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BIBLIOTHEQUE DE LA
VILLE DE MONTREAL



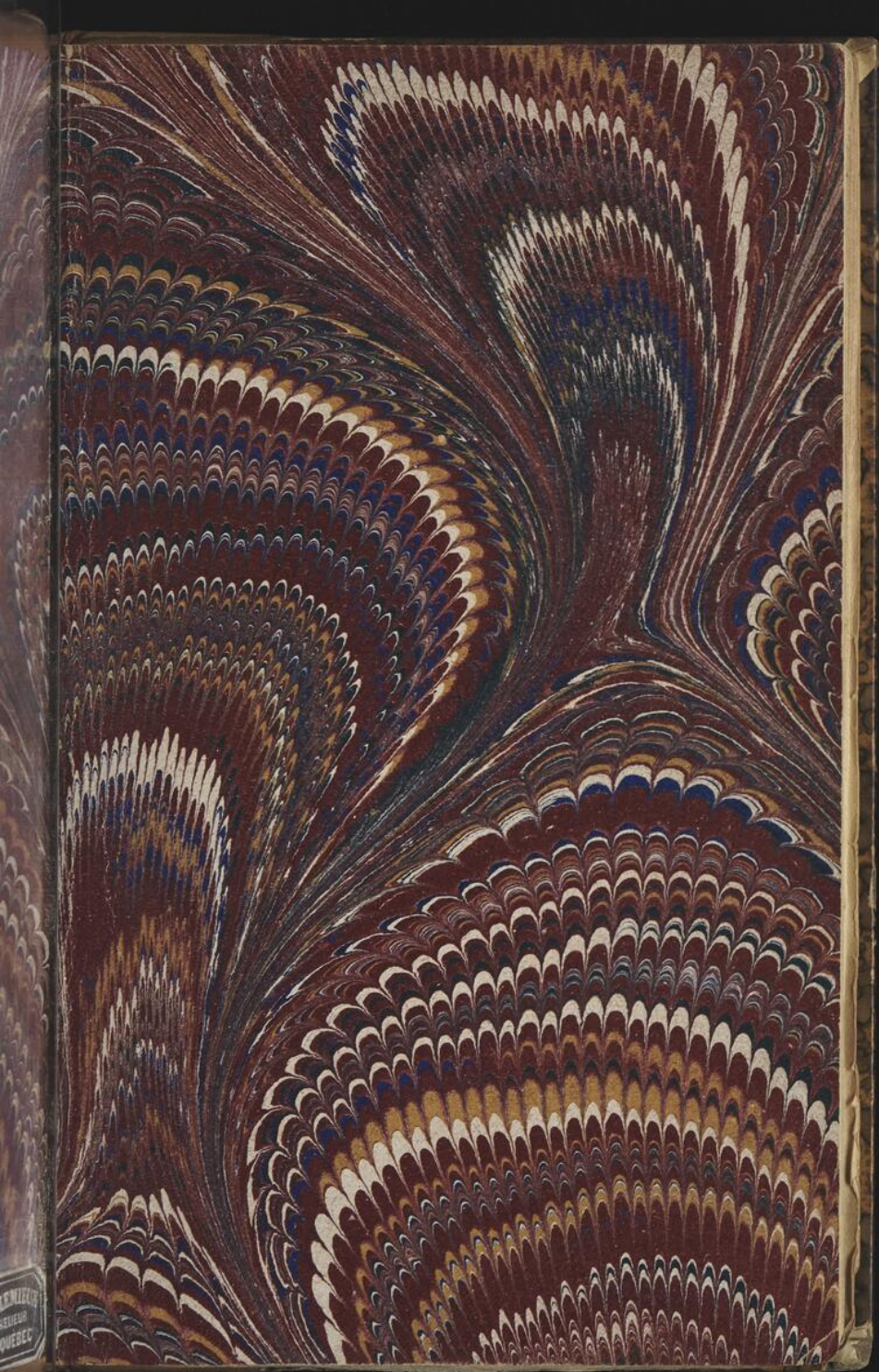
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BIBLIOTHEQUE
PHILÉAS GAGNON,
QUÉBEC, CANADA.

T. LEMIEUX
RELIEUR
à QUÉBEC



LE MOULIN
GENEVA
QUEBEC

"Gazette" Oct 26-95.

OLD AND NEW.

Mr. J. M. Le Moine, F.R.S.C., of Spencer Grange, Quebec, sends me an interesting note which, as may be seen, brings our first novelist into somewhat curious relations with one of Carlyle's heroes. It is entitled:—

"A LITERARY KISS IN THE LAST CENTURY."

The military chaplain at Quebec in 1764-68, the Rev. John Brooke, was blessed with what, in our day, might be styled a "blue stocking" for a wife. Mrs. Brooke, nee Frances Moore, had adopted novel writing and had achieved fame even before leaving England for Canada. In her salon met some of the leading stars in English letters, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Keate, Hannah Moore, Miss Seward and other literary celebrities. In Quebec her accomplishments and the military status of her husband gave her the entree to the highest official circles; the future "saviour of Canada," Guy Carleton (Lord Dorchester), had accepted the dedication of her clever Canadian novel, "The History of Emily Montague." Mrs. Brooke as a writer had become known previously, among other works, as the author of a romance intitled "Lady Julia Mandeville." Her Quebec novel, in four volumes, brought out in 1769 by Dodsley, in London, has gone through several editions, and has been translated into French. It consists of a series of letters—several addressed to a witty and lively friend, Bella Fermor—some to British noblemen, friends of her father, the Rev. Mr. Moore—others to English officers stationed at Quebec, at Montreal and elsewhere. Her style is florid, gossipy, familiar, reminding one of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. Her heroine, the accomplished, lovely, divine Emily Montague, discourses so eloquently on the charms of Canadian scenery and social amusements at Quebec, that several English families, it is said, sought in consequence a home on the shores of the St. Lawrence.

The Rev. Mr. Brooke, who had, as military chaplain, to reside within the city during winter, had been attracted, pending the leafy months, to one of the cool Sillery retreats and occupied, Mrs. Brooke says, "an extremely pretty farm at the foot of the Sillery heights"—it is generally supposed, in the neighborhood of Beauvoir, R. R. Dobell's picturesque manor. A number of the letters purport to have been written from "Sillery," whose incomparable landscape and grand river views are glowingly described.

Mrs. Brooke expired on the 23rd January, 1789, a short time after her husband.

"The History of Emily Montague" I take to be the earliest novel written in Canada, so that Sillery can claim to be the cradle of Canadian literature. In connection with the Sillery novelist, Mr. Phileas Gagnon has unearthed and records in his elaborate work, "Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne," the following receipt bearing her autograph:—

LONDON, September 10, 1768.

Received of Mr. Dodsley, thirty pounds on account of the novel called Emily Montague,
By FRANCES BROOKE.

The Quebec *Herald*, of the 22nd February, 1790, also contains the following anecdote, which he transcribes:—

"The evening before this lady (Mrs. Brooke) departed with her husband for Canada, she had a party at her apartments who met for the purpose of bidding her farewell. Miss Hannah Moore, Miss Seward, Mr. Keate, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell were among the visitors. As Dr. Johnson was obliged to take his leave early, he rose and wishing her health and happiness went seemingly away. In a few minutes a servant came to acquaint Mrs. Brooke that a gentleman in the parlor wished to speak with her. She accordingly went down stairs and who should it be but Dr. Johnson. "Madame," says the Doctor, "I sent for you downstairs that I might kiss you, which I did not choose to do before so much company."

Shyness has not so far been mentioned among the faults or virtues of the bluff old beau.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Sillery, October, 1895.

BROOKE (Frances), an ingenious lady, whose maiden name was Moore, the daughter of a clergyman, and the wife of the reverend John Brooke, rector of Colney in Norfolk, of St. Augustine in Norwich, and chaplain to the garrison of Quebec. Her first literary work was the "Old Maid," a periodical paper, begun in 1755, and collected in one volume, 12mo. The next year she published Virginia, a tragedy, with some poetical pieces. In 1763 came out "Julia Mandeville," a novel, which was well received. The same year appeared "Letters from Juliet, Lady Catesby, to Lady Campley," translated from the French. Soon after this she went with her husband to Canada, the scenery of which country she well described in her next novel, "The History of Emily Montague," 4 vols. 12mo. This was followed in 1770 by "Memoirs of the Marquis of St. Forlaix," 4 vols. 12mo. About this time she returned to England, and contracted an intimacy with Mrs. Yates, with whom she had some share in the Opera-house. She also wrote a play, which Garrick rejected, and thereby incurred the resentment of the authoress, who revenged herself upon the manager in a novel entitled "The Excursion," 2 vols. She also translated Millot's Elements of the History of England; and in 1781 produced at Covent-Garden the "Siege of Sinope," a tragedy, but with no success. But her next dramatic performance "Rosina," a musical entertainment, had a great run. This was followed by "Marian," acted at the same theatre, but with little success. Mrs. Brooke died in 1789, a few weeks after her husband. — *Biog. Dram. vid Jan 23 / 1789*

Frances BROOKE

She wrote, the Old Maid, a periodical paper, in 1755 and 1756; Virginia, a tragedy, with Poems, 1756; the History of Lady Julia Mandeville, a novel, 1763; Letters from Lady Juliet Catesby to Lady Henrietta Campley, 12mo.; Memoirs of the Marquis of St. Forfaix, 4 vols.; the Excursion, 2 vols. 12mo.; Elements of the History of England, translated from Millot, 4 vols. 12mo.; the Siege of Sinope, a tragedy, acted at Covent-garden in 1781; Rosina, a very popular entertainment. — *Europ. Mag.*

A lady as remarkable for her virtues as for her great literary acquirements. — *Biog. Dict. London 1710.*

*Emilie Montague traduit en français par Françoise Page: 1790 5 parties in 12
 et par Robert Amsterdani et Paris 1790 4 vols in 12. Statum fille d'un ecclési-
 astique anglicain du nom de Moore, mariée à un autre ministre de la même dénomi-
 nation. Chaplain de troupes à Québec en 1763. (Nouvelle biographie générale
 Paris Bachelier 1855) Une autre édition à Dublin par en 1769.*

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THE
H I S T O R Y

O F

EMILY MONTAGUE.

V O L. I.

THE
HISTORY OF

OF
EMILY MONTAGUE

VOL. I.

19.1690 39586

THE
H I S T O R Y
H. OF *Longe*
EMILY MONTAGUE.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

By the AUTHOR of
LADY JULIA MANDEVILLE.

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

V O L. I.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall Mall.

MDCCLXIX. 1769.



THE
LIST OF

EMILY MONTAGUE

IN FOUR VOLUMES

By the Author
LONDON: JAMES MURRAY, 1851.



Printed by J. G. & Co. 1851.

LONDON:
JAMES MURRAY, 1851.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

GUY CARLETON, Esq.

G O V E R N O R

A N D

COMMANDER IN CHIEF

O F

His Majesty's Province of QUEBEC,
&c. &c. &c.

S I R,

AS the scene of so great a part of
the following work is laid in
Canada, I flatter myself there is a pe-
culiar propriety in addressing it to
your excellency, to whose probity

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a 3

and

and enlightened attention the colony owes its happiness, and individuals that tranquillity of mind, without which there can be no exertion of the powers of either the understanding or imagination.

Were I to say all your excellency has done to diffuse, through this province, so happy under your command, a spirit of loyalty and attachment to our excellent Sovereign, of chearful obedience to the laws, and of that union which makes the strength of government, I should hazard your esteem by doing you justice.

