

George Augustus Sala.

⁴⁴ Milan: Hôtel de la ville: Thursday

My dear Edmund. I hope you are better. I am, a little. This is the first day I have been out of agony with my arm, and able to write without cursing & swearing. How Mamma will read the Lord only knows. I intend on my return to give up literature, at least till my journalistic contract is out, for the two combined will infallibly kill me in a year. I came over Mont Cenis in a howling storm, and in a rajon's pair with my feet chattering and my limbs benumbed. I am sure I was delirious at Susa; but I fell into a deep, dead sleep at Turin, only woke up to get into a cab here, and slept the whole of Tuesday and the night here at this hotel. I went to the Scala last night which is a sell. It has been raining late and long, and now, just as I am writing it for you the sky is blue, and the sun begins to shine.

My best regards.
Yours most affectionately
George Augustus Sala.

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George Augustus Sala.

14. Clements Inn - Friday

Dear Edmund.

We have a paper by Ferrol on the Journalism of the Reign of Terror, which I have faithfully promised him shall go in this month. Please let it be so. Is the paper at the printer's or have you it? I am very anxious to know what you think about Dangerous.

Why not come up to dine at the Thursday dinner at 8.30. George Hotel Strand, directly opposite the old telegraph office? But I forgot. Your Lordship must not mix with the vulgar. *Auti saeva fames circumvolat Cupido et persequitur nummos res augusta domi.* (caius leilus)

with reasonable congratulations
yours

Lazarus Sala. n

Charles Goldthorpe Yorks Esq.

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