







List of Common Printed Works

Memoirs of the Rev. .  
 Houses of York & Linc. 2 Vols  
 Illustrations of Fisher's Views in Ind. 2 Vols  
 Oriental Scenes — 1 Vol.  
 Scenes & Characteristics of Hindostan 5 Vols

Saunders & Alley — both  
 Langens Recs — both  
 W. Lath & Co. — do  
 Bull —  
 Braden — Rowenston only  
~~Saunders & Alley~~  
 Mr. Laune St. James St  
 Tratten Regt. St  
 Churton  
 Effingham Wilson

Shroldrop — for Thomas Jefferson  
 Rice Paper:  
 140 white 67 Pink 66 green 52 yellow 42 blue  
 22 — 51 — 39 — 54 — 40

Copy

The holy of the Vale.

not copied

Oh Jeanie could thou love me — 7  
 And become thy humble cot — 6  
 And with thee be my wedded wife — 8  
 And share my happy lot — 6  
 For thou'lt wealth in store Jeanie — 8  
 And all I have is thine — 6  
 If thou'lt consent to leave me — 7  
 And say that thou'lt be mine — 6  
 Oh well thou knowest my Willie — 7  
 That none on earth beside — 6  
 Can love like me or be so proud — 8  
 To be thy happy bride — 6  
 But I have still a mother — 7  
 As mother old and grey — 6  
 Stay but awhile, that I may first — 8  
 Her love to me repay — 6

3

And when I've washed & tended her — 8  
 And clothed her from head to toe — 6  
 Ah woe the day that I must bid — 8  
 To say a sight to see — 6  
 These nice ladies my humble cot — 8  
 Thy happy bride to be — 6  
 For well thou knowest that wrought on earth — 8  
 I have so dear as these — 6

4

But Willie he was haughty & disdain — 4  
 And could not brook delay — 6  
 He turned away from Willie's Jeanie — 7  
 And nothing more did say — 6  
 But soon sought out another bride — 8  
 And one of high degree — 6

And quite forgot his gentle maid — 0  
 With the blue pleased air. — 6  
 It happened not long after — 7  
 That going near the vale — 6  
 He thought upon his Jeanie — 7  
 With her cheeks like July pale. — 7  
 He thought upon her humble cot — 0  
 And of her smother pore — 6  
 And then he turned his bowled head — 0  
 To peep by Jeanie's door — 6  
 6  
 The summer sun was setting — 7  
 So brightly in the West — 6  
 And an an' and beast so wearily — 0  
 Were going home to rest — 6  
 When Willie peep'd his Jeanie's door — 0  
 Were oft he'd happy been — 6  
 But all was shut, and dark, and still, 0  
 And not a soul was seen. — 6  
 7  
 He left his hole and sulked on — 0  
 His feelings to be quiet — 6  
 And now he sees the old church yard 0  
 And now he creep'd the style — 6  
 And over he stood where two new graves 0  
 Were raised all with sod — 6  
 And now his dying heart exclaim'd 0  
 And "O, she gone to God?" — 6



And they would quiet watch around  
Till she again did awake

— 12

But when they found that all was o'er  
That life was really fled.

~~They stand in silent grief~~  
With tears of sorrow they bedew'd  
~~the silent~~ <sup>eyes</sup>

From time they said they would not grieve  
Since she was gone to heaven

But hoped that they might die like her  
And her like her forgive

The bedon's been attended over <sup>13</sup> ~~by a~~

By a nation that and grey  
Who two and two <sup>in solemn ranks</sup> follow her.

Dressed in black array

But Jennie she was followed

By maidens all in white  
Whose head were crown'd with lilies fair

Oh 'twas a awful sight

— 14

They laid them in this very spot

Under the green grass sod  
And there they sang so sorrowfully

How they would awake with God

This green they strew'd with flowers

Flowers of various hue.

But those they strew'd with lilies fair

Like her whom they did strew

—



They laid them in this way soft  
Round the green grass sod  
And that they sang

The stranger did not answer  
Nor turned him from the spot  
He sought his horse and quickly fast  
His javalier lovely set  
He led him home, but never said  
He'd wander'd in the vale.  
Nor did he name his javalier  
Nor tell his tender tale

But sometimes when his lilies are  
One gleaming round his lance  
The ~~scarlet~~ <sup>ruby</sup> ~~blue~~ <sup>blue</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~best~~  
Who has the bluest eye  
And if he pass or Luffie  
With a cheek like Lily pale  
The spots and looks and sighs  
Of Jamie of the Vale.

Sept<sup>r</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>

Wrote a Song for Mr. Ruffell.

The Dorset one.

