LYDIA E. PINKHAM

BEING A SKETCH
OF
HER LIFE AND TIMES

BY

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By
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LYDIA E. PINKHAM
This is the Era of Woman. Today is Woman's Day. Everywhere we see women actively engaged in pursuits and occupations that were at one time practically the monopoly of men. The idea of economic independence is permeating the whole human fabric. And in the United States of America the picture of liberty, equality and fraternity is limned in brighter lines than in any other country. The pages of history are begemmed with the record of the lives of illustrious women, and this country has upon its banner a rare galaxy of stars—women who have advanced hand in hand with noble men in the path of freedom and progress. Indeed, every step in that path has been attendant upon the emancipation of women and the recognition of the fact that woman is as good as man—when she is. We are realizing that man's rights and woman's rights are synchronous.
We can not afford to have joints in the social armor. We need the women to assist in the defeat of the forces of drunkenness, gambling, vice and extortion. The masculine mind needs tempering by the finer tenderer, kinder characteristics of the feminine heart. Woman holds a great commission; and if the past and the present are an earnest for the future she will do her duty faithfully and well, and advance still further the standard of truth, virtue and civilization.

We might hark back to the genesis of human tradition and trace the golden woof of woman's influence for good through the warp of the ages. We might speak of that sweet and tender prophetess of old, Deborah, who selected for herself the beautiful title of "Mother in Israel." We might speak of Esther, of Miriam, of Dorcas.
Among the pagans of Greece and Rome the wifely virtues of Lucretia and the motherly excellence of Cornelia might appeal to us. Aspasia's fame brightens with the centuries, and Hypatia is a glowing example of purity, truth, wisdom and tenderness. Europe with its history, its tragedy and romance is full of heroines and martyrs. The Old World has its Joan of Arc and Elizabeth Fry, its Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling. We parallel them with Molly Stark, Dorothy Lynde Dix, Clara Barton and Ida Lewis. And it is reserved for the United States of America to show the world the rarest excellence of women in the exercise of the truest liberty the world has ever known. The early pioneers were made of stern stuff. They possessed that indomitable faith and persistence which commands success. They made the waste places green and the desert to blossom. And we can never forget that hand in hand against privation and hardship men and women struggled together.
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They shouldered the ax, cleared the forests, helped to sow and harvest the crops. They bore healthy, hardy broods of children. No Spartan mother ever reared or trained her children better or with bigger results. They were fed on the milk of freedom and cradled in liberty. Hence the remarkable effect this had on the life and destiny of the nation can not be overestimated.

With certainty it can be said that to a large extent the prosperity of this country is due to the superior character of these brave, useful and excellent women. And what shall we say of the women who gave—

Their costliest offerings to uphold the generous and the brave;
Who fought their country's battles well and periled oft their life
To save a father, brother, friend, in those dark years of strife—
The women of the Revolution!
It was a woman who wrote the first declaration of independence. That woman was Abigail Adams, who, seven months before the famous Declaration was signed, sent the following message to her husband, John Adams, at Philadelphia:

"This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join today in the prayers for reconciliations between us and our tyrant state. Let us separate. They are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them, and instead of supplicating as formerly for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast all their counsels and bring all their devices to naught."

The troublous times of the Revolution evolved many illustrious men and women. But perhaps no period of American history is so prolific in the production of famous people as the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century. Emerson, Thoreau, Whittier, Walt Whitman,
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, James Russell Lowell, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson were all born between Eighteen Hundred Three and Eighteen Hundred Twenty-three. These be great names to conjure with! They represent the acme of American thought, energy and enterprise. And ranged alongside of them is a list of illustrious women who helped, inspired and sustained these great men: Margaret Fuller, Julia Ward Howe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Susan B. Anthony, Clara Barton, and Lydia E. Pinkham. In the strenuous days of the Rebellion these women displayed a resourcefulness, a courage and an ability in their varied spheres quite as eminently and efficiently, and as productive of good, as the men. Emerson's strong and thoughtful essays, Whittier's sweet and soulful poetry, Lowell's exquisite lines, were making an impress upon the life of the Nation.
Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, and William Lloyd Garrison were thundering against the slave traffic. But Julia Ward Howe’s *Battle Hymn of the Republic* went straight to the hearts of the common people, and her lectures on literary and economic themes were an uplift and education none the less than Emerson’s. She was an advocate of emancipation. She sought freedom for the slave, freedom for the drunkard, freedom for her sex. Julia Ward Howe was an abolitionist, a temperance reformer and a suffragist. She also was a member of the peace party, and was the inaugurator of Mother’s Day. Margaret Fuller—one of the grandest women of the period—was editing the *Dial*, a live, anti slavery organ, to which Emerson was a frequent contributor. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose name will live as long as there are lovers of freedom and haters of oppression in the broad world, was busy with her facile pen, writing anti slavery
stories—the culmination of which was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And who has not laughed and cried with the gifted authoress as he read that wonderful book—the story that prepared the way for the war which resulted in the emancipation of the slave?

