

**THE GUARDIAN  
ANGEL; AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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The Guardian Angel; And Other Poems by Caroline M. Congdon

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GUARDIAN ANGEL;

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BY

33  
CAROLINE M. CONGDON.



AUBURN:  
WILLIAM J. MOSES.  
1856

## Preface.

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I scarcely know how I have been prevailed upon to submit my unskilled productions to the eye of the public. But so it is; and although I am well aware, that my attempts at verse are weak and imperfect, I have some hope, that the knowledge of my slight age and helpless condition, will not be entirely powerless to shield me from criticism.

Begging the Critic, therefore, to spare my little book, and the tender-hearted Reader to drop a tear of sympathy for its afflicted Authoress, I close, by acknowledging my indebtedness to friends for preparing my manuscript for the Press: I could not do it myself, as I was obliged to write with a pencil.

C. M. C.



## Sketch of the Authoress.

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CAROLINE M. CONGDON, the writer of the following pages, is the youngest daughter of a poor widowed mother, who resides in Amber, in Otisco, Onondaga County, N. Y.

Being left fatherless while quite young, the care of her childhood devolved exclusively upon that maternal hand, which has labored, with no little success, to form the characters of her five children for stations of respectability and usefulness. The necessities of the passing day required the family to live frugally; and the children were taught, both by precept and example, to regard industry as a bright and shining virtue.

Caroline's health, however, had been delicate from infancy; and her educational advantages, beyond those enjoyed at her mother's fireside, were such as are furnished by a country district school. There she made good proficiency; and was hopefully looking forward to the time when she might drink at some deeper fount of learning beneath the Academic shades.



But, alas! how uncertain are all our hopes! In her fourteenth year, when her young heart beat highest, and her future looked most fair, Disease laid its heavy hand upon her, and she sunk beneath its weight! Such is the nature of her affliction, that it renders her entirely helpless,—except the use of her hands,—and confines her constantly upon her back. In this sad condition she has lain, day and night, for many weary months, without even a pillow beneath her head; and, owing to the unnatural heat of her system, unable to bear any covering but a sheet, and to have little or no fire in her room in coldest weather.

Thus deprived of health, and shut in from sweet communion with the things in Nature, she has given voice to the silent musings of her mind, in sweet poetic numbers.

She writes with a pencil, on a little frame which stands across her breast; and so arranged with small wires passing horizontally across the under side, and fastened at each end, as to hold her paper, slipped in between the wires and the board, at an angle of about thirty degrees over her face:—thus making her writing-desk lean over her, instead of her over it.

Loaded with such disadvantages, kind Reader, she has composed the volume we now introduce to you; which, in our opinion, not only displays the marks of a pure and lofty genius, but also furnishes one of the rarest examples of youthful industry and perseverance under difficulties, found on the records of Time.

Still calm, peaceful and serene, as a Summer morning, she lies without a murmur—without a word of complaint! And

when first I visited her lowly couch, and saw her eye shining with such unearthly brightness, and listened to the rich and heavenly melody of her sweet voice, my soul became filled with the deepest emotions, and my sorrowing heart breathed the silent lamentation and prayer—

Oh, God! why is *she* sought,  
The brightest and the best,  
The fairest one of youth,  
To drink the bitter cup  
Of sorrow, ere she dies!

Spare—spare thy chast'ning hand!  
Unbend the "Archer's" bow!  
Relieve her aching heart,  
And cool her fever'd brow!  
Remove that crimson'd flush!  
Impart renewed strength,  
And raise this daughter up  
To bless her race—O, God!—  
If such may be thy will!

T. K. F.

