Tell me on this side on its throne, yet still
They fillen their galleys to the brim and galleau
The entering drought. Adway now
They dance to the sound of the timbal and

The tune, till another nation would more seemer
To call them to desert—yet on they dance
And lost all thoughts of past and future in
The greedy wish of present enjoyment
Adway love their Barcanian songs

Reverent, they song from arch above
To roset below, increasing still they sing
And when the blood keepes through the avenues
And when the new beatings of the heart
Were almost audible and when the frame

140 Shookes from Fate, Belshazer sent to bring
The golden vessels from before his god
The Holy vessels which his father brought
From Zion Jerusalem. They come, forever
And all his royal guests with constant service
To Savonar, mocked the presence of the Lord God
And drank delight, and meannes too soon out
The conservation bow—how mockingly—
They speak of passer things, what austere
To throw which he beyond the present hour-
To life and death and creation. When now
How ple the those noble attributes
Begethe to man? And when was dignity
Are all the finer feelings of the soul?
This time that midnight revels can steep
The choral of its imminent
Com to: its beauty and its greatness of
First it of its earth and stamp
Hers upon on her totaries. But while
The drink. Why slaps the galled from the brow.
And why on the belly thereof begins support?
Why does the King so Throg your look once gasp
For breath? Why close the breast consolately.
What mean the glowing eye, the burning light
The quelling lift? But through these doth arise
Whispers of gory shore engender them then thine
With all the bounteouness of murk and lust
As in the tomb—Where every sound was hushed
As if the arms of death had quietly closed
Each living soul. They meant that Babylon
Which was once in splendor, now but decor!
From which that stream of fans: Chittagong, Mecca
A Persian coal. What means the distant shout
What song is wafted through the gates? It is
The Persian song of victory. The fall
Of Babylon. The queen of royal poets
Ave l'Hosty-

Oh! linger, linger, on the war
Oh! pause upon the creek!

That I may gaze once, once more
Where floats the golden cup even from the steep
Ne'er as brightly smiled mine own sweet shore.
Oh! linger, linger, on the setting sun.
The Old Bachelor

When I was a schoolboy aye our term
Oh mighty little Greek I knew
Welt, my short striped trousers and now & then
Welt stripes on my jacket too.

When I saw the boys at the play ground run
I threw my goodens by
And I left the task for another began
There will be time enough for that said I.

When I was at College my pride was keen
And my gowns and my hat of blood.
But as for my study I must confess
That I was content with my study
I was deep in my tradesman book I'm afraid
Although not in my own by the bye
And when causefully tapers came to be paid
There'll be time enough for that said I.

I was just nineteen when I first fell in love
And I scribbled a deal of rhyme.
And I talked to my Self in a low tone
And I thought myself quite sublime
I was torn from my love! thus a mournful blow
And she said she wiped her eye,
But I do not die of grief. Oh, dear me no
There will be time enough for that when I.

My next was a Lady of Rank a dame
With jewels in her veins you see,
With the port of the Passage she fury the flame
That now was consuming me
But this of her great descent she spoke
I found she was still very high
And I thought looking up for a wife no joke
There will be time enough for that said I.

My next person was for one whose face
Was her fortune she was so fair
Oh! she spoke with an air of enchanting grace
But a man cannot live upon air
And when poverty enters the door, young Son
Will out of the casement fly.
The truth of the prose I'd no wish to forge.
There will be time enough for that said I.

My next was a boy who love romance
And wrote very splendid things.

And she said with a sneer when I asked the same
Sire, I said on a horse with wings
There was ink on her thumb when I Vision her hand
And she whispered, If you should die
I will worth you an epitaph gloomy and grand
There will be time enough for that said I.

I kept her and quoted and quoted my letters
At up and parties and ball
I met pretty girls at every place
But I found a defect in all.
The first die out quit me I cannot tell why
The second I cannot say why
And the third, bless me, I will not mention now
There will be time enough says I.

I loomed in a glass and I thought I could hear...
A sort of a wrinkle or two.
So I made up my mind that I'd make up my face
And come out as good as new.
To my mind I enquired a little more jet
And I scarce could suppress a sigh.
But I cannot be quite sure all darkly yet
No time then enough for that said I.

I was fifty yet I still cried I accept
All the airs of a juvenile aim.
But some how whenever the question I stopped
The girls aiit a laugh dare. No.
I am sixty to cry not a very young man
And a terrible reason to die
So youth he advised one many when you can
Then no time to delator says I.
Canadian Boat Song

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our oars keep time, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing to St. Annis our evening hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream ours last,
The copiers are near, and the daylight past.

Why should one yet the sail unfurl? There is not a breath the blue wave broke,
But when the wind blows off the shore
Oh, sweetly will rest our weary can
Blow, blow, blow, &c.

Wane the tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surge soon,
Point of this green isle! hear our prayer
Grant us cool heavens and favouring wind
Blow, blow, blow, &c.

Tom Moore
Some seed round the room
Some seed round the wine and beer points of light
To simple wise sages, and sawing fools
This moment a flower, too fair and brief
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue
But while they one bottle filled from the same light bowl
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed on the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
For the cause of mankind, if our deeds are seen?
Shall I give up the friend I once valued this day?
If he shall not before the same altar wret press?
From the beaten girl of my soul shall I fly
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! pierce the hearts of the women that try
Faith, colour, or none by a standard like this

Moore
Perversando vinces, Forta
Tempus fugit, Forta
"Nec sine magni vita labore dedit mortalibus. Horae
+Nec sine fas est omnia. Horae
"Nec mortalibus arduum est. Horae.
Indeque credat, sed ego non.

