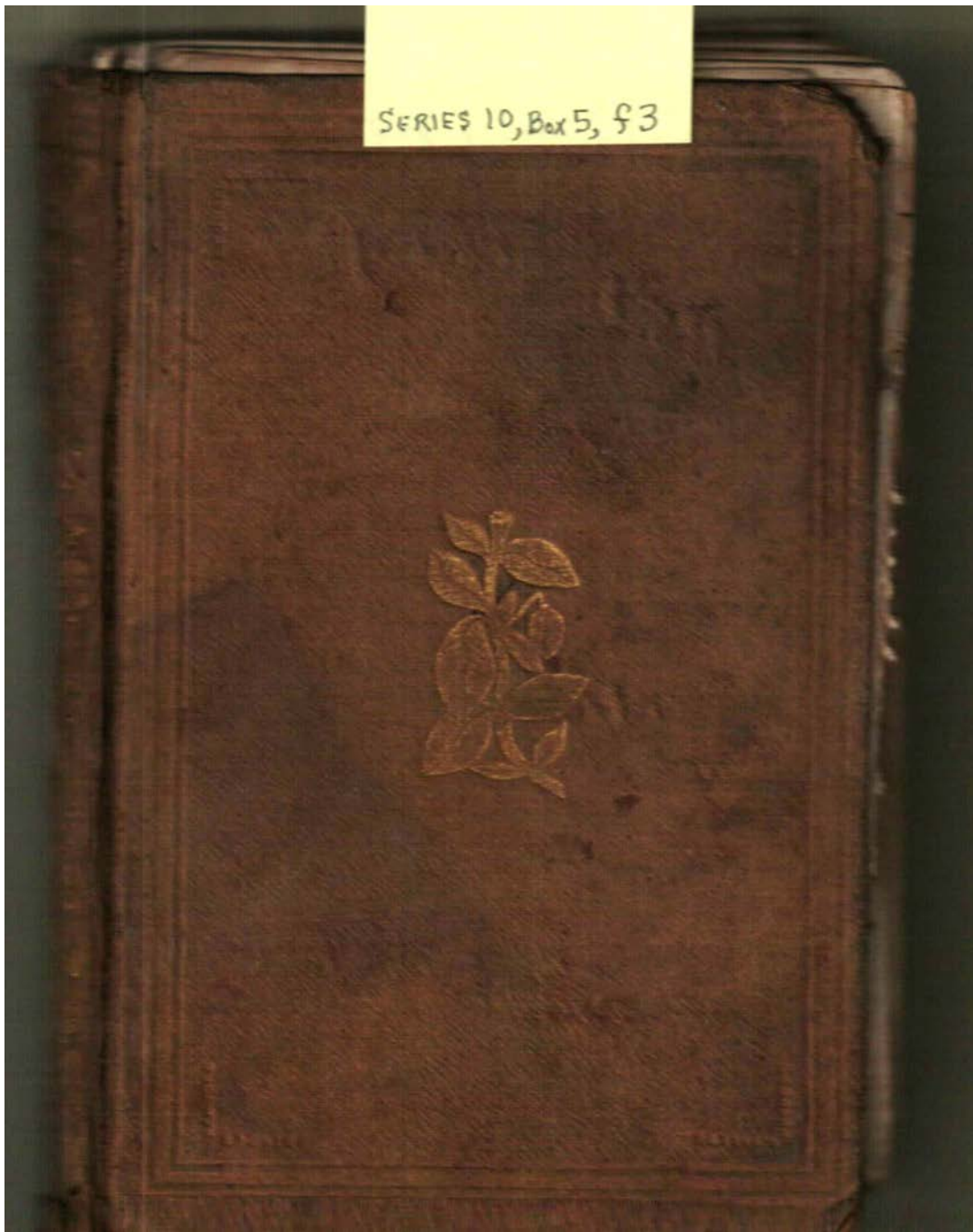


Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 1 r10_05-03-000-0001 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:
Dew-Drops

Types:
book cover

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 2 r10_05-03-000-0002 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Cabaniss, Fannie,
Miss

Cabaniss, V. A., Mrs.

Dew-Drops - missing
pages

Places:

Huntsville, AL

Types:

envelope

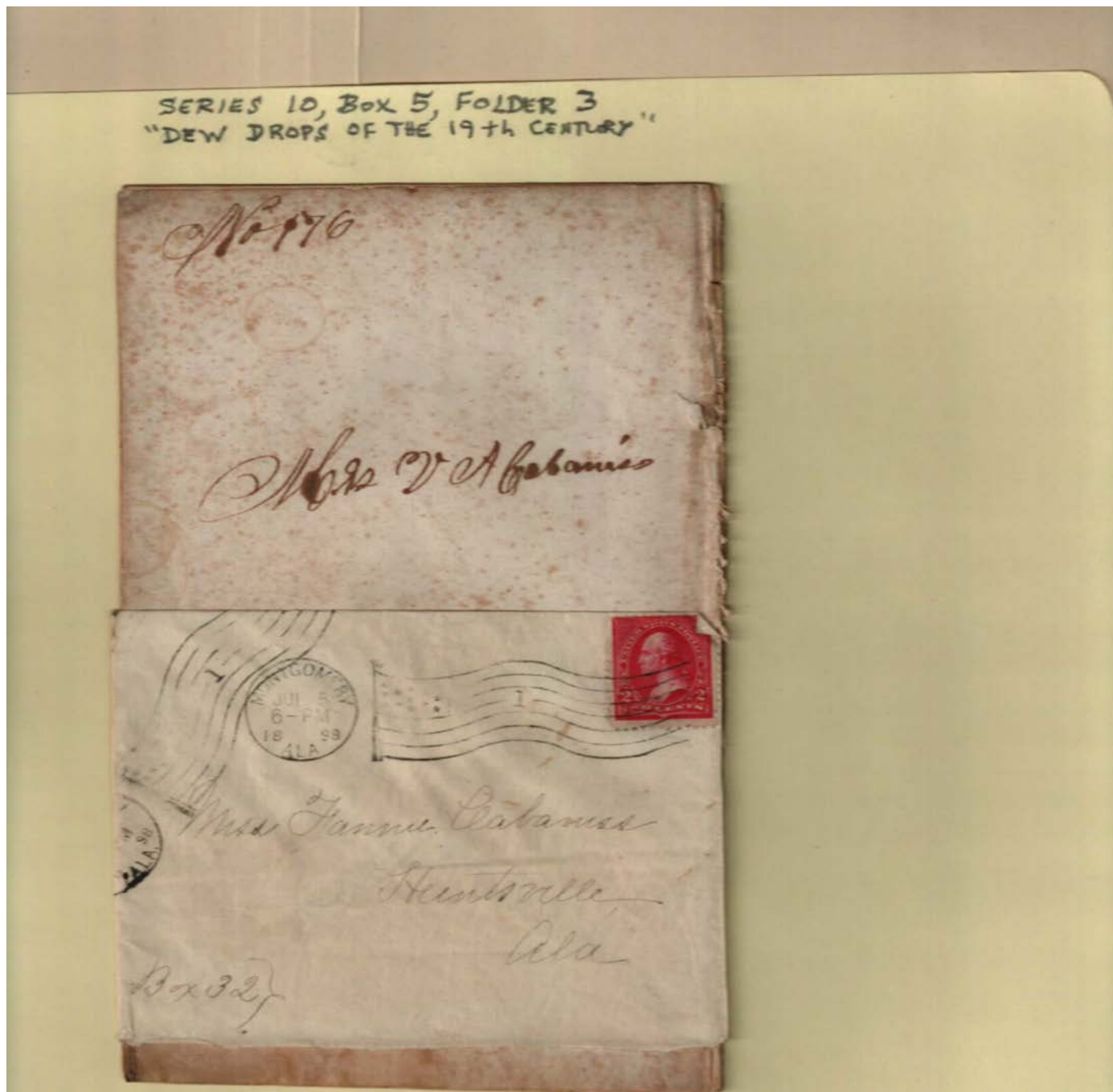
notes

signature

Dates:

July 5, 1898

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 3 r10_05-03-000-0003 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Cabaniss, Fannie,
Miss

Cabaniss, V. A., Mrs.

Places:

Huntsville, AL

Types:

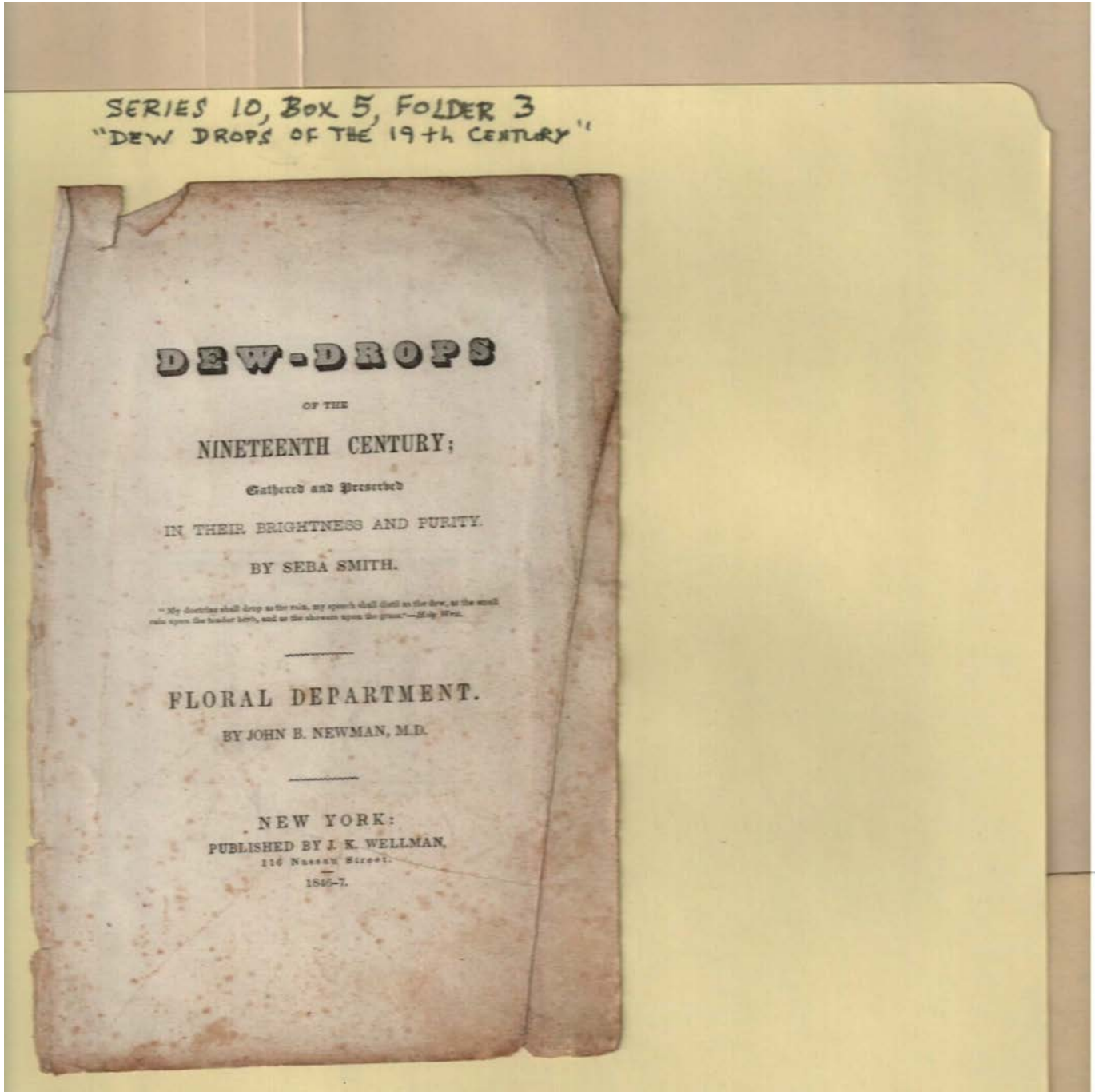
envelope

signature

Dates:

July 5, 1898

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 4 r10_05-03-000-0004 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Dew-Drops of the
Nineteenth Century

Newman, John B.,
M.D.

Smith, Seba

Places:

New York, NY

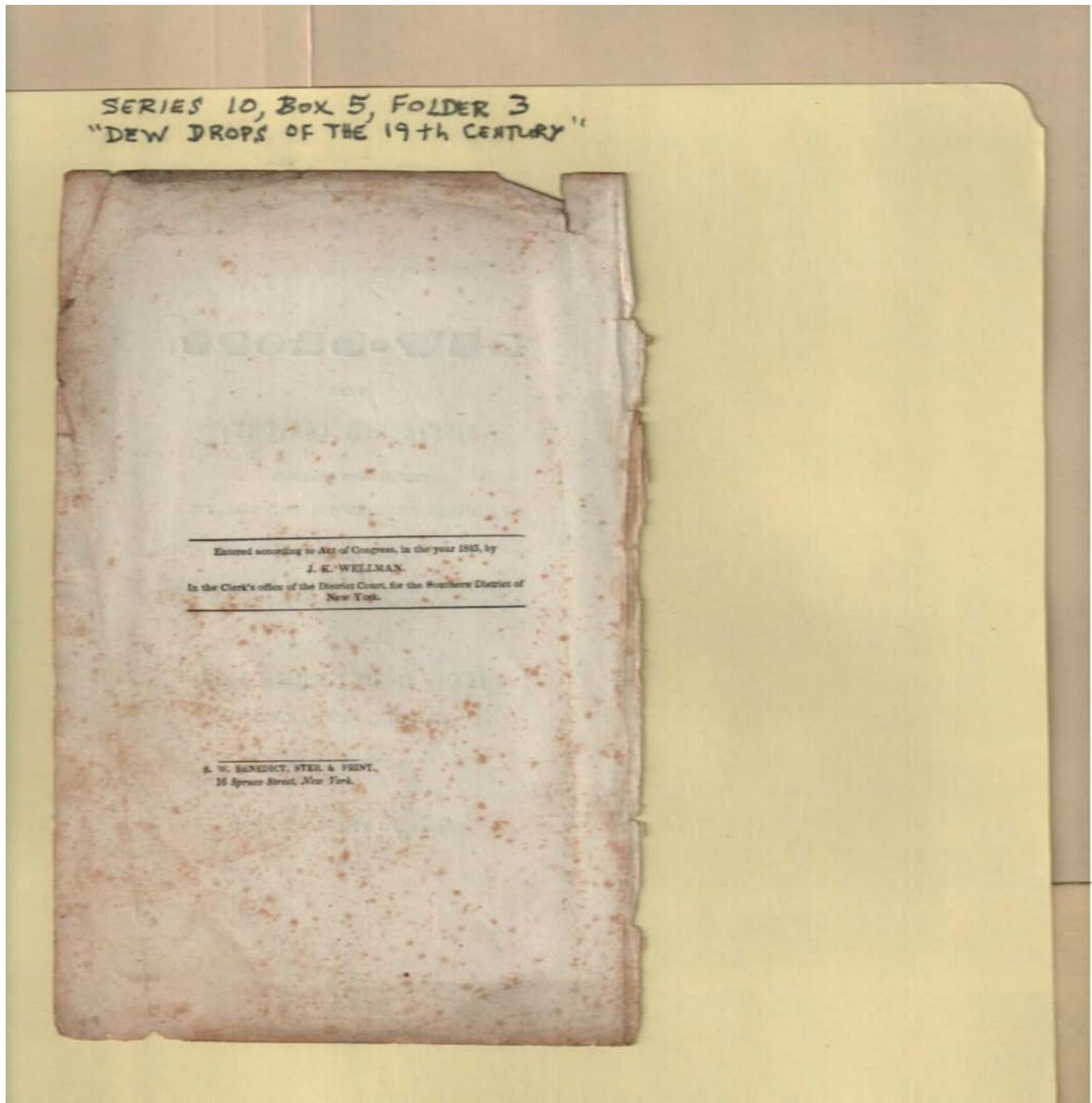
Types:

book

Dates:

1846

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 5 r10_05-03-000-0005 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Wellman, J. K.

Places:

New York, NY

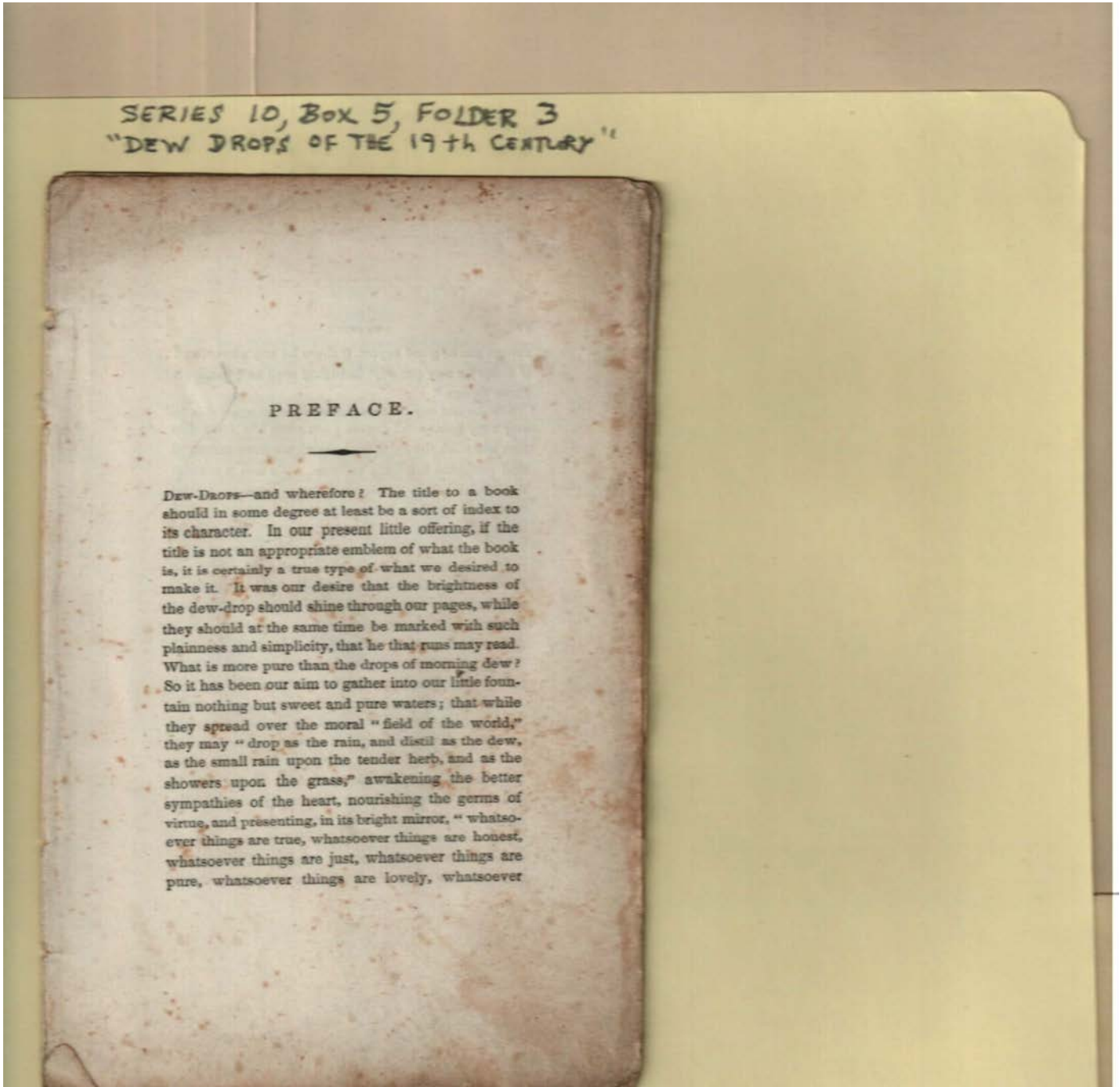
Types:

book

Dates:

1845

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 6 r10_05-03-000-0006 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Preface, Dew-Drops

Places:

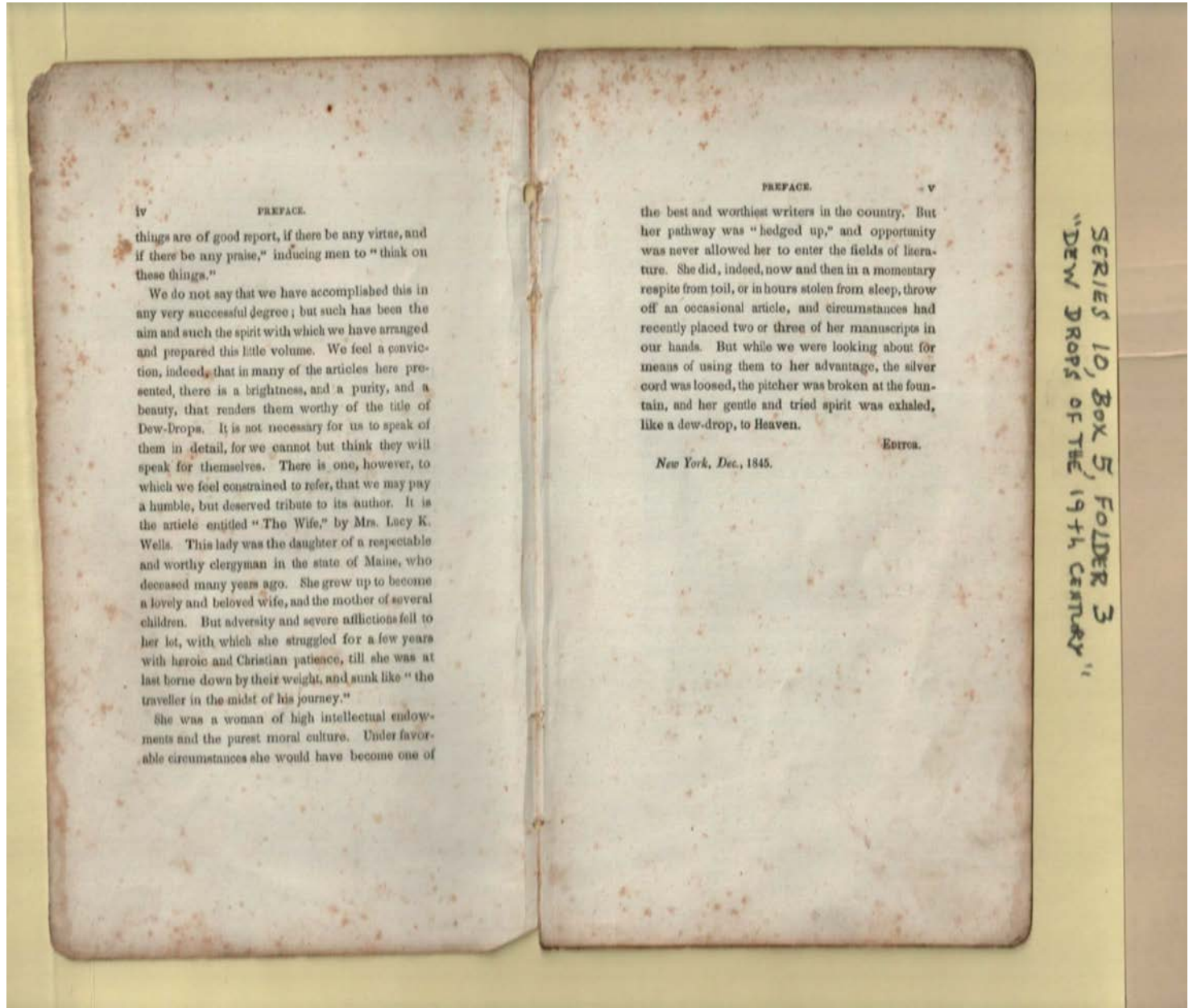
New York, NY

Types:

book

Dates:

1845



iv

PREFACE.

things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," inducing men to "think on these things."

We do not say that we have accomplished this in any very successful degree; but such has been the aim and such the spirit with which we have arranged and prepared this little volume. We feel a conviction, indeed, that in many of the articles here presented, there is a brightness, and a purity, and a beauty, that renders them worthy of the title of Dew-Drops. It is not necessary for us to speak of them in detail, for we cannot but think they will speak for themselves. There is one, however, to which we feel constrained to refer, that we may pay a humble, but deserved tribute to its author. It is the article entitled "The Wife," by Mrs. Lucy K. Wells. This lady was the daughter of a respectable and worthy clergyman in the state of Maine, who deceased many years ago. She grew up to become a lovely and beloved wife, and the mother of several children. But adversity and severe afflictions fell to her lot, with which she struggled for a few years with heroic and Christian patience, till she was at last borne down by their weight, and sunk like "the traveller in the midst of his journey."

She was a woman of high intellectual endowments and the purest moral culture. Under favorable circumstances she would have become one of

PREFACE.

v

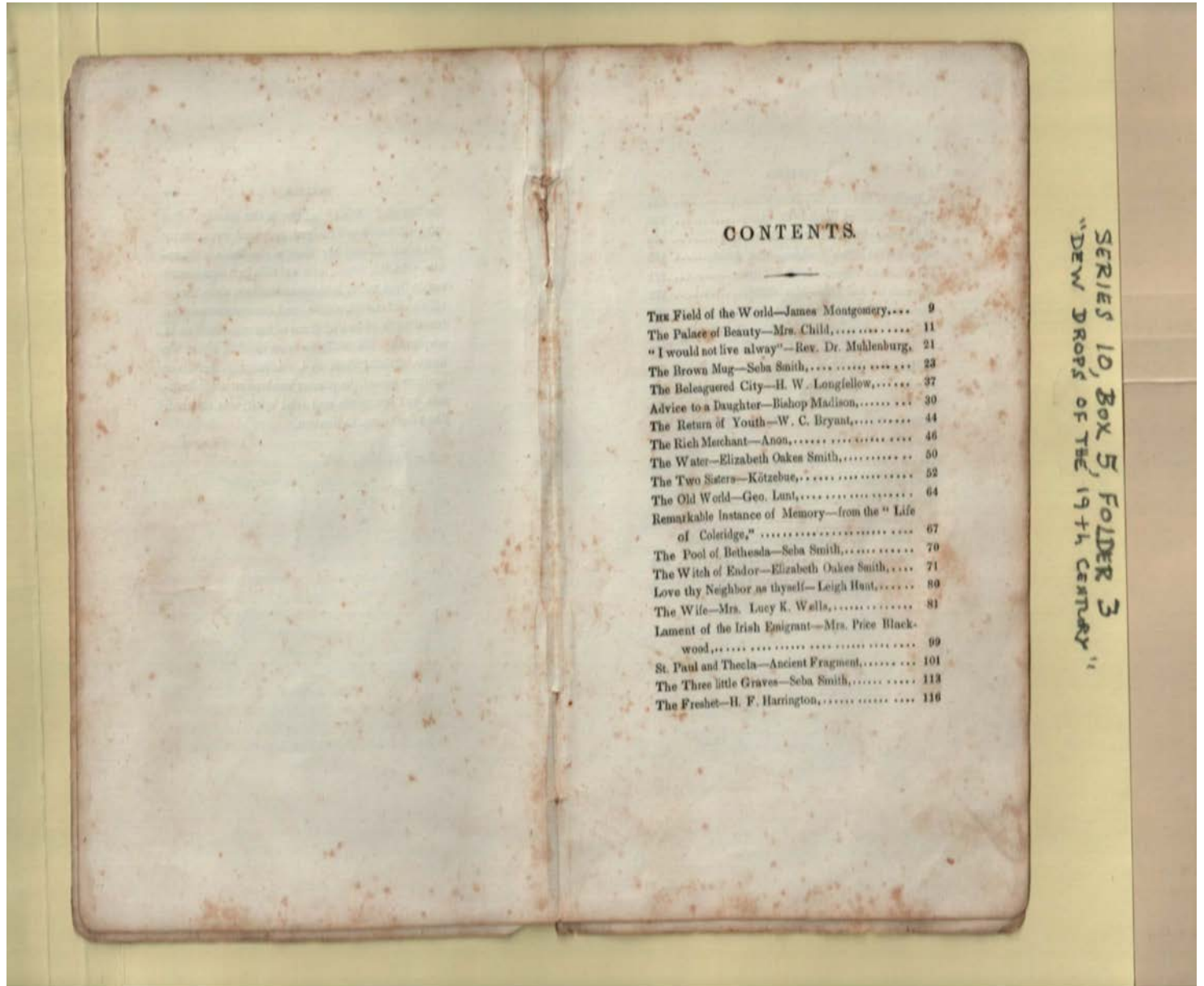
the best and worthiest writers in the country. But her pathway was "hedged up," and opportunity was never allowed her to enter the fields of literature. She did, indeed, now and then in a momentary respite from toil, or in hours stolen from sleep, throw off an occasional article, and circumstances had recently placed two or three of her manuscripts in our hands. But while we were looking about for means of using them to her advantage, the silver cord was loosed, the pitcher was broken at the fountain, and her gentle and tried spirit was exhaled, like a dew-drop, to Heaven.

Estrea.

New York, Dec., 1845.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY"

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 8 r10_05-03-000-0008 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



CONTENTS

THE Field of the World—James Montgomery, 9
The Palace of Beauty—Mrs. Child, 11
"I would not live alway"—Rev. Dr. Mahlenburg, 21
The Brown Mug—Seba Smith, 23
The Besieged City—H. W. Longfellow, 37
Advice to a Daughter—Bishop Madison, 30
The Return of Youth—W. C. Bryant, 44
The Rich Merchant—Anon, 46
The Water—Elizabeth Oakes Smith, 50
The Two Sisters—Kötzebue, 52
The Old World—Geo. Lunt, 64
Remarkable Instance of Memory—from the "Life
of Coleridge," 67
The Pool of Bethesda—Seba Smith, 70
The Witch of Endor—Elizabeth Oakes Smith, 71
Love thy Neighbor as thyself—Leigh Hunt, 80
The Wife—Mrs. Lucy K. Walla, 81
Lament of the Irish Emigrant—Mrs. Price Black-
wood, 99
St. Paul and Thecla—Ancient Fragment, 101
The Three little Graves—Seba Smith, 113
The Freshet—H. F. Harrington, 116

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

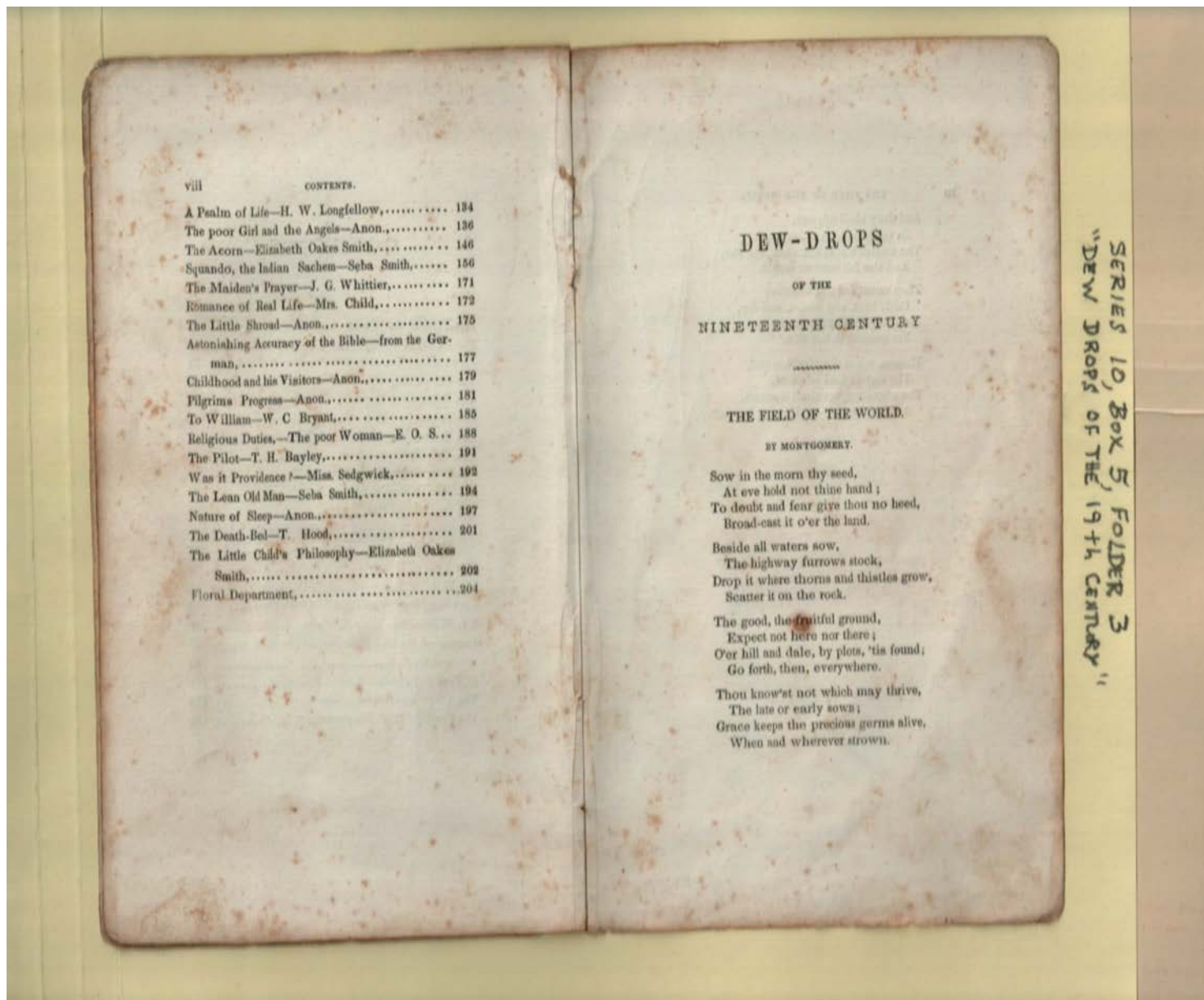
Names:
Contents, Dew-Drops

Places:
New York, NY

Types:
book

Dates:
1846

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
 Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
 Image 9 r10_05-03-000-0009 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Contents, Dew-Drops
 Dew-Drops

Montgomery, James

The Field of the
 World

Places:

New York, NY

Types:

book

poem

Dates:

1846

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 10 r10_05-03-000-0010 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

10

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

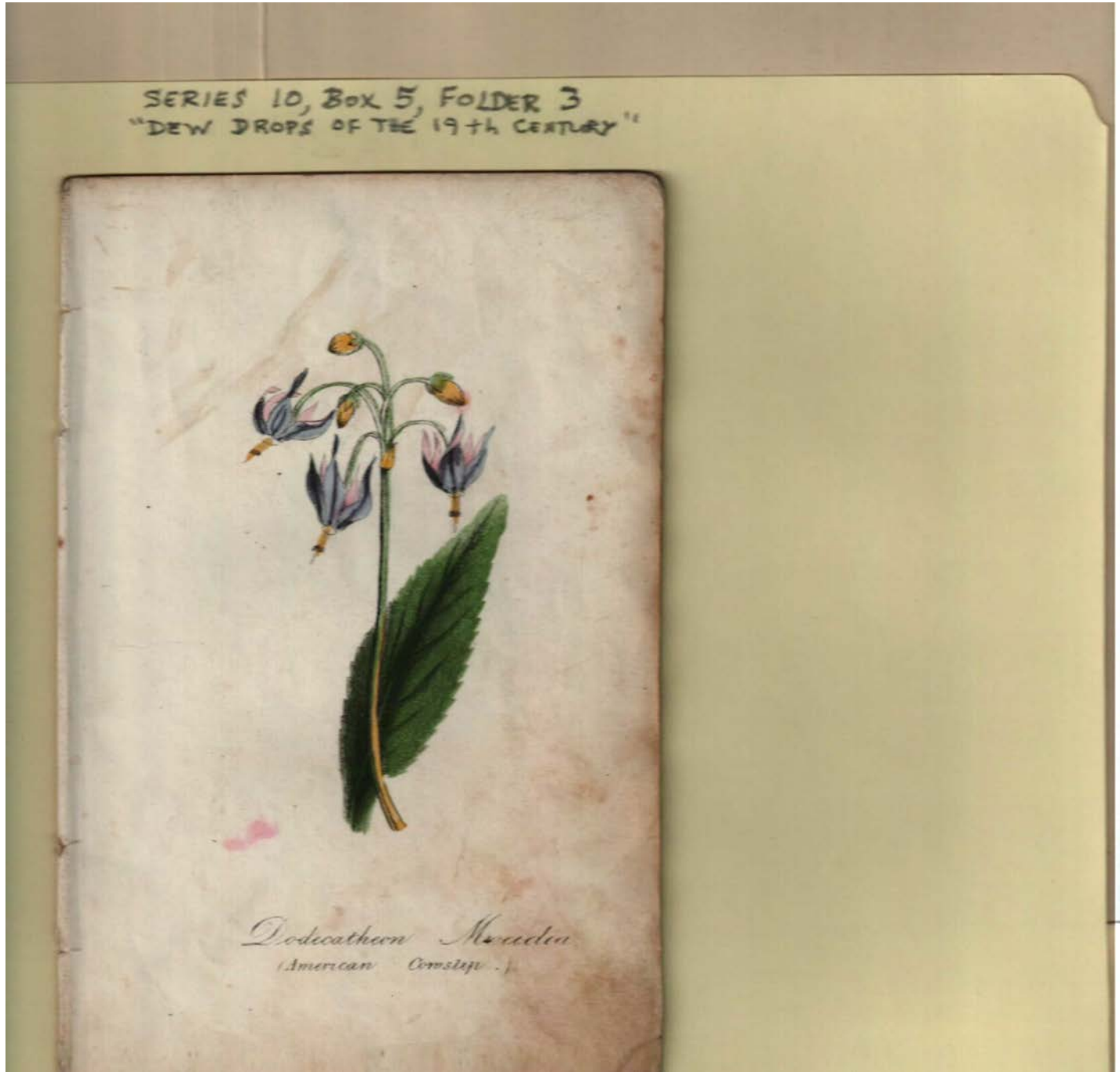
And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not soil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garner in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—"Harvest home."

[Faint handwritten notes and scribbles, possibly including the name "Seba Smith" and other illegible text.]

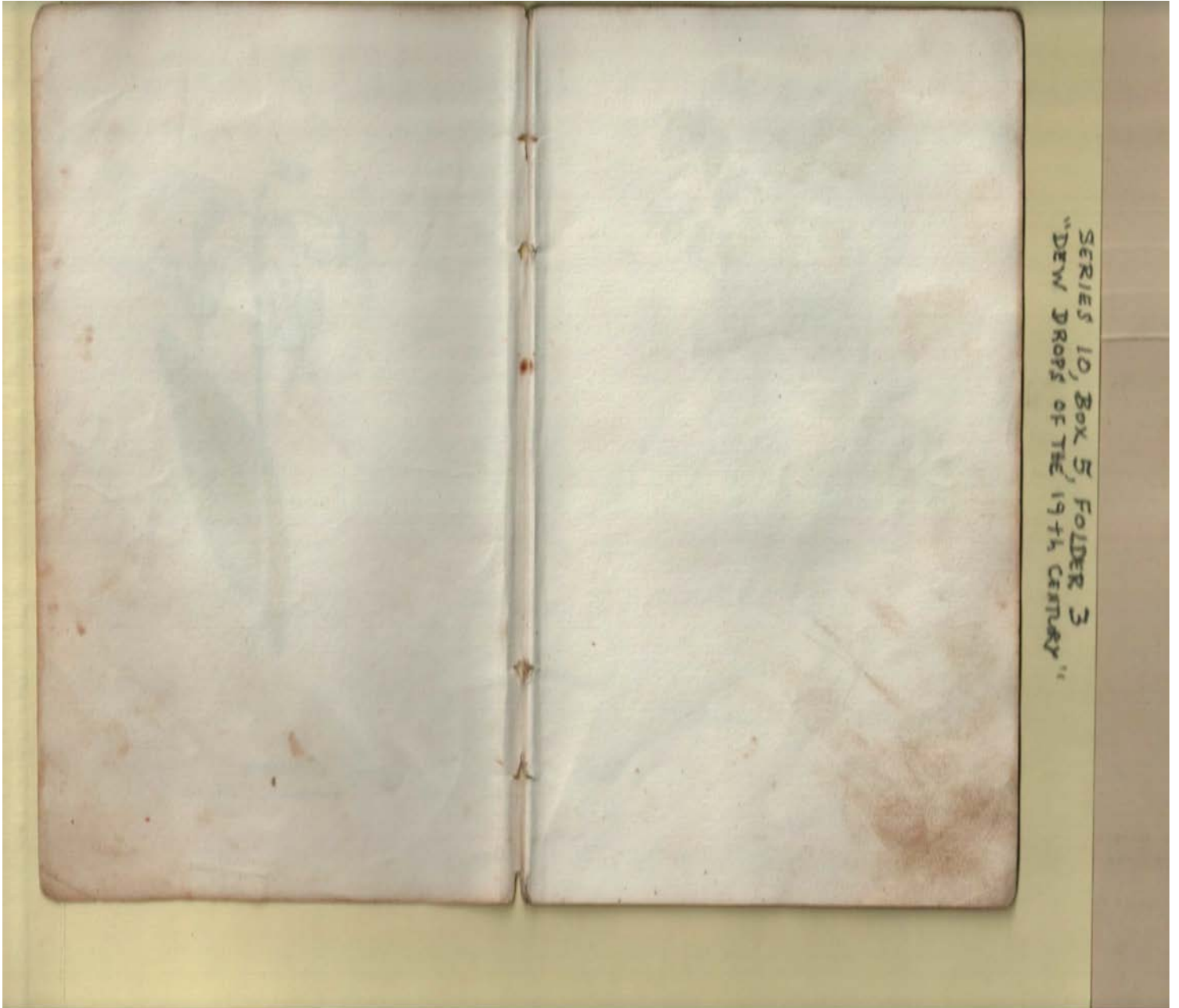
Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 11 r10_05-03-000-0011 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:
American Cowslip

Types:
print

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 12 r10_05-03-000-0012 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Types:
blank



Names:

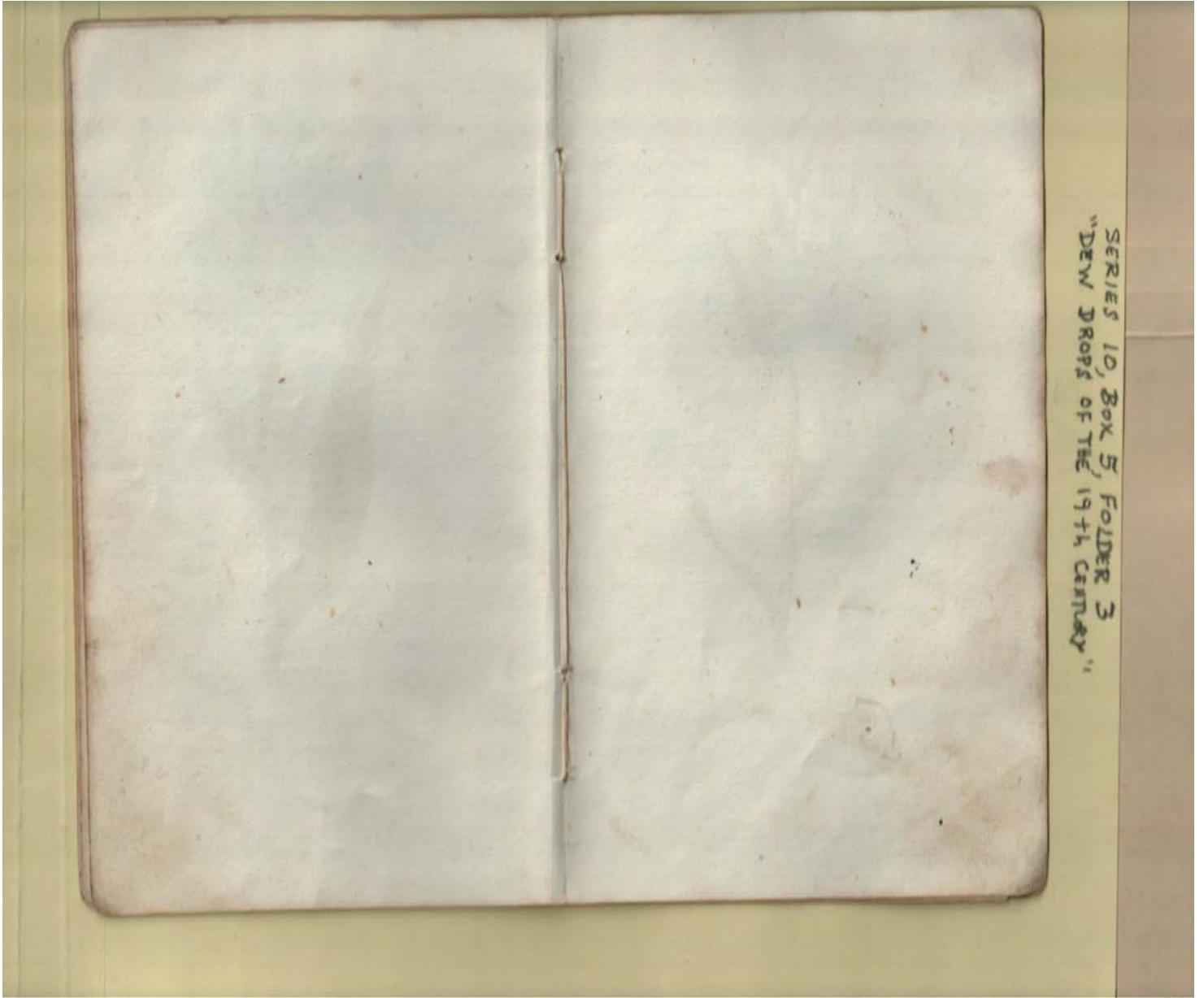
German Iris

Rose Acacia

Types:

print

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 14 r10_05-03-000-0014 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Types:
blank



Names:

