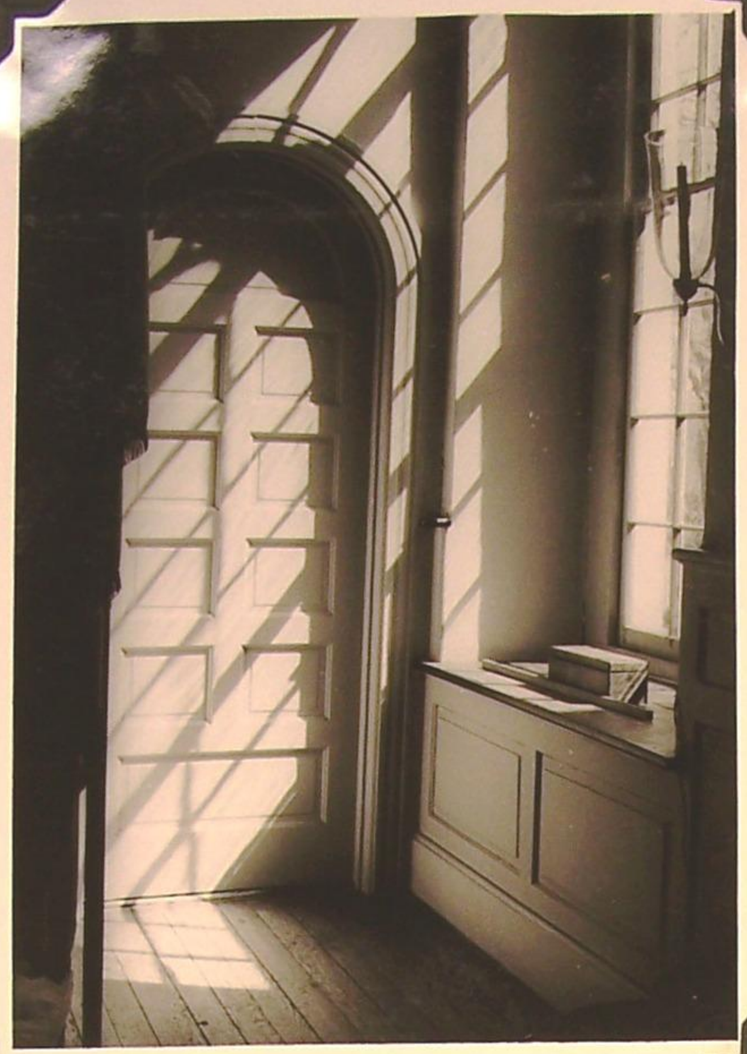
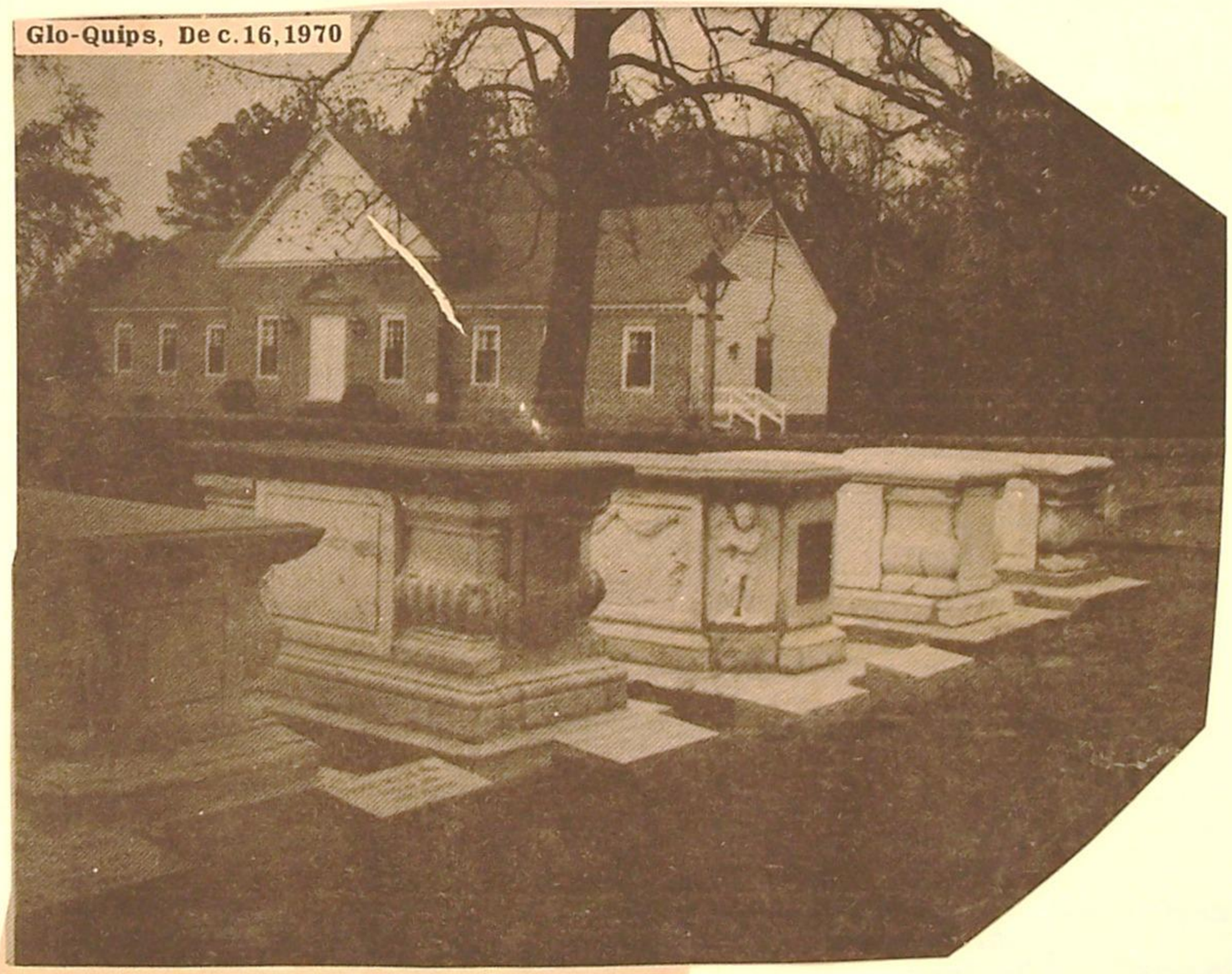


— interior —

— new Parish House —

Abingdon Church continued



Page Family Tombs Come to Final Resting Place

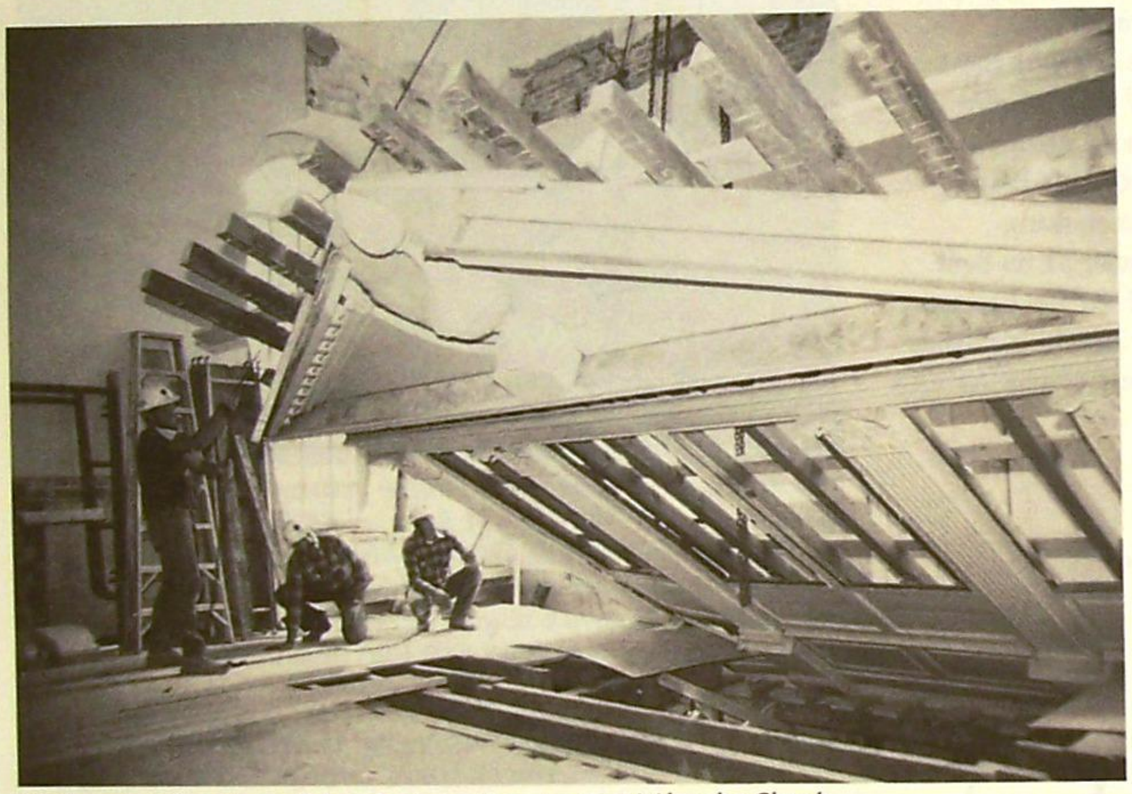
**The Page family tombs have been placed in their final resting place at Abingdon Episcopal Church cemetery. Because of repeated acts of vandalism at Rosewell upon these old grave monuments, members of the Page family and funds from the estate of the late Howard Waddell made it possible for them to be moved. Pictured above are stones covering the graves of Mary Mann Page, wife of Matthew Page, died in 1707; Colonel Matthew Page, founder of Rosewell, died Jan. 9, 1703; Alice Grymes, wife of Mann Page, II, age 23, died January 11, 1746; Mann Page I, builder of present Rosewell, died Jan. 24, 1730; and Judith Wormley, wife of Mann Page I, died 1716, at 22 years of age.

continued →

Thirty years ago this year, in December 1948 to be exact, Cecil Wray Page, Sr., of Coke wrote the following poem about Abingdon Church. He read it at one of the annual congregational meetings which was held at old Hayes Store School. On the thirtieth anniversary of the poem, Glo-Quips is pleased to publish it here.

ABINGDON CHURCH

Abingdon Church is very old.
And I trust that it has helped to save many a soul.
But today our Rector is new.
And our organ is too
But in the Church there is a plenty for us all to do.
There is the Church yard for the men to rake and clean.
So when Spring comes it may look pretty and green.
There are the pews to dust and clean.
As well as the windows and doors to screen.
There is the organ for Mrs. Rowe to play.
That she has faithfully done for many a day.
There is the Bible Class for the Rector to teach.
As well as a sermon to us to preach.
There is the silver for the ladies to polish and shine.
But the most important is for us to be humble and sublime.
And prepair ourselves to partake of the wafers and wine.



Workmen installing the paneled reredos during the restoration of Abingdon Church.

1988
Restoration of
Interior
of
Abingdon Church

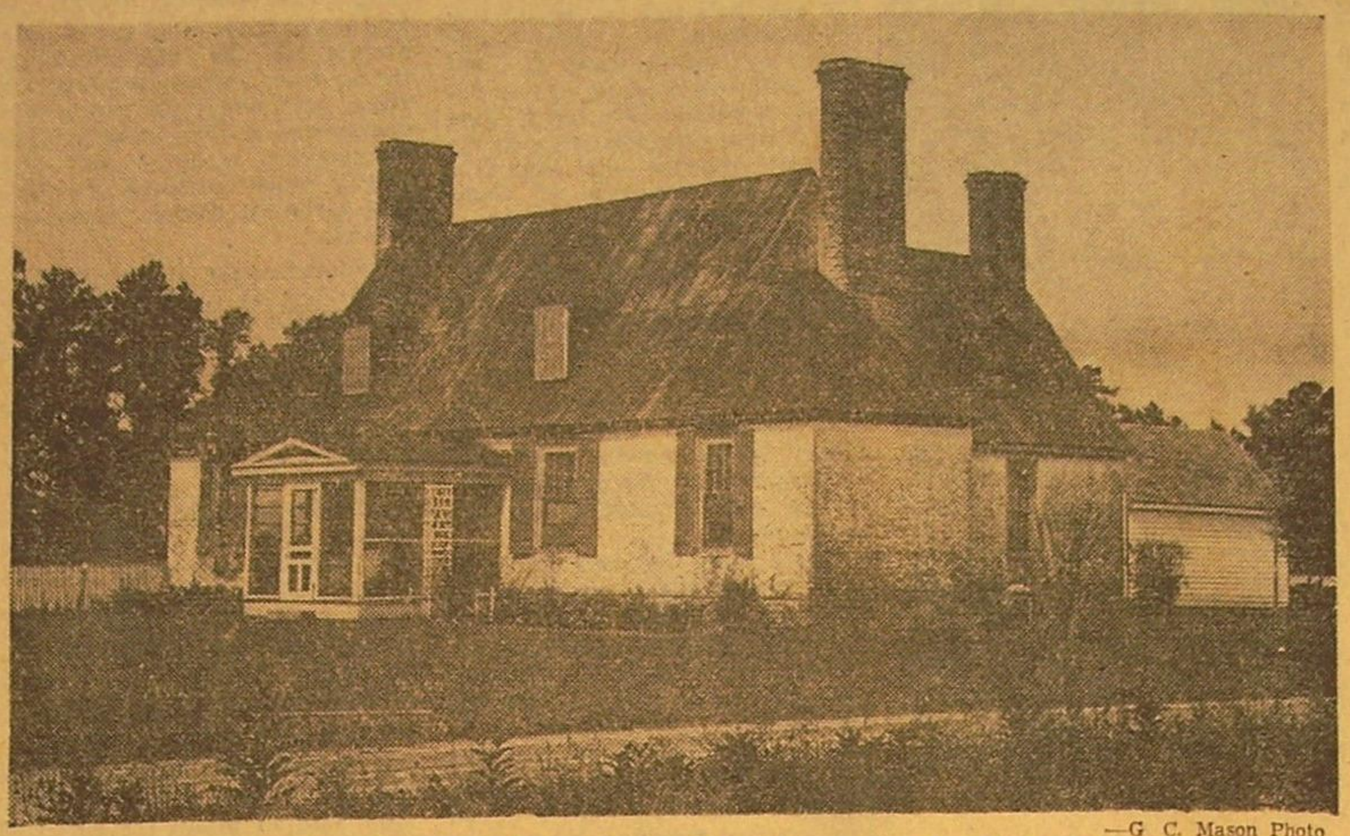
The interior of the Church after restoration with a view of the reredos.

Richmond Times-Dispatch, Sunday, July 16, 1950

Colonial Glebes of Tidewater Virginia: Abingdon Parish

This is the second of a series of articles on the Colonial glebes of Tidewater Virginia. The term "glebe," which in Great Britain meant a "portion of land belonging to the parish church," came to designate, in Virginia, the "parsonage house," as well as its surrounding acreage.

By Emily Blayton Major



—G. C. Mason Photo

The former Abingdon Parish Glebe, located in Gloucester County, now is the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Lamberth.

THE charming, well preserved Glebe in Gloucester County, which in Colonial days served one parish—that of Abingdon—although it was situated within the boundaries of another, now is the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Lamberth.

The story-and-one-half brick house, generally conceded to have been built in the latter quarter of the seventeenth century, is located on the west side of U. S. Route 17. It has two (instead of the usual three) dormer windows on the front.

Like many of these early rectories, the house stands well back from the highway, and for a long time looked out upon a lane of tall trees. (In this case, oaks, mulberries and the smaller damsons.)

The trees have gone with the years, and the yard, greatly reduced in size, is, at present, encompassed by a white paling fence.

That Abingdon Glebe is a part of Ware Parish never fails to arouse the interest of historians, but the fact proved downright confusing to the parishioners and clergy of early days. There was, for instance, the case of "Mr. Henry Whiteing vs. Mr. John Gwyn," which is recorded in the minutes of the general court held Sept. 26, 1674.

When Mr. Gwyn, minister of Abingdon Parish, refused to pay the tithes which Mr. Whiteing, church warden of Ware, considered it his duty to collect from him, the zealous warden forcibly entered the tobacco house at the Abingdon Glebe and took away part of a "Hogshead of Tob."

The court ordered that Mr. Whiteing "pay unto the said Mr. John Gwinn 1,600 pounds of tobacco and caske" and that Mr. Gwyn "be noe more molested by neither Pish until it be decided which Pish he lives in." (The Gloucester Glebe, incidentally is located about three and one-half miles north of Abingdon Church and the same distance south of Ware Church.)

The Glebe buildings and land were confiscated by legislative act in 1802.

Thomas Robins, member of a well-known Virginia family, purchased the Glebe before 1850 and his descendants lived there until after the turn of the century. Mrs. Fanny Robins, of Roanes, Gloucester County, recalls that she received her first schooling in a log house just outside the Glebe yard.

She says also that she and the other children of the family often warmed themselves by standing in the corners of the great fireplace which heated the outside kitchen. Her uncle, who then lived at the old place, cultivated tobacco and stored it in the tobacco house in the yard.

The original outside buildings have long since disappeared, but Mr. and Mrs. Lamberth have repaired and modernized, without greatly changing the fine old dwelling.

Photos by Frances Benjamin Johnston ~ 1930's

Abingdon Glebe

Possibly the oldest portion, which is now the rear wing, could date to the last quarter of the 17th century. It is known to have been standing by 1724.

Long owned by the Robins family it is now home to the George Lamberth family.

continued →

Abingdon Glebe continued

Photos 1930's by Frances Benjamin Johnston

These two views show the rear wing which could be late 17th century

GARDEN GOSSIP

Recording the Activities of Gardening in the Mid-South

Photo by Frances Benjamin Johnston

ABINGDON GLEBE, GLOUCESTER COUNTY, VIRGINIA

(See page 2)

AUGUST, 1934 — 10¢

GARDEN GOSSIP

Founded by Mrs. Samuel H. Marshall, under the auspices of the Albemarle Garden Club.

MRS. JOSEPH G. WALKER, EDITOR

VOLUME IX AUGUST, 1934 NUMBER 8

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Officers of the Garden Club of Virginia: President, Mrs. W. Allan Perkins (Albemarle Garden Club); First Vice-President, Mrs. James O. Watts (Lynchburg Garden Club); Second Vice-President, Mrs. W. Wilson Drake (Warrenton Garden Club); Treasurer, Mrs. C. O'Conor Goolrick (Rappahannock Valley Garden Club); Recording Secretary, Miss Nancy Cowardin, (Warm Springs Valley Garden Club); Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Harold Van Nostrand (Rivanna Garden Club).

The Abingdon Glebe

As a direct outgrowth of medieval tradition, the Abingdon Glebe is one of the most interesting houses of its size in Virginia. It retains in many ways, and very strongly, characteristics of the manor of Gothic times: its steep gables, soaring chimney stacks, and picturesque massing, betray its ancestry, but the absolute symmetry of the plan and the hipped roof on the tiny wings show that Renaissance ideas were working in the mind of the designer. Who the designer was and when the Glebe was built are obscure questions as yet, but this information may be found in the transcripts of the parish records, the originals of which were lost in the fire at Rosewell.

It is hardly possible that it was built as early as 1661, when the Assembly ordered "that—there be glebes provided for every parish—with convenient housing and stocks upon the same." Its probable date lies somewhere about the close of the seventeenth century, or the beginning of the eighteenth. Whatever its date may be, it is incontrovertibly a matchless and charming example of early Virginia building. THOMAS T. WATERMAN.

NOTE: Thomas T. Waterman, who was four years with the Williamsburg Restoration, and who collaborated with John Barrows in producing one of the best recent books on Virginia colonial houses, prepared these notes on the Abingdon Glebe for me, and I consider them a very excellent, brief summing up of the distinguished characteristics of this remarkable seventeenth century house; a house absolutely unique in design and plan, among the thirty or more buildings I have located in my survey, and estimated by experts as having been built prior to 1700.

F. B. W.

The 1934 National Peony Show

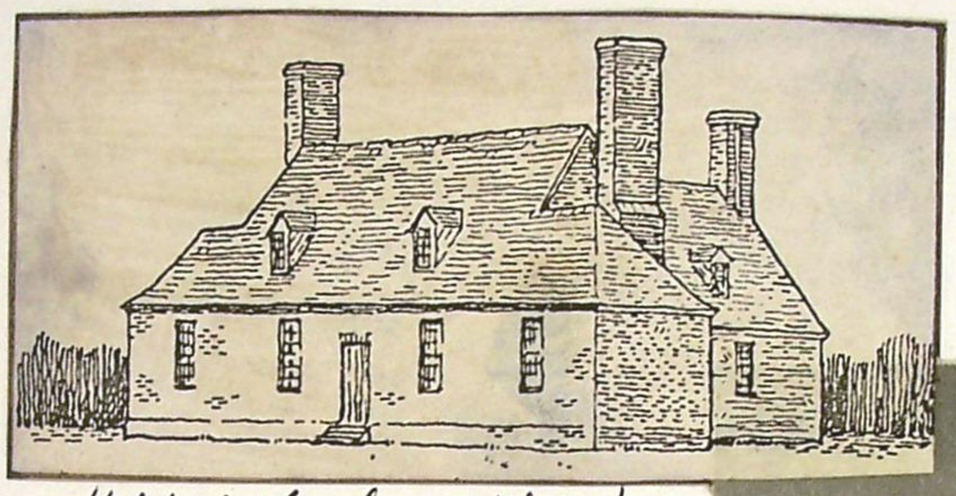
In spite of the terrific drought experienced throughout the Middle West during the blooming season of the peony, and for weeks before, a very fine show was staged at St. Paul, June 21 and 22.

The most coveted honor of the show, first place in Class 1, calling for not more than one hundred varieties double or semi-double, one bloom each, was won by the Brainerd Nursery. The B. H. Farr Memorial Medal for the best specimen flower in the show was won by Mrs. A. S. Gowen, for a bloom of Hansina Brand. This flower won this award last year, also. It is a pale pink, very large and full, that fades quite white. Being very late it does not always do well in Virginia.

The James Boyd Memorial Medal for the most distinguished peony entry in the show was won by Judge C. W. Bunn, for a display of magnificent blooms of more than one hundred varieties. Judge Bunn won this medal last year, also.

The Gold Medal of the Society and the American Home Achievement Medal was won by Col. J. C. Nicholls, of Ithaca, New York, for his new seedling, Harry F. Little, a very fine white-tinted pink. The Silver Medal of the Society was awarded Mr. A. B. Franklin, for his pink seedling, Diadem. A number of his seedlings, shown under number only, were awarded honorable mention.

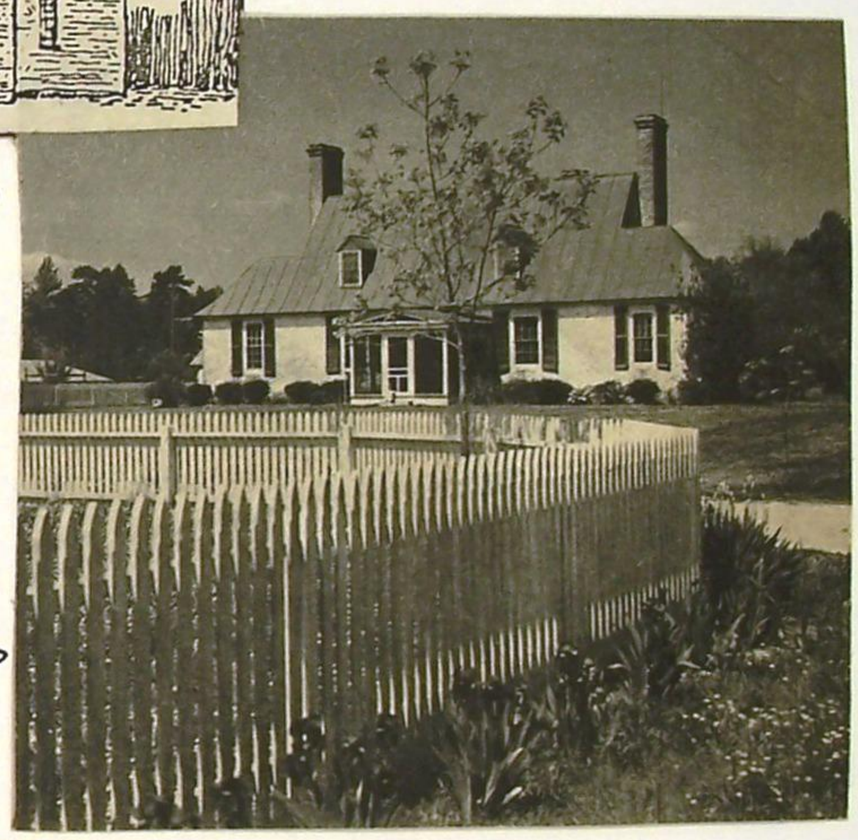
Interior ~ 1930's



Sketch indicating 18th century appearance.

Abingdon Glebe continued

Recent view. Some structural restoration was done in 1954.



GLO-QUIPS – MARCH 24, 1982

Happy Birthday, Mrs. Lamberth

Mrs. George E. Lamberth of "The Glebe", White Marsh, was honored with a reception on her 90th birthday on a recent Sunday afternoon at Salem Methodist Church, Pampa.

The former Miss Rettie Watson of Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. Lamberth promised her husband she would live in Gloucester for twenty years and then they would move back to Philadelphia where she had been accustomed to city life. Twenty years and four daughters later, she never mentioned moving back to the City of Brotherly Love. Mrs. Lamberth was 28 years old when she married. She and Mr. Lamberth have been married for over 62 years.

continued →

George Lamberth and The Business for 60 Years

6/13/84

Lamberth Building Materials of Gloucester, Inc. this year celebrates its 60th anniversary. No one living or who has ever lived was more importantly involved with that company than George E. Lamberth who will be 96 years of age this year.

A Confederate veteran by the name of John Lamberth and his wife, Lizzie Chapman Lamberth lived on a 400-acre tract of land with home called "Ashville" near Pinero in Gloucester County.

Mr. and Mrs. Lamberth had ten children - six boys and 4 girls. Bates was a school teacher; Sam was involved with the lumber company; Melvin was a farmer and lumberman; Ruby never married and lived at home; George was connected with the lumber company. Woodland was farmer at the homeplace and worked with horses and mules in lumbering operations; Marie was a bookkeeper with the lumber business; John helped with the family busineses, while Alvin became a medical doctor, and Annie married a Mr. Cross and lived in Richmond, Virginia.

Today, all are gone except Mr. George Lamberth who lives at "The Glebe" within sight of Lamberth Building Materials where he spent the greater part of his life.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lamberth on June 23, 1978 with their four daughters, from left, Agnes, Mildred, Virginia and Margaret at a celebration in Salem Methodist Church, Pampa.

George Lamberth got his taste of trees and lumber from his father who would cut railroad ties during the winter months from his 300-acre woodland. When Spring came, the Lamberth family would devote all efforts to farming the 100-acre open land.

There was no sawmill in that time and a broad axe was used to shape the log into ties. A form of strips was placed on the log and the axe cut along the straight line.

There was a ready market for the railroad ties. Mr. Lamberth would carry his loaded wagon to Roane's Store at Cash in upper Gloucester County.

"We all grew up knowing well what hard work was",Mr. Lamberth said.

M. B. Lamberth and Brothers was the name of the first business which lead to Lamberth Building Materials. Melvin Lamberth and his brother, Sam, bought a sawmill and worked together. Sam had previously worked for nine years in W. E. Corr's Store at Gloucester Court House. "I remember coming down to the Court House on Saturday evenings to take Sam home for the weekend. He lived at the store".

Melvin and Sam started the business of M. B. Lamberth & Brothers in 1910.

George Lamberth was working with his brothers, but during World War One, he was drafted and joined the Navy.

M. B. Lamberth continued the sawmill business, but Sam went back to the farm and

George was sailing the seas with the Navy.

Sam wrote his brother, George, and asked that they "get back in the business". Having his enlistment changed to end at the duration of the War, Mr. George Lamberth was soon out of the Navy and on his way back to Gloucester. George and Sam at that time formed a company called S. C. Lamberth and Brothers. That name continued until Lamberth Building Materials was selected.

George told brother Sam he had a matter of obligation. He was engaged to marry a young lady from Philadelphia in Pennsylvania. Sam said that was no problem. He just wanted the two brothers to get into business again.

Mr. and Mrs. Lamberth have been married 64 years and are parents of four daughters, namely Margaret, school teacher and Baptist missionary for ten years in Africa; Virginia who is active in Lamberth Building Materials in White Stone; Mildred, a school teacher in California; Agnes, who is associated with Lamberth Building Materials in Gloucester.

While cutting some timber for a Hall family in 1924, the Lamberths built some sheds in that neighborhood so that customers for building materials would have a place to buy. Before that venture, the sawmill was the "store" for buying boards in the woods.

"The Glebe" was rented by George Lamberth and when William A. Robins died in a Confederate Home in Richmond, Mr. Lamberth bought the property. The business at that time was on the main highway, while some distance behind it was located the old Colonial 'glebe' dwelling.

The property, including the home and business, was in the name of S. C. Lamberth and Brothers. The lumber yard contained 10 acres. The company began to expand in buying mill work machinery to mold boards.

George headed the millwork shop having from 4 to 6 carpenters in that department. They made door and window frames and many assorted items for building.

A fire in 1972 put an end to the millwork shop. From steam power, the shop had been electrified with motors and that could have been a cause of the fire. It started in the night and completely destroyed the building with priceless machinery for making many types of lumber and moulding.

When asked about his grandfather, Samuel B. Chapman who was clerk of the circuit court in Gloucester County, Mr. Lamberth remembered him. "I was a small boy, about 9 or 10, when he died. I thought he was a real old man because of the long beard he had. But, according to his tombstone in Salem Methodist Churchyard, he was in his sixties".

The Chapman home was on road between Woods Cross Roads and Pampa. When Mr. Samuel Chapman moved to Gloucester Court House, his son, Mr. Walter Chapman, lived there. Walter was the father of Captain Boyd Chapman, so well known on the old Bay Steamers from Baltimore.

The Chapman home at Gloucester Court House is long gone and property occupied by "Lawyers' Row" near the Court Green.

One "secret" for longevity which has rewarded George Lamberth, he says, is the daily nap he takes after finishing lunch each day. But, he doesn't loaf. A project of rebuilding some window screens is a current job he is doing in his shop. "I don't over-do it," he said.

Other than a prostate operation in 1966 and double cataract operation in 1980, Mr. George Lamberth has had perfect health.

Mr. Lamberth says his doctor tells him he could live to be over 100.

From the days of horse & buggey to jets, George Lamberth has witnessed so many changes. What has happened to the business he helped start 60 years ago pleases him very much.

Something else brought a big smile to his face. When his wife of 64 years said, "George has been a good husband and a good father".

56

VIRGINIA FUND,

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ABINGDON-GLEBE HOUSE. Gloucester area. National and Virginia Registers. T-shaped house of Flemish bond with glazed headers, was known to be standing in 1724; oldest portion possible late 17th century. Unusual hipped roof end pavillions and real ell with end T-shaped chimney. Structural restoration conducted in 1954. House and nine dependencies located on 65 acres of prime farmland in one of Virginia's fastest growing counties. 3561 square feet plus porches and basement. Prospectus available.

