

SANDWICH BED AND BREAKFASTS

THE JONATHAN BEEDE HOUSE BED & BREAKFAST

by Susan & John Davies

As innkeepers, we introduce guests to the story of the Jonathan Beede House Bed & Breakfast with these words from our 2001 brochure.

This historic center-chimney colonial home was built in 1787 by Jonathan Beede, one of Sandwich's early settlers. After 2 years of loving hands-on and faithful restoration, innkeepers John & Susan Davies are pleased to be reviving the home's long tradition of hospitality. Before the Civil War, notable Quaker preacher and teacher Mehitabel Beede Wiggin provided it as a stop on the underground railroad. Over a hundred years ago the Jonathan Tappan family opened their farm as a summer boarding house, entertaining as many as 40 visitors.¹

Now as a Bed & Breakfast, the Jonathan Beede House offers 4 guest rooms furnished with period pieces, family antiques and heirloom quilts. Its five fireplaces, "Indian shutters," wide board floors, original woodwork and traditional door latches surround guests in a traditional 18th C. atmosphere, inviting you to lose yourselves in another time and place.

OUR CONNECTION

Guests wonder what led us to be innkeepers in 21st Century Sandwich. We tell them that our ties to Squam Lake are long and deep, beginning with our 1962 honeymoon at the Lovett Camp in Piper Cove, and on to more recent family vacations in the same cottage. In the Fall of 1998 we began driving about, looking for a camp or land for our eventual retirement. Coming west over the crest of Mt. Israel Road, we saw the house on our left with Denley's Emerson's inviting "For Sale" sign calling to us. Although as our realtor, Jill Emerson Rawson said emphatically, "It's not what you're looking for!" we were immediately engaged by its peaceable setting and by the obvious restoration possibilities of this "near museum quality" house.

It was Susan who was interested in restoring an old house, while John was drawn to its location, under the shade of Mt. Israel. His rough estimate suggested that in

about a week he could back-pack from the house to Mt. Washington, crossing only two public roads on the way.

Our shared interest in history immediately drew us to the Wentworth Library to see what we could find out about the house. (The Historical Society was closed for the season.) Led to the shelves containing the Historical Society's Annual Excursions, the first volume we randomly opened was the 1933 booklet with its extensive description of the Mt. Israel Road - Guinea Hill neighborhood. As we read the engaging story of the Jonathan Beede Place, we knew the house had found us!

AT THE BEGINNING

The stories of the people who lived in the house jumped off the page to greet us. Jonathan Beede, nephew of Daniel Beede, the original grantee of the town, followed his uncle to settle in Sandwich, and in 1787 built the house. Specific stories of this first generation's life in the house are lost to history. Their contributions are ever-evident in the solid post and beam construction, the handsome brickwork of the barrel vault base of the center chimney and the foundation of huge granite stones. Guests are fascinated to learn that one of two smaller dwellings first built by Jonathan was moved up from Jake's Brook to become the ell of the big house.

THE 19TH CENTURY

From the next generation, the strong presence of Jonathan's daughter, Mehitable Beede Wiggin is definitely felt throughout the house. Mehitable, the only Sandwich woman to have a biographical sketch in the History of Carroll County, was a notable scholar. "For many years a power in Sandwich,"² she was a woman of great influence as a teacher and as a Quaker leader. A very concrete legacy she left to the house was in offering her home as a stop on the Underground Railroad. The oral tradition passed on from previous owners and neighbors is that the large interior space around the center chimney and behind the front stairway was used as the hiding place for escaping slaves.

After the Civil War, hospitality continued as a way of life for the Jonathan Tappan family. to supplement their income as stock farmers and the Tappans welcomed guests. This advertisement was from its heyday as one of Sandwich's 19th Century boarding houses.

Tappan House, Jonathan Tappan, owner. Price 75 cents per day, \$4 per week; accommodates 25 guests. Open all the year. This house is beautifully situated on an elevation. View of the mountains all around and across Lake Winnipiseogee to Gilmanton mountains, 25 miles. Fishing, fine hunting, all kinds of game. Beautiful drives, fine walks in thick, cool woods. Farm of 200 acres connected. Plenty of fresh vegetables, eggs, milk, etc. Mountain climbing. Large piazza on front. Open fires. Large shade trees. Always a fine breeze, owing to elevation, 300 feet above Lake Winnipiseogee [Tourist Guidebook, Frank West Rollins, 1902].

