

WILLIAM B. FOUNTAIN
8400 SPILSBY COURT
RICHMOND, VA 23229
(804) 288-4709

NOVEMBER 25, 2002

ROBERT C. BAINBRIDGE
PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY
PLANNING OFFICE
1 COUNTY COMPLEX COURT
WOODBIDGE, VA 22192-9201

DEAR BOB,

AS WE DISCUSSED LAST WEEK I AM SENDING YOU THE BELOW ITEMS THAT RELATE TO THE PROPERTY KNOWN AS "BUSHY PARK" THAT WAS OWNED BY MY MOTHER'S FAMILY FROM 1844 TO 1915.

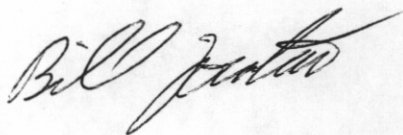
THE NUMBERS LISTED BELOW AGREE TO THE CIRCLED PENCIL NUMBER ON EACH ITEM.

I HOPE THEY WILL BE OF SOME USE TO YOU.

1. THE HANDY CASH BOOK - A FEW MONTHLY ACCOUNTINGS *p. 1-17*
2. BROWN LEDGER BOOK - LARGELY POEMS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER BUCKLEY *p. 18-56*
3. COPY OF THE WILL OF THOMAS WILLIAM BUCKLEY - FATHER OF WILLIAM ALEXANDER BUCKLEY / HOWEVER WAB INHERITED BUSHY PARK FROM HIS MOTHER'S FAMILY NAMELY ALEXANDER MCMULLEN & HIS WIFE, MARGARET. (ON FIGURE 3 OF THE THUNDERBIRD ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATES REPORT IT SHOWS HIS PROPERTY NOT FAR NORTH OF BUSHY PARK.) *p. 57-60*
4. OLD BUSHY PARK ACCOUNTINGS THAT GO BACK TO THE 1860'S *p. 61-68*
5. AN 1867 CONTRACT FOR WORK AT BP *p. 69-70*
6. AN 1873 INDENTURE AGREEMENT (TORN IN TWO PARTS) *p. 71-72*
7. A LETTER FROM AN EDITOR WHO LIKED WAB'S WORK *p. 73*
8. A DOCUMENT FROM 1911 WHEN WAB RAN FOR GAINSVILLE DISTRICT SUPERVISOR (I BELIEVE HE LOST.) *p. 74-77*
9. FROM VIRGINIA GENEALOGIES THAT INCLUDES LETTERS FROM BUSHY PARK PRIOR TO WHEN MY FAMILY OWNED THE PROPERTY *p. 78-80*

BOB, I KNOW YOU WILL RETURN THESE TO ME WHEN YOU HAVE LOOKED AT THEM AND, IF YOU DESIRE, COPIED THEM.

THANKS!



RECEIVED
NOV 27 AM 9:19
PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY

Paine's

Celery

Compound

Makes

People

Well

CALENDAR FOR 1894.

JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

CALENDAR FOR 1895.

JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

Name of Owner.

Wm A. Buckley.

Bushy Park, Va.

The
Handy
Cash Book.

With compliments

F. H. Sanders, Merchant

Catharpin, Va.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Far Superior to an Ordinary Sarsaparilla or Bitters.

**Most Remarkable Remedy
in the World.**

**The True Medicine for Lost Nervous
Strength.**

**A Few of the Marvelous Cures it Has
Effected in the Past Year.**

**Photographs and Autographs of Well Known
Men and Women Whom it Has CURED.**

From the thousands of testimonials of cures made by Paine's Celery Compound in 1893, the representative ones in the following pages are selected and printed. That the most skeptical may be positively convinced that every cure is authentic and absolutely trustworthy, photographs and signatures are reproduced.

Paine's Celery Compound is known the world over as **the medicine that makes people well.**



Copyright, 1894, by Wells & Richardson Co.
All Rights Reserved.

Cash Account <i>April</i> 1895.		
Date.	ITEM.	Amount.
19	Paid for open	98.20
May 1	" " Corn	30.00
May 1	" " "	90.00
"	" for putting up m.	1.00
" 18	" Cash of m. leave	5.00
" 25	" " R. Flawley	.50
19	Paid for weighing	15
20	" " " " " " " "	15.53
"	" " " " " " " "	11.50
"	" " " " " " " "	10.00
"	" " " " " " " "	63.89
"	" " " " " " " "	5.06
"	" " " " " " " "	.75
"	" " " " " " " "	10.80
22	" " " " " " " "	1.25
23	" " " " " " " "	1.00
May 1	" Mrs. Milroy	60.00
"	" " J. J. Leachman	30.00
"	" " " " " " " "	11.73
" 18	" " " " " " " "	5.00
" 25	" " " " " " " "	.85
" 30	" " " " " " " "	5.00
" 30	" " " " " " " "	.50
"	" " " " " " " "	1.00
July 1	" " " " " " " "	20.71

Cash Account June 1895.

Date.	ITEM.	Amount.
11 th	Recd for Lambs	60.00
"	" " " Hoads	60.00
12 th	" " " Wool 1/3	27.43
20 th	" " " Lambs	53.50
"	" " 58 1/2 bus hay	79.25
"	" " 272 bus wheat	143.20
"	18 hogs @ 14 1/4	93.44
"	One Sheep	5.00
"	230 bus corn @ 50 1/4	175.00
"	35 bus corn @ 15 1/2	53.00
"	32 turkeys	34.00
"	2 oxen	98.20
"	R.R. fare	55.00
"	One Calf	10.00
"	part pay for horse	10.00
"	" " "	7.00
"	" " "	40.00
Nov 21. 1904		
Aunt Alice Woodbridge		
Co. Note, \$69.78		
Frigh =		



REV. FATHER A. OUELLET.

Sickness is Sin!

Father Ouellet's Strong Endorsement of Celery Compound.

SHEDIAC, N. B., CANADA.

Gentlemen:—I had been laid up with fever and rheumatic gout so that my system was fearfully run down. I was very thin and so feeble that for several weeks I could not move along without help. I then began to take Paine's Celery Compound according to prescription, and today I am as fleshy and strong as I was ten years ago.

As a blood purifier the Compound has no equal, and its beneficial influence on the digestive system cannot be questioned. I do not hesitate to advise sick persons to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair trial in the various ailments for which it is recommended.

A. OUELLET.

Paine's Celery Compound will build up the weak and exhausted. Thousands bless it for the strength it gives.

Book Received:

Cash Account *June* 189*4*

Date.	ITEM.	Amount.
9.	J. H. Bucklin, Jr	60.00
1.	Cash on hand	1.50
<i>August 26th 1896.</i>		
	Cash on hand	08
	" Recd of B. F. Patti	10.00
<i>Jan. 1899. Cash</i>		
3.	Pills	20
"	Portage	12
13.	Nails	05
"	Soap & Soda	14
"	Oil & Grease	23
"	Suit Dry	48
"	Whisking	50
<i>Nov. 8 to 10</i>		
<i>Bred young sows</i>		
<i>Dec 12. Big sow.</i>		
<i>Jan 3. Black sow.</i>		

AS BRIGHT AS SUNSET HUES are the fast and brilliant colors



WM. FANSTER.

Wm. Fanster of Winona, Minn., is one of hundreds who say that Paine's Celery Compound has permanently cured their headaches.

Cures Sick Headache.

Mr. Fanster Uses the Medicine That
Makes People Well.

WINONA, MINN., March 1, 1893.

Dear Sirs:—For more than sixteen years I have suffered with sick headaches, and have tried all kinds of medicine, but with no benefit. But at last Paine's Celery Compound was recommended to me, and I tried it. The first bottle stopped a periodical headache, and six bottles have entirely cured me.

Wm. Fanster.

Sick and nervous headaches can be cured to stay cured if Paine's Celery Compound is used. Try it.

FOR SUNDAY: Fancy Articles Two Diamond Rings, etc.

Quick paid out:
Cash Account *Jan.* 1896.

Date.	ITEM.	Amount.
5	Groceries &c	50
"	Paid Drums	25
<i>August 26</i>		<i>1896</i>
	Paid Cavi	4.00
"	" Volte	.63
"	" for pile	1.87
"	" Sundries	1.10
"	Groceries at Manassas	1.00
"	Expenses	.25
"	Cash for Coffee	.25
"	Paid Association	5.00
"	" Savilla	2.00
"	" for Coffee	.21
"	" goods	

COLOR SILKS AND FEATHERS BLACK with Diamond Dye
Fast Black for Silk and Feathers. Easy to use.



MRS. MARY M. MYERS.

One of the most estimable women in Baltimore, Ohio, is Mrs. Mary Myers.

Restored to Health!

Mrs. Myers Suffered for Eight Years
With the Debility Common to
Women.

BALTIMORE, O., April 23, 1893.

Gentlemen:—I have suffered for eight years with nervous prostration and the general debility common to women, and had such pains in my back that I could not get around the house. I tried several remedies, and consulted several of the best physicians, but without relief. Finally I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and with the second bottle I was almost restored to health. I go where I want to and feel as though I was twenty years younger. I can sleep all night and wake as cheerful as my little baby.

Mrs. Mary Myers

Paine's Celery Compound relieves and
cures all forms of female weakness.

Save Your Dollars by making faded clothes look like new
WITH DIAMOND DYES

Cash Account		
Date.	ITEM.	Amount.
	by 2 days stacking	2.00
	" " " " " " " "	.90
	Ditching	3.00
	Wire	.52
	Crycked Corn	.36
	30 lbs of equal	.67
	30 " " " " "	.83
	Damage claim	1.00
	or 14 shooks 1/4 Int'l	15.00
		<u>24.22</u>
	or 29. Settled to date	
	Dr	
	from Young Peter	1.00
	Flight - on Bureau	1.32
	Flight on Butler	8.96
	7 No fork. 5 1/2 cr	8.08
	or 29. In Ch. 1/2	14.86
		<u>24.22</u>
	or 29. Settled to date	



Mr. Frank E. Hite is one of the best known traveling men in this country, representing a large manufacturing firm in St. Louis.

Terrible Kidney Trouble!

**Paine's Celery Put Mr. Hite in the
Pink of Health.**

COLUMBIA, ILL., June 2, 1893.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co.,

Gentlemen.—Of late years I have been more or less troubled with severe pain in the kidneys and bladder, with indigestion and general debility. I could get temporary relief only.

This spring I met a gentleman in Wisconsin who recommended Paine's Celery Compound. Three days after I commenced its use I noticed a change for the better, and now I am in the pink of health. It cleansed my system thoroughly, and is the best remedy that I ever tried.

Yours very truly,

Frank E. Hite

Hundreds have found Paine's Celery Compound a positive cure for kidney disease. It relieves that weakness and pain in the back, and makes people well.

Date.	ITEM.	Amount.
Aug. 6	Wt. corn, 25 ⁰⁰	15.00
	Shoals	13.50
	Ditching	3.00
88	schoette fodder	15.00
	cracked corn	3.00
	Wine	5.00
50	Wt. oye meal	6.00
		48.00

704. Credits.	
Sale of Hogs	52.28
" Butter	8.96
20 Bbls corn @ 3.00	60.00
60 shocks fodder	9.00
Damages	1.00
Gov. Rental	35.40
	<u>166.64</u>
60 shocks fodder on hand	
4 bbls corn " "	
To feed 2 cows & one hog.	
yearlings grazed 6 ^{mo}	18.00
cows " 6 ^{mo}	20.00
Cattle " 4 "	36.00
, calves " 4 "	12.00
	<u>86.00</u>
	252.64
	1.8.75

AS BLACK AS NIGHT are the Diamond Black Dyes—
Wool, Cotton, for Silk



SAMUEL CARPERSON.

One of the oldest and most respected residents of Wilmington, Del., is Samuel Carperson, Esq.

Seventeen Years of Dyspepsia.

Mr. Carperson's Friends Thought He
Was Not Long for this World.

WILMINGTON, DEL., June 2, 1893.

Dear Sirs:—If you had seen me last winter you would have thought that I was not long for this world. For the last seventeen years of my life I have endured awful suffering from dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, liver and spleen trouble, and a little touch of Bright's disease.

I feel well to-day, and it is because I took nine bottles of Paine's Celery Compound. I tried twenty-eight doctors, but no cure. As a result of taking the Compound I can sleep better, eat better, work better, and pray better. Yours truly,

Yours truly,

Samuel Casperson

321 East 3d street.

Paine's Celery Compound will cure those who suffer from dyspepsia, constipation, and nervousness. It makes people well!

COTTON DYES THAT NEVER FADE: Diamond Dye Fast Cotton Colors. Ten special kinds.

Poplar Nat. Bank & Tr.

Cash Account *Sept 10 - 1907*

Date.	ITEM.	Amount.
	<i>Total</i>	
	<i>Deposits - Cash 100.00</i>	
	<i>July 26 - 10.</i>	
	<i>Mrs J. T. Falls, Cr.</i>	
	<i>By Cash Payment 12.00</i>	
	<i>Cash on Hand 25.00</i>	
		<i>20.25</i>
		<i>18.12</i>
		<i>2.13</i>
	<i>10. Ch. this from 100.00</i>	
	<i>Pat. Ant. Miner 1.15</i>	
	<i>" Gas 1.85</i>	
	<i>" Meluz Elliot 50</i>	
	<i>" Simpson B 1.00</i>	
	<i>" Hung B 2.00</i>	
	<i>Elia B 1.00</i>	
	<i>Huincut; Shaw, Shin 40</i>	
	<i>Programme 15</i>	
	<i>Wash Woman (L.S.) 2.00</i>	
	<i>Hung B 25</i>	
	<i>Gr of St. Paul tie/wh 2.00</i>	
	<i>Singer Ale 15</i>	
	<i>Whip 10</i>	
	<i>H. H. Sanders 14.00</i>	
	<i>Hung B 07</i>	

TO GET A NEW DRESS FOR TEN CENTS. Color your old



GEORGE F. ZERZON.

But Took 16.62
But Christen 1.00
The King of Blood Purifiers 1.12

A Young Man's Gratitude to the
 Medicine That Makes People Well.

SCHUYLER, NEB., June 3, 1893.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co.,

Gentlemen: I have used Paine's Celery Compound for nervousness and to purify the blood, and it has done me a world of good. It is the best medicine made. I shall recommend the Compound to every one.

