

TM 161.11

Dear Donne I heard some time ago that you were unwell; for my part I have been often - (as I mean) - well enough since I saw you last. If that truly is just fly over to Little Hall, ask you how you give you soon good advice till 200 miles of that road - go out with a gun & go back again & see after my affairs here at Redbourn, & I care not rather in an unsettled state, for I have been here but a week. I like the people vastly better, for Kershaw, & the Miss B. & we are quite friendly & like that, yet it cannot be supposed that we have one crosses wakes yet. I am called up every morning to a mysterious consultation on the state of the hedges. Whether I am here the maled bather in my little blue boat or in the yellow one. Then we are going to kill a pig into the fernery next week, & there's no trifling matter, let me tell you. - I like killing a pig unto the fernery, don't you? it always seems to make such a plenty, but these things you see make it necessary for me not to be absent from this spot long. There's the same necessity for me here as for so thing in Halford with the Queen - they cannot kill the pig without me, & they cannot kill the Queen without me - that is, decently American. The weight is 11 stone - the Pig. I mean - I dare say the poor Queen is much more wasted. I can think of nothing but the pig, you see. Now I shant say you must excuse me, so there's putting in the provision to raise the subject little, for I know you are fastidious & perhaps you'll think me low - so I put in the Queen for one's weight. I am just become of a terrible sore boil on my head, where it joins the neck as Horner says. The malignant affection crept about my neck, & through my jaws, & it awoke & awoke again. I am this minute informed that I have a tumor of all sorts of things & will prove tender. Prospecting I find it to age as that old shot in your sword corner of Scipio's. What was the fellow's name that used to keep it? He used to wear body & kick up his leg when an order was given. Excellent port wine. If I do it in London you'd soon have it, & I'd be with you, & then we'd sit at your lodgings in Leicestershire, & drink a bottle of wine from there. But I never saw such a Restoration in England. I am really got among vastly good people - honest & without pretensions, & without joke which has been a great trouble. Your information to usury is limited. Miss B. is wondering the other day that there could be any manufacturers in China - such a poor ignorant people! They are but lately come to be known as people? they were ignorant savages not long back? "Oh no Captain, they have been civilized many hundred years." & they had not been found out long? - That's very true means, we did not find them out till about 300 years ago, but they found out themselves long before. The other night Mr. Appleyard this good distinction of mine, & the boy & Harry (I don't know him) he is a good wench, & looks a picture of health & beauty (we put sage in the grave,) the girl Harry, I say, long hair, lay even into a smile. They were even with me in an observation they made about my black dog (you don't know my black dog?) they said He is the Cat (they a capital Cat so I pull her with a goblet C) "He is the Cat had no occasion to quarrel for they were both of a color". They looked pleased at this hit & I tried to laugh a bit, & Harry had said the very same thing to me, with the same air of self-complacency, the day before which took off my edge. however I try not, but it is a good joke & will be said again. Here you sent for a lot of white nutmeg & a quarter of a peck of pepper, & I am determined to the word, without advice, & not pinch & pinch least I have done laying interest upon him, as if I never knew when I had enough. And first Mr. property told, economy is all very well till 30, look after that, if a man reaches now he only 18th know that he has, & no good, & every fating that goes out of his pocket if a man has a wherein that he has say he & injures nobody by it, why is he be close? - I don't pledge myself to the exact word, but only to the sentiment. I'm sure I don't mean at all to say that they are extravagant, & don't mistake me Donne, they are frugal & a man may be careless of money, without being extravagant. It would be the last person in the world to say I not only say it but once - but I'm sure to what I never say - but come, let's change the subject. My to be you into our garden behind the house. I have not yet been out of the Province, not even up to the town of Redbourn, where a mill has been 3 miles up the road, & back again. It's very pleasant there. And I could not say it today. For the Gardener was there. He

