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*"Fare Fac - Say Do"*

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Vacant	Director

1861-1865



2011-2015

him to remain in school, stating, *"I don't think we shall come to blows."*

On April 11, 1861, federal pickets were posted on the major approaches into Washington, D.C., including the Long Bridge which connected the District of Columbia to Virginia.<sup>1,2</sup> On April 15<sup>th</sup>, President Lincoln issued his famous proclamation calling for 75,000 troops to suppress the rebellion. Although the proclamation did not include a declaration of martial law, habeas corpus was substantially curtailed. As a result, all citizens leaving Washington, D.C. were questioned and searched to *"suffer no provisions to pass into Virginia."*<sup>3</sup> Several days later, Tom Murray escaped across the Long Bridge into Virginia.

# The Fare Facs Gazette

The Newsletter of Historic Fairfax City, Inc.

Volume 12, Issue 2

Spring 2015

## Going Home From Surrender: Appomattox to Fairfax Court House

(William Page Johnson, II, ed.)



Thomas Jefferson Murray, Jr., was born at Fairfax Court House, Virginia in 1844. He was the son of Thomas Jefferson Murray, a prominent Fairfax attorney, and Julia Ann Harrison. The Murray's lived on the northwest corner of Chain Bridge Road and North Street in Fairfax.

At the beginning of the Civil War Tom Murray was a student at Georgetown College (now Georgetown University) in Washington, DC. As the dark clouds of war gathered, Tom was eager to return home and join a militia company, as many of his classmates had already done. His father, Thomas Jefffferson Murray, Sr., forbade it and ordered

**THE END.**

**SURRENDER**

**OF**

**LEE**

**AND HIS**

**WHOLE ARMY**

**TO**

**GRANT.**

*New York Herald*, April 10, 1865, p. 1, c. 1



Fairfax, Virginia - April 2015

Greetings from the President -

We hope you will join us for the annual HFCI embership meeting, April 15 at Blenheim, to enjoy the review of our most recent oral history collection. Guest Rachel Roth, videographer, will talk about her experience of recording and editing the oral histories of Mary Petersen, John Mason, Fred McCoy, and James Wyckoff. Bring a friend with you and invite them to become involved with HFCI.

I recently testified at a City Council budget hearing in support of needed projects at Blenheim. They include improved and increased parking, reconstruction of the Krasnow barn on site at Blenheim, and the addition of a handicapp ramp at the rear of the Blenheim house to comply with ADA standards.

HFCI has committed \$20,000 for conceptual design plans for a redesign of the Fairfax Room exhibits at the museum and for improvement of exhibit space in the Blenheim Interpretive Center. We hope to have a new exhibit in place at the museum within the next two years.

Our Civil War Day is on Saturday, April 25. This is an activity with appeal for your whole family and we hope to see you there!

Sandra Wilbur

## Welcome New Members!

The President & Board of Directors of HFCI extends a hearty welcome to all new HFCI members.

James and Nancy Etter	Eugene and Susan Moos
Robin Lee Franco	Barbara Pampel
The Alen Glen Family	Tim and Natalia Parmly
The Herman Family	William Rucker
Jason Johnrub	Ken and Jackie Thompson
Frances Lewis	Ruth and Matt West

## At the Fairfax Museum and Historic Blenheim...

### Fairfax Museum and Visitor Center

#### New Exhibit at Fairfax Museum and Visitor Center:

*"An Artist's Story: Civil War Drawings by Edwin Forbes,"* March 15 – October 14, 2015 - Fairfax Museum and Visitor Center

*The Fairfax Story* - Hamill Gallery. Permanent Fairfax history exhibition.

### Fairfax Museum and Visitor Center "Second Sunday" Programs

Programs are held at **2 p.m.** on the second Sunday of each month. Unless otherwise noted, programs are held at the Fairfax Museum and Visitor Center, 10209 Main Street. Free (unless noted). Check back to find out about additional programs planned throughout the year. Information: **703-385-8414**.

Saturday, April 25, 10 a.m.

**Fairfax Civil War Day** 10 A.M. – 5 P.M. Historic Blenheim Period music, living history encampments and demonstrations, military firings and drills with Company D, 17<sup>th</sup> Virginia Infantry, "Fairfax Rifles," C.S.A., tours of the Historic Blenheim House and more. \$5/adults and \$3/children 12 and under. (see flyer insert)

Sunday, May 9, 2 p.m.

#### "Dr. Kate Waller Barrett: More than a Mother to Many"

Curator Susan Inskeep Gray will explore Dr. Barrett's contributions to Progressive Era reform initiatives beyond her leadership of the National Florence Crittenton Foundation, which established homes for unwed mothers and their children.

## Historic Blenheim Civil War Interpretive Center

*“Blenheim’s Civil War Soldier Signatures: A Diary on Walls”*

Permanent Civil War Soldier Graffiti exhibition.

## Civil War Sesquicentennial Events - Historic Blenheim Civil War Interpretive

The City of Fairfax has planned many activities to commemorate the Sesquicentennial of the Civil War and the city's unique role in it. Programs are free and held at the Civil War Interpretive Center at Historic Blenheim, 3610 Old Lee Highway (unless otherwise noted). Check back to find out about additional programs planned throughout the year. Information: 703-591-0560. HOURS BEGINNING JAN. 2014: 10am to 3pm, Tuesday through Saturday. 1 p.m. guided tour of historic house and site. FREE.

Saturday, May 30, 2 p.m.

***“William ‘Extra Billy’ Smith: The Governor’s Odyssey”***

Following the collapse of the Confederate lines at Petersburg on April 2, 1865, Governor Extra Billy, began his “odyssey”—a thousand-mile journey to take the pulse of Virginia citizens, govern the Commonwealth, and to avoid capture by the Federal Army. Living historian Dave Meisky, portrays Extra Billy Smith as a member of *Lee’s Lieutenants*.

Saturday, June 27, 2 p.m.

***“Juneteenth, from the Perspective of Enslaved People”***

Dr. Spencer Crew, will explore “Juneteenth”—the oldest known celebration commemorating the ending of slavery in the United States. This

celebration dates back to June 19, 1865, when Union soldiers landed in Texas and announced to slaves that they were free. Dr. Crew is Robinson Professor of American, African American and Public History George Mason University.

Saturday, July 25, 2 p.m.

***“The Road to Ford’s Theatre, Abraham Lincoln’s Murder, and the Rage for Vengeance”***

The assassination of the 16th president is one of the singular events in American history. Historian Anthony S. Pitch uses primary source material to document and reveal previously unknown facts about Lincoln’s death in his book *They Have Killed Papa Dead*. Pitch details the murder plots that were unsuccessful as well as the successful one by referencing hundreds of Book purchase and signing to follow.

Saturday, August 22, 2 p.m.

***“Escaping Detection: Women in the Civil War”***

Local historian Mary Lipsey will deliver a talk on women spies and soldiers who hailed from all walks of life. Many used their femininity and ingenuity to pass on vital information about the enemy. However, the lesser-known story is about women who donned uniforms and posed as men to fight the war.

Saturday, September 27, 2 p.m.

***“Mathew Brady’s Portraits of a Nation”***

Mathew Brady was directly responsible for scores of interesting images from the Civil War years. In his half-century as an icon of American photography, Brady had many crucial roles in the medium’s development. Using a number of Brady images Robert Wilson draws from his recent biography, Mathew Brady: Portraits of a Nation, to reintroduce the photographs of the single most important American in photography’s first decades.



At Alexandria, Virginia, James W. Jackson offered Tom a commission as a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. in the artillery company he was forming. Jackson never completed the formation of this company as he was killed on May 24, 1861.

Tom Murray returned home to Fairfax Court House. On June 20, 1861, he enlisted in the *Warrenton Rifles*, along with his childhood friend, Robert T. Love. Robert Love was also a native of Fairfax Court House and a student at the University of Virginia. The *Warrenton Rifles* had been encamped at Fairfax Court House since their skirmish with Company B, 2<sup>nd</sup> United States Cavalry on June 1<sup>st</sup>. The *Warrenton Rifles* would eventually be designated, Company K, 17<sup>th</sup> Virginia Infantry.

Tom served with the 17<sup>th</sup> Virginia until early 1864 and participated in the following battles: 1<sup>st</sup> Manassas (1<sup>st</sup> Bull Run); Siege of Yorktown; Williamsburg; Seven Pines; Seven Days; 2<sup>nd</sup> Manassas (2<sup>nd</sup> Bull Run); Boonsboro (South Mountain), Maryland; Sharpsburg (Antietam), Maryland; Fredericksburg; Siege of Suffolk; Manassas Gap (Linden or Wappin); and Zollicoffer, Tennessee.

On January 27, 1864, he was granted a commission as a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. from Virginia Governor John Letcher and assigned to the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion of Virginia Infantry, Provost Guard of the Army of Northern Virginia. The provost guard was the rough equivalent of the modern military police. Tom Murray spent the remainder of the war patrolling the streets of Richmond and Petersburg, transporting prisoners, guarding the trains which ran between the two cities, and generally keeping order.

On April 1, 1865, the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion of Virginia evacuated Richmond along with the rest of the Army of Northern Virginia. Nine days later, Tom Murray was paroled at Appomattox Court House on April 10, 1865.

After the war, Tom returned home and briefly taught school at Fairfax Court House. He later moved to Washington, D.C., where he studied law and became a lawyer. He also wrote for several Washington, D.C. newspapers.

Having never married, he died on November 17, 1901 in Silver Spring, Maryland, at the home of his sister. He is interred in the Fairfax City Cemetery.

Like many veterans of the war, he revelled in the past. The following is Tom Murray's account, edited and annotated, of his trip home to Fairfax Court House following the confederate surrender at Appomattox.

## GOING HOME FROM THE SURRENDER.

A Graphic Narrative by One Who Was There.

by Thomas Jefferson Murray, Jr.

"On the bleak hill side that sloped to the little valley, through which flowed a rivulet, were massed on that bright April morning all that remained (few and feeble enough. God knows) of men, horses, artillery and wagons, that represented

### THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

About two miles in front was Appomattox C.H. and although the white flag of surrender was fluttering on the advanced lines, yet a few spluttering shots, with now and then a defiant yell, indicated that some of the undaunted spirits of that hitherto unconquered host were indisposed to unconditional submission to their foes. Up to the previous evening Lee's men hoped to be able to outmarch Grant's columns, push aside Sheridan's cavalry from before them and get to Lynchburg, thus putting the James River between the armies, and giving a chance for a successful rally in the mountains. All hope of forming a junction with Johnston had departed after the disastrous affair at Sailor's Creek. But when, on the evening in question, the remnant of the troops were halted at 4 o'clock in the evening, and the boom of cannon and the rattle of musketry directly in front told where Gordon was endeavoring to force a passage, and when the noise of battle died away and no order to move forward was given, all felt that the game was up, and the shattered remnant of the bulwark of the confederacy was fairly caught in the toils. I can even at



this day recall vividly the sad countenances of the officers and men of Lee's army, and the hushed voices in which conversation was carried on, as if at the funeral of some beloved leader, after it was authoritatively announced that the terms of surrender had been agreed upon and signed. Every man of that band who had been constant to their colors to the last, fully realized that all that men could do had been bravely done to avert the catastrophe, but for all that it was none the less as bitter as were the waters of Marah to the Israelites<sup>4</sup> when perishing in the desert.

