

Buckland, Prince William County, Virginia

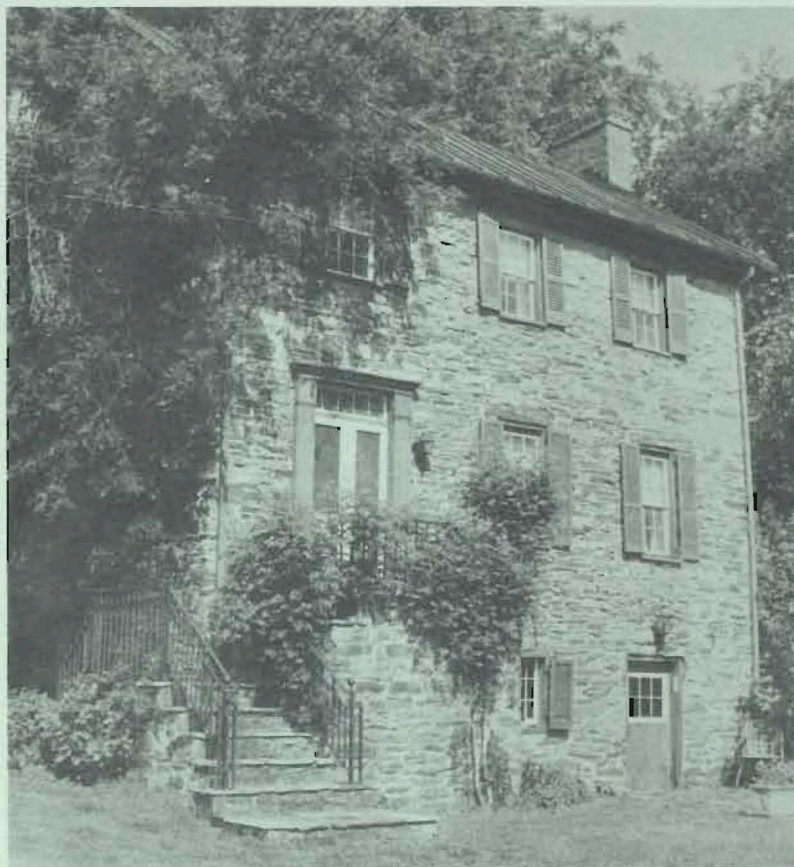
*By Martha Leitch,
A Buckland Resident*

Every county, every city, and every village has its own tale to tell. Buckland is no exception. It has its share of stories, humorous and otherwise. It is located in the upper end of the county in what has been called the "Pinch William" area. It is on Broad Run which has played a very important part in its history. It is split down the middle by the old Alexandria-Warrenton Turnpike (now Lee Highway, Rt. 29-211) and is touched on the west by the old Carolina Road. It is three and one-half miles west of Gainesville.

Buckland is said to have been known as "Deer Lick" before it was named Buckland in 1798. There were twenty houses and a mill established there at the time it was officially named Buckland.

A well-established tradition attributes the name of Buckland to the architect, William Buckland, who is said to have built a house there for Samuel Love. Love was so impressed with the young builder

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Buckland Tavern is the outstanding landmark of the village and is what one always sees when driving by. (Photo 1971, courtesy Mrs. Leitch)

Society Receives Local History Award

"For major contributions in the field of state and local history," the Pioneer America Society has been awarded a Certificate of Commendation by the American Association for State and Local History.

The AASLH Awards Program is designed to establish and encourage ever-increasing standards of excellence for state and local history. By focusing attention on excellent achievements by persons and organizations in the field, it hopes to inspire others to give that extra bit of care, thought, and effort to their own projects.

Each year the Association's Annual Awards Committee seeks out, studies, and

evaluates outstanding achievements in state and local history in the United States and Canada. With the aid of a network of state, provincial, and regional chairmen, new and promising ideas and innovations are carefully noted. The programs of historical societies, historic preservation groups, history museums, and junior historian organizations are examined. The Committee reviews the skill with which authors research and reinterpret history at state, county, and local level, and scrutinizes the activities of devoted individuals — seeking to learn who among them has achieved excellence in his work. No nomination is made except in the case

of unusually meritorious work.

The inscription on the certificate reads: "Presented to Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Douglas for founding the Pioneer America Society which documents and explains every day life of Americans prior to the automobile age."

Awards were given to 82 organizations and individuals. Those in Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia are:

- 1) Grand Opera House, Inc., Wilmington, Delaware, for preserving the Grand Opera House as a center for Delaware's performing arts.
- 2) Historic Annapolis, Inc., Annapolis,

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The Pioneer America Society, Inc., is a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia. Dues and contributions are tax deductible.

Echoes of History is published every other month; *Pioneer America* is published semi-annually; *Proceedings* annually. Members receive all publications.

Effective January 1, 1973, dues are as follows:

Individual Membership	\$10.00 per year
Family Membership for two (includes one set of publications and one vote for each member)	\$15.00 per year
Library Membership	\$10.00 per year
Student Membership	\$ 7.50 per year
Contributing Membership	\$25.00 per year
Sustaining Membership	\$50.00 per year
Sponsoring Membership	\$100.00 per year
Patron	\$500.00 per year or more

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AWARDS, continued

Maryland, for exemplary work in urban beautification through historic restoration.

3) Morris L. Radoff, Annapolis, Maryland, for outstanding scholarship in writing the book, *The State House of Annapolis*.

4) Parke Rouse, Jr., Williamsburg, Virginia, for his consistent interest in and publication of Virginia history.

5) "The Commonwealth," Richmond, Virginia, for its consistent publication of articles on all facets of Virginia's patrimony.

The AASLH was founded in 1940 and, since 1945, has been giving annual awards for outstanding local history work in the United States and Canada. The Awards Committee meets for two days prior to each annual meeting to make its final decisions.

The headquarters of the Association are at 1315 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville, Tennessee 37203. The Director is Wm. T. Alderson. *History News* is published monthly and goes to all members.

BUCKLAND, continued

and his work that he named the house Buckland Hall in his honor. Love's son, John, later bestowed the name Buckland on the village.

Buckland's history has always been connected with mills. Samuel Love's will, written in 1785, reveals that he owned a water grist mill on Broad Run. In 1794 his sons, John and Charles, applied for water rights on Broad Run and erected what was known as Kinsley Mill (approximately one-half mile south of the Turnpike on Broad Run), together with a granary, nearby, with a miller's dwelling above it. An elevated wooden bridge connected the dwelling with the mill.

In 1797 John Love built a water grist mill and dam further upstream near land now owned by Harry Lee. At some date after 1835, a large woolen mill was established. A deed in 1847 refers to a large mill, being a frame building "three stories high and large factory 60 x 40 feet covered with slate, with the dye house

PAS Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held on November 10, 1973, at the Mount Vernon Motor Inn, Charlottesville, Virginia. It was the best in every way — best attended, best presentations, greatest interest, and perfect weather. One hundred and fifty people attended, coming from fourteen states. Eleven colleges and universities were represented. The atmosphere of the meeting room was enhanced by approximately fifty enlarged photographs taken by Jack Jeffers who recently published *Windows to the Blue Ridge*.

A forthcoming Newsletter will carry a fuller report.

recently erected and built of stone."

The mills disappeared, one by one, from various causes. The woolen mill was torn down about 60 years ago by the Calverts and the best wood in it was used to build the present mill at Buckland.

Once hailed as the "Lowell" of Prince William County because of the flourishing woolen mill, Buckland declined until it was described, by the Writers Program of the Works Project Administration, as a village "scattered over a sloping hill where filling stations and small tumbled-down old structures and the crumbling remains of Buckland Tavern mark the site of the old town."

There is no industry in the village now other than a combination grocery store and service station, a TV repair shop, and a saw sharpening service. The two last remaining old mills are silent, their great wheels gone, their interiors gutted of machinery.

My research does not yet go beyond Samuel Love, whose will indicates that he was a man of substance. He owned the water grist mill and 800 acres lying mainly south of the South branch of Broad Run and extending from below Kinsley Mill to above what is now the town of Buckland. In his household in 1785 were his wife Sarah, perhaps one or more of his four sons, John, Charles, Augustine, and Samuel, Jr., and two nieces for whom he made provisions in his will, stipulating that each should receive a horse and side saddle, ten pounds annually, and the shelter of his home until they were married. His will was probated in October 1787.

In October 1785 he was one of the commissioners appointed to set up a turn-

pike between the roads leading from Snicker's Gap and Vestal's Gap into Alexandria, as the great number of wagons had rendered the roads impassable and the usual methods of keeping them in repair had proved not only insufficient but exceedingly burdensome. A toll of one shilling was set for wagons, loaded or unloaded; one shilling, six pence for four-wheeled riding carriages; and eight pence for two-wheeled chaise or chairs.

