







ALBUM

SARAH S. WOODWARD

1839

1 Mr & Mrs Mc Carhill - Bruce & Mollie  
Mr & Mrs Gammage & family  
Mr & Mrs P. Wiggins  
Mr & Mrs John Killen. Maggie & Mrs Feag  
Mr & Mrs Killen - & Mrs George Killen  
Mr & Mrs Lyle King -  
Capt Phil Cook - Thos Mc Cook  
Mrs & Mrs Jennie Winship -  
Mr & Mrs Sheibley - Mr & Mrs Mc Clung  
Dr & Mrs Flannoy - Miss Lillian Driskill  
Miss Addie Chaves - Miss Mattie Coland  
Mr & Mrs Wm Rice - Mr & Mrs Wm Hasler  
Mr & Mrs Baldwin - Foy. Burke. & Pitt  
Mrs & Mrs Crocker - Dr & Mrs Rawles  
Mr & Mrs Anderson - Mr & Mrs Mangum  
Mr & Mrs E. Winship - Henry & Hannah  
The Miller Whites -

Mr & Mrs Burtis Pinson.	Lenni Davall
Miss Lillian Lyles.	X Mrs. Dubois & Sauer
" Mattie Lyles.	X Mr & Mrs Dr. Robertson
Mr. Nick Lyles.	Mr & Mrs Stacy = 11 =
Mrs. Georgia Lyles.	Mrs. Cassinoff Woodward
Dr. Fred Gibson.	
Mr. & Mrs. Pratt.	X Mr & Mrs Dr. Adams
Alamance & Sumelle.	X Mr & Mrs. Worham
Mr & Mrs F. Woodward. + X	
" Lewis	
Johnnie D. Harrison.	
Mr & Mrs A. Robertson. +	
Mr. David Robley	
Mrs. Lanna D. Robley.	
Mr. & Mrs G. Lillanet X	
" " R. Inbase. X	

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Lou Atkins & Willie  
 Lillian M. Coats & George  
 Mrs. Ladd. Mr. D. L. Hatten  
~~Thomas F. Linn. Mrs. Linn~~  
 Lohie Neal.  
 Mr. Heaps & Co X  
 Mr. Rogers.  
 Mr. & Mrs. Clarke  
 Miss Krazier.  
 Mr. & Mrs. Cyleston.  
 Lenni Milnor.  
 Willie B. & Lilla Cole.  
 Mr. & Mrs. Robinson & Dorman. X

To Miss Sarah S.

No fresh and pure as new the leaves appear  
E'er to thy cheek unscathed by a tear.  
No man may shame's deep frown thy face disfigure,  
Nor conscious guilt incline thy youthful head;  
But like these pages may thy mind be fair  
And virtue's stamp her bright impression bear!"  
H.C.

Edgefield, May 7, 1839.



WISDOM WISE.

Let every virtue reign within thy breast,  
That Heaven approves, or makes its own best;  
To candour, truth, and charity divine,

For modest, secret, heavenly virtues join.

Let wit, well temper'd, meet with sense refined,  
And every thought express the polished mind;

A mind above the measure of deceit.

Of honour pure, in conscious virtue great,

In every change that happens, ever steady sit.

And feel that joy, and virtue be the same.

Let all thy passions over each thought preside,

Direct in public, and in private guide.

Teach thee the secrets of artifice to shun,

And show, not feel, how others were undone.

Teach thee to tell the flatterer from the friend,

And those who love from those who but pretend.

T. J. F. Jones

WISDOM WISE 1740.

To Maria.

My Lady - stay for money's sake,

Has had a happy love's taste:

Alas! my looks must fly with

As love that makes my cheek so pale:

Yet it was once a soldier's pride.

Had my brave father's hope and joy,

But in Maria's proud spirit too hid -

And I am now a lover left.

Dr. C. A.

Charleston April 1<sup>st</sup> 1742.

To Sarah.

This album is a book so fine,  
So beautiful and bright,  
I dread to blot a scrawl of mine,  
Intended for thy sight. —

Short lived indeed would be our fame,  
If to this page of thine,  
We only give, in charge, a name  
To escape the tooth of time. —

Friendship, 'tis said, is but a name,  
Therefore, 'tis just as true,  
A name & friendship are the same  
Even so, I give it you. —



The happiest time is now.  
To Sarah

Talk not to me of future bliss!  
Talk not to me of joys gone by!  
For us, the happiest time is this,  
When love bids time to fly.  
The future-south, may we least,  
In shadow hope's young brow;  
Oblivion's veil may shroud the past,  
The happiest time is now.