J. Tappan's Farm, as it was called, was one of the largest of the Sandwich boarding houses and took as many as forty visitors at one time.³ That seems like an amazing number when compared with today's standard of a maximum of ten guests. Through the evidence of paint patterns and wooden trim, we know the bedrooms once had been divided with partitions. Bob Miner delighted in pointing out that one partition had been built right down the middle of a window to provide light to two small rooms on both sides. We also learned from Jane Brewer, from whom we bought the property, that the Tappan family moved to the attic for the summer to accommodate their large number of guests. The attic end-walls and rafters still show evidence of the wallpaper they used to decorate their summer owner's quarters.

We are slowly collecting colorful boarding house stories from this era. Peter Booty, Bob Miner and others filled us in on the reputation the neighborhood had as the location of the "rowdy boarding houses," catering to guests not just from Boston, but from the Irish neighborhoods of South Boston.

Picture postcards sent from the boarding house in 1910 and 1914 show the front porch. Carved all across the south face of the house are initials and even a guest's name, "J. McGarry". We imagine the boarders sitting on the veranda, under the shade of the "gigantic elm, scarcely to be equaled in this region,"⁴ chewing tobacco and marking their summer visits to the Tappan Farm for those to follow.



Tappan Farm Postcard ca. 1910. The pole structure in the foreground is a drying rack for hops. SHS PostCard Archives.

Another mark left by those visitors is recounted by Dave Anthony who tells one of the ways the Tappan boarders entertained themselves. They were discovered dismantling the old bridge nearby, watching the logs and poles, one by one, float down the "Swift River," now officially known as the Cold River.⁵

The picture postcard also shows the white poles of the racks used to dry hops. In the late 1800's, in an effort to encourage New Hampshire farming, the state encouraged farmers to grow hops and to produce beer. Indeed, people in town have said to us, "Oh, you bought the tavern." Though to date we have heard no specific stories of its life as a tavern, we know that the 1933 Excursion booklet was written during prohibition and probably would not have mentioned such an activity.

A baseball story from the Tappan days is recounted in the 2001 Excursion. In August 1888 the town team went down to defeat (score 9-8) by "an aggregation composed of boarders from the Sandwich House and the Hotel Tappan."⁶

INTO THE 20TH CENTURY

Following the Tappan era, the house was unoccupied and then owned by a number of people who used it as a summer residence. In 1933, when owned by the Henry W. Clark Family, it was the site of the Annual Picnic of the Historical Society. The house continued as a summer place through the first half of the 20th Century. Then in the 1950's Bob & Jane Brewer moved from Connecticut and purchased the property. For nearly 50 years it was their home and where they raised their family. Their daughter Louisa Bryant is still a Mt. Israel Road neighbor. During their time they treasured the old house, only remodeling the ell to have a modern kitchen which everyone still enjoys. The Brewers also added the solar sunporch on the south side of the kitchen, with its handsome brick floor and lovely view of meadows and hills.

THE RESTORATION

In 1999 we bought the house, determined to preserve this gem. We were very fortunate to have Van Adriance come out of retirement to shepherd the project. With his skill and knowledge, with Susan's determination and devotion to architectural integrity, and with our willingness to live in the midst of construction for over two years the restoration of the old house moved ahead.

In the midst of this extensive reconstruction, and finding the rich history of hospitality associated with the house, Susan's long standing interest in hosting a bed & breakfast was awakened. Along with all new electrical, plumbing and heating systems, three new baths were carefully tucked in, keeping the architectural integrity of the 18th Century building intact and bringing the house up to the expectations of 21st Century guests. The house's Federal style led us back to the original settler, naming our new venture the Jonathan Beede House Bed & Breakfast.

LIFE AS A BED & BREAKFAST

On June 24th, 2001, we welcomed the first guests, a couple from Tampa, Florida. Since then we have hosted visitors from Minnesota, South Dakota, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Florida, Maine, Colorado, Washington, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, Arizona, California, Rhode Island, Vermont, New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, Illinois, Iowa, and even New Hampshire. By far the majority of our visitors come from the Boston area and neighboring New England states. In two short years we have hosted visitors from many parts of the world, including a country doctor and his wife from northern Scotland, three sisters from England and West Africa, and a linguist and her physicist husband from Israel. People from Canada, Italy, New Zealand, Cuba and Ireland have also found their way to us on Mt. Israel Road.

