em off. Hark'ee, Mistresses! them gentlemen that are coming here, shall take you before the justice, for affronting Sir Hugh's Tyrold's Heiresses to all his fortunes."

The women, to whom the name and generous deeds of Sir Hugh Tyrold were familiar, were now quieted and dismayed. They offered some awkward apologies, of not guessing such young ladies could be posted up in such a place; and hoped it would be no detriment to them at the ensuing Christmas, when the good Baronet gave away beef and beer; but Mr. Dubster pompously ordered them to make off, saying, he would not accept the ladder from them now, for the gentry that were coming would get it for

nothing: "So troop off," cried he; "and as for you," to the boy, "you shall have your jacket well trimmed, I promise you: I know who you are, well enough; and I'll tell your master of you, as sure as you're alive."

Away then, with complete, though not well-principled repentance, they all marched.

Mr. Dubster, turning round with exultation, cried—"I only said that to frighten them, for I never see 'em before, as I know of. But I don't mind 'em of a rush; and I hope you don't neither. Though I can't pretend it's over agreeable being made fun of. If I see any body snigger at me, I always ask 'em what it's for; for I'd as lieve they'd let it alone."

Eugenia, who, as there was no seat, had sunk upon the floor for rest and for refuge, remained silent, and seemed almost petrified; while Camilla, affectionately leaning over her, began talking upon other subjects, in hopes to dissipate a shock she was ashamed to console.

She

She made no reply, no comment; but, sighed deeply.

“Lauk!” cried Mr. Dubster, “what’s the matter with the young lady! I hope she don’t go for to take to heart what them old women says? she’ll be never the worse to look at, because of their impudence. Besides, fretting does no good to nothing. If you’ll only come and stand here, where I do, Miss, you may have a peep at ever so many dogs, and all the gentlemen, riding helter skelter round that hill. It’s a pretty sight enough for them as has nothing better to mind. I don’t know but I might make one among them myself, now and then, if it was not for the expensiveness of hiring of a horse.”

Here some of the party came galloping towards them; and Mr. Dubster made so loud an out-cry, that two or three of the sportsmen looked up, and one of them, riding close to the summer house, perceived the two young ladies, and, instantly dismounting, fastened his

horse to a tree, and contrived to scramble up into the little unfinished building.

Camilla then saw it was Major Cerwood. She explained to him the mischievous frolick of her brother, and accepted his offered services to find the ladder and the carriage.

Eugenia meanwhile rose and courtied in answer to his enquiries after her health, and then, gravely fixing her eyes upon the ground, took no further notice of him.

The object of the Major was not Eugenia; her taciturnity therefore did not affect him; but pleased to be shut up with Camilla, he soon found out that though to mount had been easy, to descend would be difficult; and, after various mock efforts, pronounced it would be necessary to wait till some assistance arrived from below: adding, young Mr. Tyrold would soon return, as he had seen him in the hunt.

Camilla, whose concern now was all for her sister, heard this with indifference;

ence; but Mr. Dubster lost all patience. "So here," said he, "I may stay, and let Tom Hicks eat up all my dinner! for I can't expect him to fast, because of this young gentleman's comical tricks. I've half a mind to give a jump down myself, and go look for the ladder; only I'm not over light. Besides, if one should break one's leg, it's but a hard thing upon a man to be a cripple in the middle of life. It's no such great hindrance to a lady, so I don't say it out of disrespect; because ladies can't do much at the best."

The Major, finding Dubster was his host, thought it necessary to take some notice of him, and asked him if he never rode out.

"Why no, not much of that, Sir," he answered; "for when a man's not over used to riding, one's apt to get a bad tumble sometimes. I believe it's as well let alone. I never see as there was much wit in breaking one's neck before one's time. Besides, half them gentlemen are

no better than sharpers, begging pardon, for all they look as if they could knock one down."

"How do you mean sharpers, Sir?"

"Why they don't pay every one his own, not one in ten of them. And they're as proud as Lucifer. If I was to go among them to-morrow, I'll lay a wager they'd take no notice of me: unless I was to ask them to dinner. And a man may soon eat up his substance, if he's so over complaisant."

"Surely, Major," cried Camilla, "my brother cannot be much longer before he joins us?—remembers us rather."

"Who else could desert or forget you?" cried the Major.

"It's a moot point whether he'll come or no, I see that," said Mr. Dubster, quite enraged; "them young 'squires never know what to do for their fun. I must needs say I think it's pity but what he'd been brought up to some calling. 'Twould have steadied him a little, I warrant."

warrant. He don't seem to know much of the troubles of life."

A shower of rain now revived his hopes that the fear of being wet might bring him back; not considering how little sportsmen regard wet jackets.

"However," continued he, "it's really a piece of good luck that he was not taken with a fancy to leave us upon my island; and then we might all have been soufed by this here rain: and he could just as well have walked off with my bridge as with the ladder."

Here, to his inexpressible relief, Lionel, from the road, hailed them; and Camilla, with emotion the most violent, perceived Edgar was by his side.

Mr. Dubster, however, angry as well as glad, very solemnly said, "I wonder, Sir, what you think my workmen has been doing all this time, with nobody to look after them? Besides that I promised a pot o'beer to a lad to wheel me away all that rubbish that I'd cut out of my grotto; and it's a good half day's work,

work, do it who will; and ten to one if they've stirred a nail, all left to themselves so."

"Pho, pho, man, you've been too happy, I hope, to trouble your mind about business. How do do my little girls? how have you been entertained?"

"This is a better joke to you than to us 'squire; but pray, Sir, begging pardon, how come you to forget what I told you about the Globe? I know very well that they say it's quite alley-mode to make fun, but I can't pretend as I'm over fond of the custom."

He then desired that, at least, if he would not get the ladder himself, he would tell that other gentleman, that was with him, what he had done with it.

Edgar, having met Lionel, and heard from him how and where he had left his sisters, had impatiently ridden with him to their relief; but when he saw that the Major made one in the little party, and that he was standing by Camilla, he felt
hurt

hurt and amazed, and proceeded no farther.

Camilla believed herself careless of his opinion; what she had heard from Miss Margland of his professed indifference, gave her now as much resentment, as at first it had caused her grief. She thought such a declaration an unprovoked indignity; she deigned not even to look at him, resolved for ever to avoid him; yet to prove herself, at the same time, unmortified and disengaged, talked cheerfully with the Major.

Lionel now, producing the ladder, ran up it to help his sisters to descend; and Edgar, dismounting, could not resist entering the grounds, to offer them his hand as they came down.

Eugenia was first assisted; for Camilla talked on with the Major, as if not hearing she was called: and Mr. Dubster, his complaisance wholly worn out, next followed, bowing low to every one separately, and begging pardon, but saying he could really afford to waste no more time,
without

without going to give a little look after his workmen, to see if they were alive or dead.

At this time the horse of the Major, by some accident, breaking loose, his master was forced to run down, and Lionel scampered after to assist him.

Camilla remained alone; Edgar, slowly mounting the ladder, gravely offered his services; but, hastily leaning out of the window, she pretended to be too much occupied in watching the motions of the Major and his horse, to hear or attend to any thing else.

A sigh now tore the heart of Edgar, from doubt if this were preference to the Major, or the first dawn of incipient coquetry; but he called not upon her again; he stood quietly behind, till the horse was seized, and the Major re-ascended the ladder. They then stood at each side of it, with offers of assistance.

This appeared to Camilla a fortunate moment for making a spirited display of her indifference: she gave her hand to
the

the Major, and, slightly courtesying to Edgar as she passed, was conducted to the carriage of her uncle.

Lionel again was the only one who spoke in the short route to Etherington, whence Eugenia, without alighting, returned to Cleves.

C H A P. IV.

The Danger of Disguise.

EDGAR remained behind, almost petrified: he stood in the little building, looking after them, yet neither descending nor stirring, till one of the workmen advanced to fetch the ladder. He then hastily quitted the spot, mounted his horse, and galloped after the carriage; though without any actual design to follow it, or any formed purpose whither to go.

The sight, however, of the Major, pursuing the same route, made him, with deep disgust, turn about, and take the shortest road to Beech Park.

He hardly breathed the whole way from indignation; yet his wrath was without definition, and nearly beyond comprehensibility even to himself, till suddenly recurring to the lovely smile
with

with which Camilla had accepted the assistance of Major Cerwood, he involuntarily clasped his hands and called out: "O happy Major!"

Awakened by this ejaculation to the true state of his feelings, he started as from a sword held at his breast. "Jealousy!" he cried, "am I reduced to so humiliating a passion? Am I capable of love without trust? Unhappy enough to cherish it with hope? No! I will not be such a slave to the delusions of inclination. I will abandon neither my honour nor my judgment to my wishes. It is not alone even her heart that can fully satisfy me; its delicacy must be mine as well as its preference. Jealousy is a passion for which my mind is not framed, and which I must not find a torment, but an impossibility!"

He now began to fear he had made a choice the most injudicious, and that coquetry and caprice had only waited opportunity, to take place of candour and frankness.

Yet,

Yet, recollecting the disclaiming speeches he had been compelled to make at Cleves, he thought, if she had heard them, she might be actuated by resentment. Even then, however, her manner of shewing it was alarming, and fraught with mischief. He reflected with fresh repugnance upon the gay and dissipated society with which she was newly mixing, and which, from her extreme openness and facility, might so easily, yet so fatally, sully the fair artlessness of her mind.

He then felt tempted to hint to Mr. Tyrold, who, viewing all things, and all people in the best light, rarely foresaw danger, and never suspected deception, the expediency of her breaking off this intercourse, till she could pursue it under the security of her mother's penetrating protection. But it occurred to him, next, it was possible the Major might have pleased her. Ardent as were his own views, they had never been declared, while those of the Major seemed proclaimed without reserve. He felt his
face

face tingle at the idea, though it nearly made his heart cease to beat; and determined to satisfy this conjecture ere he took any measure for himself.

To speak to her openly, he thought the surest as well as fairest way, and resolved, with whatever anguish, should he find the Major favoured, to aid her choice in his fraternal character, and then travel till he should forget her in every other.

For this purpose, it was necessary to make immediate enquiry into the situation of the Major, and then, if she would hear him, relate to her the result; well assured to gather the state of her heart upon this subject, by her manner of attending to the least word by which it should be introduced.

Camilla, meanwhile, was somewhat comforted by the exertion she had shewn, and by her hopes it had struck Edgar with respect.

* * * *

The

The next morning, Sir Hugh sent for her again, and begged she would pass the whole day with her sister Eugenia, and use all her pretty ways to amuse her; for she had returned home, the preceding morning, quite moped with melancholy, and had continued pining ever since; refusing to leave her room, even for meals, yet giving no reason for her behaviour. What had come to her he could not tell; but to see her so, went to his heart; for she had always, he said, till now, been cheerful and even tempered, though thinking over her learning made her not much of a young person.

Camilla flew up stairs, and found her, with a look of despondence, seated in a corner of her room, which she had darkened by nearly shutting all the shutters.

She knew but too well the rude shock she had received, and sought to revive her with every expression of soothing kindness. But she shook her head, and
continued

continued mute, melancholy, and wrapt in meditation.

