

Sketches of Our Home Life - Vol. 2

by Elmer, Arthur, and Walter Nelson

(photo 1. Title page. Gunnison/Nelson house on Center Road)

(Photo 2. "The Nelson Family. Jan 1 1898)

Mar 13 1897

As we filled our first book with some of our earlier reminiscences We have decided to write a Vol 2 and so get in some of our later adventures.

A Hunting Trip in Vermont

The hunting in Vermont is a great deal like the hunting in New Hampshire. There like in New Hampshire one can tramp a great ways with out seeing any game, and when one does see game and shoots at it he isnt any surer of hitting it than he would be if he was in the old Granite State. Nothing is what you generally get when you go hunting in Goshen, although once or twice I have been lucky enough to shoot a chipmunk on the wall in our door-yard just as I was starting out on a hunting trip.

But I am going to tell you about a hunting trip which we made in Vermont. Last September Ernest and Charles Dow at Saxtons River, Vt. The next day after we arrived they proposed a hunting trip of all day upon the hills in search for grey squirrels. We all agreed that there would be a great lot of fun in it and so it was settled. then came the gun question for we all wanted guns of coarse although we could proberbly shoot all the game we could find with a breech loading pistol. We had Elmers gun with us, but he took this being the poorest shot of coarse he wanted the best gun. (Elmer thinks I havent told the truth here)

Our cousins had a rifle and a target pistol which they were going to use and as Walter and I did not have any guns We began to hunt around to see what we could scare up in the shape of shooting irons. First thing we struck an old Springfield rifle which had been bored out for a shot gun. It weighed some less than a hundred had sights on it for shooting half a mile and had a spring in the lock like both hind legs of a mule. when it was fired it boomed like a cannon and killed at both ends. I took this and

Walter took a little shot gun which would have been a daisy for shooting chipmunks if it had only had some sights and would have gone off when you pulled the trigger. As it was by snapping it two or three times it would generally go off. With this rig we started out.

It was a fine day the sun shone brightly there was not a cloud in all the sky and hardly a breath of air stirred the large green leaves of the oaks over our heads. An ideal day for sportsmen. We took a road which led onto a large forest clad hill where we expected to see grey squirrels as thick as the acorns on the oaks under which we were continually passing. On our way up the hill Cousin Ernest shot three chipmunks with his pistol and Cousin Charles shot one red squirrel and two chipmunks and I intended to shoot most all of them but they got ahead of me. Just as we reached the top of the hill without seeing a single grey, I saw a red squirrel running along the ground I immediately gave chase and soon had him up a tree. Then I commenced yelling for the other boys to come and shoot him. When they got there Charles told Elmer to take his rifle and shoot it Elmer tried it but missed the first shot and I told Charles that if he would let me take his rifle I'd shoot it but I tried two shots and didn't hit him and Ernest stepped up and shot the squirrel with his pistol and I didn't brag any more. From here we went out into the open fields on top of the hill and a splendid view met our eyes at our feet to the east lay New Hampshire stretching away mile after mile in the distance untill the earth and sky seemed to meet. there thirty miles in the distance we could see the low ranges of Sunapee Mountains over which we had often climbed. back of this lay Mt Kearsarge. to one side Lovells and Washington Mountains while farther in the distance we could see the nearer peaks of the White Mountains and a great many other Mountains which we could not name. It was grand. New Hampshire lay so prettily there at our feet and it looked so very smooth and level it did not look half so mountainous as it did the day before when we were driving over it. I can hardly explain to you how beautiful the old state looked. only it was a great many times as grand as any picture I ever drew in school. And another thing it looked real it looked as though it was put there to stay and not like my pictures to be crumpled up and put in the stove.

On the other hand lay Vermont with Mt Ascutney and Stratton lying in the distance. The scenery looked very much like that of New Hampshire only the mountains seemed to be more separate one from another and were stuck in as thick as flies in molasses. We spent about an hour viewing the scenery then started on. evry

now and then the woods would ring out with a loud report and one of the boys would come along triumphantly holding out a chipmunk or wood-pecker which they had shot.

About noon hunting having got dull we sat down by a little spring in the woods and ate our dinner which was a great deal more fun than hunting. After dinner we started on. We had not gone a great ways when I saw a wood-pecker I pulled up and fired nearly dislocating my sholder and missing the bird. and Walter coming along behind me shot it with his little gun with out any sights. We went a little farther on and came to a patch of black berries and we did not hunt much more.

Arthur Nelson

I wrote this composition in the winter term of school. 1896. Describing a hunting trip which we made while at Saxtons river Vt. While visiting at Uncle William Dows in the fall of the same year.

A.W. Nelson

At Camp Winnisquam First day. Chap 1.

The five cousins and brother sportsmen were going for a two days camp on Sunapee Mountain. the first week in July is rather early for camping out, but these five cousins were young enthusiasts and the camping out fever worked swiftly, so they seeing that their constitutions would not be able to hold our much longer decided to go the first week in July.

