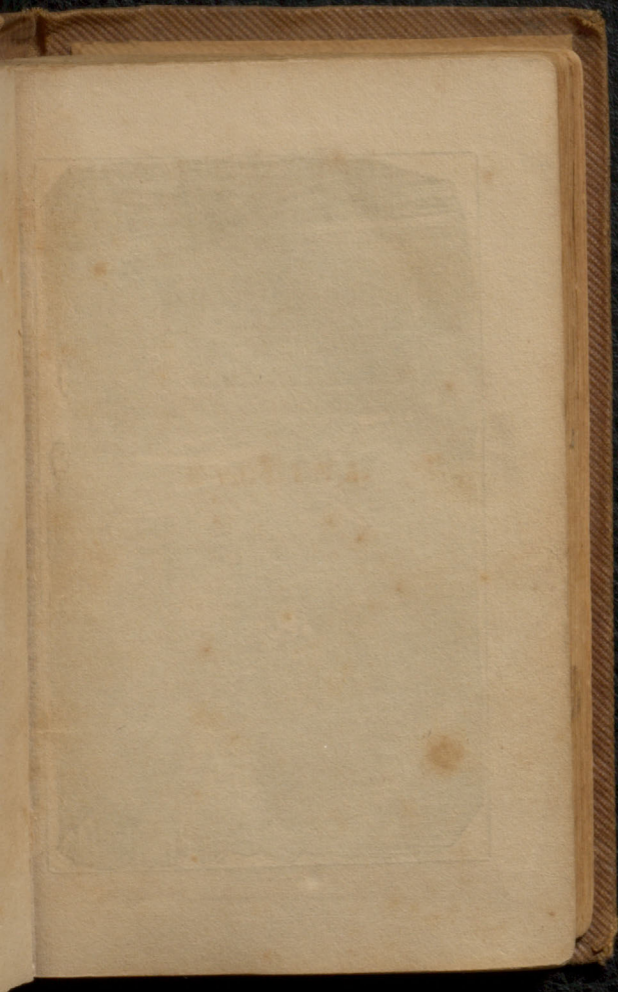
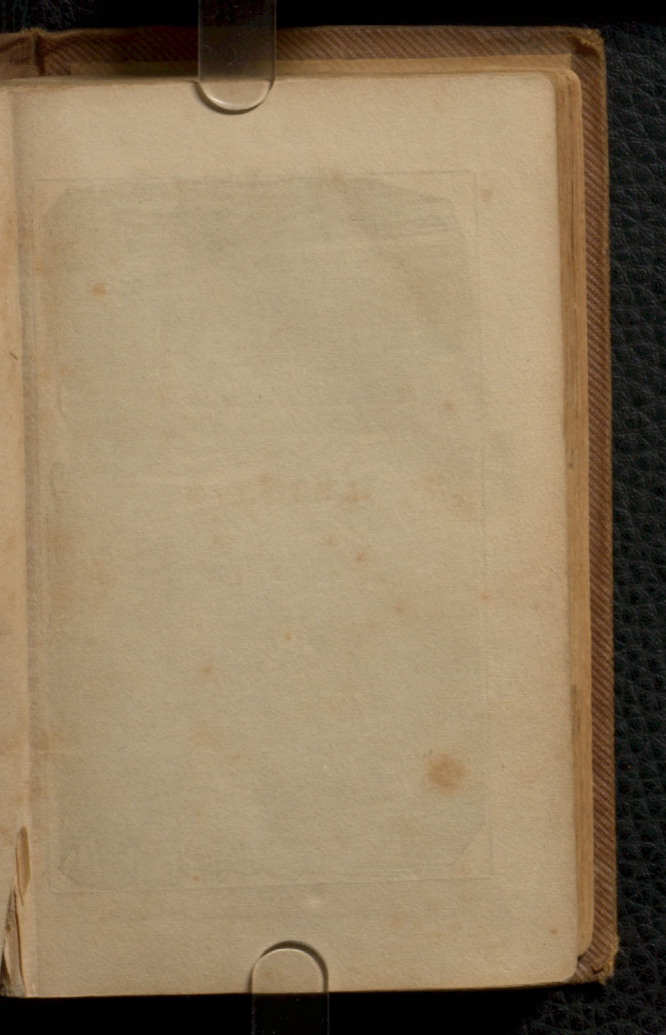


EVELINA.

EVANS



REVISED





MACARTNEY SAVED BY EVELINA, WHEN ABOUT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.—PAGE 225.

EVELINA:

OR

THE HISTORY

OF

A YOUNG LADY'S INTRODUCTION TO THE
WORLD.

BY MISS BURNEY.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY J. S. PRATT.

MDCCCXLV.

D. V. R. E. I. R. A.

THE HISTORY

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TO * * * * *

O, Author of my being!—far more dear
To me than light, than nourishment, or rest,
Hygeia's blessing, Rapture's burning tear,
Or the life-blood that mantles in my breast!

If in my heart the love of virtue glows,
'Tis planted there by an unerring rule:
From thy example the pure flame arose,
Thy life my precept—thy good works my school!

Could my weak pow'rs thy num'rous virtues trace
By filial love each fear should be repress'd;
The blush of incapacity I'd chase,
And stand, recorder of thy worth, confess'd.

But since my niggard stars that gift refuse,
Concealment is the only boon I claim;
Obscure be still the unsuccessful Muse,
Who cannot raise, but would not sink, thy fame.

Oh! of my life at once the source and joy!
If e'er thy eyes these feeble lines survey,
Let not their folly their intent destroy;
Accept the tribute—but forget the lay.

P R E F A C E.

IN the republic of letters there is no member of such inferior rank, or who is so much disdained by his brethren of the quill, as the humble novelist; nor is his fate less hard in the world at large, since, among the whole class of writers, perhaps not one can be named of which the votaries are more numerous, but less respectable.

Yet, while in the annals of those few of our predecessors to whom this species of writing is indebted for being saved from contempt, and rescued from depravity, we can trace such names as Rousseau, Johnson, Marivaux, Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett, no man need blush at starting from the same post; though many, nay, most men, may sigh at finding themselves distanced.

The following letters are presented to the public—for such by novel writers, novel readers will be called—with a very singular mixture of timidity and confidence, resulting from the peculiar situation of the editor; who, though trembling for their success from a consciousness of their imperfections, yet fears not being involved in their disgrace, while happily wrapped up in a mantle of impenetrable obscurity.

To draw characters from nature, though not from life, and to mark the manners of the times, is the attempted plan of the following letters. For this purpose, a young female, educated in the most secluded retirement makes, at the age of seventeen, her first appearance upon the great and busy stage of life; with a virtuous mind, a cultivated understanding, and a feeling heart, her ignorance of the forms, and inexperience in the manners of the world, occasion all the little incidents which these volumes record, and which from the natural progression of the life of a

young woman of obscure birth, but conspicuous beauty for the six months after her entrance into the world.

Perhaps, were it possible to effect the total extirpation of novels, our young ladies in general, and boarding-school damsels in particular, might profit from their annihilation; but since the distemper they have spread seems incurable, since their contagion bids defiance to the medicine of avarice or reprehension, and since they are found to baffle all the mental art of physic, save what is prescribed by the slow regimen of Time, and bitter diet of Experience; surely all attempts to contribute to the number of those which may be read, if not with advantage, at least without injury ought rather to be encouraged than contemned.

Let me therefore, prepare for disappointment those who in the perusal of these sheets entertain the gentle expectation of being transported to the fantastic regions of romance, where fiction is coloured by all the gay tints of luxurious imagination, where reason is an outcast, and where the sublimity of the marvellous rejects all aid from sober Probability. The heroine of these memoirs, young artless, and inexperienced, is

No faultless monster that the world ne'er saw;

but the offspring of Nature, and of Nature in her simplest attire.

The candour of my readers I have not the impertinence to doubt, and to their indulgence I am sensible I have no claim; I have, therefore, only to entreat, that my own words pronounce not my condemnation; and that what I have here ventured to say in regard to imitation, may be understood as it is meant, in a general sense, and not to be imputed to an opinion of my own originally, which I have not the vanity, the folly, or the blindness to entertain.

Whatever may be the fate of these letters, the editor is satisfied they will meet with justice; and commits them to the press, though hopeless of fame, yet not regardless of censure.

EVELINA.

Lady Howard to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Howard Grove, Kent.

CAN any thing, my good Sir, be more painful to a friendly mind, than a necessity of communicating disagreeable intelligence? Indeed it is sometimes difficult to determine, whether the relater or the receiver of evil tidings is most to be pitied.

I have just had a letter from Madame Duval; she is totally at a loss in what manner to behave; she seems desirous to repair the wrongs she has done, yet wishes the world to believe her blameless. She would fain cast upon another the odium of those misfortunes for which alone she is answerable. Her letter is violent, sometimes abusive, and that of *you!*—*you*, to whom she is under obligations which are greater even than her faults, but to whose advice she wickedly imputes all the sufferings of her much injured daughter, the late Lady Belmont. The chief purport of her writing I will acquaint you with; the letter itself is not worthy of your notice.

She tells me that she has, for many years past, been in continual expectation of making a journey to England, which prevented her writing for information concerning this melancholy subject, by giving her hopes of making personal inquiries; but family occurrences have still detained her in

France, which country she now sees no prospect of quitting. She has, therefore, lately used her utmost endeavours to obtain a faithful account of whatever related to her ill-advised daughter: the result of which giving her some reason to apprehend, that, upon her death-bed she bequeathed an infant orphan to the world, she most graciously says that if you, with whom she understands the child is placed, will procure authentic proofs of its relationship to her, you may send it to Paris, where she will properly provide for it.

This woman is undoubtedly, at length, self-convicted of her most unnatural behaviour; it is evident from her writing, that she is still as vulgar and illiterate as when her first husband, Mr. Evelyn, had the weakness to marry her; nor does she at all apologize for addressing herself to me, though I was only once in her company.

Her letter has excited in my daughter Mirvan a strong desire to be informed of the motives which induced madame Duval to abandon the unfortunate lady Belmont, at a time when a mother's protection was peculiarly necessary for her peace and her reputation. Notwithstanding I was personally acquainted with all the parties concerned in this affair, the subject always appeared of too delicate a nature to be spoken of with the principals; I cannot, therefore, satisfy Mrs. Mirvan otherwise than by applying to you.

By saying that you may send the child, madame Duval aims at conferring, where she most owes obligation. I pretend not to give you advice: you, to whose generous protection this helpless orphan is indebted for every thing, are the best

and only judge of what she ought to do; but I am much concerned at the trouble and uneasiness which this unworthy woman may occasion you.

My daughter and my grandchild join with me in desiring to be most kindly remembered to the amiable girl, and they bid me remind you, that the annual visit to Howard Grove, which we were formerly promised, has been discontinued for more than four years.

I am, my dear sir, with great regard,
Your most obedient friend and servant,
M. HOWARD.

Mr. Villars to Lady Howard.

Berry Hill, Dorsetshire.

YOUR ladyship did but too well foresee the perplexity and uneasiness of which madame Duval's letter has been productive. However, I ought rather to be thankful that I have so many years remained unmolested, than repine at my present embarrassment, since it proves, at least, that this wretched woman is at length awakened to remorse.

In regard to my answer, I must humbly request your ladyship to write to this effect: that I would not upon any account intentionally offend madame Duval; but I have weighty, nay unanswerable reasons for detaining her grand daughter at present in England: the principal of which is, that it was the earnest desire of one to whose will she owes implicit duty. Madame Duval may be assured, that she meets with the utmost attention

and tenderness; that her education, however short of my wishes, almost exceeds my abilities; and I flatter myself, when the time arrives that she shall pay her duty to her grandmother, madame Duval will find no reason to be dissatisfied with what has been done for her.

Your ladyship will not, I am sure, be surprised at this answer. Madame Duval is by no means a proper companion or guardian for a young woman: she is at once uneducated and unprincipled; ungentle in temper, and unamiable in manners. I have long known that she has persuaded herself to harbour an aversion for me. Unhappy woman! I can only regard her as an object of pity.

I dare not hesitate at a request from Mrs. Mirvan; yet, in complying with it, I shall, for her own sake, be as concise as I possibly can: since the cruel transactions which preceded the birth of my ward can afford no entertainment to a mind so humane as hers.

Your ladyship may probably have heard, that I had the honour to accompany Mr. Evelyn, the grandfather of my young charge, when upon his travels in the capacity of a tutor. His unhappy marriage, immediately upon his return to England, with madame Duval, when a waiting girl at a tavern, contrary to the advice and entreaties of his friends, among whom I was myself the most urgent, induced him to abandon his native land, and fix his abode in France. Thither he was followed by shame and repentance,—feelings which his heart was not framed to support; for, notwithstanding he had been too weak to resist the allurements of beauty, which nature, though

a niggard to her of every other boon, and with a lavish hand bestowed on his wife; yet he was a young man of excellent character, and, till thus unaccountably infatuated, of unblemished conduct. He survived this ill-judged marriage but two years. Upon his death-bed, with an unsteady hand, he wrote me the following note:

' My friend, forget your resentment in favour of your humanity:—a father, trembling for the welfare of his child, bequeaths her to your care—O Villars! hear! pity! and relieve me!

Had my circumstances permitted me, I should have answered these words by an immediate journey to Paris: but I was obliged to act by the agency of a friend, who was upon the spot, and present at the opening of the will.

Mr. Evelyn left to me a legacy of a thousand pounds, and the whole guardianship of his daughter's person till her eighteenth year, conjuring me, in the most affecting terms, to take the charge of her education till she was able to act with propriety for herself; but, in regard to fortune, he left her wholly dependent on her mother, to whose tenderness he earnestly recommended her.

Thus, though he would not, to a woman low bred and illiberal as Mrs. Evelyn, trust the conduct and morals of his daughter, he nevertheless thought proper to secure to her the respect and duty which, from her own child, were certainly her due; but unhappily, it never occurred to him that the mother, on her part, could fail in affection or justice.

Miss Evelyn, madam, from the second to the eighteenth year of her life, was brought up under

my care, and, except when at school, under my roof. I need not speak to your ladyship of the virtues of that excellent young creature. She loved me as her father; nor was Mr. Villars less valued by her; while to me she became so dear, that her loss was little less afflicting than that which I have since sustained of Mrs. Villars herself.

At that period of her life we parted; her mother then married to monsieur Duval, sent for her to Paris. How often have I since regretted that I did not accompany her thither! Protected and supported by me, the misery and disgrace which awaited her might perhaps have been avoided. But, to be brief—madame Duval, at the instigation of her husband, earnestly, or rather tyrannically, endeavoured to effect an union between Miss Evelyn and one of his nephews. And when she found her power inadequate to her attempt, enraged at her non compliance, she treated her with the grossest unkindness, and threatened her with poverty and ruin.

Miss Evelyn, to whom wrath and violence had hitherto been strangers, soon grew weary of such usage, and rashly, and without a witness, consented to a private marriage with Sir John Belmont, a very profligate young man, who had but too successfully found means to insinuate himself into her favour. He promised to conduct her to England—he did,—O, madam, you know the rest!—Disappointed of the fortune he expected, by the inexorable rancour the Duvals, he infamously burnt the certificate of the marriage, and denied that they had ever been united.

She flew to me for protection. With what mixed transports of joy and anguish did I again see her ! By my advice, she endeavoured to procure proofs of her marriage—but in vain ; her credulity had been no match for his art.

Every body believed her innocent, from the guiltless tenor of her unspotted youth, and from the known libertinism of her barbarous betrayer. Yet her sufferings were too acute for her tender frame ; and the same moment that gave birth to her infant, put an end at once to the sorrows and the life of its mother.

The rage of madam Duval at her elopement abated not while this injured victim of cruelty yet drew breath. She probably intended in time to have pardoned her : but time was not allowed. When she was informed of her death, I have been told that the agonies of grief and remorse with which she was seized occasioned her a severe fit of illness. But from the time of her recovery to the date of her letter to your ladyship, I had never heard that she manifested any desire to be made acquainted with the circumstances which attended the death of lady Belmont, and the birth of her helpless child.

The child, madam, shall never, while life is lent me, know the loss she has sustained. I have cherished, succoured, and supported her, from her earliest infancy to her sixteenth year ; and so amply has she repaid my care and affection, that my fondest wish is now circumscribed by the desire of bestowing her on one who may be sensible of her worth, and then sinking to eternal rest in her arms.

Thus it happened, that the education of the father, daughter, and grand daughter, has devolved on me! What infinite misery have the two first caused me! Should the fate of the dear survivor be equally adverse, how wretched will be the end of my cares—the end of my days!

Even had madame Duval merited the charge she claims, I fear my fortitude would have been unequal to such a parting; but, being such as she is, not only my affection, but my humanity, recoils at the barbarous idea of deserting the sacred trust reposed in me. Indeed, I could but ill support her former yearly visits to the respectable mansion at Howard Grove: pardon me, dear madam, and do not think me insensible of the honour which your ladyship's condescension confers upon us both, but so deep is the impression which the misfortunes of her mother have made on my heart, that she does not, even for a moment, quit my sight, without exciting apprehensions and terrors which almost overpower me. Such, madam, is my tenderness, and such my weakness!—But she is the only tie I have upon earth, and I trust to your ladyship's goodness not to judge of my feelings with severity.

I beg leave to present my humble respects to Mrs. and Miss Mirvan: and have the honour to be,
Madam, your ladyship's most obedient,

And most humble servant,
ARTHUR VILLARS.

LADY HOWARD TO THE REV. MR., VILLARS.

Dear sir, Howard Grove, March 8.
YOUR last letter gave me infinite pleasure: after so long and tedious an illness, how grateful to yourself and to your friends must be your returning health! You have the heart wishes of every individual of this place for its continuance and increase.

Will you not think I take advantage of your acknowledged recovery, if I once more venture to mention your pupil and Howard Grove together? Yet you must remember the patience with which we submitted to your desire of not parting with her during the bad state of your health, though it was with much reluctance we forbore to solicit her company. My grand daughter, in particular, has scarce been able to repress her eagerness to meet again the friend of her infancy; and, for my own part, it is very strongly my wish to manifest the regard I had for the unfortunate lady Belmont, by proving serviceable to her child; which seems to me the best respect that can be paid to her memory. Permit me, therefore, a plan which Mrs. Mirvan and I had formed, in consequence of your restoration to health.

I would not frighten you; but do you think you could bear to part with your young companion for two or three months! Mrs. Mirvan proposes to spend the ensuing spring in London, whither for the first time, my grand-child will accompany her. Now, my good friend, it is very much their wish to enlarge and enliven their party by the

addition of your amiable ward, who would share, equally with her own daughter, the care and attention of Mrs. Mirvan. Do not start at this proposal; it is time that she should see something of the world. When young people are too rigidly sequestered from it, their lively and romantic imaginations paint it to them as a paradise of which they have been beguiled; but when they are shown it properly, and in due time, see it such as it really is, equally shared by pain and pleasure, hope and disappointment.

You have nothing to apprehend from her meeting with sir John Belmont, as that abandoned man is now abroad, and not expected home this year.

Well, my good sir, what say you to our scheme? I hope it will meet with your approbation; but if it should not, be assured I can never object to any decision of one who is so much respected and esteemed as Mr. Villars, by

His most faithful, humble servant,

M. HOWARD.

Mr. Villars to Lady Howard.

Berry Hill, March 12.

I AM grieved, madam, to appear obstinate, and I blush to incur the imputation of selfishness. In detaining my young charge thus long with myself in the country, I consulted not solely my own inclination. Destined, in all probability, to possess a very moderate fortune, I wished to contract her views to something within it. The mind is but too naturally prone to pleasure, but too easily yielded

to dissipation ; it has been my study to guard her against their delusions, by preparing her to expect—and to despise them. But the time draws on for experience and observation to take the place of instruction. If I have, in some measure, rendered her capable of using one with discretion, and making the other with improvement, I shall rejoice myself with the assurance of having largely contributed to her welfare. She is now of an age that happiness is eager to attend,—let her then enjoy it ! I commit her to the protection of your ladyship, and only hope she may be found worthy half the goodness I am satisfied she will meet with at your hospitable mansion.

Thus far, madam, I cheerfully submit to your desire. In confiding my ward to the care of the lady Howard, I can feel no uneasiness from her absence, but what will arise from the loss of her company, since I shall be as well convinced of her safety as if she were under my own roof.—But can your ladyship be serious in proposing to introduce her to the gaieties of a London life ? Permit me to ask, for what end, or for what purpose ? A youthful mind is seldom totally free from ambition ; to curb that, is the first step to contentment, since to diminish expectation is to increase enjoyment. I apprehend nothing more than too much raising her hopes and her views and her views, which the natural vivacity of her disposition would render but too easy to effect. The town acquaintance of Mrs. Mirvan are all in the circle of high life. This artless young creature, with too much beauty to escape notice, has too much sensibility to be indifferent to it ; but she

has too little wealth to be sought with propriety by men of the fashionable world.

Consider, madam, the peculiar cruelty of her situation. Only child of a wealthy baronet, whose person she has never seen, whose character she has reason to abhor, and whose name she is forbidden to claim: entitled as she is to lawfully inherit his fortune and estate, is there any probability that he will properly own her? And while he continues to persevere in disavowing his marriage with Miss Evelyn, she shall never, at the expense of her mother's honour, receive a part of her right as the donation of his bounty.

And as to Mr. Evelyn's estate, I have no doubt but that madame Duval and her relations will dispose of it among themselves.

It seems, therefore, as if this deserted child, though legally heiress of two large fortunes, must owe all her rational expectations to adoption and friendship. Yet her income will be such as may make her happy, if she is disposed to be so in private life; though it will by no means allow her to enjoy the luxury of a London fine lady.

Let Miss Mirvan, then, madam, shine in all the splendour of high life: but suffer my child still to enjoy the pleasures of humble retirement, with a mind to which greater views are unknown.

I hope this reasoning will be honoured with your approbation; and I have yet another motive which has some weight with me; I would not willingly give offence to any human being; and surely madame Duval might accuse me of injustice, if, while I refuse to let her grand-daughter wait upon her,

I consent that she should join a party of pleasure to London.

In sending her to Howard Grove, not one of these scruples arise; and therefore Mrs. Clinton, a most worthy woman, formerly her nurse, and now my housekeeper, shall attend her thither next week.

Though I have always called her by the name of Anville, and reported in this neighbourhood that her father, my intimate friend, left her to my guardianship; yet I have thought it necessary she should herself be acquainted with the melancholy circumstances attending her birth; for though I am very desirous of guarding her from curiosity and impertinence, by concealing her name, family, and story, yet I would not leave it in the power of chance to shock her gentle nature with a tale of so much sorrow.

You must not, madam, expect too much from my pupil; she is quite a little rustic, and knows nothing of the world; and though her education has been the best I could bestow in this retired place, to which Dorchester, the nearest town, is seven miles distant, yet I should not be surprised if you should discover in her a thousand deficiencies of which I have never dreamt. She must be very much altered since she was last in Howard Grove. But I will say nothing of her; I leave her to your ladyship's own observations, of which I beg a faithful relation; and am,

Dear madam,

With great respect,

Your humble and obedient servant,

ARTHUR VILLARS

Mr. Villars to Lady Howard.

Dear Madam,

March 18.

This letter will be delivered to you by my child, —the child of my adoption,—my affection! Unblest with one natural friend, she merits 'a thousand. I send her to you innocent as an angel, and artless as purity itself; and I send you with her the heart of your friend, the only hope he has on earth, the subject of his tenderest thoughts, and the object of his latest cares. She is one, madam, for whom alone I have lately wished to live; and she is one whom to serve I would with transport die! Restore her but to me all innocence as you receive her, and the fondest hope of my heart will be amply gratified.

A. VILLARS.

Lady Howard to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Dear and Rev. Sir,

Howard Grove.

The solemn manner in which you have committed your child to my care, has in some measure damped the pleasure which I receive from the trust, as it makes me fear that you suffer from your compliance, in which case I shall very sincerely blame myself for the earnestness with which I have requested this favour; but remember, my good sir, she is within a few days' summons; and be assured, I will not detain her a moment longer than you wish.

You desire my opinion of her.

She is a little angel! I cannot wonder that you

sought to monopolise her: neither ought you, at finding it impossible.

Her face and person answer my most refined ideas of complete beauty; and this, though a subject of praise less important to you or me than any other, is yet so striking, it is not possible to pass it unnoticed. Had I not known from whom she received her education, I should at first sight of so perfect a face, have been in pain for her understanding; since it has been long and justly remarked, that folly has ever sought alliance with beauty.

She has the same gentleness in her manners, the same natural graces in her motions, that I formerly so much admired in her mother. Her character seems truly ingenuous and simple; and at the same time that nature has blessed her with an excellent understanding and quickness of parts, she has a certain air of inexperience and innocency that is extremely interesting.

You have no reason to regret the retirement in which she has lived; since that politeness which is acquired by an acquaintance with high life, is in her so well supplied by a natural desire of obliging, joined to a deportment infinitely engaging.

I observe, with great satisfaction, a growing affection between this amiable girl and my granddaughter, whose heart is as free from selfishness or conceit as that of her young friend is from all guile. Their regard may be mutually useful, since much is to be expected from emulation where nothing is to be feared from envy. I would have them love each other as sisters, and reciprocally

cally supply the place of that tender and happy relationship to which neither of them has a natural claim.

Be satisfied, my good sir, that your child shall meet with the same attention as our own. We all join in most hearty wishes for your health and happiness, and in returning our sincere thanks for the favour you have conferred on us.

I am, dear sir,

Your most faithful servant,

M. HOWARD.

Lady Howard to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Howard Grove, March 26.

BE not alarmed, my worthy friend, at my so speedily troubling you again; I seldom use the ceremony of waiting for answers, or writing with any regularity, and I have at present immediate occasion for begging your patience.

Mrs. Mirvan has just received a letter from her long absent husband, containing the welcome news of his hoping to reach London by the beginning of next week. My daughter and the captain have been separated almost seven years, and it would therefore be needless to say what joy, surprise, and consequently confusion, his at present unexpected return has caused at Howard Grove. Mrs. Mirvan, you cannot doubt, will go instantly to town to meet him; her daughter is under a thousand obligations to attend her; I grieve that her mother cannot.

And now, my good sir, I almost blush to proceed:—but, tell me, may I ask—will you permit

—that your child may accompany them? Do you think us unreasonable, but consider the many inducements which conspire to make London the happiest place at present she can be in. The joyful occasion of the journey; the gaiety of the whole party, opposed to the dull life she must lead, if left there with a solitary old woman for her sole companion, while she so well knows the cheerfulness and felicity enjoyed by the rest of the family,—are circumstances that seem to merit your consideration.

My daughter desires her best compliments to you *if*, she says, you will grant her request, but *not else*.

Adieu, my dear sir; we all hope every thing from your goodness.

M. HOWARD.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Howard Grove, March 26.

THIS house seems to be the house of joy; every face wears a smile, and a laugh is at every body's service. It is quite amusing to walk about and see the general confusion. A room leading to the garden is fitting up for captain Mirvan's study, lady Howard does not sit a moment in a place, Miss Mirvan is making caps: every body so busy!—such flying from room to room!—so many orders given and retracted, and given again,—nothing but hurry and perturbation.

Well, but, my dear sir, I am desired to make a request to you. I hope you will not think me an encroacher: lady Howard insists upon my

writing!—yet I hardly know how to go on; a petition implies a want,—and have you left me one? No, indeed.

I am half ashamed of myself for beginning this letter. But these dear ladies are so pressing—I cannot, for my life, resist wishing for the pleasures they offer me,—provided you do not disapprove them.

They are to make a very short stay in town. The captain will meet them in a day or two. Mrs. Mirvan and her sweet daughter both go; what a happy party! Yet I am not very eager to accompany them; at least I shall be contented to remain where I am, if you desire that I should.

Assured, my dearest sir, of your goodness, your bounty, and your indulgent kindness, ought I to form a wish that has not your sanction? Decide for me, therefore, without the least apprehension, that I shall be uneasy or discontented. While I am yet in suspense, perhaps I may hope; but I am most certain, that when you have once determined I shall not repine.

They tell me that London is now in full splendour, two play-houses are open,—the opera-house, —Ranelagh, and the Pantheon.—You see I have learned all their names. However, pray don't suppose that I make any point of going; for I shall hardly sigh to see them depart without me, though I shall probably never meet with such another opportunity, and, indeed, their domestic happiness will be so great, it is natural to wish to partake of it.

I believe I am bewitched! I made a resolution, when I began, that I would not be urgent: but

my pen, or rather my thoughts, will not suffer me to keep it—for I acknowledge, I must acknowledge, I cannot help wishing for your permission.

I almost repent already that I have made this confession: pray forget that you have read it if this journey is displeasing to you. But I will not write any longer; for the more I think of this affair, the less indifferent to it I find myself.

You will not, I am sure, send a refusal without reasons unanswerable, and therefore I shall cheerfully acquiesce. Yet I hope—I hope you will be able to permit me to go!

I am, with the utmost affection,
Gratitude, and duty, your

EVELINA.—

I cannot to you sign *Anville*, and what other name can I claim?

Mrs. Villars to Evelina.

Berry Hill, March 28th.

To resist the urgency of entreaty, is a power which I have not yet acquired: I aim not at an authority which deprives you of liberty, yet I would not guide myself by a prudence which should save me the pangs of repentance. Your impatience to fly to a place which your imagination has painted to you in colours so attractive, surprises me not; I have only to hope, that the liveliness of your fancy may not deceive you: to refuse, would be raising it still higher. To see my Evelina happy, is to see myself without a wish; go then, my child; and may that Heaven, which

alone can direct, preserve and strengthen you ! To that my love, will I daily offer prayers for your felicity. O may it guard, watch over you, and keep vice as distant from your person as from your heart.

ARTHUR VILLARS.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Queen-Ann Street, London, April 2.
THIS moment arrived. Just going to Drury lane theatre. The celebrated Mr. Garrick performs Ranger. I am quite in ecstasy. So is Miss Mirvan. How fortunate that he should happen to play ! We would not let Mrs. Mirvan rest till she consented to go. Her chief objection was to our dress, for we have had no time to *Londonise* ourselves: but we teased her into compliance, and so we are to sit in some obscure place that she may not be seen. As to me, I should be alike unknown in the most conspicuous or most private part of the house.

I can write no more now. I have hardly time to breathe—only just this, the house and streets are not quite so superb as I expected. However, I have seen nothing yet, so I ought not to judge.

Well ; adieu, my dearest sir, for the present, I could not forbear writing a few words instantly on my arrival, though I suppose my letter of thanks for your consent is still on the road.

Sunday.

This morning we went to Portland chapel ; and afterwards we walked in the mall of St. James's

Park, which by no means answered my expectations: it is a long straight walk of dirty gravel, very uneasy to the feet; and at each end, instead of an open prospect, nothing is to be seen but houses built of brick. When Mrs. Mirvan pointed out the Palace to me—I think I was never much more surprised.

However, the walk was very agreeable to us; every body looked gay, and seemed pleased; and the ladies were so much dressed, that Miss Mirvan and I could do nothing but look at them. Mrs. Mirvan met several of her friends. No wonder, for I never saw so many people assembled together before. I looked about for some of my acquaintance but in vain! for I saw not one person that I knew, which is very odd, for all the world seemed there.

Mrs. Mirvan says we are not to walk in the Park again next Sunday, even if we should be in town, because there is better company in Kensington-gardens; but really, if you had seen how much every body was dressed, you would not think that possible.

Monday.

We are to go this evening to a private ball, given by Mrs. Stanley, a very fashionable lady of Mrs. Mirvan's acquaintance.

We have been a shopping as Mrs. Mirvan calls it, all this morning, to buy silks, caps, gauzes, and so forth.

The shops are really very entertaining, especially the mercers; there seem to be six or seven men belonging to each shop; and every one took care, by bowing or smirking, to be noticed. We

were conducted from one to another, and carried from room to room with so much ceremony, that at first I was almost afraid to go on.

I thought I should never have chosen a silk: for they produced so many, I knew not which to fix upon: and they recommended them all so strongly, that I fancy they thought I only wanted persuasion to buy every thing they showed me. And indeed they took so much trouble, that I was almost ashamed I could not.

At the milliners, the ladies we met were so much dressed, that I should rather have imagined they were making visits than purchases. But what most diverted me was, that we were more frequently served by men than by women; and such men! so finical, so affected! they seemed to understand every part of a woman's dress better than we do ourselves; and they recommended caps and ribbands with an air of so much importance, that I wished to ask them how long they had left off wearing them.

The dispatch with which they work in these great shops is amazing, for they have promised me a complete suit of linen against the evening.

I have just had my hair dressed. You can't think how oddly my head feels; full of powder and black pins, and a great cushion on the top of it. I believe you would hardly know me, for my face looks quite different to what it did before my hair was dressed. When I shall be able to make use of a comb for myself I cannot tell; for my hair is so much entangled, frizzled they call it, that I fear it will be very difficult.

I am half afraid of this ball to-night: for, you

know, I have never danced but at school: how ever, Miss Mirvan says there is nothing in it. Yet I wish it was over.

Adieu, my dear sir; pray excuse the wretched stuff I write; perhaps I may improve by being in this town, and then my letters will be less unworthy your reading. Meantime, I am,

Your dutiful and affectionate,
though unpolished,

EVELINA.

Poor Miss Mirvan cannot wear one of the caps she made, because they dress her hair too large for them.

Evelina in Continuation.

Queen-Ann street, April 5, Tuesday morning; I HAVE a vast deal to say, and shall give all this morning to my pen. As to my plan of writing every evening the adventures of the day, I find it impracticable; for the diversions of the day, I find it late, that if I began my letters after them, I could not go to bed at all.

We passed a most extraordinary evening. A private ball this was called, so I expected to have seen about four or five couple; but Lord! my dear sir, I believe I saw half the world! Two very large rooms were full of company; in one were cards for the elderly ladies, and in the other were the dancers. My mamma Mirvan, for she always calls me her child, said she would sit with Maria and me till we were provided with partners, and then join the card players.

The gentlemen, as they passed and repassed, looked as if they thought we were quite at their disposal and only waiting for the honour of their commands; and they sauntered about in a careless indolent manner, as if with a view to keep us in suspense. I don't speak of this in regard to Miss Mirvan and myself only, but to the ladies in general; and I thought it so provoking, that I determined in my own mind that, far from humouring such airs, I would rather not dance at all, than with any one who should seem to think me ready to accept the first partner who would condescend to take me.

Not long after, a young man, who had for some time looked at us with a kind of negligent impertinence, advanced on tiptoe towards me; he had a set smile on his face, and his dress was so foppish, that I really believe he even wished to be stared at; and yet he was very ugly.

Bowing almost to the ground with a sort of swing, and waving his hand with the greatest conceit, after a short and silly pause, he said, Madam—may I presume it?—stopt, offering to take my hand. I drew it back, but could scarce forbear laughing. Allow me, madam, continued he, affectedly breaking off every half moment, the honour and happiness—if I am not so unhappy as to address you too late—to have the happiness and honour—.

Again he would have taken my hand; but bowing my head, I begged to be excused, and turned to Miss Mirvan to conceal my laughter. He then desired to know if I had already engaged myself to some more fortunate man? I said no, and that

I believed I should not dance at all. He would keep himself, he told me, disengaged, in hopes I should relent; and then, uttering some ridiculous speeches of sorrow and disappointment, though his face still wore the same invariable smile, he retreated.

It so happened, as we have since recollected, that during this little dialogue Mrs. Mirvan was conversing with the lady of the house. And very soon after, another gentleman, who seemed about six-and-twenty years old, gaily but not foppishly dressed, and indeed extremely handsome, with an air of mixed politeness and gallantry, desired to know if I was engaged, or would honour him with my hand. So he was pleased to say, though I am sure I know not what honour he could receive from me; but these sort of expressions, I find, are used as words of course, without any distinction of persons, or study of propriety.

Well, I bowed, and I am sure I coloured; for indeed I was frightened at the thoughts of dancing before so many people, all strangers, and, which was worse, with a stranger: however, that was unavoidable; for, though I looked round the room several times, I could not see one person that I knew. And so he took my hand, and led me to join in the dance.

The minuets were over before we arrived, for we were kept late by the milliners making us wait for our things.

He seemed very desirous of entering into conversation with me; but I was seized with such a panic, that I could hardly speak a word, and nothing but the shame of so soon changing my mind

prevented my returning to my seat, and declining to dance at all.

He appeared to be surprised at my terror, which I believe was but too apparent: however, he asked no questions though I fear he must think it very strange, for I did not choose to tell him it was owing to my never before dancing but with a school girl.

His conversation was sensible and spirited; his air and address were open and noble: his manners gentle, attentive, and infinitely engaging; his person was all elegance, and countenance the most animated and expressive I have ever seen.

In a short time we were joined by Miss Mirvan, who stood next couple to us. But how was I startled when she whispered me that my partner was a nobleman! This gave me new alarm: how will he be provoked, thought I, when he finds what a simple rustic he has honoured with his choice! one whose ignorance of the world makes her perpetually fear doing something wrong!

That he should be so much my superior every way, quite disconcerted me; and you will suppose my spirits were not much raised when I heard a lady, in passing us, say, This is the most difficult dance I ever saw.

O dear, then, cried Maria to her partner, with your leave, I'll sit down till the next.

So will I too, then, cried I, for I am sure I can hardly stand.

But you must speak to your partner first, answered she; for he had turned aside to talk with some gentlemen. However, I had not sufficient courage to address him; and so a way we all

three tripped, and seated ourselves at another end of the room.

But unfortunately for me, Miss Mirvan soon after suffered herself to be prevailed upon to attempt the dance; and just as she rose to go, she cried, My dear, yonder is your partner, lord Orville, walking about the room in search of you.

Don't leave me then, dear girl! cried I! but she was obliged to go. And now I was more uneasy than ever; I would have given the world to have seen Mrs. Mirvan, and begged of her to make my apologies; for what, thought I, can I possibly say to him in excuse for running away? he must either conclude me a fool, or half mad; for any one brought up in the great world, and accustomed to its ways, can have no idea of such sort of fears as mine.

My confusion increased when I observed that he was every where seeking me, with apparent perplexity and surprise; but when, at last, I saw him move towards the place where I sat, I was ready to sink with shame and distress. I found it absolutely impossible to keep my seat, because I could not think of a word to say for myself; and so I rose, and walked hastily towards the card room, resolving to stay with Mrs. Mirvan the rest of the evening, and not to dance at all. But before I could find her, lord Orville saw and approached me.

He begged to know if I was not well? You may easily imagine how much I was embarrassed. I made no answer; but hung my head like a fool, and looked on my fan.

He then, with an air the most respectfully seri-

ous, asked if he had been so unhappy as to offend me?

No, indeed! cried I; and in hopes of changing the discourse, and preventing his further inquiries, I desired to know if he had seen the young lady who had been conversing with me?

No;—but would I honour him with any commands to her?

O by no means!

Was there any other person with whom I wished to speak?

I said no, before I knew I had answered at all.

Should he have the pleasure of bringing me any refreshment?

I bowed, almost involuntarily. And away he flew.

I was quite ashamed of being so troublesome, and so much above myself as these seeming airs made me appear; but indeed I was too much confused to think or act with any consistency.

If he had not been as swift as lightning, I don't know whether I should not have stolen away again; but he returned in a moment. When I had drank a glass of lemonade, he hoped, he said, that I would again honour him with my hand, as a new dance was just begun. I had not the presence of mind to say a single word, and so I let him once more lead me to the place I had left.

Shocked to find how silly, how childish a part I had acted, my former fears of dancing before such a company, and with such a partner, returned more forcibly than ever. I suppose he perceived my uneasiness; for he entreated me to sit down again if dancing was disagreeable to me.

But I was quite satisfied with the folly I had already shown; and therefore declined his offer, though I was really scarce able to stand.

Under such conscious disadvantages, you may easily imagine, my dear sir, how ill I acquitted myself. But though I both expected and deserved to find him very much mortified and displeased at his ill fortune in the choice he had made; yet, to my very great relief, he appeared to be even contented, and very much assisted and encouraged me. The people in high life have too much presence of mind, I believe, to seem disconcerted, or out of humour, however they may feel: for had I been the person of the most consequence in the room, I could not have met with more attention and respect.

When the dance was over, seeing me still very much flurried, he led me to a seat, saying that he would not suffer me to fatigue myself from politeness.

And then, if my capacity, or even if my spirits had been better, in how animated a conversation might I have been engaged! it was then I saw that the rank of lord Orville was his least recommendation, his understanding and his manners being far more distinguished. His remarks upon the company in general were so apt, so just, so lively, I am almost surprised myself that they did not reanimate me; but indeed I was too well convinced of the ridiculous part I had myself played before so nice an observer, to be able to enjoy his pleasantry; so self compassion gave me feeling for others. Yet I had not the courage to attempt either to defend them, or to rally in my

turn; but listened to him in silent embarrassment.

When he found this, he changed the subject, and talked of public places, and public performers; but he soon discovered that I was totally ignorant of them.

He then, very ingeniously, turned the discourse to the amusements and occupations of the country.

It now struck me, that he was resolved to try whether or not I was capable of talking upon any subject. This put so great a constraint upon my thoughts, that I was unable to go further than a monosyllable, and not even so far when I could possibly avoid it.

We were sitting in this manner, he conversing with all gaiety, I looking down with all foolishness, when that fop who had first asked me to dance, with a most ridiculous solemnity approached, and after a profound bow or two, said, 'I humbly beg pardon, madam,—and of you too, my lord,—for which must doubtless be more delectable—than what I have the honour to offer; but——'

I interrupted him—I blush for my folly,—with laughing; yet I could not help it; for added to the man's stately foppishness, (and he actually took snuff between every two or three words,) when I looked round at Lord Orville, I saw much extreme surprise in his face,—the cause of which appeared so absurd, that I could not for my life preserve my gravity.

I had not laughed before from the time I had left Miss Mirvan, and I had much better have

cried then. Lord Orville actually stared at me; the beau, I know not his name, looked quite enraged. Refrain, madam, said he, with an important air, a few moments refrain!—I have but a sentence to trouble you with—May I know to what accident I must attribute not having the honour of your hand?

Accident, sir! repeated I, much astonished.

Yes, accident, madam;—for surely—I must take the liberty to observe—pardon me, madam—it ought to be no common one—that should tempt a lady to be guilty of ill-manners.

A confused idea now for the first time entered my head, of something I had heard of the rules of an assembly; but I was never at one before,—I have only danced at school,—and so giddy and heedless I was, that I had not once considered the impropriety of refusing one partner, and afterwards accepting another. I was thunderstruck at the recollection: but while these thoughts were rushing into my head, lord Orville, with some warmth, said, This lady, sir, is incapable of meriting such an accusation!

The creature—for I am very angry with him—made a low bow, and with a grin the most malicious I ever saw, My lord, said he, far be it from me to accuse the lady, for having the discernment to distinguish and prefer—the superior attractions of your lordship.

Again he bowed, and walked off.

Was ever anything so provoking? I was ready to die with shame. What a coxcomb! exclaimed lord Orville; while I, without knowing what I

did, rose hastily, and moving off, I can't imagine, cried I, where Mrs. Mirvan has hid herself!

Give me leave to see, answered he. I bowed and sat down, not daring to meet his eyes; for what must he think of me, between my blunder, and the supposed preference?

He returned in a moment, and told me that Mrs. Mirvan was at cards, but would be glad to see me: and I went immediately. There was but one chair vacant; so, to my great relief, lord Orville presently left us. I then told Mrs. Mirvan my disasters; and she good-naturedly blamed herself for not having better instructed me; but said, she had taken it for granted that I must know such common customs. However, the man may, I think, be satisfied with his pretty speech, and carry his resentment no farther.

In a short time lord Orville returned. I consented with the best grace I could, to go down another dance, for I had had time to recollect myself; and therefore resolved to use some exertion, and, if possible, appear less a fool than I had hitherto done, for it occurred to me, insignificant as I was, compared to a man of rank and figure; yet since he had been so unfortunate as to make choice of me for a partner, why I should endeavour to make the best of it.

The dance, however, was short, and he spoke very little; so I had no opportunity of putting my resolution in practice. He was satisfied, I suppose with his former successful efforts to draw me out; or, rather, I fancied, he had been inquiring *who I was*. This rather disconcerted me, and the spirits I had determined to exert again

failed me. Tired, ashamed, and mortified, I begged to sit down till we returned home, which I did soon after. Lord Orville did me the honour to hand me to the coach, talking all the way of the honour I had done *him*! O these fashionable people!

Well, my dear sir, was it not a strange evening? I could not help being thus particular, because to me, every thing is new. But it was now time to conclude. I am, with all love and duty,
your

EVELINA.

Evelina in continuation.

THERE is to be no end to the troubles of last night. I have this moment, between persuasion and laughter, gathered from Maria the most curious dialogue that ever I heard. You will be at first startled at my vanity: but, my dear sir, have patience!

It must have passed while I was sitting with Mrs. Mirvan in the card-room. Maria was taking some refreshment, and saw lord Orville advancing for the same purpose himself; but he did not know her, though she immediately recollected him. Presently after, a very gay-looking man, stepping hastily up to him, cried, Why my lord, what have you done with your lovely partner?

Nothing! answered lord Orville with a smile and a shrug.

By Jove, cried the man, she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life!

Lord Orville, as he well might, laughed but answered, Yes, a pretty modest looking girl.

O my lord, cried the madman, she is an angel. A *silent* one, returned he.

Why ay, my lord, how stands she as to that? She looks all intelligence and expression.

A poor weak girl! answered lord Orville, shaking his head.

By Jove, cried the other, I am glad to hear it.

At that moment, the same odious creature who had been my former tormentor joined them. Addressing lord Orville with great respect, he said, I beg pardon, my lord—if I was—as I fear might be the case—rather too severe in my censure of the lady who is honoured with your protection—but, my lord, ill-breeding is apt to provoke a man.

Ill-breeding! cried my unknown champion, impossible! that elegant face can never be so vile a mask!

O, sir, as to that, answered he, you must allow me to judge; for though I pay all deference to your opinion—in other things,—yet I hope you will grant—and I appeal to your lordship also—that I am not totally despicable as a judge of good or ill manners.

I was so wholly ignorant, said lord Orville, gravely, of the provocation you might have had, that I could not but be surprised at your singular resentment.

It was far from my intention, answered he, to offend your lordship; but really for a person who is nobody, to give herself such airs,—I own I could not command my passions. For, my lord,

though I have made diligent inquiry—I cannot learn who she is.

By what I can make out, cried my defender, she must be a country parson's daughter.

He! he! he! very good, 'pon honour, cried the fop;—well, so I could have sworn by her manners.

And then, delighted at his own wit, he laughed and went away, as I suppose, to repeat it.

But what the deuce is all this? demanded the other.

Why a very foolish affair, answered lord Orville; your Ellen first refused this coxcomb, and then—danced with me. This is all I can gather of it.

O, Orville, returned he, you are a happy man!—But ill-bred?—I can never believe it! And she looks too sensible to be ignorant.

Whether ignorant or mischievous, I will not pretend to determine; but certain it is, she attended to all I could say to her, though I have really fatigued myself with fruitless endeavours to entertain her, with the most immoveable gravity; but no sooner did Lovel begin his complaint, than she was seized with a fit of laughing, first affronting the poor beau, and then enjoying his mortification.

Ha! ha! ha! why there is some *genius* in that, my lord, though perhaps rather—*rustic*.

Here Maria was called to dance, and so heard no more.

Now tell me, my dear sir, did you ever know any thing more provoking? *A poor weak girl! ignorant or mischievous!* What mortifying words!

I am resolved, however, that I will never again be tempted to go to an assembly. I wish I had been in Dorsetshire.

Well, after this, you will not be surprised that lord Orville contented himself with an enquiry after our health this morning, by his servant, without troubling himself to call, as Miss Mirvan had told me he would ; but perhaps it may only be a country custom.

I would not live here for the world. I care not how soon we leave town. London soon grows tiresome. I wish the captain would come.

To night we go to Ranelagh. If any of those three gentlemen who conversed so freely about me should be there—but I wont think of it.

Thursday morning.

Well, my dear sir, we went to Ranelagh. It is a charming place ; and the brilliancy of the lights, on my first entrance, made me almost think I was in some enchanted castle or fairy palace, for all looked like magic to me.

The very first person I saw was lord Orville. I felt so confused!—but he did not see me. After tea, Mrs. Mirvan being tired, Maria and I walked round the room alone. Then again we saw him, standing by the orchestra. We, too, stopped to hear a singer. He bowed to me : I curtsied, and I am sure I coloured. We soon walked on, not liking our situation : however, he did not follow us ; and when we passed by the orchestra again, he was gone. Afterwards, in the course of the evening we met him several times ; but he was always with some party, and never spoke to us,

though when ever he chanced to meet my eyes, he condescended to bow.

I cannot but be hurt at the opinion he entertains of me. It is true my own behaviour caused it—yet he is himself the most agreeable, and, seemingly, the most amiable man in the world, and therefore it is that I am grieved to be thought ill of by him: for of whose esteem ought we to be ambitious, if not of those who most merit our own?—But it is too late to reflect upon this now. Well, I can't help it—However, I think I have done with assemblies.

This morning was destined for *seeing sights*, auctions, curious shops, and so forth; but my head ached, and I was not in a humour to be amused, and so I made them go without me, though very unwillingly. They are all kindness.

And now I am sorry I did not accompany them, for I know not what to do with myself. I had resolved not to go to the play to night; but I believe I shall. I short, I hardly care whether I do or not.

* * * * *

I thought I had done wrong! Mrs. Mirvan and Maria have been half the town over, and so entertained!—while I like a fool, staid at home to do nothing. And, at an auction in Pall-mall, who should they meet but lord Orville! He sat next to Mrs. Mirvan, and they talked a great deal together, but she gave me no account of the conversation.

I may never have such another opportunity of seeing London; I am quite sorry that I was not of

the party ; but I deserve this mortification, for having indulged my ill humour.

Thursday night.

We are just returned from the play, which was King Lear, and has made me very sad. We did not see any body we knew.

Well, adieu ; it is too late to write more.

Friday.

Captain Mirvan is arrived. I have not spirits to give an account of his introduction, for he has really shocked me. I do not like him. He seems to be surly, vulgar, and disagreeable.

Almost the same moment that Maria was presented to him, he began some rude jests upon the bad shape of her nose, and called her a tall ill-formed thing. She bore it with the utmost good-humour ; but that kind and sweet tempered woman, Mrs. Mirvan, deserved a better lot. I am amazed she would marry him.

For my own part, I have been so shy, that I have hardly spoken to him, or him to me. I cannot imagine why the family was so rejoiced at his return. If he had spent his whole life abroad, I should have supposed they might rather have been thankful than sorrowful. However, I hope they do not think so ill of him as I do. At least, I am sure they have too much prudence to make it known.

Saturday night.

We have been to the opera, and I am still more pleased than I was on Tuesday. I could have thought myself in Paradise, but for continual talk-

ing of the company around me. We sat in the pit, where every body was dressed in so high a style, that if I had been less delighted with the performance, my eyes would have found me sufficient entertainment in looking at the ladies.

I was very glad I did not sit next the captain; for he could not bear the music of singers, and was extremely gross in his observations on both. When the opera was over, we went into a place called the coffee-room, where ladies as well as gentlemen assemble. There are all sorts of refreshments, and the company walk about, and *chat* with the same ease and freedom as in a private room.

On Monday we go to a *ridotto*, and on Wednesday we return to Howard Grove. The captain says he won't stay here to be *smoked with filth* any longer; but having been seven years *smoked with a burning sun*, he will return to the country, and sink into a *fair weather chap*.

Adieu, my dear sir.

EVELINA IN CONTINUATION.

My dear sir,

Tuesday, April 11.

WE came home from the *ridotto* so late, or rather so early, that it was not possible for me to write. Indeed we did not go—you will be frightened to hear it—till past eleven o'clock: but nobody does. A terrible reverse of the order of nature! We sleep with the sun, and wake with the moon.

The room was very magnificent, the lights and

decorations were brilliant, and the company gay and splendid. But I should have told you, that I made many objections to being of the party, according to the resolution I had formed. However, Maria laughed me out of my scruples, and so once again I went to an assembly.

Miss Mirvan danced a minuet; but I had not the courage to follow her example. In our walks I saw lord Orville. He was quite alone, but did not observe us. Yet as he seemed of no party, I thought it was not impossible that he might join us; and though I did not wish much to dance at all—yet, as I was more acquainted with him than with any other person in the room, I must own I could not help thinking it would be infinitely more desirable to dance again with him than with an entire stranger. To be sure, after all that had passed it was very ridiculous to suppose it even probable that lord Orville would again honour me with his choice; yet I am compelled to confess my absurdity, by way of explaining what follows.

Miss Mirvan was soon engaged; and presently after a very fashionable gay looking man, who seemed about thirty years of age, addressed himself to me, and begged to have the honour of dancing with me. Now Maria's partner was a gentleman of Mrs. Mirvan's acquaintance; for she had told us it was highly improper for young women to dance with strangers at any public assembly. Indeed it was by no means my wish to do so; yet I did not like to confine myself from dancing at all; neither did I dare refuse this gentleman as I had done Mr. Lovel, and then, if any acquaintance should offer, accept him: and so,

all these reasons combining, induced me to tell him—yet I blush to write it to you!—that I was already engaged; by which I meant to keep myself at liberty to dance, or not, as matters should fall out.

I suppose my consciousness betrayed my artifice, for he looked at me as if incredulous; and, instead of being satisfied with my answer and leaving me, according to my expectation, he walked at my side, and, with the greatest ease imaginable, began a conversation in the free style which only belongs to old and intimate acquaintance. But what was most provoking, he asked me a thousand questions concerning the partner to whom I was engaged. And at last he said, Is it really possible that a man whom you have honoured with your acceptance can fail to be at hand to profit from your goodness?

I felt extremely foolish; and begged Mrs. Mirvan to lead me to a seat; which she very obligingly did. The captain sat next her; and to my great surprise, this gentleman thought proper to follow, and seat himself next to me.

What an insensible! continued he; why, madam, you are missing the most delightful dance in the world!—the man must be either mad or a fool—Which do you incline to think him yourself?

Neither, sir, answered I, in some confusion.

He begged my pardon for the freedom of his supposition, saying, I was really off my guard, from astonishment that any man can be so much and so unaccountably his own enemy. But,

where madam, can he possibly be?—has he left the room; or has he not been in it?

Indeed, sir, said I peevishly, I know nothing of him.

I don't wonder that you were so disconcerted, madam; it is really very provoking. The best part of the evening will be absolutely lost. He deserves not that you should wait for him.

I do not, sir, said I, and I beg you to—

Mortifying, indeed, madam, interrupted he,—a lady to wait for a gentleman!—O fie!—careless fellow!—What can detain him?—Will you give me leave to seek him?

If you please sir, answered I, quite terrified lest Mrs. Mirvan should attend to him; for she looked very much surprised to see me enter into conversation with a stranger.

With all my heart, cried he; pray, what coat has he on?

Indeed I never looked at it.

Out upon him! cried he; What did he address you in a coat not worth looking at?—What a shabby wretch!

How ridiculous! I really could not help laughing, which I fear encouraged him, for he went on—

Charming creature! and can you really bear ill usage with so much sweetness? Can you, like patience on a monument, smile in the midst of disappointment?—For my part, though I am not the offended person, my indignation is so great, that I long to kick the fellow round the room!—unless, indeed, (hesitating and looking earnestly

at me), unless, indeed,—it is a partner of your own creating?

I was dreadfully abashed, and could not make any answer.

But no! cried he (again, and with warmth,) it cannot be that you are so cruel! Softness itself is painted in your eyes.—You could not, surely, have the barbarity so wantonly to trifle with my misery.

I turned away from this nonsense with real disgust. Mrs. Mirvan saw my confusion, but was perplexed what to think to it, and I could not explain to her the cause, lest the captain should hear me, I therefore proposed to walk, she consented, and we all arose; but, would you believe it? this man had the assurance to rise too, and walk close by my side, as if of my party!

Now, cried he, I hope we shall see this ingrate.—Is that he?—(pointing to an old man who was lame)—or that? And in this manner he asked me of whoever was old or ugly in the room. I made no sort of answer; and when he found that I was resolutely silent, and walked on as much as I could without observing him, he suddenly stamped his foot, and cried out in a passion, Fool, idiot, booby!

I turned hastily toward him; O, madam, continued he, forgive my vehemence; but I am distracted to think there should exist a wretch who can slight a blessing for which I would forfeit my life!—O that I could but meet him! I would soon—But I grow angry: pardon me, madam, my passions are violent, and your injuries affect me?

I began to apprehend he was a madman, and stared at him with the utmost astonishment. I see you are moved, madam, said he; generous creature!—upon my soul, I am;—I entreat you, most lovely of mortals! I entreat you to be easy.

Indeed, sir, said I, very seriously, I must insist upon your leaving me: you are quite a stranger to me, and I am both unused and averse to your language and manners.

This seemed to have some effect on him. He made me a low bow, begged me pardon, and vowed he would not for the world offend me.

Then, sir, you must leave me, cried I, I am gone, madam, I am gone, with a most tragical air; and he marched away at a quick pace out of sight in a moment; but before I had time to congratulate myself, he was again at my elbow.

And could you really let me go, and not be sorry?—Can you see me suffer torments inexpressible, and yet retain all your favour for that miscreant who flies you?—Ungrateful puppy!—I could bastinado him!

For Heaven's sake, my dear, cried Mrs. Mirvan, who is he talking of?

Indeed, I do not know, madam, said I; but I wish he would leave me.

What's all that there? cried the captain.

The man made a low bow, and said, Only, sir, a slight objection which this young lady makes to dancing with me, and which I am endeavouring to obviate. I shall think myself greatly honoured if you will intercede for me.

That lady, sir, said the captain, coldly, is her own mistress. And he walked sullenly on.

You, madam, said the man, who looked delighted, to Mrs. Mirvan, you, I hope, will have the goodness to speak for me.

Sir, answered she gravely, I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with you.

I hope when you have, ma'm, cried he, undaunted, you will honour me with your approbation: but, while I am yet unknown to you, it would be truly generous in you to countenance me: and I flatter myself, madam, that you will not have cause to repent it.

Mrs. Mirvan, with an embarrassed air, replied, I do not at all mean, sir, to doubt your being a gentleman—but—

But what, madam?—that doubt removed, why a but?

Well, sir, said Mrs. Mirvan (with a good humoured smile) I will even treat you with your own plainness, and try what effect that will have on you: I must therefore tell you, once for all—

O pardon me, madam! interrupted he eagerly, you must not proceed with those words once for all; no, if I have been too plain, and, though a man, deserves a rebuke, remember, dear ladies, that if you copy, you ought in justice to excuse me.

We both stared at the man's strange behaviour.

Be nobler than your sex, continued he, turning to us, honour me with one dance, and give up the ingrate who has merited so ill your patience.

Mrs. Mirvan looked with astonishment at us both.

Who does he speak of, my dear,—you never mentioned.

O madam! exclaimed he, he was not worth

mentioning—it is a pity he was ever thought of ; but let us forget his existence. One dance is all I solicit. Permit me, madam the honour of this young lady's hand ; it will be a favour I shall ever most gratefully acknowledge.

Sir, answered she, favours and strangers have with me no connexion.

If you have hitherto, said he, confined your benevolence to your intimate friends, suffer me to be the first for whom your charity is enlarged.

Well, sir, I know not what to say to you,—but—

He stopped her but with so many urgent entreaties, that she at last told me, I must either go down one dance, or avoid his importunities by returning home. I hesitated which alternative to choose ; but this impetuous man at length prevailed, and I was obliged to consent to dance with him.

And thus was my deviation from truth punished ; and thus did this man's determined boldness conquer.

During the dance, before we were too much engaged in it for conversation, he was extremely provoking about my partner, and tried every means in his power to make me own that I had deceived him ; which, though I would not so far humble myself as to acknowledge, was indeed but too obvious.

Lord Orville, I fancy, did not dance at all. He seemed to have a large acquaintance, and joined several different parties ; but you will easily suppose I was not much pleased to see him, in a few

minutes after I was gone, walk to the place I had just left, and bow to and join Mrs. Mirvan!

How unlucky I thought myself, that I had not longer withstood this stranger's importunities! The moment we had gone down the dance, I was hastening away from him; but he stopped me, and said, that I could by no means return to my party without giving offence, before we had done our duty of walking up the dance. As I know nothing at all of these rules and customs, I was obliged to submit to his directions; but I fancy I looked rather uneasy, for he took notice of my inattention, saying, in his free way, Whence that anxiety?—Why are those lovely eyes perpetually averted?

I wish you would say no more to me, sir, cried I, peevishly; you have already destroyed all my happiness for this evening.

Good Heavens! what is it I have done?—How have I merited this scorn?

You have tormented me to death; you have forced me from my friends, and intruded yourself upon me, against my will, for a partner.

Surely, my dear madam, we ought to be better friends, since there seems to be something of sympathy in the frankness of our dispositions.—And yet I were not an angel, how do you think I could brook such contempt?

If I have offended you, cried I, you have but to leave me—and O how I wish you would!

My dear creature, said he, half laughing, why where could you be educated?

Where I most sincerely wish I was now!

How conscious you must be, all beautiful that

you are, that those charming airs serve only to heighten the bloom of your complexion!

Your freedom, sir, where you are more acquainted, may perhaps be less disagreeable; but to me,—

You do me justice, cried he, interrupting me; yes, I do indeed improve your acquaintance; you will hereafter be quite charmed with me.

Hereafter, sir, I hope I shall never—

O hush!—hush!—have you forgot the situation in which I found you?—Have you forgot, that when deserted, I pursued you,—when betrayed, I adored you?—but for me—

But for you, sir, I might perhaps have been happy.

What then, am I to conclude that, but for me, your partner would have appeared?—Poor fellow!—and did my presence awe him?

I wish his presence, sir, could awe you!

His presence!—Perhaps then you see him?

Perhaps, sir, I do, cried I, quite wearied of his raillery.

Where?—where?—for Heaven's sake shew me the wretch!

Wretch, sir!

O a very savage!—a sneaking, shame-faced despicable puppy!

I know not what bewitched me—but my pride was hurt, and my spirits were tired, and—in short I had the folly, looking at lord Orville, to repeat, despicable you think?

His eyes instantly followed mine; Why, is that the gentleman?

I made no answer; I could not affirm, and I

would not deny!—for I hoped to be relieved from his teasing by his mistake.

The very moment we had done what we called our duty, I eagerly desired to return to Mrs. Mirvan.

To your partner, I presume, madam? said he, very gravely.

This quite confounded me. I dreaded lest this mischievous man, ignorant of his rank, should address himself to lord Orville, and say something which might expose my artifice. Fool! to involve myself in such difficulties! I now feared what I had before wished; and therefore to avoid lord Orville, I was obliged myself to propose going down another dance, though I was ready to sink with shame while I spoke.

But your partner, ma'am? said he, affecting a very solemn air, perhaps he may resent my detaining you; if you will give me leave to ask his consent—

Not for the universe.

Who is he madam?

I wished myself a hundred miles off. He repeated his question, What is his name?

Nothing—nobody—I don't know—

He assumed a most important solemnity: How—not know?—Give me leave, my dear madam, to recommend this caution to you; Never dance in public with a stranger,—with one whose name you are unacquainted with,—who may be a mere adventurer,—a man of no character: consider to what impertinence you may expose yourself.

Was ever any thing so ridiculous? I could not help laughing in spite of my vexation.

At this instant, Mrs. Mirvan, followed by lord Orville, walked up to us. You will easily believe it was not difficult for me to recover my gravity; but what was my consternation, when this strange man, destined to be the scourge of my artifice, exclaimed, Ha! my lord Orville!—I protest I did not know your lordship. What can I say for my usurpation!—Yet, faith my lord, such a prize was not to be neglected.

My shame and confusion were unspeakable. Who could have supposed or foreseen that this man knew lord Orville? But falsehood is not more unjustifiable than unsafe.

Lord Orville—well he might—looked all amazement.

The philosophic coldness of your lordship, continued this odious creature, every man is not endowed with. I have used my utmost endeavours to entertain this lady, though I fear without success: and your lordship will not be a little flattered if acquainted with the difficulty which attended my procuring the honour of only one dance. Then, turning to me, who was sinking with shame while lord Orville stood motionless, and Miss Mirvan astonished—he suddenly seized my hand, saying, Think, my lord, what must be my reluctance to resign this fair hand to your lordship!

In the same instant, lord Orville took it of him; I coloured violently, and made an effort to recover it. You do me too much honour, sir, cried he, with an air of gallantry, pressing it to his lips before he let it go; however, I shall be happy to profit by it, if this lady, turning to Mrs. Mirvan, will permit me to seek for her party.

To compel him thus to dance, I could not endure; and eagerly called out, By no means—not for the world—I must beg—

Will you honour me, madam, with your commands? cried my tormentor; may I seek the lady's party?

No, sir, answered I, turning from him.

What shall be done, my dear? said Mrs. Mirvan.

