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Magazine of the

Jefferson County Historical Society

Volume LIII
December 1987

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Magazine of the JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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"No man is fit to be entrusted with the control of the present who is ignorant of the past, and no people who are indifferent to their past need hope to make their future great."

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JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Organized May 21, 1927

Post Office Box 485
Charles Town, West Virginia 25414

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Membership—Open to all who have interest in the history of Jefferson County. Annual dues of $5.00 should be paid to the Treasurer after the beginning of the fiscal year on January 1.

PUBLICATIONS

One copy of the Magazine is mailed to each person holding a paid membership. Until the publication of next year's Magazine, members may purchase additional copies for $4.00 each; order these from William H. Wilson, Box 716, Charles Town. Original volumes or facsimile reproductions are available to all persons at $5.00 per Magazine; quantity discounts are allowed. Mr. Wilson also has available copies of *Prominent Men of Shepherdstown* for $10.00 each, mailed, *Old Norborne Parish (1744-1816)* for $5.00 each, mailed, *The Washington Homes of Jefferson County* for $2.00 each, mailed, and Michael D. Thompson, *Calendar and Index to Recorded Plats in the Jefferson County, West Virginia (Virginia), Courthouse, 1801-1901* for $25.00 each, mailed.



Charles Aglionby

Born: 1807 Died: 1891

Born as Charles Yates but changed his name in 1854.

Charles Aglionby of Mount Pleasant and the Years 1861 to 1985

Charles Aglionby was born Charles Yates in June 1807, but in 1854 changed his surname in order to inherit lands in England. At the beginning of 1861 he was living at Mount Pleasant some three miles from Charles Town with his wife Fanny, and five children, Frank aged 12, John 10, William 6, Jannette 2 and Horace 1. He farmed 375 acres at Mount Pleasant and a further 231 acres at Rockhill near Shepherdstown, having apparently an overseer and 24 slaves. His neighbours included his brother, Colonel Francis Yates, and his sisters, Mrs. Beall, Mrs. Leavell and Mrs. Terrill and their families. Other farming families living close by included the Hursts, the Ransons, the Groves, the Molers and two families called Moore.

In my possession are the dairy which Charles kept from the 6th March 1861 to the 1st January 1866, his very detailed accounts from 1855 to 1870, his diary from 1875 to 1878, and a memoir recalling the war years by his son Frank. In his 'war diary' as he called it Charles kept a full record of the weather, his farming, family and social activities, military operations in the area and, not least, frequent, and usually wildly wrong, rumours about the progress of the war elsewhere. He was of course a Confederate supporter but hated the war and longed for peace. It is from these documents that this article is drawn.

Local recruiting had been going on before the first shots of the war were fired and provisions from the family farm were sold for the soldiers and horses. In May 1861 the first of many casual soldiers called at the farm—"loaned to a Kentucky soldier hard up and out of cash 50¢."—and in June the first of many horses was taken, Charles' riding mare Fly, valued at $125.00, by the Virginia Rangers. In July the first slave, Jim Grey, aged 16, ran away, followed within a week by two others, Hannah Hall, aged 15 or 16, and Richard Burke, aged about 24. In September the celebrated cavalry leader, Colonel Ashby, and his men were encamped a couple of miles from the farm and supplies were sold to him. Frank and John used to take a longer route to school in Charles Town so that they could stop at the encampment, and Frank was once allowed to ride Colonel Ashby's own horse when it was being taken for a rest at a farm in Fauquier County, Virginia. However the war seems to have had little

effect on Charles and his family in 1861 and at Christmas he gave cash presents to 21 slaves.

Harpers Ferry, when held by the Federals, was regarded by slaves as 'Freedom'. In March and April 1862 most of the family's slaves left. Their values ranged from $1200 for young adult males to $250 for Ralf Hall senior, aged 62. George Thomas, aged 6, was valued at $500. Usually departing slaves left at night taking a horse and waggon to carry their belongings and that was another loss. Some slaves returned on the 16th September after the Confederates had captured Harpers Ferry, but left again on the 24th May 1863, except for Zachary Blair who went four days later. He, aged 59 and a fervent Baptist, was last heard of in Washington expounding the Gospel.

It is interesting that Ralf M. Hall junior, aged 26 when he left, visited Mount Pleasant on the 14th August 1876 with his wife and was entertained to dinner. Much later, in 1899, another member of the Hall family, John M. Hall who had also been a slave, presented Frank with an inscribed gold-headed walking stick.

Military activity in the area started in late May 1862 when Unionist forces under General Banks moved out of Harpers Ferry and burned the railroad depot and market house in Charles Town before retreating in the face of advancing Confederate forces under General Jackson, who approached Harpers Ferry from which direction the family could hear firing for two days. However Jackson moved back to Winchester and the Northerners returned to Charles Town. Movement was restricted in the area by the requirement of a written pass from the Federals and pickets were posted. A lull then ensued for some three months.

On the 4th September there was some local skirmishing and the Federals retreated towards Harpers Ferry. On the 12th "Jackson's army came down the Martinsburg Road. The soldiers and officers were coming in all day. They wanted everything we could spare and we exhibited our hospitality to all who wanted to eat, who were not a few. Quartermaster Manguin bought 88 pieces of meat." The meat weighed 1541 lbs. Firing could be heard from Harpers Ferry which soon surrendered and two days later the battle of Antietam was fought. The next day Frank, not yet 14, rode with a Colonel Jacob to the battlefield, found the colonel's son safe with his regiment, and met Generals 'Stonewall' Jackson and J.E.B. Stuart, who was a friend of the Jacob family.

The Confederates then withdrew across the Potomac and on the 20th

September a fight took place near Shepherdstown, partly on land owned by Charles. He rushed over the next day and assessed the damage to his property at $1465. His diary does not reveal how or from whom he expected to obtain compensation!

The main Confederate forces retired once more up the Shenandoah Valley, but they maintained pickets near the house, and occasional cavalrymen called for meals. The Federals were not far away and Frank was briefly detained by one of their pickets at the Presbyterian church on the 9th November. By Christmas the Federals were picketing the area fully. Thus ended 1862, a year in which the war made a greater impact but caused little serious harm to the family at Mount Pleasant.

In January 1863 Charles was stopped on returning from Charles Town, but was allowed to proceed after being told that peaceably disposed persons might take things for marketing and buy only what they required for their own use. Thus did the authorities seek to limit the amount of provisions available to marauding Confederate troops. On the 12th January Charles noted that three lambs had already been born, although it was not usual to have them before April, but "they fixed that themselves, it having been hard to keep the fences up whilst the armies were about so much." On the 31st Charles was stopped by a 'Dutch cavalryman' with a drawn revolver, but nothing untoward happened. During this period horses were from time to time stolen from the farm.

Despite picketing mail to and from England got through and newspapers from both North and South arrived fairly regularly. It was also still possible to travel. Charles' wife—in the diary he never refers to her by her first name, always Mrs. Aglionby, Mrs. A or, when peeved, The Madam—visited Baltimore for several days in February and again in March by train. Such opportunties were used to smuggle back goods such as medicines—'contrabands' as the dairy calls them.

When the slaves left and schools closed, the family had to do work which they had not done before. "The boys and their mother milked the cows and we all made ourselves generally useful": 24 May 1863, the day the slaves left. Charles notes on the 7th June: "Today I blacked my shoes, a thing I had not done I know not when." It appears that there was no real shortage of labour as there were both local people and itinerants, both white and coloured, who called looking for paid work both indoors and outside. Some stayed only a few days and then vanished. Others like E. Beers remained for a whole year, although "I have the first man to see who speaks well of him" recalls Charles after he had left.

In 1863 there was little local military activity until June when Confederate forces moved north. Charles watched A.P. Hill's 'corps de army' advancing along the Shepherdstown road on the 23rd, and Heath's division on the next day. Many soldiers called in for milk and food. On the 30th there was a report 'between a cannon and thunder' a little before noon. This was the sound of Federals blowing up the magazines before evacuating Harpers Ferry. These troop movements preceded the Battle of Gettysburg. On the 4th July Charles visited Harpers Ferry "which looks truly like a deserted village."

Various soldiers passed the house and there was cavalry about the woods, but the Confederate tide was ebbing once more and by mid August the Federal cavalry were back. Sometimes they stopped and dined and once they shot at pigs on the farm. On the 20th November the house was searched and some old muskets and sabres, picked up locally, were seized. The family were accused of having more dry goods and groceries than permitted, but none were confiscated. However three days later Charles was arrested and taken to Lockwood House, Harpers Ferry. On the 2nd December he was transferred to Wheeling some hundred or so miles away, but the Federal authorities released him without charges and he returned home on the 16th December.

Federal pickets continued to be posted and on the 5th of January 1864 Charles was not allowed to visit Sheperdstown, although on the 6th February he obtained a pass for a week to go marketing. Occasional cavalrymen called and did damage. Federals in 'rebel' territory were not particular about property rights. Some killed a hog and wounded another on the 24th January and a gander was killed on the 27th February. The family silver had been buried in a box, but hogs grubbed it up and tossed it about. Luckily it was retrieved and reburied before it could be plundered. Charles made an application for a guard and in due course the Federal authorities provided one.

The children's education could not be neglected entirely. Charles had arranged in February 1863 for Frank to teach his younger brothers and sister. However a teacher called Hogan was employed at the rate of $200.00 a year for ten months plus board and lodging. The school on the farm opened on the 8th February 1864. Other local children attended, including several Moores, a Moler, a Downey, two Gibsons, a Hearst, two Botts and two Custers. Purchases of books reveal that English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Latin and Greek were taught. Hogan did not stay long as he was overfond of alcohol and unhappily there was a fairly rapid turnover of teachers.

The Confederates were conducting a guerilla war in the area and Federal pickets were numerous. There was a skirmish nearby on the 12th March, and more excitingly on the 14th May two Confederates rode up to the house, dismounted and went to the porch. Almost immediately shots were fired as Federals appeared. One Confederate escaped on his horse, but the other fell as his horse turned the corner of the garden too sharply and he was captured. Nearly two weeks later ten men, almost certainly Confederates, stayed the night in the barn, breakfasted and as they left stole a good many hens and roosters.

On the 28th May two men dressed as Confederates and claiming to be members of the 11th Virginia Cavalry knocked on the door between 10 and 11 at night, wanting to search the house. They were refused admittance, but having been joined by others they pushed open the door and entered. In a closet in the garret they found a demijohn of port, "kept strictly for sickness." They drank of it and left. Next morning eleven of them returned and almost finished the port, leaving a little for "the old women." Fortunately little was taken. On the 17th June there was another midnight search of the house, this time by twenty Federals, who took a bridle and eight hams. Charles' wife went to complain to the local officer, Captain Laws, and recovered the bridle.

At the beginning of July a considerable Confederate force entered the area and moved on Harpers Ferry. The fighting at Duffields was "pretty spirited" according to Frank who went to have a look. For the next few days quite a number of Confederate officers supped and slept at Mount Pleasant. A little later cavalry from both sides were about the place. On the 16th July the diary records: "About breakfast we were going to haul hay, but some Confederate soldiers attacked some Federal soldiers and captured some. The skirmishing was all around the farm and some came through it. We did not get to hauling until after dinner."

For the next month or more troops from both sides were around the farm almost daily and many called in for food and supplies. On the 25th August the Confederate General McClausland supped with the family, but his forces fell back within a day or two. By this time a large Federal force had moved up to Charles Town. Groups of army stragglers and marauding thieves came in behind the army and plagued the family. Food and livestock were regularly taken, but the arrival of another guard helped. Nevertheless troubles continued, although on a couple of times the raiders were driven off with sticks and stones. Once the Federal army moved up the Valley the area quietened a little, but the guard left with the army.

On the 6th October Charles visited his Shepherdstown farm where the marks of battle and dead horses were all about. A month later in Charles Town he found the Federals repairing the railroad, but the town looked dull and only shoemakers and tailors were doing business. The Federal cavalry still caused trouble at the farm, killing the best sow valued at $20 and shooting at the sheep. Fortunately the Federal authorities agreed to post another guard on the farm, a soldier from a Pennsylvania regiment and described by Frank as a 'good old sort'. The family became very fond of him.

1864 had been a very difficult year, but the family continued to farm as normally as possible. However the troubles were by no means over in 1865. On the 5th January the overseer's house was burned down, but the cause of the fire remained a mystery. Worse was to follow. Charles' nephew, John Yates Beall, was captured in the North, tried and convicted as a spy. He was sentenced to death. The family and others made considerable efforts to save him. His mother and his two uncles, Charles and Francis, travelled to New York, but to no avail, and John was executed on the 24th February.

Weeks later General Lee surrendered and the armies disbanded. Many parolled soldiers passed the farm on their way home. Charles set about repairing his property and the overseer's house was rebuilt. Some time later he calculated his losses—$20,000 caused by the Confederate States, $3,000 by the United States and $1,000 by rogues and thieves.

All in all the family escaped relatively lightly. The old life-style was gone forever, but with time and by prudence the family returned to reasonable prosperity, and Charles continued to farm until his death in 1891.

Francis Aglionby

London, England

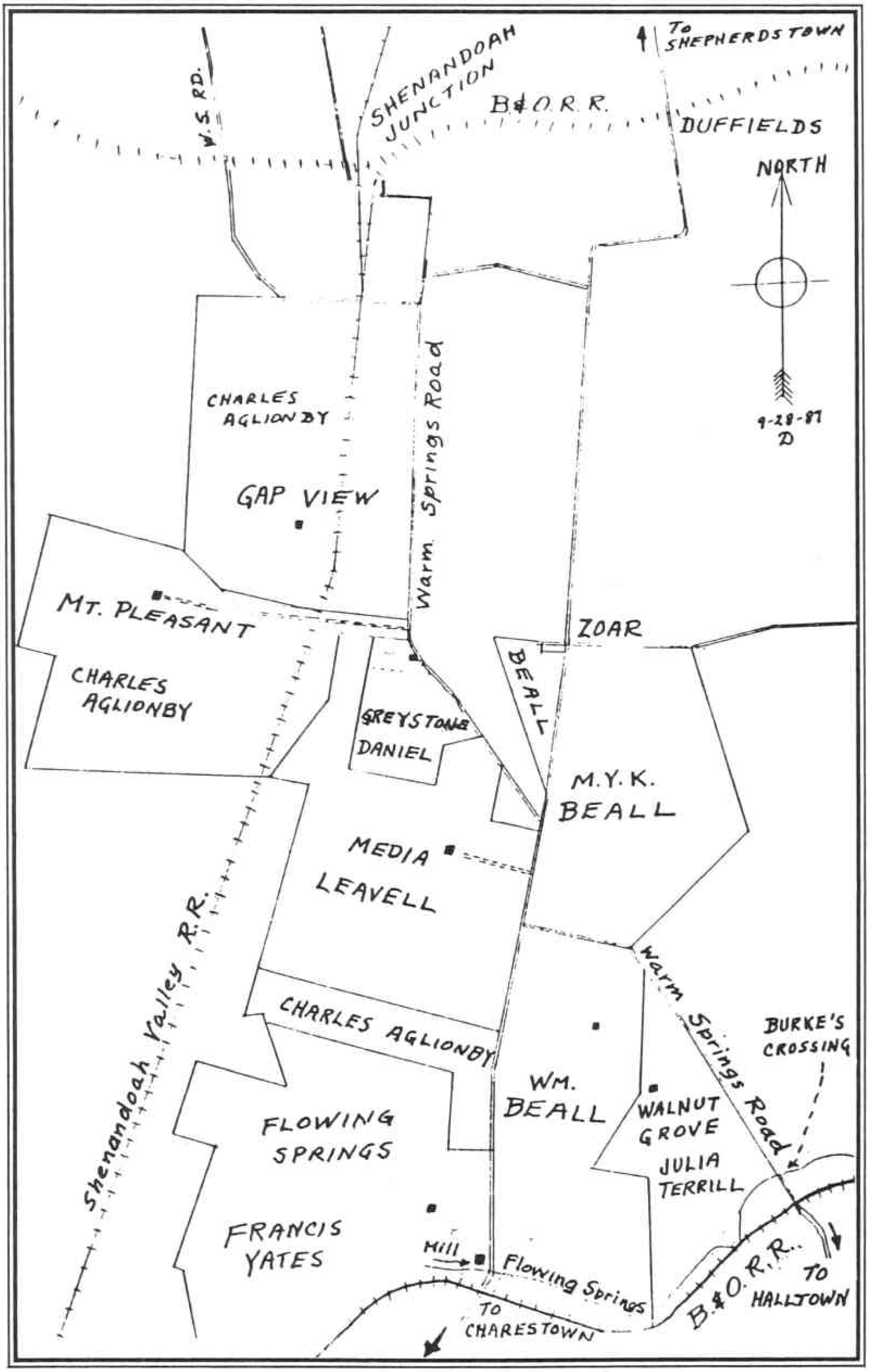
Making It On Seventy-Five Acres: Letters by Mrs. John M. Daniel from 1883 to 1891

By the year 1880, Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Daniel and her husband, John Moncure Daniel, had decided to return to Jefferson County to raise their growing family. Having married in 1874, they had gone to Louisville, Ky., where Mr. Daniel had worked in the law office of Basil Duke. But frequent bouts with malaria had persuaded them to seek a more healthful climate. So in 1882 Anne had her 75 acre portion of Media farm, which she and her siblings had inherited from their mother, surveyed and marked off. Her two sisters, Mrs. Julia Yates McDonald and Mary Aglionby Leavell, and her two brothers, William Thomas Leavell, Jr., and Rev. Francis Keyes Leavell, continued to own the remaining 300 undivided acres. Julia and William were living in Louisville, Francis was serving as a missionary in the Kanawha Valley while Mary, in addition to living at Media, was visiting around. Their father, Rev. William T. Leavell, was rector of Mt. Zion church in Hedgesville, W. Va.

