

# Through The Years . . .

With Mary Richardson

## A GHOST STORY

There is a house in our town originally built many years ago by one of the foremost citizens of the town. After he passed away, his wife and his sister continued to reside there.

His wife felt her husband's death so keenly that she turned to spiritualism for comfort. The sisters did not go about very much but were always glad to see their friends. They had a very pleasant home which was well furnished. The garden near the front of the house, in summer was filled with beautiful old-fashioned flowers, phlox, blue-bells, sweet williams, zinnias and others.

Our friends loved to tell about Daisy — and who was Daisy? Why, Daisy was an Indian maiden, who died many years ago but who visited the sisters in spirit form. In fact, when she came, she occupied the best bedroom in the house. Although the sisters had never seen her, they were sure she was there on account of cer-

tain signs and loud raps they had heard.

Some nights it was very spooky around the house, when a heavy, white mist came from across the field, and across the road surrounding the house and the brook. In the spring-time the frogs in the brook sang their sad songs and the Whip-poorwill made their moanful cry trying to whip poor Will, and the wind in the trees sighed and moaned. One such evening a farmer, we will call him John Brown, harnessed old Dobbin onto the buggy — as was his custom — and started for town for his evening paper. He met some of his friends and talked

with them a while. It was a little later than usual when he headed for home.

When Mr. Brown came within sight of the house, he noticed that it was shrouded in white mist. The mist was so heavy across the road that he was unable to see through it. He stopped Dobbin and decided to wait a while, hoping it would clear. In fact he had never seen such a fog. As he looked toward the brook, the mists seemed to be swirling around and around slowly, and before his horrified eyes, the mists commenced to take shape, the shape of a woman, with long flowing hair and garments. Her bony face had holes for eyes, while her skeleton hands, on her long bony arms beckoned for him to come along and then out of the mist came the most blood-curdling howls. The phantom then slowly began to vanish.

Mr. Brown didn't stop to see

the end, but he and Dobbin went up that road in a hurry. John was so frightened he didn't go to town for a couple of nights, when there wasn't any fog. He told his friends of his experience, but they only laughed at him saying he had come in contact with a different kind of spirit.

The next foggy night, our friend went to town and on returning saw the same apparition. Mr. Brown persuaded a friend of his, a professor, to visit the ghost one foggy night. He couldn't explain the phenomena at first but found the howls came from a neighbors dog. The professor finally decided that the mist rising from the brook was poisonous and as it met the warmer air, caused the apparition.

Be that as it may, couldn't it have been the ghost of Daisy come back to visit her old haunts?

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## A TALE MY MOTHER TOLD

Many years ago when my mother was a young girl there was an old man by the name of Vincent Torr, everyone called him old Vince Torr, the merchant taylor, because he worked in Ben Haley's taylor shop. The shop was a growing concern and many Newmarket people and some from Newfields, then called South Newmarket, and also from Exeter, were employed. After Mr. Haley went out of business the building changed hands several times, and the last one to purchase it from Manville and Young was Joseph Brisson, who used it for many years as a grocery store. He retired recently and the building is up for sale.

This Vince Torr was a queer old codger. He was a bachelor and lived all alone in an old black house, which has since been torn down. His only companion being a large yellow dog named Scratch and when you saw Vince you were sure to see that "yellar" pup. Vince did not like children as they were always plaguing him. He used to try and sic the dog on them, but all he would do was sit on that stub of a tail and growl.

Scratch also worked (?) in the shop. He followed his master to work every day and stayed beside him while he worked.

Our friend was a Civil War veteran, and very patriotic. Every Fourth of July the people of Newmarket would have a celebration. There would be a grand parade at noontime, with horribles, floats and the Newmarket brass band and a picnic on Pigeon Hill later in the day, and a big bonfire in the evening, but the grand event of the days was the firing of the cannon, a relic of the Civil War, from Zion's Hill. Our friend Vince was the one chosen to fire it. We would stand proudly beside this cannon, with everyone looking at him. The hill would be crowded with people waiting for the signal to fire. Vince always locked the pup in the house on these occasions for fear he would be frightened, but one time just as the cannon was fired a yellow streak came tearing by, knocking down two children and scaring the wits out of several women, and then someone shouted, "Vince has shot his head off" and sure enough a round object was seen rolling over and over on the

ground. Women screamed and fainted, children cried and men turned pale. The thing kept rolling and rolling and no one dared to go near it. The queer part was Vince was nowhere in sight. At last the wind blew the thing down over the rocks, where it landed in front of a woman who screamed and commenced to run. Finally a man braver than the others picked it up and lo and behold, the object was not Vince's head at all but his wig! The man held it up so all could see. The force of the blast had blown the wig off. Vince was finally found hiding in the basement of what was then the high school. When he was handed the wig he fitted it on quickly. A scratching was heard at the door and upon opening it, there was that blessed (?) pup — so glad to find his master.

After this, Vince and his pup went happily home to supper.

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## HAPPY DAYS IN NEWMARKET

Many of our friends think that the old days were better than the present ones, and in many ways, they may be right.

