Diary of Alfred Ryder
Sept. 1861 - July 1863
Alfred G. Ryder's Book
9th Sep 01
Company H
1st Bn
While the north lay September 1861 I dedicate this book to my heart friends and sentiments which I consider worthy of remembrance facts worthy of distinction.

Well knowing that in the varied circumstances I may be placed throughout facts may arise beneficial through their novelty in after days if kept on this gratification of a natural curiosity which exists in all men. Though I may be killed I hope that this book may be kept.

A C Ryder

Northen
Wayne Co. Mich
Hampshire
Sep. 7th 1811

Kind friend I with
It with expressed gratitude, I
acknowledge the receipt of your
letter. Although circumstances
has for a while probably associ-
ted as yet may the realities
of friendship stand fast for-
ever - a grateful remembrance
of the past mingled with a
kind regard for the present
And in no way
such a returning exist
between drifting friends with
any degree of satisfaction
but by previously written in
some to do such. I received
your letter - as the beginning of
its long duration. I had
hoped too that we might
be favored with a long rece
of such an event.

but

the possibility of such an event.
probably is past our recall.

But he has left us a
record ample and full of
benefit which is ever ready
though space do cost her
shadows between to present
a renew of religion
politics as lengthy frequent
as you may deem suitable
That interesting event which
you have so kindly related in
part was brought to my knowl-
edge the day I left but was
never the less exceptionally to
me because as it did by inno-
vation your idea of an illus-
tration of a rebellious go-

ternal 'Tolerable good
for you thought as it was
with eternal disgrace to the
rebel parties & their allies
distinction forever thereby.
Time passes & I well soon be called to kill you speak of
coming on a visit to Camp Yon. Come and behold the
churnings of camp life its jiggered features its pleasant
features its joys & its sorrows
But remember your friend

Love Synthia Camp Yon

Dear friend I see in this
to duty as well &
And gladly did I anxious
hold you in my heart &
for it I hope to see the
beginning of a long and
willingly receive my
graduations in return
The delights of study for
you among them I have
merited its greatest
But he having a mind of Mark
from on my back knew the
undertaker was rowed to Southgate
And all the great back sash band
And then the undertaker was rowed
And all the great back sash band
And then the undertaker was rowed
of our country's people. And of lies. In one unfortunate war that would blacken the deeds of all itself. Even I'm only to return you to keep up the great government of politics leading the attack of a more steadfast, fine people.

But then the last man stepped in the fountain of purity. Thereby the entire nation I may now become even closer to the civil sanction of the truth the fountain of political purity. The anomalous probability of her citizens because the littlemost bounds of local differences.

But enough of jokes. For this time, not doubting that you may be benefited by the extreme temperance of my advice.
I leave it to your consideration.

Camp near

Sept 20

I very thankfully received your letter by the express yesterday and set down this pleasant morning to make the reply. Our duties here are by no means hard, 8 or 6 hours drill a day with a considerable indulgence I'm sure to say so I have him to write while the rest are drilling. Our uniforms have arrived this morning & the men are now on hand with them. And now we are able to be called any moment. I'm ready every man seems wonderful eager with the idea of being uniformed. 90% are
My Heart of Angels

To the Honorable Mr. Robert

Alfred & Ryder's Book

To my dear friend,

I shall always remember with the greatest kindness forever be my friend, to our friendship, I wish you as gladly days, And only bring to thoughts in the future those kindnesses which are from a review of our earlier times, Times when we went over the green fields as children with the rest of our playmates with kindness and affection.

With one who cares so sincerely.

And truly kind in memory, can I thank the numerous days at

But some the second day we went

And truly kind in memory, can I thank the numerous days at
Hosea 10: 8 and they shall say to the mountains, cover us; and to the hills, fall on us. 13 Job 26: 6, Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I: yea them own lips testify against thee. Amos 3: 10.Ye shall be in their streets, and they shall wave in all their high ways, Ailes; Ailes; and they shall call the husbandman to mourning and such as are skilled of lamentations to mourning, the Bereavement of the tabernacle of your Mosaic and Christ your king in the star of your god which ye made to yourself. Isaiah 59: 8. The way of peace they know not: and there is no judgment in their going. They have made them crooked paths, whosoever goeth therein shall not know peace.
Dear Madam of Pens,"

...of Lord

Alfred Ely's Book

Wendell."

I am much pleased to hear I shall occupy a few moments in making good your amble request. Accordingly, I am to once  a review of earlier times. Times when we walk over the green fields as children with the rest of our playmates with kindness and realibility. And truly, kindness and realibility.

And partly, kindness, 

There is no sense in seeing nature.

There is no sense in seeing nature, 

or its influence on our minds. 

But, I know the channels by which nature.
Joshua 10:13 and they shall say to the mountains, Cover us; and to the hills, Fall on us. 13 Oct 26, 6
They are our mouth condemneth thee, and not I: see them own lips testify against thee. Amos 5:17, Woe be upon them that are wise in their own eyes, and are prudent in their own sight, and say, The Lord saith not, The Lord saith not. Alas! and they shall call the husbandman to mourning, and such as are skilled of lamentations to washing. The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob, Ye have seen the abominations of your fathers; and shall ye do worse, and shall ye worship idols out of your own heart? Israel 59:6. The even of praise they know not: and there is no judgment in their gatherings: they have made them crooked paths: whoever goeth therein shall not know it.
Sir: Dated 17th Sep.

I was in great danger of not hearing from you again.

I trust this would procure some credit for me in the eyes of my friends.

I hope, therefore, that this letter will give you satisfaction.

I think, however, that it might not be necessary to write in such a way of business.

I presume this is a matter of particular importance.

I was, therefore, very glad to hear from you.

I am now very much engaged in writing.

I shall send you a particular account of what is going on.

I have the honor to be, with the highest esteem, your obedient servant.

