

Sketches Of Our Home Life

by Ida, Hial, Elmer, Arthur and Walter Nelson

We start this book February 1897
for the purpose of recording incidents
of interest & pleasure which are
hapening from time to time
of which we wish to remember

Goshen N.H.

The boys are very anxious I should write a little sketch of our life, from the day of our marriage to the present-time, so I will try and do so that they may have it in their book.

(Photo 1 . "PAPA AND MAMA Sept 1896)

We were married in brother Oren's parlor, in Goshen, the evening of Oct. 11th 1876, by Mr. Henry L. Thurston, who was then our pastor. Sister Sarah was married to John Nelson at the same time; no friends invited but the mother & sisters on each side. We made our home at brother Orens the first year, I working out doing housework in the winter & summer & teaching school in sister Mina's district in the fall.

The winter I spent at Orens. Hial worked at Newport in Rounsevals Tannery till summer, then did farm work, and chopped wood for Oren the following winter. (Photo 2. "ELMER, WALTER, ERNEST, ARTHUR") The 5th day of March we went to keeping house on a farm in Newport owned by Charles Silsby, which we hired on shares.

May 6th, Elmer was born, bringing joy and sunshine to our already happy home. Such a cunning blue eyed, fair haired boy as he was, our first baby boy. Then came our Arthur, a dark haired, dark skinned darling, born Jan. 29th 1880, the pet and plaything of Mother Nelson and Uncle Nathaniel, after we went to Croydon to live in March 1881. Uncle Nathaniel had grown very old & feeble and was very anxious we should live with him, here Mother came to us in April. The last week in May, Uncle had a shock, and died the 20th of June. Mother never rallied from the shock of Uncles death, but failed steadily, and died Oct. 9th of the same year, of Consumption of the blood. She was sick when she came to us, and Dr. Sanborn attended her all summer, but she left us for a

happier home. Sept. 19th 1882 another baby boy came to gladden our hearts, our Walter boy, the most loving, winsome one of the three, and also the one with the quickest temper. What happy hours we spent with our three little ones in the old Croydon home, and what merry times they had playing in the sand in summer, & sliding down hill in winter. One of their great pastimes in the house was drawing pictures through oiled paper. In October of 1884 we decided to sell our place, pay our debts, and Hial work in some shop, or go West; but we failed in selling.

We accepted an invitation to spend Thanksgiving with Orens folks in Weathersfield, Vt. then visited my mother & sister Mina in Langdon, from there went to Cousin Viola Youngs in Marlow, here Arthur was taken sick with Scarlet Fever the next day after getting there, & Elmer the day following. As soon as we dared, we bundled the children up, and carried them home to Croydon stopping with our nearest neighbor Mrs. Carroll over night, & till Hial could go over home & get the frost out of the house. The next week after getting home, baby Walter came down with the same disease. He wanted nothing to eat but milk and baked sweet apples. The following April Hial bought a Cooper shop at Mill Village, hired a house of Uncle William Tandy, and we moved in May, letting our farm to George Angell, with the privilege of buying any time during the year if he received his pension.

This he did in June, so passed the farm which had been owned by the Nelson family for nearly a hundred years out of our hands. We lived in Uncle Williams two years, then hired the house and farm opposite, owned by Samuel Gunnison, here we spent three of the happiest years of our life.

Hial worked for Mr. Hiram Sholes through the summer & fall of each year, besides carrying on the farm with what help the little boys and I could give. I worked out doors all I could.

This farm had a large quantity of raspberries, and blackberries, and a few blueberries; these I much enjoyed picking. They also brought in a little spending money. This place was close to a brook which furnished much pleasure to the boys making a fine place in which to paddle barefoot, or sail boats. (Photo 3. "THE CROYDON HOUSE") These last it was Walters great delight to go across the road into papa's shop and make. The pastures furnished delightful places for playing Indian.

Mr. Sholes very often hired the boys to help him pull weeds, or rake hay, or pick cabbage worms, always paying them well, thus giving them money for Christmas or birthday presents. The great indoor amusement of Elmer and Arthur here was writing story books, these they covered & kept in a box, till they really had quite a little library. The summers at this place were delightful, as sister

Sarah and her two children Alice, not quite a year older than Elmer, and Otho, four weeks younger than Arthur, spent from four to six weeks with us. Fourth of July we were always together, and sister Mira Lear & her four children spent the day with us. Our dinner and supper was always eaten out of doors, under the apple trees by the brook. The last Fourth of July we spent there was a merry day, 26 being there to tea, the two families named, brother Oren & daughter Edith, brother Elmer and wife, Cousin Nathan Tandy and wife and four daughters, also one or two neighbors. Elmer & cousin Nathan had bought the store at Mill Village the winter before, and cousin Nathans family had been in town but a few months. Brother Oren bought back his old farm where I spent part of my girlhood, in the month of March preceeding this. In December 1890 we received a letter from Sister Sarah of Milford, inviting us to spend Christmas with them, this we did, going with our own team, and stopping over night with Cousin Viola Young over night. We carried our presents with us, so put them on the tree. We had a fine time, but oh, the coming home. There came over a foot of snow while we were there, so the roads were bad, it also came round very cold, so that when we started from Hillsboro, the thermometer stood 30 deg. below zero, the horse's breath froze while on her sides. We stopped to eat our lunch & get warm at a house where lived a veritable Rip-Van-Winkle. We found a warm room on reaching home and Uncle Parker Tandy waiting for us.

Jan. 6th, we moved up here on the Alexander place, for which we paid \$800.00 one hundred dollars down, and 200 more in three years.

At first it seemed very odd to live so far from church, but we do not mind it now.

How I enjoyed the sunrises that first winter! We have a lovely view of Sunapee Mt. and it looked so pretty to watch the sun turn the Mt. to the lovely purplish hue, and then see the sun rise over the top. Here to our home came our little Ernest, Nov. 18 1891, the darling pet and plaything of us all. He is a very winsome little laddie, happy and singing from morning till night.

He was such a happy baby, one of my lady friends said she was going to prick him so as to see if he could cry. But we found out he could cry when I took him where there was an organ or singing, he loved it, and would spring & jump, & face shine with pleasure, and then he would cry.

He has a fine ear for music, and can sing any tune he hears the boys sing, and loves to have Elmer play on the accordian & he sing.

I don't think any mother has enjoyed her boys more than I have mine, our home life is very happy indeed: we have not been blessed with wealth, but we have with health and happiness.

Three years ago this winter we had Lyceums here at home, at which we had discussions, recitations and original poetry; the poetry mostly furnished by Elmer and his papa. I read aloud Dickens History of England. We have had much pleasure reading aloud evenings, the boys doing the dishes while I read aloud, and afterwards I would knit & read, or they would read aloud. (Photo 4. "THE SAM GUNNISON HOUSE") (Photo 5. "THE ALEXANDER HOUSE, Jan. 1897") The spring of 1891, the first spring on our place Hial took Lorenzo Chamberlins sugar place to carry on in connection with our own, as they lie side by side; almost immediately after getting the trees tapped he was taken with the Grippe, so the boys & I helped all we could.

The next two springs Elmer worked for his Uncle Oren, the next spring he commenced work the first of March & worked till the first of Sept. only missing three days. It was rather harder than a boy of seventeen ought to do; as Oren's wife was sick all spring & summer so that Oren had to be in the house a great deal, leaving elmer to do the work. One week in sugaring Oren did not go near the sugar house from Monday morning till Saturday night, Mr. Corkum doing the gathering, and Elmer having the entire charge of the Evaporator, putting the syrup into cans, &c.

Sister Nellie was very, very sick that year, we little thought she could ever be well again, but God spared her to us in answer to prayer.

Last spring Hial and Arthur worked for Oren in sugaring and Elmer and Walter carried on ours, Walter running the Evaporator and Elmer doing the gathering. Hial worked out considerable during the year and the boys did the work.

Last winter, the 24th of Feb. 1986 Hial went to Milford to sister Sarah's, and from there to New Jersey with father, to help him about renting his place, and settling his affairs, & packing his goods.

His house had been broken into and quite a good deal stolen from it, so he concluded to rent his place and come and live with us. Hial was in New Jersey three weeks. Father came back to Milford in March, but did not come here till into April. He has two rooms, my parlor, down stairs, and my guest chamber up stairs.

