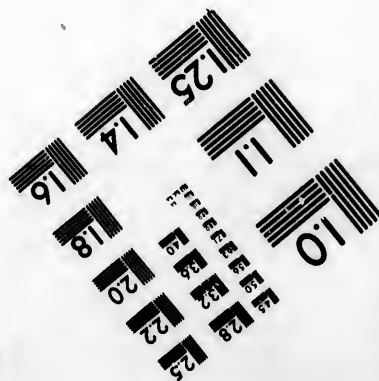
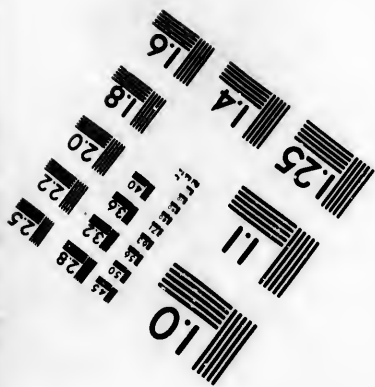
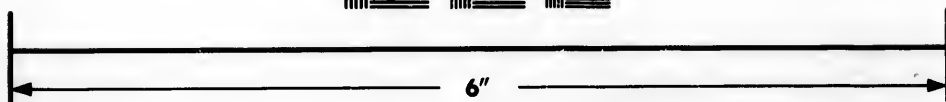
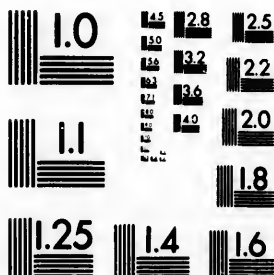


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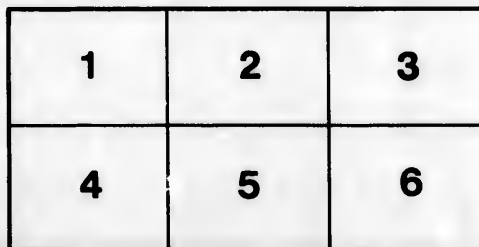
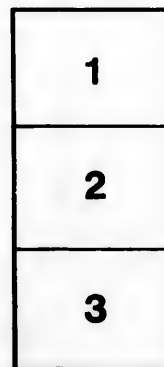
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EMILY MONTAGUE.

VOL. III. AND IV.

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H I S T O R Y

OF

EMILY MONTAGUE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

LADY JULIA MANDEVILLE.

—————“ A kind indulgent sleep,
“ O'er works of length, allowably may creep.”
HORACE.

VOL. III. AND IV.

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

L E T T E R CXXIII.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Montreal.

Quebec, April 17.

HOW different, my Rivers, is your last letter from all your Emily has ever yet received from you! What have I done to deserve such suspicions? How unjust are your sex in all their connexions with ours!

Do I not know love? and does this reproach come from the man on whom my heart doats, the man, whom to make happy, I would with transport cease to live? can you one moment doubt your Emily's tenderness? have not her eyes, her air, her look, her indiscretion, a thousand times told you, in spite of herself, the dear secret of her heart, long before she was conscious of the tenderness of yours?

VOL. III.

B.

Did

Did I think only of myself, I could live with you in a desert; all places, all situations, are equally charming to me, with you: without you, the whole world affords nothing which could give a moment's pleasure to your Emily.

Let me but see those eyes in which the tenderest love is painted, let me but hear that enchanting voice, I am insensible to all else, I know nothing of what passes around me; all that has no relation to you passes away like a morning dream, the impression of which is effaced in a moment: my tenderness for you fills my whole soul, and leaves no room for any other idea. Rank, fortune, my native country, my friends, all are nothing in the balance with my Rivers.

For your own sake, I once more entreat you to return to England: I will follow you; I will swear never to marry another; I will see you, I will allow you to continue the tender inclination which unites us. Fortune may there be more favourable to our wishes than we now hope; may join us without destroying the peace of the best of parents.

But if you persist, if you will sacrifice every consideration to your tenderness—my Rivers, I have no will but yours.

LET-

LETTER CXXIV.

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

London, Feb. 17.

My dear Bell,

LUCY, being deprived of the pleasure of writing to you, as she intended, by Lady Anne Melville's dining with her, desires me to make her apologies.

Allow me to say something for myself, and to share my joy with one who will, I am sure, so very sincerely sympathize with me in it.

I could not have believed, my dear Bell, it had been so very easy a thing to be constant: I declare, but don't mention this, lest I should be laughed at, I have never felt the least inclination for any other woman, since I married your lovely friend.

I now see a circle of beauties with the same indifference as a bed of snowdrops: no charms affect me but hers; the whole creation to me contains no other woman.

I find her every day, every hour, more lovely; there is in my Lucy a mixture of modesty, delicacy, vivacity, innocence, and blushing sensibility, which add a thousand unspeakable graces to the most beautiful person the hand of nature ever formed.

There is no describing her enchanting smile, the smile of unaffected, artless tenderness. How shall I paint to you the sweet involuntary glow of pleasure, the kindling fire of her eyes, when I

4 THE HISTORY OF

approach ; or those thousand little dear attentions of which love alone knows the value ?

I never, my dear girl, knew happiness till now ; my tenderness is absolutely a species of idolatry ; you cannot think what a slave this lovely girl has made me.

As a proof of this, the little tyrant insists on my omitting a thousand civil things I had to say to you, and attending her and Lady Anne immediately to the opera ; she bids me however to tell you, she loves you *passing the love of women*, at least of handsome women, who are not generally celebrated for their candor and good will to each other.

Adieu, my dearest Bell !

Yours,

J. TEMPLE.

L E T T E R CXXV.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq. Pall Mall.

Silleri, April 18.

INDEED !

“ Is this that haughty, gallant, gay, Lothario,
“ That dear perfidious—”

Absolutely, my dear Temple, the sex ought never to forgive Lucy for daring to monopolize so very charming a fellow. I had some thoughts of a little *badinage* with you myself, if I should return soon to England ; but I now give up the very idea.

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EMILY MONTAGU . 5

One thing I will, however, venture to say, that love Lucy as much as you please, you will never love her half so well as she deserves ; which, let me tell you, is a great deal for one woman, especially as you well observe, one handsome woman, to say of another.

I am however, not quite clear your idea is just : *cattism*, if I may be allowed the expression, seeming more likely to be the vice of those who are conscious of wanting themselves the dear power of pleasing.

Handsome women ought to be, what I profess myself, who am however only pretty, too vain to be envious ; and yet we see, I am afraid, too often, some little sparks of this mean passion between rival beauties.

Impartially speaking, I believe the best natured women, and the most free from envy, are those who, without being very handsome, have that *je ne sçai quoi*, those nameless graces, which please even without beauty ; and who therefore finding more attention paid to them by men than their looking-glass tells them they have a right to expect, are for that reason in constant good humour with themselves, and of course with every body else : whereas beauties claiming universal empire, are at war with all who dispute their rights ; that is, with half the sex.

I am very good natured myself ; but it is, perhaps, because, though a pretty woman, I am more agreeable than handsome, and have an infinity of the *je ne sçai quoi*.

A propos, my dear Temple, I am so pleased with what Montequieu says on this subject, that I find it is not in my nature to resist translating and inserting

ferting it; you cannot then say I have sent you a letter in which there is nothing worth reading.

I beg you will read this to the misses, for which you cannot fail of their thanks, and for this reason; there are perhaps a dozen women in the world who do not think themselves handsome, but I will venture to say, not one who does not think herself agreeable, and that she has this nameless charm, this so much talked of *I know not what*, which is so much better than beauty. But to my Montesquieu:

“ There is sometimes, both in persons and things, an invisible charm, a natural grace, which we cannot define, and which we are therefore obliged to call the *je ne sçai quoi*.

“ It seems to me that this is an effect principally founded on surprize.

“ We are touched that a person pleases us more than she seemed at first to have a right to do; and we are agreeably surprized that she should have known how to conquer those defects which our eyes shewed us, but which our hearts no longer believe: 'tis for this reason that women, who are not handsome, have often graces or agreeablenesses; and that beautiful ones very seldom have.

“ For a beautiful person does generally the very contrary of what we expected; she appears to us by degrees less amiable, and, after having surprized us pleasingly, she surprizes us in a contrary manner; but the agreeable impression is old, the disagreeable one new; 'tis also seldom that beauties inspire violent passions, which are almost always reserved for those who have graces, that is to say agreeablenesses, which
“ we

“ we did not expect, and which we had no reason
“ to expect.

“ Magnificent habits have seldom grace, which
“ the dresses of shepherdesses often have.

“ We admire the majesty of the draperies of
“ Paul Veronese; but we are touched with the
“ simplicity of Raphael, and the exactness of
“ Corregio.

“ Paul Veronese promises much, and pays all
“ he promises; Raphael and Corregio promise
“ little, and pay much, which pleases us more.

“ These graces, these agreeablenesses are found
“ oftner in the mind than in the countenance:
“ the charms of a beautiful countenance are sel-
“ dom hidden, they appear at first view: but the
“ mind does not shew itself except by degrees,
“ when it pleases, and as much as it pleases; it
“ can conceal itself in order to appear, and give
“ that species of surprize to which those graces,
“ of which I speak, owe their existence.

“ This grace, this agreeableness, is less in the
“ countenance than in the manner; and the man-
“ ner changes every instant, and can therefore
“ every moment give us the pleasure of surprize:
“ in one word, a woman can be handsome but in
“ one way, but she may be agreeable in a hun-
“ dred thousand.”

I like this doctrine of Montesquieu's extremely,
because it gives every woman her chance, and
because it ranks me above a thousand handsomer
women, in the dear power of inspiring passion.

Cruel creature! why did you give me the idea
of flowers? I now envy you your foggy climate:
the earth with you is at this moment covered with
a thousand lovely children of the spring; with us,
it is an universal plain of snow.

Our

Our beaux are terribly at a loss for similies : you have the lilies of the valley for comparisons ; we nothing but what with the idea of whiteness gives that of coldness too.

This is all the quarrel I have with Canada ; the summer is delicious, the winter pleasant with all its severities ; but alas ! the smiling spring is not here ; we pass from winter to summer in an instant, and lose the sprightly season of the Loves.

A letter from the God of my idolatry—I must answer it instantly.

Adieu ! Yours, &c.

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXXVI.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

YES, I give you permission ! you may come this afternoon : there is something amusing enough in your dear nonsense ; and, as my father will be at Quebec, I shall want amusement.

It will also furnish a little chat for the misses at Quebec ; a *tete-a-tete* with a tall Irishman is a subject which cannot escape their sagacity.

Adieu ! Yours,

A. F.

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L E T T E R CXXVII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Sillieri, April 20.

AFTER my immense letter to your love, my dear, you must not expect me to say much to your fair ladyship.

I am glad to find you manage Temple so admirably; the wisest, the wildest, the gravest, and the gayest, are equally our slaves, when we have proper ideas of petticoat politics.

I intend to compose a code of laws for the government of husbands, and get it translated into all the modern languages; which I apprehend will be of infinite benefit to the world.

Do you know I am a greater fool than I imagined? You may remember I was always extremely fond of sweet waters. I left them off lately, upon an idea, though a mistaken one, that Fitzgerald did not like them: I yesterday heard him say the contrary; and without thinking of it, went mechanically to my dressing-room, and put lavender-water on my handkerchief.

This is, I am afraid, rather a strong symptom of my being absurd; however, I find it pleasant to be so, and therefore gave way to it.

It is divinely warm to-day, though the snow is still on the ground; it is melting fast however, which makes it impossible for me to get to Quebec. I shall be confined for at least a week, and Emily not with me: I die for amusement. Fitzgerald ventures still at the hazard of his own neck and his horses legs; for the latter of which animals I have so much compassion, that I have ordered

both to stay at home a few days, which days I shall devote, to study and contemplation, and little pert chit-chat with papa, who is ten times more fretful at being kept within doors than I am: I intend to win a little fortune of him at picquet before the world breaks in upon our solitude. Adieu! I am idle, but always

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXXVIII.

To the Earl of —.

Silleri, April 20.

TIS indeed, my Lord, an advantage for which we cannot be too thankful to the Supreme Being, to be born in a country, whose religion and laws are such, as would have been the objects of our wishes, had we been born in any other.

Our religion, I would be understood to mean Christianity in general, carries internal conviction by the excellency of its moral precepts, and its tendency to make mankind happy; and the peculiar mode of it established in England breathes beyond all others the mild spirit of the Gospel, and that charity which embraces all mankind as brothers.

It is equally free from enthusiasm and superstition; its outward form is decent and respectful, without affected ostentation; and what shews its excellence above all others is, that every other church allows it to be the best, except itself: and it is an established rule, that he has an undoubted right

right to the first rank of merit, to whom every man allows the second.

As to our government it would be impertinent to praise it; all mankind allow it to be the masterpiece of human wisdom.

It has the advantage of every other form, with as little of their inconveniencies as the imperfection attendant on all human inventions will admit: it has the monarchic quickness of execution and stability, the aristocratic diffusive strength and wisdom of counsel, the democratic freedom and equal distribution of property.

When I mention equal distribution of property, I would not be understood to mean such an equality as never existed, nor can exist but in idea; but that general, that comparative equality, which leaves to every man the absolute and safe possession of the fruits of his labours; which softens offensive distinctions, and curbs pride, by leaving every order of men in some degree dependent on the other; and admits of those gentle and almost imperceptible gradations which the poet so well calls

“Th’ according music of a well mix’d state.”

The prince is here a centre of union; an advantage, the want of which makes a democracy, which is so beautiful in theory, the very worst of all possible governments, except absolute monarchy in practice.

I am called upon, my Lord, to go to the citadel, to see the going away of the ice; an object so new to me, that I cannot resist the curiosity I have to see it, though my going thither is attended with infinite difficulty.

Bell insists on accompanying me: I am afraid for her, but she will not be refused.

At our return, I will have the honor of writing again to your Lordship, by the gentleman who carries this to New York.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord, &c.

WM. FERMOR.

LETTER CXXIX.

To the Earl of ———.

Silleri, April 20, Evening.

WE are returned, my Lord, from having seen an object as beautiful and magnificent in itself, as pleasing from the idea it gives of renewing once more our intercourse with Europe.

Before I saw the breaking up of the vast body of ice, which forms what is here called *the bridge*, from Quebec to Point Levi, I imagined there could be nothing in it worth attention; that the ice would pass away, or dissolve gradually, day after day, as the influence of the sun, and warmth of the air and earth increased; and that we should see the river open, without having observed by what degrees it became so.

But I found *the great river*, as the savages with much propriety call it, maintain its dignity in this instance as in all others, and assert its superiority over those petty streams which we honor with the names of rivers in England. Sublimity is the characteristic of this western world; the loftiness of the mountains, the grandeur of the lakes and rivers, the majesty of the rocks shaded with picturesque

resque variety of beautiful trees and shrubs, and crowned with the noblest of the offspring of the forest, which from the banks of the latter, are as much beyond the power of fancy as that of description: a landscape-painter might here expand his imagination, and find ideas which he will seek in vain in our comparative little world.

