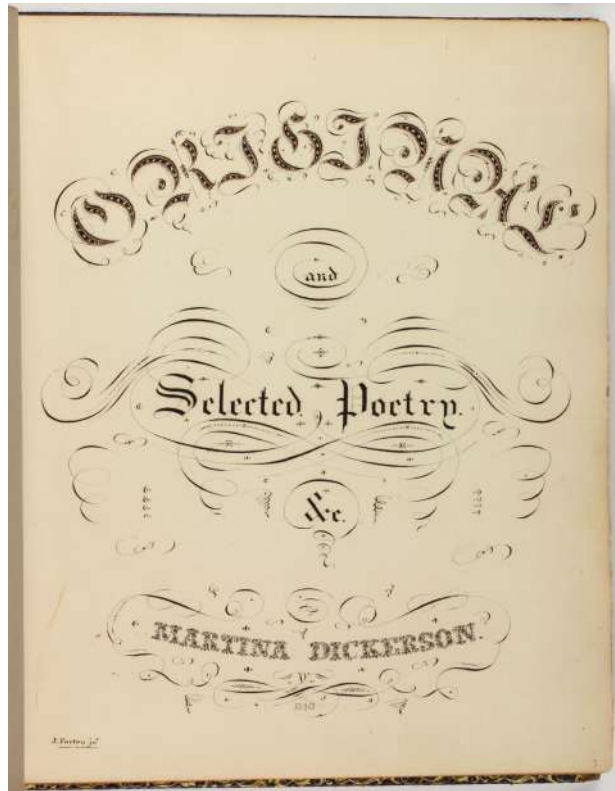


Martina Dickerson Album

Page 3



Headnote:

An Introduction to the Martina Dickerson Album

Transcription:

Original

and

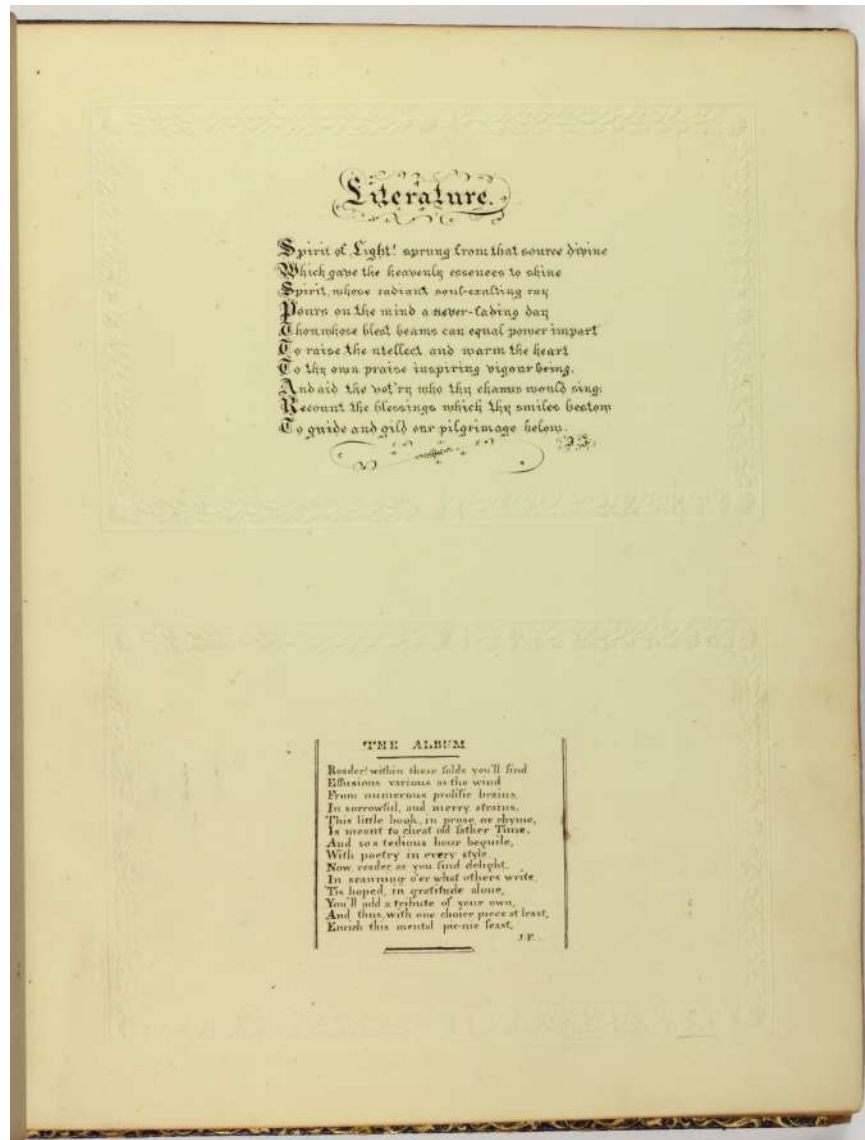
Selected Poetry

&c.

