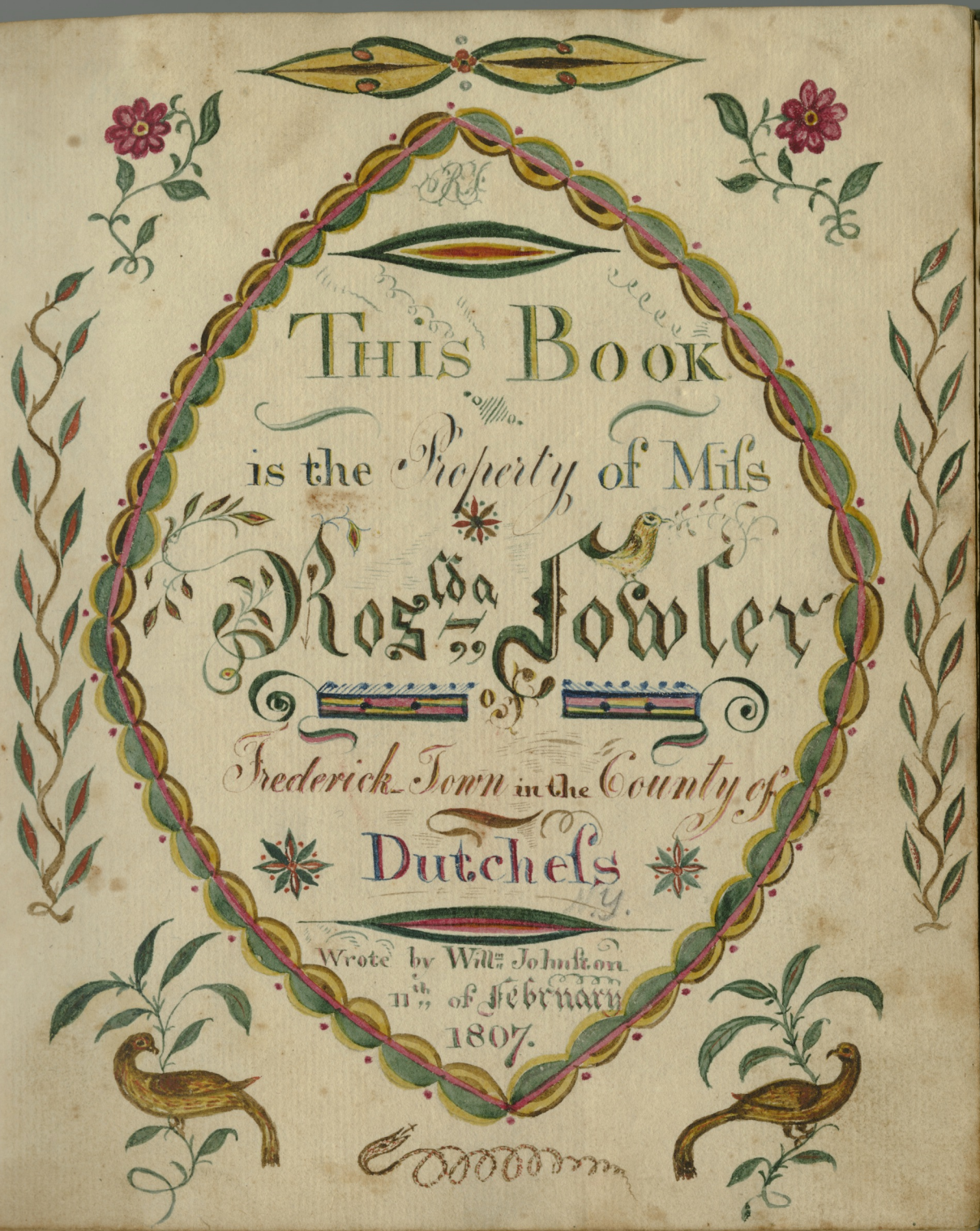
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Rose Land Fowler Lyon Mother of
Henrietta (Lyon) Todd - Mother of John Todd
Father of Ruth Gardiner (Todd) Thompson.
Mother of Thomas Gardiner Thompson

Now in town of Kent
Putnam Co.

Frederick town
Rare example of N.Y. State
fortress or Elevation




This Book
is the Property of Miss
Rosetta Fowler
of
Frederick-Town in the County of
Dutchess
Wrote by Willm Johnston
11th of February
1807.

White

Franklin Academy
September 15th 1807

Trust not too much to that enchanting face.
Beauty's a charm but soon the charm will pass—

Cool Breazes now the raging heats removd
Ah cruel Heaven! that made no cure for love!
I wish for balmy sleep but wish in vain.
Love has no Bounds in Pleasure or in Pain—

Virgils 2d Pastoral

Full many a Gem of purest ray serene.
The dark unfathomd caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen.
And waste its sweetnys on the desert air—

— Gay —

Franklin Academy
September 24th 1807

Man was made to mourn.

A Dirge

1st

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr
I spy'd a man, whose aged steps
Seem'd weary, worn with care,
His face was furrow'd o'er with years
And hoary was his hair.

2nd

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou!
Began the rev'rend sage;

Does thirst of wealth thy steps constrain,
Or youthfull pleasures rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

3rd

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordlings pride;
I've seen yon weary winters sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

4th

O man! while in thy years,

5th

How prodigal of time!
Mispending all thy precious hour
Thy glorious youthfull prime!
Alternate follies take the sway
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives natures laws
That man was made to mourn

6th

Look not alone on youthful prime
Or manhoods active might;
Man then is usefull to his kind
Supported is his right,
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want oh! ill matchd pain
How man was made to mourn.

7th

Many and sharp the numerous ill
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse and shame.
And man whose heav'n erected face,
The smiles of love adorn.
Man's inhumanity to man
Make countless thousands mourn—

~~8th~~ 8.

A Few seem favorites of fate.
In pleasures lap carest;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But Oh! what crouds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn.
Through every life this lesson learn

That man was made to mourn.

9th

See yonder poor o'er labourd wight
So abject mean and vile.
Who begs a brother of the earth.
To give him leave to toil.
And see his lordly fellow worm.
The poor petition spurn.
Unmoved full. tho' a weeping wife.
And helpless offsprings mourn.

10th

If I'm design'd yon lordlings slave
By natures laws design'd,
Why was an independant wish.
E'er planted in my mind?
If not why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn?

Or why has man the will and power.
To make his fellows mourn?

44th

Yet let not this too much my son,
Disturbe thy youthfull breast:
This partial view of human-kind,
Is surely not the last.
The poor oppressed honest man
Had never sure been born,
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn.

12th

O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcom the hour my aged limbs,
Are laid with thee to rest;

The great the wealthy fear thy blow.
From pomp and pleasure town
But oh! a blest relief to those
That weary laden mourn —

A Lyric Poem. Taken from Celestina.