Mrs. Daniel's 74 acres, which she called Greystone, adjoined the Warm Springs Road one and a half miles south of Shenandoah Junction. Sixty acres were cleared farm land and 15 acres were virgin timber. In the northeast corner was an old stone overseer's house built about 1820 by her grandfather, John Yates, which was about fifty feet from the road.

To the north and west of Greystone was Mt. Pleasant farm, home of Uncle Charles and Aunt Fanny Aglionby and their two unmarried children, John Orfeur and Jeanette (Nettie). To the north was Gap View farm, also owned by Uncle Charles and partially rented to Cousin Ed (Edmund Goulder Leavell, 1847-1912). This farm was bisected by the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, now the Norfolk Southern. Uncle Francis Yates owned Flowing Springs farm and mill located south of Media farm. He lived there with his second wife, Aunt Sydney, and three of his children, John Orfeur, Bacon, and Mary Brooke. East of the Flowing Springs Road lived the Bealls who were first cousins and east of that place was the old Yates farm, Walnut Grove, now occupied by Aunt Julia Terrell and her two daughters, Cousins Lizzie and Julia.

In the course of the 18 years from 1883 to 1900, Anne E. Daniel wrote numerous letters to her father and siblings, the larger part to her brother



Plat of Land Ownership at Zoar, ca. 1885

William. From these the following quotations have been extracted to show how she managed to raise her family. Thus it was that in early 1883 she (age 32) found herself ensconced in her four room house with a husband (age 37) and three children, Anne (age 6), Willie (age 4) and Bessie (age 2).

Initially she stocked her farm with cattle, sheep, hogs, chickens and a horse or two. Her first problem was fences, particularly with her neighbor, Mr. Painter, the tenant hired by the Leavells to operate Media farm.

To William *2/16/1883*

I had a card from Papa today; he is in Charlestown and will be there until Monday filling Mr. Meade's pulpit (Zion Church) while he has gone to Philadelphia. You must have heard that he has accepted a call there and will leave town after Easter.

Anne reads quite well and is learning to write. I feel quite proud of her as I think myself the poorest teacher. Willie is learning to spell too but his lessons take up very little of his time and the rest is given up to pranks of all kinds—not bad—but in everybody's way and always making a noise, which is hard to stand in such a crowded house. But I am thankful to say he is well and hearty again. Spring will soon be here and he can be turned into the woods! Little Bessie is as good as a baby can be; she generally wakes me in the morning, scrambling into my bed to say her little prayers.

Out of doors things are not quite so cheerful. Mr. Daniel is out done with the sheep after all his care, half the lambs have been born dead. We have only four living & five of the worst old sheep have died. One was the old Merino, I always heard Papa speak of her. I wonder if it was this same one—always old. If so, she has done the only thing she could do & I am glad she is gone. The rest of the stock look well considering the quantity of cold rainy weather we have had & they have not had the shelter they should have had. We could not get the hauling done to build a shed back of the stable. Mr. Daniel made one himself & had it covered with fodder, but the foolish things pull at it all the time. The straw was too far off to be very valuable & if the fodder holds out, we will sell the straw. I don't approve of it; but it is too hard to get anything hauled out. Mr. Painter promised to haul out the manure from the stable & has never touched it. He has not yet finished shucking the corn next to the barn; and you can judge for yourself what a crop he made for us off of between

35 & 40 acres when I tell you we have sold two loads & I don't think there will be another to sell. He put good, bad & indifferent all together, tho' I asked him to put only sound corn in the crib. Then we found it was not keeping & had to hire a team & hands to assort it & deliver the above mentioned two loads. I am glad he is obliging & kind to Papa tho' & he did fill our ice-house. We are having rails made now to put up on our part of the line fence. Mrs. Moler's tenant, Mr. McSherry, is to put in our corn. He is called the best farmer that has ever rented that place & she thinks very highly of him. He hauled logs for us last week & brought back the lumber to build our smoke-house. The carpenter was to have been on Wednesday but it has been so rainy. I have been very impatient about it as I know the meat ought to be smoking right now. When that is done & the fences are made, I shall feel so much better fixed than we have ever been before.

Mt. Pleasant farm is rented to young Jim Miller; Uncle Charles stocks it & the tenant gets a third & furnishes the labor. John Aglionby took two hands to drive a beef to town lately, taking two cows also for company. The beef was sold & he told the hands to start the cows home & go back to water their horses, which they did & then went towards home to find both fine fresh cows dead on the R. R. crossing on the Leetown road.

The machine is the greatest comfort I have had this winter & I have a most complacent feeling when I see what an amount of sewing I have gotten through with & the help it will be not to have it on hand when spring comes with all its duties. I already have hens setting & tomato seed planted.

Excerpt from the Parish register kept by the Reverend William Thomas Leavell:

In the fall of 1882 I concluded it would be best for me and my daughter, Mary, to close the house at Media that she might be relieved from the burden of housekeeping and I from the exposure of travel to fill my appointments at Hedgeville. So we arranged that I should find board at Hedgesville and she make visits to Baltimore and Norfolk to pass the winter with her dear friends. It was by this arrangement that a long attachment to a lady of my parish ripened into marriage with Miss Mary Emma Wynkoop.

We were married by Rev. J.O. Dorsey, assisted by Rev. R. D. Roller, in Mt. Zion Church on May 22, 1883. Mr. J. O. Aglionby was my best man. My daughter, Mary, was the only one of my children to witness the



Anne Elizabeth Daniel

Born: 1850 Died: 1923

Daughter of Anne Yates and Rev. William Thomas Leavell

ceremony and we accompanied her to Jefferson the next day to visit the relations of my children there. When I went for the license and the clerk asked me my age, I was surprised at my proximity to three score and ten

and asked him if I must answer particularly! He said no! Then I told him to put it down sixty plus.

Four days after Mr. Leavell's marriage, Anne gave birth to John Moncure Daniel, Jr. Throughout this period the McDonalds returned to Media every summer arriving in July and returning to Louisville in September.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, July 16, 1883*

I did not feel able to face the stove this summer & had to have a cook; but I hope to manage so as not to let it be a great extravagance.

Papa came down to Media Monday & seem to be very bright; but I have it in my mind that they think we don't approve of them. I asked them down here tomorrow & sent up a lot of vegetables today. Julia has much ado to find something for the table as the garden furnishes nothing yet.

Mr. Painter is quite given over to the "United Brethren" & their meetings. He got Julia's permission to have one in her woods next month.

I have called on the new Rector (Rev. Dallas Tucker) & wife & like them.

My dear Wm. *Greystone, Sept. 8, 1883*

Mr. Daniel paid up the taxes which took nearly $40, our share of the fertilizer is to be paid & there will not be any great fortune when the bread is taken out. Our share was a little less than a hundred bushels. We sold it for $1.04 which was all that Wysong would give for it, though the quality was good, it was pronounced damp & musty by all who saw it.

Just north of the house and adjacent to the road was a very level and rock free space about 75 x 100 yards (1½ acres) which was the garden. Just west of the house were a root cellar, wood shed, hen house, smokehouse and a log house. In front of the log house was a carriage shed which adjoined a 30 foot square barn with a stable below and a hay mow above. Along with an icehouse 100 yards southeast these constituted all the buildings on the 75 acres.

In the next letter Mrs. Daniel mentions watering the stock. There was a pool at the edge of the woods just off the Warm Springs road about 200 yards towards Charlestown from the house which was filled by natural drainage of the surrounding area. It was connected to the stable by the

lane along the edge of the woods. Other sources of water were the cistern and a well on the edge of the garden about 150 feet from the house. In dry weather it was customary to use the well or to drive the stock two miles to Burke's Crossing where the Warm Springs Road crossed Flowing Springs just south of Walnut Grove. Since there is no further mention of sheep in the letters after the negative report above, it is assumed that the raising of sheep was abandoned.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, Sept. 8, 1883*

The $55 I wrote of was the price we got for our fine red cow & calf. You may remember that Papa bought her from Uncle Ned. She was fresh & looked her best & the parting with her was stinting ourselves somewhat in milk. I though it wise to take so good an offer especially as she had had her sixth calf & we have a two year old Alderney that we hope will fill her place this fall. It is distressingly dry now & so very dusty. Our little clover field is to be cut for seed next week. The rain will probably come then. We are having our pool cleaned out & watering stock from the well is no small matter.

You ought to see the baby, as fine a boy as you'd wish to see. Francis christened him & we call him Moncure, which seems a big name for such a small boy. In the midst of making jelly this evening, Rev. Mr. Tucker & his wife came to see us. They are pleasant enough & I like his preaching very much. They have no children & the Rectory looks very unlike it used to, being much adorned with old china & various bric-a-brac.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, Nov. 27, 1883*

I cannot write much as I must "early to bed" with a prospect of being up early in the monring, as the butchering is to go on. We have six young hogs to put up for our use. Mr. Daniel drove 12 to Martinsburg & sold them last week, which we thought better than to keep them longer as we have not a great deal of corn & pork seemed to be going down. He got 5½ cts. for it & it is only 4½ in Charlestown now. I think we have a good fellow in the log house, so very accommodating & his wife is obliging too. We got the shed up along the back of the stable. So the cattle will be protected at last. I strongly lean to the impression that it would be better for us to get another horse & a wagon & do our own farming. I would like to have your views as I am very anxious to see all sides of the matter & to do the very best one can. One thing, it is almost impossible to get hauling done wher we want it & we often need labor too & you know how high it is by the day for both.

My dear William, *Greystone, Jan. 5, 1884*

Mr. Painter has filled the ice-house at Media and began to fill ours yesterday. He sent me word today that he had started a load down this morning when the best horse in the team fell dead. I was truly sorry to hear of it, they thought the horse strained himself & broke a blood vessel but I don't know how it was. Only he seems to be unfortunate with his horses & I would rather the accident had not happened when he was hauling for us. Mr. Painter is now "licensed to exhort" I hear & does a great deal of it at Zoar & elsewhere.

Our horse is clumsy & I have not ventured to drive her since the roads have been covered with ice & snow, about three weeks now. So you see I keep closely at home where I am snug & warm & have plenty to do: Cousin Julia called the other day & took me on a sleigh ride to Mt. Pleasant. I have had a door cut through the partition between the dining room & kitchen, which is a comfort, giving me the use of the dining room in cold weather, which I had not before.

My dear William *Greystone, Feb. 26, 1884*

I let a fruit agent talk me into giving an order for $13 worth of trees, etc., to be delivered in April. It is a good investment if the truth is in him but who's to know whether it is? I hope to market strawberries this next season as I have a promising bed of five varieties & I shall try the silk worms again as my sickness last May caused my former attempt to come to grief. I will have young chickens in a few days. So it's to be hoped we will not have any more cold weather. We have a nice little pure Jersey calf from Lucy & a prospect of other additions to our stock shortly. Our hogs have not done well at all this winter, so few pigs—will have to change the stock I suppose. The farmers are exercising themselves over the new order that stock under 1 yr. shall be taxed.

Mr. Tucker is trying to alter Zion to have a recess chancel, etc., but I don't know whether it will be done. A new roof has been put on & the organ done up, frescoing inside is the next thing I believe. Bacon is a vestryman & keeps me posted. I hear that Uncle Charles has given a lot near the Junction for an Episcopal church and that it is to be built, also a Presbyterian church this spring.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, April 5, 1884*

I have no idea that the United Brethren will ever get their church built. The Terrills declined giving a lot & so did Mrs. Moler, of course Painter wants it handy.

We have two teams today hauling logs to Duffield's to make plank for fences. We have been worrying along with poor fences until we are obliged to have better ones. We expected to sell one of our fresh cows to pay for it; but she nearly died & looks to[o] thin now to sell well. So I have determined to keep her for the present & borrow some money. I think $30 would do until we could sell something. Would it be convenient for you to lend it to me, or will you endorse for me to get it out of the bank for 90 days? Mr. Daniel has gotten out posts & will put up the fence, but will need a hand a good deal & day labor is scarce & high. I have no fear of not being able to return the money this summer for we have more stock than we ever had except sheep & they will be saleable after getting fat on grass. I would rather not owe anyone but you; but you must be candid & do what suits you & please let me know as soon as you can. Generally there is no one to help about the stock & I hate for Mr. Daniel to be worried with things getting in wrong places to say nothing of the poor figure I cut when I have to help to drive anything out. Our provender has laster better than ever before; & Mr. Daniel is very industrious about keeping things comfortable. I forgot to say that one of my necessities is to have the cistern fixed as it has gone to leaking. Mr. Daniel has been watering the stock from the well to keep from taking them to the pool, as the sight of green fields makes them wild & unmindful of the poor fences. My calves & chickens are clamoring, they grow pretty well & don't they keep me busy!

My dear William, *Greystone, July 5, 1884*

I have gotten quite a bag full of silk to sell next week but have very little hope of getting anything like paid for my trouble over it, but very little was invested in that enterprise.

It is said that John Aglionby wants to go to the legislature & expects to get the support of the Prohibitionists & negroes, as he is a trustee of the college at Harpers Ferry.

Although Mrs. Daniel's Christian name was Anne, she was known to her siblings as Annie. The prospect of marriages for her sister and brothers was a subject much on her mind as she touches on it many times in the course of her letters. At this time it appears that Mary is about to tie the knot with Captain William Ransom Johnson, C.S.A.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, Sept. 27, 1884*

Papa passed by today on his way to Berkeley Springs with Mary accompanying him. Nettie & Captain Johnson also joined them at the

Junction. So you can imagine a happy party. I have had no talk with Mary since the Captain's arrival & do not know the progress of the affair; but do not suppose it will be slow. If she & Nettie have left any stone unturned to catch & marry him, I do not know it! Papa told me of her getting him to write to the Captain & congratulate him on the presentation of the punch bowl, a scheme which never could have found a place in my maiden imagination! Which makes me think much about "the ways that are dark & tho' tricks that are vain" that maybe are being practiced on my brothers by other strategists! Dear Francis seems to have it on his mind that he ought to be marrying; & I do hope he will make a wise choice.

The drought is still distressing us. We have had only two showers since you left & down on the Shenandoah they say they have had no rain for 8 weeks. Mr. Daniel drives our cattle daily down to the run back of the Terrills & the fields are dry until they are brown & bare.

