

Wool was spun on the big spinning wheel while flax was spun on the small flax wheel, a different technique, not so well known. When Grandpa Jonathan was asked in his old age if Grandmother Lucy could spin on the little wheel, he replied "Your grandmother could spin anything on any kind of a wheel."

When Emma was four years old she in common with other little girls of her age was started on a patchwork quilt sewing the "nine block" squares in over and over stitch. She was working on this when her great grandmother who had once been Hannah Blagdon came for a visit and she wanted Emma to have a piece of her new calico dress (which was dark brown with a small white figure) to put in her quilt. Later after her death at 94, the dress with its ample skirt was used to make plain squares to set between the pieced ones.

Grandmother Hannah had been twice married, widowed in 1802, she had married an old minister "Elder Gray" in late 1825 or a little after. And Jonathan, probably newly come to live with his Aunt Polly, remembered his grandmother's wedding or at least the wedding feast! He had to wait and then had the fragments served up to him. But grandmother Hannah and her seven children had learned the need of eating up all the fragments and leftovers in the hard years that followed the father's death.

And in 1816 there had come the "cold year" when there was frost every month even in July and no corn was raised in the Sandy River Valley-not much of anything except small potatoes and some winter rye. And corn was a main part of their diet what with corn bread, rye, and "Indian meal" brown bread, Indian Pudding and hominy or hasty pudding. However some seed corn was saved or procured from more fortunate localities and the next year was blessed with a good crop.

Food was plenty in the days when Emma and Sherburn were children. There was plenty of home raised meat, pork, fresh in the winter and smoked or salted in warm weather. Then they often had "mutton" and sometimes beef or veal. There was no meat market then but neighbors when they butchered used to exchange and so get fresh meat often.

There was corn and beans in abundance, winter vegetables were stored in the cellar. Butternuts were plenty; they grew down by the river. Sugar was bought and used rather sparingly, but they got such good molasses in those days! There was considerable sugar left in it. It was shipped from the West Indies in great casks (hogsheads), and the farmer who bought the hogshead and sawed it in two after most of the molasses had been drawn off would find a lot of sugary sweetness settled in the bottom, and that was put to good use.

Grandpa had a sweet tooth and he liked honey and so he had several hives of bees. The children would be happy when he took up the honey. And there was pretty good fishing in the brook. The children sometimes went with their father when he could get time off. I do not know that he ever went hunting or shot a deer in his life. The Maine countryside was more thickly settled then and the deer, not being protected

by law probably kept mostly in the great north woods.

He had started an orchard of grafted apple trees at the foot of Millstone Hill, going over to "Thurston Hill" in Madison for nursery stock and grafts. Wild berries were plentiful, some were made into a rich "preserve" that would keep without being air tight.

Grandpa's sister Aunt Mary Day used to appear sometimes walking from the village. She worked in the city and delighted to get out into the country, and the children were enthusiastic accompanists in her tramps, remembering them with great pleasure.

June 1st, 1859- A travelling photographer had come to "the bridge," to take ambrotypes which were an improvement in some ways on the earlier daguerreotypes and probably less expensive. Grandpa and Grandmother decided they must have the children's pictures, so they all went dressed in their best to sit for the man with the camera. Emma and Sherburn were taken together, and Grandpa carefully marked the date on the back of the mounted picture. Then a picture was made of Jonathan and Lucy together (Grandpa and grandmother). That one was put into a daguerreotype case.

It may have been another day that Aunt Polly was taken to have her picture made but have it she did with lips pressed tight over her toothless mouth.

Sunday- Aunt Polly was a Methodist and liked to go to "Sawyers Mills" as Starks village was then called when there were services there. That may have been where Emma first went to Sunday School, the Bible was the only text book and they began with John's Gospel.

Emma of course like all well brought up little girls had to learn to knit and she had a "stint" of so many times round to knit before she could go out to play.

School days- Emma was taught her "letters" at home (probably by Aunt Polly) when she was very young. And pretty soon it came time for her to go to school. I can think of her and Naora starting out together for the school house. It was not very far, down the road, across the bridge, and part way up the hill toward Hilton's. And in another year or two Sherburn and John would be going with them.

That school house burned down in the night a few years later and when a new house was built it was farther off way to the top of the hill. But there was "no great loss without some small gain," very small in this case. Thrifty Grandpa was building and planning to build more and the hand wrought nails in the ashes would be useful so Emma and Sherburn were set to work picking them up.

Probably it was about this time that Ephraim Nichols moved his family to a new farm with a fine interval, about two miles down the river in the Red School house neighborhood.

Emma missed Naora very much, although she sometimes went to school in her district. However until the new house was built school terms were kept in part of Edwin Gray's house (That was up beyond Hilton's).

