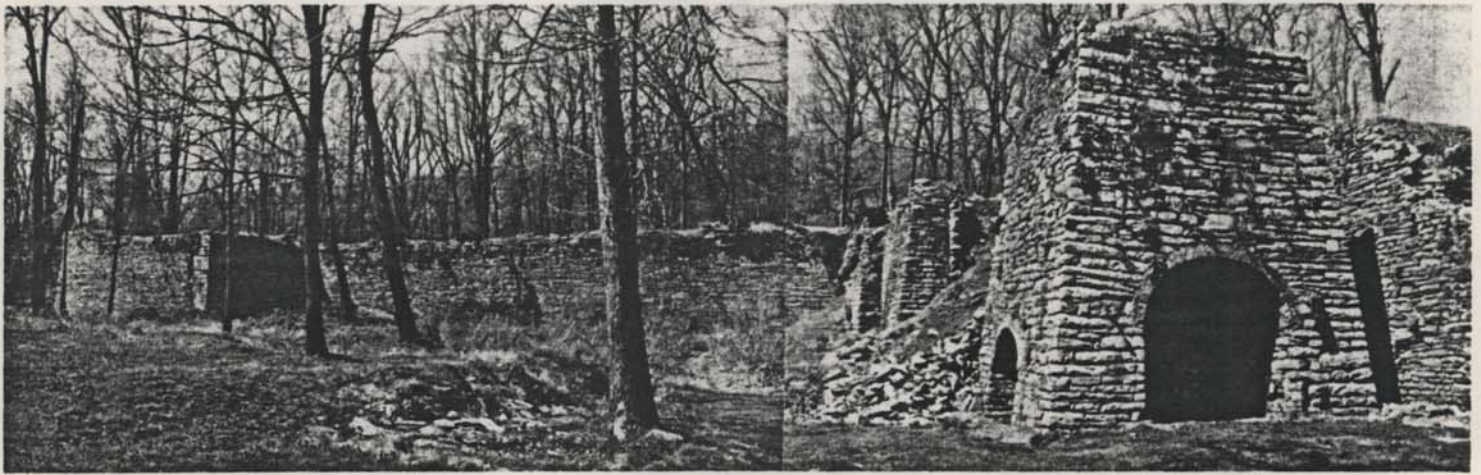


Jones



Two separate pictures, combined, show the Catoclin Furnace complex as it is today. Immediate plans call for the stabilization of the walls and the rebuilding of the casting house in front of the furnace as exhibit space and a reception center. (PAS photos, April 20, 1974)

ECHOES



HISTORY

VOLUME IV, No. 2

March 1974

Buckland Tavern

by H. H. Douglas

Buckland Tavern's origins are hidden in the mists of time. No one has yet done the research necessary to reveal its full story. Samuel Love, Sr., was born in 1727. Most of his life was associated with Buckland. He made his will in 1785 and died in 1787. His will was probated the same year, but does not make mention of the "Tavern." (Will Book G, pp. 377-79.)

Love, Sr., apparently did not even own the building and may never have had anything to do with it, for on May 12, 1788, Robert and Molly Brown of Fauquier County, sold to Samuel Love, Jr. "... for 275 lbs current money paid by Samuel Love for 60 acres of land on Broad Run, from above the mill dam, about 15 poles, to a certain distance south ..." of the present highway (Rt. 29-211). (Deed Book X, p. 183.)

Apparently this transaction was not properly recorded at the time, for an entry of July 14, 1794, (Deed Book Y,

p. 632) records the transfer by Robert and Molly Brown to Samuel L. Love, Jr. It was then sold by Love, Jr. to Augustine Love, who then sold it back to Samuel.

The town of Buckland was incorporated in 1798. This would require the existence of a substantial number of buildings. There were twenty houses and a mill. We can reasonably assume that Buckland Tavern was one of the twenty. Whether it was built by Samuel Love, Sr. or Jr., or neither one of them, it was most surely a house. There is nothing about it to suggest a tavern or an ordinary. What probably happened was that it was located at a convenient stopping distance on the Alexandria-Warrenton Turnpike (that came into being after 1785) and that its name and function as a tavern merely evolved. Except in extremely bad weather, the travelers slept outside, if they did stop overnight, and there were never any stables to suggest a regular practice of overnight stops.

We do know that it had long been an established stage stop when Lafayette stopped there in August 1825.

