

Brentsville Neighbors

“Preserving Brentsville’s History”

October 2015

Welcome neighbors,

Brentsville was a flurry of activity during September with the Bluegrass festival, the Presbyterian Church celebrating 100 years and the Farm Tour, all of which were very well attended and enjoyed by everyone. Now it's time for October and with the days turning decidedly cooler, there is little excuse for not getting out and enjoying YOUR site.

On October 3rd from 11 a.m. until 4 p.m. we will be celebrating Brentsville Court and Trades Day. Discover what court was like in Brentsville during its days as the fourth county courthouse of Prince William County. Come sit in on a trial and learn about the court proceedings of the 1800s, which differ greatly from today. Historic tradesmen and tradeswomen will be showcasing their skills. Free!!

For your Halloween enjoyment, plan to visit on October 23 & 24, 7 – 9 p.m. for the Spirits of Brentsville Courthouse (\$10 per person with children under 6 free). Brentsville, the county seat for nearly 100 years was host to many strange and scary events. It is said that ghosts of long dead men and women still haunt the area. Come experience a unique opportunity to tour the house and grounds by candlelight, meet several historical characters along the way and hear their tales of sadness and triumph. Discover the newly restored Brentsville Jail. Guided tours on the hour. Not recommended for children under 12. Reservations strongly recommended. More information can be obtained on both of these events by calling 703-365-7895.

Very best wishes,
Kay & Morgan



Skystone



**Rev. Benson receives Commendation
from Rep. Richard Anderson**

This month:

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There seems to be a dearth of news around Brentsville this week, or perhaps I just don't pick up the telephone receiver often enough to hear anything really interesting. Anyway, I've been too busy out-of-doors to go galloping all the way into the library at every tinkle on the party line; And how else is one to know what's going on?

This, you see, is Fall house-cleaning time in the garden, and everything else is dropped while, chuckling with malignant glee, I bustle about preparing to unload last season's crop of experimental failures on some unsuspecting friend or neighbor. To one city-bred this sounds like skullduggery, but out here where the sky is a little bluer it seems to be Standard Procedure, practiced by the most respectable citizens. It took me several years and as fine a collection of Fleabane, Mouse-ear, Man-of-the-Earth, and Rhus Toxicodendron as could be found in the County before I learned this elemental fact,—which I will now re-state for the benefit of our urban readers, if any, who yearn for the rustic life:

Always beware of the kindly old lady who leans over the fence with a trowel in her hand, smiles sweetly and inquires, "Wouldn't you like a little of this lovely flowering Jipson Weed to plant in YOUR garden?"

"Why, yes,...of course" you exclaim hastily, tears of gratitude springing to your eyes! Whereupon she uproots several miles of the horrid stuff, and presents it to you as though it were the Hohenzollern crown jewels.

Innocently, you inter large quantities at strategic points about the terrace, and then spend the next twelve months swearing at it, in a lady-like way, of course, while it spreads and spreads, gobbling up the petunias, chrysanthemums, and that handsome cyclamineus that you paid sixty cents for in Murphy's basement in Alexandria and have nurtured like a baby.

But patience, my friend; The city is moving countrywards, and the time will come when you,

too, will be able to don a cloying smile, lean one calloused elbow on the barbed wire fence, and say to some unsuspecting newcomer, "my dear, you must have a little piece of this *Lysimachia nummularia* or Creeping Moneywort for YOUR flowerbed!"

And at this point it will dawn upon you that you have finally sloughed off town ways, that your manners and morals are integrated with those of the great open spaces; You have indulged in a bit of buccolic humor, you are one of the Initiated, and the City Conscience will trouble you no longer!

Mrs. Hanson, can I prevail upon you to accept some of these genuine Angel's Trumpets? First cousin to the tropical *Datura*, in great demand by writers of detective fiction; Can be used with equal facility to cover unsightly objects or poison your mother-in-law. Here—take half a dozen, you can always feed them to those members of the Messenger Staff who are too bone lazy to hoist receiver to ear and then sit patiently, while news for the Brentsville column comes gushing in torrents over that wonderful invention, the party line.

Yours

Agnes Webster

The Manassas Messenger, October 18, 1946



Jipson Weed

Where WILD things live...

