



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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To Cash 17/ - 2.00

Wm A. Cheever  
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14 Nov. 1835

W. Huzzey Lun 18  
 To 3 Glops 9

Blasha Lowell  
 To 3 Glops 15

Hannah H. Beckmeyer  
 To 3 Glops 3.16

To 3 Glops 7.5

To 3 Glops 1.44

Hosea Hoam  
 To Laundry 50

Thomas Clark  
 To Laundry 18

Nov 16

Francis Nash  
 To 3 1/2 Soap @ 10 35

To 3 Glops 2.00

To 1/2 Glop 6

By House Rent from 28 Oct to  
 19 Nov is 23 hours @ \$100 per 6.28

Nov 18

Michael Watton  
 To 2 Glops 6

Pump Cell  
 To 2 Glops 6

Nov 18

Pruf. Kimball  
 To 2 Glops 6

Thos. Clark  
 To 3 1/2 Soap @ 10 35

Hura Miller  
 To 2 Glops 6

To 2 Glops 2.00

To 2 Glops 6

To 2 Glops 1.00

To 2 Glops 2.22

E. Lewis 6

To 2 Glops 2.22

To 2 Glops 6

To 2 Glops 6

### IS TIGHT LACING INJURIOUS!

Discussion at a Ladies' Meeting.  
[From London Punch.]

A meeting of fine ladies was held the other evening at Phillis's Rooms, in order to discuss this interesting question. In virtue of possessing the most fashionable figure, her waist only measuring fifteen inches and three-quarters, Miss Waspe by acclamation was voted to the chair.

In opening the proceedings, the Chairwoman remarked that, as her breath was rather short, she would beg to be excused from making a long speech. [Hear!] Fashion, they all knew, was omnipotent with ladies, and now that fashion had revived the custom of tight-lacing, ladies were obliged to cultivate a fashionable figure. They might not all arrive at the perfection she had herself attained. [Cries of "Question!" and "We'll try, dear!"] The advantage of acquiring so slim a waist as hers was only to be gained by hours and hours of actual torture. [Sensation.] *Mais il faut souffrir pour être belle*; and if they did not mind a few fainting fits at first, followed by continual debility and headache, many ladies might enjoy the pleasure of possessing a waist not much exceeding the dimensions of her own. [Cheers.]

Miss Finch said her experience entirely agreed with that of the fair Chairwoman, though, unhappily, her suffering had not yet been rewarded by the rapture of obtaining quite so fashionable a figure. Still, her waist barely exceeded eighteen inches and a half [shudders]; and she hoped, by perseverance and a good strong lady's maid, to reduce it before long to more genteel dimensions. [Applause.]

Miss Lovelace said she also had suffered much from headache since she wore tight stays, and once or twice had fainted at the dinner-table. Her doctor had told her she was ruining her health; but she didn't mind her doctor while she obeyed her dressmaker. [Bravo!]

Miss Gasper would like to ask, what could doctors know about it? They didn't wear stays, did they? How, then, could they tell what ladies suffered from tight-lacing?

Mrs. M. Bonpoint observed that, although she tried her utmost, she could not reduce her waist to less than nineteen inches. ["Poor dear!"] Even this, however, made her wretchedly uncomfortable; and after eating a good dinner she was frequently obliged to have her laces cut, to save herself from fainting. Her doctor tried to frighten her, by talking about fatty something of the heart which had often proved fatal. But she would rather die a martyr than dress out of the fashion. [Applause.]

Miss Wheyface said she feared that by acquiring a small waist she had injured her complexion. Her nose was getting red now, and her cheeks were pale and pimply. Some one had told her this was owing to impeded circulation. But she was consoled by having a fashionable figure.

Miss Tucker said the worst of wearing a tight dress was that it sadly took away one's appetite. Since she had reduced her waist, she could not eat one-half of what she used to do. [Sensation.] Now, this was a great misery, for she was fond of eating. Still she had rather give up her custards than her corsets. [Cheers.]

Miss Gosling thought it was not lady-like to eat much. Rude health was a most unfeminine possession. A person to be fashionable should be always rather delicate; and nothing insured this so nicely as tight lacing.

Miss Lazie remarked that another of its benefits was, that it prevented any muscular exertion. To lie upon a sofa and read novels all day long, was her idea of almost perfect earthly happiness; and, as tight lacing unfitted her for any useful work, she had borne like a martyr the torture it had caused her.

Miss Waddles said she could not walk well in her stays, they made her feel so stiff and wooden. But her waist looked well on horseback, though she never dared to venture at more than a footpace, for her habit was so tight that she could scarcely breathe when trotting.

Miss Prance observed that, much as she loved dancing, she found it impossible to waltz in her new ball dress. She felt so squeezed and faint that the utmost she could do was to walk through the square dances. ["Poor thing!"] In consequence she had lost a number of nice partners, and that odious Miss Whirler had sadly cut her out, although her waist was nearly two feet in circumference. [Shudders.]

Mrs. Wiseman said her husband would not let her wear stays [Sensation, and cries of "What a wretch!"], and she would advise young ladies to leave off lacing tightly if they wished to get good partners. Men loved healthy wives far better than small waists ["Gracious goodness!"], and no one but a fool would link himself for life with a woman in bad health, however she might pride herself on having a fine figure. ["Question!"] She would propose a resolution:

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is injurious  
 its very ut  
 nance so barbarous a  
 Here several ladies  
 all to speak at once, an  
 scene of violent excite  
 the fair combatants faint  
 tion; and it was not un  
 corsets had been cut, th  
 were able to be taken to  
 man engaged in pasting  
 Publisher, for the mail,  
 fling this interrogation  
 by her side.

"Because we stick together!"

The respondent was too much agitated to reply for some time, when our regular conundrum-maker came to her relief by asking, while his pen ceased for a moment to write on said wrappers:

"Why do I resemble a washerwoman with a worthless husband?"

"Because I work for the mail."

He then discharged a broadside of conundrums, as follows:

Why is Mt. Holyoke like a strong-minded woman? Because both have views.

When is a woman not a woman? when she is a-gent.

What is the difference between the apparel of a girl and that of a dog? The girl wears dresses and the dog pants.

What is the difference in color between an interesting book and a dull one? One is read, and the other is not.

What is the difference between Moses and Middletown? Take of the oses and put on the iddeltown.

Why is a horse like a sewing machine? They both require feed to go.

Alas! we fear we have lost our conundrum-maker. When he went home in the evening, after his triumph at the office, he asked his wife:

"My dear, what is the difference between my head and a cabbage-head?"

The clothes-line had broken and let the day's washing down in the mud; the youngest boy had come home from school with the whooping-cough; the oldest daughter had put a teaspoonful of saleratus and only a teaspoonful of sugar into a pound-cake; the cat had eaten the dish of oysters, and a dog had stolen the baked chicken. The lady's temper was ruffled, and she answered, crisply:

"The cabbage-head's got more into it!"

After receiving this equivocal reply he went away without his supper, sending back a note stating that the answer was incorrect—that was all. He has not been seen since. It is feared that his feelings were hurt. We shall, therefore, be obliged to rely upon contributions from our readers all over the world, to fill his department.

### ELLEN ELIZA'S BONNET STRING.

BY THOMAS ATCHISON.

Do you see that ribbon? You wouldn't think  
 That piece of ribbon was worth to me  
 A pile of ribbon of green and pink,  
 Enough to rig up our company.

No; not if you'd give me a wagonful  
 You'd coax that ribbon and me to part;  
 Nor enough to rig up and ropes to pull  
 That pet I run with, the Nine Hose Cart!

You think it queer that I hang so tight  
 To that 'ere ribbon? Of course you've seen  
 (And so've I, often) an awful sight  
 Of prettier ribbon than that has been.

It isn't the ribbon, you know, you see,—  
 That old blue ribbon not two feet long,  
 That makes such a curious chap of me;  
 I don't like ribbon; I mean, not strong.

See here! I'll tell you what makes me stick  
 To that piece of ribbon—the simple thing;  
 See there! Do you know it? I call that slick;  
 That's Ellen Eliza's bonnet string!

Says Ellen Eliza, says she to me,  
 "Take that," says she, while a crystal tear  
 Stole down her cheek—"take that and be  
 Forever and ever my faithful dear."

As you are a man and I am a man  
 You'll know my feelings for that 'ere thing;  
 It's queer, but wander I never can  
 From Ellen Eliza's bonnet string.

### JUST THE SAME AS IT USED TO BE.

BY JACOB M. SCOTT.

The girls keep insin'g o'er the beaux,  
 They dress themselves each night and go  
 To some party ball, or other spree;  
 But it's just the same as it used to be.

The old folks send the boys to bed,  
 But out of the window, over the shed,  
 They go to the ground for a little spree;  
 But it's just the same as it used to be.

The damsels old, they fume and fret;  
 They say they never saw such a set  
 Of girls as these—"they make so free."  
 But they're just like the girls that used to be.

The old men say the boys won't do,  
 Who ever raises one of them will rue  
 It, and no good of him 'er see;  
 But they're just like the boys that used to be.

'Tis a new deal in a very old game,  
 And I think it will always be the same,  
 So have your fun 'fore youth doth flee,  
 For it's just the same as it used to be.

### PULL YOUR OWN WEEDS.

If you've weeds in your garden, my good friend, I pray  
 Do not stand looking over the fence  
 To your neighbor's dominions—just over the way—  
 You're weeds are the most consequence;  
 Uproot them, while yet there is daylight to work,  
 Tear them up, seed and branch, from your soil;  
 They are sure to do mischief, so pray do not shirk,  
 You'll be amply repaid for your toil.

The advice would apply to the garden of life—  
 'Tis so seldom we see our own weeds—  
 For watching our neighbor, or worse yet, his wife  
 And counting their many mixed weeds,  
 We pass our own follies, our faults we disguise  
 In the garments of selfish conceit,  
 We're ever perfection (in our own eyes),  
 Our neighbors may take a back-seat.

Let us pull our own weeds, and work with a will,  
 While yet there is one to be found,  
 Nor point o'er the way in derision until  
 We have carefully tilled our own ground,  
 For watching the faults of others we see  
 Not the ones in our own hearts so rife;  
 Let us pull for ourselves—let other's weeds be,  
 'Till we clean our own garden of life.

Nov 28 Nov 1835

S. B. & A. Smith 6  
By 17 3/4 " Tobacco 2.84

Michael Watton 13  
To 1 pint Moody 6  
2 Glopoy 2  
Crackers

Luther Coffin 18  
To Sunday

Samuel Jack 49  
To Sunday Liquors & Tobacco

Orinda Beckmeyer 63  
To Wadding 3/4  
" Cash 4/6 75

Wesley Ham 6  
By 2 1/2 " 9/4 pint Sugar wine

Levi Fogier 29  
By 1 bus Pottery 50

To Cash 6/- 7.00000000  
" 1 1/2 3-

Nov 30

S. B. & A. Smith 6  
By 2 1/2 " 9/4 Run 1.98  
By 1 1/2 " 1/4 Apples 2.58

To Cash 2.00

Levi Thompson 27  
To 9 Glopoy

Reuben Davis 47  
To Cash for Postage  
" 1 pc. Chelamy Shas

December 1 1835

S. B. & A. Smith 6  
By 4 Gallon Gin 2.32

To Cash 12/- 2.00

Levi Fogier 13  
To 1 pint W. C. Run

Elisha Lowell 6  
To Apply

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LULLABY.

Sleep, my own darling,  
Bye, baby, bye:  
Mother is with thee,  
Bye, baby, bye,  
These, baby, (Oh, how the wild winds wail!)  
Hush, baby, (Turning to sweet and hail!)  
Ah, how the pine tree moans and mutters!  
I wonder if Ellen will think of the shutters.)

Sleep, my own darling,  
Bye, baby, bye:  
Mother is with thee,  
Bye, baby, bye,  
Rest thee, (She couldn't have left on the blower  
Down in the parlor? There's so much to show  
her!)  
Bye-bye, my sweetest, (Now the rain's pouring!  
Is it wind or the dining-room fire that is roaring?)

Sleep, my own darling,  
Bye, baby, bye:  
Mother is with thee,  
Bye, baby, bye,  
How lovely his forehead!—my own blessed pet!  
He's nearly asleep. (Now I mustn't forget  
That perk in the brow, and the star-roses to  
morrow.)  
God shield him forever from trouble and sorrow!

Sleep, my own darling,  
Bye, baby, bye:  
Mother is with thee,  
Bye, baby, bye,  
Those dear little ringlets, so silky and bright!  
(I do hope the muffins will rise nice and light.)  
How lovely he is! (Yes, she said she could fry.)  
Oh, what would I do if my baby should die!

Sleep, my own darling,  
Bye, baby, bye:  
Mother is with thee,  
Bye, baby, bye,  
Dear Father in Heaven, oh! spare him, I pray—  
My own precious baby! (It's clearing away;  
The moon's coming out; and there's no wind  
at all.  
We may have good drying, for once, after all.)

Sleep, my own darling,  
Bye, baby, bye:  
Mother is with thee,  
Bye, baby, bye,  
That sweet little hand, and the soft, dimpled  
cheek!  
Sleep, darling, (I'll have his clothes shortened  
this week.  
How tightly he's holding my dress! I'm afraid  
He'll wake when I move. There! his bed isn't  
made yet)

Sleep, my own darling,  
Bye, baby, bye:  
Mother is with thee,  
Bye, baby, bye,  
(No matter: the sofa will do for a minute:  
The arm-chair'd be better, if puss wasn't in it.  
He's off now—the blessed! How funny it seems  
That an innocent baby should scowl in its  
dreams.)

Sleep, my own darling,  
Bye, baby, bye:  
Mother will lay thee  
Snugg in the chair.  
(He's settled at last. But I can't leave him so,  
Though I ought to be going this instant, I know.  
There's every thing standing and waiting down  
stairs:  
Ah me, but mother is cumbered with cares.)

WE commence with one concerning a little lady  
way out in Carson City, Nevada:  
Little Jennie, six years of age, was looking at the  
pictures in her new pictorial geography. When she  
came to one entitled, in very fine print, "Cod Fishing  
off Newfoundland," she earnestly exclaimed, "Oh,  
mamma, mamma! I've found it at last! I've found  
it at last! Here is God finishing off Newfoundland!"

WE are placed in possession of a brief biography  
which seems to blend eccentricity with very early  
piety, in a youthful resident of La Grange, Missouri:  
Little Joe's papa was not in the habit of asking a  
blessing before eating. Returning from a visit to  
grandpa's, where the beautiful custom was observed,  
he asked if he might "say a lesson?" When consent  
was given, he leaned his head on his right hand, while  
his elbow rested on the table, and very solemnly said,  
"O God, give us this day our daily bread, and bless us  
always, for Christ's sake, Amen." This habit was con-  
tinued. One day a cold luncheon was substituted for  
the usual warm dinner. All waited for Joey's lesson;  
but he very gravely said, "Go on, papa, and help the  
plates. I don't see any use in saying a lesson on this  
cold snack!" Another time, knowing his favo-  
rable dessert of peach roll was in the kitchen, he said,  
"on, papa; I will say the lesson when the de-  
comes in!" and he did. Joe was not four ye-  
when this occurred. He has now kept u-  
son" three years with deep earnestness.

I know thee near, but can not feel thy touch:  
Thick gloom defeats my sight, nor hear I thee.  
Farewell! Remember that I loved much:  
Pray for one gleam of light to set me free—  
O feel! O feel!

THE LITTLE ROGUE.  
Mamma's gone out making calls,  
And Katy's round the corner,  
Talking with the butcher boy:  
She does not know I saw her.  
How funny 'tis to be alone,  
I guess I'll take a peep  
Into the closet, where mamma  
Puts cakes and zerves to keep.  
I know where she hangs the key,—  
I watched, she didn't know it,—  
Way up above that pitcher frame,  
I'll get it in a minute.  
I'll climb upon the sewing sheen,  
And take my papa's cane!  
And knock it down. I'll put it back  
Fore she comes in again.  
Oh dear! I've broked the window pane,  
Now what will mamma say?  
I wish I'd been a better boy:  
And gone right out to play.  
I'll tell mamma when she comes home,  
I know that she will grieve,  
To find her darling, little Ned  
Is trying to deceive.  
I'll put my arms right round her neck,  
And say if she'll forgive,  
I'll be her honest little boy  
As long as I shall live.

with I...  
"Twas the holy  
And the fields were break and  
And the murky clouds were floss,  
Black and dismal on the air.  
All day the rain had threatened,  
And the children's hearts were so  
For the dark'ning of their Christmas  
That should have been so glad.  
Little faces at the windows  
Scanned the heaven's with eager eyes,  
Longing for the fleecy snow-flakes  
From the over-burdened sides.  
"Confound the rain!"—I muttered,  
"That, of all times in the year,  
It should fall upon this Christmas tide  
To drown the Christmas cheer."  
Spoke the eldest from the window  
With his cheek against the pane—  
"God knows it's Christmas, Papa,  
And He will not let it rain."  
Scarce the words fell from the child's lips  
When, from heaven's arching wings,  
Like a feather from an angel's wing  
A snow-flake fluttered down;  
Then another and another,  
Till the gloomy day grew bright,  
And the ground was thickly covered  
With a carpet soft and white.  
And I thought—how quick God's answer  
To the child-heart's earnest prayer,  
Teaching doubting souls the lesson  
Of his ever watchful care.  
Ah! the Christ-like faith of children!  
How it shames our doubts and fears!  
How the wisdom of the child-heart  
Shames the lore of ripper years!  
To the child its God is present,  
In its hours of joy or pain,  
Ere the years have changed its homage  
From the heart up to the brain.  
Lord, make us ever ready  
To do thy blessed will,  
And through all life's varied changes,  
May our hearts be child like still!  
For the child-faith is the nearest  
To the angels' loving trust,  
And the child-heart's simplest lesson,  
Is the wisdom of the Just.

ENLISTED.  
BY GEORGE COOPER.  
Only a willow tent,  
And guarded well;  
Only a soldier sent  
The ranks to swell,  
Only to learn the drill  
So strange and odd;  
Only a white to all  
Late's awkward squad.  
Only a pair of hands  
Toe strict to meet;  
Only to wait commands,  
With thumbs fast,  
Only a gallant fight  
With souls desert;  
Only to choose the right—  
The soldier's brevet.  
Only a march by day,  
In storm and sun;  
Only a rest at day,  
Then "halt" is won.  
Only an order sent  
For our release;  
Only a darkness tent,  
Then all is Peace!

An observer of human nature reports  
that he has seen some people possessing  
the peculiarity of three hands—a right  
hand, a left hand, and a little behind-  
hand.  
A contemporary says that "it is pleas-  
ant for lovers to sit on the porch these  
evenings, and be happy in the thought  
that their blood is commingling in the  
same mosquito."  
The "girl of the period" in Arkansas  
is described as thirteen years old, shoe-  
less, bonnetless, stockingless, and with  
the sheriff after her for stealing a horse.  
"No, my dear," said a mother to her  
daughter, who had been taking a nap  
before dressing for an evening party,  
"you needn't rearrange your hair. You  
couldn't make it look any rougher if you  
tried.  
A Scotchman who had put up at an inn  
was asked in the morning how he had  
slept. "Ah! mon," replied Donald  
"nae very well either, but I was muckle  
better off than the bugs, for de'il a one o'  
them closed an e'e the hale night."  
Scene in Utah: First Mormon—"I  
wonder who that blonde is? A nice fig-  
ure!" Second Mormon—"Why, don't  
you know? It's your wife." First Mor-  
mon—"Se it is. I thought I had seen  
her before."

