



Aquila C Smith.



ALBUM

Augusta G. Smith's

April 1852



Julia Dwyer Gray.  
Ruremont. Sep<sup>r</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> 1844.

To Augusta.

Where friendship's soft hand, is entwining  
Its garlands round memory's tower;  
And oh! may the links it is binding,  
Be cherished through many an hour.

Where fancy's bright pictures are glowing  
In all the attractions of art;  
And love's fairy fingers are throwing  
Their magical chords round the heart.

Where the goddess of hope is bedecking  
The future with visions of joy;  
And fidelity's hand is directing  
To the world where no trials annoy.

Then take the bright garlands they're wreathing,  
And bind them for aye round thy heart;  
They will cherish its noblest feelings,  
And bid each tender passion depart.

When the rose on thy cheek shall be faded,  
And time shall have furrowed thy brow,  
When sorrow's cold hand shall have shaded  
The pleasure which dazzles thee now;

When friends whom thy heart fondly cherished,  
Whom I shared in its joy and its gloom,  
Like the hopes of that heart shall have perished,  
And left thee to weep, over the tomb!

Then turn in that cold cheerless home,  
And linger round memory's tower;  
There shalt thou find each soft trembling flower  
As survived, all the ravages of time.

For Miss S.'s Album.

What write in an Album! How strange it would seem  
to one unaccustomed to prose or to dream!

The command is upon me and so I must try;

Be it ever so silly, so quaint, or so dry.

And now for a subject, O what shall it be?

The pleasures of friendship, or sweet harmony?

The first has been oft and so charmingly sung.

It would only be spoiled by my faltering tongue.

I therefore prefer to write on the latter.

A Johnny cake baked on a large earthen platter.

In happier New England, the land of my birth,

A portion the fairest, the dearest of earth.

Where old father Ceres in glory appears

As he shakes in the blast his rich golden ears,

There, in my boyhood, oft, oft, I remember

When o'er hill and plain, the bleak winds of December

Were sweeping in fury and piling the snow.

What I Love.-

This is a changing world - and its very changes  
make it lovely. Little pleasure can they enjoy, who are ever bewailing the  
mutability of earthly things, and mourning that generation after generation  
does not tread with measured steps in the same beaten track.

I love to read of the antique customs & meagre accommodations  
of our ancestors, but to enjoy the comforts and luxury of this, which,  
despite of grumblers I am determined to regard as a better and wiser  
age.

When spring dissolves the fleecy covering which has long  
enshrouded our mother earth, and she blooms afresh, I love to listen to  
the rapturous notes of the early birds - to inhale the balmy air, and  
gaze on the unchained waters as if rejoicing in their recovered liberty.

I love to welcome the rising sun, while its first glancing rays can  
scarcely chase away the liquid drops, sparkling on blade and leaf.

I love the calmness of the summer evening, when the rustling  
leaf answering to the gentle zephyr, scarcely disturbs the quiet stillness  
which invites to holy meditation; and when the queen of night sits  
proudly on her rolling throne spanning the starry vault, I love in  
such a scene to drink the flowing strains of distant music, and in my  
rapture to forget that care and pain have ought to do with earth.

When spring & summer are in turn vanishing as if I loved them  
not, I love their departure, and hail with joy the coming of the  
succeeding season.

I love the peculiar sensation which autumn  
brings - its ripened fruits - its gorgeous yet mellowed tints - its