Nothing, ma'am; any thing, I mean—

But do you dance, or not? You see his lordship waits.

I hope not—I beg that—I would not for the world—I am sure I ought to—to—

I could no speak; but that confident man, determining to discover whether or not I had deceived him, said to Lord Orville, who stood suspended, My lord, this affair, which at present seems perplexed I will briefly explain:—this lady proposed to me another dance,—nothing could have made me more happy,—I only wished for your lordship's permission; which, if now granted, will, I am persuaded, set every thing right.

I glowed with indignation. No, sir—it is your absence, and that alone can set every thing right.

For heaven's sake, my dear, cried Mrs. Mirvan, who could no longer contain her surprise, what does all this mean? were you pre-engaged? had lord Orville—

No, madam, cried I, only—only I did not know that gentleman, and so,—and so I thought, I intended—I—

Overpowered by all that had passed, I had not strength to make my mortifying explanation;—

my spirits quite failed me, and I burst into tears.

They all seemed shocked and amazed.

What is the matter, my dearest love? cried Mrs. Mirvan, with the kindest concern.

What have I done! and ran officiously for a glass of water.

However, a hint was sufficient for lord Orville, who comprehended all I would have explained. He immediately led me to a seat, and said, in a low voice, Be not distressed, I beseech you; I shall ever think my name honoured by your making use of it.

This politeness relieved me. A general murmur had alarmed Miss Mirvan, who instantly flew to me; while lord Orville, the moment Mrs. Mirvan had taken the water, led my tormentor away.

For Heaven's sake, dear madam, cried I, let me go home;—indeed I cannot stay here any longer.

Let us all go, cried my kind Maria.

But the captain, what will he say?—I had better go home in a chair.

Mrs. Mirvan consented, and I rose to depart. Lord Orville and that man both came to me. The first, with an attention I but ill merited from him, led me to a chair; while the other followed, pestering me with apologies. I wished to have made mine to lord Orville, but was too much ashamed.

It was about one o'clock, Mrs. Mirvan's servants saw me home.

And now,—what again shall ever tempt me to an assembly? I dread to hear what you will think of me, my most dear and honoured sir: you

will need your utmost partiality to receive me without displeasure.

This morning lord Orville has sent to inquire after our health; and sir Clement Willoughby (for that I find is the name of my persecutor) has called but I would not go down stairs till he was gone,

Adieu, my dear sir; Heaven restore me safely to you! I wish I was to go immediately to Berry Hill; yet the wish is ungrateful to Mrs. Mirvan, and therefore I will repress it. I shall write an account of the fantoccini from Howard Grove. We have not been to half the public places that are now open, though I dare say you will think we have been to all. But they are almost as innumerable as the persons who fill them.

Evelina in Continuation.

Queen-Ann-street, April 13.

How much will you be surprised, my dearest sir, at receiving another letter from London, of your Evelina's writing! But believe me, it was not my fault, neither is it my happiness, that I am still here: our journey has been postponed by an accident equally unexpected and disagreeable.

We went last night to see the fantoccini, where we had infinite entertainment from the performance of a little comedy in French and Italian, by puppets, so admirably managed, that they both astonished and diverted us all, except the captain, who has a fixed and most prejudiced hatred against what is not English.

When it was over, while we waited for the coach, a tall elderly woman brushed quickly past us, calling out, My God, what shall I do?

Why, what would you do? cried the captain.

Ma foi, monsieur, answered she, I have lost my company, and in this place I don't know nobody.

There was something foreign in her accent though it was difficult to discover whether she was an English or a French woman. She was very well dressed: and seemed so entirely at a loss what to do, that Mrs. Mirvan proposed to the captain to assist her.

Assist her! cried he, ay, with all my heart;—let a link-boy call her a coach.

There was not one to be hand, and it rained very fast.

Mon Dieu! exclaimed the stranger, what shall become of me? *Je suis au desespoir!*

Dear sir, cried Miss Mirvan, pray let us take the poor lady into our coach. She is quite alone, and a foreigner——

She's never the better for that, answered he; she may be a woman of the town, for any thing you know.

She does not appear such, said Mrs. Mirvan; and indeed she seems much distressed, that we shall but follow the golden rule, if we carry her to her lodgings.

You are mighty fond of new acquaintance, returned he; but first let us know if she be going our way.

Upon enquiry, we found that she lived in Oxford-road ; and after some disputing, the captain, surlily and with a very bad grace, consented to admit her into his coach ; though he soon convinced us that he was determined she should not be too much obliged to him, for he seemed absolutely bent upon quarrelling with her ; for which strange inhospitality I could assign no other reason, than that she appeared to be a foreigner.

The conversation began by her telling us that she had been in England only two days ; that the gentlemen belonging to her were Parisians, and had left her to see for a hackney coach, as her own carriage was abroad : and that she had waited for them till she was quite frightened, and concluded that they had lost themselves.

And pray, said the captain, why did you go to a public place without an Englishman ?

Ma foi, sir, answered she, because none of my acquaintance are in town.

Why, then, said he, I'll tell you what, your best way is to go out of it yourself.

Pardî monsieur, returned she, and so I shall for I promise you, I think the English a parcel of brutes ! and I'll go back to France as fast as I can, for I wou'd not live among none of you.

Who wants you ? cried the captain : do you suppose, madam French, we have not enough of other nations to pick our pockets already ? I'll warrant you there is no need for you for to put in your car.

Pick your pockets, sir ! I wish nobody wanted to pick your pocket no more than I do : and I'll promise you you'd be safe enough. But there's

no nation under the sun can beat the English for ill-politeness ; for my part, I hate the very sight of them ; and so I shall only just visit a person of quality or two of my particular acquaintance, and then I shall go back again to France.

Ay, do, cried he ; and then go to the devil together for that's the fittest voyage for the French and the quality.

We'll take care, however, cried the stranger with great vehemence, not to admit none of your vulgar, unmannered English among us.

O never fear, returned he, coolly, we shan't dispute the point with you ; you and the quality may have the devil all to yourselves.

Desirous of changing the subject of a conversation which now became very alarming, Miss Mirvan called out Lord, how slow the man drives!

Never mind, Moll, said her father ; I'll warrant you he'll drive fast enough to-morrow, when you are going to Howard Grove.

To Howard Grove! exclaimed the stranger,—why *mon Dieu*, do you know lady Howard?

Why, what if we do? answered he ; that's nothing to you ; she's none of *your* quality, I'll promise you.

Who told you that? cried she ; you don't know nothing about the matter ; besides you are the ill-breddest person I ever see ; and as to your knowing lady Howard, I don't believe no such thing : unless, indeed, you are her steward.

The captain, swearing terribly, said with great fury, *You* would much sooner be taken for her washer-woman.

Her wash woman, indeed !—Ha, ha, ha, why

you han't no eyes ; did you ever see a wash woman in such a gown as this?—Besides I'm no such mean person, for I'm as good as lady Howard, and as rich too, and besides I'm now come to England to visit her.

You may spare yourself that there trouble, replied the captain ; she has paupers enough about her already.

Paupers, mister ! no more a pauper than yourself, nor so much neither ;—but you are a low dirty fellow ! and I shan't stoop to take any more notice of you.

Dirty fellow ! exclaimed the captain, seizing both her wrists ; hark you, Mrs. Frog, you'd best hold your tongue : for I must make bold to tell you if you don't, that I shall make no ceremony of tripping you out of the window, and there you may lie in the mud till some of your *monseers* come to help you out of it.

Their increasing passion quite terrified us ; and Mrs. Mirvan was beginning to remonstrate with the captain, when we were all silenced by what follows.

Let me go, villain that you are ! let me go, or I'll promise you I'll get you put into prison for this usage. I'm no common person, I assure you ; and *ma foi*, I'll go to justice Fielding about you ; for I'm a person of fashion, and I'll make you know it, or my name an't Duval.

I heard no more ; amazed, frightened, and unspeakably shocked, an involuntary exclamation of Gracious Heaven ! escaped me, and, more dead than alive, I sunk into Mrs. Mirvan's arms. But let me draw a veil over a scene too cruel for a heart

so compassionately tender as yours ; it is sufficient that you know this supposed foreigner proved to be madame Duval,—the grandmother of your Evelina.

O sir, to discover so near a relation in a woman who had thus introduced herself—what would become of me, were it not for you, my protector, my friend, and my refuge ?

My extreme concern, and Mrs. Mirvan's surprise, immediately betrayed me. But I will not shock you with the manner of her acknowledging me, or the bitterness, the *grossness*—I cannot otherwise express myself,—with which she spoke of those unhappy past transactions you have so pathetically related to me. All the misery of a much injured parent, dear, though never seen ; regretted, though never known, crowded so forcibly upon my memory, that they rendered this interview—one only expected—the most afflicting I can ever know.

When we stopped at her lodgings she desired me to accompany her into the house, and said she could easily procure a room for me to sleep in. Alarmed and trembling, I turned to Mrs. Mirvan. My daughter, madam, said that sweet woman, cannot so abruptly part with her young friend ; you must allow a little time to wean them from each other.

Pardon me, madam, answered madame Duval (who from the time of her being known somewhat softened her manners,) miss can't possibly be so nearly connected to this child as I am.

No matter for that, cried the captain (who espoused my cause to satisfy his own pique, though

an awkward apology had passed between them,) she was sent to us; and so, d'ye see, we don't choose to part with her.

I promised to wait upon her at what time she pleased the next day: and, after a short debate, she desired me to breakfast with her, and we proceeded to Queen-Ann-street.

What an unfortunate adventure! I could not close my eyes the whole night. A thousand times I wished I had never left Berry Hill: however, my return thither shall be accelerated to the utmost of my power; and, once more in that abode of tranquil happiness, I will suffer no temptation to allure me elsewhere.

Mrs. Mirvan was so kind as to accompany me to madam Duval's house this morning. The captain, too, offered his service; which I declined, from a fear she should suppose I meant to insult her.

She frowned most terribly upon Mrs. Mirvan; but she received me with as much tenderness as I believe she is capable of feeling. Indeed, our meeting seems really to have affected her; for when, overcome by the variety of emotions which the sight of her occasioned, I almost fainted in her arms, she burst into tears, and said, Let me not lose my poor daughter a second time! This unexpected humanity softened me extremely; but she very soon excited my warmest indignation, by the ungrateful mention she made of the best of men, my dear and most generous benefactor. However, grief and anger mutually gave way to terror, upon her avowing the intention of her visiting England was to make me return with

her to France. This, she said, was a plan she had formed from the instant she had heard of my birth; which, she protested, did not reach her ears till I must have been twelve years of age; but monsieur Duval, who she declared was the worst husband in the world, would not permit her to do any thing she wished: he had been dead but three months; which had been employed in arranging certain affairs, that were no sooner settled than she set off for England. She was already out of mourning, for she said nobody here could tell how long she had been a widow.

She must have been married very early in life; what her age is I do not know; but she really looks to be less than fifty. She dresses very gaily, paints very high, and the traces of her former beauty are still very visible in her face.

I know not when, or how, this visit would have ended, had not the captain called for Mrs. Mirvan, and absolutely insisted upon my attending her. He is become, very suddenly, so warmly my friend, that I quite dread his officiousness. Mrs. Mirvan, however, whose principal study seems to be healing those wounds which her husband inflicts, appeased madame Duval's wrath, by a very polite invitation to drink tea, and spend the evening here. Not without great difficulty was the captain prevailed upon to defer his journey some time longer; but what could be done? It would have been indecent for me to have quitted the town the very instant I discovered that madame Duval was in it; and to have staid here solely under her protection—Mrs. Mirvan, thank heaven, was too kind for such a thought. That she should follow

us to Howard Grove I almost equally dreaded. It is therefore determined, that we remain in London for some days, or a week; though the captain has declared that the old French hag, as he is pleased to call her, shall fare never the better for it.

My only hope is to get safe to Berry Hill; wheré, counselled and sheltered by you, I shall have nothing more to fear. Adieu, my ever dear and most honoured sir! I shall have no happiness till I am again with you.

Mr. Villars to Evelina.

Berry Hill, April 16.

IN the belief and hope that my Evelina would, ere now, have bid adieu to London, I had intended to have deferred writing till I heard of her return to Howard Grove; but the letter I have this moment received, with intelligence of madame Duval's arrival in England, demands an immediate answer.

Her journey hither equally grieves and alarms me. How much did I pity my child, when I read of a discovery at once so unexpected and unwished! I have long dreaded this meeting and its consequences; to claim you seems to follow acknowledging you. I am well acquainted with her disposition, and have for many years foreseen the contest which now threatens us.

Cruel as are the circumstances of this affair, you must not, my love, suffer it to depress your spirits; remember, that while life is lent me, I will devote it to your service; and, for future

time, I will make such provision as shall seem to me most conducive to your future happiness. Secure of my protection, and relying on my tenderness, let no apprehensions of madame Duval disturb your peace: conduct yourself towards her with all the respect and deference due to so near a relation, remembering always, that the failure of duty on her part can by no means justify any neglect on yours. Indeed, the more forcibly you are struck with improprieties and misconduct in another, the greater should be your observance and diligence to avoid even the shadow of similar errors. Be careful, therefore, that no remissness of attention, no indifference of obliging, make known to her the independence I assure you of; but when she fixes the time for her leaving England, trust to me the task of refusing your attending her; disagreeable to myself, I own, it will be; yet to you it will be improper, if not impossible.

In regard to her opinion of me, I am more sorry than surprised at her determined blindness; the palliation which she feels the want of, for her own conduct, leads her to seek for failings in all who were concerned in those unhappy transactions which she has so much reason to lament. And this, as it is the course, so we must in some measure consider it as the excuse of her inveteracy.

How grateful to me are your wishes to return to Berry Hill! Your lengthened stay in London, and the dissipation in which I find you are involved, fill me with uneasiness. I mean not, however, that I would have you sequester yourself

from the party to which you belong, since Mrs. Mirvan might thence infer a reproof which your youth and her kindness would render inexcusable. I will not, therefore, enlarge upon this subject; but content myself with telling you, that I shall heartily rejoice when I hear of your safe arrival at Howard Grove, for which place I hope you will be preparing at the time you receive this letter.

I cannot too much thank you, my best Evelina, for the minuteness of your communications. Continue to me this indulgence, for I should be miserable if in ignorance of your proceedings.

How new to you is the scene of life in which you are engaged!—balls—plays—operas—ridottos!—Ah, my child! at your return hither, how will you bear the change? My heart trembles for your future happiness.—Yet will I hope every thing from the unsullied whiteness of your soul, and the native liveliness of your disposition.

I am sure I need not say, how much more I was pleased with the mistake of your inexperience at the private ball, than with the attempted adoption of more fashionable manners at the ridotto. But your confusion and mortifications were such as to entirely silence all reproofs on my part.

I hope you will see no more of sir Clement Willoughby, whose conversation and boldness are extremely disgusting to me. I was gratified by the good nature of lord Orville, upon your making use of his name; but I hope you will never again put it to such a trial.

Heaven bless thee, my dear child; and grant that neither misfortune nor vice may ever rob thee of that gaiety of heart, which resulting from

innocence, while it constitutes your own, contributes also to the felicity of all who know you!

ARTHUR VILLARS.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Queen-Ann street, April 14, Thursday morning. BEFORE our dinner was over yesterday, madame Duval came to tea; though it will lessen your surprise, to hear that it was near five o'clock, for we never dine till the day is almost over. She was asked into another room while table was cleared, and then was invited to partake of the desert.

She was attended by a French gentleman, whom she introduced by the name of monsieur du Bois; Mrs. Mirvan received them both with her usual politeness; but the captain looked very much displeased; and after a short silence, very sternly said to madame Duval, Pray, who asked you to bring that there spark with you?

Oh, cried she, I never go no where without him.

Another short silence ensued, which was terminated by the captain's turning roughly to the foreigner, and saying Do you know, *monseer*, that you are the first Frenchman I ever let come into my house?

Monsieur du Bois made a profound bow. He speaks no English, and understands it so imperfectly, that he might possibly imagine he had received a compliment.

Mrs. Mirvan endeavoured to divert the captain's ill humour by starting new subjects: but he left to her all the trouble of supporting them, and

leaned back in his chair in gloomy silence, except when any opportunity offered of uttering some sarcasm upon the French. Finding her efforts to render the evening agreeable were fruitless, Mrs. Mirvan proposed a party to Ranelagh. Madame Duval joyfully consented to it; and the captain, though he railed against the dissipation of the women, did not oppose it; and therefore Maria and I ran up stairs to dress ourselves.

Before we were ready, word was brought us that Sir Clement Willoughby was in the drawing room. He introduced himself under the pretence of inquiring after all our healths, and entered the room with the easy air of an old acquaintance; though Mrs. Mirvan confesses that he seemed embarrassed when he found how coldly he was received, not only by the captain, but by herself.

I was extremely disconcerted at the thoughts of seeing this man again, and did not go down stairs till I was called to tea. He was then deeply engaged in a discourse upon French manners with madame Duval and the captain; and the subject seemed so entirely to engross him, that he did not, at first, observe my entrance into the room. Their conversation was supported with great vehemence; the captain roughly maintaining the superiority of the English in every particular, and madame Duval warmly refusing to allow of it in any: while sir Clement exerted all his powers of argument and of ridicule, to second and strengthen whatever was advanced by the captain: for he had the sagacity to discover, that he could take no method so effectual for making the master of the house his friend, as to make madame Duval his enemy;

and indeed, in a very short time, he had reason to congratulate himself upon his successful discernment.

As soon as he saw me, he made a most respectful bow, and hoped I had not suffered from the fatigue of the ridotto: I made no other answer than a slight inclination of the head, for I was very much ashamed of the whole affair. He then returned to the disputants; where he managed the argument so skilfully, at once provoking madame Duval, and delighting the captain, that I could not forbear admiring his address, though I condemned his subtlety. Mrs. Mirvan, dreading such violent antagonists, attempted frequently to change the subject; and she might have succeeded, but for the interposition of sir Clement, who would not suffer it to be given up, and supported it with such humour and satire, that he seems to have won the captain's heart; though their united forces so enraged and overpowered madame Duval that she really trembled with passion.

I was very glad when Mrs. Mirvan said it was time to be gone. Sir Clement rose to take leave; but the captain very cordially invited him to join our party: he had an engagement, he said, but would give it up to have that pleasure.

Some little confusion ensued in regard to our manner of setting off. Mrs. Mirvan offered madame Duval a place in her coach, and proposed that we four females should go altogether; however, this she rejected, declaring she would by no means go so far without a gentleman, and wondering so polite a lady could make so English a proposal. Sir Clement Willoughby said, his chariot

was waiting at the door, and begged to know if it could be of any use. It was at last decided that a hackney-coach should be called for monsieur du Bois and madame Duval, in which the captain, and, at his request, sir Clement, went also. Mrs. and Miss Mirvan and I had a peaceful and comfortable ride by ourselves.

I doubt not but they quarrelled all the way; for when we met at Ranelagh every one seemed out of humour; and though we joined parties, poor madame Duval was avoided as much as possible by all but me.

The room was so very much crowded, that but for the uncommon assiduity of Sir Clement Willoughby, we should not have been able to procure a box) for that is the name given to arched recesses that are appropriated for tea parties) till half the company had retired. As we were taking possession of our places, some ladies of Mrs. Mirvan's acquaintance stopped to speak to her, and persuaded her to take a round with them. When she returned to us, what was my surprise to see that Lord Orville had joined her party! The ladies walked on: Mrs. Mirvan seated herself, and made a slight though respectful invitation to Lord Orville to drink his tea with us; which, to my no small consternation, he accepted.

I felt a confusion unspeakable at again seeing him, from the recollection of the ridotto adventure: nor did my situation lessen it; for I was seated between madame Duval and Sir Clement, who seemed as little as myself to desire Lord Orville's presence. Indeed, the continued wrangling and ill breeding of captain Mirvan and Ma-

dame Duval made me blush that I belonged to them. And poor Mrs. Mirvan and her amiable daughter had still less reason to be satisfied.

A general silence ensued after he was seated ; his appearance, from different motives, gave an universal restraint to every body. What his own reasons were for honouring us with his company, I cannot imagine ; unless, indeed, he had a curiosity to know whether I should invent any new impertinence concerning him.

The first speech was made by madame Duval, who said, It's quite a shocking thing to see ladies come to so gentle a place as Ranelagh with hats on ; it has a monstrous vulgar look : I can't think what they wear them for. There is no such thing to be seen in Paris.

Indeed, cried Sir Clement, I must own myself no advocate for hats ; I am sorry the ladies ever invented or adopted so tantalising a fashion ; for, where there is beauty, they only serve to shade it ; and where there is none, to excite a most unavailing curiosity. I fancy they were originally worn by some young and whimsical coquette.

More likely, answered the captain, they were invented by some wrinkled old hag, who'd a mind for to keep the young fellows in chance, let them be never so weary.

I don't know what you may do in England, cried Madame Duval, but I know in Paris no woman needn't be at such a trouble as that to be taken very genteel notice of.

Why, will you pretend for to say, returned the captain, that they don't distinguish the old from the young there as well as here ?

They don't make no distinguishments at all, said she; they're vastly too polite.

More fools they; cried the captain, sneeringly.

Would to Heaven, cried Sir Clement, that, for our own sakes, we Englishmen too were blest with so accommodating a blindness!

Why the devil do you make such a prayer as that? demanded the captain; them are the first foolish words I've heard you speak; but I suppose you're not much used to that sort of work. Did you ever make a prayer before since you were a sniveller?

Ay, now, cried madame Duval, that's another of the unpoliteness of you English, to go to talking of such things as that; now in Paris nobody never says nothing about religion, no more than about politics.

Why then, answered he, 'tis a sign they take no more care of their souls than of their country, and so both one and t'other go to old Nick.

Well, if they do, said she, who's the worse, so long as they don't say nothing about it? It's the tiresomest thing in the world to be always talking of them sort of things, and nobody that's ever been abroad troubles their heads about them.

Pray, then, cried the captain, since you know so much of the matter, be so good as to tell us what they *do* trouble their heads about?—Hey, sir Clement! ha'n't we a right to know that much?

A very comprehensive question, said sir Clement, and I expect much instruction from the lady's answer.

Come, madame, continued the captain, never flinch ; speak at once, don't stop for thinking.

I assure you I am not going, answered she ; for as to what they *do* do, why they've enough to do, I promise you, what with one thing or another.

But *what, what* do they do, these famous *mon-seers* ? demanded the captain ; can't you tell us ? Do they game ?—or drink ?—or fiddle ?—or are they jockeys ?—or do they spend all their time in flumming old women ?

As to that, sir—but indeed I shan't trouble myself to answer such a parcel of low questions, so don't ask me any more about it. And then, to my great vexation, turning to Lord Orville, she said, Pray, sir, was you ever in Paris ?

He only bowed.

And pray, sir, how did you like it ?

This *comprehensive* question, as sir Clement would have called it, though it made him smile, also made him hesitate ; however, his answer was expressive of his approbation.

I thought you would like it, sir, because you look so like a gentlemen. As to the captain, and as to that other gentleman, why they may very well not like what they don't know ! for I suppose sir, you was never abroad ?

Only three years, ma'am, answered Sir Clement, drily.

Well, that's very surprising ! I should never have thought it : however, I dare say, you only kept company with the English.

Why, pray, who *should* he keep company with ? cried the captain : what, I suppose you'd have

him ashamed of his own nation, like some other people not a thousand miles off, on purpose to make his own nation ashamed of him?

I'm sure it would be a very good thing if you'd go abroad yourself.

How will you make out that, hey, madam? come, please to tell me, where would be the good of that.

Where, why a great deal. They'd make quite another person of you.

What, I suppose you'd have me learn to cut capers?—and dress like a monkey?—and palaver in French gibberish?—hey, would you?—and powder, and daub, and make myself up like some other folks?

I would have you to learn to be more *politer*, sir, and not to talk to ladies in such a rude old-fashion way as this. You, sir, as have been in Paris, (again addressing her to Lord Orville,) can tell this English gentleman how he'd be despised, if he was to talk in such an ungenteeled manner as this before any foreigners. Why, there isn't a hair-dresser, nor a shoe-maker, nor nobody, that wouldn't blush to be in your company.

Why, look ye, madam, answered the captain, as to your hair-pinchers and shoe blacks, you may puff off their manners, and welcome; and I am heartily glad you like 'em so well: but as to me, since you must needs make so free of your advice, I must e'en tell you, I never kept company with any such gentry.

Come, ladies and gentleman, said Mrs. Mirvan, as many of you as have done tea I invite to walk

with me. Maria and I started up instantly ; lord Orville followed ; and I question whether we were not half round the room ere the angry disputants knew that we had left the box.

As the husband of Mrs. Mirvan had borne so large a share in this disagreeable altercation, lord Orville forbore to make any comments upon it ; so that the subject was immediately dropt, and the conversation became calmly sociable, and politely cheerful, and, to every body but me, must have been highly agreeable :—but as to myself, I was so eagerly desirous of making some apology to lord Orville, for the impertinence of which he must have thought me guilty of the *ridotto*, and yet so utterly unable to assume sufficient courage to speak to him, concerning an affair in which I had so terribly exposed myself, that I hardly ventured to say a word all the time we were walking. Besides, the knowledge of his contemptuous opinion haunted and dispirited me, and made me fear he might possibly misconstrue whatever I should say. So that, far from enjoying a conversation which might, at any other time, have delighted me, I continued silent, uncomfortable, and ashamed. O sir, shall I ever again involve myself in so foolish an embarrassment? I am sure that, if I do, I shall deserve yet greater mortification.

We were not joined by the rest of the party, till we had taken three or four turns round the room ; and then they were so quarrelsome, that Mrs. Mirvan complained of being fatigued, and proposed going home. No one dissented. Lord Orville joined another party, having first made

an offer of his services, which the gentlemen declined, and we proceeded to an outer room, where we waited for the carriages. It was settled that we should return to town in the same manner we came to Ranelagh; and, accordingly, monsieur du Bois handed madam Duval into a hackney coach, and was just preparing to follow her, when she screamed, and jumped hastily out, declaring she was wet through all her clothes. Indeed, upon examination, the coach was found to be in a dismal condition; for the weather proved very bad, and the rain had, though I know not how, made its way into the carriage.

Mrs. and Miss Mirvan, and myself, were already disposed of as before; but no sooner did the captain hear this account, than, without any ceremony, he was so civil as to immediately take possession of the vacant seat in his own coach, leaving madame Duval and monsieur du Bois to take care of themselves. As to sir Clement Willoughby, his own chariot was in waiting.

I instantly begged permission to offer madame Duval my own place, and made a motion to get out; but Mrs. Mirvan stopped me, saying that I should then be obliged to return to town with only the foreigner, or sir Clement.

O never mind the old beldame, cried the captain; she's weather-proof, I'll answer for her; and besides, as we are all, I hope, *English*, why, she'll meet with no worse than she expects from us.

I do not mean to defend her, said Mrs. Mirvan; but, indeed, as she belongs to our party, we can-

not with any decency, leave the place till she is, by some means, accommodated.

Lord, my dear, cried the captain, whom the distress of madame Duval had put into very good humour, why, she'll break her heart if she meets with any civility from a filthy Englishman.

Mrs. Mirvan, however, prevailed; and we all got out of the coach to wait till madame Duval could meet with some better carriage. We found her, attended by monsieur du Bois, standing amongst the servants, and very busy wiping her negligee, and endeavouring to save it from being stained by the wet, as she said it was a new Lyons silk. Sir Clement Willoughby offered her the use of his chariot, but she had been too much piqued by his raillery to accept it. We waited some time, but in vain; for no hackney-coach could be procured. The captain, at last, was persuaded to accompany sir Clement himself, and we four females were handed into Mrs. Mirvan's carriage, though not before madam Duval had insisted upon our making room for monsieur du Bois, to which the captain only consented in preference to being incommodated by him in sir Clement's chariot.

Our party drove off first. We were silent and unsociable; for the difficulties attending this arrangement had made every one languid and fatigued. Unsociable, I must own, we continued; but very short was the duration of our silence, as we had not proceeded thirty yards before every voice was heard at once—for the coach was broke down! I suppose we concluded, of course, that we were all half-killed, by the violent shrieks

that seemed to come from every mouth. The chariot was stopped, the servants came to our assistance, and we were taken out of the carriage, without having been at all hurt. The night was dark and wet; but I had scarce touched the ground when I was lifted suddenly from it by sir Clement Willoughby, who begged permission to assist me, though he did not wait to have it granted, but carried me in his arms back to Ranelagh.

He inquired very earnestly if I was not hurt by the accident? I assured him I was perfectly safe, and free from injury; and desired he would leave me and return to the rest of the party, for I was very uneasy to know whether they had been equally fortunate. He told me he was happy in being honoured with my commands, and would joyfully execute them; but insisted upon first conducting me to a warm room, as I had not wholly escaped being wet. He did not regard my objections; but made me follow him to an apartment, where we found an excellent fire, and some company waiting for carriages. I readily accepted a seat, and then begged he would go.

And go, indeed, he did: but he returned in a moment, telling me that the rain was more violent than ever, and that he had sent his servant to offer their assistance, and acquaint *the Mirvans* of my situation. I was very mad that he would not go himself: but as my acquaintance with him was so very slight, I did not think proper to urge him contrary to his inclination.

Well, he drew a chair close to mine; and, after again inquiring how I did, said, in a low voice, You will pardon me, Miss Anville, if the eager-

ness I feel to vindicate myself, induces me to snatch this opportunity of making sincere acknowledgements for the impertinence with which I tormented you at the last ridotto. I can assure you, madam, I have been a true and sorrowful penitent ever since ; but—shall I tell you honestly what encouraged me to——

He stopped, but I said nothing ; for I thought instantly of the conversation Miss Mirvan had overheard, and supposed he was going to tell me himself what part lord Orville had borne in it ; and really I did not wish to hear it repeated. Indeed, the rest of his speech convinces me that such was his intention ; with what view I know not, except to make a merit of his defending me.

And yet, he continued, my excuse may only expose my own credulity, and want of judgment and penetration. I will, therefore, merely beseech your pardon, and hope that some future time—

Just then the door was opened by Sir Clement's servant, and I had the pleasure of seeing the captain, Mrs. and Miss Mirvan enter the room.

O ho ! cried the former, you have got a good warm birth here ; but we shall beat up your quarters. Here, Lucy, Moll, come to the fire, and dry your trumpery. But, hey-day,—why where's old madam French ?

Good God ! cried I, is not Madame Duval with you ?

With me ! No,—thank God.

I was very uneasy to know what might have become of her ; and, if they would have suffered me, I should have gone out in search of her my-

self; but all the servants were despatched to find her; and the captain said we might be very sure her French beau would take care of her.

We waited some time without any tidings, and were soon the only party in the room. My uneasiness increased so much that Sir Clement now made a voluntary offer of seeking her. However, the same moment that he opened the door with this design, she presented herself at it, attended by monsieur du Bois.

I was this instant, madam, said he, coming to seek for you.

You are mighty good, truly, cried she, to come when all the mischief's over.

She then entered,—in such a condition!—entirely covered with mud, and in so great a rage, it was with difficulty she could speak. We all expressed our concern, and offered our assistance—except the captain, who no sooner beheld her than he burst out into a loud laugh.

We endeavoured, by our enquiries and condolences to prevent her attending to him; and she was for some time so wholly engrossed by her anger and her distress, that we succeeded without much trouble. We begged her to inform us how this accident had happened. How! repeated she,—why it was all along of your all going away, and there poor monsieur du Bois—but it wasn't his fault,—for he's as bad off as me.

All eyes were then turned to Monsieur du Bois, whose clothes were in the same miserable plight with those of Madame Duval, and who, wet, shivering, and disconsolate, had crept to the fire.

The captain laughed yet more heartily: while

Mrs. Mirvan ashamed of his rudeness, repeated her inquiries to madame Duval; who answered, Why, we were a coming along, all in the rain, monsieur du Bois was so obliging, though I am sure it was unlucky obligingness for me, as to lift me up in his arms to carry me over a place that was ankle deep in mud; but instead of my being ever the better for it, just as we were in the worst part,—I'm sure I wish we had been fifty miles off,—for somehow or other his foot slipt,—at least, I suppose so,—though I cannot think how it happened, for I was no such great weight;—but however that was, down we both came together, all in the mud; and the more deep we got covered with the nastiness—and my new Lyons negligee, too, quite spoiled!—However, it's well we got up at all, for we might have laid there till now, for aught you all cared; nobody never came near us.

This recital put the captain into an exstasy; he went from the gentleman to the lady, and from the lady to the gentleman, to enjoy alternately the sight of their distress. He really shouted with pleasure; and shaking monsieur du Bois strenuously by the hand, wished him joy of having touched English ground; and then he held the candle to madame Duval, that he might have a more complete view of her disaster, declaring repeatedly, that he had never been better pleased in his life.

The rage of poor madame Duval was unspeakable; she dashed the candle out of his hand, stamped upon the floor, and, at last, spit in his face.

This action seemed immediately to calm them both, as the joy of the captain was converted into resentment, and the wrath of madame Duval into fear: for he put his hands upon her shoulders, and gave her so violent a shake, that she screamed out for help; assuring her, at the same time, that if she had been one ounce less old, or less ugly, she should have had it all returned in her own face.

Monsieur du Bois, who had seated himself very quietly at the fire, approached them, and expostulated very warmly with the captain; but he was neither understood nor yet regarded; and madame Duval was not released till she quite sobbed with passion.

When they were parted, I entreated her to permit the woman who had the charge of the ladies' cloaks to assist in drying her clothes; she consented, and we did what was possible to save her from catching cold. We were obliged to wait in this disagreeable situation near an hour before a hackney coach could be found: and then were disposed in the same manner as before the accident.

I am going this morning to see poor madame Duval, and to inquire after her health, which I think must have suffered by her last night's misfortunes; though, indeed, she seems to be naturally strong and hearty.

Adieu, my dear sir, till to-morrow.

EVELINA IN CONTINUATION.

Friday morning, April 15.

SIR Clement Willoughby called here yesterday at noon, and captain Mirvan invited him to dinner. For my part, I spent the day in a manner the most uncomfortable imaginable.

I found Madame Duval at breakfast in bed, though Monsieur du Bois was in the chamber; which so much astonished me, that I was, involuntarily, retiring, without considering how odd an appearance my retreat would have, when madame Duval called me back, and laughed very heartily at my ignorance of foreign customs.

The conversation, however, very soon took a more serious turn; for she began with great bitterness to inveigh against the barbarous brutality of that fellow the captain, and the horrible ill-breeding of the English in general: declaring she would make her escape with all expedition from so beastly a nation. But nothing can be more strangely absurd than to hear politeness recommended in language so repugnant to it as that of madame Duval.

She lamented, very mournfully, the fate of her Lyons silk; and protested she had rather have parted with all the rest of her wardrobe, because it was the first gown she had bought to wear upon leaving off her weeds. She has a very bad cold, and Monsieur du Bois is so hoarse he can hardly speak.

She insisted upon my staying with her all day; as she intended, she said, to introduce me to some

of my own relations. I would very fain have excused myself, but she did not allow me any choice.

Till the arrival of these relations, one continued series of questions on her side, and of answers on mine, filled up all the time we passed together. Her curiosity was insatiable; she inquired into every action of my life, and every particular that had fallen under my observation in the lives of all I knew. Again she was so cruel as to avow the most inveterate rancour against the sole benefactor her deserted child and grand child have met with; and such was the indignation her ingratitude raised, that I would actually have quitted her presence and house, had she not, in a manner the most peremptory, absolutely forbid me. But what, good Heaven! can induce her to such shocking injustice? O, my friend and father! I have no command of myself when this subject is started.

She talked very much of taking me to Paris, and said I greatly wanted the polish of a French education. She lamented that I had been brought up in the country, which, she observed, had given me a very *bumpkinish* *nic*. However, she bade me not despair, for she had known many girls much worse than me, who had become very fine ladies after a few years residence abroad; and she particularly instanced a Miss Polly Moore, daughter of a chandler's shop woman, who, by an accident not worth relating, happened to be sent to Paris, where, from an awkward ill bred girl, she so much improved, that she has since been taken for a woman of quality.

The relation to whom she was pleased to intro-

duce me, consisted of a Mr. Branghton, who is her nephew; and three of his children; the eldest of whom is a son, and the two younger are daughters.

Mr. Branghton appears about forty years of age. He does not seem to want a common understanding though he is very contracted and prejudiced; he has spent his whole time in the city, and I believe feels a great contempt for all who reside elsewhere.

His son seems weaker in his understanding, and more gay in his temper; but his gaiety is that of a foolish overgrown school-boy, whose mirth consists in noise and disturbance. He disdains his father for his close attention to business, and love of money; though he seems himself to have no talents, spirit, or generosity, to make him superior to either. His chief delight appears to be tormenting and ridiculing his sisters; who, in return, most heartily despise him.

Miss Branghton, the eldest daughter, is by no means ugly; but looks proud, ill tempered, and conceited. She hates the city, though without knowing why: for it is easy to discover she has lived no where else.

Miss Polly Branghton is rather pretty, very foolish, very ignorant, very giddy, and I believe, very good natured.

The first half hour was allotted to *making themselves comfortable*; for they complained of having had a very dirty walk, as they came on foot from Snow hill, where Mr. Branghton keeps a silversmith's shop; and the young ladies had not only their coats to brush, and shoes to dry, but to ad-

just their head dress, which their bonnets had totally discomposed.

The manner in which Madam Duval was pleased to introduce me to this family extremely shocked me. Here, my dears, said she, here's a relation you little thought of: but you must know my poor daughter Caroline had this child after she run away from me,—though I never knew nothing of it, not I, for a long while after; for they took care to keep it a secret from me, though the poor child has never a friend in the world besides.

Miss seems very tender hearted, aunt, said Miss Polly; and to be sure she's not to blame for her mamma's undutifulness, for she could'nt help it.

Lord, no, answered she, and I never took no notice of it to her; for, indeed, as to that, my own poor daughter wasn't so much to blame as you may think; for she'd never have gone astray if it had not been for that meddling old parson I told you of.

If aunt pleases, said young Mr. Branghton, we'll talk o' somewhat else, for Miss looks very uneasylike.

The next subject that was chosen was the age of the three young Branghtons and myself. The son is twenty; the daughters, upon hearing that I was seventeen, said that was just the age of Miss Polly, but their brother, after a long dispute, proved that she was two years older, to the great anger of both sisters, who agreed that he was very ill-natured and spiteful.

When this point was settled, the question was put, Which was the tallest?—We were desired to measure, as the Branghtons were all of different

opinions. None of them, however, disputed my being the tallest in the company; but, in regard to one another, they were extremely quarrelsome; the brother insisted upon their measuring *fair*, and not with *heads* and *heels*; but they would by no means consent to lose those privileges of our sex, and therefore the young man was *cast*, as shortest; though he appealed to all present upon the injustice of the decree.

This ceremony over, the young ladies began very freely, to examine my dress, and to interrogate me concerning it. This apron's your own work, I suppose, Miss? both these sprigs a'n't in fashion now. Pray, if it is not impertinent, what might you give a yard for this lute string?—Do you make your own caps, Miss?—and many other questions equally interesting and well bred.

They then asked me *how I liked London?* and whether I should not think the country a very *dull place*, when I returned thither? Miss must try if she can't get a good husband, said Mr. Branghton, and then she may stay and live here.

The next topic was public places, or rather the theatres, for they know of no other; and the merits and defects of all the actors and actresses were discussed; the young man here took the lead, and seemed to be very conversant on the subject. But during this time, what was my concern, and suffer me to add, my indignation, when I found, by some words I occasionally heard, that Madame Duval was entertaining Mr. Branghton with all the most secret and cruel particulars of my situation! The eldest daughter was soon drawn to them by the recital; the youngest and the son still

kept their places; intending, I believe, to divert me, though the conversation was all their own.

In a few minutes, Miss Branghton, coming suddenly up to her sister, exclaimed, Lord Polly, only think! Miss never saw her papa!

Lord how odd! cried the other; why then, miss I suppose you wouldn't know him?

This was quite too much for me; I rose hastily and ran out of the room; but I soon regretted I had so little command of myself; for the two sisters both followed, and insisted upon comforting me, notwithstanding my earnest entreaties to be left alone.

As soon as I returned to the company, madame Duval said, Why my dear, what was the matter with you? why did you run away so?

This question almost made me run again, for I knew not how to answer it. But, is it not very extraordinary that she can put me in situations so shocking, and then wonder to find me sensible of any concern?

Mr. Branghton junior now inquired of me, whether I had seen the Tower or St. Paul's church; and upon my answering in the negative, they proposed making a party to show them to me. Among other questions, they also asked, if I had ever seen *such a thing as an opera?* I told them I had. Well, said Mr. Branghton, I never saw one in my life, so long as I've lived in London; and I never desire to see one, if I live here as much longer.

Lord, papa, cried Miss Polly, why not? you might as well for once, for the curiosity of the

thing ; besides, Miss Pomfret saw one, and she says it was very pretty.

Miss will think us very vulgar, said Miss Branghton, to live in London, and never have been at an opera : but it's no fault of mine, I assure you miss, only papa don't like to go.

The result was, that a party was proposed, and agreed to, for some early opportunity. I did not dare to contradict them ; but I said that my time while I remained in town, was at the disposal of Mrs. Mirvan. However, I am sure I will not attend them, if I can possibly avoid so doing.

When we parted, madame Duval desired to see me the next day ; and the Branghton's told me that the first time I went towards Snow hill they should be very glad if I would call upon them.

I wish we may not meet again till that time arrives.

I am sure I shall not be very ambitious of being known to any more of my relations, if they have any resemblance to those whose acquaintance I have been introduced to already.

Evelina in continuation.

I HAD just finished my letter to you this morning, when a violent rapping at the door made me run down stairs ; and who should I see in the drawing-room, but—lord Orville !

He was quite alone, for the family had not assembled to breakfast. He inquired first of mine, then of the health of Mrs. and Miss Mirvan, with a degree of concern that rather surprised me, till he said that he had just been informed of the

accident we had met with at Ranelagh. He expressed his sorrow upon the occasion with the utmost politeness, and lamented that he had not been so fortunate as to hear of it in time to offer his services. But I think, he added, sir Clement Willoughby had the honour of assisting you?

He was with captain Mirvan, my lord.

I heard of his being of your party.

I hope that flighty man has not been telling lord Orville he only assisted me! However, he did not pursue the subject; but said, This accident, though extremely unfortunate, will not I hope, be the means of frightening you from gracing Ranelagh with your presence in future?

Our time, my lord, for London, is almost expired already.

Indeed! do you leave so very soon?

O yes, my lord; our stay has already exceeded our intentions.

Are you, then, so particularly partial to the country?

We merely came to town, my lord, to meet captain Mirvan.

And does Miss Anville feel no concern at the idea of the many mourners her absence will occasion?

O, my lord,—I'm sure you don't think—I stopped there; for, indeed, I hardly knew what I was going to say. My foolish embarrassment, I suppose, was the cause of what followed; for he came to me, and took my hand, saying, I do think, that whoever has once seen Miss Anville, must receive an impression never to be forgotten.

This compliment,—from Lord Orville,—so surprised me, that I could not speak; but felt myself change colour, and stood for some moments silent, and looking down; however, the instant I recollected my situation, I withdrew my hand, and told him that I would see if Mrs Mirvan was not dressed. He did not oppose me—so away I went.

I met them all on the stairs, and returned with them to breakfast.

I have since been extremely angry with myself for neglecting so excellent an opportunity of apologising for my behaviour at the ridotto; but, to own the truth, that affair never once occurred to me during the short *tete-a-tete* which we had together. But, if ever we should happen to be so situated again, I will certainly mention it; for I am inexpressibly concerned at the thought of his harbouring an opinion that I am bold or impertinent, and I could almost kill myself for having given him the shadow of a reason for so shocking an idea.

But was it not very odd that he should make me such a compliment? I expected it not from him;—but gallantry, I believe, is common to all men, whatever other qualities they may have in particular.

Our breakfast was the most agreeable meal, if it may be called a meal, that we have had since we came to town. Indeed, but for madame Duval, I should like London extremely.

The conversation of lord Orville is really delightful, His manners are so elegant, so gentle, so unassuming, that they at once engage esteem, and diffuse complacence, Far from being indo-

lently satisfied with his own accomplishments, as I have already observed many men here are, though without any pretensions to his merit, he is most assiduously attentive to please and to serve all who are in his company; and though his success is invariable, he never manifests the smallest degree of consciousness.

I could wish that you, my dearest sir, knew lord Orville, because I am sure you would love him; and I have felt that wish for no other person I have seen since I came to London. I sometimes imagine, that when his youth is flown, his vivacity abated, and his life is devoted to retirement, he will, perhaps, resemble him whom I most love and honour. His present sweetness, politeness, and diffidence, seem to promise in future the same benevolence, dignity, and goodness. But I must not expatiate upon this subject.

When lord Orville was gone,—and he made but a very short visit,—I was preparing, most reluctantly, to wait upon Madame Duval; but Mrs. Mirvan proposed to the captain, that she should be invited to dinner in Queen Anne-street; and he readily consented, for he said he wished to ask after her Lyons negligee.

The invitation is accepted, and we expect her every moment. But to me, it is very strange, that a woman who is the uncontrolled mistress of her time, fortune, and actions, should choose to expose herself voluntarily to the rudeness of a man who is openly determined to make her his sport. But she has very few acquaintance; and, I fancy scarce knows how to employ herself.

How great is my obligation to Mrs. Mirvan, for

bestowing her time in a manner so disagreeable to herself, merely to promote my happiness! Every dispute in which her undeserving husband engages, is productive of pain and uneasiness to herself; of this I am so sensible, that I even besought her not to send to madame Duval; but she declared she could not bear to have me pass all my time, while in town, with her only. Indeed she could not be more kind to me, were she your daughter.

Evelina in continuation.

Saturday morning, April 16.

MADAME Duval was accompanied by Monsieur du Bois. I am surprised that she should choose to introduce him where he is so unwelcome: and, indeed, it is strange that they should be so constantly together; though I believe I should not have taken notice of it, but captain Mirvan is perpetually rallying me upon my *grand-mamma's* *beau*.

They were both received by Mrs. Mirvan with her usual good-breeding; but the captain, most provokingly, attacked her immediately, saying, Now, madam, you that have lived abroad, please to tell me this here; which did you like best, the warm room at Ranelagh, or the cold bath you went into afterwards? though, I assure you, you look so well, that I should advise you to take another dip.

Ma foi sir, cried she, nobody asked for your advice, so you may as well keep it to yourself: besides, it's no such joke to be splashed, and to

catch cold, and to spoil all one's things, whatever you may think of it.

Splashed, quoth I!—why I thought you were soused all over.—Come, come, don't mince the matter; never spoil a good story; you know you hadn't a dry thread about you—'fore George, I shall never think on't without hallooing! such a poor, forlorn, draggle tailed—gentlewoman! and poor *monseer* French, here, like a drowned rat by your side!—

Well, the worse pickle we was in, so much the worser in you not to help us; for you knew where we were fast enough, because while I laid in the mud, I'm pretty sure I heard you snigger: so its like enough you jostled us down yourself; for monsieur du Bois says, that he is sure he had a great jolt given him, or he shouldn't have fell.

The captain laughed so immoderately, that he really gave me also a suspicion that he was not entirely innocent of the charge; however, he disclaimed it very peremptorily.

Why then, continued she, if you didn't do that, why didn't you come to help us?

Who, I?—what, do you suppose I had forgot I was an Englishman, a filthy, beastly Englishman?

Very well, sir, very well; but I was a fool to expect any better, for it's all of a piece with the rest; you know, you wanted to fling me out of the coach window, the very first time ever I see you; but I'll never go to Ranelagh with you no more, that I'm resolved; for, I dare say, if the horses had runn'd over me, as I laid in that nastiness, you'd never have stirred a step to save me.

Lord, no, to be sure, ma'am, not for the world ! I know your opinion of our nation too well, to affront you by supposing a Frenchman would want my assistance to protect you. Did you think that *monseer* here and I had changed characters, and that he should pop you into the mud, and I help you out of it? Ha! ha! ha!

O very well, sir, laugh on, it's like your manners! however, if poor monsieur du Bois hadn't met with that unlucky accident himself I shouldn't have wanted nobody's help.

O, I promise you, madam, you'd never have had mine; I knew my distance better: and as to your being a little ducked, or so, why, to be sure, *monseer* and you settled that between yourselves, so it was no business of mine.

What, then, I suppose you want to make me believe as monsieur du Bois served me that trick o' purpose?

On purpose! ay, certainly: who ever doubted that? Do you think a Frenchman ever made a blunder? If he had been some clumsy footed English fellow, indeed, it might have been accidental: but what the devil signifies all your hopping and capering with your dancing masters, if you can't balance yourselves upright?

In the midst of this dialogue, sir Clement Willoughby made his appearance. He affects to enter the house with the freedom of an old acquaintance; and this very easiness, which, to me, is astonishing, is what most particularly recommends him to the captain. Indeed, he seems very successfully to study all the humours of that gentleman.

After having heartily welcomed him, You are just come in time, my boy, said he, to settle a little matter of a dispute between this here gentlewoman and I. Do you know she has been trying to persuade me, that she did not above half like the ducking *monseer* gave her t'other night?

I should have hoped, said sir Clement, with the utmost gravity, that the friendship subsisted between that lady and gentleman would have guarded them against any action professedly disagreeable to each other; but probably, they might not have discussed the matter previously; in which case the gentleman, I must own, seems to have been guilty of inattention, since, in my humble opinion, it was his business first to have inquired whether the lady preferred soft or hard ground, before he dropped her.

O very fine, gentlemen, very fine, cried madame Duval; you may try to set us together by the ears as much as you will; but I'm not such an ignorant person as to be made a fool so easily; so you need not talk no more about it, for I see into your designs.

Monsieur du Bois, who was just able to discover the subject upon which the conversation turned, made his defence, in French, with great solemnity: he hoped, he said, that the company would, at least, acknowledge he did not come from a nation of brutes; and, consequently, that to wilfully offend any lady, was, to him, utterly impossible: but that, on the contrary, in endeavouring as was his duty, to save and guard her, he had himself suffered, in a manner which he would forbear to relate, but which, he greatly apprehended, he

should feel the ill effects of for many months ; and then, with a countenance exceedingly lengthened, he added, that he hoped it would not be attributed to him as national prejudice, when he owned that he must, to the best of his memory, aver, that this unfortunate fall was owing to a sudden but violent push, which, he was shocked to say, some malevolent person, with a design to his injury, must certainly have given him ; but whether with a view to mortify him, by making him let the lady fall, or whether merely to spoil her clothes, he could not pretend to determine.

This disputation, was, at last, concluded by Mrs. Mirvan's proposing that we should all go to the play at Drury-lane theatre, and, though ever uneasy in her company, she very politely invited madame Duval to be of our party ; however she had a bad cold, and chose to nurse it. I was sorry for her indisposition ; but I knew not how to be sorry she did not accompany us, for she is—I must not say what, but very unlike other people.

Evelina in continuation.

OUR places were in the front row of a side box. Sir Clement Willoughby, who knew our intention, was at the door of the theatre, and handed us from the carriage.

We had not been seated five minutes before lord Orville, who was in the stage box, came to us ; and he honoured us with his company all the evening. Miss Mirvan and I both rejoiced that madame Duval was absent, as we hoped for the enjoyment of some conversation, uninterrupted by

her quarrels with the captain ; but I soon found that her presence would have made very little alteration ; for so far was I from daring to speak, that I knew not where even to look.

The play was Love for Love ; and though it is fraught with wit and entertainment, I hope I shall never see it represented again ; for it is so extremely indelicate—to use the softest word I can—that Miss Mirvan and I were perpetually out of countenance, and could neither make any observations ourselves, nor venture to listen to those of others. This was the more provoking, as lord Orville was in excellent spirits, and exceedingly entertaining.

When the play was over, I flattered myself I should be able to look about me with less restraint, as we intended to stay the farce ; but the curtain had hardly dropped when the box door opened, and in came Mr. Lovel, the man by whose foppery and impertinence I was so much teased at the ball where I first saw lord Orville.

I turned away my head, and began talking to Miss Mirvan ; for I was desirous to avoid speaking to him—but in vain ; for, as soon as he had made his compliments to lord Orville and sir Clement Willoughby, who returned them very coldly, he bent his head forward and said to me, I hope ma'am, you have enjoyed your health since I had the honour—I beg ten thousand pardons, but, I protest I was going to say the honour of *dancing* with you—however, I mean the honour of *seeing* you dance.

He spoke with a self-complacency that convinced me that he had studied this address, by way

of making reprisals for my conduct at the ball ; I bowed slightly, but made no answer.

After a short silence he again called my attention, by saying, in an easy negligent way, I think, ma'am, you was never in town before ?—No, sir.

So I did presume, Doubtless ma'am, every thing must be infinitely novel to you. Our customs, our manners, and *les etiquettes de vous autres* can have very little resemblance to those you have been used to. I imagine, ma'am, your retirement is at no very small distance from the capital ?

I was so much disconcerted at this sneering speech, that I said not a word ; though I ever since thought my vexation stimulated and delighted them.

The air we breathe here, however, ma'am, continued he, very conceitedly, though foreign to that you have been accustomed to, has not, I hope been at variance with your health ?

Mr. Lovel, said lord Orville, could not your *eye* have spared that question ?

O, my lord, answered he, if *health* were the only cause of a lady's bloom, my eye, I grant, had been infallible from the first glance ; but—

Come, come, cried Mrs. Mirvan, I must beg no insinuations, of that sort. Miss Anville's colour, as you have successfully tried, may, you see, be heightened ; but, I assure you, it would be past your skill to lessen it.

'Pon honour, madam, returned he, you wrong me ; I presumed not to infer that *rouge* was the only succedaneum for health ; but really I have known so many different causes for a lady's colour, such as flushing—anger—*mauvaise honte*

—and so forth, that I never dared decide to which it may be owing.

As to such causes as them there, cried the captain, they must belong to those that they keep company with.

Very true, captain, said Sir Clement: the natural complexion has nothing to do with occasional sallies of the passion, or any accidental causes.

No, truly, returned the captain: for now here's me, why I look like any other man, just now; and yet, if you were to put me in a passion, 'fore George you'd soon see me have as fine a high colour as any painted Jezebel in all this place, be she never so bedaubed.

But, said Lord Orville, the difference of natural and of artificial colour seems to be very easily discerned; that of nature is mottled, and varying: that of art set, and too smooth; it wants that animation, that glow, that indescribable something, which even now that I see it, wholly surpasses all my powers of expression.

Your lordship, said sir Clement, is universally acknowledged to be a *connoisseur* in beauty.

And you, sir Clement, returned he, an enthusiast.

I am proud to own it, cried Clement; in such a cause, and before such objects, enthusiasm is simply the consequence of not being blind.

Pr'ythee, a truce with all this palavering, cried the captain: the women are vain enough already; no need for to puff, 'em up more.

We must all submit to the commanding officer, said sir Clement: therefore, let us call another

subject. Pray, ladies, how have you been entertained with the play?

Want of entertainment, said Mrs. Mirvan, is its least fault; but I own there are objections to it, which I should be glad to see removed.

I could have ventured to answer for the ladies, said lord Orville, since I am sure this is not a play that can be honoured with their approbation.

What, I suppose it is not sentimental enough; cried the captain, or else it is too good for them; for I'll maintain it's one of the best comedies in our language, and has more wit in one scene than there is in all the new plays put together.

For my part, said Mr. Lovel, I confess I seldom listen to the players; one has so much to do, in looking about and finding out one's acquaintance that really one has not time to mind the stage. Pray, (most effectually fixing his eyes upon a diamond ring on his little finger) pray,—what was the play to night?

'Why, what the d—l, cried the captain, do you come to the play without knowing what it is?

O yes, sir, yes, very frequently: I have no time to read play bills; one merely comes to meet one's friends, and show that one's alive.

Ha, ha, ha!—and so, cried the captain, it costs you five shillings a night just to show you're alive! Well, 'faith, my friends should all think me dead and under ground before I'd be at that expense for 'em. However,—this here you may take from me—they'll find you out fast enough if you have any thing to give 'em.—And so you've been here all this time, and don't know what the play was?

The curtain then drew up, and our conversation ceased. Mr. Lovel, finding we chose to attend to the players, left the box. How strange it is, sir, that this man, not contented with the large share of foppery and nonsense which he has from nature, should think proper to affect yet more! for something he said of Tattle and of Miss Prue, convinced me that he really had listened to the play, though he was so ridiculous and foolish as to pretend ignorance.

But how malicious and impertinent is this creature to talk to me in such a manner! I am sure I hope I shall never see him again. I should have despised him heartily as a fop, had he neverspoken to me at all; but now, that he thinks proper to resent his supposed ill usage, I am really quite afraid of him.

The entertainment was, The Deuce is in him; which lord Orville observed to be the most finished elegant *petite piece* that was ever written in English.

In our way home, Mrs. Mirvan put me into some consternation by saying, it was evident, from the resentment which this Mr. Lovel harbours of my conduct, that he would think it a provocation sufficiently important for a duel, if his courage equalled his wrath.

I am terrified at the very idea. Good Heaven! that a man so weak and frivolous should be so revengeful! However, if bravery would have excited him to affront lord Orville, how much reason have I to rejoice that cowardice makes him contented with venting his spleen upon me! But

we shall leave town soon, and, I hope, see him no more.

It was some consolation to me to hear from Miss Mirvan, that, while he was speaking to me so cavalierly, lord Orville regarded him with great indignation.

But, really, I think there ought to be a book of the laws and customs *a-la mode*, presented to all young people upon their first introduction into public company.

To night we go to the Opera, where I expect very great pleasure. We shall have the same party as at the play; for lord Orville said he should be there; and would look for us.

Evelina in continuation.

I HAVE a volume to write of the adventures of yesterday.

In the afternoon,—at Berry Hill I should have said the *evening*, for it was almost six o'clock,—while Miss Mirvan and I were dressing for the Opera, and in high spirits from the expectation of great entertainment and pleasure, we heard a carriage stop at the door, and concluded that sir Clement Willoughby, with his usual assiduity, was come to attend us to the Haymarket; but, in a few moments, what was our surprise to see our chamber door flung open, and the two Miss Branghtons enter the room! They advanced to me with great familiarity, saying, How do you do, cousin?—so we've caught you at the glass!—well, I'm determin'd I'll tell my brother of that!

Miss Mirvan, who had never before seen them,

and could not at first imagine who they were, looked so much astonished, that I was ready to laugh myself, till the eldest said, We're come to take you to the Opera, miss; papa and my brother are below and we are to ball for your grand mamma as we go along.

I am very sorry, answered I, that you should have taken so much trouble, as I am engaged already.

Engaged! lord, Miss, never mind that, cried the youngest; this young lady will make your excuses, I dare say; it's only doing as one would be done by, you know.

Indeed, ma'am, said Miss Mirvan, I shall myself be very sorry to be deprived of Miss Anville's company this evening.

Well, miss, that is not so very good-natured in you, said Miss Branghton, considering we only come to give our cousin pleasure; it's no good to us; it's all upon her account; for we came I don't know how much round about to take her up.

I am extremely obliged to you, said I, and very sorry you have lost so much time: but I cannot possibly help it, for I engaged myself without knowing you would call.

Lord, what signifies that? said Miss Polly: you're no old maid, and so you need't be so very formal: besides, I dare say those you are engaged to arn't half so nearly related to you as we are.

I must beg you not to press me any further, for I assure you it is not in my power to attend you.

Why, we came all out of the city on purpose:

besides, your grand mamma expects you; and pray what are we say to her.

Tell her, if you please, that I am much concerned—but that I am pre-engaged.

And who to? demanded the abrupt Miss Branghton.

To Mrs. Mirvan—and a large party.

And, pray, what are you all going to do, that it would be such a weighty matter for you to come along with us?

We are all going to—to the opera.

O dear, if that be all, why can't we all go together?

I was extremely disconcerted at this forward and ignorant behaviour, and yet their rudeness very much lessened my concern at refusing them. Indeed, their dress was such as would have rendered their schemes of accompanying our party impracticable, even if I had desired it; and this, as they did not themselves find out, I was obliged, in terms the least mortifying I could think of, to tell them.

They were very much chagrined, and asked where I should sit.

In the pit, answered I.

In the pit; repeated Miss Branghton; well, really, I must own, I should never have supposed that my gown was not good enough for the pit: but come, Polly, let's go; if Miss does not think us fine enough for her, why to be sure she may choose.

Surprised at this ignorance, I would have explained to them, that the pit at the Opera required the same dress as the boxes; but they

were so much affronted they would not hear me ; and, in great displeasure, left the room, saying, they would not have troubled me, only they thought I should not be so proud with my own relations, and that they had at least as good a right to my company as strangers.

I endeavoured to apologise, and would have sent a long message to madame Duval ; but they hastened away without listening to me ; and I could not follow them down stairs, because I was not dressed. The last words I heard them say were, Well, her grandmamma will be in a fine passion, that's one good thing.

Madame du Val called soon after the departure of the Misses Branghton's, and was quite in a rage at my declining to go to the opera with her party ; subsequently, however, I was induced to accompany her. On our way we took up the Branghton's, and having arrived at the opera, were compelled to wander about for some time in consequence of none of our party knowing the proper entrance.

In a short time, however, we arrived at one of the door keeper's bars. Mr. Branghton demanded for what part of the house they took money ? They answered, the pit ; and regarded us all with great earnestness. The son then advancing, said, ' Sir, if you please, I beg that I may treat miss.

We'll settle that another time, answered Mr. Branghton, and put down a guinea.

Two tickets of admission were given to him.

Mr. Branghton, in his turn, now stared at the door keeper, and demanded what he meant by giving him only two tickets for a guinea.

Only two, sir! said the man: why don't you know that the tickets are half a guinea each?

Half a guinea each! repeated Mr. Branghton, why I never heard of such a thing in my life! And pray, sir, how many will they admit?

Just as usual, sir, one person each.

But one person for half a guinea!—why, I only want to sit in the pit, friend.

Had not the ladies better sit in the gallery, sir; for they'll hardly choose to go into the pit with their hats on?

O, as to that, cried Miss Branghton, if our hats are too high, we'll take them off when we get in. I shan't mind it, for I did my hair on purpose.

Another party then approaching, the door keeper could no longer attend to Mr. Branghton, who taking up the guinea, told him it should be long enough before he'd see it again, and walked away.

The young ladies, in some confusion, expressed their surprise that their papa should not know the opera prices, which, for their parts, they had read in the papers a thousand times.

The price of stocks, said he, is enough for me to see after; and I took it for granted that it was the same thing here as at the play house.

I knew well enough what the price was, said the son; but I would not speak, because I thought as we were so large a party they would take less.

The sisters both laughed very contemptuously at the idea, and asked him if he ever heard of people's abating any thing at a public place?

I don't know whether I have or no, answered

he; but I am sure if they would, you'd like it so much the worse.

Very true, Tom, cried Mr. Branghton; tell a woman that any thing is reasonable, and she'll be sure to hate it.

Well, said Miss Polly, I hope that aunt and miss will be of our own side. for papa always takes part with Tom.

Come, come, cried madame Duval, if you stand talking here, we sha'nt get no place at all.

Mr. Branghton then inquired the way to the gallery; and when we came to the door-keeper, demanded what was to pay.

Then give me change, cried Mr. Branghton, again putting down his guinea.

For how many, sir?

Why—let's see—for six.

For six, sir, why you've given me but a guinea.

But a guinea; why, how much would you have?

I suppose it is'n't half-a-guinea a piece here too?

No sir, only five shilling.

Mr. Branghton again took up his unfortunate guinea, and protested that he would submit to no such imposition. I then proposed that we should return home, but Madame Duval would not consent, and we were conducted, by a woman who sells books of the opera, to another gallery door, where after some disputing, Mr. Branghton at last paid, and we all went up stairs.

Madame Duval complained very much of the trouble of going so high; but Mr. Branghton desired her not to hold the place too cheap; for whatever you think, cried he, I assure you I paid

pit price; so don't suppose I came here to save my money.

Well to be sure, said Miss Branghton, there's no judging of a place by the outside, else, I must needs say, there's nothing very extraordinary in the staircase.

But when we entered the gallery, their amazement and disappointment became general. For a few instants they looked at one another without speaking, and then they all broke silence at once.

Lord, papa, exclaimed Miss Polly; why you have brought us to the one shilling gallery!

I'll be glad to give you two shillings, though, answered he, to pay. I was never so fooled out of my money before, since the hour of my birth. Either the door keeper's a knave, or this is the greatest imposition that ever was put upon the public!

Ma foi, cried madame Duval, I never sat in such a mean place in all my life;—why, its as high—we sha'n't see nothing.

I thought at the time, said Mr. Branghton, that three shillings was an excellent price for a place in the gallery; but as we had been asked so much at the other doors, why I paid it without many words; but then, to be sure, thinks I, it can never be like any other gallery; we shall see some crinkum crankum or other for our money; but I find it's as arrant a take in as I met with.