Charles—"Tell me, Laura, why that  
sadness! Tell me, why that look of  
care? Why has fled that look of glad-  
ness that thy face was wont to wear?"  
Laura—"Charles, 'tis useless to dis-  
semble; well my face may wear a frown,  
for I've lost my largest hairpin, and my  
chignon's coming down!"

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MAJOR... thief;... boys;... pet;... wet.

He will bring home worn-out mats, Worn-out boots, and worn-out hats.

Little Lottie, with golden hair, Thinks that Jack is hardly "fair."

Jack ran off in gayest mood, Easter, faster, unpursued.

And one day he did what was worse, He made a demand on his master's purse.

Little Miss Puss, as soft as silk, Will let the rough dog share her milk.

And then at night when the words are said, Kitty and Jack must go to bed.

Jack has a bed that's somewhat wider, And soon he goes to sleep beside her.

THE BACHELOR'S REQUIEM.

Come to the grave, with no one to cheer him, No children to kiss him, no friends round to sigh.

Dying alone—with no friends to surround him— But the rats and the mice that gaze awe-struck on.

Haggard and worn are the bachelor's features, His cheeks are all sunken, his brow coldly damp.

His eyes black as coals, with one faint spark of light 'em; And this is the end of the merciless scamp.

He writhes 'neath the last pang of torturing conscience, His beam is heaving—that never heaved yet—

There were bright, giggling maidens, and beauty-tousled girls, Arch mischievous girls with much fun in their eyes.

He gives them one glance and his eye flashes fury; He turns to reproach them—alas, they are gone!

Alone in his glory with empty old bottles, And tallies and boot bills, and club bills around.

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A little downy chicken one day Asked leave to go on the water;

Indeed, she began to peep and cry, When her mother wouldn't let her.

But chicky wishfully eyed the brook, And didn't half believe her.

And as her mother was scratching the ground, She muttered, lower and lower.

Then she made a plunge, where the stream was deep, And saw too late her blunder.

That each content in his place should dwell, And envy not his brother.

For we all have our proper sphere below, And this is a truth worth knowing.

Where you never were made for going!



"PEPPERS."

A Model Hero of the New Order.

BY PHILIP STAPLES.

"Hung by the vigilantes?" Well, I ain't tellin' no lie!

"What was he hung for?" Hard telling—I reckon it rather was not.

"Honest?" Well, not precisely, He didn't howl much on that.

"Good-tempered?" Some folks might think so, His manners was cert'ly mild.

"Women?" Well, there you see me—I can't say no more than I can.

"True to his friends?" Ef he'd had one, Perhaps he might ha' been true;

I allow he was quick on the trigger, And he didn't miss his aim;

Long may it wave—the good old flag For w' our fathers bled,

OUR FLAG.

Long may it wave—the good old flag For w' our fathers bled,

How funny 'tis to be alone, I guess I'll take a peep

I know where she hangs the key, I watched, she didn't know it,

I'll climb upon the sewing sheen, And take my papa's cane!

Oh dear! I've broked the window pane, Now what will mamma say?

I'll tell mamma when she comes home, I know that she will grieve

I'll put my arms right round her neck, And say if she'll forgive,

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

BY MISS S. A. BROCK.

Silently musing a maiden sat, Dreaming dreams as fair as the morn.

Around her had Wealth, with a lavish hand, Scattered its gifts from its jealous clutch.

In the grate shone a ruddy, sparkling fire, Driving the chill from the winter day!

At length, from dreams aroused, she said, Her face enwreathed by a burking smile.

"Out of the window!" How changed the scene! How changed from the genial hearthstone bright!

And growing as though with madness charged, Or shrieking anon, in furious breaths,

Drifting and shifting in ghostlike sheets; Whirling and twirling in shrouds of spray!

And crouched by a wall for its sheltering care, Was a creature in tattered blanket enrolled.

Up to the pitiless sky she gazed, While drifted the sleet on her purple brow—

She glanced across to the window wide, And fancied an angel standing there.

Then sped she with haste to the great hall door, Unheeding how fiercely the wild winds blew.

Her breast aglow with a generous love, The vagrant starvelings were warmed and fed.

Dreamily musing the maiden sat, With a brighter light in her large brown eye.

Her "castles in air" she built again, With pillars of mercy and gates of love.

And a wingless seraph she seemed indeed, In her snow-white robe, with her shining hair.

Out of the window, the storm was hushed; Out of the window, the stars shone bright!

As they peeped through the fleecy folds of lace, And over her fell like wreaths of pearls.

Out of the window, the storm was hushed; Out of the window, the stars shone bright!

LAST WORDS.

Let the sweet air receive my dying moan, Now that the setting sun inspires its breath;

Do not recall the drooping of mine eye, When my last glance has faintly on thy brow;

Only I bid thee hold my quiet hand 'Till all is over; for I am afraid

I know thee near, but can not feel thy touch; Thick gloom defeats my sight, nor hear I thee.

Manma's gone out making calls, And Katy's round the corner,

How funny 'tis to be alone, I guess I'll take a peep

I know where she hangs the key, I watched, she didn't know it,

I'll climb upon the sewing sheen, And take my papa's cane!

Oh dear! I've broked the window pane, Now what will mamma say?

I'll tell mamma when she comes home, I know that she will grieve

I'll put my arms right round her neck, And say if she'll forgive,

ALONE WITH THEE.

BY MISS S. A. BROCK.

Alone with Thee, My God! alone with Thee, Thus wouldst Thou have it still—thine let!

There is a secret chamber in each mind, Which none can find

The joys of earth are like a summer's day, Fading away;

The world's false voice would bid me enter not That hallowed spot;

And when I learn the fullness of Thy love, With Thee above

When every weary soul shall find its rest, Amidst the blest—

"Ah, how skillful grows the hand That obeyeth Love's command!

NINETY-NINE IN THE SHADE.

A MIDSUMMER ODE.

Oh for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers! Oh for an iceberg or two at control!

Oh for a little one-story thermometer, With nothing but Zeros all ranged in a row!

Oh for a grotto to typify heaven, Scooped in the rock under cataract vast!

Oh for a soda-fount spouting up boldly From every hot lamp-post against the hot sky!

Then oh for a draught from a cup of "cold pizen!" And oh for a resting-place in the cold grave!

The Detroit Free Press mentions, as an illustration of what can be accomplished by industry and perseverance,

"There is two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood musing

"Go away," said Muggins, "you can't stuff sich nonsense into me feet.

Make Your Home Beautiful.

Make your home beautiful—bring to it flowers; Plant them around you to bud and to bloom;

Make home a hive, where all beautiful feelings Cluster like bees, and their honey-dew bring;

Then shall it be, when afar on life's billows, Wherever your tempest-tossed children are

They will long for the shades of the home weeping willow, And sing the sweet song which their

Make your home beautiful—bring to it flowers; Plant them around you to bud and to bloom;

Make home a hive, where all beautiful feelings Cluster like bees, and their honey-dew bring;

Then shall it be, when afar on life's billows, Wherever your tempest-tossed children are

They will long for the shades of the home weeping willow, And sing the sweet song which their

Jackie 1.00
OUR FLAG
Long may it wave—the good old flag
How funny 'tis to be alone
I know where she hangs the key
I'll climb upon the sewing sheen
Oh dear! I've broked the window pane
I'll tell mamma when she comes home
I'll put my arms right round her neck

P. H. A. Smith
Edw. H. L. P. 150
as A & Co 48
1.98

15 Dec 1835

House & Cellar  
 To P & Davis 25  
 " Sugars 6  
 " paid Fleck 1.00  
 " paid Partridge 50  
 " Candles 15  
 " Sugars 6  
 " paid Fleck 3.18  
 " Oil 32  
 " bank to Har. 2.50  
 " Sugar & Molasses 25  
 " bank for meat 1.17  
 " Sundries 135  
 " paid Wood 25  
 " Sundries 6  
 " Sugar 17  
 " Thimble 6  
 " Candles 15  
 " Matches 10  
 " Molasses 11  
 " Potatoes 50  
 " Butcher's Hoss 87  
 " 1/2 Lb Molasses 42  
 " Postage 12  
 " Paragon 13  
 " paid Fleck 3.25  
 " R. Chapman 1.91  
 " Sugars 6  
 " Oysters 50  
 " paid Dr. Temple 3.00

Dec. 22

Bill Michael Walton  
 To 18 Glases 54

Thomas Mitchell  
 To Oysters 12  
 To 13 Glases 39

Louis Fozier  
 To 1/2 lb tobacco 13  
 To 2 Glases 6

Francis Nash  
 To 17 3/4 fresh Pork @ 8 1.42  
 " Spent to Huzzey 4  
 " 3 Glases 9  
 " 2 Glases 6

Samuel Jack  
 To 14 Glases 52  
 By Cash 75

EVER TO THE RIGHT.

Song for the School-Boys.

BY ISAAC W. SANBORN.

Ever to the right, boys,  
 Ever to the right!  
 Give a ready hand and true,  
 To the work you have to do—  
 Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,  
 Ever to the right!  
 Never let your teachers say,  
 Why my wishes disobey?  
 Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,  
 Ever to the right!  
 To every study well attend,  
 To every school-mate be a friend—  
 Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,  
 Ever to the right!  
 No known duty try to shun,  
 Be faithful, frank to every one—  
 Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,  
 Ever to the right!  
 Speak the truth, the right pursue,  
 Be honest in all you say and do—  
 Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,  
 Ever to the right!  
 There is gold; do what you can,  
 To make your mark and be a man—  
 Ever to the right.

An old lady on a steamboat observed two men pumping up water to wash the deck, and the captain being near, she accosted him as follows:

"Well, captain, got a well aboard, eh?"  
 "Yes, ma'am, always carry one," said the polite captain.  
 "Well, that's clever. I always dislike the nasty river water, especially in dog days."

Domestic Recipes.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—One pint of buttermilk or sour milk, half a cup of molasses, two of Indian meal, one and a half of flour, two-thirds of a cup of dried currants or other fruit, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus and a little salt. Boil three hours and serve hot with wine sauce or sweetened cream.

GRAHAM ROLLS.—Two eggs well beaten, two cups of milk, two cups of Graham flour, one-third of a cup of molasses and a little salt. Bake in roll pans and serve hot.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs well beaten, one cup of sweet cream, one of white sugar, one of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with vanilla. —Germantown Telegraph.

CALF'S FOOT JELLY.—To one package of gelatine add one pint of cold water, the juice of three lemons and the rind of one, let it stand one hour, then add three pints of boiling water, one pint of Madeira wine, two and one-half pounds of white sugar, a spoonful of brandy and strain, and put in glasses or molds. Half the quantity can be made. I use good old currant wine, home-made.

TO REMOVE TAN.—It is stated that tan may be removed from the face by mixing in soft water to the consistency of paste, which should then be spread on the face and allowed to remain a minute or two. Then wash off with castile soap suds and rinse with soft water.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.—A youngster required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body, selected that which unites the head to the shoulders, and expanded as follows:—"A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn, and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up. This is pretty much all which I can think of about necks."

"What would you like to be when you become a man?" said a fond mother to her young hopeful; "would you like to be a merchant, or doctor, or lawyer, or preacher?"

"I think, mamma," said the urchin, "I'd rather be a candy shop."

Eva—"Mamma, what is a gosling?"

Mamma—"A little goose, dear."

Eva—"And a duckling?"

Mamma—"A little duck, dear."

Eva—"Then is an inkling a little ink? Because I've got an inkling on my new apron."

Here is a Boston boy's composition on "The Horse:"

"The Horse is the most useful animal in the World, So is the cow. I once had thirteen Ducks and two was drakes and a skunk killed One. he smelted Ortol. I knew a Boy who had 7 chickens but His father would not let him rais Them and so he got mad and so he boared a Heal in his mothers Wash tub. I wish I Had a horse—a horse weighs 1000 pounds.

RULES FOR READING.—An old gentleman who has read much says: "Read the best books which wise and sensible persons advise, and study them with reflection and examination. Read with a firm determination to make use of all you read. Do not, by reading, neglect a more important duty. Do not read with a view of making a display of your reading. Do not read too much at a time. Reflect on what you read, and let it be moderately enjoyed and well digested."

RECIPE FOR A DELICATE MUFFIN.—

Mrs. F. Smith sends the Club the following recipe, which she says produces a muffin as delicate as it is excellent:—"One pint of milk, one pint of flour, two eggs, and one pinch of salt. They will be very light, and should be baked in small tin cups or iron corn cake pans, in a hot oven. There is no saleratus used, which is not fit to put in the stomach of any one."

TO BANISH ANTS FROM APARTMENTS.

Clark

Wells

Building

2 letters

Leavis

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ALWAYS BE CIVIL.—"My young friend," said a gentleman on horseback one day to a lad who was standing near a well, "will you do me the favor to draw a pail of water for my horse, as I find it rather difficult to get off?"

Instead of giving a gruff reply, as many boys would do, the boy drew the water and gave it to the horse. His manner was so pleasant and cheerful that the stranger, delighted with his spirit, asked his name and residence, and then, after thanking him, rode on.

The good-natured lad thought no more of his act of civility till, some months later, he received a letter from the gentleman, offering him a clerkship in his store. The offer was accepted. The lad prospered, and finally became chief magistrate of a large city.

Thus, you see, that little act of civility to a stranger was the first round in the ladder by which that boy climbed to honor and wealth. Now I do not say that civility will always lead to such honor, but I say that it always raises its possessor in the opinion of others and in his own self-respect. Be civil, therefore, my boys and girls. Civility is an ornament all should possess.

Domestic Recipes.

TO REMOVE STAINS.—To take the stain of any fruit from any fabric, put the garment in a vessel, pour boiling water over it, and let it stand till cool, then wash it and the stain is gone.

TO WHITEN STRAW HATS.—Scrape stick sulphur with a knife, mix the powder to a mush with water, plaster it thickly over the straw, and place in the hot sun several hours; brush off when dry. An easy and effectual plan.

TO KEEP KNIVES FROM RUSTING.—An excellent way to keep knives from rusting is to scour them on a board, crosswise, with some dry brick, after having wiped them perfectly dry, and put them away without wiping off the brick dust.

RIBBONS RENEWED.—Wash in cool suds made of fine soap, and iron when damp. Cover the ribbon with a clean cloth, and pass the iron over that. If you wish to stiffen the ribbon, dip it, while drying into gum arabic water.

BLACKING FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.—Take good black ink, and mix with dissolved gum arabic. Apply with a brush or sponge. This gives a beautifully new appearance to morocco shoes that have become a little rusty.

TO CLEAN OIL-CLOTHS.—If you wish to have them look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and lukewarm water, and wipe perfectly dry. If you want them to look extra nice, after they are wiped, drop a few spoonfuls of milk over them, and rub them with a dry cloth.

CLEANING MARBLE.—It is said that marble may be cleaned by mixing up a quantity of the strongest soap lye with quicklime, to the consistency of milk, and laying it on the marble for twenty-four hours. Clean it afterwards with soap and water. Or else use the following: Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice stone, and one part of powdered chalk; sift through a very fine sieve, and mix with water. Then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed. Then wash with soap and water as before, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

Our blessed Jesus walks among the roses and lilies in the garden of His church, and when he sees a windy storm coming upon some tender plant of righteousness He hides them in the earth to preserve life in them, that they may bloom with new glories when they shall be raised from that bed. The blessed God acts like a tender Father, and consults the safety and honor of His children when the hand of His mercy snatches them away before that powerful temptation comes which He foresees would have defiled and destroyed them. They are not lost, but they are gone to rest a little sooner than we are. Peace be to that bed of dust where they are hidden by the hand of their God from unknown dangers. Blessed be our Lord Jesus, who has the keys of the grave, and never opens it for His favorites but in the wisest season.—Isaac Watts.

Bill  
 To Gunneries  
 Apples

10  
 6  
 6  
 3

10.00

18

18  
 4

CRONO 25 Dec 1835

Phenias Hoff	b	
By 1 boy holding wood	6	1.00
Samuel Pack	5	
To 6 Glases	18	
Thos. Mitchell		
To 4 Glases	12	
Tobacco	2	
To 26		
Solomon Moulton		
To 5 1/2 Glases	31	
Sam Pack		
To 4 Glases	12	
To 28		
Thos. G. Clarke	5	
By 10 1/2 Cheese	1.25	
To 1 Goose	50	
Tobacco	4	
Frances Nash		
To 2 Goat	21	
" 1 Glase	3	
Harold Mullen		
To 3 Glases	9	
Tobacco	2	
Thos. Mitchell		
To 1 Glase	3	
Wm A. Chesser		
To 1 pint Beer	13	
" 16 Crackers	14	
Thomas Hoar		
Apples pike & tobacco	5	
Michael Woltor		
3 Glases	9	
Frances Nash		
best lamb	75	
Phenias Hoff		
best lamb	2.00	
James Bradley		
To 5 Glases	18	

Eccentric Connecticut Yankees.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

One of the most marked personages of old Windham county was a certain Revolutionary pensioner, by the name of Lincoln—surnamed Jonas, I believe. Living in the adjoining town, he was yet well known in Lebanon, where he frequently visited. Indeed he was never at rest except when tramping around and "stirring about." He was a harmless, good-natured, cider-drinking, story-telling old fellow, whom everybody was glad to see, bored with, chatted with, laughed at, and pitied for he was alone in the world—a sad condition, which he, however, took very philosophically, consoling himself by sagely commenting on all the ills which married men and heads of families are heir to.

Though usually idle and vagabondish in his habits, he was a man of wonderful energy and perseverance when once his spirit was up. On one occasion, when he had extended a ramble to the vicinity of Hartford, he found himself at the ferry, opposite the city, without a shilling in his pocket. He proposed to the ferryman to allow him a free passage, promising to pay on his next visit. But the Yankee Charon refused, with a churlish "No, mister, I don't take you, nor no other old tramp for nothin'." So down with your rhino or clear out!

"Waal, then," exclaimed the old soldier, "you go to thunder with your old skeow! I won't be beholden to you, or anybody of your sort; for I'll just go round yer darn'd old river—see if I don't."

The ferryman laughed at what he took for an idle threat; but some weeks later he was accosted at the city landing by the same red-checked, roughly-clad old soldier, who triumphantly exclaimed:

"Waal, I have been round your old river; and here I am in spite of you, old skinflint!"

It proved that he had actually performed the exploit of following the Connecticut river to its head—of going around it in fact—with no other incentive than the desire to show himself independent of the ferryman.

On another occasion he applied for the loan of a scythe at the house of a neighbor, who was a bridge builder.

"I'm real sorry, Mr. Lincoln," said the wife of the mechanic, "that I can't accommodate ye; but my husband ain't to hum, ye see, and he says to me, jest before he went away, 'Betsy, says he, don't you lend nothin' of mine to nobody, not on no account while I am gone.' So, Mr. Lincoln, ye see I can't let that scythe go, not even to you."

"Why, whereabouts is your husband, marm?"

"Oh, he's way down in Pennsylvania, buildin' a bridge."

"Waal, I guess, if I go down to where he's to work, and get his consent, ye'll lend me that are scythe."

"Sartin, Mr. Lincoln. But, man alive waht on airth du ye mean? I tell ye he's way deown in Pennsylvania."

The old soldier laughed in his droll, knowing way, then questioned her as to the exact locality of her husband's bridge building operations, and took his leave.

That very afternoon he departed on one of his "grand towers," with only a change of linen, tied in a blue-checked handkerchief, hanging from a stick over his shoulder; and whistling cheerily as he left the dull old town behind him.

