

1849

Feb. 3

New Brighton, Pa.

[Lippincott, Sara Jane (Clarke)]

To James Thomas Fields

A.L.S. 4p. 4 to,

FI 1797

Box 40

New Brighton Pa - Feb 9 - 1844

My dear friend James -

Yours of Jan -

16 - written "in most Esquimaux weather" came duly to hand - but it took it some time to thaw out, you know - There

was a general change of weather this morning - the sunshine is abroad, - "positively his last appearance this season", perhaps. 'Tis actually quite warmish, and as just now, I opened

your before congealed letter, all at once, it rushed upon me like a Spring-freshet of wit, mirth and poetry!

Oh, my friend, I am overwhelmed with delight in the flood, and feel as if I were drowning in wine - were about to be sucked down in a mad stream of Burgundy, and thrown up in a water-sport of Champagne

That letter you do write! sparkling and coruscating and going off in small explosions, from the opening "Gaw", to the closing "J. J. P." which I suppose

Will you be kind enough to send the enclosed to Harlan
I do not know her post address -

stand for Joy! 'tis finished! — It is
well that they are no longer — or
I should be obliged to keep them
in ice, and throw them out by the
paragaph, as I could bear it. —

Tell, you are hurried — by your
fretful account, an mercifully hurried,
driuen and burdened, — but my friend,
this will not do — you will ruin your
health — destroy your constitution by
these unremitting labors, cares and worri-
ments, — do, let me intreat you, go
to the gold-mines, or become an
Editor, or a parson School master,
for a little leisure and relaxation!

Let me congratulate you on the
approaching "launch" of your volume
It will I doubt not, stir up the becalmed
waves of literature, and leave them ever
so wide a — wake behind it. Oh my
friend, be prepared for the sensation of
which that publication must produce
be neither hardened by pride, nor
enervated by adulation. With a
sort of prophetic vision, I can foresee

what you perhaps are too modest to hope,
respecting that volume.

I hear a growl of envy come
From the dens of literati; —
I see the gentle, heaven-eyed Paine,
At some tea-drinking party,
All pulling caps and calling names,
For the honor of inspiring
The glowing strains which all the world
Are landing and admiring. —

At his presentation copy comes,
Apollo takes it gawning —
But a smile breaks o'er his handsome face,
Like snow on Scamp's dawning!

"That, ho!" he cries, "the golden grain
of Claspie song yet growing!

Here are crops of the ripe old genuine,
And fields of my own sowing!"

I see Fame's crown above you hang,
A begging you to wear 'em —

And olden spinsters round you crowd,
Intreating you to spare 'em

Your autograph, in songs and odes —
Or if your bardship chooses,

Small locks of hair, now curling round
The temples of the Muses.

Now my friend, don't think this
foregoing all just and nonsense -
for indeed I am very much in
earnest, though writing in a merry
strain - I do truly expect much
pleasure from your volume, when
it makes its appearance -

Thanks for your offer to send me
new books - I am dying for Whipple's
Essays, and Macaulay's History, and
would bless you if you would send
them to me, as you sent the others.

I have not seen Fanny Blyard's "Let
and ^{world} bless you with a double blessing,
if you would favor me with it. You
could send it by the mail, by taking
off the covers.

I have been waiting a long time to
for the opportunity of congratulating you
on an event which I was many months
since, told was about to make you
most happy, most fortunate, most
blessed - in short, the very Sycian Fields.

You don't know what charming things
I have all ready to say - but here I am, cornered!
Good bye - regards to Whipple, Giles and Cushman
Yours - Grace.