E Dudley

List of Trunks —

1 Flannel Gown
1 Surtout Coat —
2 Black Do —
3 pr. Trowsers —
1 Waistcoat —
2 Quilting Do —
6 Shirts —
12 Pair Stockings (2 Blk 8 Col. 4 Wh)
3 under Duck Waistcoats
14 Handkerchiefs
1 Black Silk Do. 1 Col. Do —
6 Pocket Handkfs —
6 Night Caps —
1 pr. Wellington Boots
2 pr. Shoes — 1 pr. Slippers
1 pr. Gaiters
1 Writing Desk —
1 Dressing Box — 1 Roll Maps —

watch over one another for good.
This sentiment has much impressed my mind and tho I cannot find it in Scripture yet I think it accords with the doctrines of Christianity and may frequently be useful for our mutual edification those who are watching over their neighbours and associates with the spirit of searching out their defects are so far from the genuine spirit of christianity that even the precepts of Him, who came in love to redeem and to save those who are lost, would perhaps have but little effect. But there is another class who think they do well to watch over one another, that they may keep things in order, and promote the welfare of society

To the Sea

Magnificent Ocean!
Fresh spring of devotion,
Thro' grace thou art such unto me,
Thy Creator so glorious
Seems reflected again
From his mighty, his fathomless sea.

For whether in storms,
Or more quiescent forms,
Thy waters roll over the strand
They equally prove
To the heart they can move
A wise and omnipotent hand.

And such heart be mine
When ought that is thine
Oh my God! passes under review
That so I may raise
My anthems of praise
To Thee, to whom honor is due,

So due through all time
For thy works so sublime
The signs of a glory more bright,
which though now it looks pale
As beheld through a vail,
Shall glow in the vision of light.

J H
Cranmer mo 2 1835

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aly
ort.
2 1835

Verses on seeing in a list of new music
the Waterloo Waltz

A moment pause ye British fair
While pleasures phantom ye pursue
And say if sprightly dance or air
Suit with the name of Waterloo
Awful was the Victory
Chastened should the triumph be
Mid st the laurels she has won
Britain mourns for many a Son

Veil'd in clouds the morning rose
Nature seemed to mourn the day
Which consigned before its close
Thousands to their kindred clay
How unfit for courtly hall
Or the giddy festival
Was the grim and goastly view
Ere evening closed on Waterloo,

See the Highland band on rushing
Firm in danger, on the foe
Till the life blood warmly gushing
Lays the plaided Hero low
His native pipes accustomed sound
Mid saw infernal concert drown

Cannot sooth his last adieu
Or wake his sleep on Waterloo.

Chasing o'er the Cuirassier
See the foaming charger flying
Trampling in his wild career
All alike the dead and dying
See the bullets thro his side
answered by the spouting tide
Helmet, horse and rider too
Roll on bloody Waterloo
Shall scenes like these the dance inspire
Or wake the enlivening notes of mirth
O' shivered be the recreant lyre
That gave the base idea birth
Other sounds, I ~~[illegible]~~ are near
Other music rent the air
When Day closed on Waterloo...

I have not wrote Clear note the Last Line of My Poetry Strikes the 49 Ch of Genesis 14-15 Verses akey to the 1st Book Samuel 10 Ch 9 Ver Noticed Last year by 3 Pigeons At Hand Posts

THE EPISTLE

My Lord Set up for Me,

FROM THE

YEARLY MEETING,

HELD IN

LONDON,

By ADJOURNMENTS, from the 22d to the 31ſt of the Fifth Month, 1799, incluſive;

To the *QUARTERLY* and *MONTHLY MEETINGS* of *FRIENDS* in *GREAT BRITAIN*, and *IRELAND.*

DEAR FRIENDS,

AFTER ſome ſerious inveſtigation into the preſent ſtate of our religious Society, wherein, we humbly truſt, that the gracious Head of the Church hath not been wanting, to cement our minds in the bond of his love, and from time to time to refreſh us together, we again ſalute you; and inform you, that at this our large annual aſſembly, a concern has been felt, extending to every branch of the family. We deſire it may be bound up in the ſame precious cementing union; that ſo, not any thing which has a tendency to ſcatter, may be ſuffered to prevail. To this end, may it be the chief care of all, to dwell near the Power, by the aſſiſtance of which unſanctified ſelf is reduced and denied: then will the wiſdom which is from above be exalted, and brought into dominion.

