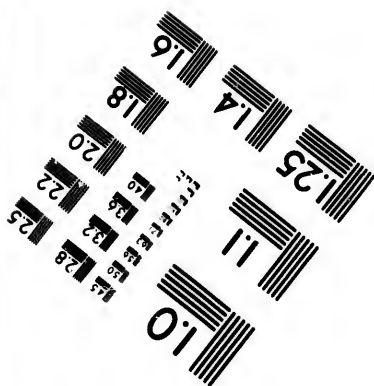
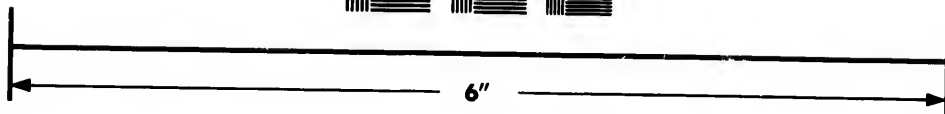
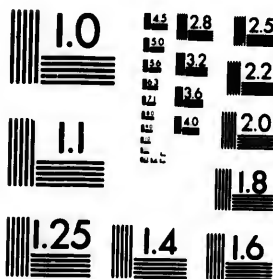


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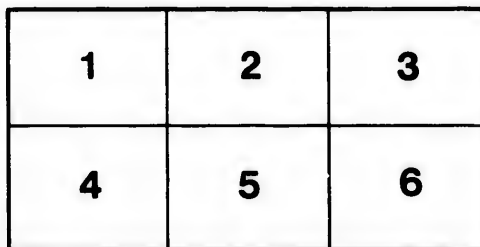
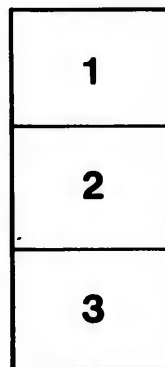
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T H E
I S T O R Y
O F
EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R LV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Silleri, Jan. 16.

SO, my dear, we went on too fast, it seems: Sir George was so obliging as to settle all without waiting for Emily's consent; not having supposed her refusal to be in the chapter of possibilities: after having communicated their plan of operations to me as an affair settled, papa was dispatched, as Sir George's ambassador, to inform Emily of his gracious intentions in her favour.

She received him with proper dignity, and like a girl of true spirit told him, that as the delay was originally from Sir George, she should insist on observing the conditions very exactly, and was determined to wait till spring, whatever might be the contents of Mrs. Clayton's expected letter;

OL. II.

ter;

ter; reserving to herself also the privilege of refusing him even then, if upon mature deliberation she should think proper so to do.

She has further insisted, that till that time he shall leave Silleri; take up his abode at Quebec, unless, which she thinks most advisable, he should return to Montreal for the winter; and never attempt seeing her without witnesses, as their present situation is particularly delicate, and that whilst it continues they can have nothing to say to each other which their common friends may not with propriety hear: all she can be prevailed on to consent to in his favour, is to allow him *en attendant* to visit here like any other gentleman.

I wish she would send him back to Montreal, for I see plainly he will spoil all our little parties.

Emily is a fine girl, Lucy and I am friends with her again; so, my dear, I shall revive my coterie, and be happy two or three months longer. I have sent to ask my two sweet fellows at Quebec to dine here: I really long to see them; I shall let them into the present state of affairs here, for they both despise Sir George as much as I do; the creature looks amazingly foolish, and I enjoy his humiliation not a little: such an animal to set up for being beloved indeed! O to be sure!

Emily has sent for me to her apartment. Adieu for a moment.

Eleven o'clock.

She has shewn me Mrs. Melmoth's letter on the subject of concluding the marriage immediately: it is in the true spirit of family impertinence. She writes with the kind discreet insolence of a relation; and Emily has answered her with the genuine

genuine spirit of an independent Englishwoman, who is so happy as to be her own mistress, and who is therefore determined to think for herself.

She has refused going to Montreal at all this winter; and has hinted, though not impolitely, that she wants no guardian of her conduct but herself; adding a compliment to my ladyship's discretion so very civil, it is impossible for me to repeat it with decency.

O Heavens! your brother and Fitzgerald! I fly. The dear creatures! my life has been absolute vegetation since they absented themselves.

Adieu, my dear!

Your faithful

A. FERMOR

L E T T E R LVI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Sillieri, Jan. 24.

WE have the same parties and amusements we used to have, my dear, but there is by no means the same spirit in them; constraint and dulness seem to have taken the place of that sweet vivacity and confidence which made our little society so pleasing: this odious man has infected us all; he seems rather a spy on our pleasures than a partaker of them; he is more an antidote to joy than a tall maiden aunt.

I wish it would go: I fear spontaneously every time I feel him, wishing to consider I am a little. "Well, Sir George, when do you go to Montreal?" He reddens, and gives me a peevish answer; and I then, and not before, recollect how very impertinent the question is.

But pray, my dear, because he has no taste for sociable companionable life, has he therefore a right to damp the spirit of it in those that have? I intend to consult some learned casuist on this head.

He takes amazing pains to please in his wavy hair, which is curled, powdered, perfumed, and exhibits every day in a new suit of embroidery; but with all this, has the mortification to see your brother please more in a plain coat. I am lazy. Adieu!

Yours, ever and ever,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R LVII.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall Mall.

Jan. 25.

SO you intend, my dear Jack, to marry when you are quite tired of a life of gallantry: the lady will be much obliged to you for a heart, the refuse of half the prostitutes in town; a heart, the best feelings of which will be entirely obliterated; a heart hardened by a long commerce with the most unworthy of the sex; and which will bring disgust, suspicion, coldness, and depravity

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LVII.

Pall Mall.

Jan. 25.

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pravity of taste, to the bosom of sensibility and innocence.

For my own part, though fond of women to the greatest degree, I have had, considering my profession and complexion, very few intrigues. I have always have an idea I should some time or other marry, and have been unwilling to bring to a state in which I hoped for happiness from mutual affection, a heart worn out by a course of gallantries: to a contrary conduct is owing most of our unhappy marriages; the woman brings with her all her stock of tenderness, truth, and affection; the man's is exhausted before they meet: she finds the generous delicate tenderness of her soul, not only unreturned, but unobserved; she fancies some other woman the object of his affection, she is unhappy, she pines in secret; he observes her discontent, accuses her of caprice; and her portion is wretchedness for life.

If I did not ardently wish your happiness, I should not thus repeatedly combat a prejudice, which, as you have sensibility, will infallibly make the greater part of your life a scene of insipidity and regret.

You are right, Jack, as to the savages; the only way to civilize them is to *feminize* their women; but the task is rather difficult: at present their manners differ in nothing from those of the men; they even add to the ferocity of the latter.

You desire to know the state of my heart: excuse me, Jack; you know nothing of love; and we who do, never disclose its mysteries to the profane: besides, I always chuse a female for the

the confidante of my sentiments; I hate even to speak of love to one of my own sex.

Adieu! I am going a party with half a dozen ladies, and have not another minute to spare.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R LVIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Jan. 28.

EVERY hour, my dear, grow more in love with French manners: there is something charming in being young and sprightly all one's life: it would appear absurd in England to hear what I have just heard, a fat virtuous lady of seventy toast, *Love and opportunity*, to a young fellow; but 'tis nothing here: they dance too to the last gasp; I have seen the daughter, mother, and grand-daughter, in the same French country-dance.

They are perfectly right; and I honour them for their good sense and spirit, in determining to make life agreeable as long as they can.

A propos to age, I am resolved to go home, Lucy; I have found three grey hairs this morning; they tell me 'tis common; this vile climate is at war with beauty, makes one's hair grey, and one's hands red. I won't stay absolutely.

Do you know there is a very pretty fellow here, Lucy, Captain Howard, who has taken a fancy to make people believe he and I are on good terms?

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ED. RIVERS.

LVIII.

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Jan. 28.

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terms? He affects to sit by me, to dance with me, to whisper nothing to me, to bow with an air of mystery, and to shew me all the little attentions of a lover in public, though he never yet said a civil thing to me when we were alone.

I was standing with him this morning near the brow of the hill, leaning against a tree in the sunshine, and looking down the precipice below, when I said something of the lover's leap, and in play, as you will suppose, made a step forwards: we had been talking of indifferent things, his air was till then indolence itself; but on this little motion of mine, though there was not the least danger, he with the utmost seeming eagerness caught hold of me, as if alarmed at the very idea, and with the most passionate air protested his life depended on mine, and that he would not live an hour after me. I looked at him with astonishment, not being able to comprehend the meaning of this sudden flight, when turning my head, I saw a gentleman and a lady close behind us, whom he had observed, though I had not. They were retiring: "Pray approach, my dear Madam," said I, "we have no secrets, this declaration was intended for you to hear; we were taking of the weather before you came."

He affected to smile, though I saw he was mortified; but as his smile shewed the finest teeth imaginable I forgave him: he is really very handsome, and 'tis pity he has this foolish quality of preferring the shadow to the substance.

I shall, however, desire him to flirt elsewhere, as this *badinage*, however innocent, may hurt my character, and give pain to my little Fitzgerald: I believe I begin to love this fellow, because

cause I begin to be delicate on the subject of flirtations, and feel my spirit of coquetry decline every day.

29th.

Mrs. Clayton has wrote, my dear ; and has at last condescended to allow Emily the honour of being her daughter-in-law, in consideration of her son's happiness, and of engagements entered into with her own consent ; though she very prudently observes, that what was a proper match for Captain Clayton is by no means so for Sir George ; and talks something of an offer of a citizen's daughter with fifty thousand pounds, and the promise of an Irish title. She has however observed, that indiscreet engagements are better broke than kept.

Sir George has shewn the letter, a very indelicate one in my opinion, to my father and me, and has talked a great deal of nonsense on the subject. He wants to shew it to Emily, and I advise him to it, because I know the effect it will have. I see plainly he wishes to make a great merit of keeping his engagement, if he does keep it : he hinted a little fear of breaking her heart, and I am convinced, if he thought she could survive his infidelity, all his tenderness and constancy would cede to filial duty and a coronet.

Eleven o'clock.

After much deliberation, Sir George has determined to write to Emily, inclose his mother's letter, and call in the afternoon to enjoy the triumph of his generosity in keeping his engagement, when it is in his power to do so much better : 'tis a pretty plan, and I encourage him in it ; my father, who wishes the match, shrugs his shoulders

and frowns at me: but the little man is fixed as
 fate in his resolve, and is writing at this moment
 in my father's apartment. I long to see his let-
 ter; I dare say it will be a curiosity: 'tis short,
 however, for he is coming out of the room
 already.

Adieu! my father calls for this letter; it is to
 go in one of his to New York, and the person
 who takes it waits for it at the door.

Ever yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R L I X.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Dear Madam,

I SEND you the enclosed from my mother: I
 thought it necessary you should see it, though not
 even a mother's wishes shall ever influence me to
 break those engagements which I have had the
 happiness of entering into with the most charm-
 ing of women, and which a man of honour ought
 to hold sacred.

I do not think happiness intirely dependent on
 rank or fortune, and have only to wish my mo-
 ther's sentiments on this subject more agreeable
 to my own, as there is nothing I so much wish as
 to oblige her: at all events, however, depend on
 my fulfilling those promises, which ought to be
 the more binding, as they were made at a time
 when our situations were more equal.

I am happy in an opportunity of convincing
 you

you and the world, that interest and ambition have no power over my heart, when put in competition with what I owe to my engagements; being with the greatest truth,

My dearest Madam,

Yours, &c.

G. CLAYTON.

You will do me the honour to name the day to make me happy.

L E T T E R LX.

To Sir GEORGE CLAYTON, at Quebec.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE read Mrs. Clayton's letter with attention; and am of her opinion, that indiscreet engagements are better broke than kept.

I have the less reason to take ill your breaking the kind of engagement between us at the desire of your family, as I entered into it at first entirely in compliance with mine. I have ever had the sincerest esteem and friendship for you, but never that romantic love which hurries us to forget all but itself: I have therefore no reason to expect in you that imprudent disinterestedness that passes on occasions.

A fuller explanation is necessary on this subject than it is possible to enter into in a letter: if you will favour us with your company this afternoon at Silleri, we may explain our sentiments more clearly to each other: be assured, I never will prevent

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s, &c.

G. CLAYTON.

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prevent your complying in every instance with
the wishes of so kind and prudent a mother.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend

and obedient servant,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R L X I.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

I HAVE been with Emily, who has been reading Mrs. Clayton's letter; I saw joy sparkle in her eyes as she went on, her little heart seemed to flutter with transport; I see two things very clearly, one of which is, that she never loved this little insipid Baronet; the other I leave your sagacity to find out. All the spirit of her countenance is returned: she walks in air; her cheeks have the blush of pleasure; I never saw so astonishing a change. I never felt more joy from the acquisition of a new lover, than she seems to find in the prospect of losing an old one.

She has written to Sir George, and in a style that I know will hurt him; for though I believe she wishes her to give him up, yet his vanity would desire it should cost her very dear; and appear the effort of disinterested love, and romantic generosity, not what it really is, the effect of the most tranquil and perfect indifference.

By

By the way, a disinterested mistress is, according to my ideas, a mistress who fancies she loves we may talk what we please, at a distance, sacrificing the dear man to his interest, and promoting his happiness by destroying our own; but when it comes to the point, I am rather inclined to believe all women are of my way of thinking: and let me die if I would give up a man I loved to the first duchess in Christendom: 'tis all might well in theory: but for the practical part, let who will believe it for Bell.

Indeed when a woman finds her lover inclined to change, 'tis good to make a virtue of necessity, and give the thing a sentimental turn, which gratifies his vanity, and does not wound one's own.

Adieu! I see Sir George and his fine carriage. I must run, and tell Emily.

Ever yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R LXII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Jan. 28.

YES, my Lucy, your brother tenderly regrets the absence of a sister endeared to him much more by her amiable qualities than by blood; who would be the object of his esteem and admiration, if she was not that of his fraternal tenderness; who has all the blooming graces, simplicity,

city, and innocence of nineteen, with the accomplishments and understanding of five and twenty; who joins the strength of mind to often confined to our sex, to the softness, delicacy, and vivacity of her own; who, in short, is all that is estimable and lovely; and who, except one, is the most charming of her sex: you will forgive the exception, Lucy; perhaps no man but a brother would make it.

My sweet Emily appears every day more amiable; she is now in the full tyranny of her charms, at the age when the mind is improved, and the person in its perfection. I every day see in her more indifference to her lover, a circumstance which gives me a pleasure which perhaps it ought not: there is a selfishness in it, for which I am afraid I ought to blush.

You judge perfectly well, my dear, in checking the natural vivacity of your temper, however pleasing it is to all who converse with you: coquetry is dangerous to Englishwomen, because they have sensibility; it is more suited to the French, who are naturally something of the salamander kind.

I have this moment a note from Bell Fermor, that she must see me this instant. I hope my Emily is well; Heaven preserve the most perfect of all its works.

Adieu, my dear girl!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Feb. 1.

WE have passed three or four droll days, my dear. Emily persists in resolving to break with Sir George: he thinks it decent to combat her resolution, lest he should lose the praise of generosity: he is also piqued to see her give him up with such perfect composure, though I am convinced he will not be sorry upon the whole to be given up; he has, from the first receipt of the letter, plainly wished her to resign him, but hoped for a few faintings and tears, as a sacrifice to his vanity on the occasion.

My father is setting every engine at work to make things up again, supposing Emily to have determined from pique, not from the real feelings of her heart: he is frightened to death lest I should counterwork him, and so jealous of my advising her to continue a conduct he so much disapproves, that he won't leave us a moment together, he even observes carefully that each goes into her respective apartment when we retire to bed.

This jealousy has started an idea, which I think will amuse us, and which I shall take the first opportunity of communicating to Emily; 'tis to write each other at night our sentiments on whatever passes in the day; if she approves the plan I will send you the letters, which will save me a great deal of trouble in telling you all our *petites histoires*.

This

This scheme will have another advantage ; we shall be a thousand times more sincere and open to each other by letter than face to face ; I have long seen by her eyes that the little fool has twenty things to say to me, but has not courage ; now letters you know, my dear,

“ Excuse the blush, and pour out all the
“ heart.”

Besides, it will be so romantic and pretty, almost as agreeable as a love affair : I long to begin the correspondence.

Adieu !

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R LXIV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, Feb. 5.

I HAVE but a moment, my Lucy, to tell you, my divine Emily has broke with her lover, who this morning took an eternal leave of her, and set out for Montreal in his way to New York, whence he proposes to embark for England.

My sensations on this occasion are not to be described : I admire that amiable delicacy which has influenced her to give up every advantage of rank and fortune which could tempt the heart of woman, rather than unite herself to a man for whom she felt the least degree of indifference ; and this, without regarding the censures of her family, or
of

of the world, by whom, what they will call her imprudence, will never be forgiven: a woman, who is capable of acting so nobly, is worthy of being beloved, of being adored, by every man who has a soul to distinguish her perfections.

If I was a vain man, I might perhaps fancy her regard for me had some share in determining her conduct, but I am convinced of the contrary: 'tis the native delicacy of her soul alone, incapable of forming an union in which the heart has no share, which, independent of any other consideration, has been the cause of a resolution so worthy of her self.

