

Sketch
of the life of
Mrs. Ida Farr Nelson
[of Goshen, New Hampshire]

Written at the request of
her granddaughter
Mrs. Doris Nelson Newman
1940

transcribed by Brian Nelson Burford
Antrim, NH
April -- July, 2017

Preface

At some time in the past, my mother and father, Lois Nelson Burford and Robert Edward Burford, came across Ida Farr Nelson's journal written in 1940. At the time, I was able to make a photocopy of it. But since then, I don't know where the original has gone. However, recently, I ran across my photocopy, and decided that Ida had taken the time to share her values with us, so I should take the time to pass her words of wisdom on. Ida was a real "people person." She seldom talks about their clothes, the makes of their cars, and in only one instance did she mention someone's housekeeping standards. What mattered to Ida was being with people, and the shared experiences and celebrations. Throughout her life, she was called upon to help people in the family, the neighborhood, and even beyond. And I was surprised at how at ease she seemed to be when speaking about riding in an automobile (and the distances they drove), or making telephone calls, and even about an evening meal at a restaurant.

Every transcriber will tell the reader that he has been as true to the original as possible. I have tried to do the same in this work, so that Ida speaks to us in her own way. I have noticed certain things in her writing which don't follow modern conventions, such as her lack of an apostrophe when using the possessive tense (Ruthies instead of Ruthie's, Elmers instead of Elmer's). She also spelled granddaughter with a single "d". More difficult for me was her use of commas and periods – often I found commas at what I felt must be the end of a sentence, and periods where she seems to be having a momentary pause. I have tried to keep these just as she wrote them, in spite of my Pavlovian reflex to change them to my way. To add to my confusion, she wrote in cursive, and so the starting letter of the first word in a sentence should have been capitalized, but often appeared to be lower case. When it appeared to me to be lower case, I left it that way.

I have added page numbers at the right margin at the bottom of the pages, even though Ida didn't number her pages. I also added some footnotes, by way of trying to identify some of the people she named. Had I done this for all the people she referred to, 90% of the transcript would be my footnotes. I also added the family tree of Ida's ancestors, in large part because she speaks of them frequently, and many of them have the same names. I hearken to the old saying, "You can't tell the players without a program."

Finally, while I have re-read this manuscript several times as I typed, I am certain that I have introduced misspelled words. I find when I type a word with an "ou" in it, the "i" on the keyboard almost always also appears on the page. And regardless of the rule that I repeat to myself every time I come to a word with an "ie" in it, ("I" before 'e', except after 'c'...") I still spelled niece with the vowels backwards – time and again. I think I have corrected them, but if the reader finds more examples, please have compassion. But also, let me know so I am able to correct this transcript.

bnb

Antrim, NH

July 9, 2017

Sketch of the life of Mrs. Ida Farr Nelson¹

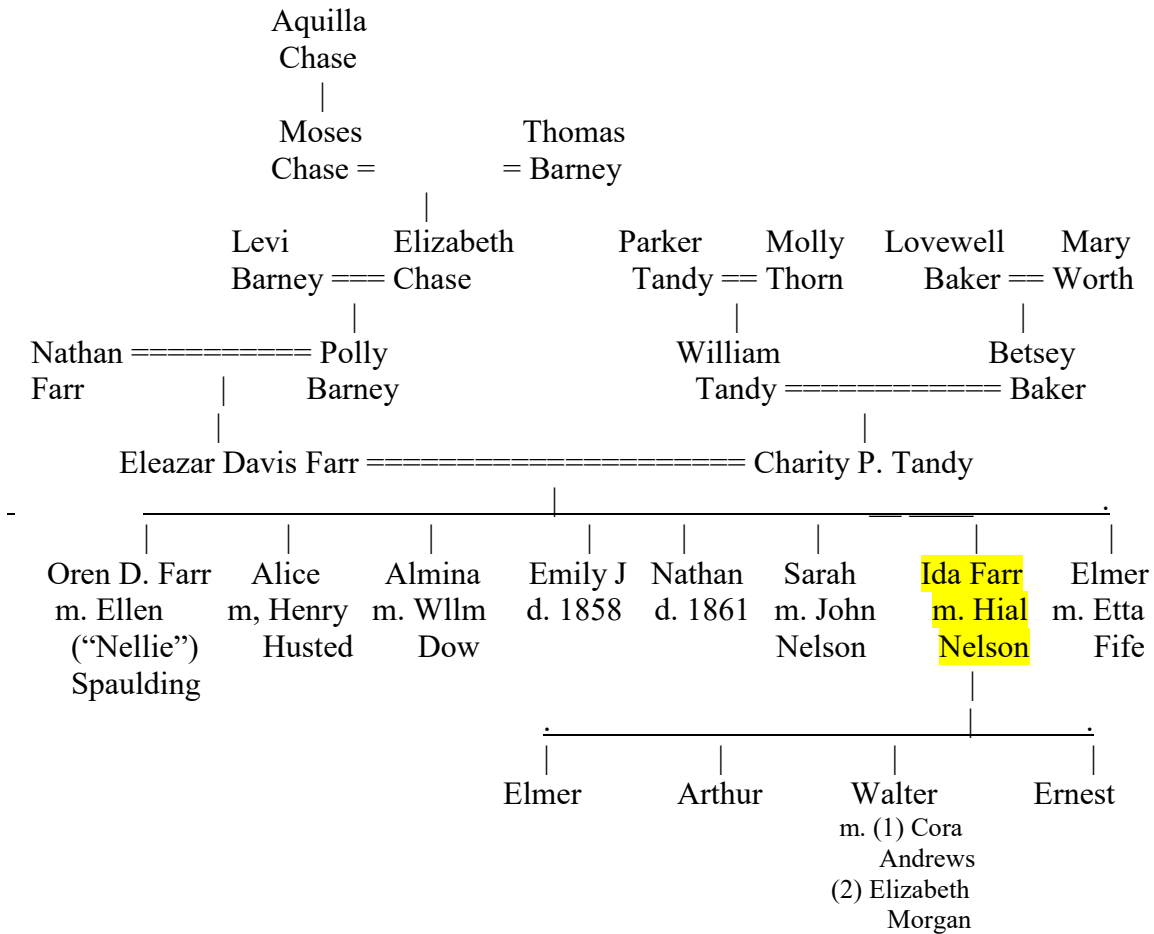
Written at the request of
her granddaughter
Mrs. Doris Nelson Newman
1940

I was born in Goshen, N.H.
Dec. 28th, 1854 in the house on the
hill by No. 5 schoolhouse, built by
my father, Rev. Eleazar D. Farr,
in 1853. My mother was Charity
P. Tandy, daughter of William Tandy,
born in Kingston, N.H. Sept. 21st 1782,
his father Parker Tandy, born in
Kingston N.H. married Molly Thorne
also of Kingston, she was born Jan. 20th
1757. Parker was born Feb. 18th 1757.
Parker was of the first settlers
of Goshen, moving here with a wife
and four children in 1786 I think.
Six more children were born in
Goshen. My mother Charity P.
Tandy, was born in Goshen, N.H.
March 10th 1814, her mother was
Betsey Baker, born July 2nd 1783
daughter of Lovewell Baker & Mary
Worth married Sept. 25th 1766.
Betsey Baker married William Tandy
Dec 27th 1808. My mother married
Eleazar D. Farr of Marlow, N.H. Dec. 7,
1837. 1
Mother died Jan. 11th 1895 at
the home of her daughter Almira
P. Dow, in Saxton's River, Vermont².

¹ **Ida Lurinda Farr (Nelson)**, born Dec. 28, 1854
in Goshen, NH ; daughter of Eleazar D. Farr &
Charity Tandy;
married Hial F. Nelson, Goshen, NH Oct. 11, 1876;
four sons: Elmer H., Arthur W., Walter R., and
Ernest S.;

died January 6, 1948 Chichester, NH.
² *Saxton's River is about 5 miles west of the Connecticut River,
bordering on Bellows Fall, VT.*

Father died at my home in Goshen
Center, N.H. March 17, 1899.
My father, Eleazar D. Farr was the
son of Nathan Farr and Polly
Barney, married
Polly was the daughter of Levi
Barney and Elizabeth Chase, grand
daughter of Aquilla Chase who
came from England and was a
resident of Newburyport, Mass. in
1629. his son Moses Chase is
said to have been one of the original
settlers of Washington N.H. After his
death his widow married Thomas
Barney, the ancestor of the Barney
family in Washington.
Elizabeth Chase came with her
father to Washington when she was
16 years of age, her father built his log
house and then left her alone, while
he went back to Mass. for his family. 2.
She stayed alone six weeks, in the
wilderness, the wolves howling at
her door at night.
This Aquilla Chase must have
been of a very wealthy family in
England, for many years the Chase
descendents were very much excited
over a large fortune waiting in
England to be divided to the Chase
heirs in America. My father, with
several other Chase descendants
paid a man quite a large sum
of money, to go over to England and
look into the claim; he accepted
the money, but was never heard
from afterwards.
Polly Barney, my grandmother, was
born January 15th 1779.
My grandfather, Nathan Farr
was born in Ipswich, N.H. Feb. 15, 1780
he died in Goshen Center at Oct. 18, 1873
at the home of his grandson, my
brother, Oren E. Farr. his wife Polly B.
also dies at Orens Dec. 19, 1859. 3



[this chart is not part of Ida's original journal and is only provided for reference. bnb

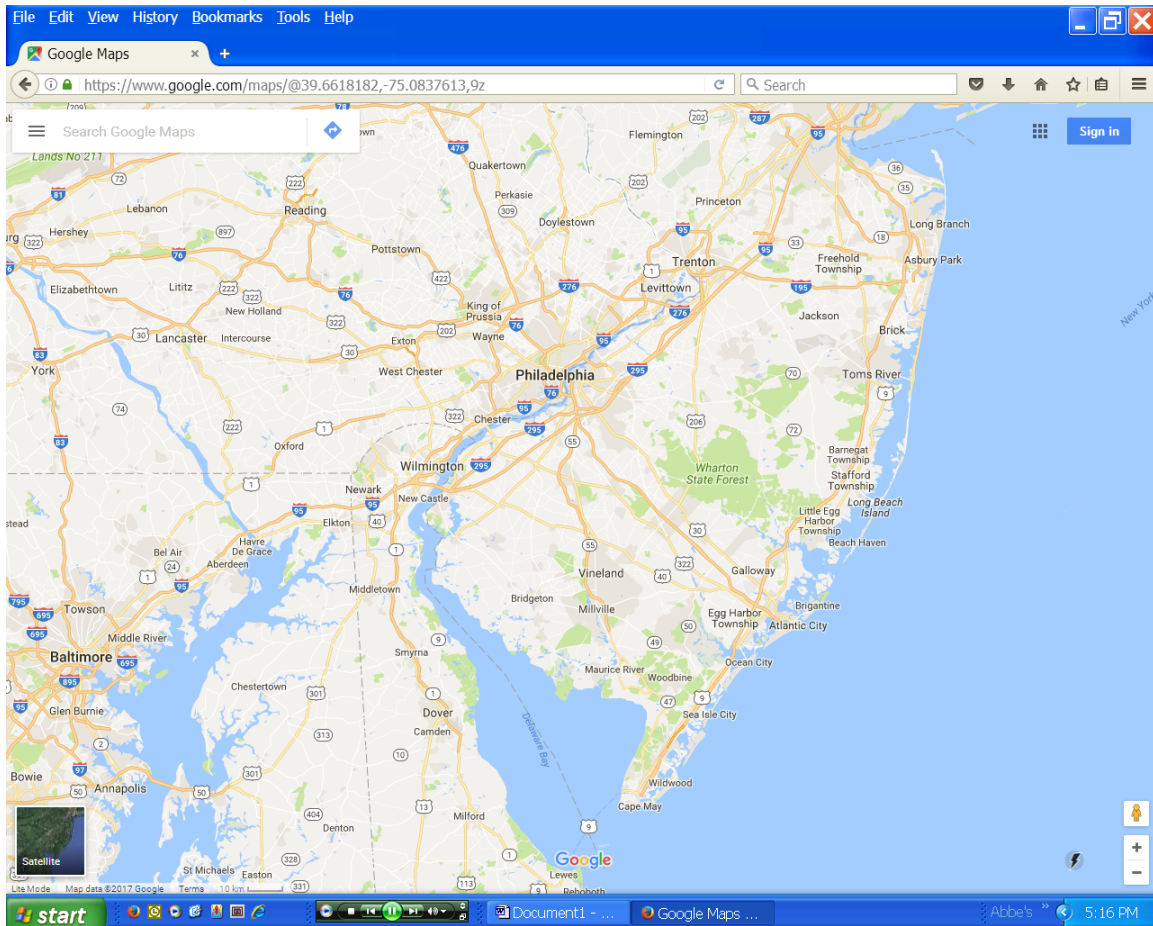
Nathan's father died when Nathan was very young, leaving a family of children without much means of support. When Nathan was seven years old, he was taken by Judge Smith of Hanover, N.H. he was treated well by him, but after his death, Nathan lived with a man who abused him.