Wendell Phillips and Garrison were using the *Liberator* as the clarion of slave emancipation. And Whittier in the *Pennsylvania Freeman* was also championing the cause of the slave. Thomas Wentworth Higginson added his tongue and pen to the side of freedom. Higginson wrote one of the first chapters in woman suffrage in America. His book, *Women and Men*, is an able advocacy of equality of opportunity and equal rights.

He received the hearty support of Susan B. Anthony, who was an earnest and faithful worker in the anti slavery cause until the edict of emancipation.

And then she turned her talents to the equal-suffrage propaganda, and earned for herself undying fame as a reformer.
Another figure which stands out in bold relief at this period of American history is Clara Barton.

Amidst the terrible scenes of the eventful days of the Civil War, Clara Barton was a central figure.

She became the embodiment of comfort—a ministering angel. Wherever she went she took with her an atmosphere of cheerful courage, an expression of womanly sympathy. Her very presence seemed to revive the drooping spirits of the soldiers.

To her we owe the American Red Cross Society, and her name will forever shine among the foremost of the world’s women—together with the name of that noble soul, Florence Nightingale.

In this hasty review of America’s great men and women who were born between Eighteen Hundred Three and Eighteen Hundred Twenty-three we can not forget another...
great name—that of Lydia Estes Pinkham. She has done as well for the cause of freedom and liberty as any one in the illustrious list we have submitted.

Lydia Estes Pinkham—as Lydia Estes—was born at Lynn, Massachusetts, on February Ninth, Eighteen Hundred Nineteen, in the same year as Queen Victoria.

Britain's Queen has been called the "Mother of the Nation." Her kindly influence and her womanliness endeared her to all the people. And in no less degree is Lydia E. Pinkham enthroned in the hearts of thousands of women in this country and in the whole round world.

In Victoria's reign the British Empire became solidly grounded. It grew in strength, power, and influence as never before. Dominating its policy was the benign influence of a good woman, a queen in very fact. Lydia E. Pinkham occupied no throne. She was not born to the purple. As a matter of fact she tasted the dregs of poverty and knew the bitterness of bereavement.
Her father, William Estes, was a farmer, and he and his second wife, Rebecca Chase, lived at Lynn.

The family were Quakers and had been among the pioneer settlers of Massachusetts—the land which was the original site of the Quaker meetinghouse in Lynn was a gift from the Estes family.

The farm where Lydia was born was eligibly situated for building purposes, and was from time to time sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Lydia spent many happy days around the farm doing chores, gathering wood, and hunting for herbs.

Her mother was a woman of great strength of character. She thought for herself—and thought along original lines.

She became interested in the works of Swedenborg, and eventually became one of his followers.

This characteristic of doing her own thinking was shared by her daughter Lydia, who early
exhibited a decided and entirely unorthodox turn of thought. 
She was a bright and progressive child, and went through school with honor. Lydia chose teaching as her profession, and by her studies became interested in economic and social problems.
She became an ardent Abolitionist and acted for years as Secretary of the "Freeman's Society," in which she formed friendships with some of the finest minds of the time—such as Whittier, Garrison, and Lowell. Whittier and Lowell lived not many miles from Lydia's home. 
The "Freeman's Society" was formed for the purpose of caring for, finding work for, and preparing the emancipated for the privilege of freedom.
Among the members of this Society was John B. Alley of Lynn, who became a very wealthy shoe manufacturer and later represented the district in Congress. 
Frederick Douglass, the fugitive slave and
clarion-tongued negro orator, was also a member of the "Free Soil" movement. Small wonder, therefore, that in the companionship of these thinkers and reformers, Lydia found much that coincided with her progressive and alert mind.

