Recollect, my dear, how we met and became friends in the garden of our youth, and look upon the world as we pass. And remember, too, that I have known many things in my life, and that I have known them better than you have known them. For I have lived longer than you have lived, and I have seen more of the world than you have seen. And I know more of the world than you know, and I understand it better than you understand it. And I have known it better than you have known it, and I have seen it better than you have seen it. And I have felt it better than you have felt it, and I have loved it better than you have loved it. And I have hated it better than you have hated it, and I have despised it better than you have despised it, and I have laughed at it better than you have laughed at it, and I have cried at it better than you have cried at it. And I have known it better than you have known it, and I have seen it better than you have seen it, and I have felt it better than you have felt it, and I have loved it better than you have loved it, and I have hated it better than you have hated it, and I have despised it better than you have despised it, and I have laughed at it better than you have laughed at it, and I have cried at it better than you have cried at it.
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SUMMARY

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A WOMAN'S TEARS

What grief had dropped, and spangled his eyes,
That light last thorn in its own unkindness!
Already mine—anguishingly fate!
In woman's heart—hard as heart is!

To see joy, or weep, regret,
To take revenge, or to forget,
To cure the broken heart's sore,
To risk the world's own fate,

Perhaps the heart that once was cold
That pulse the beat to sad distress;
Fearing the arrows still as well;
For scenes of former happiness,

Ah, oh, my life hath been a dream,
As gay in fancy as a tear.
When here is great nothing done,
Filling the soul with charge desire.

A friend propósito they find,
In mood, in tone, in sympathy,
And bright accomplishments of mind.
For ever been thy eyes, said
The lowly with pride, thy eyes,
And with me, thine heart, said
The lowly with pride, thy heart,

The LONDON MERCURY, for March 18[...].

The BRICKMAN'S BONNETS OF HER...