

## EMILY MONTAGUE. 183

There is no saying how beautiful Lucy looked last night; her dress was rich, elegantly fancied, and particularly becoming to her graceful form, which I never saw look so graceful before.

All who attempted to be fine figures, shrunk into nothing before her.

Lucy carries her head, you know, remarkably well; which, with the advantage of her height, the perfect standard of women, her fine proportion, the native dignity of her air, the majestic flow of her robe, and the blaze of her diamonds, gave her a look of infinite superiority; a superiority which some of the company seemed to feel in a manner, which rather, I will own, gave me pain.

In a place consecrated to joy, I hate to see any thing like an uneasy sensation; yet, whilst human passions are what