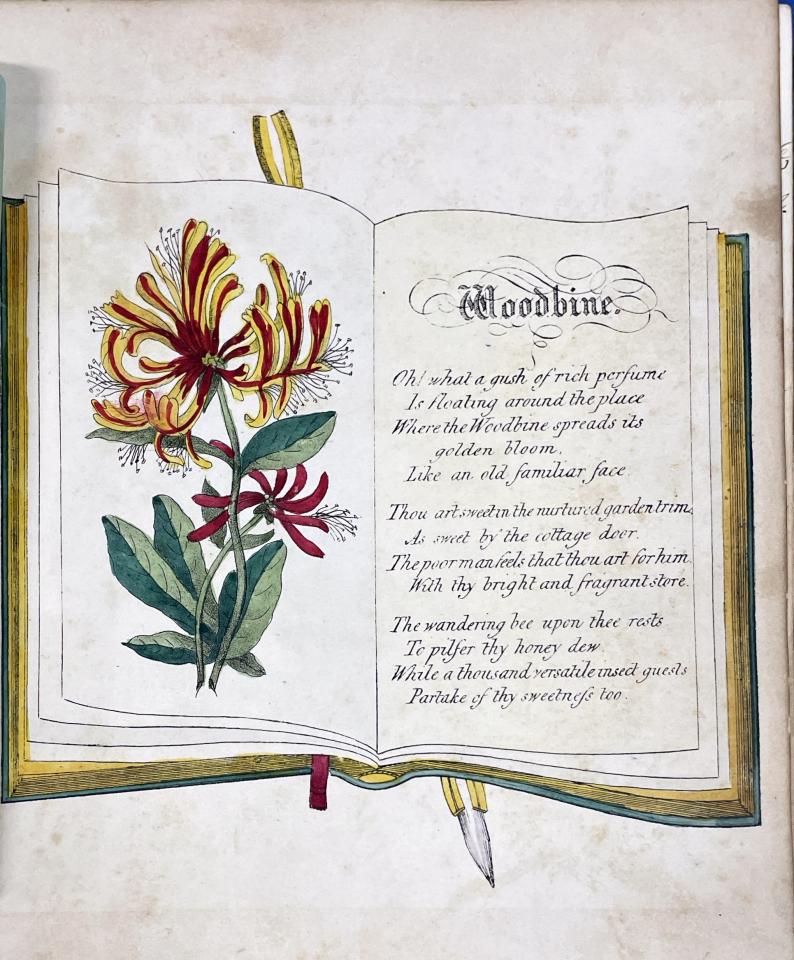


Dedication This bolume is dedicated to Mer ality, Religeon Friendship, & Litrature All who can contribut any shing for there purposes are respectfully invited to use the perm conservated to this firstend To Iweet Book and recenis all Thou cannot that is good and true I may no unhalueds princapals bolout this Book or ever defile these & Sacred payer May the owner and all the wit ers he considerated to God and truth forener more Lawell Mußleft28 1839



Friend Catharine When o'er these lines in future years Thine eye, shall rove in pensive thought Oft. The enchantless memory raise, The shoolowy forms almost forgot. The cold - The loved - The changed - The dead, Hove here alike inscribed their line And since a few short years are fled, What change is theirs - what change is their !! Their hands have pressed These Albrem leaves Here left their record - passed away -Time moves along; youth turns to age; Their lines are here - But, where are they? Sic transit Gloriso mundi"! Corneline Augusta Parker. Lowell Dec 17. th 1839.



To Mils Dodge, .. Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride, There marble shines out in the fillars and wall. Though the most be of gold, it is brilliantly cold Joy may not be found in its torch lighted halls. But seek for a bosom all honest and true There love once envokened will never depart. Surn-turn to thout like the dove to its nest, And you'll find there's no home like a home in the Matrimony did not end unhappily get heartlest daughters ere continually playing the some unlucky game I ein afraid to consecture how large a portion of women marry because they think they shall not have et better chance. Such marriorges no doubt sometimes prove tolerably comfortable but a great number would have been for happier single. If I may sudge by my own observation of such matters, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting et living: O Soleline Wight kockinghum Chuly-1841 0/5