Scripture Doctrines.

God is loved the world, as of his tender mercy, to give his only son Jesus
Christ for our redemption.

The blessed Lord willingly left the glory of the Father, and became man.
He was despised and rejected of men: a man of sorrows, and acquainted with
suffering. He was with us; we looked not on him. He was despised for us,
and we esteemed him not.

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.
The promises of the dominion of God are all

He humbled himself, even to the death of the cross for us, miserable sinners: to
the end, that all who believe hereafter in his faith should come to him,

not perish, but have everlasting life.

As it is now on the right hands of God, making intercession for his people.

Being accepted to God by the death of his Son, we may come boldly into the

 throne of grace in time of need.

And we should daily give his Spirit to them that ask him.

He that is of God must dwell in us. Many men built up the height of their

hymns; but by his divine influence, we are renewed in knowledge, after the image of him who cre

ated us, filled with the fruit of righteousness, to the praise of his grace.

Being made meet for the inheritance of the saints, in light, the world sleep in the

fear, and when the last Trumpet shall sound, this corruption shall put on incorrup

tion; and being at length perfected in his likeness, we shall be introduced in the

honors of

Paradise.
Le commencement de la vie est sans accorde, c'est une neuve passion. à la fin sans consolation — saus fames, lattenance.

Scripture Doctrines.
And it was so, and he taught man to know bread as a fruit.

OMNES VINDICE FLOSCULOS CARPAM APOVE DELIBAM

Who would know the wasted places
Which on every breast are won.
Who could pluck the spotted roses
From their more touched thorns.

The University of Chicago
Libraries

EBENEZER LANE COLLECTION
PRESENTED BY
EBEN. LANE AND FANNIE G. LANE
GEN. CO.

The ordinary range of an English Bow is 200 yards. There was said to be a Turkish Ambassador in London who shot 180 yards. Hussein Pasha, Turkish Governor of Alban, shot 504 yards. The ancient English could shoot a mile at 9 f'sh.
Scripture Doctrines.

The beginning of the year was never made in our winter months, and to be sure, it was not made in winter.

The commonwealth of Salisbury

regot

que part per pole.

three sallets counterchanged.

red on white.

White on red.

OMNES INDIGES FLOSOLOS CARPAM AVE DE LIBRUM

Who would prove the instant horses,

Which on every brake are seen,

Who could pluck the spotted violets,

From their never touched thorns?

Eben Lane

Began July 24, 1811

1810

"Very wise thing.

That fancy paint on her suspicious flight."

"An old woman of a thing have I gathered together, to join a little, to have a little."


The ordinary range of an English bow is 200 yards. There was lately a Turkish Ambassador in London, who shot 180 yards. There was also a Turkish Governor of slaves shot 504 yards. The ancient English held shoot a mile at 3 flights.
The people of England were so intimate, that it was the custom of
parishioners among them to favour the clergyman, and tent to
practise the service. The high Sheriff of York, extricated such a
person from the parish of St. Mary, on his own right, that he
brought them some fine bread baked in the town, as a
concession for the children of the church. His
for the sweet Smell of Salvation.

A report of a song, being of the time of the
all of which begin with the word CD, look for his text that tells

From Barnaby's journey
184 pages. A quaint, old
30-00. \\

Free to reduce Pounds Sterling into Dollars
A x 40 = 7 Shilling to dollars A x 30 = 30 Shilling to dollars A x 30 = 30

Wall Street stock, as already discussed,
And immutable impulse such as
from the real. Each other's is but time escaped, away.
And the gospel tells nothing but feel us
If were dance by fate, either the way or that.
As a house in his house.
Then no man can help, but must go the right way.
As the stars that are made in their courses.

But if we, by fate will, can go to stand still,
At best such each presents occasions.
Then fill up the glass by graceful wine are fit
defenses upon Palestine.

Book

The war, that for a space 3.4.9.
Now blank, thundered on the gale.
And envied was, the cry.
Whole light on Marmion's morning, spread.
And for his glowing eye.
With agony heart above his head.
He made in the fragment of his blade.
And shouted Victory.

were the last words of Marmion.
MARMON

10N.

1800.

KVI.

LITTLE

MARK

ARE.

NET.

CHOS.

NICHOLSON.

PION.

ASHLEY

TRAVERS.

KAKY

KORAKOK

KAKY.

KAK

KON.

A woman in her hours of ease
Uncertain eyes & hard to please
Variable is the hand,
By the light a winning after made,
When cares, urgent among the true
A ministering angel there.

These different sexes play their various parts,
Love is the game & triumphs are always heartless,
Each one attempts to feelings to disguise,
And seem all perfect in his new-bought eyes,
Both sexes using all the art, they knowing
To gain their conquest by own outward show.

Black hair receives its colour from a kind of oil, which the
Colours of hours of M. V. M. in graining presents after the sudden change
of colours in the hair is performed, great anger I go by through
Passing an acid to be generated.

Owne toilet furniture, gai modest white Dulli

A Mr. Lyon of Vermont, now of Kentucky, not being able to do
form the argument of an opponent, shot directly in his face.
This the other answered by running to the fire & catching a
hot poker in a short time, nearly killed his opponent.

In English, medium morion, about 1st termius.

The hottest condensing fumes are a common condensation, & which is
affixed on glass of metal which [word] like a patch, that a piece
of tender in the glass, & turn it with a glass, it perfectly.
Then by pet mediocris condensate of air, turn the globe, & great tender
is on fire. M. Volta first observed this phenomenon.

Mr. Volta has published a brief examination of some doctrine of

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsook me.
How could you wound my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break,

In all my Emma's beauty and mirth
Amidst the lingering shades of pain;
For when she yielded up her heart,
Th' impartial termus meant more.

Mr. Lyon's knee of the commoner, fast conducted to carry the mail,
in a stage in this country, 1784. He went from Boston to
New York. There were two covered gigs at till 3 days to
go to Hartford!!

David Hume was born in Edinburgh 26. April, 1711. Died
Aug 25, 1776. Mr. Schuyler says that he did not die in some

prince as he has been represented in 200 years. Go by his moral virtue.
There are particular glands to secrete the various fluids in the human being's anatomy. The kidneys, for the urine, liver for the gall, and stomach for the digestive juice. Saliva from these glands is essential for the digestive process.

You mentioned, Mr. Adams, that particular glands.

The Odyssey of Homer.

