

Mary Ann Huggins souvenir autograph book, 1858-1860s.
 [Alexander G. Huggins and family papers]

[p. 1: front cover] GIFT ALBUM

[p. 2: illustration] WINTER

[p. 3: title-page] GIFT ALBUM
 Philadelphia
 HAYES & ZELL.

[p. 4:] My Dear Mary Ann Huggins,
 As you bear the name of one who is near and dear to me I cannot decline your invitation to write a few lines in your Album. I trust you have begun to understand the meaning of the Saviour's requirement contained in the passage "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me". Here are daily self denials to be endured, daily duties to be performed, daily crosses to be borne, in the Christian life. But as the rule is "no cross, no crown" we must welcome the cross that we may obtain the crown.
 May God bless and guide you always.
 Yours very truly
 S. R. Riggs
 July 6. 1858.

[p. 5: illustration] THE PROMENADE

[p. 6:] Dear Sister Mary
 I must write a line or two in this little Album before starting for the field of strife. Who knows when or under what circumstances we may meet again? In this world or the world to come? May the Great God keep you always.
 "There is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wandrers given."
 J. W. Holtsclaw.
 Com. D. 9th Reg. Minn. Vol.
 Travers des Sioux Minn
 Sept. 29. 1863.

[p. 7:] Dear Mary may you ever cherish,
 That pearl of matchless price,
 Which, when this life shall perish,
 Shall buy a paradise:
 Where nights dark shades never,
 Flow down the dark main,
 And the saints in glory,
 Eternally shall reign.
 Rose A. Spencer
 Shakopee Min

[p. 8:] We are friends Mary
 Martha Williamson
 Pajutayee Minna

Dear Mary

I wish you were here. I want to talk with you again. It has been so long since I have had that pleasure. Mary we were playmates. We are friends. We shall be sisters in Christ, when together we cast our crowns at His feet. Till then, dear friend, may you have as much happiness as our Heavenly Father sees will best prepare you for "our home"

Your ever true

Nannie J. Williamson.

Mary's home, May 26. 1859.

[p. 9:] Mary, dear Mary,

We are happy for God has given us each other's love.

Sister Loidie

Shady Nook

July__1862.

[p. 10:] My dear Friend, Mary Ann:

Oh! now for some poetic fire,
Some touch of the sacred muse,
To help inscribe a desire,
In lines for you to peruse.

Some token of kind regard,
Sweet memorial of love,
On this page, well preservd,__
Type of a record above.

Pure and white, as was this page,
Ere touched by this poor pen,
Thy heart in youth, e'n to age,
So pure, so free from all sin.

And, as in this Album white,
You gather tokens of love,
So set your heart with gems bright,
And with virtues from above.

Oh, then, let us faithful prove!
While life to us is given;
Onward and upward, we move
With hopes,__to meet in Heaven.

A. M. Adams

Nov. 26th. 1858.

[p. 11:] To my Dear Friend Mary A. Huggins:

Amid the toils, perils and joys of the present life, how faithful, patient and watchful should we be: And how timely, kind & condescending, how comforting and blessed, is the Address of Our Divine Savior, to his children, saying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for, I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior.”

M. W. Adams.
 Traverse, Minnesota.
 Nov. 26th_A. D. 1858.

[p. 12:]

Sweet stream that winds through yonder glade,
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid;
 Silent and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
 Clear as yon ethereal glass,
 And heaven reflected in her face.

E. P. W. H.

[p. 13:]

To Mary,

Tis hard to lever our cherished friends,
 To bid them all farewell,
 But when the Saviour bids us go,
 With cheerful hearts we should comply,
 Even if called in heathen lands to dwrl.

Mary. A. Butler
 Beloit W. S.

[p. 14:]

Now Mary Ann I wish for you
 A future bright and fair.
 And, while I write, this wish of mine
 Is turned into a prayer.

I do not ask, that, far from foes,
 Uninjured you may live.
 I only ask that all those foes
 You freely may forgive.

I do not pray that o'er your chest
 No tears may every stray
 I only ask that Gods own hand
 May wipe them all away

S. W. Pond

[p. 15:]

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways.
Ps. 124.