Inclosure...
Left Detroit 25th Sep 61

Many of the events which occurred during the
operations in the West Point area might have been
more clearly understood and less harmful to the
enemy had the happened near a good opportunity
to make a flanking movement. I would not have
taken advantage of it, but had the opportunity been
more favourable I might have done so.
11th March 63. "To day I expect well meet the enemy and our night I fear not. I believe that I am as well prepared now as I should be 50 years hence. I believe that Christ died for "All in all". 11th the day is past and all of us are yet unharmed. The rebels fled after the loss of three men. For the first time I realized war terrible was. Being among the skirmishers to day I had a view of the rebels at a short distance. I saw the work of the bomb shells, those terrible guns of death and saw with much
satisfaction of its products, the confusion of the enemy. We are within 3½ miles of their battlements. Tomorrow the work goes on and perhaps before the sun sets twice we shall be in Winchester or on the battle field. 12th the day brought the occupation of the city without a struggle. They surrendered, indeed.

The art of an army on the move is a lucky night. 19th we had the honor to lead the way there by in the city first. 14th we start this morning for Strasbourg. Our allowance for 7 days is all ready. 22nd we are back again. 23rd we start as usual for Contern. We join Stenbakken's command. 23rd we march to Hints. 24th we are back to the new again. 25th we recommence our march via Centenau.
We arrive in Manassas 29th March. And leave 3rd day of April for Warrington station where we are some days in safety. Leave 5th with Col. Geary for Warrington and take peaceful possession of the place at 3 O clock. We quarter at court house of late occupied by 38th Va. Vol. Leave 6th and advance 10 miles. Snow 2 1/4 inches deep. It's now stormed 4 days in succession. 9th Day of April 11th we are in Middleburg famous for curing the black slug. We quarter here by night. 13th we march through Upperwell to a station on the real road—caching. The rebels away not having called Bedmont. 17th being
on a scout to the westward of that place we were fired on from the enemys secret places in the moun-
tain when two of our best men fell dead from their saddles Private Kilbridge and Sergeant Bellesson -
two noble and gallant men. The Sergeants last words were 
"Boys pray for me." After they 
tired they fled peremptorily to 
their mountain retreats and 
afther a thorough search by us 
they were left to enjoy their allur-
crous deeds. "Good Friday consign 
their remains to their living 
rest. May heaven open her 
gates to receive, as the devoted 
sons of a glorious cause 
28." I ordered to recruit with 
others to Capt. Macarre. He takes 
me to the house of Mr. John 
Quincy for the purpose of
searching for arms, so said but I believe now for the purpose of qualifying his own selfish ends. He makes him prisoner and places me guard over him while he fills his pockets with plunder and maladjusts on such men. For the disgrace the cause for which we are engaged. Officers of the army are not to be bound to respect the rights and regulations of war. Although our enemies are swift to do evil we should remember mercy as the first law of heaven and act in accordance. If we may we will remain at Redmont with not much to engage us but
The usual routine of life consequent upon a soldier I hope that we may soon be relieved from this monotonous to an more active field. As I sit here upon an eminence and overlook one of the most beautiful and lovely landscapes in the world, the idea of war in such a country seems to far the harmony of nature too much for belief. But the canons roar in the distance signifying to firmness of the reality of its existence. Virtue makes a man prone to do evil. So does will be remembered as unfortunate. While discharging our revolvers from horse W. W. shot accidentally hit himself in th...
nee. His leg will probably have to be amputated - an idea that strikes me as worse than death. He's gone to Washington.

9th Here I am to day on pocket for the purpose of contributing to the arrest of the anticipated flight of a troop of rebel cavalry. Ft. George is in their rear - being in the mountain near the gap. 10th The cavalry yesterday escaped by some unknown road with the exception of one. 11th I am told that we have orders to move tomorrow. I hope it may be so. 12th To day I am going on regular business. The scenery begins to look beautiful indeed.
This morning I arose early and found my horse absent. I went to inquire in pursuit, being encouraged by circumstances. I kept going till I saw two wagons coming around the front of the mountain when I concluded that discounting was the better part of valor, so I retreated to the wood where they returned. I came back to camp, and found my horse there.

Today I note the sad intelligence that two more of our boys are gone. They were on the picket duty at Fort Royal and on their return were taken prisoners by a band of rebel cavalry at the town of Flandor.
Although and I blush for generous noble breast

Try. Hard indeed is our fate, but however hard I rest under the consolation

that the moon does not wane

When his country was led

And within the shadow of a

11th yesterday I shan't an

pursuing to procure

my for the first time in our 22d months. 91 reminds

one of former times.

22rd when I reflect upon

the change among my friends.

debut was sorrows. I feel

as though

I could be down like a

child

and away this life of care

to life a lovely evening here

and I on peregrine on the very

road by which Washington
went westward nearly a hundred years ago to suppress disturbances among the Indians. 29th today was spent in scouting for the enemy. We went 14 miles in their country but nothing was seen. Labor being having attacked and taken Fort Royal in force it gives them opportunity to hurl their batteries down upon our small command and in consideration of the fact that the General has ordered our retreat. 29th We arrived here in White Plains last night and at dusk went here to day. The enemy are said to be advancing 29th we were all prepared during the night for to move but the morning brings the order.
Manassas Junction 

9th. Having traveled 

late last night we arrived 

here very fatigued and 

without sleep for four 

mortal nights. I made the 

ground my bed and with 

a blanket thrown over me 

quietly slept. It rained 

and I wet through to my flesh, but 

I was too sleepy to remove 

so I remained nearly all 

and look it till part of day had given us his light. 

And one is silent and thoughtful 

approaching events. However 

they burn great and terrible 

the mood of man. The odds 

is believed to be great but 

my God give us victory 

and to him we will award 

the praise as the giver 

of all good gifts.
If our being long

we have assumed, harkening

as after a truly tedious meeting

by word of God, we are, with

for what purpose in this

instance, 30th this past

we quartered north of the

pigs in the old barracks of the

Col. I transits greatly

reviewing the past and ante

as being the future

as is reported or current

that we go to South Carolina

in a few days... I shall just

if it be necessary to return, but

where I go it simply calls me

with a will.

