Hollo! Look here

Of all the good hosts old England can boast,
And of all the good hostels you ever were in
There's none can compare with friend Shrewsbury
Or can equal in style the jolly New Inn.

Bravo.

Three Oh Kings!

J. Tilton July 20 1854 "The Ghosts of Ingleburgh"

Prime Mrs Mottins ! would rather meet Mr the dinner
bell, than me dark Night on Ingleboro

Her bold & ardent but like Aurora trembles into
bed with ~~pale~~ blushings & mountain beams
Quiet before the sun. Nothing more within us
be the sun blazing or that soon shall rise
& kindle all our pulsings. Then begin,
even & joy; unutterable joy & rapturous sorrow,
when the world is nothing; suffering is nothing;
Annihilation, praise, power, all are nothing;
love rules & reigns despotic & alone.

John Keats

Manchester.

July 2nd 50

Wm. Hobinson &
his brother Jack.

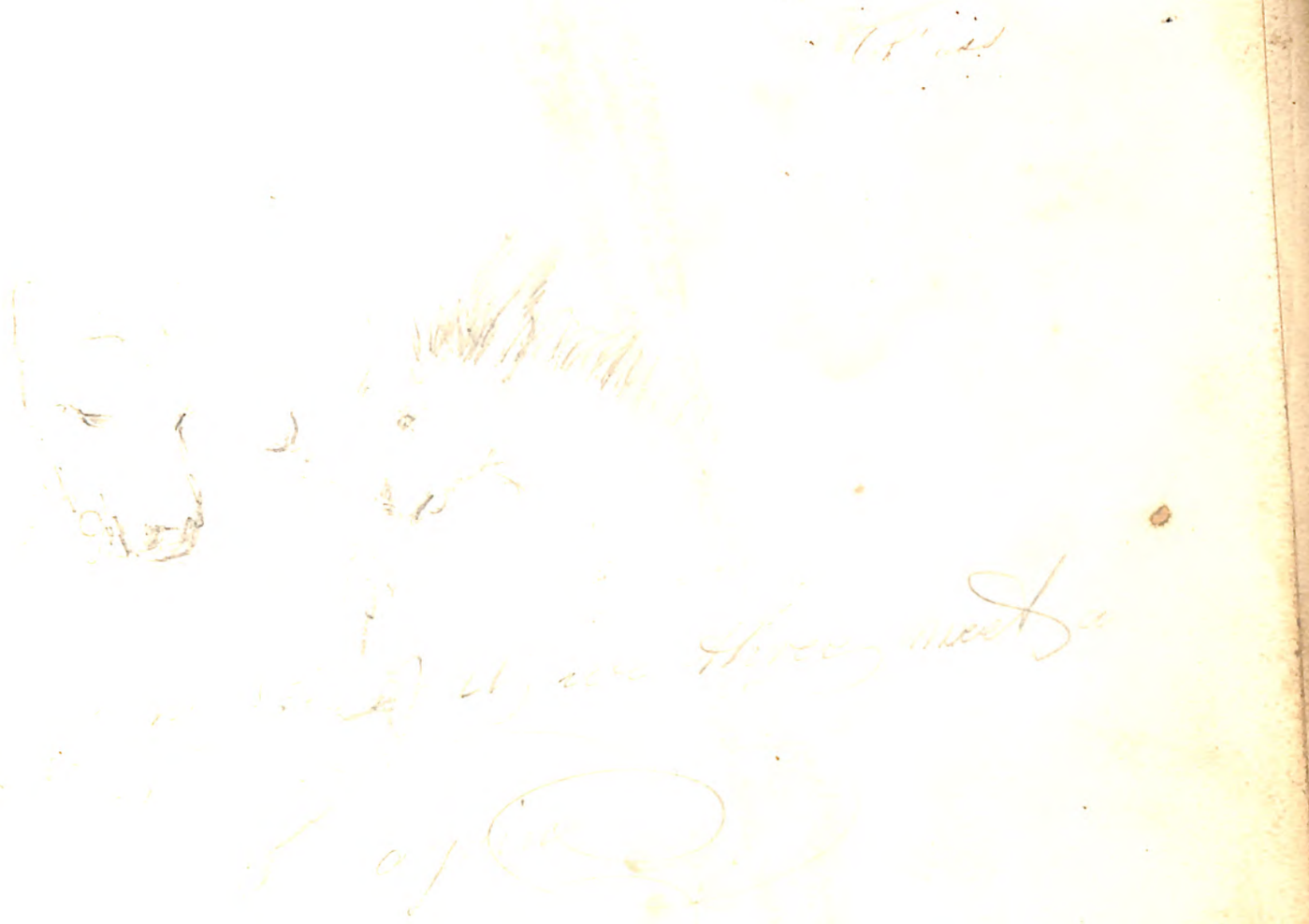
Kit. Wilson agnr

Queso hés a Gianke

JOHN WALKER

Was a Donkey or Hooky?

like you



Which of the three is the King of the Donkeys.

Jon

Farewell.

Say, shrink not from that word "Farewell"
'Tis a love friendship's final knell;
Sad tears may prove but vain
Regretful wishes fleeting days
Wander we soon — Hope may say
We part, to meet again! Yes my dear

Even the best parting earth can know
Brings not unutterable woe
To souls that heavenward soar.
The humble Faith, with steadfast eye
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts, that love at parting sigh.
May meet — to part no more!

Susannah Shieu.
Ogdensburgh
May 25th 1843

Salutatory

I often write I know not what
Nor care I much about it
But Summer never cry I let-
For I can do without it

J. Smith.

Clamphams Cave

Now my Muse my thoughts inspire
Lift up & fire my sacred lyre,
And strain once our visit stopped
By rage concealed & announced soft
Come let us haste our visit
And we will follow thee bl[ess]e Jod
In so he cries, still burden here
Stays our thoughts we done and write,
The Cave we lament our rage occasion
