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The image shows a close-up of a book's endpaper or cover. The background is a complex marbled paper pattern with swirling veins of red, yellow, and blue against a dark, speckled base. A rectangular, aged, cream-colored paper label is pasted in the center, featuring the name 'Sarah Rooke' written in a cursive hand. At the bottom center, a portion of a silver metal fastener or clasp is visible.

Sarah Rooke

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD



The Earl of Cromer

P.P.

R.H.

Par. E 394



CAMILLA:

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF
BYBELINA AND CECILIA.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

L O N D O N :

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G A:

CAMILLA;

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BOOK VII.

CHAP. I.

The right Style of Arguing.

CAMILLA was received with the most tender joy by all her family, again re-assembled at Cleves to welcome the return of young Lynmere, who was expected every hour. Sir Hugh, perfectly recovered from his late illness, and busy, notwithstanding all remonstrance, in preparation for the approaching nuptials, was in spirits that exhilarated whoever saw him. Eu-

VOL. IV.

B

genia

genia awaited that event with gentleness, though with varying sensations; from fears, lest her personal misfortunes should prove repulsive to Clermont, and from wishes to find him resembling Melmond in talents, and Bellamy in passion and constancy.

Dr. Orkborne gave now his lessons with redoubled assiduity, from an ambition to produce to the scholastic traveller, a phenomenon of his own workmanship in a learned young female: nor were his toils less ready, nor less pleasant, for a secret surmise they would shortly end; though not till honour should be united with independence, for his recompence. But Miss Margland fretted, that this wedding would advance no London journey; and Indiana could not for a moment recover from her indignation, that the deformed and ugly Eugenia, though two years younger than herself, should be married before her. Lavinia had no thought but for the happiness of her sister; and Mr. Tyrold lamented the absence of his wife, who, alike from understanding and affection,

tion, was the only person to properly superintend this affair, but from whom Dr. Marchmont, just arrived, brought very faint hopes of a speedy return.

Eugenia, however, was not the sole care of her father, at this period. The countenance of Camilla soon betrayed, to his inquiring eyes, the inefficacy of the Tunbridge journey. But he forbore all question; and left to time or her choice to unravel, if new incidents kept alive her inquietude, or, if no incident at all had been equally prejudicial to her repose.

* * * * *

Two days after, while Camilla, still astonished by no news, nor sight of Edgar, was sitting with her sisters, and recounting to them her late adventures, and present difficulties, with Sir Sedley Clarendel, Jacob brought her, in its own superb bird-cage, the learned little bullfinch; telling her, it had been delivered to him without any message, by a man who said

she had left it, by mistake, at Tunbridge, whence he had had orders to follow her with it to Cleves park.

She was much provoked thus to receive it. Mrs. Arlbery had pressed her to take it in her uncle's chaise, which she had firmly refused; and she now concluded this method was adopted, that Sir Sedley might imagine she detained it as his gift.

In drawing out, soon after, the receptacle for the bird's nourishment, she perceived, written with a pencil upon the wood, these words: "Thou art gone then, fair fugitive! Ah! at least, fly only where thou mayst be pursued!"

This writing had not been visible till the machine was taken out to be replenished. She recollected the hand of Sir Sedley, and was now sure it was sent by himself, and could no longer, therefore, doubt his intentions being serious.

With infinite perplexity she consulted with her sisters; but, when candidly she had

had related, that once, to her never-ending regret, she had apparently welcomed his civilities, Eugenia pronounced her rectitude to be engaged by that error, as strongly as her gratitude by the preservation of her life, and the extraordinary service done to Lionel, not to reject the young baronet, should he make his proposals.

She heard this opinion with horror. Timid shame, and the counsel of her father, united to impede her naming the internal obstacle which she felt to be insurmountable; and, while casting up, in silence, her appealing eyes to Heaven for relief, from the intricacy in which she found herself involved, she saw Lionel galloping into the park.

She flew to meet him, and he dismounted, and led his horse, to walk with her.

She flattered herself, she might now represent the mischief he was doing, and obtain from him some redress. But he was more wild and impracticable than ever. "Well, my dear girl," he cried,

“ when are all these betterings and worsings to take place? Numps has sent for me to see poor little Greek and Latin hobble to the altar; but, 'tis a million to one, if our noble baronet does not wish you there before her. He's a charming fellow, faith. I had a good long confab with him this morning.”

“ This morning? I hope, then, you were so good, so just, as to tell him when you mean to pay the money you have borrowed?”

“ My dear child, I often think you were born but yesterday, only, by some accident, you came into the world, like Minerva, grown up and ready dressed. What makes you think I mean to pay him? Have I given him any bond?”

“ A bond? Is that necessary to justice and honour?”

“ If I had asked the money, you are right, my dear; I ought, then, certainly, to refund. But, as it now stands, 'tis his own affair. I have nothing to do with it: except, indeed, receiving the dear little

little golden boys, and making merry with them."

"O fie, Lionel, fie!"

"Why, what had I to do with it? Do you think he would care one fig if he saw me sunk to the bottom of the Red Sea? No, my dear, no; you are the little debtor; so balance your accounts for yourself, and don't cast them upon your poor neighbours, who have full enough to settle of their own."

Camilla was thunderstruck; "And have you been so cruel," she cried, "seeing the matter in such a light, to place me in such a predicament?"

"Cruel, my dear girl? why, what will it cost you, except a dimple or two the more? And don't you know you always look best when you smile? I assure you, it's a mercy he don't see you when you are giving me one of my lectures. It disfigures you so horribly, that he'd take fright and never speak to you again."

"What can I ever say, to make you hear me, or feel for me? Tell me,

at least, what has passed this morning; and assure me that nothing new, nothing yet worse, has occurred."

"O no, nothing at all. All is in the fairest train possible. I dare say, he'll come hither, upon the grand question, before sun-set."

Camilla gasped for breath, and was some time before she could ask whence he drew such a conclusion.

"O, because I see he's in for it. I have a pretty good eye, my dear! He said, too, he had such a prodigious-----friendship, I think he called it, for you, that he was immeasurably happy, and all that, to be of the least service to your brother. A fine fellow, upon my word! a fine generous spark as ever I saw. He charged me to call upon him freely when I had any little embarrassment, or difficulty, or was hard run, or things of that sort. He's a fine buck, I tell you, and knows the world perfectly, that I promise you. He's none of your drivellers, none of your ignoramuses. He has the true
notion

notion of things. He's just a right friend for me. You could not have made a better match."

Camilla, in the most solemn manner, protested herself disengaged in thought, word, and deed; and declared her fixed intention so to continue. But he only laughed at her declarations, calling them maidenly fibs; and, assuring her, the young baronet was so much in earnest, she might as well be sincere as not. "Besides," he added, "'tis not fair to trifle where a man behaves so handsomely and honourably. Consider the £.200!"

"I shall quite lose my senses, Lionel!" cried she, in an agony; "I shall quite lose my senses if you speak in this manner!"

Lionel shouted aloud; "Why, my dear girl, what is £.200 to Sir Sedley Clarendel? You talk as if he had twenty pound a-year for pin-money, like you and Lavinia, that might go with half a gown a-year, if good old Numps did not help you. Why, he's as rich as Croesus, child. Besides, he would have been quite af-

fronted if I had talked of paying him such a trifle, for he offered me any thing I pleased. O, he knows the world, I promise you! He's none of your starched prigs. He knows life, my dear! He said, he could perfectly conceive how hard it must be to a lad of spirit, like me, to be always exact. I don't know that I ever made a more agreeable acquaintance in my life."

Camilla was in an agitation that made him regard her, for a moment, with a serious surprise; but his natural levity soon resumed its post, and, laughing at himself for being nearly, he said, taken in, by her childish freaks, he protested he would bite no more: "For, after all, you must not think to make a fool of me, my dear. It won't do. I'm too knowing. Do you suppose, if he had not already made up his mind to the noose, and was not sure you had made up yours to letting it be tied, he would have cared for poor me, and my scrapes? No, no; whatever he does for me, before you are married,

D. . . .

married, you may set down in your own memorandum book : whatever he may please to do afterwards, I am content should be charged to poor Pillgarlic."

He then bid her good-morrow, by the name of Lady Clarendel ; and said, he would go and see if little Greek and Latin were as preposterous a prude about young Lynmere.

Camilla remained almost petrified with amazement at her own situation ; and only was deterred from immediately opening her whole heart and affairs to her father, with the confidence to which his indulgence entitled him, by the impossibility of explaining her full distress without betraying her brother.

C H A P. II.

A Council.

THE next morning, Camilla, eager to try once more her influence with her brother, accompanied him into the park, and renewed her remonstrances, but with no better success; and while they were passing by a private gate, that opened to the high road, they saw Sir Sedley Clarendel driving by in his phaeton.

Lionel, bursting from his sister, opened the gate, called to Sir Sedley to give his reins to one of his servants, and brought him, not unwilling, though much surpris'd, into the park.

Camilla, in dismay unspeakable at this conduct, and the idea of such a meeting, had run forward instantly to hide herself in the summer-house, to avoid re-passing

the gate in her way to the mansion ; but her scheme was more precipitate than wise ; Lionel caught a glimpse of her gown as she went into the little building, and shouted aloud : “ Look ! look ! Sir Sedley ! there’s Camilla making believe to run away from you ! ”

“ Ah, fair fugitive ! ” cried the baronet, springing forward, and entering the summer-house almost as soon as herself, “ fly only thus, where you may be pursued ! ”

Camilla, utterly confounded, knew not where to cast her eyes, where to hide her face ; and her quick-changing colour, and short-heaved breath, manifested an excess of confusion, that touched, flattered, and penetrated the baronet so deeply and so suddenly, as to put him off from all guard of consequences, and all recollection of matrimonial distaste : “ Beautiful, resistless Camilla ! ” he cried ; “ how vain is it to struggle against your witchery ! Assure me but of your clemency, and I will adore the chains that shackle me ! ”

Camilla,

Camilla, wholly overcome, by sorrow, gratitude, repentance, and shame, sunk upon a chair, and shed a torrent of tears that she even sought not to restrain. The shock of refusing one, to whose error in believing himself acceptable she had largely contributed, or the horror of yielding to him her hand, while her heart was in the possession of another, made her almost wish, at this moment, he should divine her distress, that his own pride might conclude it.

But far different from what would produce such an effect, were the feelings of pride now working in his bosom. He imagined her emotion had its source in causes the softest and most flattering. Every personal obstacle sunk before this idea, and with a seriousness in his manner he had not yet used: "This evening, lovely Camilla," he cried, "let me beg, for this evening, the audience accorded me upon that which I lost at Tunbridge."

He was then going; but Camilla, hastily rising, cried, "Sir Sedley, I beseech----" when Lionel capering into the little apartment,

ment, danced round it in mad ecstasy; chanting "Lady Clarendel, Lady Clarendel, my dear Lady Clarendel!"

Camilla now was not confused alone. Sir Sedley himself could gladly have pushed him out of the building; but neither the looks of surprise and provocation of the baronet, nor the prayers nor reprimands of Camilla, could tame his wild transport. He shook hands, whether he would or not, with the one; he bowed most obsequiously, whether she would regard him or not, to the other; and still chanting the same burden, made a clamour that shook the little edifice to its foundation.

The strong taste for ridicule, that was a prominent part of the character of Sir Sedley, was soon conquered by this ludicrous behaviour, and both his amazement and displeasure ended in a hearty fit of laughter. But Camilla suffered too severely to join in the mirth; she blushed for her brother, she blushed for herself, she hung her head
in

in speechless shame, and covered her eyes with her hand.

The noisy merriment of Lionel preventing any explanation, though rendering it every moment more necessary, Sir Sedley, repeating his request for the evening, took leave.

Camilla looked upon his departing in this manner as her sentence to misery, and was pursuing him, to decline the visit; but Lionel, seizing her two hands, swung her round the room, in defiance of her even angry expostulations and sufferings, which he neither credited nor conceived, and then skipt after the baronet himself, who was already out of the park.

She became now nearly frantic. She thought herself irretrievably in the power of Sir Sedley, and by means so forced and indelicate, that she was scarcely more afflicted at the event, than shocked by its circumstances; and though incapable to really harbour rancour against a brother she sincerely loved, she yet believed at this
moment

moment she never should forgive, nor willingly see him more.

In this state she was found by Lavinia. The history was inarticulately told, but Lavinia could give only her pity; she saw not any avenue to an honourable retreat, and thought, like Eugenia, she could now only free herself by the breach of what should be dearer to her even than happiness, her probity and honour.

Utterly inconsolable she remained, till again she heard the voice of Lionel, loudly singing in the park.

“Go to him! go to him! my dearest Lavinia,” she cried, “and, if my peace is dear to you, prevail with him to clear up the mistakes of Sir Sedley, and to prevent his dreaded, killing visit this evening!”

Lavinia only answered by compliance; but, after an half hour's useless contest with her riotous brother, returned to her weeping sister, not merely unsuccessful with regard to her petition, but loaded with fresh ill tidings that she knew not how to impart. Lionel had only laughed at the repugnance
of

of Camilla, which he regarded as something between childishness and affectation, and begged Lavinia to be wiser than to heed to it: "Brother Sedley has desired me, however," he added, "not to speak of the matter to Numps nor my father, till he has had a little more conversation with his charmer; and he intends to call to-night as if only upon a visit to me."

When Camilla learnt, at length, this painful end of her embassy, she gave herself up so completely to despair, that Lavinia, affrighted, ran to the house for Eugenia, whose extreme youth was no impediment, in the minds of her liberal sisters, to their belief nor reverence of her superior wisdom. Her species of education had early preposessed them with respect for her knowledge, and her unaffected fondness for study, had fixed their opinion of her extraordinary understanding. The goodness of her heart, the evenness of her temper, and her natural turn to contemplation, had established her character alike for sanctity and for philosophy throughout the family.

She

She listened with the sincerest commiseration to the present state of the case: "Certainly," she cried, "you cannot, in honour, now refuse him; but deal with him sincerely, and he may generously himself relinquish his claims. Write to him, my dear Camilla; tell him you grieve to afflict, yet disdain to deceive him; assure him of your perfect esteem and eternal gratitude; but confess, at once, your heart refuses to return his tenderness. Entreat him to forgive whatever he may have mistaken, and nobly to restore to you the liberty of which your obligations, without his consent, must rob you."

To Lavinia this advice appeared infallible; but Camilla, though she felt an entanglement which fettered herself, thought it by no means sufficiently direct or clear to authorise a rejection of Sir Sedley; since, strangely, as she seemed in his power, circumstances had placed her there, and not his own sollicitation.

Yet to prevent a visit of which her knowledge seemed consent, and which her
consent

consent must be most seriously to adhere, she deemed it indispensable to her character, as to her fears. She hesitated, therefore, not a moment in preferring writing to a meeting; and after various conversations, and various essays, the following billet was dispatched to Gladendel Place, through the means of Molly Milk, and by her friend Tommy Hodd.

To Sir Sedley Clarendel.

I SHOULD ill return what I owe to Sir Sedley Clarendel by causing him any useless trouble I can spare him. He spoke of a visit hither this evening, when I was too much hurried to represent that it could not be received, as my brother's residence is at Etherington, and my father and my uncle have not the honour to be known to Sir Sedley. For me, my gratitude must ever be unalterable; and where accident occasions a meeting, I shall be most happy to express it; but I have nothing to say, nothing to offer, that could recompense one mo-

ment

ment of Sir Sedley's time given voluntarily to such a visit.

CAMILLA TYROLD.

Ill as this letter satisfied her, she could devise nothing better; but though her sisters had both thought it too rigorous, she would not risk any thing gentler.

During the dinner, they all appeared absent and dejected; but Sir Hugh attributed it to the non-arrival of Clermont, in watching for whom his own time was completely occupied, by examining two weather-cocks, and walking from one to the other, to see if they agreed, or how they changed; Indiana was wholly engrossed in consultations with Miss Margland, upon the most becoming dress for a bride's maid; and Mr. Tyrold, having observed that his three girls had spent the morning together, concluded Camilla had divulged to them her unhappy perplexity, and felt soothed himself in considering she had soothers so affectionate and faithful.

Early

Early in the evening Tommy Hodd arrived, and Molly Mill brought Camilla the following answer of Sir Sedley.

Miss Camilla Tyrold.

AH! what in this lower sphere can be unchequered, when even a correspondence with the most lovely of her sex, brings alarm with its felicity? Must I come, then, to Cleves, fair Insensible, but as a visitor to Mr. Lionel? Have you taken a captive only to see him in fetters? Allured a victim merely to behold him bleed? Ah! tomorrow, at least, permit the audience that to-day is denied, and at your feet, let your slave receive his doom.

SEDLEY CLARENDEL.

Camilla turned cold. She shrunk from a remonstrance she conceived she had merited, and regarded herself to be henceforth either culpable or unhappy. Unacquainted with the feminine indulgence which the world, by long prescription, grants to coquetry, its name was scarcely known

known to her; and she saw in its own native egotism the ungenerous desire to please, where she herself was indifferent, and anticipated from Sir Sedley reproach, if not contempt. No sophistications of custom had warped the first innocence of her innate sense of right, and to trifle with the feelings of another for any gratification of her own, made success bring a blush to her integrity, not exultation to her vanity.

The words *victim* and *bleeding*, much affected the tender Lavinia, while those of *fetters*, *captive*, and *insensible*, satisfied the heroic Eugenia that Sir Sedley deserved the hand of her sister; but neither of them spoke.

“You say nothing?” cried Camilla, turning paler and paler, and sitting down lest she should fall.

They both wept and embraced her, and Eugenia said, if, indeed, she could not conquer her aversion, she saw no way to elude the baronet, but by openly confessing her repugnance, in the conversation he demanded.

Camilla

Camilla saw not less strongly the necessity of being both prompt and explicit; but how receive Sir Sedley at Cleves? and upon what pretence converse with him privately? Even Lionel the next day was to return to the university, though his presence, if he staid, would, in all probability, but add to every difficulty.

At length, they decided, that the conference should take place at the Grove; and to prevent the threatened visit of the next day, Camilla wrote the following answer:

To Sir Sedley Clarendel.

I SHOULD be grieved, indeed, to return my obligations to Sir Sedley Clarendel by meriting his serious reproach; yet I cannot have the honour of seeing him at Cleves, since my brother is immediately quitting it for Oxford. As soon as I hear Mrs. Arlbery is again at the Grove, I shall wait upon her, and always be most happy to assure Sir Sedley of my gratitude, which will be as lasting as it is sincere.

CAMILLA TYROID.

Though

Though wretched in this strange state of things, she knew not how to word her letter more positively, since his own, notwithstanding its inferences, had so much more the style of florid gallantry than plain truth. Molly Mill undertook that Tommy Hodd should carry it early the next morning.

* * * *

Lionel was so enraged at the non-appearance of the young baronet at night, that Camilla was compelled to confess she had promised to see him, and to give him his answer at Mrs. Arlbery's. He was out of humour, nevertheless, lest Sir Sedley should be affronted by the delay, and feared that the best match in the whole county would prove abortive, from his sister's foolish trimmings, and silly ignorance of life.

C H A P. III.

A Proposal of Marriage.

THE increasing depression of Camilla, and the melancholy of her sympathizing sisters, though still attributed to the adverse wind by the compass-watching baronet, escaped not the notice of Mr. Tyrold; who, alarmed for the peace of his daughter, determined to watch for the first quiet opportunity of investigating her actual situation.

Lionel, after breakfast, the next morning, was obliged to relinquish waiting for Clermont, and to set off for Oxford. He contrived to whisper to Camilla, that he hoped she would be a good girl at last, and not play the fool; but, finding she only sighed, he laughed at her calamitous state, in becoming mistress of fifteen thousand per annum, only by the small trouble of running over a short ceremony; and,
assuring

assuring her he would assist her off with part of the charge, if it were too heavy for her, bid her inform him in time of the propitious day.

Camilla, shortly after, saw from her window, galloping full speed across the park to the house, Major Cerwood. She suspected her tormenting brother to have been again at work; nor was she mistaken. He had met with the Major at the hotel at Tunbridge, while his spirits, always violent, were in a state of almost intoxication of delight, at the first idea of such an accession to his powers of amusement, as a new brother rolling in immense wealth, which he already considered as nearly at his own disposal. High wrought, therefore, for what he deemed good sport, he confirmed what he had asserted at the ball at Northwick, of the expectations of Camilla from Sir Hugh, by relating the public fact, of her having been announced, to the family and neighbourhood, for his uncle's heiress, at ten years of age; and only sinking, in his account, the revoc-

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ation

ation made so soon after in favour of Eugenia. To this, he added his advice, that no time was to be lost, as numberless new suitors were likely to pursue her from Tunbridge.

The Major, upon alighting, inquired for Sir Hugh, deeming Mr. Tyrold of little consequence, since it was not from him Camilla was to inherit her fortune.

The baronet, as usual, was watching the winds and the clouds; but, concluding whoever came would bring some news from Clermont, received the Major with the utmost cordiality, saying: "I see, sir, you are a stranger; by which I suppose you to be just come from abroad; where, I hope, you left all well?"

"I am just come, sir," answered the Major, "from Tunbridge, where I had the honour, through my acquaintance with Mrs. Arlbery, of meeting daily with your charming niece; an honour, sir, which must cause all the future happiness or misery of my life."

He then made a declaration, in form, of the most ardent passion for Camilla; mentioned his family, which was an honourable one; talked of his expectations with confidence, though vaguely; and desired to leave the disposition of the settlement wholly to the baronet; who, he hoped, would not refuse to see his elder brother, a gentleman of fortune in Lincolnshire, who would have the honour to wait upon him, at any time he would be so good as to appoint, upon this momentous affair.

Sir Hugh heard this harangue with consternation. The Major was in the prime of life, his person was good, his speech was florid, his air was assured, and his regimentals were gay. Not a doubt of his success occurred to the baronet; who saw, in one blow, the darling scheme of his old age demolished, in the deprivation of Camilla.

The Major impatiently waited for an answer; but Sir Hugh was too much disordered to frame one; he walked up and down the room, muttering, in a despond-

ing manner, to himself, " Lord, help us! what a set of poor weak mortals we are, we poor men! The best schemes and plans in the world always coming to nothing before we can bring them about! I'll never form another while I live, for the sake of this one warning. Nobody knows, next, but what Clermont will be carrying off Eugenia to see foreign parts! and then comes some other of these red-coats to take away Indiana; and, after doing all for the best so long, I may be left all alone, except just for Mrs. Margland and the Doctor! that I don't take much pleasure in, Lord help me! except as a Christian, which I hope is no sin."

At length, endeavouring to compose himself, he sat down, and said, " So you are come, sir, to take away from me my own particular little niece? which is a hard thing upon an uncle, intending her to live with him. However, I don't mean to find fault; but I can tell you this one thing, sir, which I beg you to remember; which is, if you don't make her happy, you'll

you'll break my heart! For she's what I love the best in the world, little as I've made it appear, by not leaving her a shilling. For which sake, however, I can't, but respect you the more for coming after her, instead of Eugenia."

"Sir?" cried the Major, amazed.

"The other two chaps," continued he, "that came about us not long ago, wanted to make their court to Eugenia and Indiana; as well as another that came to the house when I was ill, in the same coat as yourself, by what I can gather from the description; but never a one has come to Camilla yet, except yourself, because my brother can spare her but a trifle, having another young girl to provide for, besides Lionel; which is the most expensive of them all, poor boy! never having enough, by the reason Oxford is so dear, as I suppose."

The Major now wore an air of surprise and uneasiness that Sir Hugh began to observe, but attributed to his unpleasant reception of his proposals. He begged

his pardon, therefore, and again assured him of his respect for a choice so little mercenary, which he looked upon as a mark of a good heart.

The Major, completely staggered, and suspecting the information of Lionel to be ill grounded, if not purposely deluding, entreated his permission to wait upon him again; and offered for the present to take leave.

Sir Hugh, in a melancholy voice, said, he would first summon his niece! as he could not answer it to his conscience preventing the meeting, unless she gave him leave.

He then rang the bell, and told Jacob to call Camilla.

Major Cerwood was excessively distressed. To retreat seemed impossible; yet to connect himself without fortune, when he thought he was addressing a rich heiress, was a turn of fate he scarcely knew how either to support or to parry. All that, in this haste, he could resolve, was, to let the matter pass for the moment, and then
insist

insist upon satisfaction from Lionel, either in clearing up the mistake, or taking upon himself its blame.

When Camilla appeared, the disturbance of Sir Hugh still augmented; and he could hardly articulate, "My dear, in the case you are willing to leave your family, here's a gentleman come to make his addresses to you; which I think it right you should know, though how I shall struggle through it, if I lose you, is more than my poor weak head can tell; for what shall I do without my dear little girl, that I thought to make the best comfort of my old age? which, however, I beg you not to think of, in case this young Captain's more agreeable."

"Ah! my dear uncle!" cried she, "your Camilla can never return half the comfort she receives from you! keep me with you still, and ever! I am much obliged to Major Cerwood. I beg him to accept my sincerest thanks; but to pardon me, when I assure him, they are all I have to offer him."

c 5

Repulse

Repulse was not new to the Major; who, in various country towns; had fought to retrieve his affairs by some prudent connection; his pride, however, had never so little suffered as on the present occasion, for his apprehension of error or imposition had removed from him all thought of even the possibility of a refusal; which, now, therefore, unexpectedly and joyfully obviated his embarrassment, and enabled him to quit the field by an honourable retreat. He bowed profoundly, called himself, without knowing what he said, the most unhappy of men; and, without risking one solicitation, or a moment for repentance, hastily took leave, with intention, immediately, to demand an explanation of Lionel.

But he had not escaped a mile from the house, ere he gave up that design, from anticipating the ridicule that might follow it. To require satisfaction for a young lady's want of fortune, however reasonable, would always be derided as ludicrous. He resolved, therefore, quietly

to put up with the rejection; and to gather his next documents concerning the portion of a fair damsel, from authority better to be relied upon than that of a brother.

Sir Hugh, for some time, discovered not that he had retired. Enchanted by so unexpected a dismissal, his favourite scheme of life seemed accorded to him, and he pressed Camilla to his bosom, in a transport of joy. "We shall live together, now, I hope," he cried, "without any of these young chaps coming in again to part us. Not that I would object to your marrying, my dear girl, if it was with a relation, like Eugenia, or, with a neighbour, like Indiana, if it had not been for its going off; but to see you taken away from me by a mere stranger, coming from distant parts, and knowing nothing of any of us, is a thing that makes my heart ache but to think of; so I hope it will happen no more; for these trials do no good to my recovery."

Turning round, then, with a view to say something consolatory to the Major, he was seriously concerned to find him departed. "I can't say," he cried, "I had any intention to send him off so short, his meaning not being bad, considering him in the light of a person in love; which is a time when a man has not much thought, except for himself; by what I can gather."

He then proposed a walk, to watch if Clermont were coming. The wind, he acknowledged, was indeed contrary; but, he did not doubt, upon such a particular occasion, his good lad would not mind such difficulties.

C H A P. IV.

A Bull-Dog.

SIR HUGH called upon his other nieces to join him; purposing to stroll to the end of a lane which led to the London road.

Camilla accompanied the party in the most mournful silence. The assuming letter she had received; the interview she should have to sustain; and her apparent dependance upon Sir Sedley, sinking her into complete despondence.

When they came to the high road, Sir Hugh made a stop, and bid every body look sharp.

A horseman was seen advancing full gallop. By his figure he appeared to be young; by his pace, in uncommon speed.

“That’s him,” cried Sir Hugh, striking his stick upon the ground, and smiling most
most

most complacently; "I said he would not mind the wind, my dear Eugenia! what's the wind, or the waves either, to a lover? which is a thing, however, that I won't talk about; so don't be ashamed, my dear girl, nobody knowing what we mean."

Eugenia looked down, deeply colouring, and much regretting the lameness that prevented her running back, to avoid so public and discourteous a meeting.

The horseman now came up to them, and was preparing to turn down the lane; when, all at once, they perceived him to be Edgar Mandlebert.

He had left Tunbridge in a manner not more abrupt than comfortless. His disappointment in the failure of Camilla at the rooms had been as bitter, as his expectations from the promised conference had been animated. When Lionel appeared, he inquired if his sister were absent from illness.----No; she was only writing a letter. To take this moment for such a purpose, be the letter what it might,

might, seemed sporting with his curiosity and warm interest in her affairs : and he went back, mortified and dejected, to his lodgings ; where, just arrived by the stage, he found a letter from Dr. Marchmont, acquainting him with his return to his rectory. In this suspensive state of mind, to cast himself upon his sagacious friend seemed a relief the most desirable : but, while considering whether first to claim from Camilla her promised communication, the voice of Lionel issuing from the room of Major Cerwood, struck his ears. He darted forth, and accompanied the youth to his horse, who was setting out upon some expedition, in the dark ; and then received information, under the pretence of great secrecy, that Major Cerwood was going immediately to ask leave of absence, and proceed straight to Hampshire, with his final proposals of marriage with Camilla. He now concluded this was the subject upon which she had meant to consult with him ; but delicacy, pride, and hope all combated his interference. He determined

determined even to avoid her, till the answer should be given. "I must owe her hand," cried he, "to her heart, not to a contest such as this: and, if impartially and unbiassed; the Major is refused, no farther cruel doubt, no torturing hesitation, shall keep me another minute from her feet!" With the dawn, therefore, he set out for Hampshire; but, fixed to avoid Cleves, till he could learn that the Major's visit were over, he devoted his mornings to rides, and his evenings to Dr. Marchmont, till now, a mile or two from the Park, he had met the Major himself, and concluded the acceptance or the rejection decided. They merely touched their hats as they passed each other; and he instantly took the route which the Major was quitting.

In the excess of his tribulation, he was galloping past the whole group, without discerning one of its figures; when Sir Hugh called out, "Why it's young Mr. Edgar! So now we've walked all this way for nothing! and Clermont
may

may be still at Jericho, or at Rome, for any thing we know to the contrary!"

Edgar stopt short. He felt himself shiver at sight of Camilla, but dismounted, gave his horse to his groom, and joined the party.

Eugenia recovering, now fearlessly looked up; but Camilla, struck and affected, shook in every limb, and was forced to hold by Lavinia.

Edgar called upon his utmost presence of mind to carry him through what he conceived to be a final trial. He spoke to Sir Hugh, and compelled himself to speak separately to every one else; but, when he addressed Camilla, to whom he said something not very distinctly, about Tunbridge, she curtsied to him slightly, and turned away, without making any answer. Her mind, taking suddenly a quick retrospection of all that had passed between them, presented him to her view as uncertain and delusive; and, casting upon him, internally, the whole odium of her present distress, and her feelings were
so

so indignant, that, in her present desperate state, she deemed it beneath her to disguise them, either from himself or the world.

Edgar, to whose troubled imagination every thing painted his rival, concluded the Major had been heard with favour; and his own adverse counsel was now recollected with resentment.

Sir Hugh, far more fatigued by his disappointment than by his walk, said he should go no further, as he found it in vain to expect Clermont; and accepted the arm of Edgar to aid his stick in helping him home.

Camilla, still leaning upon Lavinia, mounted a little bank, which she knew Sir Hugh could not ascend, that she might walk on where Edgar could not join her; involuntarily ejaculating, "Lavinia! if you would avoid deceit and treachery, look at a man as at a picture, which tells you only the present moment! Rely upon nothing of time to come! They are not like us, Lavinia. They think themselves free,

free, if they have made no verbal profession; though they may have pledged themselves by looks, by actions, by attentions, and by manners, a thousand, and a thousand times!"

Edgar observed her avoidance with the keenest apprehension; and, connecting it with her failure at the rooms, imagined the Major had now influenced her to an utter aversion of him.

Sir Hugh meanwhile, though wholly unheard, related, in a low voice, to Edgar, the history of his preparations for Clermont; begging him, however, to take no notice of them to Eugenia: and, then, adding, "Very likely, Mr. Edgar, you are just come from Tunbridge? and, if so, you may have met with that young Captain that has been with us this morning; who, I understand to be a Major?"

Edgar was thrown into the utmost trepidation; the artless openness of Sir Hugh gave him every reason to suppose he should immediately gather full intelligence, and all his peace and all his hopes might

might hang upon another word. He could only bow to the question; but before Sir Hugh could go on, a butcher's boy, who was riding by, from a wanton love of mischief, gave a signal to his attending bull-dog, to attack the old spaniel that accompanied Sir Hugh.

Sustained by his master many a year, the proud old favourite, though unequal to the combat, disdained to fly; and the fierce bull-dog would presently have demolished him, had not Edgar, recovering all his vigour from his earnest desire to rescue an animal so dear to Sir Hugh, armed himself with the baronet's stick, and thrust it dexterously across the jaws of his intended antagonist.

Nothing, however, could withstand the fangs of the bull-dog; they soon severed it, and, again, he made at the spaniel; but Edgar rushed between them, with no other weapons than the broken fragments of the stick: and, while the baronet and Eugenia screamed out to old Rover to return to them, and Lavinia, with more
readiness

readiness of common sense, exerted the fullest powers of which her gentle voice was capable, to conjure the wicked boy to call off his dog, Camilla, who was the last to look round at this scene, only turned about as the incensed and disappointed bull-dog, missing his object, aimed at Edgar himself. Roused at once from her sullen calm to the most agonising sensibility, every thing and every body, herself most of all, were forgotten in the sight of his danger; and, with a piercing shriek, she darted down the bank, and arrived at the tremendous spot, at the same instant that the more useful exhortations of Lavinia, had induced the boy to withdraw the fierce animal; who, with all his might, and all his fury, obeyed the weak whistle of a little urchin he had been bred to love and respect, for bringing him his daily food.

Camilla perceived not if the danger were impending, or over; gasping, pale, and agitated, she caught Mandlebert by the arm, and, in broken accents, half pronounced,

pronounced, "O Edgar!-----are you hurt?"

The revulsion that had operated in her mind took now its ample turn in that of Mandlebert; he could hardly trust his senses, hardly believe he existed; yet he felt the pressure of her hand upon his arm, and saw in her countenance terror the most undisguised, and tenderness that went straight to his soul. "Is it Camilla," he cried, "who thus speaks to me?---Is not my safety or my destruction alike indifferent to Camilla?"

"O no! O no!" cried she, scarce conscious she answered at all, till called to recollection by his own changed looks; changed from incredulity and amazement to animation that lightened up every feature, to eyes that shot fire. Abashed, astonished, ashamed, she precipitately drew away her hand, and sought quietly to retire.

But Edgar was no longer master of himself; he conceived he was on a pinnacle, whence he could only, and without
any

any gradation, turn to happiness or despair. He followed her, trembling and uncertain, his joy fading into alarm at her retreat, his hope transforming into apprehension at her resumed coldness of demeanor. "Do you repent," he cried, "that you have shewn me a little humanity?----will the Major----the happy Major!----be offended you do less than detest me?"

"The Major!" repeated she, looking back, surpris'd, "can you think the Major has any influence with me?"

"Ah, Heaven!" he cried, "what do you say!"----

Enchanted, affrighted, bewildered, yet silent, she hurried on; Edgar could not forget himself more than a moment; he forbore, therefore, to follow, and, though with a self-denial next to torture, returned to Sir Hugh, to whom his arm was doubly necessary, from the scene he had just witnessed, and the loss of his stick.

The butcher's boy and his bull-dog were decamped; and the baronet and
Eugenia

Eugenia were rivalling each other in fondling the rescued spaniel, and in pouring thanks and praise unlimited upon Edgar.

They then walked back as before ; and, as soon as they re-entered the mansion, the female party went up stairs, and Sir Hugh, warmly shaking Edgar by the hand, said : “ My dear Mr. Edgar, this is one of the happiest days of my life, except just that of my nephew’s coming over, which it is but right to put before it. But here, first, my dear Camilla’s refused that young Captain, who would have carried her the Lord knows where, immediately, as I make no doubt ; and next, I’ve saved the life of my poor old Rover, by the means of your good-nature.”

“ Refused ? ” cried Edgar ; “ my dear Sir Hugh !—did you say refused ? ”

Sir Hugh innocently gratified him with the repetition of the word, but begged him not to mention it, “ For fear,” he said, “ it should hurt the young man when he falls in love somewhere else ;
which

which I heartily hope he will do soon, poor gentleman! for the sake of its not fretting him."

"Miss Camilla, then, has refused him?" again repeated Edgar, with a countenance that, to any man but the baronet, must have betrayed his whole soul.

"Yes, poor gentleman! this very morning; for which I am thankful enough: for what do we know of those young officers, who may all be sent to the East Indies, or Jamaica, every day of their lives? Not but what I have the proper pity for him, which, I hope, is all that can be expected."

Edgar walked about the room, in a perturbation of hope, fear, and joy, that disabled him from all further appearance of attention. He wished to relate this transaction to Dr. Marchmont, yet dreaded any retarding advice; he languished to make Camilla herself the sole mistress of his destiny: the interest she had shewn for his safety seemed to admit but one

interpretation ; and, finally, he resolved to stay at Cleves till he could meet with her alone.

Camilla had not uttered a word after the adventure of the bull-dog. The smallest idea that she could excite the least emotion in Edgar, brought a secret rapture to her heart, that, at any former period, would alone have sufficed to render her happy : but, at this instant of entanglement with another, she revolted from the indulgence of such pleasure ; and instead of dwelling, as she would have done before, on the look, the accent, the manner, that were susceptible, by any construction, of partiality, she checked every idea that did not represent Edgar as unstable and inconsistent ; and fought, with all her power, to regard him as Mrs. Arlbery had painted him, and to believe him, except in a few casual moments of caprice, insensible and hard of heart.

Yet this entanglement, in which, scarce knowing how, she now seemed to be entwined with Sir Sedley, grew more and more

C H A P. V.

An Oak Tree.

WHEN the sisters were summoned down stairs to dinner, planted at the door, ready to receive them at their entrance, stood Edgar. Lavinia and Eugenia addressed him as usual; but Camilla could not speak, could not return his salutation, could not look at him. She sat hastily down in her accustomed place by her uncle, and even the presence of her father scarcely restrained her tears, as she contrasted the hopeless uncertainties of Edgar, with the perilous pursuit of Sir Sedley.

Edgar, for the first time, saw her avoidance without suspecting that it flowed from repugnance. The interest she had shewn for his safety was still bounding in his breast, and as, from time to time, he stole a glance at her, and observed her emotion, his heart whispered him the softest hopes, that

that soon the most perfect confidence would make every feeling reciprocal.

But these hopes were not long without alloy ; he soon discerned something that far exceeded what could give him pleasure in her perturbation ; he read in it not merely hurry and alarm, but suffering and distress.

He now ventured to look at her no more ; his confidence gave place to pity ; he saw she was unhappy, and breathed no present wish but to relieve and console her.

When the dessert was served, she was preparing to retire ; but she caught the eye of her father, and saw she should not long be alone ; she re-seated herself, therefore, in haste, to postpone, at least, his scrutiny.

Every body, at length, arose, and Sir Hugh proposed that they should all walk in the park, during his nap, but keep close to the pales, that they might listen for all passengers, in case of Clermont's coming.

To this, also, Camilla could make no objection, and they set out. She took an arm of each sister, and indulged the heaviness of her heart in not uttering a word.

They had not gone far, when a servant ran after Mr. Tyrold with a packet, just arrived, by a private hand, from Lisbon. He returned to read it in his own room; Lavinia and Eugenia accompanied him to hear its contents, and Camilla, for the first time, seemed the least affectionate of his daughters; she durst not encounter him but in the mixt company of all the house; she told Lavinia to make haste back with the news, and took the arm of Indiana.

The compulsion of uninteresting discourse soon became intolerable; and no longer chained to the party by the awe of her father, she presently left Indiana to Miss Margland, and perceiving that Edgar was conversing with Dr. Orkborne, said she would wait for her sisters; and, turning a little aside, sat down upon a bench under a large oak.

