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Magazine of the

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."

"History by apprizing them of their past will enable them to judge of the future; it will avail them of the experience of other times and other nations; it will qualify them as judges of the actions and designs of man; it will enable them to know ambition under every disguise it may assume, and, knowing it, to defeat its views."

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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 $6.00 each; order these from The Society, Box 485, Charles Town. Original volumes or facsimile reproductions are available to all persons at $7.00 per Magazine.

The Society also has copies of various books available:

The Washington Homes of Jefferson County. $10.00 mailed.

Michael D. Thompson, *Calendar and Index to Recorded Plats in Jefferson County, West Virginia (Virginia) Courthouse, 1801-1901.* $25.00 mailed.

Between the Shenandoah and Potomac: Historic Homes of Jefferson County, West Virginia. $45.00 mailed.

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Woodlawn: Davenport to Wiltshire

Jeremy Lazelle



Woodlawn

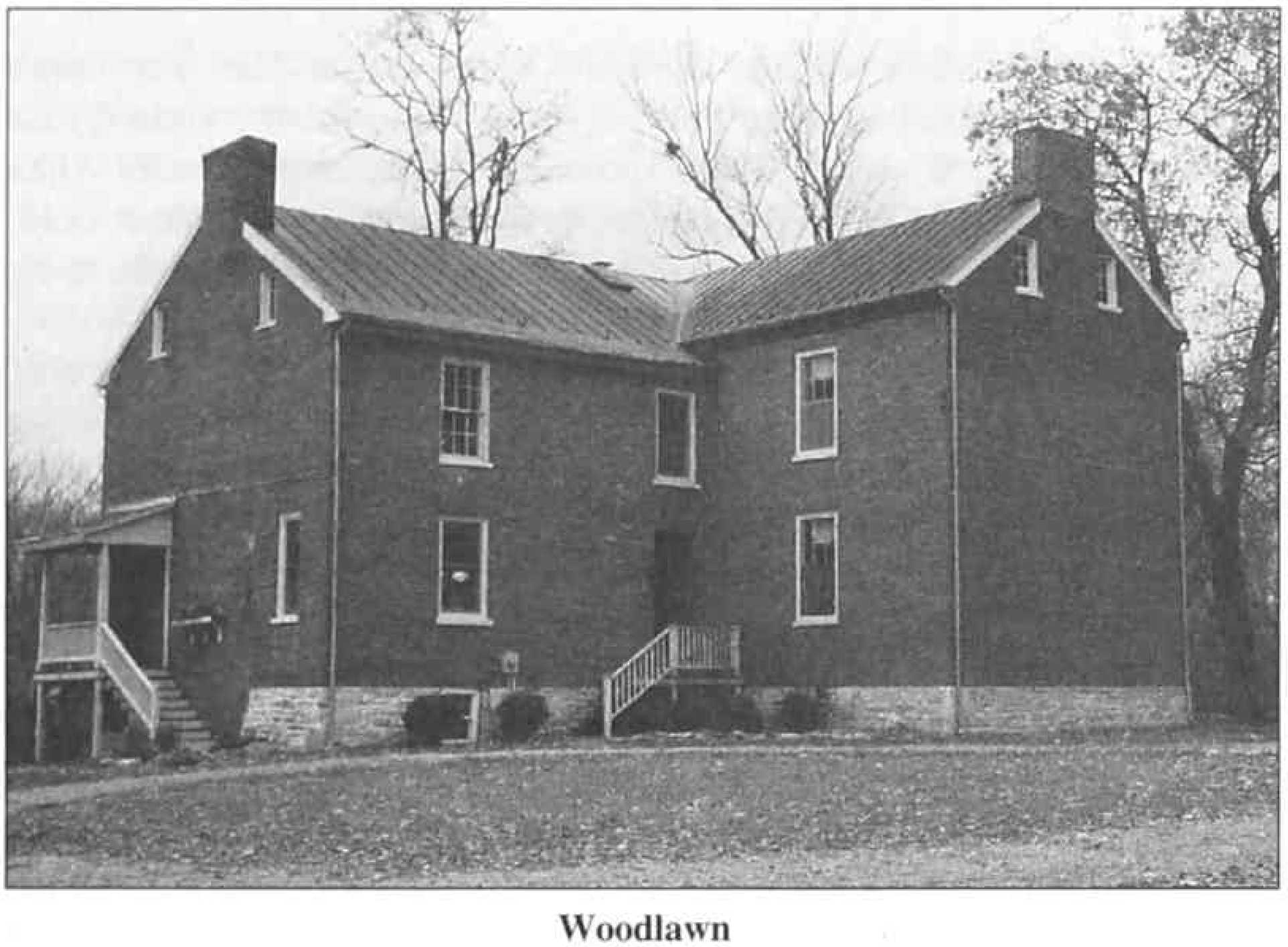
A majestic three bay, L-shaped home known as "Woodlawn" lies between Bardane and Leetown Pike on Wiltshire Road. Offset from Wiltshire Road near its intersection with Johnstown Road, Woodlawn (ca. 1820) was the home of the Wiltshire family from the 1820s until the passing of Ms. Camilla Wiltshire in 1990. Little has been documented on the primary resident of this early republic federal home, John C. Wiltshire, except brief references to his role as foreman for the John Brown jury in 1859. The home, now the residence of Mr. Darrell McGhee, is in consideration for inclusion on the National Register of Historic Places under the categories of architecture and agriculture.

Originally the land on which the home reposes was part of the 2,420 acres of land granted to Col. Richard Blackburn by Lord Fairfax in 1752. A gap in the recorded deeds has not allowed for the precise tracking of the land up to the purchase of 100 acres by Samuel Davenport from Adam Stephen Dandridge in 1806. At that date, the land had been "held and

occupied" by Samuel Davenport for "a number of years" and leased for a sum of twenty dollars yearly. Samuel Davenport was the eldest son of Abram Davenport of Mount Ellen in Summit Point who had arrived from England to what was then Berkeley County during the Revolutionary War. Interesting enough, Samuel had in his time three wives, none of which bore him any children. Davenport had however raised an orphan child as his own, named Camilla. In his lengthy will, dated 1828 (one year before his death), Samuel outlined a complex distribution of his expanded 291 acre Jefferson County "plantation", 506 acres in Delaware County Ohio, slaves, household items and money.

It was the deaf and dumb orphan daughter, Camilla, who acquired through the Davenport will, one-third (approximately 97 acres) of the Davenport "plantation" inclusive of the "houses" that she and husband John C. Wiltshire were currently living in. In addition, the Wiltshires were to receive one half of the 97 acres Davenport had left to his third wife, Mary, upon her death. Mary had been willed the third of the plantation which included the Davenport residence and dependencies. The final one-third of the Jefferson County plantation was to go to Samuel's niece, Lucy Cooke, his first wife's brother's daughter, who acquired upon Mary's death the remaining half of her lands including the Davenport residence with all buildings and improvements. Mary survived her husband by only two years, therefore her holdings were divided between the Wiltshires and Ms. Cooke in 1831. Aside from this mention of the Davenport residence(s) dating prior to 1806, the location of these structures remain a baffling mystery. Tax records indicate the residence, including dependencies, to be valued at more then twice that of Woodlawn.

In addition to the 291 acres, Davenport owned an odd sixty acre tract purchased from John Hite which had been willed to Elizabeth Long, the daughter of his sister; Mary Long. Elizabeth also inherited a negro girl named Fauna, age 20, under stipulation. The stipulation of the inheritance was to free the girl at age 30 or forfeit the 60 acres to her cousins Camilla and Lucy. Nonetheless, this act of manumission must have occurred for neither of the cousins received 30 acres in the following decade. As for the 506 acres in Ohio, Davenport divided this parcel between a niece and his slaves, whom, with the exception of those willed to his wife Mary (Daniel, Allen, Sophia and a boy named George Slye), and the 10 year indenture of Fauna to niece Elizabeth, were to be freed upon his death.



Woodlawn

Sims (underlined in the will as having been spelled incorrectly), a black man, inherited 53 acres of land on which he had been residing. Nathan, a yellow man, inherited 100 acres and George, 53 acres. An additional 100 acres was to be given to Betty, who was given her freedom and 10 dollars yearly if she chose to remain in service to both Mary and Camilla. The remaining 200 acres was given to his sister Catherine's daughter, Hannah Orrick.

John C. Wiltshire was born in Virginia in 1800 and appears for the first time in the county deed records in 1819, having sold a variety of duplicate household items to John Eversole. Although the date of marriage to Camilla (born 1803) has not been determined from the public records, the two had their first child (John C. II) in 1817. By the death of Samuel Davenport in 1829, the second of John C. and Camilla's eight children had been born while living on the plantation. The Wiltshire's residence according to the census records, also included an elderly woman named Sarah Wiltshire, presumably John's mother. She may have been the owner of the household items sold to Eversole in 1819. The home known as Woodlawn apparently was built sometime before1828, having been mentioned in Davenport's will. The architecture and

associated stylization support this early construction date. The home displays strong similarities to other historic homes in the vicinity: La Grange ca. 1811, Snow Hill (later known as the Jefferson County Alms House) ca. 1815 and the Coyle House, probably also built around 1820. These three homes of brick with raised stone foundations were built by neighboring James Hurst for his children.

One distinct similarity between these homes is the presence of saltglazed bricks on the exterior end walls. This characteristic makes this set of closely grouped homes somewhat unique within the county. Other examples of the houses in the county with glazed bricks include Elmwood built in 1797 and the Tate-Fairfax-Muse House in Charlestown ca. 1800. Glazed bricks, made through a special process, where perhaps imported from points East where they were popularized: West New Jersey and Philadelphia area. This element has both English and Sweden antecedents and use is credited largely in America to Quaker builders. The bricks are generally used to form patterns, horizontal lines being most common, although diamond patterns, initials and dates were also popular. Historically, glazed brick artistry has been recognized as a social signifier of the owner's wealth used by landed families to display their newly acquired status in the seventeenth and eighteenth century. Curiously, the glazed brick used on both the Woodlawn and the Coyle House lack a specific patterning. The use of glazed bricks had fallen out of style in the Western New Jersey and Philadelphia area by 1800, and as we see, persisted here in the Western frontier of Virginia just a bit beyond that.

