

Tell seas on turrets on its throne, yet still
 They fillen their galleys to the brim and guffe
 The exulting wrought. Ad away now
 They dance to the sound to the timbrel and
 120 The late, late evening notes would those seem
 To call them to desist - yet on they dance
 And lost all thoughts of past and future in
 The giddy whirl of present enjoyment
 Ad away had their Bacchanian songs
 135 Remembrance long from arch above
 To vault below - increasing still they sung
 And when the blood leaped through the swollens
 And when the very beatings of the heart
 Were almost audible and when the frame
 140 Shook from fatigue, Belshazzar sent to bring
 The golden vessels from before his god
 The holy vessels which his father brought
 From for Jerusalem. They came, and
 And all his loyal guests with boisterous mirth
 145 Sunk in the presence of the gods. Gave
 And drank delight, and merriment too from out
 The consecrated bowl - how merrily -

They speak of passing things, what carelessness
 To know which lie beyond the present hour
 50 To life and death and destiny. When now
 How few those nobler attitudes
 Beguethen to man? And where was crying
 And all the finer feelings of the soul?
 'Tis true that midnight melody can strip
 155 The chamber of its ornaments -
 Can tear its beauty and its greatness off
 Direct it of its ~~shortly~~ and stamp
 Her impress on her votaries. But while
 The shriek, why drops the goblet from the crown?
 160 And why at trembling knees seeks support?
 Why does the King so long gaze look for a gasp
 For breath? Why hoves the breast considerably?
 What means the glowering eye, the menacing look
 The quivering lip? But through those corridors
 165 Would a ray from golden wall. A pen of light
 Of living light bathed them then - a banner
 But thus no mortals have enshrined which
 The beams of glory shone engrossed them then
 With all the boastfulness of mortal men lost

170 As in the tomb - When every sound was hushed
 As if the arms of death had quickly clasped
 Each living soul - They mean that Babylon
 Which was once so, shall be no more - But hark!
 From which that din of arms? Methought I heard
 175 A Persian voice - 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 pomp
 And luxury -"

Oh! linger, linger, on the ear
 Oh! pause upon the ear!
 That I may gaze ~~yet~~ once, once more,
 Where floats the golden boy in fame and steep
 Never so brightly smiled mine own sweet home -
 - Oh! linger, linger on the parting ear -
 Hemans p 356.

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]

The Old Bachelor

When I was a schoolboy aged ten
 Oh mighty little Greek I knew
 With my short shapely trousers and now & then
 With stripes on my jacket too.
 When I saw the boys to the play ground run
 I threw my books by
 And I left the task I'd scared began
 There will be time enough for that said I.

When I was at college my price was cheap
 And my room and my lot of blood.
 But as for my study I must confess
 That I was content with my stud
 I was deep in my tradesman book I'm afraid
 Although not in my own by the bye
 And when muscally tailors came to the pain
 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 talken to my self in a shady grove
 And I thought myself quite sublime
 I was torn from my love! 'twas a dreadful blow
 And the lady she wiped her eye;
 But I did not die of grief Oh dear me no
 'Twill be time enough for that said I.

My next was a Lady of Rank a dame
 With blood in her veins you see
 With the flames of the Peccage she kindled the flame
 That now was consuming me
 But tho' of her great descent she spake
 I found she was still very high
 And I thought looking up for a wife no joke
 'Twill be time enough for that said I.

My next peasant was far on a woe full
 Was her fortune she was so fair
 Oh! she spake with an air of enchanting grace
 But a man cannot live upon air
 And when poverty enters the door young Love
 Will out of the casement fly;

The truth of the proverb I'd no wish to ~~forget~~
 There will be time enough for that said I.

My next was a lady who loved romance
 And wrote very splendid things.
 And she said with a smile when I asked the reason
 Why, I said on a horse with wings
 There was ink on her thumb when I kissed her hand
 And she whispered If you should die
 I will write you an epitaph gloomy & grand
 There'll be time enough for that said I.

I left her and sported and spouted my signet ring
 At as many parties and balls
 I met pretty girls at every place
 But I found a defect in all.
 The first did not suit me I cannot tell why
 The second I cannot say why
 At me the third, bless me I will not ~~mention~~ know
 There'll be time enough says I

I looked in a glass and I thought I could there

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 hair I resorted a little more yet
And I scarce could suppress a sigh
But I cannot be quite and all together yet
No other time enough for that said I.

I am ^{now} fifty yet I still can I adopt
All the airs of a juvenile heart
But some how whenever the question I propose
The girls with a laugh say No.
I am sixty to day met a very young man
And a luscious woman to die
So youths be advised and marry when you can
There no time to be lost says I - - -

Canadian Boat Song

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep time, and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing to St Ann's our evening hymn!
 Row brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight past.

Why should we yet the sail reef?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to reef,
 But when the winter blows off the shore
 Oh sweetly will rest our weary oar
 Blow breezes, blow, &c.

Wamas-tiwa! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon,
 Sain't of this green isle! Hear our prayer
 Grant us cool heavens and soothing air
 Blow breezes, blow, &c
 Tom Moore

14 148
Come send sound the wine

Come send sound the wine, and leave points of belief,

To simpleton sayes, and reasoning fools;

This moment a flower too fair and brief

To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.

Your glass maybe purple, and mine maybe 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 a brave soldier who fights by my side
For the cause of mankind, if our creed agree?

Shall I give up the friend, I have valued & tried;
If he dwell not before the same altar with me?

From the best gift of my soul shall I fly
To seek ~~from~~ elsewhere a more orthodox kiss;

No! perish the hearts and the lungs that try
Truth, colour, or love by a standard like this

Moore

Latin Phrase

Here

*Perseverando vinces. Todd**"Tempus fugit. Todd**"Nil sine magno vita bobore dedit mortalibus. Horace**"Nec scire fas est omnia. Horace**"Nil mortalibus arduum est. Horace.**Iudeus credat, sed ego non ..*

'Tis the last rose of summer
 'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give ~~back~~ for sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
 To pine on the stem
 Since the lovely one sleeping
 So sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves as they lie
 Where the mate of the garden
 Lies scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
 When friendship decays,

And from some shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown
Oh into nothing in haste
This bleak world alone -
Moore

Oh breathe not his name
Oh breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unheeded his relics are laid;
Fad, silent and dark, be the tears that are shed
As the night dew that falls on the grass ^{beet} ^{early}
But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps
Shall brighten with verdure the grass where he sleeps
And the tears that are shed, though in secret it rolls
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls
Moore

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 bowers
 And the bee harkens on thro' a whole year of flowers,
 Where the sun loves to pause
 With so fond a delay,
 That the night only draws
 A thin veil over the day;
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give

Where with souls ever ardent and pure as the flame
 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 summer there,
 With affection as free
 From decline as the bowers;
 And with hope like the bees,
 Living 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 ^{awoke} ~~Spain~~ ^{awoke}
 Gave life and revenge from the conquerors chain
 Oh! liberty! let not this spirit have rest
 Till it move like a ^{breath} ~~spirit~~ over the waves of the west
 Give the light of your looks on each sorrowing spot,
 Nor Oh! be the shamrock of Erin be forgot,
 While you add to your garland the olive of Spain!

If the fame of your fathers, breathed with their sighs
 Give to Country its charms and to home its delights,
 If desert be a wound, and suspicion a stain
 Then ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same
 And Oh! may its tomb want a tear and a name
 Who would ask for a nobler a holier death
 Than to turn its last sigh into victory breath
 For the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain?
 Moore

French phrases

"Peu et peu". Today

John of the ...
...



Though adorned with the age of old
 Its Pillars of Coverdham mould
 And the fair forms by sculpture wrought
 Each holding some immortal thought
 Which are that temple of the dead,
 Serene, but solemn beauty shed,
 Show founts like glory self, a gaze
 In times abyss or Fether wave:
 Yet dreams more lofty and more fair
 Than arts hold hand hath imaged there
 High thoughts of many a mighty mind,
 Expanding when all else declines
 In twilight years when only they
 Recall the Saviour passed away
 Show more that ancient faith their home
 Fortress of freedom and of Rome.