(Continued on page 18)

Restoration Begins at Catoclin Furnace

The Maryland Department of Natural Resources has been authorized by the Legislature to spend \$150,000 for engineering and feasibility studies and restoration work at Catoclin Furnace, Maryland, on Rt. 15 about 10 miles north of Frederick. Part of the work, to be done initially by the National Heritage Corporation of Chadds Ford, Pa., will be to determine the condition of the wall at the back of the furnace area and to stabilize it as necessary. Plans also call for the restoration of the furnace "Isabella," and the construction of a casting house in front of the furnace. This will be a replacement for the casting house that has disappeared, and will be used as a reception and exhibit center.

This development is a great victory for the cause of historic preservation and will be a major step in defeating plans the Highway Department has for making Route 15 another U.S. 70. If such a road must be built, the desirable route would

(Continued on page 23)

The Pioneer America Society, Inc., is a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia. Dues and contributions are tax deductible.

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BUCKLAND TAVERN, continued

We do not know just when Samuel Love, Jr., sold the property, but on December 18, 1818 (Deed Book 7, p. 199), Larkin N. Sanders transferred it to Edwin M. Robinson. On August 9, 1845, it was transferred by Robinson to John W. Tyler. Then by a court decision of July 3, 1848, the property was transferred on July 8 from Tyler (through Eppa Hunton, Commissioner) to William Waller.

In 1875 or 1876, Waller became obligated to _____ Oliver, with the result that a chancery suit in Rappahannock County brought about its sale to Malcolm B. and Francis W. Washington on September 25, 1876. (Deed Book 33, p. 32.)

Two days later, September 27, 1876 (Deed Book 32, p. 549), Mr. and Mrs. Washington sold it to Lucy G. Payne. This transaction was not recorded until March 29, 1881. In the recording of the sale to Mr. and Mrs. Washington, the property is

fully described and all later transfers refer back to this description.

Lucy Payne and her heirs owned the property from 1876 to 1938. Lucy's will was dated August 31, 1890. It was probated in Fauquier County, January 29, 1897. The property went to her daughter, Minna W., who later married George B. Stone. (Chancery Order Book 22, p. 198.)

The children of Minna W. and George B. Stone were John P., Lucy L., Anne Gordon, Robert King, Belle S. Witmer, and Mary S. Lees.

On May 10, 1938, Buckland Tavern was sold to R. Buckner Winfield on behalf of the children of Minna and George. On November 16, 1944 (Deed Book 114, p. 473), Winfield sold it to W. A. Brooks. Brooks, on June 5, 1946 (Deed Book 120, p. 42), sold it to Marian M. Donovan, who had received power of attorney from her husband, Leo, during his wartime service. She never lived there (it was in terrible condition), but had thoughts of restoring it. At the war's end Mrs. Donovan took her husband to see it. He

wouldn't even get out of the car, and informed her that "You have betrayed your trust!" It was promptly sold on May 14, 1947, to Wells B. and Mary Louise W. Kern (Deed Book 127, p. 166). Three months later (August 18, 1947, Deed Book 127, p. 167), Grace Bear bought it from the Kerns. The only other recent transaction regarding Buckland Tavern took place on October 16, 1952, when Mrs. Bear deeded the strip along the south side of the house for widening of Rt. 29-211 (Deed Book 164, p. 544). This reduced the ground to considerably less than the one acre plus it had been for so long.

Buckland has sometimes been called the "Tavern of the Three Generals" — General Washington, General Lafayette, and General Tom Thumb, who had to sit on a box at the dinner table. His visit(s) came after the Civil War, perhaps when he was traveling under the aegis of the famous P. T. Barnum.

Miss Emma Jane McIntosh Sanders and Miss Cora Payne Graham (of Buckland) recall the time when Dr. Henry Mazyck Clarkson (grandfather of Eleanor Lee Templeman) and his family lived in the Tavern around 1882 for about two years before moving to Haymarket where he lived until his death in 1915. He had been a surgeon in the Confederate Army.

At the time the Clarksons lived there, there were big steps, with a stone porch running the length of the house. The house was a three-story structure, with but one room on each floor.

