

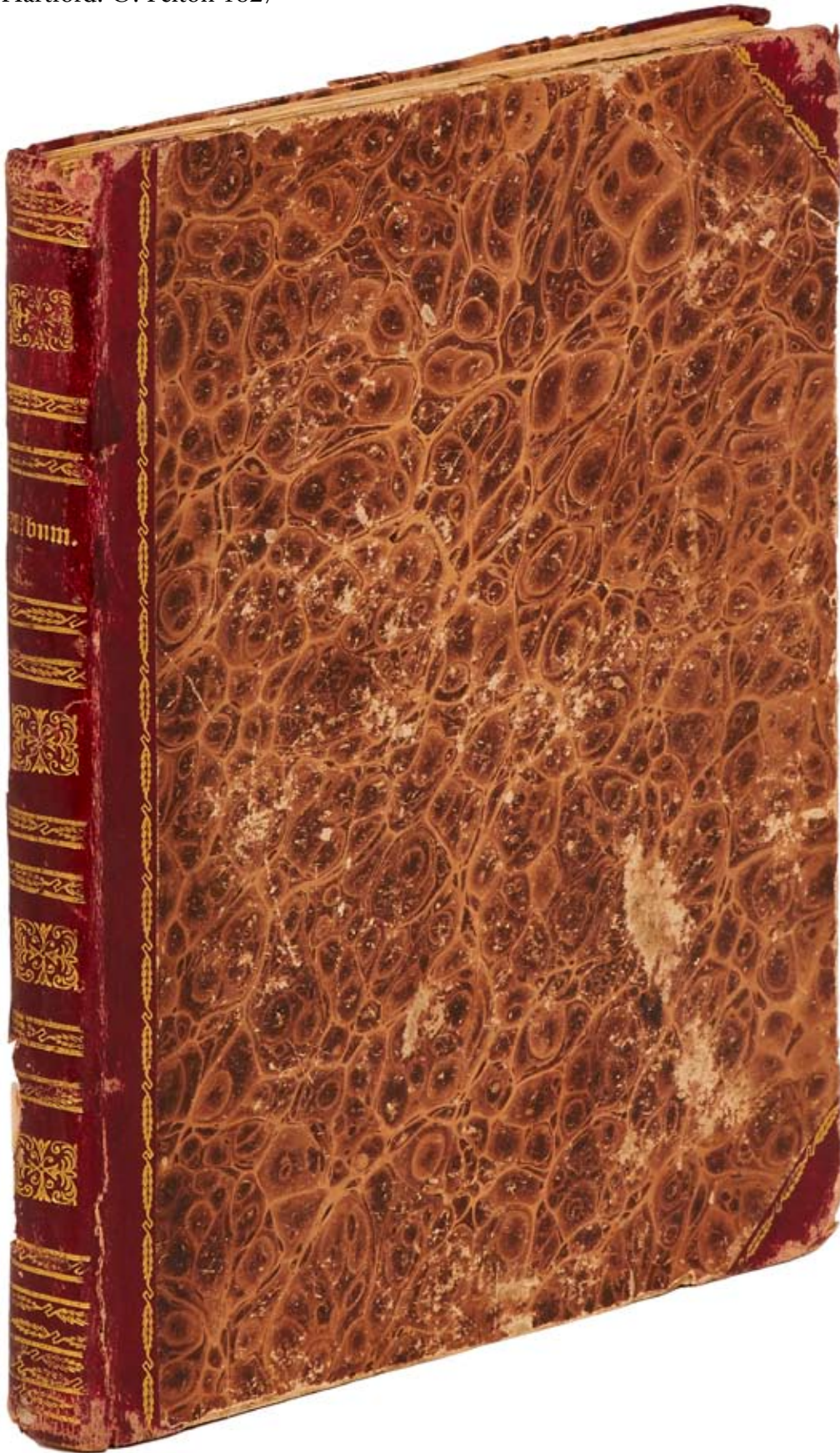
BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

112 Nicholson Rd, Gloucester City, NJ 08030 (856) 456-8008 betweenthecovers.com

Lucretia Hale

The Young Ladies Remembrancer (Memory Album)

Hartford: O. Pelton 1827



Octavo. 126pp. Half red leather and brown marble paper covered boards with title and decorations stamped in gilt, all edges gilt. Good only with cracking on the spine, some wear on the board edges, and loose pages. Within the album are loose poetry clippings and handwritten notes. On the rear pastedown is an old verse letter addressed to Lucretia, with a closed tear, which apparently originally concealed a party invitation underneath.

