

vant (who had the good sense to keep at a proper distance) for a surgeon to bleed her, and prevailed upon a traveller to go to Mr. Francfort's for a carriage. I then took her in my arms, and carried her a little distance from the road, and seating her on a hillock, sat down myself to support her. I pulled off her gloves, and ventured to kiss her hands, in hopes that freedom might alarm her into life; they were warm, but she was insensible to what had filled me with transport. I was convinced she was alive, and so ardently did I long to see her eyes opened, that I had the courage to kiss her eye-lids; she opened them, I could not expect to be viewed but with a look of resentment

*Johnson*