A Long.

What do I see from here Long saying
I see the whole day long
That long round sun Long saying
I hear but then sops come Long
not by the sea side only
Then it found wild and free
but at night when its dark & lonely
In dreams it is like with me
but at night when its dark & lond
In dreams it is like with me

Ugolino I hear Dw singing
its but the rolling Wave over
Over its home Dr me Dw singing
Over home Ocean cave
its but the noise of water

dashing against the Shore
Do not you hear a jingle
with the Noise of the Ambient Storm
Now on Voices mingle
with the Noise of the Ambient Storm
Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes Now Something speaks
that Speaks to the great alone
tis the Voice of the great creator
dwells in that mighty Tone
Tis the Voice of the great creator
dwells in that mighty Tone

Via Horse Ship

P. Vy

Aug 29/5

Brighter Hours

Though dark the present hour may seem,
With sorrow, care, and strife;
Though gladness may not shed her beam
Upon thy sky of life;
Yet fear not, for amidst the gloom
One hope is ever ours —
That joy may yet our lot illume,
And bring us Brighter Hours!

Droop not, but nobly struggle still,
For others look to thee!
And they would cease to strive with ill,
If thou shouldst conquer'd be.
In darkest nights some star appears, —
In Winter's hand, some flowers;
So shines for us, in adverse years,
The hope of Brighter Hours.

With fearless spirit still press on, —
Act thine allotted part!
Life's high rewards were never won
By faint and coward heart!
Keep on thy course and faulter not,
Though the dread tempest lours,
But still, however sad thy lot,
Hope on for Brighter Hours!

Cares may be round thee; doubts and fears
Thy trembling soul oppress, —
Mourner! look upward through thy tears,
Thy God is near to bless!
Een if Hope's earthly ray grows dim,
A better light is ours,
Which leads us on to trust in Him
Who gives us brighter hours.

J. J —
May 18th 185

I Remember, I Remember

By Thomas Hood.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day:
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,

Rothfield 1956 And it's between dear Jessie's garden & mine
August 13 And it's between beautiful it with Schools Nicer
Of Hilton it's Barrow Such soft darkness
That it deck of thy own dear loveliness
— Shelley —

Freue Dich, wie die Natur,
Freue Dich immer

Clapham
18th April
1852

H. B.....
Mecklenburg. Germany

By the side of the morning steam
An elderly gentleman sat –
On the top of his head was his wig
On the top of his wig was his hat
And: – on the top of his wig was his hat

Rose fair than any mortal thing,
Thou heedest only Heaven, wing
Thou wafted to th' eternal Spring
To waft thee to th' eternal Spring
Till heaven caught for me

Ruth.

Gentle Maiden tell me why
Youth and beauty quickly fly
And soonest fade and earliest die
The fairest flowers.

Why every Rose conceals a thorn
And many a sunny summer morn
That promised fairly at its dawn
Is closed with Showers,

It is because sad tale to tell,
When man from his high station fell
He plac'd beneath the power of Hell
This world of ours.

But there is yet a world on high
Where nothing mars the flowers or sky
:- They who die there may well defy
Hell and its power.

