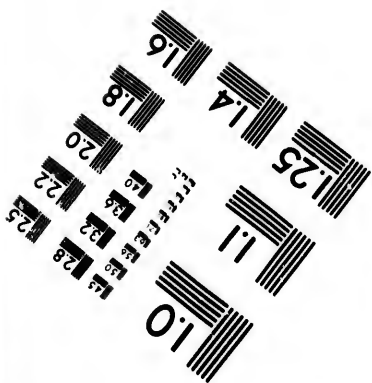
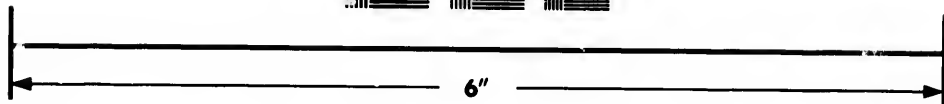
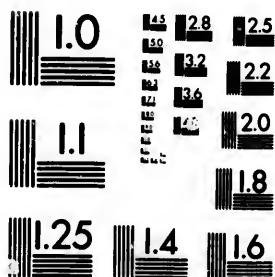


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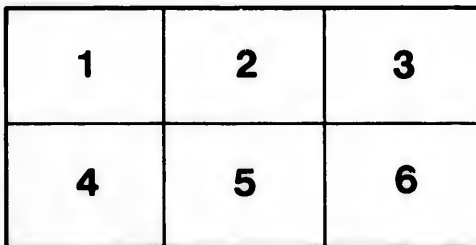
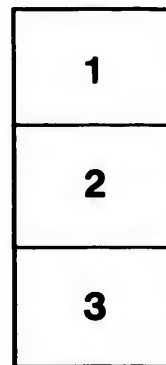
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H I S T O R Y

O F

EMILY MONTAGUE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

LADY JULIA MANDEVILLE.

—————“ A kind indulgent sleep,
“ O'er works of length, allowably may creep.”
HORACE.

V O L. I. AND II.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED BY R. MARCHBANK, No. 11, DAME-STREET.

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TO HIS EXCELLENCY

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G O V E R N O R

A N D

COMMANDER IN CHIEF

OF HIS MAJESTY'S PROVINCE OF

Q U E B E C, &c. &c.

S I R,

AS the scene of so great a part of the following work is laid in Canada, I flatter myself there is a peculiar propriety in addressing it to your Excellency, to whose probity and enlightened attention the colony owes its happiness, and individuals that tranquillity of mind, without which there can be no exertion of the power of either the understanding or imagination.

Were I to say all your Excellency has done to diffuse, through this province, so happy under your command, a spirit of loyalty and attachment to our excellent
Sovereign,

Sovereign, of chearful obedience to our laws, and of that union which makes the strength of government, I should hazard your esteem by doing you justice.

I will, therefore, only beg leave to add mine to the general voice of Canada ; and to assure your excellency, that

I am,

With the utmost esteem and respect,

Your most obedient servant,

FRANCES BROOKE.

LONDON,
March 22, 1769.

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THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R I.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; at Paris.

Cowes, April 10, 1766.

AFTER spending two or three very agreeable days here, with a party of friends, in exploring the beauties of the island, and dropping a tender tear at Carisbrook Castle to the memory of the unfortunate Charles the First, I am just setting out for America, on a scheme I once hinted to you, of settling the lands to which I have a right as a lieutenant colonel on half-pay. On enquiry and mature deliberation, I prefer Canada to New-York for two reasons, that it is wilder, and that the women are handsomer: the first, perhaps, every body will not approve; the latter, I am sure, *you* will.

You may perhaps call my project romantic, but my active temper is ill suited to the lazy cha-

VOL. I.

B

rafter

rafter of a reduced officer : besides that I am too proud to narrow my circle of life, and not quite unfeeling enough to break in on the little estate which is scarce sufficient to support my mother and sister in the manner to which they have been accustomed.

What you call a sacrifice, is none at all ; I love England, but am not obstinately chained down to any spot of earth ; nature has charms every where for a man willing to be pleased : at my time of life, the very change of place is amusing ; love of variety, and the natural restlessness of man, would give me a relish for this voyage, even if I did not expect, what I really do to become lord of a principality which will put our large-acred men in England out of countenance. My subjects indeed at present will be only bears and elks, but in time I hope to see the *human face divine* multiplying round me ; and in thus cultivating what is in the rudest state of nature, I shall taste one of the greatest of all pleasures, that of creation, and see order and beauty gradually rise from chaos.

The vessel is unmoored ; the winds are fair, a gentle breeze agitates the bosom of the deep ; all nature smiles : I go with all the eager hopes of a warm imagination : yet friendship casts a lingering look behind.

Our mutual loss, my dear Temple, will be great. I shall never cease to regret you, nor will you find it easy to replace the friend of your youth. You may find friends of equal merit ; you may esteem them equally ; but few connexions formed after five and twenty strike root like that early sympathy, which united us almost from infancy, and has increased to the very hour of our separation.

What

What pleasure is there in the friendships of the spring of life, before the world, the mean unfeeling selfish world, breaks in on the gay mistakes of the just expanding heart, which sees nothing but truth, and has nothing but happiness in prospect!

I am not surprized the heathens raised altars to friendship, 'twas natural for untaught superstition to deify the source of every good; they worshipped friendship: which animates the moral world, on the same principle as they paid adoration to the sun, which gives life to the world of nature.

I am summoned on board. Adieu!

ED. RIVERS:

L E T T E R II.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, June 27.

I HAVE this moment your letter, my dear; I am happy to hear my mother has been amused at Bath, and not at all surprized to find she rivals you in your conquests. By the way, I am not sure she is not handsomer, notwithstanding you tell me you are handsomer than ever: I am astonished she will lead a tall daughter about with her thus, to let people into a secret they would never suspect, that she is past five and twenty.

You are a foolish girl, Lucy: do you think I have not more pleasure in continuing to my mother, by coming hither, the little indulgencies of life, than I could have had by enjoying them myself? pray reconcile her to my absence, and assure her she will make me happier by jovially enjoy-

ing the trifle I have assigned to her use, than by procuring me the wealth of a Nabob, in which she was to have no share.

But to return; you really, Lucy, ask me such a million of questions, 'tis impossible to know which to answer first; the country, the convents, the balls, the ladies, the beaux—'tis a history, not a letter, you demand, and it will take me a twelvemonth to satisfy your curiosity.

Where shall I begin? certainly with what must first strike a soldier: I have seen then the spot where the amiable hero expired in the arms of victory; have traced him step by step with equal astonishment and admiration: 'tis here alone it is possible to form an adequate idea of an enterprize, the difficulties of which must have destroyed hope itself had they been foreseen.

The country is a very fine one: you see here not only the *beautiful*, which it has in common with Europe, but the *great sublime* to an amazing degree; every object here is magnificent: the very people seem almost another species, if we compare them with the French from whom they are descended.

On approaching the coast of America, I felt a kind of religious veneration, on seeing rocks which almost touched the clouds, covered with tall groves of pines that seemed coeval with the world itself: to which veneration the solemn silence not a little contributed; from Cape Rosieres, up the river St. Lawrence, during a course of more than two hundred miles, there is not the least appearance of a human foot-step, no objects meet the eye but mountains, woods, and numerous rivers, which seem to roll their waters in vain.

It is impossible to behold a scene like this without lamenting the madnes of mankind, who, more merciless than the fierce inhabitants of the howling wilderness, destroy millions of their own species in the wild contention for a little portion of that earth, the greater part of which remains yet unpossessed, and courts the hand of labour for cultivation.

The river itself is one of the noblest in the world; its breadth is ninety miles at its entrance, gradually and almost imperceptibly, decreasing; interspersed with islands which give it a variety infinitely pleasing, and navigable near five hundred miles from the sea.

Nothing can be more striking than the view of Quebec as you approach; it stands on the summit of a boldly-rising hill, at the confluence of two very beautiful rivers, the St. Laurence and St. Charles, and as the convents and other public buildings first meet the eye, appears to great advantage from the port. The island of Orleans, the distant view of the cascade of Montmorenci, and the opposite village of Beauport, scattered with a pleasing irregularity along the banks of the river St. Charles, add greatly to the charms of the prospect.

I have just had time to observe, that the Canadian ladies have the vivacity of the French, with a superior share of beauty: as to balls and assemblies, we have none at present, it being a kind of interregnum of government: if I chose to give you the political state of the country, I could fill volumes with the *psurs* and the *contres*; but I am not one of those sagacious observers, who, by staying a week in a place, think themselves qualified to give, not only its natural, but its moral and political

political history : besides which, you and I are rather too young to be very profound politicians. We are in expectation of a successor from whom we hope a new golden age ; I shall then have better subjects for a letter to a lady.

Adieu ! my dear girl ! say every thing for me to my mother. Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R III.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

London, April 30.

INDEED ! gone to people the wilds of America, Ned, and multiply the *human face divine* ! 'tis a project worthy a tall handsome colonel of twenty-seven : let me see ; five feet, eleven inches, well made, with fine teeth, speaking eyes, a military air, and the look of a man of fashion : spirit, generosity, a good understanding, some knowledge, an easy address, a compassionate heart, a strong inclination for the ladies, and in short every quality a gentleman should have : excellent all these for colonization : *prenez garde, mes cheres dames*. You have nothing against you, Ned, but your modesty ; a very useless virtue on French ground, or indeed on any ground : I wish you had a little more consciousness of your own merits : remember that *to know one's self* the oracle of Apollo has pronounced to be the perfection of human wisdom. Our fair friend Mrs. H— says, “ Colonel Rivers “ wants nothing to make him the most agreeable “ man breathing, but a little dash of the cox- “ comb.”

For

For my part, I hate humility in a man of the world: 'tis worse than even the hypocrisy of the faints: I am not ignorant, and therefore never deny, that I am a very handsome fellow; and I have the pleasure to find all the women of the same opinion.

I am just arrived from Paris: the divine Madame De —— is as lovely and as constant as ever; 'twas cruel to leave her, but who can account for the caprices of the heart? mine was the prey of a young unexperienced English charmer, just come out of a convent.

“ The bloom of opening flowers—”

Ha, Ned? But I forget; you are for the full-blown rose: 'tis a happiness, as we are friends, that 'tis impossible we can ever be rivals; a woman is grown out of my taste some years before she comes up to yours: absolutely, Ned, you are too nice; for my part, I am not so delicate; youth and beauty are sufficient for me; give me blooming seventeen, and I cede to you the whole empire of sentiment.

This, I suppose, will find you trying the force of your destructive charms on the savage dames of America; chasing females wild as the winds thro' woods as wild as themselves: I see you pursuing the stately relic of some renowned Indian chief, some plump squaw arrived at the age of sentiment, some warlike queen dowager of the Ottawas or Tuscaroras.

And pray, *comment trouvez vous les dames sauvages?* all pure and genuine nature, I suppose; none of the affected coyness of Europe: your attention there will be the more obliging, as the Indian heroes, I am told, are not very attentive to the charms of the *beau sexe*.

You

You are very sentimental on the subject of friendship; no one has more exalted notions of this species of affection than myself, yet I deny that it gives life to the moral world; a gallant man, like you, might have found a more animating principle :

O Venus ! O Mere de l'Amour !

I am most gloriously indolent this morning, and would not write another line if the empire of the world (observe I do not mean the female world) depended on it.

Adieu !

J. TEMPLE.

L E T T E R . IV.

TO JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, July 1.

'TIS very true, Jack ; I have no relish for *the Misses* ; for puling girls in hanging sleeves, who feel no passion but vanity, and, without any distinguishing taste, are dying for the first man who tells them they are handsome. Take your boarding-school girls ; but give me *a woman* ; one, in short, who has a soul ; not a cold inanimate form, insensible to the lively impressions of real love, and unfeeling as the wax baby she has just thrown away.

You will allow Prior to be no bad judge of female merit ; and you may remember his Egyptian maid, the favourite of the luxurious King Solomon, is painted in full bloom.

By the way, Jack, there is generally a certain hoity-toity in elegance of form and manner at
seventeen,

seventeen, which in my opinion is not balanced by freshness of complexion, the only advantage girls have to boast of.

I have another objection to girls, which is, that they will eternally fancy every man they converse with has designs; a coquet and a prude *in the bud* are equally disagreeable; the former expects universal adoration, the latter is alarmed even at that general civility which is the right of all their sex; of the two however the last is, I think, much the most troublesome; I wish these very apprehensive young ladies knew, their *virtue* is not half so often in danger as they imagine, and that there are many male creatures to whom they may safely shew politeness without being drawn into any concessions inconsistent with the strictest honour. We are not half such terrible animals as mammams, nurses, and novels represent us; and, if my opinion is of any weight, I am inclined to believe those tremendous men, who have designs on the whole sex, are, and ever were, characters as fabulous as the giants of romance.

Women after twenty begin to know this, and therefore converse with us on the footing of rational creatures, without either fearing or expecting to find every man a lover.

To do the ladies justice however, I have seen the same absurdity in my own sex, and have observed many a very good sort of a man turn pale at the politeness of an agreeable woman.

I lament this mistake, in both sexes, because it takes greatly from the pleasure of mixed society, the only society for which I have any relish.

Don't, however, fancy that, because I dislike *the Misses*, I have a taste for their grandmothers;

there is a golden mean, Jack, of which you seem to have no idea.

You are very ill informed as to the manners of the Indian ladies: 'tis in the bud alone these wild roses are accessible; liberal to profusion of their charms before marriage, they are chastity itself after; the moment they commence wives, they give up the very idea of pleasing, and turn all their thoughts to the cares, and those not the most delicate cares, of domestic life: laborious, hardy, active, they plough the ground, they sow, they reap; whilst the haughty husband amuses himself with hunting, shooting, fishing, and such exercises only as are the image of war; all other employments being, according to his idea, unworthy the dignity of a man.

I have told you the labours of savage life, but I should observe that they are only temporary, and when urged by the sharp tooth of necessity: their lives are, upon the whole, idle beyond any thing we can conceive. If the Epicurean definition of happiness is just, that it consists in indolence of body, and tranquillity of mind, the Indians of both sexes are the happiest people on earth; free from all care, they enjoy the present moment, forget the past, and are without solicitude for the future: in summer, stretched on the verdant turf, they sing, they laugh, they play, they relate stories of their ancient heroes to warm the youth to war; in winter, wrapped in the furs which bounteous nature provides them, they dance, they feast, and despise the rigours of the season, at which the more effeminate Europeans tremble.

War being however the business of their lives, and the first passion of their souls, their very pleasures take their colours from it: every one must
have

have heard of the war dance, and their songs are almost all on the same subject : on the most diligent enquiry, I find but one love song in their language, which is short and simple, tho' perhaps not inexpressive.

“ I love you,

“ I love you dearly,

“ I love you all day long.”

An old Indian told me, they had also songs of friendship, but I could never procure a translation of one of them : on my pressing this Indian to translate one into French for me, he told me with a haughty air, the Indians were not used to make translations, and that if I chose to understand their songs I must learn their language. By the way their language is extremely harmonious, especially as pronounced by their women, and as well adapted to music as Italian itself. I must not here omit an instance of their independent spirit, which is, that they never would submit to have the service of the church, tho' they profess the Romish religion, in any language but their own ; the women, who have in general fine voices, sing in the choir with a taste and manner that would surprize you, and with a devotion that might edify more polished nations.

The Indian women are tall and well shaped ; have good eyes, and before marriage are, except their colour, and their coarse greasy black hair, very far from being disagreeable ; but the laborious life they afterwards lead is extremely unfavourable to beauty ; they become coarse and masculine, and lose in a year or two the power as well as the desire of pleasing. To compensate however for the loss of their charms, they acquire

a new

a new empire in marrying; are consulted in all affairs of state, chuse a chief on every vacancy of the throne, are sovereign arbiters of peace and war, as well as of the fate of those unhappy captives that have the misfortune to fall into their hands, who are adopted as children, or put to the most cruel death, as the wives of the conquerors smile or frown.

A Jesuit missionary told me a story on this subject, which one cannot hear without horror: an Indian woman with whom he lived on his mission was feeding her children, when her husband brought in an English prisoner; she immediately cut off his arm, and gave her children the streaming blood to drink: the Jesuit remonstrated on the cruelty of the action, on which, looking sternly at him, "I would have them warriors," said she, "and therefore feed them with the food of men."

This anecdote may perhaps disgust you with the Indian ladies, who certainly do not excel in female softness. I will therefore turn to the Canadian, who have every charm except that without which all other charms are to me insipid, I mean sensibility: they are gay, coquettish, and sprightly; more gallant than sensible; more flattered by the vanity of inspiring passion, than capable of feeling it themselves; and like their European country-women, prefer the outward attentions of unmeaning admiration to the real devotion of the heart. There is not perhaps on earth a race of females, who talk so much, or feel so little of love as the French; the very reverse is in general true of the English: my fair country-women seem ashamed of the charming sentiment to which they are indebted for all their power.

Adieu!

Adieu! I am going to attend a very handsome French lady, who allows me the honour to drive her *en calache* to our Canadian Hyde-Park, the road to St. Foix, where you will see forty or fifty calashes, with pretty women in them, parading every evening: you will allow the apology to be admissible.

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R V.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, July 4.

WHAT an inconstant animal is man! do you know, Lucy, I begin to be tired of the lovely landscape round me? I have enjoyed from it all the pleasure meer inanimate objects can give, and find 'tis a pleasure that soon fatiates, if not relieved by others which are more lively. The scenery is to be sure divine, but one grows weary of meer scenery: the most enchanting prospect soon loses its power of pleasing, when the eye is accustomed to it: we gaze at first transported on the charms of nature, and fancy they will please for ever; but, alas! it will not do; we sigh for society, the conversation of those dear to us; the more animated pleasures of the heart. There are fine women, and men of merit here; but, as the affections are not in our power, I have not yet felt my heart gravitate towards any of them. I must absolutely set in earnest about my settlement, in order to emerge from the state of vegetation into which I seem falling.

But

Adieu!

But to your last: you ask me a particular account of the convents here. Have you any inclination, my dear, to turn nun? if you have, you could not have applied to a more proper person; my extreme modesty and reserve, and my speaking French, having made me already a great favourite with the older part of all the three communities, who unanimously declare colonel Rivers to be *un tres aimable homme*, and have given me an unlimited liberty of visiting them whenever I please: they now and then treat *me* with a sight of some of the young ones, but this is a favour not allowed to all the world.

