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Magazine of the
Jefferson County
Historical Society

Volume XL
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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."

JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Organized May 21, 1927

Post Office Box 485

Charles Town, West Virginia 25414

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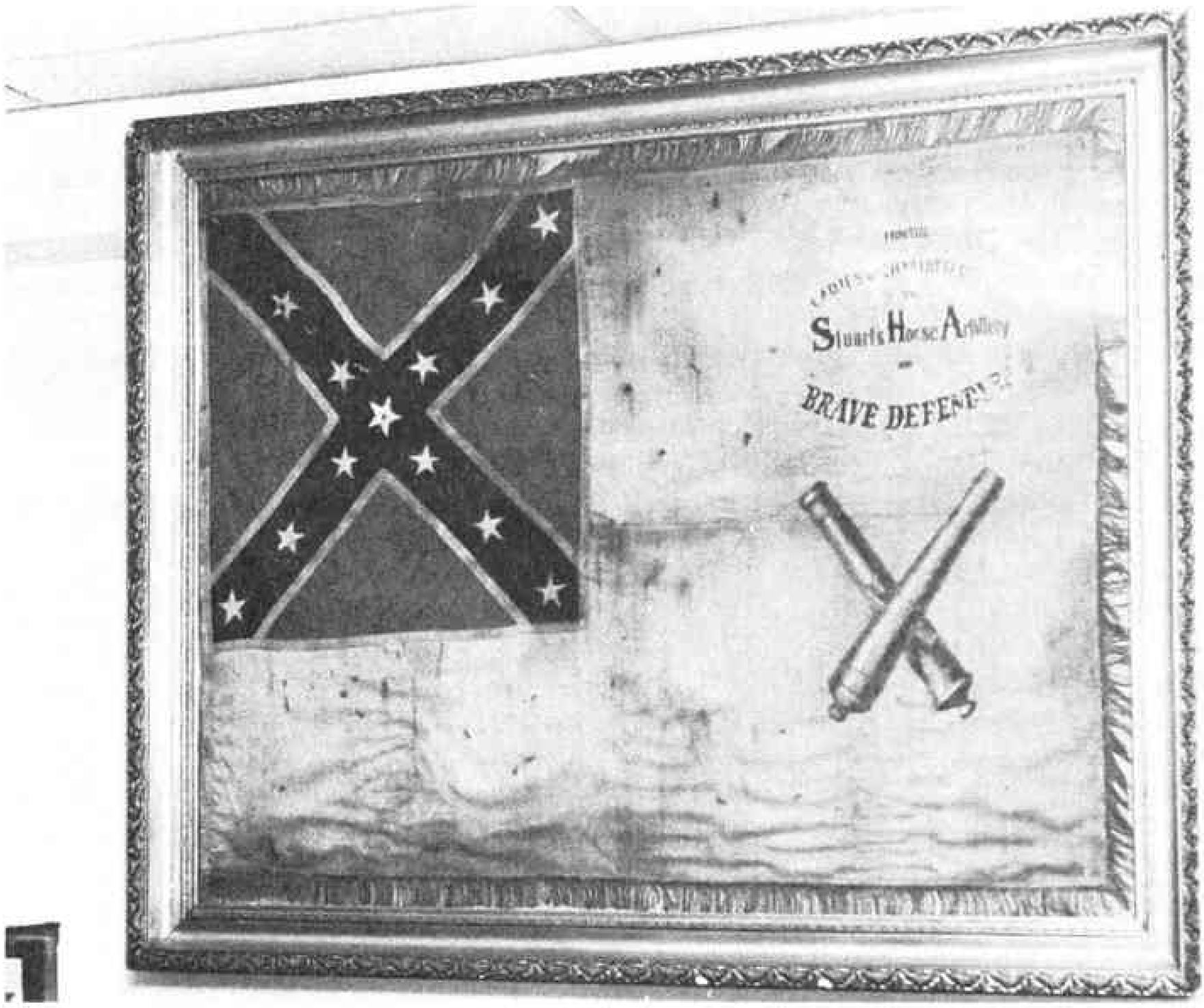
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Membership–Open to all who have an interest in the history of Jefferson County. Annual dues of $3.00 should be paid to the Treasurer after the beginning of the fiscal year on January 1. See page 56 regarding dues in 1975.

Publications and Prices–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 $3.00 each; order these from William H. Wilson, Box 716, Charles Town. Original volumes, or facsimile reproductions, for all years, are available to all persons at $4.00 per Magazine; quantity discounts are allowed. Mr. Wilson also has available copies of *Prominent Men of Shepherdstown* for $5.15 each, mailed.

FAMOUS CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG



The Charles Town Museum is the proud custodian of this flag, once used by Colonel Roger Preston Chew who commanded the Horse Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. Measuring five feet by six feet, eight inches, it was presented to Colonel Chew by the ladies of Charlottesville after Chew with two hundred men repulsed an attack by General Custer with a force of 2,500, as described in the article which follows.

Three of the standard bearers who carried the flag were shot down. At the time of the surrender the standard bearer, Nim Ware, wrapped the flag around his body, so avoiding its surrender. He later died in China and his effects were sent back to the State Department. His guardian, Mr. John A. Thompson, of Summit Point, informed Col. Chew who brought the flag back to Charles Town. It later hung in the Handley Library in Winchester and more recently in Stonewall Jackson's headquarters in Winchester.

The flag was returned to Charles Town at the request of Mrs. Phillip Dawson, a first cousin of Miss Margaret Chew, daughter of Col. Chew.

Mr. Edgar Whiting of Charles Town was quite instrumental in having it released from the Handley Library and in bringing it back to Charles Town.

CHEW'S FLYING BATTERY

BY

Julia Davis

Found among the effects of the late Miss Margaret Chew, by Mrs. Phillip Dawson, was an exhaustive thesis written in 1937 by Avis Mary Custis Cauley as one of her requirements for obtaining a Master of Arts degree at the University of Pittsburg. It was entitled *The Confederacy in the Lower Shenandoah Valley as Illustrated by the Career of Colonel Roger Preston Chew.* Mrs. Dawson kindly presented it to this Society. Miss Chew was Colonel Chew's daughter and one of our Charter Members.

Publication for printing here required a condensation by a skilled hand. No more competent or willing hand could have been found than that of Julia Davis Adams. Her familarity with Civil War history has long been apparent in the authorship of such books as *Stonewall Jackson, Remember and Forget, Mount Up,* and memborable chapters in *The Shenandoah* – one of the "Rivers of America Series."

In the trauma of their defeat in 1865 the Southern people salvaged their pride by clinging to the memory of their heroes–their great generals, their indomitable soldiers, and especially their "plumed knights," their cavalry, who rode and fought and lived, and died according to a legendary and romantic code of chivalry. In this bright galaxy, Roger Preston Chew was a star of the first magnitude.

When the war was young, and he a youth of only eighteen, trained in artillery at the Virginia Military Institute, the "West Point of the South," Turner Ashby asked him to form an artillery unit of light guns which could accompany the cavalry on their dashing maneuvers. It was an idea used by Alexander the great with chariots manned by javelin throwers which were effective against enemies mounted on elephants. It had never before been tried with artillery in this country. "Chew's Flying Battery" became the wonder and the scourge of the Federal troops, who had not until then seen cavalry who could fire like artillery, or artillery who could ride like cavalry.

Preston Chew, one of ten children, was born in Loudoun County Virginia, on April 9, 1843, descendant of a family that came to Virginia in 1641. When he was six his father moved to a country estate called "The Hermitage" in Jefferson County, then Virginia too. Young Chew attended the Charles Town Academy, where he earned the nickname of "Pep," and V.M.I. where he became captain of the Corps of Cadets.

When hostilities between the States began in 1861, Chew found, like the other young men of his time and place, that although he believed in the United States while it respected Virginia's rights, Virginia was his country, and for her he must fight.

In 1859 as a boy of 16, he had come with Major Thomas Jonathan Jackson and a squad of V.M.I. cadets to help keep Charles Town quiet during the hanging of John Brown. The John Brown raid made a profound change in the thinking of the Lower Valley of the Shenandoah. Until then most of its citizens were opposed to secession. It was not an area of large slave-holdings and the whites lived in the comfortable assumption that their well-cared-for Blacks were happy. In Winchester, in the census of 1860, out of a population of nearly 4000, there were 655 freedmen, and only 705 slaves.

In the raid, however, the White's heard a subterranean rumbling of slave insurrection. Although not a single Black from the Lower Valley joined John Brown willingly, the fear could neither be acknowledged nor suppressed. Also, after the raid, talk of war seemed more than empty rehetoric, and if war should come, the Lower Valley would inevitably be one of the routes by which the North would invade the south.

The Lower Valley regretted the formation of the Confederacy in 1860, but when Fort Sumter was fired on, when Lincoln called for troops, when Virginia seceded,* Valley men of fighting age poured into anything that looked like a military headquarters—young gentlemen with their horses and sidearms, and even their body-servants, young laborers, farmers, mountaineers in home-spun butternut jeans. Their wills were unified on one point: their land was going to be invaded, and they were going to defend it.

By the end of April, Jackson, now a Colonel of Volunteers, was sent to Harpers Ferry to teach these enthusiasts how to be soldiers. He brought with him some V.M.I. cadets, among them Preston Chew and Milton Rouse of Charles Town.

They were still school boys. Home was near and the enemy distant. They requested leave to visit their families. Colonel Jackson refused it. He was not granting any leaves at that time.

The disgruntled boys knew "Old Jack" well. Every day for three years he had taught them artillery tactics and Natural Philosophy (science) and finding him no disciplinarian they had fired chalk at his head when he faced the blackboard. They decided to slip out after dark, and slip back before dawn. No one would know the difference.

* In the Virginia Convention of 1861 one delegate from Jefferson Co. voted for secession and one obstained. By the time it was submitted to popular vote some weeks later, acceptance was almost unanimous.

Next morning Jackson's orderly rapped on their door before they were up: "Colonel Jackson's compliments, Mr. Chew and Mr. Rouse will report to headquarters at once."

In trepidation they complied, found Colonel Jackson seated at his desk, and the absent-minded professor gone forever.

"Young gentlemen, you have been guilty of a great breach of military discipline. If you were enlisted men I would have you shot. As it is, you have rendered your services of no value to me. Report at once to the Superintendant of V.M.I. for duty."

The crestfallen boys went back to school, but only to resign, for they had not given up their dreams of glory. They heard that a Colonel McDonald was organizing a cavalry regiment near Winchester, and that Turner Ashby, whom they knew from Loudoun County, was his Lieutenant-Colonel. They joined up with Ashby, and during the summer distinguished themselves in some lively skirmishes.

Ashby had found himself handicapped by the lack of swift moving artillery, and hoped to organize a battery of light guns that could move cross-country. He suggested the undertaking to Chew, who was still only eighteen, and Chew accepted the idea with delight. On November 11 of 1861 the company he raised was authorized by the Secretary of War with Roger Preston Chew as Captain, and Milton Rouse as first Lieutenant.

The "Flying Battery" did not command an overwhelming fire power. They had three guns: an English rifled gun called the Little Blakeley, with a sharp high bark that was to become famous, one howitzer, and one six-pounder. These were manned by about thirty aggressive youths between seventeen and nineteen, most of whom knew nothing about gunnery.

Some of them were scared and homesick, and one, George Neese, kept a diary. "I know very little about gunnery, in fact nothing except that a gun in good health never shoots backward . . . . . I can plainly see that if I ever acquire any efficient knowledge of practical gunnery it will have to be gathered on the field of battle, a rather dangerous place of experimenting with fireworks in the hands of a rawish green tyro. If any Yanks should happen to get hurt, it will be their fault not mine."

As soon as they were organized they were ordered to report to Jackson, now Brigadier General commanding the Army of the Valley; and a hero of the South since First Manassas, where he had earned the name of "Stonewall." This was bad news to Chew and Rouse, who were afraid Jackson would remember their earlier dereliction.

Jackson, however, received them pleasantly, held out his hand to them, and said: "Well, young gentlemen, now that you have your guns what are you going to do with them?"

Chew promptly made what he was later to describe as the only inspired answer of his life. "We hope to carry out your orders, sir."

Jackson seemed pleased, and soon he had reason to be even more so.

Their first assignment was to go with Ashby to break Dam No. 5 on the Potomac River, the most important of a series supplying water to the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. The Federal General Banks realized its importance and sent it all the protection he could. Waist deep in icy water Ashby's men chipped at the masonry of the dam, constantly under fire from Yankee sharpshooters across the river, while Chew's battery in turn blasted the Fedeals. By the time they successfully broke the dam and returned to winter quarters in Martinsburg, the Flying Battery was Ashby's pet, and General Jackson, not given to superlatives, told other generals that he "had never known a better battery."

Winter quarters were not likely to be dull with Jackson in command. In frozen January he obtained permission to cross the icy Alleghenies and recapture Romney, a key to Western Virginia which had split off and remained with the Union. Ashby went along as "eyes and ears," and where Ashby went, went Chew. After two weeks of clambering over icy slopes, of discovering that it was warmer to lie under the snow than on top of it, of sleeping in barns when they could find them, or in hog-pens where the snow sifted through the roofs, they reached Romney to find that the Federals had abandoned it.

Jackson posted his reinforcements under General Loring to hold the town, brought his brigade back to Winchester, and sent Ashby to patrolling the Potomac River.*

The thaws of February put the Federal army on the move. McClellan with 200,000 crossed the Potomac and headed for Richmond. Against Jackson's 6000 in Winchester came Banks from Harpers Ferry with 38,000 and Frémont from West Virginia with 12,000.

Ashby kept Jackson informed of all movements, seeming to be everywhere at once. His young men were all superb horsemen and foxhunters from childhood, "We thought no more of riding around the enemy's bivouacs than of going through our father's farms," wrote one. The Federals complained that the Rebel calvary could not be caught, because "their horses go over walls and fences like deer." In return the Confederates insisted that the Yankees had their feet tied together under their horses' bellies in order to stay on.

* Loring complained to the Secretary of War, Benjamin, who permitted him to withdraw; Jackson furiously resigned, and was only saved for the army by the intervention of Lee.

Chew's Flying Battery rode cross country too. He would put the lead horses of his gun teams at a fence, and let the gun carriage smash through behind. He would fire on a Federal advance from one hill, and by the time they got their guns trained on it he would be across the fields and firing from another. The Yankees reported themselves baffled when "even the guns can jump."

Very reluctantly, faced by such overwhelming numbers, Jackson held a Council of War and was persuaded to evacuate Winchester. The famous Valley Campaign began with a retreat. "That is the last Council of War I will ever hold," said Jackson furiously, and he kept his promise.

Ashby and Chew covered the retreat, and Chew's battery was very responsible for the caution with which Banks moved forward. Every advance column was greeted by a cavalry charge and the shells from Chew's guns. Banks could not imagine that so few men could create such resistance. On March 3rd the battery sustained a severe attack at Bunker Hill. Dr. William McGuire, who was their surgeon general,–although he had not completed his medical training,–wrote of it: "Shells crashed around me, bullets whizzed through the air, there sat Chew calmly on his horse, as cool amidst all this furor as if he were waiting for a call to hunt. I don't think he was ever scared." ("He doesn't know," Chew told his daughters later. "I was scared to death, but I couldn't let my men see it.")

Thanks to Ashby's swift moves, Banks began to get the impression that Jackson was ubiquitous, and insisted on waiting until reinforced by Shields with 12,000 before he advanced as far as Strasburg. From Fisher's Hill, Chew poured a deadly fire, and routed Banks' first column, but one battery and one regiment of cavalry cannot stand forever against an army. They retreated for six miles, galloping from hill to hill, and pausing to fire on each one.

Banks stopped at Strasburg, partly because of Ashby's excellent work, and partly because he expected to be ordered to join McClellan at Richmond. During his inactivity, Ashby continued to annoy the Yankees continually, swooping down on them at one spot, and on the same day from another twenty miles away. The Union bivouacs learned to expect "Chew's shells for breakfast."

At last Banks' orders came, and when he began to move his wagons eastward, Ashby reported it to Jackson. Jackson acted at once. A forced march of 22 miles on March 22, and another of 14 on the next day, brought him to Kernstown, where without even an hour's rest his troops fought one of the most hotly contested battles of the war. Overwhelming numbers forced them from the field at sundown, but the

battle had the effect of keeping Banks in the Valley and preventing his reinforcement of McClellan.

