

**Blind Susan,**  
OR THE  
*Affectionate Family.*

BY M. OF LOWELL.



He that is down need fear no fall,  
He that is low, no pride,  
He that is humble, ever shall  
Have GOD to be his guide.

NEW-YORK :  
PRINTED AND SOLD BY MAHLON DAY,  
*At the New Juvenile Book-store,*  
NO. 376, PEARL-ST.

FRONTISPIECE.



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*Read in R.*

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1832.


## PREFACE.

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Children are fond of narrative, and pathetic stories; and when these can be conveyed in simple, pleasing and instructive dress, from facts, it is thought much good oftentimes results from placing such books in their inexperienced hands. The following narrative of "BLIND SUSAN" is taken from "*The Juvenile Miscellany*," an excellent work for youth, printed in Boston. Whether the relation is from facts, is unknown to the publisher; but there is in this history so near a union to occurrences in life, known to almost every parent, and so true and faithful a description of human nature, and coming besides from so respectable a source, and coming being so sympathetically affecting and instructive, that, it is concluded, no child can read this little book, without being bettered by the very tender and affectionate example of the mother and children, especially that of Isabel's, and also with the pious, lovely, gentle, and patient behaviour of Susan.

M. D

## BLIND SUSAN.



I will introduce my young friends, at once, into the neat and pleasant parlor of Mrs. Mordant, whose interesting family are seated at their different employments. Lucy the youngest daughter, sits on a low stool nearest her mother, hemming a handkerchief, and is occasionally reminded of her work by a gentle tap from her mother's tumbler; James has ceased, for a while, his mischievous tricks and is drawing figures on a slate; and lively little Caroline is reading the last number of the Miscellany. But who is this pensive looking little girl, who sits so quietly by the side of her eldest sister Isabel? It is blind Susan—one of the sweetest, most interesting creatures, in the world,—and Isabel is one of the kindest sisters. She watches her steps, anticipates her wishes, and is a sort of guar-

dian angel to this unfortunate little girl. It is on Susan's account that Mrs. Mordant has undertaken to instruct her children at home, thinking if she sent her to school she might be subjected to mortifications, and not receive from her school-fellows that delicate attention which should always be shown to one in her situation; besides this, she now has the benefit of the instruction they receive and is made cheerful by their society. She was at the time of which I am now speaking, nine years old, pleasing in her appearance, amiable and gentle in her manners, and intelligent beyond her years, for she possessed great natural quickness—and being shut out from those objects which divert the mind, and having unwearied pains bestowed on her by her mother, she had acquired more information than many little girls who have all the advantages of sight. This morning, after the younger part of the school had been dismissed for their usual sports and exercises, and taken

Susan with them, each striving to obtain her hand, that she might be her protectress—Isabel and her mother were left alone—when the following conversation took place.

“Do you know, Isabel, that Doctor Carter has returned from Europe, and performed several successful operations on the eyes, having made himself well acquainted with this branch of his profession?” “And are you thinking mother, that he might do something for dear Susan?” “Yes I wish him to examine her eyes—for your father always thought her blindness was owing to films, which might be removed; but during his life she was too young to be submitted to the operation.” “Oh, mother, could Susan receive her sight, I should be too happy.”

“I shall call on Doctor Carter, and bring him to see her. In the mean time, you must prepare her, but do not speak with certainty of success.” Isabel waited for a favorable opportunity, and then communicated what her mother had suggested.

Isabel seemed much more elated than Susan. "My dear sister you have almost made me forget my blindness, you have been such excellent eyes to me; and though I feel a great desire to see the beautiful world, with its bright sky, and sweet flowers, yet I enjoy nearly as much in having you describe them; and I am afraid I cannot do so well for myself, as you do for me."

The next day her eyes were examined. The doctor pronounced it a case in which there was little doubt of success, and the Tuesday following was appointed for the operation. Till that time all was anxious expectation, and when the day arrived, every countenance wore an expression of deep concern.

The younger children were so alarmed *lest Susan should be hurt*, as they termed it, that they were sent from home—and there was the hush and stillness of death throughout the house. Susan sustained the operation





with great fortitude. She had been told how much depended on her keeping perfectly still, and the faithful Isabel was at her side, encouraging and supporting her, though she suffered nearly as much from apprehension as did Susan. She was immediately removed to a dark room, and a close bandage placed over her eyes, so that her friends were yet to suffer a painful suspense as to the success of the operation—all was kept quiet, nor were her brothers or sisters admitted to her chamber, for several weeks.

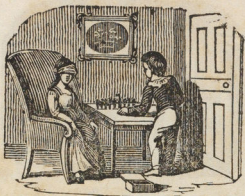
“Can she see? can she see?” they enquired with one voice, when they

returned from their banishment. "What did Doctor Carter do to her eyes?" asked Caroline. "Mother," said little James, "did he take out Susan's eyes, and put in new ones?— Charles Bond told me he would."

"Dr. Carter, my children, replied the mother, is a very humane man and skilful operator, and your sister if restored, will never cease to feel grateful to him. Be patient, and I will endeavor to explain to you the operation, by which films or cataracts are removed from the eyes. It is quite simple, but very delicate. A cataract is a hard substance, which forms over the eye, so as to exclude the light like the shutter to a window; sometimes it is thin and somewhat transparent, more like a curtain, so that light can be dimly discerned. In couching, as it is called, a small, delicate instrument is introduced, which pushes this hard substance from before the pupil of the eye, and after a time it dissolves.— The eye is weak, and will not bear

