

Monday night, August 4th 1893

Brother John,

Your two letters (24th & 26th ult.) came by Saturday mail, and though they do not give a very flattering account of the improvement in your health - still I was very glad to get them. As far as the effect of the water and baths is concerned, you have hardly been trying them long enough for it to be very perceptible. I do wish you had some Pulmonary Balsam to take for that cough. I will send the articles you mention to town by the first chance that I have - so that they may be expressed to you as soon as possible, for I have heard nothing farther from Phil, though he wrote me in the note I received by Wednesday's mail, that he would write more fully by Saturday's mail, - and he may have written, but the letter did not come. I told him when he was out here, that if he could come out Saturday evening - after the muck work was wound up, - and by going in Monday morning he would lose but little time from the store, - and even that length of time would be of infinite service here. But I felt while I was telling him, that there was no hope of his doing it; he is as helpless in the hands of that woman, as a fly in the hold of a spider's web, - and she is not going to listen to his being absent on Sunday. I believe he honestly thinks that his business keeps him in town; but I am not misled by any such representations; I know that business is not transacted Saturday night, Sunday, nor Sunday night. And to think that I must hold my peace, and not intimate that my eyes are open to the fact! I suppose I shall hear something from him by Wednesday's mail. Early Saturday morning, Lewis petitioned to go to town; as Mr. Hoffman was going down in his spring wagon, and said he might go with him. Of course I consented - (as he could go any how, if he chose) and gave him eleven dollars, which was what he said he needed. He mucked before he started - and got back the same evening, though Mr. and Mrs. Pearson

Bot Snowden today thinks the ground was too hard to plough or mow; he said he would advise to wait until another shower of rain came now, that Saturday and yesterday would have done, but he thought it would be too hard by this time, - and if he was in our place he would risk waiting until another shower. Just now it does not look like raining again for some time: it continued showering until about the middle of the day Sunday, when it cleared off and turned cooler. Yesterday was very bright and cool enough to be quite pleasant. To day the sun is warm but a cool breeze blowing, and it will be quite cool by night.

Bot goes to town tomorrow, and says he will deliver to Phil the things you directed me to ^{have him} express to you. He also said that he was going to the stock yards on business of his own, and would make inquiries with an eye to the sale of the sheep that you say must be sold by the last of this month. Also, he would see Phil relative to the sale of the orchard grass seed, - as the firm he spoke to you about, would give \$1.10 now, - or furnish sacks and let the seed be delivered at any time from now till the first of January (I think it was) and pay the price at the time of delivery. As I knew you wanted it sold by the first of Sept. I did not pay very close attention to this latter part of the proposition; but Bot will see Phil and talk with him about the sale of the seed. He also told me that he did not think the oat market in this neighborhood was quite as bad as Bennett had told me - and that there are still plenty of oats for sale besides Hampton's, Owen Dorsets and Abe Gibson's that I mentioned to you. He did not say at what price oats can be bought at this time, - but I wrote to Phil (and will send the letter by Bot to Phil) and told him to ascertain from Bot all about oats, and to write you at once. Bot asked for your address and said he would probably write you by Saturday's mail.

had just finished milking when he got back. He had heard that Old Isaac was to be here again that day - for more money, the excuse being that he is now ready to go to Indiana - but "he done spend all the money" that was furnished him to defray his expenses out there. So Lewis drew his money and went to town to spend it, - for which I was not sorry. However Old Isaac did not make his appearance. Ben was here on Sunday, - and informed me that it was very doubtful about his coming here the next morning to work, as he had been talking of doing, as he was working for Mr. Huffman and "any how he did not want to set in by the month" - but had concluded to work by the day. I told him that it was useless to talk of work by the day - that I would not think of hiring him in that way no matter how badly hands were wanted. He then proposed to here by the week: I told him that nothing less than by the month would answer my purpose - and since he was higgling in that way, I might as well tell him plainly that unless he had made up his mind to stick to his work, and not idle away his time, I had no use for him any way. This grew out of his saying that he did not like to work where somebody was always watching him. I suppose this was aimed at Mr. Pearson, - and this is beyond doubt why he declines coming. When he left, he said to me that if Mr. Huffman would let him off, he would be here the next morning to set in to work for a month: but no Ben has appeared yet. William and Anthony, have not made their appearance either, although William was here a week ago yesterday, to say that he would certainly be out here today to go to work and finish up the job. Today is election day, and it may be that they are going to vote, and this may be why they did not come. You see I am too sleepy to write - so I will wait till another time to finish. Tuesday evening. William and Anthony still not heard from. I heard nothing from Phil by Saturday's mail. Sunday evening.

