

6 , THE HISTORY OF

I never, my dear girl, knew happiness till now; my tenderness is absolutely a species of idolatry; you cannot think what a slave this lovely girl has made me.

As a proof of this, the little tyrant insists on my omitting a thousand civil things I had to say to you, and attending her and Lady Anne immediately to the opera; she bids me however tell you, she loves you *passing the love of woman*, at least of handsome women, who are not generally celebrated for their candor and good-will to each other.

Adieu, my dearest Bell!

Yours,

J. TEMPLE.

LET-