**Samuel Rose Parkinson Notebook**

**1874–1892**

[Transcribed by Ben and Jared Parkinson and proofed against original. Transcript completed 2010.]

[front of notebook]

June 26th 1874

S.R. Parkinson

Franklin Oneida

Co

his Book

[Appointment pages with ruled lines, preprinted “Sunday, January 1, 1871” through “Tuesday 3.” The first preprinted line of the first page crossed out, and all other preprinted lines are ignored]

Nov 15th

Received of W. Woodward

$2.20 00/100

on Bearlake Account

103.94

on Nots and Book

Account

11606

————

$220.00

Book a/c 32.88

for Services 1900

————

Bal due Store 1388

& Settled

[blank page]

[page preprinted “Saturday, January 7, 1871”]

S 16 Oct – 1892

I left home and Came to S L C

M 17 I was geting ready for a assignee sale for Geo A Alder Store

T had Night had all Papers made out

W I went to u.p. Dopot and ask for all freght for Geo A Alder & Son and sint Clare refuged to let it go untill he see there there lawer

[Remainder of dated pages blank.]

[The following four items appear consecutively in Richard G. Parker and J. Madison Watson, *The National Fouth Reader* (A.S. Barnes and Burr, 1859), part of the publisher’s *National Series of Standard School-Books.*]

[From “We Have Been Friends Together,” by Caroline Sheridan Norton (1808–1877), *The Undying One and Other Poems* (1830), 215–16; reprinted in *The National Fouth Reader* p. 307.]

March 22th 1876

Friendship,

1

1 we have been friends together. in sunshine and in shade. since first beneath the Chestnut-trees in infancy we played. but Coldness dwells within thy hart. A Cloud is on thy brow: we have been friends together: Shall A light word part us now.

2 2

we have been gay together; we have laughed at little Jests; for the fount of hope was gushing warm and Joyous in our breasts. but laughter now hath fled thy lip. and Sullen glooms thy brow. we have been gay together; Shall A light word part us now?

3

we have been Sad together; we have wept with bitter tears. oer the grass-grown graves. where Slumlered the hopes of early years. the voices witch where silent there would bid the Clear thy brow; we have been Sad together; Shall A light word part us now?

Samuel Rose Parkinson

——————————————————————————————

[From “Forgive and Forget,” by Martin Farquhar Tupper (1810–1880), *Ballads for the Times* (1851); reprinted in *The National Fouth Reader* p. 308.]

2

Forgive and Forget

1

when Streams of unkindness as bitter as gall.

Bubble up from the heart to the tongue.

And meekness is writhing in torment and thrall.

By the hands of Ingratitude wrung—

In the heat of injustice unwept and unfair,

While the anguish is festering yet,

None none but an angel of God Can declare

I now Can forgive and forget.

[page break]

2

But, if the bad Spirit is Chased from the heart,

and the lips are in penitence Steeped,

With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart

Though scorn on injustice were heaped;

For the best Compensation is paid for all ill,

When the Cheek with Contrition is wet,

And every one feels it is possible Still

At once to forgive and forget

3

To forget it is hard for A man with A mind

However his heart may forgive,

To blot out all insults and evils behind,

And but for the future to live;

Then how shall it be for at every turn

Recollection the Spirit Shall fret,

And the ashes of injury smolder and burn,

Though we strive to forgive and forget,

4

Oh hearken my tongue shall the riddle unseal,

And mind shall be partner with heart

While thee to thyself I bid Conscience reveal,

And Show the how evil thou art;

Remember thy follies thy sins and thy Crimes

How vast is that infinite debt;

Yet mercy hath seven by seventy times

Been swift to forgive and forget;

5

Brood not on insults or injuries old,

For thou art injuries too—

Count not their sum till the total is told

For thou art unkind and untrue;

And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,

Now mercy with Justice is met;

Oh, who would gladly take lessons of heaven,

Nor learn to forgive and forget?