at milking time, I saw that Bob Snowden's bull was missing - but I said nothing as I supposed he might have been sent home; but Monday morning it came out that he was missing. Though he was here on Sunday morning. So, I determined to hire two boys with one stone, - sending Lewis over to Bob Snowden's to see if the bull had gone home - and also sending a note to know when Bob was going to bring the machine here - and how many hands would be wanted. & C, & C. The bull was not there, so I started Lewis out to hunt for him - and he found him at Mr. Collier's - and brought him back here, but in less than two hours he had broken into Mr. Trigg's field - Mr. Trigg's bull being in the field - and this was upon the explanation of his getting out at first. - Though they say they have not been able to find how or where he got out when he went to Mr. Collier's. Mr. Pearson happened to be in sight when he broke into Mr. Trigg's field, - and fearing that mischief might happen to him, we sent him home at once. In answer to my note, Bob came over this morning - and told me that he could not yet see whether he would get here with the machine on Saturday or on Monday next. He says he will bring his five hands and will make arrangements for Newton Trigg, Tom Trigg and Mr. Pound to come also, and they with Lewis, Parley and Mr. Pearson will be plenty; and then that we can return the work to Newton Trigg. I was very glad to hear this, as I was much puzzled to know where the hands were to come from. No rail makers found yet. Mrs. Pearson concluded yesterday morning at breakfast that "Mr. Pearson would have to get on a horse and go regularly out to hunt for Harold" - but it would hardly pay to have him feeding around for a week or two - and then fail. So I made no reply. They have cut the briars on the piece of ground that is to be sown in clover, and are cutting them on the ground that is to be sown in timothy. I asked

They hauled the winter oats over here and secured them today: there
were eleven shocks of them. Mr Snowden wanted to turn logs in the
fields - and sent word to have them moved. Nothing has been said
about his wanting that machinery moved - so it is over there yet.

I am writing in a great hurry as I want to send Lewis over to Bob
Snowden's with this letter and the one to Phil; and my time is short.

I gave the pistol and measuring glasses to Bob when he was here
this morning. I enclose Will Scott's note in this letter and have
directed Phil to send the letter by express, with the other articles.

Sister Jane, and her three boys came down and spent the day
yesterday - all as well as usual. Company from Shelby still
there, but they were gone to Dr. Mason's yesterday.

I have not heard from the election - do not know who the candid-
ate was that ran against Fible; so you see I am not very anxious
to vote yet.

There have been twenty eight deaths in LaGrange
from Cholera - most of them negroes. The disease disappeared
once, and broke out a second time. I think there are no cases now.

I think we can understand your directions and explanations
in your two letters that came Saturday: we all understand where
that little room is to be built - it was a mistake of mine
when I spoke of it as at the corner of the house.

I will have to reserve whatever else I had to write till another
letter - as it is time this was gone to Bob Snowden's.

do not get discouraged because the water does not relieve you
at once. Now about your fidgets - do you have them as often
as you did? And do you still have to take morphine?

Let me hear very fully about your health - and don't let them
experiment on that leg. Your aff sister

Elizabeth.

John Menshan

Hot Springs
Bath County
Virginia

Altogether

Tuesday - August 12th 1873

Loss-weeds are covered with them - and they are eating every thing in the garden. The Trophy tomato vines were the most luxuriant looking vines I ever saw - and hanging full of half grown tomatoes. Two days ago the bugs pitched into them, and now the base stalks are left with the green tomatoes hanging on them. I even found bugs on the two vines you set out in the box. But to return to the potatoes - will they grow after the stalks are stripped of leaves? If not, there is no use in hesitating about rooting up those roots you specified, and sowing the winter turneps: but if you think these rains will do any thing for them - is it worth while to interrupt them just yet. The failure of the potato crop is universal as far as I have heard from it. One man I hear of, who planted thirty five acres, - and he says that any body who will pay for the seed potatoes he used - may have the whole crop. I saw but one squash vine in the whole potato patch, that one looks very fresh, and has two squashes on it, besides fresh blossoms and tiny little squashes; one of the larger ones is about full size.