Why, it's as like the twelve-penny gallery at Drury Lane, cried the son, as two peas are to one another. I never knew father bit so before.

Lord, said Miss Branghton, I thought it would

have been quite a fine place,—all over, I don't know what,—and done quite in taste.

I this manner they continued to express their dissatisfaction till the curtain drew up; after which their observations were very curious. They made no allowance for the customs, or even for the language, of another country; but formed all their remarks upon the comparisons with the English theatre.

Notwithstanding my vexation at having been forced into a party so very disagreeable, and that too, from one so much—so very much the contrary—yet would they have suffered me to listen, I should have forgotten every thing unpleasant, and felt nothing but delight in hearing the sweet voice of Signor Millico, the first singer; but they tormented me with continual talking.

What a jabbering they make! cried Mr. Branghton; there's no knowing a word they say. Pray what's the reason they can't as well sing in English?—but I suppose the fine folks would not like it, if they could understand it.

How unnatural their action is! said the son; why, now, who ever saw an Englishman put himself in such out of the-way postures?

For my part, said Miss Polly, I think it's very pretty, only I don't know what it means.

Lord, what does that signify? cried her sister, mayn't one like a thing without being so very particular s—You may see that Miss likes it, and I don't suppose she knows more of the matter than we do.

A gentleman, soon after, was so obliging as to make room in the front row for Miss Branghton

and me. We had no sooner seated ourselves, than Miss Branghton exclaimed, Good gracious ! only see !—why, Polly, all the people in the pit are without hats, dressed like any thing !

Lord, so they are !—cried Miss Polly : well, I never saw the like !—it's worth coming to the opera if one saw nothing else.

I was then able to distinguish the happy party I had left ; and I say that lord Orville had seated himself next to Mrs. Mirvan. Sir Clement had his eyes perpetually cast towards the five shilling gallery, where I suppose he concluded that we were seated ; however, before the opera was over, I have reason to believe that he had discovered me, high and distant as I was from him. Probably he distinguished me by my head dress.

At the end of the first act, as the green curtain dropped to prepare for the dance, they imagined that the opera was done ; and Mr. Branghton expressed great indignation that he had been *tricked* out of his money with so little trouble. Now, if any Englishman was to do such an impudent thing as this, said he, why, he'd be pelted !—but here, one of these outlandish gentry may do just what he pleases, and come on, and squeak out a song or two and then pocket your money without further ceremony.

However, so determined he was to be dissatisfied, that before the conclusion of the third act he found still more fault with the opera for being too long ; and wondered whether they thought their singing good enough to serve us for supper.

During the symphony of a song of signor Millico's, in the second act, young Mr. Branghton said,

It's my belief that fellow's going to sing anothe song! why there's nothing but singing!— I wonder when they'll speak :

This song, which was slow and pathetic, caught all my attention, and I leaned my head forward to avoid hearing their observations, that I might listen without interruption: but upon turning round, when the song was over, I found that I was the object of general diversion to the whole party; for the Miss Branghtons were tittering, and the two gentlemen making signs and faces at me, implying their contempt of my affectation.

This discovery determined me to appear as inattentive as themselves: but I was very much provoked at being thus prevented enjoying the only pleasure, which, in such a party, was within my power.

So, Miss, said Mr. Branghton, you're quite in the fashion, I see; so you like operas? well I'm not so polite; I can't like a nonsense, let it be never so much the taste.

But pray, Miss, said the son, what makes that fellow look so doleful while he is singing?

Probably because the character he performs is in distress.

Why, then, I think he might as well let alone singing till he's in a better cue: its out of all nature for a man to be piping when he's in distress. For my part, I never sing but when I'm merry; yet I love a song as well as most people.

When the curtain dropped they all rejoiced.

How do *you* like it?—and how do *you* like it? passed from one to another with looks of the utmost contempt. As for me said Mr. Branghton,

they've caught me once; but if ever they do again I'll give them leave to sing me to Bedlam for my pains; for such a heap of stuff never did I hear: there is'nt one ounce of sense in the whole opera, nothing but one continued squeaking and squalling from beginning to end.

If I had been in this pit, said Madame Duval, I should have liked it vastly, for music is my passion; but sitting in such a place as this, is quite unbearable.

Miss Branghton, looking at me, declared that she was not *genteel* enough to admire it.

Miss Polly confessed, that, if they would but sing *English*, she would like it *very well*.

The brother wished he could raise a riot in the house, because then he might get his money again.

And finally, they all agreed that it was *monstrous dear*.

During the last dance I perceived standing near the gallery door Sir Clement Willoughby. I was extremely vexed, and would have given the world to have avoided being seen by him; my chief objection was, from the apprehension that he would hear Miss Branghton call me *cousin*—I fear you will think this London journey has made me grow very proud: but indeed this family is so low-bred and vulgar, that I should be equally ashamed of such a connexion in the country, or any where. And really I had already been so much chagrined that Sir Clement had been a witness of Madame Duval's power over me, that I could not bear to be exposed to any further mortification.

As the seats cleared, by parties going away, sir Clement approached nearer to us. The Miss

Branghtons observed with surprise, what a fine gentleman was come into the gallery; and they gave me great reason to expect, that they would endeavour to attract his notice. by familiarity with me, whenever he should join us; and so I formed a sort of plan to prevent any conversation. I'm afraid you will think it wrong: and so do I myself now;—but at the time I only considered how I might avoid immediate humiliation.

As soon as he was within two seats of us, he spoke to me: I am very happy, Miss Anville, to have found you, for the ladies below have each an humble attendant, and therefore I am come to offer my services here.

Why, then, cried I (not without hesitating) if you please,—I will join them.

Will you allow me the honour of conducting you? cried he, eagerly; and instantly taking my hand, he would have marched away with me: but I turned to madame Duval, and said, As our party is so large, madam, if you will give me leave, I will go down to Mrs. Mirvan, that I may not crowd you in the coach.

And then, without waiting for an answer, I suffered sir Clement to hand me out of the gallery.

Madame Duval, I doubt not, will be very angry; and so I am with myself now, and therefore I cannot be surprised: but Mr. Branghton, I am sure, will easily comfort himself, in having escaped the additional coach expense of carrying me to Queen Ann street: as to his daughters, they had no time to speak; but I perceived they were in utter amazement.

My intention was to join Mrs. Mirvan, and ac-

company her home. Sir Clement was in high spirits and good humour; and all the way we went, I was fool enough to rejoice in secret at the success of my plan: nor was it till I got down stairs, and amidst the servants that any difficulty occurred to me of meeting with my friends.

I then asked sir Clements how I should contrive to acquaint Mrs. Mirvan that I had left madame Duval?

I fear it will be almost impossible to find her, answered he; but you have no objection to permitting me to see you safe home.

He then desired his servant who was waiting, to order his chariot to draw up.

This quite startled me: I turned to him hastily, and said that I could not think of going away without Mrs. Mirvan.

But how can we meet with her? cried he; you will not choose to go into the pit yourself; I cannot send a servant there; and it is impossible for me to go and leave you alone.

The truth of this was indisputable; and totally silenced me, yet as soon as I could recollect myself, I determined not to go into his chariot, and told him I believed I had best return to my party up stairs.

He would not hear of this; and earnestly entreated me not to withdraw the trust I had reposed in him.

While he was speaking, I saw lord Orville, with several ladies and gentlemen, coming from the pit passage: unfortunately he saw me too, and, leaving his company, advanced instantly towards me, and,

with an air and voice of surprise, said, Good God, do I see Miss Anville!

I now most severely felt the folly of my plan, and the awkwardness of my situation; however, I hastened to tell him, though in a hesitating manner, that I was waiting for Mrs. Mirvan: but what was my disappointment, when he acquainted me that she was already gone home!

I was inexpressibly distressed; to suffer lord Orville to think me satisfied with the single protection of sir Clement Willoughby, I could not bear; yet I was more than ever averse to returning to a party which I dreaded his seeing. I stood some moments in suspense, and could not help exclaiming, Good Heavens! what can I do?

Why, my dear madam, cried sir Clement, should you be thus uneasy?—you will reach Queen Anne street almost as soon as Mrs. Mirvan, and I am sure you cannot doubt being as safe.

I made no answer, and lord Orville then said, My coach is here; and my servants are ready to take any commands Miss Anville will honour me with for them. I shall myself go home in a chair, and therefore—

How grateful did I feel for a proposal so considerate, and made with so much delicacy! I should gladly have accepted it, had I been permitted, but sir Clement would not let him even finish his speech: he interrupted him with evident displeasure, and said, My lord, my own chariot is now at the door.

And just then the servant came and told him the carriage was ready. He begged to have the honour of conducting me to it, and would have

taken my hand ; but I drew it back, saying, I can't—I can't indeed! Pray, go by yourself—and as to me, let me have a chair.

Impossible! cried he with vehemence; I cannot think of trusting you with strange chairman,—I cannot answer it to Mrs. Mirvan:—come, dear madam, we shall be home in five minutes.

Again I stood suspended. With what joy would I then have compromised with my pride, to have been once more with madam Duval and the Branghtons, provided I had not met with lord Orville; However, I flatter myself that he not only saw but pitied my embarrassment; for he said in a tone of voice unusually softened, To offer my services in the presence of sir Clement Willoughby would be superfluous; but I hope I need not assure Miss Anville how happy it would make me to be of the least use to her.

I courtesied my thanks. Sir Clement, with great earnestness, pressed me to go; and while I was thus uneasily deliberating what to do, the dance, I suppose, finished, for the people crowded down stairs. Had lord Orville then repeated his offer, I would have accepted it, notwithstanding sir Clement's repugnance; but I fancy he thought it would be impertinent. In a very few minutes I heard madame Duval's voice, as she descended from the gallery. Well, cried I, hastily, if I must go—I stopped: but sir Clement immediately handed me into his chariot, called out Queen-Ann-street, and then jumped in himself. Lord Orville, with a bow and a half smile, wished me good night.

My concern was so great at being seen and left

by lord Orville in so strange a situation, that I should have been best pleased to have remained wholly silent during our ride home ; but sir Clement took care to prevent this.

He began by making many complaints of my unwillingness to trust myself with him, and begged to know what could be the reason. This question so much embarrassed me, that I could not tell what to answer ; but only said I was sorry to have taken up so much of his time.

O Miss Anville, cried he, taking my hand, if you knew with what transport I would dedicate to you not only the present but all the future time allotted to me, you would not injure me by making such an apology.

I could not think of a work to say to this, nor to a great many other equally fine speeches with which he ran on ; though I would fain have withdrawn my hand, and made almost continual attempts ; but in vain, for he actually grasped it between both his, without any regard to my resistance.

Soon after, he said that he believed the coachman was going the wrong way ; and he called to his servant, and gave him directions. Then again addressing himself to me, How often, how assiduously have I sought an opportunity of speaking to you, without the presence of that brute, captain Mirvan ! Fortune has now kindly favoured me with one ; and permit me, again seizing my hand, permit me to use it in telling you that I adore you.

I was quite thunderstruck at this abrupt and unexpected declaration. For some moments I

was silent ; but when I recovered from my surprise, I said, Indeed, sir, if you were determined to make me repent leaving my own party so foolishly, you have very well succeeded.

My dearest life, cried he, is it possible you can be so cruel ? Can your nature and your countenance be so totally opposite ? Can the sweet bloom upon these charming cheeks, which appears as much the result of good humour as of beauty.

O, Sir, cried I, interrupting him, this is very fine ; but I had hoped we had enough of this sort of conversation at the ridotto, and I did not expect you would so soon resume it.

What I then said, my sweet reproacher, was the effect of a mistake, a profane idea, that your understanding held no competition with your beauty ; but now, now that I find you equally incomparable in both, all words, all powers of speech, are too feeble to express the admiration I feel of your excellences.

Indeed, cried I, if your thoughts had any connexion with your language, you would never suppose that I could give credit to praise so very much above my desert.

This speech which I made very gravely, occasioned still stronger protestations ; which he continued to pour forth, and I continued to disclaim, till I began to wonder that we were not in Queen-Ann street, and begged he would desire the coachman to drive faster.

And does this little moment, cried he, which is the first of happiness I have ever known, does it already appear so very long to you ?

I am afraid the man has mistaken his way,

answered I, or else we should ere now have been at our journey's end. I must beg you will speak to him.

And can you think me so much my own enemy!—if my good genius has inspired the man with a desire of prolonging my happiness, can you expect that I should counteract its indulgence?

I now began to apprehend that he had himself ordered the man to go a wrong way; and I was so much alarmed at the idea, that, the very instant it occurred to me, I let down the glass, and made a sudden effort to open the chariot door myself, with a view of jumping into the street; but he caught hold of me, exclaiming, For Heaven's sake what is the matter?

I—I don't know, cried I (quite out of breath).

I cannot imagine what you apprehend. Surely you can have no doubts of my honour?

He drew me towards him as he spoke. I was frightened dreadfully, and could hardly say, No, sir, no,—none at all; only Mrs. Mirvan,—I think she will be uneasy.

Whence this alarm, my dearest angel?—what can you fear?—My life is at your devotion, and can you then doubt my protection?

And so saying, he passionately kissed my hand,

Never, in my whole life, have I been so terrified. I broke forcibly from him, and, putting my head out of the window, called aloud to the man to stop.—Where we then were, I know not; but I saw not a human being, or I should called for help.

Sir Clement, with great earnestness, endeavoured to appease and compose me; If you do not in

tend to murder me, cried I, for mercy's for pity's sake, let me get out!

Compose your spirits, my dearest life, cried he, and I will do every thing you would have me. And then he called to the man himself, and bid him make haste to Queen-Ann Street. This stupid fellow, continued he, has certainly mistaken my orders; but I hope you are now fully satisfied.

I made no answer, but kept my head at the window, watching which way he drove, but without any comfort to myself, I was quite unacquainted with either the right or the wrong.

Sir Clement now poured forth abundant protestations of honour, and assurances of respect, entreating my pardon for having offended me, and beseeching my good opinion; but I was quite silent, having too much apprehension to make reproaches, and too much anger to speak without.

In this manner we went through several streets, till at last, to my great terror, he suddenly ordered the man to stop, and said, Miss Anville, we are now within twenty yards of your house; but I cannot bear to part with you, till you generously forgive me for the offence you have taken, and promise not to make it known to the Mirvans.

I hesitated between fear and indignation.

Your reluctance to speak redoubles my contrition for having displeased you, since it shows the reliance I might have on a promise which you will not give without consideration.

I am very, very much distressed, cried I; you ask a promise which you must be sensible I ought not to grant, and yet dare not refuse.

Drive on! cried he to the coachman——' Miss

Anville, I will not compel you ; I will exact no promise, but trust wholly to your generosity.

This rather softened me ; which advantage he no sooner perceived than he determined to avail himself of ; for he flung himself upon his knees, and pleaded with so much submission that I was really obliged to forgive him, because his humiliation made me quite ashamed ; and, after that, he would not let me rest till I gave him my word that I would not complain of him to Mrs. Mirvan.

My own folly and pride, which had put me in his power, were pleas which I could not but attend to in his favour. However, I shall take very particular care never to be again alone with him.

When, at last, we arrived at our house, I was so overjoyed, that I should certainly have pardoned him then, if I had not before. As he handed me up stairs, he scolded his servant aloud, and very angrily, for having gone so much out of the way.—Miss Mirvan ran out to meet me ;—and who should I see behind her, but lord Orville !

All my joy now vanished, and gave place to shame and confusion ; for I could not endure that he should know how long a time Sir Clement and I had been together, since I was not at liberty to assign any reason for it.

They all expressed great satisfaction at seeing me ; and said they had been extremely uneasy and surprised that I was so long coming home, as they had heard from lord Orville that I was not with madame Duval. Sir Clement, in an affect-

ed passion, said, that his booby of a servant had misunderstood his orders, and was driving us to the upper end of Piccadilly. For my part, I only coloured; for though I would not forfeit my word, I yet disdained to confirm a tale in which I had myself no belief.

Lord Orville, with great politeness, congratulated me, that all the troubles of the evening had so happily ended: and said that he had found it impossible to return home, before he inquired after my safety.

In a very short time he took his leave, and sir Clement followed him. As soon as they were gone, Mrs. Mirvan, though with great softness, blamed me for having quitted madame Duval. I assured her and with truth, that for the future I would be more prudent.

The adventures of the evening so much disconcerted me, that I could not sleep all night. I am under the most cruel apprehensions lest lord Orville should suppose my being on the gallery stairs with sir Clement was a concerted scheme, and even that our continuing so long together in his chariot was with my approbation, since I did not say a word on the subject, nor express any dissatisfaction at the coachman's pretended blunder.

Yet his coming hither to wait our arrival though it seems to imply some doubt, shows also some anxiety. Indeed, miss Mirvan says, that he appeared extremely anxious, nay, uneasy and impatient for my return. If I did not fear to flatter myself, I should think it not impossible but

that he had a suspicion of sir Clement's design, and was therefore concerned for my safety.

What a long letter is this! However I shall not write many more from London; for the captain said this morning, that he would leave town on Tuesday next. Madame Duval will dine here to day, and then she is to be told his intention.

I am very much amazed that she accepted Mrs. Mirvan's invitation as she was in such wrath yesterday. I fear that to-day I myself shall be the principal object of her displeasure; but I must submit patiently, for I cannot defend myself.

Adieu, my dearest sir. Should this letter be productive of any uneasiness to you, more than ever shall I repent the needless imprudence which it recites.

Evelina in continuation.

Monday morning, April 18.

MRS. MIRVAN has just communicated to me an anecdote concerning lord Orville, which has much surprised, half pleased, and half pained me.

While they were sitting together during the opera, he told her that he had been greatly concerned at the impertinence which the young lady under her protection had suffered from Mr. Lovel; but that he had the pleasure of assuring her, that she had no future disturbance to apprehend from him.

Mrs. Mirvan, with great eagerness, begged he would explain himself; and said she hoped he had not thought so insignificant an affair worthy of his serious attention.

‘ There is nothing, answered he, which requires more immediate notice than impertinence, for it ever encroaches when it is tolerated. He then added, that he believed he ought to apologise for the liberty he had taken in interfering : but that, as he regarded himself in the light of a party concerned, from having had the honour of dancing with miss Anville, he could not possibly reconcile to himself a patient neutrality.

He then proceeded to tell her, that he had waited upon Mr. Lovel the morning after the play ; that the visit had proved an amicable one, but the particulars were neither entertaining nor necessary ; he only assured her, miss Anville might be perfectly easy, since Mr. Lovel had engaged his honour never to mention, or even to hint at what had passed at Mrs. Stanley’s assembly.

Mrs. Mirvan expressed her satisfaction at this conclusion, and thanked him for his polite attention to her young friend.

It would be needless, said he, to request that this affair may never transpire, since Mrs. Mirvan cannot but see the necessity of keeping it inviolably secret ; but I thought it incumbent upon me, as the young lady is under your protection, to assure both you and her of Mr. Lovel’s future respect.

Had I known of this visit previous to Lord Orville’s making it, what dreadful uneasiness would it have cost me ! Yet that he should so much interest himself in securing me from offence, gives me, I must own, an internal pleasure, greater than I can express : for I feared he had too con-

temptuous an opinion of me to take any trouble upon my account. Though, after all, this interference might rather be to satisfy his own delicacy, than from thinking well of me.

But how cool, how quiet is true courage! Who, from seeing lord Orville at the play, would have imagined his resentment would have hazarded his life? yet his displeasure was evident, though his real bravery and his politeness equally guarded him from entering into any discussion in our presence.

Madame Duval, as I expected, was most terribly angry yesterday; she scolded me for I believe two hours, on account of having left her; and protested she had been so much surprised at my going without giving her time to answer, that she hardly knew whether she was awake or asleep. But she assured me that if ever I did so again, she would never more take me into public. And she expressed an equal degree of displeasure against sir Clement, because he had not even spoken to her, and because he was always of the captain's side in an argument. The captain, as bound in honour, warmly defended him, and then followed a dispute in the usual style.

After dinner, Mrs. Mirvan introduced the subject of our leaving London. Madame Duval said she should stay a month or two longer. The captain told her she was welcome, but that he and his family should go into the country on Tuesday morning.

A most disagreeable scene followed. Madame Duval insisted upon keeping me with her; but Mrs. Mirvan said, that as I was actually engaged

on a visit to Lady Howard, who had only consented to my leaving her for a few days, she could not think of returning without me.

Perhaps, if the captain had not interfered, the good-breeding and mildness of Mrs. Mirvan might have had some effect upon madame Duval; but he passes no opportunity of provoking her; and therefore made so many gross and rude speeches, all of which she retorted, that, in conclusion, she vowed she would sooner go to law in right of her relationship, than that I should be taken away from her.

I heard this account from Mrs. Mirvan, who was so kindly considerate as to give me a pretence for quitting the room as soon as this dispute began, lest Madame Duval should refer to me, and insist on my obedience.

The final result of this conversation was, that to soften matters for the present, madame Duval should make one of the party to Howard Grove, whither we were positively to go next Wednesday. And though we were none of us satisfied with this plan, we knew not how to form a better. Mrs. Mirvan is now writing to Lady Howard, to excuse bringing this unexpected guest, and prevent the disagreeable surprise which must otherwise attend her reception. This dear lady seems eternally studying my happiness and advantage.

To-night, we go to the Pantheon, which is the last diversion we shall partake of in London; for to morrow—

* * * * *

This moment, my dearest sir, I have received your kind letter.

If you thought us too dissipated the first week, I almost fear to know what you will think of us this second; however, the Pantheon this evening will probably be the last public place which I shall ever see.

The assurance of your support and protection in regard to madame Duval, though what I never doubted, excites my utmost gratitude. How, indeed, cherished under your roof, the unhappy object of your constant indulgence, how could I have borne to become the slave of her tyrannical humours:—Pardon me that I speak so hardly of her; but whenever the idea of passing my days with her occurs to me, the comparison which naturally follows, takes from me all that forbearance which I believe, I owe her.

You are already displeas'd with sir Clement: to be sure, then, his behaviour after the opera will not make his peace with you. Indeed the more I reflect upon it the more angry I am. I was entirely in his power, and it was cruel in him to cause me so much terror.

O, my dearest sir, were I but worthy the prayers and the wishes you offer for me, the utmost ambition of my heart would be fully satisfied! but I greatly fear you will find me, now that I am out of the reach of your assisting prudence, more weak and imperfect than you could have expected.

I have not now time to write another word, for I must immediately hasten to dress for the evening.

Evelina in continuation.

Queen-Ann street, Tuesday, April 19.

THERE is something to me half melancholy in writing an account of our last adventures in London. However, as this day is merely appropriated to packing and preparations for our journey, and as I shall shortly have no more adventures to write, I think I may as well complete my own journal at once; and, when you have it altogether, I hope, my dear sir, you will send me your observations and thoughts upon it to Howard Grove.

About eight o'clock we went to the Pantheon. I was extremely struck with the beauty of the building, which greatly surpassed whatever I could have expected or imagined. Yet it has more the appearance of a chapel than of a place of diversion; and, though I was quite charmed with the magnificence of the room, I felt that I could not be as gay and thoughtless there as at Ranelagh; for there is something in it which rather inspires awe and solemnity than mirth and pleasure. However, perhaps, it may only have this effect upon such a novice as myself.

I should have said, that our party consisted only of captain, Mrs. and Miss Mirvan, as madame Duval spent the day in the city:—which I own I could not lament.

There was a great deal of company: but the first person we saw was sir Clement Willoughby. He addressed us with his usual ease, and joined us for the whole evening. I felt myself very un-

easy in his presence ; for I could not look at him, nor hear him speak, without recollecting the chariot adventure ; but, to my great amazement, I observed that he looked at me without the least apparent discomposure, though, certainly, he ought not to think of his behaviour without blushing. I really wish I had not forgiven him, and then he would not have ventured to speak to me any more.

There was an exceeding good concert, but too much talking to hear it well. Indeed I am quite astonished to find how little music is attended to in silence ; for though every body seems to admire, hardly any body listens.

When we returned home, we were all low spirited. The evening's entertainment had displeased the captain ; and his displeasure, I believe, disconcerted us all.

And here I thought to have concluded my letter ; but, to my great surprise, just now we had a visit from lord Orville. He called, he said, to pay his respects to us before we left town, and made many inquiries concerning our return ; and when Mrs. Mirvan told him we were going into the country without any view of again quitting it, he expressed his concern in such terms—so polite, so flattering, so serious—that I could hardly forbear being sorry myself. Were I to go immediately to Berry Hill, I am sure I should feel nothing but joy ;—but, now we are joined by this captain and by madame Duval, I must own, I expect very little pleasure at Howard Grove.

Before lord Orville went, Sir Clement Willoughby called. He was more grave than I had

ever seen him; and made several attempts to speak to me in a low voice, and to assure me that his regret upon the occasion of our journey was entirely upon my account. But I was not in spirits, and could not dare to be teased by him. However, he has so well paid his court to captain Mirvin, that he gave him a hearty invitation to the Grove. At this he brightened,—and just then lord Orville left.

No doubt but he was disgusted at this ill-timed, ill-bred partiality; for surely it was very wrong to make an invitation before lord Orville in which he was not included! I was so much chagrined, that, as he went, I left the room; and I shall not go down stairs till sir Clement has left.

Lord Orville cannot but observe his assiduous endeavours to ingratiate himself into my favour; and does not this extravagant civility of captain Mirvan give him reason to suppose that it meets with our general approbation? I cannot think upon this subject without inexpressible uneasiness; and yet I can think of nothing else.

Adieu, my dearest sir. Pray write to me immediately. How many long letters has this one short fortnight produced! More than I may probably ever write again. I fear I shall have tired you with reading them: but you will now have time to rest, for I shall find but little to say in future.

And now, most honoured sir, with all the follies and imperfections which I have thus faithfully recounted, can you, and with unabated kindness suffer me to sign myself

Your dutiful and most affectionate
EVELINA?

Mr. Villars to Evelina.

Berry Hill, April 22.

How much do I rejoice that I can again address my letters to Howard Grove! My Evelina would have grieved had she known the anxiety of my mind during her residence in the great world. My apprehensions have been inexpressibly alarming; and your journal, at once exciting and relieving my fears, has almost wholly occupied me since the time of your dating it from London.

Sir Clement Willoughby must be an artful designing man; I am extremely irritated at his conduct. The passion he pretends for you has neither sincerity nor honour; the manner and the opportunities he has chosen to declare it, are bordering upon insult.

His unworthy behaviour after the opera convinces me, that had not your vehemence frightened him, Queen Anne-street would have been the last place whither he would have ordered his chariot. O, my child, how thankful I am for your escape! I need not now, I am sure, enlarge upon your indiscretion and want of thought, in so hastily trusting yourself with a man so little known to you, and whose gaiety and flightiness should have put you on your guard.

The nobleman you met in the Pantheon, bold and forward as you describe him to be, gives me no apprehension; no man who appears so openly licentious, and who makes his attack with so little regard to decorum, is one who, to a mind such as

my Evelina's, can never be seen but with the disgust which his manners ought to excite.

But Sir Clement, though he seeks occasion to give real offence, contrives to avoid all appearances of intentional evil. He is far more dangerous, because more artful: but I am happy to observe that he seems to have made no impression upon your heart; and therefore a very little care and prudence may secure you from those designs which I fear he has formed.

Lord Orville seems to be of a better order of beings. His spirited conduct to the meanly impertinent Lovel, and his anxiety for you after the opera, prove him to be a man of sense and of feeling. Doubtless he thought there was much reason to tremble for your safety while exposed to the power of Sir Clement; and he acted with a regard to real honour, that will always incline me to think well of him, in so immediately acquainting the Mirvan family of your situation. Many men of this age, from a false and pretended delicacy to a friend, would have quietly pursued their own affairs, and thought it more honourable to leave an unsuspecting young creature to the mercy of a libertine, than to risk his displeasure by taking measures for her security.

Your evident concern at leaving London is very natural, and yet it afflicts me. I ever dreaded your being too much pleased with a life of dissipation, which youth and vivacity render but too alluring; and I almost regret the consent of your journey, which I had not the resolution to withhold.

Alas, my child, the artlessness of your nature,

and the simplicity of your education, alike unfit you for the thorny paths of the great and busy world. The supposed obscurity of your birth and situation makes you liable to a thousand disagreeable adventures. Not only my views, but my hopes for your future life, have ever centered in the country. Shall I own to you, that, however, I may differ from captain Mirvan in other respects yet my opinion of the town, its manners, inhabitants, and diversions, is much upon a level with his own? Indeed it is the general harbour of fraud and of folly, of duplicity and impertinence; and I wish few things more fervently, than that you may have taken a lasting leave of it.

Remember, however, that I only speak in regard to a public and dissipated life; in private families we may doubtless find as much goodness, honesty, and virtue in London, as in the country.

If contented with a retired station, I still hope I shall live to see my Evelina the ornament of her neighbourhood, and the pride and delight of her family; giving and receiving joy from such society as may best deserve her affection, and employing herself in such useful and innocent occupations as may secure and merit the tenderest love of her friends, and the worthiest satisfaction of her own heart.

Such are my hopes, and such have been my expectations. Disappoint them not, my beloved child; but cheer me with a few lines, that may assure me, this one fortnight spent in town has not undone the work of seventeen years spent in the country.

ARTHUR VILLARS.

EVELINA TO THE REV. MR. VILLARS.

Howard Grove, April 25.

No, my dear sir, no: *the work of seventeen years* remains such as it was, ever unworthy your time and your labour; but not more so now—at least I hope not—than before that fortnight which has so much alarmed you.

And yet I must confess, that I am not half so happy here at present as I was ere I went to town; but the change is in the place, not in me. Captain Mirvan and Madame Duval have ruined Howard Grove. The harmony that reigned here is disturbed, our schemes are broken, our way of life is altered, and our comfort is destroyed. But do not suppose *London* to be the source of these evils; for had our excursions been anywhere else, so disagreeable an addition to our household must have caused the same change at our return.

I was sure you would be displeas'd with Sir Clement Willoughby, and therefore I am by no means surpris'd at what you say of him; but for lord Orville—I must own I had greatly fear'd that my weak and imperfect account would not have procur'd him the good opinion which he so well deserves, and which I am delighted to find you seem to have of him. O, sir, could I have done justice to the merit of which I believe him possess'd:—could I have paid him to *you* such as he appear'd to *me*;—then, indeed, you would have had some idea of the claim which he has to your approbation!

After the last letter which I wrote in town, no-

thing more passed previous to our journey hither except a very violent quarrel between captain Mirvan and madame Duval. As the captain intended to travel on horseback, he had settled that we four females should make use of his coach. Madame Duval did not come to Queen Ann street till the carriage had waited some time at the door; and then attended by monsieur Bois, she made her appearance.

The captain, impatient to be gone, would not suffer them to enter the house, but insisted that we should immediately get into the coach. We obeyed: but were no sooner seated, than madame Duval said, Come, monsieur du Bois, these girls can make very good room for you: sit closer, children.

Mrs. Mirvan looked quite confounded; and M. du Bois, after making some apologies about crowding us, actually got into the coach, on the side with Miss Mirvan and me, but no sooner was he seated, than the captain, who had observed this transaction very quietly, walked up to the coach door saying, 'What, neither with your leave, nor by your leave?

M. du Bois seemed rather shocked, and began to make abundance of excuses; but the captain neither understood nor regarded him, and very roughly said, Look'ee, *monseer*. this here may be a French fashion, for aught I know.—but give and take is fair in all nations; and so now, d'ye see, I'll make bold to show you an English one.

And then, siezing his wrist, he made him jump out of the coach.

M. du Bois instantly put his hand upon his

sword, and threatened to resent this indignity. The captain, holding up his stick, bade him draw at his peril. Mrr. Mirvan, greatly alarmed, got out of the coach, and standing between them, entreated her husband to re-enter the house.

'None of your clack!' cried he, angrily; 'what the d—l, do you suppose I can't manage a Frenchman?'

Meantime, madame Duval called out to M. Du Bois, '*Eh, laissez le, bon ami, ne lo corrigez pas; c'est un vilain bete qui e'en vaunt pas la peine.*'

'*Monsieur le capitaine*' cried M. du Bois, '*voulez-vous bien me demander pardon?*'

'O ho, you demand pardon, do you?' said the captain; 'I thought as much; I thought you'd come to:—so you have lost your relish for an English salutation, have you?' strutting up to him with looks of defiance.

A crowd was now gathering, and Mrs. Mirvan again besought her husband to go into the house.

'Why, what a plague is the woman afraid of?—Did you ever know a Frenchman that could not take an affront?—I warrant *monseer* knows what he is about; don't you, *monseer*?'

M. du Bois, not understanding him, only said, '*Plait-il, Monsieur?*'

No, nor dish me neither, answered the captain; but, be that as it may, what signifies our parleying here? If you've any thing to propose, speak at once; if not, why let us go on our journey without more ado.

'*Parbleu, le n'etends rien, moi!*' cried M. du

Bois, shrugging up his shoulders, and looking very dismal.

Mrs. Mirvan advanced to him, and said in French, that she was sure the captain had not any intention to affront him, and begged he would desist from a dispute which could only be productive of mutual misunderstanding, as neither of them knew the language of the other.

This sensible remonstrance had the desired effect, and M. du Bois, making a bow to every one except the captain, very wisely took up the point and took leave.

We then hoped to proceed quietly on our journey: but the turbulent captain would not yet permit us. He approached madame Duval with an exulting air, and said, Why, how's this, madame? what, has your champion deserted you? why I thought you told me, that you old gentlewomen had it all your own way among them French sparks?

As to that, sir, answered she, it's not of no consequence what you thought; for a person who can behave in such a low way may think what he pleases for me, for I sha'n't mind.

Why, then, mistress, since you must needs make so free, cried he, please to tell me the reason why you took the liberty to ask any of your followers into my coach without my leave? Answer me to that.

Why, then, pray, sir, returned she, tell me the reason why you took the liberty to treat the gentleman in such an unpolite way, as to take and pull him neck and heels out? I'm sure he hadn't done nothing to affront you, nor nobody else;

and I don't know what great hurt he would have done you, by just sitting still in the coach; he would not have eat it.

What, do you think, then, that my horses have nothing to do but to carry about you^r snivelling Frenchmen? If you do, madame, I must make bold to tell you, you are out, for I'll see 'em hang'd first.

More brute you, then! for they've never carried nobody half so good.

Why, look'ee, madame, if you must needs provoke me, I'll tell you a piece of my mind: you must know, I can see as far into a millstone as another man; and so, if you thought for to fob me off with one of your smirking French puppies for a son in law, why, you'll find yourself in a hobble, that's all.

Sir, you're a ——— but I won't say what; — but I protest I hadn't no such a thought, no more hadn't monsieur du Bois.

My dear, said Mrs. Mirvan, we shall be very late.

Well, well, answered he, get away then; off with you as fast as you can, it's high time. As to Molly, she's fine lady enough in all conscience; I want none of your French chaps to make her worse.

And so saying he mounted his horse, and we drove off. And I could not but think with regret of the different feelings we experienced upon leaving London to what had belonged to our entering it.

During the journey madame Duval was so very violent against the captain, that she obliged Mrs.

Mirvan to tell her, that, when in her presence, she must beg her to choose some other subject of discourse.

We had a most affectionate reception from lady Howard, whose kindness and hospitality cannot fail of making every body happy who is disposed so to be.

Adieu, my dear sir. I hope, though I have hitherto neglected to mention it, that you have always remembered me to whoever has made any inquiry concerning me.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Howard Grove, April 27.

O, My dear sir, I now write in the greatest uneasiness! Madame Duval has made a proposal which terrifies me to death, and which was as unexpected as it is shocking.

She had been employed for some hours this afternoon in reading letters from London; and, just about tea time, she sent for me into her room, and said, with a look of great satisfaction, Come here, child; I have got some very good news to tell you: something that will surprise you, I'll give you my word, for you ha'n't no notion of it.

I begged her to explain herself; and then, in terms which I cannot repeat, she said she had been considering what a shame it was to see me such a poor country, shame faced thing, when I ought to be a fine lady; and that she had long, and upon several occasions, blushed for me, though she must own the fault was none of mine; for nothing better could be expected from a girl who

had been so immured. However, she assured me she had, at length, hit upon a plan, which would make quite another creature of me.

I waited, without much impatience, to hear what this preface led to ; but I was soon awakened to more lively sensations, when she acquainted me, that her intention was to prove my birth-right, and to claim, by law, the inheritance of my real family!

It would be impossible for me to express my extreme consternation when she thus unfolded her scheme. My surprise and terror was equally great ; I could say nothing ; I heard her with a silence which I had not power to break.

She then expatiated very warmly upon the advantages I should reap from her plan ; talked in a high style of my future grandeur ; assured me how heartily I should despise almost every body and every thing I had hitherto seen : predicted my marrying into some family of the first rank in the kingdom ; and, finally said I should spend a few months in Paris, where my education and manners might receive their last polish.

She enlarged also upon the delight she should have, in common with myself, from mortifying the pride of certain people, and showing them that she was not to be slighted with impunity.

In the midst of this discourse, I was relieved by a summons to tea. Madam Duval was in great spirits ! but my emotion was too painful for concealment, and every body inquired into the cause. I would fain have waved the subject, but madame Duval was determined to make it public. She told them that she had it in her head to *make some-*

thing of me, and that they should soon call me by another name than that of Anville; and yet that she was not going to have the child married neither.

I could not endure to hear her proceed, and was going to leave the room: which when lady Howard perceived, she begged Madame Duval would defer her intelligence to some other opportunity: but she was so eager to communicate her scheme, that she could not bear delay: and therefore they suffered me to go without opposition. Indeed, whenever my situation or affairs are mentioned by Madame Duval, she speaks of them with such bluntness and severity, that I cannot be enjoined a task more cruel than to hear her.

I was afterwards acquainted with some particulars of the conversation by Miss Mirvan; who told me that madame Duval informed them of her plan with the utmost complacency, and seemed to think herself very fortunate in having suggested it: but soon after, she accidentally betrayed, that she had been instigated to the scheme by her relations the Branghton's, whose letters, which she received to day, first mentioned the proposal. She declared that she would have nothing to do with any round about ways, but go openly and instantly to law, in order to prove my birth, real name, and title, to the estates of my ancestors.

How impertinent and officious, in these Branghton's to interfere thus in my concerns! You can hardly imagine what a disturbance this plan has made in the family. The captain, without inquiring into any particulars of the affair, has peremptorily declared himself against it, merely because

it has been proposed by Madame Duval ; and they have battled the point together with great violence. Mrs. Mirvan says, she will not even think till she hears your opinion. But lady Howard to my great surprise, openly avows her approbation of Madame Duval's intention : however, she will write her reasons and sentiments upon the subject to you herself.

As to Miss Mirvan, she is my second self, and neither hopes nor fears but as I do. And as to me, I know not what to say, nor even what to wish. I have often thought my fate peculiarly cruel, to have but one parent, and from that one to be banished for ever ; while, on the other side, I have but too well known and felt the propriety of the separation. And yet how much better may we imagine, than I can express, the internal anguish which sometimes oppresses my heart, when I reflect upon the strange indifference that must occasion a father never to make the least inquiry after the health, the welfare, or even the life of his child !

O sir, to me the loss is nothing !—greatly, sweetly, and most benevolently have you guarded me from feeling it ; but for him, I grieve indeed !—I must be divested, not merely of all filial piety, but of all humanity, could I ever think upon this subject, and not be wounded to the soul. Again I must repeat, I know not what to wish : think for me, therefore, my dearest sir, and suffer my doubting mind, that knows not which way to direct its hopes, to be guided by your wisdom and unerring counsel.

EVELINA.

LADY HOWARD TO THE REV. MR. VILLARS.

Dear Sir,

Howard Grove.

I CANNOT give a greater proof of the high opinion I have of your candour, than by the liberty I am now going to take, of presuming to offer you advice upon a subject concerning which you have so just a claim to act for yourself: but I know you have too unaffected a love of justice, to be partially tenacious of your own judgment.

Madame Duval has been proposing a scheme which has put us all in commotion, and against which, at first, in common with the rest of my family, I exclaimed: but, upon more mature consideration, I own my objections have almost wholly vanished.

This scheme is no other than to commence a lawsuit with sir John Belmont, to prove the validity of his marriage with Evelyn; the necessary consequences of which proof will be, securing his fortune and estate to his daughter.

And why, my dear sir, should this not be? I know that, upon first hearing, such a plan conveys ideas which must shock you; but I know, too, that your mind is superior to being governed by prejudices, or to opposing any important cause on account of a few disagreeable attendant circumstances.

Your lovely charge, now first entering into life, has merit which ought not to be buried in obscurity. She seems born for an ornament to the world. Nature has been bountiful to her of whatever she had to bestow; and the peculiar attention you

have given to her education, has formed her mind to a degree of excellence, that in one so young I have scarce ever seen equalled. Fortune alone has hitherto been sparing of her gifts; and she, too, now opens the way which leads to all that is left to wish for her.

What your reason may have been, my good sir, for so carefully concealing the birth, name, and pretensions of this amiable girl, and forbearing to make any claim upon sir John Belmont, I am totally a stranger to; but, without knowing, I respect them, from the high opinion that I have of your character and judgment; but I hope they are not inseparable; for I cannot but think, that it was never designed for one who seems meant to grace the world, to have her life devoted to retirement.

Surely sir John Belmont, wretch as he has shown himself, could never see his accomplished daughter, and not be proud to own her, and eager to secure her the inheritance of his fortune. The admiration she met with in town, though merely the effect of her external attractions, was such, that Mrs. Mirvan assures me, she would have had the most splendid offers, had there not seemed to be some mystery in regard to her birth, which she was well informed was assiduously, though vainly, endeavoured to be discovered.

Can it be right, my dear sir, that this promising young creature should be deprived of her fortune and rank of life to which she is lawfully entitled, and which you have prepared her to support and to use so nobly? To despise riches, may, indeed, be philosophic; but to dispense

them worthily must surely be more beneficial to mankind.

Perhaps a few years, or indeed a much shorter time, may make this scheme impracticable; sir John, though yet young, leads a life too dissipated for long duration; and when too late we may regret that something was not sooner done; for it will be next to impossible, after he is gone, to settle or prove any thing with his heirs and executors.

Pardon the earnestness with which I write my sense of this affair; but your charming ward has made me so warmly her friend, that I cannot be indifferent upon a subject of such importance to her future life.

Adieu, my dear sir;—send me speedily an answer to this remonstrance, and believe me to be, &c.

M. HOWARD.

Mr. Villars to Lady Howard.

Berry Hill, May 2.

YOUR letter, madam, has opened a source of anxiety, to which I look forward with dread, and which to see closed I scarcely dare expect. I am unwilling to oppose my opinion to that of your ladyship; nor indeed can I, but by arguments which I believe will rather rank me as an hermit, ignorant of the world, and fit only for my cell, than a proper guardian, in an age such as this, for an accomplished young woman. Yet, thus called upon, it behoves me to explain, and endea-

vour to vindicate, the reasons by which I have been hitherto guided.

The mother of this dear child,—who was led to destruction by her own imprudence, the hardness of heart of madame Duval, and the villany of sir John Belmont,—was once what her daughter is now, the best beloved of my heart; and her memory, so long, as my own holds, I shall love, mourn, and honour! On the fatal day that her gentle soul left its mansion, and not many hours ere she ceased to breathe, I solemnly plighted my faith, That if it lived, it should know no father but myself, or her acknowledged husband.

You cannot, madam, suppose that I found much difficulty in adhering to this promise, and forbearing to make any claim upon sir John Belmont. Could I feel an affection the most paternal for this poor sufferer, and not abominate her destroyer? Could I wish to deliver to him, who had so basely betrayed the mother, the innocent offspring, who, born in so much sorrow, seemed entitled to all the compassionate tenderness of pity?

For many years, the name alone of that man, accidentally spoken in my hearing, almost divested me of my Christianity, and scarce could I forbear to execrate him. Yet I ought not, neither did I desire, to deprive him of his child, had he with any appearance of contrition, or indeed of any humanity, endeavoured to become less unworthy such a blessing;—but he is a stranger to all parental feelings, and has, with a savage insensibility, forborne to inquire even into the existence of this

sweet orphan, though the situation of his injured wife was but too well known to him.

You wish to be acquainted with my intentions.—I must acknowledge they were such as I now perceive could not be honoured with your ladyship's approbation; for though I have sometimes thought of presenting Evelina to her father, and demanding the justice which is her due, yet, at other times, I have both disdained and feared the application; disdained lest it should be refused; and feared, lest it should be accepted.

Lady Belmont, who was firmly persuaded of her approaching dissolution, frequently and earnestly besought me, that if her infant was a female, I would not abandon her to the direction of a man so wholly unfit to take the charge of her education; but, should she be importunately demanded, that I would retire with her abroad, and carefully conceal her from sir John, till some apparent change in his sentiments and conduct should announce him less improper for such a trust. And often would she say, Should the poor babe have any feelings correspondent with its mother's, it will have no want while under your protection. Alas! she had no sooner quitted it herself than she was plunged into a gulf of misery, that swallowed up her peace, reputation, and life.

During the childhood of Evelina, I suggested a thousand plans for the security of her birth-right;—but I as oftentimes rejected them. I was in a perpetual conflict, between the desire that she should have justice done her, and the apprehension that, while I improved her fortune, I should endanger her mind. However, as her

character began to be formed, and her disposition to be displayed, my perplexity abated: the road before me seemed less thorny and intricate, and I thought I could perceive the right path from the wrong; for when I observed the artless openness, the ingenuous simplicity of her nature; when I saw that her guileless and innocent soul fancied all the world to be pure and disinterested as herself, and that her heart was open to every impression with which love, pity, or art might assail it;—then I did flatter myself, that to follow my own inclination, and to secure her welfare, was the same thing; since, to expose her to the snares and dangers inevitably encircling a house of which the master is dissipated and unprincipled, without the guidance of a mother, or any prudent and sensible female, seemed to be no less than suffering her to stumble into some dreadful pit, when the sun is in its meridian. My plan, therefore, was not merely to educate and to cherish her as my own, but to adopt her heiress of my small fortune, and to bestow her upon some worthy man, with whom she might spend her days in tranquillity, cheerfulness, and good humour, untainted by vice, folly, or ambition.

So much for the time past. Such have been the motives by which I have been governed; and I hope they will be allowed not merely to account for, but also to justify, the conduct which has resulted from them. It now remains to speak of the time to come.

And here, indeed, I am sensible of difficulties, which I almost despair of surmounting according to my wishes. I pay the highest deference to your

ladyship's opinion, which it is extremely painful to me not to concur with;—yet I am so well acquainted with your goodness, that I presume to hope it would not be absolutely impossible for me to offer such arguments as might lead you to think with me, that this young creature's chance of happiness seems less doubtful in retirement, than it would be in the gay and dissipated world. But why should I perplex your ladyship with reasoning that can turn to so little account? for, alas! what arguments, what persuasions can I make use of, with any prospect of success, to such a woman as madame Duval? Her character, and the violence of her disposition, intimidate me from making the attempt: she is too ignorant for instruction, too obstinate for entreaty, and too weak for reason.

I will not, therefore, enter into a contest from which I have nothing to expect but altercation and impertinence. As soon would I discuss the effect of sound with the deaf, or the nature of colours with the blind, as aim at illuminating with conviction a mind so warped by prejudice, so much the slave of unruly and illiberal passions. Unused as she is to control, persuasion would but harden, and opposition incense her. I yield, therefore, to the necessity which compels my reluctant acquiescence! and shall now turn all my thoughts upon considering of such methods for the conducting of this enterprise, as may be most conducive to the happiness of my child, and least liable to wound her sensibility.

The lawsuit, therefore, I wholly and absolutely disapprove.

Will you, my dear, madam, forgive the freedom of an old man, if I own myself greatly surprised, that you could, even for a moment, listen to a plan so violent, so public, so totally repugnant to all female delicacy? I am satisfied your ladyship has not weighed this project. There was a time, indeed, when to assert the innocence of lady Belmont, and to blazon to the world the wrongs, not guilt by which she suffered, I proposed, nay attempted, a similar plan; but then, all assistance and encouragement was denied. How cruel to the remembrance I bear of her woes in this tardy resentment of madame Duval! She was deaf to the voice of nature, though she has hearkened to that of ambition.

Never can I consent to hear this dear and timid girl brought forward to the notice of the world by such a method; a method which will subject her to all the impertinence of curiosity, the sneers of conjecture, and the stings of ridicule. And for what?—the attainment of wealth which she does not want, and the gratification of vanity which she does not feel. A child to appear against a father!—no, madam, old and infirm as I am, I would even yet sooner convey her myself to some remote part of the world, though I were sure of dying in the expedition.

Far different had been the motives which would have stimulated the unhappy mother to such a proceeding; all her felicity in this world was irretrievably lost; her life was become a burthen to her; and her fair fame, which she had early been taught to prize above all things, had received a mortal wound; therefore, to clear her own

honour, and to secure from blemish the birth of child, was all the good which fortune had reserved herself the power of bestowing. But even this last consolation was withheld from her!

Let milder measures be adopted; and—since it must be so—let application be made to sir John Belmont: but as to a lawsuit, I hope, upon this subject, never more to hear it mentioned.

With madame Duval, all pleas of delicacy would be ineffectual; her scheme must be opposed by arguments better suited to her understanding. I will not, therefore, talk of its impropriety, but endeavour to prove its inutility. Have the goodness, then, to tell her, that her own intentions would be frustrated by her plan; since should the lawsuit be commenced, and even should the cause be gained, sir John Belmont would still have it in his power, and, if irritated, no doubt in his inclination, to cut off her grand-daughter with a shilling.

She cannot do better herself than to remain quiet and inactive in the affair: the long and mutual animosity between her and sir John will make her interference merely productive of debates and ill-will. Neither would I have Evelina appear till summoned. And as to myself I must wholly decline acting; though I will, with unwearied zeal, devote all my thoughts to giving counsel: but, in truth, I have neither inclination nor spirits adequate to engaging personally with this man.

My opinion is, that he would pay more respect to a letter from your ladyship upon this subject than from any other person. I, therefore, advise

and hope, that you will yourself take the trouble of writing to him, in order to open the affair. When he shall be inclined to see Evelina, I have for him a posthumous letter, which his much injured lady left to be presented to him if ever such a meeting should take place.

The views of the Branghtons, in suggesting this scheme, are obviously interested. They hope, by securing to Evelina the fortune of her father, to induce madame Duval to settle her own upon themselves. In this however, they would probably be mistaken; for little minds have ever a propensity to bestow their wealth upon those who are already in affluence; and therefore, the less her grand child requires her assistance, the more gladly she will give it.

I have but one thing more to add, from which, however, I can by no means recede; my word so solemnly given to lady Belmont, that her child should never be owned but with herself, must be inviolably adhered to.

ARTHUR VILLARS.

Mr. Villars to Evelina.

Berry Hill, May 2.

How sincerely do I sympathise in the uneasiness and concern which my beloved Evelina has so much reason to feel! The cruel scheme in agitation is equally repugnant to my judgment and my inclination;—yet to oppose it seems impracticable. To follow the dictates of my own heart, I should instantly recal you to myself, and never more consent to you being separated from me; but the

manners and opinions of the world demand a different conduct. Hope, however, for the best, and be satisfied you shall meet with no indignity; if you are not received into your own family as you ought to be, and with the distinction that is your due, you shall leave it for ever; and once again restored to my protection, secure your own tranquillity, and make as you have hitherto done, all the happiness of my life.

ARTHUR VILLARS.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Howard Grove, May 6.

THE die is thrown, and I attend the event in trembling! Lady Howard has written to Paris, and sent her letter to town, to be forwarded in the ambassador's packet; and in less than a fortnight, therefore, she expects an answer. O, sir, with what anxious impatience shall I wait its arrival! upon it seems to depend the fate of my future life. My solicitude is so great, and my suspense so painful, that I cannot rest a moment in peace, or turn my thoughts into any other channel.

Deeply interested as I now am in the event, most sincerely do I regret that the plan was ever proposed. Methinks it cannot end to my satisfaction, for either I must be torn from the arms of my more than father,—or I must have the misery of being finally convinced that I am cruelly rejected by him who has the natural claim to this dear title; a title which to write, mention,

gies for my officiousness, I fear my letter would be too long for your patience.

You have, probably, already conjectured the subject upon which I mean to treat. My regard for Mr. Evelyn and his amiable daughter was well known to you: nor can I ever cease to be interested in whatever belongs to their memory or family.

I must own myself somewhat distressed in what manner to introduce the purport of my writing; yet as I think that, in affairs of this kind, frankness is the first requisite to a good understanding between the parties concerned, I will neither torment you nor myself with punctilious ceremonies, but proceed instantly and openly to the business which occasions my giving you this trouble.

I presume, sir, it would be superfluous to tell you that your child resides still in Dorchester, and is still under the protection of the reverend Mr. Villars, in whose house she was born: for, though no inquiries concerning her have reached his ears or mine, I can never suppose it possible that you have forborne to make them. It only remains, therefore, to tell you, that your daughter is now grown up; that she has been educated with the utmost care, and the utmost success; and that she is now a most deserving, accomplished, and amiable young woman.

Whatever may be your view for her future destination in life, it seems time to declare it. She is greatly admired, and I doubt not will be very much sought after: it is proper, therefore, that her future expectations, and your pleasure concerning her, should be made known.

Believe me, sir, she merits your utmost attention and regard. You could not see and know her, and remain unmoved by those sensations of affections which belong to so near and tender relationship. She is the lovely resemblance of her lovely mother;—Pardon sir, the liberty I take in mentioning that unfortunate lady; but I think it behoves me, upon this occasion, to show the esteem I felt for her; allow me, therefore, to say, and be not offended at my freedom, that the memory of that excellent lady has but too long remained under the aspersions of calumny; surely it is time to vindicate her fame;—and how can that be done in a manner more eligible, more grateful to her friends, or more honourable to yourself, than by openly receiving as your child *the daughter of the late lady Belmont?*

The venerable man who has had the care of her education deserves your warmest acknowledgements for the unremitting pains he has taken, and the attention he has shewn in the discharge of his trust. Indeed she has been peculiarly fortunate in meeting with such a friend and guardian; a more worthy man, or one whose character seems nearer to perfection, does not exist.

Permit me to assure you, sir, she will amply repay whatever regard and favour you may hereafter show her, by the comfort and happiness you cannot fail to find in her affection and duty. To be owned *properly* by you is the first wish of her heart; and I am sure that to merit your approbation will be the first study of her life.

I fear that you will think this address imperti-

ment; but I must rest upon the goodness of my intention to plead my excuse.

M. HOWARD.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Howard Grove, Kent, May 10.

OUR house has been enlivened to day by the arrival of a London visitor; and the necessity I have been under of concealing the uneasiness of my mind, has made me exert myself so effectually, that I even think it is really diminished; or at least, my thoughts are not so totally, so very anxiously occupied by one only subject as they lately were.

I was strolling this morning with Miss Mirvan, down a lane about a mile from the grove, when we heard the trampling of horses; and fearing the narrowness of the passage, we were turning hastily back, but stopped upon hearing a voice call out, Pray, ladies, don't be frightened, for I will walk my horse. We turned again, and then saw sir Clement Willoughby. He dismounted; and approaching us with the reins in his hand, presently recollected us. Good Heaven! cried he, with his usual quickness, do I see Miss Anville?—and you too, Miss Mirvan?

He immediately ordered his servants to take charge of his horse; and then advancing to us, took a hand of each, which he pressed to his lips, and said a thousand fine things concerning his good fortune, our improved looks, and the charms of the country, when inhabited by such rural beauties. The town, ladies, has languished since

your absence;—or, at least, I have so much languished myself, as to be absolutely insensible to all it had to offer. One refreshing breeze, such as I now enjoy, awakens me to new vigour, life, and spirit. But I never before had the good luck to see the country in such perfection.

Has not almost every body left town, sir? said Miss Mirvan.

I am ashamed to answer you, madam—but indeed it is as full as ever, and will continue so till after the birth-day. However, you, ladies, were so little seen, that there are but few who know what it has lost. For my own part, I felt it too sensibly to be able to endure the place any longer.

Is there any body remaining there that we were acquainted with? cried I.

O yes, ma'am. And then he named two or three persons we have seen when with him; but he did not mention lord Orville, and I would not ask him, lest he should think me curious. Perhaps, if he stays here some time, he may speak of him by accident.

He was proceeding in this complimentary style when we were met by the captain; who no sooner perceived sir Clement, than he hastened up to him gave him a hearty shake of the hand, a cordial slap on the back, and some other equally gentle tokens of satisfaction, assuring him of his great joy at his visit, and declaring he was as glad to see him as if he had been a messenger who brought news that a French ship was sunk. Sir Clement, on the other side, expressed himself with equal warmth; and protested he had been so eager to pay his respects to captain Mirvan, that he had

left London in its full lustre, and a thousand engagements unanswered, merely to give himself that pleasure.

We shall have rare sport, said the captain; for do you know, the old French-woman is among us? 'Fore George I have scarce made any use of her yet, by reason I have had nobody with me that could enjoy a joke: howsomever, it shall go hard but we'll have some diversion now.

Sir Clement very much approved of the proposal; and we then went into the house, where he had a very grave reception from Mrs. Mirvan, who is by no means pleased with his visit, and a look of much discontent from Madame Duval, who said to me in a low voice, I'd as soon have seen old Nick as that man' for he's the most impertinentest person in the world, and isn't never of my side.

The captain is now actually occupied in contriving some scheme, which, he says, is to play the old dowager off; and so eager and delighted is he at the idea, that he can scarcely restrain his raptures sufficiently to conceal his design even from herself. I wish, however, since I do not dare put madame Duval upon her guard, that he had the delicacy not to acquaint me with his intention.

Evelina in continuation.

May 13.

THE captain's operations are begun,—and, I hope, ended; for, indeed, poor madame Duval has al-

but too much reason to regret sir Clement's visit to Howard Grove.

Yesterday morning, during breakfast, as the captain was reading the newspaper, sir Clement suddenly begged to look at it, saying, he wanted to know if there was any account of a transaction, at which he had been present the evening before his journey hither, concerning a poor Frenchman, who had got into a scrape which might cost him his life.

The captain demanded particulars; and then sir Clement told a long story of being with a party of country friends at the Tower, and hearing a man call out for mercy in French: and that, when he inquired into the occasion of his distress, he was informed that he had been taken up upon suspicion of treasonable practices against the government. The poor fellow, continued he, no sooner found that I spoke French, than he besought me to hear him, protesting that he had no evil designs; that he had been but a short time in England, and only waited the return of a lady from the country to quit it for ever.

Madame Duval changed colour, and listened with the utmost attention.

Now, though I by no means approve of so many foreigners continually flocking into our country, added he, addressing himself to the captain, yet I could not help pitying the poor wretch, because he did not know enough of English to make his defence; however, I found it impossible to assist him; for the mob would not suffer me to interfere. In truth, I am afraid he was but roughly handled.

Why, did they duck him? said the captain.

Something of that sort, answered he.

So much the better! so much the better! cried the captain, an impudent French puppy! I'll bet you what you will he was a rascal. I only wish all his countrymen were served the same.

I wish you had been in his place, with all my soul! cried madame Duval, warmly:—but pray sir, didn't nobody know who this poor gentleman was?

Why, I did hear his name, answered sir Clement, but I cannot recollect it.

It wasn't—it wasn't—du Bois? stammered out madame Duval.

The very name! answered he: yes, du Bois; I remember it now.

Madame Duval's cup fell from her hand as she repeated Du Bois! Monsieur du Bois, did you say?

Du Bois! why, that's my friend, cried the captain: that's monseer Slippery, is'n't it?—Why, he's plaguy fond of sousing work; howsomever, I'll be sworn they give him his fill of it.

And I'll be sworn, cried madame Duval, that you're a—but I don't believe nothing about it, so you needn't be so overjoyed, for I dare say it was no more monsieur du Bois than I am.

I thought at the time, said sir Clement, very gravely, that I had seen the gentleman before! and now I recollect, I think it was in company with you, madam.

With me, sir? cried madame Duval.

Say you so? said the captain; why then it must be he, as sure as you're alive!—Well, but

my good friend, what will they do with poor mon-seer?

It is difficult to say, answered Sir Clement, very thoughtfully; but I should suppose, that if he has not good friends to appear for him, he will be in a very unpleasant situation; for these are serious sort of affairs.

Why, do you think they'll hang him? demanded the captain.

Sir Clement shook his head, but made no answer.

Madame Duval could no longer contain her agitation; she started from her chair, repeating, with a voice half-choked, Hang him!—they can't, —they shan't—let them at their peril!—However, it's all false, and I won't believe a word of it;—but I'll go to town this very moment, and see M. du Bois myself;—I won't wait for nothing.

Mrs. Mirvan begged her not to bealarmed; but she flew out of the room, and up stairs into her own apartment. Lady Howard blamed both the gentlemen for having been so abrupt, and followed her. I would have accompanied her, but the captain stopped me; and, having first laughed very heartily, said he was going to read his commission to the ship's company.

Now, do you see, said he, as to lady Howard, I sha'n't pretend for to enlist her into my service, and so I shall e'en leave her to make it out as well as she can; but as to all you I expect obedience and submission to orders. I am now upon a hazardous expedition, having undertaken to convey a crazy vessel, to the shore of Mortification; so, d'ye see, if any of you have any thing to propose

that will forward the enterprise,—why speak and welcome : but if any of you, that are of my chosen crew, capitulate or enter into any treaty with the enemy,—I shall look upon you as mutinying, and turn you adrift.

Having finished his harangue, which was interlarded with many expressions and sea phrases that I cannot recollect, he gave sir Clement a wink of intelligence, and left us to ourselves.

Indeed, notwithstanding the attempts I so frequently make of writingsome of the captain's conversation, I can only give you a faint idea of his language ; for almost every other word he utters is accompanied by an oath, which, I am sure, would be as unpleasant for you to read as for me to write ; and besides, he makes use of a thousand sea terms, which are to me quite unintelligible.

Poor madame Duval sent to inquire at all probable places whether she could be conveyed to town in any stage coach ; but the captain's servant brought her for answer, that no London stage would pass near Howard Grove till to day. She then sent to order a chaise ; but was soon assured, that no horses could be procured. She was so much inflamed by these disappointments, that she threatened to set out for town on foot ; and it was with difficulty that lady Howard dissuaded her from this mad scheme.

The whole morning was filled up with these inquiries. But when we were all assembled to dinner, she endeavoured to appear perfectly unconcerned, and repeatedly protested that she gave not any credit to the report, as far as it regarded

M. du Bois, being very sure that he was not the person in question.

The captain used the most provoking efforts to convince her that she deceived herself; while sir Clement, with more art, though not less malice, affected to be of her opinion; but, at the same time that he pretended to relieve her uneasiness by saying that he doubted not having mistaken the name, he took care to enlarge upon the danger to which the unknown gentleman was exposed and expressed great concern at his perilous situation.

Dinner was hardly removed, when a letter was delivered to madame Duval. The moment she had read it, she hastily demanded from whom it came? A country boy brought it, answered the servant but he would not wait.

Run after him this instant! cried she, and be sure you bring him back. *Mon Dieu! quel aventure! que ferai-je?*

What's the matter? what's the matter? said the captain.

Why nothing—nothing's the matter. *O mon Dieu!*

And she rose, and walked about the room.

Why, what,—has *monseer* sent to you? continued the captain: is that there letter from him?

No—it isn't;—besides, if it is, it's nothing to you.

O then, I'm sure it is! Pray now, madame, don't be so close; come, tell us all about it;—what does he say? how did he relish the horse pond? which did he find best, sousing *single or double!*

'Fore George, 'twas plaguy unlucky you was not with him?

It's no such a thing, sir, cried she, very angrily; and if you're so very fond of a horse pond, I wish you'd put yourself into one, and not be always a-thinking about other people's being served so.

The man then came in to acquaint her they could not overtake the boy. She scolded violently, and was in such perturbation, that lady Howard interfered, and begged to know the cause of her uneasiness, and whether she could assist her?

Madame Duval cast her eyes upon the captain and sir Clement, and said she should be glad to speak to her ladyship without so many witnesses.

Well, then, miss Anville, said the captain, turning to me, do you and Molly go into another room, and stay there till Mrs. Duval has opened her mind to us.

So you may think sir, cried she, but who's fool then? No, no, you needn't trouble yourself to make a ninny of me neither, for I'm not so easily taken in, I'll assure you.

Lady Howard then invited her into the dressing-room, and I was desired to attend her.

As soon as we had shut the door, O, my lady, exclaimed madame Duval, here's the most cruelest thing in the world has happened!—but that captain is such a beast, I can't say nothing before him,—but it's all true! poor M. du Bois is locked up!

Lady Howard begged her to be comforted, saying that, as M. Due Bois was certainly innocent, there could be no doubt of his ability to clear himself.

To be sure, my lady, answered she, I know he is innocent; and to be sure they'll never be so wicked as to hang him for nothing?

Certainly not, replied lady Howard; you have no reason to be uneasy. This is not a country where punishment is inflicted without proof.

