

bright and beautiful hours of the morning, in feverish and unsatisfactory slumbers, only to awake with headache and feel out of sorts generally. So days, weeks, and months will roll rapidly away in one long, ever-changing scene of festivity. I shall be flattered by some, envied by others, and, perchance, loved by a few. As the season draws to a close I am expected to make a brilliant settlement. I have listened to this when paying private visits with mamma. Suppose I secure the highest prize in the matrimonial market, wealthy, handsome, and talented, what more can be desired? What matter if there remain a void in my heart. Climax—A grand wedding, a richly attired bride, jewels glittering on neck and arms, and shining like dew drops in the hair. The ceremony over, congratulations received, I am pronounced the most fortunate of my sex, fond kisses from parents, with happy tears in their eyes, last adieus are said and the waiting carriage whirls me away for a time from the gay world that has become so necessary to my existence. Established in my own home, I again take up the roll of pleasure and eagerly unfold it to its utmost limit. Years pass, and I turn with impatience from maternal duties. Days and nights are spent in one continual round of fashionable excitement, until nature shrinks from the utter violation of all her laws. The sowing time is past, the reaping time is come. What a fearful retrospect, what a gloomy future! Robbed, by suffering, of all my beauty, what avails me