

An account of his early life
written by
Robert Oliver Fuller
(September 12, 1829 - March 9, 1903)

Transcribed by Beverly Fuller Dunlap Rodrigues from handwritten records of her great-grandfather Robert Oliver Fuller. These notes were apparently written in 1895, as that date is referred to as current in the text. The liberty has been taken of adding punctuation for readability, as his notes seem to have had very little.

New Boston Historical Society summary:

A unique account of life in New Boston, New Hampshire in the first half of the 19th century (specifically 1836-1843) was written by Robert Oliver Fuller in 1895. His handwritten account was transcribed by his great-granddaughter Beverly Fuller Dunlap Rodrigues and presented to the Historical Society in 2005. This excerpt of Robert's account describes his years in New Boston and is reproduced here with Beverly's permission.

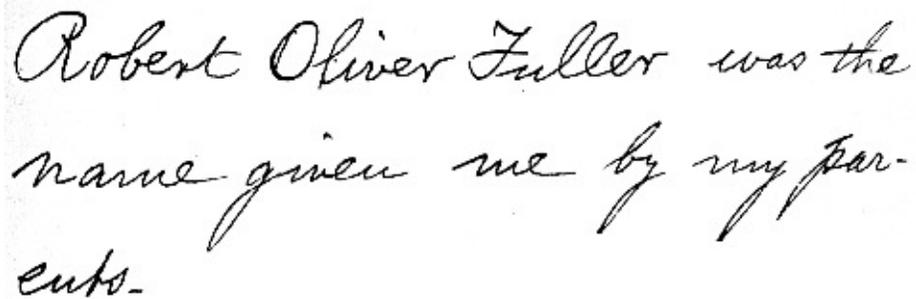
Robert Oliver Fuller was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts to a family of modest means. In 1836, when Robert was not quite seven years old, he was sent to New Boston to work for Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Whipple. Whipple was a storekeeper, briefly, who then "went into farming somewhat".

Robert was sent to New Boston with the understanding that he would work for the Whipples until he was 21. However in 1843, a few years after the Whipples had a child of their own, they decided that 14-year-old Robert could return to Cambridge, which was "a happy day" for the young man. Robert later became a successful businessman.

Robert O. Fuller returned to New Boston in 1897 and delivered an address at Old Folk's Day.

April 2016

My children have wanted me to write the events in my life. It would never have occurred to me to have done so as my experiences have hardly any interest outside my own children.



Robert Oliver Fuller was the
name given me by my par-
ents.

Robert Oliver Fuller was the name given me by my parents. Robert for Robert Fuller a friend of my father's but no relation. Oliver was my father's name. My mother was Sally Richardson.

I was the fourth and youngest child. My oldest sister's name was Sarah Elizabeth. She married Albert T. Minot of Boston. Maria F. married Horace A. Hancock. Henry Fuller died before I was born. I was born Sept. 12th 1829.

I have heard that one of my uncles thought it was a pity that another child was to be supported on the limited family income. This same uncle, when I was about 21 years old, wanted me to sign a note for his benefit. He said my note was good. I said I would keep it good by not giving the note.

My early recollections are that most people in those days were poor. There was little money. Every one was expected to work. I have no recollection of wanting food or lacking clothing. Careful economy was used in every family that I knew about.

I was born in a one story house on Auburn St., Cambridge, which is still standing. It is the first house west from Brookline St. left hand side. The house ends to the street. At the lower end a Mrs. Prentiss lived. She has told me that I would come to her door and pound and say "Miss Pent I want to come in. I will come in."

The first thing that I can remember is while living in this house a little game rooster (that was owned by my uncle Mr. Joseph Abbott, a neighbor) flying in my face one day while out in the yard. I was well frightened.

I could not talk plain, as my mother says I told the Dr. about something which he could not understand. I suppose I was about three years old.

