

via  
8

May 11<sup>th</sup> 183

101 M

Mrs. M. Bogart  
Adolphustown  
C. I.

Mrs. M. Bogart  
Adolphustown  
C. I.

5. /

John S. K. ...  
Adolph ...

Sept 6<sup>th</sup>  
1864

64

John S. K. ...  
Adolph ...



7/11 5/11

To Kitty

"See to your book Young Lady let it be  
An index to your life each page be pure  
By Vanity unclouded and by Vice  
Unspotted cheerful be each modest leaf  
Not rude and be each written page  
Without hypocrisy be it devout  
Without moroseness be it serious  
By spirit innocent And of a tear  
Let its clean margin let it drop for those  
Whose wickedness need pity more than hate  
Hate no one hate their Vices not themselves  
Spare many leaves for Charity that flower  
That better than the rose first white bud  
Becomes a woman's bloom There we seek  
And there we find it first Such be your book  
And such Young Lady always may you be "

B Dowling

London March 1861

To Kitty

You asked me dear Sister in thy Album to write  
A token of Friendship may it oft greet thy sight  
May thy pathway be smooth and thy sorrows be few  
And thy future shine forth as a bright golden hue  
And when life's journey here is o'er,  
And we together meet no more  
I trust we shall with spirits blest  
Forever find a peaceful rest  
In Heavenly mansions bright and fair  
May we dear sister meet each other there  
Ethen

Japanee 1879

Kitty

Their sweet remembrance of the just  
shall flourish when they sleep in dust

John W. Leoly

1 Ma

Sophersby



VISIT OF CHARITY.



*Alas*  
Hittie

Kind are your looks your words and ways  
In every action form'd to please  
The fruits of virtue smiles of peace  
The Charms of youth and innocence  
In you they meet most lovely fair  
Each lovely female grace is there

Be wise and know the proper time  
Our young affections to combine  
Give no one Cause for to complain  
And gently Soothe your Lover's pain  
Reward his Toils Mitaten his Care  
Together live for many Years

Newburgh Apr 1861

In Dubbing

what a difficult - nay what an <sup>enormous</sup> enormous  
question it is to be asked to write in an album - I think  
how much more painful still it is to write - I  
have always been in doubt of an intelligent young  
lady - indeed I was never considered a lady's -  
man - It is said that the great Napoleon would  
as soon meet a legion of Russian Cossacks - as to  
encounter the searching sarcastic eye of the  
talented Madame De Staël - The great  
trouble, is, when we undertake to write our  
bits fly away - & hide themselves - I refused to be  
coaxed or driven out - I never envied a  
person any thing but their good sense - or what  
is the next best thing - Their success with the Ladies  
- but we were made - we cannot make ourselves  
- should endeavour to be satisfied with our lot, &  
be very thankful that since it is no better - that it  
is no worse -

- Oh had I bygone thought one hour  
- the moment feel what Couper felt  
- his spirit breathe - that innate power  
- to dwell in me that in them dwelt  
- I do so far away and seek that bower  
- where buds & blooms - pernasian flowers  
- but humbly kneel when they once kneel

- Or could I feel one simple strain  
- That fed the soul of Irish Moore  
- When weeping o'er his Country's fame  
- Like waves returning from the shore  
- Ah then indeed I might exclaim  
- With him - the bard, or do not blame  
- When Evens right he would restore  
- Or could I paint the ruddy rose  
- My pencil draw out perfect bliss  
- Or rich portray a life of woes  
- I mark the blessed path they miss  
- Ah then indeed I might compose  
- But here my life no longer flows  
- I only think & look at theirs  
- The great man's fame I ask it not  
- Nor wish the glare of wealth to buy  
- My soul to keep from stain or blot  
- Nor mental pain to cause a sigh  
- A peaceful mind where ere my lot  
- Some weal or woe no matter what  
- A share of health no drill to the

- Wishing you the comfort & happiness of sincere  
- friends & the gratification of every just desire  
- believe me respectfully yours; March 13-1863 - J. D. Maynes