With the aid of the whole family they succeeded in getting started at five thirty, Wednesday morning. They were going to do most of their cooking on the mountain, and mush was going to be the principledish, but they started off in such a rush that they for-got their kettle they were going to cook it in. And their Uncle John had to puff and chase most to the mountain in order that they should not go off with out it. Mr Nelson carried their camping utensils to the foot of the mountain with a team. here the boys strapped them on their backs and started on a hard climb up the mountain. Game was not very plenty and although the boys kept their eyes open only three squirrels fell victims to their guns on the trip up the mountain. Hot and tired they sat down on a log to rest when they had covered about half the distance that they intended to go, Walter then seeing his chance got out his little camera and took a picture of the other fellows as they sat on the log. (Photo 3. . "HALF WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN.") The three Nelson Brothers who

lived near the mountain considered them selves very good guides, but they did not steer straight for Lake Solitude and had to hunt quite a while to find it

At last they came out onto a ledge and saw lying a hundred feet below them the subject of their search, (Lake Solitude) where they intended to camp. It was a magnificent view which met their eyes such as can hardly be seen even in the Alps. The ledge fell away at their feet one hundred feet or more to the edge of the pond, its gloomy grey face dotted with clinging bunches of moss and seamed in all directions by the effects of frost and weather. Here and there a stunted mountain ash tree clung to its face, only making it look more ragged. Along the shore of lake large scragly spruce trees were growing among the gigantic boulders which centuries before had broken from the cliff above and gone tumbling down to the shore of the little lake below. The small mountain lake was surrounded by a dark and sombre forest of spruce whose bows had often sheltered the deer as he came to drink, or supported the eagle in his weary flight across the country. The wind blew slightly sending minature ripples sparkling across the little lake.

The beauty of the view was indescribble: and the little company of adventurers with one accord said it was the most beautiful spot in New Hampshire.

After viewing the pond and taking a picture from the cliff the boys clambered down a narrow hedge-hog path to the shore of the pond.

They then followed around the shore until they came to the head of the pond and also to a little spring which although the water in the pond had a reddish hue is as clear as crystal. From here they struck North and after going a few rods came to a little bark shanty about twelve feet long and six wide partly covered with leaves and brush which the Nelson Bro's had built two years before to stay in. Here they threw down their packs which had grown terribly heavy in the climb up the mountain and prepared to make them selves at home. Elmer got out his camera and took a picture of the camp and boys which would have been a beauty if it had come out all right in the developing. It was then proposed that as it was not dinner time yet some one might hunt up the raft which the Nelson Bros had built on their first camping trip. Arthur volunteered to go and as luck wouldhave it had to go to the very lower end of the pond after it, and the other boys got nearly devoured by mosquitoes waiting on the shore for him to get back. Lake Solitude seemed to be the home of the muskret, their pathes

wound in and out around the rocks and bushes and they already had several houses built on rocks and logs. While the boys were waiting for Arthur they saw a muskrat start out from one shore as if intending to swim to the other shore Otho had an idea he could hit him and so fired several shots in his direction with his rifle.

The muskrat at first did not pay any attention but when he found he was being fired at dove and was not seen again. When Arthur got a most to shore with his raft, Elmer again got out his camera and took a picture of the pond.

It was now about dinner time so back to camp the hunters went and after kindling a good smudge to keep off the mosquitoes who had already caused their hands and faces to swell twice their natural size they sat down and ate their dinner. After dinner Elmer who was the leader of the camp proposed going up to the ledges beside the pond and looking about a while for that supposed silver mine which the headless indian guarded. All fell in with the plan and so gun in hand they started out like Pizarro and his men to find hidden treasures, and with almost equally as good success. They found several quiet caves in which hedge-hogs and rabbits had found shelter for many a year. Elmer and Arthur went into one cave a little larger than any that they had as yet visited which proved quite interesting to them. Elmer carried a torch and Arthur a pistol. they had gone in about six feet when they noticed a little hole in the side of the cave just large enough to crawl into so of course in they went; after crawling in about six feet they came to a large bed of leaves with a few bones laying around. The whole party came in to the cave to get a look at the wild beasts den. After some discussion it was decided that this was probably a fox den. The first thought was that this was a lynx den of which there had been several killed in the last few years.

I wish we had found an old wild cat in here said Arthur I would like to get a chance at one with this revolver. But probably if there had been one in there Arthur would have forgot all about his revolver, and his companions would have seen him go waltzing of down the mountain at the rate that nothing could catch but a streak of lightening and yelling like a mad man. but they did not find the wild beast who lived there and so after all had got a look at the den they crawled out and much to their surprise found the sky growing black and could hear low peals of thunder.

They hurriedly gathered together their things and calling their dog sparks (the jack of all trades who could hunt skunks and hedgehogs all passibly well and who could run rabbits tree cats chase cattle and bark at passers by to perfection.) they made tracks

for camp reaching it just as the thunder storm was upon them. The boys had heard how that thunderstorms followed the mountain but this storm beat any thing they had even dreamed of. How the thunder echoed and reechoed along the mountain. It seemed to be continually crashing against the giant cliff above them which in turn would send it vibrating the full length of the mountain. And how the rain came down as though Lake Solitude itself had been turned wrong side up over them. The rain came pouring down on them through holes in the bark shanty soaking evry thing.