Here

Here her painful struggle and unwilling forbearance ended; she gave free vent to her tears, and thought herself the most wretched of human beings; she found her heart, her aching heart, more than ever devoted to Mandlebert, filled with his image, revering his virtues, honouring even his coldness, from a persuasion she deserved not his affection, and fighting solely for the privilege to consign herself to his remembrance for life, though unknown to himself, and unsuspected by the world, The very idea of Sir Sedley was horror to her; she felt guilty to have involved herself in an intercourse so fertile of danger; she thought over, with severest repentance, her short, but unjustifiable deviation from that transparent openness, and undesigned plainness of conduct, which her disposition as much as her education ought to have rendered unchangeable. To that, alone, was owing all her actual difficulty, for to that alone was owing her own opinion of any claim upon her justice. How dearly, she cried, do I now pay for the un-

D 4

thinking

thinking plan with which I risked the peace of another, for the re-establishment of my own! She languished to throw herself into the arms of her father, to unbosom to him all her errors and distresses, and owe their extrication to his wisdom and kindness. She was sure he would be unmoved by the glare of a brilliant establishment, and that far from desiring her to sacrifice her feelings to wealth and show, he would himself plead against the alliance when he knew the state of her mind, and recommend to her, so circumstanced, the single life, in the true spirit of christian philosophy and moderation: but all was so closely interwoven in the affairs and ill conduct of her brother, that she believed herself engaged in honour to guard the fatal secret, though hazarding by its concealment impropriety and misery.

These afflicting ruminations were at length interrupted by the sound of feet; she took her handkerchief from her eyes, expecting to see her sisters; she was mistaken, and beheld Mandlebert.

She

She flatted and rose; she strove to chase the tears from her eyes without wiping them, and asked what he had done with Dr. Orkborne?

“You are in grief!” cried he in a tone of sympathy; “some evil has befallen you!—let me ask—”

“No; I am only waiting for my sisters. They have just received letters from Lisbon.”

“You have been weeping! you are weeping now! why do you turn away from me? I will not obtrusively demand your confidence—yet, could I give you the most distant idea what a weight it might remove from my mind,—you would find it difficult to deny yourself the pleasure of doing so much good!”

The tears of Camilla now streamed afresh. Words so kind from Edgar, the cold, the hard-hearted Edgar, surprised and overset her; yet she endeavoured to hide her face, and made an effort to pass him.

“Is not this a little unkind?” cried he, gravely; “however, I have no claim to oppose you.”

“Unkind!” she repeated, and involuntarily turning to him, shewed a countenance so disconsolate, that he lost his self-control, and taking her reluctant hand, said: “O Camilla! torture me no longer!”

Almost transfixed with astonishment, she looked at him for a moment in a speechless wonder; but the interval of doubt was short; the character of Edgar, for unalienable steadiness, unalterable honour, was fixed in her mind, like “truths from holy writ,” and she knew, with certainty incontrovertible, that his fate was at her disposal, from the instant he acknowledged openly her power over his feelings.

Every opposite sensation, that with violence the most ungovernable could encounter but to combat, now met in her bosom, elevating her to rapture, harrowing her with terror, menacing even her understanding.

derstanding. The most exquisite wish of her heart seemed accorded at a period so nearly too late for its acceptance, that her faculties, bewildered, confused, deranged, lost the capacity of clearly conceiving if still she were a free agent or not.

He saw her excess of disorder with alarm; he sought to draw her again to her seat; but she put her hand upon her forehead, and leant it against the bark of the tree.

“You will not speak to me!” cried he; “you will not trust me! shall I call you cruel? No! for you are not aware of the pain you inflict, the anguish you make me suffer! the generosity of your nature would else, unbidden, impulsively interfere.”

“*You suffer! you!*” cried she, again distressfully, almost incredulously, looking at him, while her hands were uplifted with amazement: “I thought you above any suffering! superior to all calamity!----almost to all feeling!----”

“Ah, Camilla! what thus estranges you from candor? from justice? what is it can

prompt you to goad thus a heart which almost from its first beating----”

He stopt, desirous to check himself; while penetrated by his softness, and ashamed of what, in the bitterness of her spirit, she had pronounced, she again melted into tears, and sunk down upon the bench; yet holding out to him one hand; while with the other she covered her face: “Forgive me,” she cried, “I intreat--- for I scarce know what I say.”

Such a speech, and so accompanied, might have demolished the stoicism of an older philosopher than Edgar; he fervently kissed her proffered hand, exclaiming: “Forgive you! can Camilla use such a word? has she the slightest care for my opinion? the most remote concern for me, or for my happiness?”

“Farewell! farewell!” cried she, hastily drawing away her hand, “go now, I beseech you!”

“What a moment to expect me to depart! O Camilla! my soul sickens of this suspense! End it, generous Camilla! be-

loved as lovely! my heart is all your own! use it gently, and accept it nobly!"

Every other emotion, now, in the vanquished Camilla, every retrospective fear, every actual regret, yielded to the conquering charm of grateful tenderness; and restoring the hand she had withdrawn: "O Edgar," she cried, "how little can I merit such a gift! yet I prize it---far, far beyond all words!"

The agitation of Edgar was, at first, too mighty and too delicious for speech; but his eyes, now cast up to heaven, now fixed upon her own, spoke the most ardent, yet purest felicity; while her hand, now held to his heart, now pressed to his lips, strove vainly to recover its liberty. "Blest moment!" he at length uttered, "that finishes for ever such misery of uncertainty! that gives my life to happiness---my existence to Camilla!"

Again speech seemed too poor for him. Perfect satisfaction is seldom loquacious; its character is rather tender than gay; and where happiness succeeds abruptly to
long

long solicitude and sorrow, its enjoyment is fearful; it softens rather than exhilarates. Sudden joy is sportive, but sudden happiness is awful.

The pause, however, that on his side was ecstatic thankfulness, soon became mixt, on that of Camilla, with confusion and remorse: Sir Sedley returned to her memory, and with him every reflection, and every apprehension, that most cruelly could fully each trembling, though nearly gratified hope.

The cloud that so soon dimmed the transient radiance of her countenance, was instantly perceived by Edgar; but as he was beginning the most anxious inquiries, the two sisters approached, and Camilla, whose hand he then relinquished, rushed forward, and throwing her arms around their necks, wept upon their bosoms.

“Sweet sisters!” cried Edgar, embracing them all three in one; “long may ye thus endearingly entwine each other, in the sacred links of affectionate
affinity!

affinity! Where shall I find our common father?—where is Mr. Tyrold?”

The amazed sisters could with difficulty answer that he was with their uncle, to whom he was communicating news from their mother.

Edgar looked tenderly at Camilla, but, perceiving her emotion, forbore to speak to her, though he could not deny himself the pleasure of snatching one kiss of the hand which hung down upon the shoulder of Eugenia; he then whispered to both the sisters: “You will not, I trust, be my enemies?” and hurried to the house.

“What can this mean?” cried Eugenia and Lavinia in a breath.

“It means,” said Camilla, “that I am the most distressed—yet the happiest of human beings!”

This little speech, began with the deepest sigh, but finished with the most refulgent smile, only added to their wonder.

“I hope you have been consulting with Edgar,” said the innocent Eugenia; “no-
body

body can more ably advise you, since, in generosity to Lionel, you are prohibited from counselling with my father."

Again the most expressive smiles played in every feature through the tears of Camilla, as she turned, with involuntary archness, to Eugenia, and answered: "And shall I follow his counsel, my dear sister, if he gives me any?"

"Why not? he is wise, prudent, and much attached to us all. How he can have supposed it possible we could be his enemies, is past all divination!"

Gaiety was so truly the native growth of the mind of Camilla, that neither care nor affliction could chase it long from its home. The speeches of the unsuspecting Eugenia, that a moment before would have passed unheeded, now regaled her renovated fancy with a thousand amusing images, which so vigorously struggled against her sadness and her terrors, that they were soon nearly driven from the field by their sportive assailants; and, by the time she reached her chamber, whither, lost in amaze, her sisters followed

followed her, the surprise she had in store for them, the pleasure with which she knew they would sympathise in her happiness, and the security of Edgar's decided regard, had liberated her mind from the shackles of reminiscence, and restored her vivacity to its original spirit.

Fastening, then, her door, she turned to them with a countenance of the brightest animation; alternately and almost wildly embraced them, and related the explicit declaration of Edgar; now hiding in their bosoms the blushes of her modest joy, now offering up to Heaven the thanksgiving of her artless rapture, now dissolving in the soft tears of the tenderest sensibility, according to the quick changing impulses of her natural and lively, yet feeling and susceptible character. Nor once did she look at the reverse of this darling portrait of chosen felicity, till Eugenia, with a gentle sigh, uttered: "Unhappy Sir Sedley Clarendel! how may this stroke be softened to him?"

"Ah

“ Ah Eugenia !” she cried ; “ that alone is my impediment to the most perfect, the most unmixed content ! why have you made me think of him ?”

“ My dear Camilla,” said Eugenia, with a look of curious earnestness, and taking both her hands, while she seemed examining her face, “ you are then, it seems, in love ? and with Edgar Mandlebert ?”

Camilla, blushing, yet laughing, broke away from her, denying the charge.

A consultation succeeded upon the method of proceeding with the young baronet. Tommy Hødd was not yet returned with the answer ; it was five miles to Clarendel Place, which made going and returning his day’s work. She resolved to wait but this one reply, and then to acknowledge to Edgar the whole of her situation. The delicacy of Lavinia, and the high honour of Eugenia, concurred in the propriety of this confession ; and they all saw the urgent necessity of an immediate
explanation

explanation with Sir Sedley, whose disappointment might every hour receive added weight from delay. Painful, therefore, confusing and distasteful, as was the task, Camilla determined upon the avowal, and as completely to be guided by Edgar in this difficult conjuncture, as if his advice were already sanctioned by conjugal authority.

C H A P. VI.

A Call of the House.

EDGAR returned to the parlour with a countenance so much brightened, a joy so open, a confidence so manly, and an air so strongly announcing some interesting intelligence, that his history required no prelude. "Edgar," said Mr. Tyrold, "you have a look to disarm care of its corrosion. You could not take a better time to wear so cheering an aspect; I have just learnt that my wife can fix no sort of date for her return; I must borrow, therefore, some reflected happiness; and none, after my children, can bring its sunshine so home to my bosom as yourself."

"What a fortunate moment have you chosen," cried Edgar, affectionately taking him by the hand, "to express this generous pleasure in seeing me happy! will you

you repent, will you retract, when you hear in what it may involve you?----
Dearest sir! my honoured, my parental friend! to what a test shall I put your kindness!----Will you give me in charge one of the dearest ties of your existence? will you repose in my care so large a portion of your peace? will you trust to me your Camilla?"----

With all the ardour of her character, all the keen and quick feelings of her sensitive mind, scarce had Camilla herself been more struck, more penetrated with sudden joy, sudden wonder, sudden gratification of every kind, than Mr. Tyrold felt at this moment. He more than returned the pressure with which Edgar held his hand, and instantly answered, "Yes, my excellent young friend, without hesitation, without a shadow of apprehension for her happiness! though she is all the fondest father can wish;----and though she only who gave her to me is dearer!"

Felicity and tenderness were now the sole guests in the breast of Edgar. He
kissed

kissed with reverence the hand of Mr. Tyrold, called him by the honoured and endearing title of father; acknowledged that, from the earliest period of observation, Camilla had seemed to him the most amiable of human creatures; spoke with the warm devotion he sincerely felt for her of Mrs. Tyrold; and was breathing forth his very soul in tender rapture upon his happy prospects, when something between a sigh and a groan from the baronet, made him hastily turn round, apologise for not sooner addressing him, and respectfully solicit his consent.

Sir Hugh was in an agitation of delight and surprise almost too potent for his strength. "The Lord be good unto me," he cried; "have I lived to see such a day as this!" Then, throwing his arms about Edgar's neck, while his eyes were fast filling with tears, which soon ran plentifully down his cheeks; "Good young Mr. Edgar!" he cried; "good young man! and do you really love my poor Camilla, for all her not being worth a penny?"

a penny? And will my dear little darling come to so good an end at last, after being disinherited for doing nothing? And will you never vex her, nor speak an unkind word to her? Indeed, young Mr. Edgar, you are a noble boy! you are indeed; and I love you to the bottom of my old heart for this true good naturedness!"

Then, again and again embracing him, "This is all of a piece," he continued, "with your saving my poor old Rover, which is a thing I shall never forget to my longest day, being a remarkable sign of a good heart; the poor dog having done nothing to offend, as we can all testify. So that it's a surprising thing what that mastiff owed him such a grudge for."

Then quitting him abruptly to embrace Mr. Tyrold, "My dear brother," he cried, "I hope your judgment approves this thing, as well as my sister's, when she comes to hear it, which I shall send off express, before I sleep another wink, for fear of accidents."

"Approve,"

“ Approve,” answered Mr. Tyrold, with a look of the most expressive kindness at Edgar, “ is too cold—a word ; I rejoice, even thankfully rejoice, to place my dear child in such worthy and beloved hands.”

“ Well, then,” cried the enchanted baronet, “ if that’s the case, that we are all of one mind, we had better settle the business at once, all of us being subject to die by delay.”

He then rang the bell, and ordered Jacob to summon Camilla to the parlour, adding, “ And all the rest too, Jacob, for I have something to tell them every one, which, I make no doubt, they will be very glad to hear, yourself included, as well as your fellow-servants, who have no right to be left out ; only let my niece come first, being her own affair.”

Camilla obeyed not the call without many secret sensations of distress and difficulty, but which, mingled with the more obvious ones of modesty and embarrassment,

ment, all passed for a flutter of spirits that appeared natural to the occasion.

Mr. Tyrold could only silently embrace her : knowing what she had suffered, and judging thence the excess of her present satisfaction, he would not add to her confusion by any information of his consciousness ; but the softness with which he held her to his bosom spoke, beyond all words, his heartfelt sympathy in her happiness.

Camilla had no power to draw herself from his arms ; but Edgar hovered round her, and Sir Hugh repeatedly and impatiently demanded to have his turn. Mr. Tyrold, gently disengaging himself from her embraces, gave one of her hands to Edgar, who, with grateful joy, pressed it to his lips. “ My children ! ” he then said, laying a hand upon the shoulder of each, “ what a sight is this to me ! how precious a union ! what will it be to your excellent mother ! So long and so decidedly it has been our favourite earthly wish, that, were she but restored to me----

to her country and to her family---I might, perhaps, require some new evil to prevent my forgetting where---and what I am!"

"My dear brother, I say! my dear niece! My dear Mr. young Edgar!" cried Sir Hugh, in the highest good humour, though with nearly exhausted patience, "won't you let me put in a word? nor so much as give you my blessing? though I can hardly hold life and soul together for the sake of my joy!"

Camilla cast herself into his arms, he kissed her most fondly, saying: "Don't forget your poor old uncle, my dear little girl, for the account of this young Mr. Edgar, because, good as he is, he has taken to you but a short time in comparison with me."

"No," said Edgar, still tenaciously retaining the hand parentally bestowed upon him; "no, dear Sir Hugh, I wish not to rob you of your darling. I wish but to be admitted myself into this dear and respected family, and to have Etherington, Cleves, and Beech Park, considered

sidered as our alternate and common habitations."

"You are the very best young man in the whole wide world!" cried Sir Hugh, almost sobbing with ecstasy; "for you have hit upon just the very thing I was thinking of in my own private mind! What a mercy it is our not accepting that young Captain, who would have run away with her to I don't know where, instead of being married to the very nearest estate in the county, that will always be living with us!"

The rest of the family now, obedient to the direction of Jacob, who had intimated that something extraordinary was going forward, entered the room.

"Come in, come in," cried Sir Hugh, "and hear the good news; for we have just been upon the very point of losing the best opportunity that ever we had in our lives of all living together; which, I hope, we shall now do, without any more strangers coming upon us with their company, being a thing we don't desire."

“ But what’s the good news, uncle ?” said Indiana ; “ is it only about our living together ? ”

“ Why, yes, my dear, that’s the first principal, and the other is, that young Mr. Edgar’s going to marry Camilla ; which I hope you won’t take ill, liking being all fancy.”

“ Me ? ” cried she, with a disdainful toss of the head, though severely mortified ; “ it’s nothing to me, I’m sure ! ”

Camilla ashamed, and Edgar embarrassed, strove now mutually to shew Sir Hugh they wished no more might be said : but he only embraced them again, and declared he had never been so full of joy before in his whole life, and would not be cut short.

Miss Margland, extremely piqued, vented her spleen in oblique sarcasms, and sought to heal her offended pride by appeals for justice to her sagacity and foresight in the whole business.

Jacob, now, opening the door, said all the servants were come.

Camilla

Camilla tried to escape ; but Sir Hugh would not permit her, and the house-keeper and butler led the way, followed by every other domestic of the house.

“ Well, my friends,” he cried, “ with her joy, which I am sure you will do of your own accord, for she’s going to be mistress of Beech-Park ; which I thought would have been the case with my other niece, till I found out my mistake ; which is of no consequence now, all having ended for the best ; though unknown to us poor mortals.”

The servants obeyed with alacrity, and offered their hearty congratulations to the blushing Camilla and happy Edgar, Molly Mill excepted ; who, having concluded Sir Sedley Clarendel the man, doubted her own senses, and, instead of open felicitations, whispered Camilla, “ Dear Miss, I’ve got another letter for you ! It’s here in my bosom.”

Camilla, frightened, said : “ Hush ! hush !” while Edgar, imagining the girl, whose simplicity and talkativeness were fa-

miliar to him, had said something ridiculous, intreated to be indulged with hearing her remark: but seeing Camilla look grave, forbore to press his request.

The baronet now began an harangue upon the happiness that would accrue from these double unions, for which he assured them they should have double remembrances, though the same preparations would do for both, as he meant they should take place at the same time, provided Mr. Edgar would have the obligingness to wait for a fair wind, which he was expecting every hour.

Camilla could now stay no longer; nor could Edgar, though adoring the hearty joy of Sir Hugh, refuse to aid her in absconding.

He begged her permission to follow, as soon as it might be possible, which she tacitly accorded. She was impatient herself for the important conference she was planning, and felt, with increasing solicitude, that all her life's happiness hung upon her power to extricate herself honourably
from

from the terrible embarrassment in which she was involved.

She fauntered about the hall till the servants came out, anxious to receive the letter which Molly Mill had announced. They all sought to surround her with fresh good wishes; but she singled out Molly, and begged the rest to leave her for the present. The letter, however, was not unpinned from the inside of Molly's neck handkerchief, before Edgar, eager and gay, joined her.

Trembling then, she intreated her to make haste.

“La, Miss,” answered the girl, “if you hurry me so, I shall tear it as sure as can be; and what will you say then, Miss?”

“Well---then---another time will do---take it to my room.”

“No, no, Miss; the gentleman told Tommy Hodd he wanted an answer as quick as can be; he said, if Tommy'd come a-horseback, he'd pay for the horse,

to make him quicker; and Tommy says he always behaves very handsome."

She then gave her the squeezed billet. Camilla, in great confusion, put it into her pocket. Edgar, who even unavoidably heard what passed, held back till Molly retired; and then, with an air of undisguised surprize and curiosity, though in a laughing tone, said, "Must not the letter be read till I make my bow?"

"O yes,"----cried she, stammering, "it may be read----at any time." And she put her hand in her pocket to re-produce it. But the idea of making known the strange and unexpected history she had to relate, by shewing so strange a correspondence, without one leading and softening previous circumstance, required a force and confidence of which she was not mistress. She twisted it, therefore, hastily round, to hide the hand-writing of the direction, and, then, with the same care, rolled it up, and encircled it with her fingers.

"Shall

“ Shall I be jealous ? ” said he, gently, though disappointed.

“ You have much reason ! ” she answered, with a smile so soft, it dispersed every fear, yet with an attention so careful to conceal the address, that it kept alive every wonder. He took her other hand, and, kissing it, cried : “ No, sweetest Camilla, such unworthy distrust shall make no part of our compact. Yet I own myself a little interested to know what gentleman has obtained a privilege I should myself prize above almost any other. I will leave you, however, to read the letter, and, perhaps, before you answer it---but no---I will ask nothing ; I shall lose all pleasure in your confidence, if it is not spontaneous. I will go and find your sisters.”

The first impulse of Camilla was, to commit to him immediately the unopened letter : but the fear of its contents, its stile, its requisitions, made her terror overpower her generosity ; and, though she

looked after him with regret, she stood still to break the seal of her letter.

Miss Camilla Tyrold.

Is it thus, O far too fair tormenter! thou delightest to torture? Dost thou give wings but to clip them? raise expectation but to bid it linger? fan bright the flame of hope, but to see it consume in its own ashes? Another delay?----Ah! tell me how I may exist till it terminates! Name to me, O fair tyrant! some period,----or build not upon longer forbearance, but expect me at your feet. You talk of the Grove: its fair owner is just returned, and calls herself impatient to see you. To-morrow, then,----you will not, I trust, kill me again to-morrow? With the sun, the renovating sun, I will visit those precincts, nor quit them till warned away by the pale light of Diana: tell me, then, to what century of that period your ingenious cruelty condemns me to this expiring state,

state, ere a vivifying smile recalls me back to life?

SEDLEY CLARENDEL.

The immediate presence of Edgar himself could not have made this letter die the cheeks of Camilla of a deeper red. She saw that Sir Sedley thought her only coquetishly trifling, and she looked forward with nearly equal horror to clearing up a mistake that might embitter his future life, and to acknowledging to Edgar----the scrupulous, the scrutinising, the delicate Edgar---that such a mistake could have been formed.

She was ruminating upon this formidable, this terrible task, when Edgar again appeared, accompanied by her sisters. She hurried the letter into her pocket. Edgar saw the action with a concern that damp't his spirits; he wished to obtain from her immediately the unlimited trust, which immediately, and for ever, he meant to repose in her. They all strolled together for a short time in the park; but she was anxious to retreat to her room,

E 6

and

and her sisters were dying with impatience to read Sir Sedley's letter. Edgar, disturbed to see how little any of their countenances accorded with the happy feelings he had so recently experienced, proposed not to lengthen the walk, but flattered himself, upon re-entering the house, Camilla would afford him a few minutes of explanation. But she only, with a faint smile, said she should soon return to the parlour; and he saw Molly Mill eagerly waiting for her upon the stairs, and heard her, in reply to some question concerning Tommy Hodd, desire the girl to be quiet till she got to her room.

Edgar could form no idea of what all this meant, yet, that some secret disturbance preyed upon Camilla, that some gentleman wrote to her, and expected impatiently an answer; and that the correspondence passed neither through her friends, nor by the post, but by the medium of Molly Mill, were circumstances not less unaccountable than unpleasant.

Camilla,

Camilla, meanwhile, produced the letter to her sisters, beseeching their ablest counsel. "See but," she cried, "how dreadfully unprepared is Sir Sedley for the event of the day! And oh!----how yet more unprepared must be Edgar for seeing that such a letter could ever be addressed to me! How shall I shew it him, my dear sisters? how help his believing I must have given every possible encouragement, ere Sir Sedley could have written to me in so assured a style?"

Much deliberation ensued; but they were all so perplexed, that they were summoned to tea before they had come to any resolution.

The counsel of Eugenia, then, prevailed; and it was settled, that Camilla should avoid, for the present, any communication to Edgar, lest it should lead to mischief between him and the young baronet, who could not but be mutually displeas'd with each other; and that the next morning, before she saw Edgar again, she should set out for the Grove, and there cast herself wholly

wholly upon the generosity of Sir Sedley ; and, when freed from all engagement, return, and relate, without reserve, the whole history to Edgar ; who would so soon be brother of her brother, that he would pardon the faults of Lionel, and who would then be in no danger himself from personal contest or discussion with Sir Sedley. She wrote, therefore, one line, to say she would see Mrs. Arlbery early the next day, and delivered it to Molly Mill ; who promised to borrow a horse of the under-groom, that Tommy Hodd might be back before bed-time, without any obligation to Sir Sedley.

She, then, went down stairs ; when Edgar, disappointed by her long absence, sought vainly to recompense it by conversing with her. She was gentle, but seated herself aloof, and avoided his eyes.

His desire to unravel so much mystery he thought now so legitimated by his peculiar situation, that he was frequently upon the point of soliciting for information : but, to know himself privileged, upon
further

further reflexion, was sufficient to insure his forbearance. Even when that knot was tied which would give to him all power, he sincerely meant to owe all her trust to willing communication. Should he now, then, make her deem him exacting, and tenacious of prerogative? no; it might shackle the freedom of her mind in their future intercourse. He would quietly, therefore, wait her own time, and submit to her own inclination. She could not doubt his impatience; he would not compel her generosity.

C H A P. VII.

The Triumph of Pride.

THE three sisters were retired, at night, to another council in the room of Camilla, when Molly Mill, with a look of dismay, burst in upon them, bringing, with the answer of Sir Sedley, news that Tommy Hodd, by an accident he could not help, had rode the horse she had borrowed for him of the under-groom to death.

The dismay, now, spread equally to them all. What a tale would this misfortune unfold to Sir Hugh, to Edgar, to the whole house! The debt of Lionel, the correspondence with Sir Sedley, the expectations of the young baronet---Camilla could not support it; she sent for Jacob to own to him the affair, and beg his assistance.

Jacob, though getting into bed, obeyed the call. He was, however, so much irritated

ritated at the loss of the horse, and the boldness of the under-groom, in lending him without leave, that, at first, he would listen to no intreaties, and protested that both the boy and Molly Mill should be complained of to his master. The eloquence, however, of his three young mistresses, for so all the nieces of Sir Hugh were called by the servants at Cleves, soon softened his ire; he almost adored his master, and was affectionately attached to the young family. They begged him, therefore, to buy another horse, as like it as possible, and to contrive not to employ it when Sir Hugh was in sight, till they were able to clear up the history to their uncle themselves: this would not be difficult, as the baronet rarely visited his stables since his fall, from the melancholy with which he was filled by the sight of his horses.

There was to be a fair for cattle in the neighbourhood the next day, and Jacob promised to ride over to see what bargain he could make for them.

They

They then inquired about what money would be necessary for the purchase.

The cost, he said, of poor Tom Jones was 40*l*.

Camilla held up her hands, almost screaming. Eugenia, with more presence of mind, said they would see him again in the morning before he went, and then told Molly Mill to wait for her in her own room.

“What can I now do?” cried Camilla; “I would not add the history of this dreadful expence to the sad tale I have already to relate to Edgar for the universe! To begin my career by such a string of humiliations would be insupportable. Already I owe five guineas to Mrs. Arlbery, which the tumult of my mind since my return has prevented me from naming to my uncle; and I have left debts at Tunbridge that will probably take up all my next quarter’s allowance!”

“As far as these three guineas will go,” said Lavinia, taking out her purse, “here, my dearest Camilla, they are;---but how
little

little that is! I never before thought my pittance too small! yet how well we all know my dear father cannot augment it."

Eugenia, who, in haste, had stepped to her own room, now came back, and putting twenty guineas into the hand of Camilla, said: "This, my beloved sister, is all I now have by me; but Jacob is rich and good, and will rejoice to pay the rest for us at present; and I shall very soon reimburse him, for my uncle has insisted upon making me a very considerable present, which I shall, now, no longer refuse."

Camilla burst into tears, and, hanging about their necks: "O my sisters," she cried, "what goodness is yours! but how can I avail myself of it with any justice? Your three guineas, my Lavinia, your little all—how can I bear to take?"

"Do not teach me to repine, my dear Camilla, that I have no more! I am sure of being remembered by my uncle on the approaching occasions, and I can never, therefore, better spare my little store."

"You

“ You are all kindness ! and you, my dear Eugenia, though you have more, have claims upon that more, and are both expected and used to answer them----”

“ Yes, I have indeed more !” interrupted Eugenia, “ which only sisters good as mine could pardon ; but because my uncle has made me his heiress, has he made me a brute ? No ! whatever I have, must be amongst us all in common, not only now, but----” She stopt, affrighted at the idea she was presenting to herself, and fervently clasping her hands, exclaimed : “ O long----long may it be ere I can shew my sisters all I feel for them ! they will believe it, I am sure----and that is far happier !”

The idea this raised struck them all, at the same moment, to the heart. Not one of them had dry eyes, and with a sadness overpowering every other consideration, they sighed as heavily, and with looks as disconsolate, as if the uncle so dear to them were already no more.

The influence of parts, the predominance of knowledge, the honour of learning,

ing, the captivation of talents, and even the charm of fame itself, all shrink in their effects before the superior force of goodness, even where most simple and uncultivated, for power over the social affections. ✓

* * * *

At an early hour, the next morning, the commission, with the twenty guineas in hand, and the promise of the rest in a short time, were given to Jacob; and Camilla, then, begged permission of her father, and the carriage of her uncle, to visit Mrs. Arlbery, who, she had heard, was just returned to the Grove.

Concluding she wished to be the messenger of her own affairs to that lady, they made no opposition, and she set off before eight o'clock, without entering the parlour, where Edgar, she was informed, was already arrived for breakfast.

The little journey was terrible to her; scenes of disappointment and despair on the part of Sir Sedley, were anticipated by her

her alarmed imagination, and she reproached herself for every word she had ever spoken, every look she had ever given, that could have raised any presumption of her regard.

The last note was written in the style of all the others, and not one ever expressed the smallest doubt of success; how dreadful then to break to him such news, at the very moment he might imagine she came to meet him with partial pleasure!

Mrs. Arlbery was not yet risen. Camilla inquired, stammering, if any company were at the house. None, was the answer. She then begged leave to walk in the garden till Mrs. Arlbery came down stairs.

She was not sorry to miss her; she dreaded her yet more than Sir Sedley himself, and hoped to see him alone.

Nevertheless, she remained a full hour in waiting, ruminating upon the wonder her disappearance would give to Edgar, and nearly persuaded some chance had anticipated her account to Sir Sedley,

whose rage and grief were too violent to suffer him to keep his appointment.

This idea served but to add to her perturbation, when, at last, she saw him enter the garden.

All presence of mind then forsook her; she looked around to see if she could escape, but his approach was too quick for avoidance. Her eyes, unable to encounter his, were bent upon the ground, and she stood still, and even trembling, till he reached her.

To the prepossessed notions and vain character of Sir Sedley, these were symptoms by no means discouraging; with a confidence almost amounting to arrogance he advanced, pitying her distress, yet pitying himself still more for the snare in which it was involving him. He permitted his eyes for a moment to fasten upon her, to admire her, and to enjoy triumphantly her confusion in silence: "Ah, beautiful tyrant!" he then cried; "if this instant were less inappreciable, in what language could

could I upbraid thy unexampled abuse of power? thy lacerating barbarity?"

He then, almost by force, took her hand; she struggled eagerly to recover it, but "No," he cried, "fair torturer! it is now my prisoner, and must be punished for its inhuman sins, in the congealing and unmerciful lines it has portrayed for me."

And then, regardless of her resistance, which he attributed to mere bashfulness, he obstinately and incessantly devoured it with kisses, in defiance of opposition, supplication, or anger, till, suddenly and piercingly, she startled him with a scream, and snatched it away with a force irresistible.

Amazed, he stared at her. Her face was almost convulsed with emotion; but her eyes, which appeared to be fixed, directed him to the cause. At the bottom of the walk, which was only a few yards distant, stood Mandlebert.

Pale and motionless, he looked as if bereft of strength and faculties. Camilla had seen him the moment she raised her
eyes,

eyes, and her horror was uncontrollable. Sir Sedley, astonished at what he beheld, astonished what to think, drew back, with a supercilious kind of bow. Edgar, recalled by what he thought insolence to his recollection, advanced a few steps, and addressing himself to Camilla, said: "I had the commands of Sir Hugh to pursue you, Miss Tyrold, to give you immediate notice that Mr. Lynmere is arrived." He added no more, deigned not a look at Sir Sedley, but rapidly retreated, remounted his horse, and galloped off.

Camilla looked after him till he was out of sight, with uplifted hands and eyes, deploring his departure, his mistake, and his resentment, without courage to attempt stopping him.

Sir Sedley stood suspended, how to act, what to judge. If Edgar's was the displeasure of a discarded lover, why should it so affect Camilla? if of a successful one, why came she to meet him? why had she received and answered his notes?

Finding she attempted neither to speak nor move, he again approached her, and saying, "Fair Incomprehensible!----" would again have taken her hand; but rousing to a sense of her situation, she drew back, and with some dignity, but more agitation, cried: "Sir Sedley, I blush if I am culpable of any part of your mistake; but suffer me now to be explicit, and let me be fully, finally, and not too late understood. You must write to me no more; I cannot answer nor read your letters. You must speak to me no more, except in public society; you must go further, Sir Sedley----you must think of me no more."

"Horrible!" cried he, starting back; "you distress me past measure!"

"No, no, you will soon----easily----readily forget me."

"Inhuman! you make me unhappy past thought!"

"Indeed I am inexpressibly concerned; but the whole affair----"

"You

“ You shock, you annihilate me, you injure me in the tenderest point !”

Camilla now, amazed, cried, “ what is it you mean, sir ?”

“ By investing me, fair barbarian, with the temerity of forming any claim that can call for repulse !”

Utterly confounded by so unexpected a disclaiming of all design, she again, though from far different sensations, cast up her eyes and hands. And is it, she thought, for a trifler such as this, so unmeaning, so unfeeling, I have risked my whole of hope and happiness ?

She said, however, no more ; for what more could be said ? She coloured, past him, and hastily quitting the garden, told the footman to apologise to Mrs. Arlbery for her sudden departure, by informing her that a near relation was just arrived from abroad ; and then got into the carriage and drove back to Cleves.

Sir Sedley followed carelessly, yet without aiming at overtaking her, and intreated,

F 2

negligently,

negligently, to be heard, yet said nothing which required the smallest answer.

Piqued completely, and mortified to the quick, by the conviction which now broke in upon him of the superior ascendance of Mandlebert, he could not brook to have been thought in earnest when he saw he should not have been accepted, nor pardon his own vanity the affront it had brought upon his pride. He sung aloud an opera air till the carriage of Sir Hugh was out of sight, and then drove his phaeton to Clarendel-place, where he instantly ordered his post-chaise, and in less than an hour, set off on a tour to the Hebrides.

C H A P. VIII.

A Summons to Happiness.

CAMILLA had but just set out from Cleves, when Sir Hugh, consulting his weather-cocks, which a new chain of ideas had made him forget to examine, saw that the wind was fair for the voyage of his nephew; and heard, upon inquiry, that the favourable change had taken place the preceding day, though the general confusion of the house had prevented it from being heeded by any of the family.

With eagerness the most excessive, he went to the room of Eugenia, and bid her put on a smart hat to walk out with him, as there was no knowing how soon a certain person might arrive.

Eugenia, colouring, said she would rather stay within.

F 3

“ Well,”

“ Well,” cried he, “ you’ll be neater, to be sure, for not blowing about in the wind ; so I’ll go take t’other girls.”

Eugenia, left alone, became exceedingly fluttered. She could not bear to remain in the house under the notion of so degrading a consideration as owing any advantage to outward appearance ; and fearing her uncle, in his extreme openness, should give that reason for her not walking, she determined to take a stroll by herself in the park.

She bent her steps towards a small wood at some distance from the house, where she meant to rest herself and read ; for she had learnt of Dr. Orkborne never to be unprovided with a book : But she had not yet reached her place of intended repose, when the sound of feet made her turn round, and, to her utter consternation, she saw a young man, whose boots, whip, and foreign air, announced instantly to be Clermont Lynmere.

She doubted not but he was sent in pursuit of her ; and though youthful timidity prompted her to shun him, she retained sufficient

ficient command over herself to check it, and to stop till he came up to her; while he, neither quickening nor slackening his pace as he approached, passed her with so little attention, that she was presently convinced he had scarce even perceived her.

Disconcerted by a meeting so strange and so ill timed, she involuntarily stood still, without any other power than that of looking after him.

In a few minutes Molly Mill, running up to her, cried: "Dear Miss, have not you seen young Mr. Lynmere? He come by t'other way just as master, and Miss Margland, and Miss Lynmere, and Miss Tyrold, was gone to meet him by the great gate; and so he said he'd come and look who he could find himself."

Eugenia had merely voice to order her back. The notion of having a figure so insignificant as to be passed, without even exciting a doubt whom she might be, was cruelly mortifying. She knew not how to return to the house, and relate such

an incident. She sat down under a tree to recollect herself.

Presently, however, she saw the stranger turn quick about, and before she could rise, slightly touching his hat, without looking at her: "Pray, ma'am," he said, "do you belong to that house?" pointing to the mansion of Sir Hugh.

Faintly she answered, "Yes, sir;" and he then added: "I am just arrived, and in search of Sir Hugh and the young ladies; one of them, they told me, was this way; but I can trace nobody. Have you seen any of them?"

More and more confounded, she could make no reply. Inattentive to her embarrassment, and still looking every way around, he repeated his question. She then pointed towards the great gate, stammering she believed they went that way. "Thank you;" he answered, with a nod, and then hurried off.

She now thought no more of moving nor of rising; she felt a kind of stupor, in which,

which, fixed, and without reflection, she remained, till, startled by the sound of her uncle's voice, she got up, made what haste she was able to the house by a private path, and ascended to her own room by a back stair-case.

That an interview to which she had so long looked forward, for which, with unwearied assiduity, she had so many years laboured to prepare herself; and which was the declared precursor of the most important æra of her life, should pass over so abruptly, and be circumstanced so awkwardly, equally dispirited and confused her.

In a few minutes, Molly Mill, entering, said: "They're all come back, and Sir Hugh's fit to eat the young squire up; and no wonder, for he's a sweet proper gentleman, as ever I see. Come, miss, I hope you'll put on something else, for that hat makes you look worse than any thing. I would not have the young squire see you such a figure for never so much."

The artlessness of unadorned truth, however sure in theory of extorting admiration, rarely, in practice, fails inflicting pain or mortification. The simple honesty of Molly redoubled the chagrin of her young mistress, who, sending her away, went anxiously to the looking-glass, whence, in a few moments, she perceived her uncle, from the window, laughing, and making significant signs to some one out of her sight. Extremely ashamed to be so surprised, she retreated to the other end of the room, though not till she had heard Sir Hugh say: "Ay, ay, she's getting ready for you; I told you why she would not walk out with us, so don't let's hurry her, though I can't but commend your being a little impatient, which I dare say so is she, only young girls can't so well talk about it."

Eugenia now found that Clermont had no suspicion he had seen her. Sir Hugh concluded she had not left her room, and asked no questions that could lead to the discovery.

Presently the baronet came up stairs himself, and tapping at her door, said :
“ Come, my dear, don't be too curious, the breakfast having been spoilt this hour already ; besides your cousin's having nothing on himself but his riding dress.”

Happy she could at least clear herself from so derogatory a design, she opened her door. Sir Hugh, surveying her with a look of surprise and vexation, exclaimed :
“ What my dear ! an't you dizen'd yet ? why I thought to have seen you in all your best things !”

“ No, sir,” answered she calmly ; “ I shall not dress till dinner-time.”

“ My dear girl,” cried he, kindly, though a little distressed how to explain himself ; “ there's no need you should look worse than you can help ; though you can do better things, I know, than looking well at any time ; only what I mean is, you should let him see you to the best advantage at the first, for fear of his taking any dislike before he knows about Dr. Orkborne, and that.”

“ Dislike, sir !” repeated she, extremely hurt ; “ if you think he will take any dislike---I had better not see him at all !”

“ My dear girl, you quite mistake me, owing to my poor head’s always using the wrong word ; which is a remarkable thing that I can’t help. But I don’t mean in the least to doubt his being pleased with you, except only at the beginning, from not being used to you ; for as to all your studies, there’s no more Greek and Latin in one body’s face than in another’s ; but, however, if you won’t dress, there’s no need to keep the poor boy in hot water for nothing.”

He then took her hand, and rather dragged than drew her down stairs, saying as they went : “ I must wish you joy, though, for I assure you he’s a very fine lad, and hardly a bit of a coxcomb.”

The family was all assembled in the parlour, except Camilla, for whom the baronet had instantly dispatched Edgar, and Mr. Tyrold, who was not yet returned from a morning ride, but for whom Sir Hugh had
had

had ordered the great dinner bell to be rung, as a signal of something extraordinary.