(Handwritten notes and scribbles on the page.)
Tis the last rose of summer,
Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are fossil and gone;
No florin of her kindred,
No corolla is nigh,
To reflect back their blushes,
Or give back a sigh for single!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem
Since the lovely one sleeping
Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
They loved so she they best,
While they mute of th' garden
Lie scentless and dead.

To soon may I follow
When fretfulness decayes,
And from love shining circle
The pens drop away!
When time cleaves his nostrils
And four ones are flown
Oh who would inhabit
This bleak world alone—

Moore

Oh breathe not his name
Oh breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unknown his relics are laid;
Dark, silent and still, in the tears that are shed
As the night drew that falls on the grass softly

But the night drew that falls, though in silence it weeps
Shall lengthen with useless the groans where he sleeps
And the tears that are shed, though in secret it rolls
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.
Oh! had we some bright little isle
Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone;
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming
And the bee banquet on thine endless year of flowers,
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that unline
Gavosto, the last joy that life elsewhere can give

Where with souls ever yearning join as the dune
We should love as they loved in the first golden time
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air;
Would steal to our hearts and make all earthly
Virtue affection as free
From decline as the breezy;
And quiet hope like the tree,
Dying always on flowers;
Our life should resemble a long day of light
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.
Sublime was the warning -
Sublime was the warning when Liberty spoke
And grand was the moment when Spaniards
gave life and revenge from the conquerors chain

Oh, liberty! let not this spirit have rest
Till it more rise a spirit over the waves of the west
From the light of your looks on eachowering spot,
Nor Oh! be the Shamrock of Erin he forgot,
While you soar to your gondola the plane of Spain!

If the fame of your fathers, breathed with their sighs
Give to Country its charm and to home its delights,
Of desert be a wound, and suspicion a stain.
Then ye men of Erin! our cause is the same,
And Oh! may its tomb want a tear and a name.

Who would ask for a soldier a nobler creation
Than to turn its last sigh into victory breath
For the Shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain!

Moore
French Phrases

"Pau et peu". toda
Though hampered with the age of old
Its pillars of stone stand, and the joint forms by sculpture rough
Each lodging some immortal thought
Which in that temple of the dead,
Aeons, yet solemn beauty shone,
Shone forth the glory, self, a guess
In times asleep or Titan more:
Yet dreams more lofty, and more join
Than art, whose name both images their
High thoughts of many a mighty mind,
Expanding when all else declines
In twilight years when only they
Recall the Sardinian past, when
Hire now that ancient foill their home
Fortress of freedom was of Rome
Henceon 128 pagan
When tombs are fallen, Jessie Turner
The wine of Champagne's solitude
Tis amidst the scene the scene
The outline of a conqueror seen
He...
Now on their works of ages floor
Around in desolationCONN.
And, temple, column montCyna.
Recalling triumphs passed away
Works of the mighty and the Free.
Morn steps on earth no more stable
Though their height once bath lifted them
Now years new sorrow can efface.

Tis' not alone these beauties expand...

Tompson Longfellow
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Charles 12th</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Tenet Ancient Philosophers</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Beccarines</td>
<td>1 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Perrins Truth Tables</td>
<td>1 12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Telemar</td>
<td>1 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>German Grammar</td>
<td>9 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Rover</td>
<td>2 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Introduction to the German Language</td>
<td>3 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>German Dictionary</td>
<td>3 37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Daries Arithmetic</td>
<td>2 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>Boujours Algebra</td>
<td>1 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Legendary Geometry</td>
<td>1 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>Descriptive</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>Surveying</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Euclidia</td>
<td></td>
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<td>56</td>
<td>Emotion Mat Phil</td>
<td>2 60</td>
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<td>57</td>
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<td>58</td>
<td>Enfield</td>
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</tr>
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<td>59</td>
<td>Hornestons Dictionary</td>
<td>5 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>English Grammar Collets</td>
<td>2 50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
63 1 Disney Grammar 50
64 1 Dillerwey's Roman Mythology 75
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67 1 Hours for Heesen 25
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1. Voseators History
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Index Resum

Drawing Stock

Shades Shadow & Perspective

Prints House

Persins exercises

Bowoller Poems
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>106</td>
<td>Pope's Homer</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>107</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>108</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>110</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>111</td>
<td>Pope's Works</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>112</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>113</td>
<td>Milton's Works</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>114</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>$1.75</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Shakespeare</td>
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<td>116</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>$1.75</td>
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<tr>
<td>117</td>
<td>Bryant's Poems</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>118</td>
<td>Linnaeus Botany</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>119</td>
<td>Chemistry</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120</td>
<td>Tholuck Commentary on John</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>121</td>
<td>Hecatommien</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122</td>
<td>Eaton's Manual</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>123</td>
<td>Vita Washingtoni</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$5.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>124</td>
<td>Lombke, Taster, &amp;c.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>125</td>
<td>Rolandsye Table Talk</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$7.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>126</td>
<td>Stella Poole</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>127</td>
<td>udden Concordence</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>$3.74</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
128 1 Youngs Algebra
129 1 Book of Pleasures
130 1 Love of the angels
131 1 Assum.
132 1
133 1 Brodie's Nat. Theology #
134 1 Wayland Moral Science
135 1 Political Economy
136 1 McClellan Evidence
137 1 Wirkus Dictionary
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143 1
144 1 Mrs. Hemans Works
145 1 Copper Atkinson
146 1 Child's Mental Phil.
147 1 Music Book
148 1 Moore Melodies
149 1 Church History

150 / Summaries of Literature
151 / " " " " "
152 / " " " " "
153 / " Barnes Notes on Acts
154 / " Foxe Johnson & Walker
155 / " Brown Conchology
156 / " American Almanac 1857
156 / " Mrs Lincoln Botany
Song

New England, new England, my home in the sea!
My heart, as I wandered, turned fondly to thee:
For bright stars through the skies on thy clear moonlit stream,
And soft rain thy meadows, the moon pours her beams.
New England, new England, my home in the sea,
The wanderer's heart turn to foreignness to thee.

