

"LIFE AS IT IS AND WAS"

AN

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

LUCINDA GRANDY STEARNS



Lucinda Grandy Stearns

Transcribed from Longhand
by
her grandson
Carl Alanson Stearns

Accopied [sic] by
her granddaughter
Flora Elizabeth Stearns Burckes
1936

Computerized by
her Great Grandson
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Chapter 1

MY HOME IN VERMONT

Calvin Grandy and Thomazin Johnson, my parents, were born in 1796, in Reading, Vermont. They were married in 1820, residing in their native town until about 1825, when they sold the farm and moved north, taking with them their stock and goods, making it a long, laborious journey, although it was but sixty miles. They settled in Warren, Vermont, but in a few years they exchanged the farm they there owned for one nearby in Fayston. I was then but three years of age.

I here shall commence my story, for the first recollection is of riding along a pleasant morning in spring, when birds were sweet caroling, and all nature was teeming with delight. I suppose it must have been the sugar place, or orchard, to our old farm. I hear the continual dropping of sap into them, and little pretty red-capped wood peckers, here and there ringing out rat-i-tat-tat on their sides, while chickadees sang a little note as though all were saying good-by. I remember no more until I was being made comfortable by being placed in a cupboard (or box) putting pillows and blankets around me to keep me warm. I had two elder sisters, Cordelia, ten years old, and Louisa, seven, also a brother, Lorenzo younger than myself, nearly two years old. I think I must have been more of a baby than little Lo, for he was running around briskly, while I was tucked away with a doll to keep me good, while father made preparations to build a fire. The stove was set up, a fire was kindled by tinder, flint and steel.

I must now pass on several years for nothing in particular arrested my attention until nearly six years of age. I can after this time remember accurately all that transpired. I can remember seeing a young stripling coming down from the lime kiln one day and mother ran out to see him almost fainting from excess joy, also a pretty, covered carriage, coming along through the mow-lot, it was all very droll. I was exceedingly shocked to see the tall, noble stranger, so natural, obliged to be greeted, not airing the formula of handshaking, hand he had, nicely gloved, but he used them not. He leapt lightly from the carriage, but aided none.

I soon found it was armless Uncle White and Aunt May with their oldest son (Cousin Joseph) as driver. They had missed their way on to the hill, being obliged to come as best they might. That was a visit of much importance. It was the first and last, for they were going to move from Reading, to Ohio in a little time. The visit was very much the same as we often see about us, but sad as it was the last.

I was named for aunties little daughter she had by her first husband, who was shot in battle. He fell exclaiming "Oh God," and expired. My parents and grandparents lived in stormy times, such as tried men's souls. Grandfather Johnson was in the revolution, but it was the war of 1812 that took from and gave to Aunt Mary her present husband. Grandfather was nurse in the hospital. He so loved Uncle White he took him home with him at the close of the war. Aunt grieved at the loss of her young husband as she bent over her pretty sleeping babe and her heart warmed from sympathetic love toward the afflicted youth (only twenty-one) daily as he patiently awaited the distant time when he would be able to take upon himself life's duties. The same battle that cut down Uncle Abel Sanderson, cost Uncle Robert White his arms.

He was hanging on a kettle in the hospital, when a spent cannon ball took them off above the elbow. He wears false arms, one bends just as natural, and is neatly tucked into his bosom, just his fingers. He is proud and troubles no one, he has no hands to wash, no finger nails to cut, but his face must be washed. I watched to see who would do it for him, but to my surprise he even did that himself. He called for water, then he dipped his face in like a little canary bird making it ripple by his agitating it quickly, then he stepped to the towel, and wiped his face as a bird wipes his bill. I suppose that was done as sport, for he always keeps a servant to attend him. He draws a pension, sufficient to support a family, yes and a large one too. I will write the names as I wish to perpetuate their memory. Lucinda (by her first husband), Priscilla who was next married to a man by the name of Basset, a man of considerable reputation, at one time the Editor of the Western Recorder and was president of the P.M. Church, or something of the kind. I remember reading the Recorder and seeing his name conspicuous. His wife wrote many pieces of excellent poetry for the paper. She was a great teacher in the west for years after Uncle went out, not marrying until past her

girlhood. Uncle gave to his children excellent education thereby enabling them to have a good start.

The girls taught school until they became independent. Their sons are mostly ministers of the gospel. They were Joseph, James, John, and Louis, names which are all in the family, which belong to the name Johnson. Mother's brother Lorenzo, who has but just died, having a family of six sons by the name of Arnold, Augustus, James, John, Joseph, and Lorenzo. Uncle James in Royal Oak, Michigan, has four sons by the name of James, John, Joseph, and Jerome. I don't see why the last was not named Lorenzo, as little brother's name also was Lorenzo. Uncle White's daughters were Sarah, Mary, Caroline and Elizabeth. Little Elizabeth died when a very young child just old enough to sit on Uncle White's knees and sing. Also a little pair of twins, boys. He used to write us such long loving letters with pen in mouth. He also could eat with a fork fastened to a socket placed upon his stump arm. Mother visited them over in the west. When she was leaving Uncle White he requested her to put her hand in his bosom, she did it expecting a present, for from time in memorial (almost) presents came from the bosom. It was a pattern for a dress. I remember when he was visiting us, in the new home, of taking out a piece of bright print from the little nook. It was a present for my being named for little Lucinda. I still have a piece of it. Mother has taught us to reverence her family. She holds them so dear it has caused us to feel they are better than other people. I have never seen them, therefore I can always believe it to be so, but reason teaches me we are all human and heir to nearly the same. Some inherit, no doubt, qualities of excellence but merit is due to the exertion one makes to obtain them. I have seen one of Uncle James Johnson's sons, I LIKE HIM VERY MUCH! I could be very happy (if permitted to do so) TO LIVE NEAR HIM. If he is a specimen of mother's family she has not held them too highly. I think they are a family of good stock.

Grandfather descended from the old puritan blood. I am the eighth generation from John Alden. I have read the genealogy of the family. Grandmother was a descendant of the Gibsons, a family of great wealth, but the heirs have never been able to obtain it. I think James Gibson, our ancestor, was several generations farther back in my husband's family name, but both are heir to large property if it could be obtained. Several millions of dollars, it is believed is somewhere in England for the heirs.

Twice have the heirs hired men to look up the money in my family. In my husband's family it is now in law but I care not for the dollars. I only care for the blood. I know that Uncle James Gibson, or rather my great-great grandfather Gibson, was a man of strong purpose of mind, for in a memorial of Grandmother Johnson, Uncle L. D. Johnson writes, "He with his own money, hired a body of men and went down to Cape Breton, fought, captured and returned home in victory. For which the British Government gave him as a reward valuable land grants in Maine, besides a likeness of himself, taken unknown to him while he was eating dinner, to the value of five hundred pounds (or dollars, I have forgotten which.) We have the frame cut down small. It is carved and overlaid with gold leaf. The land grants were never obtained, as he was poisoned by a treacherous man, dying in a few moments after eating dinner. He had great possessions, and the man took this means to obtain them.

The wife, a Barbadoes lady, was at the time residing (a stranger) in Boston, with his little daughter nine years old. The sudden news caused her instant death, leaving my great grandmother an orphan alone. She was cared for by a kind minister. He employed a person to go to England with the papers hoping to obtain the papers but he never returned. When the orphaned heir came to marry, her husband, Mr. Blanchard, went to Maine to obtain land grants but was drowned in the Kenebeck, leaving the little trunk of papers on the ice. Beyond this the memorial does not write concerning the money, but Mrs. Blanchard with her little daughter, Thomazin, removed to New Hampshire. Twice again in her life was she married and is known to us by the name of Great Grand Maam Carter. Her daughter Thomazin, of whom Uncle wrote a memorial was my Grandmother Johnson. She was thrown from a carriage and instantly killed when sixty [1] years of age.

She was warned of her approaching death. Daily did she exhort people to prepare to meet their God, bidding them a last farewell so touching as to cause them to weep, and yet they did not look after her, but let her go about as usual, driving as usual. Uncle White and Aunt Mary took care of her at the time. Grandmother chose to live alone. By her request Grandfather had gone a few miles to look at a tenement. She, as usual, went out to call upon and pray with the sick and all such she could aid in any way. She first bid adieu to Uncle Thomas, her youngest son. He told her not to feel so very sad, that he could not believe she would die

so soon. Speaking of her health, said she, "I shall never be laid upon a sick bed, I shall cease at once to labor and live." She went away, bidding him an affectionate farewell, exhorting him to be faithful and to meet her in heaven. There was a little hill just beyond his shop. A person passed in a moment, as it were, giving alarm. My mother ran with wrappers, camphor bottle, and everything she could think of to give aid in restoring, (as did all the family who lived nearby) son Uncle L. D. and Uncle James, but as her prophecy was too true, she was never laid upon a sick bed. Her head laid upon a sharp stone, a little stream of blood [2] and brains were already forming a little pool, life was just perceivable. Her horse had not stirred, the reins were around her hands. The wheel had struck a stone, breaking the axle tree. Why was it so? So trifling a stone--but it was to be. A loving family mourned her loss. The husband grieved for her so sadly. He was persuaded in the course of time (Proper to do so) to marry again. I can't see why a loved form should be so quickly put aside for a new one. But I have not yet parted from my companion, I might feel otherwise. I would be very glad to know that my place was filled (if worthily) if I were taken away. But be it wise or foolish Grandfather married Good Aunt Sybil. I do not know who that was, but am sure by the title she was a lady of uncertain age. She had a son by him. Grandfather broke his hip and became a cripple sometime after he was married. He had to lie upon his back with a strap overhead to assist him in turning himself or sit in a great armchair or hobble with crutches. If grandmother (or Aunt Sybil, as we always called her) chose to do so, she could now abuse poor, dear helpless grandfather. All his children were now in far off lands, save Aunt Sybil's Solon. Aunt was so old maidish and whimsical all the children seemed to feel sure she would never wait upon him. Grandmother could now do as little or as much as she liked. My father and mother visited Reading as long as Grandfather lived, once in two years. I used to be taken sometimes. I can remember Grandfather as he used to look in his chair, crutches by his side. Everybody loved him. How he would cry when mother went to see him, so long to wait between visits. I can't realize he loved Aunt Sybil or that Uncle Solon was much of a staff in his declining years. My mother attended his last illness. She said Solon wept so for Grandfather in his mortal agony, he even knelt down and implored relief of the father of mercies. She grew to love him as a brother, by living with him the last few weeks of grandfather's life. Aunt Sybil remained an old maid to the last (selfish). She wore her little shoulder blanket, only caring for her

poor miserable bones, for fear she would get a chill, or some terrible accident befall her. Grandfather was very old when he died. He selected his funeral hymn:

"No more my God, I boast no more,
Of all the glory, I have done,
I quit the hopes I held before,
In the dear merits of Thy son."

He had long awaited the summons, but it came unexpected at last. Mother went down in the fall, by some providence. She always had gone in winter time, but she did not wish to go, father concluded to let her go. I was fifteen year old, Lo was thirteen. Father and I stayed home, keeping little L ad E with us, while mother and Lorenzo went. They were to be gone just two weeks. We did not get a letter until she returned, although she wrote twice, she had gone four. Father was not very well, I wrote mother. She got the letter at six in the morning, after Grandfather died (he died at midnight.) She did not stay a moment longer, but left him to be buried by a large circle of friends and neighbors, but as we call it a member of his family. Still she was glad to come. "Let the dead bury the dead." Her mission was at home for father was sick with the same disease Grandfather died with, the most dreadful of all diseases and which did ultimately cause her father's death, the gravel.