More than an hour was spent thus, the strict orders of Sir Hugh forbidding them any intrusion : but when, at length, Camilla ventured to say, " Is it possible, my dearest Eugenia, the passing insolence of two or three brutal wretches can affect you thus deeply?" She awakened from her silent trance, and raising her head, while something bordering upon resentment began to kindle in her breast, cried, " Spare me this question, Camilla, and I will spare you all reproach."

" What reproach, my dear sister," cried Camilla, amazed, " what reproach have I merited?"

" The reproach," answered she, solemnly ; " that, from me, all my family merit ! the reproach of representing to me, that thousands resembled me ! of assuring me I had nothing peculiar to myself, though I was so unlike all my family—of deluding me into utter ignorance of my unhappy defects, and then
I
casting

casting me, all unconscious and unprepared, into the wide world to hear them!"

She would now have shut herself into her book-closet; but Camilla, forcing her way, and almost kneeling to be heard, conjured her to drive such cruel ideas from her mind, and to treat the barbarous insults that she had suffered with the contempt they deserved.

"Camilla," said she, firmly; "I am no longer to be deceived nor trifled with. I will no more expose to the light a form and face so hideous:—I will retire from all mankind, and end my destined course in a solitude that no one shall discover."

Camilla, terrified, besought her to form no such plan, bewailed the unfortunate adventure of the preceding day, inveighed against the inhuman women, and pleaded the love of all her family with the most energetic affection.

"Those women," said she, calmly, "are not to blame; they have been untutored, but not false; and they have only

uttered such truths as I ought to have learnt from my cradle. My own blindness has been infatuated; but it sprung from inattention and ignorance.—It is now removed!—Leave me, Camilla; give notice to my Uncle he must find me some retreat. Tell all that has passed to my father. I will myself write to my mother—and when my mind is more subdued, and when sincerely and unaffectedly I can forgive you all from my heart, I may consent to see you again.”

She then positively insisted upon being left.

Camilla, penetrated with her undeserved, yet irremediable distress, still continued at her door, supplicating for readmittance in the softest terms; but without any success till the second dinner bell summoned her down stairs. She then fervently called upon her sister to speak once more, and tell her what she must do, and what say?

Eugenia steadily answered: "You have already my commission: I have no change to make in it."

Unable to obtain any thing further, she painfully descended: but the voice of her Uncle no sooner reached her ears from the dining parlour, than, shocked to convey to him so terrible a message, she again ran up stairs, and casting herself against her sister's door, called out "Eugenia, I dare not obey you! would you kill my poor Uncle? My Uncle, who loves us all so tenderly? Would you afflict—would you make him unhappy?"

"No, not for the universe!" she answered, opening the door; and then, more gently, yet not less stedfastly, looking at her, "I know," she continued, "you are all very good; I know all was meant for the best; I know I must be a monster not to love you for the very error to which I am a victim.—I forgive you therefore all! and I blush to have felt angry.—But yet—at the age of fifteen—at the instant

instant of entering into the world—at the approach of forming a connection which—O Camilla! what a time, what a period, to discover—to know—that I cannot even be seen without being derided and offended!”

Her voice here faltered, and, running to the window curtain, she entwined herself in its folds, and called out: “O hide me! hide me! from every human eye, from every thing that lives and breathes! Pursue me, persecute me no longer, but suffer me to abide by myself, till my fortitude is better strengthened to meet my destiny!”

The least impatience from Eugenia was too rare to be opposed; and Camilla, who, in common with all her family, notwithstanding her extreme youth, respected as much as she loved her, fought only to appease her by promising compliance. She gave to her, therefore, an unresisted, though unreturned embrace, and went to the dining parlour.

Sir Hugh was much disappointed to see her without her sister; but she evaded any account of her commission till the meal was over, and then begged to speak with him alone.

Gently and gradually she disclosed the source of the sadness of Eugenia: but Sir Hugh heard it with a dismay that almost overwhelmed him. All his contrition for the evils of which, unhappily, he had been the cause, returned with severest force, and far from opposing her scheme of retreat, he empowered Camilla to offer her any residence she chose; and to tell her he would keep out of her sight, as the cause of all her misfortunes; or give her the immediate possession and disposal of his whole estate, if that would make her better amends than to wait till his death.

This message was no sooner delivered to Eugenia, than losing at once every angry impression, she hastened downstairs, and casting herself at the knees of
her

her Uncle, begged him to pardon her design, and promised never to leave him while she lived.

Sir Hugh, most affectionately embracing her, said—"You are too good, my dear, a great deal too good, to one who has used you so ill, at the very time when you were too young to help yourself. I have not a word to offer in my own behalf; except to hope you will forgive me, for the sake of its being all done out of pure ignorance."

"Alas, my dearest Uncle! all I owe to your intentions, is the deepest gratitude; and it is your's from the bottom of my heart. Chance alone was my enemy; and all I have to regret is, that no one was sincere enough, kind enough, considerate enough, to instruct me of the extent of my misfortunes, and prepare me for the attacks to which I am liable."

"My dear girl," said he, while tears started into his eyes, "what you say nobody can reply to; and I find I have been doing you one wrong after another, in-

stead of the least good: for all this was by my own order; which it is but fair to your brothers and sisters, and father and mother, and the servants, to confess. God knows, I have faults enough of my own upon my head, without taking another of pretending to have none!"

Eugenia now sought to condole him in her turn, voluntarily promising to mix with the family as usual, and only desiring to be excused from going abroad, or seeing any strangers.

"My dear," said he, "you shall judge just what you think fit, which is the least thing I can do for you, after your being so kind as to forgive me; which I hope to do nothing in future not to deserve more; meaning always to ask my brother's advice; which might have saved me all my worst actions, if I had done it sooner: for I've used poor Camilla no better; except not giving her the small pox, and that bad fall. But don't hate me, my dears, if you can help it, for it was none of it done for want of love; only
not

not knowing how to shew it in the proper manner; which I hope you'll excuse for the score of my bad education."

"O, my Uncle!" cried Camilla, throwing her arms round his neck, while Eugenia embraced his knees, "what language is this for nieces who owe so much to your goodness, and who, next to their parents, love you more than any thing upon earth!"

"You are both the best little girls in the world, my dears, and I need have nothing upon my conscience if you two pass it over; which is a great relief to me; for there's nobody else I've used so bad as you two young girls; which, God knows, goes to my heart whenever I think of it.—Poor little innocents!—what had you ever done to provoke me?"

The two sisters, with the most virtuous emulation, vied with each other in demonstrative affection, till he was tolerably consoled.

The rest of the day was ruffled but for one moment; upon Sir Hugh's answering,

to a proposition of Miss Margland for a party to the next Middleton races,—that there was no refusing to let Eugenia take that pleasure, after her behaving so nobly: her face was then again overcast with the deepest gloom; and she begged not to hear of the races, nor of any other place, public or private, for going abroad, as she meant during the rest of her life, immoveably to remain at home.

He looked much concerned, but assured her she should be mistress in every thing.

Camilla left them in the evening, with a promise to return the next day; and with every anxiety of her own, lost in pity for her innocent and unfortunate sister.

She was soon, however, called back to herself, when, with what light yet remained, she saw Edgar ride up to the coach door.

With indefatigable pains he had devoted the day to the search of information concerning the Major. Of Mrs. Arlbery

Arlbery he had learned, that he was a man of fashion, but small fortune; and from the Ensign he had gathered, that even that small fortune was gone, and that the estate in which it was vested, had been mortgaged for three thousand pounds, to pay certain debts of honour.

Edgar had already been to the Parsonage House, but hearing Camilla was at Cleves, had made a short visit, and determined to walk his horse upon the road till he met the carriage of Sir Hugh; believing he could have no better opportunity of seeing her alone.

Yet when the coach, upon his riding up to the door, stopt, he found himself in an embarrassment for which he was unprepared. He asked how she did; desired news of the health of all the family one by one; and then, struck by the coldness of her answers, suffered the carriage to drive on.

Confounded at so sudden a loss of all presence of mind, he continued, for a minute or two, just where she left him;

and then galloped after the coach, and again presented himself at its window.

In a voice and manner the most hurried, he apologised for this second detention. "But, I believe," he said, "some genius of officiousness has to-day taken possession of me, for I began it upon a Quixote sort of enterprize, and a spirit of knight-errantry seems willing to accompany me through it to the end."

He stopt; but she did not speak. Her first sensation at his sight had been wholly indignant: but when she found he had something to say which he knew not how to pronounce, her curiosity was awakened, and she looked earnest for an explanation.

"I know," he resumed, with considerable hesitation, "that to give advice and to give pain is commonly the same thing:—I do not, therefore, mean—I have no intention—though so lately you allowed me a privilege never to be forgotten"—

He could not get on; and his embarrassment, and this recollection, soon robbed

bed

bed Camilla of every angry emotion. She looked down, but her countenance was full of sensibility, and Edgar, recovering his voice, proceeded—

“ My Quixotism, I was going to say, of this morning, though for a person of whom I know almost nothing, would urge me to every possible effort—were I certain the result would give pleasure to the person for whom alone—since with regard to himself,—I---it is merely——”

Involved in expressions he knew not how to clear or to finish, he was again without breath: and Camilla, raising her eyes, looked at him with astonishment.

Endeavouring then to laugh, “ One would think,” cried he, “ this same Quixotism had taken possession of my intellects, and rendered them as confused as if, instead of an agent, I were a principal.”—

Still wholly in the dark as to his aim, yet, satisfied by these last words, it had no reference to himself, she now lost enough

of the acuteness of her curiosity to dare avow what yet remained; and begged him, without further preface, to be more explicit.

Stammering, he then said, that the evident admiration with which a certain gentleman was seen to sigh in her train, had awakened for him an interest, which had induced some inquiries into the state of his prospects and expectations. "These," he continued, "turn out to be, though not high, nor by any means adequate to—to——however they are such as some previous friendly exertions, with settled future œconomy, might render more propitious: and for those previous exertions—Mr. Tyrold has a claim which it would be the pride and happiness of my life to see him honour;—if—
if----"

The if almost dropt inarticulated: but he added—"I shall make some further enquiries before I venture to say any more."

"For

“For yourself, then, be they made, Sir!” cried she, suddenly seizing the whole of the meaning—“not for me?—whoever this person may be to whom you allude—to me he is utterly indifferent.”

A flash of involuntary delight beamed in the eyes of Edgar at these words: he had almost thanked her, he had almost dropt the reins of his horse to clasp his hands: but filled only with her own emotions, without watching his, or waiting for any answer, she coldly bid him good night, and called to the coachman to drive fast home.

Edgar, however, was left with a sunbeam of the most lively delight. “He is wholly indifferent to her,” he cried, “she is angry at my interference; she has but acted a part in the apparent preference—and for *me*, perhaps, acted it!”

Momentary, however, was the pleasure such a thought could afford him;—“O, Camilla,”

Camilla," he cried, "if, indeed, I might hope from you any partiality, why act any part at all?—how plain, how easy, how direct your road to my heart, if but straightly pursued!"

C H A P. V.

Strictures on Deformity.

CAMILLA went on to Etherington in deep distress; every ray of hope was chased from her prospects, with a certainty more cruel, though less offensive, to her feelings, than the crush given them by Miss Margland. He cares not for me! she cried; he even destines me for another! He is the willing agent of the Major; he would portion me, I suppose, for him, to accelerate the impossibility of ever thinking of me! And I imagined he loved me!—what a dream!—what a dream!—how has he deceived me!—or, alas! how have I deceived myself!

