

Chapter 1 : Holdings : Tales of old Mr. Jefferson, of Gray's Inn | York University Libraries

*Tales of old Mr. Jefferson, of Gray's Inn Volume 2 [Mr. of Gray's Inn Jefferson, Mr. of Lyon's Inn Jefferson] on racedayv1.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. This is a reproduction of a book published before*

Boler hired his son-in-law, Norfleet Staton, to build a new two story house in The construction can be dated by a letter Norfleet Staton wrote to his father Ennis in North Carolina on August 10, A transcript of that letter was sent to me by the late Polly Staton Barrick, who was also in possession of the tools her g-grandfather used to build the house. Staton wrote, "I am bilding a house for my old father law 46 by 38, 2 story high. I think I will make or dollars by crismas father. Another long told local story indicates a wounded pay master spent the night in the inn. Before morning he died, having buried his payroll during the night. Treasure hunters have searched in vain for that long hidden payroll during the many years that have now passed. His Mother, Rachel, died in South Carolina between and That land had just been opened for settlement by the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek. During the midth century Abney Cemetery fell into a state of disrepair and, according to a Walton document at the Philadelphia Library, a number of graves collapsed and tombstones were destroyed. The dates placed on several of the replacement tombstones, including those of Wesley Boler, are incorrect. These incorrect dates have also been incorporated in the Newton County Cemetery book. During the latter part of the 20th century the house was no longer occupied and fell into a state of disrepair that threatened its very existence. Though fund raising continued successfully, a larger infusion of cash was needed to save the building. The Restoration Committee appealed to the State of Mississippi for assistance. The State responded with a restoration grant. Restoration work has not been completed, but shows remarkable progress. The need for contributions has not ended. Thank you Union, Mississippi. Those individuals interested in supporting this project may Print the Order Form. The picture published in the article was taken from an old postcard dated Mills reports as follows: Norfleet Staton bought the home from the Boler family and raised his family there. He was later shot and killed by a Mr. Stribling bought the home and he and his family lived there and used the South West room on the bottom floor as headquarters to publish "The Union Appeal" for many years. He also bought furs for Sears and Roebuck and other companies. Times were very hard then and many people trapped animals and sold the furs to Mr. He used the upstairs rooms to stretch and dry the skins. The home was sold to J. Then later Mark Herrington bought the house. It has been empty for several years and is in need of much repair and renovation. Surely you have heard the old stories of how Sherman slept there and that treasure was buried somewhere on the grounds, but do you know any of the rest of the stories? I have heard some nice ones. I would really like to hear your stories. Sid Stribling not only published The Union Appeal from the room on the left of the bottom floor of the old house, he also bought hides that he sold to furriers for a profit. I understand that it was quite an experience to walk into this place. I have been told that the odor of the printing press, the snuff dipping and the tobacco and fireplace smoke plus the smell of the hides of animals, to say the least, created an unforgettable atmosphere. Did you ever take hides there to sell? Were there some memorable tall tales told there? Did you know the ladies of the house? I have truly enjoyed the experience of reading the old Union Appeals that are on microfilm at the library at Union. The new microfilm reader is a dream to work with and I cannot wait to find more time to spend there. From forward to today, The Union Appeal is the most telling documents of the history of Union in the 20th century. They reflect more than the dry facts derived from other records. There is the life blood of the community and with diligence the family tree researcher may find references to an ancestor there. They lived there until about when my grandparents replaced them as occupants of the old inn and they F. Do you know who lived there after ? Did it go empty for long periods? Now my grandpa Bradley was quite a character! He was a jeweler by trade when he came to Union in A Union Appeal article states that in he had 20 years experience in the jewelry business. That meant that he started in the trade at age of This man of great intelligence had an extremely curious and inventive mind. He would buy a watch and take it apart just to see how it worked and carefully put every piece back exactly as he found it. This curiosity carrier over to his interest in automobiles. He owned the first automobile in Union. I have heard stories about that old house since I was old enough to listen. I would really love to hear more. She

knew of my interest in the old house and it really pleased her that there was a move on to restore the old building. She told me some really nice tales of her very young childhood there. Each time she saw me she asked, "Have they begun work on the Old Boler Inn yet? The answer is soon, Aunt Edna, soon. If you have a story, memory or picture of the Old Boler Inn that you would like to share with me please call. Early Boulware History My early efforts to research the Boler family proved futile. It appeared that a family by the name of Boler existed nowhere in the colonies. That theory proved to be quite correct. My research uncovered the fact that Wesley Boler was the first individual in the family to use the Boler spelling. Boulwares spent many generations living on and near the Rappahannock River in Virginia. They are reported to have left Virginia because of "fierce Indian attacks". They found fierce Tory attacks, instead, in South Carolina. The Rutherford family history indicates that Agatha shouldered a musket to help protect their plantation from Tories in their new South Carolina home. She was born between - in South Carolina, and died after Children of Wesley Boler and Eliza Walton are: He moved to Arkansas after the Civil War. He married 1 Martha Gordon in Mississippi. He married 2 Elizabeth S. Forrest after in Arkansas. She was born June 07, and died September 18, On the farm on Big Strawberry, he built a house, barns and outbuildings. He built and operated a cotton gin on the farm. He left Mississippi for Texas less than a month after his father died. She was born April in Mississippi. On attaining his majority he entered upon his business career, accepting a situation as overseer, where he had the management of hands. Subsequently he began farming which he followed until He began merchandising in Neshoba Co, MS. He left MS for Texas Dec. In October , he was joined by his son, Walter J. Boler had purchased acres of land on the Cowhouse Creek, near Indian Gap, in August , and moved to that place in December. Boler arrived in Pottsville, March 25, and established a store under the firm name of J. Boler and Company, business being carried on by this house until February 4, , when his son purchased the interest of I. Alvey, and the firm of J. Boler and Son was established. John Boler was a senior member of the firm of J. Boler History by Audrey Garms 3. She married James Alexander Johnston. He was born March in Mississippi. He married Mary Josephine Camber before She married James Gordon Lay.

