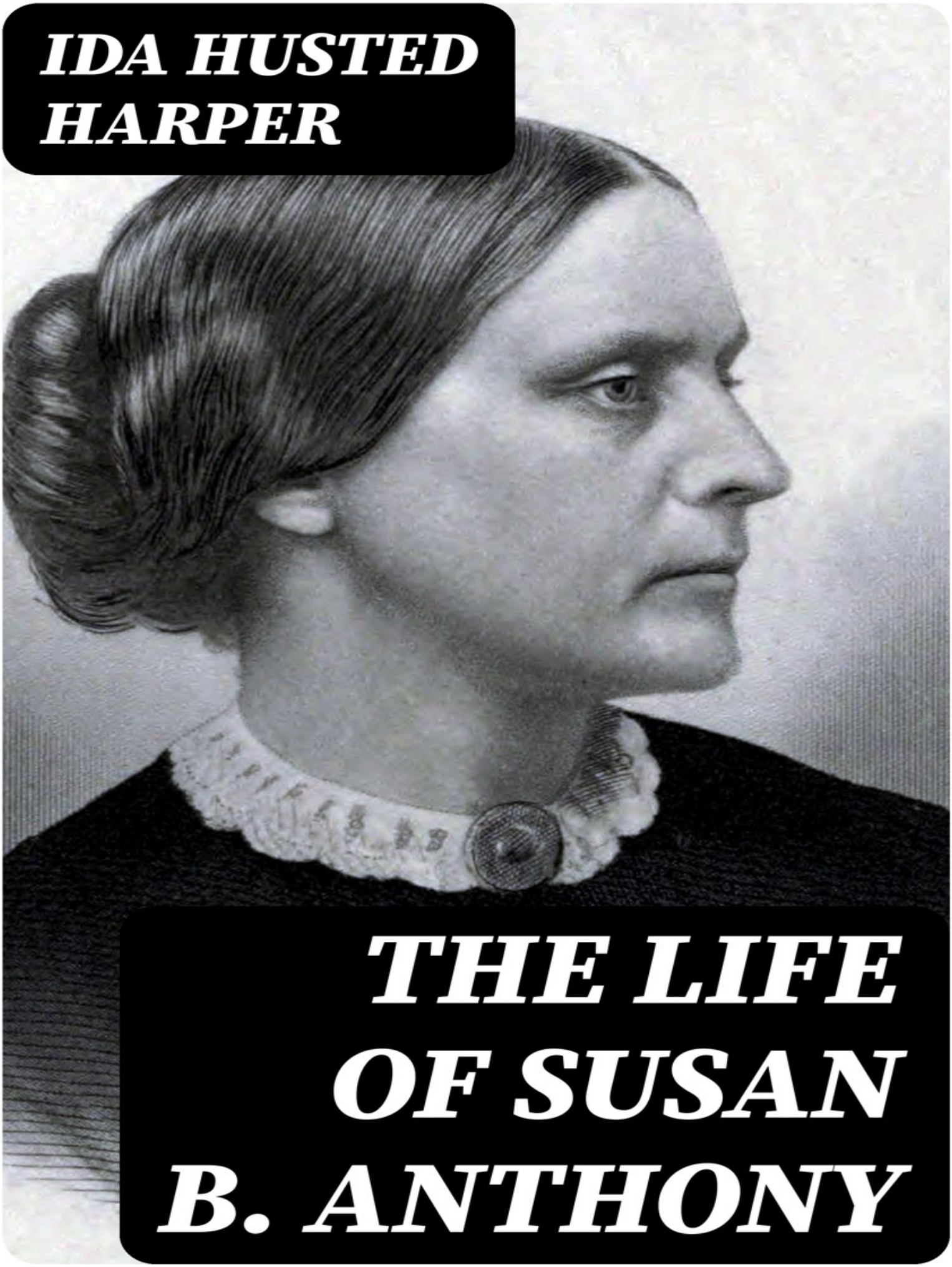
IDA HUSTED HARPER



THE LIFE OF SUSAN B. ANTHONY

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The Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony

Volume 1

TO WOMAN, FOR WHOSE FREEDOM
SUSAN B. ANTHONY
HAS GIVEN FIFTY YEARS OF NOBLE ENDEAVOR
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