Hiram Smith- In one of Aunt Mary's visits from the city she brought a boy with her. Hiram was probably in his early teens, a city waif and Aunt Mary, "always wanting to do good" thought her brother's farm would be just the place for him and that he would be a help. That was in the 1850's, and it worked out more or less satisfactorily until war was declared and he enlisted in the Union Army.

Later he was captured by the Confederates and placed in Libby prison. When he was finally exchanged he was very weak and emaciated, was sent back to Grandpa suffering from dysentery. He wouldn't eat at the table at first but they discovered he was living by sucking raw eggs from the hens nests--and the white of egg was just the thing to cure him.

In March 1860 Uncle John Day with his young wife came to Grandpa's on their way from Livermore Falls to Caribou in Northern Aroostook. They were emigrating and their new "pung" was packed full, they even had a stone jar of "preserves."

They staid a night or two and Grandpa cheered them on their way the morning they started out, telling them t'was a pretty important day for them.

Another of their stops was at Milo where Grandpa and his brother John had an uncle Aaron still living with his family around him.

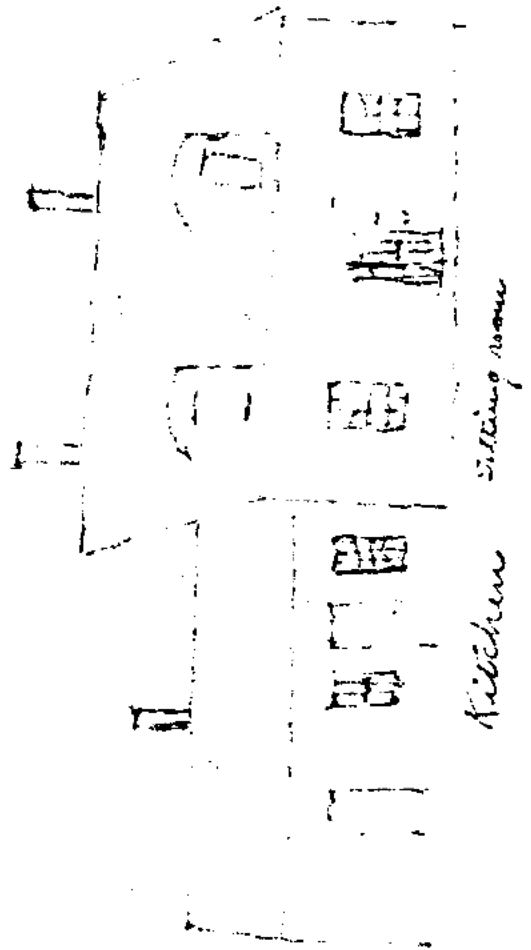
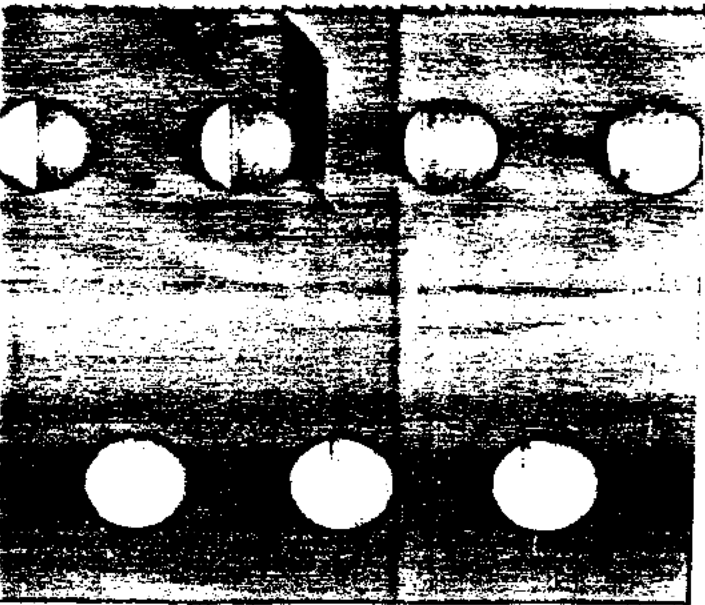
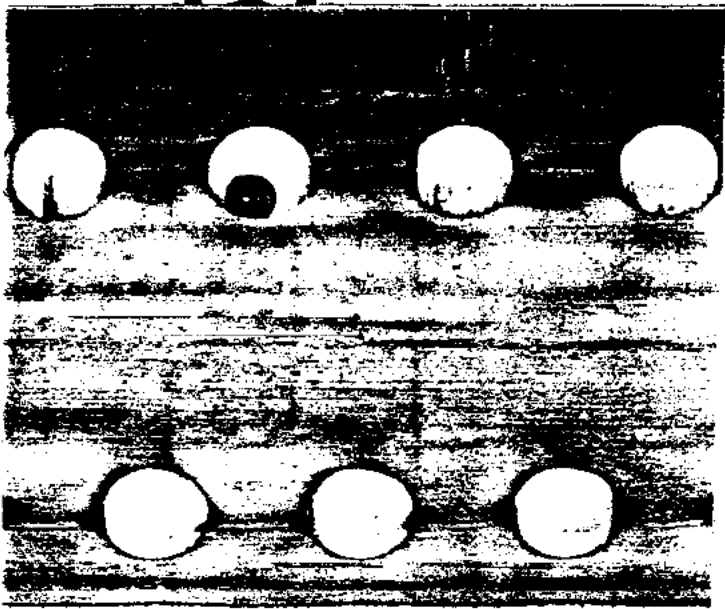
CIVIL WAR '61-65