Danaus plexippus

The Monarch Butterfly

The monarch butterfly (*Danaus plexippus*) is a milkweed butterfly. It may be the most familiar North American butterfly, and is considered an iconic pollinator species. Its wings feature an easily recognizable orange and black pattern, with a wingspan of 3½–4 in. The eastern North American monarch population is notable for its annual southward late-summer/autumn migration from the United States and southern Canada to Mexico. During the fall migration, it covers thousands of miles, with a corresponding multi-generational return North. Monarchs were transported to the International Space Station and were bred there. Its flight has been described as “slow and sailing”.

The male has a black patch or spot of scales on either hind wing, and the black veins on its wing are lighter and narrower than those on the female's. The male is also slightly larger. Like all insects, the monarch has six legs, but uses the four hind legs as it carries its two front legs against its body.

Overwintering populations are found in Mexico, California, along the Gulf coast, year-round in Florida, and in Arizona where the habitat



provides the specific conditions necessary for their survival. The overwintering habitat typically provides access to streams, plenty of sunlight (for body temperatures that allow flight), appropriate vegetation on which to roost, and is relatively free of predators. While breeding, its habitat can be found in agricultural fields, pasture land, prairie remnants, urban and suburban residential areas, gardens, trees, and roadsides – anywhere where there is access to larval host plants. Habitat restoration is a primary goal in monarch conservation efforts. Habitat requirements change during migration. During the fall migration, butterflies must have access to nectar-producing plants. During the spring migration,

butterflies must have access to larval food plants and nectar plants.

The caterpillar goes through five major, distinct stages of growth and after each one, it molts. Each caterpillar, or instar, that molts is larger than the previous as it eats and stores energy in the form of fat and nutrients to carry it through the nonfeeding pupal stage.

During the last stage of development, it is

WHEN SUMMER IS GONE

By Morgan Breeden

When I was a kid I always knew that summer was really gone when I had to put on my shoes and walk up to the end of Donovan's Lane to meet that big yellow monster that transported us to school. Normally it was the first week-day after Labor Day. This week I saw a Woolly Bear crossing the road and it made me start thinking – what reminds me most that summer is gone? So I started putting together a list – not in any special order – just random thoughts.

As just mentioned the Banded Woolly Bear, which is actually the larval stage of the Isabella Tiger Moth (*Pyrrharctia isabella*), emerges from the egg during late summer or fall and overwinters in its caterpillar form. Folklore of the eastern United States and Canada holds that the relative amounts of brown and black on the skin of a Woolly Bear caterpillar (commonly abundant in the fall) are an indication of the severity of the coming winter. It is believed that if a Woolly Bear caterpillar's brown stripe is thick, the winter weather will be mild and if the brown stripe is narrow, the winter will be severe. In reality, hatchlings from the same clutch of eggs can display considerable variation in their color distribution, and the brown band tends to grow with age; if there is any truth to the tale, it is highly speculative. Never-the-less, it does signify the end of summer.

For those of us fortunate enough to live in the country, or what little there is of it around here, there are two very tell-tale signs that summer is over—hay being bailed for the second (or sometimes third) time and corn being “chopped” for silage. How many times have we heard it said that one should “make hay while the sun shines” meaning if you have an opportunity to do something, do it before the opportunity expires. The opportunity to make hay exists in late summer when the days are still long and the sun still hot allowing the cut grass to dry sufficiently to be bailed without danger of spontaneous combustion. Ignition of the hay can occur when bailed while still green or wet, a common cause of barn fires.

Corn, used as silage (or ensilage) is harvested by cutting the entire stalks into small pieces (chopped) and then stored in an air-tight silo which allows preservation through partial fermentation. This is one of the principal feeds for milk cows, especially during the winter months. Notice how much both of these activities have tapered off around here in the recent years?

Even if you live in the city there is still something that most definitely lets us know that summer is gone—the constellation Orion which, from our location anyhow, can only be seen during the winter. It is first noticed just before daybreak rising in the east and as time goes on, it becomes visible sooner until by mid-winter it is very prominent in the night sky. The Ojibwa (Chippewa) Native Americans call this constellation Kabibona'kan, the Winter Maker, as its presence in the night sky heralds winter.

I'm tempted to say that another sure sign is the Christmas decorations popping up in stores (remember it didn't usually happen until AFTER Thanksgiving?) but now there are so many stores having “Christmas in July” sales that it's hard to determine just when that season starts so let's not use that one. Some people might say that they know summer is over when the swimming pool closes but for us the only time you could not go swimming at the log was when it froze over so another one not used.

