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THE

HISTORY

OF

EMILY MONTAGUE.

——

LETTER LV.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-street.

Silleri, Jan. 16.

So, my dear, we went on too fast, it seems: Sir George was so obliging as to settle all without waiting for Emily's consent; not having supposed her refusal to be in the chapter of possibilities: after having communicated their plan of operations to her as an affair settled, park was dispatched, as Sir George's ambassador, to inform Emily of his gracious intentions in her favour.

She received him with proper dignity, and like a spirit of true spirit told him, that as the delay was originally from Sir George, she should insist on observing the conditions very exactly, and was determined to wait till spring, whatever might be the contents of Mrs. Clayton's expected letter;
ter; reserving to herself also the privilege of refusing him even then, if upon mature deliberation she should think proper so to do.

She has further insisted, that till that time he shall leave Silleri; take up his abode at Quebec, unless, which she thinks most advisable, he should return to Montreal for the winter; and never attempt seeing her without witnesses, as their present situation is particularly delicate, and that whilst it continues they can have nothing to say to each other which their common friends may not with propriety hear: all she can be prevailed on to consent to in his favour, is to allow him en attendant to visit here like any other gentleman.

I wish she would send him back to Montreal, for I see plainly he will spoil all our little parties.

Emily is a fine girl, Lucy and I am friends with her again; so, my dear, I shall revive my coterie, and be happy two or three months longer. I have sent to ask my two sweet fellows at Quebec to dine here: I really long to see them; I shall let them into the present state of affairs here, for they both despise Sir George as much as I do; the creature looks amazingly foolish, and I enjoy his humiliation not a little: such an animal to let up for being beloved indeed! O to be sure!

Emily has sent for me to her apartment. Adieu for a moment.

Eleven o'clock.

She has shewn me Mrs. Melmoth's letter on the subject of concluding the marriage immediately: it is in the true spirit of family impertinence. She writes with the kind discreet insolence of a relation; and Emily has answered her with the genuine
of privilege of nature deliberation

till that time he bode at Quebec, it
advisable, he the winter; and witnieses, a
early delicate, and

all she can be favour, is to al
like any other

to Montreal, for little parties.
and I am friend shall revive my
three months longer:
fellows at Que
to see them; I
affairs here,
so much as I do;
fish, and I enjoy an animal to feel
be sure! ad

eleven o'clock, moth's letter or
riage immediate-
impertinence, insolence of
and her, with the
genuine

EMILY MONTAGUE. 129

genuine spirit of an independent Englishwoman, who is so happy as to be her own mist-
tress, and who is therefore determined to think
for herself.

She has refused going to Montreal at all this
winter; and has hinted, though not impolitely,
that she wants no guardian of her conduct but
herself; adding a compliment to my ladyship's
discretion so very civil, it is impossible for me to
repeat it with decency.

O Heavens! your brother and Fitzgerald! I fly.
The dear creatures! my life has been absolute ve-
getation since they absented themselves.

Adieu, my dear!

Your faithful

A. FERMOR

LETTER LVI.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Jan. 24.

We have the same parties and amusements we used to have, my dear, but there is by no
means the same spirit in them; constraint and
dullness seem to have taken the place of that
sweet vivacity and confidence which made our
little society so pleasing: this odious man has in-
rected us all; he seems rather a spy on our plea-
sures than a partaker of them; he is more an an-
tidote to joy than a tall maiden aunt.

G 5

I wish
I wish it would go: I can spontaneously ever

- "Madam, Sir George, when do you go to Montreal?" He reddens, and gives me a peevish answer; and I then, and not before, recollect how very impertinent the question is.

But pray, my dear, because he has no taste for sociable companionable life, has he therefore, right to damp the spirit of it in those that have? I intend to consult some learned casuist on the head.

He takes amazing pains to please in his way; is curled, powdered, perfumed, and exhibits every day in a new suit of embroidery; but with all this, has the mortification to see your brother please more in a plain coat. I am lazy.

Adieu!

Yours, ever and ever,

A. Fermor

LETTER LVII.

To John Temple, Esq; Pall Mall.

Jan. 25.

So you intend, my dear Jack, to marry when you are quite tired of a life of gallantry: the lady will be much obliged to you for a heart, the refusals of half the prostitutes in town; a heart, the best feelings of which will be entirely obliterated; a heart hardened by a long commerce with the most unworthy of the sex; and which will bring disgust, suspicion, coldness, and depravity.
pravity of taste, to the bosom of sensibility and innocence.

For my own part, though fond of women to the greatest degree, I have had, considering my profession and complexion, very few intrigues. I have always had an idea I should some time or other marry, and have been unwilling to bring to a state in which I hoped for happiness from mutual affection, a heart worn out by a course of gallantries: to a contrary conduct is owing most of our unhappy marriages; the woman brings with her all her stock of tenderness, truth, and affection; the man’s is exhausted before they meet: she finds the generous delicate tenderness of her soul, not only unreturned, but unobserved; she fancies some other woman the object of his affection, she is unhappy, she pines in secret; he observes her discontent, accuses her of caprice; and her portion is wretchedness for life.

If I did not ardently wish your happiness, I should not thus repeatedly combat a prejudice, which, as you have sensibility, will infallibly make the greater part of your life a scene of infidelity and regret.

You are right, Jack, as to the savages; the only way to civilize them is to feminize their women; but the task is rather difficult: at present their manners differ in nothing from those of the men; they even add to the ferocity of the latter.

You desire to know the state of my heart: excuse me, Jack; you know nothing of love; and we who do, never disclose its mysteries to the profane: besides, I always chuse a female for the
The History of

the confidante of my sentiments; I hate even to speak of love to one of my own sex.

Adieu! I am going a party with half a dozen ladies, and have not another minute to spare.

Yours,

E.D. Rivers.

Letter LVIII.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-street.

Jan. 28.

Every hour, my dear, grow more in love with French manners: there is something charming in being young and sprightly all one's life: it would appear absurd in England to hear what I have just heard, a fat virtuous lady of seventy toasts, Love and opportunity, to a young fellow; but 'tis nothing here: they dance too to the last gasp; I have seen the daughter, mother, and grand-daughter, in the same French country-dance.

They are perfectly right; and I honour them for their good sense and spirit, in determining to make life agreeable as long as they can.

A propos to age, I am resolved to go home, Lucy; I have found three grey hairs this morning; they tell me 'tis common; this vile climate is at war with beauty, makes one's hair grey, and one's hands red. I won't stay absolutely.

Do you know there is a very pretty fellow here, Lucy, Captain Howard, who has taken a fancy to make people believe he and I are on good terms?
EMILY MONTAGUE. 133

I hate even to

in half a dozen
to spare.

E.D. RIVERS.

LVIII.

Jan. 28.

I was standing with him this morning near the brow of the hill, leaning against a tree in the sunshine, and looking down the precipice below, when I said something of the lover's leap, and in play, as you will suppose, made a step forwards: we had been talking of indifferent things, his air was still then indolence itself; but on this little motion of mine, though there was not the least danger, he with the utmost seeming eagerness caught hold of me, as if alarmed at the very idea, and with the most passionate air protested his life depended on mine, and that he would not live an hour after me. I looked at him with astonishment, not being able to comprehend the meaning of this sudden flight, when turning my head, I saw a gentleman and a lady close behind us, whom he had observed, though I had not. They were retiring: "Pray approach, my dear Madam," said I, "we have no secrets, this declaration was intended for you to hear; we were taking of the weather before you came."

He affected to smile, though I saw he was mortified; but as his smile shewed the finest teeth imaginable I forgave him: he is really very handsome, and 'tis pity he has this foolish quality of preferring the shadow to the substance.

I shall, however, desire him to flirt elsewhere, as this badinage, however innocent, may hurt my character, and give pain to my little Fitz-Gerald: I believe I begin to love this fellow, be-
cause I begin to be delicate on the subject of fluctuations, and feel my spirit of coquetry declining every day.

29th. Mrs. Clayton has wrote, my dear; and has at last condescended to allow Emily the honour of being her daughter-in-law, in consideration of her son's happiness, and of engagements entered into with her own consent; though she very prudently observes, that what was a proper match for Captain Clayton is by no means so for Sir George; and talks something of an offer of a citizen's daughter with fifty thousand pounds, and the promise of an Irish title. She has however observed, that indelicate engagements are better broke than kept.

Sir George has shewn the letter, a very delicate one in my opinion, to my father and me, and has talked a great deal of nonsence on the subject. He wants to shew it to Emily, and I advise him to it, because I know the effect it will have. I see plainly he wishes to make a great merit of keeping his engagement, if he does keep it: he hinted a little fear of breaking her heart; and I am convinced, if he thought she could survive his infidelity, all his tenderness and constancy would cede to filial duty and a coronet.

Eleven o'clock.

After much deliberation, Sir George has determined to write to Emily, inclose his mother's letter, and call in the afternoon to enjoy the triumph of his generosity in keeping his engagement, which it is in his power to do so much better: this is a pretty plan, and I encourage him in it; my father, who wishes the match, shrugs his shoulders.
...and frozen at me; but the little man is fix'd as

fore in his resolve, and is writing at this moment

in my father's apartment. I long to see his let-

ter; I dare say it will be a curiosity: 'tis short,

however, for he is coming out of the room

already.

Adieu! my father calls for this letter; it is to
go in one of his to New York, and the person

who takes it waits for it at the door.

Ever yours,

A. Fermor.

---

LETTER LIX.

To Miss Montague, at Silleri.

Dear Madam,

I SEND you the enclosed from my mother: I

thought it necessary you should see it, though not

even a mother's wishes shall ever influence me to

break those engagements which I have had the

happiness of entering into with the most charm-
ing of women, and which a man of honour ought
to hold sacred.

I do not think happiness entirely dependent on

rank or fortune, and have only to wish my mo-

ther's sentiments on this subject more agreeable
to my own, as there is nothing I so much wish as
to oblige her: at all events, however depend on

my fulfilling those promises, which ought to be

more binding, as they were made at a time

when our situations were more equal.

I am happy in an opportunity of convincing

you
THE HISTORY OF

you and the world, that interest and ambition
have no power over my heart, when put in com-
petition with what I owe to my engagements;
being with the greatest truth,

My dearest Madam,

Yours, &c.

G. CLAYTON.

You will do me the honour to name the day to
make me happy.

---

LETTER LX.

To Sir GEORGE CLAYTON, at Quebec.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE read Mrs. Clayton's letter with atten-
tion; and am of her opinion, that indiscreet en-
gagements are better broke than kept.

I have the least reason to take ill your breaking
the kind of engagement between us at the defini-
tion of your family, as I entered into it at first entire;
in compliance with mine. I have ever had the
sincerest esteem and friendship for you, but never
that romantic love which hurries us to forget all
but itself: I have therefore no reason to expect
in you that imprudent disinterestedness that passes
occasions.

A fuller explanation is necessary on this subject
than it is possible to enter into in a letter: if you
will favour us with your company this afternoon
at Silleri, we may explain our sentiments more
clearly to each other: be assured, I never will
prevent.
EMILY MONTAGUE.

prevent your complying in every instance with
the wishes of so kind and prudent a mother.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend
and obedient servant,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER LXI.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-street.

I HAVE been with Emily, who has been reading
Mrs. Clayton's letter; I saw joy sparkle in her
eyes as she went on, her little heart seemed to
flutter with transport; I see two things very clearly,
one of which is, that she never loved this
little insipid Baronet; the other I leave your fa-
cacity to find out. All the spirit of her counte-
nance is returned: she walks in air; her cheeks
have the blush of pleasure; I never saw so aston-
ishing a change. I never felt more joy from
the acquisition of a new lover, than she seems to
find in the prospect of losing an old one.

She has written to Sir George, and in a style
that I know will hurt him; for though I believe
he wishes her to give him up, yet his vanity
would desire it should cost her very dear; and
appear the effort of disinterested love, and ro-
manic generosity, not what it really is, the
effect of the most tranquil and perfect indiffe-
rence.

By
By the way, a disinterested mistress is, according to my ideas, a mistress who fancies the lover; we may talk what we please, at a distance, sacrificing the dear man to his interest, and promoting his happiness by destroying our own; but when it comes to the point, I am rather inclined to believe all women are of my way of thinking; and let me die if I would give up a man I love to the first duchess in Christendom: 'tis all mighty well in theory: but for the practical part, let who will believe it for Bell.

Indeed when a woman finds her lover inclined to change, 'tis good to make a virtue of necessity, and give the thing a sentimental turn, which gratifies his vanity, and does not wound one's own.

Adieu! I see Sir George and his fine carriage; I must run, and tell Emily.

Ever yours,

A. Fermor.

LETTER LXII.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-street.

Jan. 28.

YES, my Lucy, your brother tenderly regrets the absence of a sister endeared to him much more by her amiable qualities than by blood; who would be the object of his esteem and admiration, if she was not that of his fraternal tenderness; who has all the blooming graces, simplicity,
EMILY MONTAGUE.

139

city, and innocence of nineteen, with the accomplishments and understanding of five and twenty; who joins the strength of mind to often confined to our sex, to the softness, delicacy, and vivacity of her own; who, in short, is all that is estimable and lovely; and who, except one, is the most charming of her sex: you will forgive the exception, Lucy; perhaps no man but a brother would make it.

My sweet Emily appears every day more amiable; she is now in the full tyranny of her charms, at the age when the mind is improved, and the person in its perfection. I every day see in her more indifference to her lover, a circumstance which gives me a pleasure which perhaps it ought not: there is a selfishness in it, for which I am afraid I ought to blush.

You judge perfectly well, my dear, in checking the natural vivacity of your temper, however pleasing it is to all who converse with you: coquetry is dangerous to Englishwomen, because they have sensibility; it is more suited to the French, who are naturally something of the salamander kind.

I have this moment a note from Bell Fermor, that she must see me this instant. I hope my Emily is well; Heaven preserve the most perfect of all its works.

Adieu, my dear girl!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

L.E.T.-
WE have passed three or four droll days, my dear. Emily persists in resolving to break with Sir George; he thinks it decent to combat her resolution, lest he should lose the praise of generosity; he is also piqued to see her give him up with such perfect composure, though I am convinced he will not be sorry upon the whole to be given up; he has, from the first receipt of the letter, plainly wished her to resign him, but hoped for a few faintings and tears, as a sacrifice to humanity on the occasion.

My father is setting every engine at work to make things up again, supposing Emily to have determined from pique, not from the real feelings of her heart; he is frightened to death lest I should counterwork him, and so jealous of my advising her to continue a conduct he so much disapproves, that he won't leave us a moment together, he ever observes carefully that each goes into her respective apartment when we retire to bed.

This jealousy has startled an idea, which I think will amuse us, and which I shall take the first opportunity of communicating to Emily; ’tis to write each other at night our sentiments on whatever passes in the day; if she approves the plan I will send you the letters, which will save me a great deal of trouble in telling you all our petites histoires.

This
EMILY MONTAGUE.

This scheme will have another advantage; we shall be a thousand times more sincere and open to each other by letter than face to face; I have long seen by her eyes that the little fool has twenty things to say to me, but has not courage; now letters you know, my dear,

"Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart."

Besides, it will be so romantic and pretty, almost as agreeable as a love affair: I long to begin the correspondence.

Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER LXIV.

To Miss RIVERS, Charges-Street.

Quebec, Feb. 5.

I HAVE but a moment, my Lucy, to tell you, my divine Emily has broke with her lover who this morning took an eternal leave of her, and set out for Montreal in his way to New York, whence he proposes to embark for England.

My sensations on this occasion are not to be described: I admire that amiable delicacy which has influenced her to give up every advantage of rank and fortune which could tempt the heart of woman, rather than unite herself to a man for whom she felt the least degree of indifference; and this, without regarding the centures of her family, or
of the world, by whom, what they will call her
impiancy, will never be forgiven: a woman
who is capable of acting so nobly, is worthy of
being beloved, of being adored, by every man who
has a soul to distinguish her perfections.

If I was a vain man, I might perhaps fancy her
regard for me had some share in determining my
conduct, but I am convinced of the contrary: To
the native delicacy of her soul alone, incapable of
forming an union in which the heart has no share,
which, independent of any other consideration,
has been the cause of a resolution so worthy of her
self.