About ten days or a fortnight later he appeared before the astonished mechanic, exclaiming:

"Hullo! Billins, will you lend me your scythe for a spell? That are wife of yours won't let it go without you say so. Got her pretty well under your thumb, haix't ye? Or mebhe she's afeared to cut friendship 'tween her and me by lendin' an edged tool."

Ten days later Mrs. Billings was astonished to see her eccentric neighbor appear, all dusty and travel worn, at her door, and to hear him say quietly:—"Yes, ma'am, yer man says I may take that are scythe; and it's high time that little medder of mine was mowed."

MINCE PIES WITHOUT APPLES OR MEAT.—For the benefit of those, who, like myself, are in a new country where apples are scarce, and beef much more so, I send you a recipe for mock mince pies: One teacup of bread; one of vinegar; one of water; one of raisins; one of sugar; one of molasses; one-half of butter; one teaspoon of cloves; one of nutmeg; one of cinnamon. The quantity is sufficient for three pies. They are equally as good as those made in the usual way. I have never yet seen a person that could tell the difference. Try them, all ye lovers of mince pies, and my word for it, you will pronounce them excellent.

ECONOMY IN MEAT.—Take cold meat of any kind—pieces left from the table; cut in pieces a quarter of an inch square; put in a frying pan; cover the meat with water; put in a small piece of butter, pepper and salt; when this comes to a boil stir in a little flour and water, previously mixed. Have two or three slices of bread toasted; place them on a platter; pour over them the meat and gravy while hot. This will be found an excellent dish prepared from meat usually thrown away.

Josh Billings remarks that "men, generally, when they whip a mule, swear; the mule remembers the swearing, but forgets the licking."

During the "troubles" a young Confederate miss was passing through one of the hospitals, when it was remarked that a prisoner, a lieutenant, had died that morning.

"On, where is he? Let me see him! Let me kiss him for his mother!" exclaimed the maiden.

The attendant led her into an adjoining ward, when discovering Lieutenant H—, of the Fifth Kansas, lying fast asleep on his hospital couch, and thinking to have a little fun, he pointed him out to the girl. She sprang forward, and bending over him, said:

"Oh, you dear lieutenant, let me kiss you for your mother!"

What was her surprise when the awakened "corpse" ardently clasped her in his arms, returned the salute, and then exclaimed:

"Never mind the old lady, miss; go it on your own account. I haven't the slightest objection."

MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, half cup butter, half cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, nutmeg. Bake moderately one hour.

HUNTING PUDDING.—One pound of currants, one of raisins, one of suet, half pound of sugar, quarter pound of citron, ten eggs, one loaf of bread grated, a little mace, not quite a half pint of milk, and enough flour to make it the consistency of batter-pudding; two wine glasses of brandy and a little salt.

Mrs. REED'S PLUMB PUDDING.—One pound of beef suet, one quarter pound loaf sugar, one pound of flour, six eggs, one pint milk, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, three-fourth pounds of citron, two nutmegs, mace, cloves, add at pleasure two glasses of brandy. Chop the suet fine, rub it to a cream, add sugar and flour, each time rubbing it well, add the spices, fruit and brandy. Beat the eggs, add them, then the milk, tie it moderately tight, boil it eight hours. This quantity makes one very large pudding—two if boiled in quart bowls, three if in pint bowls; cover them up tight w en cold with paper, and put them away until wanted. When one is wanted roll an hour.

To 10 Buckman	b	
By 1 boy holding wood	6	1.00
To 1 Ox	1.32	
To 1 half of 1 Bad	1.50	
To 1 Stack	36	
By 1 Carpenter	2	
Thos. Mitchell		
To 2 Glases	6	

Crossed the 11<sup>th</sup> Jan'y 1836

James Bradley  
To 1 qt Rum 25

Michael Walton  
To 2 Bl... 6

Wm. M...  
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Wm. M...  
To 2 Bl... 6

The Housekeeper.

BOILING POTATOES.

I am anxious to add my experience to that of others about boiling potatoes. The subject is one that cannot be discussed too much in this department of the Telegraph, because there is nothing upon our table better than well-cooked potatoes, and nothing less palatable than if badly cooked, and yet how seldom do we find a dish of properly cooked potatoes, even in families who are good liver.

When they come to the table smoking hot, with their "jackets" on, all bursting with the floury inside, it is a sight to make a dyspeptic good-natured, and never will fail to turn a sullen face into wreathing smiles. Then let me say a few words about cooking this vegetable, and tell the way in which I have been most successful.

To boil potatoes, let them lie in cold water six hours at least, before boiling, (twelve hours for very old potatoes is not too long.) Then put them in a little water, a little salted, and the water should be kept at a moderate boil till they are done, which should be tested with a fork; then pour off the water and let them stand in the pot till dry. Great care should be taken not to let them boil a moment after they are done, as it will render them watery.

An excellent plan to make old potatoes mealy is to turn them into a cloth and rapidly shake them about, or take them one at a time in a cloth and slightly press them. The larger potatoes should be put into the pot before the smaller ones that they may be equally none. It requires from forty to fifty minutes to boil old potatoes. New ones will take about half that time.

STRAWBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES.—These can be preserved for ice-creams or cakes or for tarts, without boiling. They should be picked when the fruit is dry, and put at once into a deep bowl or pan, and bruise gently. Mix with an equal weight of best "sifted" sugar, and put immediately into wide-necked bottles; cork these firmly without delay, and tie bladders over the tops. Keep them in a cool place or the fruit will ferment. This mixture should be stirred softly, and only just sufficiently to blend the sugar and the fruit. The bottles must be perfectly dry, and the bladders, after having been cleaned in the usual way, and allowed to become nearly dry, should be moistened with a little whisky or alcohol on the side next the cork. I have thus successfully put up both strawberries and raspberries for future use.

PICKLED CHERRIES.—Two pounds of sugar to each quart of vinegar, boiled with a few sticks of cinnamon and whole cloves; skim the vinegar while boiling. Prepare plums and grapes the same way.

PICKLED PEACHES.—One pound of sugar to each quart of vinegar; wipe the peaches and stick a clove or two in each; pour the vinegar over them while boiling hot. After a few days boil the vinegar again and pour over them. Use as much fruit as the vinegar will cover.

CREAM CHEESE.—A correspondent in the Rural New Yorker, furnishes the following recipe for making cream cheese. This cheese is made to perfection by our Montgomery county farmers, and we

over the cabbage, then pack it close and keep it well-covered.

TOMATO CATSUP.—As it soon will be time to preserve tomatoes and make catsup, the following will be found to give a superior article:

Tomatoes, 1 bushel; salt, 6 ounces; allspice, ground, 6 drachms; yellow mustard, ground, 5 drachms; black pepper, ground, 3 ounces; cloves ground, 6 drachms; mace, 3 drachms; cayenne pepper, ground 2 drachms; vinegar 1 gallon. Mix.

Cut the tomatoes to pieces; boil and stew in their own liquor until quite soft. Take from the fire, strain and rub through a middling fine hair sieve, so as to get the seeds and shells separated; boil down the pulp and juice to the consistency of apple-butter, (very thick) stirring all the time; when thick enough, add the spices, stirred up with the vinegar; boil up twice; remove from the fire; let cool and bottle.

PRESERVING EGGS.—A lady correspondent of the Ohio Farmer, after having tried a great many processes for preserving eggs, finds the best way is to grease them all over thoroughly and keep them in a cool place, but not damp. Place the eggs after greasing, small end down. The French rub eggs with fresh butter. The Russians pack them in crocks small end down, and pour melted tallow over them.

would thank them for their receipt, which we shall gladly publish in the Telegraph. For two cream cheeses take six quarts of new milk and one of sweet cream, to which add two or three spoonfull of rennet; let it stand until sufficiently firm. Spread a linen cloth in a large basin of cold water, lay the curd gently on it, tie the cloth and hang it up to drain for four or five hours, in a cool place, then change the cloth and put the curd into a vessel the circumference of a common plate; press it moderately eight hours, when it must be taken out, turned and split horizontally with a thread; lay the cloth between the two cakes, and again put them in press for twelve hours; if then pressed enough, which can be ascertained by their firmness, keep them in fresh grass a few days, turning them morning and evening. They are excellent. The grass process is not absolutely necessary.

CANNING FRUIT.—Like many others, I tried, again and again, to seal fruit cans so as to keep the fruit without molding upon the top. I was particular in following the printed directions in general use, but found that my cans, when cold, would not be more than two-thirds full, and in a few days a white mold appeared upon the top. I finally appealed to a friend who, I knew, canned large quantities for her own use. She showed me fruit over a year old, quite fresh, the cans full, and no mold. I at once adopted her plan which I have since followed with great success. I have no interest in the manufacture of cans, and believe that every one should do his own advertising, but I prefer that kind in which you have only the can, glass cover and rubber to use.

Fruit can be kept just as well without, as with, sugar; and those sealed up for use are better without any, as they will retain their flavor far better. Brass kettles should never be used. Tin pans or kettles lined with porcelain, so as to preserve the most perfect flavor of the fruit, are the best. While my fruit is being scalded, I put a gill of cold water in each can, and fill up with hot water, putting the covers and rubber also into hot water. The fruit need not be cooked—only heated to the boiling point—unless in preparing pears or quinces or some other hard fruits, that may require more cooking, and then only just so that a straw may be passed through, always being careful to have juice enough to cover the fruit. As soon as boiling hot, empty a can and fill; then another, or as many as can well be attended to. Let the cans stand open until you can comfortably bear the hands upon them. Mean while more fruit may be heated.

Cut thick writing paper in round pieces the size of the top of each can, and when the contents of the cans are cooled, slip a piece over the top of the fruit in each can, and at once fill up on top of the paper with boiling juice (saved for the purpose), and put on the covers as soon as filled, according to the directions given.

I often seal up cherries and tomatoes, only for winter use, in one gallon stone jars that are small at the top, prepared just the same as for glass. Leave off the covers, seal with melted rosin, adding a little tallow. Try it on a piece of cloth; if too brittle add more tallow, and vice versa. Cut a paper also for the top of the jar, just so it will come over the edge, and dip a piece of thick cloth into the resin, only upon one side, spread over the jar and tie down; now, with a spoon, dip and spread on the hot resin, until entirely covered, pressing down the sides with the hands dipped in cold water. When cold if the jar is air tight, the cover will be depressed a quarter of an inch or more. But if its level you must seal it over again. Those who can common sour cherries will find them greatly improved by first draining off all the juice, and then covering them with water—scald and drain off, and cover over again for sealing, canning, preserving or drying.—Farm and Fireside.

Ladies  
Ladies Corresponding Board

Ladies Corresponding Board

Ladies Corresponding Board

ve very hot. When the addition of an ion is liked, mince it and stew it over the potatoes.

**POTATO BISSOLES—FRENCH.**—Mash and season the potatoes with salt and white pepper and cayenne, and mix with plenty of minced parsley and a small quantity of green onions, add sufficient yolks of eggs to bind the mixture together; roll into small balls and fry them in plenty of lard or butter over a moderate fire, or they will be too much browned before they are done through.

**HOW TO OBTAIN A COPPERAS COLOR.**—Have a strong lye made from wood-ashes, and dissolve a pound of copperas in a pail of water; put the latter in a kettle, heat it boiling hot, as also the lye. Dip the articles to be colored in the lye, and let them drain, spreading them in the hot sun—then dip them in the copperas. Repeat the process, alternating between the lye and copperas, till the desired color is obtained.

To keep woolen hose and flannels white, smoke them with sulphur. Take a common flour barrel, put a basin of ashes in the bottom and a few strings across the top, on which hang the articles as wrung from the suds; put a few live coals on the basin of ashes and a spoonful of sulphur upon them; cover up close. When the smoke is spent, hang up to dry; if in the sun all the better.

**ENGLISH POTATO BALLS.**—Boil some potatoes very dry, mash them as smoothly as possible, season well with salt and pepper, warm them with about an ounce of butter to the pound and a few spoonfuls of good cream. Let them cool a little, roll them into balls, sprinkle over them some crushed vermacelli or macaroni and fry them a light brown.

The foregoing we have frequently in our family, and will be much liked if the receipt is strictly followed.

**DESTROY ROACHES, ETC.**—Go to a store and buy a pound of pow-borax; scatter the borax on the shelves and other places where the roaches or ants do congregate, and they will soon disappear. We have tried it on the large black roaches, large black ants, and little yellow ants, with equal success. The borax may also be perhaps an equally sure remedy for other vermin. In any event, there is no danger in trying it, as it is a harmless drug. —Philadelphia Eve. Post.

**PUDDING AND SAUCE.**—*pudding*—Six eggs, well beaten, two pints of sweet cream, a tea-spoonful of salt, flour to make a thin batter, any kind of fruit you happen to have—it will do without—and boil in a pudding boiler, or steam two hours.

*Sauces.*—One pint sweet cream, one cup of sugar, two large spoonfuls of brandy, home-made wine, or vinegar.

**FRUIT CAKE.**—Twelve eggs; one pound butter; one pound sugar; one pound flour; one pound currants; two pounds seeded raisins; one-half pound citron; one nutmeg; one table-spoonful of ground cloves, cinnamon and mace mixed; one gill brandy. Bake two hours in a slow oven. Wrap in linen cloth, and it will keep a year or more.

**PEPPER POT.**—To four quarts of water put one pound of corned pork, two pounds of the neck or scrag of mutton, and a small knuckle of veal. Let this simmer slowly three hours, skimming all the while, and then take out the mutton, as that will serve for a chop for table, with drawn butter and celery. Into the broth put four sliced white turnips, six or eight tomatoes or tomato catsup, an onion, a small piece of garden pepper, and half a tea-spoonful of salt. Have ready boiled a quarter of a pound of nice white tripe; cut into strips of an inch in length, and six potatoes thinly sliced, about a dozen cloves, and a pint bowl full of little light dumplings the size of a walnut; let this simmer slowly for an hour. Serve hot; but take out the bones before serving.

**Domestic Recipes.**

**RIBBONS RENEWED.**—Wash in cool suds made of fine soap, and iron when damp. Cover the ribbon with a clean cloth, and pass the iron over that. If you wish to stiffen the ribbon, dip it, while drying, into gum arabic water.

**TO KEEP KNIVES FROM RUSTING.**—An excellent way to keep knives from rusting is to scour them on a board, crosswise with some dry brick, after having wiped them perfectly dry, and put them away without wiping off the brick dust.

**HOW TO CLEAN OIL CLOTHS.**—If you wish to have them look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and lukewarm water, and wipe perfectly dry. If you want them to look extra nice, after they are wiped drop a few spoonfuls of milk over them, and rub them with a dry cloth.

**WATER CAKE.**—One teacup of sugar; two eggs; half cup of butter; one teacup of water; two cups of flour; two tea-spoonfuls of cream tartar; one of soda; beat the butter and eggs to a cream; then add the other ingredients; stir well, and bake quick; flavor with nutmeg or lemon.

**GRAHAM FLOUR MUFFINS.**—One pint of sour milk; a small tea-spoonful of soda; one table-spoonful of sugar, Graham flour enough to make a thick batter. Bake in rings, or drop the batter in spoonfuls on a square tin. A little salt should be added to the batter before baking.

**BITTER ALMOND CAKE.**—Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one of sweet milk, five of flour, the whites of twelve eggs, one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, half a tea-spoonful of soda; flavor with bitter almonds; to be frosted or not.

**TAPIoca PUDDING.**—Four large table-spoonfuls of tapioca soaked overnight in one quart of new milk, grated rind of one lemon, one tumbler of sweet cream, one half a tumbler of wine, with sugar enough in it to fill the glass. Stir the tapioca and milk over the fire until it comes to a boil, before adding any of the other ingredients; four eggs, beaten separately and add just before baking; bakes in about five minutes. To be eaten cold.

**APPLE SHORTCAKE.**—Pare and slice tart apples enough to fill two round pie plates, then make a crust of one teacupful of cream, salt and soda, roll an upper crust, put on and bake; when done turn bottom upwards; put on sugar enough to taste; then turn again and so on. To be eaten warm.

**FRIED CHICKENS.**—Cut up the chickens and lay them in cold water to extract the blood. Wipe them dry, season with pepper and salt and dredge them with flour. Fry in lard to a rich brown; take them out and keep them near the fire; skim the gravy carefully in which the chickens have been fried, mix with it half a pint of cream, season with mace, pepper, salt and parsley.

**OMELETTE SOUFFLEE.**—Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add the yolks, three table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, the rind and juice of one lemon. Beat all well together and bake in a moderately hot oven for five minutes.

**CHICKENS DRESSED AS TERRAPIN.**—Boil a fine, large tender chicken; when done and while yet warm, cut it from the bones into small pieces, as for chicken salad; put it into a stewpan with one gill of boiling water; then stir together until perfectly smooth, one quarter of a pound of butter, one tea-spoonful of flour, and the yolk of one egg, which add to the chicken, half at a time, stirring all well together; then season with salt and pepper. After letting it simmer about ten minutes, and half a gill of Madeira, and send to the table hot. We have tried this and know it to be excellent; a little better some would say than the terrapin itself.

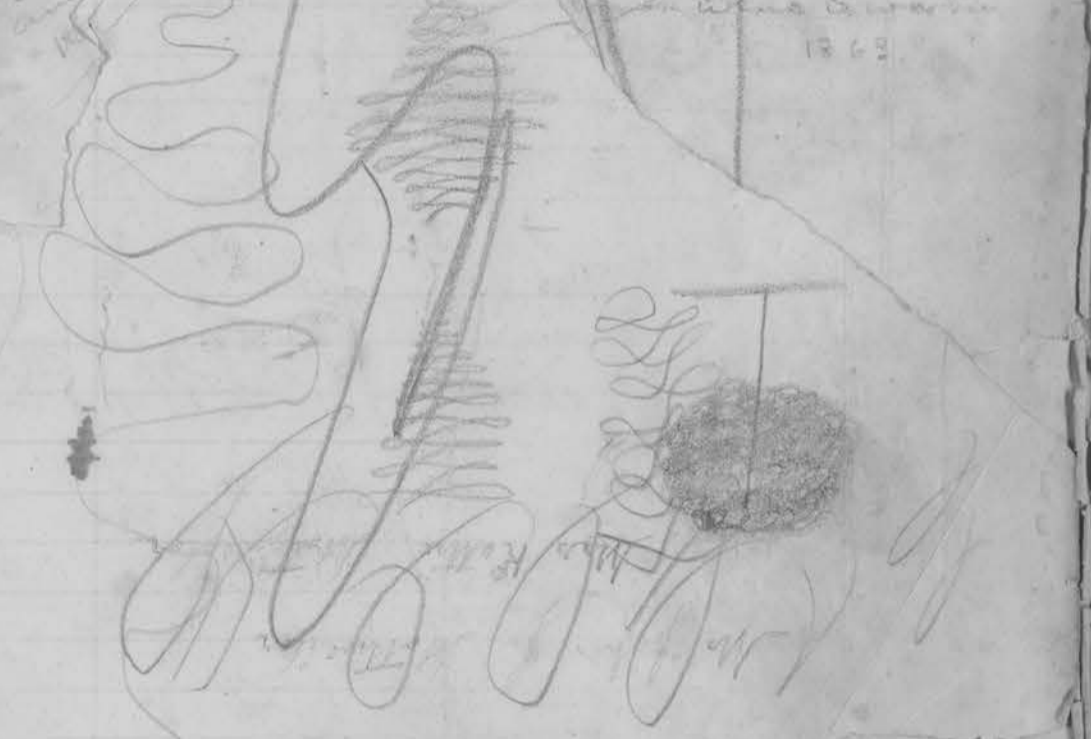
November 23.

