

**SWEET SPRINGS, WV:
THE ARCHITECTURE OF EMPIRE**

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INTRODUCTION

The architecture of Sweet Springs, WV, helped establish the United States as a true empire west of the Appalachian Mountains in the 1830s. It played a very important part in expanding American civilization across the continent, although largely forgotten by scholarship and fading fast from memory because of its abandonment. Nonetheless, the Old Sweet was built with the architecture of empire, and this thesis will argue that it still communicates this aspiration. The first owner of its main hotel had built more than a resort, Sweet Springs was an organism. It had a living presence that took care of people in luxury while advancing the culture of an empire and civilization. It was designed to be a socio-political center where America not only competed with European spas, it attempted to meld northern and southern states into one driving force, and linked the East with western territories as a place to see beyond.

A secondary purpose for this work has been to document Sweet Springs using modern techniques for historic preservation. The site is critically endangered because of its abandonment, but the hotel at Sweet Springs has now been preserved through 3D scanning. In doing so, everything about its exterior has been recorded from measurements to brick color. If it continues to crumble then a digital copy of its 2016-2017 condition will be on file at the University of Virginia Library, thanks to help from Will Rourke and Shayne Brandon. Point cloud data collected in this research has been digested to help reimagine Sweet Springs as it was in 1839, corroborating accounts of the resort. This has been especially important to do as there is more bad information about the Old Sweet than facts. It is a place of myth and legends, not only complicated by its abandonment but also by the lack of sources, a phenomenon which will be explained in Chapter One: Love, War, and Forgotten Memories.

As such, the best sources for understanding Sweet Springs are newspapers and period accounts such as *The Springs of Virginia with Remarks on their Use* by William Burke. The farther one moves away from 1839, and exponentially so after the American Civil War, the more misinformation one finds as a result of hearsay. That is not to say that oral history should be ignored. Ricky Lucas, caretaker of Sweet Springs, has been an invaluable resource having grown up around the resort. According to its current owner, Ashby Berkley, Mr. Lucas' uncles caddied its golf course and his father drove its horse-drawn omnibus until the 1930s, when it shut down as a hotel. His family stayed on for its conversion to a nursing home, being hired for various construction projects from demolition to refurbishing. He even had relatives who lived at Sweet Springs during its time as a nursing home, so the Lucas Family more than anyone has lived the history of this once famed resort.

The second chapter, Accounts of the Architecture, Infrastructure, and Cholera, has been placed before a walk through with Ricky Lucas in chapter three so as to help support anything said by him about the hotel. In it, there are several excerpts about Sweet Springs from period books and newspapers which will not only continue to argue it being a place of empire and civilization, but will also explain how and why Sweet Springs ever came to be. It would have been a monumental operation anywhere but especially so because of its remoteness. The myths and legends will be confronted and sorted out to discover an identity for Sweet Springs, which has been complicated by misinformation taken by generations as truth.

The third chapter, a Walk Through Sweet Springs Today, will bring together both oral histories and written history to understand how the interior of its hotel really functioned before the American Civil War. Books on any of the Virginia Springs, the set of mountain resorts the

Old Sweet was part, tend to talk about them collectively. Writers such as Perceval Reniers have published very good books on the subject but this generalization does not help to understand Sweet Springs or any other resort in any one given moment. Nor do they really pay great attention to how architecture influenced experience, focusing more on celebrities or other interesting personalities. Chapter three will interpret the main rooms of this hotel, their importance, and their influence on behavior as guests most likely experienced them in 1839.

There is more to Sweet Springs than its hotel but this paper has been narrowed down to it and the bathhouse, so as to most effectively argue that the resort was an active part of the early American empire. Research meant going through dozens of supporting structures and surrounding plantations to look for evidence. However, much of this has been largely omitted so as not to take away from the hotel. Unfortunately though, not everything could be physically explored. There were some limitations advised by Ricky Lucas from concerns of imminent collapse to asbestos. Certain areas simply could not be looked into because of dangers but even in its ruinous condition, Sweet Springs survives as one of the most complete antebellum resorts and its architecture still says, "Empire!"

CHAPTER ONE:

LOVE, WAR, AND FORGOTTEN MEMORIES

Coming down the Kanawha Trail off I-64, travelers drive along Dunlap Creek through forested mountains. There are few people out here, the population decreasing with this distance from the interstate, but remnants of an old civilization appear around the bends. Tuscan columns punctuate whitewashed cottages at a former spa on the Commonwealth's western border, but this was not always the extremity of Virginia. It is almost at the heart of what was then the Old Dominion. Just beyond, a boundary stone quietly defines its lost half as another state but across this war-torn fringe was once a site of the best Virginian hospitality. Sweet Springs survives as the most complete antebellum resort, and although abandoned and forgotten by scholarship, its architecture still communicates the aspirations of an empire.