The Peasant of the Alps

Where cliffs arise by Winter crown'd,
And thro' dark groves of Pine around
Down the chasms, the snow fed torrents foam
Within some hollow, sheltered from the storms,
The Peasant of the Alps his cottage forms
And builds his humble, happy home.

Unenvied is the rich domain,
That far beneath him on the plain,
Waves its wide harvests and its olive groves
More dear to him his hut, with plantain thatch'd,
Where long his unambitious mate attach'd
Finds all he wishes, all he loves,
There dwells the Mistress of his heart,
And love, who teaches every art,
Has taught him dress the spot with fondest care;
When borrowing from the vale its fertile soil
He climbs the Precipice with patients toil
To plant her favorite flowrets there.

With native Shrubs, an hardy race,
There the green Myrtle finds a place,
And roses there, whose downy leaves decline;

P.T.O

While from the Craggs abrupt and tangled steeps,
With bloom and fruit the Alpine bower peeps,
And blushing, mingles with the vine.

His gardens simple produce store;
Prepared for him by hands adored,
Is all the little luxury he knows;
And by the same dear hands are softly spread
The Chamois' velvet spoil that forms the bed
Where in her arms he finds repose.

But absent from the calm abode
Dark thunder gathers round his road
Wild raves the wind, the arrowy lightnings flash
Returning quick the murmuring rocks among
His faint heart trembling as he winds along;
Alarm'd! — he listens to the crash.

Of rustling ice! — Oh man of woe!
'Tis his dear cot — a mass of snow,
By the storm swept from the cliff above
Has fallen — and buried in its marble breast
All that for him had wretch — the world possest
His home, his happiness his love.

Aghast the heart struck mourner stands
Glaz'd are his eyes — convulsed his hands
Overwhelming Anguish chokes his laboring breath;
Crushed by despairs intolerable Weight
Frantic he seeks the Mountains coldest height,
And headlong seeks relief in death.

A fate too similar is mine
But I — in lingering pain repine

And still my lost felicity deplore;
Cold to me is that dear breast become
Where this poor heart had fondly fix'd its home
And love and happiness were mine no more —

Detest disguise " Remember 'tis your part
By gentle softness to retain the heart
Let Duty, Prudence, Virtue take the lead
To fix your choice, but from it never recede
Abhor Coquetry; Spurn the shallow fool
Who measures out dull compliments by rule
And without Meaning like a chatt'ring jay
Repeats the same dull strains throughout the day
Are men of sense attracted by your face
Your well turn'd figure or your compound grace
Be mild and equal modestly gay
Your judgment rather than your wit display
By aiming at good breeding strive to please
'Tis nothing more than regulated ease
Does one dear youth among a worthy train
The best affections of your heart obtain
And is he reckon'd worthy of your choice
In your opinion with the general Voice
Confess it Him, not from him seek to hide
What known to every Person else beside
Attach him to you in a generous mind
A lively gratitude expect to find
Receive his vows and by a kind return
Affections blaze will ere the brighter burn
Disdain duplicity from Pride be free
What ever Woman should you then will be.

From your friend

To Miss R Fowler

Advice to a female friend,
on the Choice of a Husband.

Attend dear girl the Poets lay,
Hearken to what my Muse shall say;
My Muse shall ever friendly prove
To you & most sincerely love:
Then list & listen to Her lore
For Wisdom she has got in store

Your form's engaging that you know
Your Glass has oftin told you so
Your Manners pleasing and your Sense
Still adds unto your excellence
Your spotless mind so free from guile:
Your face, that ever wears a smile

But now, dear girl, for my advice —
I'll give it, Lassie, in a trice.

Love him who loves You for himself,
And love not any for their pelf;
Love him, whose love you think's sincere,
Whether a poor or rich man's heir;
Love him whose temper suits your own,
Whether a Citizen or Clown;
Love him whose mind's well stord with reading
Before the man who's fond of feeding;
Love him who loves domestic joys
Better than plays and such like toys;

Love him, in whose ennobled mind
No seeds of bigotry you find;
Love him, who's guided by his reason
Whose conducts Seldom out of season:
Who steers an even course through life
Avoiding many a bitter strife ——
Love him, who is averse to law,
Who keeps himself from legal paw ——
Love him, whose Conversation pleases
Whose Word your whole attention Seizes ——
Love him, whose Kind and tender-hearted;
His Love from you will nier be parted ——
Love him, whose friendship is sincere
For thus his love you need not fear
Who loves his Friend will love his Lass
And happy days you'll with him pass

When such a man you find, nëer care
Whether his Black, or Brown, or fair;
Whether he's tall, or Short, or Neither;
For good he may be if his either;
Whether a lusty man, or Spare
Whether or light or dark his hair;
These are Externals of no weight
In making of the Matter Straight

But where, you'll say, can men be found
Who in such qualities abound?
I answer if you cannot find
A man in whom thay're all combind

Take one who comes the nearest to
Almost of them can have the most.

Miss Fowler is
~~[illegible]~~ with
~~[illegible]~~; She says
so herself ——
Nov: 1807
Pond
R. F.
Wid &
Betsy Gray

The Fair.

See now the fair in beauties garb array'd,
By them see beauty in itself displayd:
Their features fair, their looks sweetly gay,
No May-blown rose appears more deck'd than they.
Alas! on them how can we cast an eye,
Nor heave sincerely the enraptur'd sigh.
Their sense exquisit, they our partners are,
We fly with them our troubles and our care;
With them we brave life's howling storms and seas,
Nor shrink from furies that distract like these:
They are our equals, not our slaves to be,
Created equal; and as man they're free. Heart
They soothe each care, each pang that rends the
And of Mankind they are the better part:
Sole partners they of all we have possess,
Fate, Fortune, woe, or purer happiness.

