



MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

Elizabeth Stickney Clapp Cheney

1839-1922

1915 Memoir



Elizabeth Stickney Clapp Cheney was born on August 23, 1839. She belonged to one of the oldest families in Dorchester, Massachusetts and grew up there on Columbia Street.

On June 6, 1865, she married Benjamin Pierce Cheney (1818-1895), a well-respected entrepreneur in the express and transcontinental railway businesses. He was born in Hillborough, New Hampshire and later moved to Boston. After a honeymoon in New York, they resided at 32 Marlborough Street in Boston.

The Cheneys had five children: Alice Steele (married William Hewson Baltzell in 1907;) Benjamin Pierce, Jr.; Charles P.; Mary (married Arthur Davis in 1900;) and Elizabeth. Originally, the family summered at rental properties in Metro-west, but as the family grew, the Cheneys acquired Elm Bank for a summer retreat. This property was sold to them at auction in 1874 for \$10,000. The Elm Bank landscape that you see today is derived from the transformation of a farm into an early Country Place Era estate.

In 1875, the Cheneys built a Queen Anne Victorian mansion, which was designed by the architect, John A. Fox (1836-1920), "Father of Stick Style" architecture. They added greenhouses, cottages, outbuildings and bridges. The dramatic landscape was bordered on three sides by the Charles River and was accessible to the public.

Benjamin Cheney was a longtime member of this Society and served on a committee with Horatio Hollis Hunnewell (1810-1902) to raise funds for the second Horticultural Hall (1865) on Tremont Street in Boston. Elizabeth Cheney was also active in the Society, often winning awards.

She spent the final years of her life in Boston and Peterborough, New Hampshire.

The memoir was written for her family and contains information she thought they should know. It is not an autobiography, but provides a filtered peek into her life and the life of a wealthy Victorian woman in Boston.

E. S. C.

My dear Children;--

You have often asked me to write a little sketch of your Father, and later, of our lives spent together, not for the public at large, but for the family; being an account of the former and daily life of those times, particularly as compared to changes of life at the present time.

Lillie



Benjamin Pierce Cheney was a birthday present to his mother, Alice Steele Cheney, being born August 12, 1815. The Steele Homestead is still in existence in Antrim, New Hampshire and was at that time one of the best houses and farms in the State. He was born in a little red cottage in Hillsborough, N. H., where the young couple made their new home. Mr. Jesse Cheney, the father, was a prudent man and with the aid of his wife, Alice, in her economies, had saved up quite a little sum in order to build a new house, into which they moved a few years later.

The eldest boy, Benjamin, was named by request of Benjamin Pierce (father of our ex-President Franklin Pierce) for him and was presented with three sheep, which after three years became a family of nine, but in the cold Summer of 1818, they were obliged to be sacrificed for food for the neighborhood.

The Jesse Cheney family moved into the new home before it was quite finished and before many weeks, were notified that they must give it up, on account of the failure of a friend to whom Mr. Cheney had loaned money. They were visited by the Sheriff, who informed them that they must seek more humble quarters, allowing them to take certain housekeeping utensils;—so many beds, according to their family, (there were then three boys) so many pots, kettles and dishes. They moved into a small house near by.

Jesse Cheney was a blacksmith and Benjamin, being the eldest boy, was obliged to point one hundred horse-shoe nails every night before he went to bed, for his father to use the follow-

ing day. This kept the young man busy and out of mischief. At the age of fourteen, as times were hard, Benjamin went to the Hotel in the town as office boy, and sat up- or rather dozed - every other night. He slept in a large wooden case about two feet high with a feather bed in it and as mentioned above, was expected to be on hand to awaken the stage passengers. He had an alarm watch, which he held in his hand, the vibration of which in striking, would wake him up, and in those days as in this, some of the Ladies' waists hooked up in the back, and on the mornings he was on duty, the Ladies called upon him to help get ready for the stage.

About this time Benjamin Pierce came forward and offered to send the boy to Dartmouth College, but as nothing was mentioned about the "missing link in the chain" means for preparation, the plan was given up.

Cheney had always been very fond of horses and one day the driver of the regular stage from Keene and Nashua was too ill to drive, so the Hotel Manager told Cheney to take the reins which he did supposing it was only a temporary service, but the former driver continued ill and Cheney kept on for a time. About this time, being a growing boy, his health gave out and the doctor told his parents that being in doors as much as he had been formerly, was bad for him and that he must have a life out of doors. When told by the doctor that the only out-door life would be to work on the farm, drive a peddler's cart with pelts hung on behind or to drive a stage, of the three, young Cheney preferred the stage, as he was very fond of horses, therefore, he took the ill-driver's place. By this time he was sixteen years

old. The stages in those days were drawn by four horses and had no brakes, therefore, the driver in going down the hills, when nearing the lower parts, let the horses canter to help take the stage up the next hill. Of course these were exciting times for the young man. At this time there was a famous school for girls in Keene, and as it was proved that Cheney was a careful driver, the parents had the young ladies go by his coach rather than by the one driven by the other man. At this time there were two stages going every day instead of one going every other day. Daniel Webster was a frequent passenger and took quite an interest in young Cheney and wrote for him a paper giving the laws of transit for the New Hampshire roads. Cheney valued this very much, but after a few years, someone borrowed it and forgot to return it, much to Mr. Cheney's regret. Mrs. Onslow Stearns and Mrs. Frank Fiske ne Wilson, were pupils at the boarding school at Keene and always waited for the Cheney stage to take them there. My Mother, Mrs. Asahel Clapp always came with him, as did her mother, Mrs. Stickney, and her family in coming up to Temple to visit her parents, Daniel Searle and wife. Mr. Cheney also carried the monies from Bank to Bank.

Mr. Cheney petted his horses a great deal and being very fond of music, used to whistle to them; his favorite air was the waltz from Der Freischutz and by a certain movement of the reins, got them to keep time and dance the measure of the waltz in travelling. He had names for his horses and one day he had for a passenger a very nervous man and as the travelling was bad, it required all of Mr. Cheney's attention, but being frequently asked by the nervous man if his horses had names, and if so what they were, Mr. Cheney, when there was a pause in the excitement said, pointing to

the leaders and later to the wheel horses, "Tolerable, Terrible (leaders) Dangerous and Miserable" (Wheel horses). The passenger kept very quiet after that, evidently expecting to be hurled into space at every step. It really was not their names, but he had asked so many times and so impatiently that Cheney thought he would give him a scare.

When he became twenty-one years old the different stage companies combined and concluded to have an Agent. The office was to be on Elm Street, a very short street leading off from Hanover to Washington Street and Mr. Cheney was chosen as Agent of these combined lines of New Hampshire and even the Canadian lines. The starting place was from a Hotel situated on Washington Street about opposite of Franklin Street, (I think it was called Marlborough Hotel) where the stage called for passengers going North.