Chapter 2

MORE ABOUT MY HOME

I must tell you of my home. As yet I have said but little about it. We lived three miles east of the chain of Green Mountains. They lay along like a mighty wall far as the eye could reach, rising up so lofty. I grew up by them. I never knew any other place. I did not know that people ever see the sun set. I supposed it went behind the mountains to everybody, gilding the hilltops until the last ray was gone, declaring [3] it to be down. On the east lay a range of hills called the lime ledge. (My father manufactured the lime ledge in a kiln.) I never saw the sun rise, either. Only as its golden light reflected upon the mountains top.

We lived in a lovely romantic home for all that. I can now seem to catch the odor of spring flowers, blooming beautifully. They lay like a carpet all over the land. It was new and produced in such variety, rich perfumed violets. I have, with little Lo, climbed every niche for gum clipp and from every dell culled wild flowers, getting nice spruce gum, making whistles in spring time, besides doing much to lighten father's labor.

I could tell you of rocks where we played; of the little brook where we angled with fishhooks; of boughs where we swung; of our new school house in the shady wood; of our walks and rambles by the pleasant dancing pebbly brook near it; also our gathering nuts in the autumn; berries in the summertime; of our snow forts and houses in winter; of coasting and nice runs on crusty mornings in April.

Our youth was like all children, spent in joyful past time, always glad, always happy. Our parents were religious people, leading our tender years in love and carefulness for our future good. When I was nine years old I was taken from my outdoor life and made possessor of a little treasure which gave me unbounded delight.

It was a baby brother. I had just got nicely adapted to my new life when a little tiny baby came to keep No. 1 company. My mother's children all came in pairs. Louisa and Cordelia, Lo and myself, and now little Ziba

and Elbridge only twenty months between.

I had a joyful task before me. It was as much mine as these I now live for. No doubt shaping my life from a wild flower loving, gumswishing girl, into a little girl mother. I took sole care of the boys until I was eighteen years of age. Mother called them my boys and I still feel a responsibility for them. I know that came of my care. They came to Massachusetts, married and settled near me, therefore causing me to feel interested in their welfare. I have no such care for Lo who lives in Barton, Vermont.

Mother lost her health when the little boys came to live with us, thereby causing me to take care of them. It seems very strange and not strange either; but according to the course of nature, but ever after I was away from home mother's health seemed to return, so I was not very sadly missed. I never thought she could do any hard work at the time I spoke of. Louisa never lived at home much after sister was married. She spent one summer in Lowell with Uncle Lorenzo Johnson's family by his and mother's wish. She lived in Montpelier [4] four summers, working at her trade (the millinery). I attended school and aided mother in domestic duties.

There were nine years of my girl life spent in caring for and aiding my family. It seems to me the happiest life I could have led and I believe, in looking back on it as I now do, it was the happiest of my life. I was devoted to my work, never craving or wishing. Only just trying to do my work well and do it in season.

Sister Cordelia had two boys that soon grew to be mates to Ziba and Ebbie. There was a rivalry almost between sister's neighborhood and ours. Only one mile across to her house but five around. How much travel there was over the cross road. We could see it half way. How many times has my dear mother watched and watched for her children coming down the hill from time to time as we chanced to be coming home from sister's. She loved to see even a stranger passing, hoping it might be someone she could ask how Cordelia's family was, as though it was of vital importance.

The place was new, families settled it for the lumber traffic. Mills were

put up and in no little time it was a place of importance. I enjoyed going to sister's very much and not less perhaps for Robert's family living so near them. Sister's husband's name was Campbell. His father lived in Waitsfield, but to please him he sold out and built right in Robert's dooryard almost, so that I always, when visiting there, stayed at one house as much as the other, always sleeping with Hannah, a sister of R's. Louisa and I both felt a great regard for Ephraim, Robert's brother. I do expect she would have married him, but she did not. I often wonder why. I am certain he liked us both. I am still more certain we each of us liked him. I always acted upon the contrary side so as to give them all the room they wanted. Louisa was a pretty girl, very tasty, quite pretty enough for better fellow than he, and yet he did not propose. I wonder today. He married a girl we each of us thought not so good as himself or ourselves, judging from our view of the case. I have thought he felt afraid of Louisa and mistook my offishness for pride. I said I would never be my sister's rival and I had great reason to believe I would be in her way if I said or did anything that was commendable [5] or pretty and get my way of slightly was the very thing that kept him so far off from us both. Sister C asked me why I so willfully was naughty, but I could not tell anybody.

Ephraim was far from being happy when married, not on account of his companion though, for she was very kind. She had no reason to be, for she made a great bargain in taking E, but his family was ruffled by his taking her, and almost disowned him. After I was married Gilbert and I visited him. We got caught in a snow storm and he took us home. As we were going home G. wallowed along before the horse, E behind holding up the sleigh, he set to telling me what troubles he had passed through. I had been away for several years and knew not of his troubles. When he got to the part where all his family turned against him, he broke down into a sob, really crying. I was almost pleased, it was a good time to cry, away in the woods, only he was so overcome that he forgot to urge the horse and first I knew G was looking back to see what was up. There we were, Eph wiping up his face, and making a vain attempt to hide his weakness. I laughed gaily making it all right, by saying Eph and I were talking over old times, but then, it seemed rather laughable to see a man crying about it. Those were the dear old times when we were young. So many people laugh and make merry.

We often met for pleasure. Every season had its pastimes. Spring gave us sugar parties, autumn gave us apple cuts, winter gave us sleigh rides and spelling school parties and plenty of them, summer, picnics and rambles all over pretty country hill-sides, by shady streams on the high mountains for a look at the far off country beyond. We never lacked for amusement, but sometimes little grievances about love tangled us up, but we did not get broken hearted, I guess, I did not at least.

Stephen Dana lived to our good house. I played I had a claim to his services when I went to ride, but I did not hold him so tight but others got the larger share of his attention. I had him all to myself during the week, but soon as he got loose I had to put up with someone else, much to father's delight, and others too, I suppose. For Elder Jones told Father one day he did not like the breed (a course expression), but I did not blame him for his father had given the church much trouble.

He turned (Mr. Stephen Dana) a Seventh Day Christian working Sunday to try people, when he was too lazy to work on the other days. But I could not see why Stephen was not just as pretty for all that and so thought Hannah Campbell, Robert's sister, my rival.

I should not use such language, for certainly I am jesting. Stephen only being a good, clever, lazy fellow, just ambitious enough to fan the ladies in August. I never could tell which to waste my affections on, Ephraim or Stephen. But we had other and better boys in our neighborhood. A prophet is not without honor in his own country.

There were several very excellent families in our district. Mr. Burr Freeman we esteemed as no other neighbor. Mrs. Freeman was a young woman, good company for all of us, of good family, a real lady.

They had a little baby daughter and an only son. I was very fond of Denison's good opinion. He was just my age and we were the best of friends, only his being brought up alone, he needed a little coaxing to get much pleasure from his society. One of the best of boys though, his mother's idol. They spared no pains to give him an education. He was sent away to school.

Also Mr. Conley's family, whom we had lived by for years, all growing

up together like brothers and sisters. They had six boys and four girls. I cannot speak sufficiently high of them. They were far too good to love, just fit for one to reverence. I could only stand far off and worship them. Such clean linen. I should not dare to fool with any of them lest I crumble or tumble them, the girls and boys were all the same. The boys used to draw me on a sled to school and by accident always would tip me in a snow bank, but I knew they could not help it for they always let go and ran just before I went over. I thought they seemed to feel pretty badly about it for an accident though. But who cares for a good tipover if one is good natured about it.

Well, school days will not always last, they are all too short. I must say on our east lived a dear family by the name Shaw. They had one daughter by the name of Jennie--three sons, Stearns, Henry and Johnnie.

Chapter 3

EBBIE'S SICKNESS

I do not care to write of afflictions. They are past and all of our dear children are living to comfort our aged mother. But I cannot show the Christian character of our family without writing of the chastisements sent to cultivate the growth of grace.

My mother's family were all members of the church. My father's were good people, moral but not religious. Father waited, after ready to commence life several years for mother to marry him, living in his house alone, and she a few doors away, solely on account of his not being a believer. I never knew that she thought it so very wrong.

On the contrary, I think she really loved father and experienced much sorrow in deferring the day so long, not thinking of giving him up, but hoping he would be found worthy. But people are not made good by such a process. May and an old Aunt Somebody in the church often told mother "if you marry an unbeliever you'll get turned out of the church." It, of course, incensed father and created a dislike for the society, making a wider breach between them. I have heard mother say father used to pet her when he came to visit at her house or to call for it was so handy. There was little need of ceremony. She often spoke of little gifts from him. I think there was friendship if not vision of feeling. I do not know what is right in such cases. Father told me when I was married, if I liked Gilbert, to marry him and by my example win him to a religious life, telling me all his experience, his long years of waiting for mother. How his heart rebelled against such feelings expressed by Christians, adding that he dated his religious life to his married relations.

When he was thirty five years of age and about five years after marriage, said he, "As I was riding along on horseback on clear evening after attending a prayer meeting, on my way home thinking of the love of God toward guilty man, how his mercies are from everlasting to everlasting, I was truly penitent [6], but seemed a condemned sinner, not yet even daring to hope, when, as it were, a finger traced in fingers of gold the

beautiful name of GOD in the sky." I believe it was a fancy, but so vividly did it appear to be so, I always doubt it might [7] not have been given as a seal of the covenant, for I was at the moment changed. I loved God with all my silent, willing heart. I really found tears coursing down my cheek and a silent prayer of thanksgiving going up from my heart. I really in song praised my redeemer, alone there in the lovely starry night.

I knelt with my confusion for the first time in my life and erected a family altar as we retired for rest, an altar not yet broken down, before which dear children with us offer sacrifice morning and evening and mother is glad she overcame the objections of marrying an unbeliever giving all the glory of God. If I had been rejected I might now be without God or hope in the world."

This is father's testimony to me when I was placed in the same position. I am yet waiting for the beautiful Golden letters to be traced in Gilbert's sky. I believe it yet will be. I believe God answers prayer, but as the years roll by and my dear children grow up without their altar, without the example, I sometimes fear there is some truth in the passage of scripture--2nd Cor. 6, Chap. 14 & 15, verses where it says "What concord has Christ with Belial, also be ye not revengeful, yoked together, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness [8], and what communion hath light with darkness."

I think it is very hard to take a daughter out of a praying family who has always attended church, attended prayer meetings, class meetings, been used to Christian society and surrounded by all good influences, transport her into a new home where only love at the altar, no thought of God, no altar of morning or evening sacrifice, no care for a regular attendance at church, all the Christian privileges gone by, unless God in His providence should by affliction cause the chosen one to come to him, a dreadful ordeal, a path of sorrow. Oh! How momentous a question to settle. I respect and love my dear father for his kindness in considering the feelings of the impenitent and of his charity in hoping all things. He, of course, believing that the effectual and fervent [9] prayers of a devoted wife would prove in the end a means of saving the unregenerate husband. But if the influence of the husband in all other things is paramount, if his will is law in his house. I can't see as he is to be won by her tears, prayers, or life long devotion.