Striking similarities also occur between Woodlawn and the homes built by Hurst for his children, not only in outward appearance but in floor plan and interior decorative elements such as door and window transoms, raised panel reveals, molded door panels and mantel design. The four homes also share a distinct staircase design rising to the third floor attic with striking similar newel posts of black walnut. LaGrange, on Leetown Pike, displays the most remarkable amount of similarity to Woodlawn and is the closest physically. It offers a staircase and parlor plan on the opposite side of the house. Although contemporary Wiltshire family lore has stated that the home was built in 1852, the year of the first detailed Jefferson County map which indicates the home and land ownership by the Wiltshires. The earlier dating of Woodlawn is also based on simple architectural analysis of nails used in the home's construction. In this case, aside from the primitive hewn and pegged attic

beams (all matched by etched roman numerals), the use of wooden pegs elsewhere around the house, the limited amount of exposed early machine cut common nails with handmade heads cut from opposite sides (1810-1820's) are of a type not generally used or available past 1830. The dependency which has been called the smokehouse located to the immediate rear of the house features an entirely hand wrought nail and was probably constructed earlier than the home. With one and a half stories and an excavated "root cellar" it may have served as the original residence while the home was being built. With all of this in mind, presumably Samuel Davenport had collaborated with the builder of the Hurst homes in the construction of Woodlawn for the expanding Wiltshire family. John C. Wiltshire lived and worked on the farm and perhaps had the position as overseer of plantation operations. If the home and dependencies were constructed for the Wiltshires by Davenport before his death, this would account for not leaving his own residence to them at least upon the death of his wife Mary. All other primary considerations in the will weighed heavy toward the Wiltshires.

The Wiltshires had inherited 97 acres of the Davenport Estate in 1829 as well as an exhaustive amount of household, farming goods and cash. Through Mary Davenport's death in 1831, the Wiltshire holdings increased to approximately 145 1/2 acres. By 1832, they proceeded to purchase the 145 1/2 acre holding of Lucy Cooke, thus acquiring all of the lands of the original Davenport plantation. This would have included also the Davenport residence, the location of which has been proven elusive. By 1840s, paralleling the increased ease of agricultural trade through the newly built canal, railroad, and other internal improvements in the county, the Wiltshire land holding swelled to 474 acres. This declined to 315 by 1852. Little has been documented on the Wiltshires who prospered as slave-owning farmers of rye as well as wheat, corn, cattle, and hogs. Camilla's handicap, having been both deaf and dumb according to the census records, may have attributed to a less than active social life. Nonetheless, John C. was an active member of the Valley Agricultural Society and the Whig party. The two raised several children and had an extended household of 10 in 1849, 4 generations. It was in this year that the elder Sarah Wiltshire passed on at the ripe old age 73. She was the second individual to be buried at the Wiltshire family graveyard located some distance to the southwest of the house. A second infant named John had preceded her at the age of 3. This cemetery also

includes several headstones unmarked or dated, probably marking slave burial sites.

John C. Wiltshire left his mark in history as the foreman of the John Brown jury in 1859; however, little has been said and recorded regarding the men who served on the jury. John C. died of "paralysis" (stroke) while traveling in Grant County in 1869. Newspaper records indicate that Wiltshire traveled frequently representing political interests. No will was probated, probably due to the sudden and unexpected death. Camilla survived John C. by two years, the farm being willed to her daughter Sarah. Upon marrying and moving West to Missouri, Sarah sold the property to her brothers, who continued the farming tradition at Woodlawn. Ms. Camilla Wiltshire, the great-granddaughter of John C. and Camilla Wiltshire, acquired the property through her father's will in 1940 and lived in the house until her death in 1990.

Special thanks are extended to James (Skinny) and Ann Hammond of Charlestown for the oral history accounts regarding "Woodlawn", which have been added in locating the remains of stone storage buildings, slave quarters, cistern, stone lined well and privy sites for future archaeological investigations.

Jeremy Lazelle is an archaeologist working for the Park Service at Harpers Ferry and with the Jefferson County Landmarks Commission's efforts at the Peter Burr House. He has previously worked for private engineering firms as well as Assistant Archaeologist for the U.S. Virgin Islands. He was born and raised in Washington State, which was barely charted when Woodlawn was built.

George Schoppert of Harper's Ferry: Assassin or Patriot?

October 18, 1859

Edited, with an introduction by Cecil D. Eby

Among the most grisly episodes of slaughter played out by participants in the John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry was the killing of William Leeman, which occurred about noon of the second day, Monday, 18, 1859, in the shoal waters of the Potomac River above the railroad bridge. Nearly every reporter present had his own version of how George Schoppert, a Bolivar townsman, waded out into the river and shot "in cold blood" the youngest of the Brown raiders, who had been stranded on a rock while attempting to escape to Maryland. After stripping off his victim's coat and gunbelt, Schoppert returned to the Virginia shore while dozens (or hundreds?) of militia converted the body of Leeman into a target. With undisguised glee, anti-slavery reporters used the Schoppert-Leeman affair as evidence of the bloodthirsty appetites of the Virginians.[1]

At twenty, William H. Leeman was the youngest member of the Brown band, but he had been a faithful follower for three years and had served his apprenticeship as a militant abolitionist in the Kansas fighting. Born of very poor parents, he grew up in a squalid hamlet deep in the Maine woods, but somehow obtained a respectable education in the schools of Saco and Hallowell. At the age of fourteen he began work in a shoe factory at Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he was remembered by acquaintances as quiet and sociable. He was loyal to his parents and sent them whatever money he could spare, which was only a pittance. He was nearly six feet tall, and had a slender build. He became a charter member of the Chatham Convention which met in western Ontario to arrange for the government which John Brown intended to establish after successfully arousing and freeing the slaves in Virginia. On his body was found a captain's commission dated October 15, 1859, and signed by John Brown

1 Even fifty years later, Oswald Garrison Villard, the dean of John Brown biographers, repeated the story, implying that Schoppert had killed Leeman "after he had surrendered" and that "the eighteen-year-old boy" was "unarmed." (Actually, Leeman was a few months short of his twenty-first birthday.) See *John Brown: A Biography Fifty Years After*. (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1910), p. 440.

and Henry Kagi, Brown's Secretary of War.[2] Politically Leeman was an idealist, very much ensorcelled by his mentor. Just two weeks before the raid, in a letter to his mother, after apologies for his long absence, he explained that he was "warring with slavery, the greatest curse that had ever infested America." He expressed his confidence in their plan to incite slaves to rebellion and establish a free government. "I am now in a Southern *slave State*, and before I leave it, it will be a free State, and so will *every other one in the South.*"[3]

Despite his exalted rank, Leeman was, at best, only a bit player in the Brown drama. He served as a courier between the main body of Brown's raiders in the engine house and the John Kagi party which had seized Hall's Rifle Factory on the Shenandoah. In his messages, Kagi, who sniffed a disaster in the making (as John Brown did not), urged an immediate withdrawal to Maryland before the fire of the militia made any movement impossible. And doubtless Leeman began to share Kagi's pessimism. Earlier that day he had driven a wagonload of captured arms back to Brown's storehouse near the Kennedy farm in Maryland. But presumably when he saw that the raiders had been cut off and the number of militiamen arrayed against them was burgeoning by the hour, Leeman decided to flee. Thus it was that he dashed for the Potomac in a wild race for safety, only to be peppered by rifle shots from the militia and citizenry on both banks of the river. George Schoppert's memoir (assuming that it can be believed) graphically describes what followed.

For Schoppert the day's work was not yet done. He also takes credit for shooting John Brown's seventh son Oliver, who was among those besieged in the engine house.[4] At this time Oliver was deeply troubled by personal problems. He had left in the north his pregnant wife, Martha Brewster, whom he had married in April, 1858, and feared for her health. A week before the raid he wrote her that he took great comfort in looking at her picture, which he kept in a morocco case and carried close to his body. He advised her to take plenty of rest, to bathe often, and to read

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[2] This commission became the property of Colonel John Gibson and as late as 1941 was on display in the house he built on the site of the John Brown Scaffold. See Millard Kessler Bushong, *A History of Jefferson County West Virginia* (Charles Town: Jefferson Publishing Company, 1942), p. 118.

[3] Richard J. Hinton, *John Brown and His Men* (New York, revised eidition, Funk & Wagnalls, 1894), p. 538.

[4] Not to be confused with Watson Brown, who had been mortally wounded earlier in the day while carrying a flag of truce to the besieging militia.

"good books, such as Parker's 'Sermons' and Combe's 'Constitution of Man.' "These books will do much to keep you from being lonesome."[5] His letter reflects none of the messianic fervor of young Leeman.

For the death of Oliver we have the report of John Thomas Allstadt, one of the hostages in the engine house. Oliver, sitting in the partly open door, spied someone peeping over the stone wall of the trestle in the act of sighting a gun. He took aim but before he could fire the shot the other's shot struck him "a mortal wound that gave horrible pain."[6] In the agony of his wound he begged repeatedly to be shot, but his father replied, "Oh, you will get over it" and "If you must die, die like a man." Oliver died at night. When his groans ceased, his father called to him. There was no answer, and Brown said, "I guess he is dead."[7] The anonymous sharpshooter presumably was Schoppert.

After the raid the citizenry of Harper's Ferry waxed indignant when they informed that they would have to incur the costs of burying the dead raiders. In the end they fetched some packing crates for the corpses, most of whom were buried in a shallow grave on the right bank of the Shenandoah across from Hall's Rifle Factory (in the vicinity of the Route 340 bridge). It is said that in the arms of Oliver Brown was placed the body of Dangerfield Newby, a free black who had joined Brown's party with the hope of rescuing his wife and children from slavery.[8]

Of George Schoppert we know considerably less; that he was a worker at the Harper's Ferry armory, that he had a brother John in Shepherdstown with whom he visited after the war, that he settled in Waynesboro, Virginia (or Pennsylvania, —accounts vary). One might think that his warlike character would have made him an ideal soldier during the Civil War. Perhaps he was, but his name does not appear in the muster rolls of the three Confederate regiments which enrolled most Jefferson Countians (the 2nd Virginia Infantry, the 1st Virginia Cavalry, and the 12th Virginia Cavalry). And it is very unlikely that he would have dared join the Union army, for his role in the Brown raid would have

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[5] Martha Brewster Brown died in childbirth a few months later.

[6] Allstadt quoted in Villard, p. 441

[7] Edwin Coppoc from his jail in Charlestown wrote to Mrs. John Brown that Oliver lived "but a very few comments after he was shot. He spoke no words, but yielded calmly to his fate." Doubtless Coppoc's falsification was intended to comfort the mother about the death of her favorite son. Hinton, p. 578.

8 Hinton, p. 580. The skeleton of Watson Brown was a prized exhibit at the Winchester Medical School until retrieved by an Indiana surgeon during the war. In 1882 it was sent to North Elba, New York, and interred in the grave of John Brown.

made him *persona non grata*. Perhaps he found a safe nook in one of the burgeoning munitions or gun factories in either the North or South, for he was a skilled mechanic. He makes it clear in his affidavit that he was incensed about reports of his murder of Leeman. Forty years after the event, as his own life began to close, he decided to reveal the "truth."

