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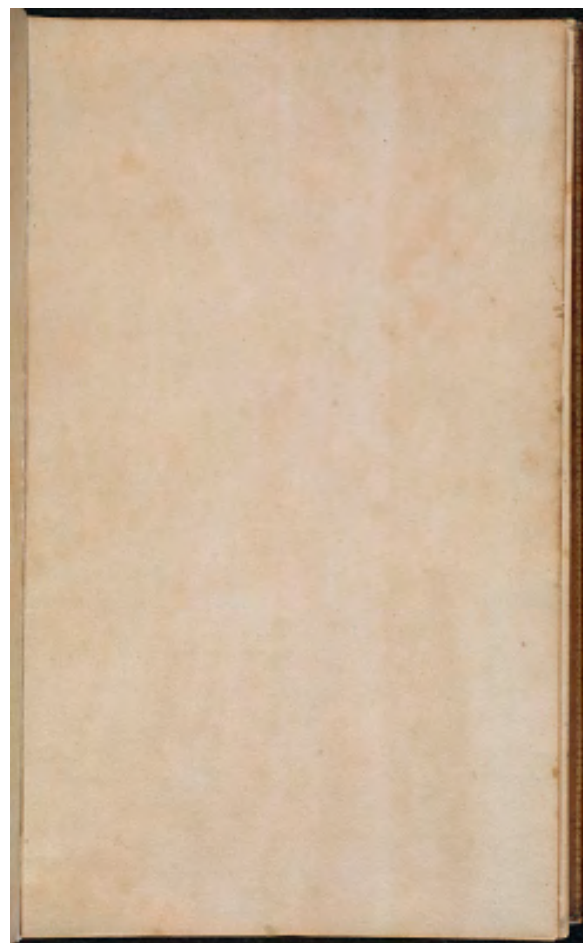
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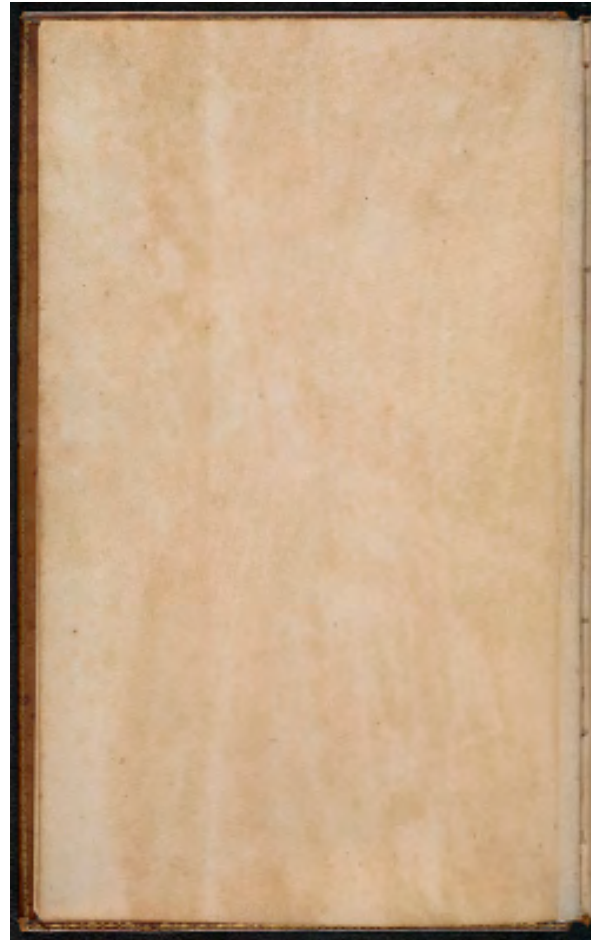
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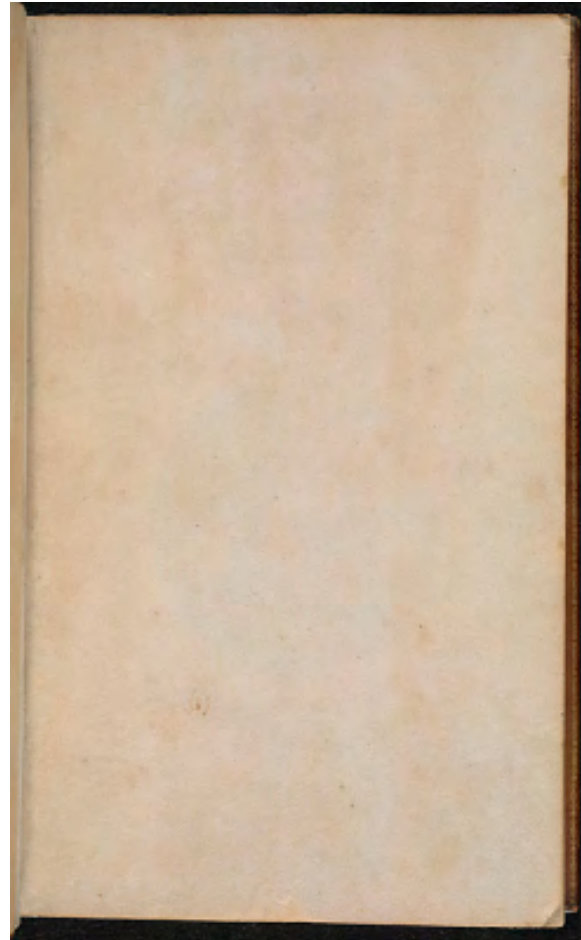
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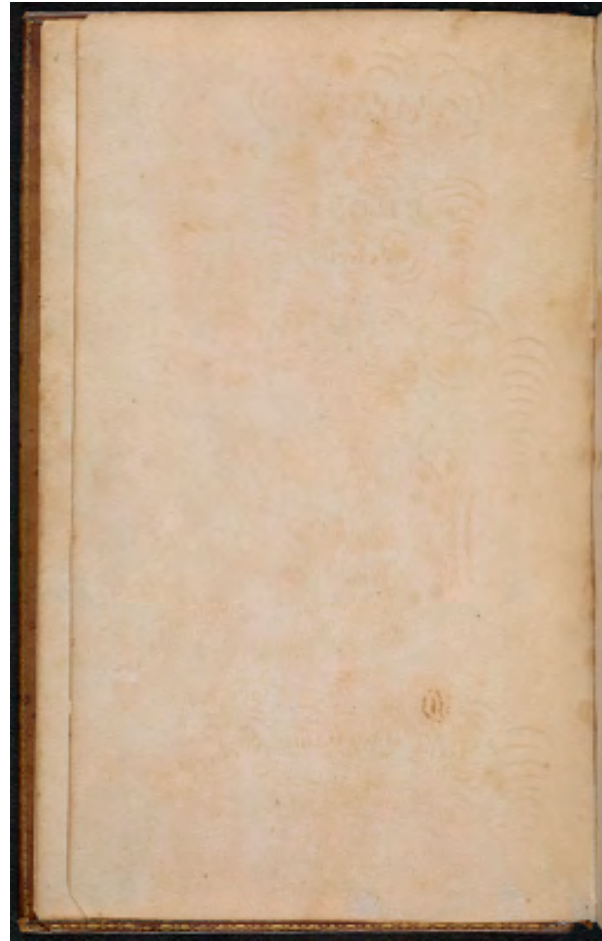
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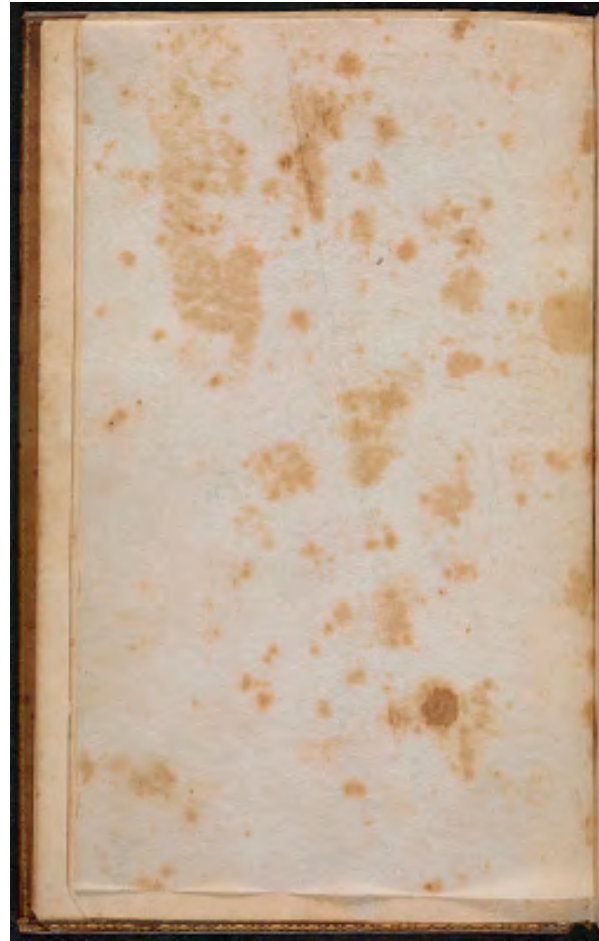


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Poetry
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Variety is pleasing



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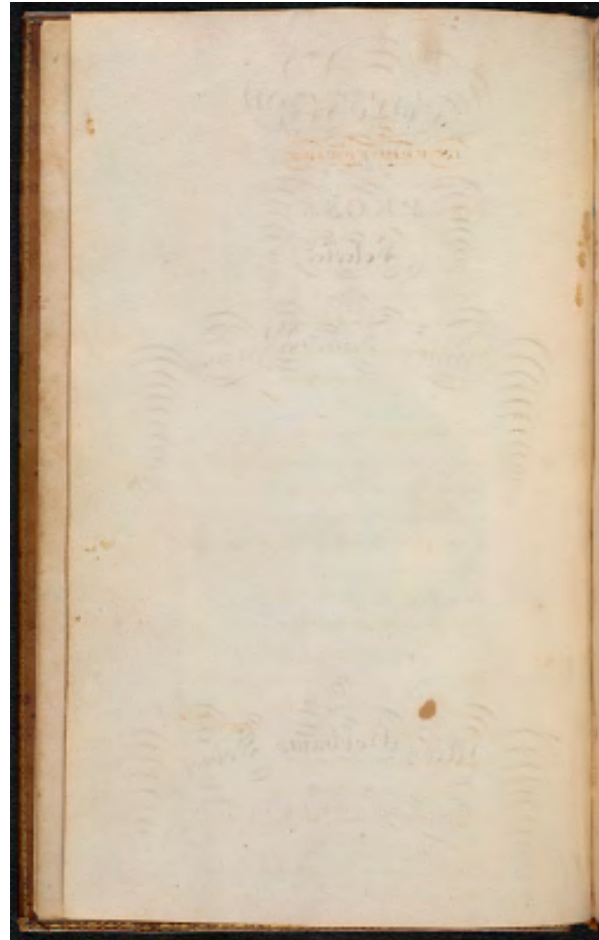


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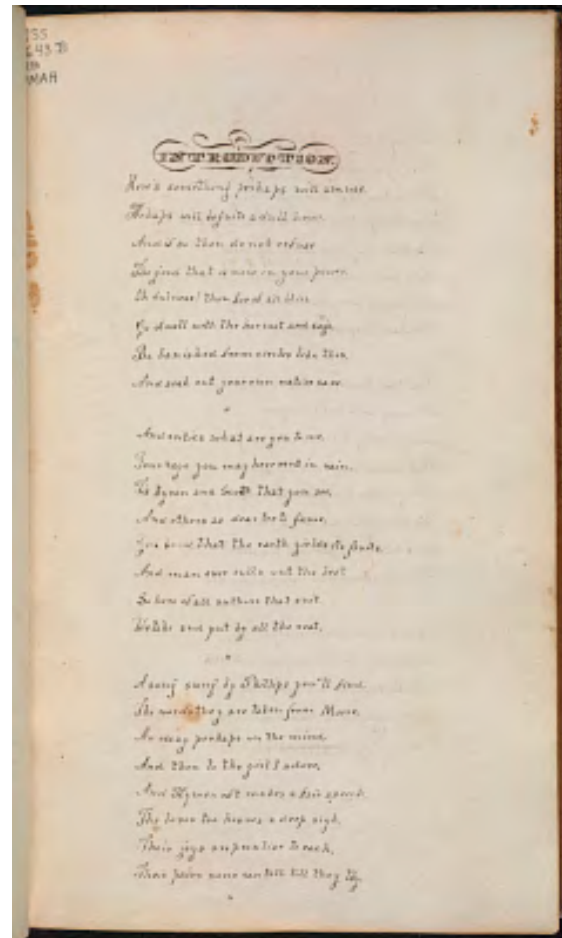
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Introduction

Here's something perhaps will amuse,
Perhaps will beguile a dull hour,
And if so then do not refuse
The good that is now in your power.
Oh dulness! thou foe of all bliss
Go dwell with the hermit and sage.
Be banished from circles like this.
And seek out your own native cave.

And critics what are you to me,
Your rage you may here vent in vain,
Tis Byron and Scott that you see,
And others as dear too to fame.
You know that the earth yields its fruits,
And man ever culls out the best
So here of all authors that suit,
We take and put by all the rest.

A song sung by Phillips you'll find,
The words they are taken from Moore,
An essay perhaps on the mind,
And then to the girl I adore.
And Hyman oft makes a fair speech,
The lover too heaves a deep sigh,
Their joys are peculiar to each,
Their pains none can tell till they fly.

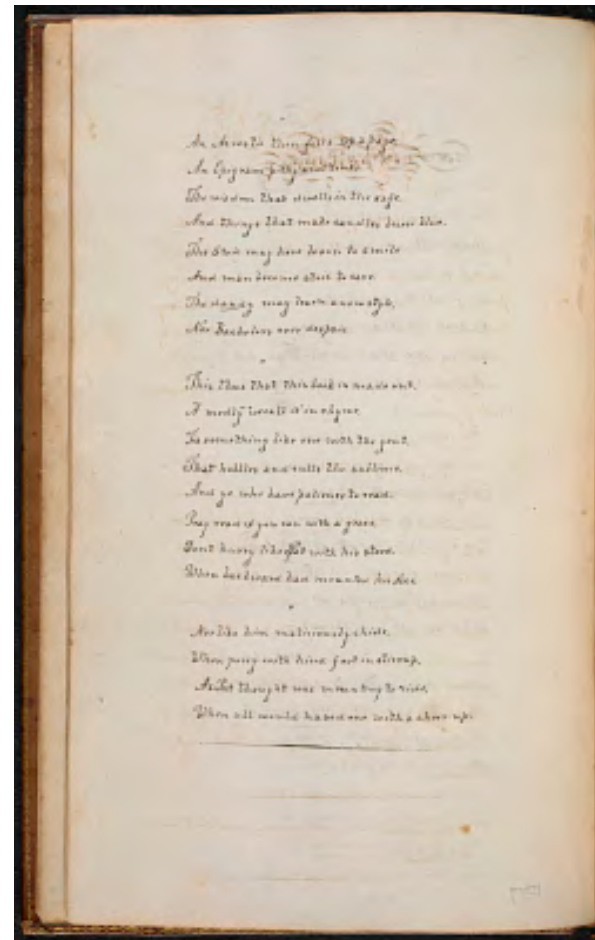


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"
 An Acrostic then fills up a page,
 An Epigram pithy and true,
 The wisdom that dwells in the sage,
 And things that make candles burn blue.
 The Stoic may here learn to smile
 And man become stoic to care
 The dandy may learn a new style,
 Nor Bachelors ever despair.
 "

This thus that this book is made out,
 "A medley" "we call it" in rhyme,
 Tis something like one with the gout,
 That hobbles and culls the sublime.
 And ye who have patience to read,
 Pray read if you can with a grace,
 Don't hurry like Pat with his steed,
 When backward had mounted his face.
 "

Nor like him maliciously chide,
 'When pony with hind foot in stirrup,
 As Pat thought was mounting to ride,
 When all would have done with a cheer-up.



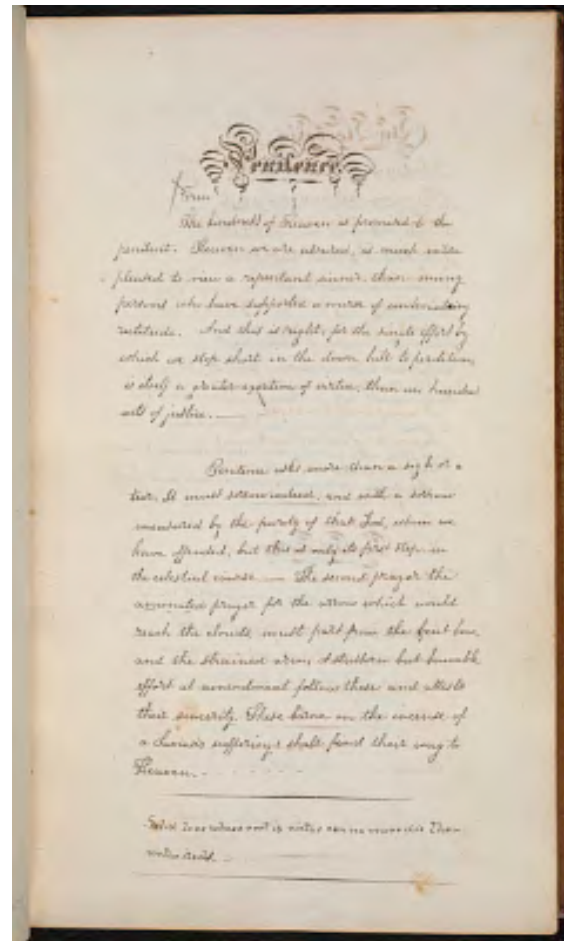
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Penitence.
True

The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent. Heaven we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than many persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right, for the single effort by which we stop short in the down hill to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue, than an hundred acts of justice.

Penitence asks more than a sigh or a tear. It must sorrow indeed, and with a sorrow measured by the purity of that God, whom we have offended, but this is only its first step, in the celestial course. -- The second prayer the animated prayer for the arrow which would reach the clouds, must part from the bent bow, and the strained arm. A stubborn but humble effort at amendment follows these and attests their sincerity. These borne on the incense of a Saviour's sufferings shall find their way to Heaven.

Solid love whose root is virtue can no more die than virtue itself.



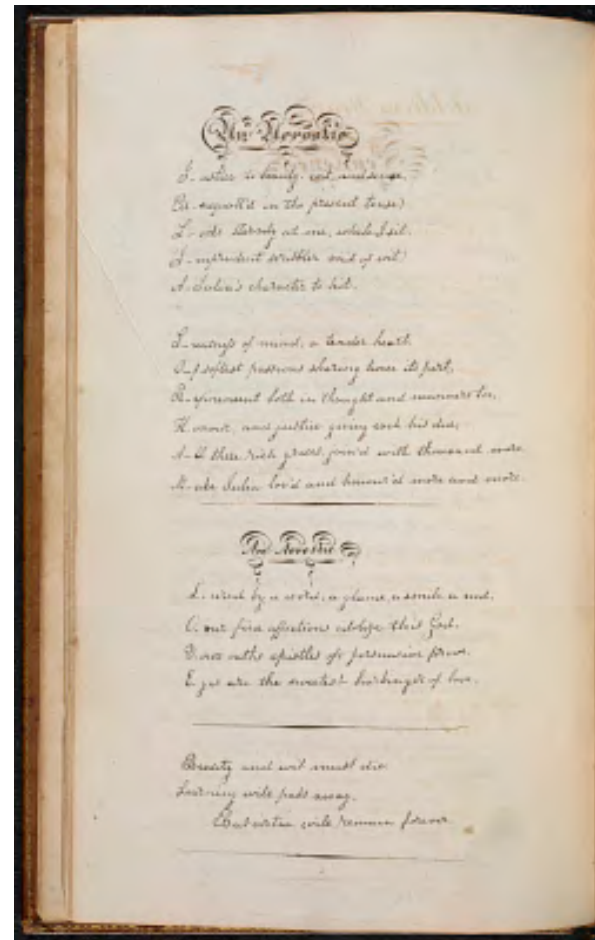
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An Acrostic

J-ustice to beauty, wit, and sense.
(U-nequall'd in the present tense)
L-ooks sternly at me, while I sit.
(I-mprudent scribbler void of wit)
A-Julia's character to hit.

G-reatness of mind; a tender heart.
O-f softest passions sharing twice its part,
R-efinement both in thought and manners too;
H-onour, and justice giving each his due;
A-ll these rich graces, join'd with thousand more,
M-ake Julia lov'd and honour'd more and more.
[line]
An Acrostic

L-ured by a word, a glance, a smile, a nod,
O.[x]ur fine affections idolize this God.
V-ows oaths epistles oft persuasive prove,
E.yes are the sweetest harbinger of love.
[line]
Beauty and wit must die.
Learning will pass away,
But virtue will remain forever.
[line]



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Soldiers Grave.

[line]

"There rests upon the Soldier's grave,
A form so spotless, and so pure,
That tears of fond affection lave,
To will and make the soul endure."

"That sod which binds the narrow cell,
Shall bloom with foliage evergreen,
The wind, that whistles by, shall tell
How brave the tenant once had been."

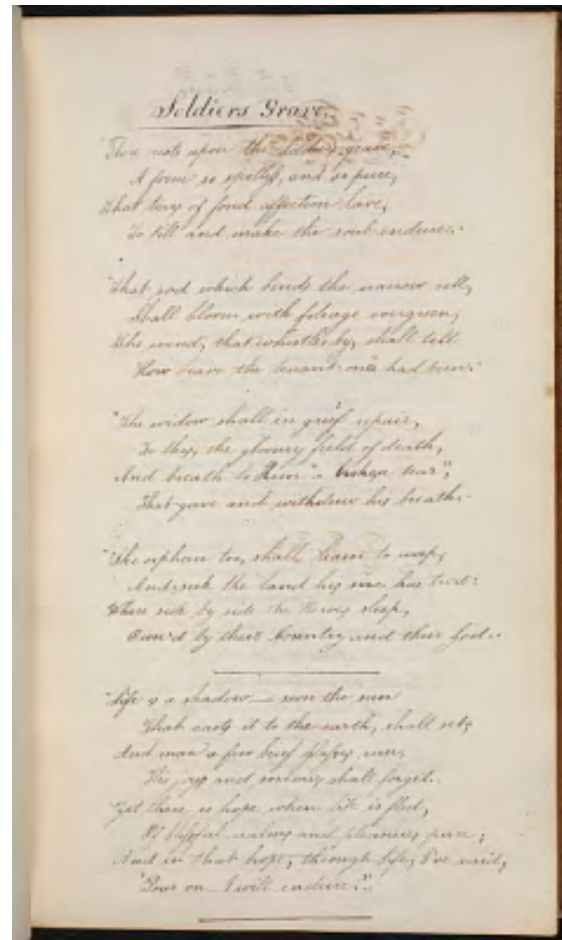
"The widow shall in grief repair,
To this, the gloomy field of death,
And breath to Him "a broken tear,"
That gave and withdrew his breath."

"The orphan too, shall learn to weep,
And seek the land his sire has trod:
Where side by side the Heroes sleep,
Own'd by their Country and their God."

[line]

"Life is a shadow -- soon the sun
that casts it to the earth, shall set;
And man a few brief passes run,
His joys and sorrows shall forget.
Yet there is hope when life is fled,
Of blissful realms and pleasures pure;
And in that hope, through life, I've said,
"Pour on -- I will endure.""

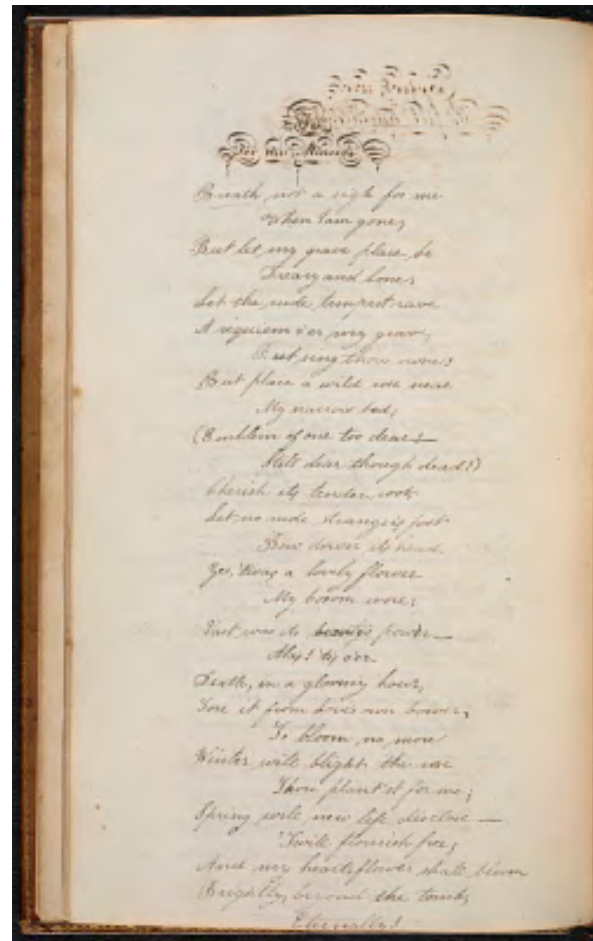
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To
For the Minerva

Breath not a sigh for me
When I am gone;
But let my grave place be
Dreary and lone:
Let the rude tempest rave
A requiem o'er my grave,
But sing thou none!
But place a wild rose near
My narrow bed;
(Emblem of one too dear!—
Still dear though dead!)
Cherish its tender root,
Let no rude stranger's foot
Bow down its head.
Yes, 'twas a lovely flower
My bosom wore;
Vast was its beauty's power —
Alas! 'tis o'er.
Death, in a gloomy hour,
Tore it from Love's own bower,
To bloom no more
Winter will blight the rose
Thou plant'st for me;
Spring will new life disclose—
'Twill flourish free;
And my heart's flower shall bloom
Brightly, beyond the tomb,
Eternally!