By heaven, I do wish forever forever.

The face, that dwells on a beautiful breast,
Shines, and gives a moment the fairest that is there.
Or does not the one from a hollowed a root

Fable or Light step, the beauty seemed to spring
And stayed, and lumined every pleasant bend.

When on Sophistic velvet trod, I stood
And viewed her playfully in the flood.

Burnt the pure flame of love, as light began,
And with enchantment an old song ran.

Down her whitest cheek in its brown belt,
Frowning on sweet negligence, her locks of gold.

Round her face form, the sun transparencies play'd,
And showed the beauties that it seemed to make.

Imagined Amur, pressed in fond surprise,
And drank delicious poison from her eyes.

Felt the new thrill of young desire, & reason.

She gracefully wags to his glowing breast.

The conscious brow betrays the soft Slavons.

Temple sinks, with warm blushes into his closing arms.

Nature yields to his fond caresses, with wanton plays,

With "And sweet-reclining amorous Vely:"

Falls round the charming eyes that play by turns.

The glance that brightens, & the smile that beams,

Her simple cheek, with transient blushes dyed,

At issue, burning, with seductive sighs,

On every lip, the magic word

That lends the heart and soul a luminous beam.

How that the veins of life," sometimes present,

Warm, but to cool, a action burst to rest.

In the works of Seneca, the Tragedian, the following lines
are considered a kind of Poetry of the Discovery of America:

Venerant amis

Dama sua, quam bonum occurrerunt

Dintillo coram coram stet ingenio

Vexatus tellus. Fugis, quae viseres

Dedit eheu, ne cecideris

William Thrale.
In a nation delivered of the shackles of the despotism July 31, 1776, by Edward Strong

The demand of human nature is so great & various, as necessary are the exertions of many individuals. To them, first, that the number of those who receive a public education is comparatively small, the difficulty & limitation gives to the privilege of a superior culture & even of a ordinary education. Between these, the common course of time, with the common current of life, usually tends to impress us. To themselves, they are the highest cultivation of their own powers, to their country, the first & greatest offerings to literature, the encouragement of education. These obligations, Citizens, have now become ours. We have long been permitted to recover the groves of knowledge, may we have been improved, the operations of the mind & the general harmony of the state. We have suffered changes from the world, but it is not to correct, as well our sentiments, as to elucidate, & communicate our mind both equally, to a correct of the manners of society & the manners of the state. To be & for what we do, our habits, & enjoy our feelings, the effect, which has been produced, & long to feel, to a certain extent, our strength, & their influence will continue, in our generation, when we have given the sentiments of the mind. The manners which have been engaged;
of the institution, as a member of society, we paid homage to the memory of his example, & his high worth, as a father & friend, he was dear to us.

As we are this day to terminate our course of academic studies, & take our departure from this institution, we involuntarily turn to you, Gentleman, under whose auspices we have resided. To you, then, it belongs to recognize us as men, to animate us in duty, to point out the true objects of exertion, & in our efforts to maintain them. Where we have received years of study, & kindness, we can our expression of our gratitude & your endeavours to render our course agreeable, the encouragement & assistance of which, we have been the subjects, will ever hold their dear

In a land not far from our own, a land of industry, & of attachment, but his memory long will it be found, closely clinging to our hearts.

The moral which these events have cast upon their present state has been thickened by the earlier part of our course of more than meritorious duty to others. When our attachment had reached maturity when our union was said to be inviolable we were called to part from the same duties as the friends. In his official character, we admire advance in spirit, sensibility & to us.
This text is too faint and crowded to be legible.
The following is the ode that obtained the prize of for the best naval ode, communicated to us by the Rev. Edwin L. Holland, of Charleston, South Carolina. 5th Oct. 1815. Prize $200. The Pillar of Glory.

'Neath to the Heavens whose triumphs have brightened The darkness that shrouded America's name; Long shall those valour's in battle that lightened Love on the brilliant emblems of fame. Deft where the lighthouses are, And the rude tempest then, The sturdy club, spear of Albion inheritance; They shall be measured, the days When in the mighty fray, Liberty walked like a lion on the waves.

The Ocean, ye chief, the region of glory Whose fortune has destined (Glory to thee!) To claim the noble dials of story That cast around the waves, as the scene of his power. Here on its tapering side Shall her second power ride, The bulwark of the kingdom, guarded by Heaven. Thy ships shall be entered, For they are the ships of war. Thus shall I proclaim to her heroes to power.

The Pillar of Glory, the sea that enlightening Shall last of all; calmly rocks on its base. The elevation, of fame, do elevates that brightening. That light, the last but most of time on its base. While on the strong seas There where the rude dangers there! So, horses shall circle the waves of the brave; Heroes shall give it light; Triumph shall keep it bright. Long on on battle we meet on the wave.

Already the storm of contention is hushed From the expanse of Old Kentucky the brunt of war. The beacon of our state here illumines the westward. Unfeet'd, our standard, forth planted in the air. Yield, glasses, the eagles eye Though be cast the sky. Marking the wake where our heroes advance; (confiding with rays of light) How on the sight.

Albion is hallowed; it soars at his glance. 1815. Oct. 5.
I read out schemes new, not praise;
Could not ask a simple maid
To seek with me the lovely shade,
That is for brighter days.

Yes I have felt that hollowed flame,
Which burns with constant, steady glow;
I have cherished long a name
That set my youthfull breast on fire.

But hope's sweet smile—Soon withering wise
Betwixt my heart and every jar;
And I have slept in her soft bowers,
Of youth and life left long a weary house.
Now face else remain!

Ah now her reign is past,
My youth her measure quite exact;
Though ages still, too bright to last,
Yet of my joy can charm no more.
Some little joys, abating days
In once life's little calm away.
Then near some old my banner store
Unknown, unopened I unknown—I yield the storm its prey.

Come then whatever else betide,
Though age it heavy on my brow,
I care not for the powers of fate.
And Poverty, I scorn thee now.

I shall not see—Obscured by thee,
Her, lovely woman's charmed days—
Have I no tie to keep me there?
Not one!—Why then, without a tear,
I yield the storm its prey.

May, 1818.
S. Mayce.

In Memoriam.

Le lieu de son tombeau est dehors, pour une place
de l'eau de salaison. On présente le nombre suivant de
200, 1000, 1000. On 1700 la toile brûla de l'eau de
154 mètres de large, de 15 vannes de 50 centimètres, 183 pailles
vagues et de 15 souliers de gresquet.

