

Last day of year 1822.

Dear Madam (I was going to write Annette) Let me explain to you why you have not my acknowledgments sooner.

Your kind note arrived a little after I had left the city on Saturday. On Sunday I had it not. Yesterday I saw it not, for I was playing truant at Richmond. This morning at ten o'clock only did I find it, and I have not lost a minute in thanking you for it. Why, what a strange girl, good girl I should say, you must be to keep that Friday scratch eight years! I have a good mind to write out all the days -

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,

Saturday -

And now give me leave to say, for my sister and myself, that on any one of those days in any week we shall be happy to see M^{rs} Kenney's pupil & M^{rs} Aders' friend. Mary is at home most mornings, while we are at 20 Russell's! Cor^r Garden, where we shall be two or three weeks longer. Do pray her, if not me, a little visit. Your sister I hope will come with you. -

Believe me with kind, tho' imperfect remembrance of the little girl at M^{rs} Kenney's
Your friend, Charles Lamb -