The accounts of Sufferings brought up this year from the various parts of this nation, amount to Seven thouſand four hundred and ſeventy eight Pounds; and thoſe from Ireland, to Seven hundred and ſeventy one Pounds; chiefly for Tithes, Prieſts' demands, and thoſe called Church-rates; and alſo for various demands on account of the Militia, and other warlike meaſures, with which, from a conviction that we ought not to be active in promoting the deſtruction of the precious, yea invaluable, lives of mankind, we ſcruple to comply.

We

We have this year received Epiſtles from four, only, of the Yearly Meetings on the American continent; namely the Carolinas, &c. Virginia, Maryland, and Pennſylvania. The laſt, having met at the uſual time of its ſitting, during the prevalence of a contagious and highly mortal fever, adjourned to the Twelfth Month laſt. By this diſeaſe thouſands of the inhabitants of Philadelphia were quickly removed out of time. Let us, in reverence of ſoul, avoid too nice an inquiry into the moral cauſes of ſuch dreadful calamities; but ſeek, with unremitting ſolicitude, an entrance, through the ſtrait gate, into that narrow, but not untrodden path, which alike leads to bleſſedneſs through every diſpenſation of the Lord's unerring Providence.

Friends, we in this land, do not live unſurrounded by manifold dangers; nor in an age in which we can diſpenſe with any part of the whole armour of light. The increaſe of mortality in a country brings the body into jeopardy; but it often arouſes the careleſs, and drives the awakened mind into cloſer communion with God. But it is the peculiar property of many of the contagious vices and vanities, with which theſe countries abound, that they lull to ſecurity the incautious, even though once arouſed; and point their infection at the well-being of the ſoul.

By what means, then, ſhall we expect preſervation? Our belief, dear friends, is, that it will depend on a frequent recurrence to our firſt principle: even to the ſaving power of Chriſt Jeſus our Lord, revealed in the heart. "This," ſaid our Redeemer when perſonally on earth, "is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and "Jeſus Chriſt, whom thou haſt ſent." But this, friends, is no trivial nor momentary acquirement. Many of you know that it muſt be waited for in ſingleneſs of heart; and that the important purſuit of this heavenly knowledge ſhould regulate the tenor of our lives. Where then, judge ye, would any find leiſure for thoſe amuſements, in which ſome in profeſſion with us, are reported to waſte much of their time? This meeting has repeatedly teſtified againſt vain ſports, and places of diverſion, as ſo many allurements tending to draw the mind from its watch, and to lay it open to further temptation. The beſt recreation of a Chriſtian is the relief of diſtreſs; and his chief delight, to promote the knowledge, and to exalt the glory, of his Heavenly Maſter: and this, is moſt effectually done, under his holy influence, by a life of faith, purity, and general benevolence. Falſe principles too, as well as wrong practices, may have their advocates for a time; but the unſpotted lives of the faithful remain to be their beſt refutation. Let none then ſtart aſide at the magnitude of the object, or be too much diſmayed becauſe of the little progreſs they ſeem to themſelves to make in the way of holineſs; but, truſting in the Lord, who "giveth power to the faint," let us all preſs after ability to comply with the apoſtolic advice, "Be "ye holy, in all manner of converſation."

We have received accounts, this year as well as in preceding years, that divers perſons have joined our Society by convincement. For you of this deſcription, we feel a tender care, that, after admittance into memberſhip, you may not meaſure yourſelves by the ſtandard of

of others; nor take up a reſt ſhort of the true reſt. Seek rather an increaſe in the heavenly principle which comes by Jeſus Chriſt, the true and holy pattern for his flock. Thus only, will your union with us contribute to your advantage; and thus only, will the increaſe of numbers produce an increaſe of the joy.