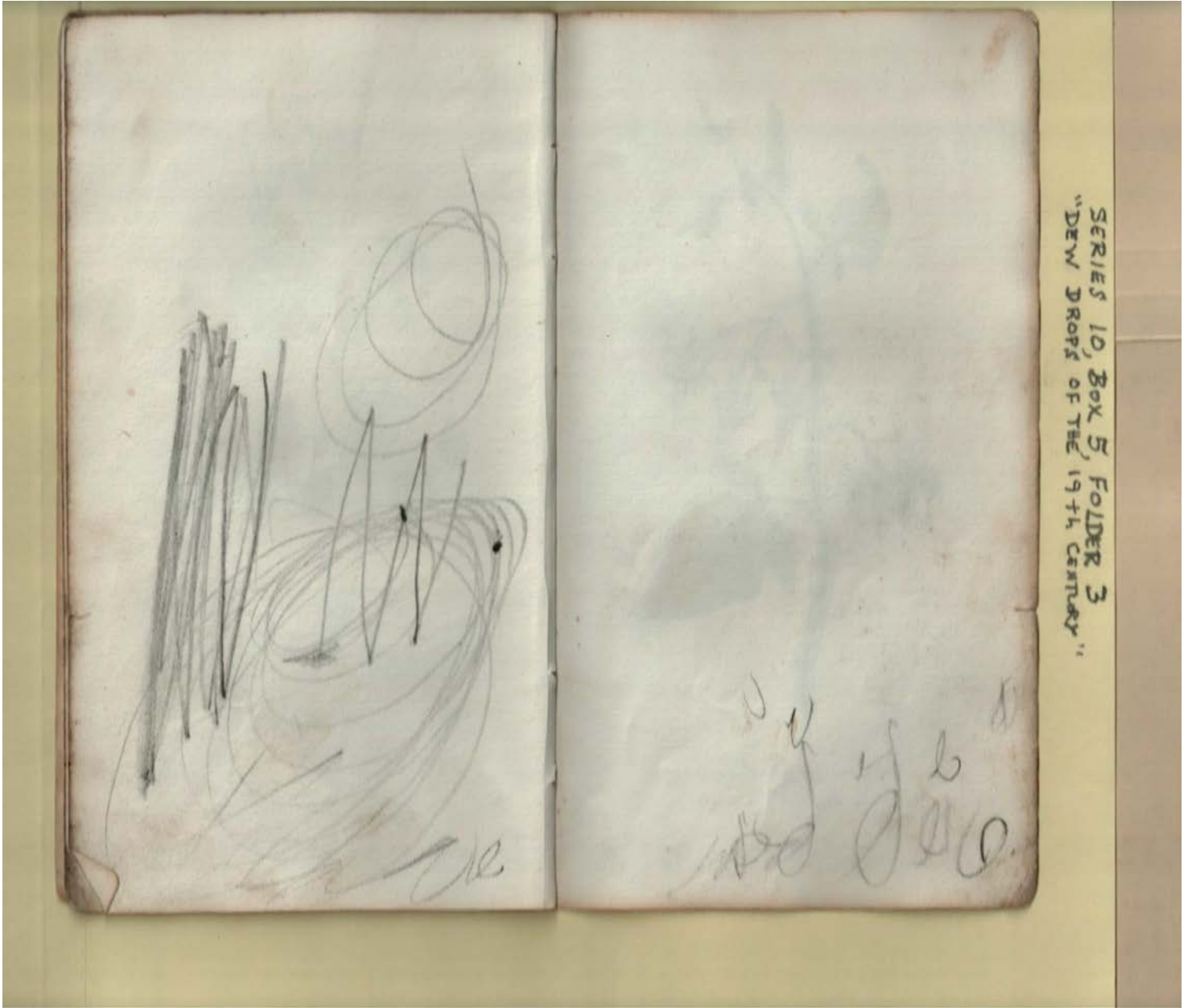
Bee Ophrys

Blackthorn

Types:

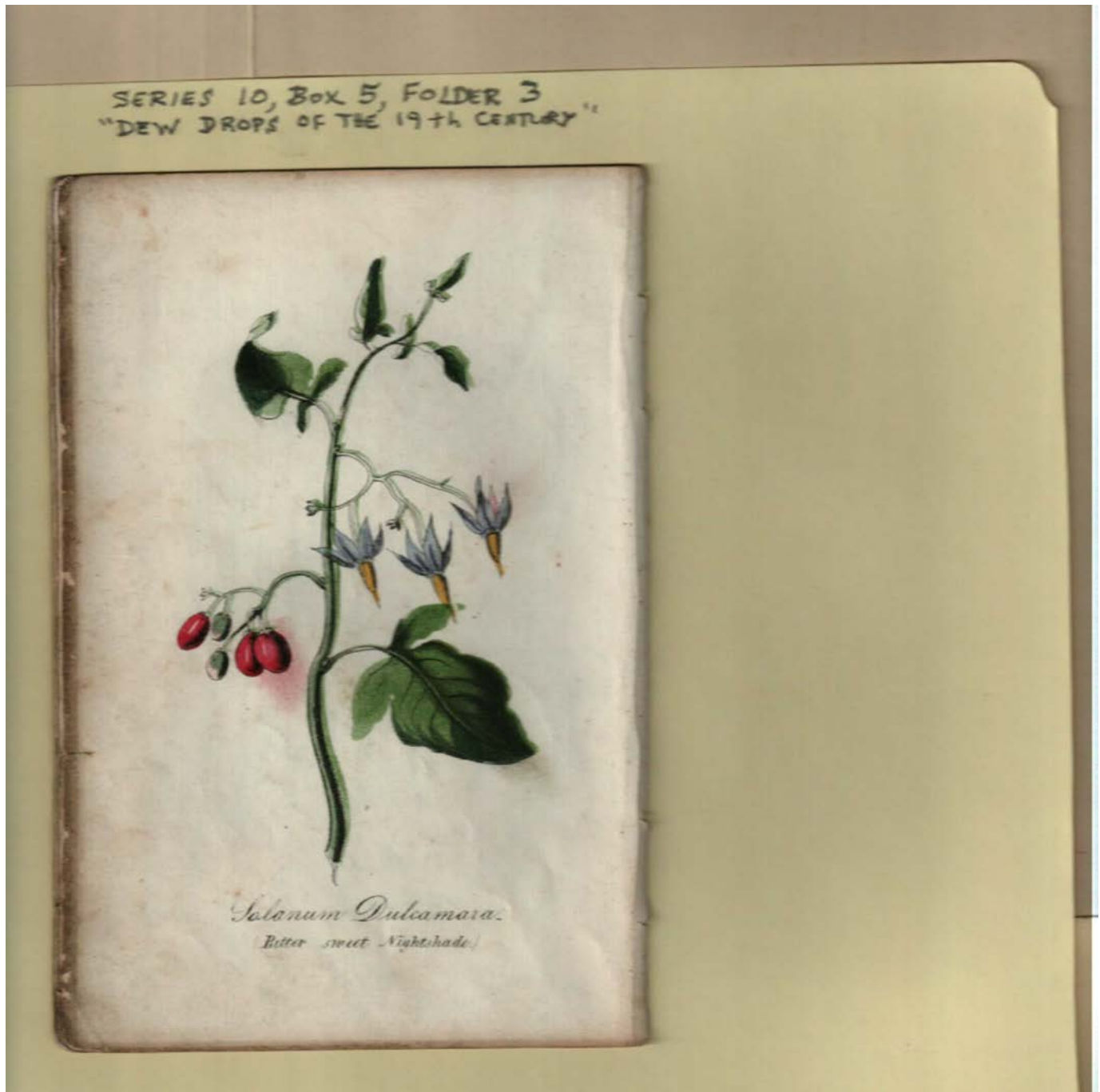
print

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 16 r10_05-03-000-0016 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Types:
blank

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 17 r10_05-03-000-0017 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



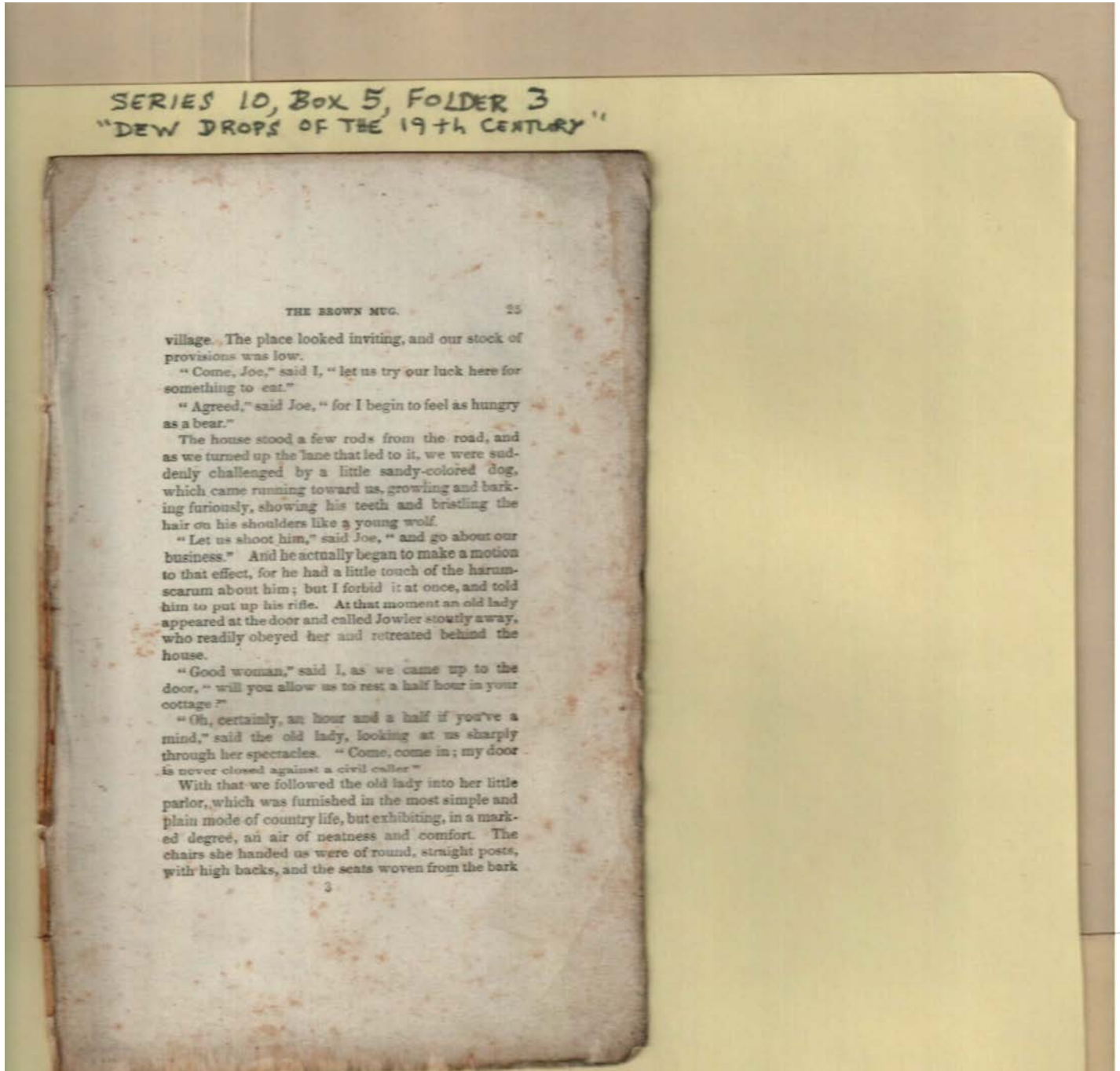
Names:

Bitter sweet
Nightshade

Types:

print

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 18 r10_05-03-000-0018 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



missing pages

Names:

The Brown Mug

Types:

short story

of the elm finely stripped and twisted. The uncarpeted floor looked white and clean enough for a table. A few ordinary pictures hung round the room, which bore such decided marks of age, that I at once inferred that they were relics of generations that had gone by. A single oaken chair of antique appearance, somewhat elaborately carved, stood against the wall between the two front windows, and over it hung a small looking-glass in an oaken frame, that looked as though it might have reflected the faces of several successive generations.

A modest-looking fair-faced girl, apparently about sixteen, sat in the corner of the room with sewing work in her hands as we entered. She rose and courtesied to us with evident diffidence, and resumed her work.

"Good woman," said I, "would it be convenient for you to furnish us with a bit of a lunch? Anything at hand—no matter what—we have been in the woods all day, and have not yet dined."

"To be sure," said the old lady, "such as we have shall be at your service in a few minutes. We've nothing very dainty or very nice; but if you really have an appetite for a plain dish, perhaps Sally can pick up something that will answer the purpose. Come, Sally," continued the old lady, addressing the young girl with the sewing work, "set out the table, and see if you can't get a mouthful or two of something for the gentlemen to eat."

As Sally rose and left the room, the eyes of the old lady followed her with doating fondness.

"That's my granddaughter," said she, as the door

They now looked about the house. There were the heaps of feathers which the Indians had emptied out of the beds upon the floor, and there were broken articles of furniture which they had thrown here and there, all lying as they had been left on that fearful day. Presently Samuel stepped along to the shelves in the corner of the room, when he suddenly clapped his hands, and called out with great glee, "Oh, mother, here is the very mug of beer that I was carrying out to father that day when the Indians come." They all ran and looked, and there it was, sure enough. They tasted of the beer; it was rather stale, it is true; but there it was, and the mug was more than half full, notwithstanding all the hot days and all the cold days that it had been standing there through the whole year. Mr. Scamman took the mug and looked at it, and said he,

"Samuel, now this mug shall be yours, and do you keep it as long as you live, to remember the Indians by."

"And grandfather did keep it as long as he lived, and when he died he left it to my father, and when father died he left it to me. And that's the story of the King William mug that stands on the table, there, before you," said the old lady; "so now set up and take your lunch, for Sally has got it all ready."

"And pray good woman," said I, "what do you intend to do with the mug when you have done with it?"

"I—" said the old lady; "when my time comes, and it won't be long, I shall leave the mug to Sally."

We seated ourselves at table.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

36

THE BROWN MUG.

"I don't know," said the old lady, "as you will find much of anything that you can eat."

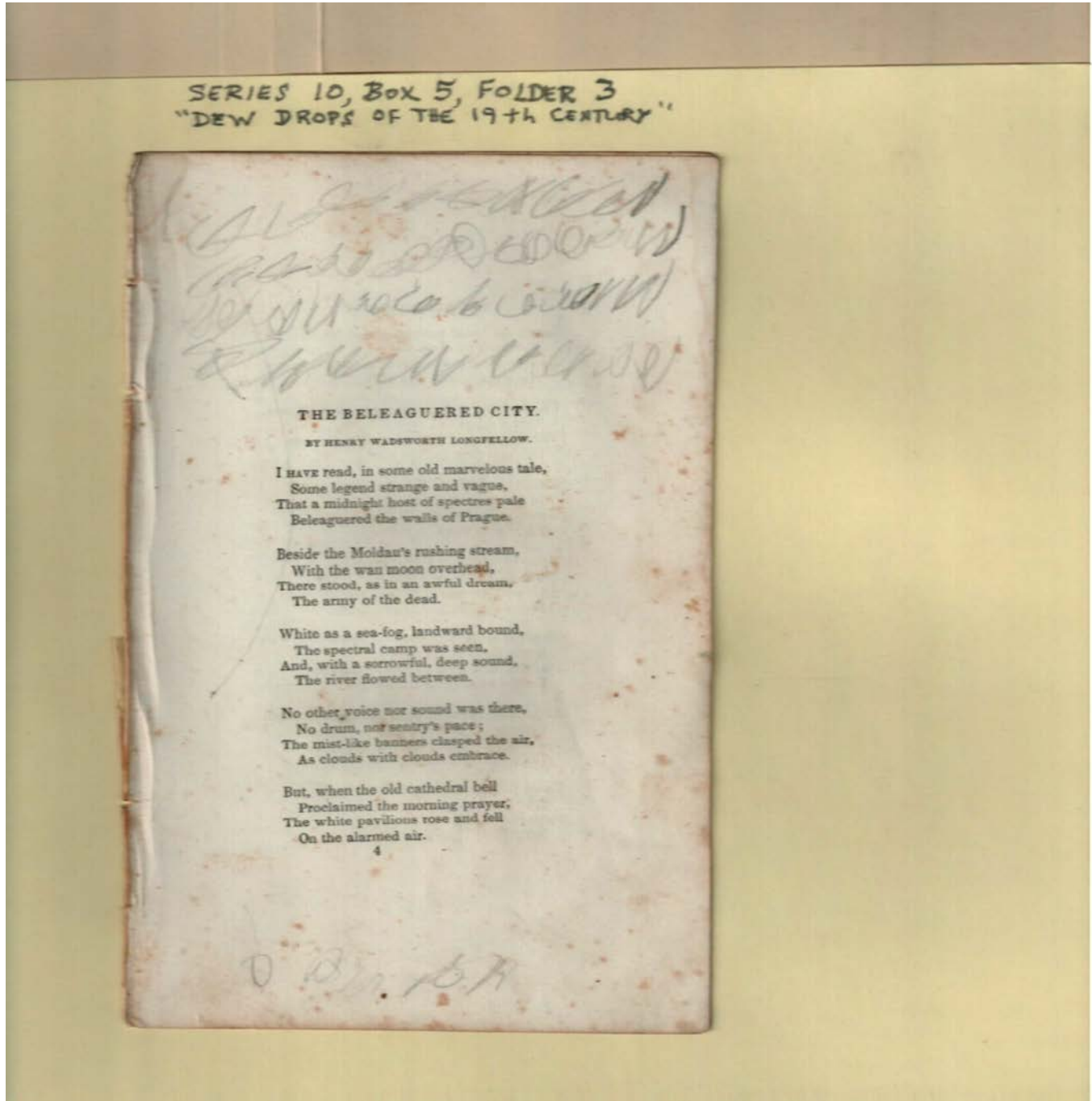
"I never knew a more groundless fear in my life," said I, glancing round the table, for indeed a more inviting lunch I never sat down to. There were delicious slices of cold beef's tongue, a rich dish of fried ham and eggs, bread of the very best quality, soft milk biscuit, with the freshest and sweetest butter I ever tasted, cup custards, and a perfect gem of an apple pie with rich old cheese. Then there was the brown mug full of excellent beer, and the way the whole was served up was the most perfect pattern of taste and neatness I ever beheld. In short, we ate a very hearty dinner. During the operation of eating, I observed that Joe's eyes wandered very often across the room and rested on Sally, who had again taken her sewing and was seated by the window. Having finished our repast, we prepared to depart. I tried to make the old lady accept of money for the trouble we had caused her, but she seemed hurt and utterly refused. We gave them a parting blessing, and went on our way. We walked side by side, Joe and I, I think nearly a mile without speaking a word. At last said I,

"Joe, you seem to be wrapped up very close in some sort of deep cogitation or other; what are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking," said Joe, "if ever I get married, I mean my oldest son shall inherit the Brown Mug."

NOTE. The story of the Brown Mug, with most of the other incidents in this sketch, is no fiction, but 's simple truth.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 21 r10_05-03-000-0021 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

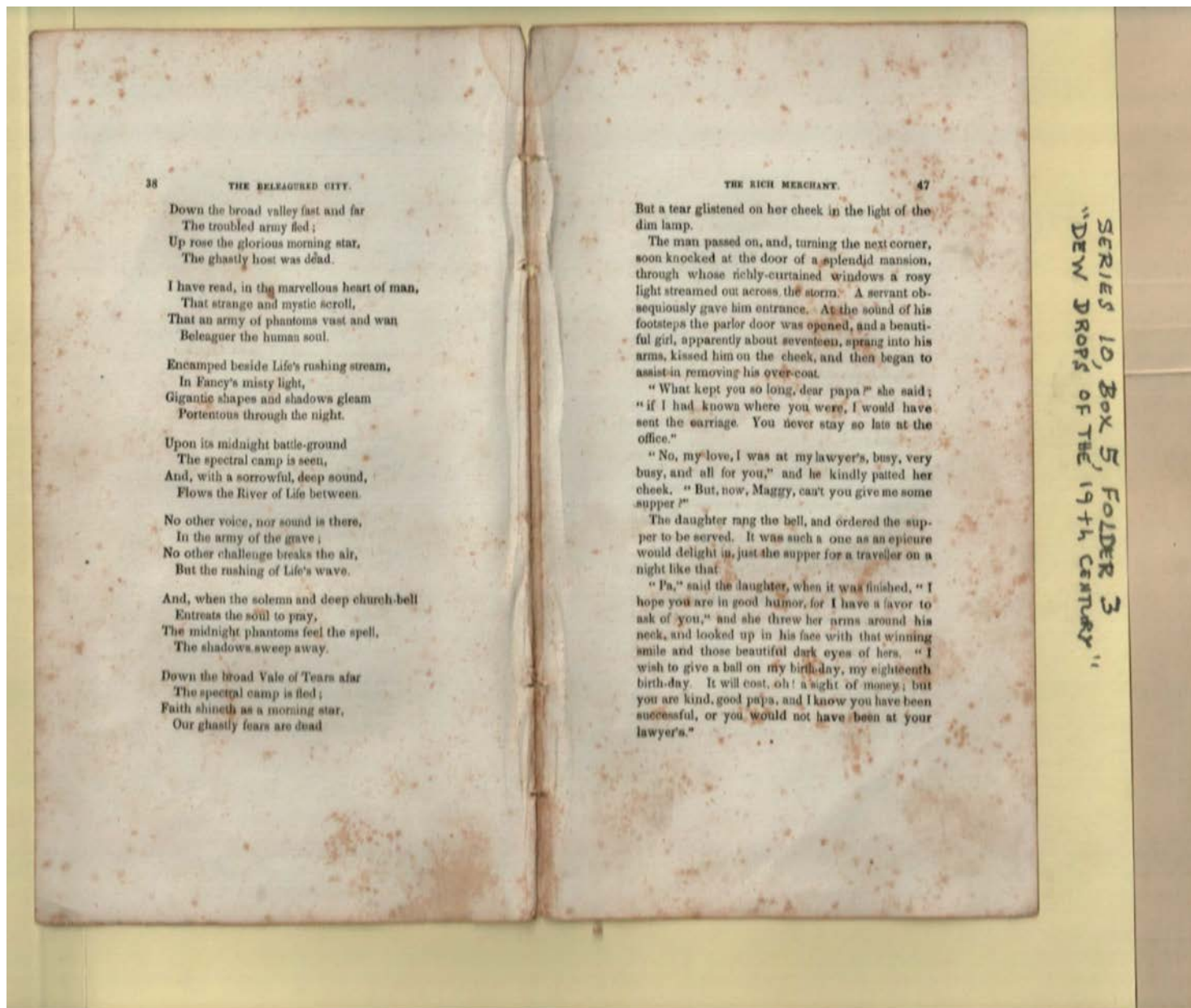
Longfellow, Henry
Wadsworth

The Beleaguered City

Types:

book

poem



Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Besiege the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead

But a tear glistened on her cheek in the light of the dim lamp.

The man passed on, and, turning the next corner, soon knocked at the door of a splendid mansion, through whose richly-curtained windows a rosy light streamed out across the storm. A servant obsequiously gave him entrance. At the sound of his footsteps the parlor door was opened, and a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen, sprang into his arms, kissed him on the cheek, and then began to assist in removing his over-coat.

"What kept you so long, dear papa?" she said; "if I had known where you were, I would have sent the carriage. You never stay so late at the office."

"No, my love, I was at my lawyer's, busy, very busy, and all for you," and he kindly patted her cheek. "But, now, Maggy, can't you give me some supper?"

The daughter rang the bell, and ordered the supper to be served. It was such a one as an epicure would delight in, just the supper for a traveller on a night like that.

"Pa," said the daughter, when it was finished, "I hope you are in good humor, for I have a favor to ask of you," and she threw her arms around his neck, and looked up in his face with that winning smile and those beautiful dark eyes of hers. "I wish to give a ball on my birthday, my eighteenth birthday. It will cost, oh! a sight of money; but you are kind, good papa, and I know you have been successful, or you would not have been at your lawyer's."

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

missing pages

Names:

The Rich Merchant

Types:

short story

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

48

THE RICH MERCHANT.

"Yes, my darling," he said, fondly kissing her, "the cotton speculation has turned out well. I sold all I had of the article this afternoon, received the money, and took it to my lawyer's, telling him to invest it in real estate. I think I shall give up the business."

"O! do, do, papa. But you will give this ball, won't you?"

"You little tease," said her father, but he spoke smilingly; and putting his hand into his pocket-book, he took out a note of five hundred dollars, and placed it in his child's hand.

"Take this; if it is not enough you must have another, I suppose. But don't trouble me about it any more."

The next morning broke clear, but the snow was a foot deep, and lay here and there in large drifts, blocking up the door-ways. At ten o'clock, the rich merchant was on his way to his counting-room. He turned down the same street up which he had come the preceding evening. A crowd had gathered round the open cellar-door of a ruined tenement. The merchant paused to enquire what was the matter.

"A woman, sir, has been found dead below there," said one of the spectators; "she starved to death, it is said, and they have sent for the coroner. Her daughter has just come back, after being out all night; I believe she was begging. That's her, moaning."

"Ah!" said the merchant, and a pang went through his heart like an ice-bolt, for he remembered having denied the petitioner the night before.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

THE RICH MERCHANT. 49

He pushed through the crowd, and descended the cellar-steps. A girl cowered over an emaciated corpse that lay on a heap of straw in one corner of the damp apartment. It was the same girl he feared it would prove. The merchant was horror-struck.

"My poor child," he cried, laying his hand on her shoulder, "you must be cared for: God forgive me for denying you last night. Here, take this," and he put a bill into her hand.

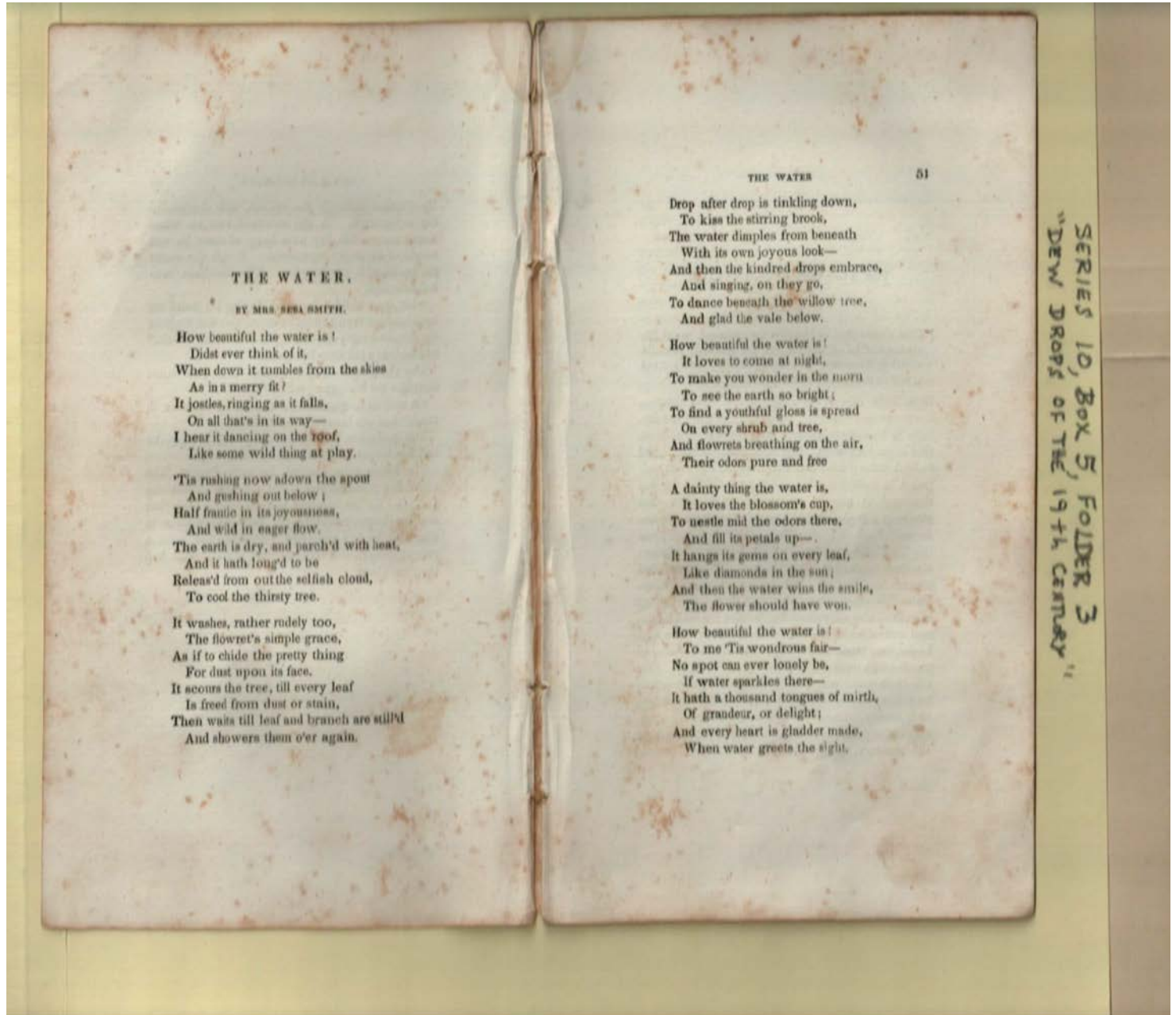
The girl looked up and gazed vacantly at him; then she put back the proffered money.

"It will do no good now," she said; "mother is dead," and she burst into hysteric tears.

The merchant, at that moment, would have given half his fortune to have recalled her to life.

The lesson, thus learned, he never forgot. The merchant personally saw that a decent burial was provided for her mother, and afterwards took her into his house, educated her for a high station in life, and, on her marriage, presented her with a proper dowry. He lived to hear her children list their gratitude.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 25 r10_05-03-000-0025 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



THE WATER.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

How beautiful the water is !
Didst ever think of it,
When down it tumbles from the skies
As in a merry fit ?
It jostles, ringing as it falls,
On all that's in its way—
I hear it dancing on the roof,
Like some wild thing at play.
'Tis rushing now adown the spout
And gushing out below ;
Half frantic in its joyousness,
And wild in eager flow.
The earth is dry, and parch'd with heat,
And it hath long'd to be
Releas'd from out the selfish cloud,
To cool the thirsty tree.
It washes, rather rudely too,
The flowret's simple grace,
As if to chide the pretty thing
For dust upon its face.
It scours the tree, till every leaf
Is freed from dust or stain,
Then waits till leaf and branch are still'd
And showers them o'er again.

THE WATER

51

Drop after drop is tinkling down,
To kiss the stirring brook,
The water dimples from beneath
With its own joyous look—
And then the kindred drops embrace,
And singing, on they go,
To dance beneath the willow tree,
And glad the vale below.
How beautiful the water is !
It loves to come at night,
To make you wonder in the morn
To see the earth so bright ;
To find a youthful gloss is spread
On every shrub and tree,
And flowrets breathing on the air,
Their odors pure and free
A dainty thing the water is,
It loves the blossom's cup,
To nestle mid the odors there,
And fill its petals up—
It hangs its gems on every leaf,
Like diamonds in the sun ;
And then the water wins the smile,
The flower should have won.
How beautiful the water is !
To me 'Tis wondrous fair—
No spot can ever lonely be,
If water sparkles there—
It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,
Of grandeur, or delight ;
And every heart is gladder made,
When water greets the sight.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

Names:

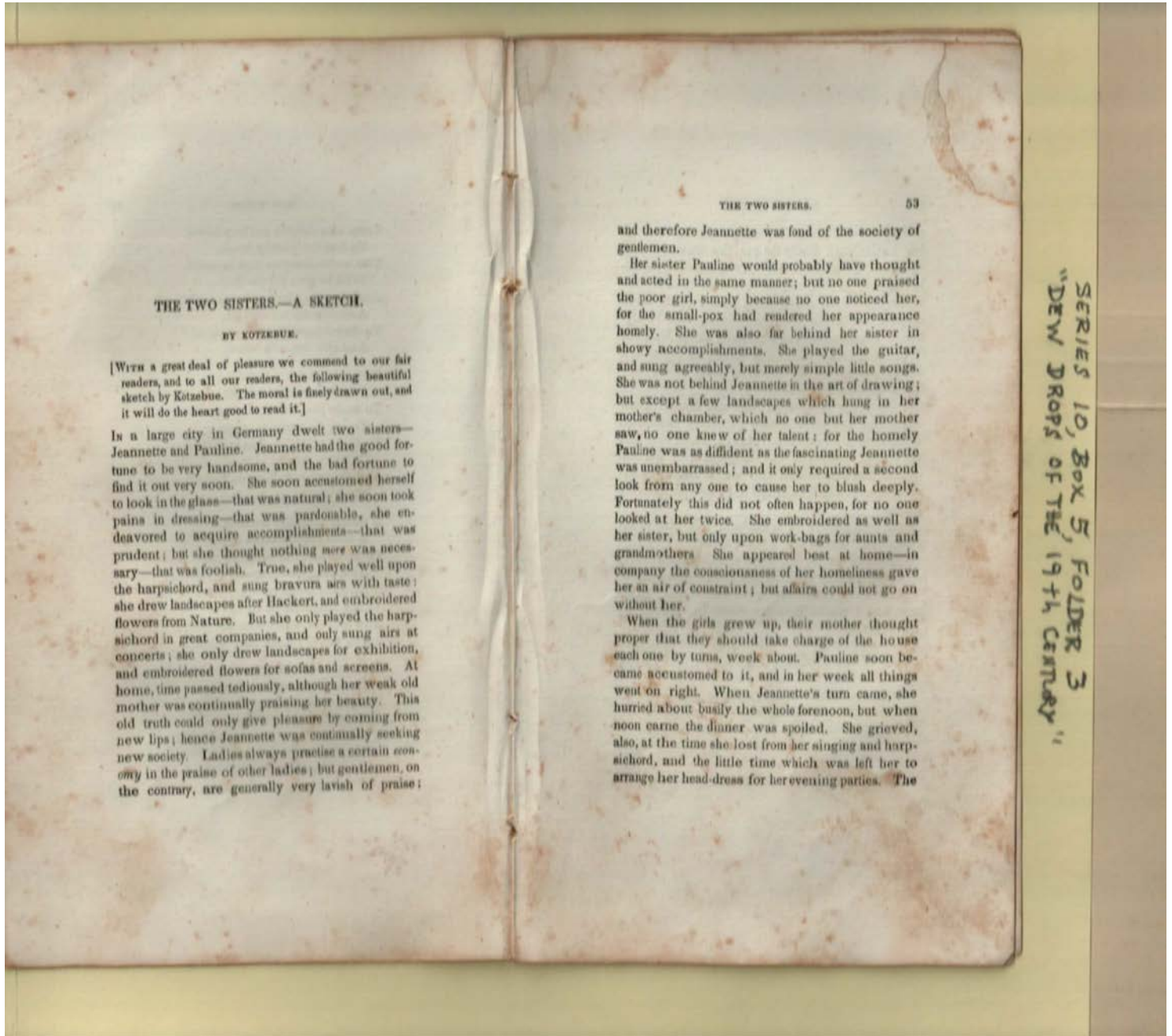
Smith, Elizabeth
Oakes

Smith, Seba
The Water

Types:

book

poem



THE TWO SISTERS.—A SKETCH.

BY KOTZEBUE.

[WITH a great deal of pleasure we commend to our fair readers, and to all our readers, the following beautiful sketch by Kotzebue. The moral is finely drawn out, and it will do the heart good to read it.]

In a large city in Germany dwelt two sisters—Jeannette and Pauline. Jeannette had the good fortune to be very handsome, and the bad fortune to find it out very soon. She soon accustomed herself to look in the glass—that was natural; she soon took pains in dressing—that was pardonable, she endeavored to acquire accomplishments—that was prudent; but she thought nothing *mere* was necessary—that was foolish. True, she played well upon the harpsichord, and sung bravura airs with taste; she drew landscapes after Hackert, and embroidered flowers from Nature. But she only played the harpsichord in great companies, and only sung airs at concerts; she only drew landscapes for exhibition, and embroidered flowers for sofas and screens. At home, time passed tediously, although her weak old mother was continually praising her beauty. This old truth could only give pleasure by coming from new lips; hence Jeannette was continually seeking new society. Ladies always practise a certain *economy* in the praise of other ladies; but gentlemen, on the contrary, are generally very lavish of praise;

THE TWO SISTERS.

53

and therefore Jeannette was fond of the society of gentlemen.

Her sister Pauline would probably have thought and acted in the same manner; but no one praised the poor girl, simply because no one noticed her, for the small-pox had rendered her appearance homely. She was also far behind her sister in showy accomplishments. She played the guitar, and sung agreeably, but merely simple little songs. She was not behind Jeannette in the art of drawing; but except a few landscapes which hung in her mother's chamber, which no one but her mother saw, no one knew of her talent; for the homely Pauline was as diffident as the fascinating Jeannette was unembarrassed; and it only required a second look from any one to cause her to blush deeply. Fortunately this did not often happen, for no one looked at her twice. She embroidered as well as her sister, but only upon work-bags for aunts and grandmothers. She appeared best at home—in company the consciousness of her homeliness gave her an air of constraint; but affairs could not go on without her.

When the girls grew up, their mother thought proper that they should take charge of the house each one by turns, week about. Pauline soon became accustomed to it, and in her week all things went on right. When Jeannette's turn came, she hurried about busily the whole forenoon, but when noon came the dinner was spoiled. She grieved, also, at the time she lost from her singing and harpsichord, and the little time which was left her to arrange her head-dress for her evening parties. The

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

Names:

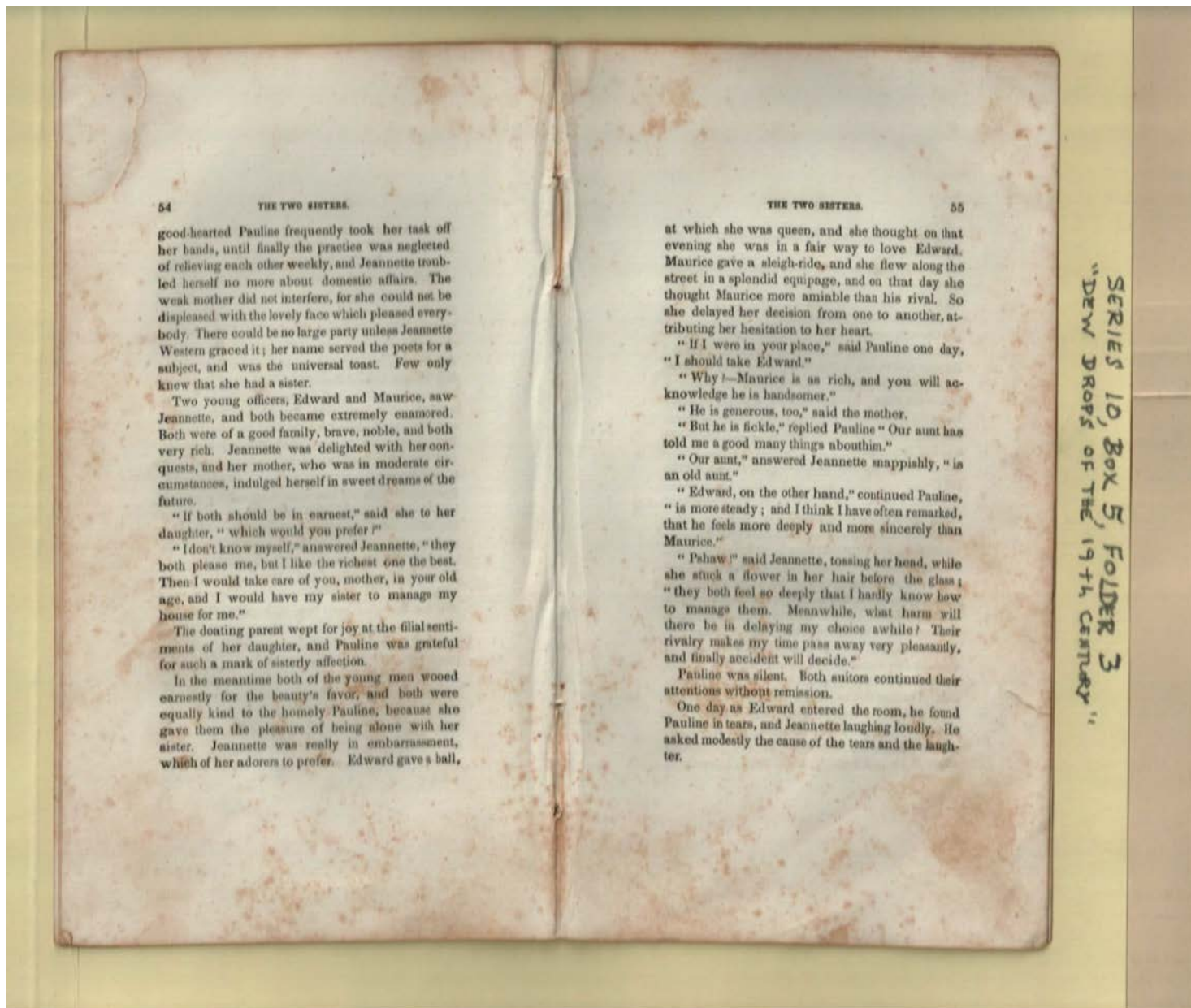
Kotzebue,

The Two Sisters

Types:

book

short story



good-hearted Pauline frequently took her task off her hands, until finally the practice was neglected of relieving each other weekly, and Jeannette troubled herself no more about domestic affairs. The weak mother did not interfere, for she could not be displeased with the lovely face which pleased everybody. There could be no large party unless Jeannette Western graced it; her name served the poets for a subject, and was the universal toast. Few only knew that she had a sister.

Two young officers, Edward and Maurice, saw Jeannette, and both became extremely enamored. Both were of a good family, brave, noble, and both very rich. Jeannette was delighted with her conquests, and her mother, who was in moderate circumstances, indulged herself in sweet dreams of the future.

"If both should be in earnest," said she to her daughter, "which would you prefer?"

"I don't know myself," answered Jeannette, "they both please me, but I like the richest one the best. Then I would take care of you, mother, in your old age, and I would have my sister to manage my house for me."

The doating parent wept for joy at the filial sentiments of her daughter, and Pauline was grateful for such a mark of sisterly affection.

In the meantime both of the young men wooed earnestly for the beauty's favor, and both were equally kind to the homely Pauline, because she gave them the pleasure of being alone with her sister. Jeannette was really in embarrassment, which of her adorers to prefer. Edward gave a ball,

at which she was queen, and she thought on that evening she was in a fair way to love Edward. Maurice gave a sleigh-ride, and she flew along the street in a splendid equipage, and on that day she thought Maurice more amiable than his rival. So she delayed her decision from one to another, attributing her hesitation to her heart.

"If I were in your place," said Pauline one day, "I should take Edward."

"Why!—Maurice is as rich, and you will acknowledge he is handsomer."

"He is generous, too," said the mother.

"But he is fickle," replied Pauline "Our aunt has told me a good many things about him."

"Our aunt," answered Jeannette snappishly, "is an old aunt."

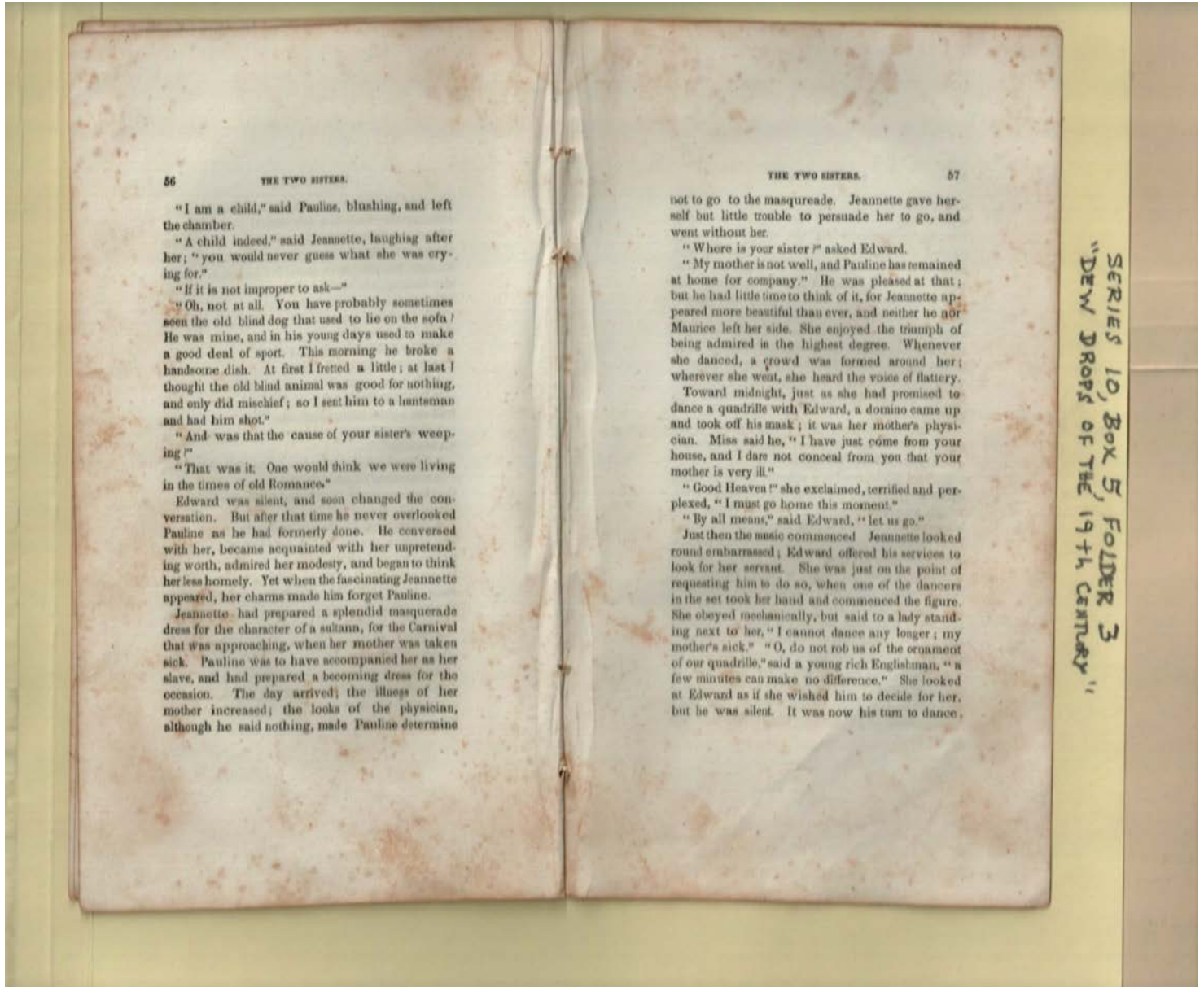
"Edward, on the other hand," continued Pauline, "is more steady; and I think I have often remarked, that he feels more deeply and more sincerely than Maurice."