The object of which I am speaking has all the American magnificence.

The ice before the town, or, to speak in the Canadian style, *the bridge*, being of a thickness not less than five feet, a league in length, and more than a mile broad, resists for a long time the rapid tide that attempts to force it from the banks.

We are prepared by many previous circumstances to expect something extraordinary in this event, if I may so call it: every increase of heat in the weather for near a month before the ice leaves the banks; every warm day gives you terror in those you see venturing to pass it in the carriages; yet one frosty night makes it again so strong, that even the ladies, and the timid amongst them, still venture themselves over in parties of pleasure; though greatly alarmed at their return, if a few hours of uncommon warmth intervenes.

But, during the last fortnight, the alarm grows indeed a very serious one: the eye can distinguish, even at a considerable distance, that the ice is softened and detached from the banks; and you dread every step being death to those who have still the temerity to pass it, which they will continue always to do till one or more pay for their rashness with their lives.

From the time the ice is no longer a bridge on which you see crowds driving with such vivacity on business or pleasure, every one is looking eagerly

ly for its breaking away, to remove the bar to the continual wished and expected event, of the arrival of ships from that world from whence we have seemed so long in a manner excluded.

The hour is come; I have been with a crowd of both sexes, and all ranks, hailing the propitious moment: our situation on the top of Cape Diamond, gave us a prospect some leagues above and below the town; above Cape Diamond the river was open, it was so below Point Levi, the rapidity of the current having forced a passage for the water under the transparent bridge, which for more than a league continued firm.

We stood waiting with all the eagerness of expectation; the tide came rushing with an amazing impetuosity; the bridge seemed to shake, yet resisted the force of the waters; the tide recoiled, it made a pause, it stood still, it returned with redoubled fury, the immense mass of ice gave way.

A vast plain appeared in motion; it advanced with solemn and majestic pace: the points of land on the banks of the river for a few moments stopped its progress; but the immense weight of so prodigious a body, carried along by a rapid current, bore down all opposition with a force irresistible.

There is no describing how beautiful the opening river appears, every moment gaining on the sight, till, in a time less than can possibly be imagined, the ice passing Point Levi, is hid in one moment by the projecting land, and all is once more a clear plain before you; giving at once the pleasing, but unconnected, ideas of that direct intercourse with Europe from whence we have been so many months excluded, and of the earth's again opening her fertile bosom, to feast our eyes
and

and imagination with her various verdant and flowery productions.

I am afraid I have conveyed a very inadequate idea of the scene which has just passed before me; it however struck me so strongly, that it was impossible for me not to attempt it.

If my painting has the least resemblance to the original, your Lordship will agree with me, that the very vicissitudes of season here partake of the sublimity which so strongly characterizes the country.

The changes of the season in England, being slow and gradual, are but faintly felt; but being here sudden, instant, violent, afford to the mind, with the lively pleasure arising from meer change, the very high additional one of its being accompanied with grandeur. I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXXX.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

April 22.

CERTAINLY, my dear, you are so far right; a nun, may be in many respects a less unhappy being than some women who continue in the world; her situation is, I allow, paradise to that of a married woman, of sensibility and honour, who dislikes her husband.

The cruelty therefore of some parents here, who sacrifice their children to avarice, in forcing or seducing them into convents, would appear more striking

striking, if we did not see too many in England guilty of the same inhumanity, though in a different manner, by marrying them against their inclination.

Your letter reminds me of what a French married lady here said to me on this very subject: I was exclaiming violently against convents; and particularly urging, what I thought unanswerable, the extreme hardship of one circumstance; that, however unhappy the state was found on trial, there was no retreat; that it was *for life*.

Madam De — turned quick, “And is not “marriage for life?”

“True, Madam, and, what is worse, without “a year of probation. I confess the force of your “argument.”

I have never dared since to mention convents before Madam De —.

Between you and I, Lucy, it is a little unreasonable that people will come together entirely upon sordid principles, and then wonder they are not happy: in delicate minds, love is seldom the consequence of marriage.

It is not absolutely certain that a marriage of which love is the foundation will be happy; but it is infallible, I believe, that no other can be so to souls capable of tenderness.

Half the world, you will please to observe, have no souls; at least none but of the vegetable and animal kinds: to this species of beings, love and sentiment are entirely unnecessary; they were made to travel through life in a state of mind neither quite awake nor asleep; and it is perfectly equal to them in what company they take the journey.

You and I, my dear, are something *awakened*; therefore

therefore it is necessary we should love where we marry, and for this reason: our souls, being of the active kind, can never be totally at rest; therefore, if we were not to love our husbands, we should be in dreadful danger of loving somebody else.

For my part, whatever tall maiden aunts and cousins may say of the indecency of a young woman's distinguishing one man from another, and of love coming after marriage; I think marrying, in that expectation, on sober prudent principles, a man one dislikes, the most deliberate and shameful decree of vice of which the human mind is capable.

I cannot help observing here, that the great aim of modern education seems to be, to eradicate the best impulses of the human heart, love, friendship, compassion, benevolence; to destroy the social, and increase the selfish principle. Parents wisely attempt to root out those affections which should only be directed to proper objects, and which heaven gave us as the means of happiness; not considering that the success of such an attempt is doubtful; and that, if they succeed, they take from life all its sweetness, and reduce it to a dull unactive round of tasteless days, scarcely raised above vegetation.

If my ideas of things are right, the human mind is naturally virtuous: the business of education is therefore less to give us good impressions, which we have from nature, than to guard us against bad ones, which are generally acquired.

And so ends my sermon.

Adieu! my dear!

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

A letter

A letter from your brother ; I believe the dear creature is out of his wits: Emily has consented to marry him, and one would imagine by his joy that nobody was ever married before.

He is going to lake Champlain, to fix on his seat of empire, or rather Emily's ; for I see she will be the reigning queen, and he only her majesty's consort.

I am going to Quebec ; two or three dry days have made the roads passable for summer carriages: Fitzgerald is come to fetch me. Adieu !

Eight o'Clock.

I am come back, and have seen Emily, who is the happiest woman existing ; she has heard from your brother, and in such terms—his letter breathes the very soul of tenderness. I wish they were richer. I don't half relish their settling in Canada ; but rather than not to live together, I believe they would consent to be set ashore on a desert Island. Good night.

L E T T E R CXXXI.

To the Earl of —.

Silleri, April 25.

THE pleasure the mind finds in travelling, has undoubtedly, my Lord, its source in that love of novelty, that delight in acquiring new ideas, which is interwoven in its very frame, which shews itself on every occasion from infancy to age, which is the first passion of the human mind, and the last.

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There is nothing the mind of man abhors so much as a state of rest: the great secret of happiness is to keep the soul in continual action, without those violent exertions, which wear out its powers, and dull its capacity of enjoyment; it should have exercise, not labour.

Vice may justly be called the fever of the soul, inaction its lethargy; passion, under the guidance of virtue, its health.

I have the pleasure to see my daughter's coquetry giving place to a tender affection for a very worthy man, who seems formed to make her happy: his fortune is easy; he is a gentleman, and a man of worth and honor, and, what perhaps inclines me to be more partial to him, of my own profession.

I mention the last circumstance in order to introduce a request, that your Lordship would have the goodness to employ that interest for him in the purchase of a majority, which you have so generously offered to me; I am determined, as there is no prospect of real duty, to quit the army, and retire to that quiet which is so pleasing at my time of life: I am privately in treaty with a gentleman for my company, and propose returning to England in the first ship, to give in my resignation: in this point, as well as that of serving Mr. Fitzgerald, I shall without scruple call upon your Lordship's friendship.

I have settled every thing with Fitzgerald, but without saying a word to Bell; and he is to seduce her into matrimony as soon as he can, without my appearing at all interested in the affair: he is to ask my consent in form, though we have already settled every preliminary.

All this, as well as my intention of quitting the army, is yet a secret to my daughter.

But

But to the questions your Lordship does me the honor to ask me in regard to the Americans, I mean those of our old colonies: they appear to me, from all I have heard and seen of them, a rough, ignorant, positive, very selfish, yet hospitable people.

Strongly attached to their own opinions, but still more so to their interests, in regard to which they have inconceivable sagacity and address; but in all other respects I think naturally inferior to the Europeans; as education does so much, it is however difficult to ascertain this.

I am rather of opinion they would not have refused submission to a stamp act, or disputed the power of the legislature at home, had not their minds been first embittered by what touched their interests so nearly, the restraints laid on their trade with the French and Spanish settlements, a trade by which England was an immense gainer; and by which only a few enormously rich West India planters were hurt.

Every advantage you give the North Americans in trade centers at last in the mother country; they are the bees, who roam abroad for that honey which enriches the paternal hive.

Taxing them immediately after their trade is restrained, seems like drying up the source, and expecting the stream to flow.

Yet too much care cannot be taken to support the majesty of government, and assert the dominion of the parent country.

A good mother will consult the interest and happiness of her children, but will never suffer her authority to be disputed.

An equal mixture of mildness and spirit cannot fail of bringing these mistaken people, misled by a few of violent temper and ambitious views, into a just sense of their duty.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

LETTER CXXXII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

May 5.

I HAVE got my Emily again, to my great joy ; I am nobody without her. As the roads are already very good, we walk and ride perpetually, and amuse ourselves as well as we can, *en attendant* your brother, who is gone a settlement hunting.

The quickness of vegetation in this country is astonishing ; though the hills are still covered with snow, and though it even continues in spots in the vallies, the latter with the trees and shrubs in the woods are already in beautiful verdure ; and the earth every where putting forth flowers in a wild and lovely variety and profusion.

'Tis amazingly pleasing to see the strawberries and wild pansies peeping their little foolish heads from beneath the snow.

Emily and I are prodigiously fond after having been separated ; it is a divine relief to us both, to have again the delight of talking of our lovers to each

An

each other : we have been a month divided ; and neither of us have had the consolation of a friend to be foolish too.

Fitzgerald dines with us : he comes.

Adieu ! yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXXXIII.

To the Earl of ———.

My Lord,

Silleri, May 5.

I HAVE been conversing, if the expression is not improper when I have not had an opportunity of speaking a syllable, more than two hours with a French officer, who has declaimed the whole time with the most astonishing volubility, without uttering one word which could either entertain or instruct his hearers ; and even without starting any thing that deserved the name of a thought.

People who have no ideas out of the common road are, I believe, generally the greatest talkers, because all their thoughts are low enough for common conversation ; whereas those of more elevated understanding have ideas which they cannot easily communicate except to persons of equal capacity with themselves.

This might be brought as an argument of the inferiority of women's understanding to ours, as they are generally greater talkers, if we did not consider the limited and trifling educations we give them ; men amongst other advantages, have that
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A. FERMOR.

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of ideas.

Women who have conversed much with men
are undoubtedly in general the most pleasing com-
panions: but this only shews of what they are
capable when properly educated, since they im-
prove so greatly by that accidental and limited op-
portunity of acquiring knowledge.

Indeed the two sexes are equal gainers, by con-
versing with each other: there is a mutual desire
of pleasing in a mixed conversation, restrained by
politeness, which sets every amiable quality in a
stronger light.

Bred in ignorance from one age to another, wo-
men can learn little of their own sex.

I have often thought this the reason why officers
daughters are in general more agreeable than other
women in an equal rank of life.

I am almost tempted to bring Bell as an in-
stance; but I know the blindness and partiality of
nature, and therefore check what paternal tender-
ness would dictate.

I am shocked at what your Lordship tells me
of Miss H——. I know her imprudent, I believe
her virtuous: a great flow of spirits has been ever
hurrying her into indiscretions; but allow me to
say, my Lord, it is particularly hard to fix the
character by our conduct, at a time of life when
we are not competent judges of our own actions;
and when the hurry and vivacity of youth carries us
to commit a thousand follies and indiscretions, for
which we blush when the empire of reason begins.

Inexperience and openness of temper betray us
in early life into improper connexions; and the
very constancy, and nobleness of nature, which
characterize the best hearts, continue the delusion.

I know

I know Miss H—— perfectly; and am convinced, if her father will treat her as a friend, and with the indulgent tenderness of affection endeavour to wean her from a choice so very unworthy of her, he will infallibly succeed; but if he treats her with harshness, she is lost for ever.

He is too stern in his behaviour, too rigid in his morals: it is the interest of virtue to be represented as she is lovely, and ever walking hand in hand with pleasure: we were formed to be happy, and to contribute to the happiness of our fellow creatures; there are no real virtues but the social ones.

'Tis the enemy of human kind who has thrown around us the gloom of superstition, and taught that austerity and voluntary misery is virtue.

If moralists would indeed improve human nature, they should endeavour to expand, not to contract the heart; they should build their system on the passions and affections, the only foundations of the nobler virtues.

From the partial representations of narrow-minded bigots, who paint the Deity from their own gloomy conceptions, the young are too often frightened from the paths of virtue; despairing of ideal perfections, they give up all virtue as unattainable, and start aside from the road which they falsely suppose strewd with thorns.

I have studied the heart with some attention; and am convinced every parent, who will take the pains to gain his children's friendship, will for ever be the guide and arbiter of their conduct: I speak from a happy experience.

Notwithstanding all my daughter says in gaiety of heart, she would sooner even relinquish the man she loves, than offend a father in whom she has
always

always found the tenderest and most faithful of friends. I am interrupted, and have only time to say, I have the honor to be,

My Lord, &c.

WM. FERMOR.

LETTER CXXXIV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, May 13.

MADAME Des Roches has just left us; she returns to-day to the Kamaraskas: she came to take leave of us, and shewed a concern at parting from Emily, which really affected me. She is a most amiable woman; Emily and she were in tears at parting; yet I think my sweet friend is not sorry for her return: she loves her, but cannot absolutely forget she has been her rival, and is as well satisfied that she leaves Quebec before your brother's arrival.

The weather is lovely; the earth is in all its verdure, the trees in foliage, and no snow but on the sides of the mountains; we are looking eagerly out for ships from dear England: I expect by them volumes of letters from my Lucy. We expect your brother in a week: in short, we are all hope and expectation; our hearts beat at every rap of the door, supposing it brings intelligence of a ship, or of the dear man.

Fitzgerald takes such amazing pains to please me, that I begin to think it is pity so much attention should be thrown away; and am half inclined,

clined, from meer compassion, to follow the example you have so heroically set me.

Absolutely, Lucy, it requires amazing resolution to marry.

Adieu! Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXXXV.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Montreal.

Sillery, May 14.

I AM returned, my Rivers, to my sweet friend, and have again the dear delight of talking of you without restraint; she bears with, she indulges me in all my weakness; if that name ought to be given to a tenderness of which the object is most exalted and worthy of his sex.

It was impossible I should not have loved you; the soul that spoke in those eloquent eyes told me, the first moment we met, our hearts were formed for each other; I saw in that amiable countenance a sensibility similar to my own, but which I had till then sought in vain; I saw there those benevolent smiles, which are the marks, and the emanations of virtue; those thousand graces which ever accompany a mind conscious of its own dignity, and satisfied with itself; in short, that mental beauty which is the express image of the Deity.