Though flowers, in spicy vases thrown,  
Have odor yet, inhale!  
Their fragrance, in the bloom was blown  
Breathed sweet on the gale:  
Like faded flowers, each parted bliss,  
Yet memory keep, but how?  
Can joy that's past be like to this?  
The happiest time is now.

Unmarked our course before us lies  
Our time's eternal tide  
And soon the sparkling ripples die,  
We raise as on we glide:  
Our barks the brightest <sup>of the</sup> kind,  
Forever from their prow;  
Then let us gaily sail and sing,  
"The happiest time is now."  
W. R.

Winnsborough Aug 27<sup>th</sup> 1839

To the one I love

<sup>1</sup> I never think, what's this heart - believe  
<sup>2</sup> I never think, what's our lot to cast  
<sup>3</sup> Fate, that may rob us of all we'll be  
Shall leave us here till life itself be past

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The world may wrong us we will have its hate  
<sup>4</sup> False friends may change and false hopes decline  
Though bowed by cumbering care, we'll smile at fate  
Since then our mind's beloved, and I own thine

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I never think: amidst the festive crowd  
When the jest goes round with the sparkling wine  
I may not name thy gentle name aloud  
but drink to thee in thought - prove thine

To Miss Lillie J. W.....

Dear girl, I will forever keep,  
The emblem thou didst give;  
To recollect those pretty hands  
That bade that emblem live.

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And as those hearts are closely entwined  
Around Love's mysterious dart -  
Thus may mine, ever cling to thine,  
Never on earth to part.

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Your devoted Lover  
W. R. R.



A Sarah

L'autre jour Sarah Woodward,  
Sous une treille à demi gris,  
Disait, en parlant à son Père:  
Je bus à toi, mon cher Omelette.  
Son Père la regarde en silence:  
Non, dit-elle calmement, s'il te plaît,  
Si je veux prendre pour mon bonami,  
J'ai pris cent fois Omelette pour vous.

A. P. R.

Charleston 29 April 1840.



Le Monestrelle  
Wake dearest Sally wake,  
And bless with one sentence your love

"That man that hath a tongue I say is no man  
If with that tongue he can not win a woman"





## In Search

She that loves a rosy cheek  
As a coral lip admires  
As from stars the eyes doth seek,  
Falls to maintain his fire  
As old Time makes his way  
So his flames must waste away.

But a softer and steadfast mind  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires  
Hearts with equal love combined  
Kindle never dying fires  
Where there are not I despise  
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

P. W. L.

Whatever I may have seem'd,  
Yet You much I have esteem'd.  
And if this sentiment weren't conceiv'd,  
My language from its heart estray'd.

Believe me, when I say, I am sincere  
Heed not the Slanders tale severe,  
Till him prove his base assertions true,  
Otherwise to one Enemy, he adds another too.

Pastell.

There is a flower whose little form  
Is seen where heroes lie forgot;  
It blooms where rages the battle storm,  
And sweetly says: Forget me not!

Oh, take and wear this emblem flower,  
This badge of Friendship's sacred thought;  
When Fate reveals her darkest hour,  
With this sweet bloom, Forget me not!

And when my doom with those is told  
Who have oblivion for their lot,  
And when my name in death is rolled,  
Oh, then, I ask, Forget me not!

I wish no monument of ash,  
No tomb, to mark my burial spot,  
If memory's flowers bloom in your heart  
My dearest friend, Forget me not.  
Selected

J.P.D.

Nov 10<sup>th</sup> 1852



## The Bible

This is the book which <sup>1<sup>st</sup></sup> God has given  
To guide the steps of man to heaven  
In vain he searches Nature through  
Eternal things come not to view —

Without the Bible, can he know  
How to be saved from sin and woe?  
Nature gives not the light he needs  
In vain he Nature's volume reads —

He walks in Nature's winding road  
Which leads him up to Nature's God  
Exclaims - How can a mortal live  
If he's unwilling to forgive? —

He reads this Book <sup>4<sup>th</sup></sup> in this time of need  
Which now he ~~thails~~ <sup>thails</sup> as a "friend indeed"  
The Spirit comes — his soul is blest  
God's reconciled, his hearts at rest

Furman Inst. - B.W.W.

Farewell My lovely Girl  
To hope and thee be

To Miss Sarah.

Whilst in this checkered scene below,  
Still may thy days serenely flow;  
And if the thought would e'er arise  
Ne'er let it rest on me!  
Though oft retired from public eye,  
In fancy's dream far hence I fly  
Or raise the aspiring thought on high,  
In ardent prayer for thee!

