



Pub. by J.C. Riker. New York.

1853

The,

Mother's Joy.

[Original.]

Thine is a happy lot sweet boy;
Oh! that mine, were the same,
Like Thee, to be my Mother's joy,
Like Thee, to lisp her name.
My Mother's spirit, long has fled
This world of woe, and pain;
But I do hope, although she's dead,
To meet with her again.
Ah! since you've lost your dearest friend,
Come live with me poor boy,
And happily your moments spend,
Sharing my Mother's joy.

Philad^a 18mo.

C. E.



When the grim lion mused his cruel chace,
When the stern panther, sought his midnight prey
What fate reserved me for this Christian race?
A race more polished, more severe than they.

Thornstone,

Copied by request

Original

To the

Album.

Album! upon thy varied pages,
How many friends their pens will guide
Of different tempers, aspects, ages;
All vile to thee some pledge confide.

Perchance there'll be among the number
Some who of love will dare to write,
The pen of Genius roused from slumber
Will many a Compliment indite.

Album! farewell, yet, while I'm writing
Receive the wish which friendship gives
May no misfortune, sorrow exciting
Befall thy Lady, while she lives.

Robt. Haddock



Painted by W.J.Bennett

Engraved by A.B.Durand

FALLS OF THE SAWKILL.



Drawn by C. Fielding. Engraved by W.J. Wills

ITALY. THE BAY OF NAPLES.

NAPOLES Y EL VESUVIO.

This little emblem of respect,
I give, my youthful freind, to thee;
Treat not its motto with neglect:
It is remember me.

Tho' years on speedy pinions roll,
And I in distant climes may be,
Let Memory's Sweets thy thoughts controul,
And fondly then — Remember me.

H. L. M

TO MARY-ANN.

Peace be around thee; wherever thou rove'st
May life be, for thee, one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!

If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May e'en thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath!

As half in shade, and half in sun,
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon,
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.

Phil^{a} Dec 8th 1846. A. M. L.

The Night of Death.

There's beauty in the hues that paint
The Sunset Skies;
The beauty fades and soon grows faint
The brilliant dyes.
Night from her dim and dusky throne
Her gloom doth Shed;
And darkness seems o'er all the Zone
A mantle Spread.
So, when the lights of life may fade,
And all that's bright;
We Shall repose amid the Shade
Of Death's dark night.

To Mary Anne Jones.

by L. A. L.

Nov. 1st 1857



Painted by W.J.Bennett

Engraved by A.B.Durand

WEEHAWKEN.

Published by Elam Bliss New-York.

My beloved father, Marten Dickerson
departed this life January 28th 1835
aged 50 years

My much lamented brother, Wm H Dickerson
departed this life ~~January~~ 27th December 1849
aged 23 years

Married on the 24th December 1846, by the
Rev. Wm Douglas Pastor of St Thomas's Church
John A Jones of Baltimore Md., to Mary Anne Dickerson
of Philadelphia —

John A Jones Jr Born
November 20th 1847 Saturday night 10 minutes ~~past 9 o'clock~~
to 11 o'clock
Died augt 20 1852

William Dickerson Jones, Born January 19th 1850
saturday night 10 minutes past 9 o'clock
Died 28th January 1851
Aged one year & 8 days

Mary Anne Jones Departed this life
Augt 29 1858 Age 36 years

Amelia Van Brackle, Departed This life April
1877, 20 minutes past 4 o'clock.

Married on the 21st of December 1881
by the Rev Wm Groaton Rector
of St. Thomas Church George F. Bunday
of Philada. Pa. to Alice A. Jones.
" " " " "

George Fielding Bunday Jr.
was born in Philadelphia Pa. Oct 2nd
8—5 A. M. in the year of our
Lord 1882
" " " " "

To my dear Willie

"

Slumber, sweet infant,
Thy spirit is free,
The portals of Heaven
Are open to thee

The hopes of fond parents
Lie buried in gloom,
For the pride of their hearts
Is cold in the tomb

Then slumber, sweet babe,
Nor wake from thy rest;
Though thy fair form is dead,
Thy spirit is blest,

While bright birds were singing
Their hymns to the dawn,
He looked up to heaven
And hailed the sweet morn.

So youthful and gentle,
His soul passed away
In calmness and quiet
Like sunset's soft ray.

His Mother - - -



"The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The Flower-de-luce being one. Of these I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
To strew thee o'er and o'er."