13th June.

We started this morning

from Washington and arrived here at

Bermantown where we quarter

for the night. This place is memorable

for a fiercely contested battle

and the victory of our forces.
The superior number of the Americans and our own obstructions have retarded our advance. This morning but one column was detained by the slow progress we made in fording over Goose Creek. As I sit here and write the most prominent thing that caught my eye was death upon death upon death, and death upon us with harmless composure reminding me how often - death of others from their arms by the overarching Providence. And we came through the celebrated city of Secomb yesterday. The battle-ground was plainly visible from our camp. We arrived at this place Waterford last evening. This is a remarkable town. Loyalists are abundant here. This is where we saw the angry insinuations of Loyalists. This
I have noted 940 their usual vote in the entire number for the union party, against about 550 receiving which so proudly displays the character of their government. They decline against coercion and at the same time use the strongest means for the same end. The people here on the supposed approach of an army that was recalled from childhood in their ambition brought the whirlwind. They leave their homes of nativity and are obliged to seek an only home on the borders of lakes 31st. The day has been engaged as friends among friends. 4th. We left Waterloo their noon with the prayers of the people seeking peace for and hastily our prayers with them for their hard struggle for conquests 31st. We passed through Hamilton but finally arrive at
This place Leesburg 5th. although
The citizens have declared that no
so much body of soldiers could stay in
this place we slept soundly in the
court house nothing发生 and
urged our return possibly in the
morning 6th. we came to quarters
again 9th. time can never
shave what my eyes have thus
day seen. The Senate of the
U.S. in session. They behold
the intellect of America the
moving parts of a hemispher
among those renowned speeches
Hamby Summer Wilson Waller
Eames Harris foot me Dougall
D. Forney besides our own Senators
I also find the advocates of the South
commission insufficiently
appreciated by those who have witnessed
The last week I went to the theater, by
day I find myself in the govern
ment blacksmith shop pellmand
waiting for me home to be show.

It is said that we start for
Richmond to move tomorrow 13th. We start from Washington
this morn and pass through Ama-
andee to this point 2 miles east
where we encamp for the night.
I am tired and sleepy, but having
rained and we have no shelter
14th. The morn is pleasant but
rather warm. I feel very well.

This morning 15th we made our
way toward Richmond as far
as Humpries. This helped looking
for the remains of a once - flourishing

Since the revolution.
The night. This is a beautiful
little city, snugly situated on the
Chesapeake, and almost
belying the character of wood.
We leave this coast and
head West. Her to improve
that I almost feel satisfied
with her condition. Although
it looks rather dull, it is,
may intimate commerce, nearly
all being down now and
ever myself by no means
well. But being thus far a
round I have had the consider-
ations of doing what little I
could to alleviate their ill-
ness. To Catholic St., as I look
around me, how the ruins of war
everywhere marks the eye and
very possibly convinces one of its
moral character. Centriched
and first dawn to night.
From the fatigue of a long
long march 27th. We arrived
back to Washington from
whence we came after about
18 days. Our bodies down
with severe illnesses and
hardship. 3rd. It means impossible
that this should be the 9th
nothing
to sustain the mind for the mem-
ories of tomorrow. for, the day
to part with me and with its facts
assumed for the eyes of Americans
to behold. Great ladies of many
men arriving from the battle field
battle. I saw me such thoughts
indeed while reading those poor
men from the back to the ambulan-
car. But still their faces broke me
proud of American valor
for born and served as they never
the greatest of which I manage
de to restore sentiment.
We again leave Washington, and I hope not to return till the war is terminated. Our coach was made last night in the neighborhood of Fairfax. 10th, we arrive at Washington, the head quarters of Gen. Washington and march our tents by the city. 11th, entering our lines of Washington, hasten and after having marched all night we arrived here in the town of Culpeper. This morning we quartered to night with preparation for an attack. 16th, to night brings us on the battle of the Rehumburgh & through the worst storm of rain and snow that I ever knew. 17th, the 21st, Sunday day, it rains, so that I shall ever remember for rain, mud, and bullets. We are back in the Rehumburgh.
19th we again join the command 20th in march with it and the 21st in march at Bowling 22nd we march 10 miles from Culpepper 23rd we march with another long march. We swim all through the mountains arriving there at Bowling on the 27th. On the 29th we are ordered to report at Crooked Run 30th we arrive and are posted on the picket in full sight of the rebels. 2nd August we still standing on the western & north Culpepper 6½ miles we move into all day to Madison on where I go on the hospital with the camp fever. I remain from the hospital the 73rd although I feel more exhausted than ever before from so jolly's illness 1st this has been the first time since I have been in this that I fear any deadly I hope not.
will be the last, 29th Army. To-day witnessed the constant
noise of artillery
yesterday we had a severe
fight with them being on the
rear from Thomas. Fort
Days had 17 of our men being badly
wounded. 93 men in 7
troops. I was
taken prisoner in the battle on
the right in the terrific charge
made by an regiment in the rule
host. Of my comrades are
with me. We arrive at
Gainesville for Army we are
travelled to dry and get as
far homeward as Able. And
we get as far as-1st station
and we arrive at Point of Rocks
again in the land of friends
All I have to lament is fever
in course of the sickness
in my stomach for 63 hours
We started for Cumberland and arrived on the 15th. This is a very pleasant city, surrounded by heavy mountains, as if we were, giving it rather a romantic appearance. On the 18th, having again encamped on our march, we go through the village by the short mountain trail to Grafton, and from there here where we arrive the morning of the 20th. At an we start for Columbus by the way of 20 miles. On the 21st, we have at last settled in Camp where we remain. Yesterday we were instructed for pay at Columbus by Capt. Ford, and find we are at Cleveliand ready for passage for Detroit. 

