MARION COUNTY IN THE MAKING

By the

J. O. WATSON CLASS *of the*

FAIRMONT HIGH SCHOOL,

WEST VIRGINIA

Under the supervision and direction of DORA LEE NEWMAN,
Head of the Department of History in the High School

James O. Watson

We dedicate this book to

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Foreword

In presenting this history of pioneer Marion County, the Class of 1916 of the Fairmont High School wishes to make known to the public the object of this effort and to acknowledge its indebtedness to all who have so kindly assisted in the work.

The past, present and future are indissolubly joined. We of this feverish twentieth century are mightily concerned as to the present and the future, but are in great danger of forgetting the past, without which we can neither understand the present nor prepare for the future.

The days when in the long winter evenings the family gathered about the fire and listened eagerly to the tales of adventure, of hardship, of redskins, of goblins and of ghosts, handed down from one generation to another—those days are gone never to return.

In this day we read the evening paper by our electric light and think only of the morrow. Of our grandfathers' and our great-grand fathers' time we know little or nothing. From written history we may learn of the pioneer life of New England and of old Virginia, but of the deeds and lives of our own ancestors we of Marion County are most ignorant. Some such realization as this prompted the Class of 1916, Fairmont High School, to undertake the collection and preservation of this most interesting and valuable unwritten history—history that was lived right here in Marion County.
The great object in the preparation of this book has been to gather up new material. Information on such subjects as dress, manners and customs, homes and homelife, remedies and superstitions, songs, legends, etc., found in published accounts has not been used. Every implement, every utensil described has been found in Marion County. Many of the older residents of the county were visited in their homes and from their lips was obtained the greater part of the material. These pioneer residents were most considerate and patient in relating events and in describing customs of the long ago. It was a privilege to us of this generation to know and to talk with them. We can now see that compared to theirs, our lives are too cheap for the dear price they paid for them.

A great mass of most interesting material was submitted which we were unable to use, as it concerned events succeeding 1852, the date we chose as a fitting end to the period of primitive Marion County, for in 1852 the building of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad formed the connecting link that brought the pioneer settler into relation with the outside world.
History to be history must be exact. The Class has made every effort to present truth as truth, and legend as legend. It has sometimes been difficult to distinguish between the two, but we feel confident that the facts presented are as nearly correct as may be.

In some cases as many as eight versions of an Indian story have been handed in by members of different branches of a family, and when these stories have agreed on some main point that point has been emphasized, although it may not be in accordance with even such high authority as "Border Warfare." In cases where it was necessary, reference was made to Willey's "History of Monongalia County" and to Callahan's "History of the Upper Monongahela Valley" and "History of West Virginia," but in every possible case original documents were consulted and we are much indebted to those who placed at our disposal the county records and old newspapers and family papers, and to those who submitted articles and implements, sketches of which furnish the illustrations. The illustrations are all the work of Heber Van Gilder, a member of our Class. The Class of 1918, Fairmont High School, our sister class, has been a faithful helper.
The Class is most deeply indebted to Miss Dora Lee Newman, instructor in history, who planned and supervised the entire work. Her enthusiasm and interest stimulated and encouraged the members of the Class, and we feel that the success of the work is largely due to her efforts.

The writing of the history of pioneer Marion County has been of great interest and profit to the Class and has awakened a most wholesome interest throughout the county. It has kindled a friendly family feeling, tracing back our ancestors, as many of us can, to neighbors who lived side by side through perils and privations. It has impressed upon our minds the rugged, sterling valor and virtues that secured for us the comforts and refinements of which they never even dreamed.

FAIRMONT HIGH SCHOOL

The Source of Our Inspiration

Tradition tells us that the knoll on which the High School stands was once the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the Shawnees and the Delawares, and, although we cannot vouch for the authenticity of the legend, we give it for what it may be worth.

In the early spring of 1786—so runs the story—a band of Shawnee warriors came into the Monongahela Valley and camped upon the hills overlooking the present town of Fairmont. Then came a band of Delawares, and camped on the eastern hills, on the opposite side of the river. Preparations were speedily made for a conflict, and soon the canoes of the Delawares entered the mouth of Coal Run—then a wider and a deeper stream than it is to-day. The Shawnees had fortified the hill upon which the High School stands, and on it a bloody battle took place, a fight in which the Shawnees were victorious, and the Delawares were forced to retreat to the river. Both tribes finally disappeared along the trail that leads up the Tygart's Valley. '

Perhaps the bullets found in the heart of the old oak tree recently cut down on the campus are silent witnesses that, if they could speak, would prove the truth of this old tale—who knows?

Legend of the Monongahela

Long before the white man's foot trod the forests on the western slopes of the Alleghanies, the red men from the white lakes of the north and the swift rivers of the east hunted on the banks of the Monongahela, and fished in the clear green water. Spring and autumn they came, and built their wigwams underneath the spreading branches of the trees; and when the hunting season was over, laden with game, they returned to their homes and kindred. They who came from farthest away were the Susquehannas, and chief of that mighty tribe was Monongahela, who was young and strong and brave, and fleeter than the red deer.

One season, when the buffaloes ranged the woods in larger herds than common, and small game was more plentiful than usual, the Susquehannas lingered longer than ever before in the valley of the clear green river—lingered until the trees were masses of gold and crimson, and a mellow haze was in the air. Then the hunters spoke longingly of home as they sat before their camp-fires—of dark-eyed maidens, dusky squaws, and straight-limbed children who would welcome their return with song and dance. Monongahela listened, and his heart grew sad, for he loved no Indian maiden, and there were none to watch for his home-coming. Soon he left the camp-fire and wandered silent and alone through the forest, his heart filled with longing for companionship other than that of comrade in the chase. Overhead the great moon shone above the tree tops and the stars twinkled through the leaves, for the air was clear and touched with frost. Suddenly the woods were filled with music, weird and penetrating, and as he peered among the branches he saw a group of star-maidens dancing in the moonlight. Fair and tall were the star-maidens, slender as the willows by the river and graceful as

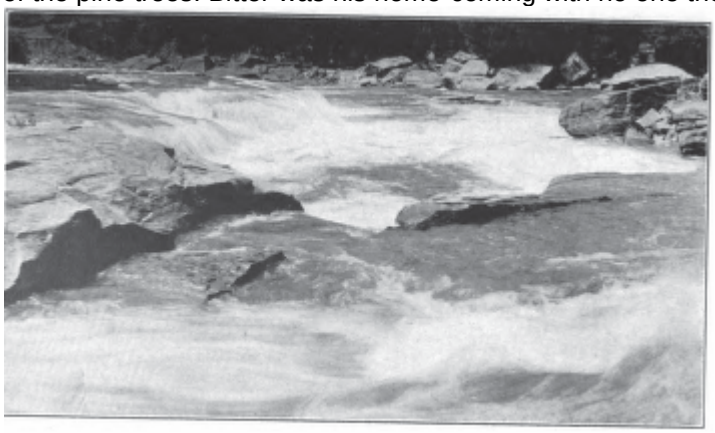
the swaying branches. Long Monongahela watched them, and his eyes filled with love light as they rested on the tallest of the sisters, but a breaking twig beneath his eager foot betrayed him and, startled, the maidens spread their shining garments and, mounting upward, vanished from his sight, leaving the forest more lonesome than before.

In vain Monongahela's comrades pleaded with him to leave the valley. Alone he built his wigwam near the playground of the star-maidens, and alone he watched for their return. Soon beds of dead leaves covered all the brown earth; then the deep snow drifted around his wigwam, but Monongahela waited, ever watchful. The great sun crept slowly southward from her distant journey, the swollen streams filled with melting ice, and the smell of growing things was in the air; but Monongahela was sadder than before, for all the birds were calling to their mates and all the world was filled with hope and promise and he was alone.

One night as he lay sleepless within his wigwam and watched the moonlight glimmer through the open doorway, the same unearthly music filled the forest, and the star-maidens descended through the tree tops and danced within the moonlight once again. But now Monongahela was more wary in his watching, and bode his time until, with sudden movement, he rushed among the maidens and took the tallest for his keeping. The aerial visitors mounted swiftly, leaving their sister with the hunter. Monongahela led her, timid and reluctant, to his wigwam. There he made her a couch of skins and balsams. There he brought her fish and wild game from the forest. There he wooed her long and tenderly. Day by day the sunlight shone warmer on the wigwam, and the flowers carpeted the forest trails and the water murmured cheerfully as it leaped from rock to rock. And the eyes of the star-maiden grew luminous and tender. Eagerly she watched at nightfall for Monongahela's coming, then in the doorway of the wigwam sat contented with her dusky lover.

Summer blossomed in glowing splendor. Then autumn lay in golden glory on the hills, and when the harvest moon was shining in the sky the weird music floated through the forest and the fair star-maidens once more danced beneath the trees. At sight of them Monongahela's lovely bride yearned to clasp her sisters, to tell them of her home and happiness, but when she rushed to greet them, they circled her with strong arms and, lifting her above the tree tops, vanished.

In frantic, helpless grief Monongahela watched them. Poignant was his anguish. Loudly he wailed and loudly called. No answer came but the moaning of the pine trees. Bitter was his home-coming with no one there to greet him.



"THE WATERS IN THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS STILL CALL 'MONONGAHELA, MONONGAHELA,' AS THEY PLUNGE OVER THEIR ROCKY BEDS."

No longer could he bear the sight of his empty wigwam, so he wandered far away beyond the valley.

But the star-maiden had tasted of a mortal's life, had felt the joy of earthly love and service, and the thoughtless pleasures of the starland brought her no happiness. When the moon again hung in the sky, she floated down its long white beams and entered the door of the wigwam. Now the forest home was empty, and the forest trails deserted. Long she wandered through the woods, and by the river, calling "Monongahela, Monongahela," but the hills echoed, mockingly, Monongahela, Monongahela," and the water laughed "Monongahela, Monongahela," as it washed the roots of the willows by the shore. Now her spirit only lives within the valley, but you can see her soft robes glimmer in the white light of the moon beams. You can hear her soft voice calling when the south wind bears the spring, and the flowers rise to greet her footsteps. In autumn the Great Spirit sends the Indian summer to fill the air with mellow light, that she may continue her search long after the leaves are dead. The waters in the mountain streams still call "Monongahela, Monongahela," as they plunge over their rocky beds; and the deeper water of the river murmurs, "Monongahela, Monongahela," as it glides under the silent stars; and all who come to dwell within the valley are filled with the breath of her spirit—the spirit of helpfulness and faithfulness and love.

Chapter I
The Land Beyond the Mountains

Earth has not anything to show more fair.
—Wordsworth.

Beneath my feet,
The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club moss burrs;
I inhaled the violets' breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and deity;
Again I saw, again I heard
The rolling river, the morning bird.
—Emerson.

The surface of Marion County is rough, and swift streams find their sources among the high hills in the eastern section. Tygart's Valley River, which forms the eastern and southern boundaries, has few tributaries in the county of any importance. The West Fork River, flowing from the south, and separating Lincoln, Grant and Fairmont Districts, is fed by Helen's Run, Teverbaugh Creek, Kbon's Run, Mill Fall Run and Booth's Creek. These two important rivers—the West Fork and the Tygart's Valley—unite to form the Monongahela, which flows through the hills in serpentine fashion, until, in confluence with the Alleghany, they form the Ohio. In Marion County the Monongahela River serves as a boundary line for Fairmont, Union, Paw Paw and Winfield Districts. The principal tributary waters from the west are received through Buffalo and Paw Paw Creeks. The former rises in Wetzel County and flows through almost the entire length of Marion, receiving, in its course, the waters of Finch's Run at Barrackville and Piles' Fork at Mannington, besides those of numerous smaller streams. The latter flows into the Monongahela at Rivesville, after having drained the northern part of the county through Little Paw Paw Creek, Robinson's Run and Laurel Run.

There are striking proofs that at one time water covered the surface of Marion County. Where ledges of rock and sandstone cliffs are exposed to the surface, the continued lapping of the water against the face of the stone has left it almost honeycombed in places with both large and small indentations. Moreover, if this area is closely examined, many shells (skeletons of small crustacea) and fossil formations are found imbedded within the rock. A good example of a cliff of this kind is found about five miles from Fairview.

THE LAND BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS
(OLD CONAWAY HOMESTEAD)

The soil of Marion County is chiefly a sandy loam, with hard limestone appearing here and there on the surface, and the common products are corn, potatoes, apples, peaches, and various grains. Several veins of coal underlie the county, some running close to the surface, while others are located so deep in the earth that shafts must be sunk for mining purposes. The section is particularly rich in oil and gas.

Marion County possesses the characteristics of the Carolina zone, in which it is located. The range of elevation is quite variable, how ever, the hills in the extreme northern part of the county rising to a height of about 2,000 feet, while the surface elevation in other sections is only about 840 feet above sea level. This wide variation has a potent effect upon the distribution of plant and animal life. The plant growth in certain restricted areas is typical of higher altitudes, the laurel and its allied families being represented. At the time the country was settled, the hills were covered with a luxuriant growth of

hardwood forests, in which tulip trees, red and white oaks, and sugar maples abounded. There was also a plentiful supply of linden, chestnut, beech and gum, while sassafras, hickory, black and white walnut, sycamore and buckeye trees were to be found on every side. Such plants as the rhododendron, trailing arbutus and rare orchids grew in abundance.

In the early days the most dangerous animals ranged the forest. Buffaloes were often brought down by the hunter. The black bear was quite common, and its flesh was one of the staple foods. Elk and deer were slaughtered in large numbers. Besides the animals hunted for food, many were killed simply to rid the country of pests, among them being the panther, catamount, wolf and several species of foxes. Bounties were offered for the pelts of wolves and foxes. In 1 782 one hundred pounds of tobacco was paid for the scalp of a wolf under six months old, and two hundred pounds for one over that age. Fur-bearing animals were plentiful, and the pelts of the mink, raccoon, weasel and otter were utilized by the pioneer.

Shoals of pike, salmon, yellow and blue catfish and black bass were found in the streams with white perch, sunfish, suckers, stingers and eels, when the settlers came. Of the wild game birds, mention should be made of the bobwhite, woodcock, duck, loon, and a species of wild pigeon which is now extinct. Indeed, the ravages of the pigeon was one of the troubles which the early farmer had to endure, the birds often causing total destruction of crops. Wild swans were sometimes seen, but they were wantonly destroyed. Some of the birds were permanent residents, and some visited the country during migration, while others were transient, or peregrine, in habit. Such species as the cardinal, Carolina wren, Carolina chickadee, members of the hawk and crow family, the bald eagle, and a few species of the game birds may be placed in the first class. During the spring months the woods were filled with warblers, and many other species of birds, such as the scarlet tanager, yellow-throated vireo, brown thrasher, and many native sparrows of lesser note, with an occasional mocking bird, made their appearance also. Under the third division belongs the cedar waxing and the red-headed woodpecker.

The natural beauty of the country was a lure to the seekers of new homes. These foothills of the Alleghanies were fair to look upon. Large boulders bent the courses of the smaller streams, and the rocky ledges of their beds formed cataracts of surpassing beauty, while the placid waters of the Monongahela, reflecting the green of tree-clad slopes, were a source of endless pleasure to the eyes of those who penetrated the forests and reached this land beyond the mountains.

A SHADY NOOK

Chapter II
The Native Races

Deem ye that Nature loveth less
These bronze forms of the wilderness
She foldeth in her long caress?
Yet heaven hath angels watching round.
The Indian's lowliest forest mound,
And they have made it holy ground.
—Whittier.

It is the spot I came to seek—
My fathers' ancient burial place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.

It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.
—Bryant.

Jefferson's "Notes" state that one of the four great branches of the Algonquin Indians, the Massawomees, occupied western Virginia. Probably the Massawomees were the Delawares, Shawnees and Mingoes, who were tenants of the Iroquois, the owners of the Monongahela Valley. These three tribes had their homes in the territory near the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, but as the region drained by the Monongahela abounded in fish and game, often a whole tribe would camp in this valley during the summer, while the men hunted, it being considered neutral ground.

The walls of the Indian's wigwam were made by sewing together deer skins. A number of poles were tied together at one end, and then spread out in circular fashion, the free ends resting on the ground; the deer skins were spread around the poles, being tied at the apex and pegged to the ground. Sometimes pictures were painted on the outside of the wigwam, which added greatly to its attractiveness.

The Indian villages were situated with reference to good water, plenty of fuel, good drain age, and protection from storms and hostile neighbors. Evidence of these villages may be found in several places in Marion County: on the Brummage farm on Ice's Run, near Pleasant Point; at Boothsville, on Booth's Creek; at Mill Fall Run, near Monongah; and on the Hood and Arnett farms near Rivesville. Interesting relics have been found in all these places. An Indian burial ground, near the village on Mill Fall Run, was dug up, and bones, ornaments, tools and weapons were unearthed. The villages near Rivesville, which were circular in form and about a hundred and fifty yards in diameter, were located about a mile apart. Near the one on the Arnett farm is a large rock on which is cut the crude outline of a bear. In a ledge of rocks near Pleasant Point is a cave evidently used as a place of refuge, the interior of which is quite large enough to protect a number of people, being 21 feet long, 8 feet wide and 7 feet high. A favorite playground of the school children of sixty years ago was a small cave near the Powell residence on Fairmont Avenue, where they dug up darts of all kinds.

Fort Hill, opposite the S. L. Watson home stead, was evidently used as a fortification by Indians whose trail led along the crest of a low range of hills to the Monongahela River. Indian weapons and mussel shells have been found on the summit of this hill, which has acquired an added interest to the writers of this book from the fact that it was here that the J. O. Watson Class raised a flag pole on the day that they dedicated themselves to the work of compiling a history of Marion County.

INDIAN CAVE, NEAR BAXTER
ON PARKER FARM

The Indians, like the white men, had their factories, or camps, where they worked in flint, stone, rocks and wood. Here they learned, in a crude way, to make their implements of war fare, and those for hunting and for home use, such as darts, arrows, bows, stone mills, scrapers and needles. Skill and labor were required in the making of these implements, and the Indian became an expert in his work. Some excelled in making bows and arrows and some in making stone axes, while others were very skillful in constructing canoes. The Indian made his favorite implement and traded it to others for articles which he was not able to make success fully himself.

Large pieces of flint, probably brought from Wood County or from Kentucky, to manufacture into various articles, have been found scattered over Marion County. One method of bringing pieces of flint to the desired shape was that of heating them in a hot fire and placing small drops of water on the parts from which scales were to be removed. The place so treated was then tapped gently with a stone, and the proper curve and shape thus definitely given to the article.

INDIAN LADDER
USED BY EARLY SETTLERS
OWNED BY
IRA PRICKETT

Arrow heads were very hard to make, and Indians who were skilled in the art of making them were popular among the men of their tribe. Three kinds were made: the first, a small, rough piece of flint, more blunt than sharp, was used for killing small birds and animals; the second, long and sharp and well shaped, was used for killing deer, bear and other large game; the third, made of the best flint, either white or red, was used to kill man. The darts last mentioned were better shaped than the others, and the smoothness of some of them is surprising when one considers the tools with which they were made. The curve in them was the all-important thing, as it gave the arrow a whirling motion, which sent it in a straight direction. Excellent specimens of these arrow heads have been found in all parts of the county.

The war hatchet, or tomahawk, was made of flint, stone or granite, carved and polished until it assumed the desired shape, which was similar to that of a steel ax of to-day. It was sometimes sharp at both ends, being shaped down to an edge from the center. Usually the hatchet was grooved in order that it could be more securely fastened to a handle, which was made of well seasoned hickory.

Warriors and squaws alike carried bows and arrows. The bows were usually made of hickory or of sassafras, but other varieties of wood were used when these were not to be obtained. The warriors had two kinds of bows, a short one for convenience in wooded districts as well as a long one for fighting purposes. The arrows were from 25 to 30 inches long and were of straight, seasoned timber of any kind. The idea was that any piece of wood was good enough for a bow, but few pieces were straight enough for an arrow. After a shaft was selected it was well dried and scraped into shape with flint, sandstone, or a volcanic glass scraper. One end of it was then split, and an arrow head inserted and tied in securely with hide strings. To the other end of the shaft were tied two or three halves of wild turkey or goose feathers, to insure a straight course. An other implement of warfare was the spear, which was longer than the arrow, although similar in shape and carrying a dart, but had no feathers in the handle end. Like the bow, it was made short enough for convenience in traveling.

An instrument for removing the skins of animals was made of flint, or smooth oblong stone. By the aid of sandstone, grooves were cut in this skinning tool so that it could be held firmly when the hand was greasy with animal fat. The Indian used small pieces of flint to cut the skin of the animal, then held a piece of hide in one hand and the skinner in the other, tapping with the implement the membranes holding the flesh and skin together.

Clam shells were made into hatchet-shaped tools by drilling holes through them with a sharp pointed sandstone, and binding them to handles with rawhide thongs. An implement of this sort had a sharp edge, and was used as a weapon and to cut wood and tent poles, besides being the principal tool used in the construction of canoes. Circular pieces of flint and clam and mussel shells were also used to scrape skins that were being prepared for clothing. Quantities of such shells have been found on an elevation about one half mile from Traction Park, and on the Brummage farms near Boothsville, far from the beds of the West Fork and Monongahela Rivers. The needles used in making this skin clothing were very crude—thorns and sharp pieces of flint an inch wide at the larger end and pointed at the other usually answering the purpose. The needles were used merely to punch holes, through which rawhide strings were run. The Indian "firingstone" was merely a rock containing a cavity in which fires were started.

A toilet article of greater necessity than my lady's powder box was the turtle shell bowl in which the warrior kept the different colored clays which, powdered and mixed with animal fat, made his war paint. There was no dearth of this clay in Marion County, large beds of it being found in different sections.

The Indians always located their villages near a large rock where mortars could be made for grinding corn into meal. These mortars, or "Indian mills," may still be found. Some years ago there were six of them in a ledge of rock near Pleasant Point, but at present there are only four small ones left, the two larger mortars having been destroyed by blasting in the construction of a bridge abutment. These range in capacity from a half bushel to a quart. Judging from the number and size of the mills, a large village must have been in that vicinity for many years. On Ice's Run is a mortar between 3 and 4 feet high, having notches cut in the sides for steps. The cavity in the center of this stone is 10 inches deep, and 5 inches in diameter at the top. There is also a mortar in a rock near a cave at Jamison's crossing, below Basnettsville. The corn was placed in the mortar and ground into meal by turning a large stone or pestle that fitted into the hole. On the Harrison Manley farm was found a round stone pestle about 10 inches long, somewhat larger at one end than at the other. The stone is almost perfect in slant and finish, and is a good example of Indian skill. Hominy was made in much the same way in which meal was made, the corn being removed before it was ground fine. The squaws always did this work. An interesting story is told of one who, while being held a prisoner here in 1 792, made hominy by tapping the corn, one rain at a time, with a hammer, one tap

being sufficient to remove the husk. The kernels rolled with amazing rapidity from the stone she held in her lap to a blanket spread at her feet, so adept was she in the performance of her task.

Sacred stones have been ploughed up in different parts of the county. They were used in certain ceremonies of the Indians, and were from 5 to 7 1/2 inches in diameter, and 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches thick. They were always finely finished, the outer edges being slightly convex and perfectly smooth. There was a small margin about a quarter of an inch wide at the edge of the stone, from which it gently sloped toward a hole half an inch in diameter, bored through the center. The Indian to whom this article was entrusted always buried it in the earth, a custom which accounts for the fact that some of the stones were badly damaged when they were ploughed up. Mr. Thomas Leeper, of Monongah, has in his possession a very fine specimen of these ceremonial stones.

The Indian traveled in a canoe made by hollowing out a log, or of birch bark. The birch bark was readily peeled from the tree in May or June. One ring was cut around the lower part of the birch tree, and another around the trunk just below the first branches. A slit was then cut from one ring to the other, and, after it had been well pounded in order to loosen it, the bark was gradually removed. The ends of the bark were then sewed together, and rosined to keep out the water. When braced, the craft was ready for use. The log canoes, commonly called "dugouts," were harder to make, requiring much time and labor. After the tree was cut down and hewed to the desired length, a fire was built on the top of the log and let burn until the wood was almost half consumed, when the charred part was removed by the aid of a tomahawk or scraper. This process of alternately burning and scraping was carried on until the canoe was fashioned to its owner's liking, a task it sometimes required three weeks to accomplish.

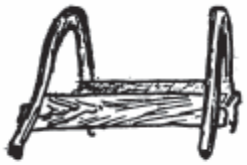
Chapter III
Trails and Transportation

Westward the course of empire takes its way.
—Bishop Berkeley.

Our modern roads began with the efforts of the Indians to find their way through the unbroken forests. Sometimes they blazed trails, marking the trees in a peculiar manner; sometimes directions were designated by pictures drawn on rocks; and frequently both methods were used to guide them. When two trails crossed each other certain trees were marked, or other well-known means were used to direct their travel. These signs may be compared with finger guides at the forks of our roads to-day.

There were a number of these Indian trails in Marion County, although many of them were branches of the larger or main trails across the country. Many of them led to the Ohio River, and were used chiefly by the wandering tribes of the Shawnees and Mingoes. From the Ohio, they led to the settlements on the Muskingum, and from there to the larger settlements on the Scioto and the Ohio, and on to Kentucky. The Great War Path, or Eastern Trail, over which the Indians traveled on marauding expeditions, came from the south branch of the Potomac, passing along Indian Creek and White Day Creek. The old Catawba War Path, a well-known highway in the early days, passed up the Tygart's Valley to the Carolinas. In the Tygart's Valley a number of trails converged. As in Italy all roads led to Rome, so in the mountains of this section all thoroughfares led to Tygart's Valley. In many places traces of old trails may be found that have never been widened into wagon roads, possibly the most clearly defined of all such being the one along Buffalo Creek. One of these old trails runs directly over a steep, high point, but it is still used as a thoroughfare. In order to widen the paths the settlers sometimes cut down trees, but more often they went around them. For many years wagon roads and wagons were unknown, and merchandise was transported on foot. Trips were made to Winchester, Virginia, and Cumberland and Hagerstown, Maryland, for salt, and the journey was long and difficult, the round trip covering over 300 miles. One half bushel was ordinarily a load for one man when he was making the trip on foot.

In the year 1 769 the first horse was brought across the mountains into Marion County. The first packsaddles used were made of two dogwood forks fastened together with rawhide thongs, but later they were made of two hickory boards held together with pieces of iron or hickory straps. Sheep skins, sheared close and tanned with the wool on, kept the saddles from rubbing the horses.



PACKSADDLE

The means by which the pioneers made their journeys, compared to our method of traveling, were very primitive. At times two men would start on a trip with only one horse. After riding a specified time one would hitch the horse to a tree by the wayside and continue his journey on foot. The other, who had walked the distance, would find the horse at the hitching place, whereupon he would mount and soon overtake the man walking ahead. This method of traveling, known as "ride and tie," was continued until the destination was reached, and it proved a very efficient means of resting the horse as well as the riders. By this improved means

of transportation, salt was carried in large quantities, being placed in homemade linen sacks about two yards long, which were thrown across the packsaddles.

The men who made a business of selling salt had many adventures and hardships. They generally went to Winchester, Virginia, by way of Clarksburg, Belington, and what is now Elkins. They made Laurel Mountain, near Elkins, a regular camping place, both going to and coming from Winchester. Sometimes these men would go in parties, but at other times one person would be obliged to go alone. Before wagons were introduced, a man frequently took two horses with him, one to ride and the other to carry his salt, one horse being driven in front of the other with a "jerk line," which was a rope used as the reins of a horse are used at the present time.

As soon as the horse made its appearance, the settlers began to make sleds in which to gather their crops. Each runner of the sled was a solid piece of wood, usually sawed from a large log. Among the earlier means of conveyance was a cart having two large wooden wheels, a wooden axle and a pair of wooden shafts, a large wooden box being used for the bed. The wheels were sawed from the butt of a gum tree, a hole bored through the center serving as the hub. The carts were usually put together with wooden pins, but later iron bolts were used. The harness used to attach the horse to this vehicle was very crude, the back band being made of linen, the collar of corn husks, and the traces and bridle of rope. The bits, which were of iron, were the only pieces of metal used.

WOODEN OX-YOKE

Wagons soon followed the advent of the two-wheeled cart. John O. Maulsby, who lived within a half mile of the present town of Farmington, brought the first wagon into this county, and the settlers came from 20 miles around to see what it looked like. The first wagon passed through Winfield District from Morgantown about 1840, carrying a load of wool. The driver, a man named William Beverly, stopped for the night at the home of Peter Moran, whose children were very much interested in the new mode of conveyance. Elbert Moran, then a lad, slipped out of the house with his small brother, under cover of the night, to examine the strange vehicle, and observing that the tar which was dripping from the axles was going to waste, the children filled the pockets of their jackets with the sticky substance, a proceeding which caused them some little trouble later on.

Sometimes several neighbors in a community would band together, each furnishing a horse, and take a large hickory bed wagon to Baltimore, the best known market. The bed of this wagon, which was capable of holding a heavy load, was made of long hickory poles plaited together in the shape of a clothes basket. Four and even six horses were needed to pull the hickory bed wagon over the rough roads. At first the settlers had difficulty in managing these vehicles, and it was sometimes said that a man who could drive three pack horses through a cow path could not turn a wagon in a 10-acre field. Covered road wagons were sometimes called "schooners" in those days.

OLD CREEK ROAD NEAR BARNESVILLE

While there were probably as good means of transportation between Clarksburg and Morgantown as were to be found in most frontier settlements as early as 1 804, a road was authorized between these two points in 1812, and soon after Middletown, a half way station, became a regular stopping place. In 1840 the turnpike, which followed the course of the earlier road with the exception of a few changes near Mill Falls, was completed. This road was built by Irishmen, who lived in little huts along the roadside, and only a small strip near Monongah was macadamized. In 1849, a new impetus was given transportation with the projecting of three turnpikes—one to Weston, one to Fishing Creek, and another to Beverly. Parts of the old Beverly pike may still be traced along the West Fork, passing through the Fairmont farms, and on down Coal Run.

As soon as the Morgantown and Clarksburg turnpike was completed a stagecoach line was established. The old stagecoach, which was drawn by four horses, was a clumsy vehicle, built very strong, the luggage of passengers being carried on top. There were often accidents along the roads, and on one occasion at least, when the coach was overturned just below Rivesville, the luggage went into the river. The fare for passengers from Fairmont to Morgantown was $ 1. It took two days to make the trip, the coach going down on one side of the river and returning on the other. Previous to this time, a two-horse stage, established in 1834, drew the mail between Clarksburg and Uniontown three times a week.

In the year 1800 the Monongahela was declared a public highway, but almost a decade before this an attempt had been made to provide for the improvement of both the Monongahela and the West Fork Rivers. In 1 793 an act passed by the Virginia Legislature provided that these waterways be made navigable for canoes and flat boats, then the only means

of water transportation. Early in the nineteenth century dams were constructed on the Monongahela, those in Marion County being located between Booth's Creek and Little Falls, between Great Falls and Middletown, and at Middletown, the latter being known as Polsley's. In 1806 another act was passed, supplementing that of 1 793, and in 1817 the Monongahela Navigation Company, a private corporation, secured authority from the Virginia Legislature to further improve the transportation facilities in the two rivers above mentioned by digging a canal that would cause the waters of the Buckhannon to flow into the West Fork, one object of the company being to secure a sufficient stage of water for rafting.

In 1847 a company was chartered by the Virginia Legislature to slack the Monongahela, but it failed to secure enough subscriptions to go on with the work, although the company was very active about the time the building of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was giving its impetus to the improvement of transportation.

On February 11, 1850, the first steamboat came up the Monongahela River to the little town of Fairmont. This boat was the "Globe," owned by a man named Yeager. Its appearance created a great sensation among the people, for the majority of them had never seen a steamboat, much less had one come up to their very doors. When it became known throughout the country that a steamboat was to come up the Monongahela River at daybreak on February 11, the people for miles around gathered along the banks of the river as early as the afternoon before. When the whistle of the "Globe" was heard down the river, the courthouse bell was rung for two hours. The people had brought lunches, so they took the day off as a holiday; speeches were made, and the new wonder examined. Many of the citizens had a free ride up the river. That day was long to be remembered. The next boat that came up the river was the "Ariaen," and after that others came not infrequently. The following interesting accounts are taken from the True Virginian of March 1 3 and April 10, 1852:

Our town was cheered with the welcome whistle of the "Thomas B. Ray" on Saturday last. The river, though unusually high for boats to run above the slack water, seemed to offer little resistance to her powerful engines. The trip was made in less time, we are in formed, than any boat that has preceded her; her principal lading was salt and whiskey.

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The favorite steamer "Thomas B. Ray," with Captain Hughes in command, arrived Wednesday, the seventh instant, about 10 o'clock, with tobacco from Logan and Carris and other articles of traffic. The "Thomas B. Ray" is a finely finished boat, and the officers are spoken of as gentlemen and accommodating men.

The following story shows how much interest the arrival of these boats aroused in Fairmont. On one occasion a little girl, playing in a vacant house near the river, innocently blew a whistle which made a rather loud noise. Court was in session on that day, and the judge, hearing the whistle, thought a steamboat was coming up the river, so he dismissed court and he, the prisoners, the jury and the witnesses, went down to the river bank to await the arrival of the boat. After waiting for an hour or so and seeing no boat appear they went back to the courthouse and continued the proceedings.

On Monday, April 5, 1852, there occurred a memorable flood. About midnight all the people of the surrounding country were aroused by the clash of thunder and the terrible down pour of rain. The Monongahela River, which usually did not reach the top of its banks, rose at the rate of five feet an hour during part of the time, and when the storm ceased had reached a height of 43 feet above its usual level. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company had finished grading the bed for the railway, but although the bed was somewhat injured, no great damage was done, as the rails had not yet been laid. When the flood was at its height, forty houses are known to have floated down the river. Mr. S. S. Fleming, of Shinnston, who was superintendent of the pike built partly by appropriation and partly by subscription that had just been opened between Fairmont and Clarksburg, has given the following account of the flood:

"Five bridges between Fairmont and Clarksburg were taken away. This left the country in a terrible condition. Where White Rock bridge stood there was no way of passing, even with a single horse. I put a number of men at work and we put up a bridge in about one week. Another company put up the bridge just below, which had lodged in some trees at the mouth of the run. The Enterprise bridge was made new. The one at Shinnston floated its base, but the sills and floor were saved. The bridge at Limestone was passable by ford. The next winter, through the efforts of Governor Johnson, the Legislature appropriated $40,000 to put up the bridge at Maulsby's Ford at Worthington, and the balance, if any, to macadamize the worst places in the road.

"By noon that day the river was a fright. Everything conceivable was adrift — small houses, stables, hog pens, hen houses, bridges from creeks and runs, and logs and timbers out of number. The river bridge at Clarksburg landed on the island at the mouth of Lambert's Run in very good shape.

"In the afternoon the people commenced going in crowds to see the Griffith mill take its leave. They had not long to stay, for it soon pitched from its foundation, went nearly out of sight under the water, and then adjusted itself and floated down the river very majestically.

"The water crept up the street nearly to the stone house, and on the saw mill on the run to the second row of shingles on the roof. The 'point' at the M. P. Church was covered over. Mr. Seth Shinn's house was on an island with the water all around it at some little depth and he had no boat, so he could not get out and enjoy the fun.

"The water crept up on Elijah Martin, who lived up the run at the coal bank. It raised so quietly and he slept so soundly until about the break of day, that when he awoke and got out of bed, he went knee deep into the water. He went to the back door and looked out and it was about 60 yards to dry land.

"To reach Fairmont from Clarksburg, teamsters had to go by way of Booth's Creek. No farming was done until well on into the month of May.

"The spring election was held about this time, and the men were unable to get to the voting places. However, there was a provision in the law that on such occasions the commissioners could protract the election and keep the polls open three days."

Chapter IV

Establishing a New Frontier

A bold peasantry, their country's pride.
—Goldsmith.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild whirl we go not up or down.
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

In striking contrast to a journey such as would be made across the Alleghanies in a modern Pullman was that made by Nathaniel Cochran and his wife in the eighteenth century. After Cochran had returned from his long captivity among the Indians he journeyed to Hagerstown, Maryland, where, in 1789, he married Elizabeth Ford, bringing her and their scanty supply of household goods across the mountains in that same year. Cochran himself walked the entire distance, leading a cow that bore a burden of utensils, including a pot and a skillet; but his wife rode a horse, carrying her spinning wheel in her lap, and having a feather tick hung on her saddle and a bundle of bed clothes fastened at the back. Nathaniel also drove a pig that later on escaped and made its way back to its home sty in Hagerstown. Their first shelter, consisting of a wigwam made of small trees and brush woven in a circle, was constructed under a large sugar tree in what is now Thoburn. Later they built a house containing one room, but having neither chimney nor windows and but one door, very stout and heavy. The fire was built in the center of the room, and the few rude articles of furniture placed around it. Food was very scarce at first, meat being the only article of which there was an abundance, and the family became so tired of it that Mrs. Cochran cooked pumpkin blossoms, as soon as her vines flowered, by way of variety. Being ignorant of the nature of the wild plants growing in profusion at her very door, she was afraid to use them.

