ELIZABETH M. ARCHER

E. M. Archer

E. M. Archer

CRITICS.

excuse me, please, I must reach the station in time for the city express. Would you be so kind as to fasten the door in some way?"

Mason stepped aside. "I will try and mend the lock, since it was I who broke it. Pardon me, but did you not come on the night express?"

"Yes," after a pause. "Can I trust you to keep my secret as you found it?"

"Indeed you may."

She smiled, and with a simple "Thank you" turned and glided down the path into the thick shrubbery.

Mason said nothing to Preston of anything he had seen. They cooked their fish in the kitchen, and retraced their footsteps to the farmhouse where they pretended to lodge. The old farmer and his wife gave them a long-winded history of the terrors that haunted the "Old Rutledge House."

Preston was disposed to give some credence to the tale that Old Man Rutledge, who had been murdered ten years before in the old house by his dissolute stepson, haunted the place, in company with the ghost of his penitent wife.

The story said that the woman had plotted with her son in the murder of her husband who was the father of her younger son—a noble man, who was less beloved than his elder half-brother. She was credited with the double crime of conspiring in the murder and destroying a will in favor of the younger son. On the failure of her own and her son's plot he escaped with his neck to foreign lands, and she became insane, dying in a year or two, without confessing what she had done with the will. Since then her ghost haunted the old place, seeking pardon of the restless spirit of the old man, who was hunting for the will, the farmer said.

"'Twa'n't never found. Wilbur Rutledge, the younger son, never got nothin' out o' the property, an' died a little while ago, leavin' his family in straitened circumstances. Old Man Rutledge's three brothers have been fightin' for ten years, tryin' to get the property, an' it's gone into litigation. Wilbur Rutledge's wife's an invalid, and his daughter's a music teacher in the city—poor thing."

* * * * * *

A few months after returning to business in the city Mason was called abroad, and detained in European countries for a year or more. Shortly after his return home he found himself among the latest arrivals at one of the elaborate parties that wound up the season for the coming summer.

"There is a new sensation in society, Mr. Mason," said his hostess. "She has carried off all the laurels of the past season, and is still winning what sprigs there are left. She is *perfectly* lovely in every respect. I am positive she would move even *your* stony heart. Perhaps you have heard of the Rutledge case?"

Mason started.

"Something," he said. "Has it been settled?"

"Yes, in favor of Lilian and her mother. There was a missing will that came to light quite remarkably. Old Mr. Rutledge's wife, who became insane after conspiring in his murder, was supposed to be dead long ago, but it turned out that she escaped from the asylum years since, and was a secret burden on her younger son, Wilbur Rutledge. He humored her idiotic whims to extremes. She gradually lost all her faculties—sight, hearing and speech, save in inarticulate whispers—and became bedridden. Then the notion seized her to spend the remnant of her days in the old house, where, she said, she had hidden the will, and would find it again at the hour of her death. It was useless to reason with her, and her son at last gratified her desire. Until he died Wilbur Rutledge made secret nightly visits to the old house, carrying the few supplies necessary for the old woman's existence. She was safely locked in one of the rooms, and unattended through the days. Death comes slowly when it is courted. Mr. Rutledge died first, and after that Lilian herself made the nightly trips. Heaven kindly pitied her in her brave devotion to duty, and hastened the end after a few months. She was alone in the desolate place when the old woman died one night, but she had her well-deserved reward. Her grandmother was right—in the hour of death her mind became clear. She wrote, blind though she was, on the slate she had kept always at hand during the years she had lain there, the exact hiding place of the will, for fear death would seal her lips before Lilian came. Lilian found her dying. She took her lantern, and having implicitly obeyed her grandmother's directions, found the will and closed the dying eyelids; returned by the morning train to the city and notified an undertaker and her lawyer; then, overcome by the strain of months and the last terrible ordeal, succumbed to brain fever and came near dying. But she is very much alive now, I assure you. Come; I will leave you with 'Fairy Lilian,' and you will leave your heart with her."

Mason came near saying he had left it with her a year and a half ago. It was beating now like a schoolgirl's underneath his broadcloth evening dress as he crossed the drawing rooms.

Yes, there she sat—his Sleeping Beauty of the

THE BELFORD SCHOLARSHIP.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

The Proprietors of BELFORD'S MAGAZINE have decided to award the Scholarship to the person who will send to this office by August 1st next a list containing the largest number of genuine and verifiable names of Voters in his town or county.

For the $3.50 we will send a year's subscription to BELFORD'S MAGAZINE. This is irrespective of any other Prize the sender may win. No list will be considered unless accompanied by the fee.

The list must be composed of the names of voters at the last State or Congressional Election. **The names must not be copied from any directory or printed list,** but should be made up by an earnest and active house-to-house canvass, after the manner of the census-taker. **No one will refuse his name when he knows what you are working for.**

Opposite each name give full post-office address, and when you can discover the person's politics or what ticket he voted last year, indicate it after his name by a letter, thus: D. for Democrat, R. for Republican, etc. Avoid taking the name of any person whom you know cannot read. We want to use these lists to gain subscribers to BELFORD'S MAGAZINE. **Work with that idea in view.**

The lists must be clearly and legibly written. Each list must be accompanied by the following certification, viz.:

I hereby certify that the accompanying list of names sent in contest for scholarship is in accordance with your rules; that the persons named are voters and reside at the addresses given; that none of these names are copied from directories or other printed sources. If the list is not found as certified, I agree to forfeit all rights to any prize in this contest.

Signed, ...(The sender's full name.)

Post-Office, ...

State, ...

