

Burn 210 H. Burns says "Sayer"

For gold the merchant plows the main,
The farmer plows the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth is honor;
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

Milton's Comus 381 - Line

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun:
Himself is his own dungeon.

Independence Oct 27 1864. Mr Beecher after
describing the powers of the government as he sufficient
to give us Liberty & Equity and abolish slavery, said
no miser's gold, no poet's wreath, no orator's
garland, no treasure of any kind is to be thought of,
in comparison with the endless felicity of sending
the country down to our posterity clean to its
roots of slavery.

Winter Tale Oct 4

I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow,
That's blown by the northern blasts twice o'er

To Mr Hodgson from Lord Byron 2. 16 R12
Where he death sets his seal, the impression
can neither be melted nor broken but
endureth forever. Achilles - was invulnerable
in every part except his right heel - (see B. & S. 100)

Arthur Bonnicastle Chopt 21 are these words;

"To know how to win money, and at the same time to know
how to use it when poor, is the prerogative of the highest
style of practical financial wisdom."

Turkish Proverbs - Scribner Oct 1873 - H. 693-4 - good - done
Normandy Picturesque - Scribner Aug 1873 - H. 400 -

Read anything continuously say Dr Johnson and you
will be learned, the odd minutes which we are inclined to
waste, if carefully availed of for instruction, will in the long
run, make golden hours and golden days that we shall be ever
thankful for.

How Stanley found Livingstone - Scribner Jan 1873 - H. 298
In and around Bangkok - Scribner Feb 1873 - H. 421 -

Description of Massachusetts

Rough, bleak and cold, our little State
Is scant of soil, of limit strait,
Her yellow sands are sands alone
Her only mines are ice & stones

But on the rock and on the sand
And stormy hills the schoolhouse stands,
And what the rugged soil denies
The harvest of the mind supplies.

For well she keeps her ancient stake
The stubborn strength of Plymouth Rock,
And still maintains with milder laws,
The inner light, the good old cause

Robert C. Winthrop delivered the address on the
occasion of the unveiling of the Statue of Col. Prescott on
Bunker's Hill 17th June 1854 at Fairmount
I think 823 22