My first business transaction was picking up some old iron shingle nails under the eaves after the roof had been shingled. This was when we lived in the brick block, cor. Main & Brookline Sts. I presume the nails may have been hand made and of Russia or Swedes iron. I remember carrying the nails across the street to the iron store kept by Robert Fuller, for whom I was named, and getting two cents. Then, and for years after, one of the ways that boys earned money was to pick over the wood ash heaps at the

soap factories and cull out bits of iron. This was before the days of burning coal. The bits of wrought iron were used in making cut nails.

My first school was at the corner of what is now Winsor & School Sts. This was where my mother says she went, when she was a little girl. It was there the first school in Cambridgeport was kept. My teacher was Miss (Martha, I think) Valentine. She was the daughter of Master V. that kept a school for older scholars nearby. I suppose I was about four years old. I remember sitting on the front seat, Ms. V. standing on a low platform on a level with my eye, seeing her low cut kid slippers, with narrow black strings crossed over her white stockings. The neat appearance of her feet I remember well. I fix the time at four years as I went to Miss. Mehitable Fisk mother of the Missess Leonardo. She opened a private school on Norfolk St. near Austin St. The building was owned by Mr. Johnathan Hagar. When Mr. H. was picking his quinces Miss Fisk playfully claimed them. This is the one thing I remember.

One event while I was attending the Winsor St. school might have prevented my writing these things. My mother came for me. In the rear of the block on Main St. from Cherry St. to Austin St. were several pits used to pickel hides. It was a short cut from School St. I had a long string which I was dragging behind me. Running along with no thought of where the path was, I fell into one of these vats. My mother heard no sound but happened to look back could see no Robert. Back she ran and saw me in one of the pits. She lifted up her voice and men came and fished me out. I remember I wanted my string and my hat which the man got for me. I would be glad to know who that man was.

About this time my grandmother had a cast iron fire frame with brass knobs, brass andirons and brass handled shovel and tongs. The andirons are in the east chamber in my house at Harvard the shovel & tongs are in the east room also at Harvard.

In the summer I think 1835 my mother and I went to visit my Aunt Nancy Woodbury at Gloucester. In the fall of that year she visited my Aunt Harriet Randall in Lowell. I am not certain how we went. I remember hearing the talk whether it would be safe to go in the cars. I believe we went in the stage but have no recollection of the trip. My Uncle and Aunt Randall lived on Merrimac St. not far from where the Merrimac St. Rrd. station now is. It was a brick house and was standing a few years ago.

One night after I had been asleep in a trundle bed I was waked up, dressed, and taken down stairs to be shown as I am told to Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Whipple who were about to move from Lowell to New Boston, N.H. I have a dim recollection of being taken up and hearing something said then or later about a Miss Ruhamah Cochran who was the daughter of a farmer in N. Boston. I believe he was called Squire Ben Cochran. The young lady, like many farmers' daughters, worked in the mills at Lowell. How it came about that I went to N.B. I never knew. I have an idea that my Aunt Harriet made the plan. I imagine she thought it would be for my mother's advantage as well as my own benefit.

On the morning of May 3d 1836 the stage came and I was put in it in Miss Cochran's care and she was very pleasant to me. I was nearly six years and eight months old. To me it was a pleasant prospect. I don't remember being lonesome or homesick all that day. It is a fortunate thing that children are so easily interested in the new surroundings. I fancy my mother had a very different experience than mine.

We must have started early as we arrived at N.B. as near as I can judge about one o'clock p.m. I remember there was a good lunch provided which gave out at Amherst. I asked for more. Miss C. said

she would ask the man when he came, which she did, and more was provided. I've no doubt a plenty to eat had its influence in keeping me happy that day. It was the day for the annual May training. I remember seeing the soldiers in uniform looking out of the windows of the hall in the tavern where, I suppose, was there place of meeting.

I have been told that I was pretty nimble in getting about, that I was up on the roofs of the buildings, in and out of doors, and was pretty busy the rest of the day.