There are three religious houses at Quebec, so you have choice; the Ursulines, the Hotel Dieu, and the General Hospital. The first is the severest order in the Romish Church, except that very cruel one, which denies its fair votaries the inestimable liberty of speech. The house is large and handsome, but has an air of gloominess, with which the black habit, and the livid paleness of the nuns, extremely correspond. The church is, contrary to the style of the rest of the convent, ornamented and lively to the last degree. The superior is an English woman of good family, who was taken prisoner by the savages when a child, and placed here by the generosity of a French officer. She is one of the most amiable women I ever knew, with a benevolence in her countenance which inspires all who see her with affection: I am very fond of her conversation, tho' sixty and a nun.

The Hotel Dieu is very pleasantly situated, with a view of the two rivers, and the entrance of the port: the house is chearful, airy, and agreeable; the habit extremely becoming, a circumstance a handsome woman ought by no means to overlook;

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overlook; 'tis white, with a black gauze veil, which would shew your complexion to great advantage. The order is much less severe than the Ursulines, and I might add, much more useful, their province being the care of the sick: the nuns of this house are sprightly, and have a look of health which is wanting at the Ursulines.

The General Hospital, situated about a mile out of town, on the borders of the river St. Charles, is much the most agreeable of the three. The order and the habit are the same with the Hotel Dieu, except that to the habit is added the cross, generally worn in Europe by canonessees only: a distinction procured for them by their founder, St. Vallier, the second bishop of Quebec. The house is, without, a very noble building; and neatness, elegance and propriety reign within. The nuns, who are all of the noblesse, are many of them handsome, and all genteel, lively, and well bred; they have an air of the world, their conversation is easy, spirited, and polite: with them you almost forget the recluse in the woman of condition. In short, you have the best nuns at the Ursulines, the most agreeable women at the General Hospital: all however have an air of chagrin, which they in vain endeavour to conceal; and the general eagerness with which they tell you unasked they are happy, is a strong proof of the contrary.

Tho' the most indulgent of all men to the follies of others, especially such as have their source in mistaken devotion; tho' willing to allow all the world to play the fool their own way, yet I cannot help being fired with a degree of zeal against an institution equally incompatible with public good, and private happiness; an institution which cruelly devotes beauty and innocence to slavery, regret,

regret, and wretchedness; to a more irksome imprisonment than the severest laws inflict on the worst of criminals.

Could any thing but experience, my dear Lucy, make it be believed possible that there should be rational beings, who think they are serving the God of mercy by inflicting on themselves voluntary tortures, and cutting themselves off from that state of society in which he has placed them, and for which they were formed? by renouncing the best affections of the human heart, the tender names of friend, of wife, of mother? and as far as in them lies, counterworking creation? by spurning from them every amusement however innocent, by refusing the gifts of that beneficent Power who made us to be happy, and destroying his most precious gifts, health, beauty, sensibility, cheerfulness, and peace!

My indignation is yet awake, from having seen a few days since at the Ursulines, an extreme lovely young girl, whose countenance spoke a soul formed for the most lively, yet delicate, ties of love and friendship, led by a momentary enthusiasm, or perhaps by a childish vanity artfully excited, to the foot of those altars, which she will probably too soon bathe with the bitter tears of repentance and remorse.

The ceremony, formed to strike the imagination, and seduce the heart of unguarded youth, is extremely solemn and affecting; the procession of the nuns, the sweetness of their voices in the choir, the dignified devotion with which the charming enthusiast received the veil, and took the cruel vow which shut her from the world for ever, struck my heart in spite of my reason, and I felt myself

myself touched even to tears by a superstition I equally pity and despise.

I am not however certain it was the ceremony which affected me thus strongly; it was impossible not to feel for this amiable victim; never was there an object more interesting; her form was elegance itself; her air and motion animated and graceful; the glow of pleasure was on her cheek, the fire of enthusiasm in her eyes, which are the finest I ever saw: never did I see joy so lively painted on the countenance of the happiest bride; she seemed to walk in air; her whole person looked more than human.

An enemy to every species of superstition, I must however allow it to be the least destructive to true virtue in your gentle sex, and therefore to be indulged with least danger; the superstition of men is gloomy and ferocious; it lights the fire and points the dagger of the assassin; whilst that of women takes its colour from the sex; is soft, mild, and benevolent; exerts itself in acts of kindness and charity, and seems only substituting the love of God to that of man.

Who can help admiring, whilst they pity, the foundress of the Ursuline convent, Madame de la Peltre, to whom the very colony in some measure owes its existence? young, rich and lovely; a widow in the bloom of life, mistress of her own actions, the world was gay before her, yet she left all the pleasures that world could give, to devote her days to the severities of a religion she thought the only true one: she dared the dangers of the sea, and the greater dangers of a savage people; she landed on an unknown shore, submitted to the extremities of cold and heat, of thirst and hunger, to perform a service she thought acceptable to the

Deity.

Deity. To an action like this, however mistaken the motive, bigotry alone will deny praise: the man of candour will only lament that minds capable of such heroic virtue are not directed to views more conductive to their own and the general happiness.

I am unexpectedly called this moment, my dear Lucy, on some business to Montreal, from whence you shall hear from me. Adieu!

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R VI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Montreal, July 9.

I AM, arrived, my dear, and have brought my heart safe thro' such a continued fire as never poor knight errant was exposed to; waited on at every stage by blooming country girls, full of spirit and coquetry, without any of the village bashfulness of England, and dressed like the shepherdesses of romance. A man of adventure might make a pleasant journey to Montreal.

The peasants are ignorant, lazy, dirty, and stupid beyond all belief; but hospitable, courteous, civil; and, what is particularly agreeable, they leave their wives and daughters to do the honours of the house: in which obliging office they acquit themselves with an attention, which, amidst every inconvenience apparent (tho' I am told not real) poverty can cause, must please every guest who has a soul inclined to be pleased: for my part, I was charmed with them, and eat my homely fare with

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as much pleasure as if I had been feasting on ortolan in a palace. Their conversation is lively and amusing ; all the little knowledge of Canada is confined to the sex ; very few, even of the seigneurs, being able to write their own names.

The road from Quebec to Montreal is almost a continued street, the villages being numerous, and so extended along the banks of the river St. Lawrence as to leave scarce a space without houses in view ; except where here or there a river, a wood or mountain intervenes, as if to give a more pleasing variety to the scene. I don't remember ever having had a more agreeable journey ; the fine prospects of the day so enlivened by the gay chat of the evening, that I was really sorrow when I approached Montreal.

The island of Montreal, on which the town stands, is a very lovely spot ; highly cultivated, and tho' less wild and magnificent, more smiling than the country round Quebec : the ladies, who seem to make pleasure their only business, and most of whom I have seen this morning driving about the town in calashes, and making what they call, the *tour de la ville*, attended by English officers, seem generally handsome, and have an air of sprightliness with which I am charmed ; I must be acquainted with them all, for tho' my stay is to be short, I see no reason why it should be dull. I am told they are fond of little rural balls in the country, and intend to give one as soon as I have paid my respects in form.

Six in the evening.

I am just come from dining with the — regiment, and find I have a visit to pay I was not aware of, to two English ladies who are a few miles out of town : one of them is wife to the major

major of the regiment, and the other just going to be married to a captain in it, Sir George Clayton, a young handsome baronet, just come to his title and a very fine estate, by the death of a distant relation: he is at present at New York, and I am told they are to be married as soon as he comes back.

Eight o'clock.

I have been making some flying visits to the French ladies; tho' I have not seen many beauties, yet in general the women are handsome; their manner is easy and obliging, they make the most of their charms by their vivacity, and I certainly cannot be displeas'd with their extreme partiality for the English officers; their own men, who indeed are not very attractive, have not the least chance for any share in their good graces.

Thursday morning.

I am just setting out with a friend for Major Melmoth's, to pay my compliments to the two ladies: I have no relish for this visit; I hate misses that are going to be married; they are always so full of the dear man, that they have not common civility to other people. I am told however both the ladies are agreeable.

14th, Eight in the evening.

Agreeable, Lucy! she is an angel: 'tis happy for me she is engaged; nothing else could secure my heart, of which you know I am very tenacious: only think of finding beauty, delicacy, sensibility, all that can charm in woman, hid in a wood in Canada!

You say I am given to be enthusiastic in my approbations, but she is really charming. I am resolv'd not only to have a friendship for her myself, but that *you* shall, and have told her so, she

comes

comes to England as soon as she is married; you are formed to love each other.

But I must tell you; Major Melmoth kept us a week at his house in the country, in one continued round of rural amusements; by which I do not mean hunting and shooting, but such pleasures as the ladies could share; little rustic balls and parties round the neighbouring country, in which parties we were joined by all the fine women at Montreal. Mrs. Melmoth is a very pleasing, genteel brunette, but Emily Montague—you will say I am in love with her, if I describe her, and yet I declare to you I am not: knowing she loves another, to whom she is soon to be united, I see her charms with the same kind of pleasure I do yours; a pleasure, which, tho' extremely lively, is by our situation without the least mixture of desire.

I have said, she is charming; there are men here who do not think so, but to me she is loveliness itself. My ideas of beauty are perhaps a little out of the common road: I hate a woman of whom every man coldly says, *she is handsome*; I adore beauty, but it is not meer features or complexion to which I give that name; 'tis life, 'tis spirit, 'tis animation, 'tis—in one word, 'tis Emily Montague—without being regularly beautiful, she charms every sensible heart; all other women, however lovely, appear marble statues near her: fair, pale (a paleness which gives the idea of delicacy without destroying that of health,) with dark hair and eyes, the latter large and languishing, she seems made to feel to a trembling excess, the passion she cannot fail of inspiring: her elegant form has an air of softness and languor, which seizes the whole soul in a moment: her eyes, the most intelligent

ligent I ever saw, hold you enchained by their bewitching sensibility.

There are a thousand unspeakable charms in her conversation ; but what I am most pleased with, is the attentive politeness of her manner, which you seldom see in a person in love ; the extreme desire of pleasing one man generally taking off greatly from the attention due to all the rest. This is partly owing to her admirable understanding, and partly to the natural softness of her soul, which gives her the strongest desire of pleasing. As I am a philosopher in these matters, and have made the heart my study, I want extremely to see her with her lover, and to observe the gradual encrease of her charms in his presence ; love, which embellishes the most unmeaning countenance, must give to her's a fire irresistible : what eyes ! when animated by tenderness !

The very soul acquires a new force and beauty by loving, a woman of honour never appears half so amiable, or displays half so many virtues, as when sensible to the merit of a man who deserves her affection. Observe, Lucy, I shall never allow you to be handsome till I hear you are in love.

Did I tell you Emily Montague had the finest hand and arm in the world, I should however have excepted yours : her tone of voice too has the same melodious sweetness, a perfection without which the loveliest woman could never make the least impression on my heart : I don't think you are very unlike upon the whole, except that she is paler. You know, Lucy, you have often told me I should certainly have been in love with you if I had not been your brother : this resemblance is a proof you were right. You are really as hand-

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some as any woman can be whose sensibility has never been put in motion.

I am to give a ball to-morrow; Mrs. Melmoth is to have the honours of it, but as she is with child, she does not dance. This circumstance has produced a dispute not a little flattering to my vanity: the ladies are making interest to dance with me; what a happy exchange have I made! what man of common sense would stay to be overlooked in England, who can have rival beauties contend for him in Canada? This important point is not yet settled; the *etiquette* here is rather difficult to adjust; as to me, I have nothing to do in the consultation; my hand is destined to the longest pedigree; we stand prodigiously on our noblesse at Montreal.

Four o'clock.

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After a dispute in which two French ladies were near drawing their husbands into a duel, the point of honour is yielded by both to Miss Montague; each insisting only that I should not dance with the other: for my part, I submit with a good grace, as you will suppose.

Saturday morning.

I never passed a more agreeable evening: we have our amusements here, I assure you: a set of fine young fellows, and handsome women, all well dressed, and in humour with themselves, and with each other: my lovely Emily like Venus amongst the Graces, only multiplied to about sixteen. Nothing is, in my opinion, so favourable to the display of beauty as a ball. A state of rest is ungraceful; all nature is most beautiful in motion; trees agitated by the wind, a ship under sail, a horse in the course, a fine woman dancing: never any

any human being had such an aversion to still life as I have.

I am going back to Melmoth's for a month; don't be alarmed, Lucy! I see all her perfections, but I see them with the cold eye of admiration only: a woman engaged loses all her attractions as a woman; there is no love without a ray of hope: my only ambition is to be her friend; I want to be the confident of her passion. With what spirit such a mind as hers must love!

Adieu, my dear! yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R VII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Montreal, Aug. 15.

BY heavens, Lucy, this is more than man can bear; I was made to stay so long at Melmoth's; there is no resisting this little seducer: 'tis shameful in such a lovely woman to have understanding too; yet even this I could forgive, had she not that enchanting softness her in manner, which steals upon the soul, and would almost make ugliness itself charm; were she but vain, one had some chance, but she will take upon her to have no consciousness, at least no apparent consciousness, of her perfections, which is really intolerable. I told her so last night, when she put on such a malicious smile—I believe the little tyrant wanted to add me to the number of her slaves; but I was not formed to fill up a train. The woman I love must be so far from giving another the preference

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that she must have no soul but for me; I am one of the most unreasonable men in the world on this head; she may fancy what she pleases, but I set her and all her attractions at defiance: I have made my escape, and shall set off for Quebec in an hour. Flying is, I must acknowledge, a little out of character, and unbecoming a soldier; but in these cases, it is the very best thing man or woman either can do, when they doubt their powers of resistance.

I intend to be ten days going to Quebec. I propose visiting the priests at every village, and endeavouring to get some knowledge of the nature of the country, in order to my intended settlement. Idleness being the root of all evil, and the nurse of love, I am determined to keep myself employed; nothing can be better suited to my temper than my present design; the pleasure of cultivating lands here is as much superior to what can be found in the same employment in England, as watching the expanding rose, and beholding the falling leaves: America is in infancy, Europe in old age. Nor am I very ill qualified for this agreeable task; I have studied the Georgics, and am a pretty enough kind of a husbandman as far as theory goes; nay, I am not sure I shall not be, even in practice, the best *gentleman* farmer in the province.

You may expect soon to hear of me in the *Museum Rusticum*; I intend to make amazing discoveries in the rural way: I have already found out, by the force of my own genius, two very uncommon circumstances; that in Canada, contrary to what we see every where else, the country is rich, the capital poor; the hills fruitful, the vallies barren. You see what excellent dispositions I have

to be an useful member of society : I had always a strong bias to the study of natural philotophy.

Tell my mother how well I am employed, and she cannot but approve my voyage : assure her, my dear, of my tenderest regard.

The chaise is at the door.

Adieu !

ED. RIVERS.

The lover is every hour expected ; I am not quite sure I should have liked to see him arrive : a third person, you know, on such an occasion, sinks into nothing ; and I love, wherever I am, to be one of the figures which strike the eye ; I hate to appear on the back ground of the picture.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Miss RIVERS.

Quebec, Aug. 24.

YOU can't think, my dear, what a fund of useful knowledge I have treasured up during my journey from Montreal. This colony is a rich mine yet unopened ; I do not mean of gold and silver, but of what are of much more real value, corn and cattle. Nothing is wanting but encouragement and cultivation ; the Canadians are at their ease even without labour ; nature is here a bounteous mother, who pours forth her gifts almost unsolicited : bigotry, stupidity, and laziness, united, have not been able to keep the peasantry poor. I rejoice to find such admirable capabilities where I propose to fix my dominion.

I was

I was hospitably entertained by the cures all the way down, tho' they are in general but ill provided for: the parochial clergy are useful every where, but I have a great aversion to monks, those drones in the political hive, whose whole study seems to me to make themselves as useless to the world as possible. Think too of the shocking indelicacy of many of them, who make it a point of religion to abjure linen, and wear their habits till they drop off. How astonishing that any mind should suppose the Deity an enemy to cleanliness! the Jewish religion was hardly any thing else.

I paid my respects wherever I stopped, to the *seigneurs* of the village; for as to the seigneurs, except two or three, if they had not wives, they would not be worth visiting.

I am every day more pleased with the women here; and, if I was a gallant, should be in danger of being a convert to the French stile of gallantry; which certainly debases the mind much less than ours.

But what is all this to my Emily? How I envy Sir George! what happiness has heaven prepared for him, if he has a soul to taste it!

I really must not think of her; I found so much delight in her conversation, it was quite time to come away; I am almost ashamed to own how much difficulty I found in leaving her: do you know I have scarce slept since? This is absurd, but I cannot help it; which by the way is an admirable excuse for any thing.

I have been come but two hours, and am going to Silleri, to pay my compliments to your friend Miss Fermor, who arrived with her father, who comes to join his regiment since I left Quebec. I hear there has been a very fine importation of

English ladies during my absence. I am sorry I have not time to visit the rest, but I go to-morrow morning to the Indian village for a fortnight, and have several letters to write to-night.

Adieu! I am interrupted,

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R IX.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Quebec, Aug. 24.

I CANNOT, Madam, express my obligation to you for having added a postscript to Major Melmoth's letter: I am sure he will excuse my answering the whole to you; if not, I beg he may know that I shall be very pert about it, being much more solicitous to please you than him, for a thousand reasons too tedious to mention.

I thought you had more penetration than to suppose me indifferent: on the contrary, sensibility is my fault; though it is not your little every-day beauties who can excite it: I have admirable dispositions to love, though I am hard to please: in short, *I am not cruel, I am only nice*: do but you, or your divine friend, give me leave to wear your chains, and you shall soon be convinced I can love *like an angel*, when I set in earnest about it. But, alas! you are married, and in love with your husband; and your friend is in a situation still more unfavourable to a lover's hopes. This is particularly unfortunate, as you are the only two of your bewitching sex in Canada, for whom my heart

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heart feels the least sympathy. To be plain, but don't tell the little Major, I am more than half in love with you both, and, if I was the grand Turk, should certainly fit out a fleet, to seize, and bring you to my seraglio.

There is one virtue I admire extremely in you both; I mean, that humane and tender compassion for the poor men, which prompts you to be always seen together; if you appeared separate, where is the hero who could resist either of you?

You ask me how I like the French ladies at Montreal: I think them extremely pleasing, and many of them handsome; I thought Madam L—so, even near you and Miss Montague; which is, I think, saying as much as can be said on the subject.

I have just heard by accident that Sir George is arrived at Montreal. Assure Miss Montague, no one can be more warmly interested in her happiness than I am: she is the most perfect work of Heaven; may she be the happiest! I feel much more on this occasion than I can express; a mind like hers must, in marriage, be exquisitely happy or miserable: my friendship makes me tremble for her, notwithstanding the worthy character I have heard of Sir George.

I will defer till another time what I had to say of Major Melmoth.

I have the honour to be, Madam,

Yours, &c.

ED. RIVERS.

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L E T T E R X.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Silleri, Aug. 24.

