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hill, Sept. 18.

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## EMILY MONTAGUE. 19

I own that emotion; my confusion was indeed too great to be concealed: but was he alone, my Rivers? can you forget that he had with him the most lovely of mankind?

Sir George was handsome, I have often regarded his person with admiration, but it was the admiration we give to a statue.

I listened coldly to his love, I felt no emotion at his sight; but when you appeared, my heart beat, I blushed, I turned pale by turns, my eyes assumed a new softness, I trembled, and every pulse confessed the master of my soul.

My friends are come: I am called down. Adieu! Be assured your Emily never breathed a sigh but for her Rivers!

Adieu! Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LET-