[page break]

6

Yes, yes; let A man when his enemy weeps

Be quick to receive him A friend

For thus on his head in kindness he heaps

Hot Coals—to refine and amend;

And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn

As A nurse on her innocent pet;

Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn

And whisper, forgive and forget,

S.R.P.

——————————————————————————————

[From John Wilson, “The Head-stone,” *The Saturday Magazine,* vol. 6, no. 191 (June 27, 1835), p. 245; reprinted in *The National Fouth Reader* p. 309.]

The Headstone

Part First

The Coffee was let down to the bottom of

the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped-up brink, the first rattling Clods had struck their knell, the quick shoveling was over, and the long, broad skillfully cut pieces of turf were aptly Joined together, and trimly laid by the beating Spade, So that the newest mound in the Church yard was Scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of A luxuriant Spring,

2 The burial was soon over; and the party, with one Consenting motion, haveing uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to Separate, and about to leave the Church-yard, Here Some acquaintances from distant parts of the parish, who had not had opportunity of addresing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor in the Course of the few hundred yards that the little procession had to move over from his bed to the grave,

[page break]

were shaking hands quietly but Cheerfully, and inquiring after the welfare of each other’s Families.

3 there A Small knot of neighbors where Speaking, without exaggeration, of the respectable Character witch the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another little incidents of his life, Some of them So remote as to be known only to the grayheaded persons of the group; While A few yards further removed from the spot were standing together parties who discussed ordinary Concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season or Change of tenants; but Still with A sobriety of manner and voice that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple Ceremony now Closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and gray walls of the house of God,

4 Two men yet Stood together at the head of the grave, with Countenances of Cincere but unimpassioned grief there were Brothers, the sons of him who had been buried, and there was something in there situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them for A long time, and more intently then would have been the Case had there been nothing more observable about them then the Common Symptoms of A Common Sorrow.

[page break]

5 But these two Brothers, who were now standing at the head of their fathers grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other; and the only words that had passed beteen them, during all that time, had been uttered within A few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old mans funeral. no deep and deadly quarrel was between these Brothers, and neither of them Could distinctly tell the Cause of this unnatural estrangement

6 Perhaps dim Jealousies of their fathers favor—Selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor mens hearts respecting temporal exspectations—unaccommodating maners on both sides taunting words that mean little when uttered, but witch rankle and festers in remembrance—imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the Same—these, and many others Causes, Slight when Single, but Strong when rising up together in one baneful band, had gradually but fatally infected their hearts till at last they, who in youth had been seldom separate and truly attached, now met at market, and miserable to say, at Church, with dark and averted faces, like different Clansmen during A feud,

[page break]

7 Surely, if any thing Could have Softened their hearts toward each other, it must have been to stand silently, side by side, while the earth, stone, and Clods were falling down upon their fathers coffin, and doubtless their hearts were so softened.

8 But pride, though it can not prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two Brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their Causeless quarrel

The Headstone

Part Second

1 A headstone had been prepared, and A person Came forward to plant it, the elder brother directed him how to place it—A plain stone with A Sandglass, Skull, and Crossbones, Chiseled not rudely, and A few words inscribed

2 The younger Brother regarded the operation with A troubled eye, and Said, loudly enough to be heard by Several of the bystanders, “William, this was not kind in you; you should have told me of this, I love my Father

[page break]

as well as you Could love him, you were the elder, and, it may be the favorite son; but I had A right in nature to have Joined you in ordering this headstone, had I not,

3 During these words the Stone was Sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned, for awhile the elder brother said nothing, for he had A Consciousness in his heart that he aught to have consulted his fathers son in designing this last becoming mark of affaction and respect to his memory; So that the Stone was planted in Silence, and now stood erect, decently and Simply, Among the other unostentatious memorials of the humble dead,

4 The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected by his affectionate Sons, the sight of these words Seemed to soften the displeasur of the angry man, and he Said, Somewhat more mildly, yes, we were his affectionate sons: and since my name is on the stone I am Satisfied. Brother.