What defence had I against you, my Rivers, since your merit was such that my reason approved the weakness of my heart?

We have lost Madame Des Roches; we were both in tears at parting; we embraced, I pressed her to my bosom: I love her, my dear Rivers;

I have

I have an affection for her, which I scarce know how to describe. I saw her every day, I found infinite pleasure in being with her; she talked of you, she praised you, and my heart was soothed; I however found it impossible to mention your name to her; a reserve for which I cannot account; I found pleasure in looking at her from the idea that she was dear to you, that she felt for you the tenderest friendship: do you know I think she has some resemblance of you? there is something in her smile, which gives me an idea of you.

Shall I, however, own all my folly? I never found this pleasure in seeing her when you were present: on the contrary, your attention to her gave me pain: I was jealous of every look; I even saw her amiable qualities with a degree of envy, which checked the pleasure I should otherwise have found in her conversation.

There is always, I fear some injustice mixed with love, at least with love so ardent and tender as mine.

You, my Rivers, will however pardon that injustice, which is a proof of my excess of tenderness.

Madame Des Roches has promised to write to me: indeed I will love her; I will conquer this little remain of jealousy, and do justice to the most gentle and amiable of women.

Why should I dislike her for seeing you with my eyes, for having a soul whose feelings resemble my own?

I have observed her voice is softened, and trembles like mine, when she names you.

My Rivers, you were formed to charm the heart of women; there is more pleasure in loving you, even without the hope of a return, than in the adoration of all your sex: I pity every woman who is so insensible as to see you without tenderness.

This is the only fault I ever found in Bell Ferrer : she has the most lively friendship for you, but she has seen you without love. Of what materials must her heart be composed ?

No other man can inspire the same sentiments with my Rivers : no other man can deserve them : the delight of loving you appears to me so far superior to all other pleasures, that, of all human beings, if I was not Emily Montague, I would be Madame Des Roches.

I blush for what I have written ; yet why blush for having a soul to distinguish perfection, or why conceal the real feelings of my heart ?

I will never hide a thought from you ; you shall be at once the confidant and the dear object of my tenderness.

In what words—my Rivers, you rule every emotion of my heart ; dispose as you please of your Emily : yet, if you allow her to form a wish in opposition to yours, indulge her in the transport of returning you to your friends ; let her receive you from the hands of a mother, whose happiness you ought to prefer even to hers.

Why will you talk of the mediocrity of your fortune ? have you not enough for every real want ? much less, with you, would make your Emily blest : what have the trappings of life to do with happiness ? 'tis only sacrificing pride to love and filial tenderness ; the worst of human passions to the best.

I have a thousand things to say, but am forced to steal this moment to write to you : we have some French ladies here, who are eternally coming to my apartment.

They are at the door. Adieu !

Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T.

LETTER CXXXVI.

To the Earl of ———.

Silleri, May 12.

IT were indeed, my Lord, to be wished that we had here schools, at the expence of the public, to teach English to the rising generation: nothing is a stronger tie of brotherhood and affection, a greater cement of union, than speaking one common language.

The want of attention to this circumstance has, I am told, had the worst effects possible in the province of New York, where the people, especially at a distance from the capital, continuing to speak Dutch, retain their affection for their ancient masters, and still look on their English fellow subjects as strangers and intruders.

The Canadians are the more easily to be won to this, or whether else their own, or the general good requires, as their nobleſſe have the strongest attachments to a court, and that favor is the great object of their ambition: were English made by degrees the court language, it would soon be universally spoke.

Of the three great springs of the human heart, interest, pleasure, vanity, the last appears to me much the strongest in the Canadians; and I am convinced the most forcible tie their nobleſſe have to France, is their unwillingness to part with their *croix de St. Louis*: might not therefore some order of the same kind be instituted for Canada, and given to all who have the *croix*, on their sending back the ensigns they now wear, which are inconsistent with their allegiance as British subjects?

Migh

Might not such an order be contrived, to be given at the discretion of the governor, as well to the Canadian gentlemen who merited most of the government, as to the English officers of a certain rank, and such other English as purchased estates, and settled in the country? and, to give it additional lustre, the governor, for the time being, to be always head of the order?

'Tis possible something of the same kind all over America might be also of service; the passions of mankind are nearly the same every where: at least I never yet saw the soil or climate, where vanity did not grow; and till all mankind become philosophers, it is by their passions they must be governed.

The common people, by whom I mean the peasantry, have been great gainers here by the change of masters; their property is more secure their independence greater, their profits much more than doubled: it is not them therefore whom it is necessary to gain.

The noblesse, on the contrary, have been in a great degree undone: they have lost their employes, their rank, their consideration, and many of them their fortunes.

It is therefore equally consonant to good policy and to humanity, that they should be considered, and in the way most acceptable to them; the rich conciliated by little honorary distinctions, those who are otherwise, by sharing in all lucrative employes; and all of them by bearing a part in the legislature of their country.

The great objects here seem to be to heal those wounds, which past unhappy disputes have left still in some degree open; to unite the French and English, the civil and military, in one firm body; to raise a revenue, to encourage agriculture, and especially

especially the growth of hemp and flax ; and find, a staple, for the improvement of a commerce, which at present labors under a thousand disadvantages.

But I shall say little on this or any political subject relating to Canada, for a reason which, whilst I am in this colony, it would look like flattery to give : let it suffice to say, that humanly speaking, it is impossible that the inhabitants of this province should be otherwise than happy.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXXXVII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Sillier, May 20.

I CONFESS the fact, my dear ; I am, thanks to papa, amazingly learned, and all that, for a young lady of twenty-one : yet you will allow I am not the worse ; no creature breathing would find it out : envy itself must confess, I talk of lace and blond like another christian woman.

I have been thinking, Lucy, as indeed my ideas are generally a little pindaric, how entertaining and improving would be the history of the human heart, if people spoke all the truth, and painted themselves as they really are ; that is to say, if all the world were as sincere and honest as I am ; for
upon

upon my word, I have such a contempt for hypocrisy, that upon the whole, I have always appeared to have fewer good qualities than I really have.

I am afraid we should find in the best characters, if we withdrew the veil, a mixture of errors and inconsistencies, which would greatly lessen our veneration.

Papa has been reading me a wise lecture this morning, on playing the fool: I reminded him, that I was now arrived at years of *indiscretion*; that every body must have their day; and that those who did not play the fool young, ran a hazard of doing it when it would not half so well become them.

A propos to playing the fool, I am strongly inclined to believe I shall marry.

Fitzgerald is so astonishingly pressing—Besides, some how or other, I don't feel happy without him: the creature has something of a magnetic virtue; I find myself generally, without knowing it, on the same side the room with him, and often in the next chair; and lay a thousand little schemes to be of the same party at cards.

I write pretty sentiments in my pocket-book, and carve his name on trees when nobody sees me; did you think it possible I could be such an idiot?

I am as absurd as even the gentle, love-sick Emily.

I am thinking, my dear, how happy it is, since most human beings differ so extremely one from another, that heaven has given us the same variety in our tastes.

Your brother is a divine fellow, and yet there is a sauciness about Fitzgerald which pleases me better;

better; as he has told me a thousand times, he thinks me more agreeable than Emily.

Adieu! I am going to Quebec.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXXXVIII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

May 20, Evening.

IO triumphe! A ship from England!

You can have no idea of the universal transport at the sight; the whole town was on the beach, eagerly gazing at the charming stranger, who danced gaily on the waves, as if conscious of the pleasure she inspired.

If our joy is so great, who preserve a correspondence with Europe, through our other colonies, during the winter, what must that of the French have been, who were absolutely shut up six months from the rest of the world?

I can scarce conceive a higher delight than they must have felt at being thus restored to a communication with mankind.

The letters are not delivered; our servant stays for them at the post-office; we expect him every moment: if I have not volumes from you, I shall be very angry.

He comes. Adieu! I have not patience to wait their being brought up stairs.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

They are here; six letters from you: I shall give three of them to Emily to read, whilst I read the rest; you are very good, Lucy, and I will never call you lazy again.

L E T T E R CXXXIX.

To Miss FERMOR, at Sillieri.

Pall Mall, April 8.

WHILST I was sealing my letter, I received yours of the 1st of February.

I am excessively alarmed, my dear, at the account it gives me of Miss Montague's having broke with her lover, and of my brother's extreme affection for her.

I did not dare to let my mother see that letter, as I am convinced the very idea of a marriage which must for ever separate her from a son she loves to idolatry, would be fatal to her; she is altered since his leaving England more than you can imagine; she is grown pale and thin, her vivacity has entirely left her. Even my marriage scarce seemed to give her pleasure; yet such is her delicacy, her ardor for his happiness, she will not suffer me to say this to him, lest it should constrain him, and prevent his making himself happy in his own way. I often find her in tears in her apartment; she affects a smile when she sees me, but it is a smile which cannot deceive one who knows her whole soul as I do. In short, I am convinced she will not live long unless my brother returns. She never names him without being softened to a degree not to be expressed.

Amiable

Amiable and lovely as you represent this charming woman, and great as the sacrifice she has made to my brother, it seems almost cruelty to wish to break his attachment to her; yet situated as they are, what can be the consequence of their indulging their tenderness at present, but ruin to both?

At all events, however, my dear, I intreat, I conjure you, to press my brother's immediate return to England; I am convinced, my mother's life depends on seeing him.

I have often been tempted to write to Miss Montague, to use her influence with him even against herself.

If she loves him, she will have his true happiness at heart; she will consider what a mind like his must hereafter suffer, should his fondness for her be fatal to the best of mothers; she will urge, she will oblige him to return, and make this step the condition of preserving her tenderness.

Read this letter to her; and tell her it is to her affection for my brother, to her generosity, I trust for the life of a parent who is dearer to me than my existence.

Tell her my heart is hers, that I will receive her as my guardian angel, that we will never part, that we will be friends, that we will be sisters, that I will omit nothing possible to make her happy with my brother in England, and that I have very rational hopes it may be in time accomplished; but that, if she marries him in Canada, and suffers him to pursue his present design, she plants a dagger in the bosom of her who gave him life.

I scarce know what I would say, my dear Bell; but I am wretched; I have no hope but in you. Yet if Emily is all you represent her—

I am

I am obliged to break off: my mother is here she must not see this letter.

Adieu! your affectionate

LUCY TEMPLE.

L E T T E R CXL.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, May 21.

YOUR letter of the 8th of April, my dear, was first read by Emily, being one of the three I gave her for that purpose, as I before mentioned.

She went through it, and melting into tears, left the room without speaking a word: she has been writing this morning, and I fancy to you, for she enquired when the mail set out for England, and seemed pleased to hear it went to-day.

I am excessively shocked at your account of Mrs. Rivers: assure her, in my name, of your brother's immediate return; I know both him and Emily too well to believe they will sacrifice her to their own happiness; there is nothing, on the contrary, they will not suffer rather than even afflict her.

Do not, however, encourage an idea of ever breaking an attachment like theirs; an attachment founded less in passion than in the tenderest friendship, in a similarity of character, and sympathy the most perfect the world ever saw.

Let it be your business, my Lucy, to endeavour to make them happy, and to remove the bars
which

EMILY MONTAGUE. 37

which prevent their union in England; and depend on seeing them there the very moment their coming is possible.

From what I know of your brother, I suppose he will insist on marrying Emily before he leaves Quebec: but, after your letter, which I shall send him, you may look on his return as infallible.

I send all yours and Temple's letters for your brother to-day: you may expect to hear from him by the same mail with this.

I have only to say, I am,

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R C X L I .

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

London, April 8.

MY own happiness, my dear Rivers, in a marriage of love, makes me extremely unwilling to prevent your giving way to a tenderness, which promises you the same felicity, with so amiable a woman as both you and Bell Fermor represent Miss Montague to be.

But, my dear Ned, I cannot, without betraying your friendship, and hazarding all the quiet of your future days, dispense with myself from telling you, though I have her express commands to the contrary, that the peace, perhaps the life, of your excellent mother, depends on your giving up all thoughts of a settlement in America, and returning immediately to England.

I know

I know the present state of your affairs will not allow you to marry this charming woman here, without descending from the situation you have ever held, and which you have a right from your birth to hold, in the world.

Would you allow me to gratify my friendship for you, and shew, at the same time, your perfect esteem for me, by commanding, what our long affection gives you a right to, such a part of my fortune as I could easily spare without the least inconvenience to myself, we might all be happy, and you might make your Emily so: but you have already convinced me, by your refusal of a former request of this kind, that your esteem for me is much less warm than mine for you; and that you do not think I merit the delight of making you happy.

I will therefore say no more on this subject till we meet, than that I have no doubt this letter will bring you immediately to us.

If the tenderness you express for Miss Montague is yet conquerable, it will surely be better for both it should be conquered, as fortune has been so much less kind to each of you than nature; but if your hearts are immoveably fixed on each other, if your love is of the kind which despises every other consideration, return to the bosom of friendship, and depend on our finding some way to make you happy.

If you persist in refusing to share my fortune, you can have no objection to my using all my interest, for a friend and brother so deservedly dear to me, and in whose happiness I shall ever find my own.

Allow me now to speak of myself; I mean of my dearer self, your amiable sister, for whom my
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Yes, my friend, my sweet Lucy is every hour
more an angel : her desire of being beloved, ren-
ders her a thousand times more lovely ; a counte-
nance animated by true tenderness will always
charm beyond all the dead uninformed features the
hand of nature ever framed ; love embellishes the
whole form, gives spirit and softness to the eyes, the
most vivid bloom to the complexion, dignity to the
ear, grace to every motion, and throws round
beauty almost the rays of divinity.

In one word, my Lucy was always more lovely
than any other woman ; she is now more lovely
than even her former self.

You, my Rivers, will forgive the overflowings
of my fondness, because you know the merit of its
object.

Adieu ! We die to embrace you !

Your faithful

J. TEMPLE.

L E T T E R CXLII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, May 21.

YOUR letter, Madam, to Miss Fermor,
which, by an accident, was first read by me, has
removed the veil which love had placed before
mine eyes, and shewed me, in one moment, the
folly of all those dear hopes I had indulged.

You

You do me but justice in believing me incapable of suffering your brother to sacrifice the peace, much less the life of an amiable mother, to my happiness; I have no doubt of his returning to England the moment he receives your letters; but, knowing his tenderness, I will not expose him to a struggle on this occasion: I will myself, unknown to him, as he is fortunately absent, embark in a ship which has wintered here, and will leave Quebec in the ten days.

Your invitation is very obliging; but a moment's reflection will convince you of the extreme impropriety of my accepting it.

Assure Mrs. Rivers, that her son will not lose a moment, that he will probably be with her as soon as this letter; assure her also, that the woman who has kept him from her, can never forgive herself for what she suffers.

I am too much afflicted to say more, than that

I am, Madam,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R CXLIII.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Montreal, May 20.