She rejoiced, however, that she had made so decided an answer with regard to Major Cerwood, whom she could not doubt to be the person meant, and who, presented

presented in such a point of view, grew utterly odious to her.

The tale she had to relate to Mr. Tyrold, of the sufferings and sad resolution of Eugenia, obviated all comment upon her own disturbance. He was wounded to the heart by the recital. "Alas!" he cried, "your wise and excellent mother always foresaw some mischief would ensue, from the extreme caution used to keep this dear unfortunate child ignorant of her peculiar situation. This dreadful shake might have been palliated, at least, if not spared, by the lessons of fortitude that noble woman would have inculcated in her young and ductile mind. But I could not resist the painful entreaties of my poor brother, who, thinking himself the author of her calamities, believed he was responsible for saving her from feeling them; and, imagining all the world as soft-hearted as himself, concluded, that what her own family would not tell her, she could never hear elsewhere. But who should leave any events to the capri-
ces

ees of chance, which the precautions of foresight can determine?"

These reflections, and the thoughts of her sister, led at once and aided Camilia to stifle her own unhappiness; and for three days following, she devoted herself wholly to Eugenia.

On the morning of the fourth, instead of sending the carriage, Sir Hugh arrived himself to fetch Camilla, and to tell his brother, he must come also, to give comfort to Eugenia; for, though he had thought the worst was over, because she appeared quiet in his presence, he had just surprised her in tears, by coming upon her unawares. He had done all he could, he said, in vain; and nothing remained but for Mr. Tyrold to try his hand himself: "For it is but justice," he added, "to Dr. Orkborne, to say she is wiser than all our poor heads put together; so that there is no answering her for want of sense." He then told him to be sure to put one of his best sermons in his pocket to read to her.

Mr.

Mr. Tyrold was extremely touched for his poor Eugenia, yet said he had half an hour's business to transact in the neighbourhood, before he could go to Cleves. Sir Hugh waited his time, and all three then proceeded together.

Eugenia received her Father with a deliberate coldness that shocked him. He saw how profound was the impression made upon her mind, not merely of her personal evils, but of what she conceived to be the misconduct of her friends.

After a little general discourse, in which she bore no share, he proposed walking in the park; meaning there to take her aside, with less formality than he could otherwise desire to speak with her alone.

The ladies and Sir Hugh immediately looked for their hats or gloves: but Eugenia, saying she had a slight head-ache, walked away to her room.

“This, my dear brother,” cried Sir Hugh, sorrowfully following her with his eyes, “is the very thing I wanted you for; she says she'll never more stir out of
these

these doors as long as she's alive; which is a sad thing to say, considering her young years; and nobody knowing how Clermont may approve it. However, it's well I've had him brought up from the beginning to the classics, which I rejoice at every day more and more, it being the only wise thing I ever did of my own head; for as to talking Latin and Greek, which I suppose is what they will chiefly be doing, there's no doubt but they may do it just as well in a room as in the fields, or the streets."

Mr. Tyrold, after a little consideration, followed her. He tapped at her door; she asked, in a tone of displeasure, who was there?—"Your Father, my dear," he answered; and then, hastily opening it, she proposed returning with him down stairs.

"No," he said; "I wish to converse with you alone. The opinion I have long cherished of your heart and your understanding, I come now to put to the proof."

Eugenia,

Eugenia, certain of the subject to which he would lead, and feeling she could not have more to hear than to say, gave him a chair, and composedly seated herself next to him.

“ My dear Eugenia,” said he, taking her passive hand, “ this is the moment that more grievously than ever I lament the absence of your invaluable Mother. All I have to offer to your consideration she could much better have laid before you; and her dictates would have met with the attention they so completely deserve.

“ Was my Mother, then, Sir,” said she, reproachfully, “ unapprized of the worldly darkness in which I have been brought up? Is she unacquainted that a little knowledge of books and languages is what alone I have been taught?”

“ We are all but too apt,” answered Mr. Tyrold, mildly, though surprised, “ to deem nothing worth attaining but what we have missed, nothing worth possessing but what we are denied. How many

many are there, amongst the untaught and unaccomplished, who would think an escape such as yours, of all intellectual darkness, a compensation for every other evil!"

"They could think so only, Sir, while, like me, they lived immured always in the same house, were seen always by the same people, and were total strangers to the sensations they might excite in any others."

"My dear Eugenia, grieved as I am at the present subject of your ruminations, I rejoice to see in you a power of reflection, and of combination, so far above your years. And it is a soothing idea to me to dwell upon the ultimate benevolence of Providence, even in circumstances the most afflicting: for if chance has been unkind to you, Nature seems, with fostering foresight, to have endowed you with precisely those powers that may best set aside her malignity."

"I see, Sir," cried she, a little moved,
"the kindness of your intention; but
pardon

pardon me if I anticipate to you its ill success. I have thought too much upon my situation and my destiny to admit any fallacious comfort. Can you, indeed, when once her eyes are opened, can you expect to reconcile to existence a poor young creature who sees herself an object of derision and disgust? Who, without committing any crime, without offending any human being, finds she cannot appear but to be pointed at, scoffed and insulted!"

"O my child! with what a picture do you wound my heart, and tear your own peace and happiness! Wretches who in such a light can view outward deficiencies cannot merit a thought, are below even contempt, and ought not to be disdained, but forgotten. Make a conquest, then, my Eugenia, of yourself; be as superior in your feelings as in your understanding, and remember what Addison admirably says in one of the Spectators: "A too acute sensibility of personal defects, is one of the greatest weaknesses of self-love."

"I

“ I should be sorry, Sir, you should attribute to vanity what I now suffer. No! it is simply the effect of never hearing, never knowing, that so severe a call was to be made upon my fortitude, and therefore never arming myself to sustain it.”

Then, suddenly, and with great emotion clasping her hands: “ O if ever I have a family of my own,” she cried, “ my first care shall be to tell my daughter’s of all their infirmities! They shall be familiar, from their childhood, to their every defect—Ah! they must be odious indeed if they resemble their poor mother!”

“ My dearest Eugenia! let them but resemble you mentally, and there is no person, whose approbation is worth deserving, that will not love and respect them. Good and evil are much more equally divided in this world than you are yet aware: none possess the first without alloy, nor the second without palliation. Indiana, for example, now in the full bloom of all that beauty can bestow,
tell

tell me, and ask yourself strictly, would you change with Indiana?"

"With Indiana?" she exclaimed; "O! I would forfeit every other good to change with Indiana! Indiana, who never appears but to be admired, who never speaks but to be applauded."

"Yet a little, yet a moment, question, and understand yourself before you settle you would change with her. Look forward, and look inward. Look forward, that you may view the short life of admiration and applause for such attractions from others, and their inutility to their possessor in every moment of solitude or repose; and look inward, that you may learn to value your own peculiar riches, for times of retirement, and for days of infirmity and age!"

"Indeed, Sir,—and pray believe me, I do not mean to repine I have not the beauty of Indiana; I know and have always heard her loveliness is beyond all comparison. I have no more, therefore, thought of envying it, than of envying
the

the brightness of the sun. I knew, too, I bore no competition with my sisters; but I never dreamt of competition. I knew I was not handsome, but I supposed many people besides not handsome, and that I should pass with the rest; and I concluded the world to be full of people who had been sufferers as well as myself, by disease or accident. These have been occasionally my passing thoughts; but the subject never seized my mind; I never reflected upon it at all, till abuse, without provocation, all at once opened my eyes, and shewed me to myself! Bear with me, then, my father, in this first dawn of terrible conviction! Many have been unfortunate,—but none unfortunate like me! Many have met with evils—but who with an accumulation like mine!?”

Mr. Tyrold, extremely affected, embraced her with the utmost tenderness: “My dear, deserving, excellent child,” he cried, “what would I not endure, what sacrifice not make, to soothe this cruel disturbance, fill time and your own

understanding can exert their powers?" then, while straining her to his breast with the fondest parental commiseration, the tears, with which his eyes were overflowing, bedewed her cheeks.

Eugenia felt them, and, sinking to the ground, pressed his knees. "O my father," she cried, "a tear from your revered eyes afflicts me more than all else! Let me not draw forth another, lest I should become not only unhappy, but guilty. Dry them up, my dearest father—let me kiss them away."

"Tell me, then, my poor girl, you will struggle against this ineffectual sorrow! Tell me you will assert that fortitude which only waits for your exertion; and tell me you will forgive the misjudging compassion which feared to impress you earlier with pain!"

"I will do all, every thing you desire! my injustice is subdued! my complaints shall be hushed! you have conquered me, my beloved father! Your indulgence, your lenity shall take place of every hardship,

ship, and leave me nothing but filial affection!"

Seizing this grateful moment, he then required of her to relinquish her melancholy scheme of seclusion from the world: "The shyness and the fears which gave birth to it," said he, "will but grow upon you if listened to; and they are not worthy the courage I would instil into your bosom—the courage, my Eugenia, of virtue—the courage to pass by, as if unheard, the insolence of the hard-hearted, and ignorance of the vulgar. Happiness is in your power, though beauty is not; and on that to set too high a value would be pardonable only in a weak and frivolous mind; since, whatever is the involuntary admiration with which it meets, every estimable quality and accomplishment is attainable without it: and though, which I cannot deny, its immediate influence is universal, yet in every competition and in every decision of esteem, the superior, the elegant, the better part of mankind give their suffrages to merit

alone. And you, in particular, will find yourself, through life, rather the more than the less valued, by every mind capable of justice and compassion, for misfortunes which no guilt has incurred."

Observing her now to be softened, though not absolutely consoled, he rang the bell, and begged the servant, who answered it, to request his brother would order the coach immediately, as he was obliged to return home; "And you, my love," said he, "shall accompany me; it will be the least exertion you can make in first breaking through your averseness to quit the house."

Eugenia would not resist; but her compliance was evidently repugnant to her inclination; and in going to the glass to put on her hat, she turned aside from it in shuddering, and hid her face with both her hands.

"My dearest child," cried Mr. Tyrold, wrapping her again in his arms, "this strong susceptibility will soon wear away; but you cannot be too speedy nor

too firm in resisting it. The omission of what never was in our power cannot cause remorse, and the bewailing what never can become in our power cannot afford comfort. Imagine but what would have been the fate of Indiana, had your situations been reversed, and had she, who can never acquire your capacity, and therefore never attain your knowledge, lost that beauty which is her all; but which to you, even if retained, could have been but a secondary gift. How short will be the reign of that all! how useless in sickness! how unavailing in solitude! how inadequate to long life! how forgotten, or repiningly remembered in old age! You will live to feel pity for all you now covet and admire; to grow sensible to a lot more lastingly happy in your own acquirements and powers; and to exclaim, with contrition and wonder, Time was when I would have changed with the poor mind - dependent Indiana!"

The carriage was now announced; Eugenia, with reluctant steps, descended; Camilla was called to join them, and Sir Hugh saw them set off with the utmost delight.

C H A P. VI.

Strictures on Beauty.

To lengthen the airing, Mr. Tyrold ordered the carriage by a new road; and to induce Eugenia to break yet another spell, in walking as well as riding, he proposed their alighting, when they came to a lane, and leaving the coach in waiting while they took a short stroll.

