

From John Thomas Williams



to
Washington Irving,
Greeting:

With gladsome joy I send my love,
To the "Ancient Author," Dear,
'Tis only meet, that heaven above,
Should smile, on his birthday here.

As years I have, and days but few;
My months are only six, in all,
Yet I desire that you should know,
My wish to make a birthday call.

And if I e'er should grow to be,
A man that's big, and good, and true,
All "lyttel" boys will then love me,
As old and young now all love you.

Strawberry-Hill, April 3rd. 1858.



