

To meet Miss Dean^{and} Miss Bartlett
Highland Hall
Six-thirty

Pillow Day



On Education

of all the blessings which it has pleased providence to allow us
to cultivate there is not one which breaths a purer fragrance
or bears a more heavenly aspect than education. It is a companion
which no fortune can depress — no climate destroy — no enemy
alienate — no despotism enslave — at home a friend — abroad
an introduction — in solitude a solace — in society an ornament
— it chastens vice — it guides virtue — it gives at once a fragrant
and government to genius: Without it what is man? a splended
slave! a reasoning savage! vacillating between the dignaty of an
intelligence derived from god, and the degradations of passions
participates with brutes, in the accident of there alternate
ascending, shuddering at the terror of an hereafter or hugging
the horrid hope of annihilation.

Philips

MS. A. 1812

Vain world adieu thy stormy scenes I leave
And seek the peaceful stumbers of the grave
I Adieu my friends who once possessed my heart
Dispell thy grief, tis jesus bids us part

There is a sigh that speaks regret
yet seems scarce conscious of its pain
It tells of bliss remembered yet
Of bliss that never must wake again

There is a sigh that is deeply breathed
It speaks the bosoms secret woe
It says the flower that love had wreathed
Is withered never again to blow

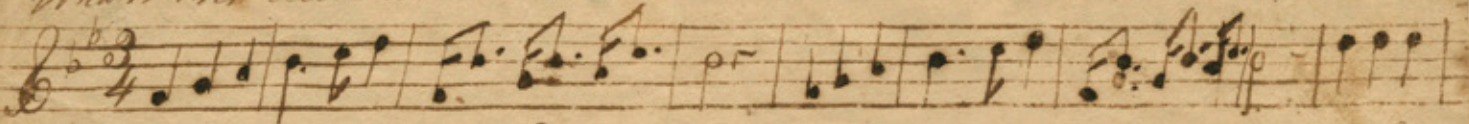
Dedicated to the memory of Warren Lane

The improvement of the mind is joined and ~~connected~~
~~rather~~ interwoven with all other attainments,
it is the foundation of the arts and sciences, and
however remote the connection may appear, yet
it is the most rational source of solid enjoy-
ment. Philosophers have indeed endeavoured
all to persuade us that we might overcome
misfortunes by connecting them with the pleas-
ures of the mind. Every one present have consider-
ed and have no doubt experienced, that of all
the blessings we enjoy there is none finer, or bears
a more heavenly respect than the cultivation of
the intellectual faculties. It enlarges the sphere of
our thoughts, guides our judgments, destroys vice
and adds dignity to virtue, it governs and directs
our passions and gives a grace to all our ideas. With-
out improvement in this respect what is man
He is but a reasoning savage! And tho' his form
be the image of omnipotence, ^{deprived of this} he would ap-
pear but little above the brute. But light up
within him the torch of improvement, and how
glorious is the transition! That mind, which
a little before scarce bore the impression of rea-
son is now capable of contemplating a deity
in all his works and every phenomenon on which
before he would gaze and perplexed his imagination
now vanishes before him. But we are not altogether
dependent upon ourselves for the cultivation of the mind
we are assisted by many ways we may obtain the most ~~useful~~
~~scientific~~ & salutary instruction from conver-
sation and intercourse with society, and perhaps
there is no surer way than by observations upon
nature. Take the road which she points out
and by the directions of those who have preceded
us and we shall seldom err. (It is a well
known path and the foundation of improvement.)
The refinement of taste, the cultivation of our man-
ners, combined with the improvement of the
mind, should employ the greater part of our
time; and the effect of these even connected with
a disagreeable countenance and a deformity
would render one at once delightful to his friends
and pleasing to all around him.