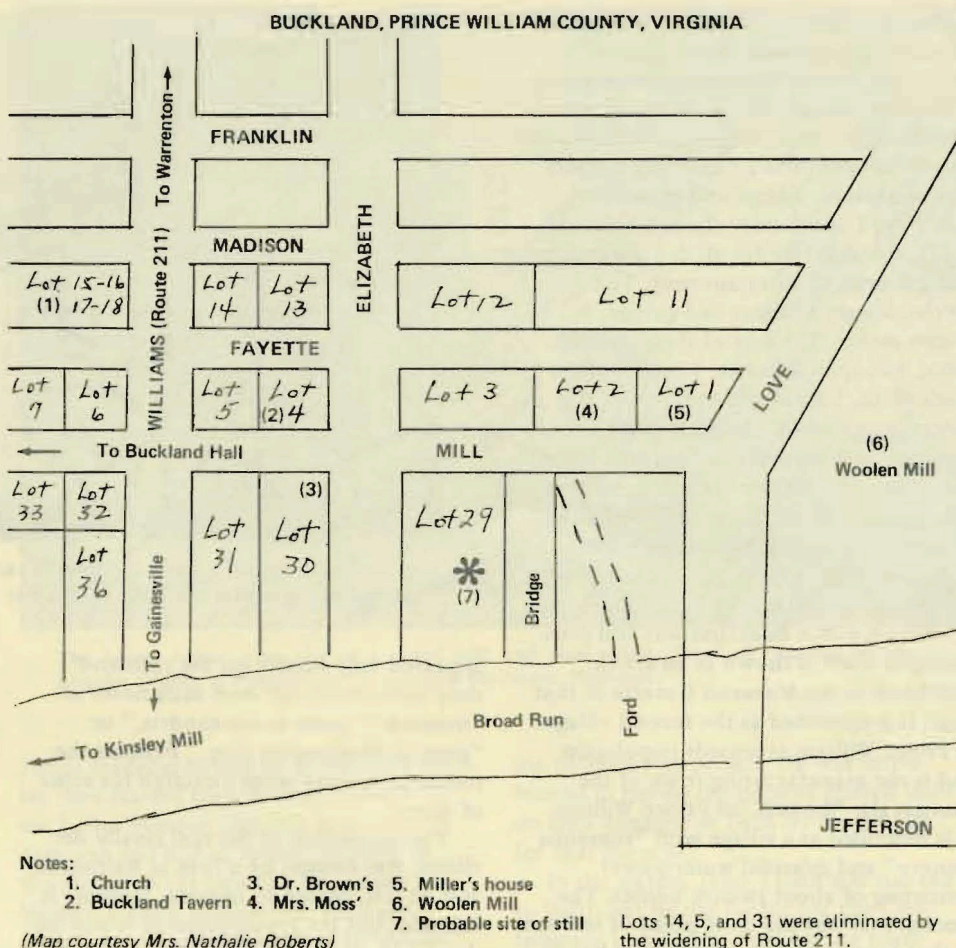
Samuel Love left Buckland Hall and 500 acres to his son John and 300 acres to Charles. Augustine was to receive five slaves and to have delivered to him annually ten barrels of Indian corn from the water mill for the term of his natural life. In a codicil, Love changed this to a more realistic bequest, stating that Augustine should receive annually the ten barrels of Indian corn only so long as the mill was running.

In 1797 John Love made application to condemn one acre of the lands of Richard Campbell on Broad Run for the purpose of an abutment for building a dam for a water grist mill which he proposed to build on his land opposite Campbell's. Permission was granted, thus indicating that at the time of the establishment of the town, there were at least two mills operating on Broad Run. This mill is thought to be near the quarry at Mrs. P. H. Lee's present home, upstream from Buckland.

In December 1797 a petition was sent to the House of Representatives requesting that a "... Law be enacted for the purpose of establishing a Town on the Lands of John Love in Prince William County on Broad Run, a Branch of the Occoquan River, near said Love's Mill, agreeable to the Plan of a Town herewith presented, and subject to the usual regulations, which Town we pray may be called Buck Land."

This very interesting document tells a great deal of the status of the village at that time:

"The ground is high and dry. The situation healthy and agreeable. There are two excellent springs of water and through it runs a never failing stream; contiguous to it are many quarries of red and white free stone proper for buildings of any description. Within the limits of the Town are already built upwards of Twenty good houses which are occupied by Tradesmen and Merchants; considerable manufactory's of grain have been erected, which are more than sufficiently supported by an



extensive circle of an extremely fertile country.

"Buckland is easy of access on all sides, and altho from the short time it has been a place of consequence, roads have not yet been properly opened, the necessary steps are now being taken for that purpose.

"Buck Land lies convenient to one of the best gaps in the lower ridge of mountains, thru which the roads from a very extensive part of the country must necessarily pass to go either to Dumfries or Alexandria. The road in the Straytest (sic) direction from Ashley's gap to Dumfries will pass thru Buck Land. The road called the Carolina road, leading from Nowlands Ferry on Potomac River to Norman's road, Rappahannock, is established to pass thru Buck Land and is found nearer and better than the former one."

The petition had 55 signers, among them such names as Blackwell, Washington, Kincheloe, Sanders, Randolph, Campbell, Anderson, Gordon, and, of course, Love. Many of these names are still found in the area. Permission for the establishment of the town was granted in 1798 by the General Assembly.

In the mid-eighteenth century, 1749 to be exact, Dumfries bid fair to outstrip such ports as New York and Boston. It became the seat of Prince William County in 1762. By 1797, however, it was no longer designated as an official tobacco port, and had lost its importance in this respect. Silt began to clog Quantico Creek, preventing ships from reaching the Dumfries wharf, causing commerce to dwindle and ultimately obliterating the social and political activities of the town.

Perhaps John Love had all these factors in mind when he decided to lay out his land, the first inland town in Prince William County, the fourth town of seven established in the first century of the county. These seven were: Dumfries - 1749, Newport and Carrborough in 1787 and 1788, respectively. These two towns were adjoining Dumfries and neither materialized. Buckland was next - 1797, then Haymarket in 1799, followed by Occoquan in 1804.

In 1835, in *A New and Comprehensive Gazetteer of Virginia and the District of Columbia*, written and published by Joseph Martin, Buckland is described as

"a Postal village . . . with an elevated and romantic situation on Broad Run on which two extensive flour manufacturing mills are situated, the one in the town and the other on its edge. This village and its suburbs contains 22 dwelling houses, 1 general store, 1 large and extensive distillery, 1 apothecary shop, 1 house of public worship free for all denominations, and 2 houses of entertainment. The mechanics are 1 tanner and currier, 1 wagon maker, 1 boot and shoe manufacturer, 1 cooper, 1 hatter, 1 millwright, 1 blacksmith, 1 tailer and saddler . . . it is an incorporated town, and for beauty of situation and circumjacent scenery is perhaps not to be surpassed by any other in the country. There is one well organized Sunday school, and 1 common school. Population 130 whites, of whom 1 is a physician, and 50 blacks."

Evidence that Buckland was still prospering in 1869 is shown in an article published in the *Manassas Gazette* in that year. It is described as the second village in Prince William as regards population and is the manufacturing town of the county; the "Lowell" of Prince William. It is described as a village with "romantic scenery" and splendid water-power, consisting of about twenty houses. The woolen mill was the chief point of interest at that time, employing seventeen hands — having been since the war enlarged and refitted at great expense. Another story had been added to the old mill, and a large overshot waterwheel, 21 feet in diameter, put in at a cost of \$1,500.00. It was said that this great wheel was so delicately balanced it could be turned with a finger. Before the Civil War, the mill was engaged in manufacturing the coarser cloths furnished to the slave population. Since the war it had gone into producing a grade of goods of a very superior quality varying in price from seventy-five cents to \$1.50 per yard. Machinery to the amount of \$7,000 had been recently placed in the mill. Among the rest, four new looms from Massachusetts costing \$500 each. The article concludes with the wish that the attention of capitalists would be attracted to the county and that more communities like Buckland would spring up and give life and prosperity to the neglected agricultural interest of the county, particularly at Occoquan and Thoroughfare Gap.

That the woolen mill attracted many people is evidenced by the old church records showing a great number of single men, women and widows, some of whom



St. Mark's Methodist Church was built in 1854. Though it has suffered neglect, it is now restored and in regular use. (PAS photo, May 1971)

appeared only briefly on the rolls and then were struck off with such notes as "married," "gone to Alexandria," or "gone to Washington City." Perhaps the romantic scenery wasn't enough for some of them.

The prosperity of the mill finally declined, was bought by a firm in Baltimore and, at last, ceased to operate. Nothing is left now but the foundations of it and the dye house. The grist mill built by the Calverts still stands, now idle, its wheel and machinery gone. The old wooden dam gave way a number of years ago during a spring thaw, the huge blocks of ice being too much for the rotted timbers. When the foundation for this mill was being built, the men digging found evidence of another very ancient foundation. At present this mill is being used as a stable for horses, having been converted by Mr. and Mrs. Russell Stuart, who now own the property and who live in the charmingly restored miller's cottage. This house was originally log and is beautifully situated, with its green lawns sloping down to Broad Run. Just south of this house stands what is commonly known as the "Moss House," now owned by Mr. Nathalie Roberts-McCarthy. There is evidence that it was owned in the early years by William Brooks who operated a large distillery in Buckland. During the Civil War it was owned by the Moss family. In 1861, when Northern troops began to come through Fairfax, concern was felt for the safety of General Washington's will on file in the Court House. Mrs. Martha A. Moss, the wife of the clerk of the Circuit Court, finally hid the will in her clothing and went to her home in Buck-

land, where she carefully kept it until it was sent to Richmond. After the close of the War, the will was returned to the Court House at Fairfax. The boxwood gardens of this home conceal almost all signs of the foundation of a storehouse that was originally operated by Samuel Love, Jr., next to the miller's cottage.