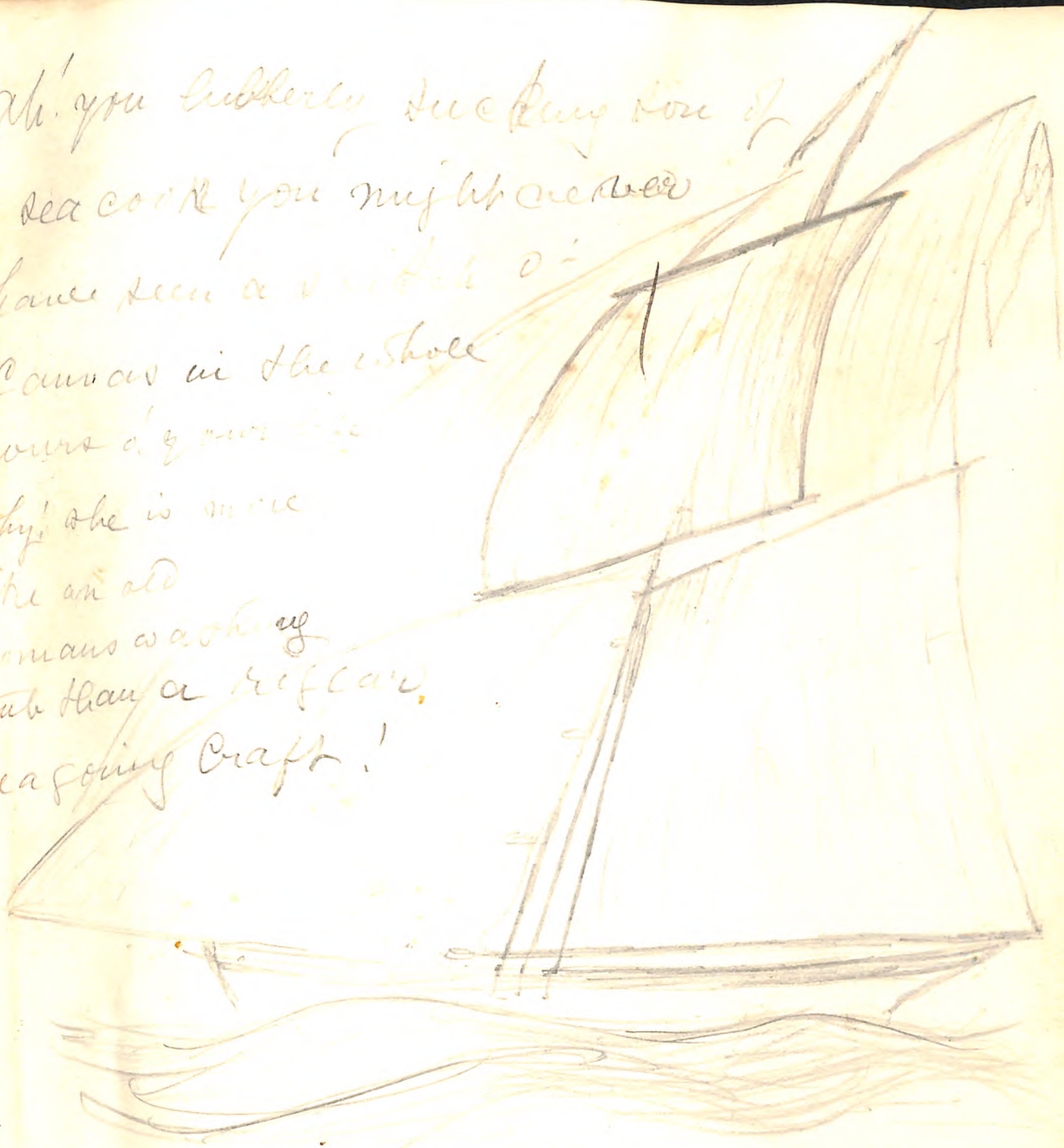
J. M. L.

