

Lines Written on a May Evening,
Of all the sweet places of public resort,
At lakes at Falls at springs or at courts,
There's none like sweet Dartmouth of which I can boast,
So charming its sand, and so healthful its coast;
The fine gentle zephyrs which come from the sea,
Blow all our disorders completely away.

Chorus.

And may'st thou Dartmouth's land,
Passes a spot by nature planned
They hopes to realize;
For pasture fit and growing grain,
So gently undulating plain,
So what thou wouldst most prize

It's a neat little village upon the sea-coast,
For its healthy fair soils it surely can boast.
For meadows, and beauty, and fine healthy gales,
It has not its equal in all America.

Mary, I Believed Thee True.
Mary I believed thee true,
And I was blissed in thus believing,
But now I mourn that ever I knew
A girl so fair, and so deceiving,
How have ever loved like me,
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely,
And few have ever deceived like thee,
What! deceived me too severely, Fare thee well.

Fare thee well, yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee:
Fare thee well, I'll think of thee,
Thou leavest me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman, see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken. Fare thee well

Through no pledge of fond affection
Yet show art the thoughts of me
With whom my soul will hold communion
In its earthly race be run

I ask good sense, a taste refined,
Communion with goodness blended;
A feeling heart a virtuous mind
With charity attended

List of Letters from J. W. W.
To Hope Ann Sanford 1 Copy Under 1844
" J. R. Leland 1 " "
" Edward P. Tchen 1 " "
" Lloyd A. Pierce 1 " "
1845
1 to Hope Ann Sanford from Faye Blais July 7th
1 to Lloyd A. Pierce March 10 by George