When they had cleared the land they planted the apple, peach and pear seeds they had brought with them, and so fertile was the soil that the peach tree bore fruit in three years, an apple tree in five, and they had an abundance of fruit in seven years.

Shortly after their first baby, William Cochran, was born, two Indian scouts who lived with them reported that the Indians had killed the McIntires, at what is now Enterprise; consequently, at dusk on the day they heard the news, the little cavalcade started for the fort at the mouth of Cheat River, 30 miles distant, Mrs. Cochran with her baby in her arms riding the horse, and Nathaniel leading the cow. They arrived at the fort at day break. Nathaniel and the scouts immediately returned home, leaving Mrs. Cochran and the baby, who did not hear from them for seven weeks.

Another settler, one of the first in Lincoln District, by the name of Robert East, set up his abode under a large overhanging rock on what is now East Run—both rock and run having received his name. These examples serve to illustrate the hardihood of some of the early pioneers, whose rude and uncouth manner of living was an indication of their ability to adapt themselves to their surroundings.

Owing to conflicting claims in the Monongahela Valley, no land patents were issued before 1779, but many tomahawk entries were made prior to that time. Jacob Prickett, who located his claim in 1766, seems to have been the first settler in Marion County. In a deposition sworn to by the well-known Capt. William Crawford at Pittsburgh, he says: "Zachal

Morgan, James Chew and Jacob Prickett came out in that year (1766) and I was informed by them that they had settled up the Monongahela." This deposition may be found in Volume I of the Calendar of Virginia State Papers, issued in 1875 by William Palmer, under authority of the Legislature of Virginia. From information based on the issuance of a patent for land on which previous improvements had been made, it would seem that Thomas Merrifield settled on Booth's Creek in 1766, also. In 1772, Jacob Prickett and John, a son of Isaiah Prickett, took up land on Prickett's Creek, and a year later the same John Chew mentioned in the deposition settled on Buffalo Creek.

According to some authorities, Capt. James Booth came to the valley of the West Fork prior to 1768 and settled on Booth's Creek, near Briartown, now Monongah. Others state that Captain Booth and John Thomas settled on Booth's Creek, near the present town of Boothsville, in 1770 or 1772—Captain Booth taking up the land now known as the "old Jesse Martin farm," and Thomas the "old William Martin place." At any rate, it is certain that Captain Booth, being a man of strong intellect and forceful character, played an important part in the early life of the border.

ICE'S RUN

David Morgan settled on the Monongahela about five miles below Fairmont, between the mouths of Prickett's and Paw Paw Creeks, where in 1772 he and Nicholas Woods erected the first cabins in Paw Paw District. Other settlers of this and the years immediately succeeding were Peter Straight, William Snodgrass, Henry Button, Thomas Button, John Dragoo, and the man Cochran before mentioned. The Ices were prominent among the early settlers of Marion County—Frederick Ice, the first member of the family in this part of the country, coming to a place near the present town of Barrackville from the forks of the Cheat in 1757 or 1768. Here he took up for each of his four sons—Adam, Abram, Andy and William—a farm laid out in 200-acre plots, for which $ 15 apiece was paid to the Indians; and here, too, is buried his son Adam, the first white person born west of the Alleghanies. In 1770 Thomas Helen built the first cabin in what is now Lincoln District, locating it about one mile below Worthington; and in 1775, Richard Nuzum established a settlement in Union District when he set up his habitation on Tygart's Valley River, three miles below Valley Falls.

Among other early settlers were Asa Hall, who came to Marion County from the forks of Cheat shortly after 1782, and William Haymond, who, with William Barnes, owned the land on which Palatine was built. Capt. James Morgan was one of the first comers to Winfield District, as were the Hartleys, but the exact date of their location in this section is unknown. The Flemings, John and three of his brother William's sons—Nathan, Boaz and Benoni—emigrated from Delaware in 1 789, and settled on the land on which the city of Fairmont is built. Among other names that are familiar to all the inhabitants of this section by reason of their being applied to natural features of the county, or to towns, are Koon, Metz, Downs and Glover.

The men and women who braved the dangers of the wilds to plant new homes beyond the mountains were, of necessity, strong, fearless, persevering characters, inured to toil and hardships, who fenced in their tiny seedling trees to keep the wild deer from nibbling the tender shoots, and tended their growing crops with their rifles and hunting knives ever near at hand. They were generous, kind, and helpful, strangers always being welcomed at their firesides without question, and hospitably pressed to accept the best their cabins afforded without thought of payment in return. It was no unusual thing for a woman to ride eight miles at night through snow and sleet to aid a neighbor in time of sickness. Many were the privations they suffered. On one occasion Josiah Prickett and his wife, Charity Taylor Prickett, the first white woman that crossed the Alleghanies, who had been hoeing corn, had nothing for their noonday meal but unsalted greens. On returning to the field the woman found that she was too weak to carry her young babe up the hill, so her husband sent her home, saying he would get some meat. Presently she heard the crack of his rifle and saw him returning, bearing a deer. "And," says the descendant of this worthy couple, who at 81 years of age remembers the story as she often heard it from the lips of her great-grandmother, "after that they feasted on unsalted venison for many days."

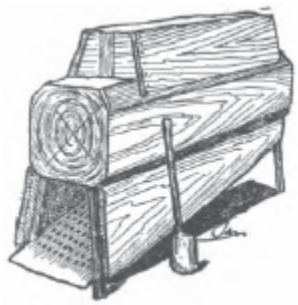
Perhaps in no other way is the resourcefulness of these pioneers so evident as in the implements they constructed from the materials they found at hand. At first springs furnished water for domestic use, but after a time shallow wells were dug and lined with stone. A sapling to which was tied a wooden bucket was attached to a long sweep placed about 10 feet from the center of the well. The bucket was lowered to the water and immersed by means of the sapling, and then it rose to the top of its own accord. Such as this was the "Old Oaken Bucket" celebrated in song.

Tubs, barrels, hogsheads and buckets were constructed of hickory staves held together by wooden hoops. A wooden milk bucket was called a "piggin." This bucket had one stave a little longer than the rest to serve as a handle by which it could be held while the milking was being done. Washboards were simply boards in which ridges were cut. These were unlike

the modern article in shape, being 3 feet wide at the top and tapering to 1 1/2 feet at the bottom. Troughs of all kinds, including those in which soap was made, were hewn out of logs with an ax or a mattock. Buckeye was even used for this purpose, but was so porous that when the troughs were used to catch maple sap the water ran out as fast as it came in. This defect was overcome by charring the inside, a process which effectively closed the pores.

Brooms were made of hickory saplings 2 or 3 inches in diameter by beginning at the larger end and whittling shavings in the opposite direction. The shavings were 12 to 14 inches long and were cut very fine so that they would be flexible. This process was continued until they could not be held back easily, after which the remaining pieces of wood were removed, the ends reversed, and shavings whittled from the small end toward the larger, leaving about one inch between the two bunches. Each round of the second turn of shavings was made a little longer than the former row, so that when the longest were drawn down and tied with a rawhide string the end would present an even appearance.

The early housewife placed her dough in baskets to rise. These baskets were made of hickory splits woven together and had removable lids. After the bread was placed in the basket the lid was put on and the whole was set in the chimney corner to keep warm. Butter was worked and salted in bowls hewn out of sugar maple or gum trees. A wooden butter paddle was also made for working the milk out of the butter. Cream was placed in a leather bag and shaken and kneaded until the butter came. Sometimes a coffee pot or similar vessel was used in which to shake the cream. If the butter was slow in coming, a silver coin was dropped into the sour cream, or a hot poker



CORN SHELLER
OWNED BY THE PRICKETT FAMILY

WOODEN SCOOP

COFFEE MILL
OWNED BY THE PRICKETT FAMILY

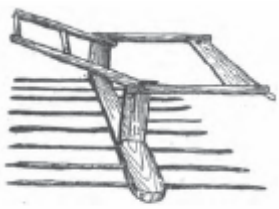
ONE OF THE FIRST GRINDSTONES
IN MARION COUNTY

Candle moulds were made of straight sumac or elder branches hollowed out and placed on a board frame. Strings were passed through these tubes and then melted tallow was poured in and let harden. When the tallow had cooled, the mould was held over the fire until the candles became slippery, after which they could easily be removed. A snuff grinder, or spice mill, for they were similar, was a curious looking implement consisting of a hollow piece of wood 8 or 10 inches long and a small stick rounded at one end, the latter being used to crush the contents of the mill.

Poking-sticks were implements used in teasing the fire to make it burn more rapidly. This implement was a small sapling and took the place of an iron poker. Shovels were made of hickory or tulip wood; the smaller implements, used in removing ashes, being whittled out of boards, and the larger ones, used in handling grain, being carved out of logs. The latter were similar in size and shape to our modern steel scoops. Mauls were cut roughly out of small hickory trees 5 or 6 inches in diameter, the handle, however, being finished with a pen knife in leisure hours. Mallets were square blocks of wood with a hole bored through the center of each in which to insert a handle. The very early ones were simply pine knots. Gluts, or wooden wedges, were made of dogwood and hickory, and were indispensable in splitting rails, slabs, flooring, rafters, clapboards, shingles and lath. For the log rollings, long hickory poles were cut, trimmed, and laid away to dry and season. Spiles were made of sumac or elder branches with the pith removed. These were used in collecting the sap from maple trees and for springs, cider kegs and wine barrels.

Whetstones were made by hewing a piece of hickory wood to the desired shape and burying it in the ground. It required from six to twelve months for the hickory to petrify.

Locks were very crude and did not in the least resemble those used today. The door lock consisted of a wooden latch held by a notch in a peg at the door jam. The latch turned on a peg opposite the notch, and a rawhide string attached to it ran through a gimlet hole to the outside. The expression, "Our latchstring is always out," was a familiar one among the hospitable settlers.



WOODEN RAKE
USED BY PRICKETT FAMILY

Instead of modern steel horsepower rakes, wooden hand dumping implements were used. To the early farmer this rake was indispensable, although when it was used on stumpy or rocky ground it must have proved a source of much annoyance and vexation. This rake had teeth on both sides of a square board, which was free to turn when the teeth came in contact with any object, and it was necessary for the operator to hold it down on the level to keep it from dumping except when such a performance was desired. Pitch forks were made of small forked trees with two or three prongs, or by splitting the end of a sapling 6 or 8 inches and binding it at that point with an iron ring to prevent further splitting.

Plows were clumsy implements which were slow to develop, for the soil was so loose that very little preparation for planting was necessary. About the only iron on an early plow was a crude point fastened to the end of the moleboard with three or four nails. Before the wooden-toothed harrows were constructed, the virgin soil was made ready for seeding by dragging a large branch of a tree over the loose ground.

FLAIL

Sickles were at first used to cut the grain, but the process of harvesting was slow and laborious. Later, scythes and cradles were introduced, but few could afford them. Flails were implements used in separating grain from the sheaves. They were made of two pieces of hickory wood fastened together by a raw hide string. Many of these flails may be found in old barns around Fairmont. They were used for threshing grain until chaff-piler threshers, which were run by horsepower, were introduced. This machine, the chaff piler, seemed a wonderful invention until about 1850, when the cleaner came into use. The latter created so much excitement that people traveled for miles to "see how the machine worked."

An important sale took place near Prickett's Fort in Marion County, in the fall of 1807, the articles sold being the personal effects of Josiah Prickett, deceased. The appraisers of the estate were Raynear Hall, John Jolliffe and Horatio Morgan, and they received as compensation for their work 50 cents apiece. The sale crier was paid $1, and the clerk, Elisha Holt, was paid 50 cents. The will of Josiah Prickett was written in April, 1807, by Raynear Hall, for which work he received 50 cents. Charity Prickett, the widow of the deceased, was the executrix, and John Hoult, the executor of the estate. The following is the bill of sale:

WOODEN CRADLE

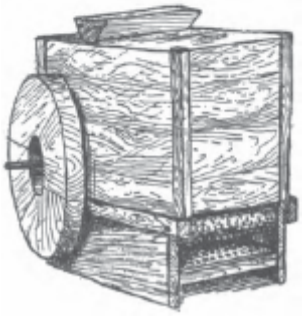
Sold to the following Persons:

Charity Prickett — 3 Pewter Dishes, 12 Plates, 1 Basin, 12 Spoons, 5 Brass do, $12; tinware, $1.25; Queensware, bottles and tea ware $2.50; 1 Pewter teapot, .75 cents; cotton cards, worsted combs and Sheep Shears, $1.00; 2 tables, 1 Chest and 7 Chairs $6.25.

To Job Prickett.— Saddle & Bridle. $7.00; Rifle Gun, $15.00.

To Charity Prickett — Wearing Apparel, $10; 36 lbs. wool, $9.00; big Wheel, little wheel and reel, $4.00; Bed & bed covering, 2 bedsteads, $16.00.

To Job Prickett:— 3 books & looking glass, $1.75; 3 barrels, 5 tubs, 2 half bushels, 1 bucket $4.50; 5 tubs, 5 guns & 1 tray $2.00; Bed, Bedstead & Covering $5.00; Scraps of Leather, $1.25.



CHAFF PILER
USED ON PRICKETT FARM

To Charity Prickett — 4 bags, $1.50.

To Job Prickett — Shoemaker's Tools, $1.25.

To Charily Prickett — 3 poll, 2 trammel, 1 Dutch oven, 1 frying pan, fire shovel, flatiron $5. To Job Prickett — Sundry old tools, 75 cents. Horse gears & Pack Saddle, $4.50; 1 log chain, 1 plow, 1 pitchfork $2.50; 1 plow & Hangers, 1 Shovel plow & 1 shovel, $7.00; Cutting knife, steel & 1 ox ring $1.00; Wagon $30.

To Charity Prickett — 1 Loom, Hangings and reed $5.00; 2 kettles and bales and 1 Washing tub $5.00.

To Job Prickett — 1 Gray Horse $60.00; 1 Gray Filley, $35.00; 1 Brown Horse, $60.00.

To Charity Prickett— 1 Sorrel Horse $30.00; 1 brown cow, white face $10.00; 1 red cow, while face, $12.00; 1 churn & conch shell, 75 cents; 6 geese, $2.50; Cash wagon boxes. $1.30; 1 saddle $5.00; Bay colt $16.21.

To Robert Ferrel — 1 hackle, scythe and cradle, $22.50; 4 sheep, first choice, $8.00.

To David Snider — 2 Steers, yearlings, 1 black & 1 white Heifer, $13.25; 1 Red heifer & 1 black bull $10.00.

To John Tonoray — 1 Yearling Calf, $3.50.

To William Jolliffe, Jr.— I Black & 1 While Heifer $8.25.

To Jasper Boner — Brindle Bull, $3.75.

To Amos Boner — 4 Sheep, second choice, $5.12.

FLAX-BREAK
USED BY THE PRICKETTS MORE THAN
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

to Job Prickett— 14 hogs, $18.00; Blacksmith tools $3.00; 1 Slide, 25 cents; 1 pied cow & calf, $12.00; 1 flax brake and log slide, 50 cents; 1 yoke of steers and yoke, $40.00, 1 black steer, white face, 2 year old, $5.00, 2 calves, $2.50; 24 acres of grain that was growing, $30.00; 1 scythe and part of a cradle, 24 1/2 cents; Stilliards, $4.00; 2 red heifers and 2 year old steer, $7.50; Saddle bags and bridle $1.00; 2 axes, 1 auger $2.18; 2 broad hoes 1 mattock and grubbing hoe, $2.17; 1 fallow harrow $2.25 ; 3 old sheep and five lambs, $11.83.

To John Boner — 4 old sheep and last choice, $3.25.

To Jacob Prickett — 1 flock harrow, $1.25.

To John Dragoo — 1 Hoe, 8 cents.

Chapter V

Means of Defense

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.—Washington.

The one common means of defense adopted by the early settlers was that of building forts and blockhouses, the locations of which were selected with much the same care and deliberation that the modern community expends upon the selection of sites for its district schools. The structure was always built upon the highest hill overlooking the surrounding country, or near a well-known road, for it had to command not only a view of all means of approach, but had to be so centrally located that all settlers in its vicinity could reach the protection of its walls at the first intimation of an Indian attack. Moreover, it had to be in close proximity to a natural spring, for not infrequently its inmates were forced to withstand a siege of many days' duration.

The type of fortification used by the settlers in Marion County was the stockade fort, which was made of timbers of convenient height placed perpendicularly in the ground, close together, in such a manner as to make a rectangular enclosure. Around the walls of this enclosed court were built cabins for the use of the families of the settlers during a siege. At one or more of the four corners of the stockade were stations constructed for the guards, whose duty it was to watch for the enemy. The outer walls of these guard-houses projected about two feet beyond the line of the walls of the fort, and an open space was left so that the guard could see an enemy skulking close to the walls, as well as approaching from a distance. Prickett's Fort, at the mouth of Prickett's Creek, was such a structure.

A garrisoned fort was a place where soldiers were stationed and provided with arms and munitions of war. There were a number of such garrisons west of the mountains, but of ninety or more important and well-known forts in West Virginia only three were in Marion County. These were Prickett's Fort, at the mouth of Prickett's Creek, in Winfield District, built in 1773 or 1774; Koon's Fort, near the mouth of Koon's Run, built in 1777; and Paw Paw Fort, in Paw Paw District, of which the date of erection is unknown. Prickett's Fort, which played the most prominent part in the early history of the county, was erected during Lord Dunmore's War. There is no record that the fort was actually besieged at any time, but it was a refuge for the settlers in times when roving bands of savages visited the community. Its exact location is in dispute. It stood near the east side of the Monongahela River, above the mouth of Prickett's Creek, about 1,000 feet from the river. Some claim that it occupied the site of the brick residence of Laban Prickett, which stands on the second elevation above Prickett's Creek, about 500 feet from the stream and about 1,000 feet from the east bank of the river. Others claim that it stood about 700 feet south of the location described above and about the same distance from the river, on an elevation some 50 feet higher; and some say that it stood midway between these two locations. From the best information that can be obtained, it would seem that the second site described is the correct one. The late Mr. Job Prickett remembered having seen the ruins of the old fort, and before his death he pointed out the remains of a chimney on that location as belonging to the building. Col. William Haymond was commandant at this fort at one time when danger threatened the community.

Several important events in pioneer life occurred at Prickett's Fort and in its vicinity. It was to this refuge that David Morgan fled with his two children in the spring of 1779, after he had rescued them from two savages who were pursuing them, and had killed one of the Indians and mortally wounded the other; and it was from this fort that Isaiah Prickett and Susan Ox went out in the spring of 1774 to drive home the cows and were captured by Indians who killed Mr. Prickett and carried Mrs. Ox away into a captivity from which she never returned. It was to this fort that Mrs. William Morgan found her way on the twelfth of April, 1778, after having escaped from Indians who had stolen her from her home at Dunkard Bottom, in Preston County, and had tied her to a tree while they went to steal a horse for her to ride. When they returned with a fine mare and found that Mrs. Morgan had succeeded in untying the knot with her teeth and had escaped, they spitefully stabbed and killed the horse. Doubtless many are the unrecorded events that centered in the life of this pioneer stockade. Here, perhaps, was the birth of many a romance in which the young swain plighted his troth to his sweetheart and the two sallied forth from the puncheon gates to establish a new home in the wilderness. The descendants from families thus started now largely make up the bone and sinew of this county, while many have gone out to people other states. There is nothing definitely known about Koon's Fort, which was next in importance in Marion County. No doubt Capt. James Booth was the leading spirit in its construction and management. He lived not far from the 'fort and was an officer of superior ability who raised a company of militia which did excellent service in guarding the frontier during the Revolutionary War. The pension department of the United States records the granting of bounties to a number of men who served in Captain Booth's Company. Hon. Virgil A. Lewis, in speaking of his death, which occurred at the hands of the Indians in 1778, said that "he had been the chief protector of the infant settlements in the upper valley of the Monongahela, and his death was felt to be a very great loss."


FLINT-LOCK MUSKET

There are no facts at hand regarding the building of Paw Paw Fort, but there is evidence that such a fort was built, and that its location was on Paw Paw Creek, presumably near Rivesville, as that section was settled very early.

There is supposed to have been a fort near Eldora called Nixon's Fort, and also a fort north of Palatine, on the site of the present fair grounds. Nothing definite can be found about either, but there is a tradition in the Hamilton family that some of their ancestors took refuge in the fort near Palatine during an Indian siege. Morgan's Fort was built on the present site of Fairview, and Levi Morgan was in command there.

The weapons used by the frontiersmen were primitive as their surroundings. Hunters and trappers always carried a small ax and a large knife in their belts; the former being used to construct shelters, bear traps and canoes, and to cut firewood; the latter was indispensable, being used for skinning wild animals, whittling shavings to start fires, and in preparing meats to be cooked. In addition to these various duties, it served as the chief eating utensil employed by its hardy owner.

The firing of the old flint-lock musket was not at all similar to the operation of the modern automatic shotguns and high power rifles, which may be discharged by the pressure of the finger on the trigger and easily and quickly reloaded. The flint-lock gun consisted of a barrel, generally of large bore, in the breach end of which was screwed a plug containing a touch-hole that led to the powder pan, which held the priming. When the hammer, in the end of which was a piece of flint, came in contact with the steel lock, a spark was struck and dropped into the powder below, igniting it. The flame followed the course of the powder in the pan through the small hole into the barrel, causing the explosion. Great skill was required in the use of these guns, for several seconds elapsed before the fire produced by the flint reached the inside of the barrel. It was also dangerous when the poor grade of powder that was used became ignited in the open pan, for then the fire flew in all directions, often burning the face and wrists of the marksman. It was often said in jest that deer learned how the musket was operated and calmly watched the hunter until they saw the spark struck. Then they lightly bounded out of range before the explosion occurred.

The hunter carried, besides his gun, a bulletpouch containing home-made bullets and square pieces of cloth called "patches," and a powder horn made by drilling a small hole in the sharp end of an ox horn and stopping the large end up with wood. The powder-horn was tied to the pouch straps, and had a small bone measure attached to it for ascertaining the amount of powder needed. In loading the gun, a small part of the powder was placed in the firing pan and locked, the rest being placed in the muzzle of the gun. Then a patch and a bullet were laid on the muzzle and tamped down on the powder with the ramrod. After this had been done the gun was ready to be fired.

Next in order, after the flint-lock musket, came the flint-lock pistol, commonly known as the horse pistol. These had very large, smooth bores and were carried as concealed weapons by all travelers, as well as for side arms by cavalry men. Following the flint-lock came the single-barreled cap igniting pistol, then the double-barreled, and finally the "pepper-box." The "pepper-box" had a large revolving cylinder containing several chambers. Then came Colt's cylinder muzzle-loading revolver, which played a prominent part in the Civil War. These guns and pistols had full stocks in which the ramrods were placed when not in use. The bayonet was a pointed weapon of steel which fitted the muzzle of the gun. Bayonets were not used much by early soldiers except on parade and at musters. Swords were common, being used by all the officers of the army.

In the light of modern warfare these fortifications and weapons seem primitive indeed, but they enabled the first comers to hold the lands, thereby establishing a frontier post on the trail of civilization.

EARLY MEANS OF DEFENSE

Chapter VI

The Struggle for the Mastery

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger lurking darkly near,
The weary laborer left his plow,
The milkmaid caroled by her cow.
* * * * * * * * * *
Through the trees fierce eyeballs glowed,
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,
Wild from their native wilderness.
With painted limbs and battle dress.

A yell the dead might wake to hear
Swelled on the night air, far and clear,
Then smote the Indian tomahawk,
On crashing door and shattering lock.
Then rang the rifle shot and then
The shrill death scream of stricken men—
Sank the red ax in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain.
—From "Pentucket," Whittier.

If stories of conflicts between the early settlers and the Indians were related merely to excite the imagination they were better left untold; but if we think of them as records of heroism in the long-fought battle with the wilderness and the aborigines—incidents of the struggle between savagery and civilization—they enable us to appreciate more fully the courage that was inherent in the founders of the new nation beyond the Alleghanies. How bravely and nobly they suffered, endured, and won, is told in the stories that have come down to us. Some of them, picked up here and there, alone would be hardly worth preserving, but they serve to unify parts of a longer narrative. The chronicles of "Border Warfare" give a number of the stories, notably those connected with the Morgan family, in a somewhat different form. The versions here given have been handed down for generations in the immediate vicinity in which the incident occurred.

Archer Butler Hulbert says: "Pilgrim is not by any means too saintly a word to be applied to the genuine pioneer; he might be uncouth in dress and manners, untidy in the extreme as to appearance, ignorant of letters, and innocent of all that is represented by our word culture; yet at his average he was a brave and generous man, who labored for and loved his hearthstone, and fought with fury for his wife and children who gathered at nightfall around its ruddy light."

Lord Dunmore's War was the natural outcome of the difficulties arising over conflicting claims to the lands included formerly in the District of West Augusta, and between the beginning of that campaign and Wayne's Victory in 1795 the Monongahela Valley was the scene of scores of murderous Indian raids, many of which took place within the present limits of this county.

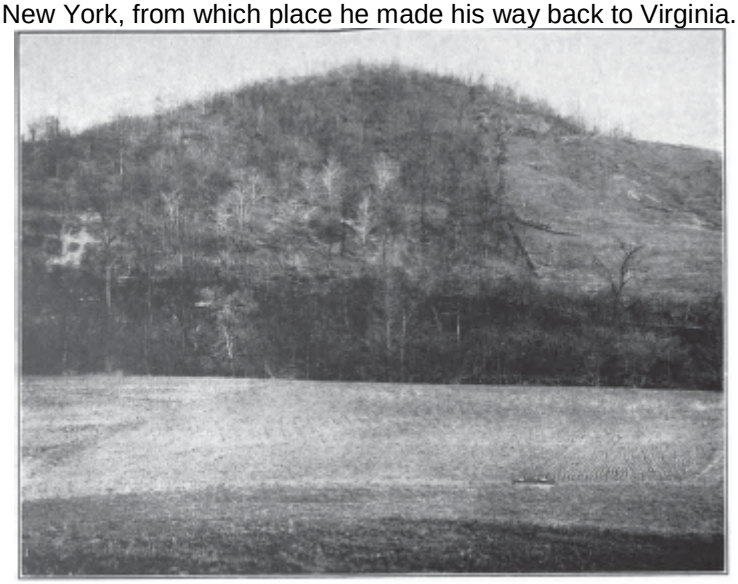
In 1775 a man named Davis came into this county and built his home in the place where Rivesville now stands. The Indians were his only neighbors, and he and his family were frequently annoyed by them. Davis finally came into possession of all the land between Parker's Run and Paw Paw Creek, including Rivesville and the surrounding country, about 750 acres, by purchasing it of the Indians for five gallons of whiskey, for which he paid 50 cents a gallon.

The story of Captain Booth is familiar to almost everyone residing in Marion County. On the morning of the sixteenth of June, 1778, Captain Booth, with a party of five common soldiers under his command, left the fort on Koon's Run and crossed Booth's Creek to work in a cornfield.

The Captain assigned two men to act as guards, while the remainder of the party set to work diligently hoeing corn, ever on the alert for any signs of Indians lurking near. As evening approached, the Captain told four of the men to go home, adding that he and the remaining soldier—a man by the name of Cochran— would work on for a little while. Scarcely had the four men disappeared when a shot rang out, followed by others in rapid succession. One Indian's aim was true, and a bullet found its way to the heart of Captain Booth.

The death of Captain Booth caused great sorrow among his companions at the fort. He was a man of education and ability. His grave was at first marked by a large locust tree, but there is no landmark now to show the exact spot where he is buried.

The man Cochran was slightly wounded and, as he fled toward the fort, his foot caught in a briar and he fell backward, directly into the arms of the Indian who was pursuing him. The savages bound him and proceeded on their way as far as the present site of Boothsville, where they encamped for the night. In the morning they continued their journey across the country to the Ohio River. Cochran was forced to undergo the torture of the gauntlet in passing through the Indian villages. At times no food could be obtained for days, but the Indians pushed dauntlessly on toward the Great Lakes. When they reached Quebec, Cochran was taken prisoner by the British and, in 1782, was exchanged by them for some English prisoners and sent to New York, from which place he made his way back to Virginia.



HILL ON WHICH COCHRAN WAS CAPTURED. THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF CAPTAIN JAMES BOOTH IS SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREGROUND.

In March, 1779, a canoe was seen drifting down the Monongahela River with bloodstains on it, and bullet holes through its sides. This led the settlers to suspect that Indians were lurking in the vicinity, so, in all haste, they gathered into Prickett's Fort for safety. Not hearing of any disturbance, and being anxious to commence their spring work, they stayed at the fort at night only and worked on their farms in the day time.

Among those who thus took refuge from the savages was David Morgan and his family. At that time Morgan was about sixty years old and somewhat feeble, so he sent his two younger children, Stephen, a boy of fourteen, and Sarah, a girl of twelve, to hoe corn on his farm, which was about a mile distant on the opposite side of the river. Without his knowledge, they took their dinner with them, intending to stay all day.

After the children were gone, Morgan fell asleep and dreamed that he saw them scalped. The dream was so real that he awoke, but fell asleep and dreamed the same thing again. Upon awakening this time he was much disturbed, and nquiring about the children, was informed of their intentions. He immediately started for the farm with his rifle. Upon his arrival there, he found his children alive and at work, but a few minutes later, while talking to them, and at the same time scanning the fields and woods, he espied two Indians coming from the direction of the house. Not wishing to alarm the children more than was necessary, he carelessly remarked that there were Indians watching them and that they must run to the fort and leave him to fight them. He then crossed to a stone fence and hid behind it, delaying action to let the children get away. When he thought they were at a safe distance, he ran in the direction of the fort, using the trees for protection, the Indians following in swift pursuit. He succeeded in shooting one of the Indians, at the same time dodging the bullet of the other. The two—Morgan and the savage—then approached each other. The guns of both combatants were empty. The Indian threw his tomahawk, cutting off one of Morgan's fingers; then, catching up a dry ash pole, he struck at him, but the pole broke, and Morgan seized the opportunity to strike the Indian with his gun. In the hand to hand

conflict which ensued both were thrown to the ground, and Morgan managed to get the Indian's forefinger between his teeth, biting it to the bone. Although in excruciating pain, the latter tried to get at his scalping knife, which was held by an apron that he had secured in the cabin and had wound tightly around his body. He sought to obtain this knife by working it up by the blade until the handle was within his grasp. Morgan, knowing that everything would be ended if the Indian secured the knife, took advantage of an opportune moment to seize the handle, and draw it through the latter's hand, cutting that member to the bone. Morgan then had the advantage of the situation and, holding the Indian firmly, he thrust the knife into his side, wounding him severely; after which, armed with his enemy's gun, he made his way to the fort and related his adventure. Morgan was exhausted and unable to return to the scene of the conflict, but men from the fort went immediately in search of the Indian. Tracing him by a trail of blood, they found him, not yet dead, concealed among the branches of a fallen chestnut tree about 200 yards from the spot where the encounter took place. He begged the white men to spare him, addressing them as "brothers," but they tomahawked him, skinned part of his body, and made a shot pouch and a belt with the skin.

To return to the children: When they started for the fort Stephen outran his sister and, reaching the river, undressed and swam across, landing about one mile below the fort. Securing an old hunting shirt from a nearby farmhouse, he wrapped it about himself and went on his way crying. When his sister reached the river she saw his clothes and rightly guessed that he had swum across. She waded along the edge of the river a mile to keep the Indians from tracking her footprints in the soft earth. Finally she came to the canoe landing opposite the fort, and from there reached home in safety.

THE MOUTH OF BUFFALO CREEK

In the fall of 1782 Andrew Ice and Mary Bayles were married and came from Ice's Ferry to Buffalo Creek to visit William Ice, An drew's brother. William and his wife decided this would be a good opportunity for them to make a long anticipated visit to Ice's Ferry, so, taking their children with them, they started on their journey, leaving Andrew and Mary in charge of their house. While they were away, the Indians made a raid on the settlement. Years afterward Mary Bayles Ice told her children that the day the Indians came a man passed by the house, but did not come near enough for them to speak to him. They thought it strange that he did not stop, because travelers were accustomed to do so, especially at meal time; and this day Mrs. Ice had made apple dumplings for dinner, and felt that she could entertain a guest royally. However, this stranger went on to the fort that stood on the Monongahela River about a mile below Fairmont. There were several families in the fort at the time, and when the man arrived there he told them that Indians were in the vicinity and had killed Jacob Straight and a Mrs. Dragoo, who resided on Finch's Run near where Mr. S. L. Watson's farm now is. When the Indians made their attack on the Straight's home, Mrs. Straight hid in a cave near by. She had her son Peter with her and it took all her efforts to keep the little one quiet, so that they would not be discovered. It was found afterward that Mrs. Dragoo had also escaped.

When the man told the people at the fort about these outrages they asked him if he had notified the Ices and the other people on Buffalo Creek. But he answered: "No, I am no news packer." This man's name was Helen, and he afterwards settled near Worthington, on Helen's Run, which was named for him.

The Ices were at once notified that the Indians were in the neighborhood, whereupon they, too, sought the safety of the fort.

The members of a family that lived where the Dutch Ice property now is were afraid to go to the fort, but went to a high ridge above their home and remained there until they thought it safe to return. This ridge is called Scott's Ridge to this day in honor of the man who took refuge there.

Three years later, in 1785, a band of Indians came to the home of Thomas Cunningham, on Bingamon Creek, which empties into the West Fork a short distance above Worthington. Cunningham was away on a trading trip when his family was attacked. A savage sank his tomahawk into the brain of one of the children and threw the body into the yard. Mrs. Cunningham was made the unwilling witness of the scalping of her murdered son. They tomahawked and scalped her remaining son, and scalped a daughter, whose brains they beat out against a tree. Then the mother and her babe were carried off into captivity. The party crossed Bingamon Creek and concealed themselves in a cave, where they remained until nightfall. The sufferings of Mrs. Cunningham, both mental and physical, were terrible during the journey to the Indian country. She was obliged to walk the entire distance, and, during the whole time her food consisted of three paw paws and the head of a wild turkey, so that she almost perished from hunger. When she arrived at the Indian town and was permitted to draw off her stockings, the skin and nails of her feet came off with them. After many days she was united with her husband through the kindness of Simon Girty, the white renegade, to whose credit should be placed this act of mercy.

In 1786 the Dragoo family resided on what is now Straight's Run. One day while Mrs. Dragoo and her son were picking beans in their garden they were surrounded by Indians and taken captive. When they had been taken some distance, the horse which she and the boy were riding stumbled and fell, throwing them violently to the ground, and injuring Mrs. Dragoo so that she was unable to continue the journey. The Indians immediately killed her and proceeded on their way to Ohio, taking the boy with them. He was a likable lad and the Indians grew very fond of him, and he was finally adopted by them. Years passed, and as nothing was heard of Mrs. Dragoo and her son, their relatives and friends believed them dead. Meannwhile, the boy had grown to be a man, and had wedded an Indian squaw. One day he decided to pay his people a visit and, bringing his two stalwart young sons with him, he returned to his boyhood home, where he was received with much joy. However, the call of the wild was too strong within them, and they soon returned to their Indian life.

Levi Morgan, one of the very early settlers in this district, was known throughout the country as an Indian fighter. He was also a hunter and trapper and one day in the year 1787, on visiting some traps which he had placed near what is now known as Katy, on Buffalo Creek, to his delight he found that he had trapped a bear. He had with him two young dogs that he was teaching to trail, and so intent was he on the work that he failed to notice two Indians coming down the creek in a birch bark canoe. They quickly rowed to shore and, seeing Morgan take to flight, started in hot pursuit. Morgan darted behind a sugar tree, and the Indians also concealed themselves behind trees. One Indian was unfortunate in choosing a tree that was too small to protect his body, and taking advantage of this, Morgan shot him.

