

of the Deben - I don't mean  
in the modern sense of Wit-  
that, Mr. Barton was; but  
the Waters Genus, I mean -  
or - the muddy? - For I  
provided over that some while  
yesterday.

Why won't you come & sail  
to the River's mouth <sup>& back</sup> any Day  
this week? - You will be  
very cold, of course: but there  
is a Cabin, with out a Fire: a  
bottle of Brandy: one of Gin:  
one of Port wine stronger than either,  
& some <sup>of</sup> preserved Meat, which  
we suspect to be Horse.

Marketree: Woodbridge.

October 9/64.

Dear Miss Biddle -

When I got home last evening,  
(after lying on the Mast in my  
Ship) I found a Basket of Apples,  
and a Bree of Partridges. For  
the first I am to thank you;  
will you thank your Brother  
in my name for the Birds? -

The Birds are to be eaten:  
I make no Doubt they will  
prove worths of the Tribe to  
which they belong. The Apples  
have been tried: they are

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Very good, & worth, of the  
Stock they sprang from; but  
that Stock is not the "Golden  
Pippin" which, as I told you,  
is become as fabulous as what  
Jason fetched from the Hesperides -  
Don't you see that the Apples  
you call by that name are  
not Golden; and the true  
Golden Pippin (which I  
believe I saw in my youth,  
when I sailed in the Argo)  
was certainly half the size  
of these - a little Golden Ball.

Mrs. the Parson of Stutton,  
had one Tree that bore  
something like this precious  
Fruit: he, of course, declared  
it was the Hesperidean Article.  
But I believe the Apple  
has long disappeared together  
into its Age of Gold - which  
I can just remember.

Yours very sincerely  
Edward Fitzgibbon

To please tell Miss Long  
I was glad to catch a sight  
of her again. She says her  
Brother reckons me the genius