

abstinence not having at that time been thought of. When I was fourteen years old I found that when I drank wine it made me dizzy, and I renounced it, without ever thinking or hearing that there was any moral harm in it. Cider was the family dinner drink and I renounced that for the same reason.

The boys and girls walked together going to these parties and returning from them; and the gatherings ended at 9 o'clock. We had our little partialities and preferences and our youthful love affairs; but curiously enough not one of them in that group of boys and girls terminated in matrimony. Perhaps there were too many cousins among us.

There was only one novel in my father's house, Hannah More's "Coelebs in Search of a Wife." In the village library were Miss Burney's novels and a few others, which we were not forbidden to read. We read the "Spectator," the "Rambler" and others of Dr. Johnson's writings, and the British poets, Milton, Young, Pope, Cowper, Montgomery, and Moore, and we read, especially, religious and Quaker books, such as Barclay's "Apology," "Piety Promoted," the "Life of George Fox," "Pilgrims' Progress," and works on female education. Our new schoolmaster soon discovered our literary inclination, and besides introducing some modern improvements into our school he helped us in the cultivation of our taste for reading. He taught school every other Saturday, and on the alternate Saturdays he would start in the morning and walk to Providence, fourteen miles, go to the college library, get a number of books, tie them up in a bandanna handkerchief, bring them home, and distribute them among us, to be read and changed about for the next fortnight, then to be returned and another batch brought out for our delectation. Thus we read the Waverly Novels as they were

issued from the press, while the author was "the Great Unknown." We had also Scott's and Byron's poems and Cooper's novels.

In families the husband and father was the person not only to be held in the highest respect, but to be regarded with awe and a kind of fear by all the women. My mother, who came from Newport, and in whose family there had been more freedom, noticed when she first came into my father's family that even the married daughters when visiting their parents, if they were chatting with their mother and each other, always subsided into silence when their father came into the room—he, my grandfather, being regarded as a sort of god like personage before whom no everyday feminine talk was to be indulged. Yet there was a story handed down which proved that his own daughters did sometimes beard this lion in his den.

On one occasion my grandfather and grandmother went from home on a visit, leaving their daughters, Hannah and Lucy, two lively maidens in their teens, as housekeepers. The girls decided to have a party. They had the windpipes of some chickens which they had dried for such a purpose, and moulded some candles, putting the windpipes filled with gunpowder along the sides of the wicks. They invited their friends and had a nice supper, the table being well lighted with candles. While the supper was going on there was an explosion. Everybody was startled, but nobody was hurt, and the fun was very much enjoyed. When the father and mother came home nothing was said, and everything was cleared away. Somehow the story got told outside, and the overseers of the Friends' monthly meeting heard of it and came to the house to visit the parents of these wild young maidens. The parents were very dignified and highly responsible members of the meeting, and it was a great mortifica-