17th century.

Dublin, 150,000. Edinburgh 1250, London, 250,000 et
guelph 100,000.

To Youth, on a young Lady. unto
Underneath this stone liest here The much beauty no could be
While, when alive, I did you give, To no much beauty, as could be

Knew. Why is it said, that old man laid, after death, lead given to hell?

Live while you live, the griefs would pay,
And taste for the pleasures I another day.

Live while you live, the sacred pleasures take,
And give to God each moment as it slips
That grow to God, each moment so it slip.

Live in pleasure, while of life to thee,
Live in pleasure, while of life to thee.

Came the battle your great part & war,
On classic wheel, & Arcadian car.

To the brogue.

On a lane in good, dayton in good, And a pipe is gave in cold weather,
And we went in good, to the pippens, gone in good, pippens together.

I'm glad! Lord Williams, with thee know! Your husband is in sight,
Now read all to me. Buy your child's river,
To stick the former arm in rain. 100 souls, one, very joy.

Dust him, and learn to live.

A daughter of Mars, (From the Rev. R. Bowd.)
24

Qu ar gisurus in me ad mea

19

E pluribus

12

Liber

22

Viridil

20

Spernum

25

Hosanna

26

Glories

18

Tutela

21

Thalaba

27

Coffin

23

K rivers

The Camden museum was founded by Sir Robert Verney and
15

begun by collecting Raphael, Your portrait collection in the
16

world is owned by Mr. Pickering. I am told the first of which
17

you have seen is at the end of June. The
18


28

hundred best pictures, and many others which are
29

not mentioned.

30

When the celebrated Catharine Meaza was engaged
31

to paint the portraits of her children I went to
32

a town by the road, the theatre to the town. I
33

saw the Oedipus I have a month to which I
34

cannot go, paying, she stopped on the wall -
35

but I leave the
36

Vorlum to tell the rest.

37

Now, beautiful is might,

38

A very freshness fills the silent air,

39

No stunted volumes to the little cloud

40

Breaks the wide sanctuary of heaven

41

In still amid gilies, the majestic moon

42

Rocks that the dark blue depths

43

Beneath her weary

44

The desert circles spread

45

Like the sound ocean girdled with the sky.

46

Yet, beautiful is might,

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I wrote myself the other morning, when I saw

out of bed, I was half-fooled to be as long as you used to

get. Oh, that softened me! The night, I said, never, in all my

life, been such a sight before. When a cloudbreaking, of all my heart, I

could firmly account for every man, woman, and circumstance at

my will. Then as I will it, I found the ragged eye,

wax, in the darkest hour. But the Christmas, I say,

Thencry, in self-abasement. how good a boy am I.

Desiderius appellate multa, "xenocratae membrum,

Praeclarum, "and the general of Robe one, with a hundred

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sweet soul is the tour that evenly flows, for the love of means com dear of soul to grieve the heart easily.

A. Captain in the company, to a challenge.
I have two objections to this challenge. One is lest I should
lead you & the other is lest you should hurt me. I see no
good it would serve me to put a bullet through any part of your body. I
make no use of you for any extremity. I think, or I cannot
be at a time. You can do it in the flesh of an arm. Why
then, throw away a human creation, of which I could make none
of a buffalo would be better meat for the good of a lightsome
soul & tender, yet it wants the skill & art, also,
which makes a good butcher, it is true, but
the nature of a reason or I know, but people are not in the
habit of bawling any thing human, now. So for myself I
won't to stand on the way of any thing human full. I am un
apprehensive, that you might hurt me, & that being the case
I think it most desirable & they at a distance. If you want to
try your fortune, take some object, a tree, a house, about on
an arm's distance. If you hit that, send me word, & tell then
otherwise. I'm sure if I had been in the same place, you might also have
hit me.

A friend, the other day,
When once was called O.,
Then told me, you will say
The field was quite wet.

If ancient books argue justice
Because he had an hundred eyes
Two greater praises to him is due
This last I a hundred times with tears.

A rhetorical Correspondent, who, that a complete description of 9000
sent was made, I am at length. Chap. 32 & 39. All every one that use any
bravery are not that run in the blood, every one that was consternated were made
to become a scandalous one. These were gathered to have about 8000 men.
In the morning of life, when the heart is mellowly beating
The passions exult, with sweet permanence in each step,
When each nerve thaws with refreshment, like soldiers ready
The language of passion abounds on each side,
Should the minister ask help—before the ghost story
Your ear to his—even on that occasion sleep,
He gemm'd all his words, his joys and his song
To requite to learn—To learn how to weep.

on his wife's tomb, by O. Wordsworth.

Open your lovely heart
Let my sweeter love to rest
Beth of peace & rest & praise
Powerful contributive to care
Sacrifices of true delight
Seed corn of wedding night
Pomander of inquiry

When winter ever gay!
In the gentle calm retreat
All the flowers of love meet
South & innocence of love
From the temple now remove
Sweetest scripture wanting them
Not they have? Do they mind?

Wander wander & joy
Bliss unceaseful to enjoy
Every moment every thought
Count each care one long forget
Open often beautiful heart
Angels here might seat their rest
Lover fill thy bowing there
Calmest rest to fill my own
Choice of thoughts beyond my range
None of triumphs grief & rage
Success beyond my power
Man of unthought-of bliss

Ere the miseries come to tears
in ly one line of your own
Then open leaving heart
into captivity, when rest.

Universal magazine for January, 1866.

Marc, Oliger

First of the month I was at school
The joyousness here, friends to find
Just the same scene again, and were much
But that his joy, (left behind)
My love, my Heart, you are to there,
Amuse me to my heart, let
Tell me, brothers, you don't forget me not
Forget me not, I forget me not.

Receipt to make buns. To one pound of flour, 1/3d. of rose water
2 oz. allum, a pint fine salt, an handful of ground sugar, % of
milk, mix them together, & the home well with the
confectioner. Then lay them in a broad tin for 3 days. After that make a
line of fine salt just enough to cover them. Leave them every 3 days
at their top, if dry enough, then make them.

Mr. Dew, in presenting his experiments on galvanism within
the remarkable attraction, which aroused much of the
astonishment of the crowd, and the suspect of time, in a talk at the...
And the wine love, peace, tales, peace and love.
Sent to her cheek a little red.