Preface

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A biography written during the lifetime of the subject is unusual, but to the friends of Miss Anthony it seemed especially desirable because the reform in which she and her contemporaries have been engaged has not been given a deserved place in the pages of history, and the accounts must be gleaned very largely from unpublished records and personal recollections. The wisdom of this course often has been apparent in the preparation of these volumes. In recalling how many times an entirely different interpretation of letters, scenes and actions would have been made from that which Miss Anthony declared to be the true one, the author must confess that hereafter all biographies will be read by her with a certain amount of skepticism—a doubt whether the historian has drawn correct conclusions from apparent premises, and a disbelief that one individual can state accurately the motives which influenced another.

Most persons who have attained sufficient prominence to make a record of their lives valuable are too busy to prepare an autobiography, but there is only one other way to go down to posterity correctly represented, and that is to have some one else write the history while the hero still lives. If we admit this self-evident proposition, then the question is presented, should it be published during his lifetime? A reason analogous to that which justifies the writing, demands also the publication, in order that denials or attacks may be met by the person who, above all others, is best qualified to defend the original statement. It seems a

pity, too, that he should be deprived of knowing what the press and the people think of the story of his life, since there is no assurance that he will meet the book-reviewers in the next world.

These volumes may claim the merit of truthfully describing the principal events of Miss Anthony's life and presenting her opinions on the various matters considered. She has objected to the eulogies, but the writer holds that, as these are not the expressions of a partial biographer but the spontaneous tributes of individuals and newspapers, no rule of good taste is violated in giving them a place. It is only justice that, since the abuse and ridicule of early years are fully depicted, esteem and praise should have equal prominence; and surely every one will read with pleasure the proof that the world's scorn and repudiation have been changed to respect and approval. Many letters of women have been used to disprove the assertion so often made, that women themselves do not properly estimate the labors of Miss Anthony in their behalf. It can not be expected that the masses should understand or appreciate her work, but the written evidence herein submitted will demonstrate that the women of each decade most prominent in intellectual ability, in philanthropy, in reform, those who represent the intelligence and progress of the age, have granted to it the most cordial and thorough recognition.

There has not been the slightest attempt at rhetorical display, but only an endeavor to tell in plain, simple language the story of the life and work of one who was born into the simplicity and straightforwardness of the Society of Friends and never departed from them. The constant aim has been to condense, but it has not been an easy task to crowd into limited space the history of nearly eighty busy, eventful years, comprising a revolution in social and legal

customs. If the reader discover some things omitted which to him seem vital, or others mentioned which appear unimportant, it is hoped he will attribute them to an error of judgment rather than to an intention to minimize or magnify unduly any person or action.

The fact should be kept in mind that this is not a history of woman suffrage, except in so far as Miss Anthony herself has been directly connected with it. A number of women have made valuable contributions to this movement whose lives have not come in contact with hers, therefore they have not been mentioned in these pages, which have been devoted almost exclusively to her personal labors and associations. Many of those even who have been her warm and faithful friends have had to be omitted for want of space. No one can know the regret this has caused, or the conscientious effort which has been made to render exact justice to Miss Anthony's co-workers. It was so difficult for her to select the few pictures for which room could be spared that she was strongly tempted to exclude all. Personal controversies have been omitted, in the belief that nothing could be gained which would justify handing them down to future generations. Where differences have existed in regard to matters of a public nature, only so much of them has been given as might serve for an object lesson on future occasions.

In preparing these volumes over 20,000 letters have been read and, whenever possible, some of them used to tell the story, especially those written by Miss Anthony herself, as her own language seemed preferable to that of any other, but only a comparatively small number of the latter could be obtained. She kept copies of a few important official letters, and friends in various parts of the country kindly sent those in their possession. Every letter quoted in

these volumes was copied from the original, hence there can be no question of authenticity. The autographs reproduced in fac-simile were clipped from letters written to Miss Anthony. Her diaries of over fifty years have furnished an invaluable record. The strict financial accounts of all moneys received and spent, frequently have supplied a date or incident when every other source had failed. A mine of information was found in her full set of scrap-books, beginning with 1850; the History of Woman Suffrage; almost complete files of Garrison's Liberator, the Anti-Slavery Standard, and woman's rights papers—Lily, Una, Revolution, Ballot-Box, Woman's Journal, Woman's Tribune. The reader easily can perceive the difficulty of condensation, with Miss Anthony's own history so closely interwoven with the periods and the objects represented by all these authorities.