That she has the tendered affection for me, I
cannot doubt one moment; her attention is too
flattering to be unobserved; but 'tis that kind of
affection in which the mind alone is concerned. I
never gave her the most distant hint that I loved
her: in her situation, it would have been even an
outrage to have done so. She knows the narrow-
ness of my circumstances, and how near impossible
it is for me to marry; she therefore could not have
an idea—no, my dear girl, 'tis not to love, but to
true delicacy, that she has sacrificed avow any
ambition; and she is a thousand times the more
camiable from this circumstance.

I am interrupted. You shall hear from me in a
few days.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

Mr. Rivers
EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER LXV.

To Miss Rivers, Charges-Street.

Sillery, Feb. 10.

I HAVE mentioned my plan to Emily, who is charmed with it; 'tis a pretty evening amusement for two solitary girls in the country.

Behold the first fruits of our correspondence:

"To Miss Fermor.

"It is not to you, my dear girl, I need vindicate my conduct in regard to Sir George; you have from the first approved it; you have even advised it. If I have been to blame, 'tis in having too long delayed an explanation on a point of such importance to us both. I have been long on the borders of a precipice, without courage to retire from so dangerous a situation; overborne by my family, I have been near marrying a man for whom I have not the least tenderness, and whose conversation is even now tedious to me.

"My dear friend, we were not formed for each other; our minds have not the least resemblance. Have you not observed that, when I have timidly hazarded my ideas on the delicacy necessary to keep love alive in marriage, and the difficulty of preserving the heart of the object beloved in so intimate an union, he has indolently assented, with a coldness not to be described, to sentiments which it is pain from his manner he did not understand; while ano-

...
There not interested in the conversation, has, his countenance, by the fire of his eyes, his soul was of intelligence with mine!

A stronger sense of the force of engagement entered into with my consent, though not the effect of my free, unbiased choice, and a fear of making Sir George, by whom I posed myself beloved, unhappy, have thus prevented my resolving to break with him ever; and though I could not bring myself to marry him, I found myself at the same time incapable of assuming sufficient resolution to tell him so, till his mother's letter gave me happy an occasion.

There is no saying what transport I felt being freed from the insupportable yoke of the engagement, which has long been heavy on my heart, and suspended the natural cheerfulness of my temper.

Yes, my dear, your Emily has been wretched, without daring to confess it even to you. I was ashamed of owning I had entered into such engagements with a man whom I had never loved, though I had for a short time taken esteem for a greater degree of affection than my heart ever really knew. How far my dear Bell, is this mistake to half our faults and how happy am I to have discovered mine in time!

I have scarce yet asked myself what I intend but I think it will be most prudent to return England in the first ship, and retire to a relation of my mother's in the country, where I can live with decency on my little fortune.

Whatever
I have no patience with relations, Lucy; this sweet girl has been two years wretched under the bondage her uncle's avarice (for he foresaw Sir George's acquisition, though she did not) prepared for her. Parents should choose our company, but never even pretend to direct our choice; if they take care we converse with men of honour only, 'tis impossible we can choose amiss: a conformity of taste and sentiment alone can make marriage happy, and of that none but the parties concerned can judge.

By the way, I think long engagements, even between two persons who love, extremely unfavourable to happiness: it is certainly right to be long enough acquainted to know something of each other's temper; but 'tis bad to let the first fire burn out before we come together; and when we have once resolved, I have no notion of delaying a moment.

If I should ever consent to marry Fitzgerald, and he should not fly for a licence before I had finished
finished the sentence, I would dismiss him if there
was another lover to be had in Canada.

Adieu!

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

My Emily is now free as air; a sweet little bird
escaped from the gilded cage. Are you not glad
of it, Lucy? I am amazingly.

LETTER LXVI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, Feb. 11.

WOULD one think it possible, Lucy, that
Sir George should console himself for the loss of
all that is lovely in woman, by the sordid prospect
of acquiring, by an interested marriage, a little
more of that wealth of which he has already much
more than he can either enjoy or become: By
what wretched motives are half mankind influenced
in the most important action of their lives!
The vulgar of every rank expect happiness
where it is not to be found, in the ideal advantage
of splendor and dissipation; those who dare to
think, those minds who partake of the celestial
fire, seek it in the real solid pleasures of nature and
affection.

I have seen my lovely Emily since I wrote to
you; I shall not see her again for some days; I do
not intend at present to make my visits to Silleri,
so frequent as I have done lately, left the world,
EMILY MONTAGUE. 147

When studious to blame, should misconstrue her conduct on this very delicate occasion. I am afraid to renew my usual attention to her when present, lest she herself would think I presume on the profession she has ever shewn me, and see her breaking with Sir George in a false light: the greater I think her obliging partiality to me, the more guarded I ought to be in my behaviour to her; her situation has some resemblance to widowhood, and she has equal decorums to observe.

I cannot however help encouraging a pleasing hope that I am not absolutely indifferent to her; her lovely eyes have a softness when they meet mine, to which words cannot do justice: she talks less to me than to others, but it is in a tone of voice which penetrates my soul; and when I speak, my attention is most flattering, though of a nature to be seen by common observers; without tending to distinguish me from the crowd who engage her esteem and friendship, she has manner of addressing me which the heart alone feels; she contrives to prevent my appearing to he any preference to the rest of her sex, yet she seen her blush at my civility to another.

She has at least a friendship for me, which alone would make the happiness of my life; and which I should prefer to the love of the most charming imagination could form, sensible as I am of the sweetest of all passions: this friendship, however, time and assiduity may ripen into love; at all events I should be most unhappy if I did not think

since I wrote to you some days; I do my visits to Sillen left the world, ever
A mail is arrived, by which I hope to hear you; I must hurry to the post-office; you will hear again in a few days. Adieu!

Your affectionate

Ed. Rivers

LETTER LXVII.

To Colonel Rivers, at Quebec.

London, Dec:

You need be in no pain, my dear brother. Mr. Temple’s account; my heart is in no doubt from a man of his present character: his parts and manner are certainly extremely pleasing, understanding, and I believe his principles worthy of your friendship; an encomium let me observe, is from me a very high one, will be admired everywhere, but to be believed wants, or at least appears to me to want, the endearing of all qualities, that genuine tenderness of soul, that almost feminine sensibility, with all your firmness of mind and spirit, you possess beyond any man I ever met with.

If your friend wishes to please me, which most fancy he does, he must endeavour to reside in you; ’tis rather hard upon me, I think, the only man I perfectly approve, and whose disposition is formed to make me happy, should be my brother: I beg you will find out somebody very yourself for your sister, for you have really me saucy.

I pity you heartily, and would wish
I hope to hear of your Emily’s marriage, for your present situation must be extremely unpleasant.

But, my dear brother, as you were so very wise about Temple, allow me to ask you whether it is quite consistent with prudence to throw yourself in the way of a woman so formed to inspire you with tenderness, and whom it is so impossible you can ever hope to possess: is not this acting a little like a foolish girl, who plays round the flame which she knows will consume her?

My mother is well, but will never be happy till you return to England; I often find her in tears over your letters: I will say no more on a subject which I know will give you pain. I hope, however, to hear you have given up all thoughts of settling in America: it would be a better plan to be a farmer in Northamptonshire; we could double the estate by living upon it, and I am sure I could make the prettiest milkmaid in the country. I am serious, and think we could live very happily all together in the country; consider it well, dear Ned, for I cannot bear to see my mother unhappy as your absence makes her. I hear on the stairs; I must hurry away my letter, I don’t chuse she should know I write to you on this subject.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

Lucy Rivers.

Say every thing for me to Bell Fermor; and in your own manner to your Emily, in whose friendship I promise myself great happiness.

LET-
NEVER any astonishment equalled mine, dear Emily, at hearing you had broke an engagement of years, so much to your advantage, and with a man of so very exce...e a character as Sir George, without any apparent cause than a slight indelicacy in a letter of his mother's, for which candour and affection would have found a thousand excuses. I will allow myself to suppose, what is however but said here, that you have sacrificed prudence, corum, and I had almost said honour, to an prudent inclination for a man, to whom there is the strongest reason to believe you are indifferent; and who is even said to have an attachment towards you: I mean Colonel Rivers, who, though of worth, is in a situation which makes it impossible for him to think of you, were you ever dear to him as the world says he is to you.

I am too unhappy to say more on this subject but expect from our past friendship a very full answer to two questions: whether love for Colonel Rivers was the real motive for the indiscretion you have taken? and whether, if it was, have the excuse of knowing he loves you? I shall be glad to know what are your views, if you have any. I am,

My dear Emily,

Your affectionate friend,

E. Melmot
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LETTER LXIX.
To Mrs. Melmoth, at Montreal.

My dear Madam,

Silleri, Feb. 19.

I am too sensible of the rights of friendship to refuse answering your questions; which I shall do in as few words as possible. I have not the least reason to suppose myself beloved by Colonel Rivers; nor, if I know my heart, do I love him in that sense of the word your question supposes: I think him the best, the most amiable of mankind; and my extreme affection for him, though I believe that affection only a very lively friendship, first awakened me to a sense of the indelicacy and impropriety of marrying Sir George.

To enter into so sacred an engagement as marriage with one man, with a stronger affection for another, of how calm and innocent a nature soever that affection may be, is a degree of baseness of which my heart is incapable.

When I first agreed to marry Sir George, I had no superior esteem for any other man; I thought highly of him, and wanted courage to resist the pressing solicitations of my uncle, to whom I had a thousand obligations. I even almost persuaded myself I loved him, nor did I find my mistake till I saw Colonel Rivers, in whose conversation I had so very lively a pleasure as soon convinced me of my mistake: I therefore resolved to break with Sir George, and nothing but
but the fear of giving him pain prevented me doing it sooner: his behaviour on the receipt of his mother's letter removed that fear, and set me free in my own opinion, and I hope will in yours, from engagements which were equally in the way of my happiness, and his ambition. If he is sincere, he will tell you my refusal of him made him happy, though he chuses to affect a charging which he does not feel.

I have no view but that of returning to England in the spring, and fixing with a relation in this country.

If Colonel Rivers has an attachment, I hope it is to one worthy of him; for my own part, I never entertained the remotest thought of him in any light but that of the most sincere and tender of friends. I am, Madam, with great esteem,

Your affectionate friend

and obedient servant,

EMILY MONTAGUE

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LETTER LXX.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-Street.

Sillery, Feb. 27.

There are two parties at Quebec in regard to Emily: the prudent mammis abuse her for losing a good match, and suppose it to proceed from her partiality to your brother, to the imprudence of which they give no quarter; whilst the misses admire her generosity and spirit, in sacrificing
EMILY MONTAGUE. 153

sacrificing all for love; so impossible it is to please every body. However she has, in my opinion, done the wildest thing in the world; that is, she has pleased herself.

As to her inclination for your brother, I am of their opinion, that she loves him without being quite clear in the point herself: she has not yet confessed the fact even to me; but she has speaking eyes, Lucy, and I think I can interpret their language.

Whether he sees it or not, I cannot tell, I rather think he does, because he has been less here, and more guarded in his manner when here, than before this matrimonial affair was put an end to; which is natural enough on that supposition, because he knows the impertinence of Quebec, and is both prudent and delicate to a great degree.

He comes, however, and we are pretty good company, only a little more reserved on both sides; which is, in my opinion, a little symptomatic.

La! here's papa come up to write at my bureau; I dare say, it's only to pry into what I am about; but excuse me, my dear Sir, for that. Adieu! jusqu'au demain, ma tres chere.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.
EVERY hour, my Lucy, convinces me more clearly, there is no happiness for me without this lovely woman; her turn of mind is correspondent to my own, that we seem to lose one soul: the first moment I saw her, the idea struck me that we had been friends in some pre-existent state, and were only renewing our acquaintance here; when she speaks, my heart vibrates to the sound, and owns every thought she expresses a native there.

The same dear affections, the same tender felicity, the most precious gift of heaven, infuse our minds, and make us peculiarly capable of exquisite happiness or misery.

The passions, my Lucy, are common to all; but the affections, the lively sweet affections, the only sources of true pleasure, are the portion only of a chosen few.

Uncertain at present of the nature of her sentiments, I am determined to develop them clearly before I discover mine; if the loves as I do, even a perpetual exile here will be pleasing. The remote wild in Canada with her would be no longer a desert wild; it would be the habitation of the graces.

But I forget your letter, my dear girl; I am hurt beyond words at what you tell me of my mother; and would instantly return to England, did not my fondness for this charming woman detai
I


YOUR Lordship does me great honour in supposing me capable of giving any satisfactory account of a country in which I have spent only a few months.

As a proof, however, of my zeal, and the very strong desire I have to merit the esteem you honour me with, I shall communicate from time to time the little I have observed, and may observe, as well as what I hear from good authority, with that lively pleasure with which I have ever obeyed every command of your Lordship's.

The French, in the first settling this colony, seem to have had an eye only on the conquest of ours; their whole system of policy seems to have been military, not commercial; or only so far commercial as was necessary to supply the want, and by so doing to gain the friendship of the savages, in order to make use of them against us.

The lands are held on military tenure; every peasant is a soldier, every seigneur an officer, and both serve without pay whenever called upon; this service is, except a very small quit-rent, by way of acknowledgment, all the pay for their lands: the seigneur holds of the crown, the peasant of the seigneur, who is at once his lord and commander.
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The peasants are in general tall and robust, notwithstanding their excessive indolence; they love war, and hate labour; are brave, hardy, alert in the field, but lazy and inactive at home; in which they resemble the savages, whose manners they seem strongly to have imbibed. The government appears to have encouraged a military spirit all over the colony: though ignorant and stupid to a great degree, these peasants have a strong sense of honour, and though they serve, as I have said, without pay, are never so happy as when called to the field.

They are excessively vain, and not only look on the French as the only civilized nation in the world, but on themselves as the flower of the French nation: they had, I am told, a great aversion to the regular troops which came from France in the late war, and a contempt equal to that aversion; they however had an affection and esteem for the late Marquis De Montcalm, which almost rose to idolatry; and I have even at this distance of time seen many of them in tears at the mention of his name: an honest tribute to the memory of a commander equally brave and humane; for whom his enemies wept even on the day when their own hero fell.

I am called upon for this letter, and have only time to assure your Lordship of my respect, and of the pleasure I always receive from your commands. I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.
I HAVE indeed, my dear, a pleasure in his conversation, to which words cannot do justice; love itself is less tender and lively than my friendship for Rivers; from the first moment I saw him, I lost all taste for other conversation; ever yours, amiable as you are, borrows its most prevailing charm from the pleasure of hearing you talk of him.

When I call my tenderness for him friendship, I do not mean either to paint myself as an enemy to tenderer sentiments, or him as one whom it is easy to see without feeling them: all I mean is, that, as our situations make it impossible for us to think of each other except as friends, I have endeavoured—I hope with success—to see him in no other light: It is not in his power to make without fortune, and mine is a trifle: had it been worlds, they should be his; but I am neither selfish as to desire, nor so romantic as to expect that he should descend from the rank of life he has been bred in, and live lost to the world with me.

As to the impertinence of two or three women, I hear of it with perfect indifference: my dear Rivers esteems me, he approves my conduct, and all else is below my care: the applause of worlds would give me less pleasure than one smile of approbation from him.

I am
I am astonished your father should know me so little, as to suppose me capable of being influenced even by you: when I determined to refuse Sir George, it was from the feelings of my own heart alone; the first moment I saw Colonel Rivers, convinced me my heart had till then been a stranger to true tenderness: from that moment my life has been one continued struggle between my reason, which shewed me the folly as well as the inadecency of marrying one man, when I so infinitely preferred another, and a false point of honour and mistaken compassion: from which painful state, a concurrence of favourable accidents has at length happily relieved me, and left me free to act as becomes me.

Of this, my dear, be assured, that though I have not the least idea of ever marrying Colonel Rivers, yet, whilst my sentiments for him continue what they are, I will never marry any other man.

I am hurt at what Mrs. Melmoth hinted in her letter to you of Rivers having appeared to attach himself to me from vanity; the endeavours in vain to destroy my esteem for him: you well know, he never did appear to attach himself to me; he is incapable of having done it from such a motive; but if he had, such delight have I in whatever pleases him, that I should with joy have sacrificed my own vanity to gratify his.

Adieu!

Emily Montague.
LETTER LXXIV.

