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Coll. 174
Rebecca F. Cain Album, 1897

By Hollie Bishop
July 2021

Introduction

This is a hand-written journal with illustrations, poetry, and song lyrics that was created “In Memorial of, ye virtuous maiden Rebecca Cain, Ye Belle of Trenton, 1837-1850.” She died in Trenton on 5 July 1854 (born 1830). Her parents were Charles and Rebecca (d.1850).

Scans of the pages are available on the website:

<https://trentonlib.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/06/Rebecca-Cain-complete.pdf>

Provenance

Accession 2018.21

Transcription

Every attempt was made to transcribe words exactly as written. Those [in brackets] are best-guesses.

Page 1.

Miss R Cain Album

Page 2.

From a poem of Red Jacket, (Indian) CH
Introducing Chapter 28 of [Coofiers] Redskins CH/97
“Hope - that thy wrongs, will be by the great spirit,
Remember’d and reveng’d when thou art gone;
Sorrow - that none are left thee; to inherit

Thy name, thy fame, thy passions and thy throne.”

- Red Jacket -

By Proctor?

Page 3.

Rebecca Cain's Album

The sacred possession of

C. M. H. [?]

1897 -

Album

- picture -

Here memory comes by time affection led,

To commune with the distant and the dead

J.C. Riker. New York.

Page 4.

The Raven

View 2. By E. A. Poe

Ah! Distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly I had sought to borrow,
From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the last Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden, whom angels name Lenore,
Nameless here forevermore,
Quote the Raven, nevermore!

CH/ 97

Page 5.

Rebecca,

As o'er the [cold] sepulchral stone

Some name [covests] the passers by;

Thus when thou viewst this page alone

May mine attack thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read,

Perchance in some succeeding year,

Reflect on me as on the dead,

And think my heart is buried here,

Mount Holly

Black [Decr] 13th 1837

Page 6.

- **Blank** -

Page 7.

The Invitation

Come all ye much loved friends of mine,
Present your flowers at Friendships shrine,
And while your gifts a grace imprint,
Be they all offerings of the heart.
What'er the witty may engage,
What'er may charm in youth or age,
Or what in various looks you find,
Or still mne pleasing in your mind,
Oh! place it here, a precious gem,
Relic more prized than diadem,
Imagination, then may have,
Each friendly hand; each heart; each faces
Which all confined shall ever prove,
A [bounce] of pleasure, profit, love.

J.P

Trenton, Nov 18th 1838

(Note - On page 28 is a
Continuation by same party
On page 66 possibly another. CH)

Pages 8 & 9.

- **Blank** -

Page 10.

- **Illustration** -

Page 11.

The Summer.

It came with bloom,
And sweet perfume,
And brooksongs low and tender,
With [pinks] awake,
For Summer's sake,
And days and nights of splendor:

It came with birds,
And low of herds,
And youthful footsteps staying
Beyond the yields,
Of harvest fields,
While farmer folk went haying.
Now Summer's dawn.
And dark are gone;
And autumn winds came straying
Through lane and wood,
Where east we stood
When farmer folk went haying:
But all it brought,
And all it taught,
That Summers mid the [wowing],
And what was said,
While cheeks grew red, -
What would ye give for knowing?

C.H

Page 12.

To Miss R.C...

When evening things her golden light -
Far o'er the landscape wide,
Bathing the world, in beauties bright,
And gilding the flowing hide.
When friends, shall round thee smile -
And spend the hour in glee,
In varied ways the time beguile
Then think! oh, think of me.
And when the lamp of Life shall close,
With its last; its thickening way,
May'st thou depart, and find repose,
In Heaven's eternal day.

H.P.J

Trenton Feb 2nd 1837

Page 13.

From [Gray's] Elegy.

27 Hard by you wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would [sove]
Now devoting; woeful, [wan], like one follow,
Or chass'd with care, or chass'd in hopeless love.
28 One more I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came* - not yet beside the sill,
Now up the lawn, now at the wood was he.

CH/ 97

*another morn

Page 14.

