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The very idea that love will come after marriage, is shocking to minds which have the least spark of delicacy: to such minds, a marriage which begins with indifference will certainly end in disgust and aversion.

I bespeak your papa for my *cecilbro*; mine is extremely at your service in return.

But I am piqued, my dear. "Sentiments so noble, so peculiar to your Rivers—"

I am apt to believe there are men in the world—that nobleness of mind is not so very *peculiar*—and that some people's sentiments may be as noble as other people's.

In short, I am inclined to fancy Fitzgerald would have acted just the same part in the same situation.

But it is your great fault, my dear Emily, to suppose your love a phoenix, where-

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