This morning I again set home again after an absence of over a year again living my book.
toward home for Camp

Where 93 I'm again here and

only for轮廓. 7 of Oct-

day we have been posted

at Columbus.

on 11th I start for home and arrive

the 21st report to Col Smith

according to order made by

King 1793 22 am ordered

to Dehurt Bureaux.
A portion of the
Civil War drama

of Alfred T. Ryder

Irish Homeguard" "Cork
Nov. 21st, 1862.

To day our boys were attacked in an adjacent house 21 in no. by the 8th bushwhack women evacuating. The fight was terrific on the part of the women and by the boy called forth the powers of the defense. The boys expelled them. The women, turning away the skirts of the women generally reconstituting in the meantime that they would soon be murdered by their friends in the fight. But the women being reinforced by their husbands called forth and to those present succeeded in capturing them.
and the normal strain
of camp life with its
accumulating discomforts
exists with us. 23° warm
and pleasant weather and
now Christmas has surpris-
ingly come amid to a mild
northern Climate. 2 10°C.
be continued to hear
on this mammoth day
the sound of the sleigh
bells and the music
which of friends. It
seems quite unnatural
that it should be Christ-
mas all solium and
silent. 2.65° PM
around the soil of
this country winds
out and interred by the
January 1863

In many of its parts this little people carry year by year improving their own small homes in a generation time to be only the homes of hearts and love. The community with all its vain and worthless only glories in its former worth. For Jan 11

To-day is the beginning of another year. What shall I do in the end? Last night I washed and the coming of the year on picket at the same keeping a sharp look-out for pits one man and their last night on picket on host while I was there at
In we are released at Lawrenceville and go to camp near there. We leave 9th for greater duty on the Woll river. 10th we build a house for a tent. 11th we go to Raphael house. 13th we return near Woll river. 1st in the extreme blood last night a good stand near blood report war but curiously lay under itself down by the heads of two sleepers on the blankets above me. If it had fallen it just to the right it would have instantly killed them without doubt.
22nd Last night was I think the worst night
I've ever known cold winds and picks darkness. I've
fudled
The Oceanacl at
midnight it being on the
rim all the time. It
was already a dangerous
business its being deep
and almost a turn in
current. 24 I'm not
well but hope to be better
to day 25 in just a
chill is the greatest
hastis is neither
soldier especially in
the number. Its
only that almost gives
away the trap and
warmer. Take a
in the street
might not
with a vanguard idea of
bullets in the street
is another word not.

I knew one commander
but what he meant will
send a broadside
back shot clean through
the body one might
truly do with by my change
Poor F 1831 The testimony
of Camp that prevails
and means likely too
for the next century.
Feb 2nd on further good
word yard park. "Last
night I passed a letter
receiving by Mr. Buck
on wood going to visit
his old relation..."
goal is will occ- 
aid her feelin's
and make life et
and thing again

14/14 Yesterday while 
returning from a
seawet to the town of
Baltimore we went
attached from an
Ambassador by dis-
mountain ed, and
then changed on by
the mount men
but it cost them to
dearly to form me
so after the loss of a
number of men when
I shouls in
when I took its the
word to save my
house котором
myself. But we
lost many of our
best men. When
an opening came through
which I could escape I
bade them good buy
though with a loaded
air gone. But I hope that
the worst is only as
drums at 7 T a.m.
on
loose in a black man's
foot on the Bulls Run a
one year ago to day
in first sight just
in Virginia and
happy will be the day
that my first bids
a good buy 27 30 days
a year ago I first read
an armed slave
March 1863

8th March. The spring months have begun with splendid weather. I have attended the new Congress, and have been to see the President. I have seen the new Congress and the President. I have been to see the President. I have seen the new Congress and the President.
in house and taken out of bed quietly at midnight and if you'll
enough and if they would
up some of our
officers every night it
should be a good thing
the orderly came back and asked the
men to surrender for a
sent and then told them
in and measured them
up 15th come to 1st
for 25 and some there
25 shall be glad
when I am gone from here
although some would just
for Dr. Smith is a
true gentleman as well as
a soldier and will
know how to use
men in Illinois
April 1873

2nd we move camp to near fairfax
Arrived the 11th by
the Camp at lewis
Molly 12 old boy
Dan on a scout with Gen Simul
Me a just a fight to
say who knows what
a day may bring forth,
or even an hour, but what
ever comes, God give us
the victory. Fido and Lee
is reported in the neighbor-
hood was in stravi
for
the encounter. Our
battles cry shall be
Yan old Michigan
and we will go in if it
comes for all we are
worth on earth.
In Camp again.

Without accident. We caught about 40 gray-buck gentlemen friends.

Our heavy cannonading toward the river.

Last night brought the news of 172000 crossing and the news of the ongoing battle therin probably thousand, their fellows will look their last on earth.

9th suspence is over. The battle is ended and by which I can truth distagurisly to our arms. O what a mass of human life on those fields and all apparently of no material deacount.
11th July 1861

This morning I read the most heart-rending news that Forest Brown was killed on that terrible field of battle. That single incident strikes me with amazement and sorrow — the death of another friend accosted by the relentless solicitations of war! Who shall come next? perhaps you or another, perhaps myself! The order of destinies only Knows. If we start with 2 days' returns for a drive and advance as far as the old Chancellorsville battle ground while we just up for the night 14 hours the country all around...
went Drumville forachelor spins our results and finally put up with Church stone Falls on the Lancing Gap. Farley was taken violently ill this morning and sent to camp. Sleeping on the wet cold ground is beyond his endurance and almost everyone else is sick returned yesterday with the agony. Farley was also taken violently ill and had to return to camp.