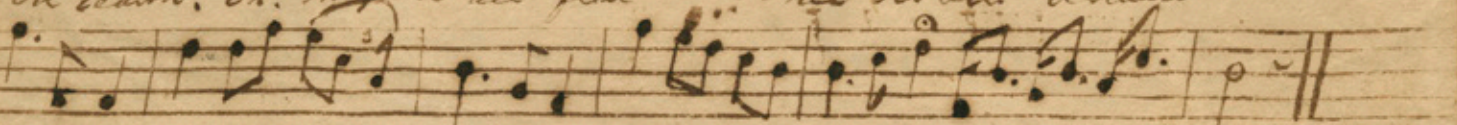
full display of refinement. And though they were social, yet there existed not, that mutual desire to please, which is the characteristic of polished nations. They appear to have been prompted rather ^{by} necessity to inter-mingle with one another than from choice. But as every thing is progressive, mankind by degrees laid aside this formal stiffness, and to assimilate their manners to those of the present day. They no sooner saw the necessity of society than they sought it as a convenience and finally as a pleasure. But it was a long time before such a taste became general in Europe. Many times we see faint dawnings of those delightful manners which had characterized latter ages, but this faint glimmering was obscured by wars and oppressions before it arrived at perfection. The ages of superstition and bigotry under the popes were no obstructive to the advancement of ~~refinement~~ ^{every} other species of improvement. The Poets have in every ^{age} been the cause of a ~~firmament~~ ^{firmament} in taste, and of eradicating habits ~~repugnant~~ ^{repugnant} to society. The subject of the muse appears best calculated to inspire in the mind a desire to cultivate taste, and to polish by its influence the rude and uncultivated manners contracted in the earliest state of society. But perhaps there is no class of writers to which we are more indebted for the present improvement of literature and refinement than the authors of the Spectator, Tatler and other British Classics. Before the commencement of these most valuable works in England there was but a faint ray of taste visible, and science slept in obscurity under the rubbish of ignorance. But roused from their lethargy by these exquisite performances, others attempted the arduous task and a complete revolution succeeded, not only in the field of literature, but also in the habits and customs of that country. Posterity will ^{ever} place these productions in the highest order of merit, as performances calculated both to please and instruct.

Robin Adair

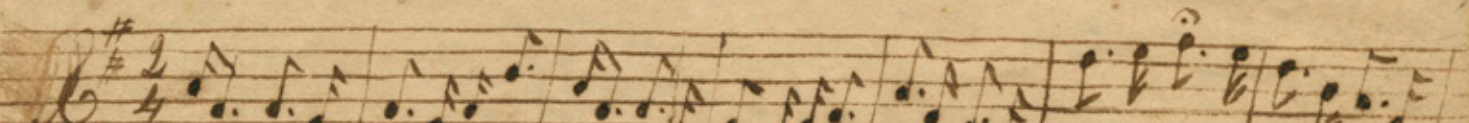
What's this dull town to me? Robins not new? What wast I wish'd to see,



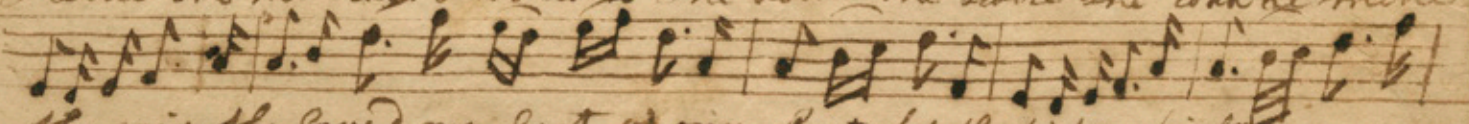
What wast I to hear? Where's all the gay & mirth Made this town a heaven
on earth? Oh! they are all fled with thee Robin Adair



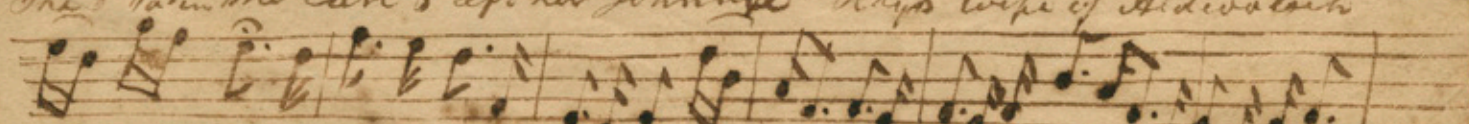
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch



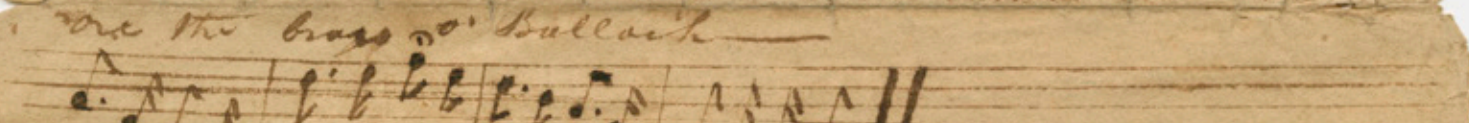
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch Roy's wife of Aldivalloch what she how she cheated me
I come o'er the brae o' Balloch she would she swore she wad be mine