The intent of this work has been to trace briefly the evolution of a life and a condition. The transition of the young Quaker girl, afraid of the sound of her own voice, into the reformer, orator and statesman, is no more wonderful than the change in the status of woman, effected so largely through her exertions. At the beginning she was a chattel in the eye of the law; shut out from all advantages of higher education and opportunities in the industrial world; an utter dependent on man; occupying a subordinate position in the church; restrained to the narrowest limits along social lines; an absolute nonentity in politics. Today American women are envied by those of all other nations, and stand comparatively free individuals, with the exception of political disabilities.

During the fifty years which have wrought this revolution, just one woman in all the world has given every day of her time, every dollar of her money, every power of her being, to secure this result. She was impelled to this work by no

personal grievance, but solely through a deep sense of the injustice which, on every side, she saw perpetrated against her sex, and which she determined to combat. Never for one short hour has the cause of woman been forgotten or put aside for any other object. Never a single tie has been formed, either of affection or business, which would interfere with this supreme purpose. Never a speech has been given, a trip taken, a visit made, a letter written, in all this half-century, that has not been done directly in the interest of this one object. There has been no thought of personal comfort, advancement or glory; the self-abnegation, the self-sacrifice, have been absolute—they have been unparalleled.

There has been no desire to emphasize the hardships and unpleasant features, but only to picture in the fewest possible words the many consecutive years of unremitting toil, begun amidst conditions which now seem almost incredible, and continued with sublime courage in the face of calumny and persecution such as can not be imagined by the women of today. Nothing has been concealed or mitigated. In those years of constant aggression, when every step was an experiment, there must have been mistakes, but the story would be incomplete if they were left untold. No effort has been made to portray a perfect character, but only that of a woman who dared take the blows and bear the scorn that other women might be free. Future generations will read these pages through tears, and will wonder what manner of people those were who not only permitted this woman to labor for humanity fifty years, almost unaided, but also compelled her to beg or earn the money with which to carry on her work. If certain opinions shall be found herein which the world is not ready to accept, let it be remembered that, as Miss Anthony was in advance

of public sentiment in the past, she may be equally so in the present, and that the radicalism which we reject today may be the conservatism at which we will wonder tomorrow.

Those who follow the story of this life will confirm the assertion that every girl who now enjoys a college education; every woman who has the chance of earning an honest living in whatever sphere she chooses; every wife who is protected by law in the possession of her person and her property; every mother who is blessed with the custody and control of her own children—owes these sacred privileges to Susan B. Anthony beyond all others. This biography goes to the public with the earnest hope that it may carry to every man a conviction of his imperative duty to secure for women the same freedom which he himself enjoys; and that it may impress upon every woman a solemn obligation to complete the great work of this noble pioneer.

Chapter I:
Ancestry, Home and Childhood
(1550-1826)

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Berkshire Hills; noted persons born there; Anthony and Read genealogy; military record; religious beliefs; education; marriage of father and mother of Susan B. Anthony; her birth and childhood; characteristics of mother; first factory built.

Among the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts is a very beautiful place in which to be born. It is famed in song and story for the loveliness of its scenery and the purity of its air. It has no lofty peaks, no great canyons, no mighty rivers, but it is diversified in the most picturesque manner by the long line of Green Mountains, whose lower ranges bear the musical name of "Berkshire Hills;" by rushing streams tumbling through rocky gorges and making up in impetuosity what they lack in size; by noble forests, gently undulating meadows, quaint farmhouses, old bridges and bits of roadway which are a never-ending delight to the artist. Writers, too, have found inspiration here and many exquisite descriptions in prose and verse commemorate the beauties of this region.