He walked between his daughters a considerable way, passing, wherever it was possible, close to cottages, labourers, and children. Eugenia submitted with a sigh, but held down her head, affrighted at every fresh object they encountered, till, upon approaching a small miserable hut, at the door of which several children were playing, an unlucky boy called out, "O come! come! look!—here's the little hump-back gentlewoman!"

She then, clinging to her father, could not stir another step, and cast upon him a look of appeal and reproach that almost overset him; but, after speaking to her some words of kindness, he urged her to go on, and alone, saying, "Throw only a shilling to the senseless little crew, and let Camilla follow and give nothing, and see which will become the most popular."

They both obeyed, Eugenia fearfully and with quickness casting amongst them some silver, and Camilla quietly walking on.

"O, I have got a sixpence!" cried one; "and I've got a shilling!" said another; while the mother of the little tribe came from her wash-tub, and called out, "God bless your ladyship!" and the father quitted a little garden at the side of his cottage, to bow down to the ground, and cry, "Heaven reward you, good madam! you'll have a blessing go with you, go where you will!"

The children then, dancing up to Camilla, begged her charity; but when,
seconding

seconding the palpable intention of her father, she said she had nothing for them, they looked highly dissatisfied, while they redoubled their blessings to Eugenia.

“ See, my child,” said Mr. Tyrold, now joining them, “ how cheaply preference, and even flattery, may be purchased !”

“ Ah, Sir !” she answered, recovered from her terrour, yet deep in reflection, “ this is only by bribery, and gross bribery, too ! And what pleasure, or what confidence can accrue from preference so earned !”

“ The means, my dear Eugenia, are not beneath the objects: if it is only from those who unite native hardness with uncultured minds and manners, that civility is to be obtained by such fordid materials, remember, also, it is from such only it can ever fail you. In the lowest life, equally with the highest, wherever nature has been kind, sympathy springs spontaneously for whatever is unfortunate, and respect for whatever seems innocent.

Steel yourself, then, firmly to withstand attacks from the cruel and unfeeling, and rest perfectly secure you will have none other to apprehend."

The clear and excellent capacity of Eugenia, comprehended in this lesson, and its illustration, all the satisfaction Mr. Tyrold hoped to impart; and she was ruminating upon it with abated despondence, when, as they came to a small house, surrounded with a high wall, Mr. Tyrold, looking through an iron gate at a female figure who stood at one of the windows, exclaimed—"What a beautiful creature! I have rarely, I think seen a more perfect face."

Eugenia felt so much hurt by this untimely sight, that, after a single glance, which confirmed the truth of what he said, she bent her eyes another way; while Camilla herself was astonished that her kind father should call their attention to beauty, at so fore and critical a juncture.

"The examination of a fine picture," said he, fixing his eyes upon the window,
and

and standing still at the iron gate, "is a constant as well as exquisite pleasure; for we look at it with an internal security, that such as it appears to us to-day, it will appear again to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow; but in the pleasure given by the examination of a fine face, there is always, to a contemplative mind, some little mixture of pain; an idea of its fragility steals upon our admiration, and blends with it something like solicitude; the consciousness how short a time we can view it perfect, how quickly its brilliancy of bloom will be blown, and how ultimately it will be nothing.—"

"You would have me, Sir," said Eugenia, now raising her eyes, "learn to see beauty with unconcern, by depreciating its value? I feel your kind intention; but it does not come home to me; reasoning such as this may be equally applicable to any thing else, and degrade whatever is desirable into insignificance."

"No, my dear child, there is nothing, either in its possession or its loss, that can

be compared with beauty; nothing so evanescent, and nothing that leaves behind it a contrast which impresses such regret. It cannot be forgotten, since the same features still remain, though they are robbed of their effect upon the beholder; the same complexion is there, though faded into a tint bearing no resemblance with its original state; and the same eyes present themselves to the view, though bereft of all the lustre that had rendered them captivating."

"Ah, Sir! this is an argument but formed for the moment. Is not the loss of youth the same to every body? and is not age equally unwelcome to the ugly and to the handsome?"

"For activity, for strength, and for purposes of use, certainly, my dear girl, there can be no difference; but for motives to mental regret, there can be no comparison. To those who are commonly moulded, the gradual growth of decay brings with it its gradual endurance, because little is missed from day to day;

day; hope is not roughly chilled, nor expectation rudely blasted; they see their friends, their connections, their contemporaries, declining by the same laws, and they yield to the immutable and general lot rather imperceptibly than resignedly; but it is not so with the beauty; her loss is not only general, but peculiar; and it is the peculiar, not the general evil, that constitutes all hardship. Health, strength, agility, and animal spirits, she may sorrowing feel diminish; but she hears every one complain of similar failures, and she misses them un murmuring, though not un lamenting; but of beauty, every declension is marked with something painful to self-love. The change manifested by the mirror might patiently be borne; but the change manifested in the eyes of every beholder, gives a shock that does violence to every pristine feeling."

"This may certainly, sir, be cruel; trying at least; but then,—what a youth has she first passed! Mortification comes
upon

upon her, at least, in succession; she does not begin the world with it,—a stranger at all periods to any thing happier!”

“ Ah, my child! the happiness caused by personal attractions pays a dear after-price! The soldier who enters the field of battle requires not more courage, though of a different nature, than the faded beauty who enters an assembly-room. To be wholly disregarded, after engaging every eye; to be unassisted, after being habituated to seeing crowds anxiously offer their services; to be unheard, after monopolising every ear—can you, indeed, persuade yourself a change such as this demands but ordinary firmness? Yet the altered female who calls for it, has the least chance to obtain it; for even where nature has endowed her with fortitude, the world and its flatteries have almost uniformly enervated it, before the season of its exertion.”

“ All this may be true,” said Eugenia, with a sigh; “ and to me, however sad in itself, it may prove consolatory; and yet

yet—forgive my sincerity, when I own—
I would purchase a better appearance at
any price, any expence, any payment, the
world could impose!”

Mr. Tyrold was preparing an answer,
when the door of the house, which he had
still continued facing, was opened, and
the beautiful figure, which had for some
time retired from the window, rushed
suddenly upon a lawn before the gate
against which they were leaning.

Not seeing them, she sat down upon
the grass, which she plucked up by hands
full, and strewed over her fine flowing
hair.

Camilla, fearing they should seem im-
pertinent, would have retreated; but Eu-
genia, much struck, sadly, yet with ear-
nestness, compelled herself to regard the
object before her, who was young, fair,
of a tall and striking figure, with features
delicately regular.

A sigh, not to be checked, acknow-
ledged how little either reasoning or elo-
quence could subdue a wish to resemble
such

such an appearance, when the young person, flinging herself suddenly upon her face, threw her white arms over her head, and sobbed aloud with violence.

Astonished, and deeply concerned, Eugenia internally said, alas! what a world is this! even beauty so exquisite, without waiting for age or change, may be thus miserable!

She feared to speak, lest she should be heard; but she looked up to her father, with an eye that spoke concession, and with an interest for the fair afflicted, which seemed to request his assistance.

He motioned to her to be quiet; when the young person, abruptly half rising, burst into a fit of loud, shrill, and discordant laughter.

Eugenia now, utterly confounded, would have drawn her father away; but he was intently engaged in his observations, and steadily kept his place.

In two minutes, the laugh ceased all at once, and the young creature, hastily rising, began turning round with a velocity that no machine could have exceeded.

The

The sisters now fearfully interchanged looks that shewed they thought her mad, and both endeavoured to draw Mr. Tyrold from the gate, but in vain; he made them hold by his arms, and stood still.

Without seeming giddy, she next began to jump; and he now could only detain his daughters, by shewing them the gate, at which they stood, was locked.

In another minute, she perceived them, and, coming eagerly forward, dropt several low courtesies, saying, at every fresh bend—"Good day!--Good day!--Good day!"

Equally trembling, they now both turned pale with fear; but Mr. Tyrold, who was still immovable, answered her by a bow, and asked if she were well.

"Give me a shilling!" was her reply, while the flaver drivelled unrestrained from her mouth, rendering utterly disgusting a chain that a statuary might have wished to model.

"Do you live at this house?" said Mr. Tyrold.

"Yes,

“Yes, please—yes, please—yes, please,” she answered, twenty times following, and almost black in the face before she would allow herself to take another breath.

A cat now appearing at the door, she seized it, and tried to twine it round her neck with great fondling, wholly unresisting the scratches which tore her fine skin.

Next, capering forward with it towards the gate, “Look! look!” she cried, “here’s pufs!—here’s pufs!—here’s pufs!”

Then, letting it fall, she tore her handkerchief off her neck, put it over her face, strained it as tight as she was able, and tied it under her chin; and then struck her head with both her hands, making a noise that resembled nothing human.

“Take, take me away, my father!” cried Eugenia, “I see, I feel your awful lesson! but impress it no further, lest I die in receiving it!”

Mr.

Mr. Tyrold immediately moved off without speaking; Camilla, penetrated for her sister, observed the same silence; and Eugenia, hanging upon her father, and absorbed in profound ruminations, only by the depth of her sighs made her existence known; and thus, without the interchange of a word, slowly and pensively they walked back to the carriage.

Eugenia broke the silence as soon as they were seated: "O, my father!" she exclaimed, "what a sight have you made me witness! how dread a reproof have you given to my repining spirit! Did you know this unhappy beauty was at that house? Did you lead me thither purposely to display to me her shocking imbecility?"

"Relying upon the excellence of your understanding, I ventured upon an experiment more powerful, I well knew, than all that reason could urge; an experiment not only striking at the moment, but which, by playing upon the imagination, as well as convincing the
judgment,

judgment, must make an impression that can never be effaced. I have been informed, for some time, that this poor girl was in our neighbourhood; she was born an idiot, and therefore, having never known brighter days, is insensible to her terrible state. Her friends are opulent, and that house is taken, and a woman is paid, to keep her in existence and in obscurity. I had heard of her uncommon beauty, and when the news reached me of my dear Eugenia's distress, the idea of this meeting occurred to me; I rode to the house, and engaged the woman to detain her unfortunate charge at the window till we appeared, and then to let her loose into the garden. Poor, ill fated young creature! it has been, indeed, a melancholy sight."

"A sight," cried Eugenia, "to come home to me with shame!—O, my dear Father! your prescription strikes to the root of my disease!—shall I ever again dare murmur!—will any egotism ever again make me believe no lot so hapless

as my own! I will think of her when I am discontented; I will call to my mind this spectacle of human degradation—and submit, at least with calmness, to my lighter evils and milder fate.”

“My excellent child! this is just what I expected from the candour of your temper, and the rectitude of your sentiments. You have seen, here, the value of intellects in viewing the horror of their loss; and you have witnessed, that beauty, without mind, is more dreadful than any deformity. You have seized my application, and left me nothing to enforce; my dear, my excellent child! you have left for your fond Father nothing but tender approbation! With the utmost thankfulness to Providence, I have marked from your earliest childhood, the native justness of your understanding; which, with your studious inclination to sedentary accomplishments, has proved a reviving source of consolation to your mother and to me, for the cruel accidents we have incessantly

santly lamented. How will that admirable mother rejoice in the recital I have to make to her! What pride will she take in a daughter so worthily her own, so resembling her in nobleness of nature, and a superior way of thinking! Her tears, my child, like mine, will thank you for your exertions! she will strain you to her fond bosom, as your father strains you at this moment!"