During the battle Chew's Flying Battery held a spot on the turnpike with a terrific cannonade, and as the Confederates fell back they covered the retreat. For a month Jackson retired slowly up the Valley, while Ashby engaged the enemy twenty-eight times in thirty days, and Chew was called on daily. The Valley people grew to know the peculiar sound of his gun and to take reassurance from it. "There's Chew again," or "There's the little Blakeley." It meant their army had not deserted them.

Ashby was not dedicated to giving formal orders, but phrased them more like this: "Chew, I want you to take a gun up the creek about half a mile,–I'll show you where I mean,–and fire five shells in as little time as possible into an infantry camp of the enemy's. Get your five shells ready, and as quick as you fire them, retire."

On one occasion Chew found the Shenandoah in flood between him and his objective. He unhesitatingly swam his horse across, the other men following. Again he was congratulated on his fearlessness, and again he said, "I was afraid, but I was more afraid to admit it."

At another time, looking down from a hill, he directed one of his guns to fire at an interesting looking carriage full of Yankee officers. The resulting explosion broke General Shields' arm and put him out of action for a while.

Jackson, threatened by Banks to the north, Frémont to the west, and Shields to the east, about 60,000 men in all, pretended to leave the Valley altogether. He marched his little army, increased by volunteers to 6000, to a rainy waterlogged camp at Swift Run Gap. There they reorganized again, and again the soldiers elected their officers, but they were told that from that time on all promotions would come from headquarters. Naturally Chew and Rouse were reelected, and Gunner Neese commented on the fact in his diary.

> "We might search over the whole state, and it is very doubtful whether we could find his equal in every respect as a commander of artillery. For his competency in handling a battery on the field his equals, according to my judgement . . . . . are few and difficult to find. He is gallant and brave, a strict disciplinarian without the least sign or flavor of arrogance or overbearing haughtiness, as calm and cool on the battle field as on dress parade, and generous and impartial to his men, always manifesting a care for their welfare . . . . . All these characteristics are of much importance to men on the field and in camp and are hardly ever to be found in

one bunch, consequently he has the esteem and utter confidence of every man in the Battery."

On April 30, Jackson began a series of moves which, he said, were intended "to mystify and deceive the enemy." He made a number of marches through incredible mud, and ended twelve miles from where he started. There was one difference. He had gone secretly to Richmond, had talked with Lee, and now 8000 men under General Ewell, were encamped at Swift Run Gap. Thus reinforced, Jackson marched his little army out of the Valley, and over the Blue Ridge. At Gordonsville he put them on trains. *But the trains turned back to Staunton.*

Many, including Ewell, were inclined to think Stonewall crazy; however, they soon changed their minds. He fought a battle at McDowell, in the Alleghenies, where he defeated Milroy. He then disappeared behind the Massanutten Mountain which splits the upper Valley, and surprised Shields at Front Royal, taking the town. By May 23 he was ready to intercept Banks, who was falling back to Winchester.

Ashby and the Flying Battery were ordered to cut Banks off at Middletown. As soon as Ashby saw the enemy he dashed across the fields and fell upon them on the Pike. 2000 Federal cavalry were cut to pieces, the road was soon mired with blood and dead horses and men piled indiscriminately. When Jackson came up, after an all night march from Front Royal, he took Winchester and the surprised Banks fled to the Potomac, with Ashby and Chew following him as far as Martinsburg.

In 14 days Jackson's army had marched 170 miles, routed troops under three generals. Operations against Richmond were halted again, while fresh Federal troops under McDowell were rushed to the Valley.

Winchester had been retaken, but against such force the Confederates could not be expected to hold it. Again there were the agonizing farewells to friends and family, again Jackson retired slowly up the Valley, and again Ashby and Chew covered the retreat.

In a skirmish near Harrisonburg, Ashby insisted on leading infantry in a charge himself, although he was not supposed to. His horse was shot under him. He sprang up, waving his sword, shouting "Follow me!" He was shot through the heart and fell dead into the arms of the man behind him. His troopers wept for him—and fought harder than ever.

At Cross Keys Jackson defeated Frémont as he came out of West Virginia, and Chew's battery pursued him for five miles down the river.

Coming back to Port Republic, and almost late for the appointment, Jackson defeated Shields and burnt the bridges behind him, making it impossible for Frèmont to come to Shields assistance.

Now the army of the Valley went into camp on the Shenandoah, for a brief and well earned rest. In six weeks they had marched 400 miles, defeated four armies, captured 3500 prisoners, and supplies worth $400,000. No one called Jackson crazy now. "It took Moses forty years to bring the Children of Israel through the Wilderness," the soldiers said, "but Old Jack would have given them double rations and doublequicked them through in three days."

With Ashby gone, Jackson's cavalry were organized into a brigade, commanded by General Thomas Munford. The 7th Virginia Regiment, of which Chew's Battery was a part, was commanded by Colonel William Jones.

Jackson had no intention of resting on the laurels of his Valley campaign. He told Lee that with 40,000 men he could be in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, within two weeks. Lee had no such number of men to spare, and in fact he needed Jackson desperately for the defense of Richmond, where soon were to begin the succession of battles known as The Seven Days. Old Cold Harbour, Gaines Mill, Savage Station, Frayser's Farm, Malvern Hill, ordinary names of ordinary places, tolling like bells in the hearts of North and South alike, brother contending against brother until thousands died.

Screened by his cavalry and their battery, Jackson left the Valley so quietly that the Yankees thought he was still in it until he helped Lee defeat McClellan. His regret was that the defeat could not be decisive. Nevertheless, after the swamps and the desperate fighting, his soldiers got a week of rest, the first they had had since April. He made them celebrate several Sabbaths in a row to make up for those that had been violated by marching or fighting.

After seeing that his army caught up on their devotions, Jackson moved against General Pope, a new opponent, near Culpeper. Shells from Chew's battery opened the battle of Cedar Run, and continued to thunder away from a position near the top of the mountain until by sundown the enemy had been driven back four miles.

On the day after the battle all of Jackson's cavalry were put under the command of one general, as dashing as Ashby, and more inclined to show off, the "plumed knight" par excellence, J.E.B. Stuart. He liked nothing better than to ride around the Union Army, and send a telegram to the Federal Government from five miles outside of

Washington, complaining of the quality of the horses he had captured. He also liked large cavalry battles which many troopers considered an improper use of mounted men, –but his style, his courage, and his gaiety made him beloved.

Under this new commander the Flying Battery knew that they were being readied for service. Blankets were issued, and they were ordered to cook three days rations. Chew paraded them, and gave them haversacks into which the rations were to be put. Soon they were on their way as part of Jackson's effort to strike Pope's rear and fight the second Battle of Manassas.

In the battle itself the Battery took no part because there were no shells to fit their guns in the wagon train. When they reached the field on September 1 it was covered with white flags as ambulances picked up the wounded and squads buried the dead, hiding the ghastly faces that had turned black under the hot sun.

A fine looking Northern surgeon spoke "snappishly" to Gunner Neece. "Well–this is the second time you have defeated us on this field, but it will have to be tried again."

"Give us a fair shake and we will thrash you," answered Neece.

After their succession of victories, the Confederate army was thinking well of itself, and Gunner Neece no longer questioned his ability to handle his gun, but Captain Chew was among those who commented on the ant-like hordes of blueclad soldiers, "so numerous that it looked as if they were crawling out of the ground."

Through October they saw hard duty. At Crampton's Gap Captain Chew, "true as steel and ever ready" delayed the Federal army for three hours. By November the Valley was free of Yankees and Jackson occupied Winchester, although briefly. It was good to be home again, with no duty save scouting and picketing.

At this time their Colonel Munford was assigned elsewhere, and left them, but not without a word of praise to Captain Chew.

> "Dear Captain: Having been ordered to report to Brigadier-General Fitzhugh Lee, I beg that you will accept my thanks for the generous support I have received from you during the short period I have been in command of this brigade. The gallantry of your command has been conspicuous and the cheerful manner they have performed the arduous duties imposed upon them, will not be forgotten . . . . . ."

On Christmas Day the battery gave the Yankees "a greeting in the shape of a few shells," but harder times were ahead. In icy January they

toiled over the mountains to Moorefield in the South Branch (of the Potomac) Valley to capture supplies. For thirty-six hours they had nothing to eat, for two days and nights no sleep. When at last they got some frozen bread and meat it had to be thawed at open fires before it could be eaten. By the time they got back to their camp at Woodstock they had covered 150 miles in a week.

The winter brought other raids and other trials. The Federal general Milroy had now occupied Winchester, and the new general of the Laurel Brigade, Thomas Jones, made a seven hundred mile ride into West Virginia. The Battery started with him, but were sent back to Harrisonburg. By the time the Laurel Brigade returned, they were all ordered across the Blue Ridge to join Stuart at Culpeper. It was June, and time for heavy fighting to resume.

Characteristically, Stuart decided to start it off with a great review, gathering together all the cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia. In their best accoutrements the columns, two miles long, riding like centaurs, passed before Stuart, other generals, and several hundred ladies. (The weary Laurel Brigade grumbled at wasting time and energy in a "horse show.") Suddenly Stuart spotted a flaw. In Chew's Battery Sergeant Neece was bestrode a longeared mule. The general hastily sent word to Chew to order him off the field, and this was done. The disgruntled Neece did not let the episode pass without comment.

> "No doubt General Stuart is proud of his spendid cavalry, but *my mule* has also heard the raging battle roar, and the dreadful musketry roll, and seen the screaming shell tear the sod to smithers around his feet . . . . . *True* a mule is not built to ornament a grand reveiw, but as my mule so willingly bears the hardships and dangers, I thought it not indescrete to let him play a little act in some holiday scene of war."

On the day after the "horse-show" on June 9th, there was fought on the same fields at Brandy Station, the greatest cavalry battle of the war. Three divisions of Federal cavalry, two of infantry, and a reserve brigade attacked the Confederate camp at dawn. Chew's battery galloped out onto the field and fired at once. Soon Blues and Grays were capturing and recapturing each other in total confusion. From Fisher's Hill Chew's battery kept firing whenever the clouds of dust rolled back. Many fell on both sides, and the battle was inconclusive, but it was noted that the Federal cavalry had improved enormously.

Chew's coolness, reliability, and excellance as a commander, had made him a reputation throughtout the Army of Northern Virginia.

General Jackson recommended him highly to General Lee. He was twenty, and a veteran of two years of fighting when he followed Lee to Gettysburg in July of 1863.

The battery arrived on the field there in time to see Pickett's charge, to see it fail, and to take part in the rest of the battle. They played their part as gallantly as usual, but the tide had turned, the zenith of Confederate success had been reached, and the hopes of the Confederacy were never to be so high again.

During the long retreat to the Potomac through rain and mud, every day the yankees attacked some part of the defeated Southern army, and every day Chew's battery covered the retreat, until they were silenced on July 10th for three days by lack of ammunition. During the sad aftermath of the Gettysburg Campaign, they defended Charles Town, Martinsburg, and Winchester.

Hot August found them again near Culpeper, where General Fitzhugh Lee was trying to flank General Meade. "At Bristoe Station," Lee reported, "the enemy threatened all day, but were repulsed whenever they attempted to advance by a few well directed shots from Chew's Battery." By November, Roger Preston Chew, not yet twenty-one, was recommended for a promotion to Major.

The Battery, now attached to the command of General Rosser, passed a quiet December in winter quarters, building a stable for their all important horses, and their mule. No longer boyishly earger for glory, they could appreciate quiet by this time. Nevertheless, when the call came, they were as ready as ever. On February 29th they saved Charlottesville from General Custer in a rather spectacular way.

They were only 200 when they heard that Custer was approaching, they had no side arms, no rifles, and only one torn battleflag. Chew arranged to service the guns with as few men as possible, and lined the rest up behind them in cavalry formation, armed with clubs, that might look like carbines from a distance. When the shells drove the enemy back, Chew's mounted few charged down upon them, with Chew shouting loudly over his shoulder, "Tell Delaney to bring up the 7th Regiment!" The Yankees fled, and the town was saved.

When the spring of 1864 brought a resumption of the killing, a new spirit had infused the Federal army, a spirit inspired by their new general, Ulyssess S. Grant. Grant crossed the Rapidan on May 4th, and Chew's battery and the Laurel Brigade were sent to try to keep him away from Richmond. He had burned the bridges behind him, and a Confederate asked a Federal prisoner how they were going to get across

again when the Johnny Rebs drove them back.

"General Grant says all the men who will fall back could cross that river on a log."

May also brought the Confederate army another crushing loss. Jeb Stuart fell at Yellow Tavern, joined Ashby, joined Stonewall Jackson, in the silent bivouac of the dead. Only a month before he had written Lee about Chew: "Major Chew, the officer now in charge of the Stuart Horse Artillery is doing so well that I am disinclined to put anyone over him . . . . . I think Chew will answer as the permanent commander."

Chew was now in command of five battalions of artillery, each consisting of two batteries. Wade Hampton commended him for his "great assistance" in the cavalry operations around Richmond, and he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel.

At the end of the long sad summer of 1864, Grant had not taken Richmond, but neither had he been driven out of Virginia. At his command Sheridan had taken the whole Shenandoah Valley and burned it out "clear and clean," barns, crops, houses. The most pressing problem for the Confederates that winter was food. The Laurel Brigade made numerous raids into enemy territory to get supplies. The troopers tightened their belts, but when their horses died of hunger they wept.

Fighting resumed at Petersburg in March. Lee summoned all available troops to the defense of Richmond, placing the artillery on his right. Chew, confirmed in his command as Lt. Colonel, was there, although the ribs of his lean horses showed through their hides.

After the disaster at Petersburg the cavalry confronted a solid front of Federals at Amelia Court House. "Ride over them," ordered Rosser, and they did. Nothing availed, however, all the desperate fighting, all the gallantry led to an April morning at Appomattox. There Colonel Chew was temporarily commanding the 3rd Virginia Cavalry, since so many had fallen that the regiments were deficient in field officers. With the rest of his comrades he made the last cavalry charge of the war. It did not succeed.

Before the final surrender, Chew got the remnant of his battery together, and rode around the left flank of Grant's army in an effort to join General Joseph Johnstone in North Carolina. They were unable to bring their guns across the flooded Roanoke River, so they burned the carriages and buried the cannon. They finally joined Johnstone, but only to surrender there.

The paroled Colonel Chew made his way back to Virginia driving an army wagon and a pair of mules which represented his only property.

At Lynchburg a Mr. Hutter, who had been quarter-master for the "Old Battery," took him in, and bought the wagon for $60. It was a godsend to Chew, enabling him among other things to buy new clothes. In calling on a young lady at Charlottesville the night before he had had to sit with his hands on his knees to hide the holes in his trousers.

He had fought the war as well as any man in it, now he had to "fight the peace." He and his brother farmed the family estate at "The Hermitage," ruined though it was. Eventually, by unremitting work, they prospered. He married Louisa Fontaine Washington, daughter of the last owner of Mount Vernon, and they had six children.

They lived at Blakeley and later in Charles Town, where he was three times elected to the West Virginia House of Representatives. He founded the Charles Town Water Company, which gave the town its water system, and was active in business and in community enterprises.

Respected and beloved by all, Colonel Chew almost never spoke of his war experiences. Like his friend and neighbor, Edward McDonald of the Laurel Brigade, he had done his fighting in the war, not after it. He accepted his defeat without bitterness. When his daughter wished to write something about him she found it hard to collect the material.

In 1921 he died, and is buried in Zion Churchyard, where he had been a member for most of his life. Soldier, hero, and gentleman, the inscription on his tombstone sums him up.

"I have fought a good fight
I have finished my course
I have kept the faith."

Damage to the Court House and Jail during the Civil War

By Sarah Woodbury Adams
Student of American History
Kirkland College, Clinton, New York

Reliable information on the nature and extent of damage suffered by the County Court House and Jail during the Civil War has been astonishly sparse.

In June 1974 Miss Adams, supported by funds made available to the Society, set out to search the records pertaining to the Court House. The associated facts concerning the Jail, in which John Brown was held, will come as a surprise to many.

Miss Adams is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Adams of Hazelfield and Georgetown.

When Jefferson County was formed in 1801 from land that had previously been in Berkeley County, Charles Town, Virginia became the county seat following the wishes and generosity of Charles Washington. Before his death in 1799 he promised to donate the public square for the site of some public buildings if a new county was formed. It was on the northwest corner of this square, approximately the site of the present Court House, that the first Jefferson County Court House was constructed in 1803. A jail was built in 1806. Although there was no written description of the first Court House there is a fairly detailed one of the jail in the court minutes.