Catharine Maria Sedgwick, the first woman in America to make a literary reputation on two continents, was born at Stockbridge, and her stories and sketches were located here. That old seat of learning, Williams College, is situated among these foothills. In his summer home at Pittsfield,

Longfellow wrote "The Old Clock on the Stairs"; at Stockbridge, Hawthorne builded his "House of the Seven Gables"; and Lydia Sigourney poetically told of "Stockbridge Bowl" with "Its foot of stone and rim of green." It was at Lenox that Henry Ward Beecher created "Norwood" and "Star Papers." Here Charlotte Cushman and Fanny Kemble came for many summers to rest and find new life. Harriet Hosmer had her first dreams of fame at the Sedgwick school. The Goodale sisters, Elaine and Dora, were born upon one of these mountainsides and both embalmed its memory in their poems. Dora lovingly sings:

> Dear Berkshire, dear birthplace, the hills are thy towers,
> Those lofty fringed summits of granite and pine;
> No valley's green lap is so spangled with flowers,
> No stream of the wildwood so crystal as thine.
> Say where do the March winds such treasures uncover,
> Such maple and arrowwood burn in the fall,
> As up the blue peaks where the thunder-gods hover
> In cloud-curtained Berkshire who cradled us all?

Henry Ward Beecher said:

> This county of valleys, lakes and mountains is yet to be as celebrated as the lake district of England and the hill country of Palestine.... Here is such a valley as the ocean would be if, when its waves were running tumultuous and high, it were suddenly transformed and solidified.... The endless variety never ceases to astonish and please.... It is indeed like some choice

> companion, of rich heart and genial imagination, never twice alike in mood, in conversation, in radiant sobriety or half-bright sadness; bold, tender, deep, various.

One has but to come into the midst of these hills to fall a victim to their fascination, while to those who were born among them there is no spot on earth so beautiful or so beloved. They have sent forth generations of men and women, whose fame is as imperishable as the marble and granite which form their everlasting foundations. Among the noted men who have gone out from the Berkshire region are William Cullen Bryant, Cyrus W. Field and brothers, Jonathan Edwards, Mark and Albert Hopkins, Senator Henry L. Dawes, Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, George F. Root, the musical composer, Governor George N. Briggs, of Massachusetts, Governor and Senator Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, the Deweys, the Barnards, a list too long for quoting. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose grandfather was a Berkshire man, wrote:

> Berkshire has produced a race which, for independent thought, daring schemes and achievements that have had world-wide consequences, has not been surpassed. We claim, also, that more of those first things that draw the chariot of progress forward so that people can see that it has moved, have been planned and executed by the inhabitants of the 950 square miles that constitute the territory of Berkshire than can be credited to any other tract of equal extent in the United States.

Of late years the world of wealth and fashion has invaded the Berkshire country and there are no more magnificent summer homes than those of Lenox, Stockbridge, Great Barrington and the neighboring towns.

The first of the Anthony family of whom there is any record was William, born in Cologne, Germany, who came to England during the reign of Edward the Sixth and was made Chief Graver of the Royal Mint and Master of the Scales, holding this office through the reigns of Edward and Mary and part of that of Elizabeth. His crest and coat of arms are entered in the royal enumeration. His son Derrick was the father of Dr. Francis Anthony, born in London, 1550. According to the Biographia Britannica, he was graduated at Cambridge with the degree of Master of Arts and became a learned physician and chemist. Although a man of high character and generous impulses, he was intolerant of restraint and in continual conflict with the College of Physicians. He died in his seventy-fourth year, and was buried in the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, where his handsome monument still remains. He left a daughter and two sons, both of the latter distinguished physicians. From John, the elder, sprung the American branch of the family. His son, John, Jr., born in Hempstead, England, sailed to America in the ship Hercules, from that port, April 16, 1634, when he was twenty-seven years old. He settled in Portsmouth, R.I., and became a land-owner, an innkeeper and an office-holder. His five children who survived infancy left forty-three children. One of these forty-three, Abraham, had thirteen children, and his son William fourteen, his son, William, Jr., four, his son David nine.

It was just before the beginning of the Revolution that this David Anthony, with his wife, Judith Hicks, moved from Dartmouth, Mass., to Berkshire and settled near Adams at the foot of Greylock, the highest peak in the mountain range. This was considered the extreme West, as little was known of all that lay beyond. They brought two children with them and seven more were born here in the shadow of the

mountains. Humphrey, the second son, born at Dartmouth, February 2, 1770, married Hannah Lapham, who was born near Adams (then called East Hoosac), November 11, 1773; and here, also, January 27, 1794, was born the first of their nine children, Daniel, father of Susan B. Anthony.