The boys huddled together in the middle of the shanty, and stood it the best they could. What a storm that was. The thunder rolled and crashed the lightening flashed. The trees writhed and tossed in the gale and even the earth seemed to shake. but it only lasted about half an hour. Then it was gone much to the relief of the boys who when it had fully stopped hurried about and built a jolly great fire around which they sat and dried their clothes. they found much to their dismay that their blankets on which they were going to sleep that night were just soaked with rain so these had to be hung up to dry While the boys were sitting around the fire drying their clothes they tried a little target shooting to pass away the time. and Elmer and Arthur made 2 shots worth recording as two fellows more noted for their misses than their hits do not often do as well Elmer fired at a spot on a tree about the size of a cap box hitting it almost exactly in the center Arthur then fired putting his bullet into the same hole that Elmer had made. So that when they were dug out one was found imbedded in the other.

Arthur W Nelson

Night: Chapter 2

Supper was eaten that evening by the merrily-blazing fire in front of the camp and the days explorations had given such an appetite that the boys emptied a corned-beef can and only a fragment of the bread-loaf could be saved.

From various sources they had heard that Lake Solitude was inhabited by horn-pout and with hopes of catching a few five pounders for breakfast they tramped down the east shore of the lake, nearly to the lower end where a pole wharf had been built from a little promontory, out over a cluster of rocks for twenty-five or thirty feet evidently for the same purpose the boys were planning. the shower of the afternoon had loaded the underbrush with water and their overalls were literally drenched, before the fishing-grounds were reached.

Good poles were quickly cut but although the boys prodded the leaves in all directions with a pointed stick, no worms or grubs were found and in despair Arthur proposed that graham cracker and biscuit be tried and see which kind of bait caught the most fish. His proposition was received with shouts of laughter but nothing else could be done and they all "baited up".

Arthur and Arthur Lear each shot a frog, which if it is true that they live thousands of years, probably croaked top the Indian-scouts when they first discovered the vein of silver in the ledges, and perhaps later witnessed the last departure of the red-men for Canadian frontiers, but such is the fate of things, and their legs were used for bait, adding still more variety for the horn-pout to choose from.

After some difficulty a cheery fire was coaxed to blaze and crackle on the bank but its light did not attract many fish, for the sun had just settled over the precipitous, spruce-clad wall of the mountain, looming up above the lake.

Despairing of catching fish at the wharf where the water at its best was not four feet in depth Elmer paddled out on the raft to the middle of the pond, finding a place where he could not touch bottom with his paddle but met with no better luck than the other boys were having.

Suddenly they heard the faint snap of a stick over among the deep shadows on the opposite shore and a moment later they heard it again as if an animal was moving stealthily around. The lake was twenty-five rods wide here, but sounds were borne distinctly across the water on the still, night air.

It might have been a lynx - the boys first thought of that but they did not find out just what it was for although Elmer paddled over across there the rocks came so near the surface that he could not land and the darkness in among the boulders and thickets prevented his distinguishing anything. They at length decided that it was a hedgehog and in a few minutes Elmer came back to the wharf after more bait.

Arthur was getting tired of fishing and glancing up, happened to see a muskrat just as it dove off a floating log into the water, fifty yards away and start to swim up by them. Arthur's pole was quickly exchanged for his rifle and three bullets splattered around the muskrat but it was getting so duskish he could not see to aim well and the little animal swam off unhurt.

In a few minutes they gave up fishing and Elmer and Arthur started up towards the head of the lake on the unwieldy, log raft. Half an hour elapsed before Elmer arrived again at the wharf and realizing that it would be half-past ten before they all got to camp in this way, Walter proposed to Merton that they go around by the shore.

Merton readily agreed and they started out. The full-moon was just sailing up over the eastern rim of the forest but it was darker than Egypt's Shades in among the spruces and they stumbled blindly along over fallen trees and tangled under-brush with the cold water splashing against their legs. Nevertheless they reached the spring ahead of the raft.

Upon joining Arthur out on a group of rocks by the shore he called attention to the large birds which were sailing silently around over-head, somewhat like night-hawks.

When Elmer and Otho arrived they all started for camp and after some beating around in the under-brush they stepped out into the little opening. With a few pine-knots on the fire inside the arch they were soon drying overalls and stockings in good shape. At half-past nine the party rolled in under the blankets and with the woodsy smell of smoke and spruce-boughs filling the camp they were soon asleep — or supposed to be.

Chapter 3 – Second day

The little camp would barely accomodate five sleeping boys besides the arch and so one had to lie across the feet of the others unless they chose to "curl-up", as a result there was considerable restlessness among the merry campers that night.

In the morning, when at six o'clock the bark-door was taken down the fog seemed even denser than usual and the boys staid inside for another half-hour treading on each others toes and having a general good-time.

Otho and Arthur Lear kept up a lively interchange of endearing epithets while the other three boys were stirring around after wood and such remarks as : "Get off my foot, you great cub!" "Ask Arthur Nelson!", "What a liar!" were occasionally heard outside.

A roaring fire was started in front of the camp to cook a mess of hasty-pudding and when a good bed of coals had collected Elmer and Arthur went down to the spring after some water. As

they reached the lake-shore Arthur fired at a swimming muskrat with his rifle but did not hit it, making the fourth unsuccessful shot.

Elmer is quite an accomplished cook — in making hasty-pudding and a first-class kettlefull was soon surrounded by five swiftly-plying spoons. (By Walter Nelson?)

Chapter 3. Second day.