Wrote

Went to Mr. Ruffell's Concert Mr. Barker  
Miss Mudders  
100 Sent Mrs. Leigh Mr. Lonsdale's Paper

Past - Present & Future.

The past has teem'd with sorrow  
Smile not its displeasur  
The present is a blam'd to me.  
I vainly wish it o'er  
But the future - smiling future  
May have good gifts in store  
So I shall the pleasing future  
Nor yet the past deplore.  
The future will not bring me youth,  
And yet the one fondly crave  
But it will point to second youth  
A youth beyond the grave,  
Where health, and youth and beauty  
It will to me restore.  
So I shall the smiling future  
Nor yet the past deplore.

Died on the last day of November - 146  
while travelling from Port Phillip to the  
interior of Port Phillip George Frederick  
Charles Roberts the youngest son of John  
Roberts Esq<sup>r</sup> formerly Paymaster of the 10th  
Regt Dragoons - and afterwards Barrack  
Master of the 1st Regt Foot - where he died  
and was buried at Hobart - After his death the  
majority of George Frederick Charles - Consented to  
be buried in the same place - and after 14 years of trial -  
which - several applications - denied. His history was handed  
over to the Hon. Secy of the War Office.

5  
Our Meant Zeal - of Mrs. Rowley  
David's.

Thou canst boast of Diamonds fair  
Thou canst boast of Jewels rare,  
And thou canst boast of things more fair  
Those peerless eyes of thine.

Thou canst boast of praise of things  
And all the honors thou praise bring  
But far surpass - such pretty things  
Those peerless eyes of thine.

They speak of intellect most rare  
Of love of all that's good and fair  
Of laughing youth, thro' lurking care  
Those peerless eyes of thine.

Woe thee one, or I should not divine  
That they've been steeped in grief & woe  
Yet still no outward sign they shew  
Those peerless eyes of thine.

~~What they were, I cannot say  
Our com I thought of yesterday  
When~~

Hottel's magazine.

A Journal of the United States, & Foreign  
History - 1

The first volume contains the history of the  
United States from 1776 to 1800.

2<sup>d</sup> volume - The American Revolution, 1800 to 1860.

Chambers's Journal

Vol. 8 of the American  
Palm-leaf Book.

In the Saturday's Magazine  
for 10<sup>th</sup> October 1834

Published under the sanction of the  
Committee of the House of Commons  
appointed to inquire into the  
state of the Poor Law  
in consequence of a Report  
of the Poor Law Commissioners  
dated the 15th of June 1834

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Practical Annual

By the Rev. Robert Carrington  
B.D.

The English Annual

The Geographical Annual

Every Year since 1830.

Fraser's Magazine 215 Regent St.

Scott's - radical - Simpson & Marshall

Constitutional Magazine  
Valpy and Lion Court.

1<sup>st</sup> Vol<sup>ts</sup> begun

Lower stem thing of the Forests - On  
Tuesday 14<sup>th</sup> - Home completed

1 <sup>st</sup> Sheet	400	Pages Lines
2	51	Lines
3	51	
4	53	
5	53	
6	52	
7	53	
	53	
	27	

Mr. Worland  
 Worcester  
 has 19- & 20  
 lines in a  
 page -  
 36 letters in  
 a line.

1<sup>st</sup> Chapter

64	2 <sup>nd</sup>
60	
59	
55	
40	
55	
57	
59	
60	
50	
6	

30 letters on a  
 line 24 lines in  
 a page 30, pages  
 in a 3  
 not concerned.

5/3  
 44-1

1014 These number of lines

make 49 pages of Letter Mary's  
 Church's own. 30 letters in a line.

324 pages in a volume 3 volumes.

1 <sup>st</sup>	100	210	21
2 <sup>nd</sup>	50	126	2
3 <sup>rd</sup>	40	245	3
4 <sup>th</sup>	1000	360	4
		240	5

Evangelical Register - 6 237 - 6

Painter 342 Strand 330 - 7

The Christian Reformer 300 - 8

1<sup>st</sup> Sherwood & Co 200 - 9

Postmaster Row 352 - 10

Asiatic Journal 1140 - 11

Allen & Co 100 - 12

117 - 13

British & Foreign Review or  
European Quarterly Journal  
Redgrave & Sons, Ipswich

The Ann Monthly Bible Abstract

The Educational Magazine

The Almanac see 4 Pages in advance



2  
The Orphan's Soliloquy.

The sun went down without a cloud,

A gorgeous robe did him enshroud,  
Gold and jewels bright were there

The glowing sky, and earth were fair

The morning's dawn was fresh and gay,

Bright as the smell of brightest May,

Little thought we could be dead.

But on that day — my father died.

Fears sudden — for he lifted my brow

He said, 'my child, I'm better now,

Thou'lt see that grief could not be dead.