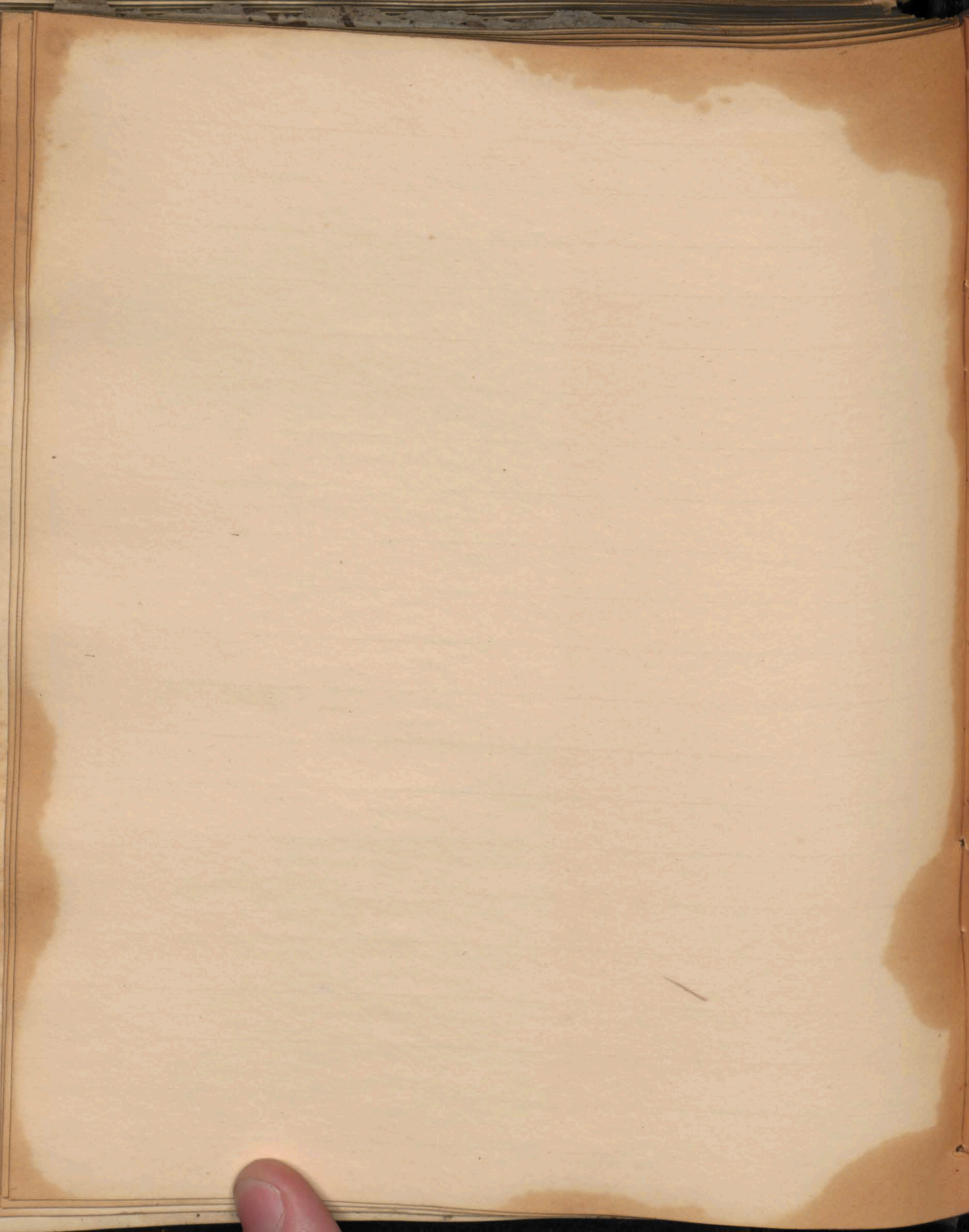
Herons 128 / page

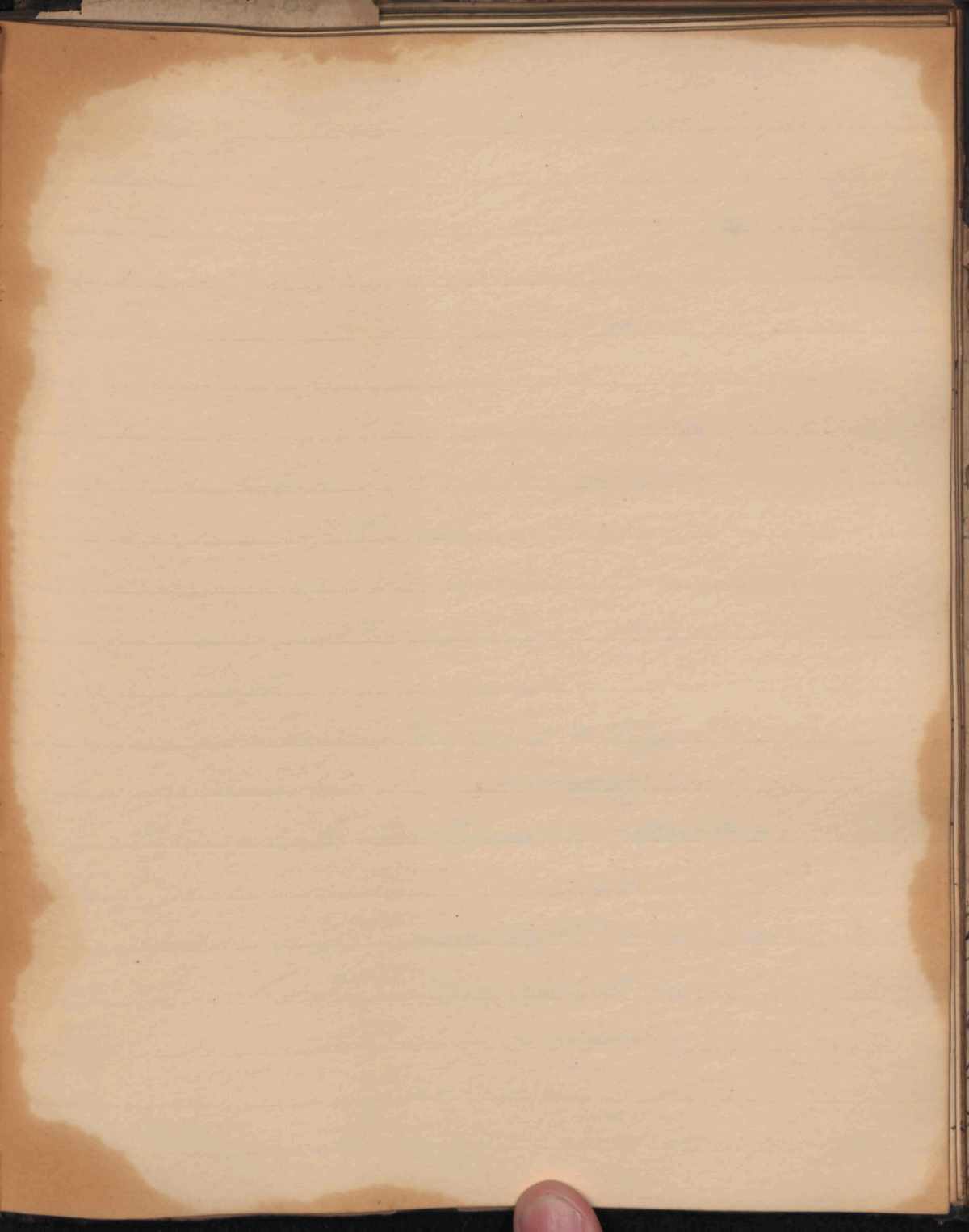
When tombs and fallen fountains turned
 The wine Champagne's solitary -
 'Tis amidst the scene to there
 The outlines of a sanguine race

He 128

Now on those wrecks of eyes ^{seen} ~~seen~~
 Around in desolations of sea;
 Arch, temple, column worn & grey
 Recording triumphs passed away
 Works of the mighty and the free
 Whom steps on earth no more shall be
 Though their bright course hath left a trace
 Nor years nor sorrow can efface.

'Tis but alone these beauties to expand.
 Thompson ~~London~~





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Song --

New England, new England, my home is the sea!
My heart, as I wander, turns fondly to thee;
For bright rests the sun on thy clear winding stream,
And soft is the moon on the moon-pale her beams.
New England, new England, my home is the sea
The wanderer's heart turns in fondness to thee.