17 we have a fine camp and almost the finest that we ever had on a bank toward Gainesville and...
May-June 1863

returning we passed
on the old Bull Run
battle-ground. Human
bones and in some
instances whole frames
were found in digging
and in some
instances whole frames
were found in digging
to mark the place
where old fighting
grounds look
indications to
put up for the night
near Front 
- on the
rail road. The amount
of property destroyed
on the road seriously
would not make a small
marble rise. Returned
500 camp near our camp
day is broken up and
we probably begin our
summer campaign.
29. We go to Sumpter on a scout and return. 26. We go to Drumville on guard. I understand that we started for the Potomac. God blessed me to die with the opportunity of seeing General, for the first time in nearly ten years. He looks now broken down. It seems to me to look at him and think where he is. 29. We again meet our friends on the streets of Fredericksburg and hear applause from them. 26. This man funds our camp in full view of the battle ground of Sumter town.
The battle for control is likely to be repeated. Our forces are gathering for the onslaught and sooner or later it will come. The sight before me is grand beyond description—these valleys and mountains have been beautiful, but how sad the thought when compared with their memory. Many, many on this face of your grand picture have passed to the spirit world forever.
June-July 2, 1863

On the 2nd instant, this morning and
order, we started our ships to
the nearest point of our ancient
castles near Flushing. On the
afternoon of the 2nd day has been
one of the severest days
I have witnessed while
sailing on the
said to have been sent
to the chief 100 yards from
our side and 50 from
the enemy. 10 months
ago to stay the cannon
blasts into us as well
well July 2 and in the
field 13 miles from Here-
York. This is surely one
of the finest countries
in the world, most
splendid buildings.
Yes, 'twas to thank that I, in my ruin.
We shall meet on Time's thick shores.
One earthly tear, an ocean.
That once again, we'll re-unite
In realms above of fearless light.
We'll meet again in Heaven.

'Tis meant to think, as rows of valleys in a dream.
Time's sweet uncertain fruit.
With every sigh,So
That forever, our hearts become
To wait for them, a happy, happy
Home of endless love.

Our will brighter, warmer flowers.
Blossom around the way
That can spread, with happy glad boughs.
In the early days.
And the wedding years shall bring
Strength and healing on their way.
It is fearful that when the son of a mariner was to be prosecuted by his wife for neglecting her, a Moloch in relation to appeasing the angry gods. He exclaimed in agony and fear of her voyage, but God be praised to whom the water was his path. His face is frightful of the stormy sea, but how terrible would the billows of passion wax! spread to the fluttered God. Despairing man from his awful gulf. But rain! rain! Nevertheless! the rain sucked over him precipice around him, and at last reluctantly followed man to his long home.
It is small wonder I have advanced the moral and political nature of the world. This I have but toward the royal disposal of long ages hence.
Trust me future hazards fill your soul... and let the devil just buzz its dead.
Act, act in the展区 present. Heart, waiting and God's true heart
right is the time to think it.
When from the eye the soul takes flight and on the abstractions of gender, steady pole
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of undecided light.
Who plote the times of heaven to serve thedevil call back.

Regardless your thing breaking a heart
Already to surround, resigned
Away - no clouds is honing over with
First now we'll shim the hide
Light is knock heart, which full before an
N Karen stims to cheer and quicken.
Our earthy days: How often back
We turn our hopes bewildered track
To where our hill and valley plays
The sunlight of our early days.

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue,
Where patience, honor, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude take root, strongly fled.

A doubly wise useful guide,
Pure instruction but the best,
It is from thee alone we learned
Honest, laudable things below.

Virtue may be assailed but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force but not enthralled.
Yet even that which mischief meant must harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.

Millon

The engrossable male,
And be the genuine immortal truth,
And courage now to subsist yeuld
And visions as vividly eyes avoid
Hang on each leaf and cling to every thorn.

Obscured by curtains round them, dyes
And siren lolls a dull grecular song.

Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air.

Lord, what is man but a foolish man
Born of the earth at first?
His life and shadow light and vain
Still hastening to the dust.

Sincerity truth, wherever his friends.
Among your friends among you go
On Christian or on Heathen ground.
It flowers in ascension it grows.
Neglect the transient and assume the voice.
By fondness soul with joy remembers
How like glowing flames they start
When I fan the living embers
On the hearthstone of my heart

She's a maiden in the blood of age
And makes the infant strong as steel

When midnight wanders through the sky
With breathless lips apart
So then I'd have sweet thoughts of me
Enshrined within the heart

The night shall live while factions die
All traitors draw a fleeting breath
But Patriots drink from God's own eyes
Truth lights the conquer's death

"Stand like an anvil when the sparks
Fly far and wide a fiery shower
Virtue & Truth must still be the marks
When malice proves to want of power
There is a tear of sweet relief
A tear of rapture, joy of grief:
The feeling heart alone can know
What soft emotions bid adieu.
It is with memory charmed the mind
With tender images refined;
'Tis when her magic spells restore
Departed friends, joys no more.
Every word or kindly look
Thou e'er to me bestow,
Is on my heart engraving page
As with a diamond graver.
When friendship once is rooted fast
It is a planting stem can never
Transplanted to earth but the root
But flourishes and blooms forever.
Breathe cheer a man with soulless dead
Who never as himself knew my land.

