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subject. One afternoon, in the month of August, I resolved to do so, and with that intent walked leisurely over to Irville; and after calling on the Rev. Dr Dinwiddie, the minister, I stepped in, as if by chance, to Mrs Nugent's. I could see that she was a little surprised at my visit. However, she treated me with every possible civility, and her servant lass bringing in the tea-things in a most orderly manner, as punctually as the clock was striking, she invited me to sit still and drink my tea with her; which I did, being none displeased to get such encouragement. However, I said nothing that time, but returned to the manse, very well content with what I had observed, which made me fain to repeat my visit. So, in the course of the week, taking Janet my daughter with me, we walked over in the forenoon, and called at Mrs Nugent's first, before going to any other house: and Janet saying, as we came out to go to the minister's, that she thought Mrs Nugent an agreeable woman, I determined to knock the nail on the head without further delay.

Accordingly, I invited the minister and his wife to dine with us on the Thursday following; and before leaving the town I made Janet, while the minister and me were handling a subject, as a sort of thing of common civility go to Mrs Nugent, and invite her also. Dr Dinwiddie was a gleg man, of a jocose nature, and guessing something of what I was ettling at<sup>1</sup> was very mirthful with

<sup>1</sup> *Ettling at.* Aiming at.