Guests come to the Jonathan Beede House mostly to vacation. They also come to attend weddings, family reunions and birthday celebrations. A highlight for us has been to twice host fellow grandparents who have come to Sandwich for the birth of a new grandchild. We welcome people for our big events such as Old Home Week, the Sandwich Fair, the Dogsled Races, the Ice Fishing Derby, and of course, Motorcycle Week. Last year two couples, one of whom is a flight attendant with Northwest Airlines, rode their bikes 1500 miles from St. Paul, Minnesota. They chose our location because they wanted to spend most of their time away from the crowds, exploring the lakes, mountains and seacoast of New Hampshire. Others come to take courses on Botanical Lampshade making (British Columbia), yoga classes (Maine), intentional breathing (Rhode Island), cheese making at the Sandwich Creamery (Vermont), and for an afternoon of Scottish Dancing (New Hampshire). Guests also come for hiking, biking, bird watching, cross country skiing and snow-shoeing. They are delighted by our dirt roads, our abundant wildlife and the L.B. Chapman Wildbird Sanctuary, where they are greeted with the faithfully groomed trails and the magically cleared ice of Teacup Lake, all cared for by Mt. Israel neighbor Bob Rowan.

More and more, our guests are finding us through our website. In addition to referrals from local B&B's and from other Sandwich business people, our membership in the Meredith Chamber of Commerce, with its terrific staff, and the newly active Squam Lakes Chamber are invaluable sources of guests. We especially treasure the connections and friendships we've made with our neighbors in Sandwich as they send us family and friends.

When guests ask if we get lonely here with seemingly nothing exciting to do, our immediate answer is "No, people from all over the world come to us with wonderful stories to tell". The first summer we were open, we looked out the window and saw a car stopped in the middle of the road. Thinking the people might be having car trouble, we walked out to see if we could help. Their response was: "Is this a B&B? We saw your signs in the Center and followed them up here." They were a charming couple from Rotterdam, Holland, who spent several nights with us and shared with us the grief of the world community two weeks after 9/11.

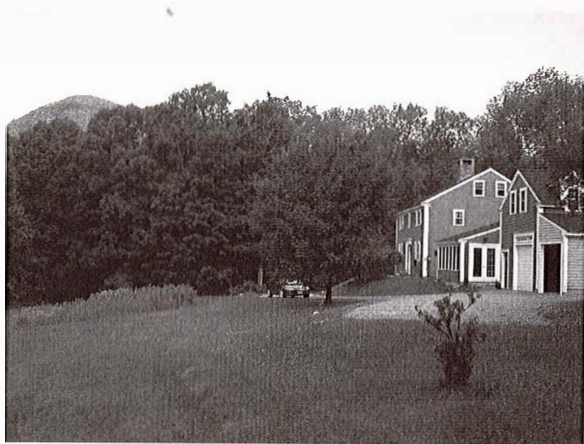
That same summer the Meredith Chamber of Commerce sent us two young couples from Italy who had wandered into the Lakes Region on a busy August Saturday. They had come to travel around New England, after having spent two weeks in Chicago at an international business conference. Since we were newly opened and not fully booked, we became their headquarters for exploring New Hampshire. The Chapman Sanctuary was a highlight of their trip to America. They left a charming note, thanking us for "guesting" them.

After a season of sharing the old house with guests, we realized that private innkeeper quarters would be a benefit both to the business and to us. Adding an attached garage as an accommodation to northern winters, with an innkeeper

apartment above, has brought the house to it's current appearance - and surely beats moving to the attic!

One of the joys of being innkeepers is to discover again and again the many ways we are all connected. Along with the guests described above, we have hosted honeymooners from England, welcomed an Irish bride and groom for their wedding on Squam Lake, and have been the destination for people from four different states doing genealogical research on the Beede family. These words from our current brochure speak well of the tradition of hospitality that for generations has been part of the spirit of a place that began as the residence of that early settler and his family, Jonathan Beede.