Directly across Mill Street from the Moss house, and bordering on Broad Run, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Leitch, now called "Deerlick Cottage." It was once a combination dwelling, general store and bar. The whiskey was made on the premises, kept in barrels and ladeled out by dipper into jugs which the customers brought themselves. It adjoins the "Spring Lot" where one of Bucklands two good springs is still located, which probably explains why it was a good site for a still. A deed in 1812 refers to it as "Where the old still house was." William Brooks bought it and erected another still. Anne Royall, writing under the name of "Paul Pry," stated that she visited Buckland in 1830 and while there, saw the "largest still and the most perfect gentlemen she had ever seen anywhere."

In 1836, the property passed to William Brooks' heirs, at which time it had a storehouse and stable on it. In 1871 when the contents of the store were sold, it was described as containing "... dry-goods, boots, shoes, groceries, hardware and such merchandise as is usually kept in a country store." The postoffice was in this building at one time and the old bars are still there that were used to hold the shutters against thieves. The front door is

scarred with nails and tacks that were used to hold posters and advertisements in the olden days.

Just across the run from Deerlick Cottage was the home of Samuel King, of colour. His house, now long gone, stood right beside the road to Thoroughfare Gap at the ford. His widow, Cecelia, or "Cely," who later lived in a little two room log house in what is now the front yard of Deerlick Cottage, gave Buckland another claim to fame with her bread and pies, her horse cookies and homemade persimmon beer which she sold to travelers who passed her door. There is now a restaurant in Warrenton, Va., that is very proud of the fact that they have been making horse cookies since 1875. Buckland had them for sale prior to the Civil War.

"Cely" was one of the most faithful members in attendance at the Buckland Methodist Church. For years she was the only colored member to sit in the balcony provided in the church for members of her race. During the War she became fearful that the soldiers would rob her, so she took her money and valuables and buried them near her home. She died before she retrieved her treasure.

Just south of Deerlick Cottage on Mill Street is another fine old place restored by Mrs. Nathalie Roberts, with an addition put on by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Campbell. It has been the home of two of Buckland's doctors, Doctor Kerfoot and Dr. J. G. Brown. The office, still on the south side, is where the good doctors felt pulses, gave out pills, set broken bones, and performed operations.

Directly across Mill Street from this house is Buckland Tavern. This is one of the earliest buildings and was originally a wagon tavern. Here would come four and six horse bell teams, carrying goods to and from Alexandria. The horses would be unhitched and fed from long boxes on the sides of the wagons, and the drovers, after a hearty supper in the tavern, would stretch out in their wagons to sleep as the tavern did not furnish beds for travelers. Originally it had only one room on each of its three floors. The Tavern has had its share of famous visitors, no less than three generals: General Washington, General LaFayette, and last and not least, General Tom Thumb who had to sit on boxes to eat his dinner.

General LaFayette's visit was in August 1825. He was then an old man and had gone from Washington to Charlottesville to visit his friends Thomas Jefferson and



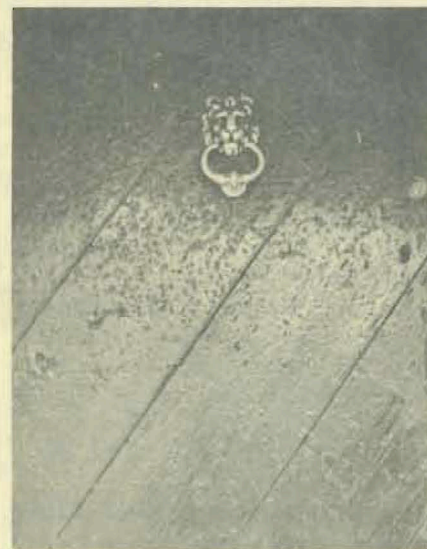
The Leitch house, once site of a noted still, and now called "Deerlick" cottage by the Leitchs. (Photo September 1973, courtesy *Piedmont Virginian*)

James Madison before he sailed for France. He then started for Loudoun County to see James Monroe, but was overtaken by darkness and had to spend the night in Warrenton. Next morning he started for Monroe's home at Oak Hill. He was escorted with great ceremony by all the dignitaries of several counties, Colonel Monroe, Chief Justice Marshall, Congressman Fenton Mercer, and others, in a procession of open carriages, guarded by a troop of Fauquier Cavalry. The roadsides were lined with people, men calling greetings of welcome, women and children in white, throwing flowers in his path. At Buckland he was invited into the tavern for refreshments and was honored by several ladies who read poems they had written in his praise. Continuing onward by way of the Carolina Road, he passed through Haymarket. Some years ago a medal was found in this old road bed by Mr. Will Jordan. It was identified as a French medal and was probably lost by a member of LaFayette's guard. A diary of one of the French officers has been published in which he tells the story of the tour to Oak Hill and states that he lost his medal on that day.

Directly across William Street (the Turnpike) the small two-storied Trone house stands on the hillside. It was bought in 1825 by John Steadman Trone, who was a blacksmith through the week and, on Sunday, a licensed Lay Preacher, conducting services at the Buckland Methodist Episcopal Church; sometimes walk-

ing to Sudley to preach. He was instrumental in having the present church built on land donated in 1856 by Hugh Hite for that purpose.

In the sixties, John Trone was too old to fight, but he did his bit for the Confederacy in his little shop by the roadside where the boys in gray could have their horses shod without charge. One day, however, a Federal officer rode up and demanded that his horse be shod and was curtly refused. "This horse is going



The door of the Leitch house is pockmarked with nail holes from the posting of notices when the building served as a general store, bar, and post office. (Photo September 1973, courtesy *Piedmont Virginian*)

to be shod, by God," he shouted — to which the old blacksmith quickly retorted, "All right, if God will, but John Trone will not." So the Federal was forced to ride away without receiving aid, human or divine. John Trone and his wife, Delilah, are buried in the nearby churchyard of the place he served so well.

Behind his house, on a wooded hillside, can be seen the remains of the foundation of the little one-room school house. General Eppa Hunton in his autobiography tells of opening a school at Buckland in 1841 and mentions that five of Judge Tyler's sons were his students, while he himself was instructed in law by the judge. In later years the school only went as far as the 7th grade and was remembered by a late resident of the community as having a large pot-bellied stove in the center. The teacher called the students with a hand-bell. Water was obtained from a spring at the foot of the hill and the two little "necessary" houses out back were delicately referred to as "Garden Houses." One of its students, Clyde Glascock, became a professor at Yale University where the portrait of William Buckland is housed.

Still further south of the Pike, at the south end of Mill Street, is Buckland Hall, now owned by Thomas Mellon Evans of Pittsburgh and New York. This beautiful, well-kept house was restored in the 1940s by Mrs. Nathalie Harrison-Roberts, who inherited it from her father. At that time it was a part of the Harrison-Vint Hill Farms estate. Buckland Hall was owned in 1822 by Temple Washington, who sold it in 1853 to Major Richard Bland Lee, a nephew of Light Horse Harry Lee. It remained in the Lee family until recent years.

On a high hill, overlooking Broad Run from the east, sheltered by ancient oaks, is Cerro Gordo (named for an engagement in the Mexican War). As I understand it, it was not in the town proper in the old days, but it is a part of the Buckland story. The original house burned some years ago and has been replaced by the present one, built of stone quarried on the place. It is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brewster.

Cerro Gordo, once the home of the Huntons, served as headquarters for officers of both sides during the Civil War. During one siege in Buckland, the Federals were entrenched at Cerro Gordo, with a cannon mounted in the front yard, aimed at the Confederate troops across the Run. The Rebels fired up the

hill and the shell went into the dining room and exploded in the wall. Later, Jeb Stuart pulled it out of the wall and handed it to the Hunton's who preserved it for many years. The Hunton family usually went into the cellar when the fighting was at its worst, while the villagers below took refuge in the mill.

North of Cerro Gordo is Falkland Farms, cut out of the original 2039 acres of Cloverland. Tradition says this was the home of Nick Carter, a wild-riding, accurate-shooting, vicious young man. Carter, in an unwelcome and unsuccessful attempt to win the hand of the beautiful Annie Hunton, at Cerro Gordo, presented her with a handsome mare. Annie's father, of course, said he could not allow her to accept the gift. Carter promptly pulled out his gun and said he would shoot the animal. Hunton, knowing Carter was capable of doing just that, could not bear to see such a beautiful horse destroyed so he accepted it for his daughter.

Carter was described as a very handsome man with a mildly deceptive manner. In a restaurant, right after the war, he overheard some soldiers discussing him. One said he'd like to meet Carter and see if he was a killer as he was described. Nick got up, walked over to the man, said "I'll introduce you." He then drew his gun and shot him.

Finally, with a price on his head, wanted dead or alive (but mostly dead), he escaped to Texas. It has been said that he served as the inspiration for the Nick Carter Dime Novel Series.

Because of its mills, Buckland was a target for both sides during the Civil War and was the scene of several encounters. Soldiers were in and around Buckland all during the war, but most of them wore blue uniforms, with the exception of Mosby's Rangers and the Confederate armies brought into the territory by several campaigns.

The most widely known of these campaigns was humorously named "The Buckland Races" by Jeb Stuart and was an engagement between Stuart's Cavalry forces and General Kilpatrick during the Bristow Campaign.

On the morning of October 19, 1863, the Federals advanced toward Buckland Mills. General Custer, in his report, said "At daybreak, my brigade took the advance and skirmished with the enemy's cavalry from Gainesville to Buckland, where I found him strongly posted upon the south bank of Broad Run . . . I succeeded in turning his left flank so completely as to force him from his position.