IT is with pleasure no words can express I tell my sweet Emily, I have fixed on a situation which promises every advantage we can wish as to profit, and which has every beauty that nature can give.

The

EMILY MONTAGUE. 41

The land is rich, and the wood will more than pay the expence of clearing it ; there is a settlement within a few leagues, on which there is an extremely agreeable family : a number of Acadians have applied to me to be received as settlers : in short, my dear angel, all seems to smile on our design.

I have spent some days at the house of a German officer, lately in our service, who is engaged in the same design, but a little advanced in it. I have seen him increasing every hour his little domain, by clearing the lands ; he has built a pretty house in a beautiful rustic style : I have seen his pleasing labours with inconceivable delight. I already fancy my own settlement advancing in beauty : I paint to myself my Emily adorning those lovely shades ; I see her, like the mother of mankind, admiring a new creation which smiles around her : we appear, to my idea, like the first pair in paradise.

I hope to be with you the 1st of June : will you allow me to set down the 2d as the day which is to assure to me a life of happiness ?

My Acadians, your new subjects, are waiting in the next room to speak with me.

All good angels guard my Emily !

Adieu ! your

ED. RIVERS.

L E T.

THE HISTORY OF
LETTER CXLIV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, May 24.

EMILY has wrote to you, and appears more composed; she does not however tell me what she has resolved; she has only mentioned a design of spending a week at Quebec. I suppose she will take no resolution till your brother comes down: he cannot be here in less than ten days.

She has heard from him, and he has fixed on a settlement: depend however on his return to England, even if it is not to stay. I wish he could prevail on Mrs. Rivers to accompany him back. The advantages of his design are too great to lose; the voyage is nothing; the climate healthy beyond all conception.

I fancy he will marry as soon as he comes down from Montreal, set off in the first ship for England, leave Emily with me, and return to us next year: at least, this is the plan my heart has formed.

I wish Mrs. Rivers had borne his absence better; her impatience to see him has broken in on all our schemes; Emily and I had in fancy formed a little Eden on Lake Champlain; Fitzgerald had promised me to apply for lands near them; we should have been so happy in our little new world of friendship.

There is nothing certain in this vile state of existence: I could philosophize extremely well this morning.

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All our little plans of amusement too for this summer are now at an end: your brother was the soul of all our parties. This is a trifle, but my mind to-day seeks for every subject of chagrin.

Let but my Emily be happy, and I will not complain, even if I lose her: I have a thousand fears, a thousand uneasy reflections: if you knew her merit, you would not wish to break the attachment.

My sweet Emily is going this morning to Quebec; I have promised to accompany her, and she now waits for me.

I cannot write: I have a heaviness about my heart, which has never left me since I read your letter. 'Tis the only disagreeable one I ever received from my dear Lucy: I am not sure I love you so well as before I saw this letter. There is something unfeeling in the style of it, which I did not expect from you.

Adieu! your faithful

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXLV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, May 25.

I AM unhappy beyond all words; my sweet Emily is gone to England; the ship failed this morning: I am just returned from the beach, after conducting her on board.

I used

All

I used every art, every persuasion, in the power of friendship to prevent her going till your brother came down: but all I said was in vain. She told me, "she knew too well her own weakness to hazard seeing him; that she also knew his tenderness, and was resolved to spare him the struggle between his affection and his duty; that she was determined never to marry him but with the consent of his mother: that their meeting at Quebec, situated as they were, could only be the source of unhappiness to both; that her heart doated on him, but that she would never be the cause of his acting in a manner unworthy his character: that she would see his family the moment she got to London, and then retire to the house of a relation in Berkshire, where she would wait for his arrival.

"That she had given you her promise, which nothing should make her break, to embark in the first ship for England."

She expressed no fears for herself as to the voyage, but trembled at the idea of her Rivers's danger.

She sat down several times yesterday to write to him, but her tears prevented her: she at last assumed courage enough to tell him her design; but it was in such terms as convinced me she could not have pursued it, had he been here.

She went to the ship with an appearance of calmness that astonished me; but the moment she entered, all her resolution forsook her: she retired with me to her room, where she gave way to all the agony of her soul.

The word was given to sail; I was summoned away; she rose hastily, she pressed me to her bosom, "Tell him, said she, his Emily"—she could say no more.

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Never in my life did I feel any sorrow equal to this separation. Love her, my Lucy; you can never have half the tenderness for her she merits.

She stood on the deck till the ship turned Point Levi, her eyes fixed passionately on our boat.

Twelve o'clock.

I have this moment a letter from your brother to Emily, which she directed me to open, and send to her; I inclose it to you, as the safest way of conveyance: there is one in it from Temple to him, on the same subject with yours to me.

Adieu! I will write again when my mind is more composed.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXLVI.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Sillieri.

Montreal, May 28.

IT was my wish, my hope, my noblest ambition, my dear Emily, to see you in a situation worthy of you; my sanguine temper flattered me with the idea of seeing this wish accomplished in Canada, though fortune denied it me in England.

The letter which I inclose has put an end to those fond delusive hopes: I must return immediately to England; did not my own heart dictate this step, I know too well the goodness of yours, to expect the continuance of your esteem, were I capable

Never

capable of purchasing happiness, even the happiness of calling you mine, at the expence of my mother's life, or even of her quiet.

I must now submit to see my Emily in an humbler situation; to see her want those pleasures, those advantages, those honors, which fortune gives, and which she has so nobly sacrificed to true delicacy of mind, and, if I do not flatter myself, to her generous and disinterested affection for me.

Be assured, my dearest angel, the inconveniences attendant on a narrow fortune, the only one I have to offer, shall be softened by all which the most lively esteem, the most perfect friendship, the tenderest love, can inspire; by the attention, that unwearied sollicitude to please, of which the heart alone knows the value.

Fortune has no power over minds like ours; we possess a treasure to which all she has to give is nothing, the dear exquisite delight of loving, and of being beloved.

Awake to all the finer feelings of tender esteem and elegant desire, we have every real good in each other.

I shall hurry down, the moment I have settled my affairs here; and hope soon to have the transport of presenting the most charming of friends, of mistresses, allow me to add, of wives to a mother, whom I love and revere beyond words, and to whom she will be dearer than myself.

My going to England will detain me at Montreal a few days longer than I intended; a delay I very ill support.

Adieu, my Emily! no language can express my tenderness or my impatience.

Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

L E T.

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L E T T E R CXLVII.

TO JOHN TEMPLE, Esq. Pall Mall.

Montreal, May 28.

I CANNOT enough, my dear Temple, thank you for your last, though it destroys my air-built scheme of happiness.

Could I have supposed my mother would thus severely have felt my absence, I had never left England; to make her easier, was my only motive for that step.

I with pleasure sacrifice my design of settling here to her peace of mind; no consideration, however, shall ever make me give up that of marrying the best and most charming of women.

I could have wished to have had a fortune worthy of her; this was my wish, not that of my Emily; she will with equal pleasure share with me poverty or riches: I hope her consent to marry me before I leave Canada. I know the advantages of affluence, my dear Temple, and am too reasonable to despise them; I would only avoid rating them above their worth.

Riches undoubtedly purchase a variety of pleasures, which are not otherwise to be obtained; they give power, they give honors, they give consequence; but if, to enjoy these subordinate goods, we must give up those which are more essential, more real, more suited to our natures, I can never hesitate one moment to determine between them.

I know nothing fortune has to bestow, which can equal the transport of being dear to the most amiable, most lovely of womankind.

The

The stream of life, my dear Temple, stagnates without the gentle gale of love; till I knew my Emily, till the dear moment which assured me of her tenderness, I could scarce be said to live.

Adieu! Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R CXLVIII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, June 1.

I CAN write, I can talk, of nothing but Emily; I never knew how much I loved her till she was gone: I run eagerly to every place where we have been together; every spot reminds me of her; I remember a thousand conversations, endeared by confidence and affection: a tender tear starts in spite of me: our walks, our airings, our pleasing little parties, all rush at once on my memory: I see the same lovely scenes around me, but they have lost half their power of pleasing.

I visit every grove, every thicket, that she loved; I have a redoubled fondness for every object in which she took pleasure.

Fitzgerald indulges me in this enthusiasm of friendship; he leads me to every place which can recall my Emily's idea; he speaks of her with a warmth which shews the sensibility and goodness of his own heart; he endeavours to sooth me by the most endearing attention.

What

What infinite pleasure, my dear Lucy, there is in being truly beloved! Fond as I have ever been of general admiration, that of all mankind is nothing to the least mark of Fitzgerald's tenderness.

Adieu! it will be some days before I can send this letter.

June 4.

The governor gives a ball in honor of the day; I am dressing to go, but without my sweet companion: every hour I feel more sensibly her absence.

5th.

We had last night, during the ball, the most dreadful storm I ever heard; it seemed to shake the whole habitable globe.

Heaven preserve my Emily from its fury: I have a thousand fears on her account.

Twelve o'Clock.

Your brother is arrived; he has been here about an hour: he flew to Silleri, without going at all to Quebec; he enquired for Emily; he would not believe she was gone.

There is no expressing how much he was shocked when convinced she had taken this voyage without him; he would have followed her in an open boat, in hopes of overtaking her at Coudre, if my father had not detained him almost by force, and at last convinced him of the impossibility of overtaking her, as the winds, having been constantly fair, must before this have carried them out of the river.

He has sent his servant to Quebec, with orders to take passage for him in the first ship that sails; his impatience is not to be described.

He came down in the hope of marrying her here, and conducting herself to England; he forms to himself a thousand dangers to her, which he fondly fancies his presence could have averted: in short, he has all the unreasonableness of a man in love.

I propose sending this, and a large packet more, by your brother, unless some unexpected opportunity offers before.

Adieu! my dear!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R CXLIX.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

6th.

YOUR brother has taken his passage in a very fine ship, which will sail the 10th; you may expect him every hour after you receive this; which I send, with what I wrote yesterday, by a small vessel which sails a week sooner than was intended.

Rivers persuades Fitzgerald to apply for the lands which he had fixed upon on Lake Champlain, as he has no thoughts of ever returning either.

I will prevent this, however, if I have any influence: I cannot think with patience of continuing in America, when my two amiable friends have left it; I had no motive for wishing for a
settlement

settlement here, but to form a little society of friends, of which they made the principal part.

Besides, the spirit of emulation would have kept up my courage, and given fire and brilliancy to my fancy.

Emily and I should have been trying who had the most lively genius at creation; who could have produced the fairest flowers; who have formed the woods and rocks into the most beautiful arbors, vistas, grottoes; have taught the streams to flow in the most pleasing meanders; have brought into view the greatest number and variety of those lovely little falls of water with which this fairy land abounds; and shewed nature in the fairest form.

In short, we should have been continually endeavouring, following the luxuriance of female imagination, to render more charming the sweet abodes of love and friendship; whilst our heroes, changing their swords into plough-shares, and engaged in more substantial, more profitable labors, were clearing land, raising cattle and corn, and doing every thing becoming good farmers; or, to express it more poetically,

“ Taming the Genius of the stubborn plain,
“ Almost as quickly as they conquer'd Spain:”

By which I would be understood to mean the Havannah, where, vanity apart, I am told both of them did their duty, and a little more, if a man can in such a case be said to do more.

In one word, they would have been studying the useful to support us: we the agreeable, to please and amuse them; which I take to be assigning to the two sexes the employments for which nature intended them, notwithstanding the vile example of the savages to the contrary.

There are now no farmeresses in Canada worth my contending with; therefore the whole pleasure of the thing would be at an end, even on the supposition that friendship had not been the soul of our design.

Say every thing for me to Temple and Mrs. Rivers; and to my dear Emily, if arrived.

Adieu! your faithful

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R C L.

To the Earl of ———.

Silleri, June 6, 1767.

IT is very true, my Lord, that the Jesuit missionaries still continue in the Indian villages in Canada; and I am afraid it is no less true, that they use every art to instil into those people an aversion to the English; at least I have been told this by the Indians themselves, who seem equally surprized and piqued that we do not send missionaries amongst them.

Their ideas of christianity are extremely circumscribed, and they give no preference to one mode of our faith above another; they regard a missionary of any nation as a kind father, who comes to instruct them in the best way of worshipping the Deity, whom they suppose more propitious to the Europeans than to themselves; and as an ambassador from the prince whose subject he is: they therefore think it a mark of honor, and a proof of esteem, to receive missionaries; and to our remissness, and the French wise attention on this head,

is owing the extreme attachment the greater part of the savage nations have ever had to the latter.

The French missionaries, by studying their language, their manners, their tempers, their dispositions ; by conforming to their way of life, and using every art to gain their esteem, have acquired an influence over them which is scarce to be conceived ; nor would it be difficult for ours to do the same, were they judiciously chose, and properly encouraged

I believe I have said, that there is a striking resemblance between the manners of the Canadians and the savages ; I should have explained it, by adding, that this resemblance has been brought about not by the French having won the savages to receive European manners, but by the very contrary ; the peasants having acquired the savage indolence in peace, their activity and ferocity in war ; their fondness for field sports, their hatred of labor ; their love of a wandering life, and of liberty ; in the latter of which they have been in some degree indulged, the laws here being much milder, and more favourable to the people, than in France.

Many of the officers also, and those of rank in the colony troops, have been adopted into the savage tribes ; and there is stronger evidence than, for the honor of humanity, I would wish there was, that some of them have led the death dance at the execution of English captives, have even partook the horrid repast, and imitated them in all their cruelties ; cruelties, which to the eternal disgrace, not only of our holy religion, but even of our nature, these poor people, whose ignorance is their excuse, have been instigated to, both by the

the French and English colonies, who, with a fury truly diabolical, have offered rewards to those who brought in the scalps of their enemies. Rousseau has taken great pains to prove that the most uncultivated nations are the most virtuous : I have all due respect for this philosopher, of whose writings I am an enthusiastic admirer ; but I have a still greater respect for truth, which I believe is not in this instance on his side.

There is little reason to boast of the virtues of a people, who are such brutal slaves to their appetites, as to be unable to avoid drinking brandy to an excess scarce to be conceived, whenever it falls in their way, though eternally lamenting the murders and other atrocious crimes of which they are so perpetually guilty when under its influence.

It is unjust to say we have corrupted them, that we have taught them a vice to which we are ourselves not indicted ; both French and English are in general sober ; we have indeed given them the means of intoxication, which they had not before their intercourse with us ; but he must be indeed fond of praising them, who makes a virtue of their having been sober, when water was the only liquor with which they were acquainted.

From all that I have observed, and heard of these people, it appears to me an undoubted fact, that the most civilized Indian nations are the most virtuous ; a fact which makes directly against Rousseau's ideal system

Indeed all systems make against, instead of leading to the discovery of truth.

Pere Lafitau has, for this reason, in his very learned comparison of the manners of the savages with those of the first ages, given a very imperfect account of Indian manners : he is even so candid

as to own, he tells you nothing but what makes for the system he is endeavouring to establish.

My wish, on the contrary, is not to make truth subservient to any favourite sentiment or idea, any child of my fancy; but to discover it, whether agreeable or not, to my own opinion.