Little Ernest thought it fine fun to help Grandpa carry his books and papers upstairs: He would say, "any sing you want me to do Granpa? me can help you dess as well as not", and Grandpa enjoyed having him help. After haying was over, Father and I took

the team and went to Marlow visiting, spending nearly a week at Cousin Polly Fletchers'.

Jennie Lear kept house for Hial and the boys. The middle of August the three boys went with the team to Saxtons River, where they spent nearly a week with their cousins Ernest & Charlie Dow.

The day after they came home Hial carried Father, little Ernest and I to Claremont where we spent three nights with Uncle Levi Farr and cousin Eunice, then went on the cars to Bellows Falls where Ida Dow met us with the team, and carried us to her home at Saxtons' River: she is a very dainty maiden, and has the loveliest wavy brown hair I ever saw. A little boy said to her once, "oh Ida your hair is just like the waves of the Ocean." Little Ernest had fine times out door with cousin Charlie & Ernest, and washing his hands in the stream of water at the door.

But oh, how I missed mother, the dear good mother who always had welcomes us, who was always so interested in whatever interested her children; she who had been with Mina all but the first year of her married life; she to whom the children always came with their little wants; but she left us for a better home Jan. 11th 1895, at the advanced age of 80 years.

Ida L. Nelson

The Joys of the Farmers Boy

A poem to write
The duty I find
A hard one to be
And not to my mind

But if it must be
I will try to tell
Some of the joys
Of those that dwell

In favored clime
Upon the farm
And see and feel
The joy and charm

In early spring
The south wind blows
And the springing grass
Replace the snows.

The joy we find
To wander then
In leafy wood
And field and glen

The growing leaves
And springing grass
Tell of new life
As on we pass.

The song of bird
And the hum of bee
Will fill our hearts
With merry glee

And when the summer
Is fully here
How many the sports
To us so dear

The fishing rod
And the swimming pool
Take up our time
When out of school

And then the fall
Is sure to come
With apple and melon

And pear and plum

and when the frosts
The burs do break
Beachnut and chestnut
We go to take

But the winter sports
Are best of all
Though ice is slippery
And we may fall

For then we skate
And sleigh and slide
With much of fun
And many a ride

For what care we
for wind and cold
Though coats are worn
And mittens old

For we climb the hill
And down we glide
And warmer grow
The more we slide.

But time and space
Both fail to tell
Of the joys to us
On the farm who dwell.
H. Nelson

This poem was written by papa in 1893 for one of our lyceums
which we had at home. A.N.

Spearing an Eel

July 1885 Papa speared an eel down in ezra Pikes mill pond which weighed three pounds and eleven ounces and measured three and one half feet in length. It made fine eating.

Arthur W. Nelson

Treed by Cattle

It was in the year 189 while we were living in the Uncle Sam house that Elmer & I had our adventure with the cattle. Mr Sholes owned a mountain pasture up on the side of sunapee Mts where he kept all his young cattle and a flock of about 50 sheep. Here with Papas & our help evry spring as early as possible he would drive his young stock and sheep. to reach this pasture we had to pass through another large pasture owned by a man who seemed to make a business of raising a wild and ugly breed of cattle. Elmer & I were small then and we did not like to pass through this pasture alone, but when Papa & Mr Sholes were with us we were brave enough and when the cross bulls followed us we coolly threw stones at them. Of the time I am about to write we had driven the cattle & sheep up to the pasture and Papa Hollis Sholes and Delos Jones were fixing the fence between the two pastures while Elmer, Walter & I were amusing ourselves by breaking the green crystals out of the ledges of white stone which were quite abundant in the pasture or by climbing trees. Along about the middle of the afternoon Papa called to us and asked us if we wouldn't take the dinner pail and go down into the other pasture to a spring and get a pail of water for them to drink for they were getting dry. of course we said we would and so going and getting the pail Elmer & I started of together while Walter went back to Papa. The spring was about a quarter of a mile from the fence where Papa & the others were to work and down most to the foot of the mountain. When we got about half way to the spring, we heard something coming behind us and glancing back saw fifteen or twenty cattle following us but we concluded that they thought we had some salt for them and so we were not much disturbed but we had not gone a great ways before the whole herd got up within a few yards of us and we began to get scared so we picked up some sticks and commenced throwing at them.

Two or three backed off but one old bull who seemed to be the leader commenced to paw and shake his head and talk to himself a little and move nearer and upon this several of the other younger cattle began to press nearer. Elmer & I, now thoroughly scared turned and ran, and immediately two or three bulls and stags gave chase and the another cattle commenced to run because their

leaders did. We, seeing that the cattle would catch us in a few seconds at this rate, with one accord headed towards a big birch tree a couple of rods distant and I do not think we were long in getting there. the tree was quite leaning at the butt so that any one could run right up it for about six feet, and as Elmer was the longest legged he was the first one to get there and run up the butt and swing himself up onto a limb but I was following hard after, and with his help it was not many seconds before I was astride the same limb. We had hardly got placed before the cattle were all under the tree looking up at us we felt pretty good now that we were out of reach of the cattle and our courage quickly revived at last we began to get tired of sitting on the limb and began to wonder how we were going to get away. "Lets throw some of these dead limbs at them" proposed Elmer "perhaps we can scare them away". But the more we threw sticks the more the old bull pawed and shook his head and we had to give it up as a bad job. "Perhaps" said I "if we keep still up here they will get to feeding and go off" so we kept still for about an hour.

But the old bull drove away all ideas of this by laying down about two rods from the trunk of the tree and quietly chewing his cud he seemed to have settled down to a regular siege of our stronghold. By and by Papa and Walter began to hollar for us. They were to work out of sight from where we were and so could not see what a predicament we were in. And do the best we could we could not make them hear as the wind was blowing quite strong in just the wrong direction. We must do something said Elmer after we had sat in the tree a long time.

I tell you what why cant I slip down the tree on the back side and slip off with it between me and the bull and so get down to the spring and get the water then go around the hill to the folks and get them to come down and rescue you. I did not want Elmer to try it at first but at las(t) I told him that if he tried it and got there safe that I would try it. Now Elmer said I if the bull chases you run and jump into the spring and he wont dare to follow. this seemed to be a good plan as the spring was a hole in the ground about six feet deep with only about two feet of water in it. So after much cautious testing of the bulls eye sight and hearing Elmer took the pail and dropped to the ground the two foot birch afforded good shelter for a small boy of eleven years and he got to the spring with out the bulls seeing him he had so good luck that after considerable persuasion from elmer I tried it and reached the spring all right we then filled the pail and started back with our drink for the wood choppers & fence builders instead of going straight back we gave the cattle a wide berth but we did not give them a wide enough berth for we did not get out of sight and just as we were climbing a small ridge we saw one of the bulls coming.

We were immediately thrown into a panic and started on a run for the woods to our right. The bull soon gave up the chase but we did not find it out until we got to the woods and then looked back to see if we better climb a tree. We then keeping in the woods headed again for Papa. By this time our nerves were pretty well unstrung, and when we saw a horse standing a few rods away looking at us we were nearly scared into a fit again and ran for all we were worth we at last got to where Papa and Hollis were to work with our courage all gone and with a very warm pail of drink.

Arthur W Nelson

At the Goshen Fair in 1891 among the sports was a foot race for all boys under twelve years of age I ran in this race and got first prize, a silver dollar.

Arthur W. Nelson

Our Early Play-times

Although our early play-times were not as important as our later outings they were as real and interesting as any, and our play-grounds witnessed many exciting conflicts and miniture battles.

While we were living at Mill Village our play-grounds vacillated between the pasture, brook and "islands", from playing Indian, and naval engagements to war - "as the fit took us".

Playing Indian was the most exciting game we played in those days and I hardly believe I should yell louder if I should see a genuine, wild-Indian than I did then. The last year or two, that we lived there we had a platform in a great spruce for the white-man's fort and our stratagems, surprises, and pitched-battles were blood-curdling in their intense reality and the neighbors said that we could be heard half-a-mile away as some body was being scalped by the wooden tomahawks or getting killed from ambush in the alders with milk-weed spears.

Every-body thought that I was cut out for a ship-builder in my young days for the flotilla of boats, - sail-boats, steam-boats and sloops which I launched on the brook would have rivaled the fleet of england and I have spent my happiest hours in drawing my boat around a still, deep pool, imagining it to be a magnificent ship all manned with scores of gayly-attired sailor-boys.