All lists will be examined and verified. If ten per cent of any list is found not genuine or according to the above rules, no prize will be awarded, but the list will be returned to the sender.

The person sending the list containing the largest number of names will receive the **Scholarship.**

The ten persons sending the **next** largest lists will receive a handsome **Odell Typewriter** each.

The ten persons sending the **third** largest lists will receive a handsome **Set of**

BOBOLINK, MALE AND FEMALE.

lace—surrounded by a number of men
d as Mason himself, though, perhaps,
ically endowed and requiring less cloth
thes.

xquisitely dressed in white satin under
f lace, with long-stemmed Jacquemi-
her corsage. Mason thought of the
vers he had seen on the old library

a conceited man, and was wholly
r the recognition she instantly be-
beautiful, blushing face. He pressed
ave him with a silent freemasonry,
ous smile finished the disastrous
egun long before. Half an hour
t to flight all rivals and monopo-
y. Some particulars of her ro-
ce he had from her own lips in a

l, "the little desk in the library
e tea service in the living room
nocturnal luncheons. I have
se quiet hours of undisturbed
t too tired. Sleep would not
ly in grandma's cell, and an
my pretty desk was a soothing
know that we are having the
nd refurnished? My mother
pend the summer there, and
any to try and rid the house
n. Will you come and cook
tchen again? I promise you
k."

"I will come, you may be assured. Some time I will make a confession to you, and you must forgive me."

The confession came late in the summer, when Mason lingered after all the other guests had gone. It came in the little rose-covered porch that skillful carpenters had resuscitated without injuring the vines in the least, and with the radiance of moonlight that made forgiveness an easy matter.

"You have not told me yet that you are sorry," said Lilian, when it was too late to recall her granted pardon. He bent and touched her shining hair with his lips.

"I am *not* sorry," he said, defiantly. "I was never sorry that I saw the world's most famous pictures, when I was abroad. Why should I regret seeing the fairest picture in all the world? What I ask forgiveness for is the sin of omission."

She looked up quickly into his splendid, burning eyes.

"I do not understand."

"You know," he explained, "when the Prince in the fairy tale awakened the Sleeping Beauty from her hundred years' nap he kissed her lips, and she awoke—and loved him. Give me again that golden opportunity, my darling."

She lifted her face, and he kissed the sweet lips passionately. Then she put her arm confidingly about his neck.

"I *am* awake," she whispered, "and—I love you—my Prince."

MILLAIS'S FIRST SALE.

John Millais sold his was in no hurry to finish the picture. When, done and the dealer came

The Sabbath Bell.

The Sabbath bell, the Sabbath bell,
It peals upon the breeze's swell,
Then die away —
Again it gently sweeps along,
Soft as the tune of distant song,
Yet will not stay.

But oh! it speaks of days long gone;
Of friends, who, now their course is done,
In darkness dwell.
It speaks of hours of blithsome youth,
The hours of innocence and truth —
The Sabbath Bell.

It tells me of those former years,
When my few griefs found vent in tears;
Then all was well:
Brings youthful pleasures back again
Like wrecks from out the troubled main;
The Sabbath Bell.

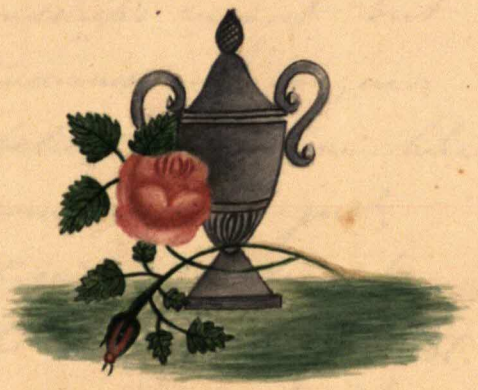
Recalls each trace of early love —
The winding stream the rustling grove;
The shaded cell —
The words I breathed in days of Old,
To One, whose heart is long since cold.
The Sabbath Bell.

Reminds me of her gentle death,
Her smile, her kiss, her failing breath —
Its solemn knell;
Is wafted o'er my Parents tomb,
Marked only by the spring flower's bloom —
The Sabbath Bell.

But now that years have passed away,
My limbs are weak, my head is grey —
It soon will tell,
That with those few he loved the best,
The weary Pilgrim is at rest —
The Sabbath Bell.

Sep. 8. 1829.

Transcribed by Llennah Jonas.



"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
And which come in the night time of sorrow and care
To bring back the features which joy used to wear.

Long, long be thy heart with such memory filled,
Like the vase in which roses have long been distilled
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Eleanor

"Oh tell me not, I'll ne'er believe,
What some have often sung,
That friendship's meant but to deceive,
Mere tenderness of tongue;
I'll ne'er believe that one like thee,
So gen'rous and so just,
Can practice arts of treachery
Beneath the gart of trust."

Eleanor

"Time like yonder cloud a vapour,
Rapid and returnless flies;
Life like a consuming taper,
Quickly blazes, gently dies.

Trust not, O trust not till tomorrow,
Learn the great concern to day;
Time while he pretends to borrow,
Steals the hours of grace away."

E

Tho' the wasted tear of thought may bring
But sadness and regret
Still there is a fount that is not dry
A star that cannot set

A Cousin

"Oh blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;"

"Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart, at once, inspirits and serenes." P.E.L.

Woman.

"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 quenched 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."

Byron

"Oh Woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
Light and inconstant as the shade,
By the frail quivering aspen made,
But when distress and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

Scott.

"On a beautiful boy."

