

46. Mecklenburgh Square N.W.

Tuesday Twentieth April  
1893.

My dear J. Morley.

That which I said I proposed writing to you about is as follows. There is a just-published little book called "Choice Receipts Collected by Lady Sarah Lindsay, concerning which I intend to have a paragraph or two in the "Echo". But the work as a whole is so amusing that it struck me that it would make a very good review in the "lively" style for the Park Wall Gazette. Will you take the article from me if I write it, this week? Lady Sarah Lindsay is a worthy old soul, although somewhat cracked. I made her acquaintance in Canada, some twenty years since, in Canada, where her husband was Commander of the Force. One morning, at Montreal, we were at Nettman's the photographer when I observed ~~some~~ a lady pointing me out with her parasol. Fortunately Mr Nettman asked leave to present me to Lady <sup>Sarah</sup> ~~Lindsay~~ Lindsay. "Oh," said she "you're the Special Correspondent?" I replied, with my hat bow, that such was the case. "And you're very down?" "Very." I made an ass. "Do they pay your expenses for coming out here?" This put me in a rage, and I asked her whether the British Government paid General Lindsay's expenses for coming out to Canada. To my surprise she was not in the least offended, but ejaculated "Good! Fine and lunch tomorrow." I went, and whenever I said anything of which she approved she would say "Good!" adding to the bulletin

"Give him more theory". The queen's letter I have met with.  
It is amusing to read how the papers gibe about  
the Queen having forbidden the eating of lamb in her household  
I know it for a fact that she detests mutton, and never eats it;  
so in eating lamb she is also indulging in a sly dig at her  
favourite aversion.

faithfully always

G. A. Sala.

*[Faint, mostly illegible handwriting on the left page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]*