Watersville, October 3, 1825

Dear Father,

Although I had but just

got clearly settled down to my studies and not

must to say, yet I cannot let this opportuni-
ty of sending home, which now presents

itself pass neglected. I arrived safe at W. and

found the boys well and we all continue to be so.

My spirits went very low when I left home;

every thing appeared gloomy; mountains

melted to mountains; rock but now ever

mountains are plains, for which I

ought to be thankful. Daily experience

affords additional force of the believing

that the hearts and thoughts of all men are

under the direction of an overruling Prov-

erance; and that they are turned as the river

of water are turned. I observed with sorrow

and deep anxiety that your health was not

on the decline but cannot expect any

not worse from us. But however the my-

he I warn devious of hearing. "He that roll-
etto a stone it shall fall upon him", is a

truth. I have every reason to believe I have

experienced. I have not paid that attention

to my fantasy in the time of his distress that
and I have suffered for it and by that too have suffered like dividing the joints and marrow. May I give good heed to the admonitory affliction lest a worse thing come upon me. But after all I will endeavor with one that knows to conform that which is good and sound.

I have been exercised by what are demonized the blue, to a degree that almost seized soul and body, and the only way I found to get rid of them was to turn around and return. The mind of everything, keeping it down as an arrow shot 99 times in a hundred by pulling compunction in any one in time of adversity is like throwing to a rotten tooth or a foot out of joint. There is no flesh in man. Neither at heart he does not feel for sorrow, even every brother with utter nil plenitude and they neighbor will walk with blindness. But one I should not have a friend that she and clos

I can only make a few miscellaneous remarks.
We are all three housing ourselves the most comfortably and healthily. I roomed with one, I forgot his name, and went in to the house I report to go home in the course of a week or so, but I don't know if it will be. I will not send him to New York. I will have it all ready when it will be and then send it round to you. I hope you have any good letters to tell me about. I will take the opportunity perhaps that Mrs. Harris or Mrs. Perry, or Mrs. Crawford can convey to you that I have not been able to find a job. I have written to you, and expect an answer so that we can inform you when I receive it. I am in great haste.

Your affectionate,

[Signature]

[Signature]
Daniel Loughey at the Cheese Inn.

1825. 5% interest due. I find myself.

1. To visit sister. 50
2. To visit sister. 2
3. To visit sister. 50
4. To visit sister. 93
5. To visit sister. 300
6. To visit sister. 30
7. To visit sister. 93
8. To visit sister. 93
9. To visit sister. 300
10. To visit sister. 30
11. To visit sister. 93
12. To visit sister. 300

Total of Daniel Loughey to: $12.5
Due of Daniel to: $84.5
Due of Daniel to me: $50

Received of the Cheese Inn.

9/3/8

[Signature]
Imagination

In all the powers by man must
Eternal wisdom stand confest.
Reason to guide his doubtful way
And guard the passions lest they go.
While memory lingers on the past
And providence views the future cost.
Yet one alone of all the rest
Speaks living transport to the breast.
This far beyond the reach of sense
And beyond the soul too whence it come.
Disdain earthly passions narrow store
Doors far beyond our sight for more
Or mingling in the effulgent Ray
Rejoins at the dawning of day.

Imagination, darling theme
Where fancy points or poet dream
O come, and mingle in those toys
That claim thy power, and about thy
Whose never yet has fancy caught
On silken wings transport thee that
And cheat the soul withRouting ideal
Still reason claim the Whole soul
Where other seas in glory beam
And Polar mooms still softer gleam
Where other circling planets turn
And sparkling stars that ceaseless turn
Here throned before the eth enchanting eye
Tinged with thy own utopian dye
Thy new bound wonder withly gay
And dressed in fanciful array
Tis thousand rainbows tinge the cloud.
And glitter o'er the leafy woods
Then's soft roses throw the gale
Blow breath in every rising gale.
Thro' flowery mead the streams shall
And murmur music as they go.
Thro' all the deep enchanted groves
Angels shall whisper heavenly love.
Praise from its God the blest abide
No fears alarm, no cares corrode.
These all created God shall be
And the next step is Deity
Deserting, tread your milky way
Where rays profuse obscure the day
O'er yonder comet whisk thy flight
Where chaos confuses in night
Or move in every starry sphere
That circles the revolving year
Now hovering over terrestrial things
Call beauties forth transcendent
O'er the whole globe direct thine eye
And dark oblivion's black defy
I see the garden Adam trod
I hear him talking with his God
I see the trust the woman sat
And ruined thus her blissful state
Upon the flood I see the ark
The world afloat in one boat
While round it roars the Ocean's sound
And however fierce it smouldering
There ruffles blow the painted wave
Now Israel's gone, then Pharaoh's gone
Ah! stop — look — wonder is my song
Piered with the ruthless soldier's gun
Oh! see him sitting on him still
And Levan's bright stars jeep mockingly
Again he rises from the total war
And anger about the conqueror

When war history leads the way
Imagination loves to play
We read, we see the whole
And experience onemoment roll
Antiquity revives anew
In all its bliss without its root
But sweetness joys those there she gives
Over every frost delight she lives
Then youthful scenes of bliss are
And friends we loved one now no
When hope has laid its bonnet low
And tears unbidden cascade slow
How oft to soothe the drooping heart
Loney exerts its magic art.