One especially interesting naval-battle I well remember. It was the 4th of July and our cousins Otho and Alice Nelson and Arthur and Jennie Lear were visiting, at our house. During the morning

we rigged up two war-boats from some spruce-slabs with mast and sails all complete and when all was ready we carried them down to the brook and there decided that Elmer, Arthur and otho should fight against Jennie, Alice, Arthur Lear and myself, so each army taking a ship and opposite sides of the brook the fight commenced. The boats were started across the brook toward the enemy's lines and our main object was to explode fire-crackers on the deck of the others ship. The other side were the best marksmen and at the end of the battle when we counted the burned spots my boat bore the most marks.

Then there was the islands. Each of us owned a small island in the brook on which we built houses and miniture fortifications and had battles which Arthur (the worlds historian) made very stirring with accounts of spirited charges and valiant repulses; he also made maps of the islands which we had named Big, Long and round continent's and peopled them with millions of imaginary inhabitants about which we wrote many stories. On Big Continent (my island) we built a small, one-roofed shanty in which I hung a small picture and called it both my palace and fort while on round Continent (Elmers) we erected another house of the same pattern as mine; then just in front of this Elmer and Arthur made a ladder on two ash-trees which must have been ten feet high and seemed then a wonderful piece of architecture. Elmer and Arthur once slept over night in their little house and as it was their first experience in camping-out it was probably quite interesting. I intended to sleep there too, but at the last moment my courage gave-'way and I concluded to stay with Papa and Mama.

It was with much regret that in the Winter of 1891 we moved away from the islands, up into the Center district, but before long we discovered a steep bank above the brook which well filled the place of the islands and we at once set about improving it. A narrow ridge of wooded-land ran along the top of the bank and on this I located New Poplington and Twin Pass while at the foot of the bank Elmer and Arthur gave Coast Colony, Cape Colony and Willows, which connected New Poplington and Coast Colony. The other boys did not build many houses and thus while they were keeping their land for a game preserve I cut down trees and built houses, and roads in all directions. Cousin Otho had a house on his Mapleton, just below New Poplington which he used as a store and post-office and Elmer and Arthur had a small house on their land (United Division) until I bought it and had it moved up to New Poplington and also two "dug-outs". One of these "dugouts" was quite an engineering feat for boys to accomplish; it was dug into the bank around a large white-birch from two directions and before the roof began to cave-in, it was five feet high, three wide

and large enough to hold we five cousins quite comfortably but we did not roof it with boards and it did not last long.

(Photo 5. "NEW POPLINGTON. TOWER AND FORT. STONE. SEED HOUSE")

New Poplington was the most important country. Its name was owing to the fact that trees consisted mainly of poplars except in "the national or Evergreen Park" where stood a clump of fir trees which I fenced off and made very pretty. Just above the park stood "Fort Independence". It was a very imposing structure. The fort was built on a tower nine feet high, entrance into it being gained by a trap-door in the floor then across the road stood two houses one the Allenstown store and post-office, and the other a seed establishment, belonging to "Pleasant Farm" just below.

During our spare moments in the Spring of 1985 we carried on a sugar-place of fifteen trees at "Poplar-knoll" as the whole land was called. Half-way down Willows we built a little sugar-house and arch, boiling the sap in a home-made sap-pan to thin syrup, then carrying it up to the house. We made eight or nine excellent cakes of sugar and after the maple sugar-season was over we tapped some birches and boiled the sap down to sugar. It produced the most startling compound imaginable.

This was one of our later achievements and besides this was the T.P.S.P.R.R., the Twin Pass bridge and a well at Coast Colony, which was an utter failure is it only served as a frog-pond although we tried to stock it with fish. The railroad too might be called a failure for although we could ride down-hill on it we could not ride up, with what hand-power we could get on the cranks but I suppose it was valuable in the way that we had a chance to try our inventive faculty.

Oh yes, and there were the wind-wheels; one at Twin Pass and the other a few rods distant, but during a high wind they whirled them-selves to pieces so that we had to take them down. The next Autumn Arthur and I built a dam across the brook; it raised the water finely and I had a delightful time in my canoe but that too got smashed - during the Spring-freshets and with the breaking of the dam our interest in Poplar Knoll was drawn away by older things and it was left for young hands to perhaps build it up again.

Walter. R. Nelson

Our White Hedgehog

In the fall of 1891 there was to be a fair at Goshen and Arthur and I wanted to have something to exhibit, but we had nothing at home that we wanted to show, so we thought we would catch a couple of hedgehogs and box up to show, for we knew where they were quite plenty, so early one morning we took a couple of steel traps and set them at what we called Hedgehog Ledge in Mrs. Brown's woods but after having them set for some time and not catching anything we took them up and set them at the Devils Den ledges on Oak Hill, here the second time we went to look at them, Uncle Elmer with us, so we hunted on the way. Down in Joe Lewis' pasture I shot a rabbit, the first that I ever shot, when we reached there what did we find but a pure white hedgehog except for a small black spot on the end of his tail. Now came the fun of getting this fellow into a sack, we propped the mouth of the sack open with sticks, then began working our captive into it, after unfastening the chain from the steak, he was a little obstinate at first but soon went into the sack to hide, then we tied the sack up and made our way down the hill to Mill Village, here we stopped and waited till Uncle Elmer could go down to the store and back, he then took the hedgehog home in his wagon, when we got home we fixed a deep box up by nailing slats an inch thick and two or three inches wide close together over the top, into this we put our hedgehog, but we had to keep watch of him to keep him for in a single night he would often nearly gnaw off one of the slats, and one day while we boys were gone to school, our hedgehog, when mother first discovered it, it was out in front of the wood-shed, she at once gave chase to it with a box, she followed it around the carriage house and at last caught it down in the road and put the box over it, but then she had to wait until some one would come and help her get it into the box, at last Uncle Oren came along and helped her get it into the box and back into the shed, we had to keep it some time in order to have it at the fair, and during this time it grew quite-tame, it would walk around its cage on its hind feet, take apples from our hands, and would even let us put our hands on his back gently. At last the fair day came, we put our hedgehog into a smaller box and took him down and set the box on the ledges near the town house.

On the side of box was painted "White Hedgehog". We now showed it to all who wanted to see our curiosity at a cent a look, it was rather small price but it satisfied us then, many came to see our hedgehog, some of the young men took girls with them and came several times, in all we took two dollars that day and were well satisfied. After the fair we wrote to Scott Littlehale of South Sutton about it, as he had advertised for a white hedgehog a while before. He wrote back offering us two dollars and a quarter but

could have had more if it had been earlier in the season. We sent it to him and received our pay but have not seen the hedgehog since, though our cousin Arthur Lear saw it the next year at a fair.

Elmer H. Nelson

Alice Nelson's Graduation

In June of 1894 our family received an invitation to the graduation exercises of the Milford, N.H. High-school, for our cousin Alice was to graduate at this time. After some talk Arthur and I decided to go, so we drew some money out from the bank where we had placed a little, to fit ourselves out and take us down there. On the morning that we went father carried us over to Mt. Sunapee to take the train, we went by way of Contoocook and Hancock Junction, the place being mostly woods. As we had never been on the cars before since we were old enough to remember much about it, we felt a little queer for a while, and at the places where we changed cars we had to ask a great many questions but we got there all right. From Hancock to Milford Charlie Dow was in the same car with us, but we hadn't seen him for so long that we did not recognize him. Several of Alices relatives were at the graduation, Uncle Elmer, Charlie Dow, Viola Lear, Arthur and I. We enjoyed the exercises very much and Arthur and I stayed at Uncle Johns for nearly a week, going around over the village and having a pleasant time. Uncle John was just building a new house for himself and we were up there considerable. At last Arthur and I had to leave, we started to go back by the same route that we came on, but at Antrim they told us that it was doubtful if the trains would connect so that we could get through that night, but we tried it taking the train to Contoocook in the afternoon, but we met the train that we should have to take to get home that night, before we reached Contoocook, so we were left to get along as best we might till the next day. After a little talk, we left our bundles at the depot and crossing the road bought a pound of raisins and two dozen crackers at a grocery store, with these we went back into the woods near the village and with one small jackknife, we built us a brush hut, thatched over so thick with spruce and hemlock that the mosquitoes did not make out to get in, we tried to sleep that night but did not make out as well as we would have liked to, for though the night was warm it was damp, and we had to move frequently to keep any where near warm. Long before morning came we began to look and wait for daylight.