The breezes are healthful, and clear on thy hills,
And the bravest waifs prove gay and rich on thy hills.
The maidens are fair, and thy women are strong.
And thy air is clean with shady valleys among.
New England, New England, my home in the sea,
The wanderer's heart turn to foreignness to thee.

There home in New England, when clear over the stream
Are thinking of the spot where my love lives.
Am I blest in the home where my youth passed in cheer;
I shall sit by that hearth, and keep it warm.
New England, New England, my heart it be to thee.
Moorish gathering song—
Chains on the cities! gloom in the air!
- Come on the hills, fresh breezes are there.
Pleasure and fear in the old orange bowers.
- Come to the rocks where freedom that which

Come from the Dunes! Charge as its stores—
Come where the streams no bondage have known:
Wild and proud, foaming, they leap,
Sing of freedom from steep to steep.

Come from a Chamber! garden and grove
Now may the cherriest blight on grove:
Blood on the waters, create, minister, flow!
- Only the spew on the rock one owns.

T. Heman.
A Lament.

Matthew, oh sing me to rest
As in my bright days creptun
Sing to the hills, the deep-sounding
Songs for a spirit oppressed.

Say this fane, head on thy breast!
Flowers from the vine are closing,
Pilgrims and mourners reposing—
Matthew, oh! sing me to rest!

Take back thy hine to its nest!
Song its young life when brightening
Though this lone reconnaissance.
Matthew, oh! sing me to rest!

Hearns
From Campbell "Pleasures of Hope"

"Departed spirits of the mighty dead! Ye that at Marathon and Delphi blest your swords to man, Fight in his sacred cause and lead the van. Get for Perseus tears of blood and stone And make her arm a pleasant ashdown. Oh once again to Freedom's cause return. The patriot tell the Book of Balanor Klee.

"Perhapse your hands presume to span The March of Genus and the power of Man Perhaps ye watch at Pissu unholloved shrine. Her victims shed stain and thus divine; Then shall thy lungs geniuns cease; and here Truth, Science, Virtue close your short careers."

Go childet of Science of the winged word of Science. Tho' thine to search the boundless fields of fame. So, Newton,一事 of Nature shrines after Penn the wider worlds and numbers every story.
Wilt thou with him mysterious rites apply
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye
Yes, thou wilt mark with majesty profound
The sweep of light in circling march of sound.
Quite Franklin grasps the lightnings flying
As girds the lyre of Heaven another thing.

At summer's eve, when Heaven ascends slow
Yours with bright crest the glittering hills below
Why to yon mountain turns the morning eye
Whose sun bright summits mingle with the sky
Why on the cliffs of shadow tint appear
More sweet than all the landscapes smiling near.
Tel distance lends enchantment to the view
And soles the mountains in its Vernon dome.

She scarce truth thy trumpet cease and fill
And the sun thy sister ceased with thee to rest,
Where raging expression (diurnes) to northern wars
Her whispering pardon and her pries Muskmans
Wander her dance struck amid the breeze of Moore.
Revive her bow strain and twang her trumpet horns.
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her face,
Presaging north to Poland—and to Mars!

In vain allied in vain, gallant few
From west to east your valiant thunder fell—

A bloodiest picture of the book of Time
Perpetual bell uncease, without a crime.

Found not a generous friend a pitying for
Strength in her arms nor mercy in her rear.

Dropp'd from her remorseless grasp, to utter year
Close her bright eye and cushion the bright roses
Hope for a season over the world forever
And Freedom, shielded as it was from its fell

Hope! when I mourn with sympathising sighs
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind
The blackest omen ever my spirit see

The boundless fields of rosy cloud to fly
I match the wheel of Nature's many plan,
And learn the future by the foot of Man.
The wheelers calm, the shudder of the dead?
No: the mile lies of Nature needs alloy
And even and sorrow from the fire of joy!
And day without our hopes, without our fears
Without the homage that lighten love and ease
Without the smiles from mortal beauty
And what were mine, a world without a sun

Yet winter come! Let gloom aspire to reign
The darkness wins, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless shows the northern south before
And the dim sun scarce wanderers through the storm
Yet shall the smile of social love repose
With mortal light, the melancholy day!

And when the short and dullen moon is seen
The icy hoar waters slumbering on the shore
Now bright the Regrets in his little hall
Blose on the breast, and warm the picture's walls.
"Confiding Hope, when Hope but emulate Pen
When soul to soul and dust to dust return
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour
O! then thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power
When through each spark of earth-born dustly fly
The quivering lips, pale cheek, and closing eye
Brought to the soul thy sweet phosphorescence
The morning dream of light is eternal day
Then shall the triumph and the trance begin.
And all the Master's spirit scan within!"

Daughter of Faith arise arise arise arise
The dead unknown, the house of the tomb
Melt, and crispel, my specter doubts that cold
Emanation darkness on the parting soul
Fly, like the moon, yonder herald of Despair,
Chased on his might-tier by the star of joy!
The stripe is bare, the pangs of Nature closer
And life last capture triumphs in her course
Hark as the spirits sing, with eagle's song
The moon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze
That Heavenly winds that waft her to the skies
Flout the sweet tones of star born melody.

Hike as that Hallowen anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem shepherds in the hourly vale
When Jordan hasten his courses and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zions Hill!

Soul of the just: companion of the dead
Where is thy home and whither art thou fled
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes
Swift as the comet wheels to where The rose
Doomed on his airy path awhile to turn
And e'er a second time to ascend and return?