May 12/50

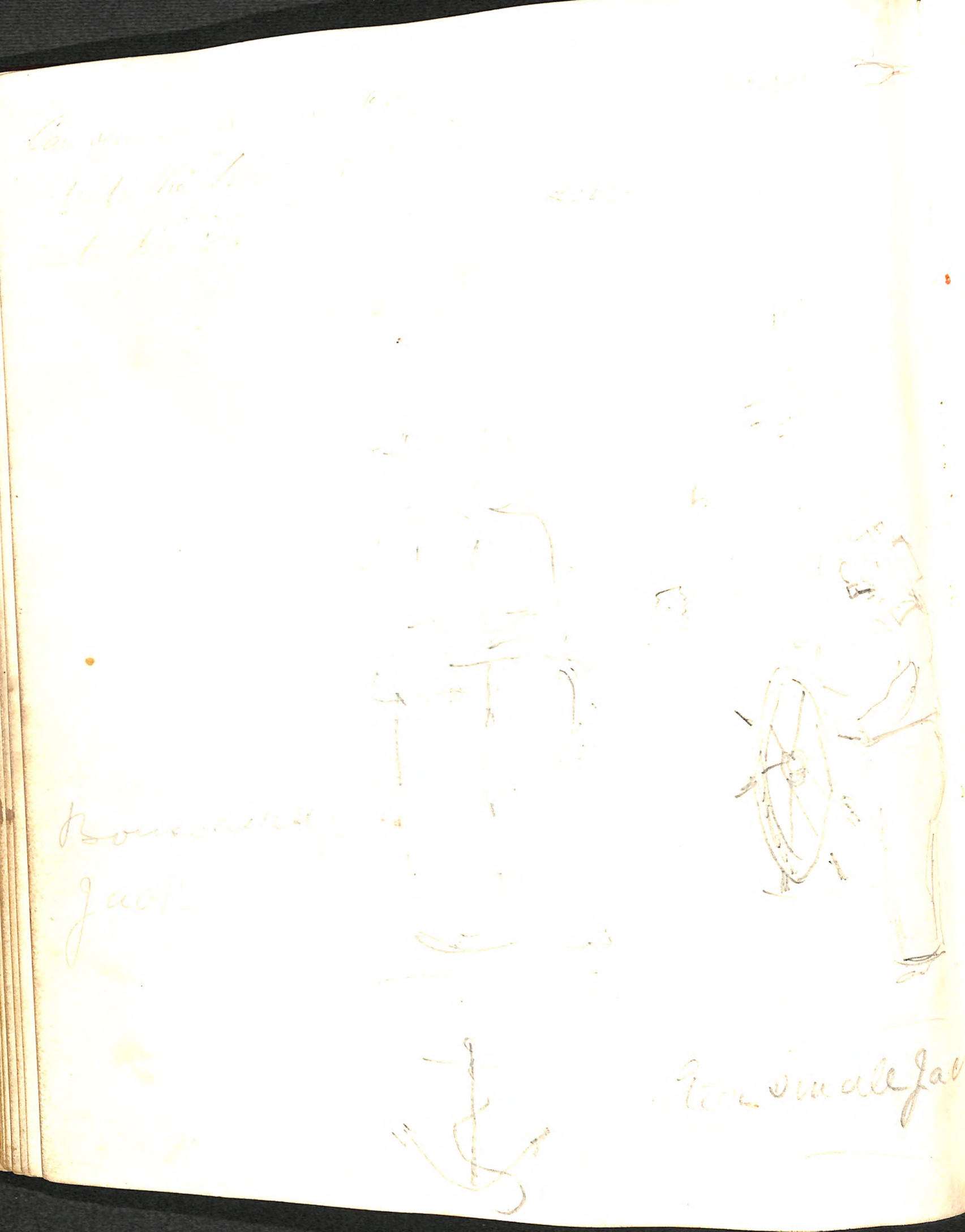
Nurse Gladys

Wrong to be up!!!!!!

Ah! you lubberly duck-tailed son of a sea cook you must have never seen a yacht before. Common in the shell coming down the [illegible] why! she is more like an old woman washing tub than a sea going craft!



The Water-witch bowmen of the Boston regatta. 1856.



Entrance to Ingleboro Cave
+ rock N.N.W.

The Brandy upset -
too good to be lost -

Fécondité - Fécondité et Génération Particulière -
Je produis de semence angélique -

MDCCCLVI

I love but thee alone
and thou knowest it to
and has done ever since thou
was't cheated

Clean Clapham!

Clapham is a very clean village.