"Pshaw!" said Jeannette, tossing her head, while she stuck a flower in her hair before the glass; "they both feel so deeply that I hardly know how to manage them. Meanwhile, what harm will there be in delaying my choice awhile? Their rivalry makes my time pass away very pleasantly, and finally accident will decide."

Pauline was silent. Both suitors continued their attentions without remission.

One day as Edward entered the room, he found Pauline in tears, and Jeannette laughing loudly. He asked modestly the cause of the tears and the laughter.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"



"I am a child," said Pauline, blushing, and left the chamber.

"A child indeed," said Jeannette, laughing after her; "you would never guess what she was crying for."

"If it is not improper to ask—"

"Oh, not at all. You have probably sometimes seen the old blind dog that used to lie on the sofa? He was mine, and in his young days used to make a good deal of sport. This morning he broke a handsome dish. At first I fretted a little; at last I thought the old blind animal was good for nothing, and only did mischief; so I sent him to a huntsman and had him shot."

"And was that the cause of your sister's weeping?"

"That was it. One would think we were living in the times of old Romance."

Edward was silent, and soon changed the conversation. But after that time he never overlooked Pauline as he had formerly done. He conversed with her, became acquainted with her unpretending worth, admired her modesty, and began to think her less homely. Yet when the fascinating Jeannette appeared, her charms made him forget Pauline.

Jeannette had prepared a splendid masquerade dress for the character of a sultana, for the Carnival that was approaching, when her mother was taken sick. Pauline was to have accompanied her as her slave, and had prepared a becoming dress for the occasion. The day arrived; the illness of her mother increased; the looks of the physician, although he said nothing, made Pauline determine

not to go to the masquerade. Jeannette gave herself but little trouble to persuade her to go, and went without her.

"Where is your sister?" asked Edward.

"My mother is not well, and Pauline has remained at home for company." He was pleased at that; but he had little time to think of it, for Jeannette appeared more beautiful than ever, and neither he nor Maurice left her side. She enjoyed the triumph of being admired in the highest degree. Whenever she danced, a crowd was formed around her; wherever she went, she heard the voice of flattery.

Toward midnight, just as she had promised to dance a quadrille with Edward, a domino came up and took off his mask; it was her mother's physician. Miss said he, "I have just come from your house, and I dare not conceal from you that your mother is very ill."

"Good Heaven!" she exclaimed, terrified and perplexed, "I must go home this moment."

"By all means," said Edward, "let us go."

Just then the music commenced. Jeannette looked round embarrassed; Edward offered his services to look for her servant. She was just on the point of requesting him to do so, when one of the dancers in the set took her hand and commenced the figure. She obeyed mechanically, but said to a lady standing next to her, "I cannot dance any longer; my mother's sick." "O, do not rob us of the ornament of our quadrille," said a young rich Englishman, "a few minutes can make no difference." She looked at Edward as if she wished him to decide for her, but he was silent. It was now his turn to dance,

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

The person next him joggled him—he cast an inquiring look at Jeannette; his neighbor reminded him again—Jeannette did not refuse, and so he danced the figure with her, and the quadrille was finished without anything more being said. She would then have gone, but she was so heated that she would have taken cold, by going into the air. After walking up and down an adjoining room for some time, she went home, and Edward accompanied her. As they went up the steps they saw fire in the kitchen, where Pauline was preparing something for her mother. Her countenance, reddened by the glow of the fire, appeared handsome this time, to Edward.

"It is well you have come," said Pauline to her sister, "Mother has been very sick, and I have frequently had to leave her alone."

Edward felt himself in a singular frame of mind. On this very evening Jeannette had dropt some hints, which gave him hopes of gaining the victory over his rival. His delight on that account, however had been very much moderated since the last quadrille. A film fell from his eyes. He was able for the first time to look upon her beauty without a violent wish to possess her. He would probably have renounced her immediately, if vanity had not whispered that she loved him; that she would have immediately left the hall, if she had not been dancing with him; and that it was he who made her forget her duty for a moment. His feelings could not withstand the flattering thought of being beloved by so beautiful a girl, and all that reason could win from him was a determination to put her supposed affection for him to the proof.

He waited until her mother recovered, and then went one day with an air of trouble in his countenance to Jeannette, and informed her that his estate in Suabia had been ravaged by the enemy, and that it would take at least a year's rent to put it in its former condition. "But," added he tenderly, "if Jeannette only loves me, my income will be sufficient to protect us from want." She was visibly shocked, and changed color as he began his relation, and her endeavors to conceal her confusion did not escape him. An anxious pause ensued. She soon recovered her composure, laid her hand upon his in a friendly way, and said, "my good friend, I will not deceive you. I am a spoiled child, and cannot do without a great many things. We are neither of us romancers. We know that the hottest love will grow cold in a cottage. That I am well inclined toward you, I will not deny, but we must act reasonably—remain my friend." This declaration was a thrust in the heart to Edward; but it was a beneficial operation. He soon after repeated the story in presence of Pauline. She did not look up from her embroidery, but he remarked that her eyes were moist. "What gives me the most pain for the misfortune," continued he, "is the poverty of my mother—my good mother. If I should devote the whole of my income to her, it will not be sufficient to provide her the luxuries to which she has been accustomed; and you know that poverty always depends upon the different wants of mankind." Pauline raised her head and looked at him kindly. She said nothing, but her countenance spoke. The needle trembled in her hand. She bethought her-

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

60

THE TWO SISTERS

self and continued her embroidery. After a pause she asked, as if merely to renew the conversation, "where does your mother reside?" Edward answered in Stuttgart, where in reality, she was in the highest circle of society. Pauline then spoke of the pleasant situation and advantages of Stuttgart, and nothing more was said of Edward's misfortune.

For the purpose of confirming what he had said of his losses, he limited his expenditures and sold his fine horses. He continued to visit the sisters, and the calmness of his feelings permitted him to see a thousand little things, that had formerly escaped him. None of his observations were of a kind to rekindle his former love; on the other hand, Pauline daily appeared more amiable to him, and her homeliness less striking. As he now conversed more with her than with Jeannette, she felt more confidence toward him, her bashfulness was conquered, and she unfolded her heart. What conduced very much to this, was the modest supposition, that Edward could have no thought of a marriage with her; that removed her embarrassment, and she showed her pure, unrestrained sisterly affection.

Jeannette, on the other hand, did not receive much pleasure from his visits, which were especially disagreeable when Maurice was present. To him she now confined her whole coquetry, and soon drew the net so tightly over him, that he besought her pressingly every day to make him the most enviable of mortals, at the altar. She still took airs upon herself and teased him awhile, and at last jestingly gave her consent. The lover was delighted

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 31 r10_05-03-000-0031 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

THE TWO SISTERS.

61

excessively, and the most expensive preparations were commenced for the nuptials.

Meanwhile Edward remained very calm. He was no longer in love, but it appeared to him at times as if he loved Pauline. His wish to see her, if he had not seen her for a day or two; the quickness with which time passed in her company; the unwillingness with which he separated from her—all these things often made him think "what if I should offer Pauline my hand?" A surprising occurrence suddenly decided for him.

He received a letter from his mother containing a bill of exchange upon Stutgard for one hundred dollars, signed by one of the principal bankers of the place in which Edward resided. "I cannot comprehend," she wrote in her letter, "why it should have been sent to me. It was sent in an anonymous letter, in which I am besought, in a few lines, not to despise the gift of a good heart." A flame blazed in Edward's breast. He trembled—his eyes sparkled. He hurried to the banker. "Did you draw this bill of exchange?" "Yes." "For whom?" "I have been paid the value." "By whom?" "I cannot say." "But the bill of exchange was sent to my mother." "I know nothing of that; it is no business of mine." "I beg of you to tell me the person." "I cannot." "You will probably cause the happiness of my life." The banker looked at him with surprize. "Will you tell me the truth," said Edward, "if I name the person?" "Yes." "Miss Pauline Weston." "You have guessed it." Edward hurried out. In two minutes he was at Pauline's feet, and asked her hand. She was con-

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

62

THE TWO SISTERS.

fused—she could not answer—she sighed. He put his arm around her—"Am I disagreeable to you?" "Oh no. I have longed loved you; but how could I hope?" The first raptures of love flowed through two noble hearts. Pauline could not comprehend how Edward had taken such a sudden, violent resolution. She often asked the reason—he smiled but did not answer.

Her nuptials with the poor Edward were fixed for the same day, on which Jeannette was to marry the rich Maurice. Pauline made disposition for strict frugality in her future domestic affairs; her white, plain bridal dress contrasted powerfully with the silver lace of her sister. Edward pressed her to his heart and smiled. "To-morrow," said he, "I will inform my mother of the choice I have made, you must also add a letter." Pauline promised it, not without some embarrassment, and Edward smiled again. On the next day she handed him the letter, but showed him at the same time her finger bound up, which had compelled her to get her sister to write the letter. Edward kissed her finger, cast a look of love upon her, and a tear stood in his sparkling eye. She blushed and thought something was not right; but he said "very well," and smiled.

The marriage day appeared. Edward came early in the morning and laid a valuable necklace in his bride's lap. Pauline was astonished, but Jeannette was more so, for the necklace was more valuable than her own. "I have been practising usury," said Edward jestingly. "A little sum advanced by a noble lady, a friend of mine, has doubled itself a thousand fold." "By a noble lady?" said Pauline.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 33 r10_05-03-000-0033 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

THE TWO SISTERS.

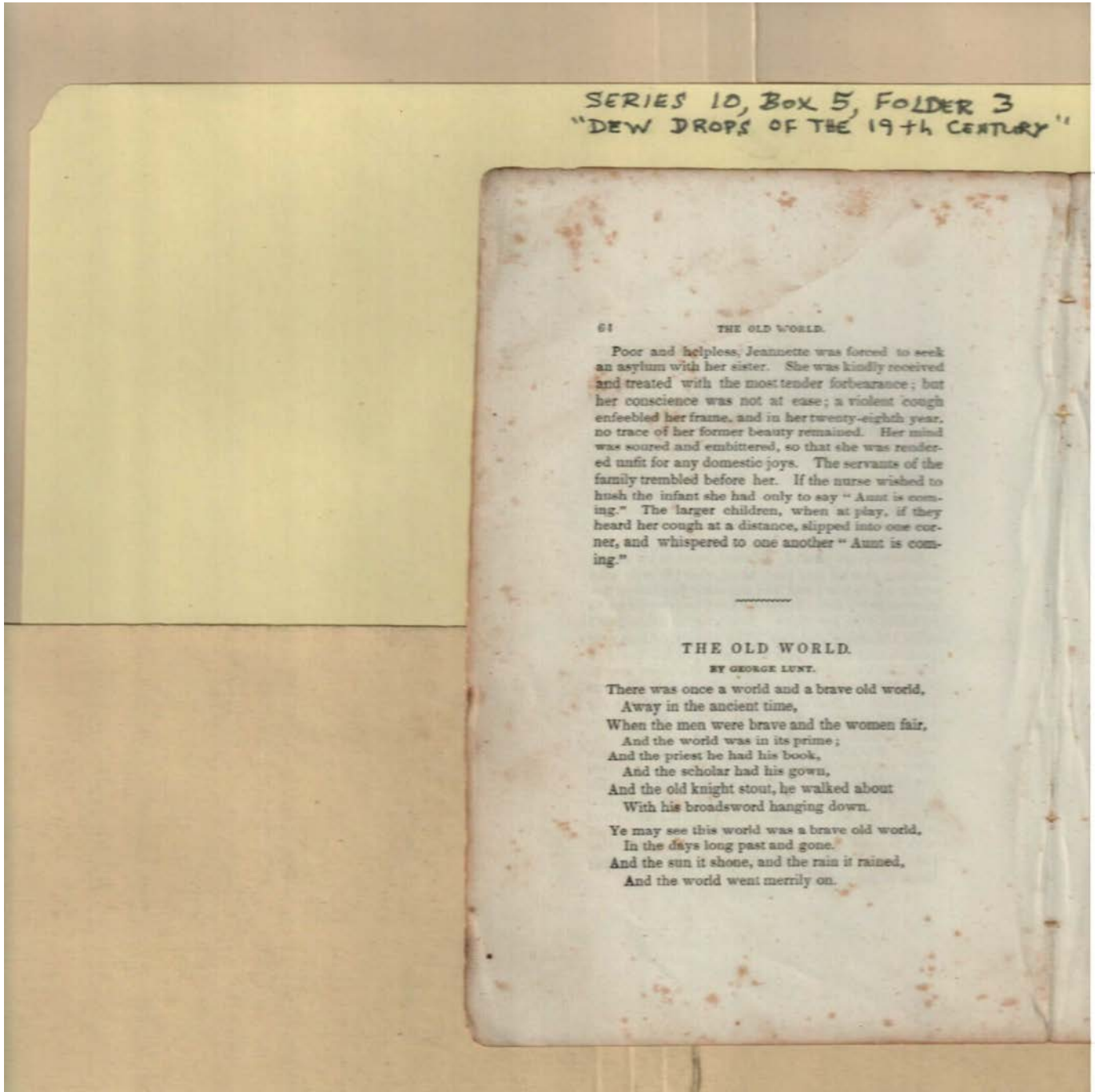
63

"The necklace is very fine," continued Edward "but what adorns it most, and will make me the happiest of men, is concealed in this paper." She opened it confusedly. It was the wedding-ring folded in the bill of exchange. Pauline recognized it at the first glance, and cast down her eyes blushing. Edward fell at her feet. She sunk down. "To deceive me so!" whispered she.

When all was explained, Pauline's mother embraced her, while Jeannette tossed her pretty head. She endeavored to conceal her vexation: but her marriage day was the commencement of her matrimonial ill humor.

Several years passed: Edward found to his astonishment that he had been blind, that his wife was really handsome; and his domestic happiness increased every day. Domestic happiness never made its home with Jeannette. Pauline was surrounded with blooming children. The sisters seldom saw each other: for Pauline lived only for her husband and children—Jeannette only for the great world. Here she found sufficient amends for the only true happiness of marriage, as long as her beauty daily attracted new admirers, and as long as her husband's riches afforded the means of expensive luxuries. But alas! her charms began to vanish—she grew sickly—the affection of her husband became deadened—his coffers were emptied—poverty introduced discord. They avoided one another—Madam run in debt—Monsieur gambled away her jewels. They began with complaining, and ended with reproaches. At length one morning Maurice rode away without taking leave, and was never heard of afterwards.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 34 r10_05-03-000-0034 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Lunt, George

The Old World

Types:

book

poem

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 35 r10_05-03-000-0035 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

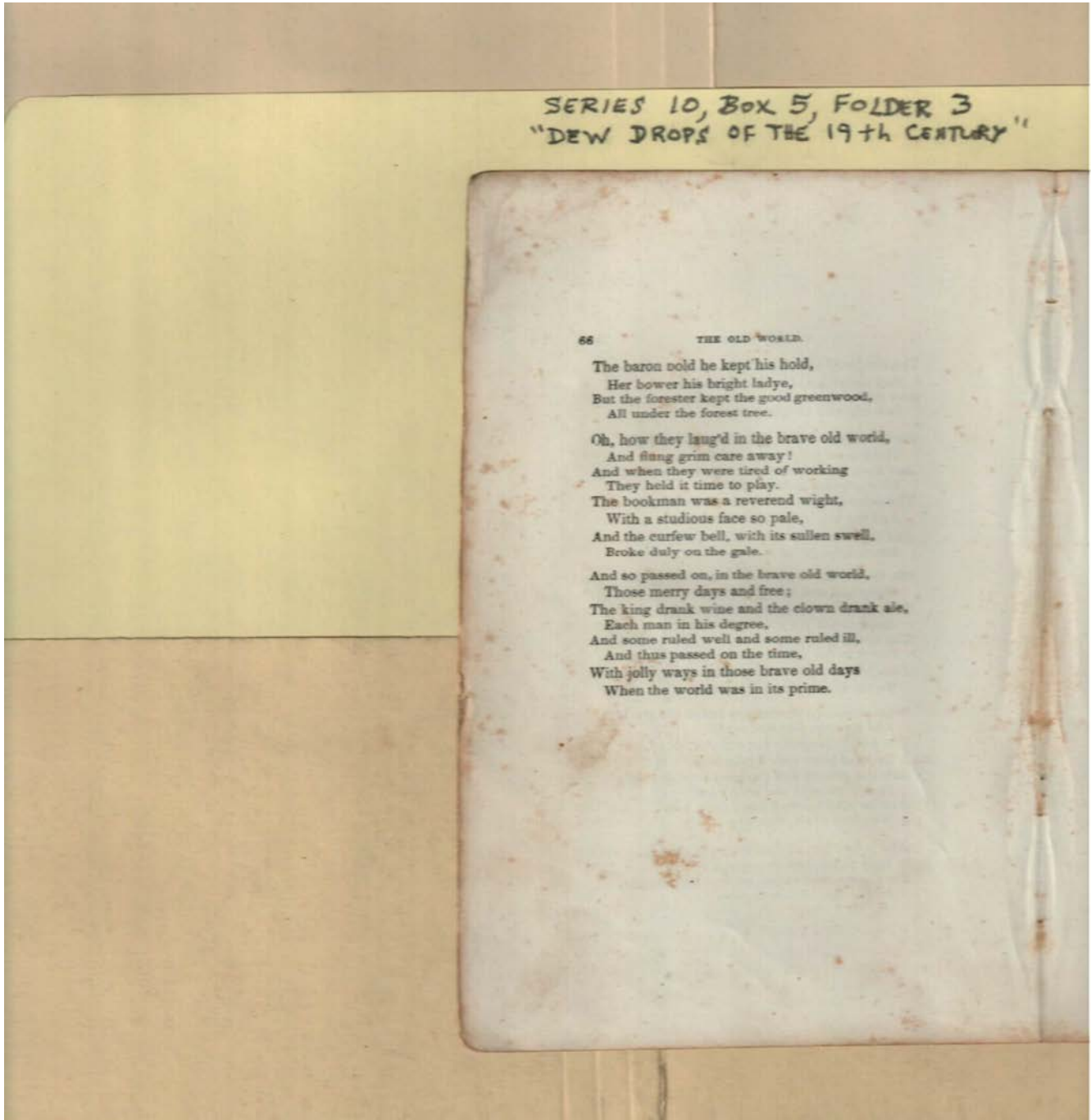
SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

THE OLD WORLD.

65

The shepherd kept his sheep,
And the milkmaid milked the kine,
And the serving-man was a sturdy loon
In a cap and doublet fine.
And I've been told in this brave old world,
There were jolly times and free,
And they danced and sung, till the welkin rung,
All under the greenwood tree.
The sexton chimed his sweet-sweet bells,
And the huntsman blew his horn,
And the hunt went out with a merry shout,
Beneath the jovial morn.
Oh, the golden days of the brave old world
Made hall and cottage shine;
The squire he sat in his oaken chair,
And quaffed the good red wine;
The lovely village maiden,
She was the village queen,
And, by the mass, tript through the grass
To the May-pole on the green.
When trumpets roused this brave old world,
And banners flaunted wide,
The knight bestrode the stalwart steed,
And the page rode by his side.
And the plumes and pennons tossing bright
Dash'd through the wild melee,
And he who pressed amid them best
Was lord of all, that day.
And ladies fair, in the brave old world,
They ruled with wondrous sway;
But the stoutest knight he was lord of right,
As the strongest is to-day.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 36 r10_05-03-000-0036 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MEMORY.

THOUGHTS OR IDEAS IMPERISHABLE.

The following remarkable case is related in the biography of Coleridge.

"A case occurred in a Catholic town in Germany, a year or two before my arrival at Gottingen and had not then ceased to be a frequent subject of conversation. A young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever; during which, according to the asseverations of all the priests and monks of the neighborhood, she became possessed; as it appeared, by a very learned devil. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and, by his statement, many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town, and cross-examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her own mouth, and were found to consist of sentences coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. Of the Hebrew, a small proportion only could be traced to the Bible; the remainder seemed to be rabbinical dialect. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature, but she was laboring under a nervous fever. In the town in which she had been

Names:

Remarkable Instance
of Memory

Types:

narrative

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

68

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MEMORY.

resident for many years as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering the place where her parents had lived; travelled thither, found them dead, but an uncle surviving; and from him learnt, that the patient had been charitably taken by an old Protestant pastor at nine years old, and had remained with him some years, even till the old man's death. Of this pastor the uncle knew nothing, but that he was a very good man. With great difficulty, and after much search, our young medical philosopher discovered a niece of the pastor's who had lived with him as a housekeeper and had inherited his effects. She remembered the girl; related that her venerable uncle had been too indulgent, and could not bear to hear the girl scolded; that she was willing to have kept her, but that, after her patron's death, the girl herself refused to stay.

Anxious inquiries were then, of course, made, concerning the pastor's habits, and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared, that it had been the old man's custom for years, to walk up and down a passage of his house into which the kitchen door opened, and read to himself, with a loud voice, out of his favorite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession. She added that he was a learned man, and a great Hebraist. Among the books were found a collection of rabbinical writings, together with several of the Greek and Latin fathers; and the

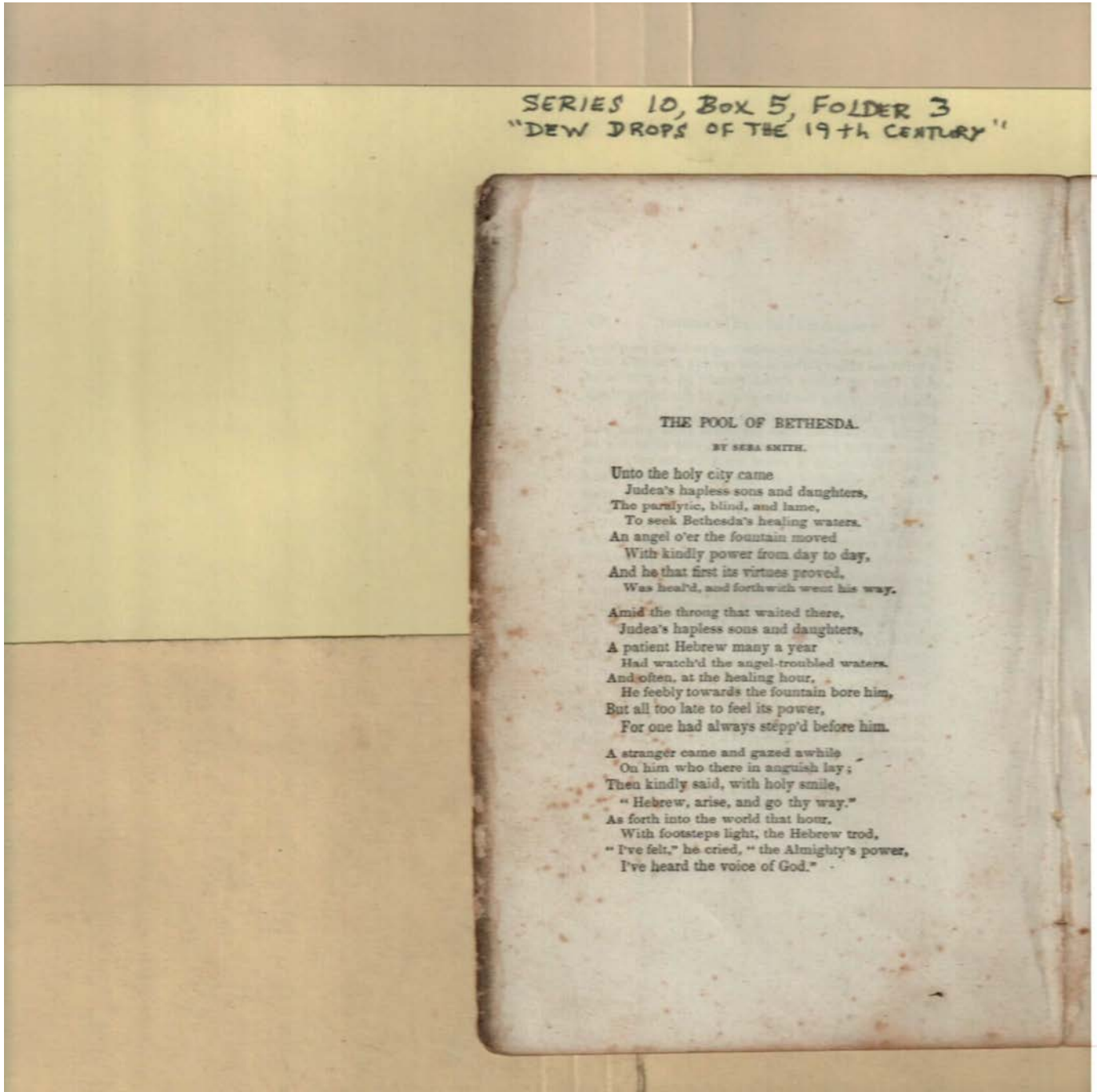
SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MEMORY. 69

physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind, concerning the true origin of the impressions made on her nervous system.

This authentic case furnishes both proof and instance, that relics of sensation may exist, for an indefinite time, in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and as we cannot rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a stimulus; this fact, and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind, contribute to make it even probable, that all thoughts are, in themselves imperishable; and that, if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization, *the body celestial*, instead of *the body terrestrial*, to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this—this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act or a single thought, should be lost."

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 40 r10_05-03-000-0040 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Smith, Seba

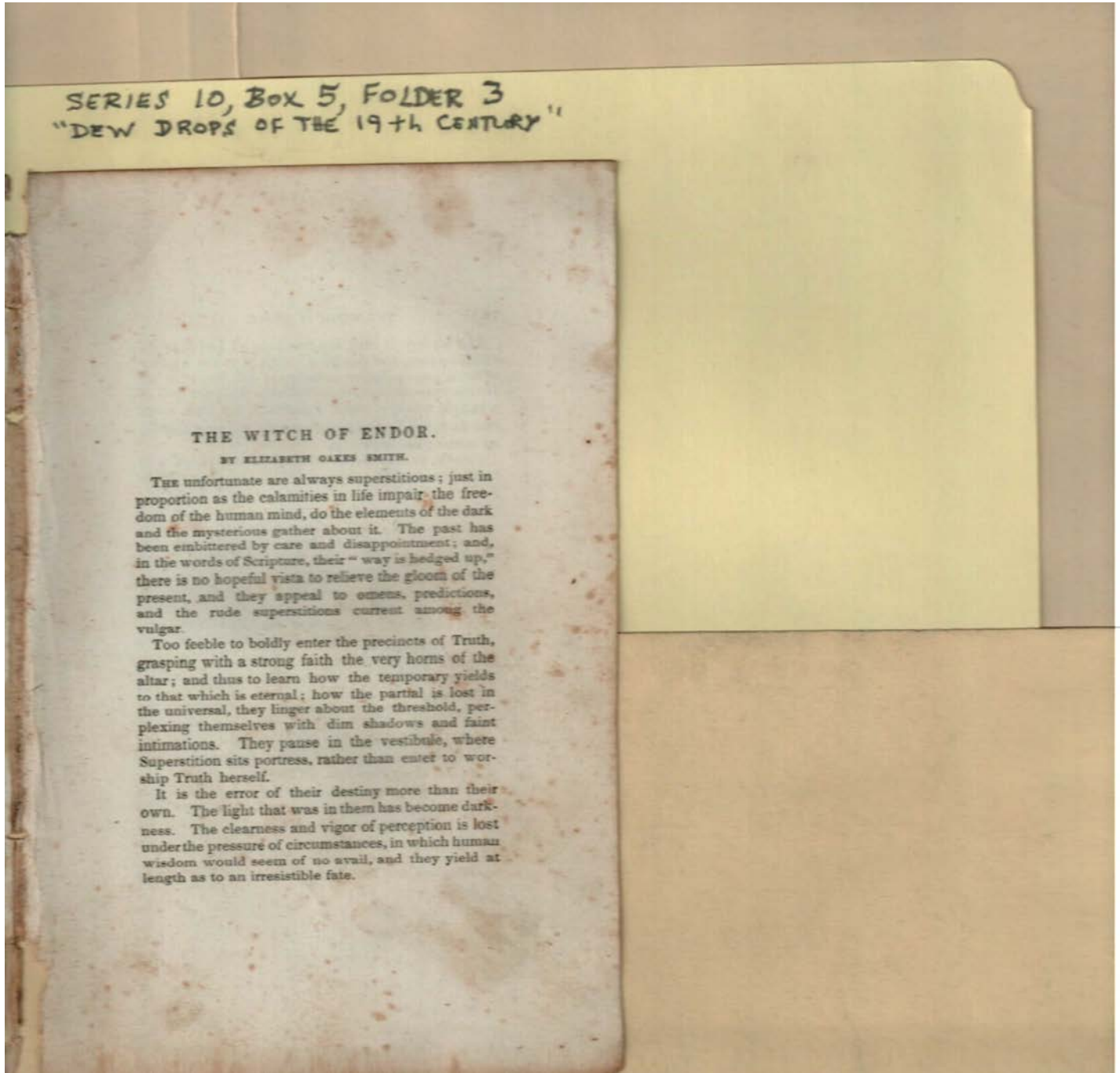
The Pool of Bethesda

Types:

book

poem

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 41 r10_05-03-000-0041 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Smith, Elizabeth
Oakes

The Witch of Endor

Types:

book

narrative

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 42 r10_05-03-000-0042 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

72

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

The history of Saul, the first king of Israel, is an affecting record of this kind. Raised to the dignity of royal power, by no ambition of his own, but by Divine appointment, in compliance with the will of a people weary of their Theocracy, we look upon him from the first as an instrument, a being impelled rather than impelling.

Painful, indeed, is the contrast of the proud and handsome youth commencing his royal career in the freshness and freedom of early manhood, when life presented but a long perspective of sunshine and verdure, to that of the stricken man, weighed down by calamities, bereft of hope, bereft of faith, yet manfully marching to that fatal field where death only had been promised him.

From the commencement of his career, the "choice young man and goodly" seems to have had a leaning to the occult, a willingness to avail himself of mysterious power, rather than to arrive at results through ordinary and recognized channels. We find him, commissioned by his father, going forth in quest of three stray asses, which he seeks, not, by the hill sides and pastures of Israel, but by consulting the seer, Samuel. The holy man hails him king, and gently rebukes him as to the object of his visit, by saying "set not thy mind upon the asses which were lost three days ago, for they are found."

Ardent and impulsive, he now goeth up and down in the spirit of prophecy, with the strange men who expound its mysteries, and anon he sendeth the bloody tokens to the tribes of Israel, rousing them from the yoke of oppression.

Generous and heroic, he repels the foes of his

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 43 r10_05-03-000-0043 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

THE WITCH OF ENDOR

73

people, and loads the chivalric David with princely favors. Yet beneath all this, like hidden waters, heard but unseen, lurked this dark and gloomy mysticism, that embittered even his proudest and brightest hours. An evil spirit troubled him, which only the melody of the sweet Psalmist of Israel could beguile.

Moses had been familiar with all the forms of Egyptian worship, and all their many sources of knowledge: but, as the promulgator of a new and holier faith, he wished to draw his people from the subtleties of divination, and induce them to a direct and open reliance upon Him who alone "knoweth the end from the beginning." No insight to the future is needed by the strong in faith and the strong in action. Hence the divinely appointed legislator prohibited all intercourse with those who dealt in this forbidden lore— forbidden as subversive of human happiness. For the mind loses its tone when once impressed with the belief that the "shadow of coming events" have fallen upon it.

The impetuous and vacillating Saul, impelled by an irresistible instinct to this species of knowledge, sought to protect himself from its influence by removing the sources of it from his kingdom. For this reason, he put in force the severe enactments of Moses against dealers in what were termed "familiar spirits." Thus betraying the infirmity of his manhood, by removing temptation rather than bravely resisting it.

Vain and superstitious, oh "choice young man and goodly," thou wert no match for the rival found in the person of the chivalric David, the warrior

poet, the king-minstrel, the man of many crimes, yet redeeming all by the fervency of his penitence, and his unflinching faith in the Highest. Still the noble and the heroic did never quite desert thee, even when thou didst implore the holy prophet to honor thee in the presence "of the elders of the people," and he turned and worshipped with thee. A kingly pageant when the sceptre was departing from thee!

Disheartened by intestine troubles, appalled by foreign invasion, the spirit of the unhappy king forsook him, and it is said "his heart greatly trembled." Samuel, the stern and uncompromising revealer of truth, was no more. Unsustained by a hearty reliance upon divine things, Saul was like a reed cast upon the waters, in this his hour of trial and perplexity.

"When Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not; neither by dreams nor by prophets." Unhappy man, thy prayers were those of doubt, not of faith, and how could they enter that which is within the veil!

In the utterness of his despair, he consults the Woman of Endor. She might not control events, but she could reveal them. Perilous and appalling as his destiny threatened, he would yet know the worst.

There was majesty in thee, oh Saul! even in thy disguise and agony as thou didst confront thy stern counsellor brought from the land of shadows—"the old man covered with a mantle." When Samuel demands, "why hast thou disquieted me?" we share in the desolateness and sorrow which thy answer implies

"God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams, therefore have I called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do."

The Woman of Endor! That is a strange perversion of taste that would represent her hideous in aspect. To me she seemeth all that is genial and lovely in womanhood.

So great had been the mental suffering of Saul, that he had fasted all that day and night, and at the terrible doom announced by the seer his strength utterly forsook him, and he fell all along upon the earth.

Now cometh the gentle ministry of the Woman of Endor. "Behold thou hast prevailed with me to hearken to thy voice, even at the peril of my life; now, also, I pray thee, hearken to the voice of thine handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee, and eat, that thou mayest have strength."

Can ought be more beautiful, more touching or womanly in its appeal! Aught more foreign from a cruel and treacherous nature, aloof from human sympathies, and dealing with unholy and forbidden knowledge!

To the Jew, trained to seek counsel only from Jehovah, the Woman of Endor was a dealer with spirits of evil. With us, who imbibe truth through a thousand channels made turbid by prejudice and error, she is a distorted being, allied to the hags of a wild and fatal delusion. We confound her with the witches of Macbeth, the victims of Salem, and the Moll Fitchers of modern days.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

Such is not the Woman of Endor—we have adopted the superstition of monk and priest through the long era of darkness and bigotry, and every age hath lent a shadow to the picture.

"Hearken to the voice of thine handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee." Beautiful picture of primitive and genial hospitality! The Woman of Endor riseth before me in the very attitude of her kind, earnest entreaty. The braids of her dark hair mingle with the folds of her turban; her oriental robes spread from beneath the rich girdle, and the bust swells with her impassioned appeal. I behold the proud contour of features, the deep, spiritual eye, the chiseled nostril, and the lip shaming the ruby. The cold haughty grace becoming the daughter of the Magi, hath now yielded to the tenderness of her woman's heart.

Woman of Endor! thou hast gathered the sacred lotus for the worship of Isis; thou hast smothered the dark-winged Ibis in the temple of the gods; thou art familiar with the mysteries of the pyramids; thou hast quaffed the waters of the Nile, even where they well up in the cavernous vaults of the ancient Cheops; thou hast watched the stars, and learned their names and courses; art familiar with the sweet influences of the Pleiads, and the bands of Orion. Thy teacher was a reverent worshipper of nature, and thou a meek and earnest pupil. Thou heldest a more intimate communion with nature than we of a later and more worldly age. Thou workedst with her in her laboratory, creating the gem and the pearl, and all things whatsoever into which the breath of life entereth not.

There was nothing of falsehood, nothing of diabolic power in this. Men were nearer the primitive man, nearer the freshness of creation, and they who patiently and religiously dwelt in the temple of Nature learned her secrets, and acquired power hidden from the vulgar, even as the learned now, in their dim libraries, and amid their musty tomes.

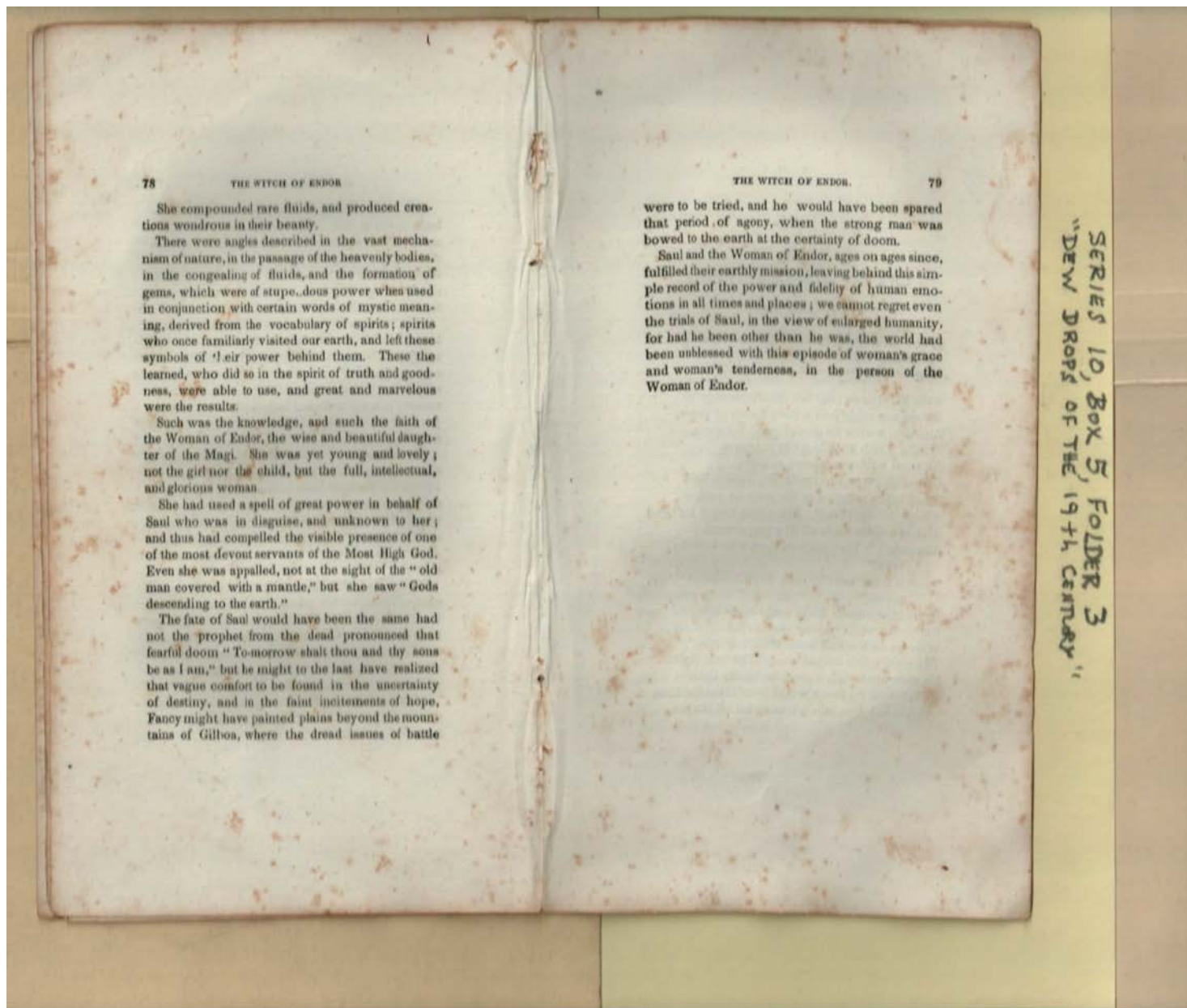
Thus it was with the Woman of Endor. She was learned in all the wisdom of the East. She had studied the religion of Egypt, had listened to the sages of Brahma, and had studied philosophy in the schools to which the accomplished Greeks afterwards resorted to learn truth and lofty aspiration; yet even here did the daughter of the Magi feel the goal of truth unattained.

She had heard of a new faith—that of Israel—a singular people, who at one time had sojourned in Egypt, and yet who went forth, leaving their gods and their vast worship behind, to adopt a new and strange belief. Hither had she come with a meek spirit of inquiry, to learn something more of those great truths for which the human soul yearneth for ever.

Hence was it that her wisdom and her beauty became a shield to her when the mandates of Saul banished all familiar with mysterious knowledge from the country. She was no trifter with the fears and credulities of men. She was an earnest disciple of Truth, and guilelessly using wisdom which patient genius had unfolded to her mind.

All night had she watched the stars, and firmly did she believe that human events were shadowed forth in their hushed movements.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"



She compounded rare fluids, and produced creations wondrous in their beauty.

There were angles described in the vast mechanism of nature, in the passage of the heavenly bodies, in the congealing of fluids, and the formation of gems, which were of stupendous power when used in conjunction with certain words of mystic meaning, derived from the vocabulary of spirits; spirits who once familiarly visited our earth, and left these symbols of their power behind them. These the learned, who did so in the spirit of truth and goodness, were able to use, and great and marvelous were the results.

Such was the knowledge, and such the faith of the Woman of Endor, the wise and beautiful daughter of the Magi. She was yet young and lovely; not the girl nor the child, but the full, intellectual, and glorious woman.

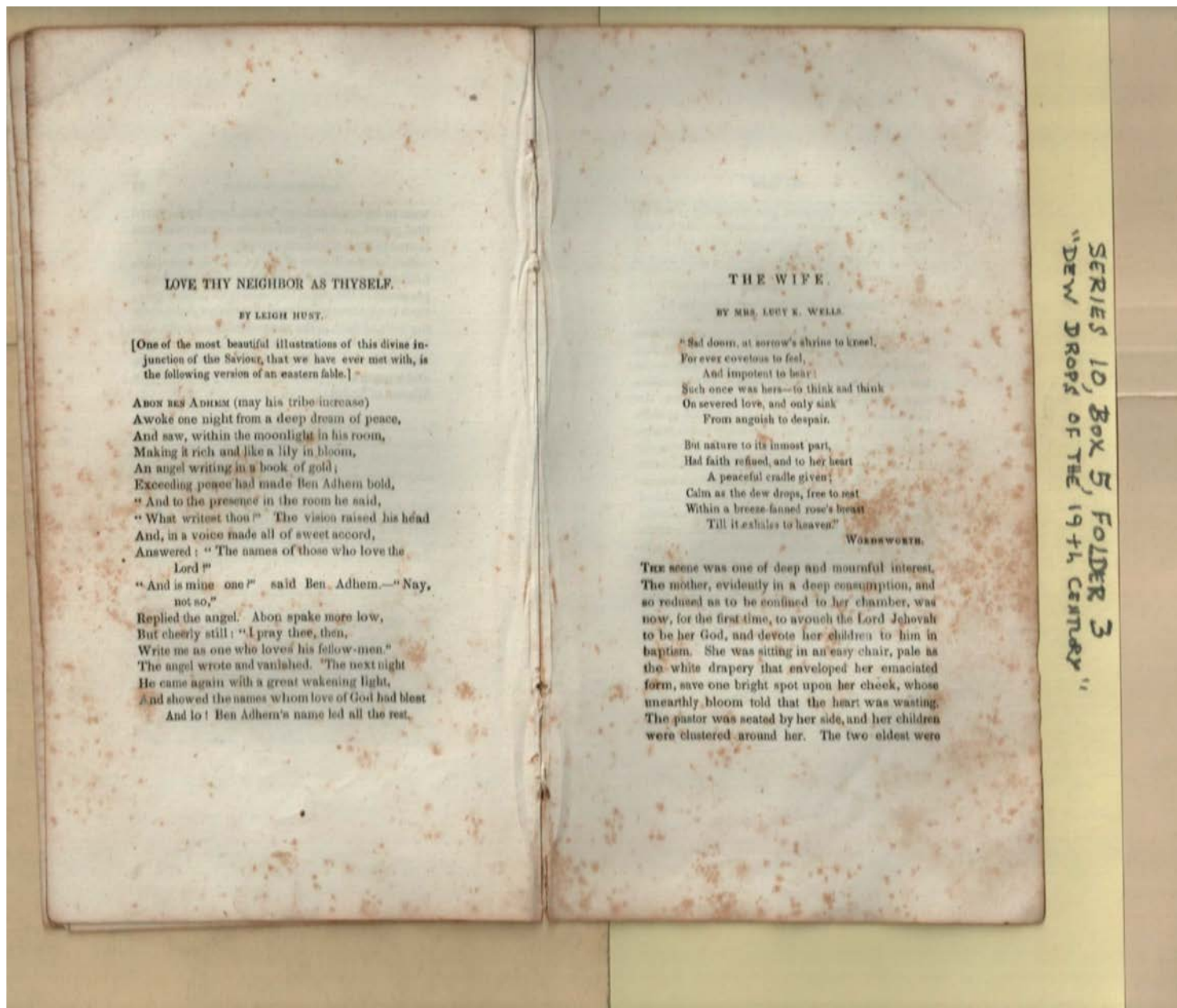
She had used a spell of great power in behalf of Saul who was in disguise, and unknown to her; and thus had compelled the visible presence of one of the most devout servants of the Most High God. Even she was appalled, not at the sight of the "old man covered with a mantle," but she saw "Gods descending to the earth."

The fate of Saul would have been the same had not the prophet from the dead pronounced that fearful doom "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be as I am," but he might to the last have realized that vague comfort to be found in the uncertainty of destiny, and in the faint incitements of hope. Fancy might have painted plains beyond the mountains of Gilboa, where the dread issues of battle

were to be tried, and he would have been spared that period of agony, when the strong man was bowed to the earth at the certainty of doom.

Saul and the Woman of Endor, ages on ages since, fulfilled their earthly mission, leaving behind this simple record of the power and fidelity of human emotions in all times and places; we cannot regret even the trials of Saul, in the view of enlarged humanity, for had he been other than he was, the world had been unblest with this episode of woman's grace and woman's tenderness, in the person of the Woman of Endor.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"



LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

[One of the most beautiful illustrations of this divine injunction of the Saviour, that we have ever met with, is the following version of an eastern fable.]

