

4 L E T T E R I.

why this Departure! this Haste! why press
to arrive, where I do not wish to be!
To remove myself, — from whom? — From
Lord *Ossory*. Ah! my dear *Henrietta*, who
would once have told me, I should ever
have fled from him? Is he not the same
Object, whose Loss, I imagined, would have
deprived me of Life; who, during two
Years, was always present to my Idea, and,
whom nothing has Power to make me for-
get? I fly, then, that I may not meet those
Eyes, that mine have sought with so much
Pleasure; where my Destiny seemed wrote,
and whose Glance once ruled all the Move-
ments of my Soul. Strange Alteration!
what different Effects are produced by the
same Cause? Heavens! what was my Sur-
prise at seeing him! How did his Mourn-
ing, and his Air of Sorrow strike me!
How ought his Wife to regret the Loss
of Life? What Difficulty had I not to turn
my