To MissR[?]
[can't discern]

Page 15.

- Blank -

Page 16.

To Miss Rebecca Cain

Tis sweet to view at evening close,
The sun declining in the west,
Tis sweet to see the moon arise,
The hour that man retires to rest.

But sweeter than the sun's decline,
In the blue airy vault of heaven;
And sweeter than the rising moon,
That sheds her light on fading even.

Is Friendships warm and generous tie,
By which two souls are riven:
It spreads our joys, it heals our wounds,
And makes this earth a heaven.

C. C. B

Trenton
April 29th
1837

Page 17.

The tongue is often silent; when,
The eyes show appreciation.

CH/98

Page 18.

Proposal

Page 19.

Extract from Hamlet

CH

To be, or not to be, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler, in mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them: to die, to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep to say we end,
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished: to die, to sleep;
To sleep, perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off the mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

Jake Spear
/97

Page 20.

To Miss Rebecca Cain

Ask me not why I love,
I say tis [? ?]
Yes - witness heaven's dove
The [sure] fidelity

The head is prone to cling,
Thus add support to life,
When joys are perishing,

Mid the soul's sphere of [strife]

Our hearts may look deceiving
Times tender - [some of stone]
For some would never grieve
Of mutual faith was gone

Our [mine] of such is [not]
Tis sun beam on the main,
Its [?], though forget,
Will play and smile again.

Page 21.

- **Blank** -

Page 22.

“There is a Love - it last's a while
A one day's flower - no more;
Copes in the sunshine of a smile,
And [shifts] when storms come o'er.

There is a Love - it ever Last's,
A [?] that's always green;
As blossoms in the stormy blast's,
And decks the wintry scene.

A shape, an eye, a well tuned fort,
May give the first its [birth];
This [?] hath but little sort,
And asks but little earth.

So scanty [did] two Love must find
[?] to control,
If [not] itself upon the mind
And strikes into the soul.

Page 23.

- **Blank** -

Page 24.

A Noble Sentiment

“When I marry I will choose
first of all a man; second a
protector; third a guide. Title
and money are all very well,
but I am Queen of Holland,
I have all the money we need,
and if I loved a good man,
even though he were not rich,
I would marry him. When
him, and when I mean to
marry him I will tell him
so.”

Queen of Holland

[?]

Sept 1898

Page 25.

- Blank -

Page 26.

A Picture

I saw him when the blushing morn was young,
All lovely as the maiden flowers of spring:
There was a fawn-like beauty in her eyes,
A heavenly soothing softness in her sigh,
Adorn her meek like waving [?] lungs;
Around her smile as the wand beatles dung,
The dimples slily peeping ‘neath the rose
The brow just shaded with her locks of gold,
A bosom when young hope had built her nest;
A farmwall faultless, and a mind at rest,
A heart that knew to conquer friends or foes;
Lov’d by the young and honoured by the old,
A friend to virtues living but to bless,
[?] by forever, yet melted by distress.”

Trenton June 12th 1867

J.P

(note - This party who wrote on page to as also possibly on 66. C.H)

Page 27.

From the Green River, Bryant

- I. When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hid me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink,
Had given their stain to the wave they drink,
And they, whose meadows if murmurs through
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

- II. How pure its water! Its shallows are bright,
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths, where its [eddies] play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
Oh! loveliest these the spring days come,
With blossoms and birds and wild bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air,
And sweetest the golden autumn day,
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Page 28.

- III. Yet fair as thou art, thou [?] to glide,
Beautiful stream! by the village side;
But windest away from haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen,
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee are lonely, lovely and still;
Lonely save when by the shifting tides,
From thicket to thicket the angles glides,
On the [simples] comes with basket and hook,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look,
Or, haply some idle dreamer like me,

To wander, and muse and gaze on thee,
Still, save the chirp of birds that feed,
On the [vines chewy] and seedy seed;
And thy own wild music gushing out,
With mellow murmurs and fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveler, singing along his way.