Young Lynmere was waiting the arrival of Eugenia with avowed and unbridled impatience. Far from surmising it was her he had met in the park, he had concluded it was one of the maids, and thought of her no more. He asked a thousand questions in a breath when his uncle was gone. Was she tall? was she short? was she plump? was she lean? was she fair? was she brown? was she florid? was she pale? But as he asked them of every body, nobody answered; yet all were in some dismay at a curiosity implying such entire ignorance, except Indiana, who could not, without simpering, foresee the amazement of her brother at her cousin's person and appearance.

“Here's a noble girl for you!” cried Sir Hugh, opening the door with a flourish; “for all she's got so many best things, she's come down in her worst, for the sake of looking ill at the beginning, to
12 the

the end that there may be no fault to be found afterwards; which is a wisdom that does honour to her education."

This was, perhaps, the first time an harangue from the baronet had been thought too short; but the surprise of young Lynmere, at the view of his destined bride, made him wish he would speak on, merely to annul any necessity for speaking himself. Eugenia aimed in vain to recover the calmness of her nature, or to borrow what might resemble it from her notions of female dignity. The injudicious speech of Sir Hugh, by publicly forcing upon the whole party the settled purpose of the interview, covered her with blushes, and gave a tremor to her frame that obliged her precipitately to seat herself, while her joined hands supplicated his silence.

"Well, my dear; well!" said he, kissing her, "don't let me vex you; what I said having no meaning, except for the best; though your cousin might as well have saluted you before you sat down, I think; which, however, I suppose may be out

out of fashion now, every thing changing since my time; which, Lord help me! it will take me long enough to learn."

Lynmere noticed not this hint, and they all seated themselves round the breakfast table; Sir Hugh scarce able to refrain from crying for joy, and continually exclaiming: "This is the happiest day of all my life, for all I've lived so long! To see us all together, at last, and my dear boy come home to his native old England!"

Miss Margland made the tea, and young Lynmere instantly and almost voraciously began eating of every thing that was upon the table. Indiana, when she saw her brother as handsome as her cousin was deformed, thought the contrast so droll, she could look at neither without tittering; Lavinia observed, with extreme concern, the visible distress of her sister; Dr. Orkborne forbore to ruminat upon his work, in expectation, every moment, of being called upon to converse with the learned young traveller; but Sir Hugh alone spoke, though his delight and his loquacity joined

joined to his pleasure in remarking the good old English appetite which his nephew had brought with him from foreign parts, prevented his being struck with the general taciturnity.

The entrance of Mr. Tyrold proved a relief to all the party, though a pain to himself. He suffered in seeing the distressed confusion of Eugenia, and felt something little short of indignation at the supercilious air with which Clermont seemed to examine her; holding his head high and back, as if measuring his superior height, while every line round his mouth marked that ridicule was but suppressed by contempt.

When Sir Hugh, at length, observed, that the young traveller uttered not a syllable, he exclaimed: "Lord help us! what fools it makes of us, being overjoyed! here am I talking all the talk to myself, while my young scholar says nothing! which I take to be owing to my speaking only English; which, however, I should not do, if it was not for the misfortune

fortune of knowing no other, which I can't properly call a fault, being out of no idleness, as that gentleman can witness for me; for I'll warrant nobody's taken more pains; but our heads won't always do what we want."

He then gave a long and melancholy detail of his studies and their failure.

When the carriage arrived with Camilla, young Lynmere loitered to a window, to look at it; Eugenia arose, meaning to seize the opportunity to escape to her room; but seeing him turn round upon her moving, she again sat down, experiencing, for the first time, a sensation of shame for her lameness, which, hitherto, she had regularly borne with fortitude, when she had not forgotten from indifference: neither did she feel spirits to exhibit, again, before his tall and strikingly elegant figure, her diminutive little person.

Camilla entered with traces of a disordered mind too strongly marked in her countenance to have escaped observation, had she been looked at with any attention.

But

But Eugenia and Lynmere ingrossed all eyes and all thoughts. Even herself, at first sight of the husband elect of her sister, lost, for a moment, all personal consideration, and looked at him only with the interesting idea of the future fate of Eugenia. But it was only for a moment; when she turned round, and saw nothing of Edgar, when her uncle's inquiry what had become of him convinced her he was gone elsewhere, her heart sunk, she felt sick, and would have glided out of the room, had not Sir Hugh, thinking her faint for want of her breakfast, begged Miss Margland to make her some fresh tea; adding, "As this is a day in which I intend us all to be happy alike, I beg nobody will go out of the room, for the sake of our enjoying it all together."

This summons to happiness produced the usual effect of such calls; a general silence, succeeded by a general yawning, and a universal secret wish of separation, to the single exception of Sir Hugh, who, after a pause, said, "Why nobody speaks
but

but me ! which I really think odd enough. However, my dear nephew, if you don't care for our plain English conversation, which, indeed, after all your studies, one can't much wonder at, nobody can be against you and the Doctor jabbering together a little of your Greek and Latin."

Lynmere, letting fall his bread upon the table, leaned back in his chair, and, sticking his hands in his side, looked at his uncle with an air of astonishment.

"Nay," continued the baronet, "I don't pretend I should be much the wiser for it ; however, it's what I've no objection to hear : so come, Doctor ! you're the oldest ; break the ice !"

A verse of Horace with which Dr. Orkborne was opening his answer, was stopt short, by the eager manner in which Lynmere re-seized his bread with one hand, while, with the other, to the great discomposure of the exact Miss Margland, he stretched forth for the tea-pot, to pour out a basin of tea ; not ceasing the libation till the saucer itself, overcharged, sent his
beverage

beverage in trickling rills from the table-cloth to the floor.

The ladies all moved some paces from the table, to save their clothes; and Miss Margland reproachfully inquired if she had not made his tea to his liking.

“Don’t mind it, I beg, my dear boy,” cried Sir Hugh; “a little slop’s soon wiped up; and we’re all friends: so don’t let that stop your Latin.”

Lynmere, noticing neither the Latin, the mischief, nor the consolation, finished his tea in one draught, and then said: “Pray, sir, where do you keep all your newspapers?”

“Newspapers, my dear nephew? I’ve got no newspapers: what would you have us do with a mere set of politics, that not one of us understand, in point of what may be their true drift; now we’re all met together o’ purpose to be comfortable?”

“No newspapers, sir?” cried Lynmere, rising, and vehemently ringing the bell; and, with a scornful laugh, adding, half
between

between his teeth, "Ha! ha! live in the country without newspapers! a good joke, faith!"

A servant appearing, he gave orders for all the morning papers that could be procured.

Sir Hugh looked much amazed; but presently, starting up, said, "My dear nephew, I believe I've caught your meaning, at last; for if you mean, as I take for granted, that we're all rather dull company, why I'll take your hint, and leave you and a certain person together, to make a better acquaintance; which you can't do so well while we're all by, on account of modesty."

Eugenia, frightened almost to sickness, caught by her two sisters; and Mr. Tyrold, tenderly compassionating her apprehensions, whispered to Sir Hugh to dispense with a *tête-à-tête* so early: and, taking her hand, accompanied her himself to her room, composing, and re-assuring her by the way.

Sir

Sir Hugh, though vexed, then followed, to issue some particular orders; the rest of the party dispersed, and young Lynmere remained with his sister.

Walking on tiptoe to the door, he shut it, and put his ear to the key-hole, till he no longer heard any footstep. Turning then hastily round, he flung himself, full length, upon a sofa, and burst into so violent a fit of laughter, he was forced to hold his sides.

Indiana, tittering, said, "Well, brother, how do you like her?"

"Like her!" he repeated, when able to speak; "why the old gentleman doats! He can never, else, seriously suppose I'll marry her."

"He! he! he! yes, but he does, indeed, brother. He's got every thing ready."

"Has he, faith?" cried Lynmere, again rolling on the sofa, almost suffocated with violent laughter: from which, suddenly recovering, he started up to stroom to a large

large looking-glass, and, standing before it, in an easy and most assured attitude, "Much obliged to him, 'pon honour!" he exclaimed: "Don't you think," turning carelessly, yet in an elegant position, round to his sister, "don't you think I am, Indiana?"

"Me, brother? la! I'm sure I think she's the ugliest little fright, poor thing! I ever saw in the world, poor thing! such a little, short, dumpty, hump backed, crooked, limping figure of a fright---poor thing!"

"Yes, yes," cried he; changing his posture, but still undauntedly examining himself before the glass, "he has taken amazing care of me, I confess; matched me most exactly!"

Then sitting down, as if to consider the matter more seriously, he took Indiana by the arm, and, with some displeasure, said, "Why, what does the old quoz mean? Does he want me to toss him in a blanket?"

Indiana

Indiana tittered more than ever at this idea, till her brother angrily demanded of her, why she had not written herself some description of this young Hecate, to prepare him for her sight? Sir Hugh having merely given him to understand that she was not quite beautiful.

Indiana had no excuse to plead, but that she did not think of it. She had, indeed, grown up with an aversion to writing, in common with whatever else gave trouble, or required attention; and her correspondence with her brother rarely produced more than two letters in a year, which were briefly upon general topics, and read by the whole family.

She now related to him the history of the will, and the vow, which only in an imperfect, and but half-credited manner had reached him.

His laughter then gave place to a storm of rage. He called himself ruined, blasted, undone; and abused Sir Hugh as a good-for-nothing dotard, defraud-
ing

ing him of his just rights and expectations.

“ Why, that’s the reason,” said Indiana, “ he wants to marry you to cousin Eugenia ; because, he says, it’s to make you amends.”

This led him to a rather more serious consideration of the affair ; for, he protested the money was what he could not do without. Yet, again parading to the glass, “ What a shame, Indiana,” he cried, “ what a shame would it be to make, such a sacrifice ? If he’ll only pay a trifle of money for me, and give me a few odd hundreds to begin with, I’ll hold him quit of all else, so he’ll but quit me of that wizen little stump.”

A newspaper, procured from the nearest public house, being now brought, he pinched Indiana by the chin, said she was the finest girl he had seen in England, and whistled off to his appointed chamber.

Clermont Lynmere so entirely resembled his sister in person, that now, in his first youth, he might almost have been taken

for her, even without change of dress: but the effect produced upon the beholders bore not the same parallel: what in her was beauty in its highest delicacy, in him seemed effeminacy in its lowest degradation. The brilliant fairness of his forehead, the transparent pink of his cheeks, the pouting vermilion of his lips, the liquid lustre of his languishing blue eyes, the minute form of his almost infantine mouth, and the snowy whiteness of his small hands and taper fingers, far from bearing the attraction which, in his sister, rendered them so lovely, made him considered by his own sex as an unmanly fop, and by the women, as too conceited to admire any thing but himself.

With respect to his understanding, his superiority over his sister was rather in education than in parts, and in practical intercourse with the world, than in any higher reasoning faculties. His character, like his person, wanted maturing, the one being as distinct from intellectual decision, as the other from masculine dignity. He had

had youth without diffidence, sprightliness without wit, opinion without judgment, and learning without knowledge. Yet, as he contemplated his fine person in the glass, he thought himself without one external fault; and, early cast upon his own responsibility, was not conscious of one mental deficiency.

C H A P. IX.

Offs and Ons.

MR. TYROLD left Eugénia to her sisters, unwilling to speak of Lynmere till he had seen something more of him. Sir Hugh, also, was going, for he had no time, he said, to lose in his preparations: but Eugenia, taking his arm, besought that nothing of that kind might, at present, be mentioned.

“Don’t trouble yourself about that, my dear,” he answered; “for it’s what I take all into my own hands; your cousin being a person that don’t talk much; by which, how can any thing be brought forward, if nobody interferes? A girl, you know, my dear, can’t speak for herself, let her wish it never so much.”

“Alas!” said Eugenia, when he was gone, “how painfully am I situated! Clermont will surely suppose this precipit-

ance all mine; and already, possibly, concludes it is upon my suggestion he has thus prematurely been called from his travels, and impeded in his praise-worthy ambition of studying the laws, manners, and customs of the different nations of Europe!"

The wan countenance of Camilla soon, however, drew all observation upon herself, and obliged her to narrate the cruel adventure of the morning.

The sisters were both petrified by the account of Sir Sedley; and their compassion for his expected despair was changed into disgust at his insulting impertinence. They were of opinion that his bird and his letters should immediately be returned; and their horror of any debt with a character mingling such presumption with such levity, made Eugenia promise that, as soon as she was mistress of so much money, she would send him, in the name of Lionel, his two hundred pounds.

The bird, therefore, by Tom Hodd, was instantly conveyed to Clarendel-Place; but the letters Camilla retained, till she

could first shew them to Edgar,---if this event had not lost him to her for ever, and if he manifested any desire of an explanation.

* * * *

Edgar himself, meanwhile, in a paroxysm of sudden misery, and torturing jealousy, had galloped furiously to the rectory of Cleves.

“ O, Doctor Marchmont!” he cried, “ what a tale have I now to unfold! Within these last twenty-four hours I have been the most wretched---the happiest---and again the most agonized of human beings! I have thought Camilla bestowed upon another,---I have believed her,---oh, Doctor!---my own!---I have conceived myself at the summit of all earthly felicity!---I find myself, at this moment deluded and undone!”

He then detailed the account, calling upon the Doctor to unravel to him the insupportable ænigma of his destiny; to
tell

tell him for what purpose Camilla had shewn him a tenderness so bewitching, at the very time she was carrying on a clandestine intercourse with another? with a man, who, though destitute neither of wit nor good qualities, it was impossible she should love, since she was as incapable of admiring as of participating in his defects? To what incomprehensible motives attribute such incongruities? Why accept and suffer her friends to accept him, if engaged to Sir Sedley? why, if seriously meaning to be his, this secret correspondence? Why so early, so private, so strange a meeting? "Whence, Doctor Marchmont, the daring boldness of his seizing her hand? whence the never-to-be-forgotten licence with which he presumed to lift it to his lips,—and there hardily to detain it, so as never man durst do, whose hopes were not all alive, from his own belief in their encouragement! explain, expound to me this work of darkness and amazement; tell me why, with every appearance of the most artless open-

G 4

ness,

ness, I find her thus eternally disingenuous and unintelligible? why, though I have cast myself wholly into her power, she retains all her mystery---she heightens it into deceit next perjury?"

" Ask me, my dear young friend, why the sun does not give night, and the moon day; then why women practise coquetry. Alas! my season for surprize has long been passed! They will rather trifle, even with those they despise, than be candid even with those they respect. The young baronet, probably, has been making his court to her, or she has believed such was his design; but as you first came to the point, she would not hazard rejecting you, while uncertain if he were serious. She was, possibly, putting him to the test, by the account of your declaration, at the moment of your unseasonable intrusion."

" If this, Doctor, is your statement, and if your statement is just, in how despicable a lottery have I risked the peace of my life! You suppose then---that, if sure of Sir Sedley---I am discarded?"

" You

“ You know what I think of your situation : can I, when to yet more riches I add a title, suppose that of Sir Sedley less secure ?”

The shuddering start, the distracted look of Edgar, with his hand clapped to his burning forehead, now alarmed the Doctor ; who endeavoured to somewhat soften his sentence, dissuading him against any immediate measures, and advising him to pass over these first moments of emotion, and then coolly to suffer inquiry to take place of decision. But Edgar could not hear him ; he shook hands with him, faintly smiled, as an apology for not speaking ; and, hurrying off, without waiting for his servant, galloped towards the New Forest : leaving his absence from Cleves to declare his defection, and bent only to fly from Camilla, and all that belonged to her.

All, however, that belonged to Camilla was precisely what followed him ; pursued him in every possible form, clung to his heart-strings, almost maddened his senses.

senses. He could not bear to reflect; retrospection was torture, anticipation was horror. To lose thus, without necessity, without calamity, the object of his dearest wishes,---to lose her from mere declension of esteem---

“ Any inevitable evil,” he cried, “ I could have sustained; any blow of fortune, however severe; any stroke of adversity, however terrible;---but this---this error of all my senses---this deception of all my hopes---this extinction of every feeling I have cherished”---

He rode on yet harder, leaping over every thing, thoughtless rather than fearless of every danger he could encounter, and galloping with the speed and violence of some pursuit, though wholly without view, and almost without consciousness, as if, hoping by flight, to escape from the degenerate portrait of Camilla: but its painter was his own imagination, and mocked the attempt.

From the other side of a five-barred gate, which, with almost frantic speed, he was
was

was approaching with a view to clear, a voice halloo'd to stop him; and, at the same time, a man who was leading one horse, and riding another, dismounted, and called out, "Why, as sure as I'm alive, it's 'Squire Mandlebert!'"

Edgar now, perceiving Jacob, was going to turn back to avoid him; but, restraining this first movement, faintly desired him to stand by, as he had not a moment to lose.

"Good lack!" cried Jacob, with the freedom of an old servant, who had known him from a boy; "why, I would not but have happened to come this way for never so much! why you might have broke your neck, else! Leap such a gate as this here? why, I can't let you do no such a thing! Miss Camilla's like a child of my own, as one may say; and she'll never hold up her head again, I'll be bound for it, if you should come to any harm; and, as to poor old master! 'twould go nigh to break his heart."

Struck with words which, from so faithful an old servant, could not but be touching, Edgar was brought suddenly to himself, and felt the claim of the Tyrold family for a conduct more guarded. He endeavoured to put his own feelings apart, and consider how best he might spare those of the friends of Camilla; those of Camilla herself he concluded to be out of his reach, except as they might simply relate to the female pride and vanity of refusing rather than being given up.

He paused, now, to weigh how he might obviate any offence; and, after first resolving to write a sort of general leave-taking, and, next, seeing the almost insuperable objections to whatever he could state, determined upon gaining time for deliberation, by merely commissioning Jacob to carry a message to Cleves, that some sudden affairs called him, for the present, to a distant part of the country. This, at such a period, would create a surprise that might lead the way to what
would

would follow: and Camilla, who could not, he thought, be much astonished, might then take her own measures for the defection she would see reason to expect.

But Jacob resisted bearing the intelligence: "Good lack, sir," he cried, "what have you got in your head? something that will do you no good, I'll be bound, by the look of your eyes, which look as big as if they was both going to drop out; you'd better come yourself and tell 'em what's the matter, and speak a word to poor Miss Camilla, or she'll never believe but what some ill has betided you. Why we all knew about it; fast enough, before our master told us; servants have eyes as well as their masters; only Mary will have it she found it out at the first, which an't true, for I saw it by the time you'd been a week in the house; and if you'll take my word, squire, I don't think there's such another heart in the world as Miss Camilla's, except just my own old master's."

Edgar

Edgar leant against his horse, neither speaking nor moving, yet involuntarily listening, while deeply sighing.

“What a power of good she’ll do,” continued Jacob, “when she’s mistress of Beech Park! I warrant she’ll go about, visiting the poor, and making them clothes, and broths, and wine possets, and baby-linen, all day long. She has done it at Ethèrington quite from a child; and when she had nothing to give ’em, she used to take her thread papers and needle books, and sit down and work for them, and carry them bits and scraps of things to help ’em to patch their gowns. Why when she’s got your fine fortunes, she’ll bring a blessing upon the whole county.”

Edgar felt touched; his wrath was softened into tenderness, and he ejaculated to himself: “Such, indeed, I thought Camilla! active in charity, gentle in good works!—I thought that in putting my fortune into her hands, I was serving the unhappy,---feeding the indigent,---reviving the sick!”

“Master,” continued Jacob, “took a fancy to her from the very first, as well as I; and when master said she was coming to live with us, I asked to make it a holiday for all our folks, and master was as pleased as I. But nobody’d think what a tender heart she’s got of her own, without knowing her, because of her singing, and laughing, and dancing so, except when old Miss Margland’s in the way, who’s what Mr. Lionel calls a kill-joy at any time. Howbeit, I’ll take special care she shan’t be by when I tell her of my stopping you from breaking your neck here; but I wish you could be in a corner yourself, to peep at her, without her knowing it; I’ll warrant you she’ll give me such a smile, you’d be fit to eat her!”

Shaken once more in every resolution, because uncertain in every opinion, Edgar found the indignant desperation which had seized him begin to subside, and his mind again become affailable by something resembling hope. Almost instinctively he remounted his horse, and almost involuntarily----

rily---drawn on by hearkening to the praise of Camilla, and fascinated by the details made by Jacob of her regard, accompanied him back to Cleves.

As they rode into the park, and while he was earnestly endeavouring to form some palliation, by which he might exculpate what seemed to him so guilty in the strange meeting and its strange circumstances, he perceived Camilla herself, walking upon the lawn. He saw she had observed him, and saw, from her air, she seemed irresolute if to re-enter the house, or await him.

Jacob, significantly pointing her out, offered to shew the effect he could produce by what he could relate; but Edgar, giving him the charge of his horse, earnestly besought him to retire in quiet, and to keep his opinions and experiments to himself.

Each now, separately, and with nearly equal difficulty, strove to attain fortitude to seek an explanation. They approached each other; Camilla with her eyes fixed upon

upon the ground, her air embarrassed, and her cheeks covered with blushes; Edgar with quick, but almost tottering steps, his eyes wildly avoiding hers, and his complexion pale even to indisposition.

When they were met within a few yards, they stopt; Camilla still without courage to look up, and Edgar striving to speak, but finding no passage for his voice. Camilla, then, ashamed of her situation, raised her eyes, and forced herself to say, "Have you been into the house? Have you seen my cousin Lynmere?"

"No---madam."

Struck with a cold formality that never before, from Edgar, had reached her ears, and shocked by the sight of his estranged and altered countenance, with the cruel consciousness that appearances authorised the most depreciating suspicions, she advanced, and holding out her hand, "Edgar," she gently cried, "are you ill? or only angry?"

"O Camilla!" he answered, "can you deign to use to me such a word? can you
distort

distort my dearest affections, convulse my fairest hopes, eradicate every power of happiness---yet speak with so much sweetness---yet look at me with such mildness? such softness---I had almost said---such kindness?"

Deeply affected, she could hardly stand. He had taken her offered hand, but in a manner so changed from the same action the preceding day, that she scarce knew if he touched while he held it, scarce felt that he relinquished, as almost immediately she withdrew it.

But her condescension at this moment was rather a new torment than any solace to him. The hand which she proffered, and which the day before he had received as the token of permanent felicity, he had now seen in the possession of another, with every licence, every apparent mark of permitted rapture in which he had been indulged himself. He knew not to whom it of right belonged; and the doubt not merely banished happiness, but mingled resentment with misery.

“ I see, ”

“I see,” cried she, after a mortified pause; “you have lost your good opinion of me---I can only, therefore---” She stopt, but his melancholy silence was a confirmation of her suggestion that offended her into more exertion, and, with sensibility raised into dignity, she added, “only hope your intended tour to the Continent may take place without delay!”

She would then have walked on to the house; but following her, “Is all over?” he cried, “and is it thus, Camilla, we part?”

“Why not?” said she, suppressing a sigh, yet turning back.

“What a question! cruel Camilla! Is this all the explanation you allow me?”

“What other do you wish?”

“All!---every other!---that meeting---those letters---”

“If you have any curiosity yet remaining---only name what you desire.”

“Are

“Are you indeed so good?” cried he, in a voice that shewed his soul again melting; “those letters, then----”

“You shall have them----every one!” she cried, with alacrity; and instantly taking out her pocket-book, presented him with the prepared packet.

Penetrated by this unexpected openness and compliance, he snatched her hand, with intent to press it to his lips; but again the recollection he had seen that liberty accorded to Sir Sedley, joined to the sight of his writing, checked him; he let it go; bowed his thanks with a look of grateful respect, and attempting no more to stop her, walked towards the summer-house, to peruse the letters.

C H A P. X.

Resolutions.

THE sound of the dinner-bell, which rang in the ears of Edgar before he reached his intended retreat, would have been unnoticed, if not seconded by a message from Sir Hugh, who had seen him from his window.

Compelled to obey, though in a state of suspense almost intolerable, he put up the important little packet, and repaired to the dining parlour; where, though none were equally disturbed with himself, no one was at ease. Young Eymère, under an appearance of mingled assurance and apathy, the effect of acquired conceit, playing upon natural insipidity, was secretly tormented with the rueful necessity of sacrificing either a noble fortune, or his own fine person; Sir Hugh felt a strange disappointment from the whole
behaviour

behaviour of his nephew, though it was what he would not acknowledge, and could not define; Mr. Tyrold saw with much uneasiness the glaringly apparent unfruitfulness of the intended alliance; Eugenia had never yet thought herself so plain and insignificant, and felt as if, even since the morning, the small-pox had renewed its ravages, and she had sunk into being shorter; Indiana and Miss Margland were both acutely incensed with Mandlebert; Dr. Orkborne saw but small reason to expect gratitude for his labours from the supercilious negligence of the boasted young student; Lavinia was disturbed for both her sisters; and Camilla felt that all she valued in life depended upon the next critical hour or two.

In this state of general discomfort, Sir Hugh, who could never be silent, alone talked. Having long prepared himself to look upon this meeting as a day of happiness, he strove to believe, for a while, the whole family were peculiarly enjoying themselves; but, upon a dead silence, which

which ensued upon his taking a copious draught of Madeira and water, "Why, my dear nephew," he cried, putting down his goblet, "you don't tell us any thing? which I've no doubt but you know why yourself. However, as we're all met o' purpose to see you, I can't say I should be sorry to hear the sound of your voice, provided it won't be disagreeable."

"We are not much—conversant, sir, in each other's connexions, I believe," answered Lynmere, without ceasing a moment to eat; and to help himself, and ordering a fresh plate at every second mouthful; "I have seen nothing, yet, of your folks hereabouts; and, I fancy, sir, you don't know a great deal of the people I have been used to."

Sir Hugh, having good humouredly acknowledged this to be truth, was at a loss what further to purpose; and, imagining the taciturnity of the rest of the party to proceed from an awe of the knowledge and abilities of his nephew, soon became himself so infected with fear and reverence,
that,

that, though he could not be silent, he spoke only to those who were next him, and in a whisper.

When the dessert was served, something like a general relief was effected by the unexpected entrance of Dr. Marchmont. Alarmed by the ungoverned, and, in him, unprecedented, emotions of Edgar, he had been to Beech Park; and, finding he had not returned there, had ridden on, in the most uneasy uncertainty, to inquire for him at Cleves.

Happy to see him safe, though almost smiling to see with whom, he was beginning some excuse for his intrusion, when the baronet saved his proceeding, by calling out, "Well, this is as good a piece of good luck as any we've met with yet! Here's Dr. Marchmont come to wish us joy; and as he's as good a scholar as yourself, nephew; for any thing I know to the contrary, why you need not be so afraid of speaking, for the sake of our not understanding you; which here's five of us can do now, as well as yourself."

Lynmere,

Lynmere, readily concluding Mr. Tyrold and Edgar, with the two Doctors, made four, glanced round the table to see who might be the fifth; when, supposing it Miss Margland, he withdrew his eyes with a look of derision, and, turning to the butler, asked what wines he might call for.

Sir Hugh then proposed that they should all pair off; the ignorant ones going one way, and the learned ones staying another.

It would be difficult to say which looked most averse to this proposition, Eugenia, or the young traveller; who hastily said, "I always ride after dinner, sir. Is your groom at hand? Can he shew me your horses?"

"My nephew little suspects," cried Sir Hugh, winking, "Eugenia belongs to the scholars! Ten to one but he thinks he's got Homer and Horace to himself! But here, my dear boy, as you're so fond of the classics"—

Clermont, nimbly rising, and knocking down a decanter of water in his haste, but not turning back to look at it, nor staying to offer any apology, affected not to hear his uncle, and flung hastily out of the room, calling upon Indiana to follow him.

“ In the name of all the *Diavoli*,” cried he, pulling her into the park with him, “ what does all this mean? Is the old gentleman *non compos*? what’s all this stuff he descants upon so freely, of scholars, and classics, and Homer, and Horace?”

“ O you must ask Eugenia, not me!” answered Indiana, scornfully.

“ Why, what does Eugenia know of the matter?”

“ Know? why every thing. She’s a great scholar, and has been brought up by Dr. Orkborne; and she talks Greek and Latin.”

“ Does she so? then, by the Lord! she’s no wife of mine! I’d as soon marry the old Doctor himself! and I’m sure he’d make me as pretty a wife. Greek and Latin!

Latin! why, I'd as soon tie myself to a rod. Pretty sort of dinners she'll give!"

"O dear, yes, brother; she don't care what she eats; she cares for nothing but books, and such kind of things."

"Books! ha! ha! Books, and Latin and Greek! upon my faith, a pretty wife the old gentleman has been so good as to find me! why he must be a downright driveller!"

"Ah, brother, if we had all that fortune, what a different figure we should cut with it!"

"Why, yes, I rather flatter myself we should. No great need of five thousand a year to pore over books! Ha! ha! faith, this is a good hum enough! So he thinks to take me in, does he?"

"Why, you know, she is so rich, brother."-----

"Rich? well, and what am I? do you see such a figure as this," (suddenly skipping before her,) "every day? Am I reduced to my last legs, think you? Do

you suppose I can't meet with some kind old dowager any time these twenty years?"

"La, brother, won't you have her then?"

"No, faith, won't I! It's not come to that, neither. This learning is worse than her ugliness; 'twould make me look like a dunce in my own house."

He then protested he had rather lose forty estates, than so be sacrificed, and vowed, without venturing a direct refusal, he would soon ficken the old gentleman of his scheme.

* * * *

Eugenia, in retreating to her room, was again accompanied by her father and her uncle, whom she conjured now, to name her to Clermont no more.

"I can't say I admire these puttings off, my dear," said the baronet, "in this our mortal state, which is always liable to end in our dying. Not that I pretend to tell
you

you I think him over much alert; but there's no knowing but what he may have some meaning in it that we can't understand; a person having studied all his life, has a right to a little particularity."

Mr. Tyrold himself now seriously interfered, and desired that, henceforth, Clermont might be treated as if his visit to Cleves was merely to congratulate his uncle upon his recovery; and that all schemes, preparations, and allusions, might be put aside, unless the youth himself, and with a good grace, brought them forward; meanwhile, he and Lavinia would return without delay to Etherington, to obviate all appearance of waiting the decision of any plan.

Sir Hugh was much discomfited by the exaction of such forbearance, yet could the less oppose it, from his own internal discontent with his nephew, which he inadvertently betrayed, by murmuring, in his way to his chamber, "There's no denying but what they've got some odd-fangled new ways of their own, in those foreign parts; meeting a set of old relations for
H 3 the

the first time, and saying nothing to them, but asking for the newspapers! Lord help us! caring about the wide world, so, when we know nothing of it, instead of one's own uncles and nephews, and kins-people!"

* * * *

During this time, Edgar, almost agonised by suspense and doubt, had escaped to the summer-house, whither he was followed by Dr. Marchmont, greatly to the wonder, almost with the contempt of Dr. Orkborne; whom he quitted, in anxiety for his young friend, just as he had intimated a design to consult him upon a difficult passage in an ancient author, which had a place in his work, that was now nearly ready for the press.

"I know well, Doctor," said Edgar, "that to find me here, after all that has passed, will make you conclude me the weakest of men---but I cannot now explain how it has been brought about---these
letters

letters must first tell me if Camilla and I meet more than once again."

He then hastily ran over the letters; but by no means hastily could he digest, nor even comprehend their contents. He thought them florid, affected, and presuming; yet vague, studied, with little appearance of sincerity, and less of explicit decision. What related to Lionel, and to aiding him in the disposal of his wealth, seemed least intelligible, yet most like serious meaning; but when he found that the interview at the Grove was by positive appointment, and granted to a request made with a forwardness and assurance so wide from all delicacy and propriety, the blood mounted high into his cheeks, and, precipitately putting up the packet, he exclaimed: "Here, then, it ends! the last little ray of hesitation is extinct---extinct to be kindled never more!"

The sound of these last words caused him an emotion of sorrow he was unable to resist, though unwilling to betray, and he hurried out of the summer-house to the

wood, where he strove to compose his mind to the last leave-taking upon which he was now determined; but so dreadful was the resolution which exacted from his own mouth the resignation of all that, till now, had been dearest to his views and hopes, that the afternoon was far advanced, before he could assume sufficient courage to direct his steps to the spot where the sacrifice was to be made.

Accusing, himself, then, of weakness unpardonable, he returned to the summer-house, to apologise to Dr. Marchmont for his abrupt retreat; but the Doctor had already re-entered the mansion. Thither, therefore, he proceeded, purposing to seek Camilla, to return her the letters of Sir Sedley, and to desire her commands in what manner to conduct himself with her father and her uncle, in acknowledging his fears that the projected union would fail of affording, to either party, the happiness which, at first, it seemed to promise.

The carriage of Sir Hugh was in waiting at the door, and Mr. Tyrold and Lavinia were

were in the hall. Edgar, in no condition for such an encounter, would have avoided them; but Mr. Tyrold, little suspecting his desire, rejoiced at the meeting, saying he had had the house searched for him in vain, that he might shake hands with him before his return to Etherington.

Then, taking him apart, "My dear Edgar," he cried, "I have long loved you as tenderly, and I may now confide in you as completely, as if you were my son. I go hence in some inquietude; I fear my brother has been too hasty in making known his views with regard to Clermont; who does not seem equal to appreciating the worth of Eugenia, though it is evident he has not been slack in noticing her misfortunes. I entreat you, during my absence, to examine him as if you were already the brother of that dear child, who merits, you well know, the best and tenderest of husbands."

He then followed Lavinia into the carriage, prevented by his own occupied mind from observing the fallen countenance of

Edgar, who, more wretched than ever, bemoaned now the kindness of which he had hitherto been proud, and lamented the paternal trust which he would have purchased the day before almost with life.

* * * *

Camilla, during this period, had gone through conflicts no less severe.

Jacob, who had bought a horse, for which he had cheerfully advanced 20*l.* had informed her of the gate adventure of Edgar, and told her that, but for his stopping him, he was riding like mad from Cleves, and only sending them all a message that he could not come back.

Grieved, surprised, and offended, she instantly determined she would not risk such another mark of his cold superiority, but restore to him his liberty, and leave him master of himself. "If the severity of his judgment," cried she, "is so much more potent than the warmth of his affection, it shall not be his delicacy, nor his compassion,
that

that shall make me his. I will neither be the wife of his repentance nor of his pity. I must be convinced of his unaltered love, his esteem, his trust----or I shall descend to humiliation, not rise to happiness, in becoming his. Softness here would be meanness; submission degrading----if he hesitates----let him go!"

She then, without weighing, or even seeing one objection, precipitately resolved to beg permission of her friends, to accept an invitation she had received, without as yet answering, to meet Mrs. Berlington at Southampton, where that lady was going to pass some weeks. She could there, she thought, give the rejection which here its inviolable circumstances made her, for Lionel's sake, afraid to risk; or she could there, if a full explanation should appease him, find opportunity to make it with equal safety; his dislike to that acquaintance rather urged than impeded her plan, for her wounded spirit panted to prove its independence and dignity.

Eugenia approved this elevation of sentiment, and doubted not it would shew her again in her true light to Edgar, and bring him, with added esteem, to her feet.

Camilla wept with joy at the idea: "Ah!" she cried, "if such should be my happy fate; if, after hearing all my imprudence, my precipitance, and want of judgment, he should voluntarily, when wholly set free, return to me---I will confess to him every feeling---and every failing of my heart! I will open to him my whole soul, and cast myself ever after upon his generosity and his goodness---O, my Eugenia! almost on my knees could I receive---a second time---the vows of Edgar Mandebert!"

C H A P. XI.

Ease and Freedom.

LYNMERE, at tea-time, returned from his ride, with a fixed plan of frightening or disgusting the baronet from the alliance; with Eugenia, herself, he imagined the attempt would be vain, for he did not conceive it possible any woman who had eyes could be induced to reject him.

Determined, therefore, to indulge, in full, both the natural presumption and acquired luxuriance of his character, he conducted himself in a manner that, to any thing short of the partiality of Sir Hugh, would have rendered him insupportably offensive: but Sir Hugh had so long cherished a reverence for what he had himself ordered with regard to his studies, and what he implicitly credited of his attainments, that it was more easy to him to doubt his senses, than to suppose so accomplished

plished a scholar could do any thing but what was right.

“Your horses are worth nothing, sir,” cried he, in entering; “I never rode so unpleasant a beast. I don’t know who has the care of your stud; but whoever it is, he deserves to be hanged.”

Sir Hugh could not refuse, either to his justice or his kindness, to vindicate his faithful Jacob; and for his horses he made as many excuses, as if every one had been a human creature, whom he was recommending to his mercy, with a fear they were unworthy of his favour.

Not a word was said more, except what Miss Margland, from time to time, extorted, by begging questions, in praise of her tea, till Lynmere, violently ringing the bell, called out to order a fire.

Every body was surpris'd at this liberty, without any previous demand of permission from the baronet, or any inquiry into the feelings of the rest of the company; and Sir Hugh, in a low voice, said to Eugenia, “I am a little afraid poor Mary will be rather

ther out of humour to have the grate to polish again to-morrow morning, in the case my nephew should not like to have another fire then ; which, I suppose, if the weather continues so hot, may very likely not be agreeable to him."

Another pause now ensued ; Dr. Marchmont, who, of the whole party, was alone, at this time, capable of leading to a general conversation, was separately occupied by watching Camilla ; while himself, as usual, was curiously and unremittingly examined by Dr. Orkborne, in whom so much attention to a young lady raised many private doubts of the justice of his scholastic fame ; which soon, by what he observed of his civility even to Miss Margland, were confirmed nearly to scepticism.

Mary, now, entering with a coal scuttle and a candle, Lynmere, with much displeasure, called out, " Bring wood ; I hate coals."

Mary, as much displeased, and nearly as much humoured as himself, answered that
nothing

nothing but coals were ever burnt in that grate.

“ Take it all away, then, and bid my man fend me my pelisse. That I made to cross the Alps in.”

“ I am very forry, indeed, nephew,” said Sir Hugh, “ that we were not better prepared for your being so chilly, owing to the weather being set in so sultry, that we none of us much thought of having a fire; and, indeed, in my young time, we were never allowed thinking of such things before Michaelmas-day; which I suppose is quite behind-hand now. Pray, nephew, if it is not too much trouble to you, what’s the day for lighting fires in foreign parts?”

“ There’s no rule of that sort, now, sir, in modern philosophy; that kind of thing’s completely out; entirely exploded, I give you my word.”

“ Well, every thing’s new, Lord help me, since I was born! But pray, nephew, if I may ask, without tiring you too much,
on

on account of my ignorance, have they fires in summer as well as winter there?"

"Do you imagine there are grates and fires on the Continent, sir, the same as in England? ha! ha!"

Sir Hugh was discountenanced from any further inquiry.

Another silence ensued, broken again by a vehement ringing of the bell.

When the servant appeared, "What have you got," cried Lynmere, "that you can bring me to eat?"

"Eat, nephew! why you would not eat before supper, when here's nobody done tea? not that I'd have you baulk your appetite, which, to be sure, ought to be the best judge."

The youth ordered some oysters.

There were none in the house.

He desired a barrel might immediately be procured; he could eat nothing else.

Still Edgar, though frequent opportunities occurred, had no fortitude to address Camilla, and no spirits to speak. To her,
however,

however, his dejection was a revival; she read in it her power, and hoped her present plan would finally confirm it.

A servant now came in, announcing a person who had brought two letters, one for Sir Hugh, the other for Miss Camilla, but who said he would deliver them himself: The baronet desired he might be admitted.

Several minutes passed, and he did not appear. The wonder of Sir Hugh was awakened for his letter; but Camilla, dreading a billet from Sir Sedley, was in no haste.

Lynmere, however, glad of an opportunity to issue orders, or make disturbance, furiously rang the bell, saying: "Where are these letters?"

"Jacob," said the baronet, "my nephew don't mean the slowness to be any fault of yours, it being what you can't help; only tell the person that brought us our letters, we should be glad to look at them, not knowing who they may be from."

"Why

“ Why he seems but an odd sort of fish, sir; I can’t much make him out; he’s been begging some flour to put in his hair; he’ll make himself so spruce, he says, we sha’n’t know him again; I can’t much think he’s a gentleman.”

He then, however, added he had made a mistake, as there was no letter for his master, but one for Miss Camilla, and the other for Miss Margland.