L A(?) L Ellison
Feb 20 – 1860(?)

[p. 16: illustration]
[at foot:] PAINTED [or PRINTED] BY W. WRIGHT

[p. 17:]

My Dearest Mary I'm aware,
That I am not a poet:
But if I can just make some rhymes,
Most gladly will I do it.

For I do want to make a piece,
And write it in your book,
That you may always think of me,
When in it you do look.

For May you do know it is
A very painful thought,
To think when we are gone away
That we shall be forgot.

If I should say I love you well,
'Twould be no news to you,
So something else I'll try to tell,
Tho nothing is more true.

When you were first a little babe,
You know I called you mine;
And hoped that you should be mine own
Until my life's de[c]line.

[p. 18:]

And Mary when your mother said,
That I must give you up,
I felt that it was hard to part,
It was a bitter cup.

And yet I knew it was but just,
For you were not mine own,
And then I thanked her from my heart
For such a precious loan.

Now Mary you do know the rest,

And I will only add,
Two verses which your uncle made
While lying on his bed.

May truth and mercy never cease
To smooth the path you tread.
Long be your life your end be peace,
And blest your dieing bed.

Then may your spirit soar on high,
Where pleasures ever bloom,
Blest Canaans land above the sky
There be your long last Home.

Aunt Fanny

[p. 19:]

My dear Friend, Mary Ann Huggins,

“You know how precious the promises. – I doubt not – contained in Gods Holy Word. One of them is “Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden and I will give you rest”
That you may ever trust in the Savior is the prayer of Your Aff. Friend

Anna B. Ackley

[p. 20:]

She is coming my own my sweet
Were it ever so airy a tread
My heart would hear her and beat
Were it earth in its earthy bed.

Patter patter little rain drops
Softly on the window pane.
Thank you for the good you done
And we hope youll come again.

Anna Jane Riggs

[p. 21: illustration]

[p. 22:]

To Miss Mary Ann Huggins

May blessings the richest and pleasures most pure
Attend you dear Mary while life shall endure;
Religion’s sweet solace your pathway attend,
Your pilgrimage cheering until it shall end.

And when this short life, with its changes are o'er,
 No fear may know as you near the dark shore,
 Nor aught but a foretaste of joys evermore.

Heaven's brightness and glory may you then behold,
 Until the freed spirit with pleasure untold,
 Gives forth its sweet song, as new glories unfold;
 God's presence inspiring your soul with delight,
 In which the redeem'd, shall with raptures unite
 Nor ever cease chanting those melodies sweet,
 So long as the saints cast their crowns at His feet.

W. P. McMasters
 Traverse Jan. 27th 1864

[p. 23:]

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

L. O. McMasters

[p. 24:]

Dear Mary,

Do not forget your old playmate. I shall remember you till we meet where

“Hands clasp forever
 And friends part never”

Isabella B. Riggs.

[p. 25:]

Farewell: Thy star of destiny
 is beckoning thee away:
 Its course is towards the setting sun
 Thow must thy fate obey

And follow it though it should
 lead neath east or western sky—
 kind wishes shall for thee go
 forth—God bless my friend:
 Good Bye!

Emily F. Campbell
Sept. 11th. 1863.

[p. 26:]

Traverse des Sioux Nov 14th 1865

May thy youth be crowned with the shining virtues of thy sex: Thy middle life with influence and honor: Thy latter days with peaceful quiet resignation: Thy eternal future a paradise of joys supreme.

Is the wish of your friends

John P. Smith &

Mary A Smith

Fair Haven [?]

Miss Mary A Huggins

[p. 27:]

We will always be Friends through the Help of God's grace

Celia. W. Campbell

Sept 14th 1863

Traverse Minnesota

[p. 28:]

To my friend Mary A Huggins.

May you while life's rough path you tread

No rude misfortune know

But find your walks with roses spread

And happy live below.

While rosy cheeks thy bloom confess

And youth thy bosom warms

Let virtue and let knowledge dress

Thy mind in nobler charmes.

Katharine Herkelrath

Traverse des Sio[u]x

Sep 16th 1[8]63

[p. 29:]

I'll think of thee while life shall last,

No matter where my lot is cast:

And if thou first be calld to die,

I'll pray that thou to heaven may fly.