On the maternal side the grandfather, Daniel Read, was born at Rehobeth, Mass., and said to be a lineal descendant and entitled to the coat of arms of Sir Brianus de Rede, A.D. 1075; but he had too much of the sturdy New England spirit to feel any special interest in the pomp and pride of heraldry, and the family tree he prized most was found in the grand old grove which shaded his own dooryard. Susannah Richardson, his wife, was born at Scituate, Mass., and her family were among the most wealthy and respected of that locality during the eighteenth century. Both Reads and Richardsons removed to Cheshire, Mass., before 1770, and Daniel and Susannah were married there. It was but a few months after this marriage when the first gun was fired at Lexington and the whole country was ablaze with excitement. At the close of the sermon, on a bright spring morning, the old minister, his voice trembling with patriotic fervor, asked every man who was ready to enlist in the Continental army to stand forth, and Daniel Read was the first to step out into the aisle of the little meeting-house. Leaving the girl-bride he entered the service and soon became conspicuous for his bravery. He was one of the memorable expedition against Quebec under Arnold, in 1775, and of the party commanded by Ethan Allen at the capture of Ticonderoga. He was among that brave band from Cheshire (Stafford's Hill) who fought under Colonel Stafford at Bennington. On the 19th of October, 1780, he took part in the fatal fight of Stone Arabia, under Col. John Brown, and served with honor throughout the war. It was

several years after peace had been declared and he had returned home and settled down to the quiet life of a New England farmer that, December 2, 1793, was born Lucy, the mother of Susan B. Anthony.

Daniel Read was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1814 and was elected to various public offices. He was a Whig in politics and adhered always to staunch republican principles, but rose above partisanship and was universally respected. Daniel and Susannah were thrifty New England Puritans, leading members of the Baptist denomination and parishioners of the widely known Elder Leland. The cooking for Sunday always was done on Saturday, and the greater part of every Sunday, regardless of weather, was spent at church. They and their children sat through a service of two hours in the morning, ate a generous lunch at the noon intermission, and were ready for another two hours' sermon in the afternoon, through all the heat of summer and the terrible cold of New England winter.

Susannah Read remained always a devout and consistent Baptist, but Daniel became, in later years, a thorough Universalist. Murray, the founder of this church in England, had come to the Colonies before the Revolutionary War, and by the close of the century the Universalists were organized as a sect, holding general conventions and sending itinerants among the people in the villages and country. Some of these doubtless had penetrated to Adams and converted Daniel Read, who was always liberal in his belief. He was an inveterate reader and pored over a vast amount of theological discussion which attracted so much attention in his day. The family moved from Cheshire to a suburb of Adams called Bowen's Corners. Near their house was the tavern, its proprietor known to all the people roundabout as "Uncle Sam" Bowen. He and Daniel Read never wearied in

setting forth the merits of "free salvation." They were the only two persons in all that section of the country who did not believe in a literal hell. It was the common sentiment then that only those disbelieved in endless punishment who had reason to be afraid of it, and, since both these men were exemplary in every other respect, it was impossible for their friends to understand their aberration. Susannah Read, in the language of that time, "wore the skin off her knees," praying night and day that God would bring her husband back into the fold, but her prayers never were answered. Every Sunday regularly he accompanied her to church, and faithfully contributed to the support of the preacher, but he died, at the ripe old age of eighty-four, firm in his Universalist faith.

Susannah was the care-taker of the family and looked after the farm, inheriting the Richardson energy and thrift. Daniel was genial, good-natured and very intelligent, but his health being impaired from army service, he was willing she should take the lead in business matters. The farm was one of only a hundred acres, but was carefully and economically managed and, at their death, the Reads left about $10,000, which was then considered a snug little fortune. Lucy, one of seven children, was born into a home of peace and comfort and had a happy and uneventful childhood. She attended the district school, was a fair writer and speller and, like her father very fond of reading. She learned to cook and sew, make butter and cheese, spin and weave, and was very domestic in all her tastes. The Reads and Anthonys were near neighbors, and although differing widely in religious belief, a subject of much prominence in those days, they were on terms of intimate friendship even before the ties were made still closer by marriage between the two families.

