

has been telling me the whole plan of operations: we go up with them, stay a fortnight, then all come down, and show away till summer, when the happy pair embark in the first ship for England.

Emily is really what one would call a prudent pretty sort of woman, I did not think it had been in her: she is certainly right, there is danger in delay; she has a thousand proverbs on her side; I thought what all her fine sentiments would come to; she should at least have waited for mamma's consent; this hurry is not quite consistent with that extreme delicacy on which she piques herself; it looks exceedingly as if she was afraid of losing him.

I don't love her half so well as I did three days ago; I hate discreet young ladies that marry and fettle; give me an agreeable fellow and a knapsack.

My