

his heart, curse my good fortune, and wish himself the lucky cavalier. Publicity I court. It makes me, among men, the envied possessor of untold loveliness, which I feel I do not half possess when hiding it, miserlike, from the public gaze. Among women, too, it gives me the greater power, for with the dear creatures 'tis 'to him that hath shall be given.' The surest way of success with them is to approach their shrines with our brows adorned with laurels of conquest. What I alone fear is, that exposure at this time will kill the one and frighten the other away, and then I am fooled for my pains. Am I yet sure of success? Eugenie shows spirit. I may be foiled. Well, there's matrimony! I feel some compunctions at taking advantage of my dear Eugenie, whom, if I ever have truly loved, I love. But I cannot resist temptation. Fortune, if she loves innocence, should not leave it in my path. I cannot marry every beauty who pleases my eye; I had best turn pacha at once. Here I have three, all equally claimants to my affections; a charming triad! By my honour! I could not tell which