> Ordered that a jail be built for this county on the ground appropriated for that purpose in the town of Charles Town of the following dimensions, viz., in size 28 feet by 24 from out to out, a wall of Brick 18 feet pitch from the lower floor, the house to be divided into three rooms on the first story and two above, the two rooms on the lower story to be built inside with squared logs five inches thick, the partition between those two rooms to be of squared logs, the partition between those two rooms and the third room to have in addition to those squared logs a Brick Wall of one and a half Bricks thick, sleepers and joists in the criminals rooms to be laid close and in other respects a good and sufficient jail and that the said building be let out to the lowest bidder at the descretion of Richard Baylor, Abraham Davenport, and Joseph W. Davies who are hereby appointed commissioners for that purpose, the said commissioners are immediately to advertise the letting out of the same to the lowest bidder on the 8th day of March next.[1]

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1. Jefferson County Court Minutes, Feb., 1806.

As the county grew so did the business of the court and by 1835 it was apparent that larger county facilities were needed. In December 1835 S.N. Lackland, T.N. Douglas and Andrew Kennedy were appointed by the court to arrange for and supervise the planning and construction of a new Court House. It was to be built on the site of the 1803 building but it became necessary to enlarge the lot. Andrew Hunter[2] owned some adjacent land north of the site, which the court bought for $200.[3] Apparently the 1803 Court House had a separate clerk's office because this and the land on which it was situated was sold to help finance the 1837 building which housed the clerk's office.[4]

At the outbreak of the Civil War the Jefferson County Court House was evacuated and the records were moved to Lexington for safe-keeping. When the county seat was moved to Shepherdstown during the war the records were taken there.[5] Although there were no major battles fought in Jefferson County there was a lot of movement of troops and small skirmishes occurred throughout the county because of the B&O Railroad. Federal troops occupied Charles Town at various times in 1863 and 1864 and the abandoned Court House and Jail provided ready-made, fairly solid quarters. The buildings were damaged however during exchanges with Confederate troops such as the attack by General Imboden in October 1863.

> On October 18, 1863, Gen. John D. Imboden marched to the vicinity of Charles Town for the purpose of capturing the enemy, who were posted there in large force. The 9th Maryland Regiment of Infantry and Capt. Summer's Cavalry Company were quartered, the first in the Court House, and the latter in the Jail.
>
> Imboden formed a line of battle on the Ranson farm west of the town, and extending his line to the east to the Kabletown road. He located a battery near the house of Robert Brown but found, after firing a few shots, he could not reach the Court House. He then extended his line across the Harper's Ferry road to the farm of James M. Ranson, and placing his gun on the north of town fired several shots through the Court House.
>
> The enemy immediately evacuated the Court House and attempted a retreat towards Harper's Ferry but were intercepted by the Confederates and the entire command captured, excepting Summer's company which effected its escape towards Leetown.[6]

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2. Andrew Hunter was the prosector in the John Brown Trial.
3. Jefferson County Court Minutes, Dec., 1836.
4. Ibid., Jan., 1837.
5. *Virginia Free Press,* Dec., 24, 1870, p. w.
6. Military Operations in Jefferson County 1861-1865, Shepherdstown, West Virginia, 1910, p.p. 32-33.

A couple of post-war descriptions of Charles Town appeared in the *Virginia Free Press.* The following account originally appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* in 1869. It was written by a Mr. G.A. Townsend and was entitled "A John Brown Disciple Visits Harper's Ferry and Charles Town."

> I took the train on Saturday for Charles Town, and spent 4 hrs. there. It is an inland town 4 miles from the Shenandoah, and, strange to say, is growing, and in the direction of the gallows of John Brown; for four new houses now stand on part of the site of his suspension. The gallows spot is a corn field, full of shocks of fine tall corn, and it has changed in few repects since the execution. The only ruined parts of Charles Town are the Courthouse and the Jail. The former maintains its walls and outlines, and the four brick and plaster Doric columns before it are still standing; but the roof is reduced to a few beams, the whole interior is torn out, and the edifice has now only one floor—the cellar—and is to speak truthfully, the cess-pool for all the vagrants in the village. To look into the interior is to feel revolted, yet to say (sic); "The place is accursed!" Opposite the Court House is the jail, also roofless and torn out; but its jail-yard is perfectly enclosed by the stone wall, and many of the iron-barred windows, iron-gratings etc., remain while the jail interior exhibits accurately the sites of the floors, stairways, cells, etc. The ruined Court House and Jail had been despoiled by soldiers to make quarters, and tens of thousands of men have marched through Charles Town, singing: "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, His soul's marching on!"
>
> Charles Town is probably the deadest place in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and it feels mean. Its very loafers shrink before the glare of day and it is, although a town of 2 thousand people, as silent as the grave. I roamed through its graveyards visited some of its people, and felt relieved at last to take the train and quit it.[7]

Another description appeared in an article entitled "Desperation" in 1871.

> Were we to say that the Court House at Shepherdstown has no roof to it or that the jail there has no doors to it we should feel that our credit for veracity—or sanity—(most likely the former) would be greatly impaired, and yet either of these representations is in every respect as true as the declaration that "the old walls (of the Court House at Charles Town) have crumbled away and fallen down, through the effects of years of exposure to winds and rains."
>
> These walls, as most of our readers know, are still standing

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7. *Virginia Free Press,* Nov. 25, 1869, p. 3.

> firm and stong unimpaired by the weather and ready to sustain and support the reconstructed building. This is not our opinion only, but that of some of the best and most reliable mechanics of the county who have made the examination. The structure having been partially unroofed by the Federal soldiers and its floors destroyed by them near the close of the war, the walls have sustained none of the damage to which fire would have subjected them to and hence are in the sound and reliable condition in which all who have taken the trouble to inspect them or even look at them know them to be.[8]

Although pro-Charles Town sentiment, in the county seat controversy, seems to have impaired this author's objectivity in much the same way northern prejudice obscured Mr. Townsend's reporting, there seems to be really no discrepancy between the two descriptions of the condition of the Court House and Jail.

There was a plan to sell the brick and property of the Court House and Jail in 1869. This was an attempt by the Shepherdstown based court which was in the process of building a new court house in Shepherdstown and saw no reason to save the Charles Town remains. However some Charles Town citizens were successful in blocking the sale on the grounds that the property belonged to the citizens of Charles Town, not the county.

Early in 1871, the Charles Town faction in the county seat controversy looked into the cost of restoring the Court House and Jail. It was estimated that it would cost $15,000; $10,000 for the Court House and $5,000 for the Jail.[9]

The West Virginia legislature passed a bill "To restore the county seat of Jefferson to Charles Town in said county" in March 1871. By October a contract for repairing the Court House had been granted, supervised by a building committee appointed by the court, and work had begun.

> The contract for repairing the Court House in Charles Town has been closed so far as the Carpenter, Brick and Stone work. Messrs. Phillps and Cockrill to do the wood work and Mr. Jacob Tutwiler the stone and brick. Operations have already been commenced. The plastering, painting, & etc., will be given out in November.[10]

As far as I have been able to determine the 1871 building followed

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8. Ibid., Jan. 7, 1871, p. 2.
9. Ibid., May 25, 1872, p. 3.
10. Ibid., Oct. 14, 1871 p. 3.

fairly closely the design of the earlier building. It was a restoration and repairing job as opposed to a new construction. Further research of descriptions of the John Brown trial might provide a more complete description of the pre-war building that could then be compared with the present one.

There were two new additions however to the restored building; a town clock and a ladies listening gallery.

How to procure a Town Clock is now a question for the consideration of our citizens. Capt. Cockrill is so arranging the Cupalo (sic) of the Court-House as to accommodate a clock that will regulate the time of the town and suburbs, and that will be an ornament to the very handsome topping off of the Court-House, in which all of our county people are interested. We have no doubt our corporate authorities will make a liberal appropriation, every business man and every house holder in town, and our country friends generally, will contribute generously to this object. "Take time by the foreclock" and a very commendable work will be accomplished.[11]

We have thought that in the erection of our Court-House, a suitable portion of the audience room should be reserved expressly for the accommodation of ladies, many of whom are as fond of hearing an eloquent speech or an ingenius argument, and quite as capable of entering into the merits of a case as the "lords of creation;" and we see no reason why they should be excluded, particularly as few legal bars in the country can exhibit such an array of talent, ability and brilliant oratorical power as our own at this time; . . . .

The skillful architect of the court-house has however, anticipated our suggestions, and intends constructing an open gallery over the jury rooms, which is to be comfortably arranged and set apart for the benefit of the ladies, and where they will be aloof from the crowd and in a good position to hear all that is said.

This is an advance in civilization that we like to see, tho' we are not in favor of woman's rights (so called), nor care to have any of our fair friends occupy a place at the bar or in the jury box, yet we would like to have them share in our enjoyment of the frequent flashes of genius and humor which emanate from the lips of our able lawyers.[12]

The new Court House was open for the November session of the court in 1872. The *Virginia Free Press* marked the occasion with an article expressing its approval.

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11. Ibid., May 4, 1872, p. 3.
12. Ibid., May 18, 1872, p. 3.

> Altogether the new Court House will, for generations to come, proclaim the energy, enterprise and architectural skill and taste of Jefferson in 1872.[13]

The actual cost of the restoration was $18,500 and even the editor of the *Shepherdstown Register* was impressed.

> The editor of the Shepeherdstown Register was here a few days ago and inspected the new Court House, now nearly completed, and was very highly pleased with the good taste and excellent workmanship apparent in all its parts . . . .[14]

A plan for the rebuilding of the jail, submitted by a Charles Town contractor, Mr. Julius C. Holmes, was approved by the county Jail Building Committee in August 1872. Apparently this building had to be completely rebuilt.

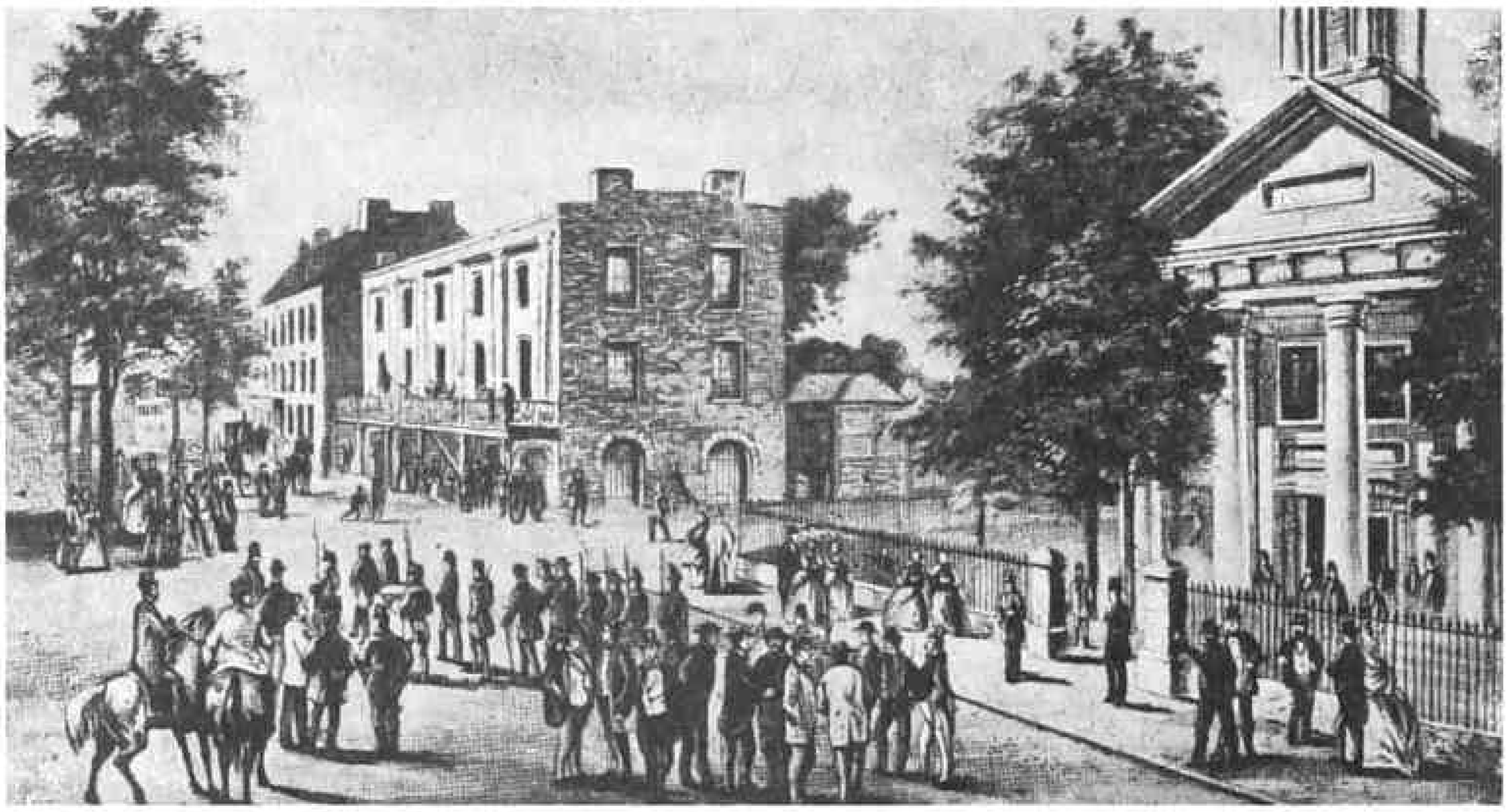
> Already workmen are engaged removing the old walls etc., – preparatory to an immediate beginning of the new structure. The plan adopted, fully adhered to, will insure us a convenient, capacious, secure, and ornate building an improvement to the town and a credit to the county.[15]

The keys to the new jail were handed over to the court in July, 1873.

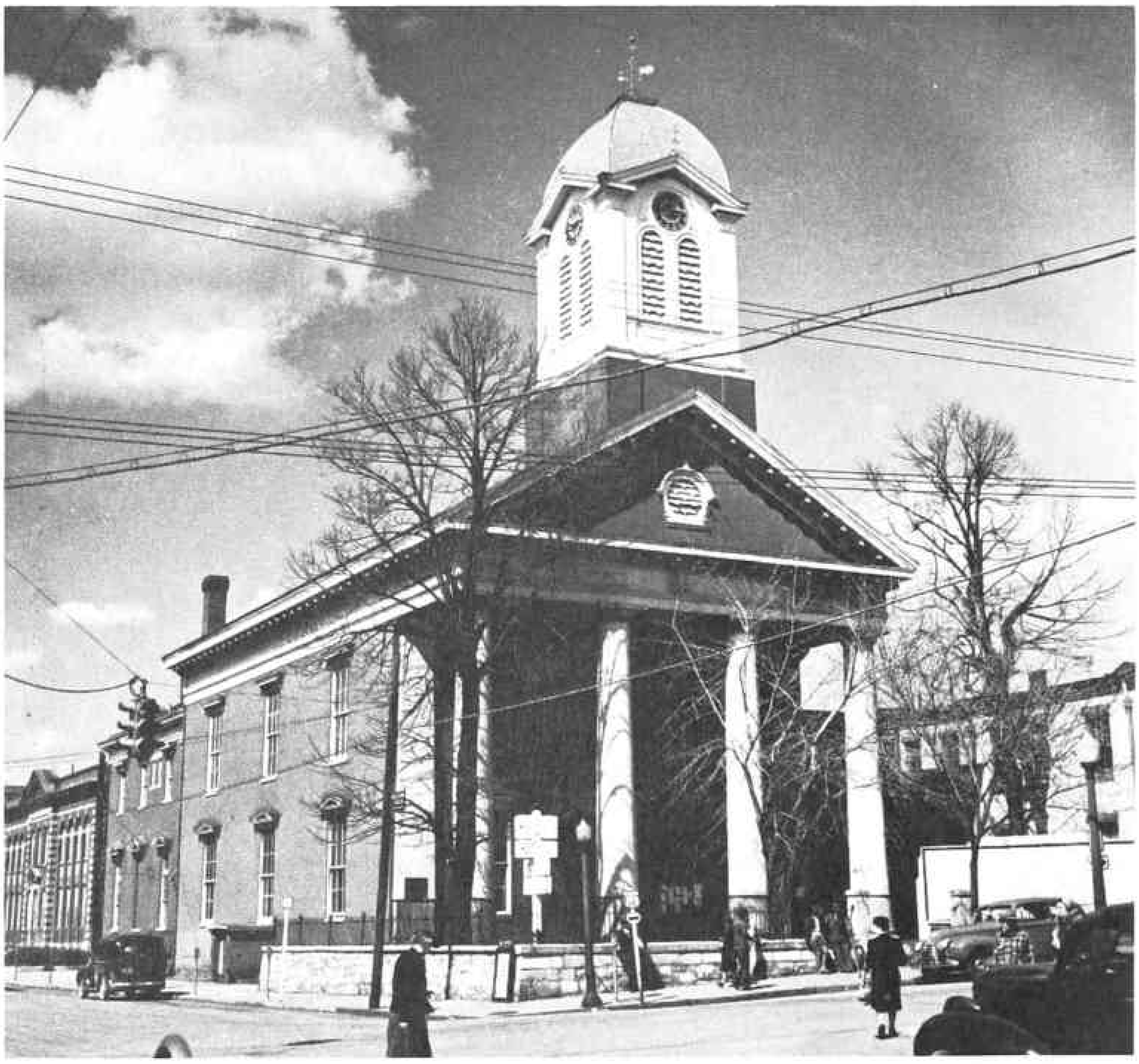
> Messrs. Holmes and Rust, having completed their contract on Tues. last, handed over the keys to the Building Committee. The building was inspected by it and by the public and we are sure gives very general satisfaction. . . . The structure is of brick, 2½ stories above ground; 74 feet front on Main Street and 63 feet on George Street. On the first floor are two rooms and a hall, . . . three rooms and a hall on the second floor. . . . There are six iron-lined and sealed cells, 9 by 12. . . . The basement contains three well finished rooms, 16 by 18, and a 9 by 12 pantry. In addition are three offices, 12 by 22 feet; . . . two porticos in front. . . . and one at the George Street entrance. . . . The front stairway has a continued rail as also the private stairway from the cells–admirably executed. The newel-post to the principal stairway, handsome and costly beyond the contractor's charges.[16]