Till our hope is appeased of hostility
But still the Cave affair we wish
And careful joints contrive to dish
And recite him posh as studied to live
Composed 6:28 P.M.

We now complain of these verses
And our [illegible] letter.

To Isabel.

Fair Isabel the flow'r of the world dell
We wont to compliment & now accustomed well
Our two heads are better than one
If set both to ponder the heav'n & sun
We ask no odds for true
But be myst. Isabel our hearts allure
Joined together & the fate defeat
If we were three 'twere more fair.

"See here friend, you are drunk" "Drunk? So be
like I am, and have been these three years,
You see my brother and I are on a temperance mission.
"He lectures, while I serve as a frightful example"
If you will stand a glass of the ~~Demon drink~~ Rob Roy I shall
be happy to illustrate the baneful effects

July 1853

Christian Freedom.

from "Pollocks" "Course of Time"

"Ye is the servant, whom the truth makes free"
Who casts off, the bonds of Satan breaks;
Who breaks the bonds of sin! and go his soul
Is spoke of, consulteth seriously;
Is spoke of, fashion, superior on gold;
Is spoke of wealth as purely, wrought;
Who does reason, not as fancy bids;
Who hears temptation sing, yet turns and
Aside; sees sin bedeck her, & sweetly beg
Bread yet will not go up; feels at his heart
The sigmed upshearhed, yet will not sell the truth;
Who, having power, has not the will to hurt;
Who feels ashamed to be, or have a slave;
Whom nought make blush but sin, fears nought but God;
Who, finally, in strong integrity
Of soul, midst want, or riches, or disgrace,
Upliftes, calmly sat, and heard the waves
Of stormy folly breaking at his feet,
Now shall with pride, now hoarse with foul reproach,
And both despised sincerely; seeking this
Alone, the approbation of his God,
Which still with conscience witnessed to his peace—
This, this is freedom, such as angels use,
And kindred to the liberty of God.

Tho Shiers

May 25th 1823 of New York.

