

W. W. W. W.

the  
Quaker Poet



Address of the  
Quaker Poet

My dear Friends

Writing Letters to  
Katherine (I always spell it  
with a K) being the orders  
of the evening I try to send  
my scraps apologetically, to  
say that I would write a  
Letter if I had started at  
the same time with those  
round me; as I have  
come in only at the  
eleventh hour, it can  
send but a Letteret. It  
may suffice at any rate  
to convey my good wishes  
& proof of my friendly  
remembrances and what

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could a sheet even be'd as  
closely as ever was a shequid  
sheet from the crow-gill  
head of "ladye fair" to more?

What a shame it is  
not to come to see us all this  
Christmas, if a Quaker Post  
may without compromise of  
principle write down such  
an unquakerish word - I may,  
surely, who have written and  
printed a Christmas Card - and  
who, at the risk of being  
thought a little heterodox by  
my worthy Brothers & Sisters,  
own a lurking partiality  
for this most delightful of  
all red-letter days - But then  
I love it for its gathering together  
scattered members of a family  
party; for all the "intimate",  
delights, fireside enjoyments,  
associated, in idea with its very  
name - Yet I have no quarrel

with its religious observance,  
notwithstanding, in your good  
church-folk's, why should I?  
But I must not write a long  
treatise on keeping or not  
keeping Xmas day - if I do  
my note will be short  
out - This is Merry Alexander's

wedding day - only think  
what odd occurrences  
happen in this odd  
world! Yet why should  
it be so odd that a man  
should grow tired of being  
odd & wish to be even?

Yours truly

J. P. Barton

P.S. I am not married!

December 25.