Both Anthonys and Laphams were Quakers as far back as the sect was in existence. Both were families of wealth and influence, and when Humphrey and Hannah were married she received from her parents a house and thirty acres of land, which were entailed on her children. Silver spoons are still in the family, which were part of her dowry more than a century ago. Hannah Lapham Anthony was a most saintly woman and, because of her beautiful religious character was made an elder and given an exalted position on the "high seat."[1]

She was a very handsome brunette and was noted for the beauty and elegance of her Quaker attire, her bonnets always being made in New York. Humphrey never attained the "high seat;" he was too worldly. His ambition was constantly to add more to his broad acres, to take a bigger drove of cattle to Boston than any of his neighbors, and to get a higher price for his own than any other Berkshire cheese would bring. He had a number of farms and a hundred cows, while his wife made the best cheese and was the finest housekeeper in all that part of the country. The fame of her coffee and biscuits, apple dumplings and chicken dinners, spread far and wide. Their kitchen was forty feet long. One end was used for the dining-room, with the table seating twenty persons, and in the other were the sink and the "penstock," which brought water from a clear, cold spring high up in the mountains. Here also were the huge fire-place, the big brick oven and the large pantry. Then there were the spacious "keeping" or sitting-room, with the mother's bedroom opening out of it, the great weaving-room with its wheels and loom, and two bed-rooms for the "help" down stairs, while above were the children's sleeping-rooms. Opening out of the kitchen was a room containing the cheese press and the big "arch" kettle, and

near by was a two-story building where the cheese was stored. Up in the grove was the saw-mill, and at the foot of the hill was the blacksmith shop, where nails were made, horses shod, wagons and farm implements mended and, later, scythes manufactured. On all the farms were fine orchards of apples, plums, pears, cherries and quinces, among which stood long rows of beehives with their wealth of honey.

Here Daniel, father of Susan B. Anthony, grew to manhood in the midst of comfort and abundance and in an atmosphere of harmony and love. The Anthonys were broad and liberal in religious ideas, and in 1826, when bitter dissensions regarding the divinity of Christ arose among the Quakers, they followed Elias Hicks and were henceforth known as "Hicksite Friends." This controversy divided many families, and on account of it the orthodox brother, Elihu Anthony, insisted on removing their aged father to his home in Saratoga, N.Y., to the great grief of Humphrey, who claimed that the old gentleman was too childish to know whether he was orthodox or Hicksite and ought not to be taken to "a new country" in his declining years Hannah Anthony was ambitious for her children and insisted that they should be placed where they might have better educational facilities than in the little school at home. Humphrey thought the boys could manage a farm and the girls weave good cloth and make fine cheese without a boarding-school education. He finally yielded, however, and Daniel and two daughters were sent to the "Nine Partners," that famous Quaker boarding-school in Dutchess county, N.Y. At the end of a year, Daniel, who was about nineteen, had made such rapid progress that he was appointed teacher. The quaint certificate given him by his associate teachers is still in existence and reads:

This may apprize the friends & relatives of D. Anthony, that, during his residence with us, he has been an affectionate consort, excellent, consistant in the School, of steady deportment and conversation, being an example for us to follow when we are separated. We sincerely wish his preservation in all things laudable and believe we can with propriety hereunto set our names.

Elihu Marshall, Charles Clement, John Taber, Stephen Willitz, Henry Cox, Frederick A. Underhill, William Seamen.

There is a still more highly valued testimonial from the principal, the noble and dignified Richard F. Mott, who was held in loving reverence by all the distinguished Quaker families that confided their sons and daughters to his wise and tender care:

Daniel Anthony has been an assistant here & we can aprise his friends that he has faithfully discharged his duty in that particular, has been a very agreeable companion & his conduct remarkably correct & exemplary, which, joined to his pleasant & obliging disposition, has gained him our esteem & affection.

We sincerely wish his prosperity, spiritually & temporally, & shall gratefully remember him and his services.

On behalf of the sitting-room circle, R.F. MOTT.
Boarding School, 4 M., 1 D., 1814.