Slowly the morning dawned and slow it seemed indeed to the boys who half the night had been awake either from cold or to care for the fire. But the morning came and up jumped the boys and looking through openings in the sides of the camp scanned the weather. It was not a pleasing prospect which met their gaze. The near by trees were growing from a bank of fog while a background of white shut off all view of distant objects. But the fog did not hinder the getting of breakfast. Elmer went at that while the other boys went to the spring after water or lounged around the camp. The fire was built in front of the camp and a kettle partly full of water was hung over it on the long green stick which resting in a forked stick drove into the ground was put there for that purpose. When the water had got to boiling a hasty pudding was made. This hasty pudding was the greatest achievement of Elmer the cook, and with milk was much relished by the boys who soon caused it to disappear.

Breakfast done they all headed for the pond and as they came down onto the shore, they could well imagine that they stood on the shore of a large lake for the shores on either hand as they stretched away were lost to sight in the fog, and the waves as they rolled in from the pond came from a distance which might be great for all one could see. But the boys did not stop to watch the scene much. Walter and Arthur Lear were soon out on the pond on the raft and after a few minutes the other three started up toward the ledges a little way above the pond. The bushes were wet from the fog but that did not matter much.

As they went along up they gather birch-bark from several trees which they passed. Soon they came to the foot of the ledges, great boulders evidently once a part of the ledges were now laying in great piles along the foot of the great ledges. Among these the boys hunted for caves and whenever they found a hole which looked promising they lighted a piece bark and explored it, but though they found several caves they could not find the legendary silver mine. Arthur Lear came up after they had been hunting some

time, and they all climbed up on to the ledges above them. The fog had now pretty well cleared off of the pond and as they stood looking down at the pond one of them said "What are those things moving round in the pond at the lower end" and sure enough as the boys looked that way they could see spots moving in the water. "Those must be muskrats" said Arthur "but I did not suppose there were as many here" They swam around for a while then disappeared.

Walter had just come ashore so Elmer called to him to come up and bring the cameras. When he got there Elmer took a picture of the pond from the top of the ledges then they went back to camp.

One or two light thunder-heads could already be seen and after their experience of the evening before they thought it best to be heading towards home soon, so they ate a light lunch and packing up their things so that they could carry them, they started along the west shore of the pond toward signal Peak. Walter wanted to take a picture of the pond with his little camera so when they had got about half way to the lower end, they stopped. "Lets go in swimming while he is taking the picture" said Arthur, but as none of the rest wanted to go only Arthur and Elmer went in. They swam around some then over to a muskrat hut on the other side of the pond. When Walter got ready to take the picture they came back and standing with only their heads sticking out were taken, then they came out but not much cleaner than when they went in. (See photo of "skinny dippers"). They now pushed on foward Signal Peak which they reached about noon, here Elmer took another picture, this time of the peak and the party with their packs. Here on a ledge which crowned the peak, overlooking the country in all directions they ate their dinner.

As they were finishing their dinner a shower appeared to the southwest moving along the mountain toward them this caused the boys to make hurried preparations to again move on. Taking a valley which led them off the mountain by a shorter cut they hurried along over ledges and through the brush. At last they came to the brook which flowed off the mountain near the Blood place, this they followed until they came to an old wood road. During their flight the dog got a hedgehog up a tree, this Otho shot. Soon after reaching the road it began to rain forcing the boys to take refuge under a spruce but soon the rain began to come right through so they started on but the rain had slacked and soon stopped. As they tramped down the road Arthur spied a small

rabbit beside the road and without stopping to think of the law he pulled up and fired and over went the rabbit. Happening to think of the law now he did not carry his game home.

Soon they left the woods and came into the pasture above the Blood place. They soon noticed that it had not rained after getting a piece from the woods, and they concluded they had been where most of the shower was. A little below the blood place the dog got a woodchuck in the wall. The whole five boys of course went up and after some digging and a shot or two from a little 22 calibre revolver the woodchuck was secured, a fatold fellow. But as it was a good ways from home they left this game also. In about an hour from this time they had reached home, glad to be there but having enjoyed their two days and a night on the mountain by the wild Lake Solitude immensely.

By Elmer

(Photo 4. "On the homeward march. This picture was taken by Elmer when the company had reached the summit of Signal Peak.)

(Photo 5. "The five Athletes, This picture was taken July 4th 1897, just before the swim. A.N. The Swimmer. E.N. The Wrestler. O.N. The Jumper. W.N. Base Ball Thrower. A.L. Kicker.")

A Trip to the Goshen Graphite Mine May 30th 1897

(Photo 6. "ENTERANCE TO THE LEAD MINE".)

(Photo 7. "THE DEEP HOLE FILLED WITH WATER".)

Memorial Day. Elmer and I who were both working out got off for the day it being a legal holliday. And in the P.M. we boys and Arthur Lear took our guns and dog Sparks and visited the lead mine on the side of sunapee Mountain. We had a splendid time. Shot 3 hedgehogs and took several pictures.

(Photo 8. "A Happy Crowd". This picture was taken July 8. 1897, at a picnic over at Rands Pond. The company concists of the two Nelson families. The Lear, and O.E. Farr family's. Elmer was the photographer.)

(Photo 9. "A Labor Day Outing". "North Pond.")

(Photo 10. "Interested in Dinner.")

Labor Day. Sept 1897. Our whole family and Arthur Lear went over to May Pond on a fishing trip we had a splendid time and caught about sixty fish.
by A.

Our Ideal Camera.