Some of the churches fought shy of the issue before the country; they either favored slavery or failed to oppose it.

Lydia E. was never a "half-and-halfer"; so she joined the "Come-Outers" and boldly took her place as an "out-and-outer."

On September Eighth, Eighteen Hundred Forty-three, when twenty-four, she married Isaac Pinkham, a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a descendant of the early settler of that name.

The Pinkhams were a patriotic family, and the grandfather of Isaac served in the Revolutionary War with distinction.

Within the next fourteen years five children were born to Lydia and Isaac Pinkham—four sons and a daughter.
All these children were born in Lynn, with the exception of the youngest child, the daughter, who was born in Bedford, Massachusetts, where the family had moved just before the beginning of the Civil War. It was a lonely old farmhouse, and the Pinkham family lived there only three years, going back to Lynn.
The oldest son now enlisted in the Union Army, and Lydia tearfully, yet proudly saw him depart.
The Pinkhams again moved, this time to a little village on the outskirts of Lynn, in the extreme northern part of its territory. Mr. Pinkham was a real estate dealer, and he entered into the business on an extensive scale. He bought houses and farms as a speculation, and the times did not warrant such a step. He overreached himself with his ambition. His ready cash became tied up, interest ate all his commissions, and the Pinkham family became land poor.
Lydia Pinkham helped bear the burden in true wifely fashion.
True to her Quaker instincts she was frugal and saving. She cared for her family, and did her household work alone, except for the little assistance her daughter gave her in her spare time after school.
Mrs. Pinkham determined to give her children all the education that her means allowed. She encouraged them to study to excel. And it was a proud day for her when the children secured the special medal for highest excellence in work, on graduating with honors from the Lynn High School.
Mrs. Pinkham was mother and companion to her children. She entered into their studies, their play, their hopes, and their aspirations. Also she taught them the value of money by setting them to earn some. The incentive to earn was big. The family were living from hand to mouth, and every cent earned was needed.
So the boys did what they could to eke out the exchequer. They peddled popcorn at fairs and did chores for the neighbors.

Mrs. Pinkham took part in the activities of the village. Whenever sickness entered the cottage of a neighbor, Mrs. Pinkham was ever ready to offer her help and assistance. The sick and the poor, those in trouble, looked to Mrs. Pinkham for sympathy and help, and they were never disappointed.

It happened that she possessed a recipe for a botanic remedy for the diseases of women. This old recipe was a very effective one, as had been proved in the practise of a great physician.

Mrs. Pinkham, without a thought of making money out of it, used to prepare this medicine and give it freely to such of her neighbors as she found in need of it. She procured the herbs, steeped them, and prepared them in the true old-time fashion on the kitchen-stove.
Mrs. Pinkham did this for years, and the fame of the virtues of this wonderful woman’s remedy spread gradually from the little Massachusetts village to the surrounding towns and cities.
Many came to inquire about the medicine, to seek its offices to relieve the pain and suffering of their loved ones.
And to every sufferer Lydia E. Pinkham gave succor—freely, without money or pay—for ten long years.
Then happened an event which plunged the Pinkham family into abject poverty.
It was in the panic year of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three. Mr. Pinkham found his money all gone and credit no longer procurable. Real estate became a drug on the market. Nobody was building. And being unable to meet his creditors, Isaac Pinkham became insolvent and all his property was swept away.
The long thirty years’ struggle culminating in this disastrous way told upon the health of Isaac Pinkham, and he became a physical
wreck, broken and depressed in spirit. Lydia Pinkham's heart, however, never failed. She faced the crisis with characteristic firmness and courage.

Calling her children around her, she discussed the situation with them—how to devise ways and means to support themselves.

It was during this conference that one of the boys evolved the idea of marketing the medicine which his mother made.

He emphasized the fact that on that very day four different people—three of them in carriages—had come from Salem and Boston for this remedy.

"And," he argued, "if this medicine is so good that people come to Mother for it from such a distance in this way, why can't we make a business of selling it, like other medicines in the stores?"

There was unanswerable logic in the lad's proposition, and after some consideration it was decided to act upon the suggestion.

Like every efficient salesman or business man,
Lydia E. Pinkham said, “We must advertise.”

So a little money was scraped and pinched from the current expenses and a few circulars printed.

These the boys distributed from door to door, from knapsacks slung over their shoulders.

