About this time my uncle and aunt Baker contemplated a visit to Massachusetts, the place of my birth, where I had long desired to go. My mother having three daughters younger than myself at home, seemed willing I should go to visit her relatives, believing it would be an advantage to me in the way of improving my mind and manners. My uncle offered me a seat in his carriage, which I accepted. Well I immediately made the necessary preparations for the journey. My friends fully expected my return with my uncle; but that was far from my intentions; although I said but little about it. Our journey lay through a populous part of the country. It was autumn of the year 1825. All nature was in bloom and beauty! Although sad at the instance of leaving home, the prospect of a cheerful journey, a jolly old uncle for company, soon revived my spirits when out of sight of the old plantation. Our first visit was at Charleston, Vt. where we found relatives, who received us with great cordiality. It was a large village neatly constructed, and I had much pleasure in walking through it with my young lady cousins. We called at the state prison in Windsor, Vt. The sight of the convicts and their cells affected me very much. I had never seen anything of the kind before. I heard the gratings of the great wooden doors, they closed with a vengeance that struck terror to my heart.

I felt pity for the poor prisoners: and I said to myself, “if I was their jailer I would let them all escape.” The great majority in the workrooms were from eighteen to twenty five. We entered a long hall. On each side were looms. In the centre a man sat with a drawn sword in his hand. We passed up the aisle, no one turned his head to look at us, but kept steady at his work. At length my uncle discovered one whom he had seen in
Canada a short time before he left. He at that time told him he believed him to be a state prison character. He denied being a rogue, but soon after was sent to prison. How true it is, that the countenance betrays the character. I shed tears of sympathy as I left the prison, which were soon effaced by the sight of the beautiful villages we passed through.

We reached the superb little village of Brattleborough, Vt., about the middle of Sept. 1825. I was then 22 years old and though I had seen little of the world, I had a good knowledge of books, and had for the most kept good company, consequently I was not wholly unprepared to be entered into fashionable society.

I was delighted with everything that appeared gay and beautiful: The elegant buildings neatly finished and furnished, the flower gardens, shade trees, and front yards, adorned with shrubbery, far exceeded anything I had seen in the new country from which I hailed. At the beautiful mansion of Col. Chase we made our first visit in Brattleborough. We were received with great politeness and attention on account of family connexions. I thought of their poor relatives whom I knew in Canada.

I did not in the least feel envious at all the grandeur I saw, neither did it cause me to despise the humble manner in which I had been reared. I was a professor of religion, had been taught to view the hand of God in the various circumstances attending his people who assay to serve and obey his laws. After spending a few days with this interesting family, we pursued our journey to Guilford, where lived the family of my mother’s brother; a widow with a son and two daughters. He had been a celebrated physician, had accumulated a large property, deceased, left his family in easy circumstances. A dissipated son was wasting the means, much to the grief of his mother and sisters. I remonstrated with him, when I had learned the facts. He would seem penitent at the time, reform at intervals, then return to his old habits. The young ladies were sensible intelligent girls. Great pains had been taken with their education; but the habits of their only brother, unmarried, cast a shadow over their young lives; and caused them to sympathize more deeply with their bereaved mother.

After spending a few days very much to the satisfaction of ourselves and relatives, we resumed our journey to Mass. 40 miles, which we performed in a day.

[Petersham, Massachusetts]

We drew up in Petersham at the dwelling of my mother’s sister, also the aunts with whom I was travelling. She was quite aged, but seemed to have retained all the sprightliness and vivacity of youth, a trait said to be peculiar to the Stevens race. She appeared extremely happy to see us, and rejoiced over me as the daughter of her youngest sister.
So much did she look and speak like my mother, that I was quite overcome at the sight of her. She begged to know why I wept. I told her it was for joy that I had seen her face. I soon became warmly attached to her. Her husband had long been dead, and she lived with her son. She had a large pleasant room of her own, where she received her friends with such warm friendship and cheerful temper, she became proverbial for possessing a loving spirit. Never was I happier while I remained in the place than when visiting my dear “aunt Spooner,” for that was her name. She was never weary of telling me stories of her youthful days, and of my mother, who was born after her marriage.

I had also another aunt in that town, nearly as old, and one uncle. That aunt had also been a widow several years. When I first went to her house she took me by the hand and led me into a room away from the company when she gazed steadily into my face for several minutes in order to discern whether I bore any striking resemblance to the Stevens’ race. Her blunt familiar remarks very much amused me. She was a tall well formed woman, black piercing eyes and black hair. There was a thoughtfulness and solemnity in her look, a dignified and lofty expression in her countenance.