At last it got light enough so we could see out side, and out we went to get warmed up, later on we ate our breakfast of crackers and raisins, then went out to look the village over for the

train did not go till about eleven that forenoon. After we had seen all there was to see in the village, we went out beside the track on a hill and watched the trains. At eleven we started for home and got to Mt. Sunapee about noon, from here, as there was no one waiting for us we had to walk, a distance of five miles. It was an awful hot day, and together with a restless night, we were pretty near tired when we got home, which we reached about two o'clock, and found a friend of ours waiting for us, Ezra Hibbard by name, who used to live in town, but was now living in Boston. He stayed with us several days.

Elmer H. Nelson

In the fall of 1894, one day while we boys were at school, our dog Sparks got something in the wall near the house, mother helped the dog get it and found it to be a mink. The skin we sold for one dollar.

During the last part of the summer of 1895, I shot a large hawk from the top of an elm in Mrs. Steven's pasture, it measured 47 inches across it wings. I received 25 cents bounty for it.

E.H.N.

A Discovery

The 19th day of October 1895, the day we had set for going up on sunapee Mountain, proved to be a fine day, there were but few clouds and it was warmer than it had been for several days, we were up in good season and had every-thing ready before breakfast that we might start as soon as possible, we could hardly stop to eat and as soon as we were through, we hurried our dinner into some cloth bags, and taking our guns we were off for the mountain, there was now two miles of field and pasture between us and the mountain, this was quickly passed over and we began to climb the foot-hills. As we were going along some crows attracted our attention and as we stopped to look back and watch them a large hedgehog caught my eye as it came out of the woods and made its way to a small apple tree a little way from the woods, I show it to Arthur and Walter, then Arthur and I took our guns and hurried back, when we reached the tree, the hedge-hog was already up in it, as I first saw it I had the privilege of shooting it and I done so, shooting it through the neck and left shoulder.

This was the first game of the day, we carried it up and showed it to Walter, then left it and went on, as we were passing along the walls near where the old Blood house used to stand, a striped squirrel ran out. Arthur fired at it but was a little late for the squirrel ran in as he fired, we stopped and after a little coaxing another one came out which I shot. Soon after this we entered the woods and began to climb the mountain in dead earnest, we followed an old road for a couple of miles, one on which logs had been drawn out on a few years before, we started partridges quite frequently till we got near the top, once while after a partridge our dog began to bark back in the woods and when I got there (Photo 6: "SUNAPEE MOUNTAIN AND GOSHEN CENTER") I found he had a hedge-hog under a ledge, I shot it and calling the dog off kept up the mountain, he got another one when we had got into the small trees near the top, this one Arthur shot, we had now reached the ledges from which we could look back over the country which we had been crossing lately, far away in the distance was our house and our neighbors houses clustered amid their cultivated acres, beyond were the hills of the outlying towns and yet further away was Ascutney Mt. and the nearer ranges of the Green Mountains, after looking back over the country a few minutes we made our way forward keeping around on one side of the top of the mountain for it was flat and of considerable size, we made our way over broad ledges and through dense thickets of spruce and poplar.

As we were passing down the side of this peak toward the peak nearest us, our dog ran another hedgehog under a ledge making the fourth one we had got on our way up. While going up the next height we started a rabbit from its hiding place and sent it running up the ledge ahead of us. Arthur and I both drew up and fired but our aim was too hurried, so the rabbit escaped unhurt, in a few minutes we reached the summit of the second peak from which we could see the most of Newbury, Bradford and the towns beyond. It was a broad view that lay before us, bounded only by our vision and seeming by hills and mountain among them Mt. Kearsarge and a dim outline of the White Mountains. It now lacked a few minutes of twelve so we pushed forward down the side of the peak toward a ledge half a mile away where we hoped to find a pond of which we had heard considerable, after going a little way we stopped on a large ledge and made preparations for dinner.

Arthur went ahead to get a shot at some blue-jays which he could hear when he saw a large hawk coming, we all hid and he tried to call it up, but the hawk had seen us and would not come very close, and soon flew away, we then proceed to build a small fire, by which we toasted our biscuits as we ate our dinner, sharing part of it with our dog, who was perfectly willing to take all we

gave him. After a little rest we pushed on with more ease, we made our way through small spruces and birches and at last reached the main woods again, which were more open and more easily traveled, just before we began to descend, we ran up onto a large ledge to try and see what there was before us, but could not see much because of the trees, while I was looking the boys went forward a little and waited for me, as I reached them, Arthur who had been sitting down, arose and started forward, as he did so, he looked down into the valley below and there lay the pond, shining in the sunlight, set around with forest, seldom touched by human foot. With cheers we made a rush for the pond through the woods, jumping over logs and through brush, and soon reached the pond, which we found to be shallow for the most part, as we stood looking at the pond, our dog began to bark on the other side.

Arthur and I hurried round there and found a hedgehog under a pile of brush, this I shot while Arthur held the dog, we then went back down to the shore of the pond where we found what was once an old camp. Several old tin plates had been left here one of which Walter picked up with the intention of carrying home with him, we now started to make a circuit of the pond, as we were passing along we came across some small paths which led into the pond and which we called muskrat paths. There were more or less of these all around the pond. A little farther on we found the outlet of the pond, which was a small stream flowing off through what appeared to be a swamp, farther on we came to a bark shanty, probably built by some one who came up for a few days in summer, on looking inside we found a pail partly full of potatoes and a small bag of salt, from the shanty a little path ran around the head of the pond to a little spring about a rod from the pond and ten to twelve rods from the house.

As we stood at the head of the pond we looked across to the other end, along the edges were scattering stones and an occasional fallen tree, the pond we judged to be about a quarter of a mile long and an eighth wide, on the west side of the pond was a large ledge partly covered with trees and rising a hundred feet or more above the pond with the red bunches of the mountain-ash which were just getting ripe, after passing part way round on this side of the pond, we climbed the ledges and looked out over the pond and off toward Newbury which lay hazy in the distance, it was now a quarter of two and we started for home by another route than that by which we had come up, and one which we thought more direct though we had never been over it before.

We had gone but a little ways when we started a rabbit, but it was gone so quick that we had not time to fire, our dog soon struck the track and it was not long before we began to hear him bark below us, and could tell that he was coming nearer, we stood

ready and soon saw a rabbit coming towards us through the woods, we waited but it dodged among the small trees so that we could not get a shot and didn't know but we had lost it, when out it came close to us, I drew up and fired and the rabbit fell over but began to kick around at which Arthur fired then I ran up and picking it up brought it back, it was a pretty good one, we passed on a little ways when our dog began to bark again, we ran forward and in doing so started a couple of partridges, one of which Arthur shot at but did not hit, when we reached the dog we found he had a hedge-hog up a tree, I held the dog and Arthur done the shooting, the hedge-hog came down but was not dead for it crawled some ways, Arthur took a stick and after several raps stopped its progress, this was the sixth during the day, and we were just leaving the top of the mountain, a little farther on we struck an old lumber road, this we followed the rest of the way off of the mountain, we had not followed this road but a little way when our dog began to bark again and upon going where he was we found our seventh hedge-hog up another tree, this one I brought down with two shots, the last one bringing it instantly, we now pushed on down the mountain over rude bridges made of poles laid crosswise on logs for stringers, we started several partridges of which we were able to get, just as we were coming out into an opening near the foot of the mountain a couple of partridges flew up one of which lit but so far away that I started to put in a heavier shell to shoot it with, when it flew away.

Arthur and I went down into the woods to try and get another shot at them, but though we started them several times, they always saw us before we saw them, we then thruck the road where we found Walter and moved on, but before I go farther I will mention the fact that a little farther back we had found a couple of dead hedge-hogs lying in the road, which apparently had been shot quite recently one of them was pure white and of good size, after going over about three miles of this road we came out into open pasture and soon reached one of the back roads of the town, from here we took our direction and striking out across lots reached home at ten minutes of five.

We had enjoyed our hunt much and had shot the following game, seven hedge-hogs, one rabbit and one striped squirrel, this last mentioned one being hardly worth mentioning. We were a little tired but after a good nights rest we were again ready for business.

Elmer H. Nelson

Our Camping Trip

“Ah, the charm that hangs forever round the
camp-fires ruddy glow,
For the sage, and for the savage,
for the high and for the low.
There is something grand and God-like being
roofed with stars and skies
And lulled solemnly to slumber
by primeval lullabies.”

