

Hardwick Vicarage, 20 Nov. 77.

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My dearest Arthur,

I should think you would soon come
to wish, in the words of the old madrigal
"My heart had never known ye"
so incessant is my vexation - & such
to make short work - for time is short
today (and when not so?) -

My very worthy & deserving nephew
Thomas Henry Wyatt, at whose house
you saw us in Torrington St. is a
candidate for the Clerkship of the
Skinners' Company. I venture to en-
close you a list that I have received
in the hope that possibly you might
be able to speak a word for him to