

⁶ Silas & Barthol.

a Good sort of a man made a tool of
a ~~native~~ ~~friend~~ ~~friend~~ ~~friend~~ ~~friend~~
to serve his purposes of ~~it~~

Mr. Mayhew a simpering how-do-you-do, Sorry
for your loss ~~very~~ kind of a body

D. L. Shrop One that has been ~~often~~ handsomely
kindly entertain'd at my house - He
can do dirty work

Mr. Croswell a youngish looking kind of a boy

These were all met together at Mr. Mayhew's and
one accord - & were all of one mind - & ordered me to Prison

To my Sister Lucia Watson with my Picture in
miniature

Speed little Portrait, quickly, hence & go
A Brother's likeness to his Sister show
Till to her view disclose his features all
And tell her thus appears the Original
Health & Content enlivening his face
Shew that within his Breast dwells ^{Smiling} ~~Smiling~~ ^{Peace}
And tho' now exil'd from his native land
Drove from his home by Faction's cruel hand
He still looks down on fickle Fortune's power
Nor lets her frowns his cheerful temper sour

Still pleas'd with life happy he spends each day
Enjoys each Blessing Heaven sends in his way
No unfeeling Stoic, Nor all engaged for self,
And ~~Miser~~ like, regarding only self, ~~not~~
But still preserves a Sympathizing heart
And ~~for~~^{to} his Neighbour's joy can help a part
For man distress'd can shed a pitying tear
And what he can't prevent can help to bear
Life's Ocean thus ^{he} calmly ~~he~~ passes o'er
Nor fears a landing on ~~if~~ other shore
Being sure, in this or any other sphere
Of always being as blest as he can bear

Accept dear Lucia this rough piece
I amuse you tis design'd
The portrait shews your brother's face
This fragment shews his mind

Wrote from Windsor Nova Scotia May 1776