

ged her passions in granting her secret favours to more than one of her admirers. Though her amours were conducted with great prudence, and every appearance of outward decorum, Caroline, being an inmate of her house, more than suspected some of them; and now, began to conclude that Lothario was one of the most favoured of her aunt's visitors. All this made Caroline now reflect, which before she had not done, that Cælia was not a very proper person for a confidante; whilst a rising pang of jealousy and suspicion made her seek to discover, by hesitating and indirect questions, whether her lover had really been a successful wooer for the widow's favours.

Whether this was so, or not, nothing certain can be stated; but Lothario, perceiving her drift, immediately declared that she must acquit him of any the least participation in the affection towards him, which he had imputed to her aunt; and that although he could not fail to perceive that Cælia would have willingly forgiven him far greater liberties than that which his ungovernable passion for her lovely niece had caused him once to take, yet with the aunt, he had never gone beyond the common gallantry of kissing her hand. Thus reassured, she gave complete belief to all he told her; and having gained this point, on which the success of his design in a great measure depended, he now began to renew the declaration of his passion—seemed to chide the distrust she had manifested of his honour—and protested he never had a thought or wish tending to the prejudice of her virtue, and no other aim in view than making her his wife.

The misfortunes that have befallen your family, said he, are of no manner of consequence to one, who, you know, has an estate sufficient to support us in more grandeur than is necessary