Eli L. Huggins

[p. 30: illustration]

[p. 31:]

Friend Mary

May your present life be filled with the performance of good deeds, and a cultivation of the Christian virtues; and your reward be a brilliant “future” is the wish of your friend,

Susan Fuller.

Traverse Nov. 18th 1859.

[p. 32:]

Tis Sweet To Be Remembered.

O! ‘tis sweet to be remembered,
 In the summer time of life,
 Ere we reach the burning summit,
 With our weight of woe and strife;
 To look backwards thru’ the shadows,
 When our journey first begun,
 And the golden flowers of mem’ry
 Turn their faces to the sun.

‘Tis sweet to be remembered,
 As the breeze remembers day,
 Floating upward from the valley,
 O’er the pilgrim’s weary way.
 O! ‘tis sweet to be remembered,
 When our life has lost its bloom,
 And every morning sun we meet
 May leave us at the tomb.

When our youth is half forgotten,
 And we gaze with yearnings fond,
 From a world where all are dying,
 To a deathless world beyond;
 ‘Tis sweet to be remembered,
 As the stars remember night,
 Shining downward through the darkness
 With a pure and holy light.

Your Friend J E. S____
 Traverse August 1st 1859

[p. 33:]

To Mary.

Mary! It is a lovely name,
 Thrice honoured by the rolls of fame
 Not for the blazonry of birth,
 Nor honours springing from the earth,
 But what evangelists have told
 Of three, who bore that name of old
 Mary the mother of our Lord,
 Mary who sat to hear his word,
 And Mary Magdalen to whome
 Christ came, while weeping o'er his tomb
 These to that humble name supply,
 A glory which can never die.
Mary my prayer for you shall be,
 May you resemble all the three
 In faith, and hope, and charity.

Ellen Mayner.

[p. 34: illustration]

[p. 35:]

To Mary

Let memory sometimes lead thee back,
 To other days almost forgot—
 And when you think of other friends
 That loved the[e] well—forget me not

Your Cousin Hannah
 St Peter Minn
 Aug 21th, 1865

[p. 36: illustration]

[p. 37:]

You are going from us Mary. Come back and see us sometimes, wont you?

Hapotma Inmiye
 Pajutazee Minnesota
 May 16. 1861.

Blessed are they that do His commandments that they may have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the city

Your friend,

Angelique Renville

[p. 38:]

“Happy are we today girls
 Happy, happy are we
 The hearts that we make gay girls
 With us shall happy be.
 Wearily we may return girls
 Wearily, wearily at last
 But memory will learn girls
 So love the happy past.
 Age may bring its gloomy hours
 And time may make us sad
 But we today are far from care
 And all our hearts are glad.”

Dear Mary when old age does come, so that you have to put on your spectacles to read this, then think of the happy hours that we have spent together

Julia A. Laframboise
 Hazlewood May 16. 1861.

[p. 39:]

To Mary

A place in your Album no doubt I can find,
 When I to be sure might write a short letter,
 Expressing great pleasure and wishes so kind,
 But a place in your heart would suit me much better.

I know very well, it must be a warm place,
 Where I could luxuriate nicely and flourish.
 The reason I know this,--I see in the face,
 The tokens of what such a notion would nourish.

I know too as well, that my chances are small,
 And probably I must remain a forlorn-er;
 Sometimes though, I think if I ca'nt get it all,
 Perhaps I may yet slip into one corner.

Be this as it may, I will wish you no ill,
 But earnestly wish, and I cannot restrain it,
 That friendship and kindness, your heart may so fill,
 That some worthy one may yet chance to obtain it.

Anon

[p. 40:]

Out of my last home, dark and cold,
I shall pass to the city whose streets are gold;
From the silence that falls upon sin and pain,
To the deathless joy of the angels' strain.
Well shall be ended what ill begun,
Out of the shadow, into the sun.

The time is coming Mary dear, when we two shall be out of the sometime shadow of this—God's earth, into the perfect sunlight of His heaven.

Affectionately,
Martha Taylor Riggs

Pajutazee Minnesota
May 16. 1861.

[p. 41: blank]

[p. 42: back cover]



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