

of a nuptial day, not when the man who fancies he has won your heart, is revelling in the anticipated delights of an union with the woman his soul prefers, not then to dash the cup from his lips,—be it even in playful wantonness, or with serious inconstancy,—can be reconcileable either to decorum or to feeling. You have already experienced the joys and pains of matrimony, perhaps to you the state has not now that glowing attraction which at has to him ; but remember the time when you first yielded to become the wedded love of man; had then a rival stepped in to despoil you of your softest hopes ; had then waywardness of humour or inconstancy of heart snatched from you your bridegroom, consider what you feelings then would have been. In like manner an ardent youth, encouraged by your fascinating manners, your condescension, your smiles and graces, put on to captivate (let it not be said to deceive) at length wins from you a promise to bless his vows, a day is even appointed for your becoming a second time a wife, whilst absorbed in the feelings of love returned, your lover becomes neglectful of all other pursuits, careless of the *Art* by which he gains a respectable livelihood, and soulless to all but you and his coming bliss. This tide of expected felicity, you suddenly dam up, freeze him by what, I would fain hope, is an affected coldness, and lacerate his bosom by coquetting with others ; forgetful not only of the promises your glances have bestowed, but also of the vows your lips have made to become his. I repeat that I would fain hope, both for your and his sake, for from your mutual dispositions I can augur nothing but happiness in your union, that all this is but the effect of womanish wiles ; a playful trial ; but if so, let it not be carried too far. The youth wants not friends to re-