April, 1861 brought the outbreak of the Civil War which was to bring such hardship and suffering.

Prices went up at once. Grandmother sent to "the Bridge" (Anson-Madison) villages for a "web" of unbleached cotton for sheeting. (That may have been about 50 yards). She was chagrined to find it cost 50¢ per yard, and thought of sending it back, but as it was from cotton raised in the South and no one was really sure that the war would be over in a few months grandfather said "Better keep it." It was well they did for before the war was over it went up to \$1.00 a yard?

But Grandpa had a large flock of sheep and wool prices went "sky high" too, so much wool was needed for soldiers' wear, army blankets, etc. Also the army had to be fed and the products of northern farms went up in price likewise.

Building--With prices high and most of the food home raised it was not so hard to get ahead. So Grandpa started building the new house down near where he had built a new barn. I like to think of him planning it all out with Grandmother, room by room. The timber was gotten out on the place, and had been made ready before the building commenced. Then the "addition" was moved from the old house to form the ell of the new one, (a woodshed being built on later at right angles).



The main house was built to contain sitting room, front hall, and parlor with two bedrooms in back. The sitting room finish was of butternut wood.

1863--Finally moving day came, the beds were made up in the new house, the crockery and glassware carefully packed except the one and only kerosene lamp. Other than that the family still used the hand dipped tallow candles. Suppose grandfather sat by that lamp in the evening reading his New York Weekly Tribune and one or more Maine weeklies. How anxiously he scanned the war news, he had neighbors and friends at the front. Two of his brothers, Uncle Daniel and Uncle John were to give their lives for their country.

Well Aunt Polly was not going to have that lamp smashed by any careless handling so she carried it in her hands to the new house!

Probably soon after they moved into the new house the teacher came there to board. She was a talented young woman who soon won Emma's love. Her name was Emma Bixby and she came from a family of musicians. Now Grandpa Jonathan was a great lover of music. He had attended many of the singing schools that used to be held in that vicinity and he loved to sing. It would be a fine thing for Emma to learn to play. Emma was a diligent student and could before long play the old hymns her father loved. (Miss Bixby taught her.) Miss Bixby also taught her to sing some of the popular songs of that time such as "My grandmother lived on yonder little green - as fine an old lady as ever was seen."

Aunt Polly's oldest brother Lewis Skillings who had gone west to Ohio in 1810 or before came back to visit his relatives when he was 75. Gertrude (Lane) and I visited his grandchildren near Springfield, Ohio in the spring of 1951. This fall (1967) we learned of the death of the last one we knew, age 94.

(Emma's teaching, attending Farmington Normal School - graduating spring 1873, teaching Matinicus Island, etc.)---News was reaching her of her mother's illness. She finished the term and arrived home in late September. After that there was no question of teaching again for a long time. Her mother never got up again from that illness and died Sept. 2, 1874. This verse was found copied in Emma's writing after her own death.

"Where crystal streams forever flow over golden sands
And where the old grow young again
I'll clasp my mother's hands."

Emma struggled along trying to fill her mother's place, cooking, cleaning, washing and sewing and mending for her father, her brother and old Aunt Polly. But in the fall of '75 Uncle Sherb suggested that she take a school that was offered her, he thought he could get Augusta Jones to come to do the housework. Gustie came and suited everybody even Aunt Polly who declared "there wasn't a stone left unturned."

So Emma continued to teach in Madison, Norridgewock and Starks or Anson. And in Oct. of 1876 Sherburn Day and Augusta Jones were married. Not long after Emma's father and Mrs. Phoebe Dumphy were married.

10

She brought her two daughters Carrie and Blanche to live with them. Carrie was about 12 and Blanche younger. Their father Sherman Dumphey had met his death by drowning several years before. So now there was a houseful of women and girls. Uncle Sherb and Aunt Gustie moved upstairs and mother (Emma) lived with them when she was at home.