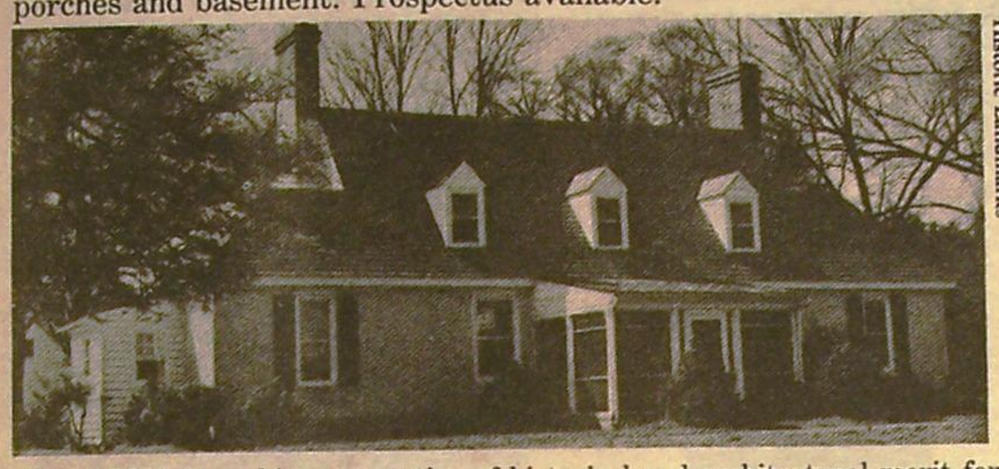

Photo courtesy of Va Division Historic Landmarks

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1985

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ASSOCIATION FOR THE PRESERVATION OF VIRGINIA ANTIQUITIES

— Photos 1962 —

— Entrance facade —

Warner Hall — on the Severn River

One of the earliest patents in what would become Gloucester County was that of Augustine Warner in 1642.

By 1674 there was a substantial brick dwelling here. In 1845 the main section burned and the then owner, Colin Clarke, moved into the office. The present frame house replaced the destroyed building and is joined to older wings.

Some of the outbuildings are quite old, one brick stable has a fireplace opening indicating it was built for domestic use, perhaps servants quarters.

A well kept family cemetery here is of interest. It was deeded to the APVA in 1903. The earliest grave is of Mary (wife of Augustine Warner I) 1614 – 1662.

1962

1967

— views of the River facade —

'WARNER HALL,' HISTORIC GLOUCESTER ESTATE, CHANGES HANDS

'Warner Hall' Is Purchased By Crockett

"Warner Hall," near Gloucester Court House, historic home of George Washington's grandmother, Mildred Warner, has been sold by Paul T. O'Malley and Herbert I. Lewis to J. S. Crockett, of Virginia Beach.

The 720-acre estate, which adjoins "Eagle Point" and "White Marsh" in the Tidewater section, is to be used by the new owner in the breeding and raising of cattle.

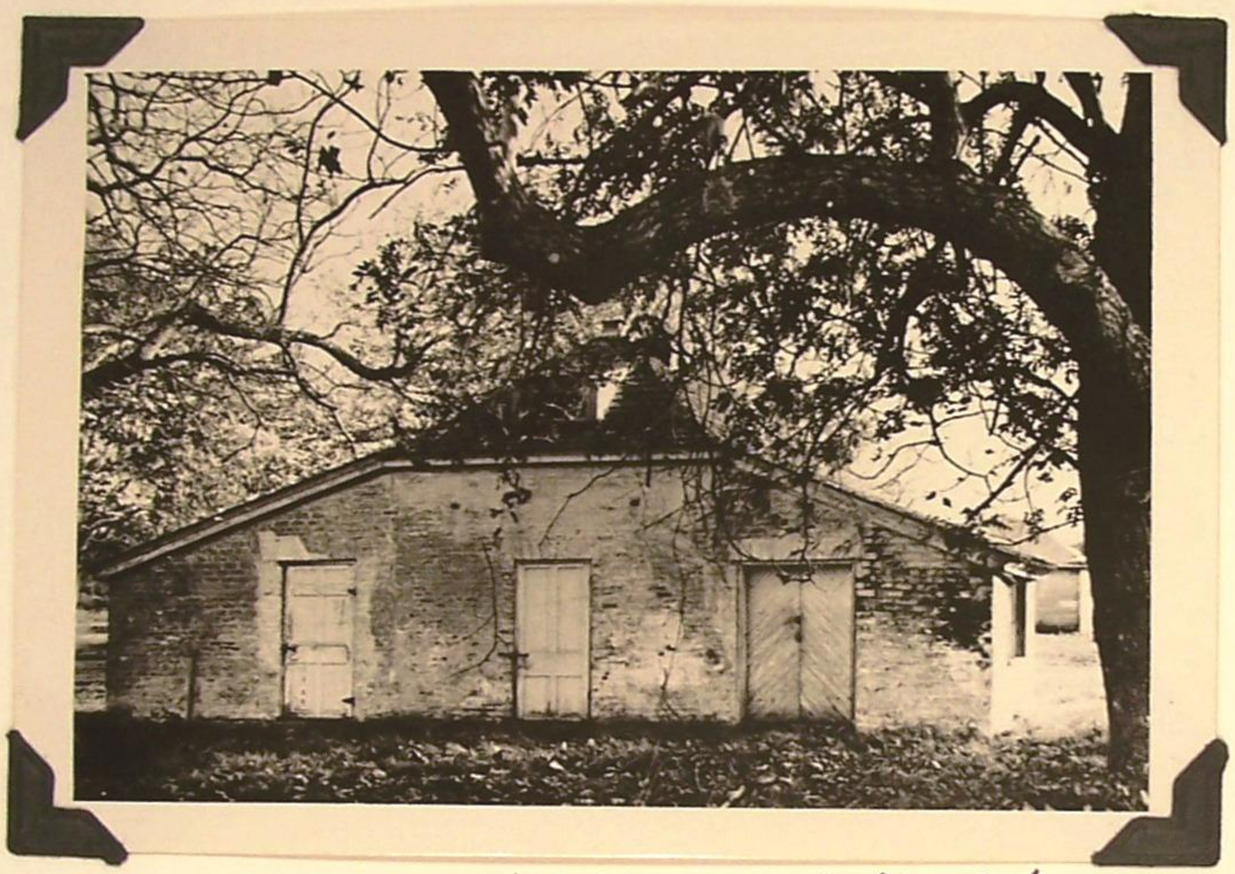
The estate was patented about 1650 by Augustine Warner, who built the first house on the site in 1674. The present structure was erected in 1740, was partly burned in 1849, and later restored.

The two brick wings of "Warner Hall" remain from the original structure, while the center portion of the house, of frame construction, represents the restored section.

A family burial plot, which formerly was part of the estate and has been given to the government, contains the graves of Washington's great-great-grandparents.

In its present state the property consists of 200 acres in virgin timber, 100 acres in growing timber, and a portion of the remaining cleared acreage in cultivation. In addition to the main dwelling, there are several outbuildings, including brick barns, a smokehouse, machinery and equipment buildings and an overseer's house.

The sale was handled by H. L. Jones, of Schmidt and Wilson, Inc., Richmond realtors.



Domestic outbuilding probably dating to the 18th century.

Augustine Warner I, the patentee (1610-1674) was a justice of Gloucester County in 1656.

Augustine II inherited Warner Hall. He married Mildred Reade, daughter of George Reade, founder of Yorktown. Augustine Hee II was speaker of the House of Burgesses in 1676. He died young and his sons died in infancy. Three daughters survived: Mary married John Smith of "Purton"; Mildred married Lawrence Washington and was the grandmother of George Washington; Elizabeth inherited Warner Hall and married John Lewis. One of their sons, Col. Fielding Lewis of "Belle Farm," married 1st Catherine Washington and 2nd Betty Washington, sister of George Washington (she was Col. Lewis' cousin once removed). They built "Millbank" (now known as "Kenmore") in Fredericksburg.

continued →

Warner Hall Graveyard maintenance crew. Early twentieth-century photo.

The graveyard was deeded to the APVA in 1903, along with a right of way, by Mr. Alfred W. Withers. The present brick wall was built about 1932 and is thought to have been put there by Mr. Joseph Bryan.

Inside the wall is a box with a glass front that contains a list of most of the epitaphs. These epitaphs were recorded in the 1890s by Dr. Lyon Gardiner Tyler. Some of them are getting hard to read now and some are partly or completely missing. There is also a diagram showing the location of the graves.

The first Augustine Warner was a prominent man. He died at the age of sixty-three in 1674. His son, Col. Augustine Warner II, was a member of the Governor's Council. It was his misfortune to have had Nathaniel Bacon and some of his men as unwelcome guests during a part of Bacon's Rebellion. The only results of the visit were that Warner did not join Bacon's forces, but the rebels did eat up most of the ham, bacon and other provisions on the place.

The grave most often asked about is not in America: Mildred Warner Washington, daughter of Col. Augustine Warner II. She is buried at Whitehaven, Cumberland, England. After the death of her husband, Lawrence Washington, she married Dr. George Gayle and went to England where she later died.

There are many graves outside the wall as shown by probing the area; and there is evidence of a much larger brick wall. The grave to the south of the present wall is that of Mr. James L. McLanahan of Franklin, Pennsylvania. The gravestone was once put within the present wall, and it was later moved to Abingdon Church, although the body was not moved.

Mr. McLanahan was a friend of Col. Thomas Tenant, who bought the place from Elizabeth Lewis Brooke, the last of the Warner and Lewis family to own it. When he sold the place to Mr. Colin Clark in 1830, it was stipulated that Mr. McLanahan be allowed to spend the rest of his life at Warner Hall; he died in 1831. Mr. McLanahan put it this way, "...that he wanted to be buried with nice people in Virginia." Quite a compliment!

The Warner and Lewis family cemetery at Warner Hall

Here are buried the great, great grandparents of George Washington.

— Photos 1962 —

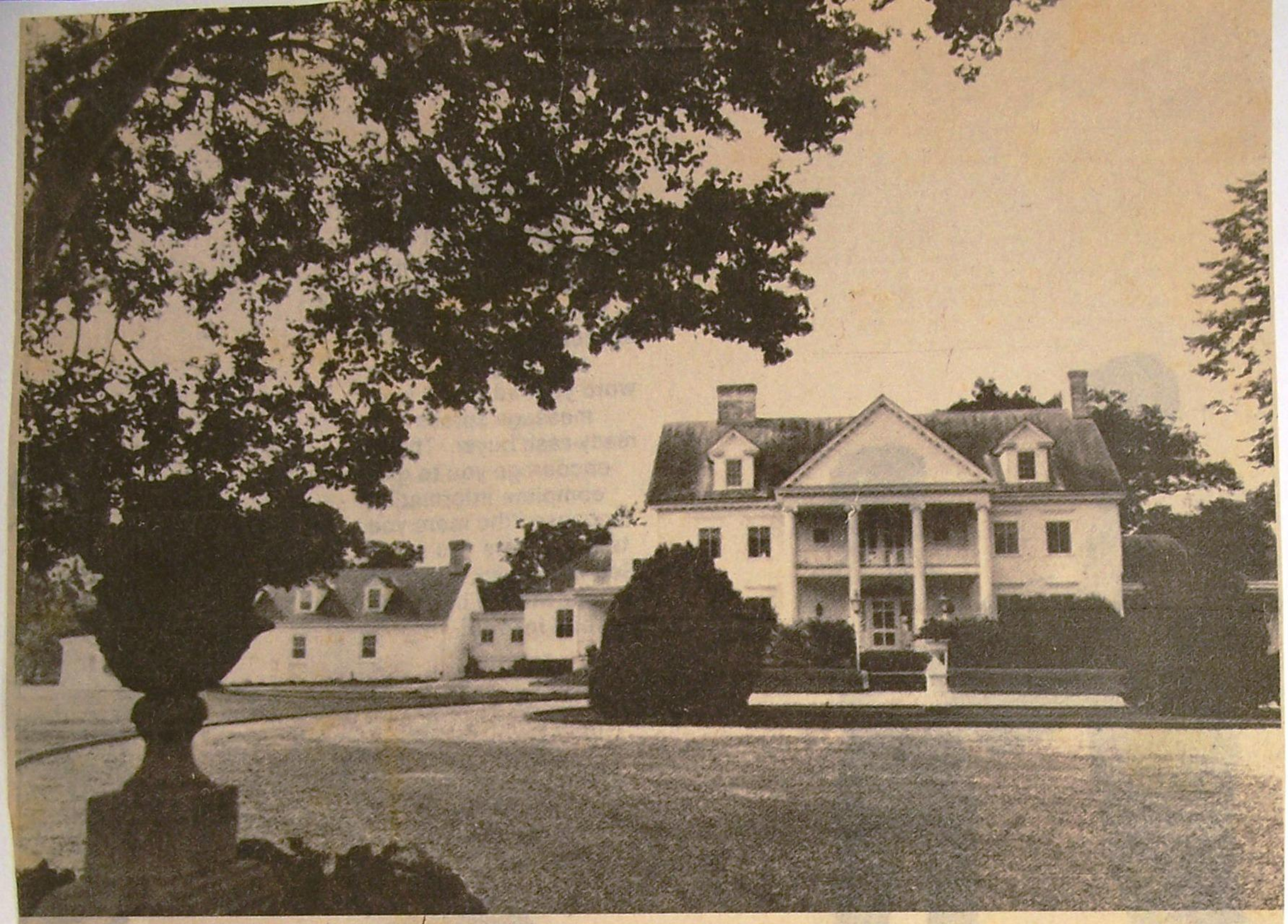
– Interiors –

at Warner Hall – 1962

Warner Hall continued

– Fox hunters at Warner Hall –

continued →



WARNER HALL IS A 533-ACRE HISTORIC RESIDENTIAL FARMING ESTATE
George Washington's Great-Great-Grandfather Once Owned the Mansion in Gloucester County

Warner Hall

11/1/81

Centuries of History Cling to Old Mansion

Warner Hall, gracefully situated at the head of the Severn River in Gloucester County, is one of the most historic plantations in Virginia's Tidewater region. The land on which Warner Hall stands was patented by Augustine Warner I, Justice of York, laster Justice of Gloucester and the great-great-grandfather of George Washington. Its 533-acres, with extensive waterfront, offers a blend of pasture, crop and woodland, combined with a modern cattle feeding operation. The 21-room mansion, boasting three centuries of architectural development, is marked by lavish detailing primarily in the Greek Revival style.

Although the old Warner Hall was partially burned in 1845, leaving only the two wings, it has been concluded, after much research, that the main part of the first house on the site was built in 1674. Throughout the end of the 17th-century and beginning of the 18th century, the wings of the Colonial mansion were constantly enlarged and remodeled. Several fires in the 18th and 19th century took their toll on this structure, but research indicates that the restorations and additions that have been made have salvaged as much of the original structure as possible.

Today, the focal point of Warner Hall's land facade is a large columned portico, with the 18th century wings joined to the central portion by two connecting hyphens. One enters the mansion through a hall with a grand central stair, dividing as it rises to the family quarters above. Its large formal drawing and dining rooms open through French doors to a porch overlooking gardens with a vista over pastures to the Severn River beyond. One wing remains unrestored, while the other has been converted to an informal open hearth family room, with guest quarters above. In addition 17th and 18th century dependencies include a brick stable, dairy and smoke house.

A short distance from the mansion, and surrounded by pastures, is the walled family cemetery of the Warner and Lewis families, now owned and mainted by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. Direct ancestors of both George Washington and of Queen Elizabeth II are buried here.

• • •

The two families associated with the property from the mid-17th century well into the 19th century, were the Warners and the Lewises, who were among the most prominent families in Colonial Virginia. Of the extraordinary collection of tombstones, the most notable are those of Augustine Warner I (1610-1674); Mary Warner, Augustine Warner's wife, whose gravestone is the oldest in the collection; Augustine Warner II, Speaker of the house of Burgesses during Bacon's Rebellion and a member of the Virginia Council, and Elizabeth Warner Lewis, the daughter of Augustine Warner II, who inherited Warner Hall at the death of his father in 1674. It was Augustine Warner I, great-great-grandfather of George Washington through whom Robert E. Lee, The Queen Mother of England (the Bowes-Lyon family) and Queen Elizabeth II, are kin. The house remained in the Lewis family until the 1820s.

The Art of Fine Living

Gloucester County, Virginia
WARNER HALL: Listed by both the Virginia Historical Landmarks Commission and the National Register of Historic Places, this landmark estate comprises 533 acres with private river frontage. Started in the 18th Century with subsequent additions and renovations, the magnificent 19-room Colonial Revival manor reveals three centuries of architectural development. Full complement of farm dependencies. $2,500,000 Brochure #CW2-47.

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OFF TO THE HUNT

Foxhunters gather for the Blessing of the Hounds at Warner Hall Plantation, home of Mr. and Mrs. Bolling R. Powell in Robins Neck, Gloucester.

— From: Flo Quipo 15 November 1989 —

OLD FOXHUNTERS GATHER FOR BLESSING – Mr. Hudson South (left) of Ware Neck and Franklin L. Kerns of Gloucester gathered with foxhunters and horseriders for a Blessing of the Hounds recently at Warner Hall Plantation in Robins Neck. Mr. South, now retired as owner of Gloucester Service Station, has been a foxhunter for over a half century and in time past owned one of Gloucester's finest pack of hound dogs. Mr. South and his dogs would join with friends and animals for an evening run through woodlands in various parts of Gloucester County. The "tongueing" of a foxhound during the quiet evening hours was "music" to many Gloucester residents.

Franklin Kerns, former commissioner of the revenue of Gloucester, enjoyed his early life which included dogs and horses. Franklin and his family were known as skilled horsemen and always ready for a fox hunt. Today, there are no horses nor dogs in Franklin's quiet life. However, he has not lost the interest and love of foxhunting.

The Blessing of the Hounds was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bolling R. Powell.

The Ordinary now known as Seawell's Ordinary

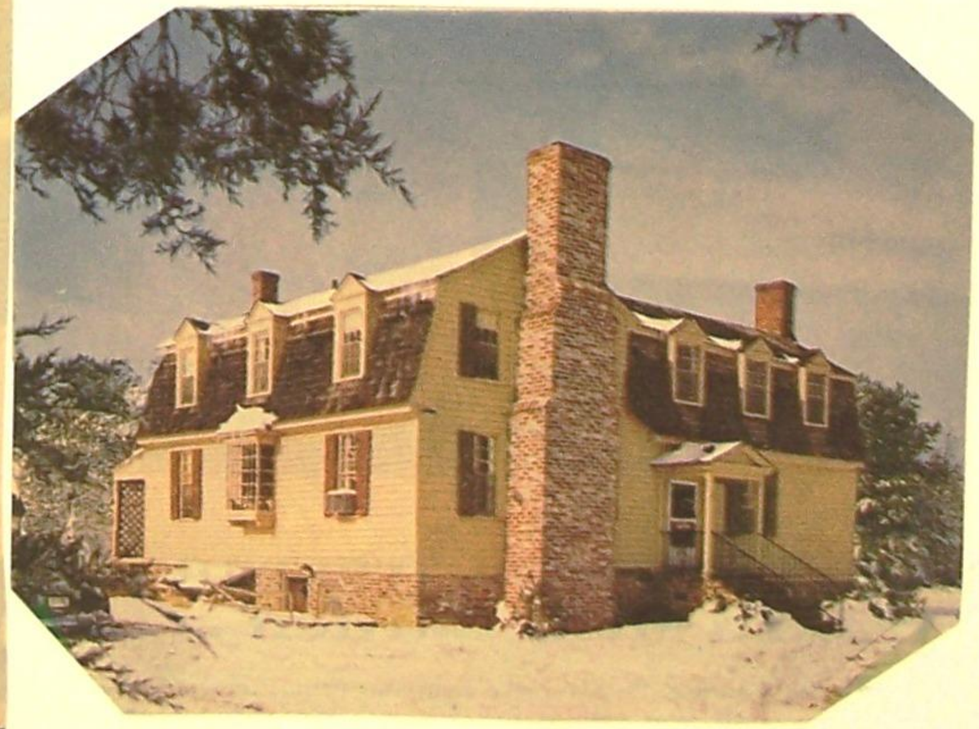
Established as an Ordinary c. 1757, a portion of the building may date to c. 1712.

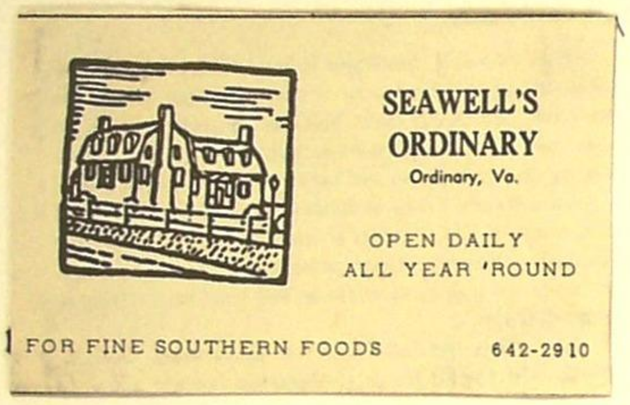
It was a residence c. 1871 to 1948. In 1959-60 it was moved back from the road to its present site when Rt. 17 was widened.

Mrs Edgar Emerson is the present proprietress (1966).

Photo c. 1934 by C. E. Peterson showing the structure on its original site.

Photo 1962

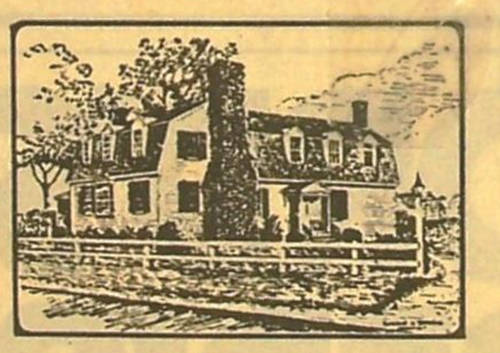




William J. Bull and Henry E. White, Jr.

Announce the acquisition of

SEAWELL'S ORDINARY RESTAURANT



To our friends and customers who have enjoyed the fine food at The Aberdeen Barn, we welcome you to Seawell's. To potential friends and customers, we extend the same welcome.

Seawell's Ordinary features Seafood, Chicken, Virginia Ham and choice Steak — served in a colonial setting. Cocktails available.

Open 5:00 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday
Open Nood Sunday. Closed Monday.

We also cater to private parties and banquets.

Come visit us for a superior dining experience.

Seawell's Ordinary
Fine Virginian Food

Route 17, 5 miles North of Yorktown bridge.
For reservations, phone 1-642-2102

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Glo-Quips
"MAGAZINE OF GLOUCESTER COUNTY"
VOLUME 14 JAN. 16, 1974 NUMBER 1

How A Dog Saved Seawell's Ordinary

WRITTEN BY MRS. J. HAYES HOGG

In the mid 1920's, J. Hayes Hogg, acquired a pointer puppy, the runt of the litter, which he named Ned Cox, after the owner of the puppy's sire. There was nothing to indicate this puppy would one day become a hero. Ned, the pointer, became an excellent hunter and was well known in the bird hunting circles.

Mrs. R. H. Hogg, her son Hayes, and Ned lived at Seawell's Ordinary. Their sitting room was what is now known as the Tap Room. One day Ned and his master came in from a day of hunting. They were both tired and retired early, Ned to his favorite resting place, an old Morris chair in the sitting room, and Mrs. Hogg and his master to their bedrooms upstairs.

In the middle of the night Mrs. Hogg and her son were awakened by frenzied barking by Ned. They both realized that something must be seriously wrong. They rushed to the sitting room to find smoke and flames. A table was on fire. An oil lamp and a carton of kitches matches had been left on the table. Later it was assumed that a mouse must have exploded the carton of matches by nibbling on the head of a match. No great damage had been done other than a smoked up room, a ruined table, and a hole burned in the floor under the table.

Ned probably never understood that by his barking he had saved Seawell's Ordinary from being burned down, had saved his own life, and possibly the lives of his master and mistress. He did know that the old Morris chair was his to sleep in whenever he chose for the rest of his life.

Ned lived a long life for a dog and accompanied his master on many hunts, the last when he was twelve. He didn't know about retirement, and ever after when his master picked up his gun Ned was jumping about on his stiff old legs begging to go along. Ned died when he was about fifteen years old. The Ned strain of pointers was well known and sought after by many Gloucester bird hunters. It is possible that some of his strain may still be hunting birds in Gloucester.

-Barta W. Hogg
(Mrs. J. Hayes Hogg)

EDITOR'S NOTE – THANK YOU, MRS. HOGG, FOR THE CLARIFICATION OF HOW THE BURNT HOLE BECAME A PART OF THE FLOORING AT SEAWELL'S ORDINARY.

NED COX RELAXES IN OLD MORRIS CHAIR AT SEAWELL'S ORDINARY

7-5-78 Va. Gazette

1757 Restaurant Restored

By Robb Deigh

Colonial music, decorative staff attire, period furnishings and private catering will mark the reopening next Friday of Seawell's Ordinary, an 18th century restaurant which has been closed for the past five years.

Established in 1757, the restaurant has recently undergone extensive restoration and renovation to include a modern kitchen, better access to dining areas, a colonial-style outdoor dining space, landscaping, modern restrooms, a 57-car parking lot, and structural improvements.

Restorations of 18th century facilities have come with less and less frequency since Colonial Williamsburg's last major restoration of buildings in 1968.

The restaurant is located in Ordinary, on the west side of Route 17, five miles north of the York River Bridge. Jerry Shephard, a native of Atlanta who has helped coordinate and design numerous restaurants and hotels, has leased the property and will be its manager. The Ordinary is owned by Mrs. James E. Emerson who operated the restaurant during 1957-73.

"Casually sophisticated is the way I describe my restaurant," said Shephard. "Southern hospitality will be shown at all times and our customers will be considered our friends."

Seawell's Ordinary will open at 11 a.m., seven days a week, for lunch and dinner, and will feature a moderately-priced menu of Virginia foods and international selections.

Early historical documents make reference to Generals Washington and Lafayette visiting Seawell's Ordinary. A note in The Virginia Gazette of that period describes betting activities on "fine horse races at Seawell's Farm," and horseracing continued there as late as 1827.

"Ordinary" is used to describe an establishment where patrons may obtain a meal, drink, and feed for their horses.

Architecturally, little has been changed in the building. Fireplaces in each of three dining rooms will aid modern furnaces in providing heat during cold months, and hardwood floors remain in excellent condition as do original staircases. The restaurant will have a seating capacity of 145 persons.

continued →

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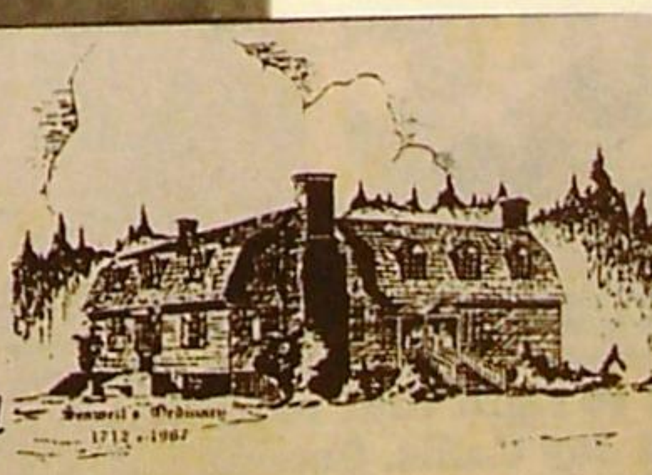
Beauvell's Ordinary material

Seawell's Ordinary



"Dining in a relaxed Colonial Atmosphere"

Route 17, Ordinary

642-3635

Chef David Evans of Seawell's Ordinary holds an elegant black forest cake.

Associated Press

History combines with French cuisine

1/24/96

By PRUE SALASKY
For the Associated Press

YORKTOWN — History, hospitality and sheer convenience combine to lure diners to Seawell's Ordinary, a long-established roadside hostelry on Route 17, five miles north of Yorktown and the Coleman Bridge.

"People come from all over the country," says chef David Evans, whose mother Eleanor Evans bought the business five years ago. For centuries the history-laden tavern has provided sustenance to travelers on the well-traveled north-south route.

Evans claims George Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette as prominent people who have enjoyed the hospitality of the 18th century watering hole. The two-story building dates to 1712 and took on the role of an "ordinary," an inn or tavern serving prix-fixe set meals, in 1757.

TASTE OF VIRGINIA

Seawell's Ordinary
3968 George Washington Highway
Route 17, Ordinary
(804) 642-3635
Specialties are beef, seafood, poultry and French-American cuisine. Prices are $4-$12.95 for brunch and $12.95-$18.95 for dinner.

In its infancy the building sat at the center of a mile-long horse-racing track not far from Warner Hall, home of Washington's grandparents. The track is long gone, and the fortunes of the "ordinary" have fluctuated over the years. From 1871 to 1948 it was a residence. But for almost 50 years now the building, complete with its original flooring and English furnishings, has been a way station for travelers.

The current ownership dates back to 1990 when the Evans "rescued" the business. In December 1993 Eleanor Evans drafted David, an experienced chef then working in marketing, to join the restaurant. He brought an unexpected blend of French and American styles to a revamped menu in the historic building.

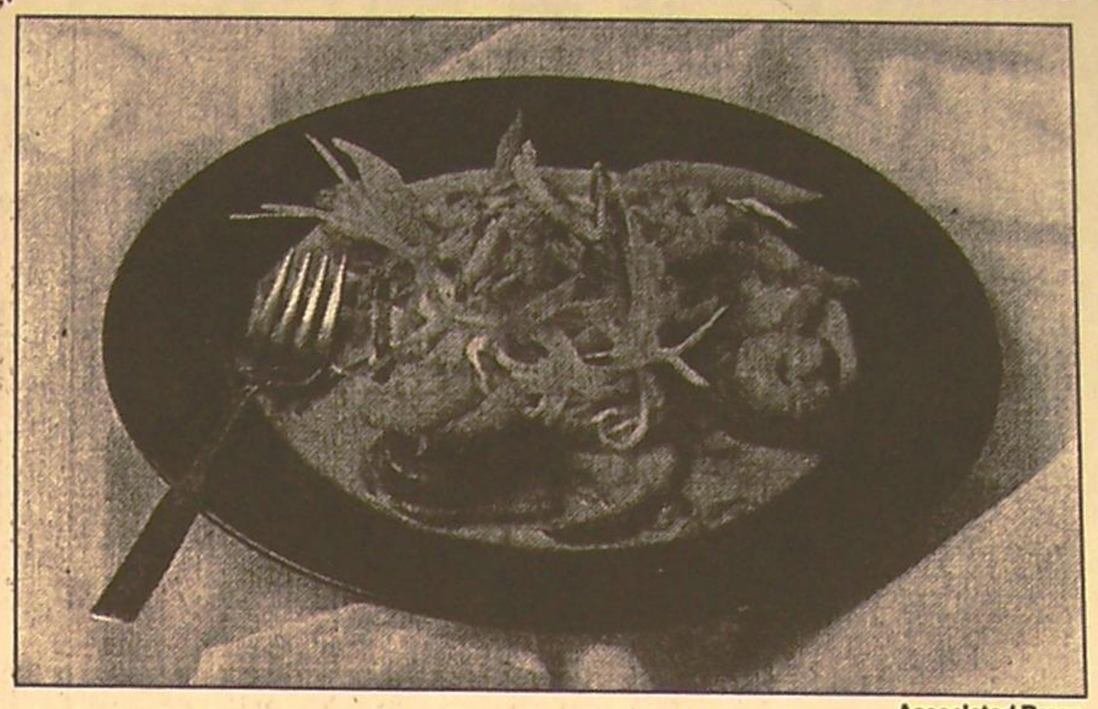
"We offer contemporary fine dining in a historic, casual setting," he says.

