

from New York, slavery having been abolished in Rhode Island.

Mrs. Chace gives us a bright and pleasing sketch of her early childhood, but she says not one of the group of the boys and girls whom she has described is left upon the earth save herself alone.

When I remember all

The friends so linked together,

I've seen around me fall

Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one who treads alone

Some banquet hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

After very graphically describing the conditions of the quiet rural village which ninety years ago was a spot of intellectual, religious and moral life, but which now bears the marks of age in the oldfashioned structure of its buildings, its ample dooryards and its venerable trees. Mrs. Chace gives some early reminiscences of her Quaker days. In those good old times carpets were unknown. Bedsteads were high from the floor, feather beds were in common use, and were covered with patchwork quilts and home-made blankets. The manner of life at the farm was primitive and patriarchal. Mrs. Chace's great-grandmother, Aunt Margaret, was a woman with a strong mind, and tradition relates that this woman whipped everyone of her sons after he was twenty-one years of age. Mrs. Chace says: During my childhood the girl who did the housework in this house was a daughter of my grandfather's sister, who lived in New Hampshire. Two more of her family lived as "hired girls" with two of my uncles. They were not called servants, and were members of the families, eating at table with them. They did an immense amount of work, and did it well. At my grandfather's the girl's day began at 4 o'clock in the morning, and she often had to heat the brick oven to bake for breakfast. Cheese-making, the churning of butter and candle-making were a part of the duties of the hired girl; while the spinning-

wheel stood in the kitchen to be put in motion in any spare moments. As she was an unusually good girl, she was paid a dollar and a half a week.

White flour was used at my grandfather's only to make piecrust, cake and such delicacies. It was bought only in quantities of seven pounds at a time. Rye flour and Indian meal were used to bake the bread which was ordinarily eaten. When the oldest boy was six or seven years of age they used to put a sack of corn across the back of a horse, seat the child firmly in the middle, and send him to the miller, where the horse would stop of his own accord, and the little fellow would cry out: "Somebody come an' take us off!" The miller would take off the child and corn, grind the corn, place the meal in the sack, put it back onto the horse, seat the boy again in the middle, and send him home.

The loaves of rye and Indian bread were baked on oak leaves. The women spread these leaves on a large wooden shovel, took the dough with their hands from the big wooden trough in which with their hands they had mixed it, moulded it into mounds on the leaves, put the shovel into the oven, and dextrously slipped it out again, after depositing dough and leaves upon the oven floor. Indian meal puddings and pies were also baked in the brick oven. It took all night to bake an Indian meal pudding properly. In the autumn the children gathered the oak leaves for baking purposes and strung them on sticks. They called it "going leafing."

When the first grist of meal from the new harvest was brought home in the fall a great quantity of hasty pudding was made, the hired men dressed in their Sunday clothes, and my grandfather's family came out and ate supper with the men in the kitchen.

Our fathers and mothers had a lively interest in the education of their children, and a good school was maintained fifty-two weeks in the year, with no vacations. Our text books were of a very primitive kind. In geography we