Venus, and Cupid. By John Dryden.

Translation from Virgil, Eclips D Largo.

— But Cypriana resolves in her breast new
tricks and new counsels, that Cupid, changing
his form and his countenance, shall come in the
room of Venus sweet, and inflame with gift
the loving queen, and enjoy the flame in her
very heart. For she fears the ambiguous air, and
the deceitful Ignorance. She could burn dismisse her
and her core return thriugh the night. Therefore
as with these words, she addresses the enraged love:

Oven, my strength, and my mighty power, Oven
as the above disclose the arms of supreme love to
and Daphne. Is you this for succor, or a whip
that I withhold you? It is known to you
that your brother Eneas is driven by the devious
all powers, by the hatred of the cruel love, and
often have you dyed with them with our suffering.

Then the Thracian Dido obtains a name with one
with an hissing words not so terrible, and further
the may change her opinion towards your request.

I shall not rest in this crisis of the affair. Whereas
I meditate to take the queen of traces, first and
to surround her with the flames of love. The can
change yourself from the appearance of a god, that
with one whom may be little with a great love. Even
that you may be able to do, that amongst these
remind the royal youth. The is the greatest care you
himself to go by the command of his loving father to
the Pyrenean city, carrying the gift saved from
the waves one and the flames of Troy. I will
have been hanged in these in the second season
and gathered, or within the habitation proves
how, when one be able to discover the foundry
over what one am no longer than as one my

1671, 1672.
I recollect an anecdote, that may serve as a text in pursuance of this inquiry; as certain gentlemen, having approached his neighbour's house, in his inclosure, pulled them in front, and meeting the owner, after apprized him of it, added for the next offense, it does so again. Neighbor replied the other colony, the other night, I found your creatures in my cornfield, drove them quietly into your furniture, and should occasion offer, I'll do so again. The man answered the horse and part the fire—
How glorious is the setting sun
Then as its daily race is run
It sinks beneath the west
Magnificently, it falls away
From the broad circle of the day
Content to let rest.

So is a Christian here on earth
Far from his native shores of birth!
The wonders, for all unknown
While frequent clouds obscure his sight
He longs to see the last glad light
That ushers in the dawn.

Then from the shatterning stroke of the Almighty
While Heaven and earth stood trembling at his
Hand now thy toil,

Monmouth March 15th 1822
Lyonia May 10 Friday evening

My dear son,

I can't feel willing to have once opportunity reap without writing a few lines to you. Your last letter gave me unspeakable satisfaction. But I have had so many changing scenes to pass through. I always rejoice with trembling. I fear much for your health lest you apply yourself too closely to your studies and impair your constitution. But I hope God will direct you to improve all your time and talents for his own glory and your best good. You must not think my dear child your mother wishes to meet your hoppings when she beseeches you and pleads with you to make God your friend to be reconciled to God to make Christ your refuge and hiding place for in him there only is safety and in him all fulness dwells. The world with its honors and rewards are fading away
with great satisfaction. Eternity opens to our view with all its consequences, and happy will it be for them and them only which have built their house upon the rock: all the other distinctions confound an mortal. Honors, riches or learning will vanish into air, and they will be found truly wise who they only aim at that we all may be found in proportion of that wisdom is I hope the ardent and constant prayer of your affectionate Mother. Betsey Lovejoy

[Signature]

[Handwritten notes and corrections]
I had written considerably before I observed a writing on this paper and my time was short. And I thought no one would see it but yourself. I would let it go Elizabeth and John sends a great deal of love to Paris.Elishah talks of wanting to the small and her own love—I was up to Unity last week your father preached more last Sabbath, and was wonderfully favoured considering his depressed state of mind. Our friend and all in tolerable health. Your grand-mère enquired after Paris very affectionately. Your aunt asks wished me to enquire of you when I wrote what prospect is others that would have at Monmouth and his bound tuition and so forth would be do write Paris how long before you are coming home with your calculations what your prospects.