"by request of the Fathers"

'Tis sweet to view thy blooming face.
Where all is health, and youthfull joy.
Ere passions blight, or Sorrows trace.
Have marked the young, and lovely boy.

Thy blue eyes bright estatic glance.
'Tis sweet to view and gaze upon.
Which in their light, and playful dance.
Flash radiant as the Summer Sun.

I would that thou could always be.
As gentle, beautiful, and fair.
And in thy face I nought could see.
But grace and beauty mingling there;

And that the roses of thy cheek,
Should always bloom in glowing brightness,
And joy within thy eyes might speak.
Thy buoyant bosoms happy lightness —

And that thy days, may pass away
In all the joy of Summer gladness;
Ere griefs dull cares, or passions sway —
Have, o'er them cast a moments sadness.

And when a brilliant life youve passed.
Unstained by folly, sin, or shame,
May heaven's father grant at last.
A happy rest, and heavenly name.

J. F.

The Wish

Addressed to a Young Lady accompanying the the present of an ~~Annual~~ "Annual" written at the close of the Year - 1828 -

May every grief and every care
Be banished with the waning year.
From Mxxxx's breast and in her eyes
May the bright Sun of gladness rise
And every hope with pleasure rife
Start with the new year into life

May smiles with ever dimpling grace
"Softly lighten over her face" —
And ~~wreaths~~ Lend a bright roseate bloom
Her gentle countenance to illume
And joy with his estatic power
Afford her many a blissful hour —

And when she with the world has done
And a long course of life has run
And when her odorous breath is given
To winds that waft it back to heaven —
May her gentle Spirit fly —
To him who rules beyond the sky
Who with a kind benignant power
Has watched her from her natal hour
And every love and every grace
Has wrought into her adorant face.

J F

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm and affliction no sting:

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright day;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain
It may smile in its light but it blooms not again.

Moore's Melodies —

Within a few centuries the moral and intellectual aspect of the world has undergone a mighty change. In the days of minstrelsy and romantic adventure, the knight who sighed for the favour of his lady-love, was obliged, in conformity with the established rules of knightly courtesy, to undertake any service, however hazardous, that his imperious mistress might enjoin; and many wild and incredible deeds of daring are said to have been performed in all faithful obedience. But when the lights of Science broke through the mists that had obscured it, and illumined all the moral world, she says that fell on woman passed through a more transparent medium, and decked her in the fairy tints of the rainbow. All the elegancies of literature were hers; and love, the inspirer of the poet's lay, was her own peculiar ground. Hers it ~~was~~ is to preside wherever taste and delicacy of sentiment are cultivated; hers to tend the flowers, the roses and the hyacynths and the geraniums of Science; to twine the honeysuckle about the arbour of poesy, and wreathe the chaplet of bay for the brow of the favoured one.

"In vain to live from age to age
While modern bards endeavour
I write my name in Betty's page
And gain my point forever."

James Archer

Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind,
But leave – oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few, and far between!
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm – when pleasures lose the power to please!

"

Tho' bright thy morn of life may seem,
Remember clouds may rise,
And trust not to the transient gleam
Of calm and smiling skies.
So tread life's path, in sunshine dress
With lovely cautious fear,
That when grief's shadows o'er it rest
Its memory may be dear.

"

If dark life's mortal hour may be,
Despond not at their gloom,
Joys cloudless sun may rise to thee
And hope's bright flow'rets bloom.
So trace thy pathway thorn bestrewed,
That thou in happier hours
With pure and pangless gratitude
Mayst bless the fragrant flowers.

"

Tho' cloud and sunshine flower and thorn,
Pursue thy even way,
Nor let thy better hopes be bourn
Of things that must decay.
Rejoice with trembling, mourn with hope,
Take life as life was given,
Its rough ascent, its flowery slope
May lead alike in Heaven!"

E. C. C.

Bright as an angel-vision burst
That form, those features, on my view,
Musing, like Eve, created first,
Ere guilt or grief she knew.

There is an all absorbing spell
That will not let attention rove
In woman's features, when they tell
Of virtues all must love.

1829.

What is Memory? tis the light
Which hallows life – a ray profound
Upon the brow of mental night.
An echo – time the passing sound;
A mirror – its bright surface shows
Hope, fear, grief, love, delight, regret;
A generous spring, a beam which glows
Long after sun & star have set;
A leaf – nor storm, nor blight can fade
An ark in time's bereaving sea –
A perfume from a flower decayed –
A treasure for Eternity

N. P.

The withered Rose.

"I saw at eve a withered rose—
The sun's warm ray had curl'd it;
Its powerless leaves it could not close,
And dewy tears impearl'd it.

I saw at moon-beam gently rest—
The wither'd flower it lighten'd;
And though it could not dry its breast,
Those crystal drops it brighten'd.

I looked again—that moon-beam fair
Had glided o'er its weeping,
And that sweet flowret calmly there
Beneath its ray was sleeping.

So when Misfortune's night blast sears,
Fair friendship's smile we borrow;
And tho' it cannot dry our tears,
Twill chase the gloom of sorrow."

R H. A.

"Trifles light as air are treasures
From the pen of those we love."

Malvina.

Remember me when far away.

H

No dread of death - if with us die our foes.
Save that it seems even better than repose:
Come when it will - we snatch the life of life -
When last - what reck'st - by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamoured of decay
Cling to his couch a sickly years away;
Heave his thick breath a shake his palsied head;
Ours - the fresh turf a not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he pantings for the his soul,
Ours with one pang - one bound escapes control.