Selected

Nov 18. 1895

Summer is usually the preferred time for camping but we started to-day - the 18th of November for a four-days camping onto the Sunapee Mountains. It has been a lovely day; only a few light clouds have marred the perfect sky and the sun has shone its best, trying to make our first day on the mountain pleasant.

It was just 9 o'clock when we started. Papa was carrying our camping-goods with the horse and wagon so that we presented somewhat the appearance of an emigrant-train — a horse and wagon, man, three boys with guns, and or dog “Sparks”.

At the turn, Elmer and Arthur went up to Uncle Oren's to get some sweet-apples for musk-rat bait (but we used them mainly to eat, ourselves) and “cutting 'cross lots” caught up with us just after we started up the mountain-road toward far-away Red Pond, - our destination. Elmer and Arthur went ahead of the rattling wagon for the first mile or two, to see if they could get any game; but it evidently was not a proper day for game for they saw nothing. We cut out two trees which had fallen across the road and when the horse broke through a rotten bridge it detained us several minutes but we lifted her carefully out and she went on all safely. Then over a sidling piece of road we braced against the lower side of the wagon to keep it from tipping over but we were all sorry when the road, although poor at best, stopped in a tangle of mountain-ash bushes and sapling-birches.

Here unloading the goods from the wagon we each took a share and bravely started out to make the remaining distance to the pond on foot.

Arthur pointed out a hedgehog which he'd shot just before we started, and ten minutes later Elmer shot another but it was not long that we were in a humor for hunting for our loads soon

began to pull down heavily. Arthur lugged along a big, tin-trunk of pies, bread, etc. and his long shot-gun which was a mans-load in itself, while I had an iron-kettlefull of baked beans, a small wooden box tied on my back and my Hilliard rifle - Elmer and Papa loaded accordingly with blankets and provisions. To make a bad matter worse we got sadly "mixed up" among the trees and made the distance probably twice as great as it should have been. Part of the time I was mad and the rest of the time ready to give up and sit on a stump all day but I staggered along until Elmer left his things with me to stay and watch and he went along to hunt for the pond. In a few minutes I heard a shout and Elmer came running back and said they had reached Red Pond. We took up the things and soon came out from a fringe of spruce's onto the very top of a long abrupt cliff rising from the Northern end of the pond and looked away at the beautiful expanse of scenery spread out before us like a pictured map.

The base of the cliff was covered with mountain-ash bushes red with fruit while at the bottom of a forest-clad slope lay the mountain pond dimpled and sparkling as blue as the sky o'erhead. All around the shores rose towering spruces and great, broad-limbed birches where the foot of man had hardly trod and smiling in all its primeval loveliness.

Elmer tossed the rolls of blanket down the smooth face of the cliff and after Papa left us to go back to the team we climbed cautiously down the cliff on a hedgehog path and arrived with a run on the heaps of great boulders below, where we deposited our goods for the time-being. It was past 12 o'clock and unpacking a pie, some cookies, bread and sauce we made out a very welcome repast sitting on a mossy ledge. Sparks was fed peice-meal during our dinner by each one in turn and when Elmer and Arthur struck down into the woods to hunt up a location for our camp he was ready to accompany them. In a few minutes I heard the blows of an axe twenty-five rods away and soon Arthur came back and said that we were to carry the things over to the shanty, this we accomplished in two trips.

The camp was situated in a hollow. Two heavy poles laid across from the banks furnished the roof-timbers on which we nailed large peices of spruce-bark from a small hunters-camp on the shore of the pond; from these poles we slanted sticks on both sides which we covered with brush and thus formed a strong, warm camp in short time. While Elmer was putting more brush onto the sides Arthur and I built a small, stone arch inside the camp and put up a warped peice of bark as a stove-pipe.

A little while before sun-set Elmer and Arthur took the six steel-traps and went down to the pond to set them for musk-rat, leaving me at the camp. I puttied up the chinks in the fire-place

with mud and brought the blankets and boxes inside the camp but when I got these jobs done I discovered that it was growing dusky out-doors and worked myself into quite a fright before the boys got back.

In a few minutes after this we lighted the torch and stuck it into the ground at the back end of the camp and after getting some brush-bedding and a birch-bark door we came inside and started a fire in the arch. It seemed very cosy and home-like while we were eating our supper and I never had more enjoyment than I did that night and the next. Pretty soon our spruce-bark funnel began to try to burn and after a few preliminary blazes which we put out, it burst into flame all over. Luckily the brush on the camp was green and leaping up Elmer and Arthur rushed out-side and climbing up above the camp they drew the chimney up through the roof and tossed it down the bank all a'blaze. Soon after this bed was proposed and after spreading our blankets over the brush we took off our shoes and jackets and "turned in". No pilows had been brought up and the boughs were lacking in the proper height so we began to look around for something better. Elmer and Arthur each took a shoe and laid under their heads, while after trying several arrangements I settled on my detachable rifle-stock as the best.

It was a novel experience to us and it was several hours before we got to sleep and then only to wake up and find that the fire was going out with no wood to replenish it. It was about mid-night but Elmer and Arthur crawled out of bed and putting on their shoes they went out and cut two arms-ful of wood and brought it in; it evidently made a good fire for the next morning we found a big hole burned in the upper blanket where a spark had snapped out onto it from the open-faced arch.

Nov 19 1895

This morning at exactly six o'clock Arthur and I started out to look at the traps. The sun had not risen but it was light enough so that we could follow the path and climb over the fallen spruces and debris which obstructed our route around the eastern shore of the pond. We found the first five traps unsprung although a carrot had been nibbled but as we pushed through the little spruces to look at the last trap Arthur who was ahead exclaimed

"Well, we've got a hedgehog anyway"! and there it was, with its fore-leg fast in the trap, grating its teeth savagely. A bullet from our Eclipse pistol quickly ended the hedgehogs existance and we carried it back to camp where it was hung on a pole together with the game we shot later. When we got back Elmer had the potatoes boiling merrily and while I was tending to them, and the fire Elmer

and Arthur went down into the woods, hunting. In a little while they came back lugging a big hedgehog which was hung along-side the first one.

Just as we were finishing our breakfast Sparks began to bark down towards the pond and Arthur and Elmer went down to see what he had got. They fired once, but it was several minutes before they got back, with a red-squirrel. In the mean-time I had cut a fir hole and nailing my U.S. flag to the top raised it by the door-way of the camp as a declaration that we were patriotic Americans.

After breakfast, we cut more brush to put on our camp and chopped a good pile of wood so that last night's experience would not be repeated, but at ten o'clock A.M. we took our guns and the axe and started for Blood's mountain, due South. (We had agreed with the folks that if we were comfortably situated we would build a signal-fire on Blood's Mountain at twelve o'clock the second day.) Before we left the pond Sparks treed a squirrel in a tall spruce and after trying twice Elmer succeeded in shooting it; we also found a bottle at the foot of the tree.

We climbed up over the rocky ridge at the South end of the pond and fairly tumbled through the thick scub-spruces which clothe Signal peak but at last we arrived at the very tip-top ledge only to plunge down the other side and up Blood's Mountain. At the granite-ledges Arthur shot another hedgehog.

At a ledge on Blood's Mountain within sight of home we began to make a big brush-pile. Stripping the spruces from top to bottom we soon considered the pile big enough and set fire to the under side. It made a great column of smoke which we kept a'going for twenty minutes. The folks did not happen to look out in the right time but an old fox-trapper saw it and wondered what it meant. When we went back to camp we stopped at the granite-ledges and writing our names and date on a peice of paper we put it inside an empty shot-gun shell and placed it on a heap of stones. While we were here two hawks sailed over us but although Arthur tried to call them down they would not come near enough for Elmer to shoot.

For dinner Elmer cooked some hasty-pudding which was fine in itself but camping gave it an extra-fine flavor. After dinner, or about three o'clock Elmer went down to the pond to cut up a big spruce which had been fallen by a previous camper while Arthur was getting more birch-bark and I was bringing wood up to the camp. In an hour or two Elmer shouted up to us and said he had got the logs cut and wanted Arthur to come down and help him put them together for the raft we were planning to build. We had no spikes, and so the front-end of the raft the boys fastened

together by wooden-pins (we had an auger) and the other end as solidly as possible with nails.

