





Catharine Dodge



LOWELL, MAS.

August, the 13<sup>th</sup> A.D. 1842.



# ALBUM

Calverton Dodge



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# Dedication

This volume is dedicated to Mor-  
ality, Religion, Friendship, &  
Literature. All who can contri-  
bute any thing, for these purposes  
are respectfully invited to use the  
penn consecrated to this ~~purpose~~ <sup>end</sup>

Go Sweet Book and receive all  
thou canst that is good and true

O may no unhallowed principals  
pollute this Book or ever defile these  
sacred pages

May the owner and all the writ-  
ers be consecrated to God  
and truth forevermore

E. A. Rice

Lowell Mass Sept 28 1839



## Crocus.

*Lowly, sprightly little flower!  
Herald of a brighter bloom,  
Bursting in a sunny hour,  
From thy winter tomb.*

*Hues you bring, bright, gay, and tender,  
As if never to decay;  
Fleeting is their varied splendour—  
Soon alas! it fades away*

*Thus, the hopes I long had cherish'd.  
Thus, the friends I long had known  
One by one, like you, have perished.  
Blighted — I must fade alone.*





Friend Catharine

When o'er these lines in future years  
Thine eye shall rove in pensive thought  
Oft, the enchanted memory raises,  
The shadowy forms almost forgot.  
The cold - The loved - The changed - The dead,  
Have here alike inscribed their line  
And since a few short years are fled,  
What change is theirs - what change is thine!!  
Their hands have pressed these Album leaves  
Here left their record - passed away -  
Time moves along; youth turns to age;  
Their lines are here - But, where are they?

"Sic transit Gloriosa mundi!"

Cornelia Augusta Parker.

Lowell Dec. 17. <sup>th</sup> 1837.





## Woodbine.

*Oh! what a gush of rich perfume  
Is floating around the place  
Where the Woodbine spreads its  
golden bloom,  
Like an old familiar face.*

*Thou art sweet in the nurtured garden trim,  
As sweet by the cottage door.  
The poor man feels that thou art for him.  
With thy bright and fragrant store.*

*The wandering bee upon thee rests  
To pilfer thy honey dew.  
While a thousand versatile insect guests  
Partake of thy sweetness too.*



To Miss Dodge,

.. Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,  
Where marble shines out in the pillars and wall,  
Though the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly cold,  
Joy may not be found in its torch lighted halls.  
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,  
Where love once awakened will never depart;  
Turn-turn to that <sup>heart</sup> like the dove to its nest,  
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the <sup>heart.</sup>  
Matrimony

I never knew a marriage expressly for money that  
did not end unhappily. Yet heartless daughters, are  
continually playing the same unlucky game.  
I am afraid to conjecture how large a portion of  
women marry because they think they shall  
not have a better chance. Such marriages no  
doubt sometimes prove tolerably comfortable  
but a great number would have been far  
happier single. If I may judge by my  
own observation of such matters, marrying  
for a home is a most tiresome  
way of getting a living.

Adeline Wright Rockingham  
July - 1841 J.S.