comes once in 2 or 3 months) & there's not room for 2. That is, two are always in sight of each other, you know I'm not social in a garden unless indeed one pleases to be behind the less trees. You know as I mean, to go about & never stop. We have known me the whole round, when I first came into the house, if she had been a Frenchwoman, but to have an Englishwoman like her, it's hard to explore. Scattered is as heavy as a pound of lead. Well, do just give me a line to let me know how you all are going on whenever you happen to get too much engaged in your duty of Super-worker basely. Don't you feel bad about cutting your grapes? I can't say I often wonder at the trouble you take for such rank & noble - what they do not think! a bit the worst of you if you looked out of a window & let the rods take care of themselves - but I believe you won't not be very well if you had some bushes growing on your hands. You could not live like Mr Morris, raving only of your country! Do you ever see Boston now? If he has a publick rifle what a well regulated place Boston is! when I know they're telling, the Missis play upon the organ there, so they did in my poor faint time, I have heard her play so a 100 times, my long organ never to Boston, & I expect to never thin. Tell Mr Newhouse Redbourn. I have lost "Poor Little Harry" before I leave Redbourn Oct 18, 1818. P.S. Sunday. Nothing new has occurred, except that the Carpenter has brought home my little lime-tree horse & he has made it 6 times bigger & broader than I ordered it, but he says if there is was less salt stone than that, it would break down! How indeed! you ought to make Elder Wine this summer, the Elder Berries are uncommonly fine. When you write to Dyo, tell them know that I am hedge. I shall give them a line, as soon as I get any spare time.

L. Herk to Dmn Oct 1818.

Thomas Manning to E. C. Donne.

[Redbourne Oct² 1818]

Dear Donne

I heard some time ago that you were unwell; for my part I have been often so (so so I mean) well & unwell since I saw you last. If I had wings I'd just fly over to Malling-hall, & ask you how you do - give you some good advice - take 2 or 3 rolls at that sand-gravel walk of yours, & go back again to see after my affairs here at Redbourn, which are yet rather in an unsettled state, for I have been here but a week, & tho' I like the people vastly - both Mr Bayford & the Miss B. & we are quite friendly & all that, yet it cannot be supposed that we know one another's ways yet. I am called expressly every morning to a mysterious consultation on the state of the Larder, & whether I will have the melted butter in y^e little blue boat or in the yellow one. Then we are going to kill a pig into the family next week, & that's no trifling matter, let me tell you. - I like killing a pig into the family, don't you? "It always seems to make such a plenty," but those things you see make it necessary for me not to be absent from y^e spot long. - There's the same necessity for me here, as for S^r thing my Halfords with the Queen. They cannot kill the pig without me, & they cannot kill the Queen without S^r Hy - That is, decently I mean - The weight is 11 stone. The Pig I mean - I daresay the poor Queen is much more wasted. I can think of nothing but the pig, you see. (Now I should say, you must excuse me.) So I keep putting in the poor Queen to raise the subject a little, for I know you are fastidious - & perhaps you'll think me low - so I put in the Queen for make weight. I am just recovered of a tremendous boil on my head, where it joins the neck, as Homer says. The malignant affection passed off round my neck, & through my jaws, wh. are still so sore that I can eat nothing harder than a sausage with any pleasure (there's the Pig again!)

I am this minute informed that I have a loco of walnuts come in. I hope it will prove tender. A propos of eating, I dined not long ago at that old chop in Gerard St; (corner of Nassau St) what was the fellow's name that used to keep it - he used to wear boots, & kicking up his leg, when an order was given. Excellent port wine there now! If you & I meet in London, we'll go & dine there, unless Mr Donne be with you, & then we'll dine at your lodging in Leicester Square, & send for a bottle of port wine from there. For I never saw ladies at a Restaurant in England.

