

to teach me the secrets of her heart, and should I not mortify her exceedingly if I neglected to take advantage of it? This reflection was quite sufficient, and I commenced the chronicle of her cogitations forthwith. It began with noting the day of the month on which I had presented the gift, and stated prettily, the plan of improvement I had suggested. The first memorandum contained her reasons for loving her dear M—. I pressed the book to my lips and proceeded to

‘REASON THE FIRST.—A good temper is better in a companion than a great wit. If dear M—is deficient in the latter, it is not his fault, and his excellence in the former makes ample amends.’

How! as much as to say I am a good natured fool! Was there no other construction? no error of the press? None. The context assured me I was not mistaken.

‘REASON THE SECOND.—Personal beauty is not requisite in a husband, and if he is a little mistaken in his estimate of himself in this respect, it will make him happy, and save me the trouble of labouring for that end.’

Conceited and ill favoured! My head began to swim.

REASON THE THIRD.—I have been told that very passionate regard between married people is productive of much disquietude and jealousy. The temperate regard, therefore, that I feel for dear M....., argues for the serenity of our lives—Heigh-ho’

Furies!

‘REASON THE FOURTH.—I have sometimes doubted if this temperate regard be really love, but, as pity is next akin to love, and I pity him on so many points, I think I cannot be mistaken.

Pity!

‘REASON THE FIFTH.—I pity him, because it is necessary to place him on the shelf during Lord S’s visit, for fear S..... should be discouraged by appearances, and not make the declaration which I have been so long expecting.

Place me upon the shelf! !