I will,

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

I am,

With the utmost esteem

and respect,

Your most obedient servant,

FRANCES BROOKE.

London,
March 22, 1769.

I wish, therefore, only, that you
should come to the great voice of Ca-
nada; and to see the great
that

With the great of

Your self calling, return

Printed at

London
which are 1770

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

L E T T E R I.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; at Paris.

Cowes, April 10, 1766.

AFTER spending two or three very agreeable days here, with a party of friends, in exploring the beauties of the Island, and dropping a tender tear at

VOL. I.

B

Carif-

2 THE HISTORY OF

Carisbrook Castle on the memory of the unfortunate Charles the First, I am just setting out for America, on a scheme I once hinted to you, of settling the lands to which I have a right as a lieutenant-colonel on half pay. On enquiry and mature deliberation, I prefer Canada to New-York for two reasons, that it is wilder, and that the women are handsomer: the first, perhaps, every body will not approve; the latter, I am sure, *you* will.

You may perhaps call my project romantic, but my active temper is ill suited to the lazy character of a reduc'd officer: besides that I am too proud to narrow my circle of life, and not quite unfeeling enough to break in on the little estate which is scarce sufficient to support my mother and sister in the manner to which they have been accusom'd.

What you call a sacrifice, is none at all; I love England, but am not obstinately chain'd

chain'd down to any spot of earth; nature has charms every where for a man willing to be pleas'd: at my time of life, the very change of place is amusing; love of variety, and the natural restlessness of man, would give me a relish for this voyage, even if I did not expect, what I really do, to become lord of a principality which will put our large-acred men in England out of countenance. My subjects indeed at present will be only bears and elks, but in time I hope to see the *human face divine* multiplying around me; and, in thus cultivating what is in the rudest state of nature, I shall taste one of the greatest of all pleasures, that of creation, and see order and beauty gradually rise from chaos.

The vessel is unmoor'd; the winds are fair; a gentle breeze agitates the bosom of the deep; all nature smiles: I go with all the eager hopes of a warm imagination;

4 THE HISTORY OF

tion ; yet friendship casts a lingering look behind.

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

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

I am not surpriz'd the heathens rais'd altars to friendship : 'twas natural for un-

taught superstition to deify the source of every good; they worship'd friendship, which animates the moral world, on the same principle as they paid adoration to the sun, which gives life to the world of nature.

I am fummon'd on board. Adieu!

E. D. RIVERS.

L E T T E R II.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, June 27.

I HAVE this moment your letter, my dear; I am happy to hear my mother has been amus'd at Bath, and not at all surpriz'd to find she rivals you in your conquests. By the way, I am not sure she is not handsomer, notwithstanding you tell

B 3 me

6 THE HISTORY OF

me you are handsomer than ever: I am astonish'd she will lead a tall daughter about with her thus, to let people into a secret they would never suspect, that she is past five and twenty.

You are a foolish girl, Lucy: do you think I have not more pleasure in continuing to my mother, by coming hither, the little indulgencies of life, than I could have had by enjoying them myself? pray reconcile her to my absence, and assure her she will make me happier by jovially enjoying the trifle I have assign'd to her use, than by procuring me the wealth of a Nabob, in which she was to have no share.

But to return; you really, Lucy, ask me such a million of questions, 'tis impossible to know which to answer first; the country, the convents, the balls, the ladies, the beaux—'tis a history, not a letter, you demand,

mand, and it will take me a twelvemonth to satisfy your curiosity.

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

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

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

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

The

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

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

I have just had time to observe, that the Canadian ladies have the vivacity of the French, with a superior share of beauty: as to balls and assemblies, we have none at present, it being a kind of interregnum of government: if I chose to give you the political state of the country, I could fill volumes with the *pours* and the *contres*; but I am not one of those sagacious observers, who, by staying a week in a place, think themselves qualified to give, not only its natural, but it's moral and political history: besides which, you and I are rather too young to be very profound politicians. We are in expectation of a successor from whom we hope a new golden age; I shall then have better subjects for a letter to a lady.

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

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

L E T T E R III.

To Col. RIVERS, at Quebec.

London, April 30.

INDEED! gone to people the wilds of America, Ned, and multiply the *human face divine*? 'tis a project worthy a tall handsome colonel of twenty seven: let me see; five feet, eleven inches, well made, with fine teeth, speaking eyes, a military air, and the look of a man of fashion: spirit, generosity, a good understanding, some knowledge, an easy address, a compassionate heart, a strong inclination for the ladies, and in short every quality a gentleman should have: excellent all these for colonization: *prenez garde, mes cheres dames*. You have nothing against you, Ned, but your modesty; a very useless virtue on French ground, or indeed on any ground: I wish you had a little more

consciousness of your own merits: remember that *to know one's self* the oracle of Apollo has pronounced to be the perfection of human wisdom. Our fair friend Mrs. H— says, “Colonel Rivers wants nothing
 “to make him the most agreeable man
 “breathing but a little dash of the cox-
 “comb.”

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

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

“The bloom of opening flowers—”

Ha,

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

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

And pray, *comment trouvez vous les dames sauvages?* all pure and genuine nature, I suppose; none of the affected coy-
ness

ness of Europe: your attention there will be the more obliging, as the Indian heroes, I am told, are not very attentive to the charms of the *beau sexe*.

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

O Venus! O Mere de l'Amour!

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

Adieu!

J. TEMPLE.

L E T-

L E T T E R IV.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, July 1.

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

You will allow Prior to be no bad judge of female merit; and you may remember his Egyptian maid, the favorite of
the

the luxurious King Solomon, is painted in full bloom.

By the way, Jack, there is generally a certain hoity-toity inelegance of form and manner at seventeen, which in my opinion is not balanc'd by freshness of complexion, the only advantage girls have to boast of.

I have another objection to girls, which is, that they will eternally fancy every man they converse with has designs; a coquet and a prude *in the bud* are equally disagreeable; the former expects universal adoration, the latter is alarm'd even at that general civility which is the right of all their sex; of the two however the last is, I think, much the most troublesome; I wish these very apprehensive young ladies knew, their *virtue* is not half so often in danger as they imagine, and that there are many male creatures to whom they may safely
shew

shew politeness without being drawn into any concessions inconsistent with the strictest honor. We are not half such terrible animals as mammas, nurses, and novels represent us; and, if my opinion is of any weight, I am inclin'd to believe those tremendous men, who have designs on the whole sex, are, and ever were, characters as fabulous as the giants of romance.

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

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

I lament

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

Don't, however, fancy that, because I dislike *the Misses*, I have a taste for their grandmothers; there is a golden mean, Jack, of which you seem to have no idea.

You are very ill inform'd as to the manners of the Indian ladies; 'tis in the bud alone these wild roses are accessible; liberal to profusion of their charms before marriage, they are chastity itself after: the moment they commence wives, they give up the very idea of pleasing, and turn all their thoughts to the cares, and those not the most delicate cares, of domestic life: laborious, hardy, active, they plough the ground, they sow, they reap; whilst the
haughty

haughty husband amuses himself with hunting, shooting, fishing, and such exercises only as are the image of war; all other employments being, according to his idea, unworthy the dignity of man.

I have told you the labors of savage life, but I should observe that they are only temporary, and when urg'd by the sharp tooth of necessity: their lives are, upon the whole, idle beyond any thing we can conceive. If the Epicurean definition of happiness is just, that it consists in indolence of body, and tranquillity of mind, the Indians of both sexes are the happiest people on earth; free from all care, they enjoy the present moment, forget the past, and are without solicitude for the future: in summer, stretch'd on the verdant turf, they sing, they laugh, they play, they relate stories of their ancient heroes to warm the youth to war; in winter, wrap'd in the
furs

furs which bounteous nature provides them, they dance, they feast, and despise the rigors of the season, at which the more effeminate Europeans tremble.

War being however the business of their lives, and the first passion of their souls, their very pleasures take their colors from it: every one must have heard of the war dance, and their songs are almost all on the same subject: on the most diligent enquiry, I find but one love song in their language, which is short and simple, tho' perhaps not inexpressive:

“ I love you,

“ I love you dearly,

“ I love you all day long.”

An old Indian told me, they had also songs of friendship, but I could never procure a translation of one of them: on my pressing
this

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

The Indian women are tall and well shaped; have good eyes, and before marriage are, except their color, and their
coarse

coarse greasy black hair, very far from being disagreeable; but the laborious life they afterwards lead is extremely unfavorable to beauty; they become coarse and masculine, and lose in a year or two the power as well as the desire of pleasing. To compensate however for the loss of their charms, they acquire a new empire in marrying; are consulted in all affairs of state, chuse a chief on every vacancy of the throne, are sovereign arbiters of peace and war, as well as of the fate of those unhappy captives that have the misfortune to fall into their hands, who are adopted as children, or put to the most cruel death, as the wives of the conquerors smile or frown.

A Jesuit missionary told me a story on this subject, which one cannot hear without horror: an Indian woman with whom he liv'd on his mission was feeding her children, when her husband brought in an
English

English prisoner; she immediately cut off his arm, and gave her children the streaming blood to drink: the Jesuit remonstrated on the cruelty of the action, on which, looking sternly at him, "I would have them warriors," said she, "and therefore feed them with the food of men."

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

ral true of the English: my fair countrywomen seem ashamed of the charming sentiment to which they are indebted for all their power.

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

ED. RIVERS.

L E T.

L E T T E R V.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, July 4.

WHAT an inconstant animal is man! do you know, Lucy, I begin to be tir'd of the lovely landscape round me? I have enjoy'd from it all the pleasure meer inanimate objects can give, and find 'tis a pleasure that soon fatiates, if not relieved by others which are more lively. The scenery is to be sure divine, but one grows weary of meer scenery: the most enchanting prospect soon loses its power of pleasing, when the eye is accustom'd to it: we gaze at first transported on the charms of nature, and fancy they will please for ever; but, alas! it will not do; we sigh for society, the conversation of those dear to us; the more animated pleasures of the heart. There are fine women, and men of merit

Vol. I. C here;

here; but, as the affections are not in our power, I have not yet felt my heart gravitate towards any of them. I must absolutely fet in earnest about my settlement, in order to emerge from the state of vegetation into which I seem falling.

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

There

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

The Hotel Dieu is very pleasantly situated, with a view of the two rivers, and the entrance of the port: the house is chearful, airy, and agreeable; the habit extremely becoming, a circumstance a handsome woman ought by no means to overlook; 'tis white with a black gauze veil, which would shew your complexion to great advantage. The order is much less severe than the Ursulines, and I might add, much more useful, their province being the care of the sick: the nuns of this house are sprightly, and have a look of health which is wanting at the Ursulines.

The General Hospital, situated about a mile out of town, on the borders of the river St. Charles, is much the most agreeable of the three. The order and the habit are the same with the Hotel Dieu, except that to the habit is added the cross, generally worn in Europe by canonessees only: a distinction procur'd for them by
their

their founder, St. Vallier, the second bishop of Quebec. The house is, without, a very noble building; and neatness, elegance and propriety reign within. The nuns, who are all of the noblesse, are many of them handsome, and all genteel, lively, and well bred; they have an air of the world, their conversation is easy, spirited, and polite: with them you almost forget the recluse in the woman of condition. In short, you have the best nuns at the Ursulines, the most agreeable women at the General Hospital: all however have an air of chagrin, which they in vain endeavour to conceal; and the general eagerness with which they tell you unask'd they are happy, is a strong proof of the contrary.

