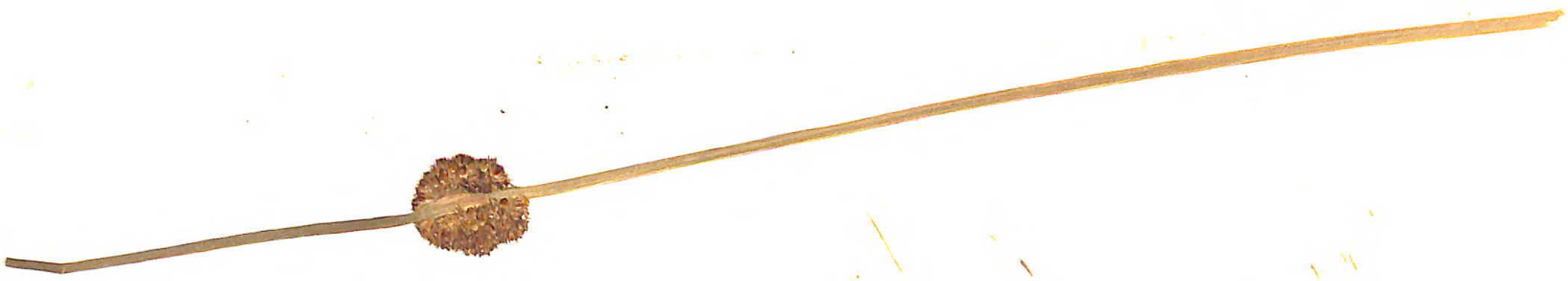

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate
Still achieving still pursuing
Learn to labour, learn to wait

(Longfellow?)

Capt.n the Hon.: C. Dilbery Diddle
Royal Dragoons.

I to breath with nervous ecstasy the sweet of your furious grief
Like a beast with lower pleasures like a beast with lower pain!
Mated with a squalid savage what to me were sun or clime
I the heir of all the ages foremost in the files of time
I who lov'd to hear the little news that hourly fell in one by one
Than that I with the throng should clamor in the Senate-house for fame
Not in vain the distance beckon'd onward onward let us range
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change
Thro the thunder of the falling towers we move in to a brighter day
Better fly with you over the rim in Capt. Paul's balloon

Tennyson.

True love's the gift which God hath given
To man alone beneath the heaven
It is not fantasy's hot fire
Whose wishes soon as granted fly
It liveth not with pride desire
With doubt distrust & jealousy
It is that holy sympathy
That links link that soul to soul
Which heart to heart & mind to mind
In body and in death combind

Scott

Varium et mutabile semper femina.

Come and see Clapham.

Written to Mrs. John Bell, of Lyndet Mill, Fifeshire.

1st There is wonderful sights to be seen at Clapham,
For those who have never been at ~~Clapham~~ "Carry";
'Tis well worth your while
To come two hundred mile,
When spring folds her mantle o'er Clapham.

2d 'Tis a nice compact little town this Clapham,
With trees finely studded all round this Clapham;
And the river glides along
The sweet hawthorns among,
With a soft and a murmuring sound through Clapham.

3d The folks are all tidy, and clean at Clapham;
There's no Mrs. Maclarty's to be seen at Clapham;
Houses inside, and outside
Are whitewashed at whitsuntide;
Till they are like to dazzle the een at Clapham.

4th The old parish Church, well known at Clapham;
Like a kindly old mother looks down o'er Clapham;
And wild flowers are creeping
O'er our forefathers sleeping
Their last sleep, by her side, so sound at Clapham.

5th " The Song of fair Flora, fondly hail at Clapham,
Her race goes on mountain and dale at Clapham;
O'er the hazel shaded steep,
They may walk ankle deep
'Mong blue bells, and "lillies o' the vale" at Clapham.

6th " In eighteen-thirty-seven, a brave "wight" at Clapham,
Brought Inglebrough's cave to light at Clapham;
And tourists far and near
Come flocking every year,
To see the most romantic sight at Clapham.

4th " They are led by Kind Kestor, the guide at Clapham,
Past wild threatening rocks at the side of Clapham;
By romantic cascades
And through sylvan shades,
Where a pack of gore wood's his bride at Clapham.

8th " The hills by earthquakes have been riven at Clapham,
They rear their bold fronts to heaven round Clapham;
And the fine fossil'd stone,
Tell of ages that have gone
Down to the shades of oblivion at Clapham.

9th " Every crag, and bold promontory at Clapham
(Like Sentinels hand and hoary at Clapham)
Have stood thousands of years;
And still each appears
Frowning with majestic glory at Clapham.

10th

I have nearly forgot for to state of Clapham;
And it would be a crime to omit of Clapham;
That the lasses so sweet
Are the handsomest treat;
And the best of all sights you will get at Clapham.

11th

And when you have read these lines through on Clapham;
And wishes to know if its true of Clapham;
Climb on to a jag
Of a steep mountain crag;
And you will get a most excellent view of Clapham.

12th

And when that the gloaming grows dim at Clapham;
And the mountains, and mists, are the same at Clapham;
Draw near to the fires
Of honest Mr. Shiers;
And he'll make you feel quite at home in Clapham.

D. E.

Clapham. Yorkshire.
1857.

An Acrostic.

Written on seeing the funeral of the late Richard Clapham Esq.r.
of Austwick Hall. who died October 20th 1856. aged 69 years.

Resting beneath yon Chesnut tree,
I saw the hearse with nodding plume
Come with sorrowing friends to see
His head laid in the silent tomb,
And when the cold and narrow grave
Received its due, his friends so dear
Drop'd tears of sorrow on his bier.

Called by death so ripe in years
Let not your hearts be filled with pain
Away with grief and dry your tears;
Prepared for death to die is gain.
He was prepared to meet his Lord,
And now with him he sings above
Melodious songs of praise and love.

D. E.

Clapham
Yorkshire
1856.

Fair Page, the Eye that looks on thee,
Ere long must slumber in the dust
And wake no more, until it sees
The resurrection of the Just;
May He to whom that Eye belongs
Join thee in joyous Love & Song —

Anne Pulham

May 16th 1837)

Ferns found near Clapham: Sept. 19. 1856.

Aspidium Filix Mas
" Filix Femina
" Dilatatum
" Lobatum
" Oreopteris

Polypodium Vulgare
" Dryopteris
" Phegopteris
" Calcareum [at Trowgill]

Asplenium Ruta Muraria
" Trichomanes
" Viride ..... [at Sapling Gill hole:]
" ×Ebenoides
Cystopteris ×Regia
" Fragilis
" Dentata.

Pteris Aquilina
Cryptogramma Crispa.
Blechnum Boreale.
Scolopendrium Vulgare.

× Mr Hereford is mistaken.
I & Mr Mansfield
not found these but always
in older Rocks and at
great elevations
(1) Mr Mansfield Teesdale,

Brooke Hereford
Sheffield

I have built thee alone
and thou knowest it to
and hast done evil in thine
mine created

For we are all jolly good fellows &c

A noun there is of plural number
for to rest and peace full slumber
Now any wood that you may take
By adding S you plural make
But if you add an S to thes
Strange is the meta morphoses
Plural is plural & then no more
And sweet what better was before

When busy cares away thoughts Encroach or
Your sweet careless would them destroy
Coming

1856