I am really put among vastly good people, - honest & without pretensions, wh without joke makes them appear to me polite. Their information, to be sure, is limited. Miss B. was wondering the other day that there could be any manufacturers in China - such a poor ignorant people! They are but lately come to be known, are they not? They were ignorant savages not long back? "Oh no Ma'am; they have been civilized many hundred years." "Oh, I thought they had not been found out long." - "That's very true, Ma'am: we did not find them out till about 300 years ago; but they found out themselves long long before." The other Miss B. applauded this jocose distinction of mine, & the girl Mary, (you don't know Mary: she is a good wench, & roasts a Sprig of Pork to a nicely (we put sage in the gravy)) the girl Mary, I say, lengthened her eyes into a smile. They were even with me in an observation they made about my black dog (you don't know my black dog?) they said ^{He &} that the Cat (she's a capital Cat, so I spell her with a quiet C) "He & the Cat had no occasion to quarrel, for they were both of a color -" They looked pleased at this hit & I tried to laugh, but Mary had said the very same thing to me, with the same air of self complacency, the day before, which took off my cap. However I don't doubt but it's a good joke, & will be said again. I have just sent for a cob of Walnuts, & a quarter

of a peck of pippins. For I am determined to take Mr Woodward's advice, & not pinch & pinch as I have done, laying interest upon principal, as if I never knew when I had enough; & as Mr W. properly adds, Economy is all very well till 30, but after that, if a man has but enough he ought to know that he has, & not judge every farthing that goes out of his pocket; if a man has wherewithal to be free, says he, & injures no body by it, why should he be close? - I don't pledge myself to the exact words, but only to the sentiment. & I'm sure I don't mean at all to say that they are extravagant - I should be the last person to insinuate etc - not only my respect etc etc - but I'm sure 'tis what I never meant - but come, let's change the subject. I'll take you into our garden behind the house. I have not yet been out of the Premises, not even up to the Town of Redbourn, whereas Mr Lee has been 3 miles up the road & back again. I walk every day in that walled garden behind the house - 'tis very pleasant there, but I could not enjoy it today. In the Gardener was there, (He comes once in 2 or 3 months) & there's not room for 2. That is two are always in sight of each other (& you know I'm not social in a garden) unless indeed one of them shd be behind the yew trees; you know ~~said~~ I mean; those decent ^{wt.} yews that Miss B. would have shown me the way round, when I first came into the house, if ~~she~~ she had been a Frenchwoman; but being an Englishwoman she left Mr Lee & me to explore, as necessity should prompt us. I see you begin to be tired & to think that a pound of feathers is as heavy as a pound of lead. Well! do just give me a line to let me know how you & yr friends are going on, whenever you happen to be not too much engaged in Turnpike or Churchwarden business, & are not wearied out with cutting yr' own grapes. I'm sure I often wonder at the trouble you take for the thankless public, when they wd not think a bit the worse of you if you looked out of yr' window & let

the roads take care of themselves; but I believe you could not be easy unless you had some public business on y^r hands. You could not live like Mr Morris, minding only your own concerns.

Do you ever see Barton now? If he had $\frac{1}{2}$ y^r public spirit, what a well-regulated place Blow norton w^d be! Where now, they tell me, the Pigs (pig again!) play upon the organ there. So they did in my poor Aunt's time; I have heard her say so also times, making organ rhyme to Blow norton.

Direct to me thus "T. M. Esq. Newhouse, Redbourn, St Albans, Herts." & don't let it be long before I hear from you. In the mean time I am dear Donne

Yrs most cordially T. M.

Redbourn, Oct 18, 1818.

P.S. Sunday. Nothing new has occurred, except that the Carpenter has brought home my little linen-horse, & he has made it 6 times bigger & stronger than I ordered it, but he says if there was less substance than that, it would break down! Horse indeed! When you write to ~~Diss~~, you ought to make Elder wine this season; the Berries are uncommonly fine. When you write to ~~Diss~~, let them know that I am Kedge. I shall give them a line, as soon as ~~I have~~ get any spare time.