Thy breezes are healthful, and clear on thy hills,
And the harvest waves proudly are rich on thy hills.
Thy maidens are fair, and thy yeomen are strong -
And thy virgins are blithely rallying among.
New England, New England my home is the sea
The wanderer's heart turns in fondness to thee

Thine home in New England, where dear ones are mine
And thinking of me and the days of long ago
And blest be the hour when my pilgrimage is o'er
I shall sit by that hearth stone & lean it no more
New England, New England my home is the sea
My heart as I wander turns fondly to thee
Louisa Gilman -

Moorish gathering song -
Chains on the citties! gloom in the air!
- Come on the hills! fresh breezes are there.
Silence and fear in the sick orange bowers!
- Come to the rocks where freedom hath towers.

Come from the Dams! changed is its tone;
Come where the streams no bondage have known;
Wildly and proudly foaming, they leap,
Singing of freedom from steep to steep.

Come from Alkhantra! garden and grove
Now may not shelter beauty or love.
Blood on the waters, death midst the flowers!
- Only the spear and the rock are ours.

F. Hemans -

A Lancerion-

Mother! oh sing me the rest
As in my bright days crept in:
Sing to the child, the sick hearted,
Song's for a spirit's oppressor.

Lay this tender head on thy breast!
Flowers from the mid dew are closing,
Palpams are now waning, reposing -
Mother, oh! sing me the rest!

Take back thy bird to its nest!
Weary its young life when blighted
He only this lone requiem;
Mother, oh sing me the rest!

Hemans

It is a very common
mistake to suppose that
the only way to get
the most out of a
book is to read it
from cover to cover.

But the best way
to get the most out
of a book is to read
it in a way that
will make it
interesting to you.

For instance, if you
are interested in
the history of the
United States, you
should read the
history of the United
States.

From Campbell "Pleasures of Hope"

"Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Salamis bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man
Fight in his sacred cause and lead the van.
Yet for Asmatia tears of blood atone
And make her arm puissant as her own
Oh once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot tell - the Bruck of Badenoch Basin"

"Perhaps your hands presume to span
The march of Genius and the powers of Man
Perhaps ye watch at Prime unhallowed shrine
Her victims newly stain and thuss divine;
Here shall thy thumps Genius cease; and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career -"

Go child of ~~fortune~~ ^{power} / thy winged word proclaim -
No time to search the boundless fields of Fame -
So, Newton, for aye of Nature shines afar
Pursue the wide world and numbers every star!

Wilt thou with him mysterious rites apply
And anath the skin with wonder-beaming eye
Yes thou wilt mark with ^{major and profound} ~~adventurous~~ ~~travelling~~ eye
The speed of light, the circling march of sound
With Franklin, grasp the lightnings fiery wing
Or guide the eye of Heaven another string -

At summer eve, when Heaven's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye
Whose sun-bright summits mingle with the sky
Why do those cliffs of shadow tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near
Tis distance lends enchantment to the view
And robes the mountains in its azure hue -

Oh sacred truth thy trumpet cease awhile
And hush thy sister ceased with thee to smile,
Where England's oppression governs to northern shores
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce Russians
Wave her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal her downy drum and twang her trumpet horn

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her rank,
Presaging wrath to Poland - and to Mass!

In vain alas! in vain ye gallant few
From rank to rank your valley's thunder flew -
O bloodiest picture of the Book of Time
Sarmatia fell unscathed, without a crime
Found not a generous friend - a pitying foe
Strength in her arms nor mercy in her woe
Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shattering spear
Closed her bright eye and cushion'd her bright cheek
Hap for a season, save the world's Love well
And Freedom shriek'd as Kusenko fell -

Hope! when I mourn with sympathising mind
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of poplars yet to be
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan -
And learn the future by the past of Man -

Who that would ask a heart to dulness need
The nameless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No: the mild bliss of Nature needs alloy
And come and sorrow from the fire of Joy!
And say without our hopes, without our fears
Without the home that frightened love endears
Without the smiles from partial beauty won
O! what were man! a world without a sun.

Let winter come! let pale spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tetrapst-troubles deep!
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm
Yet shall the smile of social love repay
With mental light, the melancholly day!
And when the short and duller moon is seen
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore
How bright the fagots in his little hall
Beside the hearth, and warm the pectus mell.

" Fading Hope; when life's last embers burn
When soul to soul and dust to dust return
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour
Oh then thy Kingdom comes! Immortal Power
When through each spark of earth-born nature fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of Light's eternal day —
Then then the triumph and the trance begin!
And all the Phœbus spirit burn within! "

Daughter of Faith awake arise illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt, and dispel, ye specter doubts that roll
Limmerian darkness on the parting soul
Thy, like the moon-eyed heron of Disney;
Chased on his bright steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er, the pangs of Mortal close
And life's last capture triumphs o'er her woes
Hark as the spirit's eyes, with eagle's gaze
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze
That Heavenly winds that waft her to the skies

Thout the sweet tones of star born melody;
Mild as that hallowen anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem shepherds in the lonely vale
When Jordan hushed his waves and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zions hill!

"Paul 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 he rose
Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn
And cloven, like thee, to travel and return:—

"Eternal Hope: 'when yonder spheres sublime
Beaker their first notes to sound the march of time
Thy joyous youth began but out to fade
When all the sister planets have decayed
When rupt in fire the realms of ether glow
And heaven's lust thunder shakes the nables below
Thou undismayed shalt o'er the ruins smile
And light thy track at Nature's funeral pile"
Lumpkin, "Hope"

Pleasures of Memory—

cities whose guardians of
 the thought are registered on high
 walk the consecrated ground
 soul of inspiration sources

rock with reverence makes grey
 sin pilgrim where it lay.
 that sunny at peaks of dawn
 at feet across the lawn

that rest the noon-tide air
 I gave a pause to come
 every step, to claim a tear
 and ship for a and cherish a bene
 lightest leaf but the ^(beings) ~~wind~~
 ons, and romantic dreams!

Rogers Pleasures of Memory

KENYON COLLEGE ROLL—1838-9.

agg	Dewalt	F. Burnside
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hum	—	Taylor
achos	Andrews	T. Taylor
—	Austin	Turner
allen	Boyd	Yourtee
uckingham	Bryan	—
utiles	Burnside	Reding

~~See How~~

" Ye know
Marken
Still, she
And her

The school
Just tell
Mute is
Quickening
unknown
When the
Up spirit
Some like
And n
With go

Memory—

guarding of
the system on high
crater ground
station sound

are now made grey
when it lay.
The peep of dawn
cross the lawn.
The noon-tide air
use to come

to claim a tear
and cherish bene^(tears)
of But treasuring
artick dreams!
Pleasures of Memory

~~The Household~~

Rogers Pleasures of Memory—

"Ye household deities whose guardianship
Masked each pure thought ere destined on high
Still, still, we mark the consecrated ground
And breathe the soul of inspiration round

The school lone porch with reserved mosses grey
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peeps of dawn
Quickning my transient feet across the lawn
Make him the shout that sent the noon-tide air
When the slow dial gave a pause to care
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear
Some little friendship bond and cherish'd ^{dear} ~~friend~~
And not the lightest leaf but trembles
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!

Rogers Pleasures of Memory

Altho' then what honest triumph flushes my breast
This truth once known - To bless is to be blest
We see the bending beggar on his way,
Bare were his feet, his tresses silver grey,
Scattered the keen pang his aged spirit felt
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt
As in his scrip we dropt our little store
And sigh'd to think that little was no more
He breathed his prayer - "Long may such ^{ness like} good
Turns all the game turns all be had to give.
Angels, when Mercy mandate winged them fly
Have stop'd to dwell with splendor on the sight

Ethereal power.' who at the noon of night
Recalls the far fled spirit of delight
From whom that musing, melancholy mood
Which charms the wise and elevates the good
Blest Memory, hail! Oh grant the grateful Muse
Her pencil upst in Nature's living hues
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll
And trace its airy precincts in thy soul

Pope Add to St Cecilia Day

Musie the fiercest grief can harm
And Fate's secrets rage disarm
Musie can soften pain to ease
And make despair and madness please
Our joys below it can improve
And antedate the bliss above.