While Mr. Cheney was driving the stage in New Hampshire, my father Asahel Clapp became acquainted with him, for several times during the Summer (as he and my mother were engaged to be married) Mr. Clapp had put her under Mr. Cheney's care on her trips to Temple, N. H., to visit her Grandmother Hannah and Grandfather Daniel Searle. The Searle place I have visited several times when I was a child and more recently, even within a week and I have in my possession the Mill Stone (Peterborough stone at side door) which ground the corn of Daniel Searle's mill. As time passed on, the two men became very fond of each other, and one evening Mr. Cheney called on Mr. and Mrs. Clapp at the United States Hotel and the fond father took him in to see the baby, which was myself, being six months old, and more to please the fond father

than for love of the child at that early age, Mr. Cheney said to father, "Asahel, I think I will wait for that young lady", little thinking that the remark would prove true. As time went on, he very often came to the house and about the year 1850, as he was boarding on Bowdoin Street, it got to be the habit to take his Sunday dinners with us at our home in Humphrey Street, Dorchester. One Sunday, August 5th, 1854, the whole family were sitting at the windows to see the black Morgan horse "Dolly" appear in the street, but it did not come and after waiting half an hour, father said we had better not wait, as perhaps Mr. Cheney had been delayed in Montreal where he had gone early in the week, and for us to go in to dinner. As we were finishing the meal, a hack came up the driveway containing Mr. Richardson from Mr. Cheney's office, which for some years had been at 40 Court Square, with the news that Mr. Cheney had been injured and his right arm amputated in a railroad accident in Canaan, New Hampshire and had telegraphed for Mr. and Mrs. Clapp to come up there. My Mother had a young baby (Josie) and therefore could not leave her, so I went along to take care of the baby. We packed up a few things and went to the Boston & Maine Station and the management put on a passenger car to the freight train, and after having something to eat, we took the train, stopping frequently as freight trains do and arrived at Canaan about sunrise. The house where Mr. Cheney was taken was about a mile north of the town, a large farm house owned by a Mr. Pillsbury. When we went up to the door we saw the male nurse sitting outside and father was afraid Mr. Cheney had passed away, but no, he was asleep and after breakfast father and mother went in to see him. He did not know for several days that the baby was a necessary visitor and I there to take care of it. The next day Gilman Cheney arrived from Montreal and the

following day Aunt Lucy and John Plumer arrived from Plumb Island, where they were spending their vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury were very kind and with so large an increase of family, they must have had a hard time to get along, but they got help from the village.

Mr. Cheney went into the Express car to speak to his messenger after leaving White River Junction, when the alarm whistle sounded from the Engine, as the Engineer felt something dragging along the track from the Baggage Car. Mr. Cheney went to open the door of the car and at that moment the crossbar connecting the front wheels pushed up through the front end of the car and threw him out and the hind wheels went over his right arm severing it nearly to the shoulder. Mr. Onslow Stearns, the President of the road was on the train and was able to give orders, there was one other man injured by the breaking of one of his legs in two places. Mr. Stearns ordered the Engineer to take the man to the hotel a mile away and then come back and go to Hanover, a few stations north, to find a Dr. Dixie Crosby and bring him on the engine to Mr. Cheney. In coming to a crossing with the gates down, Dr. Crosby was waiting to cross, the Engineer knew him and told him of the accident. The Doctor left his gig and took the Engine and ordered his driver to go back to his house and bring to the same crossing his case of instruments, then the Doctor went to see Mr. Cheney and when the instruments came, he went by Engine to set the leg of the other man while Mr. Cheney was resting and making ready; there was no ether to be had and Mr. Herrick, the Express Messenger, was to give Mr. Cheney brandy instead, and was making his will. Mr. Cheney told the Doctor on his return, to save his arm if he could, but at any rate, save his life. It was the first operation where half of the round bone of the

arm was left in the socket in order to keep the shoulder in place. Mr. Cheney being in fine health recovered very fast.

On August 13th, Grandmother Stickney's birthday; she took the long journey up there and brought with her a very comfortable stuffed arm chair for him to use when able to sit up and every day he practiced to write with his left hand, which proved to be of finer penmanship than his former hand writing.

He remained in Canaan four weeks and then went to Aunt Lucy's home in Manchester with his brother Gilman and the following Tuesday the two went out West to capture a band of robbers, who had broken into one of the Express office safes, I think, in Canada. They secured the thieves and it was for that act that the Company presented Mr. Cheney with the silver service and tray which you have seen for years in the home.

For some years before the accident, Mr. Cheney with father and mother belonged to a set of dancing parties carried on by the same Dorchester management for about fifteen years. He used to call for father and mother in a carriage, take them up to the Lyceum Hall and bring them home. In those days the parties commenced at eight o'clock and ended at twelve. Some times father would invite me to go up with them and would take me near the Band and ask Mr. White, the leader, to play my favorite waltz (The Bird Waltz) and to imitate a bird. Mr. White used to blow through a quill or glass tube in a glass of water. Mr. Cheney said on one of these occasions, "Never mind Lizzie if you have to go home now, sometime when you grow up, we all four will attend these parties and have a

good time", and those times came true. The parties continued for several years and even after I grew up. The first dance, in those days, we danced with our escort; Father with Mother, and Mr. Cheney with me. The second dance, Mr. Cheney with Mother and Father with me.

About the year 1852, when I was thirteen years old, I had the great misfortune in going to a dentist to have the nerve to a front tooth killed by putting into the cavity, arsenic. It should have been tightly sealed, but was not, only a bit of cork put between the two front teeth. In those days dentists were not compelled to have a medical education as they do now. The tooth was filled and I came home Friday with a fine looking set of teeth, but unfortunately that beauty lasted only two days, for as it proved, I was particularly sensitive to the poison and after terrible pain on Sunday night, my teeth commenced to loosen and come down from the sockets, skipping two. The inflammation was very severe. The dentist was terribly frightened and the inflammation spread. At last I was taken to the only medically educated dentist in Boston, Dr. Nathan Keep. He, during the time I was under his care, was the man who gave the final testimony in a famous murder trial of a well known man of Boston, Dr. Webster, as the dentist mentioned above, proved by the cast he had of the victims false teeth.

The murder referred to, was as follows;

Dr. Webster was a tenant of Mr. Parkman's and the latter had many times solicited the rent. One afternoon Mr. Parkman visited the Medical Building belonging to the Massachusetts Hospital and Dr. Webster impatiently struck Mr. Parkman, not intending severity, but he fell dead and for many nights, Dr. Webster spent at the Medical Building doing away with the body. Mr. Parkman had for many years been a patient of Dr. Nathan Keep, (the only medically educated dentist in Boston) who had made a set of false teeth for Mr. Parkman and it was his testimony that identified the body. Dr. Webster was executed and his family left Boston and for many years made their home at the Azores Islands. The Mr. Parkman the generous giver of money to be spent for keeping up the Common and Parks of Boston, was a son of the one killed. He died about 1913 and lived on Beacon Hill, a few doors above No. 34. (Tablet is on front of house he lived in, in later years.)