"Yes, Sir," cried Eugenia, "your kind task is now completed with your vanquished Eugenia! her thoughts, her occupations, her happiness, shall henceforth all be centered in filial gratitude and contentment."

The affectionate Camilla, throwing her arms about them both, bathed each with the tears of joy and admiration, which this soothing conclusion to an adventure so severe excited.

C H A P. VII.

The Pleadings of Pity.

TO oblige Mr. Tyrold, who had made the arrangement with Sir Hugh, Eugenia consented to dine and spend the day at Etherington, which she quitted at night in a temper of mind perfectly composed.

Camilla was deeply penetrated by the whole of this affair. The sufferings, so utterly unearned by fault or by folly, of a sister so dear to her, and the affecting fortitude which, so quickly upon her wounds, and at so early a period of life, she already began to display, made her blush at the dejection into which she was herself cast by every evil, and resolve to become in future more worthy of the father and the sister, who at this moment absorbed all her admiration.

Too

Too reasonable, in such a frame of mind, to plan forgetting Mandlebert, she now only determined to think of him as she had thought before her affections became entangled; to think of him, in short, as he seemed himself to desire; to seek his friendly offices and advice, but to reject every offered establishment, and to live single for life.

Gratified by indulgent praise, and sustained by exerted virtue, the revived Eugenia had nearly reached Cleves, on her return, when the carriage was stopt by a gentleman on horseback, who, approaching the coach window, said, in a low voice, as if unwilling to be heard by the servants—"O, Madam! has Fate set aside her cruelty? and does Fortune permit me to live once more?"

She then recollected Mr. Bellamy. She had only her maid in the carriage, who was sent for her by Sir Hugh, Miss Margland being otherwise engaged,

All that had so lately passed upon her person and appearance being full upon
her

her mind, she involuntarily shrunk back, hiding her face with her cloak.

Bellamy, by no means conceiving this mark of emotion to be unfavourable, steadied his horse, by leaning one hand on the coach-window, and said, in a yet lower voice—"O, Madam! is it possible you can hate me so barbarously?—will you not even deign to look at me, though I have so long been banished from your presence?"

Eugenia, during this speech, called to mind, that though new, in some measure, to herself, she was not so to this gentleman, and ventured to uncover her face; when the grief painted on the fine features of Bellamy, so forcibly touched her, that she softly answered—"No, Sir, indeed I do not hate you; I am incapable of such ingratitude; but I conjure—I beseech you to forget me!"

"Forget you?—O, Madam! you command an impossibility!—No, I am constancy itself, and not all the world united shall tear you from my heart!"

Jacob, who caught a word or two, now rode up to the other window, and as Eugenia began—"Conquer, Sir, I entreat you, this ill-fated partiality!—" told her the horses had been hard-worked, and must go home.

As Jacob was the oracle of Sir Hugh about his horses, his will was prescriptive law: Eugenia never disputed it, and only saying—"Think of me, Sir, no more!" bid the coachman drive on.

Bellamy, respectfully submitting, continued, with his hat in his hand, as the maid informed her mistress, looking after the carriage till it was out of sight.

A tender sorrow now stole upon the just revived tranquillity of the gentle and generous Eugenia. "Ah!" thought she, "I have rendered, little as I seem worthy of such power, I have rendered this amiable man miserable, though possibly, and probably, he is the only man in existence whom I could render happy!—Ah! how may I dare expect from Clermont a similar passion?"

Molly

Molly Mill, a very young girl, and daughter of a poor tenant of Sir Hugh, interrupted these reflections from time to time, with remarks upon their object. "Deareeme, Miss," she cried, "what a fine gentleman that was!—he sighed like to split his heart when you said, don't think about me no more. He's some loveyer, like, I'm sure."

Eugenia returned home so much moved by this incident, that Sir Hugh, believing his brother himself had failed to revive her, was disturbed all anew with acute contrition for her disasters, and feeling very unwell, went to bed before supper time.

Eugenia retired also; and after spending the evening in soft compassion for Bellamy, and unfixed apprehensions and distaste for young Lynmere, was preparing to go to bed, when Molly Mill, out of breath with haste, brought her a letter.

She eagerly opened it, whilst enquiring whence it came.

“ O, Miss, the fine gentleman—that same fine gentleman—brought it himself: and he sent for me out, and I did not know who I was to go to, for Mary only said a boy wanted me; but the boy said, I must come with him to the style; and when I come there, who should I see but the fine gentleman himself! And he gave me this letter, and he asked me to give it you—and see! look Miss! what I got for my trouble!”

She then exhibited a half-guinea.

“ You have not done right, Molly, in accepting it. Money is bribery; and you should have known that the letter was improperly addressed, if bribery was requisite to make it delivered.”

“ Dearee me, Miss, what’s half-a-guinea to such a gentleman as that? I dare say he’s got his pockets full of them!”

“ I shall not read it, certainly,” cried Eugenia, “ now I know this circumstance. Give me the wax—I will seal it again.”

She then hesitated whether she ought to return it, or shew it to her uncle, or commit it to the flames.

That

That to which she was most unwilling, appeared, to the strictness of her principles, to be most proper: she therefore determined that the next morning she would relate her evening's adventure, and deliver the unread letter to Sir Hugh.

Had this epistle not perplexed her, she had meant never to name its writer. Persuaded her last words had finally dismissed him, she thought it a high point of female delicacy never to publish an unsuccessful conquest.

This resolution taken, she went to bed, satisfied with herself, but extremely grieved at the sufferings she was preparing for one who so singularly loved her.

The next morning, however, her uncle did not rise to breakfast, and was so low spirited, that fearing to disturb him, she deemed it most prudent to defer the communication.

But when, after she had taken her lesson from Dr. Orkborne, she returned to her room, she found Molly Mill impatiently waiting for her: "O, Miss," she

cried, "here's another letter for you! and you must read it directly, for the gentleman says if you don't it will be the death of him."

"Why did you receive another letter?" said Eugenia, displeased.

"Dearee me, Miss, how could I help it? if you'd seen the taking he was in, you'd have took it yourself. He was all of a quake, and ready to go down of his two knees. Dearee me, if it did not make my heart go pit-pat to see him! He was like to go out of his mind, he said, and the tears, poor gentleman, were all in his eyes."

Eugenia now turned away, strongly affected by this description.

"Do, Miss," continued Molly, "write him a little scrap, if its never so scratched and bad. He'll take it kinder than nothing. Do, Miss, do. Don't be ill-natured. And just read this little letter, do, Miss, do;—it won't take you much time, you reads so nice and fast."

"Why,"

“ Why,” cried Eugenia, “ did you go to him again? how could you so incautiously entrust yourself to the conduct of a strange boy?”

“ A strange boy! dearee me, Miss, don't you know it was Tommy Hodd? I knows him will enough; I knows all the boys, I warrant me, round about here. Come, Miss, here's pen and ink; you'll run it off before one can count five, when you've a mind to it. He'll be in a sad taking till he sees me come back.”

“ Come back? is it possible you have been so imprudent as to have promised to see him again?”

“ Dearee me, yes, Miss! he'd have made away with himself if I had not. He'd been there ever since six in the morning, without nothing to eat or drink; a riding up and down the road, till he could see me coming to the stile. And he says he'll keep a riding there all day long, and all night too, till I goes to him.”

Eugenia conceived herself now in a situation of unexampled distress. She

forced Molly Mill to leave her, that she might deliberate what course to pursue.

Having read no novels, her imagination had never been awakened to scenes of this kind; and what she had gathered upon such subjects in the poetry and history she had studied with Dr. Orkborne, had only impressed her fancy in proportion as love bore the character of heroism, and the lover that of an hero. Though highly therefore romantic, her romance was not the common adoption of a circulating library: it was simply that of elevated sentiments, formed by animated credulity playing upon youthful inexperience.

“ Alas!” cried she, “ what a conflict is mine! I must refuse a man who adores me to distraction, in disregard of my unhappy defects, to cast myself under the guidance of one who, perhaps, may estimate beauty so highly as to despise me for its want!”

This idea pleaded so powerfully for Bellamy, that something like a wish to
open

open his letters, obtained pardon to her little maid for having brought them. She suppressed, however, the desire, though she held them alternately to her eyes, conjecturing their contents, and bewailing for their impassioned writer the cruel answer they must receive.

Though checked by shame, she had some desire to consult Camilla; but she could not see her in time, Mrs. Arlbery having insisted upon carrying her in the evening to a play, which was to be performed, for one night only, by a company of passing strollers at Northwick.

“My decision,” she cried, “must be my own, and must be immediate. Ah! how leave a man such as this, to wander night and day neglected and uncertain of his fate! With tears he sent me his letters!—what must not have been his despair when such was his sensibility? tears in a man!—tears, too, that could not be restrained even till his messenger was out of sight!—how touching!—”

Her own then fell, in tender commiseration, and it was with extreme repugnance she compelled herself to take such measures as she thought her duty required. She sealed the two letters in an empty cover, and having directed them to Mr. Bellamy, summoned Molly Mill, and told her to convey them to the gentleman, and positively acquaint him she must receive no more, and that those which were returned had never been read. She bid her, however, add, that she should always wish for his happiness, and be grateful for his kind partiality; though she earnestly conjured him to vanquish a regard which she did not deserve, and must never return.

Molly Mill would fain have remonstrated; but Eugenia, with that firmness which, even in the first youth, accompanies a consciousness of preferring duty to inclination, silenced, and sent her off.

Relieved for herself, now the struggle was over, she secretly rejoiced that it was
not

doom, though he should famish for want of food!

ALPHONSO BELLAMY."

Eugenia read this with horror and compassion. She imagined he perhaps thought her confined, and would therefore believe no answer that did not issue immediately from her own lips. She sent Molly to him again with the same message; but Molly returned with a yet worse account of his desperation, and a strong assurance, that if she would only utter to him a single word, he would obey, depart, and live upon it the rest of his life.

This completely softened her. Rather than imperiously suffer such a pattern of respectful constancy to perish, she consented to speak her own negative. But fearing she might be moved to some sympathy by his grief, she resolved to be accompanied by Camilla, and deferred, therefore, the interview till the next day.

Molly brought back his humble acknowledgments for this concession, and
an

an account that, at last, slowly and sadly, he had ridden away.

Her feelings were now better satisfied than her understanding. She feared what she had granted was a favour; yet her heart was too tender to reproach a compliance made upon such conditions, and to prevent such evils.

C H A P. VIII.

The disastrous Buskins.

CAMILLA, though her personal sorrows were blunted by the view of the calamities and resignation of her sister, was so little disposed for amusement, that she had accepted the invitation of Mrs. Arlbery, only from wanting spirit to resist its urgency. Mr. Tyrold was well pleased that such a recreation came in her way, but desired Lavinia might be of the party: not only that she might partake of the same pleasure, but from a greater security in her prudence, than in that of her naturally thoughtless sister.

The town of Etherington afforded no theatre; and the room fitted up for the night's performance could contain but two boxes, one of which was secured for Mrs. Arlbery and her friends.

The

The attentive Major was ready to offer his hand to Camilla upon her arrival. The rest of the officers were in the box.

