Items.

"Monomaniacal tendencies to cut Somebody's throat"

Incubations

High Sounding "Exordium"

Nattemly and shipshod attire

I sat alone in the bow and fell into a musing fit upon the past and the future — How happily for us is it ordained that, in the most stirring existences, there are every here and there such little resting-spots of reflection from which, as from some eminence, we look back upon the road we have been treading in life, and cast a wistful glance at the dark vista before us — When ~~xxx~~ first we set out upon our worldly pilgrimage, there are indeed precious moments, when, with buoyant heart and spirit high, believing all things, trusting all things, our very youth comes back to us, reflected from every object we meet; — As we go on in life, the cares, the anxieties, and the business of the world engross more and more; and such moments become fewer and shorter. — Many a bright dream has been dissolved, and many a fair vision replaced by some dark reality; slighted hopes, false friendships, have gradually worn callous the heart once alive to every gentle feeling; and time begins to tell upon us. — These moments, too, are scarcely more pleasurable than they are salutary to us. Disengaged for the time of every worldly anxiety, we pass in review before our own selves, and, in the solitude of our own hearts are we judged. That still, small voice of conscience, unheard and unheeded amid the din and bustle of life, speaks audibly to us now; and while chastened on one side by regrets, we are sustained on the other by some approving thought, and, with many a sorrow for the past — and many a promise for the future, we begin to feel "how good it is for us to be here"

"Thou my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;
The dove of peace and promise to ~~my~~ mine ark!
Or, since that hope denies in winds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray!" Bride of Abydos

"You are my true and honourable wife Idem.
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart — Brutus. — Brutus — Miller

There is a tide in the affairs of men, Julius Cæsar
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted all the voyages of their life
Is bound in shallows and miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures — Brutus. —

"In the hour
Of man's adversity, all things grow daring
Against the falling; but as I am not
Quite fallen, we now disposed to bear reproaches,
Perhaps because I merit them too often,
Let us part while we are still between us — Sardanapalus. —

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them — ibid Myrrha

My best! my last friends!
Let's not unman each other — part at once:
All farewells should be sudden, when forever,
Else they make an eternity of ~~moments~~ moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.
Ibid —

Ay! let me like the ocean-patriarch roam,
Or only know on land the Tartar's home!
My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
Are more than cities and serais to me:
Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
Across the desert, or before the gale,
Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow!
But be thou still that guides the wanderer, thou!

(for conclusion see opposite commencing "Thou my Zuleika