I was obliged to have a cutting made under the right eye, as the Antrem bone was affected and from that operation, forty pieces of bone were taken from under the right eye and from the teeth from half the upper jaw, sockets of the teeth and sixty pieces of jaw bone. I could not have teeth made until I had gotten my growth, which was at the age of sixteen. Everybody was most considerate of me in every way.

When I was about ten years old, my dearest friends were the Downer girls, particularly Mary and Annie, and very often Mrs. Downer would take us all over to the Blind Institute at South Boston where we used to play with Laura,

Flossy and Julia Howe, daughters of Dr. Samuel G. Howe and Julia Ward Howe. There I saw and knew Laura Bridgman. Dr. Howe performed almost a miracle in making life bearable to her. Of all the five senses she had only the sense of feeling. Her life written by the Howe sisters is most interesting. One day about twenty years ago (1895) in returning to Boston from New York as I passed by Mrs Howe in the Pullman car, she looked up at me and bowed and later came up to me and said "Is not this lady the girl who used to be Lizzie Clapp?" and I answered "Yes, now Mrs Cheney." We had quite a little talk of former days. I always promised myself I would go and call on her, but knowing her to be a very busy lady, I never did so and always have regretted it. Mrs. Howe passed away about 1910. Her youngest daughter lives in Mrs. Howe's house on Beacon Street.

As I am not a writer of books, please excuse my ideas jumping about;--

I often went to New York to see Mr. and Mrs. Downer and members of their family. Mary the eldest went to Antioch College, where she met Malcolm Green and after a few years married him. They hired a little house in Dorchester and their eldest boy was about the age of my brother B. P. Cheney Clapp, named for Mr. Cheney, later my husband.

To go back a few years, young girls of my time were brought up quite differently from those of later years. During the two years that I had trouble with my teeth and face, I was kept out of school and Mother taught me how to cook and keep house and to sew, for in those days

we were obliged to make our underclothes, as there were nothing of the kind to be bought in stores and while I was a young girl, sewing machines were first invented. The first ones were turned by hand and the box containing the machine, about twelve inches long by eight inches wide and about eight inches deep. It had to be screwed onto a table or shelf and the top opened and the front turned down. The handle was on the right, it had only an upper thread and formed a chain stitch on the wrong side. We engaged a dressmaker Spring and Fall for ten days each time, but before she was due, Mother and I got ready all the skirts by sewing the seams of the outside of the skirts and then doing the same to the lining for Winter dresses, turning the hems and then putting on the braid to be ready for the dressmaker, and a day or two before her arrival we were very busy holding and winding the skeins of sewing silk, which came in skeins which were ordered at the small wares stores, also winding skeins of basting cotton. We also had to have a Tailoress (Miss Alden) to make Father's and my brother's clothes, so that the young girls were quite busy in those days.

After I had returned to school, when I grew stronger, I graduated at the Everett Grammar School (named for Edward Everett, whose birthplace is at the Five Corners, in the large house near the bronze statue) and became a pupil of Miss Willey's school. The first year of opening, she lived in Cambridge with her sister. Her first school was on the corner of Washington Street and Temple Place, which latter was entered from Washington Street up a flight of about

eight long granite steps covering about one half of the width of Temple Place. As it was owned and occupied only by residents. The building backed onto Temple Place, making the Washington street entrance one story lower than in Temple Place, owing to the depth of the stone steps. The school remained there about two years then was moved onto Winter Street about where Stowell's Jewelry store is, because, about that time the grade of Temple Place was changed to meet the grade of Washington Street.

As time went on and I was about sixteen, the prophecy came true that Mr. Cheney and I would go to dances together. He danced the first dance with me and the second one with Mother. Father the first dance with Mother and the second with me. We commenced to dance at eight o'clock, stopping at twelve, so it did not harm the young people to go to a dance every night in the week, and in Winter, in my dancing days, I often did so.

I also belonged to a club, Bowdoin Society, which used to meet at Miss Fisher's Hall. There were about thirty belonging to it; Hattie Bates, Mary Thayer, General Edmonds' two daughters, Hattie and Eleene. I also attended parties in Newton, going with Aunt Fannie Edmonds and her husband, W. O. Edmonds. Several times in Winters, Mr. and Mrs. Phineas Fiske would invite me to go to New York and once to Washington, D. C., during the last days of President Buchanan's administration, a few months before the opening of the Civil War.

For several Summers, Father and the family spent a month at the Profile House, Father coming up at the end of the week, Many times I climbed up Canon Mountain and also up Mt. Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Downer one late Spring invited me to go with them and their children and walk up and over Mt. Washington, staying at the Tip-Top House over night and walking down the other side. We had a very nice time, but were all very lame on account of using different muscles in coming down, from what we were accustomed to.

Mr. Cheney used to take dinner with us every Sunday in Dorchester at the Cottage, and as he now had but one hand I offered to manicure his nails, as there were no regular professional manicures. He consented, and in that way by attending to them every week they were kept in a very tidy condition. His arm at the time of the amputation, was put in a tin lined box and kept in Aunt Lucy Plumer's house in Manchester, N. H., and at the time of Mr. Cheney's burial, it was taken from there and placed in his coffin in Mt. Auburn. (I mention this in this unseemly place for fear the fact should be omitted and thinking you might wonder what had become of it.)

Mr. Cheney was very fond of Opals and one Sunday he came out to Dorchester wearing a very beautiful Opal sleeve button and his flannel undershirt was of very coarse weave and was faced on the outside of the sleeve with very coarse twilled tape. Mother and I rather laughed at the contrast between the two, and I asked him if he would let me

make him a nice flannel undershirt that would be a better match for the very elegant sleeve button. He said "Yes", so he sent me an old one to make it by. (The doctor told him he must wear flannel underwear and double breasted also.) So I undertook the making; I bought nice flannel and had it shrunk (his former ones always became much too small after three or four times washing), making a pleat up the back, to be let out later. The first one after being finished, he wore out to the house and pronounced it a success, so I made two more by the same pattern, bound the bottom of the sleeves with nice silk binding, therefore the better surroundings were more in keeping with the Opal Sleeve Button, and Mr. Cheney seemed pleased that I was able to use my needle.

As time went on, I used to be invited to entertainments with gentlemen friends. If Mr. Cheney knew of it before hand, he would say, "Oh don't go with him, come with me, I will take you to something better", and I would tell him I could not do that, as I had promised to go with the other friend, and many times I have seen him on the opposite side of the Theatre looking down on us.