Byron

What is memory? 'tis the light
Which hallows life – a ray profound
Upon the brow of mental night.
An echo – time the passing sound;
A mirror – its bright surface shows
Hope, fear, grief, love, delight, regret;
A generous spring; a beam which glows
Long after sun and star have set;
A leaf – nor storm, nor blight can fade –
An ark in time's bereaving sea –
A perfume from a flower decayed –
A treasure for Eternity! M. A.

When you look on this page, my dear cousin, remember, that though this scrap is placed amongst many others, written perhaps with little feeling, I give it as a sincere tribute of affection.

Were I to speak of your merits & virtues as they stand portrayed to my mind you might think it more compliment & flattery. The sweetness of your disposition & the excellence of your heart, carry with them a charm, which nothing else can impart.—

You are now in the spring time of life; your young mind is expanding to happy prospects; may its brightest visions be realized; & from that gentle bosom —

"All pains, all cares, may pa'ning heav'n remove,
All but the sweet solicitudes of love"

Dec. 1829 Arkansas

To

October 1st 1891

E — M — A

Dear friendship sweet enchanting name,
How dear to me thou art,
For oft I've felt thy Heavenly flame,
So gently warm my heart.

The purest feelings I've felt
Arose from friendships shrine
And from my heart have ever flown
Those feelings so divine.

We never can tell what we have loved
Till what we love depart,
When our dear friends are far away
O how it wounds our hearts,

But now I mourn an absent friend
Whom I most fondly love,
O, Heaven thy choicest blessings send
And guard her from above,

But soon I hope to meet again
The friend I love so dear
And then my heart shall cease to pain
And shed a joyous Tear

John

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

" The deep trust with which a maiden casts
" her all of Earth perhaps her all of Heaven
" into a mortal hand. The confidence with
" which she turns to him her more than parent,
" and her secret to God, hath never yet
" been matched out in words, or weighed with tongues

Written by a friend during one day's visit at Mrs. Cox's
July 7th 1834

What is memory! 'tis the light
Which hallows life — a ray profound
Upon the brow of mental night,
An echo — time the passing sound;
A mirror — its bright surface shows
Hope, fear, grief, love, delight, regret;
A generous spring; a beam which glows
Long after sun and star have set;
A leaf — nor storm, nor blight can fade —
An ark in time's bereaving sea —
A perfume from a flower decayed —
A treasure for Eternity!

To a Friend,

"May the warmth of applause, attend your endeavours,
May pleasure and fortune pursue you forever;
May joy and Contentment, enlighten your way,
And peace guide your footsteps wherever they stray."

December, 1829.
Baltimore

Mes Souhaits.—

Ceux sont mes souhaits aussi

H. H. [illegible]

S'il m'eût été permis d'élire
Entre les dons brillans des Dieux,
L'argent ni l'or n'auroient pu me seduire;
La gloire, l'eclat d'un empire

N'eussent point ebloui mes yeux;
L'esprit m'eût bien tenté, s'il eût pu me suffire;
Mais tant de gens en ont qui sont si malheureux!
Et puis l'esprit tout seul n'est souvent qu'un delire,

Et le sage doit choisir mieux:
J'aurois dit aux maîtres des cieux:
Dieux puissans, par qui tout respire,
De vos rares bienfaits, de vos dons precieux

Voici les seuls que je desire:
Un coeur sensible et généreux,
Un ami pour me rendre heureux,
Et du bon sens pour me conduire.

Jean Annette Marie.

"There is an all absorbing spell
That will not let attention rove
In woman's features, when they tell
Of virtues all must love

Faint is the trace of charms divine
From aught created that can flow
But mirrored there, more bright they shine
Than in all else below."

"O who has ever in that hour
"When woman's love and woman's power
"Have twined their influence round his heart,
"Felt not that woman can impart
"By smile, or glance, or smothered sigh,
"A world of bliss and constancy.
"Priestess of Love! how oft thou'rt left to mourn
"Man's perfidy - forsaken and forlorn."

"Man has a wandering heart - his soul
"Spurns fetters, slavery, and control:
"To-day he climbs the snow-clad steep,
"To-morrow ploughs the foamy deep:
"And now he roams by mountain side,
"Without a friend, without a guide -
"Till woman bids his wayward steps to cease,
"And turns his oral thoughts to home and peace.

"Now would I woman's friendship sing -
"O tis a pure undying thing!
"The dew that gems the blossom'd thorn
"Shines brightest in the sunny morn;
"But faithful woman can bestow
"A light to gild the night of woe!
"Her love, like moonbeam on a stormy sea,
"Sheds over our cares its own serenity.

October 10th 1829.

S. McK.....

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it,
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arched sky
Looked pure as the spirit that made it
The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant hill, till the Lighthouse fire blaz'd,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers;
The seabird had flown to his wave girdled nest
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers;
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope
All hushed was the billows' commotion
And thought that the Light House looked lovely as hope
That star of life's tremulous ocean

The time is long past and the scene is afar
Yet when my head rests on its pillow
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow;
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies
And death stills the heart's last emotion
Oh then may the seraph of mercy arise
Like a star on Eternity's ocean —

Moore's Melodies —

"Trifling affections are most revealed
But that is most fervent which is most concealed

Mr. Deaf mote the-
Wherough!!!!!!

I never mocked at beauty's shrine,
To stain her lips with lies;

Her deep trust with a maiden Faith
Her all of Earth's perfections

The Heartsease & forgetme not.

FLORA.

"by Authority"

— "Oh! there are some
Can trifle in cold vanity with all
A warm heart's precious throb — to whom
It is a pleasure that a fond, devoted heart
Is breaking for them — who can call
Young flowers into beauty, and then crush them"

Book of Beauty —

28th May 1835

Oh ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its bright black eye.
But when it came to know me well
And love me — it was sure to die.