**Chapter 2 : Texas Hauntings, ghosts, haunted places, ghost Stories & photos.**

*Myself that the following tales would be deemed worthy of any animadversions from the critics, I should anticipate that many parts would be objected to as extravagant; but I know of scarcely any passage that can be liable to this reproof, except those scenes which have really fallen within my own oh.*

Anchuca During the four years we have lived in Vicksburg, I have shared literally hundreds of pictures of our quaint historic town which sits high on the bluffs of the Mississippi River. And now, I would like to share a glimpse of yet another facet of our fair city – the Haunted Houses of Vicksburg. But first, a little background. The city of Vicksburg is perhaps the most historical city in the State of Mississippi, and the siege of the city during the War Between the States, is, without a doubt, one of the most memorable and significant battles of the War. As a result, Vicksburg is steeped in legends and lore – and yes, more than its fair share of "ghost stories," too. There are countless antebellum houses located in Vicksburg, most of which have their own tales of ghost sightings and unusual and unexplained occurrences. Some of these tales have been investigated and documented by paranormal investigators, including actual photographs of a few of the "entities" featured in the stories. Last week, I decided to visit some of the "haunted houses" of Vicksburg, in hopes of hearing some of the stories firsthand – from the current owners of the houses. My first stop was Anchuca, one of the most beautiful antebellum mansions in the city, which has been converted to a lovely bed and breakfast inn. I spent a very pleasant morning visiting with the gracious hosts and co-owners of Anchuca, Mr. Tom Pharr and Mr. Chris Brinkley, who have lived in the house for nine and a half years. Tom and Chris gave me "free rein" to tour the house at my leisure, and I truly loved every minute of my visit. The house is absolutely gorgeous, with its original architecture, exquisite period furnishings, and elegant chandeliers. Master Bedroom Library The chandeliers in the Entry Hall and Ladies Parlor have the original ceiling medallions with their acanthus leaf pattern, made of marble dust, horse hair, and molasses! Chandelier in Music Room The door on the upstairs balcony features the original stained glass sidelights and transom which were imported from Europe, and made in a process using pure gold and mercury. The door opens onto the outside balcony where Jefferson Davis spoke. I discovered this lovely room upstairs, along with the gorgeous little chandelier hanging in a hallway: Before I share the rest of my pictures and some of the fascinating stories Tom and Chris told me, I need to tell you a little about the history of Anchuca and introduce some of the "characters" who may still be rambling through its beautiful rooms today. Anchuca, a Choctaw Indian word meaning "happy home," is one of the most significant antebellum homes in Vicksburg, Mississippi. In 1818, Victor Wilson, a local coal and ice merchant added the columned front and the two-story dependency in back. Standing proud through the Siege of Vicksburg in 1863, the house was put into service providing shelter for those who had suffered severely through the War. Joseph Emory Davis, patriarchal brother to Confederate President Jefferson Davis, the owner of the magnificent Hurricane Plantation located in Warren County, Mississippi, and a great American pioneer in his own right, lived here until his death on September 18, 1863, at the age of 35. Jefferson Davis was reunited with his brother and father figure at the home in January 1864. The antebellum home is handsomely furnished with fine antiques and art representing the late 18th to the mid-19th. In 1864, between owners Mauldin and Wilson, another family moved into Anchuca and improved the mansion, making room for the large family of Richard Archer, a plantation owner described as being eccentric and stubborn, who wanted to move his family into town. He had five daughters who he strictly brought up, keeping a tight leash on them. Richard Archer rejected this match, forbade their love, and sent the young man away, seriously ruining his relationship with Archie. The entity of "Archie" Archer, dressed in a long brown dress has been seen since 1864, standing in either the Parlor or the Dining Room, close to the fire place. Her presence has been strongly felt on occasion in these rooms. She started appearing in 1864, when Jack Lavendar, his wife, and their teenage daughter moved into Anchuca. The Lavendar family and their butler had seen Archie, as well as others throughout the years. Perhaps she died before she could make up with her father? Perhaps she is still waiting for the boy she loved to come and get her? And now, here are a few of the stories Tom and Chris told me about their personal encounters with Archie and some of the other "unknown" entities sharing their home with them. The first story