To Miss Montague.

Feb. 25, Eight o'clock, just up.

My dear, you deceive yourself; you love Colonel Rivers; you love him even with all the tenderness of romance: read over again the latter part of your letter; I know friendship, and I know what it is capable; but I fear the sacrifices makes are of a different nature.

Examine your heart, my Emily, and tell me the result of that examination. It is of the utmost consequence to you to be clear as to the nature of your affection for Rivers.

Adieu! Yours,

A. Fermor

LETTER LXXV.

To Miss Fermor.

Yes, my dear Bell, you know me better than I know myself: your Emily loves.—But tell me, and with that clear sincerity which is the cement of our friendship; has not your own heart discovered to you the secret of mine? do you also love this most amiable of mankind? Yes, you do, and I am lost: it is not in woman to live without love; there are a thousand charms in his conversation, in his look, nay in the very sound of his voice, to which it is impossible for a soul like yours to be insensible.

I have
EMILY MONTAGUE.

I have observed you a thousand times listening to him with that air of softness and complacency—Believe me, my dear, I am not angry with you for loving him; he is formed to charm the heart of woman: I have not the least right to complain of you: you knew nothing of my passion for him; you even regarded me almost as the wife of another. But tell me, though my heart dies within me at the question, is your tenderness mutual? does he love you? I have observed a coldness in his manner lately, which now alarms me.—My heart is torn in pieces. Must I receive this wound from the two persons on earth most dear to me? Indeed, my dear, this is more than your Emily can bear. Tell me only whether you love: I will not ask more.—Is there on earth a man who can please where he appears?

Yours, EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER LXXVI.

TO MRS MONTAGUE.

YOU have discovered me, my sweet Emily: I love—not quite so dyingly as you do; but I love; will you forgive me when I add, that I am beloved? It is unnecessary to add the name of him I love, as you have so kindly appropriated the whole sex to Colonel Rivers.

However, to shew you it is possible you may be mistaken, 'tis the little Fitz I love, who, in my eyes, is ten times more agreeable than even your nonpareil of a Colonel; I know you will think me a shocking wretch for this depravity of taste; but so it is.
Upon my word, I am half inclined to be angry with you for not being in love with Fitzgerald, a tall Irishman, with good eyes, has as clear as to make conquests as other people.

Yes, my dear, there is a man on earth, even in the little town of Quebec, who can please where he appears. Surely, child, if there was one man on earth who could please, you will not be so unreasonable as to engross him all yourself.

For my part, though I like Fitzgerald extremely, I by no means intend that every other woman shall.

Go, you are a foolish girl, and don't be what you would be at. Rivers is a very handsome agreeable fellow; but it is in women to see him without dying for love, of which behold your little Bell an example. Adieu! be wise and believe me.

Ever yours,

A. Fermor.

Will you go this morning to Montmorency on the ice, and dine on the island of Olean? Dare you trust yourself in a cover carriage with the dear man? Don't answer this, because I am certain you cannot say nothing on the subject, which will not be very foolish.
LETTER LXXVII.

To Miss Fermor.

I am glad you do not see Colonel Rivers with my eyes; yet it seems to me very strange; I am a most piqued at your giving another the preference. I will say no more, it being as you observe, impossible to avoid being absurd on such a subject.

I will go to Montmorenci; and to shew my courage, will venture in a covered carriole with Colonel Rivers, though I should rather with your father for my cavalier at present.

Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTI] E LXXVIII.

To Miss Montague.

You are right, my dear: 'tis more prudent to go with my father. I love prudence; and will therefore lend for Mademoiselle Clairaut to be River's belle.

Yours,

A. Fermor.
LETTER LXXIX.

To Miss Fermor.

You are a provoking chit, and I will go with Rivers. Your father may attend Madame Villiers, who you know will naturally take it ill if she is not of our party. We can ask Mademoiselle Clairaut another time.

Adieu! Your

EMILY MONTAGUE

LETTER LXXX.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Feb. 25.

Those who have heard no more of a Canadian winter than what regards the intenfeness of its cold, must suppose it a very joyless season: this I assure you, quite otherwise; there are indeed some days here the severity of which those who were never out of England can form no conception: but those days seldom exceed a dozen in a whole winter, nor do they come in succession; but at intermediate periods, as the wind set in from the North West; which, coming some hundred leagues, from frozen lakes and rivers, over woods and mountains covered with snow, would be insupportable, were it not for the furs with which the country abounds, in such variety and plenty as to be within the reach of all its inhabitants.
EMILY MONTAGUE. 165

Thus defended, the British belles set the winter of Canada at defiance; and the season of which you seem to entertain such terrible ideas, is that of the utmost cheerfulness and festivity.

But what particularly pleases me is, there is no place where women are of such importance: not one of the sex, who has the least share of attractions, is without a levee of beaux interceding for the honour of attending her on some party, of which every day produces three or four.

I am just returned from one of the most agreeable jaunts imagination can paint, to the island of Orleans, by the falls of Montmorenci; the latter is almost nine miles distant, across the great basin of Quebec; but as we are obliged to reach it in winter by the waving line, our direct road being intercepted by the inequalities of the ice, it is now perhaps a third more. You will possibly suppose a ride of this kind must want one of the greatest essentials to entertainment, that of variety, and imagine it only one dull whirl over an unvaried plain of snow: on the contrary, my dear, we pass hills and mountains of ice in the trifling space of these few miles. The basin of Quebec is formed by the conflux of the river St. Charles and Montmorenci with the great river St. Lawrence, the rapidity of whose flood tide, as these rivers are gradually feized by the frost, breaks up the ice, and drives it back in heaps, till it forms ridges of transparent rock to an height that is astonishing, and of a strength which bids defiance to the utmost rage of the most furiously rushing tide.

This circumstance makes this little journey more pleasing than you can possibly conceive: the serene blue sky above, the dazzling brightness of the sun, and the colours from the refraction of its rays
Ibis. the history of

ravens on the transparent part of these ridges of ro
the winding course these obliges you to make, the
hidden disappearing of a train of fifteen or twenty
carrilces, as these ridges intervene, which again
discover themselves on your rising to the top of the
frozen mount, the tremendous appearance both of
the ascent and descent, which however are not at
tended with the least danger; all together give a
grandeur and variety to the scene, which almost
vitre to enchantment.

Your dull loggy climatc offers nothing that to
give you the least idea of our fiind pieces in Can
ada; nor can you form any notion of our amuse
ments; of the agreeableness of a covered carriage
with a sprightly fellow, rendered more sprightly by
the keen air and romantic scene about him; nor
nothing of the fair lady at his side.

Even an overrunning has nothing alarming in
you are laid gently down on a soft bed of moss
without the least danger of any kind; and an ac
cident of this sort only gives a pretty fellow occa
sion to vary the style of his civillines, and thus
greater degree of attention.

But it is almost time to come to Montmorency
to attend; however, fatigue you or much, I
shall take the rest of our tour to another letter
which will probably accompany this; my mean
ing is, that two moderate letters are vastly less
than one long one; in which testament I know we
agree with

Yours,

A. FERDIN.
OF

EMILY MONTAGUE. 167

LETTER LXXXI.

To Mrs. Rivers, Clarges-Street.

Sillers. Feb. 25, Afternoon.

So, my dear, as I was laying, this fame ride to Montmorenci—where was I? Lucy? I forget.—

O, I believe pretty near the mouth of the bay, embazoned in which lies the lovely cascade, of which I am to give you a winter description, and which I only lightly mentioned when I gave you an account of the rivers by which it is supplied.

The road, about a mile before you reach this bay, is a regular glatly level, without any of those intervening hills of ice which I have mentioned; hills which with the ideas, though taller ones, of danger and difficulty, give those of beauty and magnificence too.

As you gradually approach the bay, you are struck with an awe, which increases every moment, as you come nearer, from the grandeur of a scene, which is one of the noblest works of nature: the beauty, the proportion, the solemnity, and wild magnificence of which, surpassing every possible effect of art, unpretends one strangely with the idea of its Divine Almighty Architect.

The rock on the call side, which is full in view as you approach, is a smooth and almost perpendicular precipice, of the same height as the fall; the top, which is a little over-hangs, is beautifully covered with pines, firs, and ever greens of various kinds, whose verdant tints is rendered at this season more shining and lovely by the surrounding snow, as well as by that which is sprinkled irregularly
larly on their branches, and glitters half melle
the sun-beams: a thousand smaller thumps are
stretched on the side of the ascent, and, having
roots in almost imperceptible crevices of them
seem to those below to grow in air.

The well side is equally lofty, but more lea-
ing, which from that circumstance, affords to
the way, upon shelving inequalities of them,
at little distances, for the growth of tree
thumps, by which it is almost entirely hid.

The most pleasing view of this mira-
cle nature is certainly in summer, and in the end
of it, when every tree is in foliage and bil-
deme, every thump in flower: and when they
swelled with a waft of waters from the catar-
tains from which it derives its source, poured
in a tumultuous torrent, that equally choos
affumishes the beholder.

The winter scene has, notwithstanding its
ties, though of a different kind, more re-
the stillness and inactivity of the season.

The river being on its sides bound up in
and its channel rendered narrower than in the
mer, affords a less body of water to leapt;
and the fall, though very deep, in
being exactly perpendicular, masses of wa-
tformed, on different shelving projections of
rock, in a great variety of forms and posi-
tions.

The torrent, which before rushed with
impetuosity down the deep defile in one wall
of water, now descends in some parts wide
and majestic pace; in others seems almost
ed in mid air; and in others, bursting through
obstacles which interrupt its course, parts
with redoubled fury into the foaming breach
EMILY MONTAGUE.

from whence a spray arises, which, freezing in its ascent, becomes on each side a wide and irregular frozen breach work; and in front, the spray being here much greater, a lofty and magnificent pyramid of solid ice.

I have not told you half the grandeur, half the beauty, half the lovely wildness of this scene: if you would know what it is, you must take an information, but that of your own eyes, which I pronounce strangers to the lovely work of creation till they have seen the river and fall of Montmorency.

A. In short, my dear, I am Montmorency mad.

B. I can hardly pretend to tell you, we passed the ice from thence to Orleans, and dined out of doors on the feet of snow, in the charming enlivening warmth of the sun, though in the month of February, at a time when you in England scarce feel his beams.

Fitzgerald made violent love to me all the way, and I never felt myself better with such complacency.

A. Ah, dear! I have wrote two immense letters. Write oftener; you are lazy, yet expect me to be an absolute slave in the scribbling way.

Your faithful

A. Flemor.
THE HISTORY OF
when he led her into the dining room at St. leti.

Once more, adieu!

LETTER LXXXII.
To Miss Rivers, Clarges-street.

March

I WAS mistaken, my dear; not a word of
between your brother and Emily, as the pouting
assures me; something very tender has passed,
am convinced, notwithstanding, for the blue
more than ever when he approaches, and
is a certain softness in his voice when he
dresses her, which cannot escape a person of
penetration.

Do you know, my dear Lucy, that there is
little impertinent girl here, a Mademoiselle O-
vant, who, on the mere merit of features and com-
plexion, sets up for being as handsome as Emily
and me?

If beauty, as I will take the liberty to ask,
is given us for the purpose of pleasing, then
pleases most, that is to say, she who excites most passion, is to all intents and purpose the
beautiful woman; and, in this case, I am inclined to believe your little Bell stands pretty high on
roll of beauty; the men's eyes may perhaps she is handsome, but their hearts feel that is to
so.

There is, in general, nothing so invidious, so
interesting, as a beauty, which those mean ex-
rience to their cost, who chuse from various
inches.
incline. I remember Sir Charles Herbert, a Captain in the same regiment with my father, who determined to marry Mrs Raymond before he saw her, merely because he had been told she was a celebrated beauty, though she was never known to have inspired a real passion: he saw her, not with his own eyes, but through of the public; took her charms on trust; and, till he was her husband, never found out she was not his taste; secret, however, of some little importance to his happiness.

I have, however, known some beauties who had a right to please; that is, who had a mixture of that invisible charm, that nameless grace, which by no means depends on beauty, and which strikes the heart in a moment; but my first aversion is your fine women: don't you think a fine woman a detestable creature, Lucy? I do: they are vastly well to fill public places; but as to the heart—Heavens, my dear! yet there are men I suppose, to be found, who have a taste for the great sublime in beauty.

Men are vastly foolish, my dear; very few of them have spirit to think for themselves; there are thousand Sir Charles Herberths: I have seen some of them weak enough to decline marrying the woman on earth most pleasing to themselves, because not thought handsome by the generality of their companions.

Women are above this folly, and therefore chuse such of them as have the most affection than men. We are a thousand times wiser, Lucy, than these important beings, these mighty lords,

Who strut and fret their hour upon the stage;
and, instead of playing the part in life which nature dictates to their reason and their hearts, all borrowed one at the will of others.

I had rather even judge ill, than not judge to myself.

Adieu! yours ever,

A. Fermoy

LETTER LXXXIII.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-street.

Quebec, March 2

After debating with myself some days, I am determined to pursue Emily; but, before, I make a declaration, I will go see some ungranted lands at the back of Madame Des Roches's, which lying on a very fine river, and so near St. Lawrence, may, I think, be cultivated at less expense than those above Lake Champlain, though in a much inferior climate: if I make my settlement here, I will purchase the estate Madame Des Roches has to sell, which will open me a road down the river St. Lawrence, and consequently raise the value of my lands.

I love, I adore this charming woman; but I will not suffer my tenderness for her to make her unhappy, or to lower her station in life; if I carry my present plan, secure her what will in this country be a degree of affluence. I will endeavour to change her friendship for me into a tenderness more lively affection; if she loves, I know, it
EMILY MONTAGUE.

my own heart, that Canada will be no longer a
place of exile: if I have fluttered myself, and the
has only a friendship for me, I will return immedi-
dately to England, and retire with you and my
mother to our little estate in the country.

You will perhaps say, why not make Emily of
our party? I am almost ashamed to speak plain;
but so weak are we, and to guided by the preju-
dices we fixed we deserve, that I cannot bear my
Emily, after relating a couch and fix, should live
without an equipage suitable at least to her birth,
and the munificence which the has always lived
when in England.

I know this is folly, that it is a debatable pride;
but it is a folly, a pride, I cannot conquer.

There are moments when I am above all this
childish prejudice, but it returns upon me in time
of myself.

Will you come to us, my Lucy? Tell my mo-
ther, I will build her a noble palace, and settle a
little principality on you both.

I make this a private excursion, because I don't
choose any body should even guess at my views. I
shall let it out in the evening, and make a circuit to
view the river above the town.

I shall not even take leave at Sillery, as I propose
being back in four days, and I know your friend
Bell will be inquisitive about my journey.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

Ed. Rivers.
Letter LXXXIV.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-Street.

Sidler, March 6

Your brother is gone nobody knows whether, and without calling upon us before he left off; we are piqued I assure you, my dear, as with some little reason.

Four o'clock.

Very strange news, Lucy; they say Colonel Rivers is gone to marry Madame Des Roches; a lady at whose house he was some time in autumn. If this is true, I forewarn the whole sex: his manner of treating off is certainly very odd, and they rich and agreeable; but if he does not love Emily, he has been excessively cruel in shewing attention which has deceived her into a passion for him. I cannot believe it possible: nor that he ever told her he loved her; but a man of honour will not tell an untruth even with his eyes, and his have spoke a very unequivocal language.

I never saw any thing like her confusion, when she was told he was gone to visit Madame Des Roches; but, when it was hinted with what design, I was obliged to take her out of the room, as she would have discovered all the fondness of her soul. I really thought she would have fainted if I led her out.

Eight o'clock.

I have sent away all the men, and drank tea at Emily's apartment; she has scarce spoke to me; I am miserable for her; she has a paleness which alarm me, the tears steal every moment in her lovely
EMILY MONTAGUE. 175

ly eyes. Can Rivers act so unworthy a part? her
tendernefs cannot have been unobserved by him;
it was too visible to every body.

9th, Ten o'clock.

Not a line from your brother yet; only a con-
firmation of his being with Madame Des Roches,
having been seen there by some Canadians who are
come up this morning: I am not quite pleased,
though I do not believe the report; he might have
told us hourly where he was going.

I pity Emily beyond words; she says nothing,
but there is a dumb eloquence in her countenance
which is not to be described.