Nathan and Polly had three Children
 Levi Barney Farr. m. Betsey Priest
 Eleazar Davis Farr " Charity Tandy
 Lurinda Farr " Almon Tandy
 Almira, an adopted daughter
 married Jacob Foster of Marlow.
 Levi's son Nathan was riding with his father on the pedlar cart, when

about seven years old, it suddenly jolted over a stone, throwing him off and killing him instantly. Levi was burned to death at his home in Claremont Dec 27, 1896. He and his daughter Eunice lived together in the house, connected 4 with the brickyard. They were sitting in the front room, when Eunice smelled smoke, her father went up the back stairs to find out where it was, but found it in another part of the house, coming back, he took a pail of water and went up the front stairs. Eunice waited, but not hearing him come down, she went upstairs & called and called, finally she got

down on her hands and knees, and tried to find him, but the smoke suffocated her and drove her back. his body was found all charred in the cellar, afterwards among the ruins. The house was burned to the ground. it was Sunday and everyone had gone to church. All but a boy of 14, who helped Eunice get out some furniture. My father Eleazar Farr was born June 20th 1816 in Thetford, Vermont. his father afterwards lived in Lempster & Marlow, N.H. when Eleazar was 14 years old, he went to Newport, N.H. and 5 learned the Cabinet trade. while there he made a rocking chair for his mother, which I have now 1940 in my possession, in perfect

condition, only that a few years ago I had new rockers put on. Just before his marriage with my mother he made for her a beautiful bureau which is now owned by brother Elmer's son Bernard Farr of New York City. It is a piece of beautiful workmanship. Oren was offered \$200.00 for it in 1934 by a dealer in antiques. Father attended Brown University and fitted himself for the ministry. And was pastor in Goshen, N.H. Afterwards, in Cedarville, New Jersey. in the meantime he had graduated at the Eclectic Medical College in Philadelphia, and became a very successful physician, so much so that he left the ministry and became a doctor only. 6



Cedarville, NJ is 17 miles SW of Vineland, NJ and 4 miles from NJ's Delaware Bay Coast. Bridgeton is 8 miles NW of Cedarville on the Cohansey River.

So much for my ancestry, now
 I will tell of my own life.
 As I have said, I was born in
 Goshen, N.H, and lived there untill
 I was three and a half years old,
 when my parents moved to
 Cedarville, New Jersey, where Father
 was pastor of the Baptist Church.
 The parsonage was a very pretty
 place with a rose bush climbing
 to the top of the house: a bird
 had it's nest in this bush, in front
 of the window, which we little
 children had much pleasure in
 watching, as the mother bird
 flew back and forth feeding her
 baby birds. I remember how badly
 we felt, when the birdlings flew
 away. The journey from
 N.H. to New Jersey was very
 interesting to us children, especially
 the ride on the steamboat, where
 as I always said, "I slept on the
 top shelf in the cupboard." 7
 Here in the parsonage was
 my little brother Elmer born Oct. 15, 1858
 weighing only three pounds and a
 quarter. How we all loved that
 little brother, and he always
 proved himself worthy of love,
 From Cedarville, we moved
 to Bridgeton, New Jersey, where
 we formed many pleasant acqu-
 aintances. Here too came sad
 days for my mother. Sister Mina
 had the diphtheria, & came very
 near dying: brother Nathan also
 had the diphtheria & membranous
 croup connected with it. Father
 was taken sick with Erysipelas
 in his face, while on a professional
 trip to Cedarville. Sister Alice
 who was then married to Henry
 Husted and living in Fairton, N.J.³

³ Fairton, NJ lies between Cedarville and Bridgeton

took Nathan home with her.
 Mother on her way to Cedarville
 to visit Father, called at Alice's and
found Nathan sitting up in bed 8
 playing marbles, the next morning
 on her return home, she found him
 dead. This was March 18th 1861.
 Sister Alice was married at
 Bridgeton Dec. 24th 1860 to
 Henry Husted, by my father.
 One night when Henry was
 returning home after visiting Alice,
 when he came to the drawbridge
 he had to cross, his horse refused
 to go, Henry struck it several
 times, but it still refused to go,
 finally he struck a match, (as it
 was a very dark night,) and he
 found, the bridge had not been
 closed, after being opened to let a
 vessel through.
 In March 1852, Mother, sister
 Mina, little brother Elmer and I
 came to Goshen to visit brother Oren
 who was married and living in
 Goshen. The snow was very deep,
 and a hard crust had formed
so that old people & children were 9
 sliding down hill: here I had
 my first experience of trying to
 guide a sled, with the usual
 experience of running against a
 wall or tree. When we left
 for home the middle of April,
 the snow was still so deep and
 crust so hard, brother Oren drove
 cross loots to Charlestown, right
 over the tops of stone walls.
 Charlestown at that time was the
 nearest railroad station.
 I remember as we rode along, how
 off it seemed to see the snow
 disappear, and when reaching
 New Jersey, to see flowers in
 blossom.. We lived in

Philadelphia a short time, then moved to Germantown, Penns⁴. where we lived till Sept. 13th 1866. Here we had a chance to see some of the ravages of war. Ambulances kept coming in bearing sick & wounded soldiers. 10

The hospital grounds were patrolled by soldiers. Brother Oren enlisted Sept 15, 1862 for nine months, was mustered out in August 1863. They were in the New York barracks awhile, and then sent by boat to New Orleans. They were hardy New England boys, they of the 16th N.H. regiment, but they died by the score down in that hot country. New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Brashear City, and other places took heavy toll of our boys. How often I have heard Oren speak of the "mud march". But very few of the boys who went from Goshen returned. Oren's wife and Grandfather Farr lived in the big house in Goshen, and carried on the farm while Oren was gone. Oren was only 23 and Nellie 21. 11

When Lee surrendered and Peace declared, a big celebration was planned, flags were hung across the streets, windows decorated with flags and candles. My mother made a large flag, which was hung from our upstairs window over the street below, when news came of the assassination of President Lincoln, and everything was draped in mourning. How well I remember how we used to sing, "Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching. Cheer

up comrades they will come, We breathe the air again, of the freemen in our own beloved home." Also, "Look out there now, for I am going to shoot, Look out there, don't you understand, Richmond's falling, Richmond's falling, 12

Grant is going to occupy the land", "Maryland, My Maryland", and others like it. Very often some of the girls would come to school crying, because they had just received word of the death of father or brother. Those were sad, sad days.

On our way to Franklinville where a branch Sabbath School was held, we passed a large stone house which was riddled with bullets at the battle of Germantown in the Revolutionary war. Sister Sarah and I were baptized here in Germantown, in company with ten other young people, six boys, and six girls. Among these was Annie Richard the daughter of a retired merchant living out on a beautiful farm. he used to come out and get us and take us over to his house for a couple of days visit to his home. his 13

Conservatory filled with wonderful plants, was a great joy to us. I corresponded forty years with Annie, then it dropped. Sept, 13th 1866, we left Germantown, and came to Wethersfield Vt. to brother Oren's. Mother, Almina, Sarah, Elmer and I, trouble having arisen between Father and mother. Almina went to work in the cotton mill in Claremont; Mother stayed with her sister Mary Smith in Goshen who was

⁴ Germantown is about 8 miles north of Philadelphia

sick, and also the following
spring and summer took care
of Oren's wife who was very sick.
And did the housekeeping for
the family. Sister Sarah the
next year worked for Mrs.
Gracie Boynton at Perkinsville
Vermont⁵; four miles from Orens.
Feb. 5th 1868, sister Mina was
married to William B. Dow 14

Mothers cousin Lucy Tandy Dow's
son. They went to South Acworth
N.H. to live, here there son Ernest
was born Feb 27th 1869. Mother
was with her then, and lived
with her ever afterward till
her death in Saxton's River, Vt.
Jan 11th 1895.

Oren bought the Emerson
Stevens place in Goshen Centre
N.H. in May 1870. Grandfather
Farr was still living with Oren.
After Father moved to New Jersey,
and the farm was sold, he
lived with his daughter
Lurinda, but was not happy.
Sister Nellie (Orens wife) was
visiting her mother Mrs. Simeon
Chamberlin, when one morning
he came in & said, "Ellen I
have come to see if you will
be my mother." from that time
he lived with Oren & Nellie till
the day of his death, Oct. 18. 1873 15

He told his nephew, Daniel
Barney, "I have lived with my
children, and my grand chil-
dren, and by Gorry, I like my
grandchildren the best."
He certainly was a very happy
old man, and used to sit in
front of the fireplace poking
the coals with his cane, talking
to himself and singing.

⁵ Perkinsville, VT is about 5 miles west of the Connecticut
River, opposite Claremont, NH

He grew very feeble at last
and had to be helped out of his
chair; one day in trying to help
him up, I couldn't possibly get
him on his feet, and had to let
him slide to the floor, with his
back against the chair, while
I went to the door and called
Oren, who was down the road
shoveling drifts. Sister Nellie
was at that time very sick,
and was taken in January and
could only walk with a cane at 16

the time of Grandfather's death in
October. Little Edith was
born Dec, 12th 1871. A little blue
eyed, sunny haired girl, a ray
of sunshine in the home: she
always loved "Auntie Ida."
Brother Oren had a large sugar
place, tapping from a thousand
to twelve hundred trees. We
had the sugar pan on the stove
all day, sugaring off three times
a day, some years making it
into cakes, others in tubs and
pails. Always of course keeping
a good lot for our own use.
We usually bored a hole in the
bottom of the sugar tub, thus
draining out the molasses, leaving
the sugar as dry as the brown
sugar we buy, this we used in
most of our cooking, only using
granulated white sugar for
special purposes. 17

That year when I was between
18 and 19 was a very busy year.
Nellie was very sick, Grandfather
sick and died, Oren had a hired
man all the time, Aunt Louisa
Chamberlin was with ma a short
time, little Edith was a year old
the winter before, so was just then
toddlng age, so required a good deal
of care. That spring, the neighbors

came to help Oren. John Cofran was coming down with mumps, and gave them to brother Elmer and little Edith. The following years were very uneventful. Elmer and I went to prayer meetings, socials &c together. Aunt Lurinda died and Ella was left in charge of the home. I worked for Mrs. Lucius Purmort in Lempster a few weeks at a time in 1874 & 1875. There I had my first experience in cheese making. In the Fall of 1874 sister Sarah and I decided 18 to go to Newport High School, which we did, hiring an up-stairs room of Mrs. Dr. Henry Brown. We boarded ourselves, only Mrs. Brown would put our potatoes in with hers to cook, so they would be done when we got home at noon. Dr. Brown doctored Nellie when she was so sick, and he and his wife had become very dear friends. Lawyer George R. Brown was at that time the Principal. We formed some very pleasant acquaintances there, retained through many years. A family by the name of Nelson was living in in Goshen, Mrs. Lydia Nelson, her two sons Hial and John and two unmarried daughters Marietta and Jane, with whom we got quite well acquainted in our church work, as we were all members of our little Baptist Church. In speaking of my Fathers life in Goshen, I forgot to mentions his 19 raising the money to build the Goshen Baprist Church. he raised the money, drew the plan of the house, hired the carpenters and painters and presented it to the members free of debt. The bell was furnished by Dea. Richardson of Boston, who owned a bell factory

& told father he would tone it on the letter F because of his name Farr. Hial and I began keeping company in 1875, intending to be married in May 1876 but the Tannery owned by Wesley Miller, where Hial worked, failed and he lost \$120.00 which he had let run, so he could have it to be married on, and lost his job too, so were not married until Oct 11th 1876, when sister Sarah and Hials brother John, were married at the same time. We were married in Brother Orens 20 parlor at Goshen Center, by Rev. Henry W. L. Thurston, a second cousin of Mother Nelson's, then pastor of the Congregational church at Goshen Center. We were married at eight o'clock in the evening. Sarah and I had gathered autumn leaves that day and made a chain of them clear around the room, and little knots of them on the lace curtains. Our guests were served with cake and coffee. Sarah, herself, made the cake. Our guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, their two little girls Lettie and Lessie, my mother, sister Mina and husband, William Dow, and their four children, Ernest, Edith, Ida and Charlie, Mother Nelson, Marietta and Jane, Oren, Nellie, and Elmer. Hial's sister Myra couldn't come, for Jennie was a tiny baby, not two weeks old. 21 We stayed at Orens that night and then next day went down into the orchard gathering apples. At night we were wakened by a terrible noise, drumming on tin pans, ringing of bells, &c. A company of young folks had come to serenade us. We got up and

dressed, went down stairs, Oren went to the door and invited the young folks in. Hial and John took us in and introduced us to them, we treated them to refreshments and they left. some of them several days after apologizing to Hial for coming. Hial worked at Newport in the Tannery owned by David GeMash. he like Miller in Goshen, cheated him out of his pay, all he could get was an old bony horse and an old antiquated sleigh. We tried to find a tenement in Newport, but failed, so I remained with Nellie, she really 22
 needed me, and Hial boarded at the boarding house by the bridge in Newport..
 In the Fall of 1877 I taught school m Langdon, it was kept in the large front room at William Dows, there were but few scholars, and the school-house was out of repair. so I kept school and boarded with my sister, her two older children, Ernest and Edith, were among my scholars.
 March 5th 1878 we went on the Charles Silsby place, Newport, to live, it was a lovely place on the hill, with a fine lawn in front. Here our first boy was born, May 6th 1878. My cousin Viola Young from Hillsborough, came and took care of me, she brought her little three year old Wilmer with her. One day when they were eating dinner, something provoked him, he run out doors, and I could hear his little feet running the length of the lawn, and he screaming at the top of his voice, soon he came back all smiles, his tantrum 23
 over. Here also my Arthur was born Jan. 29th 1880. Brother Elmer used to come up from church, and stay till the evening service, then he and Hial go down together. Sister Jane Nelson came to us the next day after we moved on the Silsby place, and

had her home with us from that time to her marriage to Brooks Burns. In the summer of 1878, Father and sister Alice of Fairton, New Jersey, with her little boy Henry visited us. We enjoyed their visit very much. One day, Alice with her Henry, Sarah, with her Alice, a year old, and I with my Elmer, a few months old , visited an old friend of mothers, Mrs. Elsie Cutts. she asked which of us girls were going to have our mothers number of children, Sarah said, "Not I." "Well Mrs. Cutts said I guess it will have to be Alice, she won't have to have but two more." But we none of us had the right. We all me at Orens one day, 24
 Father wrote a poem which he read. I have it now among my keepsakes.
 The night before Arthur was born Mr. Mummery, an old half blind man who loved to visit us, and brother Oren who was Juror to Newport, stayed with us one night, I made out to get breakfast with Orens help, Hial took Mr. Mummery down the hill to Oliver Parkers, Oren called for Mrs. Charles Emerson on his way to Newport, and called the Dr. but the baby was born before any one got there. Mrs Elsie Cutts was to have been my nurse but her daughter Lulu was sick so she couldn't come. My Aunt Mary Smith who happened to be at Oliver Parkers came up, and sister Etta Nelson did the work. I had Etta comb little Elmers hair, it was so curly, and I knew Aunt Mary, was not very careful, I had seen her comb her little Netties, and heard her cry. Elmer loved to have me comb his 25
 hair. I always let him have his picture book to look at, and I would make up little stories about them.
 The winter of 1880 & 1 Uncle Nathaniel Nelson wanted us to come and live with him on his farm in Croydon, his wife Livia Haywood of Grantham had died and his sister

Mrs. Mercy Pearce was keeping house for him. We went, and the day the writings were made, Mr. John Cooper, who made them out, brought his pen and ink, he said "I didn't know as Mercy and Nathaniel would have any." He laughed about it afterwards, when he saw how many letters I wrote. The postmistress at Croydon East Village said I had more mail than any one excepting Honorable Lemuel Cooper. Aunt Mary stayed with us awhile, and then went to her step sponos, John Lear, in Goshen, who married 26
Hials sister Myra, and Mother Nelson came to live with us; she was very feeble, had Consumption of the Blood. Brother John Nelson who had been working in the Tannery at Wilton, N.H. was out of work, so Hial proposed to him, they hire a sugar place together of Cromwell Forehand on Croydon Mountain. John agreed, and he and sister Sarah and the two children Otho and Alice came up and were with us. It made quite a little family, and I had to cook entirely with water, as something ailed Uncles cows, garget I think they called it.⁶ The sugar season was very late, so but little was made before John had a chance to go back to work, so Hial finished it alone. Nathaniel had what was called the "Nelson sore leg." He died June 20th 1881.

