

# **THE JOURNEY OF LIFE**

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The Journey of Life by Rhoda T. Carter

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**RHODA T. CARTER**

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OF LIFE**





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JOURNEY OF LIFE

By RHODA T. CARTER

Author of "GATHERED HARVEST"



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## PREFACE.

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In preparing this little book, entitled, "The Journey of Life," which, through the intercession of my friends, I have at last decided to place before the public, I shall endeavor to give my readers little snatches only, from my life's experience :

1. Childhood, up to nine years.
2. How some of us came to go to the Shakers.
3. Scattering experiences while there.
4. Experience as a hired girl after leaving.

Had I appreciated my work as highly as many others seem to, my productions would have been placed before the public long before I was 75. And it might have saved me from the embarrassing position of a "hired girl." And as far as public opinion is concerned, "degrading." I never dreamed at that time, that the position of a housework girl was looked upon as degrading.

At the Shakers we were taught that all were equal who were in any respectable service, and it was thought to be a great accomplishment to be a good housekeeper and cook; hence my surprise when I found out how hired girls were treated and looked down upon.

Another strange thing I noticed was, that many who hire, make no distinction between a good, intelligent American girl, who has been brought up in good society, smart and capable;

and an ignorant foreigner "just over." Among the majority who hire, and practice such uncouth behavior towards their help, I found a few exceptions.

In my experience as a hired girl, I shall tell you some of the uncouth things they would say to me. When I tell you how I answered back, and like John Boyle O'Reilly, "met them on their own ground," I shall not tell it for the sake of making you think I was smart, cunning or witty; neither do I expect you to call me saucy. It is merely to show how surprised I was in being spoken to as I was, and instead of its having its desired effect, to make me feel I was beneath them, it roused my nature of self-respect, to show them that I was equal to the occasion; "met them on their own ground."

Now I've made my own plea as well as I'm capable. without multiplying more words, and if there are any "hit birds," let them flutter.

All those whom I worked for, have gone to their last resting place.

My experiences have been written at different times and in various places, so I hope my readers will excuse abruptness, and, probably, repetition.

Realizing my advanced age, I did n't dare take time to copy my work over and over for improvement, as our great authors do, lest in doing so, I might get to be as old as Moses was when he started the children of Israel out of Egypt, and I think, according to all accounts, he must have been somewhere in the "nineties," and should I get to be as old as that, I might not be as capable as he was, so I give you my work in the rough, lest another golden opportunity should never "gild my lonely path."

UNFULFILLED.

"Within a poet's heart a song  
Throbb'd wild and sweet the whole day long;  
But e'er he sang, age came and stole  
The music of his tuneful soul."

—*R. Trowbridge.*

Thanking you, my dear friends, for your kind attention and patronage in my former work,—a little book of poems, entitled, "Gathered Harvest,"—and soliciting your patronage in my second work, entitled, "The Journey of Life,"

I beg to remain yours with great respect,

RHODA T. CARTER.