Dear Sarah,

You gave me a very pleasant walk into the garden of the house, so that fruit which you don’t like last evening, nothing could have been more beautiful than the grapes and oranges, and nothing more fantastic than the flowers, the former reminded me of those spoken of by Touchstone as eaten by the ancient philosophers who firstly opened his mouth when he did so, and those too by you required the full exercise of that capacity for they were the
fantastic flowers which you sent me, how anomalous in form, how varied in coloring, and so unlike one to the other that it becomes difficult to trace the family resemblance between them. I have gazed and gazed upon them as the poet did upon the daffodils, and can only say as he did give "To me the dreamiest flower that blossom Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." I think that it is by these beautiful minor poems that Wordsworth will live rather than by his longer poems, such as the Excursion, Italian Abbey with its solemn minor tones, nor the Fruit of Broghlamoh Castle, nor the ode to Immortality nor the Daffodils, nor so many others which will suggest themselves to the mind, can ever.