My accounts may therefore be false or imperfect from mistake or misinformation, but will never be designedly warped from truth.

That the savages have virtues, candor must own; but only a love of paradox can make any man assert they have more than polished nations.

Your Lordship asks me what is the general character of the Canadians; they are simple and hospitable, yet extremely attentive to interest, where it does not interfere with that laziness which is their governing passion.

They are rather devout than virtuous, have religion without morality, and a sense of honor without very strict honesty.

Indeed I believe, wherever superstition reigns, the moral sense is greatly weakened; the strongest inducement to the practice of morality is removed, when people are brought to believe that a few outward ceremonies will compensate for the want of virtue.

I myself heard a man, who had raised a large fortune by very indirect means, confess his life had been contrary to every precept of the Gospel; but that he hoped the pardon of Heaven for all his sins, as he intended to devote one of his daughters to a conventual life as an expiation.

This way of being virtuous by proxy, is certainly very easy and convenient to such sinners as have children to sacrifice.

By

By Colonel Rivers, who leaves us in a few days, I intend myself the honor of addressing your Lordship again.

I have the honour to be,

Your Lordship's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOE.

L E T T E R C L I.

To the Earl of —.

Silleri, June 9.

YOUR Lordship will receive this from the hands of one of the most worthy and amiable men I ever knew, Colonel Rivers, whom I am particularly happy in having the honor to introduce to your Lordship, as I know your delicacy in the choice of friends, and that there are so few who have your perfect esteem and confidence, that the acquaintance of one who merits both, at this time of life, will be regarded, even by your Lordship, as an acquisition.

'Tis to him I shall say the advantage I procure him, by making him known to a nobleman, who, with the wisdom and experience of age, has all the warmth of heart, the generosity, the noble confidence, the enthusiasm, the fire, and vivacity of youth.

Your Lordship's idea, in regard to Protestant convents here, on the footing of that we visited at Hamburgh, is extremely worth the consideration of those whom it may concern; especially if the Romish ones are abolished, as will most probably be the case.

The

The noblesse have numerous families, and, if there are no convents, will be at a loss where to educate their daughters, as well as where to dispose of those who do not marry in a reasonable time; the convenience they find in both respects from these houses, is one strong motive to them to continue in their ancient religion.

As I would however prevent the more useful, by which I mean the lower, part of their sex from entering into this state, I would wish only the daughters of the seigneurs to have the privilege of becoming nuns: they should be obliged on taking the vow, to prove their noblesse for at least three generations, which would secure them respect, and at the same time, prevent their becoming too numerous.

They should take the vow of obedience, but not of celibacy; and reserve the power, as at Hamburgh, of going out to marry, though on no other consideration.

Your Lordship may remember, every nun at Hamburgh has a right of marrying, except the abbesses; and that, on your Lordship's telling the lady who then presided, and who was young and very handsome, you thought this a hardship, she answered with great spirit, "O, my Lord, you know it is in my power to resign."

I refer your Lordship to Colonel Rivers for farther information in regard to this colony, which he is much more able to give you than I am, having visited every part of Canada in the design of settling in it.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord, &c.

WM. FERMOR.

YOUR

Your Lordship's mention of nuns has brought to memory a little anecdote on this subject, which I will tell you.

I was, a few mornings ago, visiting a French lady, whose very handsome daughter, of almost sixteen, told me she was going into a convent. I enquired which she had made choice of; she said, "The General Hospital."

"I am glad, Mademoiselle, you have not chose the Ursulines; the rules are so very severe, you would have found them hard to conform to."

"As to the rules, Sir, I have no objection to their severity; but the habit of the General Hospital—"

I smiled.

"Is so very light—"

"And so becoming, Mademoiselle."

She smiled in her turn, and I left her, fully convinced of the sincerity of her vocation, and the great property and humanity of suffering young creatures to chuse a kind of life so repugnant to human nature, at an age when they are such excellent judges of what will make them happy.

L E T T E R C L I I .

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, June 9.

I SEND this by your brother, who sails tomorrow.

Time, I hope, will reconcile me to his and Emily's absence; but at present I cannot think of losing

losing them without a dejection of mind which takes from me the very idea of pleasure.

I conjure you, my dear Lucy, to do every thing possible to facilitate their union; and remember, that to your request, and to Mrs. Rivers's tranquillity, they have sacrificed every prospect they had of happiness.

I would say more; but my spirits are so affected, I am incapable of writing.

Love my sweet Emily, and let her not repent the generosity of her conduct.

Adieu! your affectionate

A. FERMOR.

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

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, June 10, Evening.

MY poor Rivers! I think I felt more from his going than even from Emily's: whilst he was here, I seemed not quite to have lost her: I now feel doubly the loss of both.

He begged me to shew attention to Madame Des Roches, who he assured me merited my tenderest friendship; he wrote to her, and has left the letter open in my care: it is to thank her, in the most affectionate terms, for her politeness and friendship, as well to himself as to his Emily; and to offer her his best services in England in regard to her estate, part of which some people here have very ungenerously applied for a grant of, on pretence
of

of its not being all settled according to the original conditions.

He owed to me, he felt some regret at leaving this amiable woman in Canada, and at the idea of never seeing her more.

I love him for this sensibility; and for his delicate attention to one whose disinterested affection for him most certainly deserves it.

Fitzgerald is below, he does all possible to console me for the loss of my friends; but indeed, Lucy, I feel their absence most severely.

I have an opportunity of sending your brother's et ter to Madame Des Roches, which I must not of e, as they are not very frequent: 'tis by a French gentleman, who is now with my father.

Adieu! your faithful

A. FERMOR.

Twelve at night.

We have been talking of your brother; I have been saying, there is nothing I so much admire in him as that tenderness of soul, and almost female sensibility, which is so uncommon in a sex, whose whole education tends to harden their hearts.

Fitzgerald admires his spirit, his understanding, his generosity, his courage, the warmth of his friendship.

My father his knowledge of the world; not that indiscriminate suspicion of mankind which is falsely so called; but that clearness of mental sight, and discerning faculty, which can distinguish virtue as well as vice, wherever it resides.

"I also love in him," said my father, "that noble sincerity, that integrity of character, which is the foundation of all the virtues."

"And

“ And yet, my dear papa, you would have had
 “ Emily prefer to him, that *white curd of asses milk*,
 “ Sir George Clayton, whose highest claim to
 “ virtue is the constitutional absence of vice, and
 “ who never knew what it was to feel for the
 “ sorrows of another.”

“ You mistake, Bell: such a preference was
 “ impossible; but she was engaged to Sir George;
 “ and he had also a fine fortune. Now, in these
 “ degenerate days, my dear, people must eat; we
 “ have lost all taste for the airy food of romances,
 “ when ladies rode behind their enamored knights,
 “ dined luxuriously on a banquet of haws, and
 “ quenched their thirst at the first stream.”

“ But, my dear papa—”

“ But, my dear Bell—”

I saw the sweet old man look angry, so chose
 to drop the subject; but I do aver, now he is out
 of sight, that haws and a pillion, with such a noble
 fellow as your brother, are preferable to ortolans
 and a coach and six, with such a piece of still-life
 and insipidity as Sir George.

Good night! my dear Lucy.

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

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, June 17.

I Have this moment received a packet of letters
 from my dear Lucy; I shall only say, in answer
 to what makes the greatest part of them, that in
 a fortnight I hope you will have the pleasure of
 seeing your brother, who did not hesitate one mo-
 ment in giving up to Mrs. Rivers's peace of mind

all

“ And

all his pleasing prospects here, and the happiness of being united to the woman he loved.

You will not, I hope, my dear, forget his having made such a sacrifice: but I think too highly of you to say more on this subject. You will receive Emily as a friend, as a sister, who merits all your esteem and tenderness, and who has lost all the advantages of fortune, and incurred the censure of the world, by her disinterested attachment to your brother.

I am extremely sorry, but not surpris'd, at what you tell me of poor Lady H—. I knew her intimately; she was sacrific'd at eighteen, by the avarice and ambition of her parents, to age, disease, ill-nature, and a coronet; and her death is the natural consequence of her regret: she had a soul form'd for friendship; she found it not at home; her elegance of mind, and native probity, prevent'd her seeking it abroad; she died a melancholy victim to the tyranny of her friends, the tenderness of her heart, and her delicate sense of honor.

If her father has any of the feelings of humanity left, what must he not suffer on this occasion?

It is a painful consideration, my dear, that the happiness or misery of our lives are generally determin'd before we are proper judges of either.

Restrained by custom, and the ridiculous prejudices of the world, we go with the crowd, and it is late before we dare to think.

How happy are you and I, Lucy, in having parents, who far from forcing our inclinations, have not even endeavour'd to betray us into chusing from sordid motives! They have not labored to fill our young hearts with vanity or avarice; they have left us those virtues, those amiable qualities, we received from nature. They have painted to us
the

the charms of friendship, and not taught us to value riches above their real price.

My father, indeed, checks a certain excess of romance which there is in my temper ; but, at the same time, he never encouraged my receiving the addresses of any man who had only the gifts of fortune to recommend him ; he even advised me, when very young, against marrying an officer in his regiment, of a large fortune, but an unworthy character.

If I have any knowledge of the human heart, it will be my own fault if I am not happy with Fitzgerald.

I am only afraid, that when we are married, and begin to settle into a calm, my volatile disposition will carry me back to coquetry : my passion for admiration is naturally strong, and has been increased by indulgence ; for without vanity I have been extremely the taste of the men.

I have a kind of idea it won't be long before I try the strength of my resolution, for I heard papa and Fitzgerald in high consultation this morning.

Do you know, that, having nobody to love but Fitzgerald, I am ten times more enamored of the dear creature than ever ? My love is now like the rays of the sun collected.

He is so much here, I wonder I don't grow tired of him ; but somehow he has the art of varying himself beyond any man I ever knew : it was that agreeable variety of character that first struck me ; I considered that with him I should have all the sex in one ; he says the same of me ; and indeed, it must be owned, we have both an infinity of agreeable caprice, which in love affairs is worth all the merit in the world.

Have

Have you never observed, Lucy, that the same person is seldom greatly the object of both love and friendship?

Those virtues which command esteem do not often inspire passion.

Friendship seeks the more real, more solid virtues; integrity, constancy, and a steady uniformity of character: love, on the contrary, admires it knows not what; creates itself the idol it worships; finds charms even in defects; is pleased with follies, with inconsistency, with caprice: to say all in one line,

“ Love is a child, and like a child he plays.”

The moment Emily arrives, I entreat that one of you will write to me: no words can speak my impatience: I am equally anxious to hear of my dear Rivers. Heaven send them prosperous gales!

Adieu!

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R C L V.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, June 30.

YOU are extremely mistaken, my dear, in your idea of the society here; I had rather live at Quebec, take it for all in all, than in any town

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town in England, except London; the manner of living here is uncommonly agreeable; the scenes about us are lovely, and the mode of amusements make us taste those scenes in full perfection.

Whilst your brother and Emily were here, I had not a wish to leave Canada; but their going has left a void in my heart, which will not easily be filled up; I have loved Emily almost from childhood, and there is a peculiar tenderness in those friendships, which

“ Grow with our growth, and strengthen with
“ our strength.”

There was also something romantic and agreeable in finding her here, and unexpectedly, after we had been separated by Colonel Montague's having left the regiment in which my father served.

In short, every thing concurred to make us dear to each other, and therefore to give a greater poignancy to the pain of parting a second time.

As to your brother, I love him so much, that a man who has less candor and generosity than Fitzgerald, would be always angry at my very lively friendship.

I have this moment a letter from Madame Des Roches; she laments the loss of our two amiable friends; begs me to assure them both of her eternal remembrance: says, “ she congratulates Emily
“ on possessing the heart of the man on earth most
“ worthy of being beloved; that she cannot form
“ an idea of any human felicity equal to that of
“ the woman, the business of whose life it is
“ to make Colonel Rivers happy. That, heaven
“ having denied her that happiness, she will never
“ marry,

“ marry, nor enter into an engagement which
 “ would make it criminal in her to remember him
 “ with tenderness : that it is, however, she be-
 “ lieves, best for her he has left the country, for
 “ that it is impossible she should ever have seen
 “ him with indifference.”

It is perhaps as prudent not to mention these circumstances either to your brother or Emily ; I thought of sending her letter to them, but there is a certain fire in her stile, mixed with tenderness when she speaks of Rivers, which would only have given them both regret, by making them see the excess of her affection for him ; her expressions are much stronger than those in which I have given you the sense of them.

I intend to be very intimate with her, because she loves my dear Rivers ; she loves Emily too, at least she fancies she does, but I am a little doubtful as to the friendships between rivals at this distance ; however, I dare say, they will always continue on the best terms possible, and I would have Emily write to her.

Do you know she has desired me to contrive to get her a picture of your brother, without his knowing it ? I am not determined whether I shall indulge her in this fancy or not ; if I do, I must employ you as my agent. It is madness in her to desire it ; but, as there is a pleasure in being mad, I am not sure my morality will let me refuse her, since pleasures are not very thick sown in this world.

Adieu !

Your affectionate

A. FERMOR.

L E T-

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L E T T E R CLVI.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, June 10.

BY this time, my dear Lucy, I hope you are happy with your brother and my sweet Emily: I am all impatience to know this from yourselves; but it will be five or six weeks, perhaps much more, before I can have that satisfaction.

As to me—to be plain, my dear, I can hold no longer; I have been married this fortnight. My father wanted to keep it a secret for some very foolish reasons; but it is not in my nature; I hate secrets, they are only fit for politicians, and people whose thoughts and actions will not bear the light.

For my part, I am convinced the general loquacity of human kind, and our inability to keep secrets without a natural kind of uneasiness, were meant by Providence to guard against our laying deep schemes of treachery against each other.

I remember a very sensible man, who perfectly knew the world, used to say, there was no such thing in nature as a secret; a maxim as true, at least I believe so, as it is salutary, and which I would advise all good mammas, aunts, and governesses, to impress strongly on the minds of young ladies.

So, as I was saying, *voilà Madame Fitzgerald!*

This is, however, yet a secret here; but, according to my present doctrine, and following the nature of things, it cannot long continue so.

You

You never saw so polite a husband, but I suppose they are all so the first fortnight, especially when married in so interesting and romantic a manner; I am very fond of the fancy of being thus married *as it were*; but I have a notion I shall blunder it out very soon: we were married on a party to Three Rivers, nobody with us but Papa and Madame Villiers, who have not yet published the mystery. I hear some misses at Quebec are scandalous about Fitzgerald's being so much here; I will leave them in doubt a little, I think merely to gratify their love of scandal; every body should be amused in their way.

Adieu! yours,

A. FITZGERALD.

Pray let Emily be married; every body marries but poor little Emily.

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

To the Earl of —.

Silleri, July 20.

I HAVE the pleasure to tell your Lordship I have married my daughter to a gentleman, with whom I have reason to hope she will be happy.

