

from being "all in a flutter,") trod on toes and dresses; seized wrong hands and rushed in all directions but the right one. And what stupid, bungling things I said (not again from natural stupidity, but flutter); and when I tried to compliment—Oh, tortures! I'll be hanged if I ain't actually blushing at the bare thought of it. However, despite of all these things I got through the evening pretty well (*incredibile dictu!*) and was fortunate enough to enjoy a good deal of her company, much more than any of the other *exquisites* present, at which I perceived they looked a good deal of exquisite envy. Oh! ecstasy of ecstasies to think that I should be so highly favored by one so beautiful! surely I must possess uncommon outward charms—let me take another look in the glass. I see now what missed my eye before, that I have a fine, broad, high forehead; that my eyebrows are well arched and my eyes very bright and expressive. Let me try the latter in their different expressions. (Looks languishing.) How delicately soft and tender they are now! what an amount of affection and sentiment beams from them! what maiden heart would not melt at such a look? (Looks fierce) Now how frightfully fierce and savage they are! fire seems to dart from them; and all the furies seem to lurk within them; who would not tremble beneath such an eye? an eye that would "strike dismay to every heart." (Looks bright.) How clear and sparkling they appear; mirth and good humor and the all train of merry skipping little satyrs dance in them. Than mine more perfect nose ne'er garnished face before; it is Grecian, the best kind. Who could gaze unmoved on such a nose especially when a white handkerchief is fluttering airily about it? She has a lovely nose too; it is of the same class as mine. Callous were my heart; shut to every affection; dead to every tender impression, could I contemplate such beauty as hers and not soar off into the lofty region of raptures! Darling creature! had I you but here, what tender, loving kisses would I imprint on those cheeks in

which beauty sits enthroned—that is if you permitted me, and I've no doubt but that you would. What would I say to her now were she present and supposing I were making a declaration of love? 'Most charming and angelic being of immaculate virtue; one in whom every outward charm and inward excellence seem united. Rare and lovely incarnation of all that is pure and beautiful before whom the lovely goddess of love would seem as an Irish cook, behold one now prostrate' (falls on the floor) 'at thy feet, smitten by the overwhelming beauty of thy countenance and struck with admiration at thy perfections; deign, O, lovely being! to cast one resplendant look down on thy slave—a look which must either diffuse eternal sunshine through my breast, or kill, like the trenchant sword, which sinks to the heart and lets flow the life-blood.'" I guess that's about the style. She couldn't listen to that unmoved or I'm mistaken, and I flatter myself I'm seldom that. Still I'm not yet what is called 'decidedly in love.' My state is that which is called 'smitten,' not wounded. And there's a considerable difference between being smitten and wounded. I am, and have been all along smitten at least twenty times a day, but never was wounded more than once a year. I've a strong predilection for the gentler sex and every thing connected with them, and glory in that sweet, tender and pure passion which they kindle within us.

Yet before I allow the sparks of love which have been struck within me to unite and swell into a flame, I must answer the question "shall I or shall I not?" that is: shall I or shall I not fall in love with her. And that response can only be given when I have discovered whether she is worthy of me or not. The thing rests entirely with me. I know she loves me, and I have only to indicate by word or action that her passion is reciprocated, to have her rush to my arms. She may be outwardly all that is lovely and agreeable and be inwardly very deficient. Her shoulders and neck may be