We went all over the neighborhood logging for to get enough money to buy paint to paint the Methodist Church, we collected about 10 dollars to day it sounds very good I believe it is the first season that we have had this year. April we are all well.

May 21 1851 - I am on a farm in Indiana we like very much indeed we intend to make this place our home. We have a nice large garden. We have peas all in blossom we expect to have a nice crop of peas before long. Mr Palmer is working out up to the quarry for 1 dollar per day. We had a letter from Sister Rute & Oliver they were all well.

June 14 1851 - I am well. Mother, has gone to the Valley. Sister Rute, has gone.

Letter from Salomon with news from Phoebe.



Mrs. A. Watling



Mrs. Albertine

Handwritten notes and scribbles at the bottom of the left page, including some numbers like 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500.

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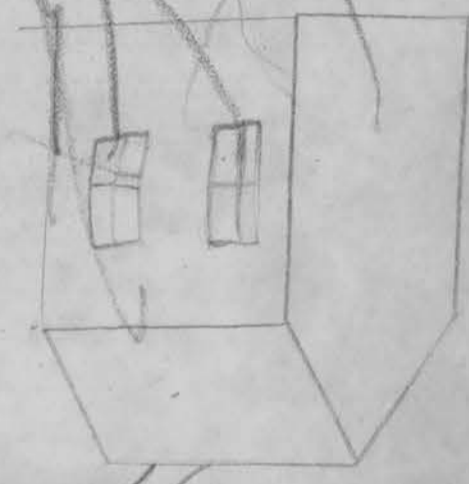
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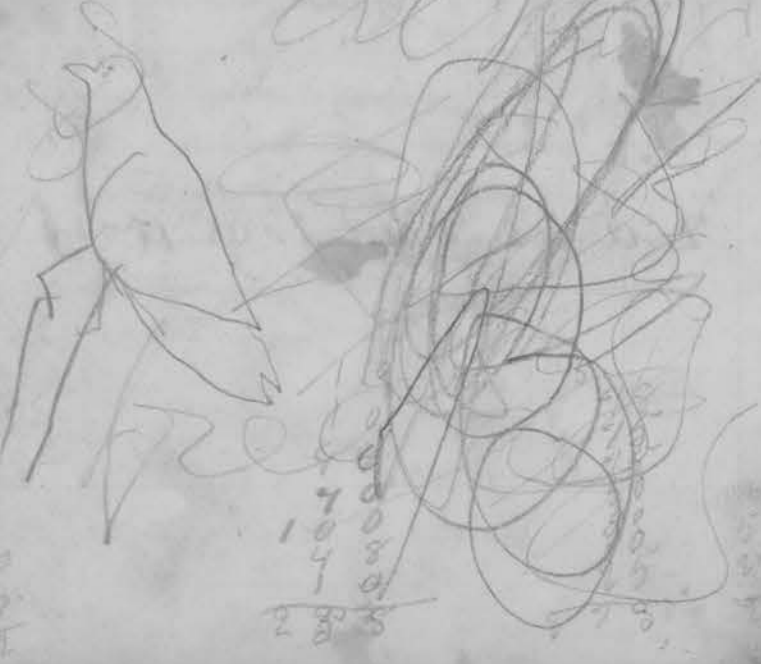
We recd 3 letters from Salomon the  
20th of mar the one from Phat's



Mrs. Albertine  
Palmer



Mrs. Albertine  
Palmer



100  
70  
100  
148  
1  
283

To Mrs. Palmer.

By F. A.

Remember me when sound your harp  
Ascends the sounds of joy and mirth  
And when your silver notes prolong  
O think of me here in your song.

Or when your straying in a grove  
That's lovely made by nature's God,  
When birds from all the branches sing,  
And make the woods with praises ring.

Or when you're walking by the rill,  
That sweetly murmurs on so still,  
Overhung with leaves from branches rare,  
And flowers that nimbly scent the air.

And when your brow is warm with care,  
Bespeaking toil for many a year,  
When with your loved ones you must part,  
O ever keep me in your heart.

And more than ever when your mind,  
Desires a constant friend to find,  
Ever turn your thoughts to me,  
As mine do ever turn to thee.

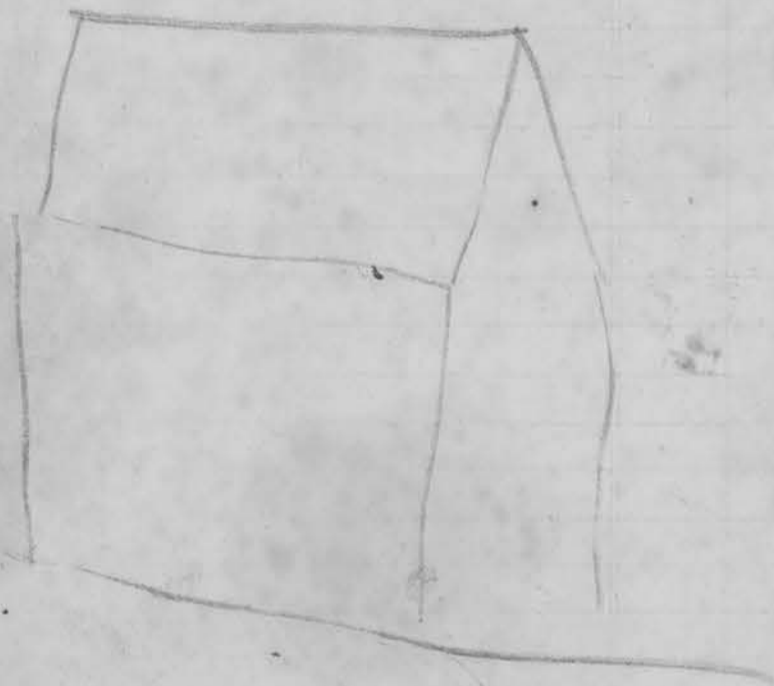
A. C. P.

Written by  
D. B. Palmer to  
his wife

Round is the ring that has no end  
So is my love to you my friends

The rose is red  
The violet blue  
The pink is pretty  
And so be you

So live that when thy summer  
comes to join the innumerable  
caravan, that moves to the pale  
realms of death,  
Thou go, not like the quarry slave  
at night, thou scourged to his dungeon  
But, sustained, and soothed by our  
unfaltering trust



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- 1 Sara Huson.
- 2 Belle Reynolds.
- 3 Cora Gilmore
- 4 Nettie "
- 5 Carrie Mills
- 6 Eva Preston
- 7 Hattie Russell.
- 8 Clara Huson.
- 9 Mary Mills.
- 10 Hattie Mills.
- 11 E. Bertha Preston.
- 12 Waud Ford
- 13 Clara Charlesworth.
- 14 Edith Huson.
- 15 Eliza Russell.
- 16 Bertha Frank.
- 17 Emma Lepner.
- 18 Nellie "
- 19 Mary Lagen
- 20 Emma "
- 21 Bertha Biersdorf
- 22 Sheridan Bromling.
- 23 Lovell Preston.
- 24 Willie Frank.
- 25 John Wilson

My pupils  
at the school  
in Lowell had  
when I had  
just met Tom

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Oh! they tell me thou art dead Katy Darling  
That they smile I may never more behold  
Did they tell thee I was false Katy Darling  
Or my love for thee hast e'er grown cold?  
Oh they know not the loving of the hearts of  
E-rins sons: when a love like to thine Katy  
Is the goal to the race that he runs. Oh he  
me sweet Katy Darling, for the wild flowers grow  
me Katy Darling and the lovebirds are singing  
on each tree; wilt thou never more hear me  
Katy Darling behold love I'm waiting for thee

Bad thoughts

Bad thoughts a thief  
he acts his part  
creeps through the  
windows of the  
heart and off he  
once his  
may come  
mine he lets  
a hundred sinners  
in

T. P.

Miss Stella Palmer  
Mankato,  
Minn.  
Frank W. Palmer.

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I received 25 cts from George Crocker for beer  
 We had 21 pounds of animal - out of 100 pounds.  
 We had 5 pounds of ham out of 15 & one half  
 We had 5 pounds & three quarters of pork. Tinselle  
 had 1 pound & half coffee  
 1/4 molar & barrel flour  
 half pound tea  
 3 pounds of pork  
 1/2 pounds & a quarter beef  
 a belt  
 a pair shoes  
 A calico dress  
 6 yards of cloth  
 A pair pants  
 15 lbs sugar  
 crackers - cheese

my work is to sell shoes  
 and my name is ~~Tom~~  
 Tom Hart if I ever  
 get a child I will name  
 it Rosemond. My  
 wifes name is still  
 Parmer.

My  
 wife  
 name

570
570
1000
5

570
570
1000

Albertine B Palmer

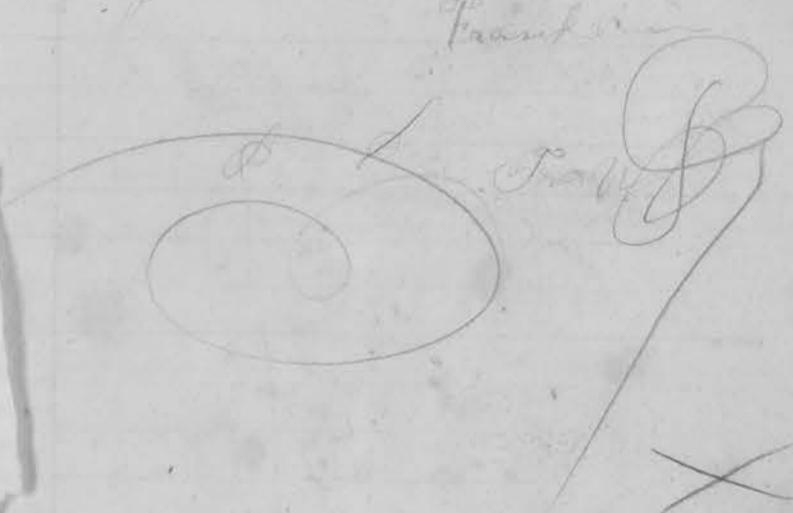


NO, NE'ER, CAN THY HOME  
BE MINE.

He never comes to God properly in the sense  
of the gospel without undergoing three distinct  
divine changes

- 1 A distinct divine change in the heart
- 2 A distinct divine change in the life or character
- 3 A distinct divine change in the state of relation

When a man is divinely changed in heart  
life and relation he is a new creature a  
Child of God



Stella Palmer

Frank Palmer



NO. WEER CAN THY HOME

BE MIKE

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~~50~~  
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100  
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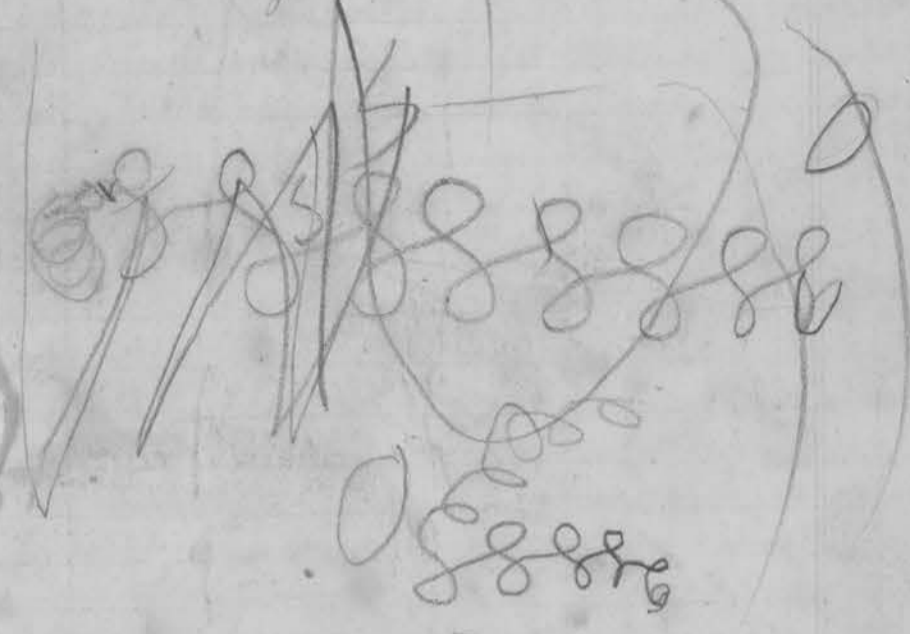
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50  
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Mr Edward Cutler  
Mr James Cutler

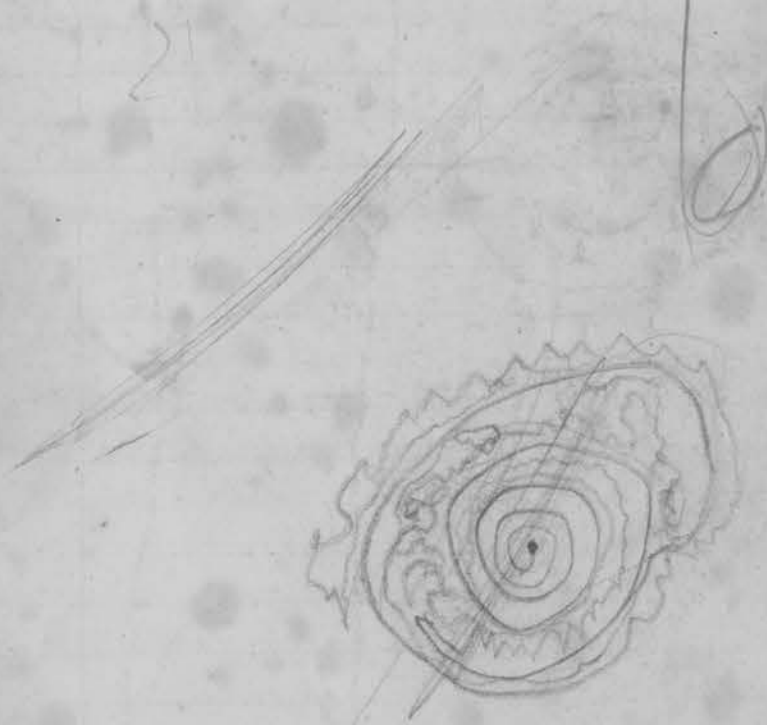
81 28  
meat

Mr James Cutler butter 1/2 - 7 lbs meat - half bushel  
Mr Edward Cutler potatoes bushel \$1 28  
Mr Macstay or powder bushel meal 100 bushels



can

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110 10  
20 20



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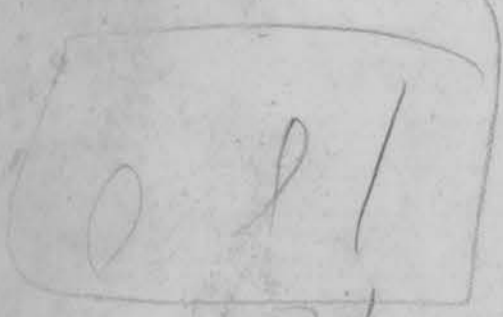
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7



The Token

What shall I send you little May,  
That shall be to you a token;  
As far in a sunny clime I stray,  
And leave you to follow the same old song,  
We have trod together for many a day,  
That our truth is still unbroken.

What shall I send you little May  
From the land where I am going  
There are bright breasted birds in that isle of the seas  
There are tropical flowers much fairer these these  
And the rarest fruits on the greenwood trees  
There the long bright days are growing

What shall I send you little May?  
Some gem from the deep blue sea?  
There are glistening pearls for your auburn hair  
There are branches of coral you think so fair  
There are shells with such tints as you love to wear  
Shall I send of these to thee?

Or a silken robe from some foreigner loom,  
As blue as the skies to day?  
Or a cross of rubies? a diamond band?  
Or an antique ring for that slender hand?  
There priceless gems in that far off land -  
But what shall I chose for May?

Not the merry birds with their plumage fair  
Not even the gems of the sea  
Not the rarest flowers from that land of bloom  
Not the spices breathing their soft perfume  
Nor the opure silk from a foreign loom  
Oh, no! not of these for me

But send me a messenger fraught with love  
From that fair isle of the sea  
Let white winged messengers come to cheer  
Let me know that your thoughts are hovering near  
For ah! there is naught in this world so dear  
So dear as thy love to me

Miss Kate Bryant

True Friendship is a garden knot  
Which angels hands have tied  
Who shall its folds divide

Miss Kattie L. C. Bryant  
Pensacola

M. B. Keen  
San Francisco

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a series of notes and rests. The notation is written in ink and appears to be a vocal line for the lyrics on the opposite page.

Must me by moonlight alone  
Day light may do for me  
The heart is the thoughtless  
The moon rays that is clear  
The moon light alone  
The moon light alone  
The moon light alone

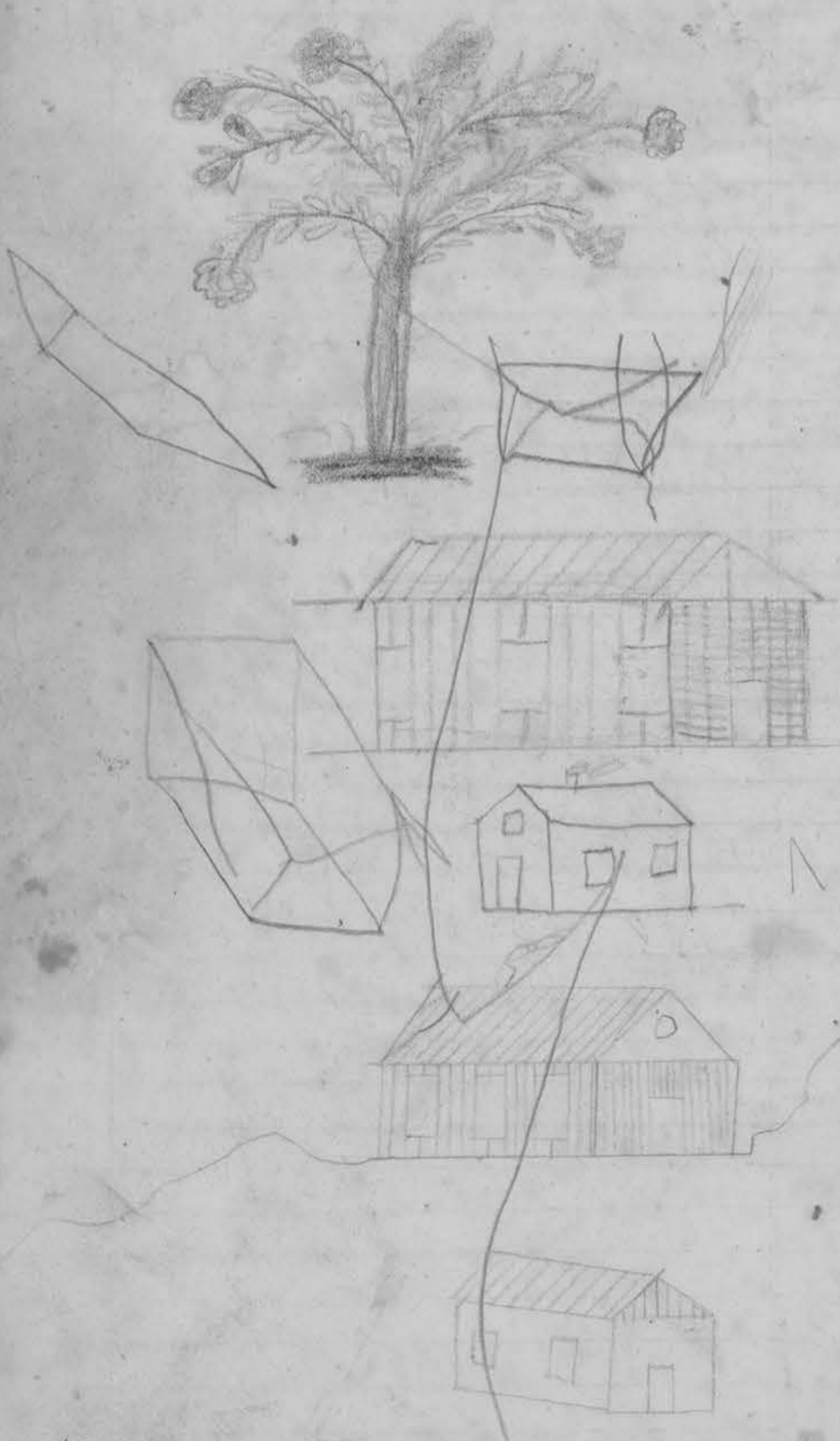
Must me by moon light alone  
write you and for me - meet me by