Mayflowers

I was in search of wild flowers in the woods of Canada
I found none — nothing to remind me of home
This is a country of natural birth —
And here we are in celestial air —

Here grows the plant of Paradise; Thy seed is sown
In Love and nurtured in the heart of heavenly mould
It grows in peace and Unity but with no kindred —
Strangers here — the climate is too cold.

June 2nd 1843

E Shiers

Friendship.

Friendship is the joy of reason,
Dearer yet than that of Love:
Love but lasts a transient season
Friendship makes the Bliss above.

Who would lose the secret pleasure,
Felt, when soul with soul unites;
Other Joys have their measure:
Friendship without bounds delights.

S. A.

Oh! What a good book with some
dont know what to do
Why! equal to have a game of Tiddledy-Wink
Alice (sob)

Lines written on Scouts dear. near

The mountains top was gemid with flowers
Alike the soft blue vault of Heavin with stars
And many a graceful Cot below with joy replete
Made the fair scene of nature still more sweet

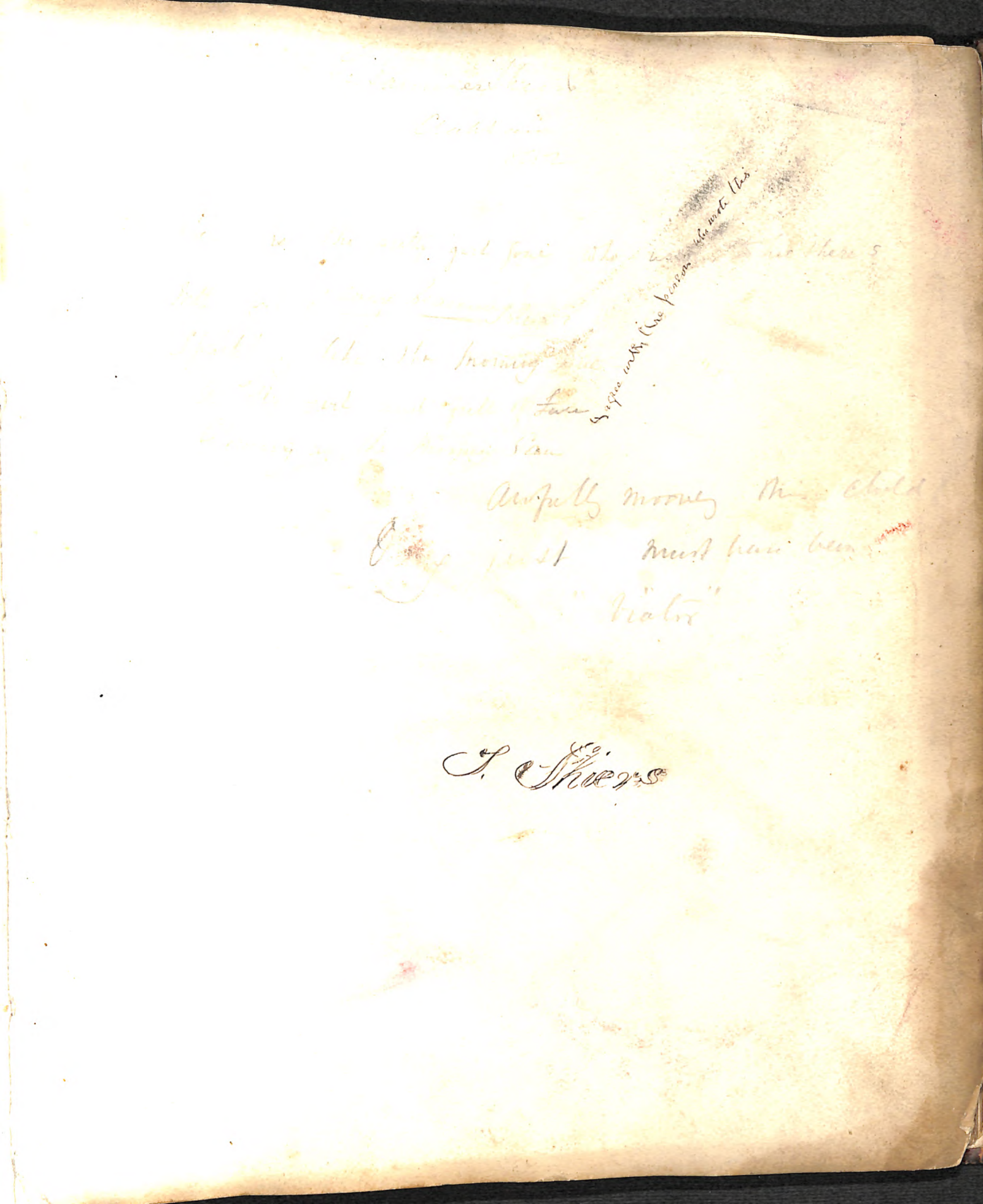
I mused on the age, the strength, the form,
Of the huge mount on which I stood
And thought how ruffled waters and the storm
Had rolld majestically before the flood.