Very true, my lady: but the worst thing is this: I cannot bear that that fellow the captain should know about it; for if he does, I sha'n't never hear the last of it;—no more won't poor M. du Bois.

Well, well, said lady Howard, show me the letter, and I will endeavour to advise you.

The letter was then produced. It was signed by the clerk of a country justice; who acquainted her, that a prisoner then upon trial for suspicion of treasonable practices against the government, was just upon the point of being committed to gaol; but having declared that he was known to her, this clerk had been prevailed upon to write, in order to inquire if she really could speak to the character and family of a Frenchman, who called himself Pierre du Bois.

When I heard the letter, I was quite amazed at its success. So improbable did it seem that a foreigner should be taken before a *country* justice of peace for a crime of so dangerous a nature, that I cannot imagine how madame Duval could be alarmed even for a moment. But, with all her violence of temper, I see that she is easily frightened, and in fact more cowardly than many who have not half her spirit; and so little does she reflect upon circumstances or probability, that she is continually the dupe of her own—I ought not

to say *ignorance*, but yet I can think of no other word.

I believe that lady Howard, from the beginning of the transaction, suspected some contrivance of the captain; and this letter, I am sure, must confirm her suspicion: however, though she is not at all pleased with his frolic, yet she would not hazard the consequence of discovering his designs; her looks, her manners, and her character, made me draw this conclusion from her apparent perplexity; for not a word did she say that implied any doubt of the authenticity of the letter. Indeed there seems to be a tacit agreement between her and the captain, that she should not appear to be acquainted with his schemes; by which means she at once avoids quarrels, and supports her dignity.

While she was considering what to propose, madame Duval begged to have the use of her livery's chariot, that she might go immediately to the assistance of her friend. Lady Howard politely assured her, that it should be extremely at her service; and then madame Duval besought her not to own to the captain what had happened, protesting that she could not endure he should know poor M. du Bois had met with so unfortunate an accident. Lady Howard could not help smiling though she readily promised not to *inform* the captain of the affair. As to me, she desired my attendance; which I was by means rejoiced at, as I was certain she was going upon a fruitless errand.

I was then commissioned to order the chariot. At the foot of the stairs I met the captain, who

was most impatiently waiting the result of the conference. In an instant we were joined by sir Clement. A thousand inquiries were then made concerning madame Duval's opinion of the letter, and her intentions upon it: and when I would have left them, sir Clement, pretending equal eagerness with the captain, caught my hand, and repeatedly detained me to ask some frivolous question, to the answer of which he must be totally indifferent. At length, however, I broke from them; they retired into the parlour, and I executed my commission.

The carriage was soon ready; and madame Duval having begged lady Howard to say she was not well, stole softly down stairs, desiring me to follow her. The chariot was ordered at the garden door; and, when we were seated, she told the man, according to the clerk's directions, to drive to Mr. Justice Tyrell's, asking at the same time, how many miles off he lived?

I expected he would have answered, that he knew of no such person; but, to my great surprise, he said, Why, 'squire Tyrell lives about nine miles beyond the park.

Drive fast, then, cried she, and you shan't be no worse for it.

During our ride, which was extremely tedious, she tormented herself with a thousand fears for M. du Bois's safety: and piqued herself very much upon having escaped unseen by the captain, not only that she avoided his triumph, but because she knew him to be so much M. du Bois's enemy, that she was sure he would prejudice the justice against him, and endeavour to take away his

life. For my part, I was quite ashamed of being engaged in so ridiculous an affair, and could only think of the absurd appearance we should make upon our arrival at Mr. Tyrell's.

When we had been out about two hours, and expected every moment to stop at the place of our destination, I observed that lady Howard's servant, who attended us on horseback, rode on forward till he was out of sight: and soon after returning, came up to the chariot window, and delivering a note to madame Duval, said he had met a boy who was just coming with it to Howard Grove, from the clerk of Mr. Tyrell.

While she was reading it he rode round to the other window, and making a sign for secrecy, put into my hand a slip of paper, on which was written, Whatever happens, be not alarmed— for *you* are safe—though you endanger all mankind!

I readily imagined that sir Clement must be the author of this note, which prepared me to expect some disagreeable adventure: but I had no time to ponder upon it; for madame Duval had no sooner read her own letter, than in an angry tone of voice she exclaimed, Why, now what a thing is this! here we're come all this way for nothing!

She then gave me the note, which informed her, that she need not trouble herself to go to Mr. Tyrell's, as the prisoner had had the address to escape. I congratulated her upon this fortunate incident; but she was so much concerned at having rode so far in vain, that she seemed less pleased than provoked. However, she ordered the man to make what haste he could home, as she

hoped, at least, to return before the captain should suspect what had passed.

The carriage turned about and we journeyed so quietly for near an hour, that I began to flatter myself we should be suffered to proceed to Howard Grove without further molestation, when suddenly the footman called out, John, are we going right?

Why, I an't sure, said the coachman, but I'm afraid we turned wrong.

What do you mean by that, sirrah? said madame Duval: why, if you lose your way we shall be all in the dark.

I think we should turn to the left, said the footman.

To the left! answered the other; no, no, I'm partly sure we should turn to the right.

You had better make some inquiry, said I.

Ma foi, cried madame Duval, we're in a fine hole here!—they neither of them know no more than the post. However, I'll tell my lady as sure as you're born, so you'd better find the way.

Let's try this lane, said the footman.

No, said the coachman' that's the road to Canterbury; we had best go straight on.

Why, that's the direct London road, returned the footman, and will lead us twenty miles about.

Pardi, cried madame Duval; why, they won't go one way nor t'other! and now we're come all this jaunt for nothing, I suppose we shan't get home to night!

Let's go back to the public house, said the footman, and ask for a guide.

No, no, said the other, if we stay here a few

minutes, somebody or other will pass by ; and the horses are almost knocked up already.

Well, I protest, cried madame Duval, I'd give a guinea to see them sots both horse-whipped! As sure as I'm alive they're drunk! Ten to one but they'll overturn us next!

After much debating, they at length agreed to go on till we came to some inn, or met with a passenger who could direct us. We soon arrived at a farm-house, and the footman alighted, and went into it.

In a few minutes he returned, and told us we might proceed, for that he had procured a direction. But, added he, it seems there are some thieves hereabouts ; and so the best way will be for you to leave your watches and purses with the farmer, whom I know very well, and who is an honest man, and a tenant of my lady's.

Thieves! cried madame Duval, looking aghast, the Lord help us! I've no doubt but we shall be all murdered!

The farmer came up to us, and we gave him all we were worth, and the servants followed our example.

We then proceeded ; and madame Duval's anger so entirely subsided, that in the mildest manner imaginable she entreated them to make haste, and promised to tell their lady how diligent and obliging they had been. She perpetually stopped them to ask if they apprehended any danger ; and was at length so much overpowered by her fears, that she made the footman fasten his horse to the back of the carriage, and then come and seat himself within it. My endeavours to en-

courage her were fruitless ; she sat in the middle, held the man by the arm, and protested, that if he did but save her life, she would make his fortune. Her uneasiness gave me much concern, and it was with the utmost difficulty I forbore to acquaint her that she was imposed upon ; but the mutual fear of the captain's resentment to me, and of her own to him, neither of which would have any moderation, deterred me. As to the footman, he was evidently in torture from restraining his laughter ; and I observed that he was frequently obliged to make most horrid grimaces, from pretended fear, in order to conceal his risibility.

Very soon after, The robbers are coming ! cried the coachman.

The footman opened the door, and jumped out of the chariot.

Madame Duval gave a loud scream.

I could no longer preserve my silence. For Heaven's sake, my dear madam, said I, don't be alarmed,—you are in no danger,—you are quite safe, there is nothing but——

Here the chariot was stopped by two men in masks ; who at each side put in their hands as if for our purses. Madame Duval sunk to the bottom of the chariot, and implored their mercy : I shrieked involuntarily, although prepared for the attack ; one of them held me fast, while the other tore poor madame Duval out of the carriage, in spite of her cries, threats, and resistance.

I was really frightened, and trembled exceedingly. My angel ; cried the man who held me, you cannot surely be alarmed :—do you not know

me?—I shall hold myself in eternal abhorrence if I have really terrified you.

Indeed, sir Clement, you have, cried I;—but, for Heaven's sake, where is madame Duval?—why is she forced away?

She is perfectly safe; the captain has her in charge: but suffer me now, my adored Miss Anville to take the only opportunity that is allowed me, to speak upon another, a much dearer, much sweeter subject.

And then he hastily came into the chariot, and seated himself next to me. I would fain have disengaged myself from him, but he would not let me, Deny me not, most charming of women, cried he, deny me not this only moment that is lent to me, to pour forth my soul into your ears, —to tell you how much I suffer from your absence,—how much I dread your displeasure,—and how cruelly I am affected by your coldness!

O, sir, this is no time for such language;—pray leave me; pray go to the relief of madame Duval:—I cannot bear that she should be treated with such indignity.

And will you,—can you command my absence?—When may I speak to you, if not now?—Does the captain suffer me to breathe a moment out of his sight? and are not a thousand impertinent people for ever at your elbow?

Indeed, sir Clement, you must change your style, or I will not hear you. The impertinent people you mean are among my best friends, and you would not, if you really wished me well, speak of them so disrespectfully.

Wish you well!—O miss Anville, point but out

to me how, in what manner, I may convince you of the fervour of my passion;—tell me but what services you will accept from me,—and you shall find my life, my fortune, my whole soul at your devotion.

I want nothing, sir that you can offer;—I beg you not to talk to me so—so strangely. Pray leave me; and pray assure yourself, you cannot take any method so successful to show any regard for me as entering into a scheme so frightful to madame Duval, and so disagreeable to myself.

The scheme was the captain's; I even opposed it: though, I own, I could not refuse myself the so long wished-for happiness of speaking to you once more, without so many of—your friends to watch me. And I had flattered myself, that the note I charged the footman to give you would have prevented the alarm you received.

Well, sir, you have now I hope said enough; and, if you will not go yourself to see for madame Duval, at least suffer me to inquire what is become of her.

And when may I speak to you again?

No matter when,—I don't know,—perhaps—

Perhaps what, my angel?

Perhaps never, sir,—if you torment me thus.

Never! O, miss Anville, how cruel, how piercing to my soul is that icy word!—Indeed I cannot endure such displeasure.

Then, sir, you must not provoke it. Pray leave me directly.

I will, madam, but let me, at least, make a merit of my obedience,—allow me to hope that

you will, in future, be less averse to trusting yourself for a few moments alone with me.

I was surprised at the freedom of this request ; but while I hesitated how to answer it, the other mask came up to the chariot door, and, in a voice almost stifled with laughter, said, I've done for her!—the old buck is safe:—but we must sheer off directly, or we shall be all aground.

Sir Clement instantly left me, mounted his horse, and rode off. The captain, having given some directions to the servants, followed him.

I was both uneasy and impatient to know the fate of madame Duval, and immediately got out of the chariot to seek her. I desired the footman to show me which way she was gone: he pointed with his finger by way of answer, and I saw that he dared not trust his voice to make any other. I walked on a very quick pace, and soon, to my great consternation perceived the poor lady seated upright in a ditch. I flew to her with unfeigned concern at her situation. She was sobbing, nay, almost roaring, and in the utmost agony of rage and terror. As soon as she saw me, she redoubled her cries ; but her voice was so broken, I could not understand a word she said. I was so much shocked, that it was with difficulty I forebore exclaiming against the cruelty of the captain for thus wantonly ill treating her ; and I could not forgive myself for having passively suffered the deception. I used my utmost endeavours to comfort her, assuring her of our present safety, and begging her to rise and return to the chariot.

Almost bursting with passion, she pointed to her

feet, and with frightful violence she actually tore the ground with her hands.

I then saw her feet were tied together with a strong rope, which was fastened to the upper branch of a tree, even with a hedge that ran along the ditch where she sat. I endeavoured to unite the knot; but soon found it was infinitely beyond my strength.

I was, therefore, obliged to apply to the footman; but being very unwilling to add to his mirth by the sight of madame Duval's situation, I desired him to lend me a knife: I returned with it, and cut the rope. Her feet were soon disentangled; and then, though with great difficulty, I assisted her to rise. But what was my astonishment, when, the moment she sat up, she hit me a violent slap on the face! I retreated from her with precipitation and dread; and she then loaded me with reproaches, which, though almost unintelligible, convinced me that she imagined I had voluntarily deserted her; but she seemed not have the slightest suspicion that she had not been attacked by real robbers.

I was so much surprised and confounded at the blow, that for some time I suffered her to rave without making any answer; but her extreme agitation and real suffering soon dispelled my anger, which all turned into compassion. I then told her, that I had been forcibly detained from following her, and assured her of my real sorrow at her ill usage.

She began to be somewhat appeased and I again entreated her to return to the carriage, or give me leave to order that it should draw up to

the place where we stood. She made no answer, till I told her, that the longer we remained still, the greater would be the danger of our ride home. Struck with this hint, she suddenly, and with hasty steps moved forward.

Her dress was in such disorder, that I was quite sorry to have her figure exposed to the servants, who all of them, in imitation of their master, hold her in derision:—however, the disgrace was unavoidable.

The ditch, happily, was almost quite dry, or she must have suffered still more seriously; yet so forlorn, so miserable a figure, I never before saw. Her head dress had fallen off, her linen was torn, her negligee had not a pin left in it, her petticoats she was obliged to hold on, and her shoes were perpetually slipping off. She was covered with dirt, weeds, and filth, and her face was really horrible; for the pomatum and powder from her head and the dust from the road were quite pasted on her skin by her tears, which, with her rouge, made so frightful a mixture, that she hardly looked human.

The servants were ready to die with laughter the moment they saw her: but not all my remonstrances could prevail upon her to get into the carriage till she had most vehemently reproached them both for not rescuing her. The footman fixing his eyes on the ground, as if fearful of again trusting himself to look at her, protested that the robbers had vowed they would shoot him, if he moved an inch, and that one of them had staid to watch the chariot while the other carried her off, adding, that the reason of their behaving so

barbarously was to revenge [our having secured our purses. Notwithstanding her anger, she gave immediate credit to what we said; and really imagined that her want of money had irritated the pretended robbers to treat her with such cruelty. I determined, therefore, to be carefully upon my guard not to betray the imposition, which could now answer no other purpose than occasioning an irreparable breach between her and the captain.

Just as we were seated in the chariot, she discovered the loss which her head had sustained, and called out, My God! what has become of my hair?—why, the villain has stole all my curls!

She then ordered the man to run and see if he could find any of them in the ditch. He went, and presently returned producing a great quantity of hair in such a nasty condition that I was amazed she would take it: and the man, as he delivered it to her, found it impossible to keep his countenance; which she no sooner observed, than all her stormy passions were again raised. She flung the battered curls in his face, saying, Sirrah, what do you grin for? I wish you'd been served so yourself, and you wouldn't have found it no such joke; you are the impudentest fellow I ever see, and if I find you dare grin at me any more, I shall make no ceremony of boxing your ears.

Satisfied with the threat, the man hastily retired, and we drove on.

Her anger now subsiding into grief, she began must sorrowfully to lament her case. I believe, she cried, never nobody was so unlucky as I am! and so here, because I ha'n't had misfortunes enough already, that puppy has made me lose my

curls!—Why, I can't see nobody without them :—only look at me,—I was never so bad off in my life before. *Pardi*, if I'd known as much, I'd have brought two or three sets with me : but I'd never a thought of such a thing as this.

¶ Finding her now somewhat pacified, I ventured to ask an account of her adventures, which I will endeavour to write in her own words.

Why, child, all this misfortune comes of that puppy's making us leave our money behind us; for, as soon as the robber see I did put nothing in his hands, he lugged me out of the chariot by main force, and I verily thought he'd have murdered me. He was as strong as a lion; I was no more in his hands than a child. But I believe never nobody was so abused before; for he dragg'd me down the road, pulling and hauling me all the way, as if I'd no more feeling than a horse. I'm sure I wish I could see that man cut up and quartered alive! however, he'll come to the gallows, that's one good thing. So soon as we'd got out of sight of the chariot, though he need'nt have been afraid, for if he'd beat me to a mummy, those cowardly fellows would'nt have said nothing to it,—So, when I was got there, what does he do, but all of a sudden he takes me by both shoulders, and he gives me such a shake!—*Mon Dieu!* I shall never forget it if I live to be an hundred. I'm sure I dare say I'm out of joint all over. And, though I made as much noise as ever I could, he took no more notice of it than nothing at all; but there he stood, shaking me in that manner, as if he was doing it for a wager. I'm determin'd, if it costs me all my fortune, I'll

see that villain hang'd. He shall be found out, if there's e'er a justice in England. So when he had shook me till he was tired, and I felt all over like a jelly, without saying never a word, he takes and pops me into the ditch! I'm sure I thought he'd have murdered me as much as ever I thought any thing in my life; for he kept bumping me about as if he thought nothing too bad for me. However, I'm resolved I'll never leave my purse behind me again, the longest day I have to live. So when he couldn't stand over me no longer, he holds out his hands again for my money, but he was as cunning as could be, for he wouldn't speak a word, because I shouldn't swear to his voice: however, that shan't save him, for I'll swear to him any day in the year, if I can but catch him. So when I told him I had no money, he fell to jerking me again, just as if he had but that moment begun! And, after that, he got me close by a tree, and out of his pocket he pulls a great cord!—It's a wonder I did not swoon away; for as sure as you are alive he was going to hang me to that tree. I screamed like any thing mad, and told him if he would but spare my life, I'd never prosecute him, nor tell nobody what he'd done to me: so he stood some time, quite in a brown study, a thinking what he should do. And so, after that, he forced me to sit down in the ditch, and he tied my feet together, just as you see them; and then, as if he had not done enough, he twitched off my cap, and, without saying nothing, got on his horse and left me in that condition: thinking, I suppose that I might lie there and perish.

Though this narrative almost compelled me to laugh, yet I was really irritated when the captain had carried his love of tormenting,—*sport*, he calls it,—to such barbarous and unjustifiable extremes. I consoled and soothed her as well as I was able; and told her, that since M. du Bois had escaped, I hoped, when she recovered from her fright, all would end well.

This sort of conversation lasted till we arrived at our journey's end: and then a new distress occurred: madame Duval was eager to speak to Lady Howard and Mrs. Mirvan, and to relate her misfortunes; but she could not endure that sir Clement or the captain should see her in such disorder; for she said they were so ill-natured, that, instead of pitying her, they would only make jest of her disasters. She therefore sent me first into the house, to wait for an opportunity of their being out of the way, that she might steal up stairs unobserved. In this I succeeded, as the gentlemen thought it most prudent not to seem watching for her; though they both contrived to divert themselves with peeping at her as she passed.

She went immediately to bed, where she had her supper. Lady Howard and Mrs. Mirvan both of them very kindly sat with her, and listened to her tale with compassionate attention; while Miss Mirvan and I retired to our own room, where I was very glad to end the troubles of the day in a comfortable conversation.

The captain's raptures, during supper, at the success of his plan, were boundless. I spoke afterwards to Mrs. Mirvan with the openness

which her kindness encouraged, and begged her to remonstrate with him upon the cruelty of tormenting madame Duval so causelessly. She promised to take the first opportunity of starting the subject; but said he was at present so much elated with his success that she feared it would have no effect.

Madame Duval has kept her bed all day, and declares she is almost bruised to death.

Adieu, my dear sir. What a long letter have I written! I could almost fancy I sent it you from London!

Evelina in continuation.

Howard Grove, May 15th.

THIS insatiable captain, if left to himself, would not I believe, rest, till he had tormented madame Duval into a fever. He seems to have no delight but in terrifying or provoking her; and all his thoughts apparently turn upon inventing such methods as may do it most effectually.

She had her breakfast in bed again yesterday morning; but during ours, the captain, with a very significant look at sir Clement, gave us to understand, that he thought she had now rested long enough to bear the hardships of a fresh campaign.

His meaning was obvious; and, therefore, I resolved to endeavour immediately to put a stop to his intended exploits. When breakfast was over, I followed Mrs. Mirvan out of the parlour, and begged her to lose no time in pleading the cause of madame Duval with the captain. 'My

love,' answered she, 'I have already expostulated with him; but all I can say is fruitless, while his favourite, sir Clement, contrives to urge him on.

Then I will go and speak to sir Clement, said I, for I know he will desist if I request him.

Have a care, my dear! said she, smiling; it is sometimes dangerous to make requests to men who are too desirous of receiving them.

Well then, my dear madame, will you give me leave to speak myself to the captain?

Willingly; nay, I will accompany you to him.

I thanked her, and we went to seek him. He was walking in the garden with sir Clement. Mrs. Mirvan most obligingly made an opening for my purpose, by saying, Mr. Mirvan, I have brought a petitioner with me.

I was fearful of making him angry, and stammered very much when I told him, I hoped he had no new plan for alarming madame Duval.

New plan! cried he; why, don't you suppose the old one would do again do you? Not but what it was a very good one, only I doubt she wouldn't bite.

Indeed, sir, said I, she has already suffered too much; and I hope you will pardon me, if I take the liberty of telling you, that I think it my duty to do all in my power to prevent her being again so much terrified.

A sullen gloominess instantly clouded his face, and, turning short from me, he said, I might do as I pleased, but that I should much sooner repent than repair my officiousness.

I was too much disconcerted at this rebuff to attempt making any answer; and finding that sir

Clement warmly espoused my cause, I walked away and left them to discuss the point together.

Mrs. Mirvan, who never speaks to the captain, when he is out of humour, was glad to follow me, and with her usual sweetness made a thousand apologies for her husband's ill manners.

When I left her, I went to madame Duval, who was just risen, and employed in examining the clothes she had on the day of her ill usage.

Here's a sight, cried she. Come here, child,—only look—*Pardi*, so long as I've lived, I never see so much before! Why, all my things are spoilt: and, what's worse, my sacque was as good as new. Here's the second negligee I've had used in this manner!—I'm sure I was a fool to put it on in such a lonesome place as this; however, if I stay here these ten years, I'll never put on another good gown, that I'm resolved.

Will you let the maid try if she can iron it out, or clean it ma'am?

No, she'll only make bad worse.—But look here, now, here's a cloak; *Mon Dieu!* why it looks like a dish clout; Of all the unluckinesses that ever I met, this is the worst! for do you know, I bought it but the day before I left Paris?—Besides into the bargain, my cap's quite gone: where the villain twitched it, I don't know; but I never see no more of it from that time to this. Now you must know this was the becomingest cap I had in the world, for I've neither another with a pink ribbon in it; and, to tell you the truth, if I had't thought to have seen M. du Bois, I'd have flown; for as to what one wears in such

a stupid place as this signifies no more than nothing at all.

She then told me, that she had been thinking of a contrivance all night to hinder the captain from finding out her loss of curls; which was, having a large gauze handkerchief pinned over her head as a hood, and say she had the tooth ache.

To tell you the truth, added she, I believe that the captain is one of the worst men in the world; he's always making a joke of me; and as to his being a gentleman, he has no more manners than a bear, for he's always upon the grin when one's in distress; and, I declare, I'd rather be done any thing to than laughed at, for, to my mind, it's one the disagreeablest things in the world.

Mr. Mirvan I found, had been endeavouring to dissuade her of the design she had formed of having recourse to the law, in order to find out the supposed robbers; for she dreads a discovery of the captain, during madam Duval's stay at Howard Grove, as it could not fail of being productive of infinite commotion. She has, therefore, taken great pains to show the inutility of applying to justice, unless she were more able to describe the offenders against whom she would appear; and has assured her, that as she neither heard their voices, nor saw their faces, she cannot possibly swear to their persons, or obtain any redress.

Madame Duval, in telling me this, extremely lamented her hard fate, that she was thus prevented from revenging her injuries; which, however, she vowed she would not be persuaded to *pocket tamely*: because, added she, if such villains as these

are let to have their own way, and nobody takes no notice of their impudence, they'll make no more ado than nothing at all of tying people in ditches, and such things as that: however, I shall consult with M. du Bois, as soon as I can ferret out where he's hid himself. I'm sure I've a right to his advice, for it's all along of his gaping about at the Tower that I've met with these misfortunes.

M. du Bois, said I, will, I am sure, be very sorry when he hears what has happened.

And what good will that do now?—that won't unspoil my clothes; I can tell him, I a n't much obliged to him, though it's no fault of his;—yet is i'n't the less provokinger for that. I'm sure, if he had been there, to have seen me served in that manner, and put neck and heels into a ditch, h'd no more have thought it was me than the Pope of Rome. I'll promise you, whatever you may think of it, I sha'n't have no rest, night nor day, till I find out that rogue.

I have no doubt, madam, but you will soon find him.

Pardi, if I do, I'll hang him as sure as fate!—But what's the oddest is, that he should take such a special spite against me more than the rest; it was as much for nothing as could be; for I don't know what I had done, so particular bad, as to be used in that manner; I'm sure I hadn't given him no offence, as I know of, for I never saw his face all the time; and as to screaming a little, I think it's very hard if one mustn't do such a thing as that, when one's put in fear of one's life.

During this conversation, she endeavoured to adjust her head dress but could not at all please

herself. Indeed, had I not been present, I should have thought it impossible for a woman, at her time of life, to be so very difficult in regard to dress. What she may have in view, I cannot imagine; but the labour of the toilette seems the chief business of her life.

When I left her, in my way down stairs I met sir Clement; who, with great earnestness, said he must not be denied the honour of a moment's conversation with me; and then, without waiting for an answer, he led me to the garden; at the door of which, however, I absolutely insisted upon stopping.

He seemed very serious, and said, in a grave tone of voice, At length, Miss Anville, I flatter myself I have hit upon an expedient that will oblige you; and therefore, though it is death to myself, I will put it in practice.

I begged him to explain himself.

I saw your desire of saving madame Duval, and scarce could I refrain giving the brutal captain my real opinion of his savage conduct, but I am unwilling to quarrel with him lest I should be denied entrance into the house which you inhabit; I have been endeavouring to prevail with him to give up his absurd new scheme, but I find him impenetrable: I have therefore determined to make a pretence for suddenly leaving this place, dear as it is to me, and containing all I most admire and adore;—and I will stay in town till the violence of this boobyish humour is abated.

He stopped; but I was silent, for I knew not what I ought to say. He took my hand, which he pressed to his lips, saying, And must I then, miss

Anville, must I quit you—sacrifice voluntarily my greatest felicity; and yet not be honoured with one word, one look of approbation.

I withdrew my hand, and said with a half laugh, You know so well, sir Clement, the value of the favours you confer, that it would be superfluous for me to point it out.

Charming, charming girl! how does your wit, your understanding, rise upon me daily; and must I, can I part with you?—will no other method—

O, sir, do you so soon repent the good office you had planned for madame Duval.

For madame Duval! cruel creature, and will you not even suffer me to place to your account the sacrifice I am about to make?

You must place it, sir, to what account you please; but I am too much in haste now to stay here any longer.

And then I would have left him; but he held me, and rather impatiently said, If, then, I cannot be so happy as to oblige you, miss Anville, you must not be surprised should I seek to oblige myself. If my scheme is not honoured with your approbation, for which alone it was formed, why should I, to my own infinite dissatisfaction, pursue it!

We were then, for a few minutes, both silent; I was really unwilling he should give up a plan which would so effectually break into the captain's designs, and, at the same time, save me the pain of disobligeing him; and should instantly and thankfully have accepted his offered civility, had not Mrs. Mirvan's caution made me extremely fearful. However, when he pressed me to speak, I said, in

an ironical voice, I had thought, sir, that the very strong sense you have yourself of the favour you propose to me, would sufficiently have repaid you ; but as I was mistaken, I must thank you myself. And now, (making a low courtsey,) I hope, sir, you are satisfied.

Loveliest of thy sex—he began ; but I forced myself from him and ran up stairs.

Soon after Miss Mirvan told me that sir Clement had just received a letter, which obliged him instantly to leave the Grove, that he had actually ordered a chaise. I then acquainted her with the real state of the affair. Indeed, I conceal nothing from her ; she is so gentle and sweet tempered that it gives me great pleasure to place an entire confidence in her.

At dinner, I must own, we all missed him ; for though the flightiness of his behaviour to me, when we were by ourselves, is very distressing ; yet, in large companies, and general conversation, he is extremely entertaining and agreeable. As to the captain, he has been so much charinged at his departure, that he has scarcely spoken a word since he went ; but madame Duval, who made her first public appearance since her accident, was quite in raptures that she escaped seeing him.

The money which we left at the farm house has been returned to us. What pains the captain must have taken to arrange and manage the adventures which he chose we should meet with ! Yet he must certainly be discovered ; for madame Duval is already very much perplexed, at having received a letter this morning from M. du Bois, in which he makes no mention of his imprisonment.

However, she has so little suspicion that she imputes his silence upon the subject, to his fears that the letter might be intercepted.

Not one opportunity could I meet with, while sir Clement was here, to inquire after his friend lord Orville ; but I think it was strange he should never mention him unasked. Indeed, I rather wonder that Mrs. Mirvan herself did not introduce the subject, for she always seemed particularly attentive to him.

And now, once more, all my thoughts involuntarily turn upon the letter I so soon expect from Paris. This visit of sir Clement has, however, somewhat diverted my fears : and, therefore, I am very glad he made it at this time. Adieu, my dear sir.

Sir John Belmont to Lady Howard.

Madam,

Paris, May 11.

I HAVE this moment the honour of your ladyship's letter, and will not wait another, before I return an answer.

It seldom happens that a man, though extolled as a saint, is really without blemish ; or that another though revered as a devil, is really without humanity. Perhaps the time is not very distant, when I may have the honour to convince your ladyship of this truth, in regard to Mr. Villars and myself.

As to the young lady, whom Mr. Villars so obligingly proposes presenting to me, I wish her all the happiness to which, by your ladyship's account she seems entitled ; and, if she has a third

part of the merit of her to whom you compare her I doubt not but Mr. Villars will be more successful in any other application he makes for her advantage, than he can ever be in any with which he may be pleased to favour me.

I have the honour to be, madam,
Your ladyship's most humble
and most obedient servant,
JOHN BELMONT.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Howard Grove, May 18.

WELL, my dear sir, all is now over! the letter so anxiously expected is at length arrived, and my doom is fixed. The various feelings which oppress me I have not language to describe; nor need I—you know my heart, you have yourself formed it—and its sensation upon this occasion you may but too readily imagine.

Outcast as I am, and rejected for ever by him to whom I of right belong—how shall I implore your continued protection?—No, no;—I will not offend your generous heart, which, open to distress, has no wish but to relieve it, with an application that would seem to imply a doubt. I am more secure than ever of your kindness, since you now know upon that is my sole dependence.

I endeavoured to bear this stroke with composure, and in such a manner as if I had already received your counsel and consolation. Yet, at times, my emotions are almost too much for me. O, sir, what a letter for a parent to write! Must I not myself be deaf to the voice of nature if I

could endure to be thus absolutely abandoned without regret? I dare not even to you, nor would I, could I help it, to myself, acknowledge all that I think; for, indeed, I have sometimes sentiments upon this rejection, which my strongest sense of duty can scarcely correct. Yet suffer me to ask—might not this answer have been softened?—was it not enough to disclaim me for ever, without treating me with contempt and wounding me by derision?

But while I am thus thinking of myself, I forget how much more he is the object of sorrow than I am? Alas, what amends can he make himself for the anguish he is hoarding up for the time to come! My heart bleeds for him, whenever this reflection occurs to me.

What is said of *you*, my protector, my friend, my benefactor! I dare not trust myself to comment upon. Gracious Heavens! what a return for goodness so unparalleled!

I would fain endeavour to divert my thoughts from this subject: but even that is not in my power; for, afflicting as this letter is to me, I find that it will not be allowed to conclude the affair, though it does all my expectations, for madame Duval has determined not to let it rest here. She heard the letter in great wrath, and protested she would not be so easily answered; she regretted her facility in having been prevailed upon to yield the direction of this affair to those who knew not how to manage it, and vowed she would herself undertake and conduct it in future.

It is in vain that I have pleaded against her resolution, and besought her to forbear an attack

where she has nothing to expect but resentment : especially as there seems to be a hint, that lady Howard will one day be more openly dealt with. She will not hear me : she is furiously bent upon a project which is terrible to think of ; for she means to go herself to Paris, take me with her, and there, face to face, demand justice !

How to appease or to persuade her, I know not ; but for the universe would I not be dragged, in such a manner, to an interview so awful, with a parent I have never yet beheld !

Lady Howard and Mrs. Mirvan are both of them infinitely shocked at the present situation of affairs, and they seem to be even more kind to me than ever ; and my dear Maria, who is the friend of my heart, uses her utmost efforts to console me ; and when she fails in her design, with still greater kindness she sympathises in my sorrow.

I very much rejoice, however, that sir Clement Willoughby had left us before this letter arrived. —I am sure the general confusion of the house would otherwise betray to him the whole of a tale which I now, more than ever, wished to have buried in oblivion.

Lady Howard thinks I ought not to disoblige madame Duval, yet she acknowledges the impropriety of my accompanying her abroad upon such an enterprise. Indeed, I would rather die than force myself into his presence. But so vehement is madame Duval, that she would instantly have compelled me to attend her to town in her way to Paris, had not lady Howard so far exerted herself, as to declare she could by no means consent to my

quitting her house till she gave me up to you, by whose permission I had entered it.

She was extremely angry at this denial; and the captain, by his sneers and raillery, so much increased her rage, that she has positively declared, should your next letter dispute her authority to guide me by her own pleasure, she will without hesitation, make a journey to Berry Hill, and teach you to know who she is.

Should she put this threat in execution, nothing could give me greater uneasiness: for her violence and volubility would almost distract me.

Unable as I am to act for myself, or to judge what conduct I ought to pursue, how grateful do I feel myself that I have such a guide and director to counsel and instruct me as yourself.

Adieu, my dearest sir! Heaven, I trust, will never let me live to be repulsed and derided by you, to whom I may now sign myself wholly your
EVELINA.

Mr. Villars to Lady Howard.

Dear Madam,

Berry Hill, May 27.

I BELIEVE your ladyship will not be surprised at hearing I have had a visit from madame Duval, as I doubt not her having made known her intention before she left Howard Grove. I would gladly have excused myself this meeting, could I have avoided it decently; but after so long a journey, it was not possible to refuse her admittance.

She told me that she came to Berry Hill, in consequence of a letter I had sent to her grand daughter, in which I had forbid her going to Pa-

ris. Very roughly she then called me to account for the authority which I assumed; and, had I been disposed to have argued with her, she would very angrily have disputed the right by which I used it. But I declined all debating. I therefore listened very quietly till she had so much fatigued herself with talking, that she was glad in her **turn**, to be silent. And then I begged to know the purport of her visit.

She answered, that she came to make me relinquish the power I had usurped over her grand-daughter; and assured me she would not quit the place till she succeeded.

But I will not trouble your ladyship with the particulars of this disagreeable conversation; nor should I, but on account of the result, have chosen so unpleasant a subject for your perusal.— However, I will be as concise as I possibly can, that the better occupations of your ladyship's time may be less impeded.

When she found me inexorable in refusing Evelina's attending her to Paris, she peremptorily insisted that she should at least live with her in London till sir John Belmont's return. I remonstrated against this scheme with all the energy in my power: but the contest was vain; she lost her patience, and I my time. She declared, that if I was resolute in opposing her, she would instantly make a will, in which she would leave all her fortune to strangers, though otherwise, she intended her grand-daughter for her sole heiress.

To me, I own, this threat seemed of little consequence; I have long accustomed myself to think, that, with a competency, of which she is

sure, my child might be as happy as in the possession of millions; but the incertitude of her future fate deters me from following implicitly the dictates of my present judgment. The connexions she may hereafter form, the style of life for which she may be destined, are considerations which give but too much weight to the menaces of madame Duval. In short, madam, after a discourse infinitely tedious, I was obliged, though very reluctantly, to compromise with this ungovernable woman, by consenting that Evelina should pass one month with her.

I never made a concession with so bad a grace, or so much regret. The violence and vulgarity of this woman, her total ignorance of propriety, the family to which she is related, and the company she is likely to keep, are objections so forcible to her having the charge of this dear child, that nothing less than my indifference of the right I have of depriving her of so large a fortune, would have induced me to listen to her proposal. Indeed we parted, at last, equally discontented; she at what I had refused, I at what I had granted.

It now only remains for me to return your ladyship my humble acknowledgements for the kindness which you have so liberally shown to my ward; and to beg you would have the goodness to part with her when madame Duval thinks proper to claim the promise which she has extorted from me.

I am, dear madam, &c.

ARTHUR VILLARS

Mr. Villars to Evelina.

Berry Hill, May 28.

WITH a reluctance that occasions me inexpressible uneasiness, I have been almost compelled to consent that my Evelina should quit the protection of the hospitable and respectable lady Howard, and accompany madame Duval to a city which I had hoped she would never again have entered. But, alas, my dear child, we are the slaves of custom, the dupes of prejudice, and dare not stem the torrent of an opposing world, even though our judgments condemn our compliance! However, since the die is cast, we must endeavour to make the best of it.

You will have occasion in the course of the month you are to pass with madame Duval, for all the circumspection, and prudence you can call to your aid. She will not, I know, propose any thing to you which she thinks wrong herself; but you must learn not only to judge but to act for yourself: if any schemes are started, any engagements made, which your understanding represents to you as improper, exert yourself resolutely in avoiding them; and do not, by a passive facility, risk the censure of the world, or your own future regret.

You cannot too assiduously attend to madame Duval herself; but I would wish you to mix as little as possible with her associates, who are not likely to be among those whose acquaintance would reflect credit upon you. Remember, my dear Evelina, nothing is so delicate as the reputation of

a woman ; it is at once the most beautiful and most brittle of all human things.

Adieu, my beloved child ; I shall be but ill at ease till this month is elapsed.

A. V.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

London, June 6.

ONCE more, my dearest sir, I write to you from this great city. Yesterday morning, with the truest concern, I quitted the dear inhabitants of Howard Grove, and most impatiently shall I count the days till I see them again. Lady Howard and Mrs. Mirvan took leave of me with the most flattering kindness ; but indeed I knew not how to part with Maria, whose own apparent sorrow redoubled mine. She made me promise to send her a letter every post ; and I shall write to her with the same freedom, and almost the same confidence you allow me to make use of to yourself.

The captain was very civil to me ; but he wrangled with poor madame Duval to the last moment ; and taking me aside, just before we got into the chaise, he said, Hark'ee, miss Anville, I've a favour for to ask you, which is this ; that you will write us word how the gentlewoman finds herself, when she sees it was all a trick ; and what the French lubber says to it, and all about it.

I answered that I would obey him, though I was very little pleased with the commission, which to me, was highly improper ; but he will either treat me as an informer, or make me a party in his frolic.

As soon as we drove away, madame Duval, with much satisfaction, exclaimed, *Dieu merci*, we've got off at last! I'm sure I never desire to see that place again. It's a wonder I've got away alive; for I believe I've had the worst luck ever was known from the time I set my foot upon the threshold. I know I wish I'd never gone. Besides, into the bargain, it's the most dullest place in all Christendom, there's never any diversions, nor nothing at all.

Then she bewailed M. du Bois; concerning whose adventures she continued to make various conjectures during the rest of our journey.

When I asked her what part of London she should reside in, she told me that Mr. Branghton was to meet us at an inn, and would conduct us to a lodging. Accordingly, we proceeded to a house in Bishopsgate street, and were led by a waiter into a room where we found Mr. Branghton.

He received us very civilly; but seemed rather surprised at seeing me, saying, Why, I didn't think of your bringing miss; however, she's very welcome.

I'll tell you how it was, said madame Duval: you must know I've a mind to take the girl to Paris, that she may see something of the world, and improve herself a little; besides I've another reason, that you and I will talk more about. But, do you know, that meddling old parson, as I told you of, would not let her go! However, I'm resolved I'll be even with him; for I shall take her on with me, without saying never a word more to nobody.

I started with this intimation, which very much

surprised me. But I am very glad she has discovered her intention, as I shall be carefully upon my guard not to venture from town with her.

Mr. Branghton then hoped we had passed our time agreeable in the country.

O Lord, cousin, cried she, I've been the miserablest creature in the world! I'm sure all the horses in London sha'n't drag me in the country again of one while:—why, how do you think I've been served? only guess.

Indeed, cousin, I can't pretend to do that.

Why, then, I'll tell you. Do you know I've been robbed!—that is, the villain would have robbed me if he could, only I'd secured all my money.

Why, then, cousin, I think your loss can't have been very great.

O Lord, you don't know what you are a-saying; you're talking in the unthinkingest manner in the world: why, it was all along of not having no money that I met with this misfortune.

How's that, cousin? I don't see what great misfortune you can have met with if you'd secured all your money.

That's because you don't know nothing of the matter: for there the villain came to the chaise; and because, we had'nt got nothing to give him, though he'd no more right to our money than the man in the moon, yet, do you know, he fell into the greatest passion ever you see, and abused me in such a manner, and put me in a ditch, and got a rope o' purpose to hang me;—and I'm sure, if that wasn't misfortune enough, why I don't know what is.

This is a hard case, indeed, cousin. But why don't you go to justice Fielding?

O, as to that, I'm going to him directly: but only I want first to see poor M. du Bois; for the oddest thing of all is, that he has wrote to me, never said nothing of where he is, nor what's become of him nor nothing else.

M. du Bois! why he's at my house at this very time.

M. du Bois at your house! Well, I declare this is the surprisings part of all. However, I assure you, I think he might have comed for me as well as you, considering what I have gone through on his account: for, to tell you the truth, it was all along of him that I met with that accident; so I don't take it very kind of him, I promise you.

Well, but cousin, tell me some of the particulars of this affair.

As to the particulars, I'm sure they'd make your hair stand on end to hear them; however the beginning of it all was through the fault of M. du Bois: but I'll assure you, he may take care of himself in future, since he don't so much as come to see if I'm dead or alive.—But there I went for him to a justice of peace, and rode all out of the way, and did every thing in the world, and was used worsen than a dog, and all for the sake of serving of him: and now, you see, he don't so much—well I was a fool for my pains.—However, he may get somebody else to be treated so another time; for, if he's taken up every day in the week, I'll never go after him no more.

This occasioned an explanation; in the course

of which madame Duval, to her utter amazement, heard that M. du Bois had never left London during her absence! nor did Mr. Branghton believe that he had ever been to the Tower, or met with any kind of accident.

Almost instantly the whole truth of the transaction seemed to *rush upon her mind*, and her wrath was inconceivably violent. She asked me a thousand questions in a breath; but, fortunately, was too vehement to attend to my embarrassment, which must otherwise have betrayed my knowledge of the deceit. Revenge was her first wish; and she vowed she would go the next morning to justice Fielding, and inquire what punishment she might lawfully inflict upon the captain for his assault.

I believe we were an hour at Bishopgate street before poor madame Duval could allow any thing to be mentioned but her own story: at length, however, Mr. Branghton told her, that M. du Bois, and all his own family, were waiting for her at his house. A hackney-coach was then called, and we proceeded to Snow-hill.

Mr. Branghton's house is small and inconvenient, though his shop, which takes in all the ground floor, is large and commodious. I believe I told you before that he is a silversmith.

We were conducted up two pair of stairs: for the dining-room, Mr. Branghton told us, was let. His two daughters, their brother, M. du Bois, and a young man, were at tea. They had waited some time for madame Duval, but I found they had not any expectation that I was to accompany her, and the young ladies, I believe, were rather more

surprised than pleased when I made my appearance; for they seemed hurt that I should see their apartment. Indeed, I would willingly have saved them that pain had it been in my power.

The first person who saw me was M. du Bois, *Ah, mon Dieu!* exclaimed he, *voilà mademoiselle!*

Soon after tea miss Branghton took an opportunity to tell me, in a whisper, that the young man I saw was a lover of her sister's, that his name was Brown, and he that was a haberdasher: with many other particulars of his circumstances and family: and then she declared her utter aversion to the thoughts of such a match; but added, that her sister had no manner of spirit or ambition, though, for her part, she would ten times rather die an old maid, than marry any person but a gentleman. And for that matter, added she, I believe Polly herself don't care much for him, only she's in such a hurry, because, I suppose, she's a mind to be married before me; however, she's very welcome; for I'm sure, I don't care a pin's point whether I ever marry at all:—it's all one to me.

I was very glad when the time of our departing arrived. Mr. Branghton said our lodgings were in Holborn, that we might be near his house, and neighbourly. He accompanied us to them himself.

Our rooms are large, and not inconvenient: our landlord is a hosier. I am sure I have a thousand reasons to rejoice that I am so little known; for my present situation is, in every respect, very unenviable: and I would not for the world, be seen by any acquaintance of Mrs. Mirvan.

This morning madame Duval, attended by all the Branghtons, actually went to a justice in the neighbourhood, to report the captain's ill usage of her. I had great difficulty in excusing myself from being of the party. It would have given me very serious concern. Indeed, I was extremely anxious though at home, till I heard the result of the application, for I dread to think of the uneasiness which such an affair would occasion the amiable Mrs. Mirvan. But fortunately, madame Duval has received very little encouragement to proceed in her design; for she has been informed, that, as she neither heard the voice, nor saw the face of the person suspected, she will find difficulty to cast him upon conjecture, and will have but little probability of gaining her cause, unless she can produce witnesses of the transaction. Mr. Branghton, therefore, who has considered all the circumstances of the affair, is of opinion, that the lawsuit will not only be expensive, but tedious and hazardous, and has advised against it. Madame Duval, though very unwillingly, has acquiesced in his decision; but vows that if ever she is so affronted again, she will be revenged, even if she ruins herself. I am extremely glad that this ridiculous adventure seems not likely to end without more serious consequences.

Adieu, my dearest sir. My direction is at Mr. Dawkin's, a hosier, in High Holborn.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Holborn, June 9.

YESTERDAY morning we received an invitation to

dine and spend the day at Mr. Branghton's; and M. du Bois, who was also invited, called to conduct us to Snow-hill.

Young Branghton received us at the door; and the first words he spoke were, Do you know, sisters arn't dressed yet!

Then hurrying us into the house, he said to me, Come miss, you shall go up stairs and catch 'em—I dare say they're at the glass.

He would have taken my hand; but I declined this civility, and begged to follow madame Duval.

Mr. Branghton then appeared, and led the way himself. We went, as before, up two pair of stairs; but the moment the father opened the door, the daughters both gave a loud scream. We all stopped; and then miss Branghton called out, Lord papa, what do you bring the company up here for? Why, Polly and I a'nt half dressed.

More shame for you, answered he; here's your aunt, and cousin, and M. du Bois, all waiting, and ne'er a room to take them to.

Who'd have thought of their coming so soon? cried she; I am sure, for my part, I thought miss was used to nothing but quality hours.

Why, I shan't be ready this half hour yet, said miss Polly; can't they stay in the shop, till we are dressed?

Mr. Branghton was very angry, and scolded them violently; however, we were obliged to descend, and stools were procured for us in the shop, where we found the brother, who was highly delighted, he said, that his sisters had been catch-ed; and he thought proper to entertain me with

a long account of their tediousness, and the many quarrels they all had together.

When, at length, these ladies were equipped to their satisfaction, they made their appearance; but before any conversation was suffered to pass between them and us, they had a most long and disagreeable dialogue with their father, to whose reprimands, though so just incurred, they replied with the utmost pertness, while their brother all the time laughed aloud.

The moment they perceived this, they were so much provoked, that, instead of making any apologies to madame Duval, they next began a quarrel with him. Tom, what do you laugh for? I wonder what business you have to be always a laughing when papa scolds us?

Then what business have you to be such a while getting on your clothes? You're never ready, you know well enough.

Lord, sir, I wonder what's that to you! I wish you'd mind your own affairs, and not trouble yourself about ours. How should a boy like you know any thing?

A boy, indeed! not such a boy, neither: I'll warrant you'll be glad to be as young when you come to be old maids.

This sort of dialogue we were amused with till dinner was ready, when we again mounted up two pair of stairs.

In our way, miss Polly told me that her sister had asked Mr. Smith for his room to dine in, but he had refused to lend it; because, she said, one day it happened to be a little greased; however, we shall have it to drink tea in, and then, per-

haps, you may see him ; and I assure you he's quite like one of the quality, and dresses as fine and goes to balls and dances, and every thing quite in taste ; and besides, miss, he keeps a foot boy of his own too.

The dinner was ill-served, ill-cooked, and ill-managed. The maid who waited had so often to go down stairs for something that was forgotten, that the Branghtons were perpetually obliged to rise from the table themselves, to get plates, knives and forks, bread or beer. Had they been without pretensions, all this would have seemed of no consequence ; but they aimed at appearing to advantage, and even fancied they succeeded. However, the most disagreeable part of our fare was, that the whole family continually disputed whose turn it was to rise, and whose to be allowed to sit still.

When the meal was over, madame Duval, ever eager to discourse about her *travels*, entered into an argument with Mr. Branghton, and, in broken English, with M. du Bois, concerning the French nation : and miss Polly, then addressing herself to me, said, Don't you think, miss, it's very dull sitting up stairs here ? we'd better go down to *shop*, and then we shall see the people go by.

Lord, Poll, said the brother, you are always wanting to be staring and gaping ; and I'm sure you needn't be so fond of showing yourself, for you're ugly enough to frighten a horse.

Ugly, indeed, I wonder which is best, you or me. But, I tell you what, Tom, you've no need to give yourself such airs ; for, if you do, I'll tell miss of—you know what——

Who cares if you do? you may tell what you will; I don't mind——

Indeed, cried I, I do not desire to hear any secret.

O, but I'm resolved I'll tell you, because Tom's so very spiteful. You must know, miss, t'other night ——

Poll, cried the brother, if you tell of that, miss shall know all about your meeting young Brown, —you know when!—So I'll be quits with you one way or other.

Miss Polly coloured, and again proposed our going down stairs till Mr. Smith's room was ready for our reception.

Ay, so we will, said miss Branghton: I'll assure you, cousin, we have some very genteel people pass by our shop sometimes. Polly and I always go and sit there when we've cleaned ourselves.

Yes, miss, cried the brother, they do nothing else all day long when father don't scold them. But the best fun is, when they've got all their dirty things on, and all their hair about their ears, sometimes I send young Brown up stairs to them; and then there's such a fuss!—There they hide themselves, and run away, and squeal and squall like any thing mad; and so then I puts the two cats into the room, and I gives them a good whipping, and so that sets them a squalling too; so there's such a noise and such an uproar!—Lord, you can't think, miss, what a fuss it is!

This occasioned a fresh quarrel with the sisters, at the end of which, it was at length decided that we should go to the shop.

In our way down stairs, Miss Branghton said aloud, I wonder when Mr. Smith's room will be ready.

So do I, answered Polly; I'm sure we should not do any harm to it now.

This hint had not the desired effect; for we were suffered to proceed very quietly.

As we entered the shop, I observed a young man in deep mourning leaning against the wall, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the ground, apparently in profound and melancholy meditation; but the moment he perceived us, he started, and making a passing bow, very abruptly retired. As I found he was permitted to go quite unnoticed, I could not forbear inquiring who he was.

Lord! answered miss Branghton, he's nothing but a poor Scotch poet.

For my part, said miss Polly, I believe he's just starved, for I don't find he has any thing to live upon.

Live upon! cried the brother; why, he's a poet you know, so he may live upon his learning.

Ay, and good enough for him too, said miss Branghton; for he's as proud as he's poor.

Like enough, replied the brother; but, for all that, you won't find he will live without meat and drick: no, no, catch a Scotchman at that if you can! why, they only come here for what they can get.

I'm sure, said miss Branghton, I wonder papa'll be such a fool as to let him stay in his house, for I dare say, he'll never pay for his lodging.

Why, no more he would, if he could get another

lodger: you know the bill has been put up this fortnight. Miss, if you should hear of a person that wants a room, I assure you it is a very good one, for all it's up three pair of stairs.

I answered, that as I had no acquaintance in London, I had not any chance of assisting them; but both my compassion and my curiosity were excited for this poor young man; and I asked them some further particulars concerning him.

They then acquainted me that they had only known him three months. When he first lodged with them, he agreed to board also; but had lately told them he would eat by himself, though they all believed he had hardly ever tasted a morsel of meat since he left their table. They said that he had always appeared very low-spirited; but for the last month he had been *duller* than ever; and, all of a sudden, he had put himself into mourning, though they knew not for whom nor for what; but they supposed it was only for convenience, as no person had ever been to see or inquire for him since his residence amongst them: and they were sure he was very poor, as he had not paid for his lodgings the last three weeks: and, finally, they concluded he was a poet, or else half-crazy, because they had, at different times, found scraps of poetry in his room.

They then produced some unfinished verses, written on small pieces of paper, unconnected, and of a most melancholy cast. Among them was the fragment of an ode, which, at my request, they lent me to copy; and as you may perhaps like to see it, I will write it now.

O life! thou lingering dream of grief, of pain,
 And every ill that Nature can sustain,
 Strange, mutable, and wild!
 Now flattering with Hope most fair,
 Depressing now with fell Despair,
 The nurse of Guilt, the slave of Pride,
 That like a wayward child,
 Who, to himself a foe,
 Sees joy alone in what's denied,
 In what is granted woe;
 O thou poor, feeble, fleeting pow'r,
 By Vice seduced, by Folly woo'd,
 By Misery, Shame, Remorse, pursued:
 And as thy toilsome steps proceed,
 Seeming to Youth the fairest flow'r,
 A gilded but a bitter pill,
 Of varied great, and complicated ill!

These lines are harsh, but they indicate an internal wretchedness, which, I own, affects me. Surely this young man must be involved in misfortunes of no common nature; but I cannot imagine what can induce him to remain with this unfeeling family, where he is, most unworthily, despised for being poor, and most illiberally detested for being a Scotchman. He may indeed have motives, which he cannot surmount, for submitting to such a situation. Whatever they are, I most heartily pity him, and cannot but wish it were in my power to afford him some relief.

During this conversation, Mr. Smith's footboy came to miss Branghton, and informed her, that his master said she might have the room now when she liked it, for he was presently going out.

This very genteel message, though it perfectly satisfied the miss Branghtons, by no means added to my desire of being introduced to this gentleman: and upon their rising, with intention to ac-

cept his offer, I begged they would excuse my attending them, and said I will sit with madame Duval till the tea was ready.

I therefore once more went up two pair of stairs with young Branghton, who insisted upon accompanying me; and there we remained till Mr. Smith's footboy summoned us to tea, when I followed madame Duval into the dining-room.

The miss Branghton's were seated at one window, and Mr. Smith was lolling indolently out of the other. They all approached us at our entrance: and Mr. Smith, probably to show he was master of the apartment, most officiously handed me to a great chair at the upper end of the room, without taking any notice of madame Duval, till I rose and offered her my own seat.

Leaving the rest of the company to entertain themselves, he very abruptly began to address himself to me in a style of gallantry equally new and disagreeable to me. It is true no man can possibly pay the greater compliments, or make more fine speeches, than sir Clement Willoughby: yet his language, though too flowery, is always that of a gentleman; and his address and manners are so very superior to those of the inhabitants of this house, that, to make any comparison between him and Mr. Smith would be extremely unjust. This latter seems very desirous of appearing a man of gaiety and spirit; but this vivacity is so low-bred, and his whole behaviour so forward and disagreeable, that I should prefer the company of dullness itself, even as that goddess is described by Pope, to that of this sprightly young man.

He made many apologies that he had not lent his room for our dinner, which, he said, he should certainly have done had he seen me first ; and he assured me, that when I came again, he should be very glad to oblige me.

I told him and with sincerity, that every part of the house was equally indifferent to me.

Why, ma'am, the truth is, miss Bidy and Polly take no care of any thing else, I'm sure, they should be always welcome to my room ; for I'm never so happy as in obliging the ladies—that's my character, ma'am :—but really, the last time they had it, every thing was made so nasty and so greasy, that, upon my word, to a man who wishes to have things a little genteel, it was quite cruel.

Now as to you, ma'am, its quite another thing, for I should not mind if every thing I had was spoilt, for the sake of having the pleasure to oblige you ; and I assure you, ma'am, it makes me quite happy that I have room good enough to receive you.

This elegant speech was followed by many others, so much in the same style, that to write them would be superfluous ; and as he did not allow me a moment to speak to any other person, the rest of the evening was consumed in a painful attention to this irksome young man, who seemed to intend appearance before me to the utmost advantage.

Adieu, my dear sir. I fear you will be sick of reading about the family ; yet I must write of them, or not of any, since I mix with no other.

Happy shall I be when I quit them all, and again return to Berry Hill.

Evelina in continuation.

June 10.

THIS morning Mr. Smith called, on purpose he said, to offer me a ticket for the next Hampstead assembly. I thanked him, but desired to be excused accepting it; he would not, however, be denied, nor answered; and in a manner both vehement and free, pressed and urged his offer till I was wearied to death; but when he found me resolute, he seemed thunderstruck with amazement, and thought proper to desire I would tell him my reasons.

Obvious as they must have been to any other person, they were such as I knew not how to repeat to him; and, when he found I hesitated, he said, Indeed, ma'am, you are too modest; I assure you the ticket is quite at your service, and I shall be very happy to dance with you; so pray don't be so coy.

Indeed, sir, returned I, you are mistaken; I never supposed you would offer a ticket without wishing it should be accepted; but it would answer no purpose to mention the reasons which make me decline it, since they cannot possibly be removed.

This speech seemed very much to mortify him; which I could not be concerned at, as I did not choose to be treated by him with so much freedom. When he was, at last convinced that his application to me was ineffectual, he addressed

himself to madame Duval, and begged she would interfere in his favour; offering at the same time to procure another ticket for himself.

Ma, foi, sir, answered she, angrily, you might as well have had the complaisance to ask me before: for, I assure you, I don't approve of no such rudeness; however, you may keep your tickets to yourself, for we don't want none of 'em.

This rebuke almost overset him; he made many apologies, and said that he should certainly have first applied to her, but that he had no notion the young lady would have refused him, and, on the contrary, had concluded that she would have assisted him to persuade madame Duval herself.

This excuse appeased her; and he pleaded his cause so successfully, that, to my great chagrin, he gained it, and madame Duval promised that she would go herself, and take me, to the Hampstead assembly, whenever he pleased.

Mr. Smith then approaching me with an air of triumph, said, Well, ma'am, now I think you can't possibly keep your denial.

I made no answer, and he soon took leave, though not till he had so wonderfully gained the favour of madame Duval, that she declared, when he was gone, he was the prettiest young man she had seen since she came to England.

As soon as I could find an opportunity, I ventured, in the most humble manner to entreat madame Duval would not insist upon my attending her to this ball; and representing to her, as well as I was able, the impropriety of my accepting any present from a young man who was so entirely unknown to me; but she laughed at my

scruples; called me a foolish, ignorant country girl; and said she should make it her business to teach me something of the world.

This ball is to be next week. I am sure it is not more improper for, than unpleasant to me, and I will use every possible endeavour to avoid it. Perhaps I may apply to miss Branghton for advice, as I believe she will be willing to assist me, from disliking equally with myself that I should dance with Mr. Smith.

June 11.

O, my dear sir! I have been shocked to death; and yet at the same time delighted beyond expression, in the hope that I have happily been the instrument of saving a human creature from destruction.

This morning madame Duval said she would invite the Branghton family to return our visit tomorrow; and not choosing to rise herself—for she generally spends the morning in bed,—she desired me to wait upon them with her message. M. du Bois, who just then called, insisted upon attending me.

Mr. Branghton was in the shop, and told us that his son and daughter were out; but desired me to step up stairs, as he very soon expected them home. This I did, leaving M. du Bois below. I went into the room where we had dined the day before; and, by a wonderful chance, I happened so to seat myself, that I had a view of the stairs, and yet could not be seen from them.

In about ten minutes time, I saw, passing by the door, with a look perturbed and affrighted, the same young man I mentioned in my last letter

Not heeding, as I suppose, how he went, in turning the corner of the stairs, which are narrow and winding, his foot slipped and he fell; but almost instantly rising, I plainly perceived the end of a pistol, which started from his pocket by hitting it against the stairs.

I was inexpressibly shocked. All that I had heard of his misery occurred to my memory, made me conclude that he was, at that very moment, meditating suicide! Struck with the dreadful idea, all my strength seemed to fail me. He moved on slowly, yet I soon lost sight of him; I sat motionless with terror: all power of action forsook me; and I grew almost stiff with horror; till recollecting that it was yet possible to prevent the fatal deed, all my faculties seemed to return with the hope of saving him.

My first thought was to fly to Mr. Branghton; but I feared, that an instant of time lost might for ever be rued; and therefore, guided by the impulse of my apprehensions, as well as I was able I followed him up stairs, stepping very softly, and obliged to support myself by the bannisters.

When I came within a few stairs of the landing-place I stopped; for I could then see into his room, as he had not yet shut the door.

He had put the pistol upon a table, and had his hand in his pocket, whence, in a few moments, he took out another: he then emptied something on the table from a small leather bag; after which, taking up both the pistols, one in each hand, he dropped hastily upon his knees, and called out, O, God!—forgive me!

In a moment strength and courage seemed lent to me as by inspiration; I started, and rushing precipitately into the room, just caught his arm, and then, overcome by my own fears, I fell down at his side breathless and senseless. My recovery, however, was, I believe, almost instantaneous: and then the sigh of this unhappy man, regarding me with a look of unutterable astonishment, mixed with concern, presently restored to me my recollection. I arose, though with difficulty; he did the same: the pistols, as I soon saw, were both on the floor.

Unwilling to leave them, and indeed too weak to move, I leaned one hand on the table, and then stood perfectly still; while he, his eyes cast wildly towards me, seemed too infinitely amazed to be capable of either speech or action.

I believe we were some minutes in this extraordinary situation; but, as my strength returned, I felt myself both ashamed and awkward, and moved towards the door. Pale and motionless, he suffered me to pass without changing his posture, or uttering a syllable; and indeed,

He look'd a bloodless image of despair.—POPE

When I reached the door I turned round; I looked fearfully at the pistols, and, impelled by an emotion I could not repress, I hastily stepped back, with an intention of carrying them away; but their wretched owner, perceiving my design, and recovering from his astonishment, darting suddenly down, he seized them both himself.

Wild with fright, and scarce knowing what I did, I caught almost involuntarily, hold of both

his arms, and exclaimed, O, sir, have mercy on yourself.

The guilty pistols fell from his hands, which, disengaging from me, he fervently clasped, and cried, Sweet heaven! is this thy angel?

Encouraged by such gentleness, I again attempted to take the pistols; but, with a look half frantic, he again prevented me, saying, What would you do?

Awaken you, I cried, with a courage I now wonder at, to worthier thoughts, and rescue you from perdition.

I then seized the pistols! he said not a word,—he made no effort to stop me;—I glided quick by him, and tottered down stairs ere he had recovered from the extremest amazement.

The moment I reached again the room I had so fearfully left I threw away the pistols, and flinging myself on the first chair, gave free vent to the feelings I had so painfully stifled, in a violent burst of tears, which, indeed, proved a happy relief to me.

In this situation I remained some time; but when, at length, I lifted up my head, the first object I saw was the poor man who had occasioned my terror, standing, as if petrified, at the door, and gazing at me with eyes of wild wonder.

I started from the chair; but trembled so excessively, that I almost instantly sunk again into it. He then, though without advancing, and in a faltering voice, said, Whoever or whatever you are, relieve me, I pray you, from the suspence under which my soul labours—and tell me if indeed I do not dream?

To this address, so singular, and so solemn, I had not then the presence of mind to frame any answer; but as I presently perceived that his eyes turned from me to the pistols, and that he seemed to intend regaining them, I exerted all my strength, and saying, O, for Heaven's sake forbear! I rose and took them myself.

Do my senses deceive me? cried he, do I live—and do *you*?

As he spoke he advanced towards me; and I, still guarding the pistols, retreated, saying, No, no—you must not—must not have them?

Why—for what purpose, tell me!—do you withhold them?

To give you time to think;—to save you from eternal misery;—and, I hope, to reserve you for mercy and forgiveness.

Wonderful! cried he, with uplifted hands and eyes, most wonderful!

For some time he seemed wrapped in deep thought, till a sudden noise of tongues below announcing the approach of the Branghtons, made him start from his reverie: he sprung hastily forward,—dropped on one knee,—caught hold of my gown, which he pressed to his lips; and then, quick as lightning, he rose, and flew up stairs to his own room.

There was something in the whole of this extraordinary and shocking adventure really too affecting to be borne; and so entirely had I spent my spirits, and exhausted my courage, that before the Branghtons had reached me, I had sunk on the ground without sense or motion.

I believe I must have been a very horrid sight

to them on their entrance into the room ; for, to all appearance, I seemed to have suffered a violent death, either by my own rashness, or the cruelty of some murderer, as the pistols had fallen close by my side.

How soon I recovered I knew not ; but probably, I was more indebted to the loudness of their cries than to their assistance ; for they all concluded that I was dead, and for some time, did not make an effort to revive me.