“ For me?” exclaimed Miss Margland, breaking forth from a scornful silence, during which her under lip had been busy to express her contempt of the curiosity excited upon this subject. “ Why how dare they not tell me it was for me? it may be from somebody of consequence, about something of importance, and here’s half a day lost before I can see it!”

She then rose to go in search of it herself, but opened the door upon Mr. Dubster.

A ghost, could she have persuaded herself she had seen one, could not more have astonished, though it would more have dismayed

mayed her. She drew haughtily back, saying: "Is there nobody else come?"

The servant answered in the negative, and she retreated to her chair.

Camilla alone was not perplexed by this sight; she had, already, from the description, suggested whom she might expect, according to the intimation given by the ever mischievous Lionel.

Miss Margland, concluding he would turn out to be some broken tradesman, prepared herself to expect that the letter was a petition, and watched for an opportunity to steal out of the room.

Mr. Dubster made two or three low bows, while he had his hand upon the door, and two or three more when he had shut it. He then cast his eyes round the room, and espying Camilla, with a leering sort of smile, said: "O, you're there, ma'am! I should find you out in a hundred. I've got a letter for you, ma'am, and another for the gentlewoman I took for your mamma; and I was not much out in my guess, for there's no
great

great difference, as one may say, between a mamma and a governess; only the mother's the more natural, like."

He then presented her a letter, which she hastily put up, not daring to venture at a public perusal, lest it might contain not merely something ludicrous concerning Mr. Dubster, to which she was wholly indifferent, but allusions to Sir Sedley Clarendel, which, in the actual situation of things, might be fatally unseasonable.

"And now," said Mr. Dubster, "I must give up my t'other letter, asking the gentlewoman's pardon for not giving it before; only I was willing to give the young lady her's first, young ladies being apt to be more in a hurry than people a little in years."

This address did not much add to the benevolent eagerness of Miss Margland to read the epistle, and endeavouring to decline accepting it: "Really," she said, "unless I know what it's about, I'm not much used to receiving letters in that manner."

7.
"As

“As to what it’s about,” cried he, with a half suppressed smiler, and nodding his head on one side; “that’s a bit of a secret, as you’ll see when you’ve read it.”

“Indeed, good man, I wish you very well; but as to reading all the letters that every body brings one, it requires more time than I can pretend to have to spare, upon every trifling occasion.”

She would then have retired; but Mr. Dubster, stopping her, said: “Why, if you don’t read it, ma’am, nobody’ll be never the wiser for what I come about, for its ungain-like to speak for one’s self; and the young gentleman said he’d write to you, because, he said, you’d like it the best.”

“The young gentleman? what young gentleman?”

“Young squire Tyrold; he said you’d be as pleased as any thing to tell it to the old gentleman yourself; for you was vast fond, he said, of matrimony.”

“Matrimony? what have I to do with matrimony?” cried Miss Margland, reddening

dening and bridling; "if it's any vulgar trick of that kind, that Mr. Lionel is amusing himself with, I'm not quite the right sort of person to be so played upon; and I desire, mister, you'll take care how you come to me any more upon such errands, lest you meet with your proper deserts."

"Dear heart! I'm not going to offer any thing uncivil. As to matrimony, it's no great joke to a man, when once he's made his way in the world; it's more an affair of you ladies by half."

"Of us? upon my word! this is a compliment rather higher than I expected. Mr. Lionel may find, however, I have friends who will resent such impertinence, if he imagines he may send who he will to me with proposals of this sort."

"Lauk, ma'am, you need not be in such a fright for nothing! however, there's your letter, ma'am," putting it upon the table; "and when you are in better cue, I suppose you'll read it."

Then, advancing to Camilla: "Now, ma'am, let's you and I have a little talk together;

gether ; but first, by good rights, I ought to speak to your uncle ; only I don't know which he is ; 'twill be mortal kind if you'll help a body out."

Sir Hugh was going to answer for himself, when Lynmere, fatigued with so long a scene in which he had no share, had recourse to his friend the bell, calling out, at the same time, in a voice of impatience, "No oysters yet!"

Sir Hugh now began to grow unhappy for his servants ; for himself he not only could bear any thing, but still concluded he had nothing to bear ; but his domestics began all to wear long faces, and, accustomed to see them happy, he was hurt to observe the change. No partiality to his nephew could disguise to him, that, long used to every possible indulgence, it was vain to hope they would submit, without murmuring, to so new a bondage of continual and peremptory commands. Instead of attending, therefore, to Mr. Dubster, he considered what apology to offer to Jacob ; who suspecting by whom he was summoned,

moned, did not make his appearance till Lynmere rung again.

“Where are these oysters?” he then demanded; “have you been eating them?”

“No, sir,” answered he surlily; “we’re not so sharp set; we live in Old England; we don’t come from outlandish countries.”

This true John Bullism, Lynmere had neither sense to despise, nor humour to laugh at; and, seriously in a rage, called out, “Sirrah, I’ll break your bones!” and lifted up his riding switch, with which, as well as his boots, he had re-entered the parlour.

“The Lord be good unto me!” cried Sir Hugh, “what new ways are got into the world! but don’t take it to heart, Jacob, for as to breaking your bones, after all your long services, it’s a thing I sha’n’t consent to; which I hope my nephew won’t take ill.”

Affronted with the master, and enraged with the man, Lynmere stroamed petu-

lantly up and down the room, with loud and marked steps, that called, or at least disturbed the attention of every one, exclaiming, at every turning, "A confounded country this! a villainous country! nothing to be had in it! I don't know what in the world to think of that there's any chance I can get!"

Sir Hugh, recovering, said he was sorry he was so badly off; and desired Jacob not to fail procuring oysters if they were to be had within a mile.

"A mile?---~~ten~~ miles! say ten miles round," cried Lynmere, "or you do nothing; what's ten miles for a thing of that fort?"

"Ten miles, nephew? what? at this time of night! why you don't think, with all your travelling, that when they've got ten miles there, they'll have ten miles to come back, and that makes count twenty."

"Well, sir, and suppose it was forty; what have such fellows to do better?"

Sir Hugh blessed himself, and Mr. Dubster said to Camilla: "So, ma'am, why you don't read your letter, neither, no more than the gentlewoman; however, I think you may as well see a little what's in it; though I suppose no great matters, being from a lady."

"A lady! what lady?" cried she, and eagerly taking it from her pocket, saw the hand-writing of Mrs. Berlinton, and inquired how it came into his possession.

He answered, that happening to meet the lady's footman, whom he had known something of while in business, as he was going to put it to the post, he told him he was coming to the very house, and so took it to bring himself, the man being rather in a hurry to go another way; "so I thought 'twas as well, ma'am," he added, "to save you the postage; for as to a day or so sooner or later, I suppose it can break no great squares, in you ladies letter-writing."

Camilla, hastily running it over, found it contained a most pressing repetition of
invitation

invitation from Mrs. Berlinton for the Southampton plan, and information that she should make a little circuit, to call and take her up at Cleves, if not immediately forbidden; the time she named for her arrival, though four days distant from the date of her letter, would be now the following morning.

This seemed, to the agitated spirits of Camilla, an inviting opening to her scheme. She gave the letter to her uncle, saying, in a fluttered manner, she should be happy to accompany Mrs. Berlinton, for a few days, if her father should not disapprove the excursion, and if he could himself have the goodness to spare one of the carriages to fetch her home, as Southampton was but sixteen miles off.

While Sir Hugh, amazed at this request, yet always unable to pronounce a negative to what she desired, stammered, Edgar abruptly took leave.

Thunderstruck by his departure, she looked affrighted, after him, with a sigh
impos-

impossible to repress; she now first weighed the hazard of what she was doing, the deep game she was inconsiderately playing. Would it sunder----would it unite them?----Tears started into her eyes at the doubt; she did not hear her uncle's answer; she rose to hurry out of the room; but before she could escape, the big drops rolled fast down her cheeks; and, when arrived at her chamber, "I have lost him!" she cried, by my own unreflecting precipitance; "I have lost him, perhaps, for ever!"

Dr. Marchmont now also took leave; Mr. Dubster desired he might speak with the baronet the next morning; and the family remained alone.

C H A P. XII.

Dilemmas.

WHILE the baronet was pondering, in the most melancholy manner, upon this sudden and unexpected demand of absence in Camilla, the grim goddess of Envy took possession of the fine features of Indiana; who declared she was immured alive, while her cousin went every where. The curiosity of Lynmere being excited, to inquire what was to be had or done at Southampton, he heard it abounded in good company, and good fish, and protested he must undoubtedly set out for it the next morning.

Indiana then wept with vexation and anger, and Miss Margland affirmed, she was the only young lady in Hampshire, who had never been at Southampton. Sir Hugh, concluding Edgar would attend
Camilla,

Camilla, feared it might hurt the other match to part Eugenia from Clermont; and, after a little pause, though deeply sighing at such a dispersion from Cleves, consented that they should all go together. Camilla, therefore, was commissioned to ask leave of Mr. Tyrold for Eugenia, as well as for herself, and to add a petition from Sir Hugh, that he and Lavinia would spend the time of their absence at Cleves. The baronet then, of his own accord, asked Dr. Orkborne to be of the party, that Eugenia, he said, might run over her lessons with him in a morning, for fear of forgetting them.

A breach, however, such as this, of plans so long formed, and a desertion so voluntary of his house, at the very epoch he had settled for rendering its residence the most desirable, sent him in complete discomfiture to his bed. But there, in a few hours, his sanguine temper, and the kindness of his heart new modelled and new coloured the circumstances of his chagrin. He considered he should have

full time to prepare for the double marriages ; and that, with the aid of Lavinia, he might delight and amaze them all, with new dresses and new trinkets, which he could now choose without the torment of continual opposition from the documenting Miss Margland. Thus he restored his plastic mind to its usual satisfaction, and arose the next morning without a cloud upon his brow. The pure design of benevolence is to bestow happiness upon others, but its intrinsic reward is bringing happiness home !

But this sweetness of nature, so aptly supplying the first calls, and the first virtues of philosophy, was yet more severely again tried the next morning : for when, forgetting the caution he had solemnly promised, but vainly endeavoured to observe, he intimated to Lynmere these purposes, the youth, blushing at the idea of being taken for the destined husband of Eugenia in public, preferred all risks to being followed by such a rumour to Southampton ; and, when he found she
was

was to be of the party, positively declared the match to be out of all question.

Sir Hugh now stood aghast. Many had been his disappointments; his rage for forming schemes, and his credulity in persuading himself they would be successful, were sources not more fertile of amusement in their projection, than of mortification in their event: but here, the length of time since his plan had been arranged, joined to the very superficial view he had taken of any chance of its failure, had made him, by degrees, regard it as so fixed and settled, that it rather demanded congratulation than concurrence, rather waited to be enjoyed than executed.

Lynmere took not the smallest interest in the dismay of his uncle, but, turning upon his heel, said he would go to the stables, to see if he could find something that would carry him any better than the miserable jade he had mounted the preceding evening.

Sir Hugh remained in a kind of stupefaction. He seemed to himself to be be-

rest of every purpose of life ; and robbed at once, of all view for his actions, all subject for his thoughts. The wide world, he believed, had never, hitherto, given birth to a plan so sagaciously conceived, so rationally combined, so infallibly secure : yet it was fallen, crushed, rejected !

A gleam of sunshine, however, ere long, emitted upon his despondence ; it occurred to him, that the learned education of Eugenia was still a secret to her cousin ; his whole scheme, therefore, might perhaps yet be retrieved, when Lynmere should be informed of the peculiar preparations made for his conjugal happiness.

Fetching now a long breath, to aid the revival of his faculties and his spirits, he considered how to open his discourse so as to render it most impressivè, and then sent for Clermont to attend him in his chamber.

“ Nephew,” cried he, upon his entrance, “ I am now going to talk to you a little in your own way, having something

thing to tell you of, that, I believe, you won't know how to hold cheap, being a thing that belongs to your studies; that is to say, to your cousin's; which, I hope, is pretty much the same thing, at least as to the end. Now the case of what I have to say is this; you must know, nephew, I had always set my heart upon having a rich heir; but it's what did not turn out, which I am sorry enough for; but where's the man that's so wise as to know his own doom? that is, the doom of his fortune. However, that's what I should not talk of to you, having so little; which, I hope, you won't take to heart. And, indeed, it in't much worth a wise man's thinking of, when he han't got it, for what's a fortune, at bottom, but mere metal? And so having, as I said before, no heir, I'm forced, in default of it, to take up with an heiress. But, to the end of making all parties happy, I've had her brought up in the style of a boy, for the sake of your marrying her. For which reason, I believe, in point of the classics" ----

“ Me, sir !” cried Lynmere, recovering from a long yawning fit, “ and what have I to do with marrying a girl like a boy ? That’s not my taste, my dear sir, I assure you. Besides, what has a wife to do with the classics ? will they shew her how to order her table ? I suppose when I want to eat, I may go to a cook’s shop !”

Here subsided, at once, every particle of that reverence Sir Hugh had so long nourished for Clermont Lynmere. To hear the classics spoken of with disrespect, after all the pains he had taken, all the orders he had given for their exclusive study and veneration, and to find the common calls of life, which he had believed every scholar regarded but as means of existence, not auxiliaries of happiness, named with preference, distanced, at a stroke, all high opinion of his nephew, and made way, in its stead, for a displeasure not wholly free from disdain.

“ Well, Clermont,” said he, after a pause, “ I won’t keep you any longer, now I know your mind, which I wish I had
had

had known before, for the account of your cousin, who has had plague enough about it in her bringing up; which, however, I shall put an end to now, not seeing that any good has come from it."

Lynmere joyfully accepted the permission to retire, enchanted that the rejection was thus completely off his mind, and had incurred only so slight a reproof, unaccompanied with one menace, or even remonstrance.

The first consternation of Sir Hugh, at the fall of this favourite project, was, indeed, somewhat lessened, at this moment, by the fall of his respectful opinion of its principal object. He sent therefore, hastily, for Eugenia, to whom he abruptly exclaimed, "My dear girl, who'd have thought it? here's your cousin Clermont, with all his Greek and Latin, which I begin to bless God I don't know a word of, turning out a mere common nothing, thinking about his dinners and suppers! for which reason I beg you'll think of him

no

no more, it not being worth your while ; in particular, as he don't desire it."

Eugenia, at this intimation, felt nearly as much relieved as disturbed. To be refused was, indeed, shocking ; not to her pride, she was a stranger to that passion ; but to her delicacy, which pointed out to her, in strong colours, the impropriety of having been exposed to such a decision : nevertheless, to find herself unshackled from an alliance to which she looked forward with dread, without offending her uncle, to whom so many reasons made it dear, or militating against her own heroic sentiments of generosity, which revolted against wilfully depriving her cousin of an inheritance already offered to him, removed a weight from her mind, which his every word, look, and gesture, had contributed to increase since their first meeting.

* * * *

Dr. Marchmont had ridden to Beech Park, where he had spent the night, though
uninvited

uninvited by its agitated owner, whom the very name of Mrs. Berlington, annexed to an accepted party of pleasure, had driven, in speechless agony, from Cleves.

“ I wonder not,” cried he, “ at your disturbance ; I feel for it, on the contrary, more than ever, from my observations of this evening ; for I now see the charm, the potent charm, as well as the difficulties of your situation. This strange affair with Sir Sedley Clarendel cannot, in common foresight of what may ensue from it, be passed over without the most rigid scrutiny, and severest deliberation ; yet, I sincerely hope, inquiry may produce some palliation : this young lady, I see, will not easily, for sweetness, for countenance, for every apparent attraction, be replaced : and, the first of all requisites is certainly in your favour ; it is evident she loves you.”

“ Loves me ?” cried Edgar, his arms involuntarily encircling him as he repeated the magnetizing words : “ Ah ! Dr. Marchmont, could she then thus grieve :
and

and defy me?—And yet, so too said Jacob, —that good, faithful, excellent old servant”-----

“ Yes ; I watched her unremittingly ; and saw her so much hurt by your abrupt retreat, that her eyes filled with tears the moment you left the room.”

“ O, Dr. Marchmont!—and for me were they shed?—my dear—dear friend ! withhold from me such a picture—or reconcile me completely to viewing no other !”

“ Once more, let me warn you to circumspection. The stake for which you are playing is life in its best part, 'tis peace of mind. That her manners are engaging, that her looks are captivating, and even that her heart is yours, admit no doubt : but the solidity or the lightness of that heart are yet to be proved.”

“ Still, Doctor, though nearly in defiance of all my senses, still I can doubt any thing rather than the heart of Camilla ! Precipitate, I know, she has always been reckoned ; but her precipitance is of
kin

kin to her noblest virtues ; it springs but from the unsuspecting frankness of an unguarded, because innocent nature. And this, in a short time, her understanding will correct."

" Are you sure it is adequate to the task ? There is often, in early youth, a quickness of parts which raises expectations that are never realised. Their origin is but in the animal spirits, which, instead of ripening into judgment and sense by added years, dwindle into nothingness, or harden into flippancy. The character, at this period, is often so unstable, as to be completely new moulded by every new accident, or new associate. How innumerable are the lurking ill qualities that may lie dormant beneath the smiles of youth and beauty, in the season of their untried serenity ! The contemporaries of half our fiercest viragos of fifty, may assure you that, at fifteen, they were all softness and sweetness. The present æra, however, my dear young friend, is highly favourable to all you can judiciously wish ;
namely,

namely, the entire re-establishment, or total destruction of all confidence.---To a man of your nice feelings, there is no medium. Your love demands respect, or your tranquillity exacts flight from its object. Set apart your offence at the cultivation of an acquaintance you disapprove; be yourself of the party to Southampton, and there, a very little observation will enable you to dive into the most secret recesses of her character."

"Steadiness, Doctor, I do not want, nor yet, however I suffer from its exertion, fortitude: but a plan such as this, requires something more; it calls for an equivocal conduct, which, to me, would be impracticable, and to her, might prove delusive. No!----the openness I so much prize to meet with, I must, at least, not forfeit myself."

"The fervour of your integrity, my dear Mandlebert, mistakes caution for deceit. If, indeed, this plan had any other view than your union, it would not merely be cruel, but infamous: the truth, however, is, you must either pursue her upon proof,

OR

or abandon her at once, with every chance of repenting such a measure."

"Alas! how torturing is hesitation! to believe myself the object of her regard---- to think that first of all human felicities mine, yet to find it so pliant----so precarious----to see her, with such thoughtless readiness, upon the point of falling into the hands of another!----receiving----answering----his letters!----letters too so confident, so daring! made up of insolent demands and imperious reproaches----to meet him by his own appointment----O, Dr. Marchmont! all delicious as is the idea of her preference----all entwined as she is around my soul, how, now, how ever again, can I be happy, either to quit----or to claim her?----"

"This division of sentiment is what gives rise to my plan. At Southampton, you will see if Sir Sedley pursues her; and, as she will be uncertain of your intentions, you will be enabled to judge the singleness of her mind, and the stability of her affection, by the reception she gives him."

"But

“ But if---as I think I can gather from her delivering me his letters, the affair, whatever it has been, with Sir Sedley, is over.----What then ?”

“ You will have leisure to discuss it ; and opportunity, also, to see her with other Sir Sedleys. Public places abound with those flutterers after youth and beauty ; unmeaning admirers, who sigh at every new face ; or black traitors to society, who seek but to try, and try but to publish their own power of conquest.”

“ Will you, then, my dear Doctor, be also of the party ? for my sake, will you, once more, quit your studies and repose, to give me, upon the spot, your counsel, according to the varying exigence of varying circumstances ? to aid me to prepare and compose my mind for whatever may be the event, and to guide even, if possible, my wavering and distracted thoughts ?”

To the importance of the period, and to a plea so serious, every obstacle yielded, and Dr. Marchmont agreed to accompany him to Southampton.

C H A P. XIII.

Live and Learn.

BEFORE the Cleves party assembled to breakfast, after the various arrangements made for Southampton, Mr. Dubster arrived, and demanded an interview with Sir Hugh, who, attending him to the drawing-room, asked his pleasure.

“ Why, have not you read the young gentleman’s letter, fir?” cried he, surprised, “ because, he said, he’d put it all down, clear as a pike staff, to save time.”

Sir Hugh had not heard of it.

“ Why, then, if you please, fir, we’ll go and ask that elderly gentlewoman, what she’s done with it. She might as well have shewed it, after the young gentleman’s taking the trouble to write it to her. But she is none of the good naturedest, I take it.”

Repairing,

Repairing, then, to Miss Margland, after his usual bows to all the company, "I ask pardon, ma'am," he cried; "but pray, what's the reason of your keeping the young gentleman's letter to yourself, which was writ o'purpose to let the old gentleman know what I come for?"

"Because I never trouble myself with any thing that's impertinent," she haughtily answered: though, in fact, when the family had retired, she had stolen down stairs, and read the letter; which contained a warm recommendation of Mr. Dubster to her favour, with abundant flippant offers to promote her own interest for so desirable a match, should Camilla prove blind to its advantages. This she had then burnt, with a determination never to acknowledge her condescension in opening it.

The repeated calls of Mr. Dubster procuring no further satisfaction; "Why, then, I don't see," he said, "but what I'm as bad off, as if the young gentleman had not writ the letter, for I've got to speak for myself at last."

Taking

Taking Sir Hugh, then, by a button of his coat, he desired he would go back with him to the other parlour: and there, with much circumlocution, and unqualified declarations of his having given over all thoughts of further marrying, till the young gentleman over persuaded him of his being particular agreeable to the young lady, he solemnly proposed himself for Miss Camilla Tyrold.

Sir Hugh, who perceived in this address nothing that was ridiculous, was somewhat drawn from reflecting on his own disappointment, by the pity he conceived for this hopeless suitor, to whom, with equal circumlocution of concern, he communicated, that his niece was on the point of marriage with a neighbour.

“ I know that,” replied Mr. Dubster, nodding sagaciously, “ the young gentleman having told me of the young baronight; but he said, it was all against her will, being only your over teasing, and the like.”

“ The Lord be good unto me !” exclaimed the baronet, holding up his hands ;
“ if

“if I don't think all the young boys have a mind to drive me out of my wits, one after t'other!”

Hurrying, then, back to the breakfast parlour, and to Camilla, “Come hither, my dear,” he cried, “for here's a gentleman come to make his addreses to you, that won't take an answer.”

Every serious thought, and every melancholy apprehension in Camilla gave place, at this speech, to the ludicrous image of such an admirer as Mr. Dubster, foisted upon her by the ridiculous machinations of Lionel. She took Sir Hugh by the hand, and, drawing him away to the most distant window, said, in a low voice, “My dear uncle, this is a mere trick of Lionel; the person you see here is, I believe, a tinker.”

“A tinker!” repeated Sir Hugh, quite loud, in defiance of the signs and hifts! hifts! of Camilla, “good lack! that's a person I should never have thought of!” Then, walking up to Mr. Dubster, who was taking into his hands all the ornaments

ments from the chimney-piece, one by one, to examine, "Sir," he said, "you may be a very good sort of man, and I don't doubt but you are, for I've a proper respect for every trade in its way; but in point of marrying my niece, it's a thing I must beg you to put out of your head; it not being a proper subject to talk of to a young lady, from a person in that line."

"Very well, sir," answered Mr. Dubster, stiffly, and pouting, "it's not of much consequence; don't make yourself uneasy. There's nothing in what I was going to propose but what was quite genteel. I'd scorn to address a lady else. She'd have a good five hundred a-year, in case of outliving me."

"Good lack! five hundred a-year! who'd have thought of such a thing by the tinkering business?"

"The what business, did you say, sir?" cried Mr. Dubster, strutting up to the baronet, with a solemn frown.

"The tinkering business, my good friend. An't you a tinker?"

“ Sir!” cried Mr. Dubster, swelling, “ I did not think, when I was coming to make such a handsome offer, of being affronted at such a rate as this. Not that I mind it. It’s not worth fretting about. However, as to a tinker, I’m no more a tinker than yourself, whatever put it in your head.”

“ Good lack, my dear,” cried the baronet, to Camilla, “ the gentleman quite denies it.”

Camilla, though unable to refrain from laughing, confessed she had received the information from Mrs. Arlbery at the Northwick breakfast, who, she now supposed, had said it in random sport.

Sir Hugh cordially begged his pardon, and asked him to take a seat at the breakfast table, to soften the undesigned offence.

A note now arrived from Mr. Tyrold to the baronet. It contained his consent to return, with Lavinia, to Cleves, and his ready acquiescence in the little excursion to Southampton, since Miss Margland would be superintendant of the party ;
“ and

"and since," he added, "they will have another guardian, to whom already I consign my Camilla, and, upon her account, my dear Eugenia also, with the same fearless confidence I should feel in seeing them again under the maternal wing."

Sir Hugh, who always read his letters aloud, said, when he had done: "See what it is to be a good boy! my brother looks upon young Mr. Edgar as these young girls' husband already; that is, of one of them; by which means the other becomes his sister; which, I'm sure, is a trouble he won't mind, except as a pleasure."

Camilla's distress at this speech past unnoticed, from the abrupt entrance of Lynmere, giving orders aloud to his servant to get ready for Southampton.

Inflamed with triumph in his recent success in baffling his uncle, that youth was in the most turbulent spirits, and fixed a resolution either to lord it over the whole house, or regain at once his liberty for returning to the Continent.

Forcing a chair between Sir Hugh and Camilla, he seized rapidly whatever looked most inviting from every plate on the table, to place upon his own, murmuring the whole time against the horses, declaring the stud the most wretched he had ever seen, and protesting the old groom must be turned away without loss of time.

“What, Jacob?” cried the baronet; “why, nephew, he has lived with me from a boy: and now he’s grown old, I’d sooner rub down every horse with my own hand, than part with him.”

“He must certainly go, sir. There’s no keeping him. I may be tempted else to knock his brains out some day. Besides, I have a very good fellow I can recommend to you of my own.”

“Clermont, I’ve no doubt of his being a good fellow, which I’m very glad of; but as to your always knocking out the brains of my servants, it’s a thing I must beg you not to talk of any more, being against the law. Besides which, it don’t
found

found very kind of you, considering their having done you no harm; never having seen your face, as one may say, except just to wait upon you; which can hardly be reckoned a bad office; besides a servant's being a man, as well as you; whether Homer and Horace tell you so or no."

To see Sir Hugh displeas'd, was a sight new to the whole house. Camilla and Eugenia, mutually pained for him, endeavoured, by various little kind offices, to divert his attention; but Indiana thought his displeasure proved her brother to be a wit; and Clermont rose in spirits and in insolence upon the same idea: too shallow to know, that of all the qualities with which the perversity of human nature is gifted, the power which is the most common to attain, and the most easy to practise, is the art of provoking.

Jacob now appearing, Lynmere ordered some shrimps.

There were none.

"No shrimps? There's nothing to be had! 'Tis a wretched county this!"

“ You’ll get nice shrimps at Southampton, fir, by what I can hear,” said Mr. Dubster. “ Tom Hicks says he has been sick with ’em many a day, he’s eat such a heap. They gets ’em by hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds at a time.”

“ Pray, nephew, how long shall you stay? because of my nieces coming back at the same time.”

“ A fortnight’s enough to tire me any where, fir. Pray what do you all do with yourselves here after breakfast? What’s your mode?”

“ Mode, nephew? we’ve got no particular mode that ever I heard of. However, among so many of us, I think it’s a little hard, if you can find nothing to say to us; all, in a manner, your relations too.”

“ We take no notice of relations now, fir; that’s out.”

“ I’m sorry for it, nephew, for a relation’s a relation, whether you take notice of him or not. And there’s ne’er an ode in Virgil will tell you to the contrary, as I believe.”

A short

A short silence now ensued, which was broken by a sigh from Sir Hugh, who ejaculated to himself, though aloud, "I can't but think what my poor friend Westwyn will do, if his son's come home in this manner! caring for nobody, but an oyster, or a shrimp;---unless it's a newspaper!"

"And what should a man care for else, my good old friend, in a desert place such as this?"

"Good old friend!" repeated the baronet; "to be sure, I'm not very young.---However, as to that---but you mean no harm, I know, for which reason I can't be so ill-natured as to take it ill. However, if poor Westwyn is served in this---way.---He's my dearest friend that I've got, out of us all here, of my own kin, and he's got only one son, and he sent him to foreign parts only for cheapness; and if he should happen to like nothing he can get at home, it won't answer much in saving, to send out for things all day long."

“ O don't be troubled, fir ; Westwyn's but a poor creature. He'll take up with any thing. He lived within his allowance the whole time. A mighty poor creature.”

“ I'm glad of it ! glad of it, indeed !” cried Sir Hugh, with involuntary eagerness ; “ I should have been sorry if my poor good old friend had had such disappointment.”

“ Upon my honour,” cried Lynmere, piqued ; “ the quoz of the present season are beyond what a man could have hoped to see !”

“ Quoz ! what's quoz, nephew ?”

“ Why, it's a thing there's no explaining to you sort of gentlemen ; and sometimes we say quiz, my good old fir.”

Sir Hugh, now, for almost the first time in his life, felt seriously affronted. His utmost lenity could not palliate the wilful disrespect of this language ; and, with a look of grave displeasure, he answered, “ Really, nephew, I can't but say, I think
you've

went, walking on them Pantiles, with some of her quality binding, when I was not dressed out quite in my best becomes, she made as if she did not know me. Not as it signifies. It's pretty much of a muchness to me. I remember her another sort of person to what she looks now, before I was a gentleman myself."

"Why, pray, what was you then, sir?" cried Sir Hugh, with great simplicity.

"As to that, sir, there's no need to say whether I was one thing or another, as I know of; I'm not in the least ashamed of what I was."

Sir Hugh seeing him offended, was beginning an apology; but, interrupting him, "No, sir," he said, "there's no need to say nothing about it. It's not a thing to take much to heart. I've been defamed often enough, I hope, to be above minding it. Only just this one thing, sir; I beg I may have the favour to be introduced to that lady as had the obligingness to call me a tinker, when I never was no such thing."

Breakfast

Breakfast now being done, the ladies retired to prepare for their journey.

“ Well,” cried Mr. Dubster, looking after Eugenia, “ that little lady will make no great figure at such a place as South-ton. I would not have her look out for a husband there.”

“ She’d have been just the thing for me!” cried Lynmere, haughtily rising, and conceitedly parading his fine form up and down the room; his eyes catching it from looking-glass to looking-glass, by every possible contrivance; “ just the thing! matched to perfection!”

“ Lord help me! if I don’t find myself in the dark about every thing!” cried Sir Hugh; “ who’d have thought of you scholars thinking so much of beauty; I should be glad to know what your classics say to that point?”

“ Faith, my good sir, I never trouble myself to ask. From the time we begin our tours, we wipe away all that stuff as fast as possible from our thoughts.”

“Why, pray, nephew, what harm could it do to your tours?”

“We want room, fir, room in the pericranium! As soon as we begin to travel, we give up every thing to taste. And then we want clear heads. Clear heads, fir, for pictures, statues, busts, alto relievos, basso relievos, tablets, monuments, mausoleums”----

“If you go on at that rate, nephew,” interrupted Sir Hugh, holding his ears, “you’ll put my poor head quite into a whirligig. And it’s none of the deepest already, Lord help me!”

Lynmere now, without ceremony, made off; and Mr. Dubster, left alone with the baronet, said they might as well proceed to business. “So pray, fir, if I may make bold, in the case we come to a right understanding about the young lady, what do you propose to give her down?”

Sir Hugh, staring, inquired what he meant.

“Why, I mean, fir, what shall you give her at the first? I know she’s to have it

all at your demise; but that i'n't the bird in the hand. Now, when once I know that, I can make my offers, which shall be handsome or not, according. And that's but fair. So how much can you part with, sir?"

"Not a guinea!" cried Sir Hugh, with some emotion; "I can't give her any thing! Mr. Edgar knows that."

"That's hard, indeed, sir. What nothing for a setting out? And, pray, sir, what may the sum total be upon your demise?"

"Not a penny," cried Sir Hugh, with still more agitation: "Don't you know I've disinherited her?"

"Disinherited her? why this is bad news enough! And pray, sir, what for?"

"Nothing! She never offended me in thought, word, nor deed!"

"Well, that's odd enough. And when did you do it, sir?"

"The very week she was nine years old, poor thing! which I shall never forget as long as I live, being my worst action."

"Well,

“ Well, this is particular enough! And young 'squire Tyrold's never heard a word of it: which is somewhat of a wonder, top.”

“ Not heard of it? why the whole family know it! I've settled every thing I was worth in the world upon her younger sister, that you saw sitting by her.”

“ Well, if Tom Hicks did not as good as tell me so ever so long ago, though the young 'squire said it was all to the contrary: what for, I don't know: unless to take me in. But he won't find that quite so easy, asking his pardon. Matrimony's a good thing enough, when it's to help a man forward: but a person must be a fool indeed, to put himself out of his way for nothing.”

He then formally wished the baronet a good day, and hastened from the house, puffed up with vain glory, at his own sagacious precautions, which had thus happily saved him from being tricked into unprofitable wedlock.

Mrs.

Mrs. Berlinton now arrived, and, as Camilla was ready, though trembling, doubtful, apprehensive of the step she was taking, declined alighting. A general meeting was to take place at the inn: and the baronet, putting a twenty pound note into her hand, with the most tender blessings parted with his darling niece. And then, surprised at not seeing Edgar to breakfast, sent his butler to tell him the history of the excursion.

Lynmere was already set off on horseback: and the party, consisting of Dr. Orkborne, Miss Argland, Indiana, and Eugenia, followed two hours after, in the coach of the baronet, which drove from the park as the chaise entered it with Mr. Tyrold and Lavinia, to supply their places.

BOOK VIII.

CHAPTER I.

A Way to make Friends.

WHEN Camilla appeared at the hall-door, a gentleman descended from the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton, with an air the most melancholy, and eyes bent to the earth, in the mournful bow with which he offered her his hand; though, when he had assisted her into the coach, he raised them, and, turning round, cast upon the mansion a look of desponding fondness, that immediately brought to her recollection young Melmond, the Oxford student, and the brother of her new friend.

Mrs. Berlinton received her with tenderness, folding her to her breast, and declaring life to be now insupportable without her.

The

The affection of Camilla was nearly reciprocal, but her pleasure had no chance of equal participation ; nor was the suspensive state of her mind the only impediment ; opposite to her in the carriage, and immediately claiming her attention, was Mrs. Mittin.

The agitating events which had filled up the short interval of her residence at Clèves, had so completely occupied every faculty, that, till the affair of the horse involved her in new difficulties, her debts had entirely flown her remembrance ; and the distressing scenes which immediately succeeded to that forced recollection, made its duration as short as it was irksome ; but the sight of Mrs. Mittin brought it back with violence to her memory, and flashed it, with shame, upon her conscience.

The twenty pounds, however, just given her by Sir Hugh, occurred at the same moment to her thoughts ; and she determined to repair her negligence, by appropriating it into parcels for the payment of
all

all she owed, before she suffered sleep again to close her eyes.

Mrs. Berlinton informed her, that both herself and her brother had been summoned to Southampton to meet Mrs. Ecton, the aunt by whom she had been educated, who had just arrived there from Wales, upon some secret business, necessary for her to hear, but which could not be revealed by letters.

The journey, though in itself short and pleasant, proved to Camilla long and wearisome; the beauties of the prospect were acknowledged by her eye, but her mind, dead to pleasure, refused to give them their merited effect. To the charms of nature she could not be blind; her fervent imagination, and the lessons of her youth, combined to do them justice; but she thought not of them at this moment; hill, vale, or plain, were uninteresting, however beautiful; it was Edgar she looked for; Edgar, who thus coldly had suffered her to depart, but who still, it was possible, might pursue; and hope, ever active, painted him,
as

as she proceeded, in every distant object that caught her eye, whether living or inanimate, brightening, from time to time, the roses of her cheeks with the felicity of a speedy reconciliation; but upon every near approach, the flattering error was detected, and neither hill, vale, nor plain, could dispel the disappointment. A fine country, and diversified views, may soften even the keenest affliction of decided misfortune, and tranquilise the most gloomy sadness into resignation and composure; but suspense rejects the gentle palliative; 'tis an absorbent of the faculties that suffers them to see, hear, and feel only its own perplexity; and the finer the fibres of the sensibility on which it seizes, the more exclusive is its despotism; doubt, in a fervent mind, from the rapidity of its evolutions between fear in its utmost despondence, and hope in its fullest rapture, is little short of torture.

They drove immediately to an elegant house, situated upon a small eminence, half a mile without the town of Southampton, which

which had already been secured ; and Mrs. Berlington, as-foon as she had chosen the pleafantest apartment it afforded for Camilla, and fuffered Mrs. Mittin to choose the next pleafant for herself, went, accompanied by her brother, to the lodging of Mrs. Ecton.

Left alone, Camilla stationed herself at a window, believing she meant to look at the prospect ; but her eye, faithful to her heart, roved up and down the high road, and took in only chaises or horsemen, till Mrs. Mittin, with her customary familiarity, came into the room. “ Well, my dear miss,” she cried, “ you’re welcome to Southampton, and welcome to Mrs. Berlington ; she’s a nice lady as ever I knew ; I suppose you’re surpris’d to see us so great together ? but I’ll tell you how it came about. You must know, just as you was gone, I happened to be in the book shop ; when she came in, and asked for a book ; the Peruvian Letters she called it ; and it was not at home, and she looked quite vexed, for she said she had looked the catalogue

talogue up and down, and saw nothing else she'd a mind to; so I thought it would be a good opportunity to oblige her, and be a way to make a prodigious genteel acquaintance besides; so I took down the name, and I found out the lady that had got the book, and I made her a visit, and I told her it was particular wanted by a lady that had a reason; so she let me have it, and I took it to my pretty lady, who was so pleased, she did not know how to thank me: So this got me footing in the house; and there I heard, amongst her people, she was coming to Southampton, and was to call for you, my dear miss; so when I found she had not her coach full, I ask'd her to give me a cast; for I told her you'd be particular glad to see me, as we'd some business to settle together, that was a secret between only us two; so she said she would do any thing to give you pleasure; so then I made free to ask her to give me a night's lodging; till I could find out some friend to be at; for I'd a vast mind to come to Southampton, as I could do it so reasonable,

able, for I like to go every where. And I dare say, my dear miss; if you'll tell her 'twill oblige you, she'll make me the compliment to let me stay all the time, for I know nobody here; though I don't fear making friends, go where I will. And you know, my dear miss, you can do no less by me, considering what I've done for you; for I've kept all the good people quiet about your debts; and they say you may pay them when you will, as I told them you was such a rich heiress; which Mr. Dubster let me into the secret of, for he had had it from your brother."

Camilla now experienced the extreme repentance and shame, to find herself involved in any obligation with a character so forward, vulgar, and encroaching, and to impose such a person, through the abuse of her name and influence, upon the time and patience of Mrs. Berlinton.

The report spread by Lionel she immediately disavowed, and, producing her twenty pound bank note, begged Mrs. Mittin would have the goodness to get it changed

changed for her, and to discharge her accounts without delay.

Surprised by this readiness, and struck by the view of the note, Mrs. Mittin imputed to mere reserve the denial of her expected wealth, but readily promised to get in the bills, and see her clear.

Camilla would now have been left alone; but Mrs. Mittin thought of nothing less than quitting her, and she knew not how to bid her depart. It was uncertain when Mrs. Berlinton could return; to obviate, therefore, in some measure, the fatigue of such conversation, Camilla proposed walking.

It was still but two o'clock, and the weather was delicious; every place that opened to any view, presented some prospect that was alluring; Camilla, notwithstanding her anxiety, was caught, and at intervals, at least, forgot all within, from admiration of all without.

Mrs. Mittin led immediately to the town, and Camilla was struck with its neatness, and surprised by its populousness.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mittin assured her it was nothing to London, and only wished she could walk her from Charing-cross to Temple-bar, just to shew her what it was to see a little of the world.

“ But now, my dear,” she cried, “ the thing is to find out what we’ve got to look at; so don’t let’s go on without knowing what we’re about; however, these shops are all so monstrous smart, ’twill be a pleasure to go into them, and ask the good people what there’s to see in the town.”

