

Greenwood

Lyons Sept 9th 1849

Dear friend - I arrived here safe and sound yesterday forenoon - took dinner and went on up to Boston - for I found by a letter from Fields, which awaited me, that "something must be done pretty desp quick" as the boysaid in the thunder-storm - It seems that in a volume of 360 pages there will only be room for my stories - not a letter can be got in. I own I am a little disappointed, as I think my letters more tolerable than my stories; but neither ² Fields nor Dicknor will consent to having any of the tales omitted. They say however that they will bring out a second series of "Greenwood Leaves" consisting of letters called epangs, next summer, which perhaps is the better plan. - I do not anticipate any increase of reputation from the publication now - but if it will sell, that is all I want, you know. - Mr. Dicknor speaks with the utmost confidence of its success. There is to be no portrait, but an illustrated

title-page, or something of the sort.

I gave your manuscript to Fields, and he questioned me much about your material &c - He is quite anxious lest you should give up the idea of the publication now, dear friend, I hope you will not do so - I know you can make an admirable book of it, and why on earth you hesitate I cannot conceive.

I really don't know how I got away from Amesbury, where I had been so lazy and happy. I felt greatly depressed in the month, all the way to Lynn.

I keenly realized that I was a "poor lone torn creature", that "everything went contrary with" - but I forbear - You will not understand my peculiar emotions - I know that you have resolutely studied your heart against such weaknesses - and I know also that "I feel more than other people do, and show it more. It's my misfortune" -

Geoff who ~~occupied~~ ^{met} me in the cars and escorted me from the station up to Dickno's, yesterday! - Ah, I see it's no use - you never guess anything - Do you miss, Lizzy? - Thank show - who's tall, kind, handsome, and smiling and altogether splendid - who looks

It has been my misfortune to have several blots get on to my paper from some ink being spilled on the table. - Don't mind them, my friend. They mean respects, and other pleasant sentiments. (Them's hair-lins-back them.)

It is night - rather late in the night and I feel impudged with the conviction that I should say a few serious and earnest words to my friend, before I slumber. ^{Ann 197} Let me solemnly caution you against spending too much of your time with the fascinating, Septimius, against brady fits - against making game of Mrs. Bird - against mistreating poor pup, as you too frequently do - afflicting her with a tale of sore distress, as though she were but a feline personation of a patient public; and in particular against the fault of extravagance - extreme affability - hopefulnes, mirthfulness and hasty and inconsiderate confidences.

In this time of progress, I have hopes for you yet. -

particularly well on the water! - who has
a transcendental slouch to his hat, and
an Unitarian swing to his coat-tails?

"Oh, Thomas Higginson!" - Why, you
witch, you! - how came you to guess!

I am happy to say that his Reverency
made himself, or rather was quite naturally
and easily, very agreeable. I felt well ac-
quainted with him, - but alas, he is not
like Mr. Pezgotty, and a few other pleasant
worthy and hospitable men, "a backslider".

I hope that you and "the other one"
will write to the "lone lone creature" once
in a while - when you have nothing
more light and elegant employment
or more sacred duty to perform - no
more destitute and deserving colored
sister to aid and comfort.

ardon my nonsense - I happen
to be "in the mood", and it must out.

I hope that you will take care of your-
selves, - I trust that if this chilly weather
continues you will not allow to suffer
from cold a venerable sybil you wet of,
though you in your little faith looked
upon her as a ^{Prophetess} ~~very~~ Cassandra. -

Best love to your mother and Lizzie

Sincerely and faithfully yours

Lara.

John G. Whittier

- J. Whittier
"Gaea's Sonnet"