When the half-moon, her swelling breast,
Against the other cobalt part.
When she, whose eyes, then secret told
The tendril to her locks of gold;
Where scented freckle, the covered fair
With Margaret's breast, some might compare.

And now the Knight, with tender hair,
So soft his heart, full promised love,
Sure he might at her feet expect,
But never never cease to love,
And now the Barker, I know the songs,
And half-consenting, half denied, so.

For peace, love lovel, the Shepherd's deed.
In him, he闻名 the warrior steel.
In him, in guy nature, is seen.

Love rules the court, the camp, the sea,
And men below a senate above.
For love is heaven, a heaven to love.

From London back to Belgium, de la
tua, to public extenuations, grandeur
and data, grandeur converted, extraneous, on that.

The man, the man, to write a perimeter, on that.
To the, a writer convert, of economy, of a.

From London, the, a perimeter, on that.
To the, a writer convert, of economy, of a.

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To the, a writer convert, of economy, of a.

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To the, a writer convert, of economy, of a.

From London, the, a perimeter, on that.
To the, a writer convert, of economy, of a.
Letters

1. The only use of purchasing negroes for slaves, was for some of the main house. I find this to be quite a different
2. I alternately roses to the mind when such minds, and so

Letter X

3. I find the object lovely, and that the faith for such
4. Being such a happy, or such a happy, or such a happy

Letter II

5. I am not going to be found to address
6. In order to view it, and to view it, and to view it, and so

Letters

7. The Great & annual, is accepted with him, Letter X.
8. The Great & annual, is accepted with him, Letter X.

Letters

9. I have been, the subject of the most resolute, alone
10. I have been, the subject of the most resolute, in the

Letters

11. She engaged to make up some voyage around
12. To that enforces, to the man of his nature, I called only

Letters

13. Have a mutual connection, a dependence,
A pleased how fortunate would you think yourself to be.

She is not in the position of a wife, and therefore her satisfaction would be complete. —

But this to the domestic companion of the voyage for life the intimate of all hearts. —

She takes of all entertainments — the manner & situation of your arrival — how you set forth with a sense of the infinite consequence —

Of the🍺you express. —

The mother & instructor of your offspring —

And so on forever & forever. —

But if there is conscious pain on the part of the companion, it is not the fault of the heart —

Understanding of an evil, as found in the relations of the companion? But as the search proceeds, that all your words & quibbles are the most essential, that you may make the best conceptions of your powers. —

You talk nonsense, & in order to long together, & without the other, according to what the husband desires, to be his inclination, & if often, it becomes incompatible, not incomparable with domestic comfort. But
core & temper can never be accommodated with it the whole complement of happiness will be ruined. —

It was

The sympathy in your way, respect, your hour of 

friends & companions. —

security of women. —

It was

The sympathy in your way, respect, your hour of 

friends & companions. —

security of women. —

Nothing can prove, more clearly, the inadequacy of 

enlargement than a condition that constantly requires that one who sin, upon which

most, & that always, is the cause of the domestic companion. —

It was never intended within the reach of all, nor of any woman & instruction, the mother & instructor of your offspring —

And how, in the manner & situation of your arrival — how you set forth with a sense of the infinite consequence. —

Of thebeer you express. —

The mother & instructor of your offspring —

And so on forever & forever. —

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Leaves this little spot to me
Here, 0 birds, share the bougher tree,
Though trenched, or flung near you.
My tree, remembering their bliss,
For part of chaste, nay, of my love,
My bee-hive, & my hone burner, the
summery bicker, from my soul the
Spirits ; too sure to my tree.
Ye love this little spot to me.
Here, 0 birds, share the bougher tree.

These bougher summers have passed
By these bougher summers.
And then my children in my nesting bower
And then my children in my nest
And then my children in my nest.
And then my children in my nest.

The following remarkable notice occurs in Cook's
Bahar on Bengal.

O the heaven, how excellent once over a span
Of money, how vast it has been to pass,
0 trees, 0 tree, how terrible in size.
0 tree, 0 tree, how terrible in size.
0 tree, 0 tree, how terrible in size.
0 tree, 0 tree, how terrible in size.
0 tree, 0 tree, how terrible in size.
0 tree, 0 tree, how terrible in size.
0 tree, 0 tree, how terrible in size.
0 tree, 0 tree, how terrible in size.
0 tree, 0 tree, how terrible in size.
0 tree, 0 tree, how terrible in size.
0 tree, 0 tree, how terrible in size.
0 tree, 0 tree, how terrible in size.
If I think not, my spirit is always to rest,
And as free from the pangs as the sea from the waves.
Nor is it the heart's woe that I mean, as the leaves of the tree in storm.
I speak of the heart's woe, and the leaves of the tree in storm.
It is always, the first to be side by side with the leaves.

Be not afraid; theLoad will be light.
May all never more meet me in my loneliness.
I was not the one to receive a smile.
I was not the one to receive a smile.
And the smile that comforted, can turn to a tear.
And the smile that comforted, can turn to a tear.

Thine is one of Life's inestimable:

If you were not with me in the time:
And I was then young, and young, and young:
And I was then young, and young, and young:

Thine is one of Life's inestimable:

But, of course, it will be light.

But, of course, it will be light.

Thine is one of Life's inestimable:

Was with me when I was young.

Was with me when I was young.

Thine is one of Life's inestimable:

Was with me when I was young.

Was with me when I was young.
Plate 32. The Queen of fertility. (Sincipit of Volcano.)

The goddess of fertility, in her aspect of life,
In her green dress, and smiling, sweetly smiled,
Saw the first dawn of beauty. The light of day
Brought to her face a smile of love. The sun
Shone upon the earth, and dawned upon the

Plate 33. The Queen of fertility. (Sincipit of Volcano.)

The goddess of fertility, in her aspect of life,
In her green dress, and smiling, sweetly smiled,
Saw the first dawn of beauty. The light of day
Brought to her face a smile of love. The sun
Shone upon the earth, and dawned upon the

Poe.

ifier.

On the last with hope, whose unclouded view
More than all, he seeks the beauty of the
And as the sun his light, his beams more and

Poe.

On the last with hope, whose unclouded view
More than all, he seeks the beauty of the
And as the sun his light, his beams more and

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On the last with hope, whose unclouded view
More than all, he seeks the beauty of the
And as the sun his light, his beams more and

Poe.
The Star of Genoa must the light depart,
That leads us to the promised land of Art.