This pretext proved so fertile to her of entertainment, in the opportunity it afforded of taking a near view of the various commodities exposed to sale, that while she entered almost every shop, with inquiries of what was worth seeing, she attended to no answer nor information, but having examined and admired all the goods within sight or reach, walked off, to obtain, by similar means, a similar privilege further on; boasting to Camilla, that, by this clever device they might see

all

all that was smartest, without the expence of buying any thing.

It is possible that this might safely have been repeated, from one end of the town to the other, had Mrs. Mittin been alone; and she seemed well disposed to make the experiment; but Camilla, who, absent and absorbed, accompanied without heeding her, was of a figure and appearance not quite so well adapted for indulging with impunity such unbridled curiosity. The shopkeepers, who, according to their several tastes or opinions, gave their directions to the churches, the quays, the market-place, the antique gates, the town-hall, &c. involuntarily looked at her as they answered the questioner, and not satisfied with the short view, followed to the door, to look again; this presently produced an effect, that, for the whole length of the High-street, was amply ridiculous; every one perceiving that, whatsoever had been his recommendation, whether to the right, to the left, or straight forward, the two inquirers went no further than into

the next shop, whence they regularly drew forth either the master or the man to make another starrer at their singular proceeding.

Some supposed they were only seeking to attract notice; others thought they were deranged in mind; and others, again, imagined they were shoplifters, and hastened back to their counters, to examine what was missing of their goods.

Two men of the two last persuasions communicated to one another their opinions, each sustaining his own with a positiveness that would have ended in a quarrel, had it not been accommodated by a wager. To settle this became now so important, that business gave way to speculation, and the contending parties, accompanied by a young perfumer as arbitrator, leaving their affairs in the hands of their wives, or their domestics, issued forth from their repositories, to pursue and watch the curious travellers; laying bets by the way at almost every shop as they proceeded, till they reached the quay, where the ladies made a full stand, and their followers

opened a consultation how best to decide the contest.

Mr. Firl, a sagacious old linen-draper, who concluded them to be shoplifters, declared he would keep aloof, for he should detect them best when they least suspected they were observed.

Mr. Drim, a gentle and simple haberdasher, who believed their senses disordered, made a circuit to face and examine them, frequently, however, looking back, to see that no absconding trick was played him by his friends. When he came up to them, the pensive and absorbed look of Camilla struck him as too particular to be natural; and in Mrs. Mittin he immediately fancied he perceived something wild, if not insane. In truth, an opinion preconceived of her derangement might easily authorise strong suspicions of confirmation, from the contented volubility with which she incessantly ran on, without waiting for answerers, or even listeners; and his observation had not taught him,
L 2 that

that the loquacious desire only to speak. They exact time, not attention.

Mrs. Mittin, soon observing the curiosity with which he examined them, looked at him so hard in return, talking the whole time, in a quick low voice, to Camilla, upon his oddity, that, struck with a direful panic, in the persuasion she was marking him for some mischief, he turned short about to get back to his companions; leaving Mrs. Mittin with precisely the same opinion of himself which he had imbibed of her.

“ Well, my dear,” cried she, “ this is one of the most miraculous adventures I’ve met with yet; as sure as you’re alive that man that stares so is not right in the head! for else what should he run away for, all in such a hurry, after looking at us so particular for nothing? I’ll assure you, I think the best thing we can do, is to get off as fast as we can, for fear of the worst.”

They then sped their way from the quay; but, in turning down the first pas-

stage to get out of sight, they were led into one of the little rooms prepared for the accommodation of bathers.

This seemed so secure, as well as pleasant, that Camilla, soothed by the tranquillity with which she could contemplate the noble Southampton water and its fine banks, sat down at the window, and desired not to walk any further.

The fright with which Mr. Drim had retreated, gained no proselyte to his opinion; Mr. Girt, the perfumer, asserted, significantly, they were only idle travellers, of light character; and Mr. Firl, when indodging them, he saw they went into a bathing room, offered to double his wager, that it was to make some assortment of their spoil.

This was accepted, and it was agreed that one should saunter in the adjoining passages to see which way they turned upon coming out, while the two others should patrol the beach, to watch their disappearance from the windows.

Mrs. Mittin, meanwhile, was as much amused, though with different objects, as Camilla. A large mixt party of ladies and gentlemen, who had ordered a vessel for sailing down the water, which was not yet ready, now made their appearance; and their dress, their air of enjoyment, their outcries of impatience, the frisky gaiety of some, the noisy merriment of others, seemed to Mrs. Mittin marks of so much grandeur and happiness, that all her thoughts were at work to devise some contrivance for becoming of their acquaintance.

Camilla also surveyed, but almost without seeing them; for the only image of her mind now unexpectedly met her view; Dr. Marchmont and Edgar, just arrived, had patrolled to the beach, where Edgar, whose eye, from his eagerness, appeared to be every where in a moment, immediately perceived her; they both bowed, and Dr. Marchmont, amazed by the air and figure of her companion, inquired if Mrs. Berlinton had any particularly vulgar
relation

relation to whom she was likely to commit her fair guest.

Edgar, who had seen only herself, could not now forbear another glance; but the aspect of Mrs. Mittin, without Mrs. Berlinton, or any other more dignified or fitting protectress, was both unaccountable and unpleasant to him; he recollected having seen her at Tunbridge, where the careless temper, and negligent manners of Mrs. Arlbery, made all approaches easy, that answered any purpose of amusement or ridicule; but he could not conceive how Mrs. Berlinton, or Camilla herself, could be joined by such a companion.

Mr. Firl, having remarked these two gentlemen's bows, began to fear for his wager; yet, thinking it authorised him to seek some information, approached them, and taking off his hat, said: "You seem to be noticing those two ladies up there; pray, gentlemen, if you've no objection, who may they be?"

"Why do you ask, Sir?" cried Edgar, sternly.

L 4

"Why,

“ Why, we’ve a wager depending upon them, fir, and I believe there’s no gentleman will refuse to help another about a wager.”

“ A wager ?” repeated Edgar, wishing, but vainly, to manifest no curiosity ; “ what inducement could you have to lay a wager about them ?”

“ Why, I believe, fir, there’s nobody’s a better judge than me what I’ve laid about ; though I may be out, to be sure, if you know the ladies ; but I’ve seen so much of their tricks, in my time, that they must be pretty sharp before they’ll overreach me.”

“ What tricks ? who must be sharp ? who are you talking of ?”

“ Shoplifters, fir.”

“ Shoplifters ! what do you mean ?”

“ No harm, fir ; I may be out, to be sure, as I say ; and if so, I ask pardon ; only, as we’ve laid the wager, I think I may speak before I pay.”

The curiosity of Edgar would have been converted into ridicule, had he been less
uneasy

uneasy at seeing with whom Camilla was thus associated; Mrs. Mittin might certainly be a worthy woman, and, if so, must merit every kindness that could be shewn her; but her air and manner so strongly displayed the low bred society to which she had been accustomed, that he foresaw nothing but improper acquaintance, or demeaning adventures, that could ensue from such a connection at a public place.

Dr. Marchmont demanded what had given rise to this suspicion.

-Mr. Firl answered, that they had been into every shop in the town, routing over every body's best goods, yet not laying out a penny.

Nothing of this could Edgar comprehend, except that Camilla had suffered herself to be led about by Mrs. Mittin, entirely at her pleasure; but all further inquiry was stopt, by the voluntary and pert junction of Girt, the young perfumer, who, during this period, had by no means been idle; for perceiving, in the group waiting for a vessel, a certain customer by whom

he knew such a subject would be well received, he contrived to excite his curiosity to ask some questions, which could only be satisfied by the history of the wager, and his own opinion that both parties were out.

This drew all eyes to the bathing room ; and new bets soon were circulated, consisting of every description of conjecture, or even possibility, except that the two objects in question were innocent : and for that, in a set of fourteen, one only was found who defended Camilla, though her face seemed the very index of purity, which still more strongly was painted upon it than beauty, or even than youth. Such is the prevalent disposition to believe in general depravity, that while those who are debased themselves find a consolation in thinking others equally worthless, those even, who are of a better sort, nourish a secret vanity in supposing few as good as themselves ; and sully, without reflection, the fair candour of their minds, by aiding that insidious degeneracy, which robs the community of all confidence in virtue.

The

The approach of the perfumer to Edgar had all the hardiness of vulgar elation, bestowed, at this moment, by the recent encouragement of having been permitted to propagate his facetious opinions in a society of gentlefolks; for though to one only amongst them, a young man of large fortune, by whom he was particularly patronised, he had presumed verbally to address himself, he had yet the pleasure to hear his account repeated from one to another, till not a person of the company escaped hearing it.

“ My friend Firl’s been telling you, I suppose, sir,” said he, to Edgar, “ of his foolish wager ? but, take my word for it----”

Here Edgar, who again had irresistibly looked up at the room, saw that three gentlemen had entered it; alarmed lest these surmises should be productive of impertinence to Camilla, he darted quick from the beach to her immediate protection.

But the rapidity of his wishes were ill seconded by the uncertainty of his foot-

steps ; and while, with eyes eagerly wandering all around, he hastily pushed forward, he was stopt by Mr. Drim, who told him to take care how he went on, for, in one of those bathing houses, to the best of his belief, there were two crazy women, one melancholy, and one stark wild, that had just, as he supposed, escaped from their keepers.

“ How shall I find my way, then, to another of the bathing houses ? ” cried Edgar.

Mr. Drim undertook to shew him where he might turn, but said he must not lose sight of the door, because he had a bottle of port depending upon it ; his neighbour, Mr. Firk, insisting they were only shop-lifters.

Edgar here stopt short and stared.

Drim then assured him it was what he could not believe, as nothing was missing ; though Mr. Firk would have it that it was days and days, sometimes, before people found out what was gone ; but he was sure,
himself,

himself, they were touched in the head, by their going about so wild, asking every body the same questions, and minding nobody's answers.

Edgar, convinced now Camilla was here again implicated, broke with disgust from the man, and rushed to the door he charged him to avoid.

C H A P. II.

A Rage of Obliging.

CAMILLA, from the instant she had perceived Edgar, had been in the utmost emotion, from doubt if his journey were to seek a reconciliation, or only to return her letters, and take a lasting farewell. Her first feeling at his sight urged her to retire : but something of a softer nature speedily interfered, representing, if now he should join her, what suffering might mutually be saved by an immediate conference. She kept, therefore, her seat, looking steadily straight down the water, and denying herself one moment's glance at any thing, or person, upon the beach : little imagining she ingrossed, herself, the attention of all who paraded it. But, when the insinuations of the flippant perfumer had once made her looked at, her beauty, her apparently unprotected situation, and the
account

account of the wager, seemed to render her an object to be stared at without scruple.

Mrs. Mittin saw how much they were observed, but Camilla, unheeding her remarks, listened only to hear if any footsteps approached ; but when, at last, some struck her ears, they were accompanied by an unknown voice, so loud and clamorously jovial, that, disturbed, she looked round----and saw the door violently flung open, and three persons, dressed like gentlemen, force their way into the small dwelling place.

Mr. Halder, the leader of this triumvirate, was the particular patron of Girt, the young perfumer ; and, though his superior in birth and riches, was scarcely upon a par with him, from wilful neglect, in education ; and undoubtedly beneath him in decency and conduct, notwithstanding young Girt piqued himself far less upon such sentimental qualifications, than upon his skill in cosmetics, and had less respect for unadulterated morals, than unadulterated powder.

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The second who entered, was, in every particular, still less defensible: he was a peer of the realm; he had a daughter married, and his age entitled him to be the grandfather of young Halder. In point of fortune, speculatists deemed them equal; for though the estate of Halder was as yet unincumbered with the mortgages that hung upon that of Lord Valhurst, they computed, with great exactness, the term of its superiority, since already he had insisted in the jockey meetings, and belonged to the gaming clubs.

The third, a young man of a serious, but pleasing demeanour, was rather an attendant than a partner in this intrusion. He was the only one of the whole party to whom the countenance of Camilla had announced innocence; and when Halder, instigated by the assertions of the facetious Girt, proposed the present measure, and Lord Valhurst, caught by the youthful beauty of the fair subject of discussion, acceded, this single champion stood forth, and modestly, yet firmly, declaring his opinion
they

they were mistaken, accompanied them with a view to protect her, if he himself were right.

Boisterously entering, Halder addressed at once to Camilla, such unceremonious praise of her beauty, that, affrighted and offended, she hastily seized the arm of Mrs. Mittin, and, in a voice of alarm, though with an air of command that admitted no doubt of her seriousness, and no appeal from her resolution, said, "Let us go home, Mrs. Mittin, immediately."

Simple as were these words, their manner had an effect upon Halder to awe and distance him. Beauty, in the garb of virtue, is rather formidable than attractive to those who are natively unenlightened, as well as habitually degenerate: though, over such as have ever known better sentiments, it frequently retains its primeval power, even in their darkest declension of depravity.

But while Halder, repulsed, stood back, and the young champion, with an air the most respectful, made way for her to pass ;

Lord

Lord Valhurst, shutting the door, planted himself against it.

Seeing terror now take possession of every feature of her face, her determined protector called out : " Make way, my Lord, I beg !" and offered her his hand. But Camilla, equally frightened at them all, shrunk appalled from his assistance, and turned towards the window, with an intention of demanding help from Edgar, whom she supposed still on the beach ; but the peer, slowly moving from the door, said he was the last to mean to disconcert the young lady, and only wished to stop her till he could call for his carriage, that he might see her safe wherever she wished to go.

Camilla had no doubt of the sincerity of this proposal, but would accept no aid from a stranger, even though an old man, while she hoped to obtain that of Edgar. Edgar, however, she saw not, and fear is generally precipitate : she concluded him gone ; concluded herself deserted, and, from knowing neither, equally fearing both
the

the young men, inclined towards Lord Valhurst; who, with delighted surprize, was going to take her under his care, when Edgar rushed forward.

The pleasure that darted into her eyes announced his welcome. Halder, from his reception, thought the enigma of his own ill success solved; the other youth, supposing him her brother, no longer sought to interfere; but Lord Valhurst exhibited signs of such irrepressible mortification, that inexperience itself could not mistake the dishonourable views of his offered services, since, to see her in safety, was so evidently not their purpose. Camilla, looking at him with the horror he so justly excited, gave her hand to Edgar, who had instantly claimed it, and, without one word being uttered by either, hastily walked away with him, nimbly accompanied by Mrs. Mittin.

The young man, whose own mind was sufficiently pure to make him give easy credit to the purity of another, was shocked at his undeserved implication in so gross an

an attack, and at his failure of manifesting the laudable motive which had made him one of the triumvirate ; and, looking after her with mingled admiration and concern, “ Indeed, gentlemen,” he cried, “ you have been much to blame. You have affronted a young lady who carries in the whole of her appearance the marks of meriting respect.”

The sensibility of Lord Valhurst was not of sufficient magnitude to separate into two courses : the little he possessed was already occupied by his disappointment, in losing the beautiful prey he believed just falling into his hands, and he had no emotion, therefore, to bestow upon his young reprover. But Halder, who, to want of feeling, added want of sense, roared out, with rude raillery, a gross, which he thought witty attack, both of the defender and the defended.

The young man, with the proud probity of unhackneyed sentiment, made a vindication of his uncorrupt intentions ; which produced but louder mirth, and coarser incredulity.

incredulity. The contest, however, was wholly unequal; one had nerves of the most irritable delicacy; the other had never yet, by any sensation, nor any accident, been admonished that nerves made any part of the human composition: in proportion, therefore, as one became more offended, the other grew more callous, till the chivalry of indignant honour, casting prudence, safety, and forbearance away, dictated a hasty challenge, which was accepted with a horse laugh of brutal senselessness of danger. Courage is of another description. It risks life with heroism; but it is only to preserve or pursue something, without which the charm of life were dissolved: it meets death with steadiness; but it prepares for immortality with reverence and emotion.

* * * *

Edgar and Camilla continued their walk in a silence painful to both, but which neither knew how first to break; each wished with earnestness an opening to communica-

communication and confidence ; but, mutually shocked by the recent adventure, Edgar waited the absence of Mrs. Mittin, to point out the impropriety and insufficiency of such a guard ; and Camilla, still aghast with terror, had no power of any sort to begin a discourse.

Their taciturnity, if not well supplied, was, at least, well contrasted by the volubility of Mrs. Mittin, which, as in the bathing house it had been incessant, in declaring, to the three intruders, that both she and the other young lady were persons of honour, was now no less unremitting in boasting how well she had checked and kept them in order.

The horror of the attack she had just escaped became soon but a secondary suffering to Camilla, though, at the moment, it had impressed her more terribly than any actual event of her life, or any scene her creative imagination had ever painted ; yet, however dreadful, it was now past ; but who could tell the end of what remained ? the mute distance of Edgar, her
uncertainty

uncertainty of his intentions, her suspicions of his wished secession, the severe task she thought necessary to perform of giving him his liberty, with the anguish of a total inability to judge whether such a step would recall his tenderness, or precipitate his retreat, were suggestions which quick succeeded, and, in a very short time, wholly domineered over every other.

When they arrived at the house, Edgar demanded if he might hope for the honour of being presented, as a friend of the family, to Mrs. Berlinton.

Reviving, though embarrassed, she looked assent, and went forward to inquire if Mrs. Berlinton were come home.

The servant answered no ; but delivered her a letter from that lady ; she took it with a look of distress whether or not to invite Edgar to enter, which she, at this period, welcome officiousness of Mrs. Mitlin relieved, by saying, “ Come, let us all come in, and make the parlour a little comfortable against Mrs. Berlinton comes home ;

home ; for, I dare say, there's nothing as it should be. These lodging-houses always want a heap of things one never thinks of before hand."

They then all three entered, and Mrs. Mittin, who saw, she said, a thousand ways by which she might serve and oblige Mrs. Berlinton, by various suggestions, and even directions, which she hazarded against her return, busied herself to arrange the two parlours to her satisfaction ; and, then, went up stairs, to settle, also, all there ; making abundant apologies for leaving them, and assuring them she would be back again as soon as she possibly could get all in order.

Her departure was a moment of extreme confusion to Camilla, who considered it as an invitation to her great scheme of rejection, but who stammered something upon every other subject, to keep that off. She looked at her letter, wondered what it could contain, could not imagine why Mrs. Berlinton should write when they must so soon meet ; and spent in conjectures upon its contents the time which

Edgar

Edgar besought her to bestow upon their refusal.

Nothing gives so much strength to an adversary as the view of timidity in his opponent. Edgar grew presently composed, and felt equal to his purposed expostulation.

“ You decline reading your letter till I am gone ?” cried he ; “ I must, therefore, hasten away. Yet, before I go, I earnestly wish once more to take upon me the office formerly allowed me, and to represent, with simple sincerity, my apprehensions upon what I have observed this morning.”

The beginning of this speech had made Camilla break the seal of her letter ; but its conclusion agitated her too much for reading it.

“ Is this silence,” said he, trying to smile, “ to repress me as arrogant,----or to disregard me as impertinent ?”

“ Neither !” she answered, forcing herself to look towards him with cheerfulness ; “ it is merely----attention.”

“ You are very good, and I will try to be brief, that I may put your ‘patience to no longer proof than I can avoid. You know, already, all I can urge concerning Mrs. Berlinton ; how little I wonder at the promptness of your admiration ; yet how greatly I fear for the permanence of your esteem. In putting yourself under her immediate and sole protection, you have shewn me the complete dissonance of our judgments upon this subject ; but I do not forget that, though you had the goodness to hear me, you had the right to decide for yourself. Trust indeed, even against warning, is so far more amiable than suspicion, that it must always, even though it prove unfortunate, call for praise rather than censure,”

The confusion of Camilla was now converted into self-reproach. What she thought coldness, she had resented ; what appeared to her to be haughtiness, she had resisted ; but truth, in the form of gentleness, brought her instantly to reason, and
reason

reason could only resume its empire, to represent as rash and imprudent an expedition so repugnant, in its circumstances, to the wishes and opinions of the person whose approbation was most essential to her happiness. Edgar had paused; and her every impulse led to a candid recognition of what she felt to be wrong; but her precarious situation with him, the report of his intended flight by Jacob, the letters still detained of Sir Sedley Clarendel, and no explanation demanded, by which she could gather if his plighted honour were not now his only tie with her, curbed her design, depressed her courage, and, silently, she let him proceed.

“ Upon this subject, therefore, I must say no more, except to hint a wish, that the apprehensions which first induced me to name it may, unbidden, occur as timely heralds to exertion, should any untoward circumstances point to danger, alarm, or impropriety.”

The new, but strong friendship of Camilla was alarmed for its delicacy by these

words. The diffidence she felt, from conscious error, for herself, extended not to Mrs. Berlinton, whom, since she found guiltless, she believed to be blameless. She broke forth, therefore, into a warm eulogy, which her agitation rendered eloquent, while her own mind and spirits were relieved and revived, by this flight from her mortified self, to the friend she thought deserving her most fervent justification.

Edgar listened attentively, and his eyes, though they expressed much of serious concern, shewed also an irrepressible admiration of an enthusiasm so ardent for a female friend of so much beauty.

“ May she always merit this generous warmth !” cried he ; “ which must have excited my best wishes for her welfare, even if I had been insensible to her own claims upon every man of feeling. But I had meant, at this time, to confine my ungrateful annotations to another---to the person who had just quitted the room.”

“ You do not mean to name her with Mrs. Berlinton? to imagine it possible I can have for her any similar regard? or any, indeed, at all, but such common goodwill as all sorts and classes of people are entitled to, who are well meaning?”

“ Here, at least, then,” said Edgar, with a sigh half suppressed, “ our opinions may be consonant. No; I designed no such disgraceful parallel for your elegant favourite. My whole intention is to re-monstrate---can you pardon so plain a word?---against your appearing in public with a person so ill adapted to insure you the respect that is so every way your due.”

“ I had not the smallest idea, believe me, of appearing in public. I merely walked out to see the town, and to beguile, in a stroll, time, which, in this person's society, hung heavy upon me at home, in the absence of Mrs. Berlinton.”

The concise simplicity of this innocent account, banished, in a moment, all severity of judgment; and Edgar, expressively,

thanking her, rose, and was approaching her, though scarcely knowing with what purpose, when Mrs. Mittin burst into the room, exclaiming: "Well, my dear, you'll never guess how many things I have done since I left you. In the first place, there was never a wash-ball; in the next place, not a napkin nor a towel was in its proper place; then the tea-things were forgot; and as to spoons, not one could I find. And now, I've a mind to go myself to a shop I took good notice of, and get her a little almond powder for her nice white hands; which, I dare say, will please her. I've thought of a hundred things at least. I dare say I shall quite win her heart. And I'm sure of my money again, if I lay out never so much. And I don't know what I would not do for such a good lady."

During this harangue, Camilla, ashamed of her want of resolution, secretly vowed, that, if again left alone with him, she would not lose a moment in restoring him his liberty, that with dignity she might once more
receive,

receive, or with fortitude for ever resign it. She thought herself, at this moment, capable of either ; but she had only thought it, since his softened look and air had made her believe she had nothing to fear from the alternative.

Mrs. Mittin soon went, though her continued and unmeaning chatter made the short term of her stay appear long.

Each eager upon their own plan, both then involuntarily arose.

Camilla spoke first. " I have something," she cried, " to say----," but her voice became so husky, the inarticulate sounds died away unheard, and blushing at so feeble an opening, she strove, under the auspices of a cough, to disguise that she had spoken at all, for the purpose of beginning, in a more striking manner, again.

This succeeded with Edgar at this moment, for he had heard her voice, not her words: he began, therefore, himself. " This good lady," he said, " seems bit with the rage of obliging, though not, I
M 4 think,

think, so heroically, as much to injure her interest. But surely she flatters herself with somewhat too high a recompence? The heart of Mrs. Berlinton is not, I fancy, framed for such a conquerer. But how, at the same time, is it possible conversation such as this should be heard under her roof? And how can it have come to pass that such a person-----”

“Talk of her,” interrupted Camilla, recovering her breath, “some other time. Let me now inquire----have you burnt---I hope so!----those foolish----letters-----I put into your hands?----”

The countenance of Edgar was instantly overclouded. The mention of those letters brought fresh to his heart the bitterest, the most excruciating and intolerable pang it had ever experienced; it brought Camilla to his view no longer artless, pure, and single-minded, but engaged to, or trifling with, one man, while seriously accepting another. “No, madam,” he solemnly said, “I have not presumed so far. Their answers are not likely to meet

meet with so violent a death, and it seemed to me that one part of the correspondence should be preserved for the elucidation of the other."

Camilla felt stung by this reply, and tremulously answered, "Give me them back, then, if you please, and I will take care to see them all demolished together, in the same flames. Meanwhile----"

"Are you sure," interrupted Edgar, "such a conflagration will be permitted? Does the man live who would have the philosophy---the insensibility I must rather style it---ever to resign, after once possessing, marks so distinguishing of esteem? O, Camilla! I, at least, could not be that man!"

Cut to the soul by this question, which, though softened by the last phrase, she deemed severely cruel, she hastily exclaimed: "Philosophy I have no right to speak of---but as to insensibility---who is the man that ever more can surprise me by its display? Let me take, however, this opportunity----"

A footman, opening the door, said, his lady had sent to beg an answer to her letter.

Camilla, in whom anger was momentary, but the love of justice permanent, rejoiced at an interruption which prevented her from speaking, with pique and displeasure, a sentence that must lose all its purpose if not uttered with mildness. She would write, she said; immediately; and, bidding the man get her pen and ink, went to the window to read her letter; with a formal bow of apology to Edgar as she passed him.

“I have made you angry?” cried he, when the man was gone; “and I hate myself to have caused you a moment’s pain. But you must feel for me, Camilla, in the wound you have inflicted! you know not the disorder of mind produced by a sudden, unlooked-for transition from felicity to perplexity,—from serenity, to misery!—”

Camilla felt touched, yet continued reading, or rather rapidly repeating to herself

herself the words of her letter, without comprehending, or even seeking to comprehend, the meaning of one sentence.

He found himself quite unequal to enduring her displeasure; his own, all his cautions, all Dr. Marchmont's advice, were forgotten; and tenderly following her, "Have I offended," he cried, "past forgiveness? Is Camilla immovable? and is the journey from which I fondly hoped to date the renewal of every hope, the termination of every doubt, the period of all suffering and sorrow---"

He stopt abruptly, from the entrance of the servant with pen and ink, and the interruption was critical: it called him to his self-command: he stammered out that he would not impede her writing; and, though in palpable confusion, took his leave: yet, at the street-door, he gave a ticket with his name, to the servant who attended him, for Mrs. Berlinton; and, with his best respects, desired she might be

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told

told he should do himself the honour to endeavour to see her in the evening.

The recollection of Edgar came too late to his aid to answer its intended purpose. The tender avowal which had escaped him to Camilla, of the view of his journey, had first with astonishment struck her ear, and next with quick enchantment vibrated to her heart, which again it speedily taught to beat with its pristine vivacity ; and joy, spirit, and confidence expelled in a breath all guests but themselves.

C H A P. III.

A Pleasant Adventure.

CAMILLA was again called upon for her note, before she had read the letter it was to answer; but relieved now from the pressure of her own terrifying apprehensions, she gave it complete and willing attention.

It contained four sides of paper, closely yet elegantly written in the language of romantic sentiment. Mrs. Berlinton said she had spent, as yet, only a few minutes with her aunt; but they had been awfully important; and since she had exacted from her a promise to stay the whole day, she could not deny her disappointed friendship the transient solace of a paper conversation, to sooth the lingering interval of this unexpected absence. “My soul pines to unburden the weight of its sorrows into thy sympathising bosom, my gentlest friend; but

but oh! there let them not sojourn! receive but to lighten, listen but to commiserate; and then, far, far thence dismiss them, retaining but the remembrance thōu hast dismissed them with consolation." She then bewailed the time lost to soft communication and confidence, in their journey, from the presence of others; for though one was a brother she so truly loved, she found, notwithstanding the tenderness of his nature, he had the prejudices of a man upon man's prerogatives, and her woes called for soothing not arguments; and the other, she briefly added, was but an accidental passenger. "'Tis in thee only, O my beauteous friend! I would trust the sad murmurs of my irreversible and miserable destiny, of which I have learnt but this moment the cruel and desperate secret cause." She reserved, however, the discovery for their meeting, and called upon her pity for her unfortunate brother, as deeply involved in his future views, as she in her past, by this mystery: "And have I written this much," she

she bursts forth, "without speaking of the cherished correspondent whom so often I have described to thee? Ah! believe me not faithless to that partner of my chosen esteem, that noble, that restless possessor of my purest friendship! No, charming Camilla, think not so degradingly of her whom fate, in its sole pitying interval, has cast into thy arms." Two pages then ensued with his exclusive encomium, painting him chief in every virtue, and master of every grace. She next expressed her earnestness to see Indiana, whom Camilla had told her would be at Southampton. "Present me, I conjure thee, to the fair and amiable enslaver of my unhappy brother! I die to see; to converse with her, to catch from her lovely lips the modest wisdom with which he tells me they teem; to read in her speaking eyes the intelligence which he assures me illumines them." She concluded with desiring her to give what orders she pleased for the coach, and the servants, and to pass the day with her friends.

Camilla,

Camilla, whose own sensations were now revived to happiness, read the letter with all the sympathy it claimed, and felt her eyes fill with generous tears at the contrast of their situations; yet she highly blamed the tenderness expressed for the unknown correspondent, though its innocence she was sure must vanquish even Edgar, since its so constant avowal proved it might be published to all mankind. She answered her in language nearly as affectionate, though less inflated than her own, and resolved to support her with Edgar, till her sweetness and purity should need no champions but themselves. She was ashamed of the species of expectation raised for Indiana, yet knew not how to interfere in Melmond's idea of her capacity, lest it might seem unkind to represent its fallaciousness; but she was glad to find her soft friend seemed to have a strict guardian in her brother; and wished eagerly to communicate to Edgar a circumstance, which she was sure would be so welcome to him.

Impatient

Impatient to see Eugenia, she accepted the offer of the carriage, and desirous to escape Mrs. Mittin, begged to have it immediately; but that notable person came to the door at the same time as the coach, and, without the smallest ceremony, said she would accompany her to the hotel, in order to take the opportunity of making acquaintance with her friends.

Courage frequently, at least in females, becomes potent as an agent, where it has been feeble as a principal. Camilla, though she had wished, upon her own account, to repress Mrs. Mittin in the morning, had been too timid for such an undertaking; but now, in her anxiety to oblige Edgar, she gathered resolution for declining her company. She then found, as is generally the case with the fearful, the task less difficult than she had expected; for Mrs. Mittin, content with a promise self-made, that the introduction should take place the next day, said she would go and help Mrs. Berlin-ton's woman to unpack her lady's things, which

which would make a useful friend for her in the house, for a thousand odd matters.

* * * *

The carriage of Sir Hugh was just driving off as Camilla arrived at the hotel.

She hurried from Mrs. Berlinton's coach, demanding which way the company was gone; and being answered, by a passing waiter, up stairs, ran on at once, without patience or thought for asking if she should turn to the right or left; till seeing a gentleman standing still upon the landing place, and leaning upon the banisters, she was retreating, to desire a conductor, when she perceived it was Dr. Orkborne; who, while the ladies were looking at accommodations, and inquiring about lodgings, in profound cogitation, and with his tablets in his hands, undisturbed by the various noises around him, and unmoved by the various spectators continually passing and repassing, was finishing a period
which.

which he had begun in the coach for his great work.

Camilla, cheerfully greeting him, begged to know which way she should find Eugenia ; but, making her a sign not to speak to him, he wrote on. Accustomed to his manner, and brought up to respect whatever belonged to study, from the studious life and turn of her father, she obeyed the mute injunction, and waited quietly by his side ; till, tired of the delay, though unwilling to interrupt him, she glided softly about the passage, watching and examining if she could see any of the party, yet fearing to offend or mortify him if she called for a waiter.

While straying about thus, as far off as she could go without losing sight of Dr. Orkborne, a door she had just passed was flung open, and she saw young Halder, whose licentious insolence had so much alarmed her in the bathing-house, stroom out, yawning, stretching, and swearing unmeaningly, but most disgustingly, at every step.

Terrified

Terrified at his sight, she went on, as she could not get to the Doctor without passing him; but the youth, recollecting her immediately, called out: "Ah, ha! are you there again, you little vixen?" and pursued her.

"Dr. Orkborne! Dr. Orkborne!" she rather screamed than said, "pray come this way! I conjure—I beseech—I entreat—Dr. Orkborne!—"

The Doctor, catching nothing of this but his name, querulously exclaimed: "You molest me much!" but without raising his eyes from his tablets; while Halder, at the appeal, cried: "Ay, ay, Doctor! keep your distance, Doctor! you are best where you are, Doctor, I can tell you, Doctor!"

Camilla, then, too much scared to be aware she ran a far greater risk than she escaped, desperately sought refuge by opening the nearest door; though by the sudden noises upon the stairs, and in all the adjoining passages, it seemed as if Dr. Orkborne were the only one not alarmed by her cries.

No

No one, however, could approach so soon as the person of whose chamber she had burst the door; who was an old gentleman, of a good and lively countenance, who promptly presenting himself, looked at her with some surprize, but good-humouredly asked her what she was pleased to want in his room.

“That gentleman,” she cried, panting and meaning to point to Dr. Orkborne; “that gentleman I want, sir!” but such a medley of waiters, company, and servants, had in a moment assembled in the space between them, that the Doctor was no longer to be discerned.

“Do you only open my door, then,” said he, drily, “to tell me you want somebody else?”

Yet when Halder, vowing he owed her an ill turn for which she should pay, would have seized her by the hand, he protected with his own arm, saying: “Fie, boy, fie! let the girl alone! I don’t like violence.”

A gentle-

A gentleman now, forcing himself through the crowd, exclaimed: "Miss Camilla Tyrold! Is it possible! what can you do here, madam?"

It was Dr. Marchmont, whom the affrighted Camilla, springing forward, could only answer in catching by the arm.

"Tyrold!" repeated the old gentleman; "Is her name Tyrold?"

Sorry now to have pronounced it in this mixt company, Dr. Marchmont evaded any answer; and, begging her to be composed, asked whither, or to whom, he might have the honour of conducting her.

"Almost all my family are here," cried she, "but I could not make Dr. Orkborne shew me the way to them."

The old gentleman then, repeating "Tyrold! why if her name is Tyrold, I'll take care of her myself;" invited her into his apartment.

Dr. Marchmont, thanking him, said: "This young lady has friends, who in all probability are now uneasily seeking her;

her; we must lose no time in joining them."

"Well, but, well," cried the old stranger, "let her come into my room till the coast is clear, and then take her away in peace. Come, there's a good girl, come in, do! you're heartily welcome; for there's a person of your name that's the best friend I ever had in the world. He's gone from our parts, now; but he's left nothing so good behind. Pray, my dear, did you ever hear of a gentleman, an old Yorkshire Baronet, of your name?"

"What! my uncle?"

"Your uncle! why are you niece to Sir Hugh Tyrold?"

Upon her answering yes, he clapped his hands with delight, and saying: "Why then I'll take care of you myself, if it's at the risk of my life!" carried, rather than drew her into his room, the Doctor following. Then, loudly shutting his door in the face of Halder, he called out: "Enter my castle who dare! I shall turn
6 a young

a young man myself, at the age of seventy, to drub the first varlet that would attack the niece of my dear old friend !”

They soon heard the passage clear, and, without deigning to listen to the petulant revilings with which young Halder solaced his foolish rage, “ Why, my dear,” he continued, “ why did not you tell me your name was Tyrold at once ? I promise you, you need carry nothing else with you into our parts, to see all the doors fly open to you. You make much of him, I hope, where he is ? for he left not a dry eye for twenty miles round when he quitted us. I don’t know how many such men you may have in Hampshire ; but Yorkshire’s a large county, yet the best man in it would find it hard to get a seat in Parliament, where Sir Hugh Tyrold would offer himself to be a candidate. We all say, in Yorkshire, he’s so stuffed full of goodness and kindness, that there’s no room left in him for any thing else ; that’s our way of talking of him in Yorkshire ; if you have a better way in Hampshire, I shall be glad
to

to learn it ; never too late for that ; I hate pride."

No possible disturbance could make Camilla insensible to pleasure in the praise of her uncle, or depress her spirits from joining in his eulogy ; and her attention, and brightening looks, drew a narrative from the old gentleman of the baronet's good actions and former kindnesses, so pleasant both to the speaker and the hearer, that the one forgot he had never seen her before, and the other, the frightful adventure which occasioned their meeting now.

Dr. Marchmont at length, looking at his watch, inquired what she meant to do ; to seek her sister and party, she answered ; and, returning her host the warmest acknowledgments for his assistance and goodness, she was going ; but, stopping her ; " How now ? " he cried, " don't you want to know who I am ? Now I have told you I am a friend of your uncle, don't you suppose he'll ask you my name ? "

Camilla, smiling, assured him she wished much to be informed, but knew not how to trouble him with the question.

“ Why my name, my dear, is Westwyn, and when you say that to your uncle, he won't give you a sour look for your pains ; take my word for that beforehand. I carried over his nephew and heir, a cousin, I suppose, of yours, to Leipzig with me, about eight years ago, along with a boy of my own, Hal Westwyn ; a very good lad, I assure you, though I never tell him so to his face, for fear of puffing him up ; I hate a boy puffed up ; he commonly comes to no good ; that's the only fault of my honoured friend ; he spoils all young people—witness that same cousin of yours, that I can't say I much like ; no more does he me ; but tell your good uncle you have met me ; and tell him I love and honour him as I ought to do ; I don't know how to do more, or else I would ; tell him this, my dear. And I have not forgot what he did for me once, when I was hard run ; and I don't

don't intend it; I'm no friend to short memories."

Camilla said, his name, and her uncle's regard for him, had long been familiar to her; and told him Clermont Lynmere was of the party to Southampton, though she knew not how to enter abruptly into an explanation of his mistake concerning the inheritance. Mr. Westwyn answered he was in no hurry to see Clermont, who was not at all to his taste; but would not quit Hampshire without visiting Cleves: and when he gathered that two more nieces of Sir Hugh were in the house, he desired to be presented to them.

Upon re-entering the passage, to the great amusement of Dr. Marchmont, and serious provocation of Camilla, they perceived Dr. Orkborne, standing precisely where he had first stationed himself; attending no more to the general hubbub than to her particular entreaty, and as regardless of the various jolts he had received during the tumult, as of the obstruction he caused, by his inconvenient position, to the

haste of the passers by. Still steadily reposing against the bannisters, he worked hard at refining his paragraph, persuaded, since not summoned by Miss Margland, he had bestowed upon it but a few minutes, though he had been fixed to that spot near an hour.

Miss Margland received Camilla with a civility which, since her positive and public affiance to Edgar, she thought necessary to the mistress of Besh Park; but she looked upon Dr. Marchmont, whom she concluded to have been her advocate, with a cold ill-will, which, for Mr. Westwyn, she seasoned still more strongly by a portion of contemptuous haughtiness; from a ready disposition to believe every stranger, not formally announced, beneath her notice.

The Doctor soon retired, and found Edgar in his apartment, just returned from a long stroll. He recounted to him the late transaction, with reiterated exhortations to circumspection, from added doubts of the solidity, though with new praise of the attractions

tractions of Camilla. "She seems a character," he said, "difficult to resist, and yet more difficult to attach. Nothing serious appears to impress her for two minutes together. Let us see if the thoughtlessness and inadvertence thus perpetually fertile of danger, result from youthful inexperience, or have their source in innate levity. Time and reason will rectify the first; but time, and even reason, will but harden and embolden the latter. Prudence, therefore, must now interfere; or passion may fly, when the union it has formed most requires its continuance."

C H A P. IV.

An Author's Time-keeper.