When I was about fifteen years old, I commenced to save up money, for I was very anxious to have a nice gold watch. In three or four years saving, I had enough and was speaking to the family about it. The next time Mr. Cheney came he asked me how much I had saved, when I told him, he wanted to know if I would let him select it. I consented and after almost a week he brought it out to me

and it was the dear little watch I have always been so fond of, with the circle of blue enamel on the back in the form of a buckle and strap, also the seal, pin to match and key and a very handsome gold chain. I have always cherished it and it has been a great joy and is so well made it has always kept fine time.

Time went on and a few days before my twenty-fourth birthday, I was very much surprised by his asking me to be his wife. I had never imagined such a thing. It seems he had spoken a day or two before to Father and Mother about it and they told him to try. Afterwards, Father, in talking to me said that it seemed to be a fact in the family, that the Husband was very much older than the prospective Bride and that he and Mother were nineteen years apart. I told Mr. Cheney that I had never thought of such a thing, that I had always looked upon him as a sort of Uncle and that I must think it over. (My Father told me that I must remember that besides being a good wife to Mr. Cheney, I must as nearly as possible, be a right hand, so much so, that at last we used to do up bundles together and tie the string, I being the right hand and he the left.)

After thinking the matter over I decided to do my best for him, for I knew I was very fond of him, but until my attention was called to the fact, I had never realized that he had thought of me as being sufficiently capable to be his wife. We were finally engaged on my twenty-fourth birthday.

Mr. Cheney had his beautiful Opal sleeve button altered over as an engagement ring. (Later on I heard of a remark Aunt Lucy Plumer-Mr. Cheney's sister-made; Someone said to her in speaking of its being too bad her brother was not married, and she replied that if he ever married anybody, she hoped it would be Lizzie Clapp.) After the engagement was announced, all his family were very lovely and kind, and welcomed me into the family in a very beautiful way, even if I was so much younger than their brother.

The following Winter we went about a great deal together and in the Spring I commenced getting ready to be married. We decided the ceremony should be the sixth day of June.

In April, (on the Saturday after Abraham Lincoln was assassinated in the theatre the night before) I went to Richard Briggs' store, corner of Washington and School streets to select my china and glass, and while I was there the word came and was called out by the newsboys that Mr. Lincoln had passed away and Mr. Briggs said that as soon as I had finished my selections, he would close the store. That was the day I invented the Dumb-bell Knife Rest. I never cared for those in fashion at that time and I walked along to the glass room and took up two cut glass stoppers to decanters, held them together, the cut balls at each outside and asked Mr. Briggs to make me two pair like that. He said he thought that would be very nice; therefore, he made me two pair and

one pair for the store. In a few days after, as I was going by the store, I saw the one pair in the window. That order was the original of the many, many hundreds of them made since the original order was given, April 19, 1865.

In those days, life was quite different from what it is now in 1916; The calling hours were from eleven A. M., until two P. M., dinner at two P. M. Then the soup was served first, roasts and vegetables were put on the table after soup was removed. Before desert was served, the white linen cloth was removed also the castor containing mustard, vinegar, oil, red pepper &c., which stood on the center of the table, and desert served on a handsome colored damask cloth. We had a hearty dinner of many courses at two o'clock and a light supper. Afternoons Pa used to go to the office for an hour or so and come back in time for supper at six or half past six.

The next few weeks, Mr. Cheney spent in house hunting; one which he thought seriously of taking, was on Boylston street. It seemed very attractive, as it occupied a fine lot extending through to Church street, leaving quite a space for a flower garden at the back of the house. After talking it over, we concluded it was too large. It later became L. P. Hollander's store. Finally he found No. 32 Marlborough St., was more suitable, belonging to John Pickering Putnam, a brother of Dr. Charles Putnam, who lived a few houses down Marlborough street. Mr. Cheney and I attended to its furnishing and he moved into it the

1st of May 1865. We were married June 6th, 1865 at two o'clock in Dorchester on Columbia St., near Upham's Corner. It was a very quiet wedding, only the immediate relatives invited. The services were conducted by my Minister, Mr. Nathaniel Hall and Mr. Cheney's Minister, Dr. Thornton K. Lathrop. After the Luncheon, we were taken with Mother in a carriage to #32 Marlborough street where Mr. Cheney changed to his travelling clothes and we started on our journey to New York on the Fall River Boat.

Among the passengers on the boat was Mr. Paren Stevens.-----I must digress here a bit to make a statement in regard to Mr. Stevens.----He was the Manager of the Revere House and wished to open a Hotel in New York. Some months before, he had met Mr. Cheney when they were going to New York and asked him if he would go with him to look at a new building which was being built way up town, which he had in mind as being suitable for a Hotel. It seems the building was put up and nearly finished on the exterior, and the interior to be finished as the purchaser desired. Mr. Stevens said to Mr. Cheney that he liked it, but it was so far out of town, he thought no one would ever go there if it were an Hotel. Mr. Cheney replied that the city was growing up that way and he thought in ten years time, Twenty-third street and Fifth Avenue would be the centre of New York, and it has proved so and it was within a few years (I think about 1910) that the fiftieth anniversary of its opening was celebrated by the few old residents before the

building was razed, and now a large mercantile building has taken its place.

As I am not an experienced writer, you must excuse my digressions, but I must write facts as I recall them----

Of course you all know of the Civil War preparations. Governor Andrews held office when war was declared between the North and the South. Many horses were in demand for Officers of the Army and also for the Cavalry and for Gun Carriages. Governor Andrews appointed Mr. Cheney to select suitable horses for the above purposes, as he was considered a good judge of horses. (Nearly all the gentlemen gave up their carriages and horses.) Mr. Cheney selected Mr. Joseph Fisher of Dedham to assist him and the two examined every horse which they sent to the Civil War, from Massachusetts. They were first sent to Readville to remain until they were needed, either by the Officers or Cavalry or for the Gun Carriages.

One day Governor Andrews sent to Mr. Cheney to come to the State House and when he arrived he told him that the State funds were low and he would have to ask him to wait a while until funds gathered. The next year he called him again to see him and then was ready to pay him with interest. Mr. Cheney told him he would take only the sum he had paid out, but no interest.

Mr. Cheney was drafted three times, but sent substitutes each time. He was interested to see the method of examining men for the Army and as the physician of the Back Bay who did

that service was very much interested in the war and very anxious to furnish soldiers for the Northern Army, so Mr. Cheney went to him and as the Doctor was examining Mr. Cheney's left side (he had not noticed that the right arm was gone) he held up the first finger of the left hand, which was stiff from the earlier accident, and the Doctor said, "Oh, no matter, use your second finger to pull the trigger." Then Mr. Cheney turned his right shoulder to him and said, "Well, what do you think of this ?" showing him an empty sleeve. "Well," said the Doctor, "I never noticed that. I guess you can't go to the war." Mr. Cheney always joked him after that and told him he was so anxious to get soldiers, that he never noticed whether they had all members of their body, or not and when they met in the streets Mr. Cheney would say, "How is it Doctor, are you still examining men for the Army ?" and the Doctor used to reply, "Hush, Cheney don't mention our case out loud."

