

REASON THE SIXTH.—I pity him, because if S..... really comes forward, I shall be obliged to put poor dear M..... to the mortification of a refusal!

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REASON THE SEVENTH.—I pity him because he is so extremely kind and obliging in quitting the room whenever his presence becomes troublesome.

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REASON THE EIGHTH.—I pity him because his great confidence in my affection makes him appear so ridiculous, and because S..... laughs at him!

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REASON THE NINTH.—I pity him, because, if I do ultimately marry him, S..... will tell every body that it is only because I could not obtain the barouche and four—Heigh-heigh-ho!

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REASON THE TENTH.—I pity him because he has so kindly consented to meet me in my return from the charity school, without once suspecting that I go to give S..... a last opportunity. He is really a very good young man—Ah well-a-day!

Ah well-a-day !!!!!!! &c. &c.—Let no man ever endeavour to enjoy the luxury of his mistress's secret thoughts.

I closed the book, and walked towards the window. The river flowed temptingly beneath. Would it be best to drown myself or shoot myself? Or would it be best to take horse, after the barouche, and shoot S.....? I was puzzled with the alternatives. It was absolutely necessary that *somebody* should be put to death, but my confusion was too great to decide upon the victim.

At this critical juncture of my fate, when I was wavering between the gallows and 'a grave where four roads meet', Lady Barbara came dancing in to request my assistance at a drawing. She was petrified at my suicidal appearance, and, indeed, seemed in doubt whether the act of immolation had not been already effected. Her fears rushed in crimson to her cheeks, as