I HAVE been a month arrived, my dear, without having seen your brother, who is at Montreal, but I am told is expected to-day. I have spent my time however very agreeably. I know not what the winter may be, but I am enchanted with the beauty of the country in summer; bold, picturesque, romantic, nature reigns here in all her wanton luxuriance, adorned by a thousand wild graces which mock the cultivated beauties of Europe. The scenery about the town is infinitely lovely; the prospect extensive, and diversified by a variety of hills, woods, rivers, cascades, intermingled with smiling farms and cottages, and bounded by distant mountains which seem to scale the very heavens.

The days are much hotter here than in England, but the heat is more supportable from the breezes, which always spring up about noon; and the evenings are charming beyond expression. We have much thunder and lightning, but very few instances of their being fatal: the thunder is more magnificent and awful than in Europe, and the lightning brighter and more beautiful; I have even seen it of a clear pale purple, resembling the gay tints of the morning.

The verdure is equal to that of England, and in the evening acquires an unspeakable beauty from the lucid splendor of the fire-flies sparkling like a thousand little stars on the trees and on the grass.

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There are two very noble falls of water near Quebec, la Chaudiere and Montmorenci: the former is a prodigious sheet of water, rushing over the wildest rocks, and forming a scene grotesque, irregular, astonishing: the latter, less wild, less irregular, but more pleasing and more majestic, falls from an immense height, down the side of a romantic mountain, into the river St. Lawrence, opposite the most sailing part of the island of Or-lands, to the cultivated charms of which it forms the most striking and agreeable contrast.

The river of the same name, which supplies the cascades of Montmorenci, is the most lovely of all inanimate objects: but why do I call it inanimate? It almost breathes; I no longer wonder at the enthusiasm of Greece and Rome; 'twas from objects resembling this their mythology took its rise; it seems the residence of a thousand deities.

Paint to yourself a stupendous rock burst as if were in sunder by the hands of nature, to give passage to a small, but very deep and beautiful river; and formed on each side a regular and magnificent wall, crowned with the noblest woods that can be imagined; the sides of these romantic walls adorned with a variety of the gayest flowers, and in many places little streams of the purest water gushing through, and losing themselves in the river below: a thousand regular grottoes in the rock make you suppose yourself in the abode of the Nereids; as a little island, covered with flowering shrubs, about a mile about the falls, where the river enlarges itself as if to give it room, seems intended for the throne of the river goddess. Beyond this, the rapids, formed by the irregular projections of the rock, which in some places seem almost to meet, rival in beauty, as they excel in variety, the cascade

cade itself, and close this little world of enchantment.

In short, the loveliness of this fairy scene alone more than repays the fatigues of my voyage; and, if I ever murmur at having crossed the Atlantic, remind me that I have seen the river Montmorenci.

I can give you a very imperfect account of the people here; I have only examined the landscape about Quebec, and have given very little attention to the figures; the French ladies are handsome, but as to the beaux, they appear to me not at all dangerous, and one might safely walk in a wood by moonlight with the most agreeable Frenchman here. I am not surprized the Canadian ladies take such pains to seduce our men from us; but I think it a little hard we have no temptation to make reprisals.

I am at present at an extreme pretty farm on the banks of the river St. Lawrence; the house stands at the foot of a steep mountain covered with a variety of trees, forming a verdant sloping wall, which rises in a kind of regular confusion,

“Shade above shade, a woody theatre,”

and has in front this noble river, on which the ships continually passing present to the delighted eye the most charming, moving picture imaginable; I never saw a place so formed to inspire that pleasing lassitude, that divine inclination to faunter, which may not improperly be called, the luxurious indolence of the country. I intend to build a temple here to the charming goddesses of laziness.

A gentleman is just coming down the winding path on the side of a hill, whom by his air I take

to be your brother. Adieu! I must receive him: my father is at Quebec.

Yours,

ARABELLA FERMOR.

Your brother has given me a very pleasing piece of intelligence: my friend Emily Montague is at Montreal, and is going to be married to great advantage; I must write to her immediately, and insist on her making me a visit before she marries. She came to America two years ago, with her uncle Colonel Montague, who died here, and I imagined was gone back to England; she is however at Montreal with Mrs. Melmoth, a distant relation of her mother's. Adieu! *ma tres chere!*

L E T T E R XI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Quebec, Sept. 10:

I Find, my dear, that absence and amusement are the best remedies for a beginning passion; I have passed a fortnight at the Indian village of Lorette, where the novelty of the scene, and the enquiries I have been led to make into their anti-ent religion and manners, have been of a thousand times more service to me than all the reflection in the world would have been.

I will own to you that I staid too long at Montreal, or rather at Major Melmoth's: to be six weeks in the same house with one of the most ami-

able, most pleasing women, was a trying situation to a heart full of sensibility, and of a sensibility which has been hitherto, from a variety of causes, a good deal restrained. I should have avoided the danger from the first, had it appeared to me what it really was; but I thought myself secure in the consideration of her engagements, a defence however which I found grow weaker every day.

But to my savages: other nations talk of liberty, they possess it; nothing can be more astonishing than to see a little village of about thirty or forty families, the small remains of the Hurons, almost exterminated by long and continual war with the Iroquoise, preserve their independence in the midst of an European colony consisting of seventy thousand inhabitants; yet the fact is true of the savages of Lorette; they assert and they maintain that independence with a spirit truly noble. One of our company having said something which an Indian understood as a supposition that they had been *subjects* of France, his eyes struck fire, he stopped him abruptly, contrary to their respectful and sensible custom of never interrupting the person who speaks, "You mistake, brother," said he; "we are subjects to no prince: a savage is "free all over the world." And he spoke only truth; they are not only free as a people, but every individual is perfectly so. Lord of himself, at once subject and master, a savage knows no superior, a circumstance which has a striking effect on his behaviour; unawed by rank or riches, distinctions unknown amongst his own nation, he would enter as unconcerned, would possess all his powers as freely in the palace of an oriental monarch, as in the cottage of the meanest peasant: 'tis the species, 'tis man, 'tis his equal he respects, without

without regarding the gaudy trappings, the accidental advantages, to which polished nations pay homage.

I have taken some pains to develop their present, as well as past, religious sentiments, because the Jesuit missionaries have boasted so much of their conversion; and find they have rather engrafted a few of the most plain and simple truths of Christianity on their antient superstitions, than exchanged one faith for another; they are baptized, and even submit to what they themselves call the *yoke*, of confession, and worship according to the outward forms of the Romish church, the drapery of which cannot but strike minds unused to splendor; but their belief is very little changed, except that the women seem to pay great reverence to the Virgin, perhaps because flattering to the sex. They antiently believed in one God, the ruler and creator of the universe, whom they called *the Great Spirit* and the *Master of Life*; in the sun as his image and representative; in a number of inferior spirits and demons; and in a future state of rewards and punishments, or, to use their own phrase, *in a country of souls*. They reverence the spirits of their departed heroes, but it does not appear that they paid them any religious adoration. Their morals were more pure, their manners more simple, than those of polished nations, except in what regarded the intercourse of the sexes: the young women before marriage were indulged in great libertinism, hid however under the most reserved and decent exterior. They held adultery in abhorrence, and with the more reason as their marriages were dissolvable at pleasure. The missionaries are said to have found no difficulty so great in gaining them to Christianity as that

of

of persuading them to marry for life : they regarded the Christian system of marriage as contrary to the laws of nature and reason ; and asserted that, as the *Great Spirit* formed us to be happy, it was opposing his will, to continue together when otherwise.

The sex we have so unjustly excluded from power in Europe have a great share in the Huron government ; the chief is chose by the matrons from amongst the nearest male relations, by the female line, of him he is to succeed ; and is generally an aunt's or sister's son ; a custom which, if we examine strictly into the principle on which it is founded, seems a little to contradict what we are told of the extreme chastity of the married ladies.

The power of the chief is extremely limited ; he seems rather to advise his people as a father than command them as a master : yet as his commands are always reasonable, and for the general good, no prince in the world is so well obeyed. They have a supreme council of ancients, into which every man enters of course at an age fixed, and another of assistants to the chief on common occasions, the members of which are like him elected by the matrons : I am pleased with this last regulation, as women are, beyond all doubt, the best judges of the merit of men : and I should be extremely pleased to see it adopted in England : canvassing for elections would then be the most agreeable thing in the world, and I am sure the ladies would give their votes on much more generous principles than we do. In the true sense of the word, *we* are the savages, who so impolitely deprive you of the common rights of citizenship, and leave you no power but that of which we cannot deprive you, the resistless power of your charms. By the way, I don't think

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think you are obliged in conscience to obey laws you have had no share in making; your plea would certainly be at least as good as that of the Americans, about which we every day hear so much.

The Hurons have no positive law; yet being a people not numerous, with a strong sense of honour, and in that state of equality which gives no food to the most tormenting passions of the human heart, and the council of ancients having a power to punish atrocious crimes, which power however they very seldom find occasion to use, they live together in a tranquillity and order which appears to us surprising.

In more numerous Indian nations, I am told, every village has its chief and its councils, and is perfectly independent on the rest; but on great occasions summon a general council, to which every village sends deputies.

Their language is at once sublime and melodious; but, having much fewer ideas, it is impossible it can be so copious as those of Europe: the pronunciation of the men is guttural, but that of the women extremely soft and pleasing; without understanding one word of the language, the sound of it is very agreeable to me. Their style, even in speaking French, is bold and metaphorical: and I am told is on important occasions extremely sublime. Even in common conversation they speak in figures, of which I have this moment an instance. A savage woman was wounded lately in defending an English family from the drunken rage of one of her nation. I asked her after her wound; "It is well," said she, "my sisters at Quebec (meaning the English ladies) have been kind to me; and plasters, you know, are very healing."

They

They have no idea of letters, no alphabet, nor is their language reducible to rules: 'tis by painting they preserve the memory of the only events which interest them, or that they think worth recording, the conquests gained over their enemies in war.

When I speak of their paintings, I should not omit that, though extremely rude, they have a strong resemblance to the Chinese, a circumstance which struck me the more, as it is not the stile of nature. Their dances also, the most lively pantomimes I ever saw, and especially the dance of peace, exhibit variety of attitudes resembling the figures on Chinese fans; nor have their features and complexion less likeness to the pictures we see of the Tartars, as their wandering manner of life, before they became Christians, was the same.

If I thought it necessary to suppose they were natives of the country, and that America was peopled later than the other quarters of the world, I should imagine them the descendants of Tartars; as nothing can be more easy than their passage from Asia, from which America is probably not divided; or, if it is, by a very narrow channel. But I leave this to those who are better informed, being a subject on which I honestly confess my ignorance.

I have already observed, that they retain most of their ancient superstitions. I should particularize their belief in dreams, of which folly even repeated disappointments cannot cure them: they have also an unlimited faith in their *powwers*, or conjurers, of whom there is one in every Indian village, who is at once physician, orator, and divine, and who is consulted as an oracle on every

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occasion. As I happened to smile at the recital a
savage was making of a prophetic dream, from
which he assured us of the death of an English
officer whom I knew to be alive, "You Europe-
"ans," said he, "are the most unreasonable
"people in the world; you laugh at our belief in
"dreams, and yet expect us to believe things a
"thousand times more incredible."

Their general character is difficult to describe;
made up of contrary and even contradictory qua-
lities, they are indolent, tranquil, quiet, humane
in peace; active, restless, cruel, ferocious in war:
courteous, attentive, hospitable, and even polite,
when kindly treated; haughty, stern, vindictive,
when they are not; and their resentment is the
more to be dreaded, as they hold it a point of ho-
nour to dissemble their sense of any injury till they
find an opportunity to revenge it.

They are patient of cold and heat, of hunger
and thirst, even beyond all belief when necessity
requires, passing whole days, and often three or
four days together, without food in the woods,
when on the watch for an enemy, or even on their
hunting parties; yet indulging themselves in their
feasts even to the most brutal decree of intempe-
rance. They despise death, and suffer the most
excruciating tortures not only without a groan,
but with an air of triumph; singing their death-song
deriding their tormentors, and threatening them
with the vengeance of their surviving friends: yet
hold it honourable to fly before an enemy that
appears the least superior in number or force.

Deprived by their extreme ignorance, and that
indolence which nothing but their ardour for war
can surmount, of all the conveniencies, as well as
elegant refinements of polished life; strangers to
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the softer passions, love being with them on the same footing as amongst their fellow-tenants of the woods, their lives appear to me rather tranquil than happy; they have fewer cares, but they have also much fewer enjoyments, than fall to our share. I am told, however, that, though insensible to love, they are not without their affections, are extremely awake to friendship, and passionately fond of their children.

They are of a copper colour, which is rendered more unpleasing by a quantity of coarse red on their cheeks; but their children, when born, are of a pale silver white; perhaps their delicate custom of greasing their bodies, and their being so much exposed to the air and sun even from infancy, may cause that total change of complexion, which I know not how otherwise to account for: their hair is black and shining, the women's very long, parted at the top, and combed back, tied behind, and often twisted with a thong of leather, which they think very ornamental: the dress of both sexes is a close jacket, reaching to their knees, with spatterdashes, all of coarse blue cloth, shoes of deer-skin, embroidered with porcupine quills, and sometimes with silver spangles; and a blanket thrown across their shoulders, and fastened before with a kind of bodkin, with necklaces and other ornaments of beads or shells.

They are in general tall, well-made, and agile to the last degree; have a lively imagination, a strong memory; and, as far as their interests are concerned, are very dexterous politicians.

Their address is cold and reserved; but their treatment of strangers and the unhappy, infinitely kind and hospitable. A very worthy priest, with whom I was acquainted at Quebec, was some years
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since shipwrecked in December on the island of Anticosti: after a variety of distresses, not difficult to be imagined on an island without inhabitants, during the severity of a winter even colder than that of Canada, he, with the small remains of his companions who survived such complicated distress, early in the spring reached the main land in their boat, and wandered to a cabin of savages; the ancient of which, having heard his story, bid him enter, and liberally supplied their wants: "Approach, brother," said he, "the unhappy have a right to our assistance; we are men, and cannot but feel for the distresses which happen to men;" a sentiment which has a strong resemblance to a celebrated one in a Greek tragedy.

You will not expect more from me on this subject, as my residence here has been short, and I can only be said to catch a few marking features flying. I am unable to give you a picture at full length.

Nothing astonishes me so much as to find their manners so little changed by their intercourse with the Europeans; they seem to have learnt nothing of us but excess in drinking.

The situation of the village is very fine, on an eminence, gently rising to a thick wood at some distance, a beautiful little serpentine river in front, on which are a bridge, a mill, and a small cascade, at such a distance as to be very pleasing objects from their houses; and a cultivated country, intermixed with little woods lying between them and Quebec, from which they are distant only nine very short miles.

What a letter have I written! I shall quit my post of historian to your friend Miss Fermor; the ladies

ladies love writing much better than we do; and should perhaps be only just, if I said they write better. Adieu!

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R XII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, Sept. 12.

I Yesterday morning received a letter from Major Melmouth, to introduce to my acquaintance Sir George Clayton, who brought it; he wanted no other introduction to me than his being dear to the most amiable woman breathing, in virtue of that claim, he may command every civility, even attention in my power. He breakfasted with me yesterday; we were two hours alone, and had a great deal of conversation; we afterwards spent the day together very agreeably, on a party of pleasure in the country.

I am going with him this afternoon to visit Miss Fermor, to whom he has a letter from the divine Emily, which he is to deliver himself.

He is very handsome, but not of my favourite stile of beauty: extremely fair and blooming with fine features, light hair and eyes; his countenance not absolutely heavy, but inanimate, and to my taste insipid: finely made, not ungenteel, but without that easy air of the world, which I prefer to the most exact symmetry without it. In short, he is what the country ladies in England call a *sweet pretty man*. He dresses well, has the finest horses, and the handsomest liveries I have

seen in Canada. His manner is civil but cold, his conversation sensible but not spirited; he seems to be a man rather to approve than to love. Will you excuse me if I say, he resembles the form my imagination paints of Prometheus's man of clay, before he stole the celestial fire to animate him.

Perhaps I scrutinize him too strictly; perhaps I am prejudiced in my judgment by the very high idea I had formed of the man whom Emily Montague could love. I will own to you, that I thought it impossible for her to be pleased with meer beauty, and I cannot even now change my opinion; I shall find some latent fire, some hidden spark, when we are better acquainted.

I intend to be very intimate with him, to endeavour to see into his very soul; I am hard to please in a husband for my Emily; he must have spirit, he must have sensibility, or he cannot make her happy.

He thanked me for my civility to Miss Montague: do you know I thought him impertinent? and I am not yet sure he was not so, though I saw he meant to be polite.

He comes: our horses are at the door. Adieu!

Yours;

ED. RIVERS.

Eight in the evening.

We are returned: I every hour like him less. There were several ladies, French and English, with Miss Fermor, all on the rack to engage the Baronet's attention; you have no notion of the effect of a title in America. To do the ladies justice however, he really looked very handsome; the ride, and the civilities he received from a circle

cle of pretty women, for they were well chosen gave a glow to his complexion extremely favourable to his desire of pleasing, which, through his calmness, it was impossible not to observe; he even attempted once or twice to be lively, but failed: vanity itself could not inspire him with vivacity; yet vanity is certainly his ruling passion if such a piece of still life can be said to have any passions at all.

What a charm, my dear Lucy, is there in sensibility! 'Tis the magnet which attracts all to itself: virtue may command esteem, understanding and talents admiration, beauty a transient desire; but 'tis sensibility alone which can inspire love.

Yet the tender, the sensible Emily Montague—no, my dear, 'tis impossible: she may fancy she loves him, but it is not in nature; unless she extremely mistakes his character. His *approbation* of her, for he cannot feel a livelier sentiment, may at present, when with her, raise him a little above his natural vegetative state, but after marriage he will certainly sink into it again.

If I have the least judgment in men, he will be a cold, civil, inattentive husband; a tasteless, insipid, silent companion, a tranquil, frozen, unimpassioned lover; his insensibility will secure him from rivals, his vanity will give her all the drapery of happiness; her friends will congratulate her choice; she will be the envy of her own sex without giving positive offence, he will every moment wound, because he is a stranger to all the fine feelings of a heart like hers; she will seek in vain the friend, the lover, she expected; yet scarce knowing of what to complain, she will accuse herself of caprice, and be astonished to find

had herself wretched with *the best husband in the world.*

I tremble for her happiness; I know how few of my own sex are to be found who have the lively sensibility of yours, and of those few how many wear out their hearts by a life of gallantry and dissipation, and bring only apathy and disgust into marriage. I know few men capable of making her happy; but this Sir George——my Lucy, I have not patience.

Did I tell you all the men here are in love with your friend Bell Fermor? The women all hate her, which is an equivocal proof that she pleases the other sex.

L E T T E R XIII.

To Miss FERMOR, at Sillieri.

Montreal, Sept. 2.