While Mr. Cheney and other Directors were trying to negotiate the affairs of the Northern Pacific Railroad, they hired a house in Washington so that they would have a comfortable house to live in when they were called there on business. They all knew General Scott very well and he and other friends would often drop in of an evening. One rainy Saturday night quite late, the door bell rang and the Butler announced the caller as "General Grant" who wished to see

General Scott. He said that President Lincoln had telegraphed him to come to see him at the White House and as it was pouring rain could he leave his dress suit case at the house until after the session with the President. He promised to tell them the result of the interview. An hour or two later he came back and said the President wanted him to take charge of the Northern Army along the Potomac. He said he would do so on one condition and that was that he would not take orders from Washington, which might seem strange to the President, but Grant said the reason was, that by the time orders from Washington reached the seat of war, circumstances might be entirely changed and it was no more than fair that orders should come from the man in command. Lincoln gave his consent, realizing the situation. Grant was declared in control and gradually was promoted to General-in-Chief.

Another thing I want to set down: At the time President Garfield was shot, all five of the Cheney children were very much interested to send him a little present. It was at the time a gas clock was invented. I had one and you thought it would be company for the sick President at night. It was about five inches in diameter and had a ring at the back to slip over a gas fixture, and the clock being made of white glass with blue figures made it very attractive. Mr. Cheney and I took it to New York and Long Branch, where President Garfield was taken

after being shot. Mr. Seligman, a friend of Mr. Cheney's, saw us on the boat going from New York to Long Branch, and as that was his Summer residence, he insisted upon our going with him to his house for the night. The next day Mrs. Seligman drove me to the Garfield residence and I left the clock at the door, with the card from five interested children from Boston with best wishes for a speedy recovery. It seems he was quite pleased with it, for the next day when the Doctor was taking his temperature when he removed the tube from his mouth, he said, "the time is not up for a quarter of a minute" and the Doctor said, "what makes you think so?" and he said "by the Boston Childrens' clock." Several years after, when Molly Garfield and Mrs. Garfield took one of the cottages in Wellesley College grounds, Mrs. Garfield thanked me for the childrens' kind thought; that Alice had told Mollie at Miss Porter's school that she and her brothers and sisters had sent it. It was put with other presents which had been sent to him in a little room in their house, so they all should be together.

Another thing I want to speak of; On the mantle of the Library at #32 Marlborough street house, are two little wood vases. They are made of the wood taken from the Cabin of the old ship "Constitution" when it was put in repairs by Captain Percival, a retired Captain who lived in Dorchester, an old friend of Mr. Cheney's

and of my father and mother. He was chosen by the Government of the United States to put the ship in order to protect a part of our coast at the time of the threatened war, later than 1812. (I do not at present recall what war.) The vases were given to Mr. Cheney by Captain Percival. As the Captain and Mrs. Percival had no children, they adopted a little girl, Maria Weeks, a daughter of an old friend who had been left an orphan. She was called "Maria Weeks Percival", she later in life married Edward Gassett an East Indian Merchant. On retiring from business he built a house next to Captain Percival's in Dorchester and she was the mother of the Cheney girls' friend "Percival Gassett."

Well, to come back to our wedding trip; We went to New York and stopped at the Brevoort House on Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street; We went shopping and sight seeing, and I selected at Tiffany's the bronze paper weights of a Lady's Hand, the three Cigars and the one of the Mare and Colt. I have them yet, and that was more than fifty years ago.

We returned to Boston on Saturday night and found that the house No. 32 Marlborough street had been on fire a day or two before our arrival; The fire started in a closet in the basement, where the men had deposited oil rags after polishing the wood work of the house. Mrs. Francis, a colored woman who had worked in our family for years, gave the alarm and some of the neighbors rushed in, especially Mr. Jonas French,

who lived on the opposite of the street, near Arlington street and his colored man; they took up two or three boards of the parlor floor and poured pails of water along the partition. When we came into the house we smelled smoke, and I found my table and bed linen all smoked and black. The forenoon of the wedding, Mr. Cheney had called for a third time on the Insurance Company, who were supposed to have transferred the insurance from Mr. Putnam (the former owner of the house) to Mr. Cheney, and received the reply that the papers would be finished and transferred to him the following day, which was not done, and when Mr. Cheney called on them the Monday following the fire, they refused to do anything about it, as Mr. Cheney could not show the papers, as he had never received them. He told the members of the Company, if their maxim was "non-payment" it left all the more money saved for their business and even as he was a Director of that Company, he insisted upon their accepting his resignation, (It was a good Company to belong to, as they paid no losses, which left all the more for the Directors.)

They came to him many times to have him remain as Director and said they would pay the insurance, but he declined to accept it and after that would never have the house or furniture insured. (After Mr. Cheney passed away, I felt that it was better, in case of another fire, with myself and five children living there, to have the place insured, which I did.)

We lived in the house all the year around, including two Summers, and it was

very cool, as the windows were opposite each other, and in the Summer I had the floors of the first and second stories covered with India Straw matting and mats all finished around with surcingle braid, which made the house look very cool and attractive. The third Summer, Mr. Cheney took the furnished house of Parry Kennard in Brookline, Mass.

The eighth of April 1866, B. P. Cheney was born (See Notes A). We spent that Summer at #32 Marlborough street and were very comfortable, with the straw mattings on the floor, and there was always a good breeze as the windows being opposite of each other. Mr. Cheney very often took myself and the two babies out for a drive. The next December, that is 1866, my father Asahel Clapp was taken very sick with an eruption on his leg and during the last three weeks of his life, I took the baby with Maggie the nurse out to Mothers to stay with Father and the last week Mr. Cheney was obliged to go to Montreal to a Meeting, returning on Sunday the day Father left us.

The following August 1867, another baby came to us. Mr. Cheney had been particular about remaining with me until after the prospective event, but was called to New York to an important meeting. He went on Monday. We had been in the habit of taking walks on Commonwealth Avenue evenings after Supper and there often met Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Baker. On the Monday night mentioned

as Pa was away, Mrs. Frank Jackson walked with me and when she left me at No. 32 she said, "Now Mr. Cheney is away, if you need anybody call me for I shall be up, as Doctor Jackson is quite ill and I shall be up with him all night." About two o'clock I had warnings and sent for Dr. Storer, who lived on Tremont St., the next door north of St. Paul's Cathedral. He said after arriving at the house, that he buttoned all his clothes up walking across the Common. About six o'clock we had a little girl added to the family. I sent a telegram to Mr. Cheney at the meeting saying "Miss Cheney sends love to her dear Father, and hopes to see him soon." Of course he was very much surprised and arrived home on the next train. As she was born on the 27th of August, the day of the month of the birth of my sister, Annette Boyden Clapp, I had hoped she would be named for her, but Pa was very anxious she should be named for his Mother, therefore, she was given the name, "Alice Steele Cheney."