Page 56. -

Oh! in our sterner manhood, when no ray
Of earlier sunshine glimmers on our way,
When girt with sins and sorrows, and the coil
Of cares that sear the bosom that they soil,
Oh! if there be in retrospection's chain
One link which knits us with young dreams again,
One thought so sweet we scarcely dare to muse
On all the wounded captives it reviews,
Which seems each instant in its backward range
The heart to soften, and its ties to change
And every spring, untouch'd for years, to move.
It is the memory of a mother's love.

Kensington -

Pope Windsor Forest

- " See from the brake the whirling pheasant springs.
" And mounts exulting on triumphant wings
" Most is his joy, he feels the fiery wound
" Flutters in blood and panting beats the ground
" Ah what avails this glossy varying dye.
" His purple crest and scarlet circled eyes
" The vivid green his shining plumes unfold
" His panting wings and heart that flares with gold

As desolate as desperate, yet through both
Have seen some sparkles of a better hope

On Hope

Reflected on the lake & done
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the Heaven above,
So restless is the wave below.
Thus the heavenly hope is all serene;
But earthly hope how bright & soon
Still flutters o'er this changing scene,
As false as fleeting as his fair!
Heaven —

The rising of the Sun Bp Heber

Wake! wake! wake to the hunting!

Wake ye awake! the morning is nigh!

Chilly the breezes blow

Up from the sea below,

Chilly the twilight creeps over the sky

Mark how fast the stars are fading!

Mark how wide 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 ye rise, and look on the sky!

Softly the vapours sweep

Over the level creep

Softly the mists on the water fall lie

In the cloud red tints are glowing

On the hill the black cocks crowing

And through the welkin red

See where he lifts his head

Forth to the hunting! The sun is rising high!

They linked their hands, they, - pledged their stainless faith,
In the dread presence of attesting Heaven -
They bound their hearts to suffering and to death,
With this severe and solemn transport given
To bless such vows. - How man had striven,
How man might strive, and vainly strive they knew,
And called upon their God, whose arm had given
The crest of many a tyrant, since He blew
The foaming sea wave on, and Egypt might as shew.
Mrs Hemans - p 102 -

The moon in silent brightness
Rides o'er the mountain brow,
The mist in fleecy whiteness
Has clove the vale below;
Above the woodbine bowers
Dark waves our toyoting trees;
It is, it is the hour,
Ah come, my love, to me!

The dews of night have met me
While wandering lonely;

Thy father banish'd me
Fondly fear for thee.

I crept beneath thy tower,
I climb'd the ivy tree;
And bless'd the hour
That brings my love to me

I left my chosen numbers
In yonder copse below,
Each warrior brightly slurs,
His hand upon his bow;
From forth a dyant power
They wait to set thee free;
It is, it is the hour,
Oh come my love, to me!

Bp Helen

"I mourn not the forests whose verdure is dying,
I mourn not the summer whose beauty is ~~near~~
I weep for the hopes that forever are flying;
I sigh for the worth that I slighted before;
And sigh to bethink me how vain is my sighing,
For love once extinguished, is kindled no more.
The spring may return with his garbure of flowers,
And make to new capture the bee on the tree;
The summer smile soft through his chrysoline bowers,
The blessings of autumn wave brown den the sea
The rock may be shaken - the deer may awake
"But the friend of my bosom return not to me."

Birkbeck Helen - -

Carol for May Day
Queen of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stems obey
Bring thy warm showers
Bring thy genial ray -
In nature's greenest lining nest
Descend on earth expectant breast,
To earth and heaven an welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May!

Thout the sweet tones as
Niles as the

B
Q
N

I mourn not the forests whose verdure is dying
I mourn not the summer whose beauty is dim
I weep for the hopes that forever are flying
I sigh for the worth that I slighten before
Ah! sigh to bethink me how vain is my sighing
For love once extinguished, is kindled no more
The spring may return with his garb of flowers
And make his new capture the tree on the tree
The summer smile soft through his May stolen leaves
The blessings of autumn were grown in the sea
The rock may be shaken the deep may awaken
But the friend of my bosom return not to me.
Bishals Helen--

Lull for May Day
Queen of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers
Being thy genial ray -
In nature's greenest living nest
Descend on earth expectant breast,
To earth and heaven as welcome guest,
At the sweet will of May!

Mark how we meet thee

At dawn of every day!

Hark! how we greet thee

With our roundelay!

While all the gayly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are making up to welcome thee.

Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,

And birds on their prey,

Tree, turf, and fountain,

All hark holiday;

And how the life of living things

Love moves his touch, love ~~claps~~ his wings,

And how and where the praises sing.

Thou merry month of May.

Heben

But who shall tell

How life may task the spirit?

Hemans

I love the harp with silver sound,
That rings the festal hall around;
But sweetest of all
The strains that fall
When twilight mirth with song is crown'd.

I love the hylle's warbling swell,
When echo answers from her cell;
But sweeter to me,
When I list the thrush,
Who maketh the northern day so well,
Helen -

Purest child and snow white flower
Well are you paired in your opening hour
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet
Unstained with stains, and sweet with sweet.
Byrant -

Song

Leave us not, leave us not!

Say not adieu!

Have we not been dothine

Tender and true?

Take not thy sunny smile

Far from our hearth!

With that sweet light will thou

Prisoner and mine.

Leave us not, leave us not

Can thy heart roam?

Wilt thou not pine to hear

Voices from home?

Too soon our love will be

Gone if thou wert gone!

Turn to us, leave us not!

Thou art our own!

Hemans. p. 390.

Boarding Nov 1834.

Norton! Norton, Beware of the day
When your boarders shall meet you in battle array!
For the hosts of cold bread rushes fall on my sight
While the hiefbreaks and cakes are scattered in flight;
We hunger and thirst for the coffee and pie,
We owe to the cooks, who our wants all defy!
Poore Hamilton pines, insulting our fair
For turkeys and chickens are not very rare.
Take warning, kind friends, and improve your poor meals
Or else all your boarders will take to their heels
For if this so happens, you will surely be dished,
For feeding your boarders on cornbread and fish.

Memoranda

Thursday Nov 29. 1838-

- 7 Rise fix room
- 7 1/2 Prayers, breakfast - exp
- 8. Read Comps.
- 9 Write oration
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 1/2 Dine. sun about 4c
- 2 Read. Mod & Heal - 5c
- 4 1/2 Prayers Tea 5c & 1c
- 6 1/2 Political Economy -
- 10 Bed

A 11 me written in Chem
istry - -

Friday Nov 29 1838

- 0 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write oration -
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 1/2 Dine & co
- 2 Read Mod & Heal. Study German
- 3 1/2 Write Dutch
- 4 1/2 Prayers Tea
- 6 1/2 Study Pol Econ
- 10 Bed

at 11 I went - a skating
Colonel Johnson. C Gibbs &
myself converser standing
Dutch this afternoon to
Mr Hessel - -

Saturday Dec 1 1838

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write Cal Zion
- 9 Write Oration
- 12 Put wood
- 12 1/2 Dinner
- 1 1/2 Study French
- 2 Read & Write
- 4 1/2 Prayers Tea walk
- 6 1/2 Read
- 10 Bed -

I went on sitting to night at Mother's. I wrote a long letter to Will this evening.

Sunday Dec 2 1838

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Read Mr De Meul
- 10 Church
- 12 Dine read & write to Will
- 2 Church
- 4 Tea walk read write &c
- 10 Bed -

Mr Meuseus gave two discourses on the history of Enock.

Monday Dec 3 1838

- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write oration
- 10 Study Chemistry
- 11 Write
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dine
- 1 Study French
- 2 Study German
- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Write . .
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayers P. O. Tea walk
- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Read & Retal. & C
- 10 Bed

This morning I sent to town to see about a squirrel cage by W. G. French. I received a paper from Father this evening.

Tuesday Dec 4 1838

- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Dismiss--
- 9 Write Comps & Oration
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dine
- 1 Study French
- 2 Write
- 3 Study German
- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Write . .
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayers Tea walk
- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Write Read & C
- 10 Bed

Wednesday Dec 5 1888

- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write Pol Economy
- 9 write Creation
- 12 Cut Wood
- 12 Dine Library
- 2 Write & Read
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayers Tea walk &c
- 6 Society
- 10 Bed - -

My Creation that I have to hand
in one two weeks to day pro
gresses very slowly I think

Thursday Dec 6 1888

- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Composition of last half
- 9 write Creation Chemistry
- 11 Write Chemistry -
- 12 Cut Wood
- 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dine walk &c
- 2 Write Creation -
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayers Tea walk &c
- 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Write this & Read
- 10 Bed - -

Friday Dec 7 1888

6^h Rise fix room

7 Prayers breakfast

8

9

12

12

1

2

3

4

5

6

11/11

Saturday Dec 8 1888

6^h Rise fix room

7 Prayers breakfast

8

9

12

12

2

4

5

10

Friday Dec 7 1888

6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room

7 Prayers breakfast

8 Write ~~Pat~~ Economy

9 Write Creation

12 Put Mood

12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dine

1 Read & Write

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Study Dutch

3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Write ...