Yours respectfully,

George F. Zerzon

Paine's Celery Compound has no equal in purifying the blood. It cures salt rheum, eczema, erysipelas, and all diseases resulting from impure blood, and leaves a clear and beautiful skin.

Cash Account 189....

[illegible]

Reware of worthless Imitations of Diamond Dyes.



MISS MABEL JENNESS.

Miss Mabel Jenness is known from Maine to California as the most beautiful and talented of woman lecturers.

A True Strength-Giver.

Miss Jenness Advises the Sick and Weak to Use Celery Compound.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 7, 1894.

Gentlemen:—I was induced to try Paine's Celery Compound when greatly overworked. A friend advised me to try it, and I am happy to say that I immediately began to realize tonic and blood-nourishing effects. I consider it an excellent preparation, and advise any one who is suffering from dyspepsia, biliousness, neuralgia, rheumatism, or kidney troubles to try it.

Yours truly,

Yours truly,

Mabel Jensen.

Paine's Celery Compound cures, yes CURES! sick headaches, nervous headaches, and those dull feelings.

Cash Account 189.....

[illegible]

JUDGE L. J. HILDEN.

Judge Hilden, who resides at Diamond Bluff, Wis., is a man of the highest standing and strictest integrity.

Asthma Can be Cured.

**Judge Hilden Suffered so That He
Wanted to Die.**

DIAMOND BLUFF, WIS., Aug. 6, 1893.

Gentlemen:—From the effects of the grip, I was very much troubled with rheumatism and nervous weakness. I also had asthma terribly, my lungs working like a little organ, and I suffered so that I wanted to die. I tried physicians and medicines without getting relief. Finally I got a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and the first few doses relieved me. I used three bottles, and now have a good appetite, sleep well, and am cured.

Lg 14. Idem

Asthma, catarrh, and similar diseases can be cured only by restoring health to the whole system. Paine's Celery Compound does this, and hence has cured scores of the worst cases of asthma and catarrh.

Cash Account 189.....

[illegible]

Ink 10 cents a Quart Diamond Dyes make best and



BABY MORTON.

This bright-eyed girl owes her rosy health to Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that makes people well.

Parents, Read This Letter !

**Strength and Health for Sickly and
Delicate Children.**

JONESVILLE, VT., Nov. 20, 1893.

Dear Sirs:—We used Paine's Celery Compound for our little girl who had the grip. We had tried everything for her, but without relief, yet before she had taken the first bottle of the Compound she was on the gain. We would advise all mothers with sickly children to try Paine's Celery Compound, as we cannot praise it too highly.

Miss Edward Norton

Paine's Celery Compound is a pure vegetable medicine that will bring the roses to the cheeks of the most delicate child. It is as far superior to sarsaparillas and ordinary spring medicines as the diamond is to cheap glass.

Times Save Dollars when spent for Diamond Dyes.

[illegible]

Among the many devoted and eloquent divines in Pennsylvania few stand higher than Rev. M. H. Houghton of Bradford.

May They Use Paine's Celery Compound and be Made Well.

Gentlemen :— Permit me to say that I have used Paine's Celery Compound for nervous prostration, with beneficial results. I consider it the very best medicine for strengthening the nervous system and producing contentment of mind. As prayer is restful to the soul, so is Paine's Celery Compound to the nerves.

W. H. Boughton

A NEW GOWN can be made from an old one by using **DIAMOND DYES.**

[illegible]

A black and white portrait of a young man with curly hair, wearing a high-collared shirt and a dark jacket. The portrait is framed by a decorative border.

MRS. S. E. WELCH.

S. E. Welch is one of the best known business men in Lynn. His wife has a large circle of friends, who rejoice with her in her restoration to health.

Thrown Away Her Crutches.

**Paine's Celery Compound the One
Medicine That CURES
Rheumatism.**

LYNN, MASS., Jan. 28, 1893.

Gentlemen:—I was taken ill last January with the grip, and it left me with the rheumatism in my hands and feet. My feet were swollen so bad and were so sore that I found it hard work to walk. My husband brought me home two bottles of Paine's Celery Compound. When I had taken five bottles I was free from rheumatism and have not had any since. Today I think that I can truly say that I am as well as I ever was in my life.

Respectfully,

Respectfully,

Mrs. J. E. Welch-

66 High Rock St.

The worst cases of rheumatism yield to the marvelous curative power of Paine's Celery Compound. Suffer no longer, for this Compound CURES; yes, CURES!

New Cotton Dyes are Fast Purple, Garnet, Orange, Pink
Diamond Dyes—absolutely fast

Cash Account **189**....

[illegible]

"Art and Fancy Work" gives full instructions for easy and beautiful work. Sent to any address for stamp.



W. H. SIMPSON.

The statements made by W. H. Simpson in the following letter seem almost incredible, but their truth is vouched for by scores of prominent Indiana people.

"Thought My Days Were Numbered."

Heart Disease Made Mr. Simpson's Life a Burden.

EVANSVILLE, IND., May 11, 1893.

Gentlemen :—I have been troubled greatly with my heart, and at times I thought that my days were numbered. I tried nearly everything, and began to think there was nothing on earth that would cure me.

I was nearly dead for the loss of sleep, when I began the use of Paine's Celery Compound. I cannot speak highly enough of it for the good that it has done me. It is worth its weight in gold, for it has brought new life into me entirely.

W. L. Simpson

1018 W. Virginia St.

In palpitation, neuralgia, or other heart troubles Paine's Celery Compound will relieve and cure.

Fast Colors on Cotton are made by using the special Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

[illegible]

A black and white portrait of a young man with curly hair, wearing a suit and bow tie, looking directly at the camera. The image is a high-contrast, grainy photograph, possibly a photocopy or a stylized print. The man has dark, curly hair and is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt and a dark bow tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark and indistinct.

Cash Account 189....

[illegible]

MRS. WM. P. ROBBINS.

"It made mother strong," is what hundreds say of Paine's Celery Compound. Read what it did for Mrs. Wm. P. Robbins, of Springport, Mich.

The Smartest Old Lady in Michigan.

After Suffering for 20 Years, Mrs. Robbins Is Made Well.

SPRINGPORT, MICH., Nov. 22, 1893.

Gentlemen:—My wife, who has been suffering from female weakness and falling of the bladder for fifteen or twenty years, has taken four bottles of Paine's Celery Compound with very beneficial results. It has had such an effect upon her that her neighbors say that she is the smartest old lady that they ever knew of her age. She is upwards of 70 years old, and as the result of using the Compound, she is doing more work than any other woman within miles of here, doing her own housework, taking care of the milk of four cows, and making more than a hundred pounds of butter a month.

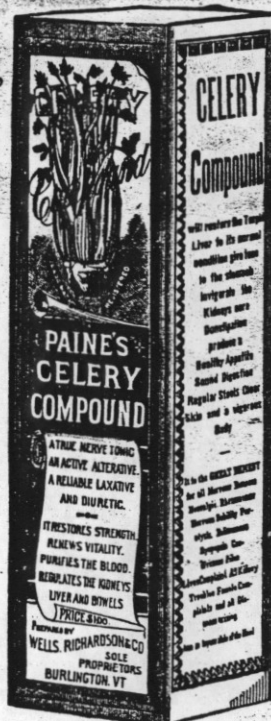
Wm. D. Robinson

Paine's Celery Compound makes the weak strong. Nothing equals it as a medicine for the weak, aged, and feeble.

PAINE'S Celery Compound.

This wonderful discovery is a powerful, yet harmless remedy, positively and permanently curing:

Nervous Debility
and Exhaustion,
Neuralgia,
Sleeplessness,
Melancholia,
Hysteria,
Headache,
Dyspepsia,
Rheumatism,
Kidney Trouble,
Constipation,
Salt Rheum,
Eczema,
Disordered Liver,
and all
Blood Diseases.



**A Grand Invigorator and Strengtheners
for Women.**

SOLD EVERYWHERE.—\$1.00, six for \$5.00.

If your dealer does not have Paine's Celery Compound in stock, we will send two bottles, express charges pre-paid, to introduce it, upon receipt of \$2.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.



B. F. ALDRICH.

No man has a better reputation for square dealing than B. F. Aldrich, the piano dealer, of Woonsocket, R. I.

Death Knocked at the Door!

**Mr. Aldrich's Extreme Weakness
After the Grip.**

WOONSOCKET, R. I., May 3, 1893.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co.,

Gentlemen:—In the winter of 1891, I was attacked with a very severe case of the grip, which left me so extremely weak that it was impossible for me to walk upstairs. I consulted many good physicians, but without result. The sequel is this: Paine's Celery Compound has been my salvation. I have taken six bottles of it, and I have gained 15 pounds, and never felt better in my life. Yours truly,

B. F. Aldrich

The terrible after-effects of the grip are quickly removed by Paine's Celery Compound. This valuable medicine gives strength in the worst cases of weakness.

DIAMOND DYES Color anything any color. Try them. Never Fade! Never Fail!

"Two Rebels Hearing Gray."

When bullets furious battle cloud,
Swept o'er their homes of ours;
When all the southern voice "loudly"
Protested tyrants powers.

When women shrieked, and brave men cried,
To see their homes as rent;
And every true heart truly tried,
With every effort bent,

To drive the ^{invader} intruder from the soil,
Their quiet homes restore;
Set war and turbulence recoil
And peace reign evermore.

It was then that those who clowned the gray,
Strong in their country's cause;
Deserted heart & soul, sought the fray,
For "justice" not applause.

Among the braves who dared to do,
And in the carnage bled,
Before my vision, rise two,
That fell where Jackson led.

From thence were brought, for safety's sake,
Beyond the battle's range;
They knew not whose would victory take,
Or what might be the change.

One was a Parent aged and gray,
Whose son fought by his side,
The Father fell that fatal day,
The following he died.

in loving and devoted care,
 Soothed his last dying breath;
 The lonely watcher at the pier,
 The reflection of death.

Beside the coffin I watched alone,
 (Aimlessness then mine I;
 Requested by the son who'd gone,
 His dripping limbs to dry.

Beside him in that last, long sleep,
 D.A. Leadbetter lies;
 Far from the home; the friends that keep
 Our dearest memories.

They rest beneath a lone tree's shade,
 (Not on the field of gore;
 Where war her wildest havoc played,
 For them, the war was o'er.

Beneath the same this fragrant bloom,
 An idle, childish pleasure,
 "Not dreaming here would meet a tomb,"
 I've often roamed at leisure.

There sleeps beneath this quiet tree,
 The same, by night, by day;
 No longer so young, as warriors can be,
 But rebels wearing gray."

They've saved their country, just and true
 They've fought the fight of faith;
 They've done as all true men should do.
 But now they rest in death.

are,
 breath;
 the pier,
 th.

ched alone,
 was I;
 id gone,
 to clay.

st; long sleep,
 e friends that keep,
 id.

tree shade,
 ore;
 have played,
 er.

fragrant bloom,
 abuse,
 old mark a tomb;
 release.

quiet tree,
 clay;
 marks can be,
 away."

untry, just and true,
 of faith;
 men should do,
 in death.

V.A. Buckley

These side, by side, the vigils keep
 Watch over these forms of clay;
 While them in honors fame they sleep,
 "Two Rebels nearing gray."

March 24th 1885 W.A.B.

The two Confederate veterans referred to, who sacrificed their lives to the lost cause, fell mortally wounded in the second battle of Manassas or Bull Run on Augt. 1862, and were brought with a number of other wounded soldiers to this Budwig farm, northwest of and about 10 miles distant from the heart of the battle which was still raging with all its deadly fury. Here they died very soon afterwards, and were buried in an open field beneath a large persimmon tree, whose still repose all that mortal of Col. D. A. Leebetter (of 1st Regt. or 2nd State Infantry) and Captain Norton, of Pickens, South Carolina.

He being exempt from military duty by reason of his age, volunteered his services in the Confederate cause, doubtless, more from a patriotic sense of duty, than to follow the fortune of an only son, who was also a Captain and who subsequently lost an arm.

He has once visited this fathers grave since the war. W.A. Buckley.
 P.S. Col. D. A. Leebetter was of 8th South Carolina Rifles, so also, was Capt. Miles M. Norton and son, J. J. Norton, who lost his left arm at Fredericksburg in Dec. 1862 at which time he was Lt. Col. in command of his Regiment.

Surray! The Wonderful

1st

To Suray Cave; To Suray Cave,
We all are bound today;
Its waters cool, our feet shall lave
As through its halls we stray;
In mirth, and joy, and joke, and song
Rejoice all who come along
With us this happy day!

2nd

As through Bull Run we rushing ride
And view its craggy peaks,
The waters' murmur at our side
The whistle wildly shrieks;
But nature's voice in accents low
Speaks louder than the whistle's blow,
And here she plainly speaks.

3rd

Then up the gorge we take our flight—
Through meadows rich and green,
Through scenes romantic, to the right—
As any man hath seen;
The selfsame power that formed each hill
Directs the smallest gurgling rill
That ever yet hath been!

4th

As Piedmont's lofty height we gain,
We are flying not so fast;
By perseverance, night and morn,
We'll reach the goal at last.
Then down the grade, she gaily goes
The gap she made she'll shortly close,
The "murmur" now is past!

5th

The Massanutten next we reach
By Shanandoah's side,
Where long ago traditions teach
Did bear and wolf abide;

derful

ray Cave;
day;
t shall have
we stray;
and folk, and song,
in along
day.

we rushing ride
peaks;
our side
shrills;
accents low
the whistle blow,
ly speaks.

take our flight
ch and gale,
to the right
seen;
that formed each line
mingling with
them.

it we gain;
rest;
and on air,
at last.
she gaily goes
hill shortly close,
is fast.

next we reach
side,
ditions teach
Lick.

Till men, whose nerves were strangled Boon
Disputed rights with bear and coon
For who should here reside.

6th Then, next we leap from hill to hill
Where yawning Chasms gap,
Where not man's power dared to fill
But made his line to leap;
High; High in air, by structures frail,
(Which form a canopy for the rail)
Through which some day hills drop.

7th At length we reach the town of Luray
Deep down among the hills,
Her pleasures invite our stay
Among her warbling vills;
But she asks for the Cave to day
So from the village must away
Our mission thus fulfills.