The old Tavern is a fine, red sandstone building, but it has had a difficult life with owners who loved it and owners who abused and neglected it. It had been neglected and empty for many years when in 1947 it was advertised for sale and Mrs. Grace Fulton Bear became its new owner.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The following information regarding Mrs. Bear and her family is from an interview with her on August 4, 1973, and from information furnished by Mrs. Martha Leitch of Buckland; Mrs. Gloria Decker, of Alexandria, Virginia, a niece of Mrs. Bear's; and James C. Fulton, a nephew, of Cocoa Beach, Florida. James has prepared a detailed history of the family from which most of the information here has been drawn.

Grace's grandfather, Galard Fulton (of Ulster Scot ancestry), lived on his Ohio farm all his life. However, his son Harry



Grace Bear on her homestead. (Photo courtesy James C. Fulton)

Galard (Grace's father) couldn't wait to get away. Even so, in later life he often said he yearned to have his own farm. He became a machinist and got his first job with a steel company in Tennessee.

Harry married Harriet Isabelle Coleman in Ohio on August 11, 1883, after which he gave up "tough living" in favor of a job as school principal in Stratton, Ohio. After three years he was off to Kansas where he took up 160 acres of land. Grace was born there April 6, 1888. The family is known to have been in Tennessee in 1883-84, followed by Ohio, Michigan, Kansas, Oklahoma, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, District of Columbia in 1903-1906, where Harry worked in the Navy Yard, Charleston, Wash., and in November, 1909, Oregon.

Grace said, "My father used to like to travel around. We moved so many times it was my job to keep the legs of the chairs wrapped with newspaper to keep them from getting all scratched up. He worked for the Navy in the Navy Yard. He was transferred frequently, but he always managed to anticipate or instigate the moves. He wasn't really moved, he moved himself. We lived all over."

In 1898 Harry G. took another turn at school teaching as the "Yankee professor" in Homerville, Clinton County, Georgia, at a monthly salary of \$75.00. His children were then 14 (Ernest), 9 (Grace), and 5 (Roy), and each had a part in building their home out in the woods.

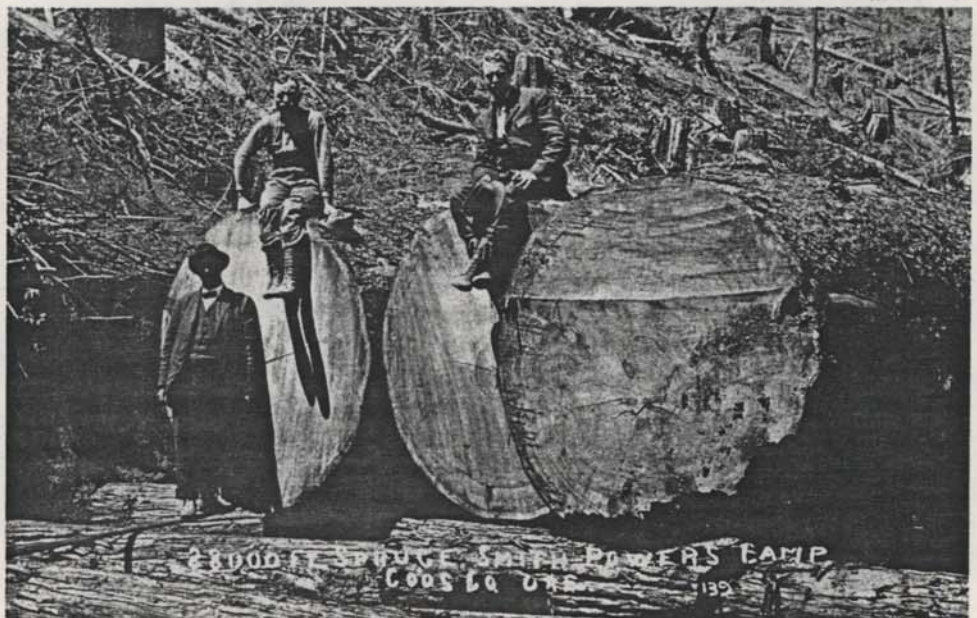


Grace Bear's home in the forest. The log chimney frequently had to be relined with mud. (Photo courtesy James C. Fulton)

In October 1906, Harry put his family on the train and headed for Washington State, where he had arranged a transfer to the Puget Sound Navy Yard at Bremerton.