When the raft was completed the boys shoved it into the water and getting a pole to propel it with I took my rifle and stepped aboard. it was only three logs wide and very "tippy" but I poled it out carefully away from land and to try my skill in shooting from a canoe fired my rifle at a big white-birch on shore. Arthur ran around the end of the pond to see if I had hit it and found that the ball had gouged out a long furrow across one side of the trunk.

We came back up to the camp after drawing my raft ashore and chopped some wood which we carried into the camp. After it began to grow dark we lighted the torch and building a fire in the arch sat down to supper on a roll of blankets; but before we ate our pie we discovered that there was not water enough to last over night so Elmer and Arthur went down to the spring with the pail to get some.

While I am writing my journal, after supper Arthur is loading my rifle and Elmer is also writing out the days incidents. The wind is blowing quite hard but it is warm inside. When we came to go to bed, although we had put on more brush for pillows I preferred to keep my rifle-stock as the smoothest pillow letting the boughs furnish the springiness.

We had got tired and the novelty had some-what worn off so-that we slept finely during the night and in consequence our fire was neglected, but we did not mind it in the least, as we were warm as need be.

It rained during the night.

Nov. 20. 1895.

This morning at four o'clock Elmer awoke with the sensation that his foot was getting hot and upon looking around he discovered that the quilts were burning; two or three great holes had been burned in them and jumping up Elmer and Arthur pulled out the burning cotton, until the last spark was put out, by pouring water on it. We thought quite likely we should'nt get to sleep again and so we sat up until morning. Morning was long in coming for after the rain the fog still hung over the mountains so thick that at six o'clock our set time for looking at the traps we put it off until about half an hour later when the fog had risen a little. At that time we intended to camp until the next day and we had planned that I could look at them the next day on my raft. The plan was this.

Taking my raft and six sticks, shaved white I poled slowly along the shore and put down a stick opposite each trap which Arthur would point out from the shore. The fog was so thick that we could not see across the pond and it looked like the ocean, with the little waves running out from under the solid wall of white.

After all the traps were looked at, and marked we went back to camp and I tried to dry the knees of my overalls where they had got wet on the raft. In a few minutes Elmer pronounced the potatoes done and we sat down to a most delicious meal of potatoes and cream, the equal of which I have never eaten. Just before breakfast Arthur fired his gun through an opening in the back of the camp at a birch, and after breakfast he proposed that we try target-practice at the same mark. I had my shoes off, drying them on the arch and welcomed anything to pass the time away.

Arthur took his hunting-knife and shaved off a "bulls-eye" on the birch and after he came back I picked up my rifle and sighting quickly, fired and made the bark fly, just outside the ring. While I was reloading my rifle Arthur fired at the mark and put over twenty shot in, and around it, this was pretty good and aiming my rifle a little steadier I fired. Upon looking at the target with the spy-glass we found that my bullet had hit in the upper edge of the mark. After some coaxing Arthur persuaded Elmer to try his breech-loading shot-gun, Elmer's putting five B shot into the bulls-eye; thinking that we had wasted enough ammunition, this finished the shooting. After reloading my rifle carefully I sat around on the brush watching my shoes steam on the arch and writing some. Elmer and Arthur soon came in from cutting wood and as we were sitting there talking, we suddenly heard a faint shout in the direction of the cliff. We listened motionless and soon heard the shout again. This time there was no mistaking it and scrambling out-side Arthur haloed in answer. It so completely surprised me that I could not think who it was although Arthur immediately guessed that it might be Papa. The two boys started off on the run toward the cliff and after giving a hearty bellow Sparks went too. I pulled on my shoes and lacing up my shoes as rapidly as possible I started after the rest. Before I got five rods from camp I saw a rabbit bounding through the brush below me - the only rabbit seen during our stay on the mountain.

When I arrived at the foot of the cliff I found Papa, and Mamma and little Ernest there, talking with the boys who had helped them down the hedgehog-path. During our walk back to the camp we learned that they had come up to get us, as it looked as though the splendid weather with which we had been favored might not last long.

"And I wish you could have been with us", said Mamma, "As we came out onto the cliff the fog had shut in so thick we could'nt

see the trees or anything below us, just the thick, gray clouds everywhere. I shall never forget how it looked, as long as I live”.

The fog seemed to be rising and we took the folks down to see the pond and our spring after they had rested a few minutes at the camp, I went out on my raft a few rods to let them see it. Dinner was made up of the remaining provisions and despite the close elbow-room we, with the dogs help disposed of the victuals all except a few potatoes which we carried home in the sack.

While Papa and Mamma were rolling up the blankets and getting the plates and dishes into their respective box or trunk Elmer and Arthur were taking up the traps. I was sailing around on my raft until the last trap had been reached when I took the traps aboard and started back. Mamma had brought my fife, and before I had reached the shore I took it out of my pocket and played a few peices - probably the first fife-music that wild region had ever heard.

When we reached camp, we found everything in readiness to start and a few minutes later we left the spot which had grown so dear in the three days that we had camped there, and headed for home. The hedgehog path up the cliff furnished a precarious footing but in a few minutes we arrived panting at the top and took a moments view of the beautiful scenery of far-away Bradford, Newbury and many towns beyond, all intersected by shining ponds and rivers, and dotted by farm-houses and villages; then we plunged into the thick underbrush and trees.

Elmer and Papa led us along the ridge of the mountain for several rods and in a few minutes they turned down to the right to strike the head of the road where the team had been left, - as they thought.

“Where are you going?” I cried “that is’nt the way”. “No”! echoed Arthur “I’ll bet tis’nt.” “Where do you want to go”? enquired Papa sarcastically “I see nothing to hinder it’s being the right way.” He had taken the direction of the wind earlier int he day and was positive that he was right and Elmer agreed with him. After some grumbling we decided that we might as well follow the others, and gave in. The path down the mountain was not hard and in half an hour we arrived at the head of a wood-road, but no team was there; as we did not know but what it might be a branch of the right one we concluded to follow it down, however. A few minutes afterward Arthur and I shot a hedgehog out a tall spruce.

Soon after this it began to rain, gently at first then harder, until it poured. As we came out into an open stretch of road, Papa pointed over to his right and said to Arthur “There, is’nt that North Ball”? It was, certainly and we were just beginning to believe that Arthur and I were wrong when we observed that the country

below us, at the foot of the mountain did not look, exactly as it should and what was more the road seemed to be on the wrong side of the valley. Papa was carrying Ernest on his shoulder and soon began to get anxious about the outcome of our road and strode rapidly down the road; we were going as fast as we could but we couldn't keep up with him. Arthur and I stopped for a moment to examine a tumble-down shanty by the road and nearly got left.

In a little while Papa waited for us to catch up with him and although he did not say much, he only strengthened our opinion that we were lost. The rain was dripping off our cap-visors, noses, and ears and trickling down our hair into the back of our necks so that we were pitiable objects as we trudged wearily down the road. In ten of fifteen minutes we came out upon the crest of a ridge and saw in a clearing below us a long, board-shanty. Elmer and Papa kept on down a road which they thought might lead out to some house, while the rest of us went into the shanty to keep out of the rain. In the shed where we set down the things, the hedgehogs had gnawed the edges of the boards and boxes and Ernest was afraid the hedgehogs would come and eat him. It seemed that it was a lumber-camp for when Arthur and I were looking it over we found up-stairs several bunks covered with brush and down-stairs a long table.

In a little while Elmer came back and told us that we were over in North Newbury, two miles from Mount Sunapee station and a little ways from the Johnson Mountain House. "A team is coming to get our things" he added. In a few minutes a horse and wagon appeared from the bushes, driven by a very pleasant-faced young-man. Elmer helped him get the things into his wagon and then helping Mamma and Ernest onto the seat he drove off down the rough road, with we-boys following behind, with our guns.

Mamma stopped at the Mountain House to get warm but we-boys kept on afoot towards home seven miles distant. We had a good view of Sunapee Lake just as we started but it looked so gray and cloud-like I should not have seen it if Arthur had not spoken. When we reached Mount Sunapee we knew the road home and if it hadn't been for the mud which was nearly ankle-deep we should have made good progress.

The young-fellow, Ralph Johnson passed us with Mamma and Ernest and left them at Perley Lears. We came up in time to help him unload the things from the wagon and as soon as he took out Arthur's long Springfield shot-gun and powder-horn and noticed Arthur's blue, military-coat he smiled broadly and asked Arthur if he had fought in the Revolution.