8th Here at the hill were Campbell found
In his astonished gaze,
Such wonder workings beneath the ground
Such strange mysterious array
That all man's preconceptions fail
These "Rights" of "Nature" with to scale
This new and varied phase.

9th No other Cave, majestic, Grand
Can boast such high Creative art,
Thy beauties rise on every hand,
On every hand Thy wonders start;
So unlike all we've known before
That comprehension scarce can soar
To realize each part.

10th Awe struck, by all those wondrous scenes
Amazed, Confused, yet ever pleased
While gazing on thy dark routines
The mind become by mystery seized,
All sham, earth's greatest scenes appear
Compared to "Nature's Antics" here
Or else the mind's diseased.

11th On! On! stray, through caverns deep,
Our steps reckless as we go;
Thence from some height, our senses steep
With visions mystic far below,
To my dazzled senses, all now seems;
I'm traveling in a land of dreams,
Or is it really so?

12th To those who ne'er have entered here
This simple hint I'd give;
Be not deterred by thoughts of fear,
Here man might ever live;
Secure from storms that beat above
This little world, world, this home to
Where Imps and giants live.

13th By slow degrees, through ages past,
Time hath her wonders wrought;
By chance, revealed to man, at last
With beauties marvellous fraught.
We fell in "Awe" the Maker's hand
That gave the touch to works so grand
Few persons are are taught.

14th Ye scenes, Farewell; perchance some day
Hither, again I'll roam,
Then through the halls I'll lingering stroll
And view the giants' dome,
But if your walls no more appear
Before my mortal vision here
Before my final Home.

Apr 28th 1855

B2

Heavenly final Home.

W.A.B.

Nature's Nobleman.

Is there the man who dwells on earth,
Yet honors not, the gifts of birth?
Such accidents, as birth can bring;
A titled name; or some such thing,
As worthless as an idle dream,
Where all our pleasing fancies seem,
A something; we should like to see,
In all its ~~eternal~~ reality;
But vanish with the ev'ning thought,
And leave us wiser as it ought.

Woe to the mighty moneyed God,
Portraits kind ~~shot~~ upon the sod,
Nor fawns around the wealthy man,
As those ignoble only can,
Down to the wish, come to the call,
Sit humbly down, or prostrate fall;
Where that command, there must obey,
They cannot tear themselves away,
In such high presence all seems gay;
His honor too, how late they stay,
And prance around their monarch's chair,
~~much more~~ ^{as much} from lack of sense, ~~than~~ ^{not} fear;
'Tis not the man, nor what he is,
But simply what the being has;
God pity such, where such may be,
And teach them to ignore ~~any~~.

The man who sees his fellow man,
With eye impartial, as man can,
Looks on his faults as though his own,
His secret thoughts, he leaves alone;
And with a friend's forgiving eye,
His imperfections, passes by.
Applauds each merit justly won,
And judges each by what he's done;

Gives praise, where praise is justly due,
No matter if such deeds are few,
And judges men by his true worth
No matter what his rank of birth
Be he a peasant, humbly born,
Or Nations King, A crown hath worn.

The tongue, that falsehoods, never tells,
The light where malice never dwells,
But Love and friendship, hold their sway
And baser thoughts, are kept at bay;
Where trifling injuries are forgot,
And shame, and low deceit, are not,
Where all that pure may enter in,
Secure from thoughts that are of sin.
A mind, rich stor'd with noble thought
With praise nor money to be bought
Whose deeds of kindness fill the heart
The soul is tranquil, and at rest.
Where virtue holds her honored place,
Contentment, brings the crowning grace;
And sheds a radiance all around,
Which otherwise, is never found.

The heart, to feel anothers woe,
(Which all men suffer here below)
When some dark season, chills the soul,
And checks our all, its sad control;
When all our cherished hopes have fled,
And living, we are as the dead,
But for that ray that friendship sheds,
Among our drooping, lonely heads,
That bids our hope, revive again,
And mingle with the living train,
To persevere; till faith can see,
The end of strife and victory.

Ah, shame! the wretch, whose hidebound heart,
 Never feels a thrill of pleasure start;
 And course his frame from head to feet,
 When other folks, good fortunes, meet.
 Who calmly hears each tale of woe;
 Nor alms, nor sympathy bestow,
 In the poor widows furrowed lot,
 To feed her bairns and warm her cot;
 For whom, 'twould make all nature smile,
 And days of care and toil beguile.

Whose small, pea-heart, pretends to swell,
 Aptates of woe, the poor folks tell;
 While on his purse, he takes fresh hold,
 For fear the 'swell' might reach his gold.
 W.A. Buckner

1891.
 Sept 2nd

Requiescant!

And, Oh! if only a little trine,
 Should happen to come my way;
 Would lighten the load of my latter days;
 And brighten the future in various ways;
 And I would be happy and gay.

So long, have I lingered aye, and waited, in vain;
 Till the frosts of the Ages, are creeping;
 Till soon, very soon, must I sing the strain,
 That Time, in her marches, brings Age, in her train,
 Before, I am Eternally, sleeping.
 Aug. 1896

The Vision!

A "Short Story" in Rhyme.

On a night, both dark and dismal,
Strayed, I lonely, lost in thinking:
Dreary darkness, all enshrouded;
Curtains dark, the skies overclouded;
Stars that shone, like eyes in weeping,
Through some dark, dim curtain peeping.
Dreary, all my dark surroundings,
Desolation, dim confoundings:
Specters rose, in forms phantasmal,
Specters, with their chains all clinking;
As I wandered, dark and dismal,
Lost to all, except, to Thinking.

On I wandered, nothing daunted,
Though grim Specters round me roared:
Through this pathway, fast bounded,
Woe low, wailing, woe sounded,
Rhythmic, to the low winds sighing,
As some giant monster dying,
When the last, long breath, came creeping,
Claiming life, for death's own keeping:
All the earth just then seemed haunted;
Now I felt - God only knows -
Mystic flags, around me flaunted,
While I heard death's dismal throes.

Still, I struggled, 'gainst the vision,
Forms, that gathered, 'bout my way:
Still intent, on my own thinking;
Still the sighing, moaning, clinking;
All my senses seemed untethered:
Still those phantoms round me gathered,
Thick and fast, and fierce and firm,
Strong of limb, yet, little and abrim.

Phantoms forms, in human guise!
 What can cause one such surprise?
 Sounds, then came, yet could not trace their
 Forms as yet, but could not place them:
 Forms, in some fantastic fangle;
 All commotion, all in wrangle;
 With static, shyer divisions,
 Tied some form, that captive lay.
 What can mean this awful vision?
 This, must be some "goblin" clay.

Rose or murmur, soft, beseeching;
 Still, every human sound;
 Like a prayer in supplication;
 By some soul, in desperation;
 Earnest, fervent, strong, and true;
 There, behold the captive, kneeling!
 "Oh, thou God! in mercy hear me!
 Save me from these fiends, near me:
 Why should I, in tortures languish?
 Show my soul this bitter anguish.
 Do, O Lord! my spirit, save;
 Snap this brittle thread, for ever!
 Cast this binding tie asunder!
 See, the stable, those faggots of under!
 Oh! those dying tortures, spare me!
 Gracious God! in mercy hear me;
 Soon, and scorching flames I'll wither;
 Deathless soul! Ah, go, either, whither?
 Heaven, or Hell? Oh, God! deliver:
 Save my soul from hell forever.
 Stronger, Heavenly Father make me.
 Do not now, O Lord! forsake me."
 Rose those murmurs, soft, beseeching;
 Mild, in tone, yet strong, in sound;
 Far beyond the tumult, reaching,
 Though confusion reigned, around.

Lo! Amid the darkness fuming;
 Seems a form, all clothed in white.
 "Peace. Be Still!" a sweet voice whispers;
 "Trust in God, and do His right.
 Be thou strong! Poor child, of sorrow:
 Be thou faithful! watch and wait:
 Ere thou know, another morrow,
 Thou shalt know, and bless thy fate.
 Faithful, to thy cause and kinred:
 Just, the blood that thou hast shed,
 Though thou earthly ^{demons} ~~demons~~ count the
 blessings set upon thy head.
 What were all thy bright-tomorrow?
 What were all the future state?
 Mortal! thou shalt sow in sorrow;
 But, thy harvest shall be great.
 Begg thy cry, with moans and bearing;
 Though thy sufferings be great:
 Lo! beyond! and cease thy bearing:
 Christ hath come a greater weight.
 Now, behold! some strange commotion,
 Stir, and bang the midnight air.
 Still, the frightful, ghastly motion;
 Phantom forms are everywhere.

All around, the masses, surging;
 Makes my very blood run cold.
 In some unknown tongue, they chatter;
 Sounds, to me, that do not matter:
 Sounds, most dreadful, grating, awful,
 Sounds, that seem, a "something awful";
 Making every nerve to tingle,
 By its fiend and fiendish jingle.
 Frenzied, ported, where I am standing,
 I am lost, to my commanding.
 Mute, and dumb, and unconquered.

The Vision. (Cont.)

By those ~~phantoms~~^{phantoms} all surrounded,
Fear hath paralyzed each power,
Else, I'd quit the scene, this hour.
Towers above! what hath bereft me?
Hope, Alas! for none has left me;
Fled, in haste, on frightened pinions;
Left me here 'mid Satyr's minions:
Things, would I, forgo this pleasure,
When each scene, transcends the measure.
All around are scenes of horror;
Shall I see dawn another morrow,
Whose bright sun, shall rise in glory,
And behold, this work so good?
Who, Alas! shall tell the story,
When this work of death is done?
Shall this victim rise to glory,
With the morrows rising sun?

Lo! the kindling faggots blazing;
Now the work of death's begun;
~~And with deep, heartrending anguish,~~
~~Am in tortures dead, till they rise~~
All around, the captives raising,
As the dawn, before the sun.
Though the fire is brightly burning,
Though the phantom forms are near;
I can only, see and hear them,
I cannot touch, they disappear:
Vanish, like the forest vapor,
That could terribly arise:
Still, around, they dance and eddy
Plain as day, before my eyes.
Even all the air, seems heated,
With their foul, polluted breath;
Every way you gaze, you're greeted,
By those ~~minions~~^{minions} of death.

Forth, they lead the captive,
 Bind him to the burning-stake.
 Bruised and sore, and cold, and bleeding,
 From the "gauntlet Run," preceding;
 And with deep, heart rending anguish,
 Run in tortuous dread, hell language,
 For the fires are hot and burning;
 As from side to side he's turning,
 Calmly, round the stake he's walking,
 To himself, his softly talking,
 Of the wife and children, weeping,
 Or in some lone cabin sleeping.
 Powers Above! some comfort send them,
 Many thy blessings now attend them;
 Support them through life's bitter trials;
 Teach them how to meet trials;
 Teach them patience, faith, and duty,
 Lead them in thy paths of beauty,
 Will thou God! in mercy lead them,
 And to some safe refuge, lead them;
 For ere now, their father'll gout them,
 Till on Canaan's shore he'll meet them.
 Now resigned to meet death quiet,
 Though those masses round me riot.
 Though material fires may burn me,
 Yet my soul they cannot touch;
 For only God, they cannot turn me,
 While I trust in him, so much."

What can I, but wait and wonder?
 Of my powers of will bereft.
 I am lonely standing, thinking:
 Deeply of this scene I'm drinking;
 Like some frozen statue standing;
 Waiting all this host disbanding.

Waiting! Lo; I'm mute with horror;
 What can mean this night of horror?
 Powers above! I must be dreaming?
 Surely this can be, but seeming:
 Still there's something real about it;
 Fain would I, too gladly doubt it;
 For my firmest faiths are shattered,
 My beliefs in ghosts are scattered,
 While those spirits that glide ^{groped} ~~glide~~ me,
 Only, all the more, confound me.
 What can I, but await and wonder,
 Of my powers of will bereft;
 Dumbly, 'till this scene I'll ponder,
 When to calm reflection left.

'Round the fire, the Elfin gambols,
 Filled with hellish mirth and joy;
 But, Behold! a mighty roaring,
 Falling rain in torrents pouring,
 Drenching all the scene surrounding;
 All these savage hosts confounding;
 Though the skies are cloudy 'er them,
 Darkest gloom is all before them.
 Queens dark, the storm's presaging;
 And the tempest's furious raging,
 While the wind in fury's lashing;
 Timber through the forest's crashing;
 While the vivid lightning flashes,
 Through the tumult wildly dashes;
 And the wondrous thunders rolling,
 Seems to me poor soul, consoling.
 "Wrath of Heaven" the earth seems rinding;
 Right, is now with wrong contending;
 And these hosts, so gluful lately;
 Now with fear, are trembling greatly.

The Vision (Con.)

Then a shock; with force terrific;
Makes the very earth to quake;
Nothing earthly seems profane;
Shudd'ring oaks, both groan and shake.

And now the furious storm, hath past;
That quelled the mob, and quenched the fire:
Like one "broad breath of Heaven" it came,
To put those "hellish hosts" to silence;
And lo! the tumults now dispersed,
Like some great bubble, soon to burst,
Or swept, by Power of God, accursed,
By the last "shock," by far the worst:
While o'er the scene, dead quiet reigns,
No moans, nor groans, nor clinking chains,
Nor forms, nor sounds, disturb the air,
But midnight quiet, everywhere.
Transformed, the scene, the hosts, and my
The change so sudden, seems forlorn;
And what, Oh God! what power can be,
The source of all this mystery?
With murder here committed then,
What mean these ghastly sights I've seen?
Do murdered men lie buried here,
Or why, these midnight scenes appear?
Why is this spot thus haunted, pray?
No traces here are seen by day;
And when the full orb'd moon doth shine,
All here is void, thus seems divine;
So often as this light I've seen,
No sights like these I've ever seen.

Perhaps some Savage Tribe, long gone,
Lived here, their dwellings dark and low;
Where the red man - here his strong hold -
His forts, and there his warriors -

To satisfy their hearts desire,
 Have sacrificed, to stake and fire,
 Some worthless, low and tyrant,
 Which fallen in their hands, by fate,
 Or like brave Crawford, overcome,
 At last had yielded to their doom:
 And here, on this uncanny ground,
 With hosts of savage captives round,
 With not a friend, "A pale face" near,
 In their behalf to interpose—
 Have in this strange, played a part,
 And met death's hurried, fiery dart,
 With all the mercy, and anguish,
 That marks a hero, in distress;
 I give not their fate, like Herod's fold—
 Of whom, in ancient lore, was told;—
 And from this spot, this haunted ground,
 Their soul, its heavenward course, hath found.