That she has the tenderest affection for me, I cannot doubt one moment; her attention is too flattering to be unobserved; but 'tis that kind of affection in which the mind alone is concerned. I never gave her the most distant hint that I loved her: in her situation, it would have been even an outrage to have done so. She knows the narrowness of my circumstances, and how near impossible it is for me to marry; she therefore could not have an idea—no, my dear girl, 'tis not to love, but to true delicacy, that she has sacrificed avarice and ambition; and she is a thousand times the more estimable from this circumstance.

I am interrupted. You shall hear from me in a few days.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

FR RIVERS

L E T T E R LXV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Feb. 10.

I HAVE mentioned my plan to Emily, who is charmed with it; 'tis a pretty evening amusement for two solitary girls in the country.

Behold the first fruits of our correspondence:

“ To Miss FERMOR.

“ It is not to you, my dear girl, I need vindicate my conduct in regard to Sir George; you have from the first approved it; you have even advised it. If I have been to blame, 'tis in having too long delayed an explanation on a point of such importance to us both. I have been long on the borders of a precipice, without courage to retire from so dangerous a situation: overborne by my family, I have been near marrying a man for whom I have not the least tenderness, and whose conversation is even now tedious to me.

“ My dear friend, we were not formed for each other: our minds have not the least resemblance. Have you not observed that, when I have timidly hazarded my ideas on the delicacy necessary to keep love alive in marriage, and the difficulty of preserving the heart of the object beloved in so intimate an union, he has indolently assented, with a coldness not to be described, to sentiments which it is plain from his manner he did not understand; while pro-

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“ ther not interested in the conversation, has,
 “ his countenance, by the fire of his eyes,
 “ looks more eloquent than all language, shew
 “ his soul was of intelligence with mine !

“ A stronger sense of the force of engagement
 “ entered into with my consent, though not the
 “ effect of my free, unbiassed choice, and the
 “ fear of making Sir George, by whom I sup
 “ posed myself beloved, unhappy, have thus lo
 “ prevented my resolving to break with him fo
 “ ever ; and though I could not bring myself
 “ marry him, I found myself at the same time
 “ incapable of assuming sufficient resolution
 “ tell him so, till his mother’s letter gave me
 “ happy an occasion.

“ There is no saying what transport I feel
 “ being freed from the insupportable yoke of the
 “ engagement, which has long sat heavy on m
 “ heart, and suspended the natural chearfulness
 “ my temper.

“ Yes, my dear, your Emily has been wretche
 “ ed, without daring to confess it even to you
 “ I was ashamed of owning I had entered into
 “ such engagements with a man whom I had ne
 “ ver loved, though I had for a short time mi
 “ taken esteem for a greater degree of affectio
 “ than my heart ever really knew. How fatal
 “ my dear Bell, is this mistake to half our fel
 “ and how happy am I to have discovered mi
 “ in time !

“ I have scarce yet asked myself what I intend
 “ but I think it will be most prudent to return
 “ England in the first ship, and retire to a relative
 “ of my mother’s in the country, where I ca
 “ live with decency on my little fortune.

“ Whatever

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“ Whatever is my fate, no situation can be
 “ equally unhappy with that of being wife to a
 “ man for whom I have not even the slightest
 “ friendship or esteem, for whose conversation I
 “ have not the least taste, and who, if I know
 “ him, would for ever think me under an obli-
 “ gation to him for marrying me.

“ I have the pleasure to see I give no pain to
 “ his heart, by a step which has relieved mine
 “ from misery : his feelings are those of wounded
 “ vanity, not of love.

“ Adieu ! Your

“ EMILY MONTAGUE.”

I have no patience with relations, Lucy ; this
 sweet girl has been two years wretched under the
 bondage her uncle's avarice (for he foresaw Sir
 George's acquisition, though she did not) prepared
 for her. Parents should chuse our company, but
 never even pretend to direct our choice ; if they
 take care we converse with men of honour only,
 'tis impossible we can chuse amiss : a conformity of
 taste and sentiment alone can make marriage hap-
 py, and of that none but the parties concerned
 can judge.

By the way, I think long engagements, even
 between two persons who love, extremely unfavou-
 rable to happiness : it is certainly right to be long
 enough acquainted to know something of each
 other's temper ; but 'tis bad to let the first fire
 burn out before we come together ; and when we
 have once resolved, I have no notion of delaying a
 moment.

If I should ever consent to marry Fitzgerald,
 and he should not fly for a licence before I had

finished the sentence, I would dismiss him if there was another lover to be had in Canada.

Adieu !

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

My Emily is now free as air ; a sweet little bird escaped from the gilded cage. Are you not glad of it, Lucy ? I am amazingly.

L E T T E R LXVI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, Feb. 11.

WOULD one think it possible, Lucy, that Sir George should console himself for the loss of all that is lovely in woman, by the sordid prospect of acquiring, by an interested marriage, a little more of that wealth of which he has already much more than he can either enjoy or become : By what wretched motives are half mankind influenced in the most important action of their lives !

The vulgar of every rank expect happiness where it is not to be found, in the ideal advantages of splendor and dissipation ; those who dare to think, those minds who partake of the celestial fire, seek it in the real solid pleasures of nature and true affection.

I have seen my lovely Emily since I wrote to you ; I shall not see her again for some days ; I do not intend at present to make my visits to Sillery so frequent as I have done lately, lest the world,

ever

studious to blame, should misconstrue her conduct on this very delicate occasion. I am afraid to renew my usual attention to her when present, lest she herself would think I presume on the politeness she has ever shewn me, and see her breaking with Sir George in a false light: the greater I think her obliging partiality to me, the more guarded I ought to be in my behaviour to her; her situation has some resemblance to widowhood, and she has equal decorums to observe.

I cannot however help encouraging a pleasing hope that I am not absolutely indifferent to her; her lovely eyes have a softness when they meet mine, to which words cannot do justice: she talks less to me than to others, but it is in a tone of voice which penetrates my soul; and when I speak, her attention is most flattering, though of a nature not to be seen by common observers; without seeming to distinguish me from the crowd who desire to engage her esteem and friendship, she has a manner of addressing me which the heart alone can feel; she contrives to prevent my appearing to prefer her any preference to the rest of her sex, yet she is seen her blush at my civility to another.

She has at least a friendship for me, which alone would make the happiness of my life; and which I should prefer to the love of the most charming woman an imagination could form, sensible as I am of the sweetest of all passions: this friendship, however, with time and assiduity may ripen into love; at present I should be most unhappy if I did not think

I love her with a tenderness of which few of my friends are capable: you have often told me, and you are right, that my heart has all the sensibility of a man.

A mail is arrived, by which I hope to hear from you; I must hurry to the post-office; you shall hear again in a few days. Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS

L E T T E R LXVII.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

London, Dec

YOU need be in no pain, my dear brother, from Mr. Temple's account; my heart is in no doubt from a man of his present character: his person and manner are certainly extremely pleasing, his understanding, and I believe his principles, worthy of your friendship; an encomium which let me observe, is from me a very high one, will be admired every where, but to be beloved wants, or at least appears to me to want, the endearing of all qualities, that genuine tenderness of soul, that almost feminine sensibility, which with all your firmness of mind and spirit, you possess beyond any man I ever met with.

If your friend wishes to please me, which I most fancy he does, he must endeavour to relate to you; 'tis rather hard upon me, I think, that the only man I perfectly approve, and whose disposition is formed to make me happy, should be my enemy: I beg you will find out somebody very agreeable to yourself for your sister, for you have really disappointed me saucy.

I pity you heartily, and would wish about

I hope to hear in
post-office; you
Adieu!

affectionate

ED. RIVERS

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s, at Quebec.

London, Dec

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ings to hear of your Emily's marriage, for your
present situation must be extremely unpleasant.

But, my dear brother, as you were so very wise
about Temple, allow me to ask you whether it is
quite consistent with prudence to throw yourself in
the way of a woman so formed to inspire you with
arderness, and whom it is so impossible you can
ever hope to possess: is not this acting a little like
a foolish girl, who plays round the flame which
she knows will consume her?

My mother is well, but will never be happy till
you return to England; I often find her in tears
over your letters: I will say no more on a subject
which I know will give you pain. I hope, how-
ever, to hear you have given up all thoughts of
staying in America: it would be a better plan to
be a farmer in Northamptonshire; we could dou-
ble the estate by living upon it, and I am sure I
could make the prettiest milkmaid in the country.
I am serious, and think we could live very su-
bly all together in the country; consider it well,
dear Ned, for I cannot bear to see my mother
unhappy as your absence makes her. I hear
you are on the stairs; I must hurry away my letter,
I don't chuse she should know I write to you
on this subject.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

LUCY RIVERS.

Say every thing for me to Bell Fermor; and
in your own manner to your Emily, in
whose friendship I promise myself great
happiness.

LET-

LETTER LXVIII.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Montreal, Feb. 1757.

NEVER any astonishment equalled mine, dear Emily, at hearing you had broke an engagement of years, so much to your advantage and fortune, and with a man of so very unexceptionable a character as Sir George, without any other apparent cause than a slight indelicacy in a letter of his mother's, for which candour and affection would have found a thousand excuses. I will not allow myself to suppose, what is however publicly said here, that you have sacrificed prudence, decorum, and I had almost said honour, to another prudent inclination for a man, to whom there is the strongest reason to believe you are indifferent and who is even said to have an attachment to another: I mean Colonel Rivers, who, though a man of worth, is in a situation which makes it impossible for him to think of you, were you ever so dear to him as the world says he is to you.

I am too unhappy to say more on this subject but expect from our past friendship a very firm answer to two questions; whether love for Colonel Rivers was the real motive for the indiscretion you have taken? and whether, if it was, you have the excuse of knowing he loves you? I shall be glad to know what are your views, if you have any. I am,

My dear Emily,

Your affectionate friend,

E. MELMONT

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Montreal, Feb.

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E. MELMOTH

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L E T T E R LXIX.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

My dear Madam,

Silleri, Feb. 19.

I Am too sensible of the rights of friendship to refuse answering your questions; which I shall do in as few words as possible. I have not the least reason to suppose myself beloved by Colonel Rivers; nor, if I know my heart, do I *love him* in that sense of the word your question supposes: I think him the best, the most amiable of mankind; and my extreme affection for him, though I believe that affection only a very lively friendship, first awakened me to a sense of the indelicacy and impropriety of marrying Sir George.

To enter into so sacred an engagement as marriage with one man, with a stronger affection for another, of how calm and innocent a nature soever that affection may be, is a degree of baseness of which my heart is incapable.

When I first agreed to marry Sir George, I had no superior esteem for any other man; I thought highly of him, and wanted courage to resist the pressing solicitations of my uncle, to whom I had a thousand obligations. I even almost persuaded myself I loved him, nor did I find my mistake till I saw Colonel Rivers, in whose conversation I had so very lively a pleasure as soon convinced me of my mistake: I therefore resolved to break with Sir George, and nothing but

but the fear of giving him pain prevented my doing it sooner: his behaviour on the receipt of his mother's letter removed that fear, and set me free in my own opinion, and I hope will in yours, from engagements which were equally in the way of my happiness, and his ambition. If he is sincere, he will tell you my refusal of him made him happy, though he chuses to affect a chargin which he does not feel.

I have no view but that of returning to England in the spring, and fixing with a relation in the country.

If Colonel Rivers has an attachment, I hope it is to one worthy of him; for my own part, I never entertained the remotest thought of him in any light but that of the most sincere and tender of friends. I am, Madam, with great esteem,

Your affectionate friend

and obedient servant,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R LXX.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Sillery, Feb. 27.

THERE are two parties at Quebec in regard to Emily: the prudent mammas abuse her for losing a good match, and suppose it to proceed from her partiality to your brother, to the imprudence of which they give no quarter; whilst the misses admire her generosity and spirit, in sacrificing

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crificing all for love; so impossible it is to please every body. However she has, in my opinion, done the wisest thing in the world; that is, she has pleased herself.

As to her inclination for your brother, I am of their opinion, that she loves him without being quite clear in the point herself: she has not yet confessed the fact even to me; but she has speaking eyes, Lucy, and I think I can interpret their language.

Whether he sees it or not, I cannot tell, I rather think he does, because he has been less here, and more guarded in his manner when here, than before this matrimonial affair was put an end to; which is natural enough on that supposition, because he knows the impertinence of Quebec, and is both prudent and delicate to a great degree.

He comes, however, and we are pretty good company, only a little more reserved on both sides; which is, in my opinion, a little symptomatic.

La! here's papa come up to write at my bureau; I dare say, it's only to pry into what I am about; but excuse me, my dear Sir, for that. Adieu! *jusqu'au demain, ma tres chere.*

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

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LET-

LETTER LXXI

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, Feb. 20.

EVERY hour, my Lucy, convinces me more clearly, there is no happiness for me without this lovely woman; her turn of mind is so correspondent to my own, that we seem to have out one soul: the first moment I saw her, the idea struck me that we had been friends in some pre-existent state, and were only renewing our acquaintance here; when she speaks, my heart vibrates to the sound, and owns every thought she expresses a native there.

The same dear affections, the same tender sensibility, the most precious gift of heaven, inform our minds, and make us peculiarly capable of exquisite happiness or misery.

The passions, my Lucy, are common to all; but the affections, the lively sweet affections, the only sources of true pleasure, are the portion only of a chosen few.

Uncertain at present of the nature of her sentiments, I am determin'd to develope them clearly before I discover mine; if she loves as I do, even a perpetual exile here will be pleasing. The remotest wood in Canada with her would be no longer a desert wild; it would be the habitation of the graces.

But I forget your letter, my dear girl; I am hurt beyond words at what you tell me of my mother; and would instantly return to England, did not my fondness for this charming woman detain

tain me here: you are both too good in wishing to retire with me to the country; will your tenderness lead you a step further, my Lucy? It would be too much to hope to see you here; and yet, if I marry Emily, it will be impossible for me to think of returning to England.

There is a man here whom I should prefer of all men I ever saw for you; but he is already attached to your friend Bell Fermor, who is very inattentive to her own happiness, if she refuses him: I am very happy in finding you think of Temple as I wish you should.

You are so very civil, Lucy, in regard to me, I am afraid of becoming vain from your praises.

Take care, my dear, you don't spoil me by this excess of civility, for my only merit is that of not being a coxcomb.

I have a heaviness of heart, which has never left me since I read your letter: I am shocked at the idea of giving pain to the best parent that ever existed; yet have less hope than ever of seeing England, without giving up the tender friend, the dear companion, the adored mistress; in short, the very woman I have all my life been in search of: I am also hurt that I cannot place this object of all my wishes in a station equal to that she has rejected, and I begin to think rejected for me.

I never before repined at seeing the gifts of fortune lavished on the unworthy.

Adieu, my dear! I will write again when I can write more cheerfully.

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXII.

To the Earl of ———.

My Lord,

Silleri, Feb. 20.

YOUR Lordship does me great honour in supposing me capable of giving any satisfactory account of a country in which I have spent only a few months.

As a proof, however, of my zeal, and the very strong desire I have to merit the esteem you honour me with, I shall communicate from time to time the little I have observed, and may observe, as well as what I hear from good authority, with that lively pleasure with which I have ever obeyed every command of your Lordship's.

The French, in the first settling this colony, seem to have had an eye only on the conquest of ours; their whole system of policy seems to have been military, not commercial; or only so far commercial as was necessary to supply the wants, and by so doing to gain the friendship of the savages, in order to make use of them against us.

The lands are held on military tenure; every peasant is a soldier, every seigneur an officer, and both serve without pay whenever called upon; this service is, except a very small quit-rent, by way of acknowledgment, all the pay for their lands: the seigneur holds of the crown, the peasant of the seigneur, who is at once his lord and commander.

The

The peasants are in general tall and robust, notwithstanding their excessive indolence; they love war, and hate labour; are brave, hardy, alert in the field, but lazy and inactive at home; in which they resemble the savages, whose manners they seem strongly to have imbibed. The government appears to have encouraged a military spirit all over the colony: though ignorant and stupid to a great degree, these peasants have a strong sense of honour, and though they serve, as I have said, without pay, are never so happy as when called to the field.

They are excessively vain, and not only look on the French as the only civilized nation in the world, but on themselves as the flower of the French nation: they had, I am told, a great aversion to the regular troops which came from France in the late war, and a contempt equal to that aversion; they however had an affection and esteem for the late Marquis De Montcalm, which almost rose to idolatry; and I have even at this distance of time seen many of them in tears at the mention of his name: an honest tribute to the memory of a commander equally brave and humane; for whom his enemies wept even on the day when their own hero fell.

I am called upon for this letter, and have only time to assure your Lordship of my respect, and of the pleasure I always receive from your commands. I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

L E T.

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L E T T E R LXXIII.

To Miss FERMOR.

Feb. 24, Eleven at night.

I HAVE indeed, my dear, a pleasure in his conversation, to which words cannot do justice: love itself is less tender and lively than my friendship for Rivers; from the first moment I saw him, I lost all taste for other conversation; even yours, amiable as you are, borrows its most prevailing charm from the pleasure of hearing your talk of him.