Tho' the most indulgent of all men to the follies of others, especially such as have their source in mistaken devotion; tho' willing to allow all the world to play the fool their own way, yet I cannot help

being fir'd with a degree of zeal against an institution equally incompatible with public good, and private happiness; an institution which cruelly devotes beauty and innocence to slavery, regret, and wretchedness; to a more irksome imprisonment than the severest laws inflict on the worst of criminals.

Could any thing but experience, my dear Lucy, make it be believ'd possible that there should be rational beings, who think they are serving the God of mercy by inflicting on themselves voluntary tortures, and cutting themselves off from that state of society in which he has plac'd them, and for which they were form'd? by renouncing the best affections of the human heart, the tender names of friend, of wife, of mother? and, as far as in them lies, counterworking creation? by spurning from them every amusement however innocent, by refusing the gifts of that beneficent power
 who

who made us to be happy, and destroying his most precious gifts, health, beauty, sensibility, chearfulness, and peace!

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

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

I felt myself touch'd even to tears by a superstition I equally pity and despise.

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

An enemy to every species of superstition, I must however allow it to be least destructive to true virtue in your gentle sex, and therefore to be indulg'd with least danger: the superstition of men is gloomy and ferocious; it lights the fire, and points the dagger of the assassin; whilst that of women

men takes its color from the sex; is soft, mild, and benevolent; exerts itself in acts of kindness and charity, and seems only substituting the love of God to that of man.

Who can help admiring, whilst they pity, the foundress of the Ursuline convent, Madame de la Peltrie, to whom the very colony in some measure owes its existence? young, rich and lovely; a widow in the bloom of life, mistress of her own actions, the world was gay before her, yet she left all the pleasures that world could give, to devote her days to the severities of a religion she thought the only true one: she dar'd the dangers of the sea, and the greater dangers of a savage people; she landed on an unknown shore, submitted to the extremities of cold and heat, of thirst and hunger, to perform a service she thought acceptable to the Deity. To an action like this, however mistaken the motive, bigotry alone will deny praise: the man of candor will only lament that minds

capable of such heroic virtue are not directed to views more conducive to their own and the general happiness.

I am unexpectedly call'd this moment, my dear Lucy, on some business to Montreal, from whence you shall hear from me.

Adieu!

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R VI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Montreal, July 9.

I AM arriv'd, my dear, and have brought my heart safe thro' such a continued fire as never poor knight errant was exposed to; waited on at every stage by blooming country girls, full of spirit and coquetry, without any of the village bashfulness of England,

England, and dressed like the shepherdesses of romance. A man of adventure might make a pleasant journey to Montreal.

The peasants are ignorant, lazy, dirty, and stupid beyond all belief; but hospitable, courteous, civil; and, what is particularly agreeable, they leave their wives and daughters to do the honors of the house: in which obliging office they acquit themselves with an attention, which, amidst every inconvenience apparent (tho' I am told not real) poverty can cause, must please every guest who has a soul inclin'd to be pleas'd; for my part, I was charm'd with them, and eat my homely fare with as much pleasure as if I had been feasting on ortolans in a palace. Their conversation is lively and amusing; all the little knowledge of Canada is confined to the sex; very few, even of the seigneurs, being able to write their own names.

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

The island of Montreal, on which the town stands, is a very lovely spot; highly cultivated, and tho' less wild and magnificent, more smiling than the country round Quebec: the ladies, who seem to make pleasure their only business, and most of whom I have seen this morning driving about the town in calashes, and making

what they call, the *tour de la ville*, attended by English officers, seem generally handsome, and have an air of sprightliness with which I am charm'd; I must be acquainted with them all, for tho' my stay is to be short, I see no reason why it should be dull. I am told they are fond of little rural balls in the country, and intend to give one as soon as I have paid my respects in form.

Six in the evening.

I am just come from dining with the — regiment, and find I have a visit to pay I was not aware of, to two English ladies who are a few miles out of town: one of them is wife to the major of the regiment, and the other just going to be married to a captain in it, Sir George Clayton, a young handsome baronet, just come to his title and a very fine estate, by the death of a distant relation: he is at present at New York, and I am told they are to be married as soon as he comes back.

I have

Eight o'clock.

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

Thursday morning.

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

Agreeable,

14th. Eight in the evening.

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

You say I am given to be enthusiastic in my approbations, but she is really charming. I am resolv'd not only to have a friendship for her myself, but that *you* shall, and have told her so; she comes to England as soon as she is married; you are form'd to love each other.

But I must tell you; Major Melmoth kept us a week at his house in the country, in one continued round of rural amusements; by which I do not mean hunting and shooting, but such pleasures as the
ladies

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

I have said, she is charming; there are men here who do not think so, but to me she is loveliness itself. My ideas of beauty are perhaps a little out of the common road: I hate a woman of whom every man coldly says, *she is handsome*; I adore beauty, but it is not meer features or complexion to which I give that name; 'tis life, 'tis spirit, 'tis animation, 'tis—in one word, 'tis Emily Montague—without being regularly

gularly beautiful, she charms every sensible heart; all other women, however lovely, appear marble statues near her: fair; pale (a paleness which gives the idea of delicacy without destroying that of health), with dark hair and eyes, the latter large and languishing, she seems made to feel to a trembling excess the passion she cannot fail of inspiring: her elegant form has an air of softness and languor, which seizes the whole soul in a moment: her eyes, the most intelligent I ever saw, hold you enchain'd by their bewitching sensibility.

There are a thousand unspeakable charms in her conversation; but what I am most pleas'd with, is the attentive politeness of her manner, which you seldom see in a person in love; the extreme desire of pleasing one man generally taking off greatly from the attention due to all the rest. This is partly owing to her admirable understanding, and partly to the natural softness.

ness of her soul, which gives her the strongest desire of pleasing. As I am a philosopher in these matters, and have made the heart my study, I want extremely to see her with her lover, and to observe the gradual encrease of her charms in his presence; love, which embellishes the most unmeaning countenance, must give to her's a fire irresistible: what eyes! when animated by tenderness!

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

Did I tell you Emily Montague had the finest hand and arm in the world? I should however have excepted yours: her tone of voice too has the same melodious sweetness,
a per-

a perfection without which the loveliest woman could never make the least impression on my heart: I don't think you are very unlike upon the whole, except that she is paler. You know, Lucy, you have often told me I should certainly have been in love with you if I had not been your brother: this resemblance is a proof you were right. You are really as handsome as any woman can be whose sensibility has never been put in motion.

I am to give a ball to-morrow; Mrs. Melmoth is to have the honors of it, but as she is with child, she does not dance. This circumstance has produc'd a dispute not a little flattering to my vanity: the ladies are making interest to dance with me; what a happy exchange have I made! what man of common sense would stay to be overlook'd in England, who can have rival beauties contend for him in Canada? This important point is not yet settled; the *etiquette* here is rather difficult to adjust;

as

as to me, I have nothing to do in the consultation; my hand is destin'd to the longest pedigree; we stand prodigiously on our nobleſſe at Montreal.

Four o'clock.

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

Saturday morning.

I never paſſed a more agreeable evening: we have our amuſements here, I aſſure you: a ſet of fine young fellows, and handſome women, all well dreſſ'd, and in humor with themſelves, and with each other: my lovely Emily like Venus amongſt the Graces, only multiplied to about ſixteen. Nothing is, in
my

my opinion, so favorable to the display of beauty as a ball. A state of rest is ungraceful; all nature is most beautiful in motion; trees agitated by the wind, a ship under sail, a horse in the course, a fine woman dancing: never any human being had such an aversion to still life as I have.

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

Adieu! my dear!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T-

L E T T E R VII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Montreal, August 15.

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

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

I intend to be ten days going to Quebec. I propose visiting the priests at every village, and endeavouring to get some knowledge of the nature of the country, in order to my intended settlement. Idleness being the root of all evil, and the nurse of love, I am determin'd to keep myself employed; nothing can be better suited to my temper than my present design; the pleasure of cultivating lands here is as much
superior

superior to what can be found in the same employment in England, as watching the expanding rose, and beholding the falling leaves: America is in infancy, Europe in old age. Nor am I very ill qualified for this agreeable task: I have studied the Georgicks, and am a pretty enough kind of a husbandman as far as theory goes; nay, I am not sure I shall not be, even in practice, the best *gentleman* farmer in the province.

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

Tell

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

The chaise is at the door.

Adieu!

ED. RIVERS.

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

L E T T E R VIII.

To Miss RIVERS.

Quebec, Aug. 24.

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

I was

I was hospitably entertained by the curés all the way down, tho' they are in general but ill provided for : the parochial clergy are useful every where, but I have a great averfion to monks, thofe drones in the political hive, whose whole ftudy feems to be to make themfelves as ufelefs to the world as poffible. Think too of the fhocking indelicacy of many of them, who make it a point of religion to abjure linen, and wear their habits till they drop off. How aftonifhing that any mind fhould fuppofe the Deity an enemy to cleanliness! the Jewish religion was hardly any thing elfe.

I paid my refpects wherever I ftopped, to the *feigneurefs* of the village ; for as to the feigneurs, except two or three, if they had not wives, they would not be worth vifiting.

I am every day more pleafed with the women here ; and, if I was gallant, fhould be in danger of being a convert to the

French stile of gallantry; which certainly debases the mind much less than ours.

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

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

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

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

Adieu! I am interrupted,

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R IX.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Quebec, August 24.

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

D 3

I thought

I thought you had more penetration than to suppose me indifferent: on the contrary, sensibility is my fault; though it is not your little every-day beauties who can excite it: I have admirable dispositions to love, though I am hard to please: in short, *I am not cruel, I am only nice*: do but you, or your divine friend, give me leave to wear your chains, and you shall soon be convinced I can love *like an angel*, when I set in earnest about it. But, alas! you are married, and in love with your husband; and your friend is in a situation still more unfavorable to a lover's hopes. This is particularly unfortunate, as you are the only two of your bewitching sex in Canada, for whom my heart feels the least sympathy. To be plain, but don't tell the little Major, I am more than half in love with you both, and, if I was the grand Turk, should certainly fit out a fleet, to seize, and bring you to my seraglio.

There

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

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

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

or miserable: my friendship makes me tremble for her, notwithstanding the worthy character I have heard of Sir George.

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

I have the honour to be,

Madam,

Yours &c.

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R X.

Silleri, August 24.

I HAVE been a month arrived, my dear, without having seen your brother, who is at Montreal, but I am told is expected to-day. I have spent my time however very agreeably. I know not what the winter may be, but I am enchanted with the beauty of this country in summer; bold, picturesque,

pictureſque, romantic, nature reigns here in all her wanton luxuriance, adorned by a thouſand wild graces which mock the cultivated beauties of Europe. The ſcenery about the town is infinitely lovely; the proſpect extenſive, and diverſified by a variety of hills, woods, rivers, caſcades, intermingled with ſmiling farms and cottages, and bounded by diſtant mountains which ſeem to ſcale the very Heavens.

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

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

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

The river of the same name, which supplies the cascade of Montmorenci, is the most lovely of all inanimate objects: but
why

why do I call it inanimate? It almost breathes; I no longer wonder at the enthusiasm of Greece and Rome; 'twas from objects resembling this their mythology took its rise; it seems the residence of a thousand deities.

