

With a fork at my door liath
 and shade too
 As the sunshine and rain
 And a small plot of ground
 The use of the Spade too
 With a barn for the use of a stall
 A cow for my dairy a dog for my game
 And a purse when a friend wants to borrow
 I'll say no nath' his riches or fame
 Or the honors that wait him tomorrow
 From the bleak northern blast may my cot be con-
 sider'd by a neighboring hill
 And at night may repose that or me more sweetly
 By the sound of the murmuring rill

Lowell Mass 18th Merimack St Sat 25 Jan 1858

C K Lewis C K Lewis

My dear A. Russell
 Acene
 Wm.

Mary Ann Hunt Bassett
 Whitewater
 1858

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