

pointed out a place and Mr. Yelland got his corn ready. A little later, another farmer passed by and told Mr. Yelland, he was not planting his corn in the right place and that it should be planted on the knoll behind the barn. Mr. Yelland patiently removed his fertilizer and taking his corn, went along good naturedly to follow the instructions of the latter.

Besides the farm in Transelpine, Mr. Yelland, also owned a farm in Lowell of 125 acres - the so called Whitney farm with a house and other buildings. He also owned a number of acres at Falsom Dam which he cut the lumber from, hauling the bark to the tannery and the logs to the mill. The Weatherbees now own this lot of land and it is commonly known as Weatherbee Island. Asa G. Cley rented the farm in Transelpine and in Lowell, after Mr. Yelland's death.

When Mr. Yelland returned to Lincoln the second time, he painted not only the greater part of the houses in Lincoln, but many houses in surrounding towns as well.

While returning from painting a house in Mattawankeeg, he stopped at the home of his son-in-law's - Mr. William Warren - who lived in Lincoln village, five miles from Mr. Yelland's home. Mr. Yelland's wife was to meet him here. It was here that Mr. Yelland died - June 12, 1885.

Besides his trade, Mr. Yelland was a fine author and wrote both prose and poetry. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. The following lines are taken from his poem -CITY AND COUNTRY

(God made the country, men the town-Cowper)

From city's jarring world,  
A while I gladly flee:  
To feast my longing eyes  
Nature, on thee.  
Nature! Sweet nature hail!  
With you in life I'd be;  
And when this body fails,

THE EDWARDS FAMILY

From the very beginning, the Edwards Family has been considered one of Lincoln's finest families. Their exceptional educational advantages and attainments were most unusual in early times. They did much towards the advancement of schools and religious services in the old south part of the town. They were musical and talented and had a taste for art and literature. Both Henry and Fred Edwards have won recognition in the literary world through their excellent writings.

Aside from these facts, the Edwards family has the rare distinction of having occupied its old home since the time the building was first erected.

The children of Henry Edwards, now living, Ard, May and Kate have a keen interest in their old homeplace and Transelphine. Their sister, now deceased, conceived the idea of the Transelphine Reunion, the first one of which was held on the Edwards' property, upper Cold Stream, during the last year of her life. Since that time the Transelphine Reunion has become an annual event, being held the second Sunday in August of each year.

Ard Edwards has provided a very desirable location for this purpose, improved the road leading to it and done much to make it ideal in every respect.

Ard has been a successful farmer and has given considerable employment to various people in his community.

The Edwards Family has always been one of Lincoln's Outstanding families.

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Note: Gertrude Edwards Pinkham taught school in Transelpine when she was eighteen years old. That was in 1894, 43 years ago. It is said that Gertie was one of Transelpine's finest teachers. She had such patience, such enthusiasm and such a wonderful understanding of her pupils. Some of the larger boys of the neighborhood wished to learn to dance and asked Gertie to instruct them. She consented and a fiddler was found and regular rehearsals were held in the dance hall at Bruce's Corner.

There were the Littlefield boys, Fred Clifford, Bertie Folsom and others. Bertie will be remembered by all as very shy and bashful. He wouldn't look at a girl. Because of his shyness, he did not progress very rapidly with his dancing. He seemed to be all feet. The same was true of Fred Clifford. But these boys all improved with years and have made their mark in the world. Bertie has won quite a bit of fame as a poet. The following poem was written by him, about the happy days in Transelpine, and printed in 1921:

#### MOONLIGHT MEMORIES

The wintry moon is full tonight,  
As I gaze on its soft and mellow light  
My thoughts down a backward pathway flow,  
To the dear old times of long ago.

In fancy I see a farm-house grey,  
On an "Alpine" hillside, far away,  
Within all is laughter, joy and song;  
For it shelters a care-free, happy throng.

Dear "Pa" and "Ma," so kind and good,  
Our fun and frolic they understood.  
For some hearts stay young, as time goes by  
And passing years but beautify.

Dear friends! you are scattered, o'er hill and plain.  
We'll ne'er all meet on earth again.  
'Tis but destiny that our ways should part;  
Yet old-time thoughts can fill each heart.

The wintry moon shines full, tonight.  
May God send a sheaf of its radiance, bright  
And each path light up, by His wondrous love,  
'Til we meet once more in His home Above.

Skowhegan, Maine

-A. M. Folsom

## RECOLLECTIONS OF PHEBE BUCK COFFIN

Note: Phebe Buck Coffin is the daughter of Josiah and Sally Clay Perkins, and the granddaughter of John M. Perkins, the old singing master. Phebe was married and left Maine in her early girlhood. She and her husband went first to Minnesota and then to Washington. She now lives alone in Centralia, Washington. She has never been back to Maine but dreams constantly of her homeland. She can not seem to realize the changes time has made. Although she is now eighty-seven years old she is well and active. She takes occasional trips, does a lot of hard work and remembers everything that ever happened in her early days.