R. Roop's Growing Village.

To Louisa

Trust not, fair Maid, the self-admiring beau,
Compos'd of noise, of nonsence and of show
Avoid the Rake, nor Vainly think, to you,
Who laughs at constancy will e'er be true:
A fool, tho' rich, receive not to your arms:
He views, insensible, your heav'nly charms.
But, should some gen'rous, kind deserving youth,
Blest with good sence, good nature, virtue, truth,
Fir'd with your charms, prefer his am'rous plea,
Accept his Love --- he knows not to be free;
But, conscious of your worth, the gift will prize.
And ever view you with a Lover's eyes ——

Ode to Sickness

Not to the Rosy Maid, whom former hours
Beheld me fondly court, tune I now
The melancholy Lyre: No more I seek
Thy aid Hygeia*, sought so long in vain
But 'tis to thee O Sickness! 'tis to thee
I wake the Silent strains! accept the lay
Of unresisting victims! But Nymph of mild.
Thou mournful mien, Upon whos brow
Patience sits smiling, And whos heavy eye
Though moist with tears, is always fix'd on Heaven
Thou wrapts the world in gloom! but thou canst tell
The world when all is sunshine, and at length
When through this vale of sorrow thou hast led
Thy patient sufferers; cheering them the while

With many a smile of promis, thy pale hand
Unlocks the Bowers of Everlasting rest:
Then Death kind angel waits to dry their tears
And crown them with Amaranthine flowers
Yet I have known thee long, and have felt
All that thou hast of Sorrow; many a tear
Has fall'n on my cold cheek, and many a sigh
Call'd forth by thee, has swell'd my aching breast.
Yet! still I bless thee, O thou chastning power;
For all I bless thee, Thou hast taught my Soul
To rest upon itself; to look beyond the narrow
Bounds of time, and fix its hope
On the sure basis of Eternity —

Mean while even in this transitory scene,
Of what hast thou deprived me, has thy hand
Clos'd up the Book of Knowledge: drawn a vail

On the fair face of Nature or destroy'd
The tender pleasures of sence?
Ah no! 'tis thine to call forth in the Heart
Each bitter feeling! thou wakenst there
What uncontrold philanthropy feels,
For all the unhappy-
Which casting weary selfish care aside.
Ends its own bliss by seeing others bless'd.
That melancholy tender yet sublime
Which feeling all the nothingness of
Earth, Exalts the soul to Heaven:
And more than this, that pure
Devotion which even in the hours
Of agonizing pain can fill the eyes
With tears of Extacy! such tears perhaps
-ts angels love to shed.-

These are thy gifts O Sickness!
These to me thou hast vouch'd safe and
Taught me how to prize.
Shall I sink from aught thou hast ordain'd
Shall I even envy the Luxurious train?
Around whos paths prosperity has
Strewn her gilded toys, Ah let them
Still pursue the shining trifles
Never shall they know such pure and
Holy blifs as await the Heart
Refin'd by Sufferings. Not to these
Doth Fancy sing her wild romantic
Songs, 'Tis not for these her glowing
Hand undraws the sacred veil
That hidis the angelic world

They hear not in the music of the wind
Celestial voices sweet that in whispers
Call to the flowrs- The young and bashfull-
-Flowers!
They see not at the shady hour of Eve,
Descending spirits who on silver wings
Glide through the air, & tune their harps divine.
Sing in soft notes, the Hymn of Praise,
Or pawsing for a moment, as they turn
Their Radient Eyes on this polluted scene
Drop on their golden Harps a pitying tear,
Prosperity, count thy gifts no more,
Nor thine O thou fair Higeia, yet to thee
I breath one fervant prayer. attend the strains
If For my fatal blow, thy hand prepares
Some future wreath let me the gift resign

Transfer the Rosy Garland bid it bloom
Around the temples of that friend belov'd *
On whos maternal bosom even now
I lay my aching head: and as I mark
The smiles that plays upon her Speaking face
Forget that ever I had shed a tear.

* Mrs Cunne

Virtue of sterling worth, is like the diamon in its unpolish'd state: It dazzles not the eye by outward show; But those whos skilful eye can prize the precious gem, discern its humble worth, Tho' not announc'd by ostentatious show.

The First Lesson

Of A Father to his son a year old.

Boy, love thy Mother! — she with tearful eye
Tends the slow progress of thy op'ning mind;
Removes the cause of every infant sigh,
And by her practice lures the to be kind.
Boy, love thy Mother! — calm her beating heart,
That throbs, affectionate with care for thee;
Compose her anxious breast with playful art;
Kiss her soft lips, and prattle at her knee.
Boy, love thy Mother! — Let thy lisping tongue,
In broken accents, charm her wondring ear,
And, when again upon her bosom hung,
Say, Oh, Mamma! I love, I love you dear,
Boy, love thy Mother! — the reflective rays
Will beam new lustre o'er thy Father's days.

Woman's Harde Fate—

By a Lady—

How wretched is poor woman's fate!
No happy change her fortune knows;
Subject to man in every state,
How can she then be free from woes?
In youth, a fathers stern command,
And jealous eye, controuls her will
A lordly brother's watchful stands,
To keep her closer captive still—.
The tyrant Husband next appears,
With awful and contracted brow;
No more a lover's form he wears:
Her slaves become her sov'reign now.
If from this fatal bondage free,
And not by marriage chains confin'd,
If, blest with single life, she see.
A Parent fond, a brother kind—
Yet love usurps her tender breast,

And paints a phanix to her eyes;
Some darling youth disturbs her rest;
And painful sighs in secret rise.
Oh cruel powers since you've design'd
That man, vain man, should bear the sway
So slavish chains add slavish mind.
That I may thus your will obey.—

Ann

Avarice—

Avarice begets almost every crime, nor do we find,
That any passion of the human mind,
So oft has plung'd the sword, or drunch'd the bowl,
As avarice that, tyrant of the soul.
For he that will be rich brooks no delay.
But drives o'er all, and takes the shortest way.
What law, or fear, or shame, can e'er restrain—
The greedy wretch, in full pursuit of gain,
Do but get money, that's a needful task,
Which way you get it, none will ever ask,
Curs'd gold, how high will daring mortals rise,
In every guitt, to reach the glittering Prize—

A Nosegay...

The Violet is Modesty
For it conceals itself;
The Rose is likewise Modesty
Though it reveals itself;
For it a blush betrays—

The jasmin shews an Innocence
So chaste and pure its hue;
The Hyacinth, sweet diffidence.
Which bends to shun our view;
'Tis Fancy thus pourtrays.

The Honeysuckle, Sympathy
Distilling Dewy Tears;
The Passion Flower, Brevity;
Scarcely blown it disappears.

The Tulip is variety.
That changes with the hour;
The Primrose is Simplicity,
And Flora's favorite Flower.

Thus in each plant some lesson we may find
Which serves t' improve while it corrects the mind
And Flowers (and weeds are an exaustless store
Of pleasure, profit, (and intrinsic- lore,
In short, each object to a grateful heart,
However Humble must delight impart—

"Who aids the cause of innocens oppress'd
Is by the act alone supremely blest
No greater rapture man on earth can know
Than that of feeling (and relieving woe."

Cavan of Strozzi

Doomed, as I am in solitude to waste
The present moments, and forget the past;
Deprived of every joy I valued most—
My friends torn from me, and my mistress lost—
Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,
The dull effect of humour or of spleen;
Still, still I mourn, with each return of day.

