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Poetry and Autographs Album Belonging to Mary Virginia Wood

Mary Virginia Wood Forten

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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.

CENTER

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 those 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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MOORLAND

SPINGARN



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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.

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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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SP



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. Blandford

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.

3

Loves to Miss. M. V. Wood.

Eon 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.

SPRINGBARN
RESEARCH
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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 praach & 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 awoke!

B.

MOORLAND

SPINGARN



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S

N



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

MOORLAND

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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

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

CENTER

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. ...