Sailboma

— E. Moline

The last Man.

An Extract

There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow and all to attain. It is free subject to no disappointment, since he that persevers makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue is to gain her; and zealously to labour after her wages is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is too late her reward also is with her and she will come quickly; for the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, over safety from danger, recurrence from stoicility, and subjugated passion, like the wind and storm fulfilling his words.

T. M. S

Sailboma March 23d 1832

Farewell! dearest we part to meet no more.

Byron.

"As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer by;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone
May mine attract thy pensive eye! —

And when by chance that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here."

Augt 13th 1830.
Medical Hall Sydn. N.S.

Thomas A Hays Jr

The soft blooms of Summer are fair to the eye,
When brightly the clear silver Medway glides by:
And rich are the colours which autumn adorn
Its gold chequer'd leaves, and its billows of corn;

But dearer to me is the pale lonely Rose,
Whose blossoms in Winter's dark season unclose.
Which smiles in the rigour of Winter's stern blast,
And smooths the rough present, by signs of the past.

And thus, when around us afflictions dark power
Eclipses the sunshine of life's glowing hour
While drooping, deserted, in sorrow we bend
Oh sweet is the presence of our faithful friend.

Mr A.D.

Elk Ridge January 29th 1829.

Friendship

As when the bud unfolds its leaves
To sol's invigorating rays
And opening forth its fragrance breathes
On winds that waft it far away.

As when the tender infant plant,
Watered by the ~~[illegible]~~ April shower,
Shoots forth — and twines — and circles round,
Each maiden's fav'rite bower.

So friendship, when by mutual ties
Two youthful hearts are bound,
Expands, and with affections cord
Encircles all around.

Lavinia

"True devotion, like the being whom we worship, is visible only in its effects; in the activity which it prompts us to develope, & the benevolent affections, it urges us to exercise. Its existence is proved, not by its being brought forward in its own shape, but by the diligence and uprightness that it aids us to exhibit. Like the rain that comes down from Heaven, which first hides itself in the bosom of the earth and then is seen no more, until verdure springs up where it had fallen, the fresh and beautiful witness of its influence, so religious feeling proves its genuineness and vitality, not by a direct demonstration, but by the beauty in which it clothes the life, the purity it imparts to the lips, the energy and usefulness it gives to the whole character."

Kate. 1829.

My heart is sair, my heart is sair for somebody.

Burns

Vice stings us, even in our pleasures; but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

When morning's light first gilds the orient east
And lovely nature smiles the earth to joy
I love to wander from the haunts of men
To some fair scene where solitude presides
And sit me down upon a grassy mound
And sing of friendship and of days gone by.
But every scene like this however fair
Cannot with virtue's smiles or tears compare
With purest zeal affection's cause she pleads
Nor envy's wiles nor cruel slander heeds.

July 23rd 1829.

Thou shalt be the blossom
And I'll be the tree.
And when the cold winter of death shall come o'er,
When the blight, my adored, shall fall upon thee
The tree shall grow sapless & blossom no more —

Written by Lt. Lieut Tut-tutt-tutt-tut

Wy. you do not?

Who that would ask a heart to dulness sold,
The sweetness calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And care and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smiles from partial beauty won,
O! what were man? — a world without a sun!

A. P.

Although afar – although afar –
Yet art thou with me still,
When evening's star, & morning's star,
Pleams o'er the twilight hill;
Thy virtue streams, thro all my dreams,
The long night watches through;
And cloudless skies, recall thine eyes,
The archangel's tearless blue.

The sinking and the swelling heart
Of fond yet fearful love,
The bliss to meet, the pain to part,
It hath been ours to prove;
The wild embrace of blissfulness,
By absence made more blest,
And separation's pangs, which press
Its life blood from the breast!

But think not months however long
(For long all months must be,
Theme of my blessing & my sorrow
Which sever thee from me,)

Shall ever undo one tender tie
Affection's fingers wove,
Shall make less deep the daily sigh
Which absence owes to love.

Farewell! thou shalt not be forgot,
My beautiful, mine own!
Oh may the sorrow of our lot
Bow down my head alone
And the dried flowers, which given to me
Were wet with morning rain,
Shall bloom of thee, & breathe of thee
Until we meet again.

1830.

A faithful and constant Love.

"His word are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears true messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

—"falsehood, cowardice & poor descent
These things that women highly hold in hate."

Why is Happiness like a Rainbow?

"Unsighed I roam thro' the world sad & dreary
Tho bright are my flowrets my visage is pale
Oh! ye who can render misfortune less dreary
Befriend a poor maiden & lend to her tale

"Not for a moment may you stray
From truth's secure unerring way
May no delights decoy;
O'er roses may your footsteps roam
Your smiles be ever smiles of love
Your tears be tears of joy.

"Oh! if you wish that happiness
Your coming days and years may bless
And virtues crown your brow
Be still as you are wont to be
Spotless as you've been known to me
Be still as you are now."

— M. M. L —

Lines for an Album

What is to morrow? a time that is always to come, and never comes — it is that part of eternity which lies beyond eternity — it is a name, a phantom, a chaos. Does it ever deceive us? it is because we place too much dependence on it. Procrastination is the top stone of destruction — let it have no control over you — avoid it as you would a pestilence. H....

26th June, 1829.

The White Clover.

