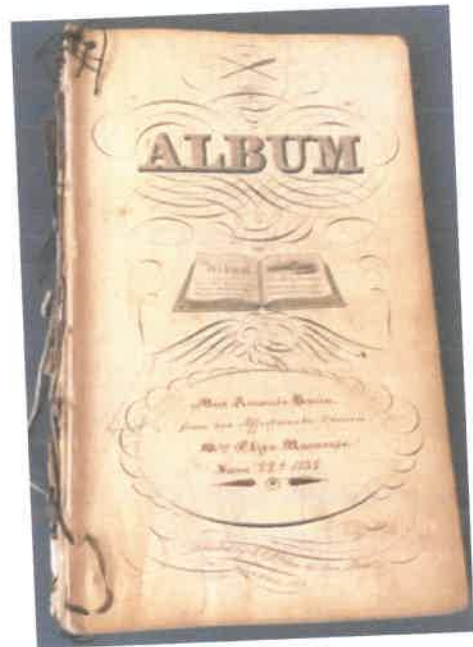


NOTE: This little Autograph Album was a gift, as recorded, from her cousin **Mrs. Eliza Maurous** to **Amanda Abigail Bruen** and is dated **June 22, 1835**. This is why I think Eliza's mother Catherine was sister or sister-in-law to Margery Parker Bruen, Amanda's mother. It is falling apart and missing the back cover. It shows the beauty of the art of handwriting. Henry Boone (Boon) Ingels and Elizabeth Louisa Bruen, Amanda's older sister were married in July of 1837 and the families seem to have been very close. Boon's mother and father sign her album as does his brother William. **David Yandell** also appears, a long time admirer/friend of Amanda's – see letters later in the collection. Another cousin signs, Maria Halstead (Eliza's daughter), who will marry James O'Bannon and later Dr. Henry Jones. Amanda is ten when she receives this which shows classmates writing of Shelley and Lord Bryon! The Album is in the boxes.
Dating 1835 6/22



Page 1

ALBUM

Miss Amanda Bruin
from her Affectionate Cousin
Mrs. Eliza Maurouse
June 22nd 1835
published by J. C. Riker 15 Ann Street
New York 1835

Page 3

Miss Josephine Somebody
• Teacher at Mr. Barrey's School
For, Miss A. Bruin (misspelled?)
• A mark of friendship's pleasing power.
In this small tribute see;
• And sometimes is a lonely hour,

View this and think of me.

J-----

Lexington June 25th 1835

Page 5

Good Wishes

I'd have each hour, each minute of
thy life,

A golden holiday; and should a cloud
Oe'rcast thee, be it light as gossamer,
I would disperse it with a breath,
And talk thee into sunshine; so
farewell!

May the Almighty grant thee
every wish

Thy soul can form! again
Farewell!

Lexington Mr. Barry

July 29, 1835

Page 6

Answer me, burning stars of night!

Where is the spirit gone,

That past the reach of human sight.

Even as a breeze hath flower?

And the stars answered me – “we roll

In light and power on high,

But if the never dying soul,

Ask thinks that cannot die!”

Speak then than voice of god with in!

Now of the deep low tone!

Answer me through life's vastness dim,

Where is the spin in flower?

And the voice answered – Be thou still

Enough to know is given,

Clouds, winds and stars their task fulfilled

Thine is to trust in he amen!”

J. Carlile B-----

Ky Dec. 27th 1836

Mr. Booram, our private
teacher & an Episcopal
minister

Page 7

Mrs. Bp Smith

“To prayer, to prayer – for the morning break,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes,

His light is on all, below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love:

O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.”

“To Prayer – for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on,
Like a curtain from God’s kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose,
There kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thought to the Guardian
of night”!

“Guard with thy thoughts! Our –
thoughts are heard in Heaven”!
Lexington Nov. 10th 1835.

Page 9

Beneath the cold and lifeless sod,
Within the dark and silent tomb.
The mortal wafted to his God.
The weary mortal finds a home.
The meek, the wise, the vain, the gay,
In the cold grave must mould’ring lie:
Great nature’s debt we all must pay,
For ‘tis the lot of all to die.

Lexington June 25th 1835

S-----

Teacher at Mr. Barry’s

Page 11

To A-----

May joy thy steps attend,
Any mayst thou find in every form
a friend,
with care unsullied by thy every thought
And in thy dream of home forget
me not –
J. C. B----

(Miss Julia Baney?)

Page 13

Fabins Hull of
Madison, Ia

To Amanda.

Bloom on Sweet rose
In calm repose
And – cheer thy native vale
And waft thy fragrance o'er the dale
Thy beauty will prevail.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon the incumbering world shall pass:
From wrath in washing fire
Time be spent, & life expire!"
Amanda's Friend

Lexington Ky
March 4th 1836

Page 15

To Amanda

Take this as a gift of love,
That seeks thy good alone;
Keep it for the writer's sake
And read it for thine own.
Cecilia Giron

Lexington July 28th
1835

Page 17

So many are
The sufferings that no human aid
can reach
It needs must be a duty doubly
dear
To heal the fears we can –
. L .

Lex Oct 19th 1836
Maria Halstead

Page 18

To Amanda

You ask me my friend a moment to give
A line of remembrance dear
Oh! grant me a place in thy heart while I live
Then surely I need not write here
Dinah Catling (Casting)

Page 19

Picture of a girl looking out a window
Titled "Why Dont He Come"

At top:

Lo! I see him! Here he comes
through the gooseberry bush!

And under:

Why comes he not?
Amanda's visions(?) for the poor
Appraisal of her distant legend(?)

Page 20 blank

Page 21

howe'er

Farewell, In that that fatal word
One promise, hope believes there breaths

MA

Martha Andrews
Of Flemmingsburg

Page 23

Death of an Infant

Death found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,

And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
For cheek and lips; - he tricked the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spark a wishful tenderness, - a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone can wear. With ruthless haste, he bound
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
This seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed, so holy from that cherub brow -
Death gazed and left it there; he dared not steal.
The signet ring of Heaven.

L.

Louisa Smith

Lexington Jan 4th 1835

Page 25

Lines

To Amanda

Tell me thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight?
In what caverns of the night
Will thy pinions close now

Tell me moon thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way

In what depth of night or day
seekest thou repose now

Weary mind who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow

By young friend

March 1 1837

David Yandell written in (Poem is by Shelley)

Page 27

To Amanda

When passion's trance is overpast,
If tenderness and (truth) could last,
Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep!

Lexington March 18

David Yandell
of Louisville
(Poem is by Shelley)

Page 29

Miriam Dillard

Lexington July 31st 1835

Another day, another day
And yet another glides away

My dear Amanda, I wish

you all the happiness this
Earth can offer, may your
life be an uncheckered one
may you be an ornament
to society, an example to
all, and may you often
fulfilling all duties here
Sow(?) your eyes in peace
and be unusably
taken hereafter can Think thee
more? Miriam

Page 31

To Amanda

May peace thy sweet companion be
And blessings all they steps attend

Each sorrow from thy brow filled(?)
And bless p_____ to the _____
E-----

(Elizabeth – her sister)

Page 32

What is an Album?
Its a bright star to memory.
(possible written by Mrs. T. Boswell)

Page 33

To Amanda
Muses, que nos sacres mystery,
Changent le destin des mortel !
Thou art but a dreamer of pleasure now,
With the light of hope on thy lifted brow;
With a pleasant scene in thy pathway spread
Where the purest colors of joy are shed!
There is no tear in thy kindling eye –
No cloud to frown in life's morning sky.
Existence to thee but a smile doth wear,
Unencumbered by sorrow, untouched by care.

But I will not grieve thee! for hopes remain
Which thy innocent spirit may yet retain;
Which still fling a ray upon scenes of ill,
And bid thee rejoice, though in shadows still.
Tis a faith which can soar from the worlday
To a quiet land which hath no decay;
Where new pictures of bliss with forever arise,
By the crystal waters of Paradise.
Mrs. T. Boswell

Page 35

A picture of a girl contemplating
titled "The Portrait"

Page 37

I Fear thy kisses you the maiden
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is to deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.
I fear the mein, thy tones thy motion
Thou needest not fear mine
Innocent is the hearts devotion
With which I worship thine
By a young friend
February 22nd 1837
(David Yandell)
(Poem is by Shelley)

(Page torn out)

Page 41

With each expanding flower we find
Some pleasing sentiment confined
Love in the Myrtle bloom is seen
Remembrance to the N___ clings
Peace brightens in the olive green
Hope from the half cloud iris springs
Victory from the Laurel grows
And Woman's blush in the Rose
J.C.B.

Miss Julia Baney

Aug. 31st
1835

Page 43

Picture of a stone archway & castle

Picture is titled "The Castle"

Page 45

May joy thy steps attend,
And mayst thou find in every form a friend
With care unsullied be thy every thought
And in the dream of home forget me not --
Main N. Williams

August 1st 1835

Page 47 – blank

Page 49

To Amanda

May Angels guard Amanda's rest
And shield her from all harm
May she with every virtue Bless'd
Be shielded from Life's Storms
And when sweet Girl I'm far from thee
Beside Ohio's stream
Let me sometimes Remembered be
Though t'were But in a dream
And fit be the Will On High
That we must meet no more
We'll meet again in yonder Sky
Where parting shall be O'er
H. T. H.

Lexington Ky March 5th 1836

Horace Hull

Page 52

Farewell

With the my bark I'll swiftly go
Across the foaming river
Nor care what land thou bearest
We two do not to ____ again
Welcome while on The dark Blue
Waves and so fail not my
lite Welcome the deserts
And ____ my native
Land good night
Boon Ingels

(He would marry her sister Elizabeth)

Page 54

Amanda I've looked upon the face;
And beauty, kindness, virtue, grace,
Have all combined to make thee fair.
O may thy fortunes be as bright,
As are those eyes, whose gentle light
Thy features now so softly wear,
Lexington W

May 4

1837 (William Ingels)

Page 56

To Amanda

Amanda farewell, except the lay
bud where "o'er" hills and far away,
My smiling joy with sparkling eye
Lift to thy lip, the sip of pleasure.
May fancy reign the live long day
At night may angels watch thy slumber
And may care be banished far away.

L.W. 1836

Laura Warfield

Page 57

A picture of a girl leaning on a post
Titled Peasant Girl

At top

Mary I will give you 12 ½ cents if
you'll find that bead Ma lost.

(In Amanda's writing)

Page 59

From Mrs. Hermans --

Yet ere the cares of life seldom
On thy young spirits wings,
Now in thy morn forget not him
From whom each pure thought shows

So in the onward vale of tears,
Wherever thy path may be,
When strength hath pow'd to evil years
I will remember thee !

C. S.

March 6th Charley Smedes

1836

Page 61

M.P.'s little blue girl

(There might have been a little cut out or sticker here)

Page 63

"Oh, that the gentle of the youthful

heart

higher linger in riper years!

That its nimble spirit – would not
depart

In the hour of grief and tears

Lexington 19th 1836 Maria Halstead

Page 65

To Amanda

Andoh! when mind's voice is heard

To melt in strain of parting woe

when hearts to tender thoughts are stirred

Think of me then! I go, I go.

J Parisot

Josephine Parisot

from New Orleans

Page 67

A pretty glued in small picture of ladies and a table

Page 69

To Amanda

May guardians angels their soft wings display

And be thy guide this 'every dangerous way

In every state may thou most happy be

And when I'm far away, oh! think of me

B-----

Hannah Biddle
of N. York

Page 71

A stamp like picture with gold frame

Page 74

I little thought the time would come,
When Dear Amanda! far a home,
Across the trans-atlantic sea
My pen should greet you lovingly
We hope to live the spring away
And when the sunny earth is gay
With all its blossoms, still together,
We'll pass the pleasant summer weather
A. Stranger

March 7th 1836
Bettie Seacock from
the West Indies

Page 76

Elizabeth Ingels

To Amanda

Oh! may your future hours be given
To peace, to wisdom, and to heaven,
Your hopes distain a mortal birth
Your joys ascend above the earth,
Your steps retrace the path they trod
Your heart be fixed alone on God.
So when the scenes of time shall fade
And lifes frail lamp be dark with shade
A seraphs voice shall sooth your hearst
And lead you where the weary rest.

Lexington

July 8th

1835

(Henry Boone (Boon) Ingels mother)

Page 78

Hial(?) Love

Yes I have left the golden shore
Where childhood midst roses to played
Those sunny dreams will come once more
That youth a long bright sabbath made
Yet while those dreams of memory's eye
Arise is many a glittering rain
My soul goes back to infancy
And hears my mother's song again
And while my soul retains the power

To think upon each faded year
In every bright or shadowed hour
My heart shall hold my mother dear
The hills may tower – the waves may rise
And roll between my home and me
Yet shall my quenchless memories
Turn with undying love to thee

H. B. Ingels

May 4th 1839

Page 79

I believe Amanda has drawn a
picture of possibly sister, Sarah (Busy) and a dog.

Page 80

To Amanda

The lily may die on thy cheek
With freshness no longer adorning
The rose the envelopes it whiteness sake
To take back her mantle of morning
Yet still with loves tenderness beam from thy eye
And ask for that homage no heart can deny
Why bonny hair may blanch when it bends
Over eyes of Cerulean hue
That melt with the softness the summer moon lends
To mellow her pathway of Blue
Yet long will the smile that illumines thy brow
Live on as it lives in its loveliness now

Henry

Ingels

Page 83

very faded on yellow
too faded to read

Page 85

As o'er the cold sepulcher stone
Some name arrests the passer-by;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye!
And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my Heart is buried here.

Mary Jane
Plinkington



Page 86

Miss M. P. Shelby

born Nov 2 1845

Page 87

Hope

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed ;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below ;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile !

Elizabeth

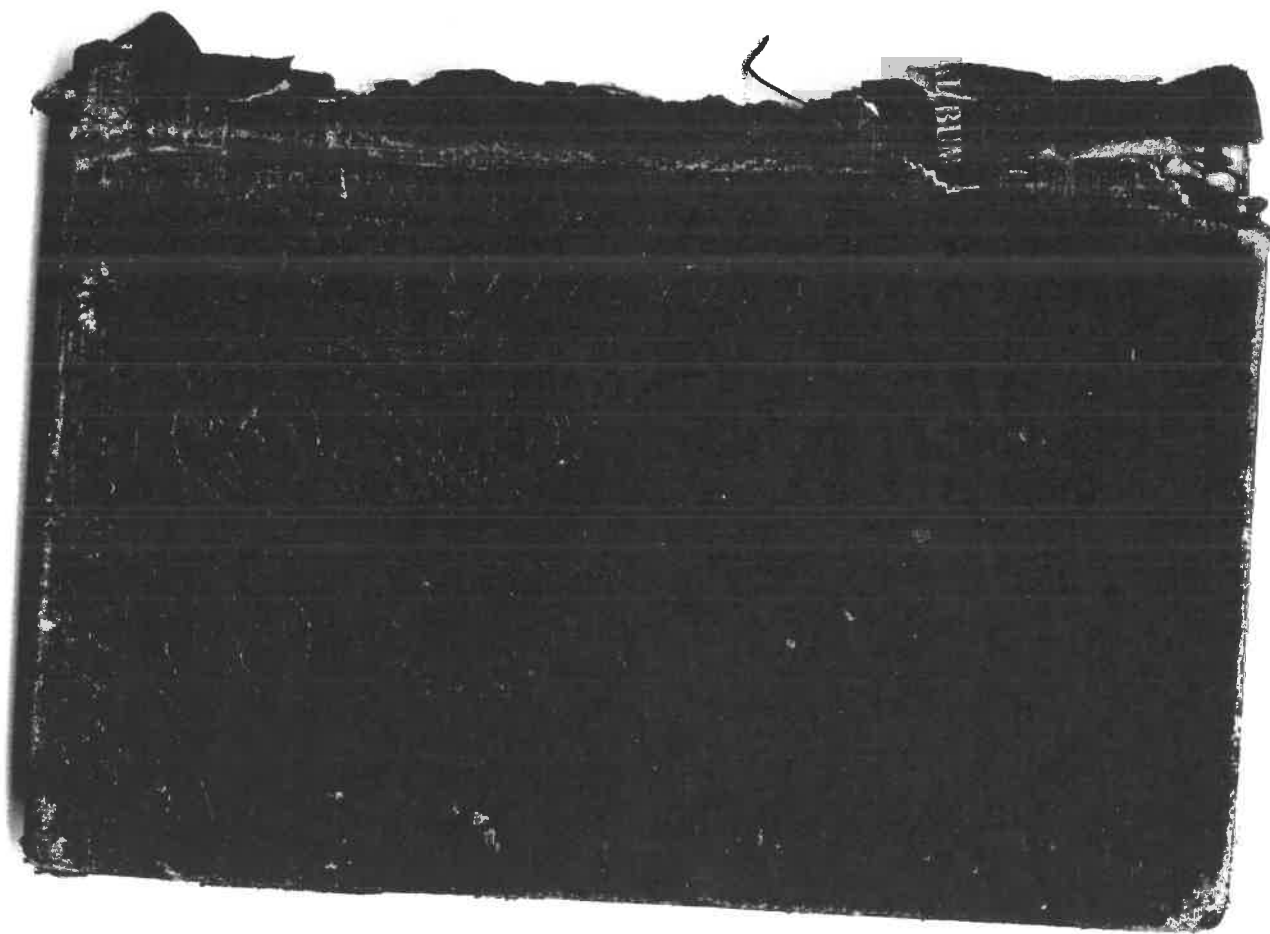
Ingels

Lexington April 1836

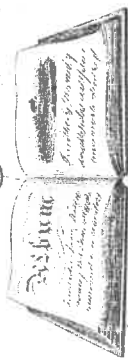
(poem by Campbell)

The back cover is missing

Amanda 1
Autograph 3
Album



ALBUM



Miss Annetta Bruen.
from her affectionate Cousin,
Miss Eliza M. Brown.
June 22^d 1835.

*Published by J. B. Fisher 152.5th Street
 New York 1835.*

Miss Prudence Combs
Teacher at Mr. Barber's
School

Nov. 20th in A. B. Davis.

A mark of friendship pleases you,
In this small white sea;
And sometimes in a lonely hour,
When I see and think of you.

Christyton June 25th 1835

.....

O.D. ...
 ...
 ...
 Great ...
 For ... the lot of all to die.

Liverpool June 25th 1835

James

Teacher at Mr. Gange

To A...

May joy thy steps attend
And may it thou find in every form
a friend
with care and relief so they every thought
And to thy dear 'd I will be true
I'll be it

... ..

My friend's Mother - of
Madison. So -

To Amanda.

Bloom on Sweet (note)

In calm repose
And - when they (no time) pale
And - craft (by fragrance) see the deal
The leaf is by will spread.

X
"Some things are low (make) shall pass:
Soon the incense being - (I'd) shall pass:
From us (we) pass - (was) they (dine) -
The leaf is by will spread."

Amanda's Friend

Seeington 1836

January 4th 1836.

My Amanda -

Take this it is a gift of love.

What shall thy good alone;

Keep it for the writer's sake

and read, for mine soon -

William Green

Lexington July 28th
1855.

So many are

The sufferings that no human voice
can reach

It never must be a duty worthily
dear

... I have the few we can -

. L.

Ly Oct 19 1836.

Maria Hallstead



Published by Charles Bowen, Boston.

To Aunt Sarah

My dear and most affectionate friends
I have with me very few prints as my intention to give
them of my own collection. I have
but found two or three in my heart which I like,
I have nearly found out what I like best.
Dear Aunt Sarah, I will write to you.

Dear Aunt Sarah



Engraved by W. B. Smith.

WELSH DOGWOOD, 1850.

Published by Charles Jones, No. 101.

Samuel, the child's not old words
Samuel
 Me. name, the child's name
 AP

Martha Anderson
 of Maryland

Death of an Infant.

Death found she age beauty in that about him,
 And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
 On cheek and lip; - he looked the vein with ice,
 And the rose faded forth from those blue eyes
 As if a wishful tenderness; - a doubt
 Whether to grieve or sleep, which in essence
 Alone can wear. With wither'd haste, he burst
 The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
 To see. There had been a murmuring sound
 With which the babe would strain its mother's
 Charming her even to tears. The voice set
 His seal of silence. But there beamed a
 So fixed and holy from that marble brow
 Death gazed and left it there; - he would not
 The signet ring of Heaven.

L.
Louisa Smith

Young's Jan 4th 1836.

Line 66

Ammonia

179

Behold me, I have ^{just} been winged
Spread thee in thy peerless flight -
In what causum of the night &
twice thy penions crossed

Tell me, Moon, shall I see and say
The epem of heaven's home, sell me?

In what epem of night or day
Shall I see thee near

Away, mine, who abundant -
Like the world's speck just -
Shall I see thee in some secret nest -
on the tree in the air

Thy a Young friend
Gandall, March 1837

Dear Mother

The new persons house is over good
of timberland and called 2nd
or less. whilst all our a feeling
of mine. Most all. Plum or else. In deep
I should not miss I have. I will miss

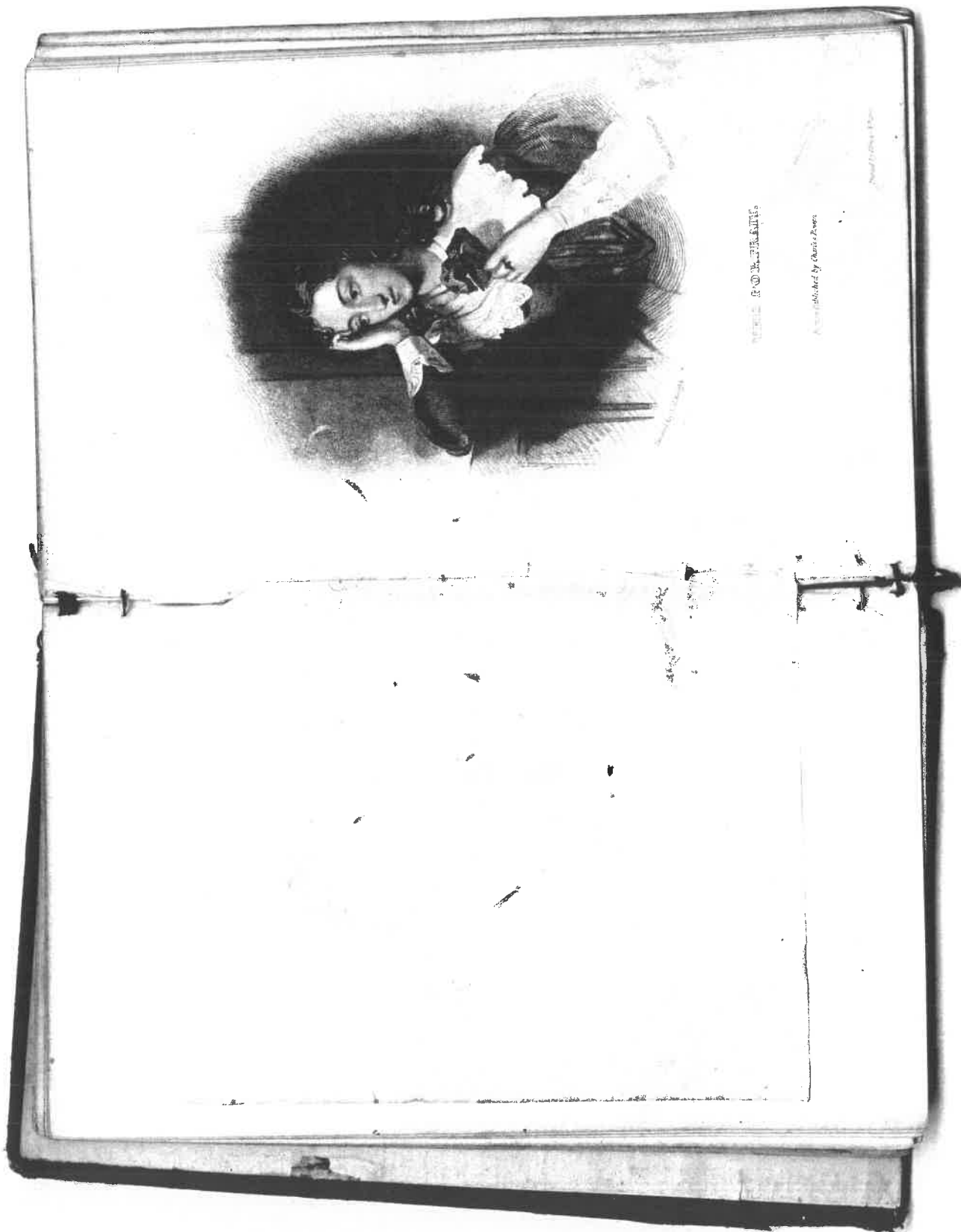
Washington March 11 1854

Yours &c
R. B. Bruen
of Louisville

To Ananias

They were thy sweet companion be
and bring all thy steps attend
Each room or from thy tower fill
and bless perfume the to the sound
P.....

Flower



1831
I have been thinking of you
and your wife & children
My spirit is too weakly
to write to you often

My dear young friend
I have been thinking of you
and your wife & children
My spirit is too weakly
to write to you often

Feb. 20 1831





THE CASTLE.

Remains of the Castle of
the Duke of Burgundy

Aug 7 19 1852

Wrote myself a letter
and some other things
and in my opinion
I shall not be
in the city

August 10 1852

Shelby B. Bruen

No. America

3

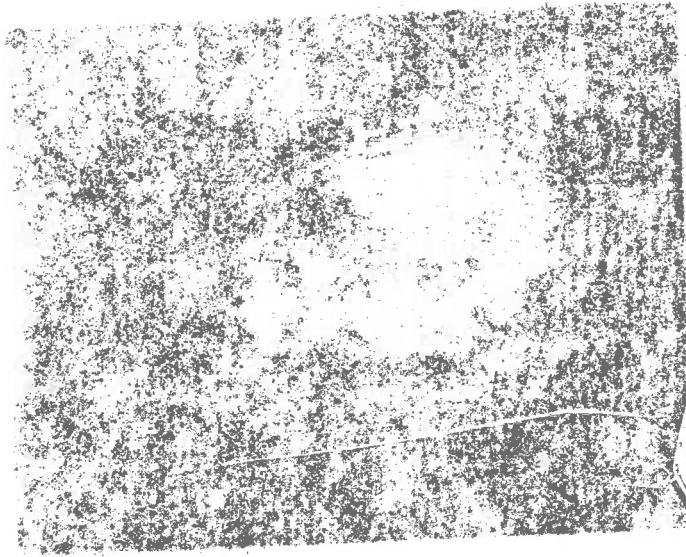
I forget your names but
 and since we from all
 things with very little
 he had had from the
 I had tea with Gil & Ben
 on Sunday this morning
 it me some times the
 thought to me that in a
 And if it be the Will
 We'll meet again in
 what we must meet no
 We'll meet again in
 Where parting shall
 We'll meet
 Love and
 Always

If well
 With the my bank the de of 4/4
 ed in the farming work
 For sure what and then best
 Me too Do not to imagine
 We know well on the way Blue
 Waves and de fall not my
 side welcome de desert
 And de each my native
 Land good night
 D. D. D.

Amanda, I've looked upon thy face,
 And beauty, kindness, virtue, grace,
 Have all combined to make thee fair -
 O may thy fortunes be as bright,
 As are those eyes, whose gentle light
 Thy features now so softly wear.

W. S. Sigford.

Lexington
 May 4
 1857



PEASANT GIRL

in America

Amanda Powell, except the boy
about whom we talk and for many
my similarity of in the speaking of
Life in the hills, the ease of pleasure
my fancy says she has long stay
He might say more to make the world
and may one be finished for many

Jane Harper 18



Engraved by J. H. Johnson

PLEASANT GIRL

Published by J. H. Johnson

Painted by J. H. Johnson

From Mrs. Edwards. In
the eyes of the eyes of the eyes

For they young people ^{are} ~~are~~ ^{are}

For in they seem forget ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the}

From whom each year brought

Do in the onward side of tears

Whereas they just may be, ^{years}

When strength the hate you'd to evil.

I will remember these

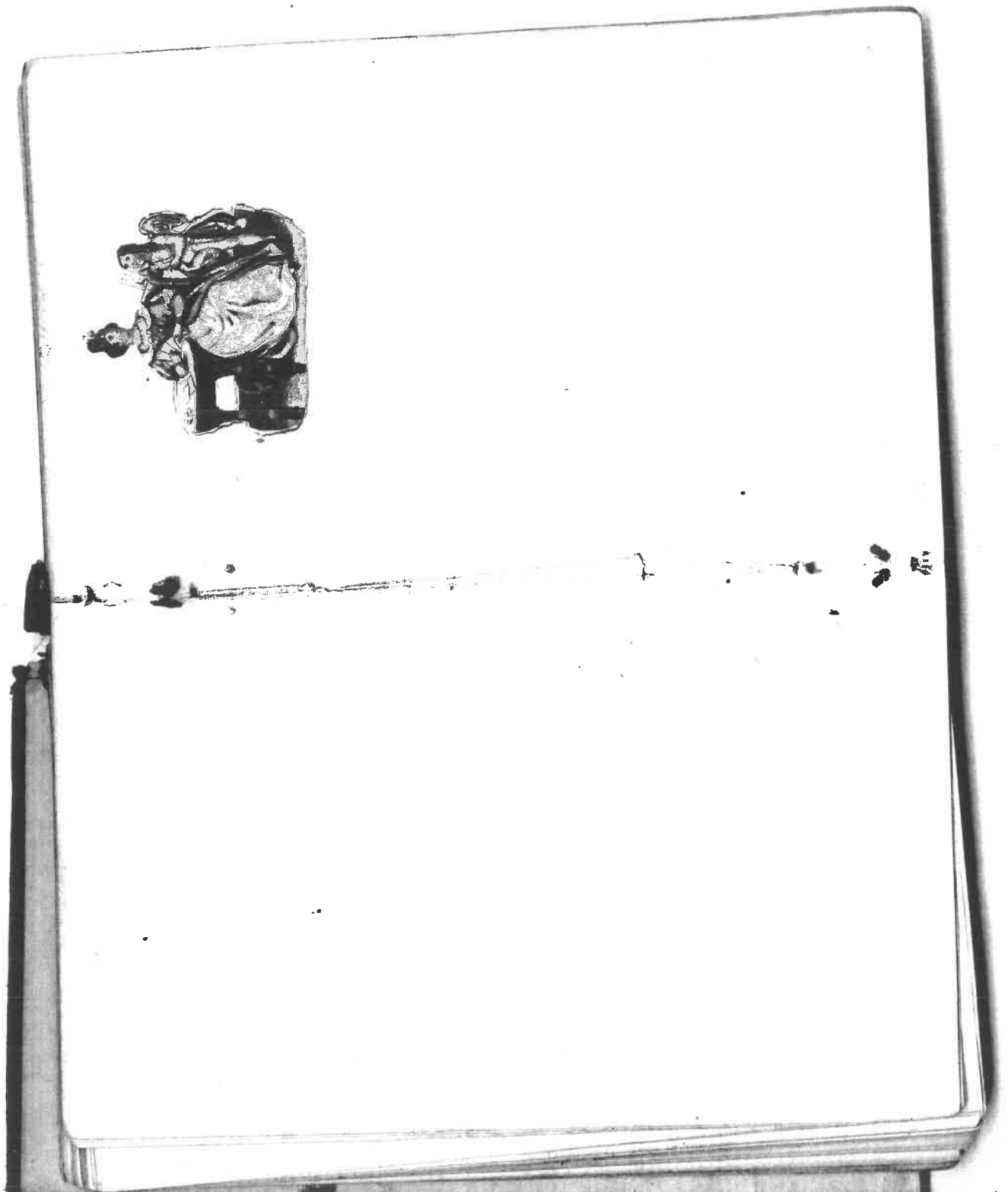
March 6th 1836 -
L. J. Charley

In the hour of grief and tears
 that the simple spirit
 speaks in after years!
 "Oh that the youth
 had the simple spirit
 that the simple spirit
 speaks in after years!"
 In the hour of grief and tears

Sept 19th 1836
 Maria Woodford

Dear Mother
I have just received your kind
letter & am glad to hear you
are all well & hope you will
write soon & let me hear from
you all.

Josephine Percival
from New Brunswick



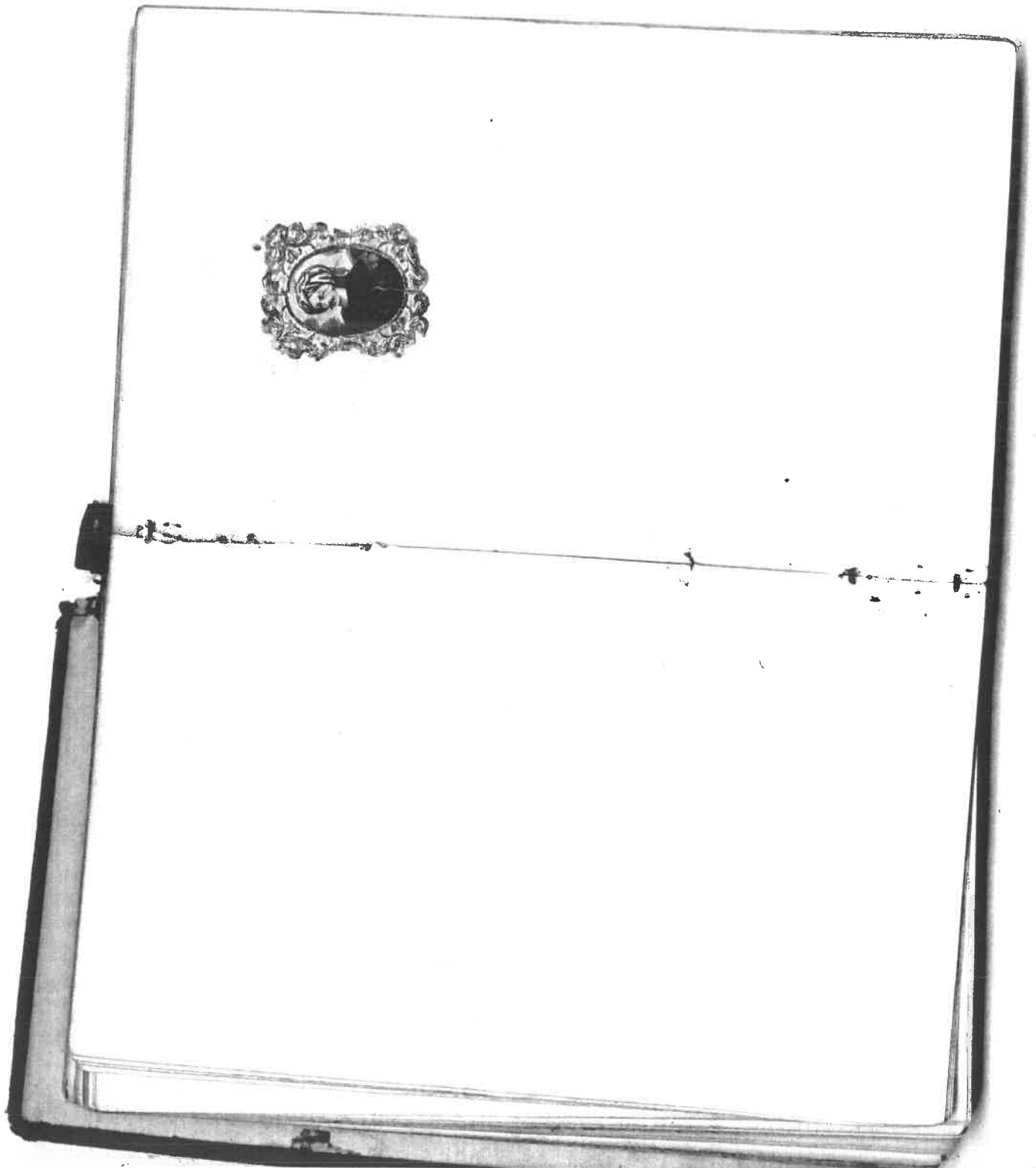
27. Amavata.

May guard his eyes through my eyes
 Mine be thy guide. His' every danger
 In every place, may thou sweet happy be
 And when I see thee, I shall think of

From

Wassiah Biddle

J. H. York.



I little think at the time would come,
When God's providence for us came,
Across the trans-Atlantic sea
Why then should you lovingly
Not hope to see the spring away,
And when the sunny earth is gay,
With all its blossoms, still together,
We'll join the pleasant summer weather.

ed. Stanger.

March 7th. 36.

Better Leacock from
the West Indies.

Charles W. Singold -

O. Amenda.

Oh! may your future hours be given
 To peace, to wisdom, and to reason,
 Your hopes divin a mortal South,
 Your joys around above the earth,
 Your steps ~~step~~ entrance the path they tread,
 Your heart be fixed above on God
 So when the scene of time shall pass
 And life's fever camp be dark with
 A death's voice shall soothe you sure
 And lead you when the way is west
 Leaving town

July 8th
 1895

Busy & dog
by [unclear]



Dear Love
 You have left the golden shore
 Where childhood midst roses played
 Then being down'd will come one morn
 That girth a long bright sabbath made
 Let other than dreams of even my eye
 Arise in many a glittering train
 My soul goes back to in fancy
 And hears my mother's song again
 And while my soul retains the power
 To think upon each faded year
 In every bright or shadowed hour
 My heart shall live of water
 The hills on my town - the waves may rise
 And walk between my home and you
 Yet shall share my gush of memory
 Turn with undying love to share

J. B. Ingels

May 4th 1855

O An an d a
 The lily may die on thy cheek
 With freshness no longer adorning
 The rose that envelopes its whitening
 Do take back her mantle of mourning
 For thee will love's tenderest beam
 And ask for that homage no heart can deny
 Thy bonny hair may bleach when it bends
 O'er Eyes of Carolean hue
 That meet with the softest the summer-noon lends
 To mellow her parting of Dew
 O'er long will the smile that illumines thy brow
 Shine on as it lives in its loveliest now

Henry
 Ingels

H. Ingels
 Nov. 1844

NOTE: This shows the something of how these young Bruen sister sisters spent their time and energy. The script is beautiful as is this book of blank pages with several etchings.

From Louisa Bruen Clarke in a May 18, 1896 letter to Sarah (Busy) Bruen Cronly: "I have an Album that your Sister Amanda sent to Aunt Charlotte, that must be 60 years old, I will send you that. Your Sister Elizabeth sent one to Aunt Louisa at the same time, as I am named after her, that I will keep."

She indeed did send this to Mary Pindell -- for it is in collection "presented to Miss Charlotte Bruen by her affectionate Cousin Amanda A. Bruen Lex'n Ky 26 apl '37"

This Diary/Journal was a present from Amanda Abigail Bruen to Charlotte Bruen on **April 26, 1837**. Amanda would be approximately twelve and a half years old. Years later it was returned by her niece, Louisa Bruen Clarke, to Mary Pindell Shelby Stallcup, Amanda's only child. Several pages (40) into the book Amanda signs an entry, possibly a poem she wrote.. Charlotte died (1840) three years after receiving. Her sister Jane seems to have added some poems, possibly at Charlotte's death. Her sister Louisa married in 1839 and died in 1843 and Jane died in 1844. There are sparingly recorded poems on some pages and later possibly the young niece Louisa Bruen Clarke added some on others. Louisa B. Clarke's mother died in 1859. She refers to this book in a letter to Mary Pindell Shelby Stallcup, date May 18, 1896. This is a book of sorrow for three sisters & a mother. The journal is 6" wide ad 7 1/2" tall and beautifully embossed with gold designs. On the spine the word "Album" appears. **Dating 1837 4/26**



Page 1 - At the top is written:

Presented to Miss **Charlotte Bruen** by her affectionate Cousin
Amanda A. Bruen

Lex'n 26 apl '37

Below the word "ALBUM" is a steel print of two young ladies gathering flowers; Painted by Stephanoff, Engraved by O. Pelton.

Page 3

Thoughts of Heaven

Should sorrow o'er thy brow
 Its darken'd shadow fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
 Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure, at its birth,
 Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth, --
 There's rest for thee in heaven.

But O, if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gaily fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom; –
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given,
Nor always be forgot
Thy better rest in heaven.

Page 4

If sickness pales thy brow,
And dims thy lustrous eye;
And pulses, low and weak,
Tell of a time to die;
Sweet hope will whisper then,
Though thou from earth be riven,
There is bliss beyond thy ken,
There is rest for thee in Heaven!

Selected by J. P. M.

N.Y. Oct. 25, 1839.

Page 5

Forget not me

When thy lovely form is kneeling
Forget not me
When at eve thy prayer is stealing
Forget not me
When thine is fondly beaming
And the burning tears are steaming
When thy song of heaven is drawing
Forget not me
When the light of day is fading
Forget not me
When the shades of night is spreading
Forget not me
When the world is deeply sleeping
And the gentle dens are waking
When soft dreams are oer thee creeping
Forget not me

Maria B Garthwaite

N. Y. Feb 8th 1844

Pages 6-8 are blank

Page 9

To Miss J. Bruen

What is more cheering to the mind
Than thoughts of former friends,
It brings to view in hearts refined
The Love which hath no end.

When peace and joy doth fill your soul
Your moments passing cheerly

Pray yield your heart to his control
Who purchased You so dearly.

Yes on the cross, his blood was spilt
To save poor sinners slain
He will cleanse from all sin & guilt
Receiving hopes again.

Rely on him, You need not fear
He's gracious, and He's kind
He's ever ready and He's near
To those of humble mind.

Tho'm King

N. Y. Feb 8th, 1844

Page 10 is blank

Page 11

Sabbath Evening Twilight.

Delighted hour of sweet repose,
Of hallowed thoughts, of love, of prayer!
I love thy deep and tranquil close,
For all the Sabbath day is there.
Each pure desire, each high request
That burned before the temple shrine, --
The hopes, the fears, that moved the breast, --
All live again in light like thine.

I love thee for the fervid glow
Thou shed'st around the closing day, --
Those golden fires, those wreaths of snow,
That light and pave his glorious way!
Through them, I've sometimes thought, the eye
May pierce the unmeasured deeps of space,
And track the course where spirits fly,
On viewless wing, to realms of bliss.

I love thee for the unbroken calm,
That slumbers on this fading scene,
And throws its kind and soothing charm
O'er "all the little world within."
It trances every roving thought,
Yet sets the soaring fancy free, —
Shuts from the soul the present out,
That all is musing memory.

Selected by J. P. Magee

N. Y. Oct. 25, 1859

Page 12 – 33 are blank

Page 34

To Louise

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea
And counted the sands that under it be
Hast thou measured the hight of heave above
Then mayst thou mete out a mothers love

Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son
Hast thou witnessed the angels bright employ
Then mayst thou speak of a mothers joy

Hast thou gone with the traveller in throng before
From pole to pole and from star to star
Thou hast but on ocean earth or sea
The heart of a mother has gone with thee

There is not grand inspiring thought
There is not a truth by wisdom bought
There is not a feeling pure and high
That may not be read in a mothers eye

There are teachings on earth and sky and air
The heavens the glory of God declare
But louder than voice beneath above
He is heard to speak in a mothers love

M. E. G. (Mary E. Garthwaite?)

Pages 35-39 are blank

Page 40 (written as part of the gift)

Take this tis a gift of love
That seeks thy good alone
Read it for thur winter's sake
And read it for thine.

Amanda

April 16th 1837

Pages 41-43 are blank

Pages 44 & 45 torn out

Pages 46 & 47 are blank

Page 48

To Louise

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer by
Thus when there newest this alone
O may mine attract -- thy pensive eye

And when by thee that name is read
Perchance in some succeeding year
Reflect on me as on the dead
And think -- My heart is buried here

Zenobia

Selected

New York 22nd July 1849

Pages 49-51 are bland

Page 52

To Louisa

Forget thee no;
Forget thee never
Till yonder seen
Shall set forever

Torch

Pages 53-55 are blank

Pages 56 & 57 are torn out

Page 58

O! If when earthly ills are o'er.

O! If when earthly ills are o'er
And every woo that wounds the breast,
The spirit, for some peaceful shore,
May joyful plume its pinion blest,
And, leaving earth's lone vale of night,
Seek out some home divinely fair –
And, mid elysian realms of light,
Repose in deathless glory there:

O! what are all the griefs and sighs,
Which vex our troubled bosoms here!
And why, when thoughts of death arise,
So oft will swell th'ungrateful tear?
Hush'd be the cares our fears create,
Ne'er be our hearts by terror riven,
If death unlock the golden gate
Which guards the eternal joys of heaven.

Selected by J. P. M.

N. Y. Oct. 25. 1839

From the Religious Souvenir for 1840, by C. W. Everest

Page 59-61 are blank

Page 62

To Louisa

May pleasant friends your life attend
To sture your path with flowers
Many sorrows blast ne'er overcast
The sunbeams of your hours

A. S. H.

July 1849

Page 63-67 are blank

Page 68

To Louise

Go where the water glideth gentle ever
Glideth by meadow that the greenest be
Go listen to our own beloved river
And think of me

Wander in forest where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beside the giant tree
List to the dim brook pining Whilest playeth
And think of me

Watch when the sky is silver pale at even
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree
Go out beneath the solitary heaven
And think of me

And when the moon riseth as she was dreaming
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea
Go silent as a star beneath her beaming
And think of me

Mary E. Gorgas

Page 69-85 are blank

(Untitled)

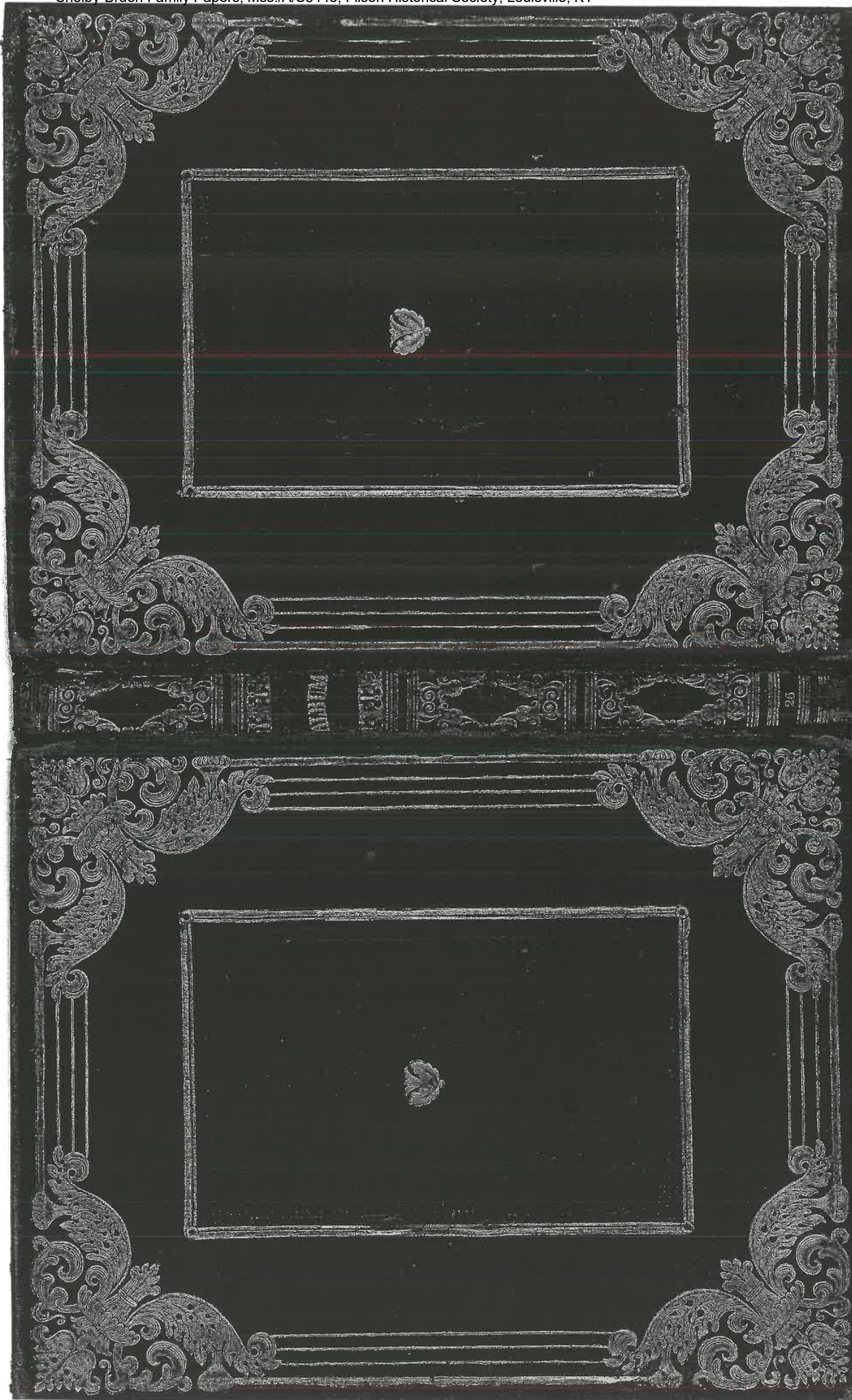
I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blist,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow softly to their meeting,
And join their course in silent form,
In peace each other greeting:
Calm was the scene through bank of green,
While dimpling eddies played between,

Such be your gentle motion
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam and summer's stream,
Flow on in joy to meet,
A purer sky where troubles cease,
A calmer sea, where all is peace,

Frances H. Miller

Page 86-89 are blank



*Presented to Mrs. M. L. Bruen by affectionate
Grandchildren
Leah & Eliza 1877*

A L B U M.



THE PLOWERS.

Published by J. C. Hays, No. 101 N. 2nd St.

Thoughts of Heaven.

Should sorrow's w' thy brow
 Its dark'ning 'd shadow fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
 I see in their sooty spring;
Should pleasure, at its birth,
 Had-like the hues of eve,
Turn them away from earth —
 There's rest for thee in heaven.

If ever life should seem
 To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
 Upon its clouded day; —
If, like the weary dove,
 O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thine thine eyes above —
 There's rest for thee in heaven.

But O, if thoughtless flowers
 Throughout thy fatherly bloom,
And gaily fleet the hours,
 Unsated by earthly bloom; —
Still let not ivory thought
 To this firm world be given,
Nor always be forgot
 That better rest is heaven.

Of sickness pale's thy brow,
And dim's thy lust'rous eye;
And pulses, lost and weak,
Tell of a time to die;
Sweet hope will whisper then,
Though thou from earth be riven,
There is bliss beyond thy ken,
There is rest for thee in Heaven!

N.Y. Oct. 25. 1839.

Detected by S. P. M.


When thy body form is breaking
When at no thy power is stealing
When thou is fondly burning
When the burning tears are streaming
When thy song of heaven is dwelling
When thy heart not mid
When the light of day is fading
When thy heart not mid
When the shades of night is speeding
When thy heart not mid
When the world is deep sleep
When the gentle dews are weeping
When soft dreams are over the weeping
When thy heart not mid

Maria B. Yastrow

Ms. B. 1. 144

To Miss S. Bruen,

What is more cheering to the mind
Than thoughts of former friends,
It brings to view in hearts refined
The Love which hath no end.

When peace and joy doth fill your soul
Your moment to paying cheerly
Pray bid adieu your heart to his Control
Who purchased You so dearly.

Yes on the cross, his blood was spilt
To save poor sinners slain
He will cleanse from all sin & guilt
Restoring hopes again.

Rely on him, You need not fear
He's gracious, and He's kind
He's ever ready and He's near
To those of humble mind.

Thos. H. King.

N. B. Feb. 8th 1844

Sabbath Evening Twilight.

Delightful hour of sweet repose,
 Of hallowed thoughts, of love, of prayer!
 Alas thy deep and tranquil close,
 Ere all the Sabbath day is thine.
 O'er pure desire, each high request
 That burned before the temple shrine, —
 O'er hopes, the fears, that moved the breast,
 All live again in light like thine.

I love thee for the fervid glow
 That shed 'st around the closing day, —
 Those golden fires, those wreaths of snow,
 That light and have his glories way!
 Through them, I've smothered thought, the eye
 May pierce the unmeasured deeps of space,
 And track the course where spirits fly,
 Or needless wing, to realms of bliss.

I love thee for the unbroken calm —
 That humbles in this fading scene,
 And throws its kind and soothing beam
 O'er all the little world within.
 It traces every wrong thought,
 And sets the soaring fancy free.
 Shuts from the soul the present out,
 That all is missing memory.

N. Y. Oct. 25. 1853.

Selected by A. P. Briggs



To Louise

Hast thou rounded the depths of yonder sea
And counted the sands that under it
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above
Then sayst thou meetest a mother's love.

Hast thou talked with the bliss of the
To the favour of God down, pouring son
Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright camp
When mayst thou speak of a mother's joy?

Hast thou gone with the traveller in thine
From port to port and from star to star
Thou hast but on ocean, earth or sea
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand, inspiring thought—

There is not a truth by which to live—

There is not a feeling pure and high

That may not be read in a mother's eye.

These are teachings on earth and sky and air.

The heavens that glory of God declare

Butonder teach you beneath a dove

How is heard to speak in a mother's love

M. D. G.



Place this to a right of love
That reaches my good alone
Read it for the writers sake
And read it for thine

Amanda

April 16th 1837

Mr. Chase

very over the card, I feel I ought to
 have some more words to the point, by
 then when there's more than what
 I say, mine stands by itself, I say

And when by then that mine is
 because he was discharging
 Rifle at me as in the dead
 And think my heart is buried here

Chas. Chase
 June 22nd Aug 1869
 Cincinnati

To Louisa

Forget here no;

Forget thee never

Till yonder evening

Shall set former

forth

O! when earthly ills are o'er.

O! when earthly ills are o'er.

And every care that wounds the breast,
The spirit, for some peaceful shore,

May joyful plume its pinion blast,

And, leaving earth's lone vale of night,

Seek out some home divinely fair —

And, mid Libyan realms of light,

Repose in deathless glory there:

O! what are all the griefs and sighs,
Which vex our troubled bosoms here!

And why, when thoughts of death arise,
Do not will quell the ungrateful tear?

Should be the cares our fears create,

Should be our hearts by terror given,

Should unlock the golden gate

Which guards the eternal joys of heaven.

Selected by A. P. M.

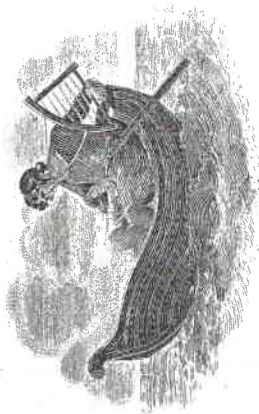
N. Y. Oct. 25. 1839.

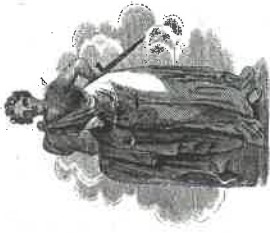
From the Religious Poems, by G. W. Barrett.

May please not forget your life attend
to show your path with flowers
my sorrow's heart never overcast
The darkness of your hours

July 1859

Ed H





To Louise

So where the water glist'rs gently ever
I delight thy meadows that the greenest be
Go listen! Wood-rose, beloved sweet.

And think of me
Wander in forests where the small flowers
Of the fairy-queen breathe the giant's thrice
Laid - the deer brook joining Whitelet's playeth

And think of me
Watch when the sky is silver spars at even
And the wind quivereth in the lonely tree
So over-beneath the solitary heaven.

And think of me
And when the moon waltz as she was dreaming
And treadeth with white feet the dullest
So silent as a star beneath their beaming

And think of me

Mary C. Boyer



I saw two cloudy at morning,
 Tinged with the rising sun,
 And in the dawn they floated on
 And mingled into one.
 I thought that morning cloud and thicket
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summers curving
 Blow softly to their meetings
 And join their course in silent space
 In peace each other greeting.
 Calm was the scene through banks of green
 While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle meeting
 Like life's last pulse shall beat
 Like summer's beam and summer's stream
 Flow on in joy and peace
 At parting when trouble ceases
 At calm, where where all is peace.

Fanny H. Milley