That day — that very day — he died.

I did not weep, for friends were kind,

I bent my soul to be reviv'd

But still my heart it struggled to swell

My prostrate spirit to rebel.

They laid him in his narrow bed,

No tears my starting eyes could shed

Tookered as the sun went down.

He seem'd to set without a frown

Look'd upon my father's bed,

I nuzzled his pillow with my head,

and then I tried come back and see,

This world is nothing new to me.

Come back, come back - my father dear  
For what have I - when I was here  
No friends without thee came I find  
And yet, though left me thus behind.  
Come back, if but my grief to chide  
My burning brow, my aching side  
Come back - nor thus - thy child forsake  
And thus my orphan heart to break.

A beautiful figure stood by me,  
His form was bright as eye could see,  
His brow was calm, his air was mild  
And thus he soothed his lovely child.

Teammate love: come back to thee  
For God has set my spirit free,  
The distance thry is now my home,  
Where pain and sorrow <sup>never</sup> may not come  
I cannot leave those realms of light  
For this dark world, where all is night  
I cannot thee, come back to thee,  
But thou shalt surely follow me.

Felt the burning of my head,  
My aching heart beat loud and true  
I raised my arms to flee away,  
I awoke - it was eternal day.

The Boston Record  
beginning in June 1835 -

~~Captain~~ Marriotti's Things Over -  
He writes well - indeed

Miss Jane Peabody - Leonard Island  
The <sup>little</sup> Mrs. Norton's Wife & Women's Friend

She writes as well for a Woman  
as Southey - for a Man

Mrs. Pierce Butler's Journal -

A Book that did me good - I feel  
all the imperfections which have  
brought me so much abuse - but  
still - I like her & her Book.

~~Captain~~ Marriotti's Tales of the Pacha  
3 Volumes - I do not like -

Washington Irving's Abbotsford  
& Newstead Abbey - poor &  
unoriginal - ~~but~~ The Little white  
Lady said but interesting her  
name Sophia Thynne.

July -

Harry Calverly 3<sup>rd</sup> <sup>1/2</sup> neither great nor  
good - Sir - Thee

The Natural Son translated from  
the German by Lord Alford Goringham  
Strange - most strange - enough  
for half a dozen novels.

Fisher's views in India with  
remarks by Emma Roberts -  
Beautifully got up and the  
account well but not interestingly  
written.

Characteristics of Hindostan.  
by G. Roberts - very clever  
and interesting - 3/4

Free and open Cliff Port Collopy  
being a ... but not a ...  
... - The principal  
character - a ... and  
... - ...  
I think ...

The Ladies own Mercantile Book  
Stoddy & Co Stationers Court.

The Gentlemen's Pocket Remembrancer  
Teeley and Sons Fleet Street  
Parry's Ladies Fashionable Repository  
To the Editor to the care of Mess<sup>rs</sup> King-  
man & Co — or to the Publisher Ipswich  
2 from Miss Strickland.

Marshall's Ladies Fashionable Repo-  
sitory. Stoddy & Co Stationers Court

The Snobbery — Before the 1<sup>st</sup> August  
free of Postage and directed to the Editor  
at G. W. Fulkert's Snobbery, Suffolk.

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The Book of the 'mors. Published  
by Harvey Published by <sup>Estab'd</sup>  
W Spooner Regent Street.

16<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 1835 after reading  
Mr Norton's Memorials & reward.

All is over now Rosa All is over now!  
I think not of thy fickle love  
Nor heed thy broken vow  
I muse not on thy graceful form  
Nor bless thy sunny brow  
For there cometh love another  
So all is over now!

All is over now Rosa All is over now!  
But think not that I'll break my <sup>heart</sup>  
For one so false as thou  
How I will love another  
Who will not break her vow  
But will love in thro' life & death  
So all is over now!

All is over now till it over now  
I cannot love thy brilliant eyes  
Nor blight thy sunny brow.

The hollow of my name to you I'll tell

There seven in number further try <sup>spelt</sup> in

My first is washed as it well can be.

My second is a gloomy ancient tree.

My third a River is, pleasant in Mines.

My fourth our insects fond of flowers gay.

My fifth I scarcely need to tell to you

My sixth a Letter only can you view

My seventh a River also is of fame.

My whole a Town of eminence you'll name

Where Pocket Books are sold which none <sup>claim</sup> can

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Shobbery.