She had wealth and all the comforts of life about her; and although naturally of a gay lively temperament, she wore the impress of sorrow. And truly did she have cause to mourn. Her eldest and youngest son were both confirmed drunkards. The eldest had been the pride of the family, had his portion from his father’s estate, married a beautiful and amiable woman, but he squandered his property and brought his family to destitution. His wife like a patient angel bore her sufferings and made no complaint. The youngest son was educated at Providence, R.I. designed for a profession; but his parents’ hopes were never realized. After his return from college he visited his relatives in Canada East. I was then a very young girl, but well do I remember the admiration he attracted. A more brilliant interesting man I never saw. We did not dream of the dissipated course he had been involved in, which was kept in check while he remained among his kindred. Years rolled away, ere I became acquainted in Mass. with his amiable wife, and she gave me a history of his downward course.

He went to the west, to retrieve his fallen fortunes, from whence word came to his kindred that he was sick, and in a state of destitution. Means and conveyance were sent to bring him home, but before the messenger reached the poor unfortunate, he was dead and buried! Great was the grief of his wife and mother! Thus faded in the prime of life, a youth who might have blessed the world, had it not been for that demon, alcohol!

My poor dear aunt trusted in the Lord, and was thankful for one temperate son, a bachelor of forty, who was kind and loving in her declining years. Likewise a daughter near that age, who remained unmarried at
home with her mother having been in early life opposed in her choice, resolved to live a single life, though greatly sought after by many.

I had great enjoyment with my aunt and cousin, whose name was Sally Ward. I knew they loved me and I felt how much I contributed to their comfort by the gayety of my spirits. Bereaved as they were they needed a youthful merry heart to chase away the gloom that brooded over the grand old domicile.

I admired my lady cousin, for a lady she was, in the proper sense of the term, but it was difficult for me to come up to her standard of extreme neatness. She could scarcely endure to see a chair moved two inches out of its place and allowed to remain. I often avoided reproof by assuming a peak of humor to excite her mirth and make her forget my error. I had not been accustomed to jump in a moment if I saw a pocket handkerchief on the bureau, or a thread on the carpet.

Petersham was the town where my mother was born. It appeared to me that half the people were her relatives. My good old uncle had a large family, his name was Gardner Stevens. There was no end to my cousins. My uncle seemed proud to introduce me to his children. He had three sons, overseers in the factories at Lowell Mass., moral enterprising young men. It was all the amusement I wanted to see my uncle and his two old sisters together, hear them sing songs and tell stories of their youthful days. I had solicitations from every portion of the town and country to visit my relations. It was high tide with me. I believe no place ever had more charms for my person than the town of Petersham, Worcester Co. had for "Louisa Barnes," for that was my name. I felt a sort of native pride that my mother was born and raised there.

I availed myself of an opportunity to make an improvement in my business as a seamstress, knowing it would be an advantage to me when I returned to my home in Canada. I was employed by a fashionable tailor who taught a more advanced method of cutting and making fine broadcloth. The man though an excellent workman was not punctual: he would make promises he did not expect to fulfill, except by the earnest entreaties of his wife and employees. He at length left home, and his wife and I continued the business together.

We were patronized widely, won credit from every suit we made, especially were we applauded for our punctuality. If we promised work finished at a certain time we would ply the needles the whole night through rather than disappoint our customers.

[Athol, Massachusetts]

I was contented in my situation. But circumstances took place which caused my removal to the next village the town of Athol. I was persuaded
by a friend living there to set up business for myself, with a view to make
more money. I had relatives living there. I accordingly removed, was very
successful, employed a faithful young woman to work with me, and
remained one year. The young lady was a most admirable girl endeared
herself to me by . . . being true to my interest in all things. Her name was
Sarah Buckman. The lady with whom we boarded was Mrs. Ball. She was
our firm friend. Her eldest child was a son named Francis, three years
old. He was a precocious child.

I took great pride in learning him to sing, an art which he possessed
unusual talent. Many a dime did he earn by singing the songs I taught
him, in publick places. The habit grew with him to manhood, as will be
shown hereafter. I often visited my friends in Petersham, full intended to
return there, and make it my home while I remained in the country. But
fate had marked me for her victim, and I could not elude her grasp.