New York
June 14th
1839



Drawn & Engraved by A.B.Durand

DELAWARE WATER-GAP.

Published by Elam Bliss New York

To

Mary Jane

"I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me,—
A little flower, a faded flower,—
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell",
But with an utterance faint and broken,
A heartsick yearning for the time
When it shall never more be spoken."

June 14th 1839

The Rights of Woman.

While Europe's eye is fixid on mighty things;
The fate of Empires and the fall of kings,
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp 'the Rights of Man;'
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, In the sex's Intermix'd connection,
One sacred right of Woman is Protection.—
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blast of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' Impending storm.—

Our second Right,— but needless here is caution,
To keep that right Inviolate's the fashion,
Each man of sense, has it so full before him,
He'd die before, he'd wrong it— 'tis Decorum,—
There was, Indeed, in far less polished days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways,—

Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot
Nay, even thus Invade a Lady's quiet—
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well bred Man—and you are all well bred
Most justly think (, and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings, in low prostration,
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear, Admiration!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—Immortal love.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
When, awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise In rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty our first attention summon,
Ah! ca Ira! the Majesty of Women!

Burns. Poems.

William C. Nell of Boston.

New York September [illegible]

The Lazy Mist.

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly appear
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year;
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues;
How long I have liv'd — but how much liv'd in vain
How little of life's scanty span may remain;
What aspects old time, in his progress, has worn,
What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd;
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how
pain'd,
This life's not worth having with all it can give
For something beyond it, poor man, sure must live

W. F. P.

New York December, 1838



Painted & Engraved by A.B.Durand.

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

Published by Elam Bliss New York.

Printed &

On reading the Lines of the Brandywine Bard

Valley of death! yes dread the Sound,
How Shrink We at the thought profound;
Tis true Within thy gloomy Breast,
Must Every feeling Sink at last,
Still Must the trembling bosom Shrink,
Tottering on thy Unsearching brink,
And dread to hear the Mandate given,
That bids us Meet the Will of heaven;
Yet Sweet Must be Life's fleeting breath,
Smooth & Sweetly to the Brow of death,
If Peace but bid our Spirits Rise,
To hail those Portals in the Skies.

John G Dutton

Lines Addressed to a Wreath of Flowers,
Designed as a Present for Mary Ann.

Go, pretty little motely group of sweetness,
Present yourselves to Mary, and with neatness
Commend my friendship — show your colours forth —
Breathe all your fragrance, and disclose your worth,
And tell her, beauty's fate, like flowers gay,
Is but to bloom a moment — then decay.
Go smile in the light of that hazel eye;
Rejoice in the shade of those raven tresses —
And tell her, ere your beauties die,
They're only blest whom virtue blesses.
Go train that little hand to acts of kindness,
And teach that heart to cherish virtuous love.
Tell her 'tis these alone can bind us
To aught we hope for in the realms above:
Exhibit the love of the patriot and sage,
And show her how science our comforts increase
And tell her though beauty be blighted by age,
There's a fund of delight in attainments like these.
Thus when the laughing disciple shall give place
To envious wrinkles in that lovely face;

When those dark tresses that adorn her neck
Assume the grey, and mourn the beauty's wreck,—
Virtue surviving shall prolong her reign,
And give those charms the power to charm again.
As the sweet Rose, pride of the smiling wreath,
Still claims a triumph with its parting breath,
And lives in fragrance ever after death,—
So she shall live by memory enshrin'd,
Immortal through the beauties of the mind.

Selected by

E S Webb Phila.

To Esther

Bring flowers to deck her hair
And weave bright garlands for her snowy brow
There fit that she should wear
Such emblems now.
For they are not more bright
Than the exquisite spirit of that beauteous one
Whose day fast sets in night
Whose race is run.
Nor are they yet more swift
Than the soft hazel of her large bright eyes
Where love and beauty melt
To charm the prize
Cast them and bring the flowers
And place them gently in her dark brown hair
For few will be the hours
They'll flourish there
Haste with your chaplet haste
Alas too late the lovely one hath died
Your garland is but waste
Cast it aside

Painted by Robt. W. Weir.

Etched by J. Smillie, finished by A.H. Dowsell

FORT PUTNAM.

Published by

New York

48

The Pearl Diver

"I go to risk, for a muscle's shell,
The worth of my mortal breath;
To take the life in its quiet cell,
I plunge to the gates of death.