My first a Carriage is of ancient date

In which the Roman Chiefs appear in state

My second is a name curtail'd 'tis true

From pretty manner with blue eyes of blue

My whole is one who strives to please the fair

And even year in scarlet does appear

12 13 14 15 16

Parson

Send the 2) many - to Mr Baby & Co

Stationers Court Lane 2<sup>d</sup> - 1781

London 2<sup>d</sup> - 1781  
to my right - neighbours - about 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 - 7 - 8 - 9 - 10 - 11 - 12 - 13 - 14 - 15 - 16 - 17 - 18 - 19 - 20 - 21 - 22 - 23 - 24 - 25 - 26 - 27 - 28 - 29 - 30 - 31 - 32 - 33 - 34 - 35 - 36 - 37 - 38 - 39 - 40 - 41 - 42 - 43 - 44 - 45 - 46 - 47 - 48 - 49 - 50 - 51 - 52 - 53 - 54 - 55 - 56 - 57 - 58 - 59 - 60 - 61 - 62 - 63 - 64 - 65 - 66 - 67 - 68 - 69 - 70 - 71 - 72 - 73 - 74 - 75 - 76 - 77 - 78 - 79 - 80 - 81 - 82 - 83 - 84 - 85 - 86 - 87 - 88 - 89 - 90 - 91 - 92 - 93 - 94 - 95 - 96 - 97 - 98 - 99 - 100 - 101 - 102 - 103 - 104 - 105 - 106 - 107 - 108 - 109 - 110 - 111 - 112 - 113 - 114 - 115 - 116 - 117 - 118 - 119 - 120 - 121 - 122 - 123 - 124 - 125 - 126 - 127 - 128 - 129 - 130 - 131 - 132 - 133 - 134 - 135 - 136 - 137 - 138 - 139 - 140 - 141 - 142 - 143 - 144 - 145 - 146 - 147 - 148 - 149 - 150 - 151 - 152 - 153 - 154 - 155 - 156 - 157 - 158 - 159 - 160 - 161 - 162 - 163 - 164 - 165 - 166 - 167 - 168 - 169 - 170 - 171 - 172 - 173 - 174 - 175 - 176 - 177 - 178 - 179 - 180 - 181 - 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Those to whom <sup>13.</sup> ownership must

be sent.

Genl. Mearns	17 <sup>th</sup> Danvers	Wigan	
Miss Aston			3
Genl. Mearns	Dr. Mearns		3
Mr. Mearns			2
Mr. Mearns			1
Miss Garrison	Boston		1
Miss Mearns			1
Miss Mearns			1
Mr. Piquet			1

Acts of Lewis and Clark  
of the (Part 1) opened 10 March 1806.

10 March (Recd) 6 Copies -

25 Recd 2 Doyles in  
having been published  
of it

My Brother John	1
(Francis Margaret)	1
(For my friend's reading)	2
+ Mrs. Gray	1
+ Miss Waring	2
Miss East	2
Miss Weston	1x
Miss Webb	1x
+ Mrs. James Lyall	1
Miss Waring w. 3 <sup>d</sup>	1
Miss East	4
Miss Darnborough	1
Miss Darnborough	1



to my pen in our mutual affliction  
in our reading our country  
critique in "The Constitution of the United States"

How poor (I) thought I had been  
in the eye of deep sleep

I must not think they long for me  
I have not been the same

I have not been the same  
I have not been the same

There is a certain fainter sound  
I have never since not despise

Go. I have not been the same  
I have not been the same

Go. I have not been the same  
I have not been the same

There is a certain fainter sound  
I have never since not despise

There is a certain fainter sound  
I have never since not despise  
Imagination & Co.!!!

Leave me alone then! Let me seek,  
Some fast or sylvan shade,  
Where human passions cannot come,  
None so soon pierce in vain.

'Tis thus the world its joys forsakes,  
When misery is near,  
Come on alone then! 'tis sleep  
(Dost thou not understand her?)

But O my friend! Don't thou despair  
Thou, wherefore should'st thou go?  
Thou art my pleasure in delight  
My solace in my woe.

Thou'rt my head in sickness or  
Oppress'd! Thou'rt my joy  
And thou the account of my pain,  
Tote softly o'er my heart.

"Oh do not overpraise my Mistress dear.  
Men send me from the right  
Though others may thy faults espie  
With me, thine'st admirably.

And so thou'lt be with many more,  
Who yet, in giving thy praise  
Askeat it, & thou'lt not warm.  
Couldst thou not feel its rays?

How it shines in words of gold?  
And shines in earth's soft frame,  
With those who see the living eye,  
Which thou hast call'd their claim?

Do not the "Trusts" dear to thee  
And all that search his rays,  
Who thus are thinking influence  
That speak about the praise?

Does he not shine a like nor all  
And see his influence claim  
Will. How refuse you to consent  
To Lorraine and name?