Yet we are not in this thing alone, God works in His own way in His own time. He can use the humble instrument of a praying wife to lead the husband to Jesus, even if it does look all dark. He leads the blind in a way they know not, using the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. The little mouse knawed the meshes in the lion's net setting him free. In some future time I may see Gilbert in a net of bewilderment and be able to break the delusion by a ready word. I mean to be instant in season and out of season, always ready to aid him. But it may be I am not to live to do the work.

Perhaps I have got to lead these dear little ones in the good and right way, God using them as lesser lights to guide the strong mind of manhood. I am not weary in well doing. I believe Gilbert and I should not so miraculously have met, if it had not been God's providence for us to have been united.

But this is not what I referred to by speaking of afflictions in our family. I was thinking therefore you to fathers firm, trust in God, of his resignation, his endurance through great fatigue, of his watchful care for all his family, his yearning tenderness over us.

When I was eight years old, Lorenzo was sick with a sudden attack. I believe it proved to be a worm fever. At any rate it seems that all hope of his recovery was given over by our family physician, Dr. Jostlin, but father did not give up. Little Lo lived. All were very happy, no one more so than father. A few months after Lo recovered father testified in a prayer meeting he had failed to pay his vow unto God saying, "I promised to acknowledge before you if Lorenzo's life was spared, (my only son) that it was in answer to prayer. For weeks it has hung on me weighing so heavy I have made up my mind to unburden my heart, by telling you how I went away when all hope had fled and praying God to spare his life, even his life to us this time. I seemed to receive the assurance for a calm peace filled my heart and in a short time the disease was stayed and a rapid recovery gave us back as from the grave my darling boy."

One other trial I will briefly refer to. When little Ebbie was just two years old he was stricken down with scarlet fever and canker rash. For

weeks he lay at the point of death, and when the fever abated, larger swellings came in throat that all medicine could not relieve. Our kind neighbors aided from time to time, using skill besides the doctor's in the form of warm cloths, poultices and the like. Mother, Cordelia, Louisa, father and several ladies attended him the last night of the terrible disease. The remedy was close at hand. In the morning he was laid upon his cot bed in the best air in the room. All were in tears to see the sweet child draw so for a breath. Father sung a touching hymn, "The morning Flowers Display Their Sweets." Then he prayed that the pathway to the tomb might be smooth. As he arose from his knees, a man came in from Dr. Jostlyn's saying he had a medicine which would cure the child. We were willing to try anything which would cure the child. Accordingly a dose was administered. In half an hour we gave another. By the time the doctor arrived Ebbie was sleeping peacefully. The doctor mingled his tears of thanksgiving with ours. It was a good article, but we did not send in a certificate of its efficacy as we should have done. I never heard of its success in the future. It came from Campbell's Hotel, Montpelier, Vt. They had not tried it. It was made from a receipe found in an ancient trunk in an old [10] garret. But it cured little Ebbie. He was so eaten with [11] cankers he lose the use of one ear, but what did we care. OH! Ebbie, do not grieve for your deafness, your life was given back to us, our darling baby. What more could we ask.

He had to learn to talk, to walk again as much as a helpless babe. For weeks I drew him, so weak and helpless in his little carriage [12], but at last he began to join in our sports and in time was well again, though sores had to be lanced upon the outside of his throat.

Chapter 4

MY EXPERIENCE

I think if there is any part of this book I ought to write it is my experience, but I feel a reluctance to do so; first because it is so far beyond my ability; second because I could never recall the heartfelt joys I experienced.

I get glimpses of them from time to time and then they disappear from my mental grasp. Today as I sat in church, I had it revealed to me. I could see my place of sacred devotion, so sacred, just as I used to find it at the close of day. I seemed to feel the old love coming back. I almost felt the loving Saviour breathing upon me such life giving breath as I need to feel. My heart seemed to catch the old time softness. I could but say, "Lord, I believe." Oh! that I could convey to you, youthful reader, my experience.

If I had words to tell you, I am persuaded you could in like manner, draw water. You could in like manner say, "Lord, I come, I do believe." Oh! such peace as used to rest upon me, yes remain with me. I could go about my daily avocation, heart melted in tenderness, I loved everybody. "Jesus was altogether lovely." I could apply "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "Just as I Am."

All day my heart was glad in God. When brother and sister Jones left the charge I was never so bereft. I wept in secret places for my Spiritual guides. I fear I loved the creature more than the creator, but I do not think so now after years of experience. Why should I not love them, my more-than-friends. They had led me to the light. They had stood in Christ's stead beseeching me to be reconciled to God, disinterested love. Before I saw my danger, they had reached out a hand to save me. I know I should give the glory to God, and yet the laborer is worthy of his hire.

How faithfully H. I. Jones labored for our souls. I did not know them until just before the two years that terminated their stay. I attended church regularly, but did not feel such interest. I remember being drawn

to the Sabbath school. During his stay among us, three of our Sabbath school scholars died. He took occasion to remind us of the uncertainty of life, deeply impressing us. He took a vote in the school to see how many of us would try to pray, how many would imitate the example of Jane and John Shaw and Henry Bixby, weeping, every scholar arose to pledge newness of life.

From this Br. Jones once a week met Mr. Land N. for the sole purpose of praying for a revival of work of Grace in the hearts of youth. I did not know it at the time. I remembered the young people usually attended the evening lectures, but farther than this I have no recollection until I went to live in the village. I was in the house adjourning the parsonage. I had occasion to run into Mr. Jones' house upon errands. By so doing, I soon became acquainted with them. I also had the inestimable benefit of religious peoples' society. Where I lived, I attended prayer meetings. I was led to feel a need of a change of heart. I knew I must have it to prepare for death, but now I felt it.

One Sabbath eve, Mr. Jones sat before us explaining life and death so plainly, I found myself suddenly choosing the path of life. I was yielding my heart unconsciously to Jesus, so beautifully had he shown the blood of the covenant to us, as the all stoning sacrifice. I was bathed in tears, but none noticed me so silent was my emotion. At close of the service invitation was given for penitents to stand upon their feet and be remembered in the final prayer. I waited. No one rose. Alas! could a house of young people sit composed when their immortal souls' salvation was at stake. Yes, no one rose. I am sure if I had arisen peace would have come to my aching heart, but I could not go alone. I could not show to a world of sinners, a world of scoffers, I was serious. I could not show them my heart. I felt I was choosing my eternal death. Had I arisen, I know now that many others would have followed my example, but I went away quietly bearing in my bosom a silent, pleading, sorrowful heart.

That night when I retired to rest, I tried to pray, but the heavens [13] were brass above my head. I, who had early been taught to pray, found a mountain of transgression between me and a holy God. I wanted a saviour, a mediator. Him, I had refused to own, now it seemed my lamentation must be, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my

soul is not saved." I lay feverishly tossing on my couch until far into the night. I promised God if he would but grant me His forgiving love, I would tell it to a dying world. At last I fell asleep. When I woke in the morning I hastily prepared to attend to my labor (for I was in others employ).

The cares of labor crushed out my desires for salvation. I, before the next meeting had gone seven miles to a term of select school. There it was all study and recreation. I was not forgetful but found little time to think of God.

Parties of pleasure were from time to time attended. Once I was drawn into a company (much to my regret) that proved to be a dance. A new hall was being dedicated. It was called an Apple-Cut, but in the short time the apples suddenly disappeared and a sort of charm came over us, irresistible, for I was drawn unbeknown to myself with all the company up a long flight of stairs into a spacious hall, light as noonday from a large chandelier hanging in the center of the hall. Before I could recover from the sudden effect of such enchantment, I was whirled in the midst of dancers for a set was on the floor as we went in. Rich music flooded softly, giving life to the glowing feet. I never before was in a ball room. I was delighted. I could have joined in the graceful dance as heartily as they, if I had chosen, but a voice seemed to come from the spirit world beseeching me to be reconciled to God. I was pushed this way and that. One says, "Miss Grandy, this way, if you please." I was glad my parents had kept me from such amusements.

Who can tell, but I might have become the gayest of the gay, joining in the reveling with much heart, if I could have made a pretty figure upon the floor. But as it was, I was a trouble to my best friends, even my partner was ashamed of me (I presume). Soon as I could I slipped away to the end of the hall and there with a few I liked very well contrived to pass a few pleasant hours. But as night wore on, I became weary. The gentleman I depended on for escort home was a splendid dancer. Nothing could have induced him to forgo the privilege of remaining until the party broke up. So I remained a wall-flower, trying to persuade myself it was all very pretty. I loved to see my young friend happy. The small hours were beginning to creep up, yet the dancers were to all appearances in the glory of the time. The spring floor would give such

elastic bounds as to aid in motion greatly.

Orlenna Stoddard, my escort, came around to see how the peepers got along. I almost found heart to say "I let you rest last night and tonight you are paying me?", but I tried to be generous and said, "Oh! nicely." What a contrast between last night and tonight. He and I watched with the corpse of the dearest, sweetest young lady I ever knew, certainly the handsomest. I so loved her, I could not let the eyes of a young man look upon her. She would not like it (if her spirit could speak) to be gazed so carelessly upon. She was a young convert, baptized by immersion, and only one year ago. Her name was Elizabeth Richardson. I knew her soul was with the "Angelic Host" hovering near. I put my shawl under Orlenna's head, fixed him cozily on the lounge and bid him get a good night's rest, telling him if he went to the "apple-cut" next night he would need a good night's sleep. (I little thought it would be a whole dance.) I said I did not fear to go into the room alone. Lizzy was so good. He tried to express gratitude (I suppose) in attempting to imprison upon my hands as I turned to leave for other duties. At least I concluded so, for he made a dive for them, just a little too late. But I concluded it did not agitate him half so much as it did me, for while I was thinking "A miss was as good as a mile," I heard heavy breathing and lo! the gallant I was petting was off to Nod's island, nor did he waken to help me at all. He awakened to partake of refreshments to gain strength to snore upon, and again slipped to the cozy lounge. I did feel so tired, I was almost ungracious enough to wish he would sit by me to keep my peepers (as he called them) open tonight, but self was uppermost, especially with such a dashing swain as he. I concluded if ever he saw fit to take me home, I should in the future stay there.

It was all for the best after all for I had ample time (after wearying of the dance) to think of dear Br. Jones, of his nightly vigils. Even then he might be on his knees praying God to so lead us to the level and right way.

The fall term of school was in every way very beautiful to me. We had a man of great ability to teach us. I learned much of human nature, something of my own heart in the twelve week attendance, made several valuable friends, acquired sufficient education to take a small summer school in the following summer. Ephraim Campbell urged me to go with

his sister Hannah to the school promising me the school as a recompense. I did not need much urging, but talked with him for sport, as he had to get the committeeship before he could kiss me. It did happen that he was chosen and I taught the valley school.

I attended our district school that winter. Miss Maria Stoddard taught. She did not like Mr. Jones. She was of Congregational belief (not a professor). He, Mr. Jones, often came to our school house to hold a weekly meeting. No interest to encourage him. He came regularly on Wednesday evenings. He was Mr. McConley's minister, an E. M. My father was member of the P. M. church. Mr. Jones felt a great interest in Mr. McConley's large family of young people. All of them old enough to embrace religion.

I loved Maria very tenderly. I could not bear to have her dislike Mr. J. One eve he prayed (in broken voice) for Lydia, M's cousin who lay dying. She had taken a violent cold in a heated ballroom and in two short weeks was dying. Maria sobbed violently as he pled for her life, even time to prepare to meet her God, for, he said, "Oh! Lord, Thou knowest Lydia is a lover of pleasure."