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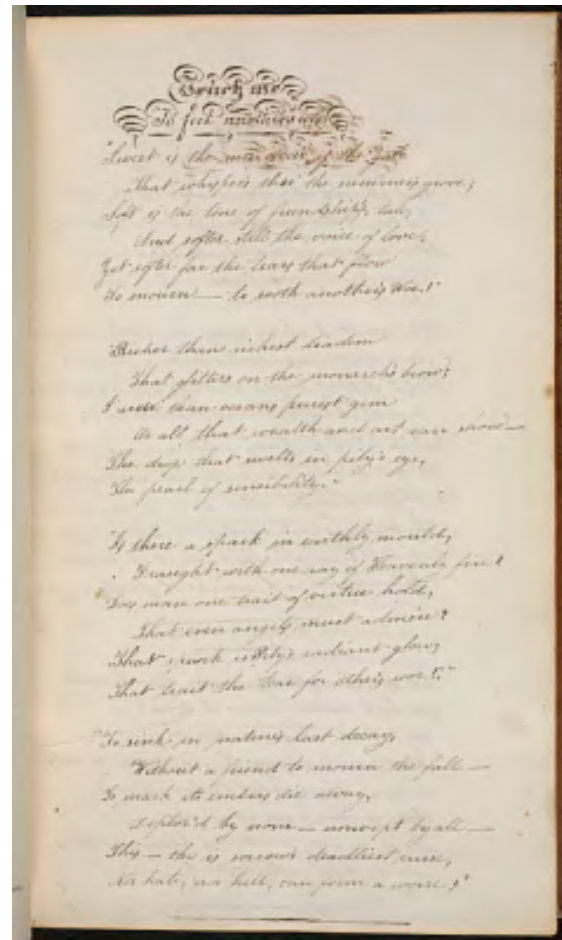
Teach me
To feel another's woe

"Sweet is the murmur of the gale
That whispers thro' the summer's grove;
Soft is the tone of friendship's tale,
And softer still the voice of love:
Yet softer far tears that flow
To mourn – to sooth another's Woe!"

"Richer than richest diadem
That glitters on the monarch's brow;
Purer than ocean's purest gem
Or all that wealth and art can show-
The drop that swells in pity's eye,
The pearl of sensibility."

"Is there a spark in earthly mould,
Fraught with one ray of Heavenly fire?
Does man one trait of virtue hold,
That even angels must admire?
That spark is Pity's radiant glow;
That trait the tear for other's woe!"

"To sink in nature's last decay,
Without a friend to mourn the fall –
To mark its embers die away,
Deplor'd by none-unwept by all –
This – this is sorrows deadliest curse,
Nor hate, nor hell, can form a worse!"



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To the
Setting Sun

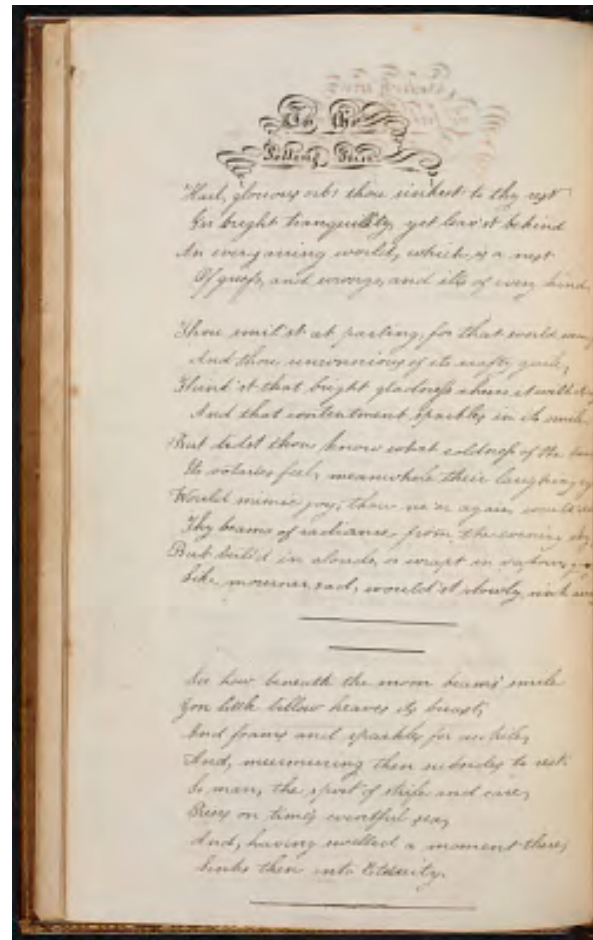
"Hail glorious orb! thou sinkest to thy rest
In bright tranquility, yet leav'st behind
An ever-jarring world, which is a nest
Of griefs, and wrongs, and ills of every kind.

Thou smil'st at parting, for that world seeming
And thou unconscious of its crafty guile,
Think it that bright gladness cheers it with its [?]
And that contentment sparkles in its smile.
But didst thou know what coldness of the heart
Its votaries feel, meanwhile their laughing eye [eyes?]
Would mimic joy, thou ne'er again would'st do [?]
Thy beams of radiance from the evening sky,
But veil'd in clouds, or wrapt in vapour gray.
Like mourner sad, would'st slowly sink away [.]

[line]
[line]

See how beneath the moon beams' smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And, murmuring then subsides to rest.
So man, the sport of strife and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea,
And, having swelled a moment there,
Sinks then into Eternity.

[line]



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The
Soldier's Grave

Ah! who shall deck the soldier's grave,
Ah! who shall ring the soldier's knell,
Who far beyond the distant wave,
Fell for his country – bravely fell!

Far, far from all he lov'd most dear,
From scenes where first he drew his breath,
The soldier goes, uncheck'd by fear,
In glory's cause to meet his death.

What though no trophies grace his bier,
And though no stone the spot shall tell,
Each feeling heart will prompt the tear,
For him who for his country fell.

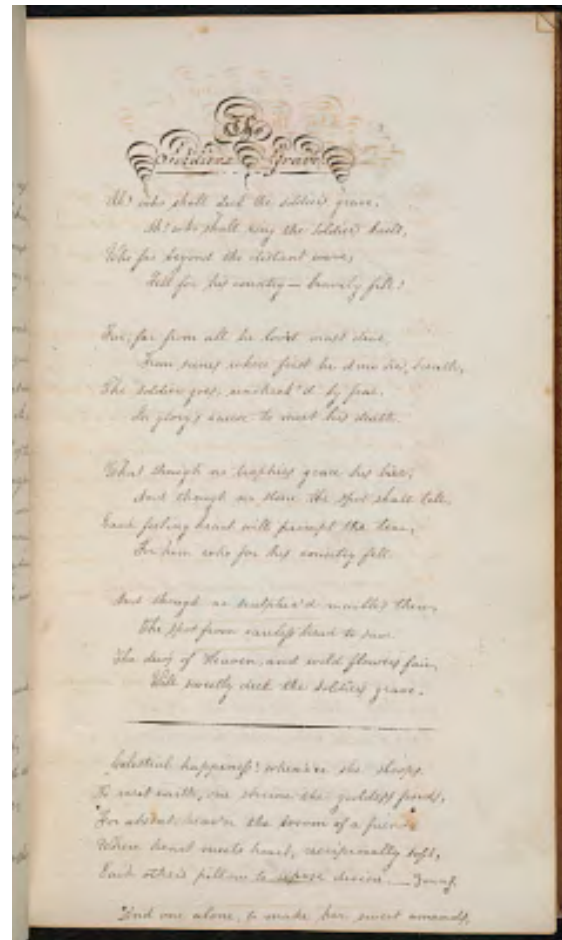
And though no sculptur'd marble's there,
The spot from careless tread to save
The dew's of Heaven, and wild flowers fair,
Will sweetly deck the soldier's grave.

[line]

Celestial happiness! when'e'er she stoops,
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds;

For absent - heav'n the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine – Young.

*And one alone, to make her sweet amends,



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Evening Reflection.

Ah! now the shades of night descend,
The busy toil of day is done;
The evening shade some pleasure lend,
For I can sit and muse alone.

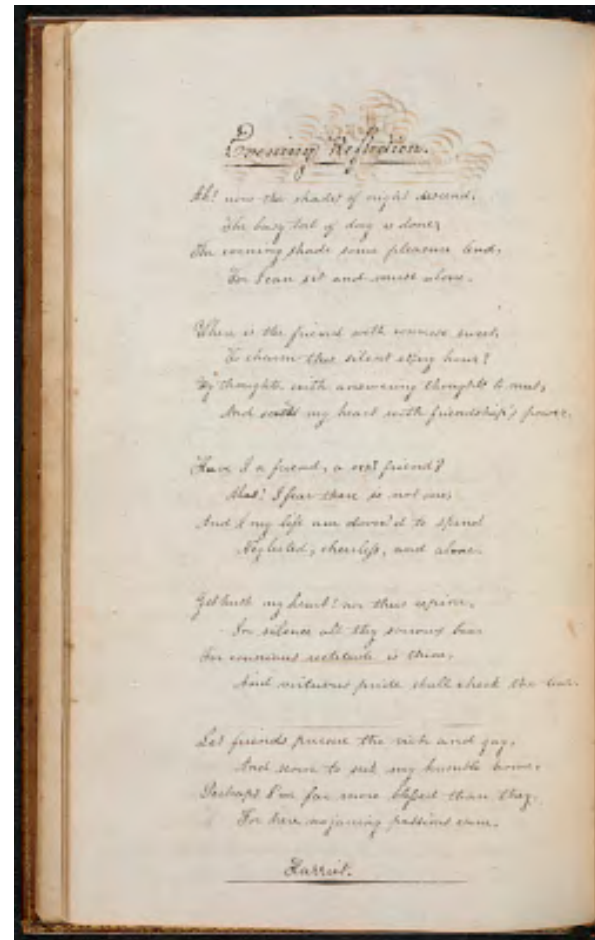
Where is the friend with converse sweet,
To charm this silent evening hour?
My thoughts, with answering thoughts to meet,
And soothes my heart with friendship's power.

Have I a friend, a real friend?
Alas! I fear there is not one;
And I my life am doom'd to spend
Neglected, cheerless, and alone.

Yet hush my heart! nor thus repine,
In silence all thy sorrows bear
For conscious rectitude is thine,
And virtuous pride shall check the tear.

Let friends pursue the rich and gay,
And scorn to seek my humble home,
Perhaps I'm far more blessed than they,
For here no jarring passions come.

Harriet.



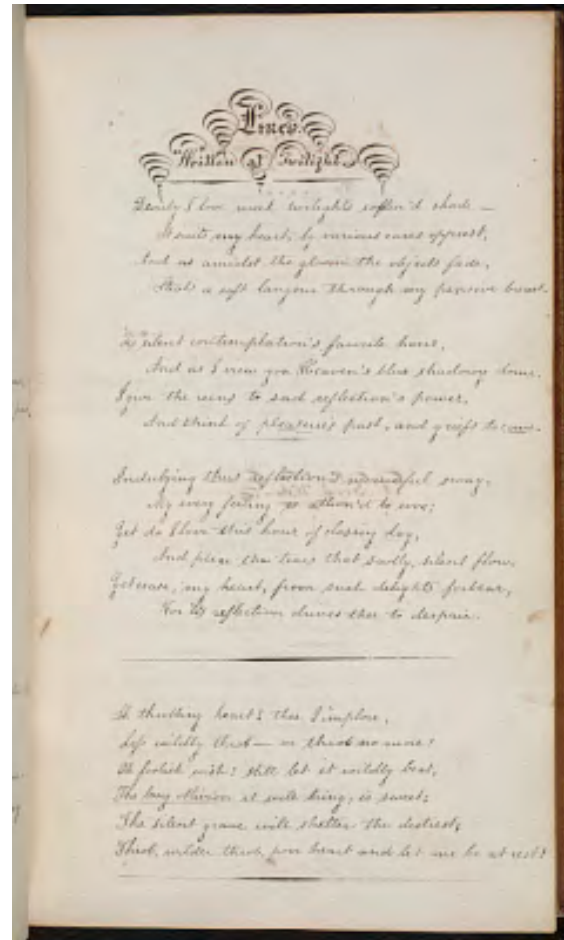
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Lines.
Written at Twilight

Dearly I love meek twilight's soften'd shade -
It suits my heart, by various cares oppress,
And as amidst the gloom the objects fade,
Steals a soft langour through my pensive breast.

'Tis silent contemplation's favorite hour,
And as I view yon Heaven's blue shadowy dome,
I give the reins to sad reflection's power,
And think of pleasure's past, and griefs to come.

Indulging thus reflection's mournful sway,
My every feeling is attun'd to woe;
Yet do I love this hour of closing day,
And prize the tears that sadly, silent flow.
Yet cease, my heart, from such delights forbear,
For 'tis reflection drives thee to despair.
[[line across page]]
Ah throbbing heart! thee I implore,
Less wildly throb - or throb no more!
Oh foolish wish! Still let it wildly beat,
The long oblivion it will bring, is sweet;
The silent grave will shelter the distress;
Throb, wilder throb, poor heart and let me be at rest!
[[line across page]]



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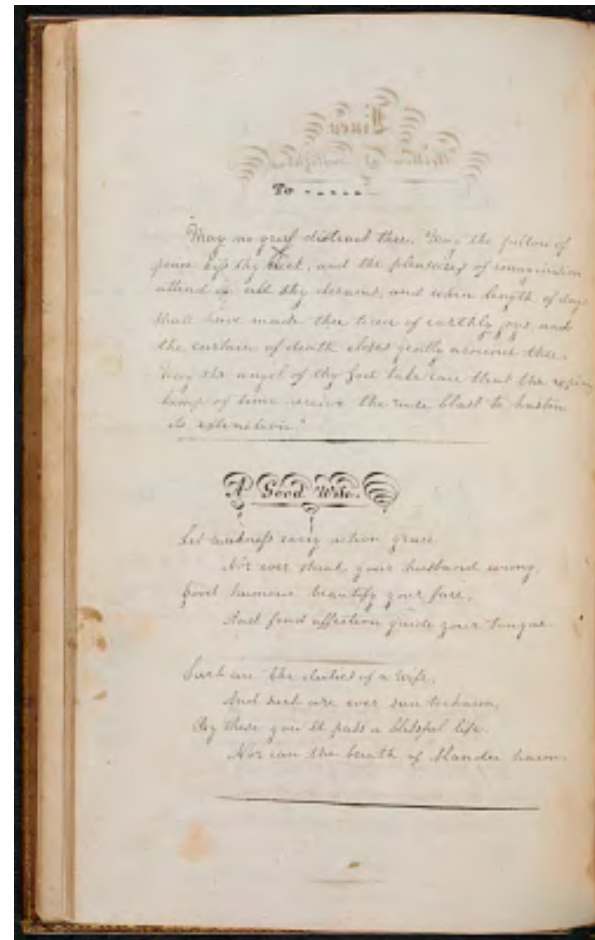
To. ----

"May no grief distract thee. May the pillow of peace kiss thy neck, and the pleasures of imagination attend on all thy dreams; and when length of days shall have made thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death closes gently around thee: May the angel of thy God take care that the expiring lamp of time receive the rude blast to hasten its extinction."

A Good Wife.

Let meekness every action grace
Nor ever think your husband wrong,
Good humour beautify your face,
And fond affection guide your tongue.

Such are the duties of a Wife,
And such are ever sure to charm,
By these you'll pass a blissful life,
Nor can the breath of slander harm.
[[line across page]]



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[[Decorative ribbon with text on it]]
May your path be strewn with
[[drawing of three roses]]
[[ribbon with text]]
and
[[drawing of blue and yellow flowers of what type?]]
To
A Lady
Take these flowers which purple waving,
On the ruined rampart grew,
There the sons of Freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standard slew.

Warriors from the breach of danger,
Pluck no longer laurel there,
They but yield the passing stranger,
Wild flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

[[line across bottom]]



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TO. -

"Oh come and with thy cheering smile,
Again my lonely hours beguile,
Oh! come and with thy cheering voice,
Bid my desponding heart rejoice;
For in thy presence still can I,
The thoughts of worldly wo defy.

Thy presence can a balm impart,
To sooth the sorrows of my heart;
And even hiding them from thee,
Contains a secret joy for me;
Thy friendship seems a gift from Heaven,
How rare the boon, how kindly given!"

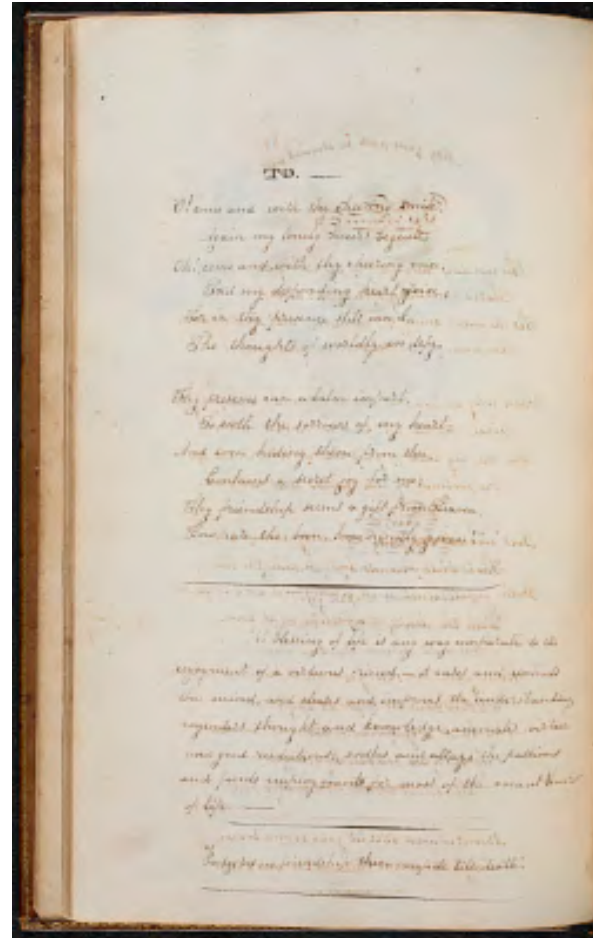
[[line]]

"No blessing of life is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a virtuous friend, - it eases and unloads the mind, and clears and improves the understanding; engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions; soothes and allays the passions and finds employments for most of the vacant hours" of life. -

[[line across page]]

"Judge best [[?]] one friendship then confide till death."

[[line across page]]



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To *****

The worlding may boast of his rich golden store,
There's something I prize far above;
Tis the sweet smile of friendship that most I adore,
The smile from the friends that I love.

Then why should our hearts ever heave a deep sigh,
Since friendship each sorrow can move.
And the big tears of grief that oft swell in the eye
Are soothed by the friends that we love.

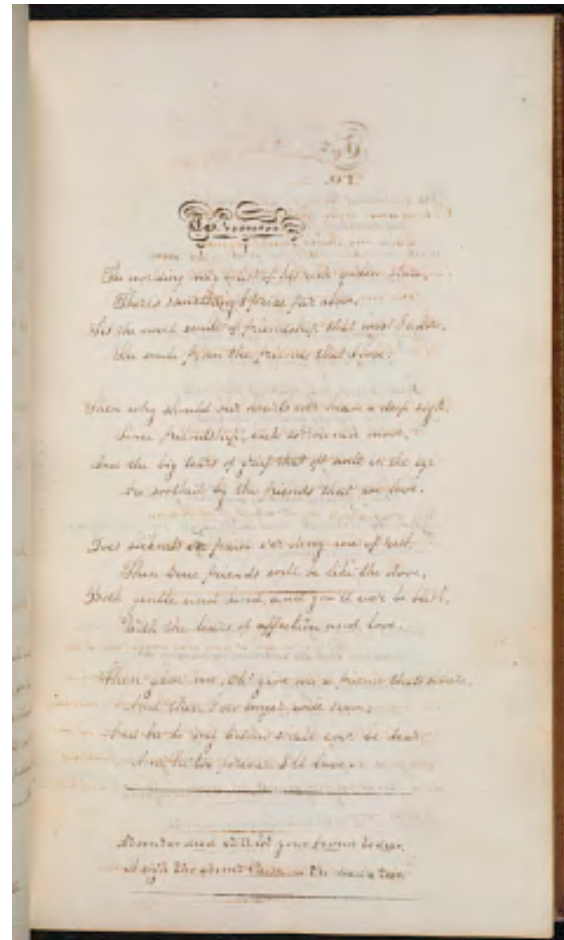
Does sickness or pain e'er deny me of rest,
Then true friends will be like the dove,
Both gentle and kind, and you'll ever be blest,
With tears of affection and love.

Then give me, Oh! give me a friend that's sincere,
And then I will no longer will rove,
And he to my bosom shall ever be dear,
And he too forever I'll love.

[[line across page]]

Absent or dead still let your friend be dear,
A sigh the absent claim -- the dead a tear.

[[line across page]]



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To -

The beautiful Rose, by all allow'd,
The sweetest flower to be,
Must hang its blushing head and own,
'Tis not so sweet as thee.

Thy blooming charms excel the rose,
And every heart control,
But Beauty only charms the sense,
Thy virtues charm the soul.

[[line]]

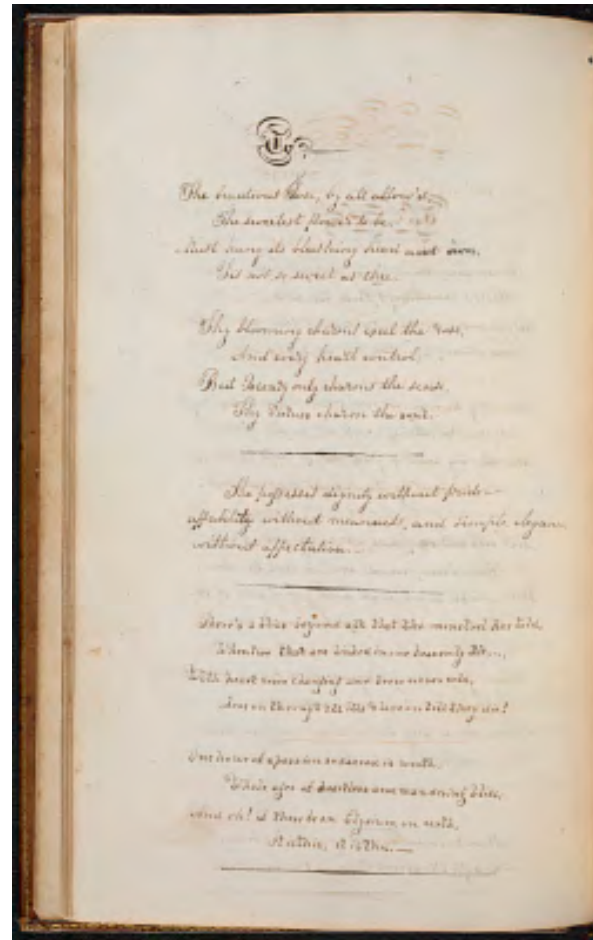
She possesses dignity without pride - affability without meanness, and simple elegance, without affectation. -

[[line]]

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills & love on till they die!