"There is a little perfum'd flower,
It well might grace the loveliest bow'r,
Yet poets never deign'd to sing
Of such an humble rustick thing.
Nor is it strange, for it can shew
Scarcely one trait of Iris' bow.
Nature perchance in evil hour
With pencil dry, might paint the flower
Yet instant blush'd her fault to see
So rare it double fragrancy.
Rich recompense for aught denied!
Who would not homely garb abide
If gentlest soul were breathing there
Blessings through all its little sphere?
Sweet flower, the lesson thou hast taught
Shall check each proud ambitious thought
Teach me internal worth to prize
Though found in loveliest, modest guise".

— From the Giour —

"If solitude succeed to grief,
Release from pain is slight relief
The vacant bosom's wilderness
Might thank the pang that made it less.
We loathe what none are left to share —
Even bliss — 'twere woe alone to bear!
The heart once left thus desolate
Must fly at last for ease to hate —
It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal
And shudder as the reptile creeps
To revel o'er their rotting sheep
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their "clay". H....

28th January 1829.

"Remember me though distant be"

Homage at the altar of Truth.

Before thy mystick altar, heavenly Truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth:
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray:
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow.

In future years in turning to survey
The pleasures of many a well spent day
Pause ere you turn this leaf
And briefly ~~lend~~ a transient sree

The bee, that cannot afford honey, ought not to sting.

, admonition to the Ladies.

The above is acknledge^d by one to be a good admonition

The bee, through many a garden rows,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er;
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles down, & hums no more —

Moore

28th May 1835
Thursday Eve.

When fortune smiles and life is fair,
Seek not the gem of friendship there;
When true and false are mingling near,
They both may seem alike sincere:
But when the storms of sorrow lower,
And pale distress assails her power,
The clouds that first o'ercast the sky
Will bid the friends of fortune fly;
But one who truly lov'd before
Will only change to love thee more. — Kate

1

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet;
Roving forever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet;
I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;
I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

O! could I filch the wand of a fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;
Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings
Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary;
Power, alas! nought but misery brings;
I'd be a butterfly sportive and airy,
Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings,

What though you tell me each gay little rover,
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;
Surely 'tis better when summer is over,
To die, when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay,
I'd be a butterfly living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away.

A Sonnet

When morning's splendour first salutes the eye,
And nights still dews ascend in mists away,
The sun's majestic disk emerges high,
And long drawn shadows point the new born day.
Now still ascending, far o'er hill and plain,
Shorter and more retired his shadows stay,
Till full meridian's height. Then sinks his ray,
And lengthning shadows meet our eyes again
So vistas fair of bliss, of wealth, or fame,
In long perspective opening life descries:
Year follows year, and yet the glitt'ring prize
Escapes, or proves a vain and emty name:
But, life declining, purer hopes may rise,
That bloom on earth, to blossom in the skies.

August 20th 1829.

Chandl

Thrice happy are they whose congenial souls
enjoy the sweets of mutual Love —
They seek no joys but those which love inspi
And innocence approves.

Love.

To Elizabeth

" Oh Cobler than the wind which frees
Fountains that but now in sunshine play
Is that Congealing pang which sees
The trusting Bosom when betray'd"

A Lovejoy

"O woman! in hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made.
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!"

A. C. T.

There are none made so great, but they may need the help & service & stand in fear of the power & unkindness even of the meanest of mortals.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act man is capable of — it is in some measure doing the work of his maker.

Emerging into troubled life,
May virtue, guard you from its strife;
And sweet religion, protect you:
Resign yourself to God while young;—
Cast all your cares upon his Son;
His goodness, will not, reject you.
Even here, will joys crown your endeavour,
Removed hence - You'll live forever.

8 Sept.r 1829.

Glennap, Semaj.

Economy is a poor mans revenue;
Extravagance a rich mans ruin.

What though no kind farewell I bade thee,
Still thou art not forgot!
A shrine within my heart I've made thee,
And hallowed is the spot.

Hallowed by genius, taste and feeling,
Which so distinguish thee—
And through my heart one hope is stealing
Thou wilt remember me.

Though friendship's warm, kind smile may bless me,
And friendship's accents charm;
Though other friends perhaps caress thee,
With hearts as pure and warm—

This faithful heart will ever hold thee.
A dear and cherished guest;
And should these eyes no more behold thee.
Thou'lt live within my breast.

September 10th 1829. Delia.

Knowledge and virtue are of the same stock; the one is a tree of which the other is the fruit.

Friendship communicates our joys and pains,
And in each breast rejoices, or complains;
Divides our weight of wo, releives our ~~pains~~ cares,
And ev'ry pleasure heighens, as it shares.

While sacred virtue lights the holy fire,
By time unmyined, it will ne'er expire:
No force of rough adversity can part,
Can tear the gen'rous passion from the heart.

Henry

Who is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blights?
Has she Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is hers an eye of this world's light?
No, wan and sunk with midnight prayers,
Are the pale lobes of her Love;
Or if at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

A Friend

(1829)

"Seek to be little and unknown, loved and prised by God alone".

By a Friend.

Worthily to love and fondly to devote ourselves to the happiness of another who deserves our highest regard is not condemned by religion — It is not even a weakness which it permits and deplores, but a virtue which it sanctions and commends. And the heart that is deceived or betrayed need not augment its anguish in self-reproach —

Love is not only an innocent but a noble passion — when guided and controlled by religion it is the germ of all the social virtues, the cement and the solace of the various relations of human life — When rewarded with the hallowed possession of its object it strews the path of duty with flowers and scents the air with fragrance — When unfortunate and ill requited it at length becomes absorbed in high and holy principles, investing resignation with a mental sublimity, and extracting from earthly disappointment the calm satisfaction of heavenly hope —

The process by which it is thus transformed may impair the fragile tenement in which it is enshrined and the dross of mortality in such a furnace may melt away into its kindred earth but the soaring unshrouded spirit returns to God who gave it and at last enjoys repose when it first derived its existence.