A crumbling arcade supports doric porticos reached by grand staircases, its piazza having been a stage for statesmen and planters to be seen. Out front, a highway marker from the 1970s reads, "SWEET SPRINGS: Settled by James Moss, 1790. William Lewis bought the site and in 1792 built the inn where he entertained Van Buren, Pierce, Fillmore, and others. Thomas Jefferson designed the main building which was erected in 1833." (Figure 1) Sweet Springs was built to be a socio-political center of Virginia during summers where America's new aristocracy could retreat during the malarial season, and it was. This was a place where the elite and affluent gathered to socialize, avoiding the heat and infirmities of their day.

Yet, it is here on this sign that one encounters a problem: Thomas Jefferson died in 1826 and therefore could not possibly have been the architect.¹ Civil War, economic depressions, and

¹ Gary Willis, *Mr. Jefferson's University* (Washington, DC: National Geographic Society, 2002), 138.

years of dereliction have robbed the Old Sweet of its true memory. There is a kernel of truth in the myths and oral traditions surrounding it, but one must be cautious and let the architecture speak for itself so as to discern fact and really imagine Sweet Springs as it once was.

On a rise dominating the landscape, the hotel still stands, having been exceedingly well built with wide timbers and handmade bricks despite cracks zigzagging down its façade (Figure 2). Daylight reveals the disrepair of a long neglect, breaking a spell, but ambition had once transformed frontier into an enchanted hideaway. Its finest features are the temple fronts which afford unrivaled panoramas of the surrounding valley. The Hotel Grand commands these mountains and one can easily imagine life at this place before the Civil War despite renovations since then.

Sweet Springs spent the latter Twentieth Century as the Andrew S. Rowan Memorial Home, a nursing home, evidenced by a plaque returned from a local scrapyard (Figure 3). Although an admittedly unglamorous phase compared to its early life, such conversion continued the use of Sweet Springs as a place of healing and has helped it survive into the 21st Century. To know that such a place could exist in a fledgling country deep inland is incredible, that it existed as a center for culture, socialization, and healing is stunning, and that it still exists with magnificence and beauty is inspiring. Advanced beyond its time, such a place may have existed in royal courts but this was America.

The springs steam and flow out into the meandering creek, beaconing like a smoke signal for weary travelers. This land had been farmed once but wilderness is reclaiming it now. Wooded fields expand in all directions, only interrupted by a clutter of earth-toned cottages and rubble. This bastion of health, the domain of Hygeia, is fortified against contagion by the natural

crenellations of mountains to either side. Walls of oak, elm, and ash trees screen out the twenty-first century, hushing modernity to whispers beyond these battlements. It is not just picturesque, it is grand.

Numerous outbuildings appear in clearings and the briars hidden behind crests (Figure 4). Past the springhouse are several clapboard cottages perhaps from the 1920s or '30s, but the largest one possibly encases an older structure judging by its chimneys. A shanty lies halfway buried in one of the slopes with holes in its tin roof, but a shade tree protectively branches over the rock construction (Figure 5). The entire property has been decaying altogether since the retirement home shut down, but had Sweet Springs never been converted to the Andrew S. Rowan Memorial Home it likely would have been lost long ago.

A dirt road snakes past the springhouse up to a graveyard on the property line, unseen from the piazza. Although it looks as though there was an attempt to bury the dead facing east, the rolling topography has them angled off from the springs as if these miraculous waters might resurrect loved-ones. Much of this cemetery is unmarked, most graves are only indicated by shadowy impressions and their rows criss-cross each other. It is evident that this site has been used by countless generations. Year after year, century after century, thousands of people came to Sweet Springs and some of them never left, but many more left rejuvenated having found a fountain of youth.

Additions stem out behind the Hotel Grand as do a dozen or more barns and stables. One of these barns is unusually large and built out of brick, seeming to be almost comparable in size to the main building. The valley road cuts right by it dividing the resort from a carpenter gothic church and general store painted white. Another steeple pokes up in the distance, St. John the

Evangelist, which is not only thought to be the oldest Catholic church in West Virginia but also tied to ownership of this resort.² It too can help speak for this place.