One hour of a passion so sacred is worth,
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this. -

[[line]]

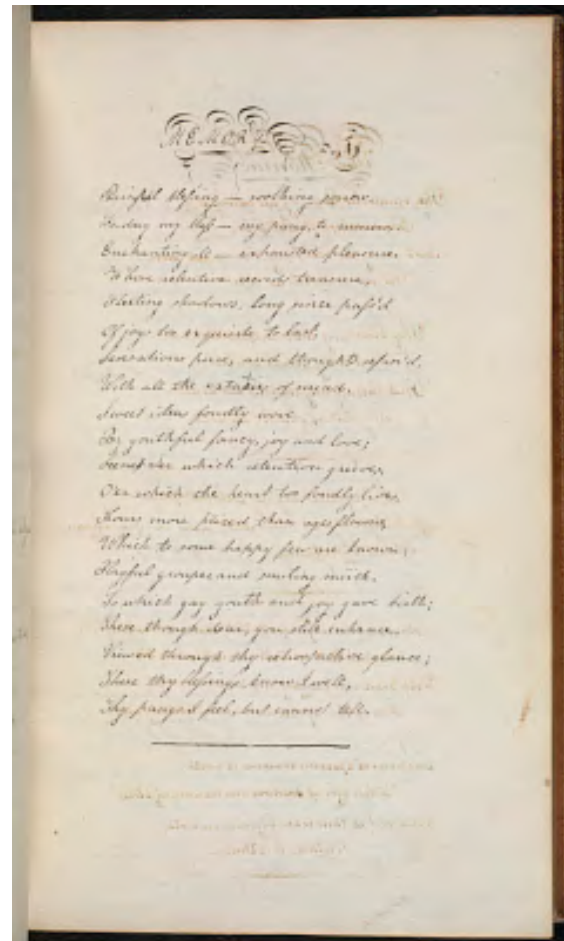


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MEMORY

Painful blessing – soothing sorrow,
To-day my bliss – my pang, to-morrow,
Enchanting ill – exhausted pleasure,
Whose reliev'd records treasure,
Fleeting shadows, long since pass'd
Of joys too exquisite to last,
Sensations pure, and thoughts refin'd,
With all the extasies of mind,
Sweet ideas fondly wove
By youthful fancy, joy and love;
Scenes o'er which retention grieves,
O'er which the heart too fondly lives,
Hours more prized than ages flown;
Which to some happy few are known;
Playful groups and smiling mirth,
To which gay youth and joy gave birth;
These, though dear, you still enhance,
Viewed through thy retrospective glance;
These thy blessings know I well,
Thy pangs I feel, but cannot tell.

[[line]]



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The Maniac

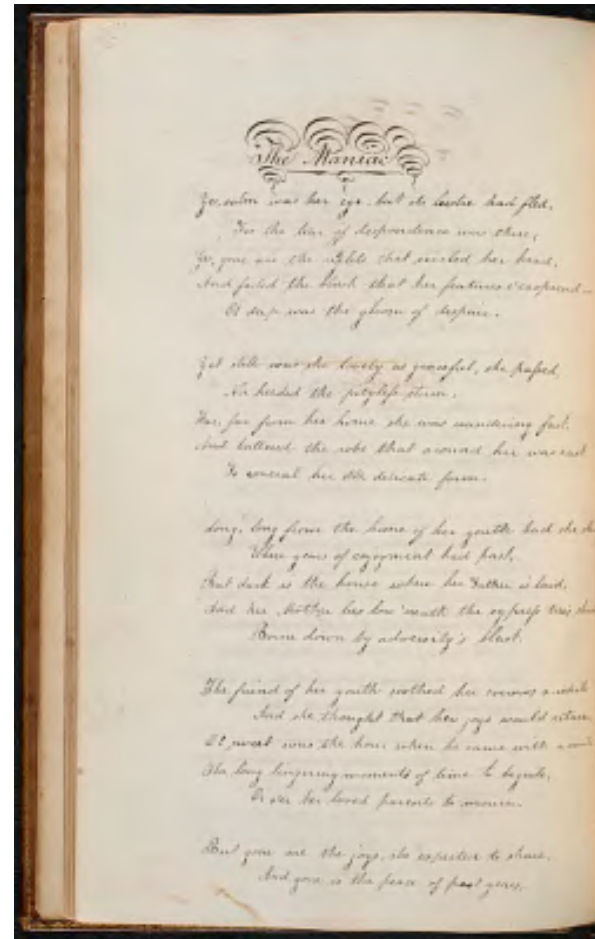
Yes, calm was her eye, but its lustre had fled,
For the tear of despondence was there;
Yes, gone are the riglets that circled her head,
And faded the blush that her features o'erspread –
Oh deep was the gloom of despair.

Yet still was she lovely as graceful, she passed,
Nor heeded the pitiless storm:
Far, far from her home she was wandering fast,
And tattered the robe that around her was cast:
To conceal her still delicate form.

Long, long from the home of her youth had she stray[ed?]
Where years of enjoyment had past,
But dark is the house where her Father is laid,
And her Mother lies low 'neath the cypress tree's shade
Borne down by adversity's blast.

The friend of her youth soothed her sorrows a-while
And she thought that her joys would return,
O! sweet was the hour when he came with a smile
The long lingering moments of time to beguile,
Or o'er her loved parents to mourn.

But gone are the joys, she expected to share,
And gone is the peace of past years,



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She lives – but she lives in the arms of despair,
For the friend whom she loved, and who promised so fair,
In the garb of a drunkard appears.

And now, all alone, o'er the wide world she stray's.
And often reclines in a manger;
She asks for no pity – but kindness repays
With the thanks of a heart, that in far better days,
Has felt for the destitute stranger.

[line]

Parting

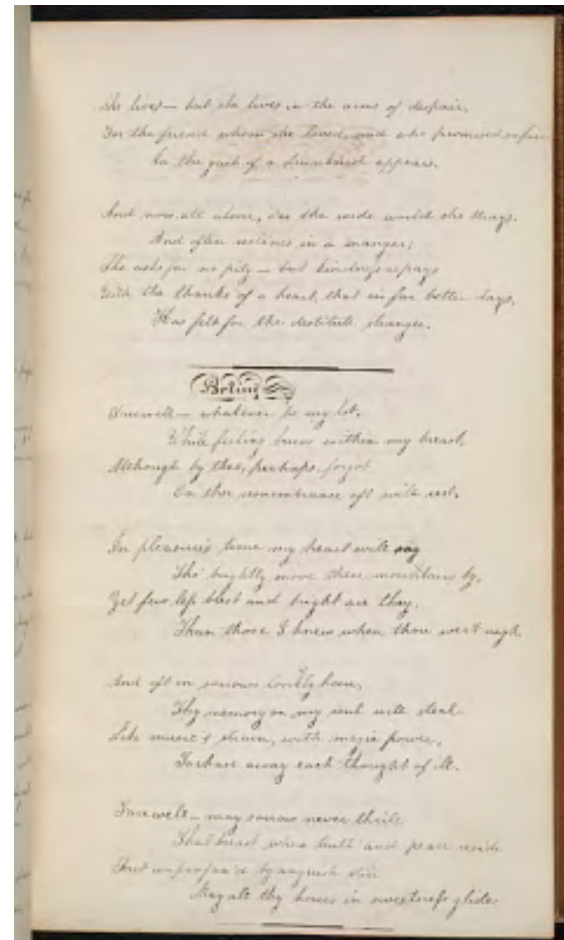
Farewell – whatever be my lot,
While feeling burns within my breast,
Although by thee, perhaps, forgot
On thee remembrance oft will rest,

In pleasure's time my heart will say
Tho' brightly move these mountains by,
Yet few less blest and bright are they,
Than those I knew when thou wer't nigh.

And oft in sorrows lonely hour,
Thy memory on my soul will steal.
Like music's strain, with magic power,
To chase away each thought of ill.

Farewell – may sorrow never thrill
That breast where truth and peace reside
But unprofan'd by anguish still
May all thy hours in sweetness glide

[[line]]



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To -----

When thou and my earliest friend,
my earliest friend,
Where gay as summer weather,
We then the harmless hours could spend
In converse sweet, together.

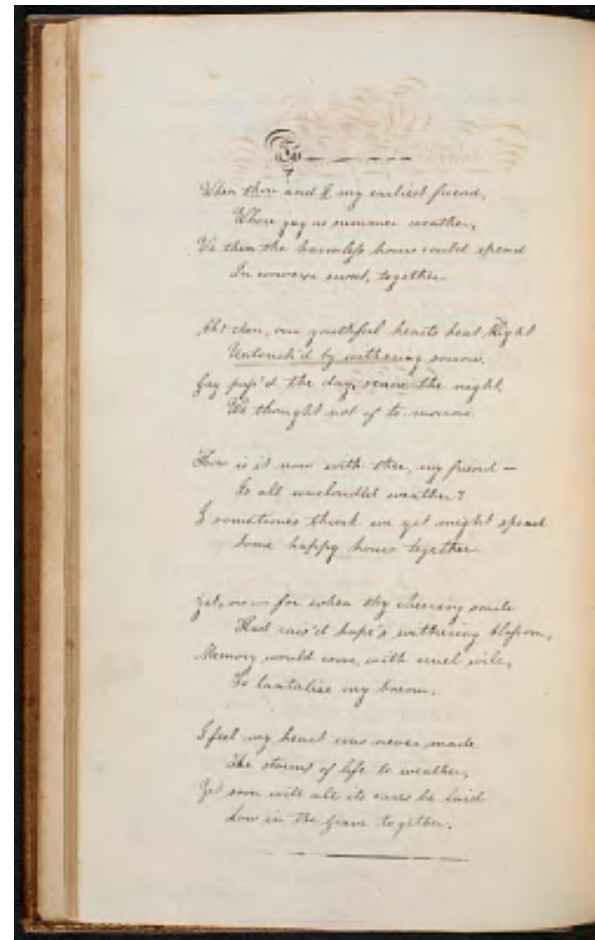
Ah! then, our youthful hearts beat Right!
Untouch'd by withering sorrow.
Gay pass'd the day, serene the night,
We thought not of to-morrow.

How is it now with thee, my friend –
Is all unclouded weather?
I sometimes think we yet might spend
Some happy hours together.

Yet, no – for when thy cheering smile
Had rais'd hope's withering blossom,
Memory would come, with cruel wile,
To tantalise my bosom.

I feel my heart was never made
The storms of life to weather,
Yet soon will all its care be laid
Low in the Grave together.

[line]



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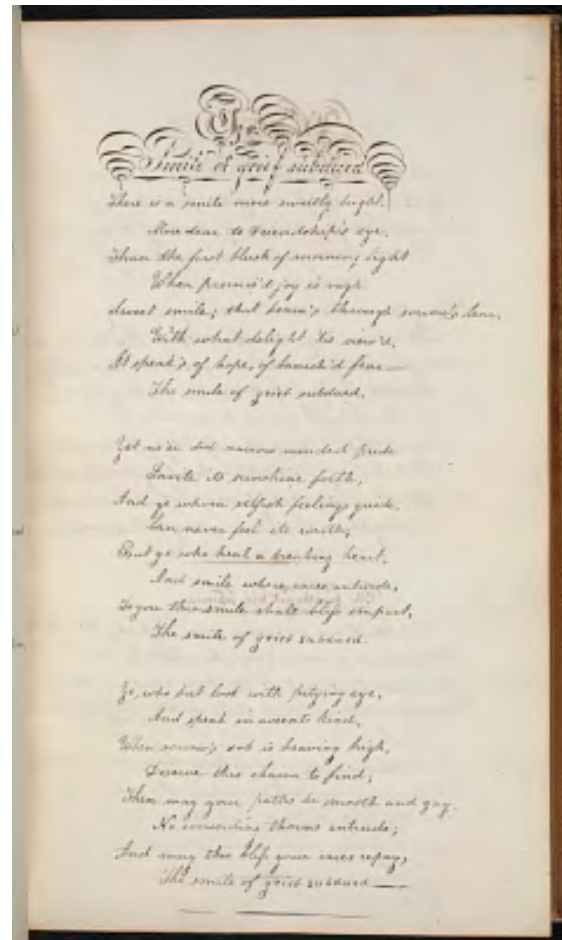
The Smile of grief subdued

There is a smile more sweetly bright,
More dear to Friendship's eye,
Than the first blush of morning light
When promis'd joy is nigh.
Sweet smile; that beam's through sorrow's tear,
With what delight 'tis view'd,
It speak's of hope, of banish'd fear --
The smile of grief subdued.

Yet ne'er did narrow minded pride
Invite its sunshine forth,
And ye whom selfish feelings guide,
Can never feel its worth;
But ye who heal a breaking heart,
And smile where cares intrude,
To you this smile shall bliss impart,
The smile of grief subdued.

Ye, who but look with pitying eye,
And speak in accents kind,
When sorrow's sob is heaving high,
Deserve this charm to find;
Then may your paths be smooth and gay,
No wounding thorns intrude;
And may this bliss your cares repay,
The smile of grief subdued.

[[line]]



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Hope

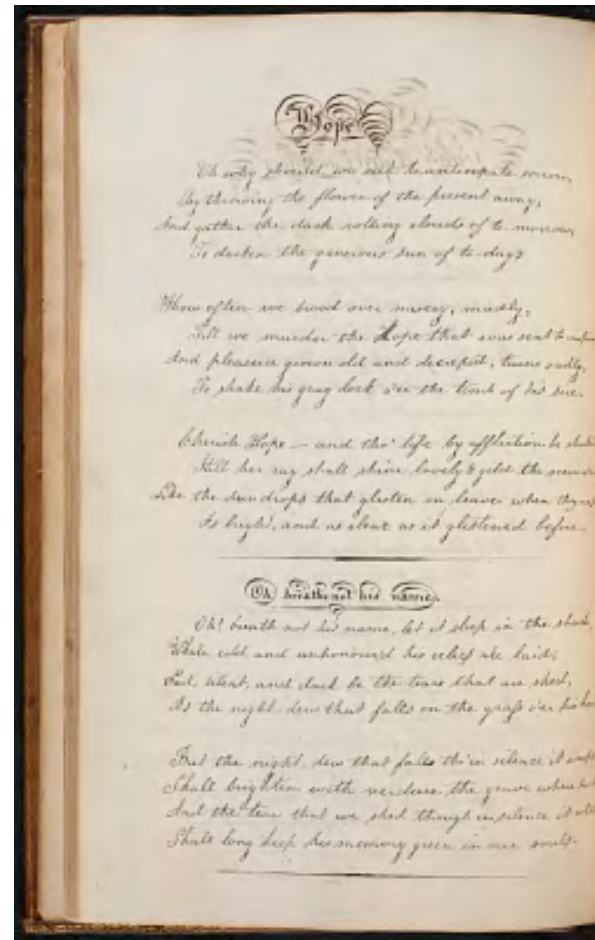
Oh why should we seek to anticipate sorrow,
By throwing the flower of the present away;
And gather the dark rolling clouds of to-morrow,
To darken the generous sun of to-day?

How often we brood over misery, madly,
Till we murder the "hope that was sent to inspire,
And pleasure grown old and decrepid, turns sadly,
To shake his gray lock o'er the tomb of his sire.

Cherish Hope - and tho' life by affliction be shaded,
Still her ray shall shine lovely & gild the scene o'er,
Like the dew drops that glisten on leaves when they are faded [[good
guess?]]
As bright, and as clear as it glistened before.

Oh breathe not his name.
Oh! breath not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that are shed,
As the night_dew that falls on the grass o'er his head;

But the night_dew that falls tho'in silence it weeps
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps
And the tear that we shed though in silence it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.



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Remember Ye!

Remember ye when bright eyed morn
Brings joy to all but me.
Remember yes! till life forsake,
Then I'll remember thee.

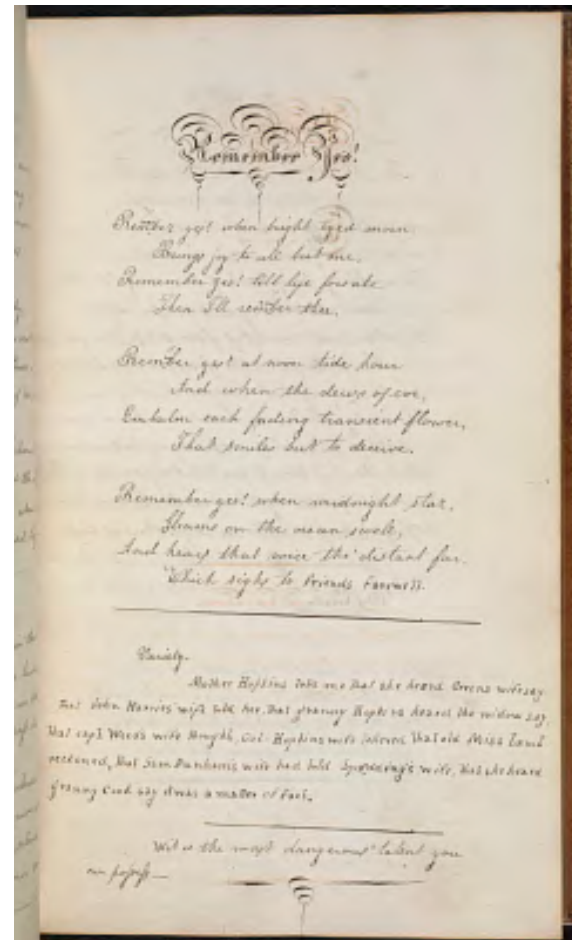
Remember yes! at noon tide hour
And when the dews of eve
Embalm each fading transient flower,
That smiles but to deceive.

Remember yes! when midnight star,
Gleams on the ocean swell,
And hears that voice tho' distant far,
Which sighs to friends farewell.

Variety.

Mother Hopkins told me that she heard Greens wife say:
that John Harries' wife told her, that granny Hopkins heard the widow
say,
that Capt Weed's wife thought Col. Hopkins wife believed that old Miss
Lamb
reckoned, that Sam Dunham's wife had told Spandding's wife, that she
heard
Granny Cook say it was a matter of fact.

Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess



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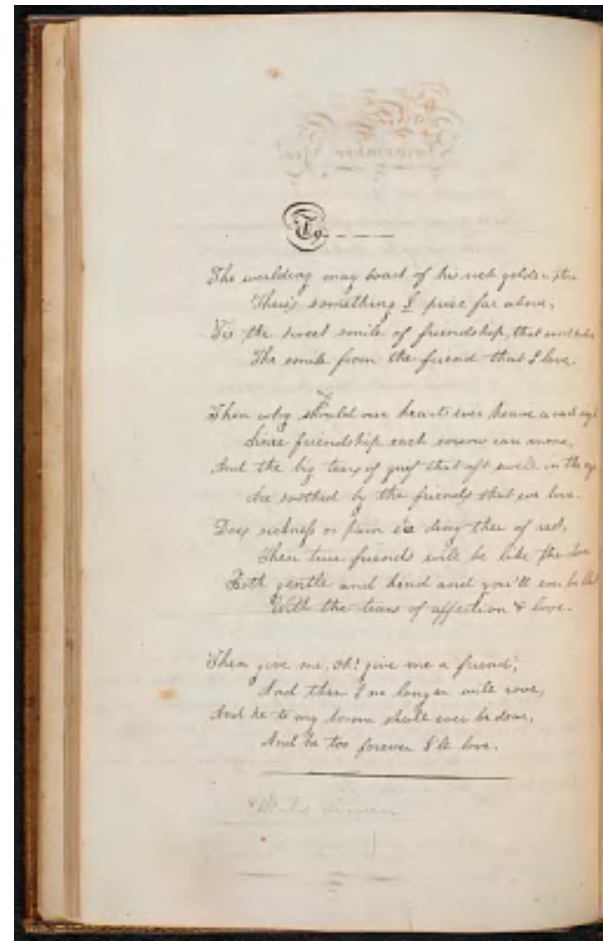
To---

The worlding may boast of his rich golden store
There's something I prize far above,
'Tis the sweet smile of friendship that most I adore
The smile from the friend that I love.

Then why should our hearts ever heave a sad sigh
Since friendship each sorrow can move,
And the big tears of grief that oft swell in the eye,
Are soothed by the friends that we love.
Does sickness or pain e'er deny thee of rest,
Then true friends will be like the dove
Both gentle and kind and you'll ever be blest
With the tears of affection & love.

Then give me, Oh! give me a friend,
And then I no longer will rove,
And he to my bosom shall ever be dear,
And he too forever I'll love.

[[line]]



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Fall

"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.

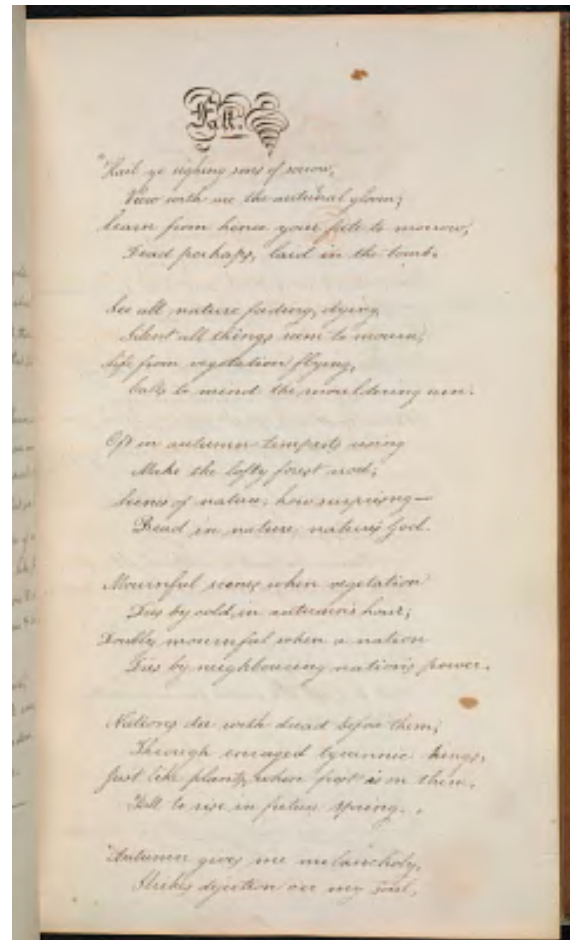
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent all things seem to mourn,
Life from vegetation flying,
Calls to mind the mouldering urn.

Off in autumn tempests rising
Make the lofty forest nod;
Scenes of nature, how surprising -
Read in nature, nature's God.

Mournful scenes when vegetation
Dies by cold, in autumn's hour;
Doubly mournful when a nation
Dies by neighbouring nation's power.

Nations die with dread before them,
Through enraged tyrannic kings,
Just like plants, when frost is on them,
Fall to rise in future spring.

Autumn gives me melancholy,
Strikes dejection o'er my soul



Poetry and prose [manuscript] / selected by Mary Jane Wynkoop at Miss Gorham's School, Elizabeth Town, February 28th 1824.
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[[start page]]

Oh, I mourn my former folly,
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll.

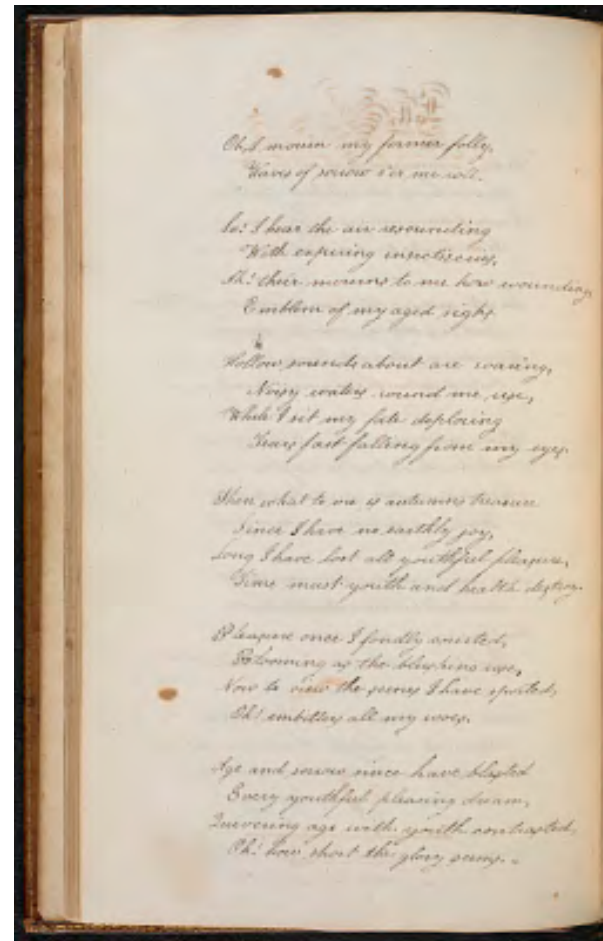
Lo! I hear the air resounding
With expiring insect's cries,
Ah! their moans to me how wounding,
Emblem of my aged sighs.

Hollow sounds about are roaring,
Noisy water round me rise,
While I sit my fate deploring
Tears fast falling from my eyes.

Then what to me is autumn's treasure
Since I have no earthly joy,
Long I have lost all youthful pleasure,
Time must youth and health destroy.

Pleasure once I fondly courted,
Blooming as the blushing rose,
Now to view the scenes I have sported,
Oh! embitters all my woes.

Age and sorrow since have blasted
Every youthful pleasing dream,
Quivering age with youth contrasted,
Oh! how short the glory seems."