20  
For Betty

21  
How gently breaks the dew from  
22  
How calm and how serene  
And hushed and still all nature seems  
23  
Beneath the day's first beam

24  
The eastern heavens reveal appear  
And soon the glorified spheres  
25  
Burst forth in majestic array  
And to the day's begin

26  
Now from their nests the little birds  
Come forth with songs of joy  
And one melodious hymn of praise  
27  
Their tuneful throats employ

28  
Thus after death long dreamless sleep  
They are in joy awake  
And sing with angels bliss above

The Songs of Paradise

Emma L. Little

Newburgh April 10<sup>th</sup> 1861

21

*E*

Dear Aunt Kate.

Let your secret thoughts  
be fair.

For each one hath vital share  
In shaping world and moulder-  
ing fate.

God's system is so intricate.

From your loving niece.

Minnie Chard

10th 7. 1891

To Hilty

When in youth we met together  
In times past by and gone  
Some time alone can I see  
The friendship that was formed

by  
Wm. G. D.

Edinburgh 18<sup>th</sup> May 1862

For Kate

Thus artless, now may Heaven's peace,  
And your fond maid approve:  
So may your guiding Angel give  
Whate'er you wish, or love.

So may the rosy-fingered Hours  
Lead on the various year,  
And every joy, which now is yours,  
Extend to larger sphere.

And thus to come, as proud they wish,  
Your golden moments bless.  
With all a tender heart can feel,  
Or lively fancy guess.

Danden

April 4<sup>th</sup> / 61

Pollie



Dr. Miss Bogart

May the roses of affection  
and friendship ever  
bloom in the garden of  
your destiny. & the aus-  
picious star of Bethlehem  
guide you finally home  
to the blissful shores of  
the Paradise of your God.

Dieton.

H. E. Price.

March 24<sup>th</sup>

1863.

— " —

To Kate

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In looking over the numerous testimonials of Affection and Friendship, accorded in this Book, the thought struck me I might add one - altho' unnecessary - having given a more tangible proof of never dying Affection - However my constant prayer is that Heavens choicest blessing may ever rest upon you, and that no matter how your present enjoyments may be here, in the world to come you may have life everlasting -

M. M.

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Elmwood Aug 4<sup>th</sup> 1895-

Dear Kate

Coming to you a stranger  
and receiving such a hearty welcome  
I shall never forget - and the  
pleasant hours I have spent while  
at Elmwood will always be a  
pleasant remembrance to

Mattie Powell

Chicago - 147 North Marshfield Ave

My dear Kit if we never meet again  
on Earth, I hope we may in Heaven  
but we shall will not forget, this  
our first visit with you at Elmwood  
and you will ever be remembered by

Your loving friend

Lottie J. Cornwall

Betty

The world is bright before thee  
No care disturbs thy rest,  
Genius is radiant on thy brow,  
And hopes within thy breast.

May no dark, lowering shadows fall

Upon your path to call their light,  
And may sweet hope the promise break  
At evening time there shall be light

And though our paths through life may part:

Yet still our bosoms may  
By union sweet, heart drain for heart,  
Smell ever fondly as a day.

Phoebe

London April 4<sup>th</sup> 1761.

Your loving daughter  
Lou Weston

Feb 289.

Friday night.

Frank Bogart Bygott

1896

Yours Truly  
John Bogart

Adolphustown  
July 15: 1891

To Kittie.

## Friendship

A wish I here inscribe, dear Kittie,  
that the Friendship formed in early youth  
between us may never be severed. —  
To this end, let us each resolve, to act to  
the best of our ability, as the Divine Spirit  
leads us in the discharge of every duty —  
endeavoring to exercise feelings of love &  
charity to each other — not looking for  
perfection in any one — remembering that  
at best we are fallible — — Friendships  
formed in childhood and thus preserved  
will remain during time, and afterwards,  
with increasing fervor and attachment,  
run parallel with eternity.

"Dow."

March 29<sup>th</sup> 1844.