All the cimlin vines but two are dead, or very nearly so.

They do not think the winter oats; Mr Pearson says they are so full of cheat that they will have to be picked over before they can be gotten out: so, now, they will have to be flattened out, I suppose. I have told you so many contradictory tales about the cheap oats that were to be bought, that I think I will not say "oats" again, until I can tell you that they are bought and stacked at home.

Have you heard of the death of L. L. Noree's son? Jumped out of a fourth story window in Buffalo. - Helvium Tremend, his father was in the room and tried to catch him, but was too late. What a lesson! It seems to be settled that Will Carlton will sell off every thing except his land this fall. Thompson has started on his round of fairs: is at the Eminence fair this week; borrowed a new horse that Mr Waters has

Brother John, I believe I told you in my last letter that the machine had arrived, - but that the coming up of a shower of rain, prevented them from thrashing any on Friday evening. Saturday morning about nine o'clock they came back, and pronounced the grass in good order for thrashing, and accordingly they went to work on it. They finished it just before sunset, - and it falls so far below what I was hoping it would yield - though they say the seed are the finest they have thrashed this season. There were only fourteen sacks of it, - and as that little room in the new building is still in prospect - I had the seed brought to the house and put in the room on the end of the porch - until it is carried to town, which will be tomorrow or the first fair day thereafter. I suppose Phil has told you that it is sold at 1.13 per bushel, - for he told me that he would write you on the 10th. In a little while after they finished thrashing, the rain which had been threatening all evening, came down with a mill, and we had a heavy rain, though it did not last more than an hour I suppose. There was a good deal of thunder and lightning, but no wind. I hear that the lightning struck some stacks of hay and oats belonging to Will Carlton (over at the Bluff) and burned ^{ten} stacks of hay and two stacks of oats - all large stacks. The rain fell so rapidly that I feared water-gates would fare badly - but they report no damage done. Lewis is ploughing the land that is to be sowed in clover: he began it yesterday, but Post Snowden came for a hand and team to help move the thrasher down to Frank Barbour's, and as Lewis is the only passable driver in the lot - he had to go; and as they had to go by way of Sand Hill, it took the better part of the day before he got back; and then another rain came up - in fact it was showing the rest of the evening, and it has been sprinkling more or less, nearly all this morning, so the ground ought to plough tolerably well. Mr Pearson and Barley

have been at birds, - but as you write me that the scores that corn is sowed among the potatoes, the better, - they started this morning to attend to that. Mr Pearson came back with a hand full of shattered corn - which he said was a fair sample of what there was in the crib, (or where ever the corn is kept) and I think there was not a single grain that had not had the heart eaten out of it. Of course it would be useless to sow that sort of stuff; - and not knowing what to do I told him to shell some corn and sow it, - and I will try to replace it, before the corn gives out entirely. But I find I made a great mistake in setting them to shelling corn, - for it is now five o'clock in the evening - and Mr Pearson and Barley have done nothing else all day - at least since 8 o'clock A. M., and they are still shelling corn. It still continues showering - and within the last hour it has rained right steadily - and as Lewis stopped ploughing - I suppose he is helping to shell corn too. So you need not disturb yourself about my getting so much work done while you are away. I get dreadfully impatient over it, for it seems to me that I am the only body on the place that feels in the least bit of a hurry about any thing. But I might just as well take it patiently, for it is as good my jogging them down, and as for rainy weather jobs - I think they would all rather lie down & sleep whenever it sprinkles - than to be employed about any thing. So I dare say, this job of shelling corn is far more than would have been done at any thing else, while it has been showering today. ^{But} it seems that I was mistaken about their being still shelling corn - they finished just before this rain set in, and went to cutting bread - (of course had to stop as soon as the rain set in) and Lewis finished his job of ploughing before he left the field. And after shelling what corn they think it will take to sow that