I will not leave thee, yet see  
Thou wilt shut doors, nor give her  
And Laine are all this day  
Thy face I will not leave

I do not wish another hand  
My shadow joins to mine  
I do not wish another name  
I should see a of late beside

But I will go - wherever thou shalt  
Be ever on thy side  
And when thou art dead, I will die  
No face shall be so divine

I will not leave my faithful friends  
I would upon any breath  
And when thou art dead, I will die  
And not till death will part



On Mr. Martin's Picture of the  
The death of Sir John - the interior  
(Historical) (Hampden) (London)  
The scene is in a great hall, and a crowd is  
There deep in sorrow, a deep, great grief there  
And over him weeps, as if her grief unseen,  
A hopeless mother, and a child left dead;  
Wishing, in vain, that she were laid  
Other mourners bow in solemn silence there,  
Some deep in thought, and some in pain,  
Whom the most, concerning her child,  
Thus broke the silence with her accents wild.  
Woe, woe, my love, my love, my love,  
The father said, the mother said,  
A voice came from the crowd,  
I see you in the crowd,  
Tell us who this dead loved one,  
Who has slain our first-born son?  
Faint on the mother's sweetest face,  
I see our love, her only joy,  
Her love's first blood, her first-born son,  
The mother thought, her child's case.

'When born a wail' a thrill and starting cry  
'Dying thro' the air, and echo made reply  
That cry from every parent's bosom came,  
To come with thee, the cause of all - the same  
I'm not - I'm not - I'm not the midwife's - a son  
A wail - as if he were but dead, and burst the rent  
Death - was in every house in London - & I  
None could the power of God's will withstand  
They and they only, had no cause to fear,  
Whom he had promised to protect and cheer.  
The Hebrew children - strangers in the land  
I'm not - I'm not - I'm not in any way  
And surely and proudly shined in that awful scene  
When David's heard that child, that mighty cry,  
The Lord - in smiling, but no help was nigh  
And then in rage or so - he cried

Thou bring them forth, who have our people left  
The leaders of that ill, that hateful band,  
To be to us a scourge and a rebuke -  
To see - and through them - with  
The Lord - in smiling, ere the dawn of day,  
Choose! and take us even, measure us  
That they may bring forth to serve them  
The people - and thus did God his chosen fall  
To see - to see them might his word be  
To see - to see them might his word be

12 Chapter Exodus - from 25 to 31. Verse.



First three reminders - 5

First three, reminders - the two that we had  
When we walk as God's altar & worship his glory  
and begin his blessing, his grace in our eyes  
and I shall with attention, the sweet name of wife.

First three reminders! The words of your own  
you repeated in reminding your wife's heart  
that in his reminders, in reminders in  
them would be reminders in reminders in reminders

First three reminders as I stand by the side  
The reminders, the reminders, the reminders and  
that reminders of reminders from reminders of reminders  
That reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders

That reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders  
And reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders  
That reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders  
Which reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders

That reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders  
And reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders  
That reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders  
And reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders

That reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders  
That reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders  
That reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders  
That reminders of reminders in reminders in reminders

There was a time

There was a time our voices  
 That thou didst give me sweet  
 And the world changed at that time  
 The sound of mine own heart  
 Towards the mountains, fair  
 Towards the mountains  
 But the way is not the same  
 The world has changed - changed  
 The world has changed - changed

There was a time our voices  
 That thou didst give me sweet  
 And I had so pleased myself  
 If I had so pleased myself  
 But the way is not the same  
 The world has changed - changed  
 The world has changed - changed

There was a time our voices  
 That thou didst give me sweet  
 And I had so pleased myself  
 If I had so pleased myself  
 But the way is not the same  
 The world has changed - changed  
 The world has changed - changed



It was night - & surprised by a child who slept  
 watched a pale mother - as she watched the night.  
 When lo! a wide ~~horizon~~ <sup>horizon</sup> ~~loft~~ <sup>loft</sup> caught her ear,  
 She trembled greatly, yet <sup>whispering</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~conscious~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>them</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~fear~~.  
 He is thy husband - lover of thy youth -  
 Whose voice is music - and whose accents truth  
 She rose to meet him - but his eyes were gone,  
 Almost repell'd her from his loved embrace.  
 Her tears fell on his bosom as she said  
 Whence art thou husband - is thy name  
~~Whence art thou husband - is thy name~~  
~~Whence art thou husband - is thy name~~  
 Whence art thou husband - is thy name  
 Whence art thou husband - is thy name

But thou art silent - therefore is that name  
 Not to be named - as I feel ere now  
 Speak to me plainly say - what hast thou done  
 Smile on the mother of thine infant son  
 A groan burst from

of the heart of the generous and brave  
That 'tis ready to wish and to save.  
The heart of the generous and brave  
That 'tis ready to wish and to save.