The surrender being an accomplished fact and the excitement of the continued combat of the past five days having abated, the wants of the physical man began loudly to assert themselves and the crying question of the hour was *'When shall we get something to eat?'* It may here be stated that no regular rations had been issued to the troops since leaving the lines at Petersburg,—the trains containing provisions from Richmond, though ordered to await the arrival of the army at Amelia C.H., having been seized upon and frantically driven southward by

### THE BOMB-PROOF CROWD<sup>5</sup>

fleeing from the confederate capital with no other idea in their cowardly heads than putting their own worthless carcasses out of danger. All thought, even by officials, of the dire strait of the army was thrust aside. The provision trains ordered from Danville and Richmond (as is stated by Gen. Sheridan in his article above referred to) never reached the confederates. So that for five days, including the day of surrender, Lee's troops had been practically marching and fighting on empty bellies, for the circumscribed space within which they were hemmed by the federal hosts, and the constant battle that was maintained, sometimes even far into the night, did not permit of much foraging, even if the tract of country passed through had been rich in provisions, which it was not by any means.

No sooner were the articles of surrender signed than the first thought of Gen. Lee was for his starving men, and he forthwith requested Gen. Grant to send supplies as quickly as possible. Gen. Grant promptly acceded to the

request, and about five or six hours after the last shot was fired in hostility a long train of wagons and a drove of beeves,—sufficient rations for twenty-five thousand men (about the number, armed and unarmed, that were surrendered) for three days,—moved slowly from Appomattox C.H. into the lines of the conquered army. I leave it to those who have had the misfortune to be really a-hungered—really at the point of starvation and collapse, to realize what short work was made of the welcome provision by the confederates. In spite of the efforts of commanders of companies, who had been forewarned from headquarters, many of the men made themselves ill by over-eating, and, for lack of medicines to relieve them, a number who had gamely stood up to the scratch and took their punishment during the war now, in sight of the Canaan of peace, of their homes and families, perished miserably.<sup>6</sup> As I have said, the bulk of the surrendered army I was masked on the sloping sides of a bare valley, about a mile long and a half mile broad, and as soon as my duties to my company would admit I struck out to find what was left of my old regiment (17<sup>th</sup> Virginia Infantry) and of Pickett's division, to which it belonged. I soon found what I sought, and what I did find literally dumbfounded me. Of the 17<sup>th</sup> regiment which, when I last saw it a few months before, numbered about 300 men fit for duty, there were only five present and accounted for, and the division was represented by about thirty ragged, wretched, and woe-begone fellows, who could hardly lift themselves up to greet me.

### FIVE FORKS<sup>7</sup> AND SAILOR'S CREEK<sup>8</sup>

had done the work. In the afternoon, about an hour by sun, the battalion to which my company belonged (1<sup>st</sup> Virginia Battalion, Infantry), and which, though frequently exposed during the retreat, had maintained its organization intact, was drawn out to escort the federal prisoners, of whom we had some two or three thousand—among them Gen. Gregg, of Sheridan's cavalry—to Sheridan's headquarters in Appomattox C.H. In passing the lines we carried our battle flag unfurled, although I thought it somewhat in bad taste, and it was the last time that a flag

waved over a regiment in the Army of Northern Virginia. We had a hard time with the prisoners to keep them in line. They could not understand why they should be driven along by Johnnies, with bayonets fixed, within the lines of their own army, and at last to prevent a stampede the interposition of Gen. Gregg was requested. In a few feeling and well-chosen remarks, he appealed to the manhood and discipline of his men and thereafter we had no further trouble, although it was a weary wait of far into the night before the farce of taking the names of the prisoners in view of an exchange which all knew would never come to pass,—for the surrender of Lee’s army was the surrender of the confederacy, was gone through with, and we took up the march back to our camp.

### **SPIES WHO CAME TO GRIEF.**

While lying on the side of the street in Appomattox village awaiting the turning over of the prisoners, it happened that Jessie’s Scouts<sup>9</sup> of Sheridan’s command were camped just on the other side of the fence in a church yard. The men were busily engaged in grooming their horses and chatting gaily over the fate of two of their comrades who had lost the number of their mess the day before, and in spite of myself I couldn’t help being amused at the insouciance and levity with which they commented on the tact that Tom and Jack had not been smart enough in their make-up to fool the rebels while mingling in their line of march. It appeared that Jack and Tom, disguised as rebels, had mingled fearlessly with Lee’s troops, but they had somewhat over disguised themselves—their hats were too broad and rakish, their spurs too big and their accent too pronounced. They had been detected and arrested and incontinently strung up to the first convenient tree on the road-side. Such is the camaraderie of war!<sup>10</sup>

### **AN ARMY IN TEARS.**

The next morning, the 10<sup>th</sup>, the troops were drawn up on their own ground at ordered arms, when the farewell address of Gen. Lee was read to them, and I do not exaggerate when I say that at the conclusion, there was an army in tears.

The day was spent by the officers in making out the paroles of the men. A printing press had been set up at Gen. Grant’s headquarters and the requisite number of slips containing the parole struck off and distributed. The parole was to the effect that the men and officers might return to their homes, and during good behavior remain unmolested until exchanged. The commissioned officers gave their personal parole, and the commandants of companies signed a muster-roll of their men, and then inserted the name of each man in a blank parole, which was given to him for protection. At last the morning came for the final scene of the stupendous drama. The troops were ordered to gather their belongings and to strike the shelters they had erected preparatory to disbandment. Each regiment and battalion moved to the spot designated, stacked arms and piled colors thereon. Then the final order, “*Break ranks, forever!*” was given. Fervent hand-shaking and embraces were then given, and old comrades who had shared the toil, danger and glory of four years, of bivouac, march and battle, separated to meet, many of them, no more on earth forever.

And here I must pay a deserved tribute to

### **THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC**

for their tender consideration of the feelings of the men who had so long contended with them. From the moment of the surrender down to the hour of disbandment of the Army of Northern Virginia there was exhibited to them by the Army of the Potomac from the highest to the lowest, naught but sympathy and good feeling. Malicious and petty spite on the part of the federal soldiers was first encountered by the returned confederates when they came in contact with the bomb-proof regiments who had long held the fortifications around Washington, and who had never heard the whistle of a hostile minnie ball, or the enlivening music of the confederate yell. Gen. Grant had ordered a train to be in readiness to convey to Petersburg and thence by steamer to Baltimore, all those of Lee’s army whose homes were in that direction. But, as few could go at a time, and there might be a delay of days in getting off, those who lived in northern, middle and western

Virginia preferred to strike out across the country on their own hook and take chances for provender. No provisions had been issued to us save the three days' rations, of which I have above spoken, and to secure sustenance in a devastated region of country was at least doubtful. But to men in our situation anything was preferable to delay.

### HEADING FOR HOME.

I had managed to secure a dilapidated old gray horse that had no government mark on him, while matters were being settled, and although doubtful whether I would be permitted to take him through the lines, as I was an infantry officer, and therefore not entitled to a horse, yet I thought that if I could prevail in that direction, with feeding and kind treatment he would carry me bravely to my home, which was at Fairfax Court-House, about 175 miles<sup>11</sup> as the crow flies. Noticing that the close ambulance which had been furnished to Gen. Lee by Gen. Grant, to carry him home, was about to start, in company with a trooper of Richardson's battalion, whose home was near Manassas Junction. I fell in with the mounted officer's attendant upon the ambulance and followed in the wake. When the outside picket of the federal cordon was reached General Lee's ambulance was not halted, nor were his immediate staff, but the rest of us, who were trying to save our nags under the cover of the wing of headquarters, were quickly brought up standing, the more so as no stretch of imagination could have turned me into a staff officer,—my horse being equipped with an old citizen's saddle and dilapidated bridle, and my uniform encrusted with the mud and powder-grime accumulated in the past week. The officer in charge of the picket was, however, a kind-hearted fellow, and when I showed him that there were no government marks on the animal, and told him I was sick and utterly unable to travel on foot he permitted myself and my companion to pass, while some others were turned back to take out proper papers for their horses. We struck out for the nearest crossing of the James River, not many miles away, and just before we got there, along came, fortunately for us, a Negro boy astride of a mule on a bag of corn, which he was carrying to the mill. He was at once

halted, as our animals were nearly starved to death and could scarcely walk. We only intended to take a peck or so from the bag, but the young imp, frightened out of his wits, sprang from the mule and darted into the bushes on the side of the road, and that's the last we saw of him. Having fed the horses and started the mule up the road in the way he was headed, we soon arrived at the ferry over the James.<sup>12</sup> Here a large crowd had collected, both horse and foot.

### UPSET IN THE JAMES.

The river was over two hundred yards wide, and running like a mill-race, having been swollen by the late rains. There was only a flat-bottomed ferry-boat, about twenty feet long and six wide, with two men to pole it across, and the men wanted to be paid before they made a trip, and were willing to take confederate money. Now, at the surrender, the troops had thrown away their money as worthless; indeed, there were some thousands trampled in the mud in the bivouac of my company alone. Happily, I had preserved some of each denomination "as a keepsake," and for a \$50 bill it was agreed a trip should be made. If we had known how to manage the boat we should have made short work of objections to our crossing, money or no money, not liking the looks of the crazy crate, crowded as it was with men and horses, I took off my sword, pistol and blanket and hung them about my horse's neck, and advised others to look out for an upset. It was well I did so



Former residence of Thomas Jefferson Murray. 3950 Chain Bridge Road, Fairfax, VA. This home was later enlarged and altered by R. Walton Moore. Photo credit: Page Johnson



for, missing the point of landing, the boat was swept down, and the men becoming excited pressed too much to one side and over she went, in about five feet of mud and water. All finally got safely to land, but two men were fished out in an insensible state and with difficulty brought to. On the route from the James to Gordonsville<sup>13</sup> the people were generally kind and gave us of the best they had, which was but little. The whole country was filled with straggling soldiers, and to feed them must have been a severe tax on an already sorely impoverished people. We heard no complaints, however, and I do not think that there were many depredations committed, for there was literally nothing to depredate upon. No signs of cultivation of the fields were at that time apparent, the fencing had long ago disappeared, large tracts of land, once fertile and cultivated, had grown up in bushwood and broom-sage, and there were no cattle or sheep in the fields, no hogs in the pens and no flocks of fowls in the farm-yards. And yet the people we met and talked with did not seem cast down or despairing. There was a perceptible relief exhibited now that the terrible strain of the four years of war was over, and hope for the future was generally expressed.

My companion and I slept in a house at night when we could find one near at hand, and in default thereof curled up in the bushes on the roadside, although the constant rains rendered camping out uncomfortable. Yet what with swimming and fording rivers and creeks, whose name is legion in that section, we had become almost waterproof.

When we struck Gordonsville we found a people that looked upon confederate money with contempt, and would part with nothing save for greenbacks and extortionately at that. I had some greenbacks and gold, which I had saved in case I should be captured, and one individual in that little burgh charged me \$2 for a pint of blue-monkey apple brandy.<sup>14</sup> From Gordonsville to the Rapidan, the country was as bare of provisions and hospitality as the palm of the hand, at least we found it so, with one exception near the river, in the house of a widow lady, whose once fine property had been literally ruined by the war.

### A GRAB THAT DID NOT PROSPER.

By the way, at Orange C.H. we heard that aquartermaster stationed at Charlottesville, Major R—,<sup>15</sup> as soon as he learned that the bottom had fallen out of the bucket at Appomattox, after the manner of his kind, had selected five of the best mule teams he had, and had loaded them with the most desirable and portable of the confederate stores at that place, intending to take them home as his private property. A few days before we arrived he had passed through the town with his caravan, but unfortunately for him he was met on the other side by a squad of the Black Horse<sup>16</sup> on their way home, and in spite of his threats and entreaties he was despoiled of four of his wagons, and sent on his way with the remark that *"he ought to be d—d glad to get off with one wagon and a whole skin."* The narration to me of this righteous spoiling of the Egyptian raised my spirits wonderfully.

