

EMILY MONTAGUE. 3

felt the least inclination for any other woman, since I married your lovely friend.

I now see a circle of Beauties with the same indifference as a bed of snowdrops: no charms affect me but hers; the whole creation to me contains no other woman.

I find her every day, every hour, more lovely; there is in my Lucy a mixture of modesty, delicacy, vivacity, innocence, and blushing sensibility, which add a thousand unspeakable graces to the most beautiful person the hand of nature ever formed.

There is no describing her enchanting smile, the smile of unaffected, artless tenderness. How shall I paint to you the sweet involuntary glow of pleasure, the kindling fire of her eyes, when I approach; or those thousand little dear attentions of which love alone knows the value?