5 We have not drawn togather kindly of late years, and perhaps never may: but I acknowledge and respect your worth: and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our Father, with my foot above

[page break]

his head, I exspress my willingness to be on other and better terms with you; and if we Can not Command love in our hearts, let us, at least, brother, bar out all unkindness,”

6 The minister who had attended the funeral, and had something intrusted to him to say publicly before he left the Churchyard, now Came forward, and asked the elder brother why he Spake not regarding this matter, he was that there was Something of A cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the Chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once Cherished there, with A Solemn, and almost Severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, Changing his Countenance into Serenity, said gently—

Behold, how good A thing it is

And how becoming well,

Toghther such as brethren are

In unity to dwell,”

7 The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of A natural Sentiment, quite overcame A heart in witch many kind, if not warm, affections dwelt; and the man thus appealed to bowed down his head and wept, “give me your hand, brother, and it was given while A murmur of Satisfaction arose from all

[page break]

present, and all hearts felt kindler and more humanely towards each other

8 As the brothers stood fervently, but Composedly grasping each others hand in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother long since dead, and of their father, whose Shroud was haply not yet Still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister Stood beside them with A pleasant Countenance, and Said—I must fulfill the promise I made to your father on his death-bed I must read to you A few words witch his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its office

9 I must not say that you did your duty to your old father; for did he not often beceech you, apart from one another, to be reconciled, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bare you, and, Stephen, who died that you might be born; when the palsy struck him for the last time, you were not beside the old man when he died.

10 As long as Sense Continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two alone, tears was in his eyes; I saw them there, and on his Cheek too, when no breath Came from his lips, but of this no more, he died with this paper in his

[page break]

hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave I now obey him My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do, dear boys, receive my blessing;

11 Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden—and when the brothers had released each other from A long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and, in A single word or two, exspressed their Joy at this perfect reconcilement, the brothers themselves walk away from the Churchyard, arm in arm, with the minister to the manes, on the following Sabbath, they Seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm-book,

12 The same psalm was Sung given out at their own request, of witch one verse had been repeated at their fathers grave; A larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the [page break] plate for the poor, for love and Charity are sisters, and everafter, both during the pease and the troubles of this fife, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided

[From “The Brothers,” by Charles Sprague, in Evert Augustus Duyckinck and others, *Cyclopaedia of American Literature* (Scribner, 1855), vol. 2, p. 134; reprinted in *The National Fouth Reader* p. 313.]

The Brothers

1 We are but two—the others Sleep

Through deaths untroubled night.

We but two—Oh, let us keep

The link that binds us bright.

2 Heart leaps to heart—the Sacred flood

That warms us is the Same;

That good old man—his honest blood

Alike we fondly Claim,

3 We in one mothers arms were locked—

Long be her love repaid;

In the same Cradle we were rocked,

Round the same hearth we played.

4 Our boyish sports were all the same

Each little Joy and woe;—

Let manhood keep alive the flame,

Lit up so long ago,

5 We are but two—be that the band

To hold us till we die;

Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,

Till side by side we lie,

[page break]

**CASH ACCOUNT ~~MARCH.~~** Feb. 11th 1879

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Date.** |  | **Received.** | **Paid.** |
| 11 | To Cash | 203.00 |  |
| March 1 | paid to F.C. Parkinson |  | 60.00 |
| 4 | by S.R.P. | 38.00 |  |
| 6 | by F.C.P. | 220.00 |  |
|  |  | 461.00 | 60.00 |
|  |  | 60.00 |  |
|  |  | 401.00 |  |
| march 26 | lost |  | 257.00 |
|  |  | 401.00 | 257.00 |
|  |  | 257.00 |  |
|  |  | 144.00 |  |
| April 3 | paid F.C.P. |  | 18.00 |
| 9 | lent to Coop in S.L. City |  | 81.00 |
| 14 | By Cash from Coop store | 81.00 |  |
| ” | By cash S.R.P. | 60.00 |  |
|  |  | 285.00 | 99.00 |
|  |  | 99.00 |  |
| ” | on Hand | $186.00 |  |
| 19 | paid to F.C.P. |  | 20.00 |
| ” | By Cash S.R.P. | 5.00 |  |
| ” | Short in coop cash |  | 43.00 |
| 27 | By Cash from F.C.P. | 18.00 |  |
|  |  | 207.00 | 63.00 |
|  |  | 63.00 |  |
|  |  | 144.00 |  |
| 29 | found in store money | 47.00 |  |
| May 11 | S R P by cash | 10.00 |  |
| ”16 | ”     ” | 10.00 | 337.00 |
| ” 20 | lent to store |  | 126.00 |
|  |  | 126.00 |  |
| 24 | Store paid cash |  | 211.00 |