### CROSSING THE RAPIDAN UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

We reached the Rapidan at the point where the Orange and Alexandria railroad bridge crosses.<sup>17</sup> The stream was angry and swollen, and, to our dismay, we found that the planking and side railing, &c., had been removed from the ties of the bridge, which was about two hundred and fifty yards long, and that it had sagged in the middle downstream so much that it was in the form of a crescent. The bridge was from 60 to 80 feet above the water, and appeared as if it must soon fall by its own weight. What to do was the question. There was no food nearer than twenty-five miles above, and to attempt to swim the rushing stream was certain death. And yet we were so near home, and so home-hungry, that we decided upon a plan of crossing that was almost as fool-hardy as would have been the attempt to swim the river. At the south end of the bridge was a large pile of long, wide and heavy planks. Having picketed our horses we set to work, and in the course of three or four hours had laid a plank walk, some three feet wide, from end to end of the bridge. The bridge shook and trembled even under our footsteps. What would it do when the weight and tread of a horse was



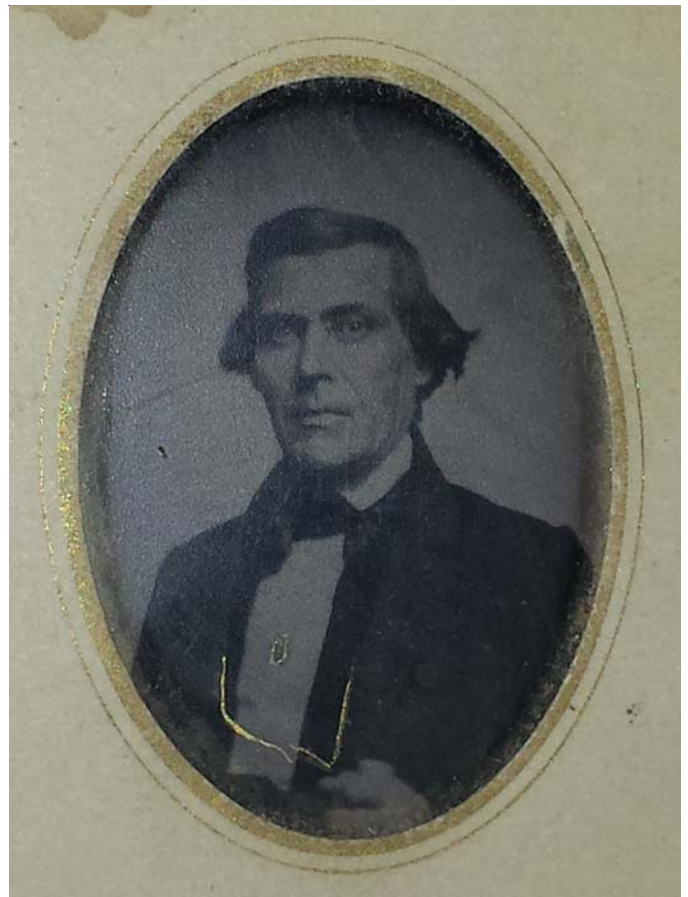
brought to bear upon it? My companion declared that his horse could walk a log over a stream, much less the plank walk, and go over he would at any risk. I confess I felt like backing out, but as an officer I could not shrink where a private showed the way. He led his horse upon the bridge, and walked steadily to the other side without once faltering, while I looked on breathlessly. Now came my turn. I stepped upon the planks leading my horse, who at first pulled hard upon the bridle and put each foot down slowly and firmly, snorting at the same time in affright. Near the center of the bridge, the point of greatest danger, he stopped short. I foolishly looked back and started towards him, when my companion shouted, *“for God’s sake don’t look back but come straight ahead.”* I did so, my horse following steadily, and we got safely over, when I sank down in a heap, white, faint and tremulous. Looking back at this escapade in cool blood, I do not believe that the wealth of the Indies would now tempt me to undertake it again. Sometime afterwards I was informed that a few days subsequent to our passage of the bridge, and when the river had fallen somewhat, Governor Smith (Extra Billy) attempted to cross with his horse on the plank walk we had made, and when nearly over, the governor fell or was thrust by his horse from the bridge into the water, and was with difficulty rescued by his companions from drowning.

When [we] got to Warrenton, Fauquier County, the news was received that President Lincoln had been assassinated and that the federal troops in and about the court house were terribly excited over the event. My friends urged me not to enter the federal lines, as the life of a confederate soldier, even with Gen. Grant’s parole in his pocket, would not be safe at such a time. However, I also heard that my father had died about a week before, and I determined to run the risk, as I did not know in what situation the family had been left by his death. When I arrived at the federal outposts I was placed under guard and escorted to the provost marshal’s office in the village, where, after some parleying as to whether I should be put in jail or not, it was finally agreed that in view of all the circumstances I should be permitted to visit my home for that night at least. Two lieutenants of the provost guard, Maguire<sup>18</sup> and

Zellers,<sup>19</sup> attached to the office who had personally known my father, escorted me to my home, one walking on each side of me, perhaps as a precaution for my safety, and many black looks were cast upon me by the soldiery as we passed by them. I was directed to consider myself as a prisoner, and on my honor not to stir out of the home until sent for. The next morning a corporal’s guard came down and directed me to get together my traps for a move. We all then got into a lumber wagon and were jolted over a corduroy road to Fairfax Station, where I found a number or my confederate acquaintances,

### ALSO IN DURANCE VILE.<sup>20</sup>

On entering the train in waiting I found Lieut. Col. Johnson,<sup>21</sup> of the engineers, and twenty-five or thirty confederate officers and privates, who had been brought down from Manassas. Arriving at Alexandria we were



**Thomas Jefferson Murray, Sr. (1810-1865)** Lawyer, res. of Fairfax Court House. Father of Thomas Jefferson Murray, Jr. He died about 10 days before his son came home from the war.

Photo courtesy: Anne Sroka

marched to the provost marshal's office, where our names, &c. were taken, and then we were escorted to the old slave pen, where we found some two or three hundred confederates in a large, bare room, all engaged in making themselves at home, in prospect of a lengthy imprisonment and awaiting the advent of the "*fresh fish*."<sup>22</sup> It appears that at this time extensive telegraphing was going on between Gen. Canby, in command of this department, and Gen. Grant, and the latter had angrily and peremptorily demanded that his engagement with Lee's troops should be respected. Accordingly, about an hour before sundown, all the prisoners who had paroles (a large number did not) were marched back to the provost marshal's office and shut up in a dark pen. After a while an officer with a file of men came in. Those of us who had Gen. Grant's parole were ordered to be brought again before the provost marshal. He demanded that we should give up our paroles, which we did. He treated us with but scant courtesy, Gen. H.H. Wells<sup>23</sup> was in command of the city, but he has since informed me that he was absent at the time, a Capt. Winship,<sup>24</sup> if I mistake not, was acting as provost marshal. A sergeant conducted us into a clerk's room, and after taking down our names, &c., ordered us to hand over our paroles. He then deliberately tore up the latter, and began to insert our names in blank passports. We one and all refused to accept these passes, or as one of the party put it, "*If Gen. Grant's parole is not sufficient to protect us we don't want any of your d—d safe conducts!*"

The commissioned officers were then directed to arrange themselves in line, and at the word from the provost marshal, a sergeant stepped forward with a pair of scissors and began snipping off the brass buttons from our uniforms, as well as the bars and stars on the collar indicative of our rank. As the sergeant approached me he whispered, "*This is a d—d hateful job to me, but I can't help it.*" We were then dismissed, turned out, buttonless, on the street, with orders to report next morning, which we did. No rations were offered us, and no place indicated where we could sleep; in fact, we were treated with a brutality and lack of manliness that we could not but contrast

unfavorably with the conduct of the men to whose prowess we had been compelled to surrender.

Finally, we were let loose and were sent under guard to our homes. As soon as practicable I started a school, but the feeling against myself and John H. Thomas,<sup>25</sup> of Mosby's command, I think we were the only two returned confederates in the village at that time, was very bitter, although we were exceedingly circumspect in all we said or did. In fact, Thomas narrowly escaped injury at the hands of a mob who had been excited against him by an old farmer named Robert's<sup>26</sup> with a cock and a bull story of robberies he charged Thomas with having committed during the war by the interposition of an artillery officer, who had conceived a liking for him. Now, there was encamped near the village a regiment of Pennsylvania reserves, the 211<sup>th</sup>, I think,<sup>27</sup> and they were especially venomous toward the rebels, and did not fail to elbow us off the sidewalk when passing, even if walking with ladies. I was informed and believe that those fellows had never been in battle and never heard the whistle of a confederate bullet. One evening, Thomas and myself left the village to attend a social gathering at a house in the country, where we remained all night. It was lucky for us we did so. The next morning when I returned, State Senator Wm. H. Dulany and Mr. O.W. Hunt approached and informed me that a band of soldiers with faces blacked, and headed by a Capt. Ryan,<sup>28</sup> had the night before been hunting the village over for "Thomas, the Mosbyite, and Murray, the schoolmaster," who, they claimed, they had been creditably informed, had attempted to poison the wells and springs used by the troops. Had they run across us that night we would have assuredly been seriously, if not fatally, maltreated.

### THINGS WERE NOW BECOMING SERIOUS.

If I had had myself only to look after I would at once have left the village, but I could not leave my helpless young sisters. Seeing Ryan sitting on the porch of the hotel, I resolved to take the bull by the horns at once. So I walked over and said to him, "*Capt. Ryan, you were looking for me last night. I am here to report.*" Said he, "*I*

want nothing to do with you or any of your kidney.” I replied, “I will not have my life endangered by the absurd charges preferred against me, and I give you notice that I shall forthwith bring this matter before Gen. Canby, commander of the department.” Accordingly that day I started for Washington, and, in company with the late Judge Wm. F. Purcell, of the orphan’s court, called upon Gen. Canby, who listened to my statement with kindness and courtesy, and, as a result, this regiment was removed within a week.

