

EMILY MONTAGUE. 209

a fever, a stroke I was long before I recovered.

I loved her with tenderness; but that love, compared to what I feel for Emily, was 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