Evans' menu incorporates beef, seafood, chicken and veal selections with a Continental touch and a contemporary flair in presentation. Fresh flower garnishes accompany some dishes, which interlace the traditional with the original.

"Some you'll find only at Seawell's," says Evans, citing the chicken and Brie, a boneless breast of chicken, baked and stuffed with Brie cheese and served on a homemade raspberry sauce.

Local foods also have their place at

See SEAWELL'S on C4



Associated Press

Creamy sauce tops shrimp and sausage at Seawell's Ordinary.

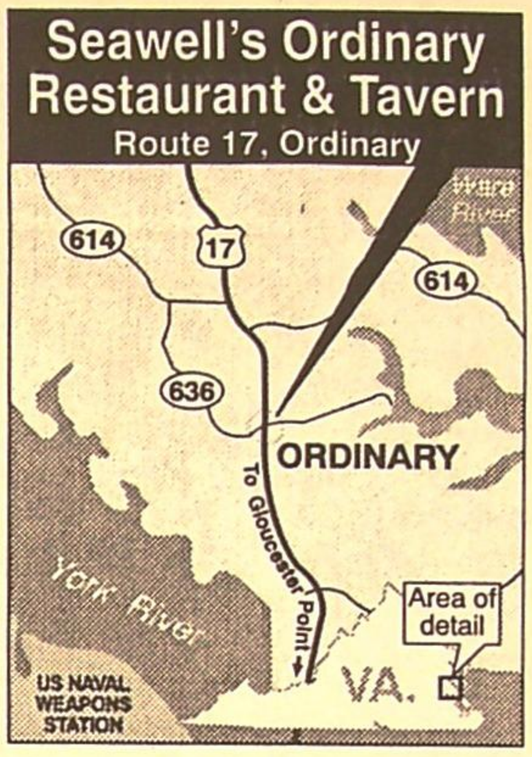
Seawell's

Continued from C1

Seawell's, as in the veal scallopine layered with Smithfield ham, shiitake mushrooms and cheese. Fish and shellfish also are much in evidence with fried oysters, a New England-style clam chowder, a house specialty of crabcakes with a white wine sauce, and an Evans' original of teriyaki-marinated grilled shrimp and andouille sausage topped with crispy leeks. In-house bread and desserts round out meals.

For special occasion diners the more formal dining room provides an appropriately sedate setting; the other downstairs room, "The Ship's Room" houses the bar and has a more casual mien with a nautical theme expressed in captains' chairs and walls bedecked with prints of ships. Below stairs there's a banquet room for 50, while the second floor has rooms equipped to handle overflow guests.

The setting promises historic Virginia dining, but the kitchen provides more adventurous fare — making Seawell's a destination for gourmands and a wayfarer's delight.



For special occasion diners the more formal dining room provides an appropriately sedate setting; the other downstairs room houses the bar and has a more casual mien.

Dining details

Hours: Dinner daily 5-9:30 p.m.; 11:30 a.m.-3:30 p.m. Sunday brunch.

Reservations: Strongly recommended.

Dress: Informal.

Payment: Major credit cards; local checks.

Alcoholic beverages: Two full bars.

Non-smoking section: Yes.

Handicapped accessible: No.

Additional information: Patio, banquet rooms, occasional musical entertainment.

Seawells' Ordinary Sauteed Shrimp and Andiouille Sausage

2 tablespoons olive oil
12 jumbo shrimp peeled, deveined and halved lengthwise
12 slices of andiouile sausage 1/4 inch in width
1½cups heavy whipping cream
3 ounces sliced mushrooms
3 ounces thinly sliced red onion
3 ounces thinly sliced green and red bell peppers
4 ounces thinly sliced sticks of leeks
Egg wash
Seafood breading mixture
8 ounces prepared fettuccini

In a large skillet, heat 1 tablespoon olive oil then add shrimp and sausage. Cook until shrimp is just done and then remove and set aside. Next, add second tablespoon of olive oil and the mushrooms, onions and peppers and saute lightly. Return shrimp and sausage to skillet and add teriyaki cream (see recipe below). Reduce until mixture thickens to a sauce. Divide evenly and place over hot fettuccine on 2 plates and garnish with crispy leeks (see recipe below).

Serves 2.

Teriyaki cream

4 tablespoons teriyaki
1/2 cup sugar
3/4 cup soy
1 cup dry sherry

Mix ingredients in small sauce pan and bring to boil stirring occasionally for 5 minutes. During this time, the mixture may ignite and burn off alcohol. Add to the skillett with the heavy whipping cream.

Crispy Leeks

Cut green part of leeks into 2-inch by 1/2-inch match sticks. Coat leek match sticks with egg wash, then seafood breader. Deep fry until crispy and golden brown.

Recipe supplied by restaurant; tested by members of the Tidewater Chef's Association, American Culinary Federation and Johnson and Wales University College of Culinary Arts.

Prue Salasky is a staff writer for the Daily Press of Newport News.

~ 20 April 1995 ~

Are there ghosts at Seawell's Ordinary?

Does Seawells Ordinary have ghosts? The ordinary is certainly old enough, having been an ordinary since 1757. It has enough history, both George Washington and Lafayette are supposed to have visited there, and the first horse races in the new world were held on the property. Why not have ghosts?

Owner Eleanor Evans, who didn't believe in ghosts, said that if there are not ghosts there, some mighty weird things are going on.

"When I first took the restaurant over," she said," we were closed on Mondays and I would wash all the tablecloths on that day. I would come over to the restaurant and lock myself in. I would go upstairs in the little room above the green room that use to be a bedroom, and iron the tablecloths. There were two or three times straight in a row, that while I was ironing the tablecloths, I would hear footsteps on the stairs. It was so quiet and I didn't have the radio on or anything, so that I would think 'did I lock that door, I know I locked that door.' I would come out and look down the steps and say, "Hello". Then I would go down and check the door, and it would be locked. There was no one in here. I would go back upstairs start ironing. Then I would hear someone going up and down the steps."

"Shortly after that, I turned that room into a dinning room, and I didn't do the laundry up there any more. But I have had my servers, different ones, over and over without me even telling them the story say, 'There is something about that room and the men's bathroom.' The servers swear they sense there is something in that men's bathroom. They are almost scared to take the soiled tablecloths and napkins into the little room in back of the men's bathroom where the soiled laundry is stored."

Eleanor Evans and Rose Tompkins in the upstairs dining room where most of the weird things happen

Waitress Rose Tompkins swear all the time I double tie my apron. This is the weirdest thing. All us women are in the bathroom changing our clothes, and after about 20 minutes my apron slips down. Instead of it becoming completely untied and coming down like this, it gets real loose but it is still tied! Now how in the hell is my apron getting that loose and start to come down my legs but it is still tied? This has been going on for about eight months. To me that is the weirdest thing so I just laugh it off like, 'Oh Joe - I call the ghost Joe - come on now and let me do my work and quit playing around.' Cause that seems to me that it is what they did to the wenches back then. You know that is what a man would do back in the 1700s, flirting and chasing after a little tavern wench or whatever. I kind of fit into the place."

"Another thing that happened," Rose continued," One particular night I sat in the room upstairs and I was fixing my tables and I watched the salt shakers get knocked over twice. I mean, I watched them get knocked over. I had ... to go upstairs and put the fire out and open the windows because the smoke was so bad in the room. You know it sounds weird that this particular night all of this was going on. It was almost like no one was supposed to be in this room tonight! It's my room tonight!"

Another strange thing that happened Mrs. Evans said was, "one morning when came in, I went up stairs to cut the air conditioner on and cut the lights on or whatever. I looked in that room - everything was set up the night before - I saw that a chair was moved over to one corner like two people had been sitting there all night long. There was an ashtray and a glass and the napkins had been unfolded. It was like two people had had a very intimate meeting there. I have no explanation for that, I was the last one to leave the night before and the first to arrive the next morning."

"There have been times that I have left to go home and would be pulling out of the driveway. I would look back to see lights on upstairs. I was sure I had turned them off. I would have to go back out ...

The stairs where a young girl from Richmond saw a white transparent thing behind her.

Mrs. Evans said, "The majority of things do happen in the room upstairs, either in that room or straight across the hall in the men's bathroom or in that hallway area.

One of the girls that cooked here when I first came, told me of an incident very similar to what David told. She and the chef had had a fight and she was really upset and was crying, so she went out on the back porch. She was out there crying, and all of a sudden she felt something breeze by her. Whatever it was, smelled like pipe smoke, it smelled like tobacco from a pipe. She felt the presence, when she was telling me she had goose bumps. She said "I swear to God I'm not making this up."

The presence that I heard everyone feel is either up there in that room or in that little stoop way towards the ramp on the back porch where things will just fly off the shelf and crash on the floor and break"

"One day," she continued," I came out the back to go down the steps. I was halfway down the steps when I heard this crash. I turned around to see a drink and an ashtray that were sitting on the shelf both come off the shelf and hit the floor. David said the shelves are on a concrete floor so nothing could make the shelves vibrate. It's the same ...

heard the dinner ware being moved around. There was a young lady standing there. I thought she was dressed in a costume. It was old style with the old cap and with the long gray dress with the white bib apron on. I smiled at her. I could tell she was really unhappy with the way she had laid things out. She looked like she was about 23 or 24 years old and she just nodded her head at me. I went on to the bathroom and when I came out she wasn't in there. I went down stairs and was sitting with the group when the manager came by. I asked her if she was planning a party upstairs tonight. She said no that they were setting up for tomorrow. I said that I loved the costume that the waitress is wearing. She stopped and she said, "The costume?" I said "Yes, there was a young lady upstairs and she was rearranging your cutlery for you." She got this real strange look on her face and she said "She is doing it again!" I asked her what she was talking about and she said, 'That's our friendly neighborhood ghosts. She doesn't like the way we set the tables, so she rearranges the tables, chairs and the cutlery. We went upstairs and sure enough, she had rearranged everything for them!"

"I also remember," she said," that the cook at that time refused to be in the place by herself because she had been aware of the going on upstairs."

Have you seen a ghost at Seawells Ordinary? Do you know who he or she is? Eleanor Evans would like know, and so would we!

600 Suspensions at Gloucester High

Since September 1994, a period of 7 months, there have been over 600 student suspensions at Gloucester High School. The total number of students there is 1800.

Seventy-three long term suspensions have cost Gloucester County a State loss of $3500 per pupil . That is $255,500 in unfunded revenue from the State of Virginia.

Helpful Advice From The American Kennel Club

Test Your Herder

City dwellers and country folks alike can enjoy the American Kennel Club's Herding Test/Trial Program, open to the fourteen breeds in the AKC Herding Group.

Fewer farms and ranches mean fewer chances for dogs and their owners to practice herding livestock. But the instinct bred into the Herding Group has remained. This specialized event can help develop and focus this inborn urge.

There are two parts to the Program, the Herding Test and the Herding Trial. The non-competitive Test assesses the dog's raw herding instinct and trainability. The Trial, an actual competition, sharpens and preserves the dog's skills.

agrees with Mrs. Evans. "Sometimes you just get a chill. You feel like something is breathing down your neck. I've talked to some of the others who worked here and they have felt the same thing. You are too afraid to turn around because you know someone is back there and they are breathing down your damn neck. I mean they are that close. It gives you an all over chill."

"I get the same feeling when my apron comes undone." Rose said," I think this is the weirdest thing. The only way I can get my apron off is to untie it, because I've got it wrapped around my back. I get knocked over. I had my apron get untied three or four times while I was in the room setting up. And that's the night I also had problems with the fireplace, the room kept smoking up. I didn't know if I was going to have to move the guests out of there. They were all sitting around the table and all of a sudden the fireplace pokers fell over. No one was near them or anything. But all this stuff went on this one particular night up in that room."

Mrs. Evans agreed with her. "And then the logs," she said, "which we never, never have a problem with, just fell apart and exploded. The room just totally filled with smoke. I had would have to go back, get out of my car and go upstairs to turn the light off again."

Mrs. Evans and the shelves where things fall to the floor for no reason.

Daniel Evans, Mrs. Evans son and chief at the Ordinary, has his own experiences to tell. "On day I went into the room upstairs and looked out of the front window. Suddenly I just sensed the smell of port wine, like someone was breathing it right in my face. It just came around me and I could smell it. I moved around but it was just in front of the window right where I was standing. I moved away and realized it was only there. When I was leaving the room I went through that cloud again. It was like a cloud that moved out of the room and it smelled of port wine. About two weeks later, it happened again but I wasn't in that room. I walked up to the bathroom, which is right straight across from the room, and I went through a cloud that smelled like brandy or bourbon. That was the first two things to happen."

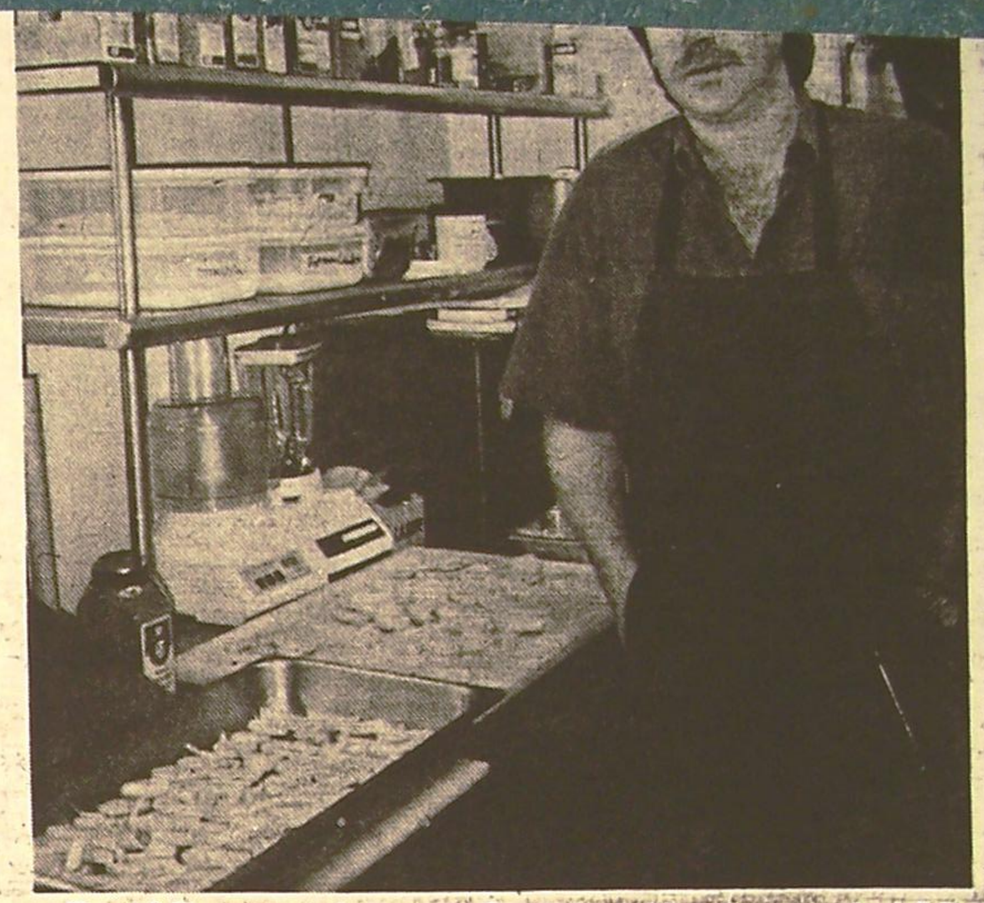
"Then on Mother's Day of last year," David continued, "we had closed. It was probably about 12:30, that I came over to the restaurant from the cottage. When I came to the back of the building near the back door, I could hear a piano playing inside. I could hear a woman singing and it was a style of music that I'm not familiar with. It was some sort of European style or something like that, I just know it was old. I was too scared to go in. I waited about 45 minutes and I came back over and it had stopped. When I came in I checked the stereo and it was off."

area, David said, where he had this big pan of potatoes and he turned around to do something else for a second. He heard the pan of potatoes just go straight off that table and turn over right on the floor. He had worked on them for about 45 minutes before this happened."

"One of my former chefs was in the kitchen by himself and the pans came off of that same shelf and clattered to the floor. I went running out there to see what had happened. He said he had not been near them."

Mrs. Evans and the staff of Seawell's Ordinary are not the only ones to see strange thing in the upstairs room. A Gloucester woman told Glo-Quips of an incident she witnessed at the ordinary about 14 years ago.

She said, "St Therese Church had a big dinner there, and I went up-stairs to go to the bathroom. In the little room off to the left, I



David Evans and a pan of potatoes like the one that fell to the floor

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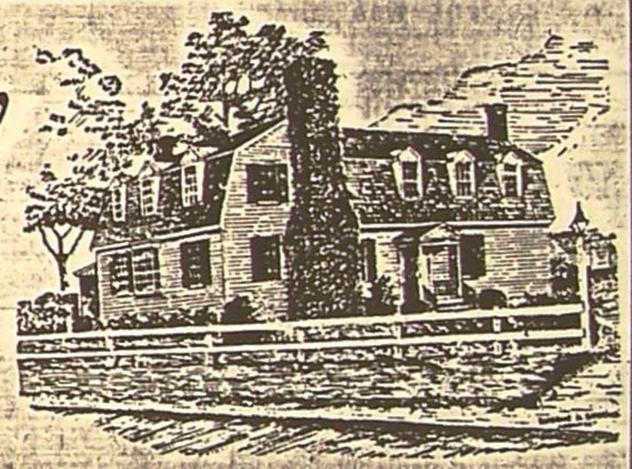

Is proud to host the
Mathews Art Group's
Annual Spring Show
on Friday, April 28th
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Lunch from 11:30 - 3:00
Dinner 5:00 to 9:30 p.m
Champagne Brunch on Sunday - 11:30 to 3:00.

- White Marsh -

Large acreage extending along branches of the Ware River.

A land grant to Lewis Burwell in 1642. The present house may incorporate part of the 18th Century dwelling of the Rootes family.

John Tabb, son of Philip Tabb of "Toddsbury", acquired White Marsh when he married Evelina Matilda Prosser, step-daughter of Thomas Reade Rootes. Tabb either enlarged an existing house or built a new one. He developed the garden and grounds, importing plants and shrubs from around the world.

Presently the home of the William Ingles family.

Photo 1940's by Robert A. Lancaster, Jr.
Before many changes were made

Photo - 1940's - by now two story columns and unattractive bay bay windows had been added

Photo - 1957

Photo 1971 ~ Some restoration has been effected.

End & rear view - 1957

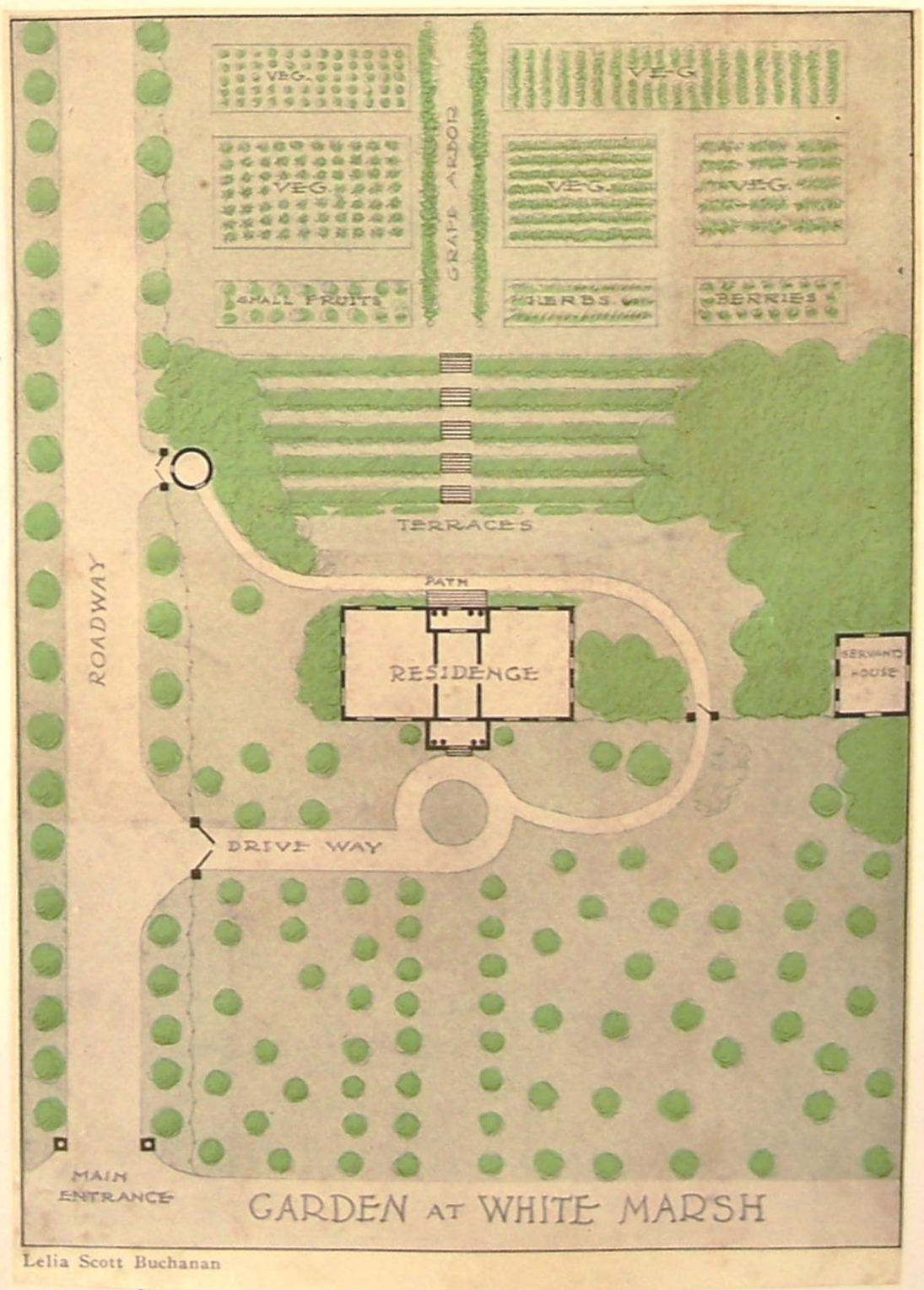
continued →

Play house

ice house

White Marsh continued —

Portion of the garden



Grounds plan of c. 1900

view from the lawn over looking the terraces to the low lands

F O Briggs, Jr
''Planting Fields''
Rt 1, Box 102
Gordonsville, Va 22942

Glo-Quips
"Magazine of Gloucester"

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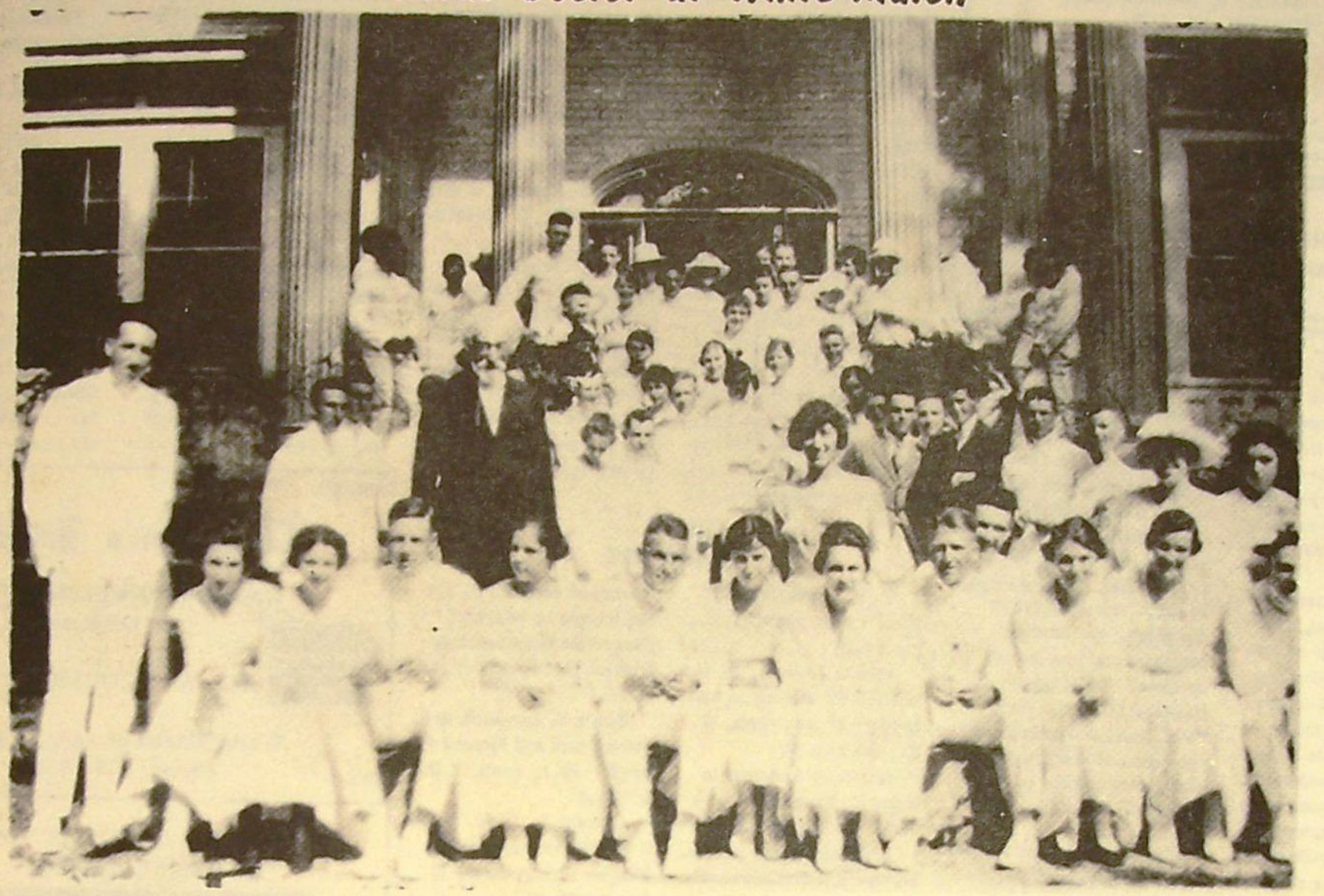
VOLUME TEN February 12, 1969 NUMBER THREE

Famous Doctor at White Marsh



Dr. Simon Baruch, world famous for the first operation in America for appendicitis, visited Gloucester frequently before his death in 1921 when his son, H. N. Baruch, owned Eagle Point Plantation and White Marsh Plantation. In August of 1918 a dance and party was held at White Marsh for naval midshipmen in the area. This photograph was loaned Glo-Quips by Miss Margie P. Clements of Ordinary who commented: "The Admiral lent me an orchestra, Dr. Simon Baruch lent me the house - no one lived there at that time, and the women gave the eats. I have on the big hat (right). Some in front are Betty Turner, Lillian Farinholt Jones, Nellie Taylor, I think and Julia Groves. Up on the steps in the back are Ann Withers and Betsy Withers. That may be Virginia Farinholt Lewis at the left front. Huntington Turner is in the crowd, also. Shown near Dr. Baruch (in dark suit at left) is his granddaughter, Simone

Dr. Baruch, who was present at the birth of his grandson, Hartwig N. Baruch, Jr. at Eagle Point, with Dr. H. A. Tabb, was also the father of famous statesman, Bernard Baruch.

White Marsh interiors ~ photos 1971 by Milton Waff

The graceful stairway is not original.

continued →

White Marsh interiors c 1971
Photos by Milton Beale Waff

(RICHMOND NEWS LEADER, OCTOBER 31, 1979)

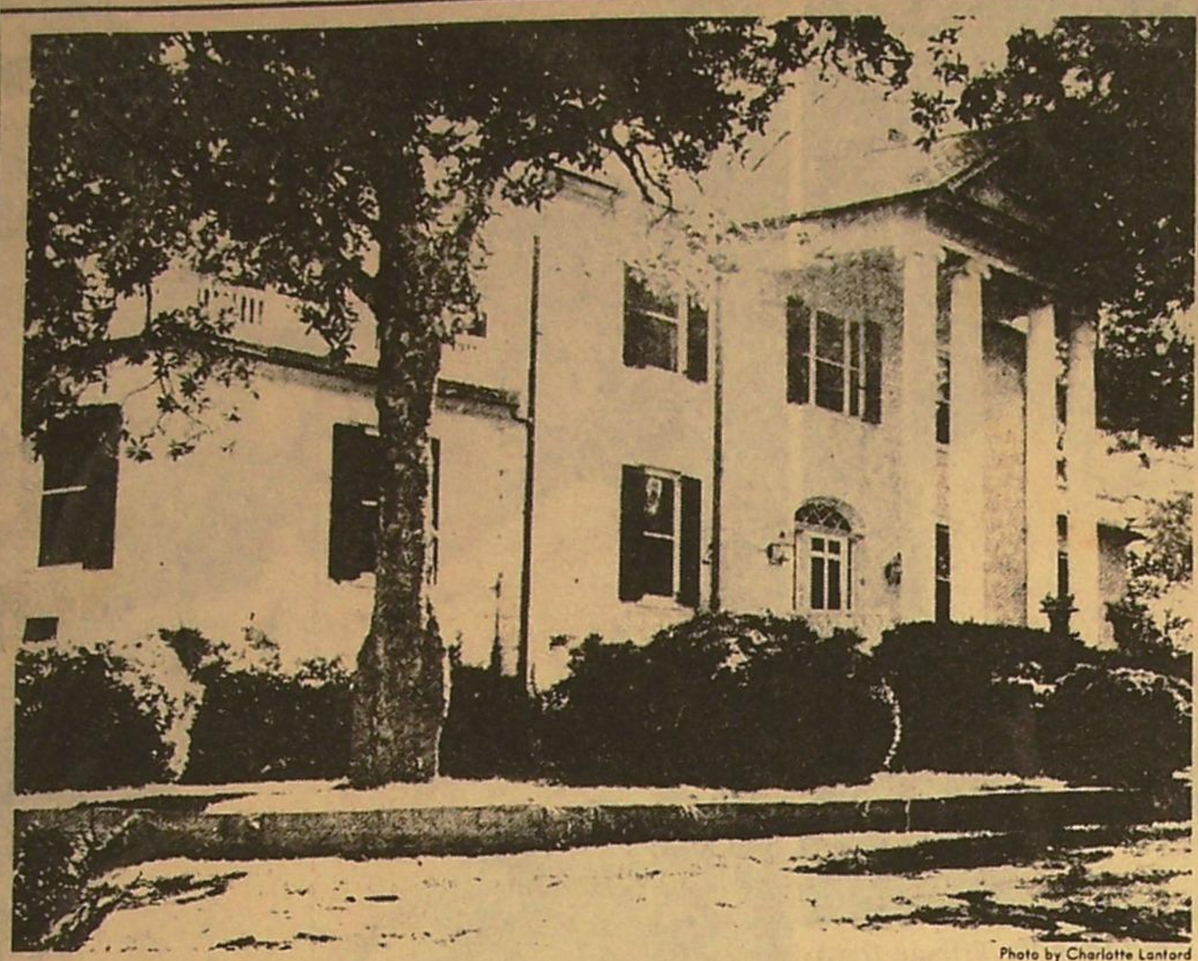


Photo by Charlotte Lanford

HISTORIC WHITE MARSH PLANTATION OVERLOOKS THE NORTH RIVER IN GLOUCESTER COUNTY
Spirit of Evalina Tabb, Long-Dead Mistress of the Mansion, Is Accused of Haunting the Antebellum House

Unearthly Events

Legendary Ghosts Stalk White Marsh Plantation

EDITOR'S NOTE: The unusual events recounted by News Leader State Correspondent Charlotte Lanford come from Gloucester County tradition and from the recollections of White Marsh Plantation's owners. On this All Hallows Eve, we leave it to our readers to believe or to scoff.

