

ISCHUA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

RECALLING LIFE ON THE FARM IN CADIZ

Aaron Mead, the son of Merlin and Polly Mead was born in Cadiz and attended grammar school in Cadiz. He was later sent to Waterbury, Connecticut to live with relatives and continue his education there. On August 19th, 1856, his 18th birthday, he writes a nostalgic letter home. Here is a section from that letter:

I have been thinking about you all at home. I see you all as plain as if I was there and so in imagination my eye rests on old familiar objects. There is Father in the corner by his desk reading THE EVANGELIST, or what is better the BIBLE. Mother sits there in her rocking chair pondering the precepts she has heard in church, or perhaps thinking of the one on the briny deep (his brother Romeyn went to sea) or the stray one here in Connecticut. You, my dear sister are either upstairs in your room or in the parlor singing for the five hundredth time the good old tunes in the psalter or perhaps reading some suitable book.

Eddy has gone after the cows. I see him as he climbs the hill, occasionally stopping to pick the tempting berry, till at length he returns with them. Now Father lays down his paper and with Mother's old apron as a protection for his pants sallies forth with all the pails. At his appearance, Old Yellow bustles up to him and will not be content until she is milked first. Eddy attacks Little Red, while the others wait impatiently for their turns to come.

Yes, it is pleasant but almost sad to think that these things are past, and that never perhaps again shall I enter the door of the dearest place on earth except as a transient visitor.

Submitted by: Maggie Fredrickson, Village of Franklinville Historian