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JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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"No man is fit to be entrusted with the control of the present who is ignorant of the past, and no people who are indifferent to their past need hope to make their future great."

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JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Organized May 21, 1927
Post Office Box 485
Charles Town, West Virginia 25414

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PUBLICATIONS

One copy of the Magazine is mailed to each person holding a paid membership. Until the publication of next year's Magazine, members may purchase additional copies for $4.00 each; order these from William H. Wilson, Box 716, Charles Town. Original volumes or facsimile reproductions are available to all persons at $5.00 per Magazine; quantity discounts are allowed. Mr. Wilson also has available copies of *Prominent Men of Shepherdstown* for $10.00 each, mailed, *Old Norborne Parish (1744-1816)* for $5.00 each, mailed, *The Washington Homes of Jefferson County* for $10.00 each, mailed, Michael D. Thompson, *Calendar and Index to Recorded Plats in the Jefferson County, West Virginia (Virginia), Courthouse, 1801-1901* for $25.00 each, mailed, and *Between The Shenandoah And The Potomac: Historic Homes of Jefferson County, West Virginia* for $45.00 each, mailed.

Shepherdstown and The Morgan-Stephenson Companies, 1775-1988

Editor's Foreword

Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Whitehorne, a United States Army Historian, prepared this article for the Secretary of the Army, United States Department of Defense, who ordered the performance of military ceremonies honoring Jefferson County's Revolutionary War officers and consecrating the ground upon which significant Revolutionary War events occurred. One of the sites was the place of origin of the Bee Line March in 1775 at Morgan Spring on Falling Spring Branch, Shepherdstown, West Virginia. Publication of this article is timely as the Morgan Spring property has recently been compromised despite the site's designation as a registered landmark under the provisions of the National Historic Preservation Act. Without complying with federal law, particularly Section 106 of the National Historic Preservation Act, the Conservation Fund, Inc., headquartered at Arlington, Virginia, and the Appalachian Fruit and Berry Laboratory of the Agricultural Research Service of the United States Department of Agriculture launched a major construction project that disturbed archaeological features and the site's surroundings. The local operating arm of the Conservation Fund, Inc., is the Freshwater Institute, also known as the Spring and Groundwater Institute. Among the activities were the placement of a long trailer, extensive ditching, grading of roadways and building site, and the dumping of more than 3,200 tons of shale. The State Historic Preservation Office and interested parties are trying to compel belated compliance with the provisions of federal law. The effort may result in some degree of mitigation of damages at the landmark. What the future holds for this significant Revolutionary War site, one of the few in West Virginia, remains uncertain.

The Philadelphia Convention of 1787 specified in the final form of the preamble to the Constitution that one of the purposes of government was "to provide for the common defense." It went on to specify in Section 8,

Article I that one of the duties of Congress was to 'raise and support armies.' This basic obligation of government was one of the first recognized by the fledgling Continental Congress as it met well before the colonies declared their independence from the British Crown. Just months after Lexington and Concord aroused the New England militia, the 2nd Continental Congress on 14 June 1775 decided to expand its role in the developing war. It authorized the raising of ten companies of riflemen from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia to support the New Englanders gathered around Boston. The next day it appointed George Washington to be Commander-in-Chief of all units in the field.

The riflemen raised by Congress were the first Continental, or regular, soldiers of the rebelling colonies. As such, the date of their authorization also marks the birth of the United States Army in one of Congress' earliest moves to meet its obligations as a national government. This gesture and later experience would impress upon a generation of leaders the importance of a credible government having the ability to defend its people and territory. As a result, the framers of the Constitution would view doing so as one of the fundamental duties of a government.

The backwoodsmen of the Middle Atlantic states were amongst the most supportive of the new nation. Inured to hardship and imbued by the frontier with many military skills, they were a likely source of military manpower. The selection of riflemen to augment the New England militia lay in part with the reputation of their "peculiar" weapon and the frontiersman's skill with it. Both John Adams and John Hancock urged their selection as a needed asset to the Boston lines.

Copies of the 14 June resolution were rushed by their respective delegations from Philadelphia to each of the states concerned. In Virginia the news was sent directly to the Committees of Safety of Frederick and Berkeley Counties. Committee members in each county quickly elected the captain of the proposed rifle company to come from their district. Daniel Morgan of Winchester was selected in Frederick County while Hugh Stephenson was picked to lead the Berkeley County unit.

Stephenson was the senior of the two captains, however, both men had seen service in the French and Indian War and each had led a company in Dunmore's War of 1774. As soon as they were commissioned, each man travelled through his district recruiting. News of Lexington had caused a group of men to begin drilling in Shepherdstown on a vacant lot behind the Entler Tavern on Main Street. These men formed the nucleus of Stephen-

son's force. Within a week each captain had exceeded his quota and could have raised more from the enthusiastic population.

Each company was supposed to consist of 4 officers, 8 NCO's, 1 musician and 68 privates. Stephenson gathered 19 additional privates while Morgan signed on 15 extra. It should be added as further example of the Valley men's feelings that many of those enlisting in Captain Michael Cresap's nearby Maryland company actually came from south of the Potomac. Stephenson's company was the first of 7 companies to come from the Shepherdstown area of old Berkeley County during the war. This represented a total of 300 men of whom 100 were local village residents. Nearly 60 of these men died in service. With a population of about 1000, Shepherdstown is said to have made the largest contribution to the Continental Army in Virginia.

On 22 June, both companies were mustered with a solid group of men. One sergeant wrote of those in Stephenson's Company, "None was received but young men of character and of sufficient property to clothe themselves completely, find their own arms, and accoutrements, that is: an approved rifle, a handsome shot pouch and powder horn, blanket, knapsack." The men's uniform consisted of linsey woolsey hunting jackets fringed on every edge, leather leggings and moccasins. Each wore a bucktail in his round hat and a tomahawk, scalping knife and powder horn on his belt. Stephenson's men had the words "Liberty or Death" embroidered on the breast of their shirts. His company banner was emblazoned with a coiled rattlesnake with the motto "Don't Tread on Me." Procuring sufficient adequate rifles caused the delay between muster and departure. On 10 July, as preparations became final, Stephenson's men were given a barbecue at the house of William A. Morgan adjacent to Morgan Springs, one mile south of Shepherdstown.

A few days later, some of Morgan's men camped at the spring, enroute to Frederick, Maryland, where they were to meet Morgan and the rest of his company. Morgan left Winchester on 14 July after parading his men in front of the Courthouse. He crossed the Potomac at Harpers Ferry. Instead of waiting for Stephenson at Frederick as had been agreed upon between the two men, Morgan continued his march. The distinction of being the first Virginia company into Boston proved too great a temptation. Stephenson's men gathered at Morgan's Springs, then began the long trek on 17 July. The line of march took the troops through Frederick, Maryland, York, Lancaster and Bethelem, Pennsylvania, then to Sussex, New Jersey and on to the

Hudson river at Peekskill, New York, and finally through Hartford, Connecticut, to Boston. One eye witness described Morgan's Company as "truly martial, their spirits amazingly elated, breathing nothing but a desire to join the American Army, and to engage the enemies of American Liberty." The men were treated well by people along the route. In exchange for cold drinks and food, they frequently demonstrated their shooting prowess to wondering crowds.

Morgan's Company arrived in the American lines at Cambridge on 6 August. Despite bad weather, it had covered the 600 mile trip in three weeks, averaging nearly 30 miles a day without losing a man. Stephenson's troops arrived on 11 August, having left only two men on the road—one to illness and the other to accident. They were among the first, and definitely came the farthest, of the new companies raised by Congress. Their extraordinary march marks the birth of the U.S. Army as well as Congress' earliest acknowledgement of a government's obligation to "provide for a common defense" now embodied in our Constitution.