MR. WESTWYN, charmed to meet so many near relations of a long-valued friend, struck by the extraordinary beauty of Indiana, and by the sensible answers of the child, as he called Eugenia; as well as caught by the united loveliness of person and of mind which he observed in Camilla, could not bring himself to retire till the dinner was upon the table: pleading, in excuse for his stay, his former intimacy with Sir Hugh. Miss Margland, seeing in him nothing that marked fashion, strove to distance him by a high demeanour: but though not wanting in shrewdness, Mr. Westwyn was a perfectly natural man, and only thinking her manners disagreeable, without suspecting her intention, took but little notice of her, from the time he saw she could give him no pleasure: while
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with the young party, he was so much delighted, that he seriously regretted he had only one son to offer amongst them.

When the dinner was served, Eugenia grew uneasy that Dr. Orkborne should be summoned, whose non-appearance she had not ventured to mention, from the professed hatred of his very sight avowed by Miss Margland. But Camilla, brought up to exert constantly her courage for the absent, told the waiter to call the gentleman from the head of the stairs.

“ My master himself, ma'am,” he answered, “ as well as me, both told the gentleman the company he came with were served ; but he as good as bid us both hold our tongues. He seems to have taken a great liking to that place upon the stairs ; though there's nothing I know of particular in it.”

“ But, if you tell him we wait dinner—” cried Eugenia ; when Miss Margland, interrupting her said, “ I'm sure, then, you won't tell him true : for I beg

we may all begin. I think it would be rather more decorous he should wait for us."

The waiter, nevertheless, went; but presently returned, somewhat ruffled; saying, "The gentleman does not choose to hear me, ma'am. He says, if he mayn't be let alone one single minute, it will be throwing away all his morning. I can't say I know what he means; but he speaks rather froppish. I'd as lieve not go to him again, if you please."

Miss Margland declared, she wished him no better dinner than his pot-hooks; but did not doubt he would come just before they had done, as usual; and he was no more mentioned: though she never in her life eat so fast; and the table was ordered to be cleared of its covers, with a speed exactly the reverse of the patience with which the Doctor was indulged on similar occasions by the baronet.

Miss Margland, when the cloth was removed, proposed a sally in search of lodgings. Canilla and Eugenia, desirous of a private

a private confidence, begged to remain within ; though the latter sought to take care of her absent preceptor, before she could enjoy the conversation of her sister ; and when Miss Margland and Indiana, in secret exultation at his dinnerless state, had gilded, with silent simpering, past him, flew to beseech his consent to take some nourishment.

Such, however, was his present absorption in what he was writing, that the voluntary kindness of his pupil was as unwelcome as the forced intrusion of the waiter ; and he conjured her to grant him a little respite from such eternal tormenting, with the plaintive impatience of deprecating some injury.

The sisters, now, equally eager to relate and to listen to their mutual affairs, shut themselves up in the apartment of Eugenia ; who, with the greatest simplicity, began the discourse, by saying, " Have you heard, my dear sister, that Clermont has refused me ? "

Camilla was severely shocked. Accustomed herself to the face and form of Eugenia, which, to her innocent affection, presented always the image of her virtuous mind and cultivated understanding, she had not prefiged even the possibility of such an event; and, though she had seen with concern the inequality of their outward appearance, Clermont had seemed to her, in all else, so inferior to her sister, that she had repined at his unworthiness, but never doubted the alliance.

She was distressed how to offer any consolation; but soon found none was required. Eugenia was composed and contented, though pensive, and not without some feeling of mortification. Yet anger and resentment had found no place in the transaction. Her equity acknowledged that Clermont had every right of choice: but while her candour induced her to even applaud his disinterestedness in relinquishing the Cleves estate, her capacity pointed out how terrible must be the personal defects, that so speedily, without
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one word of conversation, one trial of any sort how their tastes, tempers, or characters might accord, stimulated him to so decisive a rejection. This view of her unfortunate appearance cast her, at first, into a train of melancholy ideas, that would fast have led her to unhappiness, though wholly unmixed with any regret of Clermont, had not the natural philosophy of her mind come to her aid; or had her education been of a more worldly sort.

When Camilla related her own history, her plan of making Edgar again completely master of his own proceedings met the entire approbation of Eugenia, who, with a serious smile, said, "Take warning by me, my dear sister! and, little as you have reason to be brought into any comparison with such a one as me, anticipate the disgrace of defection!"

Camilla, much touched, embraced her, sincerely wishing she were half as faultless as her excellent self.

The return of Miss Margland and Indiana obliged them to quit their retreat:

and they now found Dr. Orkborne in the dining-room. Having finished his paragraph, he had sought his party of his own accord; but, meeting with no one, had taken a book from his pocket, with which he meant to beguile the appetite he felt rising, till the hour of dinner, which he had not the smallest suspicion was over: for of the progress of time he had no knowledge but by its palpable passage from the sun to the moon; his watch was never wound up, and the morning and the evening were but announced to him by a summons to breakfast and to supper.

The ladies seated themselves at the window. Indiana was enchanted by the concourse of gay and well-dressed people passing by, and far from insensible to the visible surprise and pleasure she excited in those who cast up their eyes at the hotel. Eugenia, to whom a great and populous town was entirely new, found also, in the diversity as well as novelty of its objects, much matter for remark and contemplation; Miss Margland experienced the ut-
most

most satisfaction in seeing, at last, some faces and some things less rustic than had been presented to her in Yorkshire, or at Cleves; and Camilla had every hope that this place, in Edgar's own expression, would terminate every perplexity, and give local date to her life's permanent felicity.

In a few minutes, a youth appeared on the opposite pavement, whose air was new to none of the party, yet not immediately recollected by any. It was striking, however, in elegance and in melancholy. Eugenia recollected him first, and starting back, gasped for breath; Indiana the next moment called out, "Ah!----it's Mr. Melmond!" and blushing high, her whole face was bright and dimpled with unexpected delight.

He walked on, without looking up, and Indiana, simply piqued as well as chagrined, said she was glad he was gone.

But Eugenia looked after him with a gentle sigh, which now first she thought blameless, and a pleasure, which, though
half

half mournful, she now suffered herself to encourage. Free from all ties that made her shun this partiality as culpable, she secretly told herself she might now, without injury to any one, indulge it for an object who, little as he was known to her, she internally painted with all the faultless qualities of ideal excellence.

From these meditations she was roused by Dr. Orkborne's looking rather wishfully round him, and exclaiming, "Pray—don't we dine rather late?"

The mistake being cleared up, by Miss Margland's assuring him it was impossible to keep dinner waiting all day, for people who chose to stand whole hours upon a staircase, he felt rather discomfited: but when Eugenia privately ordered him a repast in his own chamber, he was amply consoled, by the unconstrained freedom with which he was empowered to have more books upon the table than plates; and to make more ink spots than he eat mouthfuls.

Camilla

Camilla had the mortification to find, upon her return home, that Edgar had made his promised visit, not only in her absence, but while Mrs. Berlington was still with her aunt.

That lady then communicated to Camilla the secret to which, while yet in ignorance of its existence, she now found she had been sacrificed. Mrs. Ecton, two years ago, had given her hand, in the most solemn privacy, to her butler, who now attended her to Southampton. To avoid disobliging a sick old relation, from whom she expected a considerable legacy, she had prevailed with her husband to consent that the marriage should not be divulged: but certain that whatever now might be her fortune, she had no power to bequeath it from her new connexion, the terror of leaving utterly destitute a beautiful young creature, who believed herself well provided for, had induced her to nearly force her acceptance of an almost

most superannuated old man of family ; who, merely covering her beauty, inquired not into her inclination. The same latent cause had made her inexorable to the pleadings of young Melmond ; who, conceiving his fortune dependent upon the pleasure of his aunt, his certain income being trifling, thought it his duty to fly the fair object of his adoration, when he discovered the deceit of Lionel with regard to the inheritance of Sir Hugh. This sick old relation was now just dead, and had left to her sole disposal a considerable estate. The husband naturally refused to be kept any longer from his just rights ; but the shame she felt of making the discovery of a marriage contracted clandestinely, after she was sixty years of age, with a man under thirty, threw her into a nervous fever. And, in this state, unable to reveal to her nephew an event which now affected him alone, she prevailed with Mr. Ulst, who was willing to revisit his original home, Southampton, to accompany her thither
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in his usual capacity, till she had summoned her nephew and niece, and acquainted them with the affair.

To herself, Mrs. Berlington said, the evil of this transaction had been over, while yet it was unknown; she had heard it, therefore, in silence, and forborne unavailing reproach. But her brother, to whom the blow was new, and the consequences were still impending, was struck with extreme anguish, that while thus every possible hope was extinguished with regard to his love, he must suddenly apply himself to some business, or be reduced to the most obscure poverty.

Camilla heard the account with sincere concern for them both, much heightened for young Melmond, upon finding that, by his express desire, his sister now relinquished her design of cultivating an acquaintance with Indiana, whom he had the virtue to determine to avoid, since his fortune, and even his hopes, were thus irretrievably ruined.

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They conversed together to a late hour ; and Camilla, before they parted, made the most earnest apologies for the liberty taken with her house by Mrs. Mittin : but Mrs. Berlinton, with the utmost sweetness, begged she might stay till all her business with her was settled ; smilingly adding, business alone, she was sure, could bring them together.

Much relieved, she then determined to press Mrs. Mittin to collect and pay her accounts immediately ; and to avoid with her, in the meanwhile, any further transactions.

C H A P. V.

An agreeable Hearing.

EARLY the next morning, Camilla went to the hotel, in the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton; eluding, though not without difficulty, the company of Mrs. Mittin. She found the party all in good spirits; Indiana, in particular, was completely elated; joined to the admiration she believed awaiting her in this large and fashionable town, she now knew she might meet there the only person who had ever excited in her youthful, and nearly vacant breast, any appropriate pleasure, super-added to the general zest of being adored. She did not, indeed, think of marrying any one who could not offer her a coach and four; but so little was she disturbed by thinking at all, that the delight of being adulated by the man she preferred, carried with it no idea of danger. Eugenia too, soothed

foothed with the delusions of her romantic but innocent fancy, flattered herself she might now see continually the object she conceived formed for meriting her even reverential regard; and Miss Margland was importantly occupied upon affairs best suited to her taste and ancient habits, in deliberating how first to bring forth her fair charge with the most brilliant effect.

Camilla was much embarrassed how to parry an introduction to Mrs. Berlington, upon which all the females built as the foundation of their Southampton prosperity; the young ones, already informed she was the sister of Melmond, languishing to know her for his sake; and Miss Margland, formerly acquainted with the noble family of her husband, being impatient to resume her claims in similar circles; but an awkward beginning apology was set aside by the entrance of Edgar and Dr. Marchmont.

Indiana now poured forth innumerable questions upon what she might look forward to with respect to balls and public places;

places; Eugenia asked nearly as many concerning the buildings, antiquities, and prospects; and Miss Margland more than either, relative to the company, their genealogies and connexions. The two Doctors soon sat aloof, conferring upon less familiar matters; but Edgar only spoke in reply, and Camilla uttered not a word.

Soon after, a voice on the stairs called out, "O never mind shewing me the way; if I come to a wrong room, I'll go on till I come to a right;" and the next minute young Lynmere fallied into the apartment.

"I could not get to you last night," cried he; "and I can only stay a moment now. I have a pretty serious business upon my hands; so if you can give me any breakfast, don't lose time."

Miss Margland, willing to please the brother of Indiana, readily ordered for him whatever the inn could afford, of which he failed not heartily to partake, saying, "I have met with a good comic sort of adventure

adventure here already. Guess what it is?"

Indiana complied; but his own wish to communicate was so much stronger than that of any one to hear, that, before she could pronounce three words, he cried: "Well, if you're so excessive curious, I'll tell it you. I'm engaged in a duel."

Indiana screamed; Miss Margland echoed her cry; Eugenia, who had looked down from his entrance, raised her eyes with an air of interest; Camilla was surprised out of her own concerns; and Edgar surveyed him with an astonishment not wholly unmixt with contempt; but the two Doctors went on with their own discourse.

"Nay, nay, Dye, don't be frightened; 'tis not a duel in which I am to fight myself; I am only to be second. But suppose I were first? what signifies? these are things we have in hand so often, we don't think of them."

"La! brother! you don't say so?" cried Indiana: "La! how droll!" He then

then pretended that he would tell nothing more.

Camilla inquired if he had seen Mr. Westwyn, whom she had met with the preceding day.

“Not I, faith! but that’s a-propos enough; for it’s his son that has asked me to be his second.”

“O, poor good old Mr. Westwyn!” cried Camilla, now much interested in this history; “and can you not save him such a shock? can you not be mediator instead of second? he seems so fond of his son—”

“O, as to him, it’s no matter; he’s such a harsh old huncks, I shall be glad to have him worked a little; I’ve often wanted to pull him by the nose, myself, he takes such liberties with me. But did you ever hear of such a fool as his son? he deserves to be badgered as bad as his father; he’s going to fight with as fine an honest fellow as ever I met with, for nothing at all! absolutely nothing!”

“Dear! how droll!” said Indiana.

“But

“ But why can you not interfere ?” cried Camilla : “ poor Mr. Westwyn will be made so unhappy if any evil befalls his son !”

“ O, faith, as to him, he may take it as he will ; I shan’t trouble my head about him ; he has made free enough with me, I can assure you ; it’s only to have him out of the way, that the business is put off till noon ; it was to have been in the morning, but the old tyrant took it into his pate to make poor Henry, who is one of your good ones, and does nothing to vex him on purpose, ride out with him ; he has promised, however, to get off by twelve o’clock, when four of us are to be at a certain spot that I shan’t name.”

Camilla again began to plead the merits of the father ; but Indiana more urgently demanded the reason of the combat. “ I dare say, brother, they fight about being in love with somebody ? don’t they, brother ? now do tell me ?”

“ Not a whit ! it’s for a girl he don’t care a straw for, and never saw but once
in

in his life, and don't care a farthing if he never sees again."

"Dear, how droll, brother! I thought people always fought about being in love with somebody they wanted to marry; and never but when she was excessive pretty."

"O, faith, marriage seldom deserves a fighting match; but as to being pretty, that's all Harry has in his excuse, so he pretends she's as divine as an angel."

"Dear! well, and don't you know any thing more than that about it?"

"No, nor he neither; he only saw her at a bathing house, where a fine jolly young buck was paying her a few compliments, that she affected not to like; and presently, in a silly dispute whether she was a girl of character, they had a violent quarrel, and Harry was such a fool as to end it with a challenge."

At the words, *a bathing house*, the blood forsook the cheeks of Camilla with sudden personal alarm; but it mounted high into them again, upon hearing the nature of the

dispute; though yet again it sunk, and left them wholly pallid, at the brief and final conviction she was the sole cause of this duel, and upon so disgraceful a dispute.

The emotions of Edgar, though less fearful, were not less violent nor painful. That Camilla should be the subject of any challenge was shocking, but of such a one he thought a dishonour; yet to prevent, and with the least publicity, its effect, was the immediate occupation of his mind.

A short pause ensued, broken presently by Clermont, who, looking at his watch, suddenly jumped up, and calling out, "Faith, I shall be too late!" was capering out of the room; but the shame of Camilla in the disgrace, was overpowered by her terror of its consequences, and starting up, and clasping her hands, "O cousin! O Clermont!" she cried, "for Heaven's sake stop this affair!"

Clermont, satisfied that a sufficient alarm was raised to impede the transaction, without any concession on his part, declared himself bound in honour to attend the
appoint-

appointment, and, in extreme seeming haste and earnestness, walked off: stopping, however, when he came to the door, not to listen to the supplications of his cousin, but to toss off a fresh cup of chocolate, which a waiter was just carrying to the next room.

Camilla now, her face varying in colour twenty times in a minute, and her whole frame shaking, while her eyes were cast, conscious and timid, on the floor, approached Edgar, and saying, "This young man's father is my dear uncle's friend!----" burst into tears.

Edgar, wholly dissolved, took her hand, pressed it to his lips, besought her, in a low voice, to dismiss her apprehensions, in the confidence of his most ardent exertions; and again kissing her hand, with the words, "Too----O, far too dear Camilla!" hastened after Lynmere.

Affected in a thousand ways, she dropt, weeping, upon a chair. Should the duel take place, and any fatal consequences follow, she felt she should never be happy
O 2 again;

again; and even, should it be prevented, its very suggestion, from so horrible a doubt of her character, seemed a stain from which it could never recover. The inconsiderate facility with which she had wandered about with a person so little known to her, so underbred, and so forward, appeared now to herself inexcusable; and she determined, if but spared this dreadful punishment, to pass the whole of her future life in unremitting caution.

Eugenia, with the kindest sympathy, and Indiana and Miss Margland, with extreme curiosity, sought to discover the reason of her emotion; but while begging them to dispense with an explanation, old Mr. Westwyn was announced and appeared.

The horrors of a culprit, the most cruel as well as criminal, seemed instantly the portion of the self-condemned Camilla; and, as he advanced with chearful kindness, to inquire after her health, his ignorance that all his happiness, through her means, was that moment at stake, pierced

pierced her with a suffering so exquisite, that she uttered a deep groan, and sunk back upon her chair.

An instant's recollection brought her more of fortitude, though not of comfort; and springing up and addressing, though not looking at Mr. Westwyn, who was staring at her with astonishment and concern: "Where, sir," she cried, "is your son? If you have the least knowledge which way he is gone---which way he may be traced---pursue and force him back this moment!---Immediately!---"

"My son!" repeated the good old gentleman, wanting no other word to participate in any alarm; "what, Hal Westwyn?—"

"Follow him---seek him---send for him---and do not, a single instant, lose sight of him all day!—"

"My dear young lady, what do you mean? I'll send for him, to be sure, if you desire it; but what makes you so good as to think about my son? did you

ever see my son? do you know my son? do you know Hal Westwyn?"

"Don't ask now, dear sir! secure him first, and make what inquiries you please afterwards."

Mr. Westwyn, in evident consternation, walked out, Camilla herself opening the door; but turning back in the passage, strongly said: "If the boy has been guilty of any misbehaviour, I won't support him; I don't like misbehaviour; it's a bad thing; I can't take to it."

"O no! no! quite the contrary!" exclaimed the agitated Camilla, he is good, kind, generous! I owe him the greatest obligation! and I desire nothing upon earth so much, at this moment, as to see him, and to thank him!"

The old gentleman's eyes now filled with tears, and coming back, and most affectionately shaking hands with her, "I was afraid he had misbehaved," he cried; "but he was always a good lad; and if he has done any thing for the niece of my dear Sir Hugh Tyrold, I shall hug him to my

my heart!" and then, in great, but pleased perturbation, he hurried away, saying to himself, as he went: "I'll take him to her, to be sure; I desire nothing better! God bless her! If she can speak so well of my poor Hal, she must be the best girl living! and she shall have him---yes, she shall have him, if she's a mind to him; and I don't care if she i'n't worth a groat; she's nièce to my old friend; that's better."

Camilla speeding, but not hearing him, returned to her seat; yet could not answer one question, from the horrors of her fears, and her shame of the detail of the business.

When the breakfast was over, Miss Margland desired every one would get ready to go to the lodgings; and, with Indiana, repaired herself to visit them, and give general orders. Dr. Marchmont had glided out of the room, in anxiety for Edgar; to the great dissatisfaction, and almost contempt of Dr. Orkborne, with whom he was just discussing some controverted points upon the shield of Achilles;

O 4

which,

which, that he could quit for the light concerns of a young man, added again to his surmises that, though he had run creditably the usual scholastic race, his reputation was more the effect of general ability and address, than of such sound and consummate learning as he himself possessed. Ruminating upon the ignorant injustice of mankind, in suffering such quacks in literature and philology to carry the palm of fame, he went to his chamber, to collect, from his bolster and bedside, the hoard of books and papers, from which, the preceding night, he had disencumbered his coat, waistcoat, and great coat pockets, inside and out, to review before he could sleep; and which now were again to encircle him, to facilitate their change of abode.

But Eugenia would not quit her afflicted sister, who soon, in her gentle breast, deposited the whole of her grief, her apprehensions, and her plans; charging her instantly to retire, if Edgar should return, that whatever might be the event he should unfold,

unfold, she might release him immediately from an engagement that his last words seemed to avow did not make him happy, and that probably he now repented. The design was so consonant to the native heroism of Eugenia, that she consented, with applause, to aid its execution.

About half an hour, which seemed to be prolonged to twenty times the duration of the whole day, passed in terrible expectation; Edgar then appeared, and Eugenia, suspending her earnest curiosity, to comply with the acute feelings of her sister, retreated.

Camilla could scarce breathe; she stood up, her eyes and mouth open, her face pale, her hands uplifted, waiting, but not daring to demand intelligence.

Edgar, entering into her distress with a tenderness that drove from him his own, eagerly satisfied her: "All," he cried, "is safe; the affair has been compromised; no duel has taken place; and the parties have mutually pledged themselves to forget the dispute."

Tears again, but no longer bitter, flowed copiously down her cheeks, while her raised eyes and clasped hands expressed the fervency of her thankfulness.

Edgar, extremely touched, took her hand; he wished to seize a moment so nearly awful, to enforce upon her mind every serious subject with which he most desired it to be impressed; but sorrow was ever sacred to him; and desiring only, at this period, to console her: "This adventure," he cried, "has now terminated so well, you must not suffer it to wound you. Dismiss it, sweet Camilla, from your memory!—at least till you are more composed."

"No, sir!" cried Camilla, to whom his softness, by restoring her hope of an ultimately happy conclusion, restored strength; "it ought never to be dismissed from my memory; and what I am now going to say will fix it there indelibly."

Edgar was surprised, but pleased; his most anxious wishes seemed on the point
of

of being fulfilled ; he expected a voluntary explanation of every perplexity, a clearance of all mystery.

“ I am sensible that I have appeared to you,” she resumed, “ in many points reprehensible ; in some, perhaps, inexcusable.----”

“ Inexcusable ? O no ! never ! never !”

“ The letters of Sir Sedley Clarendel I know you think I ought not to have received----”

Edgar, biting his nails, looked down.

“ And, indeed, I acknowledge myself, in that affair, a most egregious dupe !----”

She blushed ; but her blush was colourless to that of Edgar. Resentment against Sir Sedley beat high in every vein ; while disappointment to his delicacy, in the idea of Camilla duped by any man, seemed, in one blow, to detach him from her person, by a sudden dissolution of all charm to his mind in the connection.

Camilla saw, too late, she had been too hasty in a confession which some apologising

giving account should have preceded; but what her courage had begun, pride now aided her to support, and she continued.

“For what belongs to that correspondence, and even for its being unknown to my friends, I may offer, perhaps, hereafter, something in exculpation;—hereafter, I say, building upon your long family regard; for though we part—it will be, I trust, in amity.”

“Part!” repeated Edgar, recovering from his displeasure by amazement.

“Yes, part,” said she, with assumed firmness; “it would be vain to palliate what I cannot disguise from myself—I am lessened in your esteem.” She could not go on; imperious shame took possession of her voice, crimsoned her very forehead, blushed even in her eyes, demolished her strained energy, and enfeebled her genuine spirit.

But the conscious taciturnity of Edgar recalled her exertions; struck and afflicted by the truth she had pronounced, he could

not controvert it ; he was mute ; but his look spoke keen disturbance and bitter regret.

“ Not so low, however, am I yet, I trust, fallen in your opinion, that you can wonder at the step I now take. I am aware of many errors ; I know, too, that appearances have often cruelly misrepresented me ; my errors you might have the candour to forget, and false appearances I could easily clear in my own favour—but where, and what is the talisman which can erase from my own remembrance that you have thought me unworthy ?”

Edgar started ; but she would not give him time to speak ; what she had last uttered was too painful to her to dwell upon, or hear answered, and rapidly, and in an elevated manner, she went on.

“ I here, therefore, solemnly release you from all tie, all engagement whatever with Camilla Tyrold ! I shall immediately acquaint my friends that henceforth—we Both are Free !”

She

She was then retiring. Edgar, confounded by a stroke so utterly and every way unexpected, neither answering nor interposing, till he saw her hand upon the lock of the door. In a voice then, that spoke him cut to the soul, though without attempting to stop her, "This then," he cried, "Camilla, is your final adieu."

She turned round, and with a face glowing, and eyes glistening, held out to him her hand: "I knew not if you would accept," she said, "a kinder word, or I should have assured you of my unaltered regard---and have claimed the continuance of your friendship, and even---if your patience is not utterly exhausted, of your watchful counsel---Farewell! remember me without severity! my own esteem must be permanent as my existence!"

The door, here, was opened by Miss Margland and Indiana, and Camilla hastily snatched away the hand which Edgar, grasping with the fondness of renovated passion, secretly meant to part with no more, till a final reconciliation once again

again made it his own ; but compelled to yield to circumstance, he suffered it to be withdrawn ; and while she darted into the chamber of Eugenia, to hide her deep emotion from Indiana, who was tittering, and Miss Margland, who wa sneering, at the situation in which she was surprisèd, he abruptly took leave himself, too much impressed by this critical scene, to labour for uninteresting discourse.

C H A P. VI.

Ideas upon Marriage.

WHILE, in the bosom of her faithful sister, Camilla reposed her feelings and her fears, alternately rejoicing and trembling in the temerity of the resolution she had exerted; Edgar sought his not less faithful, nor honourable, but far more worldly friend, Dr. Marchmont.

He narrated, with extreme emotion, the scene he had just had with Camilla; asserting her possession of every species of excellence from the nobleness of her rejection, and abhorring himself for having given her a moment's doubt of his fullest esteem. Not a solicitude, he declared, now remained with him, but how to appease her displeasure, satisfy her dignity, and recover her favour.

“Softly, softly!” said the Doctor;
“measure your steps more temperately,
ere

ere you run with such velocity. If this refusal is the result of an offended sensibility, you cannot exert yourself too warmly in its consolation; even if it is from pride, it has a just claim to your concessions, since she thinks you have injured it; yet pause before you act, may it not be merely from a confidence of power that loves to tyrannize over its slaves, by playing with their chains? or a lurking spirit of coquetry, that desires to regain the liberty of trifling with some new Sir Sedley Clarendel? or, perhaps, with Sir Sedley himself?"

"Dr. Marchmont! how wretchedly ill you think of women!"

"I think of them as they are! I think of them as I have found them. They are artful, though feeble; they are shallow, yet subtle."

"You have been unfortunate in your connexions?"

"Yet who had better prospects? with energies as warm, with hopes as alive as your own, twice have I conducted to the altar

altar two beings I thought framed for my peculiar felicity ; but my peace, my happiness, and my honour, have been torn up by the root, exactly where I thought I had planted them for my whole temporal existence. This heart, which to you appears hard and suspicious, has been the dupe of its susceptibilities ; first, in a creature of its own choice, next, where it believed itself chosen. That first, Mandiebert, had you seen her, you would have thought, as I thought her myself----an angel ! She was another Camilla."

" Another Camilla !"

" Grace, sweetness, and beauty vied in her for pre-eminence. Yes, another Camilla ! though I see your incredulity ; I see you think my comparison almost profane ; and that grace, sweetness, and beauty, waited the birth of Camilla to be made known to the world. Such, however, she was, and I saw and loved at once. I knew her character fair, I precipitately made my addresses, and concluded

cluded myself beloved in return----because I was accepted !”

Edgar shrunk back, and cast down his eyes.

“ Nor was it till the moment---heart-breaking yet to my recollection !---of her sudden death, that I knew the lifeless, soulless, inanimate frame was all she had bestowed upon me. In the private drawer of her bureau, I then found a pocket-book. In the first leaf, I saw a gentleman’s name ;---I turned over, and saw it again ; I looked further, and still it met my view ; I opened by chance,---but nothing else appeared :---there it was still, traced in every hand, charactered in every form, shape, and manner, the wayward, wistful eye could delight to fashion, for varying, yet beholding it without end : while, over the intermediate spaces, verses, quotations, short but affecting sentences, were every where scattered, bewailing the misery of disappointed hope, and unrequited love ; of a heartless hand devoted at the altar ; of vows enchaining liberty,
not

not factifying affection ! I then---alas, too late ! dived deeper, with, then, useless investigation,----and discovered an early passion, never erased from her mind ;----discovered----that I had never made her happy ! that she was merely enduring, suffering me---while my whole confiding soul was undividedly hers !”---

Edgar shuddered at this picture ; “ But why, then,” he cried, “ since she seemed amiable as well as fair, why did she accept you ?”

“ Ask half the married women in the nation how they became wives : they will tell you their friends urged them ;----that they had no other establishment in view ; ----that nothing is so uncertain as the repetition of matrimonial powers in women ; ----and that those who cannot solicit what they wish, must accommodate themselves to what offers. This first adventure, however, is now no longer useful to you, though upon its hard remembrance was founded my former caution : but I am even myself satisfied, at present, that the
earliest

earliest partiality of Camilla has been yours; what now you have to weigh, is the strength or inadequacy of her character, for guiding that partiality to your mutual happiness. My second melancholy history will best illustrate this difficulty. You may easily believe, the last of my intentions was any further essay in a lottery I had found so inauspicious; but, while cold even to apathy, it was my inevitable chance to fall in the way of a pleasing and innocent young creature, who gave me, unfought and unwished-for, her heart. The boon, nevertheless, soon caught my own: for what is so alluring as the voluntary affection of a virtuous woman?"

"Well," cried Edgar, "and what now could disturb your tranquillity?"

"The insufficiency of that heart to its own decision. I soon found her apparent predilection was simply the result of the casualty, which brought me almost exclusively into her society, but unmarked by any consonance of taste, feeling, or understanding.

standing. Her inexperience had made her believe, since she preferred me to the few who surrounded her, I was the man of her choice: with equal facility I concurred in the same mistake;----for what is so credulous as self-love? But such a regard, the child of accident, not selection, was unequal, upon the discovery of the dissimilarity of our dispositions, to the smallest sacrifice. My melancholy returned with the view of our mutual delusion; lassitude of pleasing was the precursor of discontent. Dissipation then, in the form of amusement, presented itself to her aid: retirement and books came to mine. My resource was safe, though solitary; her's was gay, but perilous. Dissipation, with its usual Proteus powers, from amusement changed its form to temptation, allured her into dangers, impeached her honour, and blighted her with disgrace. I just discerned the precipice whence she was falling, in time to avert the dreadful necessity of casting her off for ever:-----but what was our life
thence

thence forward? Cares unparticipated, griefs uncommunicated, stifled resentments, and unremitting weariness! She is now no more; and I am a lonely individual for the rest of my pilgrimage.

“Take warning, my dear young friend, by my experience. The entire possession of the heart of the woman you marry is not more essential to your first happiness, than the complete knowledge of her disposition is to your ultimate peace.”

Edgar thanked him, in deep concern to have awakened emotions which the absorption of study, and influence of literature, held generally dormant. The lesson, however, which they inculcated, he engaged to keep always present to his consideration; though, but for the strange affair of Sir Sedley Clarendel, he should feel confident that, in Camilla, there was not more of exterior attraction, than of solid excellence: and, with regard to their concordance of taste and humour, he had never seen her so gay, nor so lovely, as in scenes of active benevolence, or domestic life.

life. She had promised to clear, hereafter, the transaction with Sir Sedley ; but he could not hold back for that explanation : hurt, already, by his apparent scruples, she had openly named them as the motives of her rejection : could he, then, shew her he yet demurred, without forfeiting all hope of a future accommodation ?

“ Delicacy,” said Dr. Marchmont, “ though the quality the most amiable we can practise in the service of others, must not take place of common sense, and sound judgment, for ourselves. Her dismissal does not discard you from her society ; on the contrary, it invites your friendship.-----”

“ Ah, Doctor ! what innocence, what sweetness does that very circumstance display !”

“ Learn, however, their concomitants, ere you yield to their charms : learn if their source is from a present, yet accidental preference, or from the nobler spring of elevated sentiment. The meeting
ing

ing you surpris'd with Sir Sedley, the presumption you acknowledge of his letters, and the confession made by herself that she had submitted to be duped by him."

"O, Dr. Marchmont! what harrowing drawbacks to felicity! And how much must we rather pity than wonder at the errors of common young women, when a creature such as this is so easy to be misled!"

"You must not imagine I mean a censure upon the excellent Mr. Tyrold, when I say she is left too much to herself: the purity of his principles, and the virtue of his character, must exempt him from blame; but his life has been both too private and too tranquil, to be aware of the dangers run by Female Youth, when straying from the mother's careful wing. All that belongs to religion, and to principle, he feels, and he has taught; but the impediments they have to encounter in a commerce with mankind, he could not point out, for he does not know. Yet there

is nothing more certain, than that seventeen weeks is not less able to go alone in a nursery, than seventeen years in the world."

This suggestion but added to the bias of Edgar to take her, if possible, under his own immediate guidance.

"Know, first," cried the Doctor, "if to your guidance she will give way; know if the affair with Sir Sedley has exculpations which render it single and adventitious, or if there hang upon it a lightness of character that may invest caprice, chance, or fickleness, with powers of involving such another entanglement."

C H A P. VII.

How to treat a Defamer.

As the lodgings taken by Miss Margland could not be ready till the afternoon, Camilla remained with her sister; a sojourn which, while it consoled her with the society, and gratified her by the approbation of Eugenia, had yet another allure-ment; it detained her under the same roof with Edgar; and his manner of listening to her rejection, and his undisguised suffering before they were parted, led her to expect he might yet demand a conference before she quitted the hotel.

In about an hour, as unpleasantly as unceremoniously, they were broken in upon by Mrs. Mittin.

“How monstrous lucky, my dear,” cried she, to Camilla, “that I should find you, and your little sister, for I suppose this is she, together! I went into your dining-

room to ask for you, and there I met those other two ladies ; and I've made acquaintance with 'em, I assure you, already ; for I told them I was on a visit at the Honourable Mrs. Berlinton's. So I've had the opportunity to recommend some shops to 'em, and I've been to tell some of the good folks to send them some of their nicest goods for 'em to look at ; for, really, since I've been bustling a little about here, I've found some of the good people so vastly obliging, I can't but take a pleasure in serving 'em, and getting 'em a few customers, especially as I know a little civility of that sort makes one friends surprisingly. Often and often have I got things under prime cost myself, only by helping a person on in his trade. So one can't say good nature's always thrown away. However, I come now on purpose to put a note into your own hands, from Mrs. Berlinton ; for all the servants were out of the way, except one, and he wanted to be about something else, so I offered to bring it, and she was very much pleased ; so I fancy it's
about

about some secret, for she never offered to shew it me; but as to the poor man I saved from the walk, I've won his heart downright; I dare say he'll go of any odd errand for me, now, without vails. That's the best of good nature, it always comes home to one."

The note from Mrs. Berlington contained a tender supplication for the return of Camilla, and a pressing and flattering invitation that her sister should join their little party, as the motives of honour and discretion which made her, at the request and for the sake of her brother, sacrifice her eagerness to be presented to Miss Lynmere, operated not to impede her acquaintance with Miss Eugenia.

This proposition had exquisite charms for Eugenia. To become acquainted with the sister of him to whom, henceforward, she meant to devote her secret thoughts, enchanted her imagination. Camilla, therefore, negotiated the visit with Miss Margland, who, though little pleased by this separate invitation, knew not how to

refuse her concurrence; but Indiana, indignant that the sister of Melmond should not, first, have waited upon her, and solicited her friendship, privately resolved, in pique of this disrespect, to punish the brother with every rigour she could invent.

Camilla, upon her return, found Mrs. Mittin already deeply engaged in proposing an alteration in the dress of Eugenia, which she was aiding Molly Mill to accomplish; and so much she found to say and to do, to propose and to object to, to contrive and to alter, that, from the simplicity of the mistress, and the ignorance of the maid, the one was soon led to conclude she should have appeared improperly before Mrs. Berlinton, without such useful advice; and the other to believe she must shortly have lost her place, now her young lady was come forth into the world, if she had not thus miraculously met with so good a friend.

During these preparations, Camilla was summoned back to the dining-room to receive Mr. Westwyn.

She

She did not hear this call with serenity. The danger which, however unwittingly, she had caused his son, and the shocking circumstances which were its foundation, tingled her cheeks, and confounded her wish of making acknowledgments, with an horror that such an obligation could be possible.

The door of the dining-room was open, and as soon as her steps were heard, Mr. Westwyn came smiling forth to receive her. She hung back involuntarily; but, pacing up to her, and taking her hand, "Well, my good young lady," he cried, "I have brought you my son; but he's no boaster, that I can assure you, for though I told him how you wanted him to come to you, and was so good as to say you were so much obliged to him, I can't make him own he has ever seen you in his life; which I tell him is carrying his modesty over far; I don't like affectation--- I have no taste for it."

Camilla, discovering by this speech, as well as by his pleased and tranquil manner,

that he had escaped hearing of the intended duel, and that his son was still ignorant whose cause he had espoused, ardently wished to avert farther shame by concealing herself; and, step by step, kept retreating back towards the room of Eugenia; though she could not disengage her hand from the old gentleman, who, trying to draw her on, said: "Come, my dear! don't go away. Though my son won't confess what he has done for you, he can't make me forget that you were such a dear soul as to tell me yourself, of his good behaviour, and of your having such a kind opinion of him. And I have been telling him, and I can assure you I'll keep my word, that if he has done a service to the niece of my dear old friend, Sir Hugh Tyzold, it shall value him fifty pound a-year more to his income, if I straighten myself never so much. For a lad, that knows how to behave in that manner, will never spend his money so as to make his old father ashamed of him. And that's a good thing for a man to know."

"Indeed,

“ Indeed, sir, this is some mistake,” said the young man himself, now advancing into the passage, while Camilla was stammering out an excuse from entering; “ it’s some great mistake; I have not the honour to know----”

He was going to add Miss Tyrold, but he saw her at the same moment, and instantly recollecting her face, stopt, blushed, and looked amazed.

The retreating effort of Camilla, her shame and her pride, all subsided by his view, and gave place to the more generous feelings of gratitude for his intuitive good opinion, and emotion for the risk he had run in her defence: and with an expression of captivating sweetness in her eyes and manner, “ That you did not know me,” she cried, “ makes the peculiarity of your goodness, which, indeed, I am more sensible to than I can express.”

“ Why, there! there, now! there!” cried Mr. Westwyn, while his son, enchanted to find whose character he had sustained, bowed almost to the ground with

respectful gratitude for such thanks; "only but listen! she says the very same things to your face, that she said behind your back! though I am afraid it's only to please an old father; for if not, I can't for my life find out any reason why you should deny it. Come, Hal, speak out, Hal!"

Equally at a loss how either to avow or evade what had passed in the presence of Camilla, young Westwyn began a stammering and awkward apology; but Camilla, feeling doubly his forbearance, said: "Silence may in you be delicate---but in me it would be graceless." Then, turning from him to old Mr. Westwyn, "you may be proud, sir," she cried, "of your son! It was the honour of an utter stranger he was protecting, as helpless as she was unknown at the time she excited his interest; nor had he even in view this poor me he now receives of her thanks!"

"My dearest Hal!" cried Mr. Westwyn, wringing him by the hand; "if you have but one small grain of regard for me, don't

don't persist in denying this! I'd give the last hundred pounds I had in the world to be sure it was true!"

"That to hear the name of this lady," said the young man, "should not be necessary to inspire me with respect for her, who can wonder? that any opportunity could arise in which she should want defence, is all that can give any surprise."

"You own it, then, my dear Hal? you own you've done her a kindness? why then, my dear Hal, you've done one to me! and I can't help giving you a hug for it, let who will think me an old fool."

He then fervently embraced his son, who confused, though gratified, strove vainly to make disclaiming speeches. "No, no, my dear Hal," he cried, "you sha'n't let yourself down with me again, I promise you, though you've two or three times tried to make me think nothing of you; but this young lady here, dear soul, speaks another language; she says I may be proud of my son! and I dare say she knows why, for she's a charming girl, as ever I saw;

so I will be proud of my son! Poor dear Hal! thou hast got a good friend, I can tell thee, in that young lady! and she's niece to the best man I ever knew; and I value her good opinion more than any body's."

"You are much too good," cried Camilla, in an accent of tender pleasure, the result of grateful joy, that she had not been the means of destroying the paternal happiness of so fond a father, joined to the dreadful certainty how narrowly she had escaped that misery; "you are much too good, and I blush even to thank you, when I think—"

What she meant to add was in a moment forgotten, and that she blushed ceased to be metaphorical, when now, as they all three entered the dining-room together, the first object that met her eyes was Edgar.

