Dear Sarah

You gave me a very pleasant walk into the garden of the Hesperides in that fruit which you sent me last evening, nothing could have been more thoughtful than the grapes and oranges, and nothing more fantastic than the flowers. The former reminded me in their size of those spoken of by Touchstone as eaten by the ancient philosopher who wisely opened his mouth when he did so, and those sent by you required the full exercise of that capacity for they were the largest I ever saw, since the beginning of my sickness, all taste for fruit had deserted me but when Cora tasted one of the pears I was tempted to do the same, and hope that my former relish has returned in which case I shall owe you an unpayable debt. I do not think it at all strange that out of the infinite memories of eighty-seven years, I should be able to send an occasional note of heartfelt sympathy, of pleasure or even of instruction but I do not feel that I therefore deserve the high praise which you and Mrs. Fields are disposed to lavish upon me.

I have been sitting in presence of and admiring 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 "To me the meanest flower that blows can give 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, Tintern Abbey with its solemn minor tones, nor the Feast of Brougham Castle, nor the ode to immortality, nor the Daffodils, nor so many others, which will suggest themselves to the mind, can ever fail of being delightful to us and commanding our admiration. Again thanking you for your pleasing and thoughtful attention with cordial greetings from Mrs. Haven and myself for Mrs. Fields and you.

Truly Yours
G. W. Haven
By S. H. H.