I can remember the summer I was thirteen years old. I went to school to Seville Moore and I was very fond of her. She was keeping company at the time with Henry Edwards. We used to have school three months in the summer and three months in the winter when I lived there in Transalpine. That was the last year of my being there. That winter there was a young man who taught the school. It was too far for me to walk so I worked my board at Frank Crane's. One day I felt strangely ill so I got excused from school and went across the road to Aunt Becky Davis's house. I thought that perhaps she could cure me but she didn't seem to know what the matter was with me. She was doing some work in the sitting room by the window and happened to look up just as Dr. Lindsey was driving past. She quickly put on her shawl and ran out to stop him. Now if there was anything in this world that I was afraid of it was a doctor, so I hurried into my coat and hat and ran out another door. I had to sit down and rest beside the road several times. I don't know how I ever reached home, but when I did I fell upon the trundle-bed. The next morning I was well broken out with the Chicken Pox.

Amelia Perkins, my father's sister, married Warren Lowe and Orland was their son. They had a daughter named Emma who died when she was about twelve years old. Aunt Amelia died

and after Uncle Warren married the second time, the children lived with us for a while. Mother and father became very attached to them. Orland was full of mischief and was about the age of my brother. I had to take care of Orland at school and I tried to keep right hold of his hand at recess time but he gave me a lot of trouble. He was always getting into fights with larger boys and he would frighten me most to death by standing on his head until all the blood ran down into his face. Emme was about the age of my sister, next to me. I think Emme was buried in Lincoln because they were living in the village at the time of her death.

I can remember about the Indian Woman who came to our old home in Transalpine. She came to find some money her father had buried in our pasture near or under the side of a big rock by the sugar maples. He had marked the tree but the tree had been cut down and she couldn't find the money. Her father told her about the money on his death bed. She hunted a week for it and then went away crying. Father hunted for it also but never found it. There were so many rocks there. It must be there yet because I don't believe anyone, outside of our family, knew about it.

I wonder if those sugar maples are still standing. I expect the old pasture is all woods now for I remember there was a lot of small spruces and I expect other kinds of small trees growing that are big trees now. There is where my sister Eva and I used to have our play house, in the pasture. There used to be a stone wall between our place and Hayden's pasture up as far as the barn. The rest of the way was a rail fence. We never had any wire fences. Our place was always very rocky. Every time father plowed the land, he plowed up rocks. He had a drag that he used

to hitch the oxen to and haul the rocks to some place where he wanted to build a stone wall. His fingers used to get sore from picking rocks. I wonder if there is still a brook way down the road going towards Delano's, to the right, back in the woods. I never knew it to go dry. It was a life-saver in dry seasons when the wells went dry.

I would like to go back to Maine and see our old home place. I would like to go to the old well where the log house used to be and eat some of the apples from the old trees. The old cherry trees are probably dead by now. There once was a big flat rock in the young orchard, close to the house, where I used to take my book and read for hours by myself.

There was another rock, a very famous rock in my day, at the foot of the grade on the right hand side of the road just before you got to our house. We called this rock the Chair Rock. It had a flat surface and a back like a chair. My sister and I used to race each other to see which one would get the rock first.

There used to be a house that burnt down just below our house, on the other side of the line. William Doble lived there. He claimed to be a preacher. One day he went away and never came back. His wife had what we used to call old fashioned Consumption. She had two children. The oldest one got scalded so badly it left her a cripple. She always carried her right arm around her back. Mrs. Doble later moved out to the village and ran a milliner's shop there.

When I was thirteen, there was a singing association at Lincoln village, that was in 1863, and father, mother and I attended. We boarded with Mrs. William Doble for a week.

I was thinking a few days ago of Jemima Gowen Fiske.

together. I corresponded with her a long time after I left Maine. She sent me a picture of her daughter, Gertie Fiske, when Gertie was about eight years old. I still have it out here. I was looking at it a few days ago.

I often think of Jock Darling who married Nancy Hayden. They lived in part of our house for two or three years. They had a daughter named Alice. The year before we sold our place the Hayden's moved to Burlington and Jock Darling's family moved into their house and went to logging near the pond. Father worked for Jock that winter, and as he had already sold our home, he moved us into Delano's house for the winter, so as to be near his work. The Delano family had moved away a few years previous and the Pedler, Frank Doble, lived in the house a few years before we moved in that winter. Frank Doble had a daughter Vesta and two sons - Erastus and Rosco. We moved to Gould's Ridge that following spring.