A man came here last week & sold us a pack of goods; there were some things in it we wanted but the rest we want to sell. They were very good quality & if we can sell the surplus at the prices the man put on them, we will make our own suits clear. Bacon, Cousin Ned & several other neighbors talk of taking suits; but I want you to have first choice, if you want it. The goods are English. It was not my judgment to get them; but now that we have them, we must sell them.

Mr. Leggett is just finishing our cistern so it is ready for a rain; & cost— I don't know what! I have ordered a force pump to put in it, also a new cook stove, as I hope to do so much of my own work this winter as to deserve the best appliances. (Note: The force pump was placed in the kitchen.)

My dear William *Greystone, Nov. 10, 1884*

I suppose Louisville has been wild with excitement since the election, so have we, in a mild way. The Junction is a great institution for us in the way of getting dispatches, being on the main stem. Mr. Daniel has been going over every day, getting papers & all the news he can. Bacon goes to town & then comes over here & they compare notes & try to be sure that the Democrats have won the day; but they look right grave over the daily decrease in Cleveland's plurality in New York. Still the rejoicing goes on, bonfires at the Junction & Duffields & tomorrow night in town. Mr. Wilson came up from Washington the other night & was put in a wagon & pulled all over town by the men—also Mr. Light, who happened to be

the first person to come from Baltimore with the grand news. A man was here yesterday from town talking in a whisper, because he said he had hollered himself hoarse! I long to see the matter settled beyond dispute & people attending to their business again.

We are to have new wheels, spindles, etc., to our carriage to the amount of $35; it was to have been done last week; but there is such a suspension of work that I don't know when we will get it done. That sounds reckless; but the man is to take a suit of clothes which will more than half pay his bill, am I not smart?

We are still wanting rain to fill the pools; driving the cattle down back of Aunt Julia's has grown to be sadly monotonous; but we have some water in the new cistern which works finely. It ought to as it cost over fifty dollars. My new cooking stove is a great comfort too. I never cooked with such ease before. We have a darkey in the log house who does the washing, ironing & milking for rent & fire-wood.

Our Cousin J. O. Aglionby did not vote on the 4th at all; he was off in Loudoun or somewhere & it is said he went to dodge voting for Cleveland as he had been talking a good deal in favor of St. John, but he had no ticket here. He was the only Democrat due at Zoar who failed to vote & I hear he is being set upon for it.

The marriage of Mary Aglionby Leavell to Capt. Wm. R. Johnson of Crescent, Fayette Co., W. Va., was solemnized in Zion Church on Oct. 28, 1885, by the Rev. Dallas Tucker assisted by the Rev. F. K. Leavell. Her father gave the bride away.

When Anne Yates was married to the Rev. W. T. Leavell in 1847, she had a personal maid, Hannah Burke, who served the family faithfully as a nurse and later as a housekeeper. During the War, she also had charge of and kept safely in her house all the family valuables, silver and papers.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, Nov. 7, 1885*

I thought one of the sisters would have written since the wedding, but they have not; they don't realize what a left feeling I've had lately, longing to talk matters over with my own flesh & blood but in vain! Mary's wedding was not a cheerful one to me at all. I could not see any evidence that she cared at all for the fine man who seemed so anxious to devote his life to her & she said if she did not get it over with in a hurry, she feared she would back out, but that it seemed a duty, etc.; but I trust she will make a good wife. I wonder when a woman is to love a man if she does

not do so before she has discovered all his imperfections, for men are human.

Francis' prospect fills me with pleasure; he spent a day with me on his way from Cumberland & seemed to be happiness itself. He thinks the happy day will be about the 15th of Jan. & if I were only stylish enough, I would like to go on with him & see him through, as I suppose you will do, but who wants an old dame at a wedding? There's no place like home for such.

I was thankful to hear last week that Hannah had been found. She had wandered off in a wilderness & was there 10 days without food or shelter & was nearly dead when they found her. I fear she has had great trouble & suffering & I wrote & offered her a home with us for the rest of her days, if she felt like coming back to her people. She might be only a care to me; but I thought it was only right to offer to do something for one who was so faithful to us for so many years.

My dear William, *Greystone, Jan. 4, 1886*

We all had a treat of oysters for our Xmas dinner, which I thought advisable as the children had been asking what were oysters, they had never seen any, thereby reflecting the finances of the family, & worse than that, the flock of turkeys that I had raised walked off in day-light to the neighbors & could never be recovered. So I was minus the customary bird.

Francis Leavell's marriage to Elizabeth Hunter Thruston took place in Emmanuel Church, Cumberland, Md., on Jan. 21, 1886. His father and the rector performed the ceremony. John Aglionby was best man and S. W. Washington was an usher.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, Feb. 4, 1886*

Your letter gave me much pleasure but I have not yet gotten over the disappointment of not seeing you & your not getting to the wedding. The girls were uncommonly good looking & if you were not prepared to surrender unconditionally, perhaps you were best away, even with the mumps. I know you were surprised to hear that I went & maybe you indulged in a little amusement at the thought of the relations of the groom being represented by J. O. Aglionby, Net and myself. I own that it was with diffidence that I faced my share of the responsibility; but after Francis found out that you could not go, he seemed to really want me. I had broken a piece off a tooth a short time before & had seen stars with

neuralgia, etc., proceeding from it; but thought maybe I might be able to forget it in the midst of so much pleasant diversion; but not so. I had it all the time & of course it kept me down; but otherwise I cannot imagine a more enjoyable occasion. I was pleased with the bride & her family & they were certainly most courteous to us. The presents were numerous & beautiful; and yours was possibly the handsomest of all.

My dear William, *Greystone, Mar. 26, 1886*

I am sorry to hear that you are tired of church going. For me, I had to stay at home when the weather & roads were bad for nearly two months, until my soul did "long to enter the courts." It seems to me the greatest privilege to go to the Wednesday 11 A.M. service, which is the only one for country people.

Bessie was in front of an open fire in the bedroom when a spark ignited her dress. She screamed: "Bessie's on fire!" Her father heard her, rushed upstairs and rolled her in a rug to smother the fire.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, April 19, 1886*

I am glad to say that Bessie is getting on very well, having suffered less than I thought it possible, when I saw her blistered flesh. Already the sores have healed, but I still dress her left hand & keep the air from the tender new skin. I was awfully shocked at the accident & blamed myself for having left her alone with the open fire; but she has always been so careful & sensible that I would as soon have thought of my own dress catching fire as hers. I still shudder to think how much worse it would have been had her Papa been a moment later in reaching her. Already the flames were above her head, while I, not having heard her distinctly when she called, came slowly upstairs, by the time the fire was smothered out! But you know I did not mean to be careless & I am truly thankful that I did not see the dear little thing burning. I had sense enough to give her laudanum & apply cream & flour at once & it was wonderful to see how soon & how quietly she slept after such a painful shock.

The arrival of a new baby, Francis Warwick Daniel, on July 4th made living conditions in a four room house next to impossible. So the decision was made to expand by building an addition to face the road making the house in the shape of an ell.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, Sept. 6, 1886*

I have at last gotten Mr. Conley's estimate & it quite staggers me. He puts down the materials at $291.99 including plastering, chimney, etc.,

then $60 for his own work, hardware, etc., beside which would be the foundation to be built & the cost of making shingles. He would be ready to go to work very soon & guarantee us the use of the addition by the 1st of November, when the materials, etc., would have to be paid for. But the bill for his work could await our convenience. I believe everything would be of good quality & well done; the great question is about raising the money to do so much.

Whatever we borrow we hope to pay; but it must be done slowly & if it can be done now, perhaps it is as good a time as any, but I want your advice & do not want to be rash. It is almost enough to tempt one to be imprudent to be this cramped so long. Please speak your mind; I know you will do what you think best for me & I trust you fully.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, Oct. 4, 1886*

At last I think I may say a start has been made. Mr. Conley has been here today with the stone mason & laid off the foundation which is to be begun tomorrow. The contract is drawn after Major McDonald's model & I hope it is all right; faithfully carried out it will build us a better house than I ever dreamed of & he promises to let us have it done by Nov. 30th. The place is one room and hall downstairs, the former is 16x18 ft., latter 6x18 ft., upstairs 2 rooms 9x16 ft. & closet in the hall. The man is nearly done making the shingles, it was gratifying to have one of the blown down trees utilized & the other two were too close to the orchard. We have a family in the log house for the sake of getting the washing done & the corn cut off.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, Nov. 8, 1886*

Your kind letter gave me the greatest surprise & pleasure. I thought you had been so very good to lend me all that money & to find that you had actually given part of it & moved the rest of the family to give the rest, was more than I could have dreamed of & moved me to tears. Words cannot thank you suitably for your loving kindness, but in the providence of God, there may be something that I can do for you all one day; & think you will find me ready to do my best. You cannot imagine what a weight it lifted off my mind. I had feared to launch out into such an ocean of debt & still I could not be satisfied not to make the effort to have a more comfortable home; but it kept coming into my head that I would not live to finish paying for it. I know I shall appreciate the comfort when it is done & think more of it than ever as so much of it will be the gift of those who have never wearied of doing everything that

affection could prompt for me. May God bless you all! The building goes on, the roof having been completed & the lower floor is laid. You would not know the house from the outside view. It looks like a large double frame house—42 ft. front—new roof the whole length & three windows, one above the other in the north end, making it look much higher. I don't think I will sleep in the new part this winter as this old room suits me best for a chamber but it will be a great thing to have a sitting room downstairs & a spare room to put a visitor in if we have one.

In spite of the late start work progressed reasonably well until early November when Annie prepared to board the plasterers. But a month went by with no activity. When Mr. Conley finally got going again, a cold snap hit and he was not allowed to plaster in freezing weather but the windows and doors were put in. Thus completion was put off until spring.

My dear Julia, *Greystone, Dec. 30, 1886*

When I put up the Xmas bundle, I was in such a dreadful hurry that I overlooked several things, among them the ten little double gowns that Francis has outgrown. I will send them yet. I think so much of your discomfort & long to see you & talk of everything, but there is a bright side & I know you will find it. God bless you.

(John Yates McDonald was born Jan. 10, 1887)

My dear Wm., *Greystone, Jan. 13, 1887*

Cousin Ned talks of selling out to go to California in the spring; he is discouraged about farming here. A dreadful thing happened yesterday, which has not been out of my mind since I heard of it. Young Jim Miller, who used to live at Gap View, & a man named Campbell, who used to live in our log house, were driving from town out the Leetown road when a train struck them on a crossing & killed them both instantly, the horse escaped but the sleigh was demolished. I suppose the bells kept them from hearing the train & you know the road is in a cut & you cannot see the train until it gets to the crossing. Each man left a wife & child.

Miss A. E. Terrill compiled and published in 1887 a book: *Memorials of a Family in England and Virginia* which contained excerpts of letters written by members of the Yates family.

My dear William, *Greystone, Mar. 18, 1887*

I had a pleasant visit to Walnut Grove this week, found all as usual, Cousin Lizzie in bed but cheerful & much interested in the proof of the "Memorials". I did not know then that I was to have a present of a copy; but I am certainly very much obliged to you for the one you propose to give me. I am especially anxious to read it as I suppose I know less than any of the family about the illustrious antecedents & have had many a snub from Mary on account of my indifference to it all. I never had either time or opportunity to read the old letters & will be very glad to have them arranged so that I can acquaint myself with all the valuable information. I had much wanted to say that I would subscribe for a copy for each of the children when Frank was here but feared the cost might be too high.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, June 13, 1887*

Mr. Tucker has just called & I had to send Anne flying out to excuse us. He really could not come in. The plasters have left; but the house is not dry enough to clean up yet & you never saw such confusion, there was no place fit for him to take a seat.

In the fall of 1886 Francis Leavell gave up his work in the Kanawha Valley and moved to Baltimore to be an assistant at Emmanuel Church. In December his wife presented him with a daughter, Elizabeth Hunter Thruston Leavell (she grew up to become Mrs. J. W. Ware). The following May his wife died and little Lill was given to the care of her aunt, Mynna Thruston, who lived in Cumberland. Francis, living as a bachelor, continued his work as a missioner at the Church of The Atonement. In mid-December he developed a carbuncle on the back of his neck which became infected. He died on Monday, the 19th.

My dearest Julia, *Greystone, Dec. 22, 1887*

What a mercy William got to Baltimore in time to be a comfort to Francis & to have Papa there. It seems strange that I did not get to him being the nearest one; but I did not know in time. Mary Lockwood wrote for me to come on Sunday but I did not get the letter until Tuesday when all was over. I dreaded the arrival of the train wondering how Papa would bear the sad shock; but he came quietly into the depot where all the relatives & friends were waiting. We proceeded to Zion churchyard where all that was mortal of dear Francis was laid next to our dear mother's grave.

My dear William, *Greystone, June 14, 1889*

There was a good deal of damage along the rivers, crops & fencing, etc., being washed away. I heard Mr. W. Lewis lost part of his flock of sheep, ferry boats were all lost on both rivers & the canals so broken that it was said they would never be rebuilt; but today's paper spoke of the probability of their being repaired. Thirty odd houses at Harpers Ferry were unfit for the occupants to go back to. All bridges at that place & Shepherdstown except the railroad bridges were carried off, 11 engines held the one in place at Harpers Ferry & the water was so high as to cover the wheels of the engines on the bridge, boats ran even on High Street & the whole of Shenandoah Street was submerged. I was in Garland Hurst's house after the water subsided & saw the marks of it on the beautifully papered walls as high as a man could reach. The pictures were all away, having floated; but the cords still held to the nails that were highest. His $700 grand piano could not be carried upstairs so they nailed large store boxes to the floor & put it up on them; but the water broke them loose & they floated & the piano fell off & was found bottom upward on the floor, utterly dumb. I suppose Garland Hurst was as well able to sustain his losses as anyone; but many persons on the same street had nothing left. The merchants have been selling out their stocks at almost anything they could get, being so damaged by the water. If you remember John Brown's Fort, you will have some idea of the height of the water when I tell you it was up to the tops of the windows & as it rose at the rate of 4 feet an hour, people had no time to save their goods. The oldest inhabitants never saw such a flood.

In 1890 a "Boom" came to the area. Because of its railroads Shenandoah Junction, which was to be renamed Jeffersonville, became the focus of most of the grandiose schemes; but there were ramifications all over the county. The earliest mention of it is in this letter.

My dear William, *Greystone, Mar. 13, 1890*

Anne is very much pleased at your compliment & my ability to pay for more for her services, which she proposes to put in the Building Association at the Junction. It is to begin operations next month. Willie is also to have a share. The railroad employees are to build homes, a planing mill is being started by the Blackfords & there is talk of a hotel. There is so much depression about farming; people all seem to be looking out for booms.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, Sept. 4, 1890*

We're in a state of excitement about the boom at the Junction, which seems to be taking shape. A syndicate of Southern men headed by a Col. Cowling of Tennessee who is said to be worth four millions wants to buy all the land within a mile of the Junction & they have taken options on the Neale & McGarry farms & paid $500.00 in each case. Geo. Harris has sold his house & barn for $1000 & old Ben Hill has agreed to sell his place for $2000. They want the Aglionby lands rented by Heidwohl & Kable down to the lane back of us. I have not heard whether they can get that but all the other parties want to sell to them except the Engles just back of the Junction on the B. & O. They have engaged board for 10 men to go to work at once; & it is said as soon as the land can be had, smelting & rolling mills will be built. Iron ore beds in the mountains in this county have been bought by this company & they say they want a town of 10,000 people at the Junction, it is the best shipping point they can find. This Col. Cowling was a Confederate soldier & saw the beauties & facilities of this county during the War. I trust the boom is genuine & that we will all profit by it in some way. The B. & O. has bought a lot to build a large depot between the two roads, the lower part to be used by the B. & O. & the upper part by the Shenandoah Valley by means of an elevator. It will be north of the B. & O. road.

My dear Papa, *Greystone, Oct. 6, 1890*

Mr. Daniel took Anne to school this morning & settled up the taxes, more than usual this year. The boom at the Junction has progressed, the lands have been bought and the town is to be laid out this week. I hear the Aglionbys refused to sell any of their land; so the town will not come out this way but mainly towards Brown's shop on the B. & O. towards Shepherdstown on the Shenandoah Valley R. R.