Poetry and prose [manuscript] / selected by Mary Jane Wynkoop at Miss
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[[start page]]

"As the annual frost is cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So my friends are yearly dropping
With old age and dire disease.

Former friends oh how I have sought them,
Just to sooth my drooping mind,
But they're gone, like leaves in autumn,
Driven before the driving wind.

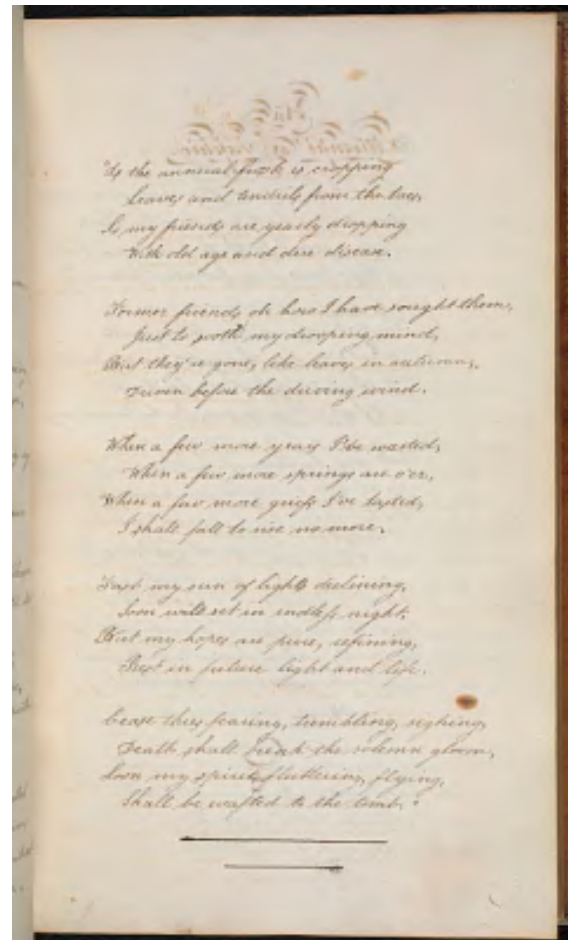
When a few more years I've wasted,
When a few more springs are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall fall to rise no more.

Fast my sun of lights declining,
Soon will set in endless night;
But my hopes are pure, refining,
Best in future light and life.

Cease this fearing, trembling, sighing,
Death shall break the solemn gloom,
Soon my spirits fluttering, flying,
Shall be wafted to the tomb."

[[Two horizontal parallel lines, the top one longer than the lower]]

[[end page]]



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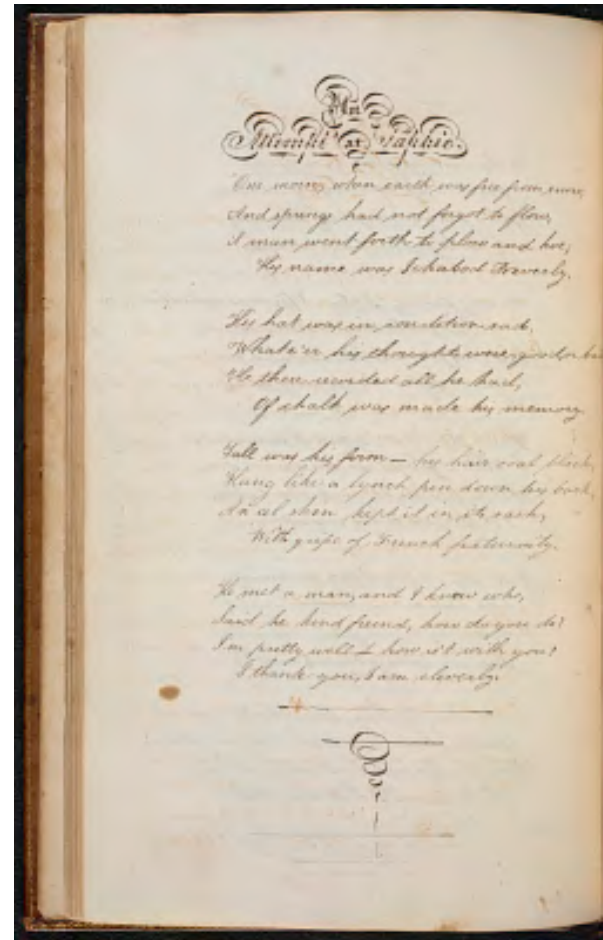
An Attempt at Saphic [[?]]

One morn, when earth was free from snow,
And springs had not forgot to flow,
A man went forth to plow and hoe,
His name was Ichabod Breverly. [[?]]

His hat was in condition sad,
Whate'er his thoughts were good, or bad,
He there recorded all he had,
Of chalk was made his memory.

Tall was his form- his hair coal black,
Hung like a lynch pin down his back,
An eel skin kept it in its sack,
With gripe [[?]] of French fraternity.

He met a man, and I know who,
Said he kind friend, how do you do?
I'm pretty well- how is't with you?
I thank you, I am cleverly.



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Religion

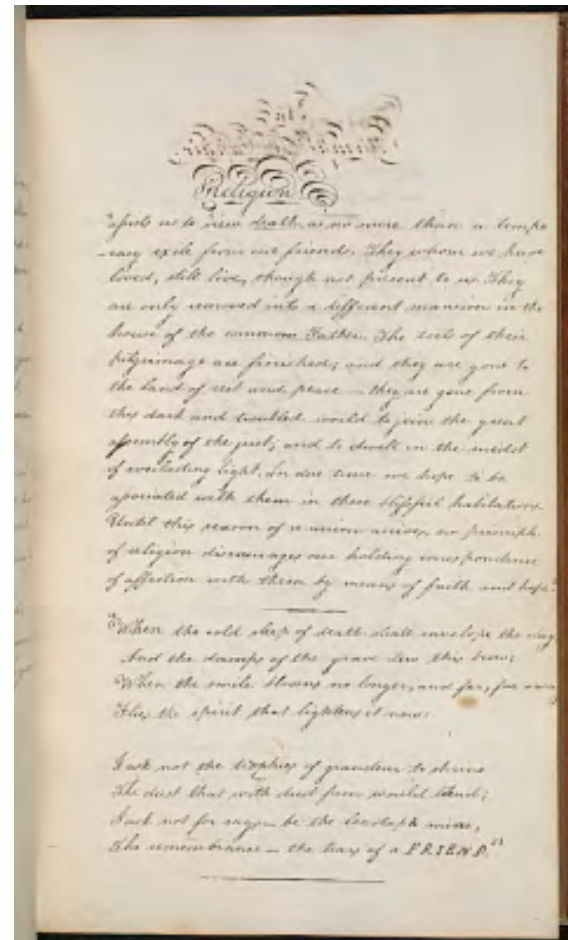
"assists us to view death, as no more than a temporary exile from our friends. They whom we have loved, still live, though not present to us. They are only removed into a different mansion in the house of the common Father. The toils of their pilgrimage are finished; and they are gone to the land of rest and peace - they are gone from this dark and troubled world to join the great assembly of the just; and to dwell in the midst of everlasting light. In due time we hope to be associated with them in these blissful habitations. Until this season of re-union arrives, no principle of religion discourages our holding correspondence of affection with them by means of faith and hope."

[[line]]

"When the cold sleep of death shall envelope the day,
And the damps of the grave dew this brow;
When the smile blooms no longer, and far, far away
Flies the spirit that lightens it now:

I ask not the trophies of grandeur to shrine
The dust that with dust fain would blend;
I ask not for rays - be the Cenotaph mine,
The remembrance - the tears of a FRIEND."

[[line]]



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To -- of Boston

"Affliction chain'd me to that heart,
Ambition tore the links apart."

[[line]]

"One struggle more, and I am free
From pang's which rend my heart in twain;
One long last sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again." _Byron.

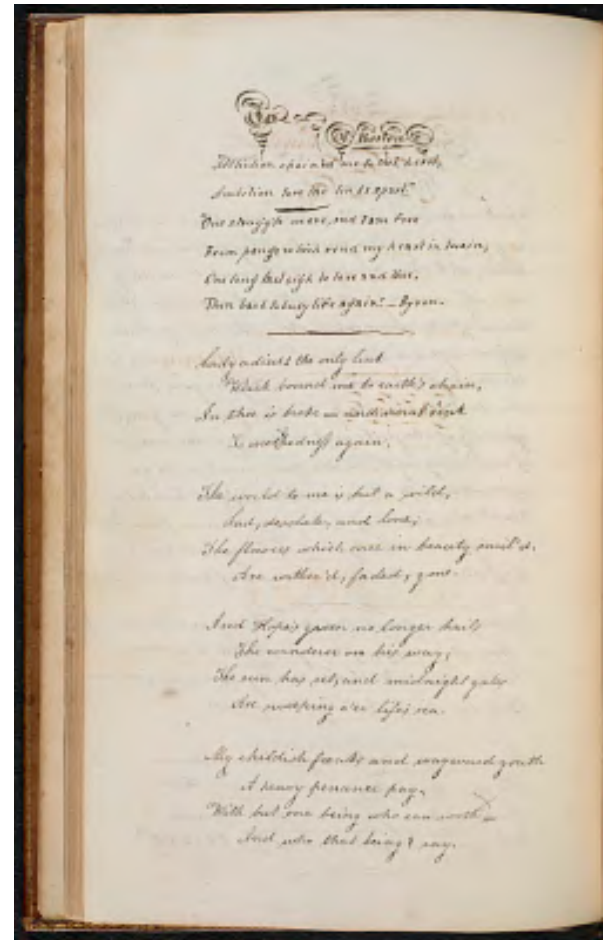
[[line]]

Lady adieu! the only link
Which bound me to earth's chain,
In thee is broke - and now I sink
To wretchedness again.

The world to me is but a wild,
Sad desolate, and lone;
The flowers which once in beauty smil'd,
Are wither'd, faded, gone.

And Hope's green no longer hails
The wanderer on his way;
The sun has set, and midnight gales
Are sweeping o'er life's sea.

My childish freaks and wayward youth
A heavy penance pay,
With but one being who can sooth -
And who that being? say.



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Oh Lady! ne'er these lips again,
May lisp that precious name -
Whate'er my fortune might have been,
On thee, I've now, no claim.

Yes fare thee well! no more we meet -
May pleasure hover o'er thee!
This heart though pierced, can ne'er forget,
To love thee - to adore thee.

JULIAN.

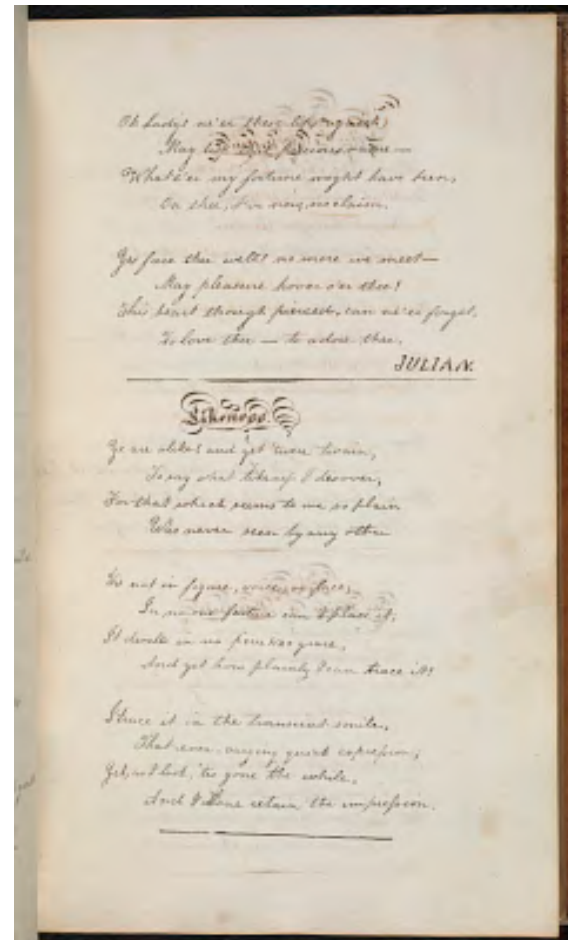
[[line]]

Likeness

Ye are alike! and yet 'twere twain,
To say what likeness I discover;
For that which seems to me so plain
Was never seen by any other.

'Tis not in figure, voice, or face;
In no one feature can I place it;
It dwells in no peculiar grace,
And yet how plainly I can trace it!

I trace it in the transient smile,
That ever-varying quick expression;
Yet, as I look, 'tis gone the while,
And I alone retain the impression.
[[line]]



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To My Friend

Now while thy heart is fill'd with sorrow,
Would it were mine to sooth thy care,
Assure thee of a happier morrow;
Or if not sooth thy grief - to share.

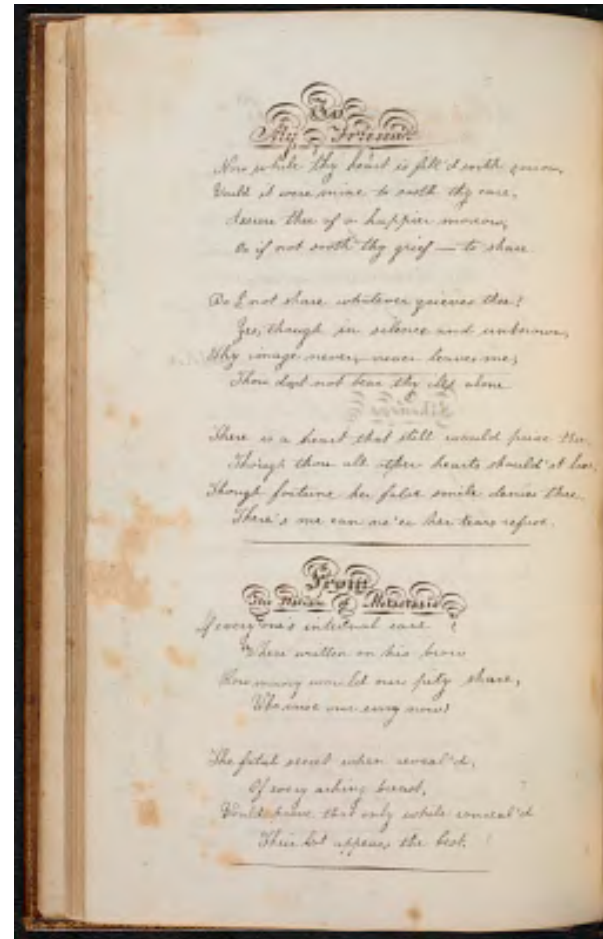
Do I not share whatever grieves thee!
Yes, though in silence and unknown,
Thy image never, - never leaves me;
Thou dost not bear thy ills alone.

There is a heart that still would prize thee,
Though thou all other hearts should'st lose;
Though fortune her false smile denies thee,
There's one can ne'er her tears refuse.
[[line]]

From
The Italian of Metastasio

If every one's internal care
Where written on his brow
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now!

The fatal secret when reveal'd,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while conceal'd
Their lot appears the best.
[[line]]



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Landscape at Home

The sun's latest beams have just faded in air,
and the mantle of twilight around me is spread
But my heart is o'er clouded with sorrow and care,
For I think on the days that forever have fled.

Oh I think that when last I beheld this soft view,
That hope promised fair and my soul was serene,
That the friends of my youth were watching it too,
And that hope shed its magic around the mild scene.

And still I will hope that as time rolls around,
I shall bury my cares in oblivions tomb.
That a pure hour of happiness yet will be found,
And I with my friends see the Landscape at Home.

[[pencil drawing of large home with outbuildings surrounded by trees, a road leading up to buildings]]



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To

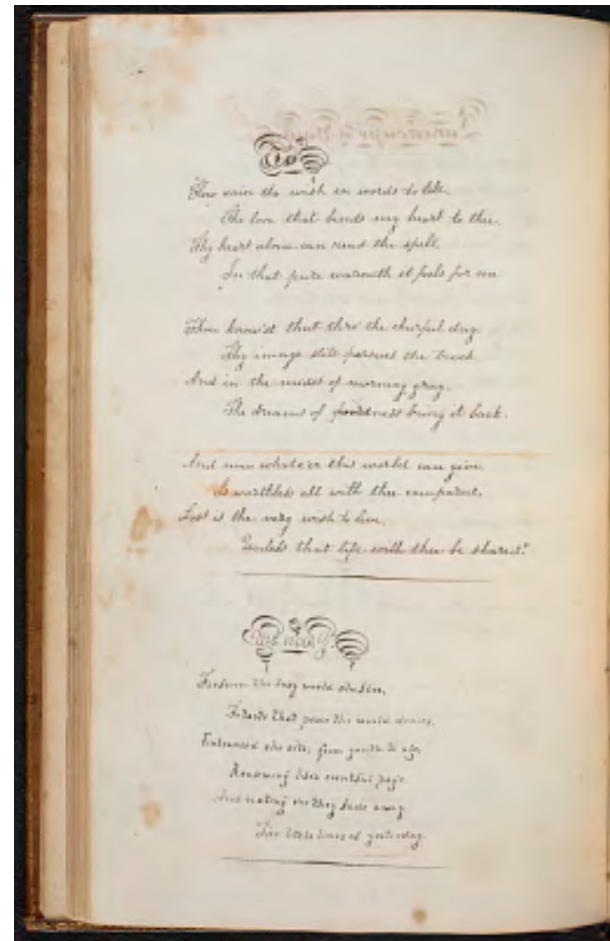
"How vain the wish in words to tell,
The love that binds my heart to thee,
Thy heart alone can read the spell,
In that pure warmth it feels for me.

Thou know'st that thro' the cheerful day,
Thy image still pursues the track,
And in the midst of morning gray,
The dreams of goodness[?] bring it back.

And now whate'er this world can give,
Is worthless all with thee compared,
Lost is the very wish to live,
Unless that life with thee be shared."
[[line]]

Memory.

Far from the busy world she flies,
To taste that peace the world denies.
Entranced she sits; from youth to age,
Reviewing life's eventful page.
And noting e'er they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.
[[line]]



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[[Drawing of blue and yellow flower - a violet?]]

Sweet emblem of modesty, beautiful flower;
That bashfully hid'st thy sweet head,
I pluck'd and have kept thee but one little hour,
And now all thy beauties are fled.

'Tis the fate of too many who leave their retreat,
To embark upon life's ruffled sea;
The charms of the mind, if they're ever so sweet,
Too often alas! fade away.

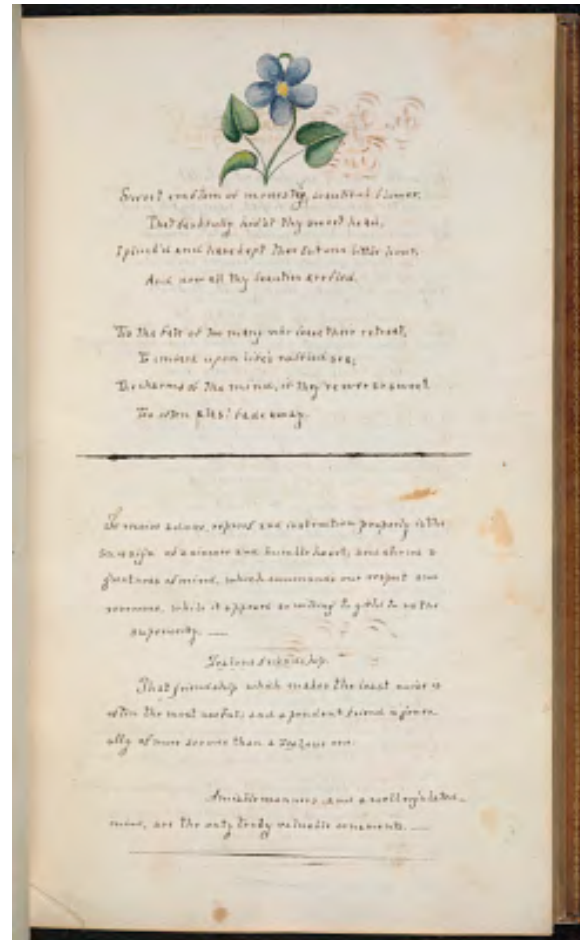
[[line]]

To receive advice, reproof, and instruction properly is the sure sign of a sincere and humble heart; and shows a greatness of mind, which commands our respect and reverence, while it appears so willing to yield to us the superiority. -

Jealous friendship.
That friendship which makes the least noise is often the most useful; and a prudent friend is generally of more service than a jealous one.

Amiable manners and a well regulated mind, are the only truly valuable ornaments. -

[[line]]



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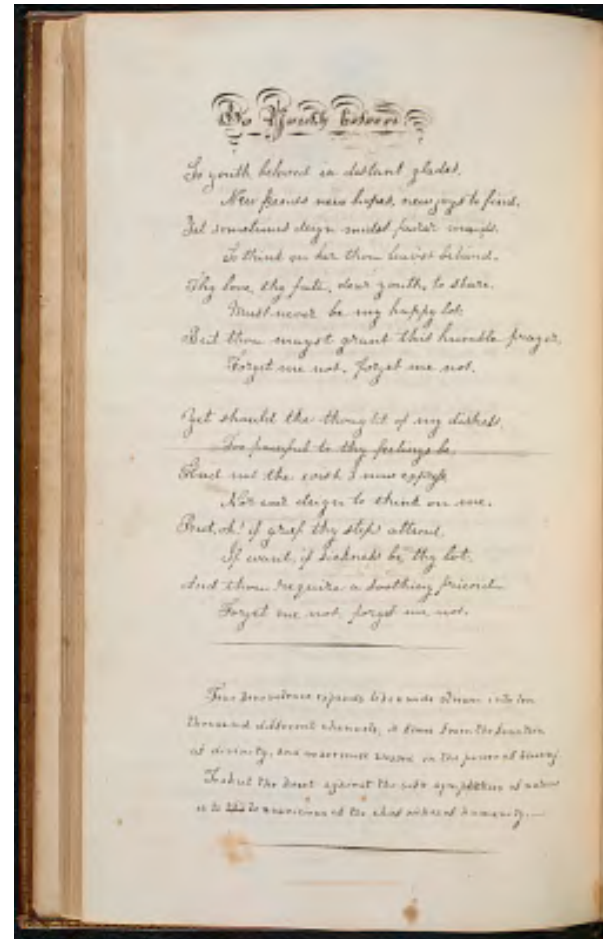
To Youth Beloved

To youth beloved in distant glades,
New friends new hopes, new joys to find.
Yet sometimes deign midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not, forget me not.

Yet should the thought of my distress,
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me.
But, oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, forget me not.

[[line]]

True benevolence expands like a wide stream into ten thousand different channels; it flows from the fountain of divinity, and we are most blessed in the power of blessing'. To shut the heart against the soft sympathies of nature is to be avaricious of the chief riches of humanity.



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Extracts.

[[line]]

"Women want the ways
To praise their deeds, but men want deeds to praise."

"I do not mean merely to admire woman as the most beautiful objects of creation, or love them as the sole source of happiness, but I reverence them as the redeeming glories of humanity, the sanctuaries of the virtues, the pledges and ante past [?] of those perfect qualities of the head and heart; combined with attractive external charm which, by their union, almost exalt them into the angelic character."

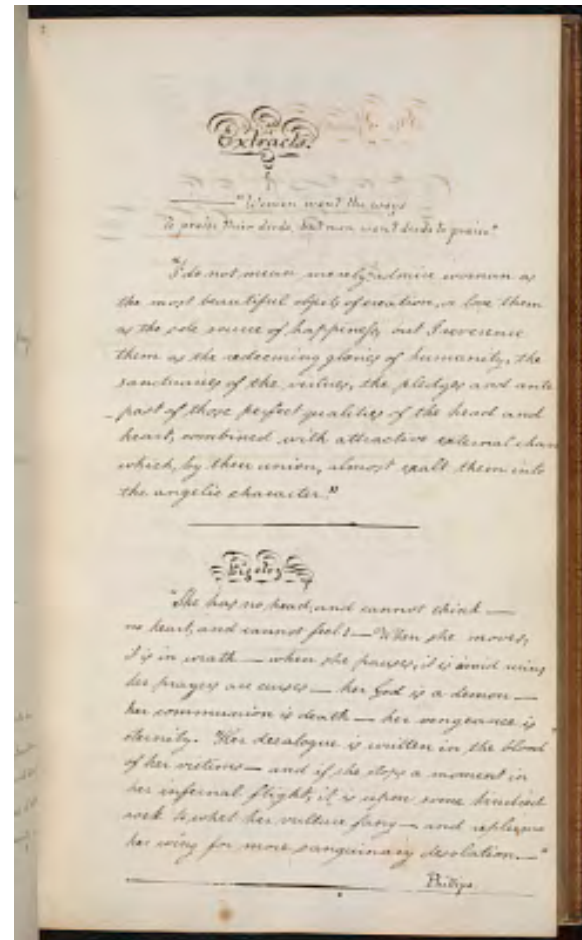
[[line]]

Bigotry

"She has no head, and cannot think-no heart, and cannot feel!-When she moves, it is in wrath- when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses-her God is a demon-her communion is death-her vengeance is eternity. "Her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims-and if she stops a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture fang--and replume her wing for more sanguinary desolation.-"

Phillips.

