Album of Friendship

3 Emma W. Dickinson
3 1860 (B.C.)

Mother of

Tallie Virginia Jolly
Jones (Mrs. J. D.)
Jackson, Pa.

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Mrs. Jones.

Brought over by
Mrs. Edwards
Departed this life at his residence in Baldwin county, on Sunday morning, the 5th of December, William C. Dickson, aged 31 years. He was a peaceable citizen, a kind, and affectionate father and husband, an indulgent master, a good neighbor. He united himself to the Baptist church at Pensfield, while going to school, in the 15th year of his age, and ever since has lived a consistent and orderly member. For many years previous to his death, he was a member of the Church at Island Creek. He leaves a wife and one little daughter, besides numerous relatives and friends, to mourn his departure. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." A Friend.

Mrs. Emma W. Dickson
March 1860.
Moonlight:

Gentle Moon, a captive call;
Gentle Moon; awake, arise;
O'er the prison's sullen walls;
O'er the tears that drown his eyes.

Shrouded by veil of clouds aside;
Let these smiles that light the pole,
Through the liquid ether glide.
Glide into the mourner's soul.

And I feel the power benign
Swell my breast, thrill my veins;
As the beams the brightest shine
Beneath the deepest midnight reigns.

At this moment, close, then see
From thine elevated sphere,
One kind friend who thinks of me,
Thinks, and drops a feeling tear.

John J. Millward

Nov. 29, 60
An Acrostic.

For another pen had touched this page immaculate.
My pleasant tale you made for me to append to my
Greatest heartfelt wishes. For youth, in childhood,
And in your prime of manhood, even to age.
Would I invoke the Holy Ghost to guide and shield
Direct your feet in paths of pleasantness and peace.
Unite your soul with adoration of heaven.
Control, restrain your wicked, erring footsteps.
Scorn unto your head a crown of joy and glory.
Ordain for you a seat near the throne of God.
Never more to die, or suffer pain, or care.

Emery E. Estes.

Monroe Female University, March 24th, 1867.

Georgia.
I would that thou shouldst know no sorrow,
Nor each night bring a brighter morrow;
Oh, may ye, Emma, ever glide
Over the dark eventide,
Feeling secure from lowering clouds
Which, gather fast and scatter wide.
Oh, should it ever be thy lot
To taste window thus bitter cup.
May it not leave upon thy heart
The cancer of distress thus like
A summer morning shower, that lasts
An hour, fleeting as the morning
Dew, be all this care to you,
And as thou wander'st here and there,
May wisdom guide thee right
And virtue ever besid her aid
To guide thee safe to heaven.

A. E. Tildes

Bruttie Cy

July 14, 1802
THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER.
THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER.
To my esteemed Pupil,

Miss Emma E. Dickson,

What must I write? Some would flatter; others would write you a short sermon; others again would fill this pretty book with that which is neither useful nor entertaining. If I could do so, I would here record that truth, which would do you the greatest possible amount of good, all through your life.

But I must say to my little pupil, whom I esteem very much, make your Bible your companion—heed its precepts, which "are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Love and obey your dear mother, for she is your best friend upon earth.

To Emma

Many are the happy hours I have spent with thee, best friend. And many are the kind wishes I wish for thee dear Emma, dearest Emma, and hope never darken thy fair young brow. May you always have kind friends to love and cherish you, who could feel unkind towards you? Dear lovely girl, more know them but to love and bless them. May all the joys of "Heaven," peace and health attend thee. Enjoin them below, and when those art-called to bid farewell to the friends of this earth, may you have a bright hope of reunion with the loved ones that have gone before. "May angels lead thee where the garlands of eternity are woven of the flowers of grandeur."
Stark, Geo. June 16th 1868.

My Dear Emma,

What shall I expect for you?
I feel incompetent to give you advice; I am not capable of bestowing blessings upon you. As for lectures you can receive them at home, so I am rather at a loss to find words for expression, though it is my ardent desire for your daily walk to be such as will oblige you to win the love, esteem & confidence of the fair in heart. That you may prove to be a dutiful child to one who will cause your heart to swell with tender emotions for your many acts of kindness. I trust you may lead a long, useful, & happy life & in after life be surrounded with friends and dear.

May your young & buoyant spirit ever be alive to hope & may your invariable character never be blighted by sad calamities, but may your reflections on the past be a source of sweet satisfaction. To you knowing the command of our heavenly Father, I feel conscious of having faithfully discharged your duty.

This is dear Emma, what I should desire for thee.

Yours truly, Geo. D. P.
To, Maj. E. W. Dickson,

Why should we count our life by years,
Seven years are short and pass away;
Or why by fortune's smiles and tears,
Since tears are vain, and smiles decay?

Or count by pictures—there will be few,
Or by our life's measured footstep, pace to pace;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
Shall show us in a brighter show.

Your Friend,

Sister

Brook's Co. Georgia
June 8th, 1863
My dear Emma,

Through our busy life's tide of duties,
Flow they round us, ever near,
Making in our selfish natures
Sweet thought to memory dear.

Back we turn with pitious wailing,
Break our strong trustless hearts.
In this prayer that all must utter,
When true souls are called to part.

Mary A. Jackson
"Yours til death"

Cousin Bob

Aug 30, 69
But this! A sad tale can near be
And every wish of mine is vain.
For had we all foretold as wished
We would universally complain.