The summer following Emma's return from Boston, June 16th, 1878 another little Day girl, who was named Mabel Maria, was born and rejoiced the hearts of her parents Sherb and Gustie and delighted her Aunt Emma who kept a special place in her heart for her all her life long.

(Emma's courtship and marriage---to Mark L. Hutchins June 30, 1879.)

In the fall of 1881 Father and Mother and baby Melvin went with Grandpa Day and "Grandma Phoebe" to visit relatives. They went first to Litchfield where Grandpa's sister Hannah Smiley was living with her daughter Cousin Emily Taylor. Next they went to Livermore Falls to visit Aunt Abby Day and Cousin Charley.

Am not sure but think they had a two seated wagon and all went behind Grandpa Day's horse old Prince, who was not so old then.

Lucy Naora Hutchins born March 7, 1882-----Mother named me for her own mother, Lucy and for the middle name, Naora, after her childhood chum and cousin Naora Nichols.

(Births of Forest and Thurston etc.)

More about Aunt Mary--Aunt Mary Day used to say when asked why she never married that her husband "died and went to Heaven when he was a baby", but all her life she loved her men relatives best, her father, her brothers even the grandnephews were dearer than the nieces. She was a young girl when she saw her father for the last time, fondly watching him out of sight. "Never do that" she would tell us.

As so many New England girls of her generation were doing she went to Lowell, Mass. to work in the cotton mills. I think it was in Lowell that she joined a church (was it Baptist?, Congregational? I do not know), but she had a sturdy mind of her own and something coming up at a church meeting with which she strongly disagreed she marched from the room saying, "I no more will join your numbers, I no more your songs will sing." And she kept her word, joining the Episcopal Church, perhaps that was after her return to Maine.

After the Lowell years she worked doing housework in Maine cities much of the time in Lewiston. She was working for "the quality" when she worked in the family of Wm. Pitt Fessendon.

She was always taking time off to visit her relatives in Starks and Livermore Falls and when her nephews Lewis and Roscoe Day were settled in Aroostook she went there and invested her earnings in a farm on which Lewis was to live. But poor Aunt Mary was "bossy" and owning the farm she felt she should boss the family, that didn't work well.

My first recollection of her was in the fall and winter of

1891-2. Mother was teaching our school and Aunt Mary wanted to help with the work at home. After that she lived part time with us and part time with Uncle Sherb. Lewis Day having died Aunt Mary sold the Aroostook farm. She wanted to help - she wanted to cook things so they would "spend well" so as to save money. That was not so popular with the children.

Father and mother had to be away on my birthday March '92. My chum Inez and her little brother were there and Aunt Mary had to get dinner for all the children. She made a pudding and I think now she tried to make it good with a meringue over the top. But one of the eggs was far from fresh and after the dinner all the children adjourned to the haymows in the barn where we loved to play, and sang? over and over "Rotten egg pudding for birthday dinner, Rotten egg pudding for birthday dinner."

But she really wanted to do us good. She tried unsuccessfully to make a lady out of me, and she was proud when she heard (at a neighbors) that Mel had received a rank of 100 in school. She came to mother and said "That is you! That is you!" She meant it was Day-Skillings cropping out.

She was generous according to her means, shiny quarters for us at Christmas, once 5 new bowls each with different decorations. She loved baby Thurston when he arrived, and her last work was knitting some little stockings for him. She left our house in the fall of 1896 going to Uncle Sherb's in Madison where she died in October. Little Thurston cried when mother told him.

Uncle Sherb sold the old home in Starks in the winter of '92-93 because of poor health. He moved to Madison, building a house there on Garfield St. His health continuing to fail he and Aunt Gustie in 1901 moved to Belle's house in Anson where he died June 30th 1902.

Grandpa Day-- Grandpa Day's second wife, "Grandma Phoebe " and Uncle Sherb both died in the spring of 1902, so Grandpa came to New Portland to live and made his home there with us the last 12 years of his life.

Always patient, always cheerful he was a blessing to us all. He made the garden, worked on the woodpile and kept the wood box full and in the winter tended the fire in the fire place. When we would draw up close to get warm he would pile on more wood and then chuckle "I thought I could make you hitch back. " He loved to play games - checkers, dominoes, fox and geese, "go-bang," donkey etc. with Thurston or any of us who had time. He had belonged to the militia when a young man. (The militia men wore a hat with ostrich plumes when training. Years later mother recurled those plumes to trim her hats.)

When the so-called Aroostook War was declared he was drafted for service. Starting out with his gun he only got as far as Madison Bridge when he learned that a peace treaty had been signed.

"Mr. Days first vote for Governor was for John Fairfield. In 1844 he cast his first presidential vote for James Birney, Liberty party candidate. In 1848 he voted for VanBuren, in 1852 for Hale and in 1856 for Fremont. With one exception he voted the Republican ticket from that time on.