The play was Othello; and so miserably represented, that Lavinia would willingly have retired after the first scene: but the native spirits of Camilla revisited her in the view of the ludicrous personages of the drama. And they were soon joined by Sir Sedley Clarendel, whose quaint conceits and remarks assisted the risibility of the scene. She thought him the least comprehensible person she had ever known; but as he was totally indifferent to her, his oddity entertained without tormenting her.

The actors were of the lowest strolling kind, and so utterly without merit, that they had never yet met with sufficient encouragement to remain one week in the same place. They had only a single scene for the whole performance, which depicted a camp, and which here served for a street, a senate, a city, a castle, and a bed-chamber.

The

The dresses were almost equally parsimonious, every one being obliged to take what would fit him, from a wardrobe that did not allow quite two dresses a person for all the plays they had to enact. Othello, therefore, was equipped as king Richard the third, save that instead of a regal front he had a black wig, to imitate wool: while his face had been begrimed with a smoked cork.

Iago wore a suit of cloaths originally made for Lord Foppington: Brabantio had borrowed the armour of Hamlet's Ghost: Cassio, the Lieutenant General in the christian army, had only been able to equip himself in Osmyn's Turkish vest; and Roderigo, accoutred in the garment of Shylock, came forth a complete Jew.

Desdemona, attired more suitably to her fate than to her expectations, went through the whole of her part, except the last scene, in the sable weeds of Isabella. And Amelia was fain to content herself with the habit of the first witch in Macbeth.

The

The gestures, both of the gentlemen and ladies, were as outrageous as if meant rather to intimidate the audience, than to shew their own animation; and the men approached each other so closely with arms a-kimbo, or double fists, that Sir Sedley, with pretended alarm, said they were giving challenges for a boxing match.

The ladies also, in the energy of their desire not to be eclipsed, took so much exercise in their action, that they tore out the sleeves of their gowns; which, though pinned up every time they left the stage, completely exposed their shoulders at the end of every act; and they raised their arms so high while facing each other, that Sir Sedley expressed frequent fears they meant to finish by pulling caps.

So imperfect were they also in their parts, that the prompter was the only person from whom any single speech passed without a blunder.

Iago, who was the master of the troop, was the sole performer who spoke not with a provincial dialect: the rest all betrayed

trayed their birth and parentage the first line they uttered.

Cassio proclaimed himself from Norfolk:

The Deuk dew greet yew, General,

- - - - -

Being not at yew're lodging to be feund - - -

The fenate sent above tree several quests, &c.

Othello himself proved a true Londoner; and with his famed foldier-like eloquence in the fenate-scene, thus began his celebrated defence.

Most potent, grawe, and rewerend Seignors,

My wery noble and approwed good masters,

That I have ta'en away this old man's darter—

I vill a round, uunwarnish'd tale deliver

Of my whole course of love: vhat drugs, vhat charms,

Vhat conjuration, and vhat mighty magic

I von his darter vith ———

Her father lov'd me, oft inwited me ———

——— My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs,

She svore in faith 'tvas strange, 'tvas passing strange,

'Tvas p'tiful, 'tvas vondrous pitiful;

She vish'd she had not heard it; yet she vish'd

That Heawen had made her such a man.——

This only is the vitchcraft I have us'd;

Here comes the lady, let her vitness it.

This

This happily making the gentle Desdemona recognised, notwithstanding her appearance was so little bridal, her Somersetshire father cried:

I pray you hear 'ur zpeak.
If a confez that a waz half the woer
Deztruction on my head, if my bead bleame
Light o' the mon!

His daughter, in the Worcestershire pronounciation, answered :

Noble father,
Hi do perceive ere a divided duty ;
To you hi howe my life hand heducation,
My life hand heducation both do teach me
Ow to respect you. You're the lord hof duty ;
Hi'm itherto your daughter: but ere's my uf-
band!—

The fond Othello then exclaimed:

Your woices, lords! beseech you let her vill
Have a free vay!—

And Brabantio took leave with

Look to'ur, Moor! if th' azt eyez to zee;
A haz deceiv'd 'ur veather, and may thee.—

They were detained so long between the first and second act, that Sir Sedley said he feared poor Desdemona had lost
the

the thread-paper from which she was to mend her gown, and recommended to the two young ladies to have the charity to go and assist her. "Consider," he said, "the trepidation of a fair bride but just entered into her shackles. Who knows but Othello may be giving her a strapping, in private, for wearing out her cloaths so fast! you young ladies think nothing of these little conjugal freedoms."

Mrs. Arlbery, though for some time she had been as well diverted by the play as Camilla, less new to such exhibitions, was soon tired of the sameness of the blunders, and, at the end of the fourth act, proposed retiring. But Camilla, who had long not felt so much entertained, looked so disappointed, that her good humour overcame her fatigue, and she was insisting upon staying; when a gentleman, who visited them from the opposite box, proposed that the young ladies should be carried home by his mother, a lady who lived at Etherington, and was acquainted at the rectory, and
who

who intended to stay out not only the play but the farce. Lavinia consented; the son went with the proposition, and the business was soon arranged. Mrs. Arlbery, who had three miles to go beyond the parsonage-house, and who, though she delighted to oblige, was but little in the habit of practising self-denial, then consigned the young ladies to General Kinfale, to be conducted to the opposite box, and was handed by Colonel Andover to her coach.

The General guarded the eldest sister; the Major took care of Camilla: but they were all stopt in their passage by the sudden seizure of a pickpocket, and forced hastily back to the box they had quitted.

This commotion, though it had disturbed all the audience, had not stopt the performance; and Desdemona being just now discovered in bed, Camilla, not to lose the interesting scene, persuaded her sister to wait till the play was over, before they attempted again to cross to the opposite box; into which, in a few

minutes after, she saw Mandlebert enter.

They had both already seated themselves as much out of sight as possible; and Camilla now began to regret she had not accompanied Mrs. Arlbery. She had thought only of the play and its entertainment, till the sight of Mandlebert told her that her situation was improper; and the idea only occurred to her by considering that it would occur to him.

Mandlebert had dined out with a party of men, and had stepped in to see what was going forwards, without any knowledge whom he should meet: he instantly discerned Lavinia, and felt anxious to know why Camilla was not with her, and why she sat so much out of sight: but Camilla so completely hid herself, he could only see there was a female, whom he concluded to be some Etherington lady; and he determined to make further enquiry when the act should be over.

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The performance now became so truly ludicrous, that Camilla, notwithstanding all her uneasiness, was excited to almost perpetual laughter.

Desdemona, either from the effect of a bad cold, or to give more of nature to her repose, breathed so hard, as to raise a general laugh in the audience; Sir Sedley, stopping his ears, exclaimed, "O! if she snores I shall plead for her no more, if she tear her gown to tatters! Suffocation is much too lenient for her. She's an immense horrid personage! nasal to alarm!"

Othello then entered, with a tallow candle in his hand, flaring and dropping grease at every step; and, having just declared he would not

Scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

perceived a thief in the candle, which made it run down so fast over his hand, and the sleeve of his coat, that, the moment not being yet arrived for extinguishing it, he was forced to lay down his sword,

and, for want of better means, snuff it with his fingers.

Sir Sedley now protested himself completely disordered: "I must be gone," cried he, "incontinently; this exceeds resistance: I shan't be alive in another minute. Are you able to form a notion of any thing more annihilating? If I did not build upon the pleasure of seeing him stop up those distressing nostrils of the gentle Desdemona, I could not breathe here another instant."

But just after, while Othello leant over the bed to say—

"When I've pluck'd the rose
I cannot give it wital growth again,
It needs must vither"—

his black locks caught fire.

The candle now fell from his hand, and he attempted to pull off his wig; but it had been tied close on, to appear more natural, and his fright disabled him; he therefore flung himself upon the bed, and rolled the coverlid over his head.

Desdemona,

Desdemona, excessively frightened, started up, and jumped out, shrieking aloud—"O, Lord! I shall be burnt!"

This noble Venetian Dame then exhibited, beneath an old white fatin bedgown, made to cover her arms and breast, the dress in which she had equipped herself, between the acts, to be ready for trampling home; namely, a dirty red and white linen gown, an old blue stuff quilted coat, and black shoes and stockings.

In this pitiable condition, she was running, screaming, off the stage, when Othello, having quenched the fire, unconscious that half his curls had fallen a sacrifice to the flames, hastily pursued her, and, in a violent passion, called her a fool, and brought her back to the bed; in which he assisted her to compose herself, and then went behind the scenes to light his candle; which having done, he gravely returned, and, very carefully putting it down, renewed his part with the line.

"Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee
And love thee after—"

Amidst roars of laughter from the whole audience, who, when he kissed her, almost with one voice called out—"Ay ay, that's right—kiss and friends!"

And when he said—

"I must weep"---

"So must I too, my good friend," cried Sir Sedley, wiping his eyes, "for never yet did sorrow cost me more salt rheum! Poor Blacky! thou hast been most indissolubly comic, I confess. Thou hast unstrung me to a degree. A baby of half an hour might demolish me."

And again, when Othello exclaimed—

"She wakes!"

"The deuce she does?" cried Sir Sedley, "what! has she been asleep again already? She's a very caricatura of Morpheus. Ay, do thy worst, honest Mungo. I can't possibly beg her off. I would sooner snuff thy farthing candle once a day, than sustain that nasal cadence ever more."

"He's the finest fellow upon the face of the earth," cried Mr. Macdersey, who
had

had listened to the whole play with the most serious interest; "the instant he suspects his wife, he cuts her off without ceremony; though she's dearer to him than his eye sight, and beautiful as an angel. How I envy him!"

"Don't you think 'twould have been as well," said General Kinsale, "if he'd first made some little enquiry?"

"He can do that afterwards, General; and then nobody will dare surmise it's out of weakness. For to be sure and certain, he ought to right her fame; that's no more than his duty, after once he has satisfied his own. But a man's honour is dearest to him of all things. A wife's a bauble to it—not worth a thought."

The suffocating was now beginning; but just as Desdemona begged to be spared—

"But alf han our"—

the door-keeper forced his way into the the pit, and called out—"Pray, is one Miss Tyrold here in the play-house?"

The sisters, in much amazement hung back, entreating the Gentlemen to screen them; and the man, receiving no answer, went away.

While wondering what this could mean, the play was finished, when one of the comedians, a brother of the Worcestershire Desdemona, came to the pit door, calling out—"Hi'm desired to hask hif Miss Camilla Tyrold's hany way ere hin the ouse, for hi'm hordered to call er hout, for her Huncle's hill and dying."

A piercing shriek from Camilla now completed the interruption of all attention to the performance, and betrayed her hiding place. Concealment, indeed, was banished her thoughts, and she would herself have opened the box door to rush out, had not the Major anticipated her, seizing, at the same time, her hand to conduct her through the crowd.

C H A P. IX.

Three Golden Maxims.

LAVINIA, almost equally terrified, followed her sister; and Sir Sedley, burying all foppery in compassion and good nature, was foremost to accompany and assist. Camilla had no thought but to get instantly to Cleves; she considered not how; she only forced herself rapidly on, persuaded she could walk it in ten minutes, and ejaculating incessantly, "My Uncle!—my dear Uncle!"—

They almost instantly encountred Edgar, who, upon the fatal call, had darted round to meet them, and finding each provided with an attendant, inquired whose carriage he should seek?

