

I don't like this lover's coming; he is almost as bad as a husband: I am afraid he will derange our little coterie; and we have been so happy, I can't bear it.

Good night, my dear.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER LIV.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Jan. 14.

WE have passed a mighty stupid day; Sir George is civil, attentive, and dull; Emily pensive, thoughtful, and silent; and my little self as peevish as an old maid: nobody comes near us, not even your brother, because we are supposed to be settling

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