I take my breast, with its vital spark,
Far under the booming tide,
To grope for gems in the fearful dark,
To kindle the eye of pride.

Thou peaceful child of a noisy deep!
Thou must bid thy home farewell,
Or he who dives must sleep the sleep
Of death, for a muscle's shell.

But the goodly pearl that the merchant bought,
And for which his all he gave,
Is richer one than will ever be brought
From under the foaming wave.

'Twill still be bright, when the forms that wore
The treasures I sought for thee,
With their beauty and wealth, to be seen no more,
Have faded and passed away.

It lustre will far outlast the sight
Of every mortal eye!
When the sun and the stars have lost their light,
'Twill shine in the upper sky!

And those who are wise, and seek to know
The worth of this stainless gem,
They never will ask me, thus, to throw
Myself in the deep for them. H. F. Gould"

R Bussam
D

When time a shadowing veil has cast
O'er many a year, flown fast away!
And memory of the joyous past
Sweetens the bitter of to-day;-

Is there a thought, sad sorrow healing,
Which can awhile your grief suspend?
Yes! there's a sweet, a holy feeling
'Tis the remembrance of a friend!

S L C



Painted by T. Cole

Eng by A.B. Durand

WINNIPISEOGEE LAKE.

Published by [illegible] New York.

Printed by

The following sweet and touching lines were written by George Tucker of Virginia on being solicited why he ceased to court the poetical muse

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth! your keen light is no more;
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrow'd all o'er;
Strength of my youth! all your vigour is gone;
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are flown.
Days of my youth! I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth! I'm content you should fall;
Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears ye have been;
Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray,
Strength of my youth! why lament your decay;
Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age! yet awhile can ye last;
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age! dread yet not the cold sod,
Hopes of my age! be ye fixed on your God.

Phila 1839

Lydia A B

To Mary Annie.

When years have roll'd on thee,
And summers are fled,
And this comes before thee,
Like one from the dead,
When these scenes and these days,
Shall be past and afar,
Let them live in the blaze,
Of bright Memory's star.
Then when friends long departed,
Before thee appear,
And the gay and warm hearted,
In fancy are near,
When all fond things together,
Remembrance shall bring,
For me let one feather,
Be plucked from the wing.

Ada



A. H. H.



Fuchsia?

7. 15. 45.

P. M. D.

"All the species of Fuchsia droop their heads toward the ground in such a manner, that their inner beauties can only be discerned when they are somewhat above the eye of the spectator."

In a meaner flower this might not attract attention, but most of the fuchsias are eminently beautiful, both in form and color; and this modest bending of the head is the more remarked from the singular and peculiar beauty of the parts involved in the calyx, which they would thus seem anxious to conceal." Beautifully and significantly typifying modesty.

S. M. Douglass.

Phila. 11. 12. 46.

"There was a flower of most exceeding brightness,
Blooming 'mid summer suns, and winter snows,
Rivalling in purity the lily's whiteness,
Rivalling in beauty e'en the opening rose.

Home was the Eden of this little flower;
Love was its guard; its blessed sunshine, joy;
God wanted it to deck a heavenly bower,
And called thee upward bright eyed, blooming boy!

Now sad and lonely is thy earthly dwelling,
And watching hearts look out for thee in vain,
They note not the glad hymn thy voice is swelling,
They see thee not amid God's chosen train.

Look mourning mother; to his home above thee;
Look to the early call'd redeemed so soon.
Look stricken father; he who joy'd to love thee,
Lives where the morning sees no darkening noon.

Weep not, sad mourners. No atonement given,
None ask'd - He stands beside the golden gate -
The portals opens to the child of heaven,
And, hymning angels on his footsteps wait.

Then dry your tears; in vain is all repining,
Look not on him as one you'll see no more.
He will be near you at life's low declining -
"He is not dead but only gone before."

What saith the bright Exemplar of our being?
Oh! suffer them to come to me, he said,
For they are lovely to the eye All-seeing
And of such little ones my kingdom's made

Mary E. Lane

Lines to

Does life with thee propitious glide?
Or say, does Sorrow Mark thy day,
And by her Ebon clouds divide
Thy form from joy, Illumined Ways?
I trust not — yet this heart of Mine
By many a Sorrow hath been Wrung,
And where My dearest hopes could twine,
I knew they but despairing Clung.
Yet May the Angels Smiles of peace
Around thy passing day be Strewed;
May fleeting hours but bliss Increase,
Nor on thy heart one pare Intrude.

John G Dutton

