

Mar 5<sup>th</sup> 1829

I (C. L.) shall be in town about quarter day, and then I  
will see Mrs Reynolds, and try if I can pacify her Landlady.  
By the way, those Scotch numbers seem to have borrowed from  
my plan for you to sit upon Mrs Reynolds's Head, but Burke  
and Hare do not seem to have had the candour to acknowledge  
that they took the idea from me, so I have lost the credit of  
the invention. You will do me the justice to explain that the  
first thought ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> mine, tho' my agent wanted courage to  
execute it. You would have got four pounds at St. Thomas's  
Hospital for the subject.

'Tis bitter cold, & bitter dull.

Mrs Henry gets damn'd ugly: She was always, but then  
her spirits would light up a beauty of expression that kept  
you from examining her features. Now her face is as in-  
expressive as a cold pancake. 'Tis a judgment upon her for  
her behaviour to you. She declares that England is no  
longer England since we left London - She is a liar.  
Becky is going to be married & starved - that is in the  
Summer.

So good bye

C. Lamb

not published

To Miss Farned -

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