

found herself in that situation in which "women wish to be who love their lords." This she communicated to Lothario, in the manner that had been agreed upon between them, in the character of a third person. In answer, she received, what she thought rather a cold reply to such an annunciation. He begged her to be under no concern on account of her pregnancy, as he would not fail to take proper care both of her and her offspring; but expressed nothing of that satisfaction at hearing she was about to make him a father, as might have been expected from a husband, who so tenderly loved his wife, as she had flattered herself he did her; and she could not avoid being a little alarmed at this at first; but the consideration that an apprehension of the interception of his letters might lay some restraint upon him, joined to the confidence she had both in his love and honour, soon dissipated all uneasy reflections on that score.

About four months after this, he returned to town; but his presence, which she imagined would give her perfect happiness, destroyed, in a great measure, what little she had enjoyed in his absence. While he continued away, she was every day pleasing herself, and building fancy castles, as the time of his approach drew near, indulging in every idea of happiness, of mutual endearment, mutual caresses, felicity unutterable, which she doubted not their meeting would bestow upon both: but when he did come, how were those golden hopes frustrated! His words, indeed, were obliging.—bore even the semblance of affection and kindness;—but his looks gave the lie to his tongue: his eyes, those true intelligencers of the heart, no longer sparkled with that impatient ardour which was once an indication of his passion: the visits he made her were