Eternal Hope: when yonder skieses sublime
Bear in their first mutes to sound the mirth of time
The joyous youth began at sun to fade
When all the sister plancts have decayed
When swept in fire the realms of ether glorious
And heaven last thunder shakes the fiddles below
Then undimayen shalt on the ruins smile
And light thy torch at Nature's temple pile

—Campbell, “Hope.”
Alcunes of Memory

...deities whose guardian

thought ere as jujube on high

walk the consecrated ground

pool of inspiration source

North will resemble gray

sim pilgrim when it lay

that mound at junct of clara

out past across the lawn

that rest the moon tire can

I gave a pause to core

every step to claim a tear

of bina and cherish

eighty at leaf saw treby

ous, and romantic dreams.

Rogers Alcunes of Memory
The school
just told
White is
quaking,
unknown.
When the
slop springs
some time.
And we
with god.
Rogers Pleasures of Memory

"To household deities whose guardian

gaze, such proud thought ere descend on high;
still, still, we walk the consecrated ground
And enter then the world of inspiration's bounds.

The school lone rook with reverence more grey
Just tells the pension pilgrim when it lay.
Mute is the bell that rang at peaks of danger
Quenching my roused feet across the lawn.

Waken the shout that rest the noon-tide air
When the slow clock gave a pause to come
Up springs, at every step to claim a tear
Some little friendship borne and cherished here.

And yet the lightest leaf of that tender
With golden visions, and romantic dreams.

Rogers Pleasures of Memory
This book once belonged to John Adams, but his son John Quincy Adams inherited it. The book is filled with notes and messages, including a letter from John Quincy Adams to his father, expressing his gratitude and appreciation for the book. The handwriting is neat and legible, with occasional flourishes that add a touch of elegance to the entries. The text is primarily in English, with occasional Latin phrases and abbreviations. The book appears to be a personal diary or collection of correspondence.
Pope Ode to St. Cecilia Day

Music the finest grief can charm
And Fate's remorsest rage disarm.
Music can soften pain to ease
And make despair and madness flee.
Our joys below it can inspire
And antidote the blues above.

Oh, in our sterner anchorhood, when no ray
Of earlier sunshine glimmered on our way,
When girt with sins and sorrows, and the coil
Of cares that wear the bosom that they dwell.
All of them seem retrojections main
One link that kink us with young dreams again,
One thought so sweet we scarcely dream to muse
On all the bounded purposes it review.
With seems such instant in its backward range.
The heart to soften, and its ties to change
And every spring, untouched for years, to move.
It is the memory of a mother's love.
Poise winds and forest

As from the brake the whispering pensive airy

And mounts exulting on triumphant wings

Most is his joy he feels the fiery wound

Flutter to black and panting beats the ground

The sweet evils his glowing sparkling eyes

His purple crest and scarlet circled eyes

The same green his shining plumage unfold

His panting openings and breath that flashed away

As absolute as desperate yet through both

Have been some sparkle of a better hope

Our Hope

Reflected on the lake I love

To see the stars of evening glow,

So tranquil in the heaven above

So restless is the same below

Thus heavenly hope is all serene;

But earthly hope how bright so ever

Still flutters over this changing scene,

As falls as fleeting as the wind!

Helen
The rising of the sun 
Wake! wake! awake to the hunting!
Wake! wake! the morning is nigh!
Chilly the breezes blow.
Chilly the darkness creeps over the sky.
Morn, how fast the stars are fading!
Morn, how wise the dawn is spreading!
Many a fallow deer
Feeds in the forests near.
Now is no time on the heather to lie!

Rise, rise! Look on the ocean!
Rise we now, and look on the sky!
Softly the vapours creep
Over the level trees.
Softly the mists on the water fall lie.
In the cloud rich tints are glowing
Over the hill the blush compass crowning.
Ave through the welkin rose.
See where the lift to his head
Forth to the hunting! The swan keeping high!
They linked their hands, they—pleaded their stakes/suits
In the awe of presence of attesting heaven—
They bound their hearts to suffering and to death—
With the serene and solemn transport given
To bless such vows—How man had striven,
How man might strive, and mainly stricken knew—
And calmed upon their God, whose arm Hovered
The crest of many a tyrant since He blew—
The foaming sea were on, and Egypt might descend.

Mrs. Hemans. p 102.

The moon in silent brightness
Rides o'er the mountain snow—
The mist in fleecy whiteness
Has cloe the vale below—
Above the woodland bowers—
Dark waves our trading trees—
It is, it is the moon—
Oh come, my love, to me!
The eager beams beat me
Fondly year for thee.
I rest beneath thy bower,
I climb in the ivy tree;
And blessen the blue Noun.
That brings my love to me

I left my chosen number
In yonder cove below,
Each warrior lightly stumbles,
His hand upon his bow.
From forth a kindly power
They wait to set thee free;
It is, it is the hour,
Oh come my love, to me!

By Helen
"I mourn but the forests whose music is dying,
I mourn but the summer whose beauty is seen,
I weep for the hopes that forever are flying,
I sigh for the worth that I slighted before.
Anv sigh to rekindle the force of my sighing.
For love once extinguished, is kindled no more.
The spring may return with his garland of flowers,
And make to renew capture the kiss on the brow.
The summer smile soft through his crystalline tears.
The blessings of autumn are seen on the freckled herb.
The cock may be shaken, the crone may be wakened.
But the vision of my bosom return not to me.

Bishop Hilden

Hailst for May Day,
Queen of fresh flowers,
Whom Dental stars obey.
Bringing warm showers
Bringing genial rain
In nature's freest blooming crest.
Descend on earth expectant breast.
To earth and heaven as welcome guest.
Then may such month of May!
I mourn not the forests whose resonant is slow,
I mourn not the summer whose beauty is fleeting,
I long for the hope that forever endures,
I sigh for the wreath that I always desired.