IV. I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely, and lovely stream,
Our image of that calm life appears,
That wow my heart in my greener years.

Page 29.

To Rebecca

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.

[?] that [shone] and fall,
The flower that droops on [?]
These alas! are types of all,
To which our traits are clinging.

[?] B. Flack
Trenton AD 1839

Page 30.

- **Picture** -

Page 31.

- **Blank** -

Page 32.

Love's idle fears, like ocean's sand
Each slighted mask retain

They quickly leave from times keen hand
Though often mask again.

Out when affections happy care
Engraved its feelings deep,
Times waves have my dominion there
They easily symbols keep

Page 33.

The Broken Heart.

Washington Irving

Introduced by.

I never heard,
Of any true affection, but 'twas [?]
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats,
The leaves of the spring's sweetest look, the rose.
Middleton.

Page 34.

“Allan is the one [a true] of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggles & hustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life [?] in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thoughts and domain nor his fellow men But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections, the heart is [?] - it is there her ambition strives for [?] ; it is then her [?] seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies in adventure she embarks her whole soul in the [?] of affections; and if [?] her care is helpless for its a [?] of the heart. To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings Of tenderness; it [?] some prospect of [felicity] - but he is an actor [?] - he can dissipate his thoughts in the [?] occupation - he can shift his abode at will. But woman is [?] [?] a fixed a secluded and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to [?] of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation?

Page 35.

- Blank -

Page 36.

To My Friend Rebecca
May angels Avine for thee,
A wreath of immortality.

Trenton July 4th 1857

Margarella [?]

Page 37.

- Blank -

Page 38.

May angels guard thee with distinguis'd care
And every blessing fall to R - share
Through flowery paths securely may she tread
By fortune followed and by virtue led
While health and ease in every look express'd
The glow of beauty and the calm of Peace,
Late may she feel the sifted stroke of Death,
As roses droop beneath [?] breath,
Thus gently fading peaceful rest in earth
Till the glad spring of [?] second birth,
Then quit the transient winter of the tomb
To rise and flourish in immortal bloom.

June 1837

GRJ

Page 39.

- Blank -

Page 40.

- Picture -

Page 41.

- Blank -

Page 42.

“Come, while the blossoms of thy years are bright,
Thou youthful wandeur in a flowery maze,
Come, while the restless heart in bounding lightent;
And joy’s [?] tremble in thy wage,
Come, while sweet thoughts like summer bud unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless heart -
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding
Come, and [?]

Then will the [?] of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine [?] soul,
And, shining bright in the forward distance,
Will of thy patient race appear the goal,
Home of the weary! Where, in peace repairing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
Though o’er its dust the [?] grave is closing
Who would not early choose a lot like this?

S.J.J.

New Brunswick Sept 9/40

Page 43.

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Page 44.

May truth upon these pages [?]
She [?] that shall burn for [?]
Where [unfinished ?]

Page 45.

- **Blank** -

Page 46.

To. R. C.

Oh! Keep these pages pure and white,
Unless the truth be there,
Let no wide hand presume to write
To stain with flattery leaves so fair.

These lines so highly praised by thee,
Because tis friendship gems then see,
In future years more dear will be,
When friends who filled them are no more.

When o'er this look you cast your eye,
And think on names that once were dear,
May mine awake the pensive sigh,
While others claim the sorrowing tear.

C.L.S

Friendsville August 26 1837

Page 47.

- **Blank** -

Page 48.

The Exile

By Bernard Barton

The exile on a foreign strand,
Where'er his footsteps roam,
Remembers that his father's land,
Is still his cherished home.

Though brighter skies may shine above
And round him flowers more fair,
His heart's best losses and proudest love
Find no firm footing there.

Still to the spot which gave him birth
His warmest wishes turn;
And elsewhere own, though all the earth,
A strangers brief [so journ]

Oh! Thus should Man's immortal soul
Its privilege revere
And mindful of its heavenly goal,
Seem but an exile here.