In the two months succeeding the surrender the troops about the village scorned to have Mosby on the brain. Nothing would convince them that Mosby was not prowling around seeking an opportunity to make a swoop upon them, when the truth was that Mosby’s men had long since surrendered to Gen. Hancock at Winchester, and were home engaged in the spring plowing. As illustrating the feeling existing, one evening, about 8 o’clock, I and another confederate were summoned to escort two young ladies to sit up with the corpse of a child of one of the villagers. As we were walking down the main street we were suddenly halted by a sentinel, who

#### DEMANDED THE COUNTERSIGN.

Now, up to this time no sentinels had been placed at night in the village, and we knew nothing of their presence. We explained our mission, and inked to be at least permitted to go home again, but in vain. The officer would not even permit the ladies to go home under guard, but marched us all off to the jail, where we were locked up in the dungeon, where there was not even a chair to sit down upon; and there we were kept until after midnight, when we were released by order of Gen. Gamble, to whom I had been able to get a note detailing the circumstances of our arrest. All this pother had been brought about by the ridiculous yarn of a “*reliable contraband*,” who, in the hope of getting an extra drink or so, claimed to have seen a band of guerillas lurking among the woods in the vicinity. This same “*reliable contraband*” came near being the death of Thomas and

myself on another occasion. Maj. George A. Armes,<sup>29</sup> now of this city, was in charge of the Freedmen’s bureau in the village, and as he had been raised in the county we confederates were on intimate terms with him. A negro, out of pure malice, went around among the troops telling them that he had overheard, through an open window in Mrs. James W. Jackson’s house, Thomas and myself plotting to kill Maj. Armes on the first opportunity to so without detection. Of course, it was a devilish, bare-faced lie, and I will give Armes the credit that he did not believe a word of it, but some of the troops did, and they openly threatened to

#### STRING BOTH OF US UP BY THE NECK

when they got a good chance. It goes without saying that we were forced “*to lie low*” until the affair blew over. But it was not only toward the returned confederates that harshness was exhibited by some of the troops. It extended to their relatives and friends as well. One day my brother, then a lad about fifteen years old, went to the commissariat building to make some purchases. He had on a gray jacket, and two drunken teamsters set upon him and, not content with beating him with their fists, struck him on the head with a stone, severely gashing him. I heard of the affair and, going up town, I met him, pale, and covered with blood. I supposed his skull was fractured, and my temper getting the better of my discretion I indulged in some violent language to the crowd around. That night, by order of Lieut. Moore,<sup>30</sup> Provost Marshal (if I remember rightly), my brother, badly hurt as he was, was arrested and thrown into the dungeon of the jail. The teamsters who beat him were not arrested or punished in any way that I ever heard of. The next morning I was arrested and carried before Lieut. Moore, who used very intemperate language to me, and declared that if it had not been for the intercession of a friend he would have put both my brother and myself in double irons and on bread and water until we cooled off a little. The friend in the case was John E. Ayers,<sup>31</sup> now a clerk in the second auditor’s office, who lost a leg at Gettysburg, and was master of transportation at Fairfax at the time I speak of. There are people now at the court





## Lincoln Conspirator at Fairfax Court House

by William Page Johnson, II

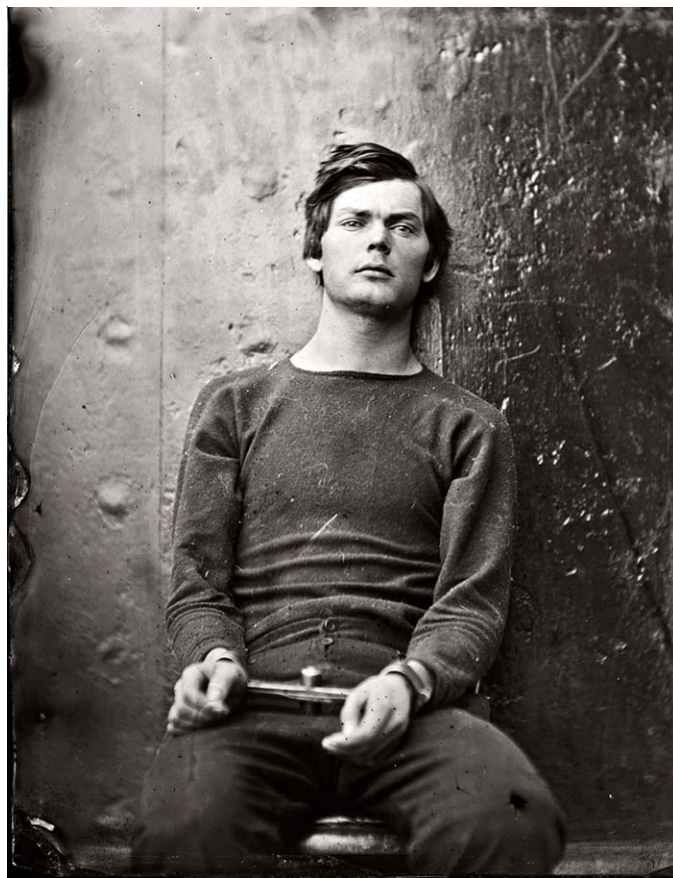
On January 13, 1865, three months before President Abraham Lincoln was murdered, a twenty-year-old young man, a refugee from Fauquier County, entered Union lines at Fairfax Court House. He reported to 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. George R. Maguire,<sup>1</sup> Adjutant of the 13<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Provost Marshal of Fairfax Court House. Tall and muscular, with dark hair, and deep blue eyes, the genial young man didn't look like an assassin. But he was.

*"His education is now completed. Slavery has taught him to wink at murder. The Southern army has taught him to practice and justify murder. Guerilla warfare has taught him to love murder. Necessity has taught him resolution to commit murder. He needs no further education. His four terms are complete, and he graduates an assassin."*<sup>2</sup>

John Wilkes Booth, Lewis Thornton Powell, George Atzerodt, David Herold, and John and Mary Surratt, conspired to assassinate President Abraham Lincoln, Vice President Andrew Johnson, and Secretary of State William Seward. On April 14, 1865, Booth succeeded, Powell almost did, and Atzerodt got drunk and lost his nerve.

### Lewis Thornton Powell

Lewis Thornton Powell was a confederate soldier and had served in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Florida Infantry. The war had been hard on him, as it had for everyone in the south. By late 1864, he had not seen his family in over three years. Both of his brothers, also confederate soldiers, had been killed in battle. In July 1863, Lewis had escaped death but had been wounded in the wrist and captured during the Battle of Gettysburg. As his wound was slight, he was detailed as a nurse at Pennsylvania College Hospital in Gettysburg. He was said to have been very compassionate in attending to his wounded comrades. While detailed at the hospital he met Margaret "Maggie" Branson, a nurse



Lewis Thornton Powell, alias Payne, June 1865. Manacled and imprisoned at the Navy Yard Washington, D.C.

Photo credit: Alexander Gardner. Photo source: Library of Congress.

and southern sympathizer from Baltimore, Maryland. The pair became friends.

From Gettysburg, Powell was transferred to West Building Hospital in Baltimore. In September, seeing no hope for being exchanged, and eager to get back in the fight, Powell escaped Baltimore and made his way back to Virginia. He was likely assisted in this effort by Maggie Branson. He first made his way to Winchester, Virginia and from there to Fauquier County. Lewis had heard of the exploits of John S. Mosby and his partisan rangers, the 43<sup>rd</sup> Battalion of Virginia Cavalry. He figured, he too, could relieve a Yankee paymaster of his *greenbacks* every once in a while just as easily as they could. He quickly enlisted with Mosby's command.

When he wasn't soldiering, Lewis Powell stayed at *Granville*, the home of Dr. John S. Payne, of Fauquier County. He also occasionally boarded with Dr. Alban S. Payne of Paris, Virginia. While staying with the Payne's



he became romantically acquainted with their cousin, Miss Elizabeth D. Meredith<sup>3</sup> of Prince William County, Virginia.

### Incident at Warrenton, Virginia

On Christmas Day 1864, a large Union cavalry force of approximately 3,000 men had just passed through Warrenton on their way back to Winchester from a raid on the railroad junction at Gordonsville, Virginia. The Union raid, had been a failure. The weather was miserable, it being bitterly cold. The roads were nearly impassable being covered with ice and snow. In these conditions, many Union horses became lame and along with their riders, fell behind the main Union column. Lewis Powell and his fellow Mosby Rangers had been busy capturing many of these stragglers.

During this ill-fated raid, the Union troopers were also ordered to destroy anything of military value to the enemy along their line of march. However, by 1865, after nearly four years of warfare, there really wasn't much left to destroy in northern Virginia. Still, the pitifully small quantities of hay, corn, and other forage discovered were put to the torch by the Union raiders. Likewise, all cattle encountered were either slaughtered on the spot or confiscated. Frustrated by the failure of their raid, many Union soldiers likely interpreted their orders to destroy anything of military value, *liberally*.

Later that day Lewis Powell was sitting astride his horse on the Waterloo Pike guarding three captured Union cavalymen who had straggled from their brigade.<sup>4</sup> Powell and his prisoners had stopped directly in front of the home of John and Lucy Ann (Latham) Grant which was located at what is now 212-214 Waterloo Street about a half a mile from the Fauquier County Courthouse.<sup>5,6</sup>

Lewis Powell was waiting for his comrades, who had ridden into Warrenton looking for supplies. Judging from the sounds coming from the direction of the courthouse, they had found what they were looking for and were now engaged in a little Christmas cheer supplemented by generous helpings of applejack brandy. Lewis Powell, a devout Christian, the youngest son of a

Baptist minister, did not drink.

As Powell and his prisoners sat waiting, they suddenly heard the sound of horses approaching from the direction of Waterloo, Virginia, to the west. In the lead was Isham Keith, a Waterloo resident and member of the *Black Horse Troop*, the 4<sup>th</sup> Virginia Cavalry. He was accompanied by several rangers and a few armed citizens. Isham Keith was enraged. Union cavalymen had just emptied his house of all its decidedly *non-military* contents, piled these belongings in his yard and set them on fire.

As Isham Keith rode up to Lewis Powell and his prisoners, several members of his party were shouting epithets and wildly waving and firing their pistols into the air. Sensing the rising tension, the horses of both groups



Pvt. Augustus Lockner. Co. H, 21<sup>st</sup> New York Cavalry. A native of Germany. One of the two prisoners Lewis Powell saved from execution.  
Photo source: [www.Findagrave.com](http://www.Findagrave.com)

began to move about nervously.

Isham Keith, backed by the angry mob, demanded that Lewis Powell turn over his prisoners. The volatile mixture of angry armed men fueled by alcohol suddenly spilled over. A single shot rang out, likely from Keith, and one of the prisoners, a soldier of the 8<sup>th</sup> New York Cavalry, fell from his horse, shot in the back, mortally wounded. Emboldened, the rest of the mob began firing indiscriminately at the surviving prisoners. A second shot found its mark, striking a prisoner, an “old man” of the 17<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania Cavalry, in the hip. The horse of the third prisoner, Augustus Lockner, a soldier of the 21<sup>st</sup> New York Cavalry, was hit and fell to the ground. Lockner then dove behind the wounded animal for protection.<sup>7</sup>

Without hesitation Lewis Powell drew his revolver and placed himself between the mob and his charges. He stood up in the stirrups of his saddle and confronted the

crowd telling them, “*he was a gentleman, and wished to be treated as one,*” and, “*though he may not be able to defend all,*” if they attempted to kill or capture his prisoners, “*they would do it at the peril of their own lives.*”<sup>8</sup>

By this time, several citizens, including John and Lucy Ann Grant, had come out of their homes to witness the disturbance. The unarmed citizens backed up Powell and shamed the mob for attempting to murder defenseless prisoners and it was with difficulty that they, in turn, stopped Powell from killing Keith.<sup>9</sup> Isham Keith and the rest of the crowd slowly dispersed.

Lewis Powell then travelled south toward Culpeper, Virginia with Augustus Lockner, the surviving uninjured Union prisoner. He was to escort Lockner to prison in Richmond. Powell and Lockner stopped at a farmhouse that evening to spend the night. During the night, Lockner



Fairfax Courthouse c. 1863. Likely the location of the Union Provost Marshal's Office in 1865.

Photo Courtesy: Lee Hubbard

was able to escape while Powell slept.

Lewis Powell, subsequently left Mosby's command and headed toward Fairfax Court House.

### **Powell at Fairfax Court House**

On January 13, 1865, Lewis *Payne* rode into Fairfax Court House and presented himself to Provost Marshal, Lt. George R. Maguire. He claimed he was a citizen refugee from Fauquier County who was seeking asylum from the depredations of the war.

During his yearlong stay with the Rangers, Lewis Powell had become very familiar with Fauquier County, and with the Payne family, in particular. So much so, that he adopted the name Payne as an alias in order to avoid detection as a confederate deserter and a member of Mosby's Rangers. Powell would later relate in a



Lt. George Rogers Maguire (1838-1879) Adjutant, 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry and Provost Marshal, of Fairfax Court House, January 1865. Photo credit: Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, PA.

newspaper, the *Washington Republican*, that he had adopted the alias to shield his parents from his connection with the conspiracy and impending assassinations.