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayer Tea P. O. Walk

6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Study Economy Revell

10 Bed --

Saturday Dec 8 1888

6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room

7 Prayers breakfast

8 Write Economy

9 Write Creation

12 Put Mood

12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dine

1 Library, Read & C

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayers Tea Walk

6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Read over

10 Bed --

Thursday Dec 9 1888--

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast read &c
- 10 Church
- 12 Time write letter
- 2 Church
- 4 Tea walk read &c
- 10 Bed--

I wrote a letter to father
this evening.

Monday Dec 10 1888

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write oration -
- 10 Study Chemistry
- 11 Write -
- 11 Out road
- 12 1/2 Time to library
- 2 Read
- 2 1/2 Study Dutch
- 3 1/2 Write -
- 4 1/2 Prayers Tea
- 6 1/2 Write Read
- 10 Bed -

I began the second copy
of my oration this morning.

Tuesday Dec 11/1898.

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write Pol Economy
- 10 Write oration
- 12 Cut wood
- 1 1/2 Linn - read
- 2 1/2 Study German
- 3 1/2 Write ..
- 4 1/2 Prayers tea with
- 6 1/2 Study Pol Economy
- 10 Bed.

Wednesday Dec 12/1898

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write Pol Economy
- 9 Write oration
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 1/2 Linn walk Lib
- 2 Read & Co
- 4 1/2 Prayers tea
- 6 Study - - -
- 10 Bed -

Dec 13/1888

- 6 1/2 Rise, fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 ~~Recite~~ Composition
- 9 Write oration
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 1/2 Line walk
- 1 1/2 Read winter Ho
- 4 1/2 Prayers Pol Tea
- 6 Write thos
- 6 1/2 Study Pol Even
- 10 Bed.

This evening we had an
alarm of fire - it however
was soon put out

Dec 14 1888

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Recite Pol Evening
- 9 Write oration
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 1/2 Line walk
- 1 1/2 Read winter.
- 2 1/2 Study Gerson
- 4 1/2 Prayers Pol Tea
- 6 Write thos
- 6 1/2 Study Pol Evening
- 10 Bed.

I received a letter
from Father
this evening.
I bonded in my oration
to Father at Prayers this
evening.

Dec 15 1888 Saturday

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write Pal room
- 9 Read
- 11 Cut wood
- 12 Time walk
- 1 Showy room 76
- 4 1/2 Prayers tea room
- 6 Write this
- 6 1/2 Read 260
- 10 Bed --

Sunday Dec 16 1888

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Read
- 10 Church
- 12 Time write & read
- 2 Church
- 4 Tea - walk room
- 10 Bed

Monday 11 1838. Dec 17.

- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Periti Greek testament
- 9 Study Chemistry - ✓
- 11 Periti - -
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Line Lib. - read
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Study Dutch -
- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Periti - -
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayers - Tea &c.
- 6 Pal Economy &c
- 10 Bed -

Tuesday Dec 18 1838

- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise, fix room
- 7 Prayers - breakfast
- 8 Discuss -
- 9 Read &c
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Line - &
- 2 Study Algebra
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Study German
- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Periti - -
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayers Tea
- 6 Pal Economy
- 10 Bed - -

Wednesday Dec 19 1888

6¹/₂ Rise fix room

7 Prayer breakfast

8 Go for a horse

10¹/₂ Church

12 Dinner Sil down

4¹/₂ Prayers

6 Society -

10 Run

Society did not adjourn
until after Harlock

Thursday Dec 20 1888

6¹/₂ Rise fix room

7 Prayers breakfast

8 Study algebra

9¹/₂ " Chemistry

11 Bedtime --

12 Eat dinner

1¹/₂ Dinner etc

2 Algebra etc

4¹/₂ Prayer Pen

6¹/₂ Put away

10 Run -

Friday. Dec 21 1838

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers Breakfast
- 8 Write Pal Economy
- 9 Study Algebra
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 1/2 Linn & Co

2 Read & Co

2 1/2 Study Dutch

3 1/2 Write Dutch

4 1/2 Prayers Tea

5 Go to town to take

the stage to go home

& spend the Christmas

Holidays -

Jan 1 1839

I return this morning from home

& will again remain this

Wednesday

Wednesday Jan 2 1839.

6 1/2 Rise fix room

7 Prayers Breakfast

8 Write Pal Grammar

9 Write Compo

12 Cut wood

12 1/2 Linn & Co

2 Read ~~but~~ write

4 1/2 Prayers & Co

6 Society

10 Gibbs room

11 Bed -

Bea at 11

Thursday Jan 2 1889

6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room
7 Prayers breakfast
8 Rev Compas
9 Study Chemistry
11 Write ..

12 Eat noon

12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Sleep

2 Study Algebra

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayers Tea

6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Study Pol Grammar

10 Bed - -

Bed at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$

Friday Jan 4 1889

5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room

7 Prayers breakfast

8 Write Pol Grammar

9 Read & write

12 Eat noon

12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Sleep

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Study Algebra

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Study Lesson

3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Write ..

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayers Tea

6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Write this &

7 Study Pol Grammar

10 Bed - -

Saturday Jan 5 1839

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write Pol Gannon
- 9 Write Oration for Society
- 11 Cut wood
- 12 1/2 Linn Lih - & co
- 2 Read & Co Algebra
- 4 1/2 Prayers Tea walk
- 8 Write this & Co
- 6 1/2 Read - - -
- 10 Read -

Sunday Jan 6 1839

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Read & co
- 10 Church
- 12 Linn Lih
- 2 Quaker
- 4 Tea walk
- 6 Write this & journal
- 6 Read & co
- 10 Read - - -

Monday Jan 7 1888 Tuesday Jan 8 1889

6 1/2 Rise fix room	6 1/2 Rise fix room
7 Prayers breakfast	7 Prayers breakfast
8 Write in Greek Testament	8 Write Pol Gerson
9 Read	9 Read Mute & Co
10 1/2 Study Chemistry	10 Cut wood
11 Write - - -	12 1/2 Dinner
12 Cut wood	1 1/2 Read & Co
12 1/2 Dinner & Co	2 1/2 Study Gerson
2 Read - - -	3 1/2 Write ..
2 1/2 Study Gerson	4 1/2 Prayers Tea
3 1/2 Write ..	6 Write this
4 1/2 Prayers Tea	6 1/2 Study Pol Gerson
5 1/2 Study Pol Gerson & Co	10 Bed - -
10 Bed - -	

Wednesday Jan 9/1888

6¹/₂ Rise for room
7 Prayers breakfast
8 Write Paul Graham
9 Write Compt
12 Cut wood
12¹/₂ Dinner
2 Write
4¹/₂ Prayers Tea
6 Society
10 Bed -

Thursday Jan 10 1888

6¹/₂ Rise for room
7 Prayers breakfast
8 Read Compt
9 Write & read
12 Cut wood
12¹/₂ Dinner
2 Read & write
4¹/₂ Prayers Tea
6¹/₂ Brownson lecture
10 Bed

Tuesday Jan 11 1889

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write Pol Grammar
- 9 Write Crotona
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 1/2 Line & Co
- 2 1/2 Study Dutch
- 3 1/2 Write ..
- 4 1/2 Prayers Tea
- 6 Write this & Town
- 8 1/2 Read
- 10 Bed - -

Saturday Jan 12 1889

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write Pol Grammar
- 8 Write
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 1/2 Line
- 2 Read
- 4 1/2 Prayers Tea
- 6 Read
- 10 Read
- from 1 till 2 Brown
son lecture

Sunday Jan 13 1858

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Bed
- 10 Church
- 12 1/2 Dine & write to Will
- 2 Church
- 4 Tea walk
- 5 Write this Revue
- 10 Bed -