Mother kept growing more and more 27
whiter and whiter, sister Etta came home to help care for her. Mrs. Marshall Putnam, and old friend of mothers came often to see her. Mother Nelson died Oct. 9, 1881. So much sorrow was put into that year! After they were

⁶ "garget" is an ailment of a cow's udder, caused by exposure to the cold, or a blow such as a kick, or improper milking.

gone, the house seemed full of dead folks and dead folks things: it almost seemed sometimes I could hear the creaking of a rocking chair in the front room. Spite of having my dear husband and the two little boys, I find myself Sundays, listening and watching for brother Elmer. This feeling was made stranger because Oren, Nellie & Elmer had gone to Northampton, Mass., and from there to Sapello Island, Georgia⁷ Sister Mina had moved from Langdon, N.H. to Saxton's River, Vt. Sarah had gone from Goshen to Wilton, N.H. and I felt left alone, of course in time this feeling 28
passed away.

Early in the summer of 1882, John Cooper came to see us and asked me if I would let an old man come here to die, I shall not live long, and there is no relative to whom I can go." His wife had died the winter before. He was a fine old man, we consented and he came to us. was with us until his death. he was a well educated man, had written a history of Croydon, and many articles for the newspapers. Tillie Putnam, who afterwards married Sibley of Sibley Scythe Co., used to bring her newspaper articles to him for correction. Sept. 19th 1882, our little Walter was born. Edgar Churchill, Hials cousin, who had brought Etta and Jane home the day before, drove to Newport for the Dr. 29
Rev. John Bragdon spent one night with us here. Oren, Nellie, Elmer and Edith spent some

⁷ Sapelo Island, Georgia, (which Ida spelled with 2 l's) is located about 50 miles south of Savannah on the Georgia coast.

time with us when they came back from Georgia. Nellie had been very sick, Edith too was not very well. They were the only white people on the Island except the Spauldings, who were once the owners of the whole island. Oren was working for Sawyer of Northampton, Mass, son in law of Great uncle James Tandy. Sawyer had bought a lot of land and cattle, and put Oren as manager. In the fall of 1884, our friend Oliver Parker was going west and was very anxious we should go too, we decided to do so and had an auction, selling off the most of our furniture, stock, &c. but the man, George Angell, who bought our place, could not pay 30 but a little down, we had to give it up. Early in the winter we went over to Weathersfield, Vt, to visit brother Oren's folks, from there we went to Marlow, N.H. to visit Nathan Brown, and wife, Old Goshen friends living there. Their daughter, Alice who was teaching school in town, came home, telling of calling on one of her scholars who was sick with Scarlet Fever. She was a very pleasant girl, and loved children. Elmer and Arthur were right around her and in her lap, the next day we went to cousin Biola Young's the second night we were there, Arthur came down with Scarlet Fever, and the next day, Elmer came down with it. When Arthur heard us say it was Scarlet Fever, he said, "Well I die, same as little Annie 31 Braley did?" The year before the children of our second nearest neighbor (Ira Braley) had it and

three children died with it; George 17, Annie 9, and little Grace 7. One night Hial had to go over for Ira was crazy. I built a fire in the room across the hall, put an entire change of clothing there, water, soap & towels. Hial came in through the window, threw his clothes out on the snow so no germs were brought out where our little children were. We stayed to Violas till the little boys were over it enough so we dared take them home to Croydon. we waited for a comfortable day, the winter was very severe, at last came a morning when it seemed a little warmer, so we started, putting Elmer and Arthur under the buffalo robe, with a lighted lantern 32 beside them; when we got to Newport, we found the thermometer was 30° below zero that morning. We went to our nearest neighbor, Van Buren Carroll, as they were elderly people with no children. they gave up their warm room to us that night, the next morning Hial went over to our house, built two hot fires, and stayed till the frost was off of everything, and the rooms thoroughly warm and dry, then came over after us. Walter came down with the fever the next day, but like the other boys was not very sick. only his legs bloated badly. In May 1885 we moved to Goshen Hial having bought the Cooper shop, owned previously by Jonathan Ingalls, on the Brook road, leading to Rand's Pond, we hired a house on the same side of the road, owned by 33 Uncle William Tandy. The little boys commenced going to school from here.

Rev. D.M. Cleveland was at [ordained in Goshen] that time preaching in our little church, working in the furniture shop in Newport – through the week and coming to Goshen Sat. calling on the people that day, going back to Newport [Sun?] night or Monday morning.

George Crane and Julia Muzzey were married and after living at her aunts, Mrs. Olivia Parker, awhile, hired a few rooms in our house and came there to live. Brother Elmer and Etta Fife of Charlemont, Mass., were married Dec. 24th 1885 and came to us on their wedding trip.

We moved from here to the Sam Gunnison place, across the road from from the cooper shop 34

[nephew of one who built our house]

Our home after Uncle William Tandy went to Cornish, was the place where the minister came. One time, the minister, Robbins of the Anti-Saloon League, Concord, stayed with us over night, he said to the little boys, “You never saw quite so big a robin before did you?” which quite amused them, and they spoke of it many time afterward. While living on this place, cousin Nathan Tandy and brother Elmer bought the store of Hatch Carr and Robert Morrill.

Nathan, who was station agent at Hoosic Tunnel at the time, could not leave, so his daughter Mabel, a girl of 16, and brother Elmer came up and run the store awhile, boarding with me. These two families were a great help to our little church.

About this time too, brother Oren 35 bought back his old place ,

the Emerson Stevens farm, at this time owned by Charles Stockwell, so our little church was made strong again.

It had got reduced in number so that some nights at the prayer meeting, there would be only Hial and I with out little boys, sister Myra and her children and occasionally Alice Lear and her brother Oley.

In December 1890 we bought the farm at Goshen Centre of Mrs. Averill Alexander, the place known as the Sam Gunnison place”, the birthplace of Capt. John Gunnison, who was killed by Mormons, disguised as Indians, in Utah years before. Fort Gunnison, Gunnison City, and Gunnison river, were named for him. 36

Across the road from our house was a Balm of Gilead tree, the offspring of a tree which had quite a history. When John was a young boy at home, he rode horseback to his Grandfather Gunnisons in Newbury: as he started for home, his Grandfather cut off a switch from his Balm of Gilead tree, and told John to use it for a whip going home, then stick it in the ground and let it grow, which he did, saying “As this tree grows, so will my life be.” It grew wonderfully, and the very day he was killed the tree was struck by lightning. our tree sprang up from the roots. There is also a large rock maple in the front yard, which his mother found in her garden and transplanted, telling her children if it lived, they could call 37 it: ”Mother Tree.” this was told

me by Capt. John's sister, Mrs. Jane Cofran. She also told me her mother had in her possession a letter written by the Mormon leader Brigham Young to Mrs. Capt. John, denying they had anything to do with his death, and Camenting, "so young and smart a man, should meet with so early a death." We moved to the Old Gunnison home, Jan. 5th 1891, where we spent many happy years. At one time when my mother was visiting me, I invited Althine Sholes and her mother up to spend the day. Mrs. Sholes was an old friend and school mate of mothers, she was Lois Doloff, living at the top of the hill on the road to Mill Village. It was 38

very interesting to hear them tell of the old school days, and the different boys and girls whom they knew in their early days. Our Ernest was born Nov. 18th 1891. the pet and plaything of us all. The spring of 1891 there came a very heavy snow storm in April. two feet coming at that time, Hial was having the Grippe, so could not be out to the sugar place to do the gathering. The little boys and I did the best we could, till he was able to be out with us. Thirteen years sister Sarah was with us in the summer time from one to six weeks, always planning to be with is the Fourth of July. Usually sister Myras children would be with us too, and sometimes Nathan Tandy's four girls, Mabel, Minnie, Blanche 39

and Lillian, especially Blanche

and Lillian. We always had a picnic over to Sunapee Lake, Rand's Pond in Goshen, or May Pond in Washington. At May Pond we usually caught a lot of fish – Bass, Pickerel, Flat Sides, and towards night Horn Pouts. Our Elmer worked for his Uncle Oren more or less every year. The spring he was 17 having the entire charge of the evaporator, filling the cans with syrup &c. Oren did not go near, as his wife was very sick, and no one could do for her as Oren could. I was over as much as I could be, but with my own family to see to, I couldn't be there much. The Fall and winter Elmer and Arthur went to the Newport High School, they roomed on Sunapee Street, at Nathan Brown's. 40

they boarded themselves, taking a lot of food from home on Monday mornings. The Newport boys did not haze them, until one morning for some reason they did not go together as usual, so they took each one as they came and held them under the water faucet, they were kind enough though to let them take their collars and cuffs off. The winter of 1893 & 1894. Hial got an urgent letter from Father, wanting him to come out to Cedarville, New Jersey, and help him pack his goods, ready to come to New Hampshire, to live either with Sarah or I. Hial went and Asa Baker a cousin of mother's stayed with us while he was gone. Not to work, as he was an old man, but to keep us company, and give us advice. 41

Just before Hial went to N.J.

Orie Young and his wife came up and wanted to know if her sister could have a room in our house. I had never seen her, but I liked Grace very much so we said yes, but when she came after Hial had gone I wished I had said No for I knew as soon as I saw her, she was a woman of bad character. I forbade the boys taking wood or water into her room, but leave it at her door. I was thankful when Father decided to come to us, and I could give Stella Hill orders to leave, for Father would have to use the room. I gave the room a thorough cleaning, and everything else she had touched before Father came. He was with us till his death March 14th 1899. He was a dear old man and we very much enjoyed having him with us. In the winter I think of 1896, the Christian Crusaders came to town and held religious meetings, night after night in our little church, every seat in the church was filled, and benches were brought in and placed in the aisles. They were a very devoted company, and many were converted, among them Elmer & Arthur, Jennie & Arthur Lear. One night I did not go, but stayed home with Father and little Ernest, praying & praying that my boys might yield to Christ, when all at once the door burst open and Walter rushed in exclaiming, "O momma, momma, Elmer, Arthur and Arthur Lear." Walter had the year before been converted. Oren & Nellie

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43

called on their way home to rejoice with me. These Crusaders were Capt. Keith, Cadet Brown and Lieutenants Sherman and Rushton, all earnest Christians. I must tell here of the pleasant evenings we had the winter before. We had what we called our "Home Lyceum". Every two weeks all winter we had an evening in which I would read in a history of England, one of the boys would write a poem or recite one, two would have a debate, either two boys, or Hial and one of the boys. We enjoyed these very much. One night in late Fall of 1897, about midnight, our door bell rung, Hial went to the door, a stranger stood there who said his name was Frank Smith, and said "there is a lady sick at my house, and Mrs. Hoyt sent me over to get your wife." Hial came back into the bedroom and told me, saying "I don't know who it is, and you can do as you think best, but I hate to have you go." I remembered the boys had told of an Ethel Smith that was a new scholar, so I decided to go, as I was always called in cases of sickness or death in the neighborhood. It was a dark, rainy night, and we rushed up hill and down, finally coming to a house under the mountain, where we were met by a strange lady, who took me into a room, where a young lady lay in bed. Mrs. Sallie Morse, niece of Mrs. Smith, before morning her baby was born, little Gordon, who when two weeks old, was brought to

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45

me by his mother and aunt, and lived with me till he was six months old, when his momma took him and came to her cousins in Manchester, N.H. How we loved that baby! Father would come down stairs every night and tend the baby while I was getting supper. The day Susie took little Gordon away, he said "Ida, you don't know how I miss that baby." I told him yes I did, for I had had to work as fast as I could all day to keep from crying I missed him so. Father enjoyed walking over to brother Orens, who would have like to have him live with them, but he preferred living with us. He always wanted his bowl of Catnip tea before he went to sleep, so I would take it and a free stone 46
for his feet up stairs, put it in his bed, tuck him up, kiss him good night, and leave him. Every morning we built his fire, so it was warm for him to get up and dress. He and I took the team and visited hi brother Lewis in Claremont, also his niece Polly Fletcher in Marlow. Polly was his adopted sister Almira Fosters daughter, who married Willard Fletcher. In writing the word "Almira", it reminds me of some thing that happened when she was a girl at home. One night they looked up on their hill covered with trees, which looked as though they were all afire, they could hear the crackling of the fire, and see the flames encircle the trees. Aunt Almira wanted to go up and see what it was, for there seemed to be something strange 47
about it, but grandmother

wouldn't let her. she said Almira had been spinning all day and was too tired, but really I think she didn't dare have her go. The next day Grandfather was down to the Village, when one of the neighbors living on an opposite hill said, "Well Mr. Farr you had quite a fire in your woods last night didn't you? When Grandfather told him that in the morning they could see no signs of it, they hardly knew what to think. In speaking of it to others in later years, the theory has been it was the phosphoresence in the new ground that took that form. Grandmother was a woman of strong will and resourcefulness, as this incident will show. One time when 48
living in Lempster, near a pond a young woman of her acquaintance called on her way to the pond to drown herself, because her young man had jilted her, Grandmother talked with her trying to persuade her not to do it, but of no avail, finally she says, "you can never enter Heaven if you kill yourself, let me do it for you," so together they went to the pond, and Grand mother held her down under the water awhile, then raised her up, reasoning with her, but she would not change her purpose, this she did three times, each time holding her a little longer under the water, finally she held her under as long as she dared without really drowning her when the girl promised to go home and live. Years afterwards thanking Grandmother for what she 49
did. In Feb. 1899 Father sold

sp, e property in New Jersey and went to Newport to make the writings, tok cold, bringing on the Grippe, which caused his death March 14th 1899.