And this may some "centennial" be,
 To quench the Savage's revelry;
 When I gave, in my life, at the sight,
 Worth put their phantom forms to light;
 The captive soul, reclaimed in brass,
 And "hosts of hell" their cheer given.

July 2nd 1887.

William Alexander Buckley.

A very pretty face, like a very ugly one,
 will generally attract attention, it may
 induce favor, and may even inspire love;
 but without other and more ennobling
 and endearing qualities of mind and
 heart it cannot obtain either, and
 can never command respect or win
 friendship, that true and blessed boon to all
 human happiness.

July 5th
 1887.

When I'm No More.

When I am dead! When I am dead!
 (Great God, receive me when I die.)
 When the cold earth, is all my bed,
 When in its cold embrace I lie,
 Unmolested by tears around me shed,
 Unmolested by all that's passing nigh;
 Who'll guard "my dear ones" and attend,
 Who'll be their helper, and their friend,
 Who'll soothe their grief, and sore distress,
 And pacify their wretchedness?

Who'll weep about my lonely grave?
 Who'll shed for me, true friendships' tears?
 Who'll in the hearts recur, save,
 The smallest niche, and place me there?
 Who'll decorate mine humble grave,
 With flowers fresh, from year to year?
 Will friends be grieved, when thus I lie,
 And recollect me with a sigh,
 And visit often, where I lay,
 To charm death's dismal gloom away?

Shall I lie slumbering, lonely there,
 My form consumed, by slow decay;
 With no kind, friendly face near,
 To sometimes visit where I lay,
 Who'd breathe a sigh, and drop a tear,
 And love me, in that doleful day?
 My spirit glad, such friend would grieve;
 Who'd meet me in communion sweet;
 Condone my faults, and praise my worth,
 And bless the hour, that gave me birth.

(over)

Jan. 1886

So may I live, that when I die,
 No lips will blush, to speak my name;
 And none there is, beneath the sky,
 Have aught, or care, my life to blame.
 May all comment where thus I lie,
 Be cut from lips, that love my name.
 'T would be a bliss, in life below,
 Could I such things as these, but know,
 That when I die, death's wish is true,
 I'll live, in love's sweet memory.
 Feb 27th 1888. W.A.B.

All For Love!

The Eagle soars to heights above ~~the sky~~ ^{up the sky}!
 Amid the clouds that ~~sweep~~ ^{drift} on high!
 But man! Poor man! on wings of Love,
 Can soar amid the worlds on high.

Can scale the heights, of space and time;
 Far out beyond, to realms of bliss;
 Can mount on wings of thought sublime;
 To bright, and better worlds than this.

Can soar beyond, to worlds unknown!
 To fancy's fair and magic land;
 Then, in imagination's home;
 Bow down to Love, at her command.

For Love, inspires a loftier theme,
 Than sages speak, or poets sing;
 On which poor man, in love's sweet dream,
 Can cleave the sky, on clouded wings.

Sept. 30th 1888.

W.A.B.

What is Life?

What is life? 'tis but a vapor;
What is death? Oh! who can say?
Life is but a flickering taper;
Death, but claws an endless day.

Call to mind the forms of manhood,
Early called to pass away;
Think upon the gayous girlhood;
Called, a little, in one brief day.

Ere, the frosts of time had nipped them;
Ere, the blossoms fully blown;
Ere, the sweets of life, they'd sipped there;
Ere, the forms were fully grown.

Ere, the buoyant hopes of Purity;
Ere, the grand resolves of Pride;
Unaccomplished! All but duty.
Thus, Alas! have many died.

Forms, that loving hands have tended;
Watched them grow, from day to day;
Fondlest Love with fate is blended:
Born to bud, and then decay.

Keep fond hearts, a son and brother—
Soothe thy grief, with copious weeping.
In this life, there is no other—
None to thee, like him that's sleeping.

Life, is but a tender floweret;
Crushed, beneath the spoiler's hand.
Death, Alas! No foe can cover it;
His dominions firmly stand.

over

Life, in every age and station,
Floats upon the vapory air;
Death in every age and nation,
Claims, and conquers, everywhere.

Forms and faces fondly cherished,
Soon, or late, must pass away;
Children, parents fondly nourished;
Youth, and beauty, all decay.

Such is life; the boon that's given,
While we briefly sojourn here.
After death—the glorious Heaven—
Cloudless day, without a tear.

Traveler, through this vale of sorrow!
Think on life as one brief day;
In, there dawns another morrow,
Death, may claim us, for his prey.

Life is like ^{April} ~~an unclouded~~ morning;
Seen beneath a sunniness sky.
Storms arise without a warning;
Brightest hopes are doomed to lie.

What is life? 'Tis but a vapor;
What is death? Ah! who can say?
Life is but the flickering taper;
Death, is but the coming day.

"Brushy Park"
Nov 28th 1887, Va.

W. A. Buckley

One by one, we pass away;
Sail the silent River.
One by one, our spirits stray,
Back, unto their Giver.

Dec. 1887

Our Darling Ones Asleep.

All hushed and quiet, is our home at night;
When our little ones go to rest:
To rise in the morning at coming of light:-
But now they are tucked in their nests;
Dreaming their dreams, in their childish way;
Visions of toys, and childish play.
Tired of toddling around all day,
Beautiful, happy, and peaceful they lay.
Our Darling ones at rest!!

From our fireside at night, how we miss the dear boys,
None but a fond parent can know.
When tired and sleepy they hush their glad ^{noises},
And off to their sleep sweetly go;
With a "Happy good-night! Pleasant dreams to you ma!
Good-night to you too! Happy dreams to you Pa!
Rock brother to sleep, and don't let him cry:
"Am going to sleep, like a darling good boy!"
Then unto repose, with a feeling of joy,
Our darling ones go to rest.

And now to our flock, a fair daughter has come;
As fair as the lillies pure bloom!
A bright little Angel, to gladden our home,
And sweeten our moments of gloom.
A sweet little fairy, as ever did roam,
Thy fair fields of Byby-land whence babies come,
Whether brought by the Storks from her far-away home,
Or wafted by Angels from Heaven's high dome,
Thy now in our midst, and we welcome her home;
The fairest, sweetest, the dearest, and best.

How blissfully pure, is a child's sweet repose,
When he peacefully sleeps on his low crumpled bed:
His dreams are the dreams that no older one knows;
Contented and happy - his Prayers he hath said.

They far to the beauty of dreamland they stray,
When all about them is brilliant and gay;
When e'er a gloomy or dark cloudy day,
Beddings the bright sun, or even shadows of day,
Of our darling ones at rest.
Oct. 1883

What Makes our Darling Moan?

My darling baby, none can tell,
Why many aches, and pains you feel;
The heavy sigh - thine bosom's swell,
As slumbers o'er thy spirit steal.

Why is it, that you fret and moan?
Why is it, that you cannot rest?
What makes our darling baby groan?
So soothe thee, we have done our best.

What is it, ails the darling boy?
Why is an infant so distressed?
The father, prize - the mother's joy -
So often to their hearts they're pressed!

Sleep! fairest Angel - do not dream;
May quiet sleep thy health restore;
And when the morning rays doth beam,
May pain disturb thy sleep no more.
Feb. 1884.

Note: The foregoing piece was composed and written
one night, while watching by the sick bed of
our third son, Norman, at that time less than
two years of age, who was critically ill with
pneumonia in both lungs. That night seemed
to be the turning point with the disease; in the morning
he seemed better, and gradually improved until restored
to health. H.A.B. Mar 24th 1884

In Memory of Misses Mary & Lizzie Larkin

Behold the home where happiness sits on her throne to-day
And think that some loved member there, so soon,
~~As soon~~ must pass away.

The aged ones, whose nurturing care,
Have brought those loved ones there;
— Will soon be saddened — But, Alas!
How little do they fear;
For all is peace, and plenty now,
And this is the New Year!
And youth, and innocence, and age,
Bask in the "glad cheer"

Alas! Alas! the "monster" comes;
With fixed and certain doom!
And sad news soon will ring out the alarm;
In this bright, happy, home.
For there live sisters, bright and fair;
In health, and youth, and bloom;
Will soon be called from friends and earth,
To ~~a home beyond the silent tomb.~~

The first approach, or warning given;
Was in diphtheria's form.
It strikes at once with fatal force;
(A source for true alarm)
And all the skill of earth or man,
Cannot avail to save,
These sisters, from the cold embrace,
Of the dark and silent grave.

Moral:

How little thought we, the first fair ones,
Of this beautiful, bright, New Year;
That ere another St. Valentine's goes,
I would measure, their whole career!

Continued!

But such is the fate, of all mortals that are,
To lie down, without trouble or care;
And give on the morrow, to meet the sad fate,
That nature has taught us to fear!
Then unto the Giver of mercies appear,
For comfort, and strength, in this strife:
For sorrows; await us, anon we perceive,
As death, awaits, every life!
Feb. 1882.

The foregoing was written immediately
after the death of the young ladies mentioned,
which sad event occurred at the home of the
venerable Henry C. Haistler, their great
uncle, when they had been adopted as
members of this family. They were stricken
with that dread disease, diphtheria, and
died within a week, and both within
the same 24 hours. Mar. 1871. W.H.B.

A Prayer! A Supplication!

Great God, in thy fashion; Look down with compassion,
On these; our dear Children; soon gone!
May health, and thy blessing; with nothing distressing;
Attend them in life's every zone.
Sill, aged and hoary; and spinning with Glory;
They await on the beautiful Shore!
For Thine invitations, to enter Thy Station;
And dwell with Thee there forevermore.
Then, gladly, they'd fly; to the realms of the Sky;
To Heaven; Thy Home; far above!
Where sadness, and sorrow; nor dread of the morrow,
Could enter the home of their love!

Bushy Park.
Dec. 13th 1884.

Come, Woo Me Sleep!

Come loving sleep, with fond care!
Come, touch me with thy tenderness;
Come fold me in thy mild embrace;
And smooth my ruffled pillow!
Come, give to me that sweet repose!
Such as the peaceful Infant knows,
Before tormenting worldly woes,
Have torned them on life's billow.

Do come! O wondrous, blissful sleep!
Come, and my weary senses steep,
In that oblivion, dark and deep,
Faded peaceful, sweet repose.
Come; rest my weary, throbbing brain!
Necessant thought brings clearer pain!
Come, like me to the fold again!
Obliterate my woes!

Thou, would I, woo thee, to mine aid;
Thou, clasp me, in this sombre shade;
Till, all the scenes around me played,
These scenes of Syrian beauty.
Thou, in thine own sweet lullaby,
(Beneath "Italian, lilted" sky)
My weary limbs, might rockabye,
Unmanned, by sense of duty.
1890.

What a true home
Is a place that is blent
Where the loved ones may gather
And the weary may rest.

March 12th 1896

G. J. Buckley.

Adieu, Bright Sun!

Bright, setting sun, farewell! farewell!
For this might be forever.
None know what turns the tides may take;
None know what storms may fiercely break,
By life's uncertain River.
Where my frail bark might spring a leak;
Or, dash upon some hidden rock,
Known, only, to life's River.

Farewell, bright orb! Again, farewell!
Till I, again behold thee!
And should the harpest come at last;
And should I go before thy blast;
And should this setting be my last,
May Angels arms, unfold me;
When I, no more, this earth shall roam,
Take me to my Father's Home,
Where daily sunbeams do not come.
May dear ones there, behold me!

In Memory of Gertrude.

Dear, Gertrude, was the earthly name,
The little soul was given.
Too fair for earth, the Angels came,
And escorted her to Heaven.

April, 1896.

In Memory of Carroll.

Dear Carroll, after weary years,
Of hopes and toil, and doubt and fears,
When earth, no more can cause us pain,
We hope to see thy face again,
In Heaven.

When Our Dear Ones Go To Rest.

All hushed and quiet is our home at night,
 When our little ones go to rest;
 To rise in the morning, at coming of light,
 But now they are tucked in their nest:
 Dreaming their dreams, in their childish way,
 Visions of toys and childish play;—
 Tired of toddling around all day,
 Beautiful, happy and peaceful, they lay,—
 Our Darling Ones at rest.

From our fireside at night, how we miss the dear boys,
 None but a fond Parent can know.
 When tired and sleepy, they hush their glad noise,
 And off to their sleep, sweetly go,
 With: "A Happy goodnight, Pleasant dreams to you Ma."
 "Goodnight to you Pa: ~~Pleasant~~ Pleasant dreams to you Pa."
 "Rock brother to sleep, and don't let him cry,"—
 "Now going to sleep, like a darling good boy."
 Then unto repose, with a feeling of joy,
 Our Darling Ones go to rest.

And now to our flock a fair daughter has come;
 As fair as the lilies that bloom!
 A bright little Angel, to gladden our home,
 And sweeten our moments of gloom.
 A sweet little fairy, as ever did roam,
 The fair fields of baby-land—where babies come.—
 Whether brought by the Storks, from her far-away home,
 Or wafted by Angels, from Heaven's high dome,
 She's now in our midst, and we welcome her home,—
 The sweetest, the dearest, and best.

To Rest.

at night,
light,
is best:
oldish way.
ay; -
ay; -
ay; -

How blissfully pure, is a child's sweet repose,
When he peacefully sleeps on his low crumpled bed?
His dreams are the dreams that an older one knows!
Contented, and happy; - his Prayers he hath said.
How far to the brightlets of dreamland, they stray;
Where all about them is brilliant and gay;
Where never a gloomy or dark cloudy day,
Bedims the bright sun, or even shadows ~~at~~ sky.
Of our Darling thus at rest. . .

miss the dear
in glad noise,
dreams to you
me to you. Pa.
him cry, -
good boy.
joy.
has come;
our home,
gloom.
baby's come -
far away home,
high clouds,
come her home, -
best.

Retrospective

All my hopes and ambitions have flown with my youth,
And nought now remains, but the years;
And this I am saying, is truth, simple truth;
As I wade down the "Valley of Tears".

In youth's early manhood, I hungered for Fame,
While "Fortune" proved only a fool.
I longed to do something to make me a name;
Content; tho my fortune was bad.