Frank

Robert

By A

1893

To Kittie

Oh yes so well as tenderly  
Thou art loved adored by one  
Fame fortune wealth and liberty  
Are worthless without thee

Though blessed with blisses <sup>rare</sup> pure and  
Life's cup before me lay  
Unless thy love were mingled there  
I'd spurn the draught away  
Thomas G. C.

Adolphustown 20<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1862

" " " " " "

Dear Friend

Kindness,  
May one by one your deeds of  
One by one your words of Love,  
Fit you for your Home in Heaven,  
& for your Home sweet Home above.

Your friend & well-wisher  
Rezia Way

North Fort March 22<sup>nd</sup> / 44  
~~~~~  
3

For Miss Bogart

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"Round thy path may fairest flowers  
As in amaranthine towers.

Bloom and blossom bright and fair  
Load with sweets the ambient air.

Be thy path with roses strewn  
And thy hours to care unknown

Sorrow cloud thy pathway never.

And happiness be thine forever."

Newburgh April 11<sup>th</sup> 1861

Alf. Straight

"Home sweet Home."

"There is a home of peaceful rest."

"To earthly wanderers given."

"There is a joy for souls distressed."

"A balm for every wounded breast."

"Tis found, - Above - in Heaven."

"There fragrant flowers immortal bloom"

"There light - divine dispels the gloom"

"And joys, supreme are given"

"To those who find their home -"

"In Heaven."

In Cousin Kate. With some best  
Gaspart 6<sup>th</sup> Love  
of August, 64



Home of our Childhood  
and Mother  
Fit

W. H. H. H.

For Kelly

When evening with its happy dreams  
Adown the sky its course doth steer  
And disappeared the sun's bright beams  
And silver stars are shining clear  
When Luna's beams upon the hills  
Throw back their bright and silvery ray  
And leafy woods are hushed and still  
And still the cricket's song doth play  
When hushed the world in balmy sleep  
And wearied nature's bark doth rest  
And you alone are gazing deep  
In the blue arch of heaven's breast  
At such an hour when memory'll roam  
To scenes far back of childish glee  
Of joys that clustered round the home  
Oh then, Dear Kelly, remember me.

Newburgh April 11<sup>th</sup> 1861

Sarah J. Finkle

For Kitty

In thy Album dear Kitty thou hast asked me to write  
And freely my pen muse would gladly indite  
An offering that were at once worthy of thee  
Yet speak to thy heart mementos of me.

But were are the words that could aptly express  
All the warmth of my heart for thy happiness  
The vivid impressions you make on my mind  
Of thy nature so gentle, so tender, and kind.

Thy memory I'll cherish and ne'er will forget  
That I meet thee with pleasure and part with regret  
Oh! may bright ample fortune for thee take wide scope  
