

EMILY MONTAGUE. 235

I need not tell you we had fiddles, for there is no entertainment in Canada without them : never was such a race of dancers.

One o'clock.

The dear man is come, and with an equipage which puts the Empress of Russia's traineau to shame. America never beheld any thing so brilliant :

" All other carriages, at sight of this,
" Hide their diminish'd heads."

Your brother's and Fitzgerald's will never dare to appear now ; they sink into nothing.

Seven in the evening.

Emily has been in tears in her chamber ; 'tis a letter of Mrs. Melmoth's which has had this agreeable effect ; some wise advice, I suppose. Lord ! how I hate people that give advice ! don't you, Lucy ?

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