[Winchester, New Hampshire, Spring 1827]

I had a relative in N. Hampshire, town of Winchester; my father’s niece.
She was a well informed lady, who had travelled and acquired knowledge.
She wrote me a pressing invitation to come and remain a while with her.
She was a genteel milliner, kept house and carried on large business. I felt
reluctant, but as I had left home to see the world, and learn what I
esteemed worth learning, I concluded to go. I took up my residence with
her, and we were very happy together.

She had very agreeable young ladies living with her whom she
instructed in that branch of business. Winchester was a delightful village
situated on the banks of the Ashuelot River, branch of the Conn. The
scenery was grand indeed! I was often filled with inspiration as I walked
beneath the shade of the umbrageous trees, on the banks of that beauti­
ful stream of water. My cousin Miss Jennings seemed very fond of me. She
was naturally of a cheerful temper, but the sorrows of her poor mother
had cast a shadow over her spirit, which at intervals required great grace
and exercise of faith in the final triumph of virtue over injustice to enable
her to calm her troubled mind. Her father though fond of her was a
tyrant in his family! He had by his cruelties blasted the peace of her
mother, (my father’s sister), and saddened the heart of her only sister, a
young sensitive girl who grieved to see the unhallowed course of him,
who by the laws of nature and custom she must call, Father.

The mother was one of those Godlike souls, of whom the world is
not worthy. A rare jewel, a flower of intrinsic value, plucked by a rude
hand and then trampled under foot! A being of so many graces com­
bined that had she fallen into the hands of a worthy and virtuous man, he
would have esteemed her a celestial star, sent to guide him through the
darkened scenes of life! Happy was it for her, her only son was the exact reverse of his father. Her great humility, and reliance on a divine providence, "who shapes our ends," enabled her to lift up her head and rejoice in the midst of the most conflicting difficulties! Thanksgiving and praise were continually on her tongue! While I remained with my cousin she was married to a wealthy respectable merchant by the [name] of Henry Kingman. Thus were the desires of her heart granted unto her, as she was then able to provide for her beloved mother.

This marriage did not in the least interfere with the happy intercourse which we had previously enjoyed. The husband was good and kind, moral and temperate, but no professor of religion. Her father at the time of her marriage proposed making a wedding festival at his own house, where her mother was not an inmate. We all felt great reluctance in view of complying but such was my cousin's dread and fear of his displeasure that she consented. Her mother was invited and with the calmness of a summer morning she attended. There was an effort on his part to make a display and great demonstrations of joy were attempted, but we all felt that there [was] "a lion in the path." So sensibly does virtue shrink from mingling with vice.

Soon after this the unnatural husband made a deed of one of his farms to his son, binding him to take [care] of his mother and make her comfortable while she lived. All this she received as from the hand of God. My cousin's husband proved to be a faithful and indulgent companion and I was very happy with them. Strong ties of friendship grew between us which the lapse of years did not weaken.

In the spring of 1827 I commenced attending the Female Academy. Preceptor's name was Sereno Taylor, a "Freewill Baptist" preacher. Circumstances made it necessary for me to take boarding with a widow lady, by the name of Alexander. Her dwelling was most romantically situated. A large eight square roofed building at the far end of a beautiful grove of maple trees, it was a place of resort where merry throngs assembled, spread tables loaded with luxuries, to do honors to some grand occasion. Lovers of independence congregated there, as the rolling years brought around the Fourth of July. A walk in that grove by moonlight filled the soul with inspiring thoughts, both of nature and art!

Soon after I came to Winchester I visited Warwick, my native town, where I had been once before and made a short stay. At this time I formed more extensive acquaintance with my father's near relatives. I found another aunt by the name of Burnet, who had a beautiful family. My aunt to me seemed goodness incarnate! She often remarked that to have me with her was comparatively like being in the company of my father and mother both! In no other way could she have flattered me so much. I visited her eldest daughter who was married to a man by the name of Clapp, keeping house at Ervings Grant. For her and her companion I felt great
admiration! They were persons of greater beauty and refinement than any couple I had ever met. Their union seemed complete.