Paint to yourself a stupendous rock burst as it were in funder by the hands of nature, to give passage to a small, but very deep and beautiful river; and forming on each side a regular and magnificent wall, crowned with the noblest woods that can be imagined; the sides of these romantic walls adorned with a variety of the gayest flowers, and in many places little streams of the purest water gushing through, and losing themselves in the river below: a thousand natural grottoes in the rock make you suppose yourself in the abode of the Nereids; as a little island, covered with flowering shrubs, about a mile above the falls, where the river enlarges itself as if to give it room, seems intended for the throne of the river

goddeſs. Beyond this, the rapids, formed by the irregular projections of the rock, which in ſome places ſeem almoſt to meet, rival in beauty, as they excel in variety, the caſcade itſelf, and cloſe this little world of enchantment.

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

I can give you a very imperfect account of the people here; I have only examined the landſcape about Quebec, and have given very little attention to the figures; the French ladies are handſome, but as to the beaux, they appear to me not at all dangerous, and one might ſafely walk in a wood by moonlight with the moſt agreeable Frenchman here. I am not ſurprized the Canadian ladies take ſuch pains to ſeducer our
men

men from us; but I think it a little hard we have no temptation to make reprisals.

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

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

A gentleman is just coming down the winding path on the side of the hill, whom by his air I take to be your brother. Adieu!

I must

I must receive him: my father is at Quebec.

Yours,

ARABELLA FERMOR.

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

L E T.

L E T T E R XI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Sept. 10.

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

I will own to you that I staid too long at Montreal, or rather at Major Melmoth's; to be six weeks in the same house with one of the most amiable, most pleasing of women, was a trying situation to a heart full of sensibility, and of a sensibility

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

But to my savages: other nations talk of liberty, they possess it; nothing can be more astonishing than to see a little village of about thirty or forty families, the small remains of the Hurons, almost exterminated by long and continual war with the Iroquoise, preserve their independence in the midst of an European colony consisting of seventy thousand inhabitants; yet the fact is true of the savages of Lorette; they assert and they maintain that independence with a spirit truly noble. One of our company having said something which an Indian understood as a supposition that they had been *subjects* of France, his eyes struck fire,

fire, he stop'd him abruptly, contrary to their respectful and sensible custom of never interrupting the person who speaks, "You mistake, brother," said he; "we are subjects to no prince; a savage is free all over the world." And he spoke only truth; they are not only free as a people, but every individual is perfectly so. Lord of himself, at once subject and master, a savage knows no superior, a circumstance which has a striking effect on his behaviour; unawed by rank or riches, distinctions unknown amongst his own nation, he would enter as unconcerned, would possess all his powers as freely in the palace of an oriental monarch, as in the cottage of the meanest peasant: 'tis the species, 'tis man, 'tis his equal he respects, without regarding the gaudy trappings, the accidental advantages, to which polished nations pay homage.

I have taken some pains to develop their present, as well as past, religious sentiments, because the Jesuit missionaries have
boasted

boasted so much of their conversion; and find they have rather engrafted a few of the most plain and simple truths of Christianity on their ancient superstitions, than exchanged one faith for another; they are baptized, and even submit to what they themselves call the *yoke* of confession, and worship according to the outward forms of the Romish church, the drapery of which cannot but strike minds unused to splendor; but their belief is very little changed, except that the women seem to pay great reverence to the Virgin, perhaps because flattering to the sex. They anciently believed in one God, the ruler and creator of the universe, whom they called *the Great Spirit* and the *Master of Life*; in the sun as his image and representative; in a multitude of inferior spirits and demons; and in a future state of rewards and punishments, or, to use their own phrase, in a *country of souls*. They revered the spirits of their departed heroes, but it does
not

not appear that they paid them any religious adoration. Their morals were more pure, their manners more simple, than those of polished nations, except in what regarded the intercourse of the sexes: the young women before marriage were indulged in great libertinism, hid however under the most reserved and decent exterior. They held adultery in abhorrence, and with the more reason as their marriages were dissoluble at pleasure. The missionaries are said to have found no difficulty so great in gaining them to Christianity, as that of persuading them to marry for life: they regarded the Christian system of marriage as contrary to the laws of nature and reason; and asserted that, as the *Great Spirit* formed us to be happy, it was opposing his will, to continue together when otherwise.

The sex we have so unjustly excluded from power in Europe have a great share
in

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

The power of the chief is extremely limited; he seems rather to advise his people as a father than command them as a master: yet, as his commands are always reasonable, and for the general good, no prince in the world is so well obeyed. They have a supreme council of ancients, into which every man enters of course at an age-fixed, and another of assistants to the chief on common occasions, the members of which are like him elected by the matrons: I am pleased with this last regulation, as women are, beyond all doubt, the best judges of the merit of men; and I should be extremely

remely pleased to see it adopted in England: canvassing for elections would then be the most agreeable thing in the world, and I am sure the ladies would give their votes on much more generous principles than we do. In the true sense of the word, *we* are the savages, who so impolitely deprive you of the common rights of citizenship, and leave you no power but that of which we cannot deprive you, the resistless power of your charms. By the way, I don't think you are obliged in conscience to obey laws you have had no share in making; your plea would certainly be at least as good as that of the Americans, about which we every day hear so much.

The Hurons have no positive laws; yet being a people not numerous, with a strong sense of honor, and in that state of equality which gives no food to the most tormenting passions of the human heart, and the council of ancients having a power to

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punish

punish atrocious crimes, which power however they very seldom find occasion to use, they live together in a tranquillity and order which appears to us surprizing.

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

Their language is at once sublime and melodious; but, having much fewer ideas, it is impossible it can be so copious as those of Europe: the pronunciation of the men is guttural, but that of the women extremely soft and pleasing; without understanding one word of the language, the sound of it is very agreeable to me. Their style even in speaking French is bold and metaphorical: and I am told is on important occasions extremely sublime. Even in

common conversation they speak in figures, of which I have this moment an instance. A savage woman was wounded lately in defending an English family from the drunken rage of one of her nation. I asked her after her wound; "It is well," said she; "my sisters at Quebec (meaning the English ladies) have been kind to me; and piastres, you know, are very healing."

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

When I speak of their paintings, I should not omit that, though extremely rude, they have a strong resemblance to the Chinese, a circumstance which struck me the more, as it is not the stile of nature. Their dances also, the most lively pantomimes I ever saw, and especially the dance
of

of peace, exhibit variety of attitudes resembling the figures on Chinese fans; nor have their features and complexion less likeness to the pictures we see of the Tartars, as their wandering manner of life, before they became christians, was the same.

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

I have already observed, that they retain most of their antient superstitions. I should particularize their belief in dreams, of which folly even repeated disappointments cannot cure them: they have also an unlimited

mitted faith in their *powawers*, or conjurers, of whom there is one in every Indian village, who is at once physician, orator, and divine, and who is consulted as an oracle on every occasion. As I happened to smile at the recital a savage was making of a prophetic dream, from which he assured us of the death of an English officer whom I knew to be alive, "You Europeans," said he, "are the most unreasonable people in the world; you laugh at our belief in dreams, and yet expect us to believe things a thousand times more incredible."

Their general character is difficult to describe; made up of contrary and even contradictory qualities, they are indolent, tranquil, quiet, humane in peace; active, restless, cruel, ferocious in war: courteous, attentive, hospitable, and even polite, when kindly treated; haughty, stern, vindictive, when they are not; and their resentment is the more to be dreaded, as they hold it a

point of honor to dissemble their sense of an injury till they find an opportunity to revenge it.

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

Deprived by their extreme ignorance, and that indolence which nothing but their
ardor

ardor for war can surmount, of all the conveniencies, as well as elegant refinements of polished life; strangers to the softer passions, love being with them on the same footing as amongst their fellow-tenants of the woods, their lives appear to me rather tranquil than happy: they have fewer cares, but they have also much fewer enjoyments, than fall to our share. I am told, however, that, though insensible to love, they are not without affections; are extremely awake to friendship, and passionately fond of their children.

They are of a copper color, which is rendered more unpleasing by a quantity of coarse red on their cheeks; but the children, when born, are of a pale silver white; perhaps their indelicate custom of greasing their bodies, and their being so much exposed to the air and sun even from infancy, may cause that total change of complexion, which I know not how otherwise to account for: their hair is black and

shining, the women's very long, parted at the top, and combed back, tied behind, and often twisted with a thong of leather, which they think very ornamental: the dress of both sexes is a close jacket, reaching to their knees, with spatterdashies, all of coarse blue cloth, shoes of deer-skin, embroidered with porcupine quills, and sometimes with silver spangles; and a blanket thrown across their shoulders, and fastened before with a kind of bodkin, with necklaces, and other ornaments of beads or shells.

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

Their address is cold and reserved; but their treatment of strangers, and the unhappy, infinitely kind and hospitable. A very worthy priest, with whom I am acquainted

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

You will not expect more from me on this subject, as my residence here has been short, and I can only be said to catch a few

marking features flying. I am unable to give you a picture at full length.

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

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

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

better than we do ; and I should perhaps be only just, if I said they write better.

Adieu!

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R XII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Sept. 12.

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

E 4

I am

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

He is very handsome, but not of my favorite stile of beauty: extremely fair and blooming, with fine features, light hair and eyes; his countenance not absolutely heavy, but inanimate, and to my taste insipid: finely made, not ungentle, but without that easy air of the world which I prefer to the most exact symmetry without it. In short, he is what the country ladies in England call *a sweet pretty man*. He dresses well, has the finest horses and the handsomest liveries I have seen in Canada. His manner is civil but cold, his conversation sensible but not spirited; he seems to be a man rather to approve than to love. Will you excuse me if I say, he resembles the form my imagination paints of Prometheus's
man

man of clay, before he stole the celestial fire to animate him ?

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

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

He thank'd me for my civility to Miss Montague: do you know I thought him impertinent? and I am not yet sure he was

not so, though I saw he meant to be polite.

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

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

Eight in the evening.

We are return'd : I every hour like him less. There were several ladies, French and English, with Miss Fermor, all on the rack to engage the Baronet's attention ; you have no notion of the effect of a title in America. To do the ladies justice however, he really look'd very handsome ; the ride, and the civilities he receiv'd from a circle of pretty women, for they were well chose, gave a glow to his complexion extremely favorable to his desire of pleasing,

ing, which, through all his calmness, it was impossible not to observe; he even attempted once or twice to be lively, but fail'd: vanity itself could not inspire him with vivacity; yet vanity is certainly his ruling passion, if such a piece of still life can be said to have any passions at all.

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

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

marriage he will certainly sink into it again.

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

I tremble

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

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

LET.

L E T T E R XIII.

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

Montreal, Sept. 2.

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

You congratulate me, my dear, on the pleasing prospect I have before me; on my approaching marriage with a man young,
rich,

rich, lovely, enamor'd, and of an amiable character.

Yes, my dear, I am oblig'd to my uncle for his choice; Sir George is all you have heard; and, without doubt, loves me, as he marries me with such an inferiority of fortune. I am very happy certainly; how is it possible I should be otherwise?

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

You say true; Colonel Rivers is very amiable; he pass'd six weeks with us, yet

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

Sir George is to have the pleasure of delivering this to you, and comes again in a few days; love him for my sake, though
he

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he deserves it for his own. I assure you, he is extremely worthy.

Adieu! my dear.

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R XIV.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall-Mall.

Quebec, Sept. 15.