For two Summers we remained at No. 32 and still were very comfortable.

On December 20th, 1869 another jewel was added to our family in the birth of Charles Paine Cheney. (See notes B.)

The following Summer, Mr. Cheney hired the comfortable house in Brookline, belonging to Mr. Parry Kennard, returning to No. 32 for the Winter. The next Summer we took a house at Auburndale and the Summer of 1871 we spent in Stowe, Vermont.

On November 3rd, 1871, still another jewel arrived in the person of Mary. I had the privilege of naming her, as "Mary" had always been a favorite name with me.

We had now quite a flock. By this time Percy and Alice commenced to attend Kindergarten School and the first day after her return, Alice informed us, by holding upright one of the dining room fire kindlings that "that is perpendicular" and laying it down, "that is horizontal."

On December 4th, 1874 Lillie came to us, making a five-jewelled family.

In 1875, Mr. Cheney bought the place in Dover, although he called it in Wellesley, as the Railroad Station where we left the train, was "Wellesley", but as the river was the natural division between the towns, we were really in Dover. The place was bought at Auction and Percy went out with his Father to attend the sale. There were lots of people there and a great deal of talk and when the Auctioneer called out that the place was bidden in by Mr. Cheney, Percy looked up at his father and said "What did that man mean when he said it belonged to you Father?" He was quite surprised. There was an old house on the place, the Hall being so small that one had to go in and shut the door before he could go into either of the front rooms. The old house was moved out on the side lawn, on top of the high bank, and left there while the new house was building, by Uncle John Fox, and later

was taken down and materials sold and carried away. The five large Elms were set out by the Indians as peace offerings to Apostle Elliott, who used to preach to them under the large Oak tree at South Natick near the Unitarian Church. The last Indian passed away two or three years after we moved into the house and lived on the way to Mary Davis' present house, on what was called the "Indian Farm", bought by Hollis Hunnewell a few months after the last Indian died.

My father, Asahel Clapp was born December 27, 1799, three days before the New Century 1800. He was taken to church by his Father Colonel Ebenezer Clapp, to be christened. The Colonel was wearing his new uniform for the first time and had a band of crepe on the left sleeve in memory of the death of General George Washington, ex-President of the United States. Washington had died two or three months earlier at Mount Vernon and the news was brought North by a messenger on horse back.

My father's sister Lucy, when she was seven years old, planted an orange seed, which has grown to be almost a tree, and after her death and her sister's -Mrs. John H. Robinson, Mrs. R's daughter sent it to me and it is the one I have in my Conservatory Winters and under which my Lillie and Carl Kaufmann were married December 4th, 1911.

As I mentioned above, I am not a writer of books, I only wanted each of you four remaining children to know of my early life, therefore, I shall not go into that part of it which you all know, as having lived with me, are events of your remembrances.

In the Winter of 1875, Pa was taken quite ill and Dr. Ezra Palmer, his physician, pronounced the trouble "Rheumatism at the base of the brain." In the midst of it, Alice was taken sick with Scarlet Fever; this went through the family with the exception of Percy, for at the time the first child was taken ill, he was on his vacation with Aunt Lucy Plumer in Manchester, N. H. When he came home in order to go to school, he was quarantined in the attic. Fortunately for me, Dr. Palmer decided that Pa would not be likely to take Scarlet Fever, as his system was full of Rheumatism, therefore, I was not obliged to change my clothes in going to and from the children.

I had Sarah Quinn help Eliza Gaughran with them and Mary Coleman offered to carry up their meals to the children, and I had in by the day a girl to do the chamber work and a helper in the Laundry. What with going back and forth among the sick ones, I did not step out of doors for fourteen weeks, but owing to God's greatest blessing given to me- good health- I was kept from falling sick.

The home in Elm Bank, Wellesley, was being built and in the Spring of 1876

we moved out there, when Lillie was in the second year of her life. Mary Coleman still did the Laundry work. She became one of the household a few years before, I having secured her from the Hotel at Stowe, Vermont, where with Pa and the three children we had spent the Summer. She lived with me thirty-three years and was always a fine, loyal helper under all situations and many trying ones. She passed away in Brooklyn, N. Y.

We enjoyed "Elm Bank" many years. Alice and Mary as they grew older, attended Miss Porter's school at Farmington, Conn. They graduated at the school, and I feel sure, they have appreciated the advantages of having lived for four years under the influence of Miss Porter's experiences and teachings. They met pupils there and kept up many of those friendships so far in life.

Of course you all remember the trying times in Colorado Springs. Percy and Charley both entered Harvard; Percy in 1888 and graduated in 1892, Charley in 1890 and graduated in 1892.

In 1887, Pa had ordered a Bronze Statue of Daniel Webster to be erected by Milmore, but before arrangements had been made, Milmore passed away, therefore, the order was placed in the hands of Thomas Ball. The Statue was finished and dedicated

to Daniel Webster's memory in June 1888, to be placed in the State House grounds at Concord, N. H., We all went up to the exercises and in a few days, Pa. Percy, Alice, Charley and I started for a vacation to Europe on the Cephalaria with Captain Seccombe. We landed in Liverpool, going directly to London and afterwards to Paris. Then Percy was obliged to come back for his entrance to Harvard, after about a two months trip. The rest of us staid a few weeks longer. Pa was taken quite ill in London and we had to use great care on the trip home. We landed in New York, stopping a day or two at the Brevoort House, 5th Avenue near 8th Street. Arrangements were made through the President of the Albany Railroad, whereby we could have the train stop at Wellesley Station instead of having to go to Boston (as Pa was quite ill.) We arrived safely and Pa soon began to improve.

While we had been away, we had arranged to have some remodelling done to the Marlborough Street house, as we needed more room for the children. Pa had a year or so previously bought the next lot of land for that purpose, but upon finding that the house could not be enlarged as we had hoped, without more time and would involve our spending the Winter at a hotel with five children, Pa said "No", so on our return from Europe he put the affairs in my hands and when I went in town to see how things looked, I was surprised to see how they had nailed up spaces, like under landings on the stairs.

I immediately had spaces uncovered and under the hall stair landing, had four large drawers and a cupboard made, - two cupboards in the back entry under the stairs and two cupboards and a case of five drawers made in the pantry and all over the house, had closets and bathrooms made for use and not boarded up solid. We were very comfortable ever after, but were often sorry we had built up in the air instead of out on the lot which was bought for the purpose.