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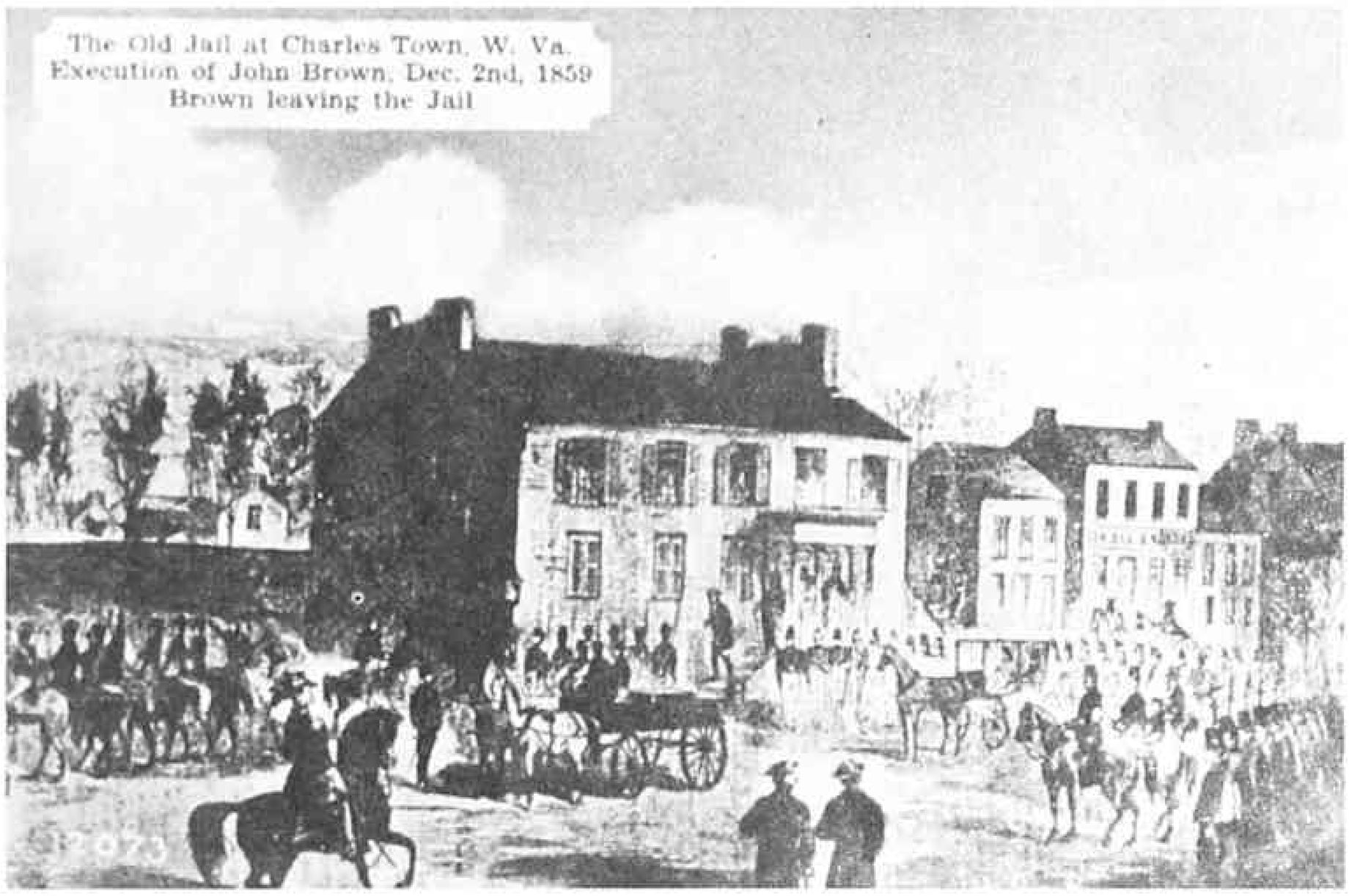
13. Ibid., Nov. 16, 1872, p. 3.
14. Ibid., Oct. 5, 1872, p. 3.
15. *Virginia Free Press*, Oct. 5, 1872. p. 3.
16. *Virginia Free Press*, July 26, 1873.



A drawing made at the time of the John Brown trial which includes the facade of the pre-Civil War Court House built in 1837. (From *Historic Jefferson County* by Dr. Millard Bushong)



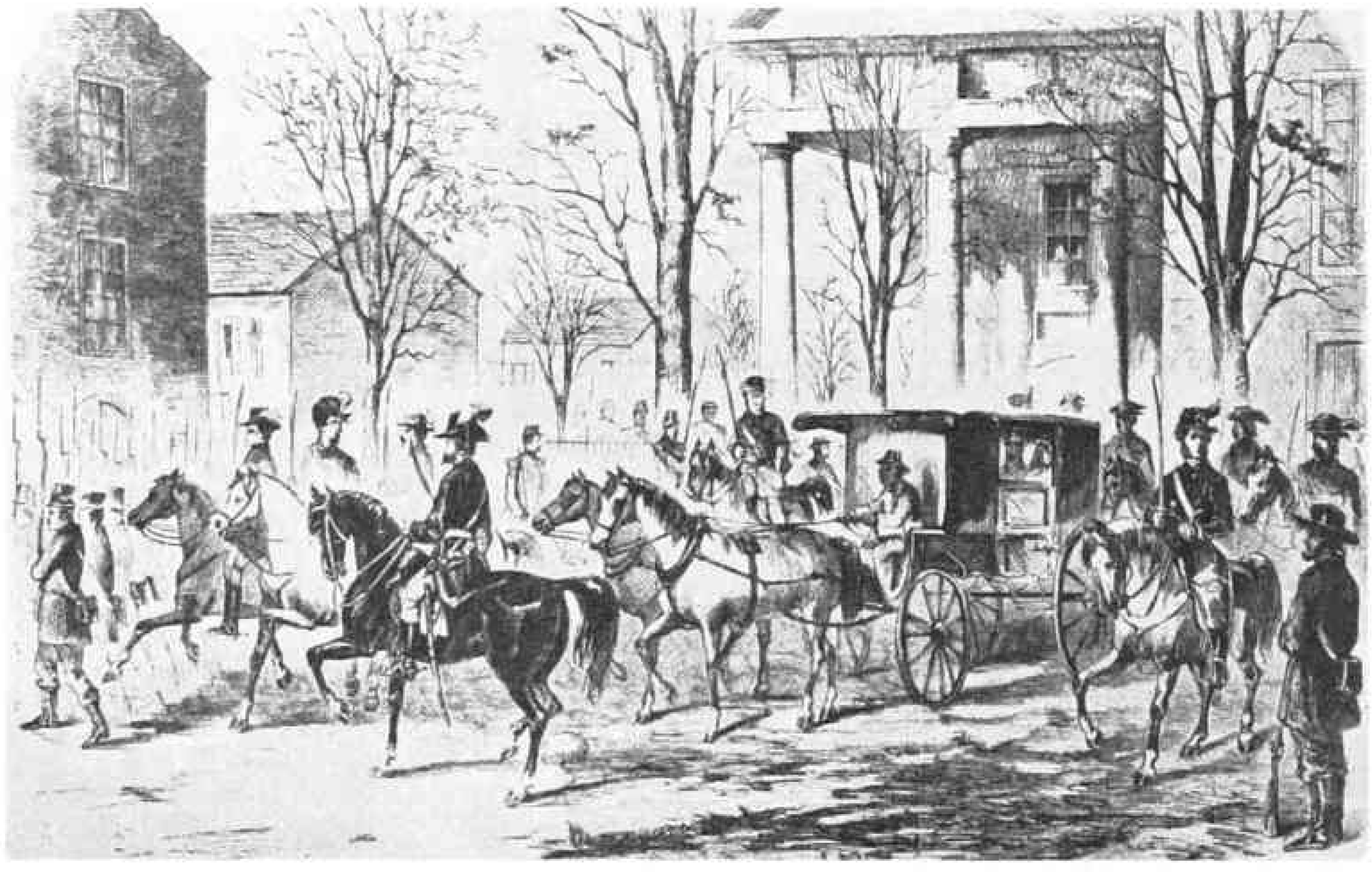
A relatively recent photograph of the Court House as restored in 1872. The addition at the back was added in 1910. The jail behind replaced the one torn down in 1919.



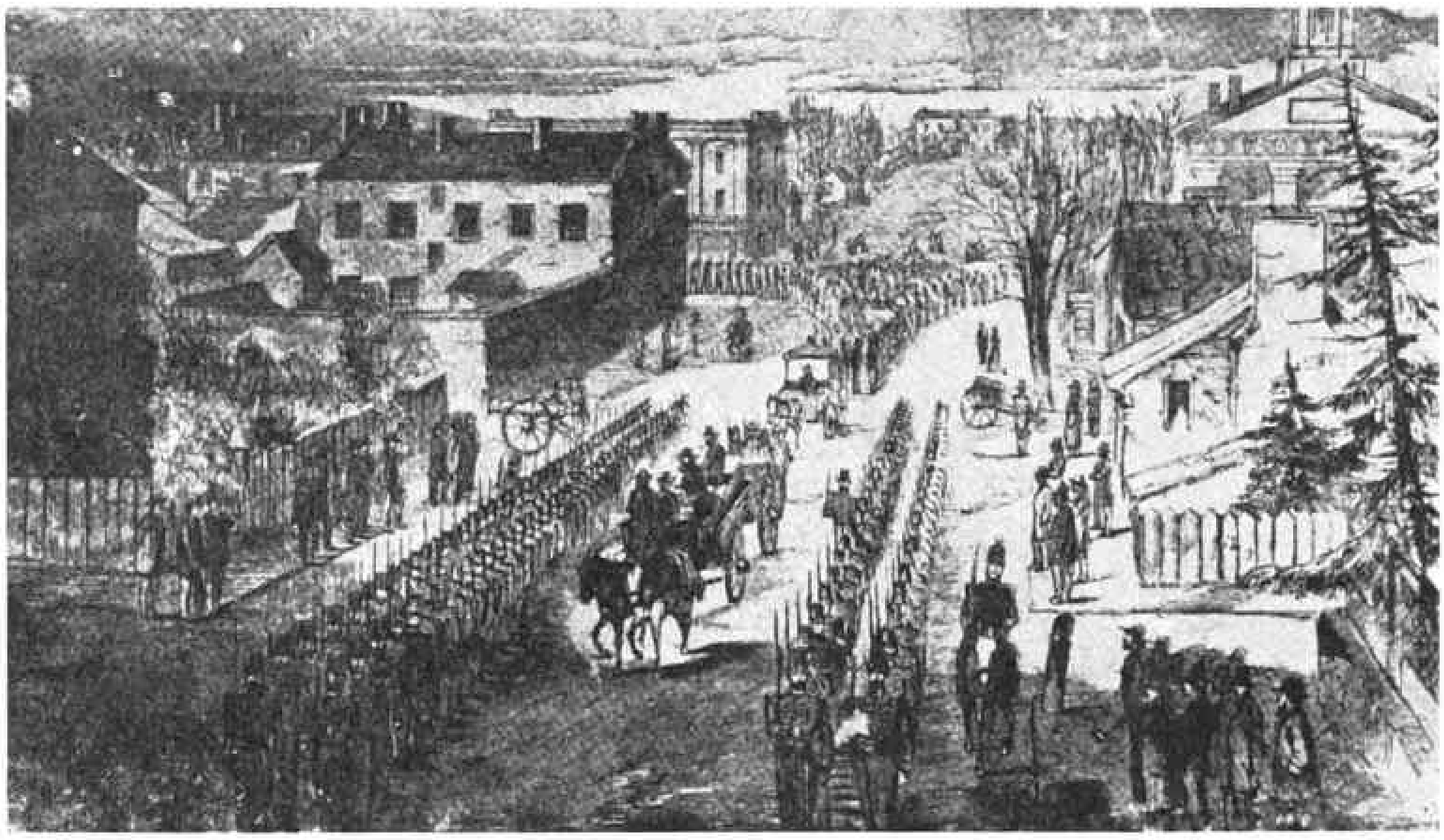
The pre-Civil War Jail. (Courtesy of Edwin Fitzpatrick) Evidently the Jail built in 1806 had been enlarged.



Copy of a post card picturing the Jail completed in 1873 with an erroneus assertion that John Brown was imprisoned there. In 1919 this building was replaced with the present post office. (Courtesy of Edwin Fitzpatrick)



Mrs. Brown escorted to her husband in jail. (From Frank Leslie's Weekly, December 17, 1859)



John Brown on his way to execution. Shown also are the old Jail yard at the back of the building and the upper part of the Court House. The stone wall surrounding the Jail yard survived until the demolition in 1919.

Tall Clocks made by Jacob Craft of Shepherdstown, West Virginia (1765–1825)

By Dr. William G. Crews, Jr.

Our Society is indebted to Mr. J.A. Prather of Shepherdstown for suggesting the publishing of this article. Permission to photocopy it was generously granted by the author, Dr. Crews, D.M.D. of Huntington, W.Va. and by Mr. Earl T. Strickler, Secretary of the National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors, Inc., P.O. Box 33, Columbia, Pa. 17512. It appeared in the *Bulletin* of this Association in August 1966.

Several years ago, while looking through Brooks Palmer's list of American Clockmakers, I discovered the name of Jacob Craft listed as having made tall clocks in Shepherdstown, West Virginia. Even though during the entire span of his lifetime and work Shepherdstown was in the state of Virginia, I was still greatly interested because Craft is the only known or listed clockmaker in what is now the state of West Virginia. So while West Virginia did not become a state until 1863, some thirty-eight years after his death, we can still list him as a West Virginia clockmaker in a technical sense.

I began an immediate search for a Jacob Craft clock, for any self-respecting West Virginia member of NAWCC would surely want an original West Virginia tall clock in his collection. Thinking that the Mart would probably be my best bet for success, I ran an advertisement and waited for results. I received a grand total of two replies. The first was from a collector in New York who had at one time lived in West Virginia and had a rather large collection of all types of clocks. He was most willing to supply information about his Craft clock but he did not want to sell it.