Lt. Maguire interrogated him and because of Powell's knowledge of the Payne family and of Fauquier County, believed him. Powell was issued a pass and permitted to travel on to Alexandria, Virginia. At Alexandria, he again gave his name as Payne, took the oath of allegiance, and sold his horse.

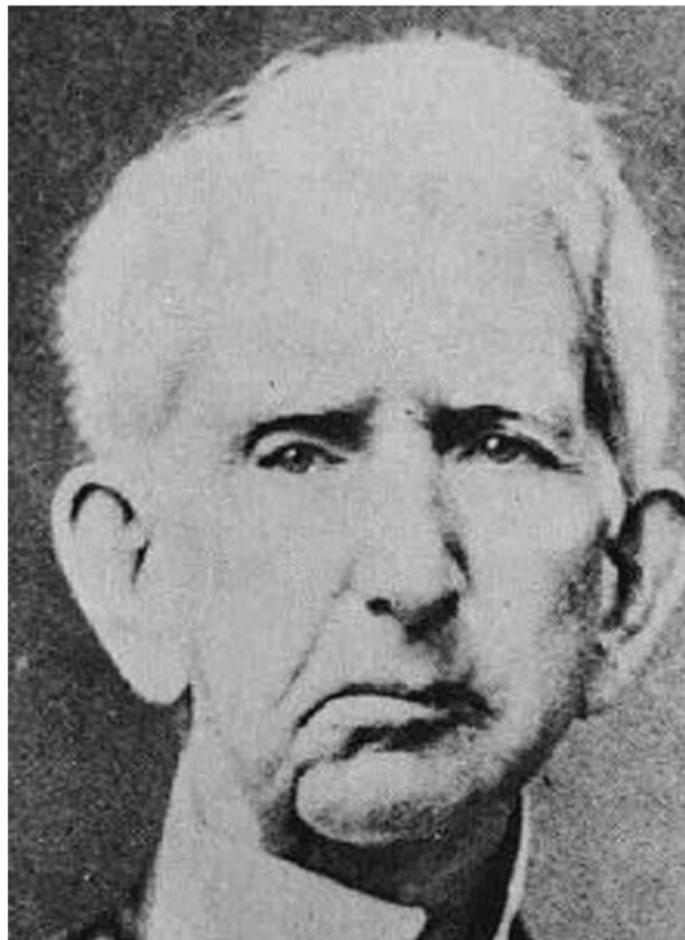
From Alexandria Powell went to Baltimore and rented a room in the Branson home. Here, he met Mary Branson, the older sister of Maggie Branson. In spite of the fact that Mary was fourteen years his senior, they allegedly established a romantic relationship and may have even become engaged.

### **Powell's Involvement in the Plot**

In February 1865, while out walking in Baltimore with Mary, Lewis Powell allegedly met John Wilkes Booth, an actor and celebrity whom he greatly admired. During the next several weeks the two met often in Booth's hotel room. At some point, Booth revealed to Powell his plan to capture President Lincoln and members of his cabinet and hold them for ransom and perhaps restart the war. At the end of February, Booth arranged for Powell to travel to Washington, D.C. to meet John and Mary Surratt and board at their home. This Powell did, but when he arrived at the Surratt home, he was told they were not home and the house was already full of boarders.

Powell returned to Baltimore. He was arrested on March 10, 1865 after assaulting the Branson's maid, Annie Ward. Curiously however, the *Baltimore Sun* newspaper indicated that he had been arrested as a spy. Following his interrogation, Powell took the oath of allegiance again and was ordered to leave Baltimore and remain north of Philadelphia for the duration of the war. Powell left Baltimore and did travel to New York City. However, by March 14, 1865 he was back in Washington, D.C. and rooming in the home of John and Mary Surratt.





Secretary of State William Henry Seward before and after the attack by Lewis Thornton Powell.

Photo source: (l to r) University of Michigan Library, Photograph Collection. University of Rochester Library Photograph Collection

### Powell Attacks Seward

On the night of April 14, 1865, at about 8 p.m., Booth assembled his conspirators. He revealed his true plan to assassinate President Lincoln, Vice President Johnson, and Secretary Seward simultaneously. Later that night, at about 10 p.m., Lewis Powell arrived at the home of Secretary of State William Seward near Lafayette Square. Seward was in bed recovering from a carriage accident which had occurred a few days earlier. Powell pushed past a servant who had answered the door and climbed the stairs to the Secretary's bedroom. Along the way, he overpowered two men. He reached the Secretary's bedroom and overpowered a third individual. He then viciously and repeatedly slashed and stabbed a helpless Seward in the face and neck with a large knife. Seward was only saved because of the brace he was wearing for a broken jaw suffered in the earlier accident. He was,

however, terribly disfigured. Powell then fled to the Surratt home.

One by one, the conspirators were arrested, including Lewis Powell. Booth, who had successfully assassinated President Lincoln, evaded capture until he was cornered in a barn in King George County, Virginia and was shot to death. The remaining conspirators were subsequently tried, convicted, and executed.

During the trial, the Grant's, in front of whose house the earlier Christmas Day incident had occurred, testified on behalf of Lewis Powell, the genial young man who had singlehandedly saved the lives of two Union soldiers.

#### (Endnotes)

<sup>1</sup> George Rogers Maguire (1838-1879) was born June 5, 1838 in Philadelphia, PA. He attended school at Girard College in Philadelphia, where he was also a teacher in 1860. He married Margaret A. Dunn on April 4, 1861 and they eventually had eight children. He enlisted as a Sergeant, Aug. 30, 1862. During the Second Battle of Winchester, June 1863, Maguire was ill with typhoid fever in a private home. He was captured on June 16, 1863 and robbed of \$212, his



house to whom he furnished not only provisions when they were in destitute circumstances, but money from his own pocket, who remember him with kindness and gratitude and I, myself, am glad of this opportunity to pay a tribute to a good soldier and a true man.

But, as I said at the start, I harbor no resentment for what I underwent in those ticklish times. I made many friends among the union troops stationed in the vicinity and received many kindnesses from them, especially from some of the officers of the 8<sup>th</sup> Illinois Cavalry. I have written the above mainly to show that the returned confederates had occasionally a rough old time of it for a brief period after the war ended, and after all is said, it was but the fortune of war.”

#### (Endnotes)

<sup>1</sup> On April 11, 1861, Captain William Thomas Magruder, 1st United States Cavalry was ordered to post “one non-commissioned officers and three privates” as pickets on the Long Bridge. (See Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, Series 1, Volume 51 (Part I), p. 324, © 1897, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Wash., DC. See also *Evening Star*, April 18, 1861, p. 3, c. 1) On April 24, 1861, Company E, 2nd United States Artillery was posted on the Washington, D.C. side of the Long Bridge at the foot of 14<sup>th</sup> Street. (See O.R., S. 1, V. 51 (Pt. I), p. 335. See also *Evening Star*, April 18, 1861, p. 3, c. 1).

<sup>2</sup> *Evening Star*, April 13, 1861, p. 3, c. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, Series 1, Volume 51 (Part I), p. 324, © 1897, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Wash., DC.

<sup>4</sup> Exodus 15:23 “When they came to Marah, they could not drink the waters of Marah, for they were bitter.”

<sup>5</sup> A *bombproof* was an underground chamber built to withstand incoming artillery shells.

<sup>6</sup> Refeeding Syndrome occurs when food is introduced after prolonged starvation. This leads to an increase in insulin and decrease in glucagon. The body increases metabolism and switches from using ketones (fat) as the primary energy source back to glucose. But the switch from starvation to normal function may not go smoothly if it occurs too quickly. Most importantly, phosphates are used up rapidly as well as magnesium and potassium. These ions are very important to maintain proper body functions. When they are deranged as in refeeding syndrome, it can result in cardiac arrhythmias, confusion, convulsions, coma, or even death.

<sup>7</sup> The Battle of Five Forks was fought April 1, 1865, in Dinwiddie County, Virginia. The Union victory cut the last supply line to the Confederate capital and forced Robert E. Lee to abandon his entrenchments and fortifications at Petersburg and Richmond and to begin the retreat that led to the surrender at Appomattox Court House eight days later.

<sup>8</sup> The Battle of Sailor’s Creek was fought April 6, 1865, in Amelia, Nottoway, Prince Edward counties, Virginia. Union cavalry cut off and surrounded nearly a quarter the retreating Confederate army at Sailor’s Creek, a tributary of the Appomattox River. The ensuing battle, a Union victory, was the last major engagement between the two armies before the surrender at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865. The modern spelling is *Saylor’s Creek*, however on 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> century maps the creek bears the name *Sailor’s*.

<sup>9</sup> Sheridan’s Scouts, commonly known as *Jessie’s Scouts*, were a small force of approximately 100 Union cavalry soldiers during the Civil War. They were created by General John C. Fremont and named in

honor of his wife, Jessie Benton Fremont. Their mission was to infiltrate Confederate lines and gather intelligence for the Union. Their activities included buying information, establishing networks of Union sympathizers, intercepting dispatches and orders, planting false orders, hunting down suspected Confederate sympathizers, spies and guerillas. To accomplish this, they disguised themselves as either civilians or Confederate cavalry and used forged passes, furlough and other documentation. If apprehended, they were subject to execution as spies.

<sup>10</sup> After the Battle of Sailor’s Creek, on the night of April 6, 1865, two men dressed in confederate uniforms were arrested for spying for the Union as Jessie Scouts. The arrest was affected by General John B. Gordon’s *superb scout* George of Danville, Virginia. George had recognized the men as the same two that had arrested him only two months prior. George brought the spies before General Gordon and could not be dissuaded by the General as to their guilt. A thorough search of the spies revealed an order from General Grant to General Ord hidden in the boot of one of the men. When this item was discovered the two spies admitted their guilt. General Gordon flatly stated: “Well, you know your fate. Under the laws of war you have forfeited your lives by wearing this uniform, and I shall have you shot at sunrise to-morrow morning!” In truth, Gordon had no intention of executing the men at this stage of the war. He sent the captured order to General Lee and informed of the captured spies and recommended they be spared. General Lee agreed and directed that Gordon bring the men along with him to Appomattox, where, on the morning of the surrender the two spies were turned over to General Sheridan.

<sup>11</sup> It is exactly 130 miles from the Murray home to Appomattox Court House.

<sup>12</sup> This is likely *Cannon’s Ferry*, New Canton, Buckingham Co., VA which operated from 1793 until the 1880’s. The ferry connected New Canton with Brems Bluff, Fluvanna Co.

<sup>13</sup> Gordonsville is a small town in Orange County. It stands at the crossroads of the Richmond Road and the Rockingham Turnpike (Rt. 33) and the Blue Ridge Turnpike (Rt. 231). During the Civil War Gordonsville was also an important railroad junction connecting northern Virginia (Orange and Alexandria Railroad) and Richmond (Virginia Central Railroad). The two railroads were utilized by the Confederacy to move troops and supplies.

<sup>14</sup> *Blue Money* is believed to be an archaic idiom describing something unique.