The Morgan Springs area is one of the few remaining which can be identified specifically with these events in the history of the U.S. Army and of our Constitutional development. It has long been recognized as a part of Valley history, but rarely has its national significance been noted. The area was further hallowed on 17 July 1825 when two of four surviving members of Stephenson's Company fulfilled a pledge made 50 years before to return and honor their comrades who had responded so readily to Congress' call. Their noble gesture merits permanent acknowledgment from the bicentennial generation still enjoying the freedoms fought for so well by these men.

Joseph Whitehorne

Rion Hall and Daniel Bedinger Lucas

The Poet of the Shenandoah

To those who knew him, the life of Daniel Bedinger Lucas was one continual adventure, an obstacle race, wherein he came off conqueror or conquered, as you look at it. At least he would never have admitted, never did admit, defeat.

Born in Jefferson, the most beautiful and perhaps the most historic county in Virginia, it was his fortune to see the land of his love overrun by alien soldiery—devastation converting his home farms and the rolling hills and sweet valleys of the Shenandoah—into that desert "over which a crow must carry his own rations." The date of his birth, March 16, 1836, was rather an uneventful time in our history, but it was about that time that the Hon. William Lucas, lawyer, planter, statesman, was building, rebuilding we should perhaps say, Rion Hall. And Rion Hall is an event in itself. Rion Hall is a house set on a hill, and then hid under a bushel. That is, you can't see the woods for the trees—at Rion Hall.

The old estate was derived from lands of William Burnett, William Hall, and John Rion.[1] The latter, of French extraction, was a Revolutionary soldier, whose title dates back to 1784. Burnett was the only one of the proprietors who honored the place with his bones. He is buried in the graveyard behind the house and the date of his stone is 1815. His wife was Polly Douglas, and the splendid free-stone spring was possibly called Douglasses spring. Of that one can't be sure. William Hall Jr. married Elizabeth Lucas,[2] lived at and gave his name to Halltown, and his descendants moved "out West." He must be distinguished from the John Hall of Hall's Rifle Factory, at the Ferry, a Connecticut genius, who shares with John Brown the fame of the Harper's Ferry Armory.

All of these owners either sold or bequeathed their holdings to one Robert Lucas (1766-1826), who besides the land he got with his wife, Sarah Rion, found himself also buying up adjacent territory, with what has been a family trait, I may say weakness, for generations. The name Lucas goes

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[1] John Rion, 1739-1788, Berkeley Co. Will Bk. I, page 485.

[2] Elizabeth Lucas, born 31 Jan. 1731, daughter of Edward Lucas, 1710-1777.

with the love of land. The old Lucases were yeomen, or land-owning gentry, fox-hunting squires, some say, and a more persistent tradition allies them to the Lucases of Colchester (Essex), of whom it is recorded that "all the sons were brave and all the sisters virtuous." Robert Lucas (1650-1699), the emigrant,[3] was a member in 1683-85-87, of the Pennsylvania Assembly. His grandson, Edward Lucas (2nd), Supervisor of Falls Township, in 1730, moved down to the Valley, took up land, and inscribed his initials in 1732 on a boundary stone still in evidence (prior to 1929). He died in 1764[4] and of his 18 children only two left descendants of the name. Six sons were either killed or wounded by the Indians, in the wars on the western borderland. William was captain of the Border Brigade, 1781 and captain of Virginia Militia, 1777, and in the same year entered the Virginia Line as private under Nathaniel Willis. He removed to Chillicothe and his son, Robert, was Governor of Ohio, later of Iowa, and has numerous towns and counties named in his honor. The other Revolutionary officer, Edward Lucas (3rd)[5] lieutenant and then captain, was quite distinguished and was wounded at Laurel Hill. He married Elizabeth Edwards, and his son was the Robert mentioned above (1766-1826). He was the father of Robert, as he was the grandfather of the William (1800-1877) who founded Rion Hall.

Moments there are, in life, says a modern novel, which although with seemingly no reason, stand "fixed in the eternities of memory." So, with my early picture of my grandfather, in whose home I lived the first four years of my life. The old broad-brimmed Panama, such a thing, is rememberable. The stentorian voice, a thunderous roar, not alarming, nor funny, but surely masterful. The "my" called "me," "me dogs, me cats, me trees," short vowelled. He was not pretentious, was visited by many an old crony not quite so prominent, nor half so scholarly.

I remember the roses, seeming to shut in the doors, so close they clambered over the house. The wagon-loads of fruit, carried off free gratis; rare far-brought pears, plums, apricots, the most wonderful peaches and apples, which for flavour and size cast in the shade all our modern mercantile effects.

The sunsets were a great occasion in my childhood, when my mother and I used to walk out to the turnpike, "Beck's Gate," to meet my father,

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[3]From Longbridge, Deverill, Wilts. England.
[4]Will proved 11 Oct. 1777. Berkeley Co. Will Bk. 1, pp. 112-14.
[5]Born 3 Feb. 1738, died 19 Mar. 1809. Jefferson Co. Will Bk. 1, page 484.

and I would ride home on his horse, sitting in front. One I remember in particular, when my father's most intimate friend (and brother-in-law, Judge J. F. McLaughlin of Maryland, later of New York City) summoned us and the whole family walked up to the road to see the most splendid appearance of living flame from horizon to zenith that I seem ever to have seen. I say seem, for there is an unreality about all these thoughts. They are as nebulous as the River ride on my father's arm. Both my mother and father were adept with horses. My grandfather's stables while depleted by the war still possessed some fine specimens. Peacock, the spirited roan; Canada and Cognac, my father's pair; and Charley, who ran off with us, and had to be sold. Nina, my mother's saddle mare, whom the darkies always called "Lina," as an honour to the mistress. My favorite, Cognac, a chestnut bay pony, was a fiery-hearted little beast, whom it pleased me unspeakably to tease, who would bite at me when I made a *moue* and would race me from the near gate to the far gate, while I was out to open them for the "grandee" grown-ups, who sat in splendour inside the Jagger, buggy or Phaeton, whatever it chanced to be. Perhaps, the spring-wagon, which was our first remembered equipage. These were war-times, as it were, and no one had a cent. Despoiled as to goods, rifled as to stock, battered and beaten as to fences, woods, barns, all necessary adjuncts, but quite unconquered as to heart. Ready to turn in "and whip 'em again," as the veterans used to say. The Yankees, Radicals, Black Republicans, who had it all their own way. Still do, as it seems. Do you repent, Lincoln, on your pedestal, midway between your Pennsylvania and Old Virginia kin? The Lincolns of Reading are the best of Democrats; always were.

My grandfather's thick and shaggy hair, his strict, overhanging brows, eyes almost slits, mouth thin-lipped, wide. Wrinkles most numerous—but his trees. How I loved them in infancy—and now. I cannot write of that hard, bitter old lawyer and political warrior without mention of his trees. I find him showing a pathetic solicitude about the opinion of his constituents, whom I know he never feared. But they turned him down after his second term in Congress (1845) for his law-partner, bother-in-law and friend—not so good a democrat, either, I am sure.[6] Then my grandfather retired to the farm, the beautiful house on the hill, with rolling meadows around it. An old graveyard, a grove of fine cedars, one ancient white-

[6]Henry Bedinger, 1845-49. (Mag. Jeff. Co. Hist. Society, Dec. 1952, XVIII, p. 32).

oak, that has figured in many boundary grants; an elm and walnut and a few others remaining from the forest primeval, and to be surrounded by the exotic and stately arboretum which as it grew, consumed my grandsire's life, his very heart....[a]