Having driven him more than a mile from the stream, I threw out my pickets and ordered my men to prepare their dinner. From the inhabitants of Buckland, I learned that the forces of the enemy with whom we had been engaged were commanded by General Jeb Stuart in person, who, at the time of our arrival, was seated at the dinner table eating, but owing to my successful advance, he was compelled to leave his dinner untouched, a circumstance not regretted by that portion of my command into whose hands it fell."

What Custer did not know was that Stuart's retreat was part of a preconceived plan as shown by this report of General Robert E. Lee:

"General Stuart, with Hampton's division, retired slowly toward Warrenton, in order to draw the enemy in that direction, thus exposing the enemy's flank and rear to General Fitz Lee, who moved from Auburn and attacked him near Buckland. As soon as General Stuart heard the sound of Lee's guns, he turned upon the enemy, who, after a stubborn resistance, broke and fled in confusion, pursued by General Stuart, nearly to Haymarket and by Fitz Lee to Gainesville."

The Federals lost over 300 men in the action, many of them drowned in the stream near Fitz Lee's forces. Some 200 were taken prisoner. Several wagons and ambulances were captured including the Headquarters wagon of General Custer — which must have been embarrassing.

As you can see — Buckland has lived through many phases. We, in the community, feel that it is beginning a new era



The old grist mill at the end of Mill St. now serves as a stable (Photo September 1973, courtesy *Piedmont Virginian*)

Early Times in the Shenandoah Valley

PART II. Continuation of July 8, 1973, interview by H. H. Douglas with Fred Painter and Gary Bauserman.

[Fred was your father born on this place?]

Fred

No. He was seven years old when they moved here from Painter's Fort. Grandfather died here in 1880. He is buried in the little cemetery across the road. Father lived here all his life until he fell dead on November 23, 1909. He is buried in the Massanutten Cemetery in Woodstock because the little cemetery here was full. The cemetery here is full even though not more than half of the graves are now marked in any way. Lots of the stones have disappeared while many of the graves may never have been marked.

Grandfather carried on the same basic economy here as he had at Painter's Fort. He made his own fertilizer. He would buy a little acid, and he saved all his chicken manure. In the winter time he would spread that out over the barn floor and let it dry thoroughly. Then one of us kids would get on the horse and we'd walk the horse all over it, stomping it good, until it got quite fine. The layer would be about three inches thick. After it was tramped with the horse, he'd use a flail like he was thrashing grain. Then he'd take a fine screen and sift the whole thing. He'd then mix this, right on the barn floor, with any other fertilizer he could get. Sometimes he'd buy some rock phosphate ground fine. When it was all mixed, he'd bag it up and haul it to the field to be spread with a drill.

BUCKLAND, continued

with the building of new houses, the restoration of the old ones and — for our spiritual guidance and inspiration, the reactivation of St. Luke's Church.

The information that I have been able to put together about Buckland has come from various sources: the Library of Congress and D.A.R. Library in Washington, D.C., the Archives of the Virginia State Library at Richmond, the Prince William County Land Records and Library, newspaper articles, the older residents of the community, and the Reverend Melvin Lee Steadman, Jr.

In the January issue we will have articles on William Buckland and Buckland Hall, as well as on Buckland Tavern. — Ed.

That made right good fertilizer if you had good chicken manure with a lot of nitrogen in it. He saved everything from the other animals, too. A man down the road had chickens but didn't use the manure, so we got his. We never used bone meal in my time.

Gary

Many people over in Page County used to take all their bones to the mill to have them ground. Then when their corn got up knee high they'd put a teaspoonful on each hill of corn.

Fred

I remember a bone mill, but there they ground them up for chickens, same as they did with oyster shells. Chickens need small hard stuff both to help "grind" up their food after they've swallowed it, and to have plenty of lime to form the egg shells. They "picked their grit" from the ground bones, or from a load of sand we'd put in the chicken house or yard.

We used to haul lime from the lime kiln near here and dump it in piles on the road. Then we'd take a shovel and spread it. When the wind kicked up, as it frequently did, you'd get that lime all over you, and it'd take the skin right off.

[You're supposed to keep on the lee side in a situation like that.]

I know, but you can't always do that.

We whitewashed the barn and all the outbuildings. Hot summer is a good time to whitewash. Then you might get a big brush on your head and some of it would get in your eyes. It was worse in your eye — a little skin didn't amount to nothin'.

My cousin once got a bucket of whitewash down over his head. He lost an eye as a result of that.

[You were born on this place?]

Yes, and all my family. Father (Robert T. Painter) married Ada Susan Hamman about 1880, just about when grandfather died.

I was born August 30, 1899. I'm the baby of the family — three sisters and one brother. None of them are still living. Myself and one cousin (of Isaac's people) are the only ones left.

[Why don't you tell us some of your early impressions and personal experiences here?]

I might go to jail for that.

[We won't tell the bad part.]

I doubt if there was ever anyone wilder or more reckless than I was. There wasn't anything I wouldn't do, short of committing murder or stealing. We had some of the fastest horses around. For this side



Fred Painter at the rear of the Fry-Dosh house in Woodstock, February 1973, as the old log house was being torn down for the construction of a First Virginia Bank. (PAS photo)

of the mountain I held the record for long distance swimming in the river. I don't know what the record over in Page County was. On a Sunday afternoon I swam three and one-half miles on a dare, right down here in the river. I went upstream and then came down. There were lots of such things I could tell you about.

We had some people living right down here at the lime kiln. They were very undesirable, shooting and fighting all the time.

After a while they moved to another house. It wasn't what they thought it would be so they decided to move back. When they got there, there was no floor in the house.

[You had nothing to do with it?]

Of course not. It just caved in, fell down. They didn't come back. There were numerous little things like that. I thought it was a community improvement.

[Did your father know anything about it?]

No, my father died when I was nine years old. I grew up in the rough. I resented my older brother telling me what to do. I was the baby. I started school here in 1906. They needed me at home in 1915 and that was the end of

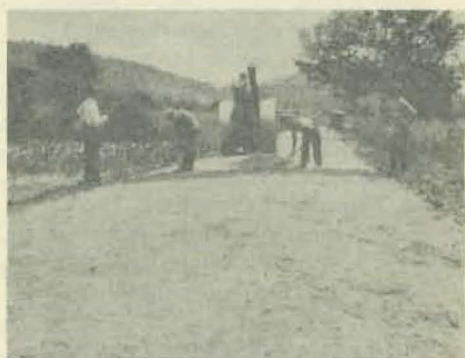
school for me. I was just entering second year high school. I got along very well in school generally — about average. One year I led my class because a girl made me mad. She said I couldn't do it, so I did it, and later told her she was a liar.

After I quit I was plowing one time and a plow hit me in the side something awful. It stuck under a rock so tight I had to hitch the horses to the handles to pull it back.

I was deputy sheriff for about three years besides doing other work. I got about three hours sleep a night. From that I went to railroad police with the Atlantic Coast line for a year and a half.

[How did you happen to go to the Atlantic Coast Line?]

Seems I craved excitement. I guess I hadn't been shot at enough here, and railroading was rough in those days. They were robbing trains right along. It was clever the way they worked. They'd tie a rope to the catwalk on top of a freight car. As the train slowed down going up a hill, they would swing down over the side and break the seal and get the door open. At the next hill others would be



Three views of road construction in the early twentieth century. These pictures could well have been taken in the Shenandoah Valley. (From *Views Along Lee Highway*, 1923). See *Echoes of History*, Sept. 1973, page 70, column 3.

waiting. Those in the car would shove the cigarettes out the door to their waiting confederates and then they'd use the rope to get to the ground and the haul was made.

[How did you break that up?]

By putting enough men on the train for the whole trip, to cover its full length. In the yards we'd lay under the cars watching, often in the bitter cold. Man, that was rugged!

I still have a big knife here. I caught this big tough and he was going to cut my heart out. I wanted that knife. I didn't hanker for him to cut my heart out. I got that knife alright — it's worth a lot of money.

[Did you cut him in the process?]

No-o, but he went to jail anyhow. I put him on the train and the boys there were scared of him. He was talking a whole lot.

After that I came back here. Mother was getting old then, and I'm proud I did. We owned two farms. Mother bought the one next to ours in 1912, using her heritage. I worked here in the daytime and at night was deputy sheriff again. I went out raiding stills and policed some at night.

My specialty was raiding stills. I'd rather do that than eat when I am hungry.

Gary

You knew where they all were — it wasn't any problem.

Fred

You got no salary at all — you got a fee of \$1.00 for arresting a murderer, \$10.00 for arresting a man with a pint of whiskey on him, and \$50.00 for a still. So we worked the stills.

The Sheriff's office in those days got \$900.00 a year.

[You had to be paid out of the \$900.00 too?]

Oh, no, I didn't get anything. I just got my fee when a man paid his fine. I didn't cost the county anything.

[Did you ever hear of John Millan over in Fairfax County? He did the same thing.]

No, never did.

That was rough going. I stayed at it for two years.

When the CCC Camps came in here the mayor of Edinburg was a friend of mine. He said,

"We need somebody here. This is going to be rough."

So I worked every weekend in Edinburg with those boys off the streets of New York. That was a rough time.

I made a reputation so they hired me here in Woodstock. I worked at that until 1938 and farmed at the same time. Then I was hired as a guard with the American Viscose Corporation in Front Royal. I retired from there as head of the security department in 1964. Twenty-seven years.

[You weren't a chemist. You were a security man?]

No-o-o, I wasn't a chemist. I didn't have enough education for that.

There were a lot of men over there. My big asset was my memory. There were 5,000 employees and I knew them all by name.

