

man destined to be my husband ; I fancied he loved me, and that gratitude obliged me to a return: carried away by the ardor of my friends for this marriage, I rather suffered than approved his addresses ; I had not courage to resist the torrent, I therefore gave way to it ; I loved no other, I fancied my want of affection a native coldness of temper. I felt a languid esteem, which I endeavoured to flatter myself was love ; but the moment I saw you, the delusion vanished.

Your eyes, my Rivers, in one moment convinced me I had a heart ; you staid some weeks with us in the country : with what transport do I recollect those pleasing moments ! how did my heart beat whenever you approached me ! what charms did I find in your conversation ! I heard you talk with a delight of which I was not mistress. I fancied every woman who saw you felt the same emotions : my tenderness increased imperceptibly without my perceiving the consequences of my indulging the dear pleasure of seeing you.

I found I loved, yet was doubtful of your sentiments ; my heart, however, flattered me yours was equally affected ; my situation prevented an explanation ; but love has a thousand ways of making himself understood.

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