Scarcely could I recollect where, or indeed what I was, ere they poured upon me such a torrent of questions and inquiries, that I was almost stunned with them ; as I was able, I endeavoured to satisfy their curiosity, by recounting what had happened as clearly as was in my power. They all looked aghast at the recital ; but, not being well enough to enter into any discussions, I begged to have a chair called, and to return instantly home.

Before I left them, I recommended with great earnestness, a vigilant observance of their unhappy lodger ; and that they would take care to keep from him, if possible, all means of self-destruction.

M. du Bois, who seemed extremely concerned at my indisposition, walked by the side of the chair, and saw me safe to my own apartment. The rashness and the misery of this ill fated young man engross all my thoughts. If, indeed, he is bent upon destroying himself, all efforts to save him will be fruitless. How much do I wish it were in my power to discover the nature of the malady which thus maddens him, and to offer or procure alleviation to his sufferings! I am sure,

my dearest sir, you will be much concerned for this poor man ; and, were you here, I doubt not but you would find some method of awakening him from the error which blinds him, and of pouring the balm of peace and comfort into his believing soul !

Evelina in continuation.

Holborn, June 13.

YESTERDAY all the Branghtons dined here. Our conversation was almost wholly concerning the adventure of the day before. Mr. Branghton said, that his first thoughts were instantly to turn his lodger out of doors, lest, continued he, his killing himself in my house should bring me into any trouble : but then I was afraid I should never get the money that he owes me ; whereas, if he dies in my house, I have a right to all he leaves behind him, if he goes off in my debt. Indeed, I would put him in prison,—but what should I get by that ? he could not earn any thing there to pay me : so I considered about it some time, and then I determined to ask him point blank for my money out of hand. And so I did ; but he told me he'd pay me next week : however, I gave him to understand, that though I was no Scotchman, yet I did not like to be over-reached any more than he ; so then he gave me a ring, which, to my certain knowledge, must be worth ten guineas ; and told me he would not part with it for his life, and a good deal more such sort of stuff, but that I might keep it till he could pay me.

It is ten to one, father, said young Branghton, if he come fairly by it.

Very likely not, answered he: but that will make no great difference, for I shall be able to prove my right to it all one.

What principles! I could hardly stay in the room.

I'm determin'd, said the son, I'll take some opportunity to affront him soon, now I know how poor he is, because of the airs he gave himself to me when he first came.

And pray how was that, child? said madame Duval.

Why, you never knew such a fuss in your life as he made, because one day at dinner I only happened to say, that I supposed he had never got such a good meal in his life before he came to England: there he fell into such a passion as you can't think; but, for my part, I took no notice if it: for to be sure, thinks I, he must needs be a gentleman, or he'd never go to be so angry about it. However, he won't put his tricks upon me again in a hurry.

Well, said Miss Polly, he's grown quite another creature to what he was, and he doesn't run away from us, nor hide himself, nor any thing; and he's as civil as can be, and he's always in the shop, and he saunters about the stairs, and he looks at every body as comes in.

Why, you may see what he's after plain enough, said Mr. Branghton, he wants to see Miss again.

Ha, ha, ha! Lord, how I should laugh, said the son, if he should have fell in love with Miss!

I'm sure, said Miss Branghton, Miss is well

come ; but for my part, I should be quite ashamed of such a beggarly conquest.

Such was the conversation till tea time, when the appearance of Mr. Smith gave a new turn to the discourse.

Miss Branghton desired me to remark with what a smart air he entered the room, and asked me if he had not very much a quality look.

Come, cried he, advancing to us, you ladies must not sit together ; wherever I go, I always make it a rule to part the ladies.

And then, handing Miss Branghton to the next chair, he seated himself between us.

Well, now, ladies, I think we sit very well. What say you ? for my part I think it was a very good motion.

If my cousin likes it, said Miss Branghton, I'm sure I've no objection.

O, cried he, I always study what the ladies like,—that's my first thought. And, indeed it is but natural you should like best to sit by the gentlemen, for what can you have to say to one another ?

Say ! cried young Branghton, O, never you think of that ; they'll find enough to say, I'll be sworn. You know the women are never tired of talking.

Come, come, Tom, said Mr. Smith, don't be severe upon the ladies ; when I'm by, you know I always take their part.

Soon after, when Miss Branghton offered me some cake, this man of gallantry said, Well, if I was that lady, I'd never take any thing from a woman.

Why not, sir ?

Because I should be afraid of being poisoned for being so handsome.

Who is severe upon the ladies now? said I.

Why, really, ma'am, it was a slip of the tongue; I did not intend to say such a thing; but one can't always be on one's guard.

Soon after the conversation turning upon public places, young Branghton asked if I had ever been to *George's*, at Hampstead?

Indeed, I never heard the place mentioned.

Didn't you, Miss? cried he eagerly; why, then, you've a deal of fun to come, I'll promise you; and I tell you what, I'll treat you there some Sunday noon. So now, Bid and Poll, be sure you don't tell Miss about the chairs, and all that, for I've a mind to surprise her; and if I pay, I think I've a right to have it my own way.

George's, at Hampstead, repeated Mr. Smith, contemptuously; how came you to think the young lady would like to go to such a low place as that? But, pray, ma'am, have you ever been to Don Saltero's, at Chelsea?

No, sir.

No!—Nay, then, I must insist on having the pleasure of conducting you there before long. I assure you, ma'am, many genteel people go, or else, I give you word, I should not recommend it.

Pray, cousin, said Mr. Branghton, have you been at Sadler's Wells yet?

No, sir.

No! why then you've seen nothing!

Pray Miss, said the son, how do you like the Tower of London?

I have never been to it, sir.

Goodness, exclaimed he, not seen the Tower!—Why, may be, you ha'nt been o' top of the Monument, neither?

No, indeed, I have not.

Why, then, you might as well not have come to London, for aught I see, for you've been nowhere.

Pray, miss, said Polly, have you been all over Paul's Church yet?

No, ma'am.

Well, but, ma'am, said Mr. Smith, how do you like Vauxhall and Marybone?

I never saw either, sir.

No—God bless me!—you really surprise me.—Why, Vauxhall is the first pleasure in life!—I know nothing like it.—Well, ma'am, you must have been with strange people, indeed, not to have taken you to Vauxhall. Why, you have seen nothing of London yet. However, we must try if we can't make your amends.

In the course of this catechism many other places were mentioned, of which I have forgotten the names; but the looks of surprise and contempt that my repeated negatives incurred were very diverting.

Come, said Mr. Smith after tea, as this lady has been with such a queer set of people, let's show her the difference; suppose we go somewhere to-night!—I love to do things with spirit!—Come, ladies, where shall we go? For my part, I should like Foote's, but the ladies must choose: I never speak myself

Well, Mr. Smith is always in such spirits! said Miss Branghton.

Why, yes, ma'am, yes thank God, pretty good spirits;—I have not yet the cares of the world upon me; I am not married.—ha, ha, ha!—you'll excuse me, ladies,—but I ca'n't help laughing!

No objection being made, to my great relief we all proceeded to the little theatre in the Hay-market, where I was extremely entertained by the performance of the Minor and the Commissary.

They all returned hither to supper.

Evelina in continuation.

June 15.

YESTERDAY morning madame Duval again sent me to Mr. Branghton's attended by M. du Bois, to make some party for the evening, because she had had the vapours the preceding day from staying home.

As I entered the shop, I perceived the unfortunate North Briton seated in a corner, with a book in his hand. He cast his melancholy eyes up as we came in! and I believe, immediately recollected his face—for he started, and changed colour. I delivered madame Duval's message to Mr. Branghton who told me I should find Polly up stairs, but that the others were gone out.

Up stairs, therefore I went! and, seated on a window, with Mr. Brown at her side, sat miss Polly. I felt a little awkward at disturbing them, and much more so at their behaviour afterwards; for, as soon as the common inquiries were over, Mr. Brown grew so fond and so foolish, that I was extremely disgusted. Polly, all the time, only rebuked him with, La, now, Mr. Brown, do be

quiet, can't you?—You should not behave so before company.—Why now, what will miss think of me?—while her looks plainly showed not merely the pleasure, but the pride she took in his caresses.

I did not by any means think it necessary to punish myself by witnessing their tenderness; and therefore telling them I would see if miss Branghton was returned home, I soon left them, and again descended into the shop.

So, miss, you've come again, said Mr. Branghton! what, I suppose, you've a mind to sit a little in the shop, and see how the world goes, hey, miss?

I made no answer: and M. du Bois instantly brought me a chair.

The unhappy stranger, who had risen at my entrance, again seated himself; and, though his head leaned towards his book, I could not help observing, his eyes were most intently and earnestly turned towards me.

M. du Bois, as well as his broken English would allow him, endeavoured to entertain us till the return of Miss Branghton and her brother.

Lord, how tired I am! cried the former; I have not a foot to stand upon. And then, without any ceremony, she flung herself into the chair from which I had risen to receive her.

You, tired! said the brother; why, then, what must I be, that have walked twice as far? And with equal politeness he paid the same compliment to M. du Bois which his sister had done to me.

Two chairs and three stools completed the fur-

niture of the shop; and Mr. Branghton, who chose to keep his own seat himself, desired M du Bois to take another; and then seeing that I was without any, called out to the stranger, Come, Mr. Macartney, lend us your stool.

Shocked at their rudeness, I declined the offer; and, approaching Miss Branghton, said, If you will be so good as to make room for me on your chair, there will be no occasion to disturb that gentleman.

Lord, what signifies that? cried the brother; for he has had his share of sitting, I'll be sworn.

And if he has not, said the sister, he has a chair up stairs; and the shop is our own, I hope.

This grossness so much disgusted me, that I took the stool, and carrying it back to Mr. Macartney myself, I returned him thanks as civilly as I could for his politeness, but said that I had rather stand.

He looked at me as if unaccustomed to such attention, bowed very respectfully, but neither spoke nor yet made use of it.

I soon found that I was an object of derision to all present, except M. du Bois; and, therefore, I begged Mr. Branghton would give me an answer for madame Duval, as I was in haste to return.

Well, then, Tom,—Biddy, where have you a mind to go to-night? your aunt and miss want to be abroad and amongst them.

Why then, papa, said Miss Branghton, we'll go to Don Saltero's. Mr. Smith likes that place, so may be he'll go along with us.

No, no, said the son, I'm for White Conduit House; so let's go there.

White Conduit House, indeed! cried his sister, no, Tom, that I won't.

Why, then, let it alone: nobody wants your company;—we shall do as well without you, I'll be sworn, and better too.

I'll tell you what, Tom, if you don't hold your tongue, I'll make you repent it,—that I assure you.

Just then Mr. Smith come into the shop, which he seemed to intend passing through; but when he saw me, he stopped, and began a most courteous inquiry after my health, protesting that, had he known I was there, he should have come down sooner. But bless me, ma'am, added he, what is the reason you stand? and then he flew to bring me the seat from which I had just parted.

Mr. Smith, you are come in very good time, said Mr. Branghton, to end the dispute between my son and daughter, about where they shall all go to-night.

O fie, Tom,—dispute with a lady! cried Mr. Smith. Now, as for me, I'm for where you will, provided this young lady is of the party;—one place is the same as another to me, so that it be but agreeable to the ladies. I would go any where with you ma'am, (to me), unless, indeed, it were to church; ha, ha, ha!—You'll excuse me, ma'am; but really, I could never conquer my aversion to a parson:—ha, ha, ha!—Really, ladies I beg your pardon for being so rude; but I can't help laughing for my life.

I was just saying, Mr. Smith, said Miss Branghton, that I should like to go to Don Saltero's;—now pray where should you like to go?

Why, really, miss Biddy, you know I always let the ladies decide; I never fix any thing myself; but I should suppose it would be rather hot at the coffee-house:—however, pray, ladies, settle it among yourselves;—I am agreeable to whatever you may choose.

It was easy for me to discover, that this man, with all his parade of conformity, objects to every thing that is not proposed by himself; but he is so much admired by this family for his gentility, that he thinks himself a complete gentleman!

Come, said Mr. Branghton, the best way will be to put it to the vote, and then every body will speak their minds. Biddy, call Poll down stairs. We'll start fair.

Lord, papa, said Miss Branghton, why can't you as well send Tom?—you're always sending me on errands.

A dispute then ensued, but Miss Branghton was obliged to yield.

When Mr' Brown and Miss Polly made their appearance, the latter uttered many complaints of having been called, saying, she did not want to come, and was very well where she was.

Now ladies, your votes, cried Mr. Smith: and so, ma'am (to me), we'll begin with you. What place shall you like best? and then, in a whisper, he added, I assure you, I shall say the same as you do, whether I like it or not.

I said, that as I was ignorant what choice was in my power, I must beg to hear their decisions first. This was reluctantly assented to; and then Miss Branghton voted for Saltero's Coffee-house; her sister for a party to Mother Red Caps; the brother

for White Conduit House ; Mr. Brown, for Bagnigge Wells ; Mr. Branghton, for Sadler's Well ; and Mr. Smith for Vauxhall.

Well now, ma'am, said Mr. Smith, we have all spoken, and so you must give the casting vote. Come, what will you fix upon ?

Sir, answered I, I was to speak last.

Well, so you will, said Miss Branghton, for we've all spoke first.

Pardon me, returned I, the voting has not yet been quite general.

And I looked towards Mr. Macartney, to whom I wished extremely to know that I was not of the same brutal nature as those by whom he was treated so grossly.

Why, pray, said Mr. Branghton, who have we left out ? would you have the cats and dogs vote ?

No, sir, cried I, with some spirit, I would have that gentleman vote,—if, indeed, he is not superior to joining our party.

They all looked at me, as if they doubted whether or not they had heard me right ; but, in a few moments, their surprise gave way to a rude burst of laughter.

Very much displeased, I told M. du Bois that if he was not ready to go, I would have a coach called for myself.

O yes, he said, he was always ready to attend me.

Mr. Smith then advancing, attempted to take my hand, and begged me not to leave them till I had settled the evening's plan.

I have nothing sir, said I, to do with it, as it is my intention to stay at home ; and therefore Mr.

Branghton will be so good as to send madame Duval word what place is fixed upon, when it is convenient to him.

And then, making a slight curtesy, I left them.

How much does my disgust for these people increase my pity for poor Mr. Macartney! I will not see them when I can avoid so doing; but I am determined to take every opportunity in my power to show civility to this unhappy man, whose misfortunes, with his family, only render him an object of scorn. I was, however, very well pleased with M. du Bois, who, far from joining in their mirth, expressed himself extremely shocked at their ill-breeding.

We had not walked ten yards before we were followed by Mr. Smith, who came to make excuses, and to assure me they were only joking, and hoped I took nothing ill; for if I did, he would make a quarrel of it himself with the Branghton's, rather than I should receive any offence.

I begged him not to make any trouble about so immaterial an affair, and assured him I should not myself. He was so officious that he would not be prevailed upon to return home till he had walked with us to Mr. Dawkin's.

Madame Duval was very much displeas'd that I brought her so little satisfaction. While Conduit House was at last fixed upon; and notwithstanding my great dislike of such parties and such places I was oblig'd to accompany them.

Very disagreeable, and much according to my expectations the evening proved. There were

many people all smart and gaudy, and so pert and low-bred, that I could hardly endure to be amongst them; but the party to which, unfortunately, I belonged, seemed all at home.

Evelina in continuation.

YESTERDAY Mr. Smith carried his point of making a party at Vauxhall, consisting of madame Duval, M. Du Bois, all the Branghtons, Mr. Brown, himself,—and me!—for I find all endeavours vain to escape any thing which these people desire I should not.

There were twenty disputes previous to our setting out; first, as to the time of our going: Mr. Branghton, his son, and young Brown, were for six o'clock: and all the ladies and Mr. Smith were for eight:—the latter, however, conquered.

Then as to the way we should go; some were for a boat, others for a coach, and Mr. Branghton himself was for walking; but the boat at length was decided upon. Indeed this was the only part of the expedition that was agreeable to me; for the Thames was delightfully pleasant.

The garden is very pretty, but too formal; I should have been better pleased had it consisted less of straight walks, where

Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother.

The trees, the numerous lights, and the company in the circle round the orchestra, make a most brilliant and gay appearance; and had I been with a party less disagreeable to me, I should have thought it a place formed for animation and

pleasure. There was a concert: in the course of which, a hautbois concerto was so charmingly played, that I could have thought myself upon enchanted ground had I had spirits more gentle to associate with. The hautbois in the open air is heavenly.

Mr. Smith endeavoured to attach himself to me with such officious assiduity and impertinent freedom, that he quite sickened me. Indeed M. du Bois was the only man of the party to whom, voluntarily, I ever addressed myself. He is civil and respectful, and I have found nobody else so since I left Howard Grove. His English is very bad; but I prefer it to speaking French myself, which I dare not venture to do. I converse with him frequently, both to disengage myself from others, and to oblige madame Duval, who is always pleased when he is attended to.

As we were walking round the orchestra, I heard a bell: and, in a moment, Mr. Smith, flying up to me, caught my hand, and with a motion too quick to be resisted, ran away with me many yards before I had breath to ask his meaning, though I struggled, as well as I could, to get from him. At last, however, I insisted upon stopping. Stopping, ma'am! cried he, why we must run on, or shall lose the cascade!

And then again he hurried me away, mixing with a crowd of people, all running with so much velocity, that I could not imagine what had raised an alarm. We were soon followed by the rest of the party; and my surprise and ignorance proved a source of diversion to them all, which was not exhausted the whole evening. Young Brangh-

ton, in particular, laughed till he could hardly stand.

The scene of the cascade I thought extremely pretty, and the general effect striking and lively.

But this was not the only surprise which was to divert them at my expense; for they led me about the garden purposely to enjoy my first sight of various other deceptions.

About ten o'clock, Mr. Smith having chosen a box in a very conspicuous place, we all went to supper. Much fault was found with every thing that was ordered, though not a morsel of any thing was left; and the dearness of the provisions, with conjectures upon what profit was made by them, supplied discourse during the whole meal.

When wine and cider were brought, Mr. Smith said, Now let's enjoy ourselves: now is the time, or never. Well, ma'am, and how do you like Vauxhall?

Like it! cried young Branghton; why, how can she help liking it? she has never seen such a place before, that I'll answer for.

For my part, said Miss Branghton, I like it because it is not vulgar.

This must have been a fine treat for you, miss, said Mr. Branghton; why, I suppose you was never so happy in all your life before?

I endeavoured to express my satisfaction with some pleasure; yet I believe they were much amazed at my coldness.

Miss ought to stay in town till the last night, said young Branghton! and then, its my belief, she'd say something to it! Why, Lord, it's the best night of any; there's always a riot,—and

there the folks run about,—and then there's such squealing and squalling!—and there all the lamps are broke,—and the woman run skimper skamper. I declare I would not take five guineas to miss the last night.

I was very glad when they all grew tired of sitting, and called for the waiter to pay the bill. The miss Branghtons said they would walk on while the gentlemen settled the account, and asked me to accompany them ; which, however I declined.

Your girls may do as you please, said Madame Duval : but as to me, I promise you, I shan't go nowhere without them gentlemen.

No more, I suppose, will my cousin, said miss Braughton, looked very reproachfully towards Mr. Smith.

This reflection, which I feared would flatter his vanity, made me most unfortunately request madame Duval's permission to attend them. She granted it ; and away we went, having promised to meet in the room.

To the room, therefore, I would immediately have gone ; but the sisters agreed that they would first have a little pleasure ; and they tittered and talked so loud, that they attracted universal notice.

Lord, Polly, said the eldest, suppose we were to take a turn in the dark walks !

Ay, do, answered she ; and then we'll hide ourselves, and then Mr. Brown will think we are lost.

I remonstrated very warmly against this plan,

telling them it would endanger our missing the rest of the party all the evening.

O dear, cried miss Branghton, I thought how uneasy miss would be without a beau!

This impertinence I did not think worth answering; and, quite by compulsion, I followed them down a long alley, in which there was hardly any light.

By the time we came near the end, a large party of gentlemen, apparently very riotous, and who were halloing, leaning on one another, and laughing immoderately, seemed to rush suddenly from behind some trees, and, meeting us face to face, put their arms at their sides, and formed a kind of circle, which first stopped our proceeding, and then our retreating, for we were presently entirely enclosed. The miss Branghtons screamed aloud, and I was frightened exceedingly; our screams were answered with bursts of laughter, and for some minutes we were kept prisoners, till at last one of them, rudely seizing hold of me, said I was a pretty little creature.

Terrified to death, I struggled with such vehemence to disengage myself from him, that I succeeded, in spite of his efforts to detain me; and immediately, and with a swiftness which fear only could have given me, I flew rather than ran up the walk, hoping to secure my safety by returning to the lights and company we had so foolishly left; but before I could possibly accomplish my purpose, I was met by another party of men, one of whom placed himself so directly in my way, calling out, Whither so fast, my love?—that I

could only have proceeded by running into his arms.

In a moment both hands, by different persons, were caught hold of, and one of them, in a most familiar manner, desired when I ran next, to accompany me in a race; while the rest of the party stood still and laughed.

I was almost distracted with terror, and so breathless with running, that I could not speak! another advancing, said I was as handsome as an angel, and desired to be of the party. I then just articulated, For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, let me pass.

Another then rushing suddenly forward, exclaimed, Heaven and earth! what voice is that?—

The voice of the prettiest little actress I have seen this age, answered one of my persecutors.

No,—no,—no,—I *panted* out, I am no actress—pray let me go,—pray let me pass!

By all that's sacred, cried the same voice, which I then knew for sir Clement Willoughby's, 'tis herself!

Sir Clement Willoughby! cried I. O, sir, assist—assist me—or I shall die with terror:

Gentlemen, cried he, disengaging them all from me in an instant, pray leave this lady to me.

Loud laughs proceeded from every mouth, and two or three said, *Willoughby has all the luck!* But one of them, in a passionate manner, vowed he would not give me up, for that he had the first right to me, and would support it.

You are mistaken, said sir Clement; this lady is—I will explain myself to you another time; but I assure you, you are all mistaken.

And then taking my willing hand, he led me off, amidst the loud acclamations, laughter, and gross merriment of his impertinent companions.

As soon as we had escaped from them, sir Clement, with a voice of surprise, exclaimed, My dearest creature, what wonder, what strange revolution, has brought you to such a spot as this?

Ashamed of my situation, and extremely mortified to be thus recognised by him, I was for some time silent; and when he repeated his question, only stammered out, I have,—I hardly know how—last myself from my party.—

He caught my hand, and eagerly pressing it, in a passionate voice said, O that I had sooner met with thee!

Surprised at a freedom so unexpected, I angrily broke from him saying, Is this the protection you give me, sir Clement?

And then I saw, what the perturbation of my mind had prevented my sooner noticing, that he had led me, though I know not how, into another of the dark low alleys, instead of the place whither I meant to go.

Good God! I cried, where am I?—What way are you going.

Where, answered he, we shall be least observed.

Astonished at this speech, I stopped short, and declared I would go no further.

And why not, my angel? again endeavouring to take my hand.

My heart beat with resentment; I pushed him away from me with all my strength and demanded how he dared treat me with such insolence?

Insolence? repeated he.

Yes, sir Clement, *Insolence*; from you, who know me, I had a claim for protection,—not to such treatment as this.

By heaven, cried he, with warmth, you distract me;—why, tell me—why do I see you here?—Is this place for miss Anville? these dark walks!—no party! no companion?—by all that's good I can scarce believe my senses!

Extremely offended at this speech, I turned angrily from him; and not deigning to make any answer, walked on towards that part of the garden whence I perceived the lights and company.

He followed me; but we were both some time silent.

So you will not explain to me your situation? said he, at length.

No sir, answered I disdainfully.

Nor yet—suffer me to make my own interpretation?

I could not bear this strange manner of speaking; it made my very soul shudder,—and I burst into tears.

He flew to me and actually flung himself at my feet, as if regardless who might see him, saying, O miss Anville,—loveliest of women,—forgive my—my—I beseech you forgive me; if I have offended—if I have hurt you I could kill myself at the thought!—

No matter, sir, no matter! cried I; if I can but find my friends,—I will never speak to—never see you again!

Good God!—good Heaven! my dearest life, what is it I have done!—what is it I have said?—

You best know, sir, *what and why*: but don't hold me here,—let *me* be gone! and do *you*!

Not till you forgive me!—I cannot part with you in anger.

For shame, for shame, sir! cried I, indignantly; do you suppose I am to be thus compelled?—do you take advantage of the absence of my friends to affront me

No madame, cried he, rising: I would sooner forfeit my life than act so mean a part. But you have flung me into amazement unspeakable, and you will not condescend to listen to my request of giving me some explanation.

The manner sir, said I, in which you spoke that request, made and will make me scorn to answer it.

Scorn!—I will own to you, I expected not such displeasure from Miss Anville.

Perhaps, sir, if you had, you would less voluntarily have merited it.

My dearest life, surely it must be known to you, that the man does not breathe who adores you so passionately, so fervently, so tenderly, as I do!—Why, then will you delight in perplexing me?—in keeping me in suspense?—in torturing me with doubt?

I, sir, delight in perplexing you!—you are much mistaken,—your suspense, your doubts, your perplexities,—are of your own creating; and believe me, sir, they may *offend* but they can never *delight* me:—but as you have yourself raised you must yourself satisfy them.

Good God!—that such haughtiness and such sweetness can inhabit the same mansion!

I made no answer ; but quickening my pace, I walked on silently and sullenly, till this most impetuous of men, snatching my hand, which he grasped with violence, besought me to forgive him, with such earnestness of supplication, that merely to escape his importunities, I was forced to speak, and, in some measure, to grant the pardon he requested ; though it was accorded with a very ill grace ; but, indeed, I knew not how to resist the humility of his entreaties : yet never shall I recollect the occasion he gave me of displeasure without feeling it renewed.

We now soon arrived in the midst of the general crowd ; and my own safety being then insured, I grew extremely uneasy for the Miss Branghtons, whose dangers, however imprudently incurred by their own folly, I too well knew how to tremble for. To this consideration all my pride of heart yielded, and I determined to seek my party with the utmost speed ; though not without a sigh did I recollect the fruitless attempt I had made after the operal of concealing from this man my unfortunate connexions, which I was now obliged to make known.

I hastened therafore to the room, with a view of sending young Branghton to the aid of his sisters. In a very short time I perceived madame Duval, and the rest looking at one of the paintings.

I must own to you honestly, my dear sir, that an involuntary repugnance seized me at presenting such a set to sir Clement,—he who had been used to see me in parties so different !—My pace slackened as I approached them,—but they presently perceived me.

Ah, mademoiselle? cried M. du Bois, *Que je suis chare de vous voir!*

Pray, miss, cried Mr. Brown, where's miss Polly?

Why, miss, you've been a long while gone, said Mr. Branghton, we thought you'd been lost. But what have you done with your cousins?

I hesitated,—for sir Clement regarded me with a look of wonder.

Pardi, cried madame Duval, I shan't let you leave me again in a hurry. Why here we've been in such a fright!—and all the while, I suppose, you've been thinking nothing about the matter.

Well, said young Branghton, as long as miss is come back, I don't mind: for as to Bid and Poll, they can take care of themselves. But the best joke is, Mr. Smith has gone all about looking for you.

These speeches were made almost all in one breath; but when at last they waited for an answer I told them, that, in walking up one of the long allies, we had been frightened and separated.

The long allies! repeated Mr. Branghton, and pray, what had you to do in the long alleys? why, to be sure, you must all of you have had a mind to be affronted!

This speech was not more impertinent to me than surprising to sir Clement, who regarded the party with evident astonishment. However, I told young Branghton no time ought to be lost, for that his sisters might require his immediate protection.

But how will they get it? cried this brutal brother; if they've a mind to behave in such a man-

ner at that, they ought to protect themselves; and so they may for me.

Well, said the simple Mr. Brown, whether you go or no, I think I may as well see after miss Polly.

The father then interfering, insisted that his son should accompany him! and away they went.

It was now that madame Duval first perceived sir Clement; to whom, turning with a look of great displeasure, she angrily said, *Ma foi*, so you are comed here, of all the people of the world!—I wonder child, you would let such a—such a person as that keep company with you.

I am very sorry madam, said sir Clement in a tone of surprise, if I have been so unfortunate as to offend you: but I believe you will not regret the honour I now have of attending miss Anville, when you hear that I have been so happy as to do her some service.

Just as madame Duval, with her usual *Ma foi* was beginning to reply, the attention of sir Clement was wholly drawn from her by the appearance of Mr. Smith, who, coming suddenly behind me, and freely putting his hands on my shoulders, cried, O ho, my little runaway, have I found you at last? I have been scampering all over the gardens for you: for I was determined to find you if you were above ground,—But how could you be so cruel as to leave us?

I turned round to him, and looked with a degree of contempt that I hoped would have quieted him: but he had not the sense to understand me and, attempting to take my hand, he added, Such a demure looking lady as you are, who'd have

thought of your leading one such a dance?—
Come, now, don't be so coy: only think what a
trouble I have had in running after you?

The trouble, sir, said I, was of your own choice,
—not mine. And I walked round to the other
side of madame Duval.

Perhaps I was too proud:—but I could not en-
dure that sir Clement, whose eyes followed him
with looks of the most surprised curiosity, should
witness his unwelcome familiarity.

Upon my removal he came up to me, and in a
low voice said, You are not, then, with the Mir-
van's?

No, sir.

And, pray,—may I ask,—have you left them
long?

No, sir.

How unfortunate I am!—but yesterday I sent
to acquaint the captain I should reach the Grove
by to-morrow noon! However, I shall get away
as fast as possible. Shall you be long in town?

I believe not, sir.

And then, when you leave it—which way—will
you allow me to sk, which way you shall travel?

Indeed, I don't know.

Not know!—but do you return to the Mirvan's
any more?

I—I cannot tell sir.

And then I addressed myself to madame Duval
with such a pretended earnestness, that he was
obliged to be silent.

As he cannot but observe the great change in
my situation, which he knows not how to account
for, there is something in all these questions, and

this unrestrained curiosity, that I did not expect from a man who, when he pleases, can be so well-bred as sir Clement Willoughby. He seems disposed to think that that the alteration in my companions authorizes an alteration in his manners. It is true he has always treated me with uncommon freedom, but never before with so disrespectful an abruptness. This observation, which he has given me cause to make, of his changing with the tide, has sunk him more in my opinion than any other part of his conduct.

Yet I could almost have laughed when I looked at Mr. Smith, who no sooner saw me addressed by sir Clement, than, retreating aloof from the company, he seemed to lose at once all his happy self-sufficiency and conceit: looking now at the baronet, now at himself; surveying with sorrowful eyes his dress; struck with his air, his gestures, his easy gaiety; he gazed at him with envious admiration, and seemed himself, with conscious inferiority, to shrink into nothing.

Soon after, Mr. Brown running up to us, called out, La, what, isn't miss Polly come yet?

Come, said Mr. Branghton; Why, I thought you went to fetch her yourself, didn't you?

Yes, but I couldn't find her:—yet I dare say I have been over half the garden.

Half? but why not over it all?

Why, so I will; but only I thought I'd just come and see if she was here first.

But where's Tom?

Why, I don' know; for he would not stay with me all as ever I could say: for we met some young gentlemen of his acquaintance, and so he

bid me go and look by myself; for he said, says he, I can divert myself another way.

This account being given, away again went this silly young man; and Mr. Branghton, extremely incensed, said he would go and see after them himself.

So, now, cried madam Duval, he's gone too why, at this rate, we shall have to wait for one or other of them all night!

Observing that sir Clement seemed disposed to renew his inquiries, I turned towards one of the paintings, and, pretending to be very much occupied in looking at it, asked M. du Bois some questions concerning the figures.

O mon Dieu! cried madame Duval, don't ask him; your best way is to ask Mr. Smith, for he's been here the oftenest. Come, Mr. Smith, I dare say you can tell us all about them.

Why, yes, ma'am, yes, said Mr. Smith; who, brightening up at this application, advanced towards us with an air of assumed importance, which, however, sat very uneasily upon him, and begged to know what he should explain first: For I have attended, said he, to all these paintings, and know every thing in them perfectly well; for I am rather fond of pictures, ma'am; and, really, I must say, I think a pretty picture is a—very—is really a very—is something very pretty—

So do I too, said madame Duval; but pray now, sir, tell us what that is meant for? pointing to a figure of Neptune.

That!—why, that, ma'am, is,—Lord bless my I can't think how I come to be so stupid, but

really I have forgot his name,—and yet I know it as well as my own too:—however, he's a general, ma'am; they are all generals.

I saw sir Clement bite his lips; and, indeed, so did I mine.

Well, said madame Duval, it's the oddest dress for a general I ever see.

He seems so capital a figure, said sir Clement, to Mr. Smith, that I imagine he must be *generalissimo* of the whole army.

Yes, sir, yes, answered Mr. Smith, respectfully bowing and highly delighted at being thus referred to, you are perfectly right;—but I cannot for my life think of his name;—perhaps, sir, you may remember it.

No, really, replied sir Clement, my acquaintance among the generals is not so extensive.

The ironical tone of voice in which sir Clement spoke entirely disconcerted Mr. Smith; who again retiring to an humble distance, seemed sensibly mortified at the failure of his attempt to recover his consequence.

Soon after Mr. Branghton returned with his youngest daughter, whom he had rescued from a party of insolent young men; but he had not yet been able to find the eldest. Miss Polly was really frightened and declared she would never go into the dark walks again. Her father, leaving her with us, went in quest of her sister.

While she was relating her adventures, to which nobody listened more attentively than sir Clement, we saw Mr. Brown enter the room. O la! cried Polly, let me hide myself and don't tell him I'm come.

She then placed herself behind madame Duval in such a manner that she could not be seen.

So Miss Polly is not yet come? said the simple swain; well, I can't think where she can be! I've been a looking, and looking, and looking all about, and can't find her all I can do.

Well, but Mr. Brown, said Mr. Smith, sha'n't you go and look for the lady again?

Yes, sir, said he, sitting down; but I must rest me a little bit first. You can't think how tired I am.

O fie, Mr. Brown, fie, cried Mr. Smith, winking at us, tired of looking for a lady! Go, go, for shame!

So I will, sir, presently; but you'd be tired too, if you had walked so far: besides, I think she's gone out of the garden, or else I must have seen something or other of her.

A he, he, he! of the tittering Polly now betrayed her, and so ended this ingenious little artifice.

At last appeared Mr. Branghton and Miss Bid-
dy, who, with a face of mixed anger and confusion, addressing herself to me, said, So, Miss, so you ran away from me? Well, see if I don't do as much by you some day or other. But I thought how it would be; you'd no mind to leave the gentlemen, though you run away from me.

I was so much surprised at this attack, that I could not answer her for very amazement; and she proceeded to tell us how ill she had been used, and that two young men had been making her walk up and down the dark warks by absolute force, and as fast as ever they could tear along;

and many other particulars, which I will not tire you with relating.

Every one now seemed inclined to depart—when, as usual a dispute rose upon the way of our going, whether in a coach or a boat. After much debating, it was determined that we should make two parties, one by water and the other by land: for madame Duval declared she would not, upon any account, go into a boat at night.

Sir Clement then said, that if she had no carriage in waiting, he would be happy to see her and me safe home, as his was in readiness.

Fury started into her eyes, and passion inflamed every feature, as she answered, *Pardi*, no—you may take care of yourself, if you please! but as to me, I promise you I shan't trust myself with no such person.

He pretended not to comprehend her meaning! yet, to waive a discussion, acquiesced in her refusal. The coach party fixed upon, consisted of madame Duval, M. de Bois, miss Branghton, and myself.

I now began to rejoice, in private, that at least our lodgings would be neither seen nor known by sir Clement. We soon met with a hackney coach, into which he handed me, and then took leave.

Madame Duval having already given the coachman her direction, he mounted the box, and we were just driving off, when sir Clement exclaimed, By Heaven, this is the very coach I had in waiting for myself.

This coach, your honour! said the man: no that it ain't.

Sir Clement, however, swore that it was: and

presently, the man begging his pardon, said he had really forgot that he was engaged.

I have no doubt but that this scheme occurred to him at the moment, and that he made some sign to the coachman, which induced him to support it; for there is not the least probability that the accident really happened, as it is most likely his own chariot was in waiting.

The man then opened the coach-door, and sir Clement, advancing to it, said, I don't believe there is another carriage to be had, or I would not incommode you; but as it may be disagreeable to you to wait here any longer, I beg you will not get out, for you shall be set down before I am carried home, if you will be so good as to make a little room.

And so saying, in he jumped, and seated himself between M. de Bois and me, while our astonishment at the whole transaction was too great for speech. He then ordered the coachman to drive on, according to the directions he had already received.

For the first ten minutes no one uttered a word; and then, madame Duval, no longer able to contain herself, exclaimed, *Ma foi*, if this isn't one of the impudentest things ever I see.

Sir Clement, regardless of this rebuke, attended only to me; however, I answered nothing he said when I could possibly avoid so doing, Miss Branghton made several attempts to attract his notice, but in vain, for he would not take the trouble of paying her any regard.

When at last, we stopped at a Hosier's in High Holborn,—sir Clement said nothing, but his eyes,

I saw, were very busily employed in viewing the place and the situation of the house. The coach, he said, belonged to him, and therefore he insisted upon paying for it; and then he took leave. M. du Bois walked home with miss Branghton, and madame Duval and I retired to our apartments.

How disagreeable an evening's adventure! Not one of the party seemed satisfied except sir Clement, who was in high spirits: but madame Duval was enraged at meeting with him: Mr. Branghton, angry with his children; the frolic of the Miss Branghtons had exceeded their plan, and ended in their own distress; their brother was provoked that there had been no riot; Mr. Brown was tired, and Mr. Smith mortified. As to myself I must acknowledge, nothing could be more disagreeable to me than being seen by sir Clement Willoughby with a party at once so vulgar in themselves, and so familiar to me.

And you, too, my dear sir, will, I know, be sorry that I have met him: however, there is no apprehension of his visiting here: as madame Duval is far too angry to admit him.

Evelina in continuation.

Holborn, June.

MADAME DUVAL rose very late this morning, and at one o'clock, we had but just breakfasted, when Miss Branghton, her brother, and Mr. Smith, and Monsieur du Bois, called to enquire after our healths.

This civility in young Branghton, I much suspect, was merely the result of his father's com-

mands; but his sister and Mr. Smith, I soon found had motives of their own. Scarce had they spoken to madame Duval, when, advancing eagerly to me, Pray, ma'am, said Mr. Smith, who was that gentleman?

Pray, cousin, cried Miss Branghton, was not he the same gentleman you ran away with that night at the opera?

Goodness! that he was, said young Branghton; and, I declare, as soon as ever I saw him, I thought I knew his face.

I'm sure I'll defy you to forget him, answered his sister, if once you had seen him; he is the finest gentleman I ever saw in my life; don't you think so, Mr. Smith.

Why, you won't give the lady time to speak, said Mr. Smith.—Pray, ma'am, what is the gentleman's name?

Willoughby, sir.

Willoughby! I think I have heard the name. Pray, ma'am, is he married?

Lord, no, that he is not, cried Miss Branghton; he looks too smart by a great deal for a married man. Pray, cousin, how did you get acquainted with him?

Pray, Miss, said young Branghton, in the same breath, what's his business?

Indeed I don't know, answered I.

Something very genteel, I dare say, added Miss Branghton, because he dresses so fine.

It ought to be something that brings in a good income, said Mr. Smith; for I'm sure he did not get that suit of clothes he had on under thirty or forty pounds; for I know the price of clothes pretty

well,—Pray, ma'am, can you tell me what he has a year?

Don't talk no more about him, cried madame Duval, for I don't like to hear his name: I believe he's one of the worst persons in the world; for though I never did him no manner of harm, nor so much as hurt a hair of his head, I know he was an accomplice with that fellow, captain Mirvan, to take away my life.

Every body, but myself, now crowding around her for an explanation, a violent rapping at the street door was unheard; and without any previous notice, in the midst of her narration, sir Clement Willoughby entered the room. They all stared; and with looks of guilty confusion, as if they feared his resentment for having listened to madame Duval, they scrambled for chairs, and in a moment were all formally seated.

Sir Clement after a general bow, singling out madame Duval, said, with his usual easiness, I have done myself the honour of waiting on you, madame, to inquire if you have any commands to Howard Grove, whither I am going to-morrow morning.

Then, seeing the storm that gathered in her eyes, before he allowed her time to answer, he addressed himself to me:—And, if you, madam, have any wish which you will honour me, I shall be happy to execute them.

None at all, sir.

None!—not to Miss Mirvan!—no message! no letter!

I wrote to Miss Mirvan yesterday, by the post.

My application should have been earlier had I sooner known your address.

Ma foi, cried madame Duval, recovering from her surprise, I believe never body saw the like of this!

Of what, madam? cried the undaunted sir Clement, turned quick towards her; I hope no one has offended you!

You don't hope no such a thing! cried she, half choked with passion, and rising from her chair. This motion was followed by the rest; and in a moment every body stood up.

Still Sir Clement was not abashed; affecting to make a bow of acknowledgment to the company in general, he said, Pray,—I beg—ladies,—gentlemen,—pray don't let me disturb you, pray keep your seats.

Pray, sir, said Miss Branghton, moving a chair towards him, won't you sit down yourself?

You are extremely good, Ma'am:—rather than make any disturbance—

And so saying, this strange man seated himself, as did in an instant every body else, even madame Duval herself, who, overpowered by his boldness, seemed too full for utterance.

He then, with as much composure as if he had been an expert guest, began to discourse on the weather,—its uncertainty,—the heat of the public place in summer,—the emptiness of the town,—and other such common topics.

Nobody, however, answered him; Mr. Smith seemed afraid, young Branghton ashamed, M. du Bois amazed, madame Duval enraged, and myself determined not to interfere. All that he could

obtain was the notice of Miss Branghton, whose nods, smiles, and attention, had some appearance of entering in conversation with him.

At length, growing tired, I suppose, of engaging every body's eyes, and nobody's tongue, addressing himself to madame Duval and to me, he said, I regard myself as peculiarly unfortunate, ladies, in having fixed upon a time for my visit to Howard Grove when you are absent from it.

So I suppose, sir, so I suppose, cried madame Duval, hastily rising, and the next moment as hastily seating herself;—you will be wanting of somebody to make your game of, and so you may think to get me there again;—but I promise you, sir, you won't find it so easy a matter to make me a fool; and besides that, raising her voice, I've found you out, I assure you: so if ever you go to play your tricks upon me again, I'll make no more ado, but go directly to a justice of peace: so, sir, if you can't think of nothing but making people ride about the country at all hours of the night, just for your diversion, why, you'll find I know some justices as well as justice Tyrrel.

Sir Clement was evidently embarrassed at this attack; yet he affected a look of surprise, and protested he did not understand her meaning.

Well, cried she; if I don't wonder where people can get such impudence! if you'll say that you'll say any thing: however, if you'll swear till you're black in the face, I sha'n't believe you; for nobody sha'n't persuade me out of my senses, that I'm resolved.

Doubtless not, madam, answered he with some

hesitation ; and I hope you do not suspect I ever had such an intention ; my respect for you—

O, sir, you're vastly polite all of a sudden ; but I know what it's all for ! its only for what you can get !—You could treat me like nobody at Howard Grove ; but now you see I've a house of my own, you've a mind to wheedle yourself into it ; but I see your design, so you needn't trouble yourself to take no more trouble about that, for you shall never get nothing at my house,—not so much as a dish of tea :—so now, sir, you see I can play you trick for trick.

There was something so extremely gross in this speech, that it even disconcerted sir Clement, who was too much confounded to make any answer.

It was curious to observe the effect which his embarrassment, added to the freedom with which madame Duval addressed him, had upon the rest of the company. Every one, who before seemed at a loss how, or if at all, to occupy a chair, now filled it with the most easy composure ; and Mr. Smith, whose countenance had exhibited the most striking picture of mortified envy, now began to recover his usual expression of satisfied conceit. Young Branghton, too, who had been apparently awed by the presence of so fine a gentleman, was again himself, rude and familiar ; while his mouth was wide distended into a broad grin, at hearing his aunt give the beau such a trimming.

Madame Duval, encouraged by this success, looked around her with an air of triumph, and continued her harangue. And so, sir, I suppose you thought to have had it all your own way, and to have comed here as often as you pleased, and

to have got me to Howard Grove again, on purpose to have served me as you did before; but you shall see I'm as cunning as you; so you may go and find somebody else to use in that manner, and to put your mask on, and to make a fool of; for as to me, if you go to tell me your stories about the Tower again, for a month together, I'll never believe 'em no more; and I'll promise you, sir, if you think I like such jokes, you'll find I'm no such person.

The ha, ha, ha's! and he, he, he's! grew more and more uncontrollable, as if the restraint, from which they had burst, had added to their violence. Sir Clement could no longer endure being the object who excited them; and having no answer ready for madame Duval, he hastily stalked towards Mr. Smith and young Branghton, and sternly demanded what they laughed at?

Struck by the air of importance which he assumed, and alarmed at the angry tone of his voice, their merriment ceased as instantaneously as if it had been directed by clock work; and they stared foolishly, now at him, now at each other, without making any answer but a simple, *Nothing*, sir.

O *pour le coup*, cried madame Duval, this is too much! Pray, sir, what business have you to come here a ordering people that comes to see me? I suppose next nobody must laugh but yourself!

With me, madam, said sir Clement, bowing, a *lady* may do any thing, and consequently there is no liberty in which I would not be happy to indulge *you*:—but it has never been my custom to give the same license to *gentlemen*.

Then advancing to me, who had sat very quietly on a window during this scene, he said, Miss Anville, I may at least acquaint our friends at Howard Grove that I had the honour of leaving you in good health. And then, lowering his voice, he added, For Heaven's sake, my dearest creature, who are these people? and how came you so strangely situated?

I beg my respects to all the family, sir, answered I, aloud; and I hope you will find them well.

He looked at me reproachfully, but kissed my hand; and then, bowing to Madame Duval and miss Branghton, passed hastily by the men, and made his exit.

I fancy he will not be very eager to repeat his visits; for I should imagine he has rarely, if ever, been more in a situation so awkward and disagreeable.

Madame Duval has been all spirits and exultation ever since he went, and only wishes captain Mirvan would call, that she might do the same by him. Mr. Smith, upon hearing that he was a baronet, and seeing him drive off in a very beautiful chariot, declared that he would not have laughed upon any account had he known his rank; and regretted extremely having missed such an opportunity of making so *genteel* an acquaintance. Young Branghton vowed, that if he had known as much, he would have *asked for his custom*; and his sister has sung his praises ever since, protesting she thought *all along* he was a man of *quality* by his *look*.

Evelina in continuation.

June 21.

THE last three evenings have passed tolerably quiet, for the Vauxhall adventures had given Madame Duval a surfeit of public places; home, however, soon growing tiresome, she determined to-night, she said, to relieve her *ennui* by some amusement; and it was therefore settled that we should call upon the Branghtons at their house, and thence proceed to Marybone Gardens.

But before we reached Snow-hill we were caught in a shower of rain; we hurried into the shop, where the first object I saw was Mr. Macartney, with a book in his hand, seated in the same corner where I saw him last; but his looks were still more wretched than before, his face yet thinner and his eyes sunk almost hollow into his head. He had lifted them up as we entered, and I even thought that they emitted a gleam of joy; involuntarily I made to him my first courtesy; he rose and bowed with a precipitation that manifested surprise and confusion.

In a few minutes we were joined by all the family, except Mr. Smith, who fortunately was engaged.

Had all the future prosperity of our lives depended upon the good or bad weather of this evening, it could not have been treated as a subject of greater importance. Sure never any thing was so unlucky!—Lord, how provoking!—It might rain for ever if it would hold up now.—These, and such expressions, with many anxious

observations upon the kennels, filled up all the conversation till the shower was over.

And then a very warm debate arose, whether we should pursue our plan, or defer it to some finer evening. The Miss Branghton's were for the former; their father was sure it would rain again; madame Duval, though she detested returning home, yet dreaded the dampness of the gardens.

M. du Bois then proposed going to the top of the house to examine whether the clouds looked threatening or peaceable: miss Branghton starting at the proposal, said they might go to Mr. Macartney's room, if they would, but not to hers.

This was enough for the brother; who, with a loud laugh, declared he would have some fun; and immediately, led the way, calling to us all to follow. His sisters both ran after, but no one else moved.

In a few minutes young Branghton coming half way down stairs, called out, Lord, why don't you all come? why, here's Poll's things all about the room!

Mr. Branghton then went; and Madame Duval who cannot bear to be excluded from whatever is going forward, was handed up stairs by M. du Bois.

I hesitated a few moments whether or not to join them! but, soon perceiving that Mr. Macartney had dropped his book, and that I engrossed his whole attention, I prepared, from mere embarrassment, to follow them.

As I went, I heard him move from his chair, and walk slowly after me. Believing that he wished to speak to me, and earnestly desiring my-

self to know if, by your means, I could possibly be of any service to him, I first slackened my pace, and then turned back. But though I thus met him half-way, he seemed to want courage or resolution to address me; for, when he saw me returning, with a look extremely disordered he retreated hastily from me.

Not knowing what I ought to do, I went to the street-door, where I stood some time, hoping he would be able to recover himself; but on the contrary, his agitation increased every moment; he walked up and down the room with a quick and unsteady pace, seeming equally distressed and irresolute; and at length, with a deep sigh he flung himself into a chair.

I was so much affected by the appearance of such extreme anguish, that I could remain no longer in the room; but, ere I had gone five steps, he precipitately followed me, and, in a broken voice, called out, Madam—for Heaven's sake—

He stopped; but I instantly descended, restraining as well as I was able the fulness of my own concern. I waited some time in painful expectation, for his speaking; all that I had heard of his poverty occurring to me, I was upon the point of presenting him my purse; but the fear of mistaking or offending him deterred me. Finding however, that he continued silent, I ventured to say, Did you—sir, wish to speak to me?

I did, cried he, with quickness, but now I cannot!—

Perhaps, sir, another time,—perhaps if you recollect yourself—

Another time! repeated he mournfully; alas! I look not forward but to misery and despair!

O, sir, cried I, extremely shocked, you must not talk thus!—if you forsake *yourself*, how can you expect—

I stopped. Tell me, tell me, cried he, with eagerness, who are you?—whence you come?—and by what strange means you seem to be arbitress and ruler of the destiny of such a wretch as I am?

Would to heaven, cried I, could serve you!

You can!

And how?—Pray tell me how?

To tell you—is death to me! yet I *will* tell you, —I have a *right* to your assistance, —you have deprived me of the only resource to which I could apply,—and therefore—

Pray, pray speak, cried I, putting my hand into my pocket; they will be down stairs in a moment!

I will, madam. Can you—will you—I think you will!—may I then— He stopped and paused: say, will you— Then, suddenly turning from me, Great Heaven, I cannot speak! and he went back to the shop.

I pulled out my purse and following him, said, If, indeed, sir, I can assist you, why should you deny me so great a satisfaction? Will you permit me to—

I dared not go on; but with a countenance very much softened, he approached me, and said, Your voice, madam, is the voice of compassion—such a voice as these ears have long been a stranger to!

Just then young Branghton called out vehemently to me to come up stairs. I seized the opportunity of hastening away; and therefore saying,

Heaven, sir, protect and comfort you! I let fall my purse upon the ground, not daring to present it to him, and ran up stairs with the utmost swiftness.

Too well do I know you, my ever-honoured sir, to fear your displeasure for this action; I must assure you, however, that I shall need no fresh supply during my stay in town, as I am at little expense, and hope soon to return to Howard Grove.

Soon, did I say! when not a fortnight is yet expired of the long and tedious month I must linger out here!

I had many witticisms to endure from the Branghton's, upon account of my staying so long with the Scotch mope, as they call him; but I attended to them very little, for my whole heart was filled with pity and concern. I was very glad to find the Marybone scheme was deferred, another shower of rain having put an end to the dissention upon this subject. The rest of the evening was employed in most violent quarreling between miss Polly and her brother, on account of the discovery made by the latter of the state of her apartment.

We came home early: and I have stolen from madame Duval and M. du Bois, who is here for ever, to write to my best friend.

I am most sincerely rejoiced that this opportunity has offered for my contributing what little relief was in my power to this unhappy man! and I hope it will be sufficient to enable him to pay his debts to this pitiless family.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Holborn, June 27.

I HAVE just received, my dearest sir, your kind present and still kinder letter. Surely never had orphan so little to regret as your grateful Evelina? Though motherless, though worse than fatherless, bereft from infancy of the two first and greatest blessings of life, never has she had cause to deplore their loss; never has she felt the omission of a parent's tenderness, care, or indulgence; never but from sorrow for them had reason to grieve at the separation! Most thankfully do I receive the token of your approbation, and most studiously will I endeavour so to dispose of it as may merit your generous confidence in my conduct.

Your doubts concerning Mr. Macartney give me some uneasiness. Indeed, sir, he has not the appearance of a man whose sorrows are the effect of guilt. But I hope, before I leave town, to be better acquainted with his situation, and enabled, with more certainty of his worth, to recommend him to your favour.

I am very willing to relinquish all acquaintance with sir Clement Willoughby, as far as it may depend upon myself so to do; but indeed I know not how I should be able to absolutely forbid him my sight.

Miss Mirvan in her last letter, informs me that he is at Howard Grove, where he continues in high favour with the captain, and is the life and spirit of the house. My time, since I wrote last, has passed very quietly, madame Duval having been kept

at home by a bad cold, and the Branghtons by bad weather. The young man, indeed, has called two or three times ; and his behaviour, though equally absurd, is more unaccountable than ever ; he speaks very little, takes hardly any notice of madame Duval, and never looks at me without a broad grin. Sometimes he approaches me as if with intention to communicate intelligence of some importance ; and, then, suddenly stopping short, laughs rudely in my face.

O how happy shall I be when the worthy Mrs. Clinton arrives.

Evelina in continuation.

I HAVE just received a most affecting letter from Mr. Macartney. I will enclose it, my dear sir, for your perusal. More than ever have I cause to rejoice that I was able to assist him.

Mr. Macartney to Miss Anville.

Madam,

Impressed with the deepest, the most heartfelt sense of the exalted humanity with which you have rescued from destruction an unhappy stranger, allow me, with the humblest gratitude, to offer you my fervent acknowledgements, and to implore your pardon for the terror I have caused you.

You bid me, madam, live ; I have now, indeed, a motive for life, since I should not willingly quit the world while I withhold from the needy and distressed any share of that charity which a disposition so noble would otherwise bestow upon them

The benevolence with which you have interested yourself in my affairs, induces me to suppose you would wish to be acquainted with the cause of that desperation from which you snatched me, and the particulars of that misery of which you have so wonderfully been a witness. Yet, as this explanation will require that I should divulge secrets of a nature the most delicate, I must entreat you to regard them as sacred, even though I forbear to mention the names of the parties concerned.

I was brought up in Scotland, though my mother who had the sole care of me, was an English woman, and had not one relation in that country. She devoted to me her whole time. The retirement in which we lived, and the distance from our natural friends, she often told me, were the effect of an unconquerable melancholy with which she was seized upon the sudden loss of my father, some time before I was born.

At Aberdeen, where I finished my education, I formed a friendship with a young man of fortune, which I considered as the chief happiness of my life:—but when he quitted his studies, I considered it as my chief misfortune; for he immediately prepared, by direction of his friend, to make the tour of Europe. As I was designed for the church, and had no prospect even of maintenance but from my own industry, I scarce dared permit even a wish of accompanying him. It is true, he would joyfully have borne my expenses; but my affection was as free from meanness as his own; and I made a determination the most solemn, never to lessen its dignity by submitting to pecuniary obligations.

We corresponded with great regularity and the

most unbounded confidence for the space of two years, when he arrived at Lyons on his way home.

He wrote me thence the most pressing invitation to meet him at Paris where he intended to remain some time. My desire to comply with his request and shorten our absence, was so earnest that my mother, too indulgent to controul me, lent me what assistance was in her power, and, in an ill-fated moment, I set out for that capital.

My meeting with his dear friend was the happiest event of my life; he introduced me to all his acquaintance; and so quickly did time seem to pass at that delightful period, that the six weeks I had allotted to my stay were gone ere I was sensible I had missed so many days. But I must now own, that the company of my friend were not the sole subject of my felicity; I became acquainted with a young lady, daughter of an Englishman of distinction, with whom I formed an attachment which I have a thousand times vowed, a thousand times sincerely thought, would be lasting as my life. She had but just quitted a convent in which she had been placed when a child, and though English by birth, she could scarcely speak her own language. Her person and disposition were equally engaging; but chiefly I adored her for the greatness of the expectations, which, for my sake she was willing to resign.

When the time for my residence in Paris expired, I was almost distracted at the idea of quitting her; yet I had not the courage to make our attachment known to her father, who might reasonably form for her such views as would make him reject with a contempt which I could not bear

to think of, such an offer as mine. Yet I had free access to the house, where she seemed to be left almost wholly to the guidance of an old servant, who was my fast friend.

But to be brief, the sudden and unexpected return of her father one fatal afternoon proved the beginning of the misery which has ever since devoured me. I doubt not but he had listened to our conversation; for he darted into the room with the rage of a madman. Heavens! what a scene followed!—what abusive language did the shame of a clandestine affair, and the consciousness of acting ill, induce me to brook! At length, however, his fury exceeded my patience: he called me a beggarly, cowardly Scotchman. Fired at the words, I drew my sword; he, with equal alertness, drew his; for he was not an old man, but, on the contrary, strong and able as myself. In vain his daughter pleaded;—in vain did I, repentant of my anger, retreat—his reproaches continuing; myself, my country, were loaded with infamy, till, no longer constraining my rage,—we fought,—and he fell!

At that moment I could almost have destroyed myself! The young lady fainted with terror; the old servant, drawn to us by the noise of the scuffle, entreated me to escape, and promised to bring intelligence of what should pass to my apartments. The disturbance which I had raised in the house obliged me to comply; and, in a state of mind inconceivably wretched, I tore myself away.

My friend, whom I found at home, soon discovered the whole affair. It was near midnight before the woman came. She told me that her mas-

ter was living, and her young mistress restored to her senses. The absolute necessity for my leaving Paris, while any danger remained, was forcibly argued by my friend: the servant promised to acquaint him of whatever passed, and he to transmit to me her information. Thus circumstanced, with the assistance of this dear friend, I effected my departure from Paris, and not long after, I returned to Scotland. I would fain have stopped by the way, that I might have been nearer the scene of all my concerns; but the low state of my finances denied me that satisfaction.

The miserable situation of my mind was soon discovered by my mother: nor would she rest till I communicated the cause. She heard my whole story with an agitation which astonished me:—the *name* of the parties concerned seemed to strike her with horror:—but when I said, *We fought, and he fell*;—My son, cried she, you have then murdered your father! and he sunk breathless at my feet. Comments, madam, upon such a scene as this, dreadful story, convinced this irritated parent that he had nothing more to apprehend from his daughter's unfortunate choice. My mother consented, and gave me a letter to prove the truth of my assertions. As I could but ill afford to make this journey, I travelled in the cheapest way that was possible. I took an obscure lodging, —I need not, madam, tell you where,—and boarded with the people of the house.

My senses, in the greatness of my misery, actually forsook me, and, for more than a week, I was wholly delirious. My unfortunate mother was yet more to be pitied; for she pined with un-

mitigated sorrow, eternally reproaching herself for the danger to which her too strict silence had exposed me. When I recovered my reason, my impatience to hear from Paris almost deprived me of it again; and though the length of time I waited for letters might justly be attributed to contrary winds, I could not bear the delay, and was twenty times upon the point of returning hither at all hazards. At length, however, several letters arrived at once, and from the most insupportable of my afflictions I was then relieved; for they acquainted me that the horrors of parricide were not in reserve for me. They informed me also, that as soon as the wound was healed, a journey would be made to England, where my unhappysister was to be received by an aunt, with whom she was to live.

This intelligence somewhat quieted the violence of my sorrows. I instantly formed a plan of meeting them in London, and, by revealing the whole dreadful story, convincing this irritated parent that he had nothing more to apprehend from his daughter'sunfortunate choice. My mother consented, and gave me a letter to prove the truth of my assertions. As I could but ill afford to make this journey, I travelled in the cheapest way that was possible. I took an obscure lodging,—I need not, madam, tell you where,—and boarded with the people of the house.

Here I languished, week after week, vainly hoping for the arrival of my family; but my impetuosity had blinded me to the imprudence of which I was guilty of quitting Scotland so hastily. My wounded father, after his recovery, relapsed;

and when I had waited in the most comfortless situation for six weeks, my friend wrote me word, that the journey was yet deferred for some time longer.

My finances were then nearly exhausted ; and I was obliged, though most unwillingly, to beg further assistance from my mother, that I might return to Scotland. O madam !—my answer was not from herself ;—it was written by a lady who had long been her companion, and acquainted me that she had been taken suddenly ill of a fever, —and was no more !

The compassionate nature of which you have given such noble proofs, assures me I need not, if I could, paint to you the anguish of a mind overwhelmed with such accumulated sorrows.

Inclosed was a letter to a near relation, which she had, during her illness, with much difficulty, written ; and in which with the strongest maternal tenderness, she described my deplorable situation, and entreated his interest to procure me some preferment. Yet so sunk was I by misfortune, that a fortnight elapsed before I had the courage or spirit to attempt delivering this letter. I was then compelled to it by want. To make my appearance with some decency, I was necessitated myself to the melancholy task of changing my coloured clothes for a suit of mourning ;—and then I proceeded to seek my relation.

I was informed he was now in town.

In this desperate situation, the pride of my heart, which hitherto had not bowed to adversity gave way: and I determined to entreat the assistance of my friend, whose offered service I had a

thousand times rejected. Yet, madam, so hard is it to root from my mind its favourite principles or prejudices, call them which you please, that I lingered another week ere I had the resolution to send away a letter which I regarded as the death of my independence.

At length, reduced to my last shilling, dunned insolently by the people of the house, and almost famished, I sealed this fatal letter: and with a heavy heart, determined to take it to the post office. But Mr. Branghton and his son suffered me not to pass through their shop with impunity; they insulted me grossly, and threatened me with imprisonment, if I did not immediately satisfy their demands. Stung to the soul, I bade them have but a day's patience, and flung from them in a state of mind too terrible for description.

My letter, which I now found would be received too late to save me from disgrace, I tore into a thousand pieces: and scarce could I refrain from putting an instantaneous, and unlicensed, period to my existence.

In this disorder of my senses, I formed the horrible plan of turning food pad; for which purpose I returned to my lodging, and collected whatever of my apparel I could part with; which I immediately sold, and with the produce purchased a brace of pistols, powder and shot. I hope, however, you will believe me, when I most solemnly assure you, my sole intention was to frighten the passengers I should assault with these dangerous weapons: which I had not loaded, but from a resolution,—a dreadful one, I own,—to save myself, from an ignominious death if seized. And, indeed,

I thought that if I could but procure money sufficient to pay Mr. Branghton, and make a journey to Scotland. I should soon be able, by the public papers, to discover when I had injured, and to make private retribution.

But madame, new to every species of villainy, my perturbation was so great, that I could with difficulty support myself; yet the Branghtons observed it not as I passed through the shop.

Here I stop:—what followed is better known to yourself. But no time can ever efface from my memory that moment, when, in the very action of preparing for my own destruction, or the lawless seizure of the property of others, you rushed into the room and arrested my arm!—It was indeed an awful moment!—the hand of providence seemed to intervene between me and eternity; I beheld you as an angel!—I thought you dropped from the clouds!—The earth, indeed, had never presented to my view a form so celestial!—What wonder, then, that a spectacle so astonishing should, to a man disordered as I was, appear too beautiful to be human?

And now, madam, that I have performed this painful task, the more grateful one remains of rewarding, as far as is in my power, your generous goodness, by assuring you it shall not be thrown away. You have awakened me to a sense of the false pride by which I have been actuated;—a pride which, while it scorned assistance from a friend, scrupled not to compel it from a stranger, though at the hazard of reducing that stranger to a situation as destitute as my own. Yet, oh! how violent was the struggle which tore my conflicting

soul, ere I could persuade myself to profit by the benevolence which you were so evidently disposed to exert in my favour!

By means of a ring, the gift of my much regretted mother, I have for the present satisfied Mr. Branghton; and by means of your compassion, I hope to support myself either till I hear from my friend, to whom at length I have written, or till the relation of my mother returns to town.

To talk to you, madam, of paying my debt, would be vain; I never can: the service you have done me exceeds all power of return; you have restored me to my senses; you have taught me to curb those passions which bereft me of them; and, since I cannot avoid calamity, to bear it as a man! An interposition so wonderfully circumstanced can never be recollected without benefit. Yet allow me to say, the pecuniary part of my obligation must be settled by my first ability.

I am, madam, with the most profound respect, and heartfelt gratitude,

Your obedient
and devoted humble servant,
J. MACARTNEY.

Evelina in Continuation.

Holborn, JULY 1,—5 o'clock in the morning.
O, SIR, what an adventure have I to write!—all night it has occupied my thoughts, and I am now risen thus early to write it to you.

Yesterday it was settled that we should spend the evening in Marybone Gardens, where M.