Mr. Whipple had opened a store in the village. What I was set about at first I don't know. One thing I remember, it was my work to drive the cow to pasture. This was at five o'clock in the morning.

I can't say it was the first summer that I did this. I went to the village school about 10 or 12 weeks in the summer and the same in the winter. I did not go to the summer terms more than three summers, if I did more than two. The most of what little education I have I received in the little red brick school house which still stands but, much to my regret, has been turned into a dwelling house. I studied what I chose. I have been told by other boys that went with me that I was one of the good scholars. I think I learned easily and had no difficulty in keeping up with older boys.

Mr. W. gave up keeping store and went into farming somewhat. I always went barefoot in the summer. I know my feet were often very cold driving the cow to her pasture about half a mile away. I can hear Mr. W's heavy voice as he called me out of my sound sleep at 5 a.m. to drive that cow. After driving the cow, I had milk to carry morning and night, the pig to be fed, to bring in the wood, wash potatoes, wipe the dishes, sweep and dust. set and clear the table, and many little odds and ends of work.

I had the care of the horse a little later. After school closed in the winter, there was the wood to be sawn, several cords for the years supply. When the farm work began Mr. W. would load up the cart with manure and send me with it up the hill to unload. By taking some from the front end and placing it at the tail of the cart, I could tip it up. Then pick up a load of stones and drive off to dump them, then return to the village for a second load perhaps. In hoeing, I hoed two hills and skipped two, doing half a row to Mr. Whipple's one row. That was half as much as a man. I was often told I did not earn my salt.

Mr. W. did a good deal of teaming to Manchester. Sometimes I went too, either with another load or to drive the team back if he stayed to frame a building &c.

I think I went to muster, as the fall training was called, two or three times. With these exceptions, I don't remember ever being told I could have a holiday. I am sure I did not work much such days. It did not seem to occur to them that it was necessary for me to have a play day. I had the feeling that I might be called to account for being off from work. I recall only one gift of money on a holiday. This was on the Fourth of July at Manchester. We had taken a load of timber down and I was to drive the pair of horses back. Mr. Whipple gave me three five cent pieces. The day was celebrated in M. by the dedication of a cemetery.

The fact was people had little money. The price paid for an able-bodied man to work in haying was \$20 for a month rain or shine, or \$1 per day for fair weather. Board included in both cases. Work was commenced at sun rise and did not always end at sun set.

It was before the days of mowing machines and horse rakers. In haying time I spread the hay after the mowers. Then, if it was heavy grass, turned it again, raking it into winnows and cocking it up for the night, perhaps getting in a load or two at night. My part was to rake after the cart, sometimes to tramp it down on the load. When it was pitched off I stowed it away in the barn.

In one barn there was a floor over a shed. One of the boards on which I was standing slipped off the beam at one end. I fell about 10 or 12 feet. I had a four tined fork in my hand which I dropped. It balanced on the edge of the opening. Mr. Whipple sprang and caught it, saving my life perhaps.

I was a pretty tired boy very often at night. I was hardly ever sick, once when I ate too many pears and one other time I think for only a part of a day. I had a good appetite. I was always hungry. I had enough to eat and a boy's relish. The food was plain and wholesome. I often had for my supper brown bread and milk. I disliked this very much. I think, however, it was the supper in many farmers' families. It was all the product of the farm and did not cost money.

Mr. and Mrs. W. were Christian people. Fast days with them were kept. I learned to provide something in advance for that. They attended meeting on fast day and took me with them.

Some of the men played baseball in front of the house. I was not allowed to look at them as they thought it was wicked I suppose. I got off into another room to see them play. This was discovered and stopped.

What to me was the greatest hardship was when at rare intervals a menagerie with a circus attachment came I was not allowed to go, not even allowed to go to the grounds where the show was. I believe all the other boys, and girls too, went. It was a very rare event for me to go to any of the shows or entertainments that came to the town.

