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on, Sept. 18.
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EMILY MONTAGUE. 21

I am pleased with your idea of a situation: a house embosomed in the grove, where all the view is what the eye can take in, speaks a happy master, content at home; a wide-extended prospect, one who is looking abroad for happiness.

I love the country: the taste for rural scenes is the taste born with us. After seeking pleasure in vain amongst the works of art, we are forced to come back to the point from whence we set out, and find our enjoyment in the lovely simplicity of nature.

Rose-hill, Evening.

I am afraid Emily knows your secret; she has been in tears almost ever since we came; the servant is going to the post-office, and I have but a moment to tell you