The noteworthy incidents of the life of William Lucas were his two terms in the U.S. Congress, (26th and 28th), a term in the Virginia General Assembly (1838), the Constitutional Convention, 1850, and his defeat for the Convention of 1860, when he would surely have voted for Secession, for he was an ardent advocate of States Rights. Born in 1800 (Nov. 30), he was over age for the C.S.A. At that time he had become a great recluse, devoting himself wholly to the pleasures of horticulture and farming. He was to see his whole fortune, built up with strenuous toil, destroyed with the destruction of his country. A safeguard from a former political friend saved Rion Hall and its 12 acre enclosure with the wealth of magnolias, flowering trees, shrubs and roses, from demolition by passing armies. The house used as headquarters by Sheridan. An old neighbor, a Mrs. Beck (German and Union people, but warm friends and dependents) carried under her hoop skirt, the family portraits to her house at the gate, and slept all through the war with them beneath her feather bed. She described the smashing of mirrors, and invasion of sick rooms, searching of wardrobes and bureaus (for concealed soldiery), stealing of watches (alas) and stepping on the baby's finger, in a very realistic way. The baby was a grandchild, (Sarah Everett Bedinger), wee daughter of Sally Eleanor Lucas, the wife of Rev. Everett W. Bedinger, who with her husband and seven children came in 1864-65 to Rion Hall, was ill there. She died in 1867, of consumption, the fatal malady of those days.[7] In our parlor, sabre cuts on door and mantel, marked Sheridan's consulting room. Desecration of the graves was prevented by my grandfather's going out and asking if a Mr. Burnett was not one of their officers. "Well," he said, when they replied in the affirmative, "You're violating the graves of your ancestors, for these Burnetts are the ancestors of the Burnetts of Ohio, from whence you have come."[b] They desisted, for of course, it was

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[a]See: "The Curtilege of Rion Hall," Mag. of Jeff. Co. Hist. Soc. Vol. XXXVII, p. 57.
[b]Quoted p. 22, Vol. XV Mag. of Jeff. Co. Hist. Soc.

[7]Sally Eleanor Lucas, born 10 Apr. 1833, died 1 July 1867. She married on 1 June 1852, her second cousin, Everett Wade Bedinger, grandson of George Michael Bedinger of Kentucky, a brother of her grandfather, Daniel Bedinger. (Zion Epis. Church, Charles Town, (W.) Va. records). They had two daughters, both of whom married but had no children. The issue of the five sons are the only descendants of William Lucas.

hidden treasure they were searching for, of which alas, there was none. My grandfather had among his riding and driving horses, a very fine pair of white show geldings. One of these was the white horse ridden through his campaigns by Ashby; the other was commandeered by the Yankees, and so the brothers doubtless met on the battlefield in opposing ranks.

Several times I have come across folks who were quartered at Rion Hall, and they seemed to consider it a paradise on earth. One man, now living in Chicago, told a friend that he had been commissioned to see that "old man Lucas did not give aid to the 'Rebels.'" But that he did, whenever time and opportunity offered.

My father's mother was Virginia, daughter of Daniel Bedinger of Shepherdstown, a soldier in the Revolution, and later Paymaster at the Gosport Navy Yard. Virginia was considered very beautiful, if friends and family may be believed. Her portrait is not flattering, but it is not unattractive, though the hair piled high was trying for so broad a forehead; and the artist makes her brunette, in lieu of the golden hair and blue eyes of her race. She was romantic and gifted and wildly in love with her somewhat austere husband. She died in 1840, at the birth of a fifth child, a daughter, who was buried, "the child in the grave with its mother." Her other children were William (14 April 1832 - 17 Sept. 1862) a pleasant and talented young man, who died on consumption in 1863 (sic) in Florida at the house of a kinsman, Governor Douglas of that state. Next came Sally, of whom we have spoken. Daniel Bedinger, the third child, was (if I do say it) the flower of the family. Brilliant, gentle, witty; shy as a girl and as pure, he grew up a strange combination of the backwoods country youth, poetic, and intellectual; and the Citizen of the World, which all great men seem to be from birth.

In the obstacle race as I have considered my father's life, the first feature was that from the porch at Bedford, in Shepherdstown (the home of his grandmother) he fell when an infant of two or three years. Thence arose the spinal trouble which was to overshadow his life and cause untold suffering until he at last reached maturity and was able to cast aside the painful braces. Out of door life, I have often heard him say, saved him to a career of singular usefulness and distinction. Then, when he was but four years old, his mother died, leaving four young children, whom the desolated father sent to be reared at Cold Spring, the home of their uncle, Col. Robert Lucas, a veteran of the War of 1812. While living there, my father went for a short time, to the Old Field School at Uvilla.

He had two very devoted young cousins, slightly older than himself; George (Cedar Lawn) Washington and Ned Lee, afterwards the distinguished General Edwin Grey Lee of the Confederacy. These boys used to carry "Danny" or "Bedinger" as he was sometimes called, when they went hunting, or on longer jaunts than his delicate strength could endure. A beautiful chivalry and devotion that weakness of his seemed always to call forth from cousins, sisters and friends. And the beauty of countenance and brilliance of expression warranted the love which he always inspired. I never knew anyone who could resist the charm of my father's personality, nor the genial humor of his daily conversation.

Next, young Lucas was sent, with many boys and girls of the neighborhood, to be taught by a Mr. Cameron, at his cousin's, Col. Braxton Davenport's. Funny stories he used to tell of how Mrs. (Frances) Davenport used to stand the little darkies in a row and hear them giving their catechism. This was a happy time in his rather forlorn childhood. At the end of the "Altona" school days, he went, with his friends, Jack Straith, Sam Wright and Ned Lee in a lumbering old stage coach down the other side of the Blue Ridge into Warrenton. The school was the "Warren Green," under Mr. Richard Smith. The Warren Green Hotel was long in existence in the identical building. Here fate might have had a hand, had he had the good fortune to meet at Warrenton a little girl busily engaged at Miss Milligan's, just eight miles from where these Jefferson County boys were ensconsed. Lina Brooke, the unruly, brainy and altogether delightful daughter of Henry L. Brooke of Richmond,[8] was there studying Latin, and higher mathematics. The Odes of Horace, however, nor yet calculus nor conic sections would have been drawing cards to engage the affections of my father. He failed in math and knew little Latin and less Greek (in spite of rooming with the celebrated Crawford S. Toy) at the University of Virginia, whither he was next sent. William Lucas, Jr. was also at the University, but he had left, when my father, in 1853-56 was a student there. His first roommate was John Yates Beall, and their room, I believe, was the identical one from which Poe sent out the "Tales of Ragged Mountains," and other scintillations of his pen.

At Judge Brockenbrough's law school in Lexington the final mile-

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[8]Evelina Tucker Brooke, born 20 July 1838, died 3 Mar. 1928. Her mother was Virginia Tucker, daughter of Henry St. George and Anne Evelina Hunter Tucker. Evelina was the eldest child of Henry and Virgina Brooke. Their youngest, Laura Beverley Brooke, married Everett Wade Bedinger, Jr. the nephew of her sister's husband.

stones were passed in Dan Bedinger Lucas's acquisition of a learning that while it was modest was extensive and gave to all his writings the perfection that distinguished them. Sitting at the same boarding house table, the demure young poet and T. J. Jackson, the future world renowned warrior, felt no stirrings of destiny. Yet the fine stanza to Jackson in "The Land Where We Were Dreaming," inspired Mrs. Jackson to tell me that she admired this more than any poem of the South; as said also Miss Mary Lee, and some other notable folks.