took place in the elegant dining room. If you look carefully at the photos of the dining table shown below you can click on the images to enlarge them , you will notice that three of the four candlesticks on the table have glass bobeches to catch the wax drippings. It had been broken into two pieces, almost as if it had been cut in half. Tom showed me the broken pieces and it was eerie to speculate on how that could have happened. This is the fireplace in the dining room where Archie would stand and eat her meals. Her "spirit" has been seen standing there on several occasions. Archie also made her presence known in the Ladies Parlor. And speaking of lovely, just across the entry hall from the Ladies Parlor is this beautiful room: Chris shared an interesting occurrence witnessed by one of his friends while visiting Chris in his home, which is in the old slave quarters of Anchuca. It seems that three antique masks that were hanging on a wall all of a sudden just flew off the wall and landed across the room. Needless to say, that would have been quite unsettling. Chris, who confessed that he has been known to talk to the "spirits" on occasion, said he told them to "leave his masks alone," and they have remained firmly anchored on the wall ever since. One of the most interesting and humorous stories Tom shared with me is that of a close encounter one of his friends had with one of the spirits probably Archie. Georgia walked through the house calling him, but still, no Snickers in sight and not a sound to be heard. Upon entering the dining room, Georgia saw Snickers sitting at the foot of these stairs, frozen in place and trembling, looking up at the balcony area Georgia started talking to Snickers but he remained frozen in place, trembling, and totally ignored her. She glanced up the stairs and she, too, had the same reaction as Snickers, for at the top of the stairs was the apparition of a woman "hovering" on the balcony. Tom told me that Georgia made a hasty retreat and told Snickers that "he was on his own! Both of the above occurrences happened during the day, but there have been nighttime appearances, as well. Chris shared the following late-night story with me: Around midnight one evening, he came down to the kitchen from his home in the old slave quarters, to get some ice cream, and was on his way back up the stairs when he saw a light up on the balcony. The light seemed to pass through the upstairs bedroom door on the left in the picture below out onto the balcony. At first, he thought it was car lights coming through the stained glass sidelights and transom, but then it dawned on him that the light had stopped IN FRONT of the door and was not coming through the windows. As he stood transfixed, he could make out the form of a woman with long hair in a long flowing dress, hovering in front of the door. After recovering from the shock, Chris beat a hasty retreat to his room, circumventing the stairs, and immediately locked and bolted the door. Tom also shared a couple of encounters staff members have experienced, and introduced me to Annie, who told me about the day she heard water running upstairs and thought it was Tom in the shower. The water continued to run for a good while, and then Annie was surprised to see Tom walk into the house. She told him she had heard water running upstairs and thought he was in the shower, and he said he had just returned from being out for a while. Soonafter, Tom discovered signs of a water leak in the dining room, and upon searching the attic for the source, discovered several portraits, dating from the s. The source of the leak was never found, and it has not leaked since they cleaned and hung the portraits in the entrance hall. Annie also told me about another occasion when she tried to open a door into the laundry room which would not budge, no matter how hard she pushed against it. Then, a few minutes later she returned to try it again and it opened easily. My favorite story involves the exquisite brass chandelier in the dining room. The fixture was originally a gaslight, but was converted to electricity several years ago. It seems that at certain times of the year when the sun is reflected from cars in the parking lot below the dining room, the reflection casts a perfect silhouette of the chandelier on the wall of the stairwell opposite the window. Now, that is a picture I would love to capture! It seems that Anchuca has several entities who mean no harm, but for some reason, have issues that keep them restlessly wandering the rooms of the beautiful old mansion, which they at one time called home. I loved hearing their stories and experiencing for myself a trip back in time and a glimpse of the life they lived. If you are planning a trip to Vicksburg, I highly recommend a stay at Anchuca, where you will experience true southern hospitality at its finest. Cafe Anchuca serves the public Wednesday through Sunday Brunch, and they are currently giving complementary house tours to their dining guests. In case you are wondering, I did not receive compensation for writing this post. When I am impressed with something " be it a person, place, or thing " I enjoy sharing it with others. A visit to Cedar Grove Mansion at 6:

**Chapter 3 : A Ghost Hunter's Guide to Haunted Places in Grays Harbor**

*Notes. pages do not appear in book, do not appear to have been bound; text clearly missing.*

The restoration is focused on the image of the old stagecoach relay station during early settlement of Newton County in the s through the turn of the century. In fact, much of the town of Union lies within the boundary of the property that was patented to Wesley Boler. Numerous live streams flow through the area. They are the headwaters of Chunky Creek that flows into the Chunky River. The Choctaw Indians had called this place Chanki. Evidence that Indians inhabited the land was found underneath the rear portion of the Inn that was removed for restoration. Talahalla Quartzite flakes were found at the lowest levels of the archeological test digs. The former Indian lands were surveyed in The old wagon road that eventually became known as the Montgomery to Jackson Road was evident in the surveys of the land. Boler Inn is situated alongside this old roadway. It would become a Post Road and a major road west during those early days of Americas westward movement. Shermans overnight stay there is Boler Inns most notable contribution to U. The county of Neshoba was formed in with its county seat located just a short distance to the east of Wesley Bolers land. Three years later Neshoba County was split in two and the lower half became Newton County. The upper half remained Neshoba County with the county seat in Philadelphia. Decatur became the county seat of Newton County. It was a major east-west route over which many people traveled to many destinations west. Settlers from the east were moving west and some decided to stay and settle in this area. It is believed that Wesley Boler built the house as a relay station for the stage and post road. The Inn is described as an I-House. This was a style in which local building materials and construction techniques were utilized. The I-House had two stories with two rooms wide and one room deep. English settlers brought this popular house style to America and Americans added the porches. A compilation of the W. Boler, son of the wealthy landowner, Wesley Boler. This statement may be in error. Boler was born about according to one genealogical workup for a branch of the Boler family. Also, the census shows year-old Henry Boler in the Wesley Bolers household. This census record would make Henry Clay Bolers birth date about Would Wesley Boler have built a house for a son who was not yet born? Norfleet Staton was married to Wesley Bolers daughter, Elizabeth. Norfleet wrote a letter dated August 10, to his father in North Carolina in which he describes a house he is building for his father-in-law. The dimensions he gives fit exactly with the Boler Inn dimensions. It would appear reasonable that Norfleet Staton was describing the Boler Inn. Sherman burned the Decatur courthouse on his march to Meridian and few land records survived. There is no solid proof that the house was built in However, it seems reasonable to conclude that the house Norfleet Staton describes is the Boler Inn. There is a Staton family genealogical report that also contains an interesting story as follows: General Sherman spent the night in this home while Norfleet was in the Confederate Army; and would not permit it to be burned because he thought Norfleet was in the Northern Army, and had named the town Union in honor of the USA, but it was Union County where he was born. General Sherman did spend the night of February 24, in Union in Bolers Inn and local legends abound that he did not burn Union because of the towns name. Shermans army had marched 21 miles on that day. The next morning they were up at sunrise to continue their journey toward Canton. After the Civil War, Steven D. Daniels bought and operated the stagecoach inn and tavern. It is unclear that the Inn was used as a tavern prior to Steven Daniels ownership. Manuscripts relate how Steve Daniels life was cut short when he and John Mobley exchanged gunfire underneath a post oak tree in Old Union. Later, after a hearty meal, Mobley walked outside and fell dead near the site where he had shot and killed Steve Daniels. Steve Daniels is buried at Mt. Zion Cemetery, just south of Union. His tombstone shows he died February 6, This is the same S. Daniels who had owned a store in Pinckney at one time. The Boler Inn was later sold to a man named Wells. As is the case with many old homes there are tales of hidden treasure. Similar stories are told about Shermans payroll and another about suspected members of the Murrell gang of robbers. Both stories relate to an injured, dying man who somehow manages to go out after dark and hide the treasure. Later he returned and died before telling anyone where the treasure was put. Many people have tried to locate the treasures but none has ever been reported found. That is not to say it was never found. Sidney

