

deed, the Countess had spoken the language of truth——and our vows should have accompanied her's to Heaven, were the accomplishment of them to be the felicity of Dorothea.—But, lovely maiden, may your charms never be bartered in unwarrantable traffic!—may Fortune nor artifice, never place you in a station to which ~~to which~~ the most refined attachment shall not select you!—May you fill the high rank to which your bright endowments give you a title, but never become the *splendid* mourner of a parent's ambition!——Sancho saw this extravagance growing in the mind of the Countess, and determined to cultivate it.—Every thing that *incoherent sentences* and a *distracted manner* could suggest, was accepted by the Countess as confirmation of her wishes; a *natural perplexity*, and *embarrassment of elocution*, were the *confusion of real passion*—and *ambiguous inference*, as it was unintelligible, was supposed to convey a *solemn declaration of love*.

This, however, was sufficient to satisfy the mind of the Countess; and therefore Sancho obtained the object of his industry.—He saw not, it is true, the roses in the cheek of Dorothea, but he enumerated the suffragans in the train of Loftonzo.—As to the Countess, her imagination was on fire!—It already presented to her her niece, the incomparable Dorothea, crowned *Vice-queen of the island of Barataria*; her Lord Loftonzo distinguished by all the coronets of all his ancestry; and
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