

L E T T E R II.

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happy for her, they are not lasting enough to convert themselves into tenderer Sentiments.

I ENDEAVOUR to busy myself about others, that I may drive away those Woes, which bring me back to myself. Sometimes I flatter myself that I no longer love; that what I felt at seeing my Lord *Offery* was more owing to Hatred, than to a softer Passion. — I hate him, perhaps, — Ah! why should I not hate him? — I hope at least that I shall become calm enough to see him, to speak to him, to treat him with the most mortifying Disdain. — O, no — I will never speak to him, will never see him. — Here is Sir *Harry*, he teases me, he will not wait; this is one of his Faults; not the least Patience. Adieu! love me, love me as you know you are beloved by me.

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