In the story of the two, Lucas, the poet, and Rion Hall, the home of poets, horticulturists, and fanciers (incidentally) of cats, the most touching reminiscence is assuredly connected with the youngest of this motherless family, the gifted and romantic Virginia Bedinger Lucas, (25 Dec. 1838 - 27 Apr. 1865) whose *nom de plume* of "Eglantine" made her a familiar favorite of the thoughtful or sentimentally inclined people of her day. This younger sister, "our little sister," as the children called her, was adopted by her cousin Elizabeth Ranson Davis—afterwards Mrs. Bedinger and finally Mrs. Clay of Kentucky. At the age of eighteen, Virginia, after a year or so at the Virginia Episcopal Institute in Staunton, where she was a friend of Gussie and Mary Stuart, (the latter Mrs. Hunter McGuire of Richmond, Va.) returned to the care of her father although at great sacrifice to both her and her adopted mother, with whom she was united by bonds of the tenderest affection. At Rion Hall, in a sixth sense that comes to me, I find an intimate association with this poet-aunt, whom I never knew, but whose devoted love for my father seems to lend an extra halo to a very beautiful and ethereal personality. She never comes to me in dreams, as so many; yet she lived where I live and surely in her beloved garden, in lillies, roses and hyacinths planted by her hand, her lovely presence must somehow survive. And surely on the hillside where grow the bloodroot families, the squirrel corn, anemone, columbine, twinleaf, spring Beauty, wild phlox, yellow and purple violets; the trillium, and wild geranium and many another fern and flower of her planting, but most, oh most of all, in the host of blue bells, fleeing, dancing, drooping through the woods, I see and feel her charm, and her soft, old-fashioned delicacy of thought, and her tender and youthful and affectionate grace. Dying at the advanced age of twenty-seven, I once thought of her in a sad-eyed old maidhood. In later years, seeing what she accomplished, in the way of culture and poetic skill, I felt her premature death to have been the cutting off in its tenderness of a very pure and

gifted soul. The esteem in which she was held by her favorite brother, my father, is evidenced in the preface to the "Wreath of Eglantine," where he offered her a tribute as beautiful as any in the language; written in those days when instead of veiling or shutting up feeling in our none too celibate hearts as today, sentiment was ushered in and we bowed, as in the presence of a queen.

This is a sketch, not a history, and I must bring it to a close. In relating my father's association with Rion Hall, where he spent so many happy vacation days, in his young manhood, and where after his return from practicing law in Richmond, and from his ride through the Kanawha with General Wise, and again, after his Canadian visit, and its sad occasion the trial and death of John Yates Beall; I must say that I think that Rion Hall meant more to him in the days of his early married life, and on through the advancing years, when no matter what good fortune, emolument or honour befell him, he (we, for I was then on the scene) ever returned to the beautiful old home with an enthusiasm and joy which nothing could mar, nor anything excel.

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THE OLD HOMESTEAD — RION HALL

Home again, home at last, though the rotten railings
Slink from the galleries, and shutters swing awry;
Gates unholy sagging, and now and then a paling
Gone; though the place is sinking to decay.

I too, am sinking — duller sight and hearing,
So — I no more care for the outer hull:
But to the heart of things, ever, ever nearing,
Finding the soul of things — good and beautiful.

Home at last — home again; shall I so be crying,
When in a year or two, those who've gone before
Me shall greet in Heaven? For sure, I'll soon be dying
Liefly drawing shutters and closing out the day.

Well, if there be Heaven (this I've always doubted)
Mustn't it be beautiful to vie against our Earth?
Good green trees, among which I've boy-scouted —
Good green hills, around, and mountains smiling mirth.

Good blue Heaven above, can you match my Homeland?
Cedar and whipporwill, and white magnolia tree.
Tho my soul go soaring — through ghost and gnome-land,
This Virginia Earth-land will have the best of me.

Virginia Lucas, 1871-1929

Editor's Afterword

Miss Frederica H. Trapnell, a life member of the Society, sent this previously unpublished article in 1989 to the editor. Miss Virginia Lucas, a cousin of Miss Trapnell, was a charter member of the Jefferson County Historical Soceity and was well-known to contemporary Jefferson Countians for her prose and poetry. She probably composed this piece in the 1920's. This article constitutes, in some ways, an original historical source, reflects native contemporary attitudes, and presents material not available elsewhere. It appears without major alteration.

Grubb-Conway House

Circa 1762



Grubb-Conway House

The history of this house began in August of 1743, when John Grubb, a miller from Brandywine, Chester County, Pennsylvania, obtained under the hand and seal of Joist Hite, 265 acres along the south fork of the Bullskin Run. By 1751 the Grubb land holdings (including those of brothers and sons) had increased to 1000 acres, through grants by Thomas Lord Fairfax, having been surveyed by George Washington. Straddling the south fork of the Bullskin Run, it became associated with successful mills, productive farms and livestock production. Years later, the area continued to grow and prosper, with the development of Wheatland, Blakeley, Claymont Court, Straithmore, and Locust Hill Farms.

William Grubb, Sr., son of John was instrumental in the development of the farm and probably builder of the house about 1762. The Grubb family

were devout Quakers who came from the Delaware Valley of Pennsylvania with many others of that faith, because of the opportunity to buy inexpensive farm land. It is as a part of the Quaker migration and early settlement of the Shenandoah Valley that this house has significance. The Hopewell Meeting House for Quaker Society in Frederick County was established in 1734 and is located in Clearbrook, Virginia. The congregation encompassed a huge area, thus out-lying Meeting Houses were established, by permission of the main Meeting in Philadelphia. One of these was the Bullskin Meeting established in 1772. Friends conducted Meetings and burials on a one acre tract of the William Grubb farm. Grubb was an important figure in the Hopewell and Bullskin Meeting, being an overseer and committee member in 1771 and 1791. He also upheld the Quaker tradition of paying the local Indians for the land they built their farms on and contributed 15 pounds for this purpose. They befriended the Indians in this manner and seldom had the problems with Indian raids that the other settlers had. In his will, he left 5 pounds to build a fence around the Friends Burying Ground, the remains of which are still visible today. The Meeting House, by will of a later owner, was dismantled, the materials to be used to replace and or repair other Meeting's buildings and fences. Thus, no sign of the building is visible today. However, the cemetery (now on property of Beverly Farm) is clearly defined.

The architecture of this house has significance also, in that its "stone-ender" building style is very unusual for this area. The oldest part of the house is stone and log, with square log framing in the tradition of the Midland log home. Clapboards covered the outside and were painted white. The house was three bays in the front and two on the side with side-gabled roof. There is a shed roof lean-to on the back, believed to have been built at the same time. The foundation is limestone and there are two large rooms in the cellar.

One large addition was added to the western side and a smaller one to the eastern side, probably between 1878 and 1885. These additions added three bays upstairs, an additional front door and two windows downstairs. There are original doors and hardware inside, as well as original wide plank floors.

Other structures on the property are: the remains of a large Merchant Mill (reported by neighbors to have been in operation as late as 1935); the remains of the mill house; a large, very old bank barn with limestone foundation, wood siding and tin roof. It was built in the tradition of the

Pennsylvania Quakers, differing slightly from the majority of barns in the area, mysteriously not mentioned in a single deed of transfer. In addition there is a corn crib, old well house, and chicken house.

Research and Documentation: Patricia Perez
Review and Narration: Nancy Coyle

Editor's Afterword

This property was the first designated by the Jefferson County Commission and the Historic Landmarks Commission under the new state statute (1988) governing recognition of county historical landmarks. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Perez presently own this home. Mrs. Coyle is a member of the Jefferson County Historic Landmarks Commission.

