

LETTER XXXIX.

Lord OSSORY to Lady HENRIETTA.

Monday, HERTFORD.

YOU write, lovely *Henrietta*, to Lady *Catesby*: Your Hand, your Arms, were known: But to whom were they to give your Letter? Is there such a Person in the World as Lady *Catesby*? If there is, it is not however at *Hertford* you must seek her. If, instead of that Friend so deservedly dear to you, your Heart will admit a new Object of its Esteem, Lady *Ossory* is ready to answer your tender Congratulations: she has opened your Letter, with a Freedom which will perhaps surprise you: But what
Rights