By CHARLOTTE LANFORD
Special Correspondence

GLOUCESTER—It was in the dead of winter in 1948 when Mr. and Mrs. William Ingles and their children moved into White Marsh Plantation, a magnificent white-brick mansion that overlooks the North River.

The home had been uninhabited for more than a decade; its 18th-century walls groaned and creaked as it expanded and contracted with heat for the first time in years.

It wasn't long afterward, when the Ingles heard more unearthly sounds, that the family came to believe they were not alone at White Marsh Plantation.

One night, the Ingles' 5-year-old daughter, Mary Draper, was awakened by the sounds of heavy footfalls in the attic. Already aroused by the noise, her parents listened in bewilderment as the footsteps crossed the floor, landed on a flat deck roof outside and hit the ground with a thud. The astonished family then heard the sounds of hooves galloping away in the distance.

The incident probably would have been dismissed, but for two unmistakable facts: the next morning, Ingles found near the boxwood a series of hoofprints that were far too large to belong to a deer; and the round attic window could only be opened a matter of inches, too small for any man or beast to enter.

For more than a century, the legendary ghosts of White Marsh Plantation have haunted the halls and stalked the grounds of one of the most beautiful homes in the Peninsula area.

Before Her Fingers Touched The Rose, the Bush Began To Shake Violently. When She Tried Again, the Stem of the Rose Was Snatched From Her Hand.

A romantic setting for ghost lore, the house is situated on a hill that overlooks the river lowland, where the mist is sometimes so dense that the heads of approaching persons appear to be floating in midair. The air is scented with the faint, bittersweet fragrance of aged boxwoods, and the giant gingko trees cast their own haunting shadows in the moonlight.

Against such a background, supernatural specters have startled countless visitors and have hounded several, in manifestations that have made straight chairs rock and the images of former owners appear in mirrors in hallways.

The ghosts have left not-so-subtle clues that they are keeping a vigil over the grand estate, sometimes indulging themselves with a nighttime cocktail or borrowing expensive lingerie for months at a time.

The series of inexplicable phenomena began more than 100 years ago, when the mistress of White Marsh Plantation was Evalina Matilda Prosser, the bride of John Tabb.

She came to be known for her elegant costumes, her immaculate housekeeping and her extremely disagreeable temperament.

Evalina made it no secret that she was bored with life in the country and preferred the social offerings of Norfolk. Her indulgent husband, keeping his promise to create the finest garden in Virginia to appease his wife, sent the captains of his fleet of ships in search of rare shrubs and trees.

In later years, a description of the grounds appeared in a Richmond newspaper: "At White Marsh, there is an avenue of pecan trees . . . one of the most magnificent estates in the county . with a splendid falling (terraced) garden."

Tragedy struck the family when the Tabbs lost several children at birth, and Evalina's penchant for drinking flourished until she finally was institutionalized for alcoholism.

It wasn't long after her death about 1860 that Evalina proved to relatives that she was not a woman soon to be forgotten.

Relative after relative witnessed the spirit of Evalina, always dressed in her favorite costume of black taffeta, descend a long flight of stairs. One family member awakened from an afternoon nap in an upstairs bedroom one day to witness Mother Tabb, as she was called, cross the room and open a bureau drawer where the clothing of an infant was kept. She folded the clothing carefully and replaced them, and disappeared as silently as she had arrived.

RESERVED FOR FAMILY

Her ghostly appearances were reserved solely for her family until the late Mrs. William Byrd Lee was visiting at White Marsh with her husband. The astonished Mrs. Lee saw the image of an elderly woman descend the stairs with a basket of keys and take a seat in the parlor.

Mrs. Lee found herself face to face with the spirit of Evalina.

The strangest phenomenon recorded, which proved to relatives that Evalina would never relinquish White Marsh to the dominance of another woman, was the haunted rosebush that became famous throughout the Gloucester County countryside.

The plantation passed into the hands of George Hughes of New York in 1871. One May morning, Mrs. Hughes went to the garden to pick a rose that had come into bloom.

Before her fingers touched the rose, the bush began to shake violently. When she tried again, the stem of the rose was snatched from her hand.

When the frightened Mrs. Hughes related the incident to her husband, he also tried to pick the rose. The same thing happened. The servants vowed solemnly, "Ole Miss ain't never allowed nobody to pull that rose."

The event puzzled the residents of the countryside, and Mrs. Hughes decided to have the bush destroyed. One morning while in the garden, she found that the entire rosebush, roots and all, had disappeared. Evalina was keeping a vigil in her beloved garden.

During the 1880s, two caretakers returned one evening to find lights ablaze in the empty house and to hear the sounds of dancing and music. Strangely enough, both the lights and music ended as soon as the front door was opened, and both men found no one inside.

When the story circulated, most people thought that the servants had taken advantage of the empty White Marsh to stage a gala party. But the two incidents became more meaningful about 100 years later, in 1950, when a Philadelphia couple were hired by the Ingles to care for White Marsh.

SLEPT SOUNDLY

Henry and Frances came from Pennsylvania to serve as maid and butler for White Marsh; the couple knew nothing about the ghost that occupied the plantation.

One night while the Ingles were away, Henry and Frances slept soundly in the northeast bedroom, where Gen. Robert E. Lee once had stayed. They were awakened when a piano began to play loudly. The couple took no notice of the incident and thought that the family had returned and that Mrs. Ingles was playing the piano.

The next morning, they discovered that the Ingles had not returned at the time they had heard the nocturnal serenade.

The incident sufficiently frightened the couple. Suddenly, they were victims of a tormenting spirit who would take possession of their room and haunt them throughout the night with continuous rocking in a straight chair.

Finally, Henry and Frances felt so pursued that they were afraid to go out at night and swore that a ghostly form would follow their car.

HAD ENCOUNTERS

Mrs. Ingles also has had some encounters with her supernatural house guest.

One morning, she found the corner of a heavy rug turned back. She straightened the rug, only to find the same thing had happened the next morning.

For 10 days, Mrs. Ingles awoke to find the same occurrence. Finally one night, she placed a brick on the corner of the rug, and the phenomenon ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

It is likely that the spirit of Evalina appeared to a group of teen-agers who were being entertained by the Ingles children. They had gathered in the garden, near the same area that is painted in the background of Evalina's portrait, when a shadowy figure appeared before the startled group.

Mrs. Ingles said she thought nothing of the incident until one of the boys asked to be taken home.

DIED IN 1976

After Ingles died in 1976, the ghostly tradition of the home continued when three visitors saw his image appear on separate occasions.

The strange Phenomena at White Marsh Plantation has left Mrs. Ingles, the gracious mistress of the home for 31 years, a firm believer in ghosts and the supernatural.

And her son, McClanahan, is convinced that the persistent Evalina is to blame for polishing off all the half-consumed drinks that are found empty in the morning.

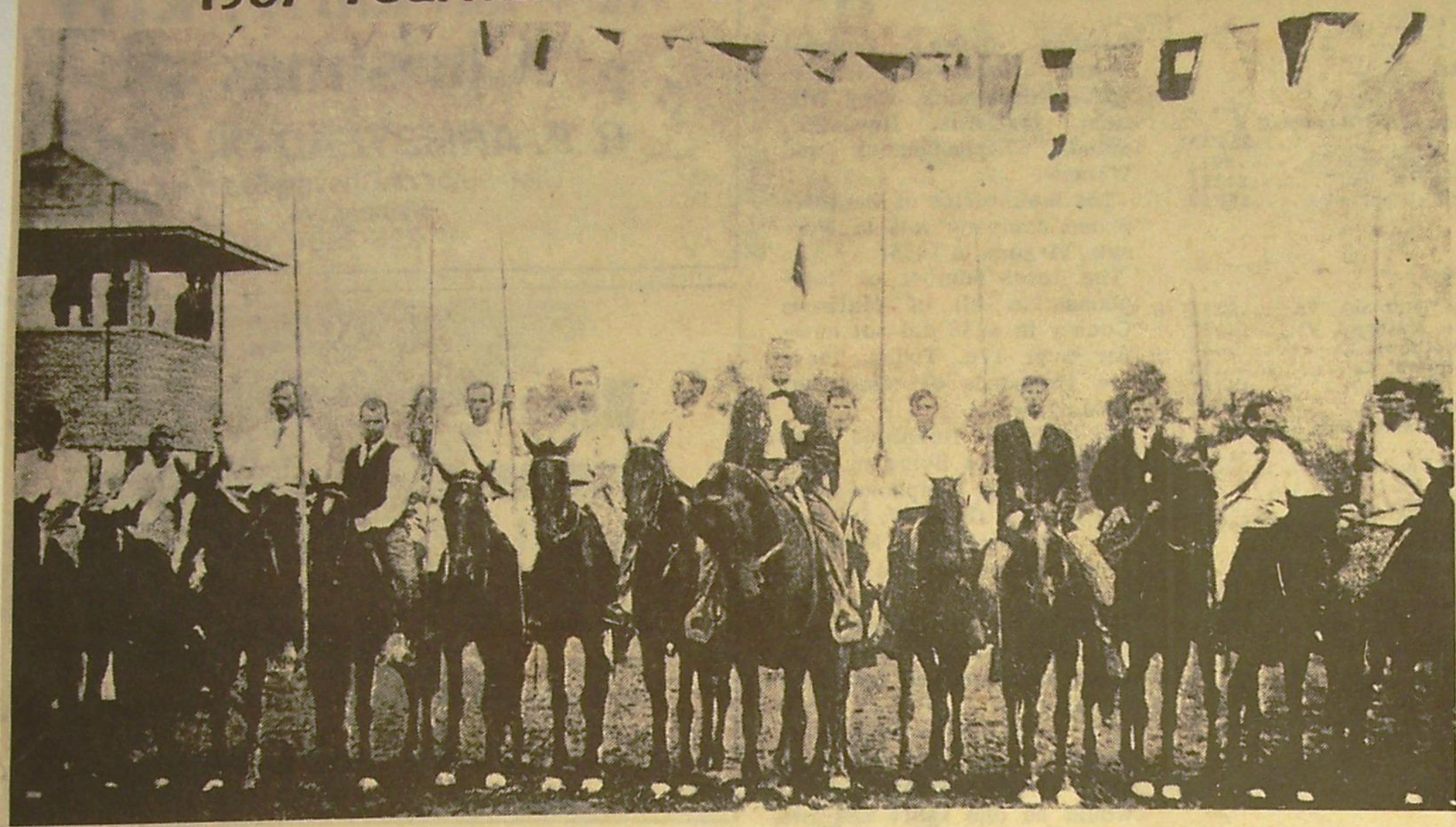
Ghosts Stalk White Marsh

Strong winds recently blew a large tree across the White Marsh Plantation home of Mr. and Mrs. William Ingles causing extendamage to the roof and railing. Note only a few timbers remain from what was a dormer on the main roof of the Colonial estate manor house. 2/10/71 Perry Horsley Photo

4/7/71 Workmen build new dormer for White Marsh Plantation manor house which was destroyed by storm earlier this year. White Marsh will be opened for Garden Week on April 30 and May 1, 1971.

continued → 71

1907 Tournament Held at White Marsh



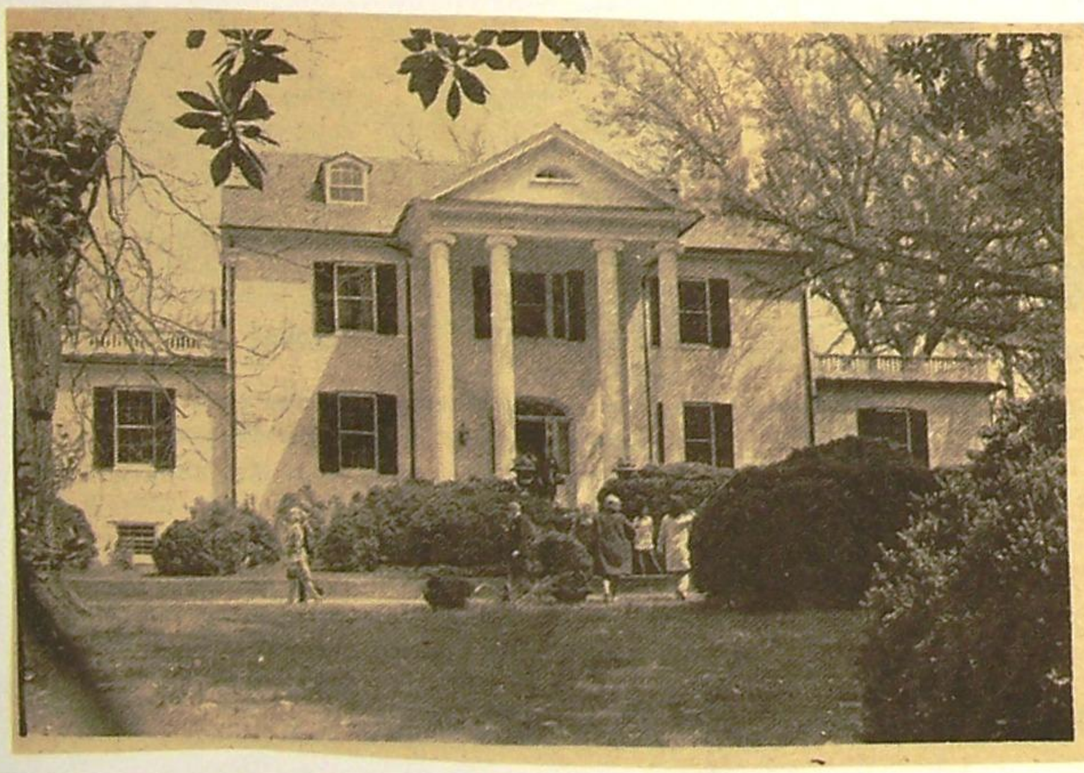
Shown above are the Knights of the Grand Old Colonial Tournament held at White Marsh Plantation during August of 1907. At that time, the estate was owned by William J. Burleigh.

Shown above on their mounts are, from left to right, Hary Goodwon, Dunham Withers, Edwin Curtis, Charles Lockley Sinclair, John Tabb, Dr. Harry TAbb, Fred Parish (Knight of Goochland), Captain John newstead Tabb, head marshall, Robert Corbell, Frank Sinclair, John Bolden, Hayes Hogge, Colgate Selden and BArnes Lawson.

Cecil W. Page dropped .the starting flag and Richard Janney dropped the last flag. R. Mann Page, the Knight of Shelly, riding Little Prophetess, crowned Miss Janie Lee, the queen of Love and Beauty; B. Todd Robins, Knight of Marlfield, crowned Miss Georgianna Sinclair of Bay Cottage, the first maid of honor; Jack Tabb, the Knight of Showan crowned Miss Powell Byrd of Hockley, second maid of honor.

Major Thomas S. Taliaferro, CSA, of "Lowland Cottage", Ware Neck, made the address. Ware River Kings Daughters sponsored the event.

White Marsh continued



1971

WHITE MARSH PLANTATION was open for Garden Week this year. The five Gloucester homes had more visitors this year than in any previous year. Visitors are shown strolling through the garden at White Marsh, reputed to be one of the most beautiful boxwood gardens in Virginia.

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Stuart Hall
Kansas City, MO 64108
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White Marsh
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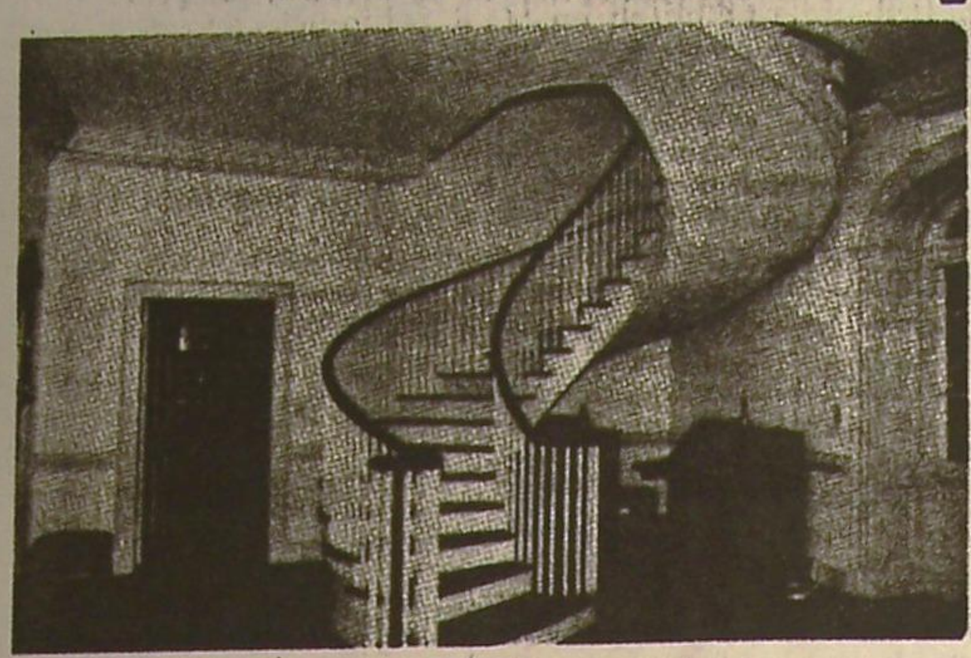
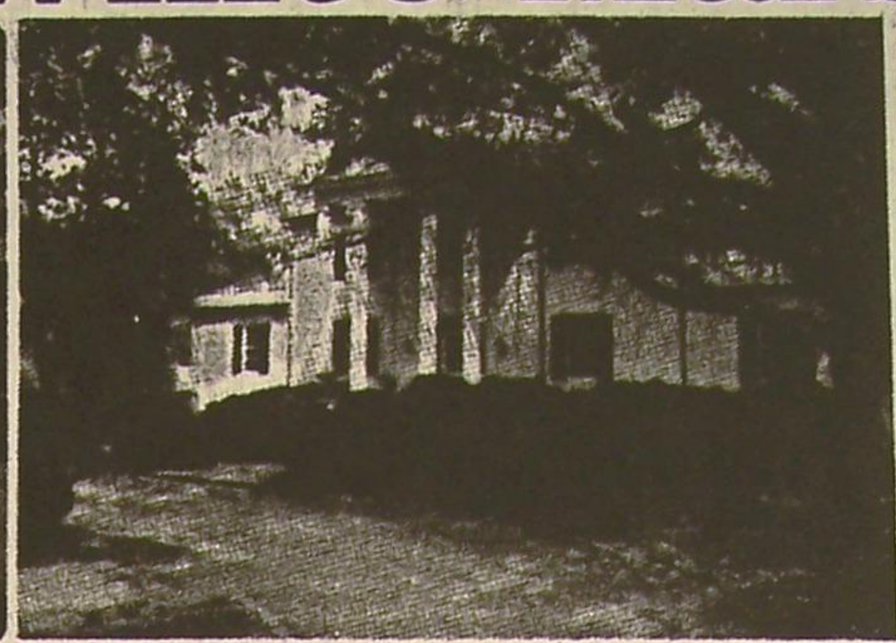
VMI Cadets at "White Marsh"





A THING OF BEAUTY

"White Marsh Plantation", the Gloucester home of Mr. and Mrs. William Ingles recently underwent a restoration project which was the work of William ap Walker Jones, Gloucester contractor. These beautiful photographs of Joseph Nicolson of Selden show the exterior and interior of the lovely manor house. The curved or circular stairway has been described as a "work of art."

A CIVIL WAR STORY

General Hunter, U. S. A. , had applied the torch to the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, in revenge for the part that the cadets of that institution took in the Battle of New Market on the 15th of May, 1864.

It was in the autumn of that year, the cadets of the V. M. I. being homeless on account of duty to their State, that a General Francis H. Smith, then as ever the faithful superintendent of that institution and noted for his administrative excellence, secured from the proper authorities the almshouse at Richmond (now known as City Hospital), then not fully completed and not having been occupied by the persons for whom it was designed.

So the cadet corps went into quarters there, at the Almshouse, Richmond, Va., in September, 1864, and resumed their studies, and acting as drill masters for recruits until the evacuation of this city, April 3, 1865. This recountal of the following interesting incident was induced by the writer's recent frequent visits to this City Hospital, now very much larger and greatly beautified since this war epoch, when the 150 hungry boys occupied it as barracks and lecture halls, with only two very scant meals per diem, but still all pertaining to that period is "to memory dear", and this last week, on frequent visits there to see a man badly wounded by a pistol shot, it was my privilege to walk up and down those steps for the first time I had since I was on sentry duty there as a boy cadet.

So whilst walking over the "old camp ground", I naturally indulged in reveries, and of this particular reminiscence of that period of our beleaguered, half-starved, peerless Richmond.

In these reminiscences of last week there the following adventure, as related here, was deemed most worthy of publication. So here it offers itself (in 1911) for the Confederate Column of The Times-Dispatch of a time in Virginia's history -- of Christmas, 1864.

A war Christmas is in bitter contrast to one of peace and plenty. Some of the cadets went home for the holidays, but many of our homes were either destroyed or difficult to get to by the vicissitudes of "the times so sadly out of joint". Those who had no homes to go to a fortiori stayed in the [illegible]

ter's morn, when we two cadets set out from Richmond with one horse only between us, on which we were to "ride and tie" some ninety-five miles with the two rivers, the Chickahominy and Pamunkey, to cross. We went in full uniform, so as not to be suspected as spies. Our trip us without incident save having to wait at Piping Tree Ferry for the wind to lull for hours. Well, at last, about midnight of the third day of this hazardous journey, we arrived at White Marsh, our destination, and one of the most magnificent estates then in this county, with its avenue of pecan trees, splendid falling garden attached to the rear of the hospitable, fine old mansion, whose hospitable doors were never shut in the face of want or otherwise, and the name of "White Marsh" was a synonym of broad, open-hearted kindness.

On arriving at that hour, of course, there was a flutter in the old mansion, thinking the arrival that of the enemy, which was not infrequent and at all hours of the night. So informing us, Miss Minnie Lloyd (now Mrs. Philip Yeatman), a sister of John Miller, kissed him fondly and welcome me, and we were soon before a blazing fire, with oysters, ham, cake, etc, as a relay, and led by lovely girls -- one of whom was the great incentive that led me into his hazard -- we then put our dear old horse in a green house (now empty) down in the overgrown, unclipped garden, for safety, as the Yankees feared "bushwhackers" and avoided going into these acres of overgrown, thorny shrubbery. Next day and the next we enjoyed Christmas to its fullest, if a boy's appetite is a true index, and now I envy it after these many years.

"The Lady of Lyons" (Bulwer's dear love story) was improvised for the third evening. Pauline Deschappelles was represented by one whom I risked the trip to see, and I was Claude Melnotte, and all was going as "merry as a marriage bell" and ""Twas a sound of revelry", and she was the "onliest girl in the world to me then but "others" since. We were getting on swimmingly with a merry audience of about ten, one of that audience an octogenarian then, Miss Man of the Rectory. The doors were tightly barred and the window shutters and inside curtains being drawn to exclude light outside form within. Suddenly Claude Mel-

himself and our guide. We quickly put our foot on the crossbar, and we two were soon packed like two red herrings in the space above made for only one man. By now the enemy had gotten in the house. They smashed a mirror, punched holes in portraits and went into our closet, the false door of which had pegs and clothes hanging on them, and we kept quiet, with bated breath.

Finally, they departed with all the pelf they chose to take with them. They fancied we had left by an open window that led into the conservatory for flowers. So they went away minus the "two damned young rebels" they were looking for, as they had been told we were there, possibly by some slave or ex-slave of the estate.

After they departed it was deemed advisable that we, too, had better depart. Wherefore, about 2 A. M. , under a cold, dull star light, we said good-by with sad misgivings and I with a heart well-nigh broken, to "the girl I left behind me".

Our detour form White Marsh back to the V. M. I., now the City Almshouse, was a rough, cold, tedious one. John and I said little, but thought deeply; I know I did. I was hungry, cold, in love and tired, and to think of leaving Cupid's realm at dear, darling, enchanting White Marsh, Gloucester County, Va., and instead face the cold, forbidding wall of the poorhouse -- no, the dear old substitute for the Virginia Military Institute at Richmond -- and to have to go to the blackboard and explain "that square described on the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle with equivalent to sum of the squares described on the outer two sides".

Oh, Sir Euclid (and you were a bona fide one), yet you could not have described then or before that the circle around my heart only found its centre at White Marsh. And with that my story ends, with apologies for a little boyish enthusiasm of ye bygone days of frequent, fragrant memory and hallowed by the lustre of Lee and his cohorts, so that who will deign to read this will pardon a little sentimental rhapsody by.

CHARLES M. WESSON,
Cadet Co. B., Cadet Battalion, Vnstitute, New Market Battalion, May 15, 1864

Editor's Note: John Tabb (1846-1921) became founder of the Academy at

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This noted, lovely matron of "White Marsh", Gloucester County Va., Mrs. J. Prosser Tabb, formerly Rebecca Lloyd of Alexandria, whose son, John, determined, with her permission and his father's, Dr. Tabb, then connected with Chimborazo Hospital, to go down to Gloucester, I being invited to go with John, which was a bright vista to me.

our Confederate lines terminated at Mechanicsville on the pike of that name, five miles northeast of this city, being the territory between Mechanicsville and Yorktown, where the United States army there was in winter quarters, so the intervening territory between Mechanicsville and Yorktown was neutral territory, subject to marauding parties from York and dashes from Richmond.

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Well it goes "without saying" that John and I followed Miss Minnie as faithfully as I hope Mr. Philip Yeatman did all his life later. We walked as lightly as the Indians did in days of yore down there. So we followed, while the enemy were still banging at the doors, until she reached a large closet made by the side of inside chimneys. A false open door next to the inner wall of the closet had been made by Dr. Tabb, as his hiding place, and no one knew of it besides

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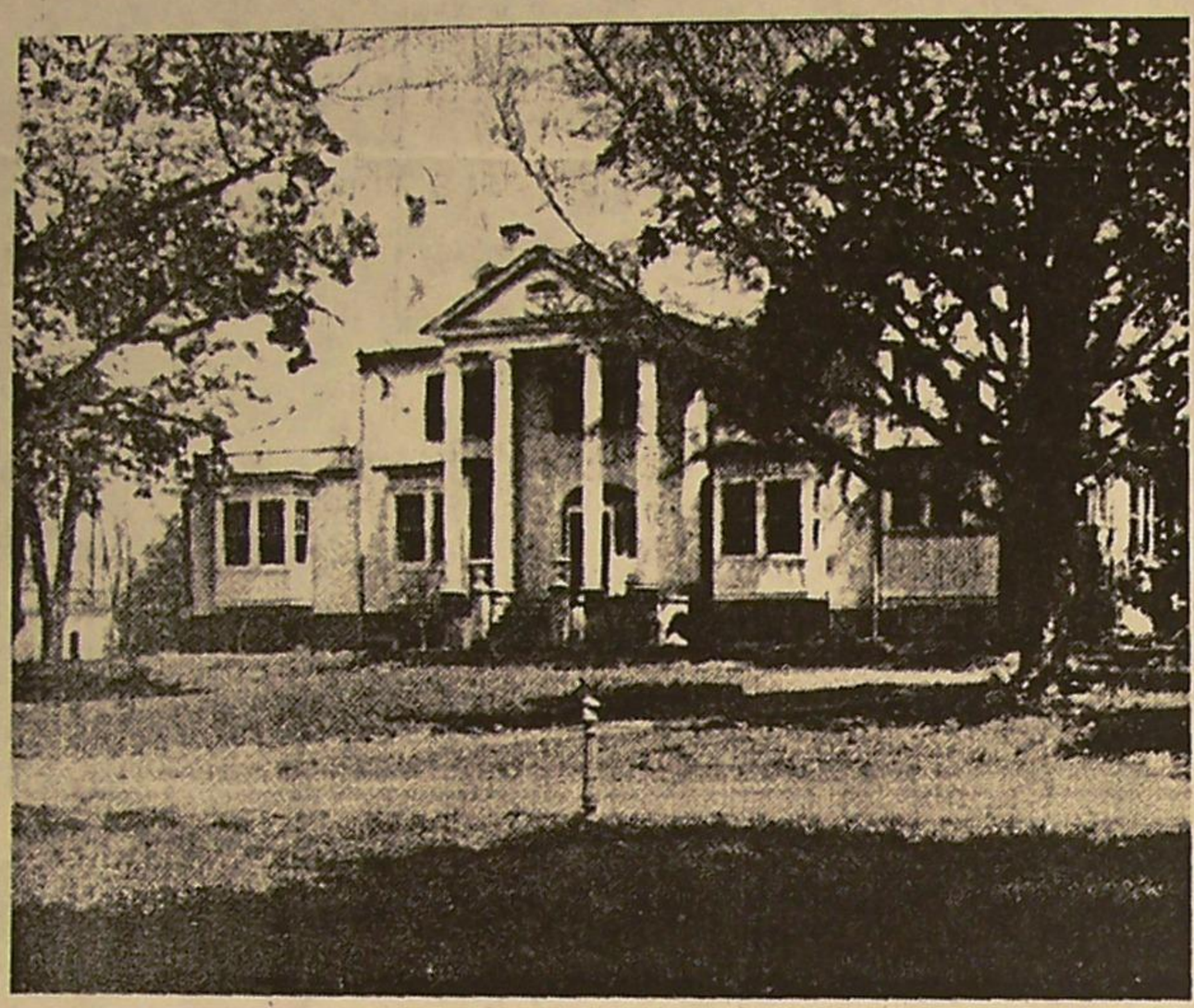
CADETS HID AT WHITE MARSH PLANTATION DURING CHRISTMAS



WHITE MARSH

A War Episode of Two Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute
by Charles M. Wesson, Cadet Company B., Cadet Battalion, V.M.I., New Market Battalion
(reprinted from 2/8/67 Glo-Quips issue)

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So the cadet corps went into quarters there, at the Almshouse, Richmond, Va. in September, 1865, and resumed their studies, and, acting as drill masters for recruits until the evacuation of this city, April 3, 1865. This recountal of the following interesting incident was induced by the writer's recent frequent visits to this City Hospital, but very much larger and greatly beautified since the war epoch, when the 150 hungry boys occupied it as barracks and lecture halls, with only two very scant meals per diem, but still all pertaining to that period is "to memory dear," and this last week, on frequent visits there to see a man badly wounded by a pistol shot, it was my privilege to walk up and down those steps for the first time I had since I was on sentry duty there as a boy cadet. So whilst walking over the "old camp ground" I naturally indulged in reveries, and of this particular reminiscence of that period of our beleagured, half-starved, peerless Richmond. In these reminiscences of last week there the following adventure, as related, was deemed most worthy of publication. So here it offers itself for the Confederate Column of the Times-Dispatch of a time in Virginia's history -- of Christmas, 1864. A war Christmas is in bitter contrast to one of peace and plenty. Some of the cadets went home for the holidays, but many of our homes were either destroyed or difficult to get to by the vissitudes of "the times so sadly out of joint." Those who had no homes to go to a fortiori stayed in barracks. I was one of the latter class, and gladly availed myself of the invitation of a dear, dear friend, who son was one of my chums. This noted, lovely matron of "White Marsh", Gloucester County, Virginia, Mrs. J. Prosser Tabb, formerly Rebecca Lloyd of Alexandria, whose son, John determined, with her permission and his father's Dr. Tabb, then connected with Chimborazo Hospital, to go down to Gloucester, I being invited to go with John, which was a bright vista to me. Our Confederate lines terminiated at Mechanicsville on the pike of that name, five miles northeast of this city, being the territory between Mechanicsville and Yorktown, where the United States army there was in winter quarters, so the intervening territory between Mechanicsville and Yortown was neutral territory, subject marauding parties from York and dashes from Richmond.