He is the second son of an Irish baronet of good fortune, and has himself about five hundred pounds a year, independent of his commission; he is a man of excellent sense, and of honor, and has a very lively tenderness for my daughter.

If

It will, I am afraid, be some time before I can leave this country, as I chuse to take my daughter and Mr. Fitzgerald with me, in order to the latter's soliciting a majority, in which pursuit I shall without scruple tax your Lordship's friendship to the utmost.

I am extremely happy at this event, as Bell's volatile temper made me sometimes afraid of her chusing inconsiderately; their marriage is not yet declared, for some family reasons, not worth particularizing to your Lordship.

As soon as leave of absence comes from New York, for me and Mr. Fitzgerald, we shall settle things for taking leave of Canada, which I however assure your Lordship I shall do with some reluctance.

The climate is all the year agreeable and healthy, in summer divine; a man at my time of life cannot leave this chearing, enlivening sun without reluctance; the heat is very like that of Italy or the South of France, without that oppressive closeness which generally attends our hot weather in England.

The manner of life here is chearful; we make the most of our fine summers, by the pleasantest country parties you can imagine. Here are some very estimable persons, and the spirit of urbanity begins to diffuse itself from the centre: in short, I shall leave Canada, at the very time when one would wish to come to it.

It is astonishing, in a small community like this, how much depends on the personal character of him who governs.

I am

If

I am obliged to break off abruptly, the person who takes this to England being going immediately on board.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

WM. FERMOR.

L E T T E R CLVIII.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall Mall.

Silleri, July 13.

I AGREE with you, my dear Temple, that nothing can be more pleasing than an *awakened* Englishwoman; of which you and my *caro sposo* have, I flatter myself, the happy experience; and wish with you that the character was more common: but I must own, and I am sorry to own it, that my fair countrywomen and fellow citizens (I speak of the nation in general, and not of the capital) have an unbecoming kind of reserve, which prevents their being agreeable companions, and amiable wives, which nature meant them.

From a fear, and I think a prudish one, of being thought too attentive to please your sex, they have acquired a certain distant manner to men, which borders on ill-breeding: they take great pains to veil, under an affected appearance of disdain, that winning sensibility of heart, that delicate tenderness, which renders them doubly lovely.

They

They were afraid to own their friendships, if not according to the square and rule; are doubtful whether a modest woman may own she loves even her husband; and seem to think affections were given them for no purpose but to hide.

Upon the whole, with at least as good a native right to charm as any women on the face of the globe, the English have found the happy secret of pleasing less.

Is my Emily arrived? I can say nothing else.

Twelve o'clock

I am the happiest woman in the creation: papa has just told me, we are to go home in six or seven weeks.

Not but this is a divine country, and our farm a terrestrial paradise; but we have lived in it almost a year, and one grows tired of every thing in time, you know, Temple.

I shall see my Emily, and flirt with Rivers; to say nothing of you and my little Lucy.

Adieu! I am grown lazy since I married; for the future, I shall make Fitzgerald write all my letters, except billetdoux, in which I think I excel him.

Yours,

A. FITZGERALD.

L. E. T.

L E T T E R CLIX.

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

Dover, July 8.

I AM this moment arrived, my dear Bell, after a very agreeable passage, and am setting out immediately for London, from whence I shall write to you the moment I have seen Mrs. Rivers; I will own to you I tremble at the idea of this interview, yet am resolved to see her, and open all my soul to her, in regard to her son; after which, I shall leave her the mistress of my destiny; for, ardently as I love him, I will never marry him but with her approbation.

I have a thousand anxious fears for my Rivers's safety: may heaven protect him from the dangers his Emily has escaped!

I have but a moment to write, a ship being under way, which is bound to Quebec; a gentleman, who is just going off in a boat to the ship, takes the care of this.

May every happiness attend my dear girl. Say every thing affectionate for me to Captain Fermor and Mr. Fitzgerald.

Adieu! Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T-

L E T T E R CLX.

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

London, July 19.

I GOT to town last night, my dear, and am at a friend's, from whence I have this morning sent to Mrs. Rivers ; I every moment expect her answer ; my anxiety of mind is not to be expressed ; my heart sinks ; I almost dread the return of my messenger.

If the affections, my dear friend, give us the highest happiness of which we are capable, they are also the source of our keenest misery ; what I feel at this instant, is not to be described : I have been near resolving to go into the country without seeing or sending to Mrs. Rivers. If she should receive me with coldness——why should I have exposed myself to the chance of such a reception ? It would have been better to have waited for Rivers's arrival ; I have been too precipitate ; my warmth of temper has misled me : what had I to do to seek his family ? I would give the world to retract my message, though it was only to let her know I was arrived ; that her son was well, and that she might every hour expect him in England.

There is a rap at the door : I tremble I know not why ; the servant comes up, he announces Mr. and Mrs. Temple : my heart beats, they are at the door.

One o'clock.

They are gone, and return for me in an hour ; they insist on my dining with them, and tell me Mrs. Rivers is impatient to see me. Nothing was

ever so polite, so delicate, so affectionate, as the behaviour of both; they saw my confusion, and did every thing to remove it: they enquired after Rivers, but without the least hint of the dear interest I take in him: they spoke of the happiness of knowing me: they asked my friendship, in a manner the most flattering that can be imagined. How strongly does Mrs. Temple, my dear, resemble her amiable brother! her eyes have the same sensibility, the same pleasing expression; I think I scarce ever saw so charming a woman; I love her already; I feel a tenderness for her, which is inconceivable; I caught myself two or three times looking at her with an attention for which I blushed.

How dear to me is every friend of my Rivers!

I believe there was something very foolish in my behaviour; but they had the good-breeding and humanity not to observe it.

I had almost forgot to tell you, they said every thing obliging and affectionate of you and Captain Fermor.

My mind is in a state not to be described; I feel joy, I feel anxiety, I feel doubt, I feel a timidity I cannot conquer, at the thought of seeing Mrs. Rivers.

I have to dress; therefore must finish this when I return.

Twelve at night.

I am come back, my dearest Bell; I have gone through the scene I so much dreaded, and am astonished I should ever think of it but with pleasure. How much did I injure this most amiable of women! Her reception of me, was that of a tender parent, who had found a long lost child; she kissed me, she pressed me to her bosom; her
tears

tears flowed in abundance ; she called me her daughter ; her other Lucy : she asked me a thousand questions of her son ; she would know all that concerned him, however minute ! how he looked, whether he talked much of her, what were his amusements ; whether he was as handsome as when he left England.

I answered her with some hesitation, but with a pleasure that animated my whole soul ; I believe, I never appeared to such advantage as this day.

You will not ascribe it to an unmeaning vanity, when I tell you, I never took such pains to please ; I even gave a particular attention to my dress, that I might, as much as possible, justify my Rivers's tenderness ; I never was vain for myself ; but I am so for him ; I am indifferent to admiration as Emily Montague ; but as the object of his love, I would be admired by all the world ; I wish to be the first of my sex in all that is amiable and lovely, that I might make a sacrifice worth of my Rivers, in shewing to all his friends, that he only can inspire me with tenderness, that I live for him alone.

Mrs. Rivers pressed me extremely to pass a month with her ; my heart yielded too easily to her request ; but I had courage to resist my own wishes, as well as her solicitations ; and shall set out in three days for Berkshire : I have, however, promised to go with them to-morrow, on a party to Richmond, which Mr. Temple was so obliging as to propose on my account.

Late as the season is, there is one more ship going to Quebec, which sails to-morrow.

You shall hear from me again in a few days by the packet.

Adieu! my dearest friend!

Your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

Surely it will not be long before Rivers arrives; you, my dear Bell, will judge what must be my anxiety till that moment.

L E T T E R C L X I .

To Captain FERMOR, at Silleri.

Dover, July 24, eleven o'clock.

I AM arrived, my dear friend, after a passage agreeable in itself; but which my fears for my Emily made infinitely anxious and painful: every wind that blew, I trembled for her; I formed to myself ideal dangers on her account, which reason had not power to dissipate.

We had a very tumultuous head sea a great part of the voyage, though the wind was fair; a certain sign there had been stormy weather with a contrary wind. I fancied my Emily exposed to those storms; there is no expressing what I suffered from this circumstance.

On entering the channel of England, we saw an empty boat, and some pieces of a wreck floating; I fancied it part of the ship which conveyed my lovely Emily; a sudden chillness seized my whole frame, my heart died within me at the sight:

sight : I had scarce courage, when I landed, to enquire whether she was arrived.

I asked the question with a trembling voice, and had the transport to find the ship had passed by, and to hear the person of my Emily described amongst the passengers who landed ; it was not easy to mistake her.

I hope to see her this evening : what do I not feel from that dear hope !

Chance gives me an opportunity of forwarding this by New York ; I write whilst my chaise is getting ready.

Adieu ! Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

I shall write to my dear little Bell as soon as I get to town. There is no describing what I felt at first seeing the coast of England : I saw the white cliffs with a transport mixed with veneration, a transport, which, however, was checked by my fears for the dearest part of myself.

My chaise is at the door.

Adieu !

Your faithful, &c.

ED. RIVERS.

L E T-

THE HISTORY OF
LETTER CLXII.

To Miss FERMOR, at Sillieri.

Rocheſter, July 24.

I AM obliged to wait ten minutes for a Canadian gentleman who is with me, and has ſome letters to deliver here: how painful is this delay! But I cannot leave a ſtranger alone on the road, tho' I loſe ſo many minutes with my charming Emily.

To ſoften this moment as much as poſſible, I will begin a letter to my dear Bell: our ſweet Emily is ſafe; I wrote to Captain Fermor this morning.

My heart is gay beyond words: my fellow traveller is aſtoniſhed at the beauty and riches of England, from what he has ſeen of Kent: for my part, I point out every fine proſpect, and am ſo proud of my country, that my whole ſoul ſeems to be dilated; for which perhaps there are other reaſons. The day is fine, the numerous herds and flocks on the ſide of the hills, the neatneſs of the houſes, of the people, the appearance of plenty; all exhibit a ſcene which muſt ſtrike one who has been uſed only to the wild graces of nature.

Canada has beauties; but they are of another kind.

This unreaſonable man! he has no miſtreſs to ſee in London; he is not expected by the moſt amiable of mothers, by a family he loves as I do mine.

I will order another chaiſe, and leave my ſervant to attend him.

He comes. Adieu! my dear little Bell! at this moment a gentleman is come into the inn who is going to embark at Dover for New-York; I will ſend this by him. Once more adieu!

ED. RIVERS.

L E T -

L E T T E R CLXIII.

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

Clarges-Street, July 25.

I AM the only person here, my dear Bell, enough composed to tell you Rivers is arrived in town. He stopped in his post-chaife, at the end of the street, and sent for me, that I might prepare my mother to see him, and prevent a surprize which might have hurried her spirits too much.

I came back, and told her I had seen a gentleman, who had left him at Dover, and that he would soon be here, he followed me in a few minutes.

I am not painter enough to describe their meeting; though prepared, it was with difficulty we kept my mother from fainting: she pressed him in her arms, she attempted to speak, her voice faltered, tears stole softly down her cheeks: nor was Rivers less affected, though in a different manner; I never saw him look so handsome; the manly tenderness, the filial respect, the lively joy, that were expressed in his countenance, gave him a look to which it is impossible to do justice: he hinted going down to Berkshire to night; but my mother seemed so hurt at the proposal, that he wrote to Emily, and told her his reason for deferring it till to-morrow, when we are all to go in my coach, and hope to bring her back with us to town.

You judge rightly, my dear Bell, that they were formed for each other; never were two minds so similar; we must contrive some method of making them happy: nothing but a too great delicacy

delicacy in Rivers prevents their being so to-morrow : were our situations changed, I should not hesitate a moment to let him make me so.

Lucy has sent for me. Adieu !

Believe me,

Your faithful and devoted,

J. TEMPLE.

L E T T E R CLXIV.

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

Pall-Mall, July 29.

I AM the happiest of human beings : my Rivers is arrived, he is well, he loves me ; I am dear to his family ; I see him without restraint ; I am every hour more convinced of the excess of his affection ; his attention to me is inconceivable : his eyes every moment tell me, I am dearer to him than life.

I am to be for some time on a visit to his sister, he is at Mrs. Rivers's, but we are always together : we go down next week to Mr. Temple's, in Rutland ; they only stayed in town, expecting Rivers's arrival. His seat is within six miles of Rivers's little paternal estate, which he settled on his mother when he left England ; she presses him to resume it, but he peremptorily refuses : he insists on her continuing her house in town, and being perfectly independent ; and mistress of herself.

I love him a thousand times more for this tenderness to her ; though it disappoints my dear hope of
being

being his. Did I think it possible, my dear Bell, he could have risen higher in my esteem ?

If we are never united, if we always live as at present, his tenderness will still make the delight of my life ; to see him, to hear that voice, to be his friend, the confidante of all his purposes, of all his designs, to hear the sentiments of that generous, that exalted soul—I would not give up this delight, to be empress of the world.

My ideas of affection are perhaps uncommon ; but they are not the less just, nor the less in nature.

A blind man may as well judge of colors as the mass of mankind of the sentiments of a truly enamoured heart.

The sensual and the cold will equally condemn my affection as romantic : few minds, my dear Bell, are capable of love ; they feel passion, they feel esteem ; they even feel that mixture of both which is the best counterfeit of love ; but of that vivifying fire, that lively tenderness which hurries us out of ourselves, they know nothing ; that tenderness which makes us forget ourselves, when the interest, the happiness, the honor of him we love is concerned ; that tenderness which renders the beloved object all that we see in the creation.

Yes, my Rivers, I live, I breathe, I exist, for you alone ; be happy, and your Emily is so.

My dear friend, you know love, and will therefore bear with all the impertinence of a tender heart.

I hope you have by this time made Fitzgerald happy ; he deserves you, amiable as you are, and you cannot too soon convince him of your affection : you sometimes play cruelly with his tenderness :

ness: I have been astonish'd, to see you torment
heart which adores you.

I am interrupted.

Adieu, my dear Bell!

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R CLXV.

To Captain FERMOR, Silleri.

Clarges-Street, Aug. 1.

LORD ——— not being in town, I went
to his villa at Richmond, to deliver your
letter. ———

I cannot enough, my dear Sir, thank you for
this introduction; I pass'd part of the day at
Richmond, and never was more pleasingly enter-
tain'd.

His politeness, his learning, his knowledge of
the world, however amiable, are in character at
his season of life; but his vivacity is astonishing.

What fire, what spirit there is in his conver-
sation! I hardly thought myself a young man
near him. What must he have been at five and
twenty?

He desired me to tell you, all his interest should
be employ'd for Fitzgerald, and that he wish'd
you to come to England as soon as possible.

We

We are just setting off for Temple's house in Rutland.

Adieu!

Your affectionate,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R CLXVI.

To Captain FERMOR, at Silleri.

Temple-house, Aug. 4.