Cowper

The Gloom of Autumn
An Emblem of old Age

Hail ye sighing Sons of Sorrow
View with me the autumnal Gloom
Learn from hence your fate to-morrow
Dead perhaps Laid in the tomb
See all nature fading dying
Silent all things seem to mourn
Life from Vegitation flying
Minds us of our mouldring urn.

Oft in autumns Tempests rising
Makes the lofty Forest nod
Scene of Nature how surprising
Reads in Nature Natures god
See our Sovreign soul Creator
Lives - eternal in the Sky

While we mortals yield to nature
Bloom awhile then Fade and Die

Nations Die by dread bellona
Through enrag'd tyranic kings
Just as plants by pale pamono
Fall to rise in future Springs
Mournful Scene when vegitation
Dies by frost or worms devour
Duly mournful when a nation
Dies by nighb'ring nations power

Death and war my mind depresses
Autumn shews my own decay
Calls to mind my past distresses
Warns me of my dying Day
Autumn gives me melancholly
Strikes dejection through my soul
While I mourn my former folly
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll

Hollow winds about me roaring
Noisy waters round me rise
While I set my fate deploring
Tears fast stealing from mine eyes
What to me are autumns treasures
Since I know no earthly Joy
Long I lost all youthful pleasure
Time must youth and health Destroy

Pleasure once I fondly counted
Blooming as the blushing Rose
Ah! to see where once I sported
Now in bitters all my woes
Age and Sorrow since have blasted
Every youthfull pleasing Dream
Quivering age with youth contrasted
Oh! how short our Glows seem -

Sorrow Friends how oft I've sought em
Just to cheer my drooping mind
But they're gone like leaves in Autumn
Driven before the Dreary wind
When a few more years have wasted
When a few more Springs are o'er
When a few more griefs I've tasted
I shall fall to bloom no more

Fast my Sun of life's Declining
Soon will set in endless night
But my hopes pure and refining
Rest in future life and light
Ceas this Fearing trembling Sighing
Death shall, Burst this sullen gloom
Soon my Spirits flutt'ring flying
Must be born beyond the tomb—

"No Rose without a Thorn"

The blooming Rose, whose foilage fair
With splendor decks the vale,
Whose sweets perfume the ev'ning air,
And scent the Evening gale;
Though rich and dazzling to our eyes,
The tints its leaves adorn;
Yet ah! beneath its beauty lies
Conceal'd a treach'rous thorn.

The moral muse a theme may find
In this delusive flower;
It strongly pictures on the mind
Life's disultory hour;
Whose prospects, op'ning to the view,
Seem fair as Summer's morn;
Yet mingled Sorrows prove, too true,
No rose without a thorn—

When, flush'd with youth, we first appear,
Hope paints in colours gay,
Long hours of peace and plenty near
Along the devious way
Till, disappointed of our aim
Its fatt'ring smiles we mourn.
And sighing at our lot, exclaim
"No rose without a thorn".

When beauty's smiles the hearts allure,
And tune the soul to joy,
We fondly hope to find secure
Pure bliss without alloy:
Yet when the heart, enchain'd by love,
With jealous fears is torn;
Too soon the hapless lovers proove
No rose without a thorn—

The highest prospects lure our eyes,
Of power of wealth and fame:
Eager we grasp the glitring prize,
But find an emty name;
And when the glittering fantom's known
Dejected and forlorn,
The mournful truth our bosoms own,
No rose without a thorn

Such is the destin'd lot of all
Along this vale below;
Now pleasures sweetest show'rs may fall
And now the Storms of Woe.
To scenes of Sorrow and of pain
The human race is born;
The ease expecting to obtain
The rose without the thorn.

~~Such is the destin'd lot of all~~

But let us learn life's ills to bear,
To Heavens will resign'd;
Its joys partake, its sorrows share,
With calm content of mind:
For he who murmurs at his fate,
Deserves contempt and scorn;
He'll find in life's most envied state,
No Rose without a thorn — —

"Look round the habitable world how few
Know their own good or knowing it pursue" —

The Rose

See Mary see the opening rose
How fragrant and how fair
Behold its leaves their folds disclose
And sent the ambient air
The Eyes with fond attention gaze
Upon its blooming charmes
Its image on the fancy plays
And sweet sensations form

But soon its pleasing colours fade
Smote by scorching sun
Its beauties in the dust are laide
And all its sweetness gone
Just so the Charmes that deck the face
And sparkle in the eye
They bloom and shine with short lived blaze
Then wither droop and die.

Not thus the beaties of the mind
Fair virtues smiling train
They brighter glow by time refind
And constant gauth maintain
No knipping frost no nawing worm
Affect the well fix,d roots
No blasting winds no angry Storm
Destroy the ripening fruits

On each fair branch fush blooms rise
Each month each week and day
While constant crops of sweetest joys
The planters cares repay
Your Mind Dear girl is Virtues soil
There sow the seads of bliss
So Heaven shall crown your labouring toil
And give a large increase—

January 22nd 1752

To a fond fathers memory

Sweet excellence, farewell; but, stay the tear,
Thy virtues waft thee, to a happier sphere,
Yet! how can I, those virtues cease to mourn?
Which heaven has snatched, from Earths more
precious, store.
Oh! in that form, how chastely were combined,
An Angels beauty, with an Angels mind.
How sweetly did his every action prove,
Connubial duty, and paternal love.

Farewell, dear father; and, for ever, angels
guard thy bier,
And pitying, drop o'er human griefs a tear,
They bear thee on their Silver wings to heaven,
Yet! mourn the wound, relentless fate has
given
Reflection, long, shall hover o'er thy urn

turn over

And peaceful friendship boast the
power to mourn
Peace to thy shade; while truth shall
breath the rest,
Lamented most by those, who knew thee best!

The Above lines, composed by Horatio
N. McClannahan and inscribed on his fathers
Tomb in the village of Clashmore, in
the County of Waterford, Ireland

Home sweet home.

Mid' pleasures and palaces, tho' we may roam
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies, seems to hallow us there.
Which seek thro' the world, you'll not meet with
elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet home &c

2

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain
Oh! give me my lovely thatched cottage again,
The birds singing sweetly, that come at my call.
Oh! give me them, with a peace of mind
that's dearer than all.

Home, home sweet home &c

3

The fond mothers son, when he leaves
his loved shore
He sighs for that home, which he nere shall
see more
And mid' all his travels, whilst abroad he doe roam,
He sighs and exclaims there's no place like home

Home, home sweet home &c

turn over

4th verse

The Sailor likewise, sails where billows do foam,
And mid' all his hardships, he ne'er forgets home
He thinks of those pleasures, which are long
past and gone
And with a heart-rending tear, casts a sigh
for his home

Home, home sweet &c home

Answer to Sweet home

Oh! Weep not for home, tho' that home it
may be dear
Whilst you meet with such friends as encir-
-cle you here,
Your heart may be lonely, misfortunes may rend
But will brighten again, in the smiles of a friend.