During the war (WWII) the biggest security problem was guarding the payroll. They paid in cash. We'd send a man to Richmond to pick up the money — \$250,000 on pay day.

Three of us protected it. The four of us rode in one car. We'd keep changing our schedule and route. We had a reputation that we'd shoot hell out of anybody that tried to get the money. When I was an officer I did things that they'd lock me up tight for now. They'd put me right under the penitentiary. Then you were your own judge and jury. If you had a case you couldn't do anything with, you had to use extreme measures.

There was a certain young man, the son of a Mason, that nobody could do anything with. In this case, I took him out to the orchard and tried him there, on the spot, myself. He never tried any of his stunts again. I still have some of the equipment I used.

[What kind of equipment?]

Blackjacks and night sticks.

[What sort of thing would they have done?]

Sneak thieves, generally. On one of them once I tried a hard rubber blackjack. Don't ever try that. You'd wear yourself out. It's not hard enough. Its got to be lead packed, generally with a solid piece of lead.

I found a lead blackjack in the old house across the road one time. I have no idea where it came from. It was kind of long and narrow with a hand grip shaped into it — solid lead.

[That was effective?]

Yes, that was effective! I captured a gun off of an escaped convict here in 1928 and I carried that until 1964. I could depend on that — it was a .38 Smith & Wesson.

[Did you ever have to use it?]

Yes, I did, and I used a .45 on one occasion. That brought him down. The slug went in under his right front ribs

and came out the back on the left side. The hole was bigger in the back than in the front. It didn't kill him. We just had to beat hell out of him a few years later.

[Did he get just as effective treatment the second time?]

Uh-h-h, it lasted longer, but I guess it healed up quicker. It was mostly black-jack.

If you have a run-in with a character like that, sometime later when they think they see an opportunity, and they are about half drunk, they'll figure to get even with you. At such a time you have to use whatever you can.

[What was the biggest still you ever closed up?]

Two hundred and fifty gallons. They crawled inside of it to clean it. It was made like a house. You could always tell if a certain man had made one of them. They were about five feet wide by ten feet long. There was considerable excitement when you brought one of those in on the bumper of your car. There weren't any county trucks. You furnished your own car and your own gun, handcuffs, everything.

[Did it turn out to be profitable?]

No! We'd have starved to death on what I made on that.

One time I raided a big still. Ruth Click lived in the nearby shack. When she stood in the doorway her 368 pounds completely filled the opening.

One time I visited Jess Cooke. He greeted me warmly with "Come on in." As we talked, his daughter played the piano in the corner of the room. It turned out later that the rug under the piano covered the trap door leading to the still.

One time a woman at a still took a shot at me. She was later fined \$2.00.

One day when I went to the door of a shack I caught a man and woman in bed. He jumped out the window. When I went back the next morning she met me at the door with a shotgun. I got her to jail alright, but she was tried in my absence. They fined her \$2.00. Another time when I raided a still I had a shooting match with Miller Dinges. As a result of this Dinges gave himself up. Later I went with him to get the man, also a still operator, who had reported Dinges. On the way I fell into a big barrel of mash that had been camouflaged with branches and leaves.

My mother gave this lot to me. The land had been given to the county for a school for as long as they used it for a

school. Pugh's Run was the name of the school. When they didn't use it for a school for a year it reverted back to the original owner. It went back to my grandfather, he gave it to my mother, and mother gave it to me.

We got married in 1929. I started work on making the schoolhouse into a house in '32, after I came back from the railroad. It took a couple of years. I got it up two stories and my wife thought it wasn't pretty enough, so I had to take it down and do it over again.

I've always lived here on this place, either here or across the road, and I reckon I won't leave here until they haul me away. There's no place like Shenandoah County as far as I am concerned.

[You left American Viscose in August 1964. When did you first really get interested in historical matters?]

Well, I guess it was right after 1952 when we had our bicentennial in the town of Woodstock. I had found the triangular pad-lock I showed you way back in the 1920s. Everyone was interested, and I took it to the Smithsonian. They wanted it and so did I, so I kept it. That got things going. I had also known Dr. John Wayland, Valley historian, for many years. I guess for twenty years — he died in 1960.

John Wayland really gave me an interest in history, but you might say the seed didn't sprout until the Woodstock Bicentennial in 1952. The lock, Dr. Wayland, and the Bicentennial were what did it.

[Information about the lock is on a card in the back of the little display rack.

"This type of lock was widely used in England during the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

[Mr. Painter plowed up this lock about 1920 in the field on the northwest side of Route 11, just across from his present residence.

[He took it to the Smithsonian and after being advised by Dr. J. Paul Hudson of Jamestown, Virginia, he traced it to London from where he received a letter explaining its history.]

[It is an unusual lock. The body is a triangle. The entire lock is made of iron. The identification gives the analysis of its metal content. The bottom of the description says that all the above elements are now commonly alloyed.]

[I think it can be fairly said that you are now the most knowledgeable person in the county regarding its history. That's a true statement, wouldn't you say?]

Fred

Well, I reckon so, but that's not really saying too much.

[I understand that anything in the county that is history related sooner or later gets around to you.]

I settle a lot of arguments.

[You have right here enough artifacts and old farm tools to stock a small museum.]

That's right, and lots of it is already in several museums:

Strasburg;

Bushong House, New Market Battlefield; Woodstock Museum;

I have nothing in the Smithsonian. I fight them.

[Why do you fight them?]

I don't agree with them. They think they know it all and I find that they don't.



Painter graves in the community cemetery. L. to R.: ?; Isaac Painter; Regina M.; Lucy E. Isaac and Regina were Fred's grandparents. Lucy was his aunt. (PAS photo July 8, 1973)

This house is sitting right in the middle of the old stage road. The ford used to be downstream from the present bridge. Where the bridge is now there was a deep gully. They built the bridge about 1880 and it was washed out in 1898. There wasn't a bridge over Pugh's Run during the Civil War.

[How did they manage to haul that locomotive clear to Staunton during the war?]

They just had to ford the streams. There was no other way about it. It was tough going.

There was a bridge here built by the Confederates in 1862, but the Yanks burned it.

The Manassas Gap Railroad got over this far in 1858 — as far as Mt. Jackson. Part of the roadbed had been graded as far as New Market by the time the war came.

Gary

Dr. Wayland said there was a lot of opposition to the railroad in the Valley. He said it was a contest between the Valley — Germans and the canny Scotch.

[Who was on the side of the railroad?]

I don't know, but he pictured the railroad people as big Scotchmen.

[The Norfolk and Western runs down through Page Valley through Front Royal and Luray, to Shenandoah and Elkton and on south. It came through in 1880. The B&O comes as far south as Strasburg, while the Manassas Gap Railroad (Southern) comes over the mountain from Manassas to Front Royal and Strasburg, and on down to Harrisonburg.

[The line that runs southeast from Harrisonburg through Pleasant Valley is a branch of the N&W.]

[You say you think the Manassas Gap Railroad is on its way out?]

Definitely so. They are doing away with the stations, the passenger stations, or at least passengers have been long gone. They still load freight at the old stations, but there will be no agent there. He will be on the move between stations in an automobile. He'll take care of everything from Harrisonburg to The Plains. There'll be no on the spot representatives at all.

[Does that mean that they are going to haul less freight and eventually haul nothing?]

I can't really say. The big thing here now is turkey and chicken feed coming in by train. The question is whether it will pay to operate a railroad for this kind and volume of business. They are letting



A scene in Woodstock about 1906 showing the largest steam engine that ever operated in Shenandoah County. The engine supplied the power for sawing the lumber and heavy timbers on the Spiker tract near Saumsville, and then hauled it (as shown here, with its tender of firewood) to the loading yard at the railroad tracks, just out of sight at lower left. High Street runs up the hill (west) in front of the houses. Of the seven men in the picture, four are here identified: Henry G. Banning, owner of the operation and the equipment, is holding his horse, Tony; 2d left from him (sitting) is J. D. Grabill; the man in front of the large tractor wheel is Charles Mowery, engineer; and Harvey McInturff (farthest right). (Photo courtesy Fred Painter)

the roadbed and all just go all to pieces. They don't put in any new ties. The Pugh's Run bridge was put in in 1925 and has been painted once since.

[I may be seeing Graham Claytor, President of the Southern, next Saturday (July 14) on the steam trip from Alexandria to Front Royal. If I do, I'll ask him about this.]

[I did see Mr. Claytor and asked him if they plan to gradually phase the Manassas Gap Railroad out of existence. "No, indeed," was his reply. "This is a good paying little railroad."]

Mr. Claytor has been very cooperative with the Strasburg Museum. He not only gave them the building, but has been very helpful in many ways.

I'm on the Board of Directors of the Museum, but I'm getting too old for that sort of thing.

[In connection with the Shenandoah Bicentennial, 1772-1972 — were you chairman?]

No, I was chairman of the historical committee. Ralph Bingham was general chairman.

[Were you responsible for all the historical articles in the Bicentennial book?]

Yes, but I didn't write them all. We had a committee, but like in all com-

mittees there was some foot dragging. One man had to do most of the work, as generally happens. Several of the articles, though, were written by others.

Each committeeman was to write the history of each town. I was to take the rural portion. The girl from Tom's Brook did a nice job. I wrote several of the articles — "The Great Road," etc.

[How come none of the articles were signed?]

We decided we didn't want our names on them — we'd get cussed enough as it was.

It was like when the Stonewall Mill story came out in *Echoes of History* — one of my friends said, "How come you didn't write about my mill? I've got the only one that wasn't burned by Sheridan."