What then was George Schoppert—bloodthirsty killer or citizen patriot? The real measure of the man is contained in his narrative below, and readers are invited to decide whether he was an honest man or liar. One thing is certain: had he not stopped that morning to slop his hogs, he would have played no role whatsoever in this key event in American history.

• • •

[The George Schoppert Affidavit]

By request of a friend, I, G. A. Schoppert, write what I know personally and what I did during the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry between October 17th and 20th, 1859. I think it was the 17th of October-- I know it was on Monday morning-- that I started to go to work, when, as I was going out of my yard on Union Street, Bolivar, I saw William Wentzel crossing the street about one hundred yards ahead of me. I would have overtaken him, but my wife called me and asked me to carry a large bucket of slop to the hog pen, as it was too heavy for her. I make this statement to show that I would have been taken prisoner by Brown if I had not been called back, for Wentzel and I were usually the first to enter the Armory yard in the morning. He was taken prisoner, and I escaped by being called back by my wife.

I started to the Armory again, and when I got to Camp Hill I met Dr. Starry riding very fast. He stopped and warned me not to go down, that Wentzel was a prisoner. Dr. Starry had been a prisoner all night and had just made his escape. He told me all about what was out in as few words as possible, and told me to stop all the hands as fast as they came along. Then he went on as fast as he could to Charlestown to get a company to come down.[9] I reported to the men, and as soon as the crowd began to gather I went to my brother's house to tell him not to go to work, but

[9] Dr. John Starry (1821-1899) was a physician of Charles Town and famous as a "horse and buggy doctor." (He probably delivered more babies—including my father and aunt—than any other physician in Jefferson County history.) He personally aroused the Jefferson Guards, the first militia company to arrive on the scene.

when I got there he had gone. He worked at the rifle works on the Shenandoah. I then went down [to] the rifle works, and saw twenty men outside the gate, all of them hands that worked there. There was a big negro[sic] guarding the gate on the inside.[10] The gate was locked. Daniel Young was acting as a spokesman with the negro, who was armed with a spear. When I got there Young was about through with his talk with the guard. He said, "Come, boys, we will go and get some guns and clean them up." We all then went to Camp Hill, where we formed a company of a hundred men and elected William Moore as captain. He was an employee in the armory. He had us in line and then we broke ranks to hunt guns. We had shotguns, rifles, and all kinds of arms. Some of the men told us that there had been a lot of new muskets taken to a new shop in the upper end of the Armory yard about two weeks before and stored there, never having been used. They went down and found that Brown had no guard there, so they broke a window out and got the new muskets and a bag of caps. We then moulded bullets on cook stoves on Camp Hill until we had two bullets to each man.

We formed ranks again, and while we were talking about how we would make the attack Capt. John Avis arrived from Charlestown, when Captain Moore resigned in his favor. Captain Avis took charge of the company and divided us into five squads. He sent one squad up the Potomac to cross at the Old Furnace, go down the towpath and enter the railroad bridge from the Maryland side and take the guard Brown had put on the bridge; another squad was to take the rifle works; one to take the Shenandoah bridge; one was to go to the west end of the railroad trestling on the government canal bridge; and then he took charge of the fifth squad and went to the Ferry.[11] The first squad to do any fighting was that which crossed the river. They shot one man, and the rest ran to the engine-house and reported to Brown, who then started Leaman out to go across the river and get Cook and Coppick, who were in Maryland

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[10] This would have been one of the Lewis Washington or John Allstadt slaves taken the evening before and armed with pikes which Brown had received from Connecticut. None of these slaves took up firearms against the militia. The body of one of them was later found it the river, presumably drowned while attempting to escape.

[11] John Avis, a shoemaker by trade, had served in the Mexican War with the Jefferson Guards. He should be given credit for his plan, improvised on the spot, which completely sealed off Brown's party from escape. As it happened Avis was also the resident jailer in Charles Town during the period of the trials and executions of the raiders. He came to be much admired by John Brown, who remembered him in his will.

mountains, to come and retake the bridge so that he could retreat.[12] Leaman walked under the trestle until he got within 40 or 50 feet of the bridge that I with ten men was guarding. He came to an arch in the wall that was left for the race from the new shop that had never been finished. He crawled out of the arch and started across the river, wading on loose rocks that had been built for a fishpot dam. He was about 40 feet from the wall when we saw him. Every one of the crowd fired, or, rather, tried to fire, at him, but only two of the guns went off. When they fired he started to run, but the stones rolled under his feet and he fell in the dam over his head. When he came up he had lost his rifle. He waded on about two-thirds of the way across and came to a rock that stood up out of the water about four feet. He got behind that and stopped. I then took one of the guns that had gone off and reloaded it and climbed down the wall and waded out after him. There was in our squad a boy by the name of John Price. He followed me. He had no gun, so I gave him a large horse pistol that I had and told him to go below the rock where the water was not so deep. When I got around where he could see me Leaman got up on top of the rock. Price was closer to him than I was and called him on to surrender, but he made no answer. I then asked him if he was going to surrender. He made no answer, but drew a butcher knife out its sheath, cut his belt, and pulled off his coat. He dropped his coat and cartridge-belt on the rock and stood up with the butcher knife in one hand and a six-shooter pistol in the other. I called on him again to know if he was going to surrender, but he would not make any answer. Price had kept on halloaing all the time to him to surrender. I then called to Price, not to go any closer, and halloaed to Leaman that I would surrender him.

I raised my musket, took deliberate aim, giving him ample time to speak. Hearing no response from him I fired, and he fell backward on the rock and threw up his hands, his knife and his pistol flying out in the river. I waded to the rock and got his coat and cartridge-box, and then I had to get away from there in a hurry, as Cook and Coppick got to shooting at me from the mountain side— also our own men, not knowing

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[12] Barclay Coppoc and John Cook remained on the Maryland side and successfully escaped through the mountains to Chambersburg, where Cook was captured. Coppoc, though ailing, made his escape to Ohio. See Cecil D. Eby (ed), "Escape from Harpers Ferry: the Personal Narrative of Owen Brown," *Magazine of the Jefferson County Historical Society*, LXIV (December, 1998), 27-68.

me, from Camp Hill.[13]

I found in Leaman's coat pocket a small compass and his commission, "Wm. H. Leaman, Provisional Secretary of War." I gave the commission to Governor Wise to next day. Leaman's body floated from the rock, where he fell, down to the railroad bridge and was taken out the next day. His knife and pistol were found by some of our men several days later.

After getting out of the river I went home and changed my clothes. After eating supper I concluded to go to the Ferry and see what had become of the rest of our men. I went over Camp Hill down High Street without meeting anyone. Every house was closed. When I turned the corner on Shenandoah Street I saw a man lying in the gutter opposite the Arsenal gate. I went to him and turned him over and found him to be one of Brown's men. He was a yellow man and looked as if he had been shot from the upper-story widow[sic] from the opposite side of the street. He was shot in the side of the neck, the ball coming out of the right side near the hip bone.[14] I then went over to the railroad trestling. When I turned the corner at the hotel I saw another man lying between the tracks on the railroad about a hundred yards from the corner of the hotel. I went to him and turned him over and found him to be Mayor Beckham, who was railroad agent as well as mayor of the town. After I turned him over some men in the upper story of the hotel raised a window and called to me to pull him back. I dragged him back about six or eight feet and they came out and carried him into the hotel. They told me that Brown's men shot at every person that went past the water-house. I saw the danger then and kept back.

One of Brown's sons was standing inside the door of the engine-house, which was open about two feet. He had one foot on the hub of the fire engine, with his gun lying on his leg. I took my stand behind the corner of the water-house, but as soon as I looked around he raised his gun to take aim. I continued to play peep with him for some time, but finally I looked around when he was not looking and I shot him. The doors were then shut

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[13] John Cook on Maryland Heights began firing at the militia in the Ferry, which exchanged shots, one of which broke the branch of his tree and tumbled Cook to the ground. Barclay Coppoc had no part in this fight. The Virginians assumed that Maryland Heights might be crawling with many Brown partisians, so the danger expressed by Schoppert was reasonable, even though if he had remained he would more likely have been shot by one of the enthusiasts among the militia.

[14] This was Dangerfield Newby, who had been shot with a railroad spike loaded into a shotgun. Within a few hours hogs were rooting at the body.

and were not opened any more until Col. R. E. Lee opened them— or had them opened— the next day.

Armstead Ball was second officer in the Armory, or master armorer. He was one of the men that Brown had prisoner in the engine-house. As soon as the doors were opened I asked Mr. Ball if the shot that the man got just before the doors were closed hurt him, and he said it had killed him. He said it was one of Brown's sons, and that he had been warned before. The last shot struck him in the breast and finished him. Brown's men then cut port-holes through the brick wall of the building's east side, and would shoot any one that would go along Main Street.

About this time a train came down from Martinsburg with about a hundred men. They went into the yard and shot at the engine-house and made a great fuss. George Murphy, son of the paymaster, got a bullet in the calf of his leg and a man named Richards had an eye shot out and they fell back. It commenced raining now, and a Mr. Strider tied a white handkerchief on his umbrella and went and talked to Brown.[15] He asked Brown if he would surrender, but he would not, yet he said if the citizens would let him and his men go to the Maryland end of the bridge without molesting them they would leave. Of course we would not agree to that, so we appointed guards to watch the engine-house and patrols to patrol the streets, and left him with his prisoners stay in the engine-house.

That night Col. R. E. Lee arrived with two companies and went into camp in the Armory yard. The next morning after breakfast I was standing close to Col. Lee and Governor Wise, when Col. Lee asked Lieutenant Greene [Israel Green] if he wanted the honor of taking those men out. Greene raised his hat and thanked him. Greene than called out a detail. They got sledges and went to hammering against the doors, but did not make much impression. They next got a very large ladder that stood against the shop, and about twenty men used it as a battering ram. At the third lick they broke a hole in the doors about four feet from the ground, and Lieutenant Greene jumped into the hole. His orderly sergeant [Private Luke Quinn] was climbing in, partly between Greene's legs when someone inside shot and killed him. He was the last man killed. And now I believe I have stated about all occurred under my own sight.

And now, in conclusion, I wish to state that in giving this brief account of the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry in 1859 I have tried to state it as

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[15] Samuel Strider (1817-1897) was a citizen of Bolivar. He was also a very brave man, considering the propensity of the militia for shooting at anything that moved.

correctly as I saw it then, this being the first time I have ever written this account for publication. I wish to call public attention to one other account by someone who must have maliciously misrepresented the killing of Leaman in the river. It was stated that he was shot after he surrendered. I say this is a barefaced lie, and I know whereof I speak. If he had ever raised his hand he would not have been shot. But instead of showing any signs of surrender, he drew his knife, which was a very large butcher knife, cut his belt, disposed of his cartridge-box, as stated before, knife in one hand and a six-shooter in the other, looking me squarely in the face, and, in my opinion, decided to take chances with me, knowing I had but one charge.