I remember one time that father and Jock Darling went up to Moosehead Lake, moose hunting and brought home some moose meat. Father built a smoke house and smoked a lot of the meat.

My father raised about all we needed on our farm. We didn't have anything to sell that I remember of and father always worked in the woods winters. Mother used to spin and weave and we knit our own stockings, mittens and socks. We were happy then. Much happier than people are today. All our family could sing and we were known for miles around as the Singing Family. Whenever father was in the house he would have a singing book in his hand and would say, "Come Sarah and Pheobe let's try this piece over." Then we would sing altogether. Sometimes we would try two or three times before we would get the right key and father would beat the time

and use his tuning fork. Many people came to the house to sing with us. I can remember the little house we used to have on runners in the winter time. It had a little stove in it and we used to go from place to place and hold sings.

Mother was a great hand to joke and was full of fun. Clean and sensible fun. Yet she was very stern looking and when she was real serious it would be hard to believe that she would ever joke. She had black snapping eyes. Mother was kind hearted and honest and her friends were very dear to her. She didn't care to be friendly with everyone and some people in those days thought she was proud. But it was just her way and people didn't understand her. She was very neat and always looked dressed up, even in a calico gown. Mother was a very good dress maker and tailor.

Luther Clay was very jolly as a young man and greatly liked by all. He could also be very stern. No one ever got put out with his jokes. He always knew when to stop joking and would often say - "Boys, boys, that will be enough." I don't think anyone could ever have led him into anything that he thought was wrong. Of course he wasn't perfect but he had wonderful principles. I can hear him laugh now.

Jonathan Clay was also very jolly. It seems as though he never had any trouble with any one and he was always ready for a joke. If there was ever anything going on in the neighborhood and people knew Uncle Jock Clay was going to be there, they felt sure that they would have a good time. I remember just how he looked the last time I saw him. That was when I was fourteen years old.

I can plainly recall the night that Uncle Jonathan, Uncle Luther Clay and Otis Bruce came to our house to bid us all



good-bye in the evening as they had enlisted to go to the Civil War. They wanted to hear me sing before they went away. My sister Eva and I had gone to bed but mother called us and we got up and dressed and came out and I sang for them. I felt more like crying because I didn't want them to go to war. Mother felt so bad it made her sick. She said, "We may never see them again." Uncle Luther, Otis Bruce and Fred Edwards all returned but Uncle Jonathan was killed in the battle of Petersburg. Aunt Helen, his wife, said that after he had said good-bye to her and the children he came back again and looked through the window at them and when she suddenly glanced up and saw him standing there, something came over her and she knew she would never see him again.

War is terrible. I have poetry now that Fred Edwards wrote while he was in the war. Henry Edwards was also a fine man and a great poet. He wrote books too. I was not as well acquainted with him as I was with Fred Edwards because Fred came to our house a lot. Whenever a new hymn book came out he would come to our place to practice the new pieces.

There isn't a day that goes by but what I think of our old home place in Maine, the dearest place on earth to me. But I suppose people think it is no good or some one would build a house on it and live there. There has always been an ache in my heart for old Lincoln and I do not advise anyone to leave their home for a new country, as I did. If anyone has such an idea in mind the thing to do is to take a trip first and then they can see if they are going to like well enough to sell their property and move away for good.

I now have a copy of the History of Lincoln and I spend many lonely hours studying its pages, recalling old friends and living again the very happiest moments of my life.

## ANDREW AND THE BEES

Andrew Ripley had bought a hive of bees from Mr. William Gowen and so one night after his chores were done he took his son Freeman and they drove to William's home to get the bees.

Alva Miles, who was then working about the place, came out good naturedly and offered to fetch the bees for Andrew to take home. He was so accommodating that he would not allow Andrew or Freeman to do anything but sit in the wagon and wait. Alva tied the hive on back of the wagon with a hitching rope which Andrew had passed him for the purpose.

Alva laughed unusually long, as he bid Andrew and his son good night and stood grinning until they were out of sight. They had not gone far when Andrew felt something crawling along his neck. He no sooner pushed it away when Freeman cried out that his thick, curly hair was full of bees. Both men sprang from the wagon and jumped around in the road. The horse became frightened and ran wild, destroying the wagon.

Both men were stung badly but Freeman's injuries were much the worse. It was a long time before he finally recovered.

Some people thought Alva had made the hive of bees insecure for a joke, not realizing the danger or possible serious outcome. He was a well known mimic and joker of his time but until then had never been accused of anything unkind. However, different people formed different opinions regarding the matter and the real truth has never come to light.