

Mrs. Wentworth were immediately installed in their apartments, which were situated at the back of the mansion, commanding anything but a wide or entertaining prospect. As lady Huntingdon, however, coldly remarked: "It was just as well, for Miss Huntingdon would have the less to distract her thoughts from her studies." Thus, though Eva had been but three short days in town, already it seemed to her as if a full weary month had passed over her head. Here were no ample grounds, no varied, pleasant walks, as at Huntingdon Hall. Restricted, the greater part of the time, to the upper range of apartments, hearing—knowing nothing of the gaiety and festivity going on around her, save from the number of equipages constantly stopping before the door, and the lateness of the hour at which lord and lady Huntingdon returned to their home, a more rigorous and insupportable seclusion could scarcely have been imagined. Had Mrs. Wentworth been any other character, than the frigid, taciturn being she was, Eva might yet have been happy. A little kindness and affection was all that her gentle and loving nature required; but Mrs. Wentworth, according to her mode of thinking, was under no obligations to shew her either. She had entered into no contract to amuse or caress her pupil; she had only undertaken to instruct her, and Eva was thus left, friendless and hopeless, entirely to herself.

About a week after her arrival, she was sitting alone in her room, looking sadly from the window, thinking of Mr. Arlingford, of Cumberland, when Sefton entered to say, "that Mrs. Wentworth wished her to prepare for an airing in the carriage." She received the intimation without a single feeling of pleasure, for the influence of the sad thoughts that had engrossed her previously, still lingered around her. Her toilette completed, she immediately hurried down, and without a word took her seat beside her taciturn companion, who only interrupted the silence once, by exclaiming, "this is the Park," as the carriage entered that fashionable resort. Eva glanced listlessly around, and then returned to her former reflections. The sound of merry voices approaching caused her to look up, and she perceived an elegant carriage containing two or three ladies, apparently of the first rank, approaching. One of the ladies was very young and pretty, and by her side rode a gentleman, whose gay *empressment*, as he bent towards her, replying to her animated remarks, seemed to betoken a very good understanding between the two parties. But who can describe Eva's overpowering astonishment to discover in the handsome cavalier, her unknown friend, the

giver of the flowers! Entirely engrossed by his fair companion, his eyes were still fixed on her face when the Huntingdon carriage approached. Just then, however, he looked up, and his glance fell on its occupants. The violent start of recognition, the quick, eager glance, though it was but momentary, at once revealed to Eva that he knew and remembered her well. The event entirely diverted her thoughts from their former sad channel, softening the feeling of oppressive, bitter loneliness, that had haunted her from the moment of her arrival in London, but yet, it brought with it a new anxiety. "Would he think of her now, as much as he had done at Huntingdon Hall? Was he not too much engrossed by the handsome and high-born lady to whom he had been paying such flattering attention, to bestow even a second thought on one so neglected and obscure as Eva Huntingdon?" It might be, and even were it so, it was yet pleasant, to have met a friendly, familiar face, and her heart whispered that her home would not now appear so dull, her days so monotonous, as they had previously done. With something like a shade of regret, she heard Mrs. Wentworth give orders for their return, but she made no comment whatever. As the carriage drove up to the mansion, they perceived a gentleman leaning carelessly against one of the pillars, and amusing himself by swearing at a servant who was stroking down a fiery horse at some few paces distant. The stranger, whom Eva had never seen before, seemed about twenty-three years of age, tall, but awkward in air and figure, and with features, which, notwithstanding their regularity, were exceedingly commonplace in point of expression. His dress, too, though fashionable in material and shape, was adjusted with a slovenly carelessness, bespeaking an utter want of taste in the wearer. Though the carriage drew up almost at his very feet, he made no movement to assist its occupants to alight, and after a careless, curious glance at Eva, turned to his servant and continued his instructions, though in a somewhat moderated strain. Eva had scarcely thrown off her carriage dress when a messenger from lady Huntingdon demanded her presence in the drawing-room. The summons was a most unusual one, and with a double share of trepidation, Eva obeyed; one moment fearing, the next hoping, her mother would be alone; her doubts were decided, by hearing, as she approached the drawing-room door, the languid tones of the latter, in conversation with some stranger. On entering, lady Huntingdon briefly exclaimed, glancing at her companion: