

Miss Nancy A Chase

Life

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel; through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on and still our hands are empty. [?] course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects are more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short lived success, or depressed and made miserable by some equally short lived disappointment.

But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are both left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but, we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth the vied hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our Keel and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last have of earth

and its inhabitants and of our further voyage there is no witness, but the Infinite and the eternal.

Extract from Bishop Heber

Pxxxx

"May this book while it claims as its due
In the circle of friendship to love

Precious as a register true
The memorials of friendship and love.

Now the flatter's pen we know,
But Sincerity ever approve
And a register faithful and true
Be of tributes of friendship and love.

May is serve to alleviate war
And collecting fresh tokens of love
Be a register faithful of thoughts
that friendship and love must approve.

Let it raise the emotions of joy
And a source of delight let it prove
As a register faithful and true
Of memorials of friendship and love

Go! borrow the lustre and grace
From the beauties that piety clothes
Go! register faithful and true
The memorials of friendship and love"

Maria.

Warren September 16th 1833

To Nancy

"If heaven to one of mortal Kind did e'er its nature give
Or bade within a human heart its own meek spirit live:
If e'er to earthly heart was given its blest tranquility.
Surely these gifts thou gentle girl have been bestowed on thee

Thy walk through life seems one in which all pleasant things met are
But who can tell the hidden thorns which may thy path beset;
For though art one who wouldts endure, however severely tryed.
With mock and patient gentleness thy lot whatever betide

We love to gaze upon the face not for the beauty their.
The brow so richly shaded by thy clustering auburn hair.
Not for the mellow radiance that fills thy soft dark eyes.
Nor e'en the charm which in they lip's sweet smile and motion lies.

But to behold the frequent blush flit sweetly o'er thy face

The eye that drops beneath its lid in mild retiring grace
To listen to thy soft sweet voice whose slightest accents tell
the Kindness and the gentleness which in thy bosom swell

Tis these that led [?] thy presence charm tis these that give thee power
To soothe to rest the sense of pain and speed the passing hour
One look upon thy calm sweet face it needs but to impart
Assurance of thy gentle mind, thy pure and sinless heart.

All earthly passions seem in thee so chastened and subdued.
We think that no unquiet thought may in thy heart intrude
An angel's nature is thine own, though shrouded now in clay-
Oh take not thou an angel's wings and flee from us away
T.S.S.

Warren September 15. 1833

Nancy, notice this book, let it be an index to your life-
Each page be pure, by vanity uncoloured, and by vice
unspotted, Cheerful be each modest leaf, not rude,
and pious be each written page, Without hypocrisy
be it devout. Without moroseness be it serious,
If [?] sportive, innocent, and may virtue shine from it
with unrivalled splendour upon those whose books
indicate that they are indifferently filled.
If a tear blots its white margin, let it drop for those
whose wickedness needs pity more than late.
Despise none, despise their vices not themselves.
Spare many leaves for charity. That flower that's better
than the roses first white bud, becomes a lady's bosom
there we seek and there we find it first
Such be this Book and such Nancy always may you be,
A F Chase
Warren Sept 16-1833

From the friends that we love when we wonder alone,
Our thoughts suppressed [?] and our feelings unknown;
Whilst hope str [?] in vain through future [of] gloom
To adding [?] one bright moment in seasons to come,
But then if a sigh were but heard from the breath
If the hand [pushing] warm in [a quiet] be pushed
Some [off] recollections will still be in store

Though in parting we feel we may never meet more"
S S Quinby

Ah! give me the friends, how whose warm faithful breast,
The sigh breathes responsive to mine;
Where my cares may obtain the soft pillow of [reel],
And my sorrow may love to recline-

Not the friend who my moments of pleasure will share,
But [] not the season of grief;
Who flees from the brow, that is darkened by care,
And the silence that looks for relief-"
S.

"Ah when the Moon- refulgent lamp of night
"O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her Sacred light;
"When not a breath disturbs the deep Serene
"And not a cloud o'er casts the Solemn Scene
"Around her Throne the vivid planets roll
"And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole:
"Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise
"A floods of glory bursts from all the Skies
"The conscious swains, rejoicing in the Sight
"Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful
night"

(Homer's Illiads) by W.R.H.

"Oh Time the beautifier of the dead.
Adorner of the him[?], Comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled-
Time! the aenecter when in[?] judgements in,
The test of truth, love- sole philosopher,
For all besides are sophists from their thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defen-
Time the Avenger! unto the I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart and crave of thee a
gift:
"

Jos Pitsby[?] 1834

Wreathed in the dark brown rings her hair

Half hid [?] forehead fair.
Half hid & half revealed to view
Her full dark eye of Hazel hue.
The rose, with faint & feeble streak,
so slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale,
But if she faced the the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
Or when of interest was expressed[?]
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivalled the blush of the rising day,
There was a soft & pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
that suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark & downcast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
in duty firm, composed, resigned;
'Tis that which Roman Art has given,

To mark their maiden queen of Heaven.
In hours of sport, that mood gave way
To fancy's light & frolic play.
And when the dace, or tale, or song.
In harm up mirth sped time along
Full [off] her doating sire would call
Tis[?] Maud the merriest of them all-

Warren Ohio Sept. 3^d 1834
Samuel Claghorn[?]

[ALT: Image of a landscape scene in Weehawken, New Jersey]
Painted by W.J.Bennett Engraved by A.B.Durand
Weehawken.
Published by Elam Bliss New York.

"[4 Rows of dots]
No flowery vales nor verdant scenes
So sweet a fragrance can impart,
As friendship's tender ever-greens
Nourished by memory in the heart

In ours thou plants shall ever bloom.
Freshened by teardrops of regret,
While one sweet hope will light the gloom
The hope that thou will not forget.
But should new friends and joys efface
The forms of these thou leav'st behind
O let the humble lines I trace
Recal the picture to thy mind."

W.[Q].

Warren September 17 1833

An extract~

Peace be around thee, wherever thou roamest,
May life be to thee as summer's days;
And all thou wishest, and all thou lovest,
Come smiling around thy sunny way[-]
As half in shade and half in sun,
this world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon,
Be all that eer shall meet thy dances.
May time that sheds a blight on all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gentler fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath. ~Moore

Sam~

Pittsburgh January 30th 1834

To My Cousin

Dear friend my feeble pen would fair
Addrop to you, a wish on future,
But the [where] is new;
Reflections of the past [rush] on my mind,
And scarce one thought for future things [? find].
Nir may you know the want of friends sincere,
Delighting you to bless and comfort here:
And when this world for one entered you leave.
Celestial joys be yours beyond the grave.
Remember not the rich, honor'd, or learned.
Alone the need of happenings have [easned]:
Oh virtue's ways the gifts of heaven are sent
None but the good can hope for sweet content.

New London August 15th 1836

Your cousin Lucretia

Warren

We must part__

There are no two words in the language that convey a greater subject to the moralist than this, We must part-

Alike each scene that passes on observation conveys the melancholy truth [what] Ask the aged man who bending beneath the load of accumulated years seems to balance as it [were over] the grave to interpret these thru simple words and this will be the tune[?] of his tale - In days gone by, Days which to my [infeebled] memory seem but as a Strangely variegated vision a faded Dream I spoiled gaily through the Sunshine[?] of my Boyish Days, Days rendered still more Dear through the Kindness of Friends who loved me they had charms but Time rolled on and I was taught the first lesson that with them I must part[___] But the pain of losing them was simply repaid in the Happenings that attended my Youthful acquaintance they were dear in their time[?] Yes! more so than the former and is among that number there was one for whom my Heart[?] most fondly Beat it [?] No [?] "Time rolled his ceaseless course" with them too. I was forced to part many There have been many days since that period and though then have been many happy hours in my Existence Since the High and sparkling glow of youth flushed my [now] worn cheek, nought was half so Dear as the remembrance of the Friends of my youth; I have parted from all, most Dear to me on Earth and expect[?] ere[?] long with things of Earth to part[___]

Go to the Grave-

[you] read the lines graven on the Simple[?] tomb stone of that new made grave, the aged man has parted from all things Below the Sun and is at rest[___] View the [autumnal] leaf as it descends slowly to the ground it was parted from its parent stem Type of mortality [it conveys this it?] should so conduct in life after our departure memory could bring to mind of absent friend some praise worthy act still never to enhance the pleasure of a Knowledge after we part to meet again For there is this consolation that we may meet again - to meet again in this world is the attainment of all Earthly Happenings But to meet the friends From whom we have been separated, in a world of Light beyond the dark confines of the Tomb is the Summit of all Happenings[?]

Though Disappointed deep may [rock] the Heart
With anguish, when from Friends most dear we part;
yet this one truth will soothe the Bosoms pain,
Tho[?] doomed to part, we part to meet again.

Oct 8th 1833-[Jxxxx]

Nancy[.]

Pure and unsullied, as the fairest page
of thy Album, may thy life pass, with naught
to intervene, to cast a shadow or darken the bright
days of thy existence, as thou art lovely, So thy
Happenings be complete; may the meridian[?] of thy life
shine refulgent with Deeds of Virtue, and calm and
tranquil. Equally bright and serene, as the Silver Orb
of Night, may thy gentle Spirit [Sweetly] fall asleep
to awaken in a Brighter World []

Warren Oct 8 1833} [I.S.K]

To My Sister,
As we look back through life,
In our moments of sadness,
How few and how brief
Are its gleamings of gladness:
Yet we find, midst the gloom
That our pathway overshadowed.
A few spots of sunshine
Still lingering unfaded.

And memory still hoards,
As her richest of treasures,
Some few blissful moments
Some soul thrilling pleasures:
An hour of such rapture
Is a life ere[?] it closes,
Tis one drop of fragrance
From thousands of roses:

May 29 1836, Flavia Moses
Mount Morris, Liv Co.
N.Y.

To Nancy
Be't mine to bear the ills of fate to sigh, to weep, to mourn,
To travel (stern [de??w]) throughout this dreary wait alone,
Not so with thee, but blest with all that's good, with friends sincere
Whose studi'd care shall be, This life to cherish, sooth, and cheer.

And till life's sun, behind the hill of time has set.
May not thy youthful, nor thy furrow'd cheek with tears be wet,

Thy work being done; -may the Earth lie lightly on thy breast,
Thy soul, (immortal spark) with God, in Abram's bosom.

7. Ω SS-

The moon is up round beauty's shrine
Love's pilgrims bend over at [vesper] hour:
Earth breathes to Heaven, and looks divine,
And lover's hearts confess her power

[ALT: Image of the Catskill Mountains in New York]
Painted & Engraved by A.B.Durand

Catskill Mountains

Published by Elam Bliss New York

Printed by [?]

"I would never Kneel at a guilded shrine
To worship the idol gold,
I would ne'er fetter this heart of mine
As a thing for fortune sold.

Then an haughty steps, that walk the globe
O'er necks humbler ones.
I would scorn to bow to their jewell'd robe.
Or the beam of ther coin lit soul

But I'd bow to the light that God has given!
The nobler light of mind,
The only light that save that of heav'n
That should freewil homage find."

I remember and will ne'er forget
My early friends, friends of my evil day
Friends in my mirth friends in my misery too;
Friends given by God in merry and in love
My counselors, my comforters, and guides;

O, I remember, and will ne'r forget
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hour;
Our burning words, that uttered all the soul;

Our faces beaming with all friendly love-

Savannah
Georgia

T T C

"The young, the beautiful, the loved, are leaving us awhile!
We miss their voices gladdening tones, we miss their sunny smiles,
The supportive est, the gay reply, the laugh of frolic glee,
that made our twilight hour so sweet with their hilarity.

We part— and sad and love our hearts, and dim our path will be,
Till we [hear] meet their smiles again and hear their voices melody;
And yet— oh, vain and cruel world! we must not, dare not show
The grief that struggles in our hearts, the tears that seek to flow!

For silence, and for solitude, such feelings must be Kept,
And the eye by morning, must look bright, that hath in darkness wept:
And sighs be banished from the lips, and the wearied spirit seek
To mask a sad and pining heart, beneath a smiling cheek!

Ye call the world reality and chide me for my dreams—
Tis false! — within its bounds there is naught which is what it seems;
Trust not to smiles — the tale is trite which tells that they deceive,
That e'en while all without is bright, the heart within may grieve,

Trust not to words — the lips may say, and coldly say farewell,
And thoughts that wring the troubled heart, not e'en a sigh may tell, —
Oh, when in this dim world shall joy be aught except a dream,
And words be true, and sighs be free, and smiles be what they seem?"

Sept 19th 1833. W-

N.T.

"The world has many wiles—
 Go taste her pleasures, go—
Many have gone in rosy smiles
 Who soon returned in wo—
There's treachery— there's treachery
 In pleasure's bowl that sparkles bright
As sun rays in the evening sky.
 O'er storm clouds throw a golden light."

Go, go, at fashion's call—
 Where fortune's trappings shine—

One little vacant corner find
When no impression yet is seen
When no memorial yet has been
Oh! it would be my sweetest [c??e]
To write my name forever thine

Pittsburgh January 15th 1834 L

Female Youth,
She loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow;
That bliss as sunk in sorrows night,
And yet she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone
taught every heart shrill:
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly slept,
The gayest of the gay;
that finds the blight of time has swept
Unlike her love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast;
She saw that smile decay-depart
And then she loves you most.

Oh such the generous faith that grows
In woman's gentle breast;
'Tis like the star that stays even glows
Alone in night's dark rest;

That stays because each others ray
Has left the lonely shore
And that the wander on his way
Then wants his light the more
Nelson, Ohio Nov. 8, 1836 [W H]

To my Dear Aunt,
I; may thy life be long and bright,
An angel weave thy destiny,

No sorrows, cares, nor earthly blights
Can shade its last memory
Yea thy soul be pure, and free
As the tender tones of thy minstrelsy.
May some sweet angel guide thy way
O'er the varied scenes of this brief life,
Sweet, and calm be thy closing day,
E'en Angels; and Heaven be rife
So gently wilt thou and thy stay.

Rebecca

Mount Morris,

May 26th, 1836

[?] I Bassett

August 17 1836

Garrettsville

Tho you my friend may travail deem
This simple ofring of esteem
Then take it [a?] [a?] tribute due
In truth to virtue and you
And with it take this fervant prayer
That you may be Heavens honest care
May love your pathway strewn with flowers,
And peace attend your future hours,
And may you never want a friend
True as the one by whom these lines are pen'd

Abner Bassett, his Lady (Mrs. [?] I Bassett) and Lucretia
Swift Bassett their oldest daughter bound to Warren [&]
Garrettsville 17th August 1836

By Abner Bassett

A Parody.

"These girls are all a fleeting show,
"For man's illusion given,
"Their smiles of joy their tears of woe,
"Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
"There's not one true in seven.
"And false the flash of beauty's eye.
"As fading hues of even
"And love and laughter all's a lie;

"And hope's awaken'd but to die,
"There;s not one true in seven.
"Poor mushrooms of a story day!
"Yet bloom and be forgiven
"For life's at best a dream_away
"Dull, drowsy thought_ i'll join the gay,
"And ram with all the seven.

Warren Ohio Oct 8. 1833

[ALT: Image of the Falls of the SawKill]
Painted by W.J. Bennett Engraved by A.B. Durand
FALLS OF THE SAWKILL

Oh who can look upon the face
Decked out in smiles so gay
And dream of sorrows taking place
To banish joy away.

Oh may thy youthful hours be spent
In innocence and joy
that remembrance in thy after years
May be without [a?oy].

And when with care time marks thy brow
Oh may it not be fraught with sorrow
But calm as it is even now
Which none from art can even borrow

W Q

"Tell him I live him yet - that on his wandering
way, daily and nightly pour a manner's prayers
Work for him - beg for him - may live on the the
Light of our Kind Smile from him-
then wear the crown, the Bourbon last.

Warren May 26th 1840.

"Full of the feelings of the breast
Most deeply felt are least earnest;
But spring like flowers in lonely wood,

And perish in their solitude."

"Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
A faith when martyrs are the broken heart,
But new yet hath seen nor e'er shall see
the naked eye, thy form as it should be;
the mind has made thee, as it peopled in heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquenched Soul - parch'd wearied [?] + [?]

Pittsby April 1834 [?]

Jos

"And what's hope- A fairy dream
A charm that soothes a while,
An empty, vain, delusive dream
More fleet than fortune's smiles,
A rose that buds but never blooms
To bless the longing sight-
A fated wretch among the Tomb-
A shadow of the night.
Hope cannot lock the dreary grave,
Nor cool the fever's fire;
Hope will not stay when sorrows rave,
Or earthly joys expire.
Religion is the only stay,
The anchor of the soul;
The only sun that cheers our day,
When waves of sorrow roll."

S.H. Crane

Mr Morris May [?] 1836

Farewell to New England by [?] Beecher

"Farewell dear New England! thy blue hills are flushing.
In sun-set's last ray, as they glide from our view.
Home of our hopes! what fond tears are gushing
As we pour forth our blessings, and heart felt adieu!
How sweet are the scenes, fond memory is bringing!
Thy vales and thy woods and thy meadows rich shore!

Thy rough hills and mountains and the ocean flinging
 His cool breezy arms round the rock girded shore.
 Thy villages white, thy sabbath bell chiming.
 Thy village school close by the temple of God:
 Land of our fathers! Still round thee is shining
 The light that they guarded with tears and with blood.
 And then in the bosom thy pilgrims are sleeping
 'Mid the thanks and the honors, of souls they have blest:
 Land of the free! how the nations are keeping
 [?] watch in thy day-star to guide them to rest.
 And then is our children's home, there where life's dawning,
 'Mid youth's merry sporting paternal love blist-
 When a mother's fond smile was the light of each morning,
 And there is the grave when we laid her to rest.
 And there are the warm hearts from whom we must sever,
 whose love hath long blest us, whose prayers still pursue:
 O! where in our wonderings, Oh! where shall we even
 Find others so generous, so tried and so true.
 Far will blist New England! thy blue hills are flushing,
 In sun-set's last rays as they fade from our view:
 Land of our fathers! What fond tears are gushing
 As we pour forth our blessings, and the heart felt adieu."

Selected by A. [?]. B.

New Lisbon July 23 1834

Fee simple and simplr fer
 And all thy fers entiled
 Are nothing when compaired
 Lo this thou best of [?ees] [?imple]
 August 20 1835 The Author

Ingratitude abounds in every clime and of all crimes this is
 the most accursed. That nature should breed such a
 moster as an ungrateful man, that can against
 his Benefactor sin for fear the world should think he
 has been obliged. On Such a man his friend loses
 All his cost for every favour showed to him is lost
 Nay more and still a groser Sin. Forgotten too! and he
 does show Spite of mischief and does it for Kindness the
 greatest Length the Devil can go! W.L.
 Pittsburg Feb: 6th 1834

Ingratitude abounds in every clime and of all crimes this is the
most accursed. That nature Should Breed Such a monster as
an ungrateful man

A thing of glitter, gleam, and [?] -
Loose Thoughts, loose verse, unmeaning and
Big words, that sound a thousand fold
Unfinished scraps, conceat, and cont-
Mad stanzas and a world of rant.

R S C