MY dearest Bell will better imagine than I can describe, the pleasure it gave me to hear of her being in Canada; I am impatient to see her, but as Mrs. Melmoth comes in a fortnight to Quebec, I know she will excuse my waiting to come with her. My visit however is to Sillieri; I long to see my dear girl, to tell her a thousand little trifles interesting only to friendship.

You congratulate me, my dear, on the pleasing prospect I have before me; on my approaching marriage with a man young, rich, lovely, enamoured, and of an amiable character.

Yes, my dear, I am obliged to my uncle for his choice; Sir George is all you heard; and, with-
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out doubt, loves me as he marries me with such an inferiority of fortune. I am very happy certainly how is it possible I should be otherwise?

I could indeed wish my tenderness for him more lively, but perhaps my wishes are romantic. I prefer him to all his sex, but wish my preference was of a less languid nature; there is something in it more like friendship than love; I see him with pleasure, but I part with him without regret yet he deserves my affection, and I can have no objection to him which is not founded in caprice.

You say true; Colonel Rivers is very amiable he passed six weeks with us, yet we found his conversation always new; he is the man on earth whom one would wish to make a friend; I think I could already trust him with every sentiment of my soul; I have even more confidence in him than in Sir George whom I love; his manner is so attentive, insinuating, and particularly adapted to please women. Without design, without pretensions, he steals upon you in the character of a friend, because there is not the least appearance of his ever being a lover: he seems to take such an interest in your happiness, as gives him a right to know your very thought. Don't you think, my dear, these kind of men are dangerous? Take care of yourself, my dear Bell; as to me, I am cured in my situation.

Sir George is to have the pleasure of delivering this to you, and comes again in a few days; let me bid him for my sake, though he deserves it for his own, I assure you, he is extremely worthy.

Adieu! my dear,

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE

L E T T E R XIV.

TO JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, Sept. 15.

BELIEVE me, Jack, you are wrong; this va-
grant taste is unnatural, and does not lead to hap-
piness; your eager pursuit of pleasures defeats it-
self; love gives no true delight but where the
heart is attached, and you do not give yours time
to fix. Such is our unhappy frailty, that the ten-
derest passion may wear out, and another succeed,
but the love of change merely as change is not in
nature; where it is a real taste, 'tis a depraved
one. Boys are inconstant from vanity and affec-
tion, old men from decay of passion: but men,
and particularly men of sense, find their happiness
only in that lively attachment of which it is im-
possible for more than one to be the object. Love
is an intellectual pleasure, and even the senses
will be weakly affected where the heart is silent.

You will find this truth confirmed even within
the walls of the seraglio; amidst this crowd of
rival beauties, eager to please, one happy fair ge-
nerally reigns in the heart of the sultan; the rest
serve only to gratify his pride and ostentation, and
are regarded by him with the same indifference as
the furniture of his superb palace, of which they
may be said to make a part.

With your estate, you should marry; I have
as many objections to the state as you can have; I
mean on the footing marriage is at present. But
of this I am certain, that two persons at once de-
licate and sensible, united by friendship, by taste,
by conformity of sentiment, by that lively ardent
tender

tender inclination which alone deserves the name of love, will find happiness in marriage, which in vain sought in any other kind of attachment.

You are so happy as to have the power of choosing; you are rich, and have not the temptation to a mercenary engagement. Look round you for a companion, a confidante; a tender amiable friend, with all the charms of a mistress; above all, be certain of her affection, that you engage that you will fill her whole soul. Find such a woman, my dear Temple, and you cannot mistake too much haste to be happy.

I have a thousand things to say to you, but am setting off immediately with Sir George Clavton to meet the lieutenant governor at Montreal; a piece of respect which I should pay with the most lively pleasure, if it did not give me the opportunity of seeing the woman in the world I most admire. I am not however going to set you the example of marrying: I am not so happy; she is engaged to the gentleman who goes up with me.

Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS

L E T T E R XV.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Montreal.

Sillery, Sept. 16

TAKE care, my dear Emily, you do not fall into the common error of sensible and delicate minds, that of refining away your happiness.

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ED. RIVERS

XV.

at Montreal.

Sillieri, Sept. 16

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Sir George is handsome as an Adonis; you allow him to be of an amiable character; he is rich, young, well born, and loves you; you will have fine cloaths, fine jewels, a fine horse, a coach and six; all the *douceurs* of marriage, with an extreme pretty fellow, who is fond of you, whom *you see with pleasure and prefer to all his sex*; and yet you are discontented, because you have not for him at twenty-four the romantic passion of fifteen, or rather that ideal passion which perhaps never existed but in imagination.

To be happy in this world, it is necessary not to raise one's ideas too high: if I loved a man of Sir George's fortune half as well as by your own account you love him, I should not hesitate one moment about marrying; but sit down contented with ease, affluence, and an agreeable man, without expecting to find life what it certainly is not, a state of continual rapture. 'Tis, I am afraid, my dear, your misfortune to have too much sensibility to be happy.

I could moralize exceedingly well this morning on the vanity of human wishes and expectations, and the folly of hoping for felicity in this vile sublunary world; but the subject is a little exhausted, and I have a passion of being original. I think all the moral writers, who have set off with promising to shew us the road to happiness, have obligingly ended with telling us there is no such thing; a conclusion extremely consoling, and which if they had drawn before they set pen to paper, would have saved both themselves and their readers an infinity of trouble. This fancy of hunting for what one knows is not to be found, is really an ingenious way of amusing both one's self, and the world:

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I wish people would either write to some purpose, or be so good as not to write at all.

I believe I shall set about writing a system of ethics myself, which shall be short, clear, and comprehensive; nearer the Epicurian perhaps than the Stoic; but rural, refined, and sentimental; rural by all means; for who does not know that virtue is a country gentlewoman? all the good mammas will tell you, there is no such being to be heard of in town.

I shall certainly be glad to see you, my dear, though I foresee strange revolutions *in the state of Denmark* from this event; at present I have all the men to myself, and you must know I have a prodigious aversion to divided empire: however, 'tis some comfort they all know you are going to be married. You may come, Emily, only be so obliging to bring Sir George along with you: in your present situation, you are not so very formidable.

The men here, as I said before, are all dying for me; there are many handsomer women, but I flatter them, and the dear creatures cannot resist it. I am a very good girl to women, but naturally artful (if you will allow the expression) to the other sex; I can blush, look down, stifle a sigh, flutter my fan, and seem so agreeably confused—you have no notion, my dear, what fool men are. If you had not got the start of me, I would have had your little white-haired baronet in a week, and yet I don't take him to be made of very combustible materials; rather mild, composed, and pretty, I believe; but he has vanity, which is quite enough for my purpose.

Either your love or Colonel Rivers will have the honour to deliver this letter; 'tis rather cruel

to take them both from us at once; however, we shall soon be made amends; for we shall have a torrent of beaux with the general.

Don't you think the sun in this country vastly more chearing than in England? I am charmed with the sun, to say nothing of the moon, though to be sure I never saw a moon-light night that deserved the name till I came to America.

Mon cher pere desires a thousand compliments; you know he has been in love with you ever since you were seven years old: he is vastly better for his voyage, and the clear air of Canada, and looks ten years younger than before he set out.

Adieu! I am going to ramble in the woods, and pick berries, with a little smiling civil captain, who is enamoured of me: a pretty rural amusement for lovers!

Good morrow, my dear Emily.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XVI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Sillieri, Sept. 18.

YOUR brother, my dear, is gone to Montreal with Sir George Clayton, of whom I suppose you have heard, and who is going to marry a friend of mine, to pay a visit to *Monsieur le General*, who is arrived there. The men in Canada, the English I mean, are eternally changing place, even when they have not so pleasing a coil; travelling

velling is cheap and amusing, the prospects lovely, the weather inviting; and there are no very lively pleasures at present to attach them either to Quebec or Montreal, so that they divide themselves between both.

This fancy of the men, which is extremely the mode, makes an agreeable circulation of enamourtoes, which serves to vary the amusement of the ladies; so that upon the whole 'tis a pretty fashion, and deserves encouragement.

You expect too much of your brother, my dear: the summer is charming here, but with no such very striking difference from that of England, as to give room to say a vast deal on the subject; though I believe, if you will please to compare our letters, you will find, putting us together, we cut a pretty figure in the descriptive way; at least if your brother tells me truth. You may expect a very well painted frost-piece from me in the winter; as to the present season, it is just like any fine autumn in England: I may add, that the beauty of the nights is much beyond my power of description: a constant *Aurora borealis*, without a cloud in the heavens; and a moon so resplendent, that you may see to read the smallest print by its light; one has nothing to wish but that it was full moon every night. Our evening walks are delicious, especially at Silleri, where 'tis the pleasantest thing in the world to listen to soft nonsense,

“ Whilst the moon dances through the trembling leaves.”

(A line I stole from Philander and Sylvia): But to return:

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The French ladies never walk but at night, which shews their good taste; and then only within the walls of Quebec, which does not: they saunter slowly, after supper, on a particular battery, which is a kind of little Mall: they have no idea of walking in the country, nor the least feeling of the lovely scene around them; there are many of them who never saw the falls of Montmorenci, though little more than an hour's drive from the town. They seem born without the smallest portion of curiosity, or any idea of the pleasures of the imagination, or indeed any pleasure but that of being admired; love, or rather coquetry, dress, and devotion, seem to share their hours: yet, as they are lively, and in general handsome, the men are very ready to excuse their want of knowledge.

There are two ladies in the province, I am told, who read; but both of them are above fifty, and they are regarded as prodigies of erudition.

Eight in the evening.

Absolutely, Lucy, I will marry a savage, and an squaw (a pretty soft name for an Indian princess!) never was any thing so delightful as their tales; they talk of French husbands, but commend me to an Indian one, who lets his wife ramble five hundred miles without asking where she is going.

I was sitting after dinner with a book, in a ticket of hawthorn near the beach, when a loud laugh called my attention to the river, where I saw a canoe of savages making to the shore; there were six women, and two or three children, without the man amongst them: they landed, tied the canoe to the root of a tree, and finding out the most

most agreeable shady spot amongst the bushes with which the beach was covered, which happened to be very near me, made a fire, on which they laid some fish to broil, and, fetching water from the river, sat down on the grass to their frugal repast.

I stole softly to the house, and, ordering a servant to bring some wine and cold provisions, returned to my squaws: I asked them in French if they were of Lorette; they shook their heads: I repeated the question in English, when the oldest of the women told me, they were not; that their country was on the borders of New-England; that, their husbands being on a hunting party in the woods, curiosity, and the desire of seeing their brethren the English who had conquered Quebec, had brought them up the great river, down which they should return as soon as they had seen Montreal. She courteously asked me to sit down, and eat with them, which I complied with, and produced my part of the feast. We soon became good company, and *brightened the chain of friendship* with two bottles of wine, which put them into such spirits, that they danced, sung, shook me by the hand, and grew so very fond of me, that I began to be afraid I should not easily get rid of them. They were very unwilling to part with me; but, after two or three very ridiculous hours, I with some difficulty prevailed on the ladies to pursue their voyage, having first replenished their canoe with provisions and a few bottles of wine, and given them a letter of recommendation to your brother, that they might be in no distress at Montreal.

Adieu

Adieu ! my father is just come in, and has brought some company with him from Quebec to supper.

Yours ever,

A. FERMOR.

Don't you think, my dear, my good sisters the squaws seem to live something the kind of life of our gypsies ? The idea struck me as they were dancing. I assure you, there is a good deal of resemblance in their persons : I have seen a fine old seasoned female gypsey, of as dark a complexion as a savage : they are all equally marked as children of the sun.

L E T T E R XVII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Repentigny, Sept. 18, ten at night.

I STUDY my fellow traveller closely ; his character, indeed, is not difficult to ascertain ; his feelings are dull, nothing makes the least impression on him ; he is as insensible to the various beauties of the charming country through which we have travelled, as the very Canadian peasants themselves who inhabit it. I watched his eyes at some of the most beautiful prospects, and saw not the least gleam of pleasure there : I introduced him here to an extreme handsome French lady, and as lively as she is handsome, the wife of an officer who is of my acquaintance ; the same tasteless composure prevailed ; he complained of fatigue

Adieu

tigue, and retired to his apartment at eight: the family are now in bed, and I have an hour to give to my dear Lucy.

He admires Emily, because he has seen her admired by all the world, but he cannot taste her charms of himself; they are not of a stile to please him: I cannot support the thought of such a woman's being so lost; there are a thousand insensible good young women to be found, who would doze away life with him and be happy.

A rich, sober, sedate, presbyterian citizen's daughter, educated by her grandmother in the country, who would roll about with him in unwieldy splendor, and dream away a lazy existence, would be the proper wife for him. Is it for him, a lifeless composition of earth and water, to unite himself to the active elements which compose my divine Emily?

Adieu! my dear! we set out early in the morning for Montreal.

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Montreal, Sept. 19, eleven o'clock.

NO, my dear, it is impossible she can love him; his dull soul is ill suited to hers; heavy, unmeaning, formal; a slave to rules, to ceremony, to *etiquette*, he has not an idea above those of a gentleman usher. He has been three hours
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ED. RIVERS.

XVIII.

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, eleven o'clock.

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in town without seeing her ; dressing, and waiting
to pay his compliments to the general, who is rid-
ing, and every minute expected back. I am all
impatience, though only her friend, but think it
would be indecent in me to go without him, and
look like a design of reproaching his coldness.
How differently are we formed ! I should have
told a moment to see the woman I loved from the
first prince in the universe.

The general is returned. Adieu ! till our visit
is over ; we go from thence to Major Melmoth's,
whose family I should have told you are in town,
and not half a street from us. What a soul of
fire has this *lover* ! 'Tis to profane the word to use
it in speaking of him.

One o'clock.

I am mistaken, Lucy ; astonishing as it is, she
loves him ; this dull clod of uninformed earth has
touched the lively soul of my Emily. Love is
indeed the child of caprice ; I will not say of sym-
pathy, for what sympathy can there be between
two hearts so different ? I am hurt, she is lowered
in my esteem ; I expected to find in the man she
loved, a mind sensible and tender as her own.

I repeat it, my dear Lucy, she loves him ; I
observed her when we entered the room ; she
flushed, she turned pale, she trembled, her voice
altered ; every look spoke the strong emotion of
her soul.

She is paler than when I saw her last ; she is, I
think, less beautiful, but more touching than
ever ; there is a languor in her air, a softness in
her countenance, which are the genuine marks of
a heart in love ; all the tenderness of her soul is in
her eyes.

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Shall

Shall I own to you all my injustice? I hate this man for having the happiness to please her: I cannot even behave to him with the politeness due to every gentleman.

I begin to fear my weakness is greater than I supposed.

22d in the evening.

I am certainly mad, Lucy; what right have I to expect!—you will scarce believe the excess of my folly. I went after dinner to Major Melmoth's; I found Emily at piquet with Sir George: can you conceive that I fancied myself ill used, that I scarce spoke to her, and returned immediately home, though strongly pressed to spend the evening there. I walked two or three times about my room, took my hat, and went to visit the handsomest Frenchwoman at Montreal, whose windows are directly opposite to Major Melmoth's; in the excess of my anger, I asked this lady to dance with me tomorrow at a little ball we are to have out of town. Can you imagine any behaviour more childish? It would have been scarce pardonable at sixteen.

Adieu! my letter is called for. I will write to you again in a few days.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

Major Melmoth tells me, they are to be married in a month at Quebec, and to embark immediately for England. I will not be there; I cannot bear to see her devote herself to wretchedness: she will be the most unhappy of her sex with this man; I see clearly into his character; his virtue is the meer absence of vice; his good qualities are all of the negative kind.

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L E T T E R XIX.

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

Montreal, Sept. 24.

I HAVE but a moment, my dear, to acknowledge your last; this week has been a continual hurry.

You mistake me; it is not the romantic passion of fifteen I wish to feel, but that tender, lively friendship which alone can give charms to so intimate an union as that of marriage. I wish a greater conformity in our characters, in our sentiments, in our tastes.

But I will say no more on this subject till I have the pleasure of seeing you at Silleri. Mrs. Melmoth and I come in a ship which sails in a day or two; they tell us, it is the most agreeable way of coming: Colonel Rivers is so polite, as to stay to accompany us down: Major Melmoth asked Sir George, but he preferred the pleasure of parading into Quebec, and shewing his fine horses and fine person to advantage, to that of attending his mistress: shall I own to you that I am hurt at this instance of his neglect, as I knew his attendance on the general was not expected? His situation was more than a sufficient excuse; it was highly improper for two women to go to Quebec alone; it is in some degree so, that any other man should accompany me at this time: my pride is extremely wounded. I expect a thousand times more attention from him since his acquisition of fortune; it is with pain I tell you, my dear friend, he seems to

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shew me much less. I will not descend to suppose he presumes on this increase of fortune, but he presumes on the inclination, he supposes I have for him; an inclination, however, not violent enough to make me submit to the least ill treatment from him.

In my present state of mind, I am extremely hard to please; either his behaviour or my temper have suffered a change. I know not how it is, but I see his faults in a much stronger light than I have ever seen them before. I am alarmed at the coldness of his disposition, so ill suited to the sensibility of mine; I begin to doubt his being of the amiable character I once supposed: in short, I begin to doubt of the possibility of his making me happy.

You will, perhaps, call it an excess of pride, when I say I am much less inclined to marry him than when our situations were equal. I certainly love him; I have a habit of considering him as the man I am to marry, but my affection is not of that kind which will make me easy under the sense of an obligation.

I will open all my heart when we meet: I am not so happy as you imagine: do not accuse me of caprice; can I be too cautious where the happiness of my whole life is at stake?

Adieu!

Your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

OF

EMILY MONTAGUE. 61

L E T T E R XX.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Sillieri, Sept. 24.

I **D**ECLARE off at once; I will not be a squaw; I do not admire their talking of the liberty of savages; in the most essential point, they are slaves: the savages marry their children without ever consulting their inclinations, and they are obliged to submit to this foolish tyranny. Dear England! where liberty appears, not as here among these wretched savages, wild and ferocious like themselves, but lovely, smiling, led by the hand of the Graces. There is no true freedom any where else. They may talk of the privilege of choosing a chief; but what is that to the dear English privilege of choosing a husband? I have been at an Indian wedding, and have no patience. Never did I see so vile an assortment. Adieu! I shall not be in good humour this month.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XXI.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall-Mall.

Montreal, Sept. 24.

WHAT you say, my dear friend, is more true than I wish it was, our English women of character are generally too reserved; their manner is cold and forbidding; they seem to think it a crime

MONTAGUE.

crime to be too attractive; they appear almost afraid to please.

'Tis to this ill-judged reserve I attribute the loss of the profligacy of too many of our young men; the grave faces and distant behaviour of the generalities of virtuous women fright them from their acquaintance, and drive them into the society of those wretched votaries of vice, whose conversation debases every sentiment of their souls.