I see the embers of love that once existed,
Amidst the ashes of my life, I see a flame
For love once extinguished, is kindled anew.

The spring may return with his promise of hope,
And make his new capture the home of mortals,
In his reign, the summer will still soft through his light,
And the blessings of autumn wave brown upon the Vale.

The rock may be shaken, the tree may sway
But the vision of my loves return and to me,

Richey Helen

Land for May Day,
Queen of fresh flowers,
Whom eternal stars obey,
Bringing thy warm showers
Bringing genial rays.
So nature's greenest thing exists,
Descend on earth expectant breast,
To earth and heaven as welcome guest,
To earth and heaven as welcome guest.
Mark how we meet thee
At dawn of every day!
Hark! how we greet the
With our roundelay!

While all the lovely things that be
On earth, air, and sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,
And birds on their prey,
Tree, turf, and fountain,
All help the holiday;
And love the life of living things
Love moves his torch, love closes his wing,
And love once more the praises sings
Thou merry month of May.

Heber.

But who shall tell
How life may touch the spirit?

Hemans.
I love the hours with silver sound
That rings the tental hall around,
But sweetest of all
The strains that fall
When twilight morn with song is crowned.

I love the hush's watching still,
When echo answers from her cell;
But sweeter to me,
When I list the thine,
Who makes the northern lay so well.

Brightest mild and snow white flower
Well are you paired in your opening hour
Thus shoud the pure and the lovely meet
Stainshes with stainshes, and sweet with sweet.

Bryant.
Song
Lease us not, lease us not!
Say us adieu!
Hear we not been to thee
Tender and true?

Take not thy sunny smile
Far from our heart!
With that sweet light will soon
Summer once more.

Lease us not, lease us not
Can thy heart soon?
Wilt thou not pine to hear
Voices from home?

Far soon our love will die
Of them went gone!
Turn to us, lease us not!
Thou art our own!

Homer. 10 390.
Boarding Nov 1839
Norton! Norton, Beware of the day
When your boarers shall meet you in battle array
For the hosts of cakes, bread rushes fall on my sight
While the kelphead and cakes are scattered in flight.
We hunger and thirst for the coffee and pie;
We sue the the cooks, who our wants all repay.
Prance Hamilton poarses insulting our pair
For turkies and chickens are not very rare.
False warning, kind friends, amend your poems
Or else all your boarers will take to their heels.
For if this do happens, you will surely be dished.
For feeding your boarers on cornbread and fish.
Thursday Nov 29, 1858
7. Rise six o'clock
7½. Prayers, breakfast, etc.
8. Read comp.
9. Write oration
12. Cut wood
12½. Dine and co
12¼. Dine. sun about 4 o'clock
2. Read. Mac & Black. Story French
4½. Prayers. Ten o'clock
6. Political economy
10. Bed

A 11 me write in chem
istry

Friday Nov 29, 1858
6½. Rise six o'clock
7. Prayers breakfast
8. Write oration
12. Eat wood
12½. Dine & co
2. Read. Mac & Black. Story French
3½. Write Dutch
4½. Prayers Tea
10. Bed

at 11 went a sitting
Colonel Johnson & Gibbs to
myself commenced studying
Dutch this afternoon to
Mrs. Harem
Sunday Dec 1 1838
6 A.M. Rise & fix room
7. Prayers breakfast
8. Read, Pol. Econ
9. Write Question
12. Eat Dinner
1:20. Dine
1:45. Study French
2. Read French
4. Pray, Read, Fire
6. Pray
10. Read

I went a riding to Angell 10 o'clock

Sunday Dec 2, 1838
6 A.M. Rise & fix room
7. Pray, breakfast
8. Read, Mauzie & de Stuel
10. Church
12. Dine. read, write & visit Will
2. Church
4. Tea walk, read, write &c.
10. Read

Mrs. Mauzie sent two discourses on the history of

Mauzie.

I wrote a long letter to Vick this evening.
Monday Dec 3 1838
6 A. Rise six o'clock
7 Buy pens, breakfast
8 Write oration
10 Study Chemistry
11 Write
12 Cut wood
12:45 Dine
1 Study French
2 Study German
2:45 Write
4:15 Buy pens & tea walk
6:15 Visit Mr. Knibb
10 Bed

This morning I sent to town to see about a quin
nel copse by W. G. French,
Saremen a letter from
Totten this evening.

Tuesday Dec 4 1838
6 A. Rise six o'clock
7 Buy pens, breakfast
8 Discuss
9 Write oration
12 Cut wood
12:45 Dine
1 Study French
2 Write
3 Study German
3:45 Write
4:15 Buy pens & tea walk
6:15 Visit Mr. Knibb
9 Bed
Wednesday Dec 5 1885.
6r Rise six o'clock
7 Pray and Breakfast
8 Read the Paper
9 Write Letter
10 Cut Wood
12 Dine Library
2 Write & Read
4½ Pray & Tea, walk in the Garden
6 Society
10 Bed

My opinion that I have to make in one year weeks to any one guesses very slowly I think.

Thursday Dec 6 1885.
6½ Rise six o'clock
7 Pray and Breakfast
8 Composition of last half
9 Read & read Chemistry
11 Recite Chemistry
12 Cut Wood
12½ Dine walk &c
2 Write Letter
4½ Pray & Tea, walk &c
6¼ Write this & Read
10 Bed
Friday Dec 7 1888
6h Rise six o'clock
7h Prayers breakfast

Saturday Dec 8 1888
6h Rise six o'clock
7h Prayers breakfast
8h Go to Economy
9h Walk Creation
10h Cut Bread
11h Wine
12h Library Read 20
12h Prayers Ten o'clock
8h Rod over
9h Rod over

Protest Court District
Study German River
Baked --
Friday Dec 7 1888
6% Rise fix room
7 Prayers breakfast
8 Review Pat Economy
9 Write Creation
12 Cut Wood
12 Dine
1 Rock & Route
2 Study Dutch
3 Review...
4% Prayer Ten P.M. Walk
6% Study Economy Read
10 Bed

February Dec 8 1888
6% Rise fix room
7 Prayers breakfast
8 Review Pat Economy
9 Write Creation
12 Cut Wood
12 Dine
1 Library Read 70
4% Prayer Ten Walk
6% Read 9
10 Bed—
Thursday Dec 9 1888
6% Rise in room
7 Rogers breakfast
10 Church
12 dinner, write letter
5 Church
4 Pan well read
10 Bed

I wrote a letter to father this evening.