Later a small ad was placed in a Boston paper; and when an order for eighteen dollars’ worth of medicine was received from a leading druggist in New England, as a direct result, the whole family were jubilant, and celebrated it by a special holiday.

The preparation of the medicine was still being done by Mrs. Pinkham in her own kitchen over the stove.

For seven long years she fought on—a hard and strenuous battle—aided by her children, and then the tide began to turn.

Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound became more widely known, its virtues began to be sung in wider circles. Before her death she saw a business that was growing and
spreading and which was destined to be known the wide world over.
In the growing status of the business the boys had earned money at other pursuits, which they placed at their mother's disposal to promote the family business.
Her second son served in the Legislature, but suffered from tuberculosis. He sought health by travel for two years, but in the Spring of Eighteen Hundred Eighty-one, he returned home, and died on October Twelfth of that year. The youngest son took an active part in the management of the business. He was a civil-service clerk and had a strong and active mind, and a winning personality.
He had been married but a short time when he was forced to go to the Pacific Coast for his health, but he derived small benefit, and died in December, Eighteen Hundred Eighty-one—two months after his brother. And a few months later his wife's death followed. These successive bereavements wore hard upon Mrs. Pinkham.
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She bore her trouble bravely, but in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three she suffered a stroke of paralysis, and passed over on May Seventeenth, Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three, aged sixty-four years.

Those who enjoyed the acquaintance of Lydia E. Pinkham knew her as a woman of remarkable presence. She carried her tall, spare figure with a queenly grace. Her prepossessing face—so familiar to us in the advertising of her medicines—was an index to her big, kindly heart and perfect poise of mind. Lydia Pinkham was an earnest, enthusiastic promoter of freedom. Undoubtedly, her strongest trait, apart from her devotion to her family, was love of progress.

The orthodox and the conventional were obnoxious to her. She had no use for arbitrary authority—whether in medicine, religion or politics. She believed in advancement, in
education. Her mind was always alert, her judgment clean and clear, her decision firm and decisive.

To the last she preserved these qualities of discernment, clear thinking, quick action. When she was fifty-seven—in the Centennial year of American Independence—she spelled down a whole churchful of people in Lynn at her revival of an old-fashioned spelling-bee, the last competitor to go down being a young college friend of her son's, who afterwards became her son-in-law and manager of the business which bears her name.

Lydia Pinkham was interested in all reform movements. She hated the shackles which fettered the imagination of the soul.

Her work in the "Freeman's Society" brought her into contact with some of the crying evils of the day.

She found lamentable ignorance existing, regarding even the first principles of health. Hundreds of cases where women were suffering in silence and misery came to her notice.
And no doubt this led to her devoting every spare moment to remedying these evils, or at any rate seeking to palliate the woes of her kind.

She was fearless in her opinions, and claimed that it was the right of every person to judge and act in religious matters independent of ecclesiastical authority.

And in like manner she held that to defer overmuch to the opinions of any regular school of physicians was foolish.

She believed that health was largely a matter of habit, and claimed that every one should search out for himself that which would maintain or restore the body to its natural healthfulness.

She believed, however, that in her medicine she had a medium that was helpful to those who were suffering from the ailments peculiar to women.

And hundreds of thousands of women are ready and willing to testify that she was right—and to say that they have found in Lydia...
E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound a cure for many of their troubles.
Mrs. Pinkham when she gave her medicine away used to advise her neighbors how to use it and also how to treat their ailments. When she began to sell it, she still gave this advice, free to all inquirers. This entailed so much clerical work that she had to get other women to help her, and so there began a department of advice which has continued to this day. In one year over a hundred thousand letters asking such advice were received.
Mrs. Pinkham left at her death voluminous notes, in her own handwriting, relative to these inquiries.
Lydia E. Pinkham has left behind her a rich legacy. She typifies the true American spirit of progress, freedom and co-operation.
A helpful daughter, an inspiring companion, an ideal wife, a loving mother, a thinker, a worker, a healer, a friend—Lydia E. Pinkham takes her place by divine right among the foremost of America’s Great Women.
SO HERE THEN ENDETH THE PREACHMENT ON LYDIA E. PINKHAM, BEING A SKETCH OF HER LIFE AND TIMES AS SET FORTH BY ELBERT HUBBARD, AND DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR SHOP, EAST AURORA, N. Y., MCMXV
On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of men: A woman is the equal of man—when she is.

—Elbert Hubbard