I wrote to Will to day

Monday Jan 14 1858

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write Greek testament
- 9 write oration
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 1/2 Dine
- 1 1/2 Anna Gillie Greek
- 2 1/2 Study German
- 3 1/2 Write
- 4 1/2 Prayers
- 5 1/2 Write this & pour
- 6 Bed & write
- 10 Bed -

At one we had a
lecture from Mr
Bronson on Election

Tuesday Jan 15 1889

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers Breakfast
- 8 Write Pal Grammar
- 9 Write oration
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 1/2 Sine
- 1 Bronson Lecture
- 2 1/2 Study German
- 3 1/2 Write " "
- 4 1/2 Prayers Tea
- 5 1/2 Write this
- 6 Read Githie -
- 10 Bed - -

Wednesday Jan 16 1889

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write Pal Grammar
- 9 Write oration
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 1/2 Sine
- 1 Bronson Lecture
- 2 Swainson orations
- 3 Revue " " " "
- 4 1/2 Prayers Tea
- 6 Society -
- 10 Bed -

I did not get to bed till
1 o'clock

Thursday Jan 17 1887

- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Read Composition
- 9 Write orations
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dine
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Read Gillies
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayers tea
- 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Write this & journal
- 6 Revue
- 10 Revue

Friday Jan 18 1887

- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write Pal Groomer
- 9 Write oration
- 12 Cut wood
- 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dine
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Revue Gillies
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Study German
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayers tea
- 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Write this & Journal
- 8 Revue
- 10 Bed
- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Write German

Saturday Jan 19 1889

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Write Rob Gorman
- 9 Write oration
- 12 Cut mouse
- 12 1/2 Line
- 1 Bosson Lecture
- 2 Write oration
- 4 Prayers tea
- 5 1/2 Write this
- 6 Read Gillies
- 10 Bed - -

Sunday Jan 20 1889

- 8 1/2 Rise breakfast
- 9 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Read
- 10 Church
- 12 Dine with
- 2 Church
- 4 Pen
- 5 Write this
- 6 Read
- 10 Bed

Monday Jan 21 1839

- 5^h Rise six o'clock
7 Prayers breakfast
8 Read Greek testament
9 Read
12 Put away
12^h Dinner
3^h Read
2^h Study German
3^h Read "
4^h Prayers Tea
6 Write this & pour
6^h Read
10 Read

Tuesday Jan 22 1839

- 5^h Rise six o'clock
7 Prayers breakfast
8 Study Ephesians
10 Read "
11 Read Gillie
12^h Dinner
1 Put away
2 Study German
3^h Read "
4^h Prayers Tea
6 Write this & pour
6 "
10 Read -

Wednesday Jan 23 1889

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Study Mental Phil
- 11 Reute
- 12 1/2 Dinner & home speech
- 2 Speak Creation
- 3 1/2 Lion Creation for Soc
- 4 1/2 Prayers tea
- 6 Society
- 10 Bed -

Thursday Jan 24 1889

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Read Spelling
- 10 1/2 Study Chemistry
- 11 Reute ..
- 12 1/2 Dinner
- 1 1/2 Cut meat
- 2 Read
- 4 1/2 Prayers tea
- 5 1/2 Write this & home
- 6 Read -
- 10 Bed -

1. Trinity Jan 25 1889 6 1/2 Rise fix room 7 Prayer breakfast 8 Study upham 9 1/2 Rest 10 1/2 Dinner 11 1/2 Study German 12 1/2 Rest 13 1/2 Prayer Ten 14 1/2 Anti Christ & Son 15 1/2 Rest 16 1/2 Rest	Saturday Jan 26 1889 6 1/2 Rise fix room 7 Prayer breakfast 8 Rest 9 1/2 Study Ministry 10 1/2 Rest 11 1/2 Dinner 12 1/2 Rest & co 13 1/2 Prayer Ten 14 1/2 Write this & form 15 1/2 Rest 16 1/2 Rest
---	---

Monday Jan 25 1839

- 6 1/2 Rents won
7 Payers breakfast
8 Rents Festinant
9 Story Appham
11 Rents --
12 1/2 Linc
2 Story Lutch
3 1/2 Rents --
4 1/2 Payers
5 1/2 Rents this
6 Rents
10 Rents

I have a mistake
this should be for
Sunday. which
is on the next
column -

Sunday Jan 27 1839

- 6 1/2 Rents fix won
7 Payers breakfast
10 Church
12 Linc visit
2 Church
4 Rents
6 Rents
10 Rents

Benjamin Purderson come
on the hill to see
about his affairs
at Norfolk

Tuesday Jan 29 1839.

6^h. Rise fix room

7 Prayers breakfast

8 Study hymn

10 Write "

11 Read

12^h. Dinner

1^h. Read

2^h. Study Dutch

3^h. Write "

4^h. Prayers Tea

5^h. Write this

6 Read -

10 Bed -

Wednesday Jan 30 1839

6^h. Rise fix room

7 Prayers Breakfast

8 Read

10^h. Study Chemistry

11 Write -

12^h. Dinner

2 Read

4^h. Prayers Tea

5^h. Write this & over

6 Poetry

10 Bed -

Thursday Jan 31 1889

- 6^{1/2} Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers, breakfast
- 8 Read
- 9 Study Upshorn
- 11 Reute "
- 12^{1/2} Dinner
- 2^{1/2} Read
- 4^{1/2} Prayers Tea
- 6 Write this
- 6^{1/2} Read
- 10 Bed

Friday Feb. 1. 1889.

- 6^{1/2} Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Study Upshorn
- 10 Reute "
- 11 Read
- 12^{1/2} Dinner
- 1 Cut wood Read
- 2^{1/2} Study German
- 3^{1/2} Reute "
- 4^{1/2} Prayers Tea
- 5^{1/2} Walk
- 6^{1/2} Write this Book
- 10 Bed

Saturday 9/2/89.

- 6⁴. Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Bed
- 10⁴. Study Chemistry
- 11 Resite ..
- 12⁴. Dine
- 1⁴. Read Cut wood
- 4⁴. Prayers Tea walk
- 6⁴. Write this & Journal
- 6⁴. Read
- 10 Bed -

Sunday Feb. 2/89.

- 6⁴. Rise fix room.
- 7 Prayers Breakfast
- 10 Church
- 12 Dine
- 2 Church
- 4 Tea Walk
- 6 Write this & Journal
- 6⁴. Read
- 10 Bed

Monday Feb 4/1889

- 6¹/₂ Rise fix room
- 7 Rogers breakfast
- 8 Reste Testament
- 9 Study Phil
- 11 Reste "
- 12¹/₂ Line
- 2 Study Dutch
- 3¹/₂ Reste -
- 4¹/₂ Rogers Pen
- 6 with this & Pen
- 6¹/₂ Read

Tuesday Feb 5/1889

- 6¹/₂ Rise fix room
- 7 Rogers breakfast
- 8 Study Npham
- 11 Reste "
- 12¹/₂ Line
- 2 Study Dutch
- 3¹/₂ Reste "
- 4¹/₂ Rogers Pen
- 6 with this
- 6¹/₂ Read
- 10 Bed

Wednesday Feb 6/1839

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Read
- 10 1/2 Study Chemistry
- 11 Perite " "
- 12 1/2 Linc
- 2 Read
- 4 1/2 Prayers, Tea
- 6 Society --
- 10 Bed -

Thursday Feb 7/1839

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast.
- 8 Study upham
- 9 Read Confess
- 10 Perite upham
- 11 Read
- 12 1/2 Linc
- 2 Read
- 5 Prayers Tea
- 6 1/2 Write this
- 7 Read -
- 10 Bed
- We have no recreation
to day -

Friday Feb 8 1889

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Breakfast
- 8 Study up room
- 10 Write - - -
- 11 Read
- 12 1/2 Sleep
- 2 Study Latin
- 3 1/2 Write -
- 4 1/2 Rogers Dea
- 6 Write the 4 hours
- 6 1/2 Read
- 10 Bed

Saturday Feb 9 1889

- 6 1/2 Rise fix room
- 7 Breakfast
- 8 Read
- 10 1/2 Study Chemistry
- 11 Write -
- 12 1/2 Sleep
- 1 walk -
- 2 Read
- 4 1/2 Rogers Tea
- 6 Read
- 10 Bed -

Sunday Feb. 10. 1889.

- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers breakfast
- 10 Church
- 12 Linn seven
- 2 Church
- 4 Tea
- 6 Write this & Town
- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Bed
- 10 Bed

Write to Will.

Monday Feb 11 1888

- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rise fix room
- 9 Prayers breakfast
- 8 Rent Greek theater
- 9 Study Epiphany
- 11 Perute
- 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Linn
- 2 Study Dutch
- 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ Perute --
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Prayers Bed
- 6 Bed
- 10 Bed --

Am did not write to
Dr Sparrow as he
is unwell

Tuesday Feb 12 1889

- 6% Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers Breakfast
- 8 Study Upsham
- 10 Rents ..
- 12% Dine
- 2 Study Dutch
- 3% Rents ..
- 4% Prayers tea walk
- 6 Read
- 10 Bed

Did not rent Upsham

Wednesday Feb 13 1889.

- 6% Rise fix room
- 7 Prayers Breakfast
- 8 Study ~~Upsham~~ Chemistry
- 11 Rents Chemistry
- 12% Dine walk dile
- 2 Read
- 4% Prayers Tea
- 6 Society
- 10 Bed

Thursday Feb 14 1889

6¹/₂ Rise fix room

7 Prayers breakfast

8 Study Lapham

10 Write "

11 Read

12¹/₂ Dinner

2 Read

4¹/₂ Prayers Tea

6¹/₂ Read & Co

10 Bed

Friday Feb 15 1889

6¹/₂ Rise fix room

7 Prayers breakfast

8 Study Lapham

11 Write "

12¹/₂ Dinner

2 Study Lutch

3¹/₂ Write "

4¹/₂ Prayers Tea

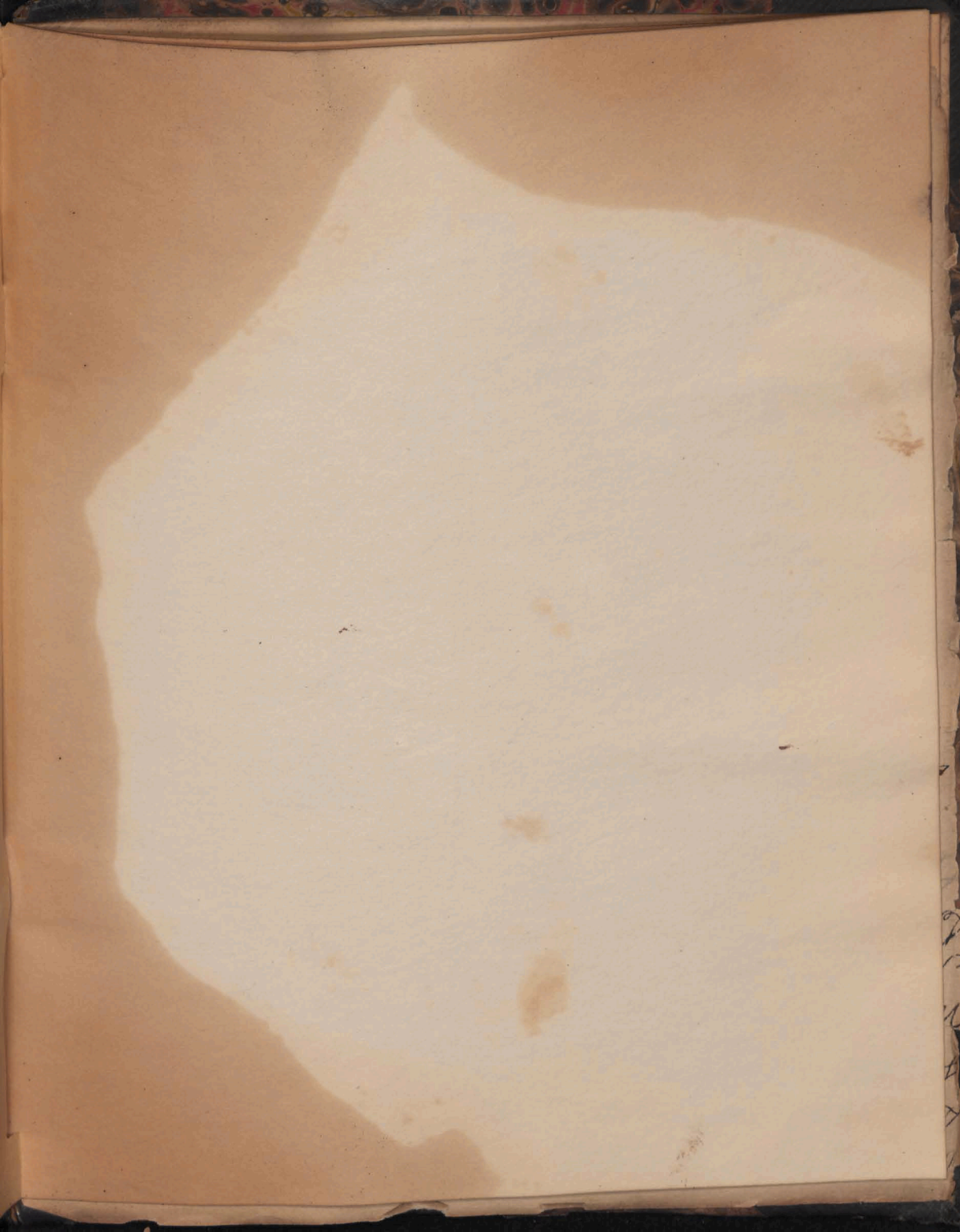
6 Read

10 Bed

do not write in
Lapham

This is the last Memoranda
I shall make out
It seems to be nothing
but pretty much the
same thing over and
over again.





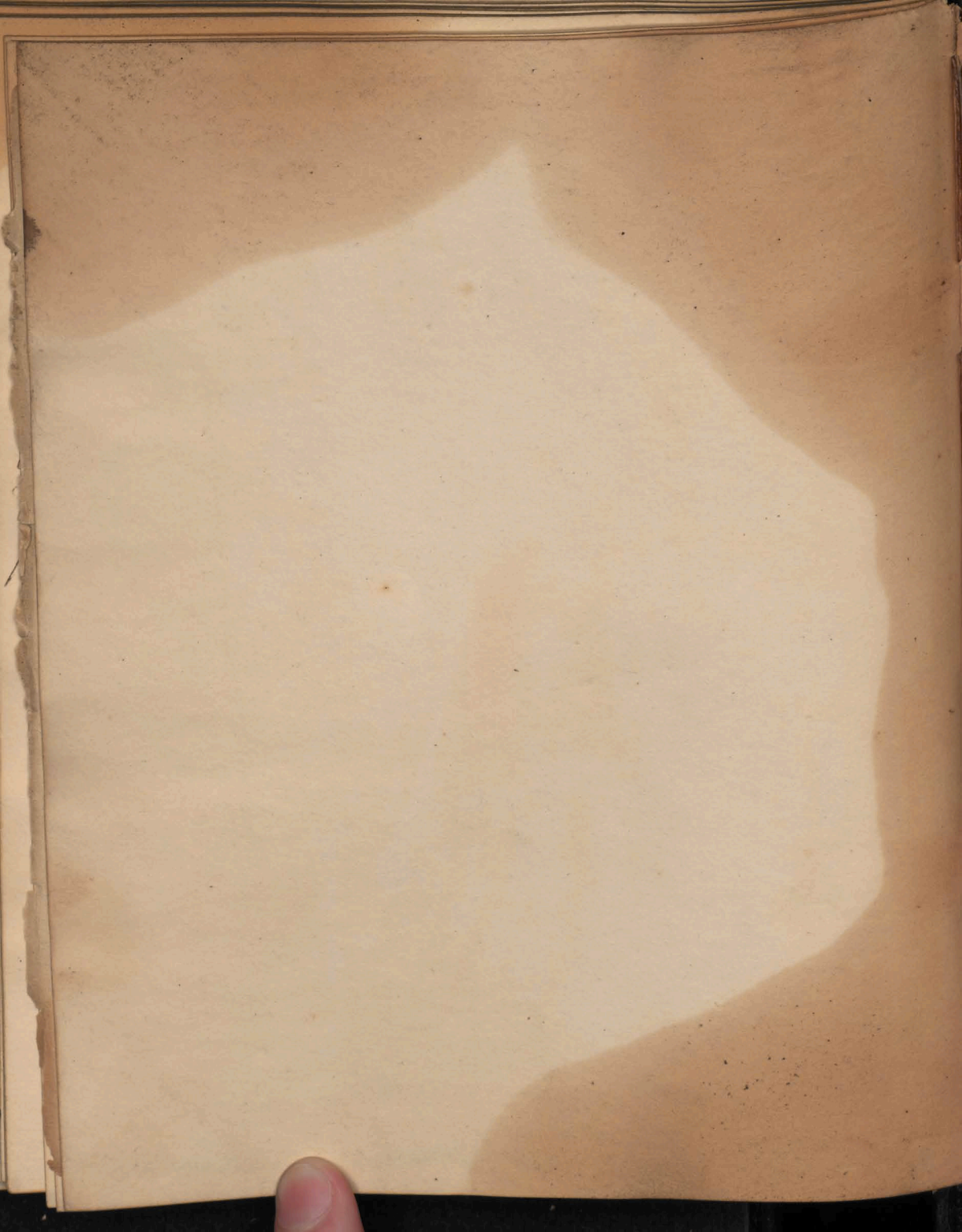
ter & Offices. +
 Ovid & Tibullus +
 Grotius - +
 Young +
 Robinson Latin Phrases +
 Greek Minors - +
 Scritius +
 Dramatic Books - -
 Belesarius +
 Perrins French Tables - +
 Telemas +
 German Dictionary +
 Worcester Dictionary +
 Introduction to German Language +
 Ellaroy's new Mythology +
 Bookers Clericist +
 Manual of Class Literature +
 Learning Book
 Chemistry +
 Thoburn +
 Water & Carbonic +
 Coleridge table talk