His gun was now empty and, as he had no time to reload it, he started to run. He crossed the creek and began to climb the hill, but the remaining Indian was gaining on him. Morgan decided to drop his powder-pouch, thinking the Indian would stop to pick it up, but in this he was mistaken. Next he let his gun fall, but again he was doomed to disappointment. When he reached the top of the hill, a plan suggested itself to his mind. He started back toward the Indian, waving his hand and crying, "Come on, here he is." The Indian, believing that some of Morgan's friends were coming to his aid, turned to flee, picking up the discarded gun as he ran. Some years later, at the treaty of Au Glaize, Morgan and the Indian met again, and to Morgan's surprise the Indian still carried the gun. They agreed to run a race for it, and Morgan won, thus getting possession of his weapon once more. After the race the Indian remarked that he "was so old and stiff," in this manner excusing his defeat.

About 179 1 this same Levi Morgan led a small company of settlers, including Horatio Morgan, Jacob Harp and several others, on an expedition against an Indian town on Sunfish Creek, across the Ohio River, for the purpose of destroying the town and forcing the Indians farther west. On arriving they found it deserted by the warriors, who were on the war path, the only inhabitants being the women and children and one old man. Morgan and his men crept up to the outskirts of the town— where they could obtain a good view of the situation—and observing the old man sitting quietly smoking a pipe in the door of his wigwam, Levi Morgan raised his rifle, aimed it at the Indian's head and fired—an act for which he suffered remorse ever after. This was the signal for the attack. The town was plundered and burned, and the party returned home bringing the women and children with them as captives.

One of the Indian women and two children were kept all winter in a cooper shop near Zackwell Morgan's residence on the Morgantown Pike, between Prickett's Creek and Little Creek. The squaw would sit for hours at a time in the shop ounding hominy on a block. While she was thus occupied the two children amused themselves by sticking her with pins set in the pith of a long stick. The squaw paid no attention to the conduct of the children, but went steadily on cracking hominy.

In the spring of 1792 a party of men started west with the Indians. They crossed the Ohio River, reached a point near where Zanesville, Ohio, now stands, and exchanged them for prisoners the Indians had made among the white people. The old stone chimney pile of the Zack well Morgan house is still standing, and a large sycamore tree has grown out of it, a living monument to mark the place where the Indians were kept prisoners, one hundred and twenty years ago.

In 1791 John Hunsaker and his family were moving from Wheeling to Fairmont when they were attacked by Indians on what is known as Hunsaker's Knob. Their small babe was injured and then placed in a tree, while its parents were forced

to go on with the savages, leaving the little one to die. When Mrs. Hunsaker became so weak and exhausted that she could not continue the journey she was scalped and thrown by the wayside.

For one cause or another all the members of the family with the exception of one small boy were finally killed. This boy grew to manhood among the Indians and married an Indian squaw. He adopted all the manners and customs of the people with whom he lived, even to the wearing of a ring in his nose, and rings in his ears; and although "Indian Jake," as he was called, paid a visit to his white relatives in later years, he soon became dissatisfied and returned to the Indians.

Henry Hamilton and his family, consisting of his wife and two children, a son and a daughter, lived back of what is now Holt's drug store, in Fairmont, during the period of Indian raids. One evening the children went for the cows, and on reaching the top of a hill they discovered two Indians sitting on a log. They returned home in great haste, and reported what they had seen. The family immediately closed the house and dropped down the river in canoes to the fort on the old fair grounds near Palatine, leaving two large dogs to guard their belongings. The next day, however, when they returned, nothing had been disturbed.

In the early 30's a family moved into a log cabin on a hill near Catawba. There were three children in the family—two girls and one boy. One day their father went to Morgantown to get supplies, and, as night approached, the cabin was Bred upon by a band of Indians. The mother protected her little brood as well as she could, courageously returning the fire with her rifle, but they were in great danger. Her son, a lad of fourteen, wishing to aid his mother, took his whistle, and slipping out of the house, climbed a cherry tree and blew it again and again. When the doleful sound fell upon the ears of the Indians they were astonished and frightened, for they could not tell from whence it came. At last they fled in terror and did not return.

The last Indian killed in Marion County met his death at the hands of Levi Morgan who, with his father and brother James, was on his way to pay a visit to David Morgan, who lived across the Monongahela River from Prickett's Fort. The body of the Indian was placed under the driftwood and undergrowth beside the river. The Indian had evidently been on a marauding expedition as he carried two scalps, one taken from the head of a man and the other from the head of a woman, besides a quantity of gold and silver money. In after years. a quaint and curious legend grew up around this Indian. A mill was erected near the scene of his death by a man named Jeffers; and Aunt Betty Jeffers told that as she sat in the door of the old mill the song of a spirit came to her across the water like a voice from fairyland, and Bridget McCallahan, Aunt Betty's maid, listened to the song of the spirit until the words were firmly fixed in her mind and she committed them to paper:

I am weary, I am weary,
Watching wearily here;
I am weary and uncheery,
In this watchfulness so drear.

Our forests all have faded,
No warriors brave now stand.
Their dust is by the whirlwind tossed.
Mine mingles with the sand.

Its waters are gently parting now,
Adown yon rivers flow;
They beat along the eastern strand
Of the Mo-non-ga-he-la.

I am going, I am going.
My guardianship is o'er;
I am going to the hunting ground—
Farewell, I come no more.

It is an interesting bit of evidence of the superstitious spirit of the times to note that Jeffers and McGintly sold their mill soon after its construction.

We are told that the last red man seen in the county stood on a hill and watched the building of the Barnestown mill on Buffalo Creek. Long he stood there, silent and alone; then he passed beyond the brow of the hill, and was gone forever.

SITE OF OLD KOON FORT AT KILARM

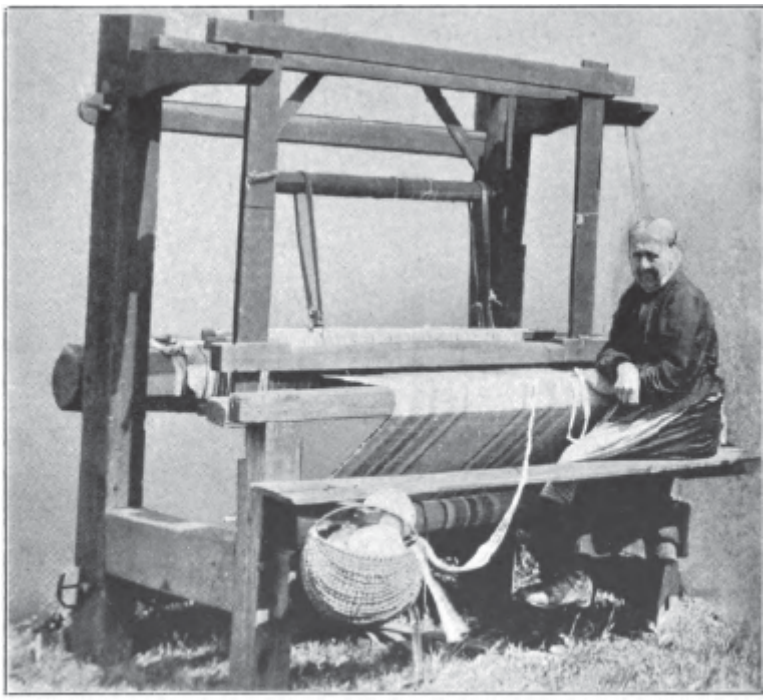
Chapter VII

Homes and Homelife

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos and sublime.
Of human life. —Robert Burns.

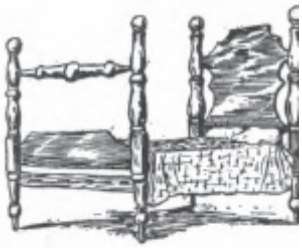
It is a far cry from the cabins of our pioneer ancestors to the palatial homes of the present generation. The first houses built in this section had but one room, and were made of unhewn logs from which the bark had not been removed. The chinks were daubed with clay, and the roof was thatched with long grass or pine branches. In the later and better class of dwellings the logs were hewn square so as to need no chinkings, or a frame was made of heavy oak timbers well cut and braced together. The sides were covered with split oak clapboards and the roof with split cedar shingles, fastened down by means of wooden pegs, and weighted with poles. At the end of the house was a clay or stone chimney, reaching above the gable roof. The construction of this chimney was similar to that of the log house itself, split sticks being placed across each other—"laid up"—and plastered inside with clay daubing to prevent the chimney from catching on fire. The fireplaces were immense, being built for the accommodation of huge back logs which were drawn into the house by horses. One of these tree trunks often lasted a week. The floors were made of split logs held down by wooden pins. The small openings which answered the purpose of windows were covered with greased paper and protected by heavy wooden shutters which were closed to resist attack and to prevent wild animals from gaining entrance to the cabin. The heavy oaken doors were securely fastened at night with wooden crossbars. The room was rarely 7 feet high, but was usually surmounted by a "loft" or upper half story, reached by a ladder from the outside, this upper part often projecting over the lower as a means of defense. The first homes were not even supplied with ladders, but at bedtime the younger members of the family "cooned up" the wall—to use the homely expression of the time—to their beds on the rough boards. It was not a difficult matter to construct one of these houses. It is told that Jack Pyle, a stonemason, having some disagreement with the man for whom he was working, hunted a new location, built himself a home and moved into it, all within 24 hours.

The furniture was extremely simple. There were always two posted beds in the room, be sides a trundle bed, a rude table and a few home-made stools and, less frequently, home made chairs. Generally the beds were built in the corners of the room, thus necessitating but one post for each. The indispensable "small wheel" and "big wheel" were always there, as well as a loom, reel and swift, for all the settlers spun and wove their own cloth. The later homes often contained a carpet loom, but the first settlers did not have rag carpets. Articles of wearing apparel hung about the walls, and bunches of herbs and strings of dried apples were suspended from the rafters. The facilities for bathing were primitive. Often the hardy settler broke the ice in the watering trough or the creek in order to wash his face.



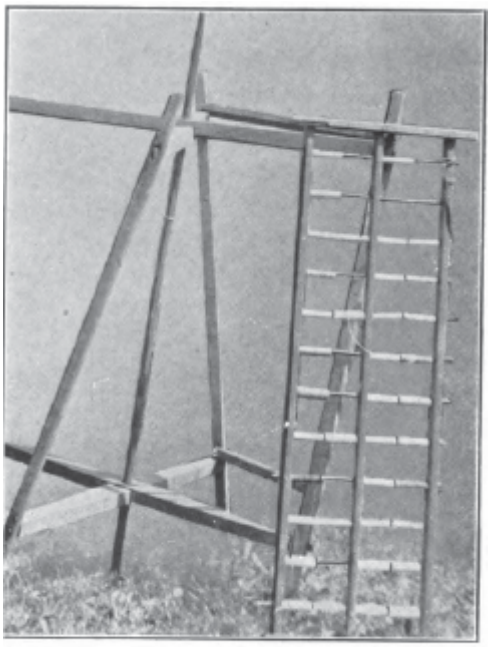
MISS ELLEN PRICKETT, AGED 81, WEAVING CARPET AT HER MOTHER'S LOOM, MADE IN 1834

When Oliver Manley came to this locality during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, he found that the settlers had few imported articles—rifles and iron pots being all that were brought from the East. Mr. Manley brought with him Colonial Chairs, bedding and other household articles, together with the first tea and coffee ever brought into this county. Mrs. Mary Manley Holbert remembered that in the home of her grandparents were high posted beds with curtain draperies, brass candlesticks, good chairs, pictures, pewter dishes and—the acme of luxury —large sea shells and oyster shells upon the mantel! She often asked where this or that strange article came from, and the unvarying reply was "Down below," an expression meaning "from the East."



FOUR-POSTED CORDED BED IN CABIN ON S. L. WATSON FARM

WOODEN SPOONS AND KNIFE WITH WHICH THEY WERE MADE BY ELIJAH WILLIAM DRAGOO OF DAVY'S RUN



SPOOL RACK AND WARPING BARS USED BY MISS ELLEN PRICKETT

BED-CORDER

In the later and better homes, which contained more than one room, a wooden clock with wooden works stood in one corner, and a high-backed wooden settle and a dresser set with the cherished pewter dishes, or even pieces of china brought from Virginia or the colonies farther north, were important articles of furniture. The bedding for the old-fashioned corded bedsteads consisted of two ticks of hand-woven twilled linen, one filled with oat straw and the other with goose feathers, and homemade blankets and counterpanes and the inevitable patchwork quilts—for the first sewing a girl was taught to do was to piece a quilt. Miss Ellen Prickett has a part of the first quilt her mother pieced, of linen woven by her elder sister, and precious bits of calico, the work being done in 1812. Sometimes particularly thrifty housewives put feather tick on top of feather tick and even* used one for covering. Many of the old hand-woven counterpanes were beautiful in color and design. It was late before sheeting was introduced, and it is told that the first woman who owned a pair of bought sheets in this county made them into a counterpane by quilting cotton batting between them and embroidering them with a fancy design.

At night people lighted their houses in various ways. Some hollowed out turnips, filled them with tallow and put rags in them for wicks, while some used a saucer filled with lard instead of the tumip and tallow, both devices being substitutes for candles, which were home-made and not always plentiful.

SPINNING WHEEL
BROUGHT TO MARION COUNTY IN 1789
BY WILLIAM FLEMING,
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF
JAMES OTIS WATSON

The homes of Thomas Fleming serve as excellent examples of the better types of homes for the periods in which they were constructed. In 1789 he and his mother, Anne Hudson Fleming, crossed the mountains and settled on Bell Run, about two miles from the present town of Fairmont. The log cabin he built for their occupancy consisted, as was usual, of one room with a loft overhead, but differed from the ordinary cabin in that it had a "lean-to," or shed, built at one side, which was used as a kitchen and dining room. This house had corded beds, a drop leaf table, and split-bottom chairs, all the work of the owner.

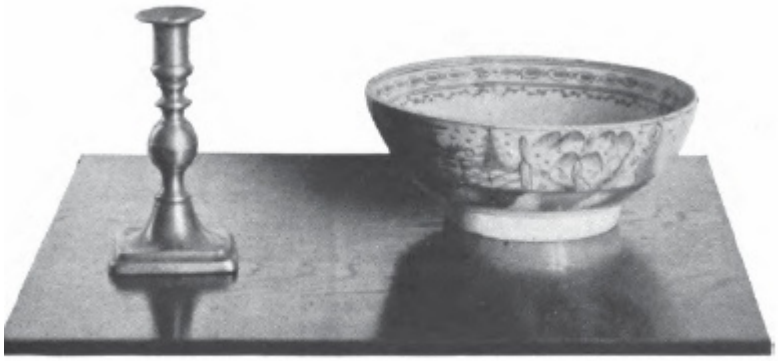
In 1804 Thomas Fleming married Anna Wood, of Harrison County, and built a larger home for his bride not far from the old cabin. This house was a palatial residence for the time. It was, of course, built of logs, but it was a story and a half high. On the first floor, in addition to the living-room, were two small bedrooms. Above the large open fireplace was a high mantel, carved by the owner himself. There were two large windows in the living room and one in each of the smaller rooms, all having glass windowpanes, which were very uncommon in that period. A special feature of the living-room was a large press, built into the wall and extending from the floor to the ceiling. A little log house containing one room, erected about 20 feet from the main building, was used as a kitchen and dining room until some time later, when two rooms were added to the larger house. The upstairs of the large house, which consisted of a long hall with two bedrooms opening into it, was not reached by a ladder from the outside, but by stairs which circled around the chimney.

REEL USED IN MARION COUNTY
IN PIONEER DAYS

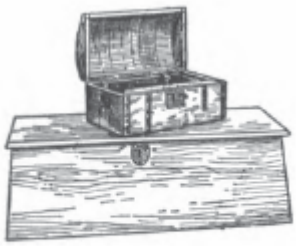
The furniture consisted of a drop leaf table and split-bottom chairs, made by the owner, and corded beds, besides stands and a bureau. This household owned home-spun tablecloths, woolen blankets woven in red and blue stripes, and rag carpets. In the yard a pear tree is still standing which the Flemings brought from Delaware in 1798. The home was in the hands of the family for over a century—three brides being brought there by successive owners of the property, each of whom resided in the homestead until her death.

Table etiquette was simple in this backwoods settlement. Huge joints of meat were brought to the table on wooden trenchers and, in the earliest times, hunting knives were used for carving. The ordinary table knife had a broad blade which was sometimes turned up at the end to form a scoop, the knife being used in those days to convey food to the mouth. Table forks had but two prongs. Spoons were ordinarily of wood or pewter, but sometimes, when a prosperous couple desired a more elaborate table service, they took silver dollars to a silver smith who hammered them into spoons. Dishes were of the most primitive type; pewter plates, wooden bowls, crocks and clay utensils graced the shelves of grandmother's great-grandmother's cupboard. In her collection there may have been a few choice pieces of china, such as Thomas and Anna Fleming had, which were used only on the Sabbath day and when company came. When coffee, or a substitute for coffee, was served it was always poured into a saucer to cool, sometimes small plates being placed on the table in which to set the cups.

When our many times great-grandmother first went to housekeeping she did not strike a match, turn on the gas and have a blaze ready at a moment's notice. If her wood fire went out she had to strike sparks from a flint or go to a neighbor's house and borrow hickory embers, bringing them home on a shovel, and often times this entailed a journey of one or two miles. Jacob Bunner, who had to go two miles for fire one morning, accidentally dropped it into the creek in front of his home on his return and had to go back to the neighbor's for more. These two trips entailed a journey of eight miles before



BOWL BROUGHT ACROSS THE OCEAN IN 1708 BY ANCESTORS OF ANNA WOOD,
FOR WHOM THOMAS FLEMING BUILT THE HOUSE ON BELL RUN.
CANDLESTICK USED BY SAME FAMILY.



CHEST AND HAIR TRUNK
TAKEN TO IRELAND FROM SCOTLAND,
THENCE TO DELAWARE, AND FINALLY
BROUGHT TO MARION COUNTY IN 1789
BY WILLIAM FLEMING, GREAT-GREAT-
GRANDFATHER OF JAMES OTIS WATSON

a fire could be had to get breakfast. Matches were not used extensively in Marion County before 1852. Miss Ellen Prickett tells us that she was more afraid to light a match in her early days than people were to light gas when it first came into use. One day the fire went out while Ellen's father and mother were away from home, but although there were matches in the house she had never struck one. She knew that her father made a fire by placing tow and powder on a metal lid which he struck with a sickle, so she did the same, using a match instead of a sickle. The tow blazed up, burning her severely. At this time the settlers did not know that coal was inflammable, and the mineral wealth which has made this section one of the foremost industrial regions in the whole world was lying untouched in practically inexhaustible quantities at their very doors. In 1775 the Nuzum family migrated from the great anthracite regions of Pennsylvania to Marion County, in order to have the wood necessary for cooking and heating purposes.

CORNER IN PRICKETT HOME SHOWING TABLE, CUP AND SAUCER USED IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. BUREAU BROUGHT TO MARION COUNTY BY JOHN AND HANNAH PRICKETT IN 1832.

Grandmother's great-grandmother's meals were devoured with voracious appetites. The men were engaged in clearing the timber from the land, tending the crops and hunting game —work which required an abundance of energy. Animals furnished the greater part of the food, and if game was scarce the family was threatened with starvation. Not all the animals killed were used as food, however; the ones chiefly hunted for that purpose were buffaloes, which at one time ranged this section, elk, deer and bear; and the smaller animals, such as squirrels, raccoons and rabbits. Deer licks were made by putting salt in hollow trees or suspending bags of it in bushes. The rains dissolved it, saturating the ground underneath, thereby attracting the animals. Wild fowl— turkey, pheasant, quail, woodcock, grouse, duck and pigeon— were brought down by the unerring aim of the hunter, and used to vary the monotonous bill of fare, for vegetables, with the exception of the coarser varieties, were scarce. In the forest was another food much esteemed as a delicacy. Swarms of wild bees made their homes in the cavities of forest trees and were spied out by ever watchful eyes. The cutting of a bee tree, which occurred at night, was an event of importance. Often when the settlers cut the timber for their houses they discovered the hidden hollows where for many years the little busybodies had lived, storing pounds of honey. This the farmer took for his own use, and the bees, if he could secure them, he placed in hives at home. One summer day a swarm of bees leisurely settled upon a wide straw hat covering the head of Mr. James Cochran, who was working in his field. After completing his day's work, Mr. Cochran quietly walked home and put the unsuspecting insects into a hive.

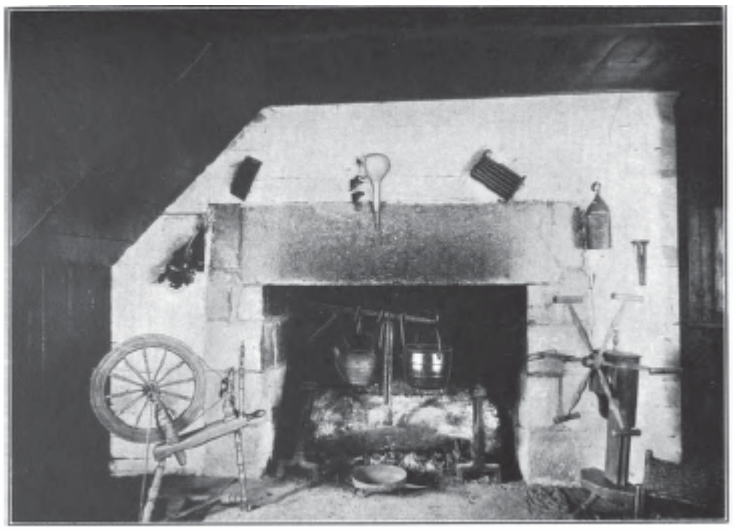
THE STRAIGHT CABIN ON S. L. WATSON FARM

There were many varieties of fruits growing wild that might be had for the picking. Berries of all kinds, including strawberries, huckleberries, gooseberries and mulberries, which are not so plentiful now, were to be had in abundance then. The woods were full of plums, grapes, black and red haws, pawpaws and crab apples, as well as nuts of all kinds, including some edible acorns and highly prized hazel nuts. The streams were filled with fish—pike, salmon, catfish, bass, perch and suckers were swept into the nets cast for them, or rose to the tempting lure of the fisherman's bait. The pioneer, with his game over his shoulder, or his string of fish, carried the result of his day's labor to the expectant housewife. In winter, when the streams were frozen over, the fisherman pounded on the ice with an ax, stunning the fish so that they could be easily captured. Imagine a meal of corn bread, milk, fish, wild game, vegetables (cabbage and turnips), fruit and wild honey! Surely it would appease the most ravenous appetite.

The large, open fireplace was the scene of the olden time cookery. It is interesting to note the way in which grandmother's great-grand mother roasted her turkey. She hung the dressed fowl up by the feet and caught the grease, with which she basted it, in a vessel placed before the fire on the hearth. As the string turned, the different parts were exposed to the heat of the blaze, and the turkey became a most appetizing brown. She baked her bread on the hearth in a skillet or Dutch oven, which she covered with a lid over which she placed hot coals. Soon after settlements were made corn was planted, and corn pone, hoecake and flapjacks were the earliest forms of bread. After a time small crops of wheat, rye and barley were grown in the fields formerly used only for corn. Bread made from these grains was called cake, and only the sickly and the circuit preacher were given such a delicacy. In the Prickett home the Sunday breakfast consisted of wheat bread, and "coffee" made of burnt wheat. Grandmother's great-grandmother made cakes, commonly called "water johnnies," with cornmeal, water and salt, which she mixed and molded into the shape of a bowl. This dough she placed on a board which she put down in the ashes, turning the cake when one side was brown.

KITCHEN UTENSILS
IN CABIN ON S. L. WATSON FARM

If she were quite well-to-do, and greatgreat-great-grandfather provided her with a home a little better than the ordinary one, she may have possessed a clay oven. We may be sure, however, that she had very few utensils to cook with, and she was very fortunate, indeed, if she possessed a kettle which held 3 or 4 gallons, a skillet and a lid. James Burns brought the first stove into Marion County on a return trip from Pittsburgh in 1838. This object resembled two steps more than a stove of the present day, the oven being under the upper section. It was three feet wide and three feet high, and was such a novelty that everyone who came to Fairmont made it a point to see Mr. Burns' wonderful apparatus for cooking. Every family had a "hominy block" made from a huge log or an old stump. In the top of the block a hole was cut, in which the corn was placed. The corn was pounded with a wooden maul, then removed, and the finest parts were used in making corn bread, while the larger particles were called hominy. Some times ashes were placed in a large wooden bowl and water was poured over them. The lye thus formed seeped through perforations that had been made in the bowl and was used to cook corn. After the corn became soft it was emptied into a churn full of clear water and churned until all the lye had been washed out of it. Then it was put away to dry. Mush was a favorite dish for supper, and when milk was scarce, as was often the case, it was sweetened with molasses or eaten with bear's oil. Scorched bread crumbs and browned chestnuts and rye and wheat grains took the place of coffee berries, while "store tea" was unknown for many years, spicewood and sassafras being excellent substitutes. It is said that one of the early cattlemen was asked by a waiter in a restaurant in Baltimore what kind of tea he preferred. "Why, store tea, of course," answered the man from the frontier. "Do you think I would come all the way East to get sassafras?"

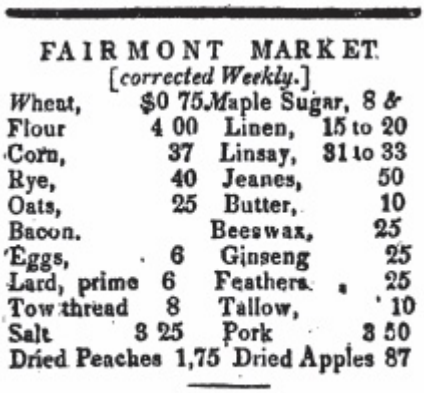


FIREPLACE IN CABIN ON S. L. WATSON FARM

When the settlement grew older, every other year John O. Manley took a pack-train load of raw furs and pelts to Washington, Alexandria, or Winchester, and returned with rice, sugar, coffee, tea, and other articles of luxury. As soon as the pack-train arrived, the neighbors gathered for the distribution, but Mr. Manley always kept aside a small amount of tea and coffee. These were hoarded until the next baby was born in the neighborhood, and then they were hurried to the fortunate home where all the women in the country round assembled and drank to the health and long life of the new comer.

Grandmother's great-grandmother made "apple leather" by spreading cooked apples out on a board to dry. The object in doing this was to save sugar that would necessarily be used in making the apples into butter. During the winter the "leather" was cooked a little at a time, as it was needed. Fruits and berries of all kinds were dried and put away for winter use, the making of preserves and jellies being unknown.

Sausage making was a laborious process in the days before sausage grinders were invented. We have a description of a gathering which assembled for this purpose in 1828, in which we are told that the men of the party laid the meat on a wooden bench and chopped it into small pieces with hatchets called cleavers. After it had been seasoned with sage, salt and pepper, it was smoked and hung on the rafters to be used during the winter months.



FAIRMONT MARKET

[*corrected Weekly.*]

Wheat,	$0 75	Maple Sugar,	8 &
Flour	4 00	Linen,	15 to 20
Corn,	37	Linsay,	31 to 33
Rye,	40	Jeanes,	50
Oats,	25	Butter,	10
Bacon.		Beeswax,	25
Eggs,	6	Ginseng	25
Lard, prime	6	Feathers	25
Tow thread	8	Tallow,	10
Salt	3 25	Pork	3 50
Dried Peaches	1,75	Dried Apples	87

FROM "THE BAPTIST RECORDER"
FEBRUARY 27, 1848

Pie was the favorite pastry of the early times, being served to guests on all occasions. It took the place of afternoon tea, as well as the elaborate refreshments now served at receptions. At harvest time breakfast was served at 9 o'clock and dinner at noon; and in order that the reapers might take advantage of every hour of daylight before stopping for supper, apple pie was served in the fields about 5 o'clock. The top crust was removed from the immense piece of pastry (which had been baked in a skillet) and the apples covered with cream, after which the crust was replaced. Small sugar cakes and pound cakes were made with maple sugar. It was comparatively late before desserts were served, the first of which we have been able to learn being a custard known as "float." Pickled eggs, colored with beet juice, were much esteemed as a delicacy in this later period.

Grandmother's great-grandmother saved the rinds and fat from her dripping pan for use in making soap. When she had prepared lye by the same method she used in making hominy she boiled her rinds and the fat in the strong liquid until, as she expressed it, they were "eaten up." The jelly-like substance was placed on boards to cool, and was allowed to stand four weeks before it was used.

Chapter VIII

Before the Rule of Fashion

The apparel oft proclaims the man.—Shakespeare.

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith, he'll prent it.
—Robert Burns.

Just as many changes have taken place in the cookery and in the furnishing of the home since the days of grandmother's great-grandmother, so has a wonderful transformation taken place in the fashions, although that remote ancestor was more sensibly, if more rudely gowned than we; for she wore linen and linsey-woolsey and woolen garments, woven and dyed by her own hands. She placed the stems of the flax plants which she grew in her garden in water and left them until the bark was rotted away. The bast, or tough fibers remained, and this the spinning wheel converted into linen threads, later to be woven into cloth on the hand loom and made up into towels, sheets and clothing—"short gowns" for the women, and shirts and trousers for the men and grown-up boys. The very finest and best linen was called "eight hundred" because it was woven in an eight hundred reed, containing 800 splits with two threads to a split. The ticking was closely woven in fine twilled stripes. Sometimes the tow was used in combination with wool, and then the product was called "linsey-woolsey." The hunting shirts of the men were made of this material. The early settlers often made shirts of cloth woven from the fibers of the common nettle, instead of flax. These must have proven as severe instruments of torture as the hair shirts of the ascetics of the Middle Ages, for the cloth was so stiff that it was necessary to soften it by rubbing it between the hands.

Great-great-great-grandfather reared his flocks and sheared them of their coats—rusty, full of briars and cockleburrs, but capable of being transformed into the whitest and fleeciest of wool. The fleece was carded into rolls about two feet long and as thick as one's finger, spun on the "big wheel," and woven on the loom into blankets and other articles for winter use. Grandmother's great-grandmother did the weaving herself, but grandmother's mother sometimes had hired help when there was an extra amount of work to be done, for times had improved since her grandmother's day.

SPINNING WHEEL
OWNED BY GRANDMOTHER OF ELLEN
AND REBECCA PRICKETT IN
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Grandmother's great-grandmother knew more about the practical use of trees and herbs than most women of to-day. Out to the woods she went, digging up roots and stripping various trees of their barks to use in coloring her cloth. She knew that sumac and black oak and walnut hulls would yield a black dye, and that yellow root, yellow poplar and tulip root would

color her garments yellow. She also knew that the best preparations were made by boiling the roots and the barks in just enough water to cover them, and that better results were obtained when the mixture was allowed to cool before the yarn was weighted to the bottom of the vessel in which the dye was made. The following was a well-known receipt:

Peel off walnut bark and cover with water in a wooden trough. Leave for ten days or until well fermented. Take out bark and place cloth under liquid. Remove material from liquid, wring, and hang out to air for fifteen minutes. Replace in liquid. Repeat operations for three or four days. This gives brown.

Grandmother's mother was not as learned in the lore of the woods as her grandmother had been. She had easier methods at hand; therefore, instead of selecting roots and barks from the trees, she used copperas and logwood to make her goods black, and a solution of indigo to color them blue; and she knew how to add blue vitriol to the mixture before she boiled it, to make the colors fast. Besides all this, she gave her cloth a more brilliant hue than her grandmother was able to obtain by the use of pokeberries and sumac berries and madder, for she dissolved cochineal in water and produced a flaming scarlet. These are two of the receipts she used:

Place copperas in water, set aside until well dissolved. Weaken dye in order that goods may be handled with out injury to the skin. Souse yarn in copperas liquid. This gives a dark color. Wring and dip in lye water. Repeat three times. This gives a pale yellow which never fades.

To make green—Soak bran for one day and save water. Place indigo in bag, put it and some powdered madder in water. Leave for nine days. Then mix half and half of water and other liquid. Place article to be colored in liquid and wring out every three hours until material is dyed black. Then place in liquid made by boiling green hickory bark and alum with water to cover. When cool, place cloth under liquid. This gives a fast green.

However, grandmother's mother had learned one thing from her grandmother that she did not forget, and that was that "dyed-in-the-wool" as an expression indicating fast colors was not a fallacy, but originated from the fact that yarn must be dyed before it was knitted, or woven into cloth, if an even color were to be obtained. Besides, by this method, she was enabled to secure the wide stripes so popular in her day, as well as in that of her grandmother. And, too, she was fortunate in that she was able to buy "bunches" of cotton to use in her weaving. A five-pound bunch of No. 10 cotton was enough to chain 30 yards of goods for the filling of which she used tow. This combination of cotton and tow for warp and woof took the place of the earlier combination of wool and tow known as "linsey-woolsey," and was known by the same name.

MISS ADALINE DAVIS, AGED 86, IN SHORT GOWN MADE AND WORN BY HER GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, ELIZABETH LITTLE BATTEN

If the members of the modern household had to use the crude implements with which our grandmother's great-grandmother patiently fashioned garments, they would consider their lot hard indeed, for we find instances in which as late as the early 50's bone needles whetted down to the desired length and thickness were used. The textiles being coarse and the threads far apart it was not difficult to push the needle in and out of the goods. Steel needles were very scarce, high priced, and precious. A fine needle used for sewing silks and delicate goods was worth as much as 10 cents, the price varying according to size and quality. As soon as a girl was old enough to sew, she was given a very coarse needle to use until her ability proved her worthy of a finer one. One of the greatest humiliations that could come to a girl was to lose her needle, and often children in the same family would compete with one another to see which could keep one the longest, as well as to learn to sew most rapidly. The prize was the coveted fine needle, the winner having the privilege of retaining her coarse one also. A gift a bride highly prized was a package of needles of all sizes, the package being large or small, according to the wealth of the giver. These the frugal housewife used in a most careful manner, sharpening them as their points grew dull, so that in time the 1 1/2-inch long implements assumed the diminutive proportions of one half an inch.

When grandmother's grandmother was a very young girl she wore a homespun linen short gown over a linsey-woolsey petticoat as her mother did. The short gown in the illustration was considered a very elegant garment in its day. A thread of "turkey red" cotton brought from Winchester, and a thread of blue, dyed with indigo bought in the same eastern market, form alternate stripes about an inch apart. A wide plait is laid in the back and stitched down neatly by hand, the row of tiny stitches forming a kind of trimming, and the peplum is stitched to the extremely short waist in the same way. As she grew older, while she still wore linsey-woolsey on week days, grandmother's grandmother had a flannel dress to wear to church on Sunday. The costume her father and her grown up brothers wore did not differ much on "high days and holidays" from that worn on week days. It consisted of a hunting jacket, or "wamus," made of heavy flannel, dyed red, which hung loosely from the shoulders, three-fourths of the length of the body. Blue linsey breeches, moccasins of hog or buck skin, and skin caps made by their own hands completed their attire. Sometime later leather breeches became popular articles of wearing apparel, and we have ample proof of the vanity of the men of the period from the fact that there is a case on record in which a judge borrowed the leather breeches belonging to one of his friends in order to make a good appearance at a meeting in Washington County, Pennsylvania. Pythias never showed more striking evidence of his willingness to sacrifice himself for Damon than did the loyal supporter of this proud occupant of the bench for his friend, because he was obliged to forego all important social functions until the judge returned with his breeches.

Grandmother's great-grandmother did not wear moccasins, but had homemade shoes of calf skin, laced inside, with low, flat heels, which she seldom wore except on special occasions. Since in the early days each person could afford only one pair of shoes a year, it was necessary to practice strict economy in the use of them. Women and children walked barefoot to church, carrying their shoes until within sight of the meetinghouse; then they stopped and sat down to put on their shoes and stockings. In the fall, when the frost was very thick, the boys who drove the cows to and from the milking places waited as long as possible in the morning to give the sun time to warm the ground, and then ran along, standing on as many rocks as could be found; for rocks were more quickly warmed than was the frosted grass.

There were few toilet articles in the first homes in Marion County, and they were the barest necessities; this may in part account for the simplicity of the coiffures of these early periods when the women wore their hair in a simple knot at the back of the head, and the children wore theirs braided down their backs in "pig tails." Grandmother's great-grand mother made her own combs from cows' horns, which were heated very hot and pressed under heavy weights until they were flat and cold, when notches were sawed in the horn, and the comb was finished. Wooden combs were used when horn could not be obtained. When Mr. Harrison Manley brought the first fine comb into his neighborhood it was an article of great curiosity and its use was highly appreciated as a luxury. Mr. Manley sat down on Sunday morning to comb out his weekly hatch of little pests, and a neighbor, stopping for a morning's call, was much impressed by what he saw and borrowed the comb. In time knowledge of the utility of the article spread abroad, and it was in constant use every Sabbath day, but on Sabbath evening it was returned to its owner for another week's keeping.