Now, turning our attention to the church in its more collected capacity, of Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, we perceive that weakneſs and langour continue to pervade the deliberations of ſome of them, on the important concerns of the Society; and often prevent the due and timely ſupport of that Chriſtian diſcipline, which we have long experienced to be, under Providence, as a wall of preſervation. Nevertheleſs, we believe we can alſo diſcern that there is a gradual increaſe of care in many places; and that the quickened ſenſibility, with which the minds of numbers of our brethren are graciouſly indued, has rendered many things burthenſome, which in times of greater negligence, ſcarcely have been noticed: and to this we attribute many of the complaints now contained in the anſwers to the queries. Our deſire therefore is, that ſuch upright minds may be encouraged to perſevere. That which ſhows the diſeaſe muſt be looked to for the remedy. Hold on, then, your way, beloved friends; and may the Lord give you all the diſcernment, ſkill, forbearance and fortitude, which are requiſite for the impartial and ſeaſonable diſcharge of the truſt which he commits to you.

Finally friends, collectedly and individually, farewell! May all our Meetings be held, with weight, as in the immediate preſence of the heavenly Preſident. May the aged among us be examples of every Chriſtian virtue; and evince, by the calmneſs of their evening, that their day has been bleſt. May the middle aged not faint in their allotted ſtations; but, together with their elder and younger brethren, firmly ſupport, yea exalt, the ſeveral teſtimonies which we are called to maintain. And, O! may the beloved youth, the tender objects of our care, and of our hope, bend early and chearfully under the forming power of Truth: that thus, each ſtanding in his allotment, the harmony of the building may be preſerved, and we may truly grow up into an holy temple for the Lord.

Signed in and on behalf of the Meeting,

GEORGE STACEY, Clerk.

Brake the Oppressors of the Lord's Heritage — Verily Now — Farewell Now!

Such light on Pens, Bath
Sincerely we have thy Love
Mother but not only Friends
Heavenly our Heavenly Father

Sept 19 - 1821 An address to the Pejewgus

I want none of your friendship
~~Nor without that enjoying~~
Nor none of your Pelf.
For without that enjoyment.
I have Enough for Myself
With the Battle Axe of Jacob +
I'll knock down the Dead Trees
And I will Lease the Earth
And I'll take what I please.
And as We travel on
We'll make sure of the Ground.
Where Roots fruits and water
Will allways be found.
And if We have to travel fast.
On the High Rode
The Left we have to Carry
The Lighted the Load.

Now Says the Quakers
This Project We hinded
But you are to Late
For I am gone through the Window
Dont you know as the Muse
He's got Wings I'm Con fly
She is a Lofty Goddess
She travels the Sky.
Now Says the Quakers.
For one Project More.
Have at you for Sport
For I am the Poor.
For I am your Master
And I am come down
And I have hid myself
In Valleys Old Gown.

+ Battle Axe See Jerem 51 Ch 20.

Yearly Epistle,

1799.

* I'll not make
Myself a Fool
I'll Carry
the Light
Where I
Please

* Gen 49 Ch 14-15 ver

* I'll not make
Myself a Fool
I'll Carry
the Light
Where I
Please

Yearly Epistle,

1799.

"Jerusalem the Golden,"
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart & voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiency of glory,
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails & faints, —
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.
They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the Martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David, —
And there from ~~earth~~ care released,

The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who with their leaders,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever & for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O holy, placid harp notes
Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true, peculiar vision
Of God omnipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!

The glory of the Elect!
O dear & future vision
That eager hearts expect:
Even now by faith I see thee:
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive & pant & yearn:
Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe;
And tho' my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh & earth return me
To earth & flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought & heart:
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansions & new people
Whom God's own love & light
Promote; increase, make holy,

Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the God!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord!
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes.
The lily-bed of virgins,
The roses' martyr glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.
And there the sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state;
He Judah's mystic Lion,
He Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bow'rs! O land of flow'rs!
O Realm & Home of Life!

