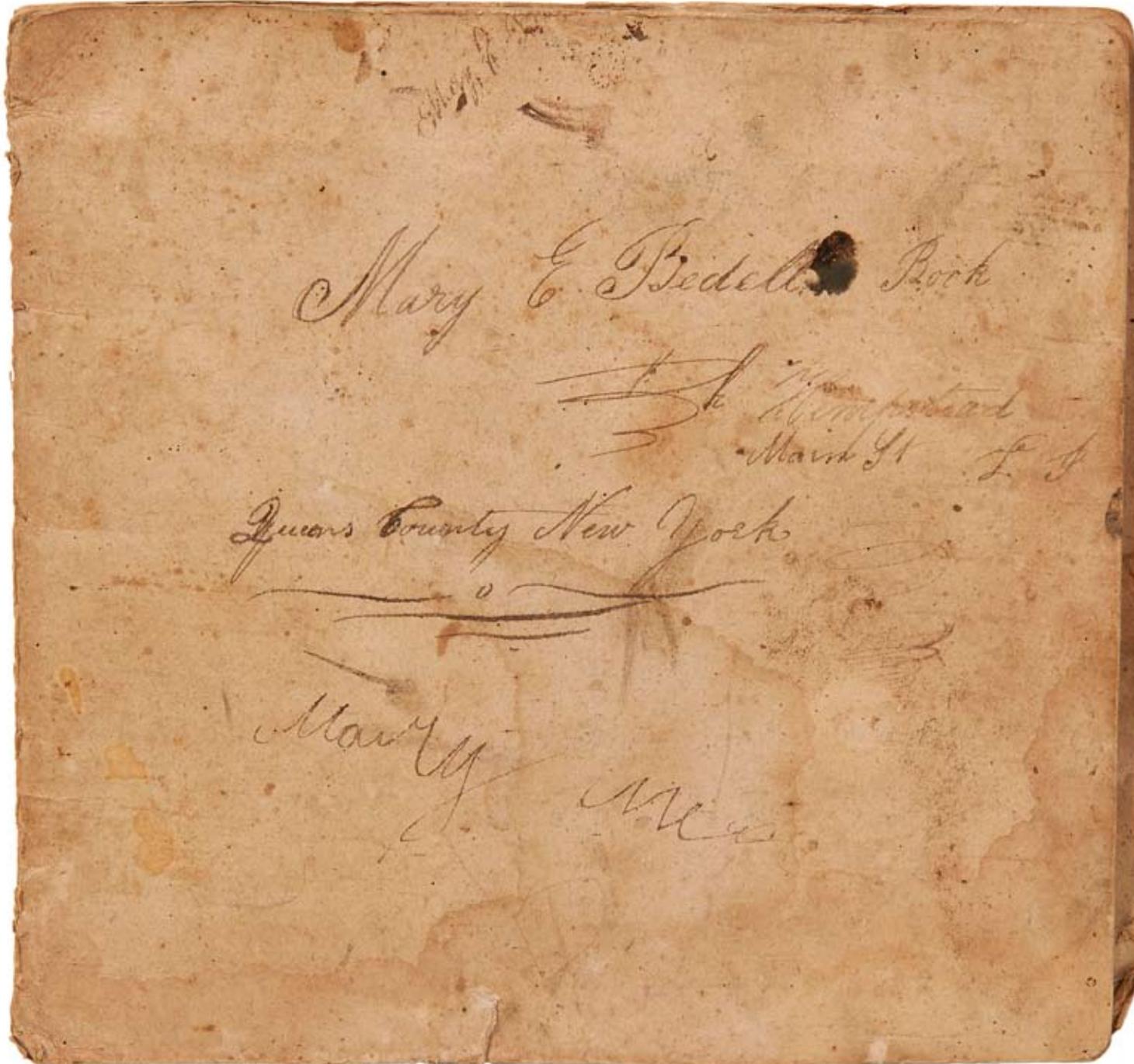


BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

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Mary Elizabeth Bedell
Girl Commonplace Album
Hempstead/Queens, New York:
1833-1840 **\$650**

Octavo. Stiff paper wrappers. Edgewear, foxing, and marks, with a couple of pages missing else good. Mary Elizabeth Bedell's commonplace album from 1833-1840 while she was living in Hempstead, New York. The album is filled with pasted newspaper poems and a variety of her musings, poems, diary entries, and seven cake recipes.

The Town of Hempstead was first settled around 1644 after a treaty between English colonists and the Lenape Indians was established in 1643. A mural in Hempstead Village Hall depicts this transaction. Today, Hempstead has developed into the most populous village in the state of New York, with a population in excess of 50,000 people and over fifty religious institutions.

Hempstead, March 6, 1837. My dear Aunt. Seeing I am not etc.
Hempstead March 6 1837 My

Wonders—
two pounds of flour 3 quarters of a pound
of sugar half a pound of butter nine eggs a little mace
and rose water

Bread Pudding— 1 pound of soft
bread of biscuit soaked in 1 quart of milk near through a
sieve or colander add 7 eggs 3 quarters of a pound of sugar
1 quarter of a pound of butter nutmeg cinnamon 1 gill of
rose water 1 pound of raisins half pint of milk bake
3 quarters of an hour muddling hot over

M E Lusk

Bedell has collected 37 poems from various newspapers about romance, God, and death. These clippings are pasted over pages that had been previously written on. The covered pages and several others were used to practice handwriting as the sentences are repeated multiple times. A few diary entries are written, mostly about her family and those that have passed, "I asked her if she was going to leave us she said she would stay if the Lord was willing, but it was his will to take her to himself where there is no more pain or sorrow. His will be done." There are also pages devoted to her families ancestry, listing her siblings and her father's family information.