[page break]

**CASH ACCOUNT MARCH.**

May

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Date.** |  | **Received.** | **Paid.** |
| 1 24 | By Cash S.R.P | 266.30 |  |
| June 5 | by cash ” ” | 437.82 |  |
| ” | ” to ” ” |  | 2.50 |
|  |  | 704.12 |  |
|  |  | 2.50 |  |
| ” | ” on hand | $701.62 |  |
| 12 | By cash S.R.P. | $23.00 |  |
| 13 | cash on hand | 724.62 |  |
| 14 | To Cash S.R.P |  | 110.00 |
| ” | ” Cash S.R.P. |  | 200.00 |
| 28 | By Cash Paid to W.C.P. |  | 115.00 |
| ” | To ” from W.C.P. | 25.50 |  |
| ” | By Cash paid F. Mendenhall |  | 100.00 |
|  |  | 850.12 | 525.00 |
|  |  | 525.00 |  |
|  |  | 225.12 | ~~525.00~~ |
| July 18th | By Cash to W.C.P | ~~209.50~~ | 209.50 |
|  |  | 225.12 | 209.50 |
|  |  | 209.00 |  |
|  |  | 15.62 |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| ” 29 | To Cash received of J.P. Yound on his note | 30.00 |  |
| Aug 16 | By Cash to S.C.P. |  | 22.35 |
| ” ” | ” eror in book |  | 1.47 |
|  |  | 45.62 | 23.82 |
|  |  | 23.82 |  |
|  |  | 21.80 |  |
| ” ” | To Cash S.R.P. | 2.35 |  |
|  |  | 24.15 |  |
| ” ” | To Cash S.R.P. | 100.00 |  |
| 26 | ” ” ” |  | 24.15 |
|  |  | 124.15 | 24.15 |
|  |  | 24.15 |  |
|  |  | 100.00 |  |
| 30 | lent to Coop By S.R.P |  | 100.00 |

[page break]

**CASH ACCOUNT. APRIL.**

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Date.** |  | **Received.** | **Paid.** |
|  | Sept. 10 |  |  |
| Sept | By Cash S.R.P | 28.00 |  |
| 17 | ” ” ” | 1000.00 |  |
| 18 | paid to Coop. |  | 1030.00 |
| 18 | ” Cash S R P | 2.00 |  |
|  |  | 1030.00 | 1030.00 |
| Nov 15 | paid Cash S.R.P. | 150.00 |  |
| Dec 10 | By Cash | 29.00 | 12.00 |
| Jun 7 | ” ” | 29.00 | 12.00 |
|  |  | 179.00 |  |
|  |  | 12.00 |  |
| ” 13 | By Cash S.R.P. | 167.00 | 9.00 |
|  |  | 9.00 |  |
| ” 13 | Cash on hand | 158.00 |  |
| 31 | By ” S.R.P. | 90.00 |  |

[several page breaks]

