

see his stuffed chair standing in the usual corner — his walking-cane resting against it — his flute hung up on the old nail — all the books about — his paper knife remaining in the heart of *Candide* — two or three *Couriers* and *Cobbetts* still lying upon the table — I confess all this was too much for me. The *Hogarth's*, you know, are yours; I shall have them packed up forthwith. The set is certainly a very fine one.

What a fortunate thing it is for me that Lord *Laseclyne* has no son. If he had had but one, I should have been cut out, for a time at least, as the entail only prevents the two estates from being actually held at the same moment by the same person.

As it is, I mean to go down and take possession next month, in all form; and the sooner you come to *Blackford*, the better.

Yours always,

J. W. R.

LONDON, *August*, 1816.

THE END.

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