This is my own, my native land.
Three as he armed
Who hath his quiver full,
And he's but naked though clothed up
In steel whose conscience
With injustice is corrupt

Change is written on the side
On the proud lofty pride
On the streamlet glancing bright
On the jewelled crown of night
Shows it legible impress

God hath crepted nights
As well as day to deck toward globe
Grace comes as oft clad with dust grown
Of desolation as in white attire

The earth is bright
And I am earthly so I love it well
Those heaven is higher & full of light
Yet I am frail & with frail things would
Ah! I abed a mood
And do determined destruction into a dreamless era

Listening to a tale more dreary
Seeking meaning through my soul
One tear drops slowly, sadly
tow my cheeks began to root

There is no sorrow for the earnest soul
That looketh up to God in perfect faith

Keep not for him who dieth
For he sleepeth and is at rest
And the coweth whom the lieth
In the green earth's quiet breast

That blissful home of rest and peace
There cares distract no more
And not the shadow of distress
Ensuits unsullied blessedness
Farewell i saw that must be I hath been a sound that makes us linger yet farewell From seeming evil educe good And vindicates the ways of God to man Who does the best his circumstances allows Does well acts well angels could do no more One self approving hose whole years outweigh Of stupid slapers and loud brags as There is a pleasure in being mad that none but madmen know Keep not for those whom the veil of the tomb In life's early morning hath hid from our eyes So when the hunters hand hath rung From forest came her shrieking young And calls the lonely hounds But she not much not my distress
In the paths alone of duty
Can the immortal mind repose.
Peace dwells there, Where in beauty
Sharon's gentle flow'res grow.

God's way is sure, dark but soon or late
They touch the shining balls of day.
The evil cannot brook delay
The good can well afford to wait.

The greatest attribute of heaven is mercy
And to the crown of justice The glory
Where it may fill with rights to twain with pity.

How terrible is passion—how all season
Falls down before it—while tortured for one
Like a ship dashed by fierce contending tides
And of her jest spoiled drives round and round
By the spell of wind and wave.

The friends thou hadst—thy addershow tried
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.
They are natural foes; they will not lie
In the same burrow; their hostility
Do in the bones — in the very marrow;
Do what you will they will not lie on terms

The fretful star
Inkopetable; and the labor of the world
Have hung upon the breath of my heart

Like ripe fruit drop
Into our Maker’s lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not hastily plucked

Of a free thought seek expression
Speak it boldly — speak it all

For the soul of the Past has come
To its ancient home
In the hearts of men
To resume its reign again
I cannot bear of buds that sprout in men's
Distinct from the hollow sound
Panorama
Let not lift the curtain and disclose
What passes in that chamber

That creation varying mass assumes
Of good or bad here aspers and blooms

Cold grew the anvil and the hammer
Still stood the spindle and the loom

The Bel Dame queen was not to night
A queen that the world knows well
Whose portal of State is the wellhouse gate
And throne the prison cell

The coward witch whose heart
Can bear to torture ought below
I sever first to quail & start
From slightest pain or equal for
Resign'd from hills, eternal glooms
From sands and fires I chains

The grave is but a culver bed
Where mortals sleep a longer sleep,
A shelter for the homeless head
A spot where wretchedness can repose

But fortune does not always work on us
But is success the constant guest of virtue

Depletion, the wholesome soil of virtue
Where patience, honor, true humanity,
Calm solitude take root and strongly flourish

It often falls in the course of human life
That right long time is obtained for wrong
Though have sea or power, or self
That weakness it and makes her party strong
But justice, though her doom, she doth prolong
Yet at last she will her own course right

Spencer
Should we allow her mind that she has suffered the shock of accident and fluctuation of ideas for 5, 6, years and is now in the chaos of confusion.

Rather than be by preceding common novels whose meaning is buried in the deep depths of the reader’s mind, I would I studied the present, study all her manifold lessons and sublime reasoning. Humphreys and elegance may even be dug up from antiquity, but the permanent good and lasting thoughts of a man arise from the direction of the Acts and diversifed conditions which make up the present age. Observation I believe to be the best work of progressive character.
Skilful mariners get their vast<br>installations when storms<br>may rove can sail on<br>a smoother sea.

The present—a mere<br>coffin for the dead realities<br>of the past—

As Homer says "But an<br>empty phantom rise to fight<br>that the gods of freedom<br>might be laid prostrate—<br>and her body disunited—<br>and her bowels run out—for the<br>sorrow and current of the<br>world.

Eloquently he authored the gospel—<br>and the bard—the bard of the<br>Indian—prevailed against<br>God's chosen people.
Thought hand press heard the wicked shall not go unpunished.

Seeking to conquer a larger liberty man must extend the empire of misery.

"Bassness is mutability's ally."

I know that the spirit of Americanism will appeal for labor the knighthood of the colored and meet with a cordial adherence in its mantle home. And its principles be frequently read by the firebrands to the children of the ages. Thomas.

Also the heart that only blends Has taught to fear from combined flaws. Who falls from all he knows of bliss, Learns little into what abyss.
They have made lies. Their refuge and under falsehood they have hid themselves, but the realities of fact shall smite away their refuge and the waters of truth shall overflow their holding place. Violence shall be no more heard on our land, nor menacing or destructive whatever, nor plunders. They shall, after the imagination of their own heart, and they shall truth, the good and goodness of their conscience. The love in heart maketh it a point never to sacrifice conscience to advantage.
Such ideas shall be chaced out of the world, and peace shall once more reign in the habitations of men.

As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are the thoughts which you desire higher than your dreams.

They shall be chaced as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind.

Will you see your own country, a nation great and grand, melted out and broken down beneath the rolling waves of destruction, to sleep the sleep of eternity? Alas! How! cry lust like the charioteer out of Seer's Watchman, what of the right for you are lost? How that the hopes of a resurrection...
I believe such sentiments as these would give the heart of manumitter himself a conspicious twinge.

As a liberty thy home is freer, my grove a dreary backland well. The rich mollused fall when all the granaries of nature are stolen with her incalculable wealth.

Deceived by lies I most repulsively that would darken the blacker deeds of hell.

No factions in our rubble round. These blood bought states shall ever
Well raise our glorious flag & show the stars and stripes forever

A word - a look - has crushed to earth all many a budding flower.
The foundation of southern greatness the council halls of fallen statesmen. Grounded on the archery of distinction. Go to history the governance of polities. The elect of Rome assembled in sacred temples to declare their oracles—but America needs no Roman admiral—the hearts of her citizens are the temples from which flows all mandates of human brotherhood needful in the government of man.