Twelve o'clock.

I have been an hour alone with the dear little
girl, who has, from a hint I dropt on purpose,
taken courage to speak to me on this very interef-
ling subject; she says, "the shall be most unhap-
Py if this report is true, though without the
lead right to complain of Colonel Rivers, who
never even hinted a word of any affection for her
more tender than friendship; that if her vanity,
her self-love, or her tenderness have deceived
her, she ought only to blame herself." She
added, "that she wished him to marry Madame
Des Roches, if she could make him happy;"
but when she said this, an involuntary tear seemed
to contradict the generosity of her sentiments.

I beg your pardon, my dear, but my esteem
for your brother is greatly lessened; I cannot help
fearing there is something in the report, and that
this is what Mrs. Melmuth meant when she men-
tioned his having an attachment.

I shall begin to hate the whole fex, Lucy, if I
find your brother unworthy, and shall give Fitz-
gerald his dismission immediately.

I am
I am afraid Mrs. Melmoth knows men better than we foolish girls do; she said, he attached himself to Emily merely from vanity, and I beg to believe she was right; how cruel is this conduct! The man who from vanity, or perhaps to amuse an idle hour, can appear to be attached where he is not, and by that means seduce the heart of a deserving woman, or indeed of any woman, falls, in my opinion, very little short of baseness of him who practices a greater degree of seduction.

What right has he to make the most amiable women wretched? a woman who would have disdained him had he been monarch of the universe world! I might add, who has sacrificed happiness to her tenderness for him.

You will excuse my warmth on such an occasion; however, as it may give you pain, I will no more.

Adieu!

Your faithful

A. Fermor.

LETTER LXXXV.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-Street.

Kamaraskas, March 12.

I have met with something, my dear Lucy, which has given me infinite uneasiness; Madame Des Roches, from my extreme zeal to serve her in an affair wherein she has been hardly used, from
my second visit, and a certain involuntary attention, and softness of manner I have to all women, has supposed me in love with her, and with a frankness I cannot but admire, and a delicacy not to be described, has let me know I am far from being indifferent to her.

I was at first extremely embarrassed; but when I had reflected a moment, I considered that the ladies, though another may be the object, always regard with a kind of complacency a man who loves, as one who acknowledges the power of the sex, whereas an indifferent is a kind of rebel to their empire; I considered also that the confession of a prior inclination saves the most delicate vanity from being wounded; and therefore determined to make her the confidante of my tenderness for Emily; leaving her an opening to suppose that, if my heart had been disengaged, it could not have escaped her attractions.

I did this with all possible precaution, and with every softening that friendship and politeness could suggest; she was shocked at my confession, but soon recovered herself enough to tell me, she was highly flattered by this proof of my confidence and esteem; that she believed me a man to have only the more respect for a woman, who by owning her partiality had told me she considered me not only as the most amiable, but the most noble of my sex; that she had heard, no love was so tender as that which was the child of friendship; but that of this she was convinced, that no friendship was so tender as that which was the child of love; that she offered me this tender, this lively friendship, and would for the future find her happiness in the consideration of mine.
Do you know, my dear, that, since this confession, I feel a kind of tenderness for her, to which I cannot give a name? It is not love; for I love, I idolize, another: but it is softer and more pleasing, as well as more animated, than friendship.

You cannot conceive what pleasure I find in her conversation; she has an admirable understanding, a feeling heart, and a mixture of softness and spirit in her manner, which is peculiarly pleasing to men. My Emily will love her: I must bring them acquainted; she promises to come to Quebec in May; I shall be happy to shew her every attention when there.

I have seen the lands; and am pleased with them: I believe this will be my residence, if Emily, as I cannot avoid hoping, will make me happy; I shall declare myself as soon as I return, but must continue here a few days longer: I shall not be less pleased with this situation for its being so near Madame Des Roches, in whom Emily will find a friend worthy of her esteem, and an entertaining lively companion.

Adieu, my dear Lucy!

Your affectionate

Ed. Rivers.

I have fixed on the loveliest spot on earth, on which to build a house for my mother: do I not expect too much in fancying she will follow me hither?
OF

since this concern for her, to resile is not love; for it is softer and more animated, than the pleasure I find in admiration under a mixture of softness peculiarly pleasing to me: I must promise to come happy to show her.

I am pleased with my residence, if it will make me return, as I always longer: I shall begin preparation for its being my home, and an entertain

STILL with Madame Des Roches: appearances are rather against him, you must own, Lucy: but I will not say all I think to you. Poor Emily! we dispute continually, for she will persist in defending his conduct; she says, he has a right to marry whoever he pleases; that her loving him is no tie upon his honour, especially as he does not even know of this preference; that she ought only to blame the weakness of her own heart, which has betrayed her into a false belief that their tenderness was mutual: this is pretty talking, but he has done every thing to convince her of his feeling the strongest passion for her, except making a formal declaration.

She talks of returning to England the moment the river is open: indeed, if your brother marries, it is the only step left her to take. I almost wish now she had married Sir George: she would have had all the douceurs of marriage; and as to love, I begin to think men incapable of feeling it: some of them can indeed talk well on the subject, but self-interest and vanity are the real passions of their souls. I detest the whole sex.

Adieu!

A. Fermor.
To the Earl of ———.

My Lord,

Sillery, March 15.

Generally distrust my own opinion when it differs from your Lordship’s; but in this instance I am most certainly in the right: allow me to say nothing can be more ill judged than your Lordship’s design of retiring into a small circle, from that world of which you have so long been one of the most brilliant ornaments. What you lay of the disagreeableness of age, is by no means applicable to your Lordship; nothing is in this case so fallible as the parish register. Why should any man retire from society whilst he is capable of contributing to the pleasures of it? Wit, vivacity, good-nature, and politeness, give an eternal youth; as stupidity and moroseness a premature old age. Without a thousandth part of your Lordship’s shining qualities, I think myself much younger than half the boys about me, merely because I have more good nature, and a strong desire of pleasing.

My daughter is much honoured by your Lordship’s enquiries: she is Bell Fermor still; but is addressed by a gentleman who is extremely agreeable to me, and I believe not less to her; I however know too well the free spirit of women, of which she has her full share, to let Bell know I approve her choice; I am even in doubt whether it would not be good policy to seem to dislike the match,
match, in order to secure her consent: there is
something very pleasing to a young girl, in oppo-
sing the will of her father.

To speak truth, I am a little out of humour
with her at present, for having contributed, and
believe entirely from a spirit of opposition to me,
to break a match on which I had extremely set my
heart; the lady was the daughter of my particular
friend, and one of the most lovely and deserving
women I ever knew: the gentleman very worthy,
with an agreeable, indeed a very handsome peron,
and a fortune which, with those who know the
world, would have compensated for the want of
most other advantages.

The fair lady, after an engagement of two years,
took a whim that there was no happiness in mar-
riage without being madly in love, and that her
passion was not sufficiently romantic; in which
piece of folly my rebel encouraged her, and the
affair broke off in a manner which has brought on
her the imputation of having given way to an idle
prepossession in favour of another.

Your Lordship will excuse my talking on a sub-
ject very near my heart, though uninteresting to
you; I have too often experienced your Lordship's
indulgence to doubt it on this occasion: your good-
natured philosophy will tell you, much fewer peo-
lple talk or write to amuse or inform their friends,
than to give way to the feelings of their own
hearts, or indulge the governing passion of the
moment.

In my next, I will endeavour, in the best man-
ner I can, to obey your Lordship's commands in
regard to the political and religious state of Cana-
da: I will make a point of getting the best infor-

...
mation possible; what I have yet seen, has been only the surface.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

William Fermor

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-street.

Silleri, March 16, Monday.

Your brother is come back; and has been here: he came after dinner yesterday. My Emily is more than woman; I am proud of her behaviour: he entered with his usual impatient air, she received him with a dignity which astonished me, and disconcerted him: there was a cool, passionate indifference in her whole manner, which I saw cut his vanity to the quick, and for which he was by no means prepared.

On such an occasion I should have flirted violently with some other man, and have plainly I was piqued: she judged much better; have only to wish it may last. He is the very coquet in nature, for, after all, I am convinced he loves Emily. He stayed a very little time, and has not been here this morning; he may pos-
I have been with her again: she seemed a little calmer; I commended her spirit; she disavowed her peevishness with me, angry with herself; said she had acted in a manner unworthy her character; accused herself of caprice, artifice, and cruelty; said she ought to have seen him, if not alone, yet with me only: that it was natural he should be surprized at a reception so inconsistent with true friendship, and therefore that he should wish for an explanation;
explanation; that her Rivers (and why not Madame Des Roches's Rivers?) was incapable of acting otherwise than as became the best and most tender of mankind, and that therefore she ought not to have suffered a whisper injurious to his honour: that I had meant well, but had, by deprecating her of Rivers's friendship, which she had lost by her haughty behaviour, destroyed all the happiness of her life.

To be sure, your poor Bell is always to blame but if ever I intermeddle between lovers again, Lucy—

I am sure she was ten times more angry with him than I was, but this is to be too warm the interest of our friends.

Adieu! till to-morrow,

Yours,

A. Fermor.

I can only say, that if Fitzgerald had visited handsome rich French widow, and staid with her ten days tête à tête in the country, without permission—

O Heavens! here is mon cher père: I must finish my letter.

*Bon soir.*

**LETTER LXXXIX.**

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, March 6.

I CANNOT account, my dear, for what has happened to me. I left Madame Des Roches...
EMILY MONTAGUE. 185

Full of the warm impatience of love, and flew to my Emily at Silleri: I was received with a disdainful coldness which I did not think had been in her nature, and which has shocked me beyond all expression.

I went again to-day, and met with the same reception; I even saw my presence was painful to her, therefore shortened my visit, and, if I have resolution to persevere, will not go again till invited by Captain Fermor in form.

I could bear any thing but to lose her affection; my whole heart was set upon her: I had every reason to believe myself dear to her. Can caprice find a place in that bosom which is the abode of every virtue?

I must have been misrepresented to her, or surely this could not have happened: I will wait to-morrow, and if I hear nothing will write to her, and ask an explanation by letter; she refused me a verbal one to-day, though I begged to speak with her only for a moment.

Tuesday.

I have been asked on a little riding party, and, as I cannot go to Silleri, have accepted it: it will amuse my present anxiety.

I am to drive Mademoiselle Clairaut, a very pretty French lady: this is however of no consequence, for my eyes see nothing lovely but Emily.

Adieu!

Your affectionate.

Ed. Rivers.

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LETTER XC.

To Miss Rivers, Charges-Street.

Silleri, Wednesday morning.

Poor Emily is to meet with perpetual satisfaction: we have been carrioleing with Fitzge and my father; and, coming back, met your father driving Mademoiselle Clairaut. Emily ered, turned pale, and scarcely returned. I never saw a poor little girl so in love: is amazingly altered within the last fortnight.

A letter from Mrs. Melmoth: I send you a copy of it with this.

Adieu!

Yours,

A. Fermon

LETTER XCI.

To Miss Montague, at Silleri.

Montreal, March

I hope you are not affluent as I supposed on this occasion. My dear lady, please use your power to retrieve the harm I have made.
Sir George, whose good-nature is in this instance almost without example, has been prevail-
on by Mr. Melmoth to content I should write you before he leaves Montreal, and again of-
your hand, though rejected in a manner fo-
y mortifying both to vanity and love.
He gives you a fortnight to consider his offer,
the end of which if you refuse him he sets out
for England over the lakes.
Be assured, the man for whom it is too plain
you have acted this imprudent part, is so far
from returning your affection, that he is at this
moment addressing another; I mean Madame
Des Roches, a near relation of whose assured me
that there was an attachment between them: in-
deed it is impossible he could have thought of
a woman whose fortune is as small as his own. Men,
Miss Montague, are not the romantic beings you
seem to suppose them; you will not find many
Sir George Claytons.
I beg as early an answer as is consistent with the
attention so important a proposal requires, as a
compliment to a passion so generous and disinte-
 rested as that of Sir George. I am, my dear

Your affectionate friend,

E. Melmoth.
To Mrs. Melmoth, at Montreal.

Silleri, March 19.

I am sorry, my dear Madam, you should know so little of my heart, as to suppose it possible could have broke my engagements with Sir George from any motive but the full conviction of wanting that tender affection for him, and a lively taste for his conversation, which alone could have ensured either his felicity or my own; happy is it for both that I discovered this before was too late: it was a very unpleasing circumstance, even under an intention only of marrying him, to find my friendship stronger for another what then would it have been under the most sacred of all engagements, that of marriage? What wretchedness would have been the point of both, had timidity, decorum or false honor carried me, with this partiality in my heart, fulfill those views, entered into from complaisance to my family, and continued from a false idea of propriety, and weak fear of the censures of the world?

The same reason therefore still subsisting, my being every moment stronger, from a fuller conviction of the merit of him my heart prefers, in spite of me, to Sir George, our union is now impossible than ever.

I am however obliged to you, and Major Melmoth, for your zeal to serve me, though you must permit me to call it a mistaken one: and to Sir George, for a concession which I own I should have taken up with you, when you had a right to expect a return of it.
As Colonel Rivers never gave me the remotest reason to suppose him more than my friend, I have not the least reason to disapprove his marrying; on the contrary, as his friend, I ought to wish a connection which I am told is greatly to his advantage.

To prevent all future importunity, painful to me, and, all circumstances considered, degrading to Sir George, whose honour is very dear to me, though I am obliged to refuse him that hand which I surely cannot wish to receive without my heart, I am compelled to say, that without any idea of ever being united to Colonel Rivers, I will never marry any other man.

Were I never again to behold him, were he the husband of another, my tenderness, a tenderness as innocent as it is lively, would never cease; nor would I give up the refined delight of loving him, independently of any hope of being loved, for any advantage in the power of fortune to bestow.

Thee being my sentiments, sentiments which time can alter, they cannot be too soon known to Sir George: I would not one hour keep him in suspense in a point, which this step seems to say is consequence to his happiness.

Tell him, I entreat him to forget me, and to come into views which will make his mother, and I have no doubt himself, happier than a marriage with a woman whose chief merit is that very sincerity
THE HISTORY OF
sincerity of heart which obliges her to refer
him.

I am, Madam,

Your affectionate, &c.

EMILY MONTAGUE

LETTER XCIII.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-Street.

Sillery, Thursday,

YOUR brother dines here to-day, by mother's invitation; I am afraid it will be but an awkward party.

Emily is at this moment an exceeding fine model for a statue of tender melancholy.

Her anger is gone; not a trace remaining; sorrow, but the most beautiful sorrow I ever held: she is all grief for having offended the dear man.

I am out of patience with this look; it is flattering to him, I could beat her for it: I cannot bear his vanity should be so gratified.

I wanted her to treat him with a saucy, unconcerned, flippant air; but her whole appearance, gentle, tender, I had almost said, supplicating; I am ashamed of the folly of my own sex: O, that I could to-day inspire her with a little of my spirit! she is a poor tame household dove, and there is no making any thing of her.
Eleven o'clock.

"For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease."

What fools women are, Lucy! He took her hand, expressed concern for her health, softened the tone of his voice, looked a few civil things with those expressive lying eyes of his, and without one word of explanation all was forgot in a moment.

Good night! Yours,

A. FERMOR.

Heavens! the fellow is here, has followed me to my dressing-room; was ever any thing so confident? these modest men have ten times the assurance of your impudent fellows. I believe absolutely he is going to make love to me: 'tis a critical hour, Lucy; and to rob one's friend of a lover is really a temptation.

Twelve o'clock.

The dear man is gone, and has made all up: he infilit on my explaining the reasons of the cold reception he had met with; which you know was impossible, without betraying the secret of poor Emily's little foolish heart.

I however contrived to let him know we were little piqued at his going without seeing us, and that we were something inclined to be jealous of his friendship for Madame Des Roches.

He made a pretty decent defence; and though I don't absolutely acquit him of coquetry, yet upon the whole I think I forgive him.

He loves Emily, which is great merit with me: I am only sorry they are two such poor devils,
If vils, yet it is next to impossible they should come together.

I think I am not angry now; as to Emily, her eyes dance with pleasure; she has not the same countenance as in the morning; this love is the finest cosmetic in the world.