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee
And love thee evermore!

O sweet & blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet & blessed Country
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort & to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, ~~Yes!~~ Yes!

Exult, O dust & ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, & thou art!
Exult, O dust & ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever,
"Thou shalt be, & thou art!"

I ask not for ~~thy~~ my merit
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with faith I venture
And hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labour night & day.
The best & dearest Father
Who made me & who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved:
When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap;
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon!
O lovelier far than gold!
With lamel-girt bataliions,
And safe victorious fold:

Sir Isaac Newton

The late Dr Stukely says that one day by appointment visiting Sir Isaac Newton the servant told him he was in his study, no one was permitted to disturb him there; but as it was near dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him after a time dinner was brought in a broiled chicken under a cover An hour paspd and Sir Isaac did not appear. The Doctor ate the fowl and covering up the empty dish bid them dress their master another, before that was ready, the Philosophe came down, he apologized for his delay, and so but give me leave to take my short dinner I shall be at your service I am fatigued and faint. Saying this he lifted up the cover and without any emotion turned to Stukely with a smile, See says he what studious people are I forgot had dinned.

A dream of the late John Arthington
of Leads Banker —

John Arthington, when in the Meridian of life, was travelling in Scotland. In descending a hill at the foot of which a river meandered, he found himself forcibly struck with the scenery; not merely on account of its beauty but because he was certain he had seen it before. As he had never been on the borders of Scotland he could not account for this strong though clear remembrance of the country around him, but after a few minutes he recollected a dream he had had some time before. He thought he was descending the same hill in order to cross the river by a ferry at the foot of it — he thought a little ragged boy opened him a gate and held his horse whilst he got into the boat, and then followed him with it; that when they had reached the middle of the river the boat sunk and all were drowned — As this was passing his mind the very same little boy opened him a gate — At first he endeavoured to discard all apprehensions from his dream as

unworthy a Man of sense and education; He was a man of liberal and unprejudiced ideas and earlier in life had been accused of freethinking — How then would it be compatable with his principles, to surrender himself the child of a romantic legacy of the imagination — to an idle dream; As these reflection crossed his mind he determined to go; but found the impulse too strong to be resisted, and to avoid the ferry he resolved to pursue his way by the nearest bridge about 20 Miles off — From that moment he thought no more of his dream

the
26 of 9 Month 1802

Catherran Allen
Worthy Friends
you show it on my
Address you with a
Remembrance you will
Manes Tom Plaed tom
you how by my Selef
Since I came to Whitley
ays as I wanted towards
o that I have almost
Jack I have all that
that heave and

York Retreat the
Henry Duke
The Libyle to
Isaac Slansfield
Book of the to Pr
Red in his Roun
Cland but the f
as good a cooke as
Three Receiues f
A Peut of Poison
Minde B

...ward to Christ the sure guide
who would if they were disposed to seek him with their whole
heart, would be pleased to arise and open their understanding
that they would see the things more clearly that belongs to
their peace, some trust in Chariots some in horses, we who
have got Christ for our helper, trust in the name of our God
and in the name of our God and in his name we will lift
our banners, not trusting in the Idols of mens hands, nor fear
ing the faces of men but we who are sanctified and justified by
the spirit of our God, trust in the blood of Jesus which speaks

To the Committee
of Friends at York

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold blue sky,
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencilled shadows lie,
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairest frostwork bound
Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the ground.—

Yes! beauty dwells in all our paths— but sorrow too is there;
Nor oft some cloud within us dims the bright still summer air
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things,
That through the leafy places glance on many-coloured wings!