After using our little Harvard Camera about a year Elmer and I decided to get a larger one.

We consulted the catalogues of half a dozen different firms for about two weeks then at last decided upon the Rochester Optical Cos. Ideal Camera made of mahogany. With reversible back and ground glass for focusing. With rack and pinion movement. Extension leather bellows. size plate used 4-1/4 x 6-1/2. Camera fitted with Single achromatic lenses and Premo shutter.

Our Camera and outfit cost us twenty six dollars and sixty nine cents. It is a beauty.

Arthur Nelson.

The Three Great Snow Storms of 1898

The first of the three big snow storms of the latter part of the winter of 97-98 began on Monday the 31st of January. (Photo 11. "ERNEST AND HIS SNOW MEN".) It snowed all day snowing quite fast during the after noon and not holding up until noon the next day, leaving about two feet of snow on a level although it did not lay level. There were no schools Tuesday either in Goshen or towns adjourning.

For two days Tuesday and Wednesday, the stage was unable to cross the mountain. Tuesday just night the plow went through to the turnpike, but some of the roads were not opened for two days afterward. The drifts were in some places five feet deep in the road.

Reports from Boston and New York and adjourning places told of great distruction. The blocking of streets the breaking of electric wires and the wrecking of ships off the Massachushtts coast.

On the west side of our house the snow was piled nearly to the top of the ell windows.

Following this storm came two weeks of mild weather which carried away much of the snow so that bare ground began to show but it did not last for on tuesday eve Feb 15 began the second storm which eclpsed the previous one. (Photo 12. "DRIFT NEAR MRS BROWNS. S NOW STORM NO1") It began about four in the afternoon and kept it up until into the night wednesday On Tuesday night Arthur and I went over to the corner and spent the evening at Mrs

Bakers. (Photo 13. "SNOW DRIFT ON MRS ADAMSES HILL") There was several inches of snow when we went and it had increased quite a little before we came back and the wind was blowing a hurricane. We had all we could do to face it. On Wednesday father being one of the select men went to the river on town business during the day the wind blew hard besides storming badly and it grew steadily cold. (Photo 14. "SNOW DRIFT AT OUR SIDE DOOR STORM 2") And when he came home he came part of the time on the walls, some of the time on the snow crust and a very little of the time in the road.

Early Thursday morning the shovelers were out but it was not until Friday noon that the plows went through to the turnpike. Our hill was drifted the worst that we had ever known it to be. it being from three to five feet deep. Thursday afternoon three men shoveled a road to Uncle Orens. The next day about eleven oclock ten men began work at Uncle Orens woods and at a little after one a road was cut over to the other road for we got to racing and put in a little extra work.

Saturday noon a road was opened from this way to Cliff Puringtons. The roads all over the hills were almost one solid drift. The fall of snow was about two feet about the same amount as the one before. For three days Wed. to Fri. inclusive the stage did not get through from Washington.

The roads had about all been opened by Saturday night. But hardly were we able to get out before we were again blocked up for on the sunday following (Feb 20) began the third great storm. This came in the form of hard snow and hail and was accompanied by a violent wind which drove the hail into great drifts.

All day sun. and Mon. the storm continued and the wind blew such a gale that one could scarcely stand against it. And the drifts were so hard that a person could walk any where on them. (Photo 15. "SNOWDRIFT ON OUR HILL NO.3.") The roads were level full and in many places the drifts stood far above the old ones. Monday the wind blew so terriably that we did not water the cattle, and did not even go down to the well melting snow on the stove for drinking water.

Tuesday afternoon the wind went down so that we watered the cattle. Snow was piled seven feet deep in our barnyard. We did not get any mail from Saturday night until wednesday then the stage driver came over the mountain on foot with the mail bag. he said that in some places the snow was nearly to the top of the telephone poles. Wednesday Arthur and I shoveled all day on our

hill and with the help of several others along tword night finished it before dark The cut was six feet deep with banks of snow three feet high on each side for a distance of more than three rods. (Photo 16. ("SNOW DRIFT ON ADAMS HILL")

By Thursday noon our road was opened to the main road. The road agent did not try to brake a road to Cliff Puringtons as there were drifts fifteen feet deep in the middle of the road. Mrs Morse, the mother of the baby which mother was keeping got to Mill Village Tuesday and found she could get no farther. She stopped at Mr Chamberlains where she was obliged to stay until thursday night when Father succeeded in getting out with the team and getting her.

Thus three of the greatest storms seen in New England for years hurled them selves upon us in side of twenty five days blocking business destroying property and nearly doubling the road tax. *Elmer H. Nelson*

(Photo) "SLIDING PARTY" By A.

(Photo) (Fred Darrah, Oley Lear) HALT!

The War from our Point of View

Goshen did not seem very patriotic when the U. S. S. "Maine" was blown up in Havana harbor on the night of Feb. 15. (Photo 19. "ON THE CONCORD CAMP-GROUND") "The government might have expected it. It was foolish sending the "Maine" down there after the feeling there was between the Spanish and us - and just to show off our fine ship too" was an opinion voiced by many of our townspeople. And the idea that war might result from it was hooted as preposterous by every body.

