

And now I will close - tho' there are none of the hackney'd excuses that will serve me - 'tis early - I have plenty of candle, am wakeful and my inclination is good to finish this volume and another if it could amuse you - 'tis literally the want of abilities - I feel a sobriety of mind

at present which unfit me for rattle - and the sober truth may be comprehended in a few words - that my most solicitous wishes attend you in all your undertakings - that I shall ever be happy in your happiness, and never feel more real pleasure than when I can evince by stronger