

EMILY MONTAGUE. 217

Emily reads in them the dear confession, of his tenderness, when that melodious voice utters the sentiments of the noblest mind that ever animated a human form—My dearest, the eloquence of angels cannot paint my Rivers as he is.

I am almost inclined not to go to the governor's to-night; I am determined not to dance till Rivers returns, and I know there are too many who will be ready to make observations on my refusal: I think I will stay at home, and write to him against Monday's post: I have a thousand things to say, and you know we are continually interrupted at Quebec; I shall have this evening to myself, as all the world will be at the governor's.

Adieu! your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.