**CASH ACCOUNT. SEPTEMBER.**

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Date.** |  | **Received.** | **Paid.** |
|  | 90 | 8 |  |
|  |  | 50 | 15 |
|  | cat | 2.30 | 65 |
|  | rat | 1.65 | 25 |
|  | sat | 1.91 | 20 |
|  | fat | 2.25 | 25 |
|  | mat | 2.26 | 20 |
|  | sad | 4.15 | 10 |
|  |  | 1.56 | 30 |
|  |  | 3.00 | 25 |
|  |  | 85 | 50 |
|  |  | 1.81 | 50 |
|  |  | 1.45 | 55 |
|  |  | 35 | 35 |
|  |  | 1.25 | 30 |
|  |  | 75 | 20 |
|  |  | 3.16 | 60 |
|  |  | 75 | 60 |
|  |  | 1.00 | 20 |
|  |  | 1.35 | 10 |
|  |  | 95 | 20 |
|  |  | 1.89 | 15 |
|  |  | 2.60 | 30 |
|  |  | 3.30 | 20 |
|  |  | 40.04 | 40 |
|  |  | 51.00 | 40 |
|  |  | 91.04 | 30 |
|  |  |  | 40 |
|  |  |  | 20 |
|  |  |  | 90 |
|  |  |  | 160 |
|  |  |  | 40 |
|  |  |  | 20 |
|  |  |  | 11.90 |

[several page breaks]

**CASH ACCOUNT. NOVEMBER.**

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Date.** |  | **Received.** | **Paid.** |
|  | 2.13 |  |  |
|  | 2.13 |  |  |
|  | 4.20 |  |  |
|  | 4.28 |  |  |
|  | 42 |  |  |
|  | 84 |  |  |
|  | 84 |  |  |
|  | 84 |  |  |
|  | 28 |  |  |
|  | 8 |  |  |
|  | 8 |  |  |
|  | 21 |  |  |

[several page breaks]

[From “To the West.” A version printed by H. De Marsan, New York [n. d.] can be found on the Library of Congress website. The title and first two verses appear on the right-hand page and the third on the left hand page.]

to the West

to the west. to the west. to the land of the free Where the migh-ty Missouri rolls down to the Sea Where A man is A man if hes willing to toil and the humblest may gather the. Fruits of the Soil. Where children are blessings and he who hath most. as aid for his fortune and Riches to boast. where the young may exult and the aged may rest. Away far Away to the land of the west

to the West. to the West &c

to the West to the west where the rivers that flow run thousands of miles spreading out as they go. Where the green waving forests Shall echo our Call as wide as old England. and free for us all Where the Prairies. like seas where the billows have roll’d

Are broad as the Kingdoms and empires of old. and the Lakes are like oceans in Storm or in rest; Away far Away to land of the west

to the West to the West &C.

[page break]

to the west to the west there is Wealth to be won the forest to Clear is the work to be done we’ll try it we’ll do it and never despair while theres light in the sunshine or breath in the air the bold independance that labour shall buy

Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to sigh Away far Away let us hope for the best and build up A home in the land of the west

to the west to the west & C

[page break]

[From “Mother Kissed Me in My Dream,” words by George Cooper (1838–1927), music by John Rogers Thomas (1819–1896), published by Wm. A. Pond & Co, New York, available on the Library of Congress website.]

Mother kiss me in my Dream

1 lying on my dying bed through

the dark and Silent night

praying for the Coming day

Came A vision to my Sight

near me stood the form I love

in the moonlight mellow gleam

folding me unto her breast

Mother kissed me in my dream

Mother Mother Mother kissed

in my Dream

2 Comrades tell her when you right

that I did my duty well

Say that when the battle raged

fighting in the van I fell

tel her to when on my bed

Slowly ebed my being streaned

how I knew no peace untill

Mother kissed me in my dream

&C &C &C

one Again I long to see

home and kindred far away

but I feel I shall be gone

ere there dawns another day

hopefully I bide the hour

when will fade life feeble beam

every pang has left me now

mother kissed in my dream

&C &C &C

[page break]

[From “Jeannie Lorn” (1863), words and music by W. Virgil Wallace]

Jennie Leorn

1 the tear was in the soldier eye it was on one Summer morn when he bade A last and long good buye to weeping Jennie leorn there Strayed down by the River Side mid feilds of waving Corn it was there he whisperd words of love to weeping Jennie Leorn

Good by Jennie Leorn do not weep for me when the war is over love why I Come back to the

2 the Sommer Sun had Sunk to rest the Corn is gatherd now the red red rose is witherd now the leaves fall off the bough cold and keen the wintery blast across the mores is born why does not the Soldier writ to weeping Jennie Leorn

3 at length one day aweary Step approched the Cottage door A wounded Comrade brote the news her Edward was no more She spoke no word She made no Sigh but the robin on the thorn ere Spring had Come cheped Sadley ore the grave of Jennie Leorn.