One of the winter eveg amusements was to have spelling schools in the school house. I was not allowed to attend. At one time, Mrs. W. being away, Mr. W. went off, as I supposed to be absent overnight. I went. Much to my regret, he returned before I did. It was against rules. I came very near getting a whipping. I had a narrow escape. I guess I promised to do some extra work. Had they understood the case better they could have got a good deal more work out of me had they said you can go to this or that provided you will do so much work. I think they looked upon a circus as being a very wicked place and were conscientious in not allowing me to attend.

The spelling schools were attended by the boys and girls. There would be two to choose sides. First one would choose the one he thought was the best speller, then the other side chose and so on till all were taken. I was put up to choose once. I thought the biggest ought to be the best and chose one of the big girls. As she took her seat next to me she whispered Frank Lynch's name. Frank Lynch was at her side in about a minute. They were poor spellers. As a word was missed on one side it went over to the other side for them to try. If they spelled it correctly they chose one from the side that missed. They chose the best speller till one side had spelled the other down, as it was called, and so won.

The room was lighted with tallow candles with turnips, potatoes, for candlesticks. Many people used these tallow dips which they made themselves. No objection was made to buying such books as I wanted to use in school. Being in school so little, I presume I had more desire to study.

Of all the work I had to do, picking stone into the cart I disliked exceedingly. It was usually in cold weather, my hands would be dry and the skin rough. About every time the land was ploughed there would be a new crop of stones. Picking potatoes was about as bad.

I remember one summer the cow pasture was a mile away. To reach it it was necessary to leave the road and go through a piece of woods to an old unused road from which the bars opened into the pasture. Sometimes it would be dark when I came to the woods. It was with fear and trembling that I went through this piece of pathless forest from one road to the other. If the cows were not in sight from the bars, nothing would induce me on these dark nights to hunt for them in what seemed to me a vast wilderness. I think I was about ten year of age at this time. I would get a scolding for not bringing the cows home, but I suppose it was thought useless to send me back again.

One night news was brought that a man had been murdered. There was great excitement. I knew the man that was killed. I can't fix this date. I was ... years old. I slept in a large unfinished attic. It was dark when I went up to bed, which was of straw on the floor. I well remember peering into the dark end of that big place wondering if the murderer who had escaped had concealed himself there. There was a roof of a building in the rear by which any one could easily reach a window that was without fastening in this attic. The terror of that night I shall never forget.

My clothing in summer was a shirt of unbleached cotton and a pair of trowsers. A palm leaf hat (that was braided by a Mrs. Fletcher) that cost 12 1/2 c. completed the suit. I had a jacket which was called a spencer for cold weather. I think the summer suit was cotton and that for winter woolen. I remember my Uncle Royal came there one winter. He asked me where my coat was. I said I had none. "Wasn't I cold?" he asked. "No," I answered. I was dressed the same as the other boys - I never had any flannels or overcoat while there. I don't remember having a cold at any time while there.

I had food that was warming. The staple was pork. When the hogs were killed late in the fall we had fresh pork for some time. Sausages were made that lasted many weeks. Salt pork, fried or boiled, was a frequent dish. I recall eating slices of solid cold boiled fat pork and it tasted good. Baked beans was a standard dish always Sunday morning as well as after noons. We usually had two meals on Sundays. Hasty pudding and milk was a common dish. Little was bought except flour, molasses and sugar. Brown sugar was used. I think they lived better than the average of families.

I was invited to a childrens party. I think it was the only one in my New Boston history. It was very doubtful whether I would be allowed to go. It was at the minister's house and given by his daughter and I went.

Amusements were limited. One of the principal things in summer was to go in swimming. I remember on one occasion getting into a place where it was so deep I could only touch bottom with my toes, my mouth and nose were under water except as I could spring up for a second or two. I could not swim and was helpless. It was in a small canal (at Nevill's axe factory). Another boy was with me. He could not swim, but he reached his foot out and gave me a push that sent me to the other side and I scrambled out. I think it was Charles Warren that was with me. He went with his parents to the west long before I came home.

