

Dear Liz Monday Night 11 O'clock Dec. 17th

I have spent part of the day & the night so far in reading the Letters of the British Spy - in which I have been truly entertained & delighted - for I have a feast of reason & a flow of soul - The Author (Wm. Mory) is certainly a fine writer - His descriptions are admirable - His style is neat, cheery & often highly ornamental - He has contributed something towards raising my ambition still higher to make something of myself in this little jostling, bustling busy world - But it occurs to me that I prowl in my tent to leave myself out of view & take a subject more worthy of consid - Well a subject I now have & I hope you will allow me to handle it with freedom -

It seems to be a law which almost universally obtains in relation to the scenery of external nature that an object in order to appear to the best advantage must be placed at a certain distance from the eye of the observer. ^{For ex.} The cheerfulness of sordid poverty within & around which, when nearly examined, the most appalling traces of disorder, penury & wretchedness are discernable yet when viewed at a safe distance may present an appearance of a sweet, quiet & interesting cottage.

That landscape in which waste & fallow soil the which is defamed by a wild exuberance of rank & noxious vegetation ⁱⁿ whose waste & fallow soil there is no other than the growth may delight the eye of a distant spectator by the loveliness of its verdure -

That Lake - That mountain whose majestic brow is elevated above the fogs & mists of the mere plains & whose summit is quailed by the radiant splendor of an unclouded sun - when more nearly inspected is found to be a huge mass of sterile rocks bleached by the chilling winds & driven by the tempests.

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The day after date we promised to
pay ~~Manchester~~

Monday 18th 11th Dec 1864