Monday Dec 10 1888
6% Rise in room
7 Rogers breakfast
8 write coration
10 Study Chemistry
11 Read
11 Cut wood
12% dinner, see library
2 Read
4% Study Dutch
3% Read
4% Rogers Feen
6% Read
16 Bed

I began the second essay of my notation this morning.
Tuesday Dec 11 1858
6. Rise fix room
7. Rogers breakfast
10. Write letter
12. Cut wood
14. Dine and read
24. Read sermon
16. Bath
44. Rogers tea and milk
6. Study pale economy
10. Bed

Wednesday Dec 12 1858
6. Rise fix room
7. Rogers breakfast
8. Dine pale economy
9. Write letter
12. Cut wood
14. Dine pale economy
2. Read 30
44. Rogers tea
6. Bible
10. Bed
Jan 13 1888
6h Rise, six rooms
7h Prayers and Breakfast
8h Work Composition
9h Write Oration
12h Eat Lunch
12h Line walk
12h Read Co. Winter
4h Progress of J. D. Read
6h Write this
6h Puyol Eton
10h Read

This evening we had an
erase of fish it horse
was soon put out

Jan 14 1888
6h Rise six rooms
7h Prayers and Breakfast
8h Write Pal Economy
9h Write Oration
11h Eat Lunch
12h Line walk
12h Read Col. Winter
2h Thru Session
4h Progress of J. D. Read
6h Write this
6h Puyol Pal Economy
10h Read

I received a letter
from my father
this evening.
I thanked in my oration
for 1888 this
evening.
Dec 15 1888 Saturday
6: Rise six o'clock
7: Breakfast
8: Read
9: Lent mode
12: Turn mode
12: Time clock
12: Thursday meet 26
4: Rogers two o'clock
12: Read 26
16: Read

Sunday Dec 16 1888
6: Rise six o'clock
7: Rogers breakfast
8: Read
10: Church
15: Dinner and tea
2: Church
4: Tea - walk around
10: Read
Monday Dec 17 1886
6% Rise six o'clock
7 Prayer Breakfast
8 Read Greek Testament
9 Read Chemistry
11 Read
11 Cut wood
11 Dine and read
24 Study Dutch
3% Read
4% Prayer. Tea & Co.
5 Pet Economy & Co.
6 Read

Tuesday Dec 18 1886
6% Rise, six o'clock
7 Prayer - Breakfast
8 Discuss
9 Read &
12 Cut wood
12% Line &
2 Study Algebra
3% Study Germon
3% Read
4% Prayer. Tea
5 Pet Economy
6 Read
Wednesday Dec 2 1858
9 AM Rise six o'clock
10 Prayer Breakfast
11 Go for a drive
10:30 Church
12 Dine till 6
4 PM Pray
6 Society
10 Bed
Society did not adjourn until after Corrall

Thursday Dec 20 1858
6 AM Rise six o'clock
7 Pray and Breakfast
8 Study Algebra
9 PM Chresty
11 Pray
12 Eat dinner
6:30 Pray and Den
2 Algebra
4:30 Pray and Tem
6:30 Pray Dinner
10 Bed
Friday, Dec 21 1888
6 A.M. Rise from bed
7 Prayers Breakfast
8 Read Bible, Economy
9 Study Algebra
10 Cut Wood
11 Line 4 ft
12 Read 4 p
12 1/2 Study Dutch
13 1/2 Read Dutch
14 Prayers Tea
5 Go to town to take the stage to go home
9 Spend the Christmas holidays
Jan 1 1889
5 Return this morning for school
4 will again renew this
Memenonsee
Thursday Jan 9 1884
6 Rise for room
7 Regress breakfast
9 Read Comps
1 Study Chemistry
11 Write
12 Lunch noon
12 Lunch
12 Study Algebra
4 Write Prayers
6 Study Pol Grammar
10 Bed

Bed at 10½

Friday Jan 10 1884
6½ Rise for room
7 Prayers breakfast
8 Write Pol Grammar
9 Read & Write
12 Lunch noon
12 Dinner
12 Study Algebra
2½ Study Lesson
3½ Write
4½ Prayers
6½ Write this
7 Study Pol Grammar
10 Bed
Saturday Jan 5 1859
6 A.M. Rise in room
7 Pray, have breakfast
8 Write col. Garmon
9 Write answer for society
10 Cut wood
11 Write letter to col
12 Read & do Algebra
13 Pray, go for tea
8 Don't this & co
6 Read
10 Read

Sunday Jan 6 1859
6 A.M. Rise in room
7 Pray, have breakfast
8 Read & co
10 Church
11 Line music
12 Pray
4 Tea & milk
6 Write this & journal
6 Read & co
10 Read
Monday Jan 9 1858
5 ½ Rise six o'clock
7 Prayers breakfast
9 Settle in Spell Test
10 Read
11 Study Chemistry
12 Settle
12 ½ Dinner
2 ½ Study Lessons
3 ½ Settle
4 ½ Prayers Tea
5 ½ Study Pol Gram & Co
10 Read