It commenced to snow the morning of his funeral, and snowed all day and night, the next day the snow was so deep and drifts so high Willie & Mina & daughter Ida, Sister Sarah and her husband could not go home. It took two day to get the roads shoveled out, they all left for home, and the next night and day it stormed again, and it was a week before the roads were all cleared again. In those days, men with shovels, oxen and plows broke out the roads.

In the summer of 1900 50

Sister Alice and her son Henry from Las Animas, Colorado came East to see the relatives.

Came first to brother Orens, all the brothers and sisters met here and one day went to the home in Marlow, still standing but unoccupied, owned by Willard Fletcher. we hired a big wagon with seats on the sides, the young folks rode in, the older people going in their own vehicles.

Cousin Alice Beard in Marlow, met with us, as also Willard Polly, their daughter Myra and her husband Amos Rogers.

We ate our lunch out under the trees at the end of the house. It was a very enjoyable time, and a bright, warm day.

While Alice & Henry were with us, Sister Minas sons Ernest and Charles, were with us, and every

day for a week went hunting 51

on Sunapee Mt. and vicinity, finally the last day they were to be together, as they started out I said "Now boys, this is your last day, do be careful, and not get hurt." half an hour later, Elmer stood in the door, I said, "What are you doing back at this early hour? Elmer, are you hurt?" "Yes, he said, I have shot myself in the heel " Charlie Dow had shot a strange bird down by the brook, they all stood looking at it, Elmer resting his gun on the heel of his shoe, when he accidentally touched the trigger, and the bullet went the whole length of his heel, lodging in the heel of his shoe. I was frightened, knowing a wound in the heel was considered very danger- 52

ous, but sister Alice told me to do it up in camphor and sugar, and it would be alright. This I did and it healed, causing no great discomfort, only he could not go back to work. Alice told him, if he had got to do it, she was glad it happened then, so he could have a longer visit with she and Henry.

While they were with us, we all drove up to the old home in Croydon, past Corbins Park, where so many buffaloes, deer, antelopes, wild hogs, &c had been put. Jennie Lear who was teaching school in our district and boarding with me, went with us. On our way home a hard thunder shower came up, and we drove into a large barn, whose doors were open. Sister Alice said in riding around she found two hills, where she

remembered only one. 53

July 5th 1901. Sister Etta Nelson

who Feb. 22, 1898, married Charles S. Upton of Danvers, Mass, a widower with a young son Fred, went to Bakers Island, off the coast of Salem, Mass. fishing, not caring to go anywhere the day before, the Fourth, as Fred was a nervous child.

They had been fishing quite a while, when Etta feeling tired, said she was going off the rock onto the land, when her feet slipped and she fell into the Ocean, she sunk but rose again, when a young man of their acquaintance, camping with some friends at quite a distance seeing her fall, dashed into the water and went to her assistance, was getting along finely, she was calm and doing just what he 54

told her when her husband thinking he could help, leaned over the rock, reaching down his fish pole, and fell headfirst, striking them in his fall, and driving them both under the water, as they rose they both clutched him, he could not handle them both, all three nearly drowned, but the young man was finally saved after working over him two hours.

Little Fred was left on the beach alone, he was finally taken by a policeman to his home in Danvers, where his father's brother Alexis and his blind father lived. Alexis telegraphed to us. And in a letter later, said, "Etta could very illy by spared, she was so good to my father, reading to him by the hour." Etta was a 55 woman of fine character, an earnest, intelligent, Christian woman. She worked in

Somerville, Mass, awhile, our pastor Mr. Grant, who went from Newport, there as pastor, was at our house one day, I asked him if he knew Etta Nelson. "Know Etta Nelson, he said, why she is my right hand man." She was a sister I thought a great deal of.

The year before her death she and little Fred were at our house, and she invited her sister Jane and her husband, John Trow over, and we asked sister Myra too, so we were all together little realizing it was the last time we should see her, the last time we would all be together, The fall of 1902, Walter was planning to enter Colby Academy 56

in New London, N.H. our district school had commenced, Jennie Lear was the teacher and boarding at our house. One rainy morning Walter took the team and carried Jennie & Ernest over to school, letting our dog Sparks, go with him, at the foot of Oren's hill, he met Oren, who was carrying Everett, to school, and letting his dog go with him, this dog from the first day Oren had him, seemed to take a dislike to Sparks, as soon as they met, Orens dog pitched upon Sparks, Walter jumped out of the wagon and tried to separate them, Orens dog bit him on the calf of the leg, Walter went on and took Jennie & Ernest to school, Oren came back with him, I wanted Hial to take Walter right to Newport and have it cauterized, but neither 57 considered it necessary, so I dressed it first the best I could, it seemed to be doing well, and

he went to New London as planned; he did not write it was growing worse; one day Joel powers brought a telegram, saying, "Come and get me." It seems it had kept growing worse, and one night the school doctor saw it as Walter was dressing it, and told him to go home. Hial went over and got him, calling to see Dr. Cain on his way home, who told what to do. The poor boy had an awful time, it ate to the bone, clean around his leg, all but an inch, before it commenced to heal. I kept cheerful in front of him, but going to bed at night, lying awake and shivering, as I worried 58 for fear he would either lose his life or his leg. He was very uneasy being obliged to sit with his foot up in a chair, so I proposed to him that he write a history of Goshen as he and Arthur had so many times said some one ought to do. This he did, writing "A Sketch of Goshen." getting items of interest from old Mr. McCrillis, Almon Tandy, and some others, whom a year or so later, were not living. October 12th, 1903, was the hundredth anniversary of the formation of the Baptist Church. We decided to celebrate, by having the Newport Association meet with us, and combine the celebration with it. Our Pastor, Charles A. Tenney was to write the history of the church, but he was gone all that summer and accepted a call to 59 another place. I was chosen to write it. I was boarding little Gladys Smith, sometimes her

brother Harry too, we had the church freshly painted and papered, Hial & I were down there, observing the work, cleaning the church &c, so I did my writing early in the mornings before anyone but Hial and I were up. I was very much interested in looking up the history of our little church, formed in great aunt Grindalls kitchen, meetings held later in great-grandfather's kitchen, and in my own grandfather's home, later in the church my father built, or at least was the means of having it built. I have heard my great-Aunt Hannah Smith say "I have heard the ministers who stopped at my fathers house many times pray that the blessing of the 60 Lord might descend upon that house, unto the third and fourth generations," and she said, it has nearly all the Tandy descendants are Christians and mostly Baptists." The house was well filled at the Centennial Celebration, some of the ministers who had previously been our pastors were present, and letters from many others were received and read, among them a young man, who as a boy of 14 was baptized and joined our church, afterward going west and there entering the ministry. Myron Fifield Mrs Althina Lear wrote a poem for the occasion, which she read. A fine dinner was given in the Town Hall, at which Chicken Pie and ice cream was served. Three couples stayed overnight with us.61 Feb. 4th of that year (1903) our Arthur was married to Ada Hooper of Unity, at her mothers home in Unity; by Rev. Josiah

Hooper, the blind Methodist Minister of Goshen. Ada said it seemed as though it would make it more sacred to have him perform the ceremony, than our young minister. Arthur was then working for his Uncle Elmer Farr and Arthur Hobbs in their grocery store at Haverhill, Mass. and boarding with Edith in Bradford, Mass on Carleton Avenue, they spent the first month with her, then hired a tenement on Green Street, Bradford, there was a nice large yard there, with a big apple tree in it, which appealed very strongly to them, looking like the country, to which they were both used. here their little Hazel was born Sept 12, 1904. I was with Ada two weeks before the birth of her baby and two weeks later, her mother then taking my place. Arthur W. Junior was also born here, July 4th 1907. I could not be with her then as it was [haying?] time and I could not be spared. May 30th 1905, Hial and I went to Haverhill to attend the wedding of our son Elmer, who was married May 31st 1905 to Miss Jessie Lewis at her home in West Hill, Mass. Elmer and Arthur had then bought the store previously owned by brother Elmer, and Arthur Hobbs, brother Elmer being their book-keeper, he worked for them as long as he was able. In 1908 Arthur bought a place on Riverside Avenue, Haverhill, on the banks of the Merrimac

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River. here Paul was born. Feb 9. 1909 I was with Ada at the time, her mother was there but did not dare be in the room, but was upstairs with Hazel and little Arthur, when I went up to tell her the baby was born and Ada all right, her face was as white and hands as cold as though she was dead; she had worried so, because her half brother, Dr. Oscar Corliss, had told her Ada could not live through having another child, but she did live to have three more children. David, Clifford and Gordon. While with Ada before Hazel was born, I got kind of homesick one Sunday, so took a walk up to the Bradford Academy, went into the grounds, made believe I was one of the students & sat on the steps of the Academy building. Then took a walk through some of the back streets, past cornfields, and back to Arthurs, my homesickness all gone. Edith thought Ada was very foolish not to have a trained nurse, but when she had been over to see Ada two or three times, she said "Auntie you take a great deal better care of Ada, tan Lauras trained nurse did for her." Elmers Lillian was born March 15th 1906, at their home in Haverhill, Mass. In 1907, Cora May Andrews of Plainfield, N.H. came to teach the Mill Village. School. a fine Christian girl, graduate of Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, Walter got acquainted with her and they were married at her

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mothers home Dec.23rd 1908
 by Rev. S.S. Huse of Meriden,
 and came to our house to live,
 having our east front room, and
 the chambers above it. Hial
 put a window in the dark closet
 opening from the front room, also
 shelves, making it a nice pantry,
 and cutting a door through into
 what had been my milk room,
 and putting in a sink after we
 had papered it. also freshly
 painting and papering the upstairs
 room, so that it made a nice
 little tenement for them.
 They later lived in the Hollis
 Sholes house at Mill Village on
 the Brook Road, moving from there
 to the Minister Hooper house which 66
 Walter bought at the Auction after
 Mrs. Hoopers death. here little
 Doris was born Oct. 19th 1911, and
 Ruth, Feb. 20th 1915. Cora died
 Feb. 26th 1915, of the disease which
 took so many young mothers all
 along the Atlantic Coast that year.
 Coras mother was in a railroad
 accident on the Claremont road
 when coming to see her after we
 telephoned her of Coras condition.
 The hurt she received then caused
 her death a year or so later.
 I stayed with Walter till the
 baby was two weeks old, then we
 took Walter and the little girls up
 home with us, and they have been
 my little girls ever since, even
 though now they are married
 and in homes of their own.
 I think it was in 1905 that
 Ernest and I wanted to go into
 the poultry business, and Arthur and 67
 Elmer let us have the money
 to buy a Cyphers⁸ 240 egg

⁸ CYPHERS Incubator Company
 Manufacturers of the

capacity, incubator and Brooders,
 we had fine success, and
 that year sent chickens and
 turkeys down to the boys at
 Haverhill. The next year Miss
 Pettis, at the corner of the Lempster
 and Goshen roads, wanted me
 to hatch some chickens for her,
 and furnished me with two
 large incubators, thus making
 1200 eggs I turned twice daily.
 I run these for her two years,
 then she wanted out of the poultry
 business and I bought one of her
 incubators, the one which had
 hatched the most chickens.
 I was there every year till the
 coming of the little girls, when I
 had to give it up. I was then
 60 years old, and could not
take care of two men and two little 68
 children, but for several years
 when it came the middle of
 February, the time I usually
 commenced running the incubators,
 running them from that time
 till the middle of June, I felt as
 though I must start them again.
 One time when I was running
 the incubators, Mrs. Blodgett came

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to our house, and in our talking she made the remark, "I haven't seen a chicken this year," "Come into the other room, I said, and I will show you some." I had at that time more than 400 I had not taken out of the incubators. "Oh, she said, I never saw such a sight in my life, they look like little pansies." After the death of Mrs. Hooper, Mr. Hooper came to live with us. He was blind, his wife used to read to him a great deal, 69 so I did the same, reading hours at a time, awhile in the afternoon, when my work would allow it, but always in the evening. He had been a great hand to follow all the murders in the newspaper. I told Hial I wasn't going to do that for him, it made me too nervous, I didn't ___ and one day he said "I believe the world is getting better, there isn't nearly as many murders as there used to be." Hial and I looked at each other, but said nothing. The next year (1910) after he came to live with us he was very anxious to visit his childhood home in Limington, Maine⁹, so last of May 1909, I went with him, going first to his nephew Charles Brooks of Peabody, Mass, leaving him there 70 for a weeks visit, while I went to Haverhill to visit Elmer and Arthur, he to join me there. I had been there only two days when Mrs. Brooks telephoned me, "Uncle Josiah is so homesick I guess you will have to come