An English Reporter in the Valley, 1865

edited by Cecil D. Eby

This account by a London TIMES correspondent who traveled in the Shenandoah Valley a few months after Appomattox is a useful record which describes, from the vantage point of an outsider, the destruction wrought by four years of nearly incessant warfare in the region. The unnamed visitor is a partisan observer eager to convey to his English readers his infatuation and support of the Southern side in the recent war. This is not surprising in view of the fact that many patrician sectors of English society, steadfast readers of the TIMES, had always favored the Confederacy. Indeed, at times the ruminations of this English visitor sound like those of the most unreconstructed Southern convinced, as William Faulkner says somewhere, that "the South wore itself out lickin' the North." In his account of the Battle of Winchester, for example, it is the Southern losers not the Northern victors who capture his fancy. An interesting feature, too, is his glorification of the role of Southern women in the war—their personal bravery and sacrifice. Here he anticipates what will prove to be a major theme in nearly every Confederate memorial address for the succeeding half century.

While only the first portion of his narrative bears upon specifically Jefferson County history, the remainder—despite its somewhat florid style—is included as a necessary reminder that the history of Jefferson is inextricably fused with the history of our fellow Virginia counties to the South.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

Winchester, Oct. 31

[from the London TIMES (November 23, 1865)]

The Shenandoah Valley, or the "Valley of Virginia," as this beautiful district is indifferently called, was the great battle-ground of the Confederacy during its struggles for independence. Before the days of trouble it was the inexhaustible grain country of the Southern States, remarkable for

the loveliness of its natural scenery, and still more remarkable for the richness of its soil. That part of the Alleghany Chain which is called the Blue Ridge runs through it, and on the opposite side the North Mountains make of it a valley proper. It was from the population of this valley that some of the best soldiers of the Confederacy were drawn—the very flower of the population went into the first armies of the war, and by far the larger part of their number now lie beneath its field and along its roadsides, or fell in the awful carnage at Gettysburg and Antietam.[1] The Virginians held their cause to be very dear, and gave up all they had for it, and now they have little but their dead and their blackened fields, desolation, and bitter memories, to look upon as the result of their tremendous struggle. Throughout the Valley all the young men and many of the old went to the fight, and few of them returned. Four long years drew out the very hearts' blood of the State, and left its homes in a condition of which its waste places are an emblem. Yet those who survive bear up with a noble spirit against their many losses and find solace for their troubles in talking over with each other the exploits in which they have borne a part, or which they witnessed, and in felling themselves drawn closer together by the common bond of misfortune. Their old homes—and a Virginia homestead was very precious to the household—have been sacked and burnt; but they can still meet together in rooms which their slaves would formerly have despised, and look back upon the glories and disasters of their arms. They desire no more war; the common voice is, "We gave all we had in the world to win; we would do so again if it all had to be done over again; but, having staked our all and lost it, we want to be at peace with the Government. We want to be left alone with our dead. We do not want Northern soldiers in our midst." A gallant man, still very young, who was all through the war, and fought in 57 pitched battles and over 70 skirmishes, and who was one of Stonewall Jackson's favourite aides, expressed this sentiment, which I have heard from many others, so well that I cannot do better than repeat his words. "I entered this war," he said, "Because I thought it was right. Fortunately or unfortunately, I was educated to believe that I owed my first duty to my state. Under that belief I fought to the last for Virginia, and I cannot be sorry now that I did so. I cannot pretend to be ashamed of my cause. I did all that I could, and, having fought as becomes a man, I am not

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[1] While the percentage loss of life and limb by Confederate soldiers was higher than in any other American war, the TIMES journalist nonetheless exaggerates that loss.

going to sit down and behave like a child because I cannot fight any longer. I believe I speak the thoughts of all the young men left in this Valley when I say this. I am willing to be true to the present Government, and begin to work now, for we have had enough of destruction. General Lee has set us the sample and what our dear General orders us to do we shall perform."[2] Proud of the valour their troops have shown, and recalling affectionately every brilliant episode in their long and desperate struggle— this is the temper of the people; but the Government has nothing to fear from them. The policy pursued by Mr. Johnson has at once gratified and touched them. Since they must go back into the Union, they could not be led by gentler hands.

The first I saw of the Valley of Shenandoah was on the road between Harper's Ferry and Charleston [sic], a distance of about eight miles. The turnpike runs through an open moor, which is intersected by numerous smaller roads, and appears to have been waste country from time immemorial. But this moor was a few months ago divided into farms, cornfields, and orchards—now wiped clean out of existence. There are no fences even to show where the fields were once marked off, and the trees stand out gaunt and spectral in the wide waste, their branches shot away or torn down for fuel by the succession of armies which passed up and down the sorely harassed Valley.[3] Here and there, at long intervals, a heap of charred wood and stones denote where a handsome dwelling house stood before the war. One such pile of ruins meets the eye in a fine meadow surrounded by trees, with the desolate fields rank with weeds at its back. That home was burnt by the cousin of the lady whose husband owned it. In a different part of the valley I saw the bare walls standing of an equally fine

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[2]This Confederate officer is obviously Henry Kyd Douglas, whose father's estate was on the hill above Bridgeport, Maryland, the canal community directly across the Potomac from Shepherdstown. Shortly after his return home after the war Douglas was arrested by Federal authorities for appearing on the streets of Shepherdstown in Confederate uniform—"a badge of treason and rebellion, intended to encourage and incite rebellion, against the government." See Douglas's classic memoir of the war I RODE WITH STONEWALL (Chapel Hill, University of North Carolina Press, 1940), pp. 335-349. Subsequently Douglas became a well-known lecturer on the war—delivering his addresses as far north as Boston—as well as a distinguished jurist in Maryland. He is buried in Elmwood Cemetery, Shepherdstown.

[3]One would like to know just how many times Jefferson County, or portions thereof, changed hands during the Civil War. It is probably a fair guess that this number, if known, would exceed that of any other county in the nation. Perhaps the most noticeable physical change since pre-war was the absence of fencing. Troops had burned the fence rails and destroyed trees for firewood, and the many of the fine limestone walls had been knocked down to make passage for the armies.

house, burnt by the same General in token of his affection towards another cousin, who lived in it. And there was still a third house in which the gallant General's wife was reared an orphan; and so, out of gratitude, he burnt that likewise.[4] In one of the houses thus destroyed the daughter of the family was playing on the piano when the soldier came up to destroy it. Virginian ladies were not then, and are not now, given to asking favours of Federal soldiers; but this young girl had an attachment to her home, and at least desired to save her music, a harp and a piano from its wreck. She pleaded for them, but when the flames were winding around the curtains of the room in which she stood, with the soldiers by her side, she stayed and played the hymn, "Thy will be done," and so left, knowing that those whom she loved best were ruined.[5] It was one of the "evils of war," and every family in this valley has much sadder instances of its horrors in its history; but General Hunter, who thus developed a special talent for burning the houses of his relatives, especially when there were only defenceless ladies within them, has not acquired the reputation which a soldier likes to have in this Valley.

The town of Charleston has an unsettled and disordered appearance. A few houses in it have been destroyed, but compared with some spots further on in the valley which I have since passed it shows comparatively slight traces of the war. It is in a field close by this town that John Brown was hanged; a negro who pointed out to me the place where the gallows was put up, remarking, with a broad grin, that he "couldn't see yet what good Massa Brown had done. No, he guessed he couldn't see it yet." An incident occurred while I was here which told its own story. Some officers of the Union army were walking down the street, when they met two ladies, who immediately dropped their veils over their faces and averted their heads. Every lady of Virginia was a true heroine throughout the war, and they cannot yet accept the fate which has gone against them without murmuring. There was no hardship which these ladies, delicately nurtured and unused

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[4]Some of this relates to the burning of "Hunter's Hill," the home of Andrew Hunter on the eastern edge of Charles Town, burnt by order of General David Hunter. For an illustration of the ruins in 1864, see the James E. Taylor sketchbook, WITH SHERIDAN UP THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY IN 1864 (Cleveland, Western Reserve Historical Society, 1989), p. 246. General Hunter's depredations in Jefferson County are chronicled in Millard Bushong's HISTORIC JEFFERSON COUNTY (Boyce, Va.: Carr Publishing Co., Inc., 1972), pp. 230-34.

