

28th May 1819 TH 12/12/12

I took all yr letters very kindly except the word
uncertain. As you & I have beered planning, I could not
tell what to make of it. I'm afraid it will not pop out.
I thought I put you alluded to her not being in a
family way. The phrase was familiar in Dry-
den's time. "Stamp an image". But what interest can
you or I take in that? It's not likely to produce
young Napoleons, I suppose. I exchanged that for
another idea - but still unfavorably. Just as the
circulating medium of my brain was at a stand-still
& I feared I might let it a loan, lo; the restriction ^{in my understanding} was
taken off ~~my intellect~~. It went off without any report
but still I took it unkindly. From - to prove me so.
Nothing in this life, as you justly observe, is without
alloy - not even uncertain fold. But let's change checks
Who is that Mrs. Norton - "The glorious woman"
you call her. I have $\frac{1}{2}$ a mind to go to West-
minster, & enquire about her. only ^{your} notion is rather
vague. I know of but one glorious woman ^{to be}
is in the Revelations, & she wore the sun by way
of a brooch.

I have not heard of poor or about my
brother since he disposed of himself in the ablaten
cave from the St. Hummums. When so near a
relative, chooses to remain silent instead of an
answer, we may pronounce him better. But then
some security still hangs over that.

I know you Londoners despise us scaly country folk
You cannot form a notion of our Delights.
You delight in Elections; we in a horse fair. You delight
in a rout. We in routing the pigs out of the back
close. You delight in an interesting Debate; we in baiting
a rat trap. You in your jollings down & buildings up
Your projected Improvements Your openings from Hay
market to Maiden Lane; - we in improvements made in ^{the} lanes

You in your new post office. We near old paths 3 steps off as
when we open the door. We in our Kitchen garden. You
in your Covent Garden. We in Cream you in milk per
something below) You in fresh Marchmont & in fresh
air. You in roasting herbs we in singing Larks. You at least
~~at the~~ ^{at the} play. We doff our coats & sit by the plough.
You delight in state affairs - we in household affairs. You
in conversation. we in knitting. You in crowded shops. we in
crowded barns. You in Dukes. we in Ducks. In short there's nothing
you have but we (jolly as we are) have an equivalent. I often
purpos'd coming over to London to explain the mystery more fully
to you. But when I wake in the morning ^{putting my head out of the window} I inhale I mean
the balmy air - when I hear the birds (the little warblers & orcan)
sing (like the ^(minor) plover spray - When — Oh Lamb! what a
number of delicious & delicate romantic rhymes present themselves
the word spout! It is scarce worth mouth of the year too! — Inquiry
brain. I wonder I begin to pour out. Who can put their ~~words~~
over my mouth & swim me dry. The sweet ideas hang
together like ropes of bread; one comes curling crinkle crackle after
another. I've enough now ready in my mind to scrawl over 3 sheets
paper. I refrain — I refer you to the panegyric of Vanahad
ings. I here ^{will find} ^{most of the charming} mean elegantly
burn up like bird's eggs in a cottage. Yet tis a pity. I've
great mind to venture upon "new mown hay" they can't have
it that, I think? If you come to the Goddess Delights (we
cannot be always spiritual, Mr Lamb — Corporal Nature loves
to see her corps well filled — she has no delight in y^r skeleton Regiments,
say if you come to the greater Delights what can be more de-)
delectable than killing a pig? It sounds perhaps less
jokes or a paragon. but no such thing. I'm in earnest.
— a good fat hog — what plenty it makes to kill one in to the
family! Besides the regular roasting & boiling pieces spent
freshen C^y ^{as forth}. There's such a variety of odd ends & dainties
bits of preserving, conserves & picklements. some of w^d follow
continually upon the cry of the pig. For ex the Kasket. Others
again surprise you at intervals after a week or a fortnight surprise
as the picture perhaps or others come forth in the shape of bacon
saies ^{himself} ^{that} when you have quite forgot the pig; months & months
afterwards I made beans grateful fried egg & leek.

