

Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 34 (recto)

The Rights of Woman.

While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things;
The fate of Empires and the fall of kings,
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Right of Woman, merit some attention

First, in the [sexes?] intermix'd connection
One sacred right of Women is Protection-
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless; must fall before the blart of fate
Sunk on the earth, defac'd it lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' Impending storm.-

Our, second Right,- but needless hire is caution,
To keep that right inviolates the fashion
Each man of sense, how it so fall before him,
He'd died before, he'd wrong it- tis Decorum
There was indeed in far less polished days,
At time, when rough rude man had naughty ways.-

Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 34 (verso)

Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet
Now, thank our stars! These Gothic times are fled
Now, well bred man – and you are all well bred
Won't, justify, think (, and we are much the gainers
Such conduct neither spirit, wit nor, manners

For right the third- our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the rights of Kings, in low prostration.
Most humbly own – tis dear dear... Admiration!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life – immortal love.-
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
When awful beauty joins with all her charms
Who is rash as rise in rebel army?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments, and revolutions;
Let majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! , the majesty of women !

Burn's Poem's

William C Nell of Boston

<http://www.robertburns.org/works/384.shtml> - transcription of poem originally written in 1792

Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 37

The lazy mist,
The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill,
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly [sic] appear
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year;
The forrests are leafless, the meadows are brown
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown
Apart let me wonder, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen- fate pursues!
How long I have liv'd- but how much liv'd in vain
How little life's scanty span may remain;
What aspects old time, in his progress has worn,
What ties, cruel fate, in my bosom has torn
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gained;
And downward, how weakened, how darkened, how
Pain'd,
This life's not worth having with all it can give
For something beyond it, for man, sure must live

W. F. P

New York December, 1838

Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 38

Painted & Engraved by A.B.Durand

Catskill Mountain
Published by Elam Bliss New York

Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 44
Our reading the lines of the brandywine bard

Valley of death: yes dread the sound,
How shrink we at the thought profound;
Tis true within thy gloomy breast,
Must ev'ry feeling sinks at last,
Still must the trembling bosom shriveled,
Tottering one thy uncerting brink,
Ands dreads to hear the mandates given,
That bids us meet the will of heaven;
Yet sweet must be life's fleeting breath,
Smooth sweetly too the brow of death,
If peace but bid our spirits rise,
To hail those portals in the skies.

By John G. Dutton

Mary Anne Dickerson Album p. 45

Lines Addressed to a Wreath of Flowers,

Designed as a Present for Mary Ann.

Go pretty little motely group of sweetness,
Present yourself to Mary, and with neatness
Commend my friendship – show your colours forth –
Breathe all your fragrance, and disclose your worth,
And tell her, beauty's fate, like flowers gay,
Is but to bloom a moment – then decay.
Go smile in the light of that hazel eye;
Rejoice in the shade of those raven tresses –
And tell here, ere your beauties die,
They're only blest whom virtue blesses.
To train that little hand to acts of kindness,
And teach that heart to cherish virtuous love.
Tell her 'tis these alone can bind us
To aught we hope for in the realms above:
Exhibit the love of the patriot and sage,
And show her how science our comforts increase
And tell her though beauty be blighted by age,
There's a fund of the delight in attainments like these.
Thus when the laughing disciple shall place
To envious wrinkles in that lovely face;

Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 45 (verso)
When those dark tresses that adorn her neck
Assume the grey and mourn o're beauty's wreck, --
Virtue surviving shall prolong her reign,
And give those charms the power to charm again.
As the sweet Rose pride of the smiling wreath,
Still claims a triumph with its parting breath,
And lives in fragrance ever after death, --
So she shall live by memory enshrined,
Immortal through the beauties of the mind.

Selected by
E S Webb Phila.

Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 46 (verso)

To Esther

Bring flowers to deck her hair
And weave bright garlands for her snowy brow
There fit what she should wear
Such emblems now
For they are not more bright
Than the onpure [i.e.,unpure] spirit of that beauteous one
Whose day fast sets in night
Where race is ruse
Nor are they yet more sweet
Than the soft hazel of her large bright eyes
Where love and beauty meet
To claim the prize

Pg. 48

Fort Putnam – Painted by Robt W. Weir

Etched by J Smillie finished by A.B. Durand (Asher Brown Durand)

Published by Elam Bliss New York