I said, "Oh, no, there were a lot of others." That generally shuts them up. I know, they climb on you, too.

[We'll have to write about some of the other mills.]

Oh, sure we can — when we have time.

I have about 90% of the old pictures in existence of older places in the county, unless someone borrowed some and never returned them.

[How come no one ever before did this, not even Wayland?]

He did have quite a few, especially for his book on historic homes. He took very few. Most of them were taken by H. Morrison here in Woodstock.

Mr. Morrison's son is still in business here. He still has the glass negatives. I went through some of them, but they are not filed and he doesn't seem to be interested in working with them. You might find something and again you might not. They are just stashed away in boxes. I don't think they are deteriorating.

They tore down the railroad station in Woodstock in 1940 or '45. The passenger service was gone and it just sat there vacant. It was a beautiful thing. This is the only picture I have of it and I don't know of any others. This is a copy. I don't know where the original is.

Gary

Every crook in the river in Page County had a flour mill. The German people were very ambitious and energetic. The Willow Grove Mill, just south of Luray, is still there. I don't think it will be torn down or anything like that, but the owners won't do anything to maintain it either. It still has its machinery.

Most of our mills were "sold" to the insurance companies along about the 1930s. The owners insured them right heavy and then saw that they caught on fire. The price of flour got to the point where you couldn't make any money operating a small mill so they got out the best way they could. The big mills and the big wheat fields in the west were what brought it all about.

Our last mill operated right up to 1943 when the waterwheel was washed away. There was a dam just below the mill that caused the water to back up into his turbine so he couldn't grind. He got \$3,000 or \$4,000 for water rights, so he was able to grind a while longer than the others.

That was Kauffman's mill just below the White House, about one-half mile downstream from the Rt. 211 bridge over the Shenandoah River, and on the east side of the river. The mill dam was quite low, with one end open so that the flatboats that went down the river could go by.

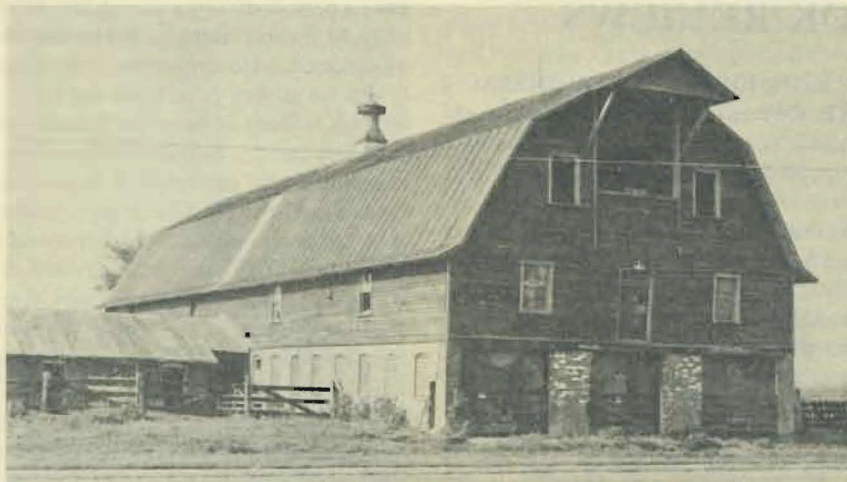
The first mill (known as Strickler's) was there in the 1820s. The first power dam (12 feet), built in 1905, was only about 12 feet high — that didn't interfere with the mill. In 1934 — 22 feet high — was the one that interfered with the mill when the water was high. The power

dams did not have a flatboat "chute."

The first record of a mill operating there was in 1826, but there may have been an earlier mill in the 1790s or before.

Flatboating down the river was a one-way operation. They built the boats on or near the river, floated a load of produce down to market — Georgetown or Alexandria — and then sold the boats for lumber.

The North Fork of the Shenandoah was navigable only in high water. You loaded your boat and waited for a spring thaw or a heavy rain. At low water it was too ledgy to move anything with any weight.



The Ben Lomond barn in Manassas, north of Sudley Road and near Route 66, will be no more by the time this issue of *Echoes* reaches you. Many people of Manassas and environs wanted to see it made into a community center, but the bulldozer people won. (See *Echoes of History*, May 1971, p. 53.) (PAS photo, May 1971)



The Barrett barn is located north of Sudley Road just outside of Manassas. It was built in 1932 of unusually fine stone construction. The twin silos resemble artillery shells of some sort. The roofing on the far end is gradually being torn off by the wind. This barn, too, will probably eventually be a casualty of "progress." (PAS photo, 1972/Wm. Edmund Barrett)

Interesting Publications

TOWPATH GUIDE TO THE C. & O. CANAL. Section Four, from Fort Frederick to Cumberland. By Thomas F. Hahn. American Canal and Transportation Center and the Potomac Area Council of the American Youth Hostels, Inc. 1973. \$4.00.

In the January 1973 issue of *Echoes of History*, we called attention to the first three towpath guides covering the Canal from Georgetown to Fort Frederick. *The Guide* to Section Four is now available.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LIGHTHOUSES OF THE CHESAPEAKE. Robert de Gast. Baltimore, Maryland: The Johns Hopkins Press. 184 pp., photos and maps. \$12.50.

Whether you are a lover of the water or are a landlubber, *The Lighthouses of the Chesapeake* will exert a special magic and nostalgia.

The photography is beautiful and the documentation excellent.

Robert de Gast has summarized the history of lighthouses in his Introduction, beginning with the first known one, the famous Pharos of Alexandria which stood in 280 B.C. in the port of Alexandria on the Nile Delta. The author discusses the technical development of illuminants, lighthouse architecture and maintenance, and the growth of the U.S. lighthouse establishment.

On the 1,688 square miles of the Chesapeake Bay more than 100 lighthouses were erected at 74 locations. Built

INTERESTING PUBLICATIONS, continued

As in the first three *Guides* Tom Hahn has done his usually superb job of combining facts and details regarding all segment of the Canal, and weaving in history and background. Excellent pictures of locks, lockhouses, dams, forts, bridges, aqueducts and old canal boats provide a fascinating trip even if you never set foot on the towpath. For the walker, the pictures add zest to the looking. Walking any part of the old Canal is a physical, visual, and mind stretching experience.

The *Guides* may be ordered from:

Captain Thos. F. Hahn

Box 638

Glen Echo, Maryland 20768

His telephone number is (301) 229-7838.

VIRGINIA HOMES OF THE LEES, by Eleanor Lee Templeman. 1973. 24 pp. illus. \$2.00 postpaid.

From her previous two books, *Arlington Heritage* and *Northern Virginia Heritage*, Mrs. Templeman has compiled this booklet which deals only with the many homes of the Lee family in Virginia, of which there were 32, with nearly all of them standing.

The two books mentioned above are now out of print and Mrs. Templeman does not plan new editions. ●●

over a period of 120 years (1791-1910) only 32 remain today, some in ruins and abandoned, with only three still manned.

As the author says, there are no written records of how lighthouses came into use, but "... undoubtedly the increase in trade, especially in the Mediterranean, and the concern of ship owners dictated their erection. Coal or wood fires on top of cliffs or man-made towns once marked entrances to safe harbors. Even during the daytime the smoke from the fires could be seen from a long distance ..."

The first lighthouse in the U.S. was built on Little Brewster Island in Boston Harbor, and was lit on September 14, 1716.

The lawmakers of the first Congress realized the importance of lighthouses and the ninth statute passed by them on August 7, 1780, turned the title of all 12 lighthouses then in existence over to the Federal Government, which became responsible for maintenance and new construction.

Cape Henry was the only lighthouse on the Chesapeake Bay in 1800, one of the 24 lighthouses in the United States, all located at entrances to harbors or estuaries.

By 1851 there were 21 lights in existence on the Chesapeake Bay, and nine light ships, which were eventually replaced by lighthouses. Forty-nine lighthouses were built on the Bay in the second half of the century, and only four in this century.

George Putnam, Commissioner of Lighthouses from 1903 to 1935, wrote: "The early lighthouses are representative of some of the best architecture in this country — simple, honest, dignified and strikingly located." Brick towers, steel towers, stone towers, wooden towers, even small towers built on top of keepers' houses, on both land and water, were among the variety of architectural styles on the Chesapeake Bay.

The second section of the book is devoted to pictures and the historical background of the lighthouses still standing, beginning with Cape Henry.

The author takes the reader on a journey around the Bay, from Cape Henry, up the Western Shore, exploring every river to Havre de Grace, and then turns south along the Eastern Shore to Cape Charles.

The first picture in this section shows the two lighthouses at Cape Henry: the first, completed in 1792 and



Hooper Island Light, located south of Cambridge, Maryland, and approximately opposite the mouth of the Patuxent River, began operating in June 1902 and has been in continuous operation ever since. It now operates automatically, with batteries and generators as its source of power. The base is 33 feet in diameter, and stands in 20 feet of water. (Photo courtesy Robert de Gast)

now owned by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, and the newer lighthouse, completed in 1881, standing 357 feet southeast of the old tower.

As the reader turns each page on his journey around the Bay, there are pictures of architectural detail and scenic views along with a picture of each lighthouse. A picture of the cold, choppy waters off Hampton Roads, a board and batten privy suspended above the water, hand hewn stones in a tower stairwell, the remains of a screwpile foundation of an old lighthouse, views across the water from the various lights, all adding up to an exciting trip around the Bay.