Stribling rented the Boler Inn in Sidney Stribling became the Union Appeals Editor. This was a risky venture since Thomas Keith and later Barney Johnson had each previously tried a newspaper in Union with no success. It is fortunate for Union that the Striblings were successful. Numerous descriptive news items were printed in which the Boler Inn and Unions history is documented such as: Dates when Union public works were installed such as electricity, public water system, paved streets and sidewalks. New construction was always treated with special flair. The various fires that destroyed buildings in town were described in detail. Special Editions with biographical sketches of the businessmen of the town. When the newspaper was moved out of the Boler Inn. Special edition at Unions th birthday in Good Roads campaign to help to bring better roads to the area. Endless colorful descriptions of everyday life in Union. Through the years, the Union Appeal, now owned by Jack R. Tannehill, has become a vital source of information about the Bolers Inn and the Town of Union. In addition to running the newspaper, Mr. Stribling bought fur pelts that he sold to Sears Roebuck. It has been said that these pelts were often seen drying on the 2nd floor porch of the house. The west room of the lower floor was the newspaper office where men often came to talk and kill time. Many dipped snuff and spat into the fireplace and hearth. To say the least, the place must have been messy and likely had a bad smell. This does not conjure up a pleasant picture of a lovely antebellum home as described in some of the Boler family genealogical workups. One must remember that the house was considered a very nice house when built in the s. By the early s the house was becoming old and probably in great need of repairs. In the newspaper was moved into the business section of the town and the F. Bradley family moved into the Boler Inn as its new tenant. This son of an evangelist, F. Bradley came to the bustling town Union in as a jeweler. He built radios and patented the system that required only one dial to tune in to a radio station. This was a great improvement over the earlier three dial systems. He obtained numerous other patents including a zigzag attachment for a sewing machine and soft nose pads for eyeglasses. He was the third person in Mississippi to receive an Optometrist license. He was the first car owner in Union and his little red Maxwell created quite a stir when his wife drove through town with her five girls. His daughter, Helen, told of holding the lantern for him inside the dogtrot of the old Boler Inn while he took the car apart and put it together again just to find out how everything worked. After all, there were no automobile mechanics and he needed to learn how to do his own repairs. Later, the Stribling family purchased the Inn and remodeled it. An article by the W. The last resident of Bolers Inn was Mrs. After her death, Mr. Mark Herrington purchased the house from the Blalock family.

Chapter 4 : Bad Boys | VIRGINIA Magazine

*Traditionary Stories of Old Families, and Legendary Illustrations of Family History With Notes, Historical and Biographical by Andrew Picken Vol. 2 of 2 The Red-Hot Dollar and Other Stories From the Black Cat by Herman Daniel Umbstaetter.*

Haunting in San Antonio I am seeking your help in locating information. As a former long-time resident of San Antonio, I am familiar with many of the local legends about ghosts and the like. I know all about the "haunted" train tracks, and the optical illusion responsible for the phenomenon, I remember tales of Midget Mansion actually hiked up that way a time or two , and I have heard fascinating, and rather scary, stories of the ghostly activities in the old Hertzberg Circus Museum. More specifically, I have heard tales of what occurred in the basement, used at least at the time by the library for storage. The mother of a personal friend of my brother actually worked in that basement, and had her own stories to tell. I did visit the museum there once, and only once, and was rather uncomfortable, for lack of a better word, the entire time. I am hoping that you might have some information on this "haunting". He no longer is alive I have not heard anything of it since.. Could have been "Unsolved Mysteries" If you go to the old Library And write a story that needs to be told. One time we heard a story that there was a chapel that was haunted. Now this place is located about three miles south of Mission in a town called Madero. One night my wife, a couple of friends from Houston and I decided to go and see if this was true. It was around 11 p. The gates were closed and it look like it has been abandoned for a while. The first thing we saw was a man standing in the balcony with his arms wide open. We all got scared and quickly started to drive off. Suddenly a very big noise came about and we saw a light flashing in our windshield. We really had never believed in ghosts, but this was something very special. A friend of mine once told me that her car was actually attacked and dented by an unseen force when she was in Saratoga. On a double-date, I was taken out there late at night, but nothing occurred. I would like to know more of the story legend , whether it be true or not.