After all, he is a charming fellow, and has set Lucy—Heaven be praised, he never pointed the fire at me!

Adieu! I will try to sleep.

Yours,

A. Fermo

LETTER XCIV.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, March 20

The coldness of which I complained, dear Lucy, in regard to Emily, was the most flattering circumstance which could have happened: I will not say it was the effect of jealousy but it certainly was of a delicacy of affections which extremely resembles it.

Never did she appear so lovely as yesterday; never did she display such variety of loveliness; there was something in her look, when I addressed her on entering the room, touching beyond all words, a certain expressive melting languor, a dying softness, which it was not in me to see unmoved; what then must a lover have felt?
I had the pleasure, after having been in the room a few moments, to see this charming languor change to a joy which animated her whole form, and of which I was so happy as to believe myself the cause: my eyes had told her all that passed in my heart; hers had shown me plainly they understood their language. We were standing at a window at some little distance from the rest of the company, when I took an opportunity of hinting my concern at having, though without knowing it, offended her: she blushed, she looked down, she again raised her lovely eyes, they met mine, she sighed; I took her hand, she withdrew it, but not in anger; a smile, like that of the poet’s Hebe, told me I was forgiven.

There is no describing what then passed in my soul: with what difficulty did I restrain my transports! never before did I really know love: what I had hitherto felt, even for her, was cold to that enchanting, that impassionate moment.

She is a thousand times dearer to me than life: my Lucy, I cannot live without her.

I contrived, before I left Silleri, to speak to Bell Fermor, on the subject of Emily’s reception of me; she did not fully explain herself, but she convinced me hatred had no part in her resentment. I am going again this afternoon: every hour not passed with her is lost. I will seek a favourable occasion of telling her the whole happiness of my life depends on her tenderness.

Before I write again, my fate will possibly be determined: with every reason to hope, the timidity inseparable from love makes me dread a full explanation of my sentiments: if her native softness
nefs should have deceived me—but I will not fludy to be unhappy.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

Ed. Rivers.

LETTER XCV.
To Miss Rivers, Clarges-street.

Silleri, March 20.

I HAVE been telling Fitzgerald I am jealous of his prodigious attention to Emily, whose celibeo he has been the last ten days: the simpleton took me seriously, and began to vindicate himself, by explaining the nature of his regard for her, pleading her late indisposition as an excuse for shewing her some extraordinary civilities.

I let him harangue ten minutes, then stops me him short, puts on my poetical face, and repeats,

"When sweet Emily complains,
"I have sense of all her pains;
"But for little Bella, I
"Do not only grieve, but die."

He smiled, kissed my hand, praised my amazing penetration, and was going to take this opportunity of saying a thousand civil things when my divine Rivers appeared on the side of the hill;
Twelve o’clock.

I am the happiest of all possible women; Fitzgerald is in the fullness about your brother: surely there is no pleasure in nature equal to that of plaguing a fellow who really loves one, especially if he has as much merit as Fitzgerald, for otherwise he would not be worth tormenting. He had better not pout with me: I believe I know who will be tired first.

Eight in the evening.

I have passed a most delicious day: Fitzgerald took it into his wife head to endeavour to make me jealous of a little pert Frenchwoman, the wife of a Croix de St. Louis, whom I know he despises; I then thought myself at full liberty to play off all my airs, which I did with ineffable success, and have sent him home in a humour to hang himself.

Your brother stays the evening, so does a very handsome fellow I have been flirting with all the day; Fitz was engaged here too, but I told him it was impossible for him not to attend Madame La Brosse to Quebec: he looked at me with a spite in his countenance which charmed me to the soul, and handed the fair lady to his carriole.

I’ll teach him to coquet, Lucy; let him take his Madame La Brosse: indeed, as her husband is at Montreal, I don’t see how he can avoid pursuing his conquest: I am delighted, because I know she is his aversion.
LETTER XCVI.

To Colonel Rivers, Quebec.

Pall Mall, January 3.

I HAVE but a moment, my dear Ned, to tell you, that without so much as asking your leave, and in spite of all your wise admonitions, your lovely sister has this morning contented to make me the happiest of mankind: to-morrow gives me all that is excellent and charming in woman.

You are to look on my writing this letter as the strongest proof I ever did, or ever can give you of my friendship. I must love you with no common affection to remember at this moment that there is such a man in being; perhaps you owe this recollection only to your being brother to the loveliest woman nature ever formed; whose charms in a month have done more towards my conversion than seven years of your preaching would have done. I am going back to Clarges-Street. Adieu!

Yours, &c.

J. Temple.

LET.
I am afraid you knew very little of the sex, my dear brother, when you cautioned me so strongly against loving Mr. Temple: I should perhaps, with all his merit, have never thought of him but for that caution.

There is something very interesting to female curiosity in the idea of these very formidable men, whom no woman can see without danger; we gaze on the terrible creature at a distance, see nothing in him, so very alarming; he approaches, our little hearts palpitate with fear, he is gentle, attentive, respectful; we are surprised at this respect, we are sure the world wrongs the dear civil creature; he flatters, we are pleased with his flattery; our little hearts still palpitate—but not with fear.

In short, my dear brother, if you wish to serve a friend with us, describe him as the most dangerous of his sex; the very idea that he is so, makes us think resistance vain, and we throw down our defensive arms in absolute despair.

I am not sure this is the reason of my discovering Mr. Temple to be the most amiable of men; but of this I am certain, that I love him with the most lively affection, and that I am convinced, notwithstanding all you have said, that he deserves all my tenderness.

Indeed, my dear prudent brother, you men fancy...
cy yourselves extremely wise and penetrating, but you don’t know each other half so well as we know you: I shall make Temple in a few weeks as tame a domestic animal as you can possibly be, even with your Emily.

I hope you won’t be very angry with me for accepting an agreeable fellow, and a coach and fix: if you are, I can only say, that finding the dear man steal every day upon my heart, and recollecting how very dangerous a creature he was,

"I held it both safest and best
"To marry, for fear you should chide."

Adieu!

Your affectionate, &c.

LUCY RIVERS.

Please to observe, mamma was on Mr. Temple’s side, and that I only take him from obedience to her commands. He has behaved like an angel to her; but I leave himself to explain how: she has promised to live with us. We are going a party to Richmond, and only wait for Mr. Temple.

With all my pertness, I tremble at the idea that to-morrow will determine the happiness or misery of my life.

Adieu! my dearest brother.

L E T.
ERE I convinced of your conversion, my dear Jack, I should be the happiest man breathing in the thought of your marrying my sister; but I tremble lest this resolution should be the effect of passion merely, and not of that settled esteem and tender confidence, without which mutual repentance will be the necessary consequence of your connexion.

Lucy is one of the most beautiful women I ever knew, but she has merits of a much superior kind; her understanding and her heart are equally lovely: she has also a sensibility which exceedingly alarms me for her, as I know it is next to impossible that even her charms can fix a heart so accustomed to range.

Do not guess too truly, my dear Temple, when I suppose the charming mistress is the only object you have in view; and that the tender amiable friend, the pleasing companion, the faithful confidante, is forgot?

I will not however anticipate evils: if any merit has power to fix you, Lucy's cannot fail of doing it.

I expect with impatience a further account of an event in which my happiness is so extremely interested.

If she is yours, may you know her value, and you cannot fail of being happy: I only fear from your long habit of improper attachments; naturally, I know not a heart filled with nobler sentiments.
I have received your second letter, my dear Temple, with the account of your marriage.

Nothing could make me so happy as an event which unites a sister I idolize, to the friend on earth most dear to me, did I not tremble for your future happiness, from my perfect knowledge of both.

I know the sensibility of Lucy’s temper, and that she loves you; I know also the difficulty of weaning the heart from such a habit of inconstancy as you have unhappily acquired.

Virtues like Lucy’s will for ever command your esteem and friendship; but in marriage it is equally necessary to keep love alive: her beauty, her gaiety, her delicacy, will do much; but it is also necessary, my dearest Temple, that you keep a guard on your heart, accustomed to liberty, to give way to every light impression.

I need not tell you, who have experienced the truth of what I say, that happiness is not to be found in a life of intrigue; there is no real pleasure in the possession of beauty without the heart;
heart; with it, the fears, the anxieties, a man not absolutely destitute of humanity must feel for the honour of her who ventures more than life for him, must extremely counterbalance his transports.

Of all the situations this world affords, a marriage of choice gives the fairest prospect of happiness; without love, life would be a tasteless void; an unconnected human being is the most wretched of all creatures: by love I would be understood to mean that tender lively friendship, that mixed sensation, which the libertine never felt: and with which I flatter myself my amiable sister cannot fail of inspiring a heart naturally virtuous, however at present warped by a foolish compliance with the world.

I hope, my dear Temple, to see you recover your taste for those pleasures peculiarly fitted to your nature; to see you enjoy the pure delights of peaceful domestic life, the calm social evening hour, the circle of friends, the prattling offspring, and the tender impassioned smile of real love.

Your generosity is no more than I expected from your character; and to convince you of my perfect esteem, I so far accept it, as to draw out the money I have in the funds, which I intended for my sister: it will make my settlement here and to greater advantage, and I allow you the pleasure of convincing Lucy of the perfect disinterestedness of your affection: it would be a tribute to you, and will make me happy.

But I am more delicate in regard to my mother, and will never consent to resume the estate I have settled on her: I esteem you above all mankind, but will not let her be dependent even on
on you: I consent the visit you as often as the
pleases, but insist on her continuing her house in
town, and living in every respect as she has been
accustomed.

As to Lucy's own little fortune, as it is not
worth your receiving, suppose she lays it out in
jewels? I love to see beauty adorned; and two
thousand pounds, added to what you have given
her, will set her on a footing in this respect with
a nabob's.

Your marriage, my dear Temple, removes
the strongest objection to mine; the money I
have in the funds, which while Lucy was un-
married I never would have taken, enables me to
fix to great advantage here. I have now only to
try whether Emily's friendship for me is suffi-
cently strong to give up all hopes of a return to
England.

I shall make an immediate trial: you shall
know the event in a few days. If she refuses me,
I bid adieu to all my schemes, and embark in the
first ship.

Give my kindest tenderest wishes to my mo-
ther and sister. My dear Temple, only know the
value of the treasure you possess, and you must
be happy. Adieu!

Your affectionate

Ed. Rivers.
Letter C.

To the Earl of ———.

My Lord,

Silleri, March 24.

Nothing can be more just than your Lordship's observation; and I am the more pleased with it, as it coincides with what I had the honour of saying to you in my last, in regard to the impropriety, the cruelty, I had almost said the injustice, of your intention of deserting that world of which you are at once the ornament and the example.

Good people, as your Lordship observes, are generally too retired and abstracted to let their example be of much service to the world: whereas the bad, on the contrary, are conspicuous to all; they stand forth, they appear on the fore ground of the picture, and force themselves into observation.

'Tis to that circumstance, I am persuaded, we may attribute that dangerous and too common mistake, that vice is natural to the human heart, and virtuous characters the creatures of fancy; a mistake of the most fatal tendency, as it tends to harden our hearts, and destroy that mutual confidence so necessary to keep the bands of society from loosening, and without which man is the most ferocious of all the beasts of prey.

Would all those whose virtues like your Lordship's are adorned by politeness and knowledge of the world, mix more in society, we should soon see vice hide her head; would all the good appear
in full view, they would, I am convinced, be found infinitely the majority.

Virtue is too lovely to be hid in cells, the world is her scene of action: she is soft, gentle, indulgent; let her appear then in her own form, and she must charm: let politeness be for ever her attendant, that politeness which can give graces even to vice itself, which makes superiority easy, removes the sense of inferiority, and adds to every one's enjoyment both of himself and others.

I am interrupted, and must postpone till tomorrow what I have further to say to your Lordship. I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

W. Fermor.

LETTER CI.

To Mrs. Temple, Pall Mall.

Sillery, March 25.

Your brother, my dear Lucy, has made me happy in communicating to me the account he has received of your marriage. I know Temple; he is, besides being very handsome, a fine, sprightly, agreeable fellow, and is particularly formed to keep a woman's mind in that kind of play, that gentle agitation, which will for ever secure her affection.

He has, in my opinion, just as much coquetry as is necessary to prevent marriage from degenerating into that sleepy kind of existence, which
EMILY MONTAGUE.

To minds of the awakened turn of yours and mine would be infupportable.

He has also a fine fortune, which I hold to be a pretty enough ingredient in marriage.

In short, he is just such a man, upon the whole, as I should have chose for myself.

Make my congratulations to the dear man, and tell him, if he is not the happiest man in the world, he will forfeit all his pretensions to taste; and if he does not make you the happiest woman, he forfeits all title to my favour, as well as to the favour of the whole sex.

I meant to say something civil; but to tell you the truth, I am not en train; I am excessively out of humour: Fitzgerald has not been here of several days, but spends his whole time in gallanting Madame La Brosse, a woman to whom he knows I have an aversion, and who has nothing but a tolerable complexion and a modest assurance to recommend her.

I certainly gave him some provocation, but this is too much: however, 'tis very well; I don't think I shall break my heart, though my vanity is a little piqued. I may perhaps live to take my revenge.

I am hurt, because I begin really to like the creature; a secret however to which he is happily a stranger. I shall see him to-morrow at the governor's, and suppose he will be in his penitentials: I have some doubt whether I shall let him dance with me; yet it would look so particular to refuse him, that I believe I shall do him the honour.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

A. FERMOR.
26th. Thursday, 11 at night.

No, Lucy, if I forgive him this, I have lost all the free spirit of woman; he had the insolence to dance with Madame La Brosse to-night at the governor’s. I never will forgive him. There are men perhaps quite his equal!—but ’tis no matter—I do him too much honour to be piquéd—yet on the footing we were—I could not have believed—

Adieu!

I was so certain he would have danced with me, that I refused Colonel H—, one of the most agreeable men in the place, and therefore could not dance at all. Nothing hurt me so much as the impertinent looks of the woman; I could cry for vexation.

Would your brother have behaved thus to Emily? but why do I name other men with your brother? do you know he and Emily had the good-nature to refuse to dance, that my sitting still might be the less taken notice of? We all played at cards, and Rivers contrived to be of my party, by which he would have won Emily’s heart if he had not had it before.

Good night.

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LETTER CII.

To Mrs. Temple, Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 2.

I HAVE been twice at Sillery with the intention of declaring my passion, and explaining my situation,
situation, to Emily; but have been prevented by company, which made it impossible for me to find the opportunity I wished.

Had I found that opportunity, I am not sure I should have made use of it; a degree of timidity is inseparable from true tenderness; and I am afraid of declaring myself a lover, lest, if not beloved, I should lose the happiness I at present possess in visiting her as a friend: I cannot give up the dear delight I find in seeing her, in hearing her voice, in tracing and admiring every sentiment of that lovely unaffected generous mind as it rises.

In short, my Lucy, I cannot live without her esteem and friendship; and though her eyes, her attention to me, her whole manner, encourage me in the hope of being beloved, yet the possibility of my being mistaken makes me dread an explanation, by which I hazard losing the lively pleasure I find in her friendship.

This timidity however must be conquered; 'tis pardonable to feel it, but not to give way to it. I have ordered my carriole, and am determined to make my attack this very morning like a man of courage and a soldier.

Adieu!

Your affectionate,

ED. RIVERS.

A letter from Bell Fermor, to whom I wrote this morning on the subject:

"To
THE HISTORY OF

"To Colonel Rivers, at Quebec.

Silleri, Friday morning.

"YOU are a foolish creature, and know nothing of women. Dine at Silleri, and we will air after dinner; 'tis a glorious day, and if you are timid in a covered carriage, I give you up.

"Adieu!

"Yours,

"A. FERMOR."

LETTER CIII.
To Miss. Temple, Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 27, 11 at night.

She is an angel, my dear Lucy, and no words can do her justice: I am the happiest of mankind; I painted my passion with all the moving eloquence of undissembled love; she heard me with the most flattering attention: she said little, but her looks, her air, her tone of voice, her blushes, her very silence—how could I ever doubt her tenderness? have not those lovely eyes a thousand times betrayed the dear secret of her heart.

My Lucy, we were formed for each other; our souls are of intelligence; every thought, every idea,—from the first moment I beheld her—I have a thousand things to say, but the tumult of my joy—she has given me leave to write to her; what has she not said in that permission?