2d Friend, friend dear friend &c

Like a hare I roamed from the home that I loved
From the friends of my childhood, whose friend-
-ship was proved.

Continued

And Oh! tho' the hearts of those friends were mine
I have met in my exile, with friends no less dear

3

Then sigh not, but turn your affections round those
That will smile on your pleasures, and weep on your woes
And Oh! like the flowers that are faded and gone,
Your heart will soon wither when friendship is flown

On the death of General Hamilton

What shrouds in deep sorrow our country around.
Why that gloom on Columbia's brow?
Why fades ev'ry laurel — whence echos that sound,
Breath'd forth in sad accents of woe!

'Tis wafted along with electrical flight,
The cause we must ever deplore! —
Behold the approaches of Fate's darkest night,
For Hamilton now is no more!

The slow passing breeze murmurs heavily along,
And shakes the pain'd ear with its moan;
A faltering voice breath's the zephyrs among,
Our country's bright ornament's gone!

Cold, cold in the Tomb lies the Friend of mankind
Columbia thy Hero is fled —
And must this great man in the grave be confin'd
Humbling thought — just like others when dead!

But his glorious atchievements with lustre shall shine,
Tho his form is now mould'ring in earth!
On fame's golden column some pencil divine,
Shall picture his eminent Worth -

How awfully mute, that once eloquent tongue,
Which feelingly ravish'd the Ear;
While the shades of fam'd Cicero, angels among,
Stoop'd down in amazement to hear!

Ah hapless Columbia! see'st thou thy sad fate,
Since thus thy best heros expire?
What can gratitude do at a period so late.
But sorrow lament and admire.

And will not our youths, while around the bier
The badges of grief* they entwine,
Feel an emulous glow and an impulse more warm;
To imitate greatness divine —

arm.

* Badges were worn for several weeks by the members of his profession -

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A Birth days Present

Joys pure and solid permanent refin'd
Only are known to virtuous polish'd minds
Had you the wealth all earthly kings possess
Never would you find it source of happiness
All solid bliss we on this globe can find
Derive from knowledge with true virtue join'd
Devoid of those all worldly wealth is vain
Ignorance excites contempt and cold disdain
Shun then low ignorance all your pow'rs display
Lose no time dear Lad reflect this day
Nine years of fleeting life have roll'd away
Fair are your prospects your young active mind
Opening with genius bright should be refin'd
With care improve your mind with knowledge pure
Learning is property the most secure
Ennobled by pure virtue here approv'd
Revered you'll be by God and Angels lov'd —

July 25th 1806 B. Bryant —

A Rebus

A late Monarch of Gallia generous and great
The Indefinite article as grammarians state
The Goddess of Flowers in old heathen land
A Latin Conjunction which english'd is and
Two thirds of the name of a Liquid in use
Which a substance prepared by Fire will produce
The Latter half of a name by which Luna is known
Whose rays for the absence of Phoebus atone—

These all in due order exhibited to view
The name of a lovely young female will shew
Whose form's so genteel whos aspect's so fair
In radiance of beauty few with her compare
Her countenance is noble by nature designd
To denote an exalted superior mind

Through beauties external which in her combine
Her minds radient beauties conspicuous shine
So liberal dame nature her favors dispunce
Each glance shews discernment expression & sence
Each action is noble each motion is grace
Refulgently shines her young mind in her face.

January 11th 1811 Philanthropos

Florella.

Expect not perfect Happiness below,
Nor heav'nly plants on earth's low soil to grow.
Esteem none happy by their outward air;
All have their portion of allotted care;
Though prudence wears the semblance of ~~disguise~~ content.
When the full heart with agony is rent;
Secludes its anguish from the public sight,
And feeds on sorrow with a sad delight;
Shuns every eye to cherish darting grief,
This fond indulgence its supreme relief.
By love directed, and in mercy ~~sent~~ ment,
Are trials suffer'd and Afflictions sent;
To stem impetuous passion's furious tide,
To curbe the insolence of prosp'rous pride,
To wean from earth, and bid our wishes soar
To that blest clime where pain shall be no more.
Where wearied virtue shall for refuge fly,
And every tear be wip'd from ev'ry eye.

E Moll

O sad estate of human wretchedness! so weak is man, so ignorant and blind, that did not God sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask, we should be undone at our own request -

God is ev'ry where; not to one partial spot confind -
He extends through all the vast infinitude of space.
At his command the furious tempests rise, The blasting of the breath of his Displeasure:
He tells the worlds of waters when to roar; and at his bidding, winds and seas are calm. In Him, not in an arm of flesh, I trust; In Him whose promise never fails I place my confidence —

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Parential love

A doting Parent lives in many lives;
Through many a nerve she feels; From child
to child the quick affections spread, Forever wan-
dering and forever fixed... Nor does division
weaken nor the force of constant operation e'er
exhaust Parential love — All other passions
change with changing circumstances; rise and
fall dependent on their object; claim return
Live on reciprocation; and expire unfed by
hope... A mothers fondness reigns without
a rival and without an end...

Drama of Moses in the Bulrushes

By Mrs

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Pattonson January 20th 1813

Oh! enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care to guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes,
Of others or my own!

Burns.

Dear Madam

I am still existing upon an eminence, amidst rocks and leafless shrubs; which the white Mantle of winter, cannot secret from the melancholy view— "Oh thou sad, but true emblems, of those plants which exist, in my wintry mind!" I grieve not for you, — for soon thy glorious friends;

Since trifles make the sum of things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
~~And few can save or serve but all may please~~;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve but all may please;
Oh! let the ungarded spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With power to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; but Heaven decrees
To all, the gift of minist'ring to ease.
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery and all price above;
The mild forbearance at another's fault,
The taunting word, supress'd as soon as thought
On these Heav'n bade the bliss of life depend,
And crush'd ill-fortune when she made a fiend.

A Solitary blessing few can find,
Our joys with those we love are intertwin'd;
And he who helpful tenderness removes
The obstructing thorn which wounds the breast he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own—

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, or implicit dislike;
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the Eye;
The artful injury, whose venom'd dart,
Scarce wounds the hearing while it stabs the heart.
The guarded phrase whose meaning kills, yet told,
The list'ner wonders how you thought it cold;
Small slights, contempt, neglect unmix'd with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight.
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comfort, and destroy our ease—

H. More

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Life

We are born; we laugh, we weep;
We love; we droop, we die
Oh! Wherefore do we laugh or weep
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die!

We toil through pain and wrong
We fight; and fly;
We love; we lose; and then are long;
Stone dead we lie
Oh life! is all thy song
Endure and die?

