

offer of the Rev. Jedidiah Jewett, pastor of the First Congregational Society in Rowley. This clergyman was ever his benefactor, adviser and friend. Mr. Bailey was painfully bashful in his youth, and would endeavor in every way to avoid the gentler sex. In after years he was their educator and was among the first to realize that women also needed higher education to meet the requirements of life. He was with Mr. Jewett for years, leaving to enter Harvard College in 1751, when he was twenty years old. His extreme bashfulness had passed away. The customs of that age were such that if not certified by others living at that time would seem incredible. He participated in the habits that surrounded him. As he saw their baneful influences, they were abandoned. He was among the first to believe that a higher and better life was necessary. Ardent spirits were a common beverage; card-playing was universal; dancing was indulged in by ministers and people. An account is given of the marriage of a clergyman's daughter. After the ceremonies lemon punch was served. The younger guests spent the time in singing, dancing, and a game called "wooing the widow." The next day the festivities were renewed. The bride was saluted, dancing and cards for two hours, followed by the dinner, after which the festivities continued.

His college expenses had been heavy, leaving him in debt, and he had almost made up his mind to go to sea. Calling on a clergyman, he was presented with two dollars, a pair of gloves and a Hebrew Bible loaned him. Consulting Rev. Mr. Jewett, he was advised to journey through New Hampshire, taking with him letters of introduction. Armed with these he went to Portsmouth, where many of his college friends lived. He was kindly received, and aid given by those to whom his letters were presented. From there he went to Sir William Pepperell's, where an amusing incident occurred. The fog was so dense, and cold extreme, that he entered by the kitchen door. The mistake was corrected, and the Governor and his wife, helped on his way by their attendants, and invited to come again. At other places from the ladies, he received needed necessities,—stockings, lawn for bands and material worth ten pounds. He said: "I have every reason to esteem this town." These items are given as the kindness continued through the different States. There was one place, Providence, Rhode Island, where he speaks of irreverence at the Sabbath services, and yet here was no lack of kindness and help. The darker side is also shown among the poor. The roofless huts, without a floor in which they dwelt; the scanty clothing, black with dirt; of crime and its punishment; of the different Indian tribes, fast passing away. As he passes through these varying scenes he writes: "The golden age extolled by poets must be