

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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