Soon as meeting was out M said he had no right to say that Lydia was a lover of pleasure. Lydia was a good girl and would be saved. She would not go and hear him pray after that. But strange as it may seem, Lydia lived for two weeks after that. Her voice was restored, and she lived to ask for mercy and died in hope of a blessed immortality.

The next Wednesday night was very stormy. It looked very bad to go out, but Maria seemed to be very much softened toward everybody, and brought her great warm coat and wrapped it about me, kissing me, tears standing in her eyes. Not a word was said. I knew she was very sorry for her words spoken angrily. I, with father, battled the elements. I don't know why I should have gone, I was not more earnest than usual. I always loved to go. There were but two others there besides father and myself, Henry Mc., and Denison Freeman. I did not believe Mr. Jones could get there it was so bad, but true to his appointment he came in covered with snow.

We were all very glad to see each other. After a good taste of the fire we

sat in the cold seats. It seemed very hard for Mr. Jones to come and so few to speak to, but it seemed as though the address was for me. I never heard so direct an appeal to the heart. I was much affected. He concluded his sermon by speaking of our dear young friend Lydia, asking us if we were prepared to meet our God. His voice was so fervent, his heart so earnest, I was in tears. I knew he would soon ask us to manifest our desire for prayers. I felt if I was in a room full of people I could better stand upon my feet, but before those two young friends, I could not say I would see Jesus. Mr. Freeman was a Universalist, Dennison would scorn so foolish a thing, as though it could change the decrees of Heaven to stand upon my feet, and Henry too, he would laugh as soon as my back was turned. And my dear, dear father, I even doubted his believing me sincere. I even doubted myself, could I be in earnest [14], would after all any good come of it. Mr. J would pray anyway, for what difference would it make about my rising.

Were you, dear reader, ever tempted thus? I persuaded myself if I did not sit so full in the presence of D and H, I should not fear them so much. What will not the devil do to cheat souls out of Heaven? But, thank God, he did not cheat me this time. I, soon as the invitation came, arose. I don't know how I managed to stand. It seemed a weight, so heavy I could not move, was upon me. I took hold of the desk to arise, but Oh! Victorious Love, I did not feel a weight long. I opened my mouth; it was words of peace I spoke.

The tempest raged only outside. Where was my shame, my fear, my agony? All, all, all gone. I begged in broken voice the prayers of Christians that I might never go back. I spoke so free, so easy. I told them how long I had been groping in the dark, how I desired evermore [15] to be recorded with the people of God. When I sat down I was crying for joy. Crying because I was not under the power of Satan. I almost hoped he never again would raise his hand. Then Br. Jones knelt down and poured out, in voice of supplication, words so comforting, so worthy, I know he felt the assurance Jesus was near. I believe he felt the evidence of answer to prayer. I never heard such language in prayer. It seemed to bring down the heavens. I felt in the presence of God and Jesus, as he said, "Holy Ghost, for thee we call." I never went into that place after that but I seemed to be on holy ground. I felt it was the House

of God and the gate of Heaven to my waiting soul.

Soon as the meeting was over such shaking of hands. It seemed new friends had been made. Henry came forward, pressed my hands and saying. "Lucinda, do not ever go back." Mr. J came forward and said. "Henry, why do not you come too." He said, "I can live a christian." But before a year he was in eternity, but thank God, not without preparation. From that night a series of meetings were held at the M. E. chapel. The following Sabbath was watchnight. I was seating with Stearns and Henry Shaw, Eben and Am Street. We had excellent sermons. Father's minister, Anson Spear, was our speaker. Oh! how he pled with sinners to come to Jesus. After the last intermission Mr. Jones preached from the text, "I pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

I shall never forget the pleading look he gave us. He came down from the desk, stood very near to us as though he loved us so very tenderly, he could not stand so far off. At the close of the service the three speakers joined in singing "Come ye sinners, poor and needy." Little Br. Spears was in the spirit. I never heard so much melody. He is the sweetest singer I ever heard. He had walked by the hour to gather and sing in our parlor when visiting at our house.

He seemed to praise God in song. He sang many new songs. He at this time seemed to sing with more entreaty than all others. I wonder everyone in the house did not go to the anxious seats and kneel down. I longed to go, and yet the piece was nearly sung before I could find courage to show my young friends I was ready to join in Christian rank. But when I did get courage to go, I did not have to go alone.

Oh! how many today are waiting for one another? Why do we not take away such stumbling blocks, get out of the others way?

My good old teacher, Hannah Jones, came down from the gallery, kissed me weeping. Oh! how much I had gained, lost nothing. There was after the close of services such wishing of Happy New Years as I never heard before and I was happy. I never expect to see another watch meeting like that there, but I always keep watch night even if alone. For there comes a freshness of the first love, a newness of the desire to live wholly for Jesus. God does pour out his spirit more freely so it seems to me, for all

over the union people are praying for sinners. I hear them singing, "Come ye sinner," like olden times.

Well, Mr. Jones labored all the winter with us, faithful, never wearying and souls were converted from all parts of town. He went from house to house, laboring with the people. Sister Louisa came home from Montpelier, because interested and obtained hope. She went to Ludlow, Vt., to work at her trade. I was sorry to have her go away at that time, but she was ready to go.

The next spring before Mr. Jones left the charge, the young converts were baptized [16]. I was sorry Louise was not there. All were sprinkled but myself. I felt it to be a great privilege to be immersed. I am glad I was. I only wish Louise could have gone with me, but she could not, and was finally sprinkled and joined the Cong.

Oh! how good the water looked to me years and years after, even now I am so glad when people are immersed. I love the ordinance I believe Jesus was immersed. It is a type of regeneration. Why not be plunged beneath the flood tide. I am not a Baptist. I do not think it necessary. I do not think any baptism necessary, as a type. Jesus said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be damned." No one will be damned for not being baptized. But it is a command and I would love cheerfully to obey. Besides Jesus was baptized for an example, making it a precious ordinance.

When Mr. and Mrs. Jones left, Am Steel and I stayed until they went away to be the last in the house to aid in the work. I found it very hard to take and kiss them good-bye. When will such partings end? I loved them as I never loved other laborers in Christ's vineyard. For years I corresponded with them. I have seen them once since.

Chapter 5

I TEACH SCHOOL

The 6th of July I was boarding to Ephraim Campbell's. I was, according to promise, teaching school (the valley school). I was boarding around by the scholars. How Ephraim came to board me I have forgotten, I only know I was there. I rather think I was only staying with Hannah, for I know they did not send scholars. Ephraim was the one that hired me, but that did not cause me to be in his house. I call it his house because he was the owner, but his family lived there.

I remember it because I was eighteen. I only remember I felt uncommon free of age. I think I did hope I was pretty. I can remember looking in the glass before I ran off to school. I can think how L (meaning myself) looked that morning with primroses in her hair, eyes lit up with a happy joy such as comes of early rising and a little briskness. I stopped as usual to see Sis as I passed her door and get little Josiah, for Delia let him go to school as long as it was to me.

How happily I trifle along. Life was all before me. Then, I dreamed of all the things free, of a happy, happy bark which floats through storm and fear like an arrow to its mark. I loved my work, I made little progress in my studies besides teaching. I was only a little way from home and it was all very pleasant. We talked of what would be bye and bye. We were to go on the slide soon as school ended for one item in our program.

I used to walk to church for the pleasure of tripping along down the pleasant road lying close beside the river, the whole way through the shady wood almost four miles. I usually was at home making it half the distance and then rode, but from the valley there were few people that as yet could or did ride.

I remember one Sabbath morning I dressed for church, went over to the school house to be by myself, a dear pleasure for me. I read a while in my bible, looking over my Sabbath-school lesson and after looking at

my watch decided it was quite late. I quickly retraced my steps to prepare for going to church. I had but come to the door when Delia looked up almost angrily saying, "where in the world have you been all this time." I said "at the school house." (It was but a few rods, off on the way to church.) She then explained her anxiety. Ephraim had just dropped in to see if I was going. She told him I was off, she half believed, to the school house, but not gone for my things were there. So he set out to find me. She was quite nervous over my persistent oddity, as she called it. I donned a bonnet and mantilla, took my parcel and ran along, almost laughing to think he was in so far ahead of me. I said, "I guess he will overtake me as I trifled along." Sis said he was expecting I was gone. I had not gone half a mile before I saw him talking with a boy leaning over a fence.

He laughed as I came along and joined me as company. It was quite pleasant when going so far to chat by the way, though I have walked the road a great many times before alone, finding my thoughts good company. I could build castles in the air walking four miles.

I went to the Methodist chapel in forenoon and in the afternoon went to the second village with father and mother, also going with them a night.

Mother and Cordelia gave me a lecture revealing what I already knew that she and Robert had hoped, yea almost planned, to see me give perfect satisfaction in the school. I had done that and yet there was a little more coming. They hoped I would be just agreeable sufficiently so at least that the prudential committee would feel satisfied. That too was very reasonable, but she said Ephraim considered he had gone to church with me and that I took pains to go off to the other church to avoid coming home with him. This might have been so. I said though I really liked Eph but I am free and will not be tied to walk by or with anyone. So it was settled betwixt Ephraim and myself, though I did not know it was a slight, but he was only trying to test my likes and preferences.

I am astonished to see how much difference there is between people. One will take the hint before it is given, another (to use the vulgar phrase) must be kicked. I liked Ephraim all too well, but did not care to have anyone know of it, of all persons, him, so I played I did not like him. I think if he did care for me he might tell me so, or I never would

him. I think if he did care for me he might tell me so, or I never would

know it, and thus we parted, I mean parted in the acting in the sphere of lovers.

At the close of my school, we young people all assembled at Ephraim's house and there we girls were chosen partners and set out for the excursion we had talked of, Ephraim choosing his present companion. I was a little sorry as I saw him give his arm to her. Sister Louise was in Ludlow, Vt., so I no longer saved Eph as partner for her, but now he was done for. Mary Ann was the happiest girl I ever saw. She was not of a very good family and had always regarded us as her rivals, and now she bore off the poem. After Eph, I had no choice in gentlemen, anyone would do. I should be able to get along without any attention, as I was the most agile of any of the party, able to win the race if a wager were given.

I decided all the attention a beau would give to me that day would be to carry the dinner, which was only a tiny basket of goodies, which he was glad to carry for a share, like a dog. As it happened he had none. I decided I would be merry, at least not do as Louisa did several years before, give up going because she disliked her partner.

The mountain was very steep. I envied Mary her gallant escort, for he so helped. But he would not have been so good to me for I never could accept so much assistance. I was the first to look off the other side. I gained the site just a moment first. What a glorious view burst upon my enraptured sight. I thought of Balboa as he gazed off on the great Pacific Ocean. I could see the beautiful lake Champlain, the city of Vergens and all the pretty country east and west, the range of mountains, north and south, Camel's Hump, and Mansfield to the north, Potato Hill to the south; The White Mountains of N.H. to the east and all the dear picturesque lovely home below.

We ate our lunch and descended, arriving at Sister's at six P.M. being gone just twelve hours. I growled a little about my escort but sister only laughed for she thought Eph served me right.

Chapter 6

I GO TO CLINTON

After my school was ended, I went and visited Aunt Lydia Hamilton, father's sister, and cousin Laura, who was married and lived at home. I had lived in the family so much of late it was a dear, good visit. They lived in Waitsfield [17], seven miles from our house.

I had taught a little school there fall and spring before I taught in the Valley. All their little folks, cousin Laura's children, loved me as a sister. Little Lucinda, my namesake, then three years old, went to school especially because she was named for me, or more especially because I feted her so much.

