

Ackloume 12 Month 5. 1833

My dear Theodore

Had not the cares of the world measurably interfered to prevent my writing to thee yesterday - thy acceptable letter should not have remained a post unanswered - but if the truth must be told it found me on a market day busily exchanging the iron of manum for the stone of Ceres. - Better late than never I wish thee all joy - and am sorry the rules of the post office do not permit enclosures as I should certainly transmit a due quantum of frankincense & myrrh - but in lieu thereof I have scribbled some nonsense on the last page of this epistle which thou may perceive if thou hast time between this day & this day six months. I need not assure thee that I rejoice very sincerely with thee & Hannah - I hope thou giv'st me credit for it. -

If young James Henry has all the perfection thou ascribes to him - (especially his father's beauty) he must be a rare child. I have not yet acquired a taste for nursing so as to be a judge of what is beautiful or sublime in the infant countenance - but from the raptures of nurse I judge it must be a very enchanting occupation. It is all the same story with them the world over. Don't be frightened by their contradictions - nor wonder why a beautiful child may be like an owl - saving thy presence for reminding thee of a cognomen which thou wert once not ashamed to carry: - and do not think that I make any wicked allusion to the owl & her young ones! -

I can well imagine the state you must be all in: for I have witnessed the arrival of many heirs - & know the peculiar interest of the matter - and I believe I have some faint glimmering of ideas on that confused state

of feelings of which thou speakest - though it is quite impossible fully to comprehend their extent till one is first initiated. - I have not yet learned to comprehend much simpler matters connected with the affection - and why should I know anything of the more abstract? - I have no clear idea on Love, what it is - how it is felt - how to get into it - or in fact any thing about it. I understand love to sisters - to parents & to plants (!!) but farther I cannot go - I have no distant Idea of the thing usually called Love - and I doubt sometimes if I have sense even to understand it. - I suppose all this mystery is now clear as daylight to thee - & I must only wait till my time comes, if it ever come. -

Richard will I presume give you good accounts of Hildy - she continues steadily to mend. - If "Aunt Betsey" answered the boys rhyming address I think she must ~~answer~~ answer mine too - till her 20 - how odd it seems to me to hear thee calling her "Aunt" & "Uncle Eben" seems odder still. - I hope Mrs Cole is better - I send him very badly in not answering & note I had from him some time ago - months I believe - procrastination is my only excuse & then forgetfulness - & then both together. - My love to Betsy & May & my love & congratulations to the grandfather & grandmother on their new honors. - Mind and write to me shortly as thou hast promised. - I had the honor of introduction to thy "cousin" R D Webb's wife - and like her much: it is however rather a pity that she clips her word. - It is such a foolish strange - (that's me) - is there in danger of not understanding the point one - & so has to ask twice - Their, my dear Theodore always affectionately Ottie



Harvey, William H. 1833. "Harvey, William Henry Dec. 5, 1833 [to Theodore Suloit]." *William Henry Harvey letters* –.

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