Mid fleeting joys of sense and time
Still free from earthly heavens
It's proudest hopes, its joys sublime,
Should own no home but Heaven.

Friendsville Sep 5 1837

C.L.Fi

Page 49.

- **Blank** -

Page 50.

- **Blank** -

Page 51.

Gray's Elegy

[?] 14

Full many a gem of purest say serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

C.H/ 97

Page 52.

- **Picture** -

Page 53.

- **Blank** -

Page 54.

To Miss -Rebecca Cain.

In friendship true I now to thee
These simple, humble lines present,
Purporting only this - to be
A number of kind wishes sent.
I've scanned thy Album, all its rhyme,
And now I humbly enter mine.

Rebecca, let thy coming years
Light up uncertainty with truth;

Let virtue [?] all thy tears,
And constancy delight thy youth,
And many a pleasure you will find
Centering in a faithful mind.

Many watchful eyes are o'er thee,
Still in pious love be strong;
Then no follies e'er shall move thee
In future years thus bless'd to thee
Think of your new acquaintance - me.

July 4th 1839 Henry

Page 53.

- **Blank** -

Page 54.

To Rebecca

Ever dear to thy heart be the volume of truth,
Ever valued the [precept] that live in each page;
May its fresh flowing forent be the guide of thy youth,
And its waters the rich consolation of age.

And when time shall the veil of Eternity raise,
On the bosom of faith may thy spirit recline,
May hopes still ascend to the rapture of praise,
And the love that endureth forever be thine.

March 1844 F.L.P

Page 55.

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Page 56.

If ever life should seem
To thee a tiresome soap,
And gladness cease to [beam]
Upon the clouded day:
If like the [?] dove,

O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eye above,
There's rest for thee in heaven.

But O, if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And daily fleet the [?]
Unstained by earthly gloom;
Still let not every thought
To this poor [would] be given,
Nor always be forgot,
Thy better rest in heaven.

M. A. [?]

New Brunswick
Sept, 11th. 1848

Page 57.

- **Blank** -

Page 58.

- **Blank** -

Page 59.

To the Belle of T[renton]

[can't decipher]

Page 60.

A verse from Roger's Poems
Used by Cooper to introduce his
"Wept of Wish For Wish."
in one of the first published editions.

C.H/ 97

But she is dead to his to all,
Her lute hands silent on the wall,
And on the staircase, and the floor,
Her fairy step is heard, no more

S. Rogers

Page 61.

- Blank -

Page 62.

To Rebecca

“May thy Album be the emblem of thy life,

“And no foul plot upon its page appears

“Each page a day, each day a [divid] of strifes

“And spotless virtue, be thy polar star

“So when you’ve filled the measure of the Book

“And shall be called to pass the great [universe]

“That the Great Elite may appearing looks

“And happily see you ever are but free.”

Jan 4th AD 1838

J.P

(Possibly same party who wrote on pages
6 & 28. CH)

Page 63.

- Blank -

Page 64.

- Prayer -

Taught by our Lord, we will not pray,

To be out of this world unmoved,

But keep us in our evil day,

Till patient faith is fully proved,

From sin, the world, and Satan’s snare,

The members of thy Son defend;

Till all thy character we bear,

And grace matured in glory end.

Esther

Philadelphia Dec 8th 1843

Page 65.

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Page 66.

The Past

“ We know not half the beauty of the grove,
While open our hearts its dark’ning hours are twining,
But oh; how sweet from distant hills alone
To see the sunset on its [volume] shining!
Thus many an hour of youthful hopes and fears,
Charming a like, is passed unheeded by,
Whose light, seem broader through the mist of years
Too brightly beams upon the faded eye.”

Frances

Page 67.

- **Illustration** -

Great but sad is the artists’ path.

Ludwig Nohl

C.H

(Used as an introduction to a
Biography of Franz [Liszt] by L. Nohl)

Page 68.

To Miss Rebecca Cain

The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o’er thee,
Thy bosom Pleasure’s shrine;
And thine the sunbeam given
To Nature’s morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden’s bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away,
The sun’s bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,

The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not - though lonely
Thy evening home may be;
Though Beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea;
Though Time thy bloom is steading;
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart.