The third section of the book covers the 42 lighthouses destroyed. There is a short historical sketch of each one, with a map showing the location of the lighthouse. →

BOOK REVIEWS, continued

Here we read, time after time, the all too familiar words "... discontinued and torn down."

We are grateful to Mr. de Gast for the scholarly research that is so evident in his book. Coupled with the striking graphics, *The Lighthouses of the Chesapeake* is a must for your collection of "vanishing Americana."

—June O. Douglas

Mr. de Gast did the photography for the book between February and May 1973. Most of his travels were under his own power, with an occasional assist from the Coast Guard in getting to some of the more inaccessible places.

THE CULTURAL HISTORY OF MARLBOROUGH, VIRGINIA, by C. Malcolm Watkins (U.S. National Museum Bulletin 253). 1968. 224 pp. Illustrated. (Photos courtesy C. Malcolm Watkins and the Smithsonian Institution.) Free upon request.

The Cultural History of Marlborough, Virginia, by C. Malcolm Watkins, deals with an area of Virginia rich in history but relatively unknown even to many historians. Marlborough, or Marlborough Point as it appears on current maps, is located on the Potomac River in Stafford County between Aquia and Potomac Creeks.

Mr. Watkins' book is a scholarly work written in a manner which makes it appealing to both professional and amateur historians and archeologists. The first part of the book is a well documented history of Marlborough while the remainder is an account of archeological excavations done in conjunction with the study. Documentary reproductions, numerous photographs and diagrams accompany the text. It is hoped that the following summary will serve as an inspiration to read this superb book.

Virginia's early history, and eventually Marlborough, are inescapably associated with tobacco, which was the economic backbone of colonial Virginia. Because tobacco exhausted the soil, new lands were constantly being brought under cultivation. As a result, the colony's population was dispersed and its administration extremely decentralized. Since most planters had their own docks, which were used by ships carrying imports from England, it was difficult for the



Wine bottle sealed with initials of John and Catherine Mercer, dated 1737. Found in a refuse pit. Height 8 inches. (Photo 1956)

colonial government to collect duties, particularly in hard times. To facilitate their collection, royal governors and some members of the Assembly recommended that towns be established to serve as sole ports of entry. It was also hoped that commercial life would be expanded with towns serving as centers of business and manufacturing.

Two attempts to establish towns failed. Planters were opposed to sending their tobacco to distant towns and paying warehouse fees, and likewise to receiving goods at distant points when they had wharves of their own. Ship captains were generally not interested in making the custom collectors' job easier and preferred the old ways. In April 1691, however, the Act for Ports was passed. It provided "that all exports and imports should be taken up or set down at the specified ports and nowhere else, under penalty of forfeiting ships, gear, and cargo." The towns were to be fifty acres and each lot within the town was to consist of one-half acre on which a house was to be built at least twenty foot square. Lots were to be granted by officials appointed by the Assembly called Feoffees. Vacancies in their ranks as well as custom collectors were to be appointed by the justices of the county courts.

In Stafford County the designated place for the town was to be where Aquia and Potomac Creek converged on the Potomac River. The land was owned by the minor son of the late Giles Brent and his guardian represented him in the negotiations for the land. In addition to the fifty acres, two additional acres were surveyed for a Courthouse. For the fifty-two acres Brent was paid 13,800 pounds of tobacco.

Twenty-seven of the towns one hundred lots were granted and provision was made for two ordinaries. No thriving businesses developed with the possible exception of a ferry service across Potomac Creek. Like the past attempts at town building, the Port Act was extremely unpopular with a majority of the planters who managed to get a bill for the suspension of the Port Act through the Assembly on March 22, 1693. Under pressure from England, however, a new Act for Ports was passed in 1705. The towns were given official names; the one for Stafford, which was the same as under the prior act, was named Marlborough in honor of England's hero, John Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough.

In order to increase the popularity of the act, attractive inducements were offered to those who settled in the towns. Among them were: inhabitants were exempted from 3/4 of the custom duties paid by others, they were released from poll taxes for fifteen years, goods could not be sold outside the towns for a five mile radius, and no ordinaries could be built within ten miles of a town except at Courthouses and ferry landings. Provisions were also made for self-government.

In 1707 a new survey was made for the town, then known as Marlborough, and seven more lots were granted. It functioned as an official port until 1710 when the Act for Ports was again repealed. Since most of the towns were "artificial entities, created by acts of assembly, not by economics or social necessity," they died. Some exceptions which have survived to the present are Norfolk, Hampton, Yorktown, and Tappahannock.

The existence of the county Courthouse at Marlborough temporarily extended the town's life. In 1634, Virginia was divided into eight counties and a monthly court was established for each. The courts had administrative as well as judicial functions in local government. Stafford County was created from Westmoreland County in 1664 and a Courthouse built on the south side of Potomac Creek. It appears to have burned in 1690. Its replacement was

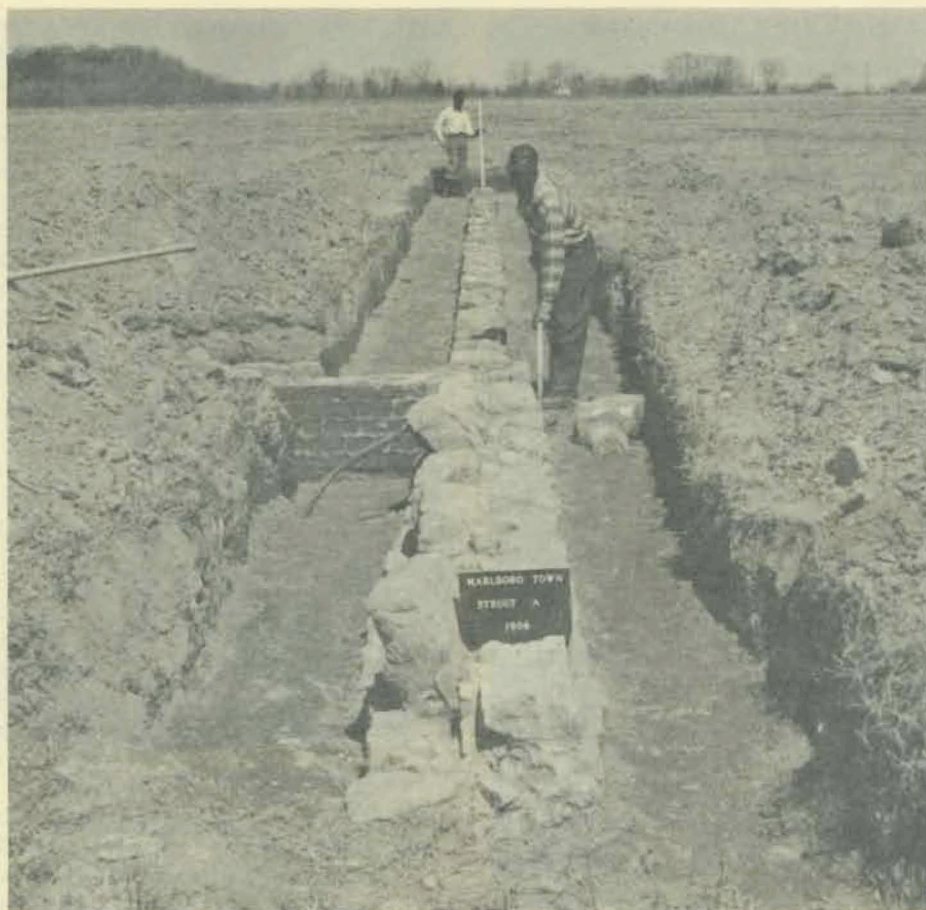
located at Marlborough. As long as the Courthouse survived, Marlborough continued to exist as a town, although it was more like a ghost town when the court was not in session. About 1718 the Courthouse and several buildings were destroyed by a fire and the death knell tolled for Marlborough. The new Courthouse was to be built at the head of Potomac Creek, a much more convenient location for Stafford's residents.

At its height Marlborough was no more than a rustic village with "rude homes placed informally and connected by lanes and footpaths, the courthouse attempting to dominate them like a village school-master in a class of country bumpkins, a few outbuildings, a boat landing or two, some cultivated land, and a road leading away from the courthouse to the north with another running in the opposite direction to the creek." By 1723 Marlborough lay abandoned.

The second phase in the history of Marlborough began in 1726 when John Mercer settled in the old town. Mercer, who was in business as a trader, married the sister of George Mason. David Waugh, an uncle of the Masons, and son of Parson John Waugh of Potomac Church, inherited the only house still standing at Marlborough. It had been built in 1708 by Thomas Ballard and Waugh offered it to his niece and her new husband. In 1731 Mercer moved his family to a larger home which he had constructed at Marlborough. It appears to have been a simple wooden house with one chimney and "there is no evidence that it had any paint whatsoever, inside or out."

During the 1730s Mercer made extensive land acquisitions in Virginia and obtained ownership of numerous lots at Marlborough. He became a gentleman planter, his principal crop being tobacco, and a self-trained lawyer. When his brother-in-law died, Mercer became co-guardian of Mason's son, George Mason IV. The boy, who later became the owner of Gunston Hall and author of Virginia's Bill of Rights, went to live with the Mercers at Marlborough. Among Mercer's other duties was responsibility for the legal matters of Overwharton Parish, of which he was a vestryman. Fines were levied against those convicted of violations of the moral law, and Mercer, as the church's representative, got a percentage of each fine as payment for his services.