I learned from their friends how indisolubly they were joined! They were merchandizing in a rough portion of the country among the rugged rocks and mountains of Franklin Co. Mass. but so much did I admire the happy couple, their dwelling place seemed a paradise to me. I pondered in my heart why they should be so extremely happy, when so many were bowed down with sorrow! I solved the problem in my own mind. They had lived pure lives before marriage, they loved God, and his holy laws, and truly loved each other. Their aim was to do good and to make others happy. What has a vicious life to do with happiness? It is incompatible; they cannot harmonize. While in my native town I made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Smith, settled minister in the town where my Grandfather Barnes lived and died. He talked of the peculiar traits of his character, said he was the richest man he had ever known. I queried; I knew he was not rich in worldly goods; “he was rich” he remarked, “because his wants were all supplied; he sighed for nothing he did not possess.”

The same clergyman composed the epitaph on my grandfather’s tombstone. It reads thus, “In death’s cold icy arms, Here lies the body of the virtuous Barnes. Death hurled his shaft, up through the starry road, And so Elijah went to God!” While visiting in Warwick I went to the old house where I was born, the house my father built before his marriage, and where my mother lived till she had borne eight children. In her bedroom I paused, and never can forget the sensations that passed through my mind! Though only six years and a half old, I had a vivid recollection of everything about the premises, which remained the same as when we left. I had been about sixteen years away. Little or no improvements had been made, the house was fast going to decay. I remembered the corner in the bedroom where my mother’s bed stood from year to year, the cupboard where in sickness her nurse was sent to keep her medicine and food. I felt as if standing by my mother’s tomb! I reviewed in my mind the trying scenes through which she had passed in going to a new country, and encountering the war of 1812 with all the attendant ills.

I withdrew silently, did not feel inclined to revisit the place. As I retired, I walked through the orchard and garden. Here thought I, “my infant days were spent; here I first learned to lisp my parents names; under the shade of these trees was I carried about in their arms; in the intervening years much of sorrow have they seen. The world is before me who knows the fate that may befall me!” Thus did I soliloquise and whenever after I had occasion to pass the place, I would sink into a deep reverie and become silent. The decay I everywhere witnessed, reminded me of the faded beauty and careworn features of those beings who in the bloom of life and vigor of youth, began in a family capacity on that spot. I wept, but they were not tears of anguish, but of sympathy for the absent ones.
I was often at the house where my grandparents lived forty years. Where my father was born, and his father died. I often sat in the room where my grandmother used to divert the children with stories and songs, all so vivid in my memory, and it seemed to me that her spirit was hovering over me, so sacred did everything in the room appear. After grandfather’s death, she went to the town of Gill to live with her youngest son, Abram Barnes, where she died at an advanced age. All my grandparents lived to be several years over eighty. My father’s eldest sister Polly Pomroy died with a cancer. She had two daughters who were like sisters to me. Mrs. Lesure who lived in Warwick was an estimable lady; had a kind companion, and a pleasant home. Many happy hours did I spend under her roof. She was a practical Christian.

At her house I became acquainted with an interesting and accomplished girl by the name of Caroline White, of Northfield, Mass. A strong friendship immediately sprang up between us. There seemed a mutual attraction at our first meeting. She was a lover of books, a popular teacher, and letter writer. Notwithstanding her high toned spirits and mirthfulness, she was a lover of the sublime truths of the gospel of Christ. I was soon made acquainted with her prospects for future life. She had a lover in the South Country, who wrote ardent letters; but he proved false; and she married an orthodox preacher by the name of Coal and moved to Amherst, Conn. I will now return to school from which I have wandered.

[The Henry Pratt Family]

I was very successful in my studies. Our Preceptor proved to be a first class teacher. A young lady by the name of Rebekah J. Pratt was my classmate; we occupied a seat together. She was a beautiful girl to look upon, and lovely in disposition. Music was her masterpiece, and chief delight.

Her father was by trade an organ builder, both parlor and church organs. In the dwelling house there was a Harpsichord, an organ always in the shop. It was a great place of resort for young people who loved music. I often visited the home of my classmate, where I was delightfully entertained with the sweet strains of the harpsichord. I was exceedingly interested with the family, soon immagined myself a favorite, an intimacy grew between Rebekah J. and myself. Our studies were in the same plane, with the exception of drawing in which she exceeded me. She was a thoughtful and serious turn of mind, invariably silent in company, and only with a few of her intimate friends would she appear sociable. Her attention was principally turned to music; in that she was known to excel. Although naturally inclined to silence and sadness, she seemed drawn towards me, on account of the gayety and cheerfulness of my temper.
She often entertained me with tales of her brother at sea, whom I had never seen. She told of his adventures, of his narrow escapes from death! He seemed to me a romantick being; such as I had read of; being bold and fearless amid dangers; who launching on life’s ocean mane experience many miraculous escapes, and became renowned to posterity. I listened to every word with interest; and indulged a hope that I should sometime meet the brave young man! Which came to pass in process of time.