ABON RES ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
"And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his head
And, in a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered: "The names of those who love the
Lord!"
"And is mine one?" said Ben Adhem—"Nay,
not so,"
Replied the angel. Abon spake more low,
But cheerily still: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. "The next night
He came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE WIFE.

BY MRS. LUCY K. WELLS.

"Sad down, at sorrow's shrine to kneel,
For ever covetous to feel,
And impotent to bear!
Such once was hers—to think and think
On severed love, and only sink
From anguish to despair.

But nature to its inmost part,
Had faith refused, and to her heart
A peaceful cradle given;
Calm as the dew drops, free to rest
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast
Till it exhales to heaven!"

WORDSWORTH.

THE scene was one of deep and mournful interest. The mother, evidently in a deep consumption, and so reduced as to be confined to her chamber, was now, for the first time, to avouch the Lord Jehovah to be her God, and devote her children to him in baptism. She was sitting in an easy chair, pale as the white drapery that enveloped her emaciated form, save one bright spot upon her cheek, whose unearthly bloom told that the heart was wasting. The pastor was seated by her side, and her children were clustered around her. The two eldest were

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

Names:

Hunt, Leigh

Love Thy Neighbor
As Thyself

The Wife
Wells, Lucy K., Mrs.

Types:

book

poem

short story

daughters, just blooming into womanhood, and the saddened expression of their countenances showed that grief and fear were busy at their hearts, and formed a melancholy contrast to the joyous faces of the little ones, who

"Knew not yet how much they had to lose."

But where was the manly arm which should have been her support in an hour like this? Where was the eloquent, the highly-gifted being to whom some few years before she had yielded all the warm affections of her confiding heart? Methought now, the kind tones of that manly voice should have spoken comfort and cheer, and his arm should have sustained her in this hour of trial. Alas! he was an inebriate and a gambler, and now, though all were assembled, he was yet lingering around his accustomed haunts. He came at length, but with a flushed cheek and an unquiet eye. The mother took the vows of God upon her, and that Father received the little ones from her trembling hand and led them to the sacred font. She was calm and self-possessed. One tear alone dropped from her eye when she gave the last, a sweet infant, to his arms; but what her feelings were no one knew. Hitherto she had buried all in the recesses of her own bosom, for in that slight and now wasted form, was a soul formed to endure with patient uncomplaining sorrow; and capable of such perfect self-control; that to a careless eye she seemed not to suffer. She had shrunk from observation, and lived almost unknown even by the villagers around her. The only occupation which

seemed to interest her cultivated and delicate mind, was the instruction of her children; and well did the budding graces of those dear ones tell what that mother might have been, had her virtues been unfolded by the cheering sun of prosperity. But a fatal blight had fallen upon her cherished hopes—poverty had laid his withering grasp upon her—exhausting toils had depressed her spirit and weakened her frame, and now she stood upon the threshold of eternity, far from the friends of her youth, with only such a father to whom she could confide her little ones. Yes, there was another—the ever present Jehovah was her God, and surely he will be a father to those more than fatherless orphans.

Some days had elapsed, and Anna, a warm-hearted young girl, who delighted to watch by the interesting sufferer, and minister to her wants, was seated by her bedside. "Anna," said Mrs. N., "will you read to me?" Anna took up a small volume and read the tale of Gertrude, which has come down to us from olden times. Of Gertrude, the devoted, the heroic wife, who stood undismayed by her husband during a long night of fearful agony, while at the command of a tyrant he was suffering the torture of the rack. Gay as Anna seemed, there was a fount of deep feeling in her bosom, and as she read, tears gushed from her eyes, and her voice was choked by emotion. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "what sorrows fell to the lot of woman in those days of darkness and cruelty." "True," replied Mrs. N., "but there are deeper, bitterer griefs than hers! Sit nearer to me, my dear girl, and ere the clouds of the

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

84

THE WIFE.

valley close over this wasted form, I will draw aside the veil from my life and my heart, that you may see what woman is sometimes—yes, often called to endure, even in this favored Christian land. The recital will be but melancholy, yet to you, I trust, it may not be useless. (It may teach you to curb your excessive sensibility, and to watch over the deep, confiding tenderness of your heart, which will expose you to acute suffering in this world of sorrow.)

"You have heard me allude to the happiness of my early home, but if you have never been an inmate of such a dwelling, you cannot know the peace and harmony of that home. My health was delicate from my infancy, and around me clustered the tender cares and fond solicitude of parents, brothers, and sisters. Oh! how often in later years have I regretted that the confiding, trusting, and warm affections of my heart had been so cherished. Had it been otherwise,—had I been trained to more hardihood of feeling, and in a spirit of self-dependence, I might, perhaps, have let indifference and neglect pass by me unregarded. But why do I say this? Dependence, love, and gentleness are inwoven in woman's nature—and if, in some rare instances, the hardships of her lot compel her to shake them from her as incumbrances in her *lonely* course, in parting with them she throws off likewise half the grace and loveliness of her character. My father was devotedly pious, and often did he intreat me to give my young heart to the Saviour. But my sky was then without a cloud, and I could not believe that days of darkness would ever come upon me, or that I should ever need other light to guide

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 50 r10_05-03-000-0050 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

THE WIFE.

85

my footsteps than what beamed from my own domestic hearth. I fancied the time could never come when the voices of my kindred would not speak peace to my troubled spirit, and bid every anxious fear subside. But alas! how little I knew of the fearful capacities for intense agony of soul which lie hushed, like the sleeping spirit of the tempest, deep in the recesses of woman's heart. When the voice of some master-spirit has awakened these powers to torture, no voice, save His, who said to the tempest "Peace, be still," can speak peace to the tempest-tossed soul of the sufferer. To love and to be beloved was a necessity of my nature; yet I have seen the time when I felt a glowing pleasure in the thought that no sister was near to sympathize with me, and when even my gentle mother's voice would but have increased my anguish.

"We lived in extreme seclusion, and at the age of eighteen I was as ignorant of the world, as if bred in a convent. Then it was, that Mr. N., at that time a student in college, came into our neighborhood as an instructor. I believe the simplicity of my character won his heart, and my admiration of his splendid talents soon became a deeper feeling, when I saw the real generosity of his nature, and the deep impassioned tenderness which shed a charm over manners at times haughty and forbidding. We loved and frequented gay society and convivial parties, and once my cautious father said to me, "I hope, Emma, you will have influence enough to induce N. to leave the gay wine-drinking friends, of whom he speaks so often. Large known habits of intemperance thus formed." I smiled incredulously; "My

dear father, he drinks nothing but wine, and surely, he can be in no danger." Oh Blind, ignorant, that I was! I knew not that the bite of the serpent was equally deadly, whether twined around the brim of the glass of "fourth proof spirits," or closely, secretly coiled at the bottom of the sparkling wine cup. Death—death to the body, the mind, and the soul, ever follows his fang, and in abstinence from every beverage where he lurks, is the only safety. But I knew it not then, nor did I indulge fear for myself, or distrust for him. Secure in his devoted attachment to me, I asked no more.

"Some years passed before our marriage, and during that period I looked to him as a hiding-place from the storm, a covert from the tempest. I knew he would wish to shield me from all the ills of life, and, blind in my idolatry, I fancied he would possess the power. Oh! Anna, my dear girl, take warning from me, and beware of depending with such entire faith on any human being. (There is one friend, *only one*, who can *never change*, and *never fail*—a friend who will endure when a mother's voice is hushed in death—who will whisper of rest when brothers are far away, and the soft tones of a sister's love are powerless, and will throw around the defenceless and forsaken one the arms of His protecting love, when even a husband has become estranged and heartless. But for *that friend* there was then no place in my affections.

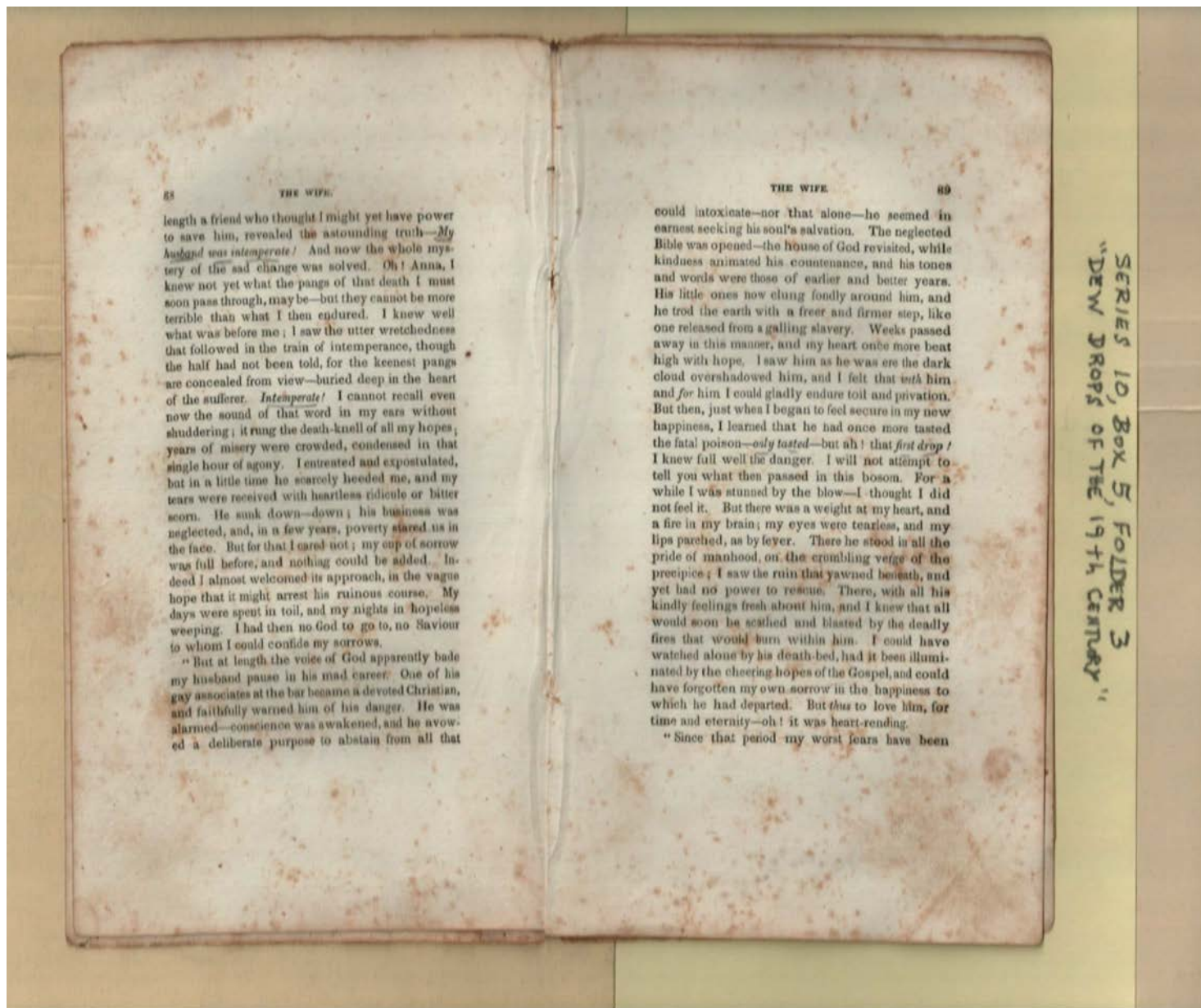
"We were married and came to this place with the fairest prospects, and for a few short months I was happy. I had indeed new cares, and I was in a land of strangers, but my husband's kindness supplied

the place of my early friends. He then possessed powers of conversation rarely equalled, and when the cheerful evenings came, the toils of the day were forgotten, while listening as he spread before me the stores of a gifted and highly-cultivated mind. I saw him, too, caressed and flattered, and in business at the bar, which afforded the promise of a princely income, and I willingly shut my eyes to the rocks and quicksands by which he was surrounded. Principles and habits, more firm than his, could hardly have withstood the temptations which assailed him. His associates at the bar were men whose principles were liberal and their habits free; and here nothing was seen or heard to remind us that we were to live beyond the grave. No settled pastor—the Sabbath was made a day of pastime—pleasure seemed the only object of pursuit, while intemperance with all its kindred vices stalked abroad with unblushing front. I shrank with disgust from the scenes I witnessed, and for a time fancied I should find in my home a sacred retreat. But, alas! it was not long ere my peace was invaded even there. I now found that home was losing its attractions for him who was

"My all of earth, my more than all of heaven."

His evenings were no longer spent with me, and when at a late hour he would return, his fine mind seemed clouded, and his temper harsh. I wondered and wept, and redoubled my efforts to please and to soothe him. For a long time I knew not what to fear, but felt a vague, undefined apprehension that some dreadful calamity was impending. But at

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"



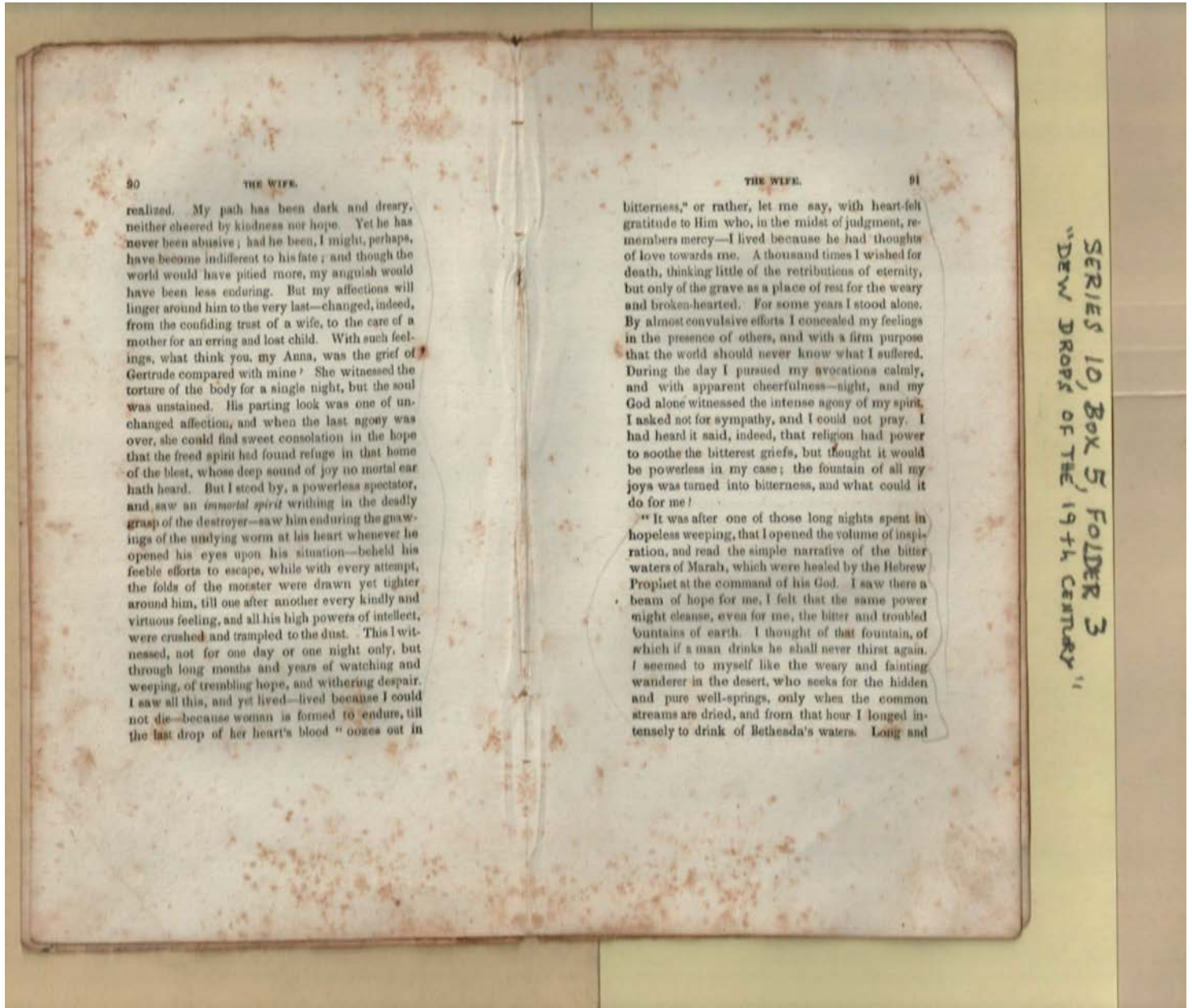
length a friend who thought I might yet have power to save him, revealed the astounding truth—*My husband was intemperate!* And now the whole mystery of the sad change was solved. Oh! Anna, I knew not yet what the pangs of that death I must soon pass through, may be—but they cannot be more terrible than what I then endured. I knew well what was before me; I saw the utter wretchedness that followed in the train of intemperance, though the half had not been told, for the keenest pangs are concealed from view—buried deep in the heart of the sufferer. *Intemperate!* I cannot recall even now the sound of that word in my ears without shuddering; it rung the death-knell of all my hopes; years of misery were crowded, condensed in that single hour of agony. I entreated and expostulated, but in a little time he scarcely heeded me, and my tears were received with heartless ridicule or bitter scorn. He sunk down—down; his business was neglected, and, in a few years, poverty stared us in the face. But for that I cared not; my cup of sorrow was full before, and nothing could be added. Indeed I almost welcomed its approach, in the vague hope that it might arrest his ruinous course. My days were spent in toil, and my nights in hopeless weeping. I had then no God to go to, no Saviour to whom I could confide my sorrows.

“But at length the voice of God apparently bade my husband pause in his mad career. One of his gay associates at the bar became a devoted Christian, and faithfully warned him of his danger. He was alarmed—conscience was awakened, and he avowed a deliberate purpose to abstain from all that

could intoxicate—nor that alone—he seemed in earnest seeking his soul's salvation. The neglected Bible was opened—the house of God revisited, while kindness animated his countenance, and his tones and words were those of earlier and better years. His little ones now clung fondly around him, and he trod the earth with a freer and firmer step, like one released from a galling slavery. Weeks passed away in this manner, and my heart once more beat high with hope. I saw him as he was ere the dark cloud overshadowed him, and I felt that *with* him and *for* him I could gladly endure toil and privation. But then, just when I began to feel secure in my new happiness, I learned that he had once more tasted the fatal poison—*only tasted*—but ah! that *first drop!* I knew full well the danger. I will not attempt to tell you what then passed in this bosom. For a while I was stunned by the blow—I thought I did not feel it. But there was a weight at my heart, and a fire in my brain; my eyes were tearless, and my lips parched, as by fever. There he stood in all the pride of manhood, on the crumbling verge of the precipice; I saw the ruin that yawned beneath, and yet had no power to rescue. There, with all his kindly feelings fresh about him, and I knew that all would soon be scathed and blasted by the deadly fires that would burn within him. I could have watched alone by his death-bed, had it been illuminated by the cheering hopes of the Gospel, and could have forgotten my own sorrow in the happiness to which he had departed. But *thus* to love him, for time and eternity—oh! it was heart-rending.

“Since that period my worst fears have been

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"



realized. My path has been dark and dreary, neither cheered by kindness nor hope. Yet he has never been abusive; had he been, I might, perhaps, have become indifferent to his fate; and though the world would have pitied more, my anguish would have been less enduring. But my affections will linger around him to the very last—changed, indeed, from the confiding trust of a wife, to the care of a mother for an erring and lost child. With such feelings, what think you, my Anna, was the grief of Gertrude compared with mine? She witnessed the torture of the body for a single night, but the soul was unstained. His parting look was one of unchanged affection, and when the last agony was over, she could find sweet consolation in the hope that the freed spirit had found refuge in that home of the blest, whose deep sound of joy no mortal ear hath heard. But I stood by, a powerless spectator, and saw an immortal spirit writhing in the deadly grasp of the destroyer—saw him enduring the gnawings of the undying worm at his heart whenever he opened his eyes upon his situation—beheld his feeble efforts to escape, while with every attempt, the folds of the monster were drawn yet tighter around him, till one after another every kindly and virtuous feeling, and all his high powers of intellect, were crushed and trampled to the dust. This I witnessed, not for one day or one night only, but through long months and years of watching and weeping, of trembling hope, and withering despair. I saw all this, and yet lived—lived because I could not die—because woman is formed to endure, till the last drop of her heart's blood "oozes out in

bitterness," or rather, let me say, with heart-felt gratitude to Him who, in the midst of judgment, remembers mercy—I lived because he had thoughts of love towards me. A thousand times I wished for death, thinking little of the retributions of eternity, but only of the grave as a place of rest for the weary and broken-hearted. For some years I stood alone. By almost convulsive efforts I concealed my feelings in the presence of others, and with a firm purpose that the world should never know what I suffered. During the day I pursued my avocations calmly, and with apparent cheerfulness—night, and my God alone witnessed the intense agony of my spirit. I asked not for sympathy, and I could not pray. I had heard it said, indeed, that religion had power to soothe the bitterest griefs, but thought it would be powerless in my case; the fountain of all my joys was turned into bitterness, and what could it do for me?

"It was after one of those long nights spent in hopeless weeping, that I opened the volume of inspiration, and read the simple narrative of the bitter waters of Marah, which were healed by the Hebrew Prophet at the command of his God. I saw there a beam of hope for me, I felt that the same power might cleanse, even for me, the bitter and troubled fountains of earth. I thought of that fountain, of which if a man drinks he shall never thirst again. I seemed to myself like the weary and fainting wanderer in the desert, who seeks for the hidden and pure well-springs, only when the common streams are dried, and from that hour I longed intensely to drink of Bethesda's waters. Long and

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

earnestly did I desire and seek the consolations which religion alone can give. And blessed be my Saviour's name, He has given me his peace—a peace that passeth understanding—such a deep rest and quiet of the soul, as I never knew before I was afflicted. The bitterness of my sorrows is taken away, now that I can rest in the sweet assurance that they are permitted by my heavenly Father—Father! what sacred memories cluster around that word. The home of my childhood rises again before me, with images of quiet and peace, and delightful confidence in the protection and care of a friend too kind to do wrong, and to wise to err. All this, and more than all this, do I now feel towards my heavenly Father. It is the filial, unwavering confidence of the child, raised from earth by the ethereal spirit of heavenly faith and love. Prosperity did not again beam upon my path. I have felt all the evils of penury, and the exhausting effects of toils far beyond my strength; but these things I scarcely felt. Indeed when hope is gone, and pride is crushed, and the tempest in the soul has subsided to the calmness of despair, though the world just then begins to pity, the keenest anguish is over—the death-struggle is past. The barbed arrow remains, indeed, to rankle at the heart, but the spirit closes in some measure above the wound, and the sufferer yields to the sweet influence of human sympathy, and the deeper and more abiding consolations of religion.

"My course is well nigh finished; sorrow and toil have ripened the seeds of consumption that were implanted in my feeble frame, and soon shall I enter

those mansions where sin and sorrow are unknown. My helpless orphans I can cheerfully leave to the care of Him who mercifully calls himself the Father of the fatherless. But for one—for the sake of that highly-gifted, but misguided spirit, I would willingly linger still longer on the shores of mortality, in the hope of yet reclaiming him. If it may not be—Heavenly Father, thy will be done." After a short pause she resumed; "You have heard the brief history of my life. I told you, at the commencement, of one lesson that I hoped it might teach you. Is there any other instruction or warning which my dear girl would draw from the melancholy recital?" "Oh, yes, I understand you; you allude to Henry—I saw you turn pale and your lips quiver a few weeks since, when he described the convivial, wine-drinking party he had just left; and I marked, too, the mingled sorrow and anger in your countenance, while listening to his keen ridicule of the thorough-going temperance societies. Alas! I knew not what cause you had for sorrow. Something, indeed, I knew, but had no suspicion that intemperance in a husband caused such deep anguish of spirit. I was thoughtless enough to join in his mirth; but forgive me, dear Mrs. N. I see now the ruin that is suspended over him, and I will never see him more." "No, my dear Anna, I do not advise to that course immediately. He is yet young, and you may save him. Tell him the story of my life; tell him my ill-fated husband began by wine-drinking—that it was thus the toils were wound around his free and noble spirit, till he is crushed, withered, blighted—a melancholy wreck of all he once was. Perhaps you

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

may convince him of his danger. But if you cannot—if he cannot be persuaded from honest conviction of impending wretchedness, to enter with all his heart the ranks of total abstinence, then, as you value all you hold dear on earth, resolve to see him no more, but banish him from your society, and his memory from your heart."

After this melancholy interview, Mrs. N. failed so rapidly that it was evident but a few days on earth remained for her, and a messenger was dispatched with the melancholy tidings to her distant parents. The aged father came alone to take a last look of the beloved being whom in infancy and youth he had so tenderly shielded from the ills of life. What passed at their parting hour I know not—for the father and the daughter held their last communing on this side eternity, alone. But is there a grey-haired father, or a mother, from whom

" Her youth,
Her bloom of cheek, her buoyancy of heart,"

have departed in the midst of the sweet yet exhausting cares of a parent, who cannot imagine, far better than words can tell, the thrilling emotions of such a parting? There are those yet living who will remember her patience, her unvarying meekness of spirit, and such will readily believe that not a word of censure, that no tones but those of pity for the author of her sufferings, passed her lips. She had never murmured, and now, with the living portals of heaven open before her, she seemed like a pitying angel, reluctantly, yet patiently, lingering awhile on earth. A scene yet more trying to the

mother's heart remained, in parting from her eldest daughter who was to return with her grandfather. The last words of counsel had been spoken by the mother, the last admonition had fallen upon her daughter's ear, and now they were voluntarily to take death's parting before the hour of dissolution arrived—a harder task, methinks, than when the near approach of the dazzling glories of the eternal world makes earthly objects grow dim to the view. To feel that during the last lingering days on earth, we shall miss the sweet voice of a beloved one—that she who received the mother's first kiss cannot mark the last look of affection, nor receive the last sigh of the departing spirit, must add bitterness even to a dying hour. But the sacrifice was required, and that gentle mother, depending on an unseen arm for support, meekly, yet firmly met the trial. "Dress me," said she to her attendant, "in my accustomed dress, and place me in the easy chair. I would not have my daughter remember me as clad in the white habiliments of the grave." Her request was complied with, and the hectic flush upon her cheek and the unwonted brightness of her eye, gave her the look of health even on the threshold of the grave. Her daughter gazed at her for a moment with mingled admiration and unutterable tenderness; "Mother, dear mother," she whispered, as she threw her arms around her neck, "you will yet be well and happy." "Yes, in Heaven, my love," she replied, feebly pressing her daughter to her bosom. "Go now, my daughter, and may God—your mother's God go with and bless you." One long, silent kiss, and the daughter has vanished, and

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

96

THE WIFE.

the rattling of the carriage-wheels which conveyed her from her home, fell upon the mother's ear. A slight convulsive shudder passed over her frame, but she clasped her hands and closed her eyes in silent prayer, and every trace of emotion vanished from her countenance. * * * * *

It was a Sabbath evening in autumn—the noiseless foot-fall, the hushed tones of the voice, and the looks of awe and sadness in that abode of sorrow, told that the last struggle was approaching. The patient sufferer awoke from a long and heavy slumber, which they had feared would be her last, and inquired in a feeble tone for her husband. And where was he? Alas I know not! He had not been watching by her bedside, nor had he been seen in the house of God. But one who knew his accustomed haunts, soon sought him out, and led him to that chamber of death. He approached the bedside with a careless air, saying, "Well, how is it with you now?" "I am dying, my husband," she replied, placing her thin pale hand in his. He staggered back a few paces, and throwing himself into a chair, groaned and wept aloud. The shock had sobered him, and now remorse, with her ten thousand talons, was busy at his heart. He thought of her as she was when he first took her from the warm shelter of her father's home—he remembered the uncomplaining meekness with which she bowed her head to the storms that had beat upon her, and then the memory of his own ingratitude for love like hers, of the indifference, neglect, and poverty, which had now brought her to an untimely death.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 57 r10_05-03-000-0057 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

THE WIFE.

97

awoke the gnawings of the undying worm. "Calm yourself for my sake, my husband," she whispered, "it is the last kindness I shall require of you; but for your own sake, remember your immortal soul. I can add nothing to what I have already said to you, I can but pray that a merciful God would arrest you in your course before it be too late—for ever too late." Her children were now brought to receive her last blessing. "Come hither, my dear ones," she said, with a heavenly smile. "I am going away from you for a little time. You have heard me talk of Heaven as my home; my Heavenly Father calls for me now, and I am going there; but if you remember my counsels and love the Saviour we shall soon be together. There the inhabitants shall no more say I am sick; there is neither sin nor sorrow, for God himself shall wipe all tears from my eyes. Are you not willing I should go?" The elder children wept bitterly; but a fine, noble-looking boy, six years of age, crept close to her, and whispered, "Yes, dear mother, you may go, for papa makes you cry so often here. You won't weep there any more, and may I not go too? I won't be afraid of the grave, if it is deep and dark, if you are there; and you said the Saviour was there once too—so he knows it all, and will not let the heavy cloths hurt me." "No, my dear children, nothing can harm you if you are followers of that which is good. Remember this if you are ever in sadness—remember, and may God Almighty watch over and bless"—her voice was choked—one convulsive shudder of the frame—one gasp for breath, and all was over. Her body was consigned to its last rest-

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 58 r10_05-03-000-0058 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

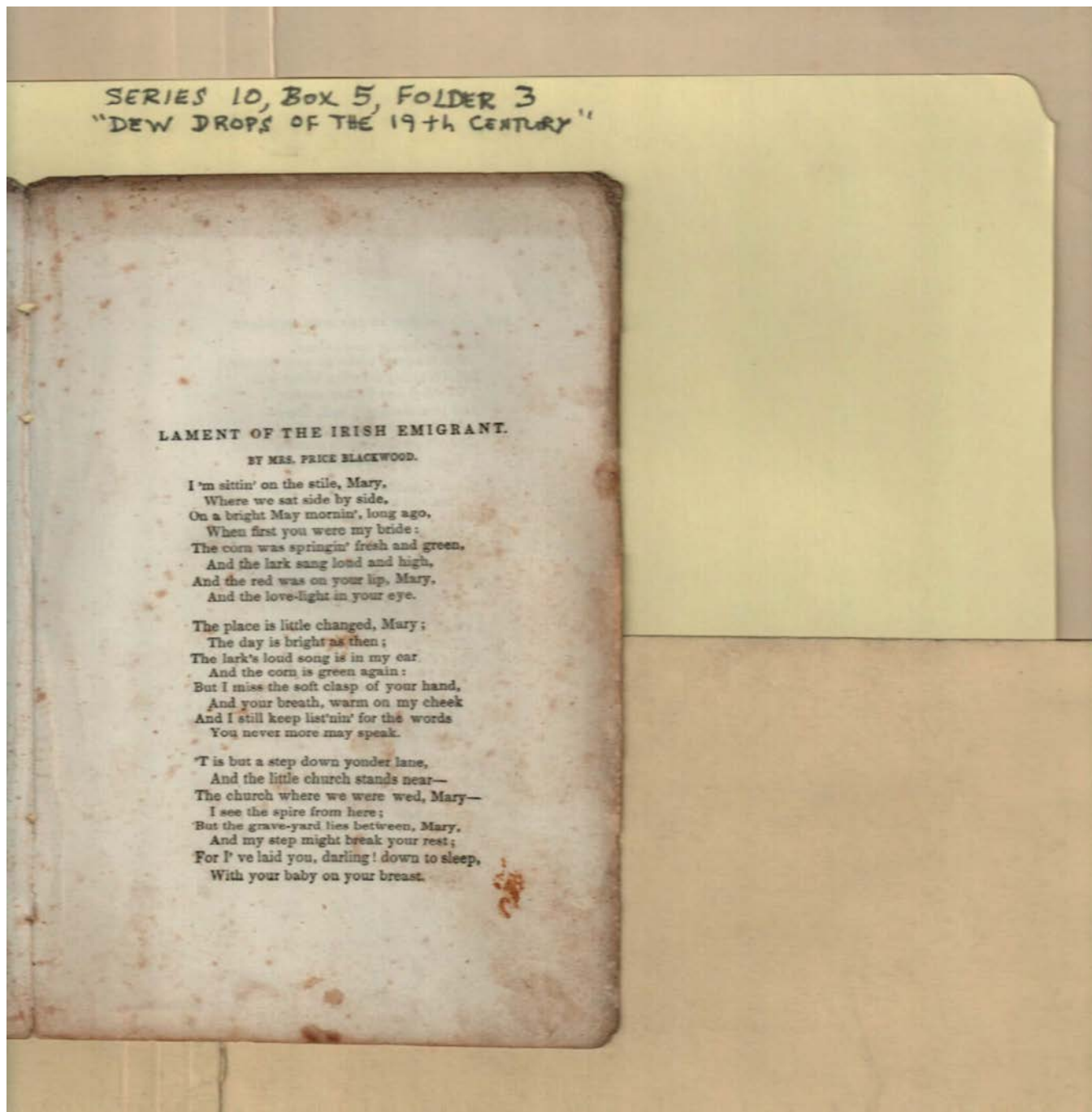
SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

98

THE WIFE.

ing-place in the village church-yard, while the father, with an unsteady step and flushed face, led by the hand his daughter, who seemed to feel that she was now indeed more than an orphan. The little ones followed two and two, and as the procession passed, the traveller turned aside and waited with uncovered head, and that reverence which grief ever commands from the human heart. The rattling of the clods upon the coffin, usually so mournful, as breaking the last tie that linked us to the departed, was now a pleasant sound. Thou art safe at last, gentle sufferer; meekly didst thou drain the bitter cup which was presented to thy lips, and now thou dost drink of the river of the water of life, which flows from the throne of God. Thy soul bathes itself in that fountain with a contented and peaceful delight, and shall never more know the vain thirsting of an immortal spirit for happiness that this world can never bestow.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 59 r10_05-03-000-0059 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Blackwood, Price,
Mrs.

Lament of the Irish
Emigrant

Types:

book

poem

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 60 r10_05-03-000-0060 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

100 LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

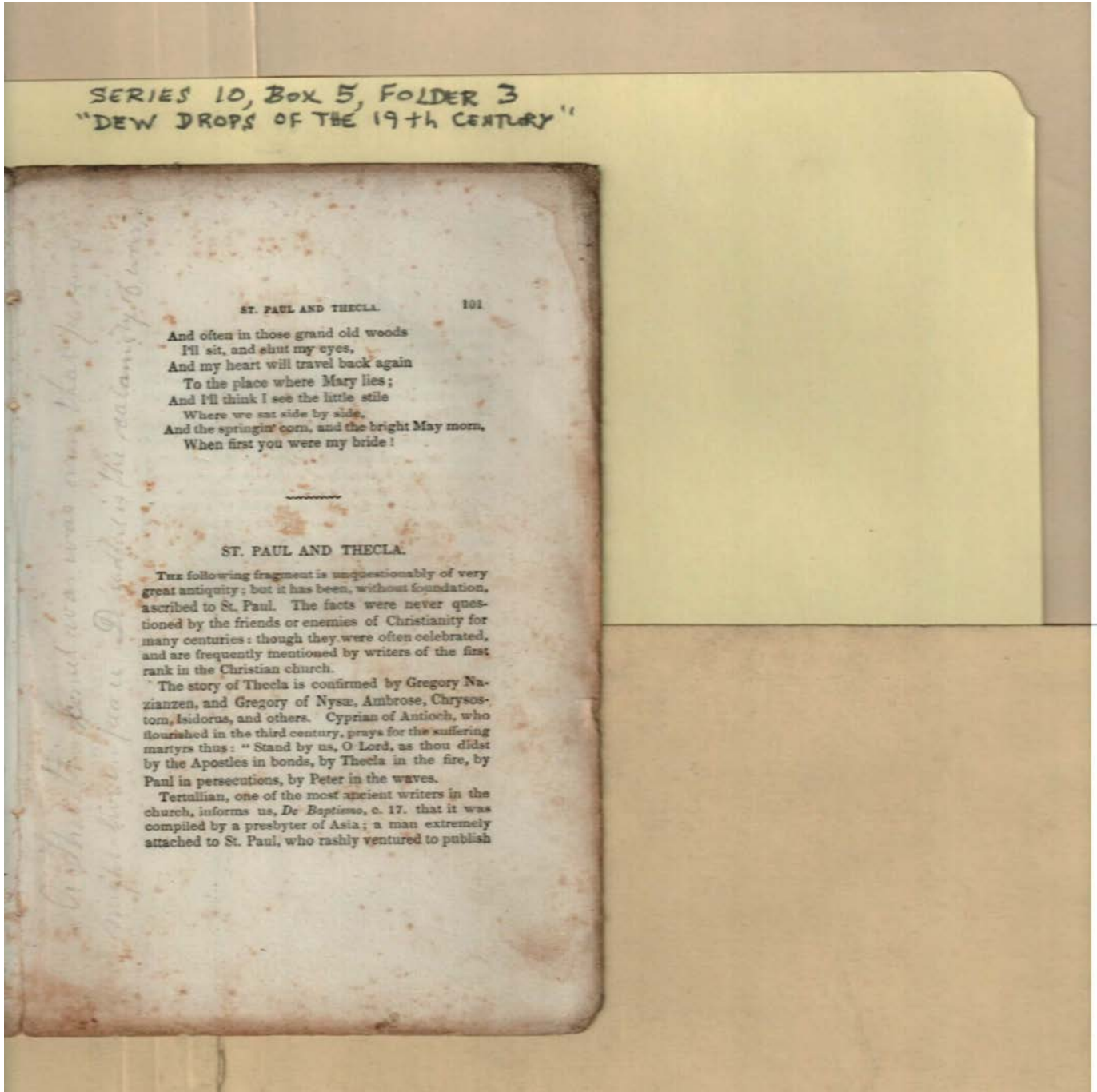
I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died!

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hopin' on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arms' young strength was gone
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow:
I bless you Mary, for that same,
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darlin',
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there:
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 61 r10_05-03-000-0061 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

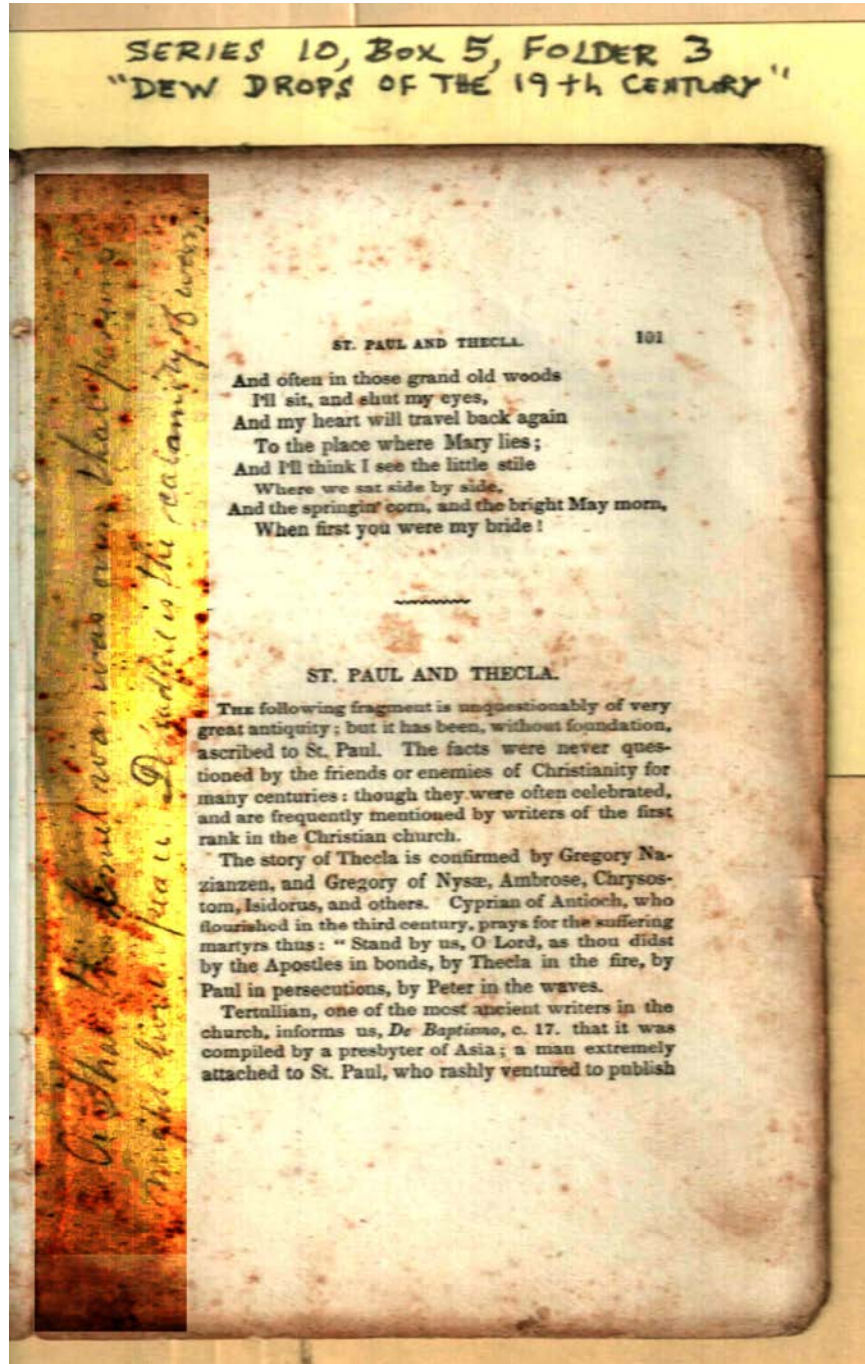


Names:

St. Paul and Thecla

Types:

narrative



Names:

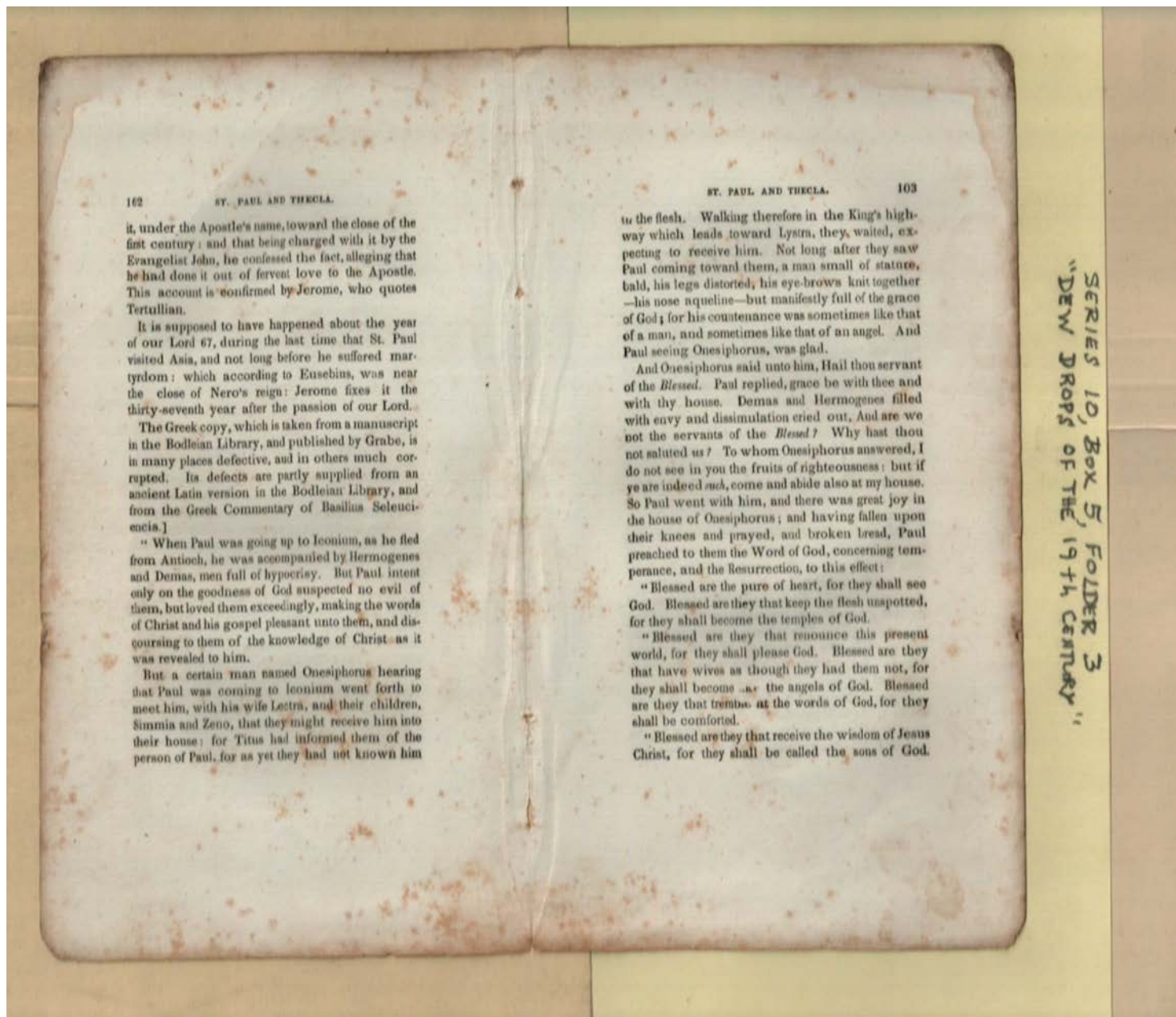
St. Paul and Thecla

marginal note

Types:

narrative

note



it, under the Apostle's name, toward the close of the first century: and that being charged with it by the Evangelist John, he confessed the fact, alleging that he had done it out of fervent love to the Apostle. This account is confirmed by Jerome, who quotes Tertullian.

It is supposed to have happened about the year of our Lord 67, during the last time that St. Paul visited Asia, and not long before he suffered martyrdom: which according to Eusebius, was near the close of Nero's reign: Jerome fixes it the thirty-seventh year after the passion of our Lord.