Martina Dickerson

1840

J. Forten jnr



Headnote:

Two short poems, "Literature" and "The Album," are observations on writing by James Forten to Martina Dickerson. "Literature" is about heavenly truth through literature bearing down on earthly affairs, while "The Album" is a description of the album as object and process. Forten also contributes a poem to Amy Matilda Cassey's album.

Transcription:

Literature

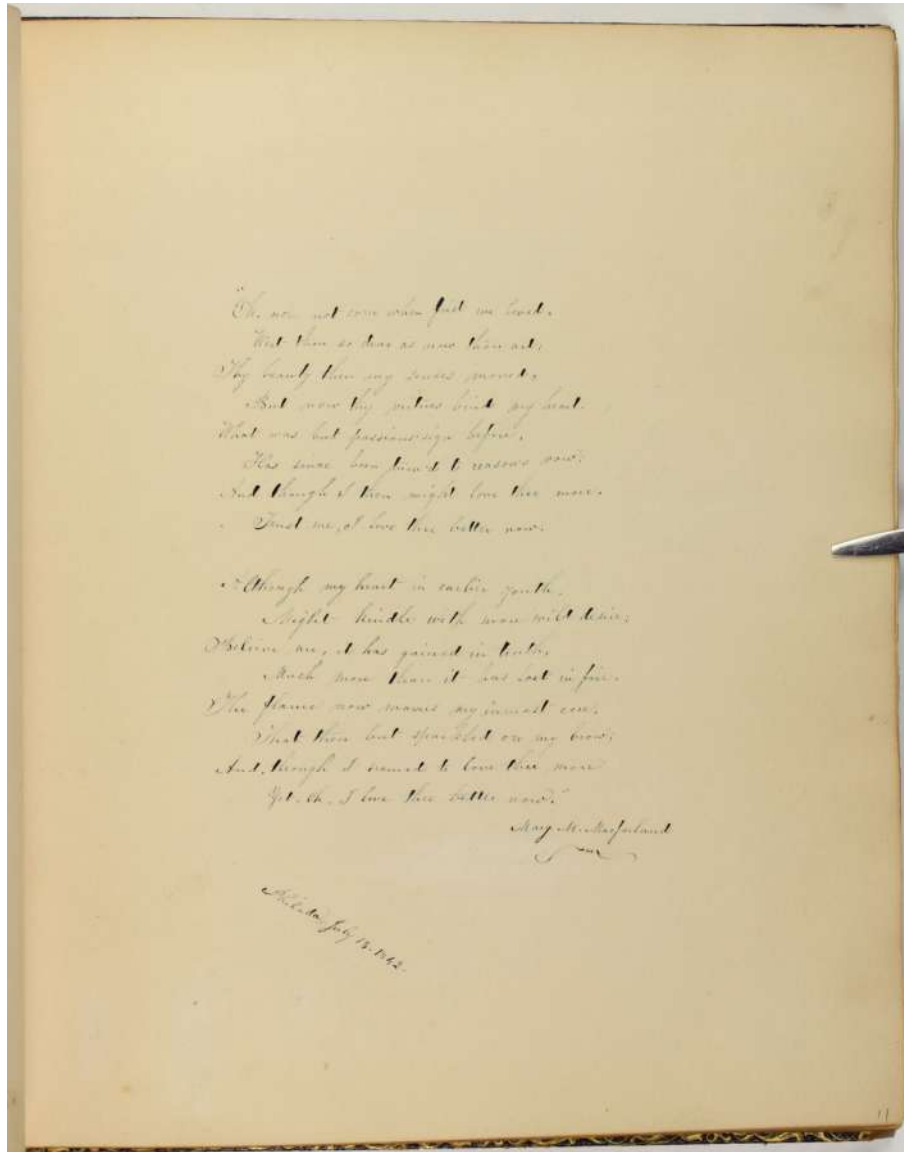
Spirit of Light! sprung from that source divine
Which gave the heavenly essences to shine
Spirit whose radiant soul-exalting ray
Pours on the mind a never-fading day
Thou whose blest beams can equal power impart
To raise the intellect and warm the heart
To thy own praise inspiring vigour bring.
And aid the vot'ry who thy charms would sing:
Recount the blessings which thy smiles bestow
To guide and gild our pilgrimage below.