The profession of teacher did not appeal to hard-headed Humphrey Anthony, and when Daniel came back with his brain full of ambitious projects and with a thorough distaste for farming, and his sisters, with many airs and graces and a

feeling of superiority over the girls in the neighborhood, Father Anthony declared that no more children of his should go away to boarding-school. The fact that young Daniel was skilled in mechanics and mathematics, able to superintend intelligently all the work on the farm and to make a finer scythe than any man in the shop, did not modify the father's opinion. When John, the next boy, was old enough and the mother began to urge that he be sent to school, the father offered him his choice to go or to stay at home and work that year for $100. This was a large sum for those days, it out-weighed the mother's arguments, John remained at home and regretted it all the rest of his life.

The Anthony and Read farms were adjoining a mile east of Adams, and lay upon the first level or "bench" of the Green mountains. From their door-yards the ascent of the mountains began, and only the Hoosac in a deep ravine separated them from the base of "Old Greylock." The crops were raised on the "intervale" and the cattle pastured on the mountain side. Adams was then a sleepy New England village, and the Hoosac was a lovely stream, whose waters were used for the flocks and for the grist and saw-mills; but in later years the village became a manufacturing center and the banks of the pretty river were lined for miles with great factories.

In early times wealthy Quakers had a school in their home or door-yard for their own children. Those of the neighborhood were allowed to attend at a certain price, and in this way undesirable pupils could be kept out. At the Anthony residence this little school-house stood beneath a great weeping willow beside the front gate, and among the pupils was Lucy Read. She was the playmate of the sisters, and young Dan was the torment of their lives, jumping out at them from unexpected corners, eavesdropping to learn their little secrets and harassing them in ways common to

boys of all generations, and she never hesitated to inform him that he was "the hatefullest fellow she ever knew." When Daniel returned from boarding-school with all the prestige of several years' absence, and was made master of the little home-school, one of his pupils was this same Lucy Read, now a tall, beautiful girl with glossy brown hair, large blue eyes and a fine complexion, the belle of the neighborhood. The inevitable happened, childish feuds were forgotten, and teacher and pupil decided to become husband and wife. Then arose a formidable difficulty. The Anthonys were Quakers, the Reads were Baptists, and a Quaker was not permitted to "marry out of meeting." Love laughed at rules and restrictions eighty years ago, just as it does to-day, and Daniel refused to let the Society come between him and the woman of his choice, but Lucy had many misgivings. Thanks to her father's ideas she had been brought up in a most liberal manner, allowed to attend parties, dance and wear pretty clothes to her heart's content, and it was a serious question with her whether she could give up all these and adopt the plain and severe habits of the Quakers. She had a marvelous voice, and, as she sang over her spinning-wheel, often wished that she might "go into a ten-acre lot with the bars down" so that she could let her voice out to its full capacity. The Quakers did not approve of singing, and that pleasure also would have to be relinquished. That the husband could give up his religious forms and accept those of the wife never had been imagined.

Love finally triumphed, and the young couple were married July 13, 1817. A few nights before the wedding Lucy went to a party and danced till four o'clock in the morning, while Friend Daniel sat bolt upright against the wall and counted the days which should usher in a new dispensation.

A committee was sent at once to deal with Daniel, and Lucy always declared he told them he "was sorry he married her," but he would say, "No, my dear, I said I was sorry that in order to marry the woman I loved best, I had to violate a rule of the religious society I revered most." The matter was carefully talked over by the elders, and as he had said he was sorry he had to violate the rule, and as the family was one of much influence, and as he was their most highly educated and cultivated member, it was unanimously decided not to turn him out of meeting.[2] Lucy learned to love the Friends' religion and often said she was a much more consistent Quaker than her husband, but she never became a member of the Society, declaring she was "not good enough." She did not use the "plain language," though she always insisted that her husband should do so in addressing her; nor did she adopt the Quaker costume, but she dressed simply and wore little "cottage" straw bonnets with strings tied demurely under her chin and later had them made of handsome shirred silk, the full white cap-ruche showing inside. She sang no more except lullabies to the babies when they came, and then the Quaker relatives would laugh and ask her why she did it. Her long married life was very happy, notwithstanding its many hardships, and she never regretted accepting her Quaker lover.