This 25th day of December, 1864, was a cold, gray winter's morn, when we two cadets set out from Richmond with one horse only between us, on which we were to "ride and tie" some ninety-five miles, with the two rivers, the Chickahominy and Pamunkey, to cross. We went in full uniform, so as not to be suspected as spies. Our trip was without incident save having to wait at Piping Tree Ferry for the wind to lull for hours. Well, at last, about midnight of the third day of the hazardous journey, we arrived at White Marsh, our destination, and one of the most magnificent estates than in this country, with its avenue of pecan trees, splendid falling garden attached to the rear of the hospitable, fine old mansion, whose hospitable doors were never shut in the face of want or otherwise, and the name of "White Marsh" was a synonym of broad, open-hearted kindness.

On arriving at that hour, of course, there was a flutter in the old mansion, thinking the arrival that of the enemy, which was not infrequent and at all hours of the night. So informing us, Miss Minnie Lloyd (now Mrs. Philip Yeatman), sister of John Miller, kissed fondly and welcomed me, and we were soon before a blazing fire, with oysters, ham, cake, etc., as a relay , and led by lovely girls - one of whom was the great incentative that led me into this hazard -- we then put our dear old horse in a green house (now empty) down in the overgrown, unclipped garden, for safety, as the Yankees feared "bushwackers" and avoided goring in these acres of overgrown, thorny shrubbery. Next day and the next we enjoyed Christmas to its fullest, if aboy's appetite is a true index, and now I envy it after these many years.

"The Lady of Lyons" (Bulwer's dear love story) was improvised for the third evening. Pauline Deschapelles was represented by one whom I risked the trip to see, and all was going as "merry as a marriage bell" and "Twas a sound of revelry," and she was the "onliest" girl in the world to me then, but "others" since. We were getting on swimmingly with a merry audience of about ten, one of that audience an octogenarian then, Miss Mann, of the Rectory. The doors were tightly barred and the window shutters and inside curtains being drawn to exclude light outside from within. Suddenly Claude Melnotte's (that's me) love rhapsody was silenced by the heavy footsteps, tramping on the flagstones of the porch and portico. "Who's there?" demanded Miss Minnie Lloyd. Gruff answer: "We. Where are those young rebels?" In a calm voice -- had she been in the saddle Mosby and J.E.B. Stuart would have had to look to their laurels -- she beckoned my comrade, John Tabb, who was standing, I dare say bravely whilst I felt a queer sensation as if my teeth and not my tongue wanted to chatter. Well it goes "without saying" that John and I followed Miss Minnie as faithfully as I hope Mr. Philip Yeat did all his later life. We walked as lightly as the Indians did in days of yore down there. So we followed, while the enemy were still banging at the doors, until she reached a large closed made by the side of inside chimneys. A false open door next to the inner wall of the closet had been made by Dr. Tabb, as his hiding place, and no one knew of it besides himself and our guide. We quickly put or foot on the crossbar and we two were soon packed like to red herrings in the space above made for only one man. By now the enemy had gotten in the house. They smashed a mirror, punched holes in portraits, and went into our closet, the false door of which had pegs and clothes hanging on them and we kept quiet, with bated breath. Finally they departed with all the pelf they chose to take with them. They fancied we had left by an open window that led into the conservatory for flowers. So they went away minutes the "two d--d young rebels" they were looking for

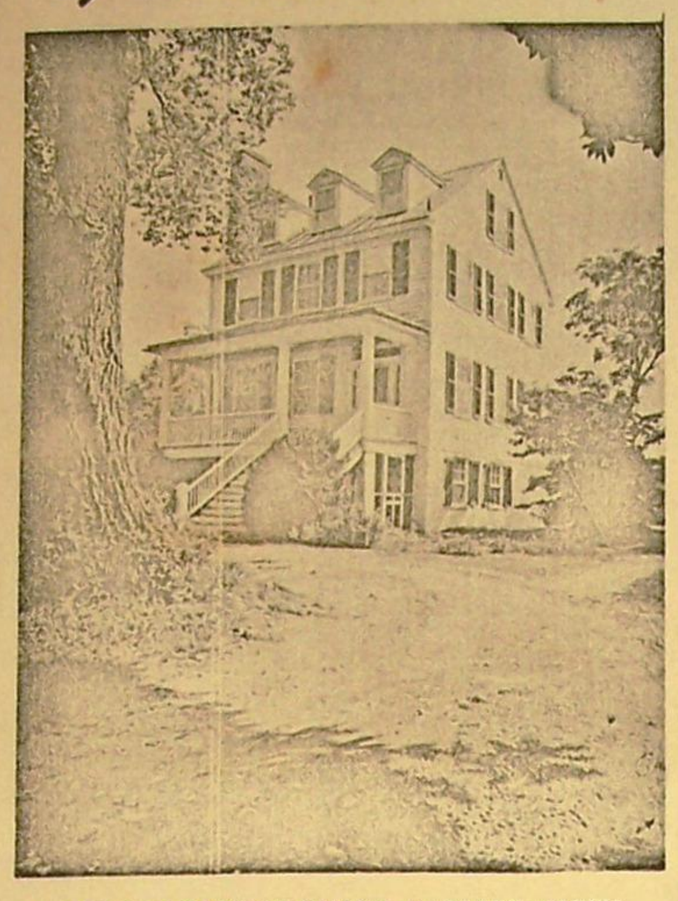
as they had been told we were there, possibly by some slave or ex-slave of the estate. After they departed it was deemed advisable that we, too, had better depart. Wherefore, about 2 A.M. under a cold, dull star light, we said goodby with sad misgivings and I with a heart well nigh broken, to "the girl I left behind me." Our detour from White Marsh back to the V.M.I., now the City Almshouse, was rough, cold, tedious one. John and I said little, but thought deeply; I know I did. I was hungry, cold, in love, and tired, and to think of leaving Cupid's realm at dear, darling, enchanting White Marsh, Gloucester County, Virginia and instead face the cold, forbidding walls of the poorhouse - no, the dear old substitute for the Virginia Military Institute at Richmond -- and to have to go to the blackboard and explain that "square described on the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle was equivalent to sum of the squares described on the outer two sides." Oh, Sir Euclid (and you were a bonafide one), yet you could not have described then or before that the circle around my heart only found its center at White Marsh. And with that my story ends, with apologies for a little boyish enthusiasm of ye bygone days of frequent, fragrant memory and hallowed by the lustre of Lee and his cohorts, so that who will deign to read this will pardon a little sentimental rhapsody by me. 5/15/1865.

Photos 1960's

Hickory Fork
near White Marsh
Built 1838-40 by Thomas W. Minor.
Later owned by the Cooke family and known as "Elm Court".
At the time of the photos it was owned by the William Stewart Milliken family.

GLO-QUIPS August 10, 1966

"Hickory Fork" Was Built By ~~John~~ Thomas W. Minor in 1838



FOUR FLOORS OF CHARM AT WHITE MARSH

"Hickory Fork" near White Marsh in Gloucester Co. is the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Stewart Milliken, who have beautifully restored the pre-Civil War residence since they purchased it several years ago.

According to Joseph James Nicolson, local historian, "Hickory Fork" was originally a part of the patents of Augustine Warner I in 1653 and 1657. Later Lawrence Smith of Severn Hall had possession of the property by patents in 1666 and it passed from Severn Hall to Abingdon Plantation, owned by the Lewis Family around 1700. Addison Lewis and his wife, Susanna owned Abingdon in 1780. Their daughter, Susan, who married Dr. Samuel Byrd (born at Westover) possessed the property in 1800 and the tax book shows Thomas Minor, Jr., an infant, as owning "Hickory Fork" with [illegible] acres, in 1825. This is the first mention of the name "Hickory Fork" as such.

The residence was built in 1838 and the name of the builder, Thomas W. Minor, is clearly etched in a glass window pane. The value of the place was $2500 then. In 1846, Dr. Samuel Beverly Cary took ownership of the 45-1/2 acre estate from Minor. In 1877, Dr. Cary's 100 acre estate of Hickory Fork was sold for $1500 at public auction to Sinclair Taliaferro, who was a son of Thomas Booth Taliaferro. The property was transferred to Ella G. Booth on May 21, 1880 when Sinclair Taliaferro failed to pay off two bonds against Hickory Fork. Ella Booth was a wife of Warner Throckmorton Cooke, a nephew of Dr. Samuel Cary. Cooke could not own any property in his own name as he had been declared in bankruptcy by the Richmond Federal Court under a law passed by the re-construction Congress.

Warner Cooke and his wife, Ella G. Booth Cooke, had two sons, Millard and John, and two daughters, Ella S. and Eliza B. Millard was killed by a horse and died at Hickory Fork. There is a legend that his blood still stains a floor of the old house.

John Cooke, Elizabeth Booth Cooke and Ella S. Cooke inherited the place from their parents. Later John sold his interest to his sisters in 1885 for $500. The name was Elm Grove at that time. Eliza B. Cooke became Mrs. Elwood H. Mason and received her sister's interest in Hickory Fork by Circuit Court action.

In 1915, Mr. and Mrs. Mason sold Hickory Fork to R. M. Rilee, who sold to J. R. Newcomb and Son in November 1918. The 99 acres and house went to John S. Newcomb when John R. Newcomb died. Mr. Newcomb on July 6, 1940 deeded 81.82 acres to his sister, Annie N. Marston. Mrs. Marston sold the homesite, house and 2.75 acres to Linwood H. Rowe and wife, Dora C. Rowe, on July 23, 1941.

Mr. and Mrs. Milliken bought the property from the Rowes.

Hickory Fork continued

Landi[illegible]ngs $750,000

"Hickory Fork", a landr[illegible]y and a half, has been sold [illegible]g Route 17 at White Marsh [illegible]n B. Wyatt and Peggy H. Wy[illegible]- ing, the property consists [illegible]- band, William S.Milliken [illegible]d from Mr. and Mrs. Linwoo[illegible]

"Hickory Fork" is believed to have been built in the early 1800's by Thomas Minor.

William Wyatt, who is associated with Wyatts Pilgrim House Galleries and other associated companies in York County, recently purchased the property, adjacent to "Hickory Fork", occupied by Gloucester Equipment Company. He also has interest in property at White Marsh which consists of the Post Office and service station owned by the late Richard Clements. He has interest in land opposite Little Sue at White Marsh, also.

Some years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt built a home on a hill overlooking Jones Creek and York River at Clay Bank.

It is believed that Mrs. Milliken could move to Williamsburg, Virginia. She retired several years ago from Civil Service at Fort Monroe. Mr. Milliken was very active in Gloucester Lions Club and was associated with Bill Fary Ford before his death.

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Mr. and Mrs. Milliken bought the property from the Rowes.

Hickory Fork continued

Landmark Brings $750,000

Gla-Quirer 1/11/89

"Hickory Fork", a landmark in Gloucester County for a century and a half, has been sold for $750,000. The four-story dwelling along Route 17 at White Marsh was sold by Georgina C. Milliken to William B. Wyatt and Peggy H. Wyatt, of Clay Bank. In addition to the dwelling, the property consists of 80.32 acres. Mrs. Milliken and her husband, William S.Milliken who died August 15, 1987, bought the land from Mr. and Mrs. Linwood H. Rowe in April 1957.

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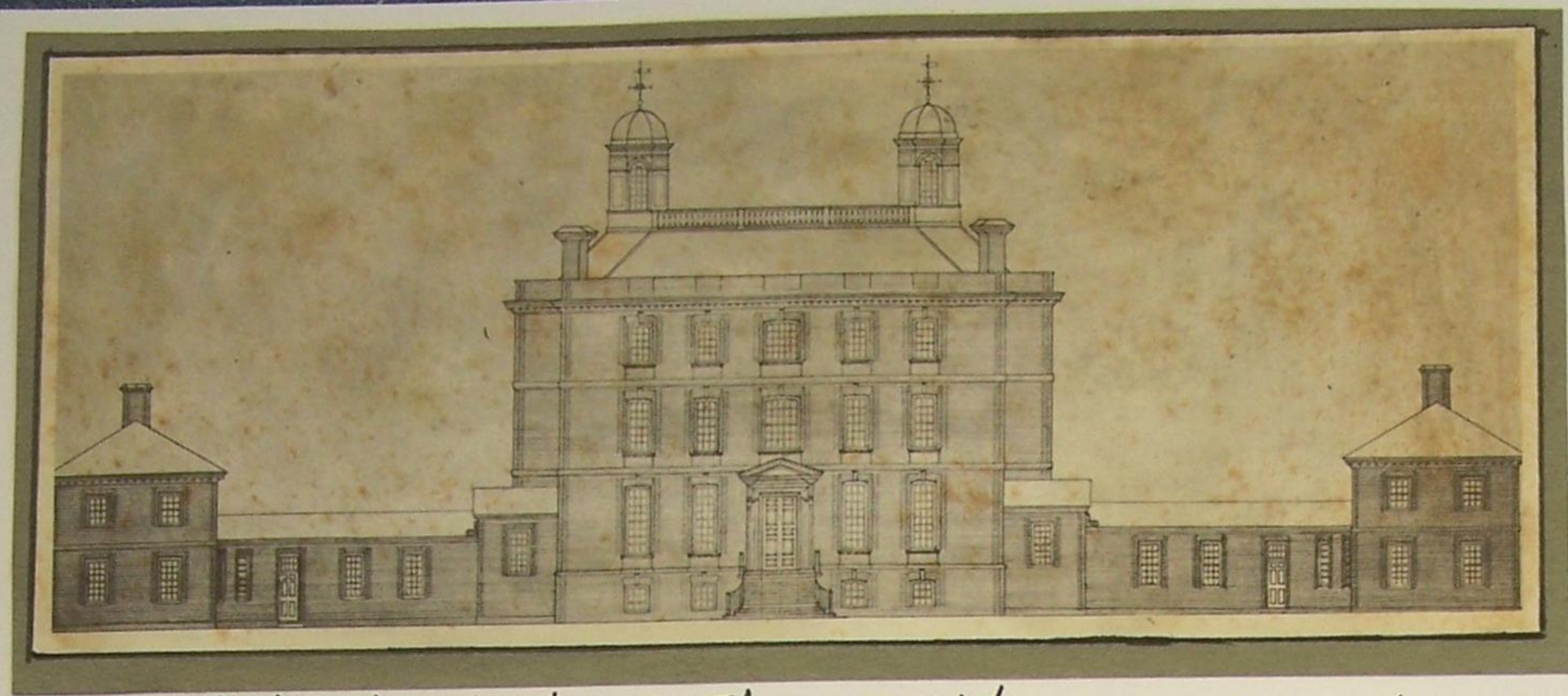


Conjectural restoration by Thomas T. Waterman of the north facade of Rosewell. It may never have been completed.

Rosewell ~ on the York River

Begun by Mann Page I soon after fire destroyed an earlier house in 1721. At Page's death in 1730 it had not been completed. His son, Mann Page II, completed the house by the early to mid 1740's.

John Page, son of Mann Page II, was born here. He was a friend of Thomas Jefferson and a Governor of Virginia.

Sold out of the Page family in the 1830's and on 24 March, 1916 was gutted by fire, only the ruined walls remain of what was probably the Grandest Georgian Country house built in Virginia in the 18th century.

Aerial perspective of Rosewell ~ what might have been.

- view from southwest -

Rosewell continued —

By the end of the 19th century the house was fast falling into ruin. The fine Georgian lines were marred by alterations in the roof and the adding of pediments to the pavilions.

- view from northwest -

Great staircase window in east pavilion

- north facade -

continued →

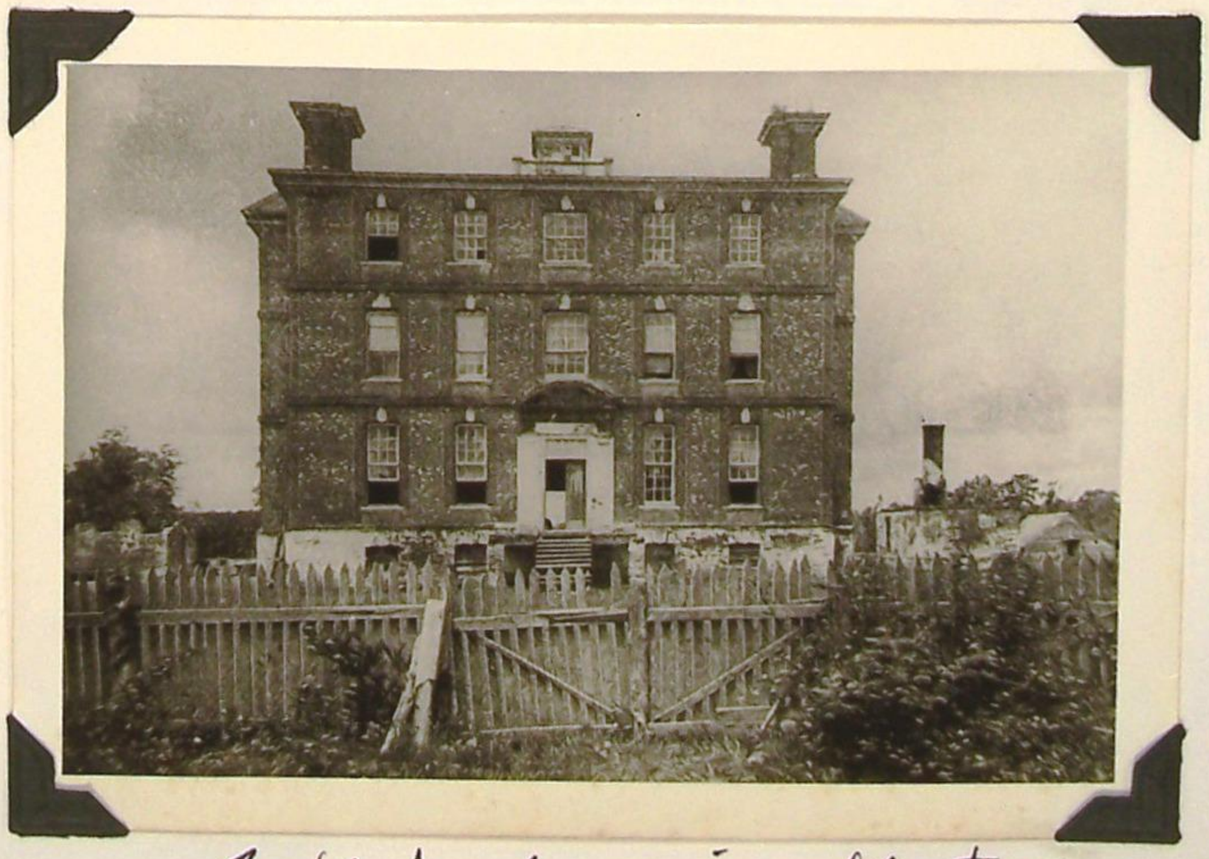
View from Southwest
Photo c1891 by Robert A. Lancaster, Jr.

South facade

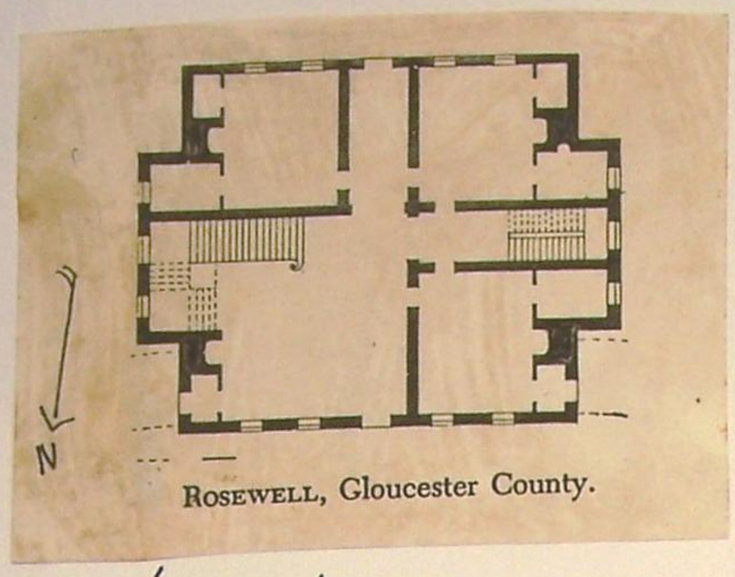
Rosewell continued

View from southeast

view from the garden



South facade ~ ruins of the two forecourt buildings on the north can be seen beyond the mansion.

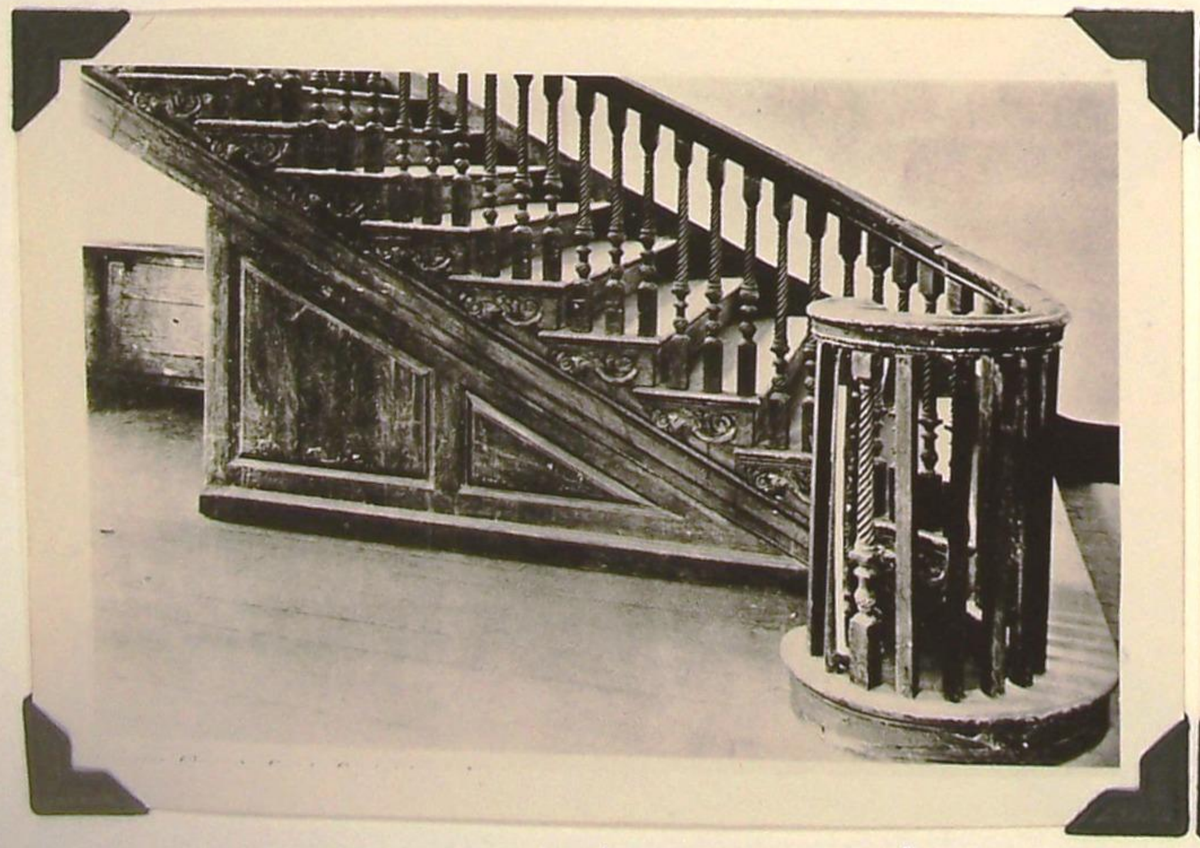


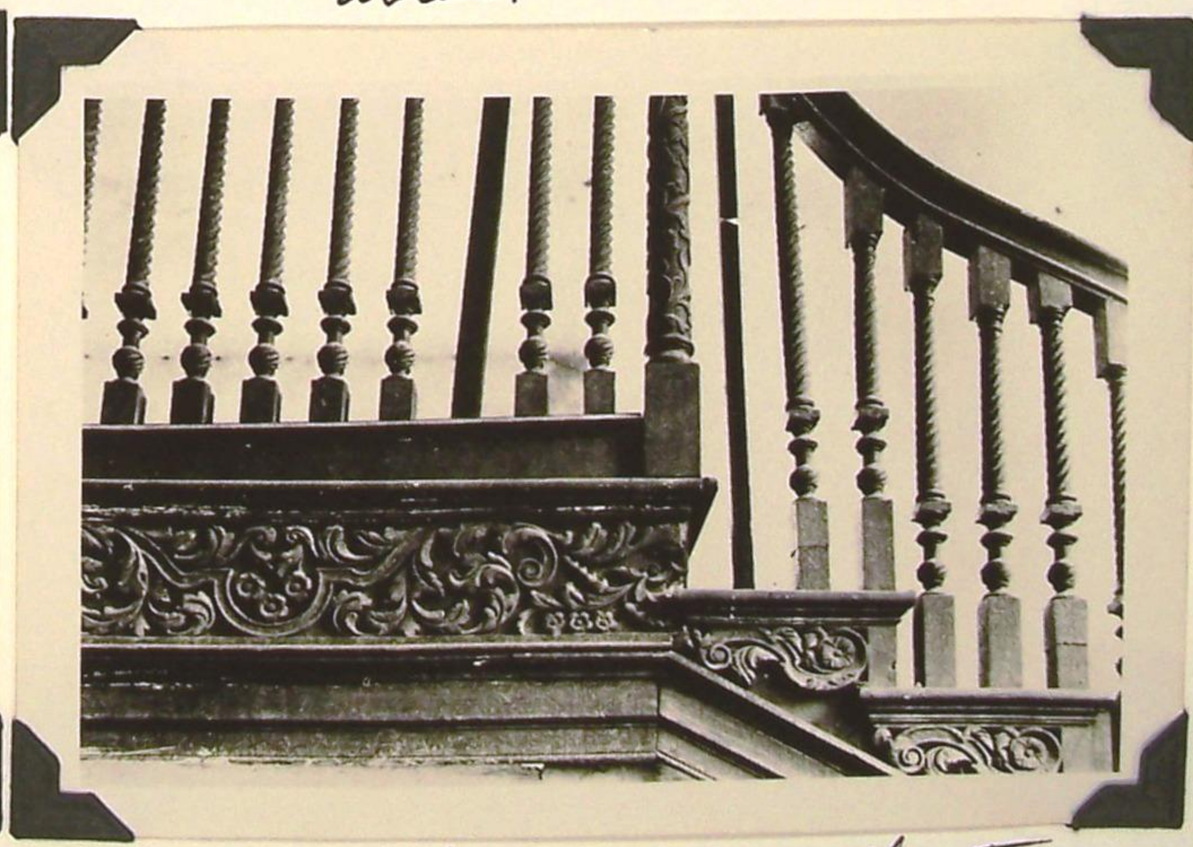
— Floor plan —

The hall and stair at Rosewell —

The staircase is all that's left to give some idea of the grandeur of the 18th century interior. The paneling and mantels were removed and black and white marble blocks which floored the hall were taken up.

19th and early 20th century owners used the large hall for a ballroom — it is said 40 couples could easily be accommodated and the breadth of the staircase allowed 8 people to walk up abreast.





Details of the stair — the stair ends and frieze are similar to those at "Tuckahoe", the Randolph home on the James River in Goochland county, which dates to c. 1712-23.

continued →

Last Wednesday Judge and Mrs. Fielding Lewis Taylor removed from the Capitol three portraits which belonged to Judge Taylor. The paintings were of:

Augustine Warner
Warner Lewis
Governor Thomas Nelson

The paintings were in poor condition and Mrs. Lewis, an artist, wished to restore them. They were to hang at "Rosewell", a practically fireproof place.

copied from: THE RICHMOND DISPATCH, Tuesday, January 26, 1897.

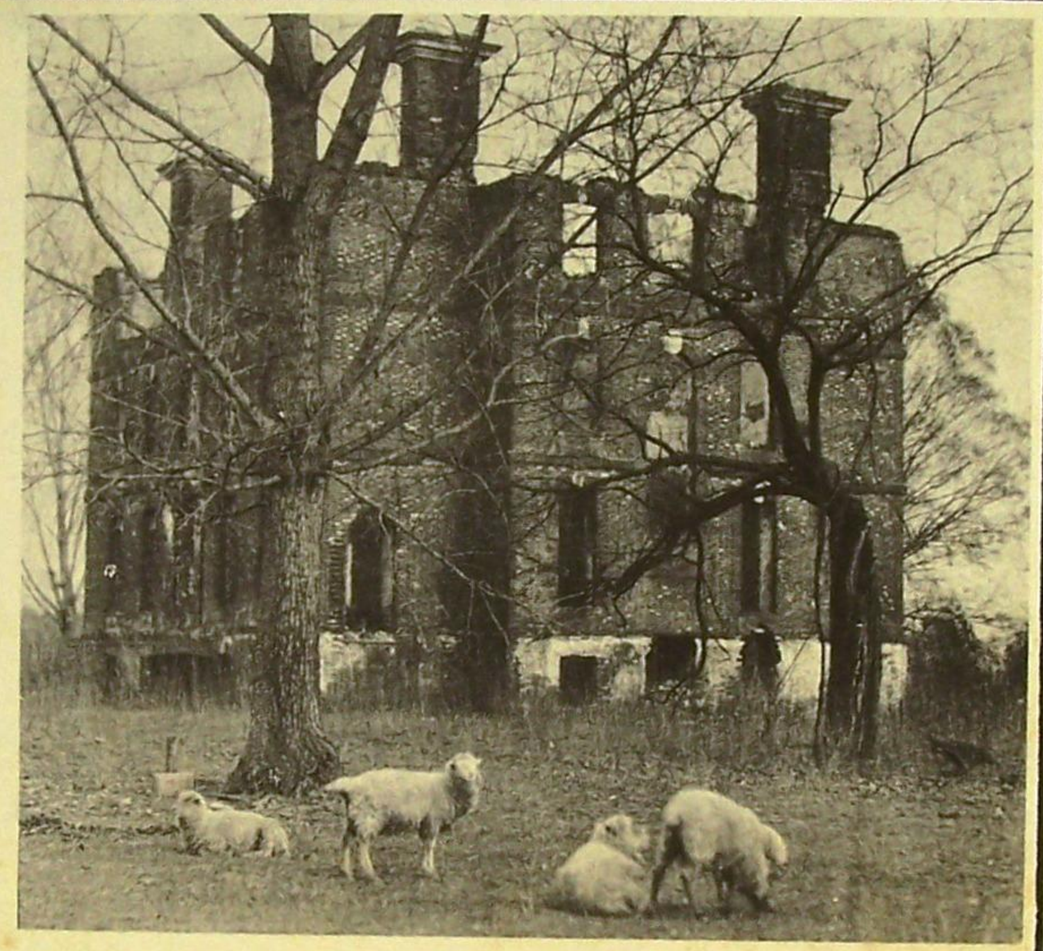
Ironicly, "Rosewell" burned in 1916!