I cannot
EMILY MONTAGUE.

I cannot go to bed: I will go and walk an hour on the battery; 'tis the loveliest night I ever beheld, even in Canada: the day is scarce brighter.

One in the morning.

I have had the sweetest walk imaginable: the moon shines with a splendor I never saw before; a thousand streaming meteors add to her brightness; I have stood gazing on the lovely planet and delighting myself with the idea hat 'tis the same moon that lights my Emily.

Good night, my Lucy! I love you beyond all expression; I always loved you tenderly, but there is a softness about my heart to-night—this lovely woman—

I know not what I would say, but till this night I could never be said to live.

Adieu! your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CIV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Quebec, 28th March.

I HAD this morning a short billet from her dear hand, entreatling me to make up a quarrel between Bell Fermor and her lover: your friend has been indiscretion: her spirit of coquetry is eternally carrying her wrong; but in my opinion Fitzgerald has been at least equally to blame.

His behaviour at the governor's on Thursday night was inexcusable, as it exposed her to the sneers
scers of a whole circle of her own sex, many of them jealous of her perfections.

A lover should overlook little caprices, where the heart is good and amiable like Bell's; I should think myself particularly obliged to bring this affair to an amicable conclusion, even if Emily had not desired it, as I was originally the innocent cause of their quarrel. In my opinion he ought to beg her pardon; and, as a friend tenderly interested for both, I have a right to tell him I think so: he loves her, and I know must suffer greatly, though a foolish pride prevents his acknowledging it.

My greatest fear is, that an idle resentment may engage him in an intrigue with the lady in question, who is a woman of gallantry, and whom he may find very troublesome hereafter.

It is much easier to commence an affair of this kind than to break it off; and a man, though his heart was disengaged, should be always on his guard against any thing like an attachment where his affections are not really interested: mere passion or mere vanity will support an affair en passant; but, where the last degree of constancy and attention are expected, the heart must feel, or the lover is subjecting himself to slavery as insome as a marriage without inclination.

Temple will tell you I speak like an oracle; for I have often seen him led by vanity into this very disagreeable situation: I hope I am not too late to save Fitzgerald from it.

Six in the evening.

All goes well: his proud heart is come down, he has begged her pardon, and is forgiven; you have no idea how civil both are to me, for hav-
MY OWN SEX, MANY

I am obliged to bring my caprices, while like Bell’s,; he having persuaded them to do what each of them has longed to do from the first moment: I love to advise, when I am sure the heart of the person advised is on my side. Both were to blame, but I always love to save the ladies from anything mortifying to the dignity of their characters; a little pride in love becomes them, but not us; and ’tis always our part to submit on these occasions.

I never saw two happier people than they are at present, as I have a little preserved decorum on both sides, and taken the whole trouble of the reconciliation on myself: Bell knows nothing of my having applied to Fitzgerald, nor he that I did it at Emily’s request: my conversation with him on this subject seemed accidental. I was obliged to leave them, having business in town; but my lovely Emily thanked me by a smile which would over-pay a thousand such little services.

I am to spend to-morrow at Silleri: how long shall I think this evening!

Adieu! my tenderest wishes attend you all!

Your affectionate

Ed. Rivers.

LETTER CV.

To Mrs. Temple, Pall Mall.

Silleri, March 27, evening.

Fitzgerald has been here, and has begged my pardon; he declares he had no thought of
of displeasing me at the governor's, but from my behaviour was afraid of importuning me if he addressed me as usual.

I thought who would come to first; for my part if he had stayed away for ever, I would not have suffered papa to invite him to Silleri: it was easy to see his neglect was all pique; it would have been extraordinary indeed if such a woman as Madame La Brosse could have rivalled me: I am something younger, and, if either my glass or the men are to be believed, as handsome: entre nous, there is some little difference; if she was not so very fair, she would be absolutely ugly; and these very fine women, you know, Lucy, are always insipid; she is the taste of no man breathing, though eternally making advances to every man; without spirit, fire, understanding, vivacity, or any quality capable of making amends for the mediocrity of her charms.

Her insolence in attempting to attach Fitzgerald is intolerable, especially when the whole province knows him to be my lover: there is no expression to what a degree I hate her.

The next time we meet I hope to return her impertinence on Thursday night at the governor's: I will never forgive Fitzgerald if he takes the least notice of her.

Emily has read my letter, and says she did not think I had so much of the woman in me; indeed on my being civil to Madame La Brosse, but if I am, Lucy——

These French women are not to be supported; they fancy vanity and assurance are to make up in the want of every other virtue; forgetting the delicacy, softness, tenderness, are attractions to which they are strangers: some of them
themselves here are however tolerably handsome, and
have a degree of liveliness, which makes them not
quite insupportable.
You will call all this spite, as Emily does, so
I will say no more, only that, in order to shew
her how easy it is to be civil to a rival, I wish
for the pleasure of seeing another French lady,
that I could mention, at Quebec.
Good night, my dear! tell Temple, I am eve-
rything but in love with him.

Your faithful

A. Fermor.

I will however own, I encouraged Fitzgerald
by a kind look. I was so pleased at this re-
turn, that I could not keep up the farce of
disdain I had projected: in love affairs, I am
afraid, we are all fools alike.

LETTER CVI.

To Miss Fermor.

Saturday noon.

Come to my dressing-room, my dear; I have
a thousand things to say to you: I want to talk of
my Rivers, to tell you all the weaknesses of my
soul.

No, my dear, I cannot love him more, a pas-
tion like mine will not admit addition; from the
first moment I saw him my whole soul was his: I
knew not that I was dear to him; but true genuine
love
love is self-existent, and does not depend on being beloved. I should have loved him even had he been attached to another.

This declaration has made me the happiest of my sex: but it has not increased, it could not increase, my tenderness: with what softness, what diffidence, what respect, what delicacy, was this declaration made! my dear friend, he is a god, and my ardent affection for him is fully justified.

I love him — no words can speak how much I love him.

My passion for him is the first and shall be the last of my life: my bosom never heaved a sigh but for my Rivers.

Will you pardon the folly of a heart which now was ashamed to own its feelings, and of which you are even now the only confidante? I find all the world so insipid, nothing amuses me one moment; in short, I have no pleasure but in Rivers's conversation, nor do I count the hours of his absence in my existence.

I know all this will be called folly, but it is folly which makes all the happiness of my life.

You love, my dear Bell; and, therefore, will pardon the weakness of your

EMILY

LETTER CVII.

To Miss Montague.

Saturday.

YES, my dear, I love at least I think so; but thanks to my stars, not in the manner you do.

I prefer
I prefer Fitzgerald to all the rest of his sex; but I count the hours of his absence in my existence; and contrive sometimes to pass them pleasantly enough, if any other agreeable man is in the way: in short, I relish flattery and attention from others, though I infinitely prefer them from him. I certainly love him, for I was jealous of Madame La Brosse; but in general, I am not alarmed when I see him flirt a little with others. Perhaps my vanity was as much wounded as my love, with regard to Madame La Brosse.

I find love is quite a different plant in different soils; it is an exotic, and grows faintly, with us coquets; but in its native climate with you people of sensibility and sentiment.

Adieu! I will attend you in a quarter of an hour.

Yours,

A. Fermor.

Letter CVIII.

To Miss Fermor.

Not alarmed, my dear, at this attention to others? believe me you know nothing of love.

I think every woman who beholds my Rivers a rival; I imagine I see in every female countenance a passion tender and lively as my own; I turn pale, my heart dies within me, if I observe his eyes a moment fixed on any other woman; I tremble at the possibility of his changing; I cannot support the idea that the time may come when I may be less
of more to my Rivers than at present. Do you believe it possible, my dear Bell, for an heart, not prepossessed, to be insensible one moment to my Rivers?

He is formed to charm the soul of woman; his delicacy, his sensibility, the mind that speaks through those eloquent eyes; the thousand graces of his air, the sound of his voice—my dear, I never heard him speak without feeling a softness of which it is impossible to convey an idea.

But I am wrong to encourage a tenderness which is already too great; I will think less of him: I will not talk of him; do not speak of him to me, my dear Bell: talk to me of Fitzgerald; there is no danger of your passion becoming too violent.

I wish you loved more tenderly, my dearest; you would then be more indulgent to my weaknesses: I am ashamed of owning it even to you.

Ashamed, did I say? no, I rather glory in loving the most amiable, the most angelic of mankind.

Speak of him to me for ever; I abhor all conversation of which he is not the subject. I am interrupted.

Adieu!

Your faithful

EMILY.

My dearest, I tremble; he is at the door; how shall I meet him without betraying all the weakness of my heart? come to me this moment, I will not go down without you. Your father is come to fetch me; follow me, I entreat: I cannot see him alone; my heart is too much softened at this moment.
moment. He must not know to what excess he is beloved.

LETTER CIX.

To Mrs. Temple, Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 28.

I am at present, my dear Lucy, extremely embarrassed; Madame Des Roches is at Quebec: it is impossible for me not to be more than polite to her; yet my Emily has all my heart, and demands all my attention; there is but one way of seeing them both as often as I wish; 'tis to bring them as often as possible together: I wish extremely that Emily would visit her, but 'tis a point of the utmost delicacy to manage.

Will it not on reflection be cruel to Madame Des Roches? I know her generosity of mind, but I also know the weakness of the human heart: can she see with pleasure a beloved rival?

My Lucy, I never so much wanted your advice: I will consult Bell Fermor, who knows every thought of my Emily's heart.

Eleven o’Clock.

I have visited Madame Des Roches at her relation's; she received me with a pleasure which was too visible not to be observed by all present: she blushed, her voice faltered when she addressed me; her eyes had a softness which seemed to reproach my insensibility: I was shocked at the idea of having inspired her with a tenderness not in my power to return; I was afraid of increasing that tenderness; I scarce dared to meet her looks.
I felt as a criminal in the presence of this amiable woman; for both our sakes, I must see her seldom; yet what an appearance will my neglect have, after the attention she has shewn me, and the friendship she has expressed for me to all the world?

I know not what to determine. I am going to Silleri. Adieu till my return.

Eight o’Clock.

I have entreated Emily to admit Madame Des Roches among the number of her friends, and have asked her to-morrow morning: she changed colour at my request, but promised to go.

I almost repent of what I have done: I am to attend Emily and Bell Fermor to Madame Des Roches in the morning: I am afraid I shall introduce them with a very bad grace.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CX.

To Miss Fermor.

Sunday Morning.

COUL D you have believed he would have expected such a proof of my desire to oblige him? but what can he ask that his Emily will refuse? I will see this friend of his, this Madame Des Roches; I will even love her, if it is in woman to be so disinterested. She loves him; he sees her; they
they say she is amiable; I could have wished her visit to Quebec had been delayed.

But he comes; he looks up; his eyes seem to thank me for this excess of complaisance: what is there I would not do to give him pleasure?

Six o’Clock.

Do you think her so very pleasing, my dear Bell? she has fine eyes, but have they not more fire than softness? There was a vivacity in her manner which hurt me extremely: could she have behaved with such unconcern, had she loved as I do?

Do you think it possible, Lucy, for a French-woman to love? is not vanity the ruling passion of their hearts?

May not Rivers be deceived in supposing her so much attached to him? was there not some degree of affection in her particular attention to me? I cannot help thinking her artful.

Perhaps I am prejudiced; she may be amiable, but I will own she does not please me.

Rivers begged me to have a friendship for her; I am afraid this is more than is in my power: friendship, like love, is the child of sympathy, not of constraint.

Adieu! Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.
ing you the handsomest. Is not this the strongest proof I could give of my friendship? perhaps I should have been piqued, however, had the preference been given by a man; but I can with great tranquillity allow you to be the woman's beauty.

Dictate an answer to your little Bell, who waits your commands at her bureau.

Adieu!

"To Miss Fermor, at Silleri.

Monday.

"You and your lovely friend obliged me beyond words, my dear Bell, by your visit of yesterday: Madame Des Roches is charmed with you both; you will not be displeased when I tell you she gives Emily the preference; she says she is as beautiful as an angel; that she should think the man insensible, who could see her without love; that she is touchant, to use her own word, beyond any thing she ever beheld.

"She however does justice to your charms, though Emily's seem to affect her most. She even allows you to be perhaps more the taste of men in general.

"She intends paying her respects to you and Emily this afternoon; and has sent to desire me to conduct her. As it is so far, I would wish to find you at home.

"Yours,

"Ed. Rivers."
To Miss Fermor.

ALWAYS Madame Des Roches! but let her come; indeed, my dear, she is artful; she gains upon him by this appearance of generosity; I cannot return it, I do not love her; yet I will receive her with politeness.

He is to drive her too; but 'tis no matter; if the tenderest affection can secure his heart, I have nothing to fear: loving him as I do, it is impossible not to be apprehensive: indeed, my dear, he knows not how I love him.

Adieu!

Your Emily.

LETTER CXIII.

To Miss Fermor.

Monday evening.

SURELY I am the weakest of my sex; I am ashamed to tell you all my feelings: I cannot conquer my dislike to Madame Des Roches: she said a thousand obliging things to me, she praised my Rivers; I made her no answer, I even felt tears ready to start; what must she think of me? there is a meanness in my jealousy of her, which I cannot forgive myself.

I cannot account for her attention to me, it is not natural; she behaved to me not only with politeness,
liteness, but with the appearance of affection; she seemed to feel and pity my confusion. She is either the most artful, or the most noble of women.

Adieu!

Your Emily.

LETTER CXIV.

To Mrs. Temple, Pall Mall.

Silleri, March 29.

We are going to dine at a farm house in the country, where we are to meet other company, and have a ball: the snow begins a little to soften, from the warmth of the sun, which is greater than in England in May. Our winter parties are almost at an end.

My father drives Madame Des Roches, who is of our party, and your brother Emily; I hope the little fool will be easy now, Lucy; she is very humble, to be jealous of one, who, though really very pleasing, is neither so young nor so handsome as herself; and who professes to wish only for Rivers's friendship.

But I have no right to say a word on this subject, after having been to extremely hurt at Fitzgerald's attention to such a woman as Madame La Brosle; an attention too, which was so plainly meant to please me.

We are all, I am afraid, a little absurd in these affairs, and therefore ought to have some degree of indulgence for others.

Emily
Emily and I, however, differ in our ideas of love: it is the business of her life, the amusement of mine; 'tis the food of her hours, the seasoning of mine.

Or, in other words, she loves like a foolish woman, I like the sensible man: for men you know, compared to women, love in about the proportion of one to twenty.

'Tis a mighty wrong thing, after all, Lucy, that parents will educate creatures so differently, who are to live with and for each other.

Every possible means is used, even from infancy, to soften the minds of women, and to harden those of men; the contrary endeavour might be of use, for the men creatures are unfeeling enough by nature, and we are born too tremblingly alive to love, and indeed to every soft affection.

Your brother is almost the only one of his sex I know, who has the tenderness of woman with the spirit and firmness of man: a circumstance which strikes every woman who converses with him, and which contributes to make him the favourite he is amongst us. Foolish women who cannot distinguish characters may possibly give the preference to a coxcomb; but I will venture to say, no woman of sense was ever much acquainted with Colonel Rivers without feeling for him an affection of some kind or other.

A propos to women, the estimable part of us are divided into two classes only, the tender and the lively.

The former, at the head of which I place Emily, are infinitely more capable of happiness; but, to counterbalance this advantage, they are also capable of misery in the same degree. We of the other class, who feel less keenly, are perhaps upon the
the whole as happy, at least I would fain think to
For example, if Emily and I marry our present
lovers, she will certainly be more exquisitely happy
than I shall; but if they should change their minds,
or any accident prevent our coming together, I
am inclined to fancy my situation would be much
the most agreeable.
I should put a month, and then look about for
another lover; whilst the tender Emily would

"Sit like patience on a monument,"
And pine herself into a consumption.

Adieu! They wait for me.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

Tuesday, Midnight.

We have had a very agreeable day, Lucy, a
pretty enough kind of a ball, and everybody in
good humour: I danced with Fitzgerald, whom I
never knew so agreeable.

Happy love is gay, I find; Emily is all spri-
liness, your brother's eyes have never left her one
moment, and her blushes seemed to show her sense
of the distinction; I never knew her look so hand-
some as this day.