TORTOISE SHELL COMB WORN BY ANN BOGGESS

SHOE BUCKLE WORN BY THOMAS FLEMING

The children of this, as well as of the preceding period, wore a long home-spun linen shirt, reaching to the ankles. This was the only garment worn in winter and in summer, until the child reached the age of twelve or fourteen years. Elbert Moran, who has reached the advanced age of ninety-five, says that this garment was worn in his boyhood, as late as 1834. His mother made him linsey trousers when he was a halfgrown lad, and these he invariably stole out and donned whenever he knew that company was coming. Many of the growing children wore no shoes—a thing that seems incredible to us, when we know that the snow lay on the ground three or four feet deep during the entire winter season. However, we are told that mothers often utilized the tops of old shoes to make moccasins for their babies.

About the year 1830 skin caps became very popular in Middletown. It seems that some boys, influenced by the idea that musk could be secured from muskrats, trapped about thirty of these little animals and kept them almost a year. By that time they had become obnoxious; and as the boys had not discovered the method for securing the perfume, they killed and skinned the muskrats and made caps out of their pelts.

When grandmother's mother was young, shoemakers did the work that had formerly been done by the head of the house; and twice a year she and her brothers and sisters were measured for shoes. Indeed, if she were an ultra-fashionable young lady, she might even possess a pair of bronze shoes, not nearly so clumsy in appearance as those of home manufacture. Grandfather's father still wore home spun, but about this time boots became fashion able for men, and were worn on all occasions, continuing in vogue for many years after the period with which this narrative ends. It is said that Benjamin Fleming had squirrel skins tanned and converted into high grade footwear. Mr. Fleming traded skins for shoes, also.

Women made everyday gloves of sheep skin. The hide was placed in moist wood ashes, after which it was scraped with a dulledged tool, and pounded well to remove the lye. While the leather was drying it was frequently rubbed to make it soft and pliable. After it was completely dry a thick coat of grease was applied to keep it soft as well as waterproof.

On dress up occasions "half handers" were worn. "Half handers" were mittens without fingers, knitted out of silk, with artistic flower designs on the backs. The stockings, too, were knit, being very warm and serviceable for winter wear. At the age of seven, girls were expected to knit their own stockings ; at ten they must be able to knit for themselves and for two brothers, if they were so fortunate as to possess them, and they were always expected to knit a year's supply in advance.

A fashionable article of the period was the knitting sheath, which was made of two small pieces of silk sewed together and pinned at the waist. The end of the needle was inserted in this small pocket while the busy fingers of the owner were at work. Mrs. Rebecca Robe, who was Rebecca Prickett, has a knitting sheath and a small satin pin cushion that were sent from eastern Virginia by her great-aunt Rebecca to the little namesake. The pin cushion still contains some of the clumsy handmade pins that were in it when Mrs. John Prickett carried it on horseback across the mountains to her baby daughter in 1837.

Hats for women were unknown. Bonnets were made of linen; the fronts stiffened with wooden or pasteboard slats. The skirt of the bonnet hung almost to the waist. Summer and winter these were worn, the style varying little from year to year.

When muslin came into use, it was bought in large quantities on account of its cheapness, and dyed according to the aste of the wearer. Yellow seemed to be the most popular color for Sunday dresses.

In 1816 Mary Cochran and her elder sister Hannah made a web of linen and sent it to Winchester by their father, Nathaniel Cochran, to be sold. With the money for the linen Mr. Cochran bought nine yards of calico at 75 cents a yard and, as Mary afterwards said, it made for her and her sister "good, ample dresses." Later in the same year Mary was married in brown silk, but rode away in her "eight hundred" linen dress because she feared she would soil her precious calico. However, when she arrived at Brownsville, Pennsylvania, the home of her husband, she donned the calico dress. Great-great-aunt Drexy Hunsaker's calico gown cost 75 cents a yard also, but by the time the dress goods was sold in Fairmont it cost but 40 or 50 cents. Its advent was hailed with delight, as only a few of the people had owned gowns of the material, or knew what it was like.

In the spring of 1 833 a Mr. McKee, who at that time kept a store in Fairmont on the corner where Holt's drug store now stands, made a trip across the Alleghany mountains to a village in Virginia to get his yearly supply of salt. Upon his arrival at his destination he heard people talking about a certain material that could be made into dresses, but was not homespun; "for," they said, "it is woven by machinery." Small, bright figures printed on the fabric in different colors added to its attractiveness. Mr. McKee examined the new dress goods and brought all he could carry back across the mountains. One day, shortly after his return, a woman came into his store to whom Mr. McKee showed the calico. She promptly ordered enough to supply her whole family, but the store keeper refused to sell her more than three yards, saying that he must keep some for each of his customers; so the disappointed woman had to content herself with the limited amount. Calico soon became so popular that all the better dresses were made of it, while homespun served for everyday wear. One hundred linen was eagerly traded for it, and in the latter part of the period a woman thought she was receiving a high price for her butter if she could trade four pounds of it for a yard of calico. Grandmother's mother went shopping in a calico dress, a sunbonnet, a white apron, and perhaps a white linen collar and cuffs. Very few of the women had silk dresses, for silk had to be imported. Miss Mary Black's grandfather, who made guns in a shop on Bell Run, brought a silk dress and a fine shawl to his wife, who was a member of the Fleming family, on a return trip from Pittsburgh in the early 40's, and these garments were among the first of the kind in Fairmont.

The woman who was anxious to buy such a large amount of calico from Mr. McKee must surely have lived near Miss Ferris, who, in 1840, brought the first sewing machine into Marion County. Miss Ferris was one of the best dressmakers of the period. After learning her trade in London, she came to Fairmont, where she set up her shop on the corner of Jackson and Quincy Streets. Her sewing machine was about one foot long and six inches wide. It was screwed to the top of a table, was hand propelled and sewed with a lock stitch. She bought this machine after she came to Fairmont, paying $80 for it.

The "pin back" dress belongs to this period. Its peculiarity consisted in that, instead of buttons or other fastenings, from the neck to the waist glittered many pins, placed as closely together as possible. At this time thorns were commonly used as pins, and the bright "store pins" were considered highly ornamental.

Shortly after 1840 the men of the wealthier class began to wear ruffled shirts with stiff pleated bosoms and, at the neck, a stock collar with a bow, commonly called the "stand-up dickey." When paper collars and cuffs were introduced they soon came into general use on account of their utility. Tall silk hats were worn also by those who could afford them. During the same period capes fastened with silver buckles were introduced, as well as shawls of many colors—some gray, some black, and some with gaily colored borders, or fringe. A young man in the community of Barrackville borrowed a shawl, and was the first to introduce the style into that section. He wore this borrowed apparel, which was of gray cloth, with silver fringe, to church, and created such a sensation that he almost broke up the meeting.

When grandmother's grandmother was young her skirt was scant and plain, but grandmother's mother's skirt was short and wide, ruffled at the bottom, and gathered or shirred around the waist. If she were a lady of means, her garments began to take on the airs of the outside world at this time. When the evenings were chilly she wrapped around her shoulders a shawl of cashmere or of silk, or maybe a cloak of satin. The sleeves of her gown were of the leg-o'-mutton variety, gathered large and full. Her bonnet was made of Leghorn, a beautiful white straw, and decorated with flowers and ribbons in profusion. Another type of head gear was the poke bonnet. Grandmother's mother was not content with a simple coiffure such as her mother wore, and many showy ornaments, brilliant pins, and combs glittered in her hair.

The little girls wore dresses of hand-woven linen in summer and warm linsey-woolsey in winter. The waists were plainly made, and the skirts were plaited very full at the waist line. We have a daguerreotype of a little girl taken in this period. Her dress was white, and over it she wore a crocheted vest of blue, trimmed in white with blue buttons. Her hair was drawn back tight from her face, and one curl lay across her shoulder. On her head she wore a small black straw turban trimmed with roses, from the back of which a white veil hung down almost to the bottom of her skirt. A string of large black beads hung around her neck, and bead and gold earrings, miniatures of a woman with one hand hanging at her side, and the other above her head, reached almost to her shoulders. People judged the wealth of the child's parents by the elaborate earrings she wore, for unless her ears were set with gold rings, grandmother's mother would not have been considered fashionable during the period from 1835 to 1850, when the custom of piercing the ears was in vogue. There were two ways in which this was done. In the first, the lobe of the ear was pinched between the thumb and first finger until the ear became numb, and then a sharp needle threaded with silk was run through it. The wound was allowed to heal before the earrings were inserted. The other method required a longer time, but was less painful. A lead ring was cut and the ends were sharpened and fastened on the lobe of the ear. Each morning and evening these ends were pushed deeper into the lobe until a hole was pierced, into which a silk thread or a straw was inserted. Most children had their ears pierced when they were between the ages of four and six.

In the "Ladies' Guide to Needlework, a Gift for the Industrious," published at Philadelphia in 1852, a copy of which is owned by the Misses Davis on Cherry Avenue, the author, after making the statement that "this useful branch of female education (sewing) is not, in our opinion, cultivated with the care which its importance demands," has this to say on the subject of dress:

No one will deny the importance of dress; it is, in fact, an index to the character; and the female who is utterly regardless of her appearance may be safely pronounced deficient in some of the more important qualities which the term good character implies. On the other hand, a regard to neatness and order, held in due subordination to the exercise of the nobler faculties, will generally be found to stand in close connection with an earnest endeavor after the attainment of intellectual and moral excellence. Thus, an attention to neatness in dress and its judicious arrangements, so as to be in accordance with the station and circumstances of the wearer, becomes of much more moment than, on a superficial view of the subject, some might be disposed to admit.

In this day of cheap paper patterns the following directions, copied from the same book, will be found of interest:

Proceed to take the proper measures for the front and back of the body by fitting a paper pattern to the shape of the person for whom the dress is intended. The paper should be thin, and you commence by folding down the corner the length of the front and pinning it to the middle of the stay-bone. Then spread the paper as smoothly as possible along the bosom to the shoulder, and fold it in a plait, so as to fit the shape exactly, and bring the paper under the arm, making it retain its position by a pin; from this point you cut it off downward under the arm, and along the waist; the paper is then to be rounded for the armhole and the shoulder, and you must recollect to leave it large enough to admit of the turnings. In the same manner you proceed to form the back, pinning the paper down straightly and leaving sufficient for the hem. You fit it to the shoulder and under the arm so as to meet the front. You will thus have an exact pattern of half of the body, and this is all that is necessary, as, of course, you cut both sides, both of the front and back, at the same time. The linings are to be cut by the pattern and the silk by the linings.

An interesting figure of this period was the itinerant peddler. With large oilcloth packs strapped on their backs and carried in their hands, these men traveled from house to house, selling dry goods, table linens, plaster of paris toys, and sundry small articles such as brass jewelry, combs and fancy pins; in fact, almost everything needed or coveted. Some few of them were Jews, but the majority were Irish, and many tales are told of the rollicking nature of this Irish folk. Often they were welcome guests who enlivened the firesides with jest and song, and their coming was looked forward to eagerly. These wandering venders brought to the rural folk the commodities of the outside world, and the ready-made articles tempted them to buy. So while our grandmother's great-grandmother manufactured from the raw materials the clothing and minor necessities for her household, her daughter and granddaughter purchased like articles from the itinerant peddler.

Chapter IX

Manners and Customs

Then I played the help-tune of our reapers, their winesong,
when hand
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, and
great hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world's life.
—Browning's "Saul."

Come, let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
—Herrick.

When we speak of the home life of ourpioneer forefathers we find it difficult to draw a division line between their work and their play. What we may class as amusements— the quiltings, husking-bees, log-rollings and other gatherings — were in themselves the hardest kind of work, and the motive that prompted each was deeper than the mere love of pleasure, being the desire to help a neighbor. While their optimistic, fun loving temperaments are clearly shown in these various social activities, they were at all times "enlarging their lives to include the lives of others." Undoubtedly these neighborhood gatherings had their part in the formation of the unselfish, sympathetic dispositions so characteristic of our forefathers. There is a note of pathos in the words of one of the early residents of Fairmont: "We have all kinds of machinery to work with now, but we lack one thing we had in plenty then, and that is helpful friendship." All races and all ages have had their own ideas of what constituted pleasure. Grandmother's great-grandmother did not go to a party decked in a decollete gown, but in her work-a-day cap and apron. If her quilting-bees and wool pickings may be defined as a woman's scheme for securing aid from the deft fingers of her neighbors in order to lighten her own burdens, at least we know that it was disguised by a generous hospitality; and if grandfather's great-grandfather asked his friends to help him clear his fields and raise his house, he was always willing to do his share when the next fields were to be cleared and the next house was to be raised.

No evening's enjoyment was complete with out the dance, or "frolic," as it was called, which always lasted until morning. When each had secured his partner, the fiddler, a neighborhood character always in demand, took his place. The French four, six and eight-hand reels, and the cotillion were the favorite square dances, while the double-shuffle and the spirited jig brightened the eyes, flushed the cheeks and at last wearied the participants, as few could manage the last named dances with dexterity. Of all the dances, however, the one of which the merrymakers never tired was the Virginia reel. The plays consisted in building bridges and stealing partners, accompanied by singing characteristic of Revolutionary America's patriotism:

We're marching down to old Quebec,
The drums are loudly beating,
The Americans have gained the day,
And the British are retreating.
The wars are o'er and we'll turn back,
No more for to be parted,
We'll open the ring and take another in,
To relieve the broken-hearted.

"The last," says Mr. M. P. Wells, one of the older citizens who has told us much regarding those days, "was invariably accompanied with a kiss. I tell you, we had jolly times in those days. We had no need for a complimentary card. All was free. You escorted your best girl home and kissed her good-night."

Indeed, promiscuous kissing was not frowned upon in those days. "Sister Phoebe" was an other kissing game, the song accompanying it being:

Oh, sister Phoebe, how merry were we.
The night we sat under the juniper tree,
The juniper tree, heigh-o, heigh-o.
The juniper tree, heigh-o,

"Needle's Eye" was a game similar to "London Bridge," all the players joining in the song, the words of which were:

Needle’s eye so very small,
It carries the thread so true,
It has caught many a smiling face,
And now it has caught you.

In these games two players clasped hands, their arms forming an arch under which the others marched, one by one. At the end of the song this improvised "bridge" or "eye" descended, catching the one who happened to be passing under it at the time.

On no account, of course, was the osculatory ceremony omitted. "Pig in the Parlor," "Poor Chimney Sweep," "Farmer in the Dell," "Happy Is the Miller," "Stripping the Willow" and "Pop the Weasel" are games that were played in the latter part of the period, and are too well known to need comment, while probably many of this generation have heard:

King William was King James's son,
And from the royal race he sprung;
Upon his breast he wore a star,
The gold and silver badge of war.
Go choose from East, go choose from West—
Go choose the one that you love best,
And if she's not here to take your part.
Go choose another with all your heart.
Down on this carpet you must kneel.
As sure as the grass grows in the field,
Salute your bride and kiss her sweet.
And now you may rise upon your feet.

In this game the players formed in a ring, one being left in the center, who knelt before the partner he chose. When the song ended the one chosen took his or her place in the ring. A game played in like manner except that a handerchief was used to "measure" the one chosen was accompanied by these words:

Go forth and find your lover,
Go forth and find your lover,
Go forth and find your lover,
As you have gained the day,
I measure my love to show you,
I measure my love to show you,
I measure my love to show you.
That I have gained the day.

Our ancestors were fond of practical jokes. On one occasion a girl who had been chosen queen of the evening's festivities wore as part of her regalia an old hat that had the crown dented and filled with water, with which she deluged the unlucky wight who attempted to salute her. Then there was often the crowd of disappointed suitors waiting outside to settle with the fellow who had achieved the honor of escorting home the belle of the party. There was a general scramble when he appeared, and a struggle to cast him into a near-by pig sty. Sometimes, to the discomfiture of the perpetrators of this "joke," the youth attacked was strong enough to fling them into the trough intended for him, a case being on record in which three squirming boys had this unpleasant experience.

The first party in the fall or latter part of the summer was a "flax pulling." The guests assembled early in the morning and worked all day—boys and girls acting as partners—the flax being pulled up by the roots and laid in swaths because the process of cutting wasted a large part of the plant. The work was very easy and the partnership idea added to its interest and made it seem like play. After the day's work was finished, games and dancing were kept up till morning.

When orchards began to bear, apple cuttings were quite frequent during the fall—the young people always looking forward to them eagerly. Five or six bushels of apples viewed from the standpoint of one who must prepare them for cooking are not, as a general thing, an enticing sight, but to him who sees in them an evening's pleasure, they present a different as pect. The whole neighborhood assembled on these festive occasions, for the mode of life of our ancestors did not admit of a social code of fine class distinctions. Men and women alike peeled, cut and cored the fruit, telling their fortunes with apple seeds and peelings. Three times around the head the apple peeling was swung; then, if without breaking the peel when it reached the floor a letter was formed, that letter was the initial of the future wife or husband. The apple seed charm was quite as potent as the daisy chain:

One I love,
Two I love,
Three I love, I say;
Four 1 love with all my heart,
Five I cast away;
Six she loves,
Seven he loves,
Eight they both love;
Nine he comes,
Ten he tarries,
Eleven he courts,
Twelve he marries.

The guests were separated into groups in order to divide the labor. While one group peeled, another cored, and another strung the apples, the work being continued until the supply was exhausted, or a large rack resembling a present day curtain stretcher was filled with the strings.
Mischief and fun were always prevalent, and often quantities of fruit found its way through the holes in the floor when the workers thought the time for play was being cut short. A favorite bit of fun consisted in trying to catch with the teeth an apple floating in a tub of water, or suspended by a string from the ceiling. After the apples were strung and the room put in order, each worker was repaid for his labor with a large piece of pumpkin pie or gingerbread, and a glass of cider.

Old and young participated in the huskingbees, or, as they were more commonly called, "corn shuckings." In the fall of the year, generally in September, the farmer and his boys topped the corn and placed it in bundles. Then the ears were gathered from the stalks and heaped in great piles near the corn crib, and the boys were sent over the hills and through the woods to invite the country folk to the "frolic." The whole neighborhood responded to the invitation, the people coming on foot or on horseback for miles around. Sometimes the gathering was held in the afternoon, but more often it was held by moonlight, and as in apple cuttings and flax pullings, the spirit of merriment that pervaded the whole turned the work into play. A rail in the center divided the heap of corn into two equal parts. Then, under the leadership of captains, sides were chosen, and a race was begun to see which side could husk its share of the corn first. Happy was the young man who found a red ear, for he had the privilege of kissing any girl present. The side that won the race raised their captain on their shoulders and led the procession to a long table filled with tempting edibles—roast ham, chicken, beans, cabbage, potatoes, pumpkin pies, cider, apples and gingerbread. The huskers remained till daylight, dancing and playing games. A barrel of cider made for the occasion stood open during the evening, and we are told that apple brandy and the "mountain dew" for which the mountaineers were famous was often passed around in a wooden bucket, with a gourd dipper attached. Many instances are on record in which those who had too frequently imbibed these beverages were the victims of practical jokes on their way home, the more sober merrymakers taking advantage of their condition to play upon their superstitious fears.

According to the old adage that "To the victor belongs the spoils," more than one youth went to battle with the shucks for the purpose of obtaining a feminine trophy; and more than one maiden willingly surrendered to the gallant knight who in a wrestling match proved himself superior to his opponent. After a corn husking the men gathered for a wrestling bout, sometimes to test their strength, but more often, perhaps, to "show off" before the girls. Those who wished to enter the contest placed their hats in a pile from which some disinterested person, approaching it backwards, selected two. Then the owners of the hats quickly prepared for action. The winner was the man who threw his opponent twice out of three trials.

Since our ancestors believed in killing two birds with one stone, sometimes a husking-bee and a quilting-bee were held on the same day. The quilters assembled at the home of the hostess in the morning and quilted until noon, the older women stopping for an occasional smoke before the fire. After the dinner, the work was continued until supper time; and, in the evening, the coming of the young "chaps" to dance made a happy climax to the day's work.

Corn shellings were held in order that the farmer might get his corn ready to be ground at the mill. The living room was generally selected for these parties, the heaps of corn being piled in the center. About eight o'clock the neighbors came in with their eager children, for this party was attractive both to the very old and the very young. At one party of this kind there was a sufficient number of people present to shell ten bushels of corn in one hour. As the corn was rubbed from the ears and the cobs thrown aside, the little ones rushed for them, eager to build "pig pens" in log cabin fashion.

A barn dance was often promised to the young people in the neighborhood by the farmer in return for aid given at husking time. On this occasion the barn floor was swept clean of hay, and the best fiddler in the neighborhood was secured. The

farmer promised the same reward for assistance rendered by his neighbors in clearing his land, for grubbing-bees were very common. When the invitations were scattered broadcast to this form of "amusement" all the strong-bodied men in the neighborhood gathered up their cant hooks and long hand spikes and started in the direction of the land to be cleared, for the one who was able to do the most work was usually rewarded with a jug of whiskey.

The ever-thoughtful housewife, mindful of the fact that girls would be necessary for the dance that always followed such a day's work, usually decided to have her carpet rags sewed together, or a wool-picking on the same day the grubbing-bee was held. Sewing carpet rags was not hard work, but if she decided to issue invitations for the latter, the women had by no means the lighter share of the labor, for besides picking the wool they had to carry water to the thirsty men and prepare their supper.

We can realize nothing of the wearisome work of our ancestors in the days when wool was picked by hand. As the workers industriously cleared it of burrs and briars, they enlivened the time by singing songs and telling anecdotes and ghost stories. The men cut down the towering trees with their axes, or rooted them up by means of hand spikes, removing them to a cleared spot to be burned. Around this bonfire men and women sat in the evening, eating apples, drinking cider and telling stories until the last dying embers faded. Then they wended their way to the barn, where already the fiddler had arrived, and there the remainder of the night was passed in dancing. However fatigued the participants might be the next day, frontier parents were ever loath to sympathize with sleepy eyes and tired bodies, so the routine of daily duties had to be performed, willingly or unwillingly, as the case might be. Though log-rollings as a means of social diversion were similar to grubbing-bees, the logs, instead of being burned, were drawn by horses to the creek or river and there chained into large rafts which were floated down the river to Pittsburgh.

We find that most of these parties were tests of strength, patience and endurance, and so it was with wood chopping. Each farmer in the neighborhood had his wood chopped by the combined force of his own and his neighbors' strength. The young men of the community went from house to house, performing this deed of brotherly kindness.

When a house was to be built, people came for miles to witness the house raising. On mules, on horses, in ox carts they came—wives, husbands and sweethearts. It was not an uncommon sight to see a young man riding a horse with his sweetheart on behind him. A typical scene was that of a father with a babe in his arms, riding a horse, the babe's mother riding behind her husband. In the house raising, as in other things, the women played an important part, cooking the meals that gave the energy needed in cutting and shaping the logs and hoisting them into place.

In winter time, when sleighing parties were made up to surprise the neighbors, the younger set enjoyed a sport which invigorated their bodies and enlivened their spirits. The old fashioned sled was filled with hay and quilts, and no party was complete unless the occupants of the vehicle were upset into the snowdrifts at least twice during the evening. The older people tell us they grew tired of sleighing in those days, when heavy snows lay on the ground almost a whole season.

Spelling-bees were a favorite form of recreation, two of the best spellers in the neighborhood being chosen as captains. Alternately each captain chose a person for his side, until all had been taken. Then, with each team lined up against the side of the wall, there ensued a hot contest for the honor of being considered the champion speller in the neighborhood. These contests were always held in the district schoolhouse, and sometimes, in addition to the spelling-bee, there would be singing, recitations, and, on rare occasions, a mock trial.

If someone more versed in the art of music than the ordinary person came into the community, he assumed the title of "singing master" and conducted a "singing school." However, he received no compensation for his services, being usually satisfied with the opportunity of being the leader in such a gathering. Scales were taught by means of the tuning fork. In many cases, the master's knowledge scarcely exceeded that of his pupils, but the singing school afforded an opportunity for the young folk in the neighborhood to get together, and for the young men to escort the girls home.

Numerous were the romances having their inception in these frontier amusements. Oliver Price and his wife invited the countryside to a log-rolling and spinning-bee combined, held at their home on May 10, 1799. Among the guests were Margaret Henkins, Mary Calvert and Robert Chalfan. In the early part of the day Robert Chalfan jokingly remarked that the girl who spun the most thread and wound it into skeins should be his partner for the evening. Margaret and Mary both secretly determined to win this honor, as Robert was the handsomest man present. Mary employed a little girl to help her, but her very haste made her fingers less skillful than usual, while Margaret went on with her work calmly and steadily and by evening had spun several skeins more than her rival. The consequence was that after the "frolic" was over she rode to her home in the place of honor behind Robert on his horse, and before the year had passed became his bride. This illustrates the fact that wives were chosen in those days for their industry and capability—the qualities that wear well.

In those days justices of the peace were few and widely scattered, and sometimes a notification that a couple intended to set up housekeeping was considered the equivalent of a marriage ceremony. This custom was not frowned upon as it would be to-day, because the people realized that it grew out of the conditions existing in the primitive community, and that the marriage ceremony would have been performed had the opportunity presented itself. Indeed, the omission was often rectified at a later date, and we have one instance recorded in which a man by the name of Smith and his woman Dorotha had a large wedding celebrated in the house in which they had lived for many years, all their neighbors and descendants being present.

Owing to the scarcity of ministers a wedding date was frequently determined by the time of the visit of the itinerant preacher. Courtships were brief, and when a marriage was decided upon, preparations were at once made for the wedding. The bride's feather beds and pillows had to be made, and for this purpose the feathers from the ducks and the geese had been saved for many seasons. If she were not already provided with sheets and other household linen, the looms were kept very busy in the weeks preceding the wedding.

The ceremony was usually performed in the morning at the home of the bride's parents, and it is obvious that there was no wedding march, as the bride, who was obliged to dress in the loft, had to descend backwards the ladder reaching from it to the ground. Most of the wedding celebrations lasted the entire day, and many of them two days. The guests numbered from fifty to one hundred and fifty persons, who came for miles on horseback; in many cases the ride being so long that the women took their knitting and made stockings and shawls as they rode. As there were few settlers, weddings were not frequent and much interest was centered in them. For this reason people from far and near joined in the celebrations.

After the ceremony the men and, in some cases, the women, participated in a "race for the bottle." They mounted their horses and raced to the goal, which was a quart bottle of whiskey held out by someone for the winner to snatch as he rode past. The fortunate winner of the race not only got the whiskey but had the honor of leading the games and frolics for the rest of the day also. At an infair held in 1846 Tillie Merrifield's horse led the others by 100 yards. The bride and groom were not permitted to take much part in the merrymaking, being obliged to sit back and merely look on.

In some cases it was customary for the bridal party and guests to assemble at the bride's home and ride from there to the home of the minister. This trip was greatly enjoyed, for naturally all were feeling very happy and gave vent to their feelings by telling jokes and amusing stories and probably planning a serenade for the happy couple. When the ceremony was performed at the home of the minister, the race for the bottle took place on the ride home after the ceremony, and the bottle was held by someone standing in front of the bride's home. After this race, the winner and his partner led the party to a table set with sufficient places to accommodate all the guests. The food, which consisted of a variety of meats and vegetables, was all placed upon the table at one time. Apple brandy, cider and whiskey were served freely. After the feast the guests danced until very late. As there were not enough chairs to accommodate all, the men were obliged to offer their laps to the ladies, and the latter accepted them without hesitation. Before the guests departed they visited the bridal chamber to bid good-night to the bride and groom, who had already retired.

When the celebration lasted two days the guests remained over night at the home of the bride, and the next morning rode on horseback to the "infair," as the second day's celebration was called. This was a sort of wedding reception, held either at the groom's home or at the new residence of the married couple. In many cases the race for the bottle was held on this day instead of immediately following the ceremony. The feast of the infair was as elaborate and bountiful as that of the preceding day, whole pigs being roasted, and venison cooked in abundance. On one occasion as many as fifty turkeys were prepared.

Games were played as on the preceding day. If the wedding took place in the fall when fruit was ripe, guessing the number of seeds in an apple was a favorite form of diversion, for if a mistake were made a pawn had to be paid, and a kiss were necessary to redeem the forfeit.

As years went on, the celebrations took on a different form in the more thickly settled parts of the community. The celebration at the home of the bride and the infair still existed, but they varied somewhat from those of earlier days. The guests who came from a distance arrived in stage coaches and sometimes in carriages, although the first "carryall" owned in Marion County belongs to the decade immediately preceding the period with which our history ends.

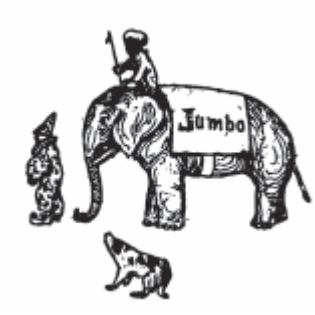
There were no musical instruments on which to play the wedding marches, even in these later days, however, for the first piano in Fairmont was bought by Calder Haymond about 1848. Had there been a piano, there would have been no one able to play it, for it was necessary for Mr. Haymond to bring a governess from New York—a Miss Robinson, who afterwards be came the wife of Governor Pierpoint—to instruct his daughters.

The bride often wore a small lace cap, under which either natural or artificial curls were visible. At a very fashionable wedding in 1 834 a bridal veil was fastened to the cap, from which it was draped to one side, leaving the end hanging

almost to the floor. At this particular wedding the groom was arrayed in a frock coat, baggy trousers and a stiff-bosomed shirt.

In these later years, too, various articles were added to the bill of fare—chicken potpie, and even desserts, chiefly custards. But in all cases there was the same abundance that characterized the wedding feasts of the earlier periods.

Our forefathers had little to break the monotony of their humdrum lives, and the advent of circus day, with its attendant excitement, was hailed with delight, even as it is now. It was always made a holiday and people of all classes and of all ages attended, for, in addition to its spectacular attractions, the circus was one of the chief means of disseminating news. The garrulous, jostling crowd of Marion County people who went to the Morgantown circus in 1838 were attracted by the fame of "Jumbo," the first elephant ever brought into this section.



The early traveling circus was transported in twenty or thirty wagons, which carried the smaller animals and large tents, as well as the seats, poles and performers. Six and eight horses were required to draw the heavier wagons. Usually the circus arrived in the town in the early morning, and by afternoon the tent was up. The circus had one ring; and acrobats, tight rope walkers and hoop jumpers furnished the amusement. One on this order gave a performance on the site of the Miners' Hospital about 1850. After the performance the cavalcade moved on to the next town, the larger animals being driven in front of the wagon. Each wagon carried a torch, or lantern, and traveled slowly through the night. On one occasion a circus wagon leaving Fairmont was overturned before the driver reached Hite's Mines, and a number of the smaller animals secured their freedom.

The early settlers observed only three holidays—Christmas, Easter and the Fourth of July. The celebration of Thanksgiving was unknown. Christmas was celebrated in the best way possible, the people attending Divine services on that day if a church was within reason able distance. At noon they had their dinner, which was the best they could afford—turkey, if possible. The Santa Claus myth was unheard of. Miss Eliza Davis, eighty-six years old, and Miss Ellen Prickett, eighty-one years old, never heard of it in their childhood, and both say the custom of hanging up the stockings grew up in the country districts at least not earlier than the early 40's. Even then, when the first children hung up their stockings for Santa to fill, they did not find them overflowing with candies and toys. Fried cakes of dough cut in long strips and plaited, or made fanciful with thimble indentations, were placed in the stockings. Sometimes cakes made with maple sugar were put with the fried dough cakes. All this was on condition that the child had been good, for otherwise he woke to find his stocking filled with ashes or stones, sometimes accompanied by a willow stick. Oranges were rare indeed, but one old shoemaker always brought them to his children when he went on his annual visit to Pittsburgh to purchase leather, carrying them in his carpet bag, which he hung in the stairway leading to the loft, a place much frequented by the eager little ones, who sniffed the delicious odor through the meshes of the bag. A very beautiful custom was followed on Christmas Eve. The young men of the neighborhood went about from house to house, stopping in each long enough to sing the old-fashioned songs. "But," says one dear old lady, "they never grew loud or boisterous then as they did at other times." Often on these occasions they roasted nuts and apples and, as time went on, had doughnuts served to them.

Easter was the most important of all the holidays. There was always plenty of eggs, for at that time eggs were but four cents a dozen. The children sometimes hoarded them in the barn, bringing them in on Easter morning, each hoping that his hoard would be larger than that of his brothers and sisters. They had an abundance of colored eggs which were dyed with onion tops, peach leaves, cat nip and wheat.

The Fourth of July was the occasion of an entirely different form of celebration. On this day Sunday school picnics were held and every one took his dinner, which consisted of chicken, fried cakes, pound cakes made with maple sugar, and, of course, pie. Pickled eggs, colored with beet juice, were a favorite delicacy. Sometimes, in the later years, candy was to be had, for it was the time of year when trips were made to Morgantown and Clarksburg; and sometimes, too, in the later years, pole raisings and speeches were features of the occasion.

Chapter X

Remedies and Superstitions

Why did you melt your waxen man. Sister Helen?

To-day is the third since you began. Roselli.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm
And locked him up in the room.
And there did he bleed all the livelong day
Until the next day at noon.
—Old Robin Hood Ballad.

Perhaps no branch of science has made more rapid progress during the last half-century than has medical science; and when we remember that the early homes in this county were widely scattered, and that doctors, such as they were, were few in number, we can readily understand that many cases of illness did not receive the proper attention and that the rate of mortality was high. Moreover, many of these early physicians were properly termed "quack" doctors. Ignorant and superstitious they were, and it is probable that their treatment was often a positive harm to the patient. In a letter we find a wife telling her husband that "Mary has been sick; the doctor was called and he said that her heart was out of place."

Primitive Fairmont was permeated with superstition. It is said that on one occasion doctor who had been called to treat a case of croup found the child being rapidly passed to and fro through a horse collar; and the same doctor, at another time, found a child's hair tightly drawn up to the crown of its head and tied in order to draw its palate into place. Sometimes a mother held her babe under the wide, open chimney until it gaped three times to keep the little one from having the thrush; and she flattened a bullet taken from a hog's head, tied it to a string, and placed the amulet around its neck to prevent croup, or, if she possessed a red silk string, she used that, for it was equally efficacious. She knew that she must bite her baby's finger nails to keep it from dying before it was a year old, and that on no account must she cut the nails, because that would predispose it to steal. If her child was delicate, she had the old women of the neighborhood measure it. If three times its diameter did not equal its height, they said the child had "decay"; then, to find out whether it would recover or not, they placed an egg in the fire. If the egg roasted without bursting, the child would outgrow the malady, but if the shell cracked, the little one was doomed to certain death. Perhaps the sick child was believed to be bewitched. To break the witch's charm a penny was placed against the side of a tree, and the men tried to hit the mark with their rifles. If they succeeded the witch's power was broken, but if they failed to do so, it was stronger than ever. If the child was under sized it was placed against a tree and a hole was bored above its head, in which was placed a lock of hair, or a string with which it had been measured, the belief being that as the bark grew over the hole the child would grow to reach it. Some claimed that the lock must be sheared from a negro's head, but others placed a lock of the child's own hair within the tree.

The belief that a buckeye or a potato carried in the pocket would cure rheumatism was well known, but a remedy which was widely used but is not so well known now was obtained from the Indians. As the story goes, an Indian asked for food from a settler who willingly supplied his wants, and the red man felt very grateful. Sometime later the settler was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism and when the Indian heard of his condition he went to the cabin of the white man and assured him that he would bring him a cure. True to his promise, in a few days the Indian returned with two copper plates, each of which was about six inches long, two inches wide and half an inch thick. These he imbedded in the thick leather of the white man's shoe soles, and then placed the shoes upon the feet of the patient with his own hands. In a short time the cure was effected, and never again was the white man troubled with rheumatism. The following remedy was likewise believed to be a sure cure for this ailment:

Put fishing-worms in a bottle before a hot fire. When the oil has covered them, mix with an equal amount of brandy and apply to the parts affected. This was a cure for snake bites also. Pole cat grease was often applied to rheumatic joints. Vervain and dandelion roots were other remedies. Shingles could be cured in two ways: In the first, by rubbing the blood of a black cat or a black chicken over the affected parts; in the second, by thinking of the person one liked best. The second "cure" was undoubtedly the one to be preferred.

Old shoes were burned near the house to keep snakes away. The farmer often hung a black snake on his fence, or killed a toad (although this made his cow give bloody milk) to bring rain for his growing crops. His children sometimes did the same, but with a different purpose in view—to keep from hoeing corn the next day.