Historic "Rosewell" is Gloucester County, with all its priceless relics and heirlooms, was destroyed by fire yesterday. Judge Fielding Lewis Taylor, the owner, says that nothing of any value was saved and the family narrowly escaped. Only the walls of the stately brick structure remain. "Rosewell" was built by Mann Page I in 1725.

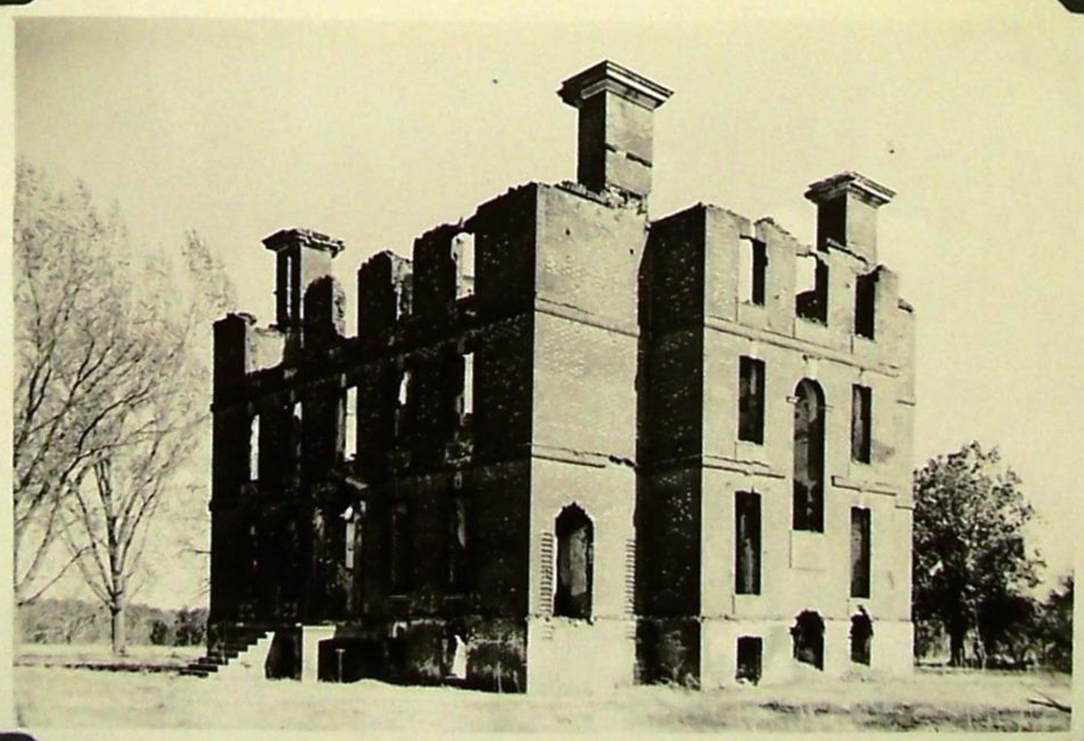
Rosewell burned 24 March 1916

"They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep. . . ."

In 1909 a writer said of *Rosewell,* "The superbly constructed mansion . . . gives promise of outliving many centuries to come." Seven years later only this burnt shell remained.



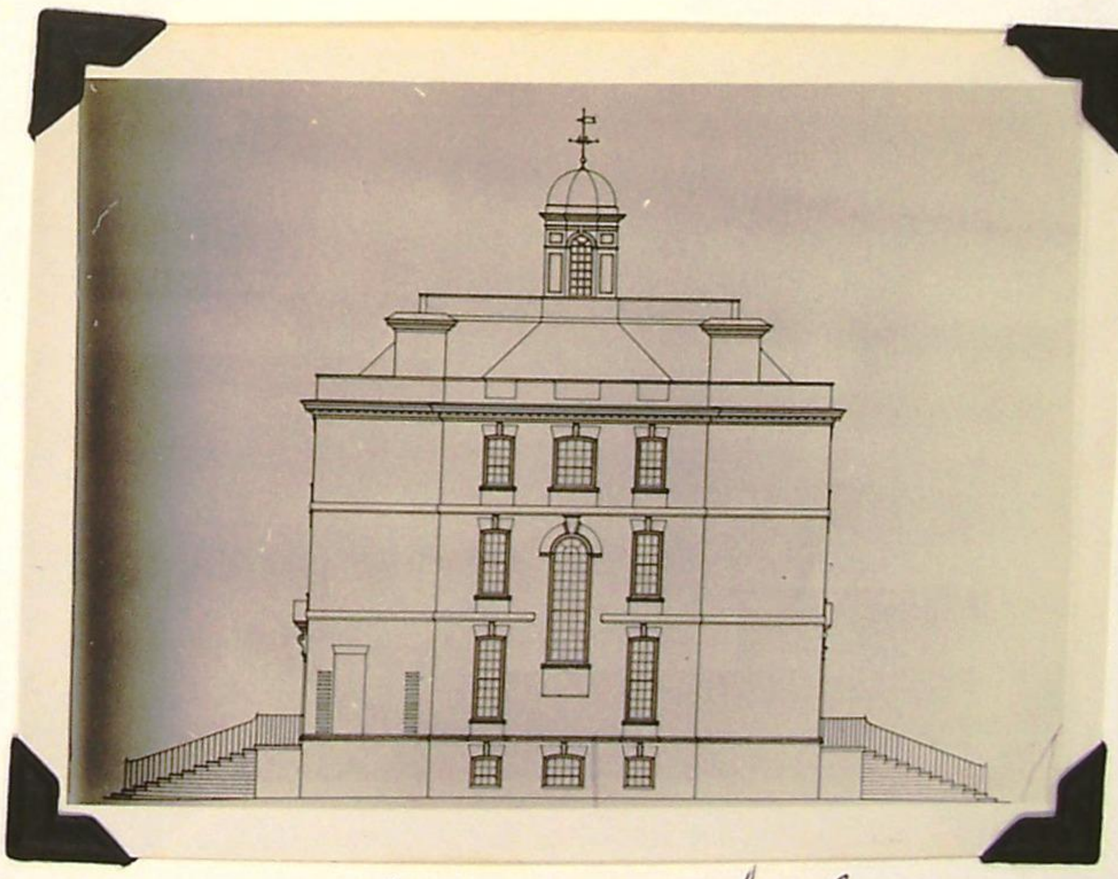
— view from southwest —



— view from northwest —

North facade — Photo 1955

West facade



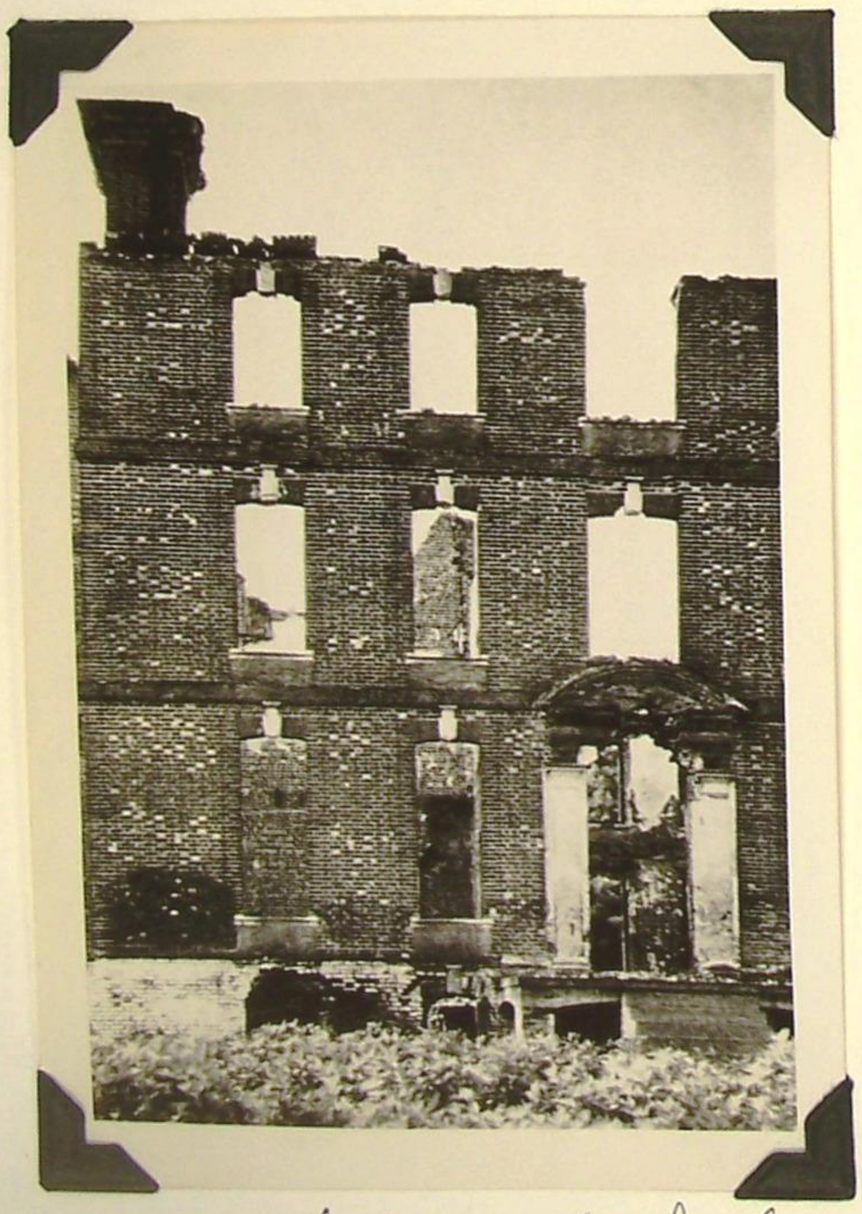
Elevation of the west facade

"The end elevations are formed largely by the great pavilions, the features of which are the tall arched staircase windows. These lighted the landing of the east stair and the hallways of the west stair...." Thomas T. Waterman.

continued →

— Detail of west facade

Roosevelt continued



Partial view of south facade

Detail of South door

Detail of the
South doorway

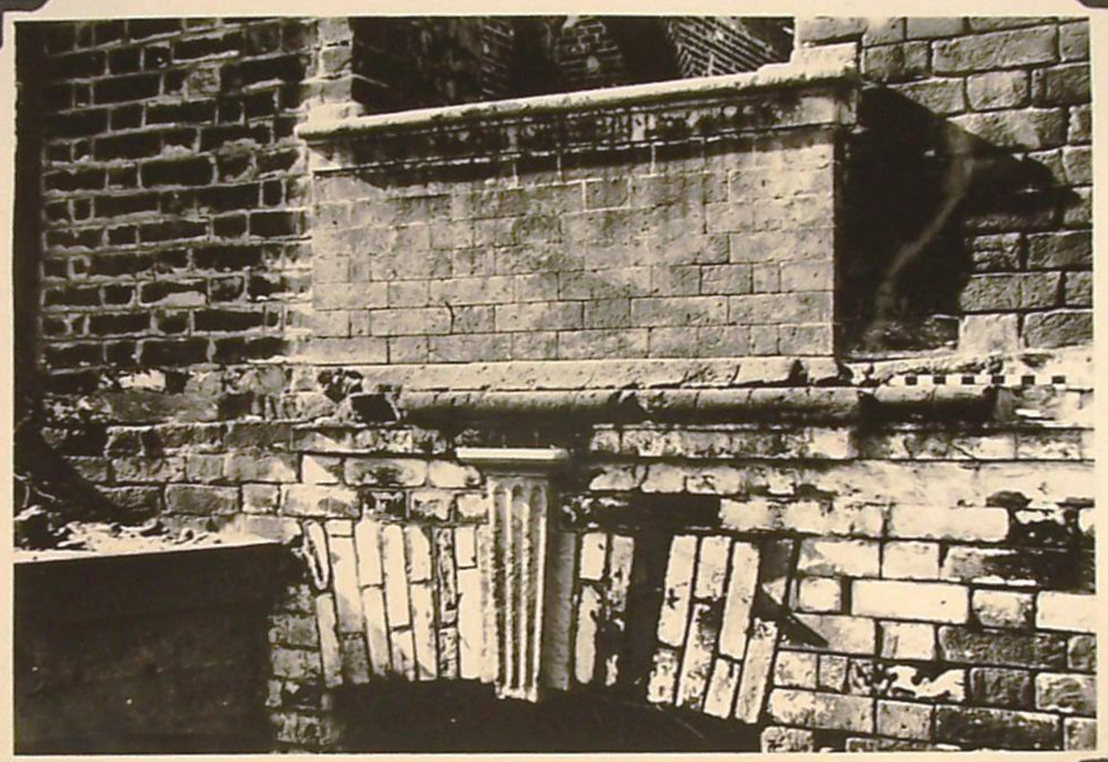
By the time of this photo part of the South wall had collapsed due to a severe explosion at the Naval Mine Depot across the York River on 17 November 1943.

continued →

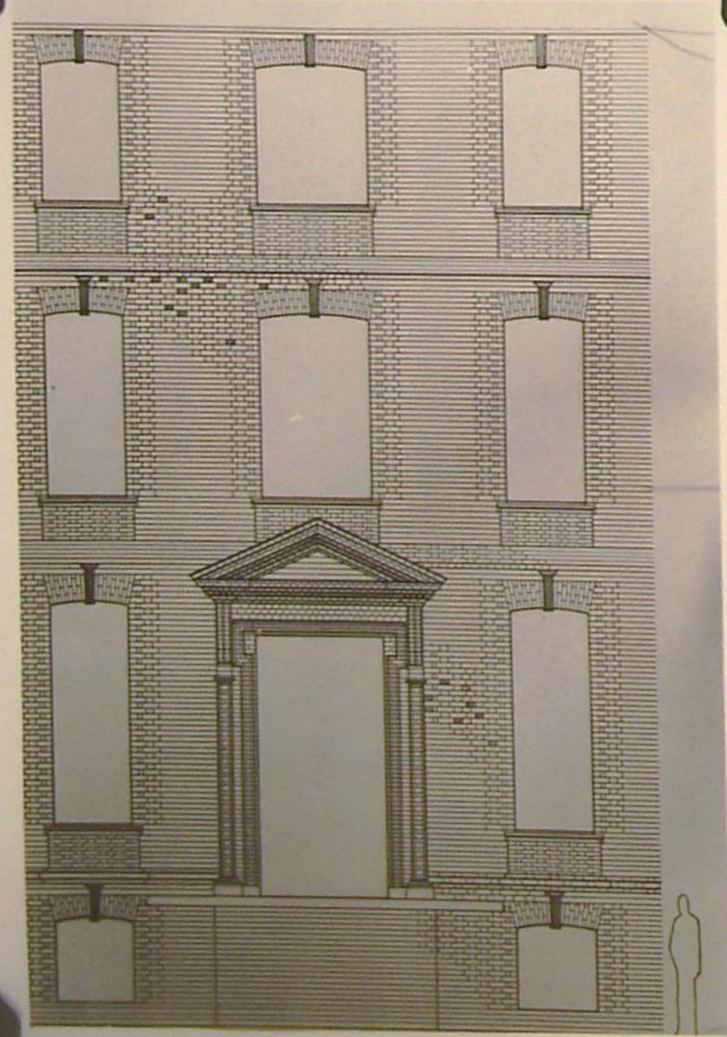
view from northeast of the North wall - photo 1967

- North facade

Rosewell continued

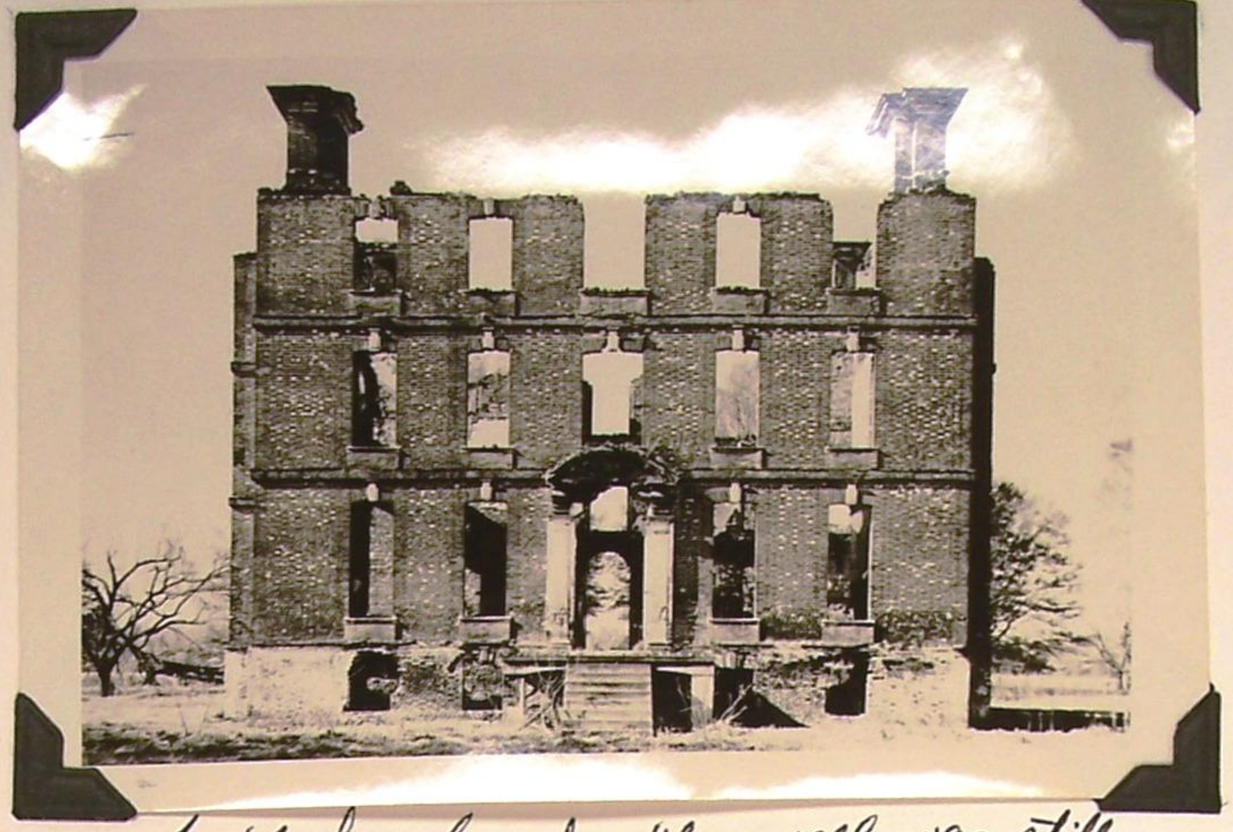


Detail of rubbed brick and a keystone which became favorites of souvenir hunters and many disappeared.



Partial elevation of north facade

- north door -



South facade when the wall was still intact.

Aerial view from south west ~ photo 1958 by Walter Becknell.

Icehouse which stood southwest of the house.

Old Icehouse at Rosewell, Now Gone

continued →

East pavilion and
the Great Staircase window

Roswell continued

de

Interior view of the east wall and great staircase window

continued →

Fireplaces of the southwest chimney - the lower one is in what had become the dining room, the room in which the fire that destroyed the house originated. (Pointed out by Cecil Page in 1955)

Rosewell
continued

view from northeast – photo by Samuel Chamberlain

Detail of west pavilion

Rosewell continued

1962 – jungle is taking over

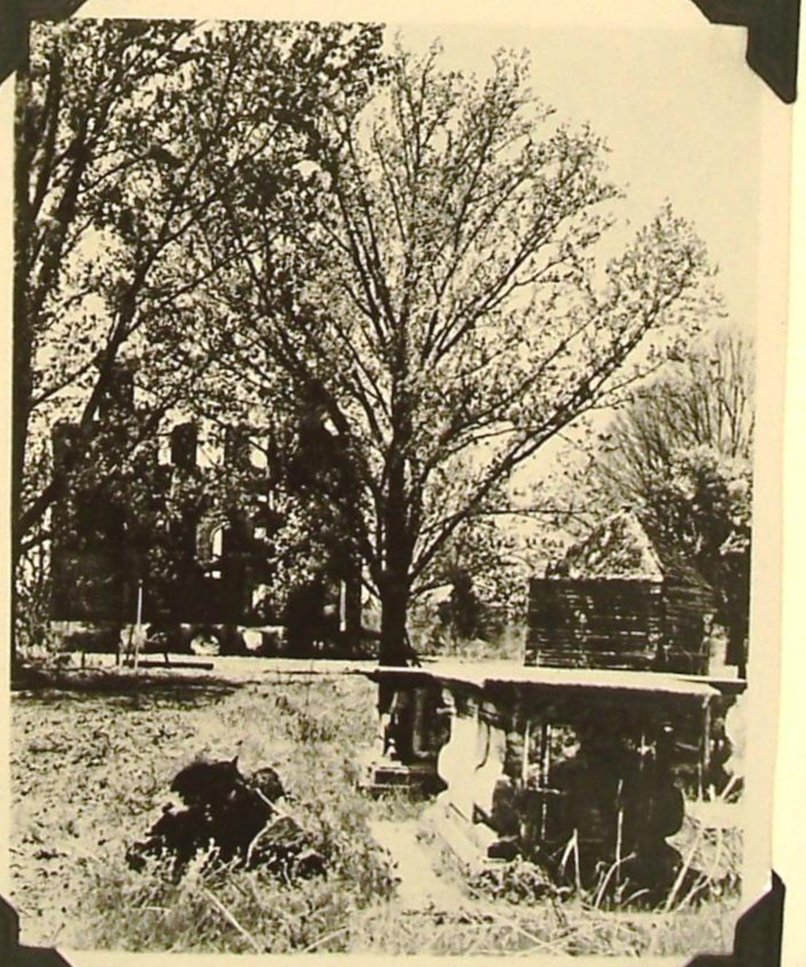
1967 – South wall completely down.

continued →

Vaulted cellar beneath the hall which supported the heavy marble flooring & base of North-east chimney seen at end wall.

— Roswell continued —

Southwest corner and chimney - 1967



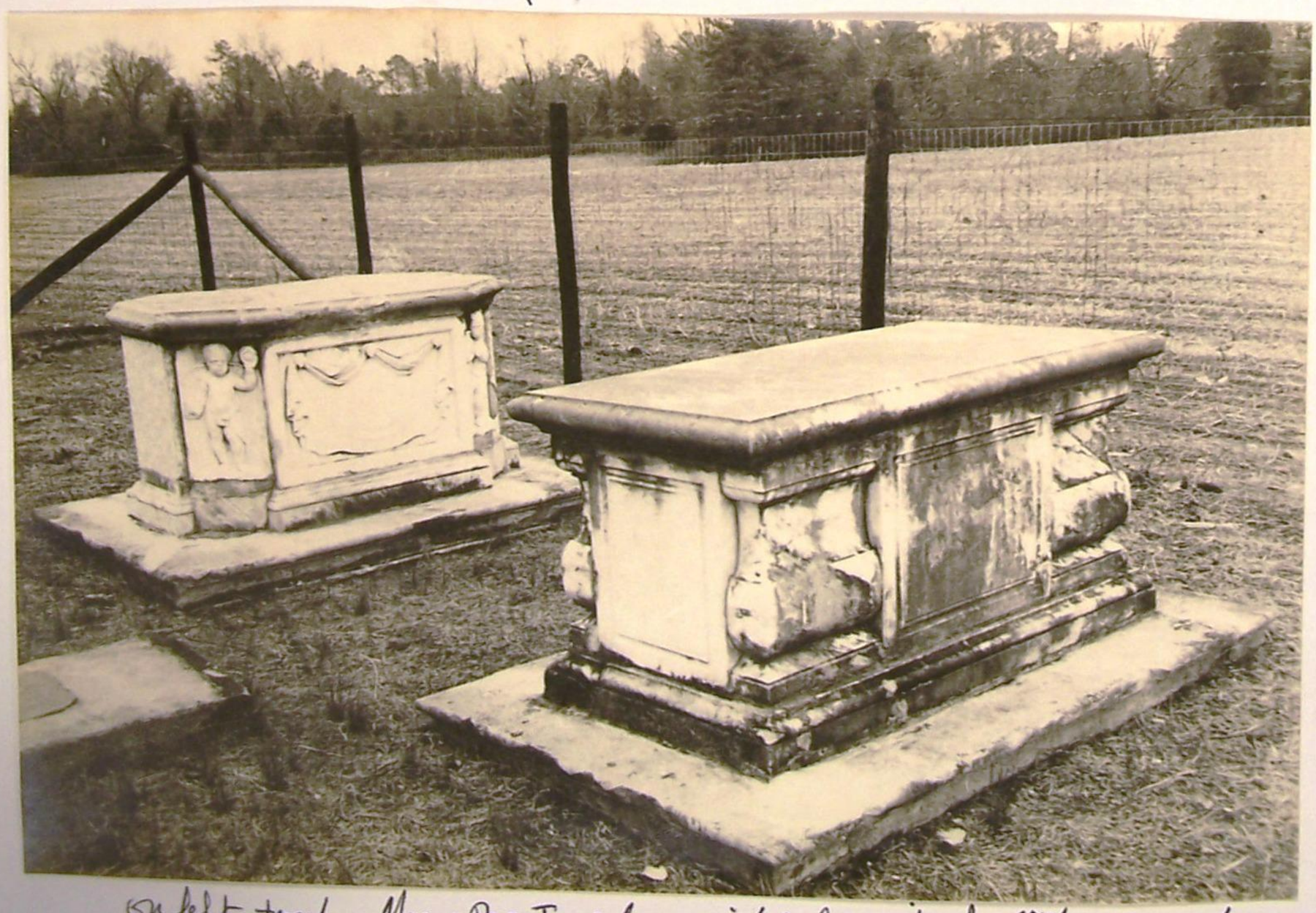
view from the east in the 1930's ~ some page family tombs in foreground and on right the smoke house

Old photo showing graveyard enclosed by split rail fence replacing the brick wall which had been demolished.

- View from the east - 1962 -

Page family cemetery at Rosewell

The grandeur of Rosewell is reflected in the marble tombs -



On left - tomb of Mann Page I and on right his wife Judith Wormeley

Mann Page I who began the building of Rosewell - his tomb.

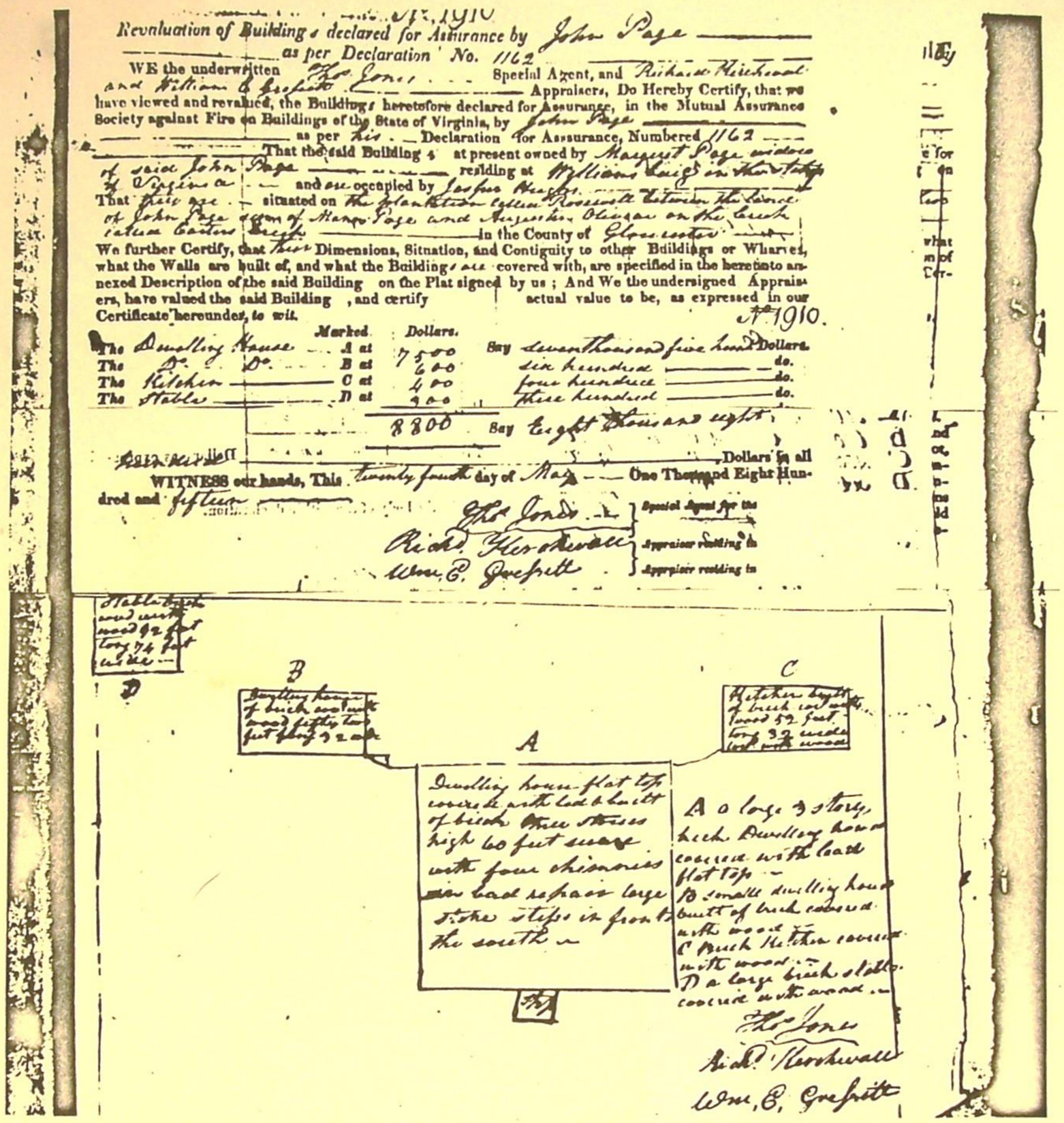
continued →

Often vandalized, the handsome Page family tombs were moved to Abingdon Church in Dec. 1969. The will of Howard Waddell, Jr. left $7,000.00 to the APVA for this purpose.