The ride west was a long one in those days, but theirs became quite exciting when two Montana cowboys, Ed and Johnny Sartain, came aboard at Chicago. They literally took over the train. They invited everyone to get off at Havre, Montana, have a good meal with them, and see their dogs and horses. This angered the conductor, and when he ordered the brothers back to the smoker car, they invited him to get his train crew together and try to *put* them in the

smoker. The Fulton family and at least ten others accepted the invitation and got off at Havre. By the time the next train came through, Roy was satisfied that he had finally met some real, live cowboys. Ed and Grace kept up a correspondence for most of the time Grace stayed in the Northwest. Ed's letters told of blizzards on the prairie and hunting wolves and coyotes. Many years later Grace tried to locate Ed without success, although everyone the Fultons met over the years who was from northern Montana knew of the Sartain brothers. Their last word of them was a hazy rumor about a gun fight with revenuers up on the Canadian border during Prohibition days. →



Coos County, Oregon, spruce trees typical of the lumber in the area of the Fulton's homestead. (From a 1939 postcard)



Hyatt Manor (1410 Rhode Island Ave., Hyattsville, Md.) where Chester Bear died and where Grace lived until she moved to Buckland. (Photo taken in the 1940s, courtesy of James C. Fulton)

The family lived in Charleston, Washington, and Harry managed to stick it out at the Navy Yard for two and one-half years.

In the fall of 1909, Harry, with his wife Hattie and son Roy, moved to Marshfield, Oregon, leaving Grace in high school in Bremerton. Her high school principal reported of Grace that all of her grades were about 90% and that half were above 95%. He said, "She is a young lady of remarkable earnestness, of uncommon faithfulness, gentle and considerate of others. If 'gentleman' means anything, she is a gentlewoman. I recommend her in all things. She possesses character and ability but is a little inclined to underestimate herself."

In April 1910, Grace and her father each filed on homesteads deep in the forest on Olson Hill on the north slough of Coos Bay near what is now Hauser, Oregon. The big job was cutting and burning the giant trees on the land. Grace later had a stump 6 feet high and 6 feet in diameter beside her cabin. As she was "proving up" on her homestead, Grace was also completing high school. She graduated at North Bend, Oregon, in 1911.

Grace was adventurous. Her younger brother, Roy, 80 years of age in 1973, still recalls his anger each time he was goaded by accusations of cowardice into boating Grace and a girl friend across Coos Bay when it was not safe to do so because of high winds, fog, or a strong tide running out to sea. This happened repeatedly until the dark day the boat

motor died out on the bay in a peasoup fog and they drifted blindly for hours before a fishing boat miraculously appeared beside them.

Though great heaps of giant trees were burned in order to clear the land, many miles of thick forest remained. The limbs closing overhead made it so dark that the only way to pass through the woods at night without a lantern was by the feel of the wagon ruts underfoot.

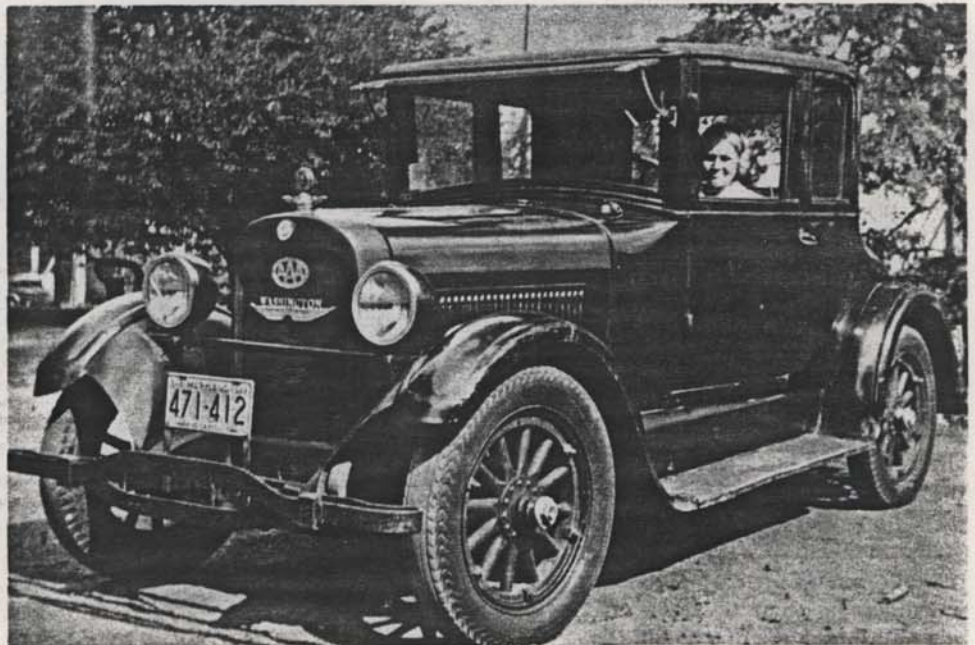
Both Grace and her father had "proved up" on their homesteads by April 1913,