Camilla, in a broken voice, answered she had no carriage, and should walk.

"Walk?" he repeated; "you are near five miles from Cleves!"

Scarce in her senses, she hurried on without reply.

“What carriage did you come in, Miss Tyrold?” said Edgar to Lavinia.

“We came with Mrs. Arlbery.”

“Mrs. Arlbery?—she has been gone this half hour; I met her as I entered.”

Camilla had now rushed out of doors, still handed by the Major.

“If you have no carriage in waiting,” said Edgar, “make use, I beseech, you, of mine!”

“O, gladly! O, thankfully!” cried Camilla, almost sobbing out her words.

He flew then to call for his chaise, and the door keeper, for whom Sir Sedley had inquired, came to them, accompanied by Jacob.

“O, Jacob!” she cried, breaking violently from the Major, “tell me!—tell me!—my Uncle!—my dearest Uncle!”

Jacob, in a tone of deep and unfeigned sorrow, said, his Master had been seized suddenly with the gout in his stomach, and that the doctor, who had been instantly

stantly fetched, had owned there was little hope.

She could hear no more; the shock overpowered her, and she sunk nearly senseless into the arms of her sister.

She was recovered, however, almost in a minute, and carried by Edgar into his chaise, in which he placed her between himself and the weeping Lavinia; hastily telling the two gentlemen, that his intimate connection with the family authorized his assisting and attending them at such a period.

This was too well known to be disputed; and Sir Sedley and the Major, with great concern, uttered their good wishes and retreated.

Jacob had already been for Mr. Tyrold, who had set off instantaneously on horseback.

Camilla spoke not a word the first mile, which was spent in an hysterical sobbing: but, recovering a little afterwards, and sinking on the shoulder of her sister,

“O, Lavinia!” she cried, “should we lose my Uncle——”

A shower of tears wetted the neck of Lavinia, who mingled with them her own, though less violently, from having less connection with Sir Hugh, and a sensibility less ungovernable.

She called herself upon the postillion to drive faster, and pressed Edgar continually to hurry him; but though he gave every charge she could desire, so much swifter were her wishes than any possible speed, that twenty times she entreated to get out, believing she could walk quicker than the horses galloped.

When they arrived at the park gate, she was with difficulty held back from opening the chaise door; and when, at length, they stopt at the house porch, she could not wait for the step, and before Edgar could either precede or prevent her, threw herself into the arms of Jacob, who, having just dismounted, was fortunately at hand to save her from falling.

She

She stopt not to ask any question; “My Uncle!—my Uncle!” she cried, impetuously, and, rushing past all she met, was in his room in a moment.

Edgar, though he could not obstruct, followed her close, dreading lest Sir Hugh might already be no more, and determined, in that case, to force her from the fatal spot.

Eugenia, who heard her footstep, received her at the door, but took her immediately from the room, softly whispering, while her arms were thrown round her waist—“He will live! he will live, my sister! his agonies are over—he is fallen asleep, and he will live!”

This was too sudden a joy for the desponding Camilla, whose breath instantly stopt, and who must have fallen upon the floor, had she not been caught by Edgar; who, though his own eyes copiously overflowed with delight, at such unexpected good news of the universally beloved Baronet, had strength and exertion sufficient to carry her down stairs

into the parlour, accompanied by Eugenia.

There, hartshorn and water presently revived her, and then, regardless of the presence of Edgar, she cast herself upon her knees, to utter a fervent thanksgiving, in which Eugenia, with equal piety, though more composure, joined.

Edgar had never yet beheld her in a light so resplendent — What a heart, thought he, is here! what feelings, what tenderness, what animation!—O, what a heart!—were it possible to touch it!”

The two sisters went both gently up stairs, encouraging and congratulating each other in soft whispers, and stationed themselves in an anti-room: Mr. Tyrold, by medical counsel, giving directions that no one but himself should enter the sick chamber.

Edgar, though he only saw the domestics, could not persuade himself to leave the house till near two o'clock in the morning: and by six, his anxiety brought him thither again. He then heard, that
the

the Baronet had passed a night of more pain than danger, the gout having been expelled his stomach, though it had been threatening almost every other part.

Three days and nights passed in this manner; during which, Edgar saw so much of the tender affections, and softer character of Camilla, that nothing could have with-held him from manifesting his entire sympathy in her feelings, but the unaccountable circumstance of her starting forth from a back seat at the play, where she had sat concealed, attended by the Major, and without any matron protectress.

Miss Margland, meanwhile, scowled at him, and Indiana pouted in vain. His earnest solicitude for Sir Hugh surmounted every such obstacle to his present visits at Cleves; and he spent there almost the whole of his time.

On the fourth day of the attack, Sir Hugh had a sleep of five hour's continuance, from which he awoke so much revived, that he raised himself in his bed,

and called out—" My dear Brother! you are still here?—you are very good to me, indeed; poor sinner that I am! to forgive me for all my bad behaviour to your Children."

" My dearest Brother! my Children, like myself, owe you nothing but kindness and beneficence; and, like myself, feel for you nothing but gratitude and tenderness."

" They are very good, very good indeed," said Sir Hugh, with a deep sigh; " but Eugenia!—poor little Eugenia has nearly been the death of me; though not meaning it in the least, being all her life as innocent as a lamb."

Mr. Tyrold assured him, that Eugenia was attached to him with the most unalterable fondness. But Sir Hugh said, that the sight of her, returning from Etherington, with nearly the same sadness as ever, had wounded him to the heart, by shewing him she would never recover; which had brought back upon him all his first contrition, about the small-
pox,

pox, and the fall from the plank, and had caused his conscience to give him so many twitches, that it never let him rest a moment, till the gout seized upon his stomach, and almost took him off at once.

Mr. Tyrold attributed solely to his own strong imagination the idea of the continuance of the dejection of Eugenia, as she had left Etherington calm, and almost chearful. He instantly, therefore, fetched her, intimating the species of consolation she could afford.

“Kindest of Uncles!” cried she, “is it possible you can ever, for a moment, have doubted the grateful affection with which your goodness has impressed me from my childhood? Do me more justice, I beseech you, my dearest Uncle! recover from this terrible attack, and you shall soon see your Eugenia restored to all the happiness you can wish her.”

“Nobody has got such kind nieces as me!” cried Sir Hugh, again dissolving into tenderness; “for all nobody has deserved so ill of them. My generous
little

little Camilla, forgave me from the very first, before her young soul had any guile in it, which, God knows, it never has had to this hour, no more than your own. However, this I can tell you, which may serve to keep you from repenting being good, and that is, that your kindness to your poor Uncle may be the means of saving a christian's life; which, for a young person at your age, is as much as can be expected: for I think, I may yet get about again, if I could once be assured I should see you as happy as you used to be; and you've been the contentedest little thing, till those unlucky market-women, that ever was seen: always speaking up for the servants, and the poor, from the time you were eight years old. And never letting me be angry, but taking every body's part, and thinking them all as good as yourself, and only wanting to make them as happy."

" Ah, my dear Uncle! how kind a memory is your's! retaining only what can give pleasure, and burying in oblivion whatever might cause pain!—"

" Is

“ Is my Uncle well enough to speak ?” cried Camilla, softly opening the door, “ and may I—for one single moment,—see him ?” - - - -

“ That’s the voice of my dear Camilla !” said Sir Hugh ; “ come in, my little love, for I sha’n’t shock your tender heart now, for I’m going to get better.”

Camilla, in an extacy, was instantly at his bed-side, passionately exclaiming, “ My dear, dear Uncle ! will you indeed recover ?—”

Sir Hugh, throwing his feeble arms round her neck, and leaning his head upon her shoulder, could only faintly articulate, “ If God pleases, I shall, my little darling, my heart’s delight and joy ! But don’t vex, whether I do or not, for it is but in the course of nature for a man to die, even in his youth ; but how much more when he comes to be old ? Though I know you can’t help missing me, in particular at the the first, because of all your goodness to me.

“ Missing you ? O my Uncle ! we can never be happy again without you ! never never !

never!—when your loved countenance no longer smiles upon us,—when your kind voice no longer assembles us around you! - - - -”

“ My dear child—my own little Camilla,” cried Sir Hugh, in a faint voice, “ I am ready to die!”

Mr. Tyrold here forced her away, and his brother grew so much worse, that a dangerous relapse took place, and for three days more, the physician, the nurse, and Mr. Tyrold, were alone allowed to enter his room.

During this time, the whole family suffered the truest grief, and Camilla was inconsolable.

When again he began to revive, he called Mr. Tyrold to him, and said that this second shake persuaded him he had but a short time more for this world; and begged therefore he would prepare him for his exit.

Mr. Tyrold complied, and found, with more happiness than surprise, his perfect and chearful resignation either to live or to die, rejoicing as much as himself, in
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the innocent benevolence of his past days.

Composed and strengthened by religious duties, he then desired to see Eugenia and Indiana, that he might give them his last exhortations and counsel, in case of a speedy end.

Mr. Tyrold would fain have spared him this touching exertion, but he declared he could not go off with a clear conscience, unless he told them the advice which he had been thinking of for them, between whiles, during all his illness.

Mr. Tyrold then feared that opposition might but discompose him, and summoned his youngest daughter and his niece, charging them both to repress their affliction, lest it should accelerate what they most dreaded.

Camilla, always upon the watch, glided in with them, supplicating her Father not to deny her admittance; though fearful of her impetuous sorrows, he wished her to retreat; but Sir Hugh no sooner heard her murmuring voice, than he declared he would have her refused nothing, though
he

he had meant to take a particular leave of her alone, for the last thing of all.

Gratefully thanking him, she advanced trembling to his bed-side; solemnly promising her Father that no expression of her grief should again risk agitating a life and health so precious.

Sir Hugh then desired to have Lavinia called also, because, though he had thought of nothing to say to her, she might be hurt, after he was gone, in being left out.

He was then raised by pillows and sat upright, and they knelt round his bed. Mr. Tyrold entreated him to be concise, and insisted upon the extremest forbearance and fortitude in his little audience. He seated himself at some distance, and Sir Hugh, after swallowing a cordial medicine, began :

“ My dear Nieces, I have sent for you all upon a particular account, which I beg you to listen to, because, God only knows whether I may ever be able to give you so much advice again. I see you all look very melancholy, which I take very kind of you. However don't cry, my
little

little dears, for we must all go off, so it matters but little the day or the hour; dying being, besides, the greatest comfort of us all, taking us off from our cares; as my Brother will explain to you better than me.

“ The chief of what I have got to say, in regard to what I have been studying in my illness, is for you two, my dear Eugenia and Indiana; because, having brought you both up, I can't get it out of my head what you'll do, when I am no longer here to keep you out of the danger of bad designers.

“ My hope had been to have seen you both married while I was alive and amongst you, and I made as many plans as my poor head knew how, to bring it about; but we've all been disappointed alike, for which reason we must put up with it properly.

“ What I have now left of all, to say to you, my little dears, is three maxims, which may serve for you all four alike, though I thought of them, at first, only for you two.

