

of amendment which I had suggested to her ; indeed, this was done with a regularity which when I considered her former hair-brained character, I knew could only be sustained by the most ardent attachment.—My pride and my passion increased daily.

At last by a happy reverse of fortune, I was led to look for a termination of my trials. Lord S..... was a personage of too great importance to the nation to be permitted to enjoy his own peace and quiet, and his bilious visage would require to countenance mighty concerns in other parts. His dressing case was packed up, and the barouche was ordered to the door, but poor lady Betty was still doomed to be a sufferer : she was somehow or other hampered with an engagement to ride with him as far as the village, in order to pay a visit for her mother to the charity school, and I saw her borne off, the most bewitching example of patience and resignation. I did not offer to accompany them, for I thought it would look like jealousy, but, engaged in answer to a sweetly whispered invitation, to meet her in her walk back.

When I returned to the drawing room, Barbara and the lady-mother were absent on their usual occupations, and I sat down for a moment of happy reflection on the delights that awaited me ; my heart was tingling with anticipation, and every thought was poetry. A scrap of paper was upon the table, and was presently enriched with a sonnet on each side, which I had vanity enough to think were quite good enough to be transferred to Lady Betty's most beloved lilac pocket-book. I raised my eyes, and, lo ! in the bustle of parting with Lord S—, she had forgotten to deposit it in the desk. What an agreeable surprise it would be for her to find how I had been employed ! How fondly would she thank me for such a delicate mode of showing my attention. The sonnets were written in my best hand, and I was about to close the book, when I was struck with the extreme beauty of Lady Betty's caligraphy. Might I venture to peruse a page or so, and enjoy the luxury of knowing her private thoughts of me ? Nay, was it not a sweet little finesse