The heart that feels deeply your own soft eye,  
The sigh, and her smile, and her tears  
That can love; and can comfort; and life's long <sup>course</sup> ~~days~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~life~~  
Can we wish for our doubt, or our fear.

Give me a heart that is void of all guilt,  
The heart of the generous and brave  
That 'tis ready to wish and to save.

---

Give me the heart that is ready to use  
To open his purse to his brother,  
And give me the tongue that is ready to give  
Word and comfort in the perils of another.

Give me the heart that is ready to give  
This - this is the name to name that I see  
In a heart; for my brother's sake,  
And if such can give you that heart, I give  
Be content - and ever look for another;  
Give me the heart -







On seeing Mr. Albram Memor. of Capt. H. J. H.  
June 1836  
I see thee - I hear thee - acknowledge thy power  
Thou wonder of nature - ~~thine~~ <sup>thine</sup> star of the hour  
~~I feel with thy feelings~~ <sup>I feel with thy feelings</sup> ~~wherever thou dost~~  
~~know with thy sense~~ <sup>wherever thou dost</sup>  
I feel with thy feelings <sup>wherever thou dost</sup>  
I sigh with <sup>thy</sup> sighs <sup>wherever thou dost</sup> - I smile in thy glee  
In what is thy power <sup>wherever thou dost</sup>  
In a talent of glory - or talent of grace  
In that which <sup>wherever thou dost</sup> - as sent from the skies  
Not to injure us mortals - but to <sup>wherever thou dost</sup> us how fair  
How good & how glorious - all things are there  
Thou ever will thy <sup>wherever thou dost</sup> - of <sup>wherever thou dost</sup> our power  
Thou wonder of nature - <sup>wherever thou dost</sup> - <sup>wherever thou dost</sup> of the hour



My dear Mr Wood,

How many he so said.

To receive the wish that you wrote,  
I cannot indite; ~~but~~ ~~try~~ ~~my~~ ~~best~~  
I've had to with a fine-plaid coat.

And then, Mr. Wood,

What you wish me to say

For a book, that is Advection right

It is a divine that I try

To I get a with a light.

For send it ~~to~~ ~~you~~ ~~quite~~

of a habit of the fair

With their long flowing hair

And eyes that are ever bright

Why they have it so wide

It is vain that I see

What they try from ~~the~~ ~~night~~

If I talk of the census  
Must be "under the roll"  
For who of the guides dare sell  
They are faultless are true,  
Whom we shoot with a bow  
Too long for the arrow to bite.

To improve of quite  
Of how to make  
What many please both the beautiful  
It is no use to try  
So I wish you "good bye"  
But yours of myself - don't die.

P. S. Will mark above +  
There is saying of old  
Which perhaps, have been told  
Was as high as a standing youth  
That he "shot a long bow"  
Which means, you see, that  
He did not adhere to the truth.

The King's Mother's D  
on the King's B

That she when I did meet 6  
I had nothing like that trouble, — 7  
It really is not hard to me, — 8  
As my constant trouble, — 7  
And now they are gone away D  
to the desert and what they say D

The other day I was there, D  
I was so late being in a quite time, D  
The time I was in the call, D  
I have suffered from something - D  
He came to London with his wife, D  
To see and know the London life, D

I had and entered at a door, D  
When I had of servants half a score, D  
Perhaps they might be some what more D  
Who called on me from door to door D  
Inside at last I saw the name, D  
When I saw the name of the wife and Queen, D

It's not alone, but still more near,  
Of private friends, I had a  
And then the meeting stop ~~and~~  
As if to guard me from  
And then they sat and ~~and~~  
Then I was ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~

Reminded out the strong way  
That guided the lady's eyes,  
But we kept any steady way  
File quite within the bound,  
And then I looked at ~~and~~ ~~and~~  
And then I had ~~and~~ ~~and~~

The ladies <sup>of court</sup> ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~  
Which seemed almost the ~~and~~  
With some the more than ~~and~~  
And said soft things about the ~~and~~  
The ladies ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~  
And praised her beauty to the ~~and~~















Smile down a million green;  
Down by the water-side  
That sea is I might have heard  
And with the rippling tide.  
How 'tis too warm for anything





Aug 26<sup>th</sup> Sept 1036 Linnings Dale.

Timid Gazelle timid gazelle.

With black & brilliant eye.

They would be there, if they would be there.  
To lastly graft and say.

When around the town they would be there.

Timid gazelle or fair.

Let's then another eye. Was brought

Old health, or in his hair.

Timid gazelle, timid gazelle.

With black and brilliant eye.

They would be there, if they would be there.

To lastly graft and say.

