

only by the woods in prospect, but by the tall branches of pines with which the road is marked out on every side, and which form a verdant avenue agreeably contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of the snow, on which, when the sun shines, it is almost impossible to look steadily even for a moment.

Were it not for this method of marking out the roads, it would be impossible to find the way from one village to another.

The eternal sameness however of this avenue is tiresome when you go far in one road.

I have passed the last two months in the most agreeable manner possible, in a little society of persons I extremely love: I feel myself so attached to this little circle of friends, that I have no pleasure in any other company, and think all the time absolutely lost that politeness forces me to spend any where