**Chapter 5 : The Slaves' Story | Jefferson's Blood | FRONTLINE | PBS**

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Owner of the Union Hotel, the establishment that replaced the village inn. Old woman Woman who identifies Van Winkle when he returns to the village after his sleep. As he said, he felt like a man waking from a long sleep. Irving asked his brother Ebenezer to assist with publication in the United States. As Irving wrote, "I shall feel very anxious to hear of the success of this first re-appearance on the literary stage" Should it be successful, I trust I shall be able henceforth to keep up an occasional fire. Van Winkle, and sold at a somewhat expensive 75 cents. Themes and literary forerunners[ edit ] This section relies too much on references to primary sources. Please improve this section by adding secondary or tertiary sources. April Learn how and when to remove this template message This section gives self-sourcing examples without describing their significance in the context of the article. Unsourced or poorly sourced material may be challenged or removed. April Learn how and when to remove this template message In the tenth chapter of his book *Lives and Opinions of Eminent Philosophers*, the third-century AD Greek historian Diogenes Laertius relates the story of the legendary sage Epimenides of Knossos, who was said to have been a shepherd on the island of Krete. He went home, only to discover that the people there did not know him. Finally, he encountered his younger brother, who had become an old man, and learned that he had been asleep in the cave for fifty-seven years. They fell into a miraculous sleep and woke some years later during the reign of Theodosius II, to discover that the city and the whole Empire had become Christian. It tells of a goatherd named Peter Klaus who goes looking for a lost goat. He finds some men drinking in the woods and, after drinking some of their wine, he falls asleep. When he wakes back up, twenty years have passed. They advance him to a time in life where he is free of his nagging wife and is now old enough for it be respectable for him to take it easy and play with children, working when he wants to instead of when he has to, supported by his loving, grown children. On a personal level, the awakened Van Winkle has gained another form of "independence": A drunken fiddler on his way home hears music from the mound. He finds a way in and finds the trowes trolls having a party. He stays and plays for two hours, then makes his way home to Stenness, where he discovers 50 years have passed. Oisín falls in love with the beautiful Niamh and leaves with her on her snow white horse, bound for Tir Na nOg "the land of the ever-young. Missing his family and friends, he asks to pay them a visit. Niamh lends him her horse, warning him never to dismount, and he travels back to Ireland. But years have passed; his family and fellow warriors are all dead. Before the watching eyes of the men, he becomes a very, very old man. Author Joe Gioia suggests the basic plot strongly resembles, and may have originated with, an upstate New York Seneca legend of a young squirrel hunter who encounters the mystic "Little People", and after a night with them returns to his village to find it overgrown by forest and everyone gone: After this exchange, Honi falls asleep on the ground, is miraculously covered by a rock, and remains out of sight for 70 years. When he awakens, he finds a fully mature tree and learns he has a grandson. When nobody believes that he is Honi, he prays to God, and God takes him from this world.

**Chapter 6 : Haunted Places in Jefferson, Wisconsin**

*Title: Tales of old Mr. Jefferson, of Gray's Inn [electronic resource] / collected by young Mr. Jefferson of Lyon's Inn. Main Author: Jefferson, Mr., of Gray's Inn.*

Her eyesight was failing, and the demands of operating her farm and caring for her aging parents limited the amount of time and attention she could allocate to the production of books. She thought her editors too cautious and too concerned about offending the public, and knew she was capable of creating more complex characters and plots. To she offered her fans two villainous characters – Mr. Tod and Tommy Brock, a fox and a badger. To and the book to follow in , *The Tale of Pigling Bland* , were her last completely original works. Pen and ink sketches outnumber the watercolors. To in November , though Potter had written the tale some time in the past. It is probably Saxon , it was the word in ordinary use in Scotland a few years ago, probably is still amongst the country people. In the same way "brock" or "gray" is the country name for a badger. I should call them "brocks" – both names are used in Westmoreland. The tale is about undesirable elements of society. I will make a book about two disagreeable people, called Tommy Brock and Mr. In April , she managed to get away from London for Hill Top to execute background drawings for the tale. By July, most of the colour blocks were finished, but Potter was concerned about the anatomy of the fox, and checked photographs and reference books in the Natural History Museum in an attempt to distinguish the true English red fox *Vulpes vulpes* from other species. The book was finished by the end of July when she left for holiday at Lake Windemere. To as the first in a new series of tales in slightly larger formats with elaborate bindings to accommodate wider spines. She did not want to become involved in a new series; her eyesight was failing, and she had grown weary of writing. She complained of having difficulty in producing "fresh short stories", and believed children preferred little change in the books. Eventually, the larger format and new designation were dropped, and the ordinary binding adopted for reprints. Bouncer, the father of Benjamin Bunny. Tommy puts the bunnies in his sack and slips out. When the parents return, Benjamin sets off in pursuit of the thief. Benjamin finds and brings his cousin Peter Rabbit into the rescue venture, and the two discover Tommy has invaded one of Mr. Tod, a fox, has multiple homes but keeps moving. Often Tommy lodges in his homes. Peeping through the bedroom window, the rabbits see Tommy asleep in Mr. They realise the bunnies are alive, but shut in the oven. They try to dig a tunnel into the house but hide when Mr. Tod suddenly arrives in a very bad temper, which has caused him to move house. He decides to play a trick upon him involving a pail of water balanced on the overhead tester of the bed. Brock however is awake, escapes the trick, and makes tea for himself in the kitchen. To thinks the bucket has killed Tommy and decides to bury him in the tunnel the rabbits have dug, thinking Tommy dug it. To discovers Tommy in the Kitchen and has tea thrown over him, a violent fight erupts that continues outdoors. The two roll away down the hill still fighting. Benjamin and Peter quickly gather the bunnies, and return home in triumph. To *The Tale of Mr. To* is longer than the typical Potter tale with 16 colour illustrations and a series of 42 black and white drawings, one illustration per page. The interior of Mr. In the frontispiece , Mr. To stands on a stone flag floor against a timber wall of muntin and plank construction interlocking thick and thin vertical panels covered with a sage-green limewash. A tea caddy, a silver salt, and blue and white willow china decorate his kitchen. The beehive-shaped brick oven was drawn from the one at the Sun Inn in Hawkshead and serves as a place for Brock to hide the bunnies. Potter believed a black frame pulled a picture together and sent back the distance. Potter made the kitchen dim to eliminate some detail of the battle between To and Brock. The lightness of the pastels and the overall green tones of the colour illustrations contrast with the heavy lines of the black and white pictures and the blocks of print, and this contrast produces a sense of fading because of antiquity yet suggest permanence, "as the greenness of nature is permanent and recurring in the cycle of seasons. To had a strong following among boys, due perhaps to the lengthy fight at the end of the book accompanied by "dreadful bad language". Six-year-old Harold Botcherby wrote to Potter asking if the fight between To and Brock was still raging. Potter replied; describing the end of the battle and the injuries to the combatants: To has been living in the willow till he was flooded out; at present he is in the stick house with a bad cold in his head. As for the end of