On the 10<sup>th</sup> of Sept. 1836 began the Matthew's  
Gospel.

To ash - 1<sup>st</sup> Chapter - 16 Verses  
2<sup>nd</sup> Chapter - 23 - -

October

Daniel

5

- 26 to 20 Verses.







Great and glorious and God  
Those who didst put to flight prime-  
but darkness - Ioh down on me, and  
from my soul, chase away the gloom  
of the yoke of error and of doubt!  
Down down - thine ever lasting light  
is mine and purge my Soul from  
sin! God of creation! Wondrous Lord  
of life and death, Oh! hear and  
pity me!

In many of the years - 1839 - I examined  
the Book which entitled the Gospels  
examined and compared - The plan of  
the Boston Trinitarian quite my own idea  
divided into 14 columns which can be easily  
arranged, two on each side, as the Book  
presented is presented to the eye - each page  
being headed by the names of the four Evangelists  
Another one being placed the first is to be  
read - the other three - and they accord with him  
as shown - then - ~~the same is repeated~~  
Another being taken certainly some through  
which is commenced - and the - related  
in Matthew shown - the other two in Luke  
and in Mark

Whether commences with the	
Genealogy of Christ which I have	1
Genealogy of Christ	2
The conception & birth of Christ	3
The Wise men coming to Christ	4
Worship him	4



















9<sup>th</sup> I saw my heavenly head on high  
As I saw sweep the lofty sky,  
From brown ledge hovers the breeze to me  
And I watch ever liberty.

When lo! I take another form,  
To death a Cottage do not scorn,  
Whilst in a Palace I am seen  
Or in a <sup>most elegant</sup> Country Town  
Again I change, and wear another form,  
Where the Vine bedecks the ground,  
Or where the Apple and the Pear  
Are changed to juice - lo! I am there.  
These various forms my first exile take,  
And now my second one will make.  
At gardens and fairs I am seen  
At Churchyards and at Court-houses  
And in a desert have come down  
To share the riches and mine-own,  
My whole 'Alas!' is sorrow's tale,  
The Lover's, Orphan's, Widow's wail  
The hardest heart would tender give  
To bear the misery and woe



That it entails — and yet 'tis found,  
To have support in Widow's gown  
And England's fame and glory lives  
By the strength and power that it gives  
Proof — young.  
sent to Sabbath 31<sup>st</sup> May 1807.



12 Mrs Leigh the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Rd Boyle - Court Lt to Mrs Coll - Mr Planchet  
21 Mrs Deane - Jersey - Sunday Miss Wilby Saturday Court L - Mrs Anderson  
Monday - Mrs Goldsmid - Mrs Briggs Miss Wilby Thursday Miss Briggs Dinner  
Sunday Mrs B - for Miss Wilby - Saturday Mrs Boyle for Miss Wilby  
Monday Miss Wilby & Anstons Mr Bond & Co. Tuesday - Mrs Planchet  
Monday wrote Mrs Price Miss Wilby Mrs Anderson with Play by Miss Ormond  
Friday - Mrs Thos. Court Lt - Saturday - Home - called in Court Lt -  
Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> - Court Lt - Court Lt - note Mrs Leigh of 17<sup>th</sup>  
Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt Mrs Coll - Miss Wilby Miss Anne Weston  
note 2 before in Court Lt - note of Court Lt -  
Feb 2<sup>nd</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt - 17<sup>th</sup>  
Feb 11<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note Mr Rhoda Ruggles of 17<sup>th</sup> Court Lt  
Feb 19<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Mrs Coll - of the death of my  
dear old and kind friend - Mrs Coll - 22 years  
of age buried in Ellingham Church Yard. In my  
morning dream - before Mrs Coll's death - I saw  
into my hand - I saw him - first going somewhere  
by Rye Road - and his journey had been from  
East to West - and on Easter 18<sup>th</sup> I saw  
see him more - 19<sup>th</sup> Feb - 50.

17<sup>th</sup> Court Lt Mrs Leigh 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt Miss Ormond 24<sup>th</sup> Court Lt  
24<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 22<sup>nd</sup> Court Lt in Court Lt 21<sup>st</sup> & 22<sup>nd</sup> Court Lt  
2<sup>nd</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
3<sup>rd</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
4<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
5<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
6<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
7<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
8<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
9<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
10<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
11<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
12<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
13<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
14<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
15<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
16<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
17<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
18<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
19<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
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24<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
25<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
26<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
27<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
28<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
29<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt  
30<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - note from Court Lt 20<sup>th</sup> Court Lt - 1<sup>st</sup> Court Lt



Waltham 23 - October having been unable to  
write for 10 days.