Far Away

Far away my home is far away,  
Where the blue sea laves a mountain  
In the woods I hear my brothers play  
Which the flowers my sister sings and so

Far Away my dreams are far away  
Where all unthought stars & shadows rest  
Gentle child my mother seems to say  
Follow me where home shall smile again

Far away my hope is far away  
Where love voices good gladness may  
Oh that dove once soaring through the day  
Lead me winged to reach that better day  
Far away



The Childs Wish

Oh I long to lie down Mother

Heard the soft an frogs at grass

With the warm sun on my face

And the sweet smell of the flowers

And the bright blue sky

To play about my bed

I will sleep my eyes and you will

Keep little feet & hand

had quite a serious time the last day  
Miss Cunningham's school is out the  
morning in June, John & I have been  
if - factors out long of the school  
fully, and the one Miss & the  
Kathy (Kendrick) - staff was out in  
my a short course of school - the  
it out - my own - I will try  
you will get tired out and make me  
a hole for the - but enough of this  
anything is changed, but I must  
to know from the weather, but alas how  
and so far and by some morning  
learn by some way given to gather  
birds and the soft - of the dove  
of the first - the first to the east of the  
when a child has away from the dark  
find and - to where I made the story  
Thinking of my (children's) home and all the  
is - at - like a  
thinking of my days gone by, when  
had - the  
the - a very second to  
finding very much - with  
very - can - to day and  
easier to reply, but I will  
include to be - a letter from  
quite - long - very much  
I need - most

Much Respected Friend  
Jan 21st  
London

Meet me by moonlight alone and there I will tell you a tale, that must be told by moonlight alone to come for good, I would give the night flowers their queen, may them not  
 daylight miss for the gas the heartless the thoughtless the free, But there's something about the moon rays that is dear unto you and to me, How you must be sure to be there for dearly

Chorus  
 While my sweet head to the  
 looking that ever was seen  
 the moonlight I prize, I care not for aught in the air when I have the bright light of your eyes. Meet me by moonlight alone to meet me by moonlight alone

Father & Mother ~~and~~ used to sing this in front of the door  
 place in the evening <sup>in Indiana</sup> Aunt Kitty joined in - Father started the  
 song with his tuning fork - ~~Stutter~~

Abbetghijklmnop  
 qurst

Stella Cabrier, hattie college  
 time comes, Solomon  
 work Patrick, mommy ch  
 march cheer

Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. (Christ)

We are now sitting down on the mourners seat - & our hearts are engaged with that oft bitter story - that tale of death & that stern monster who often has caused our hearts to bleed - we are deploring the loss of our darling upon whose head now shines a coronet of glory - - Its lot here was a weary one while tossed upon a <sup>sea of</sup> ~~storm~~ but now the great glory of God is shedding a light that is outbeaming & shines far brighter than the ~~stars~~ <sup>stars</sup>. Its tiny feet are treading the golden streets of the Paradise of God - Rest trembling feet - that used to tread these shores of sorrow - thou art now among the celestial beings - who are sweeping the starry skies & thy little hands are now gently passing over thy harp ever sending forth rich melody which reaches the ear of Him who suffered you to come unto him - Now thy ~~trumpet~~ rapturous tongue is singing wondrous songs of redeeming love which is ~~not~~ <sup>swelled</sup> by an angel chorus around the Great White Throne throughout a blissful day which knows no yesterday or tomorrow thy tide of rich music will never flow - & we trust some bright day to meet thee at our Saviours feet -

#  
 Great me by moonlight alone and there I will see  
 Daylight may die for the gas the heartless the thoughtless the free  
 Chorus  
 Give thy sweet hand to the moon that me by moonlight alone I meet me by moon  
 light that see me here  
 the moonlight I prize, I care not for aught in

Father & Mother  
 please in the evening  
 song with his tune

Wang  
 Leaves

What is life and what are we?  
 Only leaves upon a tree.  
 Green today, tomorrow sere,  
 Then we are no longer here.

Others, fair and brave as we,  
 Green, of old upon a tree  
 Now they crumble in the mould.  
 With these <sup>leaves</sup> ~~leaves~~ untold.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 So shall we - it is our lot  
 Thus to die and be forgot  
 By and by the tree will fall  
 " " " " " " " " " "

written ~~by~~ by Albertine

Stella Palmer.

Stella Palmer, hattie collins  
 some songs. Solos  
 with piano money chry.  
 with cher.

Redeeming the time - Col - 4 - 5

1. What is time - measured duration  
day weeks - months &c are distinct  
durations - is successive duration  
time that - present &c

Time limited duration - there was  
a point when time began & the  
period will arrive when time shall  
be no longer -

The Apostle here means by time - the special  
opportunities we have of improving our  
present life therefore he exhorts us  
to redeem -

2. What is it to redeem -

Time ought to be improved because  
its value is inexpressible

The great worth of time may be argued from  
a survey of the great & momentous business  
to which it must be appropriated -

What then is the chief concern of time & only think  
of the great end of mans existence & examine  
the constitution with which the Creator has  
endowed him &c - Man is a rational being  
possessing an immortal & accountable nature - a  
soul that cannot die - is intelligent - and  
moral creature he made us in his image -

Sin has defaced that image - but it can be restored  
by grace - Our great work in this world is to  
secure a place in that better world - and the great  
and proper business of time is to get ready for  
it - and this business requires our supreme  
attention - all other pursuits should fall  
far below this chief concern - It is not necessary  
to be rich &c - but it is necessary that  
we should be saved - it is necessary above  
all things that our minds should be enlightened  
by the Holy Spirit - It is necessary in order to  
our admission into heaven that we obey the  
gospel

3. We were purchased at an astonishing  
price - man by disobedience had forfeited time  
we, well as life & happiness

The worth of time is inferred from the careful  
manner in which it is allotted by Providence  
to mankind - where shall we go to learn  
the value of time - let our thoughts travel to  
the dismal regions of sorrow and despair  
where hope never comes - Behold there we  
~~do see the best~~ let our thoughts also  
ascend upward to the mansions of life  
what do we see there &c

4. Redeem time because of its short-  
duration

5. Much of our time has already elapsed  
6. We should redeem time because what  
remains to us is perfectly uncertain

7. We should improve time because nothing  
can ever compensate for its loss  
& Add to all these considerations  
the awful fact that God has made  
eternity to depend on the issues and  
results of time - & we have before us  
the most solemn motives to redeem it

Who is all this endless world  
of sorrow can fill a mothers place.

That girl or boy who has  
never known a mother's  
love or protection, have  
indeed, missed the  
greatest blessing that  
can possibly be bestowed  
on man.

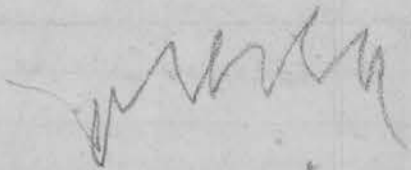
Story for the north

Cher for our banners.  
As we rally near the stars  
Will join the summer by  
and off to the north  
Ready for the onset for battle  
Blood and tears

This is an account  
book. Auntie Minnie is  
here and mamma is  
talking to her. I am  
10 years old.

Kathleen

(written 1899)



my aunt minnie  
is visiting us now dont  
you wish you had a

aunt minnie too. I  
have got lots of aunts  
beside her. I have a  
sister helen and  
me Kathleen too

Kathleen looks  
like this  Helen  
is awful pretty

Mr. Torry is the man.  
I buy candy from  
goodly Mr. or Mrs.  
Nobaly.

P. B. Indiana City, Ind.

Tuesday is Xmas,

Frosty and cold  
and Santa with all his pack

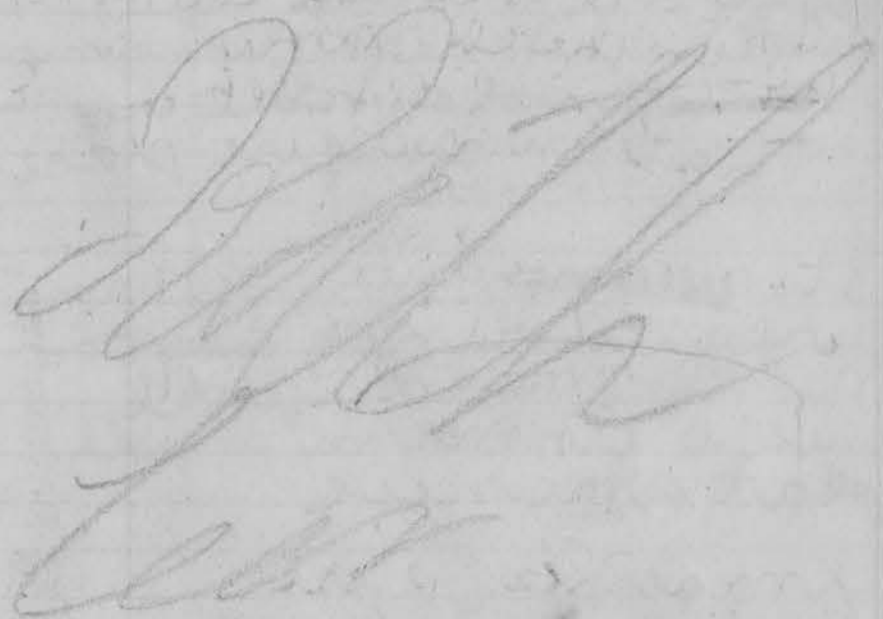
is coming then  
to make a clean

of things by checking around

For many, I expect,

And lots of other things

Oh wont it be fun  
when Santa does come  
All of us presents to him



Xmas is coming oh oh  
you will get gifts that you  
are we not glad  
we will not be sad  
jolly Xmas eve.

santa will come  
and bring me a drum  
and all that is new  
I am sure will please me  
happy we will be.

santa'll be frosty and cold  
but he will bring presents untold  
Bring mother a screen  
be sure it's green  
oh oh no.

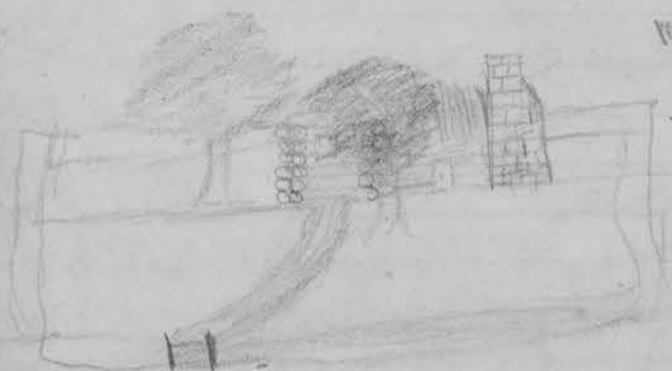
m h v

I want a horse to  
if it want fire you  
to bring it here  
I'll not be near  
The Xmas bells are ringing

It will not be long  
before Santa Claus  
down the chimney  
with an old hallow  
That is in the fire place.

Its ~~name~~ queer but no  
right down in ~~the~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~toe~~  
My sis found a doll  
and its name is pall.  
last Xmas eve

Xmas has past  
yes past at last  
he brought me a drum  
and Santa did come  
on Xmas eve.



Mrs Albertine Palmer

Cannington

Indiana Perry Co

Solomon B Palmer esq

Sup Catherine L. Brent

Prentiss Pa

M. P. Han Co

P. S. L. L. L.



~~Story for the north~~

~~1 2 3 4 5~~

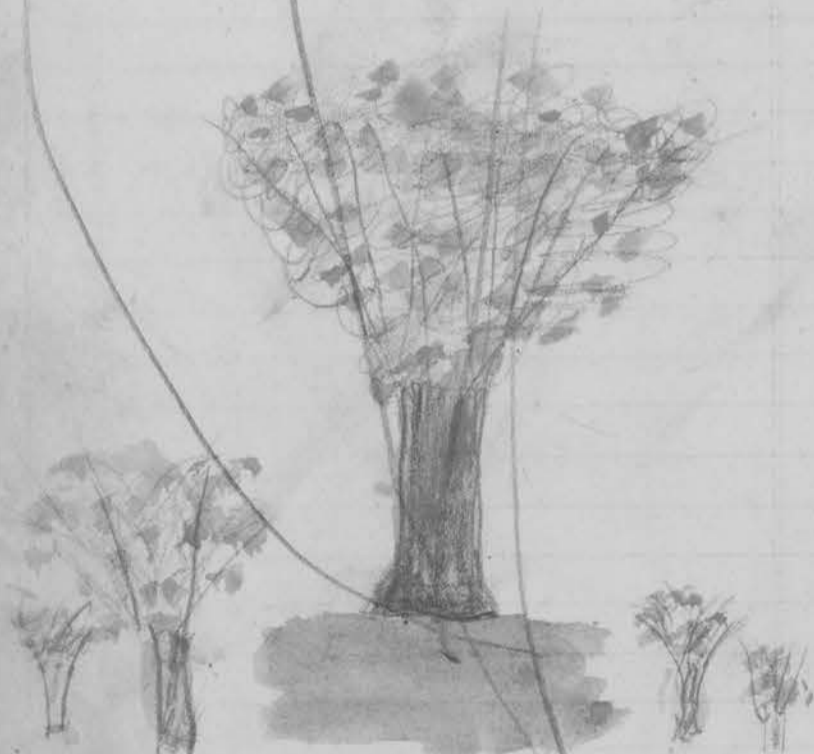
~~6 7 8 9 10~~

Story for the north

Other for our home as we really will  
tell from the northern legend and  
of for the war

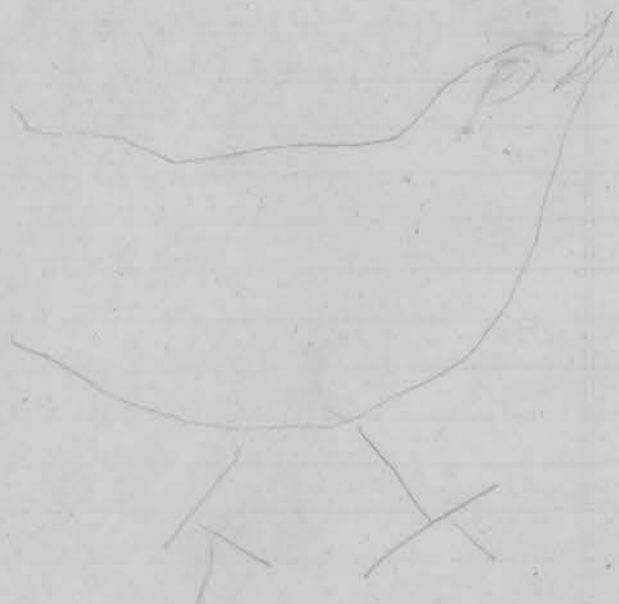
Ready for the onset for battle  
blood in our veins

Stella Palmer the tree









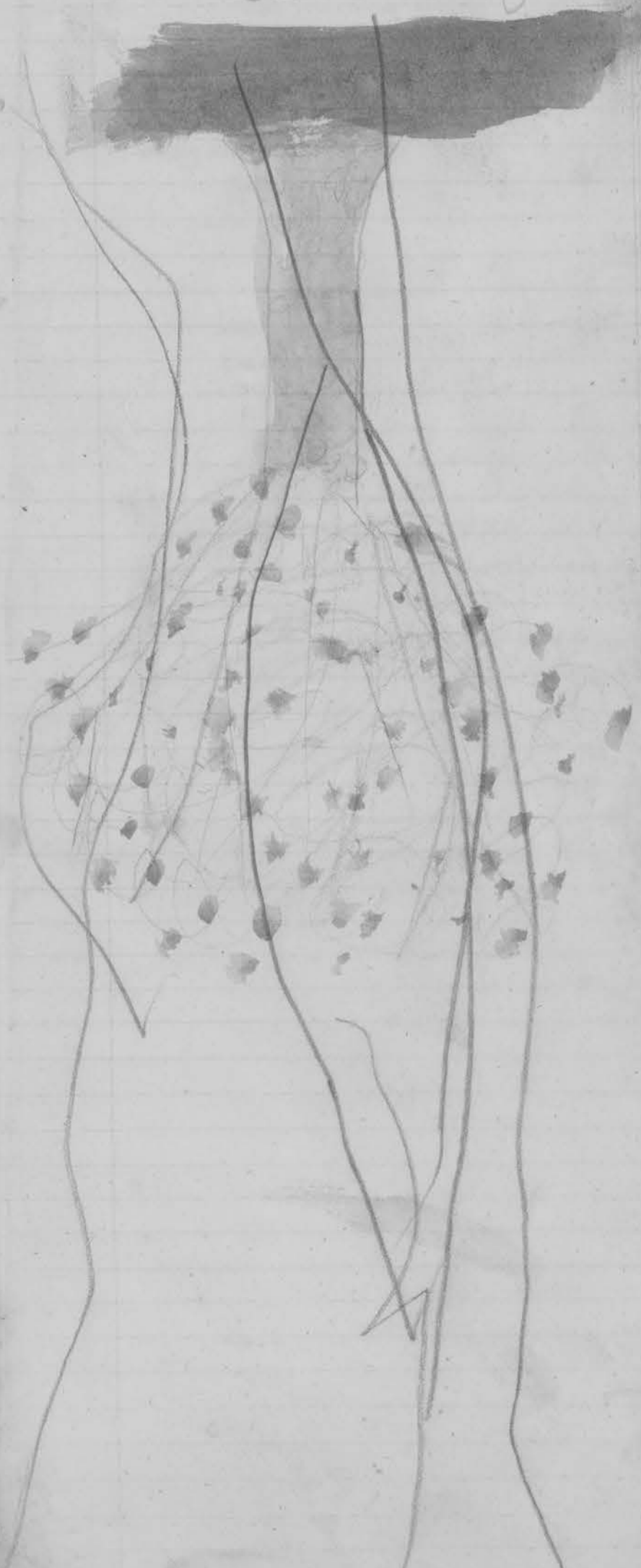
This is a bird -

If some one should ask me the  
 wish in my heart tonight - what  
 would it be - I know -

M. Agnes Hart -

Tuesday Dec 18<sup>th</sup> 1900.

77  
 1881  
 1881  
 July 13 1881





Merrill Hart Lovelace  
August 7, 1942, 11 1/2 yrs.