Respectfully,
G.A. Schoppert

This day G.A. Schoppert personally appeared before me and made oath that the statement and facts set forth in the foregoing paper was correct to the best of his knowledge. Given under my hand and seal, November 11, 1899.

J.A. Patterson, J.P.

Table of Contents

NOTES

History of Bellevue

Mrs. Elizabeth Ann (Bessie) Lemen Criswell

Editor's Note: Vivian Park Snyder furnished this memoir of "Cliff Cottage," a home in Shepherdstown that after its rebuilding in 1880 and 1881 became "Bellevue." The subjects of these recollections extend beyond an account confined to the house by including many aspects of family and farm life around a small town.

An approximate dating of this memoir is impossible. Mrs. Criswell (1860-1946) had an article in Volume VII (December 1941) of this periodical entitled "The Robert Lemen Family," 5pp.

While visiting us in Washington last Fall you asked me to sometime write you a description of the home of my birth. I [will] gladly write you of the old house and grounds, for I suspect there are few persons now living who could tell you anything about the old house and grounds that [were] practically torn down to build the so called mansion of "Bellevue". The name of the old house was "Cliff Cottage" as the home was only one and a half stories (I see all my mother's letters to my father when away from the home have the name "Cliff Cottage" at the head above the date). After the new house was finished we were all sitting one evening in front of the house and my father said we cannot call it "Cliff Cottage" any longer so what would be a good name? Being a great reader of novels I suggested the name of "Boscobelle" but father said that didn't mean much to him. Then I said how would "Bellevue" do for there is a beautiful view from the porch. That seemed to please all of us so it was "Bellevue" from that moment.

The farm was bought by grandfather, Willoughby Newton Lemen and his wife Esther Billmyer Lemen in 1860 from the Reverend Henry R. Matthews and his wife. It was probably bought in the early Spring as I have a paper sent to Rev. Matthews regarding his taxes due March 21, 1860. It was from S. Stone, Commissioner for Jefferson County, requesting him to make out the annexed list of taxable persons, property, etc. and deliver same to clerk of court. At the bottom of the paper he says, "All your stock sold at the sale today is taxable too". The date is March 21st so it is the date he made the sale. This makes me think my father,

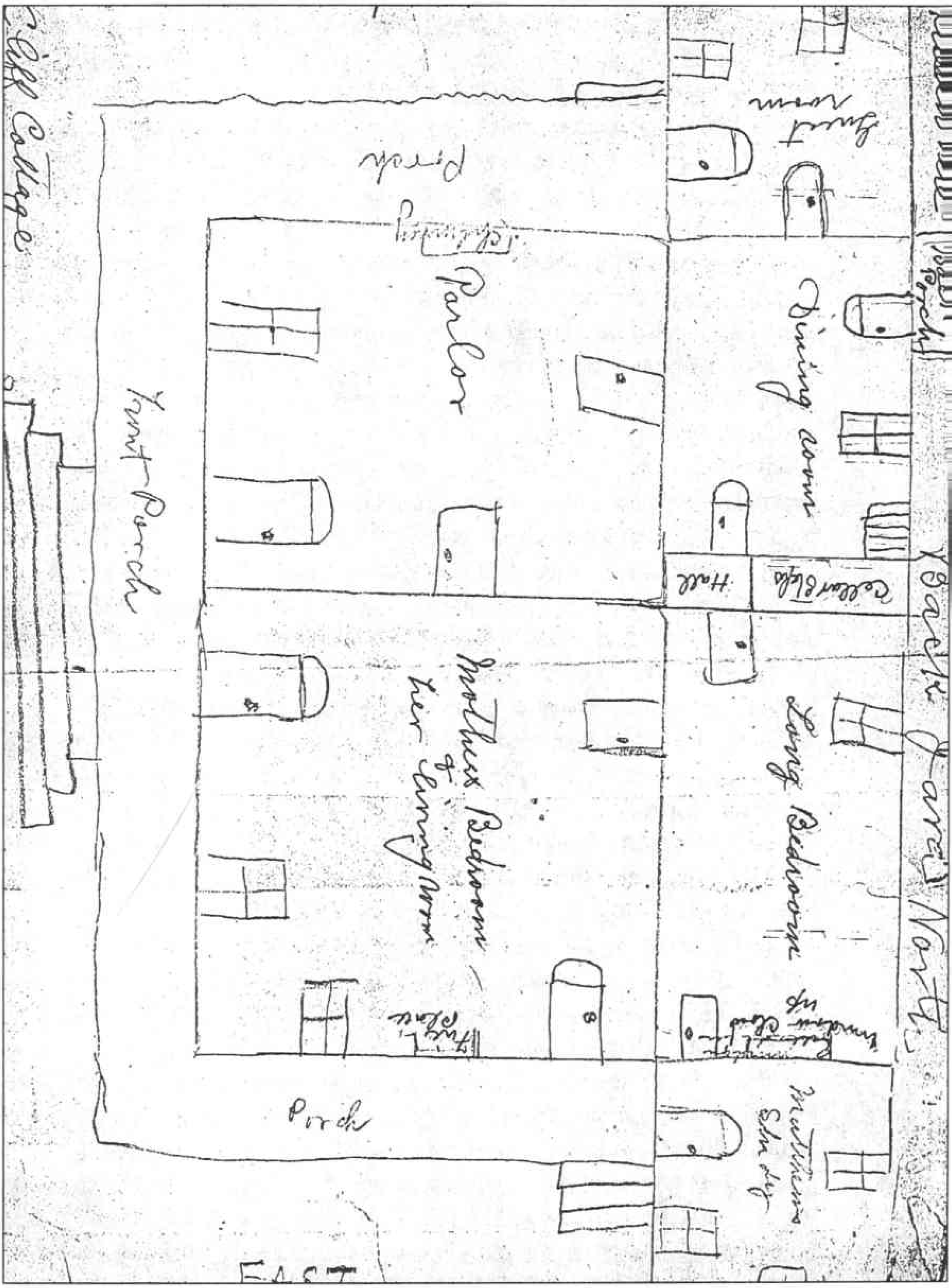
William Thornburg Lemen, and his wife, Susan Mary Billmyer Lemen, moved there April 1, 1860. They were married in 1859 and boarded with their Aunt Mary Billmyer Baker in Shepherdstown, as my father was then clerking in the store of Elis Baker. The store was also the Post Office and the mail was handed out a window on the street. In those days there was little mail to distribute. On the 29th day of July, 1860, I was born at "Cliff Cottage" was given the name of Elizabeth Ann in memory of my mother's only sister, but Auntie Hagan gave me the nickname of "Bessie".

In regards to the former owners of the farm I can only go back to Rev. Henry R. Matthews who (a church record says) preached in the Presbyterian Church from the Spring of 1853 to April 21, 1860. I do not know how long he owned it. I never was interested in old deeds or records of the farm but I think that I am on solid ground when I say it was first owned by Indians. This I can prove by the many graves that are found on the place. When you dig into a grave you find the pottery, axes, clay pipes, and arrows which they bury with their dead. Some of the bones are well preserved for one day I dug up a skull in the flower bed. It did not frighten me because I knew that there were many Indians buried on the place. When the present house was being built, the workmen tore down the whole West side of the stone wall to enlarge the house. In digging for the new stone foundation they came upon the grave of a large Indian who must have been an Indian Chief. As I viewed those bones lying on the ground near the grave, I was reminder of the poem "The Last words of an Indian Chief". It was published in 1841 and was written by Mrs. L.H. Sigourney.

Nellie, I seem to have let my mind stray from my old home to the early owners. When my grandfather bought "Cliff Cottage" and made a home for his son the house was four square with a wing at each side. I feel confident that the wings were added during the years that Rev. Henry Matthews lived there. My reason for thinking so is that the one wing on the East side was built for a study. The room had two cupboards reaching from the floor to the ceiling with shelves for books. A sliding board was used as a shelf for writing and when not in use was pushed back into the cupboard. Another reason is that in building the East wing they partly closed up one side of the window and left what could have been a closed cupboard in the room in the main house. My mother used it for boxes and a basket that held the little clothes that needed patching. She used the

study for a sewing room. It was always called Mr. Matthews's study. I wish I could draw you a picture of the old house but am no artist. When the house was first built it was practically four square with four rooms on the first floor and three half story rooms above. The upper rooms were very small and hot in the summer for the one little window did not let in much air as they were windows of only six panes of glass and opened on hinges.

On the first floor the front room on the East side had one large deep window, and a big door looking East and on the South side the room had one large deep window and a large front door. There was no hallway and the rooms open into each other. There were two front rooms opening on to the porch that ran across the front of the house around to each wing making five doors opening out onto the porch. Two front doors looking south toward the Grove were side beside. The one opening into mother's bedroom and the other into a parlor. In those days there was always a parlor that was only used when guests came. Back of the parlor was our dining room which opened on to a back porch leading into the kitchen which was back of the West wing. Back of mother's room was a long narrow room where we children slept as we outgrew the little bed in our mother's room. The long narrow room had only one window which looked out into the back yard. It originally had two windows one of which had been partly closed up to build East wing. The frame of the window was left intact. Only the sash was removed and the outer side filled in with bricks. Three of the rooms had large fire places, with high mantles that were thrown away when the new house was being built. I can well remember the high mantle in mother's room and I still have the old china vases that stood on the mantle piece. The rooms upstairs were small half story rooms, one used as a pantry for preserves and groceries. One over mother's room for the children's play room and the other for a servant. Under the eaves of the half story were three dark rooms that were terrors to children. They were used to store discarded wares, old shoes, etc. The stairway went up into the dining room. Between the dining room and long room there was a tiny hallway that led down into the cellar. Back of the wing on west side was a small kitchen with an immense fire place. Over the kitchen was a loft where the two men slaves slept. One was Levi Ross and the other Jerry Ross, his brother. They were my grandfather's slaves as we did not own any slaves. After I was born father hired a woman slave from Martha T. McFarland for one year. He paid



Rough Sketch of Cliff Cottage

some down and gave bond to give Lucy at the end of the year two good domestic shifts (chemise) one bolt of good linen cloth, two pair home knit woolen stockings, a homemade flannel petticoat or a quilted one, one pair homemade high quarted shoes, four aprons and a blanket. Also, to give Lucy in the summer one shift, two good domestic cotton dresses and a pair of shoes. There were no slave quarters on the farm. The only buildings we found was a stable, an old log meat house, and a chicken house. During the war my mother hid her boy riding horse in the chicken house and locked the door. Next morning the horse was gone. Stolen by the Yankees. Mother was so distressed that father started to search for "Billy". He heard they took the horse across the river so he went on to Boonsboro, Maryland. As he traced the thief that far. While walking thru alleys in search of the horse, "Billy" neighed as he always did when my father went near his stall at home. You can imagine how overjoyed father was. However, the stable was locked and the only way to the horse was to go to the Army headquarters. Ere before long he and "Billy" were homeward bound.