My dear William, *Greystone, Nov. 8, 1890*

The Improvement Co. continues to boom Charlestown & have bought the Ranson farm at a high figure. Engineers are to come next week to lay off an addition to the town. I don't know what will come of it; but those interested seem to be hopeful of doing handsomely. The Aglionbys have at last sold 260 acres at $200.00 per acre taking in all that part of Gap View lying along each side of the railroad from the Moore line down to the little bridge below us on the Warm Spring road, the line runs by the old ice house but does not include the main building. They (I mean the Capitalists) have bought 100 acres from the Glens, extending as far down

on the opposite side of the Warm Spring road and as much land along the railroads in other directions to make about 1200 acres. There are no lots for sale now & I hear steel works, etc., are to be put up before there will be any lots for sale; but they seem to me to be slow in starting. Having no money to invest in lots, I am bound to follow your advice. But if I had, I should be strongly tempted, it seems such an easy way to make a little & I am so anxious to be independent. My hope in the boom is that Mr. Daniel may get something to do which would pay him better & be more to his liking than drudging about here—and I certainly want a nearer market than Charlestown. The election has been the only thing talked about lately. Every one is so happy over the result & I trust it will result in better times for us.

Anne has brought home her first report. I suggested she should send you a copy of it; but she hopes the next will be better worth sending. I am satisfied with it, she is not quick or particularly far advanced; but I think she is studying her best & I have great confidence in Julia Kennedy's doing her duty. Letty Ambler, her assistant is even more strict.

Cousin Lizzie is as bright as ever, indignant that worthless, drunken darkeys should have votes & respectable land owners like themselves should have none! The dear Lord knows that I don't want to add voting to my other responsibilities.

Dear Papa, *Saturday night (Nov. 1890)*

The men who bought our beef were Mr. John Burns & his son-in-law Frazier; but that was not their object in coming. They wanted to get Mr. Daniel to show them the corners, etc., of Media. I think they will try to buy it as they asked a great many questions, to all of which Mr. Daniel gave favorable replies. I think I told you that Mr. Burns had sold his land by town to the Improvement Co. So he is looking now for a home for his son-in-law. He got $131.00 per acre for his land & if he buys Media, he ought to pay well for it. Still I hope it is not to be sold. If we are to have cities on each side of us, as seems probable now, the main thorofare would probably be through Media as that would be a bee-line between the Junction & town.

My dear Anne (Anne Yates McDonald) *Greystone, Nov. 13, 1890*

We came near having a serious accident at church Sunday. Just as people were driving away, the horse hitched to the Bates' carriage began to kick & turned suddenly against Col. Gibson's carriage which was upset & the two young ladies thrown out. The other horse then became

frightened and the two carriages were broken to pieces. Young Mr. Bates & his bride were thrown out & were taken home in Uncle Francis' carriage, while the Dawsons took the Gibson girls home. I was so sorry for the blind one to have such a shock & it is said her sister's back was hurt.

I would like to show you the lovely butter I am making now. I sold 12 lbs. last week & will have more as our best cow is now fresh; but you may know it means work to attend to it all properly. I go to town on Mondays to take Anne & on Fridays to bring her home & the rest of the time I stay at home & try to get through with the most urgent duties.

I had the great pleasure of hearing Bishop Peterkin preach at Duffields last Sunday afternoon. The sermon did us all good.

My dear Wm., *Greystone, Dec. 18, 1890*

We heard through Mr. Painter that Burns & Frazier would not give $60.00 an acre for Media, can it be possible? I did not think you would take that for it but I am extremely glad if they are not to have it.

Mr. Daniel thinks he will open a law office & combine insurance & real estate business with it as soon as a room can be obtained. Washington & Alexander want him to represent them in insurance.

The talk of booms is almost universal & the last one seems to be down at Bolivar. It is thought the one in town will enrich the managers if no one else makes by it. Mr. Ranson sold his land for about $300 an acre, reserving the home & two acres, sufficient to pay off all his debts & have a good sum left to live on.

My dear William, *Greystone, Jan. 19, 1891*

I don't know what to say about the Junction. Certainly there is no need for a law & real estate office now. Still the engineers are there & lots of mail comes for the Co. which is believed to be from people who are buying the stock. They have not paid for any of the land & some of the options have expired & still no one knows what is to be done. They put up a flourishing sign telling about the steel works & the number of hands to be employed & what the payroll would be daily by the side of the railroad & it is still there, deceiving the elect I suppose. People are very much put out, having been so sure of selling their lands as to give their tenants notice to look for other homes & now they don't know what to do about getting others in their stead. Mr. Jim McGarry went so far as to buy the Russe farm & loses the money for the first payment, expecting to

get enough for his 70 acres at the Junction to pay for the other farm. He was paid $200.00 when he gave the option & now time has run out. Mr. Morrow whose wife owned the Neal land got $500.00; and when the option expired, he got more to renew it. Still he has the land. The Aglionbys got $200.00 but their option runs until March.

I have not heard of any stock being sold in this part of the County; and it is said that one of the Company, a Maj. McCarty of Hagerstown, is known to be a gambler, swindler & anything that is worthless. Nothing is known against the others. A Col. George B. Conlam has been represented as being the millionaire & all the options have been taken in his name. The "Manufacture's Record", published in Baltimore, has spoken very highly of him in editorial notices. The principals only come to the Junction occasionally; but their agent has been there for months except to go away to spend Sundays with his family.

The boom in Charlestown seems to be going on. The streets are being extended beyond the railroad on the Ranson land & lots of hands, carts, etc., can be seen at work, grading, etc.

We had a narrow escape from being burned out. As it was the damage was so little that we have thought best not to have it repaired until spring as we do not want to take down the coal stove & a new wood box covers the hole in the floor.

Uncles Charles Aglionby died on Jan. 30, 1891, at the age of 83. His eldest son, Frank, had gone to England at the close of the War to finish his education for the priesthood and to inherit the entailed lands of his ancestors. He made numerous trips to Mt. Pleasant and was often invited to preach at Zion Church and at Shepherdstown.

My dear Papa, *Greystone, April 2, 1891*

I did not get Anne home for Easter until Sunday when I went to town in the sleigh, Willie riding in front of me on Coaly to break the track. It as a wretched drag for the horse as we had both snow & mud to wade through but the sleigh did not often cut through the snow. I enjoyed the services, the music was quite spirited and the sermon was good. The collection made a great show as the envelopes were large & piled up on the plates; but I have no idea that the sum ($2000.00) asked for was realized. So many persons did not like the assessment as they called it. He asked each member for what he thought they could give, some as high as $100.00. His letter to me asked for $5.00 which, if I had felt able to give it, I would prefer to help to pay the debt on the Duffields chapel to putting a

spire on our own church which has been good enough without any; but then I suppose I am not progressive!

My dear William, *Greystone, April 16, 1891*

How can I thank you sufficiently for your kind letter & generous birthday gift? They were most refreshing I assure you & cheered me no little when I felt low enough. I have had a long strain of nursing & care & felt that I would certainly break down if it lasted any longer, when last week the entire family met at the table for the first time in six weeks & the weather became bright & warm. I felt that the worst was over & prepared to enjoy my birthday when we awoke that morning to find that my best cow had hung herself on the fence during the night & was dead. The fence is just as it had stood around the stableyard for nine years, with what we thought was only a pig hole beneath the two lowest planks; but she managed to get her shapely Jersey head through & did not know how to get it back. It was a most vexatious loss and reduces my butter making. We will have others fresh before long & young ones are coming on; but I hoped to sell at least two after they had fattened up on grass & I particularly wanted to keep this one. I recall how often I have heard Uncle Charles say "Them that has must lose." I miss him very much and Mt. Pleasant seems not the same without him. Aunt Fanny has never been out of the house since his death & seems much broken & aged by the shock. Nettie talks of their leaving there in the fall; but I do not think their plans will take definite shape until they see Frank. He will sail for America on the 12th of August. I shall be very sorry to see them leave the old home; but I should like to see them settled at least for the winter where they have less care & better facilities for getting about. John Aglionby is hardly ever at home & things go all sorts of ways & they must feel unprotected & lonely.

You hope I still like the country. I think I do, for I have greatly enjoyed the last few spring days and & could gladly spend my whole time working about the fruits & flowers with pruning knife & trowel; but I have had an over dose of bad roads & weather this winter. When Mr. Daniel was sick so long & I had the responsibility of overseeing these little boys, attend the stock and no boots were high enough to keep out the snow & I felt bound to go for Anne or to take her to town at the risk of sticking in the mud. I began to feel completely beaten. I did not go to town to church from Xmas day until Easter; but since everything looks so bright & spring-like now, winter seems like only a nightmare.

The wheat promises to be a splendid crop and the fruit trees are covered with buds.

I think Anne has improved a good deal this winter & am sure Julia Kennedy has taken pains with her; but she & Willie do not learn readily & will never be scholars. Bessie & Moncure are much brighter & I think Francis will be too. I seriously thought of sending Willie to one of the free schools this winter; but heard of too much badness, some of the patrons took their children home for fear they would be killed.

The papers try to make the most of Charlestown; but there is very little change to be seen. The field opposite Hopkins' garden is being laid off in streets & lots & there is some talk of street cars & electric lights.

My dear Julia, *Greystone, June 18, 1891*

A weasel got eleven of Willie's best turkeys & all of Moncure's guineas but one the other night; but we are still ahead of a neighbor who lost 60 turkeys one night in the same way! I am missing you all very much & the summer will seem very long if none of you should come.

My dear William *Greystone, Aug. 13, 1891*

We have done better than usual with marketing, though the boom (so called) at Charlestown has crippled a good many people, I mean they are less able to buy on account of having put their money in lots & stock where it is idle & impossible to get it back. You never saw anything more dead & still to read the County papers, you would be persuaded it was lively.

My dear Papa, *Greystone, Oct. 6, 1891*

I am sorry to tell you my cook has left me, tired of the country & she has gotten a home in town. I am trying to get another but without much prospect of success.

My dear William, *Greystone, Nov. 12, 1891*

The spire on our church is almost finished & looks very tall & handsome; but I much lament that the bell has been cracked so as to be unfit for use. I had always loved its sweet tones & had often been soothed by the sound of it in the distance. Mr. Tucker dismissed us without a sermon last Sunday on account of the church being cold & people coughed so constantly. The furnaces are being repaired & only one was in use.

Edited by Richard M. Daniel

Elmwood-on-the Opequon, Leetown: A Memoir

Mr. George H. Bowers, who was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on March 31, 1902, has, during his retirement, written many letters of his autobiographical memories to his nine great grandchildren. Mr. Bowers whose childhood was spent in Leetown married Carrie G. Clendening of Bunker Hill and had three children. He retired from du Pont in 1963 and is living at Media, Pennsylvania. His August 7, 1984, remembrance of the Leetown homestead provides a distinctive glance at the rural experiences of an early 20th century Jefferson County farm and its operations.

This long letter is really for you. But if some grown-ups should read and perhaps enjoy it, your Great Grandfather Bowers, me, would be no end flattered.

The growing up that you have to do is no simple or easy thing. Grandpa would so love to see and know about the wonderful men and women you turn out to be. We live in such different worlds that it is hard to understand each other's thinking. Imagine not having to be greatly concerned about people beyond the seas because you knew so little about them and their daily doings. Before the telegraph cables, aeroplanes, and radio there was a long silence between bits of overseas news!

The Charles Town, Jefferson County, West Virginia, Court House records show that my Father, George Bowers, bought Elmwood-on-the-Opequon in 1905 from Mr. George Porterfield. There were two other adjoining farms included. I was three years old and my sister, Leone, was seventeen months younger.

My earliest remembrance of living on the farm is in 1906-7 when Leone, my little sister, and I lay upon our bearskin rugs in front of the open fireplace. She had a white rug that we called the Polar bear, mine was black. After dinner, or supper as it was then, the living room fire was started and our parents, and whomever was around, gathered there, and in lieu of radio, T.V., telephone, movies, and such, they talked and Leone and I listened till the man from the Land of Nod carried us off. Sometimes we showed our Magic Lantern.

The next year we were more affluent and had a parlor chunk stove for wood, but we kids still had our bearskin rugs, and still listened to our elders' conversation as we also did on summer evenings at dusk when the

family group gathered on the back or the front porch—the front porch if visitors were present as they often were.

The Opequon Creek played a large part in our lives. It was named for the Indian tribe that lived along its waters. I've read that the Opequon Tribe was a part of the great Delaware Nation. At the site of the Sulphur Spring, a few hundred yards across the Opequon from Elmwood, my oldest son, George, III, and a young pal, picked up in two afternoons after brisk showers, fifty-five artifacts. There were flint knives, scrapers, arrowheads, and such. These finds have been going on ever since our Revolutionary War. We authenticated these objects at the University of Pennsylvania Museum where the curator of that department also showed George, then about ten years old, many, and more refined, artifacts found in Pennsylvania. We shall never forget his interest and kindness.

The Opequon served us in many ways. In those very early days we drank freely from its unpolluted waters and we swam in the moonlight or any time. Bathing suits? We hadn't met them yet. Please note this did not include the girls. At that age we had little time for them. What a pleasure it was when you were working in the ever so hot harvest fields along the creek to take time to cool off in its waters. When permitted we'd take along a couple of the horses to swim the "blue holes" with us hanging onto their tails. "Blue" means deep water.

In winter time we "corked" (calked) the horses' shoes to keep them from slipping and put a four horse team on the ice. With a crew of four to eight men we'd saw the six to seven-inch thick ice with our timber saws into pieces that measured eighteen inches square, load them into the four-horse wagon and head for the capacious ice house near the kitchen. There we'd put up a chute and slide the ice blocks into the underground "house". It usually took us two days to get the job done. It was a risky business all the way around as a horse with a broken leg had to be shot. Yes, it was a tough job but oh, how nice to have ice all summer long! From my earliest youth it was my job to place three barrels of Budweiser beer in bottles on the ice and cover them with the straw or sawdust, whichever we were using for insulation that year. For some reason, our family did very little ice skating, especially in the moonlight.

In freshet the Opequon is a fierce and dangerous thing! I've seen the stream rise and widen to what seemed a half mile to my young eyes. It has spread from the banks on our side almost to the Sulphur Spring—may have even covered the Spring! I've seen an entire farm shed float by me

that looked like a small barn! I've heard of three drownings at our ford and I'm sure this is a very conservative figure. This ford is the place where we hauled out the ice and it was the only place to cross the creek until 1908.

Down behind our barn is a natural "riffle" in the stream. I've been told that there was a "fishpot" (fish trap) here from Indian times. In the equinoctial seasons we'd take a wash tub of live fish from it every day. We had a little shed-like shack where we could have a fire on frosty nights so we could take all the fish we needed after the equinoctials. The Opequon was always a good producer.

At other times we seined. This, in cold weather is an arduous business. From an incredibly early age I was the net boy. If three men were to sein, I put three quarts (not fifths) of 100 proof bottled-in-bond Hannisville whiskey in my net bag which I carried suspended from my neck so that the three quarts would be supported in the fish bag in the water and not be too heavy for me. I never remember bringing back a partially filled bottle! My seine bag was just about always filled with fish which was more than I could carry up the two hills to the house. We really lived "high on the hog" in those days. I'm particularly fond of eels and turtles which were there for the dude who knew how to take them. We had the cooks who knew how to fix 'em!

Let's get back to the ford. It had serious disadvantages. In a heavy rain there was simply no crossing, often for days, and then we might find that the creek bottom had changed when the waters had cleared. In any rainfall that muddied the creek it was risky to gauge the water's depth and crossing was hazardous, and driving a herd of livestock posed a real problem if some of the stock left the herd to stay in the water. Then, too, the drownings we mentioned posed a safety hazard. Though at that time auto trucks and cars were no problem, it was time for a bridge. Father was a strong and influential advocate and in 1908 we had a wonderful iron bridge!

