

## Recollections of the Starr House

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"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood  
When fond recollection brings them to view;  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.  
The wide spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,  
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;  
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well."

. . .

Way down in the swamp where the blue violets blossomed  
Stood the low-branching willow, wherein we could climb,  
In the garden were currants and sweet-scented "L. glooks"  
And beds full of marjoram, sage, mint and thyme.

In the autumn the orchard was stormed at and pelleted  
By archers unruly who clamored for more  
Until they were threatened with fines and the "lock-up",  
And driven uncomplaining far from the door.

There are funny old stories told over and over  
By Susan, of Miner and George, James and Anne,  
Of Elizabeth's shawl with the haz-bone and supper  
Lugged off as a joke, from a hungry old man.

The famous great kite that was built in the attic,  
The girl who when spinning got all "spindled up",  
The card games, the cherry-stones put in the pitcher,  
The child who was scared by the Newfoundland pup.

Two comical brothers nicknamed one another-  
(For grandfather's forge stood just over the way)  
George Hammer, James Anvil, two jolly companions,  
They made merry music for many a day.

## 2 Recollections of the Starr House.

There was dancing and singing and many a frolic  
And laughing and teasing of Willoughby Bath:  
The mythical fiddle, the song of "Marie",  
Indulged in to stir up old Willoughby's wrath.

Elizabeth perched on the peg by her brothers,  
The flour that was sifted by dutiful "Sue",  
While the mayflowers, longed for, bloomed in the wood-lot,  
These sweet-smelling flowers of beautiful hue.

Anne went to the shop of the little shoe-maker,  
And put up her foot to be measured for shoes.  
Mr. Goldfinch discovered a hole in her stocking.  
Said Anne, with a toss of her curls, "They are Sue's."

Jim Starr went to church as the bride of Jim Goldfinch,  
Rigged out in a woman's veil, bonnet and dress;  
They sat at the rear of the Methodist Chapel,  
Their marriage was noticed next week by the press.

There was Grandmother Starr going off in a hurry  
To church, with her bonnet atop of her cap.  
There were Susan's new shoes that were spoiled by the dampness,  
And the skating on flat-irons--My! what a snap!

Some funny old fellows came often to Grandma's,  
Sol Mangus, who gobbled up onions galore,  
John Pete, the old Indian, all rags and tatters,  
And many another both hungry and poor.

Then Grandmother's needle and thimble and patches,  
And cookies and doughnuts came forth for relief,  
For the goodness and patience of Grandmother Nancy  
In dealing with paupers, is far past belief.

### 3 Recollections of the Starr House.

The sick and the needy would send in a hurry  
For aid from this woman of wonderful skill,  
And when she had fed them and nursed them through sickness,  
She never presented a troublesome bill.

When airy hoop-skirts long ago were in fashion,  
Some young Milton ladies were going to Town,  
Then Grandmother, seeing them asked quite politely,  
"Have you got your warm petticoats under your gown?"

My Grandfather Starr was a wonderful workman  
In iron and wood, with his brain and his hands,  
A beautiful rock-away- built for us children  
To ride in, even now to his memory stands.

Now here's to the memory of grandfather's cottage,  
Which sheltered so many who travelled from far,  
The preacher, the peddler, the sailor, the wanderer,  
Who slept 'neath the roof-tree of Grandfather Starr.