BELIEVE me, Jack, you are wrong; this vagrant taste is unnatural, and does not lead to happiness; your eager pursuit of pleasure defeats itself; love gives no true delight but where the heart is attach'd, and you do not give yours time to fix. Such is our unhappy frailty, that the tenderest passion may wear out, and
another

another succeed, but the love of change merely as change is not in nature ; where it is a real taste, 'tis a depraved one. Boys are inconstant from vanity and affectation, old men from decay of passion ; but men, and particularly men of sense, find their happiness only in that lively attachment of which it is impossible for more than one to be the object. Love is an intellectual pleasure, and even the senses will be weakly affected where the heart is silent.

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

With

With your estate, you should marry ; I have as many objections to the state as you can have ; I mean, on the footing marriage is at present. But of this I am certain, that two persons at once delicate and sensible, united by friendship, by taste, by a conformity of sentiment, by that lively ardent tender inclination which alone deserves the name of love, will find happiness in marriage, which is in vain sought in any other kind of attachment.

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

I have

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

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T-

L E T T E R XV.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Montreal.

Sillery, Sept. 16.

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

Sir George is handsome as an Adonis; you allow him to be of an amiable character; he is rich, young, well born, and loves you; you will have fine cloaths, fine jewels, a fine house, a coach and six; all the *douceurs* of marriage, with an extreme pretty fellow, who is fond of you, whom *you see with pleasure, and prefer to all his sex*; and yet you are discontented, because you have not for him at twenty-four the romantic passion of fifteen, or rather that ideal

ideal passion which perhaps never existed but in imagination.

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

I could moralize exceedingly well this morning on the vanity of human wishes and expectations, and the folly of hoping for felicity in this vile sublunary world: but the subject is a little exhausted, and I have a passion for being original. I think all the moral writers, who have set off with promising to shew us the road to happiness, have obligingly ended with telling us there
is

is no such thing; a conclusion extremely consoling, and which if they had drawn before they set pen to paper, would have saved both themselves and their readers an infinity of trouble. This fancy of hunting for what one knows is not to be found, is really an ingenious way of amusing both one's self and the world: I wish people would either write to some purpose, or be so good as not to write at all.

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

I shall certainly be glad to see you, my dear; though I foresee strange revolutions *in the state of Denmark* from this event;
at

at present I have all the men to myself, and you must know I have a prodigious aversion to divided empire: however, 'tis some comfort they all know you are going to be married. You may come, Emily; only be so obliging to bring Sir George along with you: in your present situation, you are not so very formidable.

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

pretty, I believe; but he has vanity, which is quite enough for my purpose.

Either your love or Colonel Rivers will have the honor to deliver this letter; 'tis rather cruel to take them both from us at once; however, we shall soon be made amends; for we shall have a torrent of beaux with the general.

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

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

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

Good morrow, my dear Emily,

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XVI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Sept. 18.

YOUR brother, my dear, is gone to Montreal with Sir George Clayton, of whom I suppose you have heard, and who is going to marry a friend of mine, to pay a visit to *Monsieur le General*, who is arrived there. The men in Canada, the English I mean, are eternally changing place,

place, even when they have not so pleasing a call; travelling is cheap and amusing, the prospects lovely, the weather inviting; and there are no very lively pleasures at present to attach them either to Quebec or Montreal, so that they divide themselves between both.

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

You expect too much of your brother, my dear; the summer is charming here, but with no such very striking difference from that of England, as to give room to say a vast deal on the subject; though I believe, if you will please to compare our letters, you will find, putting us together, we cut a pretty figure in the descriptive way; at least if your brother tells me truth.

You may expect a very well painted frost-piece from me in the winter; as to the present season, it is just like any fine autumn in England: I may add, that the beauty of the nights is much beyond my power of description: a constant *Aurora borealis*, without a cloud in the heavens; and a moon so resplendent that you may see to read the smallest print by its light; one has nothing to wish but that it was full moon every night. Our evening walks are delicious, especially at Silleri, where 'tis the pleasantest thing in the world to listen to soft nonsense,

“ Whilst the moon dances through the
“ trembling leaves”

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

The French ladies never walk but at night, which shews their good taste; and
then

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

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

Eight in the evening.

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

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

me, made a fire, on which they laid some fish to broil, and, fetching water from the river, sat down on the grass to their frugal repast.

I stole softly to the house, and, ordering a servant to bring some wine and cold provisions, returned to my squaws: I asked them in French if they were of Lorette; they shook their heads: I repeated the question in English, when the oldest of the women told me, they were not; that their country was on the borders of New England; that, their husbands being on a hunting party in the woods, curiosity, and the desire of seeing their brethren the English who had conquered Quebec, had brought them up the great river, down which they should return as soon as they had seen Montreal. She courteously asked me to sit down, and eat with them, which I complied with, and produced my part of the feast. We soon became good company, and *brighten'd*

the chain of friendship with two bottles of wine, which put them into such spirits, that they danced, sung, shook me by the hand, and grew so very fond of me, that I began to be afraid I should not easily get rid of them. They were very unwilling to part with me; but, after two or three very ridiculous hours, I with some difficulty prevailed on the ladies to pursue their voyage, having first replenished their canoe with provisions and a few bottles of wine, and given them a letter of recommendation to your brother, that they might be in no distress at Montreal.

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

Yours ever,

A. FERMOR.

Don't

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

L E T T E R XVII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Repentigny, Sept. 18, ten at night.

I Study my fellow traveller closely; his character, indeed, is not difficult to ascertain; his feelings are dull, nothing makes

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the

the least impression on him; he is as insensible to the various beauties of the charming country through which we have travelled, as the very Canadian peasants themselves who inhabit it. I watched his eyes at some of the most beautiful prospects, and saw not the least gleam of pleasure there: I introduced him here to an extreme handsome French lady, and as lively as she is handsome, the wife of an officer who is of my acquaintance; the same tasteless composure prevailed; he complained of fatigue, and retired to his apartment at eight: the family are now in bed, and I have an hour to give to my dear Lucy.

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

A rich,

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

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

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Montreal, Sept. 19, eleven o'clock.

NO, my dear, it is impossible she can love him; his dull soul is ill suited to hers; heavy, unmeaning, formal; a slave to rules, to ceremony, to *etiquette*, he has not an idea above those of a gentleman usher. He has been three hours in town without seeing her; dressing, and waiting to pay his compliments first to the general, who is riding, and every minute expected back. I am all impatience, though only her friend, but think it would be indecent in me to go without him, and look like a design of reproaching his coldness. How differently are we formed! I should have stole a moment to see the woman I loved from the first prince in the universe.

The

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

One o'clock.

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

I repeat it, my dear Lucy, she loves him; I observed her when we entered the room;
 she

she blushed, she turned pale, she trembled, her voice faltered; every look spoke the strong emotion of her soul.

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

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

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

22d in the evening.

I am certainly mad, Lucy; what right have I to expect!—you will scarce believe
the

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

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

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

Major Melmoth tells me, they are to be married in a month at Quebec, and
to

to embark immediately for England. I will not be there; I cannot bear to see her devote herself to wretchedness: she will be the most unhappy of her sex with this man; I see clearly into his character; his virtue is the meer absence of vice; his good qualities are all of the negative kind.

L E T T E R XIX.

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

Montreal, Sept. 24.

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

You mistake me; it is not the romantic passion of fifteen I wish to feel, but that tender lively friendship which alone can give

give charms to so intimate an union as that of marriage. I wish a greater conformity in our characters, in our sentiments, in our tastes.

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

thousand times more attention from him since his acquisition of fortune; it is with pain I tell you, my dear friend, he seems to shew me much less. I will not descend to suppose he presumes on this increase of fortune, but he presumes on the inclination he supposes I have for him; an inclination, however, not violent enough to make me submit to the least ill treatment from him.

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

You will, perhaps, call it an excess of pride, when I say, I am much less inclined

to

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

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

Adieu!

Your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T.

L E T T E R XX.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Sept. 24.

I DECLARE off at once; I will not be a squaw; I admire their talking of the liberty of savages; in the most essential point, they are slaves: the mothers marry their children without ever consulting their inclinations, and they are obliged to submit to this foolish tyranny. Dear England! where liberty appears, not as here among these odious savages, wild and ferocious like themselves, but lovely, smiling, led by the hand of the Graces. There is no true freedom any where else. They may talk of the privilege of chusing a chief; but what is that to the dear English privilege of chusing a husband?

I have been at an Indian wedding, and have no patience. Never did I see so vile an assortment.

Adieu!

Adieu! I shall not be in good humor
this month.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XXI.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall Mall.

Montreal, Sept. 24.

WHAT you say, my dear friend, is
more true than I wish it was; our
English women of character are generally
too reserved; their manner is cold and for-
bidding; they seem to think it a crime to
be too attractive; they appear almost afraid
to please.

'Tis to this ill-judged reserve I attribute
the low profligacy of too many of our young
men; the grave faces and distant beha-
viour

viour of the generality of virtuous women fright them from their acquaintance, and drive them into the society of those wretched votaries of vice, whose conversation debases every sentiment of their souls.

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

They are satisfied with being good, without considering that unadorned virtue may command esteem, but will never excite love; and both are necessary in marriage, which I suppose to be the state every woman of honor has in prospect; for

I own myself rather incredulous as to the assertions of maiden aunts and cousins to the contrary. I wish my amiable countrywomen would consider one moment, that virtue is never so lovely as when dressed in smiles: the virtue of women should have all the softness of the sex; it should be gentle, it should be even playful, to please.

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

Nothing can be more delicate, my dear Temple, than the manner in which you offer me your estate in Rutland, by way of anticipating your intended legacy: it is however impossible for me to accept it; my father, who saw me naturally more profuse
 than

than became my expectations, took such pains to counterwork it by inspiring me with the love of independence, that I cannot have such an obligation even to you.

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

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

I pity

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

It has been said that love marriages are generally unhappy; nothing is more false; marriages of meer inclination will always be so: passion alone being concerned, when that is gratified, all tenderness ceases of course: but love, the gay child of sympathy and esteem, is, when attended by delicacy, the only happiness worth a reasonable man's pursuit, and the choicest gift of heaven: it is a softer, tenderer friendship, enlivened by taste, and by the most ardent

desire of pleasing, which time, instead of destroying, will render every hour more dear and interesting.

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

“ I believe it is this pleasing intercourse
 “ of tenderness, this reciprocation of es-
 “ teem, or, if you will, this mutual ardor
 “ of preventing each other in every en-
 “ dearing mark of affection, in which con-
 “ sists the sweetness of this second species
 “ of friendship.

“ I do not speak of other pleasures,
 “ which are not so much in themselves as
 “ in the assurance they give of the intire
 “ possession of those we love: this appears
 “ to

“ to me so true, that I am not afraid to
 “ assert, the man who is by any other
 “ means certainly assured of the tender-
 “ nefs of her he loves, may easily sup-
 “ port the privation of those pleasures;
 “ and that they ought not to enter into
 “ the account of friendship, but as proofs
 “ that it is without reserve.

“ ’Tis true, few men are capable of the
 “ purity of these sentiments, and ’tis for
 “ that reason we so very seldom see per-
 “ fect friendship in marriage, at least for
 “ any long time: the object which a sen-
 “ sual passion has in view cannot long sus-
 “ tain a commerce so noble as that of
 “ friendship.”

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

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

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

I perhaps say too much, but I wish with ardor to see you happy; in which there is the more merit, as I have not the least prospect of being so myself.

I wish you to pursue the plan of life which I myself think most likely to bring nappiness, because I know our souls to be of the same frame: we have taken different

ferent roads, but you will come back to mine. Awake to delicate pleasures, I have no taste for any other; there are no other for sensible minds. My gallantries have been few, rather (if it is allowed to speak thus of one's self even to a friend) from elegance of taste than severity of manners; I have loved seldom, because I cannot love without esteem.