Their eyes met not again; delighted and conscious, she turned hers hastily away. He comes, thought she, to reclaim me! he will not submit to the separation; he

he comes to re-assure me of his esteem, and to receive once more my faithful heart!

Edgar had seen, by chance, the Westwyns pass to the room of the Cleves party, and felt the most ardent desire to know if they would meet with Camilla, and what would be her reception of her young champion, whose sword, with extreme trouble, he had himself that morning sheathed, and whose gallantry he attributed to a vehement, however sudden passion. Dr. Marchmont acknowledged the epoch to be highly interesting for observation, and, presuming upon their old right of intimacy with all the party, they abruptly made a second visit.

Miss Margland and Indiana, who were examining some goods sent by Mrs. Mittin, had received them all four without much mark of civility; and Mr. Westwyn immediately desired Camilla to be sent for, and kept upon the watch, till her step made him hasten out to meet her.

Edgar

Edgar could not hear unmoved the dialogue which ensued; he imagined an amiable rival was suddenly springing up in young Westwyn, at the very moment of his own dismissal, which he now even thought possible this incipient conquest had urged; and when Camilla, walking between the father and the son, with looks of softest sensibility, came into the room, he thought he had never seen her so lovely, and that her most bewitching smiles were purposely lavished for their captivation.

With this idea, he found it impossible to speak to her; their situation, indeed, was too critical for any common address, and when he saw that she turned from him, he attempted to converse with the other ladies upon their purchases; and Camilla, left to her two new beaux, had the unavoidable appearance of being engrossed by them, though the sight of Edgar instantly robbed them of all her real attention.

Soon after, the door was again opened, and Mr. Girt, the young perfumer, came,
smirking

smirking and scraping, into the room, with a box of various toys, essences, and cosmetics, recommended by Mrs. Mittin.

Ignorant of the mischief he had done her, and not even recollecting to have seen him, Camilla made one to look at his goods; but Edgar, to whom his audacious assertions were immediately brought back by his sight, would have made him feel the effects of his resentment, had not his passion for Camilla been of so solid, as well as warm a texture, as to induce him to prefer guarding her delicacy, to any possible display he could make of his feelings to others, or even to herself.

Mr. Girt, in the midst of his exhibition of memorandum books, smelling bottles, tooth-pick cases, and pocket mirrors; with washes to immortalize the skin, powders becoming to all countenances, and pomatums to give natural tresses to old age, suddenly recollected Camilla. The gross mistake he had made he had already discovered, by having dodged her
to

to the house of Mrs. Berlington; but all alarm at it had ceased, by finding, through a visit made to his shop by Mrs. Mittin, that she was uninformed he had propagated it. Not gifted with the discernment to see in the air and manner of Camilla her entire, though unassuming superiority to her accidental associate, he concluded them both to be relations of some of the upper domestics; and with a look and tone descending from the most profound adulation, with which he was presenting his various articles to Miss Margland and Indiana, into a familiarity, the most facetious, "O dear, ma'am," he cried, "I did not see you at first; I hope t'other lady's well that's been so kind as to recommend me? Indeed I saw her just now."

Young Westwyn, to whom, as to Edgar, the bold defamation of Girt occurred with his presence, but whom none of the nameless delicacies of the peculiar situation, and peculiar character of Edgar, restrained into silence, felt such a disgust at the presumption

sumption of effrontery that gave him courage for this facetious address, to a young lady whose innocence of his ill usage made him think its injury double, that, unable to repress his indignation, he abruptly whispered in his ear, "Walk out of the room, sir!"

The amazed perfumer, at this haughty and unexpected order, stared, and cried aloud, "No offence, I hope, sir?"

Mr. Westwyn asked what was the matter? while Camilla, crimsoned by the familiar assurance with which she had been addressed, retired to a window.

"Nothing of any moment, sir," answered Henry; and again, in a low but still more positive voice, he repeated his command to Girt.

"Sir, I'm not used to be used in this manner!" answered he, hardily, and hoping, by raising his tone, for the favourable intervention of the company.

Indiana, now, was preparing to scream, and Miss Margland was looking round to see whom she should reprehend; but
young

young Westwyn, coolly opening the door, with a strong arm, and an able jerk, twisted the perfumer into the passage, saying, "You may send somebody for your goods."

Girt, who equally strong, but not equally adroit as Henry, strove in vain to resist, vowed vengeance for this assault. Henry, without seeming to hear him, occupied himself with looking at what he had left. Camilla felt her eyes suffuse with tears; and Edgar, for the first time in his life, found himself visited by the baleful passion of envy.

Miss Margland could not comprehend what this meant; Indiana comprehended but too much in finding there was some disturbance of which she was not the object; but Mr. Westwyn, losing his look of delight, said, with something of severity, "Hal! what did you turn that man out of the room for?"

"He is perfectly aware of my reason, sir," said Henry; and then added it was
a long

a long story, which he begged to relate another time.

The blank face of Mr. Westwyn shewed displeasure and mortification. He lifted the head of his cane to his mouth, and after biting it for some time, with a frowning countenance, muttered, "I don't like to see a man turned out of a room. If he's done any harm, tell him so; and if it's worse than harm, fouse him in a horse-pond; I've no objection: But I don't like to see a man turned out of a room; it's very unmannerly; and I did not think Hal would do such a thing." Then suddenly, and with a succinct bow, bidding them all good bye, he took a hasty leave; still, however, muttering, all the way along the passage, and down the stairs, loud enough to be heard: "Kicking and jerking a man about does not prove him to be in the wrong. I thought Hal had been more of a gentleman. If I don't find the man turns out to be a rascal, Hal shall beg his pardon; for I don't like to see a man turned out of a room."

Henry,

Henry, whose spirit was as irritable as it was generous, felt acutely this public censure, which, though satisfied he did not deserve, every species of propriety prohibited his explaining away. With a forced smile, therefore, and a silent bow, he followed his father.

Miss Margland and Indiana now burst forth with a torrent of wonders, conjectures, and questions; but the full heart of Camilla denied her speech, and the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton being already at the door, she called upon Eugenia, and followed, perforce, by Mrs. Mittin, left the hotel.

Edgar and Dr. Marchmont gave neither surprise nor concern by retiring instantly to their own apartment.

“Dr. Marchmont,” said the former, in a tone of assumed moderation, “I have lost Camilla! I see it plainly. This young man steps forward so gallantly, so ingenuously, nay so amiably, that the contrast—chill, severe, and repulsive—must render me—in this detestable state—in supportable to

to all her feelings. Dr. Marchmont! I have not a doubt of the event!"

"The juncture is, indeed, perilous, and the trial of extremest hazard; but it is such as draws all uncertainty to a crisis, and, therefore, is not much to be lamented. You may safely, I think, rest upon it your destiny. To a general female heart a duel is the most dangerous of all assaults, and the most fascinating of all charms; and a duellist, though precisely what a woman most should dread, as most exposing her to public notice, is the person of all others she can, commonly, least resist. By this test, then, prove your Camilla. Her champion seems evidently her admirer, and his father her adorer. Her late engagement with you may possibly not reach them; or reaching but with its dissolution, serve only to render them more eager."

"Do you suppose him," cried Edgar, after a pause of strong disturbance; "do you suppose him rich?"

"Certainly

“Certainly not. That the addition of fifty pounds a-year to his income should be any object, proves his fortune to be very moderate.”

“Clear her, then, at least,” said he, with a solemnity almost reproachful; “clear her, at least, of every mercenary charge! If I lose her----” he gasped for breath----“she will not, you find, be bought from me! and pique, anger, injustice, nay inconstancy, all are less debasing than the sordid corruption of which you suspected her.”

“This does not, necessarily, prove her disinterested; she is too young, yet, to know herself the value she may hereafter set upon wealth. And, independent of that inexperience, there is commonly so little stability, so little internal hold, in the female character, that any sudden glare of adventitious lure, will draw them, for the moment, from any and every regular plan of substantial benefit. It remains, therefore, now to be tried, if Beech Park, and
its

its master-united, can vie with the bright and intoxicating incense of a life voluntarily risked, in support----not of her fair fame, that was unknown to its defender----but simply of the fair countenance which seemed its pledge."

- Edgar, heartless and sad, attempted no further argument; he thought the Doctor prejudiced against the merits of Camilla; yet it appeared, even to himself, that her whole conduct, from the short period of his open avowal, had seemed a wilful series of opposition to his requests and opinions. And while terror for surrounding dangers gave weight to his disapprobation of her visiting Southampton, with a lady she knew him to think more attractive than safe or respectable, her sufferance of the vulgar and forward Mrs. Mittin, with whom again he saw her quit the hotel, was yet more offensive, since he could conceive for it no other inducement than a careless, if not determined humour, to indulge every impulse, in equal contempt of his counsel, and her own reflection.

All

All blame, however, of Camilla, was short of his self-dissatisfaction, in the distance imposed upon him by uncertainty, and the coldness dictated by discretion. At a period so sensitive, when her spirit was alarmed, and her delicacy was wounded, that a stranger should start forward, to vindicate her innocence, and chastise its detractors, was singular, was unfortunate, was nearly intolerable; and he thought he could with thankfulness, have renounced half his fortune, to have been himself the sole protector of Camilla.

C H A P. VIII.

The Power of Prepossession.

THE two sisters were silent from the hotel to the house of Mrs. Berlington. --From the height of happiest expectation, raised by the quick return of Edgar, Camilla was sunk into the lowest despondence, by the abortive conclusion of the meeting : while Eugenia was absorbed in mute joy, and wrapt expectation. But Mrs. Mittin, undisturbed by the pangs of uncertainty, and unoccupied by any romantic persuasion of bliss, spoke amply, with respect to quantity, for all three.

Mrs. Berlington, though somewhat struck at first sight of Eugenia with her strange contrast to Camilla, received her with all the distinguishing kindness due to the sister of her friend.

She had the poems of Collins in her hand ; and, at their joint desire, instead of

putting the book aside, read aloud, and with tenderest accent, one of his most plaintive odes.

Eugenia was enraptured. Ah! thought she, this is indeed the true sister of the accomplished Melmond!---She shall share with him my adoration. My heart shall be devoted---after my own dear family---to the homage of their perfections!

The ode, to her great delight, lasted till the dinner was announced, when Melmond appeared: but her prepossession could alone give any charm to his sight: he could barely recollect that he had seen her, or even Camilla before; he had conversed with neither; his eyes had been devoted to Indiana, and the despondence which had become his portion since the news of the marriage of his aunt, seemed but rendered the more peculiarly bitter, by this intimate connection with the family of an object so adored.

Yet, though nothing could be more spiritless than the hour of dinner, Eugenia discovered in it no deficiency; she had
had

had previously settled, that the presence of Melmond could only breathe sweets and perfection, and the magic of prejudice works every event into its own circle of expectation.

Melmond did not even accompany them back to the drawing-room. Eugenia sighed ; but nobody heard her. Mrs. Mittin said, she had something of great consequence to do in her own room, and Mrs. Berlinton, to divert the languor she found creeping upon them all, had recourse to Hammond's elegies.

These were still reading, when a servant brought in the name of Lord Valhurst. " O, deny me to him ! deny me to him ! " cried Mrs. Berlinton ; " 'tis a relation of Mr. Berlinton's, and I hate him."

The order was given, however, too late ; he entered the room.

The name, as Camilla knew it not, she had heard unmoved ; but the sight of a person who had so largely contributed to shock and terrify her in the bathing-house, struck her with horror. Brought up with

the respect of other times, she had risen at his entrance; but she turned suddenly round upon recollecting him, and instead of the courtesie she intended making, involuntarily moved away her chair from the part of the room to which he was advancing.

This was unnoticed by Mrs. Berlinton, whose chagrin at his intrusion made her wish to walk away also; while with Lord Valhurst it only passed, joined to her rising, for a mark of her being but little accustomed to company. That Eugenia rose too was not perceived, as she rather lost than gained in height by standing.

Most obsequiously, but most unsuccessfully, the peer made his court to Mrs. Berlinton; inquiring after her health, with fulsome tenderness, and extolling her good looks with nearly gross admiration. Mrs. Berlinton listened, for she was incapable of incivility; though, weary and disgusted, she seldom made the smallest answer.

The two sisters might, with ease, equally have escaped notice, since, though
Mrs.

Mrs. Berlinton occasionally addressed them, the peer never turned from herself, had not Mrs. Mittin, abruptly entering in search of a pair of scissars, perceived him, and hastily called out, "O lauk, fir, if it is not you! I know you again well enough! But I hope, now you see us in such good company as this good lady's, you'll believe me another time, when I tell you we're not the sort of persons you took us for! Miss Tyrold, my dear, I hope you've spoke to the gentleman?"

Lord Valhurst with difficulty recollected Mrs. Mittin, from the very cursory view his otherwise occupied eyes had taken of her; but when the concluding words made him look at Camilla, whose youth and beauty were not so liable to be forgotten, he knew at once her associate, and was aware of the meaning of her harangue.

Sorry to appear before his fair kinswoman to any disadvantage, though by no means displeas'd at an opportunity of

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again

again seeing a young creature he had thought so charming, he began an apology to Mrs. Mittin, while his eyes were fixed upon Camilla, vindicating himself from every intention that was not respectful, and hoping she did not so much injure as to mistake him.

Mrs. Mittin was just beginning to answer that she knew better, when the words, "Why, my Lord, how have you offended Mrs. Mittin?" dropping from Mrs. Berlinton, instantly new strung all her notions. To find him a nobleman was to find him innocent; for, though she did not quite suppose that a peer was not a mortal, she had never spoken to one before; and the power of title upon the ear, like that of beauty upon the eye, is, in its first novelty, all-commanding; manifold as are the drawbacks to the influence of either, when awe is lost by familiarity, and habitual reflection takes place of casual and momentary admiration. Title then, as well as beauty, demands mental auxiliaries; and those who possess either,

express his hopes she had not participated in such injurious suspicions.

She made no answer, and Mrs. Berlinton inquired what all this meant.

“ I protest, my dear madam,” said the peer, “ I do not well comprehend myself. I only see there has been some misunderstanding; but I hope this young lady will believe me, when I declare, upon my honour, that I had no view but to offer my protection, at the time I saw her under alarm.”

This was a declaration Camilla could not dispute, and even felt inclined to credit, from the solemnity with which it was uttered; but to discuss it was every way impossible, and therefore, coldly bowing her head, she seemed acquiescent.

Lord Valhurst now pretty equally divided his attention between these two beautiful young women; looking at and complimenting them alternately, till a servant came in and said, “ The two Mr. Westwyns desire to see Miss Tyrold.”

Camilla

Camilla did not wish to avoid persons to whom she was so much obliged, but begged she might receive them in the next apartment, that Mrs. Berlinton might not be disturbed.

The eager old gentleman stood with the door in one hand, and his son in the other, awaiting her. "My dear young lady," he cried, "I have been hunting you out for hours. Your good governess had not a mind to give me your direction, thinking me, I suppose, but a troublesome old fellow; and I did not know which way to turn, till Hal found it out. Hal's pretty quick. So now, my dear young lady, let me tell you my errand; which I won't be tedious in, for fear, another time, you may rather not see me. And the more I see you, the less I like to think such a thing. However, with all my good will to make haste, I must premise one thing, as it is but fair: Hal was quite against my coming upon this business. But I don't think it the less right for that; and so I come. I never yet saw any good

of a man's being ruled by his children. It only serves to make them think their old fathers superannuated. And if once I find Hal taking such a thing as that into his head, I'll cut him off with a shilling, well as I love him."

"Your menace, sir," said Henry, colouring, though smiling, "gives me no alarm, for I see no danger. But---shall we not detain Miss Tyrold too long from her friends?"

"Ay now, there comes in what I take notice to be the taste of the present day! a lad can hardly enter his teens, before he thinks himself wiser than his father, and gives him his counsel, and tells him what he thinks best. And, if a man i'n't upon his guard, he may be run down for an old dotard, before he knows where he is, and see his son setting up for a member of parliament, making laws for him. Now this is what I don't like; so I keep a tight hand upon Hal, that he mayn't do it. For Hal's but a boy, ma'am, though he's so clever. Not that I pretend
I'd

I'd change him neither, for e'er an old fellow in the three kingdoms. Well, but, now I'll tell you what I come for. You know how angry I was about Hal's turning that man out of the room? well, I took all the pains I could to come at the bottom of the fray, intending, all the time, to make Hal ask the man's pardon; and now what do you think is the end? Why, I've found out Hal to be in the right! The man proves to be a worthless fellow, that has defamed the niece of my dear Sir Hugh Tyrold; and if Hal had lashed him with a cat-o'nine-tails, I should have been glad of it. I can't say I should have found fault. So you see, my dear young lady, I was but a cross old fellow, to be so out of sorts with poor Hal."

Camilla, with mingled gratitude and shame, offered her acknowledgments; though what she heard astonished, if possible, even more than it mortified her. How in the world, thought she, can I have provoked this slander?

She knew not how little provocation is necessary for calumny ; nor how regularly the common herd, where appearances admit two interpretations, decide for the worst. Girt designed her neither evil nor good ; but not knowing who nor what she was, simply filled up the doubts in his own mind, by the bias of his own character.

Confused as much as herself, Henry proposed immediately to retire ; and, as Camilla did not invite them to stay, Mr. Westwyn could not refuse his consent : though, sending his son out first, he stopt to say, in a low voice, “ What do you think of Hal, my dear young lady ? I’n’t he a brave rogue ? And did not you tell me I might be proud of my son ? And so I am, I promise you ! How do you think my old friend will like Hal ? I shall take him to Cleves. He’s another sort of lad to Master Clermont ! I hope, my dear young lady, you don’t like your cousin ? He’s but a sad spark, I give you my word. Not a bit like Hal.”

* * * *

When the carriage came for Eugenia, who was self-persuaded this day was the most felicitous of her life, she went so reluctantly, that Mrs. Berlinton, caught by her delight in the visit, though unsuspecting of its motive, invited her to renew it the next morning.

At night, Mrs. Mittin, following Camilla to her chamber, said, "See here, my dear! what do you say to this? Did you ever see a prettier cloak? look at the cut of it, look at the capes! look at the mode! And as for the lace, I don't think all Southampton can produce its fellow; what do you say to it, my dear?"

"What every body must say to it, Mrs. Mittin; that it's remarkably pretty."

"Well, now try it on. There's a set! there's a fall off the shoulders! do but look at it in the glass. I'd really give something you could but see how it becomes

comes you. Now, do pray, only tell me what you think of it?"

"Always the same, Mrs. Mittin; that it's extremely pretty."

"Well, my dear, then, now comes out the secret! It's your own! you may well stare; but it's true; it's your own, my dear!"

She demanded an explanation; and Mrs. Mittin said, that, having taken notice that her cloak looked very mean by the side of Mrs. Berlington's, when she compared them together, she resolved upon surprising her with a new one as quick as possible. She had, therefore, got the pattern of Mrs. Berlington's and cut it out, and then got the mode at an haberdasher's, and then the lace at a milliner's, and then set to work so hard, that she had got it done already.

Camilla, seeing the materials were all infinitely richer than any she had been accustomed to wear, was extremely chagrined by such officiousness, and gravely inquired how much this would add to her debts.

"I don't

“ I don't know yet, my dear ; but I had all the things as cheap as possible ; but as it was not all at one shop, I can't be clear as to the exact sum.”

Camilla, who had determined to avoid even the shadow of a debt, and to forbear every possible expence till she had not one remaining, was now not merely vexed, but angry. Mrs. Mittin, however, upon whose feelings that most troublesome of all qualities to its possessors, delicacy, never obtruded, went on, extolling her own performance, and praising her own good nature, without discovering that either were impertinent ; and, so far from conceiving it possible they could be unwelcome, that she attributed the concern of Camilla to modesty, on account of her trouble ; and mistook her displeasure for distress, what she could do for her in return. And, indeed, when she finished her double panegyric upon the cloak and its maker, with confessing she had set up the whole night, in order to get it done, Camilla considered herself
as

as too much obliged to her intention to reproach any further, its want of judgment; and concluded by merely intreating she would change her note, pay for it immediately, discharge her other accounts with all speed, and make no future purchase for her whatsoever.

C H A P. IX.

A Scuffle.

EUGENIA failed not to observe her appointment the next morning, which was devoted to elegiac poetry. A taste so similar operated imperceptibly upon Mrs. Berlinton, who detained her till she was compelled to return to prepare for a great ball at the public rooms; the profound deliberations of Miss Margland, how to exhibit her fair pupil, having finished, like most deliberations upon such subjects, by doing that which is done by every body else upon the same occasion.

Sir Hugh had given directions to Miss Margland to clear his three nieces equally of all expences relative to public places. Camilla, therefore, being entitled to a ticket, and having brought with her whatever was unsport of her Tunbridge apparel, thought this the most reasonable opportunity

opportunity she could take for again seeing Edgar, who, in their present delicate situation, would no longer, probably, think it right to inquire for her at a stranger's.

Mrs. Berlinton had not purposed appearing in public, till she had formed her own party; but an irrepressible curiosity to see Indiana induced her to accompany Camilla, with no other attendant than Lord Valhurst.

Mrs. Mittin fought vainly to be of the party; Mrs. Berlinton, though permitting her stay in her house, and treating her with constant civility, had no idea of including her in her own society, which she aimed to have always distinguished by either rank, talents, or admirers: and Camilla, who now felt her integrity involved in her economy, was firm against every hint for assisting her with a ticket.

Lord Valhurst, who alone, of the fashionable sojourners, had yet discovered the arrival of Mrs. Berlinton, was highly gratified

gratified by this opportunity of attending two such fair creatures in public.

Mrs. Berlinton, as usual, was the last to enter the room ; for she never began the duties of the toilette till after tea-time. Two such youthful beauties were not likely to pass without observation. Mrs. Berlinton, already no longer new to it, had alternately the air of receiving it with the most winning modesty, or of not noticing she received it at all : for though, but a few months since, she had scarcely been even seen by twenty persons, and even of those had never met a fixed eye without a blush, the feelings are so often the mere concomitants of the habits, that she could now already know herself the principal object of a whole assembly, without any sensation of timidity, or appearance of confusion. To be bold was not in her nature, which was soft and amiable ; but admiration is a dangerous assaulter of diffidence, and familiarity makes almost any distinction met unmoved.

Camilla was too completely engrossed by her heart, to think of her appearance.

Lord

Lord Valhurst, from his time of life, seemed to be their father, though his adulating air as little suited that character as his inclination. He scarce knew upon which most to lavish his compliments, or to regale his eyes, and turned, half expiring with extasy, from the soft charms of his kinswoman, with something, he thought, resembling animation, to the more quickening influence of her bright-eyed companion.

But the effect produced upon the company at large by the radiant beauty of Indiana, who had entered some time, was still more striking than any immediate powers from all the bewitching graces of Mrs. Berlinton, and all the intelligent loveliness of Camilla. Her faultless face, her perfect form, raised wonder in one sex, and overpowered envy in the other. The men looked at her, as at something almost too celestial for their devoirs; the women, even the most charming amongst them, saw themselves distanced from all pretensions to rivalry. She was followed,
but

but not approached; gazed 'at, as if a statue, and inquired after, rather as a prodigy than a mortal.

This awful homage spread not, however, to her party; the watchful but disdainful eyes of Miss Margland obtained for herself, even with usury, all the haughty contempt they bestowed upon others: Eugenia was pronounced to be a foil, brought merely in ridicule: and Dr. Orkborne, whom Miss Margland, though detesting, forced into the set, in preference to being without a man, to hand them from the carriage, and to call it for them at night, had a look so forlorn and distressed, while obliged to parade with them up and down the room, that he seemed rather a prisoner than an esquire, and more to require a guardian to prevent his escaping himself, than to serve for one in securing his young charges from any attack.

Miss Margland augured nothing short of half a score proposals of marriage the next day, from the evident brilliancy of this

this first opening into life of her beautiful pupil; whose own eyes, while they dazzled all others, sought eagerly those of Melmond, which they meant to vanquish, if not annihilate.

The first care of Miss Margland was to make herself and her young ladies known to the master of the ceremonies. Indiana needed not that precaution to be immediately the choice of the most elegant man in the room; yet she was piqued, not delighted, and Miss Margland felt still more irritated, that he proved to be only a baronet, though a nobleman, at the same time, had presented himself to Eugenia. It is true the peer was ruined; but his title was unimpaired; and though the fortune of the baronet, like his person, was in its prime, Indiana thought herself degraded by his hand, since the partner of her cousin was of superior rank.

Eugenia, insensible to this honour, looked only for Melmond; not like Indiana, splendidly to see and kill, but silently

to view and venerate. Melmond, however, was not there; he knew his little command over his passion, in presence of its object; he knew, too, that the expence of public places was now beyond the propriety of his income, and virtuously devoted his evening to his sick aunt.

Edgar had waited impatiently the entrance of Camilla. His momentary sight of Lord Valhurst, at the bathing-room, did not bring him to his remembrance in his present more shewy apparel, and he was gratified to see only an old beau in her immediate suite. He did not deem it proper, as they were now circumstanced, to ask her to dance; but he quietly approached and bowed to her, and addressed some civil inquiries to Mrs. Berlinton. The Westwyns had waited for her at the door; and the father had immediately made her give her hand to Henry to join the dancers.

“That’s a charming girl,” cried old Mr. Westwyn, when she was gone; “a very charming girl, I promise you. I have taken

taken a prodigious liking to her ; and so has Hal."

Revived by this open speech, which made him hope there was no serious design, Edgar smiled upon the old gentleman, who had addressed it to the whole remaining party ; and said, " You have not known that young lady long, I believe, sir ?"

" No, sir ; but a little while ; but that I don't mind. A long while and a short while is all one, when I like a person : for I don't think how many years they've got over their heads since first I saw them, but how many good things they've got on the inside their hearts to make me want to see them again. Her uncle's the dearest friend I have in the world ; and when I go from this place, I shall make him a visit ; for I'm sure of a welcome. But he has never seen my Hal. However, that good girl will be sure to speak a kind word for him, I know ; for she thinks very well of him ; she told me herself, I might be proud of my son. I can't say

say but I've loved the girl ever since for it."

Edgar was so much pleased with the perfectly natural character of this old gentleman, that, though alarmed at his intended call upon the favour of Sir Hugh, through the influence of Camilla, for Henry, he would yet have remained in his society, had he not been driven from it by the junction of young Lynmere, whose shallow insolence he thought insupportable.

Mrs. Berlinton, who declined dancing, had arrived so late, that when Henry led back Camilla, the company was summoned to the tea-table. She was languishing for an introduction to Indiana, the absence of Melmond obviating all present objection to their meeting; she therefore gave Camilla the welcome task to propose that the two parties should unite.

Many years had elapsed since Miss Margland had received so sensible a gratification; and, in the coalition which took place, she displayed more of civility

in a few minutes, than she had exerted during the whole period of her Yorkshire and Cleves residence.

Notwithstanding all she had heard of her charms, Mrs. Berlington still saw with surprise and admiration the exquisite face and form of the chosen of her brother, whom she now so sincerely bewailed, that, had her own wealth been personal or transferrable, she would not have hesitated in sharing it with him, to aid his better success.

Lord Valhurst adhered tenaciously to his kinswoman; and the three gentlemen who had danced the last dances with Indiana, Eugenia, and Camilla, asserted the privilege of attending their partners at the tea-table.

In a few minutes, Lynmere, coming up to them, with "Well, have you got any thing here one can touch?" leant his hand on the edge, and his whole body over the table, to take a view at his ease of its contents.

"Suppose

“Suppose there were nothing, sir?” said old Westwyt; “look round, and see what you could want.”

“Really, sir,” said Miss Margland, between whom and Camilla Lynmere had squeezed himself a place, “you don’t use much ceremony!”

Having taken some tea, he found it intolerable, and said he must have a glass of Champagne.

“La, brother!” cried Indiana, “if you bring any wine, I can’t bear to stay.”

Miss Margland said the same; but he whistled, and looked round him without answering.

Mrs. Berlinton, who, though she had thought his uncommonly fine person an excuse for his intrusion, thought nothing could excuse this ill-breeding, proposed they should leave the tea-table, and walk.

“Sit still, ladies,” said Mr. Westwyt, “and drink your tea in peace.” Then, turning to Lynmere, “I wonder,” he cried, “you a’n’t ashamed of yourself!

If you were a son of mine, I'll tell you what; I'd lock you up! I'd serve you as I did when I carried you over to Leipzig, eight years ago. I always hated pert boys. I can't fancy 'em."

Lynmere, affecting not to hear him, though inwardly fuming, called violently after a waiter; and, in mere futile vengeance, not only gave an order for Champagne, but demanded some Stilton cheese.

"Cheese!" exclaimed Miss Maryland, "if you order any cheese, I can't so much as stay in the room. Think what a nauseous smell it will make!"

The man answered, they had no Stilton cheese in the house, but the very best of every other sort.

Lynmere, who had only given this command to shew his defiance of control, seized, with equal avidity, the opportunity to abuse the waiter; affirming he belonged to the worst served hotel in Christendom.

The man walked off in dudgeon, and Mr. Westwyn, losing his anger in his astonishment

astonishment at this effrontery, said, "And pray, Mr. Lynmere, what do you pretend to know of Stilton cheese? do they make it at Leipzig? did you ever so much as taste it in your life?"

"O, yes! excellent! excellentissimo! I can eat no other."

"Eat no other! it's well my Hal don't say the same! I'd charm him to a cheese himself if he did! And pray, Mr. Lynmere, be so good as to let me know how you get it there?"

"Ways and means, sir; ways and means!"

"Why you did not send across the sea for it?"

"A travelled man, sir, thinks no more of what you call across the sea, than you, that live always over your own fire-side, think of stepping across a kennel."

"Well, sir, well," said the old gentleman, now very much piqued, "I can't but say I feel some concern for my old friend, to have his money doused about

at such a rantipole rate. A boy to be sending over out of Germany into England for Stilton cheese! I wish it had been Hal with all my heart! I promise you I'd have given him enough of it. If the least little thought of the kind was but once to have got in his head, I'd have taken my best oaken stick, and have done him the good office to have helped it out for him, and have made him thank me after too! I hate daintiness; especially in boys. I have no great patience with it."

Only more incensed, Lynmere called aloud for his Champagne. The waiter civilly told him, it was not usual to bring wine during tea; but he persisted; and Mr. Westwyn, who saw the ladies all rising, authoritatively, told the waiter to mind no such directions. Lynmere, who had entered the ball-room in his riding-dress, raised a switch at the man, which he durst not raise at Mr. Westwyn, and protested, in a threatening attitude, he would

would lay it across his shoulders, if he obeyed not. The man, justly provoked, thought himself authorized to snatch it from him : Clermont resisted ; a fierce scuffle ensued ; and though Henry, by immediate intervention, could have parted them, Mr. Westwyn insisted there should be no interference, saying, “ If any body’s helped, let it be the waiter ; for he’s here to do his duty : he don’t come only to behave unmannerly, for his own pleasure. And if I see him hard run, it’s odds but I lend him my own fist to right him.— I like fair play.”

The female party, in very serious alarm at this unpleasant scene, rose to hurry away. Lord Valhurst was ambitious to suffice as guardian to both his fair charges ; but Henry, when prohibited from stopping the affray, offered his services to Camilla, who could not refuse them ; and Mrs. Berlinton, active and impatient, flew on foremost ; with more speed than his lordship could follow, or even keep in sight.

Indiana was handed out by her new adorer, the young baronet; and Eugenia was afflicted by her new assailer, the young nobleman.

Edgar, who had hurried to Camilla at the first tumult, was stung to the heart to see who handed her away; and, forcing a passage, followed, till Henry, the envied Henry, deposited her in the carriage of Mrs. Berlington.

The confusion in the room, meanwhile, was not likely soon to decrease, for old Mr. Westwyn, delighted by this mortifying chastisement to Clermont, would permit neither mediation nor assistance on his side; saying, with great glee, "It will do him a great deal of good! My poor old friend will bless me for it. This is a better lesson than he got in all Leipzig. Let him feel that a Man's a Man; and not take it into his head a person's to stand still to be switched, when he's doing his duty, according to his calling. Switching a man is a bad thing. I can't say I like it.

A gentle-

A gentleman should always use good words; and then a poor man's proud to serve him; or, if he's insolent for nothing, he may trounce him and welcome. I've no objection."

Miss Margland, meanwhile, had not been remiss in what she esteemed a most capital feminine accomplishment, screaming; though, in its exercise, she had failed of any success; since, while her voice called remark, her countenance repelled its effect. Yet as she saw that not one lady of the group retreated unattended, she thought it a disgrace to seem the only female, who, from internal courage, or external neglect, should retire alone; she therefore called upon Dr. Orkborne, conjuring, in a shrill and pathetic voice, meant more for all who surrounded than for himself, that he would protect her.

The Doctor, who had kept his place in defiance of all sort of inconvenience, either to himself or to others; and who, with some curiosity, was viewing the combat,

which he was mentally comparing with certain pugilistic games of old, was now, for the first time in the evening, receiving some little entertainment, and therefore composedly answered, "I have a very good place here, ma'am; and I would rather not quit it till this scene is over."

"So you won't come, then, Doctor?" cried she, modulating into a soft whine the voice which rage, not terror, rendered tremulous.

Dr. Orkborne, who was any thing rather than loquacious, having given one answer, said no more.

Miss Margland appealed to all present upon the indecorum of a lady's being kept to witness such unbecoming violence, and upon the unheard-of inattention of the Doctor; but a short, "Certainly!—" "To be sure, ma'am!—" or, "It's very shocking indeed!" with a hasty decampment from her neighbourhood, was all of sympathy she procured.

The entrance, at length, of the master of the house, stopt the affray, by calling

off the waiter. Clermont, then, though wishing to extirpate old Westwyn from the earth, and ready to eat his own flesh with fury at the double disgrace he had endured, affected a loud halloo, as if he had been contending for his amusement; and protesting Bob, the waiter, was a fine fellow, went off with great apparent satisfaction.

“ Now, then, at least, sir,” cried Miss Margland, imperiously to the Doctor, who, still ruminating upon the late contest, kept his seat, “ I suppose you’ll condescend to take care of me to the coach ?”

“ These modern clothes are very much in the way,” said the Doctor, gravely; “ and give a bad effect to attitudes.” He rose, however, but not knowing what *to take care of a lady to a coach* meant, stood resolutely still, till she was forced, in desperation, to walk on alone. He then slowly followed, keeping many paces behind, notwithstanding her continually looking back; and when, with a heavy

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figh

fight at her hard fate, she got, unassisted, into the carriage, where her young ladies were waiting, he tranquilly mounted after her, tolerably reconciled to the loss of his evening, by some new annotations it had suggested for his work, relative to the games of antiquity.

C H A P. X.

A Youthful Effusion.

CAMILLA now thought herself safe in harbour; the storms all over, the dangers all past, and but a light gale or two wanting to make good her landing on the bosom of permanent repose. This gale, this propitious gale, she thought ready to blow at her call; for she deemed it no other than the breath of jealousy. She had seen Edgar, though he knew her to be protected, follow her to the coach, and she had seen, by the light afforded from the lamps of the carriage, that her safety from the crowd and tumult was not the sole object of his watchfulness, since though that, at the instant she turned round, was obviously secure, his countenance exhibited the strongest marks of disturbance. The secret spring, therefore, she

She now thought, that was to re-unite them, was in her own possession.

All the counsels of Mrs. Arlbery upon this subject occurred to her; and imagining she had hitherto erred from a simple facility, she rejoiced in the accident which had pointed her to a safer path, and shewn her that, in the present disordered state of the opinions of Edgar, the only way to a lasting accommodation was to alarm his security, by asserting her own independence.

Her difficulty, however, was still considerable as to the means. The severe punishment she had received, and the self blame and penitence she had incurred; from her experiment with Sir Sedley Clarendel, all rendered, too, abortive, by Edgar's contempt of the object, determined her to suffer no hopes, no feelings of her own, to engross her ever more from weighing those of another. The end, therefore, of her deliberation was to shew general gaiety, without appropriate favour,
and

and to renew solicitude on his part by a displayed ease of mind on her own.

Elated with this idea, she determined upon every possible public exhibition by which she could execute it to the best advantage. Mrs. Berlington had but to appear, to secure the most fashionable persons at Southampton for her parties, and soon renewed the same course of life she had lived at Tunbridge, of seeing company either at home or abroad every day, except when some accidental plan offered a scheme of more novelty.

Upon all these occasions, young Westwyn, though wholly unsought, and even unthought of by Camilla, was instinctively and incautiously the most alert to second her plan; he was her first partner when she danced, her constant attendant when she walked, and always in wait to converse with her when she was seated; while, not purposing to engage him, she perceived not his fast growing regard, and intending to be open to all alike, observed not the thwarting

thwarting effect to her design of this peculiar assiduity.

By old Mr. Westwyn this intercourse was yet more urgently forwarded. Bewitched with Camilla, he carried his son to her wherever she appeared, and said aloud to every body but herself: "If the boy and girl like one another, they shall have one another; and I won't inquire what she's worth; for she thinks so well of my son, that I'd rather he'd have her than an empress. Money goes but a little way to make people happy; and true love's not a thing to be got every day; so if she has a mind to my Hal, and Hal has a mind to her, why, if they have not enough, he must work hard and get more. I don't like to cross young people. Better let a man labour with his hands, than fret away his spirit. Neither a boy nor a girl are good for much when they've got their hearts broke."

This new experiment of Camilla, like every other deduced from false reasoning, and formed upon false principles, was

flattering in its promise, pernicious in its progress, and abortive in its performance. Edgar saw with agony what he conceived the ascendancy of a new attachment built upon the declension of all regard for himself; and in the first horror of his apprehensions, "would have resisted the supplanter by enforcing his own final claim; but Dr. Marchmont represented that, since he had heard in silence his right to that claim solemnly withdrawn, he had better first ascertain if this apparent connection with young Westwyn were the motive; or only the consequence of that resumption: "If the first be the case," he added, "you must trust her no more; a heart so inflammable as to be kindled into passion by a mere accidental blaze of gallantry and valour, can have nothing in consonance with the chaste purity and fidelity your character requires and merits: If the last, investigate whether the net in which she is entangling herself is that of levity, delighting in change, or of pique, disguising its own agitation in efforts to agitate others."

"Alas!"

“ Alas !” cried the melancholy Edgar, “ in either case, she is no more the artless Camilla I first adored ! that fatal connection at the Grove, formed while her character, pure, white, and spotless, was in its enchanting, but dangerous state of first ductility, has already broken into that clear transparent singleness of mind, so beautiful in its total ignorance of every species of scheme, every sort of double measure, every idea of secret view and latent expedient !”

“ Repine not, however, at the connection till you know whether she owe to it her defects, or only their manifestation. A man should see the woman he would marry in many situations, ere he can judge what chance he may have of happiness with her in any. Though now and then 'tis a blessed, 'tis always a perilous state ; but the man who has to weather its storms, should not be remiss in studying the clouds which precede them.”

“ Ah, Doctor ! by this delay---by these experiments---should I lose her !---”

“ If

“If by finding her unworthy, where is the loss?”

Edgar sighed, but acknowledged this question to be unanswerable.

“Think, my dear young friend, what would be your sufferings to discover any radical, inherent failing, when irremediably her's! run not into the very common error of depending upon the gratitude of your wife after marriage, for the inequality of her fortune before your union. She who has no fortune at all, owes you no more for your alliance, than she who has thousands; for you do not marry her because she has no fortune! you marry her because you think she has some endowment, mental or personal, which you conclude will conduce to your happiness; and she, on her part, accepts you, because she supposes you or your situation will contribute to her's. The object may be different; but neither side is indebted to the other, since each has self, only, in contemplation; and thus, in fact, rich or poor, high or low, whatever be the previous distinction between the parties, on the

the hour of marriage they begin as equals. The obligation and the debt of gratitude can only commence when the knot is tied : self, then, may give way to sympathy ; and whichever, from that moment, most considers the other, becomes immediately the creditor in the great account of life and happiness."