Tuesday Jan 8 1859
5 ½ Rise six o'clock
7 Prayers breakfast
9 Settle Pol Gram
9 Read
10 Cut wood
12 ½ Dinner
2 ½ Read & ½
2 ½ Study Lessons
8 ½ Settle
4 ½ Prayers Tea
6 Write this
6 ½ Study Pol Gram
Wednesday, Jan 9, 1869
6 A.M.起床
7 早餐
8 写信
9 写信
12 切木
17 烧饭
2 读
11.30 读
10 读

Thursday, Jan 10, 1869
6 A.M. 起床
7 早餐
8 读
9 写信
12 切木
12 烧饭
2 读
4 读
10 读

11 烧饭
12 写信
12.30 烧饭
2 读
4 读
10 读
Thursday Jan 11 1869
6h. Rise six o'clock
6h. Pray breakfast
6h. Start breakfast
6h. Write letter
6h. Cut wood
6h. Line \#40
6h. Study Latin
6h. Read
4h. Pray on tea
6h. Write this hour
6h. Read
10h. Read

Saturday Jan 12 1869
6h. Rise six o'clock
7h. Pray breakfast
7h. Start breakfast
8h. Write
12h. Cut wood
12h. Line
2h. Read
4h. Pray on tea
6h. Read
10h. Read
from Little E. Brown
son letter
Sunday Jan 13 1869
6x Rise & go room
7 Prayers & breakfast
8 Bed
10 Church
12 Line & write to Well
2 Church
4 Tea & walk
5 Bow to this River
10 Bed

I went to Well today

Monday Jan 14 1869
6x Rise & go room
7 Prayers & breakfast
9 Read Dutch Testament
9 Write Oration
12 Cut Wood
12 Line
14 Move Gillie gone
12 Study History
34 Rattle
4x Prayers
5x Read this Letter
6 Seven & Hunt
10 Bed

At one we had a Lecture from Mr. Bronson on Eloquence
Tuesday Jan 15 1869
6.45 Rise six o' clock
7. Prayers Breakfast
8. Read Psalm
9. Write Oration
12. Cut Wood
12. Shoe
1. Bronson Lecture
2. Study German
2. Reeds
4. Prayers Tea
5. Write this
6. Read Gillies
10. Bed

Wednesday Jan 16 1869
6.45 Rise six o' clock
5. Prayers breakfast
8. Read Psalm
9. Write Oration
12. Cut Wood
12. Shoe
1. Bronson Lecture
2. Fiction Oration
3. River
4. Prayers Tea
6. Society
10. Bed
I did not get to bed till 1 o'clock
Thursday Jan 17 1887
6% Rise for room
7 Breakfast
8 Read Constitution
9 Write orations
10 Cut moose
12% Dine
13 Read Gillies
4% Progess tea
5% Write this journal
6 Reg
10 Bed

Friday Jan 18 1887
6% Rise for room
7 Breakfast
8 Write Pal Graham
9 Write oration
12 Cut wood
14% Snee
17 Read Gillies
24 Study German
4% Progess tea
5% Write this journal
6 Reg
10 Bed
34 Write German
Saturday Jan 19 1889
6:00 Rise six o'Clock
7:00 Rogers breakfast
8:00 Ride to Grandpa
9:00 write motion
11:00 Cat move
12:45 Drive
1:00 Adams lecture
2:00 write motion
4:00 Rogers tea
5:00 Write this
6:00 Bear Gillies
10:00 Bed

Sunday Jan 20 1889
6:15 Rise breakfast
7:00 Rogers breakfast
8:00 Drive
9:00 Church
10:00 Drive
12:00 Drive
2:00 Church
4:00 Drive
5:00 Write this
6:00 Bear
10:00 Bear
Monday Jan 21 1839
6: Rise six o'clock
7: Rogers breakfast
8: Comte Greek testament
9: Read
12: Hunt Arrow
12: Line
1/2: Read
2/3: Story German
3/4: Read
4/5: Rogers tea
6: Write this & sign
6/7: Read
10: Bed

Tuesday Jan 22 1839
6: Rise six o'clock
7: Rogers breakfast
8: Story Upham
10: Read...
11: Read Green
1 1/2: Line
1 1/2: Hunt Arrow
2: Story Lesson
3/4: Read...
4/5: Rogers tea
6: Write this & sign
6:
10: Bed
Wednesday Jan 23 1888
6% Rise at noon
7 Roque Breakfast
8 Study Mental Philo.
11 Rest
12.15 Dinner -
2 Speak Action
3% Leon Creation for Soc
4% Roque Tennis
6 Society
16 Bed

Thursday Jan 24 1888
6% Rise six o'clock
7 Roque Breakfast
8 Rev. Gillian
10% Study Chemistry
12% Dinner
1% Cut around
2 Rev.
4% Roque Tennis
5% Write this funny
6 Rev.
16 Bed
Sunday, Jan 25, 1889

6:30 Rise fixture
7:00 Breakfast
7:30 Prayer, Church
8:00 Study English
9:00 Read
10:00 Study Math
11:00 Rest
12:00 Lunch
1:00 Study German
2:00 Rest
3:00 Read
4:00 Prayer
5:00 Write this story
6:00 Read
7:00 Read
8:00 Read
9:00 Read
10:00 Read
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Entry</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Tuesday, Nov 28, 1839 | 6th - Finish corn  
7th - Peas Reckoned  
8th - Peas Testiment  
9th - Study Alphabet  
11th - Read  |
|              | 12th - Done  
2nd - Study Dutch  
3rd - Read  
4th - Drags  
5th - Read tit in  
6th - Read  |
|              | 10th - Den  
6th - Read  |
|              | Person Anderson came on the hill to see about his affairs at Moroolk  |
|              | I have a mistake this should be for Monday which is in the next column |
Tuesday Jan 22/1839
6 A.M. Rise for dinner
4 Prayers Breakfast
8 Study Arithmetic
10 Write
11 Read
12 Dinne
14 Read
2 Study Dutch
8 Write
4 Prayers Free
5 Write this
6 Read
10 Read

