

## Penelope Price,

My name is Penelope Price. At least, that's been my name for a long while now. When I was put here in 1855, I was 88 years old, an old age for death in my time. I was born in Connecticut, before the Revolutionary War in 1767. I was raised in a family of six children, three boys and three girls. My mother was Rhoda {!} Kilborn . My father was Timothy Goslee. They were married on January 9, 1766. I was their first child, born in 1767, before the Declaration of Independence and the birth of our country, the United States of America.

On December 22, 1796, I married Job Hurlburt. I was just out of my teens at age 20. We had a daughter, Clarissa, in 1799. Sadly, Job died soon afterward. That's when I became a relict for the first time. A relict, then, is a widow, a wife who has outlived her husband.

In 1806, on the very last day, I married George Price in Connecticut. We had a daughter, Selina, in 1807 and moved to the Town of Islip on Long Island.

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It is our life and the life of our daughters and the life of the Long Island farmer in the first half of the nineteenth century that I would like to share with you. Remember, at the time, there were just 120 houses in Islip Town.

The Price family owned 170 acres of land. They had 11 cows and 25 sheep at one time. They also raised poultry, chickens, ducks, and turkeys, probably. Their acres of land produced many grains: mainly

corn, rye, oats, wheat. These were used to feed their animals, to sell, and to eat for themselves, and to use in cereals and breads.

There were various fruit trees – peach, cherry, and apple. Mmm, sounds good, doesn't it?

Their land and the land all around them in the town of Islip was laden with all kinds of trees that were desirable for the great amount of building going on in New York City and other cities along the eastern coast of the United States. White, red, and black oak were in demand. Pepperidge trees were also popular. (The Christopher Roberts estate just east of Idle Hour was named Pepperidge Hall in honor of these trees.)

My daughter Clarissa married Charles Keeny in Islip in 1860, just before the Civil War.

Selina married James Skidmore in Islip in 1850. They were also farmers.

My two daughters lived adjacent to each other in the town of Islip and were a support to each other on a daily basis; many of you have that arrangement in your families, also. The support of families and neighbors was very important in those days, also: harvesting, planting, animal care often required the help of a large group.

My second husband George died before 1850. My family was a great support to me, also. I lived with Clarissa's family after George's death. That is when I became a relict for the second time.

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Before you move on, I would like to share with you some info about some of the carvings you will see on the gravestones. If you should see a rosebud closed, it denotes a young child's death. An opened rose can denote a full life, a death in old age. Sheaves of wheat meant time, the divine harvest. An Easter lily was symbolic of resurrection. Mortality was depicted by a felled tree. A wreath meant the whole circle, eternity. The Bible was pictured, naturally, as a book. A single dove could mean peace or innocence. Christ could be signified by a lamb or fish. A stalk of corn or a hoe could depict a farmer.

There are, of course, many other symbols on gravestones. As you walk around St. John's cemetery, look for these symbols. You may be able to predict their meanings.

There were many other natural resources available in the area, also. Shellfish, especially oysters; fish, including perch. There were deer, ducks, and grouse for hunting, very important through the cold winters.