It was during this construction that Father really learnd about the use of concrete in building foundations and he used it the rest of his life. The bridge too had recreational as well as commercial applications. We kids now had great girders high above the water where we could climb and show our derring-do even though we were inwardly quaking with fear. You couldn't help imagining what your corpse would look like after a fall from this height.

The roadbed that leads to the ford lies between the bridge and a

pleasant knoll that overlooks them. You can probably still see, though very faintly, the outlines of nine graves. We were told it was a slave cemetery. There were a number of tombstones stored in a hog pen on the farm boundary, out from our kitchen. Leone told me they were broken up for road-bed mettle before the bridge was built. That is, all but one we kids were playing with. It was for a child, Muriel McMurran, dated, I'm not sure of this, 1832. It is still around somewhere, I heard.

We have heard in this year of 1984 that the bridge has developed two structural cracks and must be replaced, possibly by 1986. The new site will be slightly upstream, maybe at the old ford? Our guess is that the flood plain across the creek will decide this. We'll likely have a new generation of girder climbers to go with it.

Behind the new barn, completed in 1910, there is a steep rocky descent to the Opequon, also in the back (hill) field bordering Dandridge's is another rocky bluff where the Indian graves were found. In both places the stones have obviously been disturbed. Mr. Ramsburg told us the stones had been moved by treasure hunters searching for General Braddock's gold. It seems that the General had a premonition of defeat and buried his payroll money in this area. I don't believe it has ever been found. You will probably recall that his surrender occurred in across-the-Potomac Maryland.

The old ford remains, is even used semi-occasionally because some of the livestock and some of the carriage horses of the old days would not venture to cross the high bridge. Also, it makes it possible to get to the creek to wash your car.

There must be some old-timers who remember Mr. George Ramsburg, former Jefferson County school teacher and great fisherman. He lived at Elmwood and took care of the place when we went South for the winter. He taught me many things about fishing and about the Opequon before, late in life, he married the former Anna Fulk and moved back to his ancestral home farm that adjoins Elmwood.

Mr. Ramsburg was widely known because of his mince pies. They say that each of his pies required a pint of whiskey. You ate one of his delicious mince pies and then went to bed if you could make it.

It was at the old Ramsburg home that the ladies fixed my nosebleed before letting me go back home to Elmwood. We'll get to the nosebleed bit, if you are stout-hearted and persevering. It just happens to lead up to the phonograph and bells stories.

I cannot recall the names of the folks who lived in the old house, but as often happened there was an old maid in the family. She made it quite clear that this status was not of her own choosing. The house sits very close to the roadside, so when she heard the sound of horses' hooves on the road, she'd open door and window, start up her little Edison "His Master's Voice" cylinder record phonograph, and then pose by the horn, an open invitation to stop by and be entertained. She must have been a bit hard-of-hearing as she placed a funnel-like ear trumpet to her ear with the open end at the mouth of the record player horn. Don't think her lure worked as she was still unmarried when they moved.

These ear trumpets are now museum pieces. They were of all types from simple funnels to decorated horns with flexible ear pieces for easier listening. Some even had diaphrams. You might even have one in your attic. I don't know what you'd do with it if you did find one and will not offer suggestions here. Let it suffice to say that my expensive in-ear hearing aid has been sent, a week ago, to the factory for repairs. Did you ever repair an ear trumpet?

Just about every farm had its own big dinner bell that has now pretty much vanished from the scene. It had two primary functions; the usual one of being sounded some twenty minutes before the mid-day meal in order to give us a chance to unhook the horses, stable them and give them their feed (during heavy work we corned them three times a day). Then, when we washed up, dinner was on the table. Plowing in our often rocky fields was hard on man and beast.

The dinner bell's other function was to alarm. Instead of the measured beat of the dinner call the alarm call was rapid, even frantic. All who were in the very considerable hearing distance knew that you were in trouble and would rush to your assistance.

We've discussed the dinner bell. The cowbells were strapped around the necks of young or dry cattle. When the animals were turned into the woods they would seek out the dense brush areas to hide out in during fly time, and without the bells to guide you the cattle were most difficult to find.

The sheepbell's function was different. Savage killer dogs would get into your sheep flock and kill, kill, kill. The bells around the sheep's necks would sound as the terrified sheep tried to escape the killers. The farmer hearing this would grab his loaded gun and rush to the rescue. The attacks usually occurred in the night and the dogs came in bands of

several animals. My Step-Father, Mr. "Wes" (C. A.) Williams shot twenty-six of these killers one season.

In the fall when you hauled your grain, wood, and such into town for sale, your four-horse teams had the hames bells arched over their collars. Of course not every farmer had these bells as some folks thought them nice but not really necessary. But most everyone did have sleigh bells, which were very cheering around Christmas time. Door bells were mostly a matter of choice.

I think that now we should ge to the nosebleed before it is overlooked and is forever lost to the world. Such a tragedy must not be permitted even at the cost of continuity in writing. In fact, this letter keeps getting longer and longer, so much so that I'll have to quit trying to hold to the outline vaguely conceived in my cerebrum, get things down on paper before they are missed, and let you unscramble.

Shortly before 1910 there was a prickly pear thicket that extended from the back of the old barn to the creek. That fall, the thicket caught fire at the creek bank and burned rapidly uphill toward the barn. Remember now that at this time we had no telephone nor even a big dinner bell. The fire was unmanageable by Father and Mother. I was dispatched to run to the Ramsburg farm next to ours, about one-half mile, for help. Sheer terror lent wings to my little feet as I flew through the orchard and woods. When I arrived, blood was bursting from my nostrils because of my frantic exertion. Help was on the way pronto while the women-folk took care of the nosebleed before letting me go home. The next year there was no prickly pear thicket and there *was* a big farm bell.

It was in the year of 1909 or 1910 that we got our telephone. We lived about two miles from the Leetown-Smithfield pike where a telephone line existed. In order to reach this line, Father built a private telephone line. We used to see, in storms, the lightning flash travel as a ball of fire along the wires to our house. When we heard a rather loud "click" we knew that once more the telephone was dead until the lead wire "breaker" was replaced. The telephone was a party line, an infernal nuisance as more and more of your party-liners took their receivers off the hook to listen in on your conversation. As each listener joined in, the telephone line power was lessened until eventually you could not hear. In frustration you might yell: "Will some of you busybodies hang up so I can put my order in to Brown Brothers in Charles Town?" Some would hang up and your conversation could resume and though half the neighbors in this end of the county knew your business, it beat hitching up the horse

and driving eight miles into town and waiting for your order to be made up and filled. Irritating? Exceedingly so! But suppose your message had been one of fire or injury? The word would get to your neighbor in the field and he would unhook the traces of his team and be on his way to your rescue immediately.

Let's digress a moment. The year is 1912. Our second car was the same make as our 1910 Norwalk. They were custom cars made in Martinsburg. Perhaps assembled would be the more accurate word. This new seven passenger monster had a 144-inch wheelbase, was underslung, had forty-four inch wheels to get over our mountain roads and had an altimeter and inclinometer. Also there was a portable electric cigar lighter for the passenger compartment. It had six individually cast cylinders, a fire-engine (Hershell-Spillman) type engine and with its later added four forward speed transmission was a real luxury type performer.

We were coming out of a rainy spell and the Opequon was running bank full, so Leone and I decided we'd have deep water all the way, so we'd swim downstream to the Dandridge dam, something like a mile. It was high, occasionally white, water all the way, also obstructions, such as sunken logs, had to be avoided. We swam it breast to breast, non-stop, to the dam where Arthur, our chauffeur, picked us up in the new car and brought us back to Elmwood. Leone was seventeen months younger then me and that status never changed. I was ten years old. My point is, would present-day youngsters be permitted such freedom of choice?

It is with a nostalgic sense of unreality that I consider the status of the horse, then and now, in our daily lives. In 1960 and 1961, Mom (Carrie) and I took a six week vacation in South America, mostly in Colombia and Ecuador. We found that the horse there maintained the status that it held here in the early 1900's. True, there were spots of urban congestion where there was traffic (automobile) pollution. Here, due, I suppose, to the Andean elevation and plain poor carburetion, the exhaust stench reminded you of home. But this condition was quite abnormal. Besides, I'm supposed to be telling you about how it was way back when, but the now keeps creeping in. To get on.

The low-slung Belgians for the plow and the longer-legged [Pe]rcherons for cartage, the matched teams for the carriage and the gaited ones for riding and all the in-betweens. A man took pride in his horses. The childhood ponies were often useful as well as fun things. My pony grew to nearly 1000 pounds. A very intelligent gelding, I used him constantly as a stock horse. I would be sent to the meadow pasture to cut

out two certain animals from the herd of fifty. I would often call Dandy from the pasture and without bridle or saddle, mount, go to the meadow, cut out the two cattle from the herd, head them toward the gate, dismount, run to the gate and open it, stand in the road to head them in the right direction, while Dandy drove them out of the field, through the gate onto the road. I'd close the gate, Dandy would come over to me to be mounted and we were on our way to wherever the animals were consigned.

We were livestock rather than dirt farmers. Our flashy little driving mare, "Imp", in her later years became a real stock horse. You would have your animals; cattle, sheep, hogs, and semi-occasionally, work horses, started on the road. When you came to a lane, you'd jump out of the stick-wagon (eastern version of buckboard), run to the lane to keep the stock headed on the right road. Imp would nip a loitering calf or pig on the rump, or if the offender was a ewe, "kick" her with her knees until the lane was passed and you jumped into your conveyance or rushed to prod some straggler next to the fence. Imp was still active at thirty years.

King, Father's horse, was not only sorry looking, but just plain ugly. A sorrel with white patches, parrot nosed, muly eared, lumps on muscles, straggly mane and tail, just the opposite of sleek, beautiful Imp. But he was the best saddle horse I've ever known. Multi-gaited, you chose your ride. Like Dandy, if you had no bridle or saddle, he'd come to the gate you had half-climbed so you could mount without jumping up and hanging to the withers. You guided them silently with your knees. King was much in demand for the horseback tournaments as held at Elmwood along the Opequon, at Balsch's Spring (now the Leetown Fish Hatchery), the Watson's and such places. Until the day they died, Imp was unpredictable under the saddle and King could never be harnessed.

Imp was small, high-spirited, skittish, and very fast. Going for a sleigh ride behind her was quite an exhilarating experience. Even with father at the reins she has managed to upset the sleigh into a deep snowdrift at the bottom of our lane. This youngster, me of long ago, has thought he'd freeze to death when walking up the two hills to the house in those biting winds. I sometimes wondered if Imp didn't overturn us just to avoid that long double-hill drag up to the house. You dared not get into Imp's stall if there was liquor on your breath. She once knocked two vertical boards from the back of her stall in the old barn when a drinking groom tried to curry her. King was just the opposite, he'd likely have a drink with you whether invited or not.

Charles Town even then was our county seat and local metropolis. She celebrated July 4th with an annual parade. Leone would drive her beautiful multi-colored pony, Trilby, and her new pony buggy, and I'd ride Dandy. Our steeds were gussied up for the occasion, and we were so proud of them.

It seems life's way that tragedy must enter into it. Father, from somewhere, bought a matched pair of heavyweight draught mares—I'd place them in the 1600-1800 pound weight class. They were pure white and circus beautiful. Their names were Nell and Guy (we pronounced it just as it is spelled, Guy). We used to walk all the way out to the woods field in the evenings just to watch them graze. There were sink holes in several fields including this one. One morning someone brought the bad news that during the night there was a new sink that fell under Guy's hind legs and dropped her underground so far that her entire body was below ground. She was caught, immovably, in a cramped position and must have suffered. There was a heavy sadness at Elmwood the next few days.

How many of us know what a barshare (or maybe it's barshear) leader is? I can't find the word in my Collegiate dictionary. Anyway, it's the kind of draft animal you'd like to know. Usually a heavyweight mare, sometimes an intelligent gelding, you'd find them the leader in a three-horse plow team. She'd be the one that the crowd-stick would have one end fastened to her collar while the other end fastened to the bridle-bit of the middle horse. The third horse also got the bridle-bit end of her crowd-stick. The collar end of number three's stick was attached to number two's collar. Now you know, when there's more than two horses, how they are kept in their proper relative positions.

The barshare leader is also on the left front of a four-horse team and is controlled by a single rein. If more than four horses are the draft, there's usually another man controlling the forward ones.

You youngsters may never have any use for this kind of information, but isn't it kinda nice to know? So that you can, justly, feel a little up (ahead) of your peers?

When hitched as a two-horse team to a mowing machine she could cause you problems. Being a natural leader she may be self-willed in some matters. Our old sickle bar mowers were powered by friction from the studded mower wheels. Ordinarily this works quite satisfactorily, but in this part of the U.S. we sometimes find patches of "wire grass". Whatever the real name of this weed, nothing quite fits like what we've called it. Its short, then "blades" just won't be cut. It will even cause your mower

wheels to skid if you have a team that will try to pull it.

Your smart old leader will see it (the grass) ahead of her and if she's on good terms with you, she will pull out so that your machine will cut only half a swath. If you force her into an impossible full swath, you are liable to find yourself sitting out in the field on an immobile mower, looking and feeling quite foolish. Of course you could just raise your sickle bar and drive through the patch but then you'd lose face with your team, and who wants that?

"Harvest Moon", to us, was not just a romantic expression. On brilliantly moonlit nights, when the weather was right and time was pressing, Father would harness a four-horse team to the binder (reaper) and we'd go to the wheat field. Though I was too small to drop the sheaves accurately, much to the disgust of the shockers next morning, I manfully tried. I really loved to be with Father and he always took me with him, even to the mountains on timber and livestock buying trips in West Virginia, or in the cypress and long-leafed yellow pine forests or sharecropping areas in Alabama.

We did mention the ice house. It just occurred to me that you might not know one if you were looking at it. They're not being built anymore. Some were built above ground with side walls insulated by sawdust. Ours was 12'x12'x12' entirely underground, with concrete walls, cedar log flooring, and a sawdust insulated galvanized roof that since 1910 has needed no repair. The ice house has now been converted to a garage. The roof was a lovely place for us youngsters to congregate at dusk and tell what tall tales we could come up with.

The smoke house was not a place which to consume cigarettes. It was where our meat, mostly pork, was salted down or sugar cured to preserve it and to store it through the summer months. Some beef was brined (corned beef).

Butchering was a communal affair. A bunch of neighbors, maybe eight or ten, would gather before daylight after freezing weather had set in. The hogs were killed, scalded, hair scraped off, and eviscerated. The hung carcass was split on the gambrel hooks. The meat cutters, sausage makers, lard refiners, the pan pudding and the scrapple (ponhaus, to us) makers, souse, and crackling people, all were busy. My job usually turned out to be entrail and meat carrier and because of clean hands, sausage mixer. I also took my turn at the lard rendering and pudding cooking paddles.

The "fresh" is the new meat not to be cured by salting, sugar cure, brined (corned beef), also called pickeled, fried down (cooked or partly cooked and packed in earthen jars and hot lard used to fill the crock). Then also the tenderloin was often canned. The delectable souse (head cheese) and the hard to clean pig's feet, the sweetbreads, kidneys, livers and such were often included in the fresh which was divided amongst us at each butchering. We nearly always had fresh meat from Thanksgiving through Christmas without refrigeration.

Fowl slaughter, except for turkey and geese, was usually handled by the distaff side.

After the bulk of the butchering work was done, the hard cider was passed around. The jug was handed by someone who could gauge the capacity of the partakers.

The smoking operation was a trying job. Trying to keep the smoking chips going and getting your other chores done was a tough job, but if you got a good flavorful "smoke", you had something to be proud of. Our generously sized smoke house, after butchering, was packed so tightly with meat that you could hardly put your hand inside it.

The old blacksmith shop had a huge stone chimney with a swinging crane in it on which we used to hang a fifty gallon copper kettle to make apple butter in. The forge bellows was huge and would blow up a small cyclone when we boys grew enough muscle to work it. The shop housed the phaeton and surry, with the sleighs in its other end. A road ran behind the shop. It appears to be an extension of the present farm entrance lane and leads to the "Bend", the adjoining farm under Mr. J. E. Boyd's ownership, and which he used to visit his tenants there. Across this road, downhill from the blacksmith shop stood the intact skeleton of a two-story log home. Part or most of the roof was missing when I first saw it, but the frame was still sound. I remember clearly the fire that consumed it. It must have been a respectable residence of the not too long ago. I would guess that this was the blacksmith's home.