It so happened that while spending a few days in the family, the sailor brother having landed in Boston harbor, was impressed to visit his paternal home. I was introduced to him as a friend of his sister. His first appearance seemed rough and unpolished, but his countenance indicated a heart sincere, frank and ingenuous. There was novelty about him which attracted attention. He was mirthful in the extreme, fond of singing and telling wonders. He spent the winter of 28 at his father’s residence.

He often mingled in the coteries, and amused the company with tales of his travels. To say that I admired his appearance would not be speaking truthfully, but there seemed some kind of an attraction, either from the charms of the sisters, the high respect I had for the family, or because fate would have it thus. We became in some degree attracted to each other. I had never before been acquainted with one who was engaged in a seafaring life. I was devoted to the religion of the day, which he, perhaps to please me treated with respect. He would accompany me to meetings for prayer and religious exercises, speak in honor of the cause. He left home in the spring, no promises on either side, and I knew not that I should ever see him again.

His sister Rebekah, often turned over the pages of her map in school to trace his course over the briny deep, while we were plodding through our studies. I sometimes involuntarily betrayed a sentiment of concern for the wanderer’s welfare though I little expected our acquaintance would ever be renewed. At no distant period his friends received a letter that his vessel had anchored in Boston Harbor. No mention was made of me, though he knew the intimacy between his sister and myself. I said nothing, but understood it to mean indifference. He went to Surinam, West Indies. When he returned to Boston he wrote a letter to me, saying nothing of his intention to come to Winchester. The following week he arrived in town by stage. I was greatly shocked when I heard of it for I feared it was on my account he had come. I seemed unwilling to be forgotten by him, yet did not wish to contract in intimacy doubting the propriety of encouraging the addresses of a stranger of whose private life I could know nothing. I was at that time boarding at the roundhouse at the upper end of the maple grove.

He made a short visit in town, and we sometimes walked by moonlight, under the shade of the beautiful trees. He went away, and we merely
promised to write. I visited in Warwick, and my cousin Harriet Bass often
talked to me of her uncle Lyman Barnes, my father’s cousin. In early life
he went to South America and married a wealthy creole, by whom he had
two sons. They were brought early in life to Mass. to be educated. The
elder boy had been an associate of my cousin Harriet, who described him
to me as peculiarly interesting and accomplished. He had been one year
at school in the city of London. He was at that time residing in Hartford,
Connecticut. My cousin wrote him a letter for the purpose of introducing
her cousin from Canada, whom she represented in a style peculiar to her­
selves as being a singer of a high order, a poetess, and possessing qualities of
mind which she believed were in accordance with his tastes. He soon
returned a very interesting letter with a gross of compliments to the
Canadian cousin; even naming the time when we might expect him to
appear before us. The melodies must be selected, and preparations made
to entertain him.

Accordingly at the appointed time he arrived. My expectations were
more than realized. His countenance was sallow, and his features resem­
bling the creole, with light brown hair and blue eyes. There was an air of
familiarity at first, which placed everyone at ease in his presence; and
which upon long acquaintance continued the same, never in the least
degree relaxing into low humour, and undue freedom, invariably main­
taining a dignity which characterises a person of refined sentiment and
understanding. He was universally admired. It was proposed by our
mutual friends that we together should visit our relatives in Petersham of
whom he had heard, but had never seen. Accordingly a carriage was
obtained and we had a pleasant trip of twenty miles.

My Southern cousin and myself were very welcome visitors at the
dwellings of my two old aunts, of whom I have spoken so much. They
were delighted to meet him, having been in their youthful days associated
with his father. We spent a week most pleasantly and returned.
The first news we heard on reaching the town was that a stranger by
the name of Pratt had come to town with his sister and was inquiring for
“Miss Barnes,” as I was then called. They had stopped at my boarding
house, Mrs Rich my hostess kindly entertaining them. When we alighted
at [the] house, the visitors had gone out. We waited their return in the
parlor, talked of visits we had in contemplation. There was a shadow upon
our spirits, a reserve bordering on silence, but not a word was exchanged
of the stranger’s arrival.