⁹ Limington, Maine is about 40 miles southeast of Fryeburg,

and get him.", My Elmer went with me, taking me first to Danvers, Mass. to what had been sister Etta's home, now the home of Alexis Upton, from there he took me to Marblehead, we went up on the ledges, saw "The Chum", the water dashing up between two rocks, or a big seam in one rock: then to Peabody, where we got Mr. H and went back to Haverhill. We were at Arthur's Memorial Day, when a lot of relatives had gathered, a picture was taken of the group, with Mr. Hooper in the 71 center. The next day, we left for Maine, getting to Miss Lillian Smalls just night: her Aunt Mrs. Boothby lived with her in the old home, once a hotel owned & run by Miss Smalls father. It was a quaint old building, a huge fireplace, and contained many old relics. We visited the graves of his father and mother, out in what was then a pasture, went into the store with its huge, barred shutters, and bolted door built years and years before. He preached in the old church, and visited the school house he attended in his boyhood days. Miss Small took us to East Limington and called on two of his old friends over 90 years of age, one of whom had lost her mind, the other kept house for 72 her son, but looked as though she was just waiting for her release. both several years younger than he, but so much weaker. At Miss Smalls he slept upstairs in the room he used to sleep in,

going up the same steep, crooked stairs. I trembled every time he came down for fear he would fall. I drew a long breath of relief when we got to Mt. Sunapee station, and I saw Hial with his team waiting for us. I had been so afraid something would happen to him, in getting on and off the trains. He died March 2nd 1913, after two months illness of Pneumonia. In the Fall before a young girl by the name of Beatrice Johnson, who had been boarding down below our house, came to board with us. A gentleman 73 friend sent her a beautiful bouquet of red roses. Mr. Hooper loved roses, and taking one, laid it on his breast, saying "When I am gone, lay a rose like this on my breast." We sent to Boston to this friend, and had some like them sent up. The year before on his birthday, we invited our minister and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn, the Methodist Minister and his wife, Mr. & Mrs. Ineson of Newport, Mr. & Mrs. Orra Lear of Mill Village to spend the day with him, had a nice chicken dinner. It was a fearfully cold stormy morning, and at first the Newport folks thought they couldn't come, but finally the ladies borrowed some mens fur overcoats, heated freestones or bricks, and came along. The year before 74 friends from Lempster and Goshen came. The poet Griffiths wife among the numbers.¹⁰

¹⁰ George Bancroft Griffith, b. February 28, 1841 in Newburyport, Mass. Educated at Dummer Academy, in Mass. Married Sophronia Anne Howe of Bradford, NH. Served in NH Artillery during

Beatrice Johnson met Harry Blaisdell, a young man at the head of the Gypsy Moth Co., whom she afterwards married.¹¹ He was a fine, clean, young man. Beatrice was with us a year; in the summer her mother was with us two weeks. It was a pleasure to see mother and daughter together. In the summer of 1912, on my way over to Brother Orens, I saw a young lady & two little children playing in front of the Mills house, Mrs. Grace Whitman, soon they began coming up to see Hial get the cows at night: the next year she came to board with me, and asked if her sister Lotta could come too: so commenced 75 my taking boarders, which has lasted for so many years. Mr. and Mrs. George Olsen of Dorchester Mass, Mrs. Whitman was also from Dorchester. The Olsens had only one little boy, Gordon, 1 ½ yrs old, when they first came, and Grace Whitman had two; during the years they were coming, Wendall and Dorothy Olsen, were born, Clarke, Evelyn and Everett Whitman.. The Olsens moved to West Roxbury, Mass & the Whitmans to Grand Rapids, Michigan. Now in 1940. Mrs. Whitman and

Civil War; Moved to Lempster, NH in 1875, where he went into the lumber business. He died September 28, 1909. She died November 24, 1923. Griffith published poems in several journals, and a book entitled "*Pleasant Places in Nature and Life*" (1899).

¹¹ Harry Linwood Blaisdell, born 1891 in Westford, Mass.; married Beatrice Louise Johnson, April 22, 1914 in Norwood, Mass. She was born August 9, 1889 in Cambridge, Mass.. She died July 20, 1977 in Shelbrune, Mass.

Everett are living in Sarasota Florida. March 5th 1913, Arthur David was born, at Haverhill: Aug. 9. 1914. Clifford was born. through July and August of that year, Hazel, Arthur and Paul were 76 with me. Grace Whitman was also with me two weeks with her children. One day when I went to the well to get some water, I heard a great commotion in the field across the road, screaming and laughter of children, and the bellowing of a calf. I went over to see what was the trouble, and found, some of the children had the calf by the head, the others by the tail, and they were seeing which party was the strongest. of course I quickly put a stop to that. In 1915, Arthur and his family moved up to Goshen, on the Ira Hurd farm, that he and Elmer had bought three years ~~two~~ before of Stephen Colby. The Colbys were a strange family. Mrs. Colby was only half 77 witted, he a little better, his sister from Sunapee brought over food and clothing. She, Mrs. C used to leave the children with me, when she went to the Village. I always had to throw doors and windows open to air off, after they and their mother was gone. The first spring after the boys bought the place, they had a chance to rent the house to Mr. Farwell, a man lumbering on Mt. Sunapee. Elmer at that time happened to be home. I told him if he and his father would provide me

with sand & water, I would clean the house, before any one came in, it was so frightfully dirty. This they did, but when it came to the pantry, whose shelves were as black as a shoe, Hial says, “don’t try to clean these, let me take 78 the shelves down to the sawmill and have them planed.” but I said, “No, soap, sand, hot water and elbow grease, will get them clean,” and it did. when the Farwells came, everything was sweet & clean. In the spring of 1913, Walter & Cora came up on the place, Walter was going to carry on the farm, and do carpentry work in the house, changing over some of the rooms &c. I knew Cora rather hated to come up there, so I had the house all clean, and the table set, with one of my linen table-cloths on, when they got there. Cora was much surprised & pleased. Here their little twins, Philip & Phyllis were born, July 20. 1913 months ahead of time, caused by a fright to Cora, over an automobile accident, in which Myra Drake 79 was seriously injured. I sent for Mrs. Frank Smith who was an experienced nurse, but we could not make the babies live. Philip died the first day, but Phyllis lived three days; Dr. [C?]ain was the physician. I was with Cora till her mother came at the end of ten days. It was very nice to have Arthur and Ada with us, she was a wonderfully fine young woman. one of the best of mothers, an earnest Christian, a fine Violinist, also on the Banjo. she was born in Unity July 9, 1882

died of Tuberculosis in Goshen
 May 29th 1924.
 I see in looking back over what
 I have written, I have omitted
 the celebration of our 25th marriage
 anniversary Oct. 11th 1901, also
the 50th anniversary Aug. 2nd 1908 80
 of Oren's and Nellie's marriage.
 Oct. 11th 1901 was a beautiful
 sunny day, warm as summer,
 so we had no fires in the evening.
 Flowers were still untouched
 by frost, so our rooms were
 decorated with flowers, and several
 lovely bouquets were given us by
 friends. Sister Sarah and John,
 Hial and I celebrated together
 at our house, as we were married
 at the same time. Oct 11. 1876.
 Many relatives and friends met
 with us. Althine Sholes Lear¹² read
 a poem she had written for the
 occasion. We were presented with
 silver knives and fork, from
 Nathan Tandy and family, each
 couple one half dozen, a dozen
 silver knives and forks from Elmer
 and Arthur, spoons from Charles
 Dow, teaspoons from Elmer Tandy
& wife, silver berry spoon from Edith 81
 Hobbs, a five dollar gold piece
 from Oren & Nellie, towels & flowers
 from other friends. Sister Mina
 said our house looked very pretty
 as they came over the top of the
 hill, as it was lighted from top to
 bottom. I had wanted a new
 dress for the occasion, I knew
 Sarah would have one, but we
 couldn't spare the money, so out
 of a piece of rare old lace, which
 was among Aunt Livias things,
 I made a collar and cuffs, which
 I wore on my old black dress.

¹² Althine F. Sholes Lear, wife of Orra Lear of
 Goshen, NH; birth: 1857; death: 1944

Arthur said when he saw Aunt
 Sadie come out in her new dress,
 he thought to himself. "poor
 mamma won't have any pretty
 dress, but felt quite relieved
 when he saw me, I received
 several compliments that night.
 No one recognized the old dress
with its new trimings. 82
 Aug 2nd 1909. We celebrated the
 50th wedding anniversary of Oren
 and Nellie. The house was filled
 with relatives and friends.
 Rev. Josiah Hooper gave a brief
 address, in his own happy way,
 Althine Sholes Lear read an
 original poem, then I presented
 them with ninety two dollars in
 gold coin, given by their daughter
 Edith, and the brothers and sisters
 of Oren & Nellie. A poem by
 Nellies cousin Nettie Taylor was
 read and short speeches by William
 Dow and Elmer Tandy were given.
 When Edith & I first talked of
 celebrating their 50th anniversary,
 I told Hial I wished I could
 raise as many dollars for them,
 as they had been married years.
 I wrote sister Alice out west, and
 to the other brothers and sisters, with
the result 92 instead of 50 dollars. 83
 In September 1914. The Newport
 Baptist Association again met
 with us. Rev. Joseph Palmer, our
 pastor: he thought we ought to
 ask the Hotel to furnish the
 food, but I told him it was not
 necessary, we could see to it ourselves,
 During the dinner that day, in
 a little speech, he told how he
 had felt, but said, "I see now how
 unnecessary it was, after partak-
 ing of such a dinner as this, we
 know Mrs. Nelson was right."
 We had new potatoes, fresh sweet

corn, salad, and all the other accessories. Hial furnished the potatoes from our garden, the sweet corn from Orens and our garden, and Elmer and Arthur sent up a large ham, which I boiled and Oren sliced for us that day. Our Goshen ladies are famed for their cooking. One of the guests

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at our house was a minister by the names of Smith, son of the one who wrote America. he wrote us afterward a fine letter of thanks for our hospitality. Ernest took a two year course at the Agricultural College, Durham, N.H. graduating in the spring of 1914. Hial and I went down to his graduation, going first to Haverhill, Mass to Elmers. he took his wife, Mabel Barlett to whom he was engaged, his father and I in his automobile. stopping at Portsmouth for lunch. After the graduation exercise we attended the reception at the Professor's house. The last week in Sept. I went down to Elmers to have a dress made to wear at Ernests wedding: Elmer & Jessie wanted to buy one. new silk for dress, but I didn't

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want them to be at that expense. I had a nice plum colored silk dress that was Mrs. Hoopers, this I ripped to pieces and took down, Jessie bought some pretty flowered silk for vestie, collar and cuffs, and hired Mrs. Wales to come to her house and make it. it made a very pretty dress, but didn't last long, the dress was so old, it soon crackled and split, so was useless, another case of "Penny wise and pound foolish." Ernest was married

Oct. 7th 1914, to Mabel Rebecca Bartlett, at her fathers house in Haverhill, by her brother. Rev. Hollis Bartlett. Elmer furnished a bushel of Asters for decoration, and Ernest took from home a trunk full of mountain ash berries, which were also used, the stair

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railing was decorated with these, Also the table on which the presents were placed. Among the many guests present, was Ernests cousin Jennue Lear, and her husband who were married the day before. Hial and I, and Mabels father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Bartlett, stood up with Ernest & Mabel to receive the guests. Ernests friend Harrison Smith of Goshen, was the Usher. They had a hard time getting away, Bernard Farr and some of the other young folks were determined they shouldn't. Arthur & Ada helped them all they could, by disguising themselves as Ernest & Mabel and slipping out stealthily, but their ruse was discovered.

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Sept 28th, Jennie's birthday her fiends and neighbors gave her a shower. My hydrangea had some beautiful blossoms on it, I picked a lot of the purest white ones, and I got some white netting at the store, so that night, when we got ready to give her the presents, we sat her in a chair, blind-folded her, then Cora & I put the netting like a bridal veil on her head, making a wreath of the Hydrangea blossoms, and putting it on her head, then placed the gifts in her lap.

She was very much surprised and pleased.

The first day of October a young man who had been boarding at Linley Borolbys¹³, Goshen Corner came to the door and inquired if he would come and board at our 88 house a couple of weeks, I told him we were going away for a couple of days, to attend Ernests wedding, but he said his other could come and stay with him, as his birthday was that week, so we told him he could come. He was a student at Harvard College, had earned the Phi Beta Kappa key, was fitting himself for a lawyer, to please his father and mother, his father was in the real estate business in Kansas City, but his mother was with him in Cambridge. He was a young man who worked at quite a disadvantage, one eye being made blind at his birth, and the other one not focusing right, but he was a wonderful scholar, and pianist. His mother read to him a great deal, helping him in his studies, and as a little boy, playing bean 89 bags with him, when they were out in the country and came to a brook, she would ask him to place some stones across a shallow place so she could go to the opposite side. This she did to exercise his muscles, but without letting him know the reason. She told me, & I have almost cried my eyes out, in crying over his. I felt perfectly safe in leaving them while we were gone. She was a wonderful woman.

¹³ Lenly Young Bowlby (1876-1951), married Inez Trow, March 3, 1900.

I left a cooked chicken, bread, pies and cake cooked for them. The young man was Emmet Russell¹⁴, who has ever since been a dear friend of our family, and writes to me now calling me mother. He passed his examination for entering the Massachusetts Bar, and then 90 fitted himself for the ministry by entering & graduating at Gordon Bible College¹⁵, as he had become a Christian in the mean time. He went as a Home Missionary up in the Saskatchewan Country, two years during the summer, After his marriage to Miss Amy Dyer, also a graduate from Gordon Bible College, he went as a teacher to Nan Hai College, Tien Stein, China¹⁶, teacher and missionary both. Here their little boy was born, lived but a few months, and was buried in China. They have since returned to the U.S. and held pastorates in several places. Epsom, Ashland, Northwood, here in N.H. and also in Maine, his wifes home state. He is now, 1940, in Wheaton, Illinois, 91 where his son and daughter,

¹⁴ Emmet Russell: b. Oct. 8, 1983 in St. Paul, Minn. son of Lacy H. & Lola M. Russell. grad. Harvard Univ, Gordon Bible College. Minister; married: Amy Dyer of Charleston, Maine; Missionary in China; returned via Shanghai and Vancouver, British Columbia, July 1924. moved to Wheaton, Illinois; he died: not known; Amy Dyer Russell died in Wheaton, IL May 21, 1991)

¹⁵ founded as the Boston Missionary Training Institute in 1889, the school changed it's name to Gordon Bible College in 1916. The college is now in Wenham, Mass. as a liberal arts college with bible studies.

