

EMILY MONTAGUE.

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me; all that has no relation to you passes away like a morning dream, the impression of which is effaced in a moment: my tenderness for you fills my whole soul, and leaves no room for any other idea. Rank, fortune, my native country, my friends, all are nothing in the balance with my Rivers.

For your own sake, I once more entreat you to return to England: I will follow you; I will swear never to marry another; I will see you, I will allow you to continue the tender inclination which unites us. Fortune may there be more favorable to our wishes than we now hope; may join us without destroying the peace of the best of parents.

But if you persist, if you will sacrifice every consideration to your tenderness — My Rivers, I have no will but yours.

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