I felt that I was under no engagements either verbal or written; yet
the publick inquiry proved at least that something was expected or
required of me. My cousin appeared to feel that his presence would not
be agreeable to the newly arrived; which occasioned regret on my part, as
I had no opportunity to make an explanation. We parted, and I soon
returned to my home in Winchester, and saw him no more. There was an interest awakened in our minds that I believe mutual; which by his great modesty was restrained when he found another presumed on a prior claim. We afterwards exchanged a few letters, friendly but formal. With me pleasant memories have ever remained of my southern cousin whose name was Sidney Smith Barnes.

While visiting with my friend Mrs. Rich, I became acquainted with a beautiful girl by the name of Emily Ball. We soon were very warm friends. She had a step mother, a bigoted Unitarian. Our religious principles were not in unison. I contended for the orthodox faith, the trinity in unity. She was very intolerant; and seemed suspicious of me without any cause, was inclined to censure, and speak ill of me to her daughter. She was rigid in every way; laying the greatest restrictions upon her stepdaughter who appeared to stand in great fear of her. She also took the liberty to speak against me to my friend Mrs. Rich, judging me to be too gay for a professor: expressing her doubts about the propriety of an intimacy between her stepdaughter and myself.

My pretended friend seemed to exult in having the opportunity to inform me what the censorious woman had said. It was presumed to be in friendship but it did not impress me in that way. I told her plainly she ought to have plead my cause to my enemy, and kept it hidden from me. I wrote a letter to the young lady my friend in the most affectionate terms, defending myself against the accusations of her mother. It was couched in words entirely calculated to excite sympathy and remorse for the injustice done me, on the part of the cruel mother. I did not utter one chastising word in a revengeful tone, but it had the desired effect.

The lady afterwards told my friend Mrs. B. that although the letter was every sense conciliatory she had never in her life felt so much reproved! Acknowledged that the perusal of it had caused her to weep the live long night. Said she would be willing to make restitution, but knew not in what manner she could. Never did I more sincerely love one not of my near kindred than I did Emily Ball. She seemed to me the essence of loveliness. I was fully sensible of her reciprocal tenderness towards me. She was grieved to the heart, for the injustice done me by her mother, and shed many tears.

In my letter to her I dwelt largely on the charity and virtue of my own dear mother! Like the image of a holy angel, did she seem to hover around me to console and comfort me when I was unjustly censured! To her, said I, will I return, and evermore devote the best affections of my heart! I had left her for the purpose of learning more of the world, and human nature, and I had learned it to my sorrow!

I went immediately to Winchester, told my cousin Mrs. Kingman my intention to return to my parents; she did not oppose me. I had then
been four years from home, had spent the most of the time in the most agreeable intercourse with my relatives, never but the one time having been assailed by an enemy. My friends though sorry to part with me, as I with them, could not find it in their hearts to dissuade me from going to see my parents. I received many farewell letters, took an affectionate leave of my friends in Winchester. My cousin Mrs. Kingman and I wept much at parting, for we doubted whether we should ever meet again, and so has it proved, and she has long been gone to the world of spirits. Mr. Pratt accompanied me to Keene, N.H., where I took the stage. We parted with no promises on either side, but to write.

[Return Home to Dunham, Canada]

The two first nights I felt safe at the publick buildings where I lodged. In Rutland, Vt., I was very badly frightened. After retiring and bolting my door, I heard knockings on it, and though I knew they could not enter, I felt terribly excited and alarmed! The idea that I was in a Hotel, where there were disorderly persons, who would presume to disturb the quiet of a lone female. I at length summoned courage to cry out, “leave my door immediately! I will report this house for a hundred miles round and warn all honest people to shun it!” I heard no more noise at the door, but could hear low talking in an adjoining room. No slumber came to my eyes that night. I resolved to inform the Landlord, but left so early in the morning I had not time. I however wrote to him from my next stopping place, denouncing the character of his house and heaping anathemas on some of its inmates. The next night I was fortunate in securing a lodging in a room with an elderly lady and her husband. I arrived in St. Albans, Vt., stopt at a hotel, where on the sign I saw the name of S. Maynard. I entered and found my old friends, with whom I had been so happy in Canada.