"Mr. Day usually enjoys "extra good" health and with the exception of poor hearing and eyesight has nothing of which to complain and he bears these misfortunes silently and bravely.

"He has a jovial disposition and a pastime which he greatly enjoys is whistling. He is also fond of music of all kinds especially singing.

"Surely Mr. Day is a grand old man and to fully appreciate his merits one must have a personal chat with him. 'If I had always drank coffee and tea and smoked as a great many do or had not been strictly temperate I believe I should have been dead long ago'"

From a published interview with Jonathan Day when

over 92.

And when in 1871 the "grasshopper year, the hay crop was largely destroyed in the Starks area Grandpa had to dispose of some of his stock.

Aunt Polly Sutherland--A few years after grandmother's Day's death Grandpa married again a widow with two little girls, Carrie and Blanche Dumphey (their father had drowned while working on the river during the log drives). They were married in a home where she had been working and they had singing following the ceremony. Grandpa was amused by the hymn they sang "Tis done, the great transactions done." Aunt Polly had the front room downstairs as long as she lived. When she knew about grandpa's approaching marriage she had quoted "Pure religion and undefiled is to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction." She had brought Grandpa up and mother and Uncle Sherb were taught to call her "grandmother." She was very cantankerous at times, but when Grandpa stood all he could and threatened to leave, she quoted Ruth "entreat me not to leave thee----for where thou goest I will go" etc. And I suppose he made her promise to try to be good.

Born in 1795 she had little schooling and never learned to write her own name, but she could read fluently from the Bible, Pilgrims Progress, etc. She lived to be 88, confined to a chair for years with a broken hip. Her father was the German (Duetchman) who escaped from an English ship during the Revolutionary War and with another young man swam ashore, landing at Wiscasset, Maine. He married a Wiscasset girl Hannah Blagdon about 1784. Their oldest child was Grandpa Day's mother born in 1785. There were six more children before the father was killed by a falling tree in 1802 - aged about 40. The youngest Hannah, married a Dinsmore. Their daughter, Sarah Jane, married Ben? Weston of Madison.

Of mother's stepsisters Carrie and Blanche she liked Carrie much the best. She came up to help when the new babies were arriving in New Portland. While in New Portland Carrie got acquainted with Frank Gilbert. Carrie always thought a good deal of Grandpa Day who was like a real father to her, and when he died in 1914 her boys served as bearers at the funeral along with my brothers. She always liked my mother, too. I remember the last time I saw her she told me if I were only as good a woman as my mother I'd be all right. She lived in Madison. I do not know if she outlived mother or not.

One of my earliest recollections was in the winter of '84-'85 when Carrie and her sister-in-law Rosie were at our house. Somebody was churning to get butter for supper and the girls went to scraping carrots to get some color for the butter. Imagine it made some rather "speckled" butter. Afterward the folks used to buy butter coloring for winter use--white butter was not attractive as it looked like lard.

I remember the soft soap making when the folks set up what they called "a leach." It was a big barrel of wood ashes with water poured over it, the lye resulting came out through a spigot hole at the bottom and was caught in a cracked "pot" kept for the purpose. Then the lye was poured into a big brass kettle along with the tallow and other fats that were only good for soap grease. These were beaten together and stirred occasionally with a big wooden paddle until the soap "came"--a certain change in the consistency. I have no idea how long it took. But we children were taught to keep away from the leach barrel for the lye would "eat" our skin or our clothes if it got on them.

"Soft soap" was made in this way. This used to be kept in a wooden barrel in the cellar and ladled out into a bowl for use. But it made my mother's hands so sore that she had stopped using it when I was a child and used boughten soap or soap powder.

.....When Cousin Rena was here in 1937, Mel and I went with her to call on Cousin Belle, and Belle told us that Arthur owned the old Ira Young place, he had it for a wood lot. We went there with her. There were no buildings left, it was pretty well grown up but we found a lilac bush! As Uncle Sherb told mother if Ira young had not gone down to Mt. Vernon and married Grandmother Sherburne, "where would you and I be?" For Grandmother Lucy came up to Starksto visit her mother in the winter of '49-'50.

There was much sickness that winter, Aunt Polly Sutherland's husband died and she was ill herself. They had brought up Grandpa Day as their foster son. So when they were in such straits Grandpa heard there was a young woman visiting up at Ira Young's who would be good help and he went there and found a very good wife. They were married on March 27, 1850. She was '33 and he 29 at the time of their marriage. She had worked for a time on Nantucket Island for a family who lived there. Wood was used for fuel there but there was no wood left on the island so it all had to be brought by ship from the mainland. Grandmother learned to be very saving of wood, a habit that stuck to her through life.

