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1834

### Poetry and Autographs Album Belonging to Mary Virginia Wood

Mary Virginia Wood Forten

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MSS

F

1834

*W. H. ...*

MOORLAND

SPINGARN



MSS - 09

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*Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including "MSS - 09" and other illegible scribbles.*

Letters

1. Harriet Martineau ✓
2. Miss Whittier ✓
3. John G. Whittier
4. Wendell Phillips
5. Thos. Hughes
6. Chas. Sumner
7. Mrs. Wyman
8. Richard J. Greener (also copied)



MOORLAND



*Painted by Sir Tho' Lawrence P.R.A.*

*Engraved by J. Garay*

JUST SEVENTEEN.

Published by Gray & Bowen Boston.

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# MOORLAND

A Wish

# SPINGARN

May the all bounteous Heaven bless you, and make your  
felicity as boundless as the benevolence of your heart, let your  
sorrows be many, and your afflictions be few. And when  
this transitory scene is past, soft and gentle be your passage  
to the tomb.

Julianne H.

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To The

Album

Our Album pages are methinks designed  
To show what yeering our kind friends possess  
To scribble trifles if thine so inclined  
Which is most likely all who read confess  
Affairs, mementoes of esteem we find  
And friendships in a fairy gale most sweet  
Affection and Remembrance here combined  
On its white leaves in gay assemblage meet

Mary Isabella Fortson

Philadelphia July 12. 1834.

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On

TIME

All powerful Time! thy potency we own,  
Countless the trophies that adorn thy throne:  
At thy rebuke the elements decay,  
Man's boasted hope, before thee, melts away;  
His proud memorials too soon are thine,  
His pomp and glory but adorn thy shrine.  
Yet, mighty King! though ancient is thy reign,  
In terrors clad, thy potency is vain;  
Thou too shalt fail, when on the yielding shore  
The final trump proclaims that time shall be  
no more!

J. Forten jr.  
1785

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Moonlight.

It was a beautiful evening, night came down  
Softly upon the day. The delicate light  
Left by the glorious sunset, gradually passed  
From cloud and sky, and the clear moonlight fell  
Like a veil of silver; and the stars  
In all their purity - look'd forth  
Like eyes of mercy, from the throne of  
Uncreated glory.

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To Miss

I love as none have ever loved.

Whatever their love might be.

Else would not parting with you wrong.

Such bitter pangs from me.

Yet musing on what might have been.

I dream my time away.

'Tis idle as my early dreams

But ah! 'tis not so gay.

You the dear friend I fondly sigh'd.

You the I now possess.

Since fate has sworn in solemn words

Thou never can be mine

Yet fondly as I love thee still.

Though hope never mingles thine

A wilder passion sways me now

'Tis love joined to despair.

D. L. C.



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C.E. King.

E. Gallaudet.

GRANDFATHER'S HOBBY.

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COLOUR

God gave to Kipic's sons,  
 A brow of sable dye, -  
 And spread the country of their birth  
 Beneath a burning sky, -  
 And with a cheek of olive, made  
 The little Hindoo child,  
 And darkly stained the forest tribes  
 That roam our western wilds. -  
 To me, he gave a form  
 Of fairer, whiter clay, -  
 But am I therefore, in his sight,  
 Respected more than they? -  
 No. - 'Tis the line of words and thoughts  
 He traces in His Book, -  
 'Tis the complexion of the heart,  
 On which he designs to look.  
 Not by the tinctured cheek  
 That fades away so fast,  
 But by the colors of the soul  
 We shall be judged at last.  
 And God, the Judge, will look at me  
 With anger in His eyes,  
 If I my brother's darker brow  
 Should ever dare despise.

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Engraved by E. H. S. S. S.

THE LOST BOY.

Published by Gray & Bowen, Boston.

Painted by A. Fisher.

# CENTER



Flowers are fleeting things, however bright;  
The sun, the shower, the winter, or the blight,  
Will mar their fragrance, rob them of their bloom.  
And what is Beauty but a flower—a toy  
Which grief, a time, or accident destroy,  
And leave, like the lone cypress round a tomb,  
A dull monument of departed years,  
When life was fresh, and joy too full for tears.

Philadelphia 1834.









Lines to Miss. M. V. Wood.

Con leaving Philadelphia July 1834.

Come take my thanks, for friendship past  
My wishes that your welfare long may last  
My promise that tho' time upon my face  
May lay his hands, or wear his ready trace  
Thy image long shall live within my breast  
Where all thy virtues makes thy memory blest.  
My wishes are sincere, tho' plainly said  
My heart like yours for tenderness was made  
Alas! the hour has come—the warning-bell  
That tells me I must bid thee now farewell  
With saddened heart this tribute I now pay  
Adieu Adieu—but, ah! how hard to say

B





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MOORLAND  
Acrostic - A Dream.

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Ne thought I saw a figure fair and tall -  
A female - close resembling you, dear girl,  
Roaming alone upon a verdant green,  
Yet countenance sad - depressing was her theme.  
With fear and trembling did I praech & say  
"O, lady! why so sad thou seem'st to-day?"  
"O why so sad!" she looked and quickly spoke  
"Deceived you are" - ah! then was I awake!

B.

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THE TOKEN 1831.

Printed by R. Miller, N. York.

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If in your Album I should write my name,  
Would you consent to let it there remain?  
Among your friends forever let it rest.  
And let kind friendship live within your breast.

While life remains I'll always be your friend.  
Live happy while you live, and happiness extend.  
And by these lines, perchance you think on me,  
I am your friend, and always wish to be.



Robt B Forten

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To Mary Virginia Wood.

Dear lady, when recurs thy name,  
Athrilling "Amor patriæ" flame,  
(While musing on my country's fame)  
With pride my bosom swells,  
Albeit unveiled is thy shame,  
I'll love thee still, what'er the blame  
Which hangs, Virginia, on thy fame -  
The tale which Slavery tells.

Not so with thee, for thou art chaste  
As Dian in the gleaming west;  
And virtue shrined in beautiful zest.  
(Of innocence and love)  
Sit thron'd upon thy stainless breast,  
And Gain would make thee doubly blest  
Of southern girls among the best,  
And modest as the dove.

May richest blessings ever beam -  
Cherubim guard thee while thee dream,  
May'st thou deserve the world's esteem,  
And in our shed sorrows bear.

May you glide smoothly down lifes stream,  
The horn of plenty ever beam  
With Ceres' fruits: and may you seem  
Supposed to marry, this leap-year.

Jan 4. 1835.

Southern.

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4 lines *Kurt D. Stein*

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BIRTHDAY WISH.  
May God bless you  
with Health and  
Happy days.

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# Flora

She talks to each, which each best understands,  
Her tongue pronouncing what her heart commands;  
Thinks ere she promises, but disdains to evade  
By subtle arts, her promises when made.  
Her pure smile a purer mind displays,  
Deep in her breast, her fair honour lays.  
Thus she doth strive by every means of truth  
To gain the splendid wreath of polish'd youth.



R. B. F.