But to return to the building of the new house which began in 1880. My grandfather had died in 1877 and father inherited "Cliff Cottage" as his share of the estate. Our family had outgrown the old house as we children were five in number. There was Elizabeth Ann, Hettie Hagen, Robert Newton, Susan Mary, and Helen Billmyer. Then too the old house was sadly in need of repairs so father decided to raise the house to another story while repairing it. First, a place must be provided for the family to live in. Some years previous he had built a two room house on the grade for Betty Stubbs and family as her two sons Jack and Newt worked on the farm. Later they moved to town and the house being vacant workmen put it on rollers and moved it to the back yard of "Cliff Cottage" for us to live in while the old house was being torn down. Sad to relate our mother died there in 1881.

In the Spring of 1880 the brick building in the back yard was built near the little house. It was built to be used as a wash house or out house for butchering days and apple butter making. The upper floor for a meat house. We used the brick building for a kitchen and slept in the little house. How often it has amused me to hear them called slave quarters. Repairing the old house was a bigger job than father thought it would be. Alas, when you once begin to tear down a part of an old house you find you have to keep on and on. Floors have to come up and you find logs

decayed too much to use. Chimneys were built at each end of the main four square house. Immense fire places were built as it was probably the only way to heat up the house in early days before stoves came into use and cooking was done over the open fires, I can still see my father nailing on those great logs in our mother's room. When workmen pulled down that immense chimney on the East side of the house they found built in its walls an Indian Pipe stem about four inches long. It was black as ebony and had carvings on it of fish. They also found in the wall an Indian paint stone of cone shape. When wet you could paint your face. There was also a little earthen bowl. These are in possession of my family with a collection of Indian axes, darts, etc.

When father found the building of the new house was costing an immense sum he decided to not make a second story of stone as brick was much cheaper so that is why one story is of stone and the other of brick. Many of the old doors and window frames were not fit to use in the new house, but the two front doors had been protected from weather by the porch so were used as doors for dining room and back hall door in the new house. After the roof was torn off and the half story down all the inside of the first floor had to be demolished. The West side of the main building was torn down to enlarge the new house. In fact the old chimney at West end had to come down. The new chimneys had to be built on either side of the hallway in order to heat the new building. The lower floors had to all come up and then the logs were decayed too bad to leave for new floors. So far as I see but little of "Cliff Cottage" was left except parts of the stone walls. The little study of Rev. Matthews was the only room of the old house that was not disturbed except to raise another story for a bathroom. The new house was partly built during 1880. Partitions were put in and lathed ready for the plaster but cold weather came on and the plastering of rooms had to be postponed until Spring. The roof was on and we were able to live in a new house that winter though much remained to be done. At one time during our days in "Cliff Cottage" our father had a lot of walnut boards sawed and stored away so when he was building the new house he used much of it for door facings in hall and rooms. They are of walnut and not of mahogany as some writer has supposed. Of the lumber that was left we had Mr. Jacob Smootz make us a wardrobe. It it a beautiful piece of furniture and is now in my room in Washington. All of the stationary stands at "Bellevue" were made of seasoned walnuts that had been cut on the farm. The floors are striped

with that same walnut. The old front porch was a lovely one with its row of banisters. When we moved we brought with us three of the square foundations that were under the posts of the old porch. I have heard that great improvements were made to the house inside and out after we sold it. "Bellevue" had only one bathroom over Mr. Matthew's study which father built. It was a poor affair as we had no water works. Just a huge tank in the room. I have never been in the house except when I went as a member of the D.A.R. I found little to remind me of our home. The front fence had been torn down and our lovely flower beds were no more. The two large boxwood bushes that father had bought from old Mr. Klote were still standing but looked as thought they needed his hand and shears to reshape them. Our nice garden plot too was gone. That was a show place in the summer with its square beds of vegetables and flowers. Miles Norris who lived at "Bellevue" gates took great pride in the garden. In the lower part were rows and rows of grapes, fine peach trees, too. Strawberry beds and one of asparagus. The garden sloped to the river cliff. But was later made into a lawn. All fences torn away leaving the house into the Grove. In my childhood the Grove was truly a park for town folks who were always welcome to stroll through at will. The churches all held their Sunday School picnics in the Grove or at "Lemen's Spring" which was just a tiny stream flowing out of the hillside. Later father built a wall and dammed it up so there would be a large spring of water. Company "B" always held their annual soup at "Lemen's Spring". That was a great day for men and boys. Mr. Jim Richard was soup maker. Large iron kettles were set on iron racks and the chickens were put on early to cook while Mr. Richard and his assistants prepared the vegetables. Many of which came from our garden and cornfield. At noontime one heard John Criswell's band playing and Company "B" came marching through the Grove past the house to the Spring. There was always a following of boys who were welcome to soup if they brought a tin cup and spoon. When the soup was done Mr. Richard saw that a two gallon bucket of soup was sent up to the house. It was wonderful soup and no one has ever made any like it.

My father and mother were most hospitable and the town folks though they left gates open for cattle to roam at will. Bad boys stole our grapes and fruits. Sundays were great visiting days at the Grove. It was a favorite walk for lovers who after a rest under the great trees wandered down the Ox Hill to Lemen's Spring and the river.

Today the Grove has lost many of its once beautiful trees. Old age has laid them low or left only a decayed trunk. In a few years "Lemen's Grove" will be no more; so have jotted down a few lines of it. Bellevue farm was not large. When we lived there the Hersey's owned the field next to the Grove on the South. On the West of "Bellevue" across the road the land was owned by David Billmyer. At the lower North end of the rocky field with grave yard in the center was owned by Englers. I do not know who owned it before they came into possession but in the graveyard one sees names of Blackford and others. There we buried Jerry Ross, a slave. In the field was a old Wetproof house. I wish I had a picture of it many odd characters lived there but we children loved to visit them and carry them things from our garden. A family of Groves were there when my brother was three years old. He felt sorry for old Mrs. Grove who was poor, one day he was missing, while searching for him he came trudging up the hill. He said Mrs. Grove says thank you for the beets but she ain't got any wine whiskey or vinegar. Mother said where did she get the beets? He said I took her three big ones. Mother scolded him but gave him some vinegar to carry to the old woman for her beets. Later on father bought the field for use of pasture. It was a bad buy for most of it is rocks. In the valley there was an old still house that was run from a spring in the field. The field joined the farm of "Bellevue" on the East side where a hillside and meadow belonged to "Bellevue". At the North end of the meadow "Bellevue" joined back of David Billmyer once owned by Orndorff family. In the Billmyer meadow, Mr. John Grant, had a brick yard and made excellent brick.

From this description you can see there [were] many acres in the farm that brought in no income. We did get some income from the quarry when the first railroad bridge was built. All the stone for the bridge was taken out of the hillside at "Bellevue". The quarry was first opened when Rev. Matthew's lived at "Cliff Cottage".

'To Be More Than Equal': Martin Delany, 1812-1884

By James Surkamp

Martin Robison Delany had in him a field general and a Thomas Jefferson — but is seen as an ill timed outsider amid antebellum whites, too aroused by his candor; freed blacks too self-preserving to join in his self sacrificing crusades; and too mighty and too presumptuous of merit for most enslaved, illiterate persons of color, whose dignity had been shredded by whips and brines. He rose before the world's most prestigious scientific body in 1860 in London, faced the United States' minister and said cooly and pointedly after pleasantries to the chair that "I am a Man." Fighting words that cleared the room and filled newspapers worldwide with big headlines. Behavior typical only for him. Harvard-educated doctor, author, leader of an African expedition, first black field officer in the U.S. Army, inventor, father, husband, and tragic hero — this moral engine of a man was driven by the single motto: "Act in the Living present — But Act." Abraham Lincoln, after basking in Delany's presence early one February morning in 1865, exclaimed in a letter to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton: "Do no fail to have an interview with this most extraordinary and intelligent black man." W.E.B. Du Bois





commented to the "Pittsburgh Courier" in 1936: "His was a magnificent life, yet why is it we know so little of him?"

Delany moved so quickly with the times he never became the implicit property of one institution that he flattered, which, in turn would have kept his legacy alive for posterity. Moreover, Delany's vast store of letters and writings in the Wilberforce College library in Xenia, Ohio — disappeared in a race of sparks and ash fleeing into a night sky in one of those suspicious fires.

He was born May 8, 1812 in Charles Town, now West Virginia, one of five children to Patty Delany, a freed black, and Samuel, who was enslaved. One day a traveling peddler exchanged with Patty Delany a small book called "The New York Primer for Spelling and Reading," a popular book for teaching reading and writing. Her children taught each other to read. Soon, crudely written travel passes began turning up in the hands of enslaved blacks in town. So, the Delanys, one day in 1823, slipped into Maryland and then on to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania and lasting freedom. Samuel bought his freedom and joined them.

Nineteen year old Delany set out on foot for Pittsburgh to become a barber and laborer, resolving to someday visit Africa. Physicians trained him to be a cupper and leecher. In 1839, he accompanied a doctor into the Deep South, which he would later describe in a novel called "Blake: The Huts of America." In her 1980 PhD dissertation, Gloria Horsley Meachem observed that "Blake," about a traveling insurrectionist, more accurately depicted the antebellum South than did Harriet Beecher's Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Delany was then accepted at Harvard Medical School and stayed on for a semester. But Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., the School's Dean, caved into protesting undergraduates, even though the faculty favored keeping Delany and two other enrolled persons of color.

He wrote "Blake" and, in 1852, his most defiant, distinct work: "The Condition, Elevation, Emigration, and Destiny of the Colored People of the United States." He advocated a deliberate and rational resettlement of Africa by American blacks. He urged that enough black Americans could endeavor to grow cotton in Africa at a lower price than that of the Southern slaveocracy. Frederick Douglass shunned Delany thereafter.

Delany raised funds for his own year long investigation of the Niger River Valley from May, 1859 through mid-1860. Arriving at Cape Palmas on the ship "Mendi" Delany was almost sickened for weeks by

the spontaneous eruptions of long quelled longing in this great act of coming home. A tumultuous crowd at Lagos, contrasted with years of angry mobs in America, shouting him down. He would write enchantingly about the market places in great cities, the vast expanses of the savannas. He could not know that within a year, all his dreams of a Pilgrim Kingdom in Abeokuta would be swept away by renewed warfare between the signers of a settlement treaty and the velvet glove sabotage of some English industrialists.