Coasting down the numerous hills in winter was one sport. I did not have any sled for some years. Mr. W. had one made to draw bags of meal to the mill. It was so high and wide I could not reach my feet down on both sides at the same time to steer. One day I cut up a hill to have a coast. I saw the maker of the sled come out of a shop below me and start down the hill. I wanted to show him how fast the sled could go. He was on one side of the road and I took the other. Just as I came up to him he swayed in front of me, I hit him, knocked him down, and tore his clothes. It was toward the close of my coasting for that winter. I was terribly frightened. Mr. W. called me to account for it, which I explained as above. I think the man was intoxicated but I did not find it out till a long time afterwards.

One day I was given a lesson in how to chop down trees - (Alfred went up with me to see the stump on Buxton Hill in '84.) I think a little stick flew up causing my axe to glance. It came down into my right foot. There is a scar there now two and one half inches long. It troubled me but a day or two.

There was a small stream near the house. One day I caught a little trout. It gave me great pleasure. I never had much success in fishing - I think fishing is like making money - not every one can succeed in either.

The first years of my stay, when they went to visit Mrs. W.'s parents about four miles away, I was too small to be left at home and was generally taken. In order to lighten the load for the horse, I walked up the hills. I was rather small for my years. When I suppose I was about ten I weighed 42 #s. I had at one time a toy lead cannon. It may have weighed 1/2 a #. On one of these trips I carried this treasure. I was reproved for adding to the weight for the horse to draw. As I walked up the hills, it seemed to me it was rather a fine point.

It occurred to me at one time when left alone that I might add to my bill of fare. I had seen custards made. I tried my skill, but all I could do they would not bake. I had omitted eggs. The mixture was not wasted as I drank it.

Once in a while I earned a little money by going of errands. A man came in one day to get me to go the upper village about a mile for some purpose. On my return Mrs. W. gave me a four pence (6 1/4 c.) that the man had left for me. I hunted up the man to report. He asked did I get the ninepence (12 1/2 c.) he left for me. I said I had a fourpence. Did you see it he asked. Yes I said and it was a four pence. Well he said he left a ninepence. I went back and related what the man said. Mrs. W. said she thought he intended fourpence for me and fourpence for them. She gave me the other fourpence.

I believe my cash savings and capital when I left was about \$2.25. (I paid my fare from Lowell to Cambridge out of this sum.) One woman that lived in part of the house gave me 5 c. when I came away. I note these things to bring out the fact of how little ready money there was to be had at that time.

One of the boys wished me to write about my rolling stones down hill. Going up to Butler Hill, on one side was a very steep descent. I would get as big a round stone as I could carry and start it down this hill side. It would go jumping and bouncing down to and across the road below into some mowing. Sometimes it would knock off a part of the fence. It was mischief pure and simple. Then I thought it was fun. Perhaps if I had not been kept under such close restraint it never would have come into my head to do this.

The fact was Mr. W. was one of 13 children. I suppose, as he was one of the oldest, he was put to work as soon as possible. I think his parents were poor and had hard work to provide for their children. I doubt if he had a very happy childhood. The idea was that children should be seen and not heard.

At one time I was sent to drive a pair of horses with Mrs. W.'s father and mother about four miles. The old lady doubted whether it was safe to trust me to take the horses back. I said I was not afraid to do it. "They that know nothing fear nothing." was the old ladies response. The fact was Mr. W. had sent me. I had been accustomed to drive and handle horses quite early. I don't know at just what age, but I could ride bareback and get speed out of a horse if any one could. The last time I was at New Boston, 1892, a man told me of my taking him up when a boy behind me on horseback and that I had trained the horse so he went at an easy gait.

The first year I was pretty homesick at times. At one place where I carried milk was a girl that was kind to me. Most every night she would take me in her lap and baby me. She was living out herself. She died long ago but if she were living I would be glad to be helpful to her.