Of course you all know when our troubles began with the passing away of Pa; His three attacks of Grip each year, all varying in symptoms.

After a long illness he left us July 23, 1895. Mr. Russ had made a will for him a year or two earlier, but prevailed upon him not to sign it, as he felt sure he would wish to change it. Unfortunately, Mr. Russ passed away the following year and later on Pa called on Mr. Olney in regard to the document. He asked Mr. Olney if it was all right. His reply was that it was lawful but not fair. He signed it and after Pa passed away it was altered. That was the reason Mr. Russ did not want him to sign it. I insisted that none of the charities or public bequests should be changed, that only the bequests to the immediate family should be altered. Of course the decision in regard to the family involved having members

of the family consent; Charley's children had to be represented by Mr. Morefield Story. Mr. Olney represented the children and myself- as he was chosen by Pa as one of the Executors. We got things straightened out after a while, but none of us ever blamed Pa, but fully realized, owing to his many illnesses, during the last years of his life, that the difficult task of making a fair and just will, with all the existing complications, would have been almost impossible. Percy being one of the Executors, was obliged to keep silent and that left Charley to be the one to arrange matters, which was finally done, I think, to the satisfaction of all members of the family.

Towards the following Winter, Mary-Charles, Alice Nye, Lillie and I took a trip to Washington. The second day after we arrived there, we took a drive to Alexandria and upon our return to the Hotel, found a telegram from Charley saying Pa's brother Jesse had passed away, therefore, the next morning we returned home. That was in March, and three weeks after my Mother passed away; She was taken with a slight stroke of Paralysis during the Winter, but it was not considered serious and the Doctor thought she might live many months, which accounts for the Doctor giving approval and advice for me to go to Washington for a change. Alice and Mary had gone with Kate Morse to Europe for a change and upon receiving a

cable of the passing away of Grandma Clapp, replied that they would sail for home by next steamer, but in the meantime, Mr. George F. Richardson (later a Trustee of Pa's Estate) together with the other Trustees proposed that instead of Alice and Mary returning, Lillie and I had better go over and meet them there, which we did, after a month's waiting for a passage, caused by low rates and over-crowded steamers. We got started at last and Kate and the girls met us at Southampton. We remained away about two months, going to Paris and even as far as Lake Lucerne, arriving home safely. (See NOTES C. Page 4)

The next October, Charley having developed lung trouble the Doctors insisted that he go to Colorado Springs for a time to see if the air and altitude would work a cure. As his wife Mary, was not able to go, expecting a new-comer in the family- Lillie and I offered to go and make a home for him until Mary could go. In October, we were all called to be at the christening of Baby Ruth at Charley's home #1041 Beacon Street and in November we started for Colorado - Mr. Halsall, Charley, Lillie and myself. We stopped at the Antlers Hotel and -----Chamberlain, a class-mate of Charley's at Harvard called and invited us all to his home for Thanksgiving dinner the next day. After a few days I began to look for a house and the Doctor, under whose care Charley was placed, said his home

was to let, so we took it and remained for some time. Afterwards, I found I could buy No. 1500 North Cascade Avenue and after a year or so it was changed to No. 1510.

I had fires built in the furnaces one Saturday in order that Charley could go into it, as we were intending to move there in a few days, but Charley had an ill turn the day before he was to see it and could not go. As it was thought best for Mary to not travel until after the first of the eighth month, she was unable to leave until that time for Colorado. They started off for Colorado in a private car- Mary, Nurse and Dr. Silas Houghton, Alice and Mary, little Charley and nurse - leaving Ruth, who was too young for so long a journey.

Poor Charley was failing fast, Mary had all her meals with him for three weeks, when the new boy arrived January 15th, and at Charley's request, he was named for Mr. Halsall; William Halsall Cheney. Charley lived three weeks and left us February 3rd, 1897, only 27 years old. We had services at the house February 4th and left for home February 5th and on arrival at #1041 Beacon St., had services there.

Mary being obliged to remain in bed and unable to take up the duties of house-keeping, Lillie remained with her about a month, when she and I went back to Colorado Springs to live in our house, as Lillie was

in very precarious health, taking Aunt Lucy Plumer with us. We remained there until June and then came back. You will see by the dates that Death had already taken from us three members of the family in a year and a half.

The following Fall, Alice and Mary took a long trip and about November, Aunt Lucy was taken sick and after a few weeks, also passed away. I was with her and held her in my arms. I was not present at the funeral services, as I went home and remained in bed for several days until rested.

As time went on, Uncle Gilman and his wife passed away, making seven deaths in three years and a half.

After Charley's death, his wife bought the site for a house, which Charley had already negotiated for before he went to Colorado. She built the present house (Peterborough, N.H.) and the year when Lillie and I were there on a visit with her, we came over into the wood growth and out to the front of the lot, and we said "What a fine place for a house" and I concluded that if the Trustees would sell me the property, which Pa had owned (in Peterborough, N. H.,) from a mortgage he had held for many years, I would build and have it for a Summer home, as the Wellesley property had proved to be very malarial, being on the banks of the Charles River, therefore, knowing

Peterborough to be free from malaria I wanted to own a small house there. The Trustees agreed to let me have the land and offered to build a house, but I concluded to build it myself. John Fox was the Architect and the house has always been quite satisfactory.

In the Spring of 1900 I broke my arm and as the house in Peterborough was finished, I could go there for two weeks between dressings. Harriet Shaw and Lillie came up for the Summer. Mary and Arthur came up ~~and~~ told me of their engagement. They were married December 10th, 1900 at Wellesley. Alice and Dr. Baltzell were married February 12, 1907 at Elm Bank, Wellesley and Lillie and I sailed for Europe February 15th.

Lillie was married December 4th, 1911 to Carl F. Kaufmann, a Swiss. He has come into the family of two women (as Lillie told him she should never leave her Mother, we had been through so much together and if he was willing to live with us, she would think about it) and we have all three been very happy together. He is very respectful and thoughtful for me and has been a great help in many ways.

As you all know of our family happenings, I feel that my narrative is finished and from this time onward, we shall all feel interested in each other's welfare.

I beg for consideration in this new phase of mine, but wanted you to know of the different life we led in many ways in the Nineteenth Century compared with the Twentieth Century.

The first money drawn from the Estate before the final settlement on me, while affairs were being permanently settled, I gave one thousand dollars to each child, B. P., Alice, Charley, Mary and Elizabeth. I have tried to do good and to follow my favorite motto----

"Count that day lost
 whose low descending Sun
 Sees from thy hand
 no worthy action done."

I once asked Edward Everett Hale if he was the Author of the verse, and he said he wished he had been, but it was to be found in Bartlett's quotations. I found it there and had the verse illuminated by Edward Garrett and framed.

In ending, I wish all you Children and your families, God's greatest blessing - Good Health, Happiness and a Long Life.