Then the drum rolls of war called Delany "home" to his family in Chatham. For four years, he recruited black men in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Ohio, Massachusetts, and Illinois to fight for the cause. Delany's meeting in 1865 with President Lincoln was a free exchange of ideas centering on Delany's proposal to form a "Corps d'Afrique" gathered up and formed as Sherman's army marched through the south.

His life's final act unfolded after the War in South Carolina, amid a sprawling, wretched opera of perfidy and violence, as a Major for the Freedmen's Bureau on the Sea Islands, where he actually created a cooperative society of white planters and freedmen farmers. But less than a month after Lincoln's death, President Andrew Johnson agreed to return 63,000 acres of captured land given to the freedmen to the planters.

In 1868, Delany entered state politics, soon shaken by the scope of the Republican graft revealed to him by financiers in New York City. The governor had even freed hundreds of imprisoned, convicted felons for their bribes. Delany thought the person of Wade Hampton, a Confederate Major General, moderate Democrat, and sometime owner of plantations in several states, could be trusted more. The Republicans had tried to "punish" Delany by leveling false corruption charges against him, while he was serving as a judge. Delany was influential and important, having garnered a significant number of votes running recently for lieutenant governor on an unsuccessful reform Republican party platform.

He formally announced he would campaign full-bore for Democrat Wade Hampton against the Republicans in the 1876 gubernatorial race, speaking relentlessly and powerfully against corruption. The state was virtually under siege. In the final days, a directed mob on Edisto Island almost killed Delany, who escaped. But when all the votes were in, the awful truth was this: Hampton won by a slim margin, the difference provided by black Republicans led by Delany. Governor Hampton, a few short months later, was a key player in the deal to make Rutherford B.

Hayes the next U.S. President over his dead-heat rival, Samuel Tilden. And Hayes, promised in writing to withdraw the occupation U.S. Army from all of the South. Hampton, at least, appointed his public servants on merit and made Delany a judge. But in a few years Hampton moved over the U.S. Senate, and the more violent right wing took over the state for good.

Delany turned for Ohio to be a doctor one last time and put his children through school — with what little spirit was left in him. In 1880, he stood on the Charleston dock as the ship, the "Azor" — full of people — set sail for Africa, just like before to build the Pilgrim Kingdom. But only after they honored him as the one who inspired them with hope. He waved until their ship of hope shrunk on the horizon. His heart went with them.

For more information on Martin Delany, a 400-page web site with sixty visuals is on the Internet at:

Http://www.libraries.wvu.edu/delany/home.html

Twenty, First Cousins in the Civil War

Vivian Park Snyder

Editor's Note: A genealogical list seldom illustrates the extent of familial involvement in the conflict that the particular one of the Billmyer-Lemen families reveals. It eloquently testifies to the war's wide effects on family allegiances and to possible post-war relationships.

Seventeen GRANDSONS of Martin Billmyer
Dec 22, 1767-Feb 19, 1839
Married
Susan Elizabeth Nichodemus
Apr 16, 1770-Oct 17, 1835

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS
First Virginia Cavalry
Berkeley Troop Company B
Shepherdstown Troop Company F

A. DAUGHTER: Elizabeth Billmyer
Aug 06, 1792-Sep 12, 1873
Married Apr 04, 1816
Gotlieb Noll
Oct 28, 1788-Oct 12, 1876

SON:
1. William T. Noll 1st Lt. Co. B First Virginia Cavalry
Oct 02, 1832-Feb 27, 1903
Married Apr. 04, 1816
Lucinda V. Pitzer
May 05, 1839-Nov 06, 1892

B. DAUGHTER Judith Billmyer
Oct 28, 1795-Nov 11, 1856
Married May 10, 1818
Jacob Thornton Koontz
May 17, 1792-Mar 03, 1845

SON:
2. Thornton Koontz 2nd Sgt. Co. F. First Virginia Cavalry
Dec 16, 1821-Mar 12, 1886

C. SON: Conrad Billmyer
May 27, 1797-May 04, 1847
Married Oct 23, 1833
Sara Ann Mason
May 29, 1815-May 29, 1838

Son:
3. James M. Billmyer 2nd Lt. Co. F. First Virginia Cavalry
1837-Jul 21, 1861

D. DAUGHTER: Susan Billmyer
Nov 30, 1798-Jun 06, 1873
Married
William Thomas McQuilkin
Died 1900

SON:

4. William H McQuilkin Pvt. Co. F. First Virginia Cavalry
1841-Jan 16, 1862

E. DAUGHTER Esther Mary Billmyer
Nov 16, 1800-Apr 19, 1887
Married Feb 14, 1832
Willoughby Newton Lemen
Nov 04, 1806-Mar 11, 1877

SONS:

5. William Thornburg Lemen 1st Sgt. Co. F. First Virginia Cavalry
Jun 15, 1835-Apr 17, 1899
Married Oct 27, 1859
Susan Mary Billmyer
Sep 24, 1836-Aug 04, 1899
6. John James Alexander Lemen Pvt. Co. F. First Virginia Cavalry
Nov 19, 1839-Jan 10, 1871
Married Oct 30, 1868
Bette Taylor Robinson
Jun 13, 1848-Feb 23, 1877
7. Thomas Thornton Lemen Pvt. Co. F. First Virginia Cavalry
Aug 15, 1842-Jun 20, 1863
8. Willoughby Newton Lemen Lt. Company F. First Virginia Cavalry
Nov 20, 1844-Jul 19, 1913
Married May 21, 1878
Sarah Shepherd Billmyer
Sep 1, 1852-May 21, 1882

F. SON: John J. Billmyer
Nov 05, 1802-Jan 18, 1845
Married May 12, 1827
Eliza Williamson Lemen
Dec. 25, 1806-Dec 28, 1886

SONS:

9. John Thornton Billmyer 1st Lt. Co. F. First Virginia Cavalry
Jan 11, 1832-Mar 26, 1874
Married Jan 12, 1860
Susan Mary Randall
Aug 30, 1834-Sep 04, 1919
10. Milton Joseph Billmyer Captain Co. F. First Virginia Cavalry
Oct 10, 1834-Aug 31, 1907
Married Nov 29, 1857
Elizabeth Elinor VanMetre
Apr 02, 1835-Nov 16, 1904

11. Robert Lemen Billmyer Pvt. Co. F. First Virginia Cavalry
Sep 25, 1843-Mar 19, 1910
Married Dec 20, 1870
Emma Alice Huyett
Jul 08, 1850-Apr 29, 1905

G. DAUGHTER: Margaret Billmyer
Jan. 15, 1807-Nov 03, 1869
Married Apr. 07, 1827
Thomas Newton Lemen
Apr 24, 1803-Jul 16, 1863

SON:

12. William Martin Lemen Pvt. Co. B First Va. Cavalry
Dec 06, 1831-May 02, 1903
Married Dec 27, 1866
Eliza Jane Robbins
Aug 12, 1840-Dec 21, 1913

H. DAUGHTER: Mary Ann Billmyer
Feb 16, 1816-1896
Married Nov 05, 1840
Elis Baker, Jr.
Mar.-1811-May-1867

SON:

13. Newton Diehl Baker 2nd Cpl. F. First Virginia Cavalry
Oct 06, 1841-Feb 06, 1908
Married
Mary Ann Dukehart
Jan 14, 1843-Sep 06, 1921
First Cousins: SONS of: John J. Billmyer's wife Eliza's sister
(see *supra*, F)
Mary O. Lemen
Jan 22, 1811-Jul 21, 1909
Married Feb 05, 1839
Adrian Wynkoop Jones
Sep 01, 1805-Nov 22, 1887

SONS:

14. Thomas F. Jones Pvt. Co. F. First Virginia Cavalry
Dec 03, 1839-May 06, 1923
Married 1873
Annie F. Reynolds
Oct 10, 1850-Mar 15, 1930
15. John Reynolds Jones Pvt. Co. F. First Virginia Cavalry
Feb 22, 1844-Dec 23, 1887
Married Feb 21, 1882
Elizabeth Dallas Seibert
Mar 16, 1846-Jun 17, 1918
First Cousins: SONS of: John J. Billmyer's wife Eliza's brother
(see *supra*, F)

Jacob Williamson Lemen
b. 9 Jan. 1818 -
Married: Martha Emiline White
b. 1823 -
(Lemen died and John J Billmyer's wife, Eliza Williamson Lemen's uncle on her mother's side, a Williamson, raised the two boys. The sons adopted Williamson as their surnames.)

16. Matthew White Williamson Pvt. Co. F. First Virginia Cavalry
Apr. 24, 1845-Sep 13, 1930
Married
Minnie L. Harrison

17. Thomas Lemen Williamson Pvt. Co. F First Virginia Cavalry
Oct 07, 1847-Jul 04, 1875
Married
Betty B. Burnley
Died Jun 7, 1876

UNION SOLDIERS
Company 1 First Maryland Cavalry
First Cousins: SONS of: John J. Billmyer's wife Eliza's brother
(see *supra*, F)
Robert Lemen
Jun 5, 1813-Aug 17, 1898
Married: Nov 11, 1839
Sarah Elizabeth Light
Sep 2, 1816-Nov 13, 1883

SONS:

18. Peter Light Lemen Pvt. Co. 1 First Maryland Cavalry
Dec 14, 1840-Jan 25, 1921
Married Jun 5, 1867
Helen M. Stake
Aug 20, 1839-Dec 23, 1874
Married: Mar 1, 1881
Nancy A. Motter
Jul 18, 1841-Mar 5, 1919

19. Jacob Friend Lemen
Jul 24, 1842-Jul 23, 1922
Married: Jan 7, 1868
Sarah Hyser
1847-Jul 1, 1871
Married: May 26, 1874

Mary V. Light Wilson
Jul 25, 1842-Jul 11, 1922

20. Thomas J. Lemen, Pvt. Co.. 1 First Maryland Cavalry
Sep 1843-Jan 6, 1908
Married
Annie Ensminger
Jan 17, 1849-May 4, 1941

NOTES

Trivia

Being a collection of historical material and relevant observations on Jefferson County offered by the Editor for the delectation of his readers on occasion as pieces come to hand. The editor respectfully urges readers to submit contributions to Trivia.

Letter-Edwin E. Cooke to D.C. Wirt, 14 October 1865, Private Collection .

Charlestown, Jefferson County
Va. Oct 14, 1865

D.C. Wirt Esquire:

On my return from a visit to a married daughter in Kentucky I found your of 11th letter.

The war has thrown impediments in the way of our suit I fear of an insurmountable character. It was constituted of course, in the county in which Agnus W. McDonald lived, Vg, in Frederick County, Va. The land lies in Hampshire county, which now is in another state, West Virginia, over which the Circuit Court of Frederick County has no jurisdiction. The decree cannot be executed, nor enforced.