Papa had gone straight on from the mountain-house to get our team, away up at the head of the wood-road on the other side of the mountain and as we came opposite Magoons house we saw a team standing in the yard and a man just getting a lantern. It was dark enough so that we could not see plainly but Arthur spoke and found it was Papa. He was getting ready for a long nights trip over to Newbury and he was very agreeably surprised when we told him she was at Perley Lears.

We were soon at home and thoroughly warmed and dried and as we often think now, our camping would not have been half as nice if it had not ended as it did. During that night and the next day it snowed and sleeted so, that it would have been almost impossible to climb up over the mountain if we had waited another day.

Walter. R. Nelson

Our Cameras

During the spring and early summer of 1896, Arthur was getting subscribers for the Youth Companion in order to get himself a rifle, and among the premiums which he got was a Harvard camera using a 2-1/2 x 4 plate and a Phoenix camera using a 2-1/2 x 2 plate. We received them the 3rd of July, we liked the looks of them very much and they seemed very simple. The larger one Arthur gave to me and the smaller to Walter. We were soon trying them. I first tried the house but did not get a good one, but after a few attempts I got a good one. The first pictures we took by order were for Horace Sholes of his hayfield. We had taken several up to the time that we began to go to school at the River, then began our business, for Arthur and I went into partnership, some of the time we took so many that with going to school we could not keep up with our orders. We took so many that we soon ran out of material and had to send for more, after school was done we did not take so many pictures, though we were called on quite frequently, from different parts of the town. Among the pictures we prize the highest, our taking are several of the 3rd N.E. Crusade Band. And now though it is the middle of the winter and we do our photographing mostly out of doors, we are still at it. We have used up to the present time, March, about a hundred and twenty-five plates and have sold over twenty-six dozen pictures, but have sold them so low that our gain has been very small. Walter has not done much with his camera except take pictures for his own pleasure. (PHOTO 7. "ELMER H. NELSON, OCT. 1897")

Elmer H. Nelson

Shooting An Owl

In the fall of 1894 George Brown & We boys trapped muskrats on the Purington brook. One Night when we were coming home just as we were entering Uncle Orens woods we saw a large owl fly across the road and light in a maple. Elmer & I ran over to Uncle Orens and got his gun, and Elmer shot it although it was so dark he could not see to aim, it measured 50 in. from tip to tip of its wings. A.W.N.

Shooting a Wild Pigeon

I shot the first wild pigeon I ever saw one day in March 1896. I saw it picking straw in front of the horse barn and so got Elmers gun and shot it. A.W.Nelson

A May Pond Picnic

Ours and Aunt Mira Lears families were all at home in the fall of 1896 and as Aunt Etta Nelson and a little boy whom she was taking care of by the name of Freddie Upton of Stoneham Mass were up making us a visit. We decided that we must have a picnic at May Pond before they left. It was decided that we go monday if it was pleasant and as it was pleasant we went. Our family went with a two seated team lunch baskets under the seat and fish poles sticking out behind. As our whole family made quite a load for one horse it was decided that Papa & Walter walk over and Elmer & I walk back. Thus Papa & Walter started on ahead and we followed with the team about half an hour later. We were to meet Aunt Miras folk at Goshen Corner but when we got there we could see nothing of them and so after waiting a quarter of an hour for them we started on slowly. We had got nearly to the top of Washington Mountain before we saw any thing of them. Then they came in sight behind us. As black berries were very thick along the road we got an empty pail out of our wagon and began picking black-berries to go with our dinner while we waited for the rest of the party. As soon as aunt Miras folks caught up we started on they had two teams Henry, Aunt Etta, Freddie Upton & Jennie in one and Arthur, Aunt Viola, and Aunt Mira in the other. As we were driving by or rather through a patch of black berry bushes, where the black berries were very thick I spoke to mama and said look at those big black berries, and as I spoke I pointed with my hand and nearly hit an old man who was picking black berries in the patch I had not noticed before. When we reached the top of the mountain we were not long in getting down to May Pond for our horses

were pretty good roadsters and we were in a hurry to get out on the pond and enjoy the beautiful day. Henry had engaged 3 boats of Mr. Butterfield a man who lived at the lower end of a mill pond which was connected by a swamp to May Pond. (Photo 7. "OUR MAY POND PICNIC COMPANY") Thus any one could easily row from Butterfields house up into the pond. Henry had also engaged stable room for his two horses at butterfields. When we got to the cherry-valley turn we turned in onto it and went out to Camp Quannapowitt, a camp built by sports men to spend the summer in while they fished & hunted about the pond, here we tied our horse Arthur Lear followed us in with his team and after we divided the company to fit the boats and started for the upper end of the pond where we intended to eat our dinner, fishing and picking pond lillies as we went. Elmer & I rowed the two light boats and Henry the scow. Elmer & I went ashore when we got to the upper end of the pond and left our provisions then we all went to fishing part standing on the rocks by the shore and part staying in the boats Henry and his boat load stopped and went to fishing perch out among the lily pads where they seemed to have very good luck. I stood on a rock by the shore where I used my light trout rod to a great advantage in snapping out pumpkin-seeds about an inch long. After fishing about the shore a while Jennie & I took one boat and Walter, Arthur Lear and Viola the other and we went out and fished in deep water a while.

Jennie & I had quite good luck in catching pumpkin seeds but he others did not have much luck although they caught several perch. When it got most noon we headed twords shore. Walter started ahead and I followed. We did not go a great great ways before we got to racing. The race was not a decided victory for either boat. Walter got there first but I had nearly caught up with him.

The dinner was a grand success with its baked beans bread cake pies cookies blackberries coffee etc. I was sent after some water as we had nothing but warm pond water to drink and after hunting all over the woods for fresh water gave up and went to a brook which came from the Cherry Valley pond about a fourth of a mile distant and got a pail of redish looking water which was a warm as May Pond water and brought into them. After dinner we had a great time fishing for about an hour then we boys got out our bathing suits and went in swimming and for an hour or two amused the company considerable by swimming and diving. Arthur Lear not knowing how to swim rowed the boat for us to swim after. Elmer & I swam down to Cherry Valley and back and Walter swam part way. After we had got through swimming Elmer got out his camera and we all sat down on the beach and had our pictures

taken. We fished and gathered lillies around on the pond the rest of the afternoon.

Then about night we rowed down to the lower end of the pond and ate our supper. We had to wait quite a while for Henry who went up to Crains on business and I guess found some girls there by the length of time he staid. Just before supper I took a picture of the pond and boats with Elmers camera which proved to be quite a success. While we were eating supper we saw two ducks fly by and it reminded me of the story Uncle John had told us about his killing a wild duck on that pond with an oar. He said that he and another fellow were out on the pond duck hunting and they saw a duck dive into the pickeral grass near by. He tried to fire his gun at it but the cap had got wet and it missed fire so they rowed up to the pickerel grass still and He struck into it where he thought the duck was and hapened to hit it and kill it. (Photo 8." MAY POND. WASHINGTON MOUNTAIN BACK OF IT AND LOVELLS MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE")

Just as we were leaving Papa who was fishing at the outlet hooked a fish (probably a bass) which ran off with his hook and snapped his line as though it had been thread. Just as we were rowing down into the mill pond I saw a large bird standing on a rock about 15 rods away which seemed to be about 3 feet tall which Mr Butterfield told us afterward was proberbly a blue heron.

We had a fine time over to the pond and a fine time coming home for it was a jolly crowd that went over and a jolly crowd that came back.

Arthur W Nelson

A Potato Race

At the 4 of July celebration in 1895 among the sports was a Potato race in which I took part and won the first prize, a 50 cent piece. Arthur. W. Nelson

In 1895 I bought my first breech-loading shot-gun. I got it second hand of alfred Dow, paying him \$10.00 for the gun, loading and cleaning tools, and one hundred shells, about eighty of them loaded. It is a Lovell Champion gun. E.H.N.

During the fourth of July 1896 there was considerable celebration at Mill Village and prizes were offered to the winners in several contests, among them a three-legged race. Arthur and I went into this and won the 1st prize, 50 cents. E.H.N.

My Stevens Rifle

Description - Stevens .22 calibre favorite rifle weight 4-1/2 lbs
22 in. barrel lever action.