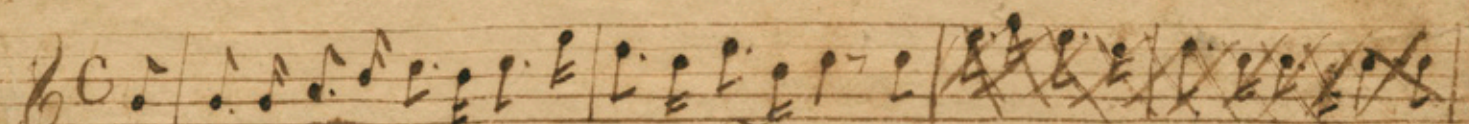
she said she lov'd me best of any But oh! the fickle faithless queen
she turn'd the cart & left her Johnnie Roy's wife of Aldivalloch



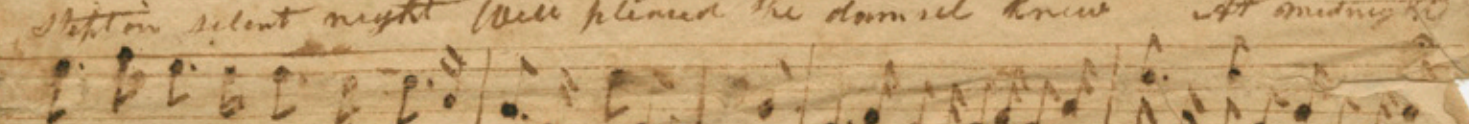
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch what she how she cheated me
o'er the brae o' Balloch



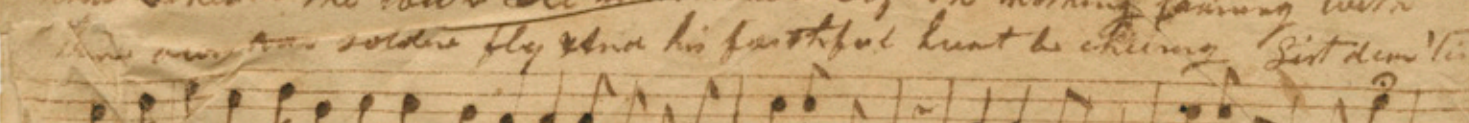
The Soldier's Bride



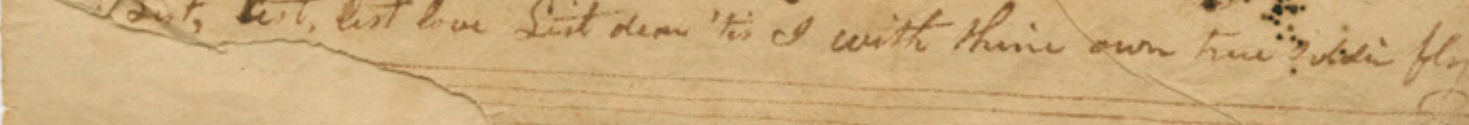
The moon was beaming silver bright The eye no cloud could view Her love
stept on silent night Well pleased the drows'd knew At midnight

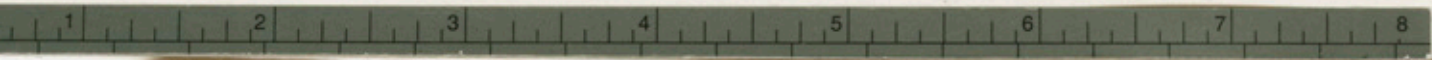


hour Beneath the tower she merrily sang 'oh nothing passing with
mine own true soldier fly thro' his faithful heart be cheering List dear 'tis



List, list, list love List dear 'tis I with thine own true soldier fly



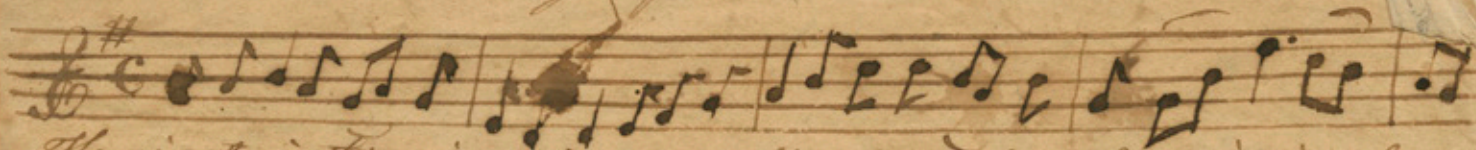


Handwritten musical notation on aged, yellowed paper. The notation is arranged in four systems, each consisting of two staves. The paper is heavily stained and shows signs of significant wear and tear, including a large tear at the bottom right corner. The ink is faded and the paper is discolored, making the notation difficult to read. The notation appears to be a form of musical shorthand or tablature, possibly for a lute or similar stringed instrument, given the use of letters and numbers on the staves. The first system begins with a double bar line. The second system contains a large, dark brown stain in the center. The third system also has a large, dark brown stain in the center. The fourth system is partially obscured by a large tear at the bottom right corner.