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Lines Suggested at the sight some late Autumnal flowers.

Those few pale autumnal flowers
How Beautiful they are
Than all those sweet boyne
Than all the summer store
How lovelier far

And why, they are the last
The last, the last, the last
Oh by that little word.
How many thoughts are stirr'd
How sister of the past—

Pale flowers, pale perishing flowers
Ye're types of precious things
Types of these little moments
That flitte like life's enjoyments
On rappid rappid wings

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That time the fastest spends)
Last Tears in silence shed
Las words half uttered
Last looks of dying friends

Who would but fain compress
A life into a day
The last day spent with one
Who, ere the Morning Sun
Must leave us and for aye;

Oh! precious. precious moments
Pale flowers ye're types of those
The sadest, sweetest, dearest,
Because like these the nearest.
To an eternal close

Pale flowers, pale perishing flowers
I woo yan gentle breath
I leave the Summer Rose
For yan ingen blighter brows
Tell me of change and death

Woman

Not She, with treacherous kiss her Saviour stung
Not she, denied him with unholy tongue
She, while Apostles shrink, could danger brave
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave —

Oh! what is woman, what her smile
Her lip of love, her eye of light.
What is she! if her tongue revile
The lowly Jesus, Love may write
His name, upon her marble brow
May linger in her curls of jet
The light Spring flowers may scarcely blow
Beneath her feet, and yet, and yet,
Without that meeker grace she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity —

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On visiting after an absence of many years
then again leaving the residence of Mr Lyon
at Byram pond N. Castle —

Farewell Byram lovely water;
Sad I leave thy tideless waves;
On thy banks I still would loiter.
For them minds of other days.

Days when hope with magic vision
Veiled the mind from all alloys.
Grief had then made no incission
In the young hearts, early joys

Now, sorrows mildew-breath has blighted
Those dreams of youth, all all have fled,
My Parents dead, affections slighted,
Health is gone, and hope is dead.

Then can I leave without regret.
Those scenes of early pleasure
Friends too, who love me yet,
My all of earthly treasure

My first my much lov'd friends so kind.
Much, much, I owe to you,
A solace in your love I find;
Which I shall find with few,

Then farewell much regretted water,
No more to watch each little wave;
Yet on thy Shore, I still would loiter
Till beneath I find a grave -

Pamelia Hamilton

New York April 17th 1835

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Extracted.

From Seneca's Morals.

There is not any thing in this world, perhaps, that is more talked of, and less understood, than the business of a happy life. It is every man's wish, and design; and yet not one of a thousand that knows wherein that happiness consists. We live however in a blind and eager pursuit of it; and the more haste we make in a wrong way, the farther we are from our journey's end.

Let us therefore first consider, what it is we would be at; and secondly, which is the readiest way to compass it.

If we be right, we shall find every day how much we improve; but if we either follow the cry, or the track of people that are out of the way, we must expect to be misled, and to continue our days in wandering and error.

Wherefore it highly concerns us to take along with us a skilful guide; for it is not in this, as in other voyages, where the highway brings us to our place of repose; or, if a man should happen to be out, where the inhabitants might set him right again: But, on the contrary, the beaten road is here the most dangerous, and the people, instead of helping us, misguide us. Let us not therefore follow, like beasts, but rather govern ourselves by reason than by example. It fares with us in human life, as in a routed army; one stumbles first, and then another falls upon him, and so they follow one upon the neck of another, till the whole field comes to be one heap of miscarriages.—

Your age and circumstances, make it very probable that you have had some contemplative views, of the matrimonial state: And well you may; for there is no worldly subject, more worthy the attention, of a rational Being. And as Mr. Anon Says. "Marriage if Rong, or rightly understood",

"Is the worst Evil, or the greatist good".

And when it is entered into by two; whos minds are engaged, by the ties of reciprocal Sincerity, Each alternately receives, and communicates a transport, that is inconceivable to any but those who are in the same situation; From thence arises, that Heart ennobling solicitude for each others welfare, that tender sympathy that

alleviates affliction, and that participated pleasure
that heightens prosperity and joy itself.
This is a full completion of Human happiness,
and a perpetual fountain of domestic bliss,
Such an union is desireable, and answers
the purpose of the Original Institution.
But when we view the melancholy and tem-
-pestious side of Matrimony, the Objects are too
hedious to be born with. Behold the inno-
-cent Wife, (as it were) dissolving in tears, for the
cursed ingratitude of her Husband ~~is intrigu-~~
~~-ing with other women~~, See families broken up,
Children scattered, and placed in a state of
Wretchedness; See what a melancholy situa-
-tion the Family is in, that has a profligate
at the head of it, See how he scatters the infection

Through the whole house. You will hear the children of such a Father, immitating him in his Vicious Language, & blushing at his impiety. Perhaps you will think singular of me, for being so particular on this subject; however I hope this will be a sufficient apology, that, I am your real Friend; and know it to be of the greatest importance to you, to have the man, with whom you shall Join yourself for life, Possess'd, of good qualities, for if he is strictly virtuous, he will not only make your present Life agreeable, but may determin Your future happiness.

There are many subterfuges made use of by the Courtier, to hide imperfections that will perhaps, be made too obvious in the

Husband. You cannot stand too much on your guard; for it is too often the case, as Mr. Dryden has it

"Your thoughtless Sex are often caught,
"By outward form and empty noise.

There are many handsome Cunning Men, whose abilities are chiefly taken up, in Making all those with whom they are connected, miserable. Such are those, who are taken up with what they call, the pleasures of company, and a promiscuous use of women; who cannot support Life without such sensations and joy reflections, and are strangers to tranquility, to right reason, and a calm motion of the spirits; without transport, or dejection. Such of all one living aught to be avoided; for

They are immediately seated with Possession, and must necessarily fly to new acquisi-tions of Beauty, to pass away the wishing moments of Life.

"These are not guided by the tracts of reason,"
"But heat and wantoness of blood run giddy."
"To seal such weighty Covenants—"
"Love raised on beauty will like that decay,"
"Our hearts may bear its slender chaines a day,"
"Its flowry bands in wantoness are worn,"
"A morning pleasure, and at Evening torn."
(Shirley — Pope

How often shall the unpropitiated Youth.
Of attired Gods and ingur'd truth,
With tears alas! Complain.
How soon behold with wondering Eyes,

The black'ning clouds tempestuous rise,
And scowl along the main.
While by his eyes - faith betray'd.
He now enjoys the golden Maid.
Thus amiable and kind.
You fondly hope that he will prove,
Thus ever valiant to your love,
Nor heed the faithless wind.