but it wasn't until November 1916 that her patent was approved. She called the homestead "Inglenook." But the land was so hilly that it was almost impossible to support a family on farm income alone. Early in 1914 Grace's father and mother returned to Toledo, Ohio.

To support herself, Grace sold home products and made such things as pennants for the high school. And there was always work to be done on the homestead — clearing fields, stuffing moss into chinks between the logs, and re-coating the inside of the chimney with clay. Grace had completed a course in manual training at McKinley Manual Training School in Washington, D.C. She found everything she had learned highly useful both in Oregon and later at Buckland.

While Grace generally was a steady person, she occasionally kicked over the traces — she had seen the Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition in Seattle in 1909, and while in town one afternoon in October 1915, she saw the boat from San Francisco come in; borrowed \$50; scratched a quick note to her boy friend, Chester Bear; and was aboard when the boat left at midnight for 'Frisco and the Panama Pacific International Exposition. There is some indication that this sort of impetuosity generated several nagging debts over the years.

Grace and Chester Bear were married in Marshfield, at the home of Chester's parents, on May 24, 1916. →



Grace Bear and her Buick roadster in 1942 while she was still at Hyatt Manor. (Photo courtesy James C. Fulton)



Front of Buckland Tavern in 1944.

They moved into Grace's cabin, piped in water, built a chicken house for 40 chickens, and cleared more land. The chickens, strawberries, and cutting trees for ship's knees, were their sole source of cash. But this was enough for their simple, satisfying life. However, as a condition of their marriage, Chester had agreed to study for Civil Service exams (Grace was surprised that he never forgot anything he had read), and to apply for a job back East, to live there on a trial basis for at least a year. They were unable to sell the homesteads, but in late 1917 they returned east where Chester worked at the Government Printing Office in the District of Columbia from July 1918 to March 1923.

On July 12, 1918, Chester and Grace had bought Lots 4 through 7, Block 5, in Colmar Manor, between Washington and Hyattsville, Maryland. Grace obtained a job as filing clerk with the Treasury Department, Loans and Currency Division, on April 23, 1919, and continued there until June 30, 1924. While still with the Printing Office, Chester made a start in the housing construction business.

In March 1923, he left government service to devote full time to his business. They became so busy that Grace quit the Treasury Department in June of 1924 and worked full time as a partner with Chester.

They built a beautiful home in Colmar Manor on which Grace lavished her considerable artistic taste, preserving the large oak trees around the place. These were



The Tavern from the rear in the mid 1940s.

happy years for them and their happiness spread to their visitors, and was sensed even by a grubby, pre-school nephew.

Then came the stock market "crash" of 1929 and the ensuing Great Depression. Grace and Chester lost practically everything — their construction business, most of their income, and their home. They ingeniously converted the attic of her parents' home into an apartment and moved in with them. Chester struggled on with a real estate business which consisted mainly of rentals.

Grace's mother died on February 28, 1932.