In 1741 Mercer's prestige increased when he was admitted to practice at the General Court in Williamsburg. At Marl-



Section of wall in Marlborough Town. Looking north along excavated wall. (Photo 1956)

borough his family continued to increase as did his plantation and wealth. In 1746 there is a record of his building a windmill and from 1746 to 1750 he built a home "to make Marlborough the equal of Virginia's great plantations." He employed the best artisans in the state in the construction of an opulent "manor house." The furnishings were elegant, and Mercer's library was one of the largest in Virginia. Marlborough had in fact become a "full-fledged plantation" and Mercer at last acquired all of the old town of Marlborough.

Prosperity was not long lasting for Mercer, however. During the following two decades he went into debt. In an effort to re-establish his wealth, he built a beer brewery but it failed and threw him into even deeper economic straights. When John Mercer died in 1768, his son James was left with the task of rescuing Marlborough from bankruptcy. After his death in 1791, his half-brother maintained it. When he moved to Maryland, he sold Marlborough to John Cooke of Stafford County. Records do not indicate how long Mercer's mansion survived but it is assumed that the buildings disintegrated

with time. Modern houses now exist where once there was a great tobacco plantation.

The last half of Mr. Watkin's book deals with the archeological excavations that were made at Marlborough. Among the sites located were the foundations of Mercer's mansion, kitchen, and smokehouse. Numerous artifacts were also found and categorized by type — ceramics, glass, objects of personal use, and metalwork. Not only are examples of the artifacts found pictured, but in the true tradition of Smithsonian expertise, the reader is educated in each category with an explanation of the object, its use, composition, method of making, and when possible, place and approximate date of manufacture. This alone makes the book worth reading.

It is hoped that this brief review of *The Cultural History of Marlborough, Virginia* will lead you to read the book. The story of Marlborough is fascinating and Mr. Watkins and the Smithsonian Institution Press can be commended for providing us with such an excellent and interesting account.

—Mary Alice Wills

BOOK REVIEWS

THE SAGA OF COE RIDGE: A STUDY IN ORAL HISTORY. By William Lynwood Montell. The University of Tennessee Press, Knoxville. Illustrated. xxi + 231 pp. 1970. \$8.95

Rarely do the words on a jacket of a new book describe accurately the contents within it. *The Saga of Coe Ridge*, however, is a notable exception, for the work is indeed a monumental study in folk oral history. The thesis of the book demonstrates the usefulness of oral tradition in the reconstruction of local history. The author tested this thesis by selecting an obscure tiny Negro community that was relatively hidden from the rest of humanity in the rugged hill country of southern Cumberland County, Kentucky. Here the legendary Coe Ridge settlement was founded by a family of freedmen after the Civil War, flourished for nearly fifty years, declined, then died because of the onslaught of the white man's world. As Montell says (p. viii):

A work of this type is founded on the premise that the story of any local group, as viewed by its own people, is worthy of being recorded, for it can serve as a historical record in those areas where written accounts have not been preserved. One must be prepared to defend a thesis which holds that folk history can complement historical literature. This study proposes such a defense.

After testing his thesis in the field for over a five-year period, the author came to five important conclusions about oral history: 1) informants are truthful; 2) the folk may improvise details of an event in order to preserve the core of veracity; 3) it is necessary to collect as many accounts of an event as possible and collate the data into an archetype in order to obtain a complete story; 4) events are dated through association with other incidents; and 5) major historical episodes may receive primary attention in storytelling situations of a closely knit group. It is obvious to this reviewer that Montell has identified several important universal folklore elements in narratives.

No cultural historian (and I include in that title anthropologists, folklorists, and geographers) who is aware of the strong ties between a rural people and the land will question the importance played by oral traditions in the lives of the people. Still there are professional critics who claim that folk oral tradition is historical fallacy.



A pioneer cabin in the woods. (Drawn for *Echoes* by Charles Nett)

Oral tradition is handed on from generation to generation by word of mouth without being committed to writing. Persons from an oral culture, as shown by the black inhabitants of Coe Ridge, know well the power and meaning of words. Words are sounds that can only be heard. Most people find it hard to believe that words are primarily, radically, and irreducibly sounds. Too often we think of words as media to be used in writing and print. But a medium means something in between, something in the way. Spoken words, on the other hand, destroy such a barrier between two individuals and invite each speaker to enter into the consciousness of the other. The listener speaks while the speaker listens. Spoken words, therefore, are invitations to existence at the most intimate personal level, to sharing joy, humor, pain, and sorrow in a family group, and to be part of a folk community. Words, language, and tradition provide human thought with openings into reality.

Perhaps this is why *Saga of Coe Ridge* is such an outstanding book, for it appears at a time when too many words are being printed indiscriminately and in poor taste. There is far too few interpersonal relations based upon face to face contact and the spoken word. Sadly, modern man lives today in a "memo syndrome" which becomes more acute with each passing day.

The readable text is reinforced by excellent black and white photographs, an award-winning layout, and strong binding. Finally, the paper on which the book is printed is designed for an effective life of at least three hundred years, a point to stress, I believe, because the work will be used as an exemplary model for future folk oral history studies for a long time to come.

—Gene Wilhelm, Jr.

A Look at the Rappahannock

By H. H. Douglas

On Saturday, October 13, 1973, we spent the entire day on the Rappahannock River. We put in on Harold Comer's farm at the south end of Rt. 632, west of Grove Church and Goldvein. (Richardsville quad 7½ 1946 West Central 8) It was a beautiful warm day. The water level was barely adequate. Another foot would have cushioned the trip to a highly welcome degree.

By "we," I mean the writer, Tom Hahn (President of the American Canal Society), George Newman (of the Rappahannock Defense Committee, Fredericksburg), and Homer Heller of Falls Church. We rode in two aluminum canoes. We were on the river by 10:00 a.m. and didn't take out until about 8:00 p.m. We covered approximately eleven miles.

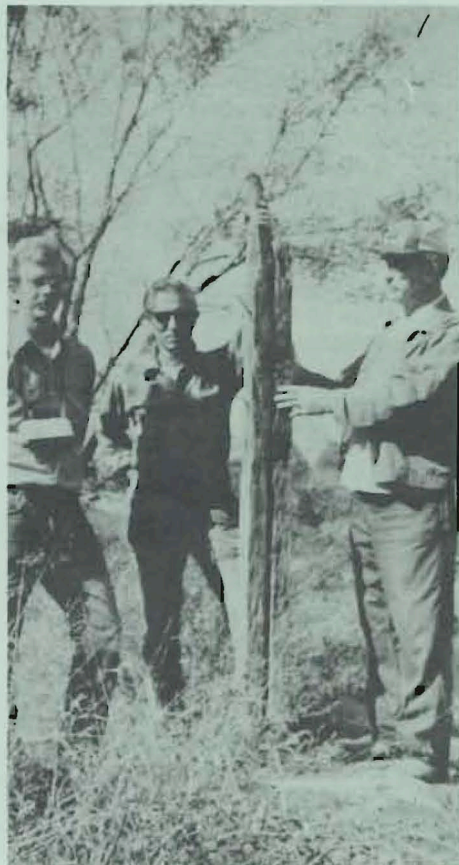
The purpose of the trip was to have a look at the various dams and locks left from the canal construction of more than 100 years ago. The dams which fed the numerous short canal sections have, essentially, ceased to exist. Some of the canal segments have become extremely difficult to identify, especially in the green season. On the other hand, some of the locks and portions of the canals are in an amazingly good state of preservation. (See *Echoes of History*, July 1973, p. 56.) Immediately below the confluence of the Rapidan with the Rappahannock is an extensive stretch of canal which is probably the most remarkable on the river. It was fed by a dam across both rivers. Boats coming down river moved over, above the dam, from the Rappahannock to the Rapidan, and



Homer Heller (bow) and the writer (stern) in one of the rough spots. A few minutes later we came close to capsizing. (Photo by Tom Hahn)

thence into the locks of the canal. Though badly deteriorated, these locks still retain their basic structure. A short piece of the lower end of this canal is a conventional "ditch." Most of it is formed, on the right, by the river bank, and, on the left, by a heavy stone wall. The area between the center line of the canal and the edge of the water was not wide enough to sustain a conventional earth berm. The wall extends for more than a mile and is in unusually good condition. The water passage is, however, well choked with the undergrowth of over a century. Being so close to the water the wall is highly visible and photogenic. Unfortunately, our party did not reach that point in the river until dusk had begun to descend — hence no good pictures. This section of canal has been placed on the Virginia Landmarks Register.

The fate of a dam project such as has been projected for the Rappahannock is never settled permanently unless the dam is built. At the moment the possibility that it won't be built seems good. Governor Godwin's stand regarding it is still to come.



George Newman, Tom Hahn, and H. H. Douglas hold a wooden remnant which may have been part of the rail of a canal boat. Homer Heller took the picture.



Part of a head lock opposite Deep Run. The entrance to the canal was to the right of the stonework. The dark figure between the canoe and the wall is neither a man nor a ghost. It is some portion of a tree. (PAS photo, October 13, 1973/H. H. Douglas)



A stone cutter's mark. Generally these marks were cut into the stone before the stones were set in place. In place, the mark might then be upside down or turned sidewise. (Photo by Tom Hahn)

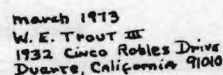


Tie iron set into the stone of one of the locks. The elongated hole was related to the gate mechanism. (Photo by Tom Hahn)



Remnants of the locks at the head of the canal, one side of which is a mile long stone wall. (Photo by Tom Hahn)

SCALE OF MILES



1. Above Kellys Ford