I suppose it would be safe to say that the days are becoming noticeably shorter and the nights cooler. It previously would revert back to “standard time” in October but now that's been delayed as well. At my house the garden is now more weeds than veggies. Somehow those special tomatoes just don't seem so special come the end of September. But still good, mind you!

Each of us probably have our own special thoughts on this subject. These are just a few of mine.

Source: Many Internet locations and many memories.

A Brentsville Citizen of Note

Dr. Jesse Willett Leache

The many friends of Dr. Leache, in this county, were much grieved to learn of his death, which occurred on the 21st inst. [March 21, 1893], in Pulaski City, Va., at the home of his son, Mr. C. H. Leache, whom he was visiting at the time.

Dr. Leache was born on the 10th day of December, 1809, in Rockville, Md., where his earlier life was spent. His family in that section, were prominent and wealthy. During his boyhood days he was a frequent visitor to Georgetown, D. D. (now West Washington) where his father was the president of a bank, and many were the reminiscences he could relate of how in size and commercial importance that town then excelled her rival sister, Washington, the National Capital.

Graduated in Medicine.

Dr. Leache graduated in medicine at Jefferson College in Philadelphia, and to complete his education in his chosen profession spent several years in one of the leading hospitals of New York City. Afterwards he located in Baltimore, Md., and practiced his profession. In that city he married a young lady of wealth and the highest social position, but she was a frail flower and destined soon to fade. She did not survive her marriage more than a year. As her health failed, together they sought to win it back by a visit to some of the famous watering places of Virginia. During one of these visits, great kindness and gentleness was shown to the frail sufferer by Miss Hunton [1st. cousin of Brig. Gen. Eppa Hunton], daughter of Senator Charles Hunton, of Fauquier. Mrs. Leache, who was then in the last stages of consumption, and realized her condition, exacted a promise of her husband, that when she had passed away, he should marry Miss Hunton, if she would consent. When his first love had said 'good night to earth' and passed beyond the stars, he fulfilled his promise by courting Miss Hunton, and was accepted on the condition that he should give up his Baltimore practice and settle in Fauquier County, Va. Dr. Leache was married to Miss Hunton and moved to Fauquier County, where he lived many years enjoying a very large and lucrative practice. In fact his practice was only limited by his ability to attend to it.

From the union with Miss Hunton a large number of children were born. Among them are several noted for their literary attainments. After many years of happy married life, he was called to mourn the loss of his second wife, the victim of consumption. Dr. Leache then moved to Front Royal, Va., and practiced his profession. He was there married to Mrs. Armstead (nee Green), the widow of Col Armstead of C.S.A. and from this union was born C. Lytton Leache, now of Waco, Texas, and Miss Leah Leache, of Manassas, just budding into womanhood and noted for her beauty.

Moved to Brentsville

In about 1872 Dr. Leache moved from Strasburg, Va., to Brentsville, in this county, where he lived over twenty years, and in fact until he went on a visit fall before last to his son's home in Pulaski City.

Dr. Leache was a man of fine literary culture, and composed many poems of much beauty. In appearance he was erect, of medium height, and had a fine forehead with open, frank countenance. His manners were courtly, and he might justly be described as a polished and elegant gentleman of the 'old school,' but his most striking feature were his wonderful eyes, bright sparkling and brilliant, especially when lit by emotion.

Dr. Leache was a genius in medicine. No votary of art, music, poetry, or eloquence ever wooed their mistress with a more intense passion than he in his chosen profession.

The great and crowning feature of Dr. Leache's character was his high and delicate sense of honor, and the steadfastness of his friendships. Those who enjoyed his friendship next to his immediate family realize how great has been their loss and sincerely mourn that they have beheld for the last time, on earth.

Dr. Leache, though not a member of any church, was yet a believer in the Christian religion and we are informed accepted Christ, as his Saviour. During his last years he devoted much time to the study of the Bible.

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A Brentsville Woman Called Tracie

By Morgan Breeden

January 2, 1899, must have been a very cold day in Mayland, Virginia. This little unincorporated community is located in Rockingham County near the end of Route 211, which was a major road out of the valley into Fauquier and Prince William Counties. Still, this cold winter day was a very special one because after four boys, Martha Mattie (Jones) Spitzer finally delivered the daughter that she must have longed for since her marriage to Solomon on November 7, 1886. Thus, Tracie Irene Spitzer came into this world.

