THE QUAKER BOY: A TALE OF THE OUTGOING GENERATION AS IT APPEARS CHRONICLED IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY; PP. 1-256

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The Quaker Boy: A Tale of the Outgoing Generation as It Appears Chronicled in the Autobiography; pp. 1-256 by Robert Barclay Dillingham

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ROBERT BARCLAY DILLINGHAM

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The Quaker Boy

CHAPTER I.

THE HOME.

THE scenes and faces that come forth from the mist which hides my childhood, are not often of distinguished persons or of important events. And yet, no doubt, they were important to me then or else memory (though she is capricious enough in choosing out of a thousand incidents, the single circumstance that she will cherish) would hardly have preserved these few things from amid the general wreckage of forgetfulness. Naturally I recall the main features of the house where I was born and in which I passed the first years of my life, though even here there are only a few outlines that come forth distinctly.

The house was one of a row of eight brick dwellings in a side street in the lower part of New York City, a neighborhood which is now in the tenement house district, but was then very quiet and respectable.

These eight dwellings were uniform, except that the stone "stoops" of the two middle houses (of which ours was one) were joined together and from that central point the others seemed to my childish imagination to slope away in dignity and importance on each side until they reached the two streets which formed the East and West boundaries of this little world. There was also, as mother told me, a very important distinction.