

# **THE MAPLE DELL OF '76**

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The Maple Dell of '76 by O. A. Powers

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**O. A. POWERS**

**THE MAPLE  
DELL OF '76**



# THE MAPLE DELL OF '76.

BY  
MRS. O. A. POWERS.

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*EIGHTH EDITION.*

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## PREFACE.

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THIS book is respectfully dedicated to all the friends of suffering humanity,—those who believe in the Golden Rule, and practice it in word and deed.

This volume has at least one merit, and that is, brevity. A gifted author says:

“ Books are like leaves, and where they most abound  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found;  
And from his logic we may reason hence,  
The fewer leaves in books the more the sense.”

Adelia, the lawyer's first wife, who never broke the marriage-vow, was subpoenaed, to give the history of her matrimonial experience, by Lieutenant Jurist, a “handsome” attorney and counsellor-at-law. She at once proceeded to give a faithful narrative of the ten years of his intemperate legislation through which she had passed for the Court of Common Pleas in Pennsylvania. Soon as the legal mandate was obeyed, Adelia was informed that if she presented her statement to the Keystone Court, Lieutenant Jurist would procure a writ of habeas corpus, and take possession of her only child.

Whoever takes my child from me,  
Will be unsafe on land or sea.

I thought slavery was abolished years ago. Does a servile law still exist to disgrace the statute books permitting the separation of mother and child?

Lieutenant Jurist himself, with a canteen full of

whiskey, took up arms against the South to help exterminate slavery, and just before he left the North to go on that mission, he displayed his military prowess on his wife by striking her with his fist. While the tears poured down her cheeks, she said that if any colored woman was treated as cruelly in the South as she was in the North by her wine-bibbing, belligerent husband, she hoped and prayed that devastating war would rage till the besom of destruction had swept tyranny from the face of the whole earth.

Long years have passed since Freedom's birth,  
Does wrong still triumph over earth ?

Ye friends of suffering humanity, Adelia, not knowing what cruel habeas corpus writ may next be threatened by a sworn traitor in "this land of the free and home of the brave," requests me to dedicate this biography to you, and she wishes me to ask you if you will please be kind enough to send her legal statement forth on the "wings of the morning," and to take good care of her child, and let him not be kidnapped by Bacchus.

For the rich and the poor there's a grave and a shroud,  
But a Jersey divorce makes the lawyer more proud ;  
He can court with his license beyond Maple Dell  
Without any fear of a bigamist's cell.

Oh, when will the laurels of honest renown  
Be worn by the victors who trample vice down ?  
Knight-errants of mercy who battled for right,  
Has all their true valor departed from sight ?  
Are the just and the noble, the wise and the brave,  
All sculptured in marble, and cold in the grave ?  
Oh, when will the triumph of virtue and truth  
Be honored by age and respected by youth,  
And the golden age visit earth's planet once more,  
With good deeds prolific that none need deplore ?



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### A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

THE eve before marriage a good mother said :  
" Adelia, wait longer ; 'tis solemn to wed.  
'Tis true there is beauty in his brilliant eyes,  
He talks like a lover true, honest, and wise ;  
Yet you would be safer, Adelia, my child,  
If you would reject him. This world is a wild  
Of poor wedded people, who suffer and roam,  
Devoid of the comforts and blessings of home.  
Here rich fields are blooming with clover and wheat,  
And our cellars are filled with plenty to eat ;  
'Twas here that you drew your first infantile breath ;  
And here you can live from your birth till your death.  
This homestead your father provided for you  
Will keep you in comforts as you journey through  
The light and the shadow on life's human tide,  
Let the silver bells ring for another his bride.  
Poor people in trouble have come here for years ;  
Your father and I have both looked on their tears  
And given them rations of nourishing food.  
The farms are prolific, the orchards are good,  
A marriage may bring you as lowly as these  
To whom we have given the meat, bread, and cheese.