

pleasure, therefore, dear Mary, I entreat you to use
your best influence to promote this object, and I
assure you it will give us heartfelt pleasure to see
both your dear Father & Mother and as many of
you as can be spared. You will find consider-
able changes no doubt, but I trust many
who (if they are spared, and you all are spared)
will be delighted to see you. Steam will help
to shorten the distance, and will waft you along
almost as if you flew on wings; therefore it
will appear only half the distance it was formerly.
Alfred is now taller than I am, and stout withal.

Via Liverpool; by Royal Mail Steamer to Boston



Mr Edward Cox,
Mayville,
Kentucky,
United States.

Elizabeth grows fast and will soon be as tall as I
am, but Harry is rather small of his age,
nevertheless he is a very active and cheerful
little fellow and a good boy at school. Alfred is
now learning to paint in oil colors and has done
several pretty paintings; he is also learning the
art of photographing and calotyping, of which,
as your sets of plates are now to be reduced I hope
to send you specimens very soon. Elizabeth is
very fond of music and begins to finger the piano
quite very freely, her favorite piece being "The
beautiful Rhine."

I am glad to say your dear Aunt Hecity & Uncle Housings are all pretty well. They would be
very glad to hear from you.

To my dear deceased Mother's portrait.

Mother! when first on thy dear loving face
I turned my innocent enquiring eyes
And gazed on thee with fond but mute surprise,
Wistful in every glance that love to trace
Whence earliest, dearest sympathies arise.
Even then my heart with fond affection thrilled,
As, with maternal tenderness and grace,
Thy gentle voice the plaintive ditty trilled,
"Impressing feelings time can ne'er efface!"
Yet, oh! how little didst thou then surmise
That the dear object of thy tender care,
The feeble nursling of thy latter years,
With his dear Hannah that pure bliss would share
Which to her husband's heart the name of wife endears!

"Shepherds I have lost my love, have you seen my Anna,
"Bride of every shady grove, along the banks of Ranna;
"I for her my home forsook, near your misty mountain,
"Left my pipes, my flock, my crook, my greenwood shade & fountain.
"Never shall I see them more, until her returning,
"All the joys of life are o'er and gladness changed to mourning!"

M. L.

(Lines intended for the Cenotaph to the memory of M^r. Enfield.)
Beloved by all whose friendship could impart
True satisfaction to a virtuous heart
Which firm in its integrity, hath stood:
Admired and revered, by the wise and good,
For generous feelings, sentiment refined,
And all that marks true dignity of mind;
This townsman this memorial award
A grateful record of their just regard
For worth and talent which alike may claim
A lasting date for Enfield's honored name!

Epigram.

How rarely wreaths, by ancient heroes won,
Have graced the brow like thine, Timoleon!
One Alfred rises in a thousand years,
And then, perhaps, a Washington appears.
Retrieving human nature from disgrace
By shedding new-born lustre on our race,
While heroes of the intervening times
Have chiefly been distinguished by their crimes!

P. I have had no letter from
your dear Father since Feb'y last.