[5]"Fountain Rock," the residence near Shepherdstown of Alexander R. Boteler, member of the Confederate Congress and former U.S. Congressman. See Bushong, p. 231.

to hardships, were not called upon to undergo. They were turned out of their homes, without even being permitted to take a change of garments with them. They rose every morning to see the flames of the destroyed spreading far and wide over the country. They were reduced to poverty, till sometimes they needed bread, and one by one they parted from their children or their friends, and saw them return no more. "I had five sons in the war," said a lady to me, "and my only regret was that I had not a sixth to send." It was the same throughout Virginia, and doubtless in other States also. If anyone expected the women of the South to smile upon the conqueror he will be deceived. Fortunately the officers of the Federal army now stationed in the South are generally gentlemen who respect the sufferings which they see around them, and which seem almost too great for human strength to bear, too much to feel aggrieved because no kindly hand is extended to them.[6]

From Charleston I went to Sharpsburg, in Maryland, and crossed the Potomac at Sheppardstown [sic] in order to enter the Valley from that point. In Sheppardstown an election had taken place two days before, and 11 gentlemen who had protested against the test oath had been arrested. One of these gentlemen had been a faithful supporter of the union throughout the war, which made his arrest the more inexcusable. The test oath is imposed upon every voter, and as it obliges him to swear that he never "sympathized with the rebels," or gave them any succour, or harboured them during the war, the best men of the State are disenfranchised.[7] The gentlemen in question were liberated immediately after the election, but the circumstance had created a very painful feeling, and the oath itself is evidently opposed to Mr. Johnson's general policy of conciliation towards the South. To force a retrospective test oath upon the people would now be a wanton and

[6]At the time Charles Town was irregularly occupied by Federal troops. A small company arrived in late September from Cumberland and was billeted in the ransacked rooms below the office of the VIRGINIA FREE PRESS (northeast corner of Washington and Charles Streets). The rumor was that they would prevent an election scheduled for early November, but this was denied by Federal General Emory. They were shortly replaced by parts of three companies of the New York 193rd under Captain William Yackley. Instigating this unnecessary occupation was Governor Boreman, who feared that Jefferson Countians might resist their illegal incorporation into the State of West Virginia—as indeed they did, but always lawfully.

[7]This notorious test oath disenfranchized not only those males who had fought for the Confederacy but also those who had aided and abetted the rebellion in any way—which, in effect, meant nearly everyone. In the Charles Town district, for example, less than a dozen citizens were approved by the Board of Registrars (appointed by Governor Boreman) for voting purposes. This condition persisted, contrary to Federal law, till the early 1870s.

tyrannical exercise of power. There are some inhabitants of Sheppardstown who call themselves "Union," and who showed the attachment to their country last week by pelting some ladies with rotten eggs because they were holding a fair to raise funds for the repair of the church of the place.[8] The ladies, however, who are well used to dangers now, went on with their bazaar all the same. They have seen too much shot and shell to pay attention to a shower of eggs. The men who fought in the Confederate service everywhere show the temper towards the Government which is described above, while at the same time they feel deeply their reverses. One of them, a gentleman of high character and ability, told me that he never wanted to see it again. Yet he was very warmly in favour of Mr. Johnson and his policy. Between Sheppardstown and Martinsburg the land is very thinly populated, and the roads have been cut to pieces of the incessant march of troops. After the battle of Antietam—in which, as I have learnt since I wrote last, only 32,000 Confederates were engaged against 100,000 Federals—Martinsburg was filled with wounded, and here, as everywhere else, the ladies took them into their houses and nursed them night and day. It now looks a sombre and forsaken place, some of the best houses near it having been burnt, and others completely gutted by wandering bands, for in nearly all instances the depredations of the Federal troops were committed without their knowledge, and even against the commands, of the officers. Between this town and Winchester, a rough ride of 22 miles, the once fertile fields are lying completely barren, for the owners have lost all their means, their negroes having fled, and their horses and money having been carried off. There is not a fence left along the whole distance, and graves are scattered everywhere by the roadside. Far and wide the fields, often yellow with corn look like a black and barren common. The extremity of desolation is reached at Stevenson's, four miles from Winchester. The whole country for miles round resembles the desert of Suez rather than civilized land. Occasional ruins of houses are dotted over it, but one good dwelling alone remains, and this was spared because it was chosen as the head-quarters of a General of division. It was at Stevenson's that Sheridan's army encamped last winter, cutting down for fuel all the trees for miles

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[8]THE SHEPHERDSTOWN REGISTER contains no allusion to the egg throwing, but bitterness in the town between Methodists who had split in their loyalty during the war was so pronounced that the Southern Methodist faction, ousted by legal verdict from their church building and rectory, were forced to build their own church on the southeast corner of German and King streets. For many years there were two Methodist churches in Shepherdstown.

round, so that the people of Winchester could get no wood for their fires in the bitter weather, and even now are almost destitute of fuel. As a negro describes it, they are driven to the use of "very mean wood." But this was the least of the privations the families of Winchester have had to endure. There never was a town which suffered more by war than this. Seven pitched battles have been fought around it, and skirmishes innumerably have taken place in the streets. For months the inhabitants were almost starving, at the same time that the Confederate troops in the Valley were living for a week together on parched corn. Every young man in the place, without exception, went to the war, and there is scarcely a family which has not lost one or more of its members. Every one is in mourning, and as one the inhabitants, formerly very rich, but whom I now met in a miserable hovel, remarked, "Death is written on every door." There is a small force of soldiers stationed here, under an officer who has performed his unpleasant duty with a delicacy which has gained him the respect of the people. But they will not receive him or any of his comrades into their houses. They cannot reconcile themselves to the conqueror yet, or forget the scenes they have passed through. They bear their troubles with great courage, and even with a buoyancy which is scarcely less touching then their brave and fearless deeds while the storm of battle raged round their doors. Even yet the society of Winchester contrives, on its slender means, to preserve its traditional character for warm hearted hospitality to the stranger.

In the months of June and July, 1861, the first Federal invasion of this Valley took place under General Patterson. On that occasion the Confederates managed to slip past him, and they got to the first battle of Manassas—Bull's Run, where, as is known, they left a good account behind them. In the early spring of 1862 General Banks came down the Valley with 18,000 men, and engaged the Confederates, who numbered 2,500, at Kernstown. It was at this time that Stonewall Jackson endeared himself to the people by his brilliant campaign. He was always where he was wanted, and always did what was wanted of him. His name is now all but idolized in the Valley. In a masterly battle in this spring of 1862 he succeeded in destroying Banks, and drove him through the town, while the ladies came out, amid a shower of bullets, with trays of food for the Confederates. They went out to the battlefield before the last of Banks's soldiers were outside the town, and some of them stopped on the field all night, tending the wounded. These ladies had been living within the Federal lines then for some months, and were used to the hissing of shell around them, and were