Clean Clapham

Find me one to equal it

W. W. C. 1

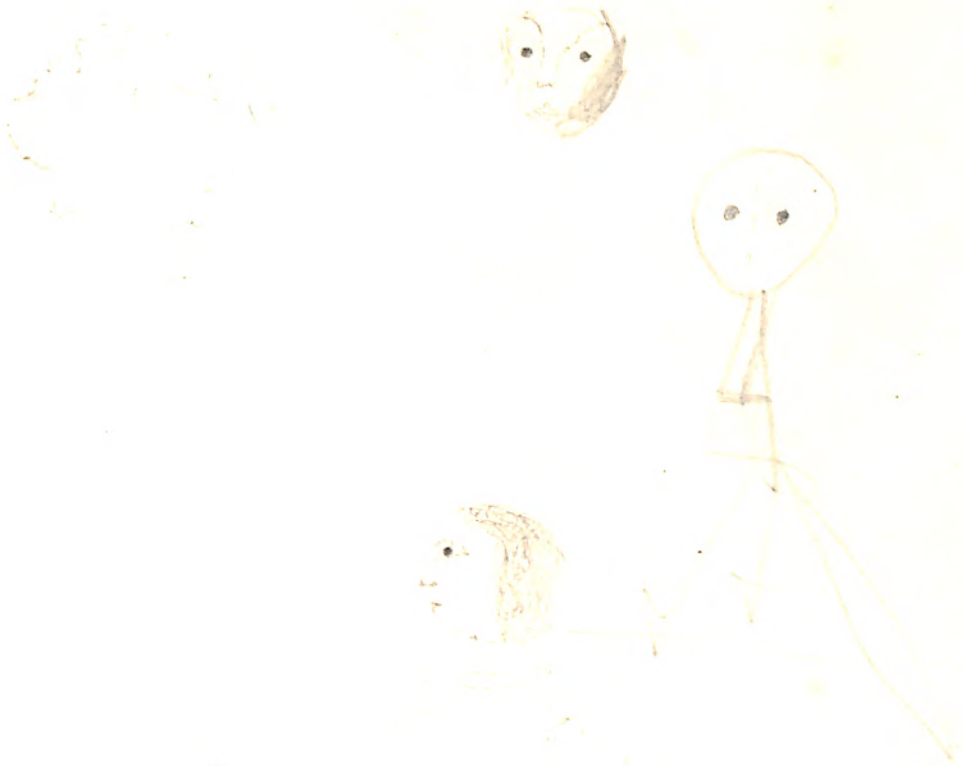
Hark! the dark Clapham

S E.

DRUMIAN CASTLE.

Twas woman was both our blest estate
And by me to be
But since that fatal
And came from
Who from the
I then be
And turned for

Aug 13th 1856 Ellen Hands



Dear as remembered scenes after death,
And deep as first love and wild with regret
O Lips that the touch inspireless cannot forget
Oh lips that the breathe, deep as love.
As death is true. The days that are no more.

Tennyson from the Princess

Lines written in a Commercial
Directory in an Inn.

Ye crowd of living names these leaves display
In half a century will have passed away
Then on the Shelf this volume may be laid
There's no directory needed for the dead
Whatever the references they gave,
Ye last, and long address of all's the Grave
Their orders taken, and their business done
May they meet all travellers, mouth the same
And when the Principals Breast is given
May we all journey the same way to Heaven.

July 27th 1857. J. O.

Evening.