[Faint handwritten scribble]

[Large, complex handwritten scribble]

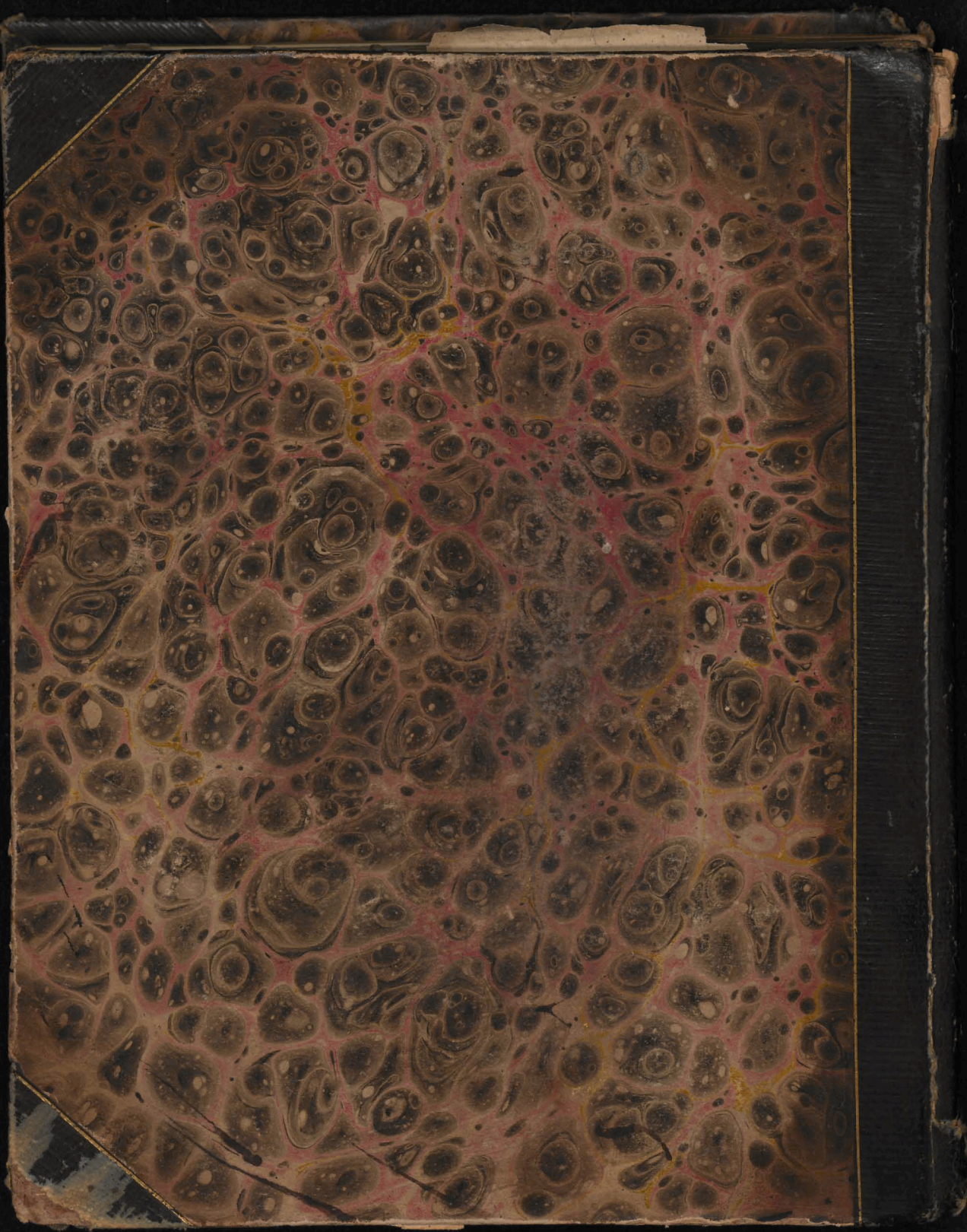
[Small handwritten mark]

[Handwritten text, mostly illegible due to being upside down]
 Book of Numbers
 Book of the Judges
 Book of the Kings
 Book of the Prophets
 Book of the Psalms
 Book of the Gospels
 Book of the Acts
 Book of the Epistles
 Book of the Apocalypse



22/180/8

364
144
220
174



Quincy, May. 21st 1829

Friend Lane—

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 Cambridge.
You will find him, as I have, a agree-
able acquaintance. Any attentions
you may see fit to extend to him
will be gratefully acknowledged by
Your former class-mate and friend
A. Smith

Mr. Elmer's Lane—

Dr. M. A. Matthews

Mr. Elmer's Lane
Cambridge College
Cambridge

KENYON COLLEGE.

EXHIBITION OF THE JUNIOR CLASS.

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

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

1. ORATION,...*Subordination*, MILTON C. LIGHTNER.
2. ORATION,...*Reverence for the Past*, JOHN KNOX.

MUSIC.

3. ORATION,...*Age of Cromwell*, CHARLES M. NICHOLS.
4. ORATION,...*International Copy-right*, EBENEZER S. LANE.

MUSIC.

5. ORATION,...*The Revolution of 1688*, WILLIAM FAGG.
6. ORATION,...*The Influence of the Atheistic System on Society*, } HANSON T. WILCOXON.

MUSIC.

7. ORATION,...*The Demoralizing Influence of Popular Excitements*, } ABSALOM RIDGELY.
8. ORATION,...*Claims of the Jews upon Christian Sympathy and Benevolence*, } JOHN C. SMITH.
9. ORATION,...*Modern Superstition*, WILLIAM MCK. SCOTT.

MUSIC.

10. ORATION,...*The Study of Old English Literature*, CHARLES GIBBS.
11. ORATION,...*False Honor*, SAMUEL L. JOHNSON.

MUSIC.

KENYON GORHAM

EXHIBITION OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

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

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

1. Oration...Subordination, Milton C. Lightner.
2. Oration...Preterence for the Past, John Knox.

MUSIC.

3. Oration...Age of Cromwell, Charles M. Nichols.
4. Oration...International Copy-right, Ezekiel S. Lane.

MUSIC.

5. Oration...The Revolution of 1688, William Page.
6. Oration...The Influence of the Abolition System on } Hanson T. Wilcox.
Society

MUSIC.

7. Oration...The Demoralizing Influence of Popu- } Abigail Hilditch.
lar Facilements
8. Oration...Claims of the Jews upon Christian Sym- } John C. Smith.
pathy and Benevolence
9. Oration...Modern Superstition, William McK. Scott.

MUSIC.

10. Oration...The Study of Old English Literature, Charles Gibbs.
11. Oration...False Honor, Samuel L. Johnson.

MUSIC.