With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades,
And a mournful memory of the dead, is with us in the glades;
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.—

But are we free to do evn thus – to wander as we will –
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the breezy hill?
No! in our daily paths lie cares, that oftimes bind us fast,
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past. –

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and violets dingles, back;
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining rivers track;
They bar us from our heritage of spring-time, hope, and mirth,
And weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth. –

Yet should this be? – So much, too soon, despondingly we yield!
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field!
A sweeter by the birds of heaven – which tell us, in their flight,
Of ONE that through the desert air, for ever guides them right. –

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?
Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace;
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies. —

Lines written on the spot of earth which covers the remains of my family deceased.

W. B. Collyer.

Green be the grass around the head
Of hoary age at rest;
And undisturb'd the lowly bed
By infant beauty prest!

'Twas thus, as late my lonely way
Along a silent church-yard lay
Where oft my wandering footsteps stray
I breath'd a prayer;
For many a kindred heap of clay
Is mouldering there.

A little spot, scarce six feet wide
It was, that made the brimy tide
Flow in my eyes - for side by side
Without parade,

Those dearest to me who have died
Peaceful are laid. —

Then in this green sequester'd part
Lies many a tender female heart,
Which when my childhood felt a smart
Was wont to feel,
And in my pleasures took a part
With ready zeal.

There is a hoary head at rest,
Which many a heavy grief depress'd,
And many a sorrow pierc'd her breast,
All tranquil now;
She mourns no more (supremely blest)
Her lot below.

Here lie some flowers untimely mown,
Before their beauties half were blown,
By death's unsparing hand cut down

In infant pride;
And scarcely were they call'd our own
Before they died.

Dear is this spot, for it contains
Of many a friend the cold remains;
To teth who rest from all their pains
No stone is here;
But while their blood rolls thro' my veins
I'll breathe this prayer,

Green be the grass around the head
Of hoary age at rest;
And undisturbed the lowly bed
By infant beauty prest.

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfus'd,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls thro' all things."

Lyrical Ballads 1798

"Who so unblest'd as to lock up his heart
Against the soothing power and sweet illapse
Of nature's voice! For sure there dwelt a voice
A moving spirit, and a speaking tongue,
In the loud waters and the nimble air,
And the still moonbeam, and the living light
Of suns, resplendent in their mid career."

Peter Bayley p. 45.

In the sleepless Atlantic remote and alone
Is a rock which the wild waves all wrathfully beat
Its echoing bulwarks with sea-dust are shewn
And dark are the waters that roll at its feet
Let the shrill winds of ocean go forth as they may,
It wears with the surges, and knows not of rest
Its pinnacles dim with the fast-falling spray.
And billowes are breaking in foam on its breast

But though breakers and whirlwends around may sweep
That hermit of ocean lives conquering on —
And the mariner sees it still fronting the deep
As it flung back the surf in the years that are gone
All worn but unshaken that desolate rock
Fast rooted where islands and earthquakes are born
Looks fearlessly down on the breaker's rude shock
And laughs the main force of the tempest to scorn

O, thou who revereest a Master above
And sighest for glories, immortal and high
Be strong in believing and steadfast in love
When passion is loud and the tempter is nigh

When infidels bid thee be false to thy Lord
When they laugh at the faith that ennobles and saves
When they scoff at his people and rail at His word
Be thou to their wildness that rock in the waves

Yes! stand like that sea-cliff, nor ask thou to shun
The work of obedience, the cares or the cost:
There are treasures of infinite price to be won
There are treasures of infinite price to be lost
With the wiles of the tempter, his vengeance or wrath
Thine thou as the bold and the faithful have striven
And the sorrows and the toils of thy warfare on earth
Shall be paid in the peace and the raptures of heaven

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Sarah Watson

The difference between a true friend & a false one.

