

To Colonel BELLVILLE.

Belmont, Sunday morning.

**I** AM desired by my Lord to ask you hither, and beg you will bring my niece with you. Lady Belmont joins in the request; her nobleness of sentiment has conquered the reluctance she had to see her; she has even promised to endeavour to bear the sight of Lord Melvin, but I fear this is more than is in her power; she fainted when the request was first made. Lady Mary is expected here this evening.

Bellville, you are coming to Belmont, once the smiling paradise of friendship. Alas! how changed from that once happy abode! Where are those blameless pleasures, that convivial joy, those sweet follies, which once gave such charms to this place?

For