Philadelphia January 1st 1845
Ira S Drake

Page 69.

- Blank -

Page 70.

- Blank -

Page 71.

June

O June! prime season of the annual sound
Thy gifts with rich variety abound;
Though hot thy suns - [they] luscious fruits mature
The loud thy thunders, [?] they procures
Pleasing thy twilight to the studious muse
Thy evening [?] and thou evening dews.

J.G

Page 72.

[can't decipher]

Page 73.

From Gray's Elegy

- Verse I -

The boast of heraldry, the [?] of flowers
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour -
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. CH 97

Page 74.

Stanzas

Like crowded forrest trees we stand
And some are marked to fall
The axe shall ignite at Gods command
And soon will invite us all

Phila Oct 12th 1844 W.B.

Page 75.

- **Blank** -

Page 76.

Remember one, when thy way,
[Hopes] sheds his best, brightest [say]
When around the

[Can't decipher]

Page 77.

Should sorrow o'er thy brow,
Its darkened shadows fling,
And hopes that cheer thee [now]
Die, in their early spring.
Should pleasure at its birth,
Fade, like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth
Theres rest, for thee in Heaven,

Selected by I.D.

Trenton, N.J

Page 78.

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Page 79.

As when the [?] flowers
Are planted by the land we love,
O'er which, as I'm fairest given

The eye delight to [?]

And each fair flower that's planted here
Though low and humble be its lot
Shall [?] through every a weary year
And say, forget me not.

E.A.?

(On page 80 is a contribution
By same party)

Page 80.

- **Blank** -

Page 81.

- **Blank** -

Page 82.

- **Blank** -

Page 83.

To Rebecca

When forced to part from those we love
Though [?] to meet to morrow
To eyes a kind of anguish prove -
And feel a touch of sorrow

But oh! what words can paint my fears
There from my friends [?]
Perhaps to years for months for years
Perhaps to years forever
Trenton May 6 / 42

[?]

Page 84.

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Page 85.

- **Blank** -

Page 86.

- Blank -

Page 87.

Beauty

There is beauty on earth, when it wears
The gay young green of the Spring;
Or the rich glow of Summer bears,
That poets have lov'd to sing.

There is beauty in the heaven, when the sun
Throws a blush o'er the glorious blue;
Or the stars in their mighty circles run,
Beaming out with their diamond hue,

There is beauty in man, when the face
Is lit up with genius flame;
Or when feelings joined with female grace,
Found the charm that hath no name.

But oh! there is beauty, that nought
In earth or man can express;
Seldom seen, and but little sought!
Tis "the beauty of holiness.

Friendsville August 26th 1837

J.E.G

Page 88.

- Blank -

Page 89.

The Rose.

The youthful Rose one summer morning,
[Moving] fresh the rising sun
To his rays her moist sleek [burning]
Had a day of life begun.

Soon his CANT READ

Page 90.

Verse 20 Gray's Elegy CH/97

Yet e'en these loves from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Imposes the passing tribute of a sigh.

Page 91.

- **Illustration** -

Page 92.

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Page 93.

- **Blank** -

Page 94.

Rebecca

Should sorrow o' ver thy brow,
Its darkened shadow fling,
And hopes that cheer thou now,
Die in their early spring,
Should pleasure at its early birth,
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn then away from Earth,
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

Trenton May 6/42

H.H. [Flack]

Page 95.

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Page 96.

Twilight

Page 97.

- **Blank** -

Page 98.

- **Blank** -

Page 99.

Will thou not sometimes remember me?

But not in fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all,
O! think not, think not of my there,
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone
And hush'd the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent - still - and lone
And thou art sad - Remember me:
Remember me - not - I entreat;
In scenes of festal week-day joy;
For then it were not kind or meet,
My thoughts thy pleasures should alloy;
But on the solemn Sacred day;
And - dearest on thy bended hence,
When thou for those thou lov'd dost pray,
Rebecca - then - Remember me.

