

Ann Sands

THE INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT. 157

sumptuous—Oh! let me not think of it; I have no longer doubt, though tortured with the most dreadful apprehensions. Where shall I find? Where once more rescue? Oh! heavens, it is now too late; my heart must throb and beat until it breaks.

I am going in search of her. Miss Sutton accuses me of coldness and insensibility. Cruel and false charge! I fly to justify my love! But, alas! whither? What course? What to direct—to guide

Your uncertain and unhappy

D***?

Ann Sands

L E T.

Jane Sands her Book
Good