Cincinate May 21. 1829 Dear frew your very acceptable better has lain me two or thre days unanswered, you will not Valicon from midifference to its controls In is, Lever gratified to percenive, that a young man, who assuredly coursed of a great slice of all hearts, remembered as amids the felicitations, I the received charities showe, after so long a peregrination in our back woods I was serious. by indisposed, when your letter arrived, so much Journey, Thould have admind hasit not. no place in our country colored with the asso ciations ofhome, athe remembered scenes, 1048 of chied Road Lyouth. These mohe the green lander amedst his stund ices afraid that the southrows are coming to dispossess him ofhis haradise. These turn sterility, des olation, the shadow of death to images of pleas use. I admit too, that &. E. is a good of a sharm ing country, outher djorget her, may my right forget its comming. But were you here how, think you would seart that nature

Contributed to Maine Memory Network by an individual through Maine Historical Society

MMN #28300 Date: May 21, 1829

Description: Timothy Flint letter to G.W. Pierce

Cincinnati May 21, 1829

Dear friend

Your very acceptable letter has lain by me two or thre 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 delightful, 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 dispossess 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 charming 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

nature is somewhat indulgent here too. Seven was deeper green than the hells offorth now thow The tuty, the horse hernut, I the forwaring accer-Lia are excholing the richness of their performeson the air, I give the earth as goody an aspect, as one could desire. The season was never more beautiful. We have had great rumbers youshertable visitants, since you left, among them Mr Event, Le Tuckerman, & ham. Mr shilips of Boston will, probably, how heard by the papers of the formous logomachy between you may meet in some of the paper with my account of the wordy contest. as one of the elected umping that to devote eight days to this tedious Lyanny business, which was only fit to arrest the attention of old women Isilly girls, & trutiers & draymen you willan destand, that it seemed to me ridiculous, though of settling such a concern before a promismons andience Other than this, Throw of Letth, that has transpired in this region, that would give you any interest in the relation. Our town is exceedingly busy, gay, spull of husiness, ather season as Thomas aid, unusually flaints &

nature is somewhat indulgent here too. Never was deeper green, than the hills opposite now show The tulip, the horse chestnut, & the flowering acacia are exhaling 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 un derstand, that it seems to me, ridiculous, to think of getting 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 &

fine. Perhops you may hear, that your John Ascal has given me the homor of one this to most abusive articles. you remember, that I felt in debt to heir for such a one. Thou only to say, that I him neither the better, nor the worse of him, as all, who heard me speak of him before, know. The fool has been in England, has, the Shreads his toil plumage & cries caw! can! like a morning peacock. John's brain is precisely like a takney heit. a bubble of wind at the bottom, warmed by his virsuffer able vanie ty, produces an eternal congestion of his brain that mohes the nauscous twaddle, thathe writes, seem who the result of continual intercication the empires the impunity of a pole cat. None, but a fool, will throw a stone at him, to make him how his fragrance on the desert air Pal! west! If he thought, I should answer him\_ Tought not to have touched on such a theme in such a letter. Ishould never how thought a second time of the business, had it not been smuggled under my eye, by the customary fadas Iscariot mode, please Exchange. you will have the goodness to make my best respects as a shanger to your friends, Hollow me byay other that we regres that our country had not attractions enough to deturn you have. It is not in the language

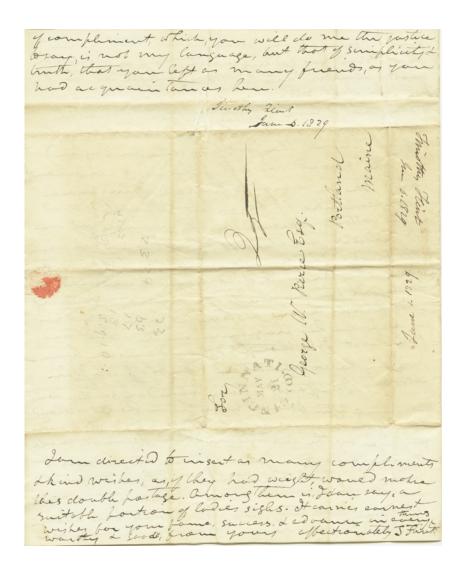
## have

fine. Perhaps you may ^ 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 speak of him before, know. The fool has been in England,

he

has, ^ & he spreads 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 himpublicly, 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 this business, had it not been snuggled 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



of compliment, which, you will do me the justice to say, is not my language, but that of simplicity & truth, that you left as many friends, as you had acquaintances here.

Timothy Flint June 6. 1829

[address written sideways]

George W. Pierce Esq.
Portland
Maine
[postmark] Cincinnati (0) May 21

I am directed to insert as many compliments & kind wishes, as, if they had weight, would make this double postage. Among them is, I dare say a suitable portion of ladies sighs. It carries earnest

wishes for your fame, success, & advance in every ^ worthy & good from yours affectionately T Flint