The second letter was from an antiques dealer in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, who had been given my name and address by a fellow NAWCC member who had read my advertisement and remembered seeing the Craft tall clock in her shop. After an exchange of a letter or two, along with some snapshots and a 'phone call, I made the trip to Kennett Square and brought the Craft clock back home to West Virginia. (Figures 1 and 2)

It is a beautiful clock, encased in cherry, standing eight feet, three inches tall, leaving just one inch to spare between it and the ceiling in my living room. It has a typical eight day English imported movement with time, strike, seconds hand, calendar and moon phase. The dial has never been restored although it needs work in a place or two. The dial is signed:

JACOB CRAFT
SHEPHERDSTOWN

The clock was in excellent running condition, although the moon phase mechanism was not functioning and most of the numbers were worn off the calendar wheel. The

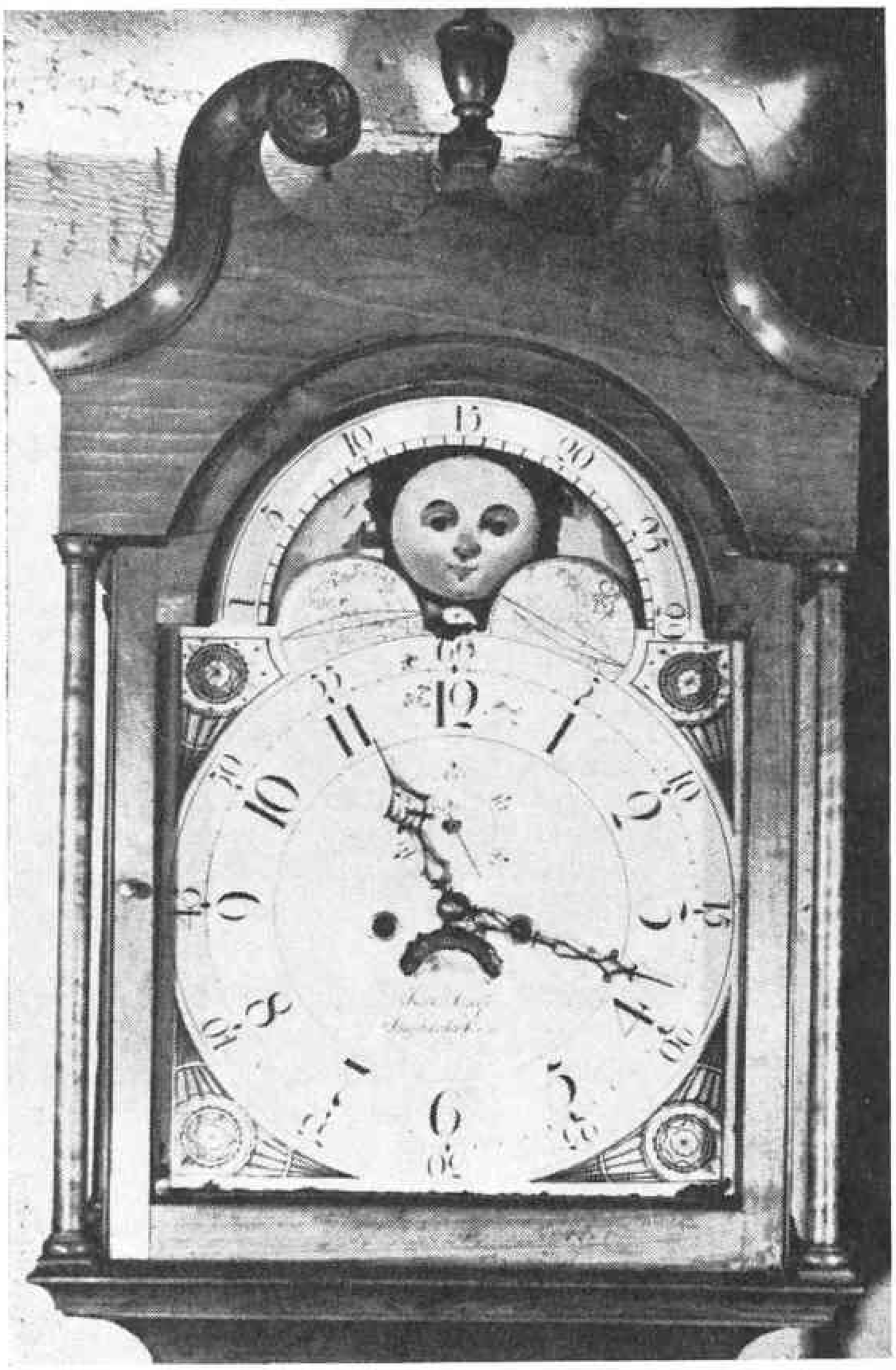


Fig. 1 Bonnet and dial of Craft clock owned by Author

case was in excellent condition with only a few minor restorations, mostly to the hood.

After setting up the clock and getting it running, I was satisfied for quite some time just to own this fine tall clock made right here in West Virginia some 150 years ago. However, after a while, I began to think and wonder anew about Craft and his clocks. Questions began to arise such as: How many of Craft's clocks are still around? Did he make any shelf or mantel clocks? Did he vary his style? Are any of his descendants still living in Shepherdstown?

A letter to the public library in Shepherdstown yielded a bicentennial book published in 1962 entitled *Prominent Men of Shepherdstown.* Three pages in the book were devoted to a brief history on Craft and a picture of one of his tall clocks that is still running in a Shepherdstown home today.

Jacob Craft, originally Kraft, was one of those German artisans who settled in Shepherdstown during the latter part of the eighteenth century. His name has been perpetuated by the many hall or grandfather clocks he made.

Coming from the Marburg region in Southeast Germany, Craft brought with him a 1771 Marburg Hymnal, containing Luther hymns, which Miss Lucy Schoppert gave to St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Shepherdstown, on July 31, 1962. It is in-



Fig. 2 Dr. Crew's clock. (We regret that the photo is so greatly lacking in detail. Ed.)

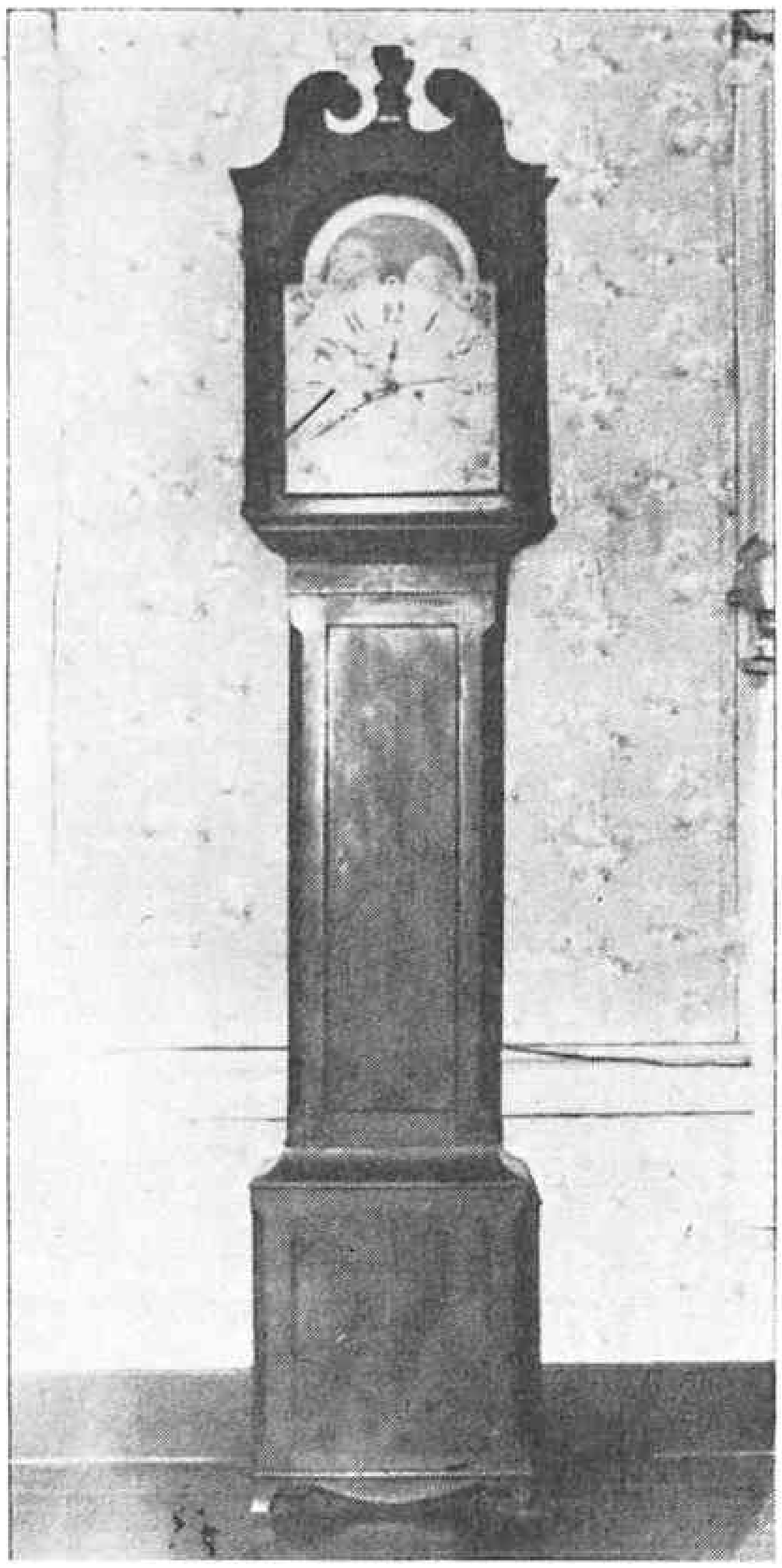


Fig. 4 Craft clock owned by "Miss Margaret Billmyer"; this clock has been in the Billmyer family for four generations

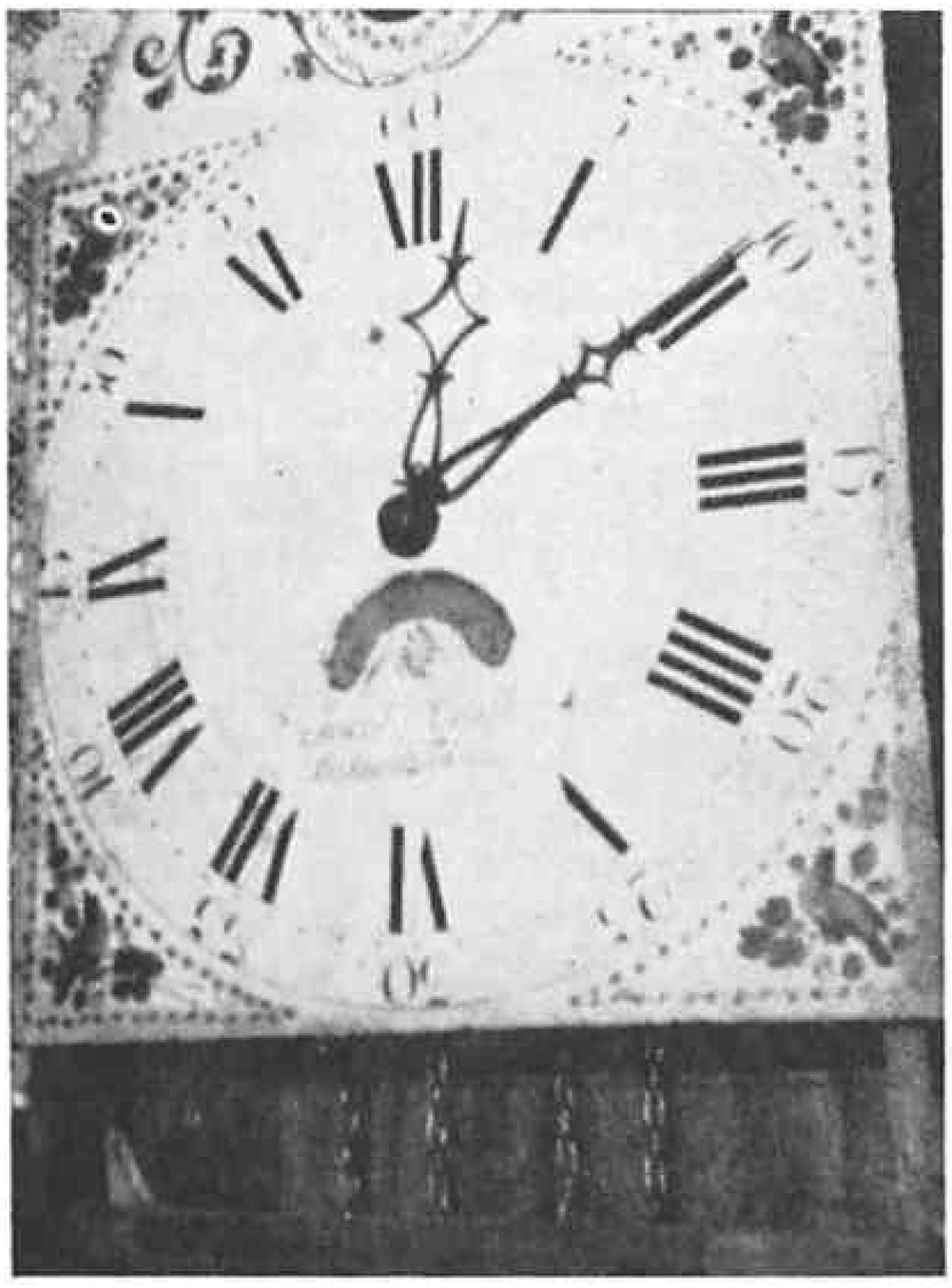


Fig. 3 Dial of clock owned by "John Skinner" — thirty-hour, continuous chain (Tympanum was not shown on original photo. Ed.)

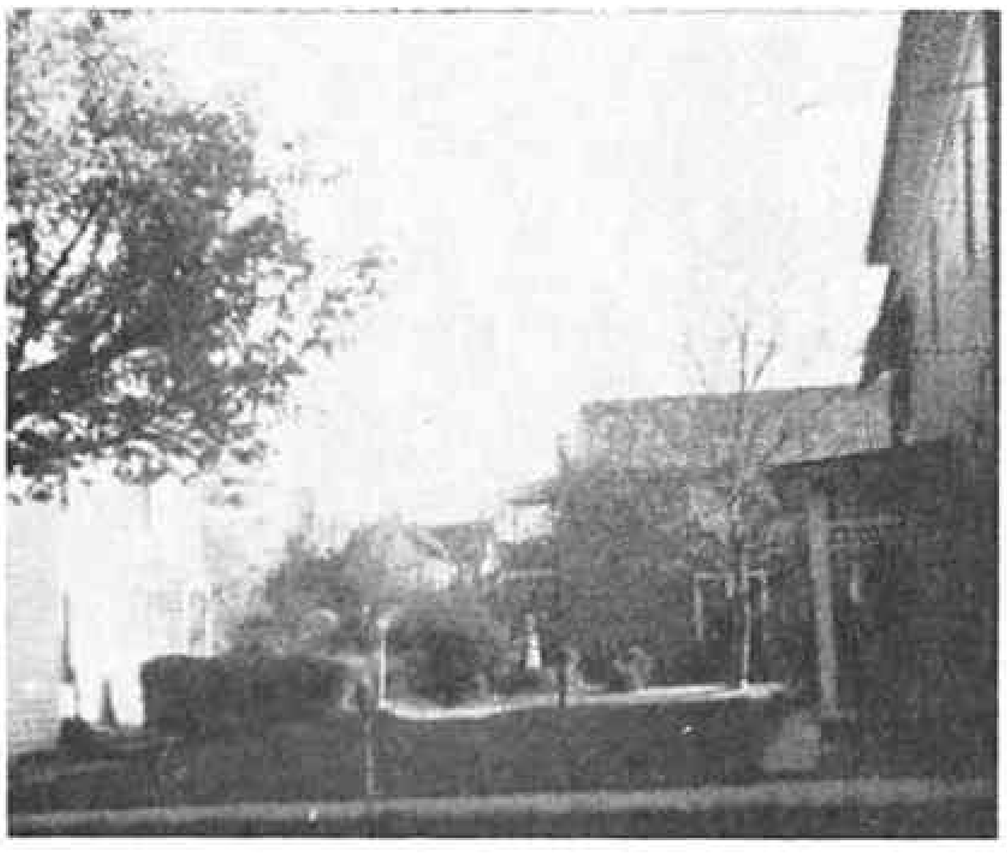


Fig. 5 Site of Craft's shop and home — burned down about forty-five years ago



Fig. 6 Craft clock owned by "Robert McCauley, Hagerstown, Md."