Torre, a celebrated foreigner, was to exhibit some fireworks. The party consisted of Madame Duval, all the Branghtons, M. du Bois, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Brown.

We were almost the first persons who entered the gardens, Mr. Branghton having declared he would have all he could get for his money, which, at best, was only fooled away at such silly and idle places.

We walked in parties, and very much detached from one another. Mr. Brown and miss Polly led the way by themselves; miss Branghton and Mr. Smith followed; and the latter seems determined to be revenged for my behaviour at the ball, by transferring all the former attention for me to miss Branghton, who received it with an air of exultation; and very frequently they each of them, though from different motives, looked back, to discover whether I observed their good intelligence. Madame Duval walked with M. du Bois, and Mr. Branghton by himself: but his son would willingly have attached himself wholly to me; saying frequently, Come, miss, let's you and I have a little fun together: you see they have all left us, so now let's leave them. But I begged to be excused, and went to the other side of madame Duval.

This garden, as it is called, is neither striking for magnificence nor for beauty; and we were all so dull and languid, that I was extremely glad when we were summoned to the orchestra, upon the opening of a concert: in the course of which I had the pleasure of hearing a concerto on the violin by Mr. Barthelemon, who to me seems a player of exquisite fancy, feeling, and variety.

When notice was given to us that the fire-works were preparing, we hurried along to secure good places for the sight; but very soon we were so encircled and incommoded by the crowd, that Mr. Smith proposed the ladies should make interest for a form to stand upon: this was soon effected; and the men then left us to accommodate themselves better; saying they would return the moment the exhibition was over.

The fire-work was really beautiful; and told, with wonderful ingenuity, the story of Orpheus and Eurydice; but, at the moment of the fatal look which separated them for ever, there was such an explosion of fire, and so terrible a noise, that we all, as of one accord, jumped hastily from the form, and ran away some paces, fearing that we were in danger of mischief from the innumerable sparks of fire which glittered in the air.

For a moment or two I neither knew nor considered whither I had run; but my recollection was soon awakened by a stranger's addressing me with, 'Come along with me, my dear, and I'll take care of you.'

I started: and then, to my great terror, perceived that I had out-run all my companions, and saw not one human being I knew! With all the speed in my power, and forgetful of my first fright I hastened back to the place I had left;—but found the form occupied by a new set of people.

In vain, from side to side, I looked for some face I knew; I found myself in the midst of a crowd, yet without party, friend, or acquaintance. I walked in disordered haste from place to place, without knowing which way to turn, or whither

I went. Every other moment I was spoken to by some bold and unfeeling man; to whom my distress, which I think must be very apparent, only furnished a pretence for impertinent witticisms, or free gallantry.

At last a young officer, marching fiercely up to me, said, You are a sweet pretty creature, and I enlist you in my service; and then, with great violence, he seized my hand. I screamed aloud with fear; and forcibly snatching it away, I ran hastily up to two ladies, and cried, For Heaven's sake, dear ladies, afford me some protection.

They heard me with a loud laugh, but very readily said, Ay, let her walk between us; and each of them took hold of an arm.

Then, in a drawling, ironical tone of voice, they asked *what had frightened my little ladyship?* I told them my adventure very simply, and entreated they would have the goodness to assist me in finding my friends.

O yes, to be sure, said they, I should not want for friends whilst I was with them. Mine, I said, would be very grateful for any civilities with which they might favour me. But imagine, my dear sir, how I must be confounded, when I observed that every other word I spoke produced a good laugh! However, I will not dwell upon a conversation, which soon, to my inexpressible horror, convinced me that I had sought protection from insult, of those who were themselves most likely to offer it! You, my dearest sir, I well know, will both feel for and pity my terror, which I have no words to describe.

Had I been at liberty, I should have instantly

run away from them when I made the shocking discovery; but, as they held me fast, that was utterly impossible; and such was my dread of their resentment or abuse, that I did not dare to make any open attempt to escape.

They asked me a thousand questions, accompanied by as many halloos, of who I was, what I was, and whence I came? My answers were very incoherent:—but what, good heaven, were my emotions, when, a few moments afterwards, I perceived advancing our way, lord Orville!

Never shall I forget what I felt at that instant: had I, indeed, been sunk to the guilty state which such companions might lead him to suspect, I could scarce have had feelings more cruelly depressing. However, to my infinite joy, he passed us without distinguishing me: though I saw that in a careless manner his eyes surveyed the party.

As soon as he was gone, one of these unhappy women said, Do you know that young fellow?

Not thinking it possible she could mean lord Orville by such a term, I readily answered, No, madam.

Why then, answered she, you have a monstrous good stare for a little country miss.

I now found I had mistaken her, but was glad to avoid an explanation.

A few minutes after, what was my delight to hear the voice of Mr. Brown, who called out, Lord is'n't that Miss what's her name?

Thank God, cried I, suddenly springing from them both, thank God, I have found my party.

Mr. Brown was, however, alone; and without knowing what I did, took hold of his arm.

Lord, miss, cried he, we've had such a hunt you can't think ; some of them thought you was gone home ; but I says, I don't think, says I, that she's like to go home all alone, says I.

So that gentleman belongs to you, miss, does he ? said one of the women.

Yes, madam, answered I, and I now thank you for your civility ; but, as I am safe, I will not give you any further trouble.

I courtesied slightly, and would have walked away ; but, most unfortunately, madame Duval and the two Miss Branghtons just then joined us.

They all began to make a thousand enquiries ; to which I briefly answered, that I had been obliged to these two ladies for walking with me, and would tell them more another time ; for, though I felt great *comparative* courage, I was yet too much intimidated by their presence, to dare to be explicit.

Nevertheless, I ventured once more to wish them good night, and proposed seeking for Mr. Branghton. These unhappy women listened to all that was said with a kind of callous curiosity, and seemed determined not to take any hint. But my vexation was terribly augmented, when, after having whispered something to each other, they very cavalierly declared, that they intended joining our party ; and then, one of them very boldly took hold of my arm ; while the other, going round, seized that of Mr. Brown ; and thus, almost forcibly, we were moved on between them, and followed by Madame Duval and the Miss Branghtons.

It would be very difficult to say which was greatest, my fright, or Mr. Brown's consternation; who ventured not to make the least resistance, though his uneasiness made him tremble almost as much as myself. I would instantly have withdrawn my arm; but it was held so tight I could not move it; and poor Mr. Brown was circumstanced in the same manner on the other side; for I heard him say, Lord, ma'am, there's no need to squeeze one's arm so!

And this was our situation,—for we had not taken three steps, when,—O sir,—we again met lord Orville!—but not again did he pass quietly by us:—yes, my dear sir, he looked greatly concerned; and the remembrance of that, is the only consolation I feel for an evening the most painful of my life.

What he first said I know not; for, indeed, I seemed to have neither ears nor understanding; but I recollect that I only courtesied in silence. He paused for an instant, as if—I believe so—as if unwilling to pass on; and then, finding the whole party detained, he again bowed, and took leave.

Indeed, my dear sir, I thought I should have fainted; so great was my emotion from shame, vexation, and a thousand other feelings, for which I have no expression. I absolutely tore myself from the woman's arms: and then, disengaging myself from that of Mr. Brown, I went to madame Duval, and besought that she would not suffer me to be again parted from her.

I fancy that lord Orville saw what passed; for scarcely was I at liberty ere he returned. Me-

thought, my dear sir, the pleasure, the surprise of the moment, recompensed me for all the chagrin I had before felt; for do you not think that his return manifests, from a character so quiet, so reserved as lord Orville's, something like solicitude in my concerns? such at least was the interpretation I involuntarily made upon again seeing him.

With a politeness to which I have been sometime very little used, he apologized for returning; and then inquired after the health of Mrs. Mirvan and the rest of the Howard Grove family. The flattering conjecture which I have just acknowledged, had so wonderfully restored my spirits, that I believe I never answered him so readily, and with so little constraint. Very short however, was the duration of this conversation: for we were soon most disagreeably interrupted.

The Miss Branghtons, though they saw almost immediately the characters of the women to whom I had so unfortunately applied, were, nevertheless so weak and foolish as merely to titter at their behaviour. As to madame Duval, she was for some time so strangely imposed upon, that she thought they were two real fine ladies. Indeed, it is wonderful to see how easily and how frequently she is deceived. Our disturbance, however, arose from young Brown, who was now between the two women, by whom his arms were absolutely pinioned to his sides: for a few minutes his complaints had been only murmured: but he now called out aloud, Goodness, ladies, you hurt me like any thing! why, I can't walk at all, if you keep pinching my arms so!

This speech raised a loud laugh in the women,

and redoubled the tittering of the Miss Branghtons. For my own part, I was most cruelly confused; while the countenance of lord Orville manifested a sort of indignant astonishment; and, from that moment, he spoke to me no more till he took leave.

Madame Duval who now began to suspect her company, proposed our taking the first box we saw empty, bespeaking a supper, and waiting till Mr. Braughton should find us.

Miss Polly mentioned one she had remarked, to which we all turned. Madame Duval instantly seated herself, and the two bold women, forcing the frightened Mr. Brown to go between them, followed her example.

Lord Orville, with an air of gravity that wounded my very soul, then wished me good night. I said not a word; but my face, if it had any connexion with my heart, must have looked melancholy indeed; and so I have some reason to believe it did; for he added, with much more softness, though no less dignity, Will Miss Anville allow me to ask her address, and to pay my respects to her before I leave town?

O how I changed colour at this unexpected request!—yet what was the mortification I suffered in answering, My lord, I am—in Holborn?

He then bowed and left us.

What, what can he think of this adventure! how strangely, how cruelly have all appearances turned against me! Had I been blessed with any presence of mind, I should instantly have explained to him the accident which occasioned my

being in such terrible company:—but I have none!

As to the rest of the evening, I cannot relate the particulars of what passed; for, to you, I only write of what I think: and can think of nothing but this unfortunate, this ungrateful meeting. These two wretched women continued to torment us all, but especially poor Mr. Brown, who seemed to afford them uncommon diversion, till we were discovered by Mr. Braughton, who very soon found means to release us from their persecutions by frightening them away. We stayed but a short time after they had left us, which was all employed in explanation.

Whatever may be the construction which lord Orville may put upon this affair, to me it cannot fail of being unfavourable; to be seen—gracious Heaven! to be seen in company with two women of such character?—How vainly, how proudly have I wished to avoid meeting him when only with the Braughtons and madame Duval.—but now how joyful should I be had he seen me to no greater disadvantage!—Holborn, too! what a direction! he who had always—but I will not torment you, my dearest sir, with any more of my mortifying conjectures and apprehensions: perhaps he may call,—and then I shall have an opportunity of explaining to him all the most shocking part of the adventure. And yet, as I did not tell him at whose house I lived he may not be able to discover me; I merely said, in Holborn; and he, who, I suppose saw my embarrassment, forbore to ask any other direction.

Well, I must take my chance!

Yet let me in justice to lord Orville, and in justice to the high opinion I have always entertained of his honour and delicacy,—let me observe the difference of his behaviour, when nearly in the same situation, to that of sir Clement Wiloughby. He had, at least, equal cause to depreciate me in his opinion, and to mortify and sink me in my own : but far different was his conduct :—perplexed, indeed, he looked, and much surprised :—but it was benevolently, not with insolence. I am even inclined to think that he could not see a young creature whom he had so lately known in a higher sphere, appear so suddenly, so strangely, so disgracefully altered in her situation, without some pity and concern. But whatever might be his doubts and suspicions, far from suffering them to influence his behaviour, he spoke, he looked with the same politeness and attention with which he had always honoured me when countenanced by Mrs. Mirvan.

Once again let me drop this subject.

In every mortification, every disturbance, how grateful to my heart, how sweet to my recollection, is the certainty of your never failing tenderness, sympathy, and protection ! Oh, sir, could I upon this subject, could I write as I feel,—how animated would be the language of your devoted

EVELINA.

Evelina in continuation.

Holborn, July 1.

LISTLESS, uneasy, and without either spirit or courage to employ myself from the time I had fin-

ished my last letter, I indolently seated myself at the window, where, while I waited Madame Duval's summons to breakfast, I perceived, among the carriages which passed by, a coronet coach, and, in a few minutes, from the windows of it, lord Orville! I instantly retreated, but not, I believe, unseen; for the coach immediately drove up to our door.

Indeed, my dear sir, I must own I was greatly agitated; the idea of receiving lord Orville by myself,—the knowledge that his visit was entirely to me,—the wish of explaining the unfortunate adventure of yesterday,—and the mortification of my present circumstances,—all these thoughts, occurring to me nearly at the same time, occasioned me more anxiety, confusion, and perplexity, than I can possibly express.

I believe he meant to send up his name; but the maid, unused to such a ceremony, forgot it by the way, and only told me, that a great lord was below, and desired to see me; and, the next moment, he appeared himself.

If formerly, when in the circle of high life, and accustomed to its manners, I so much admired and distinguished the grace—the elegance of lord Orville, think, sir, how must they strike me now,—now, when far removed from that splendid circle, I live with those to whom even civility is unknown, and decorum a stranger!

I am sure I received him very awkwardly; depressed by a situation so disagreeable—could I do otherwise? When his first enquiries were made, I think myself very fortunate, he said, in meeting

with miss Anville at home, and still more so in finding her disengaged.

I only courtied. He then talked of Mrs. Mirvan, asked how long I had been in town, and other such general questions; which happily gave me time to recover from my embarrassment. After which he said, If miss Anville will allow me the honour of sitting by her a few minutes (for we were both standing,) I will venture to tell her the motive which next to inquiring after her health, has prompted me to wait on her so very early.

We were then both seated; and after a short pause, he said, How to apologise for so great a liberty as I am upon the point of taking, I know not;—shall I, therefore, rely wholly upon your goodness, and not apologise at all.

I only bowed.

I should be extremely sorry to appear impertinent,—yet hardly know how to avoid it.

Impertinent! O, my lord, cried I eagerly, that I am sure, is impossible?

You are very good, answered he, and encourage me to be ingenuous—

Again he stopped: but my expectation was too great for speech. At last, without looking at me, in a low voice, and hesitating manner, he said, Were those ladies with whom I saw you last night ever in your company before?

No, my lord, cried I, rising and colouring violently, nor will they ever again.

He rose too: and with an air of the most condescending concern, said, Pardon, madam, the abruptness of a question which I know not how

to introduce as I ought, and for which I have no excuse to offer but my respect for Mrs. Mirvan, joined to the sincerest wishes for your happiness; yet I fear I have gone too far!

I am very sensible of the honour of your lordship's attention, said I; but——

Permit me to assure you, cried he, finding I hesitated, that officiousness is not my characteristic; and that I would by no means have risked your displeasure had I not been fully satisfied you were too generous to be offended without a real cause of offence.

Offended! cried I, no my lord, I am only grieved—grieved, indeed, to find myself in a situation so unfortunate as to be obliged to make explanations which cannot but mortify and shock me.

It is I alone, cried he, with some eagerness, who am shocked, as it is I who deserve to be mortified. I seek no explanation, for I have no doubt; but in mistaking me, miss Anville injures herself; allow me, therefore, frankly, and openly, to tell you the intention of my visit.

I bowed, and we both returned to our seats.

I will own myself to have been greatly surprised, continued he, when I met you yesterday evening, in company with two persons who I was sensible merited not the honour of your notice; nor was it **easy for** me to conjecture the cause of your being so situated; yet, believe me, my incertitude did not for a moment do you injury. I was satisfied that their characters must be unknown to you; and I thought with concern of the shock you would sustain when you discovered their unworthiness. I should not, however, upon

so short an acquaintance have usurped the privilege of intimacy, in giving my unasked sentiments upon so delicate a subject, had I not known that credulity is the sister of innocence, and therefore feared you might be deceived. A something which I could not resist urged me to the freedom I have taken to caution you; but I shall not easily forgive myself if I have been so unfortunate as to give you pain.

The pride which his first question had excited now subsided into delight and gratitude; and I instantly related to him, as well as I could, the accident which had occasioned my joining the unhappy woman with whom he had met me. He listened with an attention so flattering, seemed so much interested during the recital, and, when I had done, thanked me in terms so polite, for what he was pleased to call my condescension, that I was almost ashamed either to look at or hear him.

Soon after the maid came to tell me that madame Duval desired to have breakfast made in her own room.

I fear, cried lord Orville, instantly rising, that I have intruded upon your time;—yet who so situated could do otherwise? Then taking my hand, will Miss Anville allow me thus to seal my peace, he pressed it to his lips, and took leave.

Generous, noble lord Orville! how disinterested his conduct! how delicate his whole behaviour! willing to advise, yet afraid to wound me!—Can I ever, in future, regret the adventure I met with at Marybone, since it has been productive of a visit so flattering? Had my mortifications been still more humiliating, my terrors still more alarm-

ing, such a mark of esteem—may I not call it so?—from lord Orville, would have made me ample amends.

And indeed, my dear sir, I required some consolation in my present very disagreeable situation; for, since he went, two incidents have happened, that, had not my spirits been particularly elated, would greatly have disconcerted me.

During breakfast madame Duval very abruptly asked, if I should like to be married? and added, that Mr. Branghton had been proposing a match for me with his son. Surprised, and, I must own, provoked, I assured her that, in thinking of me, Mr. Branghton would very vainly lose his time.

Why, cried she, I have had grander views for you myself, if once I could get you to Paris, and make you be owned; but if I can't do that, and you cannot do better, why, as you are both my relations, I think to leave my fortune between you; and then, if you marry, you never need want for nothing.

I begged her not to pursue the subject, as, I assured her, Mr. Branghton was totally disagreeable to me; but she continued her admonitions and reflections, with her usual disregard of whatever I could answer. She charged me, very peremptorily neither wholly to discourage, nor yet to accept Mr. Branghton's offer, till she saw what could be done for me. The young man, she added had often intended to speak to me himself, but, not well knowing how to introduce the subject, he had desired her to pave the way for him.

I scrupled not, warmly and freely, to declare my aversion to this proposal: but it was to no ef-

fect; she concluded just as she had begun, by saying that I should not *have him, if I could do better.*

Nothing, however, shall persuade me to listen to any other person concerning this odious affair.

My second cause of uneasiness arises, very unexpectedly, from M. de Bois; who, to my infinite surprise, upon madame Duval's quitting the room after dinner, put into my hand a note, and immediately left the house.

This note contains an open declaration of an attachment to me; which, he says, he should never have presumed to have acknowledged, had he not been informed that madame Duval destined my hand to young Branghton—a match which he cannot endure to think of. He beseeches me earnestly to pardon his temerity; professes the most inviolable respect, and commits his fate to time, patience, and pity.

This conduct in M. de Bois gives me real concern, as I was disposed to think very well of him. It will not, however, be difficult to discourage him: and, therefore, I shall not acquaint madame Duval of his letter, as I have reason to believe it would greatly displease her.

Evelina in continuation.

July 3.

O SIR, how much uneasiness must I suffer to counterbalance one short morning of happiness?

Yesterday the Branghton's proposed a party to Kensington Gardens; and, as usual, madame Duval insisted upon my attendance.

We went in a hackney-coach to Piccadilly, and then had a walk through Hyde Park; which in any other company would have been delightful, I was much pleased with Kensington Gardens, and think them infinitely preferable to those of Vauxhall.

Young Braughton was extremely troublesome, he insisted upon walking by my side, and talked with me almost by compulsion; however, my reserve and coldness prevented his entering upon the hateful subject which madame Duval had prepared me to apprehend. Once, indeed, when I was accidentally a few yards before the rest, he said, I suppose, miss, aunt has told you about—you know what?—ha'n't she, miss?—But I turned from him without making any answer. Neither Mr. Smith, nor Mr. Brown were of the party; and poor M. du Bois, when he found that I avoided him, looked so melancholy, that I was really sorry for him.

While we were strolling round the garden I perceived, walking with a party of ladies at some distance, lord Orville. I instantly retreated behind miss Branghton, and kept out of sight till we had passed him; for I dreaded being seen by him again in a public walk, with a party of which I was ashamed.

Happily I succeeded in my design, and saw no more of him: for a sudden and violent shower of rain made us all hasten out of the gardens. We ran till we came to a small green-shop, where we begged shelter. Here we found ourselves in company with two footmen, whom the rain had driven into the shop. Their livery I thought I had before

seen ; and, upon looking from the window, I perceived the same upon a coachman belonging to a carriage, which I immediately recollected to be lord Orville's.

Fearing to be known, I whispered miss Branghton not to speak my name. Had I considered but a moment I should have been sensible of the inutility of such a caution, since not one of the party call me by any other appellation than that of *cousin* or of *miss* ; but I am perpetually involved in some distress or dilemma from my own heedlessness.

This request excited very strongly her curiosity ; and she attacked me with such eagerness and bluntness of inquiry, that I could not avoid telling her the reason of my making it, and, consequently that I was known to lord Orville, an acknowledgement which proved the most unfortunate in the world ; for she would not rest till she had drawn from me the circumstances attending my first making the acquaintance. Then, calling to her sister, she said, Lord, Polly only think ! Miss has danced with a lord !

Well, cried Polly, that's a thing I should never have thought of ! And pray, miss, what did he say to you ?

This question was much sooner asked than answered ; and they both became so very inquisitive and earnest, that they soon drew the attention of madame Duval and the rest of the party ; to whom in a very short time, they repeated all they had gathered from me.

Goodness, then, cried young Branghton, if I was

miss, if I would not make free with his lordship's coach to take me town.

Why, ay, said the father, there would be some sense to that ; that would be making some use of a lord's acquaintance, for it would save us coach-hire.

Lord, miss, cried Polly, I wish you would : for I should like of all things to ride in a coronet-coach.

I promise you, said Madame Duval, I'm glad you've thought of it. for I don't see no objection — no let's have the coachman called.

Not for the world, cried I, very much alarmed : indeed it is utterly impossible.

Why so? demanded Mr. Branghton: pray where's the good of your knowing a lord, if you're never the better for him?

Ma foi, child, said Madame Duval, you don't know no more of the world than if you was a baby. Pray, sir (to one of the footmen,) tell that coachman to draw up, for I wants to speak to him.

The man stared, but did not move. Pray, pray, madam, said I, pray, Mr. Branghton, have the goodness to give up this plan ; I know but very little of his lordship, and can't, upon any account take so great a liberty.

Don't say nothing about it, said madame Duval, for I shall have it my own way ; so if you won't call the coachman, sir, I'll promise you I'll call him myself.

The footman, very impertinently, laughed and turned upon his heel. Madame Duval, extremely irritated, ran out in the rain, and beckoned the coachman, who instantly obeyed her summons.

Shocked beyond all expression, I flew after her, and entreated her, with the utmost earnestness, to let us return in a hackney-coach ;—but, oh ! she is impenetrable to persuasion ! She told the man she wanted him to carry her directly to town, and that she would answer for him to lord Orville. The man, with a sneer, thanked her, but said he should answer for himself ; and was driving off ; when another footman came up to him, with information that his lord was gone into Kensington Palace, and would not want him for an hour or two.

Why, then, friend, said Mr. Branghton (for we were followed by all the party,) where will be the great harm of your taking us to town ?

Besides, said the son, I'll promise you a pot of beer for my own share.

These speeches had no other answer from the coachman than a loud laugh, which was echoed by the insolent footmen. I rejoiced at their resistance ; though I was certain that, if their lord had witnessed their impertinence, they would have been instantly dismissed his service.

Pardi, cried madame Duval, if I don't think all the footmen are the most impudentest fellows in the kingdom ! But I'll promise you I'll have your master told of your airs : so you'll get no good by 'em.

Why, pray, said the coachman, rather alarmed, did my lord give you leave to use the coach ?

I'ts no matter for that, answered she ; I'm sure if he's a gentleman, he'd let us have it sooner than we should be wet to the skin ; but I'll promise you

he shall know how saucy you have been, for this young lady knows him well.

Ay, that she does, said miss Polly, and she's danced with him too.

Oh, how I repented my foolish mismanagement ! The men bit their lips, and looked at one another in some confusion. This was perceived by our party ; who, taking advantage of it, protested they would write to lord Orville word of their ill behaviour without delay. This quite startled them ; and one of the footmen offered to run to the palace and ask his lord's permission for our having the carriage.

This proposal really made me tremble, and the Branghtons all hung back upon it ; but madame Duval is never to be dissuaded from a scheme she has once formed. Do so, cried she ; and give this child's compliments to your master ; and tell him, as we ha'n't no coach here, we should be glad to go just as far as Holborn in his.

No, no, no, cried I ; don't go,—I know nothing of his lordship,—I send no message,—I have nothing to say to him !

The men very much perplexed, could with difficulty restrain themselves from resuming their impertinent mirth. Madame Duval scolded me very angrily, and then desired them to go directly, Pray, then, said the coachman, what name is to be given to my lord ?

Anville, answered madame Duval ; tell him miss Anville wants the coach : the young lady he danced with once.

I was really in an agony ; but the winds could

not have been more deaf to me than those to whom I pleaded! and therefore the footman, urged by the repeated threats of madame Duval, and perhaps recollecting the name himself, actually went to the palace with this strange message!

He returned in a few minutes; and bowing to me with the greatest respect, said, My lord desires his compliments, and his carriage will be always at miss Anville's service.

I was so much affected by his politeness, and chagrined at the whole affair, that I could scarce refrain from tears. Madame Duval and the miss Branghtons eagerly jumped into the coach, and desired me to follow. I would rather have submitted to the severest punishment; but all resistance was vain.

During the whole ride I said not a word: however, the rest of the party were so talkative, that my silence was very immaterial. We stopped at our lodgings; but, when Madame Duval and I alighted, the Branghtons asked if they could not be carried on to Snow Hill? The servants, now all civility, made no objection. Remonstrances from me, I knew, would be fruitless; and therefore, with a heavy heart, I retired to my room, and left them to their own direction.

Seldom have I passed a night in greater uneasiness—So lately to have cleared myself in the good opinion of Lord Orville,—so soon to forfeit it!—to give him reason to suppose I presumed to boast of his acquaintance!—to publish his having danced with me!—to take with him a liberty I should have blushed to have taken with the most intimate of my friends!—to treat with such impertinent

freedom one who has honoured me with such distinguished respect!—Indeed, sir, I could have met with no accident that would have so cruelly tormented me!

If such were then, my feelings, imagine,—for I cannot describe,—what I suffered during the scene I am now going to write.

This morning, while I was alone in the dining room, young Branghton called. He entered with a most important air; and, strutting up to me, said, ‘Miss, *lord Orville* sends his compliments to you.’

Lord Orville! repeated I, much amazed.

Yes, Miss, *lord Orville*: for I know his lordship now, as well as you.—And a very civil gentleman he is, for all he’s a lord.

For Heaven’s sake, cried I, explain yourself!

Why, you must know miss, after we left you, we met with a little misfortune; but I dont mind it now, for it’s all turned out for the best: but just as we were a going up Snow Hill, plump he comes against a cart, with such a jog it almost palled the coach wheel off. However that is’nt the worst; for, as I went to open the door in a hurry, a-thinking the coach would be broken down, as ill luck would have it, I never minded that the glass was up, and so I poked my head fairly through it.—Only see, miss, how I’ve cut my forehead!

A much worse accident to himself would not, I believe, at that moment have given me any concern for him: however, he proceeded with his account for I was too much confounded to interrupt him,

Goodness, miss, we were in such a stew, us, and the servants, and all, as you can't think; for, besides the glass being broke, the coachman said how the coach would'nt be safe to go back to Kensington. So we did'nt know what to do; however the footmen said they'd go and tell his lordship what had happened. So then father grew quite uneasy like, for fear of his lordship's taking offence, and prejudicing us in our business; so he said I should go this morning and ask his pardon, cause of having broke the glass. So then I asked the footman the direction, and they told me he lived in Berkeley-square; so this morning I went, —and I soon found out the house.

You did! cried I, quite out of breath with apprehension.

Yes, miss, and a very fine house it is.—Did you ever see it?

No.

No! why then, miss, I know more of his lordship than you do, for all you knew him first. So when I came to the door, I was in a peck of troubles, a thinking what I should say to him! however, the servants had no mind I should see him; for they told me he was busy, but I might leave my message. So I was just a coming away, when I bethought myself to say I came from you.

From me!

Yes, miss, for you know, why should I have such a long walk as that for nothing? So I says to the porter, says I, Tell his lordship, says I, one wants to speak to him as comes from one miss Anville, says I.

Good God, cried I, and by what authority did you take this liberty?

Goodness, miss, don't be in such a hurry, for you'll be as glad as me when you hear how well it all turned out. So then they made way for me, and said his lordship would see me directly: and there I was led through such a heap of servants, and so many rooms, that my heart quite misgave me; for I thought, thinks I, he'll be so proud he'll hardly let me speak; but he's no more proud than I am, and he's as civil as if I'd been a lord myself. So then I said, I hoped he wouldn't take it amiss about the glass, for it was quite an accident; but he bid me not mention it, for it did not signify. And then he said he hoped you got safe home, and was'nt frightened: and so I said yes, and I gave your duty to him.

My duty to him! exclaimed I,—and who gave you leave?—who desired you?

O, I did it out of my own head, just to make him think I came from you. But I should have told you before, how the footman said he was going out of town to-morrow evening, and that his sister was soon to be married, and that he was ordering a heap of things for that: and so it came into my head, as he was so affable, that I'd ask him for his custom. So I says, says I, if your lordship is'nt engaged particularly, my father is a silversmith, and he'll be very proud to serve you, says I, and miss Anville as danced with you is his cousin, and she's my cousin too, and she'd be very much obligated to you, I'm sure.

You will drive me wild, cried I, starting from my seat, you have done me an irreparable injury

but I will hear no more! and then I ran into my own room.

I was half frantic; I really raved: the good opinion of lord Orville seemed now irretrievably lost: a faint hope, which in the morning I had vainly encouraged, that I might see him again, and explain the transaction, wholly vanished, now I found he was so soon to leave the town; and I could not but conclude, that, for the rest of my life, he would regard me as an object of utter contempt.

This very idea was a dagger to my heart!—I could not support it, and—but I blush to proceed—I fear your disapprobation; yet I should not be conscious of having merited it, but that the repugnance I feel to relate to you what I have done, makes me suspect I must have erred. Will you forgive me if I own that I first wrote an account of this transaction to Miss Mirvan!—and that I even thought of concealing it from you?—Short-lived however, was the ungrateful idea, and sooner will I risk the justice of your displeasure, than unworthily betray your generous confidence.

You are now probably prepared for what follows—which is a letter—a hasty letter, that, in the height of agitation, I wrote to lord Orville.

My lord,

I am so infinitely ashamed of the application made yesterday for your lordship's carriage in my name, and so greatly shocked at hearing how much it was injured, that I cannot forbear writing a few lines, to clear myself from the imputation of an impertinence which I blush to be sus-

pected of, and to acquaint you, that the request for your carriage was made against my consent, and the visit with which you were importuned this morning, without my knowledge.

I am inexpressibly concerned at having been the instrument, however innocently, of so much trouble to your lordship; but I beg you to believe that the reading these lines is the only part of it which I have given voluntarily. I am, my lord

Your lordship's most humble servant,
EVELINA ANVILLE.

I applied to the maid of the house to get this note conveyed to Berkeley square; but scarce had I parted with it, before I regretted having written at all: and I was flying down stairs to recover it, when the voice of sir Clement Willoughby stopped me. As madame Duval had ordered we should be denied to him, I was obliged to return up stairs; and after he was gone, my application was too late, as the maid servant had given it to a porter.

My time did not pass very serenely while he was gone; however, he brought me an answer, but that lord Orville was not at home. Whether or not he will take the trouble to send any,—or whether he will condescend to call, or whether the affair will resolve as it is, I know not;—but, in being ignorant, am most cruelly anxious.

Evelina in continuation.

July 4th.

You may now, my dear sir, send Mrs. Clinton for

your Evelina with as much speed as you can conveniently make the journey, for no farther opposition will be made for her leaving this town; happy had it perhaps been for her had she never entered it.

This morning madame Duval desired me to go to Snow-hill with an invitation to the Branghtons and Mr. Smith to spend the evening with her; and she desired M. du Bois, who breakfasted with us to accompany me. I was very unwilling to obey her, as I neither wished to walk with M. du Bois, or to meet young Branghton. And, indeed, another, a yet more powerful reason added to my reluctance;—for I thought it possible that lord Orville might send some answer, or perhaps might call during my absence: however I did not dare to dispute her commands.

The first intelligence I received when I came home was, that two gentlemen had called, and left cards. I eagerly inquired for them, and read the names of lord Orville and sir Clement Willoughby. I by no means regretted that I missed seeing the latter, but perhaps I may all my life regret that I missed the former; for probably he has now left town,—and I may see him no more!

My goodness! cried young Branghton, rudely looking over me, only think of that lord's coming all this way! It's my belief he'd got some order ready for father, and so he'd a mind to call and ask you if I'd told him the truth.

Pray Betty, cried I, how long has he been gone?

Not two minutes, ma'am.

Why, then, I'll lay you any wager, said young

Branghton, he saw you and I a-walking up Holborn Hill.

God forbid! cried I, impatiently; and, too much chagrined to bear with any more of his remarks, I ran up stairs; but I heard him say to M. du Bois, miss is so uppish this morning, that I think I had better not speak to her again.

I wish M. du Bois had taken the same resolution; but he choose to follow me into the dining-room, which he found empty.

Voise ne l'aimez donc pas ce garcon, mademoiselle! cried he.

Me! cried I, no, I detest him! for I was sick at heart.

Ah tu me rends la vie! cried he; and flinging himself at my feet, he had just caught my hand as the door was opened by madame Duval.

Hastily, and with marks of guilty confusion in his face, he rose; but the rage of that lady quite amazed me! Advancing to the retreating M. du Bois, she began, in French, an attack, which her extreme wrath and wonderful volubility almost rendered unintelligible: yet I understood but too much, since her reproaches convinced me she had herself proposed being the object off his affection.

He defended himself in a weak and evasive manner; very readily withdrew: and then, with yet greater violence, she upbraided me with having seduced his heart, called me an ungrateful, designing girl, and protested she would neither take me to Paris, nor any more interest herself in my affairs, unless I would instantly agree to marry young Branghton.

Frightened as I had been at her vehemence this proposal restored all my courage; and I frankly told her, that in this point I never could obey her. More irritated than ever, she ordered me to quit the room.

Such is the present situation of affairs. I shall excuse myself from seeing the Branghtons this afternoon: indeed, I never wish to see them again. I am sorry, however innocently, that I have displeased madame Duval; yet I shall be very glad to quit this town, for I believe it does not now contain one person I ever wish to meet again. Had I but seen lord Orville, I should regret nothing; I could then have more fully explained what I so hastily wrote; yet it will always be a pleasure to me to recollect that he called, since I flatter myself it was in consequence of his being satisfied with my letter.

Adieu, my dear sir; the time now approaches when I hope once more to receive your blessing, and to owe all my joy, all my happiness, to your kindness.

Mr. Villars to Evelina.

Berry Hill, July 7.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, my darling Evelina, to the arms of the truest, the fondest of your friends! Mrs. Clinton, who shall hasten to you with these lines, will conduct you directly hither; for I can consent no longer to be parted from the child of my bosom!—the comfort of my age!—the sweet solace of all my infirmities! Your worthy friends at Howard Grove must pardon me that I rob them

of the visit you proposed to make them before your return to Berry Hill, for I find my fortitude unequal to a longer separation.

I have much to say to you, many comments to make upon your late letter, some parts of which give me no little uneasiness: but I will reserve my remarks for our future conversation. Hasten, then to the spot of thy nativity, the abode of thy youth, where yet never care or sorrow had power to annoy thee.—O that they might ever be banished this peaceful dwelling.

Adieu, my dearest Evelina! I pray but that thy satisfaction at our approaching meeting may bear any comparison with me!

ARTHUR VILLARS.

Evelina to Miss Mirvan.

Berry Hill, July 14.

My sweet Maria will be much surprised, when, instead of her friend, she receives this letter;—this cold, this inanimate letter, which will but ill express the feelings of the heart which indites it.

When I wrote to you last Friday, I was in hourly expectation of seeing Mrs. Clinton, with whom I intended to have set out for Howard Grove. Mrs. Clinton came; but my plan was necessarily altered, for she brought me a letter,—the sweetest that ever was penned, from the best and kindest friend that ever orphan was blessed with.—requiring my immediate attendance at Berry Hill.

I obeyed—and pardon me if I own I obeyed

without reluctance, after so long a separation: should I not else have been the most ungrateful of mortals?—And yet,—oh, Maria? though I wished to leave London, the gratification of my wish afforded me no happiness! and though I felt an impatience inexpressible to return hither, no words, no language, can explain the heaviness of heart which which I made the journey. I believe you would hardly have known me:—indeed, I hardly know myself. Perhaps, had I first seen you, in your kind and sympathizing bosom I might have ventured to have reposed every secret of my soul;—and then—but let me pursue my journey.

Mrs. Clinton delivered madame Duval a letter from Mr. Villars, which requested her leave for my return; and, indeed, it was very readily accorded; yet, when she found, by my willingness to quit town, that M. du Bois was really indifferent to me, she somewhat softened in my favour; and declared, that, but for punishing his folly in thinking of such a child, she would not have consented to being again buried in the country.

All the Branghtons called to take leave of me: but I will not write a word more about them: indeed I cannot with any patience think of that family, to whose forwardness and impertinence is owing all the uneasiness I at this moment suffer!

So great was the depression of my spirits upon the read, that it was with difficulty I could persuade the worthy Mrs. Clinton I was not ill; but alas! the situation of my mind was such as would have rendered any more bodily pain, by comparison, even enviable!

And yet, when we arrived at Berry Hill,—when the chaise stopped at this place,—how did my heart throb with joy!—and when, through the window, I beheld the dearest, the most venerable of men, with uplifted hands, returning, as I doubt not, thanks for my safe arrival,—good God! I thought it would have burst my bosom!—I opened the chaise door myself: I flew,—for my feet did not seem to touch the ground,—into the parour; he had risen to meet me: but the moment I appeared he sunk into his chair, uttering with a deep sigh, though his face *beamed* with delight, My God, I thank thee!

I sprung forward; and, with a pleasure that bordered upon agony, I embraced his knees, I kissed his hands, I wept over them, but could not speak: while he, now raising his eyes in thankfulness towards heaven, now bowing down his reverend head, and folding me in his arms, could scarce articulate the blessings with which his kind and benevolent heart overflowed.

O, miss Mirvan, to be so loved by the best of men,—should I not be happy?—Should I have no wish save that of meriting his goodness?—Yet think me not ungrateful: indeed I am not, although the internal sadness of my mind unfits me, at present, for enjoying as I ought the bounties of Providence.

I cannot journalize, cannot arrange my ideas into order.

How little has situation to do with happiness! I had flattered myself, that, when restored to Berry Hill, I should be restored to tranquillity:

far otherwise have I found it, for never yet had tranquillity and Evelina so little intercourse.

I blush for what I have written. Can you, Maria, forgive my gravity? But I restrain it so much and so painfully in the presence of Mr. Villars, that I know not how to deny myself the consolation of indulging it to you.

Adieu my dear miss Mirvan.

Yet one thing I must add: do not let the seriousness of this letter deceive you; do not impute to a wrong cause the melancholy I confess, by supposing that the heart of your friend mourns a too great susceptibility; no, indeed! believe me it never was, never can be, more assuredly her own than at this moment. So witness in all truth.

Your affectionate

EVELINA.

You will make my excuse to the honoured lady Howard, and to your dear mother.

Evelina in continuation.

Berry Hill, July 28.

You accuse me of mystery, and charge me with reserve: I cannot doubt but I must have merited the accusation; yet, to clear myself.—you know not how painful will be the task. But I cannot resist your kind entreaties;—Indeed I do not wish to resist them; for your friendship and affection will soothe my chagrin. Had it arisen from any other cause, not a moment would I have deferred the communication you ask;—but as it is, I would, were it possible, not only conceal it from

all the world, but endeavour to disbelieve it myself. Yet since I must tell you, why trifle with your impatience?

I know not how to come to the point; twenty times have I attempted it in vain—but I will force myself to proceed.

Oh, Miss Mirvan, could you ever have believed that one who seemed formed as a pattern for his fellow creatures, as a model of perfection,—one whose elegance surpassed all description,—whose sweetness of manners disgraced all comparison;—oh, Miss Mirvan, could you ever have believed that lord Orville would have treated me with indignity?

Never, never again will I trust to appearances;—never confide in my own weak judgement;—never believe that a person to be good seems to be amiable! What cruel maxims are we taught by a knowledge of the world!—But while my own reflections absorb me, I forget you are still in suspense.

I had just finished the last letter which I wrote to you from London, when the maid of the house brought me a note. It was given to her, she said, by a footman, who told her he would call the next day for an answer.

This note,—but let it speak for itself.

To Miss Anville.

With transport, most charming of thy sex, did I read the letter with which you yesterday morning favoured me. I am sorry the affair of the carriage should have given you any concern, but I am highly flattered by the anxiety you express so kindly. Believe me, my lovely girl, I am truly

sensible of the honour of your good opinion, and feel myself deeply penetrated with love and gratitude. The correspondence you have so sweetly commenced, I shall be proud of continuing; and I hope the strong sense I have of the favour you do me will prevent your withdrawing it. Assure yourself, that I desire nothing more ardently than to pour forth at your feet, and to offer those vows which are so justly the tribute of your charms and accomplishments. In your next, I entreat you to acquaint me how long you shall remain in town. The servant, whom I shall commission to call for an answer, has orders to ride post with it to me. My impatience for his arrival will be very great, though inferior to that with which I burn to tell you, in person, how much I am, my sweet girl, your grateful admirer,

ORVILLE.

What a letter! how was my proud heart swelled every line I have copied! What I wrote to him you know; tell me, then, my dear friend, do you think it merited such answer?—and that I have deservedly incurred the liberty he has taken? I meant nothing but a simple apology, which I thought as much due to my own character as to his; yet, by the construction he seems to have put upon it, should you not have imagined it contained the avowal of sentiments which might, indeed, have provoked his contempt?

The moment the letter was delivered to me, I retired to my own room to read it; and so eager was my first perusal, that—I am ashamed to own, it gave me no sensation but of delight. Unsuspecting of any impropriety from lord Orville, I

perceived not immediately the impertinence it implied,—I only marked the expressions of his own regard, and I was so much surprised, that I was unable for some time to compose myself, or read it again:—I could only walk up and down the room, repeating to myself, Good God, is it possible?—am I then loved by lord Orville?

But this dream was soon over, and I awoke to far different feelings. Upon a second reading I thought every word changed,—it did not seem the same letter,—I could not find one sentence that I could look at without blushing:—my astonishment was extreme, and it was succeeded by the utmost indignation.

If, as I am very ready to acknowledge, I erred in writing to lord Orville, was it for him to punish the error? If he was offended, could he not have been silent? If he thought my letter ill-judged, should he not have pitied my ignorance—have considered my youth, and allowed for my inexperience.

Oh, Maria! how have I been deceived in this man! Words have no power to tell the high opinion I had of him; to that was owing the unfortunate solicitude which prompted my writing; a solicitude I must for ever repent!

Yet perhaps I have rather reason to rejoice than to grieve, since this affair has shewn me his real disposition, and removed that partiality which covering his every imperfection, left only his virtues and good qualities exposed to view. Had the deception continued much longer, had my mind received any additional prejudice in his fa-

your, who knows whither my mistaken ideas might have led me? Indeed I fear I was in greater danger than I apprehended, or can now think of without trembling;—for, oh, if this weak heart of mine had been penetrated with too deep an impression of his merit,—my peace and happiness had been lost for ever.

I would fain encourage more cheerful thoughts, fain drive from my mind the melancholy that has taken possession of it; but I cannot succeed: for, added to the humiliating feelings which so powerfully oppress me, I have yet another cause of concern:—alas, my dear Maria, I have broken the tranquillity of the best of men!

I have never had the courage to show him this cruel letter; I could not bear so greatly to depreciate in his opinion one whom I had with infinite anxiety raised in it myself. Indeed, my first determination was to confine my chagrin totally to my own bosom; but your friendly inquiries have drawn it from me; and now I wish I had made no concealment from the beginning, since I know not how to account for a gravity, which not all my endeavours can hide or repress.

My greatest apprehension is, lest he should imagine that my residence in London has given me a distaste to the country, Every body I see takes notice of my being altered, and looking pale and ill. I should be very indifferent to all such observations did I not perceive that they drew upon me the eyes of Mr. Villars, which glistened with affectionate concern.

This morning, in speaking of my London expedition, he mentioned lord Orville. I felt so

much disturbed, that I should instantly have changed the subject; but he would not allow me, and, very unexpectedly, he began his panegyric, extolling in strong terms his manly and honourable behaviour in regard to the Marylebone adventure. My cheeks glowed with indignation every word he spoke;—so lately as I had myself fancied him the noblest of his sex, now that I was so well convinced of my mistake, I could not bear to hear his undeserved praises uttered by one so really good, so unsuspected, so pure of heart.

What he thought of my silence and uneasiness I fear to know; but I hope he will mention the subject no more. I will not, however, with ungrateful indolence, give way to a sadness which I find infectious to him who merits the most cheerful exertion of my spirits. I am thankful that he has forborne to probe my wound: and I will endeavour to heal it by the consciousness that I have not deserved the indignity I have received. Yet I cannot but lament to find myself in a world so deceitful, where we must suspect what we see, distrust what we hear, and doubt even what I feel!

Evelina in continuation.

Berry Hill, July 26.

I MUST own myself somewhat distressed how to answer your raillery; yet believe me, my dear Maria, your suggestions are those of fancy, not of truth. I am unconscious of the weakness you suspect: yet, to dispel your doubts, I will ani-

mate myself more than ever to conquer my chagrin, and to recover my spirits.

You wonder, you say, since my heart takes no part in this affair, why it should make me so unhappy. And can you, acquainted as you are with the high opinion I entertained of lord Orville,—can you wonder that so great a disappointment in his character should affect me? Indeed, had so strange a letter been sent to me from any body, it could not have failed shocking me: how much more sensibly then must I feel such an affront, when received from the only man in the world I had imagined least capable of giving it!

You are glad I made no reply: assure yourself, my dear friend, had this letter been the most respectful that could be written, the clandestine air given to it, by his proposal of sending his servant for my answer, instead of having it directed to his house, would have effectually prevented my writing. Indeed, I have an aversion the most sincere to all mysteries, all private actions; however foolishly and blameable; in regard to this letter, I have deviated from the open path which from my earliest infancy, I was taught to tread.

He talks of my having commenced a correspondence with him: and could lord Orville indeed believe I had such a design? believe me so forward, so bold, so strangely ridiculous? I know not if his man called or not; but I rejoice that I quitted London before he came, and without leaving any message for him. What, indeed, could I have said? it would have been a condescension very unmerited to have taken any the least notice of such a letter.

Never shall I cease to wonder how he could write it. Oh, Maria! what, what could induce him so causelessly to wound and affront one who would sooner have died than wilfully offended him?—How mortify a freedom of style! how cruel an implication conveyed by his thanks and expressions of gratitude! Is it not astonishing that any man can appear so modest, who is so vain?

Every hour I regret the secrecy I have observed with my beloved Mr. Villars; I know not what bewitched me, but I felt at first a repugnance to publishing this affair that I could not surmount;—and now I am ashamed of confessing that I have any thing to confess! Yet I deserve to be punished for the false delicacy which occasioned my silence, since, if lord Orville himself was contented to forfeit his character, was it for me, almost at the expense of my own to support it!

Yet I believe I should be very easy, now the first shock is over, and now that I see the whole affair with the resentment it merits, did not all my good friends in the neighbourhood, who think me extremely altered, teaze me about my gravity, and torment Mr. Villars with observations upon my dejection and falling away. The subject is no sooner started than a deep gloom overspreads his venerable countenance, and he looks at me with a tenderness so melancholy, that I know not how to endure the consciousness of exciting it.

Mrs. Selwyn, a lady of large fortune, who lives about three miles from Berry Hill, and who has always honoured me with very distinguishing marks of regard, is going in a short time to Bristol, and has proposed to Mr. Villars to take with

her for the recovery of my health. He seemed very much distressed whether to consent or refuse; but I, without any hesitation, warmly opposed the scheme, protesting my health could nowhere be better than in this pure air. He had the goodness to thank me for this readiness to stay with him; but he is all goodness! O that it were in my power to be indeed what, in the kindness of his heart, he has called me, the comfort of his age, and solace of his infirmities!

Never do I wish to be again separated from him. If here I am grave, elsewhere I should be unhappy. In his presence, with a very little exertion, all the cheerfulness of my disposition seems ready to return; the benevolence of his countenance reanimates, the harmony of his temper composes, the purity of his character edifies me! I owe to him every thing! and far from finding my debt of gratitude a weight, the first pride, the first pleasure of my life, is the recollection of the obligations conferred upon me by a goodness so unequalled.

Once, indeed, I thought there existed another, —who, when time had wintered o'er his locks, would have shone forth among his fellow-creatures with the same brightness of worth which dignifies my honoured Mr. Villars; a brightness, how superior in value to that which results from mere quickness of parts, wit, or imagination! a brightness, which not contented with merely diffusing smiles, and gaining admiration from the sallies of the spirits, reflects a real and a glorious lustre upon all mankind! Oh, how great was my

error! how ill did I judge, how cruelly have I been deceived!

I will not go to Bristol, though Mrs. Selwyn is very urgent with me; but I desire not to see any more of the word! the few months I have already passed in it have sufficed to give me a disgust even to its name.

I hope, too, I shall see Lord Orville no more: accustomed, from my knowledge of him to regard him as a being superior to his race, his presence, perhaps, might banish my resentment, and I might forget his ill conduct; for oh, Maria!—I should not know how to see lord Orville—and to think of his displeasure!

As a sister I loved him;—I could have intrusted him with every thought of my heart, had he deigned to wish my confidence: so steady did I think his honour, so feminine his delicacy, and so amiable his nature! I have a thousand times imagined that the whole study of his life, and whole purport of his reflections, tended solely to the good and happiness of others; but I will talk—write,—think of him no more!

Adieu, my dear friend!—

Evelina in Continuation

Berry Hill, August 11.

You complain of my silence, my dear Miss Mirvan;—but what have I to write? Narrative does not offer, nor does a lively imagination supply the deficiency. I have, however, at present sufficient matter for a letter, in relating a conversation I had with Mr. Villars yesterday.

Our breakfast had been the most cheerful we have had since my return hither : and when it was over, he did not, as usual, retire to his study, but continued to converse with me while I worked. We might, probably, have passed all the morning thus sociably, but for the entrance of a farmer, who came to solicit advice concerning some domestic affairs. They withdrew together into the study.

The moment I was alone my spirits failed me : the exertion with which I had supported them had fatigued my mind ; I flung away my work, and leaning my arms on the table, gave way to a train of disagreeable reflections, which, bursting from the restraint that had smothered them, filled me with unusual sadness.

This was my situation, when, looking towards the door, which was open, I perceived Mr. Tillars, who was earnestly regarding me. Is farmer Smith gone, sir ?—cried I, hastily rising, and snatching up my work.

Don't let me disturb you, said he gravely ; I will go again to my study.

Will you, sir ?—I was in hopes you were coming to sit here.

In hopes !—and why, Evelina, should you hope it ?

This question was so unexpected, that I knew not how to answer it ; but as I saw he was moving away, I followed, and begged him to return. No, my dear, no, said he, with forced smile, I only interrupt your meditations.

Again I knew not what to say ; and while I hesitated, he retired. My heart was with him, but

I had not the courage to follow. The idea of an explanation, brought on in so serious a manner, frightened me. I recollected the inference you had drawn from my uneasiness, and I feared that he might make a similar interpretation.

Solitary and thoughtful, I passed the rest of the morning in my own room. At dinner I again attempted to be cheerful; but Mr. Villars himself was grave, and I had not sufficient spirits to support a conversation merely by my own efforts. As soon as dinner was over, he took a book, and I walked to the window. I believe I remained near an hour in this situation. All my thoughts were directed to considering how I might dispel the doubts which I apprehend Mr. Villars had formed, without acknowledging a circumstance which I had suffered so much pain merely to conceal. But while I was thus planning for the future, I forgot the present; and so intent was I upon the subject which occupied me, that the strange appearance of my unusual inactivity and extreme thoughtfulness never occurred to me. But when, at last, I recollected myself and turned round, I saw that Mr. Villars, who had parted with his book, was wholly engrossed in attending to me. I started from my reverie, and, hardly knowing what I said, asked if he had been reading.

He paused for a moment, and then replied, Yes my child; a book that both afflicts and perplexes me.

He means me, thought I; and therefore I made no answer.

What if we read it together? continued he; will you assist me to clear its obscurity.

I knew not what to say; but I sighed involuntarily from the bottom of my heart. He rose, and approaching me, said, with emotion, my child, I can no longer be a silent witness of thy sorrow;—is not thy sorrow my sorrow?—and ought I to be a stranger to the cause when I so deeply sympathise in the effect?

Cause, sir! cried I, greatly alarmed, what cause?—I don't know,—I can't tell—I—

Fear not, said he kindly, to unbosom thyself to me, my dearest Evelina; open to me thy whole heart,—it can have no feelings for which I will not make allowance. Tell me, therefore, what it is that thus afflicts us both; and who knows but I may suggest some means for relief?

You are too, too good, cried I, greatly embarrassed: but indeed I know not what you mean.

I see, said he, it is painful to you to speak? suppose then, I endeavour to save you by guessing?

Impossible! impossible! cried I eagerly; no one living could ever guess, ever suppose—I stopped abruptly; for I then recollected I was acknowledging something was to be guessed: however he noticed not my mistake.

At least let me try, answered he mildly; perhaps I may be a better diviner than you imagine: if I guess every thing that is probable, surely I must approach near the real reason. Be honest, then, my love, and speak without reserve; does not the country, after so much gaiety, so much variety, does it not appear insipid and tiresome?

No, indeed! I love it more than ever, and more

than ever do I wish I had never, never quitted it!

O my child! that I had never permitted the journey! My judgement always opposed it, but my resolution was not proof against persuasion.

I blush, indeed, cried I, to recollect my earnestness; but I have been my own punisher?

It is too late now; answered he, to reflect upon this subject: let us endeavour to avoid dependance for the time to come, and we shall not have erred without reaping some instructions. Then, seating himself, and making me sit by him, he continued, I must now guess again: perhaps you regret the loss of those friends you knew in town?—perhaps you miss their society, and fear you may see them no more?—Perhaps lord Orville——

I could not keep my seat;—but, rising hastily, said, Dear sir, ask me nothing more!—for I have nothing to own,—nothing to say;—my gravity has been merely accidental, and I can give no reason for it at all. Shall I fetch you another book? or will you have this again?

For some minutes he was totally silent, and I pretended to employ myself in looking for a book. At last, with a deep sigh, I see, said he, I see but too plainly, that though Evelina is returned—I have lost my child!

No, sir, no, cried I, inexpressibly shocked; she is more yours than ever! Without you, the world would be a desert to her, and life a burthen;—forgive her, then, and,—if you can,—condescend to be, once more, the confidant of all her thoughts.

How highly I value, how greatly I wish for her

confidence, returned he, she cannot but know :— yet to extort, to tear it from her,—my justice, my affection, both revolt at the idea. I am sorry that I was so earnest with you; leave me, my dear, leave me, and compose yourself; we will meet again at tea.

Do you then refuse to hear me?

No, but I abhor to compel you. I have long seen that your mind has been ill at ease, and mine has largely partaken of your concern: I forbore to question you: for I hoped that time and absence from whatever cause which excited your uneasiness, might best operate in silence: but, alas! your affliction seems only to augment,—your health declines,—your look alters!—O Evelina, my aged heart bleeds to see the change;—bleeds to behold the darling it had cherished, the prop it had reared for its support, when bowed down by years and infirmities, sinking itself under the pressure of internal grief!—struggling to hide what it should seek to participate!—But go, my dear, go to your own room; we both want composure, and we will talk of this matter some other time.

O Sir, cried I, penetrated to the soul, bid me not leave you!—think me not so lost to feeling, to gratitude—

Not a word of that, interrupted he: it pains me you should think upon that subject; pains me you should ever remember that you have not a natural, an hereditary right to every thing within my power. I meant not to affect you thus,—I hoped to have soothed you; but my anxiety betrayed me to an urgency that has distressed you.

Comfort yourself, my love: and doubt not but that time will stand your friend, and all will end well.

I burst into tears: with difficulty had I so long restrained them; for my heart, while it glowed with tenderness and gratitude, was oppressed with a sense of its own unworthiness. You are all, all goodness! cried I, in a voice scarce audible: little as I deserve,—unable as I am to repay such kindness,—yet my whole soul feels,—thanks to you for it!

My dearest child, cried he, I cannot bear to see thy tears;—for *my* sake dry them, for such a sight is too much far me: think of that, Evelina, and take comfort, I charge thee.

Say, then, cried I, kneeling at his feet, say then, that you forgive me! that you pardon my reserve,—that you will again suffer me to tell you my most secret thoughts, and rely upon my promise never more to forfeit your confidence!—My father! my protector!—my ever honoured,—ever loved,—my best and only friend! say you forgive your Evelina, and she will study better to deserve your goodness!

He raised, he embraced me: he called me his sole joy, his only earthly hope, and the child of his bosom! He folded me to his heart; and, while I wept from the fulness of mine, with words of sweetest kindness and consolation he soothed and tranquillized me.

Dear to my remembrance will ever be that moment, when, banishing the reserve I had so foolishly planned and so painfully supported, I was restored to the confidence of the best of men!

When at length we were again quietly and composedly seated by each other, and Mr. Villars waited for the explanation I had begged him to hear, I found myself extremely embarrassed how to introduce the subject which must lead to it. He saw my distress; and with a kind of benevolent pleasantry, asked me if I would let him *guess* any more? I assented in silence.

Shall I then go back to where I left off?

If—if you please;—I believe so,—said I stammering.

Well, then, my love, I think I was speaking of the regret it was natural you should feel upon quitting those from whom you have received civility and kindness, with so little certainty of ever seeing them again, or being able to return their good offices? These are circumstances that afford but melancholy reflections to young minds; and the affectionate disposition of my Evelina, open to all social feelings, must be hurt more than usual by such considerations.—You are silent, my dear! Shall I name those whom I think most worthy the regret I speak of? We shall then see if our opinions coincide.

Still I said nothing, and he continued.

In your London journal, nobody appears in a more amiable, a more respectable light than lord Orville; and perhaps—

I knew what you would say, cried I hastily, and I have long feared where your suspicions would fall; but, indeed, sir, you are mistaken; I hate lord Orville.—he is the last man in the world in whose favour I should be prejudiced.

I stopped: for Mr. Villars looked at me with

such infinite surprise, that my own warmth made me blush.

You *hate* lord Orville! repeated he.

I could make no answer, but took from my pocket book the letter, and giving it to him, See, sir, said I, how differently the same man can *talk* and write!

He read it three times before he spoke; and then said, I am so much astonished, that I knew not what I read. When had you this letter?

I told him. Again he read it, and, after considering its contents some time, said, I can form but one conjecture concerning this most extraordinary performance; he must certainly have been intoxicated when he wrote it.

Lord Orville intoxicated! repeated I: once I thought him a stranger to all intemperance:—but it is very possible, for I can believe any thing now.

That a man who had behaved with so strict a regard to delicacy, continued Mr. Villars: and who, as far as this occasion allowed, manifested sentiments the most honourable, should thus insolently, thus wantonly, insult a modest young woman, in his perfect senses, I cannot think possible. But my dear, you should have enclosed this letter in an empty cover, and have returned it to him again; such a resentment would at once have become your character, and have given him an opportunity, in some measure, of clearing his own. He could not well have read this letter the next morning without being sensible of the impropriety of having written it.

Oh, Maria; why had I not this thought? I

might then have received some apology: the mortification would then have been his, not mine. It is true, he could not have reinstated himself so highly in my opinion as I had once ignorantly placed him, since the conviction of such intemperance would have levelled him with the rest of his imperfect race; yet my humble pride might have been consoled by his acknowledgements.

But why should I allow myself to be humbled by a man who can suffer his reason to be thus abjectly debased, when I am exalted by one who knows no vice and scarcely a failing, but by hearsay? To think of his kindness, and reflect upon his praises, might animate and comfort me even in the midst of affliction. Your indignation, said he, is the result of virtue; you fancied lord Orville was without fault,—he had the appearance of infinite worthiness, and you supposed his character accorded with his appearance; guileless yourself, how could you prepare against the duplicity of another? Your disappointment has but been proportioned to your expectations, and you have chiefly owed its severity to the innocence which hid its approach.

I will bid these words dwell ever in thy memory, and they shall cheer, comfort, and enliven me!—This conversation, though extremely affecting to me at the time it passed, has relieved my mind from much anxiety. Concealment, my dear Maria, is the foe of tranquillity: however, I may err in future, I will never be disingenuous in acknowledging my errors. To you and to Mr. Villars I vow an unremitting confidence.

And yet though I am more at ease, I am far

from well: I have been some time writing this letter: but I hope I shall send you soon a more cheerful one.

Adieu, my sweet friend. I entreat you not to acquaint even your dear mother with this affair; lord Orville is a favourite with her, and why should I publish that he deserves not that honour.

Evelina in continuation.

Bristol Hotwells, August 28.

You will be again surprised, my dear Maria, at seeing whence I date my letter: but I have been very ill, and Mr. Villars was so much alarmed, that he not only insisted upon my accompanying Mrs. Selwyn hither, but earnestly desired she would hasten her intended journey.

We travelled very slowly, and I did not find myself so much fatigued as I expected. We are situated upon a most delightful spot: the prospect is beautiful, the air pure, and the weather very favourable to invalids. I am already better, and I doubt not but I shall soon be well: as well, in regard to mere health, as I wish to be.

I cannot express the reluctance with which I parted from my reverend Mr. Villars; it was not like that parting which, last April, preceded my journey to Howard Grove, when, all expectation and hope, though I wept, I rejoiced: and though I sincerely grieved to leave him, I yet wished to be gone: the sorrow I felt was unmixed with any livelier sensation; expectation was vanished, and hope I had none! All that I held most dear up-

on earth I quitted; and that upon an errand, to the success of which I was totally indifferent, the re-establishment of my health. Had it been to have seen my sweet Maria, or her dear mother, I should not have repined.

Mrs Selwyn is very kind and attentive to me. She is extremely clever: her understanding, indeed, may be called *masculine*: but, unfortunately, her manners deserve the same epithet; for, in studying to acquire the knowledge of the other sex, she has lost all the softness of her own.

In regard to myself, however, as I have neither courage nor inclination to argue with her, I have never been personally hurt at her want of gentleness; a virtue which, nevertheless, seems so essential a part of the female character, that I find myself more awkward, and less at ease, with a woman who wants it, than I do with a man! She is not a favourite with Mr Villars, who has often been disgusted at her unmerciful propensity to satire; but his anxiety that I should try the effect of the Bristol waters, overcame his dislike of committing me to her care. Mrs. Clinton is also here so that I shall be as well attended as his utmost partiality could desire.

I will continue to write to you, my dear miss Mirvan, with as much constancy as if I had no other correspondence; though during my absence from Berry Hill, my letters may, perhaps, be shortened on account of the minuteness of the journal which I must write to my beloved Mr. Villars; but you who know his expectations, and how many ties bind me to fulfil them, will, I am

sure, rather excuse any omission to yourself than any negligence to him.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Bristol Hotwells, Sep, 12

THE first fortnight that passed here was so quiet, so serene, that it gave me reason to expect a settled calm during my stay; but if I may now judge of the time to come, by the present state of my mind, the calm will be succeeded by a storm, of which I dread the violence!

This morning, in my way to the pump room with Mrs. Selwyn, we were both very much incommoded by three gentlemen, who were sauntering by the side of the Avon, laughing and talking very loud, and lounging so disagreeably, that we knew not how to pass them. They all three fixed their eyes very boldly upon me, alternately looking under my hat, and whispering one another. Mrs. Selwyn assumed an air of uncommon sternness, and said, You will please, gentlemen, either to proceed yourselves, or to suffer us.

Oh! ma'am, cried one of them, we will suffer you with the greatest pleasure in life.

You will suffer us both, answered she, or I am much mistaken; you had better, therefore, make way quietly; for I should be sorry to give my servant the trouble of teaching you better manners.

Her commanding air struck them, yet they all chose to laugh; and one of them wished the fellow would begin his lesson, that he might have the pleasure of rolling him into the Avon; while ano-

ther advancing to me with a freedom which made me start, said, By my soul I did not know you!—but I am sure I cannot be mistaken;—had not I the honour of seeing you once at the Pantheon?

I then recollected the nobleman, who, at that place had so much embarrassed me. I courtesied without speaking. They all bowed, and making though in a very easy manner, an apology to Mrs. Selwyn, they suffered us to pass on, but chose to accompany us

His lordship immediately commenced a number of questions as to my leaving London, and residence in Clifton until we arrived at the pump-room, when an end was put to our conversation, if it is not an abuse of words to give such a term to a string of rude questions and free compliments.