Although the Old Sweet seems to be in the deepest mourning now, frowning as a pediment sags, it still stands proudly at the center of these time-forgotten acres. Undeniably, there is an inescapable sense of romance and mystery about the property even in its ruined condition. Sweet Springs was more than an exile from disease, it was an architectural fantasy where thousands escaped from realities. As guests experienced it, taking to the waters, dining at formalized services, or attending parties, they took part in complex social rituals while the resort itself participated in not only a national economy but a global one. There are so many stories to tell and the walls can talk.

They most certainly do at its bathhouse down across the lawn (Figure 6). Protected under the brick arches for now, but sinking down into the springs themselves, one finds explanation for this traumatic amnesia written out in graffiti. Signatures have been scrawled on the bricks, many dated to 1864 (Figure 7). It can be surmised that they were written by Union troops moving through the area and this is supported by excerpts from a first-hand account published in 1938:

“We reached the foot,” William B. Stark of the 34th Massachusetts Volunteers wrote in June of 1864, “about midnight and went into camp at Sweet Springs. It was truly an oasis, this beautiful watering place.”

“American armies have had little experience in retreating through hostile country without benefit of an assured line of supply to assist retirement. Somehow, though, most of the General’s force of 18,000 men stuck together for nearly three weeks, famished for water as they trudged over the tops of the ranges and ravenous for something to eat nearly all the time.”

“A few families still live here. Although we camped in this beautiful valley, what charms had it for a famishing army? The officers gave us liberty to get food as we could find it. Some few got a little. The Cavalry are in advance and they generally clean out everything.”

“Col. Lewis’ house was ransacked and plundered. When permission was given to forage, hundreds rushed to this large brick house elegantly furnished and surrounded with beautiful lawns. The Col.’s wife was the sister of the notorious John B. Floyd. The house was ransacked

² “Special Mass set August 15 in Monroe County at WV’s oldest Catholic church.” *Mountain Messenger* (Lewisburg, WV), August 16, 2015.

from top to bottom. Clothing, plate, money and a variety of other things were taken and a great deal was destroyed. The boys acted like madmen and destroyed much that was of no use to them. They found wine and other liquors of which they partook freely. They played upon the piano and then pocketed the keys for mementoes...”³

The mention of Col. Lewis’ name is recognizable from the lichen covered marker in front of Sweet Springs as his family owned this resort. The house in question, Lynnside, is an ivy-strangled shell nowadays just opposite from the Catholic church and it can be inferred that many important papers for Sweet Springs would have been kept there (Figure 8). If so, it is well understood from William B. Stark’s journal that these documents could have been lost in the looting. Indeed, it is certainly known that records for the Catholic church itself were kept at their house and what documents survived the war there were lost in a fire during the 1930s.⁴

Few written records be found from the resort before 1864, giving reason for why its earliest years are hazy. It should be said though that for what Sweet Springs lacks, the site more than makes up for in remnants. Out of all the Springs of Virginia, dozens and dozens of resorts, no other place has so many original structures left. As armies tore through the valleys, many of these hotels were burned so as not to shelter the enemy (Figure 9). What still stood after 1865 when the war ended had become dilapidated and subsequently demolished by railroads for modish reincarnations or nothing at all, but Sweet Springs survived.⁵

In this respect, the Old Sweet is an absolute treasure. It is a wealth of physical evidence for reconstructing history. One cannot be but impressed by its monumentality, a massiveness and elegance unknown for miles. Constructing and engineering Sweet Springs would have been just

³ Frances Logan, *The Old Sweet: Biography of a Spring* (Roanoke, VA: 1940), 29.

⁴ “Special Mass set August 15 in Monroe County at WV’s oldest Catholic church.” *Mountain Messenger* (Lewisburg, WV), August 16, 2015.

⁵ Perceval Reniers, *The Springs of Virginia: Life, Love, and Death at the Waters* (Chapel Hill, NC: The University of North Carolina Press, 1941), 270-271.

as stupendous. It is said that sixty times more was spent on the Hotel Grand alone than any other before it at the Springs of Virginia.⁶ Although the classical architecture of Sweet Springs might seem disconnected from the present, too anchored in the past, it and its operation were internationally understood as saying, “Empire!”

Not only did it command skill and resources for construction, it also required skills and resources for day-to-day operations, as well as a stable network for supplies and guests to travel. Railroads, steamships, and riverboats were in their infancy if not gestation, yet Sweet Springs managed to bring in, accommodate, and feed hundreds of guests every day from late spring to early fall. Neither were they eating rations. Fields can still be flooded for ice-making in winter, stores survive for keeping imported French brandies and champagnes, and the facilities remain for hundreds upon hundreds of sheep, cows, and pigs. English visitors were amazed by platters of fried chicken and remarked that the mutton was equal to what was had back in Britain.⁷ A print by Edward Beyer captured some of this excitement and activity in 1857 (Figure 10), yet one must be cautious even with this lithograph. Beyer overbuilt Sweet Springs by mirroring the Hotel Grand and cottages across its lawn.

