

L E T T E R CXXII.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Quebec.

Montreal, April 14.

IS it possible, my dear Emily, you can, after all I have said, persist in endeavoring to dissuade me from a design on which my whole happiness depends, and which I flattered myself was equally essential to yours? I forgave, I even admired, your first scruple; I thought it generosity: but I have answered it; and if you had loved as I do, you would never again have named so unpleasing a subject.

Does your own heart tell you mine will call a settlement here, with you, an exile? Examine yourself well, and tell me whether your aversion to staying in Canada is not stronger