If this were not so, there would be great delay, from another cause; Mr. McDonald is dead, leaving 16 children! scattered every where. I know not where. Their property in Winchester was utterly destroyed. There has been no circuit court in Winchester, as yet, but I suppose there will be a proforma term, this fall.

As soon as matters settle down I will write to you again.

Jefferson County has been seized on by West Virginia, and we are struggling to get back to Old Virginia.

All the members of the bar living in this county and all of the citizens of the county, except a corporal's squad of Shepherdstown, and Harper's Ferry, are outlaws, under the test oaths of West Virginia. It is necessary to take an oath that we have not aided, or assisted, or comforted the rebels, since the commencement of the war, or I believed, sympathised with them, or we cannot appear in court, as counsel, or hold office, or vote, or institute suits against our debtors, nor qualify as executor or Administrator or guardian, or act as a trustee. To make ourselves good

citizens, it is necessary to begin with perjury. Quamdir! Quamdir!!

One gentleman, an M. D., was elected a magistrate, and was coaxed into taking the oath of office. He was indicted for perjury, next day.

I have lost not less than twenty thousand dollars, besides a couple of servants, of the war. My place has not had a raid on it, except around my house and garden - all burnt by the Federal Troops, and not a stick of timber. I have had eight horses taken off, and hogs etc. my law library was taken off from my office in Charlestown - a mile from my house in the county - Thirteen servants etc. etc. etc. - I hope you have not suffered so much -

Edwin E. Cooke
Oct. 14. 1866

Louis G. Santucci

An Epic Poem about Mecklenburg

Editor's Note: Mr. William Darke Briscoe of Piedmont, often composed verse about historical events in Shepherdstown. The editor has discovered more about the provenance of "Mecklenburg" than is usually known about Briscoe's other compositions. In 1993, Dr. Cecil D. Eby had submitted the piece and had suggested its possible publication. Since that time, the editor, hoping that other information might surface, retained the poem. In an ultimate irony, the editor's work led him to retrace some of the same research steps that Professor Eby had in his biography of David Hunter Strother, Porte Crayon. He discovered that Porte Crayon had read the poem in February 1886 shortly after Briscoe wrote it.

Porte Crayon's favorite walk while he was in Charlestown was out the Winchester & Potomac Railroad tracks to Evitt's Marsh where he would visit the Crane family at Locust Grove and sometimes the Briscoes at Piedmont. On 21 February 1886, he visited Billy Briscoe who was particularly glad to see him because he had a poem that he wanted Strother to criticize. As Strother recorded the subject: "It versified a legend of Shepherdstown about rats & cats—somewhat in the same stream as the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.' The subject was agreeably treated & the piece contained some pretty verses. There were some verbal defects & some of metre which might have been easily corrected." With

or without revision, the poem would appear four years later in the *Shepherdstown Register*, 24 October 1890.

MECKLENBURG
A Cat Tale And A Rat Tale Of The Olden Time.

BY W.D. BRISCOE

On the Potomac's southern side,
  Where the sunlight loved to quiver
Through gnarled oaks, the burgher's pride,
  Stands Mecklenburg above the river.

Over the ridge 'twixt houses brown
  And the aspens' ceaseless shiver
The narrow street came straggling down
  In silence to the river.

Far distant through the oak and pine,
  The traveler's eye was able
To see the tavern's swinging sign,
  The spire and church's gable.

About the old abutment wall
  The idle angler tarried;
The boatman from his cobbler's stall,
  Some horsemen over ferried.

Anon the sounding smithy beat
  The plow-share worn for tillage;
Or dusty stage coach through the street
  Woke up the gaping village.

A place for rest, a place for dreams,—
  Or some romance to follow;
So quaint, so old, the hamlet seems
  A kind of sleepy hollow.

And there the native dreamer clings
  To customs swaying o'er him,
Wise in the same dull round of things
  His father prized before him.

Swearingens of Batavian build,
  Black-lettered Herr Bedinger,
Hans Croft and Wessong of the guild,
  The brawny anvil swinger.

Testy burghers with hats atilt,
  And hardy sons of tillage,
Came from o'er the seas and built
  This quaint old German village.

Honest toil, the gods invoked,
  Content and thrift were neighbors;
The plethoric German sat and smoked,
  And rested from his labors.

Shadows slept upon the stream
  Below the mountain crested;
And Indian summer's placid dream
  The town and vale invested.

Naught disturbed the town's repose
  Or broke the tranquil slumber,
Save rats, and they at times arose
  In vast and countless numbers.

Norway rats, old rats, young rats,
  They infested house and stable;
They ate the cheese and stole the sprats,-
  The dinner off the table.

They gnawed the bins and ate the corn,
  They drank from pot and ladle;
They bit the men and maids forlorn,
  The infant in the cradle.

Cut Dame's Swearingen's silken vest,
  The Town Recorder's dockets,
And even built their filthy nests
  In the Burgomaster's pockets.

To rid them of the cursed rats
  A Council called determined
To import at once three hundred cats
  And extirpate the vermin.[1]

---

[1] From an old register in the town of Mecklenburg is this recorded order: "Ordered that Jacob Ehoff is authorized to procure a sufficient number of cats to destroy the rats that infest this town; and to procure the same on the most reasonable terms in his power, as soon as possible and that the money that he expend in procuring the same be levied for him, with interest, and be paid to him the 10th day of June next, 1765.

Whether Whittington's famous breed,
Or Ptolemy's race adored,
I cannot say; but in good need
They were at last secured.

From motley Tab and spotted pard
The increase was supernal;
And Thomas cats in every yard
Made Luna's reign infernal.

Before the savage feline race
The vermin squeaked and scampered,
As pussy darted from her place
Upon the lean and pampered.

Phillip left, but Claudius stayed;
Clung closer than a brother,-
Unfolding like the Roman aid,
One evil for another.

One stormy night of hail and snow
And wild wind's weird, long laughter,
And hostlers' fires genial glow
Lit tap-room., roof and rafter!

Herr Croft who sipped his mug of ale
(His thoughts with memory freighted),
Now saw again the Moselle vale,-
The river castelated.

The purple hills where sunlight clung
And breath of vineyard ladens,-
The joyous song of vintage sung
By the merry grape-stained maidens.

What happy visions of the past
Will thought from memory borrow,
And as the eyes we backward cast
In bliss, forget the sorrow!

Faded the vine-clad hills of yore!
Herr Croft at last was napping,
When, at the studded oaken door
Was heard a gentle tapping.

He started from his chair as would
One whose dreams a rude blow scatters,-
Before him in the doorway stood
A storm-blown waif in tatters!

From when he came, no one could tell
Not even Herr Vanmeter,
Learned in the creed of books and bell
And mysteries of St. Peter.

Herr Croft took in the storm-blown waif,
Though his good frau fumed and grumbled,
And hinted, when she sought to chafe,
From virtue's path he'd stumbled.

The lad in size (but not in grace),
And mischief grew capricious;
The glamour of his wily face
Deceived the most suspicious.

The rustic lore of wood and wave
The stripling mastered early;
The partridge with a simple stave
He'd call from out the barley.

And the weird music of his flute
Seemed the merlin of his wishes;
It wrought a charm o'er bird and brute-
To his net it called the fishes.

The hills grew green, the hills grew brown,-
The boy more wild and elfish,
The pranks he played throughout the town
The good folks said were devilish.

At last, the imp naught could escape,
By crime akin to arson
Blew up before the town agape
The parish gig and parson!

This proved, alas! the single straw
That wrought the camel's ruin-
The burghers swore, if there was law,
The pillory he should rue in.

There is a homely adage where
'Tis said, with foresight winning,
You first must surely catch the hare,
Before you could do the skinning.

Ere justice could do the criminal claim-
Talarian flight had barred-
Mysteriously as he came,
The boy had disappeared!

When just beyond the town, t'was said,
On the hill he seemed to linger
One moment brief, then raised his head
And threatening shook his finger.

* * *

The hills grew green, the hills grew brown,
Time sped by right and reason;
The boats went up, the boats went down
In calm or stormy season.

As Dame Croft swept the tap-room floor,
And brushed the trash together,
A stranger stopped before the door-
And it was in autumn weather.

He looked up at the swinging sign-
The bowl and silver tankard-
Along the river's waters line
To where the boats were anchored.

Then up the street— t'was just the same,
But then it little mattered-
And, turning to the winsome dame
With smile that pleased and flattered.

Asked if the bowl and tankard still
Flowed with their wonted pleasure?
"Yes, he would lodge and by her will
A tankard's flowing measure."

Whilom the stranger proved a guest
No query could unravel;
Though woman's wit tried every test,
He still remained a marvel.

Each woodland path he seemed to know,
And stream, by intuition-
Van Swearingen's spring, its ebb and flow,
The cause, and old tradition.[2]

The curious dame more eager grew,
And all restraint surmounted,
When near a stand the stranger drew
And there his money counted.

In monotone of sharps and flats-
Said, filling two old mittens,
"Fifty cents for full grown cats
And twenty five for kittens!"

"St. Martin, book and candle bring!
The devil has enriched him;
Loitering by Van Swearingen's spring
The pixies have bewitched him!"

Long and loud old Herr Croft laughed
To rare diversion debtor-
"Mein Gott," he cried, "the man is daft-
Mein own good frau no petter!"

Major Crats (such was his name)
Most earnestly assured them
"Five hundred cats he must obtain
If money could procure them.

"Perchance his host," said Major Crats,
"Those evil days recalled
When Mecklenburg o'erran with rats,
And the bravest stood appalled."

"Like Mecklenburg, the town of A,
Beleagured and infested,
Would to the vermin fall a prey
If they were not arrested."

And he, the worthy Major Crats,
Would pay from out of these mittens
"Fifty cents for full grown cats
And twenty-five for kittens."

St. Martin's day, at twelve by grace-
He wished it known distinctly —
He'd meet them in the market place,
And thank them all succinctly.

After which, he, said Dempsy Crats,
Would pay from these same mittens-
"Fifty cents for full grown cats
Ant twenty-five for kittens."

---

2 During the war waged between the Delaware and Catawba tribes of Indians in the Valley of Virginia, a Tuscarora chief was captured by the former tribe and buried alive near Swearengen's spring. Since which event tradition says "the spring ebbs and flows only with his respiration." This spring is about one mile from the town of Mecklenburg and actually ebbs and flows every twenty-four hours.

His gundolo was on its way
Adown the "murmuring river"
And all who wished without delay
Could then their cats deliver!

* * *

The news from town to country flew
With very household comer;
And Crats proclamation grew
The theme of Indian Summer.

Wild speculation ran apace,
And everything inflated;
The Mississippi bubble scarce
A greater stir created.

Gold was scarce as feather bats
(The chronicles inform us),
But yet, the hamlet's wealth in cats
And kittens was enormous.