With as much beauty, good sense, sensibility and softness, at least, as any women on earth, the women please so little as the English: depending on their native charms, and on those really amiable qualities which envy cannot deny them, they are too careless in acquiring those enchanting, nameless graces, which no language can define, which give irresistible force to beauty, and even supply its place where it is wanting.

They are satisfied with being good, without considering that unadorned virtue may command esteem, but will never excite love; and both are necessary in marriage, which I suppose to be the state every woman of honour has in prospect; I own myself rather incredulous as to the assertions of maiden aunts and cousins to the contrary. I wish my amiable countrywomen would consider for one moment, that virtue is never so lovely as when dressed in smiles: the virtue of women should have all the softness of the sex; it should be gentle, and should be even playful, to please.

There is a lady here, whom I wish you to see as the shortest way of explaining to you all I mean: she is the most pleasing woman I ever beheld, independently of her being one of the handsomest; her manner is irresistible: she has all the smiling

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graces of France, all the blushing delicacy and native softness of England.

Nothing can be more delicate, my dear Temple, than the manner in which you offer me your estate in Rutland, by way of anticipating your intended legacy: it is however impossible for me to accept it; my father, who saw me naturally more profuse than became my expectations, took such pains to counterwork it by inspiring me with the love of independence, that I cannot have such an obligation even to you.

Besides, your legacy is left on the supposition that you are not to marry, and I am absolutely determined you shall; so that, by accepting this mark of your esteem, I should be robbing your younger children.

I have not a wish to be richer whilst I am a bachelor, and the only woman I ever wished to marry, the only one my heart desires, will be in three weeks the wife of another; I shall spend less than my income here: shall I not then be rich. To make you easy, know I have four thousand pounds in the funds; and that, from the equality of living here, an ensign is obliged to spend near as much as I am; he is inevitably ruined, but I save money.

I pity you, my friend; I am hurt to hear you talk of happiness in the life you at present lead; of finding pleasure in the possession of venal beauty; you are in danger of acquiring a habit which will vitiate your taste, and exclude you from that state of refined and tender friendship for which nature formed a heart like yours, and which is only to be found in marriage: I need not add, in a marriage of choice.

It

It has been said that love marriages are general unhappy; nothing is more false; marriages of mere inclination will always be so: passion alone being concerned, when that is gratified, all tenderness ceases of course: but love, the gay child of sympathy and esteem, is, when attended by delicacy, the only happiness worth a reasonable man's pursuit, and the choicest gift of heaven: it is a softer, tenderer friendship, enlivened by taste, and by the most ardent desire of pleasing, which time, instead of destroying, will render every hour more delicate and interesting.

If, as you possibly will, you should call me romantic, hear a man of pleasure on the subject, the Petronius of the last age, the elegant, but voluptuous St. Evremond, who speaks in the following manner of the friendship between married persons.

“ I believe it is this pleasing intercourse of tenderness, this reciprocation of esteem, or, if you will, this mutual ardour of preventing each other in every endearing mark of affection, in which consists the sweetness of this second species of friendship.

“ I do not speak of other pleasures, which are not so much in themselves as in the assurance they give of the entire possession of those pleasures; love; this appears to me so true, that I am not afraid to assert, the man who is by any other means certainly assured of the tenderness of his wife he loves, may easily support the privation of those pleasures; and that they ought not to enter into the account of friendship, but as proper that it is without reserve.

“ 'Tis true, few men are capable of the purity of these sentiments, and 'tis for that reason we so very seldom see perfect friendship in marriage.

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at least for any long time: the object which a
 sensible passion has in view cannot long sustain a
 commerce so noble as that of friendship."

You see, the pleasures you so much boast are
 at least of those which true tenderness has to give,
 and this in the opinion of a voluptuary.

My dear Temple, all you have ever known of
 love is nothing to that sweet consent of souls in uni-
 son, that harmony of minds congenial to each
 other, of which you have not yet an idea.

You have seen beauty, and it has inspired a
 momentary emotion, but you have never yet had
 a real attachment; you yet know nothing of that
 irresistible tenderness, that delirium of the soul,
 which, whilst it refines, adds strength to passion.

I perhaps say too much, but I wish with ardour
 to see you happy: in which there is the more me-
 rit, as I have not the least prospect of being so
 myself.

I wish you to pursue the plan of life which I
 myself think most likely to bring happiness, be-
 cause I know our souls to be of the same frame:
 we have taken different roads, but you will come
 back to mine. Awake to delicate pleasures, I have
 no taste for any other; there are no other for sen-
 sible minds. My gallantries have been few, rare
 (if it is allowed to speak thus of one's self even
 to a friend) from elegance of taste than severity of
 manners; I have loved seldom, because I cannot
 do so without esteem.

Believe me, Jack, the mere pleasure of loving,
 without return, is superior to all the joys
 of life where the heart is untouched: the French
 poet does not exaggerate when he says,

— *Amour!*

Car les autres plaisirs ne valent pas ses peines.

You

You will perhaps call me mad: I am just come from a woman who is capable of making all mankind so. Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER XXII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Sillery, Sept. 2.

I HAVE been rambling about amongst the peasants, and asking them a thousand questions, in order to satisfy your inquisitive friend. As to your father, though properly speaking, your questions are addressed to him, yet being upon duty, he has said that, for this time, you will accept of an answer from me.

The Canadians live a good deal like the ancient patriarchs; the lands were originally settled by troops, every officer became a seigneur, or lord of the manor, every soldier took lands under his command; but, as avarice is natural to mankind, the soldiers took a great deal more than they could cultivate, by way of providing for a family: which is the reason so much land is now waste in the finest part of the province: those who had children, and in general they had a great number, partitioned out their lands amongst them as they married, and lived in the midst of a little world for their descendants.

There are whole villages, and there is even a large island, that of Coudre, where the inhabitants

are the descendants of one pair, if we only suppose that their sons went to the next village for wives, for I find no tradition of their having had a dispensation to marry their sisters.

The corn here is very good, though not equal to ours; the harvest not half so gay as in England, and for this reason, that the lazy creatures leave the greatest part of their land uncultivated, only sowing as much corn of different sorts as will serve themselves; and being too proud and too idle to work for hire, every family gets in its own harvest, which prevents all that jovial spirit which we find when the reapers work together in large parties.

Idleness is the reigning passion here, from the peasant to his lord; the gentlemen never either ride on horseback or walk, but are driven about like women, for they never drive themselves, lolling at their ease in a calachei: the peasants, I mean the masters of families, are pretty near as useless as their lords.

You will scarce believe me, when I tell you, that I have seen, at the farm next us, two children, a very beautiful boy and a girl, of about eleven years old, assisted by their grandmother, reaping a field of oats, whilst the lazy father, a strong fellow of thirty-two, lay on the grass, smoking his pipe, about twenty yards from them: the old people and children work here; those in the age of strength and health only take their pleasure.

A propos to smoking, 'tis common to see here boys of three years old, sitting at their doors, smoking their pipes, as grave and composed as little, old Chinese men on a chimney-piece.

You ask me after our fruits: we have, as I am told, an immensity of cranberries all the year; when the snow melts away in spring they are said

to be found under it as fresh and as good as in autumn: strawberries and raspberries grow wild in profusion; you cannot walk a step in the field without treading on the former: great plenty of currants, piums, apples, and pears; a few cherries and grapes, but not in much perfection: excellent musk lemons, and water lemons in abundance, but not so good in proportion as the musk. Not a peach, nor any thing of the kind; this I am however convinced is less the fault of the climate than of the people, who are too indolent to take pains for any thing more than is absolutely necessary to their existence. They might have a great fruit here but gooseberries, for which the summer is too hot; there are bushes in the woods, and some have been brought from England, but the fruit falls off before it is ripe. The wild fruit here, especially those of the bramble kind, are of much greater variety and perfection than in England.

When I speak of the natural productions of this country, I should not forget that hemp and flax grow every where in the woods; I should imagine the former might be cultivated here with great success, if the people could be persuaded to cultivate any thing.

A little corn of every kind, a little hay, a little tobacco, half a dozen apple trees, a few onions and cabbages, make the whole of a Canadian plantation. There is scarce a flower, except those in the woods, where there is a variety of the most beautiful shrubs I ever saw; the wild cherry, which the woods are full, is equally charming in flower and in fruit; and, in my opinion, at least equals the arbutus.

They sow their wheat in spring, never manure

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their ground, and plough it in the slightest man-
ner; can it then be wondered at that it is inferior
to ours? They fancy the frost would destroy it if
sown in autumn; but this is all prejudice, as ex-
perience has shewn. I myself saw a field of wheat
this year at the governor's farm, which was ma-
nured and sown in autumn, as fine as ever I saw
in England.

They should tell you, they are so indolent as never
to manure their lands, or even their gardens; and
till the English came, all the manure of
Quebec was thrown into the river.

You will judge how naturally rich the soil must
be to produce good crops without manure, and
without ever lying fallow, and almost without
ploughing; yet our political writers in England
never speak of Canada without the epithet of
barren.

They tell me this extreme fertility is owing to
the snow, which lies five or six months on the
ground. Provisions are dear, which is owing to
the prodigious number of horses kept here; every
farmer having a carriage, even the poorest peasant;
and every son of that peasant keeping a horse for
his little excursions of pleasure, besides those nec-
essary for the business of the farm. The war al-
so destroyed the breed of cattle, which I am told
never begins to increase; they have even so far
advanced in corn, as to export some this year to
France and Spain.

Can't you think I am become an excellent far-
mer? 'Tis intuition; some people are born
so: are you not all astonished at my know-
ledge? I never was so vain of a letter in my life.
I own all I own the truth? I had most of my intel-
ligence from old John, who lived long with my
grandfather

grandfather in the country; and who, having little else to do here, has taken some pains to pick up a competent knowledge of the state of agriculture five miles round Quebec.

Adieu! I am tired of the subject.

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

Now I think of it, why did you not write to your brother? Did you chuse me to expose my ignorance? If so, I flatter myself you are a little taken in, for I think John and I figure in the rural way.

L E T T E R. XXIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Sillery, Sept. 29, ten o'clock

OTo be sure! we are vastly to be pitied: beaux at all with the General; only about six or seven; a very pretty proportion, and what I have always to see. We, the ladies I mean, drink chocolate with the General to-morrow, and he gives us a ball on Thursday; you would not know Quebec again; nothing but smiling faces now; all as gay as never was, the sweetest country in the world; never expect to see me in England again: one is really somebody here: I have been asked to dance by only twenty-seven.

On the subject of dancing, I am, as it were, a little embarrassed: you will please to observe this in the time of scarcity, when all the men were

Montre

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me pains to pic
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ect.

Montreal, I suffered a foolish little captain to sigh and say civil things to me, *pour passer le tems*, and the creature takes the air of a lover, to which he has not the least pretensions, and chuses to be angry that I won't dance with him on Thursday, and I positively won't.

A. FERMORE
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It is really pretty enough that every absurd animal, who takes upon him to make love to one, is to fancy himself entitled to a return: I have no patience with the mens' ridiculousness: have you, Lucy?

XXIII.

arges-Street.

But I see a ship coming down under full sail; it may be Emily and her friends: the colours are all out, they slacken sail; they drop anchor opposite the house; 'tis certainly them; I must fly to the beach: music, as I am a person, and an awning on the deck: the boat puts off with your brother in it. Adieu for a moment: I must go and invite them on shore.

Two o'clock.

29, ten o'clock

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'Twas Emily and Mrs. Melmoth, with two or three very pretty French women; your brother is a happy man: I found tea and coffee under the awning, and a table loaded with Montreal fruit, which is vastly better than ours; by the way, the Colonel has brought me an immensity; he is so gallant, and all that: we regaled ourselves, and landed; they dine here, and we dance in the evening; we are to have a syllabub in the wood: my father has sent for Sir George and Major Melmoth, and half a dozen of the most agreeable men, from Quebec: he is enchanted with his little Emily, he loved her when she was a child. I cannot tell you how happy I am; my family is handsomer than ever; you know how partial I am

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to beauty: I never had a friendship for an ugly woman in my life.

Adieu! *ma tres chere.* Yours,

A. FERMO

Your brother looks like an angel this morning: he is not drest, he is not undrest, but somewhat easy, elegant and enchanting: he has no powder and his hair a little *degagee*, blown about by the wind, and agreeably disordered; such fire in his countenance; his eyes say a thousand agreeable things; he is in such spirits as I never saw him: not a man of them has the least chance to-day shall be in love with him if he goes on at this rate: not that it would be to any purpose in the world, he never would even flirt with me, though I had made him a thousand advances.

My heart is so light, Lucy, I cannot describe it: I love Emily at my soul: 'tis three years since I saw her, and there is something so romantic in finding her in Canada: there is no saying how happy I am: I want only you to be perfectly

'Three o'clock

The messenger is returned; Sir George is gone with a party of French ladies to Lake Charlevoix. Emily blushed when the message was delivered, he might reasonably suppose they would be together to-day, as the wind was fair: your brother dined with my sweet friend: she loses nothing by the change; she is however a little piqued at his appearance of disrespect.

Twelve o'clock

Sir George came just as we sat down to supper: he did right, he complained first, and affected to be angry she had not sent an express from Paris.

In

Tremble. He was however gayer than usual, and very attentive to his mistress; your brother seemed chagrined at his arrival; Emily perceived it, and redoubled her politeness to him, which in a little time restored part of his good humour: upon the whole, it was an agreeable evening, but it would have been more so, if Sir George had come at first, or not at all.

The ladies lie here, and we go all together in the morning to Quebec; the gentlemen are going.

I steal a moment to seal, and give this to the Colonel, who will put it into the packet to-morrow.

L E T T E R XXIV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, Sept. 30.

WOULD you believe it possible, my dear, that Sir George should decline attending Emily Montague from Montreal, and leave the pleasing commission to me? I am obliged to him for the three happiest days of my life, yet am piqued at his chusing me for a *cecisbeo* to his mistress: he seems to think me a man *sans consequence*, with whom a lady may safely be trusted; there is nothing very flattering in such a kind of confidence: let him take care of himself, if he is impertinent, and sets me at defiance; I am not vain, but set our fortunes aside, and I dare enter the lists with Sir George Clayton. I cannot give her a coach and six; but I can give her, what is more condu-

cive to happiness, a heart which knows how to value her perfections.

I never had so pleasing a journey; we were three days coming down, because we made it a continual party of pleasure, took music with us, landed once or twice a day, visited the French families we knew, lay both nights on shore, and danced at the feigneurs of the village.

This river, from Montreal to Québec, exhibits a scene perhaps not to be matched in the world: it is settled on both sides, though the settlements are not so numerous on the south shore as on the other; the lovely confusion of woods, mountains, meadows, corn fields, rivers (for there are several on both sides, which lose themselves in the St. Lawrence,) intermixed with churches and houses breaking upon you at a distance through the trees, form a variety of landscapes, to which it is difficult to do justice.

This charming scene, with a clear serene sky, a gentle breeze in our favour, and the conversation of half a dozen fine women, would have made the voyage pleasing to the most insensible man on earth: my Emily too of the party, and most politely attentive to the pleasure she saw I had in making the voyage agreeable to her.

I every day love her more; and, without considering the impropriety of it, I cannot help giving way to an inclination, in which I find such exquisite pleasure; I find a thousand charms in the least trifle I can do to oblige her.

Don't reason with me on this subject: I know it is madness to continue to see her; but I find a delight in her conversation, which I cannot prevail on myself to give up till she is actually married.

I respect her engagements, and pretend to no

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more from her than her friendship; but, as to my-
self, I will love her in whatever manner I please:
to shew you my prudence, however, I intend to
dance with the handsomest unmarried French wo-
man here on Thursday, and to shew her an atten-
tion which shall destroy all suspicion of my tender-
ness for Emily. I am jealous of Sir George, and
hate him; but I dissemble it better than I thought
it possible for me to do.

My Lucy, I am not happy; my mind is in a
state not to be described; I am weak enough to
encourage a hope for which there is not the least
foundation; I misconstrue her friendship for one
every moment; and that attention which is incre-
ly gratitude for my apparent anxiety to oblige. I
even fancy her eyes understand mine, which I
am afraid speak too plainly the sentiments of my
heart.

I love her, my dear girl, to madness; these
three days——

I am interrupted.

Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

'Tis Capt. Fermor, who insists on my dining at
 Silieri. They will eternally throw me in the
 way of this lovely woman: of what materials
 do they suppose me formed?

L E T T E R XXV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Oct. 3, Twelve o'clock

AN enchanting ball, my dear; your friend's head is turned. I was more admiring than Emily, which to be sure did not flatter vanity at all: I see she must content herself with being beloved, for without coquetry 'tis impossible to expect admiration.

We had more than three hundred persons at the ball; above three-fourths men, all gay and well-dressed; an elegant supper; in short, it was charming.

I am half inclined to marry; I am not acquainted with the man I have fixed upon, I never spoke to him till last night, nor did he take the least notice of me, more than other ladies; but that is nothing; he pleases me better than any man I have seen here; he is not handsome but well-made, and looks like a gentleman; has a good character, is heir to a very great estate. I will think further of it: there is nothing more easy than to have him if I chuse it: 'tis only saying to some of his friends, that I think Captain Fitzgerald the most agreeable fellow here, and he will immediately be astonished he did not sooner find out I was the handsomest woman in town. I will consider this affair seriously; one must marry, 'tis the mode; every body marries; why don't you marry, Lucy?

This brother of yours is always here; I am surprised Sir George is not jealous, for he pays no sort of attention to me; 'tis easy to see why

con

comes; I dare say I shan't see him next week: Emily is going to Mrs. Melmoth's, where she stays till to-morrow se'nnight; she goes from hence as soon as dinner is over.

Adieu! I am fatigued; we danced till morning; I am but this moment up.

Yours, .

A. FERMOR.

Your brother danced with Mademoiselle Clairant; do you know I was piqued he did not give me the preference, as Emily danced with her lover? not but that I had perhaps a partner full as agreeable, at least I have a mind to think so.

I hear it whispered that the whole affair of the wedding is to be settled next week; my father is in the secret, I am not. Emily looks ill this morning; she was not gay at the ball. I know not why, but she is not happy. I have my fancies, but they are yet only fancies.

Adieu! my dear girl; I can no more.

L E T T E R XXVI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Quebec, Oct. 6.

I AM going, my Lucy.—I know not well whether I am going, but I will not stay to see this marriage. Could you have believed it possible—But what folly! Did I not know her situation from the first? Could I suppose she would break off an engagement of years, with a man who gives so clear

clear a proof that he prefers her to all other women, to humour the frenzy of one who has never even told her he loved her?