I did enjoy Uncle Stuart Hamilton so much. He and Aunt Lydia and Uncle Ira were the only ones of my father's family I really loved, save Uncle Gales family. How good they were. They were always jovial, full of good cheer. A living remembrance of old times. A basket of rich, mellow apples were waiting for me by the fire. I hate to out-live such people. Aunt still lives. Next to seeing father, I love to see her most of any one I can think of, but I never expect to go to Waitsfield [18] again. Our farm is sold and every mark of home is obliterated.

One day after I returned home, really looking upon having a good time, staying with mother and lifting from her shoulders the burden of the heavy wash, feeling almost guilty for so long staying away. Hannah Campbell came in looking like a picture of despair. She often came to visit us but never before in that way. So rapid was her step, and her countenance was so agitated, she looked just ready to cry. Mother and I were alone in the room.

Said I, "Why, Hannah, what is the matter?" Upon this she gave way to a violent fit of sobbing, crying as though her heart would break. After the cry had relieved her she told us she had just received a letter from William Dana, Stephen's brother (I have mentioned in a jesting way, I

had been obliged to give up Stephen to Hannah) asking her to come soon as possible to Stephen, as he was very sick and but little hope was entertained of his recovery, a very sudden attack [19] of summer complaint, almost cholera.

What she wished was to have me go too, as it would create gossip. It would be said we had gone to the factory, for Stephen and William were in Lowell. She said if he got well we would be factory girls. If he did not we would come home. The subject was wholly unexpected. The summer Louisa was in Lowell, father grieved so sadly for her I dared not ask permission to go. But Hannah was so good, who could stand unmoved by her tears. She would not cease her pleading.

She went, timid as she always had been, boldly to father, stated the case in all its delicacy to him. I don't see why father consented, but he yielded by saying, "Lucinda must have a trunk." That was as good as yes. Oh! how Hannah cheered up. One would think Stephen had arrived safe and sound by her laughing, so happy over the consent. She ran home lightened in heart to make all possible preparation. We could not go until the trunk was made and painted but father told her he would put me on board the first day after the morrow at Roxbury, eleven miles over a high mountain.

What a sacrifice for Hannah to make for a lover, and if he lived, he might pay his addresses to a young lady (if lucky enough to get one) if prettier than she, the first moment he saw her. But what Hannah wanted was to go to Lowell, and that immediately. Father finished the trunk, stained it and varnished it. I was very proud of it. It was spotted with black. All my clothes were packed and getting ready to kiss dear, darling Ziba and Ebbie, and was calculating how many tears to shed on so momentous an occasion, for I was to go on the cars and I expected to be ground to powder at the first smash-up, when in came Robert to say Stephen had arrived. I was quite excited.

I could not tell mother whether I was glad or sorry we were now to lose the honor of going two hundred miles to hunt up a sick lover and feel the immense pleasure of knowing we had in some way been his benefactor. Here he was at home, almost convalescent [20].

What were we to do? Really we were in a dilemma. If we did not go, people would connect it some was with Stephen's coming, so it was decided we were to go. William was to return immediately as he was a watchman and could not leave, but he advocated our going to Clinton and working in the east village gingham mill as Hester Ann Knap, his affianced [21] bride was there, and he was going there. Hannah told us she was a Maine girl of great excellence [22] and assured us it would be so pleasant to live with and near her, adding "I'll come often to see you, and Stephen, when he comes to Lowell, he can come to Clinton, and will come once a week to see you."

Well, we went. What else could we do? We should see a little of the world, which should not harm us, for I never had been away from home farther than to see Louisa at Montpelier, in all my life.

I did feel a little sad as I said good-bye to all the good folks at home, but the worst is parting. Once off, the worst was over. William was a gallant escort. He took such nice care of us. I felt just as though I was a band-box that belonged to him. I ought to have a label on my face to save me speaking, I was so timid I even forgot where we were going. But at three o'clock we were set down at the gate in east village Clinton, just as our trunks were, and we knew as little - what to do.

I was tired and hungry, but did not speak of it. I doubt if I knew it then. He told the driver to leave our trunks at #3 then he went out to the counting room and called our Mrs. Anthony Stoddard. Now I began to come to my senses, I was very happy to see her, a dear friend. I did not know where she had kept herself.

She took us over to the mill. I was so lost in the mysteries of the wonders I saw, I doubt if I was much wiser for what I saw. I had all I could do to dodge the flying shuttles, but when I became sure, they, like the ocean, had their bounds, I walked in security. But I was stunned by the crashing of six hundred looms all on one floor. What a noble sight, what a pretty sight. Flowers in all the deep windows, floors painted.

The Misses were all dressed pretty enough to go to a ball, only they were blue denim over skirts and sleeves. Forty looms make a section, over

which a man was placed as overseer and two head men. To them we were shown. He accepted us as spare hands. They always took in all the yankee help they could get, so that William did not fear to take us there.

Then he took us to Mrs. Stoddard's boarding house, and left us there and at #9. He went to the hotel. That eve he called with his Miss Knap. We liked her very much, and now he had finished his mission and we were factory girls.

The following day I commenced my labor. I was put on a loom with Mrs. Stoddard. I soon caused a smashup by putting the wrong shuttle in. She laughed and called her section man to aid in mending it. I was not a little surprised to find Orlenna [23], the veritable fellow who had danced with so much zest while I sat wearily waiting. He seemed pleased to find me there.

We had not been there long before we had a delegation of Stoddards all from Waitsfield [24]. Maria, my teacher came, also her brother, and Mrs. Stoddard's husband who was at work at Nashua, N.H. He came there and rented rooms taking the Stoddard's to board. We used to spend very many pleasant evenings there, also we all walked when out of the mill, which was Saturday after five o'clock, I believed. There was not a cliff we did not climb nor a grove we had not lazily sauntered through, chatting of olden times. I am always seeking Gilbert to take me to Clinton. I know of no place I so wish to visit for memories sake as I do there. I have strolled down by Still River with girls like myself, far from home, and sought out a shady nook, there lingering until the hour of twilight bidding us return. Our spirits answering to a sympathetic chord that needed no words to tell the tale, arm in arm we retraced our steps.

The girls were mostly so good. Girls from Maine, Vt., N.H., N.Y. Ah! dear girls where are you now. Some are, no doubt, in the spirit land, but I saw little Eliza Mayhew, a little doll of a thing, to church not long ago. She was [25] a Maine girl. By seeing her here I concluded she is a straw shop girl. I am sorry I did not speak to her. I watched to see if she was yet a Christian. I saw her partake of the sacrament, then I knew she was steadfast.

There was a great revival in Clinton while I was there. This pretty girl was one of the converts. I feared, as is often the case, she might have lost her first love, but then I knew she had not. She would feel as much pleasure in talking of Clinton as I, but I could not find courage to speak to her. I had changed, she did not recognize me, yet both of us really were at one time, seemed to feel the magnet of attraction. I think I must have reminded her of some pleasant memories at least.

Perhaps you, by this time, are wishing to hear from Stephen? Well, he got rapidly better so to return to his work, and true to agreement, visited us. Hannah was in the boarding house when he came. She seemed very excited. She wished to be prettily altered to meet so great a personage. In her mill clothes she said she could not go down. I told her to take just as much time as she chose and dress pretty as she pleased, I would go down as I was and amuse him until she could come, for which she was very grateful. I could not see why I was not good enough to meet Stephen, I never was thinking of my appearance at home, why now? Certainly I should not lose much if he did not like the looks, he could look the other way.

I was glad to see Stephen. I am thinking he thought little of my dress, for I looked as well as I ever did. (All the girls in the mill dressed very pretty, they looked very pretty at the supper table.) I chatted a long time with Stephen before Hannah came down. Really I believe I got the cream of the visit before she got there, for all the long waiting had been poured out to me. Hannah ought to have come, smutty or not and made him welcome, I think.

Stephen stayed over Sunday with us, lodging at the hotel. We were a little homesick and his coming was very opportunate. Hannah paid a quarter for the parlor Saturday eve and after we had plied Stephen for hours with all manner of questions until I should have thought he would have been glad to have got rid of us, he and Hannah commenced for an all nights keeping company. I hope she got the poor tired fellow to bed soon as we left for he must have needed rest. I should have called for a cradle and rocked him if I had hired the parlor. I was glad I was free. I do not care to be attended by a gentleman, sour grapes, I suppose.

Well if I had been the lucky one maybe I should feel different, but really

I do not think so. I never could endure the style. I found a lady and gentleman (to save the quarter) sitting side by side in every possible corner of the house Sabbath evening. There were forty pretty girls in the house.

I suppose you wonder where the gentlemen boarded. Only a few blocks off. They were handy enough too for some, I fear, always calling out pretty girls to ride or attending them at home and staying a little time. Half a dozen ladies with as many gentlemen all in a room and no chatting between them than if in separate rooms, every lady interested in her own gentleman. I got quite initiated into the mysteries of courtship. It was alike divested of Charms and terrors. I left at nine on account of the character of the company.

I went to board with a good nice, plump lady of an uncertain age. I could hardly credit the fact that here stood little Miss Hemenway. Why she looked fat and forty. I thought she might be a grandmother by her looks. She was a Methodist. Why, how different from #9. All her girls were religious. I don't believe a gentleman came or went from her house while I was there, only on business, save to weekly prayer meetings.

Bro. Weeks and Bro. Crossly came up from Lowell every Wednesday. We got out of the mill at half past seven, ate supper, packed the three tables up in the end of the long dining room, brought all the chairs from the chambers down and at eight o'clock the people gathered. In ten minutes the room was full and all was still. The meeting was orderly, full of life. No one ever spoke over five minutes, not many over a minute, short stirring hymns. I could not tell which I liked best, the Methodist or Baptist meetings. I attended both. I shall never cease to be thankful that I was permitted to live in Clinton a year, my spiritual life was greatly advanced but there were many other advantages besides the religious benefits, though none perhaps more to be valued. I learned human nature. I learned to shun evil, to cling to that which was good.

I wrote to Elder Jones when at #9. He replied telling me to learn there a lesson I might never again have a chance to learn, to be good surrounded by evil. Said he, "if you were with cold professors, I should need to fear, but now you can be on your guard." I seemed to have a new thought occur to my mind. I did not realize before, that I might be that careless

professor, leading astray some weaker one. I never realized before I could have any influence.

There was my more than friend, Hannah. What would I not give to see her give her heart to God. I was younger than she by two years. I dared not ask her to love the God I so carelessly worshipped lest she rebuke me as being a hypocrite. I strove to live a consistent life so as by my example to win her to the right way. Her family was called Universalist in belief, but I have grown to regard it as a cover for not wishing to be talked with. I doubt the Universalist belief. All say they were not good Universalists after conversion, that it afforded no relief. Hannah used to go with me to all the meetings and if she could have been urged a little, she would have started in the good and right way, so she told me in after years, when led to embrace religion. Said she, "I used to enjoy the prayer meetings very much. I could hardly keep from speaking, I was so happy." She believes she first came to a knowledge of her need of a saviour at those meetings. I know now I did not do my whole duty as a fellow Christian to my dear friend, but left her mourning for sin until the cores of life drove away the tender feeling. How many opportunities are lost by not living a holy life. We can work for Jesus if we keep close to him. I loved the society of Christians. I prayed much. I attend religious meetings. I read good books. I was very happy, but all was hidden from Hannah. I never had talked with her. I feared she ever held me in derision for my straight-laced jacket or for my one-sided life, so I tried to appear two-sided, carrying the world in one hand and religion in the other, to make myself a pleasant companion. "Ye cannot serve two masters," often came upon me, to cause me to deal plainly with Hannah. At such times I always found her willing. I believe if I had done as I ought, she would have been such a loving Christian heart as my soul too eagerly sought, but I found one thereby leaving Hannah, as it were, in the cold.