When I call my tenderness for him friendship, I do not mean either to paint myself as an enemy to tenderer sentiments, or him as one whom it is easy to see without feeling them: all I mean is, that, as our situations make it impossible for us to think of each other except as friends, I have endeavoured—I hope with success—to see him in no other light: It is not in his power to marry without fortune, and mine is a trifle: had I worlds, they should be his; but I am neither so selfish as to desire, nor so romantic as to expect, that he should descend from the rank of life he has been bred in, and live lost to the world with me.

As to the impertinence of two or three women, I hear of it with perfect indifference: my dear Rivers esteems me, he approves my conduct, and all else is below my care: the applause of worlds would give me less pleasure than one smile of approbation from him.

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I am astonished your father should know me so little, as to suppose me capable of being influenced even by you: when I determined to refuse Sir George, it was from the feelings of my own heart alone; the first moment I saw Colonel Rivers, convinced me my heart had till then been stranger to true tenderness: from that moment my life has been one continued struggle between my reason, which shewed me the folly as well as indecency of marrying one man, when I so infinitely preferred another, and a false point of honour and mistaken compassion: from which painful state, a concurrence of favourable accidents has at length happily relieved me, and left me free to act as becomes me.

Of this, my dear, be assured, that though I have not the least idea of ever marrying Colonel Rivers, yet, whilst my sentiments for him continue what they are, I will never marry any other man.

I am hurt at what Mrs. Melmoth hinted in her letter to you of Rivers having appeared to attach himself to me from vanity; she endeavours in vain to destroy my esteem for him: you well know, he never did appear to attach himself to me; he is incapable of having done it from such a motive; but if he had, such delight have I in whatever pleases him, that I should with joy have sacrificed my own vanity to gratify his.

Adieu!

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXIV.

To Miss MONTAGUE.

Feb. 25, Eight o'clock, just up.

MY dear, you deceive yourself; you love Colonel Rivers; you love him even with all the tenderness of romance: read over again the latter part of your letter; I know friendship, and what it is capable; but I fear the sacrifices makes are of a different nature.

Examine your heart, my Emily, and tell me the result of that examination. It is of the utmost consequence to you to be clear as to the nature of your affection for Rivers.

Adieu! Yours,

A. FERMOR

L E T T E R LXXV.

To Miss FERMOR.

YES, my dear Bell, you know me better than I know myself: your Emily loves.—But tell me, and with that clear sincerity which is the cement of our friendship; has not your own heart discovered to you the secret of mine? do you not also love this most amiable of mankind? Yes, you do, and I am lost: it is not in woman to see him without love; there are a thousand charms in his conversation, in his look, nay in the very sound of his voice, to which it is impossible for a soul like yours to be insensible.

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A. FERMON

I have observed you a thousand times listening to him with that air of softness and complacency—Believe me, my dear, I am not angry with you for loving him; he is formed to charm the heart of woman: I have not the least right to complain of you: you knew nothing of my passion for him; you even regarded me almost as the wife of another. But tell me, though my heart dies within me at the question, is your tenderness mutual? does he love you? I have observed a coldness in his manner lately, which now alarms me.—My heart is torn in pieces. Must I receive this wound from the two persons on earth most dear to me? Indeed, my dear, this is more than your Emily can bear. Tell me only whether you love: I will not ask more.—Is there on earth a man who can please where he appears?

Yours, EMILY MONTAGUE.

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L E T T E R LXXVI.

To Miss MONTAGUE.

YOU have discovered me, my sweet Emily: I love—not quite so dyingly as you do; but I love; will you forgive me when I add, that I am beloved? It is unnecessary to add the name of him I love, as you have so kindly appropriated the whole sex to Colonel Rivers.

However, to shew you it is possible you may be mistaken, 'tis the little Fitz I love, who, in my eyes, is ten times more agreeable than even your nonpareil of a Colonel; I know you will think me a shocking wretch for this depravity of taste; but so it is. Upon

Upon my word, I am half inclined to be angry with you for not being in love with Fitzgerald, a tall Irishman, with good eyes, has as clear a head to make conquests as other people.

Yes, my dear, *there is a man on earth*, as even in the little town of Quebec, *who can please where he appears*. Surely, child, if there was but one man on earth who could please, you would not be so unreasonable as to engross him all yourself.

For my part, though I like Fitzgerald extremely, I by no means insist that every other woman shall.

Go, you are a foolish girl, and don't know what you would be at. Rivers is a very handsome and agreeable fellow; but *it is in woman's power to see him without dying for love*, of which behold your little Bell an example. Adieu! be wise and believe me

Ever yours,

A. FERMORE

Will you go this morning to Montmorency on the ice, and dine on the island of Orleans? Dare you trust yourself in a covered carriage with the dear man? Don't answer this, because I am certain you can say nothing on the subject, which will not be very foolish.

LET

L E T T E R LXXVII.

To Miss FERMOR.

I AM glad you do not see Colonel Rivers with my eyes; yet it seems to me very strange; I am a most piqued at your giving another the preference. I will say no more, it being as you observe, impossible to avoid being absurd on such a subject.

I will go to Montmorenci; and to shew my courage, will venture in a covered carriage with Colonel Rivers, though I should rather wish your father for my cavalier at present.

Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

To Miss MONTAGUE.

YOU are right, my dear: 'tis more prudent to go with my father. I love prudence; and will therefore send for Mademoiselle Clairaut to be River's belle.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET

LET-

L E T T E R LXXIX.

To Miss FERMOR.

YOU are a provoking chit, and I will go with Rivers. Your father may attend Madame Villiers, who you know will naturally take it ill if she is not of our party. We can ask Mademoiselle Clairaut another time.

Adieu! Your

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R LXXX.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Feb. 25.

THOSE who have heard no more of a Canadian winter than what regards the intenseness of its cold, must suppose it a very joyless season: 'tis I assure you, quite otherwise; there are indeed some days here the severity of which those who were never out of England can form no conception: but those days seldom exceed a dozen in a whole winter, nor do they come in succession; but at intermediate periods, as the wind set in from the North West; which, coming some hundred leagues, from frozen lakes and rivers, over woods and mountains covered with snow, would be insupportable, were it not for the furs with which the country abounds, in such variety and plenty as to be within the reach of all its inhabitants.

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Thus defended, the British belles set the winter of Canada at defiance; and the season of which you seem to entertain such terrible ideas, is that of the utmost cheerfulness and festivity.

But what particularly pleases me is, there is no place where women are of such importance: not one of the sex, who has the least share of attractions, is without a levee of beaux interceding for the honour of attending her on some party, of which every day produces three or four.

I am just returned from one of the most agreeable jaunts imagination can paint, to the island of Orleans, by the falls of Montmorenci; the latter is almost nine miles distant, across the great basin of Quebec; but as we are obliged to reach it in winter by the waving line, our direct road being intercepted by the inequalities of the ice, it is now perhaps a third more. You will possibly suppose a ride of this kind must want one of the greatest essentials to entertainment, that of variety, and imagine it only one dull whirl over an unvaried plain of snow: on the contrary, my dear, we pass hills and mountains of ice in the trifling space of these few miles. The basin of Quebec is formed by the conflux of the river St. Charles and Montmorenci with the great river St. Lawrence, the rapidity of whose flood tide, as these rivers are gradually seized by the frost, breaks up the ice, and drives it back in heaps, till it forms ridges of transparent rock to an height that is astonishing, and of a strength which bids defiance to the utmost rage of the most furiously rushing tide.

This circumstance makes this little journey more pleasing than you can possibly conceive: the serene blue sky above, the dazzling brightness of the sun, and the colours from the refraction of its

rays

rave on the transparent part of these ridges of ice the winding course these oblige you to make, the sudden disappearing of a train of fifteen or twenty carriages, as these ridges intervene, which again dip over themselves on your rising to the top of the frozen mount, the tremendous appearance both in the ascent and descent, which however are not attended with the least danger; all together give a grandeur and variety to the scene, which almost rise to enchantment.

Your dull foggy climate affords nothing that can give you the least idea of our frost pieces in Canada; nor can you form any notion of our amusements, of the agreeableness of a covered carriage with a sprightly fellow, rendered more sprightly by the keen air and romantic scene about him; to say nothing of the fair lady at his side.

Even an overturning has nothing alarming in you are laid gently down on a soft bed of snow without the least danger of any kind; and an accident of this sort only gives a pretty fellow occasion to vary the style of his civilities, and show a greater degree of attention.

But it is almost time to come to Montmorency, to avoid, however, fatiguing you or myself, I shall take the rest of our tour to another letter, which will probably accompany this: my meaning is, that two moderate letters are easily better than one long one; in which sentiment I know you agree with

Yours,

A. FLEMING

L E T T E R LXXXI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Feb. 25, Afternoon.

So, my dear, as I was saying, this same ride to Montmorency—where was I, Lucy? I forget.—**O**, I believe pretty near the mouth of the bay, embosomed in which lies the lovely cascade, of which I am to give you a winter description, and which I only slightly mentioned when I gave you an account of the rivers by which it is supplied.

The road, about a mile before you reach this bay, is a regular glassy level, without any of those intervening hills of ice which I have mentioned; hills which with the ideas, though false ones, of danger and difficulty, give those of beauty and magnificence too.

As you gradually approach the bay, you are struck with an awe, which increases every moment, as you come nearer, from the grandeur of a scene, which is one of the noblest works of nature: the beauty, the proportion, the solemnity, and wild magnificence of which, surpassing every possible effort of art, impresses one strongly with the idea of its Divine Almighty Architect.

The rock on the east side, which is first in view as you approach, is a smooth and almost perpendicular precipice, of the same height as the fall; the top, which a little overhangs, is beautifully covered with pines, firs, and ever greens of various kinds, whose variant lustre is rendered at this season more shining and lovely by the surrounding snow, as well as by that which is sprinkled irregularly

larly on their branches, and glitters half melted by the sun-beams: a thousand smaller shrubs are scattered on the side of the ascent, and, having their roots in almost imperceptible clefts of the rock, seem to those below to grow in air.

The west side is equally lofty, but more desolate, which from that circumstance, affords for the way, upon shelving inequalities of the rock, at little distances, for the growth of trees and shrubs, by which it is almost entirely hid.

The most pleasing view of this miracle of nature is certainly in summer, and in the early part of it, when every tree is in foliage and full-bloom, every shrub in flower; and when the river, swelled with a waste of waters from the mountains from which it derives its source, pours in a tumultuous torrent, that equally charms and astonishes the beholder.

The winter scene has, notwithstanding its beauties, though of a different kind, more retards the stillness and inactivity of the season.

The river being on its sides bound up by the ice, and its channel rendered narrower than in the summer, affords a less body of water to support the cascade; and the fall, though very steep, is not being exactly perpendicular, masses of ice are formed, on different shelving projections of rock, in a great variety of forms and proportions.

The torrent, which before rushed with impetuosity down the deep descent in one vast mass of water, now descends in some parts with a slow and majestic pace; in others seems almost suspended in mid air; and in others, bursting through the obstacles which interrupt its course, pours with redoubled fury into the foaming basin below.

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from whence a spray arises, which, freezing in its
descent, becomes on each side a wide and irregular
frozen breast work; and in front, the spray being
there much greater, a lofty and magnificent pyra-
mid of solid ice.

I have not told you half the grandeur, half the
beauty, half the lovely wildness of this scene: if
you would know what it is, you must take no in-
formation but that of your own eyes, which I pro-
nounce strangers to the loveliest work of creation
till they have seen the river and fall of Montmo-
rency.

In short, my dear, I am Montmorency mad.

I can hardly descend to tell you, we passed the
ice from thence to Orleans, and dined out of doors
on his feet of snow, in the charming enlivening
warmth of the sun, though in the month of Fe-
bruary, at a time when you in England scarce feel
his beams.

Fitzgerald made violent love to me all the way,
and I never felt myself listen with such compla-
cency.

Adieu! I have wrote two immense letters
write ofner; you are lazy, yet expect me to be
absolute slave in the scribbling way.

Your faithful

A. FERRIER

Do you know your brother has admirable ideas?
He contrived to lose his way on our return, and
got Emily ten minutes behind the rest of the com-
pany. I am apt to fancy there was something like
a revelation, for she blushed.

“Celestial rosy red,”

Vol. II.

I

when

when he led her into the dining room at Sileri.

Once more, adieu!

L E T T E R LXXXII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

March 1

I WAS mistaken, my dear; not a word of love between your brother and Emily, as she positively assures me; something very tender has passed, am convinced, notwithstanding, for she blushes more than ever when he approaches, and there is a certain softness in his voice when he addresses her, which cannot escape a person of penetration.

Do you know, my dear Lucy, that there is a little impertinent girl here, a Mademoiselle Courant, who, on the mere merit of features and complexion, sets up for being as handsome as Emily and me?

If beauty, as I will take the liberty to assert, is given us for the purpose of pleasing, she who pleases most, that is to say, she who excites the most passion, is to all intents and purpose the most beautiful woman; and, in this case, I am inclined to believe your little Bell stands pretty high on the roll of beauty; the men's eyes may perhaps see she is handsome, but their hearts feel that she is so.

There is, in general, nothing so insipid, so uninteresting, as a beauty, which those men of experience to their cost, who chuse from vanity, incline

inclination. I remember Sir Charles Herbert, a Captain in the same regiment with my father, who determined to marry Miss Raymond before he saw her, merely because he had been told she was a celebrated beauty, though she was never known to have inspired a real passion; he saw her, not with his own eyes, but those of the public; took her charms on trust; and, till he was her husband, never found out she was not his taste; secret, however, of some little importance to his happiness.

I have, however, known some beauties who had a right to please; that is, who had a mixture of that invisible charm, that nameless grace, which by no means depends on beauty, and which strikes the heart in a moment; but my first aversion is your *fine women*: don't you think a *fine woman* a detestable creature, Lucy? I do: they are vastly well to fill public places; but as to the heart—Heavens, my dear! yet there are men I suppose, to be found, who have a taste for the great sublime in beauty.

Men are vastly foolish, my dear; very few of them have spirit to think for themselves; there are a thousand Sir Charles Herberts: I have seen some of them weak enough to decline marrying the woman on earth most pleasing to themselves, because not thought handsome by the generality of their companions.

Women are above this folly, and therefore chuse much oftner from affection than men. We are a thousand times wiser, Lucy, than these important beings, these mighty lords,

Who strut and fret their hour upon the stage;”

and, instead of playing the part in life which nature dictates to their reason and their hearts, are borrowed one at the will of others.

I had rather even judge ill, than not judge to myself.

Adieu ! yours ever,

A. JERMEY

L E T T E R LXXIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Quebec, March 2

AFTER debating with myself some days, am determined to pursue Emily ; but, before I make a declaration, will go see some ungranted lands at the back of Madame Des Roches's estate which lying on a very fine river, and so near the St. Lawrence may, I think, be cultivated at less expence than those above Lake Champlain, though in a much inferior climate : if I make my settlement here, I will purchase the estate Madame Des Roches has to sell, which will open me a road to the river St. Lawrence, and consequently raise the value of my lands.

I love, I adore this charming woman ; but I will not suffer my tenderness for her to make her unhappy, or to lower her station in life : if I can but by my present plan, secure her what will in this country be a degree of affluence, I will endeavour to change her friendship for me into a tender and more lively affection : if she loves, I know, by

my own heart, that Canada will be no longer a place of exile; if I have flattered myself, and she has only a friendship for me, I will return immediately to England, and retire with you and my mother to our little estate in the country.

You will perhaps say, why not make Emily of our party? I am almost ashamed to speak plain; but so weak are we, and so guided by the prejudices we trace we despise, that I cannot bear my Emily, after relusing a coach and six, should live without an equipage suitable at least to her birth, and the manner in which she has always lived when in England.

I know this is folly, that it is a detpicable pride; but it is a folly, a pride, I cannot conquer.

There are moments when I am above all this earthly prejudice, but it returns upon me in spite of myself.

Will you come to us, my Lucy? Tell my mother, I will build her a rustic palace, and settle a little principality on you both.

I make this a private excursion, because I don't chuse any body should even guess at my views. I shall set out in the evening, and make a circuit to cross the river above the town.

I shall not even take leave at Sillery, as I propose being back in four days, and I know your friend Bell will be inquisitive about my journey.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, March 6.

YOUR brother is gone nobody knows whither, and without calling upon us before he set off; we are piqued I assure you, my dear, and with some little reason.

Four o'clock.

Very strange news, Lucy; they say Colonel Rivers is gone to marry Madame Des Roches, a lady at whose house he was some time in autumn. If this is true, I forswear the whole sex: his manner of stealing off is certainly very odd, and she is rich and agreeable; but if he does not love Emily, he has been excessively cruel in shewing an attention which has deceived her into a passion for him. I cannot believe it possible: nor that he has ever told her he loved her: but a man of honour will not tell an untruth even with his eyes, and his have spoke a very unequivocal language.

I never saw any thing like her confusion, when she was told he was gone to visit Madame Des Roches; but, when it was hinted with what design, I was obliged to take her out of the room, or she would have discovered all the fondness of her soul. I really thought she would have fainted as I led her out.