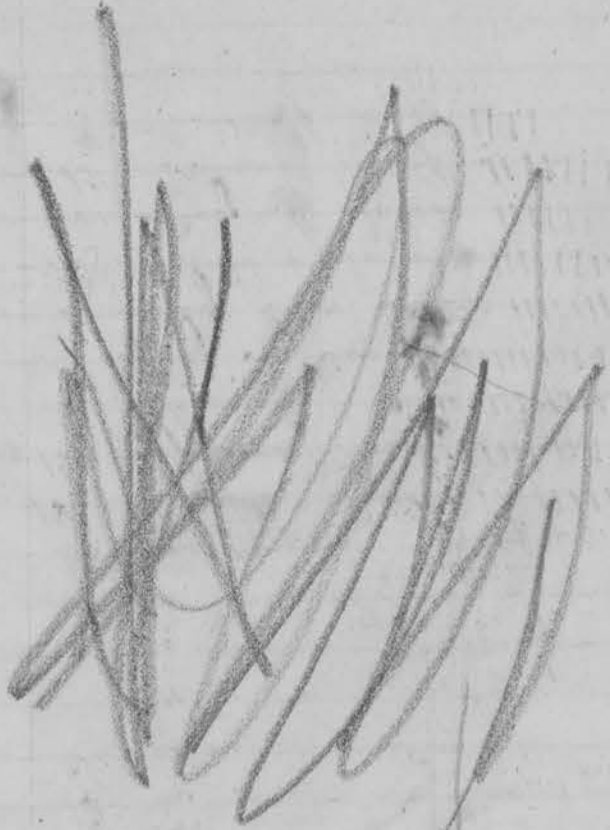
a beautiful day, but  
hot. This is the first  
time I've seen the  
old account book,  
107 yrs old, now it's  
practically falling  
apart  
He should copy  
some of the best  
things

~~Green~~

107 1/2 yrs  
Lovelace

The bird sings on the tree happily.

The image shows two staves of handwritten musical notation. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of several notes, some with stems and flags, and a final note with a fermata. The bottom staff continues the melody with similar notation. The lyrics 'The bird sings on the tree happily.' are written in cursive between the two staves.





June 4 - 1861

Egg

I have butter of Mrs Garrison

I have 1 pound @ a quarter - 15 cts

2 pounds June 8 - 1861

1 pound June 20

50

8

Monday went to Mrs Garrison  
got 2 1/2 lb of flour

58  
60  
40  
1 00  
7 00  
2 00

Butter

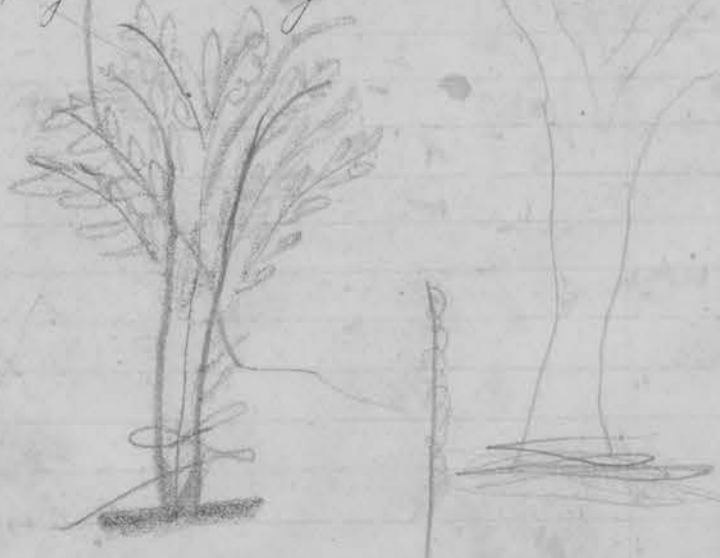
M R R R R

Spring

Spring is coming Spring is coming  
With lilies beautiful buds and flowers  
And the merry gladsome sunshine  
I long for those pleasant hours

And as I wander far away,  
Among the leaves and bowers  
And listen to the songs of birds  
I long for those pleasant hours

How lovely is the verdant earth  
In springtime sunny hours



Mrs Garrison had 5 lbs of butter  
1 half pound coffee  
5 pounds of salt

I had 1 pound @ quarter - 15 cts per lb  
I had 2 pounds - 15 cts  
I had 1 pound the 20 of June - 12 cents lb  
I had 1 pound the 17 of June - 12 cents lb  
I had 1 pound 30 of June - 12 cents lb  
I had 1 pound the 5 of July - 12 cents

15  
15  
15  
12  
12  
12  
12  
12  
50  
48  
05  
10  
9  
11 0

15  
15  
12  
12  
12  
12  
12  
12  
12  
12

What is there so charming as to wander  
far away on a bright summer day in the  
bright green woods under the shade of some  
loft oak and listen to the warbling notes  
of the birds the soft cooing of the dove  
and the chatter of the squirrel as he  
leaps from bough to bough and the bark  
scatters far and wide in the distance among  
the clouds until lost to view and  
we seem lost in wonder at the great  
expansiveness of creation we lost in deep  
meditation until night folds her visible  
curtain around us and the stars come  
winking one by one above our heads  
and the sun has sunk to rest  
beneath the western horizon

S. B. Palmer

Miss Matt. J. Bryant  
Croy Ferry Cape Cod  
Sudbury

My father

first week washed 10 cts worth

The wife to her husband

As in one beam of light  
The rainbow colors glide  
So all things noble pure and bright  
Within thy breast abide

When sorrows and alarms  
Would drive me to despair  
Oh fold me in thy tender arms  
Oh give me shelter there

There let the tempest break  
There let the world revile  
Let every other friend forsake  
I can look up and smile

And when that manly brow  
Shall pale with grief and pain  
Oh thou wilt find thy bride now  
Was never breathed in vain

Close to thy side I'll cling  
Whatever fate be thine  
No bitter woes thy heart shall bring  
That can be spent on mine

Sublime is woman's truth  
And holy woman's trust  
They wear the freshness of their youth  
Through all life's toil and dust

Kitty

Who, that has ever seen a storm, such as are  
unfrequent on our coast, to see the stately Bark  
in all her pride, with her rich treasures broken asunder  
& exposing her contents to the foaming billow or the  
rugged shore, & busied beneath the waves, the crew  
thereof, or dashing their bodies with fury against the  
rugged rocks, & thus destroying their beautiful visage  
& mangling their forms; so their friends cannot look  
on them but with inexpressible anguish;  
Can be a mere idle uninterested spectator! No one  
that has ever witnessed the here to be seen, but  
must have had feelings indescribable. Such scenes  
have more than once, been witnessed by one, whose  
sympathy & feelings have only found vent, by  
prayer, & tears. Think how many wives are left  
widows, how many parents to part with their  
children & the widow with her only son, her sole  
dependance, for the comforts of life. Pause, reader,  
& reflect for a moment, that if our lot is not  
like the one described, we shall soon be called  
to pass through the storm of death, & if our hope  
is not Jesus, if our name is not enrolled in  
the Lamb's book of life, if Jesus is not in souls  
the hope of glory; our case is more awful than  
we can possibly imagine. What, to be banished  
from God's love, & that too, forever?

Reader, pause & reflect for one moment before  
you venture on in sin. seek Jesus now; have  
his love in your souls now; have his spirit  
witnessing with yours now that you are  
the children of God: Then when the storm of  
death has come & we are called to bid adieu to  
earth & friends, we may have the assurance  
that we shall survive the wreck of nature.  
And when the sea gives up its dead, & death  
& hell give up their dead; that we may be forever  
with the Lord, & join that company which is before  
his throne, & cease not day nor night, saying  
Holy, Holy, Holy, is he that was & is & is to come.

St. J. Shaw

I give a name with water  
I baptize and pronounce  
I baptize them in the name  
That leads me to the Lamb

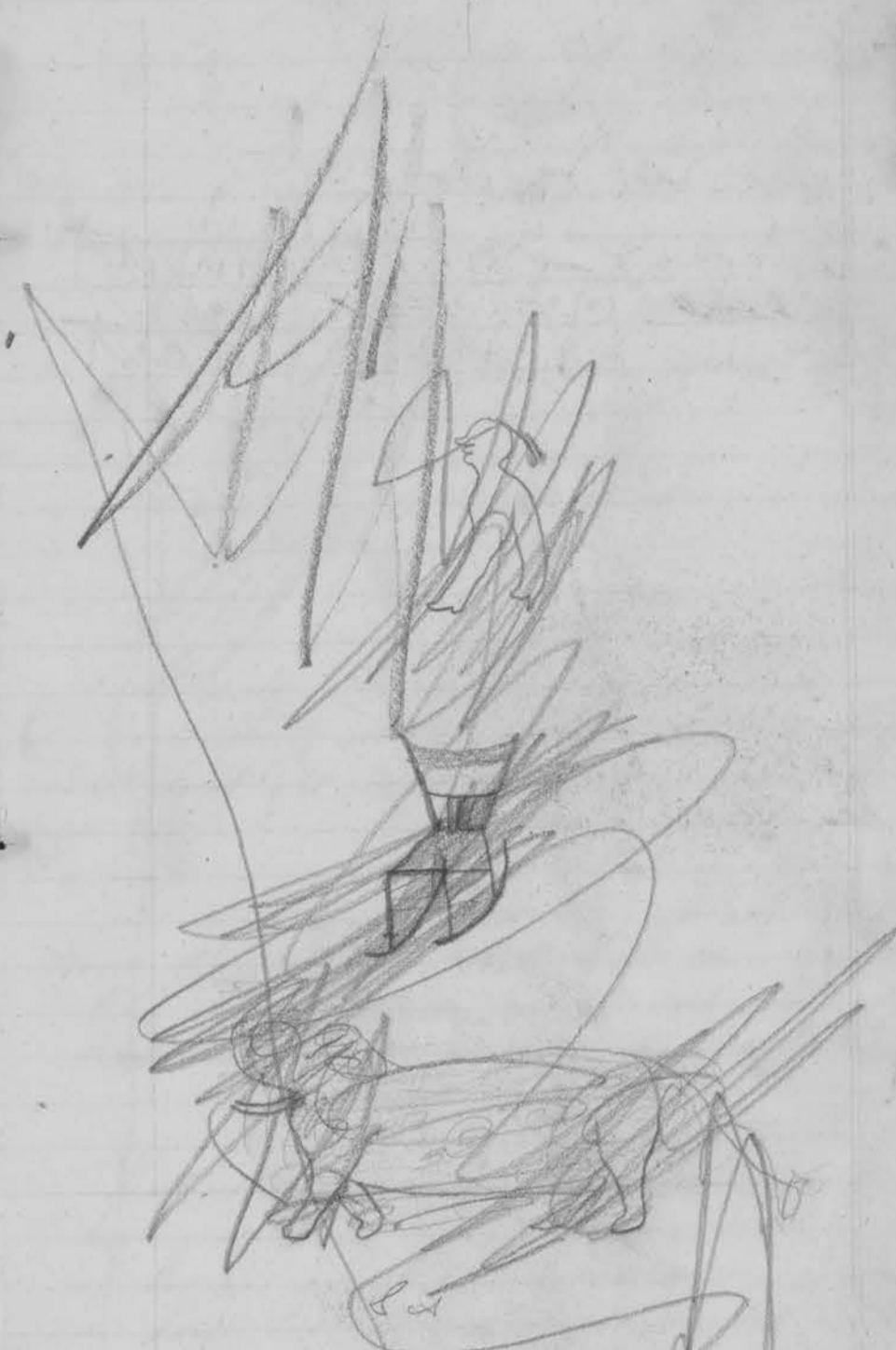
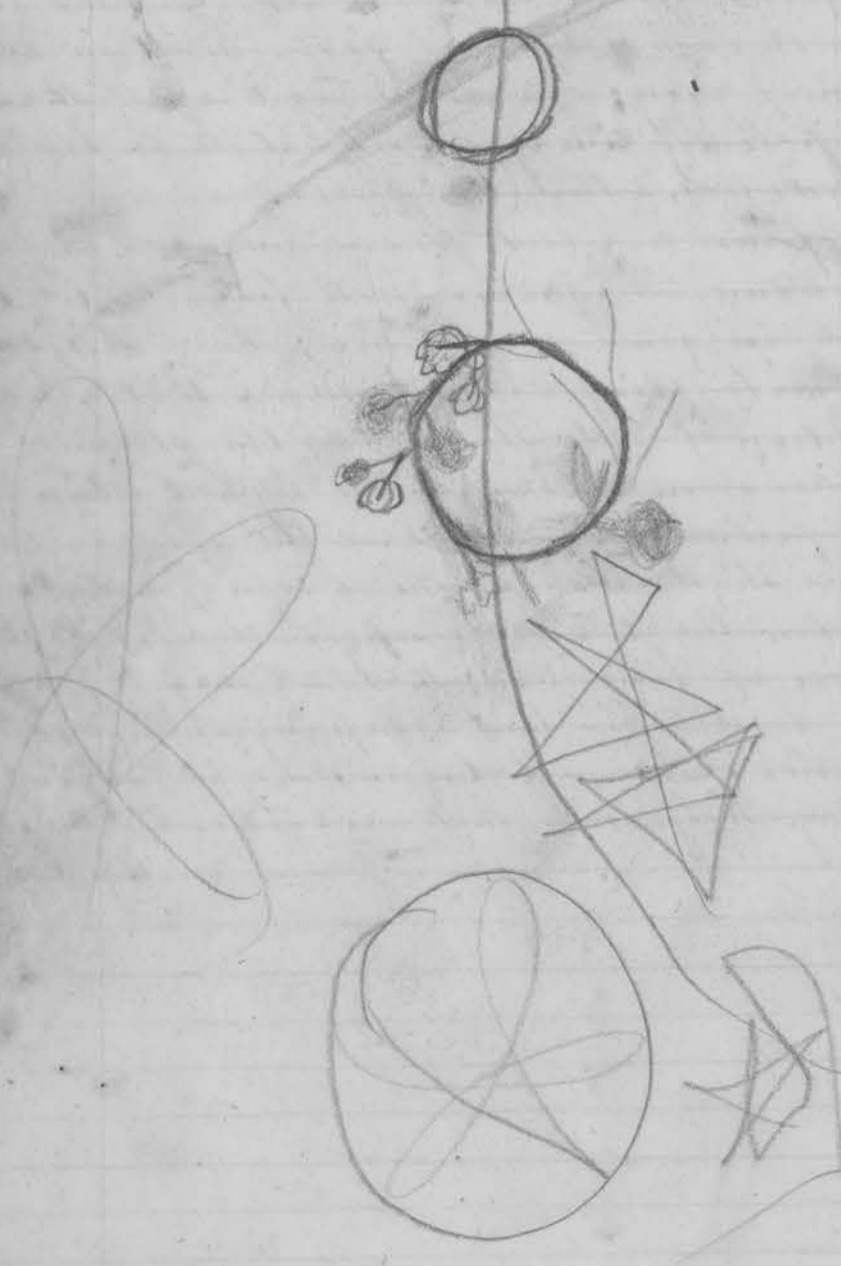
Thou shalt not be done with God  
Calvary and scene my

Night

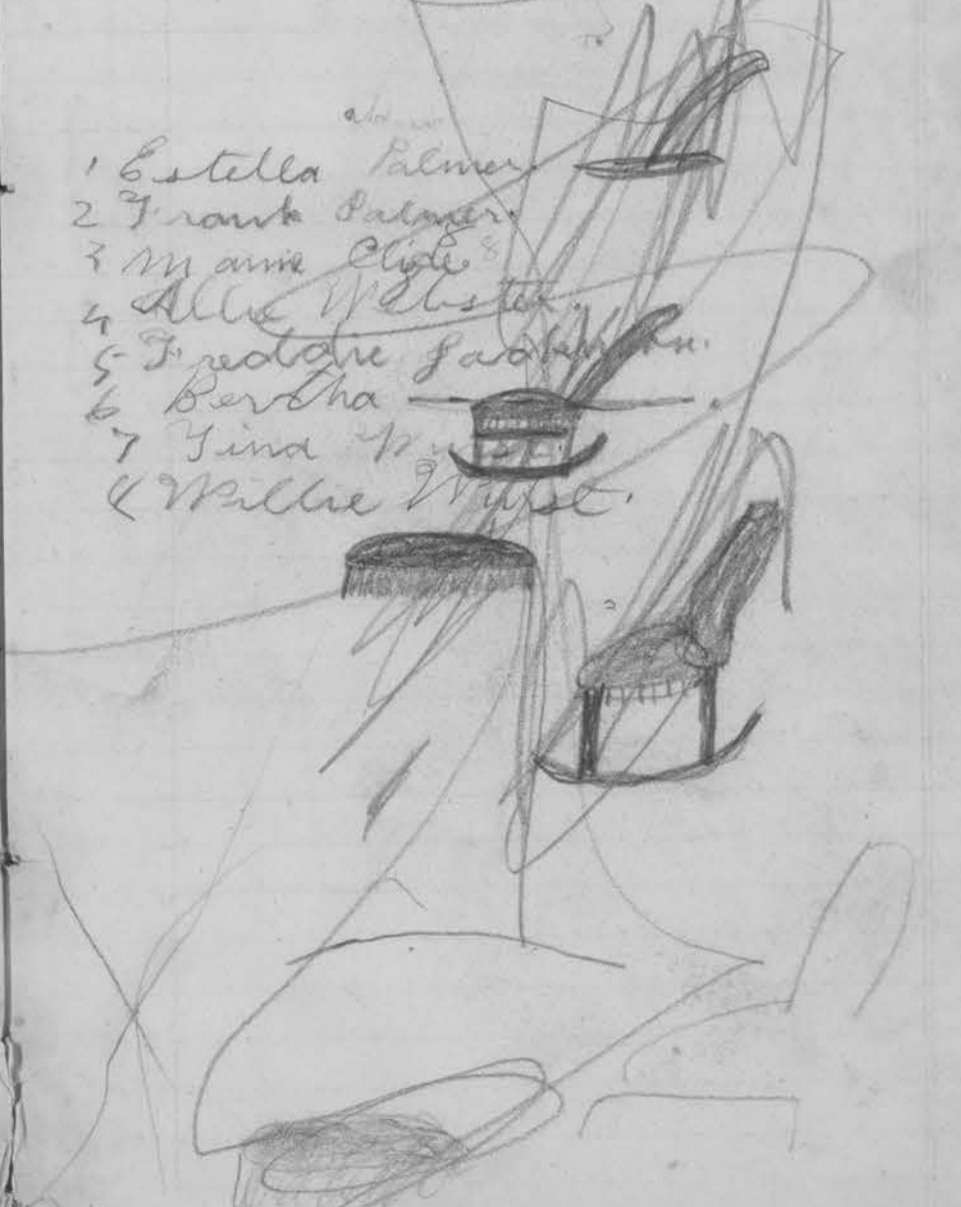
The bells

It is night the stars are shining  
very beautifully from their quiet place in  
the sky. The moon has arisen and is  
shedding her silvery light over sea and  
land. Everything is quiet save the  
howl of the wretched dog or the  
twitter of the same lonely night-  
bird. The weary laborer has  
turned his steps homeward thinking  
no doubt of the cheerful fireside  
where he has spent so many happy  
hours and the ready waiting supper  
table else of his loving wife  
who is always ready to sympathize  
with him in long trouble, she is  
waiting to receive him with words of  
love to cheer him.

Note



- 1 Estella Palmer
- 2 Frank Palmer
- 3 Marie Elise
- 4 Alice Webster
- 5 Frederic Jackson
- 6 Bertha
- 7 Tina
- 8 Willie



Laura H. is here  
she is in her night  
~~gown~~ gown.  
Helen Hart

People will talk.

We may get through the world  
But it'll be very slow

If we listen to all that is said as we go  
We'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew  
For meddling tongues must have something to do  
Chorus

People must talk.  
People must talk.

Oh yes they must talk you know.  
Oh yes they must talk you know.