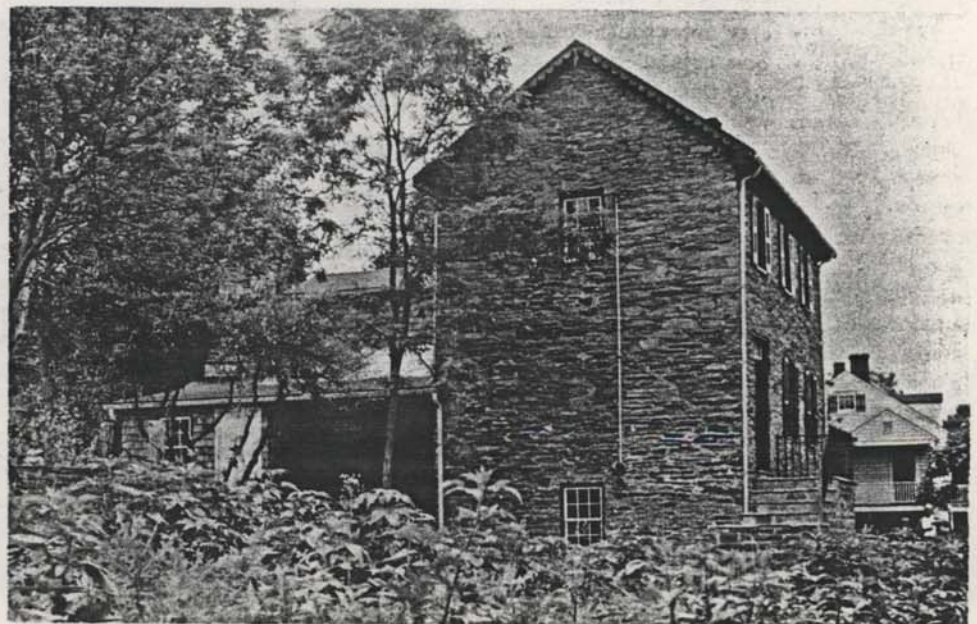
Then in May 1934 Grace got back her Civil Service job with Loans and Currency

at \$1,440 per year. She and Chester leased the old colonial mansion, Hyatt Manor, at 1410 Rhode Island Avenue, Hyattsville, and at first operated it as a tourist home. Later they rented the rooms as apartments.

By this time, Chester was seriously ill with cancer of the bladder. He died on January 2, 1938. He is buried at Cedar Hill Cemetery, 4000 Suitland Road, Suitland, Maryland

Harry G. died in Toledo, Ohio, at the home of his brother, Frank Fulton, on October 12, 1942.

During the 1940s, Grace continued to work at the Treasury Department and kept up the apartments at Hyatt Manor. →



Buckland Hall in the 1950s after restoration by Mrs. Bear. She later had a pool in the foreground.



This picture may have been taken in Grace's log cabin at Coos Bay but it depicts accurately the interior of her solarium at Buckland. (Photo courtesy James C. Fulton)

For years she had dreamed of building her own home in a wooded area on the side of a hill, with a small brook running through the valley at the bottom of her yard. Once or twice she found exactly the landscape she had in mind, but it was either too expensive or so far from utility service as to be impractical. Then, in 1947, she saw the wreck of an old stone house in Buckland, about 15 miles west of Manassas Battlefield, in Prince William Co., Virginia, on U.S. Highway 29/211, roughly forty miles southwest of Washington, D.C. She learned that the place was the colonial Buckland Tavern. It wasn't exactly what she wanted — too close to the busy two-lane road — but it was on a hillside, protected by several very large trees, and across the dirt lane in front of the house and at the back of her neighbor's pasture were the waters of Broad Run. The everyday worries and costs of running Hyatt Manor were complicated by attempts of the city over a period of years to evict Grace and her tenants because the mansion had been condemned as "unsafe for living quarters," though Grace said the real reason was that the owners had more profitable plans in mind. Only Grace will ever know how she was able to finance the purchase and major repairs of Buckland Tavern!

However she was able to manage it she gave up Hyatt Manor and on August 18, 1947, bought Buckland Tavern. When

Grace bought Buckland Tavern it was in worse condition than it is now. The 1938-47 owners (Winfield, Brooks, Donovan

and Kern) had never lived in it and apparently had done nothing towards its upkeep and maintenance. Some years before this, someone had covered the stone walls with stucco. By 1940 the stucco was as much off as it was on. It was a sad spectacle.

Mrs. Bear had to do practically everything to the house. The roof had to be fixed, windows, doors and flooring replaced, walls repaired inside, the old stucco cleaned off the outside, and all the utilities reinstalled. In cleaning up the yard she had a pond scooped out on the highway side. This was lost in 1952 when the highway was widened.

Grace left the house essentially as it had been, but the heart of her home became a large plant room with a transparent, corrugated plastic roof about 15 feet above the stone floor. Large rubber trees grew to the ceiling, many varieties of beautiful ferns drooped from stands and large urns, or swung from wall brackets, vines climbed the stone walls, goldfish swam in a tank set in a recess in one wall, and a number of exotic plants such as Bird-of-Paradise could be seen from the comfortable wicker lounge and chairs.