For well over one hundred years, a dug well furnished the old house with drinking water and a cistern supplied the "soft" water for the laundry and such uses. The well is lined with stone laid dry wall fashion. It has been enclosed and roofed many years now. There is a deep well pump that never freezes. A few feet away and downhill from the well is the dairy house. This is a small building with very thick stone walls and a massively insulated roof. It was the answer to the dairy farmer's spring house. There was (and probably is) an elevated, two-foot wide trough

that extends around the inside of the building. Iron pipe leads from the pump to this inside trough so that the trough could be pumped full of cooling water for the, still warm from the cow, milk. At the far end of the trough was an overflow pipe which permitted the spent water to flow downhill to the pond that supplied the barn. In later years I would bring ice from the ice house to cool what milk we had. When we got an ice-cooled refrigerator we no longer used the dairy house.

With the dairy house no longer needed, Father let me use it for a pigeon cote. We added a flying pen to the front. We caught the pigeons at night by flashlight in Uncle Mason's barns at Woodberry Farm. The pigeons are still there though they've moved to the barn and corn crib. This was in 1910.

The sheep pen was on the other side of the big house, on a ridge. The little valley between the house and the sheep shed used to be a small vineyard of several acres. We used the sheep barn to overwinter some choice dairy stock and a moderately-sized flock of sheep. We had only the hand shears for the wool cutting so we took old shed doors off their hinges, laid them across carpenter's "horses" and tied the sheep to them by neck and legs. My job was mostly sheepherder and helper in tying down the recalcitrants.

When the new mechanical shears came out I was the principal crank hand. It was no longer necessary to tie down the animals and the old hand shears were relegated mostly to tagging. The tag wool we cleaned up and sold, as the money was ours. Lambs that the mothers disowned or could not feed were ours too, so we bottle fed and raised them as pet lambs. Somehow, though, the money from these got mixed up with that of the regular flock and it (the money) often did not get to us little people.

We had the first silo I can remember at this sheep barn. The building is now demolished because of storm damage.

Coming toward the house we pass the pig shelter for the hogs on pasture and a little further in is the hog pen, used to grow pigs to shoat size and to fatten the butcher hogs. This is where the big slop barrel is placed. Into it went all the table scraps, bran, middlings, water, sour milk and such. This would quickly ferment in warm weather, and Imp would remove most any cover we put over it to get to the "beer". I also used this slop barrel to fatten up the large snapping and leatherback turtles I caught in the Opequon.

I forgot to mention that the old doors we used to tie down the sheep on often had knot holes in them. We used these holes to de-hull walnuts

which we shelled after drying in the winter. This was another small source of Christmas money for us kids.

Butchering, haymaking, and sheep shearing were big days when we had extra hands helping. Sometimes a mutton was slaughtered to feed the crew.

There was usually a musician, of whatever grade of talent, in each household. When not too tired out from our day's work and frequently on Sundays we had family singing. This singing would go on regardless of talent, but everybody had fun. Taffy pulls were great fun for the young folks. Sometimes there were dances. Picnics were fun, ants and all. Quilting parties were more social than working affairs. Outdoor baptisms always drew a crowd. There were many things to do and we youngsters seemed always to have the energy to enjoy them. Evening and lawn parties were frequently held. Barn raising was still in vogue. The horseback riding tournaments we've mentioned. Go to see one if you ever have a chance. There's real skill and horsemanship here. Some of the impromptu wrestling matches did not always turn out too well. The County Fairs were fun, especially if you were competing. Remember the steroptican? When threshing, I was usually water boy and was kept busy running to the ice house. We seemed to always need straw for bedding and the threshing gave it to us.

Writing is a humbling business. How can one man express the triumph and exaltation of another who has suddenly and completely attained his fulfillment? A sense of inadequacy haunts me here.

Mr. Charles Edwards worked on Woodberry Farm for many years and I knew him almost since I was a toddler. A quiet, resourceful man, he got things done. Nina (Coats), his wife, was a fit companion. Though of meager education, they were great conversationalists because of their close observation and deep understanding.

As dusk was approaching one evening, the three of us, after the day's work, were sitting on the kitchen porch, relaxed. Egypt, a piney woods settlement of some four or five homes came up in our conversation. Egypt borders the Ramsburg place next to ours. I asked Mr. Edwards if Egypt was always a piney woods settlement like it is now. To my surprise he said: "No, it was farmland in wheat."

"Beginning at the Sulphur Spring Road below the Leetown Methodist Church clear on to Clip (Smithfield) and this way clear to the Opequon was all clear farmland and in wheat."

Note: This timing has to be before Cyrus McCormick's reaper reached Jefferson County, say about the late 1870's.

"Come harvest time a big crew of men with their wheat cradles was gathered at the Sulphur Spring Road corner. Do you know how to handle a cradle and how to follow? The leader takes a long swipe with his razor sharp three-foot long blade with the four wooden, three-foot long, bars above it. The blade cuts off the wheat which falls on to the bars (the cradle). At the end of the swing, the cradle (blade and all) is upended and the cut wheat falls into a neat little pile which is gathered up into a sheaf, tied with its own straw, and then piled into a shock."

"Junior, you know how a cradle separates the men from the boys in an hour. Only the real men can do the job. The stroke of the second cradle ends where the first cradle started and so you go till all the cradles are in the field. The less able workers made up the sheaves and shocks, and yes, June, there were gleaners as in the Bible" (Ruth and Boaz).

Now Mrs. Edwards had remained quiet as proper women would when the men are talking and now spoke up: "Now Charley tell him the rest."

While Mr. Edwards thinks a few minutes, in case you don't know what a cradle is and it's quite unlikely that you do, it's an unwieldy but efficient monster for cutting and laying the wheat. A picture is what we need here. You boggle down trying to explain it in words. If you saw it you could understand how it works. but in words the picture just doesn't come out clearly.

Mr. Edwards: "Each harvest time a leader is selected. This is about the greatest honor a working man can get. It calls for a strong man who can 'pace' all the others, yet keep them working all the time. The big boss comes up to me and says: 'Charley, you are the harvest leader.'"

Mr. Edwards always was a "high-strung" person and the honor of the assignment really put him into shock.

"Junior, I couldn't move, I couldn't speak, I just didn't know what was going on. The sweat ran back into my body, it was like I was paralyzed. Then someone handed me a pint bottle of whiskey. I drank it right down. In a few seconds the sweat started out on me again. I gave a great 'Hallelujah' shout, then 'Come on men' and worked until we finished the job. We cut clear up to Clip and from the Pike to the Opequon."

Note: This is indeed a large area—maybe we have used a little "license" here?

We kids thought Mr. Edwards was an old (grandfather age) man when we first knew him. This couple lived a long and active life together. When he told this story they both seemed to grow a little taller and almost sparkle.

There was a small one-room schoolhouse in Mr. Jim Tabb's front lawn. There, my Father, George, and Mildred's Father, my Uncle Mason, were taught as youngsters when Grandfather Charles Jackson Bowers lived at Magwillie. Charles Jackson was a stocky, sandy-haired, aggressive blacksmith and he died at that place which is located at Brown's Crossroads. He is buried at Charles Town's Edgemont Cemetery with five generations of his family.

There was a young Tabb, Mayo, of my age, whose Father was a mining engineer in the Kimberly diamond mines at Johannesburg, South Africa. His Mother died at his birth so he was raised by his native nurses. Together we (aged five or six) attended the Charles Town Laura Campbell Girls Seminary. His language was mostly Swahili but we never had any problem communicating.

The kerosene lamp is still the faithful standby in many places in this, our "modern" world. Every week all the lamps in the house would be brought to the kitchen for refilling and chimney cleaning. This was sometimes a smelly job, but was not too often shirked as the cleaning artist with the long turkey feather found this job easier than other house cleaning jobs. We'd try to get her to do the lanterns too, but this seldom worked. The advent of the new kerosene reading lamp slowed down the installation of electricity in a number of homes. The thirty-two volt Delco for lighting was more trouble than the reading lamp. Also the oil-powered refrigerator worked pretty well for a few years. Some, but not too many, in our area used acetylene but electricity soon did away with that.

Did you ever try to sleep on a corn shuck-stuffed mattress? I advise against it. There's always some corn ear stems missed when you are selecting the finer shucks for the filling. These shuck stems seem to follow you around in the mattress as you wriggle for a bump free spot to rest on. Straw is better until it becomes limp and lifeless. Chicken feathers eventually lump as you never get them really dry after washing them and trying to keep them captive from the four winds while drying. The rope "springs" are not too bad if you have time to keep it taut so you don't feel that you are sleeping in a hammock. Feather mattresses are fine for a while, but were you ever handed one to be used as a quilt? Eider down is

grand for covers but my electric blanket beats them all.

Elmwood must have been specially created for livestock. There was bluegrass pasture and running water in every field.

When Father built the barn he intended it for horses. It had eighteen large stalls that are now converted to dairy use. The inside of the barn is completely lined and is white enameled floor to roof. The hay mow must be thirty feet from floor to ridge. The flooring is tongue and grooved and waxed for dancing (Father loved parties). We kids used to roller skate and ride our bicycles there, and of course we slept there when crowded at the house, or sometimes just for the fun of it. At the time the barn was built it was not clear that the automobile would replace the horse. In fact, from 1910 to 1914, when Father died, we kept a carriage man as well as a chauffeur on the house staff. That hay mow was a lifesaver for us youngsters during a rainy spell.

The corn crib is quite generous in size. It is one of those double buildings with a large wagon shed between the cribs. The overhead has large bins for small grains. The two large bins in the front of the loft were filled with wheat. I wanted to sleep there as the wheat makes such a comfortable mattress. Father again humored me. The kerosene blizzard lantern made a very dim light for such a large space.

We were comfortable enough until the bats came. We threw wheat at them to keep the bats out of our hair. Every kid knows that it's real bad luck, maybe even a death in the family, if the bats do get into your hair. I soon dropped off to sleep and had no further bat troubles that night. I was six years old. Leone did not want to go so she stayed in the house with Mother.

We mentioned that the covered area between the cribs was our wagon shed. The wagon bodies not on the running gear were suspended (by block and tackle) high over the wagons and farm vehicles, such as the one-horse and two-horse wagons, the stickwagon (a small buckboard), the sled, mowing machine, the reaper and such. These suspended bodies made a wonderful place to play on rainy days. They were hard to climb into and get out of but nobody would find you in these four-horse wagon beds. They were a great place to play Doctor in.

About the House

The home is really two houses joined at one corner by a centrally located room. We are going to be unorthodox enough to enter by the front door which opens into a hall that extends across the North end of

the building and exits on the South side near the cistern. This hall has a capacious closet under the stairway for visitors' cold weather gear. The ceilings in the "old" house are quite high so that stair well has a landing, then another rise to a small hallway with doors to bedrooms and bath. From the bath a steep narrow stair goes to the attic. At the top of the stairs and really a part of the hall is a little sixteen-inch area that seems to belong nowhere. It's not needed by the stairs, stairwell, hallway, attic stairs, nobody! There it is! It's just there! It sits outside the stair railing. It neither toils nor spins, just sits. It is bounded by the railing, bathroom wall and attic stair wall. The fourth side is thin air and looks down maybe ten or twelve feet to the hall floor. I well remember that at about age six it required all my courage and even some extra courage to climb over the bannister and up the three or four stairs to this "no place" spot. In that short climb the only thing to catch me was the downstairs hall floor, some twelve foot drop. Of course it took just as much fortitude to get back on the stairs when I left my little eyrie after an exaulting period of meditation. Also include an equal period of trepidation that we'd rather forget. I must have grown a foot that night fed by the sense of accomplishment although I must keep it a secret from all the world but Leone who would never tell anyone. The eyrie was a lovely place to sit and read by mostly I used it as a spot to contemplate what I could do next. Leone was a surprisingly stabilizing influence in those days as she certainly could come up with non-stop escapades for the day.

It was on this stairway that my daughter, Patricia, fell and broke her arm, while she was visiting Grandmother Bowers-Williams and step-Grandfather Williams. The Grandparents had moved back to Elmwood-on-Opequon after the Great Depression of 1929-32.

In the hallway, close to the entrance door, leading to the living room, there are two huge triple windows with very large double hung picture window type panes in their centers and two huge shutters for each window. The shutters are on the continuous wrap-around porch. Inside are the white-painted mantelpiece, hearth, and fireplace. The fireplace flues in this part of the house had to be blocked because of the constant invasion of chimney swifts (swallows).

The rooms are all very large and have high ceilings. The living room furniture is king size of the now "in" wicker. It is in perfect condition. Sarah Crewe has reconditioned the furniture itself and renewed the upholstery. We agree that this furniture should stay with the house. The working surfaces of the tall desk and large round center table are covered

by plate glass. The long sofa is a grand place to stretch out and rest in hot weather. The rocker and other big chair are there but the ottoman has disappeared. The overall effect is classical but inviting.

To get to the piano room (the library really) next door, we pass through a small hallway that has three doors, one to the living room, one to the library, and the third to the outside. We think that at one time the main entrance was this door, the little hallway the foyer, the closet, which now has shelves, was the coat room. All these outside doors mentioned have transoms over them.

Our little hallway is at the East end of the huge chimney. Its size at the base must be about six by twelve or fourteen feet. It has at least three and more likely four flues to accommodate the living room, library and bedroom fireplaces.

At the West end of the chimney is the very large wine closet, North is the living room, South the library. The back to back fireplaces, hearths and mantelpieces are quite similar. Does this make it clear why the stairway is located at the North end of the house? The chimney takes up the space where the stairs should be for convenience and privacy to the bedrooms.

Kids must dream. With all that space around the chimney base couldn't General Braddock have hidden his army payroll money in the chimney enclosure somewhere? Chronologically, the building time seems to fit.

The library is loaded with books, many from nineteenth century England. The wine closet shelves and the bookcases have everything from our kiddie books to the then current literature. It could be a fascinating place for bookish folk. Because of its central location this room has been used as a bedroom. Our baby brother, Boyd Worrall Bowers, was born here prematurely by a month because of Mother's fall from a pear tree. He died on the traditional thirtieth day.

Today this is a most pleasant spot. Leone furnished it with things from the family's past. Somewhere I have a photo of the fireplace side of the room. This I must find. The room conveys a spirit of contented repose. The piano, a square grand, is low, flat, and very wide. It will always be a conversation piece. The keyboard has two extra octaves. It is in working condition though needs frequent tuning because of its poor storage conditions, no heat or moisture control. Our first cousin, from Nashville, Norfolk, or now Tarboro, North Carolina, Libby Edwards Ashburn

Green, the family musician, used to gather all the available family members for "sing-outs" which we all thoroughly enjoyed. These gatherings helped cement family relations. Again to the piano, it was bought by Grandfather Worrall in Nashville in the 1880's for Mother to learn to play. It was not new then. A shameful thing to say, but by standing on it, it gave me just the right height to paint the room ceilings. It is sturdy enough, and is uninjured, but what an indignity!

From the library we step down one step into the sitting room, another large room, that was once a shed used to join the "new" house to the "old". It still serves this purpose. It had three doors to the outdoors. One door now leads to the downstairs bath, one opens to the outside cellar entrance, and the third to the back porch and smoke house. Add these three entrances to the three we have mentioned and the three we'll eventually tell about and we have nine doors leading into or out of the house depending on whether you are going or coming? Or are you too confused by now to really care?

This sitting room is a large but cozy, low-ceilinged, comfortable sort of place. The chimney here furnishes flues for the fireplace, house furnace, and a tiny chunk stove for cool evenings. This is the room of the bearskin rugs. The room is easily converted to a sick bay or emergency bedroom because of its convenience to bath and kitchen. It is a natural gathering spot, a place to wait until dinner is served and such occasions. It was on the porch extending from the sitting room that Mr. George Porterfield used to sit. He was the former owner of Elmwood and lived there fifty years. They said he was ninety-three years old and visited us on several occasions. His daughter with whom he lived married a Washington. She would drive him, using their very gentle driving horse. It was a most strange sight to me to see her cut up his meat, feed him, use his napkin, move him to the porch, light his cigarette, allow him just so many puffs, and douse the butt. We had never seen much meticulous care. This would have to be before 1908.