J.F.

The Album

Reader! within these folds you'll find
Effusions various as the wind
From numerous prolific brains,
In sorrowful and merry strains,
This little book, in prose, or rhyme,
Is meant to cheat old father Time,
And so a tedious hour beguile,
With poetry in every style,
Now reader as you find delight
In scanning o'er what others write,
'Tis hoped, in gratitude alone,
You'll add a tribute of your own,
And thus with one choice piece at least,
Enrich this mental pic-nic feast.

J.F.



Headnote:

Mary M. Macfarland transcribed this poem, originally written by the Irish poet Thomas Moore (1779 – 1852), in Martina’s album on July 13, 1842.

The poem exemplifies the value placed on sentimentality and sentimental expression by women of this era. The love described by Mary for Martina is based in sisterhood and friendship as opposed to a sensual intimate love.

Transcription:

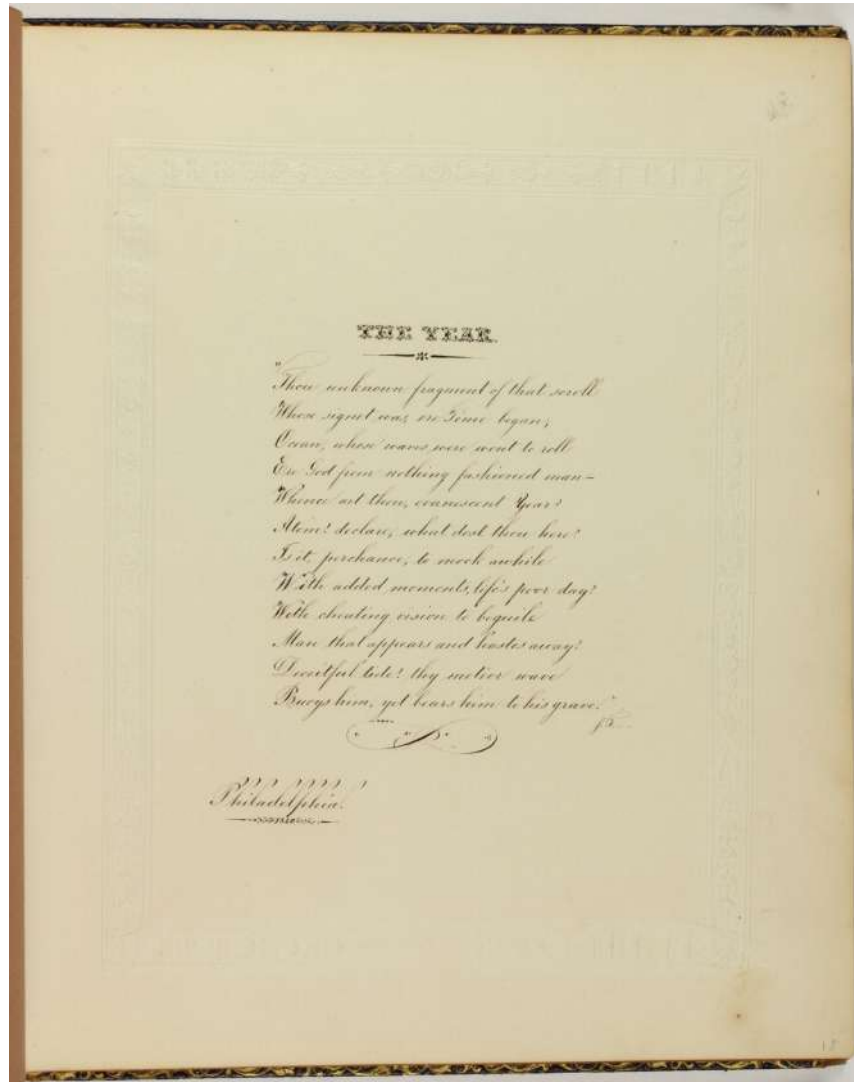
“Oh, no, not even when first we loved,
Wert thou so dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy pictures bind my heart,
What was but passion’s sigh before,
Has since been turn’d to reasons vow;
And though I then might love thee more,
Trust me, I love thee better now.

Although my heart in earlier youth,
Might kindle with more wild desire;
Believe me, it has gained in truth,
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o’er my brow;
And, though I seemed to love thee more
Yet, Oh, I love thee better now.

Mary M. Macfarland

Philada. July 13, 1842

Page 11: Selected pieces from from Thomas Moore, “Oh, No – Not Even When First We Loved,” in *Thomas Moore's Complete Poetical Works: Collected by Himself, Volume 1* (London, England: T.Y. Crowell & Company, 1895)



Headnote:

Written by James Forten, this is his second contribution to the Dickerson Album. His first entries, "Literature" and "The Album," appear earlier in the album. This poem, "The Year," is transcribed by Forten and was originally written by American pastor William Bingham Tappan (1794 – 1849).