not sorry to see their husbands and brothers back again. Here, too, Early captured the whole of General Milroy's army. Constant fights took place around Winchester from that time, till the autumn of last year Sheridan forced his way down the Valley and left a sheet of flame everywhere behind him. On the 19th of September, 1864, the great battle of Winchester was fought, of which little has been heard in Europe, but which is spoken of in the Valley with pride as the noblest effort made by the Confederate soldiers. Their forced consisted of 8,500 infantry and 2,500 cavalry. The Federals, according to their official returns, had 40,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry in the field, under Sheridan. Their line of battle was formed on a range of hills which commanded the Confederate position, and nothing but a succession of the most daring feats could have saved the Southerners from extermination. Yet, with their handful of men, they fought from sunrise to sunset, and at one period the day seemed to be won by the Confederates, and preparation for retreat on the other side were already made. As a last attempt to retrieve his fortune, Sheridan massed his splendid force of cavalry and attacked the Confederates on the flank. Apparently for the first time he then discovered how weak the enemy were—they had only a thin line of skirmishers to oppose the attack and it was decisive. The Southerners retreated through Winchester, the ladies standing in the street entreating them to fight on still, and refusing to go into their houses out of the reach of bullets. Major Douglas commanded the rearguard, and held the town for some time with less than a score of cavalry. At last they were all gone, and Sheridan came through with his army slowly and carefully, for the Confederates not only fought to the death, but when driven to bay were sure to turn and fight again. In this battle Sheridan lost more than 12,500 men—in other words, more than the Confederates had in their entire army. This heavy loss is accounted for by the fact that the federals were massed in heavy numbers, and the fire of the enemy's artillery made fearful havoc in their ranks; while the Confederates were necessarily thinly scattered and suffered less. In one part of the battle General Robert Johnson's line of skirmishers, belonging to the 12th North Carolina Regiment, actually charged a division of cavalry up a hill, and drove them back in disorder. In another part of the field a similarly audacious exploit was performed. General Harry Gilmore saw a force of cavalry advancing, and rode out with Major [Holmes] Conrad to stop it. The dusk was sweeping on, and Gilmore directed his companion to stay by a fence and watch his movements. He rode up to the office in command of the cavalry—65 men—and called on him to surrender. The Federal replied,

"It can't be." "Very well, Sir," said Gilmore, "it's all the same to me. I have a division behind me, and you cannot escape; but I'm paid to fight, and its all the same whether you give in or I beat you." Then turning to his companion he called out. "Major Conrad, advance with your division." The Union officer, believing that he was outnumbered, gave up his sword, and Gilmore took the horses triumphantly through Winchester during the retreat.[9] The Valley is full of stories such as these, and in recounting them the people half forget their disasters, and almost regret that the tramp of soldiers is not still echoing about their hills. Of all the young men I have seen here there is absolutely not one who did not receive a wound during the war. They are all very young; in one instance a regiment of cadets, mere boys, charged a battery across two fields, to the consternation of the Confederate commander, who had ordered that they should be kept out of the action.[10] A young officer, riding with an order, suddenly found himself in the midst of a Connecticut regiment consisting of 800 men. Instead of surrendering he called for the commanding officer, and ordered *him* to surrender, telling him that he was surrounded. The Federal was incredulous, and asked him where was his General? The young Confederate replied, "Close by," and the other said he would ride with him to the spot. Fortunately for the Southerner he descried his General not far off, with a good force behind him, and the Connecticut soldier at once surrendered. Some of the men of this regiment afterwards spoke to Confederate soldiers of this exploit as a "mighty smart thing," and when they subsequently escaped, and captured a friend of the officer who had played this device at their expense, they made much of him and treated him well, in consideration of the "smartness" of his brother Southerner.

It would be a long history to recount the battles which have taken place around this old Virginian town. It is now deeply scarred all over with the injuries it received. The main street, where mills and stores stood, has been razed to the ground; the Court-house stands an empty shell' many of the private dwellings in the vicinity are a heap of ruins, and there is not a street or lane in which the property has not been destroyed. A heap of stones

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[9]The journalist erroneously promotes Major Harry Gilmor (no final "e") to General. For Gilmor's more subdued, but no less daring, version of this episode see his FOUR YEARS IN THE SADDLE (New York: Harper, 1866), pp 228-229.

[10]A reference to the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute at the Battle of New Market, fought earlier, on May 15, 1864.

marks the place where Mr. Mason's house formerly stood.[11] Most of the other houses have been sacked more than once, and there are few families which have not lost nearly everything they once possessed. They are obliged, very reluctantly, to part with their land, which before the war was worth $300 or $400 an acre, and now brings no more than $50 or $60. It is a splendid opportunity for investment abroad, and the Virginians would be very glad to have English capital and English colonists flow in their direction. The country is naturally rich and fertile, and the greater part of it would recover in two or three years if the people had their former means to work with. One great difficulty they have to encounter is the want of labour. Their slaves deserted them at different times during the war, and now cannot be induced to work, although fair wages are offered them. The negro finds himself, as a gentleman here remarked "no better than a white man," and discovered that to live he must work—a necessity to which he cannot yet reconcile himself. Many of them have gone into Pennsylvania and other Northern States, and others are roaming about in a half-starved condition. Their belief is that liberty means freedom from labour, and consequently the masters are anxious to get white servants as fast as they can. Many Northern people have been in the Valley lately buying lands, and upon the whole the inhabitants take a hopeful view of their prospects, and trust that in the course of a few years the country will regain a portion of its former prosperity, and that the curse of poverty will, at any rate, be removed from them. If the Government deals considerately with them, and forbids future arrests on account of past offences, it will do much towards bringing about this result.

Between Winchester and Staunton, a distance of 92 miles, the country has been much devastated, and not a barn is left standing between the two towns. Every house, granary, distillery, and bridge was burnt by Sheridan's men. Hunter and Banks had previously done all they could, and Sheridan finished the work. The valley looks like one great wilderness, with military roads cut through it in all directions. Where houses have been left standing the owners are putting up a temporary fence around them, but at present

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[11]James Murray Mason (1798-1871), former U.S. Senator from Virginia and Confederate commissioner to England. Readers of the TIMES would be particularly interested in Mason for when he was captured aboard a British vessel en route to England in 1861 and returned as prisoner to Boston, many Britons called for a declaration of war against the United States. His son, grandson, and great-grandson subsequently became prominent attorneys of Charles Town.

they are unable to touch their land. Some of the farmers drove their horses and cattle up to the mountains during the war to save them from falling into the hands of the enemy, and they are now bringing them back—better off than most of their neighbours, who lost everything. Even the wardrobes of the ladies were carried away, and in many cases raiders and "bummers" took rings and bracelets from their fingers and wrists, when no Confederate troops were within some miles of them. One of the less tragic stories of the raids in this valley is told of a farm girl, whose cow had strayed to a distance. The people were at that time confined to the vicinity of their own houses, and this girl asked permission of the Federal officer in command to bring back her cow. He refused, unless she took the oath of allegiance. The girl tried to prevail upon him to let her go out for some time, and at last turned and said, —"Well, Captain, if you think to conquer the Southern Confederacy by holding on to Bill Arnold's old cow, you're welcome, but don't expect us to take your Yankee oaths." The soldiers of the Union have altogether found it less disagreeable to face the men of the Valley than the women, of any grade in life. In their own words, they have never had a "good time" here, but have found it a "rocky road;" and the war has certainly not lessened the gulf which of old stood between the Northern and Southern people. After going over these miles of desolation—the most melancholy and depressing journey, probably, that it would be possible to make it any part of the world—it is a relief to learn that the inhabitants of the Valley do not look forward to any suffering this winter, except that mental suffering which is unavoidable from the knowledge that they have fought so long and lost so much, and all in vain, except that they have gained immortal renown for the daring and courage of their sons.

The dashing soldiers of the Valley are now returning to peaceful pursuits, as the soldiers of the North are doing. One brave officer who was wounded at Gettysburg, and lay on the battlefield all night, almost dying, and who received three other wounds in different fights, now devotes himself to the useful task of letting his townsmen know, through the columns of a newspaper, what is going on in the outer world. Another distinguished staff officer has opened an agency for the sale of lands in Virginia. A third is hard at work studying law. Thus, the survivors of "Secessia" are wisely trying to make the best of the altered circumstance in which they find themselves placed.