“ In the first place, *Never be proud*: if you are, your superiors will laugh at you,
your

your equals won't love you, and your dependants will hate you. And what is there for poor mortal man to be proud of? — Riches! - - - why they are but a charge, and if we don't use them well, we may envy the poor beggar that has so much less to answer for.—Beauty? - - - why, we can neither get it when we have n't it; nor keep it when we have it.—Power! - - - why we scarce ever use it one way, but what we are sorry we did not use it another!

“ In the second place, *Never trust a Flatterer.* If a man makes you a great many compliments, always suspect him of some bad design, and never believe him your friend, till he tells you of some of your faults. Poor little things! you little imagine how many you have, for all you're so good!

“ In the third place, *Do no harm to others, for the sake of any good it may do to yourselves;* because the good will last you but a little while; and the repentance will stick by you as long as you live; and what is worse, a great while longer, and beyond
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any count the best Almanack-maker knows how to reckon.

“ And now, my dear Nieces, this is all; except the recommending to my dear Eugenia to be kind to my poor servants, who have all used me so well, knowing I have nothing to leave them.”

Eugenia, suppressing her sobs, promised to retain them all, as long as they should desire to remain with her, and to provide for them afterwards.

“ I know you'll forget nobody, my dear little girl,” cried the Baronet, “ which makes me die contented; not even Mrs. Margland, a little particularity not being to be considered at one's last end: and much less Dr. Orkborne, who has so much a better right from you. As to Indiana, she'll have her own little fortune when she comes of age; and I dare say her pretty face will marry her before long.—And as to Clermont, he'll come off rather short, finding I leave him nothing; but you'll make up for the deficiency, by giving him the whole, as well as a good wife. As to Lionel, I leave him

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my

my blessing; and as to any other legacy I never happened to promise him any; which is very good luck for me, as well as my best excuse; and I may say the same to my dear Lavinia, which is the reason I called her in, because she may not often have an opportunity to hear a man speak upon his death-bed. However all I wish for is, that I could leave you all equal shares, as well as give Eugenia the whole."

"O my dear Uncle!" exclaimed Eugenia, "make a new Will immediately! do every thing your tenderness can dictate!—or tell me what I shall do in your name, and every word, every wish shall be sacredly obeyed!"

"Dear, generous, noble girl! no! I won't take from you a shilling! keep it all—nobody will spend it so well;—and I can't give you back your beauty; so keep it, my dear, all, for my oath's sake, when I am gone; and don't make me die under a prevaricating; which would be but a grievous thing for a person to do; unless he was but a bad believer: which,

God help us! there are enough, without my helping to make more."

Mr. Tyrold now again remonstrated, motioning to the weeping group to be gone.

"Ah! my dear Brother!" said Sir Hugh, "you are the only right person that ought to have had it all, if it had not been for my poor weak brain, that made me always be looking askew, instead of strait forward. And indeed I always meant you to have had it for your life, till the small pox put all things out of my head. However, I hope you won't object to preach my funeral sermon, for all my bad faults, for nobody else will speak of me so kindly; which may serve as a better lesson for those I leave behind."

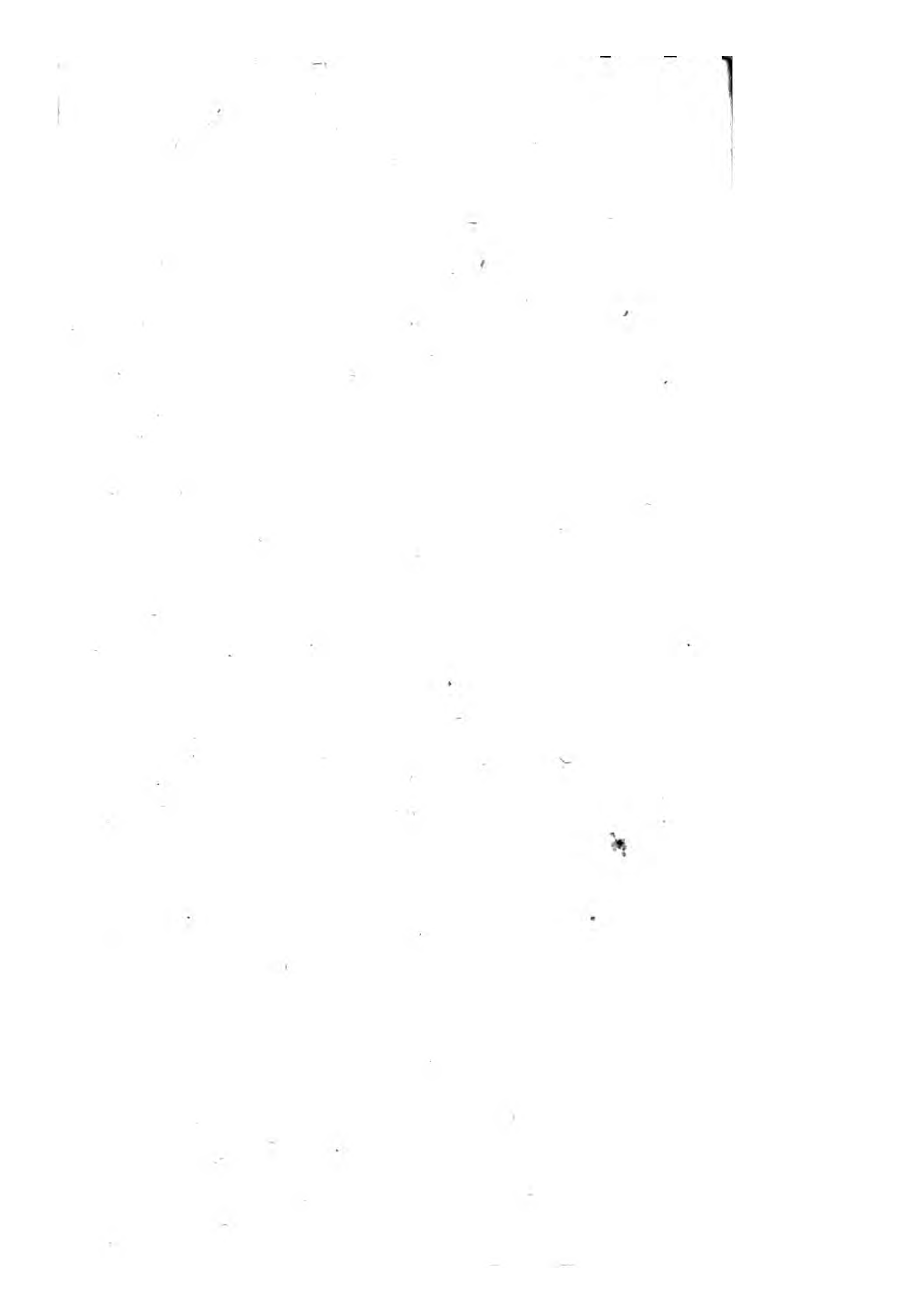
Tears flowed fast down the cheeks of Mr. Tyrold, as he uttered whatever he could suggest most tenderly soothing to his Brother: and the young mourners, not daring to resist, were all gliding away, except Camilla, whose hand was fast grasped in that of her Uncle.

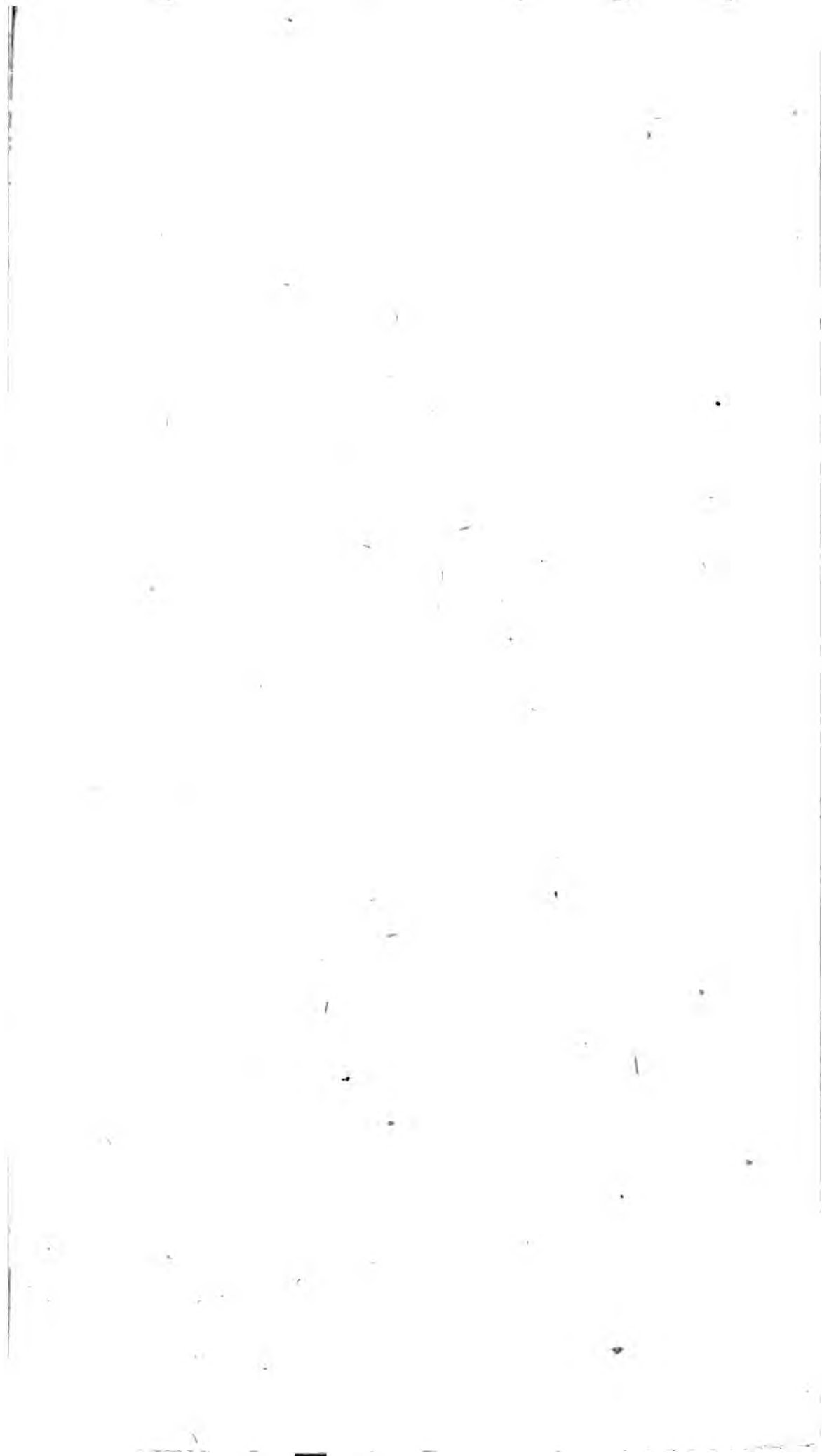
"Ah,

“ Ah, my Camilla,” cried he, as she would gently have withdrawn it, “ how shall I part with my little dear darling? this is the worst twitch to me of all, with all my contentedness! And the more because I know you love your poor old Uncle, just as well as if he had left you all he was worth, though you won’t get one penny by his death!”

“ O my dear, dearest Uncle—” exclaimed Camilla, in a passionate flood of tears; when Mr. Tyrold, assuring them both the consequences might be fatal, tore her away from the bed and the room.

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.





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