A true friend, is a valuable one. What can be more delightful than to have one in whom we can confide. Is it not delightful to have a schoolfellow of your own taste, and one with whom you can converse freely. If you are in trouble your friend will do all in her power to assist you & then console herself with the thought that she has been the means of restoring your happiness. Will she not enter into our griefs & enjoyments. If she loves us dearly & from a good motive will she not put every thing that is good in our way & guard us from all evils. On the contrary a false friend is a terrible burden both to body & mind. A false friend may still be a dear one & one who

loves & respects you much, but such a one is not a truly valuable friend, for if at any time your spirits are all depressed & you feel ill or unhappy, she will seek some more lively companion untill she clearly perceives that your spirits are again revived & you are once more happy enough to enjoy her idle company, such as, telling you how pleased she is to see you so much better & happier & to entertain you she will give you all kinds of flatery on your behalf.

If she has been absent for a short time or even a long one, her joy at meeting you, is, more than she can bear, for she will undoubtedly pour her carresses upon you so abundantly that she will make you believe her to be the greatest friend you have. And that you may not regret your absence she will humbly tell you, what a nice colour you have got & how you have grown & have improved so much in both bodily health & mentally, whereas,

as for the latter she knows nothing at all of; but she says it because she has nothing else to talk of & she loves you so dearly that she must keep her tongue in good action the whole of the time. All this is true & if any one happens to have one of each of these kinds of friends, they will soon perceive the difference & they can easily judge which will turn from you first & most readily. Such a friend as the latter (a false one) must be humoured, you must let her have all her own way, contradict her in nothing even if you are right & she in the wrong, for if your ideas differ from hers & you unintentionally express them, you must certainly give offence & after that she will most willingly decline her office of being a dear friend.

But is it easy to avoid the association of such a friend? to such an one tell no secrets whatever, for although you think you can trust her, when an offence is given, secrets are the first

things to tell against you;

When any one meets with such a friend they are apt to open their minds as it were & acquaint them with almost all they know. It is easy to avoid the company of such, without giving offence. Value a true friend & do every thing to please her do nothing that will cause her pain & grief. Do not forget to value a true friend for they are very scarce.

Composed by Mr. McCan the 13/9/41.

[illegible] but depending upon its
[illegible] usual were not Anxious;
for as our Affairs are nearly settled & proper transfers made of the property - devised to us by my late Uncles will; we should in a short time have applied for it. - Has an Executor & Sarah unhappily not being competent to act for herself henceforth have the power as her Trustee to act for her - and should wish in future her Account to be regularly sent half yearly. As her property is principaley vested in the Funds - & the Interest Arising due in the 1st & 7th months towards the latter end of those months would to me be the most proper & convenient time to discharge her bills - & will I hope meet they Approbation

and regard – respec

Virtue — By George Herbert.

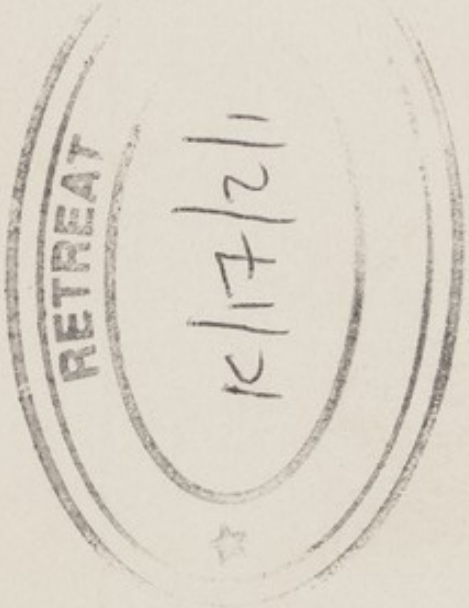
Sweet day, so cool, so calm
so bright,
The bridal of the Earth and Sky.
The dew shall weep thy fall
to night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry & brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye
Thy root is ever in its grave
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days
and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber never gives;
But though the whole world turns
to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Herbert on
Virtues.



On the pleasures and advantages of society.

Society is very beneficial as well as agreeable. Without it we should sometimes be melancholy and gloomy, but by having continual intercourse with the rest of the world our mental powers are called forth and that stupor and lassitude of spirit is prevented which might otherwise creep upon us, and unfit us for our daily occupation both of mind and body. By the aid of society also we may visit distant regions and by observing the customs and manners of other nations learn to improve our own in many particulars.

