

Others it attacked your troublesome
friend the mother of the Eruptive Beau-
ty, whose husband (i.e. the mother's hus-
band) came to me in consequence, to know
what news I brought. I told him as well
as I could that you seemed to think there
was very little to be done. He was half
inclined to start off to London, get an auc-
tioneer, & put up the Cottages for sale, as
a mode of 'unearthing the box'. But I dis-
suaded him as you ^{may} suppose, from so con-
fidential a scheme (NB He does not even
know for certain where the cottages are!)
But while I was talking to him, an idea
of meteoric brightness suddenly flashed
out in my cloudy brain - which I shall
be glad to submit to your judicious &
judicial criticism - if you will only be so
very kind as to tell me what you think of
it - I shall be as obedient as any Assassin
to the Old Man of the Mountain. —

Well then - Once upon a time I had a
nasty little Cottage in Orange Court, Wapping,

which a great Uncle of mine bought for a Wife.
It gave me much trouble thro' a bad agent
(who pretended to admire the Stars) & was af-
terwards very faithfully administered & cre-
ditably sold by a good one, with whom I
parted excellent friends. Now, do you see
any reason why I should not write to this
good man & ask him to get somebody just
to look at the Cottages, & find out their
condition & possible value at a sale? We
should then know whether the property is
worth a fight. And if the Eruptive's fa-
ther says Yes, said good Agent of mine
might very likely be disposed to name an
Attorney competent to take up the cause,
& knock Watson into a Cocked Hat. —
Is there any sense in this?

If you think it wd work, wd you do
us the favour to return the Will, without
which we don't know where the Cottages
are. Goodie thinks in Moneyer St. May
be so. — but that would do for me to write
about. —

Col. Obj. is waiting for Stein, whom I