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

— *Amour* ;

Tous les autres plaisirs ne valent pas tes peines.

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

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

G 3

LET-

L E T T E R XXII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Sept. 25.

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

The Canadians live a good deal like the ancient patriarchs; the lands were originally settled by the troops, every officer became a seigneur, or lord of the manor, every soldier took lands under his command; but, as avarice is natural to mankind, the soldiers took a great deal more than they could cultivate, by way of providing

viding for a family : which is the reason so much land is now waste in the finest part of the province : those who had children, and in general they have a great number, portioned out their lands amongst them as they married, and lived in the midst of a little world of their descendents.

There are whole villages, and there is even a large island, that of Coudre, where the inhabitants are all the descendents of one pair, if we only suppose that their sons went to the next village for wives, for I find no tradition of their having had a dispensation to marry their sisters.

The corn here is very good, though not equal to ours ; the harvest not half so gay as in England, and for this reason, that the lazy creatures leave the greatest part of their land uncultivated, only sowing as much corn of different sorts as will serve themselves ; and being too proud and too idle to work for hire, every family gets in

its own harvest, which prevents all that jovial spirit which we find when the reapers work together in large parties.

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

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

A pro-

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

You ask me after our fruits: we have, as I am told, an immensity of cranberries all the year; when the snow melts away in spring, they are said to be found under it as fresh and as good as in autumn: strawberries and rasberries grow wild in profusion; you cannot walk a step in the fields without treading on the former: great plenty of currants, plumbs, apples, and pears; a few cherries and grapes, but not in much perfection: excellent musk melons, and water melons in abundance, but not so good in proportion as the musk. Not a peach, nor any thing of the kind; this I am however convinced is less the fault of the climate than of the people, who

are too indolent to take pains for any thing more than is absolutely necessary to their existence. They might have any fruit here but gooseberries, for which the summer is too hot; there are bushes in the woods, and some have been brought from England, but the fruit falls off before it is ripe. The wild fruits here, especially those of the bramble kind, are in much greater variety and perfection than in England.

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

A little corn of every kind, a little hay, a little tobacco, half a dozen apple trees, a few onions and cabbages, make the whole of a Canadian plantation. There is scarce a flower, except those in the woods, where
there

there is a variety of the most beautiful shrubs I ever saw; the wild cherry, of which the woods are full, is equally charming in flower and in fruit; and, in my opinion, at least equals the arbutus.

They sow their wheat in spring, never manure the ground, and plough it in the slightest manner; can it then be wondered at that it is inferior to ours? They fancy the frost would destroy it if sown in autumn; but this is all prejudice, as experience has shewn. I myself saw a field of wheat this year at the governor's farm, which was manured and sown in autumn, as fine as I ever saw in England.

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

You will judge how naturally rich the soil must be, to produce good crops without manure, and without ever lying fallow, and almost without ploughing; yet our political writers in England never speak of Canada without the epithet of *barren*. They tell me this extreme fertility is owing to the snow, which lies five or six months on the ground. Provisions are dear, which is owing to the prodigious number of horses kept here; every family having a carriage, even the poorest peasant; and every son of that peasant keeping a horse for his little excursions of pleasure, besides those necessary for the business of the farm. The war also destroyed the breed of cattle, which I am told however begins to encrease; they have even so far improved in corn, as to export some this year to Italy and Spain.

Don't you think I am become an excellent farmeress? 'Tis intuition; some people are born learned: are you not all astonishment

ment at my knowledge? I never was so vain of a letter in my life.

Shall I own the truth? I had most of my intelligence from old John, who lived long with my grandfather in the country; and who, having little else to do here, has taken some pains to pick up a competent knowledge of the state of agriculture five miles round Quebec.

Adieu! I am tired of the subject.

Your faithful,

A. FERMOR.

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

LET-

L E T T E R XXIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Sept. 29, 10 o'clock.

O TO be sure! we are vastly to be pitied: no beaux at all with the general; only about six to one; a very pretty proportion, and what I hope always to see. We, the ladies I mean, drink chocolate with the general to-morrow, and he gives us a ball on Thursday; you would not know Quebec again; nothing but smiling faces now; all so gay as never was, the sweetest country in the world; never expect to see me in England again; one is really somebody here: I have been asked to dance by only twenty-seven.

On the subject of dancing, I am, as it were, a little embarrassed: you will please

to

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

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

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

'Twas

2 o'clock.

'Twas Emily and Mrs. Melmoth, with two or three very pretty French women; your brother is a happy man: I found tea and coffee under the awning, and a table loaded with Montreal fruit, which is vastly better than ours; by the way, the colonel has bought me an immensity; he is so gallant and all that: we regaled ourselves, and landed; they dine here, and we dance in the evening; we are to have a syllabub in the wood: my father has sent for Sir George and Major Melmoth, and half a dozen of the most agreeable men, from Quebec: he is enchanted with his little Emily, he loved her when she was a child. I cannot tell you how happy I am; my Emily is handsomer than ever; you know how partial I am to beauty: I never had a friendship for an ugly woman in my life.

Adieu! *ma tres chere.*

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

Your

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

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

The

3 o'clock.

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

12 o'clock.

Sir George came just as we sat down to supper ; he did right, he complained first, and affected to be angry she had not sent an express from *Point au Tremble*. He was however gayer than usual, and very attentive to his mistress ; your brother seemed chagrined at his arrival ; Emily perceived it, and redoubled her politeness to him, which in a little time restored part of his good

good humor: upon the whole, it was an agreeable evening, but it would have been more so, if Sir George had come at first, or not at all.

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

I steal a moment to seal, and give this to the colonel, who will put it in his packet to-morrow.

L E T T E R XXIV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Sept. 30.

WOULD you believe it possible, my dear, that Sir George should decline attending Emily Montague from Montreal,

treat, and leave the pleasing commission to me? I am obliged to him for the three happiest days of my life, yet am piqued at his chusing me for a *cecisbeo* to his mistress: he seems to think me a man *sans consequence*, with whom a lady may safely be trusted; there is nothing very flattering in such a kind of confidence: let him take care of himself, if he is impertinent, and sets me at defiance; I am not vain, but set our fortunes aside, and I dare enter the lists with Sir George Clayton. I cannot give her a coach and six; but I can give her, what is more conducive to happiness, a heart which knows how to value her perfections.

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

This.

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

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

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

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

I respect her engagements, and pretend to no more from her than her friendship; but, as to myself, will love her in whatever manner I please: to shew you my prudence, however, I intend to dance with the handsomest unmarried Frenchwoman here on Thursday, and to shew her an attention which shall destroy all suspicion of my tenderness for Emily. I am jealous of Sir George, and hate him; but I dissemble it better than I thought it possible for me to do.

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

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

I am interrupted. Adieu !

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

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

LET-

L E T T E R XXV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Oct. 3, Twelve o'clock.

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

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

I am half inclined to marry; I am not at all acquainted with the man I have fixed upon, I never spoke to him till last night, nor did he take the least notice of me, more than

than of other ladies, but that is nothing; he pleases me better than any man I have seen here; he is not handsome, but well made, and looks like a gentleman; he has a good character, is heir to a very pretty estate. I will think further of it: there is nothing more easy than to have him if I chuse it: 'tis only saying to some of his friends, that I think Captain Fitzgerald the most agreeable fellow here, and he will immediately be astonished he did not sooner find out I was the handsomest woman. I will consider this affair seriously; one must marry, 'tis the mode; every body marries; why don't you marry, Lucy?

This brother of yours is always here; I am surprized Sir George is not jealous, for he pays no sort of attention to me, 'tis easy to see why he comes; I dare say I shan't see him next week: Emily is going to Mrs. Melmoth's, where she stays till to-morrow sevensight; she goes from hence as soon as dinner is over.

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

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

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

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

Adieu! my dear girl; I can no more.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXVI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Oct. 6.

I AM going, my Lucy.—I know not well whither I am going, but I will not stay to see this marriage. Could you have believed it possible—But what folly! Did I not know her situation from the first? Could I suppose she would break off an engagement of years, with a man who gives so clear a proof that he prefers her to all other women, to humor the frenzy of one who has never even told her he loved her?

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

I will leave Quebec to-night; no one shall know the road I take: I do not yet

H 2

know

know it myself; I will cross over to Point Levi with my valet de chambre, and go wherever chance directs me. I cannot bear even to hear the day named. I am strongly inclined to write to her; but what can I say? I should betray my tenderness in spite of myself, and her compassion would perhaps disturb her approaching happiness: were it even possible she should prefer me to Sir George, she is too far gone to recede.

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

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

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXVII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Beaumont, Oct. 7.

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

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

I have found here an excuse for my excursion; I have heard of an estate to be

fold down the river; and am told the purchase will be less expence than clearing any lands I might take up. I will go and see it; it is an object, a pursuit, and will amuse me.

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

Adieu! my servant waits for this. You shall hear an account of my adventures when I return to Quebec.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T.

EMILY MONTAGUE. 151

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

Quebec, Oct. 7, twelve o'clock.

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

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

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

Adieu!

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

H 4

L E T-

L E T T E R XXIX.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Quebec.

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

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

The world would wonder at your hesitating a moment.

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XXX.

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

Quebec, Oct. 7, three o'clock.

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

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

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

H 5

What

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

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

tation which regards himself, coldly inattentive to the real wants of others.

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

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

mutual want of esteem and confidence, follow of course.

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

Come to us directly, my dear Bell, and rejoice with your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R XXXI.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Quebec.

I CONGRATULATE you, my dear; you will at least have the pleasure of being five or six months longer your own mistress; which,

which, in my opinion, when one is not violently in love, is a consideration worth attending to. You will also have time to see whether you like any body else better; and you know you can take him if you please at last.

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

A propos to flirting, have you seen Colonel Rivers? He has not been here these two days. I shall begin to be jealous of this little impertinent Mademoiselle Clairaut. Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

Rivers

Rivers is absurd. I have a mighty foolish letter from him; he is rambling about the country, buying estates: he had better have been here, playing the fool with us; if I knew how to write to him I would tell him so, but he is got out of the range of human beings, down the river, Heaven knows where; he says a thousand civil things to you, but I will bring the letter with me to save the trouble of repeating them.

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

Adieu! *ma chere.*

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Kamaraskas, Oct. 10.

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

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

'Tis

'Tis a lady who has this estate to sell: I am at present at her house; she is very amiable; a widow about thirty, with an agreeable person, great vivacity, an excellent understanding, improved by reading, to which the absolute solitude of her situation has obliged her; she has an open pleasing countenance, with a candor and sincerity in her conversation which would please me, if my mind was in a state to be pleased with any thing. Through all the attention and civility I think myself obliged to shew her, she seems to perceive the melancholy which I cannot shake off: she is always contriving some little party for me, as if she knew how much I am in want of amusement.

Oct. 12.

Madame Des Roches is very kind; she sees my chagrin, and takes every method
to

to divert it : she insists on my going in her shallop to see the last settlement on the river, opposite the Isle of Barnaby ; she does me the honor to accompany me, with a gentleman and lady who live about a mile from her.

1766

Isle Barnaby, Oct. 13.

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

I am certain I could not exist a year alone : I am miserable even in that degree
of

of solitude to which one is confined in a ship; no words can speak the joy which I felt when I came to America, on the first appearance of something like the chearful haunts of men; the first man, the first house, nay the first Indian fire of which I saw the smoke rise above the trees, gave me the most lively transport that can be conceived; I felt all the force of those ties which unite us to each other, of that social love to which we owe all our happiness here.