To conclude. If ever you marry, get one who has good sence, good nature, Virtue, Love. and constancy, and then you will be sure, of a good Husband —

If you would have the nuptial Union last
Let virtue be the band that bind it fast —

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Family Disagreements the frequent cause of Immoral Conduct.

After all our complaints of the uncer-tainty of human affairs, it is undoubtedly true, that more misery is produced among us by the irregular-ities of our tempers, than by real misfortunes.

And it is a circumstance particularly unhap-py, that these irregularities of the temper are most apt to display themselves at our fire sides, where every thing ought to be tranquil and serene.

But the truth is, we are awed by the presence of strangers, and are afraid of appearing weak and ill natured, when we act in sight of the world; and so, very heroically, reserve all our ill humor for our wives, children and servants. We are meek, where we might meet with opposition; but feel ourselves undauntedly bold, where we are sure of no effectual resistance.—

The perversion of the best things converts them to the worst. Home is certainly well adapted to repose and solid enjoyment. Among parents and brothers, and all the tender charities of private life, the gentler affections, which are always attended with feelings purely and permanently pleasureable, find an ample scope for proper exertion.

The experienced have often declared, after wearying themselves in pursueing phantoms, that they have found a substantial happiness in the domestic circle. Hither they have returned from their wild excursions in the regions of dissipation, as the bird, after fluttering in the air descends into her nest, to partake and to increase its genial warmth with her young ones.

Such and so sweet are the comforts of home, when not perverted by the folly and weakness of man. Indifference, and a carelessness on the subject of pleasing those whom it is our best

interest

to please, often render it a scene of dulness and insipidity. Happy if the evil extended no farther. But the transition from the negative state of not being pleased, to positive ill humor, is but too easy. Fretfulness and peevishness arise, as nettles vegetate, spontaneously, where no salutary plants are cultivated. One unkind expression infallibly generates many others. Trifles light as air, are able to kindle the blaze of contention.

By frequent conflicts and unreserved familiarity, all that mutual respect which is necessary to preserve love, even in the most intimate connexions, is entirely lost; and the faint affection which remains, is too feeble to be felt amid the furious operation of the hateful passion.

Farewell peace and tranquility, and cheerful conversation, and all the boasted comforts of the family circle, the nest, which should preserve a

reciprocal

perpetual warmth by the constancy of paternal and conjugal affections, is rendered cold and joyless. In the place of the soft down which should cover it, are substituted thorns and briars.—.

The waters of strife, to make use of the beautiful allusion of scripture, rush in with impetuous violence, and ruffle and discolour that stream, which, in its natural and undisturbed current, devolves its waters all smooth and limpid.—

But it is not necessary to expatiate on the misery of family dissension. I mean more particularly to suggest, family dissension, besides all its own immediate evils, is the fruitful parent of moral misconduct.—.

When the several parts, which compose a family, find themselves uneasy in that home which is naturally the seat of mutual

enjoyment, they are tempted from the straight road of common prudence, to pursue their happ-ness through a devious wild of fopsion and imagination,

The son arrived at years of maturity, who is treated harshly at home, will seldom spend his evenings at the domestic fire side - If he lives in the city, he will fly for refuge to com-pany, and in the end, it is very probable, he will form some unhappy connexion, which cannot be continued without a plenti-ful supply of money.--

Money, it is probable, cannot be procured. What then remains, but to pursue those meth-ods which unprincipled ingenuity has invented, and which, sooner or later, lead to their proper punishments, pain, shame and death! -

But though the consequences are not always such as the operation of human laws produce, yet they are always terrible, and destructive of happiness and virtue.—

Misery is indeed the necessary result of all deviations from rectitude; but early debauchery, early disease, early profligacy of all kinds, are peculiarly fruitful of wretchedness, as they sow the seeds of misery in the spring of life when all that is sown takes deep root, and buds and blossoms, and brings forth fruit in profuse abundance—

Sensibility. —

The raptures which sensibility feels are hard to be expressed. they are not the objects of language. Words are blots which disgrace such sensations. Language is dismissed as a needless interpreter. In this mental dialect, souls of different countries, of different worlds, of different systems, may hold converse together. The organs of Sense are neither the inlets of their bliss, nor the index of their feelings. The scene is all ethereal. Their souls embrace, their spirits are congenial,

their feelings are kindred. The same raptures circulate in every bosom, and the same Language speaks in every throb! How do scenes like these triumph over the weak efforts of lan-guage? The rapturous throb, the gush-ing eye, the speechless embrace; these are images which breathless eloquence pants to express; the favorite touches in nature's drama, which spectator angels contemplate with a smile, and Crown with a plaudit.

Thus far sensibility triumphs; but when afflictions come does she not

not feel with proportionate pains?
Surely. The heart that thus exults
in the scenes of joy with such lively
feelings, must bleed when adversity
stings. Surely, then, in a world where
afflictions reign, a feeling heart
must be a curse. Under the mild
influence of peace, indeed, sensibility
is a smile and a rapture; but when
afflictions sting the bosom, it is an ex-
-quisite agony. The gentle dove
is only a happy bird in paradise,
the land of gentleness and peace; but
in this hostile realm, what is it but
a trembling quarry, while birds of prey

are hovering round it?

It is true sensibility has her pangs and She feels them as keenly as bosom can feel. While others only weep, her gentler nature bleeds. While others only sigh, her bosom writhes with torture. While others hearts are wrung with agony, her tender heart-strings burst! Yet surely, even this, painful as it is, has more sweetness in it than a tasteless insensibility—

Select Sentences

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be more so to-morrow.

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply griefs which he proposes to remove.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom power and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with happiness hereafter; without this, the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise—

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man, will meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues, praise: Such is the force of ill-will and ill nature.

It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great, or wise action in an age; but, to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

It often happens that those are the best people, whos characters have been most injured by slanderers; as we usally find that, the sweetest fruit, which the birds have been pecking at.

He is a good divine who follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

The mind, by always applying itself to objects below its level, contracts its dimensions, and sinks itself to the size, and lowers itself to the level of the object about which it is conversant: while the understanding which is active and aspiring, expands and raises itself, grows stronger by exercise, larger by diffusion, and richer by communication. H. More

There is a chord in a Mother's heart, which will vibrate, when every other is still; and a mutual influence is produced by an unrestrained communication of similar affections.

When you see an action in itself noble, to suspect the soundness of its motive, is like supposing every thing, mountains among the rest to be hollow. Yet, how many unbelieving believers pride themselves in this uncharitable folly! These are your silly vulgar-wise, your shallow men of penetration, who measure all things by their own littleness, and who, by professing to know nothing else, seem to fancy they earn a right to know human nature exclusively. Let none such be trusted in their judgements upon any one, not even on themselves always.—

The Church Safe.

