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M. H. White

Waynesville

My dear Cousin

~ 3.4.1889. ~

Thy birth day is near, my cousin dear,
So I'll take up my pen, and write again.
For it is my choice, and I do rejoice,
Believing it right, that with mind still bright,
Thou art in thy place, with thy usual grace.
Of suffering and care, thou hast had thy share,
And many can tell, thou hast borne up ^{well} ~~it all~~.
Our Father above, in His mercy and love,
Did grant a release, & cause suffering to cease.
To Him be all praise, through the length of our ^{days}.
The flags are all out - and O, what a rout
If in Washington now, its streets would show!
This Inaugural day, of pomp and display.
While Grover and Benjamin, arm in arm,
Try with all their might the people to charm.
The day here is fine - so mild and bright,