Eight o'clock.

I have sent away all the men, and drank tea in Emily's apartment; she has scarce spoke to me; I am miserable for her; she has a paleness which alarms me, the tears steal every moment in her love-

LXXXIV.

ges-Street.

Silleri, March 6.

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Eight o'clock.

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ly eyes. Can Rivers act so unworthy a part? her
tenderness cannot have been unobserved by him;
it was too visible to every body.

9th, Ten o'clock.

Not a line from your brother yet; only a con-
firmation of his being with Madame Des Roches,
having been seen there by some Canadians who are
come up this morning: I am not quite pleased,
though I do not believe the report; he might have
told us surely where he was going.

I pity Emily beyond words; she says nothing,
but there is a dumb eloquence in her countenance
which is not to be described.

'Twelve o'clock.

I have been an hour alone with the dear little
girl, who has, from a hint I dropt on purpose,
taken courage to speak to me on this very interest-
ing subject; she says, "she shall be most unhap-
py if this report is true, though without the
least right to complain of Colonel Rivers, who
never even hinted a word of any affection for her
more tender than friendship; that if her vanity,
her self-love, or her tenderness have deceived
her, she ought only to blame herself." She
added, "that she wished him to marry Madame
Des Roches, if she could make him happy;"
but when she said this, an involuntary tear seemed
to contradict the generosity of her sentiments.

I beg your pardon, my dear, but my esteem
for your brother is greatly lessened; I cannot help
fearing there is something in the report, and that
this is what Mrs. Melmoth meant when she men-
tioned his having an attachment.

I shall begin to hate the whole sex, Lucy, if I
find your brother unworthy, and shall give Fitz-
gerald his dismissal immediately.

I am

I am afraid Mrs. Melmoth knows men better than we foolish girls do: she said, he attached himself to Emily merely from vanity, and I began to believe she was right: how cruel is this conduct! The man who from vanity, or perhaps only to amuse an idle hour, can appear to be attached where he is not, and by that means seduce the heart of a deserving woman, or indeed of any woman, falls, in my opinion, very little short of baseness of him who practises a greater degree of seduction.

What right has he to make the most amiable women wretched? a woman who would have deserted him had he been monarch of the universe world! I might add, who has sacrificed ease and affluence to her tenderness for him.

You will excuse my warmth on such an occasion: however, as it may give you pain, I will say no more.

Adieu!

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Kamaraskas, March 12.

I HAVE met with something, my dear Lucy, which has given me infinite uneasiness; Madam Des Roches, from my extreme zeal to serve her in an affair wherein she has been hardly used, from

my second visit, and a certain involuntary attention, and softness of manner I have to all women, has supposed me in love with her, and with a frankness I cannot but admire, and a delicacy not to be described, has let me know I am far from being indifferent to her.

I was at first extremely embarrassed; but when I had reflected a moment, I considered that the ladies, though another may be the object, always regard with a kind of complacency a man who *loves*, as one who acknowledges the power of the sex, whereas an indifferent is a kind of rebel to their empire; I considered also that the confession of a prior inclination saves the most delicate vanity from being wounded; and therefore determined to make her the confidante of my tenderness for Emily; leaving her an opening to suppose that, if my heart had been disengaged, it could not have escaped her attractions.

I did this with all possible precaution, and with every softening that friendship and politeness could suggest; she was shocked at my confession, but soon recovered herself enough to tell me, she was highly flattered by this proof of my confidence and esteem; that she believed me a man to have only the more respect for a woman, who by owning her partiality had told me she considered me not only as the most amiable, but the most noble of my sex; that she had heard, no love was so tender as that which was the child of friendship; but that of this she was convinced, that no friendship was so tender as that which was the child of love; that she offered me this tender, this lively friendship, and would for the future find her happiness in the conderation of mine.

Do you know, my dear, that, since this confession, I feel a kind of tenderness for her, to which I cannot give a name? It is not love; for I love, I idolize, another: but it is softer and more pleasing, as well as more animated, than friendship.

You cannot conceive what pleasure I find in her conversation; she has an admirable understanding, a feeling heart, and a mixture of softness and spirit in her manner, which is peculiarly pleasing to men. My Emily will love her: I must bring them acquainted: she promises to come to Quebec in May; I shall be happy to shew her every attention when there.

I have seen the lands; and am pleased with them: I believe this will be my residence, if Emily, as I cannot avoid hoping, will make me happy; I shall declare myself as soon as I return, but must continue here a few days longer: I shall not be less pleased with this situation for its being so near Madame Des Roches, in whom Emily will find a friend worthy of her esteem, and an entertaining lively companion.

Adieu, my dear Lucy!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

I have fixed on the loveliest spot on earth, on which to build a house for my mother: do I not expect too much in fancying she will follow me hither?

LET.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, March 13.

STILL with Madame Des Roches: appearances are rather against him, you must own, Lucy: but I will not say all I think to you. Poor Emily! we dispute continually, for she will persist in defending his conduct; she says, he has a right to marry whoever he pleases; that her loving him is no tie upon his honour, especially as he does not even know of this preference; that she ought only to blame the weakness of her own heart, which has betrayed her into a false belief that their tenderness was mutual: this is pretty talking, but he has done every thing to convince her of his feeling the strongest passion for her, except making a formal declaration.

She talks of returning to England the moment the river is open: indeed, if your brother marries, it is the only step left her to take. I almost wish now she had married Sir George: she would have had all the *douceurs* of marriage; and as to love, I begin to think men incapable of feeling it: some of them can indeed talk well on the subject, but self-interest and vanity are the real passions of their souls. I detest the whole sex.

Adieu!

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

To the Earl of ———.

My Lord,

Silleri, March 13.

I Generally distrust my own opinion when it differs from your Lordship's; but in this instance I am most certainly in the right: allow me to say, nothing can be more ill judged than your Lordship's design of retiring into a small circle, from that world of which you have so long been one of the most brilliant ornaments. What you say of the disagreeableness of age, is by no means applicable to your Lordship; nothing is in this respect so fallible as the parish register. Why should any man retire from society whilst he is capable of contributing to the pleasures of it? Wit, vivacity, good-nature, and politeness, give an eternal youth, as stupidity and moroseness a premature old age. Without a thousandth part of your Lordship's shining qualities, I think myself much younger than half the boys about me, merely because I have more good nature, and a strong desire of pleasing.

My daughter is much honoured by your Lordship's enquiries: she is Bell Fermor still; but is addressed by a gentleman who is extremely agreeable to me, and I believe not less so to her; I however know too well the free spirit of women, of which she has her full share, to let Bell know I approve her choice; I am even in doubt whether it would not be good policy to seem to dislike the match,

match, in order to secure her consent: there is something very pleasing to a young girl, in opposing the will of her father.

To speak truth, I am a little out of humour with her at present, for having contributed, and I believe entirely from a spirit of opposition to me, to break a match on which I had extremely set my heart; the lady was the daughter of my particular friend, and one of the most lovely and deserving women I ever knew: the gentleman very worthy, with an agreeable, indeed a very handsome person, and a fortune which, with those who know the world, would have compensated for the want of most other advantages.

The fair lady, after an engagement of two years, took a whim that there was no happiness in marriage without being madly in love, and that her passion was not sufficiently romantic; in which piece of folly my rebel encouraged her, and the affair broke off in a manner which has brought on her the imputation of having given way to an idle prepossession in favour of another.

Your Lordship will excuse my talking on a subject very near my heart, though uninteresting to you; I have too often experienced your Lordship's indulgence to doubt it on this occasion: your good-natured philosophy will tell you, much fewer people talk or write to amuse or inform their friends, than to give way to the feelings of their own hearts, or indulge the governing passion of the moment.

In my next, I will endeavour, in the best manner I can, to obey your Lordship's commands in regard to the political and religious state of Canada: I will make a point of getting the best information

match,

mation possible; what I have yet seen, has been only the surface.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOY.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Silleri, March 16, Monday.

YOUR brother is come back; and has been here: he came after dinner yesterday. My Emily is more than woman; I am proud of her behaviour: he entered with his usual impatient air, she received him with a dignity which astonished me, and disconcerted him: there was a cool dispassionate indifference in her whole manner, which I saw cut his vanity to the quick, and for which he was by no means prepared.

On such an occasion I should have flirted violently with some other man, and have she plainly I was piqued: she judged much better; I have only to wish it may last. He is the very coquet in nature, for, after all, I am convinced he loves Emily. He stayed a very little time, and has not been here this morning; he may per-

yet seen, has been

's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMON

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he pleases, but I flatter myself we shall hold out the longest.

Nine o'clock.

He came to dine; we kept up our state all dinner time; he begged a moment's conversation, which we refused, but with a timid air that makes me begin to fear we shall beat a parley: he is this moment gone, and Emily retired to her apartment on pretence of indisposition: I am afraid she is a foolish girl.

Half hour after six.

It will not do, Lucy: I found her in tears at the window, following Rivers's carriage with her eyes: she turned to me with such a look——in short, my dear,

“The weak, the fond, the coward woman”

has prevailed over all her resolution: her love is only the more violent for having been a moment restrained; she is not equal to the task she has undertaken; her resentment was concealed tenderness, and has retaken its first form.

I am sorry to find there is not one wise woman in the world but myself.

Past ten.

I have been with her again: she seemed a little calmer; I commended her spirit; she disavowed it; was peevish with me, angry with herself; said she had acted in a manner unworthy her character; accused herself of caprice, artifice, and cruelty; said she ought to have seen him, if not alone, yet with me only: that it was natural he should be surprized at a reception so inconsistent with true friendship, and therefore that he should wish an explanation;

explanation; that *her* Rivers (and why not Madame Des Roches's Rivers?) was incapable of acting otherwise than as became the best and most tender of mankind, and that therefore she ought not to have suffered a whisper injurious to his honour: that I had meant well, but had, by depriving her of Rivers's friendship, which she had lost by her haughty behaviour, destroyed all the happiness of her life.

To be sure, your poor Bell is always to blame; but if ever I intermeddle between lovers again—
Lucy—

I am sure she was ten times more angry with him than I was, but this it is to be too warm in the interest of our friends.

Adieu! till to-morrow,

Yours,

A. FERMOY.

I can only say, that if Fitzgerald had visited this handsome rich French widow, and staid with her ten days *tete a tete* in the country, without my permission—

O Heavens! here is *mon cher pere*: I must bid my letter.

Bon soir.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, March 6.

I CANNOT account, my dear, for what has happened to me. I left Madame Des Roches's

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A. FERMORE

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all of the warm impatience of love, and flew to my Emily at Sillieri : I was received with a disdainful coldness which I did not think had been in her nature, and which has shocked me beyond all expression.

I went again to-day, and met with the same reception; I even saw my presence was painful to her, therefore shortened my visit, and, if I have resolution to persevere, will not go again till invited by Captain Fermor in form.

I could bear any thing but to lose her affection; my whole heart was set upon her: I had every reason to believe myself dear to her. Can caprice find a place in that bosom which is the abode of every virtue?

I must have been misrepresented to her, or surely this could not have happened: I will wait to-morrow, and if I hear nothing will write to her, and ask an explanation by letter; she refused me a verbal one to-day, though I begged to speak with her only for a moment.

Tuesday.

I have been asked on a little riding party, and, as I cannot go to Sillieri, have accepted it: it will amuse my present anxiety.

I am to drive Mademoiselle Clairaut, a very pretty French lady: this is however of no consequence, for my eyes see nothing lovely but Emily.

Adieu!

Your affectionate.

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LXXXIX.

Clarges-Street.

Quebec, March 6

y dear, for what ha

dame Des Roches

L E T T E R XC.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Sillery, Wednesday morning

POOOR Emily is to meet with perpetual mortification: we have been carrying with Fitzger and my father; and, coming back, met your brother driving Mademoiselle Clairaut. Emily trembled, turned pale, and scarce returned River's bow; I never saw a poor little girl so in love; she is amazingly altered within the last fortnight.

'I wo o'clea

A letter from Mrs. Melmoth: I send you a copy of it with this.

Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMO

L E T T E R XCI.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Sillery.

Montreal, March 18

IF you are not yet resolved on a third one, my dear Miss, I am in your power to retrieve the mistake you have made.

RY OF

R XC.

Clarges-Street.

Wednesday morning

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Yours,

A. FERMONT

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F, at Sillei.

Montreal, March 13

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EMILY MONTAGUE. 187

Sir George, whose good-nature is in this in-
stance almost without example, has been prevail-
ing on by Mr. Melmoth to consent I should write
you before he leaves Montreal, and again of-
fer you his hand, though rejected in a manner so
very mortifying both to vanity and love.

He gives you a fortnight to consider his offer,
the end of which if you refuse him he sets out
for England over the lakes.

Be assured, the man for whom it is too plain
you have acted this imprudent part, is so far
from returning your affection, that he is at this
moment addressing another; I mean Madame
Des Roches, a near relation of whose assured me
that there was an attachment between them: in-
deed it is impossible he could have thought of a
woman whose fortune is as small as his own. Men,
Miss Montague, are not the romantic beings you
seem to suppose them; you will not find many
Sir George Claytons.

I beg as early an answer as is consistent with the
attention so important a proposal requires, as a
compliment to a passion so generous and disinte-
rested as that of Sir George. I am, my dear
Emily,

Your affectionate friend,

E. MELMOTH.

L E T-

L E T T E R XCII.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Sillery, March, 19.

I AM sorry, my dear Madam, you should know so little of my heart, as to suppose it possible could have broke my engagements with Sir George from any motive but the full conviction of my wanting that tender affection for him, and the lively taste for his conversation, which alone could have ensured either his felicity or my own; happy is it for both that I discovered this before it was too late: it was a very displeasing circumstance, even under an intention only of marrying him, to find my friendship stronger for another: what then would it have been under the more sacred of all engagements, that of marriage? What wretchedness would have been the portion of both, had simidity, decorum or false honour carried me, with this partiality in my heart, to fulfil those views, entered into from compliance to my family, and continued from a false idea of propriety, and weak fear of the censures of the world?

The same reason therefore still subsisting, and being every moment stronger, from a fuller conviction of the merit of him my heart prefers, in spite of me, to Sir George, our union is more impossible than ever.

I am however obliged to you, and Major Melmoth, for your zeal to serve me, though you may permit me to call it a mistaken one: and to Sir George, for a concession which I own I should not

have made in his situation, and which I can only suppose the effect of Major Melmoth's persuasions, which he might suppose were known to me, and an imagination that my sentiments for him were changed; assure him of my esteem, though love is not in my power.

As Colonel Rivers never gave me the remotest reason to suppose him more than my friend, I have not the least reason to disapprove his marrying: on the contrary, as his friend, I *ought* to wish a connection which I am told is greatly to his advantage.

To prevent all future importunity, painful to me, and, all circumstances considered, degrading to Sir George, whose honour is very dear to me, though I am obliged to refuse him that hand which he surely cannot wish to receive without my heart, I am compelled to say, that without any idea of ever being united to Colonel Rivers, I will never marry any other man.

Were I never again to behold him, were he even the husband of another, my tenderness, a tenderness as innocent as it is lively, would never cease: nor would I give up the refined delight of loving him, independently of any hope of being loved, for any advantage in the power of fortune to bestow.

These being my sentiments, sentiments which time can alter, they cannot be too soon known to Sir George: I would not one hour keep him in suspense in a point, which this step seems to say is consequence to his happiness.

Tell him, I entreat him to forget me, and to give me into views which will make his mother, and I have no doubt him self, happier than a marriage with a woman whose chief merit is that very sincerity

190 THE HISTORY OF
sincerity of heart which obliges her to refuse
him.

I am, Madam,

Your affectionate, &c.

EMILY MONTAGU

L E T T E R X C I I I .

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Sillieri, Thursday

YOUR brother dines here to-day, by my brother's invitation; I am afraid it will be but an awkward party.

Emily is at this moment an exceeding fine model for a statue of tender melancholy.

Her anger is gone; not a trace remaining; no sorrow, but the most beautiful sorrow I ever beheld: she is all grief for having offended the dear man.

I am out of patience with this look; it is so flattering to him, I could beat her for it: I cannot bear his vanity should be so gratified.

I wanted her to treat him with a saucy, unceremonious, flippant air; but her whole appearance so gentle, tender, I had almost said, supplicating: I am ashamed of the folly of my own sex: O, that I could to-day inspire her with a little of my spirit! she is a poor tame household dove, and there is no making any thing of her.

Eleven

Eleven o'clock.

“ For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at
“ ease.”

What fools women are, Lucy! He took her hand, expressed concern for her health, softened the tone of his voice, looked a few civil things with those expressive lying eyes of his, and without one word of explanation all was forgot in a moment.

Good night! Yours,

A. FERMOR.

Heavens! the fellow is here, has followed me to my dressing-room; was ever any thing so confident? these modest men have ten times the assurance of your impudent fellows. I believe absolutely he is going to make love to me: 'tis a critical hour, Lucy; and to rob one's friend of a lover is really a temptation.

Twelve o'clock.