Another, and quite frequent, visitor was "Colonel" John Elijah Boyd. He married Virginia Stuart, in Civil War times, and managed the vast Stuart estates. He owned the "Bend" alonside Elmwood-on-the-Opequon and the Sulphur Spring Farm across the creek from us among other farms. They lived and most of their children were born on the "Bend", before they moved to Martinsburg. Mr. Boyd was a Confederate officer and told me several unrecorded incidents of great interest to me.

He and Father used to sit on the North porch and enjoy mint juleps

made by our butler-chauffeur, Arthur Williams. This porch, I believe, is a wrap around construction some 195 feet long. I used to occasionally get the weekly job of washing it down. It required eight three-gallon buckets of cistern water and a good bit of my precious "growing up" time. This happened usually before we had opened up the house for the summer season. We wintered in Birmingham, Alabama, which was the center of Father's business interests and where Leone and I were graduated from Birmingham Central High School. Me in 1919.

Back to the house now which we really shouldn't have left. We were in the sitting room. We had stepped down one step to enter, so now we'll step up one step to enter the dining room. This is the "new" house rebuilt about 1910. The "new" house is rather conventional according to its era. There is one startling exception which intrigues me to this day. The stairway to the bedrooms is in the dining room. The first stair rise to the landing is conventional but from the right-angled landing up is another opening in the bedroom floor. In other words, there is a full-sized hiatus on that corner of the bedroom. There's no sky hook to hold up that corner of the room and no foundation pillar to support it from below. There's a cute little balustrade, right-angled, too, to keep you from walking into the thin air of the stairwell. Some day, someone may be able to explain what has held up that corner of the bedroom for nearly eight years so far. Until now I still don't see how it works. Oh, well! Maybe some day.

In the dining room the massive mission suite is a natural. The color, design, and proportions are all appropriate. You feel no sense of insecurity using this sturdy stuff.

The kitchen has no fireplace, it being "new". The chimney has been used to vent three wood-burning chunk stoves as well as the kitchen range which is used only in the winter.

We've considered the ice house, smoke house, corn crib, barn, sheep shed, hog pen, blacksmith's shop and former home, the dwelling or big house, and now we come to the indispensable little house. I remember reading an old fire insurance policy that listed fourteen buildings on the farmstead.

The little house was not unprepossessing in appearance with its white body and green trim on the door and two windows and by use of generous amounts of lime, was not malodorous. You opened the door into a white enameled compartment and faced a bench that has three different sized holes which are covered by green wooden lids. There were

a couple appropriate pictures on the walls. When there was a working barn, the men, through Victorian tradition, never visited this spot. The ladies, to avoid 100-yard scary night trips did have slop jars which were available, without censure, to the very small pre-schoolers. We sub-siblings could use the chamber pot, but we had to empty and clean it if we did. Also, the boys would lose face at the cleaning job, that was not men's work. So, the boys would visit the little house in a group of maybe three. On those frosty mornings the smallest kid would be forced to "go" first to warm up those frozen seats for his betters. Does this sound like primitive sanitation? That's the way it was! I'd like to talk about the bidets in the mansions but a Victorian sensitivity suggests we leave the subject.

Some of the ponderous handmade locks are still in use though most of the huge keys have disappeared.

Just on the Leetown side of Kearneysville is a road sign that reads BOWERS. The "S" has been painted out so the sign says BOWER, the name of the Adam Stevens or Dandridge farm next to Elmwood. The foundry's error in casting is one of those unbelievable coincidences as the road ends at the Bowers' (Elmwood) mailbox.

Our household staff as I remember: a Mr. Hinton of Martinsburg was our mechanic-chauffeur in 1910. The car was kept in Martinsburg most of the time that year. Though slightly hard of hearing, he was quite competent and kept the car running quite well. For 1911 the driver and apprentice mechanic was James Gamble, also of Martinsburg. He was not so fortunate in handling the car so we used the horses more than the car that year.

The "carriage man" and hostler was Carter, probably from Summit Point way. His wife served as a number two cook. They had a daughter our age whom they called "Carter-Pin" Carter (possibly "cotter pin")? Our steady downstairs maid was Amelia McDaniel who was with us while she was getting her teacher's education at the Harper's Ferry College, and also during the summers after graduation. Her younger sister, Lucy, also was an upstairs maid.

The fabulous cooks, the Foxes, Ida and Diah, were with us a long time. Mostly Diah did not sleep in as we had reliable cars by then.

In 1912 we got the Norwalk, mentioned before. The butler-chauffeur was Arthur Williams of Martinsburg. He was with us until Father's death in 1914. He was very good at this job as well as with us kids. He entertained us with his harmonica, took us on auto trips and was the

lifeguard at our swimming parties. He made an impressive appearance and was a great bartender and bodyguard. Arthur and the massive 1912 Norwalk made an imposing front.

Even after the nights had become chilly enough to bring out the goose pimples, the distaff members would hand you soap, a towel, and maybe a washrag, and send you off with a cheery, "Head for the creek, it'll soon be dark." Rinsing off the soapsuds wasn't too rough as the water was warmer than the ambiance, but by the time you dried off you were all over goose bumps but felt great.

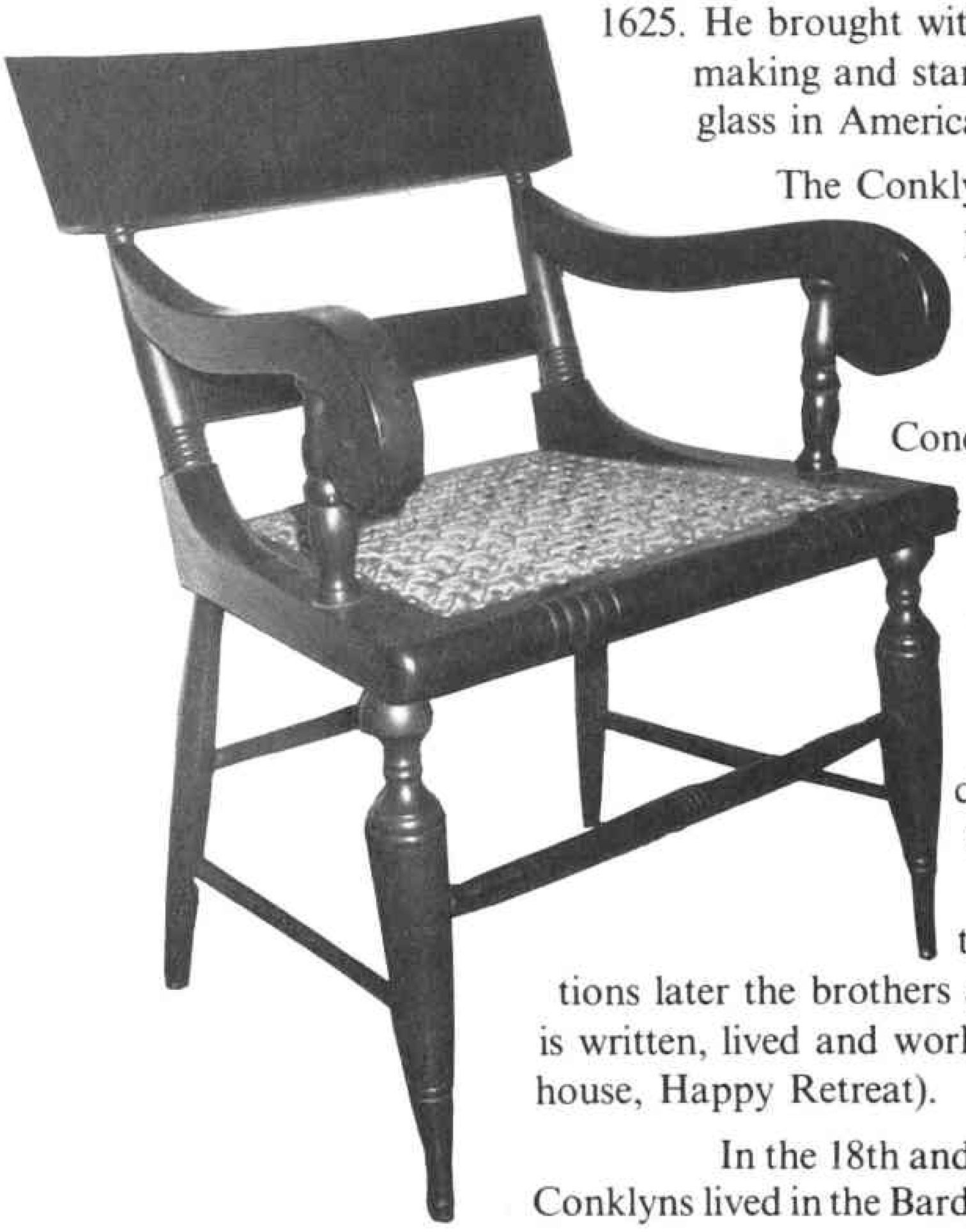
Away back in Columbus' time, even though I wasn't there then, they tell me that Christopher had a tough time signing on a crew. They were fearful that if they just kept sailing West they'd come to the edge of this flat world and just fall off into nothingness. My generation has seen more changes than all the rest of Time. We wonder what you'll see. We don't expect the human race to be reduced to a mobile brain, but we feel that soon, anthropologically, the world's population will be reduced to where there's only a seeding left. How this will occur we can hardly guess. Will the Armageddon mean atomic destruction? If all the nuclear force is released simultaneously as is likely, will the Earth be bounced by the recoil so far as to knock it out of orbit and on a course of destruction through outer space? Then what becomes of the seeding? Will there be another Creation?

George H. Bowers

The Conklyn Brothers and their Furniture

This report began as an effort to learn abut two Jefferson County furniture-makers, known as the Conklyn[1] brothers, because of a personal interest in their furniture. It is still considered a beginning. However, as the project progressed, interesting facts were learned about some of their ancestors, and, because they were among the earliest settlers in this area, they have been included.

The family's English/American lineage goes back to John Conklin who was born in 1600 in Nottinghamshire, England. Sometime before he was twenty-five years old he came to this country, for his marriage to Elizabeth Hallsee Brook is recorded in St. Peters church, New York, in 1625. He brought with him the skill of glass-making and started the first industry of glass in America.



The Conklyn family history in this part of the Shenandoah Valley can be traced back at least to February 17, 1787. Jacob Concklin was named as one of the trustees in the original deed from Charles and Mildred Washington to a board of trustees for the site of the Presbyterian church and graveyard in Charles Town, Berkeley County, Virginia. (Interestingly, three generations later the brothers about whom this report is written, lived and worked in the Washington's house, Happy Retreat).

In the 18th and early 19th centuries, the Conklyns lived in the Bardane area. William Henry

[1]Other spellings: Concklin, Conchlin, Conklin.



Conklin was born in 1808 and married Nancy Burriss Jacobs in 1831. He joined the Presbyterian church in 1818. They and their children moved from Bardane to "Okalina" at Kabletown. One of their ten children was Charles Cassender, father of the furniture-makers. He was born in 1839 and as were many of the members of this large family, blessed with a long life, dying in 1926. He was married December 18, 1860, to Margaret Catherine Welsh at the home of the bride, Vinton Farm, south of Charles Town. The Rev. Dr. Dutton of the Presbyterian church performed the ceremony. From this marriage came nine children, four boys and five girls, only three of whom ever married.

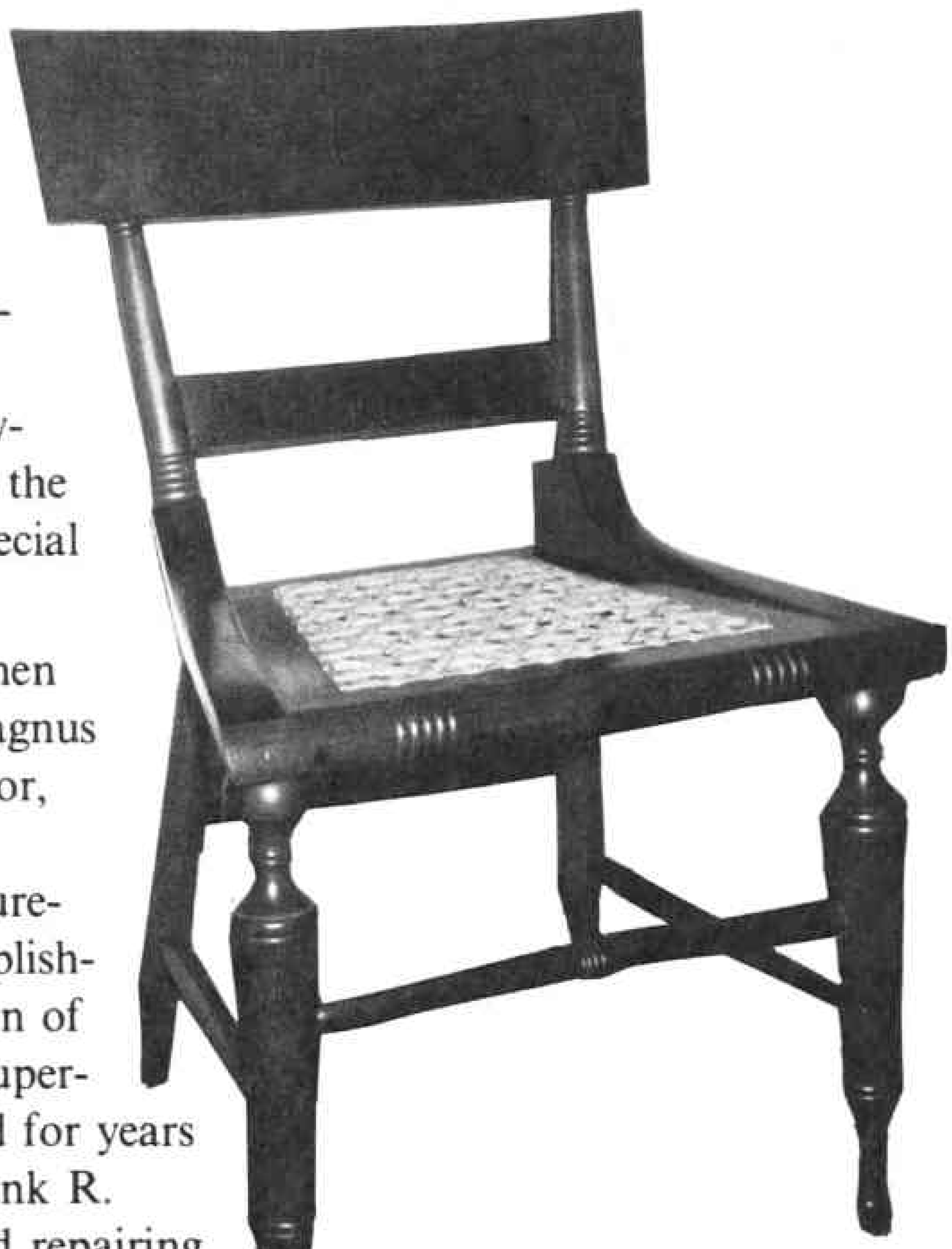
In 1859, Charles was one of six men on special duty at the Jefferson County jail to take John Brown to and from the Court House, carrying him on a stretcher. He was the last survivor of the John Brown capture, trial, and execution. In 1924, a reporter from *The Richmond Times Dispatch* interviewed him about these events at Happy Retreat, then called Mordington, where he spent his last years with his two bachelor sons and two maiden daughters. (A copy of that newspaper article is in the Jefferson County Museum.)