The previous summer Daniel had helped his father prepare the lumber and build a large two-story addition to his house, and in return he gave to his son the lumber for a new home, on a beautiful tract of ground presented to the young couple by Father Read adjoining his own. While this was being built they lived at the Read homestead, and the loom was kept busy preparing the housekeeping outfit. In those days this was made of linen, bleached and spun and woven by the women of the household. Cotton was just

coming into use, and Lucy Anthony was considered very fortunate because she could have a few sheets and pillow-cases which were half cotton.

The manufacture of cotton becoming a prominent industry in New England at this time, the alert mind of Daniel Anthony conceived the idea of building a factory and using the waters of Tophet brook and of a rapid little stream which flowed through the Read farm. This was done, and proved a success from the beginning. A document is still in existence by which "D. Read agrees to let D. Anthony have as much water from the brook on his farm as will run through a hole six inches in diameter." This was conveyed by an aqueduct, made from hollow logs, to the factory where it turned the over-shot wheel and furnished power to the twenty-six looms. The factory hands for the most part came down from the Green mountain regions, glad of an opportunity never before enjoyed of earning wages and supporting themselves. They were girls of respectability, and, as was the custom then, boarded with the families of the mill-owners. Those of the Anthony factory were divided between the wife and Hannah Anthony Hoxie, a married sister. Lucy Anthony soon became acquainted with the stern realities of life. Her third baby was born when the first was three years and two months old. That summer she boarded eleven factory hands, who roomed in her house, and she did all the cooking, washing and ironing, with no help except that of a thirteen-year-old girl, who went to school and did "chores" night and morning. The cooking for the family of sixteen was done on the hearth in front of the fire-place and in a big brick oven at the side. Daniel Anthony was a generous man, loved his wife and was well able to hire help, but such a thing was not thought of at that time. No matter how heavy the work, the woman of the household was

expected to do it, and probably would have been the first to resent the idea that assistance was needed.

During the first seventeen years of this marriage eight children were born. One died at birth and one at the age of two years. The eldest, born July 1, 1818, was named for the wife of William Penn, who married a member of the Anthony family, Gulielma Penn, which was contracted to Guelma. Susan was the second child, born February 15, 1820, and named for an aunt, Susan Anthony Brownell. She herself adopted the initial "B" when older, but never claimed or liked the full name.[3]

Lucy Read Anthony was of a very timid and reticent disposition and painfully modest and shrinking. Before the birth of every child she was overwhelmed with embarrassment and humiliation, secluded herself from the outside world and would not speak of the expected little one even to her mother. That mother would assist her overburdened daughter by making the necessary garments, take them to her home and lay them carefully away in a drawer, but no word of acknowledgment ever passed between them. This was characteristic of those olden times, when there were seldom any confidences between mothers and daughters in regard to the deepest and most sacred concerns of life, which were looked upon as subjects to be rigidly tabooed. Susan came into the world in a cold, dreary season. The event was looked forward to with dread by the mother, but when the little one arrived she received a warm and loving welcome. She was born into a staid and quiet but very comfortable home, where great respect and affection existed between father and mother.

William Cullen Bryant, whose birth-place was but twenty miles distant, wrote of this immediate locality:

> I stand upon my native hills again,
> Broad, round and green, that in the summer sky,
> With garniture of waving grass and grain,
> Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie;
> While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
> Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

Each night in early childhood she watched the sun set behind the great dome of "Old Greylock," that noble mountain-peak so famed in the literature of Berkshire, from whose lofty summit one looks across four States. "It lifts its head like a glorified martyr," said Beecher, and Julia Taft Bayne wrote:

> Come here where Greylock rolls
> Itself toward heaven; in these deep silences,
> World-worn and fretted souls,
> Bathe and be clean.

To the child's idea its top was very close against the sky, and its memory and inspiration remained with her through life.

Susan was very intelligent and precocious. At the age of three she was sent to the grandmother's to remain during the advent of the fourth baby at home, and while there was taught to spell and read. Her memory was phenomenal, and she had an insatiable ambition, especially for learning the things considered beyond a girl's capacity.

The mother was most charitable, always finding time amidst her own family cares to go among the sick and poor of the neighborhood. One of Susan's childish grievances, which she always remembered, was that the "Sunday-go-to-