

suppose has made her apprehend that he may meet with some enchanter vile, who will confirm his unjust suspicions of her.

Well, after all, its a sad thing to be in love; I would not be—But you know, Lord Robert, you never was entirely of my cabinet council, so I will not let you into any secrets just now.

You recommend to us to go to Sir Matthew Eaton's; I would go with pleasure; not for my own part, that I would give sixpence to go to Sir Matthew Eaton's, but I think a house is better than a lodging; only Miss Francfort and Miss Sutton both think that Sir Matthew should have been

48
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*Sarah Sande her Book
god's*