On a country road in the Lakes Region, under the afternoon shadow of Mt. Israel and touching the White Mountain National Forest, the Jonathan Beede House continues to welcome a rich variety of people to experience the unhurried hospitality of early New Hampshire.



Tappan Farm Jonathan Beede House in 2004

1 *Sandwich, New Hampshire*, Sandwich Historical Society, 1995, p.113

2 An address read at the 150th Anniversary of the settlement of Sandwich, NH, Aug. 22, 1917

3 *Sandwich, New Hampshire*, Sandwich Historical Society, 1995, p.113

4 SHS, 14th Annual Excursion (1933), "Data Concerning Points of Interest," p 9)

5 Story told by Dave Anthony (uncle of Bev Stanier), whose father bought their summer camp on Woodland Rd. in 1911.

6 SHS, 82nd Annual Excursion (2001), "Town Team," pp 31-32, by Geoffrey Burrows)

descends the steep Notch Hill
going towards Thornton,
before the Beebe River crossing.

out not named); 16, p. 18.

HEATH BROOK

This brook crosses Route 113 a
short distance south of North
Sandwich. It flows easterly and
then turns north to join
Atwood Brook.

17.; 21.; 22.; 23.

Place Name HOAG BROOK

Location
East of the old Trask
Road and south of
Brown Hill Road, Hoag
Brook rises out of a
swampy area, and flows
easterly to join Mill
Brook in Tamworth.

Origin of Name
T. Hoag lived on Brown Hill Road in this
vicinity in 1892.

Reference Source
17.

HUBBARD BROOK

Originates on western slopes
of Ossipee Mountain and
flows west and south emptying
into Berry Pond in
Moultonborough.

More commonly known as Mill Brook or Weed
Brook. Upper portion sometimes known as Hubbard,
probably because of Hubbard family living in the area.
On McQuade's map, Hubbard Cemetery is shown on
Weed Brook.

24., 18th, p. 45; 41st,
p. 18-19; 63rd, p. 36-37.

INTERVALE POND

On west part of town, this
pond almost connects with
Squaw Cove at northern end
of lake to become part of
Squam Lake.

Called Intervale Pond because of its location.

17.; 22.; 23.; 24., 20th.,
p. 19, 24.

JAKE'S BROOK

A little brook at the bottom of
Tappan Hill on the side of Mt.
Israel Road. It runs across
Basket Street and empties
into the Bearcamp River.

The (John or Jonathan) Tappan children called
"Jake's Brook" after Jacob Masefield who lived
nearby.

24., 14th, p. 8; 63rd, p. 35.

KIAH POND

On the north side of the
Sandwich Notch Road, Kiah
Pond flows into the
Beebe River.

Supposedly the word Kiah was a mispronunciation
by old timers of the surname Currier. On some old
maps the pond is shown as Currier Pond.

17.; 22.; 23.; 24., 14th,
p. 22; 16th, p. 27;
69th, p. 34.

KUSUMPE POND

A short distance above the
northern end of Squam Lake,
this pond has had various
spellings over the years -
Cosumpia, Cusumpe, Cusumpy,
Kusumpy, Kusump.

The Indian name Kees-ee-hunk-nip-ee (meaning
the Goose-Lake-in the Highlands) was shortened
by the white man to Kusumpe. At one time Kusumpe
Pond referred to the entire Squam Lake.

5., p. 2-3; 21.; 23.; 24.,
20th, p. 4, 8, 24-25; 44th,
p. 7; 28.; 29., p. 16; 30.,
p. 9.

72nd Annual Excursion

(16) "ONCE IN A WHILE."

On the left, at foot of the hill, is a summer camp owned by Willis E. Floyd, of Lakeport.

(17) LEFT HAND SIDE.

On the further side of a little brook, at the bottom of Tappan Hill, a brook that the Tappan children used to call "Jake's Brook," stood a little cottage, where lived Jacob Maxfield and his daughter, Sally, who in her old age worked for the Tappan family. The cabin had a great natural rock for the fireplace hearth, and the Tappan children used to see it years after, when they went down to the site to get cherries and early apples. The cottage had been moved by Jonathan Beede up to form the ell of the big house he built on what the Beede family had called the "Plantation."

(18) JONATHAN BEEDE PLACE.