What I longed for most after the first year or two was books. I was hungry for something to read. If I found there was a book I could borrow I would go miles to get it. If successful I felt that I had a prize and would go back light hearted hugging the treasure under my arms. I was not allowed to read novels. If the book was of that kind I kept it out of sight. I take some satisfaction in knowing that I suggested to Mr. J. Reed Whipple of Young's Hotel a few years ago the idea of giving a library to the town of N.B. He has placed there an excellent selection of 2000 volumes for the free use of the citizens. He has told me that I was the one that put it in his mind.

The only newspaper was the Farmer's Cabinet, a weekly paper. It was rarely that I found anything in it that was of interest to me. I remember there would be "Ten days later from Europe," or "Important," "Parliament had opened or shut," &c &c. About six or ten lines in all. Such a paper as the Youth's Companion would have been like a university education, always provided the \$1.75 per annum could be had to pay for it.

In front of where I lived, at a little distance, was a hill on which was a forest. Among the trees were some tall pines. I used to trace out a great giant in armour on horse back back some distance from where the woods began. The giant seemed to be leaning forward to see if matters were all right in front of him.

Many of the scholars carried their dinners. I was not allowed to do this though there was but one hour nooning, as it was called. I fed the pigs and did some chores. One day I was made glad by being told I could carry a lunch and stay at noon. At the close of school I was told I could go to Uncle John Whipple's, Mr. W's brothers and spend the night. I did not go back home till the next night. Then I was told the Dr. had brought a boy baby. This arrival made quite an increase in my work. I had to mind the baby, take him out to ride &c &c. I think I was about eleven years old at this time.

When I went to Mr. Whipple's there was a sort of an understanding that I was to stay till I was 21 years old. At that time I was to have a suit of clothes and \$100. I think there was no agreement of this kind but it was talked about as a possibility. I presume the arrival of the boy made a change in their plans. When I was 14 it was decided that I could go to Cambridge. It was a happy day when I knew this. It was Oct. 1st 1843 that I left. The work on the farm was done before light Monday morning as I

remember it. I started with a Mr. Wm. Bentley who was going to Nashua with his own horse and wagon. That night I slept at a Mrs. Langdell's, a sister of Mr. W.'s

The next night I slept in Lowell at a Mr. Warren's, I think, of whom I have spoken. They kept a boarding house in one of the corporation boarding houses. I helped to wipe the dishes &c &c the next morning. I remember they said I was very handy, which pleased me to be praised. They said they thought I could get work in some gentleman's family in Boston, I know so well how to work.

Looking back it is not easy to realize the condition of affairs then. I remember hearing Mr. Whipple say he thought the man that kept the village district school, a Mr. Trull, had made more than any other man in the village that winter. The winter term was usually 12 weeks. I think they paid about \$12 a month with board. Once a year the voters would meet and appoint some one to hire the teachers. A woman taught the summer term. The object seemed to be to make the money go as far as possible.

I think there never was any examination of the schools. All grades from the children learning their letters to the higher branches in arithmetic or the three R's - reading, writing and arithmetic - were the main features of the winter term.

I was in the first class in spelling. I remember standing in the class of about a dozen women, grown girls, and big boys, all of whom missed a word which I spelled and went to the head. I felt like a midget going above them. The fact probably was I had studied the spelling lesson, while they had not. Those were times when it was the habit to punish, for boys and girls too. I was told if I was whipped at school "I would get a licking at home." I don't remember being whipped or ferruled. I presume I was too small for such severe punishment. I was set to hold a nail down in the floor with my finger and to sit on nothing. This was to place my feet about 12 inches in front of the wall and brace my back against the wall as if sitting on a seat. It became painful in a few minutes.

It was the custom to lock the master out once in the term. Some teachers took it as a joke and retired in good order. Others would try to get in. On one occasion the panels of the door were smashed in. I have seen two of the big boys tackle the master and a rough and tumble fight would take place. The master was, I believe, in the right and was successful.