<sup>15</sup> William Burton Richards, Jr. (1832-1878). He was b. Alexandria County, D.C. He married Maria Louisa Urie, May 24, 1851, in Washington, D.C.; He served as a Pvt. in the *Alexandria Riflemen* (militia) in 1859; He was a merchant in Alexandria, *W.B. Richards, Jr. & Co.* He sold *Fancy and Variety* items from his store located at 110 King St, Alexandria. He also sold military goods. He served as Quartermaster, 6<sup>th</sup> Battalion Virginia Volunteers, April 1861. He mustered into state service, April 17, 1861 and served as Quartermaster for all troops at Alexandria, May 1861. He was Assistant Quartermaster, of the 17<sup>th</sup> Virginia Infantry in June 1861. He was appointed Quartermaster with rank of Captain on September 23, 1861. He was on detached service January 7, 1862, and assigned to duty at Gainesville, VA. He was relieved May 20, 1862, as Assistant Quartermaster, 17<sup>th</sup> Virginia Infantry, and assigned as Post Quartermaster, Gordonsville, VA. He was promoted to Major, April 23, 1863. He was relieved March 23, 1865, as Quartermaster at Gordonsville, and assigned as Quartermaster, Brigadier General James Conner’s Brigade; He was the Quartermaster at Charlottesville, Virginia (see *Evening Star*, Oct. 9, 1862, p. 2).

Burton Richards, along with M.D. Corse, Richard Snowden, William N. McVeigh, and other prominent Virginians, was indicted for Treason by the United States District Court, Norfolk, VA in June 1865. The charges were eventually dropped.

He died in September 1878 of Yellow Fever in New Orleans, Louisiana (see *Staunton Spectator*, Sept. 17, 1878, p. 3). His widow, Maria Louise Urie Richards, age 73, d. June 25, 1902, and is interred in Loudoun Park Cemetery, Baltimore, MD.



<sup>16</sup> Black Horse Cavalry, 4<sup>th</sup> Virginia Cavalry.

<sup>17</sup> "The Orange and Alexandria Railroad (now the Southern Railway) crosses the Rapidan River at Rapid Ann Station (now Rapidan), Virginia. The Rapid Ann, or Rapidan River, is the boundary between Orange County to the south and Culpeper County to the north. In 1854, the Orange and Alexandria Railroad arrived at the Rapid Ann River. A covered wooden trestle was constructed over the river. This structure was burned several times by both armies during the war. The confederate army rebuilt the bridge after it was destroyed by confederate cavalry in April 1863. Col. Henry Martyn Lazelle (1832-1917), of the 16<sup>th</sup> New York Cavalry, a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, and future commandant, participated in a raid on this location with 325 men. This raid marked the last significant action of the Civil War in central Virginia. On the morning of September 17, 1864, Col. Lazelle and 275 men from the 16<sup>th</sup> New York Cavalry, along with 50 men from the 13<sup>th</sup> New York Cavalry, left their camp at Ft. Buffalo (now Seven Corners), Virginia for a raid on Rapid Ann Station, Virginia. Arriving at Rapid Ann Station on September 19<sup>th</sup> they captured 200 horses and mules, along with 2 confederate officers and 20 men, detailed there as guards. They attacked the railroad trestle over the Rapidan River, cutting away some of the bridge supports and setting it on fire, *"But the timbers being green, and the structure a mere trestle work, their success was not commensurate with their efforts. The injury to the bridge is trifling, it being only singed"* (see *Richmond Examiner*, Sept. 21, 1864, p. 1). They did, however, succeed in burning the railroad depot, telegraph office, and Holliday's mill, *"a very large flour mill, running six sets of stones,"* containing 300 barrels of corn and wheat. While this was occurring, a train was seen approaching Rapid Ann Station from the Orange County side of the river, but the engineer of the train had seen the smoke from the fires in Rapidan and backed up his train and escaped. The Union raiders then moved off with their prisoners and captured horses toward Culpeper Court House. As they left Rapidan they pulled down the telegraph wires and tore up a portion of the railroad track. During the march from Rapidan to Culpeper the Union rear guard was continually harassed by confederate cavalry belonging to General Early. The raiders stopped briefly at Mitchell's Station and burned the depot. Arriving at the intersection of the Culpeper and Stevensburg roads (present day Rt. 3 & R. 522) the New Yorkers encountered a portion of the infantry brigade of Confederate General Joseph B. Kershaw, supported by four pieces of artillery and cavalry. After the lead elements of Lazelle's column had passed, Kershaw's South Carolinian's, who were concealed in rifle pits near the summit of Mt. Pony, opened a heavy fire on the New Yorkers. The New Yorkers panicked and a large number fled in the direction of Kelly's Ford. Order was partially restored and a charge was attempted, but repulsed. The Union losses were heavy with two killed, eleven wounded, and twenty two captured. Col. Lazelle ordered a retreat northward through Culpeper. The confederate cavalry, once again, continued to harass the rear guard of Lazelle's force for many miles. All but eight of the confederate prisoners escaped and captured horses and mules were abandoned. As a result of this loss, Col. Lazelle recommended that Maj. George Bacon Bosworth (1841-1911), 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Henry P. Field (1825-1884), of Co. H, and 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Henry Sylvanus Larned (1842-1899) of Co. B, all of the 16<sup>th</sup> New York Cavalry, be censured for disobeying orders and not controlling their men. Maj. Bosworth was recommended for a court-martial (no record found) and Lts. Field and Larned were summarily dismissed from the service on October 1, 1864. Lt. Field's commission was later restored on December 7, 1864. (see Reports of Col. Henry M. Lazelle, O.R. s. 1, v. 43, pt. II, pp. 133-4, 166, & 211, © 1893, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Wash. D.C. and United States Service Magazine, v. 3, p. 191, © 1865, Charles R. Richardson, New York).

This is the reason why the bridge encountered by Murray and Carrico in April 1865 *"sagged in the middle downstream so much that it was in the form of a crescent."*

The present Southern Railway bridge is approximately 100 feet north of the original Orange and Alexandria Railroad Bridge. The name Rapid Ann River is believed to have originally been named for both its swiftness and Queen Anne of England. In another more colorful story the river derived its name from a half-wild woman of the region, who, on account of her remarkable agility, was always referred to by early settlers and hunters as Rapid Ann. (see *The Daily Republican*, Oct. 12, 1886, p. 3.) The name was changed to Rapidan in 1886. During the Civil War, northern newspapers often confused the Rapid Ann with the Rappahannock and vice versa. In fact the newspaper so consistently referred to the Rapid Ann as the Rapidan, that the name was eventually officially changed to Rapidan in 1886.

<sup>18</sup> George Rogers Maguire (1838-1879) was born June 5, 1838 in Philadelphia, PA. He attended school at Girard College in Philadelphia, where he was also a teacher in 1860. He married Margaret A. Dunn on April 4, 1861 and they eventually had eight children. He enlisted as a Sergeant, Aug. 30, 1862. During the Second Battle of Winchester, June 1863, Maguire was ill with typhoid fever in a private home. He was captured on June 16, 1863 and robbed of \$212, his watch, and clothing. Initially, he was sent to a confederate hospital in Winchester. On route to a confederate prison in Richmond, he escaped at Staunton, VA with four other officers and made his way to Petersburg, Hampshire Co., WV (see *Philadelphia Inquirer*, Aug. 18, 1863, p. 8). He was promoted to Captain, Co. E, June 6, 1865 After the war he resided at 267 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, PA. He applied for a federal pension for his war service on May 19, 1869 (App. #143,638; Cert. #116,248). He was a member of Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Lodge #2 and was elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Grand Lodge of the B.P.O.E. in 1878, which position he held at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Greble Post No. 10, G.A.R. (Grand Army of the Republic). He died January 8, 1879, and after an elaborate lodge funeral service was interred in the Elks Rest Section, Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, PA. Margaret Maguire applied for a widow's pension (App. #148,820; Cert. #213,157) as did one of his children (App. # 334,796; Cert. #248,597). Children: William Sullivan (1862-1914); Frances Giltman (???-???); Mary (???-???); Victor (1870-1912); Gertrude (1872-???) Margaret Daisy (1874-???) m/1 \_\_\_\_\_ Reilly, m/2 Geo. Washington Lyons (1903), divorced (1914); Edward Hughs (1875-1875); Helen Glanville (1877-1913) m. Charles McInerey.

<sup>19</sup> Atkinson H. Sellers (1833-1888) b. Green County, PA. On June 20, 1861, he enlisted at Waynesburg, Greene Co., PA, as a 2<sup>nd</sup> sergeant, Co. I, 37<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania Infantry. Promoted to 1<sup>st</sup> Lt, date unknown. He was severely wounded at the Battle of the Wilderness in May 1864 and discharged. He re-listed in Co. M, 5<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery on November 15, 1864. He was named acting ordinance officer. He applied for a pension for his war service on September 21, 1865 (App. #90,074; Cert. # 55,678). He moved to Olivet, Osage County, Kansas in 1869 where he farmed. About 1870, he moved to Williamsburg, Franklin County, KS where he farmed and was clerk in the Williamsburg General Store. He married Lillie D. Detwiler (1855-1928), Ottawa, Franklin County, KS in 1873. In 1879, he was elected County Clerk for Franklin County, KS and served until 1883. He was defeated for re-election in 1883. He was subsequently appointed Ottawa City Clerk in 1883. That same year, he established Wharton & Sellers, a Real Estate & Insurance Agency. He ran again for county clerk in 1885 and was again defeated. He was a member of the George H. Thomas Post of the G.A.R. and the Ottawa Lodge No. 807, Knights of Honor, of which he served as "Dictator" (leader). He died April 10, 1888, likely of pleurisy. At the time of his death, he resided on the corner of Walnut Street and Fifth Street, Ottawa, KS. He is interred in Hope Cemetery, Ottawa, Franklin County, KS. Lilly applied for a widow's pension October 3, 1888 (App. #381,658; Cert. #269,955). Lilly moved to Chicago, IL and remarried Nathan B. Reed (1855-1915) in 1893.

<sup>20</sup> *Durance Vile* is an archaic expression meaning in jail or prison.

<sup>21</sup> Lt. Col. Samuel Richard Johnson, b. *West Grove*, Fairfax Co., VA, March 16, 1833; d. East Orange, NJ, December 24, 1899.



<sup>22</sup> *Fresh Fish* was Civil War slang for *new prisoners*, or *new recruits*.

<sup>23</sup> General Henry Horatio Wells (1823-1890) was a Lawyer, Union Army General, Provost Marshal of Alexandria, Provisional Governor, and Carpetbagger. Wells was born in Rochester, NY. As a child he moved with his family to Michigan where he was educated at the Romeo Academy in Detroit. He subsequently studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1846. He was elected to the Michigan state legislature in 1854-56. In Sept. 1862, he was commissioned a Major in the 26<sup>th</sup> Michigan Infantry. He was subsequently promoted to Lt. Col. In Feb. 1863, he was appointed Provost Marshal General of Alexandria, Virginia (Defenses South of the Potomac), which office he held until the close of the war. In March 1864, he was promoted to Colonel. After the assassination of President Lincoln, Wells played a significant role in the manhunt for John Wilkes Booth, taking charge of the investigation in Washington that resulted in the capture of the conspirators. He was later an associate counsel in the criminal proceedings, for treason, against former confederate president Jefferson Davis. In May 1865, he received the brevet of Brigadier-General of Volunteers and mustered out in Sept. 1865. He was appointed provisional governor of Virginia in 1868 and served until Virginia adopted a new Constitution in 1869. He was the Republican candidate for governor in 1869, but was defeated by Gilbert C. Walker. In 1870, along with former Virginia governor, Henry A. Wise, he was counsel in the Chohoon and Ellyson mayoralty case, which established the leadership in the City of Richmond after Reconstruction. In 1871, President Ulysses Grant appointed him United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia, and he moved to Washington, DC, where, in 1875, he was appointed U.S. Attorney for the District of Columbia. He died in Palmyra, New York in Feb. 1900.

