this in a manner, and with a tone of voice—he looks at me with an earnestness—Lady Anne has alarmed me—Should my father intend—yet why should I fear the most cruel of all acts of tyranny from the most tender and indulgent of parents?

I feel a dejection of spirits on this subject, which does injury to my father's goodness: perhaps it is no more than the natural effects of absence on a sender and unexperienced heart.

Adieu! I am forced to finish my letter. All good angels guard and preserve my Emily.

Yours,

Julia Mandeville.

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