Mrs. Whipple's father had a hard experience when a boy. I have heard he was tyrannical over his men. Work was less abundant then than men. Men bore a good deal more than they will now as they were afraid of losing their places. I presume Mrs. W. learned from her father some of his ways. She used to keep pretty close watch of me much more so than Mr. W. I think they meant to be good to me but it seemed as if she was on the alert to fault me. I believe I became hardened to it and did not heed what she said. I suppose I was praised sometimes but don't remember any such event. I think if I had been commended occasionally they could have got much more work out me than they did. Perhaps they could not find anything to praise.

There is one thing to be said, however. Not having any children of their own till the last part of my being there, they looked upon the profit to be made out of me. I could see a difference between my treatment and that of their own child. No doubt this was quite natural. In their place I might have done about the same.

I think my life in New Boston was beneficial. I was free from excitements. Life went on in one monotonous round of dullness. I was glad to have any one visit them. It gave a little variety.

I had regular habits. Eight o'clock was my bed time. I had plenty of fresh air, plain food, and no lack of exercise. I learned to be self reliant. I believe I knew the value of a cent. I was accustomed to work and expected to work. Probably the invariable good health I have enjoyed is to a large extent due to the good foundation laid while in the country. As I think of it now I believe the hard times while in N.B. were caused by the low tariff of that time. I think they tried to fit me out respectably to go home. All my worldly goods were in a little round topped wooden trunk that is now in the attic. I had an extra spencer made from an old drab overcoat. My folks laughed at it. I don't know what became of it. I did not wear it.

My mother was very glad to have me at home. It troubled me to think of being an expense to her. I should say I reached home about noon Oct. 29th 1843. Mother lived in a cottage on Cottage Place off Cottage St. I lived with her in that five room cottage till I was married. She had got Mr. Flavel Coolidge to buy it for her for \$400. She paid him \$24 per year interest. I paid his son the amount after his father's death.

Mother thought and I felt that I better go to school at least till spring. I went to the grammar school on State St. near Lafayette Sq. where the engine house stands now. Mr. Ambrose Wellington taught the school. He was a good teacher.

I found I was as well advanced as other boys of my age. There had been nearly two terms since I had looked into a book. They used different books from what I had. I was told to stand up and read about the first thing. I felt it to be rather hard for me to be introduced to about 75 boys and girls all strangers. There was a hush to see how the new boy would read. I knew I had country ways no doubt some hayseed in my hair. I remember thinking as I stood up that I would not be afraid. I started in in a good voice to read as fast as I could read. I was greeted with a loud laugh by all the boys. I learned it was the piece selected for new scholars. The regulars had been educated up to know how it should be read.

(This ends Robert's account of his years in New Boston. Further pages describe his education and work in Cambridge and Boston, and are not included here.)

Notes from Bev Rodrigues:

Robert Oliver Fuller went on to become a wealthy iron and steel merchant. He married Sarah Parker, and they had nine children. He owned the Valentine Fuller mansion in Cambridge, which has since been torn down but is on the National Register of Historic Buildings. He was a generous man who contributed both to his church and to the community. He had a second home on a large tract of land in Harvard, Massachusetts, which property his children inherited. They later donated a portion of it to Harvard University as the site for an observatory.

Also of note regarding the text about New Boston in particular:

Mrs. Stephen Whipple was Hannah Kingsbury. I don't know who her parents are (that lived "four miles" away), but there seem to be many Kingsburys in Keene during this time period.

The Whipple's child born while Robert was with them was Joseph Kingsbury Whipple (1839-1909) m. 1864.

This binder with the transcribed text and a copy of the original notes of Robert Oliver Fuller is made as a gift to the New Boston Historical Society on March 10, 2005. I am delighted to have had this opportunity to share these tidbits of life in old New Boston with people from the town. And I am certain beyond the shadow of a doubt that Robert Oliver Fuller would have been pleased as well!

Bev Rodrigues
Groton, Massachusetts