Buckland Tavern in March 1970, when Mrs. Bear went to the nursing home. (Photo by Bennie Scarton, Jr. *Manassas Journal Messenger*)

The floor of the plant room and the living room was of stone. These rooms stayed cool and damp and required an automatic sump pump to prevent water that flowed down from the hill above the house after heavy rains from rising through the floor. A dehumidifier in the living room kept it dry and comfortable.

There was a beautiful stone fireplace in the living room and on each of the two upper floors. A bathroom opened off the living room and the kitchen was at the rear, about six stone steps above the plant room floor. There really was no comfortable way to serve a meal to more than three people. A garage and furnace room was built onto the west side of the plant room.

The second floor was reached by an interior staircase on the (east) side of the living room, by three steps up from the side stone porch, and by a longer, attractive stone stairway at the front of the house. Off the second story hallway was Grace's large, well-lit sitting room/bedroom with its stone fireplace. Above that, on the third floor, was another bath, a kitchen, a bedroom, and a large living room with the third fireplace. Stairs led up from the kitchen to a large attic under a high peaked roof.

Grace put in a flagstone walk from the roadway—no easy task to dig out a depression in the stony clay of the yard in which to set each stone.

Piece by piece she furnished the home with antique cabinets, marble-topped tables and dressers, and beautiful cloisonne vases. She had many wrought iron pieces around the downstairs fireplace, and an ancient flintlock gun belonging to Chester's father hung over the mantel. Beside the fireplace Grace created beautiful Christmas trees. Following a family custom, she would tack and wire extra limbs into bare spots. She had all the wonderful, handmade ornaments inherited from her parents and she made many herself. It all was put together with her exceptional artistic talent. Santa, his sleigh, and reindeer rode the rooftop.

For five years Grace had to continue with her job in Washington, driving the forty-odd miles each morning and evening. And these were *slow* miles—Grace didn't see too well without her glasses and she disliked wearing them in public, so she drove her old, red Studebaker coupe rather carefully. A young patrol officer once pulled her over and threatened to give her a ticket for impeding traffic, but she drove him off with a righteous

tongue-lashing. She finally was able to retire on April 23, 1952, and spend all of her time on her home.

It was a neat and tidy place and a pleasant scene to any viewer. It was a constant joy, both inside and out, to Grace Bear.

Grace was a quiet, unassuming person. We don't know whether or not she was a religious person, but she expressed herself honestly when she said, "I don't want any hereafter. My Heaven is right here."

Another time she said: "I lived there all by myself. I am not afraid of living alone. I like my own company, so I was always sure of having good company. I wasn't a crank, and it wasn't that I didn't want to see anybody. It was my place and I just liked being there by myself."

"I was always so sorry Mr. Bear died without ever seeing that place. He would have liked it so much."

When Mrs. Bear went to the Manassas Manor Nursing Home in 1970, a Committee, whose office is in Alexandria, and a Guardian ad litem, whose office is in Manassas, were appointed by the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit Court of Virginia. The Guardian ad litem apparently has no real function. The Committee is frequently an absentee attorney who has no relationship to and no appreciation for the people whose interests he is supposed to represent. The Committee in this case has seriously neglected Mrs. Bear's affairs and has allowed Buckland Tavern to again be-

CATOCTIN FURNACE, continued

be just to the east of the furnace along what is known as Hesson Road.

The meeting at Catoctin Furnace on April 20th, jointly sponsored by the Catoctin Furnace Historical Society and the Pioneer America Society, was attended by an interested and enthusiastic group, though the total number was small.

Following the meeting the group visited two houses built by members of the Johnson family (builders of the furnace just previous to the American Revolution). They were both built around 1805 and are very much lived in. The Baker Johnson house, at the south end of the village, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Gardner. Mr. Gardner is a descendant of the John McPherson family who operated the furnace in the 1830s. Harriet McPherson, daughter of John,

come the shambles it was in the 1940s. Nothing has been spent on its maintenance; it has been seriously vandalized; and part of every storm finds its way inside the walls. The wooden addition at the rear is crumbling. Mrs. Bear cannot leave the nursing home. In 1970 the Committee received permission of the court to sell the property to provide funds for her support, but did nothing about it.

As of now, the entire situation has been documented by the Pioneer America Society and Mrs. Bear's relatives, and has been presented to Judge Arthur W. Sinclair of the Circuit Court for what is hoped will be remedial action. ●●



Buckland Tavern in August 1973. The "jungle" is taking over. The interior is a shambles. (PAS photo)