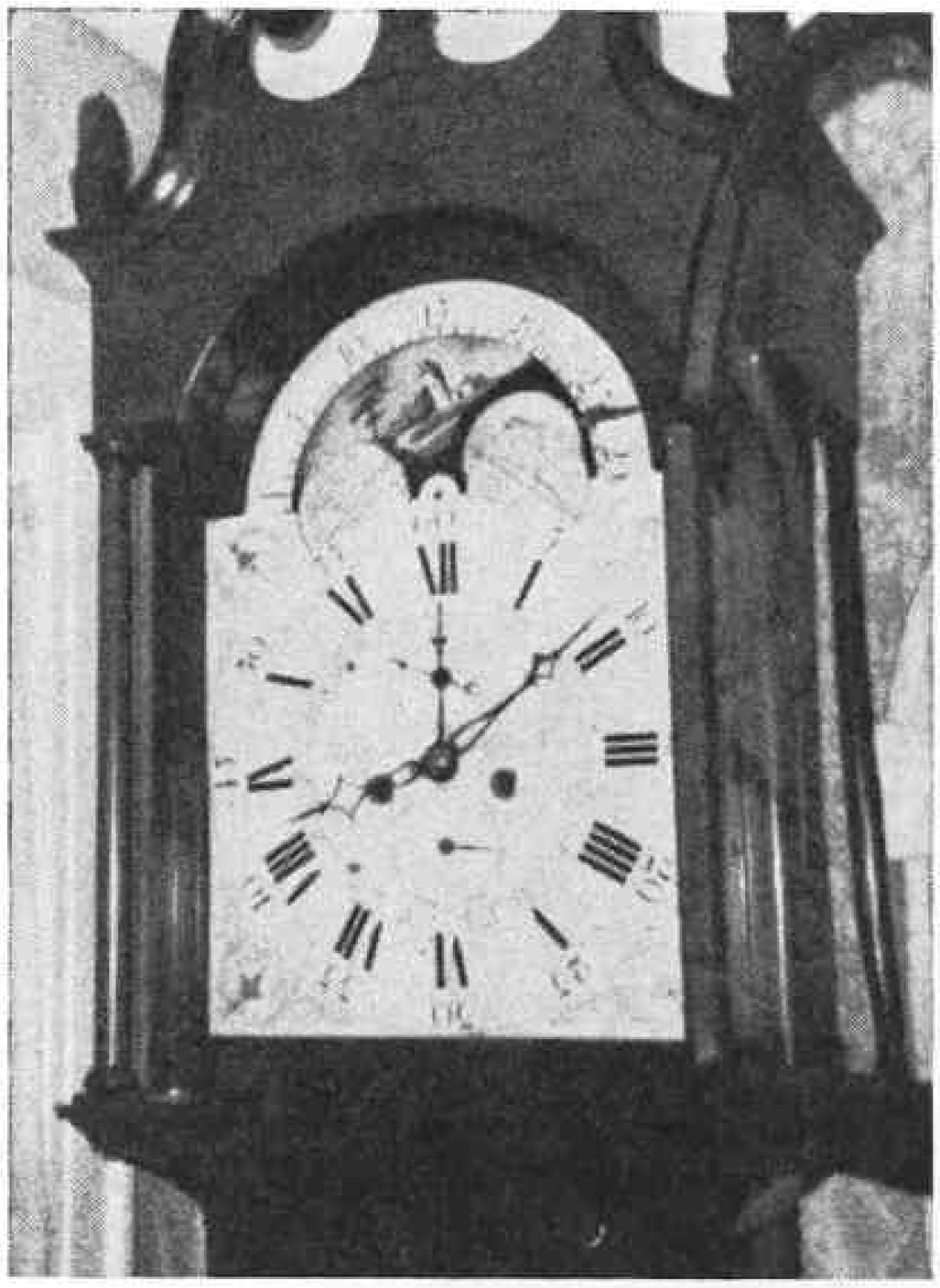


Fig. 7 Craft clock owned by "Dr. Link, Hagerstown, Md." (Unfortunately the scroll and pediment are not shown. Ed.)

scribed "Jacob and Catherine Craft their Book" and was held by them as sacred as a Bible. In fact, it was used much as a family Bible would be, to enter a record of births and deaths in the family.

Jacob and Catherine Craft had three daughters and six sons, the first born in 1788 and the last in 1804. In order of birth they were Murey, Margrate, Catherine, David, Joseph, William, Isaac, Jacob Philip, and Adam. Although Craft had six sons, none of them ever saw fit to take up their father's trade.

Jacob Craft was regarded as a substantial citizen, he having served on the town's Court of Trustees in 1805, 1811, and 1816. He died on May 22, 1825 and his wife Catherine died on September 3, 1832.

The house now occupied and owned by Mrs. Herbert Miller is the second successor of one occupied by Jacob Craft. His two story shop was on the now vacant lot (Figure 3) between that house and the apartment building owned by Miss Virginia White. He had bought the lot, number twenty-five, on December 19, 1812. This building stood until destroyed by fire about forty-five years ago.

The clock pictured with the aforementioned article is owned by Miss Margaret Billmyer of Shepherdstown, a fourth generation Billmyer owner. (Figure 4)

After reading the article, I decided to take pen and camera and travel to Shepherdstown, some 350 miles from my home in Huntington. I wanted to see just how many more Craft clocks I could find and what I could discover about Craft himself.

Thanks to the town librarian, Mrs. Sterling Bradley, and Mr. J. A. Prather, I was able to locate more than a dozen Craft clocks within twenty or so miles of Shepherdstown. I was able to photograph about ten of these. I have since found out about Craft clocks as far away as Hopewell, Virginia, Indianapolis, Indiana, Florida, and New York.

Now a little bit about the clocks which I saw and photographed. In general they are all quite tall, usually over eight feet, but one was almost nine feet tall. They were usually encased in walnut, but a few were in cherry, with broken arch tops and standing on feet. The two that did not have feet had had them removed

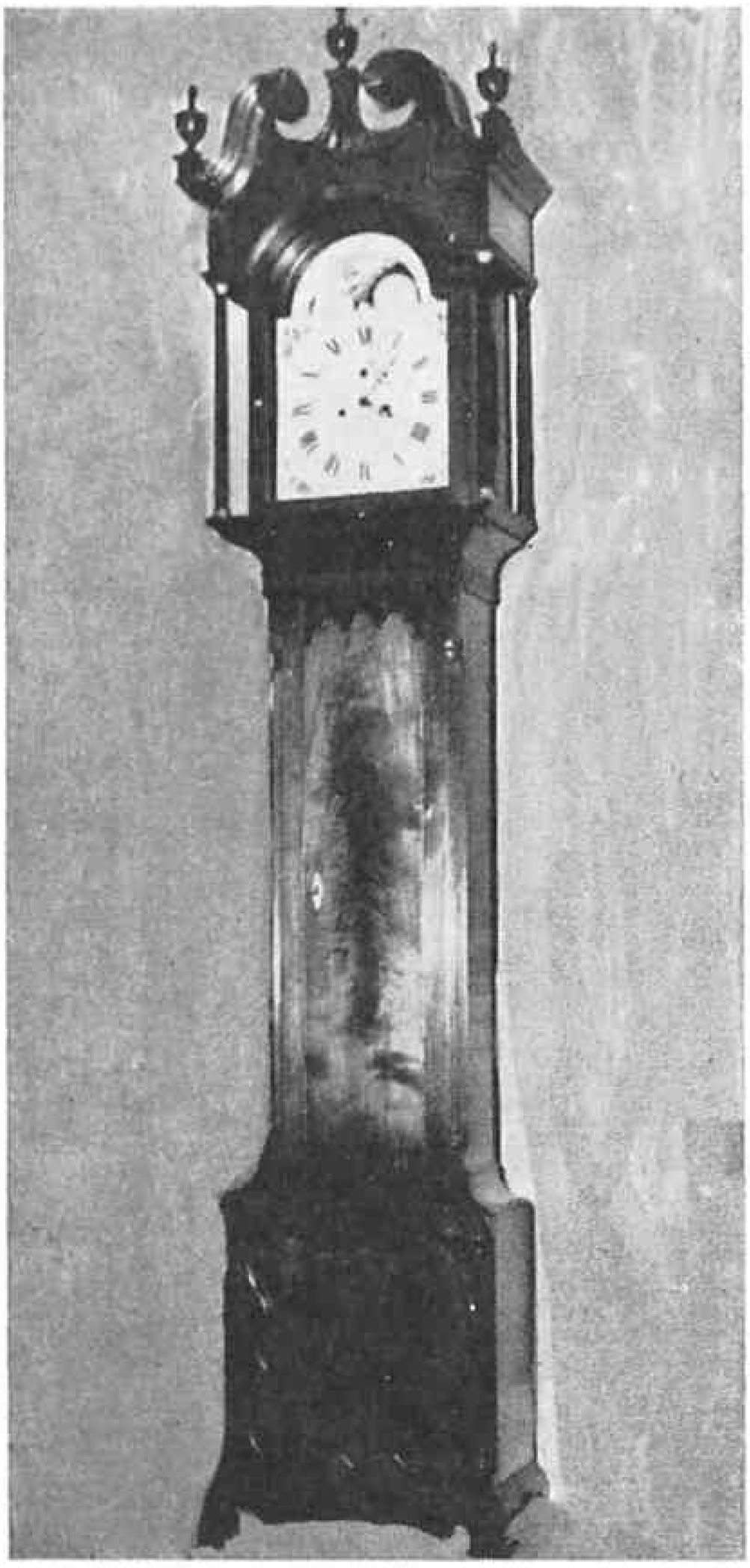


Fig. 8 Craft clock owned by "J. A. Prather." The Author says that this is the most beautiful Craft clock that he has seen

because of low ceilings. In all of the clocks the basic style of the case was the same, but some were more elaborate than others with fancier molding and trim.

All of the clocks had an eight-day time-and-strike brass movement. The one exception had a thirty-hour continuous chain brass movement with time-and-strike operation on the same weight. (Figure 5)

All of the clocks had enamel painted iron dials except one that I saw in Hagerstown, which had a brass dial with "Jacob Craft" engraved on it. (Figure 6) This clock has a very beautiful and unusual single flame finial.

The functioning of the mechanism

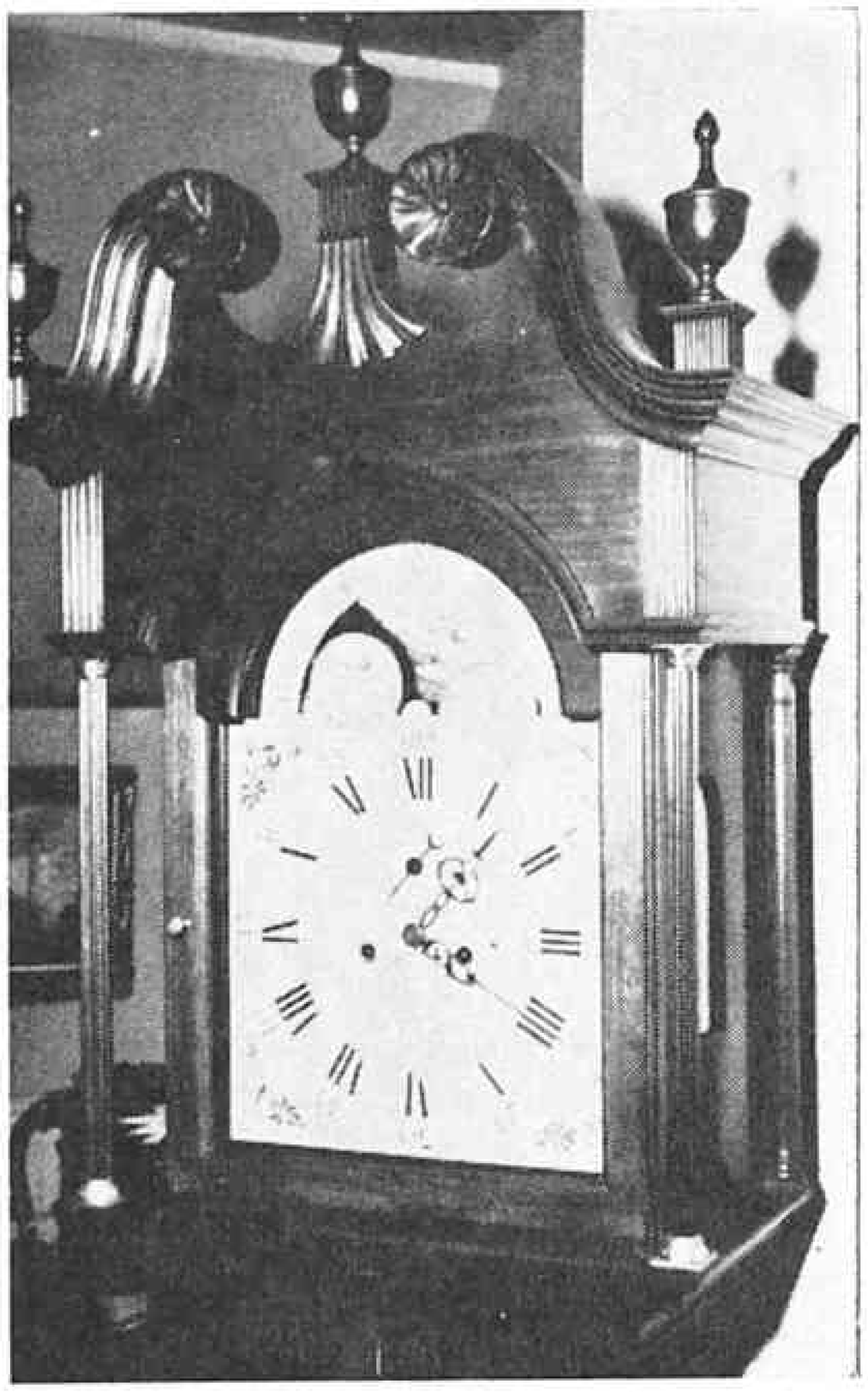


Fig. 9 Bonnet of the clock in Fig. 8

varied from having only two hands, one for the hour and one for the minute, all the way up to one I saw with five hands; (Figure 7) one hand each for hour, minute, seconds, day, and month.

Every clock that I saw was signed on the dial except one. This clock, now owned by J. A. Prather of Shepherdstown, was signed in heavy script on the back plate of the movement. It was also the tallest, about nine feet, and was the most elaborate as far as cabinet work. (Figures 8 and 9) It evidently was one of Craft's more expensive clocks and was probably made for a prominent citizen of Shepherdstown. The extra features on this case are quite evident in the two pictures. However, I might add that even the most simplified clock that I saw among the many I examined was still most pleasing to the eye due to the excellent proportions and clean lines.

Figures 10 and 11 are of two more very fine examples that I was able to photograph.

I inquired around to see if Craft

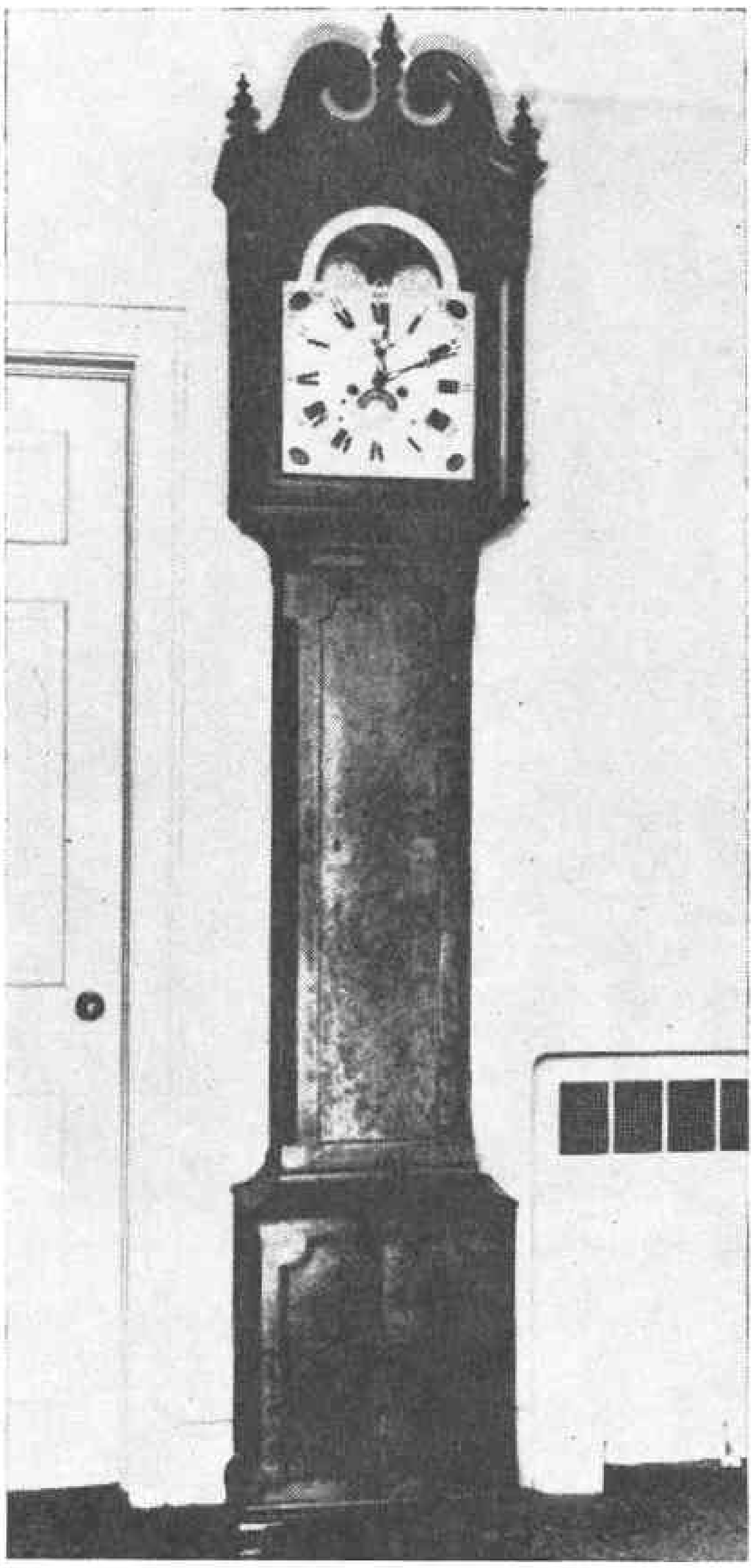


Fig. 10 Craft clock owned by "Henry Barnhart, Hopewell, Va."