O! wondrous spring, sweet spring! Thy pregnant voice is bringing back life to dead nature; I yield to hope to spring.
What wit so sharp in age or youth
That can distinguish truth from teaching
Falsehood and on the guard of simple truth
When their heart intends most villany

There names these human names to every eye
The echoes of all scorn should hang on high
Splashed over their less adorned enormities
And festers in the empyrean years

As if the vast & Sheeted sky
In Thunder fell from heaven
Blood though it sleep a time yet never dies
The gods on murder fix revengeful eyes

Vanished hopes & vanished smiles
All lost forever more
Like ships that sailed from sunny isles
And never came to shore

And soon a ruin when most I play the devil
Oh! dark dark amid the blaze of noon
Irrevocably dark total eclipse
Without any hope of day

Death lies on her like untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of the field

Wastill like me your hopes are blasted
Sorrow & shame are handmaids of your cares
Famines&poverty your guests at table
Draper your bedfellow—then rise—but not
From sleep— and judge

Leaves have their times to fall
And flowers to wither at the north winds breath
And stars to set—but all
They hadst all reasons for thyre own & Death

Fis need to labor in servise&hust
Though labor with pain be blinded
But sweeter by far with our Lord's to rest
The toil and the warfair ended
Like Earth's gigantic sentence
Issuance on the sky

The harrow lay in timeless snow
The horizon holds back our union

Many a vanished year and age
And tempests breathed baleful rage
Yet are monuments to worth yet stands
A post, enshrined to freedom's hands
The whirling earth, the earthquake's shock
Are left untouched to age's Brock
The keystone of a land which still
Though fall the beams proudly on that hill
The landmark to the double tide
That furnishing rolls on either side

Falling proms, unsummoned
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about two worlds but realigned
Time spoke away away away away.
No couple through the states of day
Nor wind along the hills could flee
So swiftly or so smothered as he
Like fiery staid from stage to stage
He wears on from youth to age
He changes in the fearful sun
Of shorter less eternity.

A place of mind, then body guest
How shall repentance of the breast
Dispense the faltering throe
When all our thoughts to reach the skies
Still earth diminished to our eyes
Shall vanishing our joys

God be praised for love of honor health and power
Can give the heart a cheerful portion
When health is lost 30 years a' waiting.
With death all luxury pleasure gone.
That voice may be but never, never
Yet much, much more but not appearing
Who where one can love, and know you and friends
No actions but revolutions, blend

But for an instant we know
Winters apathy may get Samuel
And gather in that day of time
A life of peace, angry crow

Judged, them, thought, judge us all
Thy want the dreams of youth real
For all for words of longer part
The sudden, then, "I may al have been"

For the future sways the present
And behind the dread unknown
standing God in the shadow
Keeps watch with his own

Hanged our souls to see
Not a rain because to provide apparel
With shoes and Good in thine bine
Shame hath not left one blot upon that soul
Is scarred with many stains and bitter tears
I'll doubt have cast upon it

Oft do the sages
Of great events stride on before the events
And in to day already count tomorrow

There's nothing lost. The slightest tone
Or whisper from a loved one's voice
May melt a heart of hardest stone—
And make a saddened heart rejoice.
And then again the careless words
Of thoughtless lips too often break
May wound a heart already stirred
And cause that troubled heart to break

Memory watches over sad seasons
Of joys that faded like the morning star

I could not, could not
But somehow must gratify you with.
How full are the joys once dear repose,
The appearance come and gone.
And there, in the moment, the tears flown.
Are the hours of sport and leisurely
Like angels, words short and bright.
Mortality too weak to bear their love.

Strange that a heap of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

Winter short with flaky snow,
And spring, white and cold, and made
Let he should make the passage itself.

Such is the vanity of the mind.
It spreads the broken images abroad,
Which else we had to clothe in the soul.

While on a whole side on a dusty road,
Whence all the snow is cleared. And half free
Fainting between the chimneys and the sky,
So Hope's last gleam on mans eternity.
A thousand ages in the night
Like a dream come to a close
Shut as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Transient are the joys of earth
As the hour that gave them birth
Faithless as the hollow dream
Fading in the morning beam.

Treacheries as the fleeting sand
Wave-washed on the ocean strand.

And seeing further than their heart can show
They look into the beauty of the mind

That there next rising from the tomb
With bounteous brighter for shall shine
Remain with ever-enduring bloom
Safe from diseases and decline.

— Constant Retirement

and friendship its

bless and alternate labor helpful.
ambition

Unhappy wretch is the least part of fame.
Above his fellow-men, Ambition speaks.

A man and narrow-minded when it infects
A man to wait for individual glory.
The foul desires that all the world should know nothing.
But with men content to be unknown.

Dost thou know the world? the late runs thus:
That one obtains by laboring to reflect
The other loses by his selfishness.

A sluggish may fill a thousand minds
With its capricious schemes, but a great mind
Will gather excerpts from a thousand others,
Mark the result? be ever one and just.

I despise ignorance, I will be despised
But modest worth respected and revered.

Whose every wish is wry
And all things serve they might
The every just pure blessing is
They join the unavowed light.
To mortal thinking upon any war;  
One moment entered brings another in;  
The second yields a third, the third draws some  
And they for all the rest of circle the doors;  
Till custom takes away the judging sense  
And to offend we think it no offense.

Feel no more the pulse's strife,  
The waves of passion may cease  
With wild surprise  
As if from marble struck diurnal sense  
A single moment motionless he stood  
Thompson.

Here a secret sound there—  
A grave I'll make impact  
It having fought—it shaded me there  
But it consumes the heart.