In the gnomon of Agriculture, speaking of coming fall to a most tremendous degree.

Expensive plans,
For delaying over digging wires.

Wasn't it toasted being real?
Wasn't it wetting my meal?

Now dear to buy, too wet to eat.

For a new way of making a fortune,
For one to eat the first of twenty.


Speaking of odd limbs, philosophy. Was not futuristic, care.

An exercise in black poetry by Longfellow.

A casual, good man poets can find sorts.
If you are rich, they felt set to have something.

Narvi, accident, just what poets refer to.

If you join, reason me not, actual list.

Exquisitely unchangeable nature.

A priming spring, near Boston.

For a woman who shall now them.

In the unchangeable mind of God?

A breast, at last, that had victory.

Grown or reason, he writes, mind.

What, not been much a genteel.

Gastric, premier, the Natalie.

All the main expostulate, not speaking.

An exercise in black poetry as well.

A priming spring, near Boston.

A breast, at last, that had victory.

Grown or reason, he writes, mind.

What, not been much a genteel.
Seize the day, and make the most of it. Time is fleeting, so don't waste it. 

Love, be bold, and never settle for less. Pursue what truly makes your heart sing. 

From Brun's Companion Book:

"Shake off all the Ball of Ungainly Excess: Drench your body with the sunlight of your chosen path, and let the warmth of your spirit guide you forward."

-Brun, as quoted in the Companion Book.
From Dr. Hay's Essay

There is certainly some connection between poetry and love. A musician of the first order I have always thought it a fine trick of nature, that passage in a musical tune composition.

The tune does not sit the figured along
This name was frequent in the song.

In my last verses that the least thought
in the direction of turning point. Let I got here heartily in tone.

A few things being said in a manner, the sentiments of

lyric of my heart, the following composition was the first I

my performances, I come at an early period of life, when my

heart pleased with honest emotion, simplicity, unpretentious
of expression in the ways of a moral world. The performance

as it revealed in my mind. These happy songs, when my heart

was yet innocent; at my songs verses. The subject was a young

girl, whose character all the praises bestowed on her. But

not only, and this opinion is as true, but I think as old

now that the girl is living since the death of the embodiment of our old

The whole looks out by itself.

A sort of touch is lost of on

Nara web band is lost of on

The roses are now alone a neat

But we are thinking on the past.

Peace my dear best will not

With the name of a lady.

This as best for me

My various messengers and flays.

This an hour of love.

The wind and the week of harmony.

My knell ing with a love they will.

S. Norton.

G. W. Henry, Esq.
As I was slowly moving by night,
Sought about the unknown region,
How vast at midnight beaming,
What plan the east was forming.
These half-reveals some darkenless,
These count each with a fancy dream,
Or sky mark the outline of cloud.
Their bound half men of darkness there,
Where in the mind lies so immense, dream.
Their changing widening, the silver slow,
Or see where from that breath of shade.
The ceaseless lightning faintly bright,
In silence flown, as of spirit,
To break the deep silence of night.
On vase or sweets among hand close.
While summer's thought arise,
And fancy, long from earth arise.
To reveal the secrets of the skies.
What terrors be there room,
What form we, the moon unknown,
Drink the rich flow of love's embrace.
Wells from beneath the eternal bosom.
On life uncertain menu reside.
Not moving how to act or speak.
Yet moving how to act, how to move.
Yet move, and work, and move, and move.
Thus in the heart, as in the cheek.
Alas, away, away, every ray shall beam,
Demand by the world's dawning dream.
Shut not a soul -9 uncertain dream.
In this cold view the long element.
Then off in truth they shall know, as mine,
The light all mean promiscuous face.
The wondering thought, the fines, design.
And fancy trusts to virtue clear.
And thus the Maimment of some one child, or some life
and not in the other, while the acquisition of others
and accomplishments, so long with unchangeable hardness.
A useful part be adhered with the view of others untended,sadly,
and the they may be able, by the view of others untended,men,
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and the they may be able, by the view of others untended,men,
and the they may be able, by the view of others untended,men,
et quodamvis occidente se circumscriptat.

Caudamque sinum habula, ingentem habulam,
Dracoque, huncque credo, mecumque contulisset,
Filiorum nuncus, inquit, quem primo almo amans,
Dracoque, grandibus mihi nesciisque
Non unum sed unum habitat in tenebris.

Aridum in quaestor et qui longius postulabat,
Tan in his postulavisse
Sicque circumscriptum quod, nec suas et acer.

Regum de caelumpulum sanaeiam ituavit,
Hui septuaginta cupiva in altis postulat.

Si Draco hic infantum horrebatque fructosa
Ab habitandis et habitandis, et non habuit a me.

Inque septuaginta, qui crescit, et satis
Qui habuisset, victoriae in aequo spectaculum,
Habuit in hanc postulata, quae in hanc postulata.

Caudamque sinum habula, ingentem habulam,
Caudamque sinum habula, ingentem habulam.

Caudamque sinum habula, ingentem habulam,
Caudamque sinum habula, ingentem habulam.

Caudamque sinum habula, ingentem habulam,
Caudamque sinum habula, ingentem habulam.

Caudamque sinum habula, ingentem habulam,
Caudamque sinum habula, ingentem habulam.
for, you know, after all, it is not a question of your existence but of my own. I trust you will accept this small gift as a token of my regard for you."

"Dear Mr. Smith,

I was deeply moved by your recent speech on the importance of human kindness. You mentioned the need for compassion and understanding in our society, which struck a chord with me. As a fellow human being, I want to express my gratitude for your words.

Yours sincerely,

[Name]"
Daily conference shows us that the mildest virtues
have become so common as to be insipid; love
It gives a new grace to our manners, a new dignity to our
It new views to our persons. Whether we are inclined to
acts or words, in address on our occasions. Our improvement is
hardly of a particular object of which we would. Please.
fullness, Eternally foliage, liberally, magne-

cence, it all the virtues inspire admiration, which, in
spite heroes, are most conspicuous in Lovers.

Quatern 88 7

Monumental insipицы.

Mr. Maria.
Prudently, a clever harridan.
Mr. Silence commends. Abreast.
Vode!
Your Quanta minor est
From religious versus,
From this one never.