In the domestic circle also how many advantages and pleasures are found to result from society! and if we do not make good use of these privileges which are calculated for our improvement we are indeed greatly to blame. And yet we meet with many, too many instances of neglect in this respect

for how frequently do persons visit without any desire to improve by the society of others, and consequently they reap no advantage from associating even with the wise and good.

Travelling also greatly promotes intercourse between different individuals and by its aid we accomplish things which without it would perhaps never be thought of. Many other instances of the advantages of society might be mentioned, but lest I should trespass on the patience of my friends I will conclude.

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William Jake I
The that am sorry
Be Part So fare
killing me as I am
I Did Here the
kill me and there
In my jugment th
Any Thing Don he
That Can Be mad
There fore as fri

friends & General in
the west & Sises
& friends you have &
shake there minds

Aet. 10th mo 1831.

"Reflected on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow;
So tranquil in the heavens above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hopes how bright soe'er
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
So false and fleeting as tis fair."

D S 10th Mo. 1831

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"All those who with a Saviour's love,
Have twin'd their hearts affection;
Its everlasting bond shall prove,
Where friendship is perfection."

E.S. 10/31.

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"Whatever passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith, and things unseen,
Causing that brighter ~~force~~ world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear
This is our world, our idol, though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air!"

J.S 10mo 1831.

"Sad
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And

"Farewell, beloved Friend, adieu,
On earth we only meet to part;
Yet to the Christian's brighter view
Still we are one, Still near in heart,
That "threefold cord" of Christian love,
Which from the heights of heaven descends
When parted here, is joined above
And holds to Christ and Christian Friends

3rd of 11th mo 1831

Farew
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Farewell! we part, perhaps, for years,
This hour will soon have past;
And, oh! remembrance most endears
Of parted hours the last;
But shouldst thou in Times brighter wreath,
One blighted floweret see;
Or that poor faded blossom breathe
A sigh, and think on me.

Louisa Pease

"The tear
It like
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And a

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"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose,
When first the summer's breeze goes by
And waves the bush — the flower is dry."

H. M. 12th mo. 1831

Go,
Go, wo
Go, wo
And
Or
Shou

Prayer.

Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright;
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away;
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee,
In solitude to pray;
Should holy thought come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;

Even the silent breathing,
Of thy spirit rais'd above,
Will reach his throne of Glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love."

C.D.
1.mo: 1852.

"Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of its ethereal birth,
On steady wing, flies through th' immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a sufferer here,
With wreaths like those angelic spirits wear".

A.P.

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"Remember me! all, all must feel,
Whom fond affection sways,
The sweetly eloquent appeal
Of this brief, simple phrase.
When the full heart would find a voice,
In parting's grief, or glee,
What words so worthy of its choice
As these? — Remember me!

But higher, holier is the worth
These few, brief words may bear,
When uninspir'd by aught of Earth,
They speak the voice Prayer:

They breathe the Saints mock confidence;
And, when he bends the knee,
The Sinner, touch'd with penitence,
Cries — Lord, remember me!"

S. R. S.
1. Mo. 1832.

"Oh! never can we feel how dear
Each loved one is, till we have known
The deep regret, the bitter tear,
That comes when those we loved are gone.
It is not till the flowers are passed,
That breathed in summer's perfum'd air,
Till but in memory they last,
That we can tell how sweet they were."

E. L. 1832.

That

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That lovely bird of Paradise Christian Contentment can sit and sing in a cage of affliction and confinement or fly at liberty through the vast expanse with almost equal satisfaction while "Even so Father for so it seemed good in Thy sight" is the chief note in its celestial song

M. L. 1st month 1832.

The w

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Tis the

The woods are stripped by the wintry winds
And faded the flowers that bloomed on the lea;
But one lingering gem the wanderer finds
Tis the ruby fruit of the wildbriar tree.