¹⁶ This may now be Nanhai College of South China Normal University near Foshan, China.

Philip and Eunice are attending school. His father and mother are both dead, both dying in Kansas City. Mrs Russell and I corresponded for many years.

I very much enjoyed taking care of my little girls, being a mother to them in every way. Doris would sit by me in her little chair, with her dolly in her lap, when I was giving little Ruth her bath, and every thing I did for Ruth, she did for her doll. One day, when sitting beside me she said, "I am going to get a horse and wagon, and ride and ride and ride till I find my mamma, she will say, 'What is the matter sweetheart?' and I will say, 'I want my mamma, and baby sister wants her mamma too.'" Poor little girl, I felt as though I had failed in some way! she was 92
three and a half old, when her mamma died, and could plainly remember her: the little picnic she and her papa and mamma, under the big willow tree on the road beyond Orens, and many of Coras ways. In September of 1915, Elmer and Jessie, wanted very much, Hial and I should go with them in their auto on a trip to the White Mountains. I hesitated on leaving my babies, but finally yielded, when I succeeded in getting Ada's mother, Mrs. Hooper, to say she would come and keep house for Walter and the little girls. I kept thinking of the little girls, and praying that nothing might happen to me, that I might go back to them. We had a delightful trip, stopping first night at a hotel in Woodstock, N.H. my 93
first experience in a hotel.

The second night we stopped in Bethlehem, at a private lodging house, where we had delicious food and care. Every day was pleasant, the scenery wonderful. Elmer took us on a trip in the train to the top of Mt. Washington. We stopped first at a place Elmer supposed the cars started from, but found they had already gone, but was told they would make quite a stop at the foot of the Mt. so Elmer rushed over roads that seemed as though would tear the Auto to pieces, but got there in plenty of time, to secure our tickets. The view was wonderful from the top of the Mt; Lake of the Clouds lying below us, and lower mountains all around. The top was shale rock. Elmer took snap shots of different 94
points on the route. On our way home, within ten miles of Haverhill, the auto refused to go, Elmer telephoned to Arthur, and he came out with the store truck to meet us. Hial & I went the next-day, on the train home, found everything all right, but a couple of weeks later, Little Ruth was taken very sick with dysentery. Adas David, also had it, on getting to Haverhill, several adults in town had it at the same time. Miss Drake and Miss Howard, with another nurse, were stopping at the top of the hill, and came down every day to see the baby, and tell me what to do: of course we had the doctor. One night when Doris was saying her little prayer, she said "Please God make little sister well, for she cant drink 95
anything but barley water."

It was with great thankfulness we saw health returning to our baby. The little girls had great fun, playing in the raised play-pen we had for them. One day in March, Ruthie was playing on the floor, when I heard her say, "There." I looked, she was standing alone, she laughed when she saw me looking, tumbled down, was up again, and soon after commenced walking. I told Hial, I had forgotten how cunning a little baby could be. That spring in May, 1916, Walter was very sick with pneumonia, was taken very suddenly. had quite a cold, not feeling very well, when I went with the children over to Orens, to do the washing for Nellie, when I came home, found Walter up stairs abed, telephoned up to "The Nurses," they came down 96 and after looking at and questioning Walter, said that he had the Pneumonia and better be moved downstairs where I could have a fire, and and still have the window open, to have fresh air, this we did. Miss Howard came down every day to see him. Dr. Jones was very good in pneumonia and Typhoid fever cases. Walter pulled through alright. Mr. Palmer our pastor, drove down from Newport several times to see him. Hial helped me by taking care of him, a while, each night. He gained very fast after the fever left him. The last of August he went west, where he was married Sept. 1st 1916 to Elizabeth Morgan, daughter of Reuben Morgan of Lempster, who had gone the spring before with her uncle Arthur, her 97 mothers brother, to Minneapolis,

Minnesota. They were married by Dr. Riley, pastor of the Baptist Church in Minneapolis. her uncle had died some time before. They came back home, and she stayed with her sister Mattie Parker awhile. I felt dreadfully, at the thought of losing my little girls, for they were very, very dear to me. Walter intended taking them, and I had everything washed and mended, and had told little Doris, she was to have a new mamma to love and care for her and little sister, but Walter kept putting off taking them, and finally told me he would not take them as long as I could take care of them. This was a great relief to both Doris and I. she was a very 98 different little girl, when she found out she was to stay with me.. She had been rather hard to get along with at times, but now I had no trouble; she was my own darling girlie. The uncertainty had worn on her nerves, as well as mine. How I loved to wash the little girls all up clean, put on clean clothes, curl their hair, and send them out doors to play in the sunshine. Walter & Beth went into the Isaac Blodgett house in Mill Village. Raymond was born at the Carrie Wright Hospital. Newport: July 25th 1917. The following winter they were at our house. The first of Jan. 1918 Beth was taken with Tonsillitis, which turned to Rheumatic Fever, and she was sick for months. They employed a doctor from 99 Newport, after the death of Dr. Jones, our Mill Village doctor,

also a trained nurse, Mrs. Mollie Lovering of Croydon. I had baby Raymond with me. he was a dear little fellow. I loved to give him his bath, dress him up clean and take him in to his mamma. The washings were very large, some weeks having 20 sheets, beside all the other washing for two men and three children. After Mrs. Lovering left, Beth's sister Mattie came to take care of Beth, finally she went home, taking baby Raymond with her, and Helen Lamprey came, and stayed until Beth was able to go to Matties home in Lempster. Walter went to Portsmouth, N.H. to work in the ship yard. the World War was then in progress, Armistice not being called till Nov. 11th 1918. We housekeepers were not allowed to use but little 100
 flour, using rye instead, and almost impossible to get sugar, at one time we had to pay 25 cents a pound. One time, Hial asked for some sugar at the store, but was told there wasn't any. Benny Dandrow who was in the store, and had just bought the last pound, said, "Let him have mine, he has a baby in the house. I haven't any." so sugar was brought home. Doris has laughed at me since because one day I was cleaning off the shelves in the sink room, and discovered a pint glass jar that had something white inside, "oh Glory, glory," I cried, 'here is some sugar', but it proved to be Epsom Salts. Either the last of the year 1918 or first of 1919, Walter moved back into his own house at Mill Village. here Harlow was born Oct. 11. 1919. 101
 Ernest run the Creamery that

Elmer and Arthur had started at Mill Village, two years living some of the time in Walters house at Mill Village, and some in the house below ours in Goshen Center, but later going to Haverhill, Dorothy was born Feb. 27th 1916 in Haverhill, and Florence Apr. 3 1918. In January 1919, just after talking with me on the telephone, sister Nellie, had a shock, falling and striking her head on the stove, cutting quite a gash. Oren found her on the floor when he came back from Mrs. Hurds, where he had gone to get his mail, he telephone over to Hial to come over and help him get her up on the bed, then telephoned to Newport for a doctor, as soon as Hial got home, so could be with the children, I went over, 102
 and was with her most of the time, until her death Aug. 5th 1919. Edith came up, as often as she could, staying several days or a week at a time. Some days I left the little girls at home with Hial, when Doris would be the little housekeeper, warming up potato &c, and some days I took them with me over there, the last two weeks of Nellies life, Beth took the Children with her, which made it much easier for us all, as I had to be there day & night. cooking for Hial over at Orens. We celebrated that year the settling of Goshen, by having our first Old Home Day. Many of the old residents returned, the exercises were held in the Baptist Church. While watching Nellie, I had looked up in the old Selectmens 103
 books and town reports many

facts about the first settlers, thinking Walter was going to give a little sketch of the town, but he didn't, so that was labor spent in vain, only as I had the pleasure of looking them up, and knowing the facts ~~themselves~~ myself.

A wonderful pageant was given at Rand's Pond that night, dating back to the first three young men who came to town. Mrs. Lizzie Royce and I furnished many of the costumes for the pageant.

Nov. 23rd 1920 Ada's little Gordon was born. Arthur that winter was Representative from Goshen. Frank Smith and his wife moved into Oren's house on the hill which Elmer and Arthur had bought of Oren the March before Nellie's death. Frank did Arthur's chores.

The last week Arthur was to be 104

in Concord, Ada went with him. on the hill with her. Ada's sister Cora, was caring for the children in the home. Ada came back looking so nice and rested, and seemed so well, then she met with two serious accidents, which took her strength, and she run down very fast, dying with consumption May 28th 1924 Hazel took wonderful care of her mother.

The middle, or rather the second week in Oct. 1922 Oren and Edith came up from Haverhill to look over things in the house, and take some furniture and articles they wanted to keep, down to the brick house in the Village, which Oren had bought the fall before Nellie's death. They were spending nights at our place, on the night of Oct. 15th as Hial came into the room to speak 105
to Edith, he said "you look tired Edith", "yes" she said, I am, and

I know some one else who looks tired, my Uncle Hial looks tired too," yes, he answered I am, but I have got my potatoes dug." He had been digging potatoes all day. While we were eating supper, his head drooped. Oren spoke, "I guess Hial is having one of his after meal naps". "No, Hial said, the left side of my head aches." And soon closed his eyes again, we left him and went into the front room, soon after he came out, and I noticed as he came through the door, he staggered. I helped him to his chair, and telephoned to Arthur to come up and do the milking. We sent for Dr. Cain, but he did not come till the next morning. It proved to be a shock, affecting his throat, so that he could not swallow 106
even a drop of anything, without almost choking to death, Although he could talk perfectly plain, and his mind was entirely clear. I took care of him the first three nights, but the fourth night, Walter and Arthur insisted on having Frank Smith, come and watch with him. I stayed up till midnight, then went upstairs in the room above where he was, making Frank promise to call me if he was worse. When I went down in the morning, I saw he was breathing strangely, and the gray pallor had come over his face. "O, why didn't you call me, I said, "he isn't breathing right." No, he said, he hasn't most of the night." In a short time he had breathed his last. my loved one was gone. He hadn't wanted any one else to take care of him 107
neither had I, but yielded to the wishes of Arthur & Walter.

The funeral was the 22nd.
 The church was filled, the Deacons from the Baptist church of Newport, were down. Our pastor, Rev. Wesley Rafter preached from the text, "And when he had served his generation he fell asleep." I was a very appropriate text, for he was always doing for others. My Father said, "The Bible says "Love your neighbor as yourself." but Hial loved his neighbor better than himself.
 Ernest and Mabel came ready to come right home, and carry on the place, but Elmer and Arthur had but a short time before bought the Cornish Creamery, and Ernest was running it for them. I knew it would mean their failure if he left, 108
 so I told them to let me try it a year, then if I couldn't get along they could come.
 In late November Doris was down to Arthurs, playing with the boys in the barn, when she slipped on the scaffold, falling to the floor beneath, striking her shoulder on the auto as she fell. Arthur was going to Newport, and brought her home, not knowing she was much hurt, As she came in she said, "I guess I have broken my arm Grammie, " I examined it, and couldn't see that the arm was broken, but the shoulder hurt. I kept bathing it in hot water, and water in which Epsom Salts had been dissolved. The next day knowing that Dr. Claggett was going to be at Arthurs, I took her down , he examined it, but did nothing. 109
 only saying "poor little girl, I am sorry for her." her arm seemed

to become useless. I took her to Dr. Cain, he gave her some nerve tablets, and something to rub on it, finally Dec 26th I took the little girls and went to Haverhill to my Elmers. The next day I took her to a noted surgeon, who after an X Ray, examination, gave her electrical treatments, and brought her arm all right. I had some money in the Bank, so I could pay for it. I was taken with the "Flu", and was sick two weeks. Dr. Popoff was my physician. That was the winter (1922 & 23) of the fearful snow-storms, when the streets of Haverhill were blocked, only as one way road, being finally broken through. There were 110
 cursings of teamsters as they turned into private driveways to let teams and electric cars pass. We went home the last week in January, finding the snow above the window sills. and just a path to the door. Hazel had the house all warm, and supper ready, with a little bunch of flowers on the table. Walters little Lois was born Feb. 24th 1923. Walter brought little Raymond and Harlow up to our house, and they stayed with me, till Beth got up around the house again. They were dear little fellows and I enjoyed having them with me. The winter of 1923 & 1924, there were very few scholars in the district, and all living our side of the schoolhouse, much nearer to our house than the school – 111
 house, which was very cold, so the school was held in my sitting

room. I had small stands & tables enough for them, the teacher, Miss Dorothy Gove was boarding with us. she boarded with me two years, then Betty Tate boarded with me two years, Afterwards June 25th 1931 becoming the wife of my grandson, Arthur Nelson Jr. at Bettys home in Ellsworth, Maine.

From the sale of the cows, after Hial's death, sale of hay left in barn, and standing grass, and boarding the school teachers, I met my expenses alright.

