

**A PLACE IN  
THY MEMORY**

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A Place in Thy Memory by S. H. DeKroyft

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**S. H. DEKROYFT**

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# A PLACE IN THY MEMORY.

With the year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

MILTON

By S. H. DEKROYFT.

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NEW-YORK:

JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER

49 & 51 Ann-street.

1851.

TO  
MRS. DOCTOR NOTT,  
OF UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY,  
WHO FIRST SUGGESTED ITS PUBLICATION,

THIS VOLUME

IS VERY AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

By its Author.

## PREFACE.

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THESE Letters are simply copies of my own thoughts and feelings, written with no expectation of their ever being read by others than the persons to whom they were addressed. But as the author of the "Memoirs of my Youth" laid bare his "palpitating heart" to the world for the sake of dollars, so I have been induced to gather from my friends these fragments, and bind them into a book.

Three summers ago, I had perfect sight. I was in one short month a bride, a widow, and blind; yet Providence has made it needful for

me to do something to provide for myself food and raiment.

Upon the loss of my sight, I was, through the influence of Senator Backus, of Rochester, allowed to spend one year at the New-York Institution for the Blind, which time expired last May; and I had not where to go, or a friend whose kindness my three years of dependence had not wearied. There was no alternative, and with many fears of success, I embarked in the little enterprise of publishing this volume, by soliciting subscribers who would give their names, and pay me in advance.

Accordingly, with my prospectus in my hand, I first waited upon the Board of Managers of the Institution, who lent me their influence, and sanctioned my efforts by subscribing for several copies each. The next day, I waited upon the gentlemen of the City



Hall, and encouraged by their kindness, thence passed on through Broadway, Wall, South, and most of the principal streets of the city; and now that my task is ended, and my little book is about going to the publishers, I have not an unpleasant memory associated with the whole affair. In the hurry of business, in the intricacies of law, and amidst problems half solved, gentlemen have laid down their pens, read my prospectus, written their names, and paid their money; and often escorted me to the door, and saw me safely down the stairs, perchance, directing my gentle guide where to find others as kind as themselves.

Gratitude is the purest of the heart's memories, and I can only offer to my friends, subscribers, purchasers, and all, my warmest thanks. I cannot compliment my own work; I shall leave it with an indulgent public. In perusing its pages, however, the reader must

remember that they were either written with the sense of feeling, by means of a grooved card, and pencil, or prompted to a friend, from an overburdened heart.

S. H. DEKROYFT.

New-York Institution for the Blind,  
September 25, 1849.

## A PLACE IN THY MEMORY.

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*Rochester, April, 1848.*

MY PRECIOUS MOTHER,—My whole heart is drawn out to you. When William was with me, I loved him more than all the world beside, but he is in the grave now, and my purest affections, mother, evermore are yours. If this frail body could move with the fleetness of thought, I would come to you now, and pillow my weary head on your bosom, and your soft hands would dry these tears from my poor eyes. Oh that I could open them once more, mother, and see your smiling face, and feel my spirit grow warm and gentle in the light of your eyes, and your looks of love. Tell me, dear mother, have you changed at all? Do you look as when I saw you last?