Considerable excitement was raised at a Sunday evening prayer meeting when Solomon Russell got up and solemnly predicted that there would be war "inside a twelve-month". (Photo 20. "SCHOOL MILITIA"). (S. Colby, E. Nelson, R. Coolidge, W. Nelson, F. Hurd, G. Grace, T. Hoypt)

We thought he had been inspired by the sight of the brass buttons and uniforms of a couple of boys belonging to the newly-organized militia, but he was right, and when war was finally declared a month later on the 25th of April we were surprised.

A wave of enthusiasm swept over the town and "Remember the 'Maine'" was an accepted battle-cry.

The news that a terrible flotilla of eight torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers was on its way from Spain to the United States filled the country with alarm. Admiral Samson, in command of a formidable fleet of battle-ships and cruisers had set sail for Havana and a bombardment of the city was hourly expected. (Photo 21. "HOLD THE FORT!") (School Militia & Fort Fontiac) The excitement was intense at this time and the sale of daily-papers increased four-fold. We went down to the village every evening to get the news and one heard war-talk everywhere.

At the first call for 125,000 volunteers a big, blackheaded poster was hung in Chamberlains store advertising for men to fill the ranks of Company M. of Newport, hitherto of the State Militia. Four Goshen boys - Aley Lear, Fred Baker, Fred Darrah and Russ Clemons - immediately enlisted and with the best wishes of the town and hearty cheers of those who were going to stay at home they started for the front. The one regiment called for was organized at Concord, then in a few weeks proceeded directly to

the mobilization-center of the army at Chickamauga, Ga. and from here we have received several letters, but as the first New Hampshire has not yet got into actual service our anxiety over them has waned considerably.

The United States was beginning a war with iron-clad ships and it was a doubtful experiment. The "Maines" class had been condemned for sinking so easily and it was advised building torpedo-boats. Then came Dewey's wonderful victory at Manila and his name was on everybodys tongue and we were all singing his praises but after we had got over praising Dewey, the government officials seemed incompetent. things seemed moving slow and the excitement began to subside into commonplace interest in the movements of the Army and Navy. We only got the mail prayer-meeting nights.

Decoration Day was observed by the Village school in the evening and we boys of the Center school started a military company during the Spring term, but the Fourth of July was utterly dead - there was hardly a fire-cracker heard in the streets all day. but I think that excitement over the war would not let more trivial matters be noticed.

When Schley and Samson made their brilliant fight with Cervera, before Santiago it did not create such enthusiasm as Dewey's winning attack did - Dewey had raised the American cause from anxiety to confidence, and the people's idol he will always be, with Hobson a close rival.

We boys have always almost longed for times like the Civil War - to live when battles were being fought, and imagined the whole course of things must be changed, but now in Goshen, so far from the seat of war, every-thing moves in the same old channels; we go to meeting's and picnic's just as before and I presume do not realize the pomp and glory of war nor its horrors.

As my writing closes, August 10th, the terms of peace have been given to Spain and it is rumored she has virtually accepted them. So the end of the war seems already in sight - the shortest and most decisive war the United States has ever waged - and we hardly know whether we wish we had enlisted or not.

Walter R. Nelson

Our 1898 Mountain Trip

Tuesday July 18 was rainy and although it did not suit father very well as he was deep in haying it suited us boys quite nicely, for Elmer came home rainy days and we had lots of fun. Tuesday night after we had been in swimming, played croquet, etc. we began to make plans for the future, and we all decided that we ought to go onto the mountain for our annual hunt the next day (Wednesday) whether it was possible or not.

The first person to consult was our father who said we could go if we were amind to. The next person to consult was Uncle Oren, Elmers boss.

Otho & I went with Elmer and we teased entreated and begged until he said that if it was a lowery day he might go. We were alright now as it looked like poor weather for the coming day we now started for home getting there about 8.30 We now happened to think of Arthur Lear we must have him so notwithstanding the late hour away we went to invite him. We arrived at the village soon after nine just in time to get a bag of peanuts and the mail. Then we headed twords Arthur Lears getting there about 9.45 and to our surprise evry thing was dark they had gone to bed.

? What shall we do? said Otho. I dont know I replied unless sleep on the hay mow and go up home in the morning. Otho said that would be dandy and so with out stopping to debate the question we started for the barn I got inside of the door first and gave my head a terrific whack on the hay cart while endeavoring to find my way in the dark.

We soon discovered that there was a small load of hay in the rack and decided that this was the handiest place to sleep in. We climbed over the nave and stretched our selves out on the hay but to go to sleep was the next thing. The horse close by chewed hay and snorted all night. The cow in the yard chewed a board and jingled her bell constantly. and the wind blew and the barn creaked. At last Otho hit upon the right plan and getting out the bag of peanuts we eat our selves to sleep after finishing half of the bag. and such a sleep as it was. I rolled and tossed myself nearly to the bottom of the load of hay, dreamed of fighting with 5 wild cats, and woke up with a start as the horse in the stall gave an unusully loud snort, I should think fifteen minutes from the time I fell asleep. Slowly the night wore away and just as the light began to stream in at the cracks over head and Otho and I were taking

our last snooze, the old Plymouth rock rooster on the roost not 10 feet away stretched himself up to his full height clapped his wings together and gave such a startling crow that we almost came up standing. I wish I had a rifle exclaimed Otho I'd put a bullet through that thing, and he went to pelting him with peanuts which did not do any good.

