

4 THE HISTORY OF

How dear to me were those soft, those delicate attentions, which told me all you felt for me, without communicating it to others !

Do you remember that day, my Rivers, when, sitting in the little hawthorn grove, near the borders of the river, the rest of the company, of which Sir George was one, ran to look at a ship that was passing : I would have followed ; you asked me to stay, by a look which it was impossible to mistake ; nothing could be more imprudent than my stay, yet I had not resolution to refuse what I saw gave you pleasure : I stayed ; you pressed my hand, you regarded me with a look of unutterable love.

My Rivers, from that dear moment your Emily vowed never to be another's : she vowed not to sacrifice all the happiness of her life to a romantic parade of fidelity
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