I was cordially received, and I entertained them most cheerfully with my four years experience. I left the stage and took passage with a friend from Dunham. It was a short days ride, and I was soon at my sisters house. They not being apprised of my intention to return, at first did not know me. As soon as they recognized me, the house rang with exclamations of surprise and joy to see me alive and well! Great was the talk and little the sleep. Early on the morrow my sister and I started for my father’s residence. As the carriage drove up my mother came to the door. She had changed and I wept aloud at the sight of her! My father looked more natural, and as he saluted me in his usual style, when meeting a friend unexpectedly, his words were “Bless my body,” they sounded so familiar in my ears that I burst into laughter. All my tears vanished. The scene can only be immagined. My second sister Dolly Lockwood lived near; had just been confined with a young child. I could not wait to send my card, but
rushed upon her suddenly. She being weak was quite overcome. Our Mother was there present with her six daughters. She remarked. “I am thankful to see you all together again, and you must never be unmindful of the source from whence this blessing springs as well as every other.” No one knows the joy of meeting friends, but those who have been long separated. I soon began to inquire for my old companions, found that several had died and others were married. A new society had come on the stage of action, as agreeable in many respects as that existing when I left. My familiar friend and cousin D. Sikes remained unmarried, the same faithful girl happy to have our friendship renewed. Three sisters younger than myself were single, grown young women. Their names respectively, Caroline, Lois, and Catharine. By this time the twin children of our relative L. Stevens were of age.

The two young persons, a son and daughter, were unusually intellectual, great devotees to literature, though diverse from each other in disposition. The young man Dana L. engaged in the study of medicine. He seemed ambitious to make a display hence brought to his aid dictionaries, and extracts from distinguished authors. He aimed at oratory in its highest sense, and being witty and agreeable, managed to make his conversation interesting. As he became more enlightened, his flight was not so lofty. He acquired a thorough knowledge of the medical science, and was very successful in his practice. Lucy F. his twin sister was a humble devoted Christian. She was a model of amiability, was qualified for a teacher at an early age, was a great assistant in helping to raise a large family, all younger than herself. Though plain looking, she might be called beautiful. The beauties of her inner life shone in her intercourse with her friends. Between her and my sister Lois, grew a great intimacy. They were very religious and assimilated in social and domestic habits. It might be said of them truly, that meekness, gentleness and humility were all their own. Lucy was the greater student, my sister the more vivacious and attractive.

Mrs. S. often remarked to me, that were it not for her dutiful and affectionate daughter, she should feel herself in a state of banishment! Having emigrated to Canada against her inclination; loss of property had compelled them to seek a home in a new country; and great were the struggles they were called to endure. I have spoken of this family at length because the two young persons were my first acquaintance after my return to Canada, and conspicuous in my social circle. My friends were well pleased with the improvement I made in my business as a seamstress, and also with the knowledge I had gained from books. I was then qualified to control business for myself, and to instruct others. After the excitement of visiting was over I took a location in the centre of town.

I was very successful in accumulating means to make myself independent. It was soon discovered that I had a correspondent. That he was
a young man, and had been to sea. All the friends seemed alarmed at the idea of my contracting an intimacy with one who had been a sailor! Their opinion was at once, he could not be a suitable person for me, though I assured them he had left that occupation on my account, and adopted another branch of business. But all I could say did not seem to satisfy them. He had been a roving man, what security had I that he would long abandon the habit? Hearing so much said of the character of sailors I became alarmed myself. My cousin Mrs. K. I knew had been opposed to it at the first, but seeing the change effected in him she became reconciled.

He belonged to a highly respectable family. I knew his early training had been good, but how did I know what his habits or practices had been when far away from home. These reflections troubled my mind. I sometimes wished our acquaintance had never commenced, then I thought how circumstances had combined to render it unavoidable. I was constantly gaining the confidence, affection and esteem of my friends, and I thought how hard it would be to part with them. Though full of life, health and spirits, I was often sad. My younger sisters soon became well acquainted with the young seaman in yankee land, by conversing with him in their dreams. Sometimes our letters were intercepted and delayed greatly beyond time. This caused extreme anxiety to both parties. I at length dreamed myself and the interpretation thereof was sure.

[A Prophetic Dream]

I saw in the air above me a great wild fowl soaring aloft. I reached forth my hands to entice him to come near me, that I might take hold of him and perhaps tame him. For a long time he kept out of my reach but at last lowered himself down and settled on my lap. As the wild bird alighted, I began smoothing his feathers with my hand, when he turned and bit me. I beat him with great severity until he appeared tame and perfectly harmless. I felt pleased with my conquest, awoke and beheld it was a dream! Well did I understand the meaning of that night’s vision, and I knew there was destiny entailed to me.

