

26 There being such a big family, there was plenty of us to play with & have a good time, & we made our own ~~ple~~ jolity. It might be hide & seek which was very popular, as there were plenty of hiding places, around in the stackyard. Getting on the top of a straw stack & sliding down, was most delightful. Then we had ourselves yoked together with flax as a team of horses. We got plenty of fun out of it all, As children we were a happy family & could sing & whistle, which now a days is a rarity. Yes, we also got into many kinds of mischief, as well, for which we were reprov'd by various methods, perhaps being sent to bed, but these punishments are not enumerated, as the punishment did not remain in our memory, so well, as the enjoyment of the offence committed. My two Brothers John & Joseph one day caught one of the hens, & proceeded to pluck the feathers from it. As the feathers seemed to take up more room, after being pulled out, they moved away with the hen, & made other heaps

27 until there was a string of feathers all over the place. Just at this period Mother came upon the scene, and they quickly let the hen go (with all the distinguishing features of a new breed,) and took to their heels, but were not quite as nimble at that game as another. I think they were tanned before, matters were evened up. The original breed of that hen, was a Dorking famous for her laying qualities, I have no recollection of her after fate. But this just reminds me of something similar kind of fowl that had been stolen. Somebody's stole my old blue hen, I wish they'd let her be; she used to lay two eggs a day, but on Sunday she'd lay three.

I sometimes see my own grand children enjoying themselves making houses with sacks and <sup>any</sup> other material to hand. I remember Lancelot and myself doing the same things, but only with the loose hay about the hay stack. One day we had a very comfortable little house made, and