the fight â€” Mr. So for a long time he went about with one of his feet bundled up in dirty rags, like an old beggar man. Then he found the boot in the quarry. There was a beetle in the boot and several slugs. Tommy Brock ate them. He is a nasty person. He will go on living in Mr. Potter enjoyed continuing the lives of her characters through these letters and responded: It is sad to have caused such disappointment! I am not sure how many of a family there are â€” lots! I believe Tommy Brock is very grumpy with the grown-up ones, and makes them clear off into the woods; and, as you know, he is not often at home himself. Tod has been across lately, I smelt him myself; but he had removed before the hounds came. Tod was sketched out long before its publication, and is a forbidding tale with relief only in the landscape illustrations. Foxes and badgers are not necessarily mutual enemies in nature. Badgers do not normally invade the homes of foxes, and are not typically dirty. Badgers do sometimes eat bunnies, not from a predilection for bunnies but simply because they are omnivorous. The inconsistencies are few and employed to create individual characters rather than evoke an archetypical fox and badger. There, both rabbits and foxes contend, but unlike the fox in Uncle Remus, the Potter fox is not particularly wily and the rabbits win, not by outsmarting the fox, but only because they enjoy a stroke of luck. The badger is not a typical animal in Uncle Remus, but in Potter he is the clever one. The finale reunites the rabbits, but the wily animals win nothing. Tod and the Uncle Remus stories are only similar in depicting the powerless triumphing over the powerful. British screenwriter Mark Huckerby voiced Mr.

**Chapter 7 : Tales of old Mr. Jefferson, of Gray's Inn / - CORE**

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All the while he was writing Bleak House, he was a member of the Middle Temple. The first record of his resolution to be called to the bar dates from Dickens, Letters 1: The law, it follows, cannot have been entirely repugnant to him. We can indeed say -- without the least flicker of irony -- that some of his best friends were lawyers, from Serjeant Talfourd to whom Pickwick Papers is dedicated, to Frederic Ouvry who drew up his will. Dickens knew lawyers were not always benign. Deficiencies in the law and abuse of the law aroused his indignation. But they aroused the indignation of many a lawyer too, and it was with those whom Dickens stood. Talfourd was a barrister, a judge and a writer. He was more than that, though: Unsurprisingly, Dickens applauded his campaign for a new copyright law to make the profession of writer more secure dedication of Pickwick Papers. He became a friend of Henry Brougham later Lord Brougham , Lord Chancellor from to , a promoter of royal commissions on the law when out of office. By Brougham could boast that, of the 62 defects in the law he had enumerated in an speech, 56 had been remedied ODNB. A coherent account, however, is something hopefully to be attempted. More than once, he exploited the surprise visitors can receive, when stepping into the precincts of a legal Inn from the street. The deep gateway and terraces of chambers on the street side of the square effectively baffle the bustle of the lane: And there really was a churchyard, outside under some cloisters, for I saw the gravestones from the staircase window. It is one of those nooks the turning into to which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears and velvet on the soles of his boots. Moreover, it is one of those nooks which are legal nooks; and it contains a little hall, with a little lantern in its roof: We cannot be certain, of course, that Dickens knew every one of these details, but it is clear he knew a great deal about the topography and history of the Inns. This alone is worth documenting and explaining. Exact knowledge about these institutions is scarcely common among students of literature today. The Inns of Chancery no longer exist as such, and most of their buildings have been either radically remodelled, or have vanished. A centre of legal activity was thus created, around which a legal profession could grow. In the clergy were prohibited from practising in secular courts, in from teaching Common Law. The stage was set for the growth of a secular profession, dissociated from the Church, and from the clerically-dominated universities then taking shape. Turning from the canon-law experts they had once followed, students of the law now began to seek the help of lay teachers, who set up hostels for the purpose, governed by benchers, equivalent to fellows in university colleges Pearce ch. Two distinct societies took shape on the site: Although religious, by the fourteenth century they were scarcely monastic. They nurtured not only valiant and pious soldiers, but also men of affairs involved in international politics and diplomacy -- perhaps the undoing of the Templars. The headquarters they shaped reflected their status. Like several of the royal palaces and London homes of the mighty, it was by the Thames, open and airy towards the south, accessible to river transport on that side, to the main thoroughfare between the City and Westminster on the opposite side. On the site, they had erected good-quality buildings, well spaced out, on the mediaeval collegiate model. Site and fabric suited the lawyers entirely. Community needs were all met within an enclosed space surrounded by walls later augmented by railings. Hall, chapel and library were for all members. Private accommodation was arranged in squares and courts of terraced houses, each one organized internally around the vertical axis of a staircase. This must all have been particularly gratifying for lawyers mindful of rivalry with Oxford and Cambridge Pearce chs 8 and 9. It acquired the fee simple in , and over the years added additional parcels of land to the original site Pearce ch. It acquired the freehold around the middle of the sixteenth century Pearce ch. Some of the most ancient, it has been suggested, may have originated as the hostels out of which lawyers issued to colonise the Temple, but none emerges into the historical record before the fourteenth century. Most of them were subordinate, at some time during their history, to one or other of the Inns of Court. From an early stage, they functioned as law schools. But from the seventeenth century, when

