

To Lady ANNE WILMOT.

“**W**E 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 absence, 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 tenderest, most exalted passion, if the man who adores