and most indifferent potato patch - (they picked out the smallest ears to shell -) They say there will be enough corn to last a month longer, and that will bring the middle of September, so that we will not need much more old corn. All hands have come to the house, and are preparing to get the coal house ready to receive the coal, when the orchard grass seed is carried off. Mr Pearson says he understands fully what you want done to the coal house - so maybe that job will be done right. It is a relief to find anything that is fully understood. Nothing has been heard from the carpenters yet, notwithstanding William's coming here expressly to say that they would without fail, be here a week ago yesterday morning (Aug 4th). Now have I heard of any rail maker yet, - but the threshing is not yet done in the neighborhood - and they all enjoy "running mid der Masheen". You say - have three ^{nearest the house} rows of the russet potatoes dug and the ground well prepared for winter turnips. Just at this time, I doubt if there are half a dozen potatoes in those three rows - big enough to eat. We had not meddled with new potatoes until the day they threshed here (last Saturday) when I concluded I would try them. I found it was useless to dig in the rows nearest the house - as there was nothing in them - so I skipped about all over the patch, pulling up one row in a place, just when ever I found a vine that was full of balls, or dead. I supposed dug twenty hills - and I got a good large dish of potatoes big and little. In most of the hills I found only one potato - often not even a little one besides one moderate sized potato. So, altogether it is not a very promising show for a big crop. The vines nearest the house are very fresh and green; - that is, the stalks are; for I do not think there are a dozen heavy in the entire patch, the striped bugs having smelt the platter - and gone in search of fresher pastures. The beet tops - tomato vines - bean vines, cabbage - &c. &c., - corn, even the

case you are seriously worse, I must know it at once. I quite agree with you that unless there is some decided improvement in your condition, it hardly justifies you in remaining in the dampness and other unpleasantnesses which you find at the Springs. What improvement in these respects, Rockbridge Alum or Orkney would be, I cannot tell. I do know that rain is no unusual thing at Rockbridge Alum. As Nellie will be at Orkney, you would probably enjoy a visit there on that account. But I doubt if your stay in Orange and Greene may not prove as beneficial to you as the Springs, as you will have the benefit of change, pleasant Company and will avoid many disagreeable things which you are obliged to submit to at the Springs.

I forgot to tell you that the hen that raised the fourteen Chickens under the henhouse, has made a nest away up in a hollow in an old limb on that apple tree behind the henhouse, and Willie almost took a fit when he and I found it. It is time to send this to the Office. Edmund came down yesterday evening to let me hear from Sister Jane, and will take this to the Office as he goes back this morning.

Your aff. sister
Elizabeth

recently bought - to ride at the fairs. He and Matt use to sleep in the stalls with the horses they take to the fairs. If he comes out unscathed from such training and such associations - what did Solomon know about raising children? Lottie goes to Nazareth to school in September, instead of going back to Mrs. Kold. I do not think I have told you that Dr. Newton is going to give up the present store in Sattles - and it is to be converted at once into a school house: Mr. Cassidy to be the teacher. Walker is to put up a blacksmith shop on his own land - and Dr. Newton to put up a store where the shop now stands. Another account is that Lavinia Snowden's husband is going to buy the house May Hubbs lives in, and will open a wholesale and retail grocery and general furnishing store (in the Doctor's new building) and will buy and sell all sorts of farm products from eggs to grain crops. I am afraid the days of Old Foggism are numbered in this vicinity - thanks to that newspaper man - who wrote that brilliant article which Sam Kaye endorsed so heartily. Look out for the rail road!

I went up home Sunday - Sister Jane having a right serious attack of Cholera ~~at~~ bed. She spent the day down here, a week ago yesterday - and the following day, her cook (Dutch John's wife) took French leave, and Sister Jane undertook to do the cooking - and as usual, took down under it. She was taken quite sick Friday evening, and a few hours later, the woman who has been doing the house work was taken in the same way - & the doctor had to be sent for to see them, and there was nobody to do anything. Mrs. Corington came down and did what she could - and Cap Corington himself proves to be a trump in the way of help (if he will only keep sober) milking, churning, gathering vegetables - doing all sorts of chores, cheerfully & quickly.

Sister Jane was much better on Sunday, but fast in bed. I heard from her this evening: she is about well again. Mother is well again also. I had a letter from Cousin Frank Henshaw by Saturday's mail; he says he is coming to Ky this fall, to buy more 'short horns' and is coming to see us. Does not say what time he will come.