I ENJOY, my dear friend, in one of the pleasantest houses, and most agreeable situations imaginable, the society of the four persons in the world most dear to me; I am in all respects as much at home as if master of the family, without the cares attending that station; my wishes, my desires, are prevented by Temple's attention and friendship, and my mother and sister's amiable anxiety to oblige me; I find an unspeakable softness in seeing my lovely Emily every moment, in seeing her adored by my family, in seeing her without restraint, in being in the same house, in living in that easy converse which is born from friendship alone: yet I am not happy.

It is that we lose the present happiness in the pursuit of greater: I look forward with impatience to that moment which will make Emily mine; and the difficulties, which I see on every side arising, embitter hours which would otherwise be exquisitely happy.

The

The narrowness of my fortune, which I see in a much stronger light in this land of luxury, and the apparent impossibility of placing the most charming of women in the station my heart wishes, give me anxieties which my reason cannot conquer.

I cannot live without her, I flatter myself our union is in some degree necessary to her happiness; yet I dread bringing her into distresses, which I am doubly obliged to protect her from, because she would with transport meet them all, from tenderness to me.

I have nothing which I can call my own, but my half-pay, and four thousand pounds: I have lived amongst the first company in England; all my connexions have been rather suited to my birth than fortune. My mother presses me to resume my estate, and let her live with us alternately; but against this I am firmly determined; she shall have her own house, and never change her manner of living.

Temple would share his estate with me, if I would allow him; but I am too fond of independence to accept favours of this kind even from him.

I have formed a thousand schemes, and as often found them abortive; I go to-morrow to see our little estate, with my mother; it is a private party of our own, and nobody is in the secret; I will there talk over every thing with her.

My mind is at present in a state of confusion not to be expressed; I must determine on something; it is improper Emily should continue long with my sister in her present situation; yet I cannot live without her.

I have never asked about Emily's fortune; but
I know

I know it is a small one; perhaps two thousand pounds; I am pretty certain, not more.

We can live on little, but we must live in some degree on a genteel footing: I cannot let Emily, who refused a coach and six for me, pay visits on foot; I will be content with a post-chaise, but cannot with less; I have a little, a very little pride, for my Emily.

I wish it were possible to prevail on my mother to return with us to Canada: I could then reconcile my duty and happiness, which at present seem almost incompatible.

Emily appears perfectly happy, and to look no further than to the situation in which we now are; she seems content with being my friend only, without thinking of a nearer connexion; I am rather piqued at a composure which has the air of indifference; why should not her impatience equal mine?

The coach is at the door and my mother waits for me.

Every happiness attend my friend, and all connected with him, in which number I hope I may by this time, include Fitzgerald.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER CLXVII.

To Captain FERMOR, at Sillieri.

Aug. 6.

I HAVE been taking an exact survey of the house and estate with my mother, in order to determine on some future plan of life.

'Tis inconceivable what I felt in returning to a place so dear to me, and which I had not seen for many years. I ran hastily from one room to another; I traversed the garden with inexpressible eagerness; my eye devoured every object; there was not a tree, nor a bush, which did not revive some pleasing, some soft idea.

I felt, to borrow a very pathetic expression of Thompson's,

“ A thousand little tenderesses throb,”

on revisiting those dear scenes of infant happiness; which were increased by having with me that estimable, that affectionate mother, to whose indulgence all my happiness had been owing.

But to return to the purpose of our visit: the house is what most people would think too large for the estate, even had I a right to call it my own; this is, however a fault, if it is one, which I can easily forgive.

There is furniture enough in it for my family, including my mother; it is unfashionable, but some of it is very good: and I think Emily has tenderness enough for me to live with me in a house, the furniture of which is not perfectly in taste.

In

In short, I know her much above having the slightest wish of vanity, where it comes in competition with love.

We can, as to the house, live here commodiously enough; and our only present consideration is, on what we are to live: a consideration, however, which, as lovers, I believe in strictness we ought to be much above!

My mother again solicits me to resume this estate; and has proposed my making over to her my half-pay instead of it, though of much less value, which with her own two hundred pounds a year, will, she says, enable her to continue her house in town, a point I am determined never to suffer her to give up; because she loves London; and because I insist on her having her own house to go to, if she should ever chance to be displeas'd with ours.

I am inclin'd to like this proposal: Temple and I will make a calculation; and, if we find it will answer every necessary purpose to my mother, I owe it to Emily to accept of it.

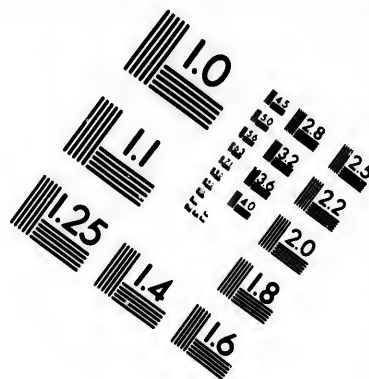
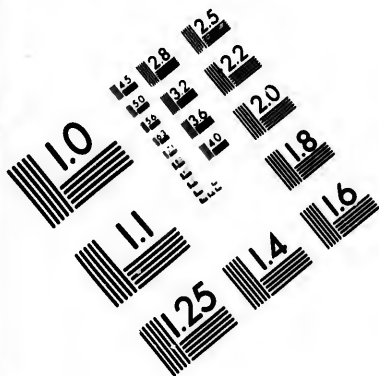
I endeavour to persuade myself, that I am obliging my mother, by giving her an opportunity of shewing her generosity, and of making me happy: I have been in spirits ever since she mentioned it.

I have already projected a million of improvements; have taught new streams to flow, planted ideal groves, and walk'd, fancy-led, in shades of my own raising.

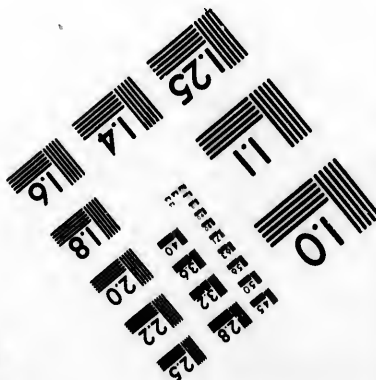
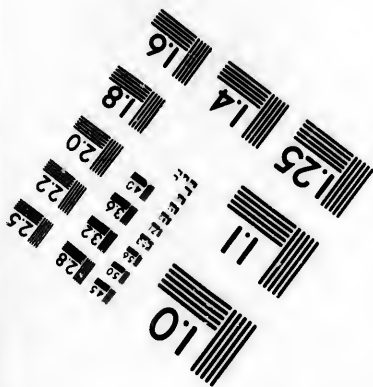
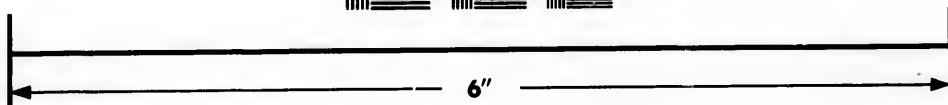
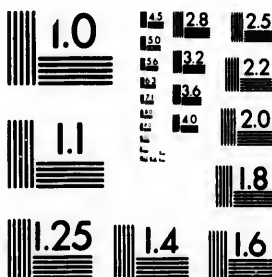
The situation of the house is enchanting; and with all my passion for the savage luxuriance of America, I begin to find my taste return for the more mild and regular charms of my native country.

We have no Chaudieres, no Montmorencis,
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none of those magnificent scenes on which the Canadians have a right to pride themselves; but we excel them in the lovely, the smiling; in enamelled meadows, in waving corn-fields, in gardens the boast of Europe; in every elegant art which adorns and softens human life; in all the riches and beauty which cultivation can give.

I begin to think I may be blest in the possession of my Emily, without betraying her into a state of want; we may, I begin to flatter myself, live with decency, in retirement; and, in my opinion, there are a thousand charms in retirement with those we love.

Upon the whole, I believe we shall be able to live, taking the word *live* in the sense of lovers, not of the *beau monde*, who will never allow a little country squire of four hundred pounds a year to *live*.

Time may do more for us; at least I am of an age and temper to encourage hope.

All here are perfectly yours.

Adieu! my dear friend,

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R CLXVIII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, Aug. 6.

THE leave of absence for my father and Fitzgerald being come some weeks sooner than we expected, we propose leaving Canada in five or six days.

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I am delighted with the idea of revisiting dear England, and seeing friends whom I so tenderly love : yet I feel a regret, which I had no idea I should have felt, at leaving the scenes of a thousand past pleasures ; the murmuring rivulets to which Emily and I have sat listening, the sweet woods where I have walked with my little circle of friends : I have even a strong attachment to the scenes themselves, which are infinitely lovely, and speak the inimitable hand of nature which formed them : I want to transport this fairy ground to England.

I sigh when I pass any particular charming spot ; I feel a tenderness beyond what inanimate objects seem to merit.

I must pay one more visit to the naiads of Montmorenci.

Eleven at night.

I am just come from the general's assembly ; where, I should have told you, I was this day fortnight announced *Madame Fitzgerald*, to the great mortification of two or three cats, who had very sagaciously determined, that Fitzgerald had too much understanding ever to think of such a flirting, coquetish creature as a wife.

I was grave at the assembly to-night, in spite of all the pains I took to be otherwise : I was hurt at the idea it would probably be *the last* at which I should be ; I felt a kind of concern at parting not only with the few I loved, but with those who had till to-night been indifferent to me.

There is something affecting in the idea of *the last time* of seeing even those persons or places, for which we have no particular affection.

I go to-morrow to take leave of the nuns, at the Ursuline convent ; I suppose I shall carry this melancholy

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lancholy idea with me there, and be hurt at seeing them too *for the last time*.

I pay visits every day amongst the peasants, who are very fond of me. I talk to them of their farms, give money to their children, and teach their wives to be good huswives: I am the idol of the country people five miles round, who declare me the most amiable, most generous woman in the world, and think it a thousand pities I should be damned.

Adieu! say every thing of me to my sweet friends if arrived.

7th, Eleven o'clock.

I have this moment a large packet of letters for Emily from Mrs. Melmoth, which I intend to take care of myself, as I hope to be in England almost as soon as this.

Good morrow!

Yours ever, &c.

A. FITZGERALD.

Three o'clock.

I am just come from visiting the nuns; they expressed great concern at my leaving Canada, and promised me their prayers on my voyage; for which proof of affection, tho' a good protestant, I thanked them very sincerely.

I wished exceedingly to have brought some of them away with me; my nun, as they call the amiable girl I saw take the veil, paid me the flattering tribute of a tear at parting; her fine eyes had a concern in them, which affected me extremely.

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I was not less pleased with the affection the late superior, my good old countrywoman, expressed for me, and her regret at seeing me *for the last time.*

Surely there is no pleasure on earth equal to that of being beloved! I did not think I had been such a favourite in Canada: it is almost a pity to leave it; perhaps nobody may love me in England.

Yes, I believe Fitzgerald will; and I have a pretty party enough of friends in your family.

Adieu! I shall write a line the day we embark, by another ship, which may possibly arrive before us.

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

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Sillery, Aug. 11.

WE embark to-morrow, and hope to see you in less than a month, if this fine wind continues.

I am just come from Montmorenci, where I have been paying my devotions to the tutelary deities of the place *for the last time.*

I had only Fitzgerald with me; we visited every grotto on the lovely banks, where we dined; kissed every flower, raised a votive altar on the little island, poured a libation of wine to the river goddesses; and, in short, did every thing which it became good heathens to do.

We stayed till day-light began to decline, which, with the idea of *the last time*, threw round us a certain

certain melancholy solemnity ; a solemnity which

“ Deepen’d the murmur of the falling floods,
 “ And breath’d a browner horror on the
 “ woods.”

I have twenty things to do, and but a moment to do them in. Adieu !

I am called down ; it is to Madame Des Roches : she is very obliging to come thus far to see me.

12th.

We go on board at one ; Madame Des Roches goes down with us as far as her estate, where her boat is to fetch her on shore. She has made me a present of a pair of extreme pretty bracelets ; has sent your brother an elegant sword-knot, and Emily a very beautiful cross of diamonds.

I don’t believe she would be sorry if we were to run away with her to England : I protest I am half inclined ; it is pity such a woman should be hid all her life in the woods of Canada : besides, one might convert her you know ; and, on a religious principle, a little deviation from rules is allowable.

Your brother is an admirable missionary amongst unbelieving ladies : I really think I shall carry her off ; if it is only for the good of her soul.

I have but one objection ; if Fitzgerald should take a fancy to prefer the tender to the lively, I should be in some danger : there is something very seducing in her eyes, I assure you.

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L E T T E R CLXX.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Kamaraskas, Aug. 14.

BY Madame Roches, who is going on shore, I write two or three lines, to tell you we have got thus far, and have a fair wind; she will send it immediately to Quebec, to be put on board any ship going, that you may have the greater variety of chances to hear of me.

There is a French lady on board, whose superstition bids fair to amuse us; she has thrown half her little ornaments overboard for a wind, and has promised I know not how many votive offerings of the same kind to St. Joseph, the patron of Canada, if we get safe to land; on which I shall only observe that there is nothing so like ancient absurdity as modern: she has classical authority for this manner of playing the fool. Horace, when afraid on a voyage, having, if my memory quotes fair, vowed

“ His dank and dropping weeds

“ To the stern god of sea.”

The boat is ready, and Madame Des Roches going; I am very unwilling to part with her; and her present concern at leaving me would be very flattering, if I did not think the remembrance of your brother had the greatest share in it.

She has wrote four or five letters to him, since she came on board, very tender ones, I fancy, and destroyed them; she has at last wrote a meer complimentary kind of a card, only thanking him for his

his offers of service ; yet I see it gives her pleasure to write even this, however cold and formal ; because addressed to him : she asked me, if I thought there was an impropriety in her writing to him, and whether it would not be better to address herself to Emily. I smiled at her simplicity, and she finished her letter ; she blushed and looked down when she gave it me.

She is less like a sprightly French widow, than a foolish English girl, who loves for the first time.

But I suppose when the heart is really touched, the feelings of all nations have a pretty near resemblance ; it is only that the French ladies are generally more coquets, and less inclined to the romantic style of love, than the English ; and we are, therefore, surprized when we find in them this trembling sensibility.

There are exceptions, however, to all rules ; and your little Bell seems, in point of love to have changed countries with Madame Des Roches.

The gale encreases, it flutters in the sails ; my fair friend is summoned ; the Captain chides our delay.

Adieu ! *ma chere Madame Des Roches*. I embrace her ; I feel the force of its being *for the last time*. I am afraid she feels it yet more strongly than I do : in parting with the last of his friends she seems to part with her Rivers for ever.

One look more at the wild graces of nature I leave behind.

Adieu, Canada ! adieu ! sweet abode of the wood-nymphs ! never shall I cease to remember with delight the place where I have passed so many happy hours.

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Heaven preserve my dear Lucy, and give prosperous gales to her friends!

Your faithful

A. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CLXXI,

To Miss MONTAGUE.

Isle of Bic, Aug. 16.

YOU are little obliged to me, my dear, for writing to you on ship-board; one of the greatest miseries here, being the want of employment: I therefore write for my own amusement not yours.