I am using these Notes as special references.

As I was blessed with a great supply of milk for the baby and was obliged to have it milked out twice a day, it was proposed that I secure a baby from the Lying-in Hospital, therefore, Dr. Storer sent the nurse to get one and within a day or two got a little boy-- one of twins-- born the same day as my baby. About this time, Dr. Storer's patient Mrs. George Gardner of Beacon Street passed away, leaving a little baby and I sent to her a bottle of breast milk twice a day for a week, until the Doctor succeeded in getting a wet-nurse whose milk agreed with the baby. After three days the Mother of the boy I took, wanted him back and said I could take the little girl instead. She thrived finely and I kept her until she was nine months old, when she was adopted by a family in South Boston named Sanger. We had a hard time to find the baby's Mother in order to obtain legal papers of adoption. The baby was afterwards christened "Elizabeth Cheney Sanger". I supplied her with a wardrobe, and Mr. Cheney and I took her to her new home, driving our dear old black horse "Macleanan" in an old fashioned chaise. The baby grew up well, was well educated and graduated from the High School and taught music, and has been for many years a Reporter for the Boston Globe Table Gossip.

Another baby I sent milk to was a Barnard child who was a year old and had Cholera-Infantum. Her parents were very thankful. They were relatives of Mrs. James M. Barnard and three years ago, Miss Barnard occupied the seat next to me in a Pullman car, en route to Peterborough. I had seen her often in Boston, while growing up.

Just before Charley came to us, as the lace curtains in the Drawing Room had been laundried, I sent for the Upholsterer to put them up and after telling him how I wanted them hung, when he had left the house, I came down stairs and found they were entirely opposite from the order given. I immediately called for the step ladder and hung them as they should be. That night I was in great distress; It seems by raising my arms and reaching up, the baby had turned and had made his birth very hard for us both. It was a breach-birth and a long one, which proved to be the reason that dear Charley was so delicate. I did not realize at the time that it little mattered how lace curtains were hung compared with the bodily suffering of us both.

Dr. Georg de Mauni, Annie Downer's husband and also Dr. Little, Minnie's husband, made artificial teeth for me; one-half of upper jaw with teeth and gums with gold band for other half of jaw, where my teeth had been saved. They wanted to do so for the experience. Both proved to be very practical.

When Lillie and I went to New York to sail, Charley and Percy went to see us off and brought us lovely flowers. Every morning, during the voyage, a box of flowers was brought to our Stateroom and the last morning before landing, the box contained very beautiful Orchids.

During the voyage there were concerts given and we had the pleasure of giving the Soloists a few flowers, which was a great surprise to them to receive land-grown flowers in mid-ocean.

It seems Charley had deposited them and requested a box be given to us every morning during the voyage. A very touching evidence of his kindly thought for the travellers.

You children have often asked me about the so-called three sets of children in Grandmother Stickney's family. I will explain it;--

George Whiting was descended from Rev. Samuel Whiting and Elizabeth St. John Whiting. She was of the influential family of "St. John" and her father was own cousin of Oliver Cromwell and their family tree shows relationship to ten crowned heads. She was born in 1605.

Rev. Samuel Whiting was Pastor for several years of a church in Lynn Poges. They sailed for America in the "Mary & John" 1636 and he preached several times in Kings Chapel, later he went to Saugus and after several years the men in power set off a part of that town and established a church and called the town "Lynn."

A full account of their life and times is contained in a book which was sent to me, called "Memoirs of Samuel Whiting."

George Whiting of Wilton, N.H., (my Grandfather) married Elizabeth Searle of Temple, N.H. He was proprietor of the Wholesale West India Goods store in India St. (Boston) When a young man he had built the corner house at Winter & Tremont Streets-right-hand corner-- Before it was entirely finished, he died there of Typhoid Fever, leaving his wife a widow with three children; Annette (afterwards Mrs. Dwight Boyden) my Mother, (afterwards Mrs. Clapp) and a baby (George) a year old.

The new house of course, had to be sold and Grandmother went home to Temple with the three children, to live with her Father and Mother, Daniel Searle and wife. He was the first Miller in Temple. I have one of the Mill Stones at my side door in Peterborough, N. H.

After a few years, there came along a Josiah Stickney, who had known Mr. Whiting, having been in the same business. He was a widower from Vermont, and his wife- formerly Susan Lee- had left one daughter, a little girl the same age as my Mother Elizabeth Whiting. Mr. Stickney and Grandmother were married about 1822 or 1824.

Mr. Stickney built a house corner of Tremont street and Alley leading to Head Place. He had quite a large garden on Head Place and was the first person to grow Dahlias; they were considered quite a wonderful flower.

Susan Stickney fitted in very well with the Whiting family and Grandmother brought them all up together and the three daughters proved to be fine women.

George Whiting, the boy, was lost at sea at the age of 22 years.

Susan married Mr. Lombard, Aunt Nettie married Mr. Dwight Boyden, (His father was proprietor of the Tremont House.) My Mother married Asahel Clapp. He was book-

keeper for Grandfather Stickney and asked to call at the Tremont street house for keys to the India street store. Mr. Clapp's first wife was Hannah Haraden, a sister of Mrs. Jonas Chickering. That disposes of two sets of children.

The third set are the children of Grandfather and Grandmother Stickney.--

Josiah, Martha (who married Hasbrock e Davis) Fannie (Mrs. Edmands,) Helen Augusta (Mrs. Hosmer) and the two boys who died in infancy.

There is one more circumstance in Pa's life I wish to mention;--

A little while before the Civil War broke out, Mr. Cheney wished to go by daylight over the course which had been laid out for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad. There were four of the Directors of the proposed Road to go in a coach of the Wells Fargo Express en route to San Francisco. They started from Atchison, changing horses four or six times, according to the rough road, every ten miles, stopping for the night at the ranches and through the extra dangerous places, on account of Indians, they used the metal cover for the coach; they used it only twice as a precaution.

Mr. Cheney said that some of the mattresses they laid on seemed as if they had been filled with chicken bones and all.

Upon arriving at San Francisco, after a few days, there was a run on the Wells Fargo Bank, which lasted a day or two. He went behind the desk and helped cashiers and telegraphed to New York and Boston for funds from those cities and when the mob found that funds were to be had, they quieted down.

While he was in California he received word by telegraph that he had been drafted for the war three times. He sent three substitutes, on his return to Boston. (That was the time he was examined as told earlier in this account).

When the last spike was driven in the Northern Pacific Railroad, the meeting of Directors was held in Portland, Oregon. Several cars were taken out and two tribes of Indians came bringing their people, dogs and tents.

Mr. Cheney stopped off at the town of "Cheney", where he had given an Academy and there was a reception and after the same my right hand glove was perfectly black from shaking hands and had to be thrown away.