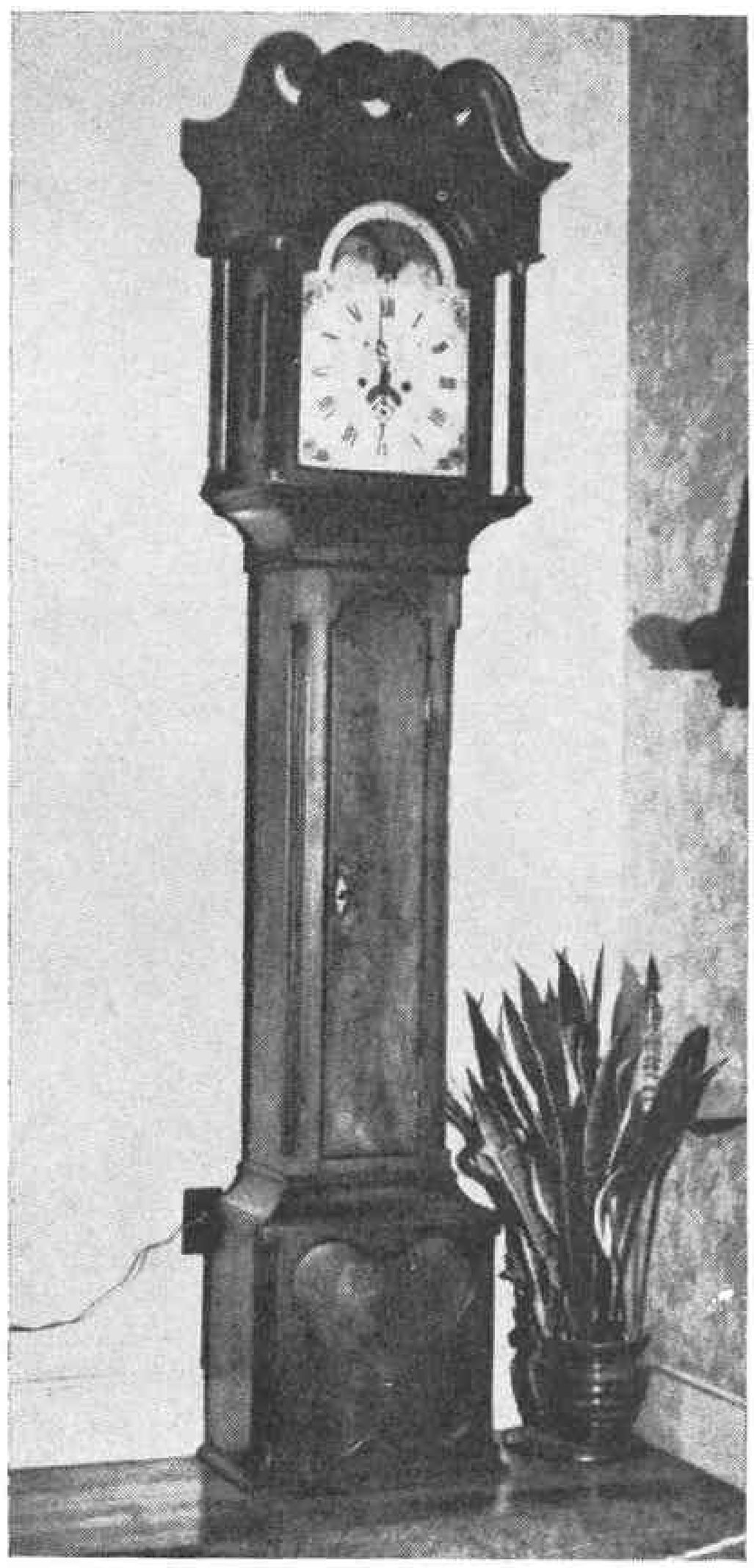


Fig. 11 Craft clock owned by "Misses Ruth and Anne Link, Shepherdstown, West Virginia"

had ever made any shelf or mantel clocks and found not the slightest clue of any.

Just before heading home from my trip to Shepherdstown, I went to Gaithersburg, Maryland, to the Methodist Asbury Home and visited with Miss Lucy Schoppert, previously mentioned in the article, who is now ninety-seven years old. Her grandfather, Joseph Schoppert, was a merchant in Shepherdstown in the late 1700's and married one of the three daughters of Jacob Craft. I spoke briefly with Miss Schoppert and he remembered hearing of Jacob Craft and also of his clocks.

In conclusion I would like to state that Jacob Craft, though little known, was a fine early American clockmaker and craftsman and I have thoroughly enjoyed bringing some examples of his beautifully proportioned and artistic work to light.

This article is reproduced exactly as it appeared in the BULLETIN of the National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors Inc., August 1966. Mr. J.A. Prather of Shepherdstown has provided valuable

information regarding the present whereabouts of these clocks and some others of Jacob Craft's masterpieces.

Fig. 3. The Clock owned by John Skinner is now the property of his widow and is in Shepherdstown.

Fig. 7. Dr. Harwood Link died some years ago and his clock is now owned by Mrs. Louise Link Stauffer of Hagerstown.

Fig. 11. Tanner Link of Huntsville, Ala., now owns the Craft clock formerly owned by the Misses Ruth and Anna Link.

Other Craft clocks and their owners located by Mr. Prather include one belonging to Mrs. Mary Snyder Saum residing near Shenandoah Junction whose first owner was John Snyder, Jr. Ferdinand Snyder of Shenandoah Junction also has a Craft clock which came from the same John Snyder, Jr.

The "Ronemous" clock made by Jacob Craft now belongs to Robert Luther Jones of Locust Ridge Farm near Shepherdstown.

Melvin Sprinkle of Kensington, Md., has a clock which came to him through his family.

Nancy McGarry Holden of Bardane in Jefferson county inherited the Craft clock owned by Miss Anna McGarry which came down through the McGarry family.

On September 14, 1974, a Craft clock was sold at the auction of the effects of the late Charles Taylor in Keedysville, Md., and brought $4,600. It had come to Mr. Taylor from his mother who was a Miss Keedy. The purchasers were Ted and Susan Soutzos of Potomac, Md.

It is known that Jacob Craft made many clocks to order which were used as wedding gifts and that have since been passed on through several generations of the families of the original owners. Mr. Prather would be glad to hear from the present owners of Craft clocks in order that he may make as complete as possible a record of the ownership and location of these beautiful and valuable timepieces. He will make such information available to this MAGAZINE for future publication.

HAZELFIELD: A note on its early history

By William Howard Adams



Architectural drawing of the front of Hazelfield made by an Historic American Buildings Survey team in 1973. Restoration is being carried out gradually with the family in residence.

In August, 1973 Mr. and Mrs. Adams invited the Society to hold a covered dish picnic supper at Hazelfield. Located well off today's main county roads, its very existence came as a surprise to many old residents. Approximately one hundred persons attended–the largest of the Society's gatherings up to that time. After supper Mr. Adams read this charming and informative account of Hazelfield and its original occupants.

From a distance, Hazelfield stands in its isolated fields like a gaunt, abandoned New England church with its steeple removed by vandals. But the solid, upright, almost definant profile and mannered scale, is quite misleading. From the old Warm Springs Road that passes its gates, it has a way of moving and disappearing behind hills and woods to once again emerge at the end of a declined lane in a picturesque setting of timeless repose.

The lane first appears to run straight to the front door across a level sward, but as soon as one has entered the yard the illusion is broken by an abrupt dip in the topography, not evident on the approach, that diverts one down the left side. The rock outcropping that has caused the detour, breaks the green like a dark, spent wave as it runs the width of the "middle distance," some fifty yards in front of the house itself.

There is evidence that the drive once made a turn in front of the house just below the remains of a short terrace that extends in a platform thirty feet beyond the porch, providing the appropriate place for a guest to see the facade at its best prospect before ascending to the front door.

Seven ragged maples, surviving veterans from another age, stand in close rank as an honor guard down the middle of the yard on an axis with the entrance avenue, but they are late comers giving the once bare expanse directly in front of the house a more intimate, shaded, Victorian look that somehow contradicts the open outlines of the house itself.

Nothing from the outside prepares one for the entry hall that extends forty feet across the entire front of Hazelfield, or for the spacious staircase that soars to the third floor from one end. The front door itself is solid, plain, reserved almost forbidding. But who was the builder that would devote one-third of the principle floor space to an entrance passage that engulfs one after crossing that threshold to receive one's family and friends? What architect had the boldness and sense of light to place an eight-foot fan window in the gable above the stairwell in order to give that space an extra dash of dramatic lighting? Indeed, it is a sense of light that permeates every corner of the house, echoing in its rustic way that revolutionary use of light introduced by Indigo Jones into English architecture from Italy three hundred years before in the Banqueting Hall and transported to the New Republic through the architectural plan books of the 18th Century.

In the Governor's Palace at Williamsburg, there hang two portraits linked to Hazelfield, the portrait of Governor Alexander Spottswood because he was the first Royal Governor to live in the now reconstructed Palace and that of his grandaugher, Mrs. Patrick Henry, because her husband happened to be that last Virginia governor to live there before the Capitol was moved to Richmond. But our interest in these two stiff figures from Virginia's past are linked to Hazelfield's as well through the usual tangled maze of Virginia geneology.

In the early summer of 1779, Mrs. Henry's brother, Captain

Alexander Spottswood Dandridge–he was named for his grandfather the Governor–arrived in Berkeley County with a letter addressed to that soldier of controvery, General Adam Stephen, from Patrick Henry. Henry had written the letter to the General introducing young Dandridge, who had been his aide in the early days of the Revolution, recommending him as an appropriate suitor for Ann Stephen, the General's only daugher and heir. After listing his good qualities, family connections, and describing his estate in some detail, Henry concluded, "I can say with great Truth that the Integrity of the Captain's Heart and his uprightness of Intention will recommend him on further acquaintance . . . I do assure you from long and intimate knowledge of him (that) he despises a mean action."

Ann and the Captain were married a year later in 1780 and General Stephen gave Dandridge the six hundred acres known as Hazelfield as his daughter's dower gift.

Those who are familiar with General Stephen's military career and his extensive landholdings in Berkley County in the later half of the 18th Centruy, know that both were pursued on an ambitious scale. From a detailed survey prepared by the late Professor Kenamond in 1959, it appears that General Stephen held more than 5,000 acres. If one drew a diagonal line from Hazelfield to The Bower, some five miles away through the middle of the County, General Stephen's estate was a virtually unbroken tract of rolling land and forest from those two points, with the exception of a gap in the vicinity of Rose Hill.

After two years of marriage which produced a son, Adam Stephen Dandridge, who was named for his grandfather the General, Captain Dandridge died and in 1787 his young widow married Colonel Moses Hunter, a distinguished veteran of the Revolutionary War and prominent figure in Berkeley County affairs, who was for years the County Clerk.

From the evidence or lack of evidence available to Professor Kenamond and others who have studied the matter, it has been widely assumed that the present house at Hazelfield was originally built either by or for Captain Dandridge in the 1780's and that Colonel Hunter also lived here when he later married Mrs. Dandridge. It would appear that Dandridge died on the Hazelfield estate, but we do not know what the original house looked like or precisely where it was located. In the early part of this century, the remains of a large, sturdy log house still stood opposite the lower drive near the Warm Springs Road and was used as a barn. It is only conjecture but this might have been a surviving fragment

of the original house in which the Dandridges had lived when they were married in 1780.

Whether is was or not, we now know that the present house was built by the twice widowed Ann Dandridge Hunter in 1815, as a retreat from the world and as a defense to the tradgedy of her son's death in the War of 1812. At the time that she decided to build the present house at Hazelfield, Mrs. Hunter who had been a widow since 1798 when Colonel Hunter had died, was living in Martinsburg. The record is not clear when she had moved to the town her father had founded but we know from a letter written by her new son-in-law, Henry St. George Tucker, on the day following his marriage to Evelina Hunter in 1806, that Mrs. Hunter was established in that community.

Henry St. George Tucker is one of the most interesting figures to emerge in post-Revolutionary political and judicial life of Virginia. He was born in 1780 at Matoax, a Randolph plantation on his mother's side where St. George Tucker, his father, had taken the family to escape from British marauders during the Revolution. "My Fanny (Frances Bland Randolph Tucker) bless'd me with a son on the day which these accursed wretches made their appearance again," the senior Tucker wrote his brother-in-law, Theodorick Bland, a delegate in Congress in Philadelphia, five days after Henry's birth. "Should they visit this part of the country again (and I know nothing to prevent them) I shall be much distressed–for to leave (Fanny) here would be almost death to her and to attempt removal will I fear be attended with consequences too fatal for me to think of risquing until the last extremity. She is, thank God, improving fast . . . . If the enemy moves toward these parts I shall . . . . carry her to Bizarre . . . . "

After graduating from the College of William and Mary where he had studied law under his father, Henry Tucker moved to Winchester, Virginia. In that frontier town, where there was still plenty of legal business available including the endless job of settling Lord Fairfax's vast and complex land claims, Tucker quickly rose to prominence through politics and marriage. On September 23, 1806, this promising young Winchester lawyer with strong family roots in the old Tidewater and pre-Revolutionary society of Williamsburg married Evelina Hunter. Henry Tucker was following the familiar pattern of Tidewater-Transmontane migration by younger sons in search of greener pastures and paralleling the trek that young Captain Dandridge of Elsing Green had followed twenty-five years before.

"On Sunday we left Martinsburg," Tucker wrote to his father in

Williamsburg a week after his wedding in the fall of 1806, "Evelina, as you may imagine with a heart somewhat weighed down at leaving her mother and friends." "She is however," he continued, "now entirely cheerful and seems to be fully pleased with her present situation . . . . While I write, Evelina sits near me at work, and I at length feel as if I were of some consequence in the world."

Indeed, Tucker's career did prosper in the world and six years later during the War of 1812, he was commissioned Brigadier General. Even during the war year of 1813 while he was on active duty, his legal practice in Winchester continued to flourish and brought in over "£1000."

In that war, Evelina's brother, David Hunter, who was barely 18 enlisted and it was his death in Canada in 1812 that occasioned the construction of the present house at Hazelfield by his mother, Ann Stephen Dandridge Hunter. Evidence for dating the building was recently discovered in the Papers of St. George Tucker now in the Tucker-Coleman Collection at William and Mary College.

On January 8, 1814, Tucker wrote his father, Judge Tucker, asking him to guarantee a financial commitment to purchase some outstanding interests in an estate which had then come to his wife and her mother, Mrs. Hunter, but with apparently some encumbrances. "I have determined to take (the obligation) on myself and have concluded an agreement to that effect. I was led to think," he goes on, "among other reasons by this congent one: that Mrs. Hunter who is overwhelmed by her loss might be enabled from her portion of the property to build on her estate about ten miles from Martinsburg, from which latter place she has become extremely anxious to remove. Surrounded as she is by objects which serve to keep live her grief, and by a Society of intemperate federal politicians whose expressions in relation to public affairs are calculated to wound very deeply those who have suffered by the war, her children cannot but be anxious for this change."

