

**WHEN NEIGHBORS WERE
NEIGHBORS. A
STORY OF LOVE AND
LIFE IN OLDEN DAYS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649733170

When Neighbors Were Neighbors. A Story of Love and Life in Olden Days by Galusha Anderson

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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THEIR BRIDAL TOUR IN AN OX-CART WAS WELL NIGH
A DELIRIUM OF JOY.— *Page 15.*

WHEN NEIGHBORS WERE NEIGHBORS

A STORY OF LOVE AND LIFE
IN OLDEN DAYS

BY

GALUSIA ANDERSON, S.T.D., LL.D.

Professor Emeritus in University of Chicago

The ancient rural character, composed
Of simple manners, feelings unsuppress'd
And undisguised, and strong and serious thought.

WORDSWORTH.



BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

Published September, 1911.

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WHEN NEIGHBORS WERE NEIGHBORS

Norwood Press
Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U. S. A.

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TO THE CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND
GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN OF
JOHN ERSKINE AND AUNT LUCY

FOREWORD

I WROTE this book because I did not see how I could help it. I had long possessed an intimate knowledge of at least one rural community, which I knew, not as an outside observer, but from personal experience. I was born there, was a pupil in its schools, attended its churches, shared in its sports, took part in its industries, and entered into its political, social, and religious life. It and like communities have already quite passed away. I felt irresistibly impelled to give to others the vivid picture of my boyhood home, which still glowingly lingers within my own mind, lest in an unexpected moment it should perish forever.

So I have as faithfully as possible transferred that picture to the printed page. I have tried to present every phase of the life of that primitive country neighborhood, all of its industrial, intellectual, social, political, and religious activities; all of its sturdy virtues, and, as charitably as I could, its petty faults, some of which were as ludicrous as they were vexatious.

Had I the power, I would immortalize the love that united forever the hearts of John Erskine and Aunt Lucy. It shines out in every part of my story, and

lights up the close of it with a more than earthly radiance. Nor should we fail to note that in neighborhoods like this we discover the rugged foundation virtues from which is derived all that is most valuable and stable in our national life.

Hoping that my story may be both instructive and entertaining, I commit this child of my brain and heart to the public, whose verdict, in the long run, is always just.

GALUSIA ANDERSON.