[[line]]



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"And Hagar sat over against him, and wept"
Genesis, Chap xxi.

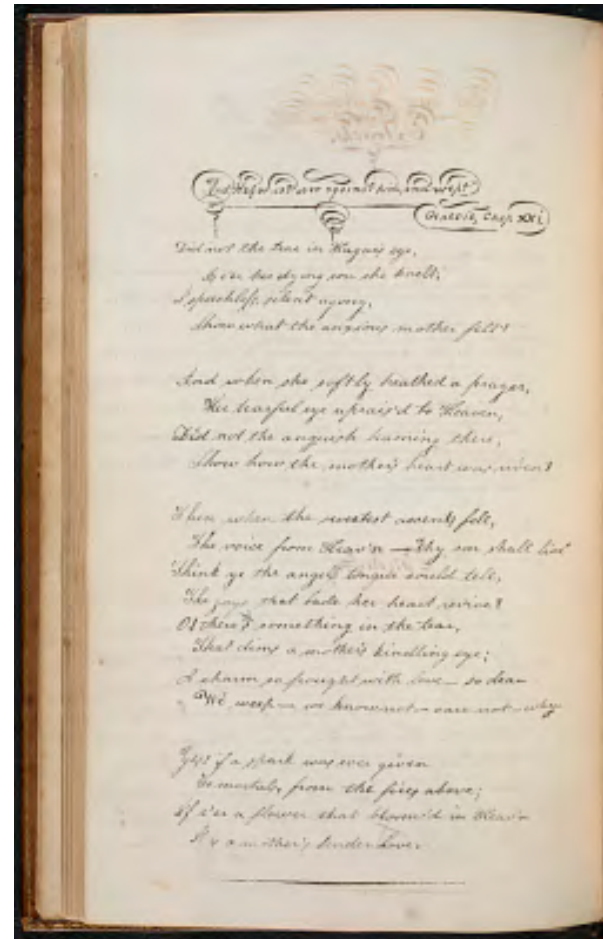
Did not the tear in Hagar's eye,
As o'er her dying son she knelt;
A speechless, silent agony,
Show what the anxious mother felt?

And when she softly breathed a prayer,
Her tearful eye uprais'd to Heaven,
Did not the anguish beaming there,
Show how the mother's heart was riven?

Then when the sweetest accents fell,
The voice from Heav'n--"thy son shall live"
Think ye the angel's tongue could tell,
The joys that bade her heart revive?
O! there is something in the tear,
That dims a mother's kindling eye;
A charm so fraught with love-so dear
We weep-we know not--care not-why.

Yes! if a spark was ever given
To mortals, from the fires above;
If e'er a flower that bloom'd in Heav'n
It is a mother's tender love.

[[line]]



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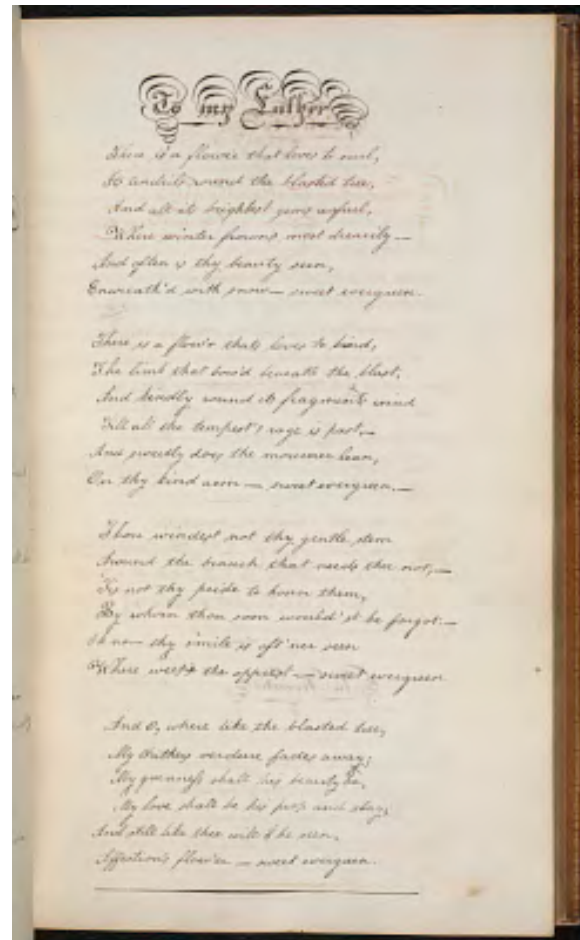
To My Father

There is a flower that loves to curl,
Its tendrils round the blasted tree,
And all its brightest gems unfurl,
Where winter frowns, most drearily--
And often is thy beauty seen,
Enwreath'd with snow--sweet evergreen.

There is a flow'r that loves to bind,
The limb that bow'd beneath the blast,
And kindly round its fragments wind
Till all the tempest's rage is past--
And sweetly does the mourner lean,
On thy kind arm--sweet evergreen.--

Thou windest not thy gentle stem
Around the branch that needs thee not,--
Tis not thy pride to honor them,
By whom thou soon would'st be forgot.--
Oh no--thy smile is oft'ner seen
Where weep's the opprest--sweet evergreen

And O, where like the blasted tree,
My Fathers verdure fades away;
My greenness shall his beauty be,
My love shall be his prop and stay;
And still like thee will I be seen,
Affection's flow'er--sweet evergreen.
[[line]]



Poetry and prose [manuscript] / selected by Mary Jane Wynkoop at Miss Gorham's School, Elizabeth Town, February 28th 1824.
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Extracts

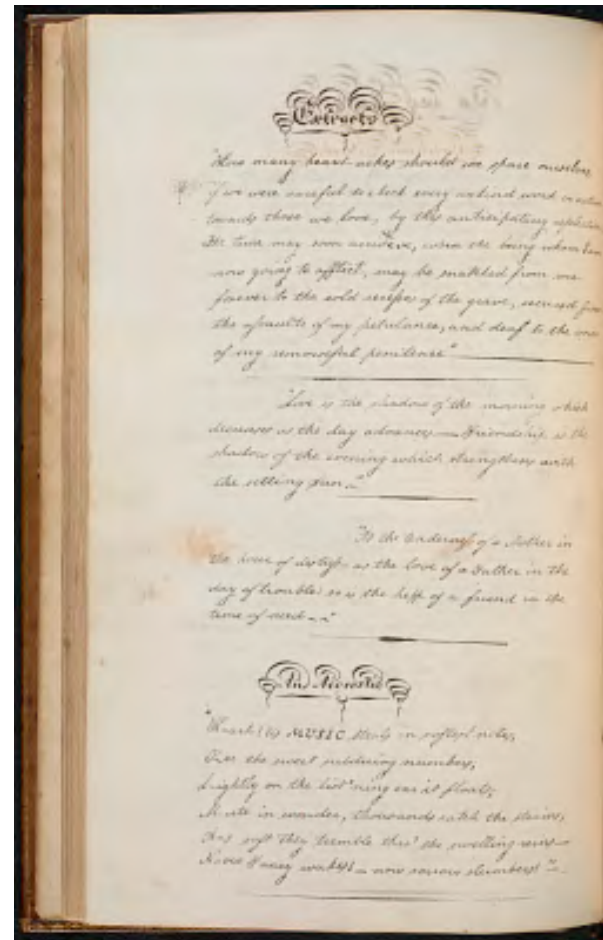
"How many heart-aches should we spare ourselves, if we were careful to check every unkind word or action towards those we love, by this anticipating reflections the time may soon arrive, when the being whom I am now going to afflict, may be snatched from me forever to the cold recesses of the grave, secured from the assaults of my petulance, and deaf to the voice of my remorseful penitence."
[[line]]

"Love is the shadow of the morning which decreases as the day advances.--Friendship is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with the setting sun.--"
[[line]]

"As the tenderness of a Mother in the hour of distress--as the love of a Father in the day of trouble: so is the help of a friend in the time of need--"
[[line]]

An Acrostic

"H-ark! 'tis MUSIC steals in softest notes,
O'er the sweet subduing numbers;
L-ightly on the list'ning ear it floats;
M-ute in wonder, thousands catch the strains,
A-s soft they tremble thro' the swelling reins--
N-ow Fancy wakes!--now sorrow slumbers!--"



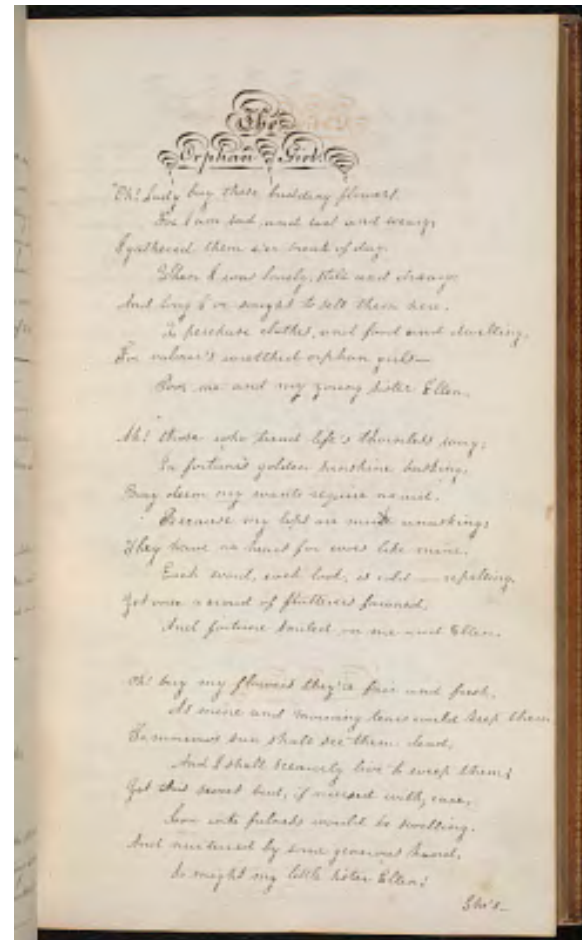
Poetry and prose [manuscript] / selected by Mary Jane Wynkoop at Miss Gorham's School, Elizabeth Town, February 28th 1824.
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The Orphan Girl

Oh! Lady buy these budding flowers,
For I am sad, and wet and weary;
I gathered them e'er break of day,
When I was lonely, still and dreary:
And long I've sought to sell them here,
To purchase clothes, and food and dwelling,
For valour's wretched ophan girls-
Poor me and my young Sister Ellen.

Ah! Those who tread life's thornless way;
In fortune's golden sunshine basking,
May deem my wants require no aid,
Because my lips are mute unasking:
They have no heart for woes like mine,
Each word, each look, is cold-repelling,
Yet once a croud of flatterers fawned,
And fortune smiled on me and Ellen.

Oh! Buy my flowers they're fair and fresh,
As mine and morning tears could keep them
Tomorrow's sun shall see them dead,
And I shall scarcely live to weep them!
Yet this sweet bud, if nursed with care,
Soon into fulness would be swelling,
And nurtured by some generous hand,
So might my little sister Ellen!
She's

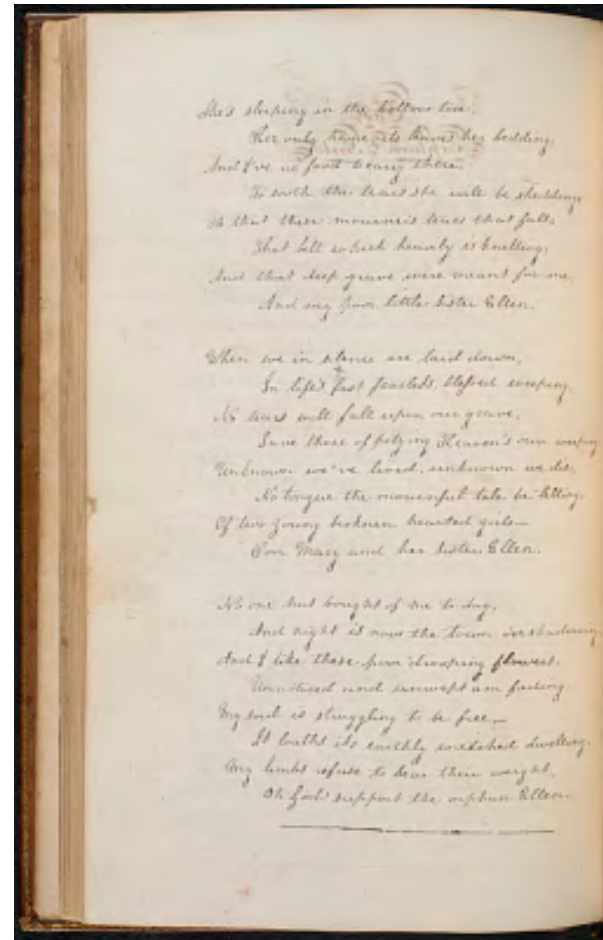


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She's sleeping in the hollow tree.
Her only home, its leaves her bedding;
And I've no food to carry there,
To sooth the tears she will be shedding.
Oh that these mourner's tears that fall;
That bell which heavily is knelling;
And that deep grave were meant for me,
And my poor little Sister Ellen.

When we in silence are laid down,
In life's last fearless, blessed weeping,
No tears will fall upon our grave,
Save those of pitying Heaven's own weeping:
Unknown we've lived, unknown we die,
No tongue the mournful tale be telling,
Of two young broken hearted girls-
Poor Mary and her Sister Ellen.

No one had bought of me to-day,
And night is now the town o'ershadowing,
And I like these poor dropping flowers,
Unnoticed and unwept am fading;
My soul is struggling to be free-
It loaths its earthly wretched dwelling,
My limbs refuse to bear their weight,
O God, support the orphan Ellen.
[[line]]



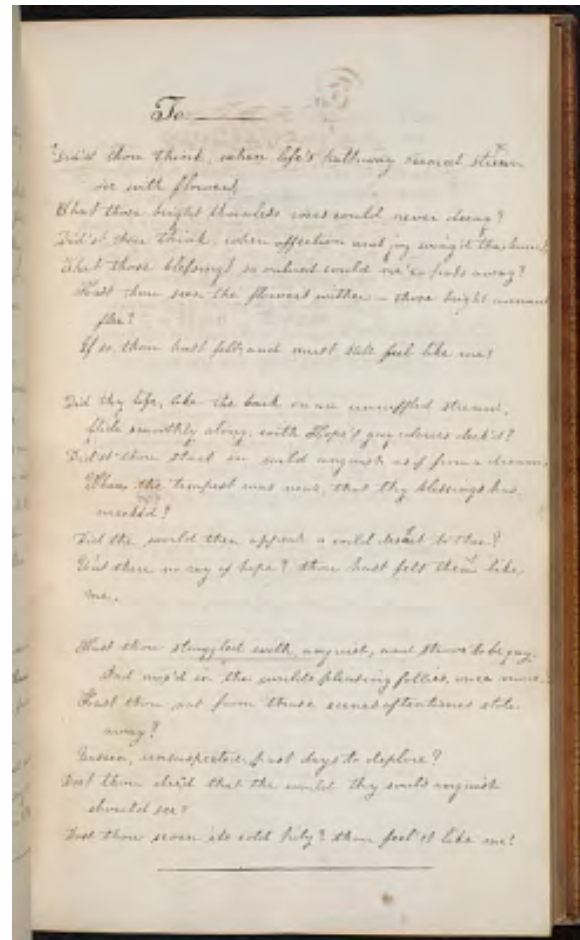
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To___

Did'st thou think, when life's pathway seem'd strewn o'er with flowers,
That those bright thornless roses could never decay?
Did'st thou think, when affection and joy wing'd the hours,
That those blessings so valued could ne'er pass away?
Hast thou seen the flowers wither - those bright moments flee?
If so, thou hast felt, and must still feel like me!

Did thy life, like the bank on an unruffled stream,
Glide smoothly along, with Hope's gay colours deck'd?
Did'st thou start in wild anguish as if from a dream,
When the tempest was near, that thy blessings has wrecked?
Did the world then appear a wild desert to thee?
Was there no ray of hope? thou hast felt them like me.

Hast thou struggled with anguish, and strove to be gay,
And mix'd in the world's pleasing follies, once more,
Hast thou not from those scenes oftentimes stole away?
Unseen, unsuspected, past-days to deplore?
Dost thou dread that the world thy soul's anguish should see?
Dost thou scorn its cold pity? thou feel'st like me!
[[line]]



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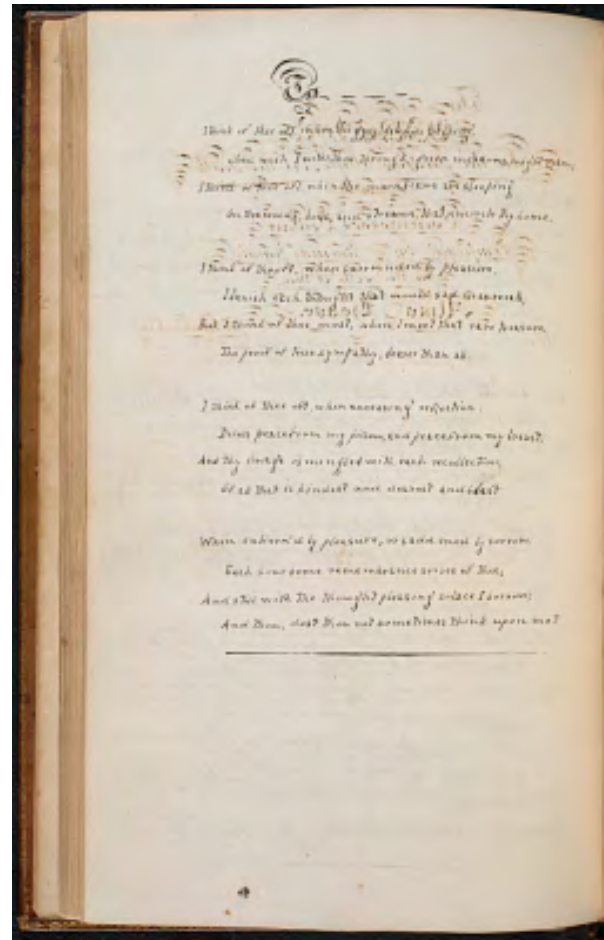
To_ _ _

I think of thee oft when the gray dawn is peeping,
And wish I with thee through green meadows might roam;
I think of thee oft when the moonbeams are sleeping
On the woods, hills, and streams that encircle thy home.

I think of thee oft when surrounded by pleasure,
I banish each thought that would sadness recall;
But I think of thee most, when I meet that rare treasure,
The proof of true sympathy, dearer than all.

I think of thee oft, when unceasing reflection,
Drives peace from my pillow and peace from my breast;
And thy image is mingled with each recollection,
Of all that is kindest and dearest and blest

When enliven'd by pleasure, or saddened by sorrow,
Each hour some remembrance arises of thee;
And still with the thought pleasing solace I borrow;
And thou, dost thou not sometimes think upon me?
[[line across page]]



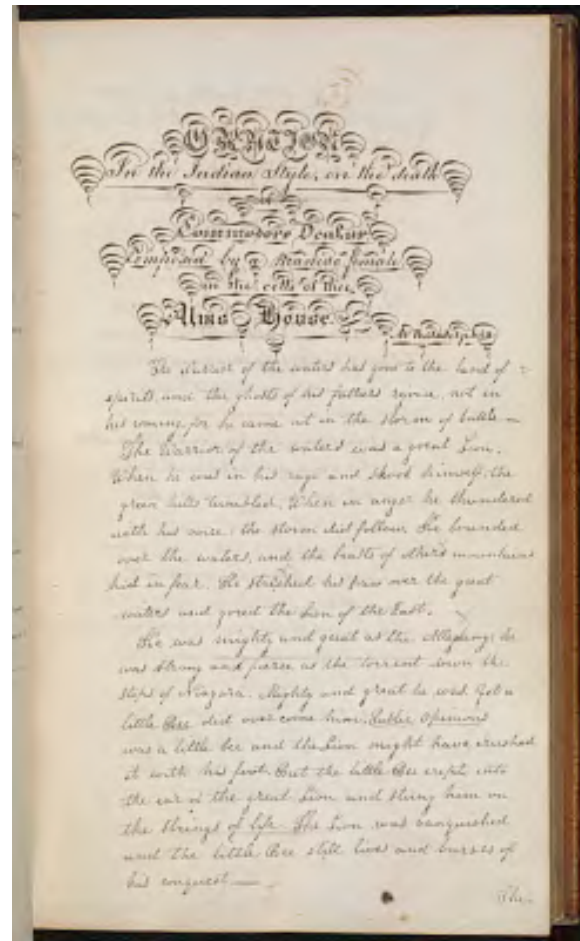
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In the Indian Style, on the death of Commodore Deakur.
Composed by a maniac female.
In the cells of thee
Alms House.
At Philadelphia.

The Warrior of the waters has gone to the land of spirits, and the ghosts of his fathers rejoice, not in his coming, for he came not in the storm of battle -

The Warrior of the waters was a great Lion. When he was in his rage and shook himself, the green hills tumbled. When in anger he thundered with his voice, the storm did follow. He bounded over the waters, and the beasts of other mountains hid in fear. He stretched his paw over the great waters and gored the Lion of the East.

He was mighty and great as the Alleghany: he was strong and fierce as the torrent down the Steps of Niagara. Mighty and great he was. Yet a little Bee did over come him. Public opinions was a little bee and the Lion might have crushed it with his foot. But the little Bee crept into the ear of the great Lion and stung him on the strings of life. The Lion was vanquished and the little Bee still lives and buzzes of his conquest -
The.



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The Warrior of the waters has gone to the
land of Spirits, and the ghosts of his fathers
rejoice not in his coming, for
he came not in the shroud of Glory. -
[[line]]

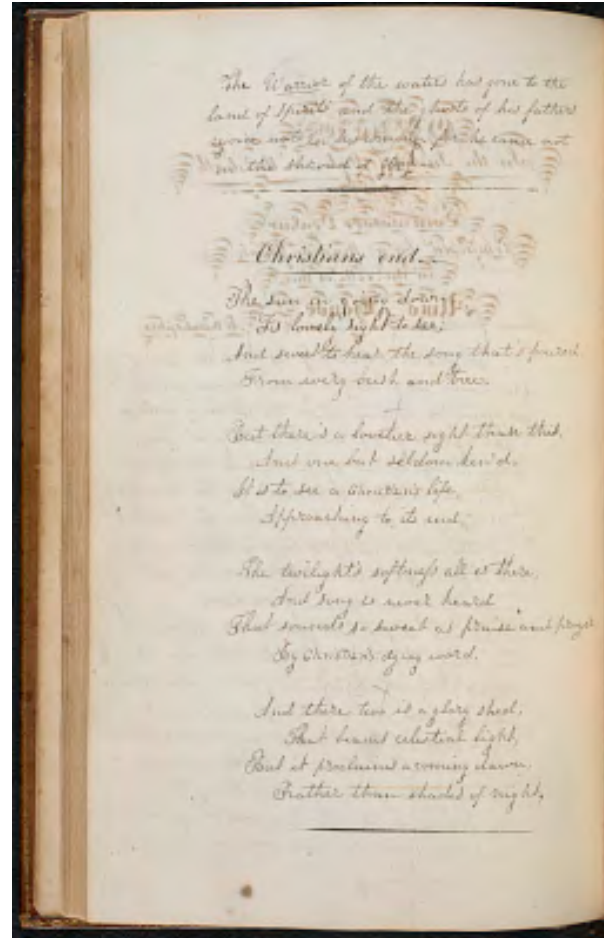
Christians end.- Christians end.

The sun in going down,
Tis lovely sight to see;
And sweet to hear the song that's poured,
From every bush and tree.

But there's a lovelier sight than this,
And one but seldom ken'd,
It is to see a Christian's life,
Approaching to its end.

The twilight's softness all is there;
And song is never heard
That sounds so sweet as praise and prayer,
By Christian's dying word.

