

June 1867.

## Infancy

As I trace memory back to its most remote connection with existence I miserably find myself lost in contemplation over the simplest things in nature's works. Therefore I see the great and the small, the great and the small, the most complicated and the simplest conveniences all ~~as one~~.

My debut was a flickering spark  
A little spark, some substance caught  
Which must have vanished but some care  
Settled gently over it there

The spark which first on memory  
Caught and kindled, still to me  
Its faintest rays, in transient beams  
Sparkle through my deepest dreams

I saw the fire blazing bright  
And longed to see its dancing light  
I saw a lamp so near me stand  
I reached it with my awkward hands

The pain which followed O my soul  
I poured it out ten thousand fold  
In screams which echo dare not mock  
A note from hell's own hell caught  
That I expect and I again looked on  
Wondering silently and long

I grew from shivering chill desire  
To want for something everywhere

Familiar grew all things around  
My mother's smile and father's frown

Oh I was fondlest for too much  
Though some sweet from the poisonous touch

Each glittering toy bright and new  
Staged my ~~fluctuating~~ view

My rattle box my newest toy  
Made music and it gave me joy

Whilst all I wished was thus complete  
Soon ~~that~~ all forgot I fell asleep

And Mother always seemed so glad  
When I awoke, though cross and bad  
As though she waiting had been there  
Watching to ~~catch~~ my newest care

Her words were music in my ear  
When all beside had failed to cheer  
One sound from her sweet soothing voice  
Like magic made my heart rejoice  
Since time and sorrow changes brought  
This echoing on my silent thought  
I hear that voice, or feel the spell  
Whose memory clearly lives to dwell

## Boyhood

The last dream of youth before waking  
from childhood to the stern realities of a  
selfish world. Is the most pleasant retreat  
in the distant fields of memory

What a gay world we believed this  
to be. There was no existence then why  
some day we should be dissatisfied with  
all things, cover ourselves

Every thing then was just right  
But alas wants ungratified. Cares without  
means are ours to drag slow to our last regretting  
moments

It was summer day and afternoon  
In the gladsome merry month of June  
And four o'clock when school is done  
The joyful summer hours begun  
As I am of the happy crowd  
With heart as light and voice as loud  
Which mounts the air with song and play  
Dating from the pleasant day  
No substance thought to stay the glee  
Circling round that revelry

Little girls lend their sweetest voice  
And golden make that early voice  
Which live to gem enchanted hours  
Through age immortal shall be ours