We have some French ladies on board, but they do not resemble Madame Des Roches. I am weary of them already, though we have been so few days together.

The wind is contrary, and we are at anchor under this island; Fitzgerald has proposed going to dine on shore: it looks excessively pretty from the ship.

Seven in the evening.

We are returned from Bic, after passing a very agreeable day.

We dined on the grass, at a little distance from the shore, under the shelter of a very fine wood, whose form, the trees rising above each other in the

the same regular confusion, brought the dear shades of Silleri to our remembrance.

We walked after dinner, and picked raspberries in the wood; and in our ramble came unexpectedly to the middle of a vисто, which, whilst some ships of war lay here, the sailors had cut through the island.

From this situation, being a rising ground, we could see directly through the avenue to both shores: the view of each was wildly majestic; the river comes finely in, whichever way you turn your sight; but to the south, which is more sheltered, the water just trembling to the breeze, our ship which had put all her streamers out, and to which the tide gave a gentle motion, with a few scattered houses, faintly seen amongst the trees at a distance, terminated the prospect, in a manner which was enchanting.

I die to build a house on this island; it is pity such a sweet spot should be uninhabited: I should like excessively to be Queen of Bic.

Fitzgerald has carved my name on a maple, near the shore; a pretty piece of gallantry in a husband, you will allow: perhaps he means it as taking possession for me of the island.

We are going to cards. Adieu! for the present.

Aug. 18.

'Tis one of the loveliest days I ever saw: we are fishing under the Magdalen islands; the weather is perfectly calm, the sea just dimpled, the sun-beams dance on the waves, the fish are playing on the surface of the water: the island is at a proper distance to form an agreeable point of view; and upon the whole the scene is divine.

There is one house on the island, which, at a distance, seems so beautifully situated, that I have
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lost all desire of fixing at Bic: I want to land, and go to the house for milk, but there was no good landing place on this side; the island seems here to be fenced in by a regular wall of rock.

A breeze springs up; our fishing is at an end for the present: I am afraid we shall not pass many days so agreeably as we have done this. I feel horror at the idea of so soon losing sight of land, and launching on the *vast Atlantic*:

Adieu! Yours,

A. FITZGERALD.

L E T T E R CLXXII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Aug. 26, at Sea.

WE have just fallen in with a ship from New York to London, and as it is a calm, the master of it is come on board; whilst he is drinking a bottle of very fine madeira, which Fitzgerald has tempted him with, on purpose to give me this opportunity, as it is possible he may arrive first, I will write a line, to tell my dear Lucy we are all well, and hope soon to have the happiness of telling her so in person; I also send what I scribbled before we lost sight of land! for I have had no spirits to write or do any thing since.

There is an inexpressible pleasure in meeting a ship at sea, and renewing our commerce with

mankind, after having been so absolutely separated from them. I feel strongly at this moment the inconstancy of the species: we naturally grow tired of the company on board our own ship, and fancy the people in every one we meet more agreeable.

For my part, this spirit is so powerful in me, that I would gladly, if I could have prevailed on my father and Fitzgerald, have gone on board with this man, and pursued our voyage in the New York ship. I have felt the same thing on land in a coach, on seeing another pass.

We have had a very unpleasant passage hitherto, and weather to fright a better sailor than your friend: it is to me astonishing, that there are men found, and those men of fortune too, who can fix on a sea life as a profession.

How strong must be the love of gain, to tempt us to embrace a life of danger, pain, and misery; to give up all the beauties of nature and art, all the charms of society, and separate ourselves from mankind, to amass wealth, which the very profession takes away all possibility of enjoying!

Even glory is a poor reward for a life passed at sea.

I had rather be a peasant on a sunny bank, with peace, safety, obscurity, bread, and a little garden of roses, than lord high admiral of the British fleet.

Setting aside the variety of dangers at sea, the time passed there is a total suspension of one's existence; I speak of the best part of our time there, for at least a third of every voyage is positive misery.

I abhor the sea, and am peevish with every creature about me.

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If there were no other evil attending this vile life, only think of being cooped up weeks together in such a space, and with the same eternal set of people.

If cards had not a little relieved me, I should have died of mere vexation before I had finished half the voyage.

What would I not give to see the dear white cliffs of Albion!

Adieu! I have not time to say more.

Your affectionate

A. FITZGERALD.

L E T T E R CLXXIII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Dover, Sept. 8.

WE are this instant landed, my dear, and shall be in town to-morrow.

My father stops one day on the road, to introduce Mr. Fitzgerald to a relation of ours, who lives a few miles from Canterbury.

I am wild with joy at setting foot once more on dry land.

I am not less happy to have traced your brother and Emily, but my enquiries here, for we left Quebec too soon to have advice there of their arrival.

Adieu! If in town, you shall see us the moment we get there; if in the country, write immediately, to the care of the agent.

Let me know where to find Emily, whom I die to see: is she still Emily Montague?

Adieu!

Your affectionate

A. FITZGERALD.

L E T T E R CLXXIV.

To Mrs. FITZGERALD.

Temple-house, Sept. 11.

YOUR letter, my dear Bell, was sent by this post to the country.

It is unnecessary to tell you the pleasure it gives us all to hear of your safe arrival.

All our argosies have now landed their treasures: you will believe us to have been more anxious about friends so dear to us, than the merchant for his gold and spices; we have suffered the greater anxiety, by the circumstance of your having returned at different times.

I flatter myself, the future will pay us for the past.

You may now, my dear Bell, revive your coterie, with the addition of some friends who love you very sincerely.

Emily (still Emily Montague) is with a relation in Berkshire, settling some affairs previous to her marriage with my brother, to which we flatter ourselves there will be no further objections.

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I assure you, I begin to be a little jealous of this Emily of yours; she rivals me extremely with my mother, and indeed with every body else.

We all come to town next week, when you will make us very unhappy if you do not become one of our family in Pall Mall, and return with us for a few months to the country.

My brother is at his little estate, six miles from hence, where he is making some alterations, for the reception of Emily: he is fitting up her apartment in a style equally simple and elegant, which, however, you must not tell her, because she is to be surprized: her dressing room, and a little adjoining closet of books, will be enchanting; yet the expence of all he has done is a mere trifle.

I am the only person in the secret; and have been with him this morning to see it: there is a gay, smiling air in the whole apartment, which pleases me infinitely: you will suppose he does not forget jars of flowers, because you know how much they are Emily's taste; he has forgot no ornament which he knew was agreeable to her.

Happily for his fortune, her pleasures are not of the expensive kind; he would ruin himself if they were.

He has bespoken a very handsome post-chaise, which is also a secret to Emily, who insists on not having one.

Their income will be about five hundred pounds a year: it is not much: yet, with their dispositions, I think it will make them happy.

My brother will write to Mr. Fitzgerald next post: say every thing affectionate for us all to him and Captain Fermor. Adieu! Yours.

LUCY TEMPLE.

L E T-

THE HISTORY OF
LETTER CLXXV.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Sept. 13.

I Congratulate you, my dear friend, on your safe arrival, and on your marriage.

You have got the start of me in happiness; I love you, however, too sincerely to envy you.

Emily has promised me her hand, as soon as some little family affairs are settled, which I flatter myself will not take above another week.

When she gave me this promise, she begged me to allow her to return to Berkshire till our marriage took place; I felt the propriety of this step, and therefore would not oppose it: she pleaded having some business also to settle with her relation there.

My mother has given back the deed of settlement of my estate, and accepted of an assignment on my half pay: she is greatly a loser; but she insisted on making me happy, with such an air of tenderness, that I could not deny her that satisfaction.

I shall keep some land in my own hands, and farm; which will enable me to have a post-chaise for Emily, and my mother, who will be a good deal with us; and a constant decent table for a friend.

Emily is to superintend the dairy and garden; she has a passion for flowers, with which I am extremely pleased, as it will be to her a continual source of pleasure.

I feel such delight in the idea of making her happy, that I think nothing a trifle which can be in the least degree pleasing to her.

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I could even wish to invent new pleasures for her gratification.

I hope to be happy ; and to make the loveliest of womankind so, because my notions of the state, into which I am entering, are I hope just, and free from that romantic turn so destructive to happiness.

I have once in my life, had an attachment nearly resembling marriage, to a widow of rank, with whom I was acquainted abroad ; and with whom I almost secluded myself from the world near a twelvemonth, when she died of a fever, a stroke it was long before I recovered.

I loved her with tenderness ; but that love, compared to what I feel for Emily, was as a grain of sand to the globe of earth, or the weight of a feather to the universe.

A marriage where not only esteem, but passion is kept awake, is, I am convinced, the most perfect state of sublunary happiness : but it requires great care to keep this tender plant alive ; especially, I blush to say it, on our side.

Women are naturally more constant, education improves this happy disposition : the husband who has the politeness, the attention, and delicacy of a lover, will always be beloved.

The same is generally, but not always, true on the other side ; I have sometimes seen the most amiable, the most delicate of the sex, fail in keeping the affection of their husbands.

I am well aware, my friend, that we are not to expect here a life of continual rapture ; in the happiest marriage there is danger of some languid moments : to avoid these, shall be my study ; and I am certain they are to be avoided.

The inebriation, the tumult of passion, will undoubtedly grow less after marriage, that is, after

after peaceable possession; hopes and fears alone keep it in its first violent state: but, though it subsides, it gives place to tenderness still more pleasing, to a soft, and, if you will allow the expression, a voluptuous tranquillity: the pleasure does not cease, does not even lessen: it only changes its nature.

My sister tells me, she flatters herself, you will give a few months to hers and Mr. Temple's friendship; I will not give up the claim I have to the same favor. -

My little farm will induce only friends to visit us; and it is not less pleasing to me for that circumstance: one of the misfortunes of a very exalted station, is the slavery it subjects us to in regard to the ceremonial world.

Upon the whole, I believe, the most agreeable, as well as most free of all situations, to be that of a little country gentleman, who lives upon his income and knows enough of the world not to envy his richer neighbours.

Let me hear from you, my dear Fitzgerald, and tell me, if, little as I am, I can be any way of the least use to you.

You will see Emily before I do; she is more lovely, more enchanting than ever.

Mrs. Fitzgerald will make me happy if she can invent any commands for me.

Adieu! Believe me,

Your faithful, &c.

ED. RIVERS.

L E T.

LETTER CLXXVI.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Bellfield, Rutland

London, Sept. 15.

EVERY mark of your friendship, my dear Rivers, must be particularly pleasing to one who knows your worth as I do : I have, therefore, to thank you as well for your letter, as for those obliging offers of service, which I shall make no scruple of accepting, if I have occasion for them.

I rejoice in the prospect of your being as happy as myself ; nothing can be more just than your ideas of marriage ; I mean, of a marriage founded on inclination : all that you describe, I am so happy as to experience.

I never loved my sweet girl so tenderly as since she has been mine ; my heart acknowledges the obligation of her having trusted the future happiness or misery of her life in my hands. She is every hour more dear to me ; I value as I ought those thousand little attentions, by which a new softness is every moment given to our affection.

I do not indeed feel the same tumultuous emotion at seeing her ; but I feel a sensation equally delightful : a joy more tranquil, but not less lively.

I will own to you, that I had strong prejudices against marriage, which nothing but love could have conquered ; the idea of an indissoluble union deterred me from thinking of a serious engagement : I attached myself to the most seducing, most attractive of women, without thinking the pleasure I found in seeing her of any consequence ; I thought her lovely, but never suspected I loved ; I thought the delight I tasted in

hearing her, merely the effects of those charms which all the world found in her conversation; my vanity was gratified by the flattering preference she gave me to the rest of my sex; I fancied this all, and imagined I could cease seeing the little syren when ever I pleased.

I was, however, mistaken; love stole upon me imperceptibly, and *en badinant*; I was enslaved, when I only thought myself amused.

We have not yet seen Miss Montague; we go down on Friday to Berkshire, Bell having some letters for her, which she was desired to deliver herself.

I will write to you again the moment I have seen her.

The invitation Mr. and Mrs. Temple have been so obliging as to give us, is too pleasing to ourselves not to be accepted; we also expect with impatience the time of visiting you at your farm.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

J. FITZGERALD.

L E T T E R CLXXVII.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Stamford, Sept. 16, Evening.

BEING here on some business, my dear friend, I received your letter in time to answer it to-night.

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We hope to be in town this day seven-night, and I flatter myself, my dearest Emily will not delay my happiness many days longer: I grudge you the pleasure of seeing her on Friday.

I triumph greatly in your having been seduced into matrimony, because I never knew a man more of a turn to make an agreeable husband; it was the idea that occurred to me the first moment I saw you.

Do you know, my dear Fitzgerald, if your little squire had not anticipated my purpose, I had designs upon you for my sister?

Through that careless, inattentive look of yours, I saw so much right sense, and so affectionate a heart, that I wished nothing so much as that she might have attached you; and had laid a scheme to bring you acquainted, hoping the rest from the merit so conspicuous in you both.

Both are however so happily disposed of elsewhere, that I have no reason to regret my scheme did not succeed.

There is something in your person, as well as manner, which I am convinced must be particularly pleasing to women; with an extremely agreeable form, you have a certain manly, spirited air, which promises them a protector; a look of understanding, which is the indication of a pleasing companion; a sensibility of countenance, which speaks a friend and a lover; to which I ought to add, an affectionate, constant attention to women, and a polite indifference to men, which above all things flatters the vanity of the sex.

Of all men breathing, I should have been most afraid of you as a rival; Mrs. Fitzgerald has told me, you have said the same thing of me.

Happily

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Happily, however, our tastes were different ; the two amiable objects of our tenderness were perhaps equally lovely ; but it is not the meer form, it is the character that strikes : the fire, the spirit, the vivacity, the awakened manner of Miss Fermor won you : whilst my heart was captivated by that bewitching languor, that seducing softness, that melting sensibility, in the air of my sweet Emily, which is, at least to me, more touching than all the sprightliness in the world.

There is in true sensibility of soul, such a resistless charm, that we are even affected by that of which we are not ourselves the object : we feel a degree of emotion at being witness to the affection which another inspires.

'Tis late, and my horses are at the door.

Adieu ! Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R CLXXVIII.

To Miss MONTAGUE, Rose-hill, Berkshire.

Temple-house, Sept. 16.

I H A V E but a moment, my dearest Emily, to tell you Heaven favours your tenderness : it removes every anxiety from two of the worthiest and most gentle of human hearts.

You and my brother have both lamented to me the painful necessity you were under, of reducing my mother to a less income than that to which she had been accustomed.

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An unexpected event has restored to her more than what her tenderness for my brother had deprived her of.

A relation abroad, who owed every thing to her father's friendship, has sent her, as an acknowledgment of that friendship, a deed of gift, settling on her four hundred pounds a year for life.

My brother is at Stampford, and is yet unacquainted with this agreeable event.

You will hear from him next post.

Adieu ! my dear Emily !

Your affectionate

JOHN TEMPLE.

END OF VOL. III.

