

To Lady ANNE WILMOT.

“WE have a ball to-night on Lord
“Melvin’s return, against which
“she is putting on all her charms.”

Oh! Lady Anne! can you indeed know
what it is to love, yet play with the anxiety
of a tender heart? I can scarce bear the
thoughts of her looking lovely in my ab-
sence, or in any eyes but mine; how then
can I support the idea of her endeavoring
to please another, of her putting on all
her charms to grace the return of a man,
young, amiable, rich, noble, and the son
of her father’s friend? A thousand fears, a
thousand conjectures torment me: should
she love another—the possibility distracts
me.—Go to her, and ask her if the tender-
est, most exalted passion, if the man who
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