John Day "The Hatter" was Grandpa Day's father. Born in Mass. Ipswich, I think) he went to sea as a young man. On his return he found his family had moved to Hallowell, Maine following the death of his father. Perhaps it was in Hallowell that he learned the hatter's trade. He had a brother Aaron living in Starks at that time, he went there and met and married Elizabeth (Betsy) Skillings the oldest child of Lewis Skillings-May 1809. They lived for a time on "Mount Hunger" in Starks. Perhaps he gave it the name. He had the two Grammy Days, and his father told him he could call his mother's mother "Poverty Hill" Granny and the other "Pine Woods" Granny.

John and Betsy were the parents of nine children of whom Grandpa was the sixth. But in the fall of 1825 when he was 5 years old he went to live with his mother's sister and her husband who had no children so he didn't see his father very often. His father came to see him when he was 12 years old and brought him a hat. He never saw him again; his father died March 7, 1833.

Grandpa told me once how his father made the felt hats. Wish I could remember it better. The washed wool was pulled apart very fine and the strands pressed down evenly into a large circular form, it was wet, under pressure (perhaps steamed) I think and shrunk until it became firm. Then it had to be blocked by shaping it over a "block" of wood. I suppose it was dyed, don't remember just when but before it was blocked. I guess. Grandfather, the hatter, was only 56 when he died. ^{Mar. 7, 1833} He is buried in the cemetery next to the Academy at Wilton. *
 There had been a "meeting house" there before the Academy. He was loved by his children. Aunt Mary Day his daughter was 19 when he died and she mourned all her life because she watched him out of sight the last time he came. She thought it brought bad luck and never would do that again, and told us children we never should.

The farm where Grandpa Jonathan went to live with his Aunt Polly and Uncle William Sutherland was part of the farm taken up by Aunt Polly's father Lewis Skillings, "the Deutchman," who was killed there by a falling tree in 1802.

That was Grandpa's home until sometime in 1891 when he went to Madison where his step-daughter had started a boarding house and wanted her mother's help. He lived there until his second wife's death in May or June 1902 when he came to New Portland to live with us.

Grandpa early learned to read, Aunt Polly could teach him that, though she couldn't write. He probably went to some school where he learned to write as well as read, but he never studied arithmetic until he was thirteen. Then he liked it so well that he "ciphered" all through the old book in one winter.

Singing schools were popular in Grandpa's young manhood when the young people would meet together evenings with a good singer as teacher. Somewhere around 1870 a big Singing Bee was held in Norridgewock. Singers came from all the adjoining towns. Grandpa was right there. How he loved it! Most all the old songs and many of the old hymns were sung. Mother was there with him. Suppose they had some old singing master

to "pitch the tunes" on an old tuning fork.

"Merrily merrily sound the horn,
Cheerily cheerily greet the morn
Hark to the echoes, how they play
O'er hill and dale far far away."

When old time singing schools were held in the school houses
people had to carry their own candles or lanterns.

"The Aroostook War"--1839-'42 During the days when war with
England over the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick
seemed imminent Grandpa trained in the militia. He had a hat
with plumes to wear. (Mother used those old ostrich plumes to
trim her hats with years after). Well the call came for the
militia to go to war. Grandpa started out with his muskit and
with a bundle (extra socks, etc.). But when he got to Madison
Bridge the word came that a treaty had been signed- there
would be no war!

To my mind there is no doubt but that Grandpa's grandfather,
Lewis Skillings (as they spelled the name here) was born in
Germany about 1760 (probably near Berlin).

Divergent accounts from two of his son's families agree on this
one, the family of his oldest son (Lewis in Ohio), the other
the family of his son John who spent his life in Maine, not too
far from his birthplace. The poem that his granddaughter (John's
daughter) wrote, though flowery and imaginative does agree
that his birthplace was near Berlin. A part of the poem follows:

"Louis Von Sheelings lived in Berlin
With his young wife sweet and fair
But death took her from her husband
Leaving him a son and heir
Soon indeed for little Louis
Came a hard and loveless life
For a stern and cruel woman
Was his father's second wife.
Lewis with his noble nature
Such harsh treatment ill could stand
And before his 18th birthday
Left his home and native land

"First he made his way to England

But he found upon the ocean
That before the men could land
All would be impressed as soldiers
To fight the patriot's band.
This was bitter news for Louis
With his spirit brave and true
With his friend and comrade Hooper
They decided what to do,
They would never help the British
To fight the patriots brave
They would save themselves with freedom
Or fill a watery grave.
Scorning both the sentinels warning
And the officers stern command

They sprang into the ocean
 With the ship a mile from land

 The brave boys never faltered
 But boldly swam to shore "

The British ship being off the coast of Maine at the time the boys landed at Wiscasset where I think they were well received.