There is a poignant, if not morbid, story about the oldest son born to Charles and Margaret while they were living in Kabletown. At the time of the boy's birth (1864) Charles was away fighting the Civil War, having joined Capt. George Baylor's 12th Virginia Cavalry. The infant survived only ten months and his father never saw him. A neighbor, Mrs. McCurdy, ancestor of Senator Charles Mathias of Frederick, Md., painted a picture of him in his casket so his father could see how handsome he was.[2]

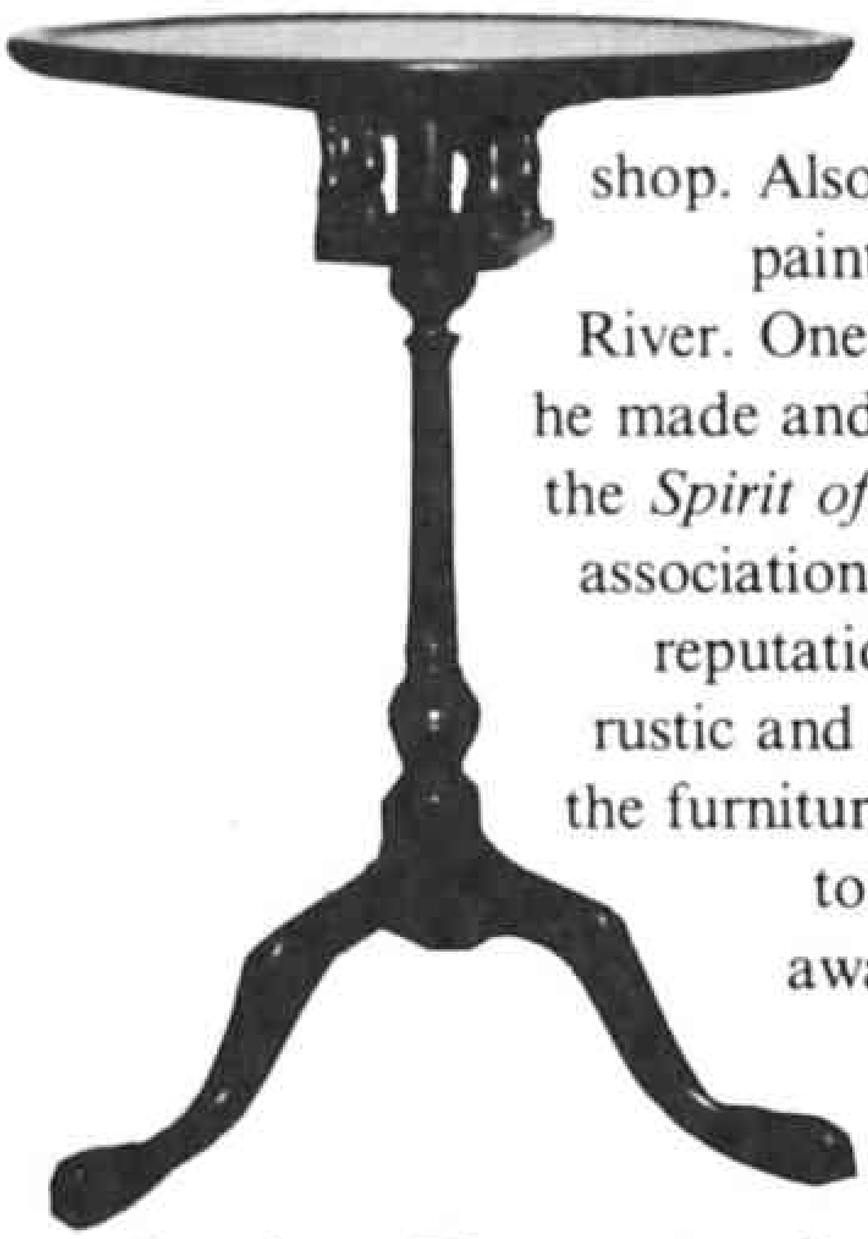
[2]Taken from the Conklyn Family History, provided by Owen Conklyn.

Two other sons of Charles and Margaret, bachelors Charles Magnus (1869-1954) and John Perendo (1871-1945) are of primary interest in this report. Magnus and Ren, as they were called, operated the Conklyn Brothers Furniture Maker and Contracting Company. Their first shop was next to the house on a small farm where they lived on Rt. 9 at the Bloomery. (This property later became the Yates farm and still later, a restaurant called the Gregory House. The restaurant burned in the 1950's). Evitt's Run flowed close-by the shop and the brothers dammed up the stream to generate power needed for their equipment. Their first furniture pieces were rustic, even crude, resembling a style today called Twig furniture. A 1903 catalog from the Old Hickory Chair Company was used for patterns. They were designed for cabins, porches and yards. However, their designs and skills rapidly became very refined.

It was Magnus who purchased Mordington in 1920. His father Charles, brother Perendo (Ren), and maiden sisters Eleanor, Willetta, and Mayma lived there with him. Here the shop was in the mansion house, occupying the East wing. The small room to the left of the entrance hall was Magnus's office. There was no showroom which suggests that the furniture was made by special order.



Both were self-taught men of considerable talent. Magnus was an architect, contractor, plumber, artist, poet, and surveyor as well as furniture-maker. One of his accomplishments was the construction of Peterkin Hall (now the Supertane building). He worked for years for the Murphy's and Frank R. Stockton, maintaining and repairing Claymont Court. Rather handsome as a young man, those who remember him as an old man say he looked exactly like Santa Claus.



Perendo, or Ren, was also endowed with many talents but they were not as well-known because he was painfully shy and stayed in the shop. Also described as an artist, he and Magnus painted many scenes along the Shenandoah River. One evidence of his craftsmanship was that he made and played his own violin. His obituary in the *Spirit of Jefferson,* January 17, 1945, states, "in association with his brother he gained an enviable reputation as a furniture manufacturer, making rustic and imitation antiques." Perendo was more the furniture-craftsman than Magnus, who seemed to have been involved more with projects away from the shop.

The pieces familiar today as Conklyn furniture are reproductions of a much earlier time. They are made of either mahogany wood, which the craftsmen imported from South America, or walnut, which was readily available locally. Large quantities were shipped out of the country, much of it going to the homes of summertime visitors from as far away as Texas and California. Many of those fortunate enough to own any of the furniture have been well-aware of its quality and origin. Others have not. Some pieces, previously unidentified, have been discovered. Recently, six walnut chairs, made in the Arts and Crafts style, clearly marked "MADE BY THE CONKLYN BROTHERS CHARLES TOWN, W. VA", surfaced at an estate auction. A pair of matching walnut tables long housed in the museum, have also only recently been identified and a corner cupboad in the library is most certain to be. With a renewed interest, surely more will be "discovered".

The Conklyn chairs are the furniture form which seems to have survived in quantity locally. One style is particularly desirable. They are made of either walnut or mahogany and are easily identified by their unique cane-seat pattern. Usually referred to as Adams chairs, they are sturdy and well-proportioned as well as comfortable and pleasing to the eye. The design is of the Empire period. It took one week to make one and in 1932 a side chair cost $25 and an arm chair, $30. The price never rose higher. The craftsmen's stamp appears on the underneath side rail of some chairs. On others the mark reads "Made by John Perendo Conklyn Charles Town, W. Va." Some are not signed. Sixty four of these are



known to be in existence. No doubt there are many more. Perhaps this report will inspire the reader to look for the familiar stamp on dining room chairs as well as tilt-top tables, drop-leaf tables, fireside stools, and spool chairs which the brothers are also known to have made.

In one of Magnus's poems, artistically printed and colorfully illustrated, he has embodied his many talents, occupation, and even his philosophy:

"Isn't it strange that Princes and Kings,
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings;
And common folks like you and me,
Are Builders for Eternity.
To each is given a Bag of Tools,
A shapeless Mass and a Book of Rules;
From which to fashion ere Lite is Flown
A Stumbling Block or a Stepping Stone."

Nancy C. Coyle
Roxley Farm

Summer Picnic — 1987



Rion Hall

A much needed rain fell on this section of Jefferson county on the afternoon of August 5, 1987, but cleared in time for the annual Historical Society picnic.

The summer picnic was held at Rion Hall near Halltown, West Virginia with approximately 100 members and guests in attendance. Rion Hall is owned by and the home of Mrs. Maurice R. Cooper who graciously welcomed each arrival. Julia Creamer greeted everyone with a tall glass of her special lemonade. The old dinner bell in the yard announced the supper hour. The usual covered dish supper was made up of the best from the southern kitchens of Jefferson county. Small tables provided by the hostess and chairs by "Chiz" Strider assured comfort for all. John Schley had his team well organized; Betty Davis, Ann Groves, Jean Schley, Florence Moore and Hugh Voress.

Rion Hall is one of the most beautiful of the old homes in Jefferson County. The house, grounds and even the fields are all in impeccable order. Not only did Mrs. Cooper provide us with a memorable setting for our picnic, she gave us a delightful outline of ownership and stories of the owners. All were invited to tour the house.

On land formerly owned by William Hall, an Englishman, Rion Hall was built about 1836 by William Lucas. The third floor was added later. It appears that Mrs. Lucas died a few years after moving into their new

home, leaving four small children. Mr. Lucas did not remarry. He was a lawyer and active in politics serving in the Virginia House of Delegates and the United States House of Representatives. William Lucas died here in 1877 leaving Rion Hall to his son, Daniel Bedinger Lucas.

Daniel Bedinger Lucas was also very distinguished as a statesman, orator and author. His poem "The Land Where We Were Dreaming," brought him wide recognition. Daniel Lucas died in 1909 leaving Rion Hall to his daughter, Virginia. She was unmarried. She was killed in 1929 in a tragic accident at the entrance to the farm. Upon her death, Rion Hall passed to the children and grand-children of E. W. Bedinger.

Rion Hall was left unattended and unlived in until 1938 when it was purchased from the Lucas Heirs by Mr. & Mrs. Charles L. Crane who lived there until Mr. Crane's death in 1944. Rion Hall was again put on the market. Dr. George Bachman and Dr. and Mrs. Bonney Youngblood of Washington, D.C. were the purchasers, having heard the farm was for sale through a mutual friend, Dr. Oscar C. Stine, who had bought Elmwood, the Lucas farm near Shepherdstown. Dr. Bachman had spent several years in China as a Medical Researcher before establishing a school of Tropical Medicines in the Philippines. He came to Rion Hall upon the advice of his physician, but after about two years, he sold his interest in the farm to his partners, the Youngbloods. Dr. Youngblood was Inspector for the U.S. Department of Agriculture Experiment Stations and worked out of Washington.

In 1950, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice R. Cooper bought an interest in Rion Hall from the Youngbloods. While attending Texas A&M University, Maurice lived with the Youngbloods at their farm near the University. The Youngbloods were childless. They recognized very early the qualities in young Cooper which they would have wished had he been their son. A year after graduation Maurice took a position in Washington, D.C. with the Department of Agriculture. The Youngbloods were now in Washington and Maurice again took his place in their home further strengthening their parent-son relationship. He lived with them until 1947 when the Youngbloods moved to Rion Hall.

Dr. Youngblood died in 1950 and Mrs. Youngblood died in 1960. Rion Hall passed to Maurice and Ora Cooper who moved there that year. The joy of his inheritance was short lived as Maurice Cooper died at Rion Hall in 1966. Mrs. Cooper has remained at Rion Hall where she has continued restoration of the buildings and farm.

Florence H. Moore

Trivia

Being a collection of historical material and relevant observations on Jefferson County offered by the Editor for the delectation of the readers on occasion as pieces come to hand. The editor respectfully urges readers to submit contributions to Trivia.

The Music Box

This story was written in March 1928 by Henrietta L. Goldsborough to Cazenove G. Lee, II, founder of the Society of Lees of Virginia in 1928. Mrs. Goldsborough (Nettie), the narrator, quotes her mother Henrietta Edmonia Lee. The young lady of the story was the daughter of Edmund Jennings Lee and Henrietta Bedinger of Bedford, Shepherdstown.

"One day when I was about eleven years old, my father came home from a trip, bringing a small metal box, about four inches long and two wide—a music box which played three tunes, 'Home Sweet Home,' 'Days of Absence[,]' and one other I cannot remember. I was so entralled with the wonder of it, that I begged most earnestly for it. Finally my Father said, 'well if you will get up one month on time for prayers—which were always held before breakfast, and for which I was generally very late—you may have it as your very own. But if you miss one morning you must begin all over again.' 'But,' I said, 'Pa, I cannot get awake.' 'Well Ida,' he said to my older sister—'you see that she does get awake.' 'I do Father,' she said 'and she fights me and goes back to bed!' But now I had an incentive other than prayers, so up I got faithfully for twenty-nine days. On that twenty-ninth morning, which was April 26th, 1856—I was up bright and early dancing around clapping my hands with joy, while the music box was playing gaily from its place on the mantlepiece in the dining room in the old house at Leeland. I saying, 'tomorrow it will be mine, tomorrow it will be mine!' Pa, patting me on the head said, with a twinkle in his eye, 'yes, Missy but remember if you miss tomorrow, you are to begin all over again!' 'Oh, but I won't miss,' I said. Soon after breakfast, Pa came in telling me to get Pink, my little cousin and playmate, who had spent the night with me. And we could drive with him in the rodeaway, across the river to Sharpsburg, Maryland, three miles away, where he had to go on some legal business. We quickly got our sunbonnets, which little girls wore in the country then—and stopping by to ask Pink's mother's permission to go with us—off we went. We spent several hours, very happy ones, with some of our

young friends over there. Then Pa came telling us to start off and walk back home, as he would be detained, possibly all of the afternoon. We started—some of our young friends walking with us for a short distance. When we had gone perhaps two miles, we saw a man on horse-back riding very fast, from the direction of Shepherdstown. As he got to us he halted, and said 'do you little *sissies* live in Shepherdstown?' We said, 'yes,' but we wondered what he meant by sissies, as we had never been called that before. 'Well,' he said, 'I am looking for Mr. Lee, his home and the whole town is on fire!' We rushed on and soon saw the clouds of smoke across the Potomac river. We were so frightened we both thought the judgment day had come, and said our prayers, most earnestly and when we reached the house of the Rev. Mr. Douglass on the Maryland side of the river, they being friends of ours, we rushed in and found all of the family in the yard, looking across from their hill to our hill, with the river and town between the two, where we could see the Leeland house a mass of flames, standing outlined against the western sky. And it needed no word of theirs to tell us what was really happening. And so it was that all of very early rising had gone for naught, for my music box of course went down in the flames.

And so the years passed. After the Civil War, my father had made an addition to his old office which had escaped the flames, and was still standing in the yard at Leeland. And that was the house of my parents declining years. The old place finally passed into the hands of my son Lee Goldsborough. In 1919 he decided to build me a small house, on the old foundation, which had never been completely filled. And which I had chosen as the location I wanted my house on. In the excavating, were found a few old relics, such as a pair of my Fathers old silver framed spectacles, with one eyeglass still intact. And old pair of silver plated snuffers etc. On my return one evening in April my son brought me a small object saying, 'What can this be the men found today?' I took one look, and exclaimed, 'my music box!' And so it was, 63 years almost to the day, all burst and rusted, but with its mechanism all intact, and unmistakenly my music box, *at last!*"

Eleanor Lee Templeman
Historian
The Society of the Lees of Virginia

Editor's Notes

Although the submission of articles for publication in this year's issue was timely and of good quality and quantity, the editor continues his plea for contributions to future numbers. The efforts of two board members, Mrs. J. Blackwell (Betty) Davis and Mrs. C. William (Florence) Moore, in stimulating production and release of articles were particularly noteworthy.

Since the well-being of any learned society depends on the involvement and work, often unsung, of its members and officers, the editor must perform his necrological duties by noting the deaths of John A. Washington, M.D., past president of the Society, and Mrs. Claire Schley Goulding. Mrs. Goulding was the last surviving charter member of the Society. When one contemplates a continuous membership of 60 years from the date of founding in 1927, a person can appreciate the depth of support of the organization from one who contributed more than mere membership. Dr. Washington, by his quiet and substantial efforts in the Society's behalf, fostered the prosperity of the group over the last two decades. His counsel and sustaining interest have meant much to the editor and current president and the board of directors. These passings create great personal losses to many and a public void to all Jefferson Countians.