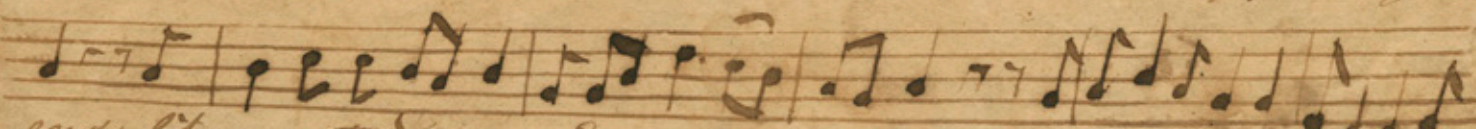
Handwritten musical notation on aged, yellowed paper. The notation is arranged in several horizontal staves, with some staves beginning with a Roman numeral 'II'. The ink is dark and the paper shows signs of wear and discoloration.



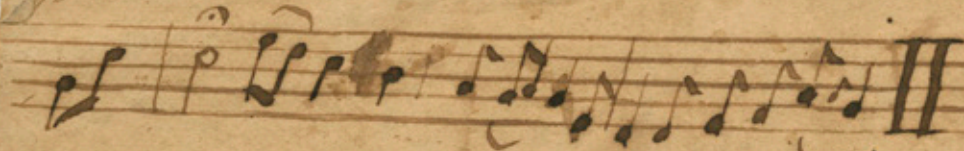
Melody of The Waters



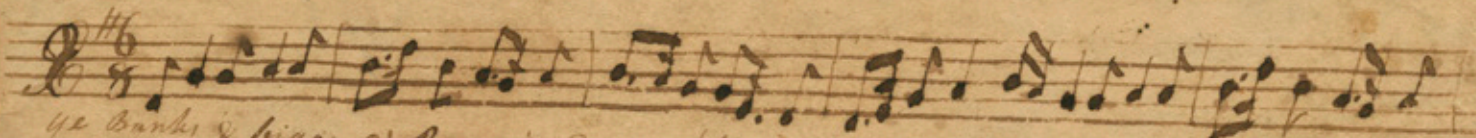
There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet, as the vale in whose
bosom the bright waters meet. Oh! the last ray of feeling



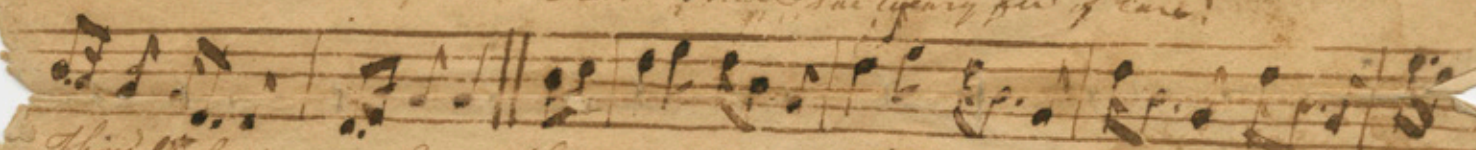
and life must depart ere the bloom of that valley shall fade
from my heart.