Mayland would not be the home of Tracie because a very short two months later, Solomon met up with his partner, Richard Donovan, also from the Valley, and together with their families set out across the mountains with all their belongings to what would become their new home in Brentsville, Prince William County. As their wagons bounced along the mountain roads Tracie lay snug in her mother's arms while Solomon's five sons, ages ranging from 4 to 17 (the oldest, Charles Edgar, was from a first marriage whose mother had died some 15 years earlier) must have enjoyed the ride while snuggled down in their favorite spot.

Solomon and Richard purchased a large tract of land from Leachman and J.B.T. Thornton along Cedar Run in March 1899 that contained just over 231 acres of undivided land with Solomon having 2/3 interest and Richard the remaining 1/3 interest. Soon after in October 1901 the partnership dissolved and the land was separated into two parcels with Solomon taking that portion nearest to Brentsville and Richard taking the lower section in the bend of Cedar Run which amounted to 77 acres. It is not clear at this point just when the two men built their dwelling homes but Richard built his home on the farm land in the curve of Cedar Run while Solomon either built or bought the home on Lot #7 Square 3 that would be his home until his death on March 2, 1929. Naturally it was also the childhood home of his children,

Charles Edgar, Russell Elmer, Homer Elmer, Ervin Solomon, Vernon and yes, Tracie Irene Spitzer. This same home would eventually be used by the Wister Stephens family until it burned.

Tracie Spitzer seemed to have a happy childhood in Brentsville. Because of her birth month, she probably was not allowed to start school until 1906 and that was the year that Mr. A. B. Kelly, Miss Ella W. Garth and Miss Nellie S. Duffey were responsible for the graded school with classes in grades one thru seven, probably in one room that was partitioned into two classrooms.

By the age of 12, Tracie and her brother Irvin (19) enjoyed attending local dances and parties of all sorts. That same year during June, Miss Garth gave a school program where Tracie recited "At Harvest Time." Others attending school here at the same time were: Philip Bradshaw, Paul Woodyard, Peter Woodyard, Viola Donovan, Fred Shenk, Floyd Shenk, Lillie Molair, Minnie Keys, Alice Woodyard, Stella Shaffer, Irene Shenk, Clyde Hedrick, Ora Hollar, Minnie Smith, and Nettie Hensley. One of Tracie's best friends lived just across the street, Miss Mollie Molair (Robert Molair's daughter). During 1911 and 1912 she was frequently visiting her friends or they were visiting her. Tracie was active in the Presbyterian church and attended Children's Day events at other places such as Orlando. Life was good in Brentsville for the youth of the time. But not always good. This was the time of the White Plague or tuberculosis and after 16 weeks of suffering, her friend Mollie Molair, who was just 16 years old at the time, succumbed to the dreaded disease and died at her home.

As the years passed Tracie became more and more interested in education. She wanted to be a teacher just like Miss Garth! She left during July, 1916, to attend the Harrisonburg Normal School (now James Madison College) hoping to get a teacher's certificate. While there she sent a note to Mr. Tyler, Superintendent of Public Schools,

(Continued on page 7)

Prince William, asking for a recommendation that would allow her to take the state examination. His reply was probably very disheartening. He said, "As you have never taught in Prince William under my supervision, I could not have given the information asked for on the blank, but I feel sure that if you will show this letter to the Conductor of the examination he will allow you to take the same." He further advised that Mr. Charles McDonald was now the Superintendent of Schools. We do not know if she was allowed to take the exam or not but after spending Christmas at home she completed her education at the Manassas High School.

Success finally showed its head because in July, 1919, she was appointed Primary teacher for the Aden school at a salary of \$50.00 per month. This seems to have been temporary because in November, 1919, she was a teacher at the Minnieville school that lasted through the end of the school year in 1920. Still trying to improve her own education, she left in June, 1920, to attend the summer Normal School session. The year 1921 found her teaching in Woodbridge and she always seemed to have time for church. On June 10th it was reported that she entertained the members of her Sunday School class at her home. Once again that same summer she returned to Harrisonburg to attend the summer Normal School session.