And there too is a glory shed,
That beams celestial light,
But it proclaims a coming dawn,
Rather than shades of night.
[[line]]



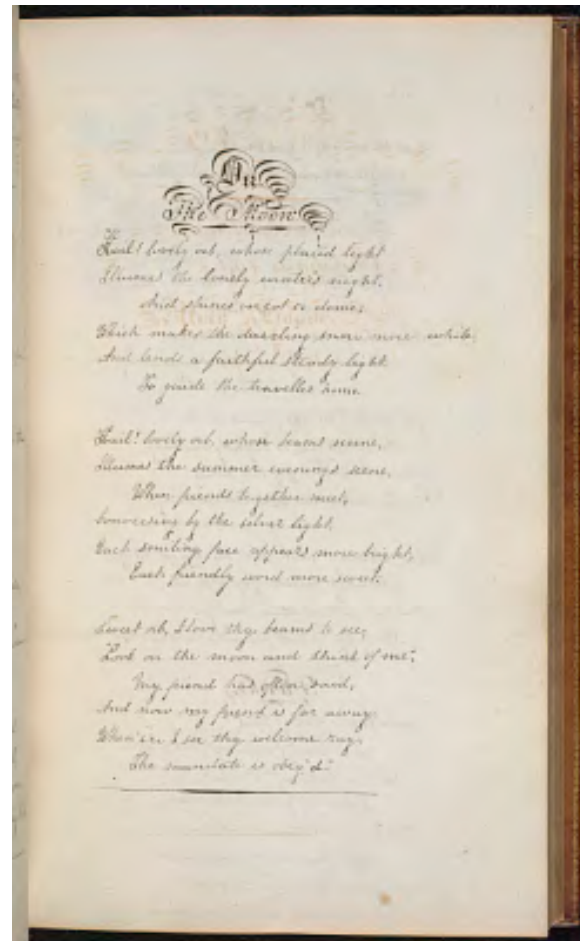
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On the Moon

"Hail! lovely orb, whose placid light
Illumes the lonely winter's night;
And shines on cot or dome;
Which makes the dazzling snow more white,
And lends a faithful steady light,
To guide the traveller home.

"Hail! lovely orb, whose beams serene,
Illumes the summer evening's scene,
When friends to-gether meet;
Conversing by the silver light;
Each smiling face appears more bright,
Each friendly word more sweet.

Sweet orb, I love thy beams to see;
"Look on the moon and think of me,"
My friend has often said;
And now my friend is far away,
Whene'er I see thy welcome ray
The mandate is obey'd."
[[line]]



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To_____

Dost thou think because I smile,
When wit and mirth surround me
There is no torturing thought the while,
That with its secret power can wound me?

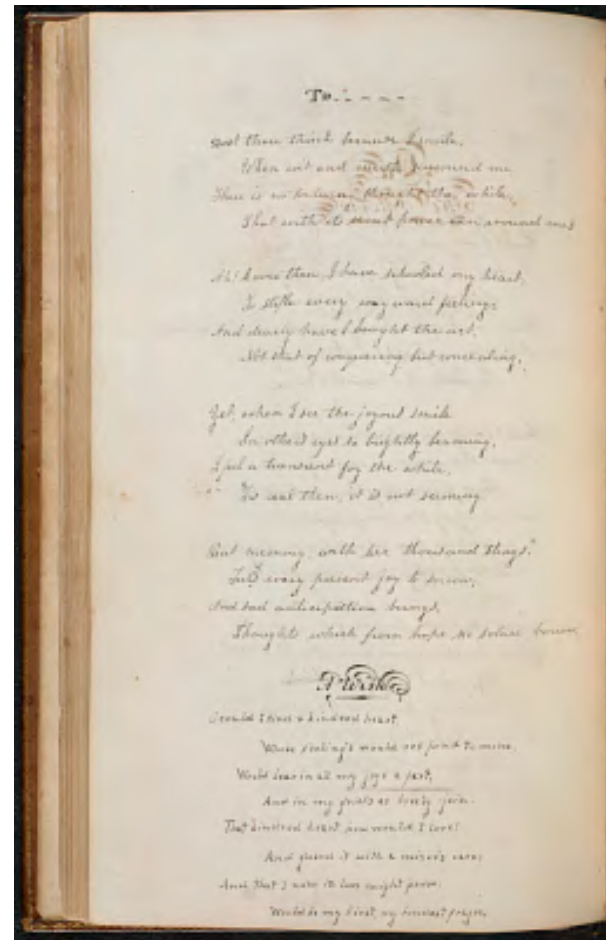
Ah! know then, I have schooled my heart,
To stifle every wayward feeling,
And dearly have I bought the art,
Not that of conquering but concealing.

Yet, when I see the joyous smile
In other's eyes so brightly beaming,
I feel a transient joy the while,
Tis real then, it is not seeming.

But memory, with her thousand things,
Turns ["x" over this word indicating a correction] every present joy to
sorrow;
And sad anticipation brings,
Thoughts which from hope no solace borrow.

A Wish

O could I find a kindred heart,
Whose feeling's would respond to mine,
Would bear in all my joys a part,
And in my griefs as freely join.
That kindred heart how would I love!
And guard it with a miser's care;
And that I ne'er its loss might prove,
Would be my first, my fondest prayer.



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[[Drawing of pink roses, and green leaves, roses are drooping]]

Thou pretty nosegay-oh! how sweet;
Art thou in various hues.
With fragrant odours all replete
All wet with silvery dews.

But prettier, sweeter, lovelier far,
Is she the blushing donor,
Shining like some bright evening star,
At the shrine of love and honour.

Alas you soon must fade away
Your fragrance all depart,
But she shall last while you display,
A bleeding broken heart.



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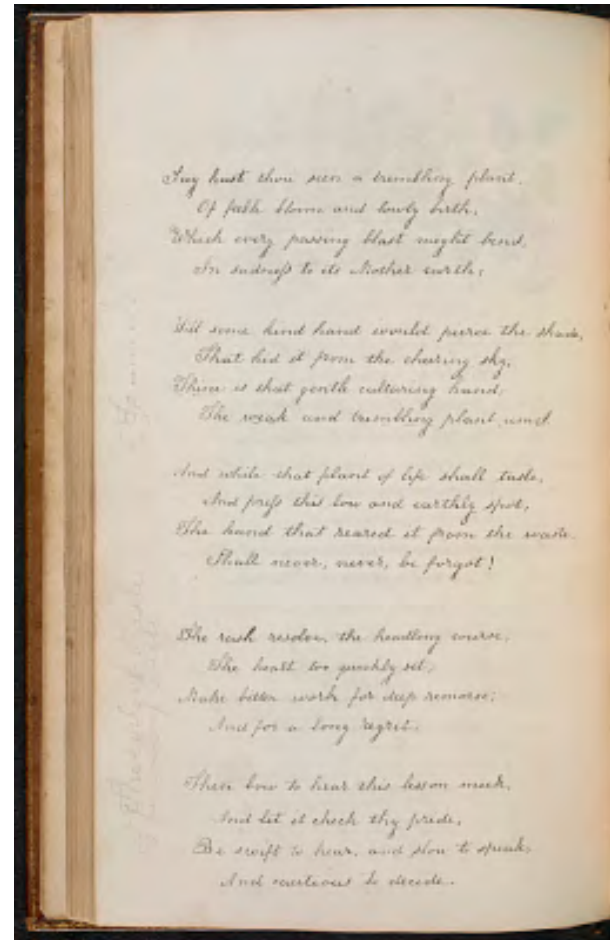
Say hast thou seen a trembling plant,
Of feeble bloom and lowly birth;
Which every passing blast might bend,
In sadness to its Mother earth;

Till some kind hand would pierce the shade,
That hid it from the cheering sky;
Thine is that gentle culturing hand;
The weak and trembling
plant, am I.

And while that plant of life shall taste,
And press this low and earthly spot,
The hand that reared it from the waste,
Shall never, never, be forgot!

The rash resolve, the headlong course,
The heart too quickly set,
Make bitter work for deep remorse
And for a long regret.

Then bow to hear this lesson meek,
And let it check thy pride,
Be swift to hear, and slow to speak,
And cautious to decide.

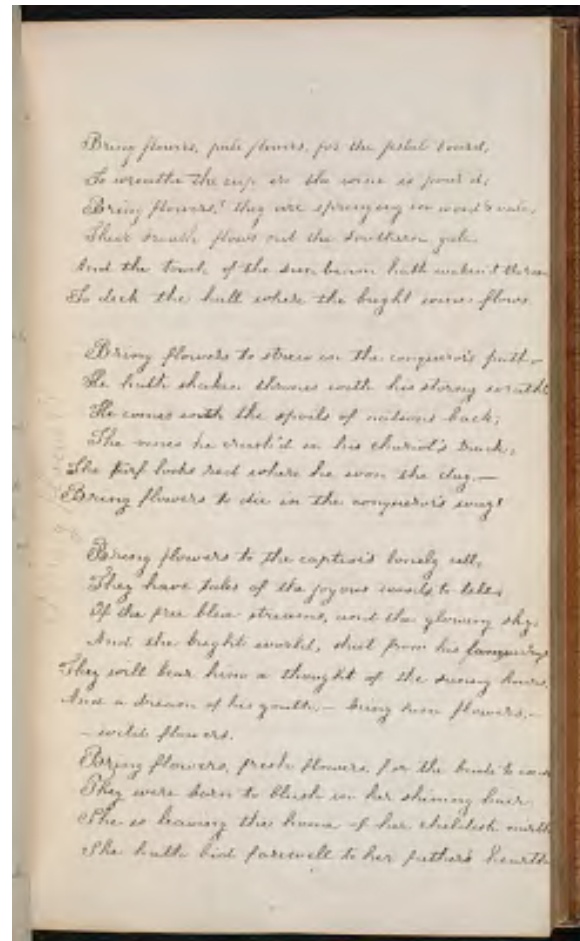


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Bring flowers, pale flowers, for the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour'd;
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood & vale,
Their breath flows out the southern gale;
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waken'd the rose
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path. -
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath;
He comes with the spoils of nations back;
The vines he crush'd in his chariot's track;
The turf looks red where he won the day. -
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

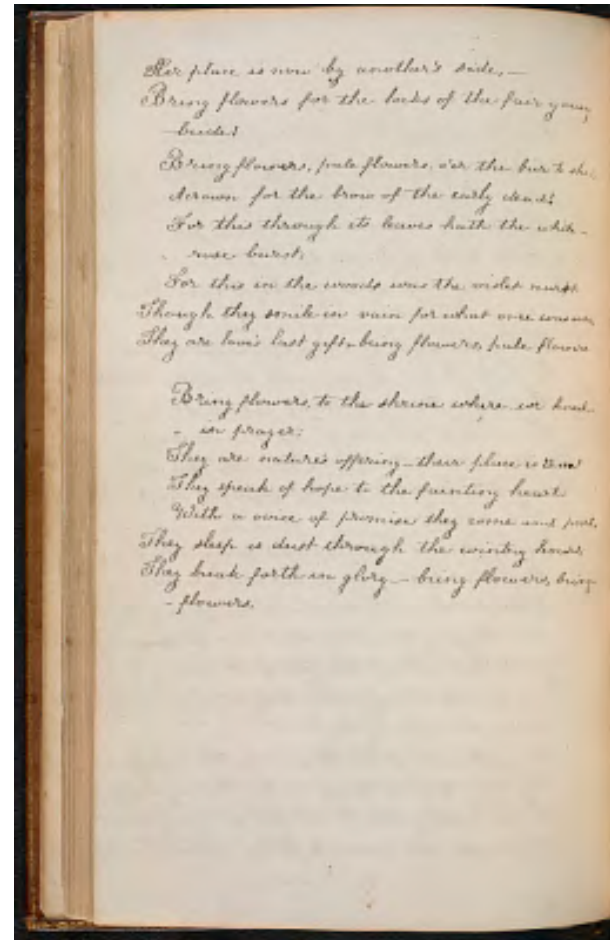
Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world, shut from his languid eye
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth, - bring him flowers, -
-wild flowers.
Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childish mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth.



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Her place is now by another's side,-
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!
Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to strew,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white - rose burst;
For this in the woods was the violet nurst
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift-bring flowers, pale flowers.

Bring flowers, to the shrine where we kneel - in prayer;
They are nature's offerings - their place is there!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart;
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep is dust through the wintry hours;
They break forth in glory - bring flowers, bring flowers.

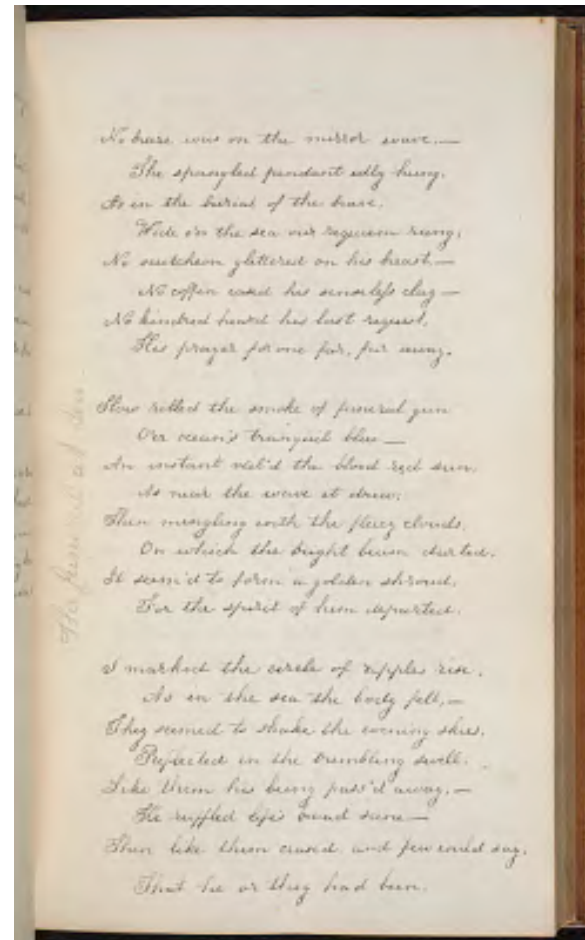


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No breeze was on the mirror wave.-
The spangled pendant idly hung,
As in the burial of the brave,
Wide o'er the sea our requiem rung;
No scutcheon glittered on his breast.-
No coffin cased his senseless clay-
No kindred heard his last request,
His prayer for one far, far away.

Slow rolled the smoke of funeral gun
O'er ocean's tranquil blue-
An instant veil'd the blood red sun,
As near the wave it drew;
Then mingling with the fleecy clouds,
On which the bright beam darted;
It seem'd to form a golden shroud,
For the spirit of him departed.

I marked the circles of ripples rise,
As in the sea the body fell,-
They seemed to shake the evening skies,
Reflected in the trembling swell.
Like them his being pass'd away,-
The ruffled life's broad scene-
Then like them ceased, and few could say,
That he or they had been.



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This is the hour when Mem'ry wakes,
Visions of joy; that could not last;
This is the hour when Fancy takes
A survey of the past.

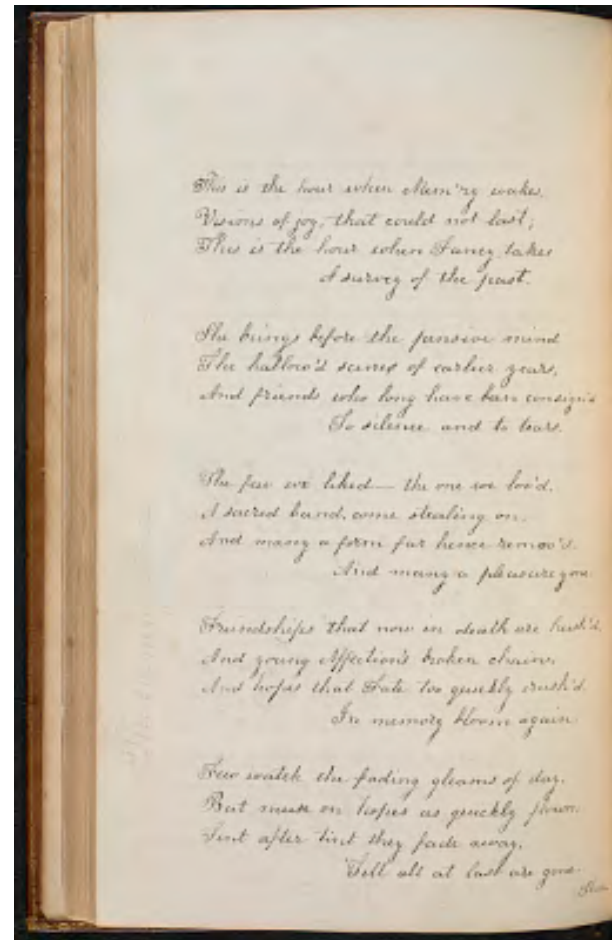
She brings before the pensive mind
The hallow'd scenes of earlier years,
And friends who long have been consign'd
To silence and to tears.

The few we liked - the one we lov'd,
A sacred band comes stealing on.
And many a form far hence remov'd,
And many a pleasure gone.

Freindships that now in death are hush'd,
And young Affection's broken chain,
And hopes that Fate too quickly crush'd,
In memory bloom again.

Few watch the fading gleams of day,
But muse on hopes as quickly flown;
Tint after tint they fade away,
Till all at last are gone.

This.



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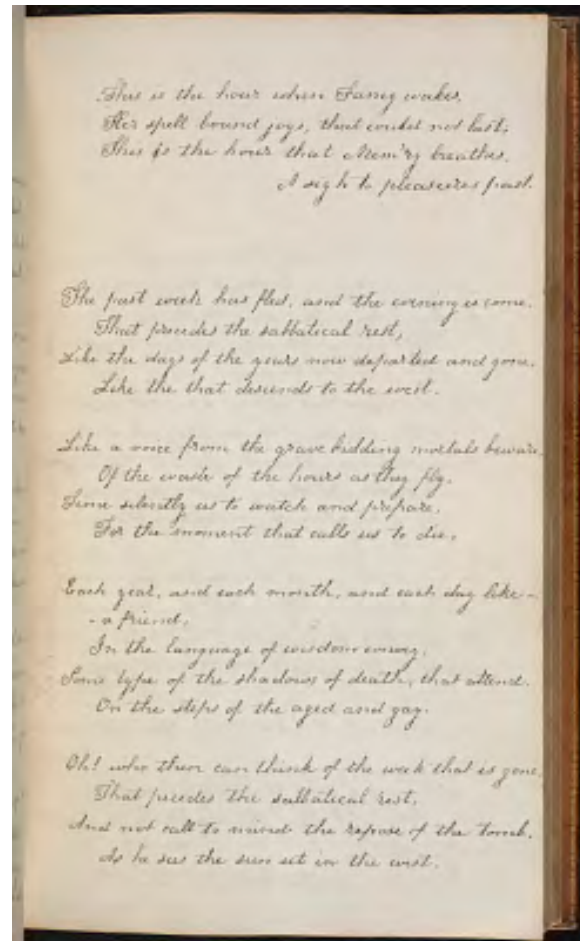
This is the hour when Fancy wakes,
The spell bound joys, that could not last;
This is the hour that mem'ry breathes,
A sigh to pleasures past.

The past week has fled, and the evening is come,
That precedes the sabbatical rest;
Like the days of the years now departed and gone,
Like the that descends to the west.

Like a voice from the grave bidding mortals beware,
Of the waste of the hours as they fly.
Time silently us to watch and prepare,
For the moment that calls us to die.

Each year, and each month, and each day like - a friend,
In the language of wisdom convey,
Some type of the shadow of death, that attend,
On the steps of the aged and gay.

Oh! who then can think of the week that is gone,
That precedes the sabbatical rest,
And not call to mind the repose of the tomb,
As he sees the sun set in the west.



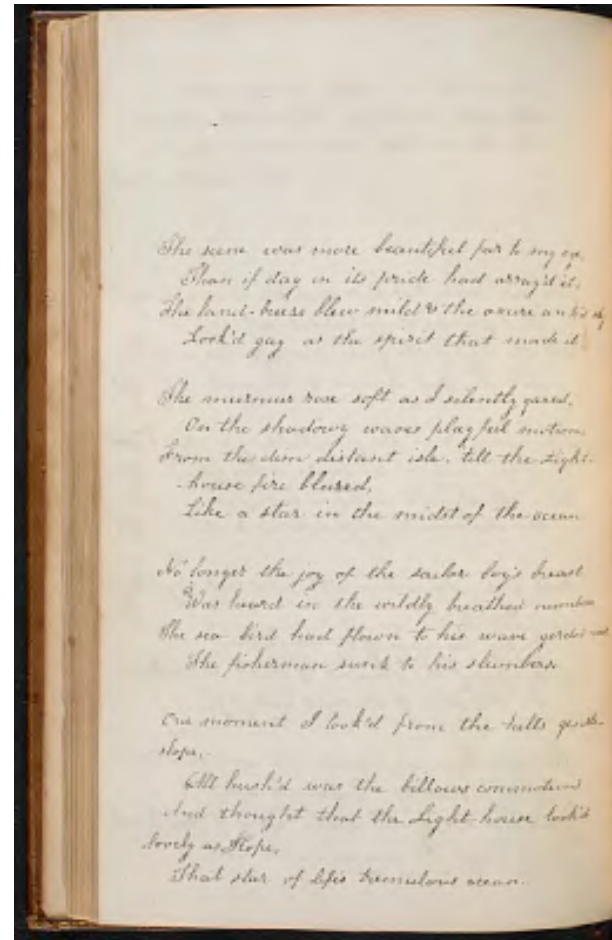
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The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had array'd it,
The land-breeze blew mild & the azure arch'd sky
Look'd gay as the spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed,
On the shadowy waves playful motion;
From the dim distant isle, till the Light-house fire blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
Was heard in the wildly breathed numbers,
The sea bird had flown to his wave girded nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

One moment I look'd from the hills gentle slope,
(All hush'd was the billows commotion)
And thought that the Light house look'd lovely as Hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

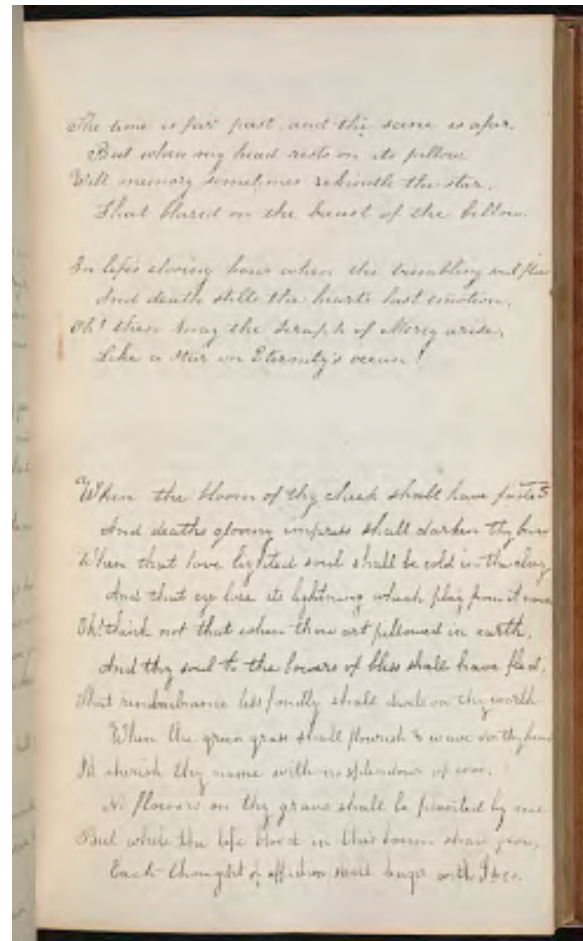


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The time is far past, and the scene is afar,
But when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour when the trembling soul flies
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh! then may the seraph of Mercy arise,
Like a star on Eternity's ocean!

When the bloom of thy cheek shall have faded away
And death's gloomy impress shall darken thy brow
When that love-lighted soul shall be cold in the day
And that eye lose its lightning which play from it now.
Oh! think not that when thou art pillowed in earth,
And thy soul to the bowers of bliss shall have fled,
That remembrance less fondly shall dwell on thy worth
When the green grass shall flourish & wave o'er thy head
I'd cherish thy name with no splendour of woe,
No flowers on thy grave shall be planted by me
But while the life blood in this bosom shall flow,
Each thought of affection shall linger with Thee.



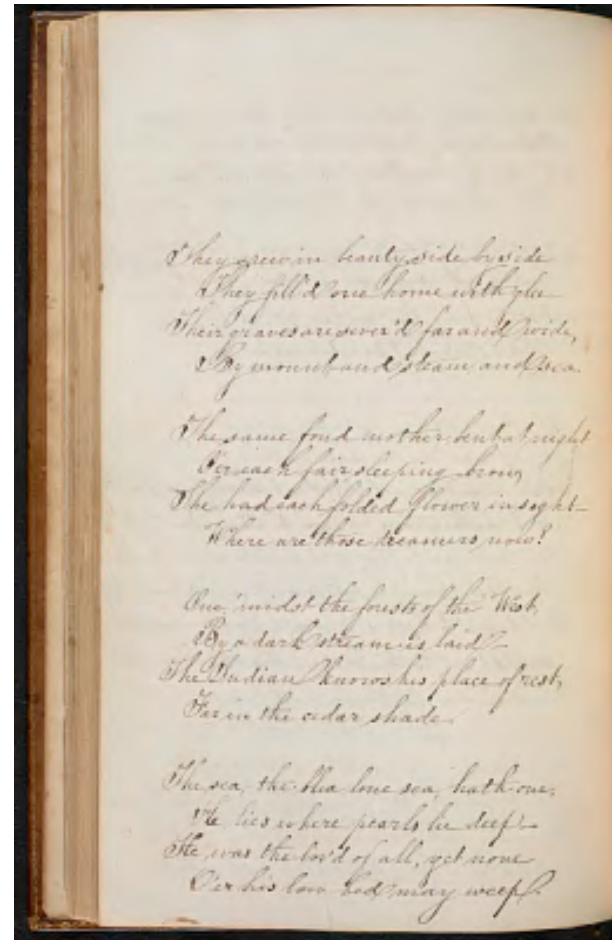
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They grew in beauty side by side
They fill'd one home with glee-
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight-
Where are those dreamers now?