Dr. Cole Bondurant's daughter who has been so ill - was much better until one day last week, her hopeful husband was brought home drunk, and the excitement and distress has cost her a relapse which may yet cost her life. What a fearful thing this love of liquor must be, - deadening every noble instinct in those who give themselves up to it, until no thoughts of honor, gratitude, or feeling of shame can prevent them from making beasts of themselves. To be sure, she married him, knowing that he was a drunkard - and truly she has no right to complain, but this does not lessen the disgrace on his part. Wednesday Morning. It was so rainy yesterday evening that the wagon could not be gotten ready for town, - and unless it is all gotten ready the night before - it will be so late before they get off that they will be in the night getting home with the coal. I suppose it was just as well any way, - for the roads will be somewhat heavy to day, - and although it looks nearly clear out of cloud, since it cleared off in the night, and may rain again today - for it is still very warm. I have a strong notion of sending Lewis down with the seed - for I dread Mr Pearson's trips with the team. And then too, he went to town on his own account last Sunday. (the 10th inst.) He notified me at supper Saturday night that he was going down the next morning to meet a man to whom he had sent a message to that effect by Mr Maper. He did not ask for money - only opened his pocket book and said he would see if he had enough money to pay his toll and horse feed; - said he found fifty cents in it;

I handed him a dollar - and made no comments. Much to my regret, he found Phil at the store, and drew ten dollars more after he got to town. Truly I am glad the buggy is in town and the Spring wagon broken, - otherwise a trip to town would be a regular thing. If Phil had heard any thing of Mr Maper and the Sale of Princess, he did not mention it in his note to me by Mr Pearson. If she is not sold when the great seed is sent down, I think she ought to be brought home - and June bug also, for Phil had been on him but once when he was out here, - and there is no use in his eating his head off to no purpose, I shall write to Phil to that effect. It is useless to think of Phil's being out here any more frequently - or even as often as he has been; he is surely infatuated with town. He seemed to be in high hopes about the printing press, - and owing to the liberal time which they have to make the payments on it, he has no fears about its paying its way very easily, I do not know what guarantee they have from the Louisville & Nashville Road, - but he spoke of it as a settled thing that they would do the printing for it.

And now, having given you, as far as I know, an account of all that is going on, - I may wind up with what is by far the most important part of your letter of Aug 4th - which, as well as the one of July 31st - came by Saturday's mail. I allude of course to the tampering with the veins in that leg. I can hardly tell how anxious I feel while waiting to hear what the result of it is. I was so in hopes that you had abandoned the idea, at least until you get back home. But as it is done, I sincerely hope that Doctor Callee's opinion has proved correct about its incommoding you only a few days; but knowing as I do, how hard that leg is to heal, I cannot help having very grave apprehensions; and I repeat again that in

Forwarded

AUG
13
KY.



John S. Henshaw
Rawley ~~Hot Springs~~
~~Bath County~~
Virginia

says he has a splendid watermelon patch - over near the road, in that new ground, - and that they are pulling from forty to fifty every day. Next year he says he is going to put in two or three acres or perhaps more, and will have two acres ready for market by the 4th of July.

Friday evening. Phil came out yesterday evening: had the birds deadened this morning. After dinner the machine came, but as a shower of rain came up just as they got it set, they did not brook any. It rained a pretty good shower - and looks like it might give us a good rain tonight. Even if it rains no more, they say it will not do to thrush any more before tomorrow evening.

Phil went to see Mr Sam Snowden about oats today: I have only time to say that there will be difficulty about getting oats on reasonable terms. It is now nearly six o'clock; but Phil goes back to town tonight; and I close hurriedly to send my letter by him to be mailed in town. Will give details next time.