To ward off bad luck the superstitious often threw an egg backwards over the head and over the house, or threw a broken horseshoe over the right shoulder. Grandfather's great grandfather planted his potatoes in the dark of the moon so they would grow large; and grandmother's great-grandmother clipped her hair in the dark of the moon to make it grow long.

When a man died it was necessary to sell the bees he had owned or they would never swarm again. In any event, they had to be notified of the death of the owner. When the boys went fishing and caught a large fish they thought that in order to bring good luck to fishermen on other expeditions they must cut off its head and tail and bury them at midnight near the place where the fishermen got their bait.

One of the most interesting customs was that of locating water, because, if it were impossible to locate a house near a natural spring—as almost all of the first houses were—wells had to be dug. A peach tree fork was cut with prongs about four inches long, and these were spread apart to form a line as nearly straight as possible. The "water wizard" held the stick between his thumbs, with the fork projecting upward, and when he reached a place under which was water, this fork was supposed to turn over of its own accord. A peach blossom turned face downard on the palm of the hand was supposed to turn over in the same way. This method of locating water was believed in so firmly that often a house was built in a very undesirable place because the peach fork or blossom had indicated that there water might be obtained.

It has been very difficult to obtain some of the charms used because some profess to work cures by their aid in this day. One that required some strategy to secure, loses its healing power when written down. It "must not be told by man to man, nor by woman to woman; but man may tell woman and woman may tell man; and man may work the charm on woman and woman may work the charm on man ; but on no account may the charm be transmitted from one to the other except by word of mouth." This charm, which is used to drive away toothache, is a queer mixture of superstition and faith. The one who performs the cure places his finger on the jaw over the tooth, and rubbing it around three times, repeats the name of the afflicted person three times. The middle name must not be omitted under any circumstances. Then he says:

Christ died in pain,
Tooth, remain.

and repeats, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost" three times, adding "Amen."

A charm for the cure of nosebleed is likewise forbidden to be told to others of the same sex, or to be written down. This charm is said on the fingers, and the mind must be on it and nothing else:

Under me, dot-spot-dash, 5-4-3-2-1 —
(Name repeated in full),
Blood be stopped.

This must be repeated two or three times. A verse from the Bible is often repeated instead of the charm.

Various cures for nosebleed were used in addition to the charm given above. "Let nine drops of blood fall under a rock," "Put a grain of corn under the tongue," "Drop a door key down the spine," are some of the more familiar ones.

A woman who had never seen her father was endowed with the power to take fire out of burns by repeating:

Bread never hungers,
Water never thirsts,
God's love never dies.

and blowing on the burn three times.

More potent in effect is this, secured through much persuasion:

Peter, the greatest saint among all Christians, who healed by the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, O Lord, I ask to heal this mortal wound of the flesh, which we feel is the forewarning of a sinful death. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Blow three times while rubbing the wound three times toward the lower part of the wound.

Possibly the fact that warts appeared and disappeared so suddenly accounts for the fact that the remedies for them are more numerous than for any other affliction. Perhaps the best known "cure" is that connected with the dish cloth—a superstition which entailed the breaking of the eighth commandment. Stealthily leaving the house with the stolen article and walking straight ahead without turning or looking back, the afflicted person hung the dishcloth on a tree or buried it underneath a stone. If one could find a purchaser for the warts at a penny apiece they were sure to disappear; but they were more often forced upon unwilling persons by rubbing copper coins, beans, or coffee grains over them and then throwing the contaminated articles away, after doing them up in a neat package. The one who opened the package received the warts. If one had an abundance of patience he might be willing to search in the open fields for a bone and, after carefully noting its position, rub it over the excrescence three times and then restore it to its original position. This was an absolutely sure cure, and the removal of the protuberance was accelerated if the afflicted one walked away without looking back, and promptly forgot about the bone. Chickens were sometimes summoned to aid in the amelioration of this unsightly condition of the skin, being fed bread crumbs saturated with blood from the warts, or grains of corn that had been rubbed over them. Sometimes the chicken was forced to be a martyr to the cause by having his head severed from his body in order that the blood from his neck might be used as a lotion. Often a cow was given salt from a piece of elm bark that previously had been contaminated by being rubbed over the warts. Onions and potatoes were excellent remedies, although some believed that the pieces of potato should be placed in the ground to grow after they had been used, and some thought that they must be pared to keep them from sprouting. The pieces of onion might be deposited in various places, a favorite receptacle being a drain-pipe. In every case, however, the vegetables must be carefully quartered. It was an easy matter to cut notches in an alder bush and, after pronouncing a charm, leave the branch to heal over; or to bury a bit of bark that had been cut with a knife that had previously been rubbed over the wart. In each case

the warts were supposed to vanish as the wound in the bush or the tree healed. Again, a yarn string tied in as many knots as there were warts was buried where the water falling from the roof of the house would strike it. As the string rotted, the warts would leave. It is a striking fact that charms generally prescribed something to be hidden or buried. Some of the remedies would make the least fastidious among us feel squeamish, particularly those compounded of dead black cats and snails.

It was quite an easy matter to rid one's self of a sty. Indeed, the cures for this particular affliction are almost as numerous as those for warts. One of the most simple was to repeat, in passing another person:

Sty, sty, leave my eye.
Catch the one who is passing by.

The one who worked this charm certainly did not follow the precept of the Golden Rule.

Witches were a constant source of trouble in those days. Men turned their pockets inside out or wore their socks wrong side out to keep them away.

Perhaps the only difference between many of the remedies used in the pioneer home and the home of to-day is that the barks, roots and leaves of the same plants which now are used in the form of powder and tablets were then used in their crude state as teas and poultices. Pennyroyal tea, mixed with sugar and salt, was given for fever, colds, rheumatism and headaches. Camomile and feverfew were administered to those suffering from cramps. Horehound, a garden herb, was valuable for colds and coughs, as was also wild cherry bark, and both are used to-day. Mountain tea was given to the children for whooping cough. Sage served a double purpose in that it relieved night sweats and fevers and was used for flavoring foods. Mullein was smoked for catarrh, and yellow root was made into a lotion for the sore throat, while an infusion of wild cherry bark was used as a tonic. Sarsaparilla was known to be a good blood cleanser. Plantain was used for sore mouths, and snakeroot for snake bites. Poulticing was a favorite mode of treatment, elm bark being much used, while an onion poultice with salt was invaluable for frosted hands and feet.

Boneset, an herb growing wild in the swamps, was gathered when in bloom in the fall of the year and hung up to dry. It was valuable as an emetic in the treatment of fever, boiling water being poured upon the plant and the bitter solution served to the typhoid patient. The pods of the lobelia were gathered and the small seeds inclosed steeped in boiling water, and this tea, which tasted very much like tobacco, was used as an emetic also. Here is a cure for vomiting:

For diet, use thin sage gruel, wine whey, clear broth, salt meat, salt fish and good cheese, when the patient will take them.

The doctor used blue mass and rhubarb for practically all ills. He dosed his patients with camomile, giving eight or ten grains in one dose. He often resorted to bleeding his fever patients, and, in a bad case of measles, considered bleeding absolutely necessary. Bleeding for inflammation of the eyes was not uncommon, and after this treatment leeches were applied to the temples or under the eyes with supposedly good effect. Afterward the eyes were bathed with water and brandy.

Spotted fever was thought to be caused by grief, fear, anxiety, intense thought, want of sleep, foul air, a poor watery diet, unripe fruit, cucumbers, and melons. If, in the course of the fever, a person became delirious, he was blistered on the head or neck with plasters, or tincture of lobelia and was given ipecac. Water was strictly forbidden. Sometimes onion or fish were bound on the feet to cure a typhoid patient.

The following is a remedy prescribed for blood poisoning:
Wash a number of live earth worms until not a particle of soil remains on them. Then bind them alive on the parts affected and leave for three days. The worms will draw out all the poison.

A remarkable remedy of the same nature for tuberculosis was given by an Indian woman to a white man who was supposedly cured by the application. In this instance the fangs were removed from a live snake, which was then wrapped around the man's waist next to the skin. It was supposed that in the course of a few weeks the snake would absorb the poison from the man's system.

Deaths from ivy poison were not infrequent because the people believed that it "took poison to kill poison," and not realizing that they were applying, not an antidote, but more poison of the same kind, rubbed ivy leaves on the sores. The following remedies, which all could pro cure, were used at a late date:

1. Mash nightshade leaves and mix with cream to form a thick paste. Apply to the poisoned parts. Do not use internally.
2. Bruise all the tender part of wild touch-me-not and apply juice to affected parts as welts begin to form.
3. Mix cream and gunpowder until a thick paste is formed. May be used in the mouth if affected.
4. Rub poisoned parts with well-moistened tobacco leaves.
5. Place copperas, which may be obtained from coal banks, in a vessel and cover with water. When dissolved, apply liquid to affected parts.

To relieve toothache, leeches were applied to the gums, or a toasted fig was held between the part affected and the cheeks. Blistering plasters applied between the shoulders were also used to relieve toothache.

In an old almanac, dated 1836, we find a number of old remedies:

For Toothache—Pulverized alum, two drams; sweet spirits of nitre, seven drams. Mix and apply to the tooth. Washing behind the ears with this mixture has a tendency to prevent toothache.

For Mortification—Make a decoction of sassafras, thicken it with finely powdered charcoal and apply it as a poultice.

For a Cough—One ounce of elecampane root, one ounce wild cherry bark, one ounce comfrey root, one ounce horehound herb, well boiled in two quarts of water; add one pint of wine or old cider. Take half a glass three times a day.

For Cramps — Persons subject to cramps in the stomach should drink ginger tea once a day.

For King's Evil—King's evil has been cured by poulticing with boiled carrots.

For Tetter—Bloodroot sliced into vinegar will cure the tetter and the worst eruptions on the skin by often washing the parts affected with the mentioned solution.

Young girls in the olden days were just as desirous of having beautiful complexions as those of to-day, but their means of obtaining results were different from those the modem girls employ. Grandmother's great-grandmother went to nature for her complexion; her granddaughter’s great-granddaughter goes to the drug store for hers. On the first three mornings in May grandmother's great-grandmother arose before the sun was up and went to the wheat field where she washed her face in the dew, or found water in partly decayed tree stumps to bleach her face and hands. For a chapped skin she used cream, or a part of the tallow her parents kept to make candles. Buttermilk and tansy mixed removed the freckles and tan which often marred her beauty. She sometimes used flour or, in the later periods, prepared chalk for powder, but more often she did not powder. To flush her cheeks, instead of "Blush of Roses" on her dressing table might have been seen a beet which she sliced anew each day until by use or by evaporation the juice disappeared; when out to the garden she went to select another. Grandmother's great-grandmother said she pierced her ears to make her eyes strong. She viewed with anxiety the coming of the first gray hair, even as her twentieth century descendant does; and in order that her locks might retain their natural vigor she gathered the sap from grape vines in the early spring to use as a tonic for her scalp.

Chapter XI

Songs and Legends

The history of nations, in the sense in which I use the word,
is often best studied in works not professedly historical.—Macaulay.

I know a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads,
he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.—Andrea Flelcher, of Saltoun.

The great eventful Present hides the Past, but through the din
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life behind steal in,
And the lore of home and fireside and the legendary rhyme
Make the task of duty lighter which the true man owes his time. —Whittier.

Of all the pleasant times in the old home, the evening hours around the wide chimney place, with the firelight dancing on the walls, throwing shadows into the dark corners of the cabin and casting a mysterious gloom over the homely furniture, must have seemed the best. There were no daily papers and popular magazines to occupy the time and minds of the household, but grandfather's great-grandfather was a famous story-teller, and his store of Indian legends and witch tales, enriched by contributions of negro folklore, was a source of endless delight. Besides, grandmother's great grandmother knew the ballads that had been handed down in her family since her adventurous forefathers crossed the ocean to build up a new order of things in a strange world, and these she sang to the children gathered around the hearth. The very little ones were put to sleep first, so the happy household sat quietly in the firelight while the mother rocked the cradle and softly crooned the ballad of Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy—strange personages to haunt the pioneer's rude abode—but the

little frontier children heard how "Lord Lovel stood by his castle gate a-combing his milkwhite steed" before he left his lady love to be gone for "a year and a day"; and how the longing to see her overcame him until at last he returned—only to find her dead.

He traveled on and he traveled on.
Till he came to London town,
And there he saw a funeral gang,
With the people all gathered 'round,
'round, 'round ;
With the people all gathered 'round.
"Oh, who is dead?" Lord Lovel, he cried,
And "Who is dead?" cried he;
" 'Tis the lord's own lady," the people replied;
"Some call her the Lady Nancy-ee-ee,
Some call her the Lady Nancy."
He ordered the grave to be opened forthwith,
And the shroud to be turned down.
And there he kissed the cold, pale lips.
While the tears they came trickling down, down,
down;
While the tears they came trickling down.
Lord Lovel was laid by St. Peter's Church,
Lady Nancy was laid in the choir,
And out of her breast there sprang a red rose,
And out of his a green brier-ier-ier ;
And out of his a green brier.
They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
And they could not grow any higher.
So there they formed a true lovers' knot;
The red rose 'round the green brier-ier-ier.
The red rose 'round the green brier.

Note—The compilers of this work have made no effort to secure an absolutely correct copy of this, nor of other songs given them. The whole object has been to give them as they were sung by the people of the time. This particular song was contributed by Samuel Kelley, who got it from his grandmother, to whom it had been handed down through many generations.

Or perchance, if her people were of the hardy Scotch-Irish race, so many of which crossed the mountains in the early days, the mother soothed the child's last waking moments with the low murmured assurance:

Hush you, hush you, do not fret you.
The Black Douglas shall not get you,

and the pioneer imagination, accustomed as it was to the unusual apparitions of the forest, might even conjure up the mailed figure of a Scottish chief within the cabin walls.

Perhaps the next child was old enough to appreciate the repetition of this:
One duck.
Two ducks and a fat hen.
Three plump partridges, two ducks and a fat hen.
Four white weasels, three plump partridges, two ducks and a fat hen.
Five hares headless, four white weasels, three plump partridges, two ducks and a fat hen.
Six mares and manes and tails all in very good order, five hares headless, four white weasels, three plump partridges, two ducks and a fat hen.
Seven crows a-croakin' on a crab tree crackin', six mares and manes and tails all in very good order, five hares headless, four white weasels, three plump partridges, two ducks and a fat hen.
Eight transmogrified priests in a mass house preachin', seven crows a-croakin' on a crab tree crackin', six mares and manes and tails all in very good order, five hares headless, four white weasels, three plump partridges, two ducks and a fat hen.
Nine nanny-hammers in the oven a-dancin', eight transmogrified priests in a mass house preachin', seven crows a-croakin' on a crab tree crackin', six mares and manes and tails all in very good order, five hares head less, four white weasels, three plump partridges, two ducks and a fat hen.
Ten gray geese in a grain field grazin', nine nanny-hammers in the oven a-dancin', eight transmogrified priests in a mass house preachin', seven crows a-croakin' on a crab tree crackin', six mares and manes and tails all in very good order, five hares headless, four white weasels, three plump partridges, two ducks and a fat hen.

Eleven piggie wiggies in a grain field rootin', ten gray geese in a grain field grazin', nine nanny-hammers in the oven a-dancin', eight transmogrified priests in a mass house preachin', seven crows. a-croakin' on a crab tree crackin', six mares and manes and tails all in very good order, five hares headless, four white weasels, three plump partridges, two ducks and a fat hen.

Or the favorite nonsense jingle:

Ring dum dero kity mit a ki mo,
Ring dum dal li mit a ki mo,
Rum strip pop a do ale ar buck a ring.
Ring dum dal li mit a ki mo.

A song which undoubtedly originated amongthe emigrants of the Emerald Isle was very popular:

Lady Leroy.
As I was a-walking one morning in May,
The fields were all green and all nature was gay,
1 spied a fair couple on Erin's green shore
A-viewing the ocean where the wild billows roar.
This song recited the woes of the lovers until—
They landed in Boston, a city of fame,
All chiefs and commanders will tell you the same.
After they—
Had hoisted their sails and had shouted for joy,
And over the ocean sailed Lady Leroy.
There was another song, quite as popular as
the preceding one:
"Well met, well met, my old true love,
Well met, well met," says he;
"I've just returned from the briny salt sea,
And it's all for the love of thee.
"I could have married the king's daughter fair,
And she would have wedded me;
But I refused the crown and her gold,
And it's all for the love of thee."
"If you could have married the king's daughter fair.
Then I'm sure you are far to blame,
For I have married a house carpenter,
And he is a nice young man."
"And if you'll forsake your house carpenter
And go along with me,
I'll take you where the grass grows green.
On the banks of the sweet Velvery."
"And if I forsake my house carpenter.
And go along with thee.
What hast thou to maintain me on.
And keep me from slavery?"
"Four and twenty ships a-sailing on the sea.
All sailing for dry land;
Five hundred and twenty-five brave sailor lads.
All sailing at my command."
She picked up her pretty little babe.
And gave it kisses three.
And laid it on a fine feather bed.
And bade it go to sleep.
"Lie there, lie there,
My pretty little babe;
Lie there, lie there," said she,
"And keep your past company."
They had not been on sea two weeks—
I'm sure it was not three—
Before the fair maid began to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.
"Is it for my gold you weep.
Or is it for my store.

Or is it for your house carpenter,
Whom you shall see no more?"
"It is neither for your gold I weep,
Nor is it for your store,
But it's all for the love of my pretty babe,
Which I shall see no more.
"If I had ten thousand pounds,
I would give it all to thee,
If I could be on shore once more,
My. pretty babe to see."
"If you had ten thousand pounds,
And would double it also to me,
You could not be on shore once more,
Your pretty babe to see."
They had not been on sea three weeks—
I'm sure it was not four—
Before this old ship sprung a leak,
And sank to rise no more.
Around and around went the old ship,
Around and around went she;
First to the right and then to the left,
Till she sank to the bottom of the sea.

A song that reveals more of patriotism than it does poetic ability on the part of the writer was composed about 1 795 and, while it is merely mirth-provoking now, was sung with spirit in every frontier cabin then:

St. Clair's Defeat.
1.
On November the fourth,
In the year '91,
We had a sore engagement,
Near the Fort Jefferson.
2.
At Bunker Hill and Quebec,
Ah! Many a hero fell,
Likewise at Long Island -
The truth to you I'll tell.
3.
St. Clair was our commander.
As may remembered be,
And we left nine hundred gallant men
In the Northwest Territory.
4.
Our militia was attacked
Just as the day did break.
They soon were overpowered
And forced to retreat.
5.
Said Major Gibson to his men:
"My braves, be not dismayed,
I know the true Virginians
Were never yet afraid."
6.
They killed Majors Oldham,
Bevin, Biggs and Wise
And the horrid yell of savages
Resounded to the skies.
7.
Said Col. Clark: "My heroes,
We can do longer stand,
We'll fall back in order
And retreat the beat we can."
&

The word retreat was passed around,
Then rose a deafening cry.
And helter-skelter through the woods.
Like lost sheep we did fly.
9.
We left the wounded in the field.
Oh, heavens what a sight!
Some had their thigh bones broken,
Some were cut by the scalping knife.
10.
But there's one bright consolation,
We'll all meet again,
Around the throne in Heaven,
Where parting is unknown.

To the older children, stories of conflicts between the settlers and the Indians were a constant source of delight, for the stern lessons of the woods had instilled in them a craving for excitement and adventure, and little did they know but that lurking outside the walls might be an enemy with whom they would have to contend. We are told of one little girl who, after listening to a narration of this kind, dreamed that she was being pursued by savages, and on awakening to find a wig horribly resembling a scalp dangling on a corner of her four-poster bed, went into hysterics.

Equally exciting were the stories of witches who were to be feared no less than the savages, being even more dangerous because of the power of their sorcery, which rendered them impervious to attack. These stories were told with bated breath, for did not everyone know that an old witchwife, who lived in Fairmont on what is now Locust Avenue, had cast her spell on the hounds owned by Dr. William Devies, who was a brother-in-law of Alfred Fleming, and caused them to go mad? But Dr. Devies, being learned in the lore of witchcraft, knew how to break the spell: he drew a picture of the sorceress, which he shot with two silver bullets, causing the wicked woman to be crippled in the spine and the power of witchcraft to depart from her. Never did people of the Middle Ages believe more firmly that in melting a waxen image they destroyed the body of which the wax was an effigy than did the neighbors of Dr. Devies believe this story. Then, too, rumor said there was a bewitched tree in Pleasant Valley, south of Palatine, that had the power of causing any one who broke a branch from it to be affected with sore eyes. One philanthropist of the time, wishing to bestow a blessing on posterity, labored all his life, it is told, trying to cut down this tree, his son taking up the good work after the father's death; but although both these good men chopped and chopped, as fast as the chips flew from the tree the wound healed over.

When such startling occurrences as these were given full credence, it is no wonder that the report that a spring in a bewitched meadow possessed such magical properties that all who drank from its waters were increased to twice their natural size was accepted as gospel, or that the story of the settler who, emulating the example of Dr. Devies, melted a silver coin into a bullet with which to shoot a sorceress who had turned the water of his spring into sour milk, awed every hearer. The settler was not as successful as Dr. Devies, for the sorceress, divining his intentions, took the form of the wife, while she transformed the wife into a witch who received the bullet; all of which went to prove that mortals were powerless against the powers of darkness. One witch story told in the Fleming family ran as follows:

Once upon a time there was an old witch whose power enabled her to turn men into horses. When at night she came over the roof, the bridle which she carried could be heard rattling, and the man within the house knew that his fate was sealed. After she had turned the man into a horse, she mounted her steed and gaily rode away through the night. And once upon a time, when one of these horses was prancing about, the witch gave him so sharp a cut with her riding-whip that the scar was always visible, after he had again taken the form of a man. A company of nine men determined to visit the witch’s house and find wherein her power lay. They bravely climbed upon the roof and looked down through the great chimney, for they felt sure that this chimney had something to do with her sorcery. The leader of the band was blind in one eye, and as he peered down the chimney he beheld the witch taking fish, one by one, from the wall, where they had been drying, and heard her saying, in a weird voice: "That one goes, that one goes," as she counted them. Finally, taking down the ninth fish, she exclaimed, in a rasping tone: "This is the last one, and it has only one eye." The man with one eye fled, his eight companions following on his trail, and so the knowledge of where the witch's power came from remained as much a mystery as ever.

Witch tales naturally led to those of ghostly visitors, a favorite tale being that told in different localities under various forms of the negro who, on being chased from a haunted house by an apparition, sat down, out of breath, on a log to rest. The ghost likewise sat down on the log. "We made that mile in no time," he announced. "Yes," said the darkey, "an' we'll make the next in less than that." A tale was told how Dan and Steve Morgan, by dressing up in sheets, frightened a neighbor who had imbibed too freely at a corn husking given by them until he beat to death his own dog, which sprang to meet him at his door.

A story that gained wide credence was supposed to have had its inception in a corn husking that occurred in '49. On this occasion nothing stronger was served than fruit and buttermilk, but on their way home three of the merrymakers — an aged man and his two daughters—saw lights in the meeting-house window, a la Tam O'Shanter. The nearer they came to the church the brighter the light showed, and when they opened the church door they be held a man standing, holding a lamp in each hand. Pale with fright, the old man asked: "What does this mean?" but the apparition vanished, and no one ever knew who it was, whence it came, or whither it went.

"Johnny Booger" was a song that appealed to those who knew the trials of a trip across the mountains of Virginia—a journey necessary to procure salt and other comforts which aided greatly in making life endurable in the wilderness:

As I drobe down to Lynchburg town,
I broke my yoke on de startin' ground,
Drobe from dar to Balden Springs,
And hollered fer to men' my yoke and rings.
Chorus.
Ole Johnny Booger, help dis nigger,
Ole Johnny Booger, do;
Ole Johnny Booger, help dis nigger,
Do, fo' de Lawd's sake do.
Drobe from dar to Wright's ole shop,
An' hollered at de driver fer to stop.
Says I, "Ole man, can you men' my yoke?"
He picked up de hammer an' he blowed up de smoke.
An' when he men' my yoke an' rings,
Says I, "Ole man, do you charge me anything?"
Says he, "Young man, I nebber charge
Without de job is berry large;
An' that yo' job is berry small,
I'll not charge you anything at all."
Drobe from dar to Ant'ny's Mill,
An' tried to pull up dat dar hill,
I whipped my steers an' I pushed my cart,
But bless de Lawd, I couldn't make a start.
Dar come a waggoner dribin' by,
I sat down on de groun' an' 'gun to cry.
Say» I, "Ole man, »ome pity take,
An' help me up for conscience sake."
I wipe my eyes from de fallin' tears.
An' I hitch his hosses 'fore my steers,
An' dem dar hosses, big an' strong,
Golly, dey help dis nigger 'long.

Note—It is to be understood that the negro dialect in these stories is not perfect. The stories were handed down by white people who got them from darkies whose exact words were not always reproduced.

Negro songs and folklore, gathered up here and there from the few slaves from eastern Virginia, never failed to please the children. The Flemings and several other Marion County families had slaves. The following is a bit of negro folklore:

Story of Ole Mis' Rabbit and Ole Mistah Wolf.

Ol' Mistah Rabbit and Mis' Rabbit an' the four little Rabbits lived in th' stump of a holler tree; an' ev'ry morning' when ol' Mistah Rabbit went to work, ol' Mis' Rabbit let him down out o' th' tree with a rope; an' ev'ry mornin' befo' he left, ol' Mistah Rabbit says to ol' Mis' Rabbit: "Now, Mis' Rabbit, don' yo' let anybody up in dis tree, fo' ol' Mistah Wolf does suah 'nough like to eat young rabbits." An' ev'ry evenin' when he come home, he stood at de foot of th' holler tree an' sung:

" A-bussin', an' a-bussin", an' a-bussin', bussin', Jinny,
A-bussin', an' a-bussin', an' a-bussin', bussin'. Jinny,"

An' then ol' Mis' Rabbit 'ud let down th' rope an' pull ol' Mistah Rabbit up into th' tree.

Now, ol' Mistah Wolf watched ol' Mistah Rabbit go to work in the mornin' an' come home in th' evenin', so one day when he thought Mistah Rabbit was safe out o' th' way, he went to th' foot o' th' holler tree an' there he stood an' sung:

"A-bussin', an' a-bussin', an' a-bussin', bussin', Jinny,
A-bussin', an' a-bussin', an' a-bussin', bussin', Jinny,"

a-thinkin' he'd fool ol' Mis' Rabbit. But ol' Mistah Wolf's voice was hoarse, an' it sounded way down in his throat, so ol' Mis' Rabbit poked her head out o' th' hole in th' holler tree, an' she says, "Go 'long, Mistah Wolf, yo' can't fool me; ol' Mistah Rabbit done tole me not t' let any visitors git in dis tree, 'an yo' don' soun' like a rabbit, nohow."

So ol' Mistah Wolf went off t' th' blacksmith who lived on th' edge o' th' forest, an' had th' blacksmith run a red-hot poker down his throat, so that his voice would sound like a rabbit's; an' then he went back t' th' holler tree an' sung:

"A-bussin', an' a-bussin', an' a-bussin', bussin', Jinny,
A-bussin', an' a-bussin', an' a-bussin', bussin'. Jinny."

An' ol' Mis' Rabbit let th' rope down, an' pulled ol' Mistah Wolf up in th' holler tree.

Well, all them little rabbits was scared plum' to death. They crep' into th' corner o' that holler tree, an' there they sat an' shivered an' shook, an' kep' a-watchin' ol' Mistah Wolf, who was a-rollin' his eyes an' a-lickin' his chops, somethin' awful. But ol' Mis' Rabbit, she says, just as 'plite as pie, 'cept that she was a-shakin' an' a-shiverin', 'cause she was scared plum' to death, too:

"Oh, Mistah Wolf, I am so glad to see you. Now, you jist set right down in this chair, an' I'll git supper."

Well, Mistah Wolf thought he might as well have a good supper an' finish th' little rabbits afterwards, an' besides, ol' Mistah Rabbit would be comin' home, too. So he sets down in the chair, an' ol' Mis' Rabbit she just flew 'roun'. She got everything good she could find in the house for supper. An' all th' time ol' Mistah Wolf kep' a-lookin' at them rabbits an' a-rollin' his eyes an' a-lickin' his chops. An' when ol' Mis' Rabbit got th' supper ready, she says, jist as 'plite as pie, 'cept that she was a-shakin' an' a-shiverin,' 'cause she was scared plum' to death:

"Now, Mistah Wolf, yo' jist set right up to this table an' help yo'self." An' Mistah Wolf was so hungry a-watchin' th' little rabbits an' a-rollin' his eyes an' a-lickin' his chops, he et everything right up on th' table; so bime by the bread plate got empty, an' ol' Mis' Rabbit she says:

"Now, you jist sit still an' let me git yo' some mo' bread, Mistah Wolf."

An' when she comes back with th' bread, she kep' th' knife under her apron, but ol' Mistah Wolf was so busy eatin' he didn't notice that. So she comes up behind him, like she was a-goin' to set th' bread plate on th' table, an' all at once she stuck th' knife in ol' Mistah Wolf's side, an' he fell down dead. An' all th' little rabbits was tickled plum to death. They come a-scurryin' out o' th' corner, an' helped ol' Mis' Rabbit drag ol' Mistah Wolf to th' edge o' th' holler tree an' push him over. An' when ol' Mistah Rabbit come home that evenin' there he foun' ol' Mistah Wolf.

Perhaps the general rejoicing over the timely end of "Mistah Wolf" caused the story-teller

Old Sukey Blueskin fell in love with me.
Old Sukey Blueskin fell in love with me.
Old Sukey Blueskin fell in love with me,
She invited me to her house to have a cup o' tea.

Now, what do you think ole Sukey had for supper?
What do you think ole Sukey had for supper?
What do you think ole Sukey had for supper?
Apple-sass, 'sparrer grass, chicken foot and butter.
to burst into rollicking song:

Or

As I went down de new town road,
Dar I met a rabbit play in' with a toad;
Every time de toad would 'gin to jump,
The rabbit hid himself behin' a stump.

O Jinny, git yo' hoecake done, my lady;
Jinny, git yo' hoecake done.

"Jim Crack Cawn" was very popular:
Oh, Jim crack cawn in de mawnin'

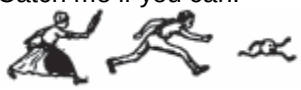
Befo' de break o' day;
Jim crack cawn in de mawnin',
Ole Massa gone away.

"Ole Dan Tucker" is too well known to need comment.

The "Johnny-cake Story" was probably an older version of the "Gingerbread Man":

Once upon a time an old man and an old woman were sitting beside the lire waiting for a Johnny-cake to bake. The old woman had mixed up some meal with a little water and a little salt, and then she had put it on a board and set it up in front of the fire; and while she and the old man waited for the Johnnycake to get done, they talked about how good their supper would be.

"I'll put some maple syrup on my piece," said the old man.
"I'll put some milk on mine," said the old woman.
Now, while they were talking, the Johnny-cake got done; so he jumped off the board and ran out the door, saying, "Catch me if you can," and the old man and the old woman started after the Johnny-cake.
Two men were digging a well in the yard. The Johnny-cake ran up to them, saying:
"There's an old, old woman and an old, old
Catch me if you can."



And the well-diggers started after the Johnny-cake.
Two men were chopping wood by the roadside. The Johnny-cake ran up to them, saying:
"There's an old, old woman and an old, old man. Two well-diggers. Catch me if you can."
And the woodchoppers started after the Johnny-cake.
Two men were threshing wheat in the barn. The Johnny-cake ran up to them, saying: "There's an old, old woman and an old, old man, Two well-diggers. Two woodchoppers, Catch me if you can."
And the barn-threshers started after the Johnny-cake.
An old fox was prowling around the orchard. The Johnny-cake ran up to him, saying: "There's an old, old woman and an old, old man. Two well-diggers. Two woodchoppers. Two barn- threshers. Catch me if you can."
"Hey?" said the old fox.
Then the Johnny-cake came a little closer, saying: "There's an old, old woman and an old, old man, Two well-diggers. Two woodchoppers, Two barn-threshers, Catch me if you can."
"Come a little closer," said the old fox. "I am very hard of hearing."
Then the Johnny-cake came quite close up to him and shouted in his ear:
"There's an old, old woman and an old, old man. Two well-diggers, Two woodchoppers, Two barn-threshers, Catch me if you"
But "snap" went the old fox's teeth, and that was the last of the Johnny-cake.

A different "Tar Baby" story from that told by "Uncle Remus" was current in the neighborhood, masquerading under the title:

The Rabbit Who Wouldn't Help Dig A Well

Once upon a time there was a water famine and the runs went dry and the creeks went dry and the rivers went dry, and there wasn't any water to be found anywhere, so all the animals in the forest met together to see what could be done about it. The lion and the bear and the wolf and the fox and the giraffe and the monkey and the elephant, and even the rabbit— everybody who lived in the forest—was there and they all tried to think of some plan by which they could get water. At last they decided to dig a well, and everybody said that he would help—all except the rabbit, who always was a lazy little booger, and he said he wouldn't dig. So the animals all said, "Very well, Mr. Rabbit, if you won't help us dig this well, you shan't have one drop of water to drink." But the rabbit just laughed and said, as smart as you please, "Never mind, you dig the well and I'll get a drink all right."
Now the animals all worked very hard—all except the rabbit—and soon they had the well so deep that they struck water and they all got a drink and went away to their homes in the forest. But the very next morning what should they find but the rabbit's footprints in the mud at the mouth of the well, and they knew that he had come in the night and stolen some water. So they all began to think how they could keep that lazy little rabbit from getting a drink, and they talked and talked and talked, and after a while they decided that someone must watch the well, but no one seemed to want to stay up to do it. Finally, the bear said: "I'll watch the well the first night. You just go to bed, and I'll show old Mr. Rabbit that he won't get any water while I'm around."

So all the animals went away and left him, and the bear sat down by the well. By and by the rabbit came out of the thicket on the hillside and there he saw the old bear guarding the well. At first he didn't know what to do. Then he sat down and began to sing:

"Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you;
Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you."

Presently the old bear lifted up his head and looked all around. "Where's all that pretty music coming from?" he said.
The rabbit kept on singing:

"Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you;
Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you."

This time the bear got up on his hind feet.
The rabbit kept on singing:

"Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you;
Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you,"

Then the bear began to dance, and after a while he danced so far away that the rabbit wasn't afraid of him any longer, and so he climbed down into the well and got a drink and ran away to the thicket.

Now, when the animals came the next morning and found the rabbit's footprints in the mud, they made all kinds of fun of old Mr. Bear. They said: "Mr. Bear, you are a fine person to watch a well. Why, even Mr. Rabbit can outwit you."

But the bear said: "The rabbit had nothing whatever to do with it. I was sitting here wide-awake, when suddenly the most beautiful music came right down out of the sky. At least I think it came down out of the sky, for when I went to look for it, I could not find it, and it must have been while I was gone that Mr. Rabbit stole the water."

"Anyway," said the other animals, "we can't trust you anymore. Mr. Monkey, you had better watch the well to-night, and mind you, you'd better be pretty careful or old Mr. Rabbit will fool you."

"I'd like to see him do it," said the monkey. "Just let him try." So the animals set the monkey to watch the well.

Presently it grew dark, and all the stars came out; and then the rabbit slipped out of the thicket and peeped over in the direction of the well. There he saw the monkey. Then he sat down on the hillside and began to sing:

"Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you;
Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you."

"What's that?" said the monkey, all excited.
The rabbit kept on singing:

"Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you;
Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you."

Then the monkey peered down into the well. "It isn't the water," said he.
The rabbit kept on singing:

"Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you;
Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you."

This time the monkey looked up into the sky. "It isn't the stars," said he.
The rabbit kept on singing:

This time the monkey looked toward the forest. "It must be the leaves," said he. "Anyway, it's too good music to let go to waste." So he began to dance, and after a while he danced so far away that the rabbit wasn't afraid, so he climbed down into the well and got a drink and ran off to the thicket.

Well, the next morning, when all the animals came down and found the footprints again, you should have heard them talk to that monkey. They said: "Mr. Monkey, you are no better than Mr. Bear; neither of you is of any account. You can't catch a rabbit."

And then the monkey said: "It wasn't old Mr. Rabbit's fault at all that I left the well. He had nothing to do with it. All at once the most beautiful music that you ever heard came out of those woods, and I went to see who was making it."

But the animals only laughed at him. Then they tried to get someone else to watch the well that night. No one would do it, so they thought and thought and thought about what to do next. Finally, the fox spoke up: "I'll tell you what let's do," said he. "Let's make a tar man and set him to watch the well."

"Let's do," said all the animals together. So they worked the whole day long building a tar man, and when night came they went away and left him to watch the well.

