

2 THE HISTORY OF

loveliest, the most amiable of his sex, till those eyes spoke the sentiments of a soul every idea of which was similar to her own.

Yes, my Rivers, our souls have the most perfect resemblance: I never heard you speak without finding the feelings of my own heart developed; your conversation conveyed your Emily's ideas, but cloathed in the language of angels.

I thought well of Sir George; I saw him as the 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 endeavored to flatter