

L E T T E R I.

5

my Head at parting! Into what a State did that Sight! — But, could you conceive that he has dared to call at my Door, — to insist on seeing me, — to write to me, — to imagine I would open his Letters? How audacious is this Man? But, are they not all so?

I AM still astonished at the Step I have taken. I tell myself every Moment I have acted rightly; I tell myself so, but I do not feel it sufficiently: I seek for Reasons to applaud myself on the Part I have pursued; I find them, but it is in my Pride only. I experience, my Dear, that the Heart has no Taste for those weak Lenitives, in which our Vanity finds so much Consolation.

IN fine, I am gone: Behold me, fifty Miles from *London*, and yet not *dead*; assure my Lord *Castle-Cary* of this. In Spite of his Predictions I did not *faint away* at the