Once 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid-
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep-
He was the lov'd of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.



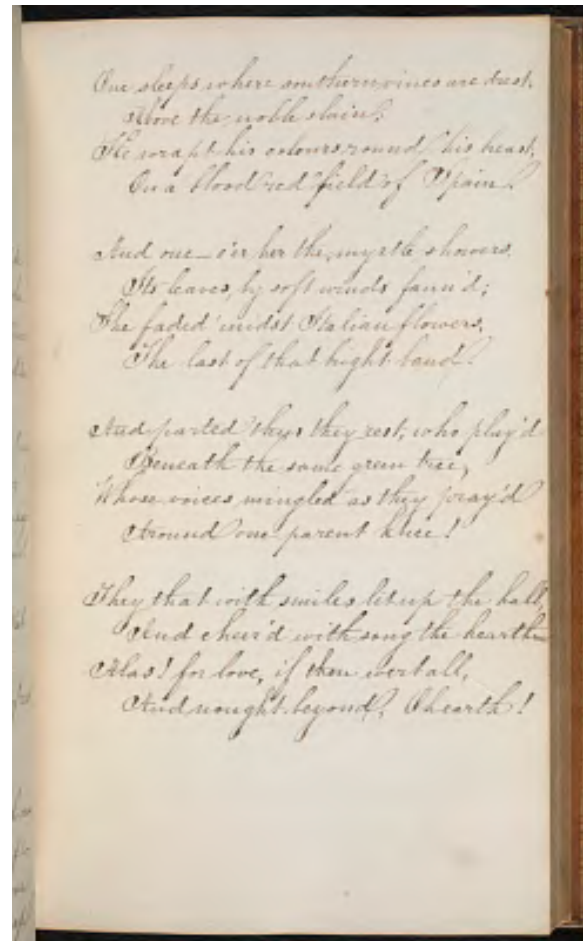
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One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast;
On blood red field of Spain.

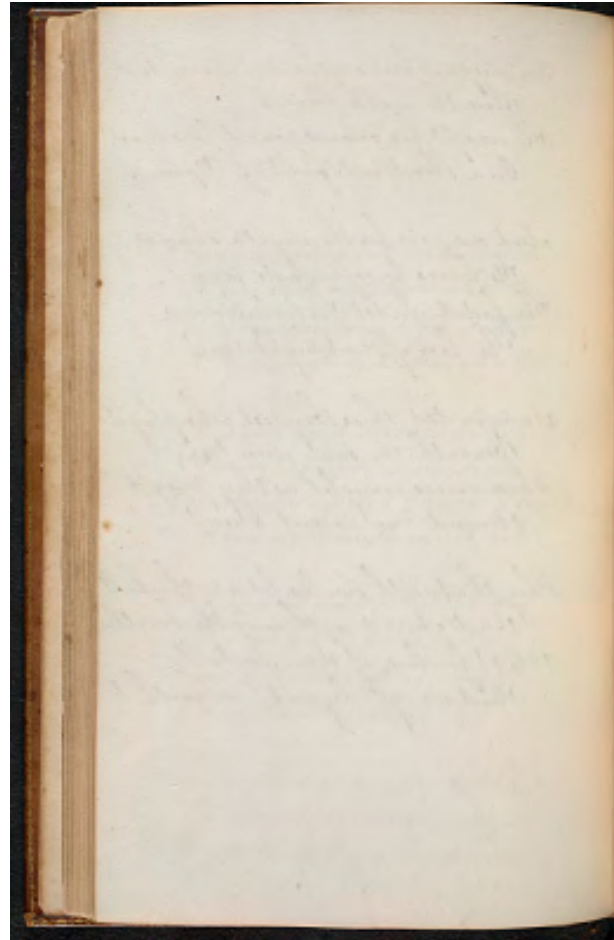
And one - o'er her the myrtle showers,
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

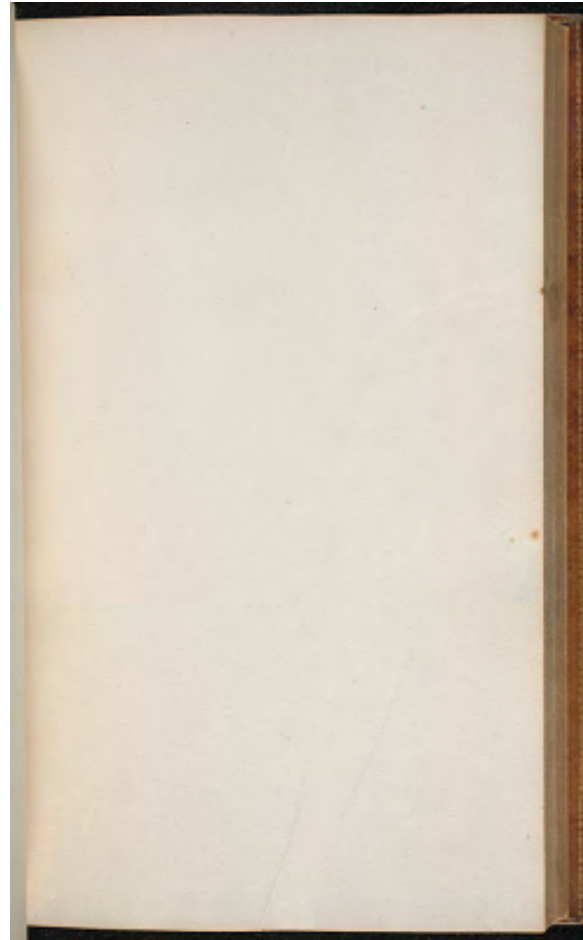
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth,
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, Oh earth!



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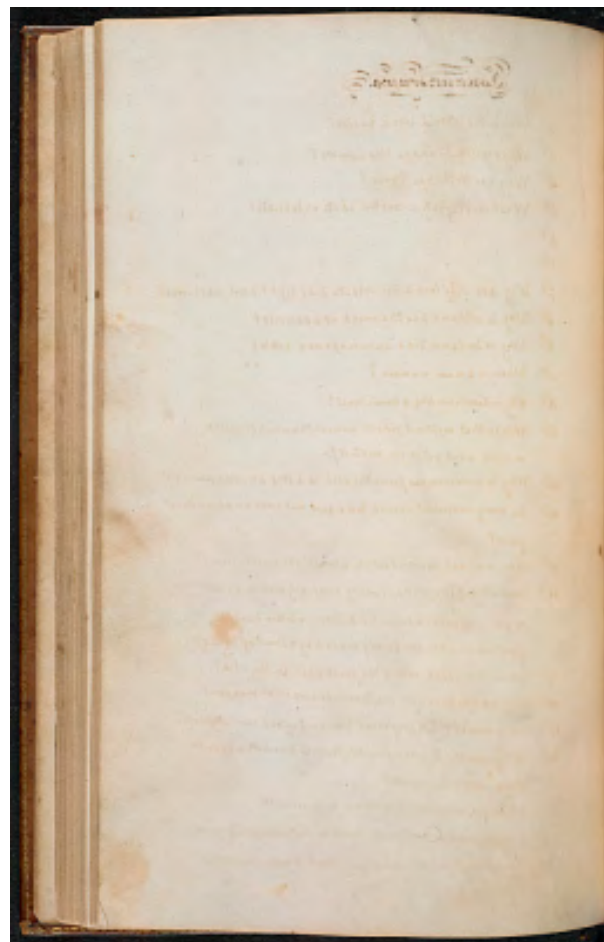


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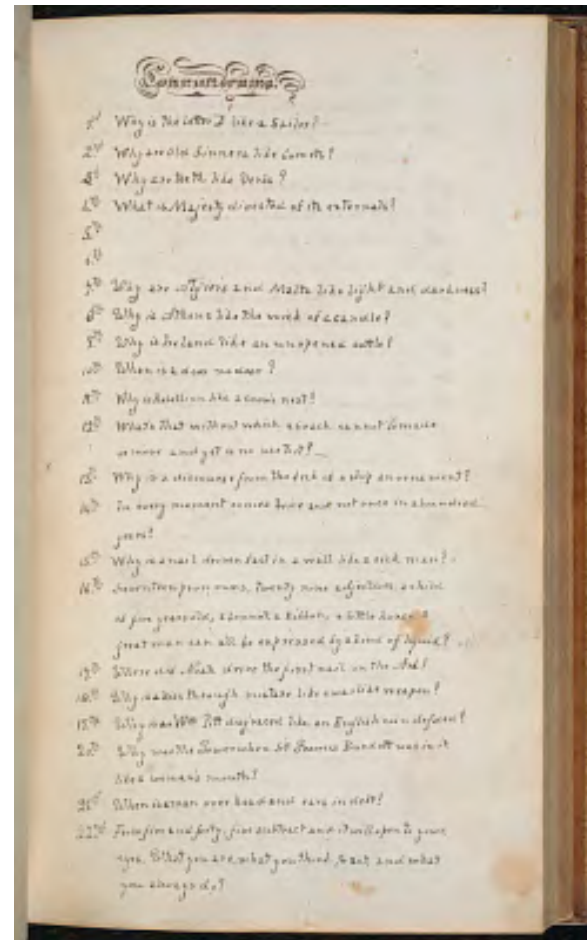
[[note: I believe this page is blank and the dim markings are ink bleeding through other side.]]



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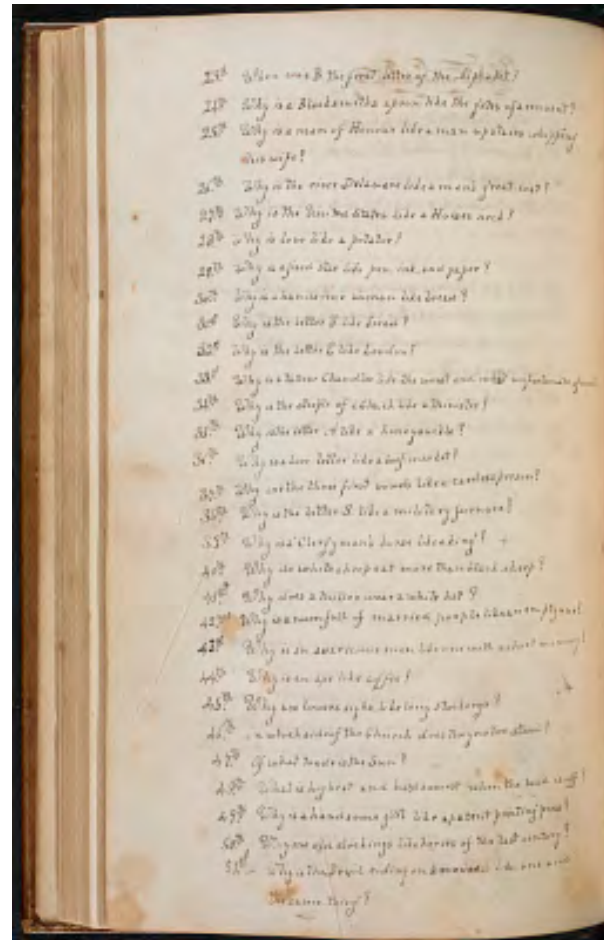
Conundrums

- 1st Why is the letter D like a Sailor?
- 2nd Why are Old Sinners like Comets?
- 3rd Why are teeth like Verbs?
- 4th What is Majesty divested of its externals?
- 5th
- 6th
- 7th Why are Algiers and Malta like light and darkness?
- 8th Why is Athens like the wick of a candle?
- 9th Why is Ireland like an unopened bottle?
- 10th When is a door no door?
- 11th Why is Rebellion like a Crow's nest?
- 12th What's that without which a coach cannot be made to move and yet is no use to it?
- 13th Why is a discourse from the deck of a ship an ornament?
- 14th In every moment comes twice and not once in a hundred years?
- 15th Why is a nail driven fast in a wall like a sick man?
- 16th Seventeen pronouns, twenty nine adjectives, a child of five years old, a bonnet, a ribbon, a little horse, a great man can all be expressed by a kind of liquid?
- 17th Where did Noah drive the first nail in the Ark?
- 18th Why is a kiss through mistake like a warlike weapon?
- 19th Why is ~~a~~ ~~Wm. Pitt disgraced~~ like an English coin defaced?
- 20th Why was the Tower when Sir Francis Burdett was in it like a woman's mouth?
- 21st When is a man over head and ears in debt?
- 22nd From five and forty, five subtract and it will open to your eyes. What you are, what you think, & act and what you always do?



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- 23rd When was B the first letter of the Alphabet?
 24th Why is a Blacksmith's apron like the gates of a convent?
 25th Why is a man of Honour like a man upstairs whipping his wife?
 26th Why is the river Delaware like a man's great-coat?
 27th Why is the United States like a horse's neck?
 28th Why is love like a potatoe?
 29th Why is a fixed star like pen, ink, and paper?
 30th Why is a handsome woman like bread?
 31st Why is the letter T like bread?
 32nd Why is the letter E like London?
 33rd Why is a tallow Chandlor like the worst and most unfortunate of men?
 34th Why is the steeple of a Church like a Minister?
 35th Why is the letter A like a honeysuckle?
 36th Why is a love letter like a beef market?
 37th Why are the three first vowels like a careless person?
 38th Why is the letter S. like a military furnace?
 39th Why is a Clergyman's horse like a king?
 40th Why do white sheep eat more than black sheep?
 41st Why does a Miller wear a white hat?
 42nd Why is a room full of married poeple [[sp.]] like an empty one?
 43rd Why is an avaricious man like one with a short memory?
 44th Why is an axe like coffee?
 45th Why are lovers sighs, like long stockings?
 46th On which side of the Church does the yew tree stand?
 47th Of what trade is the Sun?
 48th What is the highest and handsomest when the head is off?
 49th Why is a handsome girl like a patent printing press?
 50th Why are old stockings like heroes of the last century?
 51st Why is the Devil riding on a mouse like one and the same thing?



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D

52nd Although the poor fellow seems sadly distress'd, Could we take the same place we should think ourselves blessed.

53rd YY's U R YY's U B. I C U R YY's for me

54th The [[next word has hash marks on top of it]] world is

55th EE xx marriage. ee XX.

56th The following couplet was written over the ten commandments in one of the English Churches, and remained for a century an inexplicable mystery at length it was deciphered by interposing one of the vowels between the letters, and is now thought good advice.

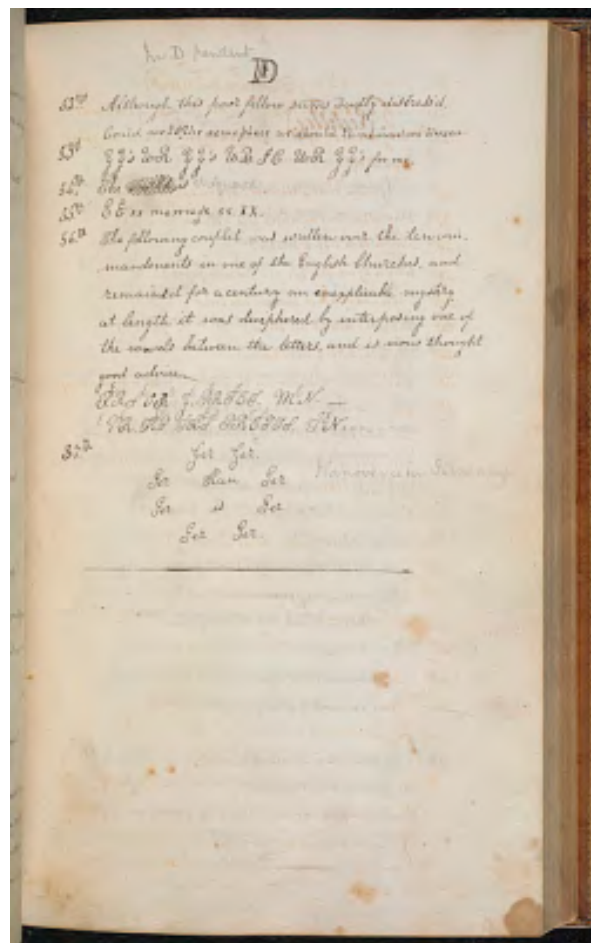
PRSVR Y PRFCT MN

VR KP THS PRCPTS TN - - [[the answer letter 'E' is inserted in pencil where missing in these words]]

37th Ger Ger.
Ger Han Ger
Ger is Ger
Ger Ger

[[The answer, Hanover is in Germany, is inserted in pencil alongside this word puzzle]]

[[line]]



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Riddles

1st I'm always true I never sway,
I guide the sailor on his way,
Where'er I'm placed it is my boast,
My constancy is never lost.

2nd Never still for a month but seen mostly at night.

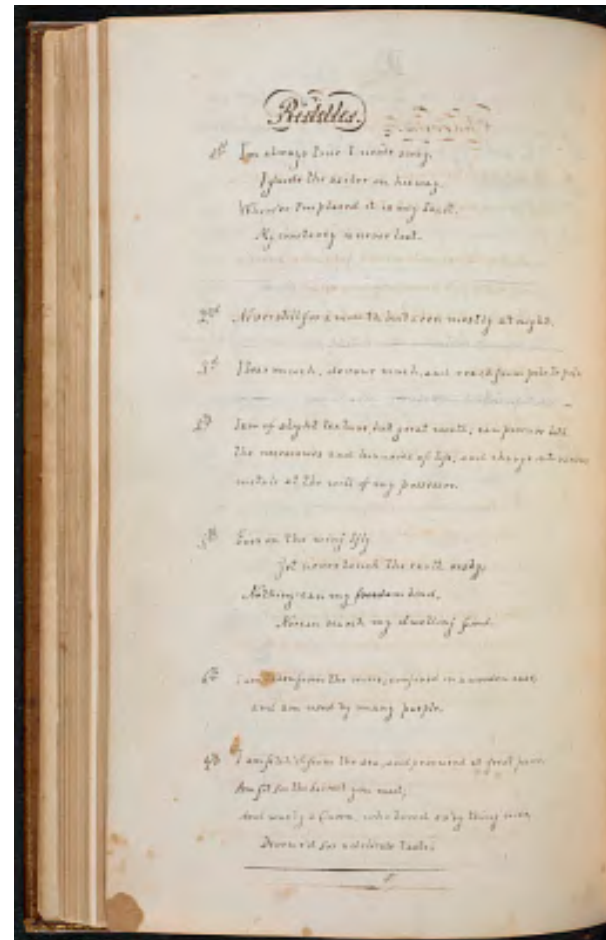
3rd I bear much, devour much, and reach from pole to pole.

4th I am slight texture, but great worth; can procure both like
necessaries and luxuries of life; and change into various metals at the
will of my possessor.

5th Ever on the wing I fly
Yet never touch the earth or sky;
Nothing can my freedom bind,
Nor can search my dwelling find.

6th I am taken from the mine; confined in a wooden case; and am used
by many poeple.

7th I am fetch'd from the sea, and procured at great price,
Am fit for the fairest you meet;
And was by a Queen, who loved ev'ry thing nice,
Devour'd for a delicate taste.
[[line]]



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Charades

1st My first's an amusement, my second's an habitation; my third a place of entertainment.

2nd My first though no hammock, yet sailors admire,
My second to reach is most people's desire;
In my whole is oft found, what in riches is rare,
For you meet with contentment and hearts free from care.

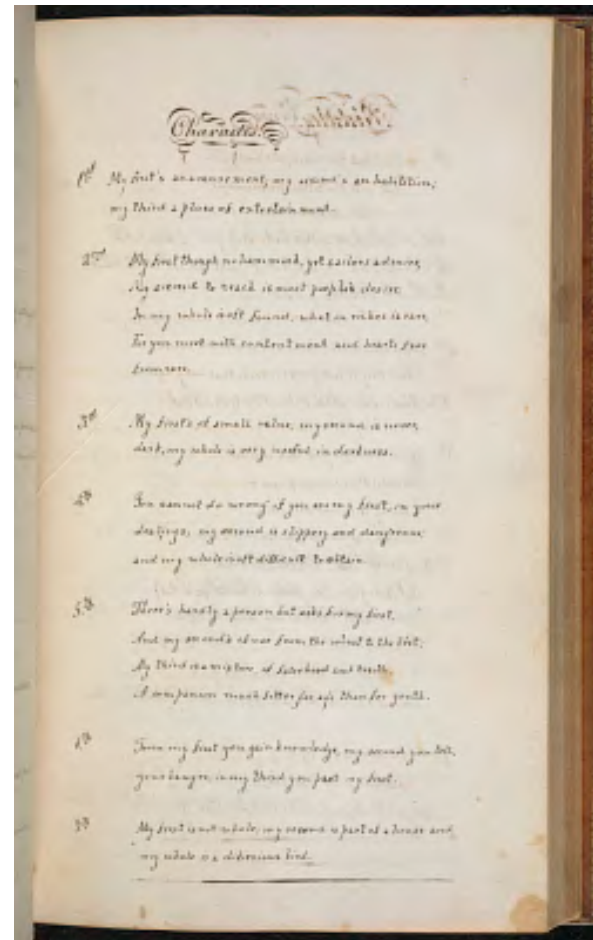
3rd My first's of small value; my second is never, dark, my whole is very useful in darkness.

4th You cannot do wrong if you are my first, in your dealings; my second is slippery and dangerous; and my whole is oft difficult to obtain.

5th There's hardly a person but asks for my first,
And my second's of use from the worst to the best;
My third is a mixture of falsehood and truth,
A companion much fitter for age than for youth.

6th From my first you gain knowledge, my second you tell, your lawyer,
in my third you part my first.

7th My first is not whole; my second is part of a house and my whole is a dilierious bird.
[[line]]



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Puzzling Verse

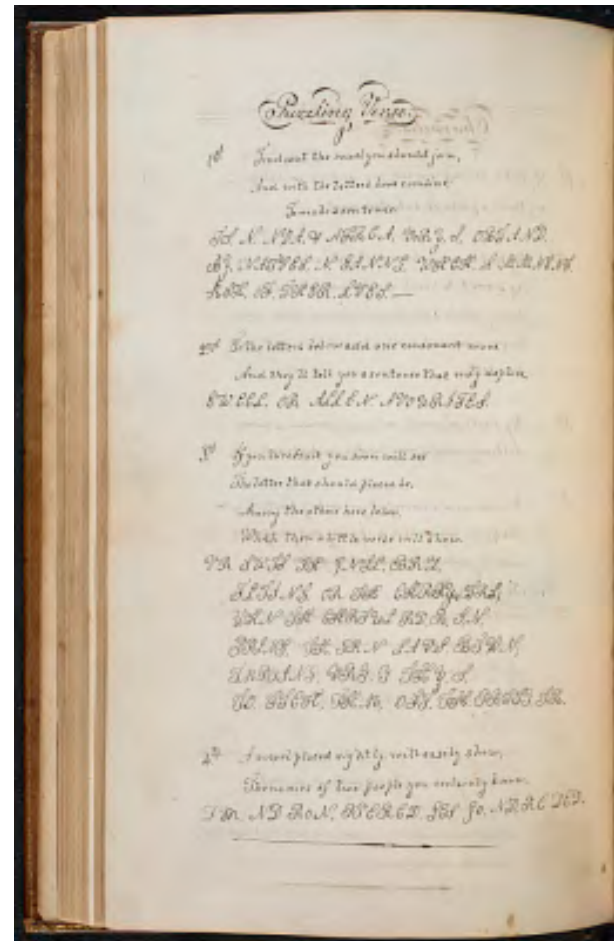
1st Find out the word you should join,
And with the letters here combine;
To make a sentence.
TS, N, NDA, & AFRCA, VORY, S, OBTAND, BY, NATVES, N, GANNG
WHCH, S, MMNENT, RSK, OF, THER, LVES.-

2nd To the letters below add one consonant more,
And they'll tell you a sentence that may deplore.
EW. EEL. OR ALLEN. AVOURITES.

3rd If you love fruit you soon will see
The letter that should placed be
Among the others here below,
Which then a little verse will show.

VR SWT'S TH GNTL BRZ,
FLTING OR TH CHRRY TRS;
WHN TH CHRFUL RD, B, SN,
PPING, TH, GRN LAVS, BTWN.
TNPTING VRY, Y THY, S,
TO, FTCH, THM, OFF, TH, PRTTY, TR.