Wednesday Jan 20/1839
6 A.M. Rise for dinner
7 Prayers Breakfast
8 Read
10 Study Chemistry
11 Write
12 Dinne
2 Read
4 Prayers Free
5 Write this hour
6 Poetical
10 Read
Thursday Jan 31 1889
6½ Rise six o'clock
7 Pray, breakfast
8 Rise
9 Study Ushkowitz
11 Recite
13 Read
14 prune
24 Read
47 Progess Tea
6 Write this
6½ Read
10 Read

Friday Feb. 1, 1889
1½ Rise six o'clock
7 Progess breakfast
8 Study Ushkowitz
10 Recite
11 Read
12½ lines
13½ Cut wood Read
2½ Study German
3½ Recite
4½ Progess Tea
5½ Walk
6½ Write this Read
70 Read
Saturday Feb. 21 1857.

6 A.M. Rise, fix room
7 A.M. Pray, breakfast
8 A.M. Read
10 A.M. Study, Chemistry
11 A.M. Write
12 A.M. Dine
1 P.M. Read, cut wood
4 P.M. Pray, fell wood
6 P.M. Write this 7. Sound
6 1/2 P.M. Read
7 1/2 P.M. Read

Sunday Feb. 21 1857.

6 A.M. Rise, fix room
7 A.M. Pray, breakfast
10 A.M. Church
12 A.M. Dine
2 P.M. Church
4 P.M. Tea, walk
6 P.M. Write this. Sound
6 1/2 P.M. Read
10 P.M. Bed
Monday Feb 4 1889
6 A.M. Rise five a.m.
7 Rogers breakfast
8 Rest for rest
9 Study Phil
10 Rest
11 Lunch
12 Study Latin
13 Rest
14 Rogers dinner
15 Write this letter
16 Read

Tuesday Feb 5 1889
6 A.M. Rise six a.m.
7 Rogers breakfast
8 Study English
9 Rest
10 Lunch
12 Study Latin
17 Rest
19 Rogers dinner
6 Write this
16 Read
Wednesday Feb 7 1839
6  A.M. fire room
7  Pray, breakfast
8  Read
15  Study Chemistry
11  Read
12  Line
2  Read
4  Pray, Fire
6  Read
10  Read

Thursday Feb 7 1839
6  A.M. fire room
7  Pray, breakfast
8  Study upholstery
9  Read Corpos
10  Read upholstery
11  Read
12  Line
2  Read
5  Pray, Read
6  A.M. Study Oty
11  Read
10  Read

In view of consequences, 10 day.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Friday, Feb 3, 1887</th>
<th>Saturday, Feb 9, 1889</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6: Rise for room</td>
<td>6: Rise for room</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7: Breakfast</td>
<td>7: Breakfast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8: Study Physics</td>
<td>8: Read</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10: Read</td>
<td>10: Study Chemistry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11: Read</td>
<td>11: Read</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12: Line</td>
<td>12: Line</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2: Study Latin</td>
<td>2: Read</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3: Read</td>
<td>4: Prose Tea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4: Prose Tea</td>
<td>5: Prose Tea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6: Write this Hour</td>
<td>6: Read</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6: Read</td>
<td>6: Read</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10: Read</td>
<td>10: Read</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Sunday Feb. 10, 1887
6 A.M. Rise for 8 A.M.
8 A.M. Proser Breakfast
10 A.M. Church
12 M. Lunch seven
2 P.M. Church
4 P.M. Tea
6 P.M. Write this from
8 P.M. Re恩
10 P.M. Re恩

Monday Feb. 11, 1887
6 A.M. Rise for 8 A.M.
8 A.M. Proser Breakfast
10 A.M. Re恩 Greek theatre
12 M. Lunch
2 P.M. Re恩
4 P.M. Re恩
6 P.M. Re恩
8 P.M. Re恩

Write to Will.

Our dear aunt sends the Spanse as he is unwell.
Tuesday Feb 12 1889  
6% Rise sir room  
7 Prayers Breakfast  
8 Study Upholstry  
10 Rest  
12% Dine  
2 Study Dutch  
3% Rest  
4% Prayers Tea walk  
6 Read  
10 Bed

Sawnot rent Watson

Wednesday Feb 13 1889  
6% Rise sir room  
7 Prayers Breakfast  
8 Study Upholstry Chemistry  
10 Rest Chemistry  
12% Dine could silly  
2 Read  
4% Prayers Tea  
6 Police  
10 Bed
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Activity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Rise for room</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Rogers breakfast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Study Myshon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Practice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Read</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Read Lunch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Practice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Rogers tea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Bed</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Already not written in Myshon*

This is the last memorandum I shall make out. It seems to be nothing but pretty much the same thing over and over again.
Calligraphy
J. L. [Signature]

Aristotle
Plato
Plutarch
Herodotus
Aeschylus
Sophocles
Euripides
Thucydides
Plato
Vita Varriatina
Collegium table talk
Eulah May 21st 1839

Friend Law:

Shall I introduce to your notice and attention a friend and fellow-student of mine, Mr. Matthews? He proposes becoming a student among you at Agambia. You will find him, as I have, a agreeable acquaintance. Any attentions you may see fit to extend to him will be gratefully acknowledged by your former classmate and friend

A. P. Smith

Mr. Ebenezer Law
EXHIBITION OF THE JUNIOR CLASS.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1838—10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

MUSIC.
4. Oration,...International Copy-right, . . . . Erastus S. Lane.

MUSIC.

MUSIC.

MUSIC.

MUSIC.