

L E T T E R II.

Foot of the first *Beech*; the *afflicted Graces* have not yet raised for me that *beautiful Tomb* in which he already saw me laid Tell him that I do not repent: I can do Violence to my Sentiments; I can suffer; but I know not how to repent. Adieu! my amiable *Henrietta*! When you have told his Lordship all this, tell yourself, that no-body loves you so much as I do.

L E T T E R II.

Wednesday, Sir JOHN ASTON'S.

WE are going to leave a very disagreeable House, the Master of which, is still more disagreeable. He is one of those troublesome People, one is so sorry to meet with; the Species of whom, is, however, too common; one of those Men
who