The Greek copy, which is taken from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, and published by Grabe, is in many places defective, and in others much corrupted. Its defects are partly supplied from an ancient Latin version in the Bodleian Library, and from the Greek Commentary of Basilus Seleuciensis.]

"When Paul was going up to Iconium, as he fled from Antioch, he was accompanied by Hermogenes and Demas, men full of hypocrisy. But Paul intent only on the goodness of God suspected no evil of them, but loved them exceedingly, making the words of Christ and his gospel pleasant unto them, and discoursing to them of the knowledge of Christ as it was revealed to him.

But a certain man named Onesiphorus hearing that Paul was coming to Iconium went forth to meet him, with his wife Lectra, and their children, Simmia and Zeno, that they might receive him into their house: for Titus had informed them of the person of Paul, for as yet they had not known him

in the flesh. Walking therefore in the King's highway which leads toward Lystra, they waited, expecting to receive him. Not long after they saw Paul coming toward them, a man small of stature, bald, his legs distorted, his eye-brows knit together—his nose aquiline—but manifestly full of the grace of God; for his countenance was sometimes like that of a man, and sometimes like that of an angel. And Paul seeing Onesiphorus, was glad.

And Onesiphorus said unto him, Hail thou servant of the Blessed. Paul replied, grace be with thee and with thy house. Demas and Hermogenes filled with envy and dissimulation cried out, And are we not the servants of the Blessed? Why hast thou not saluted us? To whom Onesiphorus answered, I do not see in you the fruits of righteousness: but if ye are indeed such, come and abide also at my house. So Paul went with him, and there was great joy in the house of Onesiphorus; and having fallen upon their knees and prayed, and broken bread, Paul preached to them the Word of God, concerning temperance, and the Resurrection, to this effect:

"Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are they that keep the flesh unspotted, for they shall become the temples of God.

"Blessed are they that renounce this present world, for they shall please God. Blessed are they that have wives as though they had them not, for they shall become as the angels of God. Blessed are they that tremble at the words of God, for they shall be comforted.

"Blessed are they that receive the wisdom of Jesus Christ, for they shall be called the sons of God.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

Names:

St. Paul and Thecla

Types:

narrative

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 64 r10_05-03-000-0063 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

104

ST. PAUL AND THECLA.

Blessed are they that keep the knowledge of Jesus Christ, for they shall dwell in light. Blessed are they that for the love of Christ have forsaken the form of this world, for they shall judge angels, and shall sit at the right hand of Christ, and shall see the day of judgment without bitterness."

Whilst Paul was discoursing thus in the house of Onesiphorus, Thecla, daughter of Theoclia, a virgin who was espoused to Thamyris, a prince of the city, standing at the window of her house continued night and day to hear the word spoken by Paul concerning the love of God, and faith in Christ; nor would she be removed: but being filled with exceeding joy became subject to the faith. And seeing many women and young persons entering in to hear Paul, she was exceedingly desirous of being counted worthy to stand in his presence, and to hear the word of Christ; for as yet she had never seen the person of Paul.

And as she continued thus to hear him, Theoclia, her mother, sent for Thamyris, and informed him, that Thecla had not risen from her place for three days, neither to eat, nor to drink; but in fixed attention on the words of Paul, had wholly given herself to that stranger, teaching seducing and wicked opinions: adding, This is the man that hath stirred up the whole city of Iconium, and hath perverted Thecla. But go thou and speak to her for she is espoused to thee.

Thamyris fearing the distraction of her mind, spoke to her with tenderness: "Why, Thecla, dost thou sit dejected thus, with thine eyes fixed on the ground? What new passion hath seized thee, and

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 65 r10_05-03-000-0064 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

ST. PAUL AND THECLA. 105

turned thee to this stranger? Turn to thy Thamyris and be ashamed." But she answering nothing, her mother and attendants wept bitterly. But Thecla continuing unmoved, turned from them to the word spoken by Paul.

Thamyris filled with despair, left the house, and going into the street watched those that went in and came out from Paul. And seeing two men sharply contending, he said, "Sirs, inform me who is this your companion, that seduces the minds of men, forbidding them to marry? I offer you great rewards if ye will declare, for I am chief in this city." Demas and Hermogenes replied, "We do not well know who this man is; but he deprives men of their wives, and virgins of their husbands, declaring that there will be no resurrection unless they continue pure, and free from the pollutions of the flesh."

Then Thamyris invited them to come and refresh themselves at his house. And having honorably entertained and rewarded them, he said, "Tell me, I pray you, Sirs, what is the doctrine of Paul, that I may know: for I am in great anguish for Thecla, on account of her love for this stranger?" Demas and Hermogenes, with one voice, cried out, "Deliver him to the governor as one that persuadeth the people to receive the doctrines of the Christians; and let him be put to death by the decree of the Emperor; and thou shalt have thy wife, and we will instruct her that the resurrection which he teacheth hath already taken place, and that we then have truly risen, when we are come to the knowledge of God."

Thamyris hearing these things was filled with

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

106

ST. PAUL AND THECLA.

rage; and rising early in the morning, went with officers and a guard, accompanied by a great multitude, to the house of Onesiphorus, and demanded Paul; saying, "Thou hast corrupted the city of Iconium and Thecia: come therefore to the governor." And all the people cried out, "Away with this sorcerer, for he hath corrupted our women."

And Thamyris standing before the judgment seat, cried with a loud voice to the governor, "We know not whence this man is—but he suffereth not our women to marry; let him therefore declare before thee for what cause he teaches these things." And the governor rising, called to Paul and said, "Who art thou? And what is thy doctrine? Grievous things are laid to thy charge?"

And Paul lifting up his voice, said, "If I am questioned with respect to my doctrine, O Governor, God, that seeketh nothing but the salvation of men—the Almighty, hath sent me to turn them from corruption and uncleanness, from sinful pleasures, and from death eternal. And for this cause, God hath sent his Son Jesus Christ, and I teach that men should place all their confidence in him. He alone hath had compassion on the offending world, that they might not fall into condemnation, but might have faith, and the fear of God, and sobriety of life, and the love of the truth. If, therefore, I teach these things only that have been revealed to me of God, in what do I offend?" The governor, hearing these things, commanded Paul to be bound, and to be cast into prison, till he should have opportunity of hearing him more fully.

But Thecla, finding that Paul was cast into prison,

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

ST. PAUL AND THECLA.

107

arose by night, and pulling off her ear-rings gave them to the porter, and delivering her silver mirror looking-glass to the keeper of the prison, she was admitted to see Paul; and placing herself at his feet, she heard the wonderful things of God. And perceiving that Paul regarded not what he suffered, but that he had confidence in the help of God, she was exceedingly confirmed in the faith.

When the morning arose great inquiry was made after Thecla by her household, and by Thamyris; for they feared that evil had befallen her. And examining the porter, they found that she was gone to the prison. And stirring up the people, they departed thence, and made it known to the governor; who commanded that Paul should be again brought to the judgment-seat. But Thecla still continued in the prison, and prostrated herself on the place where Paul had sat and instructed her. At length the governor commanded that she should also be called to the judgment-seat. Thecla hearing this, went forth with great joy. But the people cried out more vehemently against Paul, "He is a sorcerer, let him be put to death;" notwithstanding this the governor willingly heard Paul.

And having taken counsel he commanded Thecla to be brought near, and said unto her. "Wherefore art thou not according to the laws of Iconium, given in marriage to Thamyris." But Thecla, fastening her eyes steadfastly on Paul, answered nothing. Then her mother vehemently cried out, she should be burnt, that others might fear.

And the governor being exceedingly moved, commanded Paul to be scourged, and to be cast out of the city; but he condemned Thecla to be burnt.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

108

ST. PAUL AND THECLA.

At the time appointed, the governor went forth with the whole multitude to the theatre, to attend at this cruel spectacle. Then as a lamb in the desert looks round for her shepherd, so did Thecla for Paul. And after she had looked upon the multitude, she saw the Lord Jesus standing near, in the likeness of Paul: and she said within herself, "Paul is come to see me, as though I should not suffer patiently." And fastening her eyes upon him she saw him ascending up into heaven: then she understood what she had seen was the Lord. After her robes were taken off, she was brought forth: and the governor was struck with the force of her beauty and the patience and strength of her mind. The wood being placed in order, the people compelled her to ascend the pile. And she, stretching forth her hands in earnest prayer, ascended. And the people having put fire to it, the flames spread on every side, but it had not power to hurt her; for God had compassion upon her. And suddenly there was a great noise in the heavens, and a dark cloud overspread the amphitheatre, and the rain and hail poured down with great violence. So the fire was extinguished and Thecla was delivered.

Paul had fled, in the meantime, with Onesiphorus and his family to a tomb which lay in the way between Iconium and Daphne, and they continued fasting many days. Then sending forth one of the children to buy bread, he found Thecla in the way seeking for Paul.

When Thecla was come to the tomb she found Paul praying, and cried out "O Almighty Lord, Creator of heaven and earth, Father of thy holy and

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 69 r10_05-03-000-0068 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

ST. PAUL AND THECLA.

109

well-beloved Son Jesus Christ, I bless thee that thou hast delivered me from the fire, and given me again to see thy servant Paul." And Paul answered, "O God that searchest the heart, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, I thank thee that thou hast heard me."

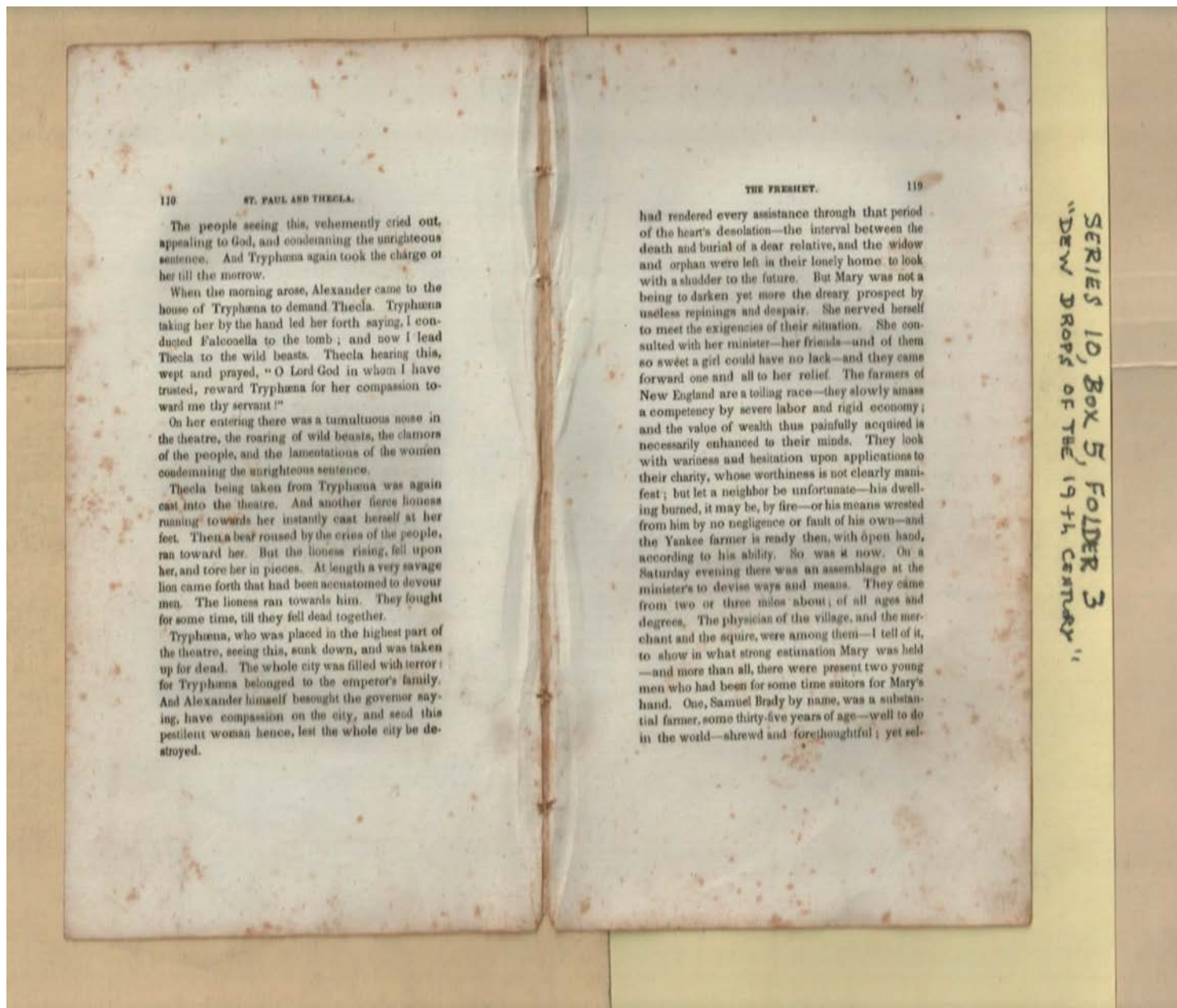
And breaking bread they refreshed themselves in all the holy works of Christ. And Thecla said unto Paul, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. But he replied, the days are evil—and thou art beautiful, woman—but patiently wait, and thou shalt receive the gift of Christ.

Having sent Onesiphorus and his family to their own house, he took Thecla, and departed towards Antioch. There Alexander, a man of great power in the city, saw and would have offered violence to her. But she cried out, dishonor not the handmaid of the Lord, and having repulsed him put him to great shame. Being filled with indignation, he brought her before the governor, who being bribed, condemned her to be cast to the wild beasts.

Thecla earnestly entreated the governor that her innocence might be preserved in safety, till she was brought forth to execution. When the governor had demanded with whom she might be entrusted, Tryphana, a woman of great wealth in the city, whose only daughter had lately died, made request to have the charge of her.

On the day when she was brought forth to the amphitheatre, they cast her to a very severe lioness. But when Thecla walked up to the lioness, the savage beast received her with a kind of reverence, and offered no violence to her, but came and gently licked her feet.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 70 r10_05-03-000-0069 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



missing pages

Names:

Harrington, H. F.

The Freshet

Types:

book

short story

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 71 r10_05-03-000-0070 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

120

THE FRESHET.

fish to a degree. Did he love Mary—was his heart bound to hers by an irresistible sympathy, all pervading, all engrossing, that true love which purifies the heart, and illumines life and the things of life with a steady glow—lighting up its dark passages, and investing its pleasant walks with intenser brightness? I doubt it—and the neighbors doubted it all along—notwithstanding that Mrs. Kennedy favored his suit, and almost quarreled with the gentle Mary that she would not listen to him; preferring, as she did, young Charles Hall, the carpenter, a whole-souled, earnest-hearted fellow—industrious, though poor at present—and possessing an energy to overcome all difficulties, and better still, loving Mary with a love that made him feel like a giant in strength of determination. He was the first to make a proposition and give their charity form and shape. "Come," said he. "Squire Haskins, there'll be one third of the lumber left after your barn is finished; and if Dr. Jones will add a little to it of what he's got down at the mill, there would be full enough to raise a snug little house. I'll build it free gratis, old and on, with some help from the neighbors about, and they'll have a roof over their heads at any rate. Who gives the land?"

There was a proposition! Who would refuse his mite? The minister with his eyes swimming, went up and taking Charles by the hand, gave it a pressure that told his Christian thankfulness; for it was not so much the offer, as the readiness and promptness with which it was made, which achieved the end. It kindled every heart in sympathy. "You're

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 72 r10_05-03-000-0071 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

THE FRESHET.

121

welcome to all that's over after the barn's completed," said Squire Haskins with a smile.

"And about that lumber down to the mill," added Dr. Jones, "I'm only sorry I haint any team to haul it where it will be wanted."

"Never mind about that," said Mr. Bliss, "my people'll be on hand with the cattle for that 'ere procedur, jest as soon as the word's giv out."

"Come to my store for nails, Mr. Hall," said the merchant.

Old grey-haired farmer Ware had had his head on his cane ever since Charles first spoke; and now at his first pause, he lifted it up, and half shutting one eye, and squinting with the other at a corner of the mantelpiece—don't laugh, for he was one of the best men that ever lived, rough as he was—and the more intently he squinted at an object before uttering his thoughts, the more valuable the thoughts were sure to be—he lifted up his head, I say, with his richest squint, and said in his slow unvarnished manner.

"My farm, you know, butts on Snake river; and right on the side as you go down to the bridge, the land makes off jest as level as can be conceived on, for a considerable distance. I guess, the fact is, I know sartin, there's risin' an acre in all out from the bridge down along. Now you're welcome to that 'ere. It'll be snug, and enough on't for a little garding, leavin' out what's took for the house to set on. If that don't suit ye, say where you'd rather have an acre or so—but I'm minded that's a slick place."

It was just the place for Mary. This flat spot

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

122

THE FRESNET.

was one of the tables of land I have described above; and the scenery around was glorious—a continual feast for her ardent imagination. Let me describe it to you. The stream, not very large in its own dimensions, came foaming and dashing in tiny cataracts, through a deep ravine, to mingle its waters with the Connecticut. Across it, about a quarter of a mile from its mouth, a bridge had been thrown for the high road. Its timbers rested on everlasting foundations—the solid rocks on either shore, between which, thirty feet below the bridge, the river dashed along. At the same time, the bridge itself was low in the ravine; for there was a steep descent on either side to reach its level. Above, a mill had been built, whose huge over-shot water wheel turning about down in the very depths of the ravine, dripping ever with spray, added to the romance of nature; while the water played over its dam in a clear unbroken sheet, lulling the senses with its monotonous hum. Below, on one side, birches, hemlocks and stunted pines shrouded the steep bank from the top to the very edge of the stream; and on the other, just midway, was the table of land, proposed to be given by Farmer Ware. Don't you agree with me, reader, that it was just the spot for Mary?

Before many months, a pretty dwelling was erected, and Mrs. Kennedy and Mary installed in possession. It was two stories in height, because a better view could be obtained by a little more elevation; and Charles was ever on the watch for the comfort of the being he loved. On the lower floor were two rooms, one for kitchen and parlor in common—for

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

THE FRESHET.

123

under Mary's housewifery, so far as neatness and arrangement were concerned, her kitchen always looked like a parlor—the other for a school-room—for she was to have twenty little scholars all the year round, at twelve and a half cents a week each—and that, mind you, in a country village, so far inland, was quite an income for her. Above, were two bed-rooms; and Mary's, rest assured, was on the westerly side of the house, looking up the stream—and fitted up with every possible convenience.

Mary understood and appreciated the delicate management Charles exhibited in this, indeed she knew that she owed to him—to his enterprize and energy, guided by his love, the most of her present comfort; and she poured out upon him that intensity of affection which ever fills woman's heart to overflowing when she is truly loved. But she was not happy in her love. The house was finished—the school collected—and there in the midst of nature's glory, Mary had nothing to desire for mind or body—yet with all, she was not happy. The laugh of the children echoed merrily from the hills, and mingled with the sound of the waters, and to them, their idolized instructress wore always a cheering and alluring smile, but an aching void was beneath. The secret was here. Her mother, a woman of strong prejudices, had imbibed a dislike for Charles, which not all his goodness to her, in her lone widowhood, had overcome. Whenever he visited Mary, she testified by hints and insinuations that he was disagreeable to her, and she seemed to delight in tormenting her daughter by the open expression of her feelings, and by asserting her strong

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

124

THE FRESHET.

disapproval of the connection. This treatment was aggravated by her encouragement of Brady, who yet persevered in his suit, in the face of Mary's coldness. I have said that I doubted his love for her. Let me not be understood to mean that he was guided solely by selfish motives—far from it. He loved, perhaps, as well as he was capable of loving—but by his very nature his attachments were tainted with alloy. He knew Mary to be one of a thousand in capacity—that she would make a capital dairy woman, and to help a husband to get rich. We will give him credit for some perception of her charms—but he was incapable of fervent love.

So waned the summer hours—and autumn's ruddy tinge pervaded nature. Winter came; and that, too, with its storms and bleakness passed away. Mary still taught her little school—still bore the complainings and reproaches of her mother with unrepining fortitude and submission. She was kind as ever to her parents; but alas! she was compelled to meet her lover in stolen interviews, and submit to receive in passive sufferance at least, the visits of her mother's favorite, whom she now looked on with growing dislike. One day, in early spring, Brady represented to her mother that a crisis must be obtained—that he must learn decisively his standing with her, as his home demanded a mistress speedily. Mrs. Kennedy told him that Mary should marry him; and content to woo the daughter through the mother, he left her, much pleased with the result of the interview.

It was a fair deduction that he was unworthy of

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

128

THE FRESHET.

down the hill to the bridge, a few minutes before the assemblage in the school-room, to drop sticks into the water, as they had been accustomed, and scream with delight as they were borne along, dashing against the stones in their course. But now, when they reach the bridge, a thrill of awe stole through their hearts, and they stood motionless, and almost breathless, with the sticks in their hands that they had gathered higher up the bank, as they gazed on the unusual aspect of the stream. It poured over the dam in a fierce and muddy cataract, hissing and boiling, and being compressed into a narrower compass, by the jutting rocks on which the bridge rested, it foamed between them, imparting in its gigantic impetus, a tremble to both the bridge and its foundations. Now and then huge logs came dancing madly over the dam; and striking upon one end on the ledge beneath, leaped up into the air, and plunged in again. One of more elastic fibre than the rest, struck the bridge in its fall, while the girls were up on it, and shattered the railing; and then their mingled fear and awe found utterance in screams, and they ran to the house afraid to linger longer. Mary, herself unconcerned, took her station by the window in the school room, and could not keep her eyes from the river, so terribly majestic was its flow. Finally she became interested in her duties and half an hour passed—and when again she looked out upon the water, it was verily within a few feet of the floor of the bridge—and its whole, foaming surface covered with logs and timber brought from above. The mill appeared half immersed in a boiling gulf, and then—in a moment—while she was

bosom heaved, and her tears mingled with the rain-drops,—and to make them the arbiters of her fate.

It rained all night, hard and steadily. She had determined to trip up to the minister's before school hours in the morning; but all the morning it was one continued pour—pour; and she could not leave the house. She had no pupils that day on account of the storm, and her loneliness and agitation were unrelieved by customary duty. She had promised to meet Charles in the evening beneath an aged oak, their sacred trysting-place, but it poured down so as to prevent her, and oh, how much more saddening was this! All night—a sleepless night to her—it was plash—plash—plash—upon the saturated earth; and the river's roar—for two days and nights of rain had swelled it to a mimic torrent—sounding like the knell of desolation. She awoke and looked abroad, when daylight dawned upon her sleepless eyes. All nature seemed resolved into wetness—and still, the third day, it was raining hard as ever. Again no pupils—again a dreary, dreary day—and no cessation to the storm. But toward night it cleared away—the sun broke forth—the atmosphere became sultry as in midsummer, and the drops glistened like pearls upon the trees. The birds that had begun to assemble from their more southerly sojourn during the cold weather, sung gaily on the branches, and all was life and light again. The change in nature's aspect infused a kindred influence into Mary's bosom, and she began to hope once more. But about midnight, after the strange sultriness had become oppressive distant thunder rolled sluggishly on the ear, giving warning of a second change

Soon a rising breeze whispered through the trees—increasing every moment, until it blew a shrill whistle, as it careered round the corner of the house, and dashed the branches against each other, until they creaked and grated in the harsh collision. It died away for a moment, and nature was hushed in unbroken and awful repose; as though, for it was growing blacker and blacker with the dense clouds, she was drawing a long breath to prepare for a terrible conflict. Then the sharp lightning flash, followed, almost instantly, by a crash of thunder that made the very hills tremble to their foundations, started sleepers bewildered from their beds, with dazzled eyes—and anon all at once, torrents poured down from the black sky, overpowering, in the sound of their contact with the earth, the very roar of the stream. There was but that one peal of thunder—but until nearly sunrise there was no pause in the rainfall. The sun however rose in majesty in an almost clear sky, and men felt that his beams would gladden them through the day.

There had been three days and two nights of storm—and finally this last half-night's torrent; and it was a strange forgetfulness in some of Mary's patrons to send their children to school that day for a thought would suffice to convince, that when time had elapsed after all this flooding, for the surcharge-rills and rivulets to pour their contents into the larger streams, fearful freshets were to be feared. It was strange, too, that Charles did not dream that the pride of his heart might be in danger. Apathy seemed to have fallen like a mantle upon all, and there were four or five little girls went skipping

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

128

THE FRESHET.

down the hill to the bridge, a few minutes before the assemblage in the school-room, to drop sticks into the water, as they had been accustomed, and scream with delight as they were borne along, dashing against the stones in their course. But now, when they reach the bridge, a thrill of awe stole through their hearts, and they stood motionless, and almost breathless, with the sticks in their hands that they had gathered higher up the bank, as they gazed on the unusual aspect of the stream. It poured over the dam in a fierce and muddy cataract, hissing and boiling, and being compressed into a narrower compass, by the jutting rocks on which the bridge rested, it foamed between them, imparting in its gigantic impetus, a tremble to both the bridge and its foundations. Now and then huge logs came dancing madly over the dam; and striking upon one end on the ledge beneath, leaped up into the air, and plunged in again. One of more elastic fibre than the rest, struck the bridge in its fall, while the girls were up on it, and shattered the railing; and then their mingled fear and awe found utterance in screams, and they ran to the house afraid to linger longer. Mary, herself unconcerned, took her station by the window in the school room, and could not keep her eyes from the river, so terribly majestic was its flow. Finally she became interested in her duties and half an hour passed—and when again she looked on upon the water, it was verily within a few feet of the floor of the bridge—and its whole, foaming surface covered with logs and timber brought from above. The mill appeared half immersed in a boiling gulf, and then—in a moment—while she was

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

THE FRESHET.

129

looking upon it, and terror was paralyzing her heart. it tottered and wavered—and tearing away some of the main supports of the dam as it was upheaved from its foundations, dam, mill, and all, were dashed against the bridge. Wedged in between the eternal rocks that formed its abutments, it partially closed the natural channel, and the fast increasing waters swelled upwards—ay, poured over the bridge—and swelled and swelled—all in a very minute—until, forcing a way round, on the side of Mary's house—which you know was on the table of land, but a few feet above the level of the bridge—it came roaring on, and dividing a short distance above the house, a part tumbled into the ravine, while a part poured down the slight concavity between the house and the hill side—the space being about fifteen feet wide. All this, as I say, was the work of a minute—and when Mary found voice to scream "Mother! Mother!" these lone females and children were isolated there in the foaming waters, with none to counsel or to save!

They rushed to the door—but to have attempted to force that furious current had been madness! It seemed death to remain too—for soon the stream was at the very door-sill—and when Mary took in her arms the last of the paralyzed children to convey it up-stairs, every foot-fall splashed in the water that now covered the floor! They screamed for help from the upper windows—how the thunder of the torrent mocked and drowned their feeble voices! Then the hope of life being passed away, they knelt and prayed to Almighty God to have mercy upon their souls!

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

130

THE FRESHET.

By this time the stream had so risen as to half fill the lower story of the house, and conceal the bridge entirely, which, protected from the logs by the blockade on its upper side, still maintained its position. But this made the situation of the females and children the more dangerous; for timber, logs and wrecks of buildings sailed furiously by the house on either side, only prevented from beating it to destruction with its precious contents, by a tree that breasted their onsets and partially diverted their course. But now and then it failed to check some tumbling fragment—which thundered against the dwelling—shivering the glass of the windows, and making every timber shake in the concussion—but making the poor hearts within to shake and shiver more!

By and bye, one tardy villager after another appeared on the bank above, and though not a word they spoke could be heard by Mary and her mother in the fierce roaring, their frantic gestures too truly bespoke their horror, and cast a deeper gloom upon the sufferers. Then Charles appeared. He darted down to the edge of the water—then up again—casting his eyes around in widness, unknowing what to do! What a sight for his eyes to behold! There knelt Mary by the window, pale as death, with clasped hands and dishevelled hair, looking upon him and he helpless as an infant, in the face of that mighty danger! Yet he shouted to her to hope still, in a voice whose trembling testified to his own despair—and not a sound of which reached her ears. Once or twice, in his very madness he would have sprung into the torrent—but was held

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

THE FRESHET. 131

forcibly back by the villagers. Brady came too—and his comparative calmness formed a strong contrast to the wild anxiety which Charles exhibited. He at once declared that nothing could save them; and shook his head at every plan suggested by one and another.

"It is vain—all vain," he cried again. "They cannot be saved!"

"Liar!" cried Charles, with quivering lip and starting tears, "she must—she shall be saved!" He rushed once more to the water's brink—once more would have plunged in, and was again drawn back. Then, wringing his hands in very agony, as a huge log struck the house and crashing through the side, inclined it fearfully, he burst into a frenzied laugh as he exclaimed, "I have it! I have it! follow me! follow me!"

The village was half a mile distant. To that he directed his rapid course, followed by his townsmen, the most regarding him now as a poor maniac—but some, among whom were the scarcely less maddened parents of the exposed children, inspired with sudden hope. Charles paused, breathless, at the tall "Liberty pole" on the green. "Dig it down," he cried, "for heaven's sake, quick! quick! or they are lost!"

What will not men's energies accomplish in an emergency like this! They caught his fire of hope—they sprung to toil—the pole was rooted up in a few moments—horses was chained to it as speedily—and away they went with their burden on the full gallop,—as though the very beasts knew that many precious lives were depending on their speed

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

132

THE FRESHET.

Arrived at the bank, the pole was slid down, until Charles' accurate perception of the proper distance arrested it; and then, lifting up its end, it was directed to the house, and the females being motioned from the window, it was so truly aimed that it struck the sill! Oh, Heaven—what a shout arose! That overtopped the torrent's roar, and filled the ears of the endangered ones with gladness. Quicker than thought Charles disrobed himself of a portion of his clothing, and hanging from the pole, ascended to the window by the aid of his hands and feet, above the boiling tumult below, fast as a practised sailor climbs the mast.

"Come Mary," said he, "not a moment is to be lost!"

"The children first!" she resolutely said.

He knew her moral resolution. He revered her self-sacrifice in that awful hour; and yielded without a word of argument. Fastening a child to his back with shawls and handkerchiefs, he returned as he had come, and safely deposited his burden. Why need I multiply words? Thus did he restore all those five children safely to the arms of their parents—when not the parents themselves or one other villager dared to brave death as he did, in his aid! But Mary and her mother were in danger still—yes hideous danger—for the house was assailed now by stroke after stroke, and yielded more and more, and, it was plain, must soon be swept away. Charles was in the room again—

"Now Mary! now Mary!"

"My mother before me!"

He almost shrieked as he obeyed her, for his

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 83 r10_05-03-000-0082 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

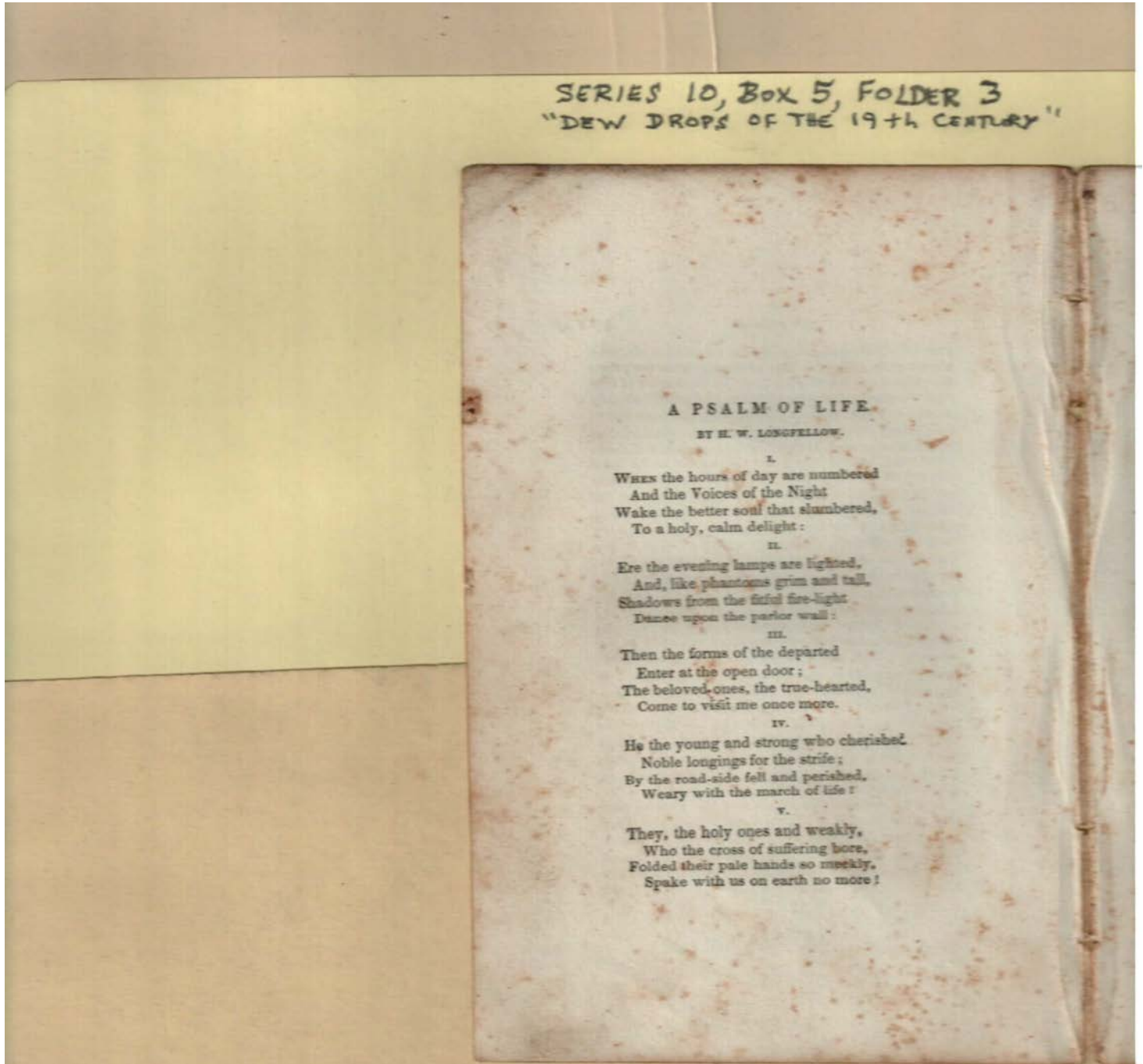
THE FRESHET.

133

strength, nerved as it was by the exciting crisis, was almost gone. But the face of the girl wore the calmness and elevation of an angel: all the tumult of fear had vanished—the sting of death had passed already away, and he knew as before, that she was not to be shaken. But before he left her, he strained her to his bosom, and kissed her lips, cheek, and forehead, and looked upon her in agony, as he said "farewell!"—for he felt, while the shattered house reeled at every frequent crash against it, that he should never more see her alive! Then he lashed Mrs. Kennedy to his back, and, as he had done with the children, descended with her. But it was slowly—painfully—and when he reached the shore, he laid motionless for a moment, breathing hard in his exhaustion; while the blood covered his lacerated hands and feet. But Mary was not yet saved!—his own Mary! He sprang to the pole again—he entered the chamber—he appeared with her at the window! The house tottered as though suspended on a point! They shouted to encourage him; and he started on this last descent! Once—twice—three times, he hung without motion in his absolute exhaustion! Yet again he started! He approaches the shore! Their hands almost touch him! They have indeed, grasped his feet!—and now, while house, pole and all go thundering down the abyss, the lovers are drawn to the safe, dry bank!

No pen ere this has chronicled his godlike feat. Was it not worthy of Mary's hand, which Mrs. Kennedy now freely accorded to him? You may well imagine how he strides forward to wealth and honor—a man like that—with such a wife to encourage him!

12



Names:

A Psalm of Life

Longfellow, Henry

Wadsworth

Types:

book

poem

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 85 r10_05-03-000-0084 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

A PSALM OF LIFE. 135

VI.

And with them the Being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in Heaven.

VII.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

VIII.

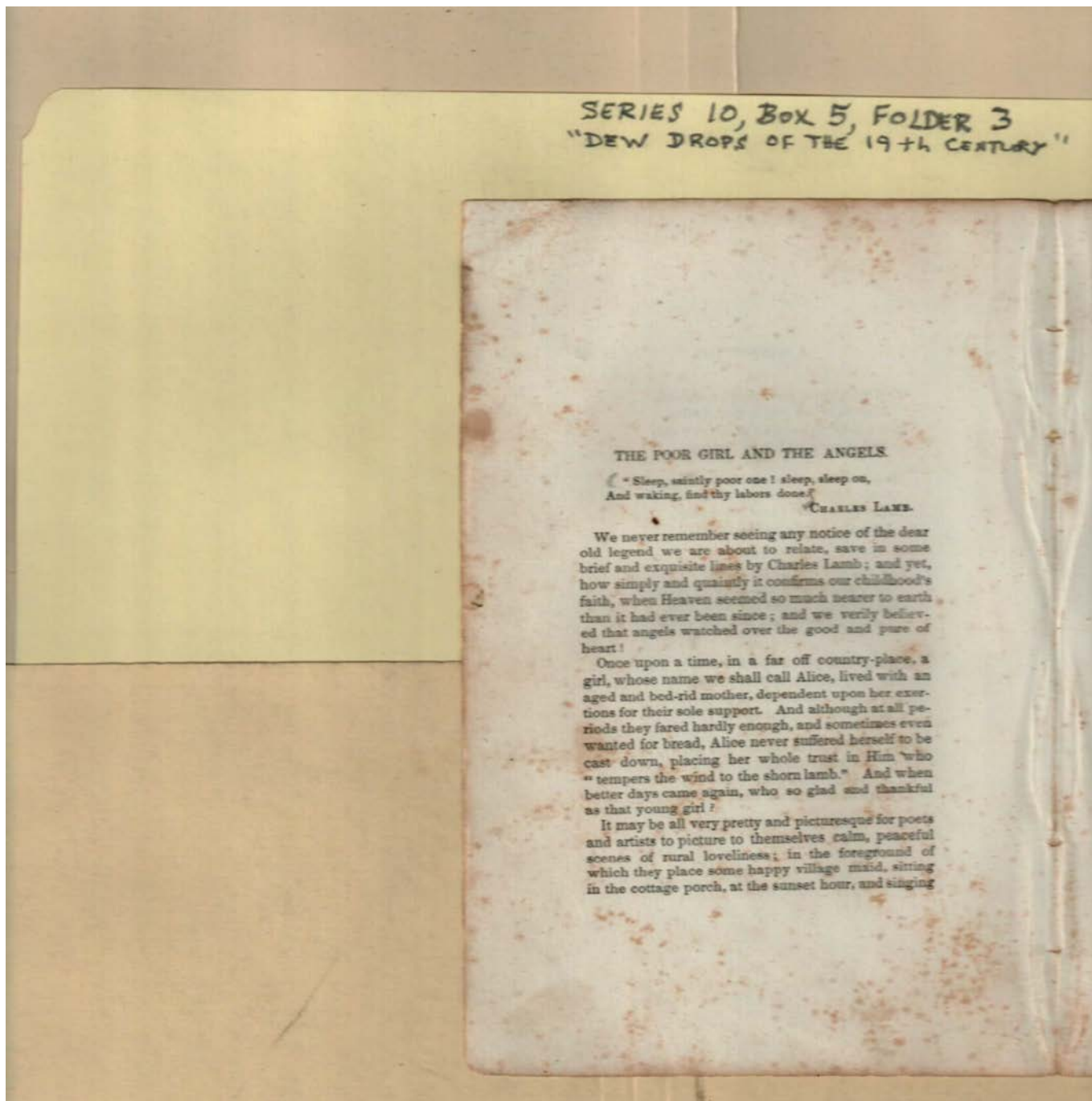
And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

IX.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

X.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!



Names:

The Poor Girl and the
Angels

Types:

short story

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 87 r10_05-03-000-0086 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS. 127

merrily at her wheel; even as bright-eyed and glad-hearted damsels of our own times take up their sewing, only as a pleasant excuse to be silent and alone, that they may indulge in sweet and gentle musing. But let us not forget that which is as a pastime to the few, may be to the many a weary and never-ending toil, engrossing the day that seems so long, and yet is not half long enough for all they have to do; breaking into the quiet hours set apart by nature for rest, and mingling even with their troubled dreams. Thus it was oftentimes with our heroine and yet she sang, too, but generally hymns, for such sprang most readily to her lips, and seemed most in harmony with her lonely and toilsome life—while her aged mother would lie for hours, listening to what seemed to her a gush of sweet and prayerful music, and not questioning but the songs of the good on earth might be heard and echoed by the angels in Heaven! Poor child! it was sad to see thee toil so hard—but beautiful to mark thy filial devotion and untiring love—thy thankfulness to have the work to do, otherwise both must have starved long since! Thy trust in Providence, that for *her* sake it would give thee strength for thy laborious tasks—the hope that would not die, of better times—the faith that grew all the brighter and purer through trials—the store of sweet and pious thoughts that brought thee such pleasant comfort, and gave wings to many a weary hour of earthly toil.

For years Alice had contrived to lay by enough to pay the rent of their little cottage, ready against the period when it should become due: but now, either

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 88 r10_05-03-000-0087 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

138

THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS.

from the widow's long illness, or the hardness of the times, which ever presses in seasons of national or commercial difficulty most heavily upon those least able to struggle against its additional weight, the day came round and found her unprepared. It so happened that the old landlord was dead, and his successor one of those stern men, who without being actually hard-hearted, have a peculiar creed of their own with regard to the poor, which they are never weary of repeating; holding poverty to be but as another name for idleness, or even crime! a baneful error which has done much to plunge its unhappy victims into their present fallen condition; and yet even he was touched by her tears, and meek deprecating words, and consented to give her one week's grace, in which she reckoned to have finished and got paid for the work she then had in the house. And although the girl knew, that in order to effect this, she must work day and night, she dared not ask a longer delay, and was even grateful to him for granting her request.

"It will be a lesson to her not to be behind-hand in future," thought her stern landlord, when he found himself alone; "no doubt the girl has been idling of late, or, spending her money on that pale-colored hood, she wore, (although, sooth to say, nothing could have been more becoming to her delicate complexion), instead of having it ready as usual." And yet, sleeping, or waking, her grateful thanks haunted him strangely, almost winning him to gentler thoughts—we say almost, for deep-rooted prejudices such as his, were hard—very hard—very hard to overcome.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 89 r10_05-03-000-0088 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS. 139

Alice returned home with a light heart.
"Well?" said the widow, anxiously.
"All right, dear mother; with God's blessing we will keep the dear old cottage in which you tell me you were born."

"And hope to die—"
"Not yet—not yet, dear mother!" exclaimed the girl, passionately. "What would become of your poor Alice, if she were to lose you?"

"And yet I am but a burden on your young life—"

"No, no—a blessing rather!"
Alice was right; labor and toil only ask an object—something to love and care, and work for, to make it endurable, and even sweet! And then kissing her mother, but not saying a word of all she had to do, the girl took off the well preserved hood and cloak which had given rise to such unjust animadversions, and putting them carefully aside, sat down in a hopeful spirit to her wheel. The dark cloud which had hung over her in the morning, seemed already breaking, she could even fancy the blue sky again in the distance.

All that day she only moved from her work to prepare their simple meals, or wait upon the helpless but unselfish invalid, who, but for the eyes of watchful love ever bent upon her, would have striven painfully to perform many a little duty for herself, rather than tax those willing hands, always so ready to labor in her behalf. And when night came, fearing to cause that dear mother needless anxiety, Alice lay down quietly by her side, watching until she had fallen asleep; and then rising

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

140

THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS.

noiselessly, returned to her endless tasks. And yet, somehow, the harder she worked, the more it seemed to grow beneath her weary fingers; the real truth of the matter was, she had over-rated her own powers, and was unaware of the much longer time it would take for the completion of the labor than she had allowed herself. But it was too late to think of all this now; the trial must be made, and Heaven, she doubted not, would give her strength to go through with it. Oh! happy—thrice happy! are they who have deserved to possess this pure and child-like faith, shedding its gentle light on the darkest scenes of life.

Morning broke at length over the distant hills; and Alice, flinging open the casement, felt refreshed by the cool breeze, and gladdened by the hymning of the birds already up and at their crisons; or exchanged a kind good morrow with the peasants going forth to their early labor. No wonder that those rough, untutored men, gazing upward on her pale calm face, and listening to her gentle tone, felt a sort of superstitious reverence in their hearts, as though there was a blessing in that kindly greeting which boded of good.

The widow noticed with that quick-sightedness of affection, which even the blind seem gifted with, in the presence of those they love, that her child looked, if possible, a thought paler than usual; and for all the bright smile that met hers every time, Alice, feeling conscious of her gaze, looked up from her work, marked how wearily the heavy eyelids drooped over the aching eyes, and yet she never dreamed of the deception which had been practised in love,

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS. 141

to soothe and allay her fond anxiety; and the girl was well content that it should be so.

It so happened, that about noon, as she sat spinning in the cottage porch, the new landlord passed that way on horseback, and was struck with her sad and wearied looks—for of late she had indeed toiled beyond her strength, and this additional fatigue was almost too much for her. But still that stern man said with himself, "It is ever thus with the poor, they work hard when actually obliged to do so, and it is a just punishment for their improvidence and idleness at other times. And yet," he added a moment after, as he turned his horse's head, half-lingeringly, "she is very young, too."

Alice looked up at the sound of retreating footsteps, but too late for her to catch that half-releuting glance, or it might have encouraged her to ask an extension of the time allotted her—aye, even if it were but one single day—but he had passed on ere the timid girl could banish from her mind the fearful remembrance of his former harshness.

Another weary day and sleepless night glided on thus, and the third evening found her still at her spinning, with the same smile on her lips, and hope and trust in her breast.

"Is there nothing that I can do to help you my Alice?" asked her mother, who grieved to see her obliged to toil so hard.

"Nothing—unless indeed, you will tell me some tale of old times, as you used to years ago, when I was a child."

"Why, you are but a child now," said the widow with a mournful smile: and then inwardly compar

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

142 THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS.

ing her lot with that of other girls of the same age, she relapsed into a train of sad and silent musings, and Alice knew that they were sad, by the quivering lip and contracted brow.

"Come, mother dear!" said she, "I am waiting to hear your story."