— December 1969 —
— moving the tombs —

Rosewell continued —

Rosewell remained in the Page family until the late 1830's when the widow of John Page, living in Williamsburg, died. The place was sold to Thomas Booth (reportedly for only $12,000.00). Booth sold Rosewell to John Catlett about 1849 who sold it to Josiah Deans in 1858. It remained in the Deans-Taylor-Greaves family until December 1979 when Nellie Deans Greaves and Lt. Colonel Fielding Lewis Greaves gave the mansion ruins and about 8 acres to the Gloucester Historical Society.



Revaluation of Buildings declared for Assurance by John Page
as per Declaration No. 1162

WE the underwritten Thos Jones Special Agent, and Richard Kirchwell and William E. Gresitt Appraisers, Do Hereby Certify, that we have viewed and revalued, the Buildings heretofore declared for Assurance, in the Mutual Assurance Society against Fire on Buildings of the State of Virginia, by John Page as per his Declaration for Assurance, Numbered 1162 That the said Building s at present owned by Margaret Page widow of said John Page residing at Williamsburg in the State of Virginia and are occupied by Jasper Hughes. That they are situated on the plantation called Rosewell between the land of John Page son of Mann Page and Augustine Oliver on the Creek called Carters Creek in the County of Gloucester

We further Certify, that their Dimensions, Situation, and Contiguity to other Buildings or Wharves, what the Walls are built of, and what the Buildings are covered with, are specified in the hereunto annexed Description of the said Building on the Plat signed by us; And We the undersigned Appraisers, have valued the said Building , and certify actual value to be, as expressed in our Certificate hereunder, to wit.

No. 1910.

	Marked	Dollars.	
The Dwelling House	A at	7500	Say seven thousand five hund Dollars.
The Do. Do.	B at	600	six hundred do.
The Kitchen	C at	400	four hundred do.
The Stable	D at	400	three hundred do.
		8800	Say Eight Thousand eight Dollars in all

WITNESS our hands, This twenty fourth day of May One Thousand Eight Hundred and fifteen

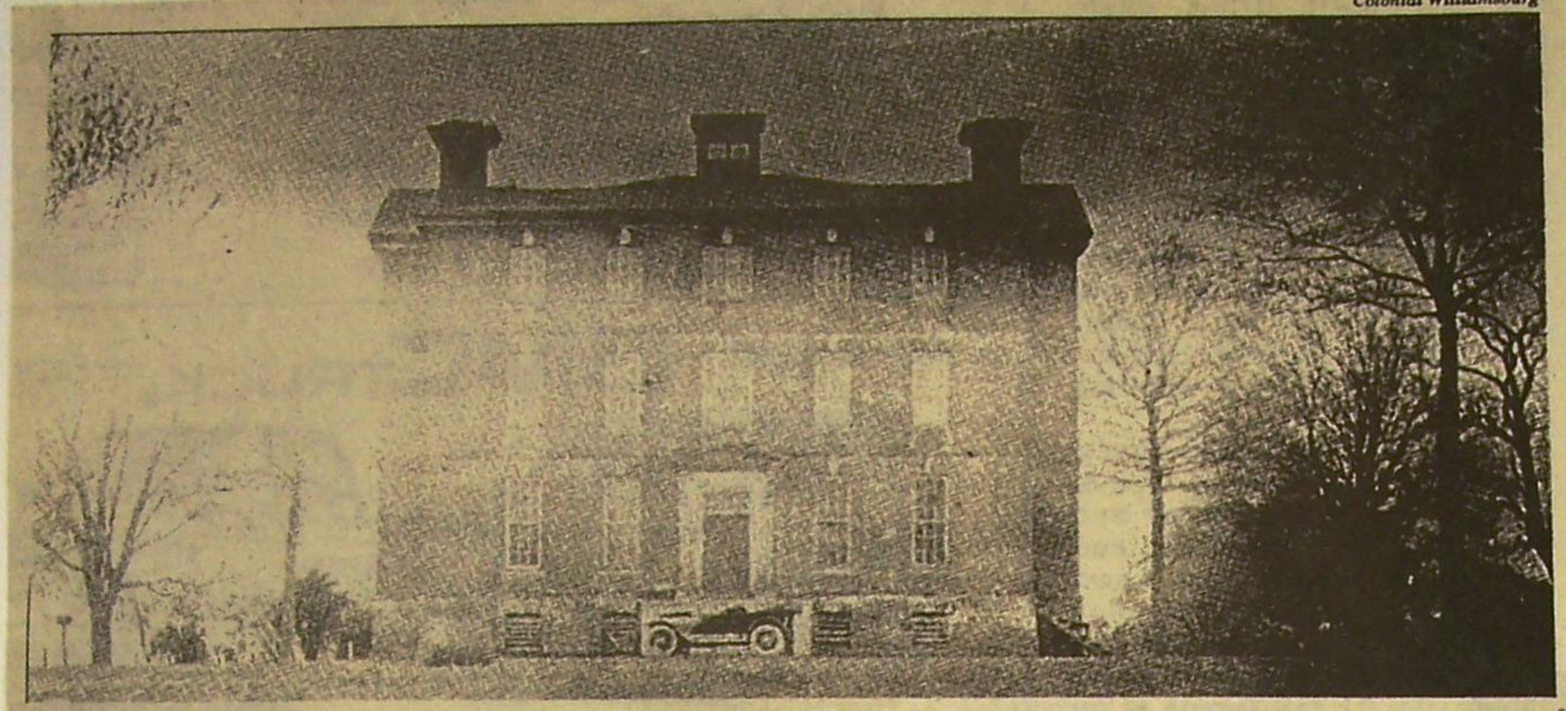
Thos Jones } Special Agent for the
Richd Kirchwell } Appraiser residing in
Wm. E. Gresitt } Appraiser residing in

"ROSEWELL" 1802-1806-1815: In the 1802 and 1806 policies John Page is given as owner and occupant of the property, described as situated between Mann Page and Augustine Oliver. In 1802, total insurance $9900, appraisers- Zachuriah Tureman and B. Valentine, Jr.; in 1806, total insurance $9700, appraisers- Philip Tabb and Isaac Ambrey.

"ROSEWELL" 1815, revaluation: then owned by Margaret Page, widow of John Page, residing in Williamsburg; occupied by Jasper Hughes; total insurance $8800; situated between "the land of John Page son of Mann Page and Augustine Olivear on the Creek called Carters Creek"; "Dwelling house flat top covered with lead & built of brick three stories high 60 feet square with four chimnies in bad repair large stone steps in front to south"; also brick dwelling 52' x 32'; brick kitchen 52' x 32'; stable 92' x 74'; appraisers, Richard Kerchwall and Wm. E. Gressett.

Insurance Policy for Rosewell

continued →

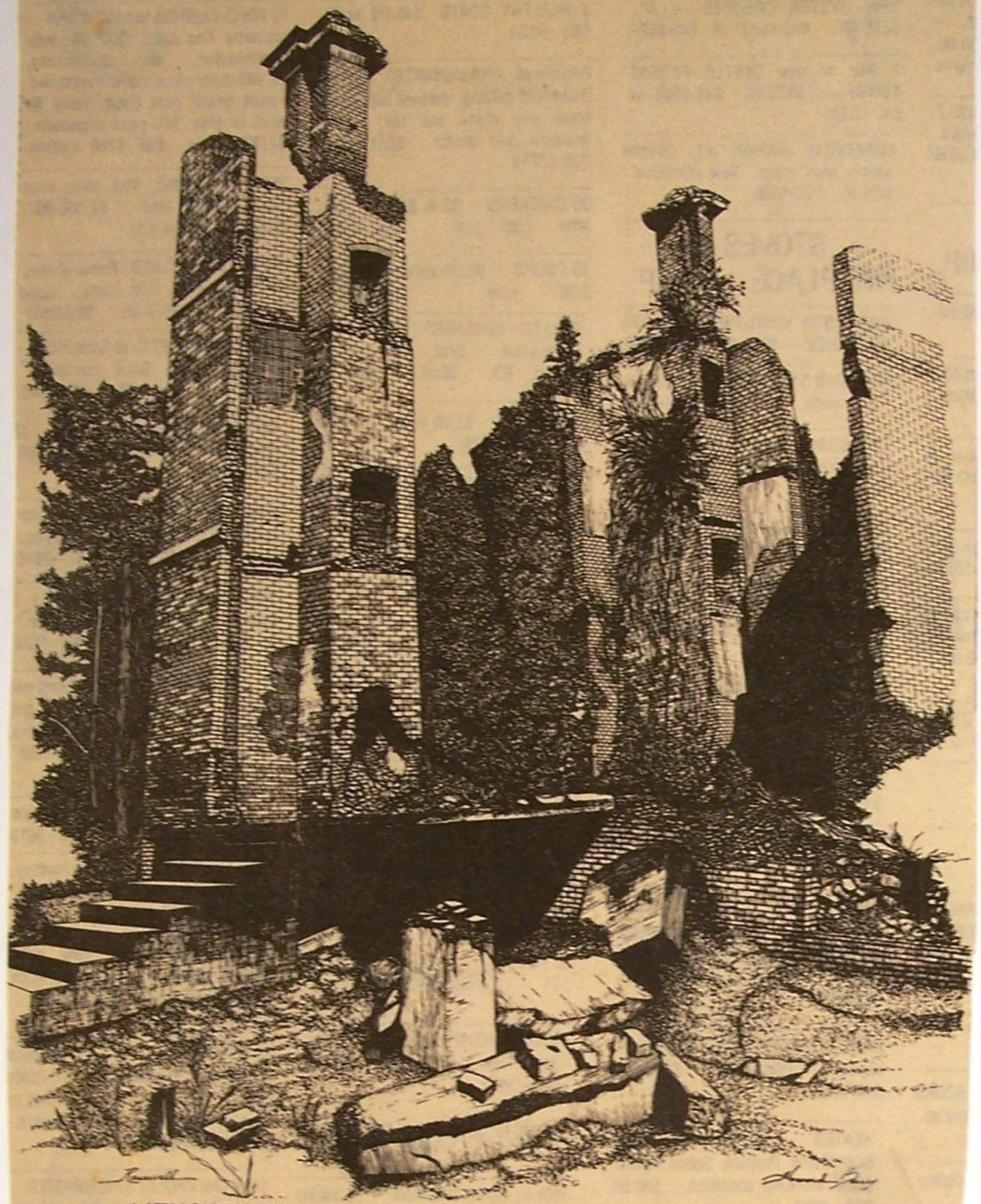


Early Rosewell picture

Rosewell continued

Rosewell Mansion before the fire in 1916

WICOMICO ARTIST MAURICE GAMACHE'S DRAWING OF "ROSEWELL"



LITHOGRAPH - This pen and ink drawing of Rosewell is a work of art by Howard Berry of 411 Chesapeake Avenue, Newport News, Va. 23607 and measures about 17" x 22". Copies are available by writing Mr. Berry or calling him at 245-7868. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Berry of Gloucester Point.

1982

The Rosewell Foundation received the APVA's annual Mary Mason Anderson Williams Award for its preservation of the Rosewell site and plans for its future. -1998-

••Cecil Wray Page, Sr. 95, died Nov. 6, 1978. Burial was in Abingdon Episcopal Church Cemetery. Survivors include a daughter, Mrs. Robert D. Aldrich and a son, Lt. Col. Cecil Wray Page, Jr., and five grandchildren.

COMMENTS

CECIL WRAY PAGE, SR.

With the recent passing of Mr. Cecil Wray Page, Sr., of "Shelley" on Monday, November 6, 1978, Gloucester County is left with no one to beare the name of that famous family which was lived here for about three centuries.

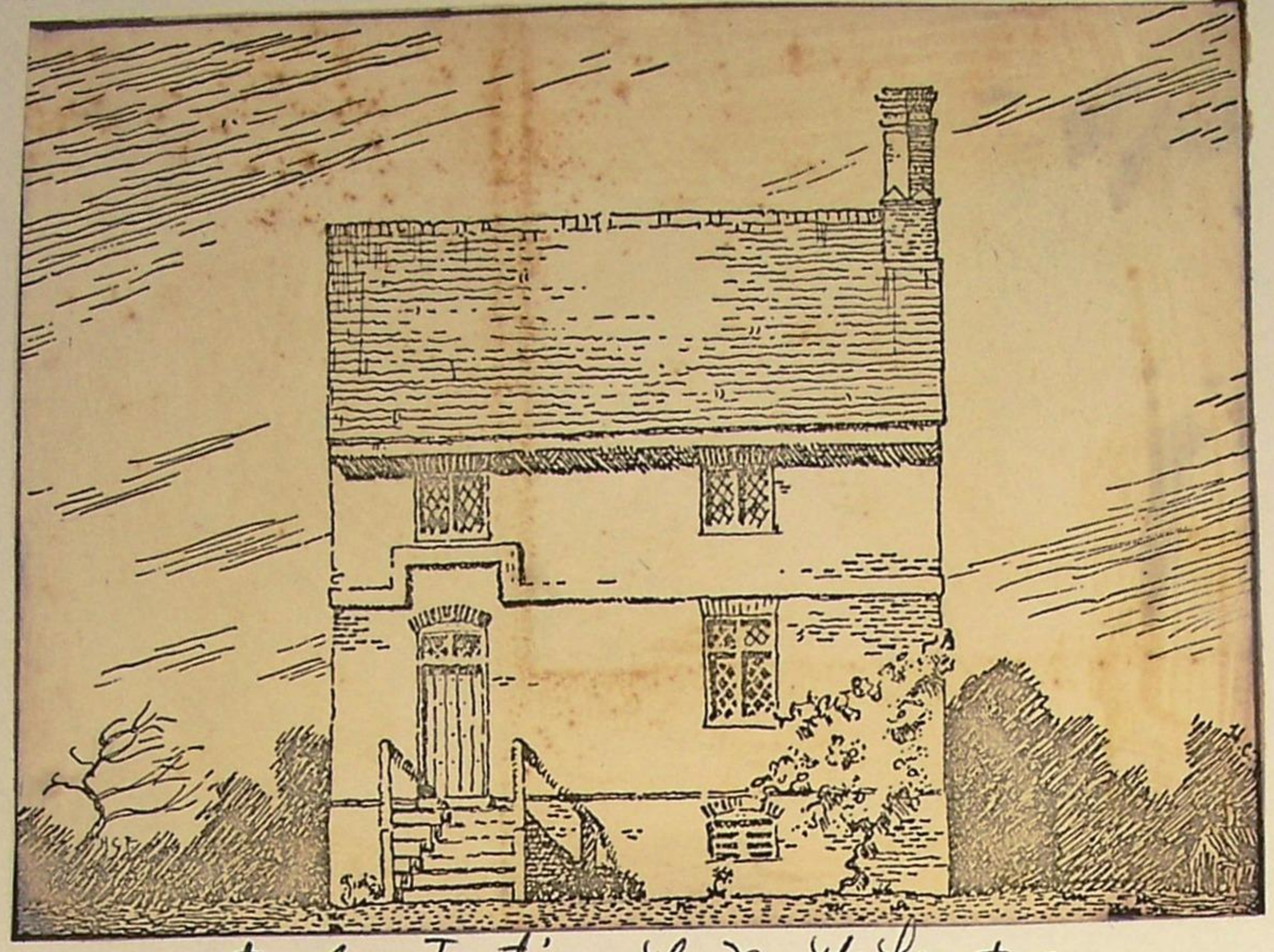
The Pages of the past have been listed among the King's men. They became noteable in the people's government and are indelible in the history of the nation, state and county since the late 1600's.

Statesmen, lawyers, doctors, explorers, heroes in war and peace on land and sea, the name of Page is a banner in the parade of time. When there was great wealth, it appears that they "shopped at home" and spent all their money on a mansion whose ruins remain with us today. More prominently, the members of this family were interested in serving the people than being served.

Down to the last, Cecil W. Page was devoted to his church and served so faithfully at Abingdon. No one lives today who can remember when he first became an election official at the polls. He was a quiet neighbor, a gentle friend and loved dearly the soil upon which he was reared.

He loved to converse about the old days of Gloucester County and he knew more than anybody what had happened here for over three-quarters of a century. It is a pity that a book was not written on his detailed memoirs.

We have been fortunate to have known members of this family in our lifetime. Mr. Page leaves a daughter who has a home here and a son who lives in New England. There is hope that one day there will be residents here with that name. Until then, we can only cherish our thoughts of the Pages from the past.



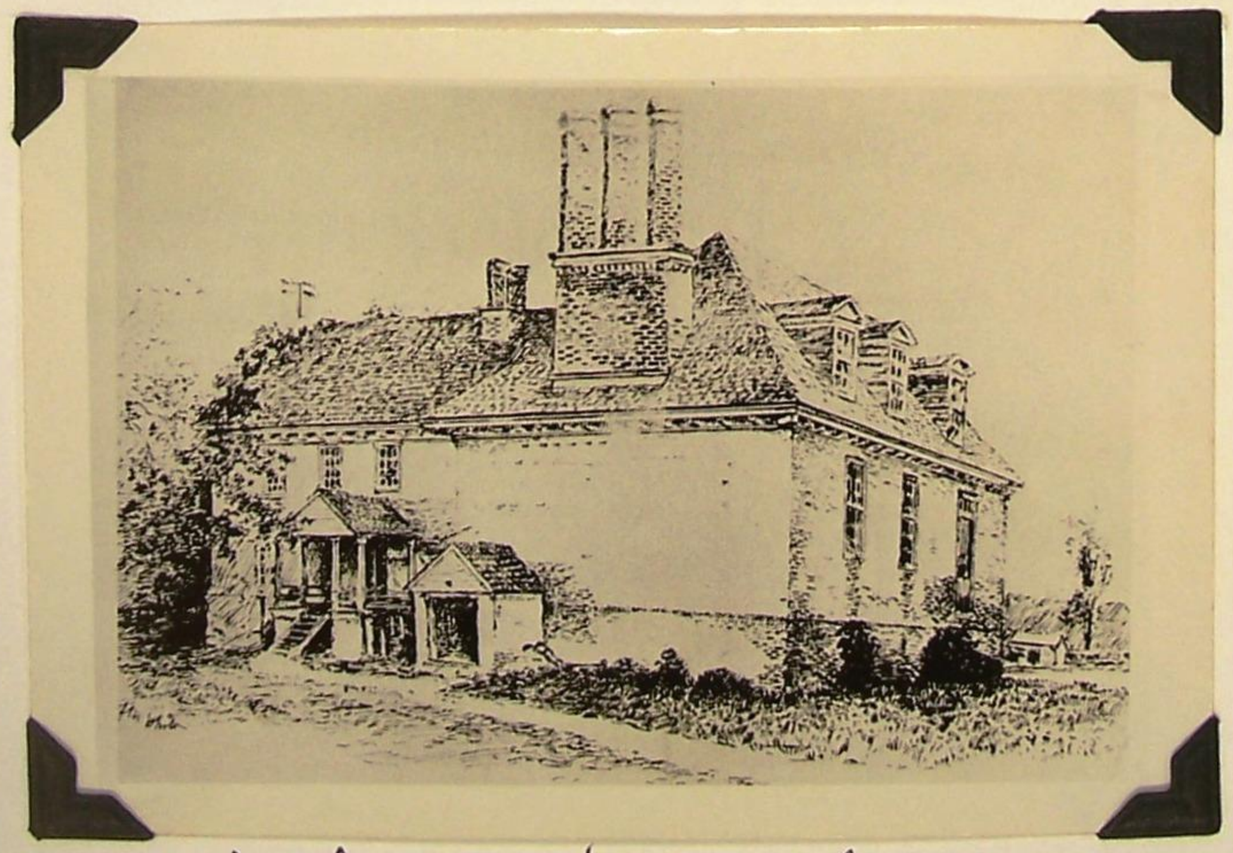
conjectural restoration of the north front of the original portion of Fairfield.

Sketch by Charles Peterson from an old Photograph - view from northeast - original portion on far right.

Fairfield - across Carter's Creek from Rosewell

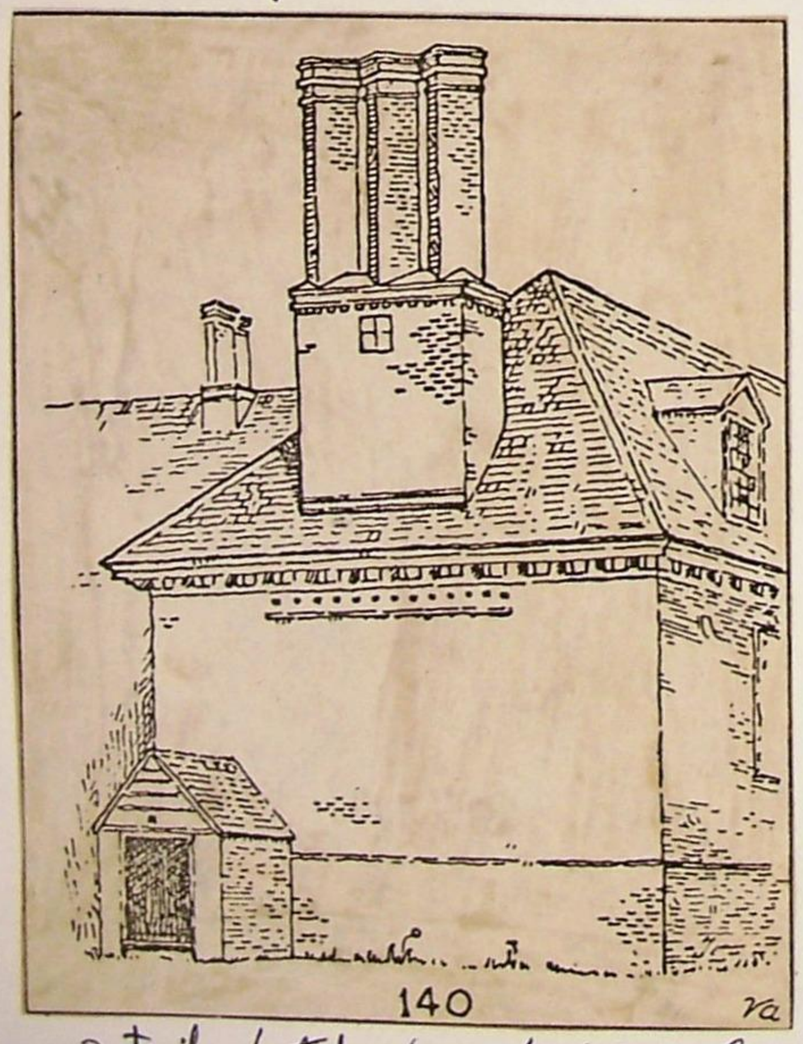
Built c. 1692 by Lewis Burwell. There were additions c. 1700 and in the first quarter of the 18th century. It is said the house contained some notable Gothic linen-fold panelling.

Fairfield burned c. 1897 and the walls were pulled down for the brick.



view from southeast showing ballroom addition.

Fairfield ~ South facade by Robert A. Lancaster, Jr., July 1891



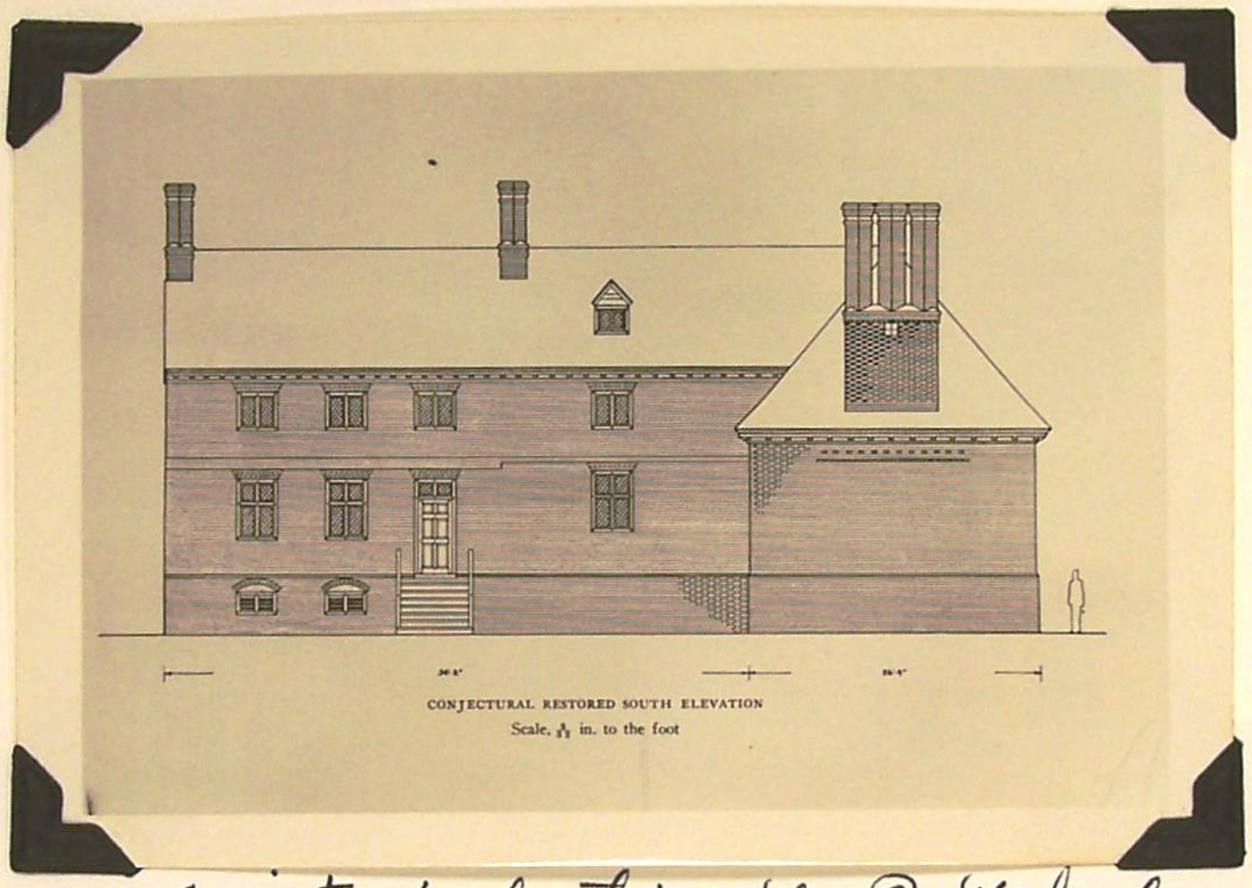
Detail sketch of the South end of the ballroom

view from Southeast ~ Lancaster photo

continued →

South facade - Photo from Cook Collection

Fairfield continued



Conjectural elevation of the South facade

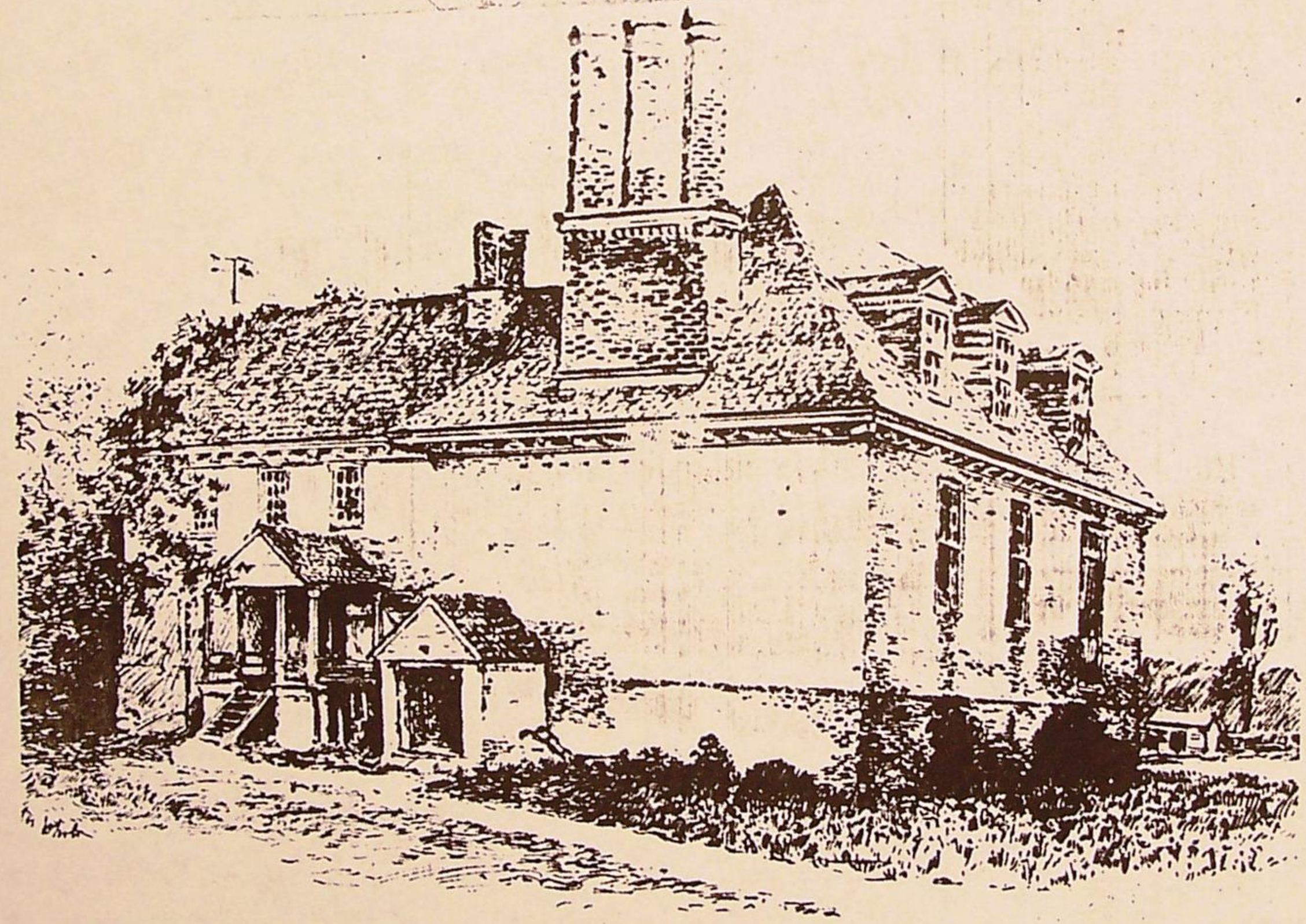
NO. C8452

Stuart Hall

Kansas City, MO 64108

0 71723 30050 0

Fairfield material



FAIRFIELD BEFORE THE FIRE, FROM A DRAWING BY W. L. SHEPPARD

The Governor Begged To Marry a Gloucester Girl

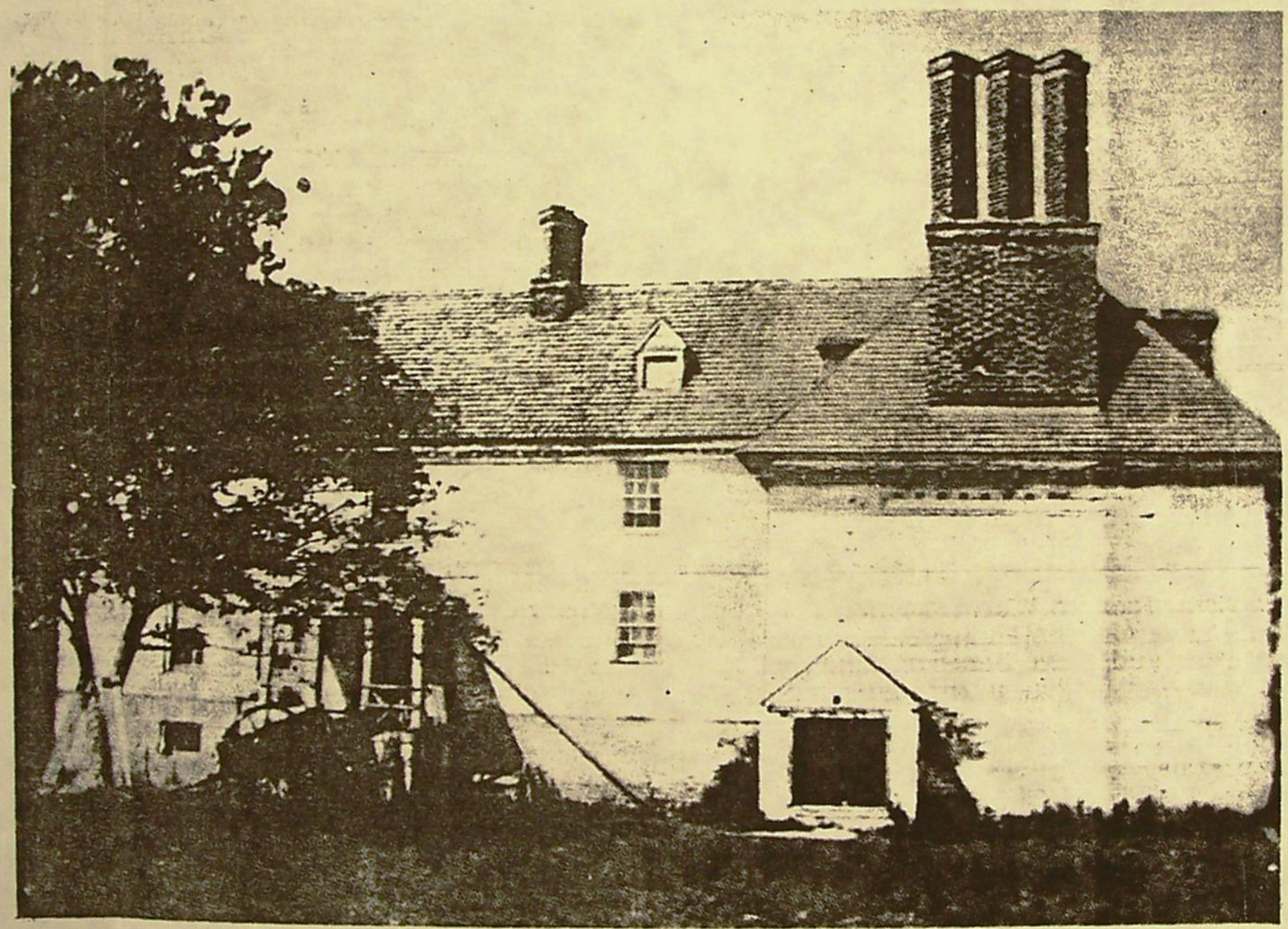


Photo of "Fairfield" before fire destroyed it in ~~1900.~~ 1897

Gloucester County has always had a reputation of having beautiful land and lovely ladies. This has been a combination which can not be surpassed, and both are natural.