Do you know I felt for Madame Des Roches?
Emily was excessively complaisant to her: she re-
turned her civility, but I could perceive a kind of
constraint in her manner, very different from the
case of her behaviour when we saw her before:
she felt the attention of Rivers to Emily very
strongly: in short, the ladies seemed to have chang-
ed characters for the day.
We stopped with your brother on our return, and from his windows, which look on the river St. Charles, had the pleasure of observing one of the most beautiful objects imaginable, which I never remember to have seen before this evening.

You are to observe the winter method of fishing here, is to break openings like small fish-ponds on the ice, to which the fish coming for air, are taken in prodigious quantities on the surface.

To shelter themselves from the excessive cold of the night, the fishermen build small houses of ice on the river, which are arranged in a semicircular form, and extend near a quarter of a mile, and which, from the blazing fires within, have a brilliant transparency and vivid lustre, not easy either to imagine or to describe: the flary semicircle looks like an immense crescent of diamonds, on which the sun darts his meridian rays.

Absolutely, Lucy, you see nothing in Europe: you are cultivated, you have the same beauties of art; but to see nature in her lovely wild luxuriance, you must visit your brother when he is prince of the Kamaraskas.

Adieu!

Your faithful

A. Fermor.

The variety, as well of grand objects, as of amusements, in this country, confirms me in an opinion I have always had, that Providence had made the conveniences and inconveniences of life nearly equal everywhere.

We have pleasures here even in winter peculiarly...
of the climate, which counterbalance the evils we suffer from its rigour.

Good night, my dear Lucy!

Letter CXV.

To Mrs. Temple, Pall Mall.

Quebec, April 2.

I have this moment, my dear, a letter from Montreal, describing some lands on Lake Champlain, which my friend thinks much better worth my taking than those near the Kamaraskas: he presses me to come up immediately to see them, as the ice on the rivers will in a few days be dangerous to travel on.

I am strongly inclined to go, and for this reason; I am convinced my wish of bringing about a friendship between Emily and Madame Des Roches, the strongest reason I had for fixing at the Kamaraskas, was an imprudent one: gratitude and (if the expression is not impertinent) compasion give me a softness in my behaviour to the latter, which a superficial observer would take for love, and which her own tenderness may cause even her to misconstrue; a circumstance which must retard her resolution of changing the affection with which she has honoured me, into friendship.

I am also delicate in my love, and cannot bear to have it one moment supposed, my heart can know a wish but for my Emily.

Shall I say more? The blush on Emily's cheek on her first seeing Madame Des Roches convinced me of my indiscretion, and that vanity alone car-
A letter from EMILY MONTAGUE.

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lied me to desire to bring together two women, whose affection for me is from their extreme merit so very flattering.

I shall certainly now fix in Canada; I can no longer doubt of Emily's tenderness, though she refuses me her hand, from motives which make her a thousand times more dear to me, but which I flatter myself love will over-rule.

I am setting off in an hour for Montreal, and shall call at Silleri to take Emily's commands.

Seven in the evening, Des Chambeaux.

I asked her advice as to fixing the place of my settlement; she said much against my staying in America at all; but, if I was determined, recommended Lake Champlain rather than the Kamaraskas, on account of climate. Bell smiled; and a blush, which I perfectly understood, overspread the lovely cheek of my sweet Emily. Nothing could be more flattering than this circumstance; had she seen Madame Des Roches with a calm indifference, had she not been alarmed at the idea of fixing near her, I should have doubted of the degree of her affection; a little apprehension is inseparable from real love.

My courage has been to-day extremely put to the proof: had I stayed three days longer, it would have been impossible to have continued my journey.

The ice cracks under us at every step the horses set, a rather unpleasant circumstance on a river twenty fathom deep: I should not have attempted the journey had I been aware of this particular. I hope no man meets inevitable danger with more spirit, but no man is less fond of seeking it where it is honourable to be avoided.

I am...
I am going to sup with the seigneur of the village, who is, I am told, married to one of the handsomest women in the province.

Adieu, my dear! I shall write to you from Montreal.

Your affectionate

Ed. Rivers.

LETTER CXVI.

To Mrs. Temple, Pall Mall.

Montreal, April 3.

I am arrived, my dear, after a very disagreeable and dangerous journey; I was obliged to leave the river soon after I left Des Chambeaux, and to pursue my way on the land over melting snow, into which the horses' feet sunk half a yard every step.

An officer just come from New York has given me a letter from you which came thither by a private ship: I am happy to hear of your health, and that Temple's affection for you seems rather to increase than lessen since your marriage.

You ask me, my dear Lucy, how to preserve this affection, on the continuance of which, you justly say, your whole happiness depends.

The question is perhaps the most delicate and important which respects human life; the caprice, the inconstancy, the injustice of men makes the task of women in marriage infinitely difficult.

Prudence and virtue will certainly secure esteem; but,
EMILY MONTAGUE.

but, unfortunately, esteem alone will not make a happy marriage; passion must also be kept alive, which the continual presence of the object beloved is too apt to make subside into that apathy, too insupportable to sensible minds.

The higher your rank, and the less your manner of life separates you from each other, the more danger there will be of this indifference.

The poor, whose necessary avocations divide them all day, and whose sensibility is blunted by the coarseness of their education, are in no danger of being weary of each other; and, unless naturally vicious, you will see them generally happy in marriage, whereas even the virtuous, in more affluent situations, are not secure from this unhappy cessation of tenderness.

When I received your letter, I was reading Madame De Maintenon’s advice to the Duchess of Burgundy, on this subject. I will transcribe so much of it as relates to the woman, leaving her advice to the prince, to those whom it may concern.

“Do not hope for perfect happiness; there is no such thing in this sublunary state.

“Your sex is more exposed to suffer, because it is always in dependence; be neither angry nor ashamed of this dependence on a husband, nor of any of those which are in the order of Providence.

“Let your husband be your best friend and your only confidant.

“Do not hope that your union will procure you perfect peace: the best marriages, are those where with softness and patience they bear by turns with each other: there are none without some contradiction and disagreement.

“Do
THE HISTORY OF

"Do not expect the same degree of friendship that you feel; men are in general less tender than women; and you will be unhappy if you are too delicate in friendship.

"Beg of God to guard your heart from jealousy: do not hope to bring back a husband by complaints, ill humour, and reproaches. The only means which promise success, are patience and softness: impatienceours and alienates hearts; softness leads them back to their duty.

"In sacrificing your own will, pretend to no right over that of a husband: men are more attached to theirs than women, because educated with less constraint.

"They are naturally tyrannical; they will have pleasures and liberty, yet insist that women renounce both: do not examine whether their rights are well founded; let it suffice to you, that they are established; they are matters, we have only to suffer and obey with a good grace."

Thus far Madame De Maintenon, who must be allowed to have known the heart of man, since, after having been above twenty years a widow, she enflamed, even to the degree of bringing him to marry her, that of a great monarch, younger than herself, surrounded by beauties, habituated to flattery, in the plenitude of power, and covered with glory; and retained him in her chains to the last moment of his life.

Do not, however, my dear, be alarmed at the picture she has drawn of marriage; nor fancy with her, that women are only born to suffer and to obey.

That we are generally tyrannical, I am obliged to own; but such of us as know how to be happy, willingly
willingly give up the harsh title of master, for the more tender and endearing one of friend; men of sense abhor those customs which treat your sex as if created merely for the happiness of the other; a supposition injurious to the Deity, though flattering to our tyranny and self-love; and with only to bind you in the soft chains of affection.

Equality is the soul of friendship: marriage, to give delight, must join two minds, not devote a slave to the will of an imperious lord; whatever conveys the idea of subjection necessarily destroys that of love, of which I am so convinced, that I have always wished the word obey expunged from the marriage ceremony.

If you will permit me to add my sentiments to those of a lady so learned in the art of pleasing: I would wish you to study the taste of your husband, and endeavour to acquire a relish for those pleasures which appear most to affect him; let him find amusement at home, but never be peevish at his going abroad; he will return to you with the higher gust for your conversation: have separate apartments, since your fortune makes it not inconvenient; be always elegant, but not too expensive, in your dress; retain your present exquisite delicacy of every kind; receive his friends with good breeding and complacency; contrive such little parties of pleasure as you know are agreeable to him, and with the most agreeable people you can select: be lively even to playfulness in your general turn of conversation with him; but, at the same time, spare no pains so to improve your understanding, which is an excellent one, as to be no less capable of being the companion of his graver hours: be ignorant of nothing which it becomes your sex to know, but avoid all affectation of
of knowledge: let your economy be exact, but without appearing otherwise than by the effect.

Do not imitate those of your sex who by ill temper make a husband pay dear for their fidelity; let virtue in you be dear in smiles; and be assured that cheerfulness is the native garb of innocence.

In one word, my dear, do not lose the mistress in the wife, but let your behaviour to him as a husband be such as you would have thought most proper to attract him as a lover; have always the idea of pleasing before you, and you cannot fail to please.

Having lectured you, my dear Lucy, I must say a word to Temple: a great variety of rules have been given for the conduct of women in marriage; scarce any for that of men; as if it were not essential to domestic happiness, that the man should preserve the heart of her with whom he is to spend his life; or as if bestowing happiness were not worth a man's attention, so he possessed it: if, however, it is possible to feel true happiness without giving it.

You, my dear Temple, have too just an idea of pleasure to think in this manner: you would be beloved; it has been the pursuit of your life, though never really attained perhaps before. You at present possess a heart full of sensibility, a heart capable of loving with ardour, and from the same cause capable of being estranged by neglect; give your whole attention to preserving this invaluable treasure; observe every rule I have given to her, if you would be happy; and believe me, the heart of woman is not less delicate than tender; their sensibility is more keen, they feel more strongly than we do, their tenderness is more easily
easily wounded, and their hearts are more difficult to recover if once lost.

At the same time, they are both by nature and education more constant, and scarce ever change the object of their affections but from ill treatment: for which reason there is some excuse for a custom which appears cruel, that of throwing contempt on the husband for the ill conduct of the wife.

Above all things, retain the politeness and attention of a lover; and avoid that careless manner which wounds the vanity of human nature, a passion give us, as were all passions, for the wildest ends, and which never quits us but with life.

There is a certain attentive tenderness, difficult to be described, which the manly of our sex feel, and which is peculiarly pleasing to women: 'tis also a very delightful sensation to ourselves, as well as productive of the happiest consequences: regarding them as creatures placed by Providence under our protection, and depending on us for their happiness, is the strongest possible tie of affection to a well-turned mind.

If I did not know Lucy perfectly, I should perhaps hesitate in the next advice I am going to give you; which is, to make her the confidante, and the only confidante, of your gallantries, if you are so unhappy as to be inadvertently betrayed into any; her heart will possibly be at first a little wounded by the confession, but this proof of perfect esteem will increase her friendship for you; she will regard your error with compassion and indulgence, and lead you gently back by her endearing tenderness to honor and herself.

Of all tasks I detest that of giving advice; you
are therefore under infinite obligation to me for this letter.

Be assured of my tenderest affection; and believe me,

Your's, &c.

Ed. Rivers.

LETTER CXVII.
To the Earl of ——.
Sillery, April 8.

NOTHING can be more true, my Lord, than that poverty is ever the insepable companion of indolence.

I see proofs of it every moment before me; with a soil fruitful beyond all belief, the Canadians are poor on lands which are their own property, and for which they pay only a trifling quit-rent to their foreigners.

This indolence appears in every thing; you scarce see the meanest peasant walking; even riding on horseback appears to them a fatigue insupportable; you see them lolling at ease, like their lazy lords, in carrioles and calashes, according to the season; a boy to guide the horse on a seat in the front of the carriage, too lazy even to take the trouble of driving themselves, their hands in winter folded in an immense muff, though perhaps their families are in want of bread to eat at home.

The winter is passed in a mixture of festivity and inaction; dancing and feasting in their gayer hours; in their graver smoking and drinking brandy, by the side of a warm stove: and when obliged to cultivate the ground in spring to procure...
cure the means of subsistence, you see them just
turn the turf once lightly over, and, without ma-
nering the ground, or even breaking the clods of
earth, throw in the feed in the same careless man-
ner, and leave the event to chance, without trou-
bling themselves further till it is fit to reap.

I must, however, observe, as some alleviation,
that there is something in the climate which
strongly inclines both the body and mind, but ra-
ther the latter, to indolence: the heat of the sum-
mer, though pleasing, enervates the very soul,
and gives a certain laxitude unfavourable to indus-
try; and the winter, as its extreme, binds up
and chills all the active faculties of the soul.

Add to this, that the general spirit of amuse-
ment, so universal here in winter, and so neces-
sary to prevent the ill effects of the season, gives
a habit of dissipation and pleasure, which makes
labour doubly irksome at its return.

Their religion, to which they are extremely
bigoted, is another great bar, as well to industr
as population: their numerous festivals inure
them to idleness; their religious houses rob the
state of many subjects who might be highly useful
at present, and at the same time retard the increase
of the colony.

Sloth and superstition equally counterwork pro-
vidence, and render the bounty of heaven of no
effect.

I am surprized the French, who generally make
their religion subservient to purposes of policy,
do not discourage convents, and lessen the num-
ber of festivals, in the colonies, where both are
so peculiarly pernicious.

It is to this circumstance one may in great mea-
ure attribute the superior increase of the Bri-

RIVERS.

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April 8.

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tith American settlements compared to those of France: a religion which encourages idleness, and makes a virtue of celibacy, is particularly unfavourable to colonization.

However religious prejudice may have been suffered to counterwork policy under a French government, it is scarce to be doubted that this cause of the poverty of Canada will by degrees be removed; that these people, slaves at present to ignorance and superstition, will in time be enlightened by a more liberal education, and gently led by reason to a religion which is not only preferable, as being that of the country to which they are now annexed, but which is so much more calculated to make them happy and prosperous as a people.

Till that time, till their prejudices subside, it is equally just, humane, and wise, to leave them the free right of worshipping the Deity in the manner which they have been early taught to believe the best, and to which they are consequently attached.

It would be unjust to deprive them of any of the rights of citizens on account of religion, in America, where every other sect of dissenters are equally capable of employ with those of the established church; nay where, from whatever cause, the church of England is on a footing in many colonies little better than a toleration.

It is undoubtedly, in a political light, an object of consequence every where, that the national religion, whatever it is, should be as universal as possible, agreement in religious worship being the strongest tie to unity and obedience; had all prudent means been used to lessen the number of dissenters in our colonies, I cannot avoid believing,
those of our chosen friends, and I think the conduct of the French has been very unfavourable to the cause of freedom.

I have been informed, by a Frenchman, that the French degrees being the same with ours, should be entitled to the same consideration and gently pressed. The only precept that they have, is to be more cautious as to their conduct.

Aside, it is evident, that we have given them every encouragement for the present, and frequently heard it said, that there is no other way of getting them to come over.

Of any of the other religions, in respect to the settlers, they are to be considered as separate sects. In the establishment of religion, which they are of opinion, is not in many instances, of the same plan with our own.

But, an observation must be made, that the national church isuniversal as to the people being believers, and had all the denominations of these people, were believers,

ing, from what I observe and hear, that we should have found in them a spirit of rational loyalty, and true freedom, instead of that factional one from which so much is to be apprehended.

It seems consonant to reason, that the religion of every country should have a relation to, and coherence with, the civil constitution: the Roman religion is best adapted to a despotic government, the presbyterian to a republican, and that of the church of England to a limited monarchy like ours.

As therefore the civil government of America is on the same plan with that of the mother country, it were to be wished the religious establishment was also the same, especially in those colonies where the people are generally of the national church: though with the fullest liberty of conscience to dispersers of all denominations.

I would be clearly understood, my Lord; from all I have observed here, I am convinced, nothing would so much contribute to diffuse a spirit of order and rational obedience, in the colonies, as the appointment, under proper restrictions, of bishops: I am equally convinced that nothing would so much strengthen the hands of government, or give such pleasure to the well-affected in the colonies who are by much the more numerous, as such an appointment, however clamoured against by a few abettors of sedition.

I am called upon for this letter, and must remit to another time what I wished to say more to your Lordship in regard to this country.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord, &c.

WM. FERMOR.
I am indeed, Madam, this inconsistent creature. I have at once refused to marry Colonel Rivers, and owned to him all the tenderness of my soul.