Mr. and Mrs. George Olsen, his sister Mrs. Walter Starbird, and friends from Boston, Roxbury, and vicinity commenced coming again in the summer, staying from a few days to one or two weeks, paying their board, which 112

was a great help.
June 25th 1926, Arthur married Ethel Lombard of Lowell, Mass, who at that time was preaching in the Baptist Church at Mill Village: they were married in the church at Mill Village, by Rev. H.S. Campbell of Claremont, N.H. the Reception being held at my home, Goshen Center. Hazel, Arthur's daughter, & Betty Tate were the bridesmaids. Arthurs sons, Arthur and Paul were the ushers. Many nice presents were given them. Their honeymoon was spent in the White Mts. Ethel had boarded with me several weeks in the spring, was with me at the time of their wedding.. I freshly papered the sitting room, and hall. We built an arch in the front room, under which Arthur & Ethel stood 113
to receive their guests. Doris and Ruth had fixed it, so that by

pulling a cord, a lot of rose petals were showered on their heads. The last of August of that year 1926. the girls and I moved to Mill Village, in the North end of the brick house, owned by brother Oren, but lived in by Sister Sarah and her husband. John Nelson. Sarahs son Otho told me if I could live in Mill Village, Doris could ride with his daughter Helen, back and forth to Newport, High School, as they were both ready to enter. I was very glad to do this, as I was anxious Doris should have a chance to go. The winter of 1926 was very cold, and it made hard cold rides, for Otho and Helen & Doris, so I hired a room of Cousin Mabel Perry, with 114
the privilege of the girls boarding themselves. Ruthie went to the Mill Village school.
Ernest & Mabel had gone from Cornish to Palm Beach Florida, where Mabels Father and mother, Mr. & Mrs. Bartlett were living, in 1924. but came to N.H. back to my home in August 1926, and carried on my place, till March, 1928 when he went as manager of the "Moody Place," owned by Mrs. Stella Whitney, a former Goshen girl.. August 1927 I hired a tenement in Newport, beyond the Baptist Parsonage, thinking it would be so much easier for Doris to get to school, but sister Sarahs husband died Sept. 3rd of a shock, and Otho and Alice were not willing their mother should live alone in the 115
house, And Sarah didn't want to live with Otho & his wife. Alice

was teaching in Worcester, Mass. so I gave up my tenement in Newport, paying the months rent; and remained in Goshen. Sarah & I spent four happy years together. Sarah and John celebrated their 50th marriage anniversary, their Golden Wedding, Oct. 11. 1926. She and I had said years before, if we four lived, we would celebrate it together, and she said, seeing I could not celebrate mine, she wouldn't hers, but I told her No, she and John must celebrate theirs just the same. I helped her washing windows and getting the house ready for the company, friends from Goshen, and Chester, Vt. where they had lived before coming back to Goshen, were 116 present, Emmett Russell sent me a five dollar gold piece, and Mrs. Mabel Pike, a pretty card. The winter of 1927 the girls had the chicken pox. the summer following, the measles. Doris was very sick, but Ruth had it more lightly. Doris & Helen graduated, June 1930, having the same marks in school. October 6th 1930. Ethel came to our door and said, "Mother I have sad news for you", and told me of my Elmers death that morning. I knew he had been sick with Diabetes, And tried to have Jessie let me come down and stay with Elmer, while she was in the store office every day; but she wouldn't let me, the news of his death came as a great shock, for I had not realized he was so seriously 117 ill. Arthur had gone done the week before to take Elmers place

in the store, and had written me he thought Elmer was a little better, That night. Oct. 6th I had a letter from Elmer himself, written the Saturday before, this was Monday. The next day I went with Ethel to Haverhill. Funeral was Oct. 8th at the Riverside Church, the pastor spoke very appreciatively of him, of his life and character, and what a great help to him. There was the greatest abundance of flowers I had ever seen. Sister Sarah drove down with Otho to the funeral, and back the same day. It was too much for her, it brought on a stoppage of the bladder, we called Dr. Thorpe, he couldn't come, so we got Dr. Claggett, in trying to 118 relieve her before the Dr. came, it brought on a trouble, that Dr. Thorpe the next day, said needed hospital care, so she was taken to the Carrie Wright Hospital, where she died Oct. 20th. but not of that trouble but Pneumonia. Funeral the 22nd the third one in the family, to be buried Oct 22nd. Hials in Oct. 22nd 1922. William Dows Oct. 22nd, 1920. At Alices urgent request, we moved from the North end room into her mothers part, expecting Alice would make her home with us during her vacations, but instead, she went to Othos. Ruth commenced going to High School Sept. 1928, rode back and forth with Otho as he took Helen & Doris. one winter she boarded at Mabel Perrys. Jan. 1st 1930, she was out 119 early in the morning on her skiis, back of the house, and called to

me to come out and see her, she was almost to the bottom of the hill when I got out, so I asked her to come down again, which she did, but the sun had softened the snow, so that as she came down onto the level pf Aunt Sadies garden, the point of the skii, which had got straightened down, stuck into the snow aand threw her off sideways: she couldn't get up. Doris & I were afraid she had broken her leg, but instead had strained her knee cap. Beths brother, Dr. Charles Morgan of Boston, was at Beths, having come up to his Fathers funeral, came right over, and bandaged it; a few days later I took her to Dr. Thorpe in Newport: it has troubled her ever since at times, giving away all at once. How many times I have wished I didn't ask her to come 120 down again. It would have saved her a lot of suffering, or if we had taken the skiis over to Walter, to have the tips rounded up again, if might not have happened. O these "ifs".

While living in the brick house during school months, we spent our summers up on the hill, in our old home. The Olsens, Starbirds, Miss Mary Knowles and their friends boarding with us. They were with us when Doris left for Keene Normal , for some reason Arthur or Walter could not take her down, so Gordon Olsen took her down. She & Helen Nelson, roomed together. I went down for Rose Day, also to her graduation. The girls & I would come up on the farm Saturdays, and Vacation Days, gather the apples, garden vegetables, dig potatoes, and bank the houses. In the year 1929 I sold my maples, and a family by the 121 name of Osborne came into the north end of my house, he and his

son-in-law, were teamsters. The Newport man who bought it gave Arthur & I to understand there would be \$1000.00 dollars worth of timber on it, and that was why I sold it, but he only paid me \$250,00. but that put a new roof on my house which needed it very badly. After four years of High School. Ruth entered Normal, she and Katharyn Eagan roomed together, "Kay", as Ruth called her was one of our Goshen girls, Ruth very much liked. Walter, Beth & I went to Ruths graduation. The winter of 1932 I spent in Walters house. we hired, his north room, little room back of it where the sink was and I put our cot bed, a closet adjoining and the chamber above: Ida Jenness was then keeping house for Athina 122 Sholes Lear, but her mind was failing. I made Thanksgiving that year, and had Walter's family and Ida Jenness & Althina with us. It was a very enjoyable day. Ida's mind & health gave out, so her sister Mattie came up and took her home to Epping, after that through the spring and early summer till we went up on the hill, I would go over in the morning, help Althina up and get dressed, get her breakfast, sweep, make her bed &c, then come home for the rest of the day, going over about nine o'clock at night and putting her to bed. One night as I opened the door to go over, I saw flames coming from her chimney. I called Walter, and we went over, Althina was sitting by her stove rejoicing in the warmth of her hot fire, oblivious to the fact her chimney was afire. The summer she 123 spent with us on the hill. In the Fall I came to her home and

was with her two years, very happy years to us both: we had been old friends since I was 12 and she was 10. The early part of April 1935 I got word from Elmer that Oren was very ill with pneumonia, I went right down, leaving Beth to see to Althina, who had been quite sick in the winter, but was well then, only hadn't got strong enough to be up in her chair all day. I was with Oren a week, wanted to longer. and the Dr, thought I ought to, but I feared the extra work of caring for Althina, besides her own home work would make Beth sick. Paul Nelson brought me home. Oren died Apr. 29th 1935. was brought to Goshen and buried beside his wife and Edith.

Doris was with me at Althinas 124

driving back and forth in her auto, she was teaching in Newport. In March 1936 was the terrible freshet, when so many lives were lost and property destroyed. Brother Elmers house stood on the banks of the Merrimack River on Riverside Avenue, Haverhill. the water came up so high it surrounded his house, overflowed his garden, and a long distance beyond, coming into the lower part of his house, to the depth of four feet, spoiling food, furniture, & everything, digging a great hole close to the house into which they dumped Frances piano, which was entirely ruined. Early in the morning Arthur telephoned over to his Uncle Elmer asking him if he didn't want him to come over and get he and Frances. "No, Elmer replied, 125 "I think we can tough it out, I don't think it will be much higher."

but at nine o'clock, he telephoned over, "I guess you had better come and get us, Arthur, the water is coming in at our front door." Arthur sent a man over with a row boat, who took them from their front door, over to dry land on Groveland Street, where Arthur was waiting for them with his Auto. They were at Arthurs three weeks before they could get back in their house to do anything. Their glass cabinet was all to pieces and dishes buried in the Silt on the dining room floor. Elmer had just bought a hundred pounds of sugar a few days before, which he placed up in a chair, thinking it would be entirely safe there, but the water had come up far above the top of 126 the chair. It was very discouraging but Elmer and Frances, went to work, Red Cross, and Charlie and Ethel Dow helping, till they got everything cleaned up, and you wouldn't know by Fall, they had had such a terrible time. Chairs were washed down the river from wrecked houses and lodged in the branches of their apple trees. The Fall of 1936, I received \$300.00 from the \$800.00 left me by brother Oren. I had borrowed from time to time money of brother Oren, to help meet expenses in sending the girls to school, pay taxes &c, until it had amounted to \$500.00: this \$300.00 I put into repairs on the house, it had slid off the foundation on the east side, so that it really was not safe to live in, the clap boards had rotted, the shed on the north side had broken 127

down. I hired Walter and Beknap¹⁷ Bartlett to put in new foundation, straighten the sides, new clapboard &c., paying them \$150.00 apiece, and \$100.00 for materials, paint &c. I sold Budd Hawkins & a hundred dollars worth of lumber. in that way getting enough money to do it. The house looked like a new one on the outside, but the plastering had been cracked on the inside by straightening the walls. After Ruth graduated, she taught two years in Chichester on the "Horse Corner" road, and one year in Boscawen, having done her practice teaching in Keene. Doris did her practice teaching in Dublin. The month of April 1937. I spent with sister Mina at Saxton's River, Vt. we enjoyed being together, she was very deaf, but I could make her understand better than Ernest could 128

Some days I would get her to talk about the time we lived in New Jersey, again of her early life in Goshen. She told me of one time, when she and sister Alice had been to the prayer meeting at the church, which was only a short distance from the parsonage, a young man stepped between them, and walked along with them, till they got to the parsonage gate, and they didn't know until the lights of the parsonage fell on them, that it was not Henry Husted, whom Alice later married. The young man was an entire stranger, they never saw him afterward, or found out who he was.

¹⁷ Ida meant G. Belknap Bartlett, son of George B. Bartlett and Grace A. Bartlett. G. Belknap was listed in the 1940 US Federal Census as age 32, single, and living in Mill Village, with his father, mother and brother Harry G Bartlett.

She told too, of when they were girls in Goshen, they braided straw cord, and knit mittens and sold to old Wash Cain, in exchange for dress goods, lace thread, &c. 129

It reminded me of the summer before we left Germantown, Sarah and I bought our summer dresses with money we earned, fastening the ends of woolen scraps, and the fingers of woolen gloves, for a factory below our house.

Doris came after me the first day of May, and I went right up on the hill, to get the house in readiness for Ruth's wedding. There was a lot of lumber and the saw horse, work bench, &c. left in the kitchen that Walter and Belknap had used, these had to be taken out. house cleaned, papered and painted, I papered my little kitchen, bedroom, and got along so well in getting up and down in the chair, that I papered the kitchen also. Doris put the paper on in the dining room and den, she and Ruth in the sitting room, 130

I, of course doing the measuring, cutting and pasting of the paper. We got Harlow to help about the Hall. Doris, Ruth and I all helped about the painting, Doris painting at night after she got home from school. Ruthie weekends when she was home, so we had it all done in time, for the wedding, June 19th 1937.

Grace Perham, a school mate of Ruths at Normal, came with Ruthie the day before the wedding, they mowed the lawn, and with the help of Harlow and Austin, put up the wire at the west end of the piazza, and filled in with young hemlock branches,

transplanted Ferns, into buckets,
gathering flowers, making wreathes
and garlands of the green, which
was twined around the banisters,
and put around the sides and over 131

the top of the front door, with
flowers interspersed, jars of lemon
lilies and roses, scattered all
around. The wedding was in
the afternoon, out on the west end
of the piazza. Rev. Charles Turner,
pastor of the Baptist Church at
Newport and Goshen, officiating.
Doris bridesmaid & Llewelyn
Towle brother of Franklin Towle,
was the best man. Mrs. Sale of
Concord, played the wedding march.
the bride was given away by her
father, Walter Nelson. Refreshments
were served after the wedding to the
assembled guests. Confetti was
showered plentifully on the young
couple, and they were chased by
several of the guests, as they
departed on their honeymoon trip
to Niagara Falls. After they returned
from their trip they took Doris & I
to the top of Mt. Ascutney in their 132

Automobile. Ruth had many
lovely presents. She wore a dress
of ivory lace, with fillit of sweet
peas in her hair, and carried a
shower bouquet of Talisman roses,
and white sweet peas.
Doris wore a pink organdy, and
carried a bouquet of pink roses
and cornflowers.
Ruth and Franklin went from
my house to their home in
Chichester, they live in the lower
part of the house, his father and
mother living in the upper part,
They live on a farm, milking
from 20 to 25 cows, having in all,
young and old cattle, about 40.
Franklin works in Concord for

the Bartimas Grain Company.
Mr. Towle is one of the
Directors of "the Concord Dairy"..
Mr. & Mrs. Towle are fine people,
and wonderfully kind to Ruth. 133

I spent a week in September of
the year 1938, with sister Mina.
her daughter Edith going to Wakefield
Mass, having gotten very tired doing
the work at home. Doris took her
down. Enerst advertised for a
housekeeper and received 52 letters
in answer. A Mrs. Crowe from
Texas, visiting her daughter in
Burlington, Vt was the one who
came while I was there, and stayed
a year with them. She was a very
nice, refined woman, and they
liked her very much.

I was there the night of the terrible
tornado, which blew down so many
pine groves, uprooted trees by buildings,
stove in houses and barns, but
which did no damage at Ernests
place at Saxton's River. Vt. it
rained very hard and the wind blew
a gale, but nothing was destroyed.

When Doris and Lois came for me 134
the next day and took me home,
we could see the marks of
destruction all along the way.

At our house in Goshen Center,
it had blown one of our piazza posts
down across the floor of the piazza,
taken of the roof of the piazza, part
of the roof of the Ell, some of the tin
roof from the shed, some from the
barn and carriage house, broken off part
of the Honey Locust tree by the
carriage house, destroyed all of my
young pine grove north of the woods,
and a good many of my sugar
maples, but this was little to what
some suffered. The first week in
April 1938, I went down to Ruth's
her baby was born, April 19th 21st

at the Concord Hospital. Franklin & I were with her all night, from eleven till we were turned out of the room. Nelson was born at seven in the morning. I was with 135

her all through the month of May, she and Franklin taking me home Memorial Day. How I enjoyed those weeks, being with Ruth, doing the work, caring for the baby, washing and ironing his clothes, rocking him to sleep &c. They named him Nelson James. Doris, Lois, Austin & I went up on the hill nights after school and planted our garden.

