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of a soul
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have the
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Emily's
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George; I
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flatter

EMILY MONTAGUE. 3

flatter myself was love; but the moment
I saw you, the delusion vanished.

Your eyes, my Rivers, in one mo-
ment convinced me I had a heart; you
staid some weeks with us in the coun-
try: with what transport do I recollect
those pleasing moments! how did my
heart beat whenever you approached
me! what charms did I find in your
conversation! I heard you talk with a
delight of which I was not mistress. I
fancied every woman who saw you, felt
the same emotions: my tenderness in-
creased imperceptibly without my per-
ceiving the consequences of my indulg-
ing the dear pleasure of seeing you.

I found I loved, yet was doubtful of
your sentiments; my heart, however, flat-
tered me yours was equally affected;
my situation prevented an explanation;
but love has a thousand ways of making
himself understood.

B 2

How