

Maurice Harlett

2.1.22

The Knapp

Broadchall

Salisbury

Searled Harlett - it is always good to
hear from you. When you come to
visit me, if you can do, you must
play half a mile up the main
road you will find me in this little
big house with a black curtain,

under some interesting places
for the extinct volcano I am
became. I make a living by
severe toil, and by my bills,
and I must be virtuous and
am happy. The Healy is told to
one Mucklebank, a beautiful shipman
of much wealth. Quite a few
clubs too.

I read an article of J. Pennell's
the other day. The savage old they wanted

Why, it. I shall have a pen knife - seems being only
an I get it. The Garrison Pen but this is.

his sums and frames at the month
as fierce as ever. But his rage is now
in his mind. He hates not men
but Man. I wonder if he will end
up by murdering Mr Pennell.
I hope not. She is acting his better

half.
He is Christian, but we are still
dry here. It flows & flows, but
has not rained seriously for twelve
months. The village has many wells

& I have deepened my well - I
am on the line - bed. There is hard
any more. If God sends not help from
his holy place soon we shall have
to look. That's the sober truth.

There have been floods in the
midland, I hear. I must surely
have never yet seen
such a one. I have never yet seen
such work in drawing. I have been

HEWLETT

10,542
The Knapp
Broadchalke
Salisbury

2.i.22

Dear old Hartrick - it is always good to hear from & of you. When you come to visit me, if you ever do, you must plug half a mile up the river & you will find me in this "little grey house" with apricot curtains, [much wine suitably?] placed for the Extinct Volcano I am become. I ~~make~~ a living by severe toil, and pay my bills, and nourish the virtues and am happy. The Becky is sold to one Brocklebank, a Liverpool shipman of much wealth. Quite a fine chap too.

I read an article of J. Pennell's the other day. The savage old thing gnashed his gums and foamed at the mouth as fiercely as ever. But his rope is now indiscriminate. He hates not men but Man. I wonder if he will end up by murdering Mrs Pennell. I hope not. She is certainly his alter half.

A green Christmas, but we are still dry here. It blows [], but has not rained seriously for twelve months. I am on the river-bed. There is hardly any river. If God sends not help from his holy place soon we shall have to trek. That's the sober truth. There have been floods in the midlands I hear. It must surely come soon. I have never yet seen that book on drawing]?) Have you a copy of it. [] a green shade-second series as soon as I get it. The Clarendon Press publishes it.

[Ever yours?]

M.H.