On Saturday, September 17, 1921, a surprise party was given Miss Tracie at the home here. About fifty young folks were present. Games were played on the lawn until a late hour, when refreshments were served on the lawn also. All report having had a very enjoyable time. We are



not sure what the occasion was but what does it matter? Possibly the fact that she was returning as a teacher to the Orlando school for the session. The following year she was teacher at the Gold Ridge school.

Being a country girl Tracie was not without domestic skills. This was evidenced during the October, 1922, Brentsville Community Fair where she won second prize for an iced cake, canned corn, pear preserves, and sliced green tomato pickles plus first prize for her work apron; and third prize for a towel with crocheted edge. But she was still a teacher at heart and during the 1922-23 and 1923-24 school years she was assigned to the Woodbine

school.

During March, 1923, The Union Sunday School of the Presbyterian Church was reorganized. The following officers were elected: Mr. D. E. Earhart, superintendent; Mr. Arey, assistant superintendent; Miss Tracie Spitzer, secretary; Miss Maggie Breeden, treasurer. That fall she was elected as primary teacher at the Brentsville school at a salary of \$75.00 per month.

November 1923 was a special turning point in the life of Miss Tracie Irene Spitzer. It was on the 27th that she and a veteran of WW-I were quietly married in the home of Rev. J. Halpenny. Jesse James Whetzel lost his right leg during combat in France which left him disabled. But Tracie must have considered him a gem for their time together lasted just over 43 years until his death, February 22, 1967, at the Veterans Hospital in Washington.

Back to Tracie—she remained in the Brentsville school (held in the old courthouse)

during the 1924-25 school year. Mrs. Tracie I. Whetzel teacher, lower grades (1-4), in Brentsville school. Her training was from the Manassas High School and the Harrisonburg College. She held an Elementary certificate issued in 1923 and was a member of the State Teachers' Association. She was paid \$75.00 per month of which \$20.00 was used for room and board. She subscribed to the Virginia Journal of Education and Normal Instructor. Instruction was for 6 hours per day. Students: (Boys) Russell Bradford, age 14 (dropped after 27 days attendance); Alfred Chinn, 10; Herbert Chinn, 12; Paul N. Cooksey, 7; Frankie Egan, 9; Hubert James

11; Taylor James, 8; Allen Jamison, 7; Lloyd Keys, 5; Lester Keys, 6; Paul Nicholson, 10; Weldon Racer, 7; James Shoemaker, 6; Raymond Showalter, 8; Earle Wolfe, 8; Wynnott Wolfe, 9. (Girls) Beulah Beavers, 11; Ardis Collins, 10; Margaret Hoffman, 6; Thelma Landis, 6; Kate May, 9; Ann Shoemaker, 8; Daisy Shoemaker, 9; Margaret Shoemaker, 7; Helen Spitzer, 8; Anna Varner, 8; and Marye Wolfe, 6. The teacher for the upper grades was Miss Charlotte Potter.

During 1928 Tracie and Jesse purchased their home on Lot 23 of Square 7 as platted in 1822 and recorded in Deed Book 8, page 348. It is a two story frame walled, gabled tin roof structure with some additions and out buildings that included a wash house, shops, barn and a chicken house which may pre-date the house itself. All of the buildings sit on just under two acres of land and are bordered by Bristow Road (originally Main Street) on the North and the original platted streets of Hooe (on the South) and Center (on the East). Center Street has been officially closed by Prince William County.

The first owners, Reid and Bowen held the property as a part of a much larger tract of



land but did not build. The first construction may have taken place after 1918 when Mr. Jones built a four-room home (now the back part of the home) consisting of two rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs as was the common design of that time. The property was purchased by Mr. Paul Cooksey in the early 1920's and he reportedly turned the back portion of the house and added the front section which has two walls of bay windows and a double pocket door that still rolls smoothly after all these years and children. He also added a lovely front porch, hardwood floors and plaster walls.

Mr. Jesse Whetzel purchased the property in 1928 and here their children were born: October 15, 1928, Mattie Catherine; November 20, 1930, Fredrick James; April 27, 1932, Benjamin Thomas; September 5, 1934, Ira Stewart and November 17, 1935, Casper Ray Whetzel.. After his children were all grown and moved away, the home was simply too large and he sold it to A.V. Eanes in 1959 and moved into a much smaller home next door.