And sometime later Lewis married Hannah Blagdon, a Wiscasset girl. She had a sister who had married a Stover and settled in Starks. And Lewis and Hannah went there and he took up a farm on the Sandy River. He was killed there by a falling tree in 1802, at the age of 40. He left seven children. Elizabeth, or Betsey, married John Day and was Grandpa Day's mother.

Lewis the oldest boy went to Ohio when a young man and prospered there as did his brother Charles, the youngest child.

Sarah the second daughter married Mr. George Nichols and settled on what was probably part of Lewis Skillings original farm. They had a large family. Ephraim - who had nine children (The oldest of them was Naora, very near my mother's age and very dear to her). Ephraim had brothers - George Angliab, and Lewis who became a Congregational minister and a sister Diantha who married Eli Oliver. Their son Charles Oliver was the father of Alma and Elsie Oliver and their brother Frank. Frank's daughter is Ida the wife of Merton Edwards.

Sadie, daughter of Eli and Diantha, married Charlie Merry. One of the Merry girls was in Alena's class at Farmington.

One of Ephraim Nichols sons was ^{SD}Erwin? he was the father of Robert who married Alona Houghton.

Ephraim's brother, George Nichols, I remember well. He and his wife Julia had no children that lived to grow up. They used to visit us. When I told Cousin Charlie Day that the picture of his father looked like George Nichols he agreed. They were 1st cousins on the Skillings side. So perhaps they both resembled the man who swam ashore at Wiscasset. Probably he never could speak English very fluently and he called himself a "Duetchman" - the Pennsylvania Dutch were really German.

Another of his daughters was Mary or "Polly" She married William (Billy) Sutherland in 1820. Having no children she took one of her sister's sons (that was Grandpa Jonathan Day) to bring up--a bright mischievous five year old, in 1825.

Aunt Polly lived on the farm her father had taken up on the Sandy River in Starks.

John Skillings was the second son of Lewis and Hannah. He was said to have a remarkable memory. His grand daughter Susan married young and dying left a little daughter Gertrude, adopted by Alphonso and Lora Safford. She became a fine woman.

John had a daughter, "Sally" who married a Welch, her son Frank married Asaph Hutchins' daughter Cora about the time my parents were married. Their boys Mahlon Dalton and Sherman were about the age of us and we often saw them. Lewis and Hannah's youngest daughter married Deacon Thomas Dinsmore.(? sp) They lived, I think, in the vicinity of the Dinsmore meeting house in Anson. They had a son who died in the Civil War and a daughter Sarah Jane who married Benjamin P.J. Weston. Their children were Nathan, who married Mabel Davis(? sp); Charles who became a Professor at Orono; Ernest (the father of Clayton and Barbara).

Ben who lived on in his father's big house until his death. Now it is owned by his niece Barbara Weston Noves(? sp.) and Susan, who since her retirement after many years of teaching lives on in her old home.

Hannah, Susan's grandmother was the youngest of the Skillings sisters and the only one who learned to write her name. The others had to "make their mark" a cross when a deed was to be signed--as did their mother Hannah. Probably they could all read, Aunt Polly was a fluent reader and delighted to read the Bible aloud.

Grandmother Gray- Hannah, whose husband's death at the age of 40 left her a widow with seven children lived unmarried until probably late in the year 1825 when she married an elderly minister "Elder" Gray. Probably he was a Methodist. There was a Methodist church at Sawyers Mills then. Aunt Polly was a member there.

Hannah lived to be 94. Elder Gray was taken to live with his children and she went to hers as they became too feeble to live by themselves. So mother remembered her great grandmother who lived until 1857.

Grandpa was always picking up odd scraps of paper to write on. Mother saved many such he would write a riddle or something on and show to her. Any blank paper seemed a sort of challenge to him. Paper was precious and hard to come by in his youth. Once when mother was away at school he wrote a letter to her on a part of his newspaper that had somehow missed print. He must make use of that so wrote a long letter just to save it. Most of his rhymes were just doggerel nonsense and on the facetious side. I remember about one that was a prayer, but I do not have any copy. It began by recalling the prayer of Agur in Proverbs 30:8 and going on he begged that whatever else he might lose "Father, dear, let reason still remain." That prayer was answered.

He had lost much, two wives, his only son, his home, became very deaf and very poor eye sight and loss of strength but he kept cheerful and pleasant to those around him to the very end."

The following song Aunt Lucy had written in one of her booklets and I remember my grandmother Emma singing it. (Luella Hutchins Fraser) It must have been popular when Emma was a girl. Perhaps you remember it, too.

The Year of Jubiloo

*Say, darkies, have you seen the master
With the moustache on his face
Go long the road some time this morning
Agoin' to leave the place."