The accompanying description from Beyer acknowledges this lie though, explaining:

“Old Sweet Springs,” it reads, “are situated in a wide and beautiful Valley, 18 miles from the White Sulphur, and 29 from Fincastle, in the County of Monroe. It has for many years been a popular resort for the gay pleasure seekers, and its waters and invigorating baths have given them a wide-spread reputation. The temperature of the Springs is 73° Fahr., which is the same as the celebrated hot wells of Bristol. When the improvements are completed (as represented), it will present almost unrivaled attractions, possessing as it does so many natural advantages.”⁸

⁶ Reniers, *The Springs of Virginia*, 150.

⁷ Reniers, *The Springs of Virginia*, 149.

⁸ Edward Beyer, *Album of Virginia: Or, Illustration of the Old Dominion* (Richmond, VA: Virginia State Library, 1980), 18.

This is not to say though that Beyer's print is useless or bad information. As with the historical marker out front, one simply has to be careful with it. Although the expansion was never realized, this promotion says much about the antebellum resort in and of itself, suggesting that Sweet Springs had been an attractive and prosperous place. Had the Civil War not disrupted its development, Sweet Springs might have transcended from an American acropolis to a heavenly city for its clientele. The Lewises were ambitious but this phase would have been zealous. It would have been an even greater statement of, "EMPIRE!" One cannot help but wonder what-if and what-might-have-been, especially while on the property. The mountains are still there, the springs are still there, and the buildings are still there, but that is not everything. Facades were not just brick and mortar.

Behind the arches and columns, people also constructed themselves. Movement through the Hotel Grand heightened drama as they practiced the rules of etiquette so as to be socially accepted among other elites. For many who went, the goal was not just for health or approval from one's peers but to find suitable marriage prospects.⁹ What really transformed Sweet Springs from a watering hole to one of the first American resorts was romance and courtship. Its waters were commonly thought to not only increase libido but cure sterility, attracting the ultra-wealthy from New York to New Orleans and beyond.¹⁰

Although infertility was a concern for married couples, the springs were also believed to strengthen against many more troubles as safe havens from disease.¹¹ People who could afford to do so sequestered themselves here to wait out malaria and yellow fever, having observed that

⁹ Charlene Boyer, *Ladies and Gentlemen on Display: Planter Society at the Virginia Springs, 1790-1860* (Charlottesville, VA: University of Virginia Press, 2001), 176.

¹⁰ J.J. Moorman, *The Virginia Springs, and Springs of the South and West* (Philadelphia, PA: J.B. Lippincott & Co., 1859), 228.

¹¹ Reniers, *The Springs of Virginia*, 9.

epidemics did not afflict the mountains, but not knowing that a lower mosquito count was more of a factor than the mineral waters. It was not until the late 19th Century that mosquitoes were discovered and demonstrated as being vectors of disease.¹²

Regardless of scientific reason, once America's aristocracy began summering there, Sweet Springs became the destination for many young people hoping to marry well. To achieve this goal, every motion had to be carefully rehearsed and calculated but done with a certain nonchalance so as to appear effortless. The rituals of dining, dancing, and conversation were tests which proved young men and women suitable for marriage as they were in-the-know, obviously coming from money.¹³ If one knew all of these manners instinctively, and could perform with a certain degree of charm, then they would have been a most desirable prospect. It all went to say that they were the refined product of a high culture.

Important too, such customs said that here was not just Empire but civilization. The wild had been tamed and America could not only compete with European spas but rival the old countries. Numerous newspaper articles evidence this, and one such article published by the *Richmond Enquirer* on August 5, 1836, talks about how a "Courting, Wooing, and Matrimonial Society" of Richmond and New York City had formed a chapter at nearby White Sulphur Springs in 1832. Since then, membership had grown to 569 men including senators and students from the University of Virginia, Hampden Sidney College, and West Point.¹⁴

This article goes on to say that the purpose of the Courting, Wooing, and Matrimonial Society was "to guard against intrusions and improper introductions. And when the people, and

¹² "Walter Reed, a Memoir." (Washington, DC: Walter Reed Memorial Association, 1904), 7.

¹³ Boyer, *Ladies and Gentlemen on Display*, 153.