Can many words, can teach my eye,
Can paintings, growing hand supply.
I shun so mites to the mind.
As there this better quest of sounds
To keep this little waking "will,
Left Echoing down the now grown hill,
While through the west, there sinks the crimson sky.
Neath turk'ly, stately miles, I move his beams grea

S.G.F. To more love of well-placed love,
Suumainly indulge it,
But never tempt the illicit rose,
No nothing should divide it.
I praise the quantity of the son.
The hazard to concealing;
But oh! it hardens a within.
And intensifies the feeling. — R. Bacon.

Can, if you want, if you shun impat,
For both are pleasures to the feeling head.

Dr. South says that a physician of the instincts of a natural man was
the reputation of knowing that he is held a second-sense man.

Note.
But with the sweet little girl that I love,
She was on her deathbed in the night.
Her heart was sore, so white.
My little one was too white.
So the sweet little girl that I love,
Took from her cat, calm content with the grave.
For my feet were lightness in my grave.
And I raised I spake for a dance on the green.
With the sweet little girl that I love.

No ambition I know that to call her my own.

No fame but the jewels on her name.
My happiness centers in Mary alone.
The sweet little girl that I love.

From Memoe Breast of Ford.

Far thine the wind, the vessel driven along.
The streamers fluttering at their length, harkside.
All falls the sword along, as round the sword.
Stands the vision gray. What feelings there.
Thou, every beam, when the mariner.

After the word of that weary way.
Beloved thine country! Here stands one.

Lest their country! Here stands one.

Lest their country! Here stands one.

Lest their country! Here stands one.

Lest their country! Here stands one.

Lest their country! Here stands one.

Lest their country! Here stands one.

Lest their country! Here stands one.

Lest their country! Here stands one.
Renewing this old song, I felt a tone
And the memory of it, it went all well

Oh, what a shame! what was the time
Of bliss, the gracious growing, as we grew
What remained come.

Sadly in him, the gentle Nature long
The weight of years, all human that beheld
Was heavy, heavy. The stranger lines of grief
Self-mourned, self-mourned till they told of grief
By present hope & future reach

The song which had their line of brighter day
Now fleeting, as it ended in the night
Now moved by voice, or animate by thought

She with a heart unmoved, I left them alone
Dear nature is it... not without a journey
Oh! they gave up, I cheered on my way
Crest back a long insidious - song,

sighing, almost it seems
That we had found the mortal bounds of space
And dread was terrify in infinity.

The element of the sea full, the sea's hard
Of tempests in the汉堡出现了 book
And chance it times, I feel that we approach
Their listen to the fearful tale again.
And with all eagerness and woe
And with a song of comforted soul,
And with a terror to delight us... but to hear
Its terror to delight us... but to hear

The terror of the raging elements,
The terror of the raging elements
To know all human soul, all human strength
These men no more, to look around & only see
Across u, to look around, yet only see
Across u, to look around, & only see

The mountain swell, the incantation, with it weight
The mountain swell, the incantation, with it weight

Of breathing another over the reeling wall...
Of breathing another over the reeling wall...
And this is indeed a heartful thing.

And that heart endured the force, once

55. Of such an hour, what never bring the storm
The world round his home, but he remembers it
And thinks when the suffering man's

XV
I hate the glittering Scenery where we hear
The everlasting round of tale the wheel,
The wheel, by man's pain on the ocean's top,
The wheel, by man's pain on the ocean's top,
The wheel, by man's pain on the ocean's top,
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The wheel, by man's pain on the ocean's top,
The wheel, by man's pain on the ocean's top,
The wheel, by man's pain on the ocean's top,
The wonder and the gift we get on
So the unselfs and others in us,
It would from every a blessure give us,

And foolish notion.

A. Young.

The wonder... the gift we get,
So the unselfs and others in us,
It would from every a blessure give us,

And foolish notion.

A. Young.


Dear Harmony! Listen, listen! The soul of pure delight, of elevated hope,
listens to her heart's inspiring voice:
how soothing to the troubled mind,
how sweet the music, how refined!

My pleasure thrilling to the heart,
awakens emotions too exalted not to be restrained:

Sweet Harmony! Atoning Harmony!

(as ill. 2)

...Sages have said, human soul have found,
'mighty things in music, the inspiration of the sacred arts,'

Thus, through the mists of time, moving through
theunterworlds of the human spirit,

With front the source of prayer rose,
Domestic life a solitudinous train,
Rash as his heart, roused his reason,
While the stern, angry storm broke out,

While the crash both the earth and sea,

Oh! let not reason intercede,
If you be happy, say it so!

The angel of heroic soul,
In harmony, with inward eye the vision seen,

To much of heaven's light, to earth's beauty,

Oh! how my heart is moved, how my soul is stirred,

Heaven's countenance, the sun's shining glance,

Atoning Harmony!
O - China upon Africa. Heliopolis. B. M. A. 1552

O francis of Middes, in manus domini, descendens.
O francis of Middes, in manus domini, descendens.

O francis of Middes, in manus domini, descendens.

O francis of Middes, in manus domini, descendens.

O francis of Middes, in manus domini, descendens.

O francis of Middes, in manus domini, descendens.

O francis of Middes, in manus domini, descendens.

O francis of Middes, in manus domini, descendens.

O francis of Middes, in manus domini, descendens.
In every case a Lady is a gentleman, how old are you, and old are you, what you do in all your actions. ([XL])

Jean François de la Harpe, born 1744, died 1803. He was an infant in the first years of his life, and a great man in the last years of his life. He saw the beauty of the world, and he lived in the beauty of the world. He was a great man in the first years of his life, and a great man in the last years of his life. He saw the beauty of the world, and he lived in the beauty of the world.

Jeremy Taylor was one of the first illuminations of the Church. He was an inculcator of the philosophy of humanity. He was a great man in the last years of his life, and a great man in the first years of his life. He saw the beauty of the world, and he lived in the beauty of the world.

John Scott received 1000 guineas for Vanehine.

The Vanehine has the name of Michelion. To the young of France, between the sides of Mounts Ovion.

The Vanehine is a kind companion to Herrd. Great J. C. Troy, and Lord Gregory de Magomont.

Dr. Johnson found his ruin in the last of the 12th of June, 1767.
But some Deeds above our gruel, let’s eat
They will all be face what you gave not return.
By allowing the less ten thousand years.
If you say that I stole it why take it come home with me.

In a moment or two tomorrow
In the land, a moment turn
And must must you can.
For take my next steps will you.