Your aff Sister

Elizabeth

all black turkey hen set, so to average herself, in one week after broke up her nest ^{the varmints found it and broke it up - and she has made another elsewhere -} she made another nest over in the mead in the bottom in the field where the orchard is. ^{See above} Of course, the gobblers and her turkey and the Spanish rooster followed her, and then the hen with my fourteen turkeys must needs do likewise. This is, follow the crowd, and not satisfied with this, she determined to roost out in that field, although the other turkeys and the Spanish rooster came up regularly. So, every evening, I had a regular tramp and hunt for the hen and little turkeys. Yesterday evening, I was unavoidably belated, and all my looking and calling and poking around among the rocks and meads, failed to find any signs of her. This morning she turned up with ^{two} turkeys: I was provoked enough with her to hang her, though to say the truth I hardly expected that ^{she} would escape. The hen that was sitting in the garden came off with seven turkeys - and I put the other eight eggs under a hen that is sitting, and she has hatched another, and still another egg is pipped; and as the eggs were put under her just as the old turkey hen laid them, for a week after she went to sitting, - it will be some days before they all hatch. It will be a great mess, - but if the varmints are going to eat them all, it does not make much odds. The "hen-figger" are set down in the henhouse that the hens took to laying in the coop in which Punch and Judy used to stay, and several wanted to go to sitting there, so I made some boxes (I made them myself) and put them in the coop, and I have three hens sitting on hen's eggs and one on those eight turkey eggs - and then I have Matilda's old copper kettle in the coop also for the hens to lay in, and it answers famously - and there is still room for another box or two. And I have fixed two barrels (without bottoms) near the coop, and the hens are laying in them, and I hope will go to sitting in a few days, as I am anxious to set a good many of your "Half Shanghai" eggs, and the

nests in the barrels will be famous, as they are on the ground, Punch roosts in the hen house now on the floor. He is a very stupid bird. The Spanish rooster (by the way, I have changed my mind, and his name is now "The Jay Coo") is progressing amazingly. He fights the whole brigade of turkeys - his mammy and all, and seems to enjoy the sport. He only skirmishes with the gobblers and the old hens, but he and the young turkey have regular pitched battles, which I suppose, if I was a boy, I would think amazingly funny. With his quick motions, it is scarcely the case that the old turkeys get a chance to hit him; but the young turkey contrives to get him by the comb, and shake him soundly. Still, he will not stay any where but with the turkeys by day or night. And he out-crowd any half dozen roosters you ever enjoyed listening to. Having devoted so much space to fowls, I must not neglect to add that Judy and her seven "full bloods" are still flourishing; and the youngsters begin to consider themselves "no big birds" - though they are not yet big enough to eat, and they will be four weeks old tomorrow. I believe there are six roosters, and only one hen among them, - though of course it is guess work yet. The one that I think is a hen, is a miniature edition of Judy - and is the funniest looking little concern I ever saw.

Mr Sam Snowden came over this morning: he had borrowed your big wagon and the hay frame three days ago, and was to send it back today, but he wanted it still for a day or two and he came over to let us know, and see if it was needed at home. He wants it to haul his oats that he and Simon and Old Anthony raised jointly. He says he never saw a finer crop of oats than they are. I pricked up my ears when he said this, and I had a long talk with him about oats. He says he was in Louis^{ville} yesterday, and saw ^{sheaf} oats selling at forty five cents per hundred ~~bushels~~ by weight - and glad to get that: cheaper than he ever saw

ing the scarcity of oats in the neighborhood - and of the very unusual price that oats were selling at in the neighborhood, even if they could be gotten at all. Mr Snowden replied that Bennett had tried hard to sell him the oats he raised on Will Lockie's place; but that he would not have bought them at any price, - as he is confident it would have required not less than three dozen bundles to yield a bushel of oats, - whereas, eighteen bundles of ordinary size are considered to be equivalent to a bushel. So, I am downright glad that Bennett's oats were sold before we applied; especially as Mr Snowden says there are plenty of oats in the neighborhood, - the owners of which much prefer selling them in the sheaf to having to thresh them; and he added that he would let me know in a few days, as he thought he could ascertain exactly about some that are for sale. Of course I accepted the offer very thankfully, and if Phil will only stay up a day or two, this question of oats can be all attended to. But for the hauling such a distance, Mr Snowden says he is confident they can be bought from wagons in town, cheaper than around here; as he never saw them such a drug in the market as they were yesterday. It is certainly a mystery why Bennett should have ridden down here to tell me such a 'canard' about oats, after his oats were all sold. Could he have started out to buy oats from other parties, and sell them to me at twenty five cents per dozen - because I knew no better? This is a black looking affair; - but I see no other explanation of his coming, and telling the yarn that he did. At any rate, - as little sense as I may be supposed to have, - I escaped that trap. When Mr Snowden was starting away he told me that if I would send over some time today, he would send me a basket of peaches and a water melon; - I sent Lewis over at dinner time, and he sent me a corn basket of very nice peaches, and two water melons and two nutmeg musk melons. If Phil comes this evening, they will be just in time. Mr Snowden