That night, when the rabbit crept out of the thicket, there he saw the tar man. So he sat down on the hill side and began to sing:

"Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you;
Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you."

But the tar man never heard.
The rabbit kept on singing:

"Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you;
Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you."

But the tar man never heard a word.
The rabbit came a little closer.

"Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you;
Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you."

The tar man never spoke.
The rabbit came a little closer yet.

"Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you;
Cha ra ra, will you, will you, can you."

The tar man never spoke a word.
Then the rabbit came clear up to the tar man. "Look here," he said, "you get out of my way and let me down into that well."

The tar man never moved.

"If you don't get out of my way, I'll hit you with my fist," said the rabbit.

The tar man never moved a finger.

Then the rabbit raised his fist and struck that tar man as hard as he could—and his right fist stuck tight in the tar,

"Now you let go of my fist or I'll hit you with my other fist," said the rabbit.

The tar man never budged.

Then the rabbit struck him with his left fist, and his left fist stuck tight in the tar.

"Now you let go of my fists or I'll kick you with my foot," said the rabbit.

The tar man never budged one inch.

Then the rabbit kicked him with his right foot, and his right foot stuck tight in the tar.

"Now you let go of my foot or I'll kick you with my other foot," said the rabbit.

The tar man never stirred.

Then the rabbit kicked him with his left foot, and his left foot stuck tight in the tar.

"Now you let me go or I'll butt you with my head," said the rabbit. And he butted him with his head, and there he was; and there the other animals found him the next morning.

Well, you should have heard those animals laugh. "Oh, ho, Mr. Rabbit," they said. "Now we'll see whether you steal any more of our water or not. We're going to lay you across a log and cut your head off."

"Oh, please do," said the rabbit. "I've always wanted to have my head cut off. I'd rather die that way than any other way I know."

"Then we won't do it," said the other animals. We are not going to kill you any way you like. We are going to shoot you."

"That's better," said the rabbit. "If I had just stopped to think, I'd have asked you to do that in the first place.

Please shoot me."

"No, we'll not shoot you," said the other animals; and then they had to think and think and think for a long time. "I'll tell what we'll do," said the bear.

"We'll put you in a cupboard and let you eat and eat and eat until you are as fat as butter, and then we'll throw you up in the air and let you come down and burst."

"Oh, please don't," said the rabbit. "I never wanted to die that way. Just do anything else, but please don't burst me."

"Then that's exactly what we'll do," said all the other animals together.

So they put the rabbit in the cupboard and they fed him pie and cake and sugar, and everything that was good; and by and by he got just as fat as butter. And then they took him out on the hillside and the lion took a paw, and the bear took a paw, and the fox took a paw, and the monkey took a paw; and they swung him back and forth, and back and forth, and back and forth, saying:

"One for the money, two for the show, three to make ready, and four to go." And up they tossed him in the air, and he came down and lit on his feet and said:

"Yip, my name's Molly Cotton-tail,
Catch me if you can."
And off he ran to the thicket.

The early pioneers were, in the main, a God fearing people. The family Bible was the one book always found even in the humblest home; and the Puritanic ideas of the time find expression in the following hymn with which, perchance, the devotional exercises which followed the story-telling hour closed:

Sinners, perhaps this news to you.
May have no weight, although 'tis true.
The carnal pleasures of this earth
Cast off the thought and fear of death;
Tis awful, awful, awful.
The aged sinner will not turn,
His heart's so hard he can not mourn.
Much harder than the flinty rock;
He will not turn, 'tho Jesus knock;
Tis awful, awful, awful.
The blooming youth, all in their prime,
Are counting out their length of time,
They ofttimes say 'tis their intent,
When they grow old they will repent;
Tis awful, awful, awful.
But, oh, the sad and awful slate,
Of those who stay and come loo late,
The foolish Virgins they began
To knock, but could not enter in;
Tis awful, awful, awful.
Then, parents, take a solemn view
Of your dear children, dear to you;
How can you bear to hear them cry,
And flaunt you with their misery;
'Tis awful, awful, awful.
Good Lord, what groans, what bitter cries;
What thunders rolling thro' the skies 1
Poor sinners, sinking in despair,
While saints go shouting thro' the air;

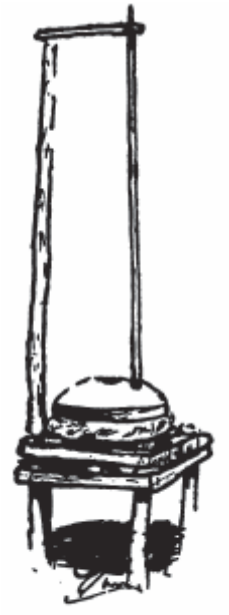
Tis awful, awful, awful.

The songs, folklore and traditions of a people give us a keener insight into their character than anything else could do. Perhaps the spirit of chivalry, optimism, self-reliance, helpfulness, industry and piety—the dominant traits of the people of western Virginia—may be found in the stories told and the songs sung around the old cabin hearths.

Chapter XII

Locating Mills

Listen to the watermill—
All the livelong day;
How the creaking of the wheel
Wears the hours away.



OLD MILL IN COOGLE YARD
IN PALATINE,
NOW A PART OF FAIRMONT

Before mills came into use, a hominy block, consisting of the stump of a tree in which a cavity had been hollowed out by burning, was used for the purpose of grinding grain. The corn was put into this cavity before it had thoroughly hardened, and was ground into meal with a pestle. A sweep, to which a sapling hewed into the shape of a large pestle was attached, was sometimes used to expedite the work, a wooden pin being put through this sapling so that two people could work at pounding the grain.

Later than the use of the hominy block was the use of the grater, which consisted of a piece of tin pierced with holes and resembled the small graters now in use. In order to make the implement easier to handle, the tin was the preceding instance, the process of grating was carried on before the corn was dry enough to be shelled from the cob. In the course of time hand mills superseded the hominy block and the grater—Nathaniel Cochran building the first in this section in Lincoln District about 1790. The mill consisted of two round stones, the larger of which was placed on the floor in
a stationary position, while the upper stone, commonly called the "runner," was moved around on it by means of a pole attached to a beam in the ceiling. The corn was placed in a small opening in the top of the runner, and the meal found its way out through a hole in the hoop which encircled the stones.

An industry well known in the Atlantic seaboard states, but unknown to settlers beyond the mountains, was the grinding of corn, wheat and buckwheat by the use of grinding stones, called burrs, which were operated by waterwheels. When the danger of Indian raids were over and the pioneers could devote more time to the improvement of their mode of living, this better method of manufacturing flour and meal was adopted. In order that the swift water might furnish power for operating the machinery the early mills were, when possible, located below a falls or rapids. When a falls was available, the overshot water wheels were used to operate the burrs, but when a current flowing at an ordinary rate was to be used a dam was constructed across the stream, leaving a narrow outlet into which the water rushed, hitting with great force the blades of the wheel in rapid succession. These water mills were known as "tub" mills and were very simple in construction, consisting merely of a horizontal wheel to which was attached a perpendicular shaft that turned the runner after the manner of a trundlehead.

Many mills were built in Monongalia and Harrison Counties, especially in those sections which are now included in the county of Marion. The oldest of these is thought by some to have been the B. D. Fleming Mill, the foundation of which may still be seen on the farm of Jesse Brown, at White Rock. It was operated by the waters of the West Fork River. A grist and saw mill combined was erected by Reeder and Evans at the mouth of Paw Paw Creek in 1795, and about the year 1800 Levi Morgan and Jacob Springer erected grist mills—the one on Little Creek and the other on Prickett's Creek. In 1801 Joseph Morgan built a grist, saw and carding mill on Buffalo Creek, near Farmington.

The mills built by William B. Ice on Buffalo Creek, David Prichard at Pine Grove and James Otis Watson at Mannington, date back to the years closely following 1800. Ice's Mill, which was operated by water-power, still stands, and is used as a storehouse by the Ice family of Barrackville. Dave and Andy Ice, members of the same Ice family, also built a mill on Buffalo Creek below Barrackville. The Prichard Mill furnished flour for the in habitants of the region in which it stood for many years, but was finally washed away by a flood and only the foundation and stone walls remain. The Mannington Mill was of the early steam type and, at a later date, furnished feed for the mules used in the mines owned by Mr. Watson, as well as flour for the large settlement of miners that grew up. Furbee's Mill was constructed soon after this and was also of the steam type, running in opposition to that owned by Mr. Watson. Other mills of this period were those belonging to John Nuzum, who utilized the waters of the Tygart's Valley at a place later known as Nuzum's Mills; and to John Price, who built his mill on Paw Paw Creek.

To the Barnes family belongs the credit of the establishment of an industry new to this section. Soon after 1800 James and John Barnes, brothers, built a woolen mill at Barnesville, on Buffalo Creek, where wool combing was carried on extensively, the owners of the establishment making a specialty of this kind of work. Buffalo Creek furnished ample power, and an excellent trade was maintained until the mill was destroyed by fire.

The mill located at Mill Fall is known to have been one of the very early ones, but the date of its erection is unknown. It is interesting to note that the beautiful falls on the High School grounds furnished water power for Benoni Fleming's Mill—built over a hundred years ago. This mill was constructed by Josiah King, but was always kept in the hands of the Fleming family—Alfred Fleming being in possession of it for many years. A grist mill was erected by Jacob Sturm in 1811 on Parish Fork of Teverbaugh Creek, and in 1823 Isaac Sturm built a grist and saw mill combined on the same stream.

About the year 1815 a mill was built at Boothsville to supply the surrounding country with flour, cornmeal and buckwheat. At this place the bed of the creek did not admit of the construction of a dam, so a canal was built along parts of its course in order to give force enough to the water to run the overshot wheel. An instance is given of a man's traveling 15 miles through the snow to the mill, with his wheat sacks thrown across his horse's neck. The residents of the Farmington District were supplied with flour from Morgan's Mill, which was operated by the waters of Buffalo Creek and which occupied the site of the modern steam roller mill at that place. Fairview was supplied by the mill built by Daniel Tennant, who was the best known miller in Marion County, his flour being always in demand. This mill was operated by steam, and at one time it furnished half the flour of Fairmont. Another mill noted for the quality of flour it produced was "Quality Ben's Mill," built by Benjamin Fleming on Goose Run. This mill had a large output, for Mr. Fleming was noted for fair dealing with his customers.

Many of the mills were used for various purposes. The Everson Mill was built about the year 1830 by Benjamin Brice. It was used for grinding, sawing and carding—three persons being employed. The flood of 1852 carried the building away, and Mr. Brice sold the property to Newton Hall and Elisha Brummage (who built the first sawmill in Grant District), and they rebuilt the mill and later sold it to Richard Everson, from whom it received its name. This building was carried away by the flood of 1888, but was again rebuilt by Peter Righter and afterwards given to his son John Righter. This last structure is still standing in the town of Everson, being used as a feed mill and grocery store. The only mill to withstand the flood of 1888 on the West Fork River was that built at Worthington about 1850 by Oscar Cochran. A stone wall, intended to keep back the ice from the water wheel, kept the flood from moving the building. When the water of the creek was insufficient to turn the wheels it was run by horse power. A grist mill was erected about 1833 by Jesse Ice on Piles' Fork, two and a half miles from Mannington. Several years later John Freeland remodeled this structure so that it might be used for sawing as well as for grinding purposes. Henry Lamb built a burr mill operated by a water wheel in the early days at Monongah. Other grist mills that formed the nucleus around which communities grew up were built by Calvin Michael on Buffalo Creek, near Downs, and Henry Ross at Rosstown; the latter being one of the few mills run by both steam and water power and of a type especially adapted to the making of buck wheat flour.

The Koon's Run Mill was built by Benjamin Brice during the summer of 1 840. It was situated about one half mile from the mouth of Koon's Run, where the falls made the water very swift and gave the wheel ample power. Some ruins of this structure may still be found. Stephen Booth built the first steam, grist and sawmill and carding machine at Fairview in 1852. The mill still stands on this site and is owned by John Burns.

The Valley Falls Mill was built by John Bradshaw and William Whitescarver shortly after the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was completed. The opportunity offered by the natural falls in the Tygart's Valley River was quickly seized by these men, who foresaw the advantages that lay in shipping facilities and water power. They erected an old-fashioned burr mill in combination with an up-and-down knife sawmill. The grain was received from the surrounding country or was shipped in by rail, while the large pine trees that grew along the banks of the river furnished timber for lumber. Among the first shipments of products from Marion County to the outside world was one of flour and lumber from this mill.

Probably the first mill constructed within the limits of the present city of Fairmont was the Jackson Mill, built very early in the last century on the site now occupied by the Wise Packing Company. In addition to grinding grain received from all parts of the contiguous country, this mill manufactured lumber from logs floated down the West Fork and Tygart's Valley Rivers. Much of this lumber was used in the construction of Middletown and the nearby villages, while a large amount was sent on its way down the Monongahela to Pittsburgh. Jackson's Mill is but a memory in the minds of the older generation in Fairmont, although probably no single industry had more to do with the upbuilding of the community than had this mill.

The first steam mill of Fairmont was constructed by Thomas A. Maulsby on the site now occupied by the White Cloud restaurant and Sapper's store. During the dry season this mill was very popular, for the creeks dried up and those operated by water power could not run. When the spring that supplied the boiler was exhausted, water was hauled from the Monongahela River in barrels. One of the earliest tragedies in the community occurred in connection with this work. Alfred Jolliffe, who was hauling water, caught his foot in a wagon wheel and, being thrown face downward, drowned in a few inches of water. His old coach dog gave the alarm and the whole population turned out, but to no purpose. No trace of this mill—so important in the industrial development of Fairmont—is to be found to-day.

John Brown, the first resident of Monongah, built a grist, saw and carding mill—which he sold to Jacob Veach—about 200 yards below the place where No. 6 Mine is now located, on the West Fork River. At the same time he erected a sawmill at the old mill dam on Booth's Creek in Monongah, later used by the Davis and Stewart Company. About 1852 Otis Watson purchased the property and erected a much better structure, which he operated by steam. The first year this new mill was in operation it was very successful, because those operated by water power were unable to run on account of the creeks, having dried up. People came from a distance of 30 to 40 miles to have their grinding done and, as the grain was brought in such large quantities, the operators worked day and night for four months, when they were compelled to stop the machinery in order to clean the boiler. Sometimes customers were obliged to wait one or two weeks to be accommodated. As the grain was brought in, it was stored in the second story of the building, and at one time the weight was so heavy that the floor collapsed. A mill owned by a man named Allender, on the east side of the river, just below the Fairmont suspension bridge, was partly destroyed by high water in 1852.

In spite of the fact that Marion County seemed plentifully supplied with mills, settlers in Winfield District often were compelled to go to one located on Cheat River when the water ran low in the smaller streams, a journey it took five days to perform. On one occasion Peter Moran was detained at this mill for some time while he was waiting his turn to be served, and his family was forced to live on potatoes alone for three days.

One half peck out of every bushel was the toll for grinding. This was a state law, and no one could charge more under any circumstances. Mills increased as the population increased and, like the grocery stores in the rural communities at the present time, they became the loafing places where the news of the community was disseminated.

Many magnificent trees—great white oaks, tall pines, spruce, hemlock, and other species rare to-day—were cut down and burned when the pioneers crossed the mountains and prepared to cultivate the land. In this era when "conservation of resources" is the watch cry of the nation, we are inclined to deplore this wanton waste; but we should not be too prone to attach blame to those who blazed the trail of civilization. They saw virgin forests and believed that what timber was destroyed in clearing the land would scarcely be missed from the great wilds which seemed vast enough to last forever. Besides, they had no means to clear the land except by ruthless destruction. There were no sawmills west of the mountains in those early days. Only with the freeing of the settlements from the dangers that lurked in the wilderness were men's minds turned to the betterment of those domestic conditions.

Clapboards were in great demand, and the first lumbermen made one trip a year to Virginia to sell them. When trails and roads became better highways freight routes were established, and it was no longer necessary for the settlers to take their products to market, for buyers came to purchase the annual output at the mills, and to haul it away. Two of the first sawmills built in Marion County of which we have definite knowledge were those of William Nuzum, built in close proximity to the grist mill belonging to his brother John at Nuzum's Mills, now Hammond, and of Jacob Prickett. on Prickett's Creek, built about the year 1800. The first sawmills constructed were very crude, but in time they became the perfect water wheel structures known to the last generation.

TYGART'S VALLEY FALLS

When all facts of importance are taken into consideration—location, shipping facilities, grade of lumber, and minor details of the milling industry—the lumber districts of Marion County may be divided into four distinct districts: The Buffalo Creek, the West Fork, the Monongahela Valley and the Tygart's Valley. The most important one in many respects was the Buffalo Creek district. The creek could be used to float the timber to the mills as well as to float the finished product down to the various markets after its water had furnished the power to saw the timber. Many pines and hemlocks grew in this locality, and supplied the greater amount of lumber. Most of the timber was used in Fairmont, and what was not used in the local markets was shipped to Pittsburgh on flatboats or floated to that city in the form of rafts. The owners sold the lumber in the Pittsburgh market and then rode on horseback, or walked home, sometimes taking six weeks to make the round trip. In

the principal mills of this district, owned by the Ice brothers at Barrackville, and the Morgans at Farmington, flour was manufactured as well as lumber. The Prichard Mill, at Pine Grove, sawed a large amount of timber. The district was not only the most thickly settled, but the first to be settled to any extent in Marion County.

Next in importance was the West Fork River district. The greater amount of timber cut in this region was oak, which was in great demand in Pittsburgh and in Fairmont. The mills of this district were the Everson, Lamb, Worthington, Fleming and Boothsville mills. All of these had machinery for sawing in connection with the grinding and carding facilities.

In the third place stood the Tygart's Valley district, which was not opened until after the completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. When the rumor was spread that the railroad was coming through this region, several men built mills on the banks of the Tygart's Valley River. The most noted of these was the one located at Valley Falls. It was in the heart of the pine forests of the valley, and had the advantage of power afforded by the high falls in addition to its shipping facilities. This mill continued to flourish until the timber of the region was exhausted. Another mill located in this district was the Hayhurst Mill at Kingmont, which cut some timber but was not as successful as the Falls Mill. Others were lo cated at Benton's Ferry, Colfax and Hammond, but these did not cut on a large scale, nor do business of any kind to a great extent.

The fourth district bordered the Monongahela River, and ranked in importance with the Tygart's Valley River district. Many oak, maple, hemlock and poplar trees were cut in this section and used as building material for homes in the vicinity of the mills. Lumber was also shipped to western points as well as to towns on the lower Monongahela. Here were located the Hoult, Hood, Jackson, Maulsby, Rosstown, Fleming and Meredith mills. Several of these did sawing only, but others ground grain as well. Lafayette Meredith's Mill on Prickett's Creek manufactured all kinds of lumber, but the owner made a specialty of lapped shingles for roofing houses.

The most important sawmill in Marion County, and the first to use a circular saw, was the Fleming steam mill at Johntown, one mile above Fairmont. All kinds of lumber were manufactured in the Fleming Mill, from plastering laths to bridge beams. When the coal shipments started on the Baltimore and Ohio the railroad company stopped the timber shipments and Mr. Fleming was obliged to shut down the mill. The boiler of the old engine may still be seen on his farm above Fairmont, a relic of the time when "Middletown" was indeed a backwoods settlement.

Chapter XIII

The Beginning of Other Industries

There is America, which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners, yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world,—Burke.

The digging of ginseng was an occupation followed extensively in this section, although none of the inhabitants depended upon it wholly as a means of subsistence, nor could they be classed with typical "sang diggers." There was a time, however, when ginseng and snakeroot were thought to be remedies for almost all diseases, and ginseng was at first practically the only article of trade the settlers had to take to Winchester. The plant, which grows to a height of eighteen inches and bears a cluster of red berries, thrives in the thickly wooded districts of the county, where the soil is damp and cool. In 1845 ginseng was only 25 cents a pound.

In order to keep from being molested by the thieves who infested the woods on the way to and from Virginia, the settlers posed as "sang diggers" long after they had other articles to barter. When these first traders appeared in Winchester the people there could hardly believe that the strangers were from this side of the mountains. The first member of the Ice family who came to Marion County has left an interesting account of his first trip east, which he made with his father. They lost count of the days they spent in making the trip and were able to tell the curious people who crowded around them only that they had "started in the morning."

In the early days the settlers did not know that wells might be dug in this vicinity that would supply them with salt, so that most necessary article was carried across the mountains from Winchester, Virginia, in wooden packsaddles. The route followed passed through Clarksburg, Belington and Elkins, and a camp in the Laurel Mountains near the latter place became a regular stopping-place on the journey to and from Winchester—a trip which took from five to seven days in going and a longer time in returning, as each horse carried a weight of 200 pounds. The trip was a dangerous one, and the men usually formed parties to go on the expedition, each man having two horses. The absolute necessity of the establishment of this trade made imperative the construction of the first roads over the mountains.

Horse thieves infested the paths. The settlers trained their horses to stumble or to go lame when they were spurred, and one of the Ice family found "something in the woods that would make a horse cough as if it had the distemper." All of these devices were used to outwit the thieves, who were not intimidated by an occasional hanging.

At first flax and, later, eggs, butter, and other produce were used in exchange for salt. Some traders bought their salt at Pittsburgh, and after the settlement at Wheeling was well established the settlers at Glover's Gap brought their supplies from that place. Even if the existence of salt licks in the southern part of the state had been known, the hostility of the Indians would have made it impossible to get salt from there.

It is interesting to note that the first murder in this section was committed over a quart of salt. Soon after settlements were made, a man by the name of Simpson became indebted to one Cottrill for that amount of the precious article. There was a quarrel regarding its return and, in the heat of passion, Cottrill grabbed a gun to shoot Simpson, but Simpson was too quick for him and, snatching the gun from Cottrill's hand, killed him.

The importance of this commodity is shown by the following list of necessities brought across the mountains by one of the first comers:

1 Blanket,
1 Knife,
1 Gun,
Powder,
Shot,
Salt.

Each settler brought enough salt with him to last until he was established in his new home. When the first supply was exhausted a new supply had to be brought across the mountains from Winchester.

A man by the name of Shaver, who lived in Fairmont, went on a hard journey to Winchester, Virginia, about 1840. He had a large low bed wagon and had salt not only for himself but for several other families. It took him several weeks to make the journey. When he was about three miles from Fairmont on the return trip his wagon upset in the river, and before he was able to get help, the salt dissolved in the water and he was forced to return to Winchester for another supply. When he again arrived at the place of his unfortunate accident, all the men in the neighborhood were there to see that the wagon stayed right side up.

About the year 1830 an enterprising man located a salt well in Hawkinberry Hollow. The new industry proved a success from the beginning, and as the well did not furnish a sufficient supply of salt for the community it was dug deeper. However, in enlarging the well something occurred that caused a black scum to rise to the surface of the water, and this scum spoiled the well as far as its purpose in furnishing salt was concerned. The owner dug an other well, but the scum made its appearance again. By that time the owner was financially ruined. Kind-hearted neighbors helped him dig a third well, but a third time the thick, black, oily substance made its appearance on the water.

IRON KETTLE
USED TO BOIL SALT WATER
IN HAWKINBERRY HOLLOW

While the man in Hawkinberry Hollow had been meeting with these misfortunes, a well had been located in Morgantown, and the people in the vicinity of Hawkinberry Hollow had begun to get their salt there, so they made no further attempt to establish the industry near home.

Shortly after the first well was dug in Hawkinberry Hollow, a man by the name of Cowan located a well on Parker's Run, on the farm of Henry Morgan. In enlarging this well Cowan struck gas, which blew the water to a height of 50 or 60 feet, and little pumping could be done. It is claimed that this man Cowan used the "expansion" system of drilling—a method of blasting that did not come into general use until many years later. It is a pity that the gas was not ignited in some way, for the owners did not realize that they had made a valuable discovery. However, it is said that Henry Morgan did recognize the value of oil as a fuel, and that he gave a man by the name of West permission to dig a well on his farm, but the promoters lacked the capital to make a success of the undertaking.

The first settlers brought sugar with their other supplies from across the mountains, but when the process of making it from the sap of the maple became known to them, each land owner staked off his trees and established a "sugar camp."

Sugar making time was in February and March. A tree was tapped by drilling an auger hole in the trunk and inserting a spile, or by cutting the bark around the tree in such a manner that the sap would run to the lowest place in the notch, which was large enough to contain a quart of water. This latter method was used only when the owner wished to kill the tree. Wooden troughs were used to catch the water at first, but in time wooden buckets were hung on the spiles and this made the work much easier. The water was collected twice a day and was usually put into barrels fastened to sleds and hauled to a kiln.

The kiln was often open at both ends, but sometimes a chimney was placed at one end to carry off the smoke. A forked tree was driven at each end of the kiln, and a long pole on which the kettles were hung was placed across the supports. The kettles, which held from 25 to 30 gallons each, were collected wherever they could be borrowed. Sometimes kilns were not built, and the ashes of the wood fires were carried up by the smoke and fell into the water, making the syrup dark in color. When the sap was running freely everyone was engaged in making sugar, often working all night to keep the water from going to waste.

The amount made was surprising. Sugar was the most plentiful commodity in the frontier home. Large cakes were stored in the lofts, and every member of the family—children included—had free access to them. Besides the sugar, large amounts of maple syrup were made. John Prickett usually stored away over a hundred gallons of syrup to supply his family during a season. In spite of this, the making of taffy was not generally known until late in the 40's. While the older folks were busily at work the younger ones were enjoying themselves in old-time fashion. They would stay up all night to "stir off" sugar. This was the process of taking it from the fire and molding it into fancy shapes. Between times they would play games, and dance and sing by the light of ironweed torches and pine knots. Occasionally much merriment was caused by some unlucky person's falling into the "skimming hole." This cavity was about two feet long and eighteen inches deep, and was often covered with sticks and leaves by the mischievous merrymakers, to the great discomfiture of one of their number.

The making of sugar was not unattended by danger, the following incident serving to illustrate this fact. Three children left to guard the camp one night heard a panther prowling about. They knew they were safe as long as they remained near the fire, but terror of the beast made them run for home. However, each was wise enough to take a burning branch from the fire with him, and while the ferocious animal followed them, howling dismally, it did not attack them.

Cane molasses was made from sugar cane, which ripened about the first of October. The stalks were usually stripped of the blades and tops while still standing, and were afterwards cut and ground between the iron rollers of a cane mill which was operated by horse power. The juice was caught in vessels, put into a shallow pan and boiled over a hot fire for four or five hours. Sugar cane was not raised, however, until near the middle of the nineteenth century.

Almost every farmer owned a log stillhouse in the "good old times" when no neighborhood gathering was complete without an ample supply of spirituous liquors. Besides, whiskey and apple brandy commanded a higher price in the eastern markets than did the grain that would be required to make them, and were much easier to carry across the mountains.

Cider, considered a harmless beverage, was made by a crude process, the apples being crushed with mauls in wooden troughs at first. Later, horse power crushers were made of grooved rollers two and a half feet in diameter, to the longer of which was attached the sweep used in turning them. One man was kept busy filling the hopper with apples, while another was engaged in removing the ground mass from the cogs and placing it in a press. "Applejack," or apple brandy, was better liked than cider, and was made by fermenting the ground apples in large still tubs, after which the mass was boiled in iron or copper kettles holding from 60 to 100 gallons each, the steam being conveyed through a copper pipe to a still worm in which it was condensed. This still worm was often 25 or 30 feet long, but was coiled in a barrel of running water, and this gave rise to the expression "Equal to a still worm," meaning that a thing was longer than it seemed to be.

Corn, wheat and rye whiskey were made by allowing the meal to ferment after it had been boiled, and then putting it through the same process. After one distillation the product was called "singlings," and this was again distilled in order to make the liquid strong. An experienced person could tell by the "bead test" whether there was the proper amount of alcohol in the brandy and whiskey or not; or he could gauge the amount by dropping a small piece of tallow into the barrel. If the tallow floated, the liquor contained the percentage necessary. Many adulterants were used to give the whiskey the proper color and taste, one, at least, a decoction of boiled laurel leaves, being very poisonous.

Peach brandy, containing from 80 to 90 per cent alcohol, was distilled from fermented peaches. Maple sap was used in making beer —yeast, lima beans and brown paper being added to the boiled water after it had cooled. Fermentation stopped in two or three weeks, after which the beer was ready for use.

Cattle raisers sold their herds in Baltimore and other eastern cities. The teamsters who drove herds across the mountains measured a day's journey by the distance between inns.

While the men ate and rested in the evening from a hard day's tramp, the cattle were watched in an open field so that they would not stray away.

Many hardships attended these journeys. On one occasion a man who was lost in a driving snow was found with difficulty, as the snow had covered the tracks of his drove. Sometimes the animals broke away and gained their freedom in the woods; and always numbers were left by the roadside, lamed by broken hoofs. Often weeks were consumed in the

journey to the eastern market. It once took John H. Manley four months to drive an immense herd of hogs through to Baltimore, and many of the animals died on the way.

Moreover, the inns at which the herders stopped on their way back and forth across the mountains were not always reputable houses, and often thieves lay in wait to rob the returning herder of his gains. Many tales of robberies of this kind are woven around an inn just across the border of Marion County.

Sometimes amusing incidents occurred to enliven their spirits on the journey. On one occasion Thomas Smith and Harrison Manley were walking across the mountains on their return trip. They had passed telegraph wires many times as they trudged along the crooked road. Finally, Manley asked Smith why the wires were up on those high poles. Smith "guessed they were clotheslines." "But," said Manley, "how could any one hang clothes on such high lines?" Smith could only tell him (in forceful language) that "it was none of his business how they got them there."

There are ruins of an old iron furnace on Koon's Run, near Everson, formerly owned by a man named Boyce. This structure was 20 feet square at the bottom, 6 or 8 feet square at the top, and about 35 feet high, and was built against a steep bank from the top of which the iron ore was poured into the furnace. No one seems to be able to tell when iron was last made there, but it is known that the ore was secured from near-by hills, and that iron kettles, having a capacity of 50 gallons or more, were manufactured in the furnace.

When Marion County was first settled the mountaineers did not give much attention to the lumps of coal found along the hillsides, for they thought they were nothing but worthless black stones; but when the combustible nature of the mineral was discovered, and the news of its great value as a fuel spread abroad, the people began to dig and to make use of it. However, when they first heard of it they could not realize what was meant by "coal" and John Prickett said that he would give $50 cash—a large sum in those days—to any one who could find such a mineral on his land.

At first each farmer had a mine of his own. He dug a tunnel in the hillside with a pick and a shovel, and hauled the coal to his house on a hand sled. It was used for domestic purposes only. For a long time those who did not own land on which a coal vein opened on the surface were permitted to dig in a neighbor's mine at the rate of a penny a bushel. Then, about 1850, Jimmy Burns opened a mine in Fairmont near the site of Cook's Hospital, from which he sold the product, and at approximately the same time Mr. Peter Barnes began to supply other people. Mr. Barnes had an ox team and two horses to haul the coal, and a man by the name of Thomas Hennen to do the digging. It is told that this man Hennen was so industrious that he forgot to go home one night, and a searching party was formed to visit the mine, fearing that some accident had befallen him.

The building of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad gave the first impetus to the coal industry in Marion County, although at first wood was chiefly used for firing the engines. In 1852 the O'Donnel Mine was opened for commercial purposes. The ruins of this mine, which was located on Palatine Knob facing the Monongahela River, may still be seen. Its first output was shipped to Baltimore over the new railroad in 1853. Other early mines were those of the Pierpoints and the Watsons, located in what is now Washington Street, Fairmont, the construction of which followed closely the opening of the 'Donnel Mine. These were the small beginnings of the great industry that has made Marion County fourth in the production of coal in West Virginia.

In 1807 an ingenious man by the name of Frederick Chisler came to this section from Virginia. He had followed the harness and saddlery trade in his native State, and after crossing the mountains he not only continued the business of making harness, but added to his establishment a packsaddle department and wagon shop. Several years later the Marion Machine Works were built on what is now Water Street, on the east side of the river, by E. N. Hazen, who manufactured hardware—chiefly farming utensils, such as rakes, hammers, windmills, wheat cleaners and corn crushers. It is interesting to note that the first McCormick reaper manufactured for sale in the United States was made in this plant by Mr. Hazen. The following is copied from The True Virginian of October 4, 1851:

McCormick's reaping machine, we learn from the London Times, has been making a tour of the country, and has been tried under all circumstances and on all kinds of grounds. The Times, chronicling the result of the tour, says that the general success of the machine is established beyond a doubt, and "that there never was an agricultural implement which, on its first exhibition, obtained the approval of practical farmers so generally as this has done. Everybody wonders that a piece of mechanism so simple, effective and useful was never invented before."

Mr. Hazen also secured the contract for supplying the iron work used in the construction of the railroad suspension bridge in 1851. His establishment was later sold to Messrs. Cooper and Morrison, who continued the business on a large scale, sending out agents to all parts of the country, particularly to the newly opened lands in the west.

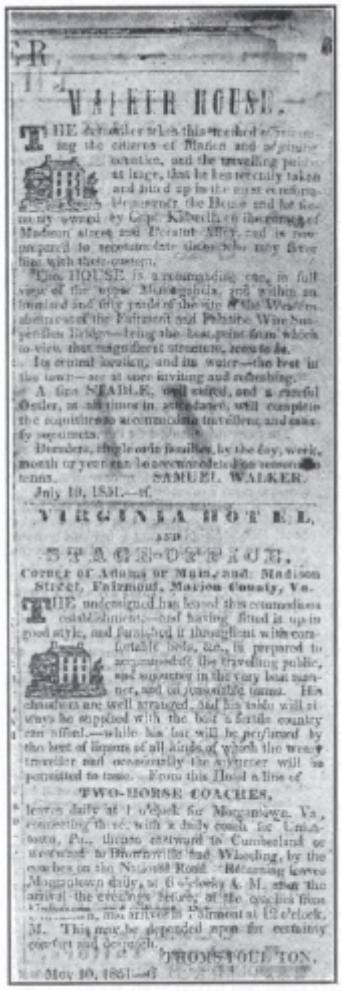
RUINS OF OLD INN NEAR SMITHTOWN, KEPT BY THOMAS WATSON, WHERE COACHES STOPPED ON THE ROAD BETWEEN MORGANTOWN AND MIDDLETOWN. OLD MILLSTONES IN FRONT.

Many other industries sprang up on the east side of Fairmont, among them being a match factory on Newton Street, which supplied the people with the first matches used in this locality ; the Smell wagon factory on Guffey Street, and the Burhoining Works on Sterling Street—the latter being very popular on account of its nearness to the Clarksburg Pike. At a tannery located on Water Street, next to the Marion Machine Works, boots, shoes, saddles, and many other leather articles were manufactured by a man named Gould.
On the west side of the river Messrs. Stone and Beabout built a shot tower on what is now the Watson Hotel site, very early in the history of Middletown, and John Smith opened up a harness and saddlery establishment about 1828; but while the latter established a considerable business, his trade was not as extensive as it might have been if there had not been so much competition in Palatine. James Miller opened a cooper shop in 1837, the first of its kind to be established in this section; and William Miller opened a shop in Barnesville the following year in which were made rolls used for spinning. One of the most important of the early industries was established by Benjamin Fleming, who began the making of hats in 1845. Almost all the hats worn in Fairmont were made by this man who, in addition to supplying his neighbors, shipped many consignments to outside points.

As has been heretofore indicated, almost every landholder owned a private still in the early days, but Peter Wrighter was the first to manufacture whiskey for commercial purposes after Middletown was established. The men hired to work in this still were "ne'er-do-wells" who worked for 12 1/2 cents a day, often taking a gallon of whiskey, which was likewise worth 12 1/2 cents, as the equivalent of a day's pay. Human labor was the cheapest commodity in the market, boys from twelve to fifteen years of age receiving 8 to 1 0 cents a day, or, if they labored in a mill, a peck of meal, which was worth the same. A man's work was rated at 50 cents, but a woman's labor was considerably less in value, Margaret Manley receiving but 37 cents for a week's service.