He had not an opportunity to say much to me, as Mrs. Selwyn joined a large party, and I walked home between two ladies. He had, however, the curiosity to see us to the door.

Mrs. Selwyn was very eager to know how I had made acquaintance with this nobleman, whose manner so evidently announced the character of a confirmed libertine. I could give her very little satisfaction, as I was ignorant even of his name; but, in the afternoon. Mr. Ridgeway, the apothecary, gave us every information.

As his person was easily described, for he is remarkably tall, Mr. Ridgeway told us he was lord Merton, a nobleman who is but lately come to his title, though he has already dissipated more than half his fortune; a professed admirer of beauty, but a man of most licentious character: that among men, his companions consisted chiefly of

gamblers and jockeys; and among women he was rarely admitted.

Well, miss Anville, said Mrs. Selwyn, I am glad I was not more civil to him. You may depend upon *me* for keeping him at a distance.

O, madam, said Mr. Ridgeway, he may now be admitted any where, for he is going to *reform*.

Has he, under that notion, persuaded any fool to marry him?

Not yet, madam, but a marriage is expected to take place shortly: it has been some time in agitation; but the friends of the lady have obliged her to wait till she is of age: however her brother, who has chiefly opposed the match, now that she is near being at her own disposal, is tolerably quiet. She is very pretty, and will have a large fortune. We expect her at the Wells every day.

What is her name? said Mrs. Selwyn.

Larpent, answered he: Lady Louisa Larpent, sister of lord Orville.

Lord Orville! repeated I, all amazement.

Yes, ma'am; his lordship is coming with her. I have had certain information. They are to be at the honourable Mrs. Beaumont's. She is a relation of my lord's, and has a very fine house upon Clifton Hill.

His lordship is coming with her!—Good God, what an emotion did these words give me! How strange, my dear sir, that just at this time, he should visit Bristol! It will be impossible for me to avoid seeing him, as Mrs. Selwyns is very well acquainted with Mrs. Beaumont. Indeed I have had an escape in not being under the same roof with him, for Mrs. Beaumont invited us to

her house immediately upon our arrival ; but the inconvenience of being so distant from the pump-room made Mrs. Selwyn decline her civility.

O that the first meeting was over!—or that I could quit Bristol without seeing him!—inexpressibly do I dread an interview! Should the same impertinent freedom be expressed by his looks, which dictated his cruel letter, I shall not know how to endure either him or myself. Had I but returned it, I should be easier, because my sentiments of it would then be known to him; but now, he can only gather them from my behaviour; and I tremble lest he should misconstrue my reserve into embarrassment!—for how, my dearest sir, how shall I be able totally to divest myself of the respect with which I have been used to think of him?—the pleasure with which I have been used to see him?

Surely he, as well as I, must recollect the letter at the moment of our meeting; and he will probably, mean to gather my thoughts from my looks;—O that I could but convey to him my real detestation of impertinence and vanity! then would he see how much he had mistaken my disposition when he imagined them my due.

There was a time when the very idea of such a man as lord Merton should ever be connected with lord Orville would have both surprised and shocked me; and even yet I am pleased to hear of his repugnance to the marriage.

But how strange, that a man of so abandoned a character should be the choice of a sister of lord Orville! and how strange, that, almost at the moment of the union, he should be so importunate

in gallantry to another woman! What a world is this we live in! how corrupt! how degenerate! well might I be contented to see no more of it! If I find that the eyes of lord Orville agree with his pen,—I shall then think, that of all mankind, the only virtuous individual resides at Berry Hill.

Evelina in Continuation.

Bristol Hotwells, Sept, 16.

O, SIR, lord Orville is still himself!—still what, from the moment I beheld, I believed him to be— all that is amiable in man; and your happy Evelina, restored at once to spirits and tranquillity is no longer sunk in her own opinion, nor discontented with the world;—no longer, with dejected eyes, sees the prospect of passing her future days in sadness, doubt, and suspicion!—with revived courage she now looks forward, and expects to meet with goodness, even among mankind!— though still she feels as strongly as ever the folly of hoping, in any second instance, to meet with perfection

Your conjecture was certainly right:—lord Orville, when he wrote that letter, could not be in his senses. O that intemperance should have power to degrade so low, a man so noble!

This morning I accompanied Mrs. Selwyn to Clifton Hill, where, beautifully situated, is the house of Mrs. Beaumont. Most uncomfortable were my feelings during our walk, which was very slow; for the agitation of my mind made me more than usually sensible how weak I still continue. As we entered the house, I summoned all my re-

solution to my aid, determined rather to die than give lord Orville reason to attribute my weakness to a wrong cause. I was happily relieved from my perturbation, when I saw Mrs. Beaumont was alone. We sat with her for, I believe, an hour without interruption: and then we saw a phaeton drive up to the gate, and a lady and gentleman alight from it.

They entered the parlour with the ease of people who were at home. The gentleman, I soon saw, was lord Merton: he came shuffling into the room with his boots on, and his whip in his hand; and having made something like a vow to Mrs. Beaumont, he turned towards me. His surprise was very evident; but he took no manner of notice of me. He waited, I believe, to discover, first, what chance had brought me to that house, where he did not look much rejoiced at meeting me. He seated himself very quietly at the window, without speaking to any body.

Meantime the lady, who seemed very young, hobbling rather than walking into the room, made a passing curtsy to Mrs. Beaumont, saying, How are you, ma'am? and then, without noticing any body else, with an air of langour, she flung herself upon a sofa, protesting, in a most affected voice, and speaking so softly she could hardly be heard, that she was fatigued to death. Really, ma'am, the roads are so monstrous dusty,—you can't imagine how troublesome the dust is to one's eyes!—I dare say I shall be so tanned, I shan't be fit to be seen this age. Indeed, my lord, I won't go out with you any more, for you don't care where you take one.

Upon my honour, said lord Merton, I took you the pleasantest ride in England; the fault was in the sun, not me.

Your lordship is in the right, said Mrs. Selwyn, to transfer the fault to the sun, because he has so many excellencies to counterbalance partial inconveniences, but a little blame will not injure that in our estimation.

Lord Merton looked by no means delighted at this attack; which, I believe, she would not so readily have made, but to revenge his neglect of us.

Did you meet your brother, lady Louisa? said Mrs. Beaumont.

No, ma'am. Is he rode out this morning?

I then found, what I had before suspected, that this lady was lord Orville's sister: how strange, that such near relations should be so indifferent to each other! There is, indeed, some resemblance in their features; but, in their manners, not the least.

Yes, answered Mrs. Beaumont, and I believe he wished to see you.

My lord drove so monstrous fast, said lady Louisa, that perhaps we passed him. He frightened me out of my senses; I declare my head is quite giddy. Do you know, ma'am, we have done nothing but quarrel all this morning!—You can't think how I've scolded; have not I, my lord? and she smiled expressively at lord Merton.

You have been, as you always are, said he, twisting his whip with his fingers, all sweetness.

O fie, my lord, cried she, I know you don't

think so: I know you think me very ill natured, don't you my lord

No, upon my honour;—how can your ladyship ask such a question? Pray how goes time? my watch stands.

It is almost three, answered Mrs. Beaumont.

Lord, ma'am, you frighten me! cried lady Louisa; and then, turning to lord Merton, why, now, you wicked creature you, did you not tell me it was but one?

Mrs. Selwyn then rose to take leave: but Mrs. Beaumont asked if she would look at the shrubbery. I should like it much, answered she, but that I fear to fatigue Miss Anville.

Lady Louisa, then raising her head from her hand, on which it had leaned, turned round to look at me; and having satisfied her curiosity; without any regard to the confusion it gave me, turned about, and, again leaning on her hand, took no further notice of me.

I declared myself very able to walk, and begged that I might accompany them. What say you, lady Louisa, cried Mrs. Beaumont, to stroll in the garden?

Me, ma'am!—I declare I can't stir a step; the heat is so excessive, it would kill me. I'm half dead with it already: besides, I shall have no time to dress. Will any body be here to day, ma'am?

Believe not, unless lord Merton will favour us with his company.

With great pleasure, madam.

Well, I declare, you don't deserve to be asked, cried lady Louisa, you wicked creature you,—I must tell you one thing, ma'am,—you can't think

how abominable he was! do you know we met Mr. Lovel in his new phaeton, and my lord was so cruel as to drive against it?—We really flew. I declare I could not breathe. Upon my word, my lord, I'll never trust myself with you again,—I won't indeed.

We then went into the garden, leaving them to discuss the point at their leisure.

Do you remember a pretty but affected young lady I mentioned to have seen in lord Orville's party, at the Pantheon? How little did I then imagine her to be his sister! yet lady Louisa Larpent is the very person. I can now account for the piqued manner of her speaking to lord Merton that evening, and I can now account for the air of displeasure with which lord Orville marked the undue attention of his future brother-in-law to me.

We had not walked long, ere, at a distance, I perceived lord Orville, who seemed just dismounted from his horse, enter the garden. All my perturbation returned at the sight of him!—yet I endeavoured to repress every feeling but resentment. As he approached us, he bowed to the whole party; but I turned away my head to avoid taking any share in his civility. Addressing himself immediately to Mrs. Beaumont, he was beginning to inquire after his sister: but, upon seeing my face, he suddenly exclaimed, miss Anville!—and then he advanced, and made his compliments to me,—not with an air of vanity or impertinence, nor yet with a look of consciousness of shame;—but with a countenance open, manly, and charming! with a smile that indicated plea-

sure, and eyes that sparkled with delight!—on my side was all that consciousness; for him, I really believe, the letter was, at that moment, entirely forgotten.

With what politeness did he address me! with what sweetness did he look at me; the very tone of his voice seemed flattering! he congratulated himself upon his good fortune in meeting with me;—hoped I should spend some time in Bristol; and inquired, even with anxiety inquired, if my health was the cause of my journey; in which case his satisfaction would be converted into apprehension.

Yet, struck as I was with his manner, and charmed to find him such as he was wont to be, imagine not, my dear sir, that I forgot the resentment I owe him, or the cause he has given me of displeasure; no, my behaviour was such as, I hope, had you seen, you would not have disapproved: I was grave and distant; I scarce looked at him when he spoke, or answered him when he was silent.

As he must certainly observe this alteration in my conduct, I think it could not fail making him both recollect and repent the provocation; he was so wholly lost to reason as now to be ignorant he had ever offended me.

The moment that, without absolute rudeness, I was able, I turned entirely from him, and asked Mrs. Selwyn if we should not be too late? How lord Orville looked I know not, for I avoided meeting his eyes; but he did not speak another word as we proceeded to the garden gate. Indeed, I believe, my abruptness surprised him, for

he did not seem to expect I had so much spirit. And, to own the truth, convinced as I was of the propriety, nay necessity, of showing my displeasure, yet I almost hated myself for receiving his politeness so ungraciously.

When we were taking leave, my eyes accidentally meeting his, I could not but observe that his gravity unequalled my own; for it had entirely taken place of the smiles and good humour with which he had met us.

I am afraid this young lady, said Mrs. Beaumont, is too weak for another long walk till she is again rested.

If the ladies will trust to my driving, said lord Orville, and are not afraid of a phaeton, mine shall be ready in a moment.

You are very good, my lord, said Mrs. Selwyn, but my will is yet unsigned, and I don't choose to venture in a phaeton with a young man while that is the case.

O, cried Mrs. Beaumont, you need not to be afraid of my lord Orville, for he is remarkably careful.

Well, miss Anville, answered she, what say you?

Indeed, cried I, I had much rather walk.—But then, looking at lord Orville, I perceived in his face a surprise so serious at my abrupt refusal, that I could not forbear adding, for I should be sorry to occasion so much trouble.

Lord Orville, brightening at these words, came forward, and pressed his offer in a manner not to be denied; so the phaeton was ordered! And indeed, my dear sir,—I know not how it was;—

but, from that moment, my coldness and reserve insensibly wore away! You must not be angry, —it was my intention, nay, my endeavour, to support them with firmness; but when I formed the plan, I thought only of the letter,—not of lord Orville!—and how is it possible for resentment to subsist without provocation? yet, believe me, my dearest sir, had he sustained the part he began to act when he wrote that ever-to-be-regretted letter, your Evelina would not have forfeited her title to your esteem, by contentedly submitting to be treated with indignity.

We continued in the garden till the phaeton was ready. When we parted from Mrs. Beaumont, she repeated her invitation to Mr. Selwyn to accept an apartment in her house; but the reason I have already mentioned made it be again declined.

Lord Orville drove so very slow, and cautiously, that, notwithstanding the height of the phaeton, fear would have been ridiculous. I supported no part in the conversation; but Mrs. Selwyn extremely well supplied the place of two. Lord Orville himself did not speak much; but the excellent sense and refined good-breeding which accompany every word he utters give value and weight to whatever he says.

I suppose, my lord, said Mrs. Selwyn, when we stopped at our lodgings, you would have been extremely confused had we met any gentlemen who have the honour of knowing you?

If I had, answered, he, gallantly, it would have been from mere compassion at their envy.

No, my lord, answered she, it would have been

from mere shame, that, in an age so daring, you alone should be such a coward as to forbear to frighten women.

O, cried he, laughing, when a man is in a fright for himself, the ladies cannot but be in security; for you have not had half the apprehension for the safety of your persons that I have for that of my heart. He then alighted, handed us out, took leave, and, again mounting the phaeton, was out of sight in a minute.

Certainly, said Mrs. Selwyn, when he has gone, there must have been some mistake in the birth of that young man; he was undoubtedly designed for the last age; for he is really polite.

And now, my dear sir, do not you think, according to the present system of affairs, I may give up my resentment, without imprudence or impropriety? I hope you will not blame me. Indeed, had you, like me, seen his respectful behaviour, you would have been convinced of the impracticability of supporting any further indignation.

Evelina in continuation.

Bristol Hotwells, Sept. 12.

YESTERDAY morning Mrs. Selwyn received a card from Mrs. Beaumont, to ask her to dine with her to day, and another, to the same purpose, came to me. The invitation was accepted, and we are but just arrived from Clifton Hill.

We found Mrs. Beaumont alone in the parlour. I will write you the character of that lady, in the word of our satirical friend Mrs. Selwyn. She is an absolute *Court Calendar bigot*; for, chancing

herself to be born of a noble and ancient family, she thinks proper to be of opinion, *birth* and *virtue* are one and the same thing. She has some good qualities; but they rather originated from pride than principle, as she piques herself upon being too high born to be capable of an unworthy action, and thinks it incumbent upon her to support the dignity of her ancestry. Fortunately for the world in general, she has taken it into her head that condescension is the most distinguished virtue of high life; so that the same pride of family which renders others imperious, is with her the motive of affability. But her civility is too formal to be comfortable, and too mechanical to be flattering. That she does me the honour of so much notice is merely owing to an accident, which, I am sure, is very painful to her remembrance; for it so happened, that I once did her some service, in regard to an apartment at Southampton; and I have since been informed, that, at the time she accepted my assistance, she thought I was a woman of quality: and I make no doubt but she was miserable when she discovered me to be a mere country gentlewoman: however her nice notions of decorum have made her load me with favours ever since. But I am not much flattered by her civilities, as I am convinced I owe them neither to attachment nor gratitude; but solely to a desire of cancelling an obligation, which she cannot brook being under to one whose name is nowhere to be found in the Court Calendar.

You well know, my dear sir, the delight this lady takes in giving to her satirical humour.

Mrs. Beaumont received us very graciously,

though she somewhat distressed me by the questions she asked concerning my family; such as, Whether I was related to the Anvilles in the North?—Whether some of my name did not live in Lincolnshire? and many other inquiries, which much embarrassed me.

The next conversation turned upon the intended marriage in her family. She treated the subject with reserve, but it was evident she disapproved lady Louisa's choice. She spoke in terms of the highest esteem of lord Orville, calling him, in Marmontel's words, *Un jeune homme comme il y en a peu.*

I did not think this conversation very agreeable interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Lovel. Indeed I am heartily sorry he is now at the Hotwells. He made his compliments with the most obsequious respect to Mrs. Beaumont, but took no notice of any other person.

In a few minutes Lady Louisa Larpent made her appearance. The same manners prevailed: for, courtseying, with, I hope you are well, ma'am, to Mrs. Beaumont, she passed straightforward to her seat on the sofa; where leaning her head on her hand, she cast her languishing eyes round the room, with a vacant stare, as if determined, though she looked, not to see who was in it.

Mr. Lovel presently approached her, with reverence the most profound, hoping her ladyship was not indisposed.

Mr. Lovel! cried she, raising her head, I declare I did not see you: have you been here long? By my wateh, madam, said he, only five mi-

minutes,—but by your ladyship's absence as many hours.

Oh! now I think of it, cried she, I am very angry with you;—so go along, do; for I sh'a'n't speak to you all day.

Heaven forbid your la'ship's displeasure should last so long! in such cruel circumstances, a day would seem an age. But in what have I been so unfortunate as to offend?

Oh, you half killed me the other morning with terror! I have not yet recovered from my fright. How could you be so cruel as to drive your phaeton against my lord Merton's?

'Pon honour, ma'am, your la'ship does me wrong;—it was all owing to the horses,—there was no curbing them. I protest I suffered more than your ladyship, from the terror of alarming you.

Just then entered Lord Merton: stalking up to Mrs. Beaumont, to whom alone he bowed, he hoped he had not made her wait; and then advancing to Lady Louisa, said, in a careless manner, How is your ladyship this morning?

Not well at all, answered she; I have been dying with the head ache ever since I got up.

Indeed, cried he, with a countenance wholly unmoved, I am very unhappy to hear it. But should not your ladyship have some advice?

I am quite sick of advice, answered she: Mr. Ridgeway has but just left me,—but he has done me no good. Nobody here knows what is the matter with me, yet they all see how very indifferent I am.

Your ladyship's constitution, said Mr. Lovel, is infinitely delicate.

Indeed it is, cried she, in a low voice, I am nerve all over!

I am glad, however, said lord Merton, that you did not take the air this morning, for Coverley has been driving against me as if he was mad; he has got two of the finest spirited horses that I ever saw.

Pray, my lord, cried she, why did you not bring Mr. Coverley with you? he's a droll creature, I like him monstrously.

Why he promised to be here as soon as me. I suppose he'll come before dinner is over.

In the midst of this trifling conversation lord Orville made his appearance. O how different was his address! how much superior did he look and move to all about him! Having paid his respects to Mrs. Beaumont, and then to Mrs. Selwyn, he came up to me and said, I hope Miss Anville has not suffered from the fatigue of Monday morning? Then, turning to Lady Louisa, who seemed rather surprised at his speaking to me, he added, Give me leave, sister, to introduce miss Anville to you.

Lady Louisa, half raising, said, very coldly, that she should be very glad of the honour of knowing me; and then abruptly turning to lord Merton and Mr. Lovel, continued, in a half whisper, her conversation.

For my part, I had risen and courtesied, and now feeling very foolish, I seated myself again; first I blushed at the unexpected politeness of lord Oaville, and immediately afterwards at the

contemptuous failure of it in his sister. How can that young lady see her brother so universally admired for his manners and deportment, and yet be so unamiably opposite to him in hers! but while his mind, enlarged and noble, rises superior to the little prejudices of rank; hers, feeble and unsteady, sinks beneath their influence.

Lord Orville, I am sure, was hurt and displeased, he bit his lips, and, turning from her, addressed himself wholly to me, till we were summoned to dinner. Do you think I was not grateful for his attention? yes, indeed, and every angry idea I had entertained was totally obliterated.

As we were seating ourselves at the table, Mr. Coverley came into the room; he made a thousand apologies in a breath for being so late, but said he had been retarded by a little accident, for that he had overturned his phaeton, and broke it all to pieces. Lady Louisa screamed at this intelligence, and, looking at Lord Merton, declared she would never go into a phaeton again.

Oh, cried he, never mind Jack Coverley; for he does not know how to drive.

My lord, cries Mr. Coverley, I'll drive against you for a thousand pounds.

Done! returned the other: name your day, and we'll each choose a judge.

The sooner the better, cried Mr. Coverley, tomorrow, if the carriage can be repaired.

These enterprises, said Mrs. Selwyn, are very proper for men of rank, since 'tis a million to one but both parties will be incapacitated for any better employment.

For Heaven's sake, cried Lady Louisa, changing

colour, don't talk so shockingly! Pray, my lord pray, Mr. Coverley, don't alarm me in this manner.

Compose yourself, lady Louisa, said Mrs. Beaumont, the gentlemen will think better of the scheme; they are neither of them in earnest.

The very mention of such a scheme, said lady Louisa, taking out her salts, makes me tremble all over! Indeed, my lord, you have frightened me to death! I sha'n't eat a morsel of dinner.

Permit me, said lord Orville, to propose some other subject for the present, and we will discuss this matter another time.

Pray, brother, excuse me; my lord must give me his word to drop the project,—for I declare it has made me sick as death.

To compromise the matter, said lord Orville, suppose if both parties are willing to give up the bet, that to make the ladies easy, we change its object to something less dangerous?

This proposal was so strongly seconded by all the party, that both lord Merton and Mr. Coverley were obliged to comply with it; and it was then agreed that the affair should be finally settled the next morning.

When dinner was over, Mrs. Beaumont recommended the gentlemen to the care of lord Orville, and then attended the ladies to the drawing-room.

The conversation, till tea-time, was extremely insipid: Mrs. Selwyn reserved herself for the gentlemen, Mrs. Beaumont was grave, and lady Louisa languid.

But at tea, every body revived; we were joined

by the gentlemen, and gaiety took the place of dulness.

Since I, as Mr. Lovel says, am *nobody*, I seated myself quietly at a window, and not very near to any body: lord Merton, Mr. Coverley, and Mr. Lovel, severally passed me without notice, and surrounded the chair of lady Louisa Larpent. I must own I was rather piqued at the behaviour of Mr. Lovel, as he had formerly known me. It is true I most sincerely despise his foppery; yet I should be grieved to meet with contempt from any body. But I was by no means sorry to find that lord Merton was determined not to know me before lady Louisa, as his neglect relieved me from much embarrassment. As to Mr. Coverley, his attention or disregard was equally indifferent to me. Yet, altogether, I feel extremely uncomfortable in finding myself considered in a light very inferior to the rest of the company.

But when lord Orville appeared, the scene changed; he came up stairs last; and, seeing me sit alone, not only spoke to me directly, but drew a chair next mine, and honoured me with his entire attention.

He inquired very particularly after my health, and hoped I had already found benefit from the Bristol air. How little did I imagine, added he, when I had last the pleasure of seeing you in town, that ill health would in so short a time have brought you hither! I am ashamed of myself at the satisfaction I feel at seeing you,—yet, how can I help it?

He then inquired after the Mirvan family, and spoke of Mrs. Mirvan in terms of most just praise.

She is gentle and amiable, said he, a true feminine character.

Yes, indeed, answered I : and her sweet daughter, to say every thing of her at once, is just the daughter such a mother deserves.

I am glad of it, said he, for both their sakes as such near relations must always reflect credit or disgrace on each other.

After this he began to speak of the beauties of Clifton ; but in a few moments he was interrupted by one of the company wishing to speak to him.

The conversation now became general ! but I did not give it sufficient attention to write any account of it. Not long after, lord Orville resumed his seat near mine, and entered into a conversation which he supported with me till Mrs. Selwyn's carriage was announced ; and we returned home.

During our ride, Mrs. Selwyn very much surprised me, by asking, if I thought my health would now permit me to give up my morning walks to the pump-room, for the purpose of spending a week at Clifton ? for this poor Mrs Beaumont, added she, is so eager to have a discharge in full of her debt to me, that, out of mere compassion, I am induced to listen to her. Besides, she has always a house full of people ; and, though they are chiefly fools and coxcombs, yet there is some pleasure in cutting them up.

I begged I might not, by any means prevent her following her inclination, as my health was now very well established. And so, my dear sir tomorrow we are to be actually the guests of Mrs. Beaumont.

I am not much delighted at this scheme; for greatly as I am flattered by the attention of lord Orville, it is not very comfortable to be neglected by every body else. Besides, as I am sure I owe the particularity of his civility to a generous feeling for my situation, I cannot expect him to support it as long as a week.

How often do I wish, since I am absent from you that I was under the protection of Mrs. Mirvan. It is true Mrs. Selwyn is very obliging, and, in every respect, treats me as an equal; but she is contented with behaving well herself, and does not, with a distinguishing politeness, raise and support me with others. Yet I mean not to blame her, for I know she is sincerely my friend; but the fact is, she is herself so much occupied in conversation, when in company, that she has neither leisure nor thought to attend to the silent.

Well, I must take my chance! But I knew not, till now, how requisite are birth and fortune to the attainment of respect and civility.

Evelina in continuation.

Clifton, Sept. 20.

HERE I am, my dear sir, under the same roof, and inmate of the same house, as lord Orville! Indeed, if this were not the case, my situation would be very disagreeable, as you will easily believe, when I tell you the light in which I am generally considered.

We were received by Mrs. Beaumont with great civility, and by lord Orville with something more,

As to lady Louisa, she scarcely perceived that we were in the room.

There has been company here all day, part of which I have spent most happily: for after tea, when the ladies played at cards, lord Orville, who does not, and I, who cannot play, were consequently at our own disposal; and then his lordship entered into a conversation with me, which lasted till supper time.

Almost insensibly I find the constraint, the reserve, I have been wont to feel in his presence, wear away; the politeness, the sweetness, with which he speaks to me, restores all my natural cheerfulness, and more so, as if I may judge by his looks, I am rather raised than sunk of late in his opinion.

I asked him how the bet was, at last, to be decided? He told me that to his great satisfaction, the parties had been prevailed upon to lower the sum from one thousand to one hundred pounds: and that they had agreed it should be determined by a race between two old women, one of which was to be chosen by each side, and both were to be proved more than eighty years of age, though in other respects strong and healthy as possible.

When I expressed my surprise at this extraordinary method of spending so much money, I am charmed, said he, at the novelty of meeting with one so unhackneyed in the world, as not be yet influenced by custom to forget the use of reason: for certain it is, that the prevalence of fashion makes the greatest absurdities pass uncensured, and the mind naturally accommodates itself even

to the most ridiculous improprieties, if they occur frequently.

I should have hoped, said I, that the humane proposal made yesterday by your lordship would have had more effect.

Oh, cried he, laughing, I was so far from expecting any success, that I shall think myself very fortunate if I escape the wit of Mr. Coverley in a lampoon! yet I spoke openly, because I do not wish to conceal that I am no friend to gaming?

After this, he took up the New Bath Guide and read it with me till supper time. In our way down stairs, Lady Louisa said, I thought, brother, you were engaged this evening?

Yes, sister, answered he, and I have been engaged. And he bowed to me with an air of gallantry that rather confused me.

Sept 23.

Almost insensibly have three days glided on since I wrote last, and so serenely, that, but for your absence, I could not have formed a wish. My residence here is much happier than I had dared to expect. The attention which lord Orville honours me is as uniform as it is flattering, and seems to result from a benevolence of heart that proves him as much a stranger to caprice as to pride; for, as his particular civilities arose from a generous resentment at seeing me neglected, so will they, I trust, continue as long as I shall, in any degree, deserve them. I am now not merely easy, but even gay in his presence: such is the effect of true politeness, that it banishes all restraint and embarrassment. When we walk out, he condescends to be my companion, and keeps by my

side all the way we go. When we read he marks the passages most worthy to be noticed, draws out my sentiments, and favours me with his own. At table, where he always sits next to me, he obliges me by a thousand nameless attentions: while the distinguishing good-breeding with which he treats me, prevents my repining at the visibly-felt superiority of the rest of the company. A thousand occasional meetings could not have brought us to that degree of social freedom, which four days spent under the same roof have, insensibly, been productive of; and, as my only friend in this house, Mrs. Selwyn, is too much engrossed in perpetual conversation to attend much to me, lord Orville seems to regard me as a helpless stranger, and, as such, to think me entitled to his good offices and protection. Indeed, my dear sir, I have reason to hope that the depreciating opinion he formerly entertained of me is succeeded by one infinitely more partial.—It may be that I flatter myself; but yet his looks, his attentions, his desire of drawing me into conversation, and his solicitude to oblige me, all conspire to make me hope I do not. I short, my dearest sir, these last four happy days would repay me for months of sorrow and pain!

Evelina in Continuation.

Clifton, Sept. 24.

THIS morning I came down stairs very early; and supposing that the family would not assemble for some time, I strolled out, purposing to take a long walk, in the manner I was wont to do at

Berry Hill, before breakfast; but I had scarce shut the garden gate, before I was met by a gentleman, who, immediately bowing to me, I recollected to be the unhappy Mr. Macartney. Very much surprised, I courtesied, and stopped till he came up to me. He was still in mourning, but looked better than when I saw him last, though he had the same air of melancholy which so much struck me at first sight of him.

Addressing me with the utmost respect, I am happy, madam, said he, to have met with you so soon. I came to Bristol but yesterday, and have had no small difficulty in tracing you to Clifton.

Did you know, then, of my being here?

I did, Madam: the sole motive of my journey was to see you. I have been to Berry Hill, and there I had my intelligence, and at the same time the unwelcome information of your ill health.

Good God! Sir,—and can you possibly have taken so much trouble?

Trouble! O madam, could there be any, to return you, the moment I had the power, my personal acknowledgments for your goodness?

I then inquired after madam Duval and the Snow-hill-family. He told me they were all well and that madame Duval proposed soon returning to Paris. When I congratulated him on looking better, It is *yourself*, madam, said he, you should congratulate; for to your humanity alone it may now be owing that I exist at all. He then told me, that his affairs were now in a less desperate situation; and that he hoped, by the assistance of time and reason, to accommodate his mind to a more cheerful submission to his fate. The interest

you so generously took in my afflictions, added he, assures me you will not be displeased to hear of my better fortune; I was therefore eager to acquaint you with it. He then told me that his friend, the moment he had received his letter, quitted Paris, and flew to give him his personal assistance and consolation. With a heavy heart he acknowledged he accepted it; but yet, he added, I *have* accepted it; and therefore, as bound equally by duty and honour, my first step was to hasten to the benefactress of my distress, and to return (presenting me something in a paper) the only part of my obligations that *can* be returned; for the rest, I have nothing but my gratitude to offer, and must always be contented to consider myself her debtor.

I congratulated him most sincerely upon his dawning prosperity, but begged he would not deprive me of the pleasure of being his friend; and declined receiving the money till his affairs were more settled.

While this point was in agitation, I heard long Orville's voice inquiring of the gardener if he had seen me. I immediately opened the garden-gate; and his lordship, advancing to me with quickness, said, Good God, miss Anville, have you been out alone? Breakfast has been ready some time, and I have been round the garden in search of you.

Your lordship has been very good, said I; but I hope you have not waited.

Not waited! repeated he smiling: Do you think we could sit down quietly to breakfast, with the idea you had run away from us? But come (offering to hand me), if we do not return, they

will suppose I am run away too; and they very naturally may, as they know the attraction of the magnet that draws me.

I will come, my lord, said I, rather embarrassed, in two minutes. Then, turning to Mr. Macartney, with yet more embarrasment, I wished him good morning.

He advanced towards the garden with the paper still in his hand.

No, no, cried I, some other time.

May I then, madam, have the honour of seeing you again?

I did not dare take the liberty of inviting any body to the house of Mrs. Beaumont, nor yet had I the presence of mind to make an excuse; and, therefore, not knowing how to refuse him, I said, Perhaps you may be this way again to-morrow morning,—and I believe I shall walk out before breakfast.

He bowed, and went away; while I, turning again to lord Orville, saw his countenance so much altered, that I was frightened at what I had so hastily said. He did not again offer me his hand; but walked silent and slow by his side. Good Heaven! thought I, what may he not suppose from this adventure! May he not, by my desire of meeting Mr. Macartney to-morrow, imagine it was by a design I walked out to meet him to-day? Tormented by this apprehension, I determined to avail myself of the freedom which his behaviour, since I came hither, has encouraged; and, since he would not ask any questions, begin an explanation myself. I therefore slackened my pace to gain time, and then said, Was not your

lordship surprised to see me speaking with a stranger ?

A stranger ? repeated he ; is it possible that gentleman can be a stranger to you ?

No, my lord, said I, stammering, not to me—but only it might look—he might seem—

No, believe me, said he, with a forced smile. I could never suppose miss Anville would make an appointment with a stranger.

An appointment, my lord ! repeated I, colouring violently.

Pardon me, madam, answered he, but I thought I had heard one.

I was so much confounded that I could not speak, yet, finding he walked quietly on, I could not endure he should make his own interpretation of my silence ; and therefore, as soon as I recovered from my surprise, I said, Indeed my lord, you are much mistaken : Mr. Macartney had particular business with me—and I could not—I knew not how to refuse seeing him ;—but indeed, my lord—I had not,—he had not,—I stammered so terribly that I could not go on.

I am very sorry, said he, gravely, that I have been so unfortunate as to distress you ; but I should not have followed you had I not imagined you were merely walked out for the air.

And so I was ! cried I, eagerly ; indeed, my lord, I was ! My meeting with Mr. Macartney was quite accidentally ; and, if your lordship thinks there is any impropriety in my seeing him to-morrow, I am ready to give up that intention.

If I think ! said he in a tone of surprise : surely miss Anville cannot leave the arbitration of a

point so delicate to one who is ignorant of all the circumstances which attend it?

If, said I, it was worth your lordship's time to hear them,—you should not be ignorant of all the circumstances which attend it.

The sweetness of Miss Anville's disposition, said he, in a softened voice, I have long admired; and the offer of a communication, which does me so much honour, is too grateful to me not to be eagerly caught at.

Just then Mrs. Selwyn opened the parlour window, and our conversation ended. I was rallied upon my passion for solitary walking: but no questions were asked me.

When breakfast was over, I hoped to have had some opportunity of speaking with lord Orville: but lord Merton and Mr. Coverley came in, and insisted upon his opinion of the spot they had fixed upon for the old woman's race. The ladies declared they would be of the party; and accordingly we all went.

The race is to be run in Mr. Beaumont's garden; the two gentlemen are as anxious as if their joint lives depended upon it. They have at length fixed upon objects; but have found great difficulty in persuading them to practise running, in order to try their strength. This grand affair is to be decided next Thursday.

When we returned to the house, the entrance of more company still prevented my having any more conversation with Lord Orville. I was much chagrined, as I knew he was engaged at the Hot-wells in the afternoon. Seeing, therefore, no probability of speaking to him before the time of

my meeting Mr. Macartney arrived. I determined that, rather than risk his ill opinion, I would leave Mr. Macartney to his own suggestions.

Yet, when I reflected upon his peculiar situation his poverty, his sadness, and, more than all the rest, the idea I knew he entertained of what he calls his obligations to me, I could not resolve upon a breach of promise, which might be attributed to causes of all others the most offensive to one whom misfortune has made extremely suspicious to slights and contempt.

After the most uneasy considerations, I at length determined upon writing an excuse, which would at once, save me from either meeting or affronting him. I therefore begged Mrs. Selwyn's leave to send her man to the Hotwells, which she instantly granted; and then I wrote the following note.

To Mr. Macartney.

Sir,

As it will not be in my power to walk out to-morrow morning, I would by no means give you the trouble of coming to Clifton. I hope, however, to have the pleasure of seeing you before you quit Bristol. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

EVELINA ANVILLE.

I desired the servant to inquire at the pump-room where Mr. Macartney lived, and returned to the parlour.

As soon as the company dispersed, the ladies retired to dress, I then, unexpectedly, found myself alone with lord Orville; who, the moment I rose

to follow Mrs. Selwyn, advanced to me, and said, Will miss Anville pardon my impatience, if I remind her of the promise she was so good as to make me this morning.

I stopped, and would have returned to my seat ; but before I had time, the servants came to lay the cloth. He retreated, and went towards the window ; and, while I was considering in what manner to begin, I could not help asking myself what right I had to communicate the affairs of Mr. Macartney ; and I doubted whether, to clear myself from one act of imprudence, I had not committed another.

Distressed by this reflection, I thought it best to quit the room, and give myself some time for consideration before I spoke ; and therefore only saying I must hasten to dress, I ran up stairs, rather abruptly I own ; and so I fear, lord Orville must think. Yet what could I do ? Unused to the situation in which I find myself, and embarrassed by the slightest difficulties, I seldom, till too late, discover how I ought to act.

Just as we were all assembled to dinner, Mrs. Selwyn's man, coming into the parlour, presented to me a letter, and said, I can't find out Mr. Macartney, madam but the post office people will let you know if they hear of him.

I was extremely ashamed of this public message ; and meeting the eyes of lord Orville, which were earnestly fixed on me, my confusion redoubled, and I knew not which way to look. All dinner time he was as silent as myself ; and the moment it was in my power I left the table, and went to my own room. Mrs. Selwyn presently followed

me; and her questions obliged me to own all the particulars of my acquaintance with Mr. Macartney, in order to excuse my writing to him. She said it was a most romantic affair, and spoke her sentiments with great severity; declaring that she had no doubt but he was an adventurer and an imposter.

And now, my dear sir, I am totally at a loss what I ought to do; the more I reflect the more sensible am I of the utter impropriety, nay, treachery, of revealing the story, and publishing the misfortunes and poverty of Mr. Macartney: who has an undoubted right to my secrecy and discretion, and whose letter charges me to regard his communication as sacred—And yet, the appearance of mystery, perhaps something worse, which this affair must have to lord Orville,—his seriousness,—and the promises I have made him, are inducements scarce to be resisted for trusting him with the openness he has reason to expect from me.

I am equally distressed, too, whether or not I see Mr. Macartney to morrow morning.

O, sir, could I now be enlightened by your counsel^a from what anxiety and perplexity should I be relieved.

But no,—I ought not to betray Mr. Macartney, and I will not forfeit a confidence which would never have been reposed in me but from a reliance upon my honour, which I should blush to find myself unworthy of. Desirous as I was of the good opinion of lord Orville, I will endeavour to act as if I was guided by your advice! and, making it my sole aim to deserve it, leave to time and to fate my success or disappointment.

Since I have formed this resolution, my mind is more easy: but I will not finish my letter till the affair is decided.

Sept. 25.

I rose very early this morning; and, after a thousand different plans, not being able to resolve upon giving poor Mr. Macartney leave to suppose I neglected him, I thought it incumbent upon me to keep my word, since he had not received my letter; I therefore determined to make my own apologies not to stay with him two minutes, and to excuse myself from meeting him any more.

Yet, uncertain whether I was wrong or right, it was with fear and trembling that I opened the garden-gate; judge then of my feelings, when the first object I saw was lord Orville!—he, too, looked extremely disconcerted, and said in a hesitating manner, 'Pardon me, madam,—I did not intend,—I did not imagine you would have been here so soon—or—or I would not have come.—And then with a hasty bow, he passed me, and proceeded to the garden.

I was scarce able to stand, so greatly did I feel myself shocked! but upon my saying almost involuntarily, O my lord! he turned back, and after a short pause, said, Did you speak to me, madam.

I could not immediately answer; I seemed choked, and was even forced to support myself by the garden gate.

Lord Orville, soon recovering his dignity, said, I know not how to apologize for being, just now, at this place:—and I cannot immediately—if ever—clear myself from the imputation of imperti-

ment curiosity, to which I fear you will attribute it: however, at present I will only entreat your pardon without detaining you any longer. Again he bowed, and left me.

For some moments I remained fixed to the same spot, and in the same position, immoveably as if I had been transformed into a stone. My first impulse was to call him back, and instantly tell him the whole affair; but I checked this desire, though I would have given the world to have indulged it; something like pride added what I thought due to Mr. Macartney, and I determined not only to keep his secret, but to delay any sort of explanation till lord Orville should condescend to request it.

Slowly he walked; and before he entered the house, he looked back, but hastily withdrew his eyes upon finding I observed him.

Indeed, my dear sir, you cannot easily imagine a situation more uncomfortable than mine was at that time; to be suspected by lord Orville of any clandestine actions wounded my soul; I was too much discomposed to wait for Mr. Macartney, nor, in truth, could I endure to have the design of my staying so well known. Yet I was so extremely agitated that I could hardly more; and I have reason to believe lord Orville, from the parlour window, saw me tottering along; for, before I had taken five steps, he came out, and, hastening to meet me, said, I fear you are not well; pray, allow me (offering his arm) to assist you.

No, my lord, said I, with all the resolution I could assume; yet I was affected by an attention,

at that time so little expected, and forced to turn away my head to conceal my emotion.

You *must*, said he with earnestness, indeed you must,—I am sure you are not well;—refuse me not the honour of assisting you; and, almost forcibly he took my hand, and, drawing it under his arm, obliged me to lean upon him. That I submitted was partly the effect of surprise at an earnestness so uncommon in lord Orville, and, partly that I did not just then dare trust my voice to make any objection.

When we came to the house, he led me into the parlour, and to a chair, and begged to know if I would have a glass of water.

No, my lord, I thank you, said I, I am perfectly recovered; and, rising, I walked to the window, where, for some time, I pretended to be occupied in looking at the garden.

Determined as I was to act honourably by Mr. Macartney, I yet most anxiously wished to be restored to the good opinion of lord Orville; but his silence, and the thoughtfulness of his air, discouraged me from speaking.

My situation soon grew disagreeable and embarrassing, and I resolved to return to my chamber till breakfast was ready. To remain longer I feared might seem asking for his inquiries; and I was sure it would ill become me to be more eager to speak than he was to hear.

Just as I reached the door, turning to me hastily, he said, Are you going, miss Anville?

I am, my lord, answered I; yet I stopped.

Perhaps to return to—but I beg your pardon! He spoke with a degree of agitation that made me

readily comprehend he meant to the garden ; and I instantly said, To my own room, my lord. And again I would have gone ; but, convinced by my answer that I understood him, I believe he was sorry for the insinuation ; he approached me with a very serious air, though at the same time he forced a smile, and said, I know not what evil genius pursues me this morning, but I seem destined to do or say something I ought not ; I am so much ashamed of myself, that I can scarce solicit your forgiveness.

My forgiveness ! my lord ? cried I, abashed rather than elated by his condescension ; surely you cannot—you are not serious ?

Indeed never more so ! yet, if I may be my own interpreter, miss Anville's countenance pronounces my pardon.

I know not, my lord, how any one can *pardon* who never has been offended.

You are very good ; yet I could expect no less from a sweetness of disposition which baffles all comparison ; you will not think I am an encroacher, and that I take advantage of your goodness, should I once more remind you of the promise you vouchsafed me yesterday ?

No, indeed : on the contrary, I shall be very happy to acquit myself in your lordship's opinion. Acquittal you need not, said he, leading me again to the window ; yet I own my curiosity is strongly excited.

When I was seated, I found myself much at a loss what to say ; yet, after a short silence assuming all the courage in my power, Will you not, my lord, said I, think me trifling and capricious

should I own I have repented the promise I made, and should I entreat your lordship not to insist upon my strict performance of it?—I spoke so hastily, that I did not, at the time, consider the impropriety of what I said.

As he was entirely silent, and profoundly attentive, I continued to speak without interruption.

If your lordship, by any other means, knew the circumstances attending my acquaintance with Mr. Macartney, I am most sure you would yourself disapprove my relating them. He is a gentleman, and has been very unfortunate;—but I am not—I think—at liberty to say more; yet I am sure, if he knew your lordship wished to hear any particulars of his affairs, he would readily consent to my acknowledging them. Shall I my lord, ask his permission?

His affairs! repeated lord Orville; by no means; I have not the least curiosity about them.

I beg your lordship's pardon,—but indeed I had understood the contrary.

Is it possible, madam, you could suppose the affairs of an utter stranger can excite my curiosity? The gravity and coolness with which he asked this question very much abashed me. But lord Orville is the most delicate of men; and, presently recollecting himself, he added, I mean not to speak with indifference of any friend of yours,—far from it; any such will always command my good wishes; yet I own I am rather disappointed; and though I doubt not the justice of your reason, to which I implicitly submit, you must not wonder that, when upon the point of

being honoured with your confidence, I should feel the greatest regret of finding it withdrawn.

Do you think, my dear sir, I did not, at that moment, require all my resolution to guard me from frankly telling him whatever he wished to hear? yet I rejoice that I did not; for, added to the actual wrong I should have done, lord Orville himself when he had heard, would, I am sure, have blamed me. Fortunately, this thought occurred to me; and I said, Your lordship shall yourself be my judge; the promise I made, though voluntary, was rash and inconsiderate; yet, had it concerned myself, I would not have hesitated in fulfilling it; but the gentleman, whose affairs I should be obliged to relate—

Pardon me, cried he, for interrupting you, yet allow me to assure you, I have not the slightest desire to be acquainted with his affairs further than what belongs to the motives which induced you yesterday morning—He stopped; but there was no occasion to say more.

That, my lord, cried I, I will tell you honestly, Mr. Macartney had some particular business with me, and I could not take the liberty to ask him hither.

And why not? —Mr. Beaumont, I am sure—

I could not, my lord, think of intruding upon Mrs. Beaumont's complaisance: and so, with the same hasty folly I promised your lordship I much more rashly promised to meet him.

And did you?

No, my lord, said I colouring; I returned before he came.

Again, for some time, we were both silent; yet,

unwilling to leave him to reflection which could not but be to my disadvantage, I summoned sufficient courage to say, There is no young creature my lord, who so greatly wants, or so earnestly wishes for, the advice and assistance of her friends as I do: I am new to the world, and unused to acting for myself;—my intentions aye never willfully blameable, yet I err perpetually!—I have hitherto been blessed with the most affectionate of friends and indeed, the ablest of men, to guide and instruct me upon every occasion;—but he is too distant now to be applied to at the moment I want his aid;—and *here*—there is not a human being whose counsel I can ask.

Would to heaven, cried he, with a countenance from which all coldness and gravity were banished and succeeded by the mildest benevolence, that *I* were worthy—and capable—of supplying the place of such a friend to miss Anville!

You do me but too much honour, said I; yet I hope your lordship's candour,—perhaps I ought to say indulgence,—will make some allowance, on account of my inexperience, for behaviour so inconsiderate:—may I, my lord, hope that you will?

May *I*; cried he, hope that you will pardon the ill grace with which I have submitted to my disappointment? and that you will permit me (kissing my hand) thus to seal my peace?

Our peace, my lord! said I, with revived spirits.

This then, said he, again pressing it to his lips, for *our* peace: and now,—are we not friends?

Just then the door opened, and I had only

time to withdraw my hand before the ladies came in to breakfast.

I have been all day the happiest of human beings!—to be thus reconciled to lord Orville, and yet to adhere to my resolution,—what could I wish for more?—he too has been very cheerful, and more attentive, and more obliging to me than ever. Yet Heaven forbid I should again be in a similar situation! for I cannot express how much uneasiness I have suffered from the fear of incurring his ill opinion.

But what will poor Mr. Marcartney think of me? Happy as I am, I much regret the necessity I have been under of disappointing him.

Adieu, my dearest sir.

Evelina in continuation.

Sept. 30.

O SIR, what a strange incident have I to recite! what a field of conjecture to open!

Yesterday evening we all went to an assembly, Lord Orville presented tickets to the whole family; and did me the honour, to the no small surprise of all here, I believe, to dance with me. But every day abounds in fresh instances of his condescending politeness; and he now takes every opportunity of calling me his *friend* and his *sister*.

Lord Merton offered a ticket to lady Louisa; but she was so much incensed against him, that she refused it with the utmost disdain: neither could he prevail upon her to dance with him; she sat still the whole evening, and designed not to look at or speak to him. To me her behaviour is

almost the same: for she is cold, distant, and haughty, and her eyes express the greatest contempt. But for lord Orville, how miserable would my residence here make me!

We were joined in the ball-room by Mr. Coverley, Mr. Lovel, and lord Merton, who looked as if he was doing penance, and sat all the evening next to lady Louisa, vainly endeavouring to appease her anger.

Lord Orville began the minuet: he danced with a young lady who seemed to engage the general attention, as we had not seen her here before. She is pretty, and looks mild and good humoured.

Pray, Mr. Lovel, said lady Louisa, who is that?

Miss Belmont, answered he, the young heiress: she came to the Wells yesterday.

Struck with the name, I involuntarily repeated it: but nobody heard me.

What is her family? said Mrs. Beaumont.

Have you not heard of her, ma'am? cried he; she is only daughter and heiress of sir John Belmont.

Good Heaven, how did I start! the name struck my ear like a thunderbolt. Mrs. Selwyn, who immediately looked at me, said, Be calm, my dear, and we will learn the truth of this.

Till then, I had never imagined her to be acquainted with my story; but she has since told me, that she knew my unhappy mother, and was well informed of the whole affair.

She asked Mr. Lovel a multitude of questions; and I gathered from his answers, that this young lady was just come from abroad with sir John Belmont, who was now in London; that she was

under the care of his sister, Mrs. Paterson; and that she would inherit a considerable estate.

I cannot express the strange feelings with which I was agitated during this recital. What, my dearest sir, can it possibly mean? Did you ever hear of any after marriage?—or must I suppose, that, while the lawful child is rejected, another is adopted?—I know not what to think; I am bewildered with a contrariety of ideas!

When we came home, Mrs. Selwyn passed more than an hour in my room conversing upon this subject. She says that I ought instantly to go to town, find out my father, and have the affair cleared up. She assures me I have too strong a resemblance to my dear, though unknown mother, to allow of the least hesitation in my being owned when once I am seen. For my part, I have no wish but to act by your direction.

I cannot give any account of the evening: so disturbed, so occupied am I by this subject, that I can think of no other. I have entered Mrs. Selwyn to observe the strictest secrecy, and she has promised that she will. Indeed, she has too much sense to be idly communicative.

Lord Orville took notice of my being absent and silent; but I ventured not to intrust him with the cause. Fortunately, he was not of the party at the time Mr. Lovel made the discovery.

Mrs. Selwyn says, that if you approve my going to town, she will herself accompany me. I had a thousand times rather ask the protection of Miss Mirvan, but, after this offer, that will not be possible.

Adieu, my dearest sir. I am sure you will

write immediately, and I shall be all impatience till your letter arrives.

Evelina in continuation.

Oct. 1.

GOOD God, my dear sir, what a wonderful tale have I again to relate! even yet I am not recovered from my extreme surprise.

Yesterday morning, as soon as I had finished my hasty letter, I was summoned to attend a walking party to the Hot wells. It consisted only of Mrs. Selwyn and lord Orville. The latter walked by my side all the way; and his conversation dissipated my uneasiness, and insensibly restored my serenity.

At the pump-room I saw Mr. Macartney; I courtesied to him twice ere he could speak to me. When he did, I began to apologize for having disappointed him; but I did not find it very easy to excuse myself, as lord Orville's eyes, with an expression of anxiety that distressed me, turned from him to me, and me to him, every word that I spoke. Convinced, however, that I had really trifled with Mr. Macartney, I scrupled not to beg his pardon. He was not then merely appeased, but even grateful.

He requested me to see him to-morrow: but I had not the folly to be again guilty of an indiscretion which had already caused me so much uneasiness; and therefore I told him freely that it was not in my power at present to see him but by accident; and, to prevent his being offended, I

hinted to him the reason I could receive him as I wished to do.

When I had satisfied both him and myself upon the subject, I turned to lord Orville, and saw with concern, the gravity of his countenance; I would have spoken to him, but knew not how: I believe, however, he read my thoughts; for in a little time, with a sort of serious smile, he said, Does not Mr. Macartney complain of his disappointment?

Not much, my lord.

And how have you appeased him?—Finding I hesitated what to answer, Am I not your brother? continued he, and must I not inquire into your affairs?

Certainly, my lord, said I, laughing, I only wish it better worth your lordship's while.

Let me, then, make immediate use of my privilege. When shall you see Mr. Macartney again? Indeed, my lord, I can't tell.

But—do you know that I shall not suffer my sister to make a private appointment?

Pray, my lord, cried I earnestly, use that word no more! Indeed you shock me extremely.

That would I not do for the world, cried he; yet you know not how warmly, how deeply I am interested, not only in all your concerns, but in all your actions.

This speech, the most particular one lord Orville had ever made to me, ended our conversation at that time: for I was too much struck by it to make any answer.

Soon after, Mr. Macartney, in a low voice, entreated me not to deny him the gratification of returning the money. While he was speaking,

the young lady I saw yesterday at the assembly, with the large party, entered the pump-room, Mr. Macartney turned as pale as death, his voice faltered, and he seemed not to know what he said. I was myself almost equally disturbed by the crowd of confused ideas that occurred to me. Good Heaven! thought I, why should he be thus agitated?—is it possible this can be the young lady he loved?

In a few minutes we quitted the pump-room; and, though I twice wished Mr. Macartney good morning, he was so absent that he did not hear me.

We did not immediately return to Clifton, as Mrs. Selwyn had business at pamphlet shop. While she was looking at some new poems, lord Orville again asked me when I should see Mr. Macartney!

Indeed, my lord, cried I, I know not. but I would give the universe for a few moments' conversation with him! I spoke this with a simple sincerity, and was not aware of the force of my own words.

The universe! repeated he; Good God, miss Anville, do you say this to me?

I would say it, returned I, to any body, my lord.

I beg your pardon, said he, in a voice that showed him ill pleased, I am answered!

My lord, cried I, you must not judge hardly of me. I spoke inadvertently; but if you knew the painful suspense I suffer at this moment, you would not be surprised at what I have said.

And would a meeting with Mr. Macartney relieve you from that suspense?

Yes, my lord ; two words might be sufficient.

Would to Heaven, cried he, after a short pause, that I were worthy to know their import !

Worthy, my lord !—O, if that were all, your lordship could ask nothing I should not be ready to answer ! If I were but at liberty to speak, I should be proud of your lordship's inquiries : but indeed, I am not—I have not any right to communicate the affairs of Mr. Macartney ;—your lordship cannot suppose I have.

I will own to you, answered he, I know not what to suppose ; yet there seems a frankness even in your mystery—and such an air of openness in your countenance that I am willing to hope—He stopped a moment, and then added, This meeting, you say is essential to your repose ?

I did not say *that*, my lord : but yet I have the most important reasons for wishing to speak to him.

He paused a few minutes ; and then said, with warmth, Yes, you shall speak to him !—I will myself assist you !—Miss Anville, I am sure, cannot form a wish against propriety ; I will ask no questions, I will rely upon her own purity, and uninformed, blindfold as I am, I will serve her with all my power ! And then he went into the shop, leaving me so strangely affected by his generous behaviour, that I almost wished to follow him with my thanks.

When Mrs. Selwyn had transacted her affairs, we returned home.

The moment dinner was over, lord Orville went out, and did not come back till just as we were

summoned to supper. This is the longest time he has spent from the house since I have been at Clifton: and you cannot imagine, my dear sir, how much I missed him. I scarce knew before how infinitely I am indebted to him alone for the happiness I have enjoyed since I have been at Mrs Beaumont's.

As I generally go down stairs last, he came to me the moment the ladies had passed by, and said, Shall you be at home to morrow morning?

I believe so, my lord.

And will you then receive a visitor for me?

For you, my lord.

Yes:—I have made acquaintance with Mr. Macartney, and he has promised to call upon me to-morrow about three o'clock.

And then, taking my hand, he led me down stairs.

O sir!—was there ever such another man as lord Orville?—Yes, one other now resides at Berry Hill!

This morning there has been a great deal of rompany here; but at the time appointed by lord Orville, doubtless with that consideration, the parlour is almost always empty, as every body is dressing.

Mrs. Beaumont, however, was not gone up stairs when Mr. Macartney sent in his name.

Lord Orville immediately said, Beg the favour of him to walk in. You see, madam, that I consider myself as at home.

I hope so, answered Mrs. Beaumont, or I should be very uneasy.

Mr. Macartney then entered, I believe we both

felt very conscious to whom the visit was paid ; but lord Orville received him as his own guest ; and not merely entertained him as such while Mrs. Beaumont remained in the room, but for some time after she had left it ; a delicacy that saved me from the embarrassment I should have felt had he immediately quitted us.

In a few minutes, however, he gave Mr. Macartney a book,—for I, too, by way of pretence for continuing in the room, pretending to be reading,—and begged he would be so good as to look it over while he answered a note, which he would despatch in a few moments, and return to him.

When he was gone, we both parted with our books ; and Mr. Macartney, again producing the paper with the money, besought me to accept it.

Pray, said I, still declining it, did you know the young lady who came into the pump-room yesterday morning ?

Know her ! repeated he, changing colour ; O, but too well !

Indeed !

Why, madam, do you ask.

I must beseech you to satisfy me further upon this subject ; pray tell me who she is ?

Inviolably as I meant to keep my secret, I can refuse you, madam, nothing ;—that lady—is the daughter of Sir John Belmont !—of my father !

Gracious Heaven ! cried I, involuntarily laying my hand on his arm, are you then—*my brother*, I would have said, but my voice failed me, and I burst into tears.

O, madam, cried he, what does this mean ?—what can thus distress you ?

I could not answer, but held out my hand to him. He seemed greatly surprised, and talked in high terms of condescension.

Spare yourself, cried I, wiping my eyes, spare yourself this mistake,—you have a *right* to all I can do for you; the similarity of our circumstances—

We were then interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Selwyn; and Mr. Macartney, finding no probability of our being left alone, was obliged to take leave, though, I believe, very reluctantly! while in such suspense.

Mrs. Selwyn, then, by dint of interrogatories, drew from me the state of this affair. She is so penetrating, that there is no possibility of evading to give her satisfaction.

Is not this a strange event Good Heaven! how little did I think that the visits I so unwillingly paid at Mr. Branghton's would have introduced me to so near a relation! I will never again regret the time I spent in town this summer; a circumstance so fortunate will always make me think of it with pleasure.

I have just received your letter,—and it has almost broken my heart!—O sir! the illusion is over, indeed! how vainly have I flattered, how miserably deceived myself! Long since, doubtful of the situation of my heart, I dreaded a scrutiny; but now, that I have so long escaped, I begin, indeed, to think my safety ensured, to hope that my fears were causeless, and to believe that my good opinion and esteem of lord Orville might be owned without suspicion, and felt without danger:—miserably deceived indeed! *His*

sight is baneful to my repose!—his society is death to my future tranquillity; O, lord Orville, could I have believed that a friendship so grateful to my heart, so soothing to my distresses,—a friendship, which in every respect, did me so much honour, would only serve to embitter all my future moments!—What a strange, what an unhappy circumstance, that my gratitude, though so justly excited, should be so fatal to my peace!

Yes, sir, I *will* quit him!—would to Heaven I could at this moment! without seeing him again, —without trusting to my own conscious emotion! —O, lord Orville, how little do you know the evils I owe to you! how little suppose that, when most dignified by your attention, I was most to be pitied,—and when most exalted by your notice, you were most my enemy.

You, sir, relied upon my ignorance;—I, alas, upon your experience; and, whenever I doubted the weakness of my heart, the idea that *you* did not suspect it, reassured me, restored my courage, and confirmed my error!—Yet am I most sensible of the kindness of your silence.

O sir! why have I ever quitted you? why been exposed to dangers to which I am so unequal?

But I will leave this place, leave lord Orville,—leave him, perhaps, for ever!—No matter; your counsel, your goodness, may teach me how to recover the peace and the serenity of which my unguarded folly has beguiled me. To you alone do I trust,—in you alone confide, for every future hope I may form.

The more I consider the parting with lord Orville, the less fortitude do I feel to bear the sepa-

ration; the friendship he has shown me,—his politeness,—his sweetness of manners,—his concern in my affairs,—his solicitude to oblige me,—all, all to be given up!

No, I cannot tell him I am going,—I dare not trust myself to take leave of him,—I will run away without seeing him: implicitly will I follow your advice, avoid his sight, and shun his society!

Tomorrow morning I will set off for Berry Hill. Mrs. Selwyn and Mrs. Beaumont shall alone know my intention. And to-day—I will spend in my own room. The readiness of my obedience is the only atonement I can offer for the weakness which calls for its exertion.

Can you, will you, most honoured, most dear sir! sole prop by which the poor Evelina is supported,—can you, without reproach, without displeasure, receive the child you have so carefully reared,—from whose education better fruit might have been expected, and who, blushing for her unworthiness, fears to meet the eye by which she has been cherished?—O yes, I am sure you will! Your Evelina's errors are those of the judgment; and you, I well know, pardon all but those of the heart!

Evelina in continuation.

Clifton, October 1.

I HAVE only time, my dearest sir, for three words, to overtake my last letter, and prevent your expecting me immediately: for, when I communicated my intention to Mrs. Selwyn she would not hear of it, and declared it would be highly ridi-

ous for me to go before I had received an answer to my intelligence concerning the journey from Paris. She has, therefore, insisted upon my waiting till your next letter arrives. I hope you will not be displeas'd at my compliance, though it is rather against my own judgment: but Mrs. Selwyn quite overpowered me with the force of her arguments. I will, however, see very little of lord Orville; I will never come down stairs before breakfast: give up all my walks in the garden; seat myself next to Mrs. Selwyn: and not merely avoid his conversation, but shun his presence. I will exert all the prudence and all the resolution in my power to prevent this short delay from giving you any further uneasiness.

Adieu, my dearest sir. I shall not now leave Clifton till I have your directions.

Yesterday, we went first to the pump-room. It was full of company; and the moment we entered, I heard a murmuring of *That's she!* and to my great confusion, I saw every eye turned towards me. I pulled my hat over my face, and by the assistance of Mrs. Selwyn, endeavour'd to screen myself from observation: nevertheless, I found I was so much the object of general observation, that I entreated her to hasten away. But unfortunately she had entered into conversation very earnestly with a gentleman of her acquaintance, and would not listen to me; but said, that if I was tired of waiting, I might walk on to the milliner's with the Miss Watkins, two young ladies I have seen at Mrs. Beaumont's, who were going thither.

I accepted the offer very readily, and away we

went. But we had not gone three yards before we were followed by a party of young men, who took every possible opportunity of looking at us, and, as they walked behind, talked aloud, in a manner at once unintelligible and absurd. Yes, cried one, 'tis certainly she!—mark but her blushing cheek!

And then her eye—her downcast eye! cried another.

True, O most true, said a third; every beauty is her own.

But then, said the first, her mind,—now the difficulty is to find out the truth of that, for she will not say a word.

She is timid, answered another: mark but her timid air.

During this conversation we walked on silent and quick: as we knew not to whom it was particularly addressed, we were all equally ashamed, and equally desirous to, avoid such unaccountable observations.

Soon after, we were caught in a shower of rain. We hurried on: and these gentlemen following us, offered their services in the most pressing manner, begging us to make use of their arms; and while I almost ran, in order to avoid their importunance, I was suddenly met by Sir Clement Willoughby.

We both started: Good God! he exclaimed, Miss Anville! and then regarding my tormentors with an air of displeasure, he earnestly inquired if any thing had alarmed me?

No, no, cried I; for I found no difficulty now to disengage myself from these youths, who, pro-

bably, concluding from the commanding air of sir Clement, that he had a right to protect me, quietly gave way to him, and entirely quitted us.

With his usual impetuosity he then began a thousand inquiries, accompanied with as many compliments; and he told me that he arrived at Bristol but this morning, which he had entirely devoted to endeavours to discover where I lodged.

Did you know, then, said I, that I was at Bristol?

Would to Heaven, cried he, that I could remain in ignorance of your proceedings with the same contentment you do of mine! then should I not for ever journey upon the wings of Hope to meet my own despair: You cannot even judge of the cruelty of my fate; for the ease and serenity of your mind incapacitate you from feeling the agitation of mine.

The ease and serenity of my mind! alas, how little do I merit these words!

But, added he, had accident brought me hither, and I got known of your journey, the voice of fame would have proclaimed it to me instantly upon my arrival.

The voice of fame! repeated I,

Yes, for yours was the first name I heard at the pump room. But had I not heard your name, such a description could have pained no one else.

Indeed, said I, I do not understand you. But just then arriving at the milliner's our conversation ended; for Miss Watkins called me to look at caps and ribbons.

Sir Clement, however, has the art of being always at home: he was very soon engaged, as bu-

sily as ourselves, in looking at lace ruffles; yet he took an opportunity of saying to me, in a low voice, How charmed I am to see you look so well. I was told you were ill;—but I never saw you better in health,—never more infinitely lovely!

I turned away to examine the ribbons, and soon after Mrs. Selwyn made her appearance. I found that she was acquainted with sir Clement, and her manner of speaking to him convinced me that he was a favourite with her.

Soon after this we walked home: sir Clement accompanied us; and the conversation that passed between Mrs. Selwyn and him was supported in so lively a manner, that I would have been much entertained had my mind been more at ease; but, alas! I could think of nothing but the capricious, the unmeaning appearance which the alteration in my conduct must make in the eyes of lord Orville. And much as I wish to avoid him, greatly as I desire to save myself from having my weakness known to him,—yet I cannot endure to incur his ill opinion;—and unacquainted as he is with the reasons by which I am actuated, how can he fail contemning a change to him so unaccountable?

As we entered the garden, he was the first object we saw. He advanced to meet us; and I could not help observing, that at sight of each other both he and sir Clement changed colour.