In the month of March 1830, the worst time for travelling in the whole year, after a separation of one year and a half, the person so much talked of made his appearance. It happened on a time when three young lady relatives had come to visit and stay overnight with us. We had gone out to spend the evening at a neighbor’s: seven young girls; my three sisters, the three visitors, and myself. Suddenly there came a knock at the door, and a little boy entered. It was my sisters son who had come to conduct the gentleman to my father’s house. He stole slyly up to me and says, “Miss lady, you must come home. Some one has come who wishes to see you.” The whole troupe of girls were up in a moment and ready to start guessing the
stranger's name at once. They made a rush to the door leaving me behind; reached home before me and were introduced to the stranger. Nothing could exceed the hilarity of the young ladies, when they were left to themselves in a room where the strange gentleman was disbanded of his hat and cloak. Every portion of them underwent examination, to see if indeed they answered the description given in the dreams. It was decided in the affirmative. My mother was greatly amused with the comical performances and the evening passed pleasantly. I might have been happier had I not been previously apprised of a contemplated settlement in the state of N. York. This led me to think too deeply of future prospects. It had ever been my lot when anticipating some new delight. I could see a cloudy atmosphere threatening. Such may be the testimony of thousands, for ought I know.

The cup of bliss for mortals not designed, But they may drink it in a State refined. A few things I had forgotten to mention relating to the family. Previous to this period my second and third brothers were married. Cyprian the elder of the two was a great Methodist, enthusiastic as I thought, though I had great confidence in his piety. He could not endure to hear a comic song or anything bordering on the ludicrous. His wife Sarah Chadsey was a good plain woman. She did not fully sympathize with him in his rigid discipline. My third brother, Lyman Franklin Barnes, married my early friend Dolly Sikes, bought a farm adjoining my father's and lived very happily. I felt how happy it would be for me to be settled near them all, but destiny pointed to some place far away! My friend D. S. previous to her marriage, had a severe sickness, for seven weeks reason was dethroned. She would often speak unkindly to her mother and sister. To me she was always affable, and yielding. I could soothe and quiet her when no one else could. She was restored to health by means of cupping her head, and drawing the blood from the brain. While her delirium lasted it was terrible! For a long time after she would entreat us not to refer to that portion of her illness, when she had no control of her reason. She however fully recovered and was a healthy woman.

[Marriage to Addison Pratt, 3 April 1831]

I now return to the subject of my own marriage. I was a member of the Episcopal church. It was required that the "bands of matrimony" be published three sabbaths in succession in the church. There was a blunder made in the reading thereof much to the amusement of the mischievous young girls. Instead of reading Addison Pratt, Winchester, N.H., they left off the first name, connected the second with Win'r so the gentleman came out with a new name, by which he was arrested at the close of the services. It was however corrected the following Sunday. On the third day of April 1831 we were married.
The nuptial rites were celebrated at my father’s house in presence of many of my relatives. The subject soon presented itself about moving away. The friends remonstrated, made us offers to induce us to remain. Mr. P.’s mind was fixed to go, and I did not feel at liberty to oppose it. He had travelled the world over, all places were alike to him, little did he realize how it would affect me to be among total strangers, not a single relative or acquaintance. The night previous to our departure I awoke at early dawn. I looked about the room, it seemed vacant, for my goods were all packed. I thought how lonely the family would feel when we were finally gone! I commenced weeping and continued till it seemed that my head was a fountain of waters! I went into my mother’s room. She endeavored to console me.

She acknowledged that for two weeks the thoughts of my leaving had affected her health. But now she says, “Seeing it must be so, I give you up, trusting in the Lord to be your protector, also your husband, who I believe will be faithful to you.” I thought how many times my mother had soothed me in trouble and soon I should be beyond the sound of her pleasant voice. “Sickness and sorrow may overtake me and there will be no loving sisters to come to my relief.” My father entreated us to stay, poor old man, he feared he should never see me again. Oh, the ingratitude of children! Grieve the hearts of the parents, and plant thorns in their own pillows! My eldest sister Levina Baker came on horseback to bid us farewell. Many tears were shed, and promises were made to my mother that I should be permitted to return in two years. Dana Stevens and my brother Joseph Barnes went with us to St. Albans. We were kindly entertained by my good friends Maynard’s and the following day launched forth on our journey.