We tread the path to memory dear
Where friendship shed the partie terrors
Or live again those blissful hours
We profied in pleasure's youthful hours.

When love paternal, wants supplied
Pleased to indulge our skilled to guide
Their life was hope and care were light
And every scene with joy bejought.

Oh who could bear life's bitter woes
When fortune frowners and all are
When former scenes to dearer love.
And former scenes are all removed.

Did not the power so kindly
The richest gift to move from heaven
In darkest hours, create anew
Those blissful scenes in all their bloom.
Till present griefs are hushed to rest
And raptured infant in the breast
The drooping heart its cares resign
And Hope again in visions smile.
Dear Sir,

Although in my nature
expels that the
finish the
I can but think it would be confro-
ned to let slip this opportunity, without
sending a brotherly salve: For this part are
the rewards of any friend,” and being aimed
by the tie, of nature that I am sure you
will endure to have them; that I from
I was about to resolve: Dear Sir,

“God with the livings of your conductible
earn all manner things to your dis-
biting; quite off out of consideration
a habit of determination and a
sweep of perseverance and leave Ennis

to the mine, to the conditi

A firm to another object. How can you
be satisfied with such easily acquired
—? Oh the embarrass of human nature!

Pronov, Feb. 11, 1843
Why is it true you love, I do you on the
touch of a hare that would be worth
coaching that would be worth the entire
fame of all the bonds in America But however, if you really
Love I won't be your means that
if you even hint and live a under and
the first adyloses that blow and dont
strike. I beg you till you come
into clear bottom, I shall not
complain upon clear.

I have now somewhat surmised that
you have most written something who
This has been here. It certainly could
have looked you long if you could
in part as I do, but I think if you cant
write little it won't do me any good
over here. I want your to send some
volumes to the following bonds in Aedas
Chiaromendic via the 89th 120th 60th
and 30th.
I am in a very pleasant school and the hardest thing I have to do is to keep the dignity of Master, it is no different from Daniel, but there is many times 'tis very horrible. I live about 30, containing them some almost as far as Milton's Eve. How can I but look melancholy or such? if you can again not my brother. I wonder how I can stand when I see them, oh its like drawing a crumbly tooth with a pecking.

Come not one or two as small and remember I have understood "thy goods." Remember my words and so farewell, says your affectionate Brother.

[Signature]
How oft in shadow, glory drest
The sun descends beneath the west
Flaw oft in dreams, in visioned glee
What proves a sad reality

In youth when every care is light
And youth's life's gay view with joy bedight
Long her softest wings expands
And pleasures love with open hands
Hope lights in sunbeam in the eye
The heart thrones light, the pulse beats high

Pan of Apeleon struck the sword
His father dashes in victory's sun
All France crime with its rightful law
The heart of conquest proudly vow
Flow calm blood like the theme of tranquility
While weakness sits on glory's throne
While genius bends to unwilling knee
Beneath an iron tyrant's frown?

Tell not that throne to me where they
Our mighty kings looked proudly down
Durst than remember when they sit
With conquering arms Europe true
Then emperors thought to meet his iron
And nations trembled at his word
And can not those think where now he lies
Beneath the unclouded desert stone
And not thy indignation rise—
Then thou art not of Apeleon
Rise then! Oh! rise, my lion heart
No longer keep the ignobles the line to the throne that now doth call
Here is an hour when fiddling's done.

Comes neither on the soul a strain

When all that nature may to know

Beats high on mockery's side.

Unto sublimer

Soothing deathly grief as they're laid

Forgotten—no, they cannot be

Yet slowly note on their heads

In wanton, coward mockery

Yet think not valour with them flee

In many a fret it still bides free

As oft they think of the mighty deal

And breathe their ordent sight to

Or quench not there this fainting flame

But rather claren it on high

Still victory over them memore gleam

Till quivering shoots ascend the sky

Freedom has roved her loneworn

They notice some they lovely fancy

They mayest vouchsafe them yet one more

And Gallic rose from sober's trance

See how the barbarous north proceeds

To wield the sword of destiny

And slavery on her motives flows

With death to all that would be free

Rise then theWhile youth one vigorous force

Rise ere the sun be blared

See it they glory their they birth

To re-extend a crumbling world
Which placed thy father at its head

To what they swore upon his tomb

Invoke thy father's mighty shade

For not for destiny will come

And wait on thy avenging blade

There are the sea thy father led

Upon Haroon's awful plains

Where they who eat at God's table

To break a tyrant's golden chain
Tempting the ever lingering
Glimmer of the summer sea
Brilliant in varying colours are
Nature's delight in joyous song
White as Lotos's dying beam
The tidings upon the dairy breeze
And Wolfs are the oft will seem
To gaze upon the leafy trees

Is thy charming form
That bewails upon the desert right
In splendour of nature and city own
Bare that thou are in Beauty's right

Is not the eye that was bright
A morsel in evening's want
Is not the hair soft, close and light
The very green grass will love and stay

Is not the life of thy vermilion
The blushing of the opened ear
Is not the colour so finely flowing
Across the cheek with thy face

Is not there in more than these
Is something else cannot define
That nature puts upon our right to please
— In what — all is thine

I could tell a tale
That example might be any brief
That might make the tender-leafed grow no more
Of the beheld it is the belief