If a man is upright and fair as the day  
They will call him a rogue in a shy sneaking way  
He is that in sheep's clothing or else he is a fox  
But don't get excited keep perfectly cool  
Chorus

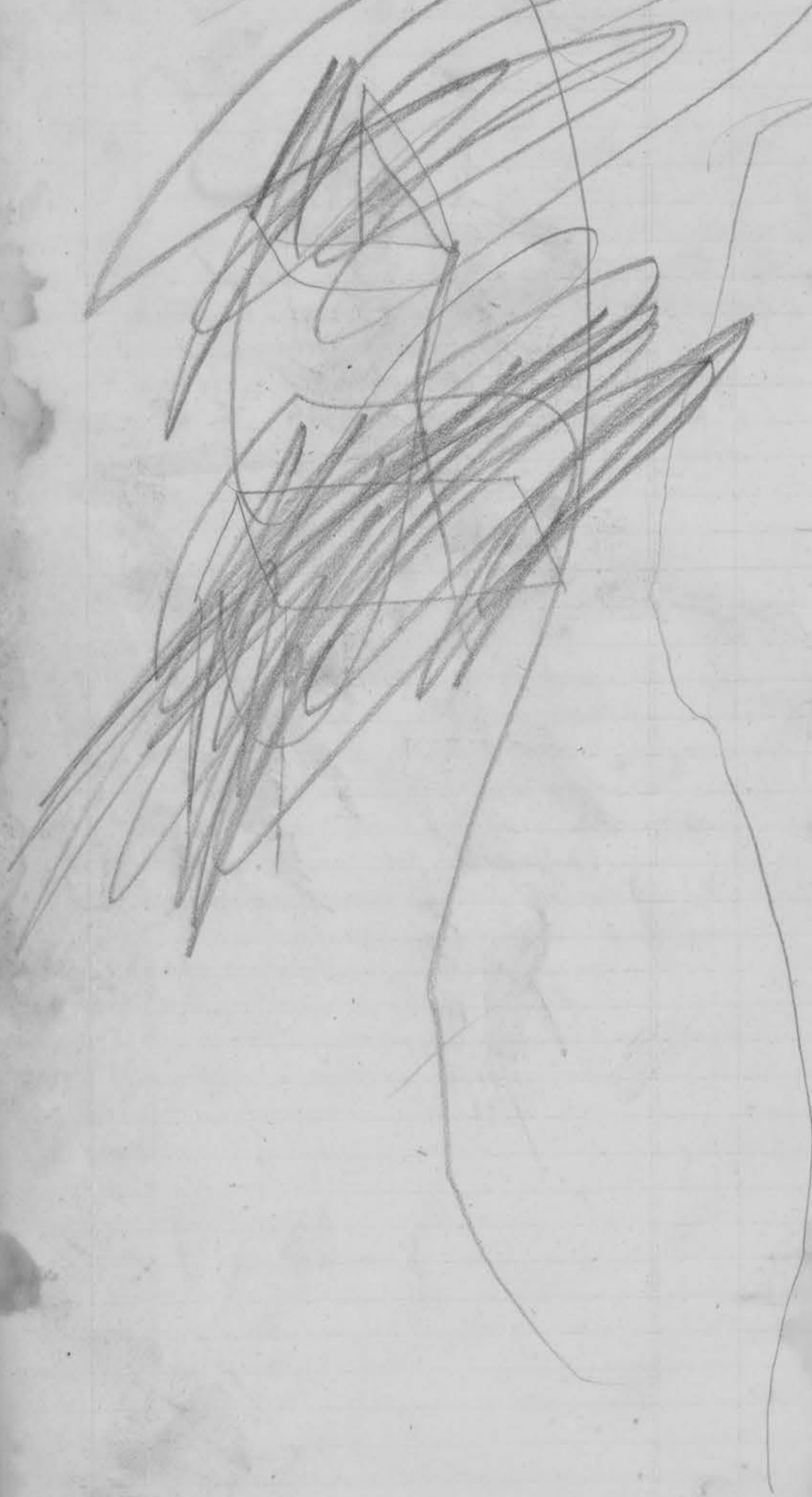
If a fellow by chance to look at a girl  
How the gossips will talk and their scandalous  
They can pass his wants and talk of his misdeeds  
And declare he's engaged to a miss in haste  
Chorus

But the best way to do is to do as you please  
And your mind if you have one will then be at ease  
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse  
But don't try to stop them it ain't our use  
Chorus

Sella M. Palmer 9

Many to like  
that ~~good~~ girl I made friend  
friendship with when I  
first reached ~~at~~ this place  
~~has~~ has ~~now~~ gone ~~to~~ to  
~~the~~ ~~to~~ ~~live~~ and  
~~live~~ there I

~~Stella~~ Stella  
Palmer



The hills

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

Stella Palmer

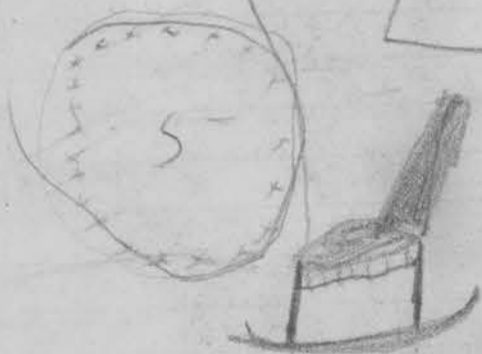
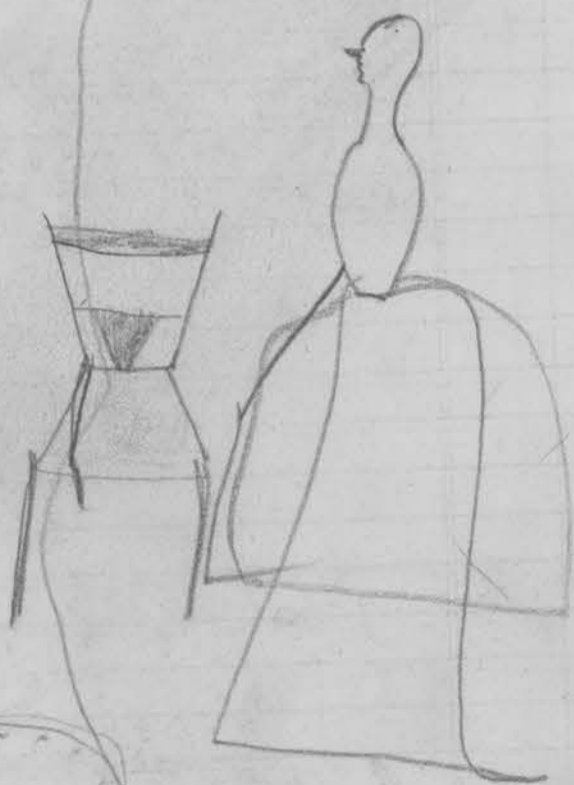
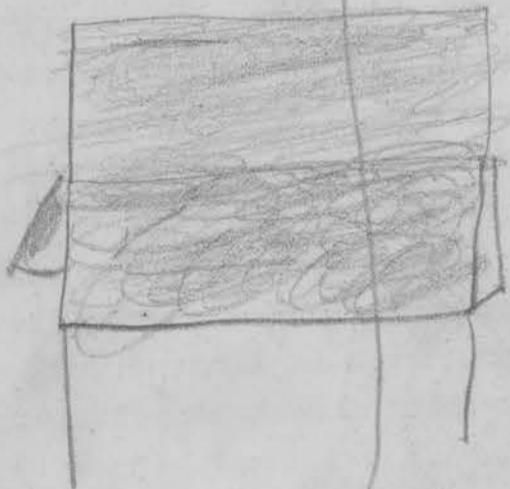
(Estella Palmer)  
12 years old

Day after the  
morning

Stella Palmer,  
Frank Palmer,  
my mother Mrs C H Austin,  
Charles Austin.

Papa is reading  
Mamma is getting  
~~her~~ breakfast

Stella Palmer



Stella Palmer



I wish

My brother I wish is for  
~~very~~ very gone to the  
normal school they say

8  
Stella Palmer



8  
Stella Palmer



Songs  
Soldiers Dream

Our bugles sang truce for the night clouds had <sup>lowly</sup>  
 And the sentinel star set their watch in the sky  
 While thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered  
 The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

While reposing at night on my pallet of straw  
 By the wolf's crier's fogote that guarded the plain  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

methought from the battlefields dreadful array  
 For I had roamed on the desolate track  
 'Twas Autumn and summer arose on the way  
 To the cot of my father's who welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft,  
 In life's morning march when my bosom was young  
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft.  
 And I knew the sweet strains that the corncripers sang.

Then <sup>pledged</sup> ~~pledged~~ me the wine cup & fondly I swore  
 From my home to my weeping friends never to part.  
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

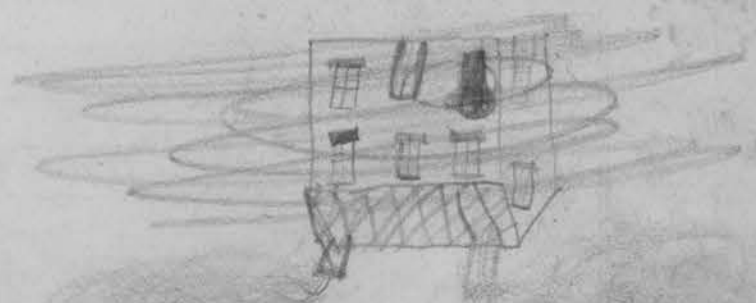
O stay with us, rest; thou art weary and worn,  
 And glad was the war-torn soldier to stay  
 But sorrow returned at the dawning of morn  
 And the voice of my dreaming ear melted away

S B Palmer

I think composed by S. B. Palmer

my father. Stella Hart

2 dist.  
 He had only  
 one child, Henry  
 who was back ground  
 of all the present  
 1874



Mr. Clay

Mr. Clay



Mrs. Nancy Clay

Miss Nancy





Miss Stella Palmer.

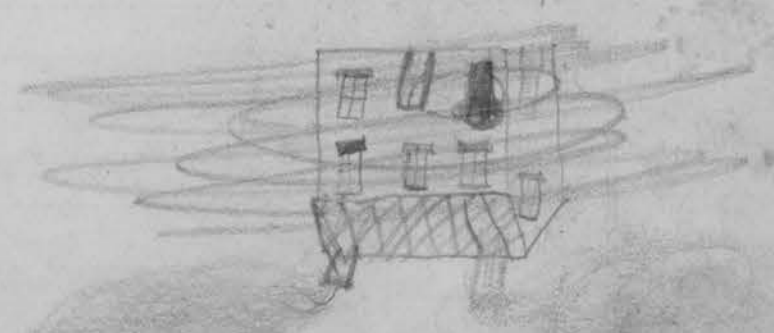
Twoda School-house

July 9/1884

46 Pupils.

Of, in all my life, these will be one moment, happier than another, it will be just two weeks from day after tomorrow.

- |   |         |                   |
|---|---------|-------------------|
| 1 | Class - | Add.              |
| 2 | "       | Mul.              |
| 3 | "       | Division.         |
| 4 | "       | Fractions         |
| 5 | "       | Compound No.      |
| 6 | "       | Mul. Compound no. |
| 7 | "       | Partial Payments. |

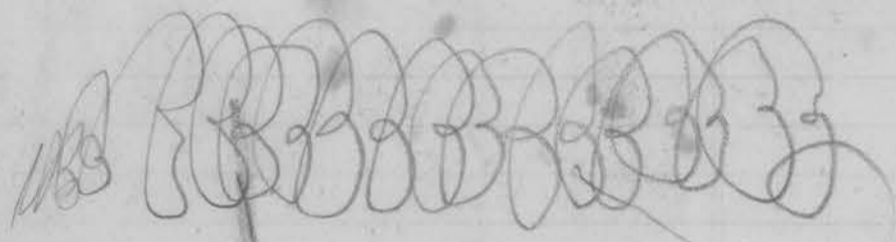


4 yds  $\frac{1}{2}$  ...  
3  $\frac{1}{2}$  ...

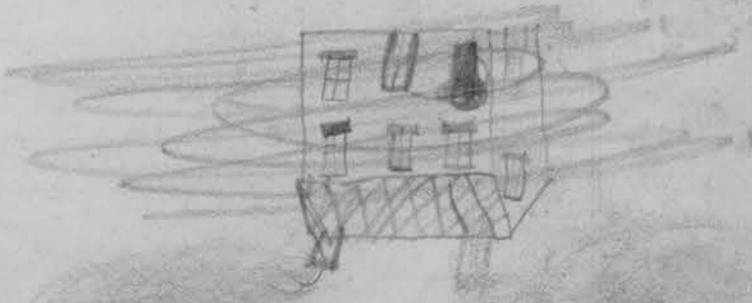


I LOVE XOW

FRANK  
ZIT



Bar



~~But the~~ ~~to~~ ~~Da~~

My Father

He has gone to the land of radiant radiant light  
Where is everlasting peace, joy, and delight

While their voices to their God they raise  
In ceaseless songs of endless praise!

His body is laid in the ground  
His spirit <sup>soared</sup> to the world above  
Where saints and angels the throne surround  
To sing praises of never dying love.

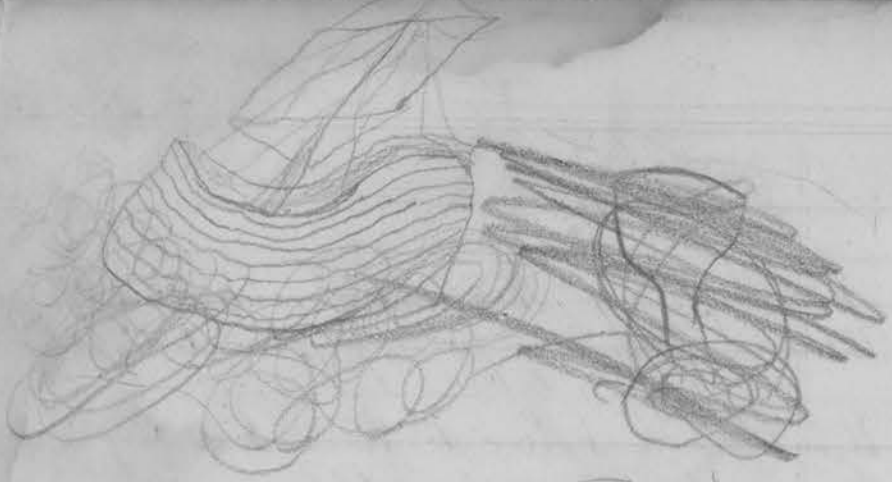
Glad was he when the hour should come  
That angels should beckon his spirit away  
And when at last the hour it came  
He shouted glory to God the most High.

Glad was he when the hour arrived  
That he should meet those that had gone  
Before to that ~~the~~ world where he should <sup>be</sup> received  
And welcomed as his everlasting home

Oh! has he gone and will he never return  
Has he left this lone vale of tears  
Yes he has gone and the way I must learn  
Which will cast away all of my fears

I must not weep for my departed friend  
Although but few of us remain  
It seems as if my heart it would rend  
My loss is his eternal gain.

she  
died at age 18 yrs - Maria  
beautiful + talented -



Goblet



~~Agony A~~

3

5

Dear Bertha I wish

I could see you

(I remember the mother and son. who talking and  
I tried to record an conversation to #6)

let me see

about eight

It is so easy with me

They dont know what ~~they~~

nono well say

I never tried

didn't you

but I tell you

they nearly died

They said the best

There isnt nothing funny

they just yelled

The head of that

those to oh yes and

I cant think.

I couldnt now.

did I speak

yourself.

is that girl did

she can't of that.

oh women

I tell you once

How many liked that

I feel funny

I thought I'd go so often

It is a shame.

a little hall

barn in me

never have a bit of fear

and then that poet.

but that

she did not care

come again in dreams

I like to sing with her

Christmas.

1.  
Christmas morning,  
dawned so bright!

wakened when the  
sun was light.

stockings red.

Hung by the chimney.

Santa come

The children said.

Jingle jingle jingle.

2.

join you in our

merry chimes.

Thinking of the

Happy times.

Holly red.

to cheer the chimney.

Santa come

The children said

Happy happy happy.

3.

over the hills.

pretty aligh

never never comes

to stay.

what could child does

do with out him.

and what we would

be with out him.

out him out him out him

4.

so years pass

and he is living

thomas bell

are still a ringing

no less in joyas

X-mas to do

for santa claus

would he or of did

santa claus oh santa.

m"

To preserve eggs  
 Eggs will keep good for  
 months prepared as follows - One pint of orange  
 salt & one pint of unslacked lime to a bushel of  
 water keep in a cool place

To make yellow butter in winter  
 Just before the termination of churning put in  
 the milk of eggs it has been kept a secret  
 but its value requires publicity

To preserve milk

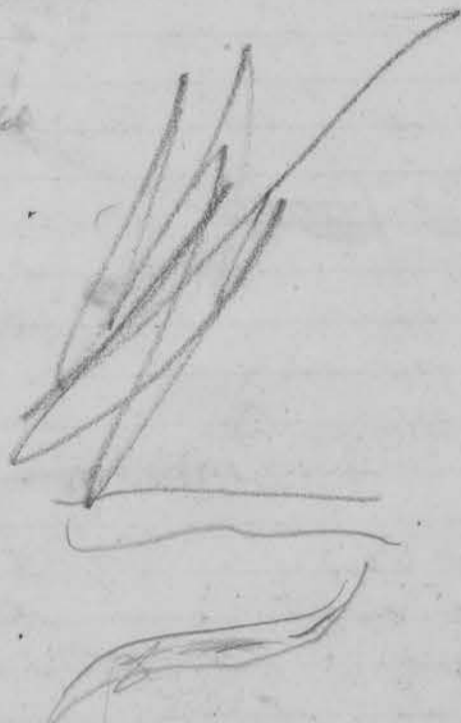
Put a spoonful of horseradish in to a pan  
 of milk & it will remain sweet for several  
 days either in the open air or in a cellar  
 while other milk will sour

729  
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no world



November 12 1850  
 I got a letter at New York & worth \$2  
 Frank.  
 Mark.  
 My letter of Frank is for a very good  
 to the mind shall they say in  
 the number Allen Co.



Prayer to God.

Almighty Father, God divine!  
Thy mercy I implore;  
Oh, change this stubborn heart of mine,  
And make me love Thee more.

Dear Lord, I would on Thee depend,  
Devote myself to Thee;  
From shore to shore thy praises send,  
And o'er the distant sea.

Yet while my heart would be Thine,  
And worship Thee alone,  
I find, I still to sin incline;  
I feel I am undone.

To Thee I turn, in deep distress,  
My heart overwhelmed with grief,  
My soul with many sins oppressed;  
"Wilt Thou not grant relief?"

"Wilt Thou not lend a listening ear,  
And bid my troubles cease?  
Thy pardoning voice I fain would hear,  
"Laughter, depart in peace."

Probably written by

S. B. Palmer -

Maad - No, not  
part 1. 12. Could  
be Maria?

cannot

cannot

Discontented Thoughts.

Give me not what I ask, but what is good,  
Merciful Saviour, unto Thee I look,  
O, teach me these repining thoughts to brook.  
I know I were not happier, though endured  
"With all on which my unbridled longings brood  
The joy to me hath ever been a gale,  
Which like some demon filling the glad sail,  
"Wanted awhile on summer seas, I would  
To tempt o'er hidden shoals. Make me thine own,  
And take me; of myself I am afraid,  
O, take me from myself; O, take away  
"Whatever of self is in me; and, I pray,  
Give me on what my spirit may be stayed,  
And that I know full well is but Thyself alone."