But why should I such feelings entertain
Or give the impassive spirit scope to flee
Such precepts, soon inscribed and which retain
An anchor for the soul in lifes Eternity.

In the Kendal mercury. 1842
W. J. Fildewick

But still hope will whisper to the
good New Year for the
girl I left behind me

That shew I suppose



Kirkby Lonsdale Bells.

[illegible]

[illegible]

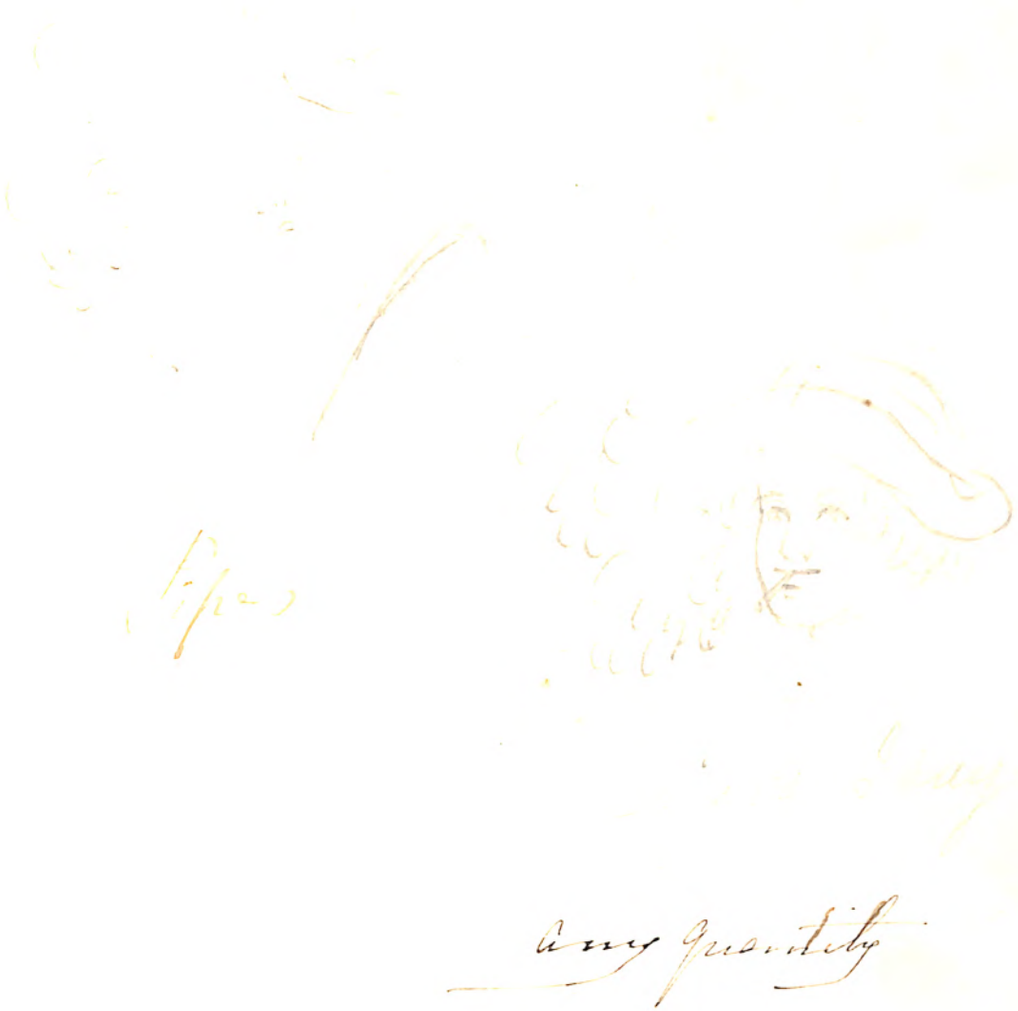
[illegible]

