

TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1872.

Sunday Feb<sup>23</sup> 1874

"Our silver Wedding day"

Twenty five years ago this day, Sarah Polley and myself were married, by Rev. John Cott (now of Emerson) Annie Pillsbury had been giving us sh. hints after harvest of the coming anniversary but the event intervening had broken them all aside and the day was spent in quiet melancholy. Sarah went up in the afternoon to the manse and returned with a severe headache, I was affrighted for it seemed a "fac simile" of my own case, and we used the same treatment with effect - and reward. Looking back over these years though ours has not been an eventful history, it has not been all sunshine nor all dark as it once appeared to me - but two years after our marriage and before we had anything gathered I was mysteriously struck with Epilepsy which disabled me for 22 years during which time I could almost nothing - but got better during the year 1860 and began to keep a small store which eventually developed into a larger one Thomas Polley going into partnership with me, this continued for eleven years when I continued alone for eleven years more, in 1873 we bought the Farm - and as the Boys were growing up it furnished them plenty of employment and up to this date has kept them together, we had now Eight children in all health and active only our "Dear Nellie" was not to be spared, the smiling face looks down on me now from her frame on the Wall, there is no sorrow or regret in it, that has been left for those who remained, My poor Sarah though all these years was far from healthy or strong and at many seasons failed to receive all the attention