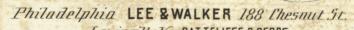
To Miss Ellen Iones







Of the litt has ship it all printed at the conference fed 8681 as any love of the last the la

Crap So.



Of the stars have we often inquired

If the spirits were there

Of the forms that were once admired

Were still beauteous and fair.

Then tell us &c

3

We have called then in lonely hours

In the silence of night:
But they speak not from blissful bowers
In the regions of light.
But tell us &c.

Reed Engr.