

study of every body, and the pains people take to please themselves contribute to the general pleasure: upon the whole, I am not sure it is not a pleasanter winter than that of England.

Both our houses and our carriages are uncommonly warm; the clear serene sky, the dry pure air, the little parties of dancing and cards, the good tables we all keep, the driving about on the ice, the abundance of people we see there, for every body has a carriage, the variety of objects new to an European, keep the spirits in a continual agreeable hurry, that is difficult to describe, but very pleasant to feel.

Sir George (would you believe it?) has written Emily a very warm letter; tender, sentimental, and almost impatient; Mrs. Melmoth's dictating, I will answer for it; not at all in his own composed agreeable style. He talks of coming down in a few days: I have a strong notion he is coming,
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