The poem describes the challenges of moving forward in life while dealing with the reality of aging.

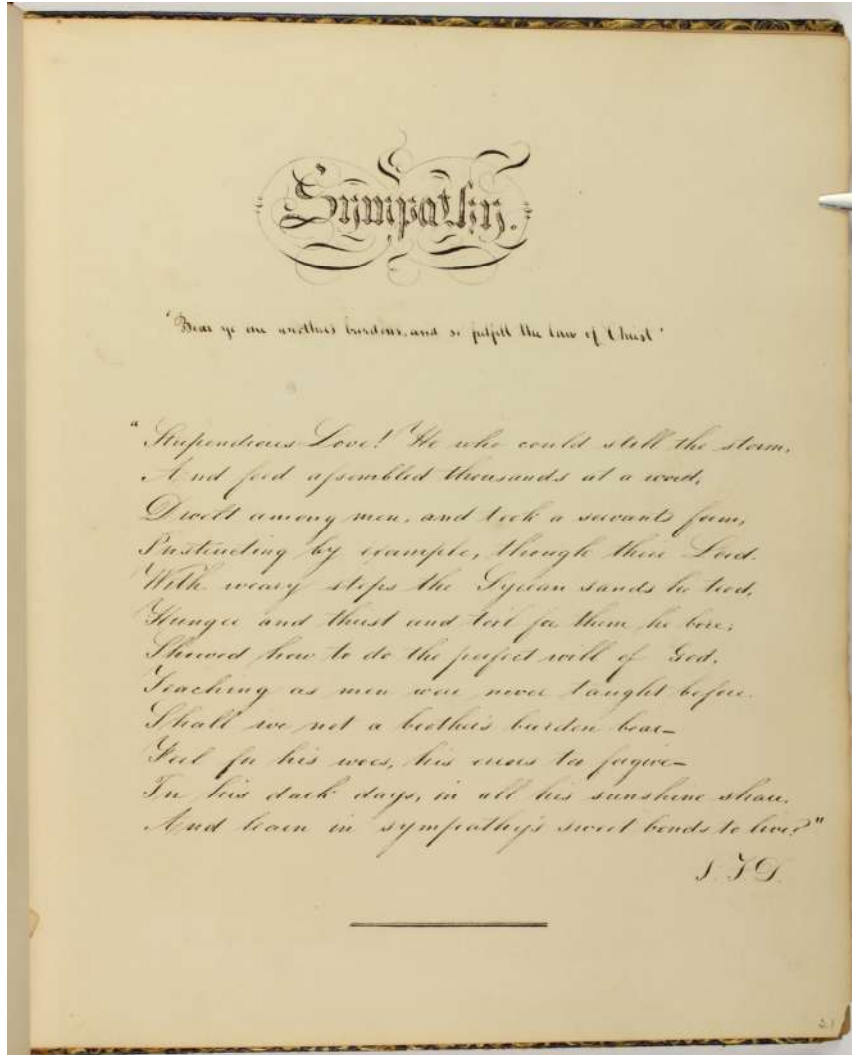
Transcription:

The Year

Thou unknown fragment of that scroll
Whose signet was, ere time began;
Ocean, whose waves were wont to roll
Ere God from nothing fashioned man --
Whence art thou, evanescent year?
Atom! declare, what dost thou here?
Is it, perchance, to mock awhile
With added moments, life's poor day?
With cheating vision to beguile
Man that appears and hastes away?
Deceitful tide! thy meteor wave
Buys him, yet bears him to his grave.

J.F

Philadelphia.
1840



Headnote:

Signed "S.F.V.", the author of the poem "Sympathy" is currently unknown.

The poem starts out with a Biblical quote from Galatians 6:2 about carrying another's burden. The poem stresses the value of helping others by sharing a sentimental viewpoint that combines religion with community service.

Transcription:

Sympathy

‘Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ’

“Stupendous Love! He who could still the storm,
And feed assembled thousands at a word,
Dwelt among men, and took a servants form,
Instructing by example, though their Lord.
With weary steps the Syrian sands he trod,
Hunger and thirst and toil for them he bore;
Showed how to do the perfect will of God,
Teaching as men were never taught before
Shall we not a brother’s burden bear –
Feel for his woes, his errors too forgive –
In his dark days, in all his sunshine share,
And learn in sympathy’s sweet bonds to live?”

S.F.V