Austin spent the summer with us, taking all the care of the garden. Doris and I took a lot of old trash from the attic, which Austin carried out east of the house and burned.

In August Doris & I spent a week with Franklin & Ruth at Rye Beach, in his Uncles cottage. We had a lovely time, seeing the moon light on the ocean, taking drives around the shore to 136

Portsmouth and other places. Brother Elmer was very sick and I spent three weeks with him, helping Frances in the house waiting upon Elmer, when she was gone, and picking raspberries. Doris and Beth took an auto trip to Maine, to the home of Betty in Ellsworth, Maine, they got home the day before the funeral of Alice Nelson, sister Sarahs daughter, who died very suddenly at her brother Othos house.

Arthur & Ethel, Doris & I went from Haverhill to the funeral. On returning from Meridan, the day of Aunt Nellie Andrews funeral, we stopped at the store to get our

mail; and a loaf of bread, Doris & Walter both going in, We saw as we drove up a California car in front of the store, but it meant nothing particular to us, only as it 137

had come for quite a distance. Soon Walter and a young man came out of the store and to the auto where I was sitting. he said "Do you know where the old Gunnison place is." "The old Sam Gunnison place," I asked. "yes, he says, and my name is Sam Gunnison." "Yes, I answered I do, that is where I live."

"Do you know John Cofran"? he asked. "Yes I said, I went to school with him, and we were the only ones who took Greenleafs National Arithmetic", "Well, he said, he came to my father in San Francisco and was with several years." "I have been trying to find my fathers old home, and have been sent to three or four different places, but I knew from my father's description, none of them was the right one." 138

I told him that was where I lived and we were on our way home, and invited him to go with us. "I will, he said, as soon as I speak to my wife." They followed along behind us. And were very much pleased to find the house in good condition and painted red. There he said, I hoped to find it red, as my father had always described it as such". I hurried and unlocked the door, then stepped forward, and said "Welcome to the old Gunnison Home". We showed them all over the house, the room that was stencil painted on the walls, done by a Mr.

Badger, who when the house was built by Samuel Gunnison more than a hundred years before, lived in a small house at the top of the hill, where late John 139

Cofran, son of Jane Gunnison and Stephen Cofran was born. This stencil painted room, with design of oak leaf and a red bud, also had a fireboard painted by Alice Maria Gunnison, aunt of this you Sam. Gunnison. I could tell them considerable about his grandfathers family, having heard them from my mother who was an old friend of the family, and had named her first daughter for Alice Gunnison. My sister Alice name being Alice Maria Gunnison Farr.

The school house at the time my mother and her brothers went to school, stood in the corner of the East field, near the barn, where the maple trees Elmer and Arthur had set out now stood, being moved many years later to the foot of Adams hill, where sister Alice afterward taught, and where I taught 140

my first school, the summer after I was nineteen.

Arthurs boys, Gordon, Harlow and Robert were with us two weeks during the summer of 1938.- 37 and 36.

The summer of 1938, Gordon and Austin, put stones around my paeony bed in front of the piazza and painted them white, Also dug a hole near the big maple tree, putting in an iron sink we had taken out of the den, when we painted and papered it before Ruths wedding. Christmas Eve of -38 Doris took me, Walters family including Raymond and the young girl to whom he was engaged, Esther Cutting of Newport, usually called Pat, and Ruth and Franklin who drove up

from Chichester for the evening, over to "Seven Hearths" in the edge of New London or Sunapee. We had a wonderful supper, topped off with a birthday cake and ice-cream. 141

with a red rose in a little vase at my plate, because Doris told Mr. Corliss, the proprietor, it was to celebrate my birthday, which came the 26th. Seven Hearths is a lovely place, having seven fireplaces, old fashioned pictures, samplers, and furniture, still remodeled enough, to have Electric lights, bathrooms, &c, and modern service. A very nice place to go for an afternoon or evening outing. The next day, Christmas, Ruth and Franklin & baby Nelson came up to Walters, or was it my birthday spending Christmas with the Towles? I was having trouble with my left foot and leg, which grew worse, till finally I went to a foot doctor who came to Newport every ten weeks he said it was caused by hardening of the arteries, and he could do nothing. A little later, a black spot, coming 142

under the nail of my big toe on the left foot, I went to Dr. Prince, who said it was gangrene caused by Diabetes, and ordered me sent to the Newport Hospital. I went March 14th, was there three weeks, then came here to Ruths, she and Franklin coming up after me. While at the hospital I received many letters, cards and flowers from friends. The nurses were very nice to me. I had said many times to the folks, after sister Sarah's death, "If ever I am sick, don't take me to a hospital." but on being there I got a different idea, although they did treat one old lady who was in my room shamefully. To be sure she did find a lot of fault, and was

hard to get along with, but it wasn't right the way they did. Ruthie has been everything a loving daughter could be, and Franklins folks have treated me as though I was their 143 own grandmother, his father and mother, and sisters. All the same June 21st 1939, my dear brother Elmer passed away after a year of severe illness. We were very dear to each other, more like twins than common brother and sister. Franklin and Ruth took me down in their car, putting pillows on the back seat so I could lie down and not hurt my feet. Elmers son Bernard went with us up to the Funeral Parlor, and got me the chance to see Elmer before any one else came. Mr. Brownell, his pastor, who had visited him many times during his sickness, and also married him to his second wife, Frances Forbes, spoke very highly of him. Many flowers showed the love and esteem with which he was held. 144

In October of 1938 I was told of the approaching marriage of my granddaughter Dorothy Nelson, Ernests oldest daughter, so I pieced up a quilt for her, getting it done in time for her wedding Nov. 25th. Ruth invited Walters family and Doris and O to her home for Thanksgiving, Doris and I stayed down, she and I and Ruth were planning to go to Dorothys wedding the next day, but there came a big snow storm Thanksgiving night, the roads were drifted, also the door yard, so we could not get out with the auto, several other gursts were prevented from attending, and Dot and her husband Lewis Bates, could not go on the honeymoon

trip planned, but had to take it nearer home: her sister Florence was married the next year (Nov 16, 1939) Doris and Ruth attended the wedding. 145 Early in June 1939. Franklin got a chance for Raymond to work for the Bartimas Company in Concord where he himself was working. Raymond boarded here with Ruth. He and "Pat" were married August 11th 1939 but did not go to housekeeping until October.

Doris was appointed one of the delegates to the C.E. Convention¹⁸, that met in Cleveland, in July, After her return Ruth took me up home, and Doris and I stayed in the old home, through the remainder of July, and the month of August. The day Ruthie took me home we called at Walters house in Mill Village, and found no one home, on getting up to our house, at Goshen Centre, we found Walter and all his family and Doris there to welcome us. It was a very pleasant 146 surprise. Sister Frances spent two weeks with us in August, we had a very nice visit with her.

When she was here we got word that Bertha Porter, sister Minas granddaughter, from Nova Scotia was visiting her. that Charlie Dow was going to be at his mothers a certain day, and that if Frances could meet him there, he would take her back to Haverhill. I wanted very much to see Bertha & sister Mina, So we got Otho to take us over, Walter went with us, to lift me in and out, as I couldn't walk.

¹⁸ editor's note: I think this may be "Christian Endeavor convention, in Cleveland, OH in July 1939.

Otho drove around Lempster Pond, so Frances and I could see the logs rolled into the Pond, the blow down trees of the hurricane. Bertha is the same sweet young woman, she has always been, is teaching in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Feb. 16th 1940 my 147 Doris was married to John Newman of Washington, N.H. at Ruthies home in Chichester. For Weeks we had been preparing for it. Ruth had painted , cleaned and cooked. I had pieced bed-quilts, embroidered table and bureau scarfs, Doris , Ruth and I tied four quilts for Doris. At last the day came for the wedding, which was to be in the evening. Doris & John drove down in the early afternoon, my bed was taken down, and put out of sight, so the little curtained off room, could be used for the arch under which the young couple was to stand, They set busily to work after looking at the presents that had arrived previously. The soon had the arch up, the hemlock branches 148 put in, lights arranged &c Doris wore a princess gown of white taffeta, finger tip veil, and carried a bouquet of pink and white roses. Ruth was matron of honor, bridesmaids, Lois Nelson, Raymonds wife, and Johns sister Marion. Ushers, were Raymond, Harlow and Austin, groomsman ~~Franklin~~ Budd Newman, Johns brother. Ruth and Lois wore dresses of blue Taffeta, Pat and Marion rose Taffeta, all carried old fashioned bouquets of roses. Arthurs wife, Ethel Nelson,

played the wedding march, and sand, "Because." Refreshments were served to the guests, after which the young couple left for their trip to Washington, D.C. followed of course by the young people of the 149 party, who had previously fastened a sort of bomb to Doris' automobile, which when they started, exploded and screeched. They had also printed in chalk, "We just got married." on the auto. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Adam F. Arnold, pastor of the Baptist Church in Suncock, a friend of Doris and John.

The wedding was delayed by Marion and her husband not being able to get through in time from Boston. Doris and John had a very pleasant time in Washington, D.C. visiting Johns uncle and cousins and seeing the sights of Washington and vicinity, coming back here to Ruths Saturday night, going from here to Goshen the next day as Doris had to go back to her 150 reaching in Newport..

July 3rd A little son was born to Raymond and Pat, but for some reason lacked vitality. it was placed immediately in the baby incubator, but only lived 24 hours, dying July 4th. it is a great disappointment to them as they had looked forward with so much pleasure to its coming, and Pat, had got everything possible ready for it. Raymond bought a little casket for it, and he and Ruth took it up to Goshen, Saturday afternoon, July 6th, where it

was buried in Walters lot.
a short funeral service was
held at the grave by Mr. Dowle,
pastor of the Goshen Baptist Church.
Raymonds father, mother,
two brothers& sisters were present.

Pat, father, mothers, & sisters 151

Doris, Otho and Alice..

All brought flowers.

This closes the most impor-
tant things of my life, although
many that meant much to me
at the time, are left untouched,
some too sacred, some too sad,
others too trivial, but which at
the time were important.

I am still at Ruths spending
my time forenoons in bed,
afternoons in my wheel-chair,
writing letters, reading , mending,
embroidering, and playing with
little Nelson, who gives me many
a happy hour; he is a darling,
unusually bright for his age. 152

I think I have not written
of my visit to New Brunswick
in 1938. Eunice Corkum,
an eccentric lady in our
neighborhood was going to New
Brunswick to live with her
niece, Mrs. Walter Hierstead,
Hampton, New Brunswick.¹⁹
Eunices niece, Maude Mitchell
who was then teaching in Florida,
asked me to see that her aunt
was put into the cars at Boston,
that would take her through,
Maud furnishing the money
for her aunts trip, to this I
agreed and wrote down to the
Boston office for a through ticket.
Getting word in reply that an
excursion by train to St. John,
New Brunswick, was to be

¹⁹ *Hampton, New Brunswick is about 25 miles northeast of St. John, New Brunswick.*

given the day after we were
intending to go, and that by
going on the excursion, I could 153

could go clear through to Hampton,
with her, and return for less
money than her fare alone would
be. So I decided to do that way.
writing to her niece in Hampton,
the change of date and plans.

We had to wait a long time
in Boston, so our friend, Mr.
Olsen²⁰ took us in his car all
around Boston, across the bridge
over Charles River, and back
putting us finally, safely in the
excursion train, we rode all
night, Before crossing the line
the Government Officials visited
each passenger, to see if we
had our birth certificate, were
going to stay on British soil, &c.
I had no birth certificate, but
took along my tax bill which
had been paid, that showed I was
an American citizen, owning real
estate, and no pauper: this answered 154

every purpose. A young lady in
front of us, was very pleasant,
and the young man with her
evidently her husband, and his
friend, took our suit cases down
from the overhead rack, and
carried them for us in the depot
at St. John, till we met Eunices
niece and her husband, who
had come to meet us.

It seemed strange but interesting
to see the English flag floating
from the tops of the buildings, which
were also quaint in design.
The nieces home was very
primitive, and also very dirty.
Poor Eunice who was very neat,
didn't know whether she could

²⁰ *The Olsens had been boarders at Ida's house in Goshen for many years (see page 75)*

endure it or not. After a stop of a few hours, I took the train back home, but this time I slept most of the time, as I had no 155

responsibility. Mrs Olsen met me at Boston and took me out to her home in West Roxbury. The train in which I rode from Hampton to St. John was very different from ours, a regular English car, with its 1st and 2nd class departments. 156

Ladderback chairs

Owned by Nathaniel Nelson of Croydon, N.H. made by Atwood of Cornish, N.H. a relative of Nelson. Made for John Nelson father of Nathaniel as early as 1800 or earlier. The child's chair probably made by the same one.

Empire Clock

Presented to Nathaniel Nelson and wife Livia Haywood, on their return home the day of the wedding, by the man who was selling clocks. They found it sitting on the shelf between the north windows of the kitchen. Married in 1856. 157

Three legged Center Table. belonged to Ephraim Nelson and wife (Lydia Churchill) married in *March 26, 1844 (WN)* Father and mother of Hial Nelson.

Rocking Chair

Made by Eleazer D. Farr of Marlow, N.H. when a boy of 14 apprenticed to a cabinet maker in Newport, N.H. and given to his mother in 1832, Mrs Nathan Farr (Polly Barney)

she gave it to Mrs. Oren Farr, and she gave it to me. Eleazer Farr, my father.

Fire board in West room.

Painted by Alice M. Gunnison, daughter of Samuel Gunnison, who built this house.

Samuel, born Dec 15th 1786 died July 9, 1864. married 1890 158

Stencilled wall

Done by Steven Badger of Goshen Centre. on the hill near where the old town house stood. painted when this house was first built.