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COLLECTION  
OF  
BRITISH AUTHORS  
VOL. CXC.

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EVELINA BY MISS BURNEY.  
IN ONE VOLUME.

# NEW DICTIONARIES:

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BERNH. TAUCHNITZ JUN., LEIPZIG;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1372  
47 EVELINA;

OR,

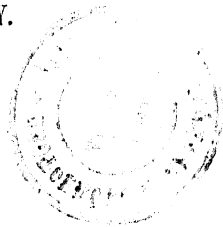
THE HISTORY

OF

A YOUNG LADY'S INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD.

BY

MISS BURNEY.



LEIPZIG

BERNH. TAUCHNITZ JUN.

1850.

## TO \* \* \* \* \*

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

If in my heart the love of virtue glows,  
 'T was 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.

TO THE  
A U T H O R S  
OF THE  
MONTHLY AND CRITICAL REVIEWS.

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GENTLEMEN,

THE liberty which I take in addressing to you the trifling production of a few idle hours, will doubtless move your wonder, and probably your contempt. I will not, however, with the futility of apologies intrude upon your time, but briefly acknowledge the motives of my temerity; lest, by a premature exercise of that patience which I hope will befriend me, I should lessen its benevolence, and be accessary to my own condemnation.

Without name, without recommendation, and unknown alike to success and disgrace, to whom can I so properly apply for patronage, as to those who publicly profess themselves inspectors of all literary performances?

The extensive plan of your critical observations, — which, not confined to works of utility or ingenuity, is equally open to those of frivolous amusement, — and, yet worse than frivolous, dulness — encourages me to seek for your protection, since, — perhaps for my sins! — it entitles me to your annotations. To resent, therefore, this offering, however insignificant, would ill become the universality of your undertaking; though not to despise it may, alas! be out of your power.

The language of adulation, and the incense of flattery, though the natural inheritance and constant resource, from time immemorial, of the dedicatory, to me offer nothing but