the Inns of Court started to exclude from membership all but barristers and trainee barristers, the Inns of Chancery began to turn into societies for attorneys and solicitors. Abandoning their educational role bit by bit, they became residences, offices and dining clubs. By the end of the nineteenth century all had ceased to exist as societies. Dissolved in , it was redeveloped as apartments but it retained the name and, in the public mind at any rate, an association with the law until the site was redeveloped again, in , as the headquarters of the Prudential Assurance Company. Staple Inn opposite, on the south side, was founded in the fifteenth century, and continued to function as a society until Its last did so in John Thavie, who died in , had a property on the site, in which students of the law lived. It had become an Inn of Chancery by , and was dissolved in Its buildings were burned down in , and replaced by terraces of houses, which were in turn destroyed during the Second World War, to be replaced by an office complex. Coke and Selden were among its students, and it continued to teach until the middle of the nineteenth century. Its buildings were demolished early in the last century. New Inn, just off the Strand and subordinate to the Inner Temple since the fifteenth century, was swept away by the development of Kingsway and Aldwych in the early twentieth century Herbert and Dugdale pt. In all of the Inns, new and replacement buildings have repeatedly been erected. The cost has frequently been borne by those proposing to occupy them, in return for long leases on favourable terms. Unless it was stipulated leases be assigned to lawyers only, lessees could sub-let to whomever they chose. From the seventeenth century, bachelor chambers in the Inns became desirable dwellings for the fashionable, so there were plenty of wealthy non-legal takers, who eventually swamped the Inns of Chancery. The Inns of Court, however, survived this dilution Ruda Ever aware of fashion, Dickens liked to accommodate characters unconnected with the law in the Inns. Mr Chester in Barnaby Rudge lives in the Temple. It was a proportionate response to his era. The early nineteenth century saw the beginning of an exponential growth in legal business, which marked changes in society beyond the scope of this essay to discuss. The Post Office Annual Directory for London lists a total of 65 barristers, solicitors and attorneys, the Directory lists The law was a booming profession. What went on in the Inns was becoming more pertinent to national life. Nor was it just his protracted association with the Middle Temple that was responsible. Early experiences had familiarised him with the Inns of Court and Chancery, and he had evidently made himself aware of their history. Inevitably, as a very junior clerk, he was sent on errands to other chambers. Whatever might be said about this early employment, it did not put Dickens off the Inns. In November , as a young journalist aged 22, he wrote to the Steward of New Inn, asking whether he was eligible to rent chambers there, to live in: His appreciation of them was historical, as well as topographical. By evoking their history he was able, from time to time, to inject intensity into his fiction. And there is something else. The Inns tantalised Dickens, thanks to memorable episodes in his life. Our understanding of certain powerful moments in the novels, featuring the Inns, can be underpinned by an account of this, and we can learn something of what it was that drew him back to them, again and again. Dickens knew what a pcpice book was, and a declaration, and a warrant of attorney. He knew that as recently as Tudor and Stuart times they had been seats of intensive education, with students in residence Thornbury 3: Students found lodgings elsewhere, and it was not until the Council of Legal Education was established in that teaching was revived in the Inns of Court Walker Even during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they were used as finishing schools for sons of the gentry and aristocracy, by no means all destined for legal careers Walker Matters had scarcely improved more than a century later. American parents, during the decades preceding the Declaration of Independence, complained that sons sent to study at the Inns of Court in London were wont to cast law books aside and succumb to dissipation Flavell passim. Martin Chuzzlewit reveals his knowledge of the sort of legends that had accrued around the circular church in the Temple, consecrated in , and dotted with tombs of Templar knights. He bestows it upon Tom Pinch, as he walks to work through the Temple: Every echo of his footsteps sounded to him like a sound from the old walls and pavements, wanting language to relate the histories of the dim, dismal rooms; to tell him what lost documents were decaying in forgotten corners of shut-up cellars, The growth of the legal profession was inevitably reflected by growth in the number of clerks. Openings were eagerly sought in a profession which could deliver upward social mobility. Some clerks, even from humble backgrounds -- like Mr Guppy in Bleak House -- could hope to qualify as lawyers themselves. Others -- like Mr Wemmick in Great

Expectations -- grew prosperous without further qualifications. Contemporaries recognised the species, and the sartorial style by which they strove, not always successfully, to establish their status. Dickens rejoiced in delineating the variety of clerks, their manners, their esprit de corps. Joyous recognition, and even affection are what the reader detects. This emphasis he places on shabby gentility, never quite overcome, reflects an equivalent emphasis, just as problematic, on gloom, dirt and decrepitude in the Inns themselves -- an emphasis which has persuaded those inattentive to complexity that his representation of them expresses an underlying hostility to the law. Can anything be more dreary than its arid square Sahara Desert of the law, with the ugly old tiled-top tenements, the dirty windows, the bills To Let, To Let, the doorposts inscribed like gravestones? Nor, forgetting the rhetoric, should we too easily dismiss the supposition that they are reportage. From time to time he makes it a foil to something much more appealing. The setting is in fact next door to number one Holborn Court, where the teenage Dickens had worked as a clerk. Both houses were built in 1760. When Dickens was working there they were just 68 years old.

**Chapter 8 : The Tale of Mr. Tod - Wikipedia**

*Tales of old Mr. Jefferson, of Gray's Inn / By of Gray's Inn. Mr. Jefferson and of Lyon's Inn. Mr. Jefferson. Abstract.*