August 1831

Fame, Fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping tree,
The cool fresh fountain in the way
Of the soul's feverish need.
Where must the lone one turn or flee?
Not unto thee — oh! not to thee.

Woman and Fame.

Thou hast a charmed cup O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame,
Above Mortality.
Oh! to me — a woman — bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel leaves that twine
Into a round a wreath:
For that resplendent gift of thine,
Heroes have sinned in death.
Give me from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour.

Thou hast a voice whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat,
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet:
But mine, let mine — a woman's breast,
By words of home-born love be blessed.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye.
For the sick heart, that doth but long
For sympathy:
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

It will have plumed its wings
And soar'd afar
Then weep not o'er my chains
When I am free —
When I have left my cell
And gain'd my liberty

5

Upward in yonder sky
I'll find my home,
And wait in realms of light
For thee to come
Call me not back to earth
To leave my crown
I've fought with Sin & Hell
The victory's won

Mrs. Ann Jones

1

Weep not around my bier
When I am dead
Nor shed the friendly tear
Upon my head
The cold and lifeless clay
Heeds not thy sigh
Nor will it wipe the tear
That dims thine eye

2

Look not upon my form
When life is gone
But leave me in my shroud
Cold and alone
Raise not the coffin's lid
To say farewell –
Nor start when thou shalt hear
My funeral knell –

3

Pass quickly by my grave
When I am there
Lest thou shouldst sigh for me
Shed a tear –
Weep not upon the mound
Where I shall rest
Nor strew with flowers around
Upon my breast

4

The soul which thou hast loved
Will not be there

April 1829—

M. M. L

Youthful Fancies.

Oh! youth's gay dreams are witching things
And falser still than fair
Fragile harps of a thousand strings
Sounds of the summer air

What are they like to? the song of a bird
In summer only known;
The air of midnight, a melody sounds,
The Spring; light and quickly flown.

The farewell beams of the setting sun!
So beautiful in parting;
The Starling woke by a lay just done
Light through waters darting.

The rainbow in June! the rising moon!
The buds of infant Spring!
Oh! youth's gay dreams are witching things
That fly on a Chainless wing!

The Token—

Miss Hickman

Joy may smile in beauty's face —
Reflecting hope and love and grace —
But hope and love can never impart
Their radiance to the broken heart —

—

And mirth may play in beauty's eye
And bid intruder sorrow fly —
But 'tis beyond the power of beauty's art —
To heal the bruised and broken heart —

—

The ragless eye and sunken cheek —
Where sorrows deep and many speak
The vacant look and sudden start
The tokens sure of broken heart —

Hope.

There is a star, whose heavenly light
Dispels the gath'ring shades of night,
And sheds a bright benignant ray,
To gild the lonely wanderer's way.

That star is Hope! its lambent glow
Illumes the hov'ring clouds of wo;
Subdues and checks the rising sigh,
And dries the tear from Misery's eye.

'Tis this that cheers the lowly cot,
Where, all deserted and forgot,
Like gems conceald in Ocean's bed,
Neglected Virtue hides her head.

'Tis hope in God, 'tis hope of Heaven,
The dearest boon to suffering given,
That lights e'en death's imperious gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.

Oh! star of Hope, for ever shed
Thy cheering light around my head;
Still let me hail thee from afar,
And claim thee for my guiding star.

Then, when, at last, the hour shall come,
That calls my exil'd spirit home,
Thy beams shall light the dreary road,
That leads to Heaven, that leads to God.

D. M. K.

To return home again to a distant land far from those friends with whom we would be delighted longer to tarry, without a line in your Album by me, would by you, be considered neglect in me, or a want of respect or kindness for the many kind & tender civilities shown me, by you whilst under your hospitable roof.

When I shall have returned home, then I will be permitted to think & duly appreciate your friendship & sensible I shall be better able to make a return of your kind civilities to ~~only~~ me, only by claiming you to spend a season in my Cabin in the South. Where I will endeavour to make you feel them reciprocated by your uncle. Bra

Mary.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pains,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plains.

Oh! Laura

Providence

That there is a supreme, infinite, and eternal Mind, by which the world was made, is evident from the works of creation and providence. Those works every where confirm David's observations, "The heavens declare thy glory," the glorious existence of an omnipotent being. The firmament magnificently displays his wisdom, power, and love. Every leaf of the trees that cover a thousand hills, every spire of the grass that clothes a thousand dales, echoes back the same soul cheering truth, that there is a God. In addition to this all nations acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being. This sovereign Being, who formed man originally of the dust of the earth, whose potent arm reared the stupendous fabric of the universe, and whose wisdom continues to conduct the astonishing machinery with perfect regularity, is certainly an object worthy of adoration and praise, from every intelligence that owes an existance to his boundless love.

D M K

[illegible] that affect the heart &c.

"From the Compting-Room of Quip Crank Esq.

I'd be a Horned Owl, born in a Tower,
Where yew Yews and cypress boughs darken the gloom;
Sipping sweet draughts from the young poppy flow'r,
And lull'd into dreams by narcotic perfume.
I'd never languish for sun or for daylight,
I'd never sigh for the blaze of the noon;
I'd be a Horned Owl, mopping at midnight,
Hooting a dirge to the pale silent moon.