The dear man is gone, and has made all up: he insisted on my explaining the reasons of the cold reception he had met with; which you know was impossible, without betraying the secret of poor Emily's little foolish heart.

I however contrived to let him know we were little piqued at his going without seeing us, and that we were something inclined to be jealous of his *friendship* for Madame Des Roches.

He made a pretty decent defence; and though I don't absolutely acquit him of coquetry, yet upon the whole I think I forgive him.

He loves Emily, which is great merit with me: I am only sorry they are two such poor devils,

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MILY MONTAGUE

R XCIII.

Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Thursday

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Eleven

vils, yet it is next to impossible they should ever come together.

I think I am not angry now; as to Emily, her eyes dance with pleasure; she has not the same countenance as in the morning; this love is the finest cosmetic in the world.

After all, he is a charming fellow, and has eyes like Lucy—Heaven be praised, he never pointed the fire at me!

Adieu! I will try to sleep.

Yours,

A. FERMOSE

L E T T E R XCIV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, March 20

THE coldness of which I complained, dear Lucy, in regard to Emily, was the most flattering circumstance which could have happened: I will not say it was the effect of jealousy, but it certainly was of a delicacy of affection which extremely resembles it.

Never did she appear so lovely as yesterday; never did she display such variety of loveliness; there was a something in her look, when I first addressed her on entering the room, touching beyond all words, a certain expressive melting languor, a dying softness, which it was not in me to see unmoved; what then must a lover have felt?

I ha

I had the pleasure, after having been in the room a few moments, to see this charming languor change to a joy which animated her whole form, and of which I was so happy as to believe myself the cause: my eyes had told her all that passed in my heart; hers had shewn me plainly they understood their language. We were standing at a window at some little distance from the rest of the company, when I took an opportunity of hinting my concern at having, though without knowing it, offended her: she blushed, she looked down, she again raised her lovely eyes, they met mine, she sighed; I took her hand, she withdrew it, but not in anger; a smile, like that of the poet's Hebe, told me I was forgiven.

There is no describing what then passed in my soul: with what difficulty did I restrain my transports! never before did I really know love: what I had hitherto felt, even for her, was cold to that enchanting, that impassionate moment.

She is a thousand times dearer to me than life: my Lucy, I cannot live without her.

I contrived, before I left Silleri, to speak to Bell Fermor, on the subject of Emily's reception of me; she did not fully explain herself, but she convinced me hatred had no part in her resentment. I am going again this afternoon: every hour not passed with her is lost. I will seek a favourable occasion of telling her the whole happiness of my life depends on her tenderness.

Before I write again, my fate will possibly be determined: with every reason to hope, the timidity inseparable from love makes me dread a full explanation of my sentiments: if her native soft-

ness should have deceived me—but I will not study to be unhappy.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R XCV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Sillieri, March 20.

I HAVE been telling Fitzgerald I am jealous of his prodigious attention to Emily, whose cecitudo he has been the last ten days: the simpleton took me seriously, and began to vindicate himself, by explaining the nature of his regard for her, pleading her late indisposition as an excuse for shewing her some extraordinary civilities.

I let him harangue ten minutes, then stopp'd him short, put on my poetical face, and repeats,

“ When sweet Emily complains,
 “ I have sense of all her pains;
 “ But for little Bella, I
 “ Do not only grieve, but die.”

He smiled, kiss'd my hand, praised my amazing penetration, and was going to take this opportunity of saying a thousand civil things when my divine Rivers appeared on the side of the hill;

hill; I flew to meet him, and left my love to finish the conversation alone.

Twelve o'clock.

I am the happiest of all possible women; Fitzgerald is in the sullens about your brother: surely there is no pleasure in nature equal to that of plaguing a fellow who really loves one, especially if he has as much merit as Fitzgerald, for otherwise he would not be worth tormenting. He had better not pout with me: I believe I know who will be tired first.

Eight in the evening.

I have passed a most delicious day: Fitzgerald took it into his wife head to endeavour to make me jealous of a little pert Frenchwoman, the wife of a Croix de St. Louis, whom I know he despises; I then thought myself at full liberty to play off all my airs, which I did with ineffable success, and have sent him home in a humour to hang himself.

Your brother stays the evening, so does a very handsome fellow I have been flirting with all the day; Fitz was engaged here too, but I told him it was impossible for him not to attend Madame La Brosse to Quebec: he looked at me with a spite in his countenance which charmed me to the soul, and handed the fair lady to his carriage.

I'll teach him to coquet, Lucy; let him take his Madame La Brosse: indeed, as her husband is at Montreal, I don't see how he can avoid pursuing his conquest: I am delighted, because I know she is his aversion.

Emily calls me to cards. Adieu! my dear little Lucy.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XCVI.

To Colonel RIVERS, Quebec.

Pall Mall, January 3.

I HAVE but a moment, my dear Ned, to tell you, that without so much as asking your leave, and in spite of all your wise admonitions, your lovely sister has this morning consented to make me the happiest of mankind: to-morrow gives me all that is excellent and charming in woman.

You are to look on my writing this letter as the strongest proof I ever did, or ever can give you of my friendship. I must love you with no common affection to remember at this moment that there is such a man in being; perhaps you owe this recollection only to your being brother to the loveliest woman nature ever formed; whose charms in a month have done more towards my conversion than seven years of your preaching would have done. I am going back to Clarges-Street. Adieu!

Yours, &c.

J. TEMPLE.

L E T.

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ieu! my dear lit.

A. FERMOR.

XCVI.

Quebec.

Mall, January 3.

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J. TEMPLE.

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EMILY MONTAGUE. 197

LETTER XCVII.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

Clarges-street, Jan. 3.

I AM afraid you knew very little of the sex, my dear brother, when you cautioned me so strongly against loving Mr. Temple: I should perhaps, with all his merit, have never thought of him but for that caution.

There is something very interesting to female curiosity in the idea of these very formidable men, whom no woman can see without danger; we gaze on the terrible creature at a distance, see nothing in him so very alarming; he approaches, our little hearts palpitate with fear, he is gentle, attentive, respectful; we are surprized at this respect, we are sure the world wrongs the dear civil creature; he flatters, we are pleased with his flattery; our little hearts still palpitate—but not with fear.

In short, my dear brother, if you wish to serve a friend with us, describe him as the most dangerous of his sex; the very idea that he is so, makes us think resistance vain, and we throw down our defensive arms in absolute despair.

I am not sure this is the reason of my discovering Mr. Temple to be the most amiable of men; but of this I am certain, that I love him with the most lively affection, and that I am convinced, notwithstanding all you have said, that he deserves all my tenderness.

Indeed, my dear prudent brother, you men fancy

cy yourselves extremely wise and penetrating, but you don't know each other half so well as we know you: I shall make Temple in a few weeks as tame a domestic animal as you can possibly be, even with your Emily.

I hope you won't be very angry with me for accepting an agreeable fellow, and a coach and six: if you are, I can only say, that finding the dear man steal every day upon my heart, and recollecting how very dangerous a creature he was,

“ I held it both safest and best

“ To marry, for fear you should chide.”

Adieu!

Your affectionate, &c.

LUCY RIVERS.

Please to observe, mamma was on Mr. Temple's side, and that I only take him from obedience to her commands. He has behaved like an angel to her; but I leave himself to explain how: she has promised to live with us. We are going a party to Richmond, and only wait for Mr. Temple.

With all my pertness, I tremble at the idea that to-morrow will determine the happiness or misery of my life.

Adieu! my dearest brother.

LET.

LETTER XCVIII.

TO JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 21.

WERE I convinced of your conversion, my dear Jack, I should be the happiest man breathing in the thought of your marrying my sister; but I tremble lest this resolution should be the effect of passion merely, and not of that settled esteem and tender confidence, without which mutual repentance will be the necessary consequence of your connexion.

Lucy is one of the most beautiful women I ever knew, but she has merits of a much superior kind; her understanding and her heart are equally lovely: she has also a sensibility which exceedingly alarms me for her, as I know it is next to impossible that even her charms can fix a heart so accustomed to range.

Do not guess too truly, my dear Temple, when I suppose the charming mistress is the only object you have in view; and that the tender amiable friend, the pleasing companion, the faithful confidante, is forgot?

I will not however anticipate evils: if any merit has power to fix you, Lucy's cannot fail of doing it.

I expect with impatience a further account of an event in which my happiness is so extremely interested.

If she is yours, may you know her value, and you cannot fail of being happy: I only fear from your long habit of improper attachments; naturally, I know not a heart filled with nobler sentiments

LET

ments than yours, nor is there on earth a man for whom I have equal esteem. Adieu!

Your affectionate,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R XCIX.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 23.

I HAVE received your second letter, my dear Temple, with the account of your marriage.

Nothing could make me so happy as an event which unites a sister I idolize, to the friend on earth most dear to me, did I not tremble for your future happiness, from my perfect knowledge of both.

I know the sensibility of Lucy's temper, and that she loves you: I know also the difficulty of weaning the heart from such a habit of inconstancy as you have unhappily acquired.

Virtues like Lucy's will for ever command your esteem and friendship; but in marriage it is equally necessary to keep love alive; her beauty, her gaiety, her delicacy, will do much; but it is also necessary, my dearest Temple, that you keep a guard on your heart, accustomed to liberty, to give way to every light impression.

I need not tell you, who have experienced the truth of what I say, that happiness is not to be found in a life of intrigue; there is no real pleasure in the possession of beauty without the heart;

heart; with it, the fears, the anxieties, a man not absolutely destitute of humanity must feel for the honour of her who ventures more than life for him, must extremely counterbalance his transports.

Of all the situations this world affords, a marriage of choice gives the fairest prospect of happiness; without love, life would be a tasteless void; an unconnected human being is the most wretched of all creatures: by love I would be understood to mean that tender lively friendship, that mixed sensation, which the libertine never felt: and with which I flatter myself my amiable sister cannot fail of inspiring a heart naturally virtuous, however at present warped by a foolish compliance with the world.

I hope, my dear Temple, to see you recover your taste for those pleasures peculiarly fitted to our natures; to see you enjoy the pure delights of peaceful domestic life, the calm social evening hour, the circle of friends, the prattling offspring, and the tender impassioned smile of real love.

Your generosity is no more than I expected from your character; and to convince you of my perfect esteem, I so far accept it, as to draw out the money I have in the funds, which I intended for my sister: it will make my settlement here turn to greater advantage, and I allow you the pleasure of convincing Lucy of the perfect disinterestedness of your affection: it would be a trifle to you, and will make me happy.

But I am more delicate in regard to my mother, and will never consent to resume the estate I have settled on her: I esteem you above all mankind, but will not let her be dependent even

on you: I consent she visit you as often as she pleases, but insist on her continuing her house in town, and living in every respect as she has been accustomed.

As to Lucy's own little fortune, as it is not worth your receiving, suppose she lays it out in jewels? I love to see beauty adorned; and two thousand pounds, added to what you have given her, will set her on a footing in this respect with a nabobess.

Your marriage, my dear Temple, removes the strongest objection to mine; the money I have in the funds, which while Lucy was unmarried I never would have taken, enables me to fix to great advantage here. I have now only to try whether Emily's friendship for me is sufficiently strong to give up all hopes of a return to England.

I shall make an immediate trial: you shall know the event in a few days. If she refuses me, I bid adieu to all my schemes, and embark in the first ship.

Give my kindest tenderest wishes to my mother and sister. My dear Temple, only know the value of the treasure you possess, and you must be happy. Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

L E T.

L E T T E R C.

To the Earl of ———.

My Lord,

Silleri, March 24.

NOTHING can be more just than your Lordship's observation; and I am the more pleas'd with it, as it coincides with what I had the honour of saying to you in my last, in regard to the impropriety, the cruelty, I had almost said the injustice, of your intention of deserting that world of which you are at once the ornament and the example.

Good people, as your Lordship observes, are generally too retired and abstracted to let their example be of much service to the world: whereas the bad, on the contrary, are conspicuous to all; they stand forth, they appear on the fore ground of the picture, and force themselves into observation.

'Tis to that circumstance, I am persuaded, we may attribute that dangerous and too common mistake, that vice is natural to the human heart, and virtuous characters the creatures of fancy; a mistake of the most fatal tendency, as it tends to harden our hearts, and destroy that mutual confidence so necessary to keep the bands of society from loosening, and without which man is the most ferocious of all the beasts of prey.

Would all those whose virtues like your Lordship's are adorned by politeness and knowledge of the world, mix more in society, we should soon see vice hide her head: would all the good appear
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L E T.

ED. RIVERS.

in full view, they would, I am convinced, be found infinitely the majority.

Virtue is too lovely to be hid in cells, the world is her scene of action: she is soft, gentle, indulgent; let her appear then in her own form, and she must charm: let politeness be for ever her attendant, that politeness which can give graces even to vice itself, which makes superiority easy, removes the sense of inferiority, and adds to every one's enjoyment, both of himself and others.

I am interrupted, and must postpone till tomorrow what I have further to say to your Lordship. I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

W. FERMOE.

LETTER CI.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Sillem, March 25.

YOUR brother, my dear Lucy, has made me happy in communicating to me the account he has received of your marriage. I know Temple; he is, besides being very handsome, a fine, sprightly, agreeable fellow, and is particularly formed to keep a woman's mind in that kind of play, that gentle agitation, which will for ever secure her affection.

He has, in my opinion, just as much coquetry as is necessary to prevent marriage from degenerating into that sleepy kind of existence, which

to minds of the awakened turn of yours and mine would be insupportable.

He has also a fine fortune, which I hold to be a pretty enough ingredient in marriage.

In short, he is just such a man, upon the whole, as I should have chose for myself.

Make my congratulations to the dear man, and tell him, if he is not the happiest man in the world, he will forfeit all his pretensions to taste; and if he does not make you the happiest woman, he forfeits all title to my favour, as well as to the favour of the whole sex.

I meant to say something civil; but to tell you the truth, I am not *en train*; I am excessively out of humour: Fitzgerald has not been here of several days, but spends his whole time in gallanting Madame La Brosse, a woman to whom he knows I have an aversion, and who has nothing but a tolerable complexion and a modest assurance to recommend her.

I certainly gave him some provocation, but this is too much: however, 'tis very well; I don't think I shall break my heart, though my vanity is a little piqued. I may perhaps live to take my revenge.

I am hurt, because I begin really to like the creature; a secret however to which he is happily a stranger. I shall see him to-morrow at the governor's, and suppose he will be in his penitentials: I have some doubt whether I shall let him dance with me; yet it would look so particular to refuse him, that I believe I shall do him the honour.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

A. FERMOR.

26th. Thursday, 11 at night.

No, Lucy, if I forgive him this, I have lost all the free spirit of woman; he had the insolence to dance with Madame La Brosse to-night at the governor's. I never will forgive him. There are men perhaps quite his equal!—but 'tis no matter—I do him too much honour to be piqued—yet on the footing we were—I could not have believed—

Adieu!

I was so certain he would have danced with me, that I refused Colonel H—, one of the most agreeable men in the place, and therefore could not dance at all. Nothing hurt me, so much as the impertinent looks of the woman; I could cry for vexation.

Would your brother have behaved thus to Emily? but why do I name other men with your brother? do you know he and Emily had the good-nature to refuse to dance, that my sitting still might be the less taken notice of? We all played at cards, and Rivers contrived to be of my party, by which he would have won Emily's heart if he had not had it before.

Good night.

LETTER CII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 2.

I HAVE been twice at Silleri with the intention of declaring my passion, and explaining my situation,

situation, to Emily; but have been prevented by company, which made it impossible for me to find the opportunity I wished.

Had I found that opportunity, I am not sure I should have made use of it; a degree of timidity is inseparable from true tenderness; and I am afraid of declaring myself a lover, lest, if not beloved, I should lose the happiness I at present possess in visiting her as a friend: I cannot give up the dear delight I find in seeing her, in hearing her voice, in tracing and admiring every sentiment of that lovely unassisted generous mind as it rises.

In short, my Lucy, I cannot live without her esteem and friendship; and though her eyes, her attention to me, her whole manner, encourage me in the hope of being beloved, yet the possibility of my being mistaken makes me dread an explanation, by which I hazard losing the lively pleasure I find in her friendship.

This timidity however must be conquered; 'tis pardonable to feel it, but not to give way to it. I have ordered my carriage, and am determined to make my attack this very morning like a man of courage and a soldier.

Adieu!

Your affectionate,

ED. RIVERS.

A letter from Bell Farmor, to whom I wrote this morning on the subject:

“To

“ To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

Silleri, Friday morning.

“ YOU are a foolish creature, and know
 “ nothing of women. Dine at Silleri, and we
 “ will air after dinner; 'tis a glorious day, and
 “ if you are timid in a covered carriole, I give
 “ you up.”

“ Adieu!

“ Yours,

“ A. FERMOR.”

L E T T E R CIII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 27, 11 at night.

SHE is an angel, my dear Lucy, and no words can do her justice: I am the happiest of mankind; I painted my passion with all the moving eloquence of undissembled love; she heard me with the most flattering attention: she said little, but her looks, her air, her tone of voice, her blushes, her very silence—how could I ever doubt her tenderness? have not those lovely eyes a thousand times betrayed the dear secret of her heart.