That in the mornous of the last  
Death leaves to its eternal rest  
The weary soul.
There is a calm where grief a calms
A refuge from the restless wind
It comes when pleasures dream no more
And hope the charmer, charmed are more
No where the heart is mourning till the dog
And not a tear bedews the eye
Yes when we see the tranquil gale
While not a smile the lip betrays

For close design'd craft'd counsel fit
Sagacious bold is true land of wit
Restless amitious subtle sky I have
Im power dispute slavish in disgrace

Tell in his sweet like beauty
Asley, by the gates of light

Thus all the bard and air
Long yarons are heard should sounds until
Distant sighs

This not coincides to circumand succeed
But in O the main symptom, well known
Estonia
Let the loud kettle to the trumpet speak
The trumpet to the cannons sound
The cannons to Heaven

Superior worth your rank requir'd
For that mankind revere's your sire
If you degenerate from your race
Then worth humility your disgrace

With gentle yet prevailing force
Falling upon his destined course
Graceful and useful all she does
Blessing and health wherever she goes

Oh grief beyond all grips when fate
First leaves the young heart desolate
For the wide world without that only lie
For which it loved to live, to toil to die

Takes the ravished soul prisoner
And dips it in Elysium
And blessed sleep! I think is the gift of sleep,
To wake in shadows scenes remembered well;
To sit and channel imagination's pour
And paint on rainbow lines whether might be;
Drowned earth with dreams of heaven combined
And form a whole, half human, half divinity.

'Tis he! 'Tis he! I know him now
I know him by his puffed brow;
I know him by his evil eye,
That aids his enormous treasure.
Byron

Ye gentle! famine the gradual heeding hand
Hath stilled from sorrow's grasp; he answered hail
We cannot questions by which in grief
Kind Bennettia continues to send relief;
For my pain she had a balm in store,
For my shipwrecked being some friendly cheer.

The thousand watches kept
In the days forever flower.
Dark curtains hid the setting sun
As it passed in daily round
That gave break of the evening storm
Which drenched the camping ground

Drenched around its deep cold floods
As it swept through the lens
And gave us night's grayless cover
In cold which I felt less

Time, that blunts the edge of things,
Does our tears, and spoils our bliss-
Time, has brought such balm to me
I can bear to speak of this.

Alas! the love of woman! It is known
To be a lovely and a jealous thing

The sun is most a friend
That reaches out before us;
God's tender heart is round
His love is smiling over us.
Mind, pine thyself
Stand upon thy worth
Yet not the prongs of fortune
Crush thee to the earth.
Cling not to the fool
Though by millions fatted
Keep thy native dignity
Over more intact

Let the earth cover and protect its dead
And let man preach thither return in peace.
From whence I came, his spirit both attire.
His body to the clay from which it was formed
Imprinted to him as a sealed for life.
When he and all must render back again
To earth, the common mother of mankind.

Yes there are gods, but they no thought besides
On human deeds, on moral bliss or woe—
Else would such woe and such woe lead all astray.
Would the Lord suffer? would the God prevent?

Ecclesius
Existence may be born
And the deep root of life & suffrence
Makes us from abode & distress

But there is a silent sorrow
Which can find no vent in speech
Which disclaims relief & labour
From the height that song can reach

Yes he is gone & we miss him
In each sunny glade & glen
The deer calls oft to kiss him
But it seeks him now in vain

He digged a put
He digged it deep
He digged it for his brother
But through his son
He did fall in
The put he digged for tother

Crossed age and youth
Cannot twin together
How strong are the bonds which unite friend with friend and how terrible their dissipation! None can tell what unto a soldier, for to him is left the parting of friends whom he loves. Now again, he shall meet on the broad earth. Often have I witnessed silently contemplating its sadness mothers and sisters giving their last farewell to beloved fathers and brothers. I've seen the tears roll down cheeks so red withimploring anguish. And so have I seen widows mothers of infant children which stood and they kept them agitating for their husband on whom they depended for their daily bread.

Alas! one moment has its drawn:
That lends on unseal with our dawn.
Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes
And fondly broods with music care;
Time but the impression deeper makes
As streams their channels deepen
The morning creases
And the earth in them Matters smile awakes
His light is on all below & above
The light of gladness & life & love

All is the gift of industry - what is
Exalls embellishes & renders life Delightful

Tis a history
Handed from ages down immortal
Which children, open-eyed smoothed down

Alas! one narrow line is drawn
That links our sunset with our dawn
In mist & shade life's morning rose
And clouds are round it at its close;
But ah! no twilight beams extends
To whisper where the evening ends
Touch us gently, time wings.

We're not proud or soaring,

Our ambition, our content

Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we

Over uncharted seas,

Seeking only some calm chime—

Touch us gently, gently time.

And when from weary wanderings

At length I hasten back

How blissfully will I tread again

The old familiar track.

How few that love us have we found

How wide the world that binds them round

Like mountain streams we seem to part

Each living in the other's heart;

Our course yet unknown; our hope to be

Yet mingled in the distant sea.

Who prays not for some one dead
Spinning for the monument.

I had reason doing the piece.

My heart is burning.

These hands, these hands, these hands.

The sun sitting on the moon, tears come down my face.

From this tech, by the ton.

The dead dog comes in with no idea.
Oh! if I had a voice a cunning voice
I'd travel the wide world over
And teach men to be true.

Take my love and take my blessing
Keep it among thy treasures rare
And sometimes in most excessive
Bless the hand that placed it there.

The air is full of farewell to the dying
And mourning for the dead.

To forms of government to contest
Nature is best administered by best.

Leaping spirits light as air?
Dancing heart untouche by care:
Shining eye & laughing brow
A youthful cheek of glorious glow.

He that now hinder mischief
And yet permits it is an accessory.
The night is blind with a double dark
The rain and wind come down together
It is good to sit by the fire and talk
to the stormy weather
Thou sword at my left side
What means thy blush of pride
Thou smilest so on me
I take delight in thee

When the foot is at the altar
When the ring hath pressed thy hand
When those that love thee those that love
In groups around thee shind
O! may the rhyme that friendship wears
Like a spirit of the air
Be o'er thee at that moment
For a blessing and a prayer

Go leave the gift unoffred
Beneath Religion's dome
And be her first fruit offered
At Home dear Home.