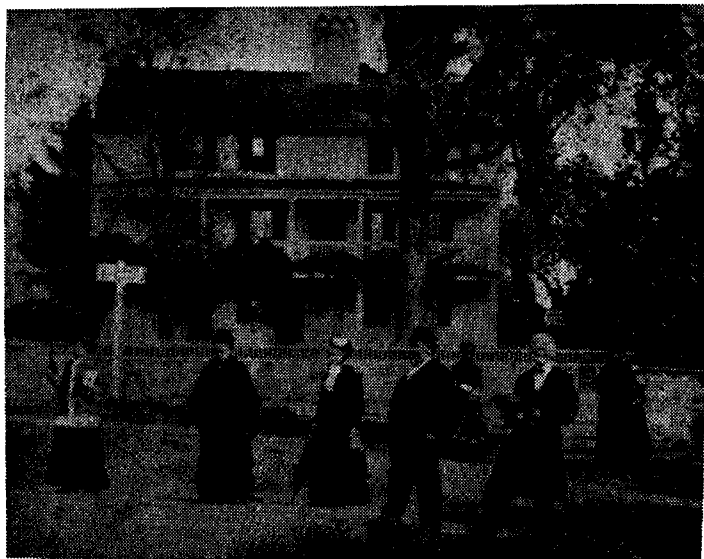
As children — what good times we had; especially when the circus came to town. We would watch the tents going up in Carpenter's field and stare at the gaudy pictures in front of the side show tents, of the fat lady, the strong man, the whiskered lady, and the lady all covered with snakes and other attractions. We all watched the parade at noon led by the calliope, drawn by two milk white steeds and then an elephant or two and several cages of wild animals. The best part of the circus was the big show in the afternoon and evening. We kids all went in the afternoon. We always had a big bag

of pop corn, and climbed up on the hard seats as far as we could go. We liked the clowns and trained animals the best.

The next day we would have a show in Uncle John's tent. The fare was two cents a person. As there wasn't much room in the tent, it was only used for the actors. The flaps were pulled back while the audience remained outside. Such rigs as we would be dressed in! We had a lion and a wild cat — the lion being my dog Charlie and the wild cat my pet cat Ira — the only trouble being the wild-cat wouldn't stay put. He kept running out of the tent and had to be caught and brought back.

There was an old house in which we loved to play after school. It was called the old Kittredge House because it was

## DO YOU REMEMBER THIS HOUSE?



Pictured above is the Old Kittredge House which once stood where St. Mary's Catholic Church now stands. Pictured in front of the house are, left to right, Mrs. Mary O'Connor, Mrs. Levi Dame, Lawyer Mellows, Mrs. Belle McCammon, Rev. Father McDonald, Mrs. Mary Dame Hanson, Mrs. Luella Elliston Twombly (behind Mrs. Hanson), and Mrs. Ida Martin.

built by Dr. George W. Kittredge many years ago. It was a beautiful house, surrounded by flowering shrubs and trees. The doctor also had a wonderful orchard. He did not have any family of his own as he was a bachelor, but he loved children. Every morning on their way to school they were allowed to go into his orchard and take all the plums, peaches and apples they could find on the ground. He was very popular as a physician and citizen. Public spirited and democratic, his influence in town affairs was considerable. Dr. Kittredge, in his one-seated, two-wheeled chaise, went through the village every day to visit his patients. All the people on the country roads knew him well.

From the early days until 1845, the Kittredge House was a place of distinction.

In October, 1899, the corner stone of St. Mary's Catholic church was laid. The church was built where the Kittredge House once stood.

One of the most important days in our town was Newmarket Day at Hampton Beach. This day was given by the agent and others of the Newmarket mills. A special train took us to Exeter where we climbed aboard the special electric cars. We arrived at Hampton Beach around noon. Everyone brought their own lunch and sat on the beach to eat it.

We purchased tonic and "horns" — which were later called ice cream cones. Some attended the free ball game, some went bathing and some went to Salisbury Beach. My friend and I went to Salisbury.

On our way back on one of these trips, the car broke down. I was so worried for fear we would miss the car at Hampton and have to remain all night. All my friend could say was, "Johnnie don't care, Johnnie don't care!" Well, perhaps Johnnie didn't care — but Ma did. Johnnie was my friends husband. We finally arrived in Hampton, in time to catch our car back to Newmarket.

While in Salisbury, we had our pictures taken on the moon.

We also had wonderful times at the picnics given by the Baptist church in the summer. The whole Sunday school class would pile into the bus and away we went — sometimes to Stratham Hill, Epping Camp Ground or Kingston Lake. We often went to Deacon Scotts on a Saturday afternoon and took our lunch and ate it on the large veranda of his attractive home.

We also enjoyed winters in our day. There used to be wonderful sliding on Pigeon Hill and on the bob-sleds which held around eight or ten. We would start on the railroad bridge and go very fast around the corner to where Mr. Ralph Haines now has his service station. Of course, we didn't have the automobiles we now have on the roads.

In the evening, we often attended the movies — on the average of two or three times a week. At that time they were only 15c and were in the Star Theatre. Some of us were afraid to go at first as the theater used to be the Methodist church — but as nothing ever happened, we soon forgot our fear.