In the Place Hunters. A Place under Government an old that fully wanted.
It was once a very beautiful Villa and the park was painted.

In a Young Lady, she was quite a very sick
Taste them cool and taste her by some all charming.
It turned on those monumental arms.
All we can wish is let the earth lie light.
When they tender lungs, I was out right.

On a sign board of a country alehouse.
Gwarn in town here, little good hands, all is here.
I made my voice, a little voice. To let you know I sold our sister.

Flutist — on a short.
Rectangular four grave of monuments here to
The marking where of a short time.
He by his track avenges Bevan think.
How many lies the recall must have told.

Or was I who broke this wish by falling from a horse.
Now this never is a part of war.
He into a coffee by her she goes.

On Master Burbridge, a Frenchman.

Dr. B. Burbridge.
Dear Mr. Smith,

I have been thinking about the recent events in London. It seems that the situation has escalated over the past few weeks.

I agree that it is important to act quickly. I have spoken with several officials, and they all agree that immediate action is necessary.

Thank you for your support.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

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Another letter:

Dear Mr. Brown,

Thank you for your letter. I have forwarded your concerns to the appropriate authorities.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
Song.

How can perfect be expressed,
Some emotions to impart;
When we mean a soft consol
And yet seek to hide the heart.
When our passions all seems dying
With delicious sudden swells;
And least at tender fall we lie,
Saying language would but cannot tell.
Deep in passion vary turn
Quite expressive pain to joy:
Ask no more thereof you ever.
Blushes express that share.
What shall I do my anguish,
Or breath red to the air;
Mark my eyes, the tears they spring
How on you have written thee.
O that you could once concern me.
Once my soul strong passion feeling view;
Love has wrought some good deliver me.
Friendship nothing half to turn.
From you, I am well departing;
With you speechless so I touch;
This in all that bear, declining;
Thy words declare it too much.

This text is a transcription of a poem by Lord Byron. The poem is about a love affair that is lost. The speaker is in despair and feels that the love is gone.

The text is written in a style typical of 19th-century literature, with a focus on emotion and expression.

The poem begins with a declaration of love, followed by a description of the speaker's grief and longing. The speaker expresses a sense of loss and regret, and concludes with a plea for some form of reassurance.

The poem is a classic example of Romantic poetry, with its emphasis on intense emotion and personal expression.
Oh what burst of gold when for they take,
The first thorns we shed in love interest in both worlds.
First flowers in thin green leaves in that to come.

Son of the morning, whether art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy morning face and head?
And the majestic morning of thy rise
Fall from afar? Shout through the far
Like the new-born infant wind up in it another
Or cherish burn to flat when in back.
What trust beneath the sacrifice's kings.
Make must then hear the sound of little tigers.
And violent insults of the brave soon creeps.
That parties a few close then never hast
But only lost in the peace full peace,
Off being unattended alone.

Amidst new grand extravagant songs
And human by the herald's only poet
For made from ears to a very suddenly
Oh cruel way! they come too late
And only mock whom they were meant to know
Surely there's not a surgeon since that is known.
In the highway, unbounded, uncumbered
But these as soft a plaque as sound as he
Why the presence of a distant
Stone the vulgar born, to not in state.

Beauty—than built—playing dear decent
That shade is still on the plain it's head
And give it a new blank unknown serene
The Grove Sincere it; they change exchange

They never faded in the little smile
What hast thou more a treat of? Well they borne

Black wind the now to sage another homing
Millions it see the with the her, common hot

Whilst we watch when the dawning checks
The high folk warm in lazy violets cold
Alish, unsound! For this we all the caution.
For this the poor fall labour at the glass
To improve these charms a keep them in ream.
For which the sooner thank the not. Your faster!
For which the sooner thank the not. Your faster!

Oh course fare a carriage please they pull us well,
Bause fare a carriage please they pull us well.
And leave us here a reduction on the scene.
And leave us here a reduction on the scene.
Look how the sun one week! To conscious thee,
Look how the sun one week! To conscious thee.
Thick on the hill's flowers; show thick on the hill's flowers.
Show thick on the hill's flowers; show thick on the hill's flowers.

The Library. By R.H. Ehrick.

For the hour of my distress
When temptations one appear,
And when my sins expose
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When I lie wretched my head
Sick at heart, it seek in head
And with doubt discontented
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the house is still at week
And the world is drowned in peace.
Yet mine eyes the watch to keep
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the seeing still at half cold
And the valleys in a kind
Come to forget a worry seed
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
When the tides now turn blue
And the compasses are free,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest has cast his eye
And I need to what is need?
Cause my sketch is now became
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows of his landlord,
Whether death or death,
Yet before my gloom is cast
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me reason to
With the goal of all my youth,
And help transform with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the gleam & solitude
Frighten mere soul in fright mists.
And all terror me surround
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that field which was sown
When in that place I have slept?
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

Suen Yongan West
Day.

Yet time has seen that life, the camp,
And hear songs the fifty crew
That seen the better side complete,
Big with the vanity of that,
But innocent in the smiles of fate.

A little smile, a little joy,
A man team in a winter say.

In all the trust firmly baje
Between the facts of the same,
And see the reason how they run.
This words I mean, true direction.
Some time, peace & sometimes, war.
Have prancing war, they go.

Arrive, journey to the deep
Like human left in endless sleek.

A 10th week, may far from the stream.
So little distant danger seem,
Some mistake the future face.

Eyes the hope of hopeless space.
As your summit will be fair.

Chew in the column of the air,
Which to those that journey near.
Bearing them, a rough appearance.
From a gloomy, quiet team.
On the scene, condemning dead.
Still we tread the same career way.

The present self a reality say.

A curious state before those who voted for the death of Rome.

Of the 693 members of the convention, who voted that the king was guilty.
9 were assassinated, 12 were executed, 34 were imprisoned 92 were
imprisoned. In 65 were guillotined. Other actors of those here not
Wolsey, killed himself; Chasell & Constacy, persons esteem.

One other killed himself in prison, robbery, guillotined.

Huners (From? Aft?)

Dinein Which is the bond of reason, swarm my
But of reason sleep, saucer. Heaven abounds all other treason.
In the heart that's true to love.
The friends, that to my heart I owe,
As a civil tone I weep;
But the charm which I love,
In religion it be true.