The Church will stand, earths fearless pride.
Heaven's constant, watchful care, When suns shall hide
Their golden heads in night, and cease to rise;
When ruin, like a deamon, through the skies,
Repealing Order's laws shall madly rave,
And hoary Time expire on Nature's grave,
Then shall the Church, secure as heaven's high King,
Her beaming glories show, her mighty triumphs sing.

Who doubts her future triumph!— Let him go
And read, in ages past, the overthrow
Of all who dar'd to prove themselves her foes;—
Read how Omnipotence in wrath arose,
And on their guilty heads dire vengeance hurl'd.
If, while an infant, grappling with the World,
She humbled at her feet its pride and power,
Who doubts the safe result of each succeeding hour?

Where are her foes who lived before the flood?
Speak rolling Ocean, that o'erwhelm'd the world!

And heaven's high windows, that then open'd wide,
And pour'd a deluge on the sons of Pride!—
Where is Sodama, who, in olden time,
Sore vexed the Church, and wedded loathsom crime?
Speak, fire from heaven! that dashing on her head,
Swift as the lightning sunk her to the dead!
And thou, Asphaltites, with putrid, withering wave,
Speak! as thou roll'st this sea of gall athwart her grave.

Where is proud Pharaoh and his haughty host,
Who sought to waste the Church, with impious boast?
Sing, Miriam; sing, the mountain waves,
That lash'd and whelm'd them deep in watery graves!
Proud Egypt sank like lead no more to rise,
Till the last trump breaks from the vaulted skies!
Where are her other foes who've spilt her blood?—
Swept root and branch away by Time's resistless flood.

Where is Voltair, that withering pest of France,
Who made the universe the beat of chance?
Say did he "crush the wretch," and turn "the knave"
Out of all hearts into oblivion's grave?
Go to his death-bed— See how full despair
Sits on his brow, and reigns a conqu'ror there.
What! does he call for mercy on that Name

He strove to wrap in infamy and shame?
Where are his props? Ah, why that piercing cry?
The sceptic's hopes are sand — they fail when Death draws nigh.

The Church is safe; she has a friend on high.
Who guards her interests with a sleepless eye,
He spake! and worlds and suns harmonious rolled;
All Heaven and earth his bounding arms upholds.
His word is pledged to make her fill the earth
With love and peace, and righteousness and truth,—
Upon her foes eternal wrath to fling;
While she, in victor's robes, their overthrow shall sing.

'Twas He who broke the fountains of the deep,
And piled above the world a watery heap;
While on the waves the ark securely rode,
The church's casket, guided by her God.
'Twas He who overthrew with direful rain,
The guilty cities of Sodom's plain:—
That buried Egypt's pride beneath the flood.
While on the roaring waves in awful wrath he stood.

Cease then, vain world; thy empty hope,
Thou canst not waste the Church — her progress stoop.

Moved by that arm that moves the rowling spheres,
Onward she'll roll through all succeeding years.
The glory of the world to her will come,
And in her soft embrace she'll bear them home.
Home to that rest where peace immortal reigns,
Where sweetest love is sung in pure seraphic strains.

Out with thine arm, O world, and from their seat,
Pluck down the stars and strew them at thy feet;
With heavy breath blow out the lamps of day,
And clog the wheels of nature to their stay;
Make springing vegitation cease to rise,
And heavy gravitation seek the skies;
Command from graves the crumbling dead to walk,
And at thy feet, stern Death in chains to stalk.

Canst thou not e'en do this? — and dost thou hope
To waste the Church — with arm of heaven to cope?
Thou canst not e'en a mote annihilate,
And dost thou dream that in thy present state,
Thou canst extinguish the apple of that eye,
That beams a sun through vast eminsity?

All hail, puissant world, ye fools wear thou the crown,
The Power that rules the heavens laughs at thy strength in scorn.

The Church is safe; Jehovah's bride she'll move,
Deck'd with sweet robes of everlasting love.
I see her beaming with immortal light,
Rise like the sun on realms of pagan night,
Before her idols fall, and Error flies,
And at her glance pale Superstition dies.
Sin from his tyrant throne is headlong hurl'd
And bound in massive chains lies prostrate o'er the world.

I see her foes in awful thunder driven,
Accursed and flaming from the throne of heaven.
Hell on her sulph'rous fires, and scorpion pains,
Binds them in wreath and with adamantine chains!
Guilt drowns their souls—the never dying worm!
Heaven pours upon them the eternal Storm!
So, Hope abandons them to full Despair.
And Night and Sin and Death—Hell's Trinity, reigns there.

J. A. M.

September 30th 1832

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Eternity is already begun in my
Soul, and my inward part is refreshed with foretastes
of fruition; my thoughts take wing beyond the bounds
of time, and dwell (though alas! oh my soul too short)
amidst the glories of the better world —

Thus I can triumph amidst all the transitory
scenes of sorrow. patiently waiting the early beamings of
the blessed day, when my Soul shall be disincum=
=bred of its earthly burthen and fly to the armes of
its Redemer — O the emptiness of this present
world! but O the excellency of the world to come!
Surely this world is but a wilderness to us, if we
do not consider ourselves a travelers who are
to continue here but for a short time, and there
is a home to which we are bound —

Diligently seak relying with faith on thy promises
to carry me through this imperfect state of sin and
misery to a state of eternal perfection and Lasted
of rest —

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The operations of Providence are often most interesting in their minutest parts, through not most observable. We see the hand of Deity in a thunder-storm — but are unmindful of his influence in the dew of the morning. But what is true of the naturalist, is equally true of the judicious moralist and divine; the parts least noticed by the common eye, are those which most excite his investigation and astonishment. The most momentous events of our lives often originate from those we consider the most trivial and accidental. This sentiment is represented to us by Providence counting the hairs of our head, and directing the falling of the Sparrow to the earth.

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It is a grand law of our nature, that our minds become assimulated to the objects of their contemplation. If these are of a low debasing character, our feelings and conceptions will be so likewise. But if the objects which employ our minds are of a high and ennobling nature, they will give us elevated views, and inspire lofty conceptions. The grand reason why one man has more intellectual strength than another, is that his mind has been employed about more elevated objects, or the more extended relations of the same objects.

The man who should spend his life in contemplating Children's toys, would remain a child, or become an idiot; while the astronomer who lives among suns and systems, would become a giant in intellect.

J. Barr

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Knowledge is power

Pleasure is a shadow; wealth is vanity, and power a pageant, but Knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame unlimited in Space, and infinite in duration.— In the performance of its sacred office, it fears no danger, shares no offence, omits no exertion. It scales the mountain, looks in the Volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, enriches the globe, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, ascends to the sublime; no place is too remote for its grasp; no heavens too exalted for its reach.—

De Witt Clinton—

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