

Cincinnati May 21. 1829
Dear friend, your very acceptable letter has lain
by me two or three days unanswered, you will not
believe from indifference to its contents. Truth
is, I was gratified to perceive, that a young man,
who assuredly carried off a great slice of all our
hearts, remembered us, amidst the felicitations,
& the renewed charities of home, after so long a
peregrination in our back woods. I was seriously
indisposed, when your letter arrived, so much
so, as to hold myself exempt from all duty,
but that of painful necessity. So far from
admiring, that home shows to you more delight-
ful, after so long an absence, & so distant a
journey, I should have admired, had it not.
Remember, however, that you have yet seen
no place in our country colored with the asso-
ciations of home, & the remembered scenes &
joys of childhood & youth. These make the
Greenlander, amidst his eternal ices, afraid
that the southrons are coming to disposs-
ess him of his paradise. These turn sterility, des-
olation, & the shadow of death to images of pleas-
ure. I admit, too, that N.E. is a good & a charm-
ing country, & when I forget her, may my right
hand forget its cunning. But were you here
now, I think you would grant, that nature is

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Date: May 21, 1829
Description: Timothy Flint letter to G.W. Pierce

nature is somewhat indulgent here too. Green was deeper green, than the hills opposite now show. The tulip, the horse chestnut, & the flowering acacia are exhaling the richness of their perfumes on the air, & give the earth as gaudy an aspect, as one could desire. The season was never more beautiful. We have had great numbers of respectable visitants, since you left, among them Mr Evertt, Dr Tuckerman, & hon. Mr Philips of Boston.

You will, probably, have heard by the papers of the famous logomachy between Mr Owen & Campbell. It is not unlikely, that you may meet in some of the papers with my account of the wordy contest. As one of the elected umpires, I had to devote eight days to this tedious & yawning business, which was only fit to arrest the attention of old women & silly girls, & tinkers & draymen. You will understand, that it seemed to me ridiculous, to think of settling such a concern before a promiscuous audience.

Other than this, I know of little, that has transpired in this region, that would give you any interest in the relation. Our town is exceedingly busy, gay, & full of business, & the season, as I have said, unusually flaunty &

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fine. Perhaps you may ^{have} heard, that your
John Neal has given me the honor of one of his
most abusive articles. You remember, that I
felt in debt to him for such a one. I have only
to say, that I think neither the better, nor the
worse of him, as all, who heard me speaking of him
before, know. The fool has been in England,
has ^{he} spread his tail plumage & cries caw!
caw! like a morning peacock. John's brain
is precisely like a Fahrenheit. A bubble of wind
at the bottom, warmed by his insufferable vani-
ty, produces an eternal congestion of his brain,
that makes the nauseous twaddle, that he writes,
seem to be the result of continual intoxication.
He enjoys the impunity of a pole cat. None, but
a fool, will throw a stone at him, to make
him pour his fragrance on the desert air.
Pah! civet! If he thought, I should answer him-
publicly, he is mistaken. Hands off, Mr John
Neal. I ought not to have touched on such a theme
in such a letter. I should never have thought a second
time of the business, had it not been smuggled under
my eye, by the customary Judas Iscariot mode,
Please Exchange. You will have the goodness to
make my best respects, as a stranger to your
friends, & allow me to say to them, that we regret
that our country had not attractions enough
to detain you here. It is not in the language

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