Pluma Smalley (a Methodist girl) soon as we met, as it were, so opened her heart to me, I could feel the need of a second friend, but at times a homesickness would come over me and then I would turn to Hannah. I have cried upon her bosom at such times always finding relief and a full share of her tender sympathy.

Stephen was her God, her solace. She was not pining for home as I was,

although as much attached to home. We were always happy in getting letters from home, sharing in them. Her friends were my friends, my friends were her friends. I always was addressed in connection with her. Ephraim wrote dear good letters and I often found myself pineing for a letter long before it came. Cordelia and Louisa each wrote to us, although Louisa was in Ludlow. One day I came home from the mill and found Hannah gone. I felt as though I had lost her. She did not work that day. I heard a tall, handsome fellow called her out of the mill. I suspected where she was. She worked in the winding room, I in the weave room. I do not see why I should feel so bad. I would not expect to share in her love affairs, but it was the first time Stephen had ever taken her and not consulted me, or rather not taken me. I had always attended them in all their walks, always sat in the parlor with them until ten o'clock at night, only leaving them to have the remaining hours alone.

But now he had come in the cars, called her out, taken her away and I had not even been apprised of her going.

It was Wednesday and Bro. Weeks and Crossly were below. I ate my supper and immediately started to rest. I expected to be punished for so doing, but I was feeling such a desolation I did not wish any one to see me. I had not succeeded in falling asleep when in came my friend, Pluma, saying "Why Lucinda Grandy, get up, you naughty girl." Suiting the action to the word she began to pretend she was going to dress me again, saying, "Why everybody by this time, is coming to the class meeting, and here you are in bed." I feigned sickness and get excused, but I don't believe she believed me. She gave me credit for I did not excite such sympathy. She left me nearly crying with chagrin, awakening in the morning, a wiser if not a better girl.

About this time a cousin of mine came to Clinton, a cousin I had never seen. My Mother's sister Anna's daughter from Ludlow. Aunt Anna died when cousin Harriet was a tiny baby, leaving her an orphan, also two other older girls. My mother loved her sister's children very tenderly. By her oft repeated story of their trouble, we too had grown to love them although we had never met. Louisa went to live with Jemima, the older sister, who was married to a man by the name of Ezra Boynton. Louisa encouraged Harriet to come to Clinton, for company for me. I learned from her that Louisa was engaged to marry a man by the name of

Bates, Alexis Bates. I loved Louisa so tenderly it made me feel very bad. I felt it more hearing it from others. I would rather have heard it from sister. I did not refer to it in my letter. Harriet was very much in the praise of Bates, as she chose to call him, often giving me pleasant accounts of him. She said he was a section man on the railroad, boarding at her sister's. That he boarded there a long time before Louisa came there. That he was as steady as an eight day clock, was thirty two years old, that his family lived in Derby, Vt., that he had been on the road for eight years, all the way from Boston to Ludlow, here and there. That he was well off and handsome, exceeding fond of Louisa, adding, she believed, they were soon to be married.

All this sounded very well, only our folks did not know of it. I will own it did not please me coming as it did from Harriet. I did not feel the love for Harriet I had always felt before seeing her. She was very short and not so pretty as I supposed. She was twenty-two. I thought it impossible it was she when I saw her. She seemed like a little old woman, full of chatty talk, not a bit bashful, but rather fond of being observed, I thought. She seemed to feel she was sent to look after me. I felt the restraint the moment she came.

She spread many gifts before me soon as we were in the room together. Louisa had sent me a real outfit of finery, such as she had got done wearing, collars, gloves, ribbons, laces, a shawl and many other very acceptable gifts. But the air of superiority with which she displayed them seemed to say, those are good enough for you, as though she had had far better. And then she overhauled her trunk, shaking the wrinkles from a drop lienese (note: a material that was written illegibly in manuscript) which seemed to be about the only thing she found of such consequence to her thinking, remarking, if she had the means she would like to have got two patterns, one for me.

What she was the first day, she was always, looking after me, superintending, wishing she was able to get me such and such a thing or article of dress. Just as though my hands could not earn them. I liked my work, made good pay and bought me all I wished. If I wanted better of other things I could as easily obtain them as she, but that was her way. We have to take people as they come.

The next letter after Harriet came to Clinton, I received news Louisa was married. She then wrote to father and mother. I think that father felt it as I did, for he wrote and asked her if Bates could say beans, signifying he might not be a Yankee.

I will not say more of my stay in Clinton, only that in [26] about a year I was so homesick I went home. Hannah had inducements to stay I had not. She could not leave Stephen. I think she saw something that troubled her when he took her to Lowell. After that he came to see her less often.

I went home through Ludlow, called and stayed a week with Louisa. I found her keeping house. Bates was on the railroad. I had the pleasure of seeing her alone. I could not realize she was given away or that she was not my darling Louisa again as of old time. She seemed very much as ever. I dreaded to have the gruff old bachelor [27] intrude to occupy her attention. I fancied I could not smile after he came in. But as six o'clock came around Louisa says. "There comes Lexis" (meaning Alexis). He was wheeling a wheelbarrow. I did not feel deeply impressed with his dignity. He came in laughing and said, "Hullo, Sallie," a name for Louisa. I saw they were used to each other. I came forward and took his hand but I had to shake it alone, he remained passive. I did not like that. I think I can find the heart, if ever, when we are greeted. I was very much disappointed, but really I must own this time I was not right. Alexis [28] always left the weight of his hand on yours, but a more warmhearted fellow I never found, chatting gaily, keeping us in good humor always.

When I left Sister made me a few dresses I had with me unmade and added a few more pairs of gloves and sent me on my way rejoicing. Bates took me to the station, paying my fare home from his own pocket. I left in excellent spirits reporting favorably of Louisa's home.

Chapter 7

I ARRIVE HOME

I was quite a personage when I arrived Home. Mother put her arm lovingly about me, spanning my waist, to see if she had got her solid girl back good as she left. I think she thought I was consumptive for I had a cough and was very pale, also sister had compressed me several inches in the fit of my new dresses, much to my delight, for I always felt certain I was very clumsy.

I soon threw off the effects of the cotton dust, getting back my color and usual hard flesh, much to the disappointment of my new dresses, which shared the fate of "Pegatices in David Copperfield" when I fell to frolicking with Plato or the little boys. Plato was a little calico dog with one eye, half white, how fat he had grown. I could tire him out in a run. I was the nimblest playfellow of the two. I was so happy I could not restrain my gushing joy. I milked the cows, fed the pigs, swept the barn, ran races with the children, playing ball, frightened the geese to hear them chatter. I rambled in the old accustomed maple wood, gathering wild flowers, making parasols of maidens hair, a little plant that grows up almost round, has a parting in one side. Two placed in opposite make a good sunshade.

I bought every kin a little gift or keepsake. Father had a pretty silk handkerchief, Lorenzo a pocket Bible, Z and E a little morrocco-bound gilt-edged Testament. They still keep them good as ever, only pocket worn. I bought gingham by the pound, making so many articles of clothing while away, every one had an apron or some little trifle. I had a present as I left from Pluma. I did not look to see what it was, for I knew too well it was stolen gingham, little specimens only an eighth of a yard in a piece. She did not dare to keep them. It is a crime to do so. Girls are often taken up for doing it.

A lady, Miss Goddard, once stole pieces that way. She left the mill, went home. A girl took the opportunity for revenge, not liking her, gave evidence against her. She was sent for. I suppose she was overwhelmed

with compassion. She never thought of concealing any part of [29] the pieces, but brought in every little piece. The owners piled it up rough and tumble on the table [30] in the counting room, a terror to evil doers. It remained there when I came away. I presume it is there to-day, for it had a good effect. I really believe they put in part of their own gingham.

I wish I could remember the lady's Christian name. I live near the name. She was a member of the Baptist Church, as are these Goddards. But I will not remember so great a crime, but she was not more guilty than a half. When word was passed over the mill that sixty yards of gingham had been found as stolen goods, and that every room was to be searched, girls left their work by tens, grouped together to talk over the matter. They were as white as white paper, much paler than ashes, I thought. Not a girl was left out, but the search was not as entire as supposed, for that night gingham fed the air-tight stoves all over the village, even boarding-hosters refused to expose the girls. It was put in the agent barn, it was put in vaults. I had a pair of wheels used as weights or shawls. I also trembled. I would have given twenty-five dollars if that pair of wheels had been in the mill. I designed taking them home for little Ebbie or Willie to play with.

We all learned that honesty was the best policy.

The news soon reached Mr. Campbell's folks that I had arrived from Clinton. Ephraim came over to see me to hear from Hannah. As he passed Mr. Hastings they sent for mother. She went down expecting to see a new baby, but to a house of mourning. One of our dear neighbors had died, poor Mrs. Hastings, to be so suddenly taken from your family. Two hours before, she was well, ironing, now she was cold and lifeless, a coarse, ignorant husband to be sole protector for those seven helpless children.

Mother took home the sweet motherless babe, a little daughter. I took it to my heart. I said, "it is mine," I'll never give it up." I had taken little lambs when the dam died, would I not take this sweet babe? Father and mother both told me to fondle it, care for it, but not to adopt it as mine. I said "you have given me no little sister to pet, now will you refuse me this to be all my own?" I tried to show them it would be able to aid them

in future years, when I should be far away. And that was all they feared, I would love her only while in the new fashion. Bye and bye she would be left a second time, an orphan, and who would love the pretty baby, then perhaps not so pretty.

I was thus persuaded to renounce my foolish fancy, but I did not give up the babe. I kept it. I let no one do for it but myself. I all night held it, caring for it when it needed care, sleeping when it slept. We procured a nurse (wet nurse). I carried it through the village on a pillow in my arms. I felt quite a heroine as I rode along by the side of Mr. Hastings. I went to his house and stayed two weeks. I was not quite as good as I thought I was, for I was quite incensed when a mischievous [31]old busy-body spoke of my pretty bonnet got up in such a scientific shape, trimmed with beautiful white watered ribbon, as quite becoming to the bride, calling me the wife because I was so good as to go to that desolate home and try to alleviate the grief. I did not go alone. The teacher went there to board to make it proper for me to go. I left in high dudgeon when I heard of it but I think it was for the best. He being so ignorant, might have mistook my care for his affliction and hoped I would bind up his unbroken heart, for I will say, I think he really found pleasure in looking for a new wife. In six weeks he married a red headed old maid, cross-eyed, but good enough for him. He did not deserve his first wife. She was a lady out of a good family, kept the children dressed in good style. Now they were stinted, kept in old dresses, made to look sloppy. But with all she was not so very bad. I never heard she was quick tempered. A wonder, for the color of her hair was eighteen carrots red. She was a good nurse. She took home little darling baby Maria soon as weaned and never was a baby better cared for, always a pet with the whole house. Showing how foolishly I would have been to have adopted the poor little darling.

The Grandfather Hastings died, bequeathing a large property to them, lifting them up a long way. All those children are useful citizens now, using their wealth for the good of mankind. "God's wages are not as our wages," when will we learn to trust, blind immortals.