Edited by Cecil D. Eby

Charles Town Celebrates Its First Two Hundred Years, 1986

Charles Town observed the bicentennial of its founding with a gala celebration on the weekend of June 18-22, 1986. The founding father, Charles Washington, was the youngest brother of our first President, George Washington. The actual request to found the town was made on a petition by Charles Washington and several town fathers to the Virginia Assembly on November 23, 1786; passed by the legislature in December 1786; and signed by the leaders of both houses on January 4 and 7, 1787, respectively. The land that made up Charles Town was inherited in 1752 by Charles Washington under the terms of the Will of his half brother, Lawrence Washington.

To prepare for this event, A Bicentennial Committee was created in May 1985 to both plan and stage the events that took place during the celebration. The Committee consisted of the following: Honorary Chairman, Dr. and Mrs. John A. Washington; Mayor and General Chairman, Dr. Donald Master; Program Coordinators, Harold H. and Snowdon D. Kisner; Secretary, Jeanne V. Nerhood; Treasurer, J. Randolph Hilton; Assistant Treasurer, Lily W. Cain; Publicity, Margaret B. Lyter; Parade Chairman, Geraldine Willingham; and Protocol, Harold E. and Rosa B. Hall. In addition, a Board of Directors assisted in many of the events. Members included Francis and Olive P. Braxton, Mary Elizabeth Coyle, Richard Davis, Yvonne Davis, Dorothy A. Furr, Sarah Humston, Raymond P. Parks, Marion J. Reeler, John C. Skinner, Jr., Francina Stonesifer, Dorothy Y. Taylor, Michael D. Thompson, Ollie Tolbert, Hugh E. Voress, Elizabeth Ann Wall, and Elizabeth Wysong.

One of the first acts of business concerned the creation of a non-profit corporation so that a tax exempt status could be obtained. This proved to be very difficult and time consuming and nearly nine months elapsed before the tax number was obtained. This delayed planning considerably.

Several subcommittees were established, vis, a subcommittee for sporting events, a subcommittee for the parade, a subcommittee for the house tours, and a subcommittee to prepare a brochure about Charles Town. The

brochure prepared by this latter subcommittee was published in late February 1986. It was one of several products that were sold to help defray expenses of the celebration. This brochure includes many early pictures of Charles Town, a chronology of events that have occurred in Charles Town over the past 200 years, a copy of the earliest (1830) map of Charles Town, showing the layout of the streets and buildings, a listing of the persons who bought the original one-half acre lots sold by Charles Washington between 1784 and 1799 and the prices paid, and a number of ads that appeared in the Charles Town newspapers, *The Spirit of Jefferson* and the now defunct *Virginia Free Press,* in the period following the Civil War until the 1890's. This brochure has been sent to all libraries of colleges and universities of West Virginia and to the Library of Congress.

The Bicentennial celebration opened at the Charles Town Civic Center with the Patty Willis Art Show, an art show of local artists; a Doll Collection owned by Diane O'Bannon and shown under the auspices of the Bee Line Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution; and the Jefferson County Museum displays that included among other artifacts, the wagon that carried John Brown to his execution in 1859. These events were open every day during the celebration. Also, the play, "The Anvil" written by Julia Davis Adams, was performed the week before and during the celebration. This play is a depiction of the trial of John Brown and the play was staged in the Court House where the actual trial was held.

Each day, June 20-22, a walking tour of some of the historic homes of Charles Town was held. The tour began at the Carriage Inn (originally the Stripling House where Generals Grant and Sheridan met during the Civil War) and included a tour of Happy Retreat, originally the home of Charles and Mildred Thornton Washington. Happy Retreat was built about 1780 and enlarged after 1837 by Judge Isaac Douglass who renamed it Mordington after his home in Scotland. It was given its original name again by its present owners, William and Mary Gavin. Those who took the walking tour were given a copy of a booklet containing 16 sketches of the 34 houses and buildings covered including a brief notation about each. The sketches were done by Mrs. J. Blackwell Davis (Betty).

The official bicentennial luncheon, hosted by Mayor Donald C. Master, for visiting dignitaries and guests was held Friday, June 20, at Shu Chen's restaurant on West Washington Street. The list of special guests included Mrs. Jackie A. Strange, United States Deputy Postmaster-General; Harley Staggers, Jr., U.S. Congressman from this district; Jennings Randolph,

former United States Senator; and mayors of five neighboring communities. Local area people present at the luncheon and who were acclaimed for their special achievements were Rebecca Porterfield, Miss West Virginia; Elizabeth Green, Miss Jefferson County; Patricia Nuse, 1986 Valedictorian at Jefferson High School; and Aimee Soubier, 1986 Salutorian at Jefferson High School. In addition to Dr. and Mrs. John A. Washington of Charles Town, the Washington family was also represented by Mr. Samuel Walter Washington, of Austin, Texas; Dr. and Mrs. John A. Washington, of Pepper Pike, Ohio; and Mr. and Mrs. John A. Washington, of Chevy Chase, Maryland.

A special White House message from President Ronald Reagan congratulating the people of Charles Town on the 200th birthday of the city was on display at the restaurant, and copies were presented to the Jefferson County Museum and to the Charles Town City Offices as permanent momentos of the bicentennial celebration. This message was included also on the official bicentennial program which listed the events that were to occur.

The official luncheon was followed by a parade featuring floats and bands from many organizations and communities. A beard judging contest was held, the Antique Tractor and Farm Implements Show as opened, and the evening ended with a special Charles Town Bicentennial Stakes Race at the Charles Town Race Track.

Saturday, June 21, activities started off with a breakfast served by the senior Charles Town Women's Club. This was followed by a tennis tournament, foot races, and a ceremony in which Harewood Avenue was re-named Martin Luther King, Jr. Avenue. The American Legion held dedication services for a Memorial to be built at Jefferson Memorial Park to commemorate those Jefferson County military personnel who lost their lives in wars fought since 1900. An antique car show and parade was held Saturday morning and afternoon. In the evening, a large street dance, featuring two local orchestras, was held on Congress Street.

On Sunday afternoon, an impressive Ecumenical Church Service was held at Zion Episcopal Church with the participation of clergy and members of eleven churches of Charles Town, including the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Church of God, Lutheran, and Christian Fellowship denominations. The Millbrook Chamber Orchestra gave a fine performance at Charles Town's Old Opera House on Sunday Evening

to complete the festivities. All in all, it was a meaningful celebration of the 200th birthday of the town, and there are many pleasant memories.

Hugh E. Voress

Summer Picnic



Ripon Lodge

Wednesday, August 5, 1992, the Jefferson County Historical Society held its annual picnic at Ripon Lodge, Home of A.M.S. Morgan, II and family. The weather, the most important factor for a successful picnic, was ideal. Over 200 members and guests came with their special casseroles, salads, and desserts. A cold glass of lemonade awaited each arrival. Tables to hold the food had been set up under a large tent and folding chairs were available for comfortable visiting.

Dr. John E. Stealey, III, President of the Society presented Mr. Morgan, "Bud," who gave a bit of the background history of Ripon Lodge. Located near the village of Rippon, on a part of the Wheatlands estate bought in 1803 by Henry S. Turner and willed by him to his son William F. Turner. The son built there in 1833, according to the date on a rain gutter box, and named it for the family home of his wife in Prince William County, Virginia. The Turner heirs sold Ripon Lodge in 1916. It was bought in 1972 by Mr. and Mrs. A.M.S. Morgan, II, who have done a magnificent job

of restoration.

Built of stone, eight of the rooms in this lovely old house are twenty feet square and there are nine fireplaces. Stone was also used for the outside kitchen and smoke house. The walls which are two feet thick have made modernization difficult. The slave quarters have been transformed into a comfortable living area. An interesting stone building in the yard called the "smoke house" is of unknown date but was most likely built before the mansion house.

Mr. Morgan invited all to tour the house and buildings. Dr. Stealey expressed appreciation on behalf of the Society for the gracious hospitality from the Morgan family.

Florence H. Moore