THE
YOUNG LADY'S
REMEMBRANCE.

"The Sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us — O, and is all forgot?"



BARRETT.

PUBLISHED BY O. PELTON, ENGRAVER

1827.

An autograph album kept by Glastonbury, Connecticut native Lucretia Hale between 1829 and 1832. Written throughout the album are poems, sentiments, and comments from friends all signed, dated, and dedicated to Lucretia. One poem is encircled with a hand colored wreath of flowers. Lucretia begins her book with a poem entitled "A Flower Gathered," which ends, "O come my friends - my booklet is not marked, bring the sweet offerings, I will take them all." One passage written on September 10, 1831, written in beautiful script, reads, "Wit: true wit is like the brilliant stone dug from an Indian mine, which boasts two various powers in one, to cut as well as shine." Just four years later in 1836 Lucretia died at the age of 23 from unknown causes.

A lovely autograph book depicting the life and relationships of a young woman in the 1800s. [BTC#393630]

A Flower Gatherer.

Here is my basket, empty, it is true,
But I have brought it to be filled by you—
Go, search the fields, the gardens and the bowers,
And cull the freshest, sweetest, fairest flowers—
Pluck the wild rose, that every hedge adorns,
But ere you bring it, strip it of its thorns—
The daisy too, that whitens every mead—
The honeysuckle, with its drooping head—
The gaudy tulip, of all flowers the queen—
The fragrant pink—the embowering jessamine—
The modest snowdrop, and not forget,
Dearest of all, the humble violet—
Bind them with woodbine, bath them in the dew,
And when I kiss them, I will think of you—
Come, kind friends—my basket is not small—
Bring the sweet offerings, I will take them all.

Sucretia Hale

Gloucesterbury May the 5th 1829



Wit.

 "True wit is like the brilliant stone

 Dug from the indian mine,

 Which boasts two various powers in one,

 To cut as well as shine."

Genius.

"Genius like that if polish'd right,

 With the same gift abounds,

 Appears at once both keen and bright,

 And sparkles while it wounds."

 D.H. HUBBARD.

 Sept. 10th 1831.

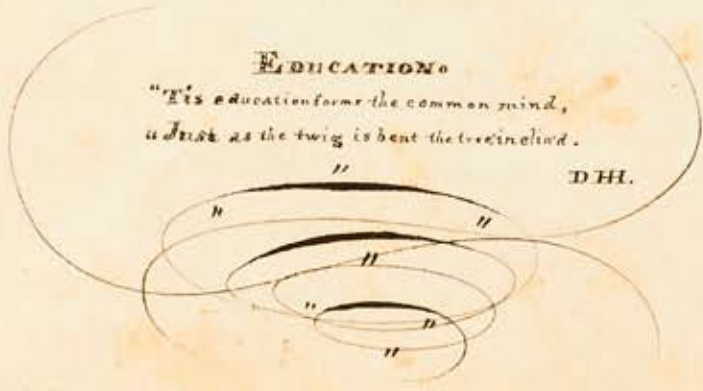


EDUCATION.

 "His education forms the common mind,

 As just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

 D.H.





I saw the flowers cull'd, beheld them wove
By fairy fingers in a blooming wreath;
And she was beautiful, as infant love,
Who plucked them sparkling from the dew-bright heath.
She seemed the blooming goddess of the moon,
As she moved lightly, happily along,
And on the zephyr breeze was gently borne
Her happy, innocent and lark-like song.
The wreath is blighted— as those flowers died,
So died that maiden of angelic brow;
I saw them perish, and I sadly cried
Those plants, that lovely one, where are they now;
And then methought so fasteth all things bright,
As day is banished by the gloom of night. Casket. 1.
Hartford Nov 3^d 1832 M. L. Mason

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Solitude

To love and live for one alone,
From earth's dull trammels free:
To see, no form except that one,
Which most we wish to see
To strive the lonely home to bless
Cheer'd thro' by gratitude,
The heart then feels no loneliness
This is not Solitude

W. B. Brewster