At first every settler's home was open to the traveler who asked for a night's lodging, but as soon as a regular trade grew up between the settlements on the Monongahela and eastern Virginia, inns were established along the route. The ruins of an old inn which stood a few yards from the border of Marion County, at Smithtown, may still be seen. Another inn, much frequented by cattlemen, was located just across the border in Harrison County. The first hotel built in Fairmont was owned by *Frederick Ice*, and was located near the site of the Watson Hotel. It accommodated travelers between Clarksburg and Morgantown after Middletown became a regular stopping place. In 1851 the largest and best hotel was owned by John Kearsley, who had remodeled the building known as the Marion House, formerly occupied by George Erwin. The Walker House of the same period, according to an advertisement appearing in *The True Virginian and Trans -*

Alleghany Advertiser, was located "within a hundred and fifty yards of the site of the western abutment of the Fairmont and Palatine wire suspension bridge—being the best point from which to view that magnificient structure, soon to be." Thomas Poulton kept the Virginia Hotel and stagecoach office, at the corner of Adams, or Main, and Jefferson Streets. From this hotel a line of two-horse coaches left daily for Morgantown at 1 P. M., connecting there with a daily coach for Uniontown, thence eastward to Cumberland, or westward to Brownsville and Wheeling by coaches on the National Road. Returning, the coach left Morgantown at 6 A. M., arriving in Fairmont at noon. Poulton tells us through the columns of *The True Virginian and Trans- Alleghany Advertiser* that his "table will always be supplied with the best a fertile country can afford, while his bar will be perfumed by the best of liquors of all kinds, of which the weary traveler and occasionally the sojourner will be permitted to taste."


WALKER HOUSE.

THE Subscriber takes this method of informing the citizens of Marion and adjoining counties, and the travelling public at large, that he has recently taken and fitted up in the most comfortable manner, the House and lot formerly occupied by Capt. Kilbourn as the corner of Madison street and Pleasant Alley, and is now prepared to accommodate those who may favor him with their custom.

The HOUSE is a commodious one, in full view of the upper Monongalia, and within an hundred and fifty yards of the site of the Western abutment of the Fairmont and Palatine Wire Suspension Bridge—being the best point from which to view that magnificent structure, soon to be.

In central location, and its water—the best in the town—are at once inviting and refreshing.

A fine STABLE, well stored, and a careful Ostler, at all times in attendance, will complete the equipments to accommodate travellers and family sojourners.

Boarders, single or in families, by the day, week, month or year can be accommodated on reasonable terms. SAMUEL WALKER.

July 10, 1851.—tf.

VIRGINIA HOTEL, AND STAGE-OFFICE,

Corner of Adams or Main, and Madison Street, Fairmont, Marion County, Va.

THE undersigned has leased this commodious establishment—and having fitted it up in good style, and furnished it throughout with comfortable beds, &c., is prepared to accommodate the travelling public, and sojourners in the very best manner, and on reasonable terms. His chambers are well arranged, and his table will always be supplied with the best a fertile country can afford,—while his bar will be perfumed by the best of liquors of all kinds, of which the weary traveller and occasionally the sojourner will be permitted to taste. From this Hotel a line of

TWO-HORSE COACHES,

leaves daily at 1 o'clock for Morgantown, Va., connecting there with a daily coach for Uniontown, Pa., thence eastward to Cumberland or westward to Brownsville and Wheeling, by the coaches on the National Road. Returning leaves Morgantown daily, at 6 o'clock A. M., after the arrival the evenings before of the coaches from Uniontown, and arrives in Fairmont at 12 o'clock, M. This may be depended upon for certainty comfort and despatch.

THOS. POULTON.

May 10, 1851.—tf

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WALKER HOUSE IN "THE TRUE VIRGINIAN AND TRANS-ALLEGHANY ADVERTISER"

In removing the top from an old walnut table not many years since, De Forrest Rathbone, of Mannington, uncovered the following manuscript, which throws an illuminating light on the Fairmont of other days:

Fairmont, Marion County, Virginia,

January the twenty-eight, A. D. 1850, A. L. 5850.

To Generations Yet Unborn:

Be it known that by permission of Isaac N. Rush, Esq., manufacturer of this furniture, I, John Clark Hazelett, do here deposit this history of town and county.—
I. N. Rush of Uniontown, Penna., and I of Mifflin County, Penna.
Fairmont contains 100 dwelling houses, 18 of them are brick; 1 large Court House on the Corinthian order; 1 Presbyterian church, pastor, Rev. Mr. Win. B. Harsee; Methodist Episcopal church, minister in charge, Rev. Gideon Martin; 1 Methodist Protestant church, minister in charge, Rev. John Clark; Rev. Mr. *Joseph Walker, Baptist minister, preaches in the Court House; the Baptist Recorder, edited by Mr. Walker, printed by D. S. Norris, Esq.; 1 lodge of A. F. and A. York Masons, numbering 17; 1 lodge I. O. O. F., numbering 62; 1 lodge S of —, numbering about 50 or 60; 3 schools, taught by James L. Morehead, Alexander Steel and Miss Abigail Miller; 2 doctors, Mathew Campbell, Eyster and Ellis; 8 lawyers, A. and C. Haymond, A. S. Hayden, James Neeson, F. H. Pierpoint, G. W. Newcomb, Z. Kidwell; and English Z or Dr. Kidwell is our present delegate to the State Legislature; Col. Thomas S. Haymond, our present member of Congress; 8 drygoods stores, Barnes & Co., Pitcher & Co., A. S. Hayden, Burns, Arnett & Bro., Haymond & Hall, Dunnington & Walker; 2 drugstores, Dr. Campbell and Dr. Ellis; 3 groceries, S. B. Mitchell, A. L. Steel*
and Keigley; 4 public houses, John Kearsley, Thomas Poulton, Wm. Kerr and Widow Wilkins; Mr. Kearsley is from Jefferson County, Virginia, and keeps a most excellent house; 1 mill, Jackson & Son; 2 tanneries, Pierpoint and Burns, Burns also has a drygoods store; 2 ferries, Holt & Hall.
Fairmont contains about 800 inhabitants, quite sociable and accommodating. Miss E. D'Hass, from Wheeling, has just closed her school and gone home, quite abelle. Miss Biles, from Wheeling, proposes on opening a music school. Dr. Gibbons, also practices medicine, who I almost forgot to mention, is quite an interesting gentleman and pleasant family. Mrs. E. Moore is quite a pleasant, fine lady, quite a poetess; she is quite agreeable and interesting; just call on her should you come through here. Miss A. M. Dunnington is quite a belle, a ladylike yet a singular disposition, in whose society I feel at home, so would you with all her singularity. Miss Barnes is indeed a fine young lady. Miss Chisler is modest, Miss Arnold handsome. Miss Cramer beautiful, Miss Black lovely, Miss Cadwallader to be admired. Miss Fleming intelligent. Miss Eyster very lovely. These are some I have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing from. Mrs. Kearsley, if you want a mother, you will find it in her, just call. Mrs. English is quite a lady. Rev. Mrs. Sedwick is a pious woman, her husband a good preacher and a fine man. Jonathan Haymond is a peculiar man, his brother Calder a retired lawyer, a noble man and his family a pleasant one. B. & M. Fleming are fine men—B. manufactures hats extenzively, M. a speculator, owns considerable town property. E. Newcomb, Esq., keeps the postoffice; a fine old man and a good Mason. The Mr. Arnett's are fine men. Edgar P. Straight is a fine young fellow also. Hayden Hall a student at law. John D. Haymond a singular genius, full of oddity and eccentricity, always sporting. His brother, the lawyer, is a very good man and excellent counsel. His sister, Virginia, is a sweet lady, may she live long and be happy. Chisler's family is pleasant. Albert Shore, blacksmith, is quite a gentleman. Lindsay Boggess, clerk of the Court, is a good fellow. Also the Mr. Watson's, clerk of the S. Court. James Sandusky, saddler, is a good fellow also a Mason, which are synonimous. F. H. Pierpoint is a good fellow and citizen, also his brother Larkin. Old Dr. Hawkins is a buster. J. C. Pitcher and brother. Thos. Hough, a first-rate tinner by trade. The churches have made every possible effort to get up a revival, but to no effect. Religions are pretty considerably contracted, although the people generally are religious.

Prices of lots are very much raised in consequence of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which the engineers are now locating through the town. President road, Thos. Swan; chief engineer, Benj. Latrobe; principal asssistant, Chas. P. Manning; chief engineer, John M. Standish; Charles Median, George O. Mercer, Robt. Swan, John P. McLauchan, Walter C. Quincy, Richard Randolph and John B. F. Davidge. Mr. Cameron of Jefferson County, Virginia, is purchasing the rights

of way. Not definitely known on which side of the river it will be located. The probability, how ever, is that it will be located on the Fairmont side. Lots sell from $150.00 to $200.00. Hamilton Hill, west of town, has been bought at the rate of $200.00 an acre. Business has been at quite a low ebb, but prospects are looking up. The citizens are just beginning to improve the streets, and some fine buildings about to be contracted for. Mr. Mathew Fleming has sold out contracts for building his hotel near the Court House. Hoffman does the carpenter work, Prickett and Phillips the brick work, and Carney the plastering.

Chapter XIV Page 263

Organization and Government

Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees, and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.—Henry Clay.

Marion County is formed from territory included in King and Queen, Essex, and King William Counties, which were erected within the eight shires into which Virginia was divided in 1634. Parts of these three counties were formed into Spottsylvania County, named in honor of Alexander Spottswood, in 1721. This county consisted of two parishes, St. George and St. Marks; and in 1 735 the parish of St. Marks was erected into the County of Orange, so called for the Prince of Orange. In 1738 the territory was further divided—out of a part of Orange being formed Augusta, which bore the name of the consort of the Prince of Wales. The Ohio Company, chartered by George II in 1749, was formed for the purpose of settling these western lands. The collection of church rents by the Established Church of Virginia kept dissenters from taking advantage of freedom from quitrents and taxes, however, so in 1752 the House of Burgesses granted any Protestant who would settle on "the waters of the Mississippi" exemption from levies — whether public, county, or parish—for a period of ten years, which was later extended five years. In the meantime the French and Indian War retarded the development of the section until after the signing of the Peace of Paris in 1763; and the designation of the "Proclamation Line" in that same year placed all settlers in the "Indian Country" under the ban of the King. Some of these complications were removed when the Treaty of Fort Stanwix, signed by the chiefs of the Six Nations in 1768, transferred to the English, for the sum of $ 10,000, the Trans-Alleghany lands, comprising West Virginia, Ohio and western Pennsylvania, with the exception of a reservation including that part of Marion County lying west of the Monongahela River, which was later ceded by the Indians to a company of traders under the leadership of Capt. William Trent. Virginia, however, refused to recognize the validity of the traders' title to the land and, during the period extending from 1770 to 1774, the county was considered a part of the "Province of Vandalia," the proposed capital of which was to have been located on the Great Kanawha River, in the southern part of what is now West Virginia.

From 1774 to 1776 that part of Virginia west of the mountains, including the northern part of West Virginia and western Pennsylvania south of the Alleghany River, was called the District of West Augusta. When the Revolutionary War occurred it was thought that this District of West Augusta would be included in a fourteenth colony, to be called Westsylvania, the formation of which would settle the boundary disputes between Pennsylvania and Virginia. Instead of this, however, in 1776 three counties were made out of the territory—Ohio, Youghiogheny and Monongalia—the latter of which took in all the territory drained by the Monongahela River.

The first commissioners appointed to settle the claims to the unpatented lands in these three counties were Francis Peyton, Philip Pendleton and Joseph Holmes. They had as their clerk James Chew, and they met at Redstone Old Fort (1779) and at Coxes Fort (1780), which were in that part of the territory now Pennsylvania. The law of Virginia was that every settler who had built a log cabin and raised one crop of corn in the western territory was entitled to 400 acres and the right to purchase 1,000 adjoining acres at a fixed price if he so wished, and it was the duty of this commission to grant certificates upon which land patents were issued to these settlers. Such a certificate read:

We, the undersigned commissioners for adjusting claims to unpatented lands in the counties of Monongalia, Youghiogheny and Ohio, do hereby certify that is entitled to 400 acres of land in Monongalia County on the Monongahela River in right of residence to include his improvements made thereon in the year 1769.
Given under our hands at this _____ day of _____ in the _____ year of the commonwealth.
Attest:

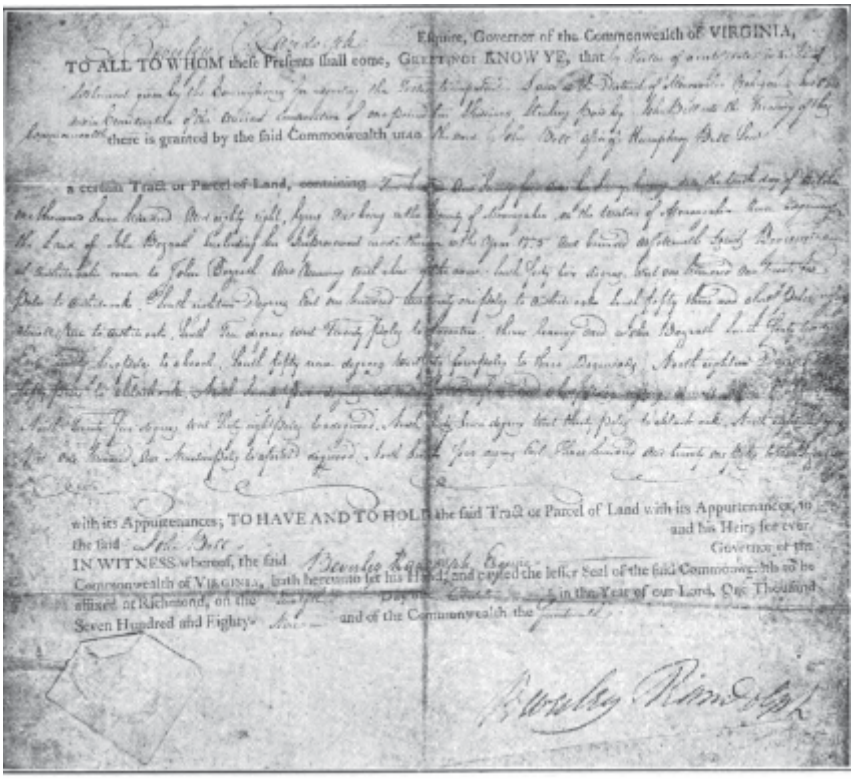
_____
Clerk.

_____
_____
_____

Commissioners.

This certificate was sent with the surveyor's report to the land office at Richmond, and in six months the patent was issued and the settler's title to the land completed. This was the settlement right to land. But before this there had been the "tomahawk right," which, although not valid under law, usually held—the settler being taxed for his land as if he owned it

by deed. A person established this "tomahawk right" by cutting his name in the bark of some trees and killing others, thus marking his claim.


Esquire, Governor of the Commonwealth of VIRGINIA,
TO ALL TO WHOM these Presents shall come, GREETING KNOW YE, that
there is granted by the said Commonwealth unto
a certain Tract or Parcel of Land, containing
with its Appurtenances; TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said Tract or Parcel of Land with its Appurtenances, to
the said and his Heirs for ever.
Governor of the
IN WITNESS whereof, the said
Commonwealth of VIRGINIA, hath hereunto set his Hand, and caused the lesser Seal of the said Commonwealth to be
affixed, at Richmond, on the in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand
Seven Hundred and Eighty
and of the Commonwealth the

COPY OF TITLE OR GRANT OF LAND TO JOHN BELL IN 1789

In 1 773 Pennsylvania established a court at Hanna's Town and tried to control the territory of the southern Monongahela. Virginia naturally opposed this, and prepared to resist, the governor sending Capt. John Connelly to Fort Pitt with power to collect the militia. Here Capt. Connelly was arrested; but, on being released, he collected some troops and took possession of Fort Pitt in the name of Virginia. On December 6, 1 774, the governor moved the court of Augusta County from Staunton to Fort Pitt (now renamed Fort Dunmore). There were forty-two justices appointed, and on February 21, 1775, the first court assembled. One of the first things this court did was to order a ducking stool, which was one of the chief means of punishment at that time. As the Pennsylvania court continued to exist, these two courts, claiming jurisdiction over the same territory, caused much trouble.

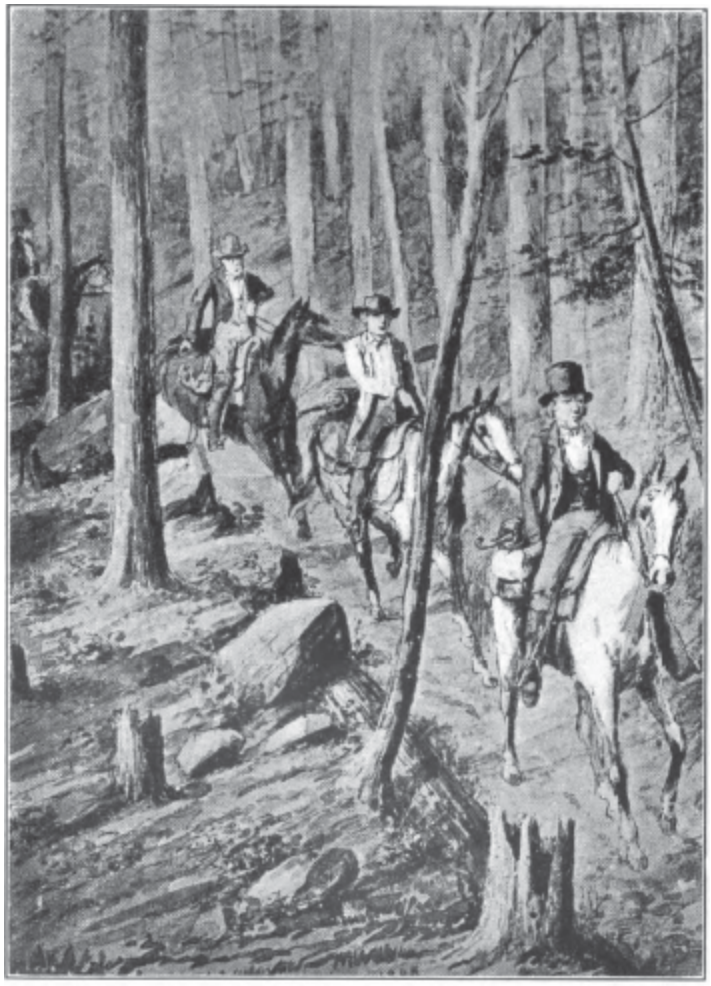
After the Revolution, settlers began to cross the mountains in large numbers, and soon the banks of the Monongahela River were lined with forts and stockades for their protection. The first county seat of Monongalia County was in the southern part of Pennsylvania, near the place where the city of Geneva now stands —then the most thickly settled part of the region. The county court held there had both civil and criminal jurisdiction, and was composed of justices appointed by the governor from persons recommended by the court itself. The tenure of office was for life, or during good behavior, and the justices received no compensation for their services. The sheriff, likewise appointed by the governor, was one of their number. At the close of the Revolution, lands in West Augusta District were claimed by both Pennsylvania and Virginia, and when the dispute was settled in 1781, by the continuance of the Mason and Dixon line, the territory of Monongalia County was somewhat curtailed, and the county seat had to be moved. By an act of the Virginia Legislature in 1782 Morgantown was made the new county seat.

It is interesting to note that the people of Monongalia County did not join the insurgents in the Whiskey Rebellion of 1 794, although most of them had stills, and the laying of the tax of four pence a gallon meant a great loss to them; for, in the language of a late historian, "Grain was no price. A horse could carry only three or four bushels of grain across the mountains, there to be exchanged for salt at $5 a bushel, and iron at 18 cents a pound. In the form of spirits, the same horse could carry the product of 20 bushels of rye." The settlers in the upper part of the Monongahela Valley stood by the newly organized government, expressing their disapproval of the insurgents in no uncertain terms.

In 1819 the basis of a new county was laid when a few settlers made their homes on the farm of Boaz Fleming, situated on the west bank of the Monongahela River. This place was chosen for the new settlement for three reasons: First, because the land there was poor and rough, and not at all adaptable to farming purposes; second, because there was a ferry across the river at the mouth of Coal Run; and third, because there was a "meetinghouse" on a hill near by, a very important consideration in those days. The settlement was not then called Fairmont, as it is to-day, but Middletown, which signified that it was midway between Clarksburg and Morgantown, two much older places. During the first few years of its

existence, Middletown was but a stopping place for the stagecoach, and the people who made their homes there had no idea that it would ever be more than it was then—a few huts among the briars of Boaz Fleming's farm.

Some time in the same year that Middletown was established an attempt was made to divide the county of Monongalia on account of the difficulties the settlers in the remote parts of the district had in reaching the county seat, but the bill failed to pass the legislature. The county court convened on the first Monday in each month, and the first two days of each session were usually set aside as market days, when all the country people came to town to do their trading, and, incidentally, to settle any small differences.



WEST VIRGINIA LAW-MAKERS OF THE OLDEN TIME

MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH ON THEIR JOURNEY OVER THE ALLEGHANIES AND THE BLUE RIDGE TO ATTEND A SESSION OF THAT BODY AT RICHMOND. TIME, ABOUT 1820. (TAKEN FROM ARCHIVES AND HISTORY OF WEST VIRGINIA.)

In 1842 the delegates from Monongalia County to the lower House of the General Assembly of Virginia were William S. Morgan and Joseph F. Harrison, while those from Harrison were Daniel Kincheloe and Edward A. Armstrong. On January 6, House Bill No. 69, which had been introduced by William S. Morgan, providing for a new county to be formed from parts of Monongalia and Harrison, was presented by the Chairman of the Committee on Propositions, Gen. John J. Jackson, of Wood County.

There was some opposition to the bill, but with the assistance of William J. Willey, who represented the district in the
Senate, it finally passed the House by a vote of 94 to 26. Section 1 of this act defined the boundaries of the new county as follows:

Beginning at Laurel Point (a corner of the line of Preston County), from thence to the mouth of Maple Run, on White Day Creek; to Barnebas Johnson's meadow; thence a straight line to the low gap on the top of a ridge on the lands of Reverend John Smith, at or near where the road leading from Middletown to Morgantown crosses said ridge; and following said ridge to where the old State road crosses said ridge; thence a due west line to the line of Harrison County; thence with said line of Harrison County to the line of Tyler County; thence following the line of Tyler County to the Rock Camp Fork of Bingamon Creek; thence to the mouth of Little Bingamon Creek; thence following the main creek down to the West Fork River; thence to Pollens' Fork of Booth's Creek; thence up Huston's Fork of Booth's Creek until a due east line will strike the mouth of Wickwier's Creek; and thence following the Monongalia County line to the place of beginning.

A few days later the bill passed the Senate, and, on March 26, 1 846, was signed by Lieut. Gov. John M. Gregory. The new county was named Marion, after the famous Revolutionary leader, Francis Marion; the honor of selecting a name being accorded to Thomas Conaway, later a sheriff. Middletown, the largest settlement, was made the county seat, and February 4, 1843, its name was changed from Middletown to Fairmont, the fact that there was an other Middletown in Frederick County necessitating the change. On March 15, 1847, the original territory of Marion County was increased when an act was passed providing that the line run between the counties of Monongalia and Marion, shall hereafter run so as to include within the county of Marion all territory on the waters of Buffalo Creek.

The following is the record of the first county court held in the new county, which convened in the dwelling occupied by William Kerr, on Main Street:

Virginia, Marion County, to wit:
In pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly, entitled "An Act establishing the County of Marion, of parts of Monongalia and Harrison, passed January 14, 1842, a court was held for said County of Marion at the house, late the residence of Alexander Fleming, in Middletown, in said county, on this 4th day of April, 1842, being the first Monday in said month. Present, John S. Barnes, Thomas S. Haymond, Thomas Watson and William Swearingen, gentlemen, justices of the peace of said county, duly commissioned, qualified and sworn, according to the provision of said Act." It

was "Ordered, that the court adjourn to the Methodist Episcopal Church in this town, where the future sessions of the same shall be held until further ordered."

This church was on Washington Street, and we find in the record of April 6, it

Ordered, that John S. Chisler be appointed commissioner to conduct the improvement to be made by this county agreeably to a previous order of the court, and to have the basement story prepared suitably for two jury rooms.

Zebulon Musgrave was appointed crier of the court, and John Nuzum, William J. Willey, Isaac Means, Matthew Fleming, Leonard Lamb, George Dawson, Leander S. Laidley, Elias Blackshere, David Cunningham, Absalom Knotts, Albert Morgan, Benjamin J. Brice, David Musgrave, Hillery Boggess, William T. Morgan, John Clayton, Thomas Rhea, William Cochran, John S. Smith, John Musgrave, William B. Snodgrass, William Bradley, Thomas A. Little, Jesse Sturm and Henry Boggess qualified as justices of the peace. The attorneys who received permission to practice in this court were Gideon D. Camden, William C. Haymond, Burton Despard, Charles A. Harper and E. Lowman. It is interesting to note that on May 2, 1842, "Francis H. Pierpont was given leave to practice in this court, and was duly qualified." The first deed, made April 1 and recorded April 4, 1842, transferred a tract of land from Nicholas Sheep to Edwin Tower. The second deed was made on April 9, and was recorded the same day. It transferred a parcel of land from Richard Nuzum and Mary, his wife, to Enos L. Nuzum, and was one of the few early deeds in which the woman's name was not signed with an "X," it being a noticeable fact that a much larger proportion of women than of men were unable to sign their own names. In the first deed book of Marion County is also an indenture recorded by Waitman T. Willey, clerk of the court of Monongalia County, conveying a tract of 4,000 acres of land and appurtenances thereof to John Hanway and Edwin W. Tower for the sum of $4. 1 3, the same having been bought at public sale for unpaid taxes dating from 1836 to 1839, two years before. The estate bought for such a trifling sum was entered on the commissioner's book in the name of James Galbreath's heirs. Another deed for a 2,000-acre tract is recorded, the purchase price being 97 cents, unpaid taxes.

Prior to 1852 when the State of Virginia adopted a new constitution, the sheriff of a county was commissioned by the governor of the commonwealth, who selected him from the three oldest members of the county court, which was a self-perpetuating body. The duties of the office usually devolved upon a deputy, and Thomas F. Conway was acting in that capacity when Marion County was formed. The county court at its first meeting appointed Elias Dudley coroner, who was recognized as sheriff exofficio until the election of Benjamin J. Brice on June 6, 1842. Other officers elected to serve the new county were Thomas L. Boggess, clerk; William C. Haymond, commonwealth's attorney; and Austin Merrill, surveyor. Thomas L. Boggess held his position until 1858, but Benjamin J. Brice was succeeded by the following, elected in the years indicated: Isaac Means (1844), John L. Barnes (1846), William J. Willey (1848), Matthew Fleming (1850), Hillery Boggess (March 1, 1852), and Thomas J. Conoway (July 5, 1852), the latter having acted as principal deputy during the terms of his predecessors.

In addition to recording the first will probated in the new county—that of William Boyles—the session of court which convened April 5, 1842.

Ordered, that Zebulon Musgrave, the crier of this court, be appointed to make a written contract with Daniel Thompson for the upper room of his dwelling house for the jail of the county; provided that the said Thompson first make the necessary improvements in order that the same be secure for prisoners, for the use of which the said crier is authorized to pay said Thompson $5 per month for the use of said room for a jail; and it is ordered that the same Daniel Thompson be appointed jailor of the said county of Marion.

This "County Jail" was the upper half-story of a little log house which had holes cut in the gable ends for windows and was situated on Washington Street. As these openings were minus iron bars, or other means of guarding the prisoners, and discipline was lax, escape was easy. However, the chief offenders confined in this jail were debtors, and they usually thought twice before they decided to take "French leave," for, although the lodgings were not as comfortable as they might have been, they had plenty to eat, which was more than they would have had, probably, if they had escaped.

On April 6, on the day after the town crier was authorized to make his contract with Thompson, the following is recorded:

Ordered, that Ebenezer Newcomb, Matthew Fleming and John Moore be appointed to receive proposals for the building of a jail on the selected ground in the town of Middletown, of the following dimensions, to wit: The jail for criminals to be two stories high, thirty-six feet long, sixteen feet wide, with an entry on the lower floor six feet wide; a wing building for the jailor, twenty-four by sixteen feet, and it shall be their duty to advertise to receive proposals for building said walls with brick and tile and also for building the first story of the main building out of stone, and report to the next Court.

On May 2 the court accepted the bid of Leonard Lamb for building the jail of Marion County for the sum of $2,495, "said building to be completed on or before January 1, 1843." It is said that many of the justices opposed the building of this jail, asserting that there "were no criminals in this county," and affirming that "they trusted in God that there never would be." From the record of June 6, 1842, we find that the amount ordered paid for the ground on which was erected the first public building was $200, and in the first deed book we find under date of December 5, 1842, a deed transferring from James Kerns and Sousannah, his wife, and Matthew Fleming and Eliza, his wife, to the Justices of the Peace, in and for the

county of Marion, for and in consideration of the sum of $200, to be paid out of the county levy of said county, the land on Adam Street 50 feet front and extending back to Porter Alley through lots Nos. 9 and 10, and 50 feet front off of Nos. 15 and 16 adjoining, including the tract on which the jail is built, being the same tract or lot of land purchased by the said justices at the last April term of the county court of said county, for the purpose of erecting the court house and jail thereon.

This deed was recorded December 6, 1842.

As the brick of the jail was laid up with a sand and lime mortar of very inferior quality it was an easy matter for the prisoners to escape. With a sharp knife the mortar' could be scratched away, and after the first brick was removed liberty was a question of minutes only. However, in the courthouse yard there stood a whipping post, and persons guilty of trifling misdeeds, such as petty thieving and disturbing the peace, were sentenced to a certain number of lashes across the bare back, the maximum penalty being forty.

Many cases never came to court at all. Sometimes, at social gatherings, when the men of the party had taken too much apple brandy or rye whiskey, heated arguments arose. In such cases the fist fight was the only court of appeals. The wrangling would suddenly stop and the debaters, bared to the waist, would proceed to settle the dispute on the spot.

Then, too, the churches had their part in settling controversies. In 1847 there arose a dispute between William Nuzum and Alfred Fleming, two elders of the Presbyterian Church, over a division line. William Fleming, instead of appealing to the court, took the matter before the session of his church, which readily took charge of the trial. After all the testimony had been given and was being summed up, it was learned that the parties wished to forget their disagreement and become reconciled. A committee was appointed and it drafted the following, which was placed in the session records:

We, the undersigned, agree to subscribe to the following consideration, to wit:

1st: We acknowledge that we have done wrong to wards the church and each other in many instances, and we hereby confess our heartfelt sorrow for these wrongs.

2nd: And we mutually ask forgiveness of God, one another and the church, and hereby tender our forgiveness to each other.

3rd: And we promise for all time to come to do all we can to cultivate a spirit of peace and confidence in each other and the church to which we belong.

4th: We further solemnly promise for all time to come with the assistance and in entire dependence upon divine grace, which we feel is sufficient, through a proper use of the means to be used, to enable us to exert that influence, which alone can repair the unhappy breach which has thus been made in the church, among our friends, and in the community; to which end we pray God that in the future we may live lives of piety and devotedness to the services of our Divine Master, always having a conscience void of offense toward God and man, and that we may be faithful stewards of the manifold mercies of God, which He has committed to us.

5th: And lastly, we now ask an interest in the prayers of the church, that we may be enabled to perform the solemn obligations into which we have this day entered, in the presence of God and these witnesses in testimony whereunto we have set our hands, the day and year above written.

Parties :
William Nuzum,
J. T. Fleming,
Alfred Fleminc.

Witnesses :
W. P. Harshe,
George Irvin,
J. S. Smith,
John Jones.
N. B.—We also desire that our pastor read this paper to the congregation from the pulpit.

However, in spite of the good intentions of these men, the breach widened until their families allied themselves with other churches.

As the district became more thickly settled and more prosperous, one little court room in a private house was no longer sufficient, and in May, 1842, the first court house was contracted for at an expenditure of $3,150.75. When this new building was completed, two years later, it was considered a very fine structure. It was a two story affair, made of red brick, surmounted by a cupola which contained a clear toned bell. At the front, six heavy wooden columns supported a gabled roof which projected from the second story. The jailor's residence was connected with the court house on one side, and with the jail on the other. Both of these buildings were likewise made of red brick and each contained six rooms. As there was no special passageway from the jail to the court house except the one in front, the prisoners had to be taken back and forth through the jailor's home.

Under the Virginia Constitution of 1621 the inhabitants of that State were allowed to vote, but later suffrage was limited to freemen alone. Again, only householders were allowed the privilege. Every few years the laws were changed, sometimes

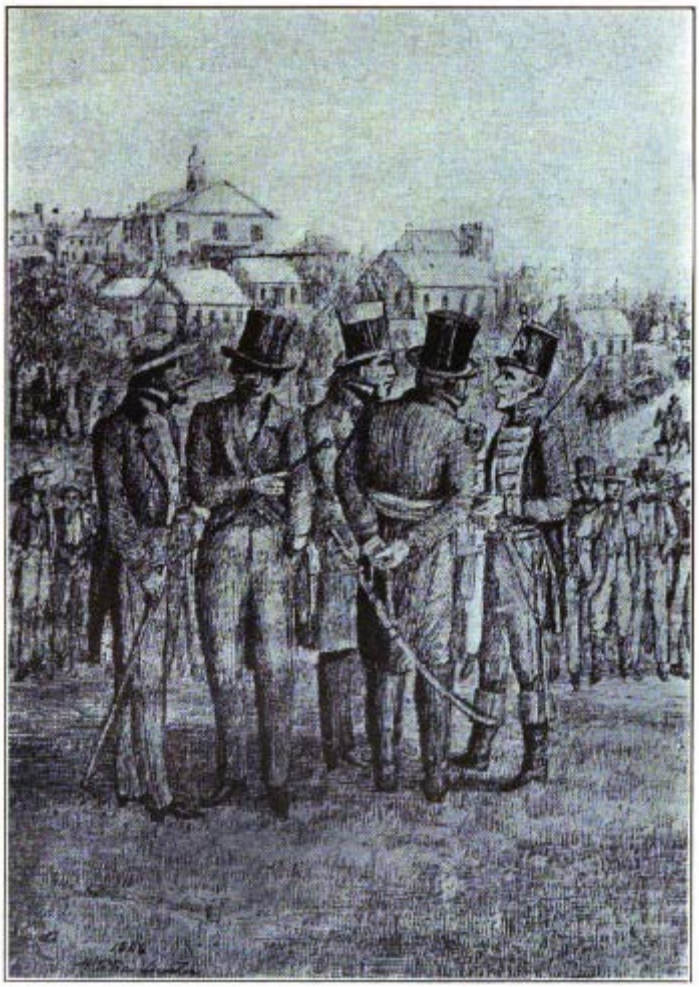
restricting the suffrage, and again granting it to all freemen. In a convention in 1775 an act was passed providing that all white men in the District of West Augusta who shalt have been for one year preceding in the possession of 25 acres of land with a house and plantation thereon, or 100 acres without house or plantation there on, claiming an estate for life at least in said land, in his own right, or in the life of his wife, shall have a vote.

However, the convention of 1850 entirely eliminated property qualifications, and every white male citizen of the Commonwealth of the age of twenty-one years, who had been a resident of the state for two years, and of the county, city or town where he offered his vote, for twelve months next preceding an election, was allowed the right to vote.

CAMPAIGN BADGE OF 1840

Before election day the people expressed their desires in regard to the next officers of the government very freely. There was always great excitement, much loud talking and some times there were riots. Processions and pole raisings, ox roasts and barbecues were features of the campaign. People from all over the county came to Fairmont and went to Morgantown and Clarksburg to join in the celebrations. Bright and early on the day appointed for the election, crowds of people began to gather. The polling place was located on a street corner, and the election was in charge of two clerks and the town crier. Every man knew how every other man voted. The voter gave his name and the name of the candidate for whom he wished to vote, the crier shouted them out at the top of his voice, and the clerks recorded them. This proceeding offered heavy inducements to bribery, but one of our aged residents says that "in those days every man was honest, and the candidates were selected because of their fitness for the office, and not because of the money they were willing to spend." On election days there was even more excitement than at any other time during the campaign, and whiskey flowed freely. Often the mobs in the streets had to be quieted, or dispersed by officers. From 1842 until 1852 Marion County was represented in the General Assembly of Virginia by Zedekiah Kidwell, William S. Morgan, John Clayton, Thomas S. Haymond, James T. Arnett, Eugenius Boydston and Ulysses N. Arnett. After 1850 Marion County had two delegates instead of one in the lower House and the sessions were biennial instead of annual. William J. Willey was the only representative from Marion County in the upper House of the General Assembly, the district being composed of Monongalia, Preston, Randolph, Barbour and Marion.