O most gracious Lord God Almighty I  
look up to <sup>thee</sup> with grateful thanksgiving  
that I am enabled to take up my pen again  
aided by the power of thought - be with me  
and bless me - Bless all I do - all I think  
all I write that day - Thy blessing compasses  
all that we can either wish or wish  
therefore do Thou give me that - Do Thou  
renew me to be with me - and Thou shalt  
have all that this world can give - but  
not come away - Bless me therefore O  
most Father through the merits of the  
atonement of the precious - stain from  
the foundation of the world - Bless me  
with the Grace of the Holy Spirit - the  
Pardon of the Redeemer - and Thy  
Love - the love of the Holy & Blessed  
Trinity Amen

1<sup>st</sup> February 51 I was returning from taking some  
Books to Orlish's Library. - and visiting Mrs. Smith in the  
Leon Square - when just as I was about to pass the  
"Literary Institution - late old Penn. Lady - begged my  
pardon - for a distressing me - and asked if I belonged to the  
"National - Benevolent - Institution" I replied in the  
negative - when she said - "But perhaps - you may have a  
friend - or an acquaintance - who does - and as this is my  
second year of trial - I hope you will forgive my asking you to do  
something for me" She then ran down her face - as she said - "I  
may be able to scribble on the Nov<sup>r</sup> - when the next election  
takes place, but - after that - I cannot - so - that I hope you  
will excuse this Liberty" Feeling a natural compassion for the  
poor old Lady - who gave me her hand - I said I was going in the  
contrary direction from that in which she had met me -  
and if she would like to walk a short distance - I would  
converse with her - She complied - but her lameness made it a  
very tiresome affair - when - I asked her if she had ever heard of  
mesmerism - she replied - that she had - but - that she  
understood it was very expensive - He then - replied - "will you  
like to go to the Mesmeric Hospital - I will introduce you  
there - and procure you the list of Subscribers - she expressed  
her gratitude - and we walked on - till we came to  
Bedford Street - Bedford Square - I asked for the Secretary  
of the Hospital who - immediately saw me - and asked  
all the necessary questions of the old Lady - respecting  
her complaint - and having satisfied himself - as to  
many particulars he proceeded to mesmerize her -

1  
A. Tribute at the Tomb of the ~~Late Lord~~  
~~John~~ ~~the~~ ~~great~~  
The Poor Man's friend.

The late Lord Earl of Egmont.

Let Juby stoop low in her sorrow,  
Let envy be smother'd o'er his lies,  
And if any his faults would discover  
Oh! let them not mention them here.

For he was the poor Man's friend!

Let the earth grieve gently <sup>lightly</sup> o'er his bosom,  
And violets spring from his sod,  
Let his joyous thoughts from earth up to Heaven  
Whence he sings the praises of God.

For he was the poor Man's friend!

Let faith who was shewn us a weakness,  
A Saviour in whom we may trust,  
Rejoice that his journey is ended.

That he lies with the shades of the just.

For he was the poor Man's friend!

Let hope gently covering o'er us,  
Point up to the seat of the blest  
And smiling on <sup>heavily</sup> ~~our~~ ~~lips~~ and readily  
Tell the fole heart that he is at rest

For he was the poor Man's friend!

But charity <sup>was</sup> the word  
Another as generous to find,  
Who the watchful eyes sought to discover  
And to all was both liberal and kind.  
For he was the poor man's friend!

Who food to the hungry would furnish  
The thirsty with abundant supply,  
Who raiment with clothing would cover,  
And the tear of affliction would dry,  
Then he was the poor man's friend!

The sick on his couch he would visit,  
The captive set free from his side,  
And his ear quickly caught at the story  
The tongue of affection <sup>and fortune</sup> would tell,  
For he was the poor man's friend!

Thus faith hope and charity joining  
Desire that his course has been run  
Whilst his Spirit shall hear the blessing  
That servant of God <sup>the</sup> will do

T





My he was safe & well and then started off with my husband  
to see the Exhibition - but it has quite upset me for he  
is an old man eighty years of age. My brother  
lives at Chesham - so he had a good walk before  
his breakfast and he came in at half past six  
He is to meet a grand nephew at the Exhibition -  
they go in together and my husband will come home  
What's said I and not go in - he's replied the - we  
could not manage that - Poor People! that the  
old man is to go to Parkhurst - I think -  
I think some and then on his way he - I see another  
one and meet his faithful old wife again -  
Widows in Essex - about sixty miles from Town -

3<sup>rd</sup> - called on Miss Briggs - who is very ill - Miss  
Campbell also - The Town is full up -

17<sup>th</sup> Dec - my Pension

11<sup>th</sup> July rec<sup>d</sup> 30 £ from Howells or Miss' Ruth' Doyle