Seven different cake recipes are written, one for bread pudding calling for, "Two pounds of flour 3 quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, nine eggs, a little mace and rose water," followed by instructions. The name "Carman Lush," possibly a boy she favored, is written throughout the album breaking up diary entries and her own poetry, "The Flower you gave me is faded/ The vows you breathed where untrue/ The bosom whose peace you have invaded/ Still sighs but it sighs not for you," and, "Though fate, my dear sir, compels us to part/ Yet I never will share with another my heart." Several times her name is written "Mary E. Lush" but by the end of the album she only writes her name as "Mary Elizabeth". Bedell was born December 1st 1816 and died 1841 at the young age of 24.

A beautiful blend of scrapbook, journal, and musings from a lovelorn woman in the 1840s. [BTC#402199]



MANS LOVE.

When woman's eye grows dull,
And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautifull
Then man's love failth;
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair,
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens,
He stays but a moment near,
When that flush fadeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's jostle,
He meets at the very gate
Business and bustle;
He thinks not of her within,
Slightly sighing,
He forgets in that noisy din
That she is dying!

And when her young heart is still,
What though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearieth he turneth.
Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's light setteth,
And the true-hearted dead,
Thus man forgetteth!

A sigh can sever Cupid's chain—
A sigh can join its links again—
A sigh is Woman's surest dart—
A sigh is the core of the heart—
A sigh that heart may blissfully make—
A sigh can whisper it to break—
A sigh's in every land you'll find—
A sigh's the lightning of the mind—
A sigh has oft th' affections stole—
A sigh's a message from the soul—
And on a sigh, with wings of light,
The spirit takes its heav'nward flight.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When man's waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek;
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love!

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand:
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand;
His yet unspoken will
She hasteneth to fulfil.

She leads him, when the noon
Is bright o'er dale or hill,
And all things, save the tune
Of the honey bees, are still,
Into the garden bowers,
To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
To feast on breath and bloom,
She brings the posy rare
Into his darkened room:
And 'neath his weary head
The pillow smooth doth spread,

Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth,
She never leaveth him;
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,
And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
Lie sorrows unexpressed;
Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again;
Still, still, she must regret,
She never can forget!

DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLUCK.

Methinks it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er-canopies the west;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquility;

Those clouds are living things;
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary pilgrims of a day—
Life's tedious nothing o'er—
Where neither passions come, nor woes
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the day
With startling dawn, and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains;
One fixed, eternal, sunset reigns
O'er the wide, silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear;
I know thy greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay;
Yet come, O Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates! thy rest is bliss!
I would I were away.

"HARK FROM THE WEST."

STANZAS, composed for the Anniversary of the Youth
Missionary Society, Middletown, Conn., August, 1833.

BY REV. S. OSGOOD WRIGHT.

Hark! from the west a voice is heard!
A voice beyond the mountain's side!
It breaks along the deep, dark wood,
Where roams the savage in his pride:
A star appears! its cheering ray
Dawns on the red man's darksome way.

Forgotten now his council fires,
Unstringing his fond, unmissing bow;
He leaves the graves of fallen sires;
His track is on the mountain snow:
O teach us God! behold he prays;
O teach us God; we seek his ways.

Up! up, ye ministers of life,
Ye servants of the mighty One!
The west with harvest fruit is rife,
Awake the trumpet's living tone!
A thousand sons shall pay the toil,
A thousand sons of lordly spoil.

'Tis heard! a youthful band arise;
And home and friends are counted loss!
They go, the heralds of the skies,
And in the wigwam lift the cross:
Farewell! they go in Jesus' name;
Farewell! farewell! our hearts exclaim.

Father Father Father

Handwritten notes and scribbles at the bottom of the page.

Stephen Corman Bell. Born March 26th 1788
Hannah Dolan. Born March 19th 1791

1380
1791
-47

Their Children

- Catharine. Born April 21th 1809
- Clarissa. Born ~~April~~ August 28th 1808
- Isaac Jackson. Born November 25th
- Francis. Born March 5th 1813
- Mary Elizabeth. Born December 7th 1816
- Abigail Coler. Born April 19th 1819
- Catharine Jane. Born August 31th 1821
- Abram Dolan. Born March 13th 1824
- Sarah Lydia. Born September 12th 1826
- John Augustus. Born July 7th 1831
- Barclay Augusta. Born February 10th 1833
- Stephen. Born October 5th 1835

Apr 24 1837

Mary E. Fush.
Hempstead

Why don't he come!

Why don't he come he promises me—
He surely would be here,
And Pamela are out to tea
For once the coast is clear:

I wonder what he has to say.

When last his leave he took,
He asked me twice, at home to stay,
I wonder how I took.

Oh my I am almost out of breath
Suppose he ask what then,
I'll certainly be scared to death,
I'm so afraid of men.

I think I'll have him there at last
But first I'll answer no
For many a girl by hurrying fast
Out strips her lardy blouse.

O hear he comes his steps I hear,
And now he'll soon begin,
I would not for the world appear again
In haste to let him in.

Why don't he come! and Pamela are out to tea

Home, home

Out, home

There is no

I'vee like him

When drunk

From the tuckbox

When racking

Or swim

What joys

kin crowd

She war in

Reception

At home