

I am ashamed of my weakness—but I wish he wrote less often: there is an air of gaiety in his letters which offends me—He talks of balls, of parties with ladies—Perhaps I am unjust; but the delicacy of my love is wounded by his knowing a moment's pleasure in my absence; to me all places are equal where he is not; all amusements without him are dull and tasteless. Have not I an equal right to expect, Emily? He knows not how I love him.

Convinced that this mutual passion is the designation of Heaven to restore him to that affluence he lost by the partiality of an ancestor and the generous loyalty of his family, I give way to it without reserve; I regard my love as a virtue; I am proud of having distinguished his merit without those trappings of wealth which alone can attract common eyes. His idea is for ever before me; I think with transport of those enchanting moments—