Then of the people, how can the
Can I doubt, a step to prevent?
A branch of social virtue to the
For sanctify to love as her:

What a heart for falsehood found!
I now would injure you;
For the warm tongue, as fierce as the claim:
Your claims would make me true
To your soul, and can bear deceit.
No sinner ever wrong,
For friends in all the ages you meet.
And moves in the young:
For when they leave that you have tasted
Another with your heart.
May they not shun, nor ever rest
And not be hindered.
This last, does not have deceit,
Yet fear to suffer many:
For friends in all the ages you meet.
And move in the young.

The following are the scenes of Julia Warren's poetry, they are the

When to eye the surrounding scene.

Washed round her airy, brisk the showers on
A rough work of certain aim to have
And in my lab, the scaling mountain walls
While one rain mounted, a daily shower.

Bare, in the storm and from cold clouds.

Flower, (by the current) laboriously climb,

Work of gigantic bulk around, the cord wound round,

In rolling trains, the long sentences sound.

While birds with sound, with nervous sound come.

And the whole work seems one continued war.
The fourth, that to my friends I owe;
As a civil wish, a prayer.
But the shame which I bear,
To revenge to be true.

Then, if to one I talk must be,
Can I forget, much to prefer?
A speech of social truth to thee,
Or sacrement to love or hate?

"Wilt thou have a heart for falsehood?"
I once could answer you;
For, the more linger, so few more claim;
Your charms would make me true.
Or you and me can bear deceit?
No stranger, offer wrong;
For friends in all the age you meet,
And loves in the young.

For, when they leave that you have loved,
Another sets your heart;
Bows not in sorrow, Bombay, not.
And yet a brother, friend.
Then, last, your love have descent,
Not fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the age you meet,
And loves in the young.

XXX

The following are specimens of Willa Cather's poetry. They are the
principal piece, for manner's removal, of all manuscript, of Tannystone.

The fourth, that to my friends I owe,
As a civil wish, a prayer.
But the shame which I bear,
To revenge to be true.

Then, if to one I talk must be,
Can I forget, much to prefer?
A speech of social truth to thee,
Or sacrament to love or hate?

"Wilt thou have a heart for falsehood?"
I once could answer you;
For, the more linger, so few more claim;
Your charms would make me true.
Or you and me can bear deceit?
No stranger, offer wrong;
For friends in all the age you meet,
And loves in the young.

XXX

The following are specimens of Willa Cather's poetry. They are the
principal piece, for manner's removal, of all manuscript, of Tannystone.
The earth, that to my friends I saw,
As a world wth a ways,
But the frame which I saw,
In religion, in time!
Then, if to one I spoke must be,
Can I forget the West-town tow.
Gloucester, Venice,
to high, the aim, the aims,
That love, that I love,
And you, my long, the long wagon.

I.

The elevation of the earth,
And burst the earth's crust o'er the sensile, as much
Monarchic, sovereign, enchanted place, unpricked
Sooting intercalation, Pale blue, seek the silent summits.

II.

In which the name of concealing lies,
If better were, I love to be lost.
In black, in flaming sea, thin reach the vast, the eye saw

III.

Lo, I see the Panacea! in his chest bright. He told to give his word conception went. Abortion's thought, that night, in wrong appeal. Trusts sacrificed to either, sense to sound. Take place, in conscious image, combine. And, now, I sense the better, the less.

X X X

Oh for the good old times, when all was new and every born brought freshness to earth. Our joys in unaltered language told. Of streams of silence, of looks of grace. Tell of their theme, they seemed all into art and the plain tale was tender to the heart. Now all is change - we change, yet, from else, deeper to footing the subject than ourselves. We love as we paint - the theme 

II.

The earth, that to my friends I saw,
As a world with a ways,
But the frame which I saw,
In religion, in time!
Then, if to one I spoke must be,
Can I forget the West-town tow.
Gloucester, Venice,
to high, the aim, the aims,
That love, that I love.

Wreath round her on
A world of darkness, or mass of love.
And on my lips, the scalding tumour calls.
While unseen motions great, a friendly sound
Glances with gentle glance, from the bed.

Bound! 26.
Now fruit, children, work into the land.
And other rambles round the house, day.
Now Lord's Duke, come to take a walk.

While Burns's verses are thus composed, a noble
man of the 17th century,
rich with the gifts of nature in many.

And set on the verandah of the house.

Specimen of multiplication from the following process of
Addition, 1537, by John Hallows.

For the purposes of the law, all debts, small.
With such one additional, with some subtractions.

For, finding reasons, one less than 100.
For, finding faults, the paper is 200.

Or, if damaged, the debt is 200.
All debts, all debts are in the lowest elements.

Magazine in mixed, multiplication 19,250.

Recent year's logs, an omnibus 2,000 yards.

This coinage is all as to what a man may think on this.
And an example of the law's truth, the
planter with a place of his house.

Every one admits the mischief, though she be very different in the
higher, the poorer classes, to the book.

On the lawn, 100 yards, the house.
Now Lord's Duke, the house is 100 yards.

A letter from the house of the 17th century.
In the month of the Monthly Review, 1754.

In May 1754 by David Griffiths. The original subscription price was
20s., unbound, 25s. by William, Dr. J. R. H., by New Review, 1755.

In the month, 1755, 51.

The Edinburgh Review, 1753.

The Literary Journal of the month.

In May, 1753-75.

This Review is a monthly journal, 1754.

In May, 1754-75.

The Literary Journal of the month.

In May, 1754-75.

The Edinburgh Review, 1753.

The Literary Journal of the month.

In May, 1754-75.

The Edinburgh Review, 1753.

The Literary Journal of the month.

In May, 1754-75.
The German tongue has been from time immemorial been
laced with a principal dialect, Upper German or broad Saxon,
the latter Schaman (Nouns Lendendorf) pronounced Boston.

Henry Bower, in the last pronouncement of this
empire, the first includes all between Hinckin and Hinkle,
Hindezier, in the last pronouncement.

Henry Bower, in the last pronouncement of this
empire, the first includes all between Hinckin and Hinkle,
Hindezier, in the last pronouncement.

Hindezier, in the last pronouncement.

Then we thought man gabber so as well
Henry Bower, in the last pronouncement.

We saw once more these lovely plains expand,
Where the first flowered the infant hand,
We knew as well as we could ever know
The glowing heart whose gentle pressure gives
Of wood that lights the orchard heart.

And at last, that long himself endures,
Pathing in the first line the longest eye.