I lived amid the clouds, fully half of my life;
Indulging, sweet dreams of Romance.
I pictured, I'd marry an Ideal wife,
If ever I had half a chance.

I loved rural Nature, and rough, rugged wilds;
- The Solitude found in a Glen;
Away from the Money-Mad, devilish quiles,
Of "Practical", "Business", men.

Now, to wander alone, in some wild, winter wood,
Where the storm winds are sullenly sighing,
Seems a spirit, ailing, to pry own winter mood,
As my hopes, with the old year, are dying.
December, 1907.

New Year. 1884.

Behold! another New Year's here;
Which bids us hope for future thrift:
And passing through the coming year,
Appreciate the Father's gift.

Should it not be our hearts desire,
Take it; whatever it may be,
And nurse it by that hibernian fire,
Which only faith in Hope can see.

If only honest labor given.
If wealth should not in windfalls come!
While trusting for eternal Heaven,
Appreciate the present home.

How many in the present world,
Are doomed to beg and daily roam;
Who, ever and anon, are whirled,
From place to place, without a home.

Could they but half our comforts share,
(The smaller half, we would not miss)
They'd think no other ~~land~~ ^{land} so fair;
—No other world so good as this!

Then should we not, with gratitude,
Embrace the present as it goes?
And deem ourselves, most blest indeed,
That we have none but trifling woes.

There's many in our midst path seen,
The many sorrows death doth bring;
For in their many homes hath been,
The mighty terror, Death, the King!

New Year continued.

A Happy New Year to us all!
May time our mortal sorrows heal!
And when we hear the 'final call',
Be then prepared. - no fears to feel,
Jan. 1st 1884. W.A.B.

Disappointment.

Like one forsaken, and alone,
On some deserted, desert shore;
I wander, for this dreary year,
And sigh, and sigh, for evermore.
My life has been a dismal blank,
Of every earnest, great desire;
And chills of disappointment, rank,
Consume within, like smouldering fire.
I'm tired, about by every tide,
Of that trait against the rugged shore,
Like some frail bark that's moved aside,
To rot, and rot, for evermore.
Though outward, calm, has seemed to me,
The equipage of daily life,
I know, myself, I've been the tool,
Of daily cares, and petty strife.
My life has been a mocking lie,
When pyrites have lighted up my brow;
So deep within, there dwelt a sigh,
Where dwells a million, in me, now.
Thursday Evening, Mar. 24th 1897.
Written in bed, when sick.

To Miss Cobb, * Washington D.C.
Oh sweet little girl - oh dear little girl!
With the shining chestnut hair; { a curl!
Wont you give me a kiss! wont you give me
My sweet little maid so fair!
* A little Miss of 8 or 9, whom I met ~~just~~
to day at Manassas. July 20th 1901.

To A Kildee:
Thou nest, the humor, had suddenly torn!

Poor little Kildee bird! sad and forlorn;
Truly thou art! since thy nest's suddenly torn.
Torn from the bed, where thou placed it with care.
Source of thy grief and unceasing despair!

All the deep sorrow thou feel at thy loss:
All the great burden that comes of thy cross;
All thy poor grief and thy dismal wailing;
Make thee to murmur thy sad wail delay.

All the shrill notes of thy motherly song;
All the fond hopes thou hast cherished so long;
All the bright future that charmed thee for aye;
All, have been dashed to the winds in a day!

Truly, thy labors now, thou art lonely, forlorn and distressed;
All on account of thy poor little nest.
Each little twitter and pitiful note,
Sounds like a wail from some mother-bird's throat.

Truly, thy labors for once, are in vain;
All thy great care has resulted in pain:
Man, in his reckless, unmerciful sway,
Crushed thy rude nest, and thine eggs, swept away.

Would I could aid thee! Poor bird, in thy grief:
Sadly, I'd give thee the welcome relief:
Build thee thy nest and thine eggs, I'd restore,
And make thee light hearted and happy once more.
May, 1895. W. A. B.

A Valentine. No. 1.

Could I but tell; could you but know;
The ardent fires that in me glow;
The raging, melting, passion!
You'd take me for your Valentine;
And you, Fair Lady, should be mine,
In truest, old time fashion.

A Valentine. No. 2.

When first, Fair Nature, formed her plan,
It was a goodly one!
That when she had created man,
She then made lovely woman!

A Valentine. No. 3.

Of all the good and glorious things,
The Cupids, bid me do;
The happiest, and the best of all,
Is making love to you.

A Valentine. No. 4.

Sometimes I have the sweetest pain,
Just round about my heart;
I know in vain; it will remain;
It must be Cupid's dart!

Feb. 10th 1902.

long:
suddenly long.
it with care.
despair!
thy loss:
cross:
disway;
delay.
song:
at long:
thee, for days;
in a day!
and distorted;
note,
the birds throat.
in;
pains:
way,
eggs, swept away.
in the grief:
relief:
I, I restore,
Happy me more.
H.A.B.

To Mother: In Heaven!

O Mother! from your home on high,
Can you look down on me below?
And view the toilsome hours go by;
The weary days, and weeks, full slow.
And Mother! can you number each day,
Each righteous deed - each deed astray?
O bring: - your son: - your only child;
For whom you gave your life on earth.
And Mother! can you know each pain,
The throbbing pulse - the burning brain,
Of this same son: Your Child on earth;
To whom your mortal life, gave birth.

And have the bitter tears and sighs,
Been known to you, Dear Mother?
And have you watched me from the skies,
And guarded me, My Mother?
Faintly I've felt some kindly touch,
So high and Heaven-born sweetness:
And, Oh! if here, it could be such,
It was your Spirit's greatness.
And, Mother! if it came, or go, from your
Bright Home, in Heaven,
Look down on me, as I lie here below,
Toil-worn - oppressed - Home-driven!
And cheer me with your Spirit's rays -
Your Mother's reassurance;
And bring more sunshine to my days -
More strength to my endurance.

On earth, I've missed you, Mother's care,
Your Mother's tender feeling!
I've missed each night and morn, your prayer,
I've missed your sweet, lips sealing.

Autographs!

Oh give to me, some friendly sighs,
For dear remembrance sake;
If on these lines, your beaming eyes,
Their course should ever take.
Much more than uttered words I'd prize
So often lightly spoken;
For when the heart sincerely sighs,
His friend-ships truest - *W.H.B. Mar - 1884.*

As through the world we wend our way,
And meet with clouds and crosses;
Look, ever to the coming day,
Look, never to the losses.
Let Faith, and Hope, our "motto" be,
Leave doubt, and fear, behind us;
And life will prove a tranquil sea,
And Happiness will find us. *Sept 27th 1887.*

Floating on life's river, as we ride:
Swiftly down the current, as we glide:
Let us sing with merry glee,
Let our hearts be light and free,
For tomorrow, we may be
Beneath the tide. *Sept 29th 1887.*

When fortune smiles, our friends abound,
Like dew on pointed blade;
But when she "frowns," they're seldom found,
"Such friends" with fortune, often fade:
And many a heart, hath sorely fled,
For trailing where such friends have led. *Nov 6th 1887.*

Let friends be glad, when friends they meet,
And with a friendly welcome greet;
Be kind, and courteous, and discreet;
Be frank, and open - *Sept 1887.*

Autographs!

What thoughts combine? what scenes returned
And linger in thy mind forever?
What makes thee wear a face so fair,
As if sore trials crossed thee never?
Thy thoughts must be, sweet ones,
Which trials cannot sever. Sept 25th 1887.

Written beneath the picture of a woman
very pleasant looking

Beneath this little floweret,
I'll only write my name;
As many other friends have yet,
Elsewhere to do the same. Sept 26th 1887.

Written beneath a floweret

Could eye of pleasure, drink our fill,
As this "old lady" does of water;
Then find a shade, on some high hill,
In company, with some-one's daughter.
There find repose, and rest, like she;
Contentment, all our needs supplying;
This world, a Paradise would be,
All other thoughts and themes defying. Sept. 1887.

Written beneath the picture of a young lady from a shady spot.

When'er this little book you read,
If this same page you see;
When on these lines you cast a look,
Kind friend "Remember me."
And should my lot be lone or sad,
As some day it may be,
May thinking this, thee make me glad;
"That I've a friend, is this."

Sept 19th 1886.

On days to come—in future age—
Should you be scanning o'er these pages;
Remember me! by some small token;
By some kind word, or word I've spoken;
And should I rest, beneath the sod;
Kind friend, "Remember me" to God!

Autographs!

When storms around thy path arise,
And darkest clouds obscure thy skies,
Be calm, self poised, and staid:
For those dark clouds will pass away,
And time, will bring a brighter day;
Thy fears, then, be allayed
For happiness will come at last,
When thou canst smile at dangers past.
Be strong; be undismayed!

Apr. 18th 1886

Dear Sister; when these lines you see,
A brother's hand hath wrote;
May thy dear love, go out to me,
Whether I live or not.
If fate should lead our paths apart,
And I should chance to roam;
I long to live, within your heart,
As in my childhood home.

Dec. 1883

For A Sister:

Allow me in this book ascribe,
A sister's fond affection;
For all from thee, I cloth imbibe,
In love, and love's reflection.

Dec. 1883

To Miss Cobb, Washington, D.C.
Oh, sweet little girl: oh, dear little girl,
With the shining chestnut hair;
Wont you give me a kiss? wont you give me a curl?
My sweet little maid, so fair!
And I'll give you a rhyme, just to pass the time;
While the hours so swiftly fly.
And this, you may keep, when, perhaps, I shall sleep,
In the home, where my father lies.
* A little miss of 8 or 9. An accidental acquaintance.

Willelmina's Sister
A. W. W.

Autographs!

arise,
thy skin,
et al:
away,
er day;
last,
angers first.
d!

you see,
e;
to me,
at the affair
o'ram;
heart;
w.

ribe,
ibite,
w.

Livingston, D.C.
the girl.
hair;
as give me a curl!
ir.
it to have the time;
as, I shall sleep,
lie.
al acquaintance.

Written in my sister's
Album,
H. B. C.

To thee, my wife, mine early bride!
Would I these memory lines inscribe:
And truly, and sincerely hope;
That, through the many years to come,
Whatever else befall,
Your future lot, in weal, or woe,
Be ever at my side.
Mingled with tenderness,
New pleasures to discover;
And be in age, as I am now,
Your husband and your love!
When hoary hairs bedeck the brow,
When cluster faintest single hairs,
Be mine, the duty to perform,
Though youth be fled, the motive warm;
That I, the "Prince of husbands" prove,
My guardian Angel, Thine my love!
Dec. 16th 1883.

Written in my wife's Album,
in Dec. 1883. H. B. C.

To Ella:
Had I but the favor, of Fortune or fame,
Would gossiping come at my call.
On Glory's bright pages could I write
my name;
Thy Friendship I'd prize above all.
But, since thy dear Friendship
I have, and not, thus,
Comparisons, idle, appear;
And when I am done with this world,
Pray, put you please,
Pray, honor me then, with a tear.
Buffy Park, Va. Aug. 3rd, 1891.

When friends are few, remember me,
And I will aye, remember thee!
November 6th 1887

Copy of Will of J. H. Buckley. (3)

In the name of God, Amen, I, J. H. Buckley of the County of Prince William, and state of Virginia, being of sound mind and memory do make and publish, this, my last will and testament;

Item First—After the payment of all my just debts and funeral expenses, I give and bequeath to my beloved wife, Mary Elizabeth Buckley all of my household and kitchen furniture (except the organ which belongs to my daughter, — Alma Thomas), also, every thing in the meat house, and all the money that I may have in cash, or in bank at the time of my death, and all bonds that I may then have, also the buggy & harness and one horse and two cows to be selected by her, together with one third of all the remaining personal property. The other two thirds of the personal property to be equally divided between my son William Alexander Buckley, and my ~~son~~ daughter, Alma Thomas.

Item Second—I devise to my said wife during her natural life the following real estate with the buildings thereon — All the land on the north side of Catamount Run, also all the land on the south side of

Catamount-Run, commencing at the ford below the barn and running with the road leading to the County road near Donohoe's land all the land on the west of this road with all the road land on the south of the county road running down to Lick Branch. Also the Donohoe land containing Twenty six acres more or less.

At the death of my said wife I give and devise the said real estate to my said daughter Alina Thomas, except the Donohoe tract containing 26 acres, which I devise to my son William Alexander Buckley, trustee as herein after set out.

Item Third - I give and devise to my said son William Alexander Buckley, as trustee for the use, benefit and support of himself, his wife and his children, and at his death to be equally divided among his children, the following real estate, to wit: All the land on the south side of Catamount Run commencing at a Mallberry tree near the mill, this line is to run on the east side of said road far enough for the division fence to run on the east side of said road running with the road leading to the county road, thence down the county road to Matthews corner, thence to Catamount

below Run, and thence up the said run to the
ading beginning, or running, however, half of all
the acre at the entering place below the barn
house on the ^{south} side of Batamout-Run,
moreover Item Fourth - out of the one third interest-
land is my personal property which I bequeathed
is. to my son, William Alexander Buckley, under
and Item one of this will, I direct - that - there
daughter shall be deducted the sum of Four Hundred
con- and six dollars and sixty one cents, without
son interest, which said sum is to be equally
is divided between my said wife Mary E. Buckley
and my said daughter Alma Thomas; this
said sum being the amount which I have paid
interest for my said son W. A. Buckley.
will, Item Fifth - Whatever fowls that there may be on
is the place at the time of my death, I desire
is my said wife to have.
will; Item Sixth - I do hereby constitute and appoint
amount my said wife Mary Elizabeth Buckley executrix
- near of this my last will and testament with full
outside power to employ an advisor, who shall be paid
from out of my estate, and request that the
local Court require no security of her.
county
to
out.

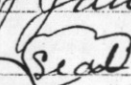
signed: J. H. Buckley real

signed sealed published and declared by
J. W. Buckley, in our presence, as his last will
and testament; who at his request; and in his
presence and in the presence of each other
have witnessed the same

Signed: E. E. Meredith
Codicil, J. B. J. Thomson

I desire to make the following change in the
within will as follows: I desire my son W. A.
Buckley to have whatever sum he may be owing
me at the time of my death, without any
charge being made against him for the
same. And the personal property that I may
leave at the time of my death (outside of what
I have given my wife in this will) to be equally
divided between my said son W. A. Buckley, my
daughter Mrs. Alice Thomas & my wife Mary
E. Buckley, equally between the three.