Ann Hunter aged fifty-five, twice widowed, with her youngest son killed while leading his troops on the assault of Williamsburg on the St. Lawrence, closed up her house in the town her father had laid out and in 1815, the year her son-in-law was elected to Congress, returned to her dower estate to build the small villa we see today. Embodying in its classic proportions and romantic setting remote in the Virginia countryside the very essence of the picturesque landscape, it is a literal rendering of the ideal landscape of the first quarter of the 19th Century. One can see the workings of the romantic spirit in the

calculated juxtaposition of the stark and classic house itself to the natural rock outcropping that divides the yard, providing the proper tension between nature and structure.

So far, no evidence has come to light identifying or hinting at the architect of the house although we know that St. George Tucker was interested in architecture and knowledgeable in the subject. He had in fact advised his friend, Colonel John Hartwell Cocke of Bremo, on the planning and design of that great Virginia home in Fluvanna County once closely and erroneously identified with Jefferson's hand. Bremo was begun the same year as Hazelfield. In the Cocke Collection at the University of Virginia there are plans prepared by Tucker, reflecting a most sophisticated understanding of classical proportions and design.

It is quite possible that he had in his library, as did other Virginians of that period, a copy of *Vitruvius Scoticus* published by William Adam in at least one editon as late as 1810 which contains the floor plan of a house in Edinburgh, Scotland, that is strikingly close to that of Hazelfield. The outside dimensions of Milton House depart only slightly from Hazelfield and the single door orientation of a Scottish town house directed to a city street in Edinburgh is repeated explicitly at Hazelfield in the western Virginia countryside, with no other apparent justification than the fact that the plan was literally translated from the plan book itself. I know of no other country house in Virginia which has such a singular door arrangement, although Locust Hill near Rippon, West Virginia, follows closely the floor plan of Hazelfield. The late Thomas Waterman in *The Mansions of Virginia* identified its antecedents in the plans of Milton House, but it is of frame construction, more modest in scale and has exterior doors on two sides. Not only the plan, scale and fenestration of Milton House are repeated at Hazelfield but the stone and Italianate terra cotta stucco is remarkably similar. Only the low porch, the monumental fan-light window in the gable of the front facade and of course the kitchen wing are material departures from the Scottish prototype.

In the scale of the windows, the delicacy of the details and the classic proportioning throughout, Hazelfield stands, I think it is fair to say, as a simple statement of rural Federal architecture of the first decades of the New Republic. Yet in its austerity and its once pale ochre walls, there is the echo of the 18th Century small manor houses and rectories one finds dotting a not unsimilar landscape in Scotland and Ireland and beyond in the earlier Palladian farm houses of the Venito.

Aside from the "intemperate federal politicians" of Martinsburg, there were other considerations for Ann Hunter's return to Hazelfield in 1815. Some five miles to the southwest her only surviving son of her first marriage, Adam Stephen Dandridge, was well established on his grandfather's old hunting lands of the Bower, high above the Opequon Creek. In the original grant from Governor Gooch of the tract that was to comprise the Bower the "priveleges of hunting, hawking, fishing and fowling" were recited in the deed. It had been left to Dandridge on General Stephen's death in 1791 and the present house was built in 1805 and 1806 when young Dandridge married Sarah Pendleton.

Even without its later 19th Century additions, it is a much larger establishment than Hazelfield built not for a widow but as a gentlemen's seat and a growing family. Recently at the Bower a most interesting manuscript was discovered which gives us a room-by-room inventory of the furnishings there at the time of Dandridge's death in 1821. While no similar document has turned up describing the appointments of Hazelfield, we do have Ann Hunter's will providing similar details.

From these two sources and the wealth of material artifacts which had been recovered in the yard and garden at Hazelfield, we can reconstruct some idea of the appearance and appointments of the principal rooms. In the detailed listing of the furnishings of the drawing room and the dining room at the Bower, one is struck by the functional relationships between these two spaces. While the dining room contained one large mahagony dining table and a smaller one along with two sideboards, serving table and eight chairs, the drawing room also had a "square" dining table, thirteen chairs, two tea tables, a complete tea service with trays as well as two coffee urns. The only two settees in the house and four additional chairs were located in the great front hall or "downstairs passage" as that noble space was labelled by the clerks making the inventory. This is particularly interesting because the information on the furnishing and use of these great halls in Virginia plantation houses has been meager and a matter of considerable conjecture.

In 1834 when Ann Hunter died, she made Henry St. George Tucker the executor of her estate and divided Hazelfield into three parts giving to her grandson, David Hunter Tucker, roughly two hundred acres including the present manor house, the log overseer's house, barns and other outbuildings which were once grouped in the main village. Hazelfield, following Ann Hunter's death, probably stood empty for

the next few years except for the family retainers who were there when David's younger brother, Nathanial Beverly Tucker, and his bride turned up in the summer of 1842. As was often the custom, unused family properties were loaned to younger family members on their marriage as a honeymoon house to set up their household.

Following their marriage the summer before in 1841, Beverly and Jane Ellis Tucker stayed briefly with his father, Henry Tucker, at Woodbury near Leetown. It was no doubt with a certain amount of relief that they moved to the privacy and peace of Hazelfield. During that first summer at Woodbury which the young Mrs. Tucker described as typical, there had been forty members of the family in residence besides the large number of servants necessary to keep such an establishment operating with a semblance of order.

"The following year we went to Hazelfield," she was to write long after that arcadian society had disappeared, "which was an old homestead in the family, the first of our married life. It holds a tender place in my memory. The old house, with no real beauty about it but substantial and comfortable, the yard with its Lombardy poplars and other noble trees; the large garden, vegetables, fruits and flowers, the well with its icy cold water. I think I can see them all," she went on, "and the old servants who came to greet the young mistress. Uncle Peter, our factotum, and old Aunt Dolly, a hundred years old she said she was . . . and Pin Fanny (as she was called because years before she had swallowed a pin and never thought she could do any work after that.) They looked upon me as a child and would say "Go long honey: You don't know nothing." We all lived amicably together, and they were cared for and no work ever required of them. Aunt Dolly—the hundred year old lady, read her Bible without spectacles and sat erect, never touching the back of her chair. My young, loving husband brought his friends to the house, we visited all the beloved relatives around, and for the two or three years we lived in Jefferson County, we lived as Southern Planters there lived, with open abundance, careless ease and a thankful acceptance of God's gifts."

But already the Machine of the Industrial Revolution was in the Garden of Eden, the abundance and careless ease of pre-war Virginia country life was slipping away: crops failed, drouths continued, old debts were pressed, and the loving young husband was forced to leave Eden and pursue a most unprofitable career in the new business and industrial world of urban Richmond that was emerging with such contradictions and threats to agrarian, aristocratic, settled family life of the Old South.

David Hunter Tucker, Beverly's older brother, who had actually

inherited Hazelfield from his grandmother was by then deep in his medical studies in Richmond. He had married Elizabeth Dallas, the daughter of President Polk's Vice-President, the Philadelphian George Miflin Dallas, and was later to become Professor in the Virginia Medical College in Richmond. Hazelfield with its memories slumbered on and was to pass out of the Tucker family after the death of Henry St. George Tucker in 1847. If the intervening years since then, including the war period, have yielded little in recorded accounts of the place, it has escaped adaptation of alteration as well.

In the 1970's, little has changed in the physical structure of the house even if "the hum and buzz" of the past is muted. None of the amenities of the 20th Century have invaded its unaltered walls, aside from some rudimentary plumbing in the kitchen. Its survival, largely intact from 1815 is something of a miracle. As an architectural document from a simpler time, quite aside from its historic roots extending into 18th Cenury Virginia history, Hazelfield carries its one hundred sixty years with undimmed dignity.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, W. VA.
Deed Book 26-p. 46

This Indenture made the 18th day of July 1842, between Henry St. George Tucker of the one part and Beverly Tucker of the other part, Witnesseth that for and in consideration of the rents and covenants hereinafter contained, on the part of the said Beverly, he the said Henry St. George both leased to the said Beverly for the term of five years from the first day of April next, his Hazlefield estate, containing six hundered acres of land more or less, he the said Beverly yielding and paying and hereby agreeing to pay, and deliver to the said Henry St. George the rents following, that is to say; one fourth part of all the wheat, rye, oats and corn made upon the said premises in each year, to be delivered, the wheat in any mill the said Henry St. George may direct not more distant than Reynolds, and the other grain to be sold and accounted for with him. The course of farming to be substantially as provided in the said H.G's lease to Montgomery Themons. The said H. St. George also lends to the said Beverly for the said term the following slaves Peter & Becky his wife and all their children, Little Edmund, dumb George & Bill Brooks & little Dolly, and he also hires to the said Beverly the following, for their vituals and clothes old Fanny Hazlefield, old Patty and old Betsey, and the following to wit, Reuben for ninety dollars per annum, & Doctor Bell for seventy five per annum, and Hetty for thirty per annum, and the said Beverly agrees to furnish the whole of the above slaves with the usual foods & clothing, and to pay their taxes, and also to take care of and supply with necessaries and old Fanny (Woodbury) in consideration of which the hire of Reuben is to go, and he is also to supply Hetty's children in consideration of which her hire is to go. In Testimony whereof the parties have hereunto fixed their hands & seals the day & year first above written.

H. St. G Tucker (LL)

Jefferson County Lit. , Clerk's office of the County Court

On the 21st day of July 1842, the foregoing was acknowledged before me by Henry St. G. Tucker & admitted to record.
Testi
T.A. Moore, Clerk

TOMBSTONE INSCRIPTIONS IX
Fairview Cemetery

By Bernard Ruffin of Washington, D.C.

Located south of Charles Town off of Route 340. Turn right onto unpaved road just beyond junction with Old Cave Road.

Adams, B.E.L.
died January 2, 1899, aged 44 yrs.
"Gone, but not forgotten"

Arnett, Charlotte L.
born May 10, 1854 died September 14, 1939
"At Rest"

Bailey, Thomas H.
Son of Thomas A. and Lizzie A. Bailey
March 6, 1896–July 18, 1907

Blackburn, John
1819-1889

Bradford, Frances
1873-1895

Bradford, George
1870-1887

Brown, George R.
July 12, 1876–January 20, 1915
"Asleep in Jesus"

Burns, Anna
died February 28, 1925, age 72 yrs.

Carey, Henry
1839-1920
"Well Done, Faithful Servant"

Cook, Henry
"The Children's Friend"
Died February 22, 1886

Cooke, Lewis L.
Son of Henry and Julia Cooke
died July 14, 1879, aged 22 yrs. & 8 mos.

Craven, Rev. William M.
October 18, 1878–September 4, 1940

Ford, Hannah
1865-1927

Ford, Robert
1867-1947

Galloway, Wainwright
born July 18, 1903
died September 13, 1904

Gattis, James S.
died August 28, 1918, age 70

Harris, Matilda
April 13, 1869–August 17, 1912

Hart, George McD.
Husband of Elizabeth, Sarah, and Laura
September 29, 1844–July 8, 1897

Hart, Sarah
Wife of George Hart and mother of Randolph, Florence, Agnes, Byrd, and George
July 21, 1851–December 27, 1884

Hughes, Stella M.
Daughter of J.E. and Henrietta Hughes
August 11, 1903–December 25, 1915

Jackson. Richard
October 15, 1844–November 26, 1916

Johnson, Edward W.
February 14, 1862–February 14, 1923

Jones, Flora Carter
Wife of Stephen Jones
died July 31, 1905

Lucas, William
September 15, 1880–September 19, 1929

Mitchell, Henry
August 24, 1842–January 28, 1923

Moore, Benjamin E.
June 15, 1867–November 6, 1932

Myers, Chester A.
died March 3, 1882, aged 23 yrs. 10 mos., 3 days.
"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace"

Oliver, J. Wesley
August 23, 1852–August 23, 1927

Page, Etta Carroll
Mother
died February, 1893

Page, Georgia A.
died November 12, 1930

Page, L.L.
Father
died June 30, 1914

Page, Mary Virginia
Sister
died January 22, 1904

Patterson, Charles L.
Co. D. 24th Inf. Spanish American War
(dates illegible)

Queen, Betsy
"In memory of Betsy Queen, faithful friend and servant of
Florence Hunter"
1861-1929

Reed, Fannie E.
April 6, 1881–November 19, 1939

Saunders, Frances
Wife of Thomas M. Saunders
died August 24, 1893, aged 53 yrs.
"At Rest"

Strother, Angelica P.
January 20, 1870–May 29, 1918
"Asleep in Jesus"

Taylor, Sigismund D.
June 15, 1855–April 10, 1923

Thomas, Dora V.
1871-1942

Thomas, James A.
1855-1909

Thompson, Dollie A.
Mother
January 2, 1843–November 10, 1933

Tolbert, James E.
June 19, 1868–January 2, 1901

Tucker, Nancy Sidney
died December 27, 1932
(wife of Samuel Tucker)

Tucker, Samuel
died October 24, 1932

Wainwright, the Rev. Chester C.
Died August 23, 1902 in his 55th yr.
"At Rest"

Wainwright, Maria E.
January 27, 1882
January 3, 1903

Walker, Georgia
Died July 11, 1938

Washington, Bushrod E.
son of George H. and Maggie Washington
died February 15, 1913, aged 27 yrs.

Washington, George H.
(Mason)
February 22, 1847–November 25, 1918
"Faithful servant in all things, he has entered into . . . heaven"

Washington, Gertie
August 22, 1884–June 26, 1896

Washington, John J.
son of George H. and Maggie Washington
Lieutenant of Inf. Shep. Co. No. 43, U.C.K.P. of W.Va.
February 3, 1889–March 13, 1927
"At Rest"

Washington, Maggie H., wife of George H. Washington
April 4, 1858–March 19, 1934
"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep"

Washington, Nettie
Daughter of Geo. H. and Margaret Washington
Died October 15, 1904, aged 15 yrs.

Weathers, Mary J.
1888-1938

White, Catherine
wife of William H. White
September 25, 1865–August 9, 1927

Williams, Anna V.
June 15, 1890–June 13, 1933

Williams, Ernest R.
March 15, 1896–October 16, 1918

Williams, Harry
January 7, 1905
April 20, 1919

Williams, William F.
January 13, 1905
May 5, 1912

HISTORIC PRESERVATION

Survey of Structures of Architectural Merit

This survey, made by Mr. Russell Wright, has been largely completed by door-to-door volunteers. Court house and historical research is lacking on many places with the exception of those in the Shepherdstown area. Geological survey maps (quadrangles) were used to pinpoint and number locations. These are mounted and kept in the County Planning Commission's office. Also the volunteers' numbered cards, each with one or more photographs, are filed, under lock, in loose leaf hard backs and labelled according to quadrangle. These have been useful especially to the Planning Commission's Subdivison Review Panel and to the Historic Landmarks Commission. The Subdivision Review Panel meets every two weeks to examine new plats submitted by land developers. It consists of representatives from the Board of Education, the Department of Health, the Historical Society, the Parks and Recreational Commission, the Electric Company, the U.S. Soil Conservation Service, the Department of Health, and the Department of Highways.

The Historic Landmarks Commission

In March 1974 the County Court, in accordance with the Oates-Leonard Bill, appointed an Historic Landmarks Commission of five members—one from each district.

Middleway	Imogene Riely
Harpers Ferry	Archie W. Franzen
Shepherdstown	John B. Schley
Kabletown	John A. Washington
Charles Town	Emily A.M. Stanley

This Commission deals only with places outside municipalities. These are required to appoint their own commissions. (So far Martinsburg is the only municipality in the Eastern Panhandle to appoint a commission.)

The Jefferson County Commission has given priority first to marking pre-Revolutionary structures in preparation for the 1776 Bicentennial. A bronze plaque inscribed "A Jefferson County Historic Landmark" will be presented to each place.

Summer Meetings

Two scheduled picnic suppers were plagued by threatening skies. The first, in July, was held at Belvedere, the lovely home of Mrs. Paul Wilson. The guest speaker, Mr. Robert Angel, spoke on the Old Opera House and its well deserved need for public support. His talented wife acted out a short episode from one of the plays currently being offered. The second picnic was scheduled at Morgan Springs on the property of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Beasley at the site of the barbecue described in the 1973 Magazine. This was cancelled because of inclement weather. It is planned to reschedule it in 1975, possibly on the two hundredth anniversary of the departure from there of the "Bee Line" marchers to join the Continental Army at Cambridge, Mass.

The Magazine in 1975

An index is being prepared of the first forty volumes. It will include the partial index published in volume XXX, and will be mailed to all members in the spring of 1975. Because the 1975 Magazine will not appear until the usual time (December), it seems appropriate to make this our Bicennial number. To cover the cost of printing the index and possibly a larger than usual Magazine, the dues for 1975 will be increased, hopefully for this year only. The amount of increase will depend on printing costs and announced in the statements mailed in April.