

Greensboro N. C. April 14, 1848.

Dear Colobel,

I'm flat o my back, with my legs on a spell,
With the Iron and the Dr on guards over me.
Cause, — that which has e'er plagued the devils with us all
Since Adam's Misstep videlicet a fall.
Though in his case, as mine, it had scarce wrought such evil
But from pre-disposition to go to the devil.
In his case, I take it, a weakness for Eve
Enabled the diabolous foe to deceive.
While a pass that your Johnnie once made at my spine
Was the precedent cause of disaster in mine.
How long will it last? Well, I really suppose
The Lord is about all the bring that remains,
A week, or perhaps two, the time that I fix;
The Doctor looks wise and talks grandly of six,
While the wife, she threatens ^{ever} with murthering first
A thousand dire evils if I dare to resist.
The evil of ne exeat regio duo
Till the months interlapping at least ^{shall be} ~~one~~ duo.
But I always have created them both heretofore,
And fully expect I shall do it once more.
At present however, laid up for repairs,
Excluding by order all mundane affairs,
Forgive if I come not to restay your hands
In smiting old Gideon's piratical bands.
Or in H. versus H. neglect to acquit
The kindness for which I'm your debtor tonight,

There are some cases too, which I wish you would ask
Associate Counsel to 'tend to my tasks,
Pray Fuller & Ash to look after a motion
(For Bill of Particulars now is my motion)
When Shaffer is Plaintiff, the greedy C. P.
'Gainst his bare headed confessor, ^{the} famous Pin Lee.
There is also a case in which Busher appears,
And Gray thinks he has us seen by the ears.
The evidence needs to ad astrum to smother it
Is locked in my desk, and the key's in my pocket.
If they try without it I fear our friends Nichols
Will get into one of the worst kinds of pickles.
There are one or two more, but I cannot write,
And my clerk says she will not a word more tonight.
You see I'm in a job, not in peril of life,
But just given o'er to the devil and my wife.
Faring what ever comes, without murmur or curse,
But a semblance of thanks that it happens no worse,
As the frightened Pyroler says "Ove Maria,"
Praise God all good spirits by land and by sea,
When the ghost of the Proserpina sweeps by on the blast
And the ill-fated wretch thinks his doom is forecast.
So I take the last moment allotted to me
To subscribe myself Yours: A. W. Douglas.

Quoted in. App. 14. 1575.

A. W. Younger.

to Col. C. G. Taylor & Co.

From. copied from original.

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