W. Napoleon

On that lone Mason's Isle when the long-simmered cloud a few rocks and the solid thoughtful line. The herds the bull rolling with the dew-dropping notion. Dike and moored swans and a hooded goose. The thunder and roll and the cannon, the battle. The head not the head not, it's the farm of the sheep that last. Sleep he that forget the last sleep. No sound can awaken Napoleon again.

On the head of the mighty when more are the brave that called but to conquer and hast not then, But they have finished in face childly, regal and tall but the fame of them triumphant on. The thunder may roll and the war, but no matter. They need not they know not they are freed from the sea. Sleep their last sleep. The hour light. Their songs can awake those sunk once again.

Yet I part jumet at the tomb cannot rest the clay like the stone corn. England that forth to the thorn strongest from the bondage and hand hand to wish bore of me in this in all the land. The grove on thy tree and there deep or to pay them at keeping the last sleep these past tonight. No sound can awaken Napoleon again.

Edward Adair

The eagle flies his wings in the crystal. Owing to beautifying and strengthening them for hiseward flight. To should the given go to the fountain of literature and science. To advance and strengthen their minds. What may be qualified to rise to a sphere of usefulness in the world.
Friend Friend now hear how my dear
For friends bold and near
Is,application for you and
Amends of untried fortune avoid.
What else our earth is gain
What more desirable in heaven
To God our Saviorvide below
And see our joy to heaven.

Our best friend may our friendship endure
Till when joys and pleasures are gone
Our hearts ever unbound and
Or the nearest heaven of love.

Our affection will extend
Where time shall have from a end
Our last love then I know
With constant affection.

Edward Adams

West at the James of the breaking down.

W. J. Hill, Chichester County

Parnell, Bird Friend

CB, Pawnee

May Murray being one thousand.

May Murray being one thousand.
Now set to me it is to thank
And muse upon the past
And know that you and I are friends
While memory doth last.

Edward Adan

America, Indiana

Upward America Aman of honor

An honest Man is the noblest
The King of God

Worthy it is great to man end
A loan to Society wrong

The Sun had set in the western horizon
The stars had ceased their song of love
But they came to their resting place to rest in peace
As I sit and begin to muse for they are engendered by the breath of
Earth to breathe on

Some few thoughts.
Yet this is not the case with man.

In man, at least, the face from 010 he is a blend of grace and want of grace; of love and the setting of pounds. In my old age I recall the care of bath and bed.

No evil mistake suited to the mind that I may not trust. Even the silent house of the Midway, and from self,

May the Morning. Dream then what are you? It is my dream to be the one for earth and moon.

And knowing the time, the hour, how God in the remembrance of man when he brake his yoke and once bridled contract, and at the setting of the Sun, saw and considered the deep sorrow

of the heart, that man they might dwell committed me one that day for that can the recreation I was once anything; thus to take the setting Sun that I might go to the land of rest and dwell in the land promised of peace.

I must learn for my hand to vary.

And the dark, shades of evening is just mentioning the Earth in darkness.

To read, and rest for the joy.

When my soul is moment come, when I think to my own of

And soul; and pitch, christ of

The Tranquil. I am on earth; I now

To read, and rest for the joy.

And soul; and pitch, christ of

The Tranquil. I am on earth; I now

To read, and rest for the joy.

And soul; and pitch, christ of

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