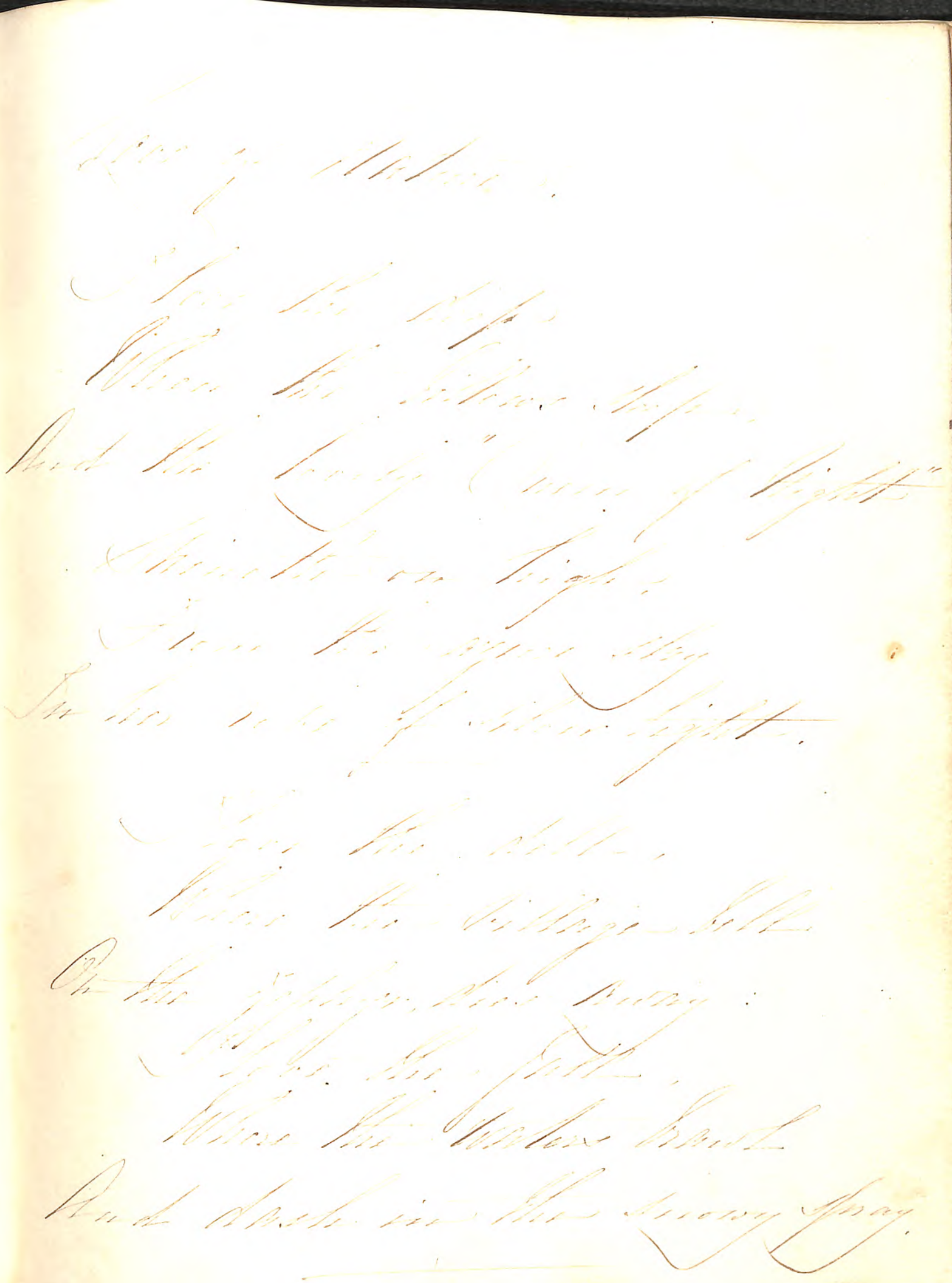
'Twas Eve, the Sun had set
Behind the distant hills,
Each bird its mate had met
On trees beside the rills -

The farming work was done,
The plough was still & silent,
The farmer home had gone,
To his cottage small but clean -

The weary horse had rest
The Kine were in their stalls
Towards the traveller press'd -
Whilst the dew around him falls -

Then in Old England all
Who care to fear God to pray -
Thanks Him before its close,
For the blessings of the day -

L. Z.

Of all the great Inns of which England can boast
Or of all the good Hostels you ever were at
There's none can compare with Round Shoes an host
Or equal in Stable to the convenient Heir Inn

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