Witness my hand & seal this 7th day of Jan
1901.

Signed: J. W. Buckley 

Signed, sealed and declared as + for his last
will & testament before us, who at his request
and in his presence have signed our names
as witnesses thereto.

Signed:

Jan. 7 - 1901

J. B. J. Thomson
J. Grady Davis

1181 281 7 mps 7781 7 mps 3 (4)

Thernton Allen's Act
1872 7 mps 7 mps 7 mps

To Team one day Milling 2.00
Feb 20 1/2 Bushel ears corn .25

To Team Milling 1/2 Day .50

Feb. 24th Cr Cr

By 5 3/4 Days work beginning
Feb. 19th & ending 24th 50 p 2.80

Feb 24th To 1 3/4 lbs Bacon 1.35

" 21st To Milling 1/2 day .50

" 27th 28 By 1/2 Days work to sep .75

" 29 To 1/2 Bushel ears corn .15

Mar 13th To Team Milling 1/2 Day .50

Commenced cutting rails Monday
February 12th - 20th

Commenced Splitting Wed. 21st 34

Also Thursday 22nd 314

" Friday 23rd 423

" Saturday 24th 300

" 1/2 Wednesday 28th 200

Thurs Mar 29 28

Calves

Star had her calf June 15th 1882

White cow Kate had hers 17th

Bossey had hers 25th

Feb 8th 1883 had one lamb each 18
out of which 7 have died 7 6

John Cowell. Act 4th

Moved in Sept 16th

On Sept 23rd By 1/2 Days work 3 7/2

24th " " " by himself 75

" " 1/2 " " Father 3 7/2

Sept 26 " 1 Days work by John 1 75

" " " 1 do do by his Father 75

Took of Mr. Manohie Skilman
(26) Twenty six sheep to winter on
Shears. To have half the lamb
& wool. Responsible for the old
stock provided they should be
lost through any possible neg-
lect of ours.

November 1872.

Wm. A. Buck

Bushy Park 1873

Nelson Cowell Act

May 27th to 29th By 2 1/2 days work @ 50^{ts} 1.25

" 30th By Shearing nine Sheep @ 6^{ts} 54

June 9th to 10th By Nelson two Days @ 25^{ts} 50

" 11th By " 1/2 Day @ 25^{ts} p. d. 1 3/4

" By Nelson 2 days @ " 50

July 25th By Nelson 1/2 Day @ " 1 2 1/2

" By 1/2 Day himself Thrashing 3 7/2

Aug 8th By 1/2 " " at Patties 3 7/2

Sept. By 4 Days by Nelson @ 25^{ts} 1.00

15th to 16th By 2 " " 50

" By 5 Days by Nelson @ 25^{ts} 1.25

" By cutting corn Days @ 75^{ts} 2.25

" By Nelson cutting corn one day 75

Oct. 1st to 2nd By Nelson one & half days @ 50^{ts} 75

3rd By one day by Nelson 25

4th By Same 25

" By Nelson 5 Days @ 25^{ts} 1.25

" By Nelson 4 1/2 Days @ 25^{ts} 1 1 1/4

" 30th By one day at the Lyons 75

\$13.97 1/2

Nelson Carrell Cr

Act brought over 13.91 1/2
Nov 11th By one Day Raising 75
26th By pulling 24th Shocks corn 2.0
27th By Nelson 1/2 Day .12 1/2
28th By two Days by Nelson .50
ec 2nd By pulling 22 Shocks corn 5 1.20
31st By " 29 " " 1.45
By Nelson one day .25

September 1868

R. W. Kaistip Cr
By 1/2 Days work on house
1.50 1st per Day 2.25
J. M. Kaistip
By 3 3/4 Days 1.25 per Day 4.68 3/4
John Klingerland
By 3 3/4 Days @ 1.00 per Day 3.75
Dr

To one calf \$7.50
1868 To 25 Bush oats @ 9 1/2 2.25

Cr

By Cash 7.00
By Balance on repairs of wagon .25
Dr

To 25 white oak

Post @ 10 cts per piece 2.50

19.25
17.93 3/4
17.31 1/4
\$1.31
17.93 3/4

1863 Mrs Frances Brainer Dr
 A Fifty cents loaned .50
 May 28th To One Bushel Potatoes 3.00
 1866 To Season Two mares one
 barrel corn each @ 4⁰⁰ per bu 8.00
 2 " To 3 1/2 Days Cradling By Nick 7.00
 2 To Five Dollars Cash 5.00
 " 1867 To Season Two mares one
 4 barrel corn each @ 4⁰⁰ per bu 8.00
 "

1861 C. C. Marsteller Dr
 Dec 3rd To 2 Days washing 15^{cts} per day 1.50
 " 11th To 2 Days " " 1.50
 " 16th To 1 Day " " .75

May 18th 1862

To 1/2 Bushel potatoes 2.25
 Sept. To 4 Dol. Cash 4.00
 To one bu hivi 5.00

1866 To Season Two mares
 one 4⁰⁰ corn each @ 4⁰⁰ per bu 8.00
 1867 To Season 1 mare 1 bu corn 4.00
 To Roding cow 3 1/2 months @ 1.50 per m 5.25
 Cr By nineteen Thoske Fodder 8⁵ per bu 1.57 1/2

Sept 1868
 Mr R. H. Haislip's Act.
 Cr By 1 1/2 Days work on house
 by himself @ 1.50 per day 2.25
 By 3 3/4 Days by Brother 5.62 1/2
 By 3 3/4 Days by John Plinger
 @ 1.25 4.68 3/4

Dr.

To One calf 7.00
 1868 To 25 bushels Oats,
 @ 37^{cts} per Bus 9.25
 Cr

By Cash 7.00
 By Balance on repairs of wagon 25
 Dr

To Twenty five white
 oak Post @ 10^{cts} 2.50
 1873 Cr

~~Nov 30~~ By one day of ~~work~~
 Nov 29th To Cash 1.00

By one day

1872 Johna Cavell Act
 With A. J. M. Mullin
 Moved in house Sept 14th
 Oct. 5th To 1 2/3 barrells corn @ 25^{cts} 37.50
 Nov. To 1 Tub corn 83
 " To one bushel corn 50
 Dec To 5 shaks fodder @ 10^{cts} 50
~~" To the mails omitted on Oct 1st 20~~
 31st To 3 1/2 Months rent @ 25^{cts} per m. 8.75
14.75

Or

Sept 23rd By one half day. 3 1/2
 " 24th By one day 75
 " 26th By " do 75
 Oct. 5th By Coach 5.00
 Nov. By one Day pulling corn 75
 Dec 31st By one half Day butchering 3 1/2
 1873 Oct 28th By 1 Day 75
 " 30th By one day 75
 " 31st By one half day 3 1/2
 Nov 3rd By one day 75
 " 14th By one day 75

11.37 1/2
 1475
 1382 1/2
 92 1/2
 John Ewells Act from back page

Dec By 11.37 1/2
 " By pulling 35 Shocks cord 75
 " By One day 50
 " By 2 1/2 hours as usual 20
 " By One day 50
 " By one half day killing hags 25

Bushy Park Va
 1873. George Riley To Act.
 Jan. P. At
 " To one pair Socks .40
 " To Mending Boots .15
 " To patching fine Boot .10
 " To Mending Boots 1.00
 Feb To one Hat 1.75
 Mar 9th To fifty cents cash .50
 " To one pr. gloves of Mr. Haislip .00
 Apr 9th-12th To 3 1/2 Days @ 50 1.75
 May To Order to Mr. Lofor Shoe 2.50
 " 31st To Cash 1.00
 June 9th & 10th To 2 Days on road 1.00
 July 4th To Cash 1.00
 " 5th To Cash 2.00
 Aug. 4th To 10 lbs wool @ 30 3.00
 " 7th To Wash 1.00
 " To one half day 20
 14th To 2 Days @ 40 80
 27th To 7 1/2 " @ 40 3.00
 Aug. 26th To one Hat 2.00
 " To 6 1/2 lbs Hickory cotton 20 1.20

Bushy Park
Harriet Alune Oct

Jan 1873 Dr D.D.

To Mending shoe for Mollie .40

To Mending shoe for Malissa .50

To one bushel corn in ear .30

April 1874 To 100 Fish 1/2 per piece 1.50

George Riley Sr Dr 1873
To Note To Mrs Donohoe 15.00
To Cash 9.50

Bushy Park
1873 Nimrod Croft Cr Dr
Oct 28th By one day work .75
Nov. To 1 lb Tobacco 25
" " Cash in full 50

\$75 \$75

Nelson Elliott Cr 1873

Settled up to Oct 2nd
By 3 1/2 Days cutting corn

Dr.

Oct 21st To One half day Team 1.25

" 28th To One Saddle .50

Cr. By one day scaring .75

30th By one day .75

31st By one day .75

Nov 1st By 2 days 1.50

Dr. By one day scaring barn 1.00

Nov Berry Cr 1873

Sept. 30th to Oct 2nd By 2 1/2 days cutting corn

Oct. 28th By one Day, scaring .75

" 30th 31st By Two days @ 75c 1.50

To order from Mr. Sanders 1.50 2.25

To Aunt paid Henry .26

Remainder 1.76 1.75

Settled up to date in full
July 1st 1874

Bushy Park Va

John Ewell Oct Sept 1872

Moved in Sept 16th B. Ct

Cr. Sep. 23rd By 1/2 Days work .37 1/2

" 24th By 1 do do .75

" 26th By 1 do do .75

Oct 3rd Dr

Oct 5th To 1 1/2 bbls corn @ 2500 4.17

Cr Oct 5th By cash 5.00

Nov By 1 Days pulling off corn .75

Nov. 2nd To 1 tub corn 1.00

" To 1 bushel .60

Dec 7th To 5 Chicks fodder 1.50

31st Cr By one half day killing hogs 37 1/2

Mr W. A. Buckley. ^{Thursday} June 6th 1867 (5)
Willie: As I staid home to thin corn
I shall not come before next Thursday or Friday
This morning I started to thin corn but at noon
I had the headache and a bad cold besides
so I was obliged to leave off. I think you ought to have
heard Mr. R. out. I am to go to the
holiday. I don't think I shall come
Monday no how, though I want thin corn
The reason why I want Monday holiday is
because at Wednesday I will try to get up

with you in grammar, or gramare as Mr.
Pete calls it by learning at home. I suppose
Mr Rice was opposed to you turning him
out, but why cant he go to see the ladies
Monday. If you did write for fun, I was glad
to receive your letter, for it put me in the possession
of a good deal of ~~transformation~~^{tion} of the affair, and the
reason why you gave up. I wanted to learn the
particulars of it, ~~as~~ for Fannie and Fattie knew
nothing about it. I expect I shall be able to
thin corn tomorrow. Yours &c. F. Douglass. W.C.

This indenture made and
entered into this first day of
Jan. 1873 Between Wm. A. Buckley
of the first part and Geo. Riley
Sr. of the second part both of the

State of Va. wherein the said
Riley of the second part doth bar-
gain and agree to perform faith-
fully & diligently one year labor
on farm or whatever may be directed
by said Buckley for & in consider-
ation of the sum of \$100 one hun-
dred and Ten Dollars. Due on first
~~day of January 1874~~ the said Buckley
to have the said Riley's washing &
mending done. The said Riley being
a minor the said Buckley is by
consent of his Father to pay to ~~the~~
him fifty five Dollars of the above
earned wages, his Father

George Riley Jr is to receive the
balance.

In witness whereof and for the
performance of these ~~articles~~ above
obligations we hereunto set our
hands and seals the day and
date above mentioned.

Wm. A. Baucke Seal
George Riley Jr Seal
in each

(9)

Samuel Walter Taylor
EDITOR
THE RIDER & DRIVER
1123 Broadway,
New York.

March 27th 1902

W. A. Buckley Esq
Gainesville Va

Dear Sir: Thank you
for the sporting verses. They
have the ring of the outdoor
air in them and it does one
who is tied down to a desk lots
of good to read them. With best
wishes

Cordially yours

A. W. Taylor

To the Voters of Gainesville District

Being a candidate for Supervisor and soliciting your support, in case you think me suitable for the place, as there was at one time a rumor in circulation that I had withdrawn, and I was also told that it was said I was opposed to bonding the district for road improvement, I think it is in order and only justice to those whose support I ask and also in justice to myself to make my position, my aims, objects and ideas in this connection as plain, as clear and as simple as I can. I do not propose to sail under any false colors or shield myself behind any bulwark of subterfuges as is so often done in the game of politics.

Now for the explanation: Three or four days after the first appearance of my card in THE DEMOCRAT I was passing through Haymarket and in conversation with several gentlemen: one of them remarked that several persons had asked him to be a candidate for Supervisor, whereupon I suggested to him that if he would announce himself at that time I would withdraw in his favor, which proposition he very promptly declined. On my return the same day, in conversation with other gentlemen in Haymarket, identically the same thing occurred again with the same result. Both of these gentlemen are very worthy and competent men in my opinion for the place and I was perfectly sincere in what I proposed. However, they each declined the proposition, saying it would not suit them or something to that effect; assuring me at the same time that they thought I would be a good man for the place. Perhaps this gave rise to the rumor of my withdrawal which was in circulation five or six weeks later when I had gone too far to quietly drop out of line as I might easily have done in the beginning when there was no other card in the papers for this place but mine.

Then comes the bonding business.

On March 15, 1911, I received the following letter which will explain itself and which I think all right and proper under the circumstances. When a man offers himself for a public official position,

I think it is right and good business for the people whose business he proposes to manage for them, to know what his aims and ideas are with regard to that business. Ask the *others* too, please. Not only my opponents, but *all* of them. Give them a chance to "show you." Do not be partial to me in this favor.

Pardon the digression. The letter follows :

WOOLSEY, VA., March 14, 1911.

Mr. W. A. BUCKLEY.

My Dear Sir : You being a candidate for Supervisor, if elected what position would you take in regard to this *good road movement*? Would you be for or against? Also this *bond issue*. Are you for or against it? By answering the above questions same will be regarded as a great favor.

Most respectfully yours,

HOWARD DOWNS,
Haymarket, Va.

R. F. D., No. 1.

To which I replied the day received—March 15, 1911—as follows :

GAINESVILLE, VA., March 15, 1911.