the sudden admission of light, so that your sister is yet to remain in darkness some weeks, before it can be determined if she see at all." "But you think she will see, and so does Isabel, and so do I," said little James; "and when she can see, how many things we shall have to show her." "You know, mother," said Lucy, "she could hardly believe, when she felt the hard, rough bulb, that it could ever produce a beautiful flower; though Isabel explained to her how the leaves were folded up within it. Let me take the glasses into her chamber, that she may see the hyacinths the first thing." Little James was extremely impatient for the day to arrive, on which the bandage was to be dismissed; and when alone with Susan, would try to persuade her to lift it a little, just enough to see his hand; but this patient child had become so accustomed to darkness that she was less anxious than those around her, who knew better than she did,

the value of what she was to receive. She lived in a world of her own, and had perhaps fewer vexations than others; and though she would sometimes express a wish to behold the objects about which she was occupied, and particularly the faces of her friends, she was uniformly cheerful. Caroline wondered if she would know her from the rest; and various were the articles they collected, to exhibit to her gaze. James came to the chamber door one day, loaded with all his treasures—books, maps and toys. He was not allowed to bring them in; but the sly little rogue slipped into his pocket a whole company of soldiers, contained in a small box, a gift from his uncle; these he ranged along in military order. “Now, Susan, the first thing you look at after you have seen us all, must be my soldiers—and promise that you will look at the captain first, because he is the prettiest—and don’t go feeling along by the table as you



tised to do or you will knock them all down." "But how am I to know the captain of your company from the rest?" "Oh, by his red coat," said James. "But I cannot tell one color from another. How many things I shall have to learn, even of you, my little brother, if God is so kind as to give me my sight." At last, the wished-for day arrived, which crowned the wishes of this anxious family. No one but her mother and the doctor were present when the bandage was removed. Her first exclamation was—"I can see, I can see! this is my mother," throwing her arms round



her neck ; “ and this the kind physician. What do I not owe you both ! ” Several things were presented to her, to ascertain if she had any notion of them. Dr. C. held his knife before her, and she called it scissors ; but by applying it to the touch, she exclaimed, “ a knife ! ” After several experiments, they were convinced that her sight was perfectly restored ; and the feeling of joy was universal. The children were one by one admitted. The meeting between her and Isabel was truly affecting. Neither, for some minutes, could speak ; Susan clasped her round the neck and wept ; Care-

line came bounding into the room, with her favorite cat struggling in her arms, and running to Susan, she said, "Here is pussy. I knew you would like to see the good Tabby. Is she not as pretty as you thought she was?" "Yes," said Susan, "but a very different color. I thought from her smoothness, when I patted her she must be blue: every thing soft and smooth I have imagined to be that color." Next came gentle Lucy, with a rose, which she placed in her sister's hand. This delighted her, and she said it was the prettiest thing she had seen. James, who with difficulty had been restrained, was the next to appear. "Well Susan, now your shutters are opened, you can see me; look at my bright buttons. This is my new suit!" "They are very bright, my dear brother," said Susan; "but what a little fellow you are; I thought you would look a great deal taller." With this, James, who was quite an important little gentleman, stretched up—

"I am a great boy, Susan," replied he, "and you will think so when you see little Billy Bond."

What a happy group was now assembled, each striving to make the scene pleasant to her who had been released, as it were, from prison, and admitted into a new world of light and beauty. It was at that delightful season when nature seems waking from the sleep of winter, and to be rejoicing in her own productions, that Susan saw, for the first time, the varied prospect that a spring day exhibits. Young as she was, her heart was awake to the impression such scenes produce; and she seemed, while gazing on the fields, dressed in their earliest verdure, and the mild evening sky, tinged with the hues of twilight, to connect with it, something of the moral feeling such scenes should awaken; and her thoughts would arise to that Being, who has dressed the world which we inhabit, and opened to us so many sources of delight and hap-



piness, both within and around us. There was a ripeness in this child, which seemed to presage early decay; and it was not long before she began to droop, and exhibit evident signs that she was not long to enjoy the blessing so lately bestowed. She was anxiously watched by her affectionate friends, and by the advice of Doctor Carter, to whom she was most tenderly attached, was removed to her aunt's in the country. The pure air, and the new and varied prospect the country presented, seemed for a time to give her new life; and she went bounding about, gathering flowers, and binding them into a garland for her dear Isabel. This affectionate sister was still her devoted attendant, and could not think with composure of resigning her lovely charge—though she saw that her present appearance of renewed health was uncertain. Soon her strength failed, and she was unable to take her usual walks. Symptoms of a fever appeared, and her mother was called to her bedside.

She was greatly shocked at her altered looks; but there was such a mild resignation in her countenance, that it gave a calm to her mother's heart. She spoke to her of her situation, and said, "I am going, mother, where flowers never fade, and where we shall not need the sun by day, nor the moon by night." Her mother, unable longer to restrain her feelings, burst into tears. Susan said, "Do not weep, mother; for I am willing to give up all that has lately been bestowed upon me, and to close my eyes again on this world, to open them on a better." She then repeated a beautiful hymn, with an expression, which seemed to beam from an other world.

After this exertion, she seemed exhausted, and Isabel, seeing her mother was much overcome by what had passed, drew her gently from the room. The closing scene of life under any circumstances, brings with it a solemnity and awe, that can soften the most rugged nature. Death comes to the aged, like a reaper to cut down the ripe grain, and place it in the garner of the Lord of the harvest.

But to the young, it is like the scythe of the mower, which cuts down the flower, both bud and blossom, and with it, the hopes of those who were anxiously watching its opening bloom. Susan was indeed a lovely flower—she had been like one of those choice for-



eign plants, which is sheltered with  
 care, watched with attention, and  
 loved and admired for its very delica-  
 cy and seclusions. She faded, and  
 seemed still more lovely; she sick-  
 ened and became still more dear; but  
 no care or skill could free her from  
 the spoiler. She was taken from this  
 dark world to enjoy true felicity in  
 the courts of her God.

THE END.



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