

Keftock, Christmas Eve, 1821

Dear Sir  
Wassonite Las this day

Mr. W. [redacted] delivered me your obliging note. When I received your little volume some months ago, I was sorry that it contained nothing which informed me to whom I might address my thanks, & express the pleasure which I derived from its perusal. It is a great satisfaction that I am now enabled so to do. The poems evidently proceed from a cultivated, amiable & well-directed mind; every reader must peruse them with respect as well as gratification, & in the authors own immediate circle they must have their interest equal we attend to the faithful portrait of a friend.

It is rather that I think of myself as a poet. "My way of life has fallen into the rere, - the yellow leaf," - & the inclination for writing poetry has fast away. But to be assured that I have not failed in my hope of conveying worthy & ennobling feelings to congenial minds would be sufficient recompense for having lived laborious days, even if the labour had not been of a kind which brings with it its own reward.

KESWICK  
25R

Ernest Parnage

near

Richfield

Should I ever be in your part of the country, I will certainly endeavor  
to find you at Cross Lake. And if you ever visit our head of  
Lake, you will I trust give me an opportunity of shaking you by the  
hand at Kenrick.

Believe me Dear Sir

Yours with sincere respect

