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

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L E T T E R    C L X X I X .

To Colonel RIVERS, at Bellfield, Rutland.

Rose-hill, Sept. 17.

**C**AN you in earnest ask such a question? can you suppose I ever felt the least degree of love for Sir George? No, my Rivers, never did your Emily feel tenderness till she saw the loveliest, the most amiable of his sex, till those eyes spoke the sentiments of a soul, every idea of which was similar to her own.

Yes, my Rivers, our souls have the most perfect resemblance; I never heard you speak without finding the feelings of my own heart developed; your conversation conveyed your Emily's ideas, but cloathed in the language of angels.

I thought well of Sir George; I saw him as the  
VOL. IV. man