The dead beat who could ne'er before
By any wit or sorcery
Get a drink now ran a score
At every inn and grocery.

St. Martin's day, e'er Sol could win
From night his solar charter,
There came by dozens pouring in
The cats from every quarter.

They came in carts tied up in sacks
Each way the most vantageous;
Or, thrown across old country hacks,
They fought and squalled outrageous.

Old yellow cats and Tabby cats,
Thomas cat and kitten-
The beginning and the end (well, thats
The head and tail), 'tis written

Were gathered in the market place,
Where every one expressed them.
When Major Crats, with beaming face
Rose, bowing to address them.

But e'er the Major could essay
To tell his deep devotion,
There came a cry of wild dismay-
And terrible commotion.

Someone had wrought its devilish mood,
The feline's circumscription;
And such a scene as then ensued
Beggared all description.

The felines scratched and ran around,
Pursued by man and woman,
Whose cry with that of cur and hound,
Was more than superhuman!

Each exclaimed some Tab, or Tom, or Rose-
Disputed, swore and clamored,
Until from words they came to blows-
Tussled, bruised, and hammered.

Fresh fuel anger lent the flame,
With epithets and odium,
The market place and street became
A very pandemonium!

Man and woman fought and scratched-
The distaff colors flutter;
Boys and dogs each other matched,
And rolled into the gutter!

Perforce, conflicting Nature spent,
With many a champion floored-
Man's sober thought to reason bent,
And peace at last restored.

"Crats," "Major Crats!" the many called-
(The crowd was scruntineered)-
But in good sooth, amid the brawl,
Major Crats had disappeared.

* * *

The golden glinted autumn mist
The winding river bridges,
And topaz against amethyst
Gemmed the mountain ridges.

Where the dimpled waters turn
Round rock and cliff projected,
And scarlet guns and maple burn
In molten gold reflected.

A birchen skiff, in evening's glow
Adown the river glided;
A single oarsman in the bow
The boat and rubber guided.

The weird notes of his silvery flute
Stole o'er the rippling water;
The cobbler paused in rapture mute,
And called his wife and daughter.

A plaintive wail the strain denotes-
A birdlike song of morning;
Anon the breath of vengeance floats
In angry tone of warning.

Again the flute rose soft and clear,
The sadder strain to master;
And broke upon the listening ear
Like rippling peals of laughter.

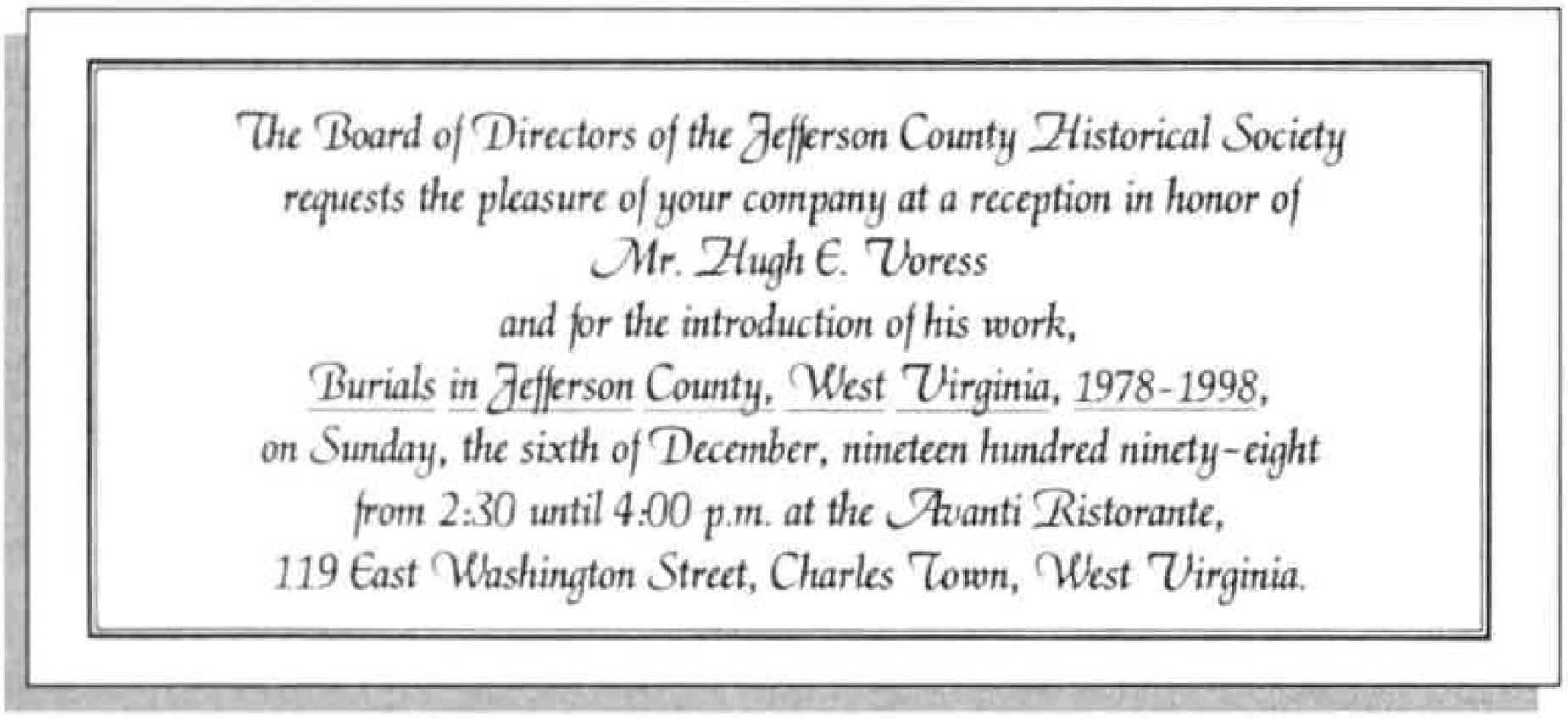
More faint and softer came the strain-
The waters gleam and quiver-
Then, boat and boatman seen again-
Have vanished down the river!

The boats go up, the boats go down,
The seasons came as ever-
The hills grow green, the hills grow brown
Round Mecklenburg and river.

Cecil D. Eby

NOTES

RECEPTION



On 6 December 1998, the Society held a reception for its members in honor of Mr. Hugh E. Voress who compiled a new Society publication entitled *Burials in Jefferson County, West Virginia, 1978-1998*. This affair also introduced the volume to the public.

The 200-page work supplements and updates the useful previous publication of the Bee Line Chapter, National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. Besides listing burials occurring since the appearance of the previous book, the compiler included portions of cemeteries and entire cemeteries that had been inevitably omitted in the earlier effort. He made a concerted effort to include African-American cemeteries in this volume.

About 100 people attended the reception at the Avanti Ristorante in Charles Town. *The Spirit of Jefferson* carried a story and picture about the event.

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NOTES

Picnic

Springdale

The annual picnic was held on Wednesday, 4 August 1999, at Springdale, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad C. Hammann, near Shepherdstown. Diana Suttenfield ably and efficiently coordinated the event which involves several members of the Society. The repeated success of the affair seems to attract more members and their families and guests each successive year. This time, over 250 people attended, making it the largest yet.

Even though a drought had been plaguing the county, the Hammanns, life members of the Society, had their home, grounds, and dependencies such as the spring-house well and beautifully prepared for the crowd. A great measure of hospitality by the hosts and their families made the picnic a memorable one.

President John E. Stealey III publicly thanked the Hammanns for their extraordinary efforts in behalf of the Society, and he welcomed all present. He then introduced Diana Suttenfield who, in turn, presented the hard-working individuals who make the event possible and keep things smoothly proceeding. Those present gave Ms. Suttenfield and the committee members a round of applause, thanking them for their efforts. Stealey then introduced Mr. Hammann who gave a succinct and comprehensive history of Springdale and his family's experiences in restoring the place. The Hammanns and the Glenns, who later partitioned Springdale, acquired the farm from Earlham College in 1963.

Springdale is located on part of a 442-acre tract of land that John Welton acquired on 12 April 1735. This land, known as Falling Spring, contained several springs. On 22 June 1738, Welton transferred 225 acres of his grant to Richard Morgan. In 1760, William Morgan, son of Richard Morgan, built the house that later was named Springdale at a spring a few hundred yards distant from where his father had earlier built his small stone house at Morgan's Spring.

When he died, William Morgan bequeathed, in a will probated on 21 October 1788, the farm "at the great road" of 150 acres to his son, Abraham. Various transactions in 1802 between the late William

Morgan's sons increased the size of the farm to 226 acres, 1 rood, 3 poles in two tracts. In 1810, Abraham Morgan conveyed the two tracts to Jacob Morgan, his nephew, son of his brother, George, for $8,000 "current money of the United States."

In 1813, the farm left the Morgan family as Jacob and Ann H. Morgan had moved to ALexandria and sold the farm to Conrad Licklider. In 1845, Licklider bequeathed a life estate in the farm to his wife, Margaret, and directed his executor to sell the farm, along with all his real and personal property, on her death for benefit of his named heirs. Within a year, in 1846, George Licklider, the executor, sold the farm to John H. McEndree for $8,672.50. A new survey by James N. Brown established the farm's size to be 216 acres, 3 roods, and 10 perches. Two years before the Civil War, in 1859, Anne Virginia and John H. McEndree sold the property to Isaac S. Tanner who would possess the place longer than any owner.

Isaac Scott Tanner would live there until his death at age 85 in 1903. Tanner probably named the place where he bred and raised Shorthorn cattle. Tanner, a well-to-do physician, had arrived in 1839 in Shepherdstown from his native Clear Spring, Maryland, atop a raft of lumber floated down the Potomac. He studied medicine under Dr. Richard Parran, and in 1845, he graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Though certified as a United States Navy surgeon, continual sea-sickness caused him to return to Shepherdstown to practice. He became chief surgeon in General Robert Frederick Hoke's division in the Confederate Army.

Tanner's sole child and heir was Imogen Tanner Banks who first introduced the name"Spring Dale" into the legal record. In her will, probated on 21 October 1931, she left "Spring Dale Farm, Situated about one mile south of Shepherdstown" to her son, Dr. Horace McMurran Banks. Before her death, Imogen Tanner Banks sold (in 1922) 6.6 acres on the Halltown and Shepherdstown Pike to M.S.R. Moler. This was the first of two outsales of the property since the original Morgan conveyance.

In November 1960, Dr. Horace McMurran Banks and his wife, Mildred, of Indianapolis, Indiana, conveyed the Springdale farm to Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana. In 1963, the second outsale occurred when G.R. and Alburtus R. Welsh purchased 30 acres that were located on the east side of the Shepherdstown to Halltown Road.

John E. Stealey, III