Two governors of Virginia have definitely known about our charming female species and have made pleas for their hands, but in both instances there was not success.

Governor Thomas Dale, who was in Jamestown between 1611 and 1616, was present when John Rolfe married Pocahontas, A Gloucester girl, at the Jamestown Church. The Governor was so infatuated by the beauty of Pocahontas, he sent a proposal through one of his friends to Powhatan, father of Pocahontas, for the younger sister of Pocahontas to become his wife. Powhatan artfully refused. It is said that Dale had a wife living in England at the time.

the Province of Virginia, was 44. But it was spring, and he was sorely smitten and he penned his love letter without an inkling in his mind that he might be called -- if anybody dared -- an antique bachelor. Humbly but ardently he addressed Lucy, "so divine a Lady," begging that he receive pardon for his presumption "from your own most beautiful lips."

Governor, who was no callow swain but had been around considerable.

Her disposition? One revealing glimpse is supplied by an inscription on the flyleaf of an old book, scrawled there perhaps by some beau, driven utterly distracted:

"Lucy Burwell is the devil. If not the devil, she is one of his imps."

had called him, her ladyship's Adorer and Admirer--with capital A's.

Enter now a deadly rival and hard on his heels the green-eyed monster.

Edmond Berkely, a successful tobacco planter, had paid court to Lucy Burwell previously but had been for some time absent from the lists. His reappearance filled Colonel Nicholson with gloomy apprehensions.

With epistles and memoranda, delivered by aides, Nicholson commenced bombarding both Major and Madam Burwell. He called the Major "Colonel". He nominated him for the Council. He dropped a hint that he might be of service in regard to the French refugees settled on the Major's lands.

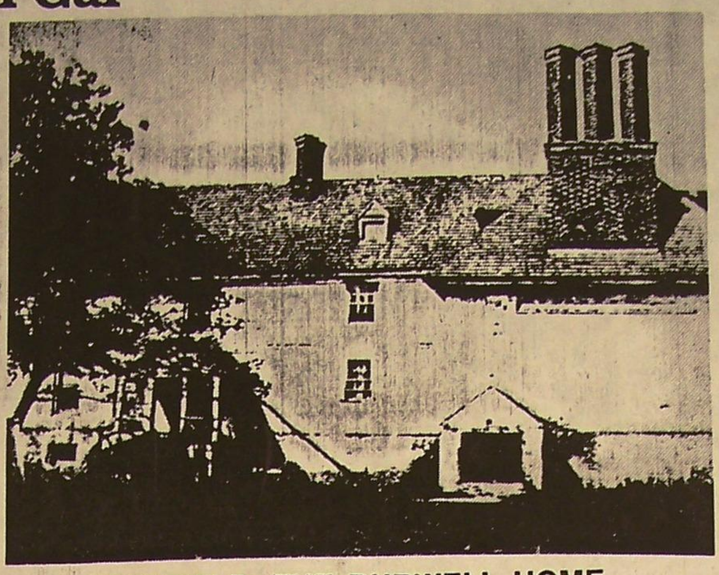
"Madam for God's sakes," he wrote Mrs. Burwell, "be charitable as to pity this my present unhappy circumstances and use your interest to make me one of the most happy men alive."

Major Burwell was in no comfortable position. Virginians were free men, and Royal Governors, checked by their Councils and answerable to their Sovereign, were no despots, but they could come perilously close to being such by stretching their powers--as several had. The Major, however, was not to be browbeaten. To Colonel Nicholson's animadversions on the hateful rival, Berkeley, Major Burwell stoutly retorted that the decision properly belonged to daughter Lucy.

One Colonial Gal

By Walter Klohr

The late Walter Klohr of Bena had many varied interests and was a frequent contributor to Glo-Quips a few years ago. His wife Mamie has made some of Walter's columns available and it is with pleasure that we print them.



FAIRFIELD, THE BURWELL HOME

Have you male senior citizens noticed that the Gloucester girls grow prettier and more charming each year? What do you think the colonial girls were like? Do you consider that they must have been a passel of shapeless frumps, without much zest-inspiring quality or personality to add liveliness to the passing scene? If you do, read on about one Gloucester girl who had something—Lucy Burwell who lived at Fairfield and made a stir, to say the least.

In 1699 Lucy Burwell was 16 and the daughter of Councilor Lewis Burwell II who had influential connections over the colony of Virginia. Lucy was described as one of the beauties of her day, of charming presence and social assurance.

It was inevitable that Lucy would sooner or later meet Gov. Nicholson, 44 and a bachelor, a man of many accomplishments. He cleaned the coast of pirates, laid out the town of Williamsburg, strength-ened the colony's defenses and administered a stern justice. But he had one failing—he would fly into uncontrollable rages when things went against his grain.

The governor promptly fell head-over-heels in love with Lucy and plied his suit with great determination. At first it would seem that he was not having much success, for he wrote a piteous letter to Lucy's father imploring him to intercede in his [the governor's] behalf:

March 14th, 1700/1
About 6 o'clock in the morning

Major Burwell
Sir

I desired my very good friend Col. Ludwell to speak with you concerning the most important affair of my whole life, being for aught I yet see twill dispatch me into another world or make the small remainder of my life most unfortunate and uncomfortable in this: unless you, sir, be pleased to give me leave to make my addresses to your daughter, Madame Lucy, who by her beauty, many extraordinary virtues and rare accomplishments hath charmed me to a degree beyond expression.

The person who pre-tends to her I am sure cannot really be in love with her any otherwise than for his own interest. If you and Madame Lucy are resolved upon my ruin I pray God forgive you; but his sake, dear sir, be pleased to have a good settlement made for her, which to hear of, will be a great satisfaction to

Your most affectionate, tho at
present most melancholy, friend
(not signed)

This flowery language produced no positive results. Major Burwell replied that although he felt sympathy for the plight of Gov. Nicholson, there was little he could do, since Lucy was her own girl, etc., and not to be swayed by parental pressure, etc.

There are all sorts of conjectures possible. The Burwell family must have been flattered to have a royal governor pay court to their daughter. Some of his wooing must have been successful, since there is record of some torrid correspondence on both sides that would indicate that it was not the tepid, verbal affair that one would suppose. This went on for close to five years.

In the meantime Lucy had time to get engaged to Edmund Berkely, who was one of the family who were wealthy landowners and shipping merchants along the James. It was considered a most desirable match.

Of course the governor didn't see it that way at all. He promptly flew into a towering rage and declared publicly that if the marriage went through he would kill the groom and the preacher who performed the ceremony and the clerk who signed the license. Wow!

MR. WALTER KLOHR

Nicholson was equally violent against real or imagined suitors for Lucy's favors. One clergyman who had called on Maj. Burwell when the latter was sick was confronted outside the house. The governor knocked the preacher's hat to the ground and curse him for remaining covered. The governor then proceeded to charge the frightened man with "sword and pistol." The parson then turned tail and fled and hid in the hold of a ship and did not emerge until the vessel was clear of the Capes.

In general the clergy stood behind the colonial governor. All except one, Commissary Blair, braver than the rest, who determined to unhorse the vengeful Nicholson. He went to England, sought and gained an audience with Queen Anne and proceeded to pour out his grievances against Nicholson.

Queen Anne immediately recalled Nicholson as Colonial Governor.

We have no record of the Governor's reaction. Presumably it meant the whole world crashing about his ears. In modern language he must have been "fit to be tied" to say the least. But one didn't disobey the queen's orders.

Recorded history seems to have stopped there. Lucy married Edmund Berkely and no doubt led an uneventful life as the wife of a rich plantation owner.

So much for one Gloucester girl of the past. Do you know of anyone present who can match her? It's an interesting speculation.

Governor Thomas Dale

About a hundred years after the Dale and Indian proposal, another Virginia Governor went a-wooing a Gloucester girl. Fairfax Downey in an article appearing in "The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography, January 1947", tells about Governor Francis Nicholson and Lucy Burwell of "Fairfield", in Gloucester County near Coke Post Office.

"Lucy Burwell was barely 16 when the Governor wrote her a letter on Valentine's eve on the first day of spring of the year 1699. Just 16, but then girls bloomed and married early in Virginia. Any who lingered unwed on the parental vine until she was as old as in her twenties risked being dubbed an "ancient Maid" or an "antique virgin".

Now Colonel Francis Nicholson, Royal Governor of

Upon this spring freshet followed a flood of poems, missives (tender and otherwise), memoranda, menaces, and memorials--many of them, ink scarcely faded, preserved in the archives of Williamsburg today. And thus began a courtship extra-ordinary, a romance rather one-sided but definitely rip-snorting, an affair of the heart which would make American history.

Naming its cast, let it be gentleman, not lady first this time. Francis Nicholson was a Royal Governor and is entitled to precedence. Soldier of the King - in the course of his career Lieutenant Governor or Governor of five Colonies, no less - founder of Annapolis, and of Williamsburg, and of twenty-eight churches in America. Quite a man, Colonel Nicholson. Able, and arrogant, brave and overbearing, queer and cantankerous. A vessel of wrath, a pot of red pepper. It was evident all over town when the Governor presided at the Council - you could tell it by the bellowing. An Indian who once say him in one of his wild frenzies of rage declared he must have been "born drunk". Some of the Virginians he governed called him a bastard, literally and figuratively, but the evidence of a bar sinister in his escutcheon is inconclusive. The Governor, for his part roundly informed members of the opposition that they were dogs and their wives were bitches and he would beat manners into them and, failing that, muster a standing army and put halters around the necks of all rebels.

He swaggered and he swashbuckled, did the Colonel, but it was not blustering bravado. In all weather he rode the rounds of wilderness outposts to review his ranger companies. He could and did storm French forts and scuttle a whole fleet of pirates after an all-day battle on the Chesapeake Bay. And he could and did put passion into poetry, and passages of his love letters to Lucy were so warm they smouldered. Not a man any girl could easily ignore, Colonel Nicholson.

There is no record of any portrait of Lucy Burwell; it is a fair assumption, however, that some painter missed a golden opportunity. Colonel Nicholson declared her beautiful and singled her out from her sisters which was no mean feat. For it is reliably recorded that Major Lewis Burwell of the Manor of "Fairfield", Gloucester County, by his two marriages "had a whole houseful of blooming daughters" - nine of them, along with six sons. Undoubtedly Lucy was one of the fairest flowers of Southern womanhood, whose reputation for charm had been well established before the end of the 17th Century. Indeed she must have been superabundantly lovely so quickly and completely to have bowled over the

Most certainly Lucy bedeviled or at least bewitched Governor Nicholson, though he kept calling her his "Vertuous Soul", "Dear Saint", and "Fair Angel". He fell madly, fervently, rapturously, publicly in love.

The season was, as has been observed, spring, and the very air of Virginia may have had something to do with it. There had been much marrying and giving in marriage in the Colony ever since the importa-

"Lucy Burwell is the devil. If not the devil, she is one of his imps."

tion from London in 1620 of a cargo of "young, handsome, honestly educated maids, of honest life and carriage" -- ninety of them, homesick and seasick but willing -- each having her choice from among at least three suitors. Other shiploads followed, and there were weddings, right and left. It is not good, say the Scriptures, for man to live alone. Widows and widowers seldom remained long in lonely solitude. For the same person to marry three times was not unusual. The redoubtable Col. John Carter of Virginia had five wives. There were even instances of six undaunted ventures into matrimony, including the case of Virginian dame named Elizabeth who maiden name -- not surprisingly-- has been lost from the records.

So it was small wonder that Colonel Nicholson felt that way. He was, he wrote Lucy from Jamestown where duty

Now the Governor in his je ous mania began to see a ri in every bush. The Revere Stephen Founce was warn that as the minister of t parish where Madam Lucy liv he might be in the line of fi Persisting nevertheless performing his duties, he w returning from a visit to Maj Burwell, who was ill, wh Colonel Nicholson rode out the woods toward him sho ing. The poor parson was stricken by the Governo fulminations he soon return to England.

Leading Virginians se memorials against t Governor to England. T Council petitioned the Thro for relief from maladministr tion. Nicholson did not la loyal partisans, but Que Anne, though the Colonel h flatteringly named Annapo after her, ordered his recall 1705.

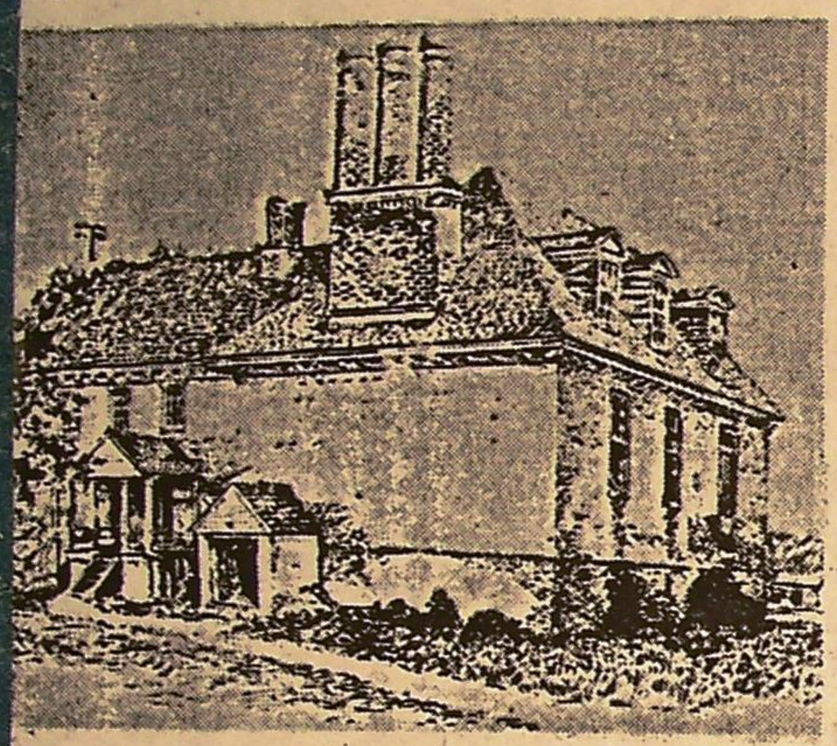
It is not of record that Mada Lucy, the innocent --well, fair innocent-- cause of it all, much as waved good-by. S had already married the hat rival, Edmund Berkeley. Befo her death in 1716 she bore hi two sons and three daughter Whether she ever gathere them at her knee and told the the story of Mother and t Governor we do not kno Anyway history would do it f her.

From the April 6, 1966 issue of Glo-Quips

homas Jefferson Spent Christmas in Gloucester County

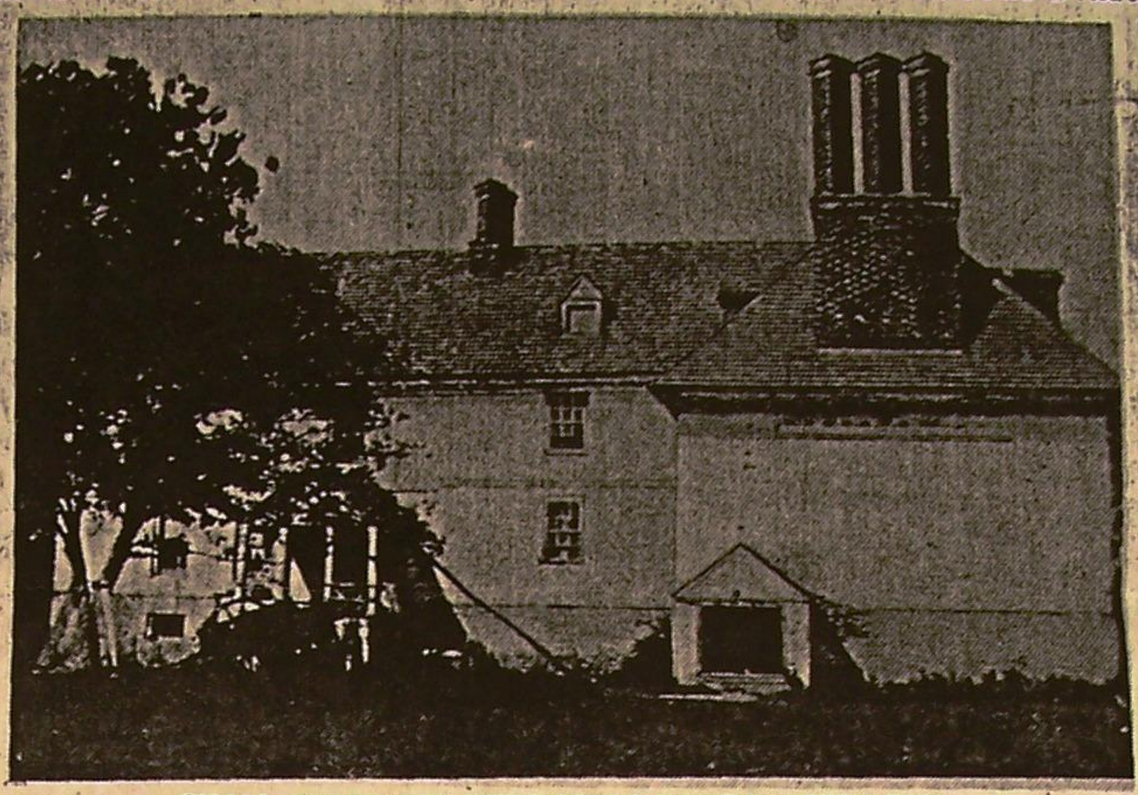
GLO—QUIPS - December 14, 1983

homas Jefferson, third president of the Unit- States, spent a Christmas holdiay in Glouces- County in 1762. He was a guest at irfield" on Carter's Creek opposite sewell. Letters by Jefferson in his youth are e because of a fire at his mother's home, dwell, in 1770. However, about a half-dozen them written by Jefferson to John Page of sewell have been preserved. One of them s written from "Fairfield" on Christmas Day, 62, when Mr. Jefferson was in his twentieth ar. According to Albert Jay Nock in his book, efferson", he writes, "On his way home from lliamsburg to Shadwell, Mr. Jefferson stopped er to spend Christmas with a ll-to-do-friend who lived in rather sumptuous le at Fairfield. He took along his fiddle and me new minuets, to do his share in the son's entertainament. Next morning he orts to Page, with no suggestion that he nd it unusual or startling, that while he pt, 'the cursed rats' had eaten up his pocket- ok 'which was in my pocket, within a foot of head. And no contented with plenty for the esent, they carried away my jemmy-worked k garters and half-a-dozen new minuets I had t got'"

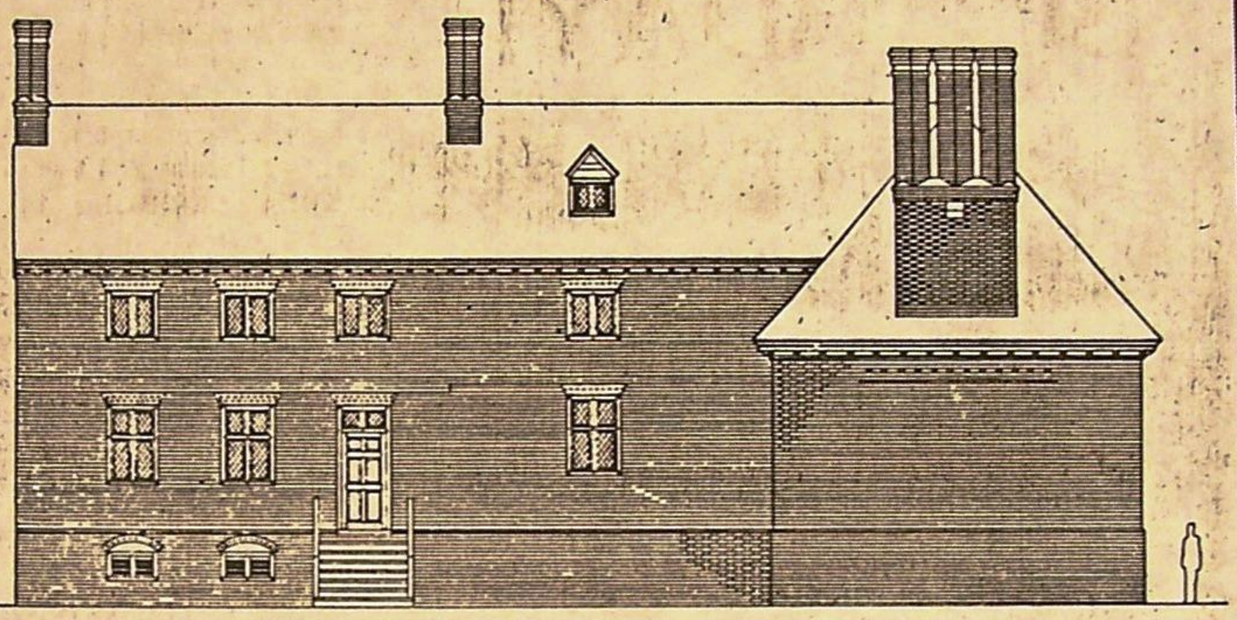


THE ATTIC AT "FAIRFIELD" HAD DORMER WINDOWS

"He does not complain of this. He observes ju- cially: 'Of this I should not have accused the vil (because you know rats will be rats, and nger, without addition of his instigation, ight have urged them to do this) if something rose, and from a different quarter, had not appened'. It sems--again with no suggestion of s being unusual— that he had been put to sleep the attic; for 'when I went to bed I laid my atch in the usual place, and going to take her o after I arose this morning, I found her in the ame place, it's true, but quantum mutatus ab lo! all afloat in water let in at a leak in the roof of the house, and as silent and still as the rats that had eat my pocketbook'. Even this was not the worst. He had the picture of a brevet-sweetheart in his watch-case, and the rain soaked picture and watch-paper to pulp, so that in trying to take them out to dry them, 'my cursed fingers gave them such a rent as I fear I shall never get over'.



SMALL WINDOW IN ATTIC COULD HAVE CAUSED LEAK TO HAVE HARMED JEFFERSON'S PAPERS AT FAIRFIELD



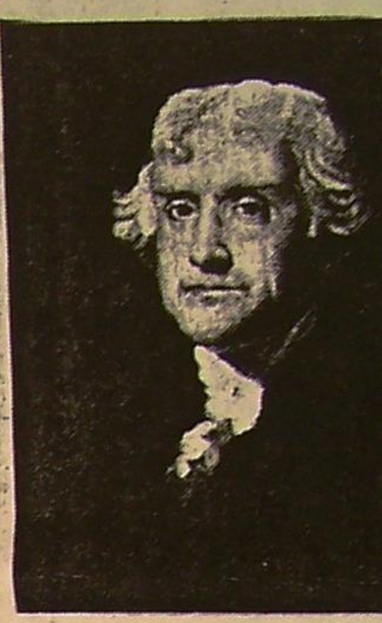
ARCHITECT'S DRAWING IS NOT ACCURATE IN COMPARISON TO PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE

The damsel in question was Miss Rebecca Burwell, whom Mr. Jefferson, in subsequent letters to Page, celebrated after the Restoration fashion, under the name of Belinda."

Jefferson had met Rebecca when he was nineteen years of age and she was sixteen. She and her brother, Lewis, were orphans and lived with William Nelson, an uncle, who had a home in Yorktown.

Despite his fervant attempt to win the heart of Belinda, she married Jacquelin Ambler and bore two daughters. One of them wrote a letter criticizing Jefferson which was printed in Atlantic Monthly in 1899. The other daughter Mrs. Ambler married Chief Justice John Mars all, one of Jefferson's staunch political enemi

From the attic windows of ole "Fairfield" d ing Christmas 1762, it is historical truth th a President of the United States was view the countryside of Carter's Creek in Glouces County. Today, only a cellar impression some bricks give evidence of "Fairfield" wh burned about a hundred years ago.



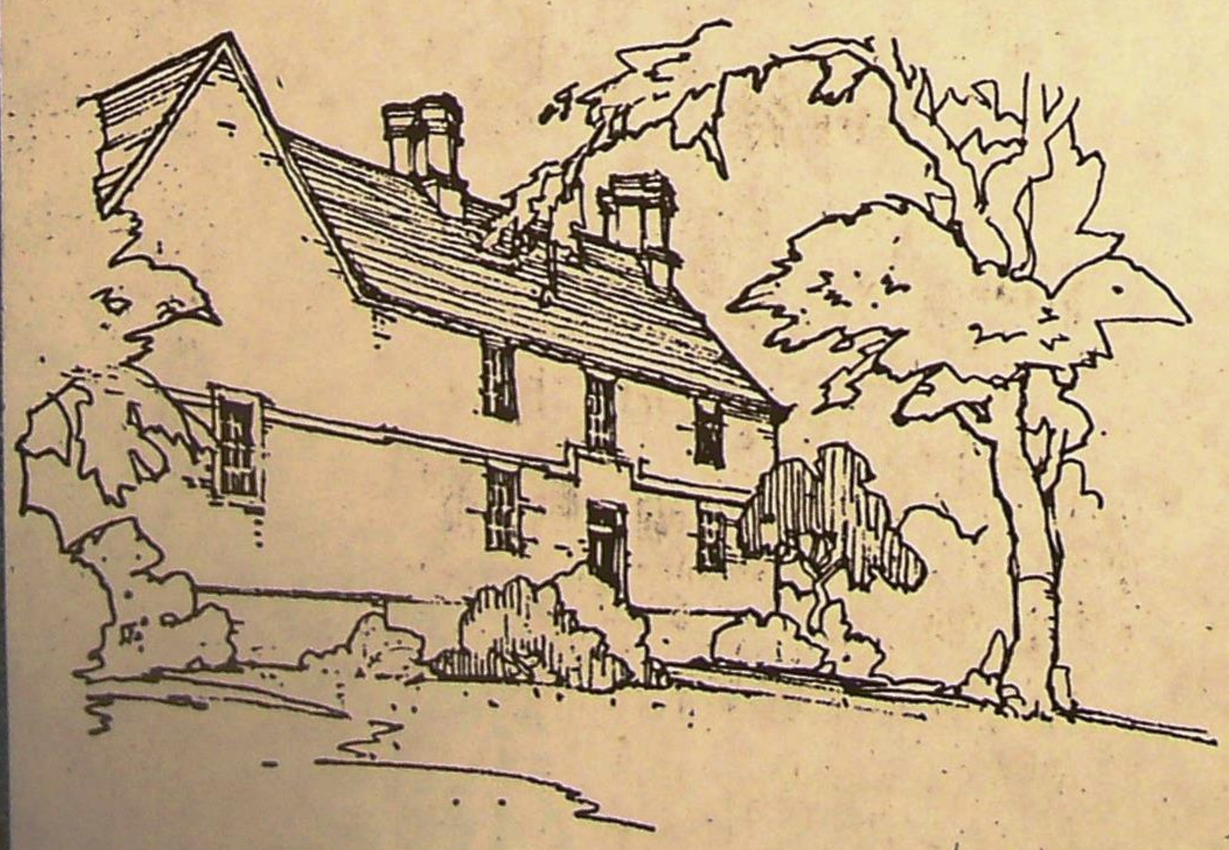
Thomas Jefferson

John Page of Rosew

Mrs. James Edward (Ned) Cox, the former Elizabeth Minor of Piney Swamp near Coke, was born in 1869 and died in 1948. She spent her childhood in the vicinity of "Fairfield" and recalled visitng the old estate on several occasions.

Mrs. Cox remembered seeing a large square brasss piano in the main hall.

Mrs. Cox was a aunt of Mrs. E. Guy Smith and Dr. Paul Hogg of Gloucester Point. Her father, Charles Minor, was telegrapher during the Civ War and later operated a store in Piney Swamp.



A SKETCH OF FAIRFIELD MADE BY CHARLES PETERSON FROM AN OLD ILLUSTRATION

"FAIRFIELD" IN RECENT YEARS HAS BEEN OWNED BY GERARD LAMBERT OF LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS MOUTH WASH, LISTERINE.

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SPRINGTIME NOT FAR AWAY

Young lambs romp in the sunshine at "Timberneck" estate along the York River near Wicomico. The Catlett family have occupied this property for many generations. Across Timberneck Creek is Powhatan's Chimney when the Indian Chief resided and lived Princess Pocahontas.

— Timberneck Continued —

continued → 101