Once again poor Hannah has cried for Stephen, but this time her heart is crushed. She came home like a blighted flower. She does not wish to see anyone. Even I almost fail to draw the story from her. There is no

story, she says, and yet what is the matter. From Cordelia I learned it all. Poor Hannah, the old story, I never had any faith in a lover. I am glad I have been able to keep clear. I, then, almost vowed I would ever keep clear. I only wished to see Stephen. I would wreak my vengeance on him. But I could not do so for he was two hundred miles away. He had been captivated by a pretty lady. She was the possessor of a thousand dollars. A Milliner, she lived in Dover, N.H., a Miss Eaton, an old maid, false teeth, a false heart (I believe). That was why Hannah was taken to Lowell to compare the qualities of attraction. He chose the new face; since then he had been growing cold to cause Hannah to sack him but not succeeding, he wrote giving her a full account of the change, asking for an exchange of letters. She came directly home. Since then she heard nothing and thus it stood. The next denouncement was to hear Stephen had arrived. Now what - nothing. He was even worse than before. He discarded both ladies and like Judas talked of hanging himself, but unlike him did no such thing, only hung about, worrying the life out of Hannah. At last he went away but could not stay. She was teaching school in Warren when he came home. She was boarding at his Uncle Harry Baxtis. Stephen went there. There was no making up, but he sat the long evening by her until she came home and told sister she could not bear it - it was killing her out-right. She could bear his coldness but to come as of old as though they were friendly when he was engaged to another was killing her. Hannah sobbed as though her heart would break. Said she, "Stephen is so natural and seems so much as he used to, I can't find it in my heart to show I am displeased. Sister told me of it. I gnashed my teeth in anger. I only more vehemently declared if ever I saw Stephen he would be talked to, but I did not see him. He chose not to see me. I knew he knew he was doing a wicked act to torture Hannah so. Love affairs are bad things. He was equally a sufferer. One day when Hannah was teaching, he asked Mr. P to go to the school house and call her out and ask her if she would marry him. It was all very droll, but thus it came about. He could not venture to ask her, after so much grief and torture of mind, needlessly even. He wanted to answer, but she would not give it then but it came about and after school they were married.

Stephen bought out Ephraim and Ephraim went to Lowell to take Stephen's place, but not to fulfil the obligations to Miss Eaton.

"All's well that ends well."

Chapter 8

AGAIN I LEAVE HOME.

I attended school at the district school the winter after I came home from Clinton. I worked for Mr. Shaw's people through the fall. They would have liked to have secured my services for the following summer, but I did not like to promise. They had twenty cows and sometimes, hired help. I loved the beautiful home there so much I was half tempted to go. I could never describe the affection in the afflicted family. Mrs Shaw was a woman of ability. She had a good education. Not so with Mr. Shaw. The children inherited her quick, lively temperament, easily acquiring knowledge, growing in all excellence. But out of the four two had been snatched away, Jane an only daughter, when just eighteen, thereby almost breaking her mother's heart, and Johnnie, the youngest - nine years old. He got caught in the school-house window, breaking his neck, only a year after Jane's death. This last stroke of Providence left Mrs Shaw so utterly powerless to perform her daily tasks, they wished to secure my companionship in the family half to soothe her loneliness.

They had two noble sons left, the sole stay of their hopes - the whole object of life. I had lived in the family so much from time to time that it was like home. The boys, Stearns and Henry, were more like brothers than friends. I never went there in the time of hard work, which was in the time of milk, but I took hold of the wash just as I would at home, not resting until there was no more to do. I have milked with them all, trying to show them the power of my endurance in muscle - many times milking four cows in succession. I have made beds, swept chambers, washed dishes, and then when it was all done, even the milk strained, pails washed, then came the pleasure I so much coveted, a little music, just enough to stir the slumbering heart, then I would trip home, sometimes politely escorted, if dusky, for a strip of dark woods lay in my path, making it not so very pleasant, but I suppose it was not unpleasant for the aid to return an hour later.

Henry and Stearns were good boys. I grieve much for them now. I always shall. I hear their sweet melody as it broke on the delighted ear. I

almost was enchanted with their ballads. And then they were good story tellers. I have laughed after their jokes (a rich part of their nature inherited free from their, mother) until my mouth stayed twisted for a week, making it a task to straighten up.

When I was a very little girl I ate dinner there and it was hinted that the meat in the beans was no better than it should be. "But," said Jane don't tell the boys," but in some way they found there was a fault in the food. They set to guessing what it was and they could not of course hit upon the truth, as it was not very bad. They guessed such funny things that I was obliged to bite my lips almost through to keep from laughing. But at last Stearns said "now I know what ails the beans, their skins have come off." The beans were stewed and of course they were nearly off. I could not keep from laughing any longer, then they all laughed, but the boys did not find out what ailed the beans. They liked to make me laugh and always reserved a rich story for me to read. Once they had the story of Uncle Xeb, a story told by Ossian E. Dodge, following his wife Betsy as she raced him along to the head of the stairs, he stepped in a wash pitcher and pitching downstairs, falling head first into a barrel of apple-sauce. I felt a little afraid of the boys, and such pieces always made me laugh, much to my embarrassment. That pleased them I suppose.

Mrs. Shaw was the greatest hand to laugh. Her name was Happelma. Everybody called her Aunt Happy, and she was rightly named, but after the death of her children she seldom laughed, but she would sometimes, when a rich joke was told. Much as I love the family, I feared the labor. It was well enough to work for the fun of it, but to bind myself to stay a year. Finally, there is a feature to doing such labor everyone understands. I think the reader understands it. I do not hire help when I need it. I cannot submit to being less than my servant, and I will never assume the authority that used to chafe my nature so when I worked as a maid in families.

I went to Montpelier once and stayed for three weeks. Then I came home thoroughly disgusted with being a servant. I had rather die from sucking cotton dust through a shuttle, than be spoken to as though a dog.

I have not had but a few days' assistance in my family since I kept house, on that account. I am no better than other people. I should speak like

one having authority, saying "do this and do that." It fills our straw factories. It is a good thing for manufacturers. Yankee help we cannot get, Irish I will not have.

I had a letter at the close of our school from Mr. Shaw's brother R. Steel, asking me to come to Saxtons [32] River to work in the boarding house. I went. On my way I called on Louisa and stayed with her a week. She promised to visit me. I was twenty-five miles from her. I was acquainted with the family. They were our neighbors and moved there to keep boarding-house. I found them waiting for me at the depot, glad enough to find me. I shall not write of my stay there more than to say I liked. The summer passed pleasantly. I made the acquaintance of some valuable friends, but none I valued more than the Charles Sibils family and a family of Smith girls, six in number, all worked in the mill.

My old friends, Eilen Ann and Miranda, were very glad to see me. Ann sickened and died that summer. She told me, when feeling like bragging one day, "Jones did not get her." This referred to my experience. Mr. Jones had talked to her so much, trying to persuade her to join in seeking the Savior, now she was boasting of her not yielding.

I was so fearful of its being said that I was a Christian, that I did not speak with her. I shall have to answer in the judgment for neglecting my duty. Even her own mother did not warn her, and she was a member of the Congregational Church. What are parents thinking of to do so? But she believed in Election - a doctrine which sends souls to perdition, deluded souls. God works by means. We are to watch and pray, be instant in season and out of season, ever ready for every good word and work.

"The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence." We are to plead, to even wrestle 'till the break of day, refusing to let Him go except he hear us. Has not Jesus taught us in a parable of the other man lying in bed with his children, that God will grant us our petition rather than be wearied with our long entreaty. He is tender in mercy, long-suffering "desiring not the death of the wicked." When will we rightly know God's character? Oh, who would fold his hands in springtime waiting for the harness. "As a man soweth, so shall he reap." After Ann died Mr. Steel had a long run of fever. I had the care of the house. Mrs. Steel's time

was wholly occupied in caring for him.

I over-worked, took the fever, came to sister's in a settled fever. Charles waited upon me until I left, in the way of speaking, to the coach and started me off. All the help or boarders bid me a tearful good-bye. I was taken from a bed to the coach. Further than that I scarcely know. But at Silas Falls the coach left me. The train did not start for an hour. I seem to forget the rest. I stole into the car, sank down into a seat I suppose. But Eilen Steel wrote me that Charles got a team and came to the Falls to see how I was after riding four miles, jolting in a coach. Then he could not find me and reported that I must have gone to my own house. Said she "He went through the train and could not find you." I am sorry that I did not know it, for I never felt so hopeless as at that time. I was blinded by a terrible headache, with fever burning in my veins, but above it all, my heart yearned for the pretty helping youth who had shown such tender regard for my helplessness. I could have rallied long enough to have kissed his hand, but am certain, all through life, of a Providence behind it all.

I know that had been a dangerous meeting. If he had found me, for I was alone in the cars and, sick as I was, feeble alike in mind and body, I should have shown my heart in the very grasp of my hand. A life of affections might have sprung from it, and he was not worthy of me. I do not know myself. I do not know my worth, but I judge, by what my convictions are, that I would not have cast my lot with, much as I fancied him.

My husband looks like Zib [33], as all the girls call him. I liked him (my husband) at the first glimpse I caught of him, because he looked like Z. But they are not alike. I found in Gilbert all that I so dearly deplored in Z. - tobacco, I abhor, Zib always smoked but Gilbert never uses it in any form. Zib boasted of being unimpeded, Gilbert is nothing. Better so than disown his maker. I say Gilbert is nothing, do I do right to say that? No, I do not. I know Gilbert better than he knows himself. He is just what he would be if he was a Christian, only he does not know by experimental knowledge the way of Jesus. Gilbert is so good I almost hope he prays. The family are not like my family. They are of a retiring nature, never expose their feelings, never trumpet their fame. Gilbert is very strict, often correcting me for being lax about keeping the Sabbath.

His word is law. I often think he, lives a life more in keeping with Christians than I, and yet he does not acknowledge a Divine aid in his even walk.

He does not say anything about it at all. I know he is a great thinker for a few times he has unfolded to me his inner life, always revealing a heart conscious of sin, often saying "I am so great a sinner I cannot be saved." I have, when pressed, asked him if he did not pray, but I got no answer. I hope the desire of the heart is prayer, for Gilbert is always so careful to have us all good. Aiding us always, and always encouraging us to go on. Said he to me, once, "if you have a hope that will avail in death, do not lose it," as though it were of more consequence than all else. He is in the hands of a just God. I will hope and believe.

But, say you, "how long were you going to Ludlow?" Oh, not many minutes. Soon as the train stopped, I stole softly out, never stopping until I stood at sister's side just fainting. She undressed me and laid me on her own bed. I never rose from it for four weeks. Then I had a long time convalescing. Winter had come. Father sent me a nice dress. Mother sent me many articles for my comfort. I did not go home. I needed all my pay for the large bill I had to pay Dr. Danforth. I had great reason to love my dear Alexis, my new brother. Every night he sat up with me half the night for three weeks, sister the other half.

And now I was staying on his hospitality to commence work in the new flannel about to start in Ludlow. George S. Coffin, from Winchendon Mass. had come in a tide of glory to raise Ludlow on wings of fame. Ludlow as a neat little village near Mt. Holly on the Black River, famous for its excellent school in accordance of such reports that students of learning were there from all adjoining States. I would much have preferred attending school but it could not be, but many privileges are to be found in such a place. Mr. Coffin elevated society with all that money could do. He hired men to lecture, he paid largely toward the salary of an excellent speaker in the orthodox church.