And then the widow began to relate some simple reminiscences of by-gone times, possessing a strange interest for that lonely girl, who knew so little of life, save in these homely and transient revelations, falling asleep in the midst through weariness, for she ever grew weak and exhausted as night came on; but presently awoke again half-bewildered.

"Where was I, Alice?" asked the invalid gently.

"Asleep, dear mother! I was in hopes," replied her companion, with a smile.

"Oh! forgive me, I could not help it. But you will not sit up very long?"

"No, no! good night."

"Good night, and God bless you my child!" said the widow; and a few minutes afterwards, Alice was again the only wakeful thing in that little cottage, if indeed she could be called so with half-closed eyes, and wandering thoughts, although it is true the busy fingers toiled on mechanically at their task. The very clock ticked with a dull drowsy sound, and the perpetual whizzing of her wheel seemed like a lullaby.

Presently the girl began to sing in a low voice, in order to keep herself awake, hymns as usual—low, plaintive, and soothing; while the widow heard them in her sleep, and dreamed of Heaven. But all would not do, and she arose at length and walked

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 93 r10_05-03-000-0092 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS. 143

noiselessly up and down the room, trying to shake off the drowsy feeling that oppressed and weighed down upon her so heavily. And then opening the casement, she sat by it to catch the cool breath of night upon her fevered brow, and watch the myriad stars looking down in their calm and silent beauty upon earth. How naturally prayer comes at such times as these. Alice clasped her faded hands involuntary, and although no words were uttered, her heart prayed! We have called her in our love, pure and innocent; but she of her holier wisdom knew that she was but a weak and erring creature after all, and took courage only from remembering that there is One who careth even for the very flowers of the field, and how much more for the children of earth. But gradually as she sat thus in the pale star-light, the white lids drooped over the heavy eyes—her hands unclasped and sunk slowly and listlessly down; the weary and toilworn frame had found rest at last!

And then the room seemed filled on a sudden with a strange brightness, and where poor Alice had sat first while at her wheel, is an angel with shining hair, and white and radiant as a sunbeam; while another bends gently over the slumberer, and looking first at her, and then on her companion, smiles pityingly; and the girl smiles too in her sleep; and, as if still haunted by her favorite hymn tunes, sings again very faintly and sweetly, until the sounds die lingeringly away at length upon the still night air. Fast and noiselessly ply these holy ones at their love task, while the whizzing of the busy wheel, accompanied by a gentle rushing sound, as of wings,

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

144

THE POOR GIRL, AND THE ANGELS.

alone disturbed the profound silence of that little chamber. And now morning broke again over the earth, and their mission performed, they have sped away to their bright home rejoicingly!

Alice awoke trembling from her long and refreshing slumber, thinking how she must work doubly hard to redeem those lost hours. She drew her wheel toward her—she looked wildly at it, rubbing her eyes to be sure that she was not dreaming; then gazed around the quiet apartment where all remained just as she had left it; but the task for which she had marked out four more weary days and nights of toil, and feared even then not having time enough to complete it, lay ready finished before her! But after a little while the girl ceased to wonder, on remembering to whom she had prayed on the previous night; guided by an unerring instinct she knelt down and poured out her full heart in a gush of prayerful thanksgiving to Heaven: And we can almost fancy the angels standing a little way off smiling upon each other and on her, even as they had done before, and rejoicing in their own work.

We are told in the legend, that from that hour the widow and her good and pious child never knew want again. It may be that Alice's employer was pleased with her diligence and punctuality; or the stern landlord, shamed out of his prejudices by the unlooked-for appearance of the glowing and happy face of his tenant, three days before the appointed time, with the money ready, and many grateful thanks beside, for what she termed his kindness in waiting so long for it; or there was a charm in that web woven by holy hands, which brought

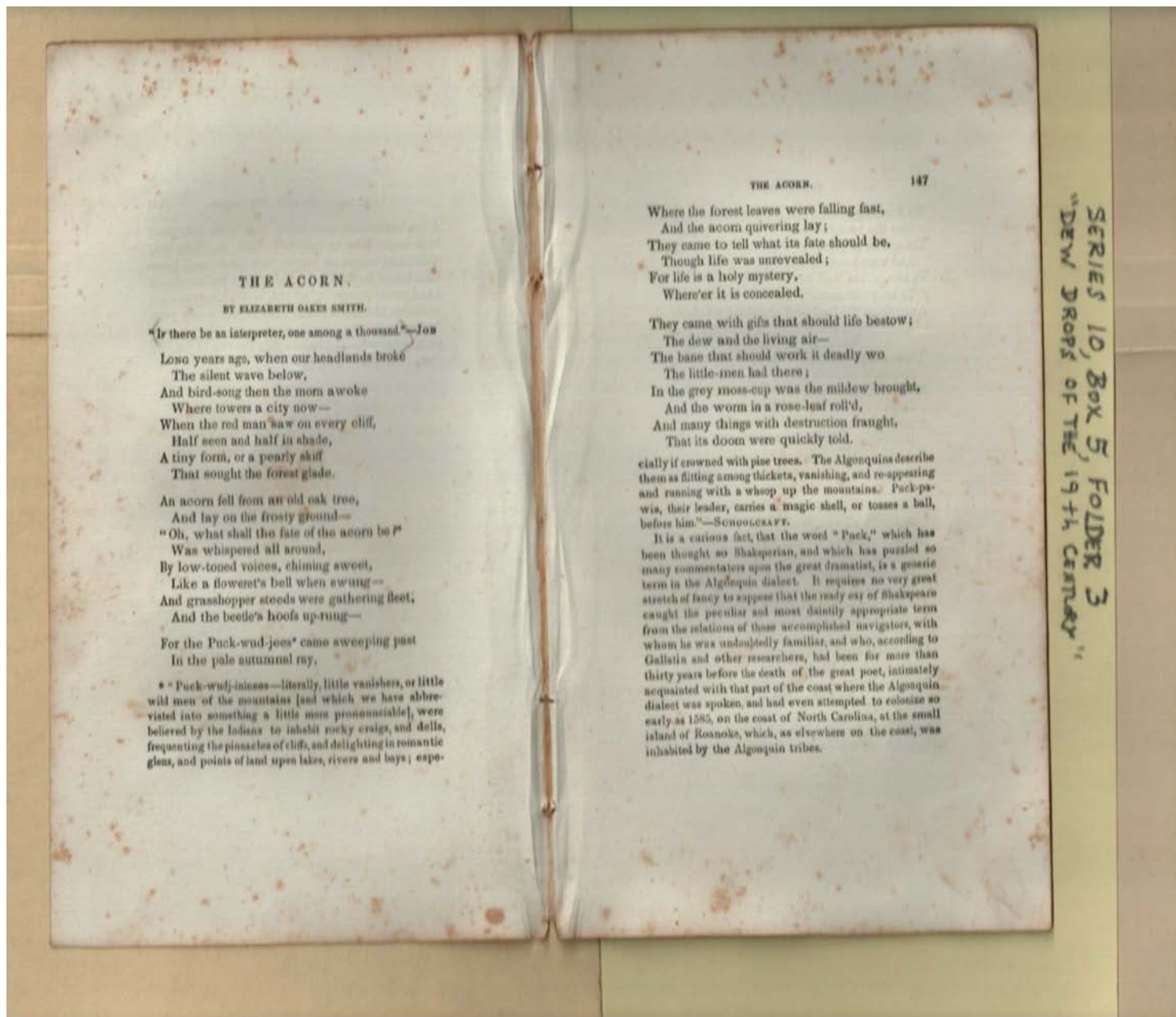
Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 95 r10_05-03-000-0094 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS. 145

Alice many more such tasks, with better payment, and longer time to complete them in. The only thing that makes us sad in this simple and beautiful legend is, that the age of such miracles should have passed away. (And yet, fear not, ye poor and suffering children of toil! Only be gentle and pure-hearted as that young girl—trust as she trusted—pray as she prayed—and be sure that Heaven in its own good time will deliver you.)

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 96 r10_05-03-000-0095 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

Names:
Smith, Elizabeth
Oakes
The Acorn

Types:
book
poem

But it needed not; for a blessed fate
Was the acorn's meant to be—
The spirits of earth should its birth-time wait,
And watch o'er its destiny.
To him of the shell was the task assigned*
To bury the acorn deep,
Away from the frost and searching wind,
When they through the forest sweep.

'T was a dainty sight, the small thing's toil,
As bow'd beneath the spade,
And balanced his gossamer wings the while
To peep in the pit he made.
A thimble's depth it was scarcely deep,
When the spade aside he threw,
And roll'd the acorn away to sleep
In the hush of dropping dew.

The spring-time came with its fresh, warm air,
And gush of woodland song;
The dew came down, the rain was there,
And the sunshine rested long;
Then softly the black earth turned aside,
The old leaf arching o'er,
And up, where the last year's leaf was dried,
Came the acorn-shell once more.

With coiled stem, and pale green hue,
It look'd but a feeble thing;
Then deeply its root abroad it threw,
Its strength from the earth to bring.

* "You shall be called Wa-lais-dis-imid, or he of the little shell."—SCROOLCRAFT

The woodland sprites are gathering round,
Rejoiced that the task is done—
That another life from the noisome ground
Is up to the pleasant sun.

The young child pass'd, with a careless tread,
And the germ had well-nigh crush'd,
But a spider, launch'd on her airy thread,
The cheek of the stripling brush'd.
He little knew, as he started back,
How the acorn's fate was hung
On the very point in the spider's track
Where the web on his cheek was flung.

The autumn came, and it stood alone,
And bow'd as the wind pass'd by—
The wind that utter'd its dirge-like moan
In the old oak sere and dry;
And the hollow branches creak'd and sway'd,
But they bent not to the blast,
For the stout oak tree, where centuries play'd,
Was sturdy to the last.

But the sapling had no strength as yet
Such peril to abide,
And a thousand guards were round it set
To evil turn aside.
A hunter boy beheld the shoot,
And an idle prompting grew
To sever the stalk from the spreading root,
And his knife at once he drew.

His hand was stay'd; he knew not why;
'Twas a presence breathed around—

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY"

A pleading from the deep-blue sky,
And up from the teeming ground.
It told of the care that had lavish'd been
In sunshine and in dew—
Of the many things that had wrought a screen
When peril around it grew.

It told of the oak that once had bow'd,
As feeble a thing to see ;
But now, when the storm was raging loud,
It wrestled mightily.
There's a deeper thought on the hunter's brow,
A new love at his heart,
And he ponders much, as with footsteps slow
He turns him to depart.

Up grew the twig, with a vigor bold,
In the shape of the parent tree,
And the old oak knew that his doom was told,
When the sapling sprang so free.
Then the fierce winds came, and they raging tore
The hollow limbs away :
And the damp moss crept from the earthy floor
Round the trunk, time-worn and gray.

The young oak grew, and proudly grew,
For its roots were deep and strong ;
And a shadow broad on the earth it threw,
And the sunshine linger'd long
On its glossy leaf, where the flickering light
Was flung to the evening sky ;
And the wild bird came to its airy height,
And taught her young to fly.

In acorn-time came the truant boy,
With a wild and eager look,
And he mark'd the tree with a wondering joy,
As the wind the great limbs shook
He look'd where the moss on the north side grew,
The guarded arms outspread,
The solemn shadow the huge tree threw,
As it towered above his head :

And vague-like fears the boy surround,
In the shadow of that tree ;
So growing up from the darksome ground,
Like a giant mystery.
His heart beat quick to the squirrel's tread
On the withered leaf and dry,
And he lifts not up his awe-struck head
As the eddying wind sweep by.

And regally the stout oak stood,
In its vigor and its pride ;
A monarch own'd in the solemn wood,
With a sceptre spreading wide—
No more in the wintry blast to bow,
Or rock in the summer breeze ;
But draped in green, or star-like snow,
Reign king of the forest trees.

And a thousand years it firmly grew
And a thousand blasts defied ;
And, mighty in strength, its broad arms threw
A shadow dense and wide.
Change came to the mighty things of earth—
Old empires pass'd away ;
Of the generations that had birth,
O Death! where, where are they !

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

Yet fresh and green the brave oak stood,
Nor dreamed it of decay,
Though a thousand times in the autumn wood
Its leaves on the pale earth lay.
It grew where the rocks were bursting out
From the thin and heaving soil—
Where the ocean's roar, and the sailor's shout,
Were mingled in wild turmoil—

Where the far-off sound of the restless deep
Came up with a booming swell;
And the white foam dash'd to the rocky steep,
But it loved the tumult well.
Then its huge limbs creak'd in the midnight air,
And joined in the rude uproar;
For it loved the storm and the lightning's glare,
And the wave-lashed iron shore.

The bleaching bones of the sea-bird's prey
Were heap'd on the rocks below;
And the bald-head eagle, fierce and grey,
Look'd off from its topmost bough.
Where the shadow lay on the quiet wave
The light boat often swung,
And the stout ship, saved from the ocean grave,
Her cable round it flung.

A sound comes down in the forest trees,
An echoing from the hill:
It floats far off on the summer breeze,
And the shore resounds it shrill.
Lo! the monarch tree no more shall stand
Like a watch-tower of the main—
A giant mark of a giant land
That may not come again.

The stout old oak!—'Twas a worthy tree,
And the builder marked it out;
And he smiled its angled limbs to see,
As he measured the trunk about.
Already to him was a gallant bark
Careering the rolling deep,
And in sunshine, calm, or tempest dark,
Her way she will proudly keep.

The chisel clicks, and the hammer rings,
And the merry jost goes round;
While he who longest and loudest sings
Is the stoutest workman found.
With jointed rib, and trumpe'd plank
The work goes gayly on,
And light-spoke oaths, when the glass they drank,
Are heard till the task is done.

She sits on the stocks, the skeleton ship,
With her oaken ribs all bare,
And the child looks up with parted lip,
As it gathers fuel there—
With brimless hat, the bare-foot boy
Looks round with strange amaze,
And dreams of a sailor's life of joy
Are mingling in that gaze.

With graceful waist and carvings brave
The trim hull waits the sea—
And she proudly stoops to the crested wave,
While round go the cheerings three.
Her prow swells up from the yeasty deep,
Where it plunged in foam and spray;
And the glad waves gathering round her sweep
And buoy her in their play.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

Thou wert nobly rear'd, oh heart of oak !
In the sound of the ocean roar,
Where the surging wave o'er the rough rock broke
And bellow'd along the shore—
And how wilt thou in the storm rejoice,
With the wind through spar and shroud,
To hear a sound like the forest voice,
When the blast was raging loud !

With snow-white sails, and streamer gay,
She sits like an ocean sprite,
Carreering on her trackless way,
In sunshine or dark midnight:
Her course is laid with fearless skill,
For brave hearts man the helm ;
And the joyous winds her canvas fill—
Shall the wave the stout ship whelm !

On, on she goes, where icebergs roll,
Like floating cities by ;
Where meteors flash by the northern pole,
And the merry dancers fly ;
Where the glittering light is backward flung
From icy tower and dome,
And the frozen shrouds are gayly hung
With gems from the ocean foam.

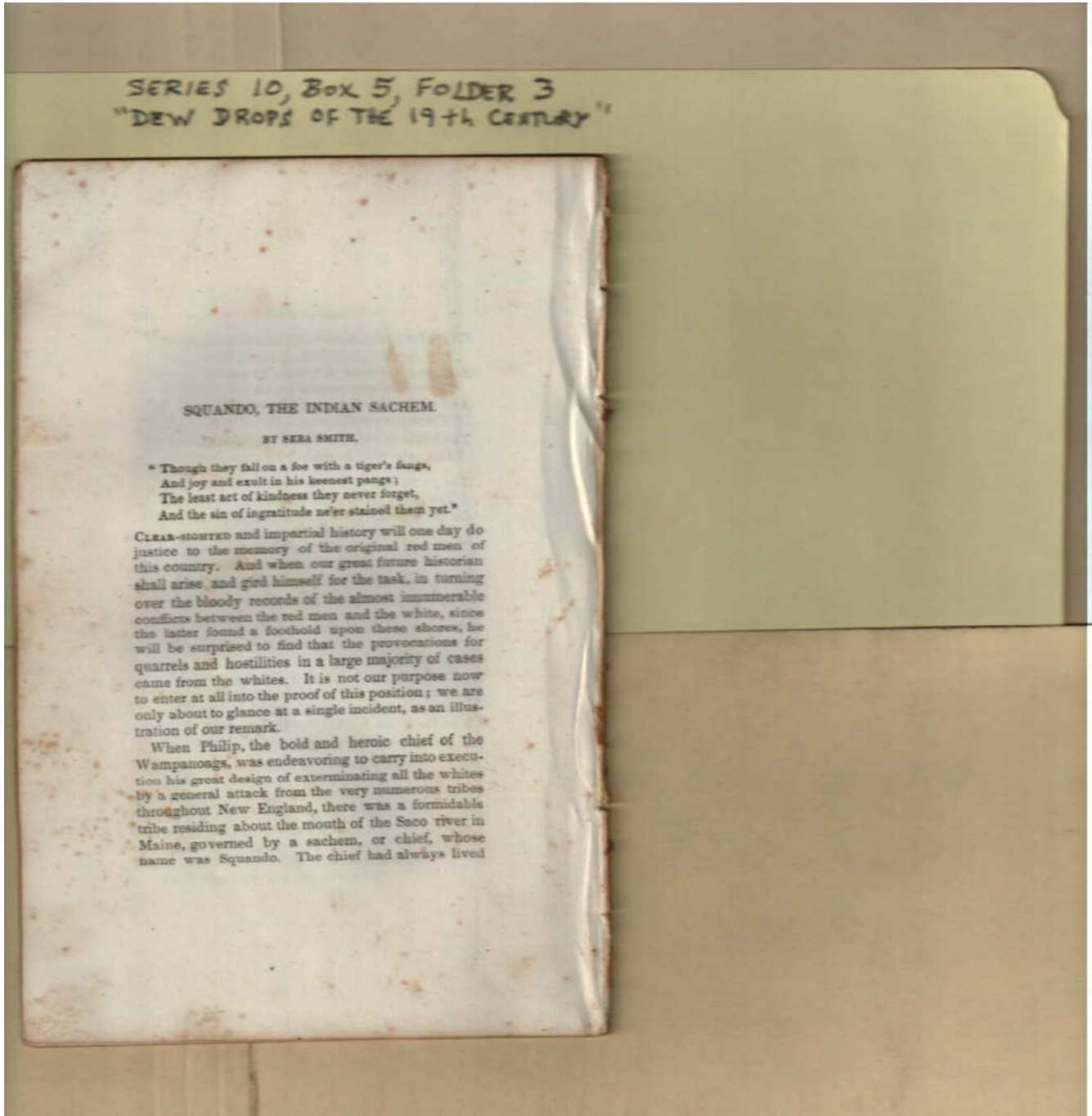
On the Indian sea was her shadow cast,
As it lay like molten gold,
And her pendant shroud and towering mast
Seem'd twice on the waters told.
The idle canvas slowly swung
As the spicy breeze went by,
And strange, rare music around her rung
From the palm-trees growing nigh.

Oh, gallant ship, thou didst bear with thee
The gay and the breaking heart,
And weeping eyes look'd out to see
Thy white-spread sails depart
And when the rattling casement told
Of many a peril'd ship,
The anxious wife her babes would fold,
And pray with trembling lip.

The petrel wheel'd in her stormy flight ;
The wind piped shrill and high ;
On the topmast sat a pale blue light,
That flicker'd not to the eye :
The black cloud came like a banner down,
And down came the shrieking blast ;
The quivering ship on her beams is thrown,
And gone are helm and mast.

Helmless, but on before the gale,
She ploughs the deep-troughed wave ;
A gurgling sound—a phrenzied wail—
And the ship hath found a grave.
And thus is the fate of the acorn told,
Which fell from the old oak tree,
And He of the Shell in the frosty mould
Preserved for its destiny.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"



Names:

Smith, Seba

Squando, The Indian
Sachem

Types:

book

short story

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

SQUANDO, THE INDIAN SACHEM. 157

on terms of friendly intercourse with the English settlers in the neighborhood, and when the emissaries of Philip visited the Eastern tribes and endeavored to draw them into his plans, they could make no impositions whatever upon Squando. He turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, coldly rejected their overtures, and bade them tell Philip, the hatchet had long been buried on the banks of the Saco, and no war-hoop should be allowed to disturb its quiet valley.

"The white man is my brother," said Squando; "we hunt in the same wood and paddle our canoes on the same waters. I sit down at his table and eat with him, side by side, and he comes to my wigwam and smokes the pipe of peace without fear. I carry him venison for food and the soft beaver skin for clothing, and he gives me blankets and hatchets, and whatever I want. Why should I raise the tomahawk against my white brother? The tree of peace is green above our heads; let it flourish, and no blight come upon it for ever. If Philip is a great chief, so is Squando; and let him beware how he crosses Squando's path. The tribes of the Saco, and the Presumpscot and the Androscoggin, and the Kennebec, all look up to Squando with fear and respect, and will not draw the bow while the arrows of Squando remain quiet in his quiver."

Year after year the messengers of Philip returned with the same answer from Squando—"the white man is my friend; I will not take up the hatchet against him."

Squando was not only a powerful sachem, but he

exercised also the office of priest, or pow-wow, and the mysterious rites and privileges he practised helped to give him great influence over the neighboring tribes. Several years had passed, and the restless spirit of Philip had driven on his great enterprise with untiring assiduity. Many chiefs had joined in his league, frequent acts of hostility had been committed, and a dark and portentous cloud hung over the whole of New England, which threatened entire destruction to the white inhabitants. Still Squando remained the faithful friend of the whites, and kept the tribes around him in a peaceful attitude, till a cruel and unprovoked aggression upon his domestic happiness roused him to vengeance.

On a bright summer day in 1675, Lindoyah, the wife of Squando, paddled her white birch canoe on the bright waters of the Saeco. Her infant, but a few months old, was sleeping on soft skins in the bottom of the canoe, while a light screen of green boughs, arched above it, sheltered it from the warm rays of the sun. It breathed sweetly the open air of heaven, and gently rolled to the slight rocking of the boat, as the careful paddle of the mother, with regular motion, touched the water. The joyous eyes of Lindoyah rested on her infant, with all a mother's devotion; and in a clear soft voice she sang—

Sleep, baby, sleep;
Breathe the breath of morning;
Drink fragrance from the fresh blown flower,
Thy gentle brow adorning.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
Rock'd by the flowing river,
While for thy gentle, spirit-girl,
Lindoyah thanks the giver.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
Sweet be thy rosy dreaming,
While o'er the flowery spirit-land
Thy blessed eyes are gleaming.

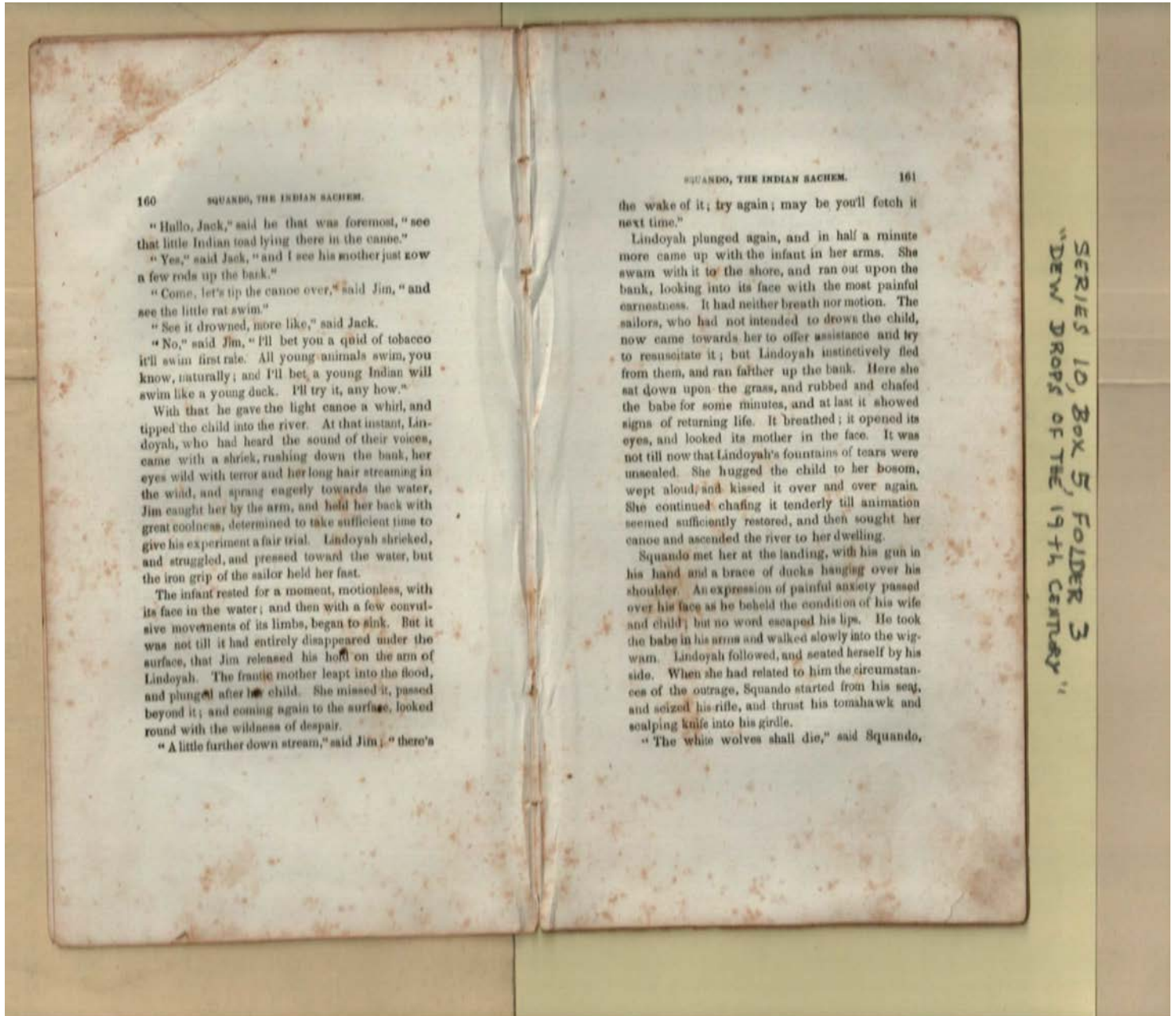
Sleep, baby, sleep;
No danger here is biding,
While soft along the green-wood bank
The light canoe is gliding.

Lindoyah in her morning excursion had called at one of the white settlements. Her babe had been admired, caressed, and praised, and she was returning home with a light heart. She had but about half a mile further to go to reach the wigwam of Squando, which stood but a few rods from the river. Her eye, as she was passing, caught a beautiful cluster of wild flowers a little way up the bank.

"I will gather them," said Lindoyah to herself, as she turned her little bark canoe to the shore, "and carry them to Squando. He has by this time returned from his morning hunt. Squando is a loving, gentle spirit, and the sight of the flowers will make his heart glad."

She drew the canoe gently till it rested on the sloping grass, and with a light step ascended the bank. While she was gathering the flowers, a couple of giddy, thoughtless sailors, wandering along the river shore, came to the canoe.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY"



"Hullo, Jack," said he that was foremost, "see that little Indian toad lying there in the canoe."

"Yes," said Jack, "and I see his mother just row a few rods up the bank."

"Come, let's tip the canoe over," said Jim, "and see the little rat swim."

"See it drowned, more like," said Jack.

"No," said Jim, "I'll bet you a quid of tobacco it'll swim first rate. All young animals swim, you know, naturally; and I'll bet a young Indian will swim like a young duck. I'll try it, any how."

With that he gave the light canoe a whirl, and tipped the child into the river. At that instant, Lindoyah, who had heard the sound of their voices, came with a shriek, rushing down the bank, her eyes wild with terror and her long hair streaming in the wind, and sprang eagerly towards the water, Jim caught her by the arm, and held her back with great coolness, determined to take sufficient time to give his experiment a fair trial. Lindoyah shrieked, and struggled, and pressed toward the water, but the iron grip of the sailor held her fast.

The infant rested for a moment, motionless, with its face in the water; and then with a few convulsive movements of its limbs, began to sink. But it was not till it had entirely disappeared under the surface, that Jim released his hold on the arm of Lindoyah. The frantic mother leapt into the flood, and plunged after her child. She missed it, passed beyond it; and coming again to the surface, looked round with the wildness of despair.

"A little further down stream," said Jim, "there's

the wake of it; try again; may be you'll fetch it next time."

Lindoyah plunged again, and in half a minute more came up with the infant in her arms. She swam with it to the shore, and ran out upon the bank, looking into its face with the most painful earnestness. It had neither breath nor motion. The sailors, who had not intended to drown the child, now came towards her to offer assistance and try to resuscitate it; but Lindoyah instinctively fled from them, and ran farther up the bank. Here she sat down upon the grass, and rubbed and chafed the babe for some minutes, and at last it showed signs of returning life. It breathed; it opened its eyes, and looked its mother in the face. It was not till now that Lindoyah's fountains of tears were unsealed. She hugged the child to her bosom, wept aloud, and kissed it over and over again. She continued chafing it tenderly till animation seemed sufficiently restored, and then sought her canoe and ascended the river to her dwelling.

Squando met her at the landing, with his gun in his hand and a brace of ducks hanging over his shoulder. An expression of painful anxiety passed over his face as he beheld the condition of his wife and child; but no word escaped his lips. He took the babe in his arms and walked slowly into the wigwam. Lindoyah followed, and seated herself by his side. When she had related to him the circumstances of the outrage, Squando started from his seat, and seized his rifle, and thrust his tomahawk and scalping knife into his girdle.

"The white wolves shall die," said Squando,

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

while an expression of bitter indignation rested on his features. He rushed out of the door of the wigwam. In a moment he returned again, and stood for the space of a minute looking steadfastly in the face of his child. The babe looked exhausted and feeble, and its breathing was short and distressful.

"They shall die," muttered Squando, as he again left the cabin, and walked thoughtfully to the river. He stepped into his canoe, took his strong paddle, and drove the light shallop rapidly down the tide to the spot where Lindoyah had met the sailors. His fierce glance pierced the woods in every direction, but no person was in sight. He stepped ashore.

His keen eye showed him where the canoe had rested against the land; he traced the steps of Lindoyah, where she had gathered the flowers, and where she had run in terror down the bank to the rescue of her babe. He saw and carefully measured the tracks of the two sailors where they had loitered round the canoe, and traced their footsteps through the grass and bushes, till he came into the opening of the garrison house of Major Philips, near the Falls.

Jack and Jim had seen Squando's canoe descending the river, and fearful of the consequences of his resentment they had fled into the garrison, where they were secreted. Squando went to the garrison and demanded of Major Philips to know if the two sailors were there. The Major put him off and evaded his inquiries. Squando related his grievances with a stern and haughty indignation. The Major endeavored to pacify him; told him Jack and Jim were to blame, had done very wrong, and when he

should see them again, he would reprimand them severely. Squando was far from being satisfied; but he left the garrison and returned towards his cabin. As his canoe swept round a little bend in the river, he saw a white maiden standing on the bank. It was Elisabeth Wakely; a kind-hearted, gentle creature of sixteen, daughter of Mr. John Wakely, whose humble dwelling was within half a mile of the wigwam of Squando. She beckoned to him, and he turned his canoe to land.

"Carry this little bunch of flowers to the papoose," said the maiden, as she placed them in his hand. A sad smile lit up the countenance of Squando, as he received them and placed them in his belt.

"I will do as the maiden bids me," said the chief; "but the papoose is too ill to hold the flowers, and Squando is afraid before to-morrow's sun goes down he will go with the fading flowers far away to the spirit-land."

"I will come round and see him directly," said the maiden, as the canoe shot away from the shore.

When Squando reached his landing, he hastened into his wigwam, and fastened his eager gaze upon the features of his child. It had evidently faltered during his absence. Lindoyah had nursed it tenderly, and done everything in her power to revive it; but the shock had been too great; the energies of life had been too severely taxed, and nature was giving way in the conflict. Squando was in some degree a medicine man himself, and he applied such remedice as his skill and experience suggested; and he called in the regular medicine men of his tribe; but all the applications were of no avail, the

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

child continued distressed, its breathing became more difficult, and its strength declined.

Elizabeth Wakely, agreeably to her promise, had arrived at the wigwam soon after Squando's return, and had mingled her sympathies deeply with those of the distressed parents. She watched over the child; she carried it about in her arms, and administered to it all the comforts that kindness could suggest, or circumstances supply. Perceiving it to grow worse at night, she refused to leave it, but staid and watched with the parents till morning. Through the first part of the night, the little sufferer seemed much distressed, but towards morning it grew more quiet and more feeble, and gradually sunk away, till about sunrise, when it ceased to breathe. Lindoyah hid her face and wept most piteously; while Squando paced his cabin floor in silence, but evidently in deep agitation. The deepest sorrow and the highest indignation were mingled in the expression of his features, and showed that passions of fearful power were rousing his spirit to action.

When all was over, Elizabeth Wakely took her leave. Squando stood at his cabin door and watched her as she returned homeward, till he lost sight of her among the trees of the forest.

When the simple ceremony of burial was over, Squando summoned three of his stoutest warriors before him.

"Go to the fort," said he, "and demand of Major Philips, and the white people there, to send Jim and Jack to me, or they will not see Squando again as the friend of the white man."

The warriors departed, and Squando walked his cabin in solitude and silence, waiting their return. At last, as he looked from his cabin door, he saw them coming up from the river, but they had no prisoners with them. Squando's brow grew darker, and his soul was ready for the conflict.

"Where are the white wolves, I sent you after?" said Squando sternly, as they entered the cabin.

"We could not find them," said the warriors; "Major Philips and the white people say Squando must come there, and they will settle it all with him, and be friends and brothers."

"Yes," said the chief, with a terrific laugh of indignant scorn, "Squando will go there and settle it with them. Go you," he continued, pointing to one of the warriors, "and summon every member of our tribe to meet at the council fire to-night, by the going down of the sun. And you," pointing to another, "go to Casco, and you to Presumpscot, and bring the warriors of their tribes to our council fire at least by the hour of midnight."

Major Philips and those residing in the fort, or block-house, hearing nothing more from Squando in the course of the afternoon, began to grow alarmed. Apprehensive that he might be meditating an attack they sent round just before night to the several houses in the settlement advising the inhabitants all to come into the block-house before dark. They also dispatched a messenger to Winter Harbor, and another to Casco Bay, with a caution to the people of those settlements to be on their guard.

About sunset Squando sent four trusty warriors to guard the house of John Wakely, with strict orders

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

that no person should be allowed to leave the house, and that none should enter it before morning. Just as they arrived, the family were preparing to retreat to the block-house; but being warned by the warriors, who took their stations at the four corners of the house, that if they stepped a foot out of doors before morning, they would be shot down, they remained within doors, passing a sleepless and anxious night.

The night proved rather dark, and the sentinels at the block-house could neither see nor hear the least sign of any one approaching. When suddenly about two o'clock in the morning, the stillest and darkest hour of the night, the whole welkin at once rung with the wildest and most terrific war-whoop, that ever broke the silence of the forest. It seemed to rise from a hundred voices at the same instant from every corner and every side of the block-house, and was echoed by every cliff and every hill for a mile round. At the same moment with the war-cry a furious onset was made on every part of the fort. The outer gate was besieged with every species of force that the rude mode of savage warfare could apply, and attempts were made on all sides at the same moment to scale the walls. Though the people in the fort, apprehending an attack, had made every preparation for defence in their power, yet the onset was so sudden and the war-cry so appalling, that they were thrown into confusion and very narrowly escaped a general massacre. With the exception of the few who were placed on guard, the men were lying down to rest, and many of them were asleep, when the wild and shrill whoop from

without, followed by the painful shrieks of the women and children within, came like a dagger to their hearts. They sprang to their feet and seized their arms, and ran back and forth, too much bewildered at first for any efficient movement or any concert of action. Several of the savages had gained the top of the wall, and were beaten back or shot down by the sentinels; and in turn several of the sentinels had fallen by the bullets or the arrows of the savages. Fresh forces were clambering up upon long poles which they had reared for the purpose, when the men within began to recover from their panic, and rallied themselves stoutly and vigorously to defend the fort.

The outer gate proved to be too strongly barricaded to yield to the forces applied against it, and the muskets from all parts of the fort poured such a destructive fire upon the enemy, that in the course of half an hour they began to give way, and presently were lost in the silence and darkness of the night. The Indians had suffered the most severely in the contest, though a number of the besieged had been killed and many more wounded. Expecting every minute that the enemy would return and renew the attack, they left the wounded to the care of the women in the inmost apartments of the block-house, while they continued to stand by their arms and make the best preparation they could for defence. In about a quarter of an hour a light from a short distance was seen to gleam through the darkness. It increased in size and flickered high in the air. It was the saw-mill of Major Philips enveloped in flames. Presently another light arose

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

168 SQUANDO, THE INDIAN SACHEM

from a point little further down the river. It was the conflagration of a corn-mill belonging also to Major Philips. And now, a little space from it, up the bank, a dwelling house was seen wrapt in flames. In a few minutes more, and in another direction, another burning dwelling flashed its red light upon the surrounding darkness. And then another, and then another; and by the time the light of the morning returned, the people of the fort had watched the burning of almost every building of the settlement.

About sunrise, Squando made his appearance at the dwelling of John Wakely, that had been spared and guarded through the night agreeably to his directions. At his summons, Wakely came to the door.

"Give these to the young maiden," said Squando, handing him the little bunch of wild flowers, that Elizabeth had called two days before for his lost child; she brought them to the cabin of Squando for the papoose: but the papoose has gone to the spirit-land, and the sight of them now makes the heart of Squando sad. Give them to the maiden, and tell her to have no fears, for the red man will never harm her."

"But I am afraid, Squando," said Wakely with a look of intense anxiety, "that my daughter has gone to the spirit-land too."

Squando started—"Why do you say that?"

"Because," said Wakely, "she went yesterday afternoon away, down to her cousin Allen's, and we have not heard of her since."

The residence of Allen was one of the most re-

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

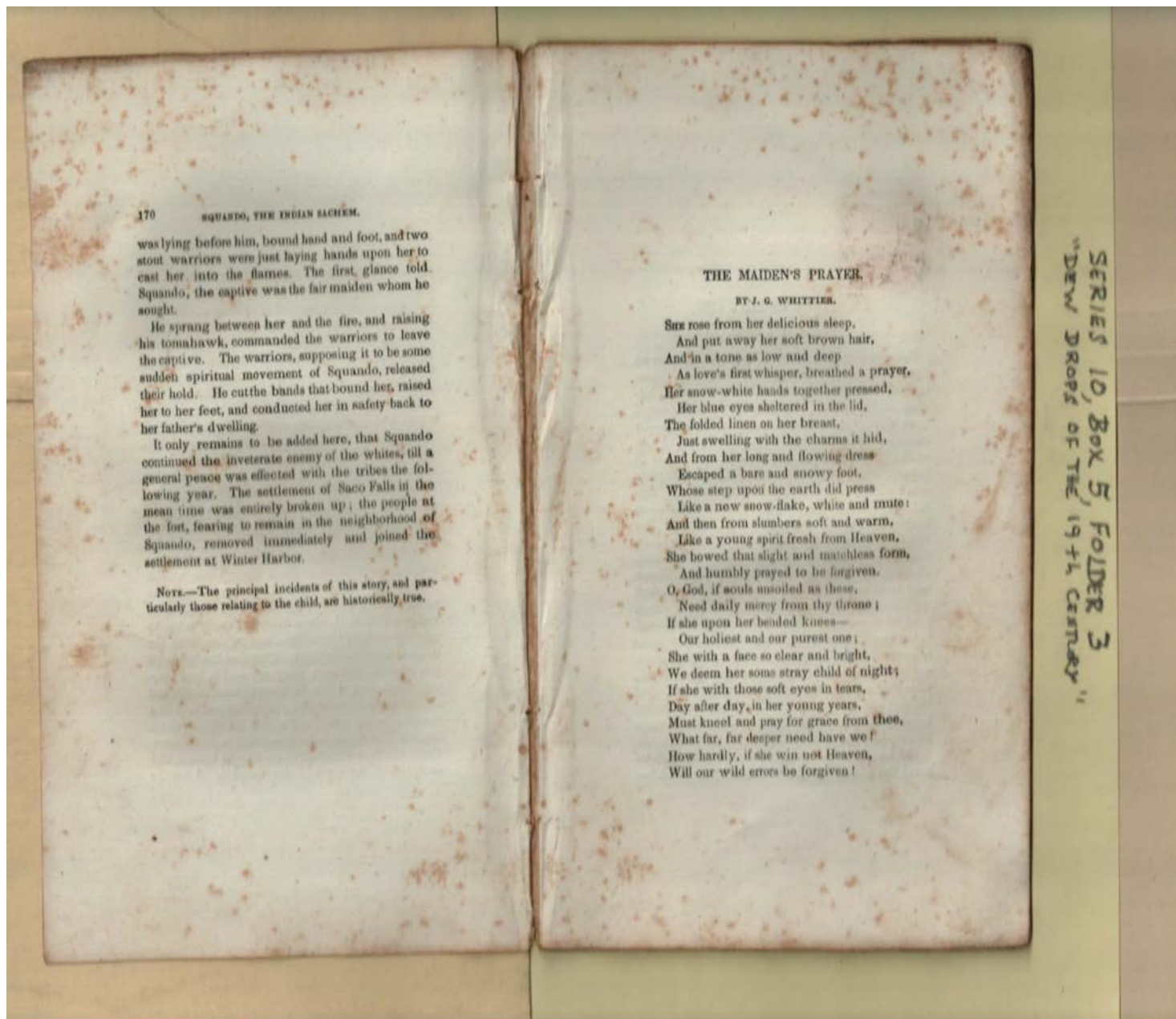
SQUANDO, THE INDIAN SACHEM.

169

inote in the settlement; and Squando knew that some of the remote families had not got into the fort, for his men had brought in several scalps, and told him that the Presumpscut and Casco Indians had carried away a number of prisoners. Squando spake not a word; but motioning to two of his warriors to follow, he started at full speed for Allen's opening. When they reached the spot, the smouldering ruins of the house still sent up a sickly smoke, that at once convinced Squando that human flesh was burning. He hastened to scrutinize the embers. There was one skeleton, and but one, still brooding in the ashes. The flesh was nearly consumed, and the experienced eye of Squando told him the bones were too large for the maiden he was seeking. They were probably the bones of Mr. Allen, who might have been killed and scalped in the onset, and perhaps his wife, with her cousin Elizabeth, had been carried away captive.

Squando soon found the trail of the Presumpscut warriors, and followed them through the woods.