Chorus

"The master run Ha Ha
The darkie stay Ho Ho
It must be now the Kingdom's coming
An' the year of Jubiloo"

"He seen a smoke way down the river
Where the Lincum gun boats lay
He took his hat and he left very sudden
I 'spect he runned away"

Chorus

"He drilled so much they called him 'captin'
And he gets so dreadful tanned,
I 'spect he'll try to fool those Yankees
For to think he's contraband"

Chorus

"He six foot one way 'n three feet tother
An' he weighs 300 pounds
His coat so big he couldn't pay the taylor
An' it didn't come halfway round"

Chorus

"The overseer he make us trouble
An he drive us round a spell
But we lock him up in the smoke house cellar
With the key thrown in the well-"

Chorus

There is a long newspaper clipping on the Waugh family too.

Our Family Tree (one version)

Far across the broad Atlantic
In the valley of the Rhine
That land whose songs and legends
Will last as long as time

Long ago old Sheellings castle
Reared aloft its massive walls
With its dark and frowning watchtower
Its courtyard, keep, and halls.

Once within this ancient castle
Dwelt a man of wealth and fame,
And we claim this ancient Baron
Was the founder of our name.

Coming years brought many changes
Generations went and came
At last the castles ancient walls
Held nothing but its name.

Scattered now are all its people
O'er the earth in every clime
Filling each their chosen station
Working out the plan divine.

Louis Von Sheellings lived in Berlin
With his young wife sweet and fair
But death took her from her husband
Leaving him a son and heir

Soon indeed for Little Louis
Came a hard and loveless life
For a stern and cruel woman
Was his father's second wife

Lewis with his noble nature
Such harsh treatment ill could stand
And before his eighteenth birthday
Left his home and native land

First he made his way to England
Thinking there to settle down
But he found on his arrival
Both in city and in town

Everywhere was great excitement
News had come from o'er the sea
That their long down trodden colonies
Had declared their liberty

Soon another ship was ready
With its load of Hessians dread
Surely they would wreak dire vengeance
On each daring patriots head.

Filled with zeal young Louis Sheellings
Gained a chance to cross the sea
To that far and glorious country
Where men fought for liberty.

But he found upon the ocean
That before the men could land
All would be impressed as soldiers
To fight the patriots band

This was bitter news for Louis
 With his spirit brave and true
 With his friend and comrade Hooper
 They decided what to do.

They would never help the British
 To fight the patriots brave
 They would save their lives with freedom
 Or fill a watery grave.

Scorning both the sentinels warning
 And the officers stern command
 They sprang into the ocean
 With the ship a mile from land.

Though the bullets flew around them
 And they heard the muskets roar
 The brave boys never faltered
 But boldly swam to shore.

While the God who holds the ocean
 In the hollow of His hand
 Guarded well those two young heroes
 And they safely reached the land.

Is it strange that brave young sapling
 In our glorious soil so free
 Since 1776 should grow
 To a noble family tree?

Planted near the broad Atlantic
 It grew both fast and far
 Two limbs soon reached Ohio
 And spread its branches there.

North and South that tree is spreading
 East and west from sea to sea
 And what the smallest twig may do
 Affects the whole great tree.

So let us teach our children
 As they gather round our knee
 To always love and honour
 Their dear old family tree.

Sheellings castle lies in ruins
 Gone alike is tower and hall
 While the dark and clinging ivy'
 Clammers o'er its crumbled walls.

It is not in Sheellings castle
 Our pride of name should be
 But in brave young Louis Sheellings
 Who dared all for liberty.

We can trace in his descendents
 The same love for law and right
 When their country calls you find them
 Ready for her cause to fight.

John Skillings was at Pittsburg
 And fought the British foe
 Charles Skillings died near Richmond
 In eighteen sixty two.

While in our war with Cuba
 More than who bore the name
 Went forth to save their country
 Her righteous cause sustain.

We may not have wealth and power
 And be all unknown to fame
 But we can be truly proud
 Of our Prussian Sheellings name.

By one of the branches
 Mrs. Carrie Wyman Hughes

Embden, Dec. 7th 1904

 "The Reunion"

May the God that rules the nation
 Lead us all in paths of peace
 May each fill his earthly station
 And may love and joy increase.

And may each bright reunion
 Make us stronger better here
 Till we join the Great Reunion
 That awaits us over there.

There is dear old Grandpa Lewis
 And dear old father John
 There are uncles, aunts and cousins
 We loved them everyone.

There is a band of loved ones waiting
 For us on the other shore
 We shall love them when we meet them
 As we never did before.

We will meet with smiling faces
 Take each other by the hand
 We will fill our lowly places
 In the happy joyous band.

We will journey down lifes pathway
 Scattering sunshine everywhere
 Till we join the grand reunion
 That waits us over there.

Annie M. Gahan

Mayfield, Oct. 1902