

Conclusion

Within this book oft I have sought
 Do sheer a lone object'd thought
 And here have muses' still cars away
 Forgetting quite the passing day
 Lingerings moments dark and drear
 When though the day has lingered near
 Here o'er these pages I have traced
 Moments which ~~have~~ fleet in haste
 When all beside was dark around
 In this old journal I have found
 Peace where I sought to rest
 Moments which my soul has blessed
 And now I sit as oft before
 Smiling at the angry tempest roar
 Unconscious of the fearful sound
 Whilst swift the moments speed around
 But still again once more adieu
 Although I long thee yet as true
 And oft in memory shall repeat
 All this silent pen shall speak
 Not as it now doth mark in part
 The lonely dictates of my heart
 Can fancy paint that form my choice
 Nor wake the echo of her voice

Sund. June 19th 1865-

The Bark Sarah of Mattapoisett sailed
 from home May 11th 1864 and returned June 19th
 1865 with a full cargo of sperm oil. Haven's
 made the voyage in 40 days.
 The few lines between the 100th and this page
 were composed on that voyage