[page break]

[From “Love at Home,” text and music by John Hugh McNaughton (1829–1891)]

There is beauty all around when there love at home there is joy in every Sound When theres love at home peace and plenty here abide Smiling Sweet on every Side time doth softly Sweetly glide when theres love at home

In the cottage there is joy when theres love at home hate and envy neer annoy When theres love at home Roses Blossom neath our feet all the earths A garden Sweet makings life A Bliss complete When theres love at home

Kindly heaven Smiles above when theres love at home all the earth is filld with love when theres love at home Sweeter Sings the brooklet by brighter beams the azure Sky o theres one that Smiles on high When theres love at home

[page break]

Multiplication table

**Date.** Des.

15/75

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 2 | 4 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 12 | 14 | 16 | 18 | 20 | 22 | 24 |
| 3 | 6 | 9 | 12 | 15 | 18 | 21 | 24 | 27 | 30 | 33 | 36 |
| 4 | 8 | 12 | 16 | 20 | 24 | 28 | 32 | 36 | 40 | 44 | 48 |
| 5 | 10 | 15 | 20 | 25 | 30 | 35 | 40 | 45 | 50 | 55 | 60 |
| 6 | 12 | 18 | 24 | 30 | 36 | 42 | 48 | 54 | 60 | 66 | 72 |
| 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 | 35 | 42 | 49 | 56 | 63 | 70 | 77 | 84 |
| 8 | 16 | 24 | 32 | 40 | 48 | 56 | 64 | 72 | 80 | 88 | 96 |
| 9 | 18 | 27 | 36 | 45 | 54 | 63 | 72 | 81 | 90 | 99 | 108 |
| 10 | 20 | 30 | 40 | 50 | 60 | 70 | 80 | 90 | 100 | 110 | 120 |
| 11 | 22 | 33 | 44 | 55 | 66 | 77 | 88 | 99 | 110 | 121 | 132 |
| 12 | 24 | 36 | 48 | 60 | 72 | 84 | 96 | 108 | 120 | 132 | 144 |

[page break]

Date. Des. 15th, 1875

[From “Mollie Darling” (1872), words and music by William Shakespeare Hays (1837–1907).]

Mollie Darling

Wont you tell me Mollie darling

that you love none else but me

for I love you Mollie Darling

you are all the world to me

ho! tell me darling. that you love me

Put your little hand in mine

take my heart. sweet Mollie darling

Say that you will give me thine

Chorus

Mollie. fairest. sweetest. dearest

look up. darling. tell me this

do you love me Mollie darling

let you answer be A kiss

Stars are smilling. Mollie darling

through the mystic vail of night

they seem laughing Mollie darling

While fair luna hides her light

oh! no one listens but the flowers

While they hang their heads in shame

they are modest. Mollie darling

when they hear me Call your name

Mollie. fairest &C.

I must leave you. Mollie darling

though the parting gives me pain

When the Stars Shine. Mollie darling

I will meet you here again

oh! good night Mollie. good-bye loved one

happy may you ever be

When you’re dreaming Mollie darling

Dont forget to dream of me

Mollie. fairest

[page break]

Derection to

Ellen Washbern

Gilard P.O.

Louis Co Mo.

————————————————

Mrs C. Bennington

No. 1111 Wash Street

Between 11 & 12 Street

up Stairs

Saint Louis Mo.

————————————————

Edward Berry

Mexico Audrain

Co Mo.

————————————————

Thos. Parkinson

18th Church Street

Preston England