4th A vowel placed rightly, will easily show,
The names of two poeple, you certainly know,
DM ND RON, PPERED, GES GO, ND, RE DED.
[[line]]



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1st A tyrannical passion, falsifies, and an operation in surgery.

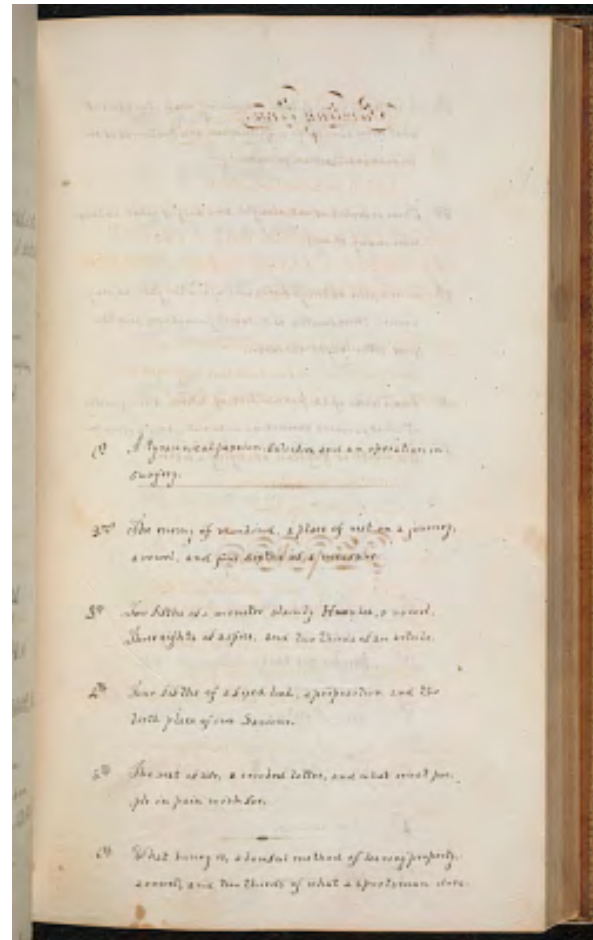
2nd The enemy of mankind, a place of rest on a journey, a vowel, and four sixths of a measure.

3rd Two fifths of a monster slain by Hercules, a vowel, Three eights of a spice, and two thirds of an article.

4th Four fifths of a fixed look, a preposition and the birth place of our Saviour.

5th The seat of life, a crooked letter, and what most poeple in pain wish for.

6th What honey is, a lawful method of leaving property, a vowel, and two thirds of what a sportsman does.



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7th A material used by birds in building nests, two fifths of what never should go unpunished and two thirds of an immense collection of water.

8th Three sevenths of not straight, and half of what authorizes many things.

9th Three sixths of the goddess who opens the gates of day, a vowel, three fourths of to select from others, and the first letter taught children.

10th Two thirds of the production of a hen, three fourths of what farmers cannot do without, and a river in the north of England, changing a letter.
[[line]]

Transpositions

1st All great sin.

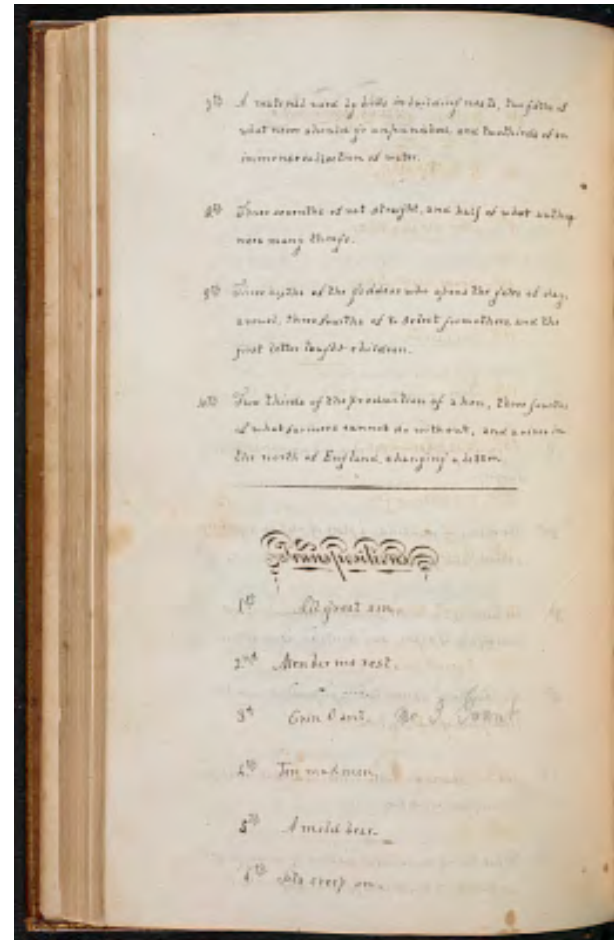
2nd Men bar me rest.

3rd Grin o ant. [[followed by, in pencil]] No I Grant

4th Ten mad men.

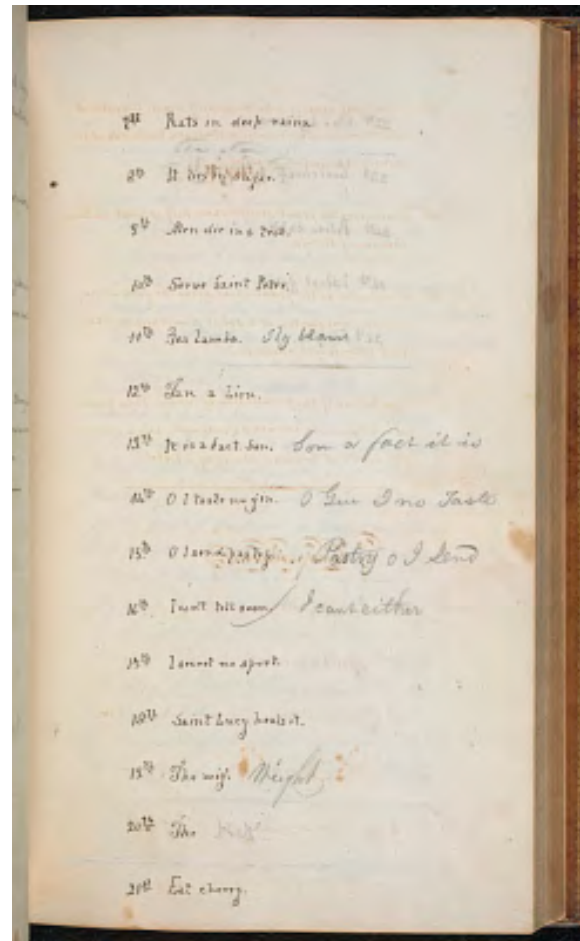
5th A mild bear.

6th Tits creep on.



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- 7th Rats in deep rains.
- 8th It lies in sugar.
- 9th Men die in a trot.
- 10th Serve Saint Peter.
- 11th Yes lambs [[in light script next to this]] sly beams
- 12th Tan a Lion.
- 13th. It is a fact, Son. [[in light script next to this]] Son or fact it is
- 14th O I taste no gin. [[in light script next to this]] O Gin I no Taste.
- 15th O I send pastry [[in light script next to this]] Pastry O I Send
- 16th I can't tell soon. [[in lght script next to this]] I can't either
- 17th I secret no sport.
- 18th Saint Lucy heals it.
- 19th The wig [[in light script next to this]] Mighty [[?]]
- 20th The
- 21st Eat cherry.



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22nd Our big hens.

23rd [[Coolcheat?]]

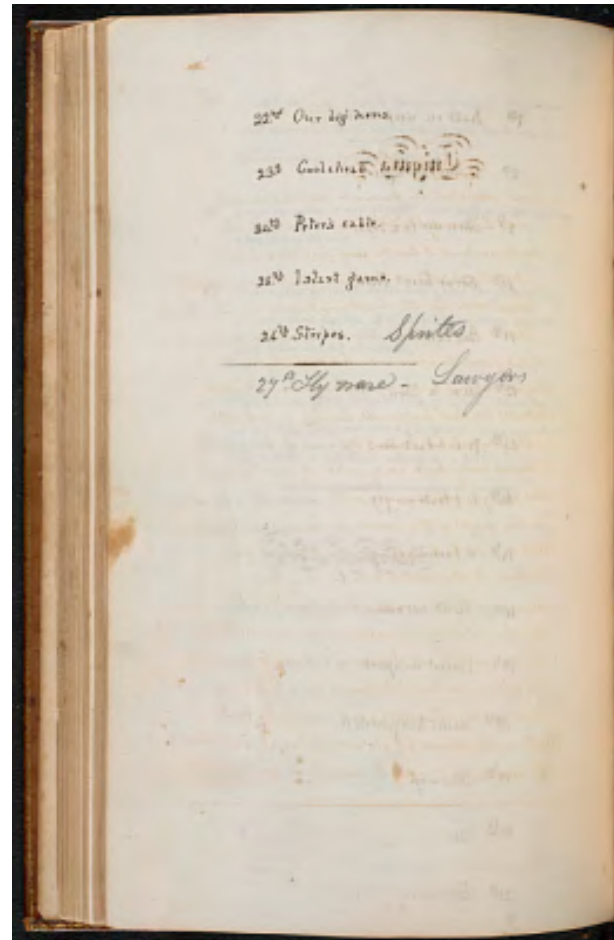
24th Peter's cable.

25th I start game.

26th Stripes. [[in light pencil script next to this]] Sprites

[[line]]

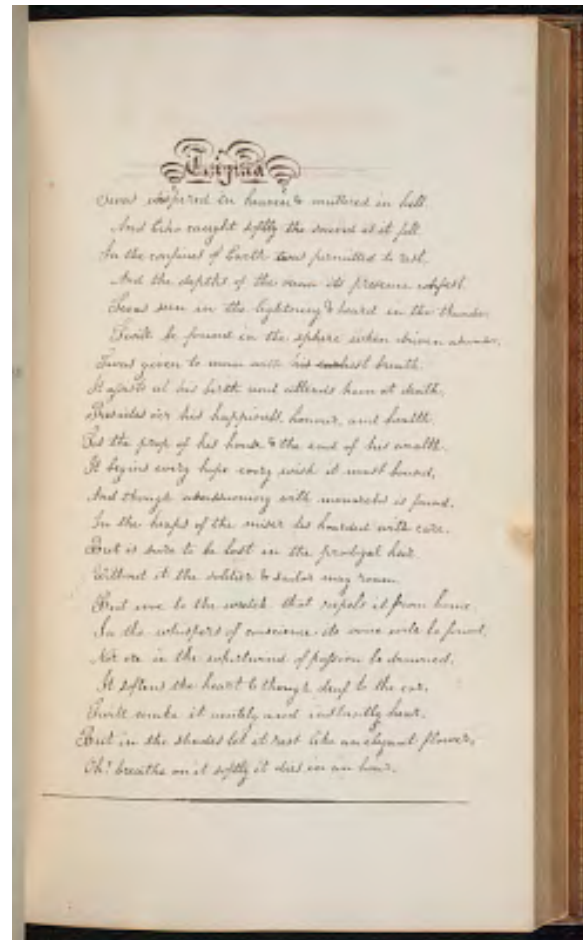
[[in light pencil script]]27th Sly mare. Lawyers



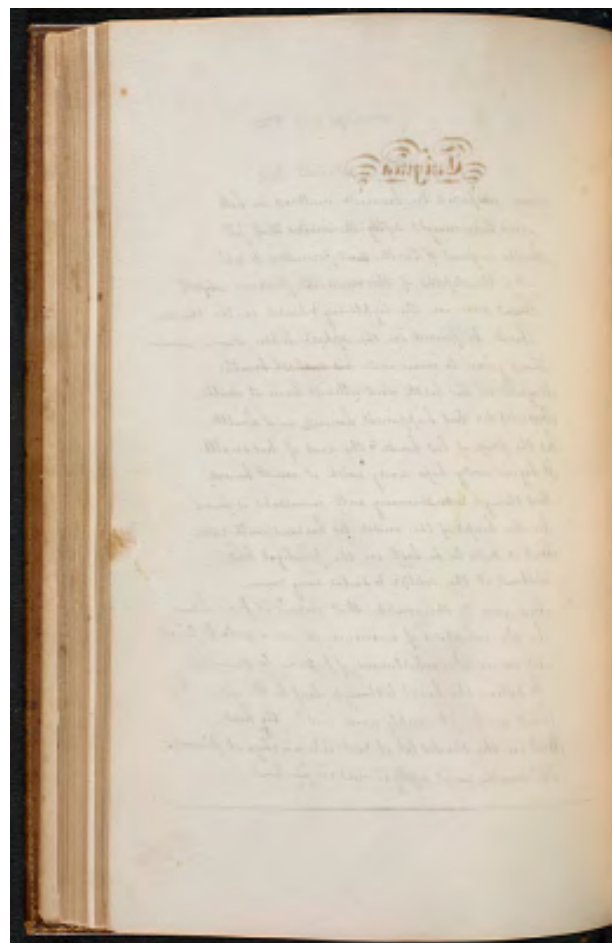
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Enigma

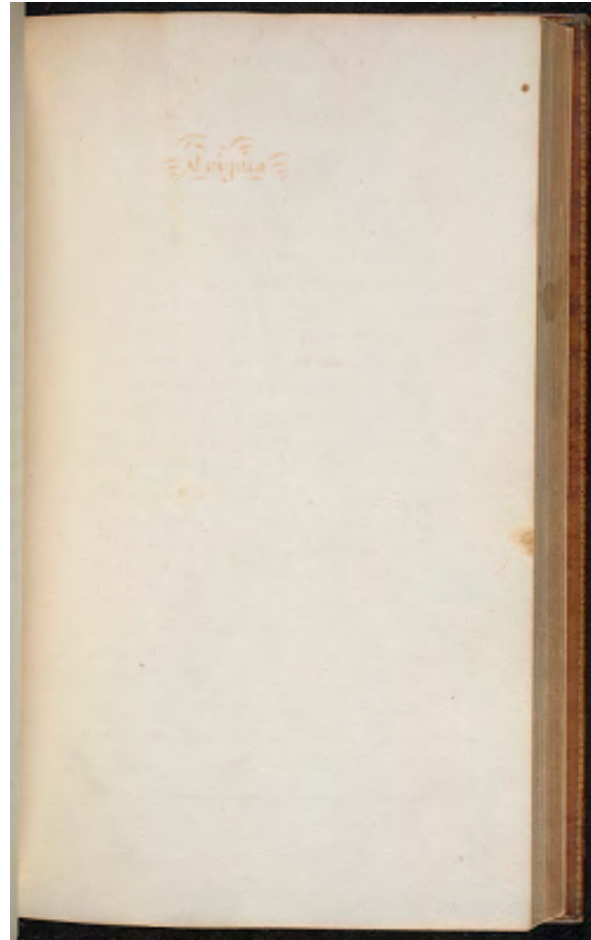
Twas whispered in heaven & muttered in hell,
And Echo caught softly the sound as it fell.
In the confines of Earth twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confest.
Twas seen in the lightning & heard in the thunder,
T'will be found in the sphere when driven asunder.
Twas given to man with his earliest breath.
It assists at his birth and attends him at death.
Presided o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Tis the prop of his house & the end of his wealth,
It begins every hope every wish it must bound,
And though unassuming with monarchs is found.
In the heaps of the miser tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in the prodigal heir,
Without it the soldier & sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch that repels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor ere in the whirlwind of passion be drowned,
It softens the heart & though deaf to the ear,
Twill make it acutely and instantly hear,
But in the shades let it rest like an elegant flower,
Oh! breathe on it softly it dies in an hour.



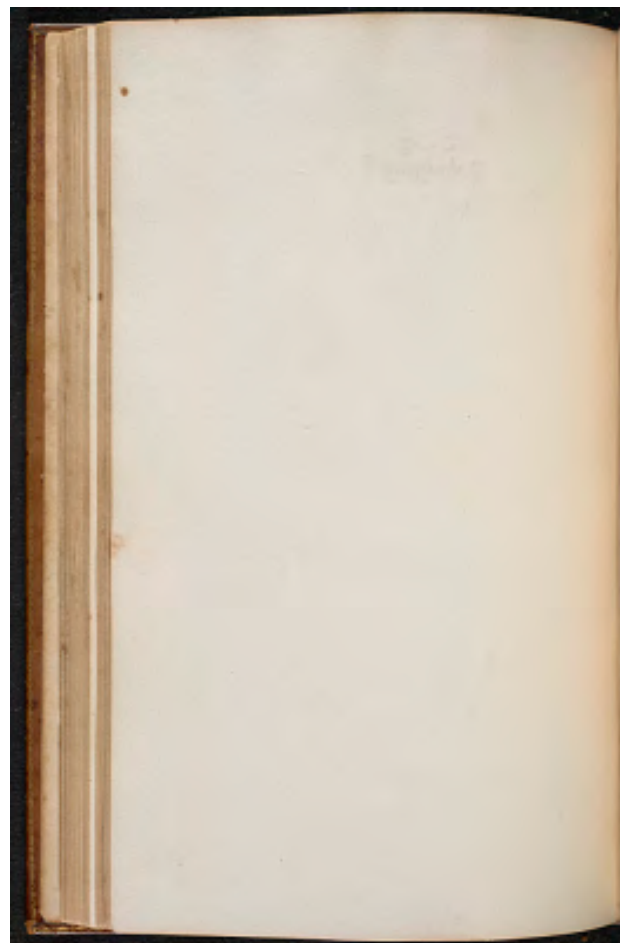
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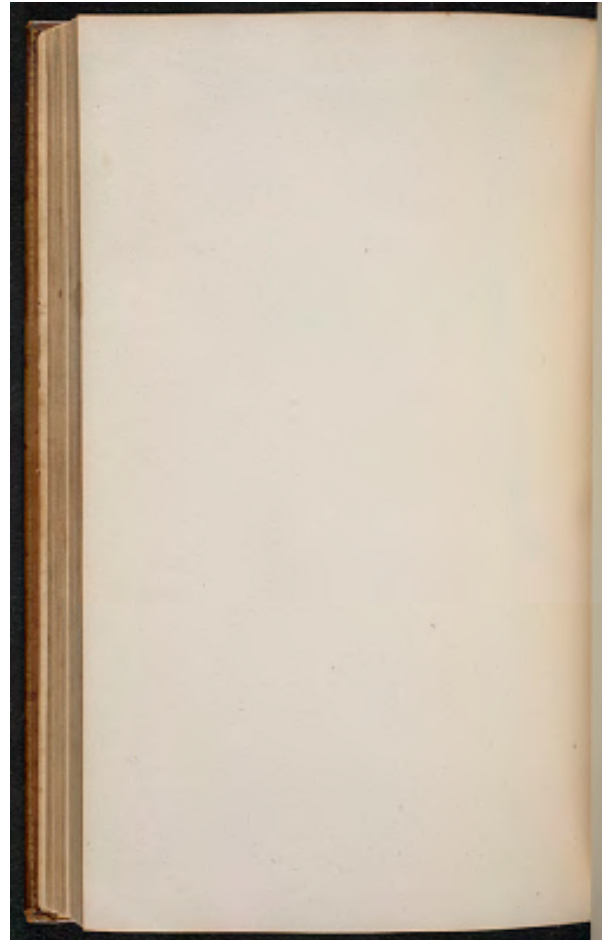
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[[written in sideways script]]

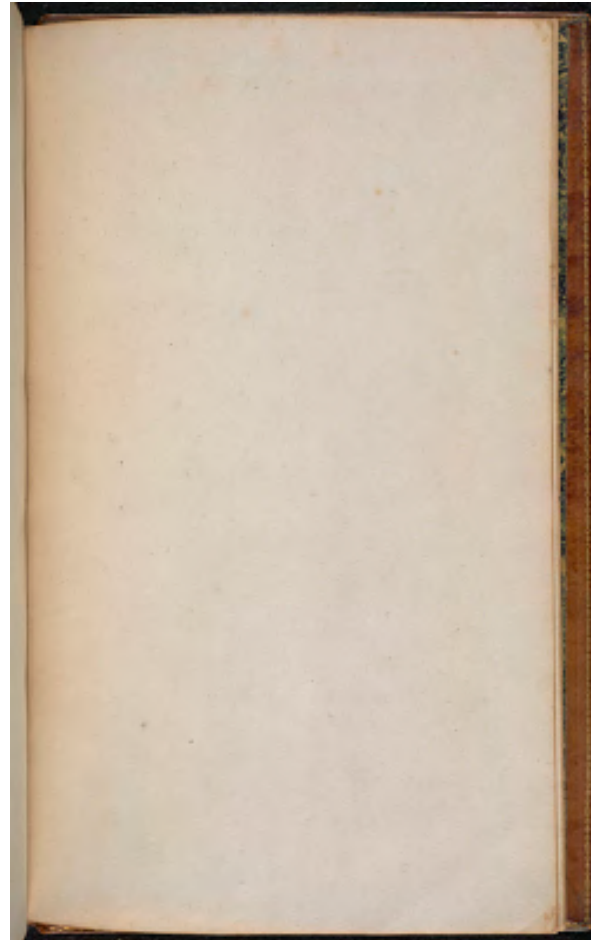
M.J. Wynkoop
December 28, 1831



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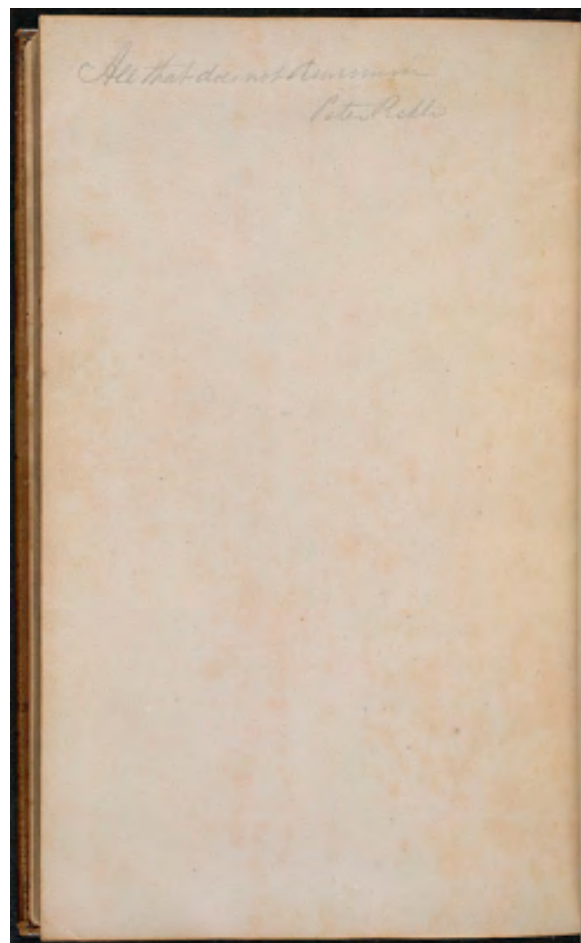


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All that does not [??]
Peter Rickle [??]



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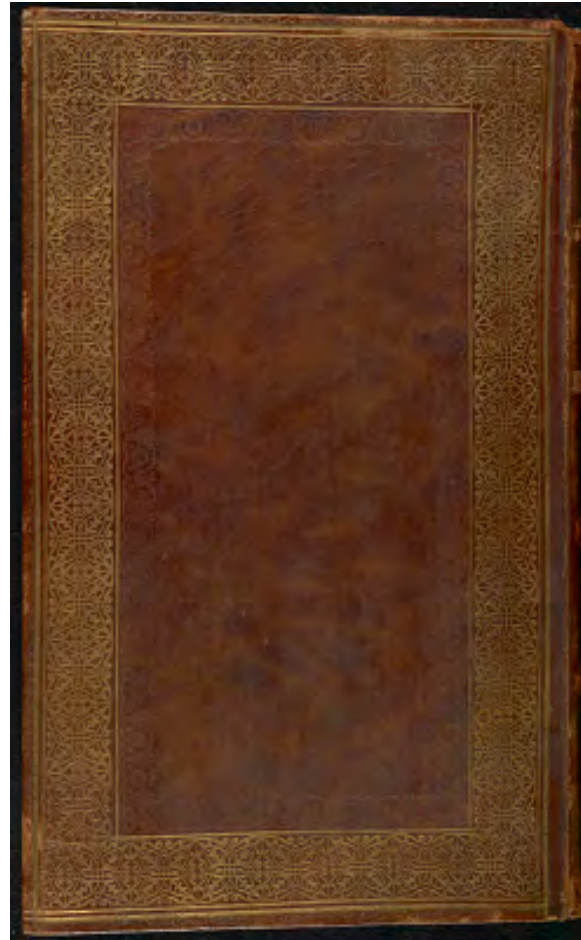
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