True friend

Edward Fowle Channing
To Miss Emma D.

"Proudly, O Sedge" of Freedom,
The Stars of Thy renowned foot high,
Bright is field of glory.

O in the groves where Mann an endless
Cherish may your memorial.
Of the brave ones who perish that remembrance
be free"

With sincere Respect

Capm M
Sr. C. W. Dickson.

Again the waters in the is to shine
Wideth cold arround they rise.
Again the sunshine announces shines
That cannot shine on thee.
Victory returns with glorious theme
To rule the mountain zone
And speak in one and write in one
In Where — Where are thou.

Your devoted friend —

Horatio Smith

Jackson

OF STONE

Alabama
Jef. E. Y. Dickson

Forget me not, I only ask,
The simple bond of thee
O may it prove an easy task
Forgive sometimes to think of me.

I said last Summer I cannot say.

I would have wished I could have gone to the old Seaside on a Change of Air.

I am not sure I still wish that I have not.

I wish I knew who we met on the way there.

I wish I had not left the last time.

May God be with you.

Butte Feb
Nov 12 1869
To Emma

Dost thou think of me at moments sweet hour
When holy thoughts have away
And as the sun in kindly power
Sends forth his first farewell ray

Dost thou think of me in silent prayer
When purest spirits sigh
To hear the humble strain up there
To Jesus Christ on high

If I were sure That through the day
All morn an evening hour
And when Thouarest to God to pray
In closet or in bosom
I wish you To think of me
Forget me never your friend

Shark, from July 10th, 1845
Jas. E. H. Dickson

May you float down the tide of life,
Free from all sorrow, pain and strife;
And may God, Fortune be your friend
Until your life on earth shall end.

And while on this sad earth you live,
You forget the dearly love,
Do not forget that gracious friend
On whom your hope of heaven deprec.

And when 'tis yours to bid farewell,
To those on earth you love so well,
May angels round you quickly come
And speedily waft your spirit home.

Yours truly

July 6, 62
To absent Emma Dickinson.

Solemn be the stroke of Feet, as in that day
Pure as angels thoughts by heaven's ray
may every day find they heart content
I shed over them the thousandfold here
I've done by service of pure Affluence
by worship, to the condition for a pure
She's not my reason to both rise
that I breathed to heaven and may the

[Signature]
To miss Emma

Of all happiness, the most charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship. It sweetens all our cares, dissipates our sorrows, and counsels and in all extremities. And if it give no other comfort than the exercise of so generous a virtue, for that alone we should desire it. That friendship which exists, and which is connected by a common love of goodness, can never be dissolved, Hope nor fear can never sever the ties of such a pure and genuine friendship.

When, casting many a look behind, I leave the friends I cherish here, perchance some other friends to find But surely finding none so kind.

June 17th 1844

Joseph Jolly
Remember, I pray—but not in
Flora's gay and blooming hour.
When every brook has found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower.
But when the fallen leaf is here,
And others sadly from the tree,
And are the radius of the year.
Cold autumn except, remember me

Remember, I entreat—but not in
Scenes of festive each day joy.
For then it were not kind or meet
That thoughts the pleasures should ally.
But on the sacred Sabbath-day
And Cousin on thy bended knee
When thou for those whom lov'lest—dost pray
Sweet Cousin then remember me.

Yours Cousin

Feb. 14th 1868
M'ls E. W. Dickson
of Bath county
May 12, 1863.

My dear Sir,

I hardly know what to write-
I know I cannot write anything of any importance. But I know it is our duty before we are called, to do it. I know we will forget these our wrongs. But our joy may never be forgot.

Emma, I hope the time will soon come when I shall meet thy smiling face once more upon the earth. But there is one great consolation if we try, we can meet in Heaven, where our sins are not known and we cannot hear the war drum nor the cannon go for it is all unknown. Emma, I know the host of friends must part, some for the living husband and the living father. Dear fathers and other dear relatives have parted and given up their pleasure at home to go to the battle not knowing when they will die. It is true we know not when we are to be called. But I hope when we are called we will reach that bright realm above.

Send me news. Your friend, O. G. Pax.
Bright dreams attend Thee gentle one,
The brightest and the best;
The sorrow's sweet can fall upon
A girl so purely blest;

[Signature: ...]
"Forget me not,"

Speaking language! unto me
Have much the words meant?
Most gently smelt the claim to be
The motive of their heart.
Whose sincerest feelings, still be same.
Whether on earth or bet,
Pray, a like they teaching claim.
And say, "Forget me not!"

The Soldier who for glory was,
Keen were bright many Sam.
The fame he wrook the sharpest years,
World own that fame a dream.
But he my hope into better part
World, let him unforget.
The chosen motive of that heart
I shall, "Forget me not!"

A Sentry tossed in stony seas,
Shone for his bark my room,
Still, hears a voice in any breeze
That soaks in thoughts of home.
She thinks upon his distant friends,
Less rift, his humble lot,
And from his innocent heart ascends
The prayer, "Forget me not!"

\(\text{John McDowell}\)
There is nothing I wish but to do
you following your settled plan. I
say as much as I can to you
as you are walking in the footsteps of
your Parents but I bid you go on and
hold out faithfully, until the end of the
and you will be rewarded.

[Signature]

Mr. W. Holmes

God’s sake on what a hindered, humbly, everlastingly, things.

The final step of all, the final

[Signature]