A moment's breath.
Your mingled ashes shall repose in one
In solemn, silent sad unconsciousness
Which has no end and knows no more.
The tender values of the woman's heart
Lies shrouded in dumb silence in the tomb
Your children will
The dead man rot — nor see nor hear nor feel
For in the grave dark worms will
With grim and [illegible]
companions of the [illegible]
They shall agree until the [illegible]

And thus we [illegible]
Ge ning each change of varying mortal life —
The new born infants first-drawn breath —
The last weak gasp denoting death —
The hour that makes a bereaved or a Wife —
And call for prayer to God — and praise for Grief and Strife

Yours M. Davis

Gaze on this yet thy [illegible]
A morrow comes when thy [illegible]
And grave what [illegible]
For [illegible]
Nor cloud that gathers [illegible]
Nor gale heart [illegible]
But creeping things shall [illegible]
And fit thy clay to [illegible]



Death

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death has fled
The first dark day of nothingness
The last of danger and distress
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers
And marked the mild angelic air
The rapture of repose that's there
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek
And — but for that sad shrouded eye —
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where Cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dotes upon
Yes. but for these and these alone
One moment's gone
He still would doubt the tyrant's power
So fair, so calm, so soft, so pale
The first last look by death revealed

Byron The Giaour
Contemplating.

Wealth. Note from St. Paul and from a troubled
dream - and being dead.

It is the Miller's Daughter.
And she is grown so dear,
That I would be the pearl
That trembles in her ear.
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm & white.

And I could be the grille,
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow & in rest.
And I could know if she had sighed,
I'd clasp it round so close & tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall & rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs.
And I would lie so light so light,
I scarce should be unclasped all night.

Random
June 25/37
prompted by S. S. Wo[illegible] ha-ha-ha

Hail love! Still love thee word that sums all bless!
The sparkling tears of all sinner's side drops
She sickest down of hopeless complete!
Dissevered & the [illegible] weapon of [illegible] by the Wicked love

Oh loving is a painful strife

July 2nd 57

But more still

is work on

The Monkey Cimies discovering the corpse of Sabina

More like a Monkey or a Whale

Jack Shepard

Hail, holy love! whose word shall reach all ears
Giver and receiver all gifts, fullest when most
Given, giver! spring-head of all fecundity,
Deepest abyss [illegible] of God!
Boundless [illegible] wealth unsearchable!
Whence that bliss that overwhelms [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Eternal [illegible] happy love!
[illegible]
Centred glory [illegible]
Entirely blest, because thou dwellst
Hoped for, and [illegible] in the present bliss
And habit [illegible] mysterious, unfathomable!
Earth, ocean, and [illegible] still
Thy bounties, living thing, [illegible] all
The heaps of Nereids! the spring, the well,
That fills the land and [illegible] the sky

Jubilate Deo
1806
Sacred Songs of Christ

But soon he felt himself the meanest wight
Of ocean to bend with sorrow, with whose lot
Like his compared, and thought to submit
His stormy life to others, though his soul was galled
For ever by his own thoughts; still unsubdued
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebelled;
Proud though in desolation, which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

Clide Stanfield
Hamby

J. Dixon.
July. 1846