Mr. HOWARD DOWNS, Woolsey, Va.

Dear Sir : Replying to yours of 14th will say : Whether I am elected to serve as Supervisor for this district or not will not change my position on road improvement.

I am most decidedly in favor of improving our roads as fast as possible and practical, and should I be elected Supervisor will endeavor by every means reasonable and consistent with the duties of my position to see that the money expended on our roads is judiciously spent and for work that will be of permanent benefit to the roads. I think our roads are among the most important matters with which the Board of Supervisors have to deal [and certainly the one above all others which most directly affects the life of the farmer and dwellers in the country generally.*]

*The sentence in brackets not in original letter.

2d. You ask : Are you "for" or "against" the bond issue? That depends upon several things. Chief among them is to know before forming a decided opinion the plan, proposition and details proposed by the promoters in connection with the said bond issue ; and how, when and where the money is to be used in case the voters endorse the movement? In this matter, as I at present understand it, I would only be one among the many who would vote upon the issue of bonding the district or not.

I think good roads one of the greatest improvements we can have, provided we can afford it. That is for the people to say.

Now, I think you will understand my position about as well as I do myself, because if the vote was being taken today on bonding I would not vote until I understood the proposition better as I do not believe in rushing into things without knowing what you are doing.

Very truly yours,

W. A. BUCKLEY.

This letter, I suppose, was the cause of the rumor that I was opposed to bonding for road improvement, which was a mistake if it were so understood. It is quite plain, I think. Read it carefully and see if I do not say, "I am most decidedly in favor of improving our roads as fast as possible and practical," &c.

In answer to the bonding question I reply, "That depends upon several things," and go on to name the things.

At that time there had been no published announcement of what was proposed, and I imagine only a few people, comparatively, had any idea of the amount, time, terms or general conditions, and, naturally, most careful people wanted to know more about it before committing themselves unreservedly without even a reasonable opportunity to form an opinion of its practicability.

The first mile of macadam road "along the Carolina" and its cost should serve, I think, to make us look carefully into things before taking too much for granted and rushing.

I, for one, am not so well informed even now as I would like to be or as I intend to be whether I win or lose in election. I read Mr. W. L. Heuser's article on bonding and it was good and plain, and I thought suited me as far it went, but he did not give us any figures to show how much it would probably increase the tax rate per \$100.00.

I will say plainly and frankly that I am in favor of bonding for road improvement—that is, building macadam roads if it can be done without making it burdensome. That is really the only way we can get good roads of lasting character.

In conclusion, I will ask, would you, the voters, the sovereign people of Gainesville district, think me or any other man who would rush into things—important business matters—unguarded and uninformed, taking rumor and lucky chances as their guide, a suitable person to elect as Supervisor for your district? I do not think you would. You are far too wise and intelligent for that. I would most respectfully suggest that the good roads committee of our district give us all the important information possible regarding the bond issue and make it as plain as possible, "so e'en a child can understand'." I believe the best and surest—and it is certainly the right and proper way—to deal with the public in public business. Their business is to take them honestly into the public confidence.

Yours truly,

W. A. BUCKLEY.

I think it is right and good business for the people whose business he proposes to manage for them, to know what his aims and ideas are with regard to that business. Ask the *others* too, please. Not only my opponents, but *all* of them. Give them a chance to "show you." Do not be partial to me in this favor.

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Very truly yours,

W. A. BUCKLEY.

Children :

- 80. i. ANN.¹ 81. ii. MARY. 82. iii. CHRISTINA.
- 83. iv. CATHARINE, m. Oct. 18, 1800, Col. Maynadier, Washington, D. C., as per Mar. Contr., Deed Bk., Alex'a, 2, 55. His son was living in Washington in 1844.
- 84. v. SARAH, m. Gibson 85. vi. ELIZABETH, m. Maynadier.
- + 86. vii. WILLIAM, b. 1775; d. June 19, 1829; m. 1800 (?) Ann Scott.
- 87. viii. RICHARD.
- 88. ix. GUSTAVUS RICHARD ALEXANDER. Dr. Horner stated that Gustavus was heir of the entailed Scotch estate after the death of his uncle Gustavus. He went to Scotland, and broke the entail. He located near Smithland, Ky., where he was killed about 1835 or 1837 in a private encounter. He d. unm. and intest., his heirs at law inheriting his estate. Whether this statement belongs to this Gustavus is doubted by some.

37. ALEXANDER⁶ BROWN (*Richard⁵, Gustavus⁴, Gustavus³, Richard², David¹*), of Prince William county, Va.; b. —; d. Prince William county, 1794; estate appraised May 21, 1794; m. —, HUMPHREY ANN FRANCES (TOY) WHITING, wid. of Henry Whiting, Gloucester county, Va.,* whom she m. Nov. 11, 1762. (K. P. Reg.) She was sister of Elizabeth Toy.

Children :

- + 90. i. HELEN,⁷ b. —; d. —; m. —, Robert Alexander.
 - + 91. ii. MARIA, b. —; d. —; m. —, Lewis Beverley Whiting.
 - 92. iii. CECILIA GUSTAVUS, b. June 11, 1784; d. Apr. 19, 1833; m. (I.) 1805, Matthew Whiting Brooke, son of Edmund, b. Sep. 24, 1778; d. Aug. 18, 1816; will dat. Aug. 16, 1816, pro. P. W. Co., Dec. 3, 1816 (L. 8), names dau. Betsy Whiting; (II.) —, Michael Wallace. (WALLACE 39.)
 - 93. iv. LOUISA RICHARD, b. June 22, 1785; d. Aug. 20, 1818, m. Sep. 11, 1806, John Glassell. (GLASSELL 8, p. 8.)
 - + 94. v. GUSTAVUS RICHARD ALEXANDER, b. 1790; d. 1835; m. —, Caroline Elizabeth Esmanard.
 - 95. vi. SEIGNORA, b. —; d. —; m. (I.) her cos., John Tyler; (II.) Dr. Nelson of Dublin, Ireland.
- Child, 1st mar.—i. Sarah, m. John Bronaugh, Loudon Co. 2d mar.—ii. Lewis Beverley. iii. James E., will, dat. Nov. 19, 1745, pro. P. W. Co., Jan. 5, 1846 (P. 228), leaves all to his sister, Mrs. Carter. iv.

* Mr. Whiting of Gloucester Co., Va., had—

i. Henry, m. Nov. 11, 1762, Humphrey Ann Frances Toy (Kingston Par. Reg., Glouc. Co.); his est. inventoried, P. W. Co., May 2, 1797, by Matthew Whiting and Wm. Skinner; acc. vouched for by the widow, Humphrey Ann Frances Brown. Child.—i. Thomas. ii. Frances, d. Feb. 16, 1807; m. 1786, Alexander Scott. (Scott 7.) iii. Harriet, b. Apr. 7, 1771; B. May 18, 1771 (K. P.); m. Edmund Brooke. iv. Elizabeth, m. Richard B. Alexander, who in 1807 sold his est. in Va. to Gustavus R. A. Brown for £3600 and went West. (v. Mrs. Glassell's Letter.)

ii. Francis, named in will of Matthew.

iii. Matthew of "Snow Hill," d. 1810; m. Feb. 26, 1763, Elizabeth Toy of Glouc. (K. P.) His will, dat. Feb. 6, 1806, pro. P. W. Co., Dec. 4, 1810 (K. 77), names wife Elizabeth, Cecelia G. Brooke, wife of Matthew, and Matthew Whiting Brooke, whom he had educated and patronized (son of Mr. Edmund Brooke), his gr. niece Nancy, eldest dau. of Thomas Ingram. His bro., Francis Whiting, and friend, Edmund Brooke, Ex'rs. Among the items of his est. is: "Dec. 17, to Parson Thompson for funeral discourse, \$20.00. Elizabeth (Toy) Whiting, wid. of Matthew, d. 1811, will dat. Apr. 29, 1811, pro. Aug. 5, 1811 (K. 99), names Cecelia G. Brooke, wife of Matthew W. Brooke; her nieces, Cecelia Beverley W. Toy Ann, dau. of Lewis Beverley W., Eliza Frances Carter, Elizabeth Alexander, wife of Gerard A., Seignora Brown, Sarah Scott, and Maria Whiting, "my dear little Toy Edmonia Brooke, the grand dau. of my sister Brown"; her nephew, Matthew Whiting Brooke, and niece, Martha Lavina Brown. Ex'r, Edmund Brooke. July 3, 1811, est. credited cash paid Parson Thompson for burying, \$5.00. (See PATTON 6.)

Maria Louisa, m. Capt. Winston L. Carter, C. S. A., killed at Williamsburg. Had James; Seignora, m. John White; Frances, m. John Bleight; Stuart Christian, unm.

- 96. vii. MARTHA LAVINIA, d. —; d. s. p.; m. 1812 (?), Major Felix Ansart, U. S. A., d. Portsmouth, N. H., Jan., 1874; son of Col. Louis Ansart, who came from France to America, 1776, and was appointed Col. of Artillery, and Inspector General of the foundries. He engaged in casting cannons in Mass. He had been highly educated in France, and at 14 was a Lieut. in the French Army. He settled at Dracut after the Revolutionary War; m. Catharine Wimble, of Boston; had a large family, of whom Atis Ansart still lives at Dracut. (v. sketch of Col. A., Granite Monthly, IX., p. 49-52.) Felix entered the U. S. A.; was appointed from Mass. 2d Lt. 3d Art., July 2, 1812; 1st Lieut. Oct. 1, 1812, and Oct. 1, 1813, Corps Artillery; transferred May 12, 1814; Captain Nov. 28, 1819; transferred to 3d Art. June 1, 1821; Brevet Major for 10 years' faithful service in one grade, Nov. 28, 1829; resigned Aug. 31, 1836.

The following letters from No. 93, *supra*, to her husband are inserted here as bearing on the history of the family of Mr. Brown. The sister Francis referred to was the half sister of the writer, Frances (Whiting) Scott :

SNOW HILL, February 20 (Friday), 1807.

BELOVED HUSBAND: * * Since you left me we have all sustained a loss never to be recovered, and one in which you will sincerely sympathize. *That angel*, Sister Fanny, is at last snatched from us after suffering more than mortal knew—for when in the deepest affliction she never complained, and never murmured at the will of the Almighty, notwithstanding her fate was harder than thousands less deserving, and were I to presume to judge, her measure of pain had long since been full, altho' she lingered here as long as nature could be supported. But thank God, she retained her senses to the last moment, and died on Monday evening at six o'clock without a groan. The only comfort left us is knowing she was fit to go—but she has left her poor, dear little orphans, disconsolate husband, and a numerous connection to deplore her loss, without a hope of ever seeing her equal. But you, my Glassell, knew her, and that is sufficient. Would to God you were here now; as you are a favorite, your society might mitigate the grief of my poor brother Scott. Almost 22 years have they been married, and never one moment did he deviate from that love and attention which was so justly her due. But I have heard a good man alone is capable of true attachment, fidelity and affection, and this observation I think applicable to him. * *

LOUISA RICHARD GLASSELL.

To JOHN GLASSELL, Esq.,
Thorwald, near Madison C. H.

BUSHY PARK, March 12th, 1807.

Your letter, my valued Glassell, is duly received. * * * The last post brought me a pleasing melancholly letter from my poor distressed friend, James Scott, whose disposition resembles that of my dear lost sister. He laments very much the infant state of his sisters—but they, poor little things, have many mothers, and are well disposed of. Mama has Sally and Christiana, Fanny is with Sister Betty, and Harriet with Sister Harriet. Their poor Father has retired to Fauquier with Sandy, and is still inconsolable. Many plans have been proposed for the future life of Gustavus since you left us, and a trip to Scotland is at length determined on. He is now in Alexandria, where himself and Brother Brooke have gone to take choice of three ships, and to bespeak a passage. He expects to embark shortly, and should your father wish to write to any of his friends, he will with pleasure take charge of a letter. Mr. Alexander is more enraptured with the western country than ever, and has actually disposed of his land to Gustavus for £3600, which I think a great price; but I hope never to see them set out, as I am confident, from Sister Betsy's delicate constitution, she will never reach Orleans alive. * * *

LOUISA RICHARD GLASSELL.

To MR. JOHN GLASSELL,
Thorwald, near Madison C. H., Va.

second marriage only. He did not succeed to the Dukedom until the death of his wife Joanna.

The following letter from Duchess Dowager of Argyll to Miss Cornelia Grinlanes such deserved honor to both Joanna Glassell and the Duchess that it is in full:

TETWOOD, SOMERSETSHIRE, 11 February, 1855.

DEAR MISS GRINNAN:—I am indeed much gratified at your kind remembrance of my last visit to you last July in London. It was alike my duty and my pleasure to endeavor a cousin of my dear departed friend, whose place as wife to one of the best of men I had endeavored to supply. Everything which I could have done to have your visit to Scotland happy by seeing you at Adencaple, where she and I lived so long in society and affection of him we loved, would have indeed afforded me the most heart-satisfaction. But another time, if God wills, it shall be so, for I have no doubt you will come over again to see us all. Your young cousins, the Duke and his children and I, are ties which you feel, I see, and I really believe they were truly happy to see you, and often spoke of you to me. And you see how well in the estimation of Englishmen he stands. He is again in the new modeled government in the same office of Lord Seal. Of course, they are very dear to me, both for the love I bare to their mother and I rejoice in seeing the Duke so gifted. Many thanks for the apples you have sent me. I shall value them as YOUR KINDNESS. I have sent to my steward at Adencaple to send them immediately to me here. I am here generally from the end of January till the first of June. All are less or more suffering from extreme cold this season—a Canadian winter. The frost was intense last night for England, for this, you know, is very far southwest. She is in Edinburgh. She is so fond of "Auld Reikie," as Sir Walter Scott used to call it. When you can spare a few minutes I shall always be glad to hear from you, my dear Miss Grinnan.

And ever believe me one of your affectionate Scotch friends,

C. ARGYLL.

Children (CAMPBELL):

16. i. JOHN HENRY,⁵ b. Jan. 11, 1821; d. May —, 1837.
17. ii. SIR GEORGE JOHN DOUGLASS, 8th Duke of Argyll, b. Apr. 30, 1823, m. July 31, 1844, Lady Elizabeth Georgiana Granville.
18. iii. EMMA AUGUSTA, b. —; m. Aug. 26, 1870, to the Rt. Hon. Sir John McNeill, G. C. B.