This place was settled in 1787 by Jonathan Beede, a nephew of Judge Daniel Beede. He first lived in a log cabin in the forest at the foot of Guinea Hill and Israel Mountain. Signs of the old road that used to go up to it can still be seen in the field just beyond where the highway turns around the house.

After living in the log cabin for a time, it is thought that Jonathan Beede built a small house down the hill at the brookside, which was later brought up to the big house to form the ell there. It was in this part of the house that Ruth Beede, Jonathan's sister, lived. It was she for whom "Aunt Ruth's Spring" on the other side of Swift River was named. Old Mrs. Claffey, also called "Aunt Ruth" in her old age, who lived in the house just beyond, used to tell of how she went as a child over to the spring to get water for Aunt Ruth, who thought highly of its medicinal qualities.

Jonathan Beede was a farmer and a raiser of stock, and the father of a distinguished family. Three of his daughters were Quaker preachers, and we quote from a sketch in the Carroll County History, of Mehitible, the most remarkable of his children. "Mehitible early displayed a remarkable thirst for knowledge and a great desire to obtain a liberal education. . . . after leaving the district school, she pursued her studies at Wolfborough Academy, and at the Friends School in Providence, R. I. At the latter she was the first young lady who pursued the study of algebra. Passing from these schools, she engaged in the study of languages under the direction of Rev. Samuel Hidden, and her cousin, Aaron B. Hoyt. While studying with Mr. Hidden, she used to ride on horseback from her home to his house in Tamworth, a distance of ten miles, once a week, for the purpose of reciting to him . . . Before she was fifteen years old, she had learned and could recite the whole of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. She began teaching school when sixteen years old, and continued to teach in private and public school for half a century. Her success is attested by the many noble men and women who received their inspiration and instruction at her

hands. Her power to arouse in others a desire for self improvement was something wonderful, and dull indeed was that pupil into whose minds she could not instill some measure of her own ambition. Among her pupils was that eminent teacher, Daniel G. Beede; the distinguished artist, Albert Hoyt, and Hon. John Wentworth. From childhood she took a deep interest in the political events of the times, particularly in the great conflict over human slavery. Wherever human freedom was abridged or oppression existed there her sympathies were enlisted."

She was married in 1829 to Richard Wiggin, and after the death of Jonathan Beede the Wiggin family lived in the old house.

About 1855 it was bought from them by Oliver Chase of Albany, who lived there for nine years. It was still a fine stock farm, and Mr. Chase used to sell as much as \$1,000 worth of stock in a year.

Jonathan Tappan, who bought from Chase, raised fine stock, too, and for many years kept a flourishing boarding house. We identify this Jonathan Tappan as the same one called Jonathan, Jr. (Eleventh Excursion, Nos. 28 and 29), and refer those interested in the Tappan family to the note in "The Vittum Folks," Page 127, showing descent for 1,800 years from French Kings and others, and for more detail to "The Tappan Genealogy" compiled by Daniel L. Tappan of Arlington, Mass.

For some years after the death of Mr. Tappan, the place was unoccupied, but in the course of time a part, including the buildings, was sold to Harry W. Clark, of Billerica as a summer home. In many respects it is ideal for that purpose, and is delightful for its view across the field and down the valley toward the southeast and for the shade of its large trees, one of which is a gigantic elm, scarcely to be equalled in this region.

To some, it seemed as if this place would be a particularly fitting spot for the Annual Picnic of the Historical Society. This suggestion met with the approval of Mrs. Clark, who has graciously permitted the use of her grounds for the picnic.

(19) GUINEA HILL ROAD AND SETTLEMENT

Instead of hugging close to the old Beede or Tappan house, No. 18, as the road does now, it used to keep over by the wall on the West until several rods toward the North, where it turned sharply right and continued on easterly beside the wall until coming again into the road used now. At the sharp turn mentioned above, there was another turn toward the West. An eighth of a mile, or so, from the house the road again forked: the right hand branch ran northerly across Swift River and connected with Bennett Street; the left hand branch passes through an opening in the wall and runs through the sap yard. A little further up this road forks again. The right fork went up onto Guinea hill, where there are still cellar holes and old rose bushes. An old lady named Varney died up here, near the Tappan Guinea pasture, in 1889. The