

December 1865

My little one. When you shall grow
To know the calling I learn to know.
That fancy paints the glowing morn
In faded colors yet unborn

And I like you was once a boy
And suspect with fancy her ally
Whose prison still is seeds of strife
Expectant through a wretched life

As day passes off by twilight hours
When nature settles into rest
When hushed were voices and the trees
Wavered in the midnight breeze
And I upon my pillow sought
To rest me from my early sport

Then fancy flaps her gaily wings
And brought me all her pretty things

With paint and brush in skilful hand
Portrays the beauties of such land
As spreads beyond the great wide sea
And a whisper said it was for me

Then I beheld with wings so white
Dip through the darkness of the night
A man with sail on the dark wave
Maneuver with the joyful and brave
I view them as they onward dash
While lightning in the waters flash

Thus fancy painted scenes divine
And fully suited this heart of mine

I looked upon the rose and leaf
Which hid the wickedest thorn beneath

Those wings so white in tropic breeze
Will rend in more tempestuous seas

Those wild delights the mind creates
Fades with the master's stern mandates

Oh let the free become as slaves
Bound by oceans spreading waves

The glory that we thought to find
The fancy of the youthful mind
Fades as the snow-flake when the sun
Shall meet it ere its flight is done

In after years if you like me
Shall learn to roam the distant sea
Like me perhaps, when none shall know
The darkness of the silent woe
Shall vainly regret look on thy path
Time mocking with its mimic laugh

Remember then, Went O too late
It was thy choice Not a fate

New Year's day of 1866 shall be the date when
me and tobacco shall dissolve partnership
after being connected in a business way for 12 years
In this eventful day I dedicate the following lines

I've well old weed - I must give over
My horn. In long I was thy slave
Where oft I doubted you before
Now I mark each pang the prison gave
Though the lingering chain may tempt me yet
But I shall conquer and forget
And thou shalt find an outcast grave
Returning thus from whence you came
May where earth no more shall know thy name

Though
But man with hoars may conquer hoars
And make a kingdom to its base
Of the greatest victory he can boast
Over mortals of the human race
Is to subdue his own self will
And yearning to be cheerful still
Health and temperance keeping pace
Then he is blessed who can control
Himself and every impulsive mood