After a rapid journey of six or seven miles, on ascending a small hill, he discovered them in the valley before him, where they had made a halt to rest and refresh themselves, and rejoice over the achievements of the night. They had made a large fire of brush, and were dancing round it, and singing a wild song which Squando at once recognized as the usual song preceeding the offering of a human sacrifice to the spirit of fire, and he knew that a captive was about to be committed to the flames. He rushed down the hill like a leaping torrent, and dashed into the circle of the warriors. A captive



Names:

The Maiden's Prayer

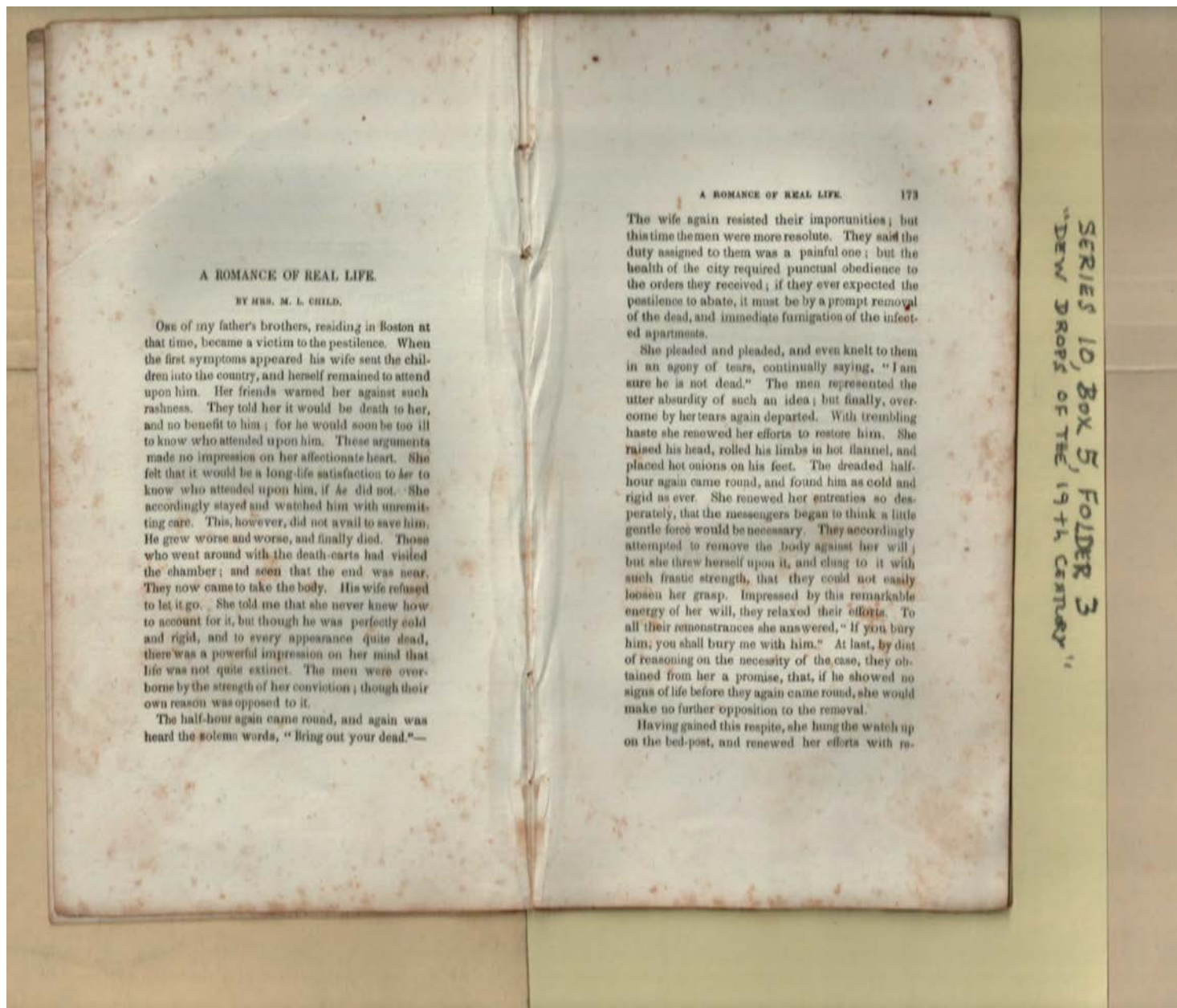
Whittier, John
Greenleaf

Types:

book

poem

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 111 r10_05-03-000-0110 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

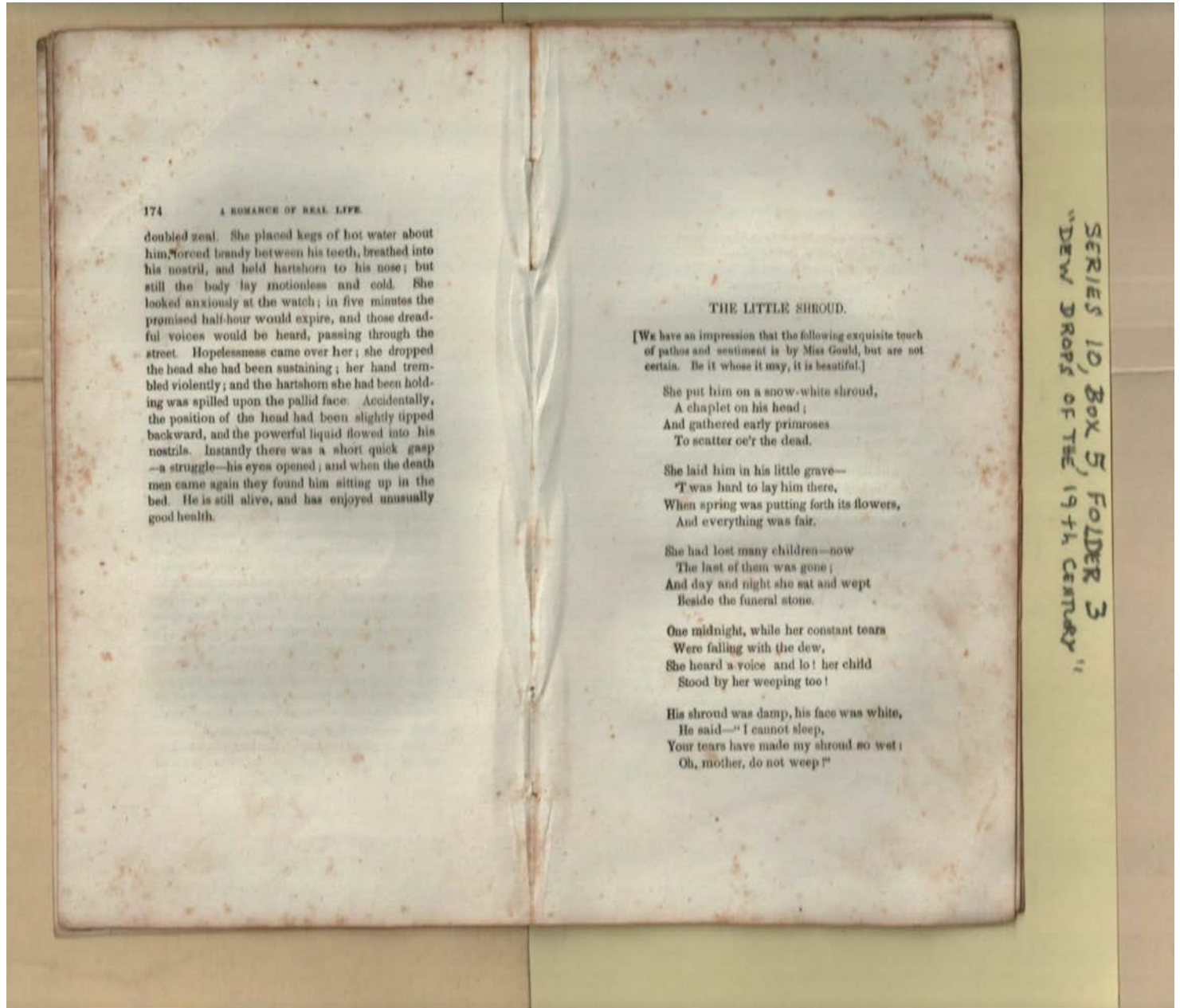
A Romance of Real
Life

Child, M. L., Mrs.

Types:

book

narrative

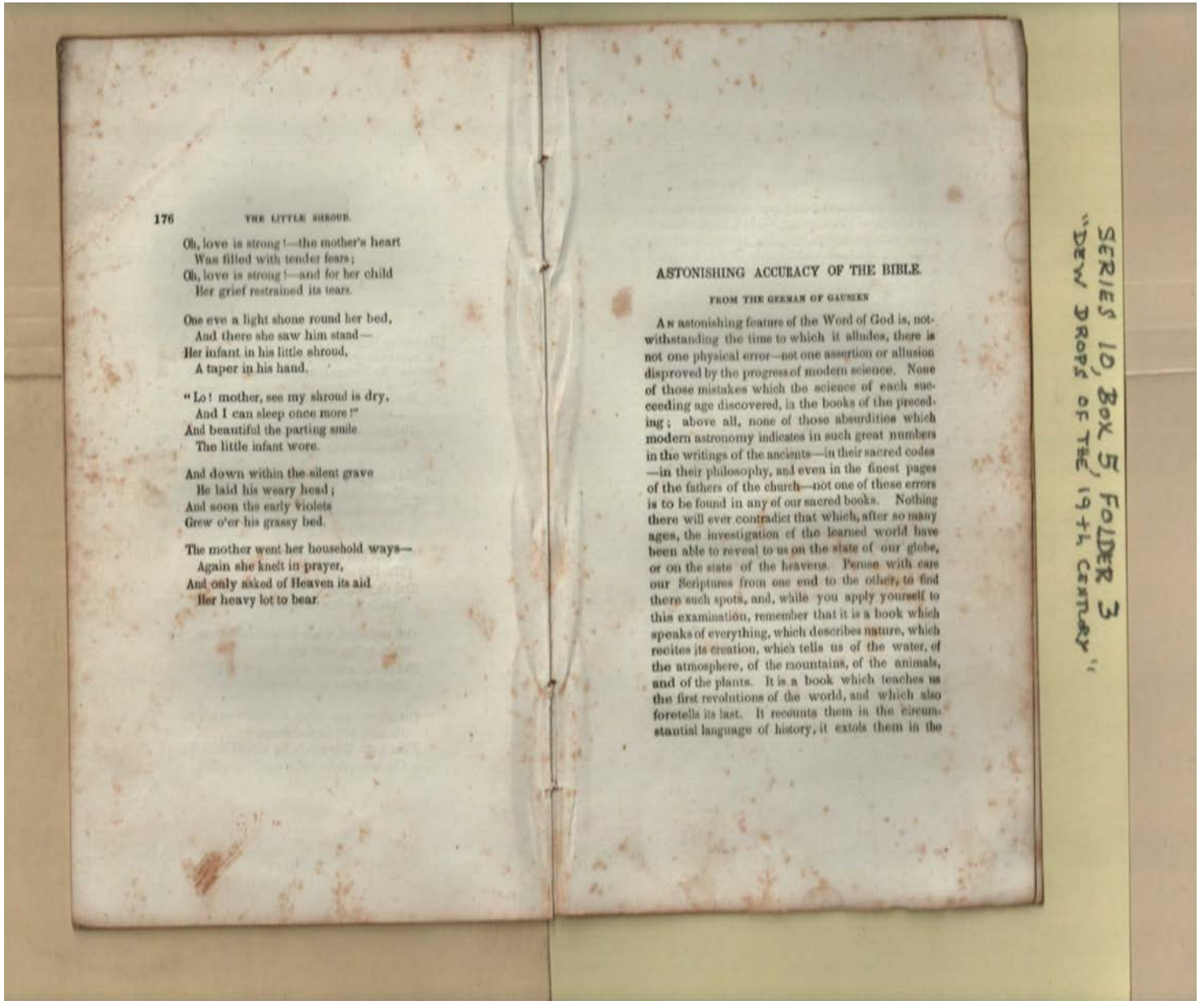


Names:

The Little Shroud

Types:

poem



176

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

Oh, love is strong!—the mother's heart
Was filled with tender fears;
Oh, love is strong!—and for her child
Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand—
Her infant in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.

"Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more!"
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave
He laid his weary head;
And soon the early violets
Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only asked of Heaven its aid
Her heavy lot to bear.

ASTONISHING ACCURACY OF THE BIBLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GAUSSEK

AN astonishing feature of the Word of God is, notwithstanding the time to which it alludes, there is not one physical error—not one assertion or allusion disproved by the progress of modern science. None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovered, in the books of the preceding; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates in such great numbers in the writings of the ancients—in their sacred codes—in their philosophy, and even in the finest pages of the fathers of the church—not one of these errors is to be found in any of our sacred books. Nothing there will ever contradict that which, after so many ages, the investigation of the learned world have been able to reveal to us on the state of our globe, or on the state of the heavens. Pense with care our Scriptures from one end to the other, to find there such spots, and, while you apply yourself to this examination, remember that it is a book which speaks of everything, which describes nature, which recites its creation, which tells us of the water, of the atmosphere, of the mountains, of the animals, and of the plants. It is a book which teaches us the first revolutions of the world, and which also foretells its last. It recounts them in the circumstantial language of history, it extols them in the

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

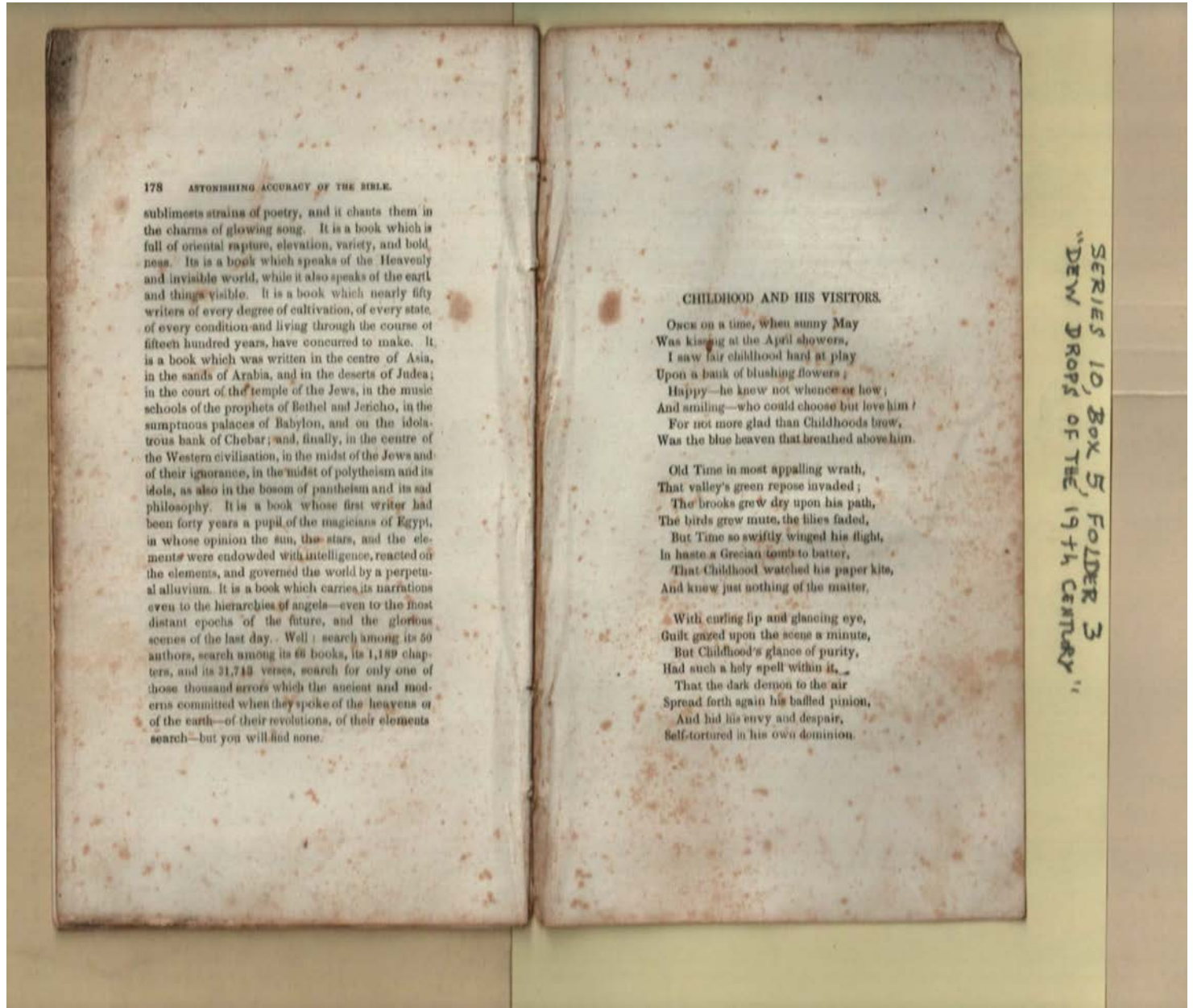
Names:

Astonishing
Accuracy of the

Bible

Types:

narrative



sublimest strains of poetry, and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of oriental rapture, elevation, variety, and boldness. It is a book which speaks of the Heavenly and invisible world, while it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, and in the deserts of Judea; in the court of the temple of the Jews, in the music schools of the prophets of Bethel and Jericho, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous bank of Chebar; and, finally, in the centre of the Western civilisation, in the midst of the Jews and of their ignorance, in the midst of polytheism and its idols, as also in the bosom of pantheism and its sad philosophy. It is a book whose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, in whose opinion the sun, the stars, and the elements were endowed with intelligence, reared on the elements, and governed the world by a perpetual alluvium. It is a book which carries its narrations even to the hierarchies of angels—even to the most distant epochs of the future, and the glorious scenes of the last day. Well! search among its 50 authors, search among its 66 books, its 1,189 chapters, and its 31,743 verses, search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancient and moderns committed when they spoke of the heavens or of the earth—of their revolutions, of their elements search—but you will find none.

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

Once on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing at the April showers,
I saw fair childhood hard at play
Upon a bank of blushing flowers;
Happy—he knew not whence or how,
And smiling—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhoods brow,
Was the blue heaven that breathed above him.

Old Time in most appalling wrath,
That valley's green repose invaded;
The brooks grew dry upon his path,
The birds grew mute, the lilies faded,
But Time so swiftly winged his flight,
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
That Childhood watched his paper kite,
And knew just nothing of the matter,

With curling lip and glancing eye,
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute,
But Childhood's glance of purity,
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured in his own dominion.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

Names:

Childhood and His
Visitors

Types:

poem

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

180

CHILDHOOD AND ITS VISITORS.

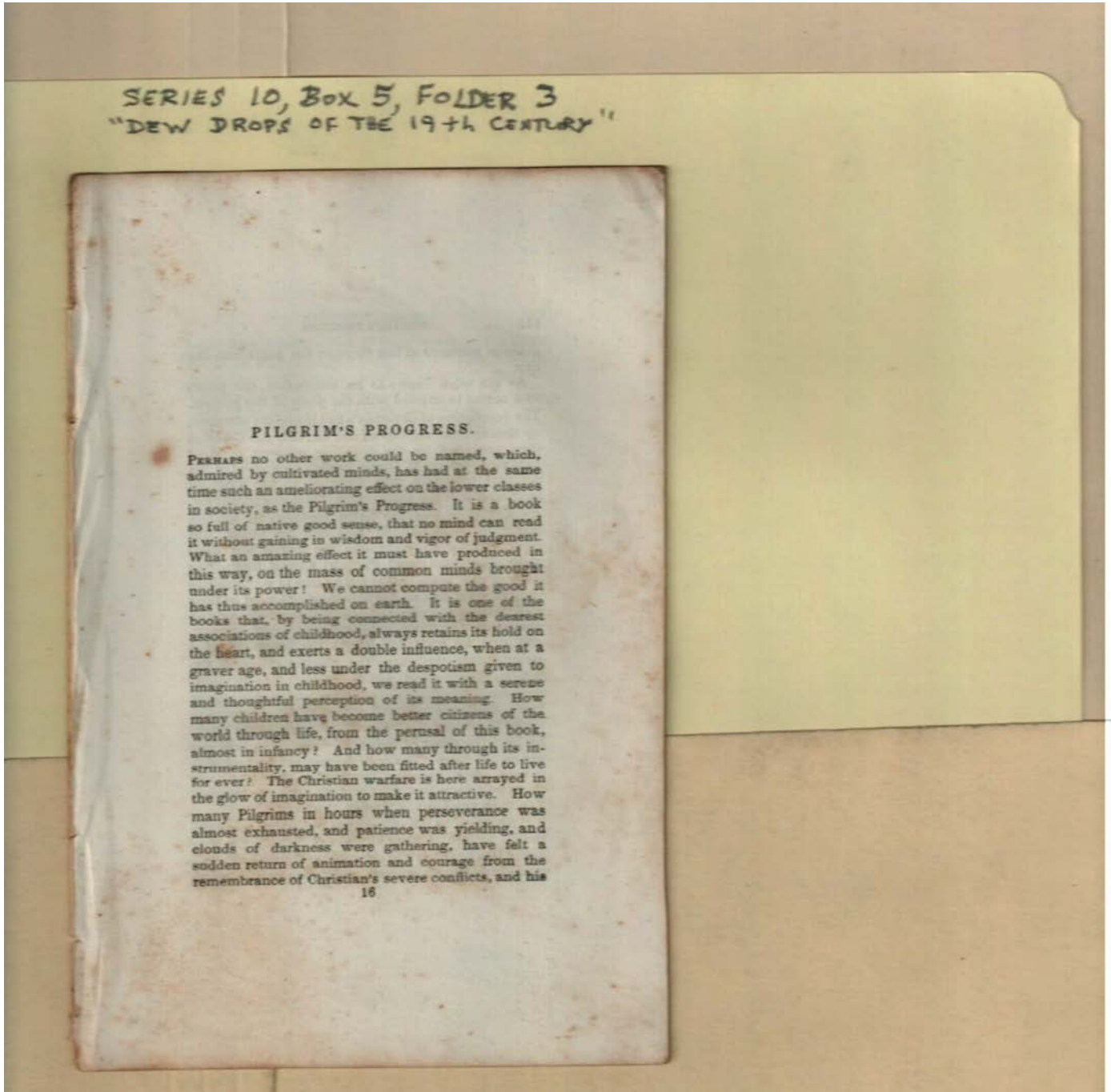
Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cypress-crowned, Night's awful daughter,
And proffered him a fearful cup,
Full to the brim of bitter water ;
Poor Childhood bade her tell her name
And when the beldame muttered " Sorrow,"
He said—" Don't interrupt my game,
I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow."

The muse of Pindus hither came
And wooed him with the softest numbers
That ever scattered wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers ;
Though sweet the music of the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle,
And, " Oh," he cried, " do send away
That noisy woman with the fiddle."

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him, with most sage endeavor,
Why bubbles rise, and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last for ever ;
She talked of all the woodrout laws
Which Nature's open book discloses,
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on !—Oh ! manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure ;
But to the couch where Childhood lies
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph's eyes,
And glimpses of remembered Heaven !

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 116 r10_05-03-000-0115 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:
Pilgrim's Progress

Types:
narrative

glorious entrance at last through the gates into the city.

As the work draws to its conclusion, the poet's soul seems to expand with the glory of the subject. The description of Christian's and Hopeful's entrance, up through the regions of the air, into the Celestial City, preceded by the touching account of their passing the River of Death, though composed of the simplest materials, and depicted in the simplest language, with Scripture imagery almost exclusively, constitutes one of the finest passages in English literature. The Shining Ones, and the beauty and glory of their conversation; the angels and their melodious notes; and Pilgrims among them, "in Heaven as it were before they came at it;" the city itself in view, and all the bells ringing for joy of their welcome; the warm and joyful thoughts they had about their own dwelling there; with such company, and that for ever and ever; the letters of gold written over the gate; the transfiguration of the men as they entered, and the raiment put on them, that shone like gold; the harps and crowns given them, the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor; the bells in the city ringing again for joy; the shout of welcome, "ENTER YE INTO THE JOY OF OUR LORD;" the men themselves singing with a loud voice, BLESSING AND HONOR AND GLORY AND POWER BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, AND UNTO THE LAMB, FOR EVER AND EVER.

"Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns

upon their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord!" And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

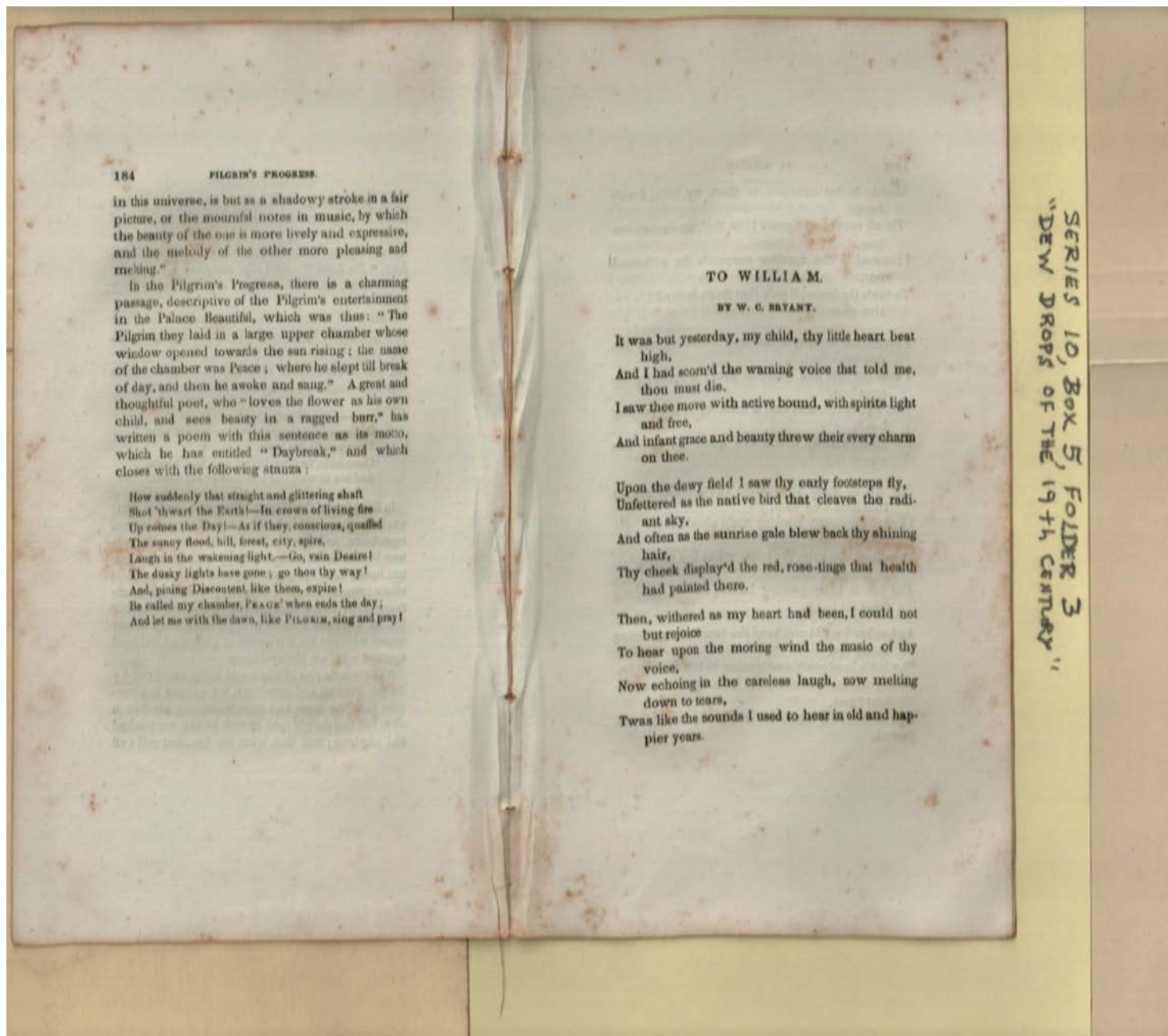
That City! The Genius of Martin fails to delineate its architectural splendors. Yet his is a magnificent engraving. Those mighty domes, piles far stretching into dimness, city after city sinking at length into undistinguishable splendor, and lost in light!

—We stand and gaze
On those bright steps that Heavenward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!

In thinking of the Pilgrim's Progress, and of Bunyan its author; of his labors and sufferings, his sins, repentance, and forgiveness; of the wave of happiness he has set in motion to roll on through time and not be lost, but grow deeper and broader, as it swells into the ocean of Eternity; and of the overruling Providence so remarkably exhibited in his life, we wish our readers to apply the remark of one whose writings are a treasure of philosophical and spiritual wisdom, Henry Moore.

"The whole plot of the world being contrived by infinite wisdom and goodness, we cannot but surmise that the most sad representations are but a show, but the delight real to such as are not wicked and impious; and that what the ignorant call evil

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"



in this universe, is but as a shadowy stroke in a fair picture, or the mournful notes in music, by which the beauty of the one is more lively and expressive, and the melody of the other more pleasing and racking."

In the Pilgrim's Progress, there is a charming passage, descriptive of the Pilgrim's entertainment in the Palace Beautiful, which was thus: "The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber whose window opened towards the sun rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang." A great and thoughtful poet, who "loves the flower as his own child, and sees beauty in a ragged burr," has written a poem with this sentence as its motto, which he has entitled "Daybreak," and which closes with the following stanza:

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the Earth!—In crowns of living fire
Up comes the Day!—As if they, conscious, quaffed
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire,
Laugh in the waking light.—Go, vain Desire!
The dusky lights have gone; go thou thy way!
And, pining Discontent, like thou, expire!
Be called my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day;
And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and pray!

TO WILLIAM.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

It was but yesterday, my child, thy little heart beat high,
And I had scorn'd the warning voice that told me, thou must die.
I saw thee move with active bound, with spirits light and free,
And infant grace and beauty threw their every charm on thee.

Upon the dewy field I saw thy early footsteps fly,
Unfettered as the native bird that cleaves the radiant sky.
And often as the sunrise gale blew back thy shining hair,
Thy cheek display'd the red, rose-tinge that health had painted there.

Then, withered as my heart had been, I could not but rejoice
To hear upon the morning wind the music of thy voice,
Now echoing in the careless laugh, now melting down to tears,
Twas like the sounds I used to hear in old and happier years.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

Names:

Bryant, W. C.

To William

Types:

book

poem

Thanks for that memory to thee, my little, lovely
boy,
'Tis all remains of former bliss that care cannot des-
troy :
I listened as the mariner suspends the outbound
oar,
To taste the farewell gale that flows from off his na-
tive shore.

I loved thee and my heart was blest—but ere the
day was spent,
I saw thy light and graceful limbs in drooping ill-
ness bent,
And shuddered, as I cast a look upon thy fainting
head,
For all the glow of health was gone, and life was
almost fled.

One glance upon thy marble brow made known
that hope was vain,
I knew the swiftly wasting lamp should never light
again :
Thy cheek was pale, thy snow white lips were gent-
ly thrown apart,
And life in every passing breath seemed gushing
from the heart.

And when I could not keep the tear from gathering
in my eye,
Thy little hand prest gently mine in token of reply,
To ask one more exchange of love thy look was up-
ward cast,
And in that long and burning kiss thy happy spirit
passed.

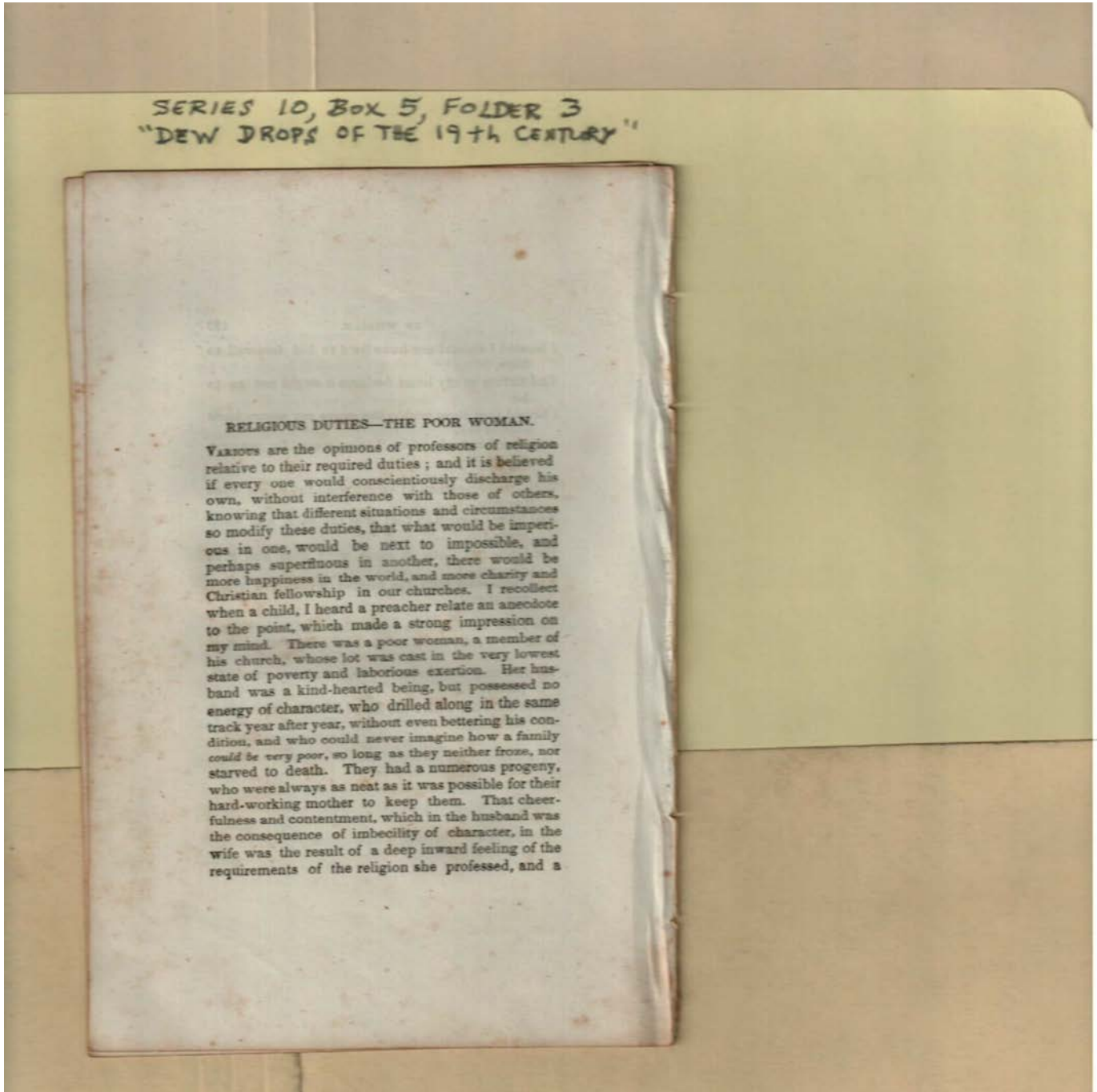
I trusted I should not have liv'd to bid farewell to
thee,
And nature in my heart declares it ought not so to
be,
I hoped that thou within the grave my weary head
should lay,
And live beloved, when I was gone, for many a
happy day.

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy dying eyes
to close,
And how I envied in that hour thy calm and deep
repose ;
For I was left alone on earth, with pain and grief
oppress'd,
And thou wast with the sainted, where the weary
are at rest.

Yes I am left alone on earth—but I will not repine,
Because a spirt loved so well is earlier blest than
mine ;
My fate may darken as it will, I shall not much de-
plore,
Since thou art where the ills of life can never reach
thee more.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 120 r10_05-03-000-0119 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Religious Duties -
The Poor Woman

Types:

narrative

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

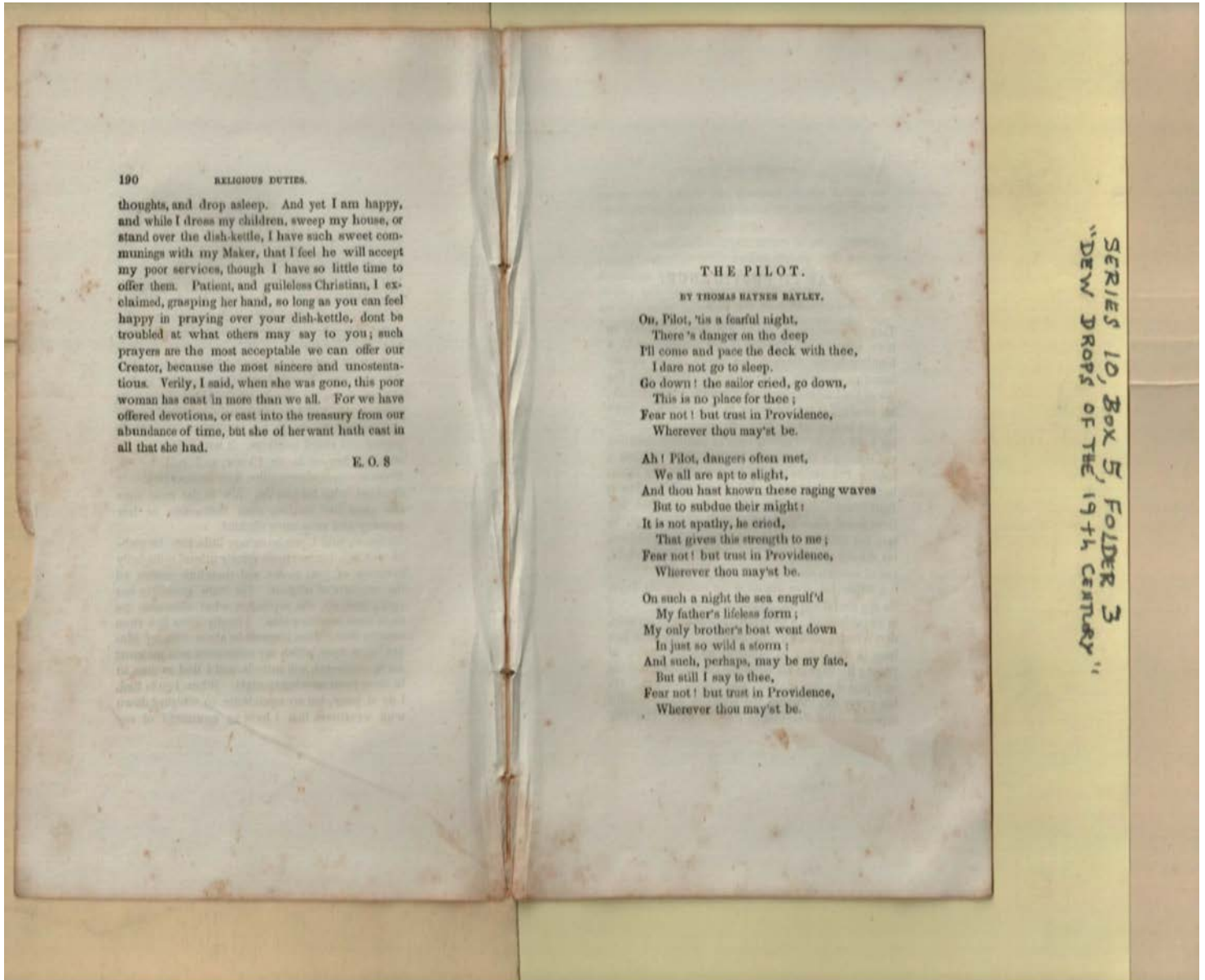
RELIGIOUS DUTIES.

189

strong desire to obey the injunctions of *Him*, who was meek and lowly in heart, and who said, "if ye love me keep my commandments." Nothing could exceed the cheerfulness and patience with which her laborious duties were performed. She appeared half of each Sabbath in her customary seat, and it was always gratifying to witness her humble and devout aspect. One day, said the minister, she called at my house apparently more dejected than I had ever seen her.

She had called to tell me her little trials, and to ask my counsel and instruction, relative to her obligations to her own family and the church. It seemed she had been frequently reproved by the members of the church for non-attendance at their private and stated meetings. It was utterly impossible for her to do so, I knew, and told her so. Every moment of exemption from severer labor was occupied with her needle, while at the same time she gave her children such instruction as her capacity and conscience dictated.

I know, said I, you have very little time for public worship, but you undoubtedly attend to the daily exercises of your closet, and therefore receive all the comforts of religion. The tears gushed to her eyes; that, sir, she replied, is what distresses me more than anything else. I hardly ever find time even for that—when I would be alone with my Maker, some duty, which my conscience tells me must not be neglected, will intrude, and I find no time to be alone from morning to night. When I go to bed, I try to pray, but my eyelids are so weighed down with weariness, that I have no command of my



Names:

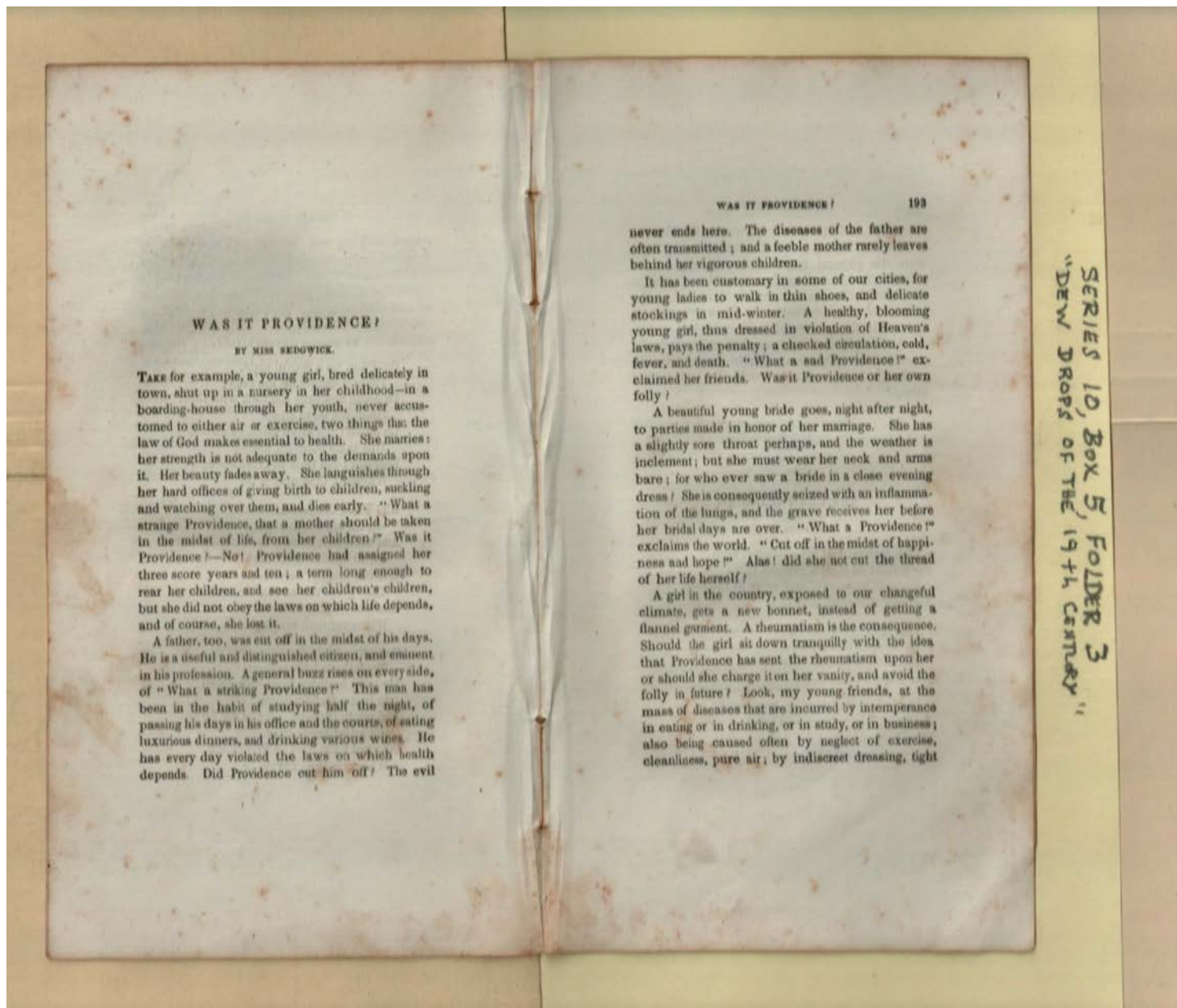
Bayley, Thomas
Haynes

The Pilot

Types:

book

poem



Names:

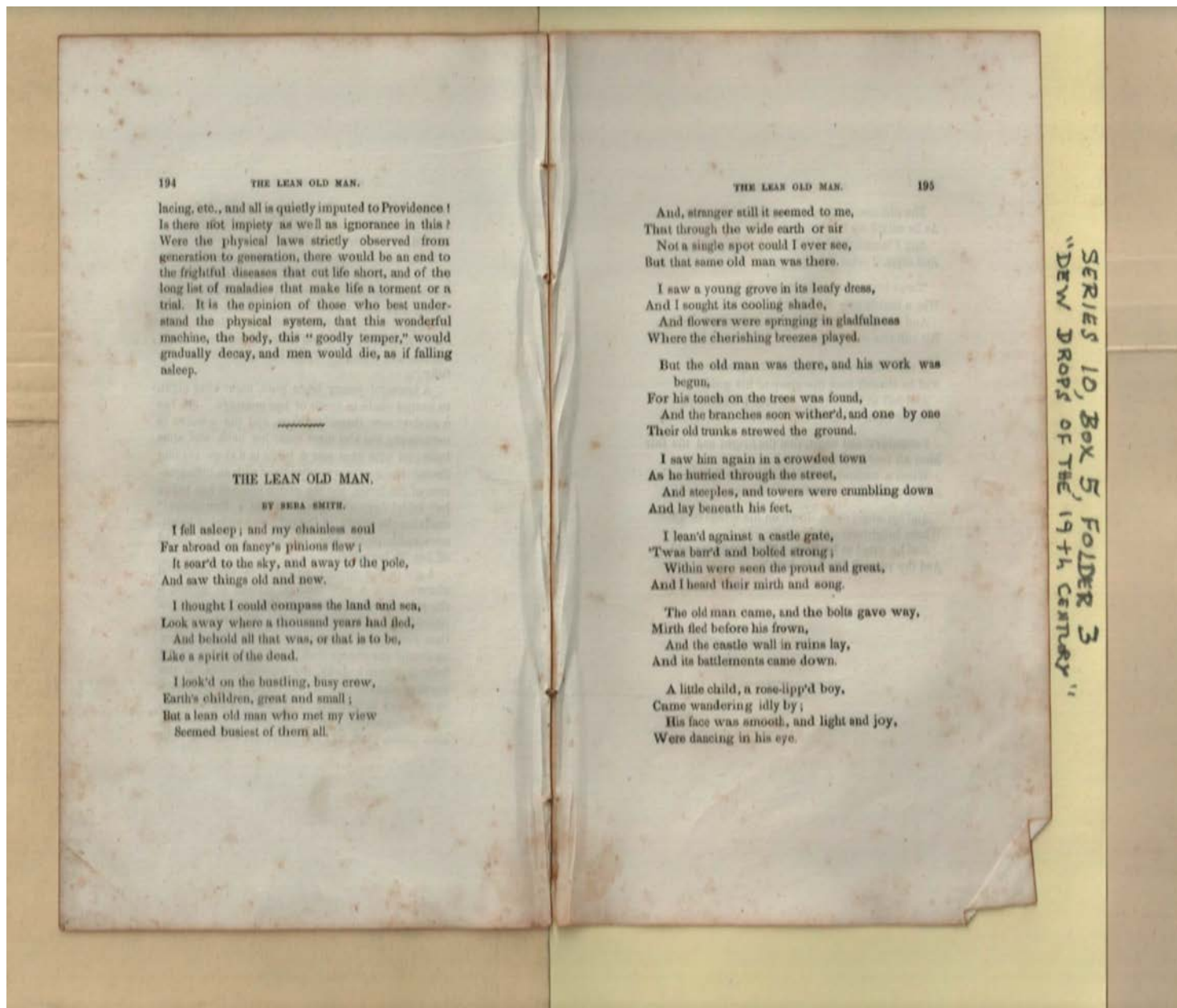
Sedgwick, Miss

Was It Providence?

Types:

book

narrative



Names:

Smith, Seba

The Lean Old Man

Types:

book

poem

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 125 r10_05-03-000-0124 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

196

THE LEAN OLD MAN.