Captain Fermor assures me all is settled but the day, and that she has promised to name that day to-morrow.

I will leave Quebec to-night; no one should know the road I take: I do not yet know it myself; I will cross over to Point Levi with my valet de chambre, and go wherever chance directs me. I cannot bear even to hear the day named. I am strongly inclined to write to her; but what can I say? I should betray my tenderness in spite of myself, and her compassion would perhaps disturb her approaching happiness: were it even possible she should prefer me to Sir George, she is too gone to recede.

My Lucy, I never till this moment felt to what an excess I loved her.

Adieu! I shall be about a fortnight absent: at that time she will be embarked for England. I cannot bring myself to see her the wife of another. Do not be alarmed for me; reason and the impossibility of success will conquer my passion for the angelic woman; I have been to blame in allowing myself to see her so often.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T

L E T T E R XXVII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Beaumont, Oct. 7.

I THINK I breathe a freer air now I am out of Quebec. I cannot bear wherever I go to meet this Sir George; his triumphant air is insupportable; he has, or I fancy he has, all the insolence of a happy rival; 'tis unjust, but I cannot avoid hating him; I look on him as a man who has deprived me of a good to which I foolishly fancy I had pretensions.

My whole behaviour has been weak to the last degree: I shall grow more reasonable when I no longer see this charming woman; I ought sooner to have taken this step.

I have found here an excuse for my excursion; I have heard of an estate to be sold down the river; and am told the purchase will be less expence than clearing any lands I might take up. I will go and see it; it is an object, a pursuit, and will amuse me.

I am going to send my servant back to Quebec; my manner of leaving it must appear extraordinary to my friends; I have therefore made this estate my excuse. I have written to Miss Fenor that I am going to make a purchase; have begged my warmest wishes to her lovely friend, for whose happiness no one on earth is more anxious; but have told her Sir George is too much the object of my envy, to expect from me very sincere congratulations.

Adieu! my servant waits for this. You shall hear

ED. RIVERS.

L E T

hear an account of my adventures when I return
to Quebec.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To Miss FERMOR, at Sillery.

Quebec, Oct. 7, twelve o'clock.

I MUST see you, my dear, this evening; my
mind is in an agitation not to be expressed; a few
hours will determine my happiness or misery for
ever; I am displeas'd with your father for precipi-
tating a determination which cannot be made
with too much caution.

I have a thousand things to say to you, which
I can say to no one else.

Be at home, and alone; I will come to you as
soon as dinner is over. Adieu!

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE

L E T T E R XXIX.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Quebec.

I WILL be at home, my dear, and denied to
every body but you.

I pity you, my dear Emily; but I am unable
to give you advice.

The world would wonder at your hesitating a moment.

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XXX.

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

Quebec, Oct. 7, three o'clock.

MY visit to you is prevented by an event beyond my hopes. Sir George has this moment a letter from his mother desiring him earnestly to postpone his marriage till spring, for some reasons of consequence to his fortune, with the particulars of which she will acquaint him by the next packet.

He communicated this intelligence to me with a grave air, but with a tranquillity not to be described, and I received it with a joy I found it impossible wholly to conceal.

I have now time to consult both my heart and my reason at leisure, and to break with him, if necessary, by degrees.

What an escape have I had! I was within four and twenty hours of either determining to marry a man with whom I fear I have little chance to be happy, or of breaking with him in a manner that would have subjected one or both of us to the censures of a prying impertinent world, whose censures the most steady temper cannot always contemn.

I will own to you, my dear, I every hour have

more dread of this marriage : his present situation has brought his faults into full light. Captain Clayton, with little more than his commission, was modest, humble, affable to his inferiors, polite to all the world ; and I fancied him possessed of those more active virtues, which I suppose the smallness of his fortune prevented from appearing. 'Tis with pain I see that Sir George, with a splendid income, is avaricious, selfish, proud, vain, and profuse ; lavish to every caprice of vanity and ostentation which regards himself, coldly inattentive to the real wants of others.

Is this a character to make your Family happy ? We were not formed for each other : no two minds were ever so different ; my happiness is in friendship, in the tender affections, in the sweetness of dear domestic life ; his in the idle parade of affluence, in dress, in equipage, in all that splendor which, whilst it excites envy, is too often the mark of wretchedness.

Shall I say more ? Marriage is seldom happy where there is a great disproportion of fortune. The lover, after he loses that endearing character in the husband, which in common minds I am afraid is not long, begins to reflect how many more thousands he might have expected ; and perhaps suspects his mistress of those interested motives in marrying, of which he now feels his own heart capable. Coldness, suspicion, and mutual want of esteem and confidence, follow of course.

I will come back with you to Silleri this evening ; I have no happiness but when I am with you. Mrs. Melmoth is so fond of Sir George, she is eternally persecuting me with his praises ; she is extremely mortified at this delay, and very angry at the manner in which I behave upon it.

Come

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Come to us directly, my dear Bell, and re-
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Your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R XXXI.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Quebec.

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I Congratulate you, my dear; you will at least
 have the pleasure of being five or six months lon-
 ger your own mistress; which, in my opinion,
 when one is not violently in love, is a considera-
 tion worth attending to. You will also have time
 to see whether you like any body else better;
 and you know you can take him if you please at
 last.

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 ehave upon it.

Send him up to his regiment at Montreal with
 the Melmoths; stay the winter with me, flirt with
 somebody else to try the strength of your passion,
 and, if it holds out against six months absence, and
 the attention of an agreeable fellow, I think you
 may safely venture to marry him.

A propos to flirting—have you seen Colonel Ri-
 vers? he has not been here these two days. I shall
 begin to be jealous of this little impertinent Ma-
 demoiselle Clairaut. Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

Rivers is absurd; I have a mighty foolish letter
 from him; he is rambling about the country,
 buying estates: he had better have been here,
 playing

Come

playing the fool with us; if I knew how to write to him I would tell him so, but he is got out of the range of human beings, down the river, heaven knows where; he says a thousand civil things of you, but I will bring the letter with me to save the trouble of repeating them.

I have a sort of an idea he won't be very unhappy at this delay; I want vastly to send him word of it.

Adieu! *ma chere.*

L E T T E R XXXII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Kamaraskas, O&A. 10.

I AM at present, my dear Lucy, in the wildest country on earth; I mean those which are inhabited at all: 'tis for several leagues almost a continual forest, with only a few straggling houses on the river side; 'tis however not the least consequence to me, all places are equal to me where Emily is not.

I seek amusement, but without finding it: she is never one moment from my thoughts; I am every hour on the point of returning to Quebec. I cannot support the idea of her leaving the country to try without my seeing her.

'Tis a lady who has this estate to sell: I am present at her house; she is very amiable; a widow about thirty, with an agreeable person, great vivacity, an excellent understanding, improved by reading, to which the absolute solitude of her situation has obliged her: she has an open pleasing countenance

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countenance, with a candour and sincerity in her
conversation which would please me, if my mind
was in a state to be pleased with any thing.
Through all the attention and civility I think my-
self obliged to shew her, she seems to perceive the
melancholy which I cannot shake off: she is always
contriving some little party for me, as if she knew
how much I am in want of amusement.

eu! ma chere.

Oct. 12.

Madame Des Roches is very kind; she fees my
chagrin, and takes every method to divert it: she
insists on my going in her shallop to see the last
settlement on the river, opposite the Isle of Bar-
naby; she does me the honour to accompany me,
with a gentleman and a lady who live about a
mile from her.

XXXII.

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uskas, Oct. 10.

Isle Barnaby, Oct. 13.

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ning to Quebec.
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I have been paying a very singular visit; 'tis to
a hermit, who has lived sixty years alone on this
island; I came to him with a strong prejudice
against him; I have no opinion of those who fly
society; who seek a state of all others the most
contrary to our nature. Were I a tyrant, and
wished to inflict the most cruel punishment human
nature could support, I would seclude criminals
from the joys of society, and deny them the en-
dearing sight of their species.

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I am certain I could not exist a year alone: I
am miserable even in that degree of solitude to
which one is confined in a ship; no words can
speak the joy which I felt when I came to America,
on the first appearance of something like the cheer-
ful haunts of men; the first man, the first house,
nay the first Indian fire of which I saw the smoke
rise above the trees, gave me the most lively tran-
sport

sport that can be conceived; I felt all the force of those ties which unite us to each other, of the social love to which we owe all our happiness here.

But to my hermit: his appearance disarmed my dislike; he is a tall old man, with white hair and beard, the look of one who has known better days and the strongest marks of benevolence in his countenance. He received me with the utmost hospitality, spread all his little stores of fruit before me, fetched me fresh milk, and water from a spring near his house.

After a little conversation, I expressed my astonishment, that a man of whose kindness and humanity I had just had such proof, could find happiness in flying mankind: I said a good deal on the subject, to which he listened with the polite attention.

“You appear,” said he, “of a temper to pity the miseries of others. My story is short and simple: I loved the most amiable of women; she was beloved. The avarice of our parents, who both had more gainful views for us, prevented an union on which our happiness depended. My sister Louisa, who was threatened with an immediate marriage with a man she detested, proposed to me to fly the tyranny of our friends: she had an uncle at Quebec, to whom she was desired. The wilds of Canada, said she, may afford that refuge our cruel country denies us. At length a secret marriage, we embarked. Our voyage was thus far happy; I landed on the opposite shore, to seek refreshments for my Louisa: she was returning, pleased with the thought of being the object of all my tenderness, when a beginning storm drove me to seek shelter in the

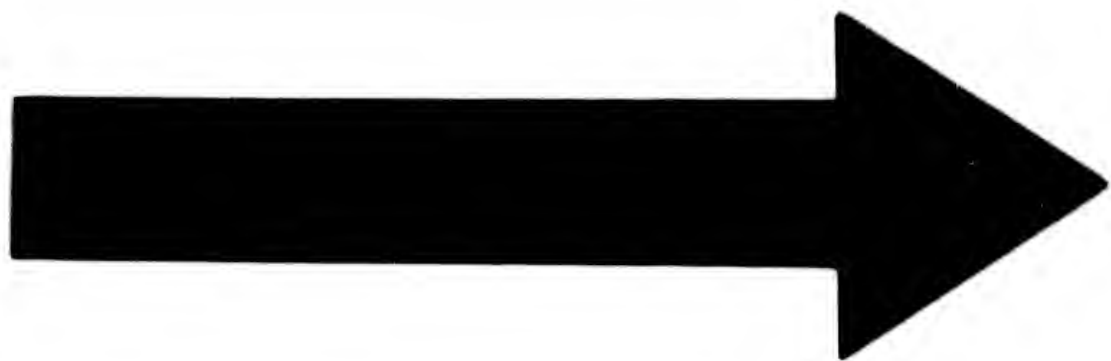
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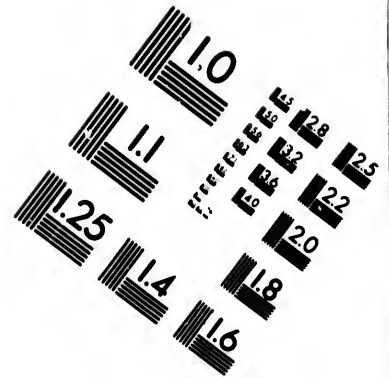
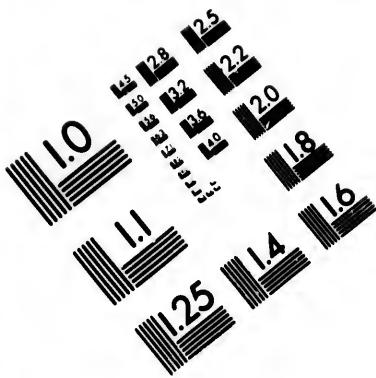
bay. The storm increased, I saw no progress with agonies not to be described; the ship, which was in sight, was unable to resist its fury; the sailors crowded into the boat; they had the humanity to place my Louisa there; they made for the spot where I was; my eyes were wildly fixed on them; I stood eagerly on the utmost verge of the water, my arms stretched out to receive her, my prayers ardently addressed to Heaven, when an immense wave broke over the boat; I heard a general shriek; I even fancied I distinguished my Louisa's cries; it subsided, the sailors again exerted all their force, a second wave—I saw them no more!

“Never will that dreadful scene be absent one moment from my memory: I fell senseless on the beach; when I returned to life, the first object I beheld was the breathless body of my Louisa at my feet. Heaven gave me the wretched consolation of rendering to her the last sad duties. In that grave all my happiness lies buried. I knelt by her, and breathed a vow to Heaven, to wait here the moment that should join me to all I held dear. I every morning visit her loved remains, and implore the God of mercy to hasten my dissolution. I feel that we shall not long be separated; I shall soon meet her, to part no more.”

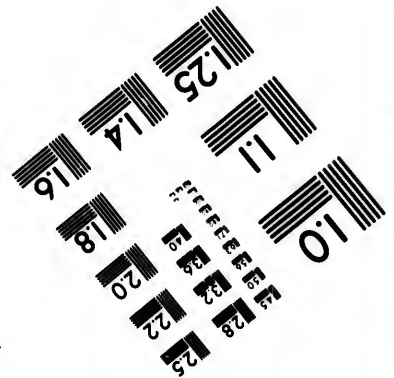
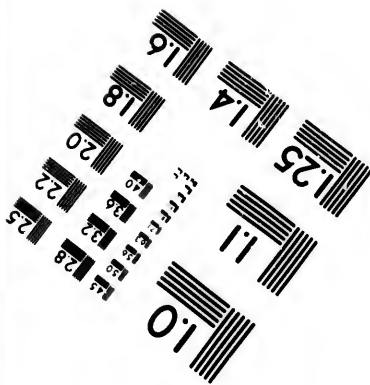
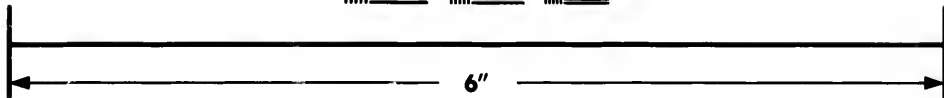
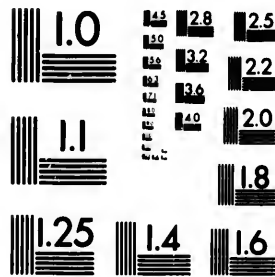
He stopped, and without seeming to remember he was not alone, walked hastily towards a little oratory he has built on the beach, near which is the grave of his Louisa; I followed him a few steps, I saw him throw himself on his knees; and, respecting his sorrow, returned to the house.

Though I cannot absolutely approve, yet I more than forgive, I almost admire, his renouncing the world





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world in his situation. Devotion is perhaps the only balm for the wound given by unhappy love; the heart is too much softened by true tenderness to admit any common cure.

Seven in the evening.

I am returned to Madame Des Roches and her friends, who declined visiting the hermit. I found in his conversation all which could have adorned society; he was pleased with the sympathy I shewed for his sufferings; we parted with regret. I wished to have made him a present, but he would receive nothing.

A ship for England is in sight. Madame Des Roches is so polite to send off this letter; we return to her house in the morning.

Adieu! my Lucy,

Yours,

ED. RIVERS

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, Oct. 11

I HAVE no patience with this foolish brother of yours; he is rambling about in the woods when we want him here: we have a most agreeable assembly every Thursday at the General's, and had another ball since he has been gone on this ridiculous ramble; I miss the dear creature whenever I go. We have nothing but balls, cards,

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ED. RIVERS

XXXIII.

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Quebec, Oct. 12

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and parties of pleaſure; but they are nothing with-
out my little Rivers.

I have been making the tour of the three reli-
gions this morning, and, as I am the moſt conſtant
creature breathing, am come back only a thouſand
times more pleaſed with my own. I have been at
maſs, at church, and at the preſbyterian meeting:
an idea ſtruck me at the laſt, in regard to the dra-
pery of them all; that the Romiſh religion is like
an over-dreſſed, tawdry, rich citizen's wife; the
preſbyterian like a rude aukward country girl; the
church of England like an elegant well dreſſed wo-
man of quality, "plain in her neatneſs" (to quote
Horace, who is my favourite author.) There is
a noble, graceful ſimplicity both in the worſhip
and the ceremonies of the church of England,
which, even if I were a ſtranger to her doctines,
would prejudice me ſtrongly in her favour.

Sir George ſets out for Montreal this evening,
to do the houſe of Melmoth; I have however pre-
vailed on Emily to ſtay a month or two longer
with me. I am rejoiced Sir George is going away;
I am tired of ſeeing that eternal ſmile, that coun-
tenance of his, which attempts to ſpeak, and ſays
nothing. I am in doubt whether I ſhall let Emily
marry him; ſhe will die in a week, of no diſtem-
per but his converſation.

They dine with us. I am called down. Adieu!

Eight at night.

Heaven be praized, our lover is gone; they
parted with great philoſophy on both ſides: they
are the prettieſt mild pair of inamoratoes one ſhall
see.

Your brother's ſervant has juſt called to tell me
he is going to his maſter. I have a great mind to
anſwer his letter, and order him back.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXXIV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Oa. 12.

I HAVE been looking at the estate Madam Des Roches has to sell ; it is as wild as the land to which I have a right ; I hoped this would have amused my chagrin, but am mistaken : nothing interests me, nothing takes up my attention one moment : my mind admits but one idea. This charming woman follows me wherever I go ; I wander about like the first man when driven out of paradise. I vainly fancy every change of place will relieve the anxiety of my mind.

Madame Des Roches smiles, and tells me I am in love ; 'tis however a smile of tenderness and compassion : your sex have great penetration in whatever regards the heart.

Oa. 13.

I have this moment a letter from Miss Fermor to press my return to Quebec ; she tells me, Emily's marriage is postponed till spring. My Lucie how weak is the human heart ! In spite of myself a ray of hope—I set off this instant : I cannot conceal my joy.

L E T T E R XXXV.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

London, July 23

YOU have no idea, Ned, how much your absence is lamented by the dowagers, to whom I must

XXXIV.

es-Street.

Oa. 12.

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Oa. 13.

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XXXV.

Quebec.

London, July 23

w much your ab
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must be owned, your charity has been very extensive.

It would delight you to see them condoling with each other on the loss of the dear charming man, the man of sentiment, of true taste, who admires the maturer beauties, and thinks no woman worth pursuing till turned of twenty-five: it's a loss not to be made up; for your taste, it must be owned, is pretty singular.

I have seen your last favourite, Lady H——, who assures me, on the word of a woman of honour, that, had you staid seven years in London, she does not think she should have had the least inclination to change; but an absent lover, she well observed, is, properly speaking, no lover at all.

"Bid Colonel Rivers remember," said she, "what I have read somewhere, the parting words of a French lady to a bishop of her acquaintance. Let your absence be short, my lord; and remember that a mistress is a benefice which obliges to residence."

