

The fairest regrets that fame can bind
 Are ever with the exalted mind
 And fresher from the hunting tomb
 Resounds eternal laurels bloom
 Fable is fortune and undure
 And worth and fame to be secure
 Must be in death enshrined

O how have known what 'tis to part
 With the first inmate of my heart
 To feel the bonds of nature's chain
 To witness on the glowing dawn
 The spring of youth the fire of Heaven
 The grand deep shadows drawn

from, Croaker's Battle of Salavara

August 13 th	John & Elisabeth Sagharbour	
Sept 6 th	Barque Hope & Bedford	no oil
19 th	Joseph Bordeaux	20 lbs
"	Hamilton, Jones & Harbour	no oil
27 th	Refutation, Andrews & London	130 sperm
30 th	Georgia	530 lbs
Oct 6 th	Barque Cavellier Francis Salem	2 sperm
" 12 th	Ship Joseph & Maxwell	2 sperm
" 20 th	" Condor Harding & Bedford	no oil
" 24 th	" Franklin, Mopher & B	2 sperm
Nov 6 th	Barque Jason, London	5 whales
" 17 th	Ship Leguadas Fairhaven	no oil
" 18 th	Ship Henrietta & Bedford	500 lbs
" 19 th	Ship Procionobles & Bedford	5 whales
" 20 th	" Tom Decatur & Bedford	32 sperm
" 21 st	" James, Sag Harbour	2 whales
Dec 3 rd	Ship Ampica Hudson	5 whales
" 24 th	" North America Harbour	10 sperm
" 30 th	" Gold Hunter & Bedford	5 sperm
"	" Palladium Curtis & B	5 sperm
Jan 10 th	Ship Heroine Harding	5 sperm
" 14 th	" Manibal & Harbour	200 lbs
" 14 th	Edward Henderson	full
"	Barque Cora & Herman & B	600 lbs
" 18 th	Ship Messenger, Kendrick	200 lbs
" 19 th	Ship Merrill	200 lbs
" 20 th	Ship Concordia Smith & B	200 lbs
" 21 st	Barque Concordia & B	200 lbs

Farewell, Byron

He will return but now the moments bring
 The ring of parting with redoubled wing
 The why the where what goes it north to tell
 Since all must end in that wild word farewell
 List to the bugle, Juan shrilly blew
 One kiss one more another adieu
 The rose she spurned she clung to his embrace
 Till her last looks faded beneath her maiden
 Go days not raise to his that deep blue eye
 Which downyared hung in tearless agony
 Dark peals the thunder of the signal gun
 To fold it was sunset again that storm he made
 Which mutely clasped in fulgently carressed
 And tottering to his couch his bride he bore
 Laid her cold forehead turned in Conrad gone
 Was but a moment fast and here he stood
 And now without the portals forth she rush
 Then closed her eyes his sound and fast
 Unknown to her they fell
 But still her lips refused to send farewell