Unlike other schools, the University of Virginia was free of religious control and offered an elective system allowing students to choose what to learn. Students too were to govern themselves. However, crimesâ€”venial and mortalâ€”marked the beginnings of the University. Student pranksters set fire to tar barrels on the Lawn, "smoked" students and professors from their rooms and occasionally whipped their horses into a lather racing down the Lawn, with the winner taking the pot. Here are some of the most memorable momentsâ€”some violent, some comedic, some sublimeâ€”that marked the painful birth of the University of Virginia. Bringing Jefferson to Tears Some students came to the University to learn, but many came to lark and laze. These students of the first two decades, often the spoiled, self-indulgent scions of Southern plantation owners or prosperous merchants, led a life of dissipation. With a sense of honor easily bruised, the wrong word, the wrong look could easily lead to a scuffle, if not a duel. The students brandished guns freely, sometimes shooting in the air, sometimes at each other. They drank, gambled, rioted and vandalized property even taking a hatchet to the front doors of the Rotunda. The students were hostile. His professors were threatening to quit. Jefferson endured many difficult events in his lifeâ€”his wife died young, four of his six children died before adulthood and he was castigated and slandered by critics throughout his political careerâ€”yet he called this moment on Oct. UVA from the East, Jefferson, enfeebled at age 82, his flaming red hair now gray, stood in the freshly plastered oval room to address the student body, hoping to somehow speak the words that would rescue his school from their riotous behavior. But so wounded was the former president by their betrayal of his faith in themâ€”he had trusted all in his belief that gentlemen did not need to be forced to do the right thingâ€”he could not speak. He choked on his own feelings. Margaret Bayard Smith, a visitor to Charlottesville, would later summarize student accounts of the dramatic moment this way: William and Mary students rioted in after professors punished two fellow classmates for dueling. That same year, Princeton students rioted after three classmates were suspended. Davis The University of Virginia endured at least six riots in its earliest days. During one riot, a professor was murderedâ€”one of the worst crimes committed at the University in its long history. It happened this way: One of the new traditions at UVA was the celebration of the military company riot, which the students had interpreted as a victory over professorial authority. Every November the students fired their pistols, set off firecrackers, lit fires and in general spent the night caterwauling. But on this autumn night in , the disturbance was too much for John A. He stepped out, as he no doubt had many times in the past, to put a halt to the hullabaloo, caused predominantly by two masked students parading around the Lawn firing blank cartridges. Davis jumped for him and reached to unmask the student. Students soon flocked to the pavilion as word spread that a professor had been shot. On November 14, a Saturday, he succumbed to his wounds at sundown. And so began the search for the student who murdered the professor. This time, the students joined in the hunt for one of their own. Where previous acts of violence had always ended with students closing ranks, this timeâ€”for the first timeâ€”they sided with University authorities and recognized that there were limits to their insubordinate behavior. They held a meeting the following morning to express their "indignation and abhorrence. Expecting a violent confrontation, two students found Semmes hiding in a pine grove and turned him over to the authorities. He offered no resistance. Soon afterward, he committed suicide. The murder would meld with a confluence of eventsâ€”a rise in religious fervor and a growing temperance movementâ€”to tame student behavior. That change in behavior, coupled with smarter leadership, saved UVA. A scrap of dialogue between Professor George Long and Jefferson survived for posterity. A mere 24 years old when classes began, Long astonished Jefferson with his youth on his first visit to Monticello, according to a letter Long wrote to a friend. Charles Ellis, who enrolled at the University in , kept a diary for three months before tiring of it. In it, he comes across as a typical college student, bemoaning his poor study habits, trying to placate an angry father who is paying his way, given to drink and smoke and slow to rise on school days. In his short, day diary, he finds space to mention the names of more than three dozen womenâ€”many of whom he tried unsuccessfully to woo. He would die a bachelor.

Complaints about school food, just like today, moved him to complain to his diary—especially about one new-fangled ingredient. Ellis, who dined at Mrs. Here are two of them: John Patton Emmet cultivated a strange taste in pets, however. Emmet, who was not quite 29 years old when the school opened its doors in , kept a menagerie of wild animals in his pavilion. He was a perfect bachelor who populated his house with snakes, a white owl and a tame bear who roamed freely through the house and garden. According to legend, he banished the snakes, booted the owl into the night and had the bear put on the dinner plate. The son of a renowned mathematician, he was morbidly shy and at least once leapt a fence and trudged through mud just to avoid talking to passing students. Poe decorated the walls of his tiny Range room with highly ornate figures drawn in charcoal on the white plaster walls. An engraving of the University by W. Goodacre Engraving courtesy of UVA Special Collections Library Ellis wrote in his diary, with a bit of purple prose and a touch of humor, about the sublime loveliness of a moonlit evening in the Academical Village: We regret the error.

**Chapter 9 : Electrical Machine Design - Alexander Gray Sir - HÃftad () | Bokus**

*Buy Tales of old Mr. Jefferson, of Gray's Inn by Mr. of Gray's Inn Jefferson, Mr. of Lyon's Inn Jefferson (ISBN: ) from Amazon's Book Store. Everyday low prices and free delivery on eligible orders.*

The spirit of a lady dressed in white and the ghost of a young child haunt the rooms in the Polson Museum. Cities and towns are filled with weathered homes and buildings nearly a century old that could easily serve as the backdrop of a spooky paranormal-themed movie. Photo courtesy of Rachel Thomson. Gohl was an infamous serial killer who lived in Aberdeen in the early s. Gohl was a sailor and laborer who came to Grays Harbor around Sailors from every port of call would stop at his office to collect mail, deposit valuables or connect with friends. After a while, Gohl began stealing from the sailors. After swiping the valuables belonging to his fellow sailors, he would then shoot, poison, strangle or bludgeon his victims and dump the bodies down a trap door that led to the Wishkah River. There have also been accounts of numerous apparitions. Aberdeen, WA A fire burned the lodge down in A bigger resort, which still stands today, was built two years later. Guests and employees of the lodge have reported having encounters with Beverly, the ghost who allegedly haunts the lodge. According to an account in the book *Weird Washington*: A fire burned the lodge down in According to the book, Beverly was scheduled to work the day of the fire. She was apparently feeling sick that day, but decided to work anyway. She fell asleep at her post and later perished in the fire. Beverly allegedly had been rooming at the suite above the boat house. The suite, which is now named after her, has been the site of many paranormal encounters. According to Roger Blain, director of Activities and Interpretation at the lodge, guests have reported witnessing the apparition of a woman in the room. Some have reported their keys or cell phone being moved. Others have reported hearing a woman singing. Once a guest reported seeing a mysterious orb of light floating in the air. Beverly sightings are not confined to the suite above the boat house. The book also recounts tales of kitchen staff seeing glasses fall off shelves in the dining room or being shattered on tables when no one is around.