We went into the parlour, where we found the same party we had left. Mrs. Selwyn presented sir Clement to Mrs. Beaumont; lady Louisa, and lord Merton he seemed well acquainted with already.

The conversation was upon the general sub-

jects of the weather, the company at the Wells, and the news of the day. But sir Clement, drawing his chair next to mine, took every opportunity of addressing himself to me in particular.

I could not but remark the striking difference of his attention and that of lord Orville; the latter has such gentleness of manners, such delicacy of conduct, and an air so respectful, that, when he flatters most, he never distresses; and when he most confers honour, appears to receive it! The former obtrudes his attention, and forces mine; it is so pointed, that it always confuses me, and so public, that it attracts general notice. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that he would rather wish, than dislike to have his partiality for me known, as he takes great care to prevent my being spoken to by any but himself.

When at length he went away, lord Orville took his seat, and said with a half smile, shall I call sir Clement,—or will you call me an usurper for taking this place?—You make me no answer?—Must I then suppose that sir Clement—

It is little worth your lordship's while, said I, to suppose any thing upon so insignificant an occasion.

Pardon me, cried he;—to me nothing is insignificant in which you are concerned.

To this I made no answer; neither did he say any thing more till the ladies retired to dress; and then, when I would have followed them, he stopped me saying, One moment, I entreat you!

I turned back, and he went on,—I greatly fear that I have been so unfortunate as to offend you; yet so repugnant to my very soul is the idea, that

I know not how to suppose it possible I can unwittingly have done the only thing in the world that, designedly, I would wish to avoid.

No, indeed, my lord, you have not, said I.

You sigh! cried he, taking my hand; would to Heaven I were the sharer of your uneasiness, whencesoever it springs! with what earnestness would I not struggle to alleviate it;—Tell me, my dear Miss Anville,—my new-adopted sister, my sweet and most amiable friend!—tell me, I beseech you, if I can afford you any assistance?

None, none, my lord, cried I, withdrawing my hand, and moving towards the door.

Is it then impossible I can serve you?—Perhaps you wish to see Mr. Macartney again?

No, my lord. And I held the door open.

I am not, I own, sorry for that. Yet, oh! Miss Anville, there is a question,—there is a conjecture,—I know not how to mention, because I dread the result!—But I see you are in haste;—perhaps in the evening I may have the honour of a longer conversation.—Yet one thing will you have the goodness to allow me to ask? Did you, this morning, when you went to the Wells,—did you know whom you should meet there?

Who, my lord?

I beg your pardon a thousand times for a curiosity so unlicensed;—but I will say no more at present.

He bowed, expecting me to go;—and then, with quick steps, but a heavy heart, I came to my own room

Mr. Villars to Evelina.

Berry Hill, Oct. 3.

YOUR last communication, my dearest child, is indeed astonishing; that an acknowledged daughter and heiress of sir John Belmont should be at Bristol, and still my Evelina bear the name of Anville, is to me inexplicable: yet the mystery of the letter to lady Howard prepared me to expect something extraordinary upon sir John Belmont's return to England.

Whoever this young lady may be, it is certain she now takes a place to which you have a right indisputable. An after marriage I never heard of; yet supposing such a one to have happened, Miss Evelyn was certainly the first wife, and therefore her daughter must, at least, be entitled to the name of Belmont.

Either there are circumstances in this affair at present incomprehensible, or else some strange and most atrocious fraud has been practised; which of these two is the case it now behoves us to enquire.

My reluctance to this step gives way to my conviction of its propriety, since the reputation of your dear and much injured mother must now be either fully cleared from blemish, or receive its final and indelible wound.

The public appearance of a daughter of sir John Belmont will revive the remembrance of Miss Evelyn's story in all who have heard it,—who the mother was will be universally demanded,—and if any other lady Belmont should be

named, the birth of my Evelina will receive a stigma, against which honour, truth, and innocence, may appeal in vain!—a stigma, which will eternally blast the fair fame of her virtuous mother, and cast upon her blameless self the odium of a title, which not all her purity can rescue from established shame and dishonour.

No, my dear child, no; I will not quietly suffer the ashes of your mother to be treated with ignominy! her spotless character shall be justified to the world—her marriage shall be acknowledged, and her child shall bear the name to which she is lawfully entitled.

It is true that Mrs. Mirvan would conduct this affair with more delicacy than Mrs. Selwyn, yet perhaps, to save time is of all considerations the most important, since the longer this mystery is suffered to continue, the more difficulty may be rendered its explanation. The sooner therefore you can set out for town, the less formidable will be your task.

Let not your timidity, my dear love, depress your spirits; I shall, indeed, tremble for you at a meeting at once so singular and so affecting, yet there can be no doubt of the success of the application. I enclose a letter from your unhappy mother, written and reserved purposely for this occasion: Mrs. Clinton too, who attended her in her last moments must accompany you to town. But, without any other certificate of your birth than which you carry in your countenance, as it could not be affected by artifice, so it cannot admit of a doubt.

And now, my Evelina, committed at length to

the care of your real parent, receive the fervent prayers, wishes, and blessings of him who so fondly adopted you.

May'st thou, O child of my bosom! may'st thou, in this change of situation, experience no change of disposition, but receive with humility, and support with meekness, the elevation to which thou art rising. May thy manners, language and deportment, all evince that modest equanimity, and cheerful gratitude, which not merely deserve, but dignify prosperity. May'st thou, to the last moments of an unblemished life, retain thy genuine simplicity, thy singleness of heart, thy guileless sincerity. And may'st thou, stranger to ostentation, and superior to insolence, with true greatness of soul, shine forth conspicuous only in benevolence.

(Enclosed in the preceding Letter.)

Lady Belmont to Sir John Belmont.

IN the firm hope that the moment of anguish which approaches will prove the period of my sufferings, once more I address myself to sir John Belmont, in behalf of the child, who, if it survives its mother, will hereafter be the bearer of this letter.

Yet in what terms,—O most cruel of men!—can the lost Caroline address you, and not address you in vain?—O, deaf to the voice of compassion—deaf to the sting of truth—deaf to every tie of honour—say, in what terms may the lost Caroline address you, and not address you in vain?

Shall I call you by the loved, the respected

title of husband?—No, you disclaim it!—the father of my infant?—No, you doom it to infamy!—the lover who rescued me from a forced marriage?—No, you have yourself betrayed me!—the friend from whom I hoped succour and protection?—No, you have consigned me to misery and destruction!

O, hardened against every plea of justice, remorse, or pity! how, and in what manner, may I hope to move thee? Is there one method I have left untried? remains there one resource unessayed? No! I have exhausted the bitterness of reproach, and drained every slice of compassion!

Hopeless, and almost desperate, twenty times have I flung away my pen;—but the feelings of a mother, a mother agonizing for the fate of her child, again animating my courage, as often as I have resumed it.

Perhaps when I am no more, when the measure of my woes is completed, and the still silent, un-reproaching dust has received my sad remains,—then, perhaps, when accusation is no longer to be feared, nor detection to be dreaded, the voice of equality, and the cry of nature may be heard.

Listen, O Belmont, to their dictates! reprobate not your child, though you have reprobated its mother. The evils that are past, perhaps, when too late, you may regret that you have destroyed;—you may think with horror of the deceptions you have practised, and the pangs of remorse may follow me to the tomb:—O Belmont, all my resentment softens into pity at the thought! what will become of thee, good Heaven, when, with the eye of penitence, thou reviewest my past conduct!

Hear then, the solemn, the last address, with which the unhappy Caroline will importune thee.

If when the time of thy contrition arrives,—for arrive it must! when the sense of thy treachery shall rob thee of almost every other,—if then thy tortured heart shall sigh to expiate thy guilt,—mark the conditions upon which I leave thee my forgiveness.

Thou knowest I am thy wife!—clear then to the world the reputation thou hast sullied, and receive, as thy lawful success, the child who will present thee this, my dying request!

The worthiest, the most benevolent, the best of men, to whose consoling kindness I own the little tranquillity I have been able to preserve, has plighted me his faith, that upon no other conditions he will part with his helpless charge.

Should'st thou, in the features of this deserted innocent, trace the resemblance of the wretched Caroline,—should its face bear the marks of its birth, and revive in thy memory the image of its mother, wilt thou not, Belmont, wilt thou not therefore renounce it?—O babe of my fondest affection! for whom already I experience all the tenderness of maternal pity! look not like thy unfortunate mother,—lest the parent, whom the hand of death may spare, shall be snatched from thee by the more cruel means of unnatural antipathy!

I can write no more. The small share of serenity I have painfully acquired will not bear the shock of the dreadful ideas that crowd upon me.

Adieu,—for ever!

Yet, O!—shall I not, in this farewell, which thou wilt not read till every stormy passion is extinct, and the kind grave has embosomed all my sorrows,—shall I not offer to the man, once so dear to me, a ray of consolation to those affections he has in reserve? Suffer me, then, to tell thee, that my pity far exceeds my indignation,—that I will pray for thee in my last moments, and that the recollection of the love I once bore thee shall swallow up every other!

Once more adieu!

CAROLINE BELMONT.

Evelina to Rev. Mr. Villars.

Oct. 6th.

Now, my dearest sir, if the perturbation of my spirit will allow me, I will finish my last letter from Clifton-Hill.

This morning, though I did not go down stairs early, lord Orville was the only person in the parlour when I entered it. I felt no small confusion at seeing him alone, after having so long and successfully avoided such a meeting. As soon as the usual compliments were over, I would have left the room, but he stopped me by saying, If I disturb you, miss Anville, I am gone.

My lord, said I, rather embarrassed, I did not mean to stay.

I flattered myself, cried he, I should have had a moment's conversation with you.

I then turned back; and he seemed himself in some perplexity; but, after a short pause, You are very good, said he, to indulge my request; I

have indeed, for some time past, most ardently desired an opportunity of speaking to you.

Again he paused; but I said nothing, so he went on.

You allowed me, madam, a few days since, you allowed me to lay claim to your friendship,—to interest myself in your affairs,—to call you by the affectionate title of sister;—and the honour you did me no man could have been more sensible of; I am ignorant, therefore, how I have been so unfortunate as to forfeit it;—but, at present, all is changed! you fly me, your averted eye shuns to meet mine, and you sedulously avoid my conversation.

I was extremely disconcerted at this grave, and but too just accusation, and I am sure I must look very simple!—but I made my answer.

You will not, I hope, continued he, condemn me unheard: if there is any thing I have neglected,—tell me, I beseech you what, and it shall be the whole study of my thoughts how to deserve your pardon.

O my lord, cried I, penetrated at once with shame and gratitude, your too, too great politeness oppresses me! you have done nothing,—I have never dreamt of offence;—if there is any pardon to be asked, it is rather for me, than for you to ask it.

You are all sweetness and condescension! cried he, and I flatter myself you will again allow me to claim those titles which I find myself so unable to forego. Yet occupied as I am with an idea that gives me the greatest uneasiness, I hope you will not think impertinent, if I still solicit, still entreat nay implore you to tell me, to what cause your

late sudden, and to me most painful, reserve was owing?

Indeed, my lord, said I, stammering, I don't—I can't,—indeed, my lord,—

I am sorry to distress you, said he, and ashamed to be so urgent,—yet I know not how to be satisfied while in ignorance,—and the time when the change happened makes me apprehend,—may I miss Anville, tell you what it makes me apprehend?

Certainly, my lord.

Tell me, then, and pardon a question most essentially important to me!—Had, or had not, sir Clement Willoughby any share in causing your inquietude?

No, my lord, answered I with firmness, none in the world.

A thousand, thousand thanks, cried he: you have relieved me from a weight of conjecture which I supported very painfully. But one thing more: is it, in any measure, to sir Clement that I may attribute the alteration in your behaviour to myself, which I could not but observe began the very day after his arrival at the Hot-wells?

To sir Clement, my lord, said I, attribute nothing. He is the last man in the world who would have any influence over my conduct.

And will you then, restore me to that share of confidence and favour with which you honoured me before he came.

Just then, to my great relief,—for I knew not what to say,—Mrs. Beaumont opened the door, and in a few minutes we went to breakfast.

Lord Orville was all gaiety: never did I see

him more lively or more agreeable. Very soon after sir Clement Willoughby called to pay his respects, he said, to Mrs. Beaumont. I then came to my own room, where, indulging my reflections, which now soothed and now alarmed me, I remained very quietly, till I received your most kind letter.

O sir, how sweet are the prayers you offer for your Evelina! how grateful to her are the blessings you pour upon her head!—You commit me to my real parent,—Oh, guardian, friend, protector of my youth,—by whom my helpless infancy was cherished, my mind formed, my very life preserved,—you are the parent my heart acknowledges, and to you, do I vow eternal duty, gratitude, and affection!

I look forward to the approaching interview with more fear than hope; but important as is this subject, I am just now wholly engrossed with another which I must hasten to communicate.

I immediately acquainted Mrs. Selwyn with the purport of your letter. She was charmed to find your opinion agreed with her own, and settled that we should go down to-morrow morning: and a chaise is actually ordered to be here at one o'clock.

She then desired me to pack up my clothes? and said she must go herself to make speeches and tell lies to Mrs. Beaumont.

When I went down stairs to dinner, lord Orville, who was still in excellent spirits, reproached me for secluding myself so much from the company. He sat next me,—he would sit next me— at table; and he might, I am sure, repeat what

he once said of me before, that he almost exhausted himself in fruitless endeavours to entertain me;—for, indeed, I was not to be entertained: I was totally spiritless and dejected; the idea of the approaching meeting,—and O sir, the idea of the approaching parting, gave a heaviness to my heart that I could neither conquer nor repress. I even regretted the half explanation that had passed, and wished lord Orville had supported his own reserve, and suffered me to support mine.

However, when, during dinner, Mrs. Beaumont spoke of our journey, my gravity was no longer singular; clouds instantly overspread the countenance of lord Orville, and he became nearly as thoughtful and as silent as myself.

We all went together to the drawing-room. After a short and uninteresting conversation, Mrs. Selwyn said she must prepare for her journey, and begged me to see for some books she had left in the parlour.

And here, while I was looking for them, I was followed by lord Orville. He shut the door after he came in, and, approaching me with a look of anxiety, said, is it true, miss Anville? are you going?

I believe so, my lord, said I, still looking for the books.

So suddenly, so unexpectedly must I lose you?

No great loss, my lord, cried I, endeavouring to speak cheerfully.

It is impossible, said he gravely, miss Anville can doubt my sincerity?

I can't imagine, cried I, what Mrs. Selwyn has done with these books.

Would to Heaven, continued he, I might flatter myself you would allow me to prove it!

I must run up stairs, cried I, greatly confused, and ask what she has done with them.

You are going, then, cried he, taking my hand, and you give me not the smallest hope of your return!—will you not, then, my too lovely friend!—will you not, at least, teach me, with fortitude like your own, to support your absence?

My lord, cried I, endeavouring to disengage my hand, pray let me go!

I will, cried he, to my inexpressible confusion, dropping on one knee, if you wish to leave me!

O, my lord, exclaimed I, rise, I beseech you, rise!—such a posture to me!—surely your lordship is not so cruel as to mock me!

Mock you! repeated he earnestly, no! I revere you! I esteem and I admire you above all human beings, you are the friend to whom my soul is attached as to its better half! you are the most amiable, the most perfect of women; and you are dearer to me than language has the power of telling.

I attempt not to describe my sensations at that moment; I scarce breathed; I doubted if I existed,—the blood forsook my cheeks, and my feet refused to sustain me; lord Orville, hastily rising, supported me to a chair, upon which I sank almost lifeless.

For a few minutes neither of us spoke; and then, seeing me recover, lord Orville, though in terms hardly articulate, entreated my pardon for his abruptness. The moment my strength re-

turned, I attempted to rise, but he would not permit me.

I cannot write the scene that followed, though every word is engraven on my heart; but his protestations, his expressions, were too flattering for repetition: nor would he, in spite of my repeated efforts to leave him, suffer me to escape;—in short, my dear sir, I was not proof against his solicitations—and he drew from me the most sacred secret of my heart.

I know not how long we were together: but lord Orville was upon his knees, when the door was opened by Mrs. Selwyn!—To tell you, sir, the shame with which I was overwhelmed would be impossible;—I snatched my hand from lord Orville,—he, too, started and rose, and Mrs. Selwyn, for some moments, stood facing us both in silence.

At last ‘My lord,’ said she, sarcastically, ‘have you been so good as to help miss Anville to look for my books?’

Yes, madam, answered he, attempting to rally, and I hope we shall soon be able to find them.

Your lordship is extremely kind, said she drily, but I can by no means consent to take up any more of your time. Then looking on the window seat, she presently found the books, and added, Come, here are just three, and so, like the servants in the Drummer, this important affair may give employment to us all. She then presented one of them to lord Orville, another to me, and taking a third herself, with a most provoking look, she left the room.

I would instantly have followed her; but lord

Orville, who could not help laughing, begged me to stay a minute, as he had many important matters to discuss.

No indeed, my lord, I cannot,—Perhaps I have already staid too long.

Does miss Anville so soon repent her goodness?

I scarce know what I do, my lord,—I am quite bewildered!

One hour's conversation, cried he, will, I hope, compose your spirits, and confirm my happiness. When, then, may I hope to see you alone?—shall you walk in the garden to-morrow before breakfast?

No, no, my lord; you must not, a second time, reproach me with making an *appointment*.

Do you then, said he, laughing, reserve that honour only for Mr. Macartney?

Mr. Macartney, said I, is poor, and thinks himself obliged to me; otherwise—

Poverty, cried he, I will not plead; but if being *obliged* to you has any weight, who shall dispute *my* title to an appointment?

My lord, I can stay no longer,—Mrs. Selwyn will lose all patience.

Deprive her not of the pleasure of her *conjectures*,—but tell me, are you under Mrs. Selwyn's care?

Only for the present, my lord.

Not a few are the questions I have to ask miss Anville; among them the most important is, whether she depends wholly upon herself, or whether there is any other person for whose interest I must solicit?

I hardly know, my lord, I hardly know myself to whom I most belong.

Suffer, suffer me, then, cried he, with warmth, to hasten the time when that shall no longer admit a doubt!—when your grateful Orville may call you all his own!

At length, but with difficulty, I broke from him. I went, however, to my own room, for I was too much agitated to follow Mrs. Selwyn. Good God, my dear, sir, what a scene! surely the meeting for which I shall prepare to-morrow cannot so greatly affect me! To be loved by lord Orville, —to be the honoured choice of his noble heart, my happiness seemed too infinite to be borne, and I wept, even bitterly I wept, from the excess of joy which overpowered me.

In this state of almost painful felicity I continued till I was summoned to tea. When I reentered the drawing room, I rejoiced to find it full of company, as the confusion with which I met lord Orville was rendered the less observable.

Adieu, most dear sir. I will write again when I arrive at London.

Evelina in Continuation.

Clifton, Oct, 7th.

You will see, my dear sir, that I was mistaken in supposing I should write no more from this place, where my residence now seems more uncertain than ever.

This morning, during breakfast, lord Orville took an opportunity to beg me, in a low voice, to allow him a moment's conversation before I left

Clifton; May I hope, added he, that you will stroll into the garden after breakfast!

I made no answer, but I believe my looks gave no denial: for, indeed, I much wished to be satisfied concerning the letter. The moment, therefore, that I could quit the parlour, I ran up stairs for my calash; but before I reached my room, Mrs. Selwyn called after me, If you are going to walk, Miss Anville, be so good as to bid Jenny bring down my hat, and I'll accompany you.

Very much disconcerted, I turned into the drawing room, without making any answer, and there I hoped to wait unseen, till she had otherwise disposed of herself. But in a few minutes the door opened, and sir Clement Willoughby entered.

Starting at the sight of him in rising hastily, I let drop the letter which I had brought for lord Orville's inspection, and, before I could recover it, sir Clement, springing forward, had it in his hand. He was just presenting it to me, and, at the same time, inquiring after my health, when the signature caught his eye, and he read aloud 'Orville.'

I endeavoured eagerly to snatch it from him, but he would not permit me; and, holding it fast, in a passionate manner exclaimed, Good God, miss Anville, is it possible you can value such a letter as this?

The question surprised and confounded me, and I was too much ashamed to answer him; but finding he made an attempt to secure it, I prevented him, and vehemently demanded him to return it.

Tell me first, said he, holding it above my reach, tell me if you have since received any more letters from the same person?

No, indeed, cried I, never!

And will you also, sweetest of women, promise that you never will receive any more? Say that, and you will make me the happiest of men.

Sir Clement, cried I, greatly confused, pray give me the letter.

And will you not first satisfy my doubts?—will you not relieve me from the torture of the most distracting suspense?—tell me but that the detested Orville has written to you no more.

Sir Clement, cried I, angrily, you have no right to make any conditions,—so pray give me the letter directly.

Why such solicitude about this hateful letter? can it possibly deserve your eagerness? tell me, with truth, with sincerity tell me, does it really merit the least anxiety?

No matter, sir, cried I, in great perplexity, the letter is mine, and therefore—

I must conclude, then, said he, that the letter deserves your utmost contempt,—but that the name of Orville is sufficient to make you prize it.

Sir Clement, cried I, colouring, you are quite—you are quite much—the letter is not—

O, miss Anville, cried he, you blush!—you stammer;—Great Heaven! it is then all as I feared:

I know not, cried I half-frightened, what you mean; but I beseech you to give me the letter, and to compose yourself.

The letter, cried he gnashing his teeth, you shall never see more! You ought to have burnt it the moment you had read it? And in an instant he tore it into a thousand pieces.

Alarmed at a fury so indecently outrageous, I

would have run out of the room ; but he caught hold of my gown, and cried, Not yet, not yet must you go ! I am but half mad yet, and you must stay to finish your work. Tell me, therefore, does Orville know your fatal partiality?—Say yes, added he, trembling with passion, and I will fly you for ever.

For Heaven's sake, sir clement, cried I, release me !—if you do not, you will force me to call for help.

Call then, cried he, inexorable and most unfeeling girl ; call, if you please, and bid all the world witness your triumph ; but could ten worlds obey your call, I would not part from you till you had answered me. Tell me, then, does Orville know you love him ?

At any other time, any inquiry so gross would have given me inexpressible confusion ; but now, the wildness of his manner terrified me, and I only said, Whatever you wish to know, sir Clement, I entreat you to let me go !

Enough, cried he ; I understand you !—the art of Orville has prevailed ;—cold, inanimate, phlegmatic as he is, you have rendered him the most envied of men !—One thing more, and I have done :—Will he marry you ?

What a question ! my cheeks glowed with indignation, and I felt too proud to make any answer.

I see, I see how it is, cried he, after a short pause, and I find I am undone for ever ! Then letting loose my gown, he put his hand to his forehead, and walked up and down the room in a hasty and agitated manner.

Though now at liberty to go, I had not the courage to leave him: for his evident distress excited all my compassion. And this was our situation, when lady Louisa, Mr. Coverley, and Mrs. Beaumont entered the room.

Sir Clement Willoughby, said the latter, I beg pardon for making you wait so long, but,—

She had not time for another word; sir Clement too much disordered to know or care what he did, snatched up his hat, and brushing hastily past her, flew down stairs and out of the house.

And with him went my sincerest pity, though I earnestly hope I shall see him no more. But what, my dearest sir, am I to conclude from his strange speeches concerning the letter? Does it not seem as if he was himself the author of it? How else should he be so well acquainted with the contempt it merits? Neither do I know another human being who could serve any interest by such a deception.

I remember, too, that just as I had given my own letter to the maid, sir Clement came into the shop: probably he prevailed upon her, by some bribery, to give it to him; and afterwards, by the same means, to deliver to me an answer of his own writing. Indeed I can in no other manner account for this affair. O, sir Clement, were you not yourself unhappy, I know not how I could pardon an artifice that has caused me so much uneasiness!

His abrupt departure occasioned a kind of general consternation.

Very extraordinary behaviour this! cried Mrs. Beaumont.

Egad, said Mr. Coverley, the baronet has a mind to tip us a touch of the heroics this morning !

I declare, cried Lady Louisa, I never saw any thing so monstrous in my life ! it's quite abominable ;—I fancy the man's mad ;—I'm sure he has given me a shocking fright.

Just then a servant brought Lady Louisa a note upon a *waiter*, which is a ceremony always used to her ladyship ; and I took the opportunity of this interruption to the conversation to steal out of the room.

I went immediately to the parlour, which I found quite empty ; for I did not dare walk in the garden after what Mrs. Selwyn had said.

In a few minutes a servant announced Mr. Macartney ; saying, as he entered the room, that he would acquaint lord Orville he was there.

Mr. Macartney rejoiced much that he was alone. He told me he had taken the liberty to inquire for lord Orville, by way of pretext for coming to the house.

I then very eagerly inquired if he had seen his father.

I have, madam, said he, and the generous compassion you have shown made me hasten to acquaint you, that, upon reading my unhappy mother's letter, he did not hesitate to acknowledge me.

Good God, cried I, with no little emotion, how similar are our circumstances ! And did he receive you kindly ?

I could not, madam, expect that he would ; the cruel transaction which obliged me to fly Paris was recent in his memory.

And,—have you seen the young lady?

No, madam, said he mournfully; I was forbid her sight.

Forbid her sight!—and why?

Partly, perhaps, from prudence,—and partly from the remains of a resentment which will not easily subside. I only requested leave to acquaint her with my relationship, and be allowed to call her sister; but it was denied me! *you have no sister*, said sir John; *you must forget her existence*. Hard and vain command!

You have—you have a sister! cried I, from an impulse of pity which I could not repress; a sister who is most warmly interested in your welfare, and who only wants opportunity to manifest her friendship and regard.

Gracious Heaven! cried he, what does miss Anville mean?

Anville, said I, is not my real name; sir John Belmont is my father, he is yours,—and I am your sister!—You see, therefore, the claim we mutually have to each other's regard; we are not merely bound by the ties of friendship, but by those of blood. I feel for you, already, all the affections of a sister; I felt it indeed before I knew I was one.—Why, my dear brother, do you not speak?—do you hesitate to acknowledge me?

I am so lost in astonishment, cried he, that I know not if I hear right!

I have, then, found a brother, cried I holding out my hand, and he will not own me!

Own you!—O, madam, cried he, accepting my offered hand, is it indeed possible *you can own me!*—a poor, wretched adventurer! who so lately

had no support but from your generosity?—whom your benevolence snatched from utter destruction.—Can you,—O, madam, can you, indeed, and without a blush, condescend to own such an out-cast for a brother!

O, forbear, forbear, cried I; is this language proper for a sister? are we not reciprocally bound to each other?—Will you not suffer me to expect from you all the good offices in your power—But tell me where is your father at present?

At the Hot-wells, madam; he arrived there yesterday morning.

I would have proceeded with further questions, but the entrance of lord Orville prevented me. The moment he saw us, he started, and would have retreated; but, drawing my hand from Mr. Macartney's, I begged him to come in.

For a few moments we were all silent, and, I believe, all in equal confusion. Mr. Macartney however, recollecting himself, said, I hope your lordship will forgive the liberty I have taken in making use of your name.

Lord Orville, rather coldly, bowed, but said nothing.

Again we were all silent, and then Mr. Macartney took leave.

I fancy, said lord Orville, when he was gone, I have shortened Mr. Macartney's visit?

No, my lord, not at all.

I had presumed, said he, with some hesitation I should have seen miss Anville in the garden;—but I knew not she was so much better engaged.

Before I could answer, a servant came to tell

me the chaise was ready, and that Mrs. Selwyn was inquiring for me.

I will wait on her immediately, cried I, and away I was running: but lord Orville, stopping me, said, with great emotion, is it thus, miss Anville, you leave me?

My lord, cried I, how can I help it?—perhaps soon some better opportunity may offer.

Good Heaven! cried he, do you indeed take me for a stoic! What better opportunity may I hope for?—is not the chaise come? are you not going? have you even deigned to tell me whither?

My journey, my lord, will now be deferred. Mr. Macartney, said he gravely, seems to have great influence;—yet he is a very young counselor.

Is it possible, my lord, Mr. Macartney can give you the least uneasiness?

My dearest Miss Anville, said he, taking my hand, I see, and I adore the purity of your mind, superior as it is to all little arts, and all apprehensions of suspicion; and I should do myself, as well as you, injustice, if I were capable of harbouring the smallest doubts of that goodness which makes you mine for ever; nevertheless, pardon me, if I own myself surprised,—nay, alarmed, at these frequent meetings with so young a man as Mr. Macartney.

My lord, cried I, eager to clear myself, Mr. Macartney is my brother.

Your brother! you amaze me;—What strange mystery, then, makes his relationship a secret?

Just then Mrs. Selwyn opened the door. O, you are here! cried she:—Pray, is my lord so

kind as to assist you in preparing for your journey, or in retarding it?

I should be most happy, said Lord Orville, smiling, if it were in my power to do the latter.

I then acquainted her with Mr. Macartney's communication.

She immediately ordered the chaise away: and then took me into her own room to consider what should be done.

A few minutes sufficed to determine her; and she wrote the following note:

To Sir John Belmont, bart.

Mrs. Selwyn presents her compliments to sir John Belmont; and, if he is at leisure, will be glad to wait on him this morning, upon business of importance.

She then ordered her man to inquire at the pump-room for a direction; and went herself to apologise for deferring her journey.

An answer was presently returned, that he would be glad to see her.

She would have me immediately accompany her to the Hot-wells; but I entreated her to spare me the distress of so abrupt an introduction, and to pave the way for my reception. She consented rather reluctantly, and, attended only by her servant, walked to the Wells.

She was not absent two hours: yet so miserably did time seem to linger, that I thought a thousand accidents had happened, and feared she would never return. I passed the whole night in my own room, for I was too much agitated even to converse with lord Orville.

The instant that, from my window, I saw her returning, I flew down stairs, and met her in the garden.

We both walked to the harbour.

Her looks, in which disappointment and anger were expressed, presently announced to me the failure of her embassy. Finding that she did not speak, I asked her, in a faltering voice, whether or not I had a father?

You have not, my dear, said she, abruptly.

Very well, madam, said I with tolerable calmness; let the chaise then be ordered again;—I will go to Berry Hill;—and there, I trust I shall still find one!

It was some time ere she could give, or I could hear, the account of her visit; and then she related it in a hasty manner; yet I believe I can recollect every word.

I found sir John alone. He received me with the utmost politeness. I did not keep him a moment in suspense as to the purport of my visit. But I had no sooner made it known, than, with a supercilious smile, he said, And have you, madam, been prevailed upon to revive that ridiculous old story? Ridiculous, I then told him, was a term which he would find no one else do him the favour to make use of in speaking of the horrible actions belonging to the old story he made so light of; actions, continued I, which would dye still deeper the black annals of Nero or Caligula. He attempted in vain to rally: for I pursued him with all the severity in my power, and ceased not painting the enormity of his crime till I stung him to the quick, and, in a voice of pas-

sion and impatience, he said, No more, madam, —this is not a subject upon which I need a monitor. Make then, cried I, the only reparation in your power.—Your daughter is now at Clifton; send for her hither; and, in the face of the world, proclaim the legitimacy of her birth, and clear the reputation of your injured wife. Madam, said he, you are much mistaken if you suppose I waited for the honour of this visit before I did what little justice now depends upon me, to the memory of that unfortunate woman: her daughter has been my care from her infancy; I have taken her into my house; she bears my name; and she will be my sole heiress.—For some time this assertion appeared so absurd, that I only laughed at it: but at last he assured me I had myself been imposed upon; for that the very woman who attended lady Belmont in her last illness, conveyed the child to him while he was in London, before she was a year old. Unwilling, he added, at that time to confirm the rumour of my being married, I sent the woman with the child to France: as soon as she was old enough, I put her into a convent, where she has been properly educated, and now I have taken her home. I have acknowledged her for my lawful child, and paid, at length, to the memory of her unhappy mother a tribute of fame which has made me wish to hide myself hereafter from all the world. He then rung his bell; and, inquiring if his hair dresser was come said he was sorry to leave me; but that, if I would favour him with my company to-morrow, he would do himself the honour of introducing Miss Belmont to me, instead of troubling me to introduce her to

him. I rose in great indignation; and assuring him I would make his conduct as public as it was infamous—I left the house.

Good Heaven, how strange the recital, how incomprehensible an affair! The Miss Belmont, then, who is actually at Bristol, passes for the daughter of my unhappy mother!—passes, in short, for your Evelina! Who she can be, or what this tale can mean, I have not any idea.

Mrs. Selwyn soon after left me to my own reflections. Indeed they were not very pleasant. Quietly as I had borne her relation, the moment I was alone I felt most bitterly both the disgrace and sorrow of a rejection so cruelly inexplicable.

Soon after Lord Orville was announced and seeing my distress, he endeavoured by all the means in his power to soothe it.

Oh, my lord, cried I, your generosity overpowers me! And I wept like an infant. For now, that all my hopes of being acknowledged seemed finally crushed, I felt the nobleness of his disinterested regard so forcibly, that I could scarce breathe under the weight of gratitude which oppressed me.

He seemed greatly shocked; and, in terms the most flattering, the most respectfully tender, he at once soothed my distress, and urged me to tell him its cause.

My lord, said I, when I was able to speak, you little know what an outcast you have honoured with your choice!—a child of bounty,—an orphan from infancy,—dependent, even for subsistence upon the kindness of compassion!—Rejected by my natural friends,—disowned for ever by my

nearest relation,—O, my lord, so circumstanced, can I deserve the distinction with which you honour me? No, no; I feel the inequality too painfully;—you must leave me, my lord; you must suffer me to return to obscurity; and there, in the bosom of my first, best, my only friend,—I will pour forth all the grief of my heart!—while you, my lord, must seek elsewhere—

I could not proceed; my whole soul recoiled against the charge I would have given, and my voice refused to utter it.

Never! cried he, warmly; my heart is yours, and I swear to you an attachment eternal!—You prepare me, indeed, for a tale of horror, and I am almost breathless with expectation;—but so firm is my conviction, that whatever are your misfortunes, to have merited them is not of the number, that I feel myself more strongly, more invincibly devoted to you than ever!—Tell me but where I may find this noble friend, whose virtues you have already taught me to reverence,—and I will fly to obtain his consent and intercession, that henceforward our fates may be indissolubly united! and then shall it be the sole study of my life to endeavour to soften your past, and guard you from future misfortunes.

I had just raised my eyes to answer this most generous of men, when the first object they met was Mrs. Selwyn.

So, my dear, cried she, what still courting the rural shades!—I thought ere now you would have been satiated with this retired seat, and I have been seeking you all over the house. But I find the only way to meet with you,—is to in-

quire for lord Orville. However, don't let me disturb your meditations; you are possibly planning some pastoral dialogue.

And, with this provoking speech she walked on.

In the greatest confusion I was quitting the arbour, when lord Orville said, Permit me to follow Mrs. Selwyn;—it is time to put an end to all impertinent conjectures; will you allow me to speak to her openly?

I assented in silence, and he left me.

I then went to my own room, where I continued till I was summoned to dinner; after which, Mrs. Selwyn invited me to hers.

Evelina in continuation.

Oct. 9.

I COULD not write yesterday, so violent was the agitation of my mind;—but I will not now lose a moment till I have hastened to give my best friend an account of the transactions of a day I can never recollect without emotion.

Mrs. Selwyn determined upon sending no message, Lest, said she, sir John, fatigued with the very idea of my reproaches, should endeavour to avoid a meeting. He cannot but see who you are, whether he will do you justice or not.

We went early, and in Mrs. Beaumont's chariot; into which lord Orville, uttering words of the kindest encouragement, handed us both.

My uneasiness during the ride was excessive; but when we stopped at the door I was almost senseless with terror! the meeting at last was not so dreadful as at that moment! I believe I was

carried into the house; but I scarce recollect what was done with me: however, I know we remained some time in the parlour before Mrs. Selwyn could send any message up stairs.

When I was somewhat recovered, I entreated her to let me return home, assuring her I felt myself quite unequal to supporting the interview.

No, said she; you must stay now; your fears will but gain strength by delay: and we must not have such a shock as this repeated. Then, turning to the servant, she sent up her name.

An answer was brought that he was going out in great haste, but would attend her immediately. I turned so sick, that Mrs. Selwyn was apprehensive I should have fainted; and opening a door which led to an inner apartment, she begged me to wait there till I was somewhat composed, and till she had prepared for my reception.

Glad of every moment's reprieve, I willingly agreed to the proposal; and Mrs. Selwyn had but just time to shut me in before her presence was necessary.

The voice of a *father*—O, dear and reverend name!—which then, for the first time, struck my ears, affected me in a manner I cannot describe, though it was only employed in giving orders to a servant as he came down stairs.

Then entering the parlour, I heard him say, I am sorry, madam, I made you wait; but I have an engagement which now calls me away: however, if you have any commands for me, I shall be glad of the honour of your commands some other time.

I am come, sir, said Mrs. Selwyn, to introduce your daughter to you.

I am infinitely obliged to you, answered he; but I have just had the satisfaction of breakfasting with her. Ma'am, your most obedient.

You refuse, then, to see her?

I am much indebted to you, madam, for this desire of increasing my family; but you must excuse me if I decline taking advantage of it. I have already a daughter, to whom I owe every thing, and it is not three days since that I had the pleasure of discovering a son, how many more sons and daughters may be brought to me I am yet to learn: but I am already perfectly satisfied with the size of my family.

Had you a thousand children, sir John, said Mrs. Selwyn, warmly, this only one, of which lady Belmont was the mother, ought to be most distinguished; and, far from avoiding her sight, you should thank your stars, in humble gratitude, that there yet remains in your power the smallest opportunity of doing the injured wife you have destroyed, the poor justice of acknowledging her child!

I am very unwilling, madam, answered he, to enter into any discussion of this point; but you are determined to compel me to speak. There lives not at this time the human being who should talk to me of the regret due to the memory of that ill-fated woman: no one can feel it so severely as myself; but let me, nevertheless, assure you, I have done all that remained in my power to prove the respect she merited from me; her child I have educated, and owned for my lawful heiress;

if, madam, you can suggest to me any other means by which I may more fully do her justice, and more clearly manifest her innocence, name them to me; and though they should wound my character still deeper, I will perform them readily.

All this sounds vastly well, returned Mrs. Selwyn; but I must own it is rather too enigmatical for my faculties of comprehension. You can however, have no objection to seeing this young lady?

None in the world.

Come forth, then, my dear, cried she, opening the door; come forth and see your father! Then taking my trembling hand, she led me forward. I would have withdrawn it and retreated; but, as he advanced instantly towards me, I found myself already before him.

What a moment for your Evelina!—an involuntary scream escaped me, and, covering my face with my hands, I sunk on the floor.

He had, however, seen me first; for in a voice scarce articulate, he exclaimed, My God: does Caroline Evelyn still live!

Mrs. Selwyn said something, but I could not listen to her; and in a few minutes he added, Lift up thy head—if my sight has not blasted thee!—lift up thy head, thou image of my long lost Caroline!

Affected beyond measure, I had arose, and embraced his knees while yet on my own.

Yes, yes, cried he, looking earnestly in my face, I see, I see thou art her child! she lives—she breathes,—she is present to my view!—O God, that she indeed lived!—Go, child, go, added he, wildly starting, and pushing me from him: take

EVELINA.

her away, madam,—I cannot bear to look at her ; and then, breaking hastily from me, he rushed out of the room.

Speechless, motionless myself. I attempted not to stop him: but Mrs. Selwyn, hastening after him, caught hold of his arm: Leave me, madam, cried he, with quickness, and take care of the poor child:—bid her not think me unkind: tell her, I would at this moment plunge a dagger in my heart to serve her: but she has set my brain on fire; and I can see her no more! then with a violence almost frantic, he ran up stairs.

O sir, had I not indeed cause to dread this interview?—an interview so unspeakably painful and afflicting to us both! Mrs. Selwyn would have immediately return to Clifton; but I entreated her to wait some time, in the hope that my unhappy father, when his first emotion was over, would again bear me in his sight. However, he soon after sent his servant to inquire how I did; and to tell Mrs. Selwyn he was much indisposed, but would hope for the honour of seeing her tomorrow at any time she would please to appoint.

She fixed upon ten o'clock in the morning; and then, with a heavy heart, I got into the chariot. Those afflicting words, I can see her no more! were never a moment absent from my mind.

Yet the sight of lord Orville, who handed us from the carriage, gave some relief to the sadness of my thoughts. I could not, however, enter upon the painful subject; but begging Mrs. Selwyn to satisfy him, I went to my own room.

As soon as I communicated to the good Mrs. Clinton the present situation of my affairs, an idea

occurred to her which seemed to clear up all the mystery of my having been so long disowned.

The woman, she says, who attended my ever to-be regretted mother in her last illness, and who nursed me the first four months of my life, soon after being discharged from your house left Berry-hill entirely with her baby, who was but six weeks older than myself. Mrs. Clinton remembers, that her quitting the place appeared at the time very extraordinary to the neighbours; but, as she was never heard of afterwards, she was by degrees quite forgotten.

The moment this was mentioned, it struck Mrs. Selwyn, as well as Mrs. Clinton herself, that my father had been imposed upon; and that the nurse who said she had brought his child to him, had, in fact carried her own.

The name by which I was known, the secrecy observed in regard to my family, and the retirement in which I lived, all conspired to render this scheme, however daring and fraudulent, by no means impracticable; and in short, the idea was no sooner started, than conviction seemed to follow it.

Mrs. Selwyn determined immediately to discover the truth or mistake of this conjecture: therefore, the moment she had dined, she walked to the hot-wells, attended by Mrs. Clinton.

I waited in my room till her return; and then heard the following account of her visit.

She found my poor father in great agitation. She immediately informed him of the occasion of her so speedy return, and of her suspicions of the woman who had pretended to convey to him his child. Interrupting her with quickness, he said he

had just sent her from his presence ; that the certainty I carried in my countenance of my real birth, made him, the moment he had recovered from a surprise which had almost deprived him of reason, suspect, himself, the imposition she mentioned. He had therefore sent for the woman, and questioned her with the utmost austerity : she turned pale, and was extremely embarrassed ; but still she persisted in affirming, that she had really brought him the daughter of lady Belmont. His perplexity, he said, almost distracted him : he had always observed, that his daughter bore no resemblance to either of her parents : but as had never doubted the veracity of the nurse, the circumstance did not give birth to any suspicion.

At Mrs. Selwyn's desire the woman was again called and interrogated with equal art and severity : her confusion was evident, and her answers often contradictory ; yet she still declared she was no impostor. We will see that in a minute, said Mrs. Selwyn ; and then desired Mrs. Clinton might be called up stairs. The poor wretch, changing colour, would have escaped out of the room ; but being prevented, dropped on her knees, and implored forgiveness. A confession of the whole affair was then extorted from her.

Doubtless, my dear sir, you must remember dame Green, who was my first nurse. The deceit she has practised was suggested, she says, by a conversation she overheard ; in which my unhappy mother besought you, that if her child survived her, you would take the sole care of her education ; and, in particular, if it should be a female, you would by no means part with her in early life. You not

only consented, she says, but assured her you would even retire abroad with me yourself, if my father should importunately demand me. Her own child, she said, was then in her arms, and she could not forbear wishing it were possible to give her the fortune which seemed so little valued for me. This wish once raised was not easily suppressed; on the contrary, what at first appeared a mere idle desire, in a short time appeared a feasible scheme. Her husband was dead, and she had little regard for any body but her child: and, in short, having saved money for the journey, she contrived to inquire a direction to my father; and telling her neighbours she was going to settle in Devonshire, she set out on her expedition.

When Mrs. Selwyn asked her how she dared perpetrate such a fraud, she protested she had no ill design; but that, as miss would never be the worse for it, she thought it a pity nobody should be the better.

Her success we are already acquainted with. Indeed, every thing seemed to contribute towards it; my father had no correspondent at Berry Hill; the child was instantly sent to France; where being brought up in as much retirement as myself, nothing but accident could discover the fraud.

And here let me indulge myself in observing, and rejoicing to observe, that the total neglect I thought I met with was not the effect of insensibility, or unkindness, but of imposition and error; and that, at the very time we concluded I was naturally rejected, my deluded father meant to show me most favour and protection.

He acknowledges that lady Howard's letter

flung him into some perplexity ; he immediately communicated it to dame Green, who confessed it was the greatest shock she had ever received in her life ; yet she had the art and boldness to assert that lady Howard must herself have been deceived ; and as she had, from the beginning of her enterprise, declared she had stolen away the child without your knowledge, he concluded that some deceit was then intended him : and this thought occasioned his abrupt answer.

Dame Green owned, that, from the moment the journey to England was settled, she gave herself up for lost. All her hope was to have had her daughter married before it took place ; for which reason she had so much promoted Mr. Macartney's addresses ; for though such a match was inadequate to the pretensions of Miss Belmont, she well knew it was far superior to those her daughter could form after the discovery of her birth.

My first inquiry was, if this innocent daughter was yet acquainted with this affair ? No, Mrs. Selwyn said ; nor was any plan settled how to divulge it to her. Poor unfortunate girl ! how hard is her fate ! She is entitled to my kindest offices, and I shall always consider her as my sister.

I then asked whether my father would again allow me to see him ?

Why, no, my dear, not yet, answered she ; he declares the sight of you is too much for him ; however, we are to settle every thing concerning you to-morrow ; for this woman took up all our time to-day.

This morning, therefore, she is again gone to

the Hot-wells. I am waiting in all impatience for her return ; but, as I know you will be anxious for the account this letter contains, I will not delay sending it.

Evelina in continuation.

October 9.

How agitated, my dear sir, is the present life of your Evelina ! every day seems important, and one event only a prelude to another.

Mrs. Selwyn, upon her return this morning from the Hot-well, entering my room very abruptly, said, O, my dear, I have terrible news for you !

For me, ma'am ;—Good God ! what now ?

Arm yourself, cried she, with all your Berry Hill philosophy ; con over every lesson of fortitude or resignation you ever learnt in your life :—for know,—you are next week to be married to lord Orville !

Doubt, astonishment, and a kind of perturbation I cannot describe, made this abrupt communication alarm me extremely ; and almost breathless, I could only exclaim, Good God, madam, what do you tell me !

You may well be frightened, my dear, said she, ironically ; for really there is something mighty terrific in becoming, at once the wife of the man you adore, and a countess !

In entreated her to spare her raillery, and tell me her real meaning. She could not prevail with herself to grant the first request, though she readily complied with the second.

My poor father, she said, was still in the utmost uneasiness ; he entered upon his affairs with great openness, and told her, he was equally disturbed how to dispose either of the daughter he had discovered, or the daughter he was now to give up ; the former he dreaded to trust himself with again beholding, and the latter he knew not how to shock with the intelligence of her disgrace. Mrs. Selwyn then acquainted him with my situation in regard to lord Orville ; this delighted him extremely ; and, when he heard of his lordship's eagerness, he said, he was himself of opinion, the sooner the union took place the better ; and, in return, he informed her of the affair of Mr. Maccartney. And, after a very long conversation, continued Mrs. Selwyn, we agreed, that the most eligible scheme for all parties would be, to have both the real and fictitious daughter married without delay. Therefore, if either of you have an inclination to pull caps for the title of miss Belmont, you must do so with all speed, as next week will take from both of you all pretensions to it.

This evening, as soon as the company was engaged with cards, lord Orville exerted his utmost eloquence to reconcile me to this hasty plan ; but how was I startled when he told me that next *Tuesday* was the day appointed by my father to be the most important of my life !

Next Tuesday : repeated I, quite out of breath, O, my lord !—

My sweet Evelina, said he, the day which will make me the happiest of mortals, would probably appear awful to you, were it to be deferred a

twelvemonth. Mrs. Selwyn has, doubtless, acquainted you with the many motives which, independent of my eagerness, require it to be speedy; suffer, therefore, its acceleration, and generously complete my felicity, by endeavouring to suffer it without repugnance.

Indeed, my lord, I would not wilfully raise objections, nor do I desire to appear insensible of the honour of your good opinion:—but there is something in this plan—so very hasty—so unreasonably precipitate;—besides, I shall have no time to hear from Berry Hill;—and believe me, my lord, I should be for ever miserable, where I, in an affair so important, to act without the sanction of Mr. Villar's advice.

He offered to wait on you himself: but I told him I had rather write to you. And then he proposed that, instead of my immediately accompanying him to Lincolnshire, we should first pass a month *at my native Berry Hill*.

This was, indeed, a grateful proposal to me, and I listened to it with undisguised pleasure. And, in short, I was obliged to consent to a compromise, in merely deferring the day till Thursday! He readily undertook to engage my father's concurrence in this little delay; and I besought him, at the same time, to make use of his influence to obtain me a second interview; and to represent the deep concern I felt in being thus banished his sight.

He would then have spoken of *settlements*; but I assured him I was almost ignorant even of the word.

And now, my dearest sir, what is your opinion

of these hasty proceedings? Believe me, I half regret the simple facility with which I have suffered myself to be hurried into compliance; and, should you start but the smallest objection, I will yet insist upon being allowed more time.

Adieu, dearest and most honoured sir! every thing at present depends upon your single decision: to which, though I yield in trembling, I yield implicitly.

Evelina in continuation.

Oct. 18.

YESTERDAY morning, as soon as breakfast was over, lord Orville went to the Hot wells, to wait upon my father with my double petition.

Lord Orville was not long absent; he joined us in the garden, with a look of gaiety and good humour that revived us all.

We were soon joined by more company, and lord Orville then, in a low voice, took an opportunity to tell me the success of his visit. In the first place, Thursday was agreed to; and in the second, my father, he said, was much concerned to hear of my uneasiness, sent me his blessing; and complied with my request of seeing him, with the same readiness he should agree to any other I could make. Lord Orville, therefore, settled that I should wait upon him in the evening, and, at his particular request, unaccompanied by Mrs. Selwyn.

Mrs. Beaumont lent me her chariot, and lord Orville absolutely insisted upon attending me. If you go alone, said he, Mrs. Selwyn will certainly

be offended ; but if you allow me to conduct you, though she may give the freer scope of her railery, she cannot possibly be affronted ; and we had much better suffer her laughter than provoke her satire.

Indeed, you must own, I had no reason to regret being so accompanied ; for his conversation supported my spirits from drooping, and made the ride seem so short, that we actually stopped at my father's door, before I knew we had proceeded ten yards.

He handed me from the carriage, and conducted me to the parlour, at the door of which I was met by Mr. Macartney. Ah, my dear brother, cried I, how happy am I to see you here !

He bowed, and thanked me. Lord Orville, then, holding out his hand, said, Mr. Macartney, I hope we shall be better acquainted ; I promise myself much pleasure from cultivating your friendship.

Your lordship does me but too much honour, answered Mr. Macartney.

But where, cried I, is my sister ? for so I must already call, and always consider her :—I am afraid she avoids me :—you must endeavour, my dear brother, to prepossess her in my favour, and reconcile her to owning me.

O madam, cried he, you are all goodness and benevolence ! but at present I hope you will excuse her, for I fear she has hardly fortitude sufficient to see you : in a short time, perhaps—

In a very short time, then, said lord Orville, I hope you will yourself introduce her, and that we shall have the pleasure of wishing you both joy :

allow me, my Evelina, to say we, and permit me in your name as well as my own, to entreat that the first guests we shall have the happiness of receiving may be Mr. and Mrs. Macartney.

A servant then came to beg I would walk up stairs.

I besought lord Orville to accompany me ; but he feared the displeasure of sir John, who had desired to see me alone. He led me, however, to the foot of the stairs, and made the kindest efforts to give me courage : but indeed he did not succeed ; for the interview appeared to me in all its terrors, and left me no feeling but apprehension.

The moment I reached the landing place the drawing-room door was opened : and my father, with a voice of kindness, called out, My child, is it you ?

Yes, sir, cried I, springing forward, and kneeling at his feet, it is your child, if you will own her.

He knelt by my side, and folding me in his arms, Own thee? repeated he: Yes, my poor girl, and Heaven knows with what bitter contrition! Then, raising both himself and me, he brought me into the drawing-room, shut the door, and took me to the window ; where, looking at me with great earnestness, Poor unhappy Caroline! cried he ; and, to my inexpressible concern, he burst into tears. Need I tell you, my dear sir, how mine flowed at the sight ?

I would again have embraced his knees ; but, hurrying from me, he flung himself upon a sofa, and leaning his face on his arms, seemed for some time absorbed in bitterness of grief.

I could not speak ; I kissed his hands on my knees! and then, with yet more emotion, he again blessed me, and hurried out of the room,—leaving me almost drowned in tears.

O sir, all goodness as you are, how much will you feel for your Evelina during a scene of such agitation! I pray Heaven to accept the tribute of his remorse, and restore him to tranquillity!

When I was sufficiently composed to return to the parlour, I found lord Orville waiting for me with the utmost anxiety:—and then a new scene of emotion, though of a far different nature, awaited me; for I learned by Mr. Macartney, that this noblest of men had insisted the so long supposed miss Belmont should be considered, indeed, as my sister, and as the co-heiress of my father; though not in law, in justice, he says, she ought ever to be treated as the daughter of sir John Belmont.

O! lord Orville!—it shall be the sole study of my happy life, to express, better than by words, the sense I have of your exalted benevolence and greatness of mind!

The preparations for our marriage go on just as if your consent were arrived; it is in vain that I expostulate; lord Orville says, should any objections be raised, all shall be given up; but that, as his hopes forbid him to expect any, he must proceed as if already assured of your occurrence.

We have had this afternoon a most interesting conversation, in which we have traced our sentiments of each other from our first acquaintance. I have made him confess how ill he thought of me upon my foolish giddiness, at Mrs. Stanley's

ball; but he flatters me with assurances, that every succeeding time he saw me I appeared to something less and less disadvantage.

When I expressed my amazement that he could honour with his choice, a girl who seemed so infinitely, in every respect, beneath his alliance, he frankly owned, that he had fully intended making more minute inquiries into my family and connexions; and particularly concerning those people he saw with me at Marybone, before he acknowledged his prepossession in my favour; but the suddenness of my intended journey, and the uncertainty of seeing me again, put him quite off his guard; and, divesting him of prudence left him nothing but love. These were his words; and yet he has repeatedly assured me, that this partiality has known no bounds from the time of my residing at Clifton.

* * * * *

Mr. Macartney has just been with me, on an embassy from my father. He has sent me his kindest love and assurances of favour; and desired to know if I am happy in the prospect of changing my situation, and if there is any thing I can name which he can do for me. And, at the same time, Mr. Macartney delivered to me a draft on my father's banker for a thousand pounds, which he insisted that I should receive entirely for my own use, and expend in equipping myself properly for the new rank of life to which I seem destined.

I am sure I need not say how much I was penetrated by this goodness; I wrote my thanks, and acknowledged frankly that if I could see him re-

stored to tranquillity, my heart would be without a wish.

Evelina in continuation.

Clifton, Oct. 13.

THE time now approaches when I hope we shall meet!—yet I cannot sleep;—great joy is as restless as sorrow,—and therefore I will continue my journal.

As I had never had an opportunity of seeing Bath, a party was formed last night for showing me that celebrated city: and this morning after breakfast, we set out in three phaetons. Lady Louisa and Mrs. Beaumont, with lord Merton; Mr. Coverley, Mr. Lovel, and Mrs. Selwyn; and myself with lord Orville.

We had hardly proceeded half a mile, when a gentleman from the post-chaise, which came galloping after us, called out to the servants, Holla, my lad!—pray, is one miss Anville in any of them *thing-em-bobs*?

I immediately recollected the voice of captain Mirvan: and lord Orville stopped the phaeton. He was out of the chaise and with us in a moment. So, miss Anville, cried he, how do you do? so I hear you're Miss Belmont now;—pray, how does old madame French do?

Madame Duval, said I, is, I believe, very well.

I hope she is in good case, said he, winking significantly, and won't flinch at seeing service: she has laid by long enough to refit and be made tight. And pray how does poor monseer Doleful do? is he as lank jawed as ever?

There are neither of them, said I, in Bristol.

O, I promise you, cried he, our Moll would never have wheedled me into this jaunt, if I'd known she was not here; for, to let you into the secret, I fully intended to have treated the old buck with another frolic.

Did miss Mirvan, then, persuade you to this journey?

Yes, and we've been travelling all night.

We? cried I: is miss Mirvan with you?

What, Molly?—yes, she's in that there chaise.

Good God, sir, why did you not tell me sooner? cried I: and immediately, with lord Orville's assistance, I jumped out of the phaeton, and ran to the dear girl. Lord Orville opened the chaise door; and I am sure I need not tell you what unfeigned joy accompanied our meeting.

We both begged we might not be parted during the ride: and lord Orville was so good as to invite captain Mirvan into his phaeton.

I think I was hardly ever more rejoiced than at this unseasonable visit from my dear Maria; who had no sooner heard the situation of my affairs than with the assistance of lady Howard and her kind mother, she besought her father with much earnestness to consent to the journey, that he had not been able to withstand their united entreaties; though she owned that, had he not expected to have with madame Duval, she believes he would not so readily have yielded. They arrived at Mrs. Beaumont's but a few minutes after we were out of sight and overtook us without much difficulty.

I say nothing of our conversation, because you

may so well suppose both the subjects we chose, and our manner of discussing them.

We all stopped at a grand hotel, where we were obliged to inquire for a room, as lady Louisa, fatigued to death, desired to take something before we began our rambles.

Lady Louisa being now refreshed, we proceeded upon our expedition.

The charming city of Bath answered all my expectations. The Crescent, the prospect from it, and the excellent symmetry of the Circus, delighted me. The Parades, I own, rather disappointed me; one of them is scarce preferable to some of the best paved streets in London: and the other, though it affords a beautiful prospect, a charming view of Prior Park and of the Avon, yet wanted something in itself of more striking elegance than a mere broad pavement, to satisfy the ideas I had formed of it.

At the pump-room I was amazed at the public exhibition of the ladies in the bath: it is true, their heads are covered with bonnets; but the very idea of being seen in such a situation, by whoever pleases to look, is indelicate.

We returned in the same way we came. Mrs. Beaumont invited all the party to dinner, and has been so obliging as to beg miss Mirvan may continue at her house during her stay. The captain will lodge at the Wells.

I had then two letters delivered to me; one from lady Howard and Mrs. Mirvan, which contained the kindest congratulations; and the other from madame Duval!—but not a word from you, —to my no small surprise and concern.

Madame Duval seemed greatly rejoiced at my last intelligence; a violent cold, she says, prevents her coming to Bristol. The Branghtons, she tells me, are all well: Miss Polly is soon to be married to Mr. Brown; but Mr. Smith has changed his lodgings, which she adds has made the house extremely dull. However, that's not the worst news; *pardi* I wish it was! but I've been used like nobody,—for monsieur du Bois has had the baseness to go back to France without me. In conclusion, she assures me, as you prognosticated she would, that I shall be sole heiress of all she is worth, when lady Orville.

At tea time we were joined by all the gentlemen but captain Mirvan, who went to the hotel where he was to sleep, and made his daughter accompany him, to separate her *trumpery*, as he called it, from his clothes.

After tea, all the company, Lord Orville, miss Mirvan, and myself excepted, played at cards and we—O, how much better did we pass our time!

While we were engaged in a most delightful conversation, a servant brought me a letter, which he told me had by some accident been mislaid, Judge of my feelings when I saw, my dearest sir, your revered hand writing! My emotions soon betrayed to lord Orville whom the letter was from; the importance of the contents he well knew; and, assuring me I should not be seen by the card players, he besought me to open it without delay.

Open it, indeed, I did—but read it I could not;—the willing, yet awful consent you have granted—the tenderness of your expression—the certainty that no obstacle remained to my eternal union with

the loved owner of my heart, gave me sensations too various, and, though joyful, too little placid for observation. Finding myself unable to proceed, and blinded by the tears of gratitude and delight, which started into my eyes, I gave over the attempt of reading till I retired to my own room; and, having no voice to answer the enquiries of Lord Orville, I put the letter into his hands, and left it to speak both for me and itself.

Lord Orville himself was affected by your kindness: he kissed the letter as he returned it, and pressing my hand affectionately to his heart, You are now, said he, in a low voice, all my own: O, my Evelina, how will my soul find room for its happiness?—it seems already bursting! I could make no reply, indeed I hardly spoke another word the rest of the evening; so little talkative is the fullness of contentment.

O, my dearest sir, the thankfulness of my heart I must pour forth at our meeting, when at your feet, my happiness receives its confirmation from your blessing; and when my noble-minded, my beloved lord Orville presents to you the highly honoured and thrice happy Evelina.

A few lines I will endeavour to write on Thursday, which shall be sent off express, to give you, should nothing intervene, yet more certain assurance of our meeting.

Now then, therefore, for the first, and probably the last time I shall ever own the name, permit me to sign myself,

Most dear sir,

Your grateful affectionate
EVELINA BELMONT.

Lady Louisa, at her own particular desire, will be present at the ceremony, as well as miss Mirvan and Mrs. Selwyn: Mr. Macartney will, the same morning, be united to my foster sister! and my father will give us both away.

Mr. Villars to Evelina.

EVERY wish of my soul is now fulfilled—for the felicity of my Evelina is equal to her worthiness; ¶

Yes, my child, thy happiness is engraven in golden characters upon the tables of my heart; and their impression is indelible; for, should the rude and deep-searching hand of misfortune attempt to pluck them from their repository, the fleeting fabric of life would give way; and in tearing from my vitals the nourishment by which they are supported, she would grasp at a shadow insensible to her touch.

Give thee my consent?—O thou joy, comfort, and pride of my life, how cold is that word to express the fervency of my approbation! yes I do indeed give thee my consent; and do thankfully, and with the humblest gratitude to Providence, I would seal it with the remnant of my days.

Hasten then, my love, to bless me with thy presence, and to receive the blessings with which my fond heart overflows!—And O, my Evelina, hear and assist in one only humble but ardent prayer which yet animates my devotion: That the height of bliss to which thou art rising may not

render the giddy, but that the purity of thy mind may form the brightest splendour of thy prosperity!—and that the weak and aged frame of thy almost idolizing parent, nearly worn out by time, past afflictions, and infirmities, may yet be able to sustain a meeting which all its better parts hold dear; and then, that all the wounds which the former severity of fortune inflicted, may be healed and purified by the ultimate consolation of pouring forth my dying words in blessings on my child!—closing these joy streaming eyes in her presence, and breathing my last faint sighs in her loved arms!

Grieve not, G child of my care! grieve not at the inevitable moment! but may thy own end be equally propitious! O mayest thou, when full of days, and full of honour, sink down as gently to rest!—be loved as kindly, watched as tenderly, as the happy father? And mayst thou, when thy glass is run, be sweetly but not bitterly, mourned by some remaining darling of thy affections—some yet surviving Evelina.

ARTHUR VILLARS.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

ALL is over, my dearest sir; and the fate of your Evelina is decided! This morning, with fearful joy and trembling gratitude, she united herself forever with the object of her dearest, her eternal affection.

I have time for no more ; the chaise now waits which is to conduct me to dear Berry Hill, and to the arms of the best of men.

EVELINA.

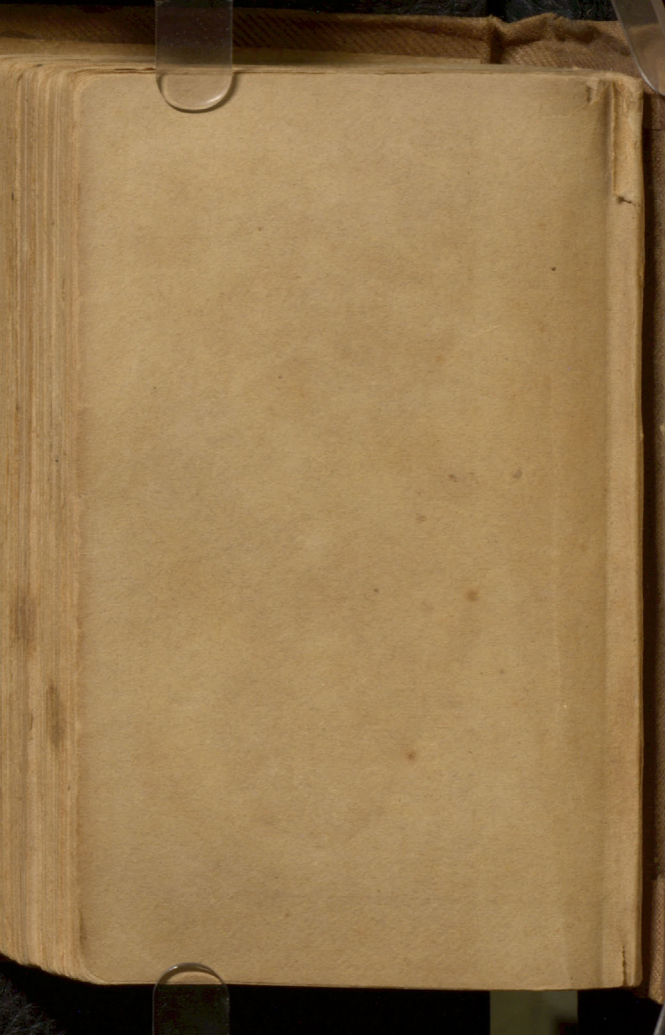
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