"There is a dangerous stillness in that

What tho' you tell me, when daylight is streaming,
That I must away to my yew girdled nest,
Since it is better all day to be dreaming,
And wake with the moon when the sun's in the west.
Some may desire, like the golden sunflower,
To turn to her god and his splendor prolong;
I'd be a Horned Owl, born in a tower
And wakened at eve by the nightingales song.—'

Twilight.

"It is the hour when from the boughs
"The nightingale's high note is heard;
"It is the hour when lover's vows
"Seem sweet in every whispered word;
"And gentle winds and waters near,
"Make music to the lonely Ear.

Morning

"Night wanes, the vapours round the mountains curled
"Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.

Moonlight

"There is a dangerous stillness in that hour,
"A stillness which leaves room for the full soul
"To open all itself, without the power
"Of calling wholly back itself controul;
"The silver light which hallowing tree and tower,
"Sheds deep softness, & beauty o'er the whole,
"Breathes also to the heart and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose."

Byron

Be not captious, peevish, or fretful, for such qualities render unhappy all those with whom we associate. Always guard your temper, as you would guard against the breaking out of a conflagration. Its violences render its subject miserable, & make absolutely wretched all associates & dependants. In all your actions, in publick or private remember that God sees you — May you be good, virtuous & happy in this world, & in the world to come may you be crowned with a glorious immortality!

Nov.r 6th 1829 —
Baltimore

Sweetly steals the minstrel strain
O'er the soul in pensive hour

"Those who have their joys, have also their griefs in proportion; & men can extremely exalt or depress friends, as friends. The harsh things which come from the rest of the world, are received and repulsed with that spirit which every honest man bears about him, for his own vindication; but unkindness in words or actions among friends, affects us the first instant in the inmost recesses of our souls. Indifferent people, if I may so say, can wound us only in the heterogeneous parts, as in our legs or arms, but the friend can make no pass but at the heart itself. On the other side, the most impotent assistance, the mere well wishes of a friend, give a man constancy & courage against the most powerful force of all his enemies. It is here only he enjoys & suffers to the quick."

A

As we are born to die, and must submit to a decree which we cannot reverse, it is worth our while to "fix our affections on things here below?" or rather must not the wold and all its perishing grandeurs lessen before us at every thought? What are hope, fame, wealth, or power, when compared with the certainty of living through an eternity, and of possessing a happiness adequate to such a state? On a matter of such importance it is madness to procrastinate. We die daily. Every hour, every minute, we are nearer to death. Every day is the beginning of death, every night we go to our lesser rest; therefore caution, vigilance, circumspection, a constant preparation, and readiness are necessary, our days are few, then follows eternity; a thoughtwhich should be so ever present with us. All human events are transitory, innocent pleasures fascinating, life uncertain, health soon lost.— "Set thine house in order, be ready, walk while ye have light," are scriptural admonitions.

September 8th 1829

Annasus

Far from the East, to Alabama's plains
There came, grace, beauty, learning, manners bland,
Pure, unaffected, worth, and artless charms
While youth admired with rapture, age approved.

Short is the date of human pleasure still,
Mixed are the joys which we are doomed to share,
They come like Heaven's light, and glide away.

But they can live in sweet remembrance, yet
Can they warm the bosom, cheer the heart,
And still are cherished while we mourn their loss.

How many feel that these remarks are true
And yield ~~[illegible]~~ full concord to the Muse's strains.

Say, lovely Archer, should not one suffice?
Oft flew love's shaft, and oft a Beau was slain,
And oft, while once the Moon had filled her horn.

O believer, what is this life that thou art fond of? it is but a living death, or a dying life. It is full of grief for things past, full of labour for things present, and full of fears for things future. The first part of our life is spent in folly; the middle part is overwhelmed with cares; and the latter part of it is burdened with infirmities and age. And what gain we by the prolonging of this life? nothing but to do more evil, see more evil, and suffer more evil. And should a Christian be unwilling to be rid of those grievances.

E W.

"Eternity with respect to God, is a duration without beginning or end. As it is the attribute of human nature, it is a duration that has a beginning, but will never have an end. It is a duration says a lively writer that excludes all number and computation: days, and months, and years, yea, and ages, are lost in it like drops in the ocean; Millions of millions of years, as many years as there are sands on the sea-shore, as particles of dust in the globe of the earth, and those multiplied to the highest reach of number all these are nothing to eternity. They do not bear the least imaginable proportion to it; for these will come to an end, as certainly as a day; but eternity will never, never, come to an end! It is a line without end! it is an ocean without a shore! Alas! what shall I say of it! it is an infinite, unknown something, that neither human thought can grasp, nor human language describe." A B

Love.

"All thoughts all pleasures, all delights
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are but as ministers of love.
And feed his sacred flame."

Woodsworth

"In peace love tunes the shepherds reed
In war he mounts the warrior's steed
In halls in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets dances on the green
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove.
And men below, and saints above.
And love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Walter Scott.

"For, who can boast he never felt the fires,
The trembling troubles, of the young desires,
When he beheld the breathing roses glow,
And the soft heavings of the living snow;
The waving tinglets of the auburn hair
And all the rapturous graces of the fair;
Oh what offence it fixed on him he spy
The languid sweetness of the steadfast eye —"

Camoens.

Direct your letters, By whose order do you write
Not by your aid

To) Miss Elizabeth Margaret McLinggan Archer

Medical Hall near

Herbert's Cross Roads in the vicinity

of Churchville or Hannah's Tavern

Harford County

State of Maryland

United States of North America

Western Hemisphere

39½° North Latitude

Care of

Miss Archer