As soon as it got light enough Otho & I went to looking at the mail. Otho quickly extracted a letter from his best girl and I heard nothing more of him for quite a while. I picked up the N.Y. World and went to reading the war news.

At about 5 oclock we got up and went to the house but found no one stirring. We decided that we ought to be on our way then and that we had better wake Arthur up, so we began to fire peanuts against his window he soon appeared blinking his eyes like a hoot owl. And at about 5.30 we started for the Nelson mansion on the hill. while we were eating our breakfast mother put up some dinner for us and at 7.30 loaded so that we could hardly walk with guns cameras and provisions we headed for the mountain.

We each had a gun apiece all the provisions we could lug inside and out and Otho's and our cameras when we got part way to the blood place we saw the first game of the trip, a chipmunk which I succeeded in killing with 2 shots from my rifle.

When we got nearly to the blood place we saw a flock of crows and so disbanded but although we did our best and Elmer fired once we did not succede in bagging any. when we got to the Blood place Walter and I each shot a chip munk, and sparks got a wood chuck in the wall. (Photo 22. "ELMERS BIG HAWK") While we were trying to dig out the old fellow we saw a hawk light in a tree not a great ways off, so Elmer and I left the woodchuck to the other boys and set off after it. I followed along up a brook and Elmer crawled along behind a wall. I followed up the brook about as fast as possiable to try and get the first shot, but as luck would have it just as I was poking my gun out of the brush expecting that in one instant more the hawk would be mine !BANG! went Elmers gun from behind the wall and down came the hawk. It was a beauty and as we afterward found measured 4 ft from tip to tip of his wings. The boys ammediately gave up the wood chuck and came to see the hawk, so after taking a picture of it we pushed on up the mountain.

And it was not long before we were climbing up up, through the tangled wilderness, and we found it harder than any work we had done in haying by the time we got to the top. When we got nearly

to the top of Blood mountain, Sparks barked a little way off and Walter went to see what he had got. He found a monster hedge-hog up a tree who quickly condescended to come down when Walter pointed the pistol at him.

We now stopped to rest on a big ledge. (Photo 23. "THE HUNTERS". (W.N. E.N. A.L. A.N. O.N.)) While we were resting we got out the camera and took another picture, by firing the camera off with a string we succeeded in getting a picture of the whole crowd and I haven't a doubt but what we felt as bad as we look in this picture for it was an awful hot day.

We had just got up on top of Bloods Mountain when we heard sparks bark again. I went to see what he had got and found another hedgehog which I shot with my rifle. We now started for signal peak after viewing the scenery a little from Bloods Mts. there is an awful tangle of spruces ledges and stumps between Blood and signal Mountains which made us sweat terribly and the sweat just poured off of us . But we arrived at Signal peak at last as tired and jaded out looking lot of tramps as you could wish to see.

Before I go any further I will mention that Arthur Lear shot a hedge hog on the way over from Blood Mt. to Signal Peak. At Signal Peak we concluded to stop and eat dinner for we decided that we could go no farther until we had bread and cake in our bags and Elmer had a can of corn beef and to these we did justice as only 5 hungry boys can and after we had eaten the beef out of the can we slung that up and fired at that, and the dog ate what bread we could not so there was hardly a sign of our dinner left. Otho now took a picture of the mountains to the south of us as they stretched away far in the distances. And then we headed for Lake Solitude For about half a mile we pressed our way through a tangle of spruces, we then came out into the old growth forest among large Birches and spruces 2 ft or more through here we found it a little easier walking. when we were on Signal Peak we thought we heard some one shoot over to the Red Pond, or Lake Solitude, and we now decided to go around the pond to the west and so gain the ledges and survey the shores before running into any parties whom we did not wish to meet. Of all the tangled places that we had been through that day the west shore of the pond was the worst. (Photo 24. "LAKE SOLITUDE FROM BIG LEDGES")

Elmer led off for he was the acknowledged guide and if one of us got ahead we never stayed there long over ledges and tree tops we went crawling under fallen logs, pressing our way through tangled moose brush and scaling slippery moss grown ledges.

When we had got nearly to the top of the ledges I who was in the lead with Elmer at that moment paused to rest and looked back down into a tangle of fallen trees moose brush and ledges through which we had just come to watch the other boys come tugging their way up through and as I turned again to follow Elmer I noticed a hedge hog going up a tree not far away. I shouted to the other boys then waited for them to come up. Otho shot this hedgehog making the fourth one we had got. In a few minutes now we emerged from the tangle of brush and found our selves on the great grey ledges above the little lake. After resting a few moments Elmer and I set up our camera and took a picture of the little lake, the rock bound shore, and tangled forest.

As we could not see any thing of the camping party which we thought we had heard we decided to look about the pond. We first went down to the spring at the head of the pond and each took a good hearty drink for we were terribly thirsty, then we left Walter and Arthur Lear at the spring and Otho, Elmer and I went around onto the East shore of the pond and got some pictures of it with the big ledges for a back ground. Otho tried taking a picture of Sparks but Sparks don't enjoy having his picture taken and so turned around at just the right moment to spoil it all. but Elmer & I got one of him in the pond picture. After getting another good drink at the spring we headed for home as it was getting late and began to look showery off in the west. Elmer led us at a telling pace down the mountain and we were soon going down the old wood road on almost a lope. When we had got down about even with John Gunnersons old steam mill the rain began to pour down on us we ran in under some spruces which sheltered us for a few minutes but soon it came streaming down through the trees and it was not long before we were soaked to the skin, and a stream was running off of our caps and our noses, and a whole river of rain was going down our backs. (Photo 25. "LAKE SOLITUDE AND LEDGES FROM EAST SHORE")

I think if we had not been pretty fairly substantial I think we should have washed away in the half hour that we were standing there. At last it stopped raining and we again started on our journey only to stop with all our might in order to gain Magoons sugar house before another shower was upon us here we stay at least fifteen minutes, until that shower was over.