<sup>24</sup> Capt. William Williamson Winship (1833-1908), of Georgetown, Wash., DC, was then the Acting Provost Marshal of Alexandria; bur. Oak Hill Cem., Wash., DC.

*"General Orders, Hdqrs. Dept. of Washington, Twenty-second Army Corps, (No. 55. ) April 20, 1865.*

*Capt. W. W. Winship, Second District of Columbia Volunteers, is announced as acting provost-marshal-general. Defenses South of the Potomac, during the absence of Col. H. H. Wells. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly. By command of Maj. Gen. C. C. Augur: A. E. KING, Assistant Adjutant-General."*

*"Death of W.W. Winship. William Williamson Winship, for the past ten or twelve years chief draftsman of the War Department, and who was connected with the government service since the close of the civil war, died in Washington Friday last. The deceased was a lieutenant in the First Regiment of District of Columbia Volunteers and at the close of the war was provost marshal of this city, where he is unkindly remembered for his overbearing conduct towards the southern people and returned Confederate soldiers before who they were compelled to take the oath of allegiance. The deceased was 75 years old. The funeral took place this evening." A.G., Oct. 26, 1908, p. 3, c. 1.*

<sup>25</sup> John H. Thomas was the son of Judge Henry W. Thomas.

<sup>26</sup> Jonathan Roberts (1818-1901), a Quaker, a Union Scout, and the elected Sheriff of the restored (Union) government of Fairfax County (1862). He attempted to arrest John Thomas for the brutal assault of two former slaves near Lewinsville, Fairfax County.

<sup>27</sup> The 202<sup>nd</sup> Pennsylvania Infantry was organized at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania on September 3, 1864. They moved to Alexandria, Virginia via Washington, D.C. on September 29, 1864. From October to November 1864 they were engaged in guarding the Manassas Gap Railroad from Thoroughfare Gap to Rectortown, Virginia. They were involved in two small skirmishes at Salem (now Marshall) on October 8<sup>th</sup> & 16<sup>th</sup> 1864. A party of Confederates succeeded in throwing trains off the track and poured a volley upon the victims. The Colonel of the 202<sup>nd</sup>, Albright, ordered every building to be burned within a radius of one mile. After the railroad was abandoned they removed the ties and rails of the MGRR to Alexandria, Va., The 202<sup>nd</sup> were assigned to the 1<sup>st</sup> Separate Brigade, 22<sup>nd</sup> Army Corps, which was created in November 1864 to guard the line from Lewinsville to Burke Station, Virginia.

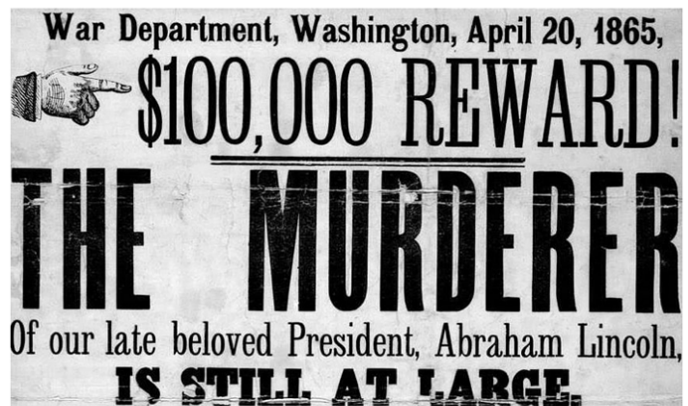
Making their headquarters at Fairfax Station, Virginia, they protected the men chopping firewood and the teams moving the wood. The headquarters of the brigade were located at Fairfax Court House. (see CW pension file of Joseph Hoppes, RG109, NARA). The 202<sup>nd</sup> was ordered back to Pennsylvania on May 20, 1865 and were mustered out at Harrisburg on August 3, 1865.

<sup>28</sup> The identity of "Capt. Ryan" is, at present, a mystery.

<sup>29</sup> George Augustus Armes (1844-1919) was a native of Annandale, Fairfax County. He was a former member of Ball's Fairfax Cavalry before Virginia seceded. In 1861, just a few days shy of his 17th birthday, was then employed as a messenger in the U.S. Department of State, but having knowledge of the roads in northern Virginia, was on leave as a scout for the U.S. Cavalry. He later received a commission and served in the artillery. After the war he was appointed Assistant Superintendent for the Freedman's Bureau at Fairfax Court House. In 1900, he published a book, *Ups and Downs of an Army Officer*, chronicling his colorful career and exploits. He is interred at Arl. Natl. Cem.

<sup>30</sup> Charles F. Moore (1844-????) He was the son of Amasa Corbin Moore and Charlotte Elizabeth Mooers. He enlisted at Plattsburgh, Clinton County, NY on June 19, 1863, as a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant in Co. A, 16<sup>th</sup> New York Cavalry. He was promoted to 1st Lieutenant of Co. C on September 1, 1864. Aide-de-Camp and Provost Marshal at Fairfax Court House from December 1864 to Spring of 1865. He mustered out of the service on September 21, 1865. On November 30 1865 he and 19 other members of the 16<sup>th</sup> New York Cavalry filed a special claim for "Arrears of Pay and Bounty" in "Aiding in the capture of John Wilkes Booth and David E. Harrold" (NARA M619).

<sup>31</sup> John Eugene Ayers (1845-1896) was born in Lockport, NY. He was the son of Henry and Phoebe Ayerts. On October 5, 1861 he enlisted at Middleport, NY as a Private in Co. E, 8<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania Cavalry. He was severely wounded (left foot amputated), July 10, 1863 at Funkstown, Maryland. He was discharged October 12, 1863 at Frederick, Maryland. He married Mary Ann Sophia Houx (1851-1918) in Washington, DC in 1870. He was employed as Clerk in the Treasury Department, 2<sup>nd</sup> Auditors Office in Washington, DC. He applied for a pension for his war service on January 27, 1864 (App. #39,527; Cert. #34,633). He died February 19, 1896 and is interred at Arlington National Cemetery. Mary applied for a widow's pension February 23, 1896 (App. #629,032; Cert. #424,583).



Wanted Poster for The Murderer of President Lincoln.

Source: Library of Congress



## Fairfax Court House News of 150 Years Ago

Mosby is again in the saddle, and has been very active of late in Fairfax and the adjacent counties.

*Alexandria Gazette*, March 24, 1865, p. 2, c. 3.

Thomas J. Murray, of Fairfax county, died at Fairfax Ct. House, this morning, of an attack paralysis. Mr. M. was an old citizen of the county, and, for many years, a lawyer.

*Alexandria Gazette*, March 29, 1865, p. 3, c. 1.

A night or two ago, the residence of Mrs. Fitzhugh, at Ravenswood, Fairfax County, near this place, was entered by several persons and robbed of silver plate, a gold watch, and other articles of value. All the efforts of Mrs. F. and the few in the house were ineffectual to prevail upon the persons to desist.— Word was immediately sent to a captain commanding in the neighborhood, but before the guard came, the robbers made off. Information of this, having been sent to Col. D. F. Dulany in this place, he has laid the case before the Provost Marshal, and steps will be taken to arrest the perpetrators, and bring them to punishment. Mrs. F. has a protection for her property from several of the highest U. S. military officers.

*Alexandria Gazette*, April 9, 1865, p. 3, c. 1.

In the fight, March 31, the 17th Virginia Regiment lost 7 men killed: Lieut. Samuel Paul, of this city; Privates Robinson, of Goochland co.; Ford, Richardson and Samuel Barnes, of Fairfax co.; Forsyth and Eckhart. Among the wounded are Bud Baldwin, Hallie Appich, (who was reported killed,) slightly, Capt. Robt. Knox, and Lieut. Robt. Paul.

*Alexandria Gazette*, April 11, 1865, p. 3, c. 2.

Salutes were fired from the fortifications, batteries, &c., in and around this place, to-day, at 12 o'clock, according to orders from the War Department, in honor of the surrender of Gen. Lee's army. The bells were, also, rang at noon to-day.

A steamer having on board a number of prisoners passed up to Washington this morning from City Point. Among the number were Stephen Guy, son of Capt. Jas. Guy of this place.

The loss of property, stores, dwellings, &c., in Richmond, by the fire, at the evacuation, is immense. A large portion of the business part of the city, is destroyed.

Yesterday, in Washington, there were processions, salutes, bell ringing, speeches, &c., in honor of the surrender of Gen. Lee's army. To-night there are more rejoicings and illuminations.

*Alexandria Gazette*, April 11, 1865, p. 3, c. 1.

A number of prisoners, of war paroled prisoners, and persons with passes, from Richmond and other places south, have arrived in Washington and this place, within the last few days. Among them we learn, were H. W. Thomas, of Fairfax Co., Capt. Geo. T. Whittington (prisoner of war), George C. Wedderburn, Charles Lambert, Ernest Lambert, William Allen, M. L. Price, William Jarvis, 17th Virginia, Thomas Kirby, 17th Virginia, E. H. Field, Company E, 17th Virginia, Peter Steele, Company D, 17th Virginia, George Allison, Company E, 17th Virginia, John Reade, Company H, 17th Virginia, John L. Proctor, Company H, 17th Virginia, James T. Cookley, Company B, Mosby's battalion, Corbin Whaley, Company A, White's battalion, James Spencer, Company G, 8th Virginia volunteers, Julian Arnold, Company I, 5th Virginia infantry, John C. Toben, Charles Demaine, Richard Cross, citizens and and refugees, William Wilson, 43d Va.

*Alexandria Gazette*, April 17, 1865, p. 3, c. 1.

Continued next page



## Fairfax C. H. News contd.

**A Ride Through Fairfax**—Capt. Pettit, of the Invalid Corps, and attached to Provost Marshal General Welles Department, yesterday proceeded in company with a guide and an officer, as far as Wolf Run Shoals. He conversed with quite a number of the inhabitants, and found them without an exception in a quiet and orderly condition and hopeful of a speedy and complete overthrow of the rebellion. Considerable number are putting in small crops, and the desolation which has for four years pervaded this section bids fair to speedily give place to a more cheerful and frugal aspect. The Captain returned last evening without having met or heard of a guerrilla in the entire distance traveled, over sixty miles.—*Alex. Journal*, 25th.

*Evening Star*, April 25, 1865, p. 2, c. 1.

A number of old residents of Fairfax and adjoining counties, belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia—many of them at times acting with Mosby and Kincheloe—have surrendered themselves at Fairfax Court House, and have been paroled and returned to their homes.

*Evening Star*, April 26, 1865, p. 2, c. 2.

### Alexandria Affairs.

John Thomas, son of Henry W. Thomas, late Auditor of the rebel State Government, was sent in from Fairfax Court House to-day, and had a hearing before Captain Winship, Acting Provost Marshal General. He was a member of Mosby's battalion, and asked to be sent to Richmond where his father now resides. He was sent to the Washington street prison.

*Evening Star*, May 1, 1865, p. 4, c. 1.

Mr. Orlando W. Hunt, of Fairfax county, formerly sheriff of the county, and lately a member of the Legislature, has returned from Richmond, and taken the oath of allegiance.

*Alexandria Gazette*, May 3, 1865, p. 3, c. 1.

Mr. A. Stephenson sold his farm, adjoining the Court House, last week to Mr. Canfield, of New York, at \$30 per acre—a good price, as it is entirely stripped of fencing and timber, and is not as rich as the surrounding land generally.