And crown with fruition each wish and each hope.

Sarah E. Huff.

Bressy. November 28<sup>th</sup> 1861.



For Kittie

All evens blessings rest upon thee  
For thy heart so kind and true  
For thy smiles and sweet affection  
And thy noble courage too

For the past in all its scenes  
For the present with its joys  
And the future's promised goodness  
Which no doubt or fear alloys

For all of thee it ever knew  
Thy heart gives praise to Heaven  
Its fondest prayers that ere till death  
Thy love may still be given

Georgetown March 12, 1863  
Mother Cogart,

Dear Aunt Kate:—

✓ I think of thee with pleasant grief,  
& all cherished longings find relief  
In heart-wrung drops whose bitter flow  
None, none, not even thou mayest know  
How thickest—thou of me?

Written by your loving niece

W. Hancock

Adolphus town  
June 8<sup>th</sup>, 1882.



Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Engraved by J. G. Kneller

THE ORPHANS GUARD.

Mr. Weston

Dear Sir: Hope you will be pleased  
to receive my letter and I am  
glad to hear you are well and  
hope you will be able to  
write soon. I am very  
truly  
Yours  
C. Weston

London April 11<sup>th</sup> 1841

To Aunt Kittie

We are safer in  
the storm that God sends  
to us than in a calm when  
befriended by the world.

Maud Grimes  
Adolphusdown June 10<sup>th</sup>, 1882.

To Miss Boyart.

In days to come when these pure leaflets wear  
Full many a kindly wish and whispered prayer  
Each richly laden page shon't softly turn,  
And sigh, perchance, around fond memory's urn.  
Fair friendship, then, shall drop a lovely gem,  
Culled from her glistening, golden diadem,  
And smiling too will leave a blossom there,  
So softly gathered from the hearts' parture.

Lulia,

Newburgh. April 11<sup>th</sup> 1861

Dear Kate

When thou art seated <sup>alone</sup> all  
reflecting on the past -  
Remember that you have a friend  
whose friendship long will last

Sincerely

Dec 20<sup>th</sup> 1878

Fellie Hyatt



Dear Sister

Swiftly down lifes flowing In the  
May our vessels safely glide  
May we anchor side by side  
In Heaven

In the wish of your Sister  
Phoebe

Adolphus Town June 8<sup>th</sup> 1888



To Kitty

A name for thy Album  
I wish it shall be  
The heart of the friend  
Unfolded to thee

To render thee lovely  
Art you starray you  
Wreathing the circlet  
Of Fights Master

But may gentle Kitty  
Thy heart's lovely leaf  
Through life be unshaded  
By tracings of grief

Newbury April <sup>the</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> 1861 C. F. Finsdale

To my friend Kate

May your life be a long one, happy  
May you prosper in every way  
To the Irish Combination with spirit  
May happy returns of the day