While Camilla, in gay ignorance of danger, and awake only to hope, pursued her new course, Eugenia had the infinite delight of improving daily and even hourly in the good graces of Mrs. Berinton ; who soon discovered how wide from justice to that excellent young creature was all judgment that could be formed from her appearance. She found that she was as elegant in her taste for letters as herself, and far more deeply cultivated in their knowledge ; that her manners were gentle, her sentiments were elevated, yet that her mind was humble ; the same authors delighted and the same passages struck them ; they met every morning ; they thought every morning

morning too short, and their friendship, in a very few days, knit by so many bands of sympathy, was as fully established as that which already Mrs. Berlington had formed with Camilla.

To Eugenia this treaty of amity was a delicious poison, which, while it enchanted her faculties by day, preyed upon her vitals by night. She frequently saw Melmond, and though a melancholy bow was almost all the notice she ever obtained from him, the countenance with which he made his air, his figure, his face, nay his very dress, for the half instant he bestowed upon her, occupied all her thoughts till she saw him again; and had another to converse and dwell upon.

Melmond, inexpressibly wretched at the deprivation of all hope of Indiana, at the very period when fortune seemed to favour his again pursuing her, dreamt not of this partiality. His time was devoted to deliberating upon some lucrative scheme of future life, which his literary turn of mind rendered difficult of selection, and which his refined

refined love of study and retirement made hateful to him to undertake.

He was kind, however, and even consoling to his aunt, who saw his nearly desolate state with a compunction bitterly increased by finding she had thrown their joint properties, with her own person, into the hands of a rapacious tyrant. To soften her repentance, and allow her the soothing of all she could spare of her own time, Mrs. Berlinton invited her to her own house. Mr. Ulst, of course included in the invitation, made the removal with alacrity, not for the pleasure it procured his wife, but for the money it saved himself; and Mrs. Mittin voluntarily resigned to them the apartment she had chosen for her own, by way of a little peace-offering for her undesired length of stay; for still, though incessantly Camilla inquired for her account, she had received no answer from the creditors, and was obliged to wait for another and another post.

Mrs. Ulst, though not well enough, at present, to see company, and at all times, fanatically

fanatically averse to every species of recreation, could not entirely avoid Eugenia, whose visits were constant every morning, and whose expected inheritance made a similar wish occur for her nephew, with that which had disposed of her niece; for she flattered herself that if once she could see them both in possession of great wealth, her mind would be more at ease.

She communicated this idea to Mr. Ulst, who, most willing, also, to get rid of the reproach of the poverty and ruin of Melmond, imparted it, with strong exhortation for its promotion, to the young man; but he heard with disdain the mercenary project, and protested he would daily labour for his bread, in preference to prostituting his probity, by soliciting a regard he could never return, for the acquirement of a fortune which he never could merit.

Mr. Ulst, much too hard to feel this as any reflection upon himself, applied for the interest of Mrs. Berlinton; but she so completely thought with her brother, that
the

she would not interfere, till Mr. Ulst made some observations upon Eugenia herself, that inclined her to waver.

He soon remarked, in that young and artless character, the symptoms of the partiality she had conceived in favour of Melmond, which, when once pointed out, could not be mistaken by Mrs. Berlinton, who, though more than equally susceptible with Eugenia, was self-occupied, and saw neither her emotion at his name, nor her timid air at his approach, till Mr. Ulst, whose discernment had been quickened by his wishes, told her when, and for what, to look.

Touched now, herself, by the double happiness that might ensue, from a gratified choice to Eugenia, and a noble fortune to her brother, she took up the cause, with delicacy, yet with pity; representing all the charming mental and intellectual accomplishments of Eugenia, and beseeching him not to sacrifice both his interest and his peace, in submitting to a
hopeless

hopeless passion for one object, while he inflicted all its horrors upon another.

Melmond, amazed and softened, listened and sighed; but protested such a change, from all of beauty to all of deformity, was impracticable; and that though he revered the character she painted, and was sensible to the honour of such a preference, he must be base, double, and perjured, to take advantage of her great, yet unaccountable goodness, by heartless professions of feigned participation.

Mrs. Berlington, to whom sentiment was irresistible, urged the matter no longer, but wept over her brother, with compassionate admiration.

Another day only passed, when Mrs. Mittin picked up a paper upon the stairs, which she saw fall from the pocket of Eugenia, in drawing out her handkerchief, but which, determining to read ere she returned, she found contained these lines.

“ O Reason! friend of the troubled
 “ breast, guide of the wayward fancy,
 “ moderator of the flights of hope, and
 “ sinkings of despair, Eugenia calls thee!

“ O! to a feeble, suppliant Maid,

“ Light of Reason, lend thy aid!

“ And with thy mild, thy lucid ray,

“ Point her the way

“ To genial calm and mental joy!

“ From Passion far! whose flashes bright

“ Startle—affright—

“ Yet ah! invite!

“ With varying powers attract, repel,

“ Now fiercely beam,

“ Now softly gleam,

“ With magic spell

“ Charm to consume, win to destroy!

“ Ah! lead her from the chequer'd glare

“ So false, so fair!—

“ Ah, quick from Passion bid her fly,

“ Its sway repulse, its wiles defy;

“ And to a feeble, suppliant heart

“ Thy aid, O Reason's light, impart!

“ Next, Eugenia, point thy prayer

“ That He whom all thy wishes bless,

“ Whom all thy tenderest thoughts confess,

“ Thy calm may prove, thy peace may share.

“ O, if the griefs to him assign'd,

“ To thee might pass—thy strengthened mind

“ Would

" Would meet all woe, support all pain,
 " Suffering despise, complaint disdain,
 " Brac'd with new nerves each ill would brave,
 " From Melmond-but one pang to save!"

Overjoyed by the possession of the important secret, this little juvenile effusion of tenderness betrayed, Mrs. Mittin ran with it to Mrs. Berlinton, and without mentioning she had seen whence the paper came, said she had found it upon the stairs: for even those who have too little delicacy to attribute to treachery a clandestine indulgence of curiosity, have a certain instinctive sense of its unfairness, which they evince without avowing, by the care with which they soften their motives, or their manner, of according themselves this species of gratification.

Mrs. Berlinton, who scrupulously would have withheld from looking into a letter, could not see a copy of verses, and recognise the hand of Eugenia, already known to her by frequent notes, and refrain reading. That she should find any thing personal, did not occur to her; to peruse, therefore,

therefore, a manuscript ode or sonnet, which the humility of Eugenia might never voluntarily reveal, caused her no hesitation; and she ran through the lines with the warmest delight, till, coming suddenly upon the end, she burst into tears, and flew to the apartment of her brother.

She put the paper into his hand without a word. He read it hastily. Surprised, confounded, disordered, he looked at his sister for some explanation or comment; she was still silently in tears; he read it again, and with yet greater emotion; when, holding it back to her, "Why, my sister," he cried, "why would she give you this? why would you deliver it? Ah! leave me, in pity, firm in integrity, though fallen in fortune!"

"My brother, my dear brother, this matchless creature merits not so degrading an idea; she gave me not the precious paper---she knows not I possess it; it was found upon the stairs; Ah! far from thus openly confessing her unhappy prepossession, she conceals it from every human being;

being ; even her beloved sister, I am convinced, is untrusted ; upon paper only she has breathed it, and breathed it as you see----with a generosity of soul that is equal to the delicacy of her conduct."

Melmond now felt subdued. To have excited such a regard in a mind that seemed so highly cultivated, and so naturally elegant, could not fail to touch him ; and the concluding line deeply penetrated him with tender though melancholy gratitude. He took the hand of his sister, returned her the paper, and was going to say : " Do whatever you think proper ;" but the idea of losing all right to adore Indiana checked and silenced him ; and mournfully telling her he required a little time for reflection, he entreated to be left to himself.

He was not suffered to ruminate in quiet ; Mrs. Mittin, proud of having any thing to communicate to a relation of Mrs. Berlinton's, made an opportunity to sit with Mrs. Ulst, purposely to communicate to her the discovery that Miss Eugenia

Tyrolde was in love with, and wrote verses upon, her nephew. Melmond was instantly sent for; the important secret was enlarged upon with remonstrances so pathetic; not to throw away such an invitation to the most brilliant good fortune, in order to cast himself, with his vainly nourished passion, upon immediate hardships, or lasting penury; that reason as well as interest, compelled him to listen; and, after a severe conflict, he gave his reluctant promise to see Eugenia upon her next visit, and endeavour to bias his mind to the connexion that seemed likely to ensue.

Camilla, who was in total ignorance of the whole of this business, received, during the dinner, an incoherent note from her sister, conjuring that she would search immediately, but privately, in her own chamber, in the dressing-room of Mrs. Berlin-ton, in the hall, and upon the stairs, for a paper in her hand-writing, which she had somewhere lost, but which she besought her, by all that she held dear, not to read when she found; protesting she should
shut

shut herself up for ever from the whole world, if a syllable of what she had written on that paper were read by a human being.

Camilla could not endure to keep her sister a moment in this suspensive state, and made an excuse for quitting the table that she might instantly seek the manuscript. Melmond and Mrs. Berlinton both conjectured the contents of the billet, and felt much for the modest and timid Eugenia; but Mrs. Mittin could not confine herself to silent suggestion; she rose also, and running after Camilla, said: "My dear Miss, has your sister sent to you to look for any thing?"

Camilla asked the meaning of her inquiry; and she then owned she had picked up, from the stairs, a sort of love letter, in which Miss Eugenia had wrote couplets upon Mr. Melmond.

Inexpressibly astonished, Camilla demanded their restoration; this soon produced a complete explanation, and while, with equal surprise and concern, she learnt the secret of Eugenia, and its discovery to

its object, she could not but respect and honour all she gathered from Mrs. Berlington of the behaviour of her brother upon the detection; and his equal freedom from presumptuous vanity, or mercenary projects, induced her to believe her sister's choice, though wholly new to her, was well founded; and that if he could conquer his early propensity for Indiana, he seemed, of all the characters she knew, Edgar alone and always excepted, the most peculiarly formed for the happiness of Eugenia.

She begged to have the paper, and entreated her sister might never know into whose hands it had fallen. This was cheerfully agreed to; but Mrs. Mittin, during the conference, had already flown to Eugenia, and amidst a torrent of offers of service, and professions of power to do any thing she pleased for her, suffered her to see that her attachment was betrayed to the whole house.

The agony of Eugenia was excessive; and she resolved to keep her chamber till she

she returned to Cleves, that she might neither see nor be seen any more by Melmond nor his family. Scarcely could she bear to be broken in upon even by Camilla, who tenderly hastened to console her. She hid her blushing conscious face, and protested she would inhabit only her own apartment for the rest of her life.

The active Mrs. Mittin failed not to carry back the history of this resolution; and Melmond, to his unspeakable regret in being thus precipitated, thought himself called upon in all decency and propriety to an immediate declaration. He could not, however, assume fortitude to make it in person; nor yet was his mind sufficiently composed for writing; he commissioned, therefore, his sister to be the bearer of his overtures.

He charged her to make no mention of the verses, which it was fitting should, on his part, pass unnoticed, though she could not but be sensible his present address was their consequence; he desired her simply

to state his high reverence for her virtues and talents; and his consciousness of the inadequacy of his pretensions to any claim upon them, except what arose from the grateful integrity of esteem with which her happiness should become the first object of his future life, if she forbade not his application for the consent of Sir Hugh and Mr. Tyrold to solicit her favour.

With respect to Indiana, he begged her, unless questioned, to be wholly silent. To say his flame for that adorable creature was extinguished would be utterly false; but his peace, as much as his honour, would lead him to combat, henceforth, by all the means in his power, his ill-fated and woe-teeming passion.

This commission was in perfect consonance with the feelings of Mrs. Berlinton, who, though with difficulty she gained admission, executed it with the most tender delicacy to the terrified Eugenia, who, amazed and trembling, pale and incredulous, so little understood what she heard, so little was able to believe what she wished, that,

that, when Mrs. Berlinton, with an affectionate embrace, begged her answer, she asked if it was not Indiana of whom she was speaking!

Mrs. Berlinton then thought it right to be explicit; she acknowledged the early passion of her brother for that young lady, but stated that, long before he had ventured to think of herself, he had determined its conquest; and that what originally was the prudence of compulsion, was now, from his altered prospects in life, become choice: "And believe me," added she, "from my long and complete knowledge of the honour and the delicacy of his opinion, as well as of the tenderness and gratitude of his nature, the woman who shall once receive his vows, will find his life devoted to the study of her happiness."

Eugenia flew into her arms, hung upon her bosom, wept, blushed, smiled, and sighed, alternately; one moment wished Indiana in possession of her fortune, the next thought she herself, in all but beauty, more formed for his felicity, and ultimately

ately gave her tacit but transported consent to the application.

Melmond, upon receiving it, heaved what he fondly hoped would be his last sigh for Indiana; and ordering his horse, set off immediately for Cleves and Etherington; determined frankly to state his small income and crushed expectations; and feeling almost equally indifferent to acceptance or rejection.

Camilla devoted the afternoon to her agitated but enraptured sister, who desired her secret might spread no further, till the will of her father and uncle should decide its fate; but the loquacious Mrs. Mittin, having some cheap ribands and fine edgings to recommend to Miss Margland and Indiana, could by no means refrain from informing them, at the same time, of the discovered manuscript.

“Poor thing!” cried Indiana, “I really pity her. I don’t think,” imperceptibly gliding towards the glass; “I don’t think, by what I have seen of Mr. Melmond,

mond, she has much chance; I've a notion he's rather more difficult."

"Really this is what I always expected!" said Miss Margland; "It's just exactly what one might look for from one of your learned educations, which I always despised with all my heart. Writing love verses at fifteen! Dr. Orkborne's made a fine hand of her! I always hated him, from the very first. However, I've had nothing to do with the bringing her up, that's my consolation! I thank Heaven I never made a verse in my life! and I never intend it."

C H A P. XI.

The Computations of Self-Love.

CAMILLA left her sister to accompany Mrs. Berlinton to the Rooms; no other mode remaining for seeing Edgar, who, since her rejection, had held back from repeating his attempt of visiting Mrs. Berlinton.

In mutual solicitude, mutual watchfulness, and mutual trials of each other's hearts and esteem, a week had already passed, without one hope being extirpated, or one doubt allayed. This evening was somewhat more, though less pleasantly decisive.

Accident, want of due consideration, and sudden recollection, in an agitated moment, of the worldly doctrine of Mrs. Arlbery, had led Camilla, once more, into the semblance of a character, which,

without thinking of, she was acting. Born simple and ingenuous, and bred to hold in horror every species of art, all idea of coquetry was foreign to her meaning, though an untoward contrariety of circumstances, playing upon feelings too potent for deliberations, had eluded her into a conduct as mischievous in its effects, and as wide from artlessness in its appearance, as if she had been brought up and nourished in fashionable egotism.

Such, however, was not Camilla: her every propensity was pure, and, when reflection came to her aid, her conduct was as exemplary as her wishes. But the ardour of her imagination, acted upon by every passing idea, shook her judgment from its yet unsteady seat, and left her at the mercy of wayward Sensibility—that delicate, but irregular power, which now impels to all that is most disinterested for others, now forgets all mankind, to watch the pulsations of its own fancies.

This

This evening brought her back to recollection.—Young Westwyn, urged by what he deemed encouragement, and prompted by his impatient father, spoke of his intended visit to Cleves, and introduction to Sir Hugh, in terms of such animated pleasure, and with a manner of such open admiration, that she could not mistake the serious purposes which he meant to imply.

Alarmed, she looked at him; but the expression of his eyes was not such as to still her suspicions. Frightened at what now she first observed, she turned from him, gravely, meaning to avoid conversing with him the rest of the evening; but her caution came too late; her first civilities had flattered both him and his father into a belief of her favour, and this sudden drawback he imputed only to virgin modesty, which but added to the fervour of his devoirs.

Camilla now perceived her own error: the perseverance of young Westwyn not merely startled, but appalled her. His character,

character, unassuming, though spirited, was marked by a general decency and propriety of demeanour, that would not presumptuously brave distancing; and awakened her, therefore, to a review of her own conduct, as it related, or as it might seem, to himself.

And here, not all the guiltlessness of her intentions could exonerate her from blame with that finely scrutinizing monitor to which Heaven, in pity to those evil propensities that law cannot touch, nor society reclaim, has devolved its earthly jurisdiction in the human breast. With her hopes she could play, with her wishes she could trifle, her intentions she could defend, her designs she could relinquish—but with her conscience she could not combat. It pointed beyond the present moment; it took her back to her imprudence with Sir Sedley Clarendel, which should have taught her more circumspection; and it carried her on to the disappointment of Henry and his father, whom while heedlessly she had won, though with-
out

out the most remote view to beguile, she might seem artfully to have caught, for the wanton vanity of rejecting.

While advice and retrospection were thus alike oppressive in accusation, her pensive air and withdrawn smiles proved but more endearing to young Westwyn, whose internal interpretation was so little adapted to render them formidable, that his assiduities were but more tender, and allowed her no repose.

Edgar, who with the most suffering suspense, observed her unusual seriousness, and its effect upon Henry, drew from it, with the customary ingenuity of sensitive minds to torment themselves, the same inference for his causeless torture, as proved to his rival a delusive blessing. But while thus he contemplated Henry as the most to be envied of mortals, a new scene called forth new surprise, and gave birth to yet new doubts in his mind. He saw Camilla not merely turn wholly away from his rival, but enter into conversation, and give, apparently, her whole attention

attention to Lord Valhurst, who, it was palpable, only spoke to her of her charms, which, alternately with those of Mrs. Berlington, he devoted his whole time to worshipping.

Camilla by this action, meant simply to take the quickest road she saw in her power to shew young Westwyn his mistake. Lord Valhurst she held nearly in aversion; for, though his vindication of his upright motives at the bathing-house, joined to her indifference in considering him either guilty or innocent, made her conclude he might be blameless in that transaction, his perpetual compliments, enforced by staring eyes and tender glances, wearied and disgusted her. But he was always by her side, when not in the same position with Mrs. Berlington; and while his readiness to engage her made this her easiest expedient, his time of life persuaded her it was the safest. Little aware of the effect this produced upon Edgar, she imagined he would not more notice her in any conversation with
Lord

Lord Valhurst, than if she were discoursing with her uncle.

But while she judged from the sincerity of reality, she thought not of the mischief of appearance. What in her was designed with innocence, was rendered suspicious to the observers by the looks and manner of her companion. The pleasure with which he found, at last, that incense received, which hitherto had been slighted, gave new zest to an adulation which, while Camilla endured merely to shew her coldness to young Westwyn, seemed to Edgar to be offered with a gross presumption or welcome, that must result from an opinion it was addressed to a confirmed coquette.

Offended in his inmost soul by this idea, he scarce desired to know if she were now stimulated most by a wish to torment Henry, or himself, or only by the general pleasure she found in this new mode of amusement. "Be it," cried he, to Dr. Marchmont, "as it may, with me all is equally over! I seek not to recall an attachment liable to such intermissions, such commotions.

commotions. What would be my peace, my tranquillity, with a companion so unstable? A mind all at large in its pursuits?—a dissipated wife!—No!—I will remain here but to let her know I acquiesce in her dismissal, and to learn in what form she has communicated our breach to her friends.”

Dr. Marchmont was silent, and they walked out of the room together; leaving the deceived Camilla persuaded he was so indifferent with regard to the old peer, that all her influence was lost, and all her late exertions were thrown away, by one evening's remissness in exciting his fears of a young rival.

* * * *

Melmond returned to Southampton the next morning with an air of deep and settled melancholy. He had found the two brothers together, and the candour of his appearance, the plainness of his declaration, the openness with which he stated his situation,

ation, and his near relationship to Mrs. Berlington, procured him a courteous hearing; and he soon saw that both the father and the uncle, though they desired time for consideration and inquiry, were disposed to favour him. Mr. Tyrol, though, to his acknowledged recent disappointment of fortune, he attributed his address, had so little hope that any man at once amiable and rich would present himself to his unfortunate Eugenia, that, when he saw a gentleman well educated, well allied, of pleasing manners, and with every external promise of a good and feeling character, modestly, and with no professions but of esteem and respect, seek her of her friends, he thought himself not even entitled to refuse him. He told him, however, that he could conclude upon nothing in a matter of such equal interest to himself and his wife, without her knowledge and concurrence; and that during the time he demanded before he gave a final answer, he required a forbearance of all intercourse, beyond that of a common acquaintance.

quaintance. His first design was immediately to send for Eugenia home ; but the young man appeared so reasonable, so mild, so unlike a fortune-hunter, that, constitutionally indulgent where he apprehended nothing criminal, he contented himself with writing to the same effect to Eugenia, fully satisfied of her scrupulous punctuality, when once his will was known.

Melmond, though thus well received, returned back to Southampton with any air rather than that of a bridegroom. The order, not to wait upon Eugenia in private, was the only part of his task he performed with satisfaction ; for though a mind really virtuous made him wish to conquer his repugnance to his future partner, he felt it could not be by comparing her with Indiana.

Eugenia received the letter of her father, written in his own and her uncle's name, with transport ; and, to testify her grateful obedience, resolved to name the impending transaction to no one, and even
to

to relinquish her visits to Mrs. Berlinton, and only to see Melmond when accident brought him before her in public.

But Mrs. Mittin, through words casually dropt, or conversations not very delicately overheard, soon gathered the particulars of her situation, which happily furnished her with a new subject for a gossiping visit to Miss Margland and Indiana. The first of these ladies received the news with unconcern, rather pleased than otherwise, that the temptation of an heiress should be removed from any rivalry with the charms of her fair pupil; who, by no means, however, listened to the account with equal indifference. The sight of Melmond at Southampton, with the circumstance of his being brother to the Honourable Mrs. Berlinton, had awakened all the pleasure with which she had first met his impassioned admiration; and while she haughtily expected from every public exhibition, "to bring home hearts by dozens," the secret point she had in view, was shewing Melmond that her

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power

power over others was as mighty as it had been over himself. She had not taken the trouble to ask with what end : what was passed never afforded her an observation ; what was to come never called forth an idea. Occupied only by the present moment, things gone remained upon her memory but as matters of fact, and all her expectations she looked forward to but as matters of course. To lose, therefore, a conquest she had thought the victim of her beauty for life, was a surprize nearly incredible ; to lose him to Eugenia an affront scarcely supportable ; and she waited but an opportunity to kill him with her disdain. But Melmond, who dreaded nothing so much as an interview, availed himself of the commands of Mr. Tyrold, in not going to the lodgings of Eugenia, and lived absorbed in a melancholy retirement, which books alone could a little alleviate.

The conclusion of the letter of Mr. Tyrold gave to Camilla as much pain as every other part of it gave to Eugenia pleasure :

pleasure: it was an earnest and parentally tender prayer, that the alliance with Melmond; should his worth appear such as to authorise its taking place, might prove the counterpart to the happiness so sweetly promised from that of her sister with Edgar.

While Camilla sighed to consider how wide from the certainty with which he mentioned it was such an event, she blushed that he should thus be uninformed of her insecurity: but while a reconciliation was not more her hope than her expectation with every rising sun, she could not endure to break his repose with the knowledge of a suspense she thought as disgraceful as it was unhappy. Yet her present scheme to accelerate its termination, became difficult even of trial.

The obviously serious regard of Henry was a continual reproach to her; and the undisguised approbation of his father was equally painful. Yet she could now only escape them by turning to some other, and that other was necessarily Lord Valhurst, whose

CAMILLA.

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whose close siege to her notice forced off every assailant but himself. This the deluded Camilla thought an expedient the most innoxious; and gave to him so much of her time, that his susceptibility to the charms of youth and beauty was put to a trial beyond his fortitude; and, in a very few days, notwithstanding their disproportion in age, his embarrassed though large estates, and the little or no fortune which she had in view, he determined to marry her: for when a man of rank and riches resolves to propose himself to a woman who has neither, he conceives his acceptance not a matter of doubt.

In any other society, his admiration of Camilla might easily, like what he had already experienced and forgotten for thousands of her sex, have escaped so grave or decided a tendency; but in Mrs. Berlinton he saw so much of youth and beauty bestowed upon a man whom he knew to be his own senior in age, that the idea of a handsome young wife was perpetually present to him. He weighed,

like all people who seek to entice themselves to their own wishes, but one side of the question ; and risked, like all who succeed in such self-seduction, the inconvenience of finding out the other side too late. He saw the attractions of his fair kinswoman ; but neglected to consider of how little avail they were to her husband ; he thought, with exultation of that husband's age, and almost childishness ; but forgot to take into the scales, that they had obtained from his youthful choice only disgust and avoidance.

While he waited for some trinkets, which he had ordered from town, to have ready for presenting with his proposals, Edgar only sought an opportunity and courage to take his last farewell. Whenever Camilla was so much engaged with others that it was impossible to approach her, he thought himself capable of uttering an eternal adieu ; but when, by any opening, he saw where and how he might address her, his feet refused to move, his tongue became parched, and his pleading
7 heart

heart seemed exclaiming : O, not to-night! yet, yet, another day, ere Camilla is parted with for ever!

But suddenly, soon after, Camilla ceased to appear. At the rooms, at the plays, at the balls, and at the private assemblies, Edgar looked for her in vain. Her old adulator, also, vanished from public places; while her young admirer and his father hovered about in them as usual, but spiritless, comfortless, and as if in the same search as himself.

C H A P. XII.

Juvenile Calculations.

MRS. NORFIELD, a lady whose circumstances had brought into some intimacy with Mrs. Berlinton upon her marriage, had endeavoured, from the first of her entrance into high life, to draw her into a love of play; not with a view of doing her any mischief, for she was no more her enemy than her friend; but to answer her own purposes of having a Faro table under her own direction. She was a woman of fashion, and as such every-where received; but her fortune was small, and her passion for gaming inordinate; and as there was not, at this time, one Faro table at Southampton, whither she was ordered for her health, she was almost wearied into a lethargy, till her reiterated intreaties prevailed, at length, with Mrs. Berlinton to hold ~~one~~ at her own house.

The

The fatigue of life without view, the peril of talents without prudence, and the satiety of pleasure without intermission, were already dangerously assaulting the early independence and premature power of Mrs. Berlinton; and the moment of vacancy and weariness was seized by Mrs. Norfield, to press the essay of a new mode of amusement.

Mrs. Berlinton's house opened, failed not to be filled; and opened for a Faro table, to be filled with a peculiar set. To game has, unfortunately, always its attractions; to game with a perfect novice is not what will render it less alluring; and to see that novice rich and beautiful is still less likely to be repelling.

Mr. Berlinton, when he made this marriage, supposed he had engaged for life a fair nurse to his infirmities; but when he saw her fixed aversion, he had not spirit to cope with it; and when she had always an excuse for a separation, he had not the sense to acquaint himself how she passed her time in his absence. A natural imbecility

ility of mind was now nearly verging upon dotage, and as he rarely quitted his room but at meal times, she made a point never to see him in any other part of the day. Her antipathy rendered her obdurate, though her disposition was gentle, and she had now left him at Tunbridge, to meet her aunt at Southampton, with a knowledge he was too ill to follow her, and a determination, upon various pretences, to stay away from him for some months. The ill fate of such unequal alliances is almost daily exemplified in life; and though few young brides of old bridegrooms fly their mates thus openly and decidedly, their retainers have seldom much cause to rejoice in superior happiness, since they are generally regarded but as the gaolers of their young prey.

Moderation was the last praise to which Mrs. Berlinton had any claim; what she entered upon through persecution, in an interval of mental supineness, she was soon awake to as a pleasure, and next pursued as a passion. Her beloved correspondent was neglected; her favourite authors were
set

set aside ; her country rambles were given up ; balls and the rooms were forgotten ; and Faro alone engrossed her faculties by day, and her dreams during the short epoch she reserved for sleep at night. She lost, as might be expected, as constantly as she played ; but as money was not what she naturally valued, she disdained to weigh that circumstance ; and so long as she had any to pay, resigned it with more grace than by others it was won.

That Camilla was not caught by this ruinous fascination, was not simply the effect of necessity. Had the state of her finances been as flourishing as it was decayed, she would have been equally steady in this forbearance : her reason was fair, though her feelings frequently chased it from the field. She looked on, therefore, with safety, though not wholly with indifference ; she had too much fancy not to be amused by the spirit of the business, and was too animated not to take part in the successive hopes and fears of the several competitors ; but though her quick sensa-

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tions.

tions prompted a readiness, like that of Mrs. Berinton, to enter warmly into all that was presented to her, the resemblance went no further; what she was once convinced was wrong she was incapable of practising.

Upon Gaming, the first feeling and the latest reflection are commonly one; both point its hazards to be unnecessary, its purposes rapacious, and its end desperate loss, or destructive gain; she not only, therefore, held back; she took the liberty, upon the privilege of their avowed friendship, to remonstrate against this dangerous pastime with Mrs. Berinton. But that lady, though eminently designed to be amiable, had now contracted the fearful habit of giving way to every propensity; and finding her native notions of happiness were blighted in the bud, concluded that all which now remained for her was the indulgence of every luxury. She heard with sweetness the exhortation of her young friend; but she pursued her own course.

In

In a very few days, however, while the blush of shame died her beautiful cheeks, she inquired if Camilla could lend her a little ready money.

A blush of no less unpleasant feelings overspread the face of her fair guest, in being compelled to own she had none to lend; but she eagerly promised to procure some from Mrs. Mittin, who had a note in her hand to exchange for the payment of some small debts contracted at Tunbridge. Mrs. Berlinton, gathering, from her confusion, how ill she was stored, would not hear of applying to this resource, "though I hate," she cried, "to be indebted to that odious old cousin, of whom I was obliged to borrow last night."

Glaring imprudence in others is a lesson even to the most unthinking; Camilla, when she found that Mrs. Berlinton had lost every guinea she could command, ventured to renew still more forcibly her exhortations against the Faro table; but Mrs. Berlinton, notwithstanding she possessed an excellent capacity, was so little

fortified with any practical tenets either of religion or morality, that where sentiment did not take the part of what was right, she had no preservative against what was wrong. The Faro table, therefore, was still opened; and Lord Valhurst, by the sums he lent, obtained every privilege of intimacy in the family, except that of being welcome.

Against this perilous mode of proceeding Camilla was not the only warner. Mrs. Ulst saw with extreme repugnance the mode of life her niece was pursuing, and reprimanded her with severe reproach; but her influence was now lost; and Mrs. Berlinton, though she kindly attended her, and sought to alleviate her sufferings, acted as if she were not in existence.

It was now Mrs. Mittin gained the highest point of her ambition; Mrs. Berlinton, tired of remonstrances she could not controvert, and would not observe, was extremely relieved by finding a person who would sit with her aunt, comply with her humours, hear her lamentations, subscribe
to

to her opinions, and beguile her of her rigid fretfulness by the amusement of gossiping anecdotes.

Mrs. Mittin had begun life as the apprentice to a small country milliner; but had rendered herself so useful to a sick elderly gentlewoman, who lodged in the house, that she left her a legacy, which, by sinking into an annuity, enabled her to quit her business, and set up, in her own conception, for a gentlewoman herself; though with so very small an income, that to sustain her new post, she was frequently reduced to far greater dependence and hardships than she experienced in her old one. She was good-humoured, yet laborious; gay, yet subservient; poor, yet dissipated. To be useful, she would submit to any drudgery; to become agreeable, devote herself to any flattery. To please was her incessant desire, and her rage for popularity included every rank and class of society. The more eminent, of course, were her first objects, but the same aim descended to the lowest. She would work, read, go of errands, or cook a dinner; be
a parasite,

a parasite, a spy, an attendant; a drudge; keep a secret, or spread a report; incite a quarrel, or coax contending parties into peace; invent any expedient, and execute any scheme----all with the pretext to oblige others, but all, in fact, for simple egotism; as prevalent in her mind as in that of the more highly ambitious, though meaner and less dangerous.

Camilla was much relieved when she found this officious person was no longer retained solely upon her account; but still she could neither obtain her bills, no answers ever arriving, nor the money for her twenty pound note, Mrs. Mittin always evading to deliver it, and asserting she was sure somebody would come in the stage the next day for the payment she had promised; and when Camilla wanted cash for any of the very few articles she now allowed herself to think indispensable, instead of restoring it into her hands, she flew out herself to purchase the goods that were required, and always brought them home with assurances they were cheaper than the shopkeepers would let her have them for herself.

Camilla

Camilla resisted all incitements to new dress and new ornaments, with a fortitude which must not be judged by the aged, nor the retired, who weighing only the frivolity of what she withstood, are not qualified to appreciate the merit of this sort of resignation; the young, the gay, the new in life, who know that, amongst minor calamities, none are more alarming to the juvenile breast than the fear of not appearing initiated in the reigning modes, can alone do justice to the present philosophy of Camilla, in seeing that all she wore, by the quick changes of fashion, seemed already out of date; in refusing to look at the perpetual diversity of apparel daily brought, by various dress modellers, for the approbation of Mrs. Berlinton, and in seeing that lady always newly, brightly, and in a distinguished manner attired, yet appearing by her side in exactly the same array that she had constantly worn at Tunbridge. Nor was Camilla indifferent to this contrast; but she submitted to it as the duty of her present involved situation, which exacted from her every privation, in preference

ference to bestowing upon any new expence the only sum she could command towards clearing what was past.

But, after a very short time, the little wardrobe exhibited a worse quality than that of not keeping pace with the last devices of the *ton*; it lost not merely its newness, but its delicacy. Alas! thought she, how long, in the careful and rare wear of Etherington and Cleves, all this would have served me; while here, in this daily use, a fortnight is scarce passed, yet all is spoilt and destroyed. Ah! public places are only for the rich!

Now, therefore, Mrs. Mitten was of serious utility; she failed not to observe the declining state of her attire; and though she wondered at the parsimony which so resolutely prohibited all orders for its renewal, in a young lady she considered as so great an heiress, she was yet proud to display her various powers of proving serviceable. She turned, changed, rubbed, cleaned, and new made up all the several articles of which her dress was composed, to so much advantage, and with such

such striking effect, that for yet a few days more all seemed renewed, and by the arts of some few alterations, her appearance was rather more than less fashionable than upon her first arrival.

But this could not last long; and when all, again, was fading into a state of decay, Mrs. Berlinton received an invitation for herself and her fair guest, to a great ball and supper, given upon the occasion of a young nobleman's coming of age, in which all the dancers, by agreement, were to be habited in uniform.

This uniform was to be clear fine lawn, with lilac plumes and ornaments.

Camilla had now, with consuming regret, passed several days without one sight of Edgar. This invitation, therefore, which was general to all the company at Southampton, was, in its first sound, delicious; but became, upon consideration, the reverse. Clear lawn and lilac plumes and ornaments she had none; how to go she knew not; yet Edgar she was sure would be there; how to stay away she knew less.

This

This was a severe moment to her outrage; she felt it faltering, and putting down the card of invitation, without the force of desiring Mrs. Berlington to make her excuse, repaired to her own room, terrified by the preponderance of her wishes to a consent which she knew her situation rendered unwarrantable.

There, however, though she gained time for reflection, she gathered not the resolution she sought. The stay at Southampton, by the desire of Lynmere, had been lengthened; yet only a week now remained, before she must return to her father and her uncle---but how return? separated from Edgar? Edgar whom she still believed she had only to see again in some more auspicious moment, to re-conquer and fix for life! But when and where might that auspicious moment be looked for? not at Mrs. Berlington's; there he no more attempted to visit; not at the Rooms; those now were decidedly relinquished, and all general invitations were inadequate to draw Mrs. Berlington from her new pursuit: where, then, was this happy explanation to pass?

When

When our wishes can only be gratified with difficulty, we conclude, in the ardour of combating their obstacle, that to lose them, is to lose every thing, to obtain them is to ensure all good. At this ball, and this supper, Camilla painted Edgar completely restored to her; she was certain he would dance with her; she was sure he would sit by no one else during the repast; she many days since they had met, would tender to him, every moment they could now spend together, and her active imagination soon worked up scenes so important from this evening, that she next persuaded her belief that all chance of reconciliation hung wholly upon the meeting it offered. Impelled by this notion, yet wavering, dissatisfied, and uncomfortable, she summoned Mrs. Mittin, and intreated she would make such inquiries concerning the value of the ball-dress uniform, as would enable her to estimate its entire expence.

Her hours passed now in extreme disquietude, for while all her hopes centred in the approaching festival, the estimate which was to determine her power of enjoying

joying it was by no means easy to procure. Mrs. Mitten, though an adept in such matters, took more pleasure in the parade than in the performance of her task ; and always answered to her inquiries, that it was impossible to speak so soon ; that she must go to such another shop first ; that she must consult with such and such a person ; and that she must consider over more closely the orders given by Mrs. Berlinton, which were to be her direction, though with the stipulation of having materials much cheaper and more common.

At length, however, she burst into her room, one morning, before she was dressed, saying : “ Now, my dear miss, I hope I shall make you happy ; ” and displayed, upon the bed, a beautiful piece of fine lawn.

Camilla examined and admired it, asked what it was a yard, and how much would suffice for the dress.

“ Why, my dear, I’ll answer for it there’s enough for three whole dresses ; why it’s a whole piece ; and I dare say I can
get

get a handkerchief and an apron out of it into the bargain."

"But I want neither handkerchief, nor apron, nor three dresses, Mrs. Mittin; I shall take the smallest quantity that is possible, if I take any at all."

Mrs. Mittin said that the man would not cut it, and she must take the whole, or none.

Camilla was amazed she could so far have misunderstood her as to bring it upon such terms, and begged she would carry it back.

"Nay, if you don't take this, my dear, there's nothing in the shops that comes near it for less than fifteen shillings a-yard; Mrs. Berlinton gives eighteen for her's, and it don't look one bit to choose; and this, if you take it all together, you may have for ten, for all its width, for there's 30 yards, and the piece comes to but fifteen pound."

Camilla protested she would not, at this time, pay ten shillings a-yard for any gown in the world.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mittin, who had flattered herself that the handkerchief and apron, at least, if not one of the gowns, would have fallen to her share, was much discomposed by this unexpected declaration; and disappointed, murmuring, and conceiving her the most avaricious of mortals, was forced away; leaving Camilla in complete despondence of any power to effect her wish with propriety.

Mrs. Mittin came back late, and with a look of dismay; the man of whom she had had the muslin, who was a traveller, whom she had met at a friend's, had not waited her return; and, as she had left the fifteen pounds with him, for a pledge of the security of his goods, she supposed he had made off, to get rid of the whole piece at once.

Camilla felt petrified. No possible pleasure or desire could urge her, deliberately, to what she deemed an extravagance; yet here, in one moment, she was despoiled of three parts of all she possessed, either for her own use, or towards the restitution of her just debts with others.

Observing her distress, though with more displeasure than pity, from believing it founded in the most extraordinary covetousness, Mrs. Mittin proposed measuring the piece in three, and disposing of the two gowns she did not want to Mrs. Berlinton, or her sister and Miss Lynmere.

Camilla was a little revived; but the respite of difficulty was short; upon opening the piece, it was found damaged; and after the first few yards, which Mrs. Mittin had sedulously examined, not a breadth had escaped some rent, fray, or mischief.

The ill being now irremediable, to make up the dress in the cheapest manner possible was the only consolation that remained. Mrs. Mittin knew a mantua-maker who, to oblige her, would undertake this for a very small payment; and she promised to procure every thing else that was necessary for the merest trifle.

Determined, however, to risk nothing more in such hands, she now positively demanded that the residue of the note should be restored to her own keeping.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mittin, though much affronted, honestly refunded the five pounds. The little articles she had occasionally brought were still unpaid for; but her passion for detaining the money was merely with a view to give herself consequence, in boasting how and by whom she was trusted, and now and then drawing out her purse, before those who had less to produce; but wholly without any design of imposition or fraud; all she could obtain by hints and address she conceived to be fair booty; but further she went not even in thought.

Three days now only remained before this event-promising ball was to take place, and within three after it, the Southampton expedition was to close. Camilla scarce breathed from impatience for the important moment, which was preceded by an invitation to all the company, to take a sail on the Southampton water on the morning of the entertainment.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