He supplied the music for the gallery. He found Bibles, seats for all his help, encouraging us to a higher life. His boarding-house was kept in excellent order, taking dinner there to be sure we were well cared for. I grew to regard him as a benefactor. The labor of the mill was light - the

pay good. I passed two of the most pleasant years of my life in Ludlow, or nearly so. I attended reading circles, donations, exhibitions, and many instructive entertainments, such as sewing circles, temperance banquets. Mr. Coffin sent for us with his team, gave us free tickets, found us gentlemen, so that I was provided for. Many girls attended dances. All this was to recompense us for not going in the company of low-visioned company. Mr. Coffin failed after I left. When I was going north after I was married, in company with Gilbert and my little boys, I happily met him on the train. In an instant he came out and got an introduction to Gilbert, sitting with us until we were obliged to separate. He praised me by referring to my orderly life in Ludlow, saying playfully to Gilbert - "I never knew any hurt of your wife," I told Gilbert it was a compliment coming from him, and added that it more than I could say of him, but I did not mean it. Many girls growled about him, but I liked him as a father.

Lexis [34] had saved sufficient means to buy a farm and he concluded his labors in Ludlow and we all went home to Fayston. I parted with many friends in Ludlow, my cousins Harriet Davis and Jennie Boynton, but none I loved more than little Johnnie Hall and family, with Alexis and Louisa Bates [35] after they married.

We call him "little" because his legs are so short. He was depot master. He lived in the depot, thereby becoming very well acquainted. He had a darling little wife and one daughter, since then a son. I often think of Ludlow, but Mr. Coffin is not there. He is in Mass., Boston I believe.

Alexis bought a farm in the valley. I was able to pay the debt I owed them of gratitude, for they had a little child while there that was not a well child. It died when a year old, of consumption.

Lorenzo went to Massachusetts to labor while I was in Ludlow. Alexis was not satisfied with his farm. He sold and went to Ohio.

I attended a fall term of High School and took summer school six miles from here. I always went home Friday night. Lorenzo knew this. One night I met L. coming to get me, as he was on his way home. I had not seen him in a long time. I was very much pleased to see him. He had grown very portly. I hardly knew him. I visited with him over the

Sabbath and went away bidding him a tearful farewell, for he was in a hurry. The following Wednesday, just as I had filled my mouth with white bread, my cold dinner, a black pony dashed up to the door. I knew the pony but I did not know one of the gents. I knew one was Lo, of course. I just put the bread in the stove and called the class to order, went out more frightened than pleased to get an introduction to whoever it might be. I soon found out who it was. It was a fellow not very large and not very small, just about right, pleasant blue eyes, a little moustache just sprouting out, quite pretty chin whiskers, not a goatee, but natural, a pretty boot, pretty hat and glorious hair which lay in such a rich heavy roll around his head, as though he had just come out of a band-box. I guessed where he came from. We did not have any such thing. All this I observed while Lo was twisting himself up for the last will and testament by saying, "Sister, Mr. Stearns." I never heard the name before, but that did not make any difference. I doubt if I heard it at all, I was so embarrassed to be found eating dinner as though people had to be so very vulgar as to eat like other animals.

They went with me to Mr. Turner's for dinner, a custom there. After dinner I asked to be excused but could not get off, so I got three days' leave, dismissed my school and went home. I will not tell a story as old as creation, but I will say that I never returned to my school. Gilbert came to see Lorenzo in the rustic home, and we in our rusticity retreated, until we rustily commences the rusticities of hard toil for bread and butter.

I will not weary you to hear me relate how easily I fell victim to cupid's dares. In four weeks Gilbert had climbed our highest mountains, trouted in our noisiest brooks, hunted in our densest woods, attended a camp-meeting twenty miles away, staying a whole week, getting cold, going back to Mass. sick and in the next four weeks I had not known by a sinking heart all the utter desolation of a hopeless love, and how in time it came that he returned and I was like a sheep (not led to slaughter) but put my neck in the halter and since have been trying to walk meekly, but fail only to try again.

We have been married fifteen years last November. We have had seven children - one girl and six boys. We lost our sweet little Allie May when five years old. In one month more little Arba Bates with the same disease, that terrible disease - diphtheria. In two years more we lost dear little Latie, just two years old, with the dysentery [36].

We now have four to build our hopes upon and many hopes are we cherishing too. Life never seemed fairer. We never loved each other better. Our natures seem to bind rather than break. I always advocate people marrying young, as it were. At least I had the freshness of youth to please my girlish fancy. I have ever strove to return a loving heart. The cares of life sometimes make it cloudy, but thus far our sky has cleared even brighter than ever.

In affliction our love is our compass. By it we are able to come out like gold tried in the fire. I believe the greatest gift to fallen humanity (the only thing that survived the fall in its original purity) is the hearts affection. It covers all deformities sweetens the otherwise bitter life before us, is a light in dark places, and leads us to drive love elevating the soul so that earth can tempt but little with false hope.

END

NOTES

The following was crossed out and the two paragraphs written in as in the text. See Page 46 [37], middle of page.

"I will not tell a story that is as old as the Garden of Eden but I must be forgiven with a little, namely that there was not courtship. I saw enough of that when living in Clinton. We, like sensible people, deferred that until after the knot was tied, saving much gossip."

The manuscript was transcribed by her grandson, Carl Alanson Stearns, and he made the following statement;

I have transcribed the story as it was written, faithfully, word for word. Some are hardly legible or decipherable, making some places seem without sense. There is no date of any kind to tell when the story was written. The whole story is written on lined paper about 8 x 10 and sewed together. In the story was slipped a small sheet with the below written on it, not in Grandma's writing:

Mrs. Thomsin Gibson Johnson was born in Braintree, Norfolk Co. Mass., Sept. 20, 1765, where she spent the days of her childhood. Her father, Nehemiah Blanchard. About 1778 her family moved to Lunenburg Worcester County, where he lived 'till drowned in the Kennebec, while in Maine looking after his wife's land-grants, an inheritance be her father for services rendered to the Crown. He was a General and went to Cape Breton free of charge, gaining a great victory. The oldest daughter being married and settled in Charlestown, N.H. Mrs. Blanchard, now a widow, went and resided there, this about 1782. Two years after the subject of the memoirs was married to Jeremiah Johnson. We will now note the ancestors on the maternal and paternal sides. The former extend back to 1620, John Alden, the patriarch, stands at the date of the book, at the head of more than 2000 descendants. A pious Pilgrim father who emigrated from England to Holland and subsequently to this

country. Came in the Mayflower in 1620, he stepped first on the shore, except it is claimed that Mary Chilton was equal in reaching the shore. He came single but married the lovely Priscilla Mullins. Mr. Alden lived sixty years and died in 1685. He was assistant Governor in 1633, and continued in office 'till his death. In 1666 he was First Governor and ever after. He was born in England in 1597 and died at 89 years of age. Ephraim Thayer had 14 children, 7 sons, 7 daughters, 32 grandchildren, 16 in number in Braintree all sat at communion. Mrs. Driesburg Blanchard was a native of Boston. Her maiden name was Gibson. He was a wealthy wholesale merchant there at the time of his death. He was born in England and a relative of Edmond Gathe, eminent antiquarian and Bishop of London. He came over in 1732 a general:

Frank Gilbert Stearns, oldest son of Gilbert and Lucinda Stearns places the date of this manuscript about 1869.

Notes of Robert A. Stearns

The "Life As It Is and Was" An Autobiography by Lucinda Grandy Stearns was computerized by her Great Grandson Robert Archer Stearns, with editing assistance from her Great Granddaughter-In-Law Cynthia Cook Winterhalter and her Great Grandson John MacLennan Stearns. It was transcribed from a photocopy of the typed 1936 manuscript by Carl Alanson Stearns and Flora Elizabeth Stearns Burckes.

Every effort was made to type this manuscript verbatim. However, there were several words/puncuations that were 'corrected' because they appear to be typographical errors, made in 1936, when typed by Carl A. Stearns and/or Flora Burckes, rather than spelling errors by Lucinda. See the attached list of these corrections.

Paragraphs in the 1936 manuscript were indented. When computerized, the paragraphs were also indented; however, when the finished manuscript was produced in the "Adobe Acrobat Reader" of "Family Tree Maker" these indented paragraphs were not duplicated.

The location of the original handwritten document executed by Lucinda Grandy Stearns, and the original, transcribed, typed manuscript by Carl Alanson Stearns and Flora Elizabeth Stearns Burckes in 1936, are unknown.

The photograph of Lucinda Grandy Stearns was added to the title page by Robert A. Stearns.

Carl Alanson Stearns wrote in his notes that it was thought the original autobiography was written in 1869. Robert A. Stearns; however, opines the document was finished in April/May 1870, based on the following information:

Lucinda writes in page 50: "We have been married fifteen years last November." They were married on November 1, 1854.

She added "We now have four to build our hopes upon ..." These four living children were sons: Frank G, Alanson B., Frederick L., and Arba G.

She also wrote "... and many hopes are we cherishing too." Robert A. Stearns opines that Lucinda knew or suspected she was pregnant with Otis Thayer [born December 9, 1970] when she made this comment.

The following corrections were made by Robert A. Stearns:

Corrections

1. Spelling of "sisty"; changed to "sixty"
2. Spelling of "blook"; changed to "blood"
3. Spelling of "declaing"; changed to "declaring"
4. Spelling of "Montpelia"; changed to "Montpelier"
5. Spelling of "commenible"; changed to "commendable"
6. Spelling of "penitant"; changed to "penitent"
7. Spelling of "mgiht"; changed to "might"
8. Read "righteousness". This was changed to "unrighteousness" as written in the cited Bible verse.
9. Spelling of "fervant"; changed to "fervent"
10. Spelling of "ald"; changed to "old"
11. Removed one of two words "with".
12. Spelling of "carriage"; changed to "carriage"
13. Spelling of "beavens"; changed to "heavens"
14. Spelling of "ernest"; changed to "earnest"
15. Spelling of "efermore"; changed to "evermore"
16. Spelling of "baptised"; changed to "baptized"
17. Read "Westfield". Westfield, VT is located west of Newport, VT in northern Vermont; many miles north of Fayston. Whereas, Waitsfield, VT is within the "seven miles from our home" that Lucinda refers to. Changed to Waitsfield.
18. same as above
19. Spelling of "attach"; changed to "attack"
20. Spelling of "convalesant"; changed to "convalesent"
21. Spelling of "affinanced"; changed to "affianced"
22. Spelling of "excellance"; changed to "excellence"
23. Spelling of "Orlenns"; changed to "Orlenna"
24. Spelling of "Waitsfidl"; changed to "Waitsfield"
25. Spelling of "as"; changed to "was"

26. An "a" was typed in front of "about a year..."; it was removed.
27. Spelling of "batchelor"; changed to "bachelor"
28. Spelling of "Alexix"; changed to "Alexis"
29. Spelling of "og"; changed to "of"
30. Spelling of "tabel"; changed to "table"
31. Spelling of "mischevious"; changed to "mischievious"
32. Spelling of "Sazions"; changed to "Saxtons"
33. Spelling of "Xib"; changed to "Zib"
34. Spelling of "lexis"; changed to "Lexis"
35. Spelling of "Bard"; changed to "Bates"
36. Spelling of "disentary"; changed to "dysentery"
37. Page 61 was changed to 47. This computerized produce was compressed due to differences in spacing and fonts.
38. There are what appear to be errors in punctuation, i.e. ". "? etc., throughout the manuscript. I took the liberty of correcting these "typos".

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