We are just in receipt of a copy of companion pieces to the
Soliloquy of the Sandy Hook Life-penny. It is thought
that the old man (I mean Jack) must have written one,
just before he had his leg, and the other, after having
putations, as it would be hardly fair to give the
keeper a one sided hearing, and give our readers
the following - Soliloquy Concluded - On a
Uncle Sandy Belarded man."

Oh, what a happy man am I?
No want or any care,
Enough to eat - enough to drink -
Enough, & came to spare.

Come in - the door was on our side
When we secured this place;
You know, when we got in, we applied.
I was thought a doubtful case.
I will remember how the boys,
That looped around the store,
Would chirp into their sleeves and ask
How Sandy Nook ought to be.
And how some other landlord Swift
And called me "infidel."

I almost thought - that fellow thought
My proper place was I don't like to tell
Had chance, the fellows, very soon
Was hankering for pelf,
And wanted Uncle Samuels cheer,
Where he could help himself.
But, never mind—all that is past.
They're out—and I am in—
And as the minutes run—to right
So let those cheers start now.

So I am going to celebrate
My blessed little Sandy day—
My saint—I'll go to sea every
Right off without delay.

Enrich—bring out an auction bird
And back home to the town,
Then till straighten back and crow
Just sixty times one hour.

Bring out the mild planes for the girls
To play—love better chance—
While Oscar blow my fish—how loud
From now till sunset comes—

Ow, hang the fire brand on a string,
And pound it with the tongue—
Stop—sounding, now & then—
Same patriotic songs.

Meanwhile I'll harry the country's flag—
And fire off my old gun—
Till all Massachusetts mount the hills,
Tuck momen at our Union.
Hold on a bit though—first of all,
We ought to have some loads—
For when a fellow feels real good
He naturally boasts—

And thinks of what he used to be—
And tells of what he is;
So if we do it just this once—
D don’t mind what we do—

Now then resolved that Sandy Creek
Is one must blessed spot—
And teaching little hands suit us well,
Yes, and to me to a dot—

And now—our friends—what shall I say?
I can’t think of a thing—
I might contrast their lot with mine—
The stars off with the thing,

Let Hiram paint—let my Bill came—
Let Albert chase this meme—
Let Seth make butter for his life—
While Toby slings his pen—

Let Philip cut and card his wool—
Let Stephen peddle salve—
Let David Edwin—Henry scratch
During setting here or there—
Let Hammon swim with John
Let Nat go bang the sea
Let Sam Brown cast round his taw
And mean while think of me

Let my heart work like "all possessed"
Let Jim's the head cast drive
Let Phil & Edmund Should sand
To keep themselves alive

Let Lewis paddle rice + clams
Let Harvey made in pigs
Let Tom buy Hosee potatoes

Beach Wagner, eggs etc. pigs

Let Capt. Stone make fish flaver all
His head is white as snow
Scott Murray pull the clay boat
And Paul - court South may go

Let Almond yam the first purse line
To fishing & get grow fat

Let Freeman 2. The woodsman file
All do no more of that

Let Jim & Charles & Raym. sweat
And cast & sake & now

Let Tom Prince visit all the schools
I used to have to go.

Let Joshua C. to yamaha drive
And round the bank
Let Will & Chapman lug out con
And wheel boat on a plank

Let all Watchman chase & shoot
All through the one long day
And early night's continue how
To keep the wolf away

This I can tell them one fact
On this they may depend
These solid comforts for the man
Who does a right-hand end.

So let the wind blow high or low
The air be thin or thick
As long as I can draw my breath
I can sand and rich will I live.
We are just in receipt of a sort of companion piece to the Soliloquy of the Sandy Neck Light Keeper. It is thought that the old man must have written one just before he had his tea, and the other, after having partaken. As it would be hardly fair to give the keeper a one sided hearing – we give our readers the following – Soliloquy concluded – or

“Uncle Sams Salaried man”
Oh, what a happy man am I!
No want or anxious care –
Enough to eat – enough to drink –
Enough, & some to spare.

Eunice – the Lord was on our side
When we secured this peace:
You know – when for it we applied
Twas thought a doubtful case.

I well remember how the boys,
That loafed around the store,
Would chuckle in their sleeves and ask
How Sandy Neck Light bore.

And How Some others taunted Swift –
And called me “infidel”;
I almost thought – that fellow thought
My proper place was – I dont like to tell

Half chance, the fellows very soul
Was hankering for pelf;
And wanted Uncle Samuels chest,
Where he could help him self.

But, never mind – all that is past
Theyre out – and I am in –
And as the maxim runs – tis right
To “let those laugh that win.”

So – I am going to celebrate
My blessed luck some day –
My Ghost – Ill go & do it now,
Right off without delay.

Eunice – bring out our rooster bird
And lash him to the tower –
Then tell him straighten back & croew
Just sixty times an hour.

Bring out the milk pans – for the girls
To pay for kettle drums –
While Oscar blows my fish-horn loud
From now till sunset comes

You, hand the fire board on a string,
And pound it with the tongs –
Stop pounding, now & then, & sing
Some patriotic songs

Mean while I ll hoist the countrys flag –
And fire of my old gun –
Till all Nobscusset mount the hills,
In wonder at our fun.

Hold on a bit though – first of all,
We ought to have some toasts –
For when a feller feels real good
He naturally boasts –
And thinks of what he used to be –
And tells of what he is,
So – if we do it – just this once –
It aint nobodys bis.

Now then – resolved – that Sandy Neck –
Is one most blessed spot –
And tending light house suits us well,
Yes, suits us to a dot.

And now – our friends – what shall I say?
I cant think of a thing –
I might contrast their lot with mine —
Ill start off with the King.

Let Hiram paint – let Nye kill cows –
Let Albert chase his hens –
Let Seth make butter for his life –
While Tobey slings his pens

Let Philip cut & cord his wood –
Let Stephen peddle salve –
Let David – Edwin – Henry scratch
Like setting hens or starve.

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Let Hannan stiver round with John –
   Let Nat go bang the sea –
Let Davidson cart round his fowl –
   And mean while, think of me.

Let Duffy work like “all possessed” –
   Let Dick the bread cart drive –
Let Phil & Danford shovel sand
   To keep themselves alive.

Let Levi peddle eels & clams –
   Let Harvey trade in pigs –
Let Tom buy Horses – harnesses
   Beach wagons, tip carts, - gigs.

Let Capt Stone make fish flakes, till
   His head is white as sno;
Let Murray pull the dory boat –
   And Paul – out South may go –

Let Almond yank the wet purse line,
   Go fishing – and grow fat;
Let Freeman G. the woodsaws file –
   I,ll do no more of that.

Let Jim & Charles & Rayner, sweat
   And cart, & rake, & mow –
Let Tom Prince visit all the schools –
   I need to have to go.

Let Joshua C. to Yarmouth drive
   And gather round the bank.
Let Nell & Chapman lug out corn,
   And wheel coal on a plank.

Let all Nobscussett chase & foam
   All through the live long day –
And study nights – contriving how
   To keep the wolf away.

But I can tall them all one fact;
   On this, they may depend
There solid comfort for the man
Whos does a light-house tend.

So let the mind blow high or low –
The air be thin or thick –
As long as I can draw my breath,
On Sandy Neck I’ll stick.

That is – unless I am turned out
I never shall resign
Until the lard oil fails to drip
My light is bound to shine.

Now then go in, & put her through
And make the welkin ring –
Suppose we stop awhile & see
If we cant hear them sing.

[In the margin, in pencil: “The Sandy Neck Light Keeper by Freeman G Hall 1880 I should say.”]