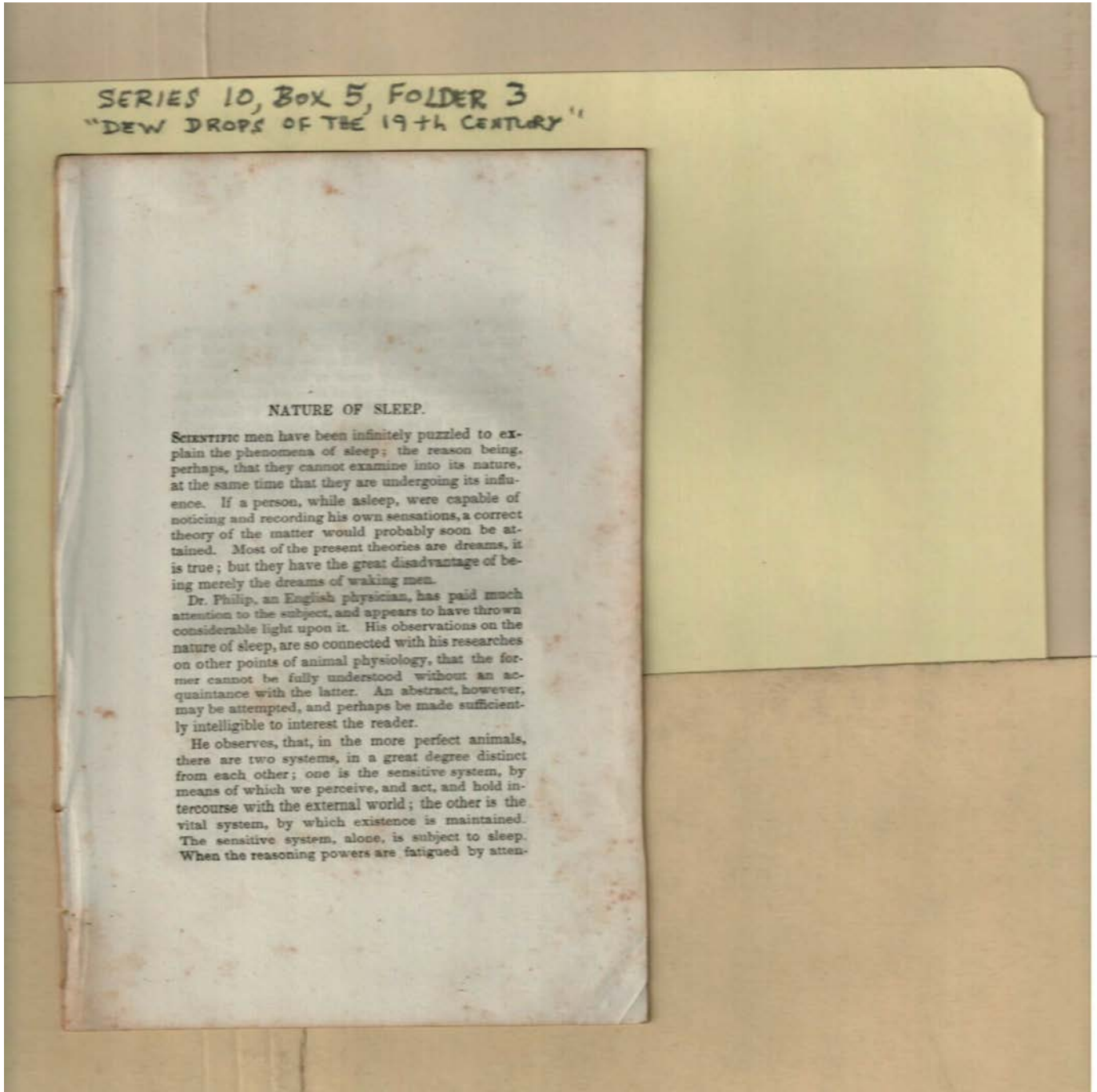
The old man's grasp was quick and strong,
As he seiz'd his hand and flew;
And I watch'd them all their journey long,
And mark'd what changes grew.

'Twas but a moment ere that child
Was a feeble grey old man;
And his guide look'd on him and grimly smil'd,
But still the couple ran.

A moment more, and his limbs grew cold,
And he shrunk from the grasp of his guide,
And fell at his feet, for his sands were told,
And the light in his eye had died.

I wonder'd and wept, that the bright and the fair
Must all feel his deadly sway—
When a trumpet sounded through the air,
And the sky like a scroll roll'd away.

And an angel came down on his wings of gold,
Whose brightness outshone the sun,
And he cried as he flew, "Thy sands are told,
And thy race, O Time, is done."



Names:

Nature of Sleep

Types:

narrative

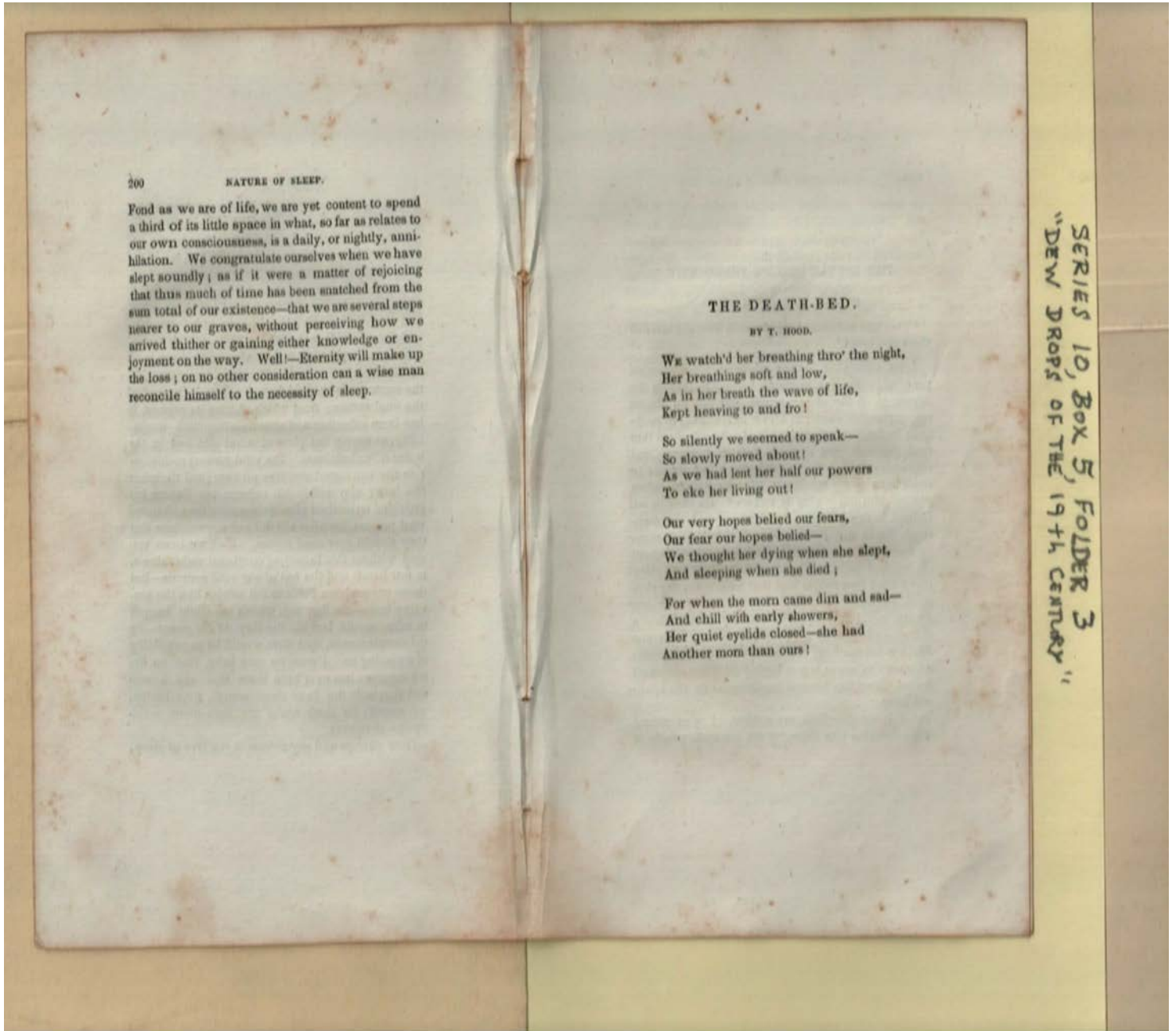
tion, the feelings by indulgence of passion, the eye by objects of sight, the ear by sounds, and the muscles of voluntary motion by powerful and repeated exercises, they cease to be excited by ordinary stimulants; and, unless stronger stimulants are applied, they fall into a state of rest. This is sleep; and during its continuance, the excitability, which had been previously exhausted, is restored, and the nerves can again be acted upon by the usual stimulants. It is a law of the sensitive system, that it is subject to be thus alternately excited and exhausted; and unless the exhaustion is excessive, it does not interfere with health, but is entirely in the natural course of things. But that sleep alone is healthy, which is easily broken. If from fatigue, or any other cause, it be unusually profound, such sleep partakes of disease; because then the vital system though it does not sleep, is affected by the torpor of the sensitive system. Thus, in very profound sleep, the movements of the respiratory organs are sluggish, and the blood, in consequence, is less frequently renovated at the lungs, and therefore acts with diminished power in keeping up the motion of the heart.

As we have stated, it is the nature of the sensitive system to be alternately excited and exhausted. Now, there is this great difference between it and the vital system, that the latter is continually excited, but never, in its natural and healthy state, undergoes exhaustion, or needs repose in order to fit it for the performance of its duties. It is continually at work, from the first moment of our lives till the last, and is never tired; or if it be so, its

weariness is the symptom of disease; it does not resemble the healthy exhaustion of the sensitive system, but manifests itself in debility, whence the sufferer very slowly recovers, if at all. The heart belongs to the vital system; it is continually in a state of excitement and action, and is never weary of throbbing; it works for a whole lifetime together, and never sleeps till it has done its task. Its sleep—the sleep of the vital system—is death; for when it has once fairly sunk under exhaustion, there is no possibility of arousing it. The sensitive system, on the contrary, is aroused from its sleep by means of the vital system; from which, during its repose, it has been collecting and accumulating fresh excitability, to supply the place of what was lost in the hours of wakefulness. The vital powers re-invigorate the exhausted sensitive powers; and therefore the latter may safely fall asleep; but Nature has provided no method of re-invigorating the exhausted vital powers, because she did not contemplate that they should ever need repose. Had we been created without this faculty of continual wakefulness, in our hearts and the rest of our vital systems—had these organs been liable to fall asleep, like the sensitive ones—the first nap, which we might happen to take, would last till the day of Judgment—for the simple reason, that there would be no possibility of awaking us. Hence we may infer, that no living creature has ever been more than half asleep; and that only the dead sleep sound, their bodies, we mean; for their spirits are then more wide-awake than ever.

How strange and mysterious is our love of sleep!

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"



Names:

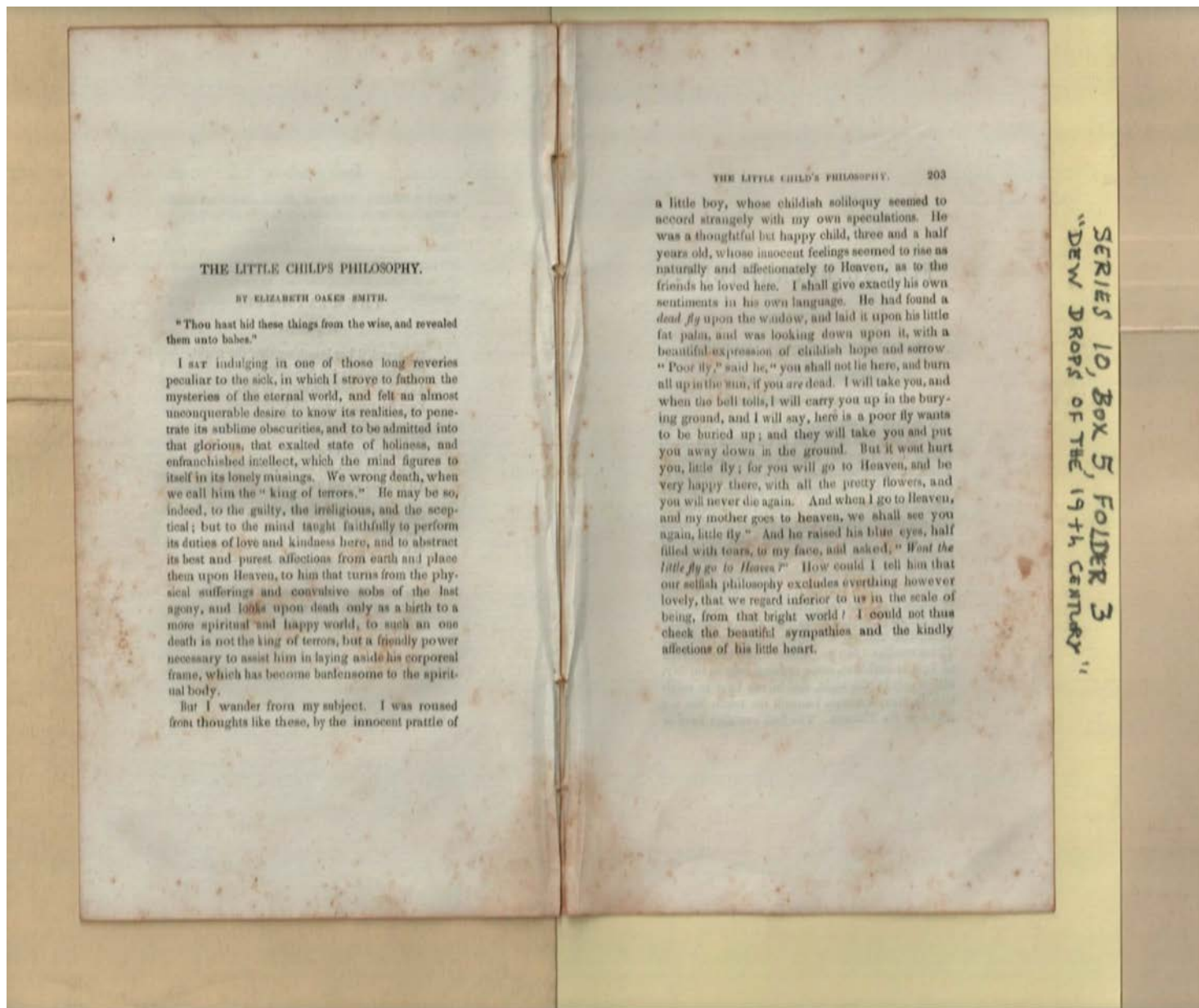
Hood, T.

The Death Bed

Types:

book

poem



Names:

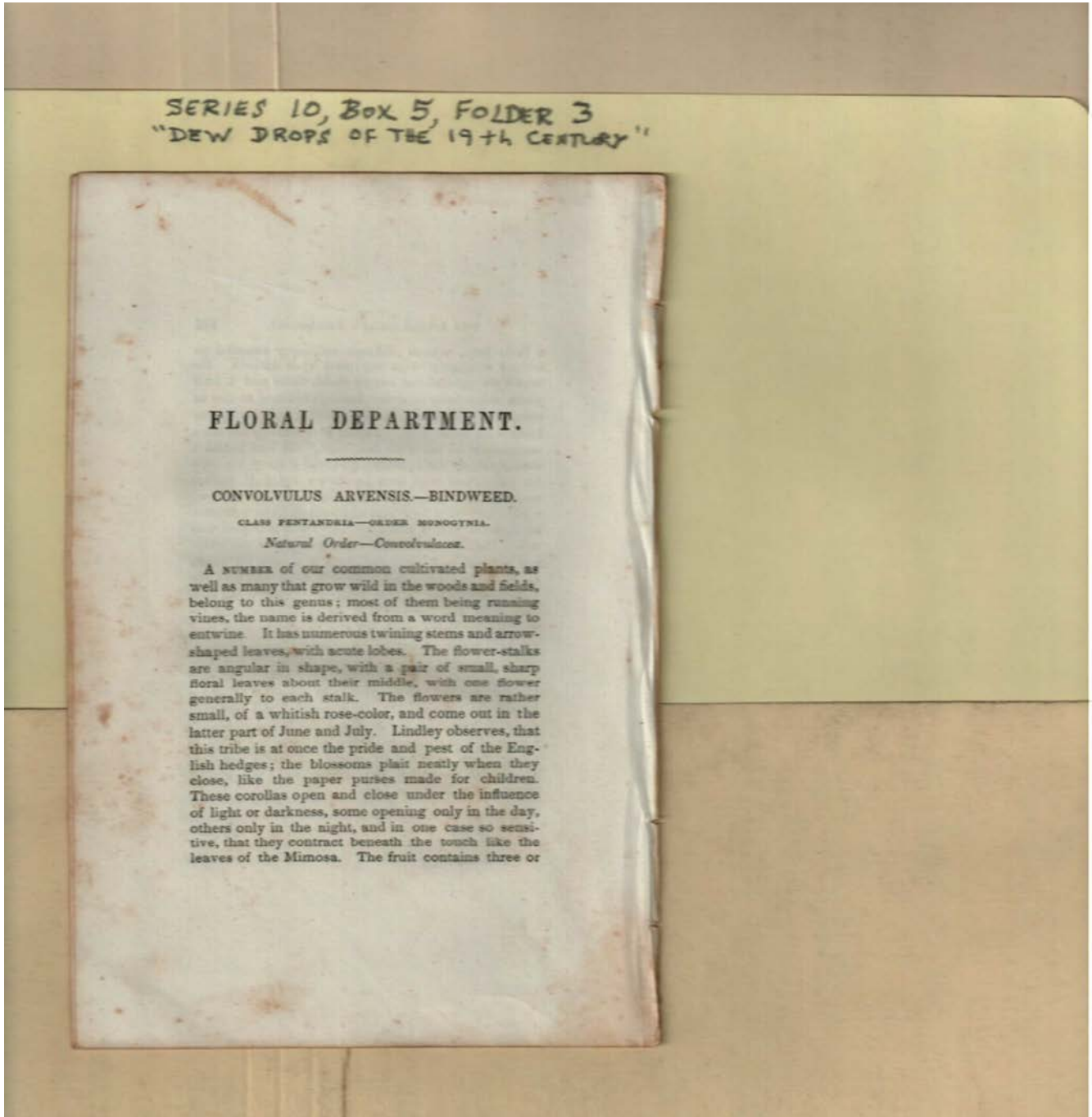
Smith, Elizabeth
Oakes

The Little Child's
Philosophy

Types:

book

narrative



Names:
Floral Department

Types:
narrative

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

FLORAL DEPARTMENT. 205

four cells, and a very small number of seeds, the embryo of which is doubled up in the most curious way, just as if there were not room enough within the seed for it to grow. The roots of many of them are large and fleshy; they possess powerful medicinal properties, and are fit for food only in the case of the Sweet Potato, which was so much esteemed before the common Potato displaced it in Europe. Though this plant has an agreeable odor, it represents to us, says Lacot, an obstinate person who persists in his opinion, and who will not yield what is required of him; from this it is pronounced the emblem of OBSTINACY.

PRUNUS SPINOSA—BLACKTHORN.

CLASS ICOSANDRIA—ORDER MONOGYNIA.

Natural Order—Rosaceæ.

THIS is an ornamental shrub, bearing a white flower in March and April, very common in the hedges of Britain. The flower-stalks are solitary; the leaves of an oval lance-shape, downy underneath. The branches are covered with spines. It has been well observed that this species of Plum tree, from its color, and from the innumerable thorns which it possesses, has been made the emblem of DIFFICULTY. In France, they have a proverb to convey the idea of a difficulty which compares it to a bundle of thorns. This tree came originally from

Asia, and is without doubt the parent of all the European Plum trees. In our own country, some of the species have been found growing wild, so that we need not search authorities to determine whence we received them. Many of the plants in the natural order to which this belongs, so far from being wholesome, are, in many cases, highly poisonous; but Nature has amply provided against the ill effects of such, by rendering the presence of their poisonous properties instantly perceptible by an intensity of flavor that cannot be mistaken; but some condemn the whole on account of a few, and pronounce even the dried leaves of this plant dangerous; but it is not probable that the green leaves would produce any seriously bad effect, and it is certain they would lose what little poison they may have possessed when green, because the prussic acid principle (their peculiar poison) is so volatile as to be immediately dispersed by the mere exposure of the leaves to heat. Dried plums are called Prunes.

SOLANUM DULCAMARA—BITTER-SWEET
NIGHTSHADE.

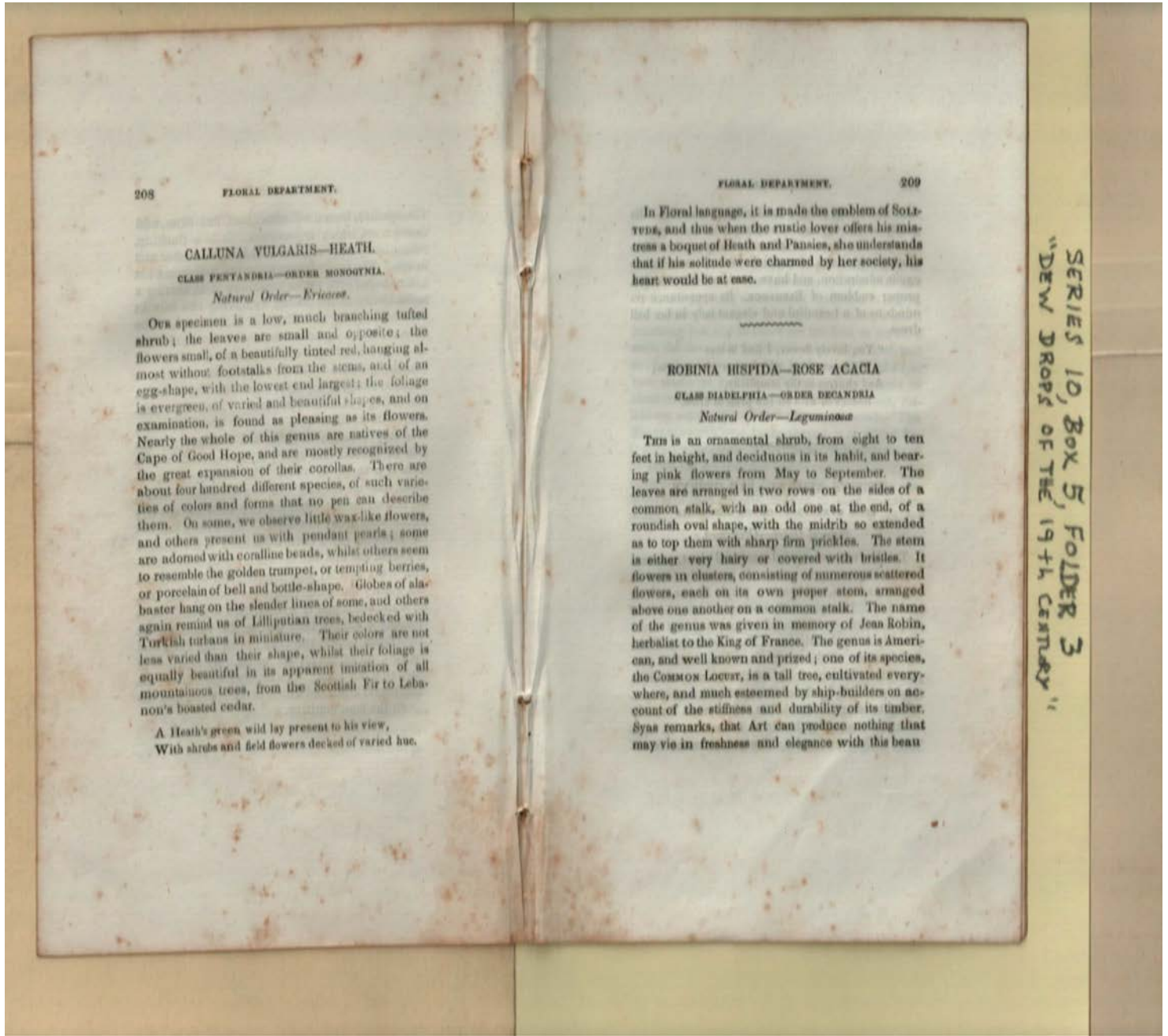
CLASS PENTANDRIA—ORDEN MONOGYNIA.

Natural Order—*Solanaceae*.

THE ERME of the genus to which this plant belongs is derived from *solor*, to comfort, because some of its species give ease by their narcotic qualities.

The specific, from the double taste, first bitter, and then sweet, which it possesses. It is a climbing, poisonous plant, common in hedges, on bushes and fences. The lower leaves are entire, and somewhat heart-shaped; the upper ones more oval, bearing a resemblance to the lower, by having two ears at their base, giving a halberd-like appearance. The flowers, which come out in July, droop in clusters on the sides and ends of the stem, on spreading and branching stalks. The blossom-leaves are five in number, sharp, of a purple color, and turned back, presenting a curious appearance. The anthers converge into a yellow tube projecting from the flower. It is very common in depressed locations, by the side of brooks, and nearly all low grounds where there is a supply of water. The fruit ripens in autumn, and the red and tempting appearance which the berries present often proves a fatal and always troublesome decoy to children. Tyas remarks, that the moderns say Taura hides itself at the bottom of a well, and that she always mingles some bitterness with sweets; and appoints for her emblem this showy but dangerous and useless plant, that loves the shade and is ever clothed in green. It is certainly a curious fact, that to the family of the Nightshade belong the Love Apple, Egg Plant and Tomato, all of which are notoriously injurious if eaten in a raw state. The Deadly Nightshade is the most useful medicinal article of the species, and the Potato the most nutritive.

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"



CALLUNA VULGARIS—HEATH.

CLASS PENTANDRIA—ORDER MONOGYNIA.

Natural Order—Ericaceae.

Our specimen is a low, much branching tufted shrub; the leaves are small and opposite; the flowers small, of a beautifully tinted red, hanging almost without footstalks from the stems, and of an egg-shape, with the lowest end largest; the foliage is evergreen, of varied and beautiful shapes, and on examination, is found as pleasing as its flowers. Nearly the whole of this genus are natives of the Cape of Good Hope, and are mostly recognized by the great expansion of their corollas. There are about four hundred different species, of such varieties of colors and forms that no pen can describe them. On some, we observe little wax-like flowers, and others present us with pendant pearls; some are adorned with coralline beads, whilst others seem to resemble the golden trumpet, or tempting berries, or porcelain of bell and bottle-shape. Globes of alabaster hang on the slender lines of some, and others again remind us of Lilliputian trees, bedecked with Turkish turbans in miniature. Their colors are not less varied than their shape, whilst their foliage is equally beautiful in its apparent imitation of all mountainous trees, from the Scottish Fir to Lebanon's boasted cedar.

A Heath's green wild lay present to his view,
With shrubs and field flowers decked of varied hue.

In Floral language, it is made the emblem of Solitude, and thus when the rustic lover offers his mistress a bouquet of Heath and Pansies, she understands that if his solitude were charmed by her society, his heart would be at ease.

ROBINIA HISPIDA—ROSE ACACIA

CLASS DIADELPHIA—ORDER DECANDRIA

Natural Order—Leguminosae

This is an ornamental shrub, from eight to ten feet in height, and deciduous in its habit, and bearing pink flowers from May to September. The leaves are arranged in two rows on the sides of a common stalk, with an odd one at the end, of a roundish oval shape, with the midrib so extended as to top them with sharp firm prickles. The stem is either very hairy or covered with bristles. It flowers in clusters, consisting of numerous scattered flowers, each on its own proper stem, arranged above one another on a common stalk. The name of the genus was given in memory of Jean Robin, herbalist to the King of France. The genus is American, and well known and prized; one of its species, the Common Locust, is a tall tree, cultivated everywhere, and much esteemed by ship-builders on account of the stiffness and durability of its timber. Syas remarks, that Art can produce nothing that may vie in freshness and elegance with this beau-

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

tiful flowering shrub; its inclining branches—the gaiety of its verdure—its clusters of rose-colored flowers, like bows of ribands hung on branches clothed with hairs of reddish brown, never fail to excite admiration, and have combined to render it a proper emblem of ELEGANCE. Its appearance reminds us of a beautiful and elegant lady in her ball dress.

"Yes, lovely flower, I find in thee
Wild sweetness, which so words express;
And charms in thy simplicity,
Bedecked with all the pride of dress."

OPHRYS APIFERA—BEE OPHRYS.

CLASS GYNANDRIA—ORDER MONANDRIA

Natural Order—Orchidaceae.

This is a tuberous-rooted perennial plant, presenting an elegant appearance. It is mostly found in chalky pastures, and bears a purple flower in June and July. The plate will convey a better idea of this singular production of nature than we could possibly do by description. The Persians and Turks call the roots of this plant *Sator*, and with it prepare their favorite drink of that name, which is made palatable by the addition of milk and ginger, which beverage is drank hot; there were formerly rooms for the sale of this drink in London, as there were in Constantinople. The generic name is de-

rived from a Greek word, meaning the eyebrow, one species having been anciently used either to blacken the eyebrows or make them grow. There has been no instance known of its being found in tropical countries. The flowering spike is thick and short, and generally about six or ten inches in height. The flowers resemble, in shape and color, a small humming bee, and as there are but five or six on a stem, the deception is considerably heightened, and so often has it been mistaken for that insect, that it has been made the emblem of *ESOPUS*. It continues in blossom a considerable time before it withers, unless too much exposed to the sun or the winds. The leaves are small, oval, lance-shaped, with a peculiarly silvery appearance underneath. The seeds should be sown on a rich damp bed of mould, and slightly covered with decayed leaves. In three years the bulbs will have strength enough to send up flower stalks.

IRIS GERMANICA—GERMAN IRIS.

CLASS TRIANDRIA—ORDER MONOGYNIA.

Natural Order—Iridaceae.

This is an ornamental deciduous perennial plant, displaying its rich blue flowers in May and June. The stem is many flowered, longer than the leaves, lower flowers stalked; spathes or sheaths colored. We are told that the ancients named this plant after

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

plants, the new seeds seldom produce double flowers, and it is consequently recommended to keep it eight or nine years. The seeds should be sown in a thin loamy soil, sparsely scattered in pots in April, and placed in a hot-bed, and when five inches high put in pots, gradually changing as they enlarge.

~~~~~  
DODECATEON MEADIA—AMERICAN  
COWSLIP.

CLASS PENTANDRIA—ORDER MONOCOTYLA.

Natural Order—*Primulacea*.

This is an ornamental perennial, bearing light purple flowers in May and June. The leaves spring from the root, and lie flat on the ground. The scape bears at the top an umbel of many drooping flowers. This was first found in the Alleghany Mountains, and subsequently discovered to be quite common in the colder parts of North America. It was first called Meadia, from a physician of that name in London, a name which many have regretted Linnaeus thought necessary to change, since the one he bestowed upon it is much too extravagant for so humble and modest a plant. Dodocatheon being derived from the Greeks, meaning twelve gods; and the only cause he could give for selecting so whimsical a name was from observation that each of these plants generally produced twelve corollas. It flowers about the end of April or beginning of May;

the stalk, after rising up to about eight inches in height, as Phillips prettily describes it, throws out an umbel of flowers gracefully pendant, as rockets appear when thrown out of an elevated piece of firework. The petals are of a rosy-lilac, inclining to the peach or almond blossom; and they are reflexed, or turn back over the calyx, giving the appearance of a half-expanded parasol, which resemblance is considerably heightened by the long tapering parts of fructification and the golden color of the anthers. It should be planted in a shady situation, where the earth is of a loose, moist nature; but its beautiful delicacy and graceful formation make it deserving a situation even amongst those plants that are potted for the house. It emblemises, in Floral language, YOU ARE MY DIVINITY.

~~~~~  
FLOWERS.

Phillips tells us, that in Eastern nations, flowers and perfumes have been considered as one of the indispensable enjoyments of the higher classes of society from the remotest antiquity. They soon began to consider flowers as forming a very essential article in their festal preparations; and at their desserts, the number of flowers far exceeded that of the fruits. Their odor was thought to arouse the fainting appetite, and they certainly must have added an ethereal enjoyment to the grossest pleasures of

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 136 r10_05-03-000-0135 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

216

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

the banqueting boards; it was even thought by them that plants and flowers facilitated the functions of the brain, and even warriors did not hesitate to crown their brows with flowers during the principal repast. The most celebrated Parisian milliner is not more eagerly sought after in modern times than the platter of garlands was in the days of antiquity. They formed, also, a principal feature in the symbolical language, which is the most ancient as well as the most natural of all written languages. To those who would wish to find these emblems, and pursue the subject of POPULAR BOTANY more fully, we would recommend the perusal of the illustrated work on that subject we are now engaged in editing. Strictly in the path of science, it is written in a pleasing style, and as much as possible cleared of technicality; directions for cultivating plants, their history, medicinal and chemical properties, with rules for laying out flower gardens, and everything else relating to the subject, are fully given; and thus far the public have given sterling proofs of their appreciation of the ILLUSTRATED BOTANY.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
 Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
 Image 137 r10_05-03-000-0138 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
 "DEW DROPS OF THE 19TH CENTURY"

FirstSearch: Libraries that Own Item Page 1 of 2

OC LC FirstSearch University of Alabama - Huntsville **UAH**
 | Ask a Librarian!

Libraries that Own Item

• This screen shows libraries that own the item you selected.

Home Databases Searching Results Resource Sharing Staff View | My Account | Options | Comments | Exit | Hide Top

List of Records Detailed Record Marked Records Saved Records Go to page

Current database: WorldCat Total Libraries: 22

Title: Dew-drops of the nineteenth century : gathered and preserved in their brightness and purity
Author: Smith, Seba **Accession Number:** 7472886

Libraries with Item: "Dew-drops of the nineteen..." (Record for Item | Get This Item)

Location	Library	Local Holdings	Code
US,CA	UNIV OF CALIFORNIA, BANCROFT LIBR, ARL		RQE
US,CA	UNIV OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY		CUY
US,CA	WHITTIER COL		CWC
US,CT	YALE UNIV LIBR		YUS
US,DE	UNIV OF DELAWARE		DLM
US,IL	NEWBERRY LIBR		IBV
US,MA	WILLIAMS COL		WCM
US,ME	BOWDOIN COL		BBH
US,ME	MAINE STATE LIBR		MEA
US,MO	WASHINGTON UNIV		WTU
US,NC	DUKE UNIV LIBR		NDD
US,NC	UNIV OF N CAROLINA, CHAPEL HILL		NOC
US,NY	COLUMBIA UNIV		ZCU
US,NY	CORNELL UNIV		COO
US,NY	NEW YORK HIST SOC ARCH		NHL
US,NY	NEW YORK PUB LIBR RES LIBR		NYP
US,OH	OHIO STATE UNIV, THE	Local holdings availa...	OSU
US,OH	UNIV OF AKRON		AKR
US,PA	PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIV		UPM
US,RI	BROWN UNIV		RBN
US,VA	UNIV OF VIRGINIA		VA@
US,WI	UNIV OF WISCONSIN, MADISON, GEN LIBR SYS		GZM

Record for Item: "Dew-drops of the nineteen..." (Libraries with Item)

<http://libsys.uah.edu:2051/WebZ/FSFETCH?fetchtype=holdings:entityholdingsortpage=normal:h...> 2/27/2007

Names:

Library Search -
 Dew-Drops

Places:

Huntsville, AL

Types:

document

Dates:

Feb 27, 2007

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
Image 138 r10_05-03-000-0139 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

SERIES 10, BOX 5, FOLDER 3
"DEW DROPS OF THE 19th CENTURY"

FirstSearch: Libraries that Own Item Page 2 of 2

GET THIS ITEM

Availability: Check the catalogs in your library.

- Libraries worldwide that own item: 22
- This item MAY be available through the UAH library. [Click to find out.](#)

FIND RELATED

More Like This: Search for versions with same title and author | [Advanced options...](#)

Find Items About: Smith, Seba, (max: 21)

Title: Dew-drops of the nineteenth century : gathered and preserved in their brightness and purity /

Author(s): Smith, Seba, 1792-1868.

Publication: New York : J.K. Wellman,

Year: 1846, ©1845

Description: 203 p. ; 19 cm.

Language: English

SUBJECT(S)

Descriptor: Gift books.

Class Descriptors: LC: AY11

Responsibility: by Seba Smith.

Material Type: Fiction (fic)

Document Type: Book

Entry: 19810603

Update: 20030730

Accession No: OCLC: 7472886

Database: WorldCat

Current database: **WorldCat** Total Libraries: 22

E-mail

English | Español | Français | [Comments](#) | [Exit](#) | [Options](#)

© 1992-2007 OCLC
[Terms & Conditions](#)

<http://libsys.uah.edu:2051/WebZ/FSFETCH?fetchtype=holdings:entityholdingsortpage=normal:h...> 2/27/2007

Names:

Library Search -
Dew-Drops

Places:

Huntsville, AL

Types:

document

Dates:

Feb 27, 2007

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846

[Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

Table of Contents

Image 1 (r10_05-03-000-0001)	Image 37 (r10_05-03-000-0037)	Image 73 (r10_05-03-000-0072)	Image 109 (r10_05-03-000-0108)
Image 2 (r10_05-03-000-0002)	Image 38 (r10_05-03-000-0038)	Image 74 (r10_05-03-000-0073)	Image 110 (r10_05-03-000-0109)
Image 3 (r10_05-03-000-0003)	Image 39 (r10_05-03-000-0039)	Image 75 (r10_05-03-000-0074)	Image 111 (r10_05-03-000-0110)
Image 4 (r10_05-03-000-0004)	Image 40 (r10_05-03-000-0040)	Image 76 (r10_05-03-000-0075)	Image 112 (r10_05-03-000-0111)
Image 5 (r10_05-03-000-0005)	Image 41 (r10_05-03-000-0041)	Image 77 (r10_05-03-000-0076)	Image 113 (r10_05-03-000-0112)
Image 6 (r10_05-03-000-0006)	Image 42 (r10_05-03-000-0042)	Image 78 (r10_05-03-000-0077)	Image 114 (r10_05-03-000-0113)
Image 7 (r10_05-03-000-0007)	Image 43 (r10_05-03-000-0043)	Image 79 (r10_05-03-000-0078)	Image 115 (r10_05-03-000-0114)
Image 8 (r10_05-03-000-0008)	Image 44 (r10_05-03-000-0044)	Image 80 (r10_05-03-000-0079)	Image 116 (r10_05-03-000-0115)
Image 9 (r10_05-03-000-0009)	Image 45 (r10_05-03-000-0045)	Image 81 (r10_05-03-000-0080)	Image 117 (r10_05-03-000-0116)
Image 10 (r10_05-03-000-0010)	Image 46 (r10_05-03-000-0046)	Image 82 (r10_05-03-000-0081)	Image 118 (r10_05-03-000-0117)
Image 11 (r10_05-03-000-0011)	Image 47 (r10_05-03-000-0047)	Image 83 (r10_05-03-000-0082)	Image 119 (r10_05-03-000-0118)
Image 12 (r10_05-03-000-0012)	Image 48 (r10_05-03-000-0048)	Image 84 (r10_05-03-000-0083)	Image 120 (r10_05-03-000-0119)
Image 13 (r10_05-03-000-0013)	Image 49 (r10_05-03-000-0049)	Image 85 (r10_05-03-000-0084)	Image 121 (r10_05-03-000-0120)
Image 14 (r10_05-03-000-0014)	Image 50 (r10_05-03-000-0050)	Image 86 (r10_05-03-000-0085)	Image 122 (r10_05-03-000-0121)
Image 15 (r10_05-03-000-0015)	Image 51 (r10_05-03-000-0051)	Image 87 (r10_05-03-000-0086)	Image 123 (r10_05-03-000-0122)
Image 16 (r10_05-03-000-0016)	Image 52 (r10_05-03-000-0052)	Image 88 (r10_05-03-000-0087)	Image 124 (r10_05-03-000-0123)
Image 17 (r10_05-03-000-0017)	Image 53 (r10_05-03-000-0053)	Image 89 (r10_05-03-000-0088)	Image 125 (r10_05-03-000-0124)
Image 18 (r10_05-03-000-0018)	Image 54 (r10_05-03-000-0054)	Image 90 (r10_05-03-000-0089)	Image 126 (r10_05-03-000-0125)
Image 19 (r10_05-03-000-0019)	Image 55 (r10_05-03-000-0055)	Image 91 (r10_05-03-000-0090)	Image 127 (r10_05-03-000-0126)
Image 20 (r10_05-03-000-0020)	Image 56 (r10_05-03-000-0056)	Image 92 (r10_05-03-000-0091)	Image 128 (r10_05-03-000-0127)
Image 21 (r10_05-03-000-0021)	Image 57 (r10_05-03-000-0057)	Image 93 (r10_05-03-000-0092)	Image 129 (r10_05-03-000-0128)
Image 22 (r10_05-03-000-0022)	Image 58 (r10_05-03-000-0058)	Image 94 (r10_05-03-000-0093)	Image 130 (r10_05-03-000-0129)
Image 23 (r10_05-03-000-0023)	Image 59 (r10_05-03-000-0059)	Image 95 (r10_05-03-000-0094)	Image 131 (r10_05-03-000-0130)
Image 24 (r10_05-03-000-0024)	Image 60 (r10_05-03-000-0060)	Image 96 (r10_05-03-000-0095)	Image 132 (r10_05-03-000-0131)
Image 25 (r10_05-03-000-0025)	Image 61 (r10_05-03-000-0061)	Image 97 (r10_05-03-000-0096)	Image 133 (r10_05-03-000-0132)
Image 26 (r10_05-03-000-0026)	Image 62 (r10_05-03-000-0061a)	Image 98 (r10_05-03-000-0097)	Image 134 (r10_05-03-000-0133)
Image 27 (r10_05-03-000-0027)	Image 63 (r10_05-03-000-0062)	Image 99 (r10_05-03-000-0098)	Image 135 (r10_05-03-000-0134)
Image 28 (r10_05-03-000-0028)	Image 64 (r10_05-03-000-0063)	Image 100 (r10_05-03-000-0099)	Image 136 (r10_05-03-000-0135)
Image 29 (r10_05-03-000-0029)	Image 65 (r10_05-03-000-0064)	Image 101 (r10_05-03-000-0100)	Image 137 (r10_05-03-000-0138)
Image 30 (r10_05-03-000-0030)	Image 66 (r10_05-03-000-0065)	Image 102 (r10_05-03-000-0101)	Image 138 (r10_05-03-000-0139)
Image 31 (r10_05-03-000-0031)	Image 67 (r10_05-03-000-0066)	Image 103 (r10_05-03-000-0102)	Table of Contents
Image 32 (r10_05-03-000-0032)	Image 68 (r10_05-03-000-0067)	Image 104 (r10_05-03-000-0103)	Name & Place Index
Image 33 (r10_05-03-000-0033)	Image 69 (r10_05-03-000-0068)	Image 105 (r10_05-03-000-0104)	About the Collection
Image 34 (r10_05-03-000-0034)	Image 70 (r10_05-03-000-0069)	Image 106 (r10_05-03-000-0105)	
Image 35 (r10_05-03-000-0035)	Image 71 (r10_05-03-000-0070)	Image 107 (r10_05-03-000-0106)	
Image 36 (r10_05-03-000-0036)	Image 72 (r10_05-03-000-0071)	Image 108 (r10_05-03-000-0107)	

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 5, Folder 3
Smith, Seba, "Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century" belong to Cabaniss, Fannie, 1846
[Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

Name & Place Index

A Psalm of Life [84](#)
A Romance of Real Life [111](#)
American Cowslip [11](#)
Astonishing Accuracy of the Bible [113](#)
Bayley, Thomas Haynes [122](#)
Bee Ophrys [15](#)
Bitter sweet Nightshade [17](#)
Blackthorn [15](#)
Blackwood, Price, Mrs. [59](#)
Bryant, W. C. [118](#)
Cabaniss, Fannie, Miss [2](#), [3](#)
Cabaniss, V. A., Mrs. [2](#), [3](#)
Child, M. L., Mrs. [111](#)
Childhood and His Visitors [114](#)
Contents, Dew-Drops [8](#), [9](#)
Dew-Drops - missing pages [2](#)
Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century [4](#)
Dew-Drops [1](#), [9](#)
Floral Department [130](#)
German Iris [13](#)
Harrington, H. F. [70](#)
Hood, T. [128](#)
Hunt, Leigh [47](#)
Huntsville, AL [2](#), [3](#), [137](#), [138](#)
Kotzebue, [26](#)
Lament of the Irish Emigrant [59](#)
Library Search - Dew-Drops [137](#), [138](#)
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth [21](#), [84](#)
Love Thy Neighbor As Thyself [47](#)
Lunt, George [34](#)
marginal note [62](#)
Montgomery, James [9](#)
Nature of Sleep [126](#)
New York, NY [4](#), [5](#), [6](#), [8](#), [9](#)
Newman, John B., M.D. [4](#)
Pilgrim's Progress [116](#)
Preface, Dew-Drops [6](#)
Religious Duties - The Poor Woman [120](#)
Remarkable Instance of Memory [37](#)
Rose Acacea [13](#)
Sedgwick, Miss [123](#)
Smith, Elizabeth Oakes [25](#), [41](#), [96](#), [129](#)
Smith, Seba [4](#), [25](#), [40](#), [101](#), [124](#)
Squando, The Indian Sachem [101](#)
St. Paul and Thecla [61](#), [62](#), [63](#)
The Acorn [96](#)
The Beleaguered City [21](#)
The Brown Mug [18](#)
The Death Bed [128](#)
The Field of the World [9](#)
The Freshet [70](#)
The Lean Old Man [124](#)
The Little Child's Philosophy [129](#)
The Little Shroud [112](#)
The Maiden's Prayer [110](#)
The Old World [34](#)
The Pilot [122](#)
The Pool of Bethesda [40](#)
The Poor Girl and the Angels [86](#)
The Rich Merchant [22](#)
The Two Sisters [26](#)
The Water [25](#)
The Wife [47](#)
The Witch of Endor [41](#)
To William [118](#)
Was It Providence? [123](#)
Wellman, J. K. [5](#)
Wells, Lucy K., Mrs. [47](#)
Whittier, John Greenleaf [110](#)

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection

Preferred Citation: Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection, Archives and Special Collections, M. Louis Salmon Library, University of Alabama in Huntsville, Huntsville, AL.

Collection Scope and Content: The Collection of 114 Linear ft. includes a total of 156 Archival Boxes. The Frances Cabaniss Roberts collection covers the historical records of the Cabaniss Roberts family. This collection contains extensive correspondence records of the Cabaniss Roberts family circa 1830 to 1930.

Archives/Special Collections Access Restrictions: None

Conditions Governing Use: This material may be protected under U. S. Copyright Law (Title 17, U.S. Code) which governs the making of photocopies or reproductions of copyrighted materials. You may use the digitized material for private study, scholarship, or research. Though the University of Alabama in Huntsville Archives and Special Collections has physical ownership of the material in its collections, in some cases we may not own the copyright to the material. It is the patron's obligation to determine and satisfy copyright restrictions when publishing or otherwise distributing materials found in our collections.

Provenance: Gift of Johanna Shields on October 28, 2006.



THE UNIVERSITY OF
ALABAMA IN HUNTSVILLE

**The UAH Archives and Special Collections
M. Louis Salmon Library**