My Lucy, we were formed for each other; our souls are of intelligence; every thought, every idea,—from the first moment I beheld her—I have a thousand things to say, but the tumult of my joy—she has given me leave to write to her; what has she not said in that permission?

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EMILY MONTAGUE. 209

I cannot go to bed: I will go and walk an hour on the battery; 'tis the loveliest night I ever beheld, even in Canada: the day is scarce brighter.

One in the morning.

I have had the sweetest walk imaginable: the moon shines with a splendor I never saw before; a thousand streaming meteors add to her brightness; I have stood gazing on the lovely planet and delighting myself with the idea that 'tis the same moon that lights my Emily.

Good night, my Lucy! I love you beyond all expression; I always loved you tenderly, but there is a softness about my heart to-night—this lovely woman—

I know not what I would say, but till this night I could never be said to live.

Adieu! your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CIV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Quebec, 28th March.

I HAD this morning a short billet from her dear hand, entreating me to make up a quarrel between Bell Fermor and her lover: your friend has been indiscreet; her spirit of coquetry is eternally carrying her wrong; but in my opinion Fitzgerald has been at least equally to blame.

His behaviour at the governor's on Thursday night was inexcusable, as it exposed her to the sneers

sneers of a whole circle of her own sex, many of them jealous of her perfections.

A lover should overlook little caprices, where the heart is good and amiable like Bell's: I should think myself particularly obliged to bring this affair to an amicable conclusion, even if Emily had not desired it, as I was originally the innocent cause of their quarrel. In my opinion he ought to beg her pardon; and, as a friend tenderly interested for both, I have a right to tell him I think so: he loves her, and I know must suffer greatly, though a foolish pride prevents his acknowledging it.

My greatest fear is, that an idle resentment may engage him in an intrigue with the lady in question, who is a woman of gallantry, and whom he may find very troublesome hereafter. It is much easier to commence an affair of this kind than to break it off; and a man, though his heart was disengaged, should be always on his guard against any thing like an attachment where his affections are not really interested: mere passion or mere vanity will support an affair *en passant*; but, where the last degree of constancy and attention are expected, the heart must feel, or the lover is subjecting himself to slavery as irksome as a marriage without inclination.

Temple will tell you I speak like an oracle; for I have often seen him led by vanity into this very disagreeable situation: I hope I am not too late to save Fitzgerald from it.

Six in the evening.

All goes well: his proud heart is come down, he has begged her pardon, and is forgiven; you have no idea how civil both are to me, for hav-

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ing persuaded them to do what each of them has
longed to do from the first moment: I love
to advise, when I am sure the heart of the per-
son advised is on my side. Both were to blame,
but I always love to save the ladies from any
thing mortifying to the dignity of their charac-
ters; a little pride in love becomes them, but
not us; and 'tis always our part to submit on
these occasions.

I never saw two happier people than they are
at present, as I have a little preserved decorum
on both sides, and taken the whole trouble of the
reconciliation on myself: Bell knows nothing of
my having applied to Fitzgerald, nor he that I
did it at Emily's request: my conversation with
him on this subject seemed accidental. I was
obliged to leave them, having business in town;
but my lovely Emily thanked me by a smile
which would over-pay a thousand such little ser-
vices.

I am to spend to-morrow at Silleri: how long
shall I think this evening!

Adieu! my tenderest wishes attend you all!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R C V.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, March 27, evening.

FITZGERALD has been here, and has beg-
ged my pardon; he declares he had no thought
of

of displeasing me at the governor's, but from my behaviour was afraid of importuning me if he addressed me as usual.

I thought who would come to first; for my part if he had stayed away for ever, I would not have suffered papa to invite him to Sillery: it was easy to see his neglect was all pique; it would have been extraordinary indeed if such a woman as Madame La Brosse could have rivalled me: I am something younger, and, if either my glass or the men are to be believed, as handsome: *entre nous*, there is some little difference; if she was not so very fair, she would be absolutely ugly; and these very fair women, you know, Lucy, are always insipid; fire is the taste of no man breathing, though eternally making advances to every man; without spirit, fire, understanding, vivacity, or any quality capable of making amends for the mediocrity of her charms.

Her insolence in attempting to attach Fitzgerald is intolerable, especially when the whole province knows him to be my lover: there is no expressing to what a degree I hate her.

The next time we meet I hope to return her impertinence on Thursday night at the governor's; I will never forgive Fitzgerald if he takes the least notice of her.

Emily has read my letter, and says she did not think I had so much of the woman in me; insists on my being civil to Madame La Brosse, but if I am, Lucy——

These French women are not to be supported; they fancy vanity and assurance are to make up for the want of every other virtue; forgetting that delicacy, softness, sensibility, tenderness, are attractions to which they are strangers: some of them

them here are however tolerably handsome, and have a degree of liveliness which makes them not quite insupportable.

You will call all this spite, as Emily does, so I will say no more, only that, in order to shew her how very easy it is to be civil to a rival, I wish for the pleasure of seeing another French lady, that I could mention, at Quebec.

Good night, my dear! tell Temple, I am every thing but in love with him.

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

I will however own, I encouraged Fitzgerald by a kind look. I was so pleased at this return, that I could not keep up the farce of disdain I had projected: in love affairs, I am afraid, we are all fools alike.

L E T T E R C V I .

To Miss FERMOR.

Saturday noon.

COME to my dressing-room, my dear; I have a thousand things to say to you: I want to talk of my Rivers, to tell you all the weakness of my soul.

No, my dear, I cannot love him more, a passion like mine will not admit addition; from the first moment I saw him my whole soul was his: I knew not that I was dear to him; but true genuine
love

love is self-existent, and does not depend on being beloved. I should have loved him even had he been attached to another.

This declaration has made me the happiest of my sex : but it has not increased, it could not increase, my tenderness : with what softness, what diffidence, what respect, what delicacy, was this declaration made ! my dear friend, he is a god, and my ardent affection for him is fully justified.

I love him — no words can speak how much I love him.

My passion for him is the first and shall be the last of my life : my bosom never heaved a sigh but for my Rivers.

Will you pardon the folly of a heart which till now was ashamed to own its feelings, and of which you are even now the only confidante ?

I find all the world so insipid, nothing amuses me one moment ; in short, I have no pleasure but in Rivers's conversation, nor do I count the hours of his absence in my existence.

I know all this will be called folly, but it is a folly which makes all the happiness of my life.

You love, my dear Bell ; and, therefore, will pardon the weakness of your

EMILY

L E T T E R CVII.

To Miss MONTAGUE.

Saturday.

YE-S, my dear, I love at least I think so ; but thanks to my stars, not in the manner you do.

I prefer

I prefer Fitzgerald to all the rest of his sex ; but *I count the hours of his absence in my existence* ; and contrive sometimes to pass them pleasantly enough, if any other agreeable man is in the way : in short, I relish flattery and attention from others, though I infinitely prefer them from him. I certainly love him, for I was jealous of Madame La Brosse ; but in general, I am not alarmed when I see him flirt a little with others. Perhaps my vanity was as much wounded as my love, with regard to Madame La Brosse.

I find love is quite a different plant in different soils ; it is an exotic, and grows faintly, with us coquets ; but in its native climate with you people of sensibility and sentiment.

Adieu ! I will attend you in a quarter of an hour.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R C V I I I .

To Miss FERMOR.

NOT alarmed, my dear, at this attention to others ? believe me you know nothing of love.

I think every woman who beholds my Rivers a rival ; I imagine I see in every female countenance a passion tender and lively as my own ; I turn pale, my heart dies within me, if I observe his eyes a moment fixed on any other woman ; I tremble at the possibility of his changing ; I cannot support the idea that the time may come when I may be
less

EMILY.

CVII.

AGUE.

Saturday.

ast I think so ; but
 manner you do.

I prefer

less dear to my Rivers than at present. Do you believe it possible, my dear Bell, for an heart, nor prepossessed, to be insensible one moment to my Rivers ?

He is formed to charm the soul of woman ; his delicacy, his sensibility, the mind that speaks through those eloquent eyes ; the thousand graces of his air, the sound of his voice — my dear, I never heard him speak without feeling a softness of which it is impossible to convey an idea.

But I am wrong to encourage a tenderness which is already too great ; I will think less of him : I will not talk of him ; do not speak of him to me, my dear Bell : talk to me of Fitzgerald ; there is no danger of your passion becoming too violent.

I wish you loved more tenderly, my dearest ; you would then be more indulgent to my weakness : I am ashamed of owning it even to you.

Ashamed, did I say ? no, I rather glory in loving the most amiable, the most angelic of mankind.

Speak of him to me for ever ; I abhor all conversation of which he is not the subject. I am interrupted.

Adieu !

Your faithful

EMILY.

My dearest, I tremble ; he is at the door ; how shall I meet him without betraying all the weakness of my heart ? come to me this moment, I will not go down without you. Your father is come to fetch me ; follow me, I entreat : I cannot see him alone ; my heart is too much softened at this moment.

moment. He must not know to what excess he is beloved.

L E T T E R C I X.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 28.

I AM at present, my dear Lucy, extremely embarrassed; Madame Des Roches is at Quebec: it is impossible for me not to be more than polite to her; yet my Emily has all my heart, and demands all my attention; there is but one way of seeing them both as often as I wish; 'tis to bring them as often as possible together: I wish extremely that Emily would visit her, but 'tis a point of the utmost delicacy to manage.

Will it not on reflection be cruel to Madame Des Roches? I know her generosity of mind, but I also know the weakness of the human heart: can she see with pleasure a beloved rival?

My Lucy, I never so much wanted your advice: I will consult Bell Fermor, who knows every thought of my Emily's heart.

Eleven o'Clock.

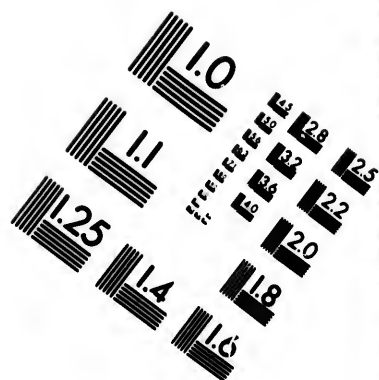
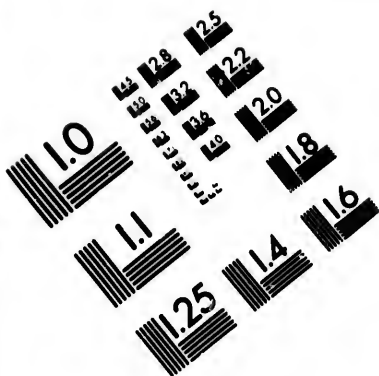
I have visited Madame Des Roches at her relation's; she received me with a pleasure which was too visible not to be observed by all present: she blushed, her voice faltered when she addressed me; her eyes had a softness which seemed to reproach my insensibility: I was shocked at the idea of having inspired her with a tenderness not in my power to return; I was afraid of increasing that tenderness; I scarce dared to meet her looks.

VOL. II.

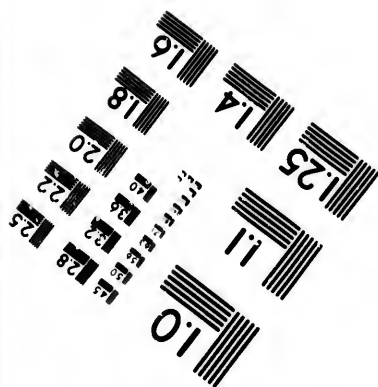
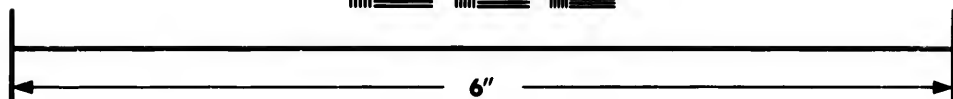
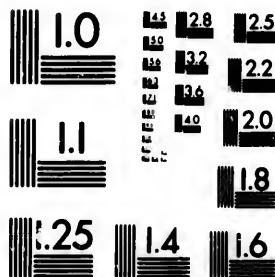
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I felt as a criminal in the presence of this amiable woman; for both our sakes, I must see her seldom; yet what an appearance will my neglect have, after the attention she has shewn me, and the friendship she has expressed for me to all the world?

I know not what to determine. I am going to Silleri. Adieu till my return.

Eight o'Clock.

I have entreated Emily to admit Madame Des Roches among the number of her friends, and have asked her to-morrow morning: she changed colour at my request, but promised to go.

I almost repent of what I have done: I am to attend Emily and Bell Fermor to Madame Des Roches in the morning: I am afraid I shall introduce them with a very bad grace.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R C X.

To Miss FERMOR.

Sunday Morning.

COULD you have believed he would have expected such a proof of my desire to oblige him? but what can he ask that his Emily will refuse? I will see this *friend* of his, this Madame Des Roches; I will even love her, if it is in woman to be so disinterested. She loves him; he sees her; they

they say she is amiable; I could have wished her visit to Quebec had been delayed.

But he comes; he looks up; his eyes seem to thank me for this excess of complaisance: what is there I would not do to give him pleasure?

Six o'Clock.

Do you think her so very pleasing, my dear Bell? she has fine eyes, but have they not more fire than softness? There was a vivacity in her manner which hurt me extremely: could she have behaved with such unconcern, had she loved as I do?

Do you think it possible, Lucy, for a Frenchwoman to love? is not vanity the ruling passion of their hearts?

May not Rivers be deceived in supposing her so much attached to him? was there not some degree of affectation in her particular attention to me? I cannot help thinking her artful.

Perhaps I am prejudiced; she may be amiable, but I will own she does not please me.

Rivers begged me to have a friendship for her; I am afraid this is more than is in my power: friendship, like love, is the child of sympathy, not of constraint.

Adieu! Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R CXI.

To Miss MONTAGUE.

Monday.

THE inclosed, my dear, is as much to you as to me, perhaps more; I pardon the lady for thinking

ing you the handsomest. Is not this the strongest proof I could give of my friendship? perhaps I should have been piqued, however, had the preference been given by a man; but I can with great tranquillity allow you to be the woman's beauty.

Dictate an answer to your little Bell, who waits your commands at her bureau.

Adieu!

“ To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

Monday.

“ You and your lovely friend obliged me beyond
 “ words, my dear Bell, by your visit of yesterday: Madame Des Roches is charmed with you
 “ both; you will not be displeas'd when I tell you
 “ she gives Emily the preference; she says she is
 “ as beautiful as an angel; that she should think
 “ the man insensible, who could see her without
 “ love; that she is *touchant*, to use her own word,
 “ beyond any thing she ever beheld.

“ She however does justice to your charms,
 “ though Emily's seem to affect her most. She
 “ even allows you to be perhaps more the taste
 “ of men in general.

“ She intends paying her respects to you and
 “ Emily this afternoon; and has sent to desire me
 “ to conduct her. As it is so far, I would wish
 “ to find you at home.

“ Yours,

“ ED. RIVERS.”

L E T T E R CXII.

To Miss FERMOR.

ALWAYS Madame Des Roches! but let her come; indeed, my dear, she is artful; she gains upon him by this appearance of generosity; I cannot return it, I do not love her; yet I will receive her with politeness.

He is to drive her too; but 'tis no matter; if the tenderest affection can secure his heart, I have nothing to fear: loving him as I do, it is impossible not to be apprehensive: indeed, my dear, he knows not how I love him.

Adieu!

Your EMILY.

L E T T E R CXIII.

To Miss FERMOR.

Monday evening.

SURELY I am the weakest of my sex; I am ashamed to tell you all my feelings: I cannot conquer my dislike to Madame Des Roches: she said a thousand obliging things to me, she praised my Rivers; I made her no answer, I even felt tears ready to start; what must she think of me? there is a meanness in my jealousy of her, which I cannot forgive myself.

I cannot account for her attention to me, it is not natural; she behaved to me not only with politeness,

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D. RIVERS."

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liteness, but with the appearance of affection; she seemed to feel and pity my confusion. She is either the most artful, or the most noble of women.

Adieu !

Your EMILY.

L E T T E R CXIV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, March 29.

WE are going to dine at a farm house in the country, where we are to meet other company, and have a ball: the snow begins a little to soften, from the warmth of the sun, which is greater than in England in May. Our winter parties are almost at an end.

My father drives Madame Des Roches, who is of our party, and your brother Emily; I hope the little fool will be easy now, Lucy; she is very humble, to be jealous of one, who, though really very pleasing, is neither so young nor so handsome as herself; and who professes to wish only for Rivers's friendship.

But I have no right to say a word on this subject, after having been so extremely hurt at Fitzgerald's attention to such a woman as Madame La Brosse; an attention too, which was so plainly meant to pique me.

We are all, I am afraid, a little absurd in these affairs, and therefore ought to have some degree of indulgence for others.

Emily

Emily and I, however, differ in our ideas of love: it is the business of her life, the amusement of mine; 'tis the food of her hours, the seasoning of mine.

Or, in other words, she loves like a foolish woman, I like the sensible man: for men you know, compared to women, love in about the proportion of one to twenty.

'Tis a mighty wrong thing, after all, Lucy, that parents will educate creatures so differently, who are to live with and for each other.