I am told, you had not been gone a week before Jack Wilmott had the honour of drying up the fair widow's tears.

I am going this evening to Vauxhall, and to-morrow propose setting out for my house in Rutland, from whence you shall hear from me again.

Adieu! I never write long letters in London. I should tell you, I have been to see Mrs. Rivers and your sister; the former is well, but very anxious to have you in England again; the latter grows so very handsome, I don't intend to repeat my visits often.

Yours,

J. TEMPLE.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXVI.

TO JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, Oct. 14.

I AM this moment arriv'd from a ramble down the river; but a ship being just going, must acknowledge your last.

You make me happy in telling me my dear lady H—— has given me a place in her heart to be honest a fellow as Jack Wilmot; and I sincerely wish the ladies always chose their favourites as well.

I should be very unreasonable indeed to expect constancy at almost four thousand miles distance, especially when the prospect of my return is so very uncertain.

My voyage ought undoubtedly to be considered as an abdication: I am to all intents and purposes dead in law as a lover; and the lady has a right to consider her heart as vacant, and to proceed to a new election.

I claim no more than a share in her esteem and remembrance, which I dare say I shall never want.

That I have amused myself a little in the dower way, I am very far from denying; but you will observe, it was less from taste than the principle of doing as little mischief as possible in my few excursions to the world of gallantry. A little deviation from the exact rule of right, we men all allow ourselves in love affairs; but I was willing to keep as near as I could. Married women are, on my principles, forbidden fruit; I abhor the seduction of innocence, I am too delicate, and (with all my modesty) too vain, to be pleas'd with venal beauty; what was I then to do, with a heart too

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Pall Mall.

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active to be absolutely at rest, and which had not met with its counterpart? Widows were, I thought, fair prey, as being sufficiently experienced to take care of themselves.

I have said married women are, on my principles, forbidden fruit: I should have explained myself; I mean in England, for my ideas on this head change as soon as I land at Calais.

Such is the amazing force of local prejudice, that I do not recollect having ever made love to an English married woman, or a French unmarried one. Marriages in France being made by the parents, and therefore generally without inclination on either side, gallantry seems to be a tacit condition, though not absolutely expressed in the contract.

But to return to my plan: I think it an excellent one; and would recommend it to all those young men about town, who, like me, find in their hearts the necessity of loving, before they meet with an object capable of fixing them for life.

By the way, I think the widows ought to raise a statue to my honour, for having done my *possible* to prove that, for the sake of decorum, morals, and order, they ought to have all the men to themselves.

I have this moment your letter from Rutland. Do you know I am almost angry? Your ideas of love are narrow and pedantic; custom has done enough to make the life of one half of our species tasteless; but you would reduce them to a state of still greater insipidity than even that to which our tyranny has doomed them.

You would limit the pleasure of loving and being beloved, and the charming power of pleasing, to three or four years only in the life of that sex which is peculiarly formed to feel tenderness; women are born with more lively affections than men,

men, which are still more softened by education; to deny them the privilege of being amiable, the only privilege we allow them, as long as nature continues them so, is such a mixture of cruelty and false taste as I should never have suspected you of notwithstanding your partiality for unripened beauty.

As to myself, I persist in my opinion, that women are most charming when they join the attractions of the mind to those of the person, when they feel the passion they inspire; or rather, that they are never charming till then.

A woman in the first bloom of youth resembles a tree in blossom; when mature, in fruit: but a woman who retains the charms of her person till her understanding is in its full perfection, is like those trees in happier climes, which produce blossoms and fruit together.

You will scarce believe, Jack, that I have lived a week *tete-a-tete*, in the midst of a wood, with just the woman I have been describing; a widow extremely my taste, *mature*, five or six years more so than you say I require, lively, sensible, handsome, without saying one civil thing to her; yet nothing can be more certain.

I could give you powerful reasons for my insensibility; but you are a traitor to love, and therefore have no right to be in any of his secrets.

I will excuse your visits to my sister; as well as I love you myself, I have a thousand reasons for chusing she should not be acquainted with you.

What you say in regard of my mother, gives me pain; I will never take back my little gift to her; and I cannot live in England on my present income, though it enables me to live *en prince* in Canada.

Adieu!

Adieu! I have not time to say more. I have stole this half hour from the loveliest woman breathing, whom I am going to visit: surely you are infinitely obliged to me. To lessen the obligation, however, my calash is not yet come to the door.

Adieu! once more.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Sillery, Oct. 15.

OUR wanderer is returned, my dear, and in such spirits as you can't conceive: he passed yesterday with us; he likes to have us to himself, and he had yesterday; we walked *a trio* in the wood, and were foolish; I have not passed so agreeable a day since I came to Canada: I love mightily to be foolish, and the people here have no taste that way at all: your brother is divinely so upon occasion. The weather was, to use the Canadian phrase, *superbe et magnifique*. We shall, I am told, have much more in the same *magnifique* style, so we intend to make the most of it: I have ordered your brother to come and walk with me from morning till night; every day and all the day.

The dear man was amazingly overjoyed to see me again; we shared in his joy, though my little family took some pains to appear tranquil on the occasion. I never saw more pleasure in the countenances

Adieu!

tenances of two people in my life, nor more pain taken to suppress it.

Do you know Fitzgerald is really an agreeable fellow? I have an admirable natural instinct; I perceived he had understanding, from his aquiline nose and his eagle eye, which are indexes I never knew fail. I believe we are going to be great, I am not sure I shall not admit him to make up *partie quarree* with your brother and Emily: I will give him my original plot upon him, and he was immensely pleased with it. I almost fancy he can be foolish; in that case, my business is done: if without his other merits he has that, I am a lost woman.

He has excellent sense, great good nature, the true princely spirit of an Irishman; he will be ruined here, but that is his affair, not mine. He has changed quarters with an officer now at Meath, and, because the lodgings were to be furnished, he thought himself obliged to leave three months in the cellars.

His person is pleasing; he has good eyes, and his teeth (the only beauties I require,) is marked with the small pox, which in men gives a sensible beauty very manly, and looks extremely like a gentleman.

He comes, the conqueror comes.

I see him plainly through the trees; he is in full view, within twenty yards of the house. He looks particularly well on horseback, which is one certain proof of a good education. The fellow is well born, and has ideas of this kind. I think I shall admit him of my train.

Emily wonders I have never been in love: the cause is clear; I have prevented any attachment with one man, by constantly flirting with twenty:

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the most sovereign receipt in the world. I think too, my dear, you have maintained a sort of running fight with the little deity: our hour is not yet come. Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, Oct. 15, evening.

I AM returned, my dear, and have had the pleasure of hearing you and my mother are well, though I have had no letters from either of you.

Mr. Temple, my dearest Lucy, tells me he has visited you. Will you pardon me a freedom which nothing but the most tender friendship can warrant, when I tell you that I would wish you to be as little acquainted with him as politeness allows? He is a most agreeable man, perhaps too agreeable, with a thousand amiable qualities; he is a man I love above all others; and, where women are not concerned, a man of the most unblemished honour: but his manner of life is extremely libertine, and his ideas of women unworthy the best of his character; he knows not the perfections which adorn the valuable part of your sex, he is a stranger to your virtues, and incapable, at least I fear so, of that tender affection which alone can make an amiable woman happy. With all this, he is polite and attentive, and has a manner, which, without intending it, is calculated to deceive women into an opinion of his being attached when he

is not; he has all the splendid virtues which command esteem; is noble, generous, disinterested, open, brave; and is the most dangerous man on earth to a woman of honour, who is unacquainted with the arts of man.

Do not however mistake me, my Lucy; I know him to be as incapable of forming improper designs on you, even were you not the sister of his friend, as you are of listening to him if he did: 'tis for your heart alone I am alarmed; he is formed to please, you are young and inexperienced, and have not yet loved; my anxiety for your peace makes me dread your loving a man whose views are not turned to marriage, and who is therefore incapable of returning properly the tenderness of a woman of honour.

I have seen my divine Emily: her manner of receiving me was very flattering; I cannot doubt her friendship for me; yet I am not absolutely content. I am however convinced, by the easy tranquillity of her air, and her manner of bearing this delay of her marriage, that she does not love the man for whom she is intended; she has been a victim to the avarice of her friends. I would vainly hope—yet what have I to hope? If I had even the happiness to be agreeable to her, if she was disengaged from Sir George, my fortune makes it impossible for me to marry her, without reducing her to indigence at home, or dooming her to be an exile in Canada for life. I dare not ask myself what I wish or intend: yet I give way in spite of me to the delight of seeing and conversing with her. I must not look forward; I will only enjoy the present pleasure of believing myself one of the first in her esteem and friendship, and of showing her all those little pleasing attentions so dear to a sensible

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a sensible heart; attentions in which her *lover* is
astonishing remiss; he is at Montreal, and I am
told was gay and happy on his journey thither,
though he left his mistress behind.

I have spent two very happy days at Sillery, with
Emily and your friend Bell Ferrimor: to-morrow I
meet them at the governor's, where there is a ve-
ry agreeable assembly on Thursday evenings.

Adieu!

Yours,

F. RIVERS.

I shall write again by a ship which sails next
week.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall-Mall.

Quebec, Oct. 18.

I HAVE this moment a letter from Madame
Des Roches, the lady at whose house I spent a
week, and to whom I am greatly obliged. I am
so happy as to have an opportunity of rendering
her a service, in which I must desire your assist-
ance.

'Tis in regard to some lands belonging to her,
which, not being settled, some other person has
applied for a grant of at home. I send you the
particulars, and beg you will lose no time in enter-
ing a *caveat*, and taking other proper steps to pre-
vent what would be an act of great injustice; the
war, and the incursions of the Indians in alliance
with us, have hitherto prevented these lands from

being settled, but Madame Des Roches is actually in treaty with some Acadians to settle them immediately. Employ all your friends as well as mine if necessary; my lawyer will direct you in what manner to apply, and pay the expences attending the application. Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R XL.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Oct. 20.

I DANCED last night till four o'clock in the morning (if you allow the expression) without being the least fatigued: the little Fitzgerald was my partner, who grows upon me extremely; the monkey has a way of being attentive and careless by turns, which has an amazing effect; nothing attaches a woman of my temper so much to a lover as her being a little in fear of losing him; and he keeps up the spirit of the thing admirably.

Your brother and Emily danced together, and I think I never saw either of them look so handsome; she was a thousand times more admired at this ball than the first, and reason good, for she was a thousand times more agreeable; your brother is really a charming fellow, he is an immense favourite with the ladies; he has that very pleasing general attention, which never fails to charm women; he can even be particular to one, without wounding the vanity of the rest: if he was in company with twenty, his mistress of the number, he

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manner would be such, that every woman there
 would think herself the second in his esteem; and
 that, if his heart had not been unluckily pre-en-
 gaged, she herself should have been the object of
 his tenderness.

His eyes are of immense use to him; he looks
 the civilest things imaginable, his whole counte-
 nance speaks whatever he wishes to say; he has the
 least occasion for words to explain himself of any
 man I ever knew.

Fitzgerald has eyes too, I assure you, and eyes
 that know how to speak; he has a look of faucy
 unconcern and inattention, which is really irresis-
 tible.

We have had a great deal of snow already, but
 it melts away; 'tis a lovely day, but an odd enough
 mixture of summer and winter; in some places you
 see half a foot of snow lying, in others the dust is
 even troublesome.

Adieu! there are a dozen or two of beaux at the
 door.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XLI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Nov. 10.

THE savages assure us, my dear, on the in-
 formation of the beavers, that we shall have a very
 mild winter: it seems, these creatures have laid
 in a less winter stock than usual. I take it very
 well, Lucy, that the beavers have better intelli-
 gence than we have.

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ED. RIVERS.

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Clarges-Street.

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We are got into a pretty composed easy way Sir George writes very agreeable, sensible, sentimental, gossiping letters, once a fortnight, which Emily answers in due course, with all the regularity of a counting-house correspondence; he talks of coming down after Christmas; we expect him without impatience; and in the mean time amuse ourselves as well as we can, and soften the pain of absence by the attention of 'a man that I fancy we like quite as well.

With submission to the heavens, the weather is very cold, and we have had a great deal of snow already; but they tell me 'tis nothing to what we shall have: they are taking precautions which maké me shudder beforehand, pasting up the windows, and not leaving an avenue where cold can enter.

I like the winter carriages immensely; the open carriage is a kind of one-horse chaise, the covered one a chariot, set on a sledge to run on the ice: we have not yet had snow enough to use them, but I like their appearance prodigiously; the covered carriages seem the prettiest things in nature to make love in, as there are curtains to draw before the windows: we shall have three in effect, my father's, Rivers's, and Fitzgerald's; the two latter are to be elegance itself, and entirely for the service of the ladies: your brother and Fitzgerald are trying who shall be ruined first for the honour of their country.

I will bet three to one upon Ireland. They are every day contriving parties of pleasure, and making the most gallant little presents imaginable to the ladies.

Adieu, my dear!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XLII.

To Miss RIVERS.

Quebec, Nov. 14.

I SHALL not, my dear, have above one more opportunity of writing to you by the ships; after which we can only write by the packet once a month.

My Emily is every day more lovely; I see her often, and every hour discover new charms in her; she has an exalted understanding, improved by all the knowledge which is becoming in your sex; a soul awake to all the finer sensations of the heart, checked and adorned by the native loveliness of woman: she is extremely handsome, but she would please every feeling heart if she was not; she has the soul of beauty: without feminine softness and delicate sensibility, no features can give loveliness; with them, very indifferent ones can charm: that sensibility, that softness, never were so lovely as in my Emily. I can write on no other subject: Were you to see her, my Lucy, you would forgive me. My letter is called for. Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

Your friend Miss Fermor will write you every thing.

L E T T E R XLIII.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Montreal, Nov. 14.

MR. Melmoth and I, my dear Emily, expected by this time to have seen you at Montreal. I allow something to your friendship for Miss Fermor; but there is also something due to relations who tenderly love you, and under whose protection your uncle left you at his death.

I should add, that there is something due to Sir George, had I not already displeas'd you by what I have said on the subject.

You are not to be told, that in a week the road from hence to Quebec will be impassable for at least a month, till the rivers are sufficiently froze to bear carriages.

I will own to you, that I am a little jealous of your attachment to Miss Fermor, though no one can think her more amiable than I do.

If you do not come this week, I would wish you to stay till Sir George comes down, and return with him; I will entreat the favour of Miss Fermor to accompany you to Montreal, which we will endeavour to make as agreeable to her as we can.

I have been ill of a slight fever, but am now perfectly recovered. Sir George and Mr. Melmoth are well, and very impatient to see you here.

Adieu! my dear,

Your affectionate

E. MELMOTH.

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XLIII.

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L. MELMOTH.

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L E T T E R XLIV.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Silleri, Nov. 20.

I HAVE a thousand reasons, my dearest Madam, for intreating you to excuse my staying some time longer at Quebec. I have the sincerest esteem for Sir George, and am not insensible of the force of our engagements; but do not think his being there a reason for my coming: the kind of suspended state, to say no more, in which those engagements now are, call for a delicacy in my behaviour to him, which is so difficult to observe without the appearance of affectation, that his absence relieves me from a very painful kind of restraint: for the same reason, 'tis impossible for me to come up at the time he does, if I do come, even though Miss Fermor should accompany me.

A moment's reflection will convince you of the propriety of my staying here till his mother does me the honour again to approve his choice; or till our engagement is publicly known to be at an end. Mrs. Clayton is a prudent mother, and a woman of the world, and may consider that Sir George's situation is changed since she consented to his marriage.

I am not capricious; but I will own to you, that my esteem for Sir George is much lessened by his behaviour since his last return from New-York: he mistakes me extremely, if he supposes he has the least additional merit in my eyes from his late acquisition of fortune: on the contrary, I now see faults in him which were concealed by the mediocrity

crity of his situation before, and which do not promise happiness to a heart like mine, a heart which has little taste for the false glitter of life, and the most lively one possible for the calm real delights of friendship, and domestic felicity.

Accept my sincerest congratulations on your return of health, and believe me,

My dearest Madam,

Your obliged and affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R XLV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Silleri, Nov. 23.

I HAVE been seeing the last ship go out of the port, Lucy; you have no notion what a melancholy sight it is: we are now left to ourselves, and shut up from all the world for the winter: somehow we seem so forsaken, so cut off from the rest of human kind, I cannot bear the idea: I sent a thousand tender wishes to dear England, which I never loved so much as at this moment.

Do you know, my dear, I could cry if I was not ashamed: I shall not absolutely be in spirits again this week.

'Tis the first time I have felt any thing like bad spirits in Canada: I followed the ship with my eyes till it turned Point Levi, and, when I lost sight of it, felt as if I had lost every thing dear to me on earth. I am not particular: I see a gloom on every countenance: I have been at church, and think

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Adieu! for the present: it will be a fortnight before I can send this letter; another disagreeable circumstance that: would to Heaven I were in England, though I changed the bright sun of Canada for a fog!

Dec. 1.

We have had a week's snow without intermission: happily for us, your brother and the Fitz have been weather-bound all the time at Silleri, and cannot possibly get away.

We have amused ourselves within doors, for there is no stirring abroad, with playing at cards, playing at shuttlecock, playing the fool, making love, and making moral reflections: upon the whole, the week has not been very disagreeable.

The snow is when we awake constantly up to our chamber windows; we are literally dug out of it every morning.

As to Quebec, I give up all hopes of ever seeing it again: but my comfort is, that the people there cannot possibly get to their neighbours; and I flatter myself very few of them have been half so well entertained at home.

We shall be abused, I know, for (what is really the fault of the weather) keeping these two creatures here this week; the ladies hate us for engrossing two such fine fellows as your brother and Fitzgerald, as well as for having vastly more than our share of all the men: we generally go out attended by at least a dozen, without any other woman but a lively old French lady, who is a flirt of my father's, and will certainly be my mamma.

We

We sweep into the general's assembly on Thursdays with such a train of beaux as draws every eye upon us: the rest of the fellows crowd round us; the misses draw up, blush, and flutter their fans; and your little Bell sits down with such a saucy impertinent consciousness in her countenance as is really provoking: Emily on the contrary looks mild and humble, and seems by her civil decent air to apologize to them for being so much more agreeable than themselves, which is a fault, I for my part am not in the least inclined to be ashamed of.

Your idea of Quebec, my dear, is perfectly just; it is like a third or fourth rate country town in England; much hospitality, little society; cards, scandal, dancing, and good cheer; all excellent things to pass away a winter evening, and peculiarly adapted to what I am told, and what I begin to feel, of the severity of this climate.

I am told they abuse me, which I can easily believe, because my impertinence to them deserves it: but what care I, you know, Lucy, so long as I please myself, and am at Silleri out of the sound.