The only resident of Marion County who represented his district in Congress during this period was Thomas S. Haymond, chosen in a special election to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Alexander Newman, of Ohio County. He served from December 3, 1849, to March 3, 1851, in the Thirty-first Congress. The Hon. James Neeson represented the county
in the Constitutional convention of Virginia in 1850-1851. Even in the earliest days the State of Virginia drilled her male citizens in military tactics. On the first Saturday of every month all the able-bodied men between the ages of twenty-one and fifty appeared at one of the drilling places and practiced for a certain length of time. Usually the women prepared gingerbread and cider with which to regale the soldiers. If a man failed to be present, and could not offer an acceptable excuse, he was forced to pay a large fine. These muster places were in every district, those near Fairmont being on Hamilton's Hill and near Meredith's farm. Every year there was a grand muster, when all the companies of Marion County (each consisting of one hundred men) met at one place and had drills under a Revolutionary veteran sent over by the Virginian Government. At such times the people came for miles to see the practice. Another feature of the grand muster was speech making, and, as musters were usually held just before election day, the speeches were generally made by politicians who were candidates for office and took this method of announcing it and soliciting votes. On muster days whiskey flowed freely—a barrel with a gourd hanging nearby being set in an open square for the use of the public.



A General Muster at a West Virginia County Seat

TIME, ABOUT 1840. MILITIA OF THE COUNTY ASSEMBLED. THE CAPTAIN AND DRILLMASTER IS A VETERAN OF THE WAR OF 1812. HE IS GIVING THE NEW COLONEL AND HIS STAFF INFORMATION UPON THE MILITARY TACTICS OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND THE PROGRAM OF THE DAY. (TAKEN FROM ARCHIVES AND HISTORY OF WEST VIRGINIA.)

The first inhabitants of Middletown, like those of most frontier settlements, were almost entirely shut off from the rest of the world, for there were neither railroads, steamboats, nor mail service. The people had to go as far as Morgantown to get their mail and to pay an exorbitant price for postage. At first there were no envelopes, the paper being folded and sealed with wax. On December 11, 1820, a post office was established at Fairmont under the name of "Polsley's Mills." This post office stood in what was then the little town of Palatine and Jacob Polsley was appointed postmaster. The regular mail route was from Uniontown to Clarksburg, the rate of postage being 25 cents for each letter. The "Mills" was dropped a short time before 1843, and the office was known simply as "Polsley's." The persons who followed Jacob Polsley as post masters were John H. Polsley (1822), Ebenezer Newcomb (1827), and William H. Eyster (1850-1853). On January 20, 1843, the name of the office was changed from "Polsley's" to "Fairmont."

The first post office in Grant District was established in 1833 at Reed's Tavern in Boothsville, with Robert Reed as postmaster; and the first in Mannington District at a place called Beatty's Mills—four and a half miles from Mannington, on Buffalo Creek. The name of this office was later changed from Beatty's Mills, to "Logansport," and still later to "Brant." In Lincoln District William J. Willey kept a post office in his private house on Buffalo Creek in the town which is now Farmington, known as "Willey's Post Office." Others were located in Winfield District at Meredith's Tavern, in Union at the place where Colfax now is, and in Paw Paw at Rivesville. The one last mentioned was established in 1840, and Elisha Snodgrass was the first post master.

Since there were neither trains nor steamboats to carry the mail this duty was performed by the stagecoach. The mails were placed helter-skelter in a big canvas bag which was fastened with a padlock and key. When the stagecoach driver passed a post office he tossed his bag down from the top of the stage, and the post master took it to the post office and there unlocked it. Then he went through the mail, sorting out all that belonged to him and putting the rest back into the bag, which he relocked and gave to the stage driver. At the next post office a similar performance was gone through. These were not the days of free delivery. Everyone had to go to the office to get his mail, an inconvenience that was cheerfully put up with for the sake of the news received.

On January 20, 1843, the town of Fairmont was incorporated under the new name - William C. Haymond being elected mayor. He was followed in turn by John J. Moon, elected in 1845; E. L. Boydston, in 1847 ; Thomas G. Watson, in 1849 ; Albert Shore, in 1851 , and James Neeson, in 1852.

Mannington was established on lands granted in 1776 by the governor of Virginia to Robert Rutherford, of Winchester, Virginia. The first house was built by Wesley Clayton in 1843, and a tavern was built soon afterward by Samuel Koon, the place being given the name of Koonstown. In 1852, however, the name was changed to Mannington, in honor of the chief engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, then in course of construction. Rivesville was laid out in 1837 on land belonging to Elisha Snodgrass. Palatine, now incorporated with Fairmont, was established in 1838, on land purchased from John S. Barnes and William
Haymond. In 1 839 a town was laid out near the fork of Booth's Creek, where a post office had been established at Reed's Tavern at an earlier date. This settlement was called Boothsville, a name which it still bears.

Farmington, situated on Buffalo Creek, a few miles above Fairmont, was first called Willeytown, being named for Waitman T. Willey and his brother, who were its first settlers. They were engineers on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and it was partly due to their skill that the railway was successfully extended through the county. The stone house which the brothers built and lived in is still standing in good condition. Metz was so called for Joseph Metz, who was the first in habitant of that place. The village was first known as "Beehive Station," from the fact that Mr. Metz kept a number of beehives.

AN EARLY ROAD

Chapter XV

The Early Churches

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.—Samuel Johnson.
It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.—Samuel Johnson.

One of the reasons for locating Fairmont on its present site was that there was a "meeting house" on a hill near by. This church, the first in Middletown, was of the Presbyterian denomination, and was formally organized at the home of Asa Hall, near the mouth of Buffalo Creek, in 1815. A few people had just settled there and their lands were not yet cleared, but they felt the need of some help other than their own, so the little band met in the wilderness each Sunday to worship together and to gain strength for the coming week. Until November 4, 1830, the services were held regularly by missionaries and young men preparing for the ministry, but in that year Rev. Cyrus Beecher Bristol came out as a regular pastor and continued with the church thirteen years. On a flyleaf of the first session record book, the following account of the founding of the Presbyterian Church at Middletown is written in his handwriting, although without date and name:

Middletown, Monongalia County, Virginia.

The Presbyterian Church in Middletown was formed from members who came from the State of Delaware in 1790. They obtained supplies from the Redstone Presbytery. The same Presbytery sent out missionaries through the country to preach and administer the sacraments wherever they could find a sufficient number of members. The first clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Marshall; next, Mr. Dunlap Cooley, supposed to be an impostor, and Mr. Cadwell, a candidate under the Presbytery, created some difficulty.

About the year 1815, a church was organized at Mr. Hall's by Rev. Allen and Marquis. Messrs. Boaz Fleming, Jordan Hall and Thomas Hall were ordained elders. The church received occasional supplies from the Presbytery. The Revs. Adams, Hunt, Ralston, J. Green, R. Condit and A. G. Fairchild.

About 1828 or 1829, S. Reed, a licentiate, preached six months as stated supply. About the same time Elisha D. Barrett was licensed as a candidate for the ministry.

On November 7, 1830, the Rev. Cyrus Beecher Bristol, a member of the Bedford Presbytery, was sent as a missionary to this church and found it without any sessional records. He commenced the records, and continued them for thirteen and a half years, which contains the history of the church during that period.

The "members from the State of Delaware" organized a society in the year 1798. In 1831 a church was built on a land session made by Boaz Fleming on Jefferson Street. This building, which was surrounded by a graveyard, was unpainted and contained but one story. The structure was nearly square, and in front of the building there were two entrance doors, one for the use of the men and the other for the women, while on the inside there were two sections for the same purpose. The ministers were of the regular Presbyterian type of those days —stern and unsmiling—who thought the Sabbath Day a most holy institution which must be kept to the last letter of the law. During the building of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail road most of the officials were Presbyterians, and aided the little church generously.

Soon after 1852 a new two story brick church was erected on the site of the old one. The railroad people gave very freely, but the townfolk had to make many sacrifices in order to carry their share of the burden. In those days money was scarce and many of the subscriptions were paid in material or manual labor. Our ancestors humbly laid the work of their hands before the Master as the only gift they had to offer.

In the earlier church the congregation joined in singing the good old hymns without the aid of instruments or especially trained singers, but in the new brick church there was a choir with Mr. John Jones, and later Mr. J. W. Cromwell as leaders. What this choir lacked in musical ability it made up in vociferousness, as we are told that Mr. Jones' voice could be heard a full mile away.

It is thought that Methodist Episcopal ministers preached here as far back as 1778, but we have no authentic records until 1 784, when the Redstone Circuit was established to take in this county. At that time Samuel Breeze and John Cooper were appointed ministers, and during the first years of the existence of the circuit Bishop Asbury passed through this section several times. During these visits he made the following entries in his journal:

Friday, July 11, 1788. Arose at 4 o'clock and journeyed through devious lonely wilds where no food might be found, except what grew in the woods or was carried with us. We met with two women who were going to see their friends, and to attend the quarterly meeting at Clarksburg. Near midnight we stopped at A's, who hissed his dogs at us; but the women were determined to get to quarterly meeting, so we went in. Our supper was tea. Brothers Phebus and Cook took to the woods.
I lay along the floor on a few deer skins with the fleas —that night our poor horses got no corn, and the next morning they had to swim across the Monongahela. After a twenty miles' ride we came to Clarksburg; the man and beast were so outdone that it took us ten hours to accomplish it.
And—

We rode thirty miles to Father Haymond's (near Prickett's Fort, in Marion County) after 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, and made nearly eleven before we came in.
And—

Oh, how glad should I be of a plain, clean plank to lie on, as preferable to most of the beds. * * * This country will require much work to make it tolerable. * * * The great landholders who are industrious will soon show the effects of the aristocracy of wealth by lording it over their poorer neighbors and by securing to themselves all the offices of profit and honor. On the one hand, savage warfare teaches them to be cruel; and, on the other, the preaching of Antinomians poison them with error in doctrine; good moralists they are not, good Christians they can not be, unless they are better taught.

The first religious services in Mannington District were held at the home of Richard Roberts, on Dent's Run. There, several years before 1 800, the settlers formed a religious society. They had no regular pastor, but any preacher passing through the country would stop and hold services for them, some of the earliest of these being the Rev. David Cunningham, who died in 1800; Thomas Snodgrass, Philip Green and Cabel Foster. Soon after 1800 they built their first church, which was a hewn log building, 24 by 30 feet. This was heated by a stove, a very rare thing at that time. In 1811 a church was erected on Teverbaugh Creek in Lincoln District by the Methodists. This building was used as a school as well as for religious purposes. At the homes of Richard Morris and Noah Matthews, in 1810, were held the first religious services in Paw Paw District, although no church was regularly organized until 1823, when the Methodists established St. John's Church at Basnettsville. The first minister to preach in the new edifice was the Rev. Thomas Jemison. A Sabbath school was established here in the same year by Henry Boggess and Polly Conaway, and was well attended.

The first brick church in Fairmont was built by the Methodist Episcopal denomination in the early part of the nineteenth century, and religious services were held in this church until a new building was erected on Main Street in 1852. The old church stood on Washington Street, and in addition to being a place of Divine Worship served as a courthouse for several years. Fairmont did not become a regular pastorate until 1851, when the Rev. Jacob S. Patterson was stationed here as minister, and the Rev. Moses Tichensel as presiding elder.

The first services held by the Baptists in this county were conducted in a little hewn log building erected at Yellow Rock Ford, in Grant District, in 1804. This church was served by Joshua Hickman. The building, which is still standing, would not be recognized now as a former church.

Members of the Methodist Protestant denomination first organized in this county in 1829, when they gathered to hold their services in the "Old Horse Mill" in Barnesville. Thomas Barnes was for many years a leader in this church, being aided by his brother-in-law, the Rev. Asa Shinn, who began life as an itinerant preacher among the hills of northern West Virginia while he was yet a lad in his teens. The first Methodist Protestant Church in Middletown was established in 1830 by the Rev. Cornelius Springer, and in 1834 a frame building was erected on Quincy Street for the use of this denomination. Nine years later, the Fairmont Circuit was established as a part of the Pittsburgh conference, and in 1850 Fairmont became a regular charge—Noble Gillespie and William Gillespie being the first ministers. They were followed by the Rev. William Reeves, who was appointed in 1852. In this same year the old building was torn down and a new brick building of moderate proportions was erected. This was known as "The old church on the hill," and was used by the Methodist Protestants until the completion of their present structure on Monroe Street in 1895.

Before 1852 there were but three families of the Catholic faith in Marion County—the Watsons at Smithtown, and the Carneys and Bradleys at Middletown. These families had no regular priest or meeting place, but Father Gallaher, of Pittsburgh, occasionally came to their homes to celebrate mass. In 1843 this same rector held a service in the old Methodist Church, preaching to a large congregation, and the morning after his sermon he said mass in the home of Cornelius Bradley. Father Plunkett, of Martinsburg, sometimes visited the Catholic community in Fairmont, and in 1849 Father Austin Grogan, who was located at Kingwood, took charge of Fairmont and Morgantown—the number of communicants in the parish having been greatly increased by the addition of the Irish immigrants of 1849. Father

Dennis Brennon and Father Bartholomew Stock, of Weston, aided in the work. Mass was said in Dr. Campbell's house for some time, but when the congregation became too large for that, a deserted house on Coal Run behind Jackson's Feed Mill was rented. Father James Cunningham, who had been detailed to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad missions, built the first church in 1858.

The first communicants of the Church of England to come to this region were Thomas Steel and his wife, who settled at Fairmont in 1848. In 1849 Martha Kearsley came, making the third member. In the same year Rev. T. D. Thomkins visited these members, performing the rite of baptism for several of their children, and in 1851 the Rev. McCabe held a short service and administered the sacrament at the home of the Kearsleys. In the fall of this year the Assistant Bishop of Virginia, Dr. John John, delivered the first sermon preached by an Episcopalian clergyman in the town. A confirmation service was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church by Dr. Meade, the Bishop of Virginia, in 1852, and the sacrament was administered to four persons. At the same time, the Rev. R. A. Castiman was appointed rector, and two years later the Methodist Episcopal building was purchased and reconstructed by Bishop Meade, as the "Christ Episcopal Church."

In many of the early churches throughout the county protracted meetings were held during the winter months, to which the settlers rode many miles in big sleds. Before churches were established, the Sabbath Day was observed by making neighborly visits, and after their establishment the families who attended from a distance usually went home after the services with those who lived near the church to spend the remainder of the day.

In the early days funerals were conducted by the neighbors of the deceased. There are no authentic records of the boisterous "wakes" of which so much has been said. The people were a simple God-fearing folk to whom the mystery
of death came as a solemn warning. Coffins were roughly fashioned of pine boards and stained with walnut juice—the cost approximating $5. They were carried by the mourners through the bridle paths to the burying ground, or transported on one-horse sleds. It was not an unusual thing for a funeral party to travel 12 miles, in which case, however, the mourners rode on horseback.

Chapter XVI

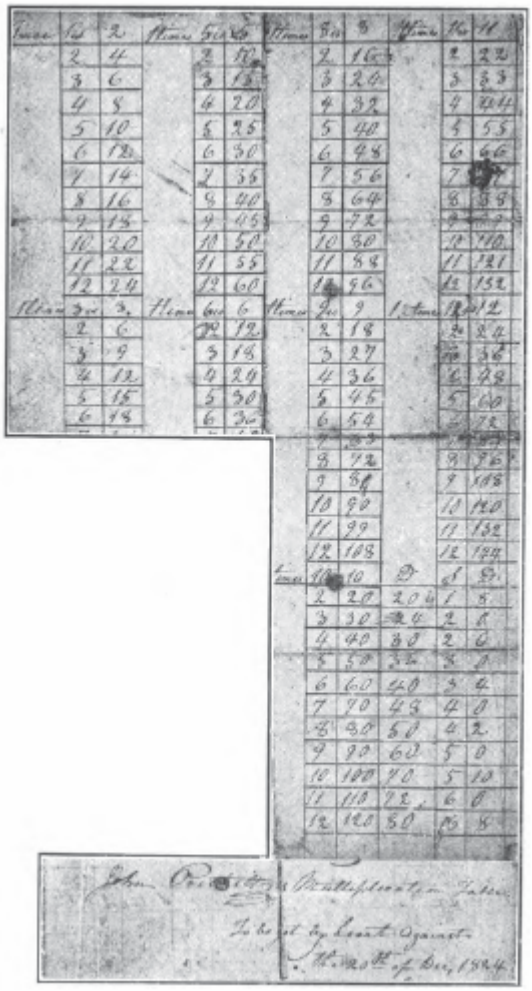
Schools and First Newspapers

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad in the land and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.—Lord Brougham.

In the early days the homes were so few and far apart that it was almost impossible to have any schools, and the children were either taught by their parents, or grew up without an education. The first schools established were not free, but were maintained by subscriptions. There were no regular buildings— the master holding his classes in a rented room, a stable, a loft, or any available place. Anyone who had a desire to teach and could get enough subscriptions could hold a school; the only qualification absolutely necessary being that of wielding the rod.

As the population increased it became more and more necessary to secure some regular means of education, so all the families within a radius of three or four miles found it to their mutual benefit to unite in building a schoolhouse. These first structures were little one story huts, with the chinks between the logs plastered up with clay. At one end was a huge stone fireplace, usually large enough to contain an eight foot log, in which fire was kept burning while school lasted. Wood was furnished by the men of the community and cut by the boys during the noon recess. Around two sides of the room an opening formed by using two half logs instead of those of regulation size was covered with greased paper to admit the light. Often the woodpeckers, attracted by the paste on the paper, came to peck on these windows, making a distracting noise. To retaliate, the pupils thrust their quill pens through the paper, perforating it with holes. On especially dark days the room was lighted by a lantern made of a framework of wood covered with greased paper, in which a lighted candle was placed. At one side of the room was the door, made of roughly sawed boards hung on wooden hinges, and fastened with a wooden latch. Although the bare ground served the purpose in most buildings, some schools had puncheon floors made of hewn logs placed side by side on the ground, but these were hardly better than no floors at all, as crevices were usually left between the logs. Such buildings were not conducive to the health and happiness of the pupils, for the rain and the snow, blown in through the chinks in the walls, often fell on their insufficiently clad forms.

The furniture of the schools was of the rudest kind. Logs, split in half and laid across wooden pegs made fast in the floor, were the benches. Sometimes the stumps of trees were left standing when the ground was cleared, and the split logs were laid across these stumps. A half log with the flat side made smooth was placed under the window, and served as a writing table for the pupils, who took turns in using it. Each one made the most of his allotted time, painstakingly writing in his copy book of foolscap paper with pens made of goose quills. The master sat in front on a tall stool from which he looked down upon the pupils in such a manner as to make the most timid shiver with fright. In one corner stood the schoolboys' mecca—the bucket of drinking water with the tin dipper hanging near by, and the worn floor told of many pilgrimages in that direction. On the wall near the door was hung a flat board, on one side of which was carved the word "Out." When a pupil left the room he was expected to place the carved word in sight and when he came back to turn the word toward the wall, in order that the master could keep track of his flock. Often the pupils would make a pretense of turning the board without actually doing so, and many would go out at one time; but woe to them when they were discovered! for on such occasions the master spared neither his energy nor the rod.



JOHN PRICKETT'S MULTIPLICATION TABLE
"TO BE GOT BY HEART AGAINST THE 20TH OF DECEMBER, 1824"

The school term was three months long, beginning near the first of November, after the fall work was finished, and ending toward the last of January, before the spring planting began. Each pupil paid from 25 cents to $2 a term, besides boarding the teacher "a spell." Sometimes, when there were large families, children whose parents could not afford to let them all go to school, took turns in going and in staying at home. In those days the children were more eager to learn than they seem to be to-day, probably because their opportunities were fewer. The branches taught were neither very extensive nor very advanced, but almost every child who had a chance to learn, read well. The New Testament was taught as a part of the prescribed course, and elementary arithmetic was taught to the older and more advanced pupils, but especial emphasis was placed on spelling. The children were taught their first lessons in the following form:

b-a-ba, b-e-be, b-i-bid-a-bi,
b-o-bo, b-y-by, bid-a-by-bo,
b-u-bu, bid-a-by-bo-bu.

All the children liked to take part in the spelling-bees, which were a means of social diversion for old as well as young. In arithmetic the pupil reached the height of his ambition when he was able to "cipher" to the end of the "Single Rule of Three," which we know as proportion. This came before fractions, which scarcely any pupils studied, although the compution of simple interest was sometimes taught to boys. The "United States Spelling Book" was the only book used besides the New Testament, and it contained the lessons in reading, geography, grammar and history, as well as spelling. In the first part were printed the letters of the alphabet, and the easier words in spelling, and exercises in reading. As the pages were turned the words became longer and more difficult, until at last the dizzy heights of "hypochondriacal" and "unparliamentariness" were reached. The lessons in geography consisted of sentences stating facts regarding cities and countries. The following method of examining the pupil upon his daily preparation was advised, the author stating that "this method, judiciously applied by the teacher, could not, we think, fail of hastening on the pupil to a thirst for knowledge and useful inquiry, and tend very much to enlarge his mind, and open his faculties to thought and reflection":

Master: In what quarter of the globe is France situated?
Pupil: In Europe.
Master: Which is the metropolis of France?
Pupil: Paris, and is said to contain one million souls.
Master: Is England in Europe?
Pupil: Yes, and London is the great capital of the United Kingdoms of England, Ireland and Scotland.

Between the lessons for spelling were selections for reading. The first, from which we quote, is a simple little rhyme on "Beasts, Birds and Fishes":

The dog will come when he is called.
The cat will walk away,
The monkey's cheek is very bald.
The goat is fond of play.

The second, which immediately follows the first, is entitled, "On the Shortness of Human Life":

* * * Like the sun, or like the shade.
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even such is man! whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut and so 'tis done;
Withers the rose; the blossom blasts,
The flower fades, the morning hastes;
The sun is set, the shadows fly.
The gourd consumes—so mortals die.

It is extremely doubtful whether a pupil who had thoroughly delighted in the first selection would be equally interested in the latter one.

During school hours a great buzz and hum pervaded the entire schoolroom, because everyone studied aloud. By insisting upon this the master knew how well the pupil studied his lesson, and when the noise was not loud enough to suit him he would cry out, oftentimes accompanying his words with blows, "Spell, spell!"

The early schools usually had two sessions, one in the morning, and one in the afternoon. The morning session began at 8 o'clock and lasted until 12, with one short intermission. At 12 o'clock the school was dismissed for the noon hour. If the pupil lived near the building he went home for his lunch, but if, as was more often the case, he lived two or three miles away, he brought it with him and ate outside or within the building, according to the state of the weather. The remainder of the hour was spent in play, and the afternoon session began promptly at 1 o'clock and lasted until 4, with another short recess, generally of from five to ten minutes' duration.

Punishments were severe. For such a misdemeanor as whispering, the teacher kept a smooth round stick which he would throw with all his force at the mischievous pupil who, whether he received the blow or not, had to pick up the stick and carry it back to the master. This punishment was meant to humiliate rather than to inflict any physical pain, for the return of this stick published the pupil's guilt and it was generally accompanied by the jeers of his companions. Other offenses against the order of the school were punished by compelling the guilty one to stand on the floor in front of his schoolmates for perhaps a whole session. The pupils were often made to sit on a high stool or to stand before the school for hours at a time wearing a dunce cap. In one case at least a small boy received this punishment for drawing the picture of a rooster to which he gave the face of the master. It is a question which—boy or master—might more appropriately have worn the cap. But whatever else the punishment might be, the rod was always there to be used on boys and girls alike, for the unrelenting hand of the one in authority spared neither age nor sex when it became his duty to administer the rod. If the master was severe in his treatment of the pupils, neither did the pupils spare the master when occasion presented itself. It was the unwritten law of the school that at the end of each term the teacher should "treat" the pupils, and if this treat was not forthcoming, woe to the pedagogue's dignity! For the pupils seized and carried him, not always in the most comfortable position, to the nearest pond, into which they ducked him, head first, and they did not relax the severity of the punishment until, with great humility, he promised to accede to their demands.

The "New York Reader, No. 3," published in 1 844, was used in the schools established in Marion County immediately preceding 1850. It was "designed for the use of schools and calculated to assist the scholar in acquiring the art of reading, and, at the same time, to fix his principles, and inspire him with a love of virtue." That the author endeavored so to do is shown by the titles of the following selections, taken at random from the table of contents: "Of God and His Attributes," "Providence Over All," "The Care Which Providence Takes of Animals During the Winter Season," "Industry," "Modesty," "The Wisdom of Early Piety," and numerous selections from the Bible. Much of the poetry is on the same order, and the book ends with an "Address to a Gentleman's Skull," and an "Address to a Lady's Skull"; rather doleful subjects. There are a few selections of another nature, from one of which, entitled "Of the Chimpanzee," the following extract may prove more amusing than instructive:

lis haira are so nicely disposed all over the body that it appears perfectly smooth; and are much longer under the chin, so that they form a kind of beard there. They are found in great numbers in the woods, and make a loud and frightful noise.

A small geography published in 1826 contains the following label, pasted in the back of the book:
Ask not to borrow.

The property of John S. Davis,
Fairmont, W. Va.

This book, which is 3 1/2 by 7 1/2 inches in size, gives us the following information:

New Britain—This country lies around Hudson's Bay, and is bounded north and west by unknown regions, east by Davis' Straits, and south by Canada. The quadrupeds in winter become white like snow.

And again:

The length and height of the Andes is greater than that of any other chain of mountains on the globe.

The severity of the climate of Russia is indicated by this:

In the northern parts of Russia the climate is so cold that icicles are frequently seen hanging to the eyelashes.

All that is known of Japan is the fact that "the natives produce a varnished ware known as 'Japan ware.' “The interior of Africa is "unknown to civilized nations." New Holland (Australia) is "inhabited by savages," and New Zealand is "supposed to be inhabited by cannibals," while the following is the latest idea in astronomy:

Mountains have been discovered in Venus and the moon, hence we infer the same of other planets, and from their resemblance to the earth conclude they are inhabited.

When the people first began to build schoolhouses a committee had to be selected to attend to school affairs. This committee appointed the teacher—always endeavoring to secure one of as stern a disposition as possible in order that discipline might be maintained; collected his salary, paid this to him, and made an effort to have the children of the neighborhood attend school. The interest on the Literary Fund was distributed annually by the State of Virginia for the benefit of children needing assistance.

Soon after Marion County was formed, Virginia passed a new school law under which there were to be a school fund, school commissioners, and county superintendents. This school fund was to be extended according to the reports the school officials made of the needs of the counties. According to data collected by Virgil A. Lewis, State Historian, from the records made out by the officials in 1844, there were sixty-three schools in the county, with six hundred poor children entitled to the benefits of the fund. There were four hundred of these enrolled in schools, the rate of tuition being 2 1/2 cents per day, the total sum used in this county being $717.47. In one report the com missioners said:

The commissioners believe the present school system, if properly attended to, admirably calculated to offer facilities for the education of both rich and poor children. The commissioners subscribe and pay in each neighborhood, and therefore insure the making up of schools. There is no doubt that the rising generation will receive an education sufficient for the objects of all who are not intended for professional men.

In 1848 there were twenty-two more schools in the county than there had been four years before, with an attendance of one hundred and seven additional pupils.

The first school in Marion County was taught in a little log hut with paper windows, which stood on East Run on the site -of the present East Run Schoolhouse. Mr. Abe Martin taught here in the year 1779, and is supposed to have been the first teacher in this section. The second was established in a small log cabin on Tetrick's Ridge, but the first building constructed especially for school purposes in Lincoln District was erected on Big Bingamon Creek. The first school held in Grant District was located near Boothsville, and the first in Winfield was taught in a log cabin 14 feet square, with a puncheon floor and a large chimney, situated about a mile from the mouth of Prickett's Creek. In Union, Richard Hall enrolled sixty-five pupils in 1816. Reason White established the first school in Paw Paw District in a private dwelling, and in 1818 Henry Boggess taught in a log house 18 feet square near Basnettsville. Henry Boggess lived to be ninety years old and, in telling of his experience in teaching that school, he said that during the winters of 1819 and 1820 three children attended, aged from eight to fourteen years, whose only clothing, even in the severest weather, were long homemade linen shirts. They went barefooted through the ice and snow to school in order to satisfy their hunger for knowledge.

Before there was any school near what is now Fairmont the Jones and Hall School, located in Hawkinberry Hollow, was attended by the people from this place. The old settlers in Hawkinberry Hollow hired the teacher, and anyone who paid the proper amount of tuition might attend. Thomas Black went to this school, walking back and forth from his home in Barnesville, a distance of five miles. Probably the first school located in Fairmont was built near the place where Courtney's store now stands. This building had two rooms, one for the girls, with Miss Harriet Henderson as the teacher, and the other for the boys, whose teacher was a man. Another early school was the old Morehead School, which was held in the same building on Cleveland Avenue in which Heffners now live. Morehead was the master of this school. One of the most important of these subscription schools was opened by James White in the old Marietta Hotel building, on the corner of Main and Monroe Streets. Some say this building was used for school purposes from the time of its erection in 1840, but it is probable that a school was not held there for some time after that date.

After the new Presbyterian Church was built, the upper story was rented and used for school purposes as long as the building stood—the first teacher being Miss Janey Zea, and the last Major Moderwell. *The True Virginian* of October 4, 1851, has the following to say regarding Mrs. Tassey's School:

We had not the pleasure of attending the examination of Mrs. Tassey's pupils on Friday the 19th ult., but from what we have heard it must have been highly satisfactory indeed. All had made rapid progress and seemed to be thoroughly grounded in the branches studied.

It was not until the year 1840 that the first newspaper was published in Marion County. This paper was the *Marion County Pioneer*, owned and edited by Lindsay Boggess.

The Wheeling Argus of April 20, 1848, in the report of a Democratic meeting held at the City Hall, contains a resolution proposed by Alexander Newman commending Dr. Kidwell for trying to establish a Democratic paper in the mountain counties of West Virginia. This resolution was adopted.

The Baptist Recorder, of which Dr. W. D. Eyster was publisher and proprietor, and the Democratic Banner, established by Daniel S. Morris in 1850, followed the Pioneer. The Banner changed hands about 1851, A. J. O'Bannen being the purchaser, and the paper was for a time known as *The True Virginian* and *Trans-Alleghany Advertiser*, and, finally, as The True Virginian. That the editors of these papers were courageous in the exercise of the right of free speech there can be no question, as the following extracts from *The True Virginian* of October 4, 1851, prove:

The Mails.

The mails are due here at 8 o'clock P. M. They reach here generally about 1 0 or 11 o'clock P.M.; and, besides, there is a criminal irregularity in the mail matter. In view of these and other grievances, a meeting of the citizens of Fairmont and vicinity will be held at the Court House on Saturday, the 1 1 th inst., at 3 o'clock P. M.

A Delinquent.

John Hoffman, who lived near Ice's Ferry, Monongalia County, Virginia, has left without paying, as far as we know, his subscription to this paper. We understand he has gone to Baltimore. Will the papers there please copy this?

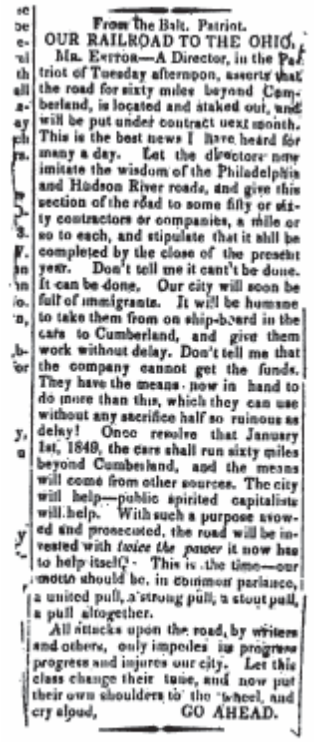
Chapter XVII

The Coming of the Railroad

The old order changeth, yielding place to new.— Tennyson.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.—Tennyson.

The projecting of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad through Marion County was an important event, and has been a great factor in the development of the county. In 1826 the Legislature of Virginia passed an act incorporating the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for the purpose of constructing a railroad from the City of Baltimore to some point on the Ohio River, provided that point was to be no farther south than the mouth of the Little Kanawha. Following this there was much antagonism between the northern and the southern sections of the State over which should get the railroad, and many petitions were sent to the company from each section. Finally, on July 7, 1845, one of the greatest conventions ever held in northern West Virginia assembled in Fairmont, Marion County sending twenty-two delegates, the largest number from any one county. At this convention a set of resolutions expressing the sentiment of this part of the country was drawn up and forwarded to the company's headquarters at Washington, and because of the influence of the convention, or because the best interests of the company demanded it (the latter more probably), the rail road was extended through the northern part of the State. The company had scarcely any trouble in getting the right-of-way for the road in this county because the people realized the value of such a means of transportation and put no hindrance in its way. On the twenty-third of June, 1852, the road was completed. On this occasion all the chief officials and many prominent Baltimore men who had gone to Wheeling on the new railroad returned to Fairmont, and a great banquet was held in a grove near this place. All the workmen were given a holiday, which they celebrated in their own manner. There was much rejoicing among the people, for they saw a greater Fairmont in the future.

The railroad was built entirely by Irishmen with the crudest implements, usually nothing more than a pick and a shovel. These Irish men had just come to this country, having been driven from Ireland by the great potato famine, and as they brought with them all their old jealousies and hatreds, there were many serious conflicts between the different factions. Among them were representatives of two clans especially hostile to each other—the Connaughters and the Fardowners. For awhile there was no serious trouble between these clans, although there were continual bickerings going on, but the climax arrived one morning when the Connaughters, who were employed at Benton's Ferry, decided to settle the differences between them forever by attacking their enemies on Ice's Run and driving them from the country. They marched over and took by surprise the Far downers, who fled, panic-stricken, to Fairmont; the victorious party following to accelerate them in their flight. The sheriff being informed of the state of affairs by the foremost fugitives, went out to meet the Connaughters, whom he immediately put under arrest. They all went quietly to jail. On the day of the trial they crowded into the court room where (as there were not seats enough for all) they stood around the walls, or sat in the windows with their feet hanging outside. They seemed to be enjoying themselves and were not at all excited. When dismissed from court they marched out of town without causing any disturbance.



From the Balt. Patriot.

OUR RAILROAD TO THE OHIO.

MR. EDITOR—A Director, in the Patriot of Tuesday afternoon, asserts that the road for sixty miles beyond Cumberland, is located and staked out, and will be put under contract next month. This is the best news I have heard for many a day. Let the directors now imitate the wisdom of the Philadelphia and Hudson River roads, and give this section of the road to some fifty or sixty contractors or companies, a mile or so to each, and stipulate that it shall be completed by the close of the present year. Don't tell me it cant't be done. It can be done. Our city will soon be full of immigrants. It will be humane to take them from on ship-board in the cars to Cumberland, and give them work without delay. Don't tell me that the company cannot get the funds. They have the means now in hand to do more than this, which they can use without any sacrifice half so ruinous as delay! Once resolve that January 1st, 1849, the cars shall run sixty miles beyond Cumberland, and the means will come from other sources. The city will help—public spirited capitalists will help. With such a purpose avowed and prosecuted, the road will be invested with *twice the power* it now has to help itself. This is the time—our motto should be, in common parlance, a united pull, a strong pull, a stout pull, a pull altogether.

All attacks upon the road, by writers and others, only impedes its progress progress and injures our city. Let this class change their tune, and now put their own shoulders to the wheel, and cry aloud, GO AHEAD.

EXTRACT FROM THE "BAPTIST RECORDER"
FEBRUARY 27, 1848

During the spring of 1852 cholera became epidemic among the laborers on the railroad, causing great mortality. Intense excitement prevailed in the section through which the road was being constructed, and work was interfered with to a considerable extent.

When the road was completed as far as Mannington, the people from all the country round came to Fairmont to see the first train go through. Several box cars were standing on the track, and in them one and all were promised free rides. Elbert Moran, of Winfield District, brought his wife to town to get a ride on the first train, and they sat for two hours in a car waiting for the locomotive to come from Grafton. For the first time in its history the train was late, and the Morans were finally forced to go home disappointed, the time having come to do the evening chores.

In the same year in which the railroad was completed, the first bridge capable of being used for traffic was built across the Monongahela River. This suspension bridge, the second of its kind in the United States, was constructed under the supervision of James L. Randolph, at a cost of $30,000. Of this. $12,000 was appropriated by the State of Virginia, and $8,000 was subscribed by the citizens of Fairmont and Palatine. The cables were stretched across the river by the people of Fairmont, and in return for their work they were given the right to cross the bridge at any time free of charge. At that time Fairmont extended only to the west bank of the river, for Palatine had not yet been incorporated as a part of the city.

The completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad opened up the resources of Marion County, and gave a new impetus to industry of every kind. With this connecting link established between the primitive backwoods settlement and the outside world the people of the section imbibed new ideas and took on new manners and customs, and it is probable that the county changed more in the ten years following the completion of this thoroughfare than it had in all the previous years of its existence; so it may be properly regarded as the span that bridged the distance between pioneer and modern times.

* * * God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest-time is hid with Him.

PRESS OF MEYER & THALHEIMER
BALTIMORE, MD.