Every possible means is used, even from infancy, to soften the minds of women, and to harden those of men; the contrary endeavour might be of use, for the men creatures are unfeeling enough by nature, and we are born too tremblingly alive to love, and indeed to every soft affection.

Your brother is almost the only one of his sex I know, who has the tenderness of woman with the spirit and firmness of man: a circumstance which strikes every woman who converses with him, and which contributes to make him the favourite he is amongst us. Foolish women who cannot distinguish characters may possibly give the preference to a coxcomb; but I will venture to say, no woman of sense was ever much acquainted with Colonel Rivers without feeling for him an affection of some kind or other.

A propos to women, the estimable part of us are divided into two classes only, the tender and the lively.

The former, at the head of which I place Emily, are infinitely more capable of happiness; but, to counterbalance this advantage, they are also capable of misery in the same degree. We of the other class, who feel less keenly, are perhaps upon the

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Your EMILY.

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the whole as happy, at least I would fain think so.

For example, if Emily and I marry our present lovers, she will certainly be more exquisitely happy than I shall; but if they should change their minds, or any accident prevent our coming together, I am inclined to fancy my situation would be much the most agreeable.

I should pout a month, and then look about for another lover; whilst the tender Emily would

“ Sit like patience on a monument,”

And pine herself into a consumption.

Adieu! They wait for me.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

Tuesday, Midnight.

We have had a very agreeable day, Lucy, a pretty enough kind of a ball, and every body in good humour: I danced with Fitzgerald, whom I never knew so agreeable.

Happy love is gay, I find; Emily is all sprightliness, your brother's eyes have never left her one moment, and her blushes seemed to shew her sense of the distinction; I never knew her look so handsome as this day.

Do you know I felt for Madame Des Roches? Emily was excessively complaisant to her: she returned her civility, but I could perceive a kind of constraint in her manner, very different from the ease of her behaviour when we saw her before: she felt the attention of Rivers to Emily very strongly: in short, the ladies seemed to have changed characters for the day.

We

We supped with your brother on our return, and from his windows, which look on the river St. Charles, had the pleasure of observing one of the most beautiful objects imaginable, which I never remember to have seen before this evening.

You are to observe the winter method of fishing here, is to break openings like small fish-ponds on the ice, to which the fish coming for air, are taken in prodigious quantities on the surface.

To shelter themselves from the excessive cold of the night, the fishermen build small houses of ice on the river, which are arranged in a semicircular form, and extend near a quarter of a mile, and which, from the blazing fires within, have a brilliant transparency and vivid lustre, not easy either to imagine or to describe: the starry semicircle looks like an immense crescent of diamonds, on which the sun darts his meridian rays.

Absolutely, Lucy, you see nothing in Europe: you are cultivated, you have the same beauties of art; but to see nature in her lovely wild luxuriance, you must visit your brother when he is prince of the Kamaraskas.

Adieu!

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

The variety, as well of grand objects, as of amusements, in this country, confirms me in an opinion I have always had, that Providence had made the conveniencies and inconveniencies of life nearly equal every where.

We have pleasures here even in winter peculiar

L 5 to

We

to the climate, which counterbalance the evils we suffer from its rigour.

Good night, my dear Lucy!

L E T T E R CXV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Quebec, April 2.

I HAVE this moment, my dear, a letter from Montreal, describing some lands on Lake Champlain, which my friend thinks much better worth my taking than those near the Kamaraskas: he presses me to come up immediately to see them, as the ice on the rivers will in a few days be dangerous to travel on.

I am strongly inclined to go, and for this reason; I am convinced my wish of bringing about a friendship between Emily and Madame Des Roches, the strongest reason I had for fixing at the Kamaraskas, was an imprudent one: gratitude and (if the expression is not impertinent) compassion give me a softness in my behaviour to the latter, which a superficial observer would take for love, and which her own tenderness may cause even her to misconstrue; a circumstance which must retard her resolution of changing the affection with which she has honoured me, into friendship.

I am also delicate in my love, and cannot bear to have it one moment supposed, my heart can know a wish but for my Emily.

Shall I say more? The blush on Emily's cheek on her first seeing Madame Des Roches convinced me of my indiscretion, and that vanity alone carried

ried

ried me to desire to bring together two women, whose affection for me is from their extreme merit so very flattering.

I shall certainly now fix in Canada; I can no longer doubt of Emily's tenderness, though she refuses me her hand, from motives which make her a thousand times more dear to me, but which I flatter myself love will over-rule.

I am setting off in an hour for Montreal, and shall call at Silleri to take Emily's commands.

Seven in the evening, Des Chambeaux.

I asked her advice as to fixing the place of my settlement; she said much against my staying in America at all; but, if I was determined, recommended Lake Champlain rather than the Kamaraskas, on account of climate. Bell smiled; and a blush, which I perfectly understood, overspread the lovely cheek of my sweet Emily. Nothing could be more flattering than this circumstance; had she seen Madame Des Roches with a calm indifference, had she not been alarmed at the idea of fixing near her, I should have doubted of the degree of her affection; a little apprehension is inseparable from real love.

My courage has been to-day extremely put to the proof: had I staid three days longer, it would have been impossible to have continued my journey.

The ice cracks under us at every step the horses set, a rather unpleasant circumstance on a river twenty fathom deep: I should not have attempted the journey had I been aware of this particular. I hope no man meets inevitable danger with more spirit, but no man is less fond of seeking it where it is honourable to be avoided.

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I am going to sup with the seigneur of the village, who is, I am told, married to one of the handsomest women in the province.

Adieu, my dear! I shall write to you from Montreal.

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CXVI.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Montreal, April 3.

I AM arrived, my dear, after a very disagreeable and dangerous Journey; I was obliged to leave the river soon after I left Des Chambeaux, and to pursue my way on the land over melting snow, into which the horses feet sunk half a yard every step.

An officer just come from New York has given me a letter from you which came thither by a private ship: I am happy to hear of your health, and that Temple's affection for you seems rather to increase than lessen since your marriage.

You ask me, my dear Lucy, how to preserve this affection, on the continuance of which, you justly say, your whole happiness depends.

The question is perhaps the most delicate and important which respects human life; the caprice, the inconstancy, the injustice of men makes the task of women in marriage infinitely difficult.

Prudence and virtue will certainly secure esteem;

but,

but, unfortunately, esteem alone will not make a happy marriage ; passion must also be kept alive, which the continual presence of the object beloved is too apt to make subside into that apathy, too insupportable to sensible minds.

The higher your rank, and the less your manner of life separates you from each other, the more danger there will be of this indifference.

The poor, whose necessary avocations divide them all day, and whose sensibility is blunted by the coarseness of their education, are in no danger of being weary of each other ; and, unless naturally vicious, you will see them generally happy in marriage, whereas even the virtuous, in more affluent situations, are not secure from this unhappy cessation of tenderness.

When I received your letter, I was reading Madame De Maintenon's advice to the Duchess of Burgundy, on this subject. I will transcribe so much of it as relates to *the woman*, leaving her advice to *the princess*, to those whom it may concern.

“ Do not hope for perfect happiness ; there is no such thing in this sublunary state.

“ Your sex is more exposed to suffer, because it is always in dependence ; be neither angry nor ashamed of this dependence on a husband, nor of any of those which are in the order of Providence.

“ Let your husband be your best friend and your only confidant.

“ Do not hope that your union will procure you perfect peace : the best marriages, are those where with softness and patience they bear by turns with each other : there are none without some contradiction and disagreement.

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“ Do not expect the same degree of friendship
 “ that you feel: men are in general less tender
 “ than women; and you will be unhappy if you
 “ are too delicate in friendship.

“ Beg of God to guard your heart from jea-
 “ lousy: do not hope to bring back a husband by
 “ complaints, ill humour, and reproaches. The
 “ only means which promise success, are patience
 “ and softness: impatience sours and alienates
 “ hearts; softness leads them back to their duty.

“ In sacrificing your own will, pretend to no
 “ right over that of a husband: men are more
 “ attached to theirs than women, because edu-
 “ cated with less constraint.

“ They are naturally tyrannical; they will
 “ have pleasures and liberty, yet insist that wo-
 “ men renounce both: do not examine whether
 “ their rights are well founded; let it suffice to
 “ you, that they are established; they are mas-
 “ ters, we have only to suffer and obey with a
 “ good grace.”

Thus far Madame De Maintenon, who must
 be allowed to have known the heart of man, since,
 after having been above twenty years a widow,
 she enflamed, even to the degree of bringing him
 to marry her, that of a great monarch, younger
 than herself, surrounded by beauties, habituated
 to flattery, in the plenitude of power, and cov-
 ered with glory; and retained him in her chains
 to the last moment of his life.

Do not, however, my dear, be alarmed at the
 picture she has drawn of marriage; nor fancy
 with her, that women are only born to suffer and
 to obey.

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willingly give up the harsh title of master, for the more tender and endearing one of friend ; men of sense abhor those customs which treat your sex as if created merely for the happiness of the other ; a supposition injurious to the Deity, though flattering to our tyranny and self-love ; and wish only to bind you in the soft chains of affection.

Equality is the soul of friendship : marriage, to give delight, must join two minds, not devote a slave to the will of an imperious lord ; whatever conveys the idea of subjection necessarily destroys that of love, of which I am so convinced, that I have always wished the word OBEY expunged from the marriage ceremony.

If you will permit me to add my sentiments to those of a lady so learned in the art of pleasing : I would wish you to study the taste of your husband, and endeavour to acquire a relish for those pleasures which appear most to affect him ; let him find amusement at home, but never be peevish at his going abroad ; he will return to you with the higher gust for your conversation : have separate apartments, since your fortune makes it not inconvenient ; be always elegant, but not too expensive, in your dress ; retain your present exquisite delicacy of every kind ; receive his friends with good breeding and complacency ; contrive such little parties of pleasure as you know are agreeable to him, and with the most agreeable people you can select : be lively even to playfulness in your general turn of conversation with him ; but, at the same time, spare no pains so to improve your understanding, which is an excellent one, as to be no less capable of being the companion of his graver hours : be ignorant of nothing which it becomes your sex to know, but avoid all affectation
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of knowledge : let your œconomy be exact, but without appearing otherwise than by the effect.

Do not imitate those of your sex who by ill temper make a husband pay dear for their fidelity ; let virtue in you be dress'd in smiles ; and be assured that chearfulness is the native garb of innocence.

In one word, my dear, do not lose the mistress in the wife, but let your behaviour to him as a husband be such as you would have thought most proper to attract him as a lover ; have always the idea of pleasing before you, and you cannot fail to please.

Having lectured you, my dear Lucy, I must say a word to Temple : a great variety of rules have been given for the conduct of women in marriage ; scarce any for that of men ; as if it were not essential to domestic happiness, that the man should preserve the heart of her with whom he is to spend his life ; or as if bestowing happiness were not worth a man's attention, so he possessed it : if, however, it is possible to feel true happiness without giving it.

You, my dear Temple, have too just an idea of pleasure to think in this manner : you would be beloved ; it has been the pursuit of your life, though never really attained perhaps before. You at present possess a heart full of sensibility, a heart capable of loving with ardour, and from the same cause capable of being estranged by neglect : give your whole attention to preserving this invaluable treasure ; observe every rule I have given to her, if you would be happy ; and believe me, the heart of woman is not less delicate than tender ; their sensibility is more keen, they feel more strongly than we do, their tenderness is more easily

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easily wounded, and their hearts are more difficult
to recover if once lost.

At the same time, they are both by nature and
education more constant, and scarce ever change
the object of their affections but from ill treat-
ment: for which reason there is some excuse
for a custom which appears cruel, that of throw-
ing contempt on the husband for the ill conduct
of the wife.

Above all things, retain the politeness and at-
tention of a lover; and avoid that careless man-
ner which wounds the vanity of human nature,
a passion give us, as were all passions, for the
wisest ends, and which never quits us but with
life.

There is a certain attentive tenderness, difficult
to be described, which the manly of our sex feel,
and which is peculiarly pleasing to women: 'tis
also a very delightful sensation to ourselves, as well
as productive of the happiest consequences: regard-
ing them as creatures placed by Providence under
our protection, and depending on us for their hap-
piness, is the strongest possible tie of affection to
a well-turned mind.

If I did not know Lucy perfectly, I should per-
haps hesitate in the next advice I am going to give
you; which is, to make her the confidante, and
the only confidante, of your gallantries, if you
are so unhappy as to be inadvertently betrayed
into any: her heart will possibly be at first a little
wounded by the confession, but this proof of per-
fect esteem will increase her friendship for you;
she will regard your error with compassion and
indulgence, and lead you gently back by her en-
dearing tenderness to honor and herself.

Of all tasks I detest that of giving advice;
you

are therefore under infinite obligation to me for this letter.

Be assured of my tenderest affection; and believe me,

Your's, &c.

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R CXVII.

To the Earl of —.

Sillery, April 8.

NOTHING can be more true, my Lord, than that poverty is ever the inseparable companion of indolence.

I see proofs of it every moment before me; with a soil fruitful beyond all belief, the Canadians are poor on lands which are their own property, and for which they pay only a trifling quit-rent to their foreigners.

This indolence appears in every thing; you scarce see the meanest peasant walking; even riding on horseback appears to them a fatigue insupportable; you see them lolling at ease, like their lazy lords, in carriages and calashes, according to the season; a boy to guide the horse on a seat in the front of the carriage, too lazy even to take the trouble of driving themselves, their hands in winter folded in an immense muff, though perhaps their families are in want of bread to eat at home.

The winter is passed in a mixture of festivity and inaction; dancing and feasting in their gayer hours; in their graver smoking and drinking brandy, by the side of a warm stove: and when obliged to cultivate the ground in spring to procure

cure the means of subsistence, you see them just turn the turf once lightly over, and, without manuring the ground, or even breaking the clods of earth, throw in the seed in the same careless manner, and leave the event to chance, without troubling themselves further till it is fit to reap.

I must, however, observe, as some alleviation, that there is something in the climate which strongly inclines both the body and mind, but rather the latter, to indolence: the heat of the summer, though pleasing, enervates the very soul, and gives a certain lassitude unfavourable to industry; and the winter, as its extreme, binds up and chills all the active faculties of the soul.

Add to this, that the general spirit of amusement, so universal here in winter, and so necessary to prevent the ill effects of the season, gives a habit of dissipation and pleasure, which makes labour doubly irksome at its return.

Their religion, to which they are extremely bigoted, is another great bar, as well to industry as population: their numerous festivals inure them to idleness; their religious houses rob the state of many subjects who might be highly useful at present, and at the same time retard the increase of the colony.

Sloth and superstition equally counterwork providence, and render the bounty of heaven of no effect.

I am surprized the French, who generally make their religion subservient to purposes of policy, do not discourage convents, and lessen the number of festivals, in the colonies, where both are so peculiarly pernicious.

It is to this circumstance one may in great measure attribute the superior increase of the British

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tish American settlements compared to those of France : a religion which encourages idleness, and makes a virtue of celibacy, is particularly unfavourable to colonization.

However religious prejudice may have been suffered to counterwork policy under a French government, it is scarce to be doubted that this cause of the poverty of Canada will by degrees be removed; that these people, slaves at present to ignorance and superstition, will in time be enlightened by a more liberal education, and gently led by reason to a religion which is not only preferable, as being that of the country to which they are now annexed, but which is so much more calculated to make them happy and prosperous as a people.

Till that time, till their prejudices subside, it is equally just, humane, and wise, to leave them the free right of worshipping the Deity in the manner which they have been early taught to believe the best, and to which they are consequently attached.

It would be unjust to deprive them of any of the rights of citizens on account of religion, in America, where every other sect of dissenters are equally capable of employ with those of the established church; nay where, from whatever cause, the church of England is on a footing in many colonies little better than a toleration.

It is undoubtedly, in a political light, an object of consequence every where, that the national religion, whatever it is, should be as universal as possible, agreement in religious worship being the strongest tie to unity and obedience; had all prudent means been used to lessen the number of dissenters in our colonies, I cannot avoid believing,

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ing, from what I observe and hear, that we should have found in them a spirit of rational loyalty, and true freedom, instead of that factious one from which so much is to be apprehended.

It seems consonant to reason, that the religion of ever country should have a relation to, and coherence with, the civil constitution: the Romish religion is best adapted to a despotic government, the presbyterian to a republican, and that of the church of England to a limited monarchy like ours.

As therefore the civil government of America is on the same plan with that of the mother country, it were to be wished the religious establishment was also the same, especially in those colonies where the people are generally of the national church: though with the fullest liberty of conscience to dissenters of all denominations.

I would be clearly understood, my Lord; from all I have observed here, I am convinced, nothing would so much contribute to diffuse a spirit of order and rational obedience, in the colonies, as the appointment, under proper restrictions, of bishops: I am equally convinced that nothing would so much strengthen the hands of government, or give such pleasure to the well-affected in the colonies who are by much the more numerous, as such an appointment, however clamoured against by a few abettors of sedition.

I am called upon for this letter, and must remit to another time what I wished to say more to your Lordship in regard to this country.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord, &c.