From I pray cross have taken  
All I leave and follow Thee  
Staked poor despised forsaken  
Thou from hence my all shall be  
Perished every fond ambition  
All I have sought or hoped or known  
Yet how rich is my condition  
God and Heaven are all my own

So then earthly fame and treasure  
Come disaster scorn and pain  
In Thy service pain is pleasure  
"With Thy favour loss is gain  
I have called Thee Alpha Father  
I have set my heart on Thee  
Storms may howl and clouds may gather  
All must work for good to me.

1 William

21

Secros Carrington

Sol's

St. S. Joseph's  
S. 1. 2.  
Compt

Earth is no Home for me!

Earth is no home for me,  
I read it everywhere;  
There's not a single thing I see  
But tells me death is there.

The little flowers look in my face,  
In their mute language saying:  
Behold upon our petals gay  
The flush of death is playing.

The little brook that's murmuring on,  
To find some place of rest,  
Tells me in its sorrowing tones  
That I a home shall find in death.

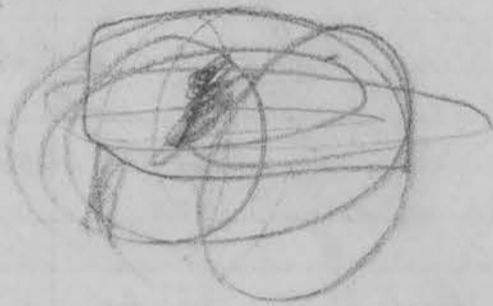
The rainbow with its splendid hues,  
That glowing fabric fair,  
While softly stealing from my view,  
Proclaims the tyrants fingers there.

The wind that heaves a passing sigh,  
While day and eve are blending  
Seems like the breath of some spirit nigh  
Breathing death's dark mournful warning.

And the stars look out from their azure dome  
And beckon me away,  
They tell me earth is not my home,  
And I no longer wish to stay.

Written by Maria  
Palmer - who died at  
the age of 18 yrs -  
talented & beautiful

Maria Palmer was my Grandfather's  
Sister Palmer's sister.



# Song

O carry me back to my native ~~shore~~ shore  
Where waves surges roar  
Where the billows dash on the rock bound coast  
And moan forever more

I'm pining away in a stranger land  
Beneath a stranger's eye  
O carry me back O carry me home  
O carry me home to die

I sigh in vain for my native hills  
Their sweet and balmy air  
That would waft away from this growthful brow  
Each trace of gloomy care.

I long to breathe <sup>the</sup> air of home  
And gaze on its starry skies  
O carry me back O carry me home  
O carry me home to die

I long to see my mother again  
And hear her sweetly say  
Come weary dove this is thy home  
Then fold thy wings and stay

Would ease my pain to hear her voice  
When death had darkened my brow  
O carry me home O carry me home  
O carry me home to die

Then bury me in a peaceful grave  
Beside the loved and dead  
For the quiet ~~edge~~ <sup>is</sup> the only place  
To rest my weary head.

I can sweetly sleep if you bury <sup>me</sup> there  
Beneath my native hills  
O carry me home O carry me home  
O carry me home to die.

## Hope for the best:

O! why should we ever be dreading  
Moment of parting with pain?  
Though the rose we have cherished be fading,  
Time will bring roses again,  
Though fate our destinies sever—  
Though for a season depart—  
Trusting in Providence ever,  
Still let us hope to the best.

There is a star just above us,  
Shining for happier days:  
There are spirits that love us,  
Beaming beyond the stars rays.

Though for a time we may sever,  
Clasp this deep truth to thy breast,  
Trusting in Providence ever—  
Come what there may—it is best!

## Life

Our life is never at a stand,  
'Tis like a fading flower,  
Death which is ever at hand,  
Comes nearer every hour.

## Death

Did we but in the holy light  
Of truth and goodness rise,  
We might communion hold with God,  
And spirits from the skies.

Poetry  
Thanatopsis.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained & soothed  
By an unfeeling trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Byrant  
1817.

The Stars.

"Ay! there ye roll, emblems sublime  
Of him whose spirit o'er us moves,  
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime  
Still shining on the world he loves.  
No is one scene to mortals given  
That more divides the soul and sod,  
Than yon proud heraldry of heaven,  
Yon burning blazonry of God!

The Leaf.

"It came with spring's soft sun and showers,  
And budding buds and blushing flowers;  
It flourished on the same light stem,  
It drank the same clear dew with them.  
The crimson tints of summer morn,  
That glided o'er, did each adorn,  
The breeze, that whispered light and brief  
To bud or blossom, kiss'd the leaf;  
When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,  
The bud and blossom trembled too.

"But its companions pass'd away,  
And left the leaf to lone decay.  
The gentle gales of spring went by,  
The fruits and flowers of summer die.  
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,  
And winter's breath came cold and still.  
The leaf now yielded to the blast,  
And on the rushing stream was cast.  
Far, far, it glided to the sea,  
And whirl'd and eddied wearily,  
Till suddenly it sank to rest,  
And stumber'd on the ocean's breast.

"Thus life begins - its morning hours,  
Bright as the birthday of the morning flowers,  
Thus passes like the leaves away,

Thanatopsis.  
So live, that when thy summons comes  
To join the innumerable caravan  
That moves to the pale realms of

May your cares all fly away  
Like dew, before the sun,  
And when you're sitting all alone  
Just think of Stell. for fun

Frank is in Winona camping  
with the soldiers.

My Sisters

They were in the  
Of station they are not very well  
Come with the Commission's army and  
In order to make Old Jeff's reach camp.

but through a battle we see  
A soldier's life is not very sweet  
His death is full of bullets and  
In our escape we were very late.

And one went with the "Big Boy"  
To show with three thousand men  
but he did not come back  
and on a small you may be bound.

They were to show us the way  
Old Price along to the sea  
I will do it. But they will  
But not make and be "patent" still.

The kind of signal they sent  
Thinking they would not be  
Can you find passed and golden  
but get they say the "old boy"

Old Price they made him  
With just the night of the "Night" given  
but he did not get to the  
his march it was not very slow.

Trailer and Camp

My Sister  
Alvina Crocker?

In Colima there is a labor with gold  
Fill from there and it flows  
and you can see it  
What leaves around our path of flowers.

My Sister Alvina Crocker

G

Our Soldiers are now at rest  
Their labors and sufferings are all over  
They lay in their garments by treason  
The sharp click of the willow with

Peace be to their memory so sacred and dear  
We remember every kind word and look  
And every smile and pearly tear

986 A B O

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

ABCDEFGHIJK  
ABCDEFGHIJK

ABCDEFGHIJK

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



off my name for with to are  
for the first 188

Our lives are often attended  
with many difficulties - troubles and disappoint-  
ments we meet with every hour - and was  
not for the Christians hope this indeed  
could be a dark world - but we are passing  
through this vale of tears - but a few more  
days of distress a few more temptations  
and besetments of the enemy and we will  
to our rest -

Then we shall see Mount Zion - the  
heavenly Jerusalem - the innumerable  
company of Angels & the spirits of just men  
made perfect - then we will go to the  
Paradise of God wherein we shall see the tree  
of life and eat of its never fading fruits -

When we get there we will have  
Crown & harp with which to praise God and  
we will walk and talk with Him the King  
throughout a never ending eternity -

There we shall not see such things  
as we see in this lower world - viz. sickness -  
sorrow - pain - distress - for they will all have  
passed away - we will go to Abraham & Isaac  
& Jacob & all the prophets - and all  
the men whom God has taken from the  
earth -

There we shall receive the  
comfort of all trials - & have joy for all our  
sorrow - there we shall reap what we have  
sown - the fruits of all our prayers & tears  
& sufferings - in that place we shall enjoy the  
perpetual sight of the Holy one for we shall  
see Him as He is -

There we will serve Him continually  
with praise & thanksgiving - yes Him whom we  
deceived to serve in this world - though with much  
difficulty & on account of the infirmity of the  
flesh -

There we will enjoy the communion of friends  
again - we shall see Father - Mother - brother or  
sister - there we will gladly meet them again  
in the Paradise of God never more to be parted -

There we shall be clothed with glory  
and majesty - Yes and when He shall come with  
sounding trumpet as upon the wings of  
the wind - we will be with him - we will  
see His face - when He shall sit upon the Throne  
of judgment - we will be with him - we will  
hear His voice when He shall pass sentence on all  
workers of iniquity -

Yes - we live lives of devoted  
Christianity - when we come to die - a shining  
escort from the celestial courts will conduct  
us to the Paradise of God -

There is all the heavenly host

St. S. B. Palmer

The infuriated billows are dashed  
vehemently & throwing with  
cruelty the spray - and bidding  
defiance to my soul to with-stand  
violent pressure - But with the rock  
Christ Jesus for my foundation - and  
the arm of my Saviour to confidentially  
lean upon - and with the rock hope  
of a peaceful home in Heaven for  
and ever - I can exclaim Blessed  
the Lord - Glory be to His name.

that I, a weak sinful creature  
am accounted worthy to suffer trials  
and afflictions -

O Father in Heaven, Give me grace  
sufficient for all that I may be  
called to pass through, And  
I ever look to Thee as my Counselor

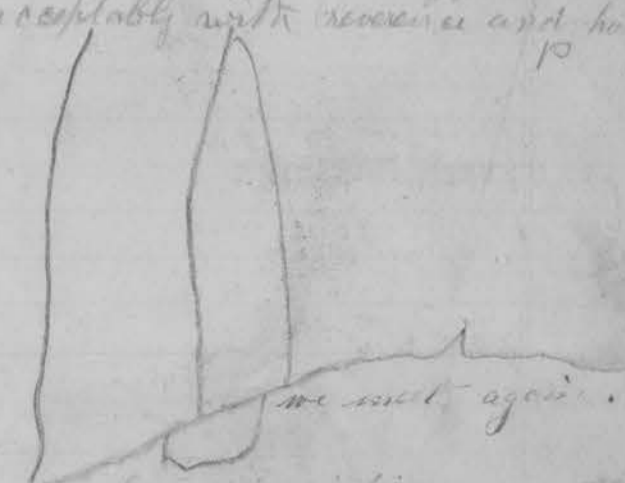
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July 11  
1866

shout & sing "Blessed are they that are called  
to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb - For if we  
are faithful we can enter the joys of our Lord  
we can sing - blessing - glory - honor - & power  
be to Him that sitteth upon the throne &  
to the Lamb forever and ever -

What tongue or pen can  
describe the glories of the upper world -  
who in view of the smazing glories of Christ's  
Kingdom would not be a Christian -  
Let us make an unwearied effort - to  
serve God acceptably with reverence and holy  
fear



When the evening breeze is sighing  
Mourning songs  
Or when autumn leaves are falling  
Sodly breathes the song  
O in dreams I see the lying  
On the battle plain  
Lonely wounded ever dying  
Waiting but in vain  
I know

passed the din of battle  
let you should fall  
away from those who love you

Mother, thou hast been called away  
 Thy lovely face no more I'll see.  
 But yet wherever I stray  
 I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee when sunset's glow  
 Is crimsoning in the west,  
 When all is peaceful here below,  
 And thou among the best.

I'll think of thee at eve's calm hour,  
 For then you used to say,  
 "My children dear, be quiet now,  
 You know tis time to pray."

I'll think of thee at eve and night,  
 And wish your voice to hear,  
 But near again on earth shall I see  
 Thy face, my Mother dear.

I'll think of thee when morning's light  
 So gently does appear,  
 'Tis then that nature smiles so bright,  
 For thou art sometimes near.

I'll think of thee my Mother dear  
 Wherever I may be  
 If on the land or on the sea  
 I'll think of thee.

S. B. Palmer

Clean N. Y. 1854

	1884	39	1884
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again have the  
 light? there are many places  
 by the Paradise of God never  
 There he shall be clothed with glory  
 and majesty - for and when he shall come with  
 sounding trumpet as upon the wings of  
 the wind - he will be with him - and will  
~~be his~~ when they shall sit upon the throne  
 of judgment - we will be with him - we will  
 hear his voice when he shall pass sentence on all  
 workers of iniquity  
 Yes - we live lives of devoted  
 Christians - when we come to die - a shining  
 crown from the celestial courts will crown  
 us to the Paradise of God -  
 Then will the heavenly host

Heart of the Spring

Song

was Nitta

Soft ~~as~~ the mountain  
 Lingerings fall the southern moon  
 Far and the mountain  
 Breaks the day too soon  
 I thy dash the splendor  
 When the warm light loves to dwell  
 Heavy folds of tender  
 Speak this first farewell

Chorus

Nitta war Nitta

Ask thy soul if we should part  
 Nitta war Nitta for thou our heart

When in life's evening  
 Moons like these shall shine again  
 And daylight is beaming  
 Prove our loves are vain  
 Will thou not relenting  
 For this absent love's pain

When this cruel war is over

Dearest love do you remember  
 When we last did meet  
 When you told me that you loved me  
 Knelling at my feet  
 Oh how proud you stood before me  
 In your suit of blue  
 When you said to me and country was to be

Chorus

Weeping sad and lonely  
 Weeps to face how vain  
 Yet praying when this cruel war  
 Praying that we meet again

When the summer breeze is sighing  
 Mournful songs  
 Or when autumn leaves are falling  
 Sadly breathe the song  
 O in dreams I see the lying  
 On the battle plain  
 Lonely wounded hearts aching  
 Calling but in vain

Chorus

Passed the din of battle  
 If you should call  
 Hearing from those who love you

Mother, thou hast been called away  
Thy lovely face no more I'll see.  
But yet where'er I stray  
I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee when sunset's glow  
Is crimsoning in the west,  
When all is peaceful here below,  
And thou among the blest.

I'll think of thee at eve's calm hour,  
For then you used to say,  
"My children dear, be quiet now,  
You know tis time to pray."

I'll think of thee at eve and night,  
And wish your voice to hear,  
But near again on earth shall I see  
Thy face, my Mother dear.

I'll think of thee when mornings light  
So gently does appear,  
Tis then that nature smiles so bright,  
For thou art sometimes near.

I'll think of thee my Mother dear  
When Chorus

But our country called you darling  
Angels cheer your war  
While our nations some are fighting  
We can only pray  
With strike for God & liberty  
Let all nations see  
As we bear our stern banner  
Emblem of the free!

Chorus  
Written by Miss Hallie Bryant

B  
B

How - get - when Spring

Song

was Nitta

Soft ~~as~~ the fountain  
Lingering falls the southern moon  
Far o'er the mountain  
Breaks the day too soon  
I thy dark ~~is~~ splendour  
When the moon's light loves to dwell  
Heavy ~~is~~ it tender  
Speak this first farewell

Chorus

Nitta war Nitta

Ask thy soul if we should part  
Nitta war Nitta hear thou every heart

When in life's evening  
Moons like these shall shine again  
And daylight's beaming  
Pove and oceans are vain  
Wilt thou not relenting  
For this absent lover sigh  
I thy heart consenting  
To a prayer gone by

Chorus

Words by J. B. Palmer

Mus. by H. Edwards

Copy right secured  
price for sale

Alameda Crocker  
New York N. York  
MSBP  
BP

Two Cher 25. 84

On the mountain top appear  
Up the sacred rugged cliffs  
Where the angels' feet descend  
In the bright sunlight  
Their wings are seen  
And their voices heard  
In the sweetest tones  
Of heaven's choir

Let thy voice be heard  
In the sacred assembly  
Where the friends of truth  
Meet to praise the Lord  
Who has raised the world  
From the dust of sin  
And delivered us  
From every bondage

Engage in the work  
Of the kingdom of God  
For the church and the world  
In the power of the Spirit  
Who has raised us from the dead  
And made us a new creature  
In Christ Jesus

And in the power of the Spirit  
Who has raised us from the dead  
And made us a new creature  
In Christ Jesus

Remembered and true in mind  
A constant friend is hard to find  
And where you find one just and true  
Change not and hold fast to it

Truly Thine  
I. Edward Channing

on the 25th  
subject of the free

Cherms

Written by Miss Hallie Bryant

B  
B

How often  
I see  
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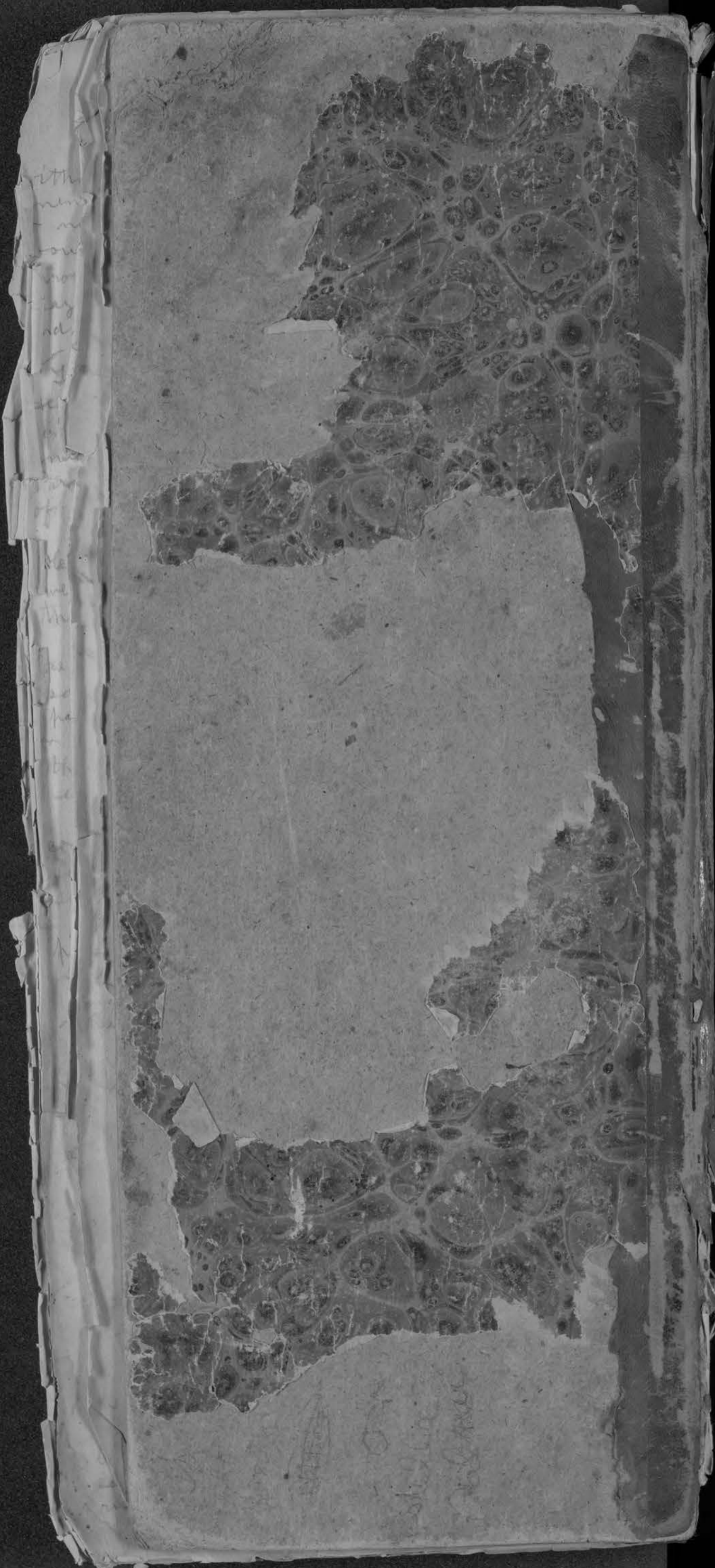
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How often  
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Mr S B Palmer  
Mrs Albertine C Palmer  
Miss Maria Palmer  
Miss Mary L Bryant  
Alfred Crocker  
New Haven Conn  
MSBP  
BP



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