7. MILDRED⁴ GLASSELL (*Andrew,³ Robert,² John¹*), b. "Torthorwald," Madison county, Va., June 21, 1778; d. —; m. Dec. 3, 1796, BEN SMITH, planter, of Madison county, Va., b. —, 1776.

Children (SMITH):

19. i. MARY ELEANOR JANE,⁵ b. 1801; d. Nov. 8, 1878; m. Aug. 7, 1823, Hon. Jeremiah Morton.
20. ii. GEORGE ANDREW, b. June 15, 1804; m. (I.) Sep. 29, 1829, Julia Somerville; (II.) May 2, 1882, Elizabeth (Wallace) Myers.
21. iii. WILLIAM R., b. Jan. 21, 1807; d. June 9, 1873; m. (I.) Mrs. Middleton; m. (II.) Margaret Mayrant.

8. JOHN⁴ GLASSELL (*Andrew,³ Robert,² John¹*), b. Torthorwald, Madison county, Va., Oct. 29, 1780; d. Sep. 30, 1850; m. (I.) Sep. 11, 1796, LOUISA RICHARD BROWN, b. June 22, 1785; d. Aug. 20, 1818; dau. of Alexander and Humphrey Ann Frances (Toy-Whiting) Brown. (W. 37.) (II.) "Gordonsdale," Fauquier county, by Rev. Jas. Simpson, June 27, 1821, MARGARET CHRISTIAN (SCOTT) LEE, b. 1783; d. Oct. 11, 1843; dau. of Rev. John Scott, of Virginia, and widow of Peyton Peyton, also widow of Hon. Charles Lee, U. S. Attorney General in the Cabinet of General Washington, 1795, and uncle of that

peerless Christian soldier, General Robert Edward Lee, commander-in-chief of the armies of the Confederate States of America. (SCOTT 42. PEYTON 88.) Under PEYTON 88 will appear her children by Charles Lee. (III.) "Cottage Farms," Pr. W. Co., Nov. 20, 1845, SARAH SCOTT ASHTON, b. 1797; d. s. p. Jan. 8, 1869; dau. of Major Lawrence and Elizabeth (Scott) Ashton. (SCOTT 25.) His three wives were cousins to each other.

"When nine years old his father took him to Scotland and placed him under the care of his friend, Rev. James McMillan, at Dumfries, where for nine years he attended the academy there. The principal of the academy would often on Saturdays invite some eminent person to lecture to the boys. Mr. G. thus frequently heard the poet Burns, who was among the lecturers. On his return to Virginia his father gave him a farm near Haymarket. This he sold and bought "Hexham," next to Torthorwald. When he married Mrs. Lee he lived at her home, "Waverly" until, in 1831, he rented "Presque Isle," Culp. Co. In 1844 he moved to his farm, "The Glebe," where he d. 1850." (W. E. G.)

The following letter to John Glassell by his first wife, just before marriage, has appeared in the *Alexandria Gazette*. It is given as forming some idea of the social pleasures of the day:

BUSBY PARK, August 20th, 1806.

RESPECTED GLASSELL:—* * * Our neighborhood has been thronged with visitors, and in the course of two weeks we partook of two barbecues in Haymarket, where we had an assemblage, or rather a jahn, of all the bells and beaux from the adjacent counties of Loudon, Fairfax and Fauquier, also a few from George Town and Washington City. Believe me, some were dashers; but, notwithstanding their brilliancy, those of Prince William were not entirely eclipsed. At home we have been amused with the society of our relations from G. Town and W. City, the neighboring beaux and some from afar, two of whom I shall not omit mentioning—Mr. Garretson, a naval officer, who whirled Signora and Sally Scott to and fro in a \$600 Gigg. They were delighted with him, but I did not think his manners pleasing when contrasted with those of a Mr. Bullitt, of whom you may have heard. He is originally from Kentucky, but now reads law in Easton, and, at the age of 18, he is

"Possess of gentle manners and of taste refined,
With all the graces of a polished mind."

Indeed, he corroborated my idea of perfection. Mr. Garretson and our Gwynn relations remained only a few days with us. When they bade adieu we felt deserted, and I determined to return home with Cecelia and Matt Brooke, two days previous to a barbecue at the Court House. We therefor mustered a party composed of your acquaintances, viz: Signora, S. Scott, Mr. G. B. Whiting, Mr. C. B. Alexander, whom I accompanied in his Gigg, and, after a most delightful ride, we arrived safe at Gupton's, where my friend Scott joined us. On the following morning we all went to the Court House and spent the day as agreeably as you can conceive. In the morning we were joined by Miss Horner, Mr. Bullett and two Mr. Fitzhughs, when we again set out for Gupton's, but in trying who should get there first, one of Mr. Jones' wheels flew the way and completely leveled us with the dust. He fortunately stopped the horse, and neither sustained an injury. We soon procured a linch pin, and arrived several minutes before the rest of our party. We all remained at Gupton's five days. Our amusements were various; every one acted as best suited them, and I will venture to affirm there never was a happier set. The only pain I experienced originated from thoughts of a separation, which was realized two days since, when our party, with the addition of Mr. Bullett, returned to Prince William. * * * You expressed a wish to know if I visited Fauquier some time since. Yes indeed I did, and there spent ten days happily. You also express a wish to know what a certain somebody said to me. That question is unfair—I cannot answer it; but will tell you that the person alluded to attended our barbecues. He is not generally very loquacious, but in every gesture there is dignity. Your desire me to give a statement of your friend (Sister Fannie's) health, and I am sorry to add it is still fluctuating; sometimes she is tolerable, but at others low indeed. Lately she has been ill, and God only knows when she will recover. But I trust worth like hers will be rewarded. You are often mentioned by her, in terms of friendship, and I am confident she would be pleased to see you. * * * On Friday there will be another barbecue in Hay Market; the girls propose going,

but I shall not. The old folks are of opinion that, as devastation is obvious, we had all better be at prayers. In consequence of drouth the corn has perished, and many trees also. Seven weeks have elapsed since we had rain, and it is with difficulty we procure water to drink.

LOUISA RICHARD BROWN.

Mr. John Glassell, Tothorwald, near Madison C. H., Va.

Children by first marriage:

- + 22. i. ANDREW McMILLAN,³ b. Oct. 29, 1807; d. June, 1888; m. June 4, 1840, Frances Ann Downing.
- + 23. ii. FRANCES TOY, b. July 25, 1809; d. May 10, 1842; m. Feb. 22, 1827, Josiah William Ware.
- 24. iii. MARIAN, b. Apr. 16, 1811; d. July 31, 1849; m. Oct. 7, 1834, William Henry Conway. (CONWAY 196.)
- + 25. iv. LOUISA BROWN, b. Oct. 4, 1816; m. Jan. 23, 1851, Josiah William Eno.
- 26. v. ELIZABETH TAYLOR, b. Jan. 31, 1813; d. May 7, 1829.
- 27. vi. CECELIA BROWN, b. Dec. 24, 1814; d. Dec. 18, 1817.

By second marriage:

- + 28. vii. MILDRED SMITH, b. June 12, 1823; m. June 4, 1845, Edward Matthew Covell.
- + 29. viii. JOHN, b. Aug. 16, 1828; m. July 18, 1850, Mary Foote Thom.

10. HELEN BUCHAN⁴ GLASSELL (*Andrew,³ Robert,² John¹*), b. "Tothorwald," Madison county, Va., July 28, 1785; d. Oct. 16, 1853; m. Nov. 20, 1815, DANIEL GRINNAN, JR., of Fredericksburg, Va., son of Daniel and Mary (Cotton) Grinnan, Sr., b. Apr. 19, 1771; d. Mar. 25, 1830.

Daniel Grinnan, Sr.,* b. Accomac county, Va., 1739; removed to Culpeper county, and lived on a handsome estate lying on Cedar Run, adjacent to what is now known as Mitchell's Station on the Virginia Midland R. R. He served in the Revolutionary war under General Edward Stevens, in a Virginia brigade, and was at the battle of Guilford C. H. His eldest son, John Grinnan, was in the Quarter Master's Department of the same brigade, and was very active in operations against the Tories of North Carolina. He was captured at Guilford C. H. 1781. While standing with his hands tied at his back, a British officer ordered him to hold his horse from which he had just dismounted. G. replied, "Unbind my hands and I will." The officer at once cut the thong which bound him and left him in charge of the horse. G. seized the first opportunity to spring on the animal and escape. Daniel Grinnan, Jr., the second son, removed to Fredericksburg, Va., when quite young, about the year 1792. He became clerk for James Somerville, a merchant from Glasgow, Scotland, who had settled in Fredericksburg 40 or 50 years before that time, and had become wealthy. Mr. S. d. about 1798, leaving Mr. Grinnan his executor, and giving him £1000 and a mourning breast pin. Mr. G. succeeded to Mr. S.'s large business, and having been appointed agent for the collection, under Jay's treaty, of the debts due in Virginia to many extensive Scotch and English firms prior to the Revolution, he met the Commission of the British Government appointed to ascertain these debts, in 1798, at Philadelphia, in order to settle the true amounts due—the British claimants being only allowed to collect half of their debts from the American debtors, the British Government undertaking to pay the other half. The British merchants referred to had stores in various parts of Virginia. The mass of account books and papers was immense. Mr. G. took three large wagon loads of these papers with him to Philadelphia. The task of settlement was a tedious one and occupied several months. The yellow fever having become epidemic, the Commission removed to

Germantown, and Mr. G. lived adjacent to it. At the close of his labors he received the warm thanks of the Commission, as he did afterwards of the merchants, for the clearness and accuracy with which he had stated the numerous and complicated accounts under consideration. It may be here stated that the signing of Jay's treaty, giving British merchants authority to collect a moiety of their debts from Americans, after the great losses incident to the war, made General Washington very unpopular in some parts of Virginia. When he died, Mr. Andrew Glassell, though one of the most popular men in Madison county, was hissed at Madison C. H. on court day for appearing with crape on his arm, placed there in mourning for General Washington. The collection of these debts produced great distress.

About the year 1800 Mr. Grinnan formed a copartnership with John Mundell—of Scotch origin—of Fredericksburg, and George Murray, of Norfolk, Va., under the name of Murray, Grinnan and Mundell. They had counting houses and warehouses both in Fredericksburg and Norfolk. They conducted a large foreign and domestic trade for a number of years. They were agents for the Argentine Confederation in their war with Spain, for the sale of prizes and furnishing supplies. Their action in this matter gave rise to a suit with the Spanish minister, which attracted a great deal of attention at that day, and in which the minister was defeated, and the sale of prizes allowed. Mr. Grinnan, though living in Fredericksburg, spent a great deal of his time on his various estates, being fond of agricultural pursuits. Several of these estates he bought in 1805 from Munford Beverly, giving him \$120,000 for his landed property and negroes. (A. G. G.)

Foote, in his "Sketches of Virginia" (S. 2, p. 590), speaks thus of Mr. Grinnan and his partner, Mr. Mundell:

"Here came always, at the hour of worship, the manly form and benevolent face of Daniel Grinnan, leading his lovely and devout wife, a daughter of the mountains; the man that felt himself obliged by having an opportunity of showing kindness. He sat half way from the right hand door of entrance to the pulpit, with that peculiar contemplation seated on his face that lacked but a single touch of enthusiasm to have made him a chosen leader of God's host in perilous circumstances. How many, in his quietness, he was the means of leading to Christ, can be known only at the great day. The company that shall meet him then will fill him with amazement. With him usually came his friend John Mundell,* who came to Virginia 1790, with his calculating mind and friendly heart and overhanging brows and orthodox creed of the true Scottish mould, and sat between the two doors by the wall immediately in front of the pulpit, with all the grave attention of his church-going native land."

"Departed this life, at his residence in Fredericksburg, on the 25th instant (March, 1830), Mr. Daniel Grinnan, in the 59th year of his age. Mr. Grinnan has resided for many years in this place, and was formerly well known for his extensive mercantile transactions. For some time past he had retired from the active business of the world, and spent his time chiefly in the quiet and unostentatious performance of his duties as a private citizen in the midst of his own family and among a small circle of chosen friends. Few men, it is believed, have passed through life with a more unblemished reputation, and none will be remembered with more sincere and tender affection. His undaunted integrity, his intelligent and well cultivated mind, his polished manners, his friendly disposition, his open hearted and generous benevolence, and his unfeigned piety will be long remembered by all who knew him, and prove that the memory of the just shall be blessed. The illness that terminated his exemplary and useful life was protracted and exhausting, but he bore it with patient resignation, and met the solemn summons to the eternal world with submission, sincerity and peace." (Rev. S. B. Wilson.)

Dr. G. writes: "When my father found death nearly approaching he requested his wife to call in the children, and as they knelt one by one at his bedside he put his hands on their heads and prayed for and blessed them. As I was very young, my mother, fearing I would

* Among the "Rebel Prisoners" transported from Liverpool to Virginia, 1716, and all Scotch, occurs the name of John Mundell. (Cal. P. 1.185-6.) As Dr. Palmer says, in his introduction to the Cal. Pap.: "These were prisoners of war taken probably while in the service of the first Pretender, whose fortunes had not long before received serious blows at Dumblands and other places." The word "transported" in connection with emigrants into Virginia, and especially these, simply refers to the mode of conveyance. Many of these men paid their passage, and some lost their valuables on the way. It appears they were badly treated, and sent up a petition to Gov. Spotswood for protection against the wrongs they suffered. The language of this petition shows that it was the "intent of the Government" to do no more than send them out of the Kingdom. [C. P. I. lviii.]

* GRINNAN.—Eleanor Grinnan, of Staf'd Co., Va., m. Nov. 27, 1754, James Edgar (O. R.) Owen Grinnan sold land in Fauquier Co. to Edw. Ball, 1768. Among the Wallace papers is a deposition of John Grinnan, aged 36, about 1784. Daniel Grinnan, Sr., had—(1) Daniel, Jr., *sup.*, (2) Sally, (3) John, *sup.*, who m. and had William, who m. (1.) Shepard, of Orange Co., (II.) Welsh. By 1st marriage he had Welsh—, James Shepard—, Archibald C. S. A.—. Oswald died in Ala. Elizabeth m. Nelson, of Culpeper Co.