WM. FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXVIII.

To Mrs. MELMOUTH, at Montreal.

Silleri, April 8.

I AM indeed, Madam, this inconsistent creature. I have at once refused to marry Colonel Rivers, and owned to him all the tenderness of my soul.

Do not however think me mad, or suppose my refusal the effect of an unmeaning childest affection of disinterestedness: I can form to myself no idea of happiness equal to that of spending my life with Rivers, the best, the most tender, the most amiable of mankind; nor can I support the idea of his marrying any other woman: I would therefore marry him to-morrow were it possible without ruining him, without dooming him to a perpetual exile, and obstructing those views of honest ambition at home, which become his birth, his connections, his talents, his time of life; and with which, as his friend, it is my duty to inspire him.

His affection for me at present blinds him, he sees no object but me in the whole universe; but shall I take advantage of that inebriation of tenderness, to seduce him into a measure inconsistent with his real happiness and interest? He must return to England, must pursue fortune in that world for which he was formed: shall his Emily retard him in the glorious race? shall she not rather encourage him in every laudable attempt? shall she suffer him to hide that shining merit in the uncultivated wilds of Canada, the seat of bar-

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barism and ignorance, which entitles him to hope a happy fate in the dear land of arts and arms?

I entreat you to do all you can to discourage his design. Remind him that his sister's marriage has in some degree removed the cause of his coming hither; that he can have now no motive for fixing here, but his tenderness for me; that I shall be justly blamed by all who love him, for keeping him here. Tell him, I will not marry him in Canada; that his stay makes the best mother in the world wretched, that he owes his return to himself, nay to his Emily, whose whole heart is set on seeing him in a situation worthy of him: though without ambition as to myself, I am proud, I am ambitious for him; if he loves me, he will gratify that pride, that ambition; and leave Canada to those whose duty confines them here, or whose interest it is to remain unseen. Let him not once think of me in his determination; I am content to be beloved, and will leave all else to time. You cannot so much oblige or serve me, as by persuading Colonel Rivers to return to England.

Believe me, my dear Madam,

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R CXIX.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, April 9.

YOUR brother, my dear, is gone to Montreal to look out for a settlement, and Emily to spend

spend a fortnight at Quebec, with a lady she knew in England, who is lately arrived from thence by New York.

I am lost without my friend, though my lover endeavours in some degree to supply her place; he lays close siege; I know not how long I shall be able to hold out: this fine weather is exceedingly in his favour; the winter freezes up all the avenues to the heart; but the sprightly April sun thaws them again amazingly. I was the cruellest creature breathing whilst the chilly season lasted, but can answer for nothing now the sprightly May is approaching.

I can see papa is vastly in Fitzgerald's interest; but he knows our sex well enough to keep this to himself.

I shall, however, for decency's sake, ask his opinion on the affair as soon as I have taken my resolution; which is the very time at which all the world ask advice of their friends.

A letter from Emily, which I must answer; she is extremely absurd, which your tender lovers always are.

Adieu! Yours,

A. FERMOR.

Sir George Clayton had left Montreal some days before your brother arrived there; I was pleased to hear it, because, with all your brother's good sense, and concern for Emily's honour, and Sir George's natural coldness of temper, a quarrel between them would have been rather difficult to have been avoided.

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L E T T E R CXX.

To Miss FERMOR.

Quebec, 'Thursday morning.

DO you think, my dear, that Madame Des Roches has heard from Rivers? I wish you would ask her this afternoon at the governor's: I am anxious to know, but ashamed to enquire.

Not, my dear, that I have the weakness to be jealous; but I shall think his letter to me a higher compliment, if I know he writes to nobody else. I extremely approve his friendship for Madame Des Roches; she is very amiable, and certainly deserves it: but you know, Bell, it would be cruel to encourage an affection, which she must conquer or be unhappy: if she did not love him, there would be nothing wrong in his writing to her; but, as she does, it would be doing her the greatest injury possible: 'tis as much on her account as my own I am thus anxious.

Did you ever read so tender, yet so lively a letter as Rivers's to me? he is alike in all; there is in his letters, as in his conversation,

“ All that can softly win, or gaily charm the
“ heart of woman.”

Even strangers listen to him with an involuntary attention, and hear him with a pleasure for which they scarce know how to account.

He charms even without intending it, and in spite of himself; but when he wishes to please, when he addresses the woman he loves, when his eyes speak the soft language of his heart, when your Emily reads them in the dear confession of

his tenderness, when that melodious voice utters the sentiments of the noblest mind that ever animated a human form—my dearest, the eloquence of angels cannot paint my Rivers as he is.

I am almost inclined to go to the governor's to-night; I am determined not to dance till Rivers returns, and I know there are too many who will be ready to make observations on my refusal: I think I will stay at home and write to him against Monday's post: I have a thousand things to say, and you know we are continually interrupted at Quebec: I shall have this evening to myself, as all the world will be at the governor's.

Adieu! Your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R CXXI.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Quebec.

Sillery, Thursday morning.

I DARE say, my dear, Madame Des Roches has not heard from Rivers; but suppose she had. If he loves you, of what consequence is it to whom he writes? I would not for the world any friend of yours should ask her such a question.

I shall call upon you at six o'clock, and shall expect to find you determined to go to the governor's this evening, and to dance: Fitzgerald begs the honour of being your partner.

Believe me, Emily, these kind of unmeaning sacrifices are childish, your heart is new to love, and you have all the romance of a girl: Rivers would,

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would, on your account, be hurt to hear you refuse to dance in his absence, though he might be flattered to know you had for a moment entertained such an idea.

I pardon you for having the romantic fancies of seventeen, provided you correct them with the good sense of four and twenty.

Adieu! I have engaged myself to Colonel H—, on the presumption that you are too polite to refuse to dance with Fitzgerald, and too prudent to refuse to dance at all.

Your affectionate

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXXII.

To Miss FERMOR, at Sillieri.

Quebec, Saturday morning.

HOW unjust have I been in my hatred of Madame Des Roches! she spent yesterday with us, and after dinner desired to converse with me an hour in my apartment, where she opened to me all her heart on the subject of her love for Rivers.

She is the noblest and most amiable of women, and I have been in regard to her the most capricious and unjust: my hatred of her was unworthy my character; I blush to own the meanness of my sentiments, whilst I admire the generosity of hers.

Why, my dear, should I have hated her? she was unhappy, and deserved rather my compas-

sion: I had deprived her of all hope of being beloved, it was too much to wish to deprive her also of his conversation. I know myself the only object of Rivers's love; why then should I have envied her his friendship? she had the strongest reason to hate me, but I should have loved and pitied her:

Can there be a misfortune equal to that of loving Rivers without hopes of a return? Yet she has not only born this misfortune without complaint, but has been the confidante of his passion for another; he owned to her all his tenderness for me, and drew a picture of me, which, she told me ought, had she listened to reason, to have destroyed even the shadow of hope: but that love, ever ready to flatter and deceive, had betrayed her into the weakness of supposing it possible I might refuse him, and that gratitude might, in that case, touch his heart with tenderness for one who loved him with the most pure and disinterested affection; that her journey to Quebec had removed the veil love had placed between her and truth; that she was now convinced, the faint hope she had encouraged was madness, and that our souls were formed for each other.

She owned she still loved him with the most lively affection: yet assured me, since she was not allowed to make the most amiable of mankind happy herself, she wished him to be so with the woman on earth she thought most worthy of him.

She added, that she had on first seeing me, though she thought me worthy of his heart, felt an impulse of dislike which she was ashamed to own, even now that reason and reflection had conquered

quired so unworthy a sentiment; that Rivers's complaisance had a little dissipated her chagrin, and enabled her to behave to me in the manner she did: that she had, however, almost hated me at the ball in the country: that the tenderness in Rivers's eyes that day, whenever they met mine, and his comparative inattention to her, had wounded her to the soul.

That this preference had, however, been salutary, though painful; since it had determined her to conquer a passion, which could only make her life wretched if it continued; that, as the first step to this conquest, she had resolved never to see him more: that she would return to her house the moment she could cross the river with safety; and conjured me, for her sake, to persuade him to give up all thoughts of a settlement near her; that she could not answer for her own heart if she continued to see him; that she believed in love there was no safety but in flight.

That his absence had given her time to think coolly; and that she now saw so strongly the amiableness of my character, and was so convinced of my perfect tenderness for him, that she should hate herself were she capable of wishing to interrupt our happiness.

That she hoped I would pardon her retaining a tender remembrance of a man who, had he never seen me, might have returned her affection; that she thought so highly of my heart, as to believe I could not hate a woman who esteemed me, and who who solicited my friendship, though a happy rival.

I was touched, even to tears, at her behaviour: we embraced; and, if I know my own weak foolish heart, I love her.

She talks of leaving Quebec before Rivers's return ; she said, her coming was an imprudence which only love could excuse ; and that she had no motive for her journey but the desire of seeing him, which was so lively as to hurry her into an indiscretion, of which she was afraid the world took but too much notice. What openness, what sincerity, what generosity, was there in all she said !

How superior, my dear, is her character to mine ! I blush for myself on the comparison ; I am shocked to see how much she soars above me : how is it possible Rivers should not have preferred her to me ? Yet this is the woman I fancied incapable of any passion but vanity.

I am sure, my dear Bell, I am not naturally envious of the merits of others : but my excess of love for Rivers makes me apprehensive of every woman who can possibly rival me in his tenderness.

I was hurt at Madame Des Roches's uncommon merit ; I saw with pain the amiable qualities of her mind ; I could scarce even allow her person to be pleasing : but this injustice is not that of my natural temper, but of love.

She is certainly right, my dear, to see him no more ; I applaud, I admire her resolution : do you think, however, she could pursue it if she loved as I do ? she has, perhaps, loved before, and her heart has lost something of its native trembling sensibility.

I wish my heart felt her merit as strongly as my reason : I esteem, I admire, I even love her at present ; but I am convinced Rivers's return while she continues here would weaken these sentiments of affection : the least appearance of preference
even

even for a moment, would make me relapse into my former weakness. I adore, I idolize her character; but I cannot sincerely wish to cultivate her friendship.

Let me see you this afternoon at Quebec; I am told the roads will not be passable for carriages above three days longer: let me therefore see you as often as I can before we are absolutely shut from each other.

Adieu, my dear!

Your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R CXXIII.

To the Earl of ———.

Sillery, April 14.

ENGLAND, however populous, is undoubtedly, my Lord, too small to afford very large supplies of people to her colonies: and her people are also too useful, and of too much value, to be suffered to emigrate, if they can be prevented, while there is sufficient employment for them at home.

It is not only our interest to have colonies; they are not only necessary to our commerce, and our greatest and surest source of wealth, but our very being as a powerful commercial nation depends on them: It is therefore an object of all others most worthy our attention, that they should be as flourishing and populous as possible.

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It is however equally our interest to support them at as little expence of our inhabitants as possible; I therefore look on the acquisition of such a number of subjects as we found in Canada, to be a much superior advantage to that of gaining ten times the immense tract of land ceded to us, if uncultivated and destitute of inhabitants.

But it is not only contrary to our interest to spare many of our own people as settlers in America; it must also be considered, that if we could spare them, the English are the worst settlers on new lands in the universe.

Their attachment to their native country, especially amongst the lower ranks of people, is so very strong, that few of the honest and industrious can be prevailed on to leave it; those therefore who go, are generally the dissolute and the idle, who are of no use any where.

The English are also, though industrious, active, and enterprising, ill fitted to bear the hardships and submit to the wants, which inevitably attend an infant settlement even on the most fruitful lands.

The Germans, on the contrary, with the same useful qualities, have a patience, a perseverance, an abstinence, which peculiarly fit them for the cultivation of new countries; too great encouragement therefore cannot be given to them to settle in our colonies: they make better settlers than our own people; and at the same time their numbers are an acquisition of real strength where they fix, without weakening the mother country.

It is long since the populousness of Europe has been the cause of her sending out colonies: a better policy prevails; mankind are enlightened; we are now convinced, both by reason and experience,

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ence, that no industrious people can be too populous.

The northern swarms were compelled to leave their respective countries, not because those countries were unable to support them, but because they were too idle to cultivate the ground: they were a ferocious, ignorant, barbarous people, averse to labour, attached to war, and like our American savages, believing every employment not relative to this favourite object, beneath the dignity of a man.

Their emigrations therefore were less owing to their populousness, than to their want of industry, and barbarous contempt of agriculture and every useful art.

It is with pain I am compelled to say, the late spirit of encouraging the monopoly of farms, which from a narrow short-sighted policy prevails amongst our landed men at home, and the alarming growth of celibacy among the peasantry, which is its necessary consequence, to say nothing of the same ruinous increase of celibacy in higher ranks, threaten us with such a decrease of population, as will equal that caused by the ravages of those scourges of heaven, the sword, the famine, and the pestilence.

If this selfish policy continues to extend itself, we shall in a few years be so far from being able to send emigrants to America, that we shall be reduced to solicit their return, and that of their posterity, to prevent England's becoming in its turn an uncultivated desert.

But to return to Canada; this large acquisition of people is an invaluable treasure, if managed, as I doubt not it will be, to the best advantage; if they are won by the gentle arts of persuasion,
and

and the gradual progress of knowledge, to adopt so much of our manners as tends to make them happier in themselves, and more useful members of the society to which they belong: if with our language, which they should by every means be induced to learn, they acquire the mild genius of our religion and laws, and that spirit of industry, enterprize, and commerce, to which we owe all our greatness.

Amongst the various causes which concur to render France more populous than England, notwithstanding the advantages of a less gentle government, and a religion so very unfavourable to the increase of mankind, the cultivation of vineyards may be reckoned a principal one; as it employs a much greater number of hands than even agriculture itself, which has however infinite advantage in this respect above pasturage, the certain cause of a want of people whenever it prevails above its due proportion.

Our climate denies us the advantages arising from the culture of vines, as well as many others which nature has accorded to France; a consideration which should awaken us from the lethargy into which the avarice of individuals has plunged us, and set us in earnest on improving every advantage we enjoy, in order to secure us by our native strength from so formidable a rival.

The want of bread to eat, from the late false and cruel policy of laying small farms into great ones, and the general discouragement of tillage, which is its consequence, is in my opinion much less to be apprehended than the want of people to eat it.

In every country where the inhabitants are at
once

once numerous and industrious, there will always be a proportionable cultivation.

This evil is so very destructive and alarming, that if the great have not virtue enough to remedy it, it is to be hoped it will in time, like most great evils, cure itself.

Your Lordship enquired into the nature of this climate in respect to health. The air being uncommonly pure and serene, it is favourable to life beyond any I ever knew: the people live generally to a very advanced age; and are remarkably free from diseases of every kind, except consumptions, to which the younger part of the inhabitants are a good deal subject.

It is however a circumstance one cannot help observing, that they begin to look old much sooner than the people in Europe; on which my daughter observes, that it is not very pleasant for women to come to reside in a country where people have a short youth, and a long old age.

The diseases of cold countries are in general owing to want of perspiration; for which reason exercise, and even dissipation, are the best medicines.

The Indians therefore shewed their good sense in advising the French, on their first arrival, to use dancing, mirth, cheerfulness, and content, as the remedies against the inconveniences of the climate.

I have already swelled this letter to such a length, that I must postpone to another time my account of the peculiar natural productions of Canada; only observing, that one would imagine heaven intended a social intercourse between the most distant nations, by giving them productions of the earth so very different each from the other,

other, and each more than sufficient for itself, that the exchange might be the means of spreading the bond of society and brotherhood over the whole globe.

In my opinion, the man who conveys, and causes to grow, in any country, a grain, a fruit, or even a flower, it never possessed before, deserves more praise than a thousand heroes; he is a benefactor, he is in some degree a creator.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXXIV.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Quebec.

Montreal, April 14.

IS it possible, my dear Emily, you can, after all I have said, persist in endeavouring to dissuade me from a design on which my whole happiness depends, and which I flattered myself was equally essential to yours? I forgave, I even admired, your first scruple; I thought it generosity: but I have answered it, and if you had loved as I do, you would never again have named so unpleasing a subject.

Does your own heart tell you mine will call a settlement here, with you, an exile? Examine yourself well, and tell me whether your aversion to staying in Canada is not stronger than your tenderness for your Rivers.

I am

I am hurt beyond all words at the earnestness with which you press Mrs. Melmoth to dissuade me from staying in this country; you press with warmth my return to England, though it would put an eternal bar between us: you give reasons which, though the understanding may approve, the heart abhors: can ambition come in competition with tenderness? you fancy yourself generous, when you are only indifferent. Insensible girl! you know nothing of love.

Write to me instantly, and tell me every emotion of your soul, for I tremble at the idea that your affection is less lively than mine.

Adieu! I am wretched till I hear from you. Is it possible, my Emily, you can have ceased to love him, who, as you yourself own, sees no other object than you in the universe?

Adieu! Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

You know not the heart of your Rivers, if you suppose it capable of any ambition but that dear one of being beloved by you.

What have you said, my dear Emily? *You will not marry me in Canada.* You have passed a hard sentence on me: you know my fortune will not allow me to marry you in England.

END OF VOLUME II.

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