If doomed in Scirew's vale to stray,  
Whilst hope forsakes the weary way  
Or those most dear are snatched away  
And leave thee pined with ill,  
Turn, then, thy steps from thy wandering feet  
Again to seek this calm retreat  
For here thou wilt not fail to meet  
A friend who loves thee still!

J. R. SUMMERS.

Oct. 16. 1846.

Furman Institute













North Haven a part of Rochester N. York



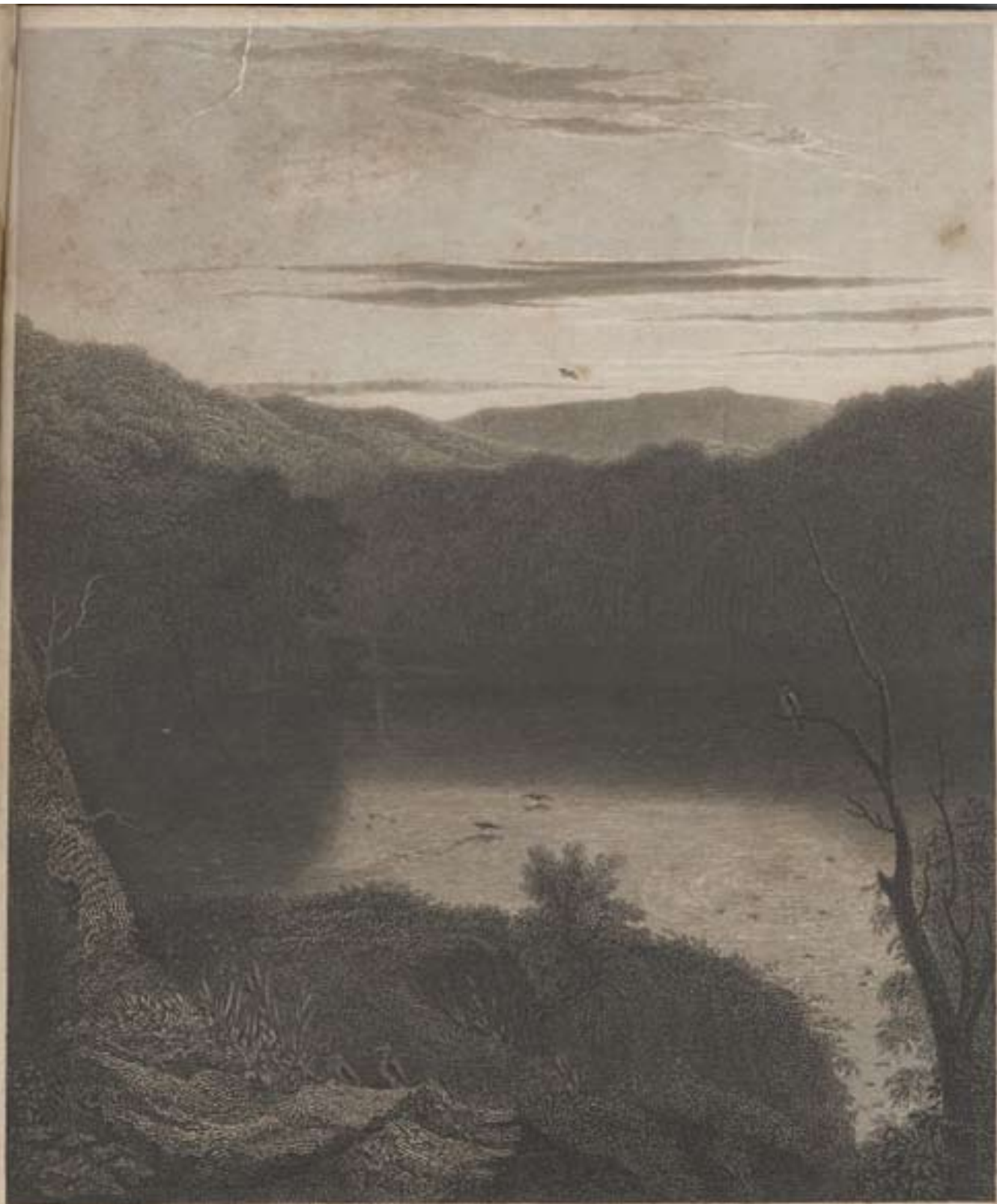




Engraved by T. S. Arthur

Engraved in 1840 by James Smith

SCHOOL HOUSE, TAPPAN.



VIEW OF THE  
LAKE IN THE HIGHLANDS 1844





*Whispering Hill, near the Falls of the Hudson - 1844*