

NAM/1/20/136

Wilton Lodge
13th Jan^y 1797.

My Dear Sister,

As a proof of my punctuality & dispatch, I now (1/4 before twelve) return the Poetry received from You at Ten O'Clock this Morning. The present state of Affairs keeps me on the Alert, my Regiment having received orders to be in readiness to move from Aberdeen, at a Moments warning. I have notified to our Commander Lord Adam Gordon, that (disclaiming my Privilege of Parliament) I am ready to join the Corps, whenever he may think my presence may be necessary. So, least the French, driven from Ireland, should come to forage in Scotland, and penetrate as far as this, I return your valuable Manuscripts, to prevent the possibility of their falling into such unhallowed hands.

As the post departs at One. I must write short. Tell Mr Dickenson, that the Devil, running past my Door, abounds with Pat,

Small Trout, sometimes Salmon, and now & then a few Sea Trout, find their way up. All these remain unmolested by me, not having had a Fishing Rod in my hand above once, since I came to live here. What, I have one Pointer, two Greyhounds, & my Lady has a Spaniel, not one of which I ever go out with. But, if he strays this way, I'll may, if he thinks fit. Partridges & Hares are to be found, they tell me, at the Door & House, in the neighbourhood. So much for sporting intelligence.

Now, for domestic news, My Wife & eldest Daughter, well. My two younger Sons, & two younger Daughters, Coldest if you don't understand the expression, apply to my Countrywoman. My eldest Son, supposed to be, well. My fat Uncle Patrick, confined with the Gout. Myself, in my Ordinary (apply again to Countrywoman), & doomed to pass the forenoon in my Library, owing to an agreeable Fleet, from the Westward. I hope, this account is sufficiently in detail, to please you. The 8th Vol. of Goldsmith's Natural History, and a Dixen. I happy will that Man be, whose fate may join

him to so much Wisdom. Commend me to Louisa. Being an ignorant Blackhead myself, I hate everything that savours of too much Learning, and would rather see, a Child of the Age of L. Caroline running about, laying in a Stock of health, than hear one enter into scientific conversations. So Adieu. Commend me most graciously to your Husband; give Louisa, a Kiss, and say everything civil to my Countrywoman. My Phil joins me in best wishes &c. &c. &c.

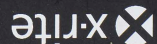
Ever My Dear Sister

Your Affectionate Brother
& faithful Friend

Stephen



A B C D E F G H I J K L M N



Harwich, Thirteenth Jan^y 1797

Harwich
Mrs Dickenson

Birch Hall

Warrington Manchester