L. R.....n.

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The spring is come, the Violet's gone,
The first-born child of early sun;
With us she is but a winter's flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
To the younger sky of the self-same hue.

C. Dent.

That fre
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That friendship wears but friendship's name
Which only dwells in roseate bowers
But flies with loss of health and fame
And shuns the lingering suffering hours

H. Mary weather

"Farewell! but when remembrance strays
"To those thou canst no longer see,
"When visions rise of other days,
"O! then dear Friend remember me."

Mary Ann. 1832.

Ch. d
Ibe
I s
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I.
Kat
Ann
Jack

Oh ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay —
I never loved a plant, or flower,
But it was first to fade away.

I never loved a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye
But when it came to know me well
And love me — it was time to die.

Yark. 2nd mo 10th 1832.

Mary Ann Ellis

"I never cast a flower away
The gift of one who cared for me
A little flower, a faded flower,
But it was done reluctantly."

E. P.

Parted friends may meet again;
When the storms of life are past;
And the spirit freed from pain,
Basks in friendships that will last.

Parted friends again may meet;
From the toils of nature free;
Crowned with mercy, O how sweet
Will eternal friendship be.

E Sanderson York

ast;
n,
last.

Forget thee Sarah no not yet
Tho' pleasing is the pensive pett
Which Memory owes to thee
Not ought of anxious yet nor of sight
Will retrospection charge her right
And friendship can offer delight
I'll still remember thee.

Ann. Listen.

Say if no more in converse sweet
The blissful hours shall flee
O say if we no more may meet
Wilt thou remember me."

Mary

Forget thee
Forget thee
Bid the
Myself for
Forget
If thee

Copied at

Forget thee bid the forest birds forget their sweetest tune
Forget thee bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eves refreshing dew
Myself forget thine own dear land its mountains wild & blue
Forget each old familiar face each long remembered spot
If these things are forgot by thee then thou shalt be forgot—

Marg^t D. M. Ellis
70 DD

Copied at York

W

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Watch when the moon is silvery pale
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree
Go out beneath the solitary heaven
And then dear Sarah think on me.

Hannah Ellis

Copied at York 1832.

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Then

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No sculptured marble éer shall show
My long and lowly home
This little modest humble flower
Shall mark my silent tomb.

Then shall my grave like this be known
A little smiling spot
A mound thick covered with the flower
That says Forget me not.

P. A. ——

M

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When one who holds communion with
the skies
Has filled his urn where the pure waters
rise
And once more mingles with his meaner
things
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit
wide
And tells us where his treasure is
supplied

J. S. Junr.
6 mo 28th 1835

Thera
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And
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Ana

There is a flower that oft unheeded blows
Amidst the splendour of the summer's ray.
And tho' these little flowers no sweets disclose
Yet they would tell thee all I wish to say

And when we're parted by fate's stern decree
And thou art heedless what may be my lot.
I'll send this flower a mesenger to thee
And it shall wisper then Forget me not.

Elizabeth.

Is there a thought sad sorrow healing
Which can awhile your grief suspend
Yes there's a sweet & holy feeling
'Tis the remembrance of a friend.

"When Beauty Fades," From which we give the Second.
A Sonnet.

So I be fair to Thee, I care not when
I lose the bloom that other eyes admire;
When I lose grace for Thee, let kind hands tire
Me in my burial-robes and hide me; then
I shall have lived too long in sight of men.
If Thy love fickle prove, Let me retire
To some dim Solitude, and there expire
Alone, forgotten, out of sight and ken.
Tell me what grace in me first won
Thy heart?
What didst thou find in me worthy to prize?
Oh! was it not for some immortal part
Rather than for that fair which fades
and dies?

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I was given to understand by H. C. Hunt that some of the verses in this autograph book were original, but he could not say which.

Your enquirer may have heard of Quarles' great poem, said to have been engraved on his asylum window

P.T.O.

NOTES

with a diamond. It might be
well to look this up