Alfred Davis  
Napier's Court  
1848

My Wish

Witty! I have every good.

For, true, wished many a time,  
There dwells some wish in <sup>heart,</sup> every  
And doubtless, one in thine.

That wish on some fair future <sup>day,</sup>  
Which fate shall brightly gild  
(No blameless, be it what it may),  
I wish it all fulfilled.

Camden Spitz

<sup>ms.</sup>  
W. Pittie

If wishing was my magic book  
And but to wish would give thee all thou'd ask  
I'd wish thee all that pen or tongue could tell  
In this one wish I wish thee well

Richard

Camden April 1861

Y Aunt Kate

Friendship is not the flower that fades  
Beneath the suns bright glowing ray  
Nor the wreath which beauty braids  
That like all earthly things decay  
No: tis a pure and priceless gem

By some kind angel given

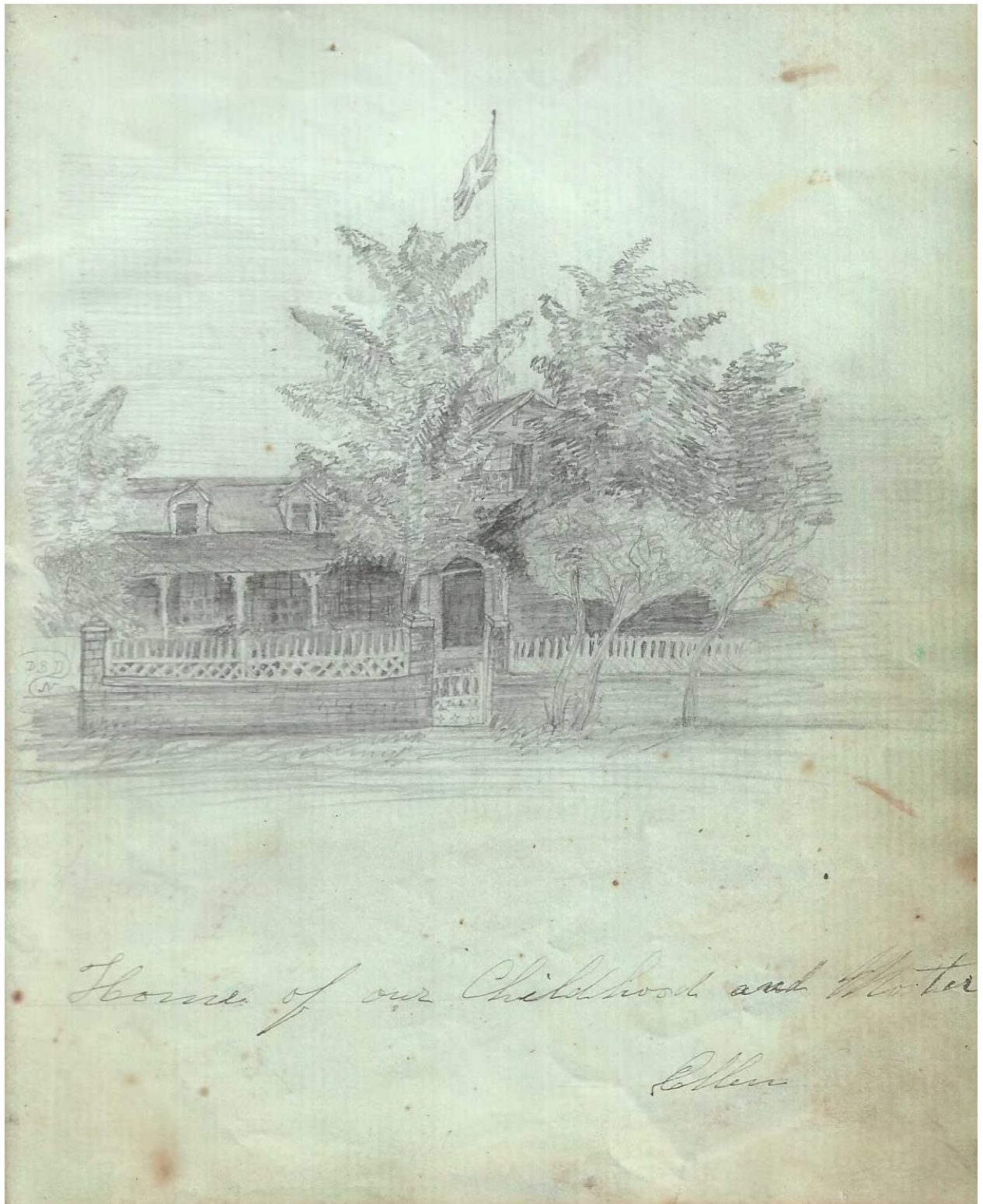
Who took it from his dim domain

Just as he passed the gate of heaven

Yours sincerely

Aggie Bellard

Worcester Aug 15th 1878



Home of our Childhood and Mother

Ellen

To Betty.

Where you are far away Betty  
Will I ever remember me  
And when you gaze upon these lines  
I've written here for thee  
Think on the happy hours we have spent  
Together here below  
And may we meet in heaven above  
Where all is free from woe

Truly  
Thy

To aunt Kate

Thine excellence is of a rare degree:  
Though praised by others tis unknown  
In humble deeds of love and kind  
To those who in earth's riches own a share:  
By acts of mercy all unseen of men:  
By silent victory over pride and sin.  
By faith and hope and charity on earth  
Thou provest to others thy transcendent worth  
Whilst to thyself thy goodness is unknown -  
Though wert a crown and clammets for his own

Oct 30<sup>th</sup>

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Do. Alden. B. Bowling

Shapley  
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Naperville

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Oct 30<sup>th</sup>  
1878

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To Kitty,

To write you my thoughts <sup>S. Davis</sup>  
When I am far away  
And leave you now good night  
To be with you again,

A friend

March 7<sup>th</sup> 1862

What's that which man loves more than  
Hates more than death or mortal strife  
That which contented men desire,  
The poor refuse, the rich require,  
The miser spends, the spendthrift wastes  
And all men carry to their graves.

Nellie Dowling

Napanea  
March 18<sup>th</sup>  
1879



SUNSET  
GERANIUM

Fondly I'm dreaming  
over of thee.

Newburgh

I wish

that your life be just  
wonderful enough to make a beautiful  
contrast  
your friend  
W. G. G.

1907

~~1861~~

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Miss Kate M. Boyer

