

Ms. A. 9. 2. 13. III
Deekham Nov. 15. 1842.

Dear Friend: (MARIA Weston Chapman)

As it is getting towards Monday morning
I suppose that it will be but a small frag-
ment of the Sabbath that I shall break off
by writing to you. ^{So don't be shocked.} I send you some more
editorial for Latimer. I have seen nor
heard nothing of him in his organ - except
what was in the Let. since Bowditch was
here - so I don't know whether or no it
has made its appearance - whether it
is deferred - or whether it is given up.
In the latter case, pray preserve all my
editorials, as you would the cause of the
Lycil, against fanaticism goes off on that
dreadful New York expedition. Confound
the fellow, why can't he "keep his thoughts in
his own breast" & not go out "colonelling"
against third party in New York! I shall
always have a fresh quiver against that
miserable faction if it is the means of
hoisting me up into the pillory. But it
has been ever thus from the days of Sir
John Falstaff downwards "men of action
are sought out while you undresser sleep." But I have heard nothing from
him & so possibly that may have blown over
too - at which though my carnal man might

rejoice, yet my Anti Slavery soul would
pierce. And then your play Bell,
too! Let you up with a Bell, forsooth!
Should nothing be missy content you? I
might address it as the ^{existent} Ungrateful Thief did
in the story which a quiet gentleman told in
confusion to the merry Lord Kelley. "There was
once a Thief" said he "who had robbed a church
& had no way of escape but ^{by} the bell-rope. Sliding
himself down by that he rang the bell, the neighbors
were aroused and he was taken. As he was being
led off he looked up at the bell and apostro-
phised it, as I now address your Lordship,
'had it not been for your long tongue & empty
head I had escaped!'" Talking of thieves puts
me in mind of stealing of myself. ^{and} beginning
to think seriously of my article of our unite it
off at a heat as soon as I have got the fact
together to raise the heat. I have written to
Cambridge for some in the shape of all the
facts relative to Mr. Putnam's escape from
St. Domingo & shall expect it soon. Now I
want you to let me have some of your letters
describing the scenery - the remains & houses
of the old estates, if any - just to
warm up my imagination, not servilely
to copy. I need have something to excite
the organs of landscape painting - for the most
brilliant rural idea I can conjure up at
present is ^{of} a flat field with corn & meadow
and potatoes on the other & a pump in the
forenoon. If there is anything in them.

unsuited for the sedate eyes of Uncle Selby,
just enclose them in [brackets this] and
I will give you my honor that I won't
read them. And I think I shall soon prove
to do it - for I will read the life of an infamous
youth by his Papa in which it was recorded
that the said Papa used to mark the
raw raw passages in the Clapnet with his
pencil and the dear boy would skip them
over! I know this was rather a hard saying
to me in my May of life when I read it. But it
showed no more faith in boyish nature (a
very different thing from human nature) than is
evinced by those learned men who have expen-
gated the Clapnet for the benefit of the rising
generation, and then clapped all the naughty
things into an Appendix ^{by themselves} at the end of the book -
so as to save the pupil, as I believe Byron
has remarked before me, the trouble of
hunting them up for himself. Be this as
it may, I ward your letter, and as I have
said I will strive to do. I think I can
set it to you in a week if I can procure
the needful.

I expected to have been in town
the end of last week, but have been
prevented by an unusual event - to me.
(Bless me! there it goes - twelve o'clock!
However it's Monday morning now & I can
easier in my mind.) This unusual event
is a smilled face which has not added

to the.

Character, though it may have to the
amount, of my personal charms. It has
given breadth, to be sure, if not expression
to my Dauidic countenance - but still I
am so little of an ^{convincing} ~~excitement~~ (has that play of
two "r's" & one "s" or the other way, or both a ^{word} ~~note~~)
that I prefer it all natural. When ~~the~~ the
billows of my countenance shall have subsided
into their usual channels I shall see you again
and I hope it will be in two or three days.

In the meantime it would be kind of some of
you to send me a line telling me how matters
are going on - also Latimer's Journal, if it has
appeared. By the way, I don't like the "Kath" that
comes before "Latimer's Journal" - but can't stop to
explain. Is Corbin actually editing it? I
have thought so from her not being here in
Deakam. If she is too busy about that, and
you are ~~over~~ ^{over} ~~burdened~~ ^{burdened} with such services
for the Fair - is there not my little Lucia
& Emma above hand o' write I have never
yet beheld? Let me hear from some of ye
tomorrow, or ye love me.

It's lucky that I only took half a sheet
of paper or I should sit here gossiping
with you all night. But it is high time
to go to bed. Good night to ye all, my dears.

Ever affectionately yours
Edmund Quincy.

Tell me, what day C. proposes coming to G.
if at all this week, that I may not select it
to come to town. I haven't said a word of Dickens!

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