

The beneficent Author of nature, who gave us these affections for the wisest purposes——

“Cela est bien dit, mon cher Rivers; mais il faut cultiver notre jardin.”

You are right, my dear Bell, and I am a prating coxcomb.

Lucy's post-coach is just setting off, to wait your commands.

I send this by Temple's servant. On Thursday I hope to see our dear groupe of friends re-united, and to have nothing to wish, but a continuance of our present happiness.

Adieu! Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

T H E E N D .