EMILY MONTAGUE. 113

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ent convinveeks with do I recoll my heart hat charms rd you talk refs. I fanfame emoptibly withmy indulg-

your fentid me yours revented an rays of mak-

hose delicate or me, with-

ivers, when, ear the borny, of which fhip that was afked me to e to miffake; han my ftay, yet yet I had not refolution to refufe what I faw gave you pleafure : I flayed; you prefied my hand, you regarded me with a look of unutterable love.

My Rivers, from that dear moment your Emily vowed never to be another's: fhe vowed not to facrifice all the happinefs of her life to a romantic parade of fidelity to a man whom fhe had been betrayed into receiving as a lover; fhe refolved, if neceffary, to own to him the tendernefs with which you had infpired her, to entreat from his efteen, from his compassion, a release from engagements which made her wretched.

My heart burns with the love of virtue, I am tremblingly alive to fame : what bitternefs then must have been my portion had I first feen you when the wife of another !

Such is the powerful fympathy that unites us, that I fear, that virtue, that ftrong fenfe of h onor and fame, fo powerful in minds most turned to tenderness, would only have ferved to make more poignant the pangs of hopeless, despairing love.

How bleft am I, that we met before my fituation made it a crime to love: I fhudder at the idea how wretched I might have been, had I feen you afew months later.

I am just returned from a visit at a few miles distance. I find a letter from my dear Bell that she will be here to-morrow: how do I long to see her, to talk to her of my Rivers.

I am interrupted.

Adieu ! Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LET-