Do not however think me mad, or suppose my refusal the effect of an unmeaning childlike affection of disinterestedness: I can form to myself no idea of happiness equal to that of spending my life with Rivers, the best, the most tender, the most amiable of mankind; nor can I support the idea of his marrying any other woman: I would therefore marry him to-morrow were it possible without ruining him, without dooming him to a perpetual exile, and obstructing those views of honest ambition at home, which become his birth, his connections, his talents, his time of life; and with which, as his friend, it is my duty to inspire him.

His affection for me at present blinds him, he sees no object but me in the whole universe; but shall I take advantage of that inebriation of tenderness, to seduce him into a measure inconsistent with his real happiness and interest? He must return to England, must pursue fortune in that world for which he was formed: shall his family retard him in the glorious race? shall she not rather encourage him in every laudable attempt? shall she suffer him to hide that shining merit in the uncultivated wilds of Canada, the seat of barbarism a happier day?

I entirely desist from hithering here, as I see he is set on being high in Canada in the world to himself: let it then be his pride, his friend, to inspire him. Let him, as was for all else, serve me in return to Montreal to
barism and ignorance, which entitles him to hope a happy fate in the dear land of arts and arms?

I entreat you to do all you can to discourage his design. Remind him that his sister's marriage has in some degree removed the cause of his coming hither; that he can have now no motive for fixing here, but his tenderness for me; that I shall be justly blamed by all who love him, for keeping him here. Tell him, I will not marry him in Canada; that his stay makes the best mother in the world wretched, that he owes his return to himself, nay to his Emily, whose whole heart is set on seeing him in a situation worthy of him: though without ambition as to myself, I am proud, I am ambitious for him; if he loves me, he will gratify that pride, that ambition; and leave Canada to those whose duty confines them here, or whose interest it is to remain unseen. Let him not once think of me in his determination; I am content to be beloved, and will leave all else to time. You cannot do much oblige or serve me, as by persuading Colonel Rivers to return to England.

Believe me, my dear Madam,

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CXIX.

To Mrs. Temple, Pall Mall.

Silleri, April 9.

YOUR brother, my dear, is gone to Montreal to look out for a settlement, and Emily to spend
spend a fortnight at Quebec, with a lady she knew in England, who is lately arrived from thence by New York.

I am lost without my friend, though my lover endeavours in some degree to supply her place; he lays close siege; I know not how long I shall be able to hold out: this fine weather is exceedingly in his favour; the winter freezes up all the avenues to the heart; but the sprightly April sun thaws them again amazingly. I was the cruellest creature breathing whilst the chilly season lasted, but can answer for nothing now the sprightly May is approaching.

I can see papa is vastly in Fitzgerald's interest; but he knows our sex well enough to keep this to himself.

I shall, however, for decency's sake, ask his opinion on the affair as soon as I have taken my resolution; which is the very time at which all the world ask advice of their friends.

A letter from Emily, which I must answer; she is extremely absurd, which your tender lovers always are.

Adieu! Yours,

A. Fermor.

Sir George Clayton had left Montreal some days before your brother arrived there; I was pleased to hear it, because, with all your brother's good sense, and concern for Emily's honour, and Sir George's natural coldness of temper, a quarrel between them would have been rather difficult to have been avoided.
I do you think, my dear, that Madame Des Roches has heard from Rivers? I wish you would ask her this afternoon at the governor's: I am anxious to know, but ashamed to enquire.

Not, my dear, that I have the weakness to be jealous; but I shall think his letter to me a higher compliment, if I know he writes to nobody else. I extremely approve his friendship for Madame Des Roches; she is very amiable, and certainly deserves it: but you know, Bell, it would be cruel to encourage an affection, which she must conquer or be unhappy: if she did not love him, there would be nothing wrong in his writing to her; but, as she does, it would be doing her the greatest injury possible: 'tis as much on her account as my own I am thus anxious.

Did you ever read so tender, yet so lively a letter as Rivers's to me? he is alike in all; there is in his letters, as in his conversation,

"All that can softly win, or gaily charm the heart of woman."

Even strangers listen to him with an involuntary attention, and hear him with a pleasure for which they scarce know how to account.

He charms even without intending it, and in spite of himself; but when he wishes to please, when he addresses the woman he loves, when his eyes speak the soft language of his heart, when your Emily reads them in the dear confession of
his tenderness, when that melodious voice utters the sentiments of the noblest mind that ever animated a human form—my dearest, the eloquence of angels cannot paint my Rivers as he is.

I am almost inclined to go to the governor's to-night; I am determined not to dance till Rivers returns, and I know there are too many who will be ready to make observations on my refusal: I think I will stay at home and write to him against Monday's post: I have a thousand things to say, and you know we are continually interrupted at Quebec: I shall have this evening to myself, as all the world will be at the governor's.

Adieu! Your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

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LETTER CXXI.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Quebec.

Silleri, Thursday morning.

I DARE say, my dear, Madame Des Roches has not heard from Rivers; but suppose she had. If he loves you, of what consequence is it to whom he writes? I would not for the world any friend of yours should ask her such a question.

I shall call upon you at six o'clock, and shall expect to find you determined to go to the governor's this evening, and to dance: Fitzgerald begs the honour of being your partner.

Believe me, Emily, these kind of unmeaning sacrifices are childish, your heart is new to love, and you have all the romance of a girl: Rivers would,
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would, on your account, be hurt to hear you refuse to dance in his absence, though he might be flattered to know you had for a moment entertained such an idea.

I pardon you for having the romantic fancies of seventeen, provided you correct them with the good sense of four and twenty.

Adieu! I have engaged myself to Colonel H—, on the presumption that you are too polite to refuse to dance with Fitzgerald, and too prudent to refuse to dance at all.

Your affectionate

A. FERMO.

LETTER CXXII.

To Miss FERMO, at Silleri.

Quebec, Saturday morning.

HOW unjust have I been in my hatred of Madame Des Roches! She spent yesterday with us, and after dinner desired to converse with me an hour in my apartment, where she opened to me all her heart on the subject of her love for Rivers.

She is the noblest and most amiable of women, and I have been in regard to her the most capricious and unjust: my hatred of her was unworthy my character; I blush to own the meanness of my sentiments, whilst I admire the generosity of hers.

Why, my dear, should I have hated her? she was unhappy, and deserved rather my compassion:

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tion: I had deprived her of all hope of being beloved, it was too much to wish to deprive her also of his conversation. I know myself the only object of Rivers's love; why then should I have envied her his friendship? She had the strongest reason to hate me, but I should have loved and pitied her.

Can there be a misfortune equal to that of loving Rivers without hopes of a return? Yet she has not only born this misfortune without complaint, but has been the confidante of his passion for another; he owned to her all his tenderness for me, and drew a picture of me, which, she told me ought, had she listened to reason, to have destroyed even the shadow of hope: but that love, ever ready to flatter and deceive, had betrayed her into the weakness of supposing it possible I might refuse him, and that gratitude might, in that case, touch his heart with tenderness for one who loved him with the most pure and disinterested affection; that her journey to Quebec had removed the veil love had placed between her and truth; that she was now convinced, the faint hope she had encouraged was madness, and that our souls were formed for each other.

She owned she still loved him with the most lively affection: yet assured me, since she was not allowed to make the most amiable of mankind happy herself, she wished him to be so with the woman on earth she thought most worthy of him.

She added, that she had on first seeing me, though she thought me worthy of his heart, felt an impulse of dislike which she was ashamed to own, even now that reason and reflection had conquered
EMILY MONTAGUE.

quered so unworthy a sentiment; that Rivers's complaisance had a little dissipat'd her chagrin, and enabled her to behave to me in the manner she did: that she had, however, almost hated me at the ball in the country: that the tenderness in Rivers's eyes that day, whenever they met mine, and his comparative inattention to her, had wounded her to the soul.

That this preference had, however, been salutary, though painful; since it had determined her to conquer a passion, which could only make her life wretched if it continued; that, as the first step to this conquest, she had resolved never to see him more: that she would return to her house the moment she could cross the river with safety; and conjured me, for her sake, to persuade him to give up all thoughts of a settlement near her; that she could not answer for her own heart if she continued to see him; that she believed in love there was no safety but in flight.

That his absence had given her time to think coolly; and that she now saw so strongly the amiablesness of my character, and was so convinced of my perfect tenderness for him, that she should hate herself were she capable of wishing to interrupt our happiness.

That she hoped I would pardon her retaining a tender remembrance of a man who, had he never seen me, might have returned her affection; that she thought so highly of my heart, as to believe I could not hate a woman who esteemed me, and who who solicited my friendship, though a happy rival.

I was touched, even to tears, at her behaviour: we embraced; and, if I know my own weak foolish heart, I love her.
She talks of leaving Quebec before Rivers's return; she said, her coming was an imprudence which only love could excuse; and that she had no motive for her journey but the desire of seeing him, which was so lively as to hurry her into an indiscretion, of which she was afraid the world took but too much notice. What openness, what sincerity, what generosity, was there in all she said!

How superior, my dear, is her character to mine! I blush for myself on the comparison; I am shocked to see how much she soars above me: how is it possible Rivers should not have preferred her to me? Yet this is the woman I fancied incapable of any passion but vanity.

I am sure, my dear Bell, I am not naturally envious of the merits of others: but my excess of love for Rivers makes me apprehensive of every woman who can possibly rival me in his tenderness.

I was hurt at Madame Des Roches's uncommon merit; I saw with pain the amiable qualities of her mind; I could scarce even allow her person to be pleasing: but this injustice is not that of my natural temper, but of love.

She is certainly right, my dear, to see him no more; I applaud, I admire her resolution: do you think, however, she could pursue it if she loved as I do? she has, perhaps, loved before, and her heart has lost something of its native trembling sensibility.

I wish my heart felt her merit as strongly as my reason: I esteem, I admire, I even love her at present; but I am convinced Rivers's return while she continues here would weaken these sentiments of affection: the least appearance of preference even
even for a moment, would make me relapse into my former weakness. I adore, I idolize her character; but I cannot sincerely wish to cultivate her friendship.

Let me see you this afternoon at Quebec; I am told the roads will not be passable for carrioles above three days longer: let me therefore see you as often as I can before we are absolutely shut from each other.

Adieu, my dear!

Your faithful

Emily Montague.

LETTER CXXIII.

To the Earl of ——

Silleri, April 14.

England, however populous, is undoubtedly, my Lord, too small to afford very large supplies of people to her colonies: and her people are also too useful, and of too much value, to be suffered to emigrate, if they can be prevented, while there is sufficient employment for them at home.

It is not only our interest to have colonies; they are not only necessary to our commerce, and our greatest and surest source of wealth, but our very being as a powerful commercial nation depends on them: It is therefore an object of all others most worthy our attention, that they should be as flourishing and populous as possible.
It is however equally our interest to support them at as little expense of our inhabitants as possible; I therefore look on the acquisition of such a number of subjects as we found in Canada, to be a much superior advantage to that of gaining ten times the immense tract of land ceded to us, if uncultivated and delinute of inhabitants.

But it is not only contrary to our interest to spare many of our own people as settlers in America; it must also be considered, that if we could spare them, the English are the worst settlers on new lands in the universe.

Their attachment to their native country, especially amongst the lower ranks of people, is so very strong, that few of the honest and industrious can be prevailed on to leave it; those therefore who go, are generally the dissolute and the idle, who are of no use any where.

The English are also, though industrious, active, and enterprising, ill fitted to bear the hardships and submit to the wants, which inevitably attend an infant settlement even on the most fruitful lands.

The Germans, on the contrary, with the same useful qualities, have a patience, a perseverance, an abstinence, which peculiarly fit them for the cultivation of new countries; too great encouragement therefore cannot be given to them to settle in our colonies: they make better settlers than our own people; and at the same time their numbers are an acquisition of real strength where they fix, without weakening the mother country.

It is long since the populousness of Europe has been the cause of her sending out colonies: a better policy prevails; mankind are enlightened; we are now convinced, both by reason and experience,
The northern swarms were compelled to leave their respective countries, not because those countries were unable to support them, but because they were too idle to cultivate the ground: they were a ferocious, ignorant, barbarous people, averse to labour, attached to war, and like our American savages, believing every employment not relative to this favourite object, beneath the dignity of a man.

Their emigrations therefore were less owing to their populousness, than to their want of industry, and barbarous contempt of agriculture and every useful art.

It is with pain I am compelled to say, the late spirit of encouraging the monopoly of farms, which from a narrow shortsighted policy prevails amongst our landed men at home, and the alarming growth of celibacy among the peasantry, which is its necessary consequence, to say nothing of the same ruinous increase of celibacy in higher ranks, threaten us with such a decrease of population, as will equal that caused by the ravages of those scourges of heaven, the sword, the famine, and the pestilence.

If this selfish policy continues to extend itself, we shall in a few years be so far from being able to send emigrants to America, that we shall be reduced to solicit their return, and that of their posterity, to prevent England's becoming in its turn an uncultivated desert.

But to return to Canada; this large acquisition of people is an invaluable treasure, if managed, as I doubt not it will be, to the best advantage; if they are won by the gentle arts of persuasion,
and the gradual progress of knowledge, to adopt so much of our manners as tends to make them happier in themselves, and more useful members of the society to which they belong: if with our language, which they should by every means be induced to learn, they acquire the mild genius of our religion and laws, and that spirit of industry, enterprize, and commerce, to which we owe all our greatness.

Amongst the various causes which concur to render France more populous than England, notwithstanding the advantages of a less gentle government, and a religion so very unfavourable to the increase of mankind, the cultivation of vineyards may be reckoned a principal one; as it employs a much greater number of hands than even agriculture itself, which has however infinite advantage in this respect above pasturage, the certain cause of a want of people whenever it prevails above its due proportion.

Our climate denies us the advantages arising from the culture of vines, as well as many others which nature has accorded to France; a consideration which should awaken us from the lethargy into which the avarice of individuals has plunged us, and set us in earnest on improving every advantage we enjoy, in order to secure us by our native strength from so formidable a rival.

The want of bread to eat, from the late false and cruel policy of laying small farms into great ones, and the general discouragement of tillage, which is its consequence, is in my opinion much less to be apprehended than the want of people to eat it.

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the remedies against the inconveniences of the climate.

I have already swelled this letter to such a
length, that I must postpone to another time my
account of the peculiar natural productions of
Canada; only observing, that one would imagine
heaven intended a social intercourse between the
most distant nations, by giving them productions
of the earth so very different each from the
other,
other, and each more than sufficient for itself, that the exchange might be the means of spreading the bond of society and brotherhood over the whole globe.

In my opinion, the man who conveys, and causes to grow, in any country, a grain, a fruit, or even a flower, it never possessed before, deserves more praise than a thousand heroes; he is a benefactor, he is in some degree a creator.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

William Fermor.

LETTER CXXIV.
To Miss Montague, at Quebec.

Montreal, April 14.

Is it possible, my dear Emily, you can, after all I have said, persist in endeavouring to dissuade me from a design on which my whole happiness depends, and which I flattered myself was equally essential to yours? I forgave, I even admired, your first scruple; I thought it generosity: but I have answered it, and if you had loved me as I do, you would never again have named so unpleasing a subject.

Does your own heart tell you mine will call a settlement here, with you, an exile? Examine yourself well, and tell me whether your aversion to staying in Canada is not stronger than your tenderness for your Rivers.

I am
EMILY MONTAGUE. 255

I am hurt beyond all words at the earnestness with which you press Mrs. Melmoth to dissuade me from staying in this country; you press with warmth my return to England, though it would put an eternal bar between us: you give reasons which, though the understanding may approve, the heart abhors: can ambition come in competition with tenderness? you fancy yourself generous, when you are only indifferent. Insensible girl! you know nothing of love.

Write to me instantly, and tell me every emotion of your soul, for I tremble at the idea that your affection is less lively than mine.

Adieu! I am wretched till I hear from you. Is it possible, my Emily, you can have ceased to love him, who, as you yourself own, sees no other object than you in the universe?

Adieu! Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

You know not the heart of your Rivers, if you suppose it capable of any ambition but that dear one of being beloved by you.

What have you said, my dear Emily? You will not marry me in Canada. You have passed a hard sentence on me: you know my fortune will not allow me to marry you in England.

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