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

After

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

“ You appear,” said he, “ of a temper
 “ to pity the miseries of others. My story
 “ is short and simple: I loved the most
 “ amiable of women; I was beloved. The
 “ avarice of our parents, who both had
 “ more gainful views for us, prevented an
 “ union on which our happiness depended.
 “ My Louisa, who was threatened with an
 “ immediate marriage with a man she de-
 “ tested, proposed to me to fly the tyranny
 “ of our friends: she had an uncle at
 “ Quebec, to whom she was dear. The
 “ wilds of Canada, said she, may afford
 “ us that refuge our cruel country denies
 “ us.

“ us. After a secret marriage, we embarked.
“ Our voyage was thus far happy; I landed
“ on the opposite shore, to seek refresh-
“ ments for my Louisa; I was returning,
“ pleased with the thought of obliging the
“ object of all my tenderness, when a be-
“ ginning storm drove me to seek shelter in
“ this bay. The storm encreased, I saw it’s
“ progress with agonies not to be described;
“ the ship, which was in sight, was unable
“ to resist its fury; the sailors crowded
“ into the boat; they had the humanity to
“ place my Louisa there; they made for
“ the spot where I was, my eyes were
“ wildly fixed on them; I stood eagerly on
“ the utmost verge of the water, my arms
“ stretched out to receive her, my prayers
“ ardently addressed to Heaven, when an
“ immense wave broke over the boat; I
“ heard a general shriek; I even fancied I
“ distinguished my Louisa’s cries; it sub-
“ sided, the sailors again exerted all their
“ force; a second wave — I saw them no
“ more.

“ Never

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

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

him throw himself on his knees; and, respecting his sorrow, returned to the house.

Though I cannot absolutely approve, yet I more than forgive, I almost admire, his renouncing the world in his situation. Devotion is perhaps the only balm for the wounds given by unhappy love; the heart is too much softened by true tenderness to admit any common cure.

Seven in the evening.

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

A ship for England is in sight. Madame Des Roches is so polite to send off this letter;

ter; we return to her house in the morning.

Adieu! my Lucy.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Oct. 12.

I HAVE no patience with this foolish brother of yours; he is rambling about in the woods when we want him here: we have a most agreeable assembly every Thursday at the General's, and have had another ball since he has been gone on this ridiculous ramble; I miss the dear creature wherever I go. We have nothing but balls, cards, and parties of pleasure; but they are nothing without my little Rivers.

I have

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

Sir George sets out for Montreal this evening, so do the house of Melmoth; I have however prevailed on Emily to stay a
month

month or two longer with me. I am rejoiced Sir George is going away; I am tired of seeing that eternal smile, that countenance of his, which attempts to speak, and says nothing. I am in doubt whether I shall let Emily marry him; she will die in a week, of no distemper but his conversation.

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

Eight at night.

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

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

L E T T E R XXXIV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Oct. 12.

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

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

great penetration in whatever regards the heart.

Oct. 13.

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

L E T T E R XXXV.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

London, July 23.

YOU have no idea, Ned, how much your absence is lamented by the dowagers, to whom, it must be owned, your charity has been pretty extensive.

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

I have seen your last favorite, Lady H——, who assures me, on the word of a woman of honour, that, had you staid seven years in London, she does not think she should have had the least inclination to change: but an absent lover, she well observed, is, properly speaking, no lover at all. “ Bid Colonel Rivers remember,” said she, “ what I have read somewhere, the
 “ parting words of a French lady to a
 “ bishop of her acquaintance, Let your
 “ absence be short, my lord; and remem-
 “ ber that a mistress is a benefice which
 “ obliges to residence.”

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

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

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

Yours,

J. TEMPLE.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

TO JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, Oct. 14.

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

You make me happy in telling me my dear Lady H--- has given my place in her heart to so honest a fellow as Jack Willmott; and I sincerely wish the ladies always chose their favorites as well.

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

My voyage ought undoubtedly to be considered as an abdication: I am to all intents

tents and purposes dead in law as a lover; and the lady has a right to consider her heart as vacant, and to proceed to a new election.

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

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

and which had not met with it's counterpart? Widows were, I thought, fair prey, as being sufficiently experienced to take care of themselves.

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

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

But to return to my plan: I think it an excellent one; and would recommend it to all those young men about town, who, like me,
find

find in their hearts the necessity of loving, before they meet with an object capable of fixing them for life.

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

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

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

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

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

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

You

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

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

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

What you say in regard to my mother, gives me pain; I will never take back my little gift to her; and I cannot live in Eng-

land on my present income, though it enables me to live *en prince* in Canada.

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

Adieu! once more.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, O&. 15.

OUR wanderer is returned, my dear, and in such spirits as you can't conceive: he passed yesterday with us; he
likes

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

The dear man was amazingly overjoyed to see us again ; we shared in his joy, though my little Emily took some pains to appear tranquil on the occasion : I never saw more pleasure in the countenances of two people in my life, nor more pains taken to suppress it.

Do

Do you know Fitzgerald is really an agreeable fellow? I have an admirable natural instinct; I perceived he had understanding, from his aquiline nose and his eagle eye, which are indexes I never knew fail. I believe we are going to be great; I am not sure I shall not admit him to make up a *partie quarrée* with your brother and Emily: I told him my original plot upon him, and he was immensely pleased with it. I almost fancy he can be foolish; in that case, my business is done: if with his other merits he has that, I am a lost woman.

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

His

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

He comes, the conqueror comes.

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

Emily wonders I have never been in love: the cause is clear; I have prevented any attachment to one man, by constantly flirting with twenty: 'tis the most sovereign receipt in the world. I think too, my dear, you have maintained a sort of running fight
with

with the little deity: our hour is not yet come. Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Oct. 15, evening.

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

Mr. Temple, my dearest Lucy, tells me he has visited you. Will you pardon me a freedom which nothing but the most tender friendship can warrant, when I tell you that

that I would wish you to be as little acquainted with him as politeness allows? He is a most agreeable man, perhaps too agreeable, with a thousand amiable qualities; he is the man I love above all others; and, where women are not concerned, a man of the most unblemished honor: but his manner of life is extremely libertine, and his ideas of women unworthy the rest of his character; he knows not the perfections which adorn the valuable part of your sex, he is a stranger to your virtues, and incapable, at least I fear so, of that tender affection which alone can make an amiable woman happy. With all this, he is polite and attentive, and has a manner, which, without intending it, is calculated to deceive women into an opinion of his being attached when he is not: he has all the splendid virtues which command esteem; is noble, generous, disinterested, open, brave; and is the most dangerous man on earth to a woman
of

of honor, who is unacquainted with the arts of man.

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

I have seen my divine Emily: her manner of receiving me was very flattering; I cannot doubt her friendship for me; yet I am not absolutely content. I am however convinced, by the easy tranquillity of her air, and her manner of bearing this delay of their marriage, that she does not love
the

the man for whom she is intended: she has been a victim to the avarice of her friends. I would fain hope—yet what have I to hope? If I had even the happiness to be agreeable to her, if she was disengaged from Sir George, my fortune makes it impossible for me to marry her, without reducing her to indigence at home, or dooming her to be an exile in Canada for life. I dare not ask myself what I wish or intend: yet I give way in spite of me to the delight of seeing and conversing with her.

I must not look forward; I will only enjoy the present pleasure of believing myself one of the first in her esteem and friendship, and of shewing her all those little pleasing attentions so dear to a sensible heart; attentions in which her *lover* is astonishingly remiss: he is at Montreal, and I am told was gay and happy on his journey thither, though he left his mistress behind.

I have

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

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

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

L E T T E R XXXIX.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, Oct. 18.

I HAVE this moment a letter from Madame Des Roches, the lady at whose house I spent a week, and to whom I am greatly

greatly obliged. I am so happy as to have an opportunity of rendering her a service, in which I must desire your assistance.

'Tis in regard to some lands belonging to her, which, not being settled, some other person has applied for a grant of at home. I send you the particulars, and beg you will lose no time in entering a *caveat*, and taking other proper steps to prevent what would be an act of great injustice: the war and the incursions of the Indians in alliance with us have hitherto prevented these lands from being settled, but Madame Des Roches is actually in treaty with some Acadians to settle them immediately. Employ all your friends as well as mine if necessary; my lawyer will direct you in what manner to apply, and pay the expences attending the application. Adieu!

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

L E T T E R XL.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Oct. 20.

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

Your brother and Emily danced together, and I think I never saw either of them look so handsome; she was a thousand times more admired at this ball than the first, and reason good, for she was a thousand times

times more agreeable; your brother is really a charming fellow, he is an immense favorite with the ladies; he has that very pleasing general attention, which never fails to charm women; he can even be particular to one, without wounding the vanity of the rest: if he was in company with twenty, his mistress of the number, his manner would be such, that every woman there would think herself the second in his esteem; and that, if his heart had not been unluckily pre-engaged, she herself should have been the object of his tenderness.

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

Fitzgerald has eyes too, I assure you, and eyes that know how to speak; he has a
 I look

look of faucey unconcern and inattention, which is really irrefistible.

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

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

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

L E T T E R XLI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Nov. 10.

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

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

the pain of absence by the attention of a man that I fancy we like quite as well.

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

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

EMILY MONTAGUE. 195

ladies: your brother and Fitzgerald are trying who shall be ruined first for the honor of their country. I will bet three to one upon Ireland. They are every day contriving parties of pleasure, and making the most gallant little presents imaginable to the ladies.

Adieu! my dear.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XLII.

To Miss RIVERS.

Quebec, Nov. 14.

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

K 2

My

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

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

Your friend Miss Fermor will write you every thing.

L E T-

L E T T E R XLIII.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Monreal, Nov. 14.

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

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

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

K 3

I will

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

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

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

Adieu! my dear.

Your affectionate

E. MELMOTH.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLIV.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Sillery, Nov. 20.

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

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

I am not capricious; but I will own to you, that my esteem for Sir George is much lessened by his behaviour since his last return from New-York: he mistakes me extremely, if he supposes he has the least additional merit in my eyes from his late acquisition of fortune: on the contrary, I now see faults in him which were concealed by the mediocrity of his situation before, and which do not promise happiness to a heart like mine, a heart which has little taste for the false glitter of life, and the
most

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most lively one possible for the calm real delights of friendship, and domestic felicity.

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

My dearest Madam,

Your obliged and affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T T E R XLV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Nov. 23.

I HAVE been seeing the last ship go out of the port, Lucy; you have no notion what a melancholy sight it is: we are now left to ourselves, and shut up from all the world for the winter: somehow we

seem so forsaken, so cut off from the rest of human kind, I cannot bear the idea: I sent a thousand sighs and a thousand tender wishes to dear England, which I never loved so much as at this moment.

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

'Tis the first time I have felt any thing like bad spirits in Canada: I followed the ship with my eyes till it turned Point Levi, and, when I lost sight of it, felt as if I had lost every thing dear to me on earth. I am not particular: I see a gloom on every countenance; I have been at church, and think I never saw so many dejected faces in my life.

Adieu! for the present: it will be a fortnight before I can send this letter; another agreeable circumstance that: would

to

to Heaven I were in England, though I changed the bright sun of Canada for a fog!

Dec. 1.