In the Fall of 1896 I made up my mind that I would get me a rifle if I could and so not hunt with Papas big old gun any more. After a great of deal work I made out to get six subscribers to the Youths companion and so got me a fine 22 cal. rifle with open and peep sights.

A.W.N.

Shooting a Sucker

“Hurry up Elmer, jump into the opening quick!”

We came rushing down the path from the Cherry Valley Mill to the little brook which flows from North, into May pond just as we saw the suckers swimming back down the brook into the pond and the exclamation was made by all three of us to Elmer, who was ahead, to jump into the opening in a small, stone-dam so as to prevent any more suckers from escaping. (**Photo 9.** “Walter. R. Nelson”)

Elmer got into the flume, just as a big sucker darted toward it, but Elmer proved an effectual barrier, with his rubber-boots on, and the sucker turned back. Swimming across the pool again it darted under a peice of green-moss, which was floating from a big rock, but although the moss prevented the sucker from seeing us, it had not gone deep enough and we could see its fins slowly waving back and forth, above the water.

“Keep him in Elmer and i’ll shoot him”! I exclaimed. I cocked our 22 cal. revolver and wading out to the rock, I began aiming just above its tail-fin. I had not noticed how long it was, until Arthur exclaimed “Further along Walter, aim further along or you wont hit ’im”!

I placed the sights four inches farther and fired, then dashing my hand into the smoky water I grasped the sucker firmly and threw it over onto the bank. It did not move for several seconds, then it commenced a furious flopping which well befitted its eighteen-ounce weight. My shot probably stunned the sucker and it is doubtful whether I could have got hold of it or not had not I fired.

We waded around in the brook for several minutes afterward but the suckers had evidently hidden or all escaped for we did not find another.

Walter. R. Nelson

My first story entitled "On guns and gunning" was published in the Feb. '96 issue of "The Gen", a bright, little four-page paper, published at Springfield, Mass. This was followed by "A narrow escape" in April and later by "In Blue-mountain Park", January 1897.

Walter. R. Nelson

The City Mans Resolve

As times are hard and trade is dull
To feed my boys and clothe my wife
And pay my bills at close of year
Instead of joy a burden is life

So now I'll leave the cities din
and on a farm so free from care
In growing corn and wheat and rye
Ill pass my days in pleasure there

Ill, show them there a thing or two
Of modern ways to get ahead
For these old fogies long have been
Hardly as much alive as dead.

They raise their crops in just the way
Their Fathers did so long ago
But now the books do tell us how
The farmers way is much to slow

A man with brains the farm may run
And make it pay so fair and well.
For what he needs he'll easy grow
And of whats left have much to sell.

The city man long hours must work
But crops will grow while planters sleep
And he can raise with greatest ease
Colts and cows and pigs and sheep

Perhaps Ive said enough this time
For words are cheap but deeds will show
And when the farm some years Ive run
I may not need my horn to blow

H.F.

Nelson

This Poem was written by Papa in 1893 for one of our Lyceums
which we had here at home. A

A Visit to Corbins Park

Corbins Park & Sunapee Lake are two great places for summer boarders to visit. Sunapee Lake has its steamers its fish its large hotels and its beautiful summer villages. While Corbins Park though not so beautiful as the Lake, has the grand old Croydon Mountains with in its bounds, over which Buffalo, Elk, Moose, Deer, Wild Boar and Galeway cattle roam at will. While evry now and then a Bear or Panther is said to have been seen. (**Photo 10. "The Big Buffalo Grover Cleveland"**) The park has many places of interest. Governors Pond with its Beavers & Fish, and Central Station with its many kinds of dogs, are among them. It was one hot day in august that Tom Hoitt and we boys started for Corbins park for a whole day of sight seeing. We started early in the morning as it was about 12 miles from our house to the park. We had Toms horse and our two seated wagon. Tom had never been there before but a we had we knew we could find the way. When we got to Newport Tom went into the store and got some bananas and treated us all around. We thought some of getting a pass at the Newport House, so that we could go into the park, but as Tom was afraid that the buffalos would scare his horse we concluded not to.

From Newport we drove out by the Edgell mansion where Corbins daughter lives and out by the road which leads to Corbins beautiful palace.

We were now on the road to Croyden Flat. When we had got about half way from Newport to Croyden Flat we overtook two bicyclists who had stopped to rest and get cool under a few trees by the road side. One was a young man pretty good size and quite pleasant looking, the other was an oldish man with grey whiskers, small, and a little bow legged, who had kind of a rattled appearance about him, and also looked about half full. As we were driving by the old man whirled around and said, "hold on boys your wheel is broke its turning". Is that so said I. "yes, he repl.ied you want to fix it. Yes Tom answered. "Well fix it said he, hold on let the little boy bix it, he wants to fix it. We did not pay any more attention, but drove on and soon the bicyclists were left behind, but just as we were crossing the bridge at Croydon flat the young man passed us and looking back we could just see the old man coming. We stopped at the watering trough and watered our hourse and the young man stopped and got a drink himself then went and laid down under a tree. The old fellow came peddling down the hill and tried to ride up where his companion was, but did not manage right and tipped off putting one foot through the bicycle frame. But with a few vicious kicks and yanks he got his foot out of the machine and he too went up and laid down under the tree. For it was a very hot day for bicycling and plenty hot enoughfor riding. The sun shone so hot and bright that our eyes already ached from watching for things of interest along our route. The sweat was just running off of the horse although we had walked him most of the way so far. When we had got part way to Croydon Four Corners the bicyclists again caught and passed us just at the foot of a hill. Here they got off and walked, the old man leading off with his short jerky gait. We caught them at the top of the hill. As we came up to them the old fellow turned around and looked at the horse sharply and said "that horse is sick lookat him he has got the walks, your ought to try and cure him. "Yep" said Tom. You should not say yep, you should say yes sir said the old man. We whipped up and again the bicyclists were lost to view and we saw no more of them.

We soon came in sight of the park with its big wire fence but we saw no animals untill we had got beyond Croydon Four-Corners. We were going to put up our team and eat our dinner at our old Croydon home where a Mr Angel lived. Just as we had got in sight of Mr Angels we saw a few buffalo & Galeway cattle feeding out in a bunch of trees. But they were so far away that it was hard to tell what they were. We went out to our old Croydon home and put up our team and feed it and ate our dinner. Mrs Angel was very glad to see us and came out and sat on the wall and talked all the time that we were eating our dinner. She also brought out some apples for us. After dinner we went out to the road and walked along by the park for about a mile trying to

see some of the wild animals but saw nothing but blackberries which were very plenty and which I do not think any one saw afterwards. We then went back to the house and Elmer got out his Camera and took a picture of it. After the picture taking was over we hitched up our team and bidding adieu to the Angels started back towards Newport.

We had had such bad luck in seeing animals that we decided to go down to Central Station (as that was open Wednesdays) and see the dogs. So we drove down to the gate and as it was unlocked opened it and went in and after driving about a quarter of a mile came to Central Station with its large red house & barns. Here we found quite a lot of visitors. We hitched our team and went up to the dog house, where we found all kinds of dogs from the great Danes and French Boar hounds (used to hunt the Wild Boar in the park) down to the little brown bird dog, 36 kinds in all after we had looked at the dogs all we cared to the manager a thick set Scotchman told us that if we would like to see the biggest buffalo in the park The old male buffalo Grover Cleveland who had killed the other male buffalo Benjamin Harrison in a fight we might go down to the yards and look at him. So we started off down there camera and all. The buffalo was surely a beauty and he was also very cross. When Elmer got up on the fence to take his picture he began to paw and suddenly charged at us we jumped off of the fence and ran back although we did not really expect the buffalo would come through those heavy planks. He charged at us several times before we got a satisfactory picture. After Walter & Elmer had both tried a plate on him we left and after looking at the black pigs etc we started for home. On our way back Walter took a picture of the Edgel house and we drove out to the Corbin house and Elmer took a picture of that. **(Photo xx. "Austin Corbins Residence")**

Arthur W. Nelson

As We have got so many things of which we wish to remember, we have concluded to close this book and begin a Vol. 2.

This book was begun Feb. 17 1897 and finished Mar 13 1897

The original manuscript is the property of Arthur Nelson, Goshen, son of Arthur.

The manuscript was transcribed by Beatrice Gillette, Goshen, granddaughter of Elmer, December 1989. (Some paragraphs were divided into smaller units because they exceeded the length that the wordprocessor could handle.)

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