Philada Dec 8th 1843

Sallie

Page 100.

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Page 101.

To Rebecca

Peace be around thee wherever thou roamest
May life be to thee a summers day;
And all that thou wishest and all that though lovest,
Come smiling around thy sunny way,
As half in shade and half in sun,
This would along its path advances,
May that side the scenes upon,
Be all that one shall meet thy glances,
[?] time, that [steals] its blight on all,

And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years to gently fall,
They shall not crush on flower beneath.

Trenton April 28. 1836

W.F.G

If in the tablet of your heart,
Far see, among the [farced] few,
A course you have set apart
For get me not, adieu, adieu.

W.F.G

Page 102.

- **Blank** -

Page 103.

To Rebecca

Say, what is life? Commingling strife,
A mixture of pleasure and sorrow;
Now buoyant with health,
Heavy-laden with wealth;
Adversity - sickness tomorrow.

May thine prove bright unclouded light,
Thrills high may thy spirit in gladness,
Nor eer mayest thou know,
The care-winged woe,
Of a young heart shined in sadness.

When thy clear sun its course hath run,
When draweth thy life to its even,
May thy bosom find rest,
With the pure and the blest,
In the blissful abodes of heaven.

August 22th 1846

C C N

Page 104.

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Page 105.

- Blank -

Page 106.

To Rebecca

As you pass through the garden
Of life, may you possess all
The roses but none of the thorns.
That you may live in Peace
Purity, Virtue and Love is
The sincere wish of

Oakley

Trenton January 1st 1847

Page 107.

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Page 108.

- Blank -

Page 109.

To My Friend

Blest be thy life devoted one,
May sorrow [?] thy heart invade,
And never may [corroding] care,
Within thy flowery plate be laid.

May sweet religion point thee where,
The [?] of life is given,
To him above direct thy prayer,
Send for thy hopes in heaven.

October 18th 1839

[Mary]

Page 110.

Rebecca, Onward onward for the Path,
Dark may be the way,

Yet through darkness thou shalt see,
Glimmerings of the day.
Onward, onward, strive to view,
Conquest for the sight,
And though gloom be round thee now,
Soon shall come the light,
Onward, onward summon faith,
To thy work of love,
Upward lift thy [?] heart,
Unite God above,
He will guide thee on thy way,
Though 'tis sad with sorrow,
And through dark the clouds to day,
Fair shall be the morrow,

Julia Carson

Rebecca may every thought be pure and sweet,
And if on earth no more we meet,
Round thy path let virtue shine,
Trust in God and peace is thine,
Heaven be thine aim alone,
And may we at last behold its throne.

Trenton Nov 1830

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Will thou remember me
Addressed to Rebecca

When autumn leaves shall droop and die
And flowers withering meet thine eye
And sorrow's clouds obscure thy sky
Will thou remember me

When winters wind is piercing [?]
Shall drive the snows from yonder hill
And bind in icy chains each will
Will though remember me

When spring returns with balmy breeze
Sweet buds and blossoms deck the trees
And every shrub puts forth its leaves
Will though remember me

Should we be doomed to meet no more
Until on yonder blissful shore
We meet and all our sorrows o'er
Oh then remember me

Trenton January ? 1848

T.K.B

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Ye Belle of Trenton
Rebecca Cain
Song by C.M.? N.Y. City 1897

I.

A rose that was fair ev'rywhere,
Did atime adroop;
Then did fairness fade away,
Oh! never to return;
Still while it lasted 'twas delight,
To cherish its sweet bloom;
Many then did gladly strive,
For such a pretty rose;
Then did some the thorns feel piercing
Ev'ry drop of hope.

II.

Admired and honor'd by all,
Young and old alike;
A fine shape and beaut'ous face
And all the ways of good;
With bright blue eyes and golden locks,
And graceful airy step,
Charming all the manly hearts,
Though not with wifely hope,

Many then did feel thorns pierce,
Their brightest rays of love.

- **End** -