On our way home sparks got a woodchuck which set our spirits up a little. We were a wet and dragged out looking crowd when we got home, but after we had changed our clothes and eat a good supper we were quite presentable again. *Arthur W. Nelson*

The CE Picnic At Mr Ritches

by A.

June 28 1898 our Christian endeavor society went over to Mr Ritches on a picnic. there were about 40 in all that went. Elmer and Byron Russell each went with double teams, taking six each we had lots of fun (Photo 26. "ON TOP OF THE HILL") we went over by the way of Newport, sunapee Harbor and Georges Mills and coming home by the way of Granthem. There were 14 teams 3 of them being double. Elmer and I took in Mr Tenny and his mother and Lily Tandy When we got to Newport Elmer and I took several pictures but I developed them on a hot day and spoiled them all.

On our way home we sung songs blew a horn which Lily had brought, and had just as good time as we could.

(Photo 27. "ON THE LAWN AFTER DINNER") This last picture would have proved quite interesting if the heat had not worked such havoc with the plate while I was developing it, but then such is luck and it cannot be helped. Our Society promises to be a very prosperous one at present writing.

A.W.N.

A Few Thoughts From Haverhill.

Mar 22 1899. I am laying around the house at present sick with the Jaundice and so having nothing else to do I think I will busy my self for a little while by writing in our journal.

Who would have thought that there would be such a change in our house hold at Goshen in so short a time. I little dreamed a year ago when we were all at home cutting wood together on our little farm that when the next spring came around it would find me already through a term of high School at Newport and away down here in Haverhill working in a grocery store. But that is the case. Elmer and I went through the fall term of high school to gether and a jolly old time we had boarding our selves, playing foot ball,

photographing, etc then Jan 1 I began work down here at Haverhill in the Haverhill Trading Co's grocery store and Elmer kept on one more term at the school then he two struck out for himself he writes me that he is working for Uncle Oren at present but that as soon as warm weather comes he has a chance as traveling photographer, which he is going to take up with so that he and I are both likely to be far from home. And I have just received the sad news that Grandpa who has been boarding with the folks now for a long time has died. So the large and happy family which once gathered around the table at the old farm is getting more and more seperated, and it makes me wonder as I sit here what another year will bring for the old farm and those who have gone from it. prosperity and Health at least I hope.

Arthur W Nelson

(Notes on a scrap of paper)

July 4 1895 won 1st prize in potato race A. Nelson

Oct 1891 won 1st prize in foot race at goshen farm A. Nelson

Sketches of our home life

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

Our life is so full of interest and pleasure that we are afraid of injuring our brain if we undertake to remember all of them so we have decided to write at least part of them in a book

Dec 1896 Elmer nearly broke his neck while going to school at the corner he was swinging on a trapeese which we boys had put up in the entry we were trying to see which could swing up and tuch the plastering the most times Elmer beat swinging up 27 times but the 27th time he lost his hold on the bar and coming down struck on his head on the floor it stunned him for an instant and his neck was lame for quite a while after.

Inventory of stock Dec 1

Pencils 10-5/12 doz. = 18

Billet Doux tab. 5 = 6

Tourist tab. small 5 = 2

Tourist tab. large 1 = 5

Envelopes 22 bunches = 18

Paper 34-1/2 quires = 5-5/8

Pens 18-1/2 doz. = 72

A peddler started out one morn

In the chilly winter cold

To sell a simple thing or two

For a little yellow gold

With his boxes carried in his hand

And a little money in his purse

He had started to sell his goods

A peddler started out

In the sharp winter cold

To sell a thing or two

For a little hard gold

With his box in his hand

And money in his purse

He had set out to sell

A little or fare worse

He traveled the rough road

For many a long mile

But few things he could sell

To increase his small pile

Soon the sky became dark

And snow flakes floated down

Till his boxes were some wet

And whittened was the ground

He was tired and some wet
And all he'd sold that day
Taking the trouble in
Would make it hardly pay.

So he turned him homeward
With pocket-book most flat
Saying he'd try again
And hope to sell more'n that.

This is a true picture
Of the poor peddlers lot
Where ever they are found
And its luck - where to not.

E.H.N.

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— Excerpts —

Our Ideal Camera.

After using our little Harvard Camera about a year Elmer and I decided to get a larger one.

We consulted the catalogues of half a dozen different firms for about two weeks then at last decided upon the Rochester Optical Cos. Ideal Camera made of mahogany. With reversible back and ground glass for focusing. With rack and pinion movement. Extension leather bellows. size plate used 4-1/4 x 6-1/2. Camera fitted with Single achromatic lenses and Premo shutter.

Our Camera and outfit cost us twenty six dollars and sixty nine cents. It is a beauty.

Arthur Nelson.

(Written in 1897, probably June)

July 18, 1898

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