They are squabbling at Quebec, I hear about I cannot tell what, therefore shall not attempt to explain: some dregs of old disputes, it seems, which have not had time to settle: however, we new comers have certainly nothing to do with these matters: you can't think how comfortable we feel at Silleri, out of the way.

My father says, the politics of Canada are as complex and as difficult to be understood as those of the Germanic system.

For my part, I think no politics worth attending to but those of the little commonwealth of woman: if I can maintain my empire over hearts, I leave the men to quarrel for every thing else.

I observe

I observe a strict neutrality, that I may have a chance for admirers amongst both parties. Adieu! the post is just going out.

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XLVI.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Sillery.

Montreal, Dec. 18.

THERE is something, my dear Emily, in what you say as to the delicacy of your situation; but, whilst you are so very exact in acting up to it on one side, do you not a little overlook it on the other?

I am extremely unwilling to say a disagreeable thing to you, but Miss Fermor is too young as well as too gay to be a protection—the very particular circumstance you mention makes Mr. Melmoth's the only house in Canada in which, if I have any judgment, you can with propriety live till your marriage takes place.

You extremely injure Sir George in supposing it possible he should fail in his engagements: and I see with pain that you are more quick-sighted to his failings than is quite consistent with that tenderness, which (allow me to say) he has a right to expect from you. He is like other men of his age and fortune; he is the very man you, so lately thought amiable, and of whose love you cannot without injustice have a doubt.

Though I approve your contempt of the false glitter of the world, yet I think it a little strained

at

I observe

at your time of life: did I not know you as well as I do, I should say that philosophy in a young and especially a female mind, is so out of season, as to be extremely suspicious. The pleasures which attend an affluence are too great, and too pleasing to youth, to be overlooked, except when under the influence of a livelier passion.

Take care, my Emily; I know the goodness of your heart, but I also know its sensibility; remember that, if your situation requires great circumspection in your behaviour to Sir George, it requires much greater to every other person: it is even more delicate than marriage itself.

I shall expect you and Miss Fermor as soon as the roads are such that you can travel agreeably; and, as you object to Sir George as a conductor, I will entreat Captain Fermor to accompany you hither.

I am, my dear,

Your most affectionate

E. MELMOTH.

L E T T E R XLVII.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Sillery, Sept. 26.

I ENTREAT you, my dearest Madam, to do me the justice to believe I see my engagement to Sir George in as strong a light as you can do; if there is any change in my behaviour to him, it is owing to the very apparent one in his conduct to

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L. MELMOTH.

L VII.

Montreal.

Silleri, Sept. 26.

Madam, to do
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 me

me, of which no one but myself can be a judge. As to what you say in regard to my contempt of affluence, I can only say it is in my character, whether it is generally in the female one or not.

Were the cruel hint you are pleased to give just, be assured Sir George should be the first person to whom I would declare it. I hope however it is possible to esteem merit without offending even the most sacred of all engagements.

A gentleman waits for this. I have only time to say, that Miss Fermor thanks you for your obliging invitation, and promises she will accompany me to Montreal as soon as the river St. Lawrence will bear carriages, as the upper road is extremely inconvenient.

I am, my dearest Madam,

Your obliged and faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Dec. 27.

AFTER a fortnight's snow, we have had near as much clear blue sky and sunshine: the snow is six feet deep, so that we may be said to walk on our own heads; that is, *en philosophe*, we occupy the space we should have done in summer if we had none so; or, to explain it more clearly, our heels are now where our heads should be.

The scene is a little changed for the worse: the lovely landscape is now one undistinguished waste
 of

of snow, only a little diversified by the great variety of evergreens in the woods; the romantic winding path down the side of the hill to our farm, on which we used to amuse ourselves with seeing the beaux serpentize, is now a confused, frightful, rugged precipice, which one trembles at the idea of ascending. There is something exceedingly agreeable in the whirl of the carriages, which fly along at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and really hurry one out of one's senses.

Our little coterie is the object of great envy; we live just as we like, without thinking of other people, which I am not sure *here* is prudent, but it is pleasant, which is a better thing.

Emily, who is the civilest creature breathing, is for giving up her own pleasure to avoid offending others, and wants me, every time we make a carrioling party, to invite all the misses of Quebec to go with us; because they seem angry at our being happy without them: but for that very reason I persist in my own way, and consider wisely, that, though civility is due to other people, yet there is also some civility due to one's self.

I agree to visit every body, but think it mighty absurd I must not take a ride without asking a hundred people I scarce know to go with me; yet this is the style here; they will neither be happy themselves, nor let any body else. Adieu!

Dec. 29.

I will never take a beaver's word again as long as I live: there is no supporting this cold, the Canadians say it is seventeen years since there has been so severe a season. I thought beavers had been people of more honour.

Adieu! I can no more: the ink freezes as I take it from the standish to the paper, though close

to a large stove. Don't expect me to write again till May; one's faculties are absolutely congealed this weather.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER XLIX.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-street.

Sillery, Jan. 1.

IT is with difficulty I breathe, my dear; the cold is so amazingly intense as almost totally to stop respiration. I have business, the business of pleasure, at Quebec; but have not courage to stir from the stove.

We have had five days, the severity of which none of the natives remember to have ever seen equalled: 'tis said, the cold is beyond all the thermometers here, tho' intended for the climate.

The strongest wine freezes in a room which has a stove in it; even brandy is thickened to the consistence of oil: the largest wood fire, in a wide chimney, does not throw out its heat a quarter of a yard.

I must venture to Quebec to-morrow, or have company at home: amusements are here necessary to life; we must be jovial, or the blood will freeze in our veins.

I no longer wonder the elegant arts are unknown here; the rigour of the climate suspends the very powers of the understanding; what then must become of those of the imagination? Those who expect to see

“A new Athens rising near the pole,”

will

Dec. 29.

again as long as this cold, the since there has not beavers had

freezes as I, though close

to

will find themselves extremely disappointed. Genius will never mount high, where the faculties of the mind are benumbed half the year.

'Tis sufficient employment for the most lively spirit here to contrive how to preserve an existence of which there are moments that one is hardly conscious: the cold really sometimes brings on a sort of stupefaction.

We had a million of beaux here yesterday, notwithstanding the severe cold: 'tis the Canadian custom, calculated I suppose for the climate, to visit all the ladies on New-year's day, who are dressed in form to be kissed: I assure you, however, our kisses could not warm them; but we were obliged, to our eternal disgrace, to call for raspberry brandy as an auxiliary.

You would have died to see the men! they look just like so many bears in their open carriages, all wrapped in furs from head to foot; you see nothing of the human appear, but the tip of a nose.

They have entire coats of beaver skin, exactly like Friday's in Robinson Crusoe, and casques on their heads like the old knights errant in romance; you never saw such tremendous figures; but without this kind of cloathing it would be impossible to stir out at present.

The ladies are equally covered up, though in a less unbecoming style; they have long cloth hoods like those worn by the market-women in the north of England. I have one in scarlet, the hood lined with sable, the prettiest ever seen here, in which I assure you I look amazingly handsome; the men think so, and call me the *Little red riding-hood*; a name which becomes me as well as the hood.

The Canadian ladies wear these cloaks in India

filk in summer, which, fluttering in the wind, look really graceful on a fine woman.

Besides our riding-hoods, when we go out, we have a large buffalo's skin under our feet, which turns up, and wraps round us almost to our shoulders; so that, upon the whole, we are pretty well guarded from the weather as well as the men.

Our covered carriages too have not only canvas windows (we dare not have glass, because we often overturn) but cloth curtains to draw all round us; the extreme swiftness of these carriages also, which dart along like lightning, helps to keep one warm, by promoting the circulation of the blood.

I pity the Fitz; no tyger was ever so hard-hearted as I am this weather: the little god has taken his flight like the swallows. I say nothing, but cruelty is no virtue in Canada; at least at this season.

I suppose Pygmalion's statue was some frozen gentlewoman, and a sudden warm day thawed her. I love to expound ancient fables, and I think no exposition can be more natural than this.

Would you know what makes me chatter so this morning? Papa has made me take some excellent *liqueur*, 'tis the mode here; all the Canadian ladies take a little, which makes them so coquet and agreeable. Certainly brandy makes a woman talk like an angel.

Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T-

L E T T E R I.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Sillery, Jan. 4

I DON'T quite agree with you, my dear; your brother does not appear to me to have the least scruple of that foolish, false modesty which stands in a man's way.

He is extremely what the French call *avakené*; he is modest, certainly; that is, he is not a coxcomb, but he has all that proper self confidence which is necessary to set his agreeable qualities in full light: nothing can be a stronger proof of this, than that, wherever he is, he always takes your attention in a moment, and this without seeming to solicit it.

I am very fond of him, though he never makes love to me, in which circumstance he is very singular: our friendship is quite platonic, at least on his side, for I am not quite so sure on the other.

I remember one day in summer we were walking *tete-a-tete* in the road to Cape Rouge, when he wanted me to strike into a very beautiful thicket. "Positively, Rivers," said I, "I will not venture with you into that wood." "Are you afraid of *me*, Bell?" "No, but extremely of *myself*."

I have loved him ever since a little scene that passed here three or four months ago: a very affecting story of a distressed family in our neighbourhood, was told him and Sir George; the latter preserving all the philosophic dignity and manly composure of his countenance, very coldly expressed

pressed his concern, and called another subject: your brother changed colour, his eyes glistened; he took the first opportunity to leave the room, he sought these poor people, he found, he relieved them; which we discovered by accident a month after.

The weather, though cold beyond all that you in England can form an idea of, is yet mild to what it has been the last five or six days; we are going to Quebec, to church.

Two o'clock.

Emily and I have been talking religion all the way home: we are both mighty good girls as girls go in these degenerate days; our grandmothers to be sure—but it's folly to look back.

We have been saying, Lucy, that it is the strangest thing in the world people should quarrel about religion, since we undoubtedly all mean the same thing; all good minds in every religion aim at pleasing the Supreme Being; the means we take differ according to the country where we are born, and the prejudices we imbibe from education; a consideration which ought to inspire us with kindness and indulgence to each other.

If we examine each other's sentiments with candour, we shall find much less difference in essentials than we imagine:

“ Since all agree to own, at least to mean,

“ One great, one good, one general Lord of all.”

There is, I think, a very pretty Sunday reflection for you, Lucy.

You must know, I am extremely religious; and for this, amongst other reasons, that I think infidelity a vice peculiarly contrary to the native softness of woman: it is bold, daring, masculine; and

and I should almost doubt the sex of an unbeliever in petticoats.

Women are religious as they are virtuous, less from principles founded on reasoning and argument, than from elegance of mind, delicacy of moral taste, and a certain quick perception of the beautiful and becoming in every thing.

This instinct, however, for such it is, is worth all the tedious reasonings of the men; which is a point I flatter myself, you will not dispute with me.

Monday, Jan. 5.

This is the first day I have ventured in an open carriage; we have been running a race on the snow, your brother and I against Emily and Fitzgerald: we conquered from Fitzgerald's complaisance to Emily. I shall like it mightily, well wrapt up: I set off with the crape over my face to keep off the cold, but in three minutes it was a cake of solid ice, from my breath which froze upon it; yet this is called a mild day, and the sun shines in all its glory.

Silleri, Thursday, Jan. 8, midnight.

We are just come from the general's assembly; much company, and we danced till this minute; for I believe we have not been more coming these four miles.

Fitzgerald is the very pink of courtesy; he never uses his covered carriage himself, but devotes it entirely to the ladies; it stands at the general's door in waiting on Thursdays: if any lady comes out before her carriage arrives, the servants call out mechanically, "Captain Fitzgerald's carriage here, for a lady." The colonel is equally gallant, but I generally lay an embargo on his: they have

have each of them an extreme pretty one for themselves, or to drive a fair lady a morning's airing, when she will allow them the honour, and the weather is mild enough to permit it.

Bon soir! I am sleepy.

Yours,

A. FERMOE.

L E T T E R II.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall-Mall.

Quebec, Jan. 9.

YOU mistake me extremely, Jack, as you generally do: I have by no means forsworn marriage: on the contrary, though happiness is not so often found there as I wish it was, yet I am convinced it is to be found no where else; and, poor as I am, I should not hesitate about trying the experiment myself to-morrow, if I could meet with a woman to my taste, unappropriated, whose ideas of the state agreed with mine, which I allow are something out of the common road: but I must be certain those ideas are her own, therefore they must arise spontaneously, and not in complaisance to mine; for which reason, if I could, I would endeavour to lead my mistress into the subject, and know her sentiments on the manner of living in that state, before I discovered my own.

I must also be well convinced of her tenderness before I make a declaration of mine: she must not distinguish me because I flatter her, but because she thinks I have merit; those fancied passions, where-

where gratified vanity assumes the form of love will not satisfy my heart: the eyes, the air, the voice of the woman I love, a thousand little indiscretions dear to the heart, must convince me I am beloved, before I confess I love.

Though sensible of the advantages of fortune I can be happy without it: if I should ever be rich enough to live in the world, no one will enjoy it with greater gusto; if not, I can with great spirit, provided I find such a companion as I wish, retire from it to love, content, and a cottage by which I mean the life of a little country gentleman.

You ask me my opinion of the winter here. If you can bear a degree of cold, of which Europeans can form no idea, it is far from being unpleasant: we have settled frost, and an eternal blue sky. Travelling in this country in winter is particularly agreeable: the carriages are easy, and go on the ice with amazing velocity, though drawn only by one horse.

The continual plain of snow would be extremely fatiguing both to the eye and imagination, were it not both relieved, not only by the woods in prospect, but by the tall branches of pines with which the road is marked out on each side, and which form a verdant avenue, agreeably contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of the snow, on which, when the sun shines, it is almost impossible to look steadily even for a moment.

Were it not for this method of marking out the roads, it would be impossible to find the way from one village to another.

The eternal sameness however of this avenue is tiresome when you go far in one road.

I have passed the last two months in the most agreeable

agreeable manner possible, in a little society of persons I extremely love: I feel myself so attached to this little circle of friends, that I have no pleasure in any other company, and think all the time absolutely lost that politeness forces me to spend any where else. I extremely dread our party's being dissolved, and with the winter to last for ever, for I am afraid the spring will divide us. Adieu! and believe me,

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R LII.

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

Silleri, Jan. 9.

I BEGIN not to dislike the winter here; now I am used to cold, I don't feel it so much: as there is no business done here in the winter, 'tis the season of general dissipation; amusement is the study of every body, and the pains people take to please themselves contribute to the general pleasure: upon the whole, I am not sure it is not a pleasanter winter than that of England.

Both our houses and our carriages are uncommonly warm; the clear serene sky, the dry pure air, the little parties of dancing and cards, the good tables we all keep, the driving about on the ice, the abundance of people we see there, for every body has a carriage, the variety of objects, new to an European, keep the spirits in a continual agree-

able hurry, that is difficult to describe, but very pleasant to feel.

Sir George (would you believe it?) has written Emily a very warm letter; tender, sentimental and almost impatient; Mrs. Melmoth's dictating I will answer for it; not at all in his own composed agreeable style. He talks of coming down in a few days: I have a strong notion he is coming, after his long tedious two years siege, to endeavour to take us by storm at last; he certainly prepares for a *coup de main*. He is right, all women hate a regular attack.

Adieu for the present.

Monday, Jan. 12.

We sup at your brother's to-night, with all the *beau monde* of Quebec: we shall be superbly entertained, I know. I am malicious enough to wish Sir George may arrive during the entertainment because I have an idea it will mortify him; though I scarce know why I think so. Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOY.

L E T T E R LIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Jan. 13, Eleven o'clock.

WE passed a most agreeable evening with your brother, though a large company, which is seldom the case; a most admirable supper, excellent wine, an elegant dessert of preserved fruits, and every body in spirits and good humour.

The Colonel was the soul of our entertain-
ment: amongst his other virtues, he has the com-
mionable and convivial ones to an immense
degree, which I never had an opportunity of dis-
covering so clearly before. He seemed charmed
by our words to see us all so happy: we staid till
one o'clock in the morning, yet all complained to-
morrow we came away too soon.
I need not tell you we had fiddles, for there is
no entertainment in Canada without them: never
did I see such a race of dancers.

One o'clock.

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

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

Your brother's and the Fitzgerald's will never
be seen 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 agree-
able effect; some wise advice, I suppose. Lord!
how I hate people that give advice! Don't you,
Lizzy? I don't like this lover's coming; he is al-
most as bad as a husband: I am afraid he will
change our little coterie; and we have been so
happy, I can't bear it.

Good night, my dear:

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

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A. FERMOR

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L E T T E R L I V.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Jan. 1

WE have passed a mighty stupid day ; George is civil, attentive and dull ; Emily pensive, thoughtful, and silent ; and my little self peevish as an old maid : nobody comes near not even your brother, because we are supposed to be settling preliminaries ; for you must know Sir George has graciously condescended to change his mind, and will marry her, if she please without waiting for his mother's letter, which resolution he has communicated to twenty people at Quebec in his way hither ; he is really extremely obliging. I suppose the Melmoths spirited him up to this.

One o'clock

Emily is strangely reserved to me ; she avoids seeing me alone, and when it happens talks of the weather ; papa is however in her confidence : he is as strong an advocate for this milky baronet Mrs. Melmoth.

Ten at night

All is over, Lucy ; that is to say, all is finished they are to be married on Monday next at Recollects church, and to set off immediately for Montreal : my father has been telling me the whole plan of operation ; we go up with them, stay a fortnight, then all come down, and show us till summer, when the happy pair embark in the first ship for England.

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Emily is really what one would call a prudent
etty sort of woman, I did not think it had been
her: she is certainly right, there is danger in
ay; she has a thousand proverbs on her side;
hought what all her fine sentiments would come
s she should at least have waited for mamma's
sent; this hurry is not quite consistent with
t extreme delicacy on which she piques herself;
looks exceedingly as if she was afraid of losing
n.

I don't love her half as much as I did three
ys ago; I hate discreet young ladies that marry
d settle; give me an agreeable fellow and a
apsack.

My poor Rivers! what will become of him
hen we are gone! he has neglected every body
us.

As she loves the pleasures of conversation, she
ll be amazingly happy in her choice;

With such a companion to spend the long day!

is to be sure a most entertaining creature.

Adieu! I have no patience.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

After all, I am a little droll; I am angry with
mily for concluding an advantageous match with
man she does not absolutely dislike, which all
ood mammas say is sufficient; and this only be-
use it breaks in on a little circle of friends, in
hose society I have been happy. O! self! self!
would have her hazard losing a fine fortune and
a coach

a coach and six, that I may continue my cotage two or three months longer.

Adieu! I will write again as soon as we are married. My next will, I suppose, be from Montreal. I die to see your brother and my little Fitzgerald; this man gives me the vapours. Heavens! How what a difference there is in men!

END OF VOL. I.

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