During their years in Brentsville they were involved in just about every community activity. Church, to be sure, but the Home Demonstration Club was also an important part of her life. She and Jesse enjoyed visiting family and friends and almost every weekend would find them "on the road" or others visiting with them in Brentsville.

Jesse's death in 1967 at the age of 71 years was a major blow but the church was her foundation and she continued as strong and for as long as her health would allow.

Tracie died in the Oak Springs Nursing Home, Warrenton, VA on July 29, 1982, and was buried in Valley View beside her husband. Truly she was a very special woman from Brentsville who was known as Tracie.

relatively large compared to the earlier stages. The caterpillar completes its growth. At this point the larva chew through the mid-rib of milkweed leaves and stop the flow of latex. After this, they eat more leaf tissue. Before pupation, larva must consume milkweed to increase their mass prior to pupation. Larva stop feeding and search for a pupation site. The caterpillar attaches itself securely to a horizontal surface, using a silk pad. At this point, it latches on with its hind legs and hangs down. It then molts into an opaque, blue-green chrysalis with small gold dots. At normal summer temperatures, it matures in a few weeks. The cuticle of the chrysalis becomes transparent and the monarch's characteristic orange and black wings become visible. At the end of metamorphosis, the adult emerges from the chrysalis, expands and dries its wings and flies away. Monarch metamorphosis from egg to adult occurs during the warm summer temperatures in as little as 25 days, extending to as many as seven weeks during cool spring conditions. During the development, both larva and their milkweed hosts are vulnerable to weather extremes, predators, parasites and diseases; commonly fewer than 10% of monarch eggs and caterpillars survive.

Males that are fit are more likely to mate. Females and males typically mate more than once. Females that mate several times lay more eggs. Mating for the overwintering populations occurs in the spring, prior to dispersion. Courtship occurs in two phases. During the aerial phase, the male pursues and often forces the female to the ground. During the ground phase, the butterflies copulate and remain attached for about 30 to 60 minutes. Only 30% of mating attempts end in copulation, suggesting that females may be able to avoid mating, though some have more success than others. During copulation, the male transfers along with sperm, the spermatophore that provides the female with nutrition to aid her in egg-laying. The name "monarch" may be in honor of King William III of England.

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

When WAR Came to Brentsville

RECONNOISSANCE TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK

Washington, Sunday, Oct. 12.

A special dispatch from the *TIMES* correspondent at Centreville gives the result of a reconnaissance made by Lieut. Paul Von Koenig, of Gen. Sigel's Staff.

He left camp on Friday, with sixty-six men, and returned to-day, having passed through Brentsville to Ellis' Ford, on the Rappahannock. He had a skirmish with the enemy's pickets there, who were driven across the river, without loss on either side.

Lieut. Koenig reports that the whole north bank of the Rappahannock is strongly picketed by the rebels, and even citizens are not allowed to cross without passes. The Fifteenth Virginia cavalry and two infantry regiments are stationed at Culpepper, and a strong picket at Falmouth. Kelly's Ford is strongly picketed, and Warrenton strongly protected by frequent visits of rebel cavalry.

The bridge at the Rappahannock Station, this report states, has been destroyed.

Source: The New York Times, October 13, 1862

One of the more enduring and more intriguing puzzles associated with the Battle of White Sulphur Springs is finding information regarding Capt. Paul von Koenig [sic], who was killed in action on the first day of the battle, August 26, 1863. Koenig was killed while leading a flank attack of elements of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry on the afternoon of the first day. In 1914, Col. James M. Schoonmaker of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry arranged for a monument to be placed on the spot where Koenig was killed and buried. Although the monument has been moved (and I don't know whether Koenig's body was, although I assume it was) because the field where it was originally placed is now a strip shopping center, it is still there on the battlefield to this day.

Source: civilwarcavalry.com

"It is said he was killed by his own men in revenge for his having struck several of them during the march from Moorefield. It is also said that those who killed him did not know Averell by sight, and supposed that Koenig was Averell."

Source: *History of Hampshire County West Virginia* by Maxwell and Swisher, 1897.

Brentsville Neighbors

“Preserving Brentsville’s History”

Contact us on:

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All back issues on:

<http://www.historicprincewilliam.org/brentsvilleneighbors/index.html>

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IN GOD WE TRUST

