

*The involuntary inconstant*

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ing her off at last? Nor was that the worst; the cursed ill luck I had too in losing her, by the interfering of that scoundrel the Marquis: it was the devil of a job all together, which, I suppose, makes you imagine that I shall not think of her again.

Oh! Charles, do not suppose because I preach to you, that I am grown wise myself; if you were to give me any encouragement; now I have lost my two rivals, so far from not thinking of her, I believe I should think of nothing else, which is a proof of the danger of falling seriously in love.

Your regard for the ten thousand pounds; if that is all, (which I a little suspect it is not) will not be so lasting