*Alexandria Gazette*, May 25, 1865, p. 2, c. 3.

watch, and clothing. Initially, he was sent to a confederate hospital in Winchester. On route to a confederate prison in Richmond, he escaped at Staunton, VA with four other officers and made his way to Petersburg, Hampshire Co., WV (see *Philadelphia Inquirer*, Aug. 18, 1863, p. 8). He was promoted to Captain, Co. E, June 6, 1865. After the war he resided at 267 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, PA. He applied for a federal pension for his war service on May 19, 1869 (App. #143,638; Cert. #116,248). He was a member of Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Lodge #2 and was elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Grand Lodge of the B.P.O.E. in 1878, which position he held at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Greble Post No. 10, G.A.R. (Grand Army of the Republic). He died January 8, 1879, and after an elaborate lodge funeral service was interred in the Elks Rest Section, Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, PA. Margaret Maguire applied for a widow's pension (App. #148,820; Cert. #213,157) as did one of his children (App. #334,796; Cert. #248,597). Children: William Sullivan (1862-1914); Frances Giltman (1862-1914); Mary (1862-1914); Victor (1870-1912); Gertrude (1872-1914); Margaret Daisy (1874-1914) m/1 \_\_\_\_\_ Reilly, m/2 Geo. Washington Lyons (1903), div.; Edward Hughs (1875-1875); Helen Glanville (1877-1913) m. Charles McNerey.

<sup>2</sup> Age, June 22, 1865, p. 2, c. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth Daniel Meredith (1846-1906) was daughter of John Taylor Meredith and Elizabeth Hooe Winter Payne. She was also the sister of Virginia State Senator Elisha Edward Meredith (1848-1900), who served from 1883-1887, and was later elected to Congress, representing Fairfax and Prince Wm. Counties from 1891-1897. Meredith Street in the City of Fairfax is named in his honor.

<sup>4</sup> Letter of Gen. William H.F. Payne to General Bradley T. Johnson, September 6, 1894. Confederate General William H.F. Payne puts the number at six Union prisoners, four of whom were shot and killed.

<sup>5</sup> John Nelson? Grant (1822-1876) b. Virginia, the son of James H. Grant and Elizabeth Nelson; m. Lucy Ann Latham (1825-1886), December 23, 1844, Fauquier County, Virginia; c. 1850-1880 res. Warrenton, Fauquier Co., occ. Mechanic. During the Civil War John N. Grant manufactured horseshoes and coffins for the Confederacy; Issue: Agnesola (1844); Elizabeth (1847); James H. (1848); Catherine (1845); John R. (1852); Mary W. (1854); Thomas N. (1857); Theodosia (1857); Lucy Agnes (1859-1919); George T. (1864-1926); Scott E. (1866-1923).

<sup>6</sup> Fauquier County Deed Book 58, p. 232, McLean to Grant, November 3, 1859; Deed Book 59, p. 777, Fisher to Grant, May 7, 1866; DB 62, p. 82, J.P. Jeffries, Commissioner to James H. Grant, June 17, 1892 (see *Risdon v. Grant*, 1893-023, Fauquier County; DB 83, p. 292, Grant to Lunsford, February 3, 1893; DB 90, p. 166, C.W. White, Commissioner to Bishop, October 29, 1895 (Dawson v. Lunsford, 1895-047, Fauquier County); DB 98, p. 309, Bishop to Weeks, July 13, 1906; DB 103, p. 380, Weeks to Fisher, April 4, 1910; DB 127, p. 320, Fisher to Brooke, October 19, 1925; WB 59, p. 130, Will of N.M. Brooke to Rita A. Brooke; DB 173, p. 351, Brooke to VEPCO, August 12, 1950 (plat); WB 96, p. 690, Will of Rita A. Brooke Shepherd to N.M. Brooke, Jr. and Richard N. Brooke, January 18, 1973; Richard N. Brooke convey interest to N.M. Brooke, Jr.; DB 457, p. 385, N.M. Brooke, Jr. to Charles V. Brooke, November 23, 1983; (see DB 457, p. 413 for plat).

<sup>7</sup> *Omaha Daily Bee*, January 18, 1903, p. 15, c. 3.

<sup>8</sup> Pittman, Benjamin, *The Assassination of President Lincoln and the Trial of the Conspirators*, Testimony of Lucy Ann Grant, June 12, 1865, p. 166, © 1865, Moore, Wiltach & Baldwin, New York, NY.

<sup>9</sup> Letter of Gen. William H.F. Payne to General Bradley T. Johnson, September 6, 1894.

**A REWARD OF \$15 WILL BE PAID, in addition to the sum already offered, for the ARREST of the villain, J. WILKES BOOTH, who assassinated Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, April 14, 1865. GEORGE WM. MATTHEWS, Williamsburgh, L. I., N. Y.**

*New York Tribune*, April 19, 1865, p. 3, c. 4.

Touching ad placed in the *New York Tribune* by a private citizen offering a reward for the capture of John Wilkes Booth.

## Union Provost Guard Fairfax Court House, 1865

In November 1864, a new Union Command was created to guard the line extending from Prospect Hill (near Lewinsville) to Burke Station, Virginia. Brigadier General William Gamble was placed in command of the 1<sup>st</sup> Separate Brigade, 22<sup>nd</sup> Army Corps. The brigade consisted of the 8<sup>th</sup> Illinois Cavalry, 13<sup>th</sup> New York Cavalry, 16<sup>th</sup> New York Cavalry, 202<sup>nd</sup> Pennsylvania Infantry, 4<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, 16<sup>th</sup> Massachusetts Battery of Horse Artillery. General Gamble established his headquarters at Fairfax Court House. "The finest houses in Fairfax were used as headquarters; the men built excellent huts for their protection and barracks were erected for the horses."<sup>1</sup>

GENERAL ORDERS,

HDQRS. FIRST SEPARATE BRIGADE,

No. 5.

Fairfax Court-House, Va., December 10, 1864.

The following officers compose the staff of this brigade, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly:

Captain Charles I. Wickersham, assistant adjutant-general and chief of staff; Surg. A. Hard, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, surgeon-in-chief; Major J. M. Waite, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, acting assistant inspector-general; Captain H. C. Lawrence, assistant quartermaster, brigade quartermaster; First Lieutenant George R. Maguire, Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, aide-de-camp and provost-marshal; First Lieutenant A. H. Sellers, Fifth Pennsylvania Artillery, acting ordnance officer; First Lieutenant Charles F. Moore,<sup>2</sup> Sixteenth New York Cavalry, aide-de-camp; Second Lieutenant H. A. Pearsons, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, aide-de-camp.

WM. GAMBLE,

Colonel, Commanding Brigade

<sup>1</sup> Hard, Abner, History of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry Regiment During the Great Rebellion, © 1868, Aurora, IL.

## Fairfax Courthouse Bell Tolls For President Lincoln

On April 15, 1865, the news that President Lincoln had been assassinated reached Fairfax Court House. The Union soldiers stationed there, as elsewhere, were grief-stricken. As a tribute to their fallen Commander in Chief...

*"The Court House bell was tolled once a minute during the day, and all the troops that could be spared were put on duty. Nothing had occurred during the war, not even our greatest battles, that produced such a profound sensation as this crowning act of the rebellion. Not a word of disrespect for our honored dead, would a soldier tolerate from any one."*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hard, Abner, M.D., History of the Eighth Cavalry Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, During the Great Rebellion, © 1868, p. 321, Privately Published, Aurora, IL.

## A M U S E M E N T S .

**FORD'S NEW THEATRE,  
TENTH STREET, ABOVE PENNA. AVENUE.**

**THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 13, 1865,  
LAST NIGHT BUT ONE**

Of the engagement of

**MISS LAURA KEENE,**

Who will appear in her celebrated character of  
**PEG WOFFINGTON,**

In Tom Taylor's admirable Comedy of  
**THE STORY OF PEGGY, THE ACTRESS,**

Supported by

**J. C. McCOLLOM, JOHN DYOTT, HARRY HAWK,**  
And the Entire Company.

To conclude with the Farce of  
**THE HOLE IN THE WALL.**

**TO MORROW, Tom Taylor's original Comedy of the  
AMERICAN COUSIN,**

For the **BENEFIT** and **LAST APPEARANCE** of Miss  
**LAURA KEENE.**

**SATURDAY, a bill of Great Attraction for the BENEFIT  
OF MISS JEANNIE GOURLAY.**

The popular young Tragedian, **EDWIN ADAMS,** is engaged for twelve Nights only, and will appear on **MONDAY, April 17th**

*National Intelligencer*, April 13, 1865, p. 1, c. 4.

## Other Information of Interest:

### Walking Tour

11 am Guided walking tour (approx. 90 min.) of Old Town Fairfax with stops at the Fairfax County Courthouse, several antebellum homes with a Civil War history, and the City of Fairfax Cemetery (formerly Fairfax Confederate Cemetery).

**Location:** Meet at Fairfax Museum and Visitors center, 10209 Main Street, Fairfax 703-385-8414. Wear comfortable shoes and bring water.

**Volunteers and docents** are sought for the city's historic buildings: Ratcliffe-Allison House, Historic Blenheim and the Civil War Interpretive Center and Fairfax Museum and Visitor Center. Additionally, volunteers may be interested in assisting with walking tours and special events. For information email or call **703-385-8415**.

The city has published a free self-guided walking tour brochure that provides a brief history of the city and noteworthy buildings in the Old Town Fairfax Historic District. This brochure is available from the Fairfax Museum and Visitor Center, 10209 Main Street, or call **703-385-8414**.

Select historic buildings are open during city special events, including the Chocolate Lovers Festival, Civil War Weekend, Independence Day Celebration, Fall Festival and Festival of Lights and Carols. To arrange group tours of city-owned historic buildings email or call **703-385-8414**.

The Historic District was listed in the National Register of Historic Places in 1987. It includes a variety of building and monument types and styles, including:

Fairfax Courthouse (1800)  
Ratcliffe-Allison House (1812)  
Joshua Gunnell House (c.1830)

William Gunnell House (c.1835)  
Ford House (c.1835)  
Fairfax Elementary School (1873)\*  
Old Fairfax Jail (1885)  
Old Town Hall (1900)  
Marr Monument (1904)

\*Fairfax Elementary School was converted into the Fairfax Museum & Visitor Center in 1992.

## DUES ALERT

If you have not paid your annual Historic Fairfax City, Inc. dues they are now due. Please remit based on the schedule below. Annual dues payments should be made out and sent to: **Historic Fairfax City, Inc.**, 10209 Main Street, Fairfax, VA 22030.

Your annual dues help HFCI to continue to meet its basic goal of preserving the unique history of the City of Fairfax. Tax deductible donations over and above dues payments are encouraged.

Visit us on the web:  
**HFCI Website!**

<http://www.historicfairfax.org>

## In the Next Issue...

The story of Colonel Mottrom Dulany Ball, scheduelled to appear in this issue, was preempted by the *Lincoln Conspirator at Fairfax Court House*. The story on Mottrom Dulany Ball: Musician, Poet, Teacher, Lawyer, Soldier, and Founding Father of Alaska, will appear in the next issue of the *Fare Facs Gazette*.

*"Preserving the Past. Protecting the Future."*

Return Address - Historic Fairfax City, Inc.  
Sandra S. Willbur, President  
10209 Main Street  
Fairfax, VA 22030



## The Newsletter of Historic Fairfax City, Inc.

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Editor: William Page Johnson, II

**E-mail:** [historicfairfax@aol.com](mailto:historicfairfax@aol.com)  
**Website:** [www.historicfairfax.org](http://www.historicfairfax.org)