

PARCHER FAMILY

I cannot tell you much about my mother's folks, only that they lived on a farm in Vermont between Waterbury and Montpelier where her parents came in their young days and where their children were born and grew up to manhood and womanhood. Mother's maiden name was Parcher and her mother's Darling. There were no large farms in Vermont, but people were very well to do and comfortable. Mother's folks kept sheep and geese of which they had a flock of five hundred. They put yokes on them and drove them back and forth to pasture like sheep. They spun and wove their own wool into cloth for their clothing. Mother said she never wore anything but homespun until she was fifteen. She used to do a great deal of knitting. The summer she was fifteen she knit sixteen pairs of men's socks besides taking care of her mother who was sick in bed all summer, and doing all the housework. They had a grove of maple trees of about five hundred where they made maple sugar and syrup by the barrel. In the home they had lovely old, black walnut and mahogany furniture. Mother said they had a writing desk of rosewood that was her grandmother's brought over from Scotland. Her people were Scotch. Also they had a rosewood piano and a sofa or as they called them then 'settee' of the same upholstered with silk plush.

Grandmother was an invalid most of her life. She died in her 40th year. Grandfather was killed by a tree falling on him. There were three children, mother, Aunt Ann and Uncle Josiah. He had one boy and one girl, David and Calista. Aunt had one boy and two girls. Philo, Alma and Ella. I have seen Aunt Ann's family where we lived in the town of Harris, Wisconsin. We were near neighbors. Aunt died before we left Wisconsin. I have never seen them since. Uncle Josiah and his wife came to Minnesota to visit father's. David came to visit us when we were on father Ellis' place about 1881, I think, and Calista came to visit us when we lived at Enterprise.

Mother's people had orchards of fruit and nuts of all kinds. Mother told us the young folks had good times there too, something like father used to tell their having, only lacking the black servants for they were Puritans of the sternest kind and would hold up their hands in holy horror at the mere mention of a Catholic who they thought worse than heathen.

I will stop here, hoping you will get some pleasure out of all of this.

From your loving grandmother,

Mrs. Amelia Ellis, Nee, Van Derzee