

**THE MASQUERADE: OR, THE
HISTORY OF LORD AVON
AND MISS TAMEWORTH. IN
A SERIES OF LETTERS. VOL. II**

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The Masquerade: Or, The History of Lord Avon and Miss Tameworth. In a Series of Letters.
Vol. II by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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MASQUERADE;

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IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N,

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MDCCLXIX.

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at a time when he knew he was the aggressor, have operated so powerfully on him, that he is half wild with rapture.

The picture which occasioned all this confusion was, it seems, drawn of the size of that which Sedley gave to Olivia, and set in the same manner, by order of lady Avon; who, having long had a fancy to have my lord's portrait, in the dress in which she first saw him, and thinking Sedley's picture a striking likeness, went privately with Olivia to the painter, and desired him to copy my lord's face from her bracelet; (as he had refused to gratify her request, because he deemed it an idle one) and to dress him in the manner she described.—It was just come home that evening when he caught her admiring it—He took it for Sedley's; and from that mistake arose the quarrel between them, which was attended with such unhappy consequences.

Olivia, who before always took my lord's part, has owned to me that she
thought

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thought him quite wrong: blaming, however, my lady for leaving him; and saying every thing she could think of, to persuade her to stay in town, but to no purpose.—

By what I can see, my lady will be very glad to come to Grosvenor-Square; tho' my lord enjoys so much of her company, with so little interruption, that he will be very loth to give up his tranquility for crowds and noise.

A man may really live here very agreeably: the country is, at present, charming: what must it then be in the height of summer?

Mr. Heber, the only near neighbour—(farmers excepted) is much of the gentleman, and is a true lover of the old English hospitality. His eldest daughter, Alicia, is a fine young woman, tho' some years older than lady Avon or than Olivia, and a very different character; being neither so meek as her sister, nor so spirited as Eudocia: she is sensible, good-natured,

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and truly polite, according to my ideas of politeness; for she always endeavours to make herself agreeable to those with whom she converses, and to make them pleased with themselves. I honestly declare that I could spend my days with these worthy creatures: that is, if Olivia was disposed to bestow her heart upon me.— But the possession of her heart is a happiness I dare not expect, tho' she is much more free and easy in her behaviour to me than when we were in town. I might, I believe, be, in time, blessed with her friendship; but the devil take your platonics, I will have nothing to do with them.

Avon has so little platonism, even in appearance, that Eudocia chides him severely sometimes. I could not help smiling at them yesterday.—We were walking in the garden; she asked him if they should set out for London next morning.

“ What ? ”

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“What? tired of Derbyshire already, my love? How happily could I spend all my days here with your charming company!—But you shall be indulged in every respect; only give me one more kiss, and we will go to-morrow.”

“Pshaw—You are never satisfied,” cried she—smiling on me with such an excessive archness, “even Mr. Mountney laughs at you.”—

“Laugh at me, madam,” replied he; warmly; “may not a man kiss his wife without being laughed at? Whenever Mountney marries, he may take the same liberty before me at any time.—Friendship is nothing, if the pleasures resulting from it are not freely enjoyed.”—

“Thankee, my lord,” said I, seizing Olivia—“If this young lady would but consent to look upon me, in the light in which you are viewed by lady Avon, you should not outdo me in love, I promise you.”

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Olivia blushed and broke from me, but said nothing.

Eudocia cried, "See there, my lord, the force of example! You have, by your behaviour, authorized your friend to be impertinent, and put us both out of countenance."

"Nay now, my lord," said I, "I am quite of your side of the question; e'en say what you please to her, and do what you please with her."

This revived his good-humour: he seized Eudocia, while I ran after Olivia, and had but just caught her, when the lively lady Avon flew hastily from the arms of her husband to save her friend from mine. A romping-bout with two such fine creatures, few men could have resisted; and I swear there was so much brightness mixed with sensibility in Eudocia's eyes, when she laid hold of my shoulder, in order to give Olivia time to escape, that I had need of all my friendship,