

Of all men breathing, I should have been most afraid of you as a rival; Mrs. Fitzgerald has told me, you have said the same thing of me.

Happily, however, our tastes were different; the two amiable objects of our tenderness were perhaps equally lovely; but it is not the meek form, it is the character that strikes: the fire, the spirit, the vivacity, the awakened manner, of Miss Fermor won you; whilst my heart was captivated by that bewitching languor, that seducing softness, that melting sensibility, in the air of my sweet Emily, which is, at least to me, more touching than all the sprightliness in the world.

There is in true sensibility of soul, such a resistless charm, that we are even affected by that of which we are not ourselves the object: we feel a degree of emotion at  
being