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

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

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

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

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

We sweep into the general's assembly on Thursdays with such a train of beaux as draws every eye upon us: the rest of the fellows crowd round us; the misses draw up, blush, and flutter their fans; and

your little Bell fits down with such a saucy impertinent conscioufness in her countenance as is really provoking : Emily on the contrary looks mild and humble, and seems by her civil decent air to apologize to them for being so much more agreable than themselves, which is a fault I for my part am not in the least inclined to be ashamed of.

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

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

They

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

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

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

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

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

L E T-

L E T T E R XLVI.

To Miss MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Montreal, Dec. 18.

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

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

You

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

Though I approve your contempt of the falſe glitter of the world, yet I think it a little ſtrained at your time of life: did I not know you as well as I do, I ſhould ſay that philoſophy in a young and eſpecially a female mind, is ſo out of ſeaſon, as to be extremely ſuſpicious. The pleaſures which attend on affluence are too great, and too pleaſing to youth, to be overlooked, except

cept when under the influence of a livelier passion.

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

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

I am, my dear,

Your most affectionate

E. MELMOTH.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLVII.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Silleri, Dec. 26.

I ENTREAT you, my dearest Madam, to do me the justice to believe I see my engagement to Sir George in as strong a light as you can do; if there is any change in my behaviour to him, it is owing to the very apparent one in his conduct to me, of which no one but myself can be a judge. As to what you say in regard to my contempt of affluence, I can only say it is in my character, whether it is generally in the female one or not.

Were the cruel hint you are pleased to give just, be assured Sir George should be the first person to whom I would declare it. I hope however it is possible to esteem
 merit

merit without offending even the most sacred of all engagements.

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

I am,

My dearest Madam,

Your obliged

and faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Dec. 27.

AFTER a fortnight's snow, we have had near as much clear blue sky and sunshine: the snow is six feet deep, so that we may be said to walk on our own heads; that is, speaking *en philosophe*, we occupy the space we should have done in summer if we had done so; or, to explain it more clearly, our heels are now where our heads should be.

The scene is a little changed for the worse: the lovely landscape is now one undistinguished waste of snow, only a little diversified by the great variety of evergreens in the woods: the romantic winding path down the side of the hill to our farm, on which we used to amuse ourselves with
 seeing

seeing the beaux serpentine, is now a confused, frightful, rugged precipice, which one trembles at the idea of ascending.

There is something exceedingly agreeable in the whirl of the carriages, which fly along at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and really hurry one out of one's senses.

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

Emily, who is the civilest creature breathing, is for giving up her own pleasure to avoid offending others, and wants me, every time we make a carriage-party, to invite all the misses of Quebec to go with us, because they seem angry at our being happy without them: but for that
 very

very reason I persist in my own way, and consider wisely, that, though civility is due to other people, yet there is also some civility due to one's self.

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

Dec. 29.

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

Adieu! I can no more: the ink freezes as I take it from the standish to the paper, though close to a large stove. Don't expect

pect me to write again till May ; one's faculties are absolutely congealed this weather.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R XLIX.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Sillery, Jan. 1.

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

We have had five days, the severity of which none of the natives remember to have

have ever seen equaled: 'tis said, the cold is beyond all the thermometers here, tho' intended for the climate.

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

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

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

“ A new Athens rising near the pole,”

will

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

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

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

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

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

The ladies are equally covered up, tho' in a less unbecoming style; they have long cloth cloaks with loose hoods, like those worn by the market-women in the north of England. I have one in scarlet, the hood lined with sable, the prettiest ever seen here, in which I assure you I look amazingly handsome; the men think so,
and

and call me the *Little red riding-hood*; a name which becomes me as well as the hood.

The Canadian ladies wear these cloaks in India silk in summer, which, fluttering in the wind, look really graceful on a fine woman.

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

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

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

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

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

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

L E T T E R L.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Jan. 4.

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

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

L 3

I am

I am very fond of him, though he never makes love to me, in which circumstance he is very singular: our friendship is quite platonic, at least on his side, for I am not quite so sure on the other. I remember one day in summer we were walking *tête à tête* in the road to Cape Rouge, when he wanted me to strike into a very beautiful thicket: "Positively, Rivers," said I, "I will not venture with you into that wood." "Are you afraid of *me*, Bell?" "No, but extremely of *myself*."

I have loved him ever since a little scene that passed here three or four months ago: a very affecting story, of a distressed family in our neighbourhood, was told him and Sir George; the latter preserved all the philosophic dignity and manly composure of his countenance, very coldly expressed his concern, and called another subject: your brother changed color, his eyes glistered;

tened ; he took the first opportunity to leave the room, he fought these poor people, he found, he relieved them ; which we discovered by accident a month after.

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

Two o'clock.

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

We have been saying, Lucy, that 'tis the strangest thing in the world people should quarrel about religion, since we undoubtedly all mean the same thing ; all good minds in every religion aim at pleasing the Supreme Being ; the means we take

differ according to the country where we are born, and the prejudices we imbibe from education; a consideration which ought to inspire us with kindness and indulgence to each other.

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

“ Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
 “ One great, one good, one general Lord
 “ of all.”

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

You must know, I am extremely religious; and for this amongst other reasons, that I think infidelity a vice peculiarly contrary to the native softness of woman: it is bold, daring, masculine; and I should almost doubt the sex of an unbeliever in petticoats.

Women

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

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

Monday, Jan. 5.

This is the first day I have ventured in an open carriole; we have been running a race on the snow, your brother and I against Emily and Fitzgerald: we conquered from Fitzgerald's complaisance to Emily. I shall like it mightily, well wrapt up: I set off with a crape over my face to keep off the cold, but in three minutes it was a cake

of solid ice, from my breath which froze upon it; yet this is called a mild day, and the sun shines in all his glory.

Silleri, Thursday, Jan. 8, midnight.

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

Fitzgerald is the very pink of courtesy; he never uses his covered carriage himself, but devotes it intirely to the ladies; it stands at the general's door in waiting on Thursdays: if any lady comes out before her carriage arrives, the servants call out mechanically, "Captain Fitzgerald's carriage here, for a lady." The Colonel is equally gallant, but I generally lay an embargo on his: they have each of them an extreme pretty one for themselves, or to drive a fair lady a morning's airing, when she

she will allow them the honor, and the weather is mild enough to permit it.

Bon soir! I am sleepy.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R L I.

TO JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, Jan. 9.

YOU mistake me extremely, Jack, as you generally do: I have by no means forsworn marriage: on the contrary, though happiness is not so often found there as I wish it was, yet I am convinced it is to be found no where else; and, poor as I am, I should not hesitate about trying the experiment myself to-morrow, if I

L 6

could

could meet with a woman to my taste, unappropriated, whose ideas of the state agreed with mine, which I allow are something out of the common road: but I must be certain those ideas are her own, therefore they must arise spontaneously, and not in complaisance to mine; for which reason, if I could, I would endeavour to lead my mistress into the subject, and know her sentiments on the manner of living in that state before I discovered my own.

I must also be well convinced of her tenderness before I make a declaration of mine: she must not distinguish me because I flatter her, but because she thinks I have merit; those fancied passions, where gratified vanity assumes the form of love, will not satisfy my heart: the eyes, the air, the voice of the woman I love, a thousand little indiscretions dear to the heart, must convince me I am beloved, before I confess I love.

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

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

The continual plain of snow would be extremely fatiguing both to the eye and imagination, were not both relieved, not
only

only by the woods in prospect, but by the tall branches of pines with which the road is marked out on each side, and which form a verdant avenue agreeably contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of the snow, on which, when the sun shines, it is almost impossible to look steadily even for a moment.

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

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

I have passed the last two months in the most agreeable manner possible, in a little society of persons I extremely love: I feel myself so attached to this little circle of friends, that I have no pleasure in any other company, and think all the time absolutely lost that politeness forces me to spend any
where

where else. I extremely dread our party's being dissolved, and wish the winter to last for ever, for I am afraid the spring will divide us.

Adieu! and believe me,

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

L E T T E R LII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Jan: 9.

I BEGIN not to dislike the winter here; now I am used to the cold, I don't feel it so much: as there is no business done here in the winter, 'tis the season of general dissipation; amusement is the
study

study of every body, and the pains people take to please themselves contribute to the general pleasure: upon the whole, I am not sure it is not a pleasanter winter than that of England.

Both our houses and our carriages are uncommonly warm; the clear serene sky, the dry pure air, the little parties of dancing and cards, the good tables we all keep, the driving about on the ice, the abundance of people we see there, for every body has a carriage, the variety of objects new to an European, keep the spirits in a continual agreeable hurry, that is difficult to describe, but very pleasant to feel.

Sir George (would you believe it?) has written Emily a very warm letter; tender, sentimental, and almost impatient; Mrs. Melmoth's dictating, I will answer for it; not at all in his own composed agreeable style. He talks of coming down in a few days:

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days: I have a strong notion he is coming, after his long tedious two years siege, to endeavor to take us by storm at last; he certainly prepares for a *coup de main*. He is right, all women hate a regular attack.

Adieu for the present.

Monday, Jan. 12.

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

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T.

L E T T E R LIII.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Jan. 13, Eleven o'clock.

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

The Colonel was the soul of our entertainment: amongst his other virtues, he has the companionable and convivial ones to an immense degree, which I never had an opportunity of discovering so clearly before. He seemed charmed beyond words to see us all so happy: we staid till four o'clock in the morning, yet all complained to-day we came away too soon.

I need

I need not tell you we had fiddles, for there is no entertainment in Canada without them : never was such a race of dancers.

One o'clock.

The dear man is come, and with an equipage which puts the Empress of Russia's tranieau to shame. America never beheld any thing so brilliant :

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

Your brother's and Fitzgerald's will never dare to appear now ; they sink into nothing.

Seven in the evening.

Emily has been in tears in her chamber ; 'tis a letter of Mrs. Melmoth's which has had this agreeable effect ; some wise advice, I suppose. Lord ! how I hate people that give advice ! don't you, Lucy ?

I don't

I don't like this lover's coming; he is almost as bad as a husband: I am afraid he will derange our little coterie; and we have been so happy, I can't bear it.

Good night, my dear.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

L E T T E R L I V .

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Jan. 14.

WE have passed a mighty stupid day; Sir George is civil, attentive, and dull; Emily pensive, thoughtful, and silent; and my little self as peevish as an old maid: nobody comes near us, not even your brother, because we are supposed to be settling

ting preliminaries; for you must know Sir George has graciously condescended to change his mind, and will marry her, if she pleases, without waiting for his mother's letter, which resolution he has communicated to twenty people at Quebec in his way hither; he is really extremely obliging. I suppose the Melmoths have spirited him up to this.

One o'clock.

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

Ten at night.

All is over, Lucy; that is to say, all is fixed: they are to be married on Monday next at the Recollects church, and to set off immediately for Montreal: my father
has

has been telling me the whole plan of operations: we go up with them, stay a fortnight, then all come down, and show away till summer, when the happy pair embark in the first ship for England.

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

I don't love her half so well as I did three days ago; I hate discreet young ladies that marry and settle; give me an agreeable fellow and a knapsack.

My

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

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

“ With such a companion to spend the
“ long day!”

He is to be sure a most entertaining creature.

Adieu! I have no patience.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

After all, I am a little droll; I am angry with Emily for concluding an advantageous match with a man she does not absolutely dislike, which all good mammas say is sufficient; and this only because it breaks in on a little circle of friends, in whose society I have been happy. O! self! self! I would
have

have her hazard losing a fine fortune and a coach and six, that I may continue my coterie two or three months longer.

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

END OF VOL. I.