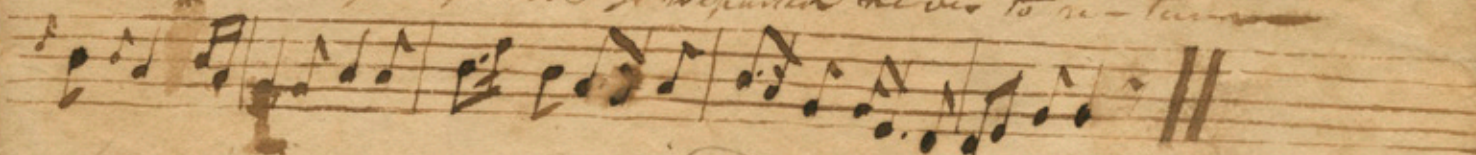
Ye Banks & Braes of Bonnie Doon



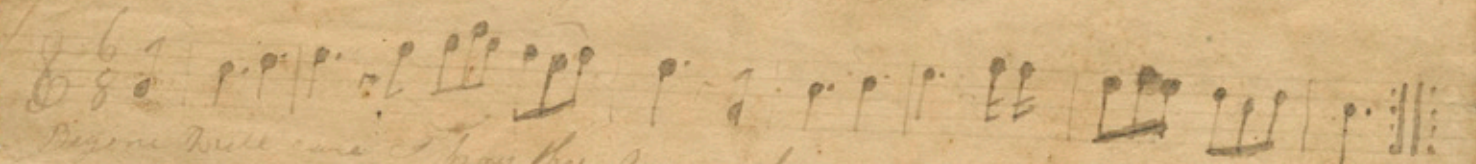
Ye banks & braes o' Bonnie Doon. How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?
How can ye haunt ye little birds, that see ye every fair of care?



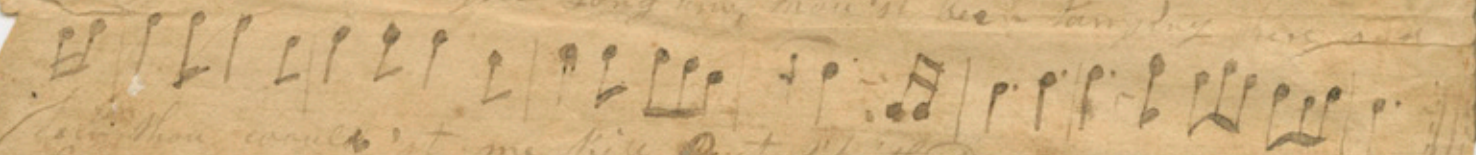
Thou'ldst break my heart thou warbling bird that wanders through the flow'rs
Thou'ldst mend me of the parting days. Departure never to re-turn



Begone Dull Care



Begone Dull Care, may thee begone from me. Begone Dull Care, thou
and I shall never agree. Song time, thou'lt be a tangling here and



there. Thou'ldst me kill out of the Dull care, thou never shall
have thy will.

The wife shall dance & I will ring so merrily with the psalms the
key for I hold it one of the wisest things to be done
away.

Athens, the eye of Greece, the mother of arts & eloquence.

The mind, while contemplating the perfection to which the arts & sciences have arrived, is irresistably carried down the long vista of departed time, when all was in nature's simplicity, when the marble was embodied in the quarry, and literature was shrouded in ignorance. The attention is called to discover the origin, to trace the development of those arts, which are not only useful, but conduce to the ornament and happiness of life. In this inquiry Greece first presents itself to view, as a country, where all the arts and sciences, which were then known, were carried to a degree of perfection, that has not been surpassed even by the present enlightened age. Among the cities of Greece Athens was most illustrious; her inhabitants were remarkable for the native brightness of ~~their~~ genius, and persevering industry in application; for patriotism bordering upon enthusiasm; for a love of virtue, which stooped to ~~no~~ ^{no} considerations of ~~selfish~~ ^{selfish} ~~of~~ their country was their idol, and to it they devoted all their talents, all their thoughts, and when necessary their lives, they were fully sensible that the activity of individuals promoted the general good, and that private virtue increased public honor. Thus situated Athens was looked up to by the other states, as the common pattern and example for all others. (Before the existence of this city there were but faint glimmerings of science,

and all the attempts in the arts were imperfect, but here
the arts and sciences were carried to unexampled splendour.
New discoveries were made, and all their natural
faculties were carried to the greatest extent. To this
city the opulent & learned of every province, clime &
country resorted. Inspired with a noble spirit, she
received the votaries of science within her walls, &
imparted to them the knowledge she possessed. Like the
rising sun, she spread the enlightening beams of science
over every country, dispelled the gloom of ignorance
and superstitious night, darted the brilliant lustre of
genius over every soil, pronounced to man kind, that
they alone possessed the keys of knowledge and of science.
Shall we look through the perspective of her history, and
behold her as she shone in her glory? Shall we view
science, brightening, like the oak from the mine into
all the ~~degrees~~ ^{of} modern perfection? Shall we view
her assembled ^{multitude} people trembling at the voice of
her oracles, or roused to action by the thunders of
Demosthenes? Shall we view the majestic Cato
listening to the simple though ~~not~~ affecting tale of
injured innocence, or pronouncing them a useful
decree upon the offending ^{offender} culprit? Shall we view
the divine Socrates exhorting the people to persevere
in virtue, and to preserve their liberties?— And her
Plato explaining the mysterious labyrinth of philosophy?
— view her in her majesty & splendour, above the reach
of envy and malice, when nations revered ~~and~~
imitated her with submissive zeal.