¹⁴ "Communications: White Sulphur Springs, July 30, 1836." *Richmond Enquirer* (Richmond, VA), August 5, 1836.

the ladies and gentlemen of the different states become better acquainted, they will love one another more, and our glorious and happy Union will be cemented, strengthened, and brightened by the dearest and tenderest connections.” From this, one can see that the Society was founded not only on love but also peace and patriotism, not just for Virginia but the United States. While the Sweet and other springs might have been the best of Virginian hospitality, they were built as a neutral ground for all states where the new American Empire might coalesce.

There is a tragedy in reading this though, knowing that the United States would turn on itself in a civil war and Sweet Springs becoming victimized by it only twenty-five years later. The Courting, Wooing, and Matrimonial Society had failed in this mission. As had the other Springs of Virginia. They were not just meant to heal physically, but emotionally as well, and to help groom the United States as a world leader. While the picture painted of Sweet Springs might be moonlight and magnolias to the modern eye, it was built for all Americans to be proud of, not just those from the South. Nonetheless, the fate of this great resort strangely mirrors excerpts from “The Haunted Palace” by Edgar Allan Poe, published in the same year its hotel first opened:

*“In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace-
Radiant palace- reared its head... ”
“But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch’s high estate... ”
“And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed...”¹⁵*

¹⁵ Edgar A. Poe, *The Complete Tales and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe* (New York, NY: Barnes & Nobles, 2007), 62.

Sweet Springs is but a dim-remembered story having largely been forgotten by scholarship as a result of the war. What more can the architecture say for it? Looking in through its windows, one can just imagine belles and beaux dressed up as lords and ladies dancing across time. Here was a palace, an American palace, where Hygeia held court but cotton was king. The doric columns exclaim that statement repeating: Here was a palace, an American palace, where Hygeia held court but cotton was king!!!!.....!!!!.....!!!! As those words echo through the dismal emptiness, other shadows move behind the play-pretend knights and fair maidens: African American slaves.

Many guests at Sweet Springs profited from slavery, affording retreat to this mountain resort but deserting those who made it possible for them. These walls whisper of the planter class escaping disease, partying the malarial season away while enslaved men, women, and children forcibly risked themselves to foot their hotel bills. For this reason alone, the emergence of leisure there is inextricably linked to slavery, but the Hotel Grand itself would have been actively engaged as a large scale plantation house. Slavery was legal at Sweet Springs having been part of Old Virginia and enslaved people worked here although little survives in written records apart from quick mentions of servants in passing. It must be understood as a layered landscape and the architecture accommodates for removal of the laboring body from visibility.

The Greek Revival form expresses more than beautiful uniformity governed by proportions and mathematical orders. Sweet Springs presented itself as a clean, healthful, and civilized environment which participated in an emerging American empire. Yet, there is a duality about empire and civilization with an underlying hierarchy. Slavery would have been seen as a civilizing agent of Empire, too. Not only were the columns and arches ornament, but one must

expand understandings of ornamentation to include liveried servants in the dining room, while the cooks and fieldhands were out of sight and out of mind in a socially, economically, and racially segregated landscape. Here was a palace, an American palace, where Hygeia held court but cotton was king.

CHAPTER TWO:

ACCOUNTS OF THE ARCHITECTURE, INFRASTRUCTURE, AND CHOLERA

The hotel grand at Sweet Springs had been made financially possible because of cholera in 1832, the Year of Cholera as it was called, which scared thousands of people up into the Appalachian Mountains until it passed.¹⁶ Malaria had always brought summertime residents to the Old Sweet before 1832, staying in modest cabins and cottages around the aquamarine spring, but the Lewis Family under John B. Lewis hoped to increase their fortunes by establishing the retreat as superior to all others by outbuilding their competition.¹⁷ However, just who Dr. Lewis hired for the job has been a mystery. Although it has long been rumored that Thomas Jefferson drafted the Hotel Grand, this is unlikely since he died in 1826. Yet, there is an undeniable Jeffersonian style about the resort.

In recent years, scholarship tangential to this subject has claimed that William B. Phillips (who had been previously employed by Jefferson as a workman) built Sweet Springs, referring to a supposed lawsuit between Phillips and John B. Lewis for unpaid work.¹⁸ However, no reliable citation can be completely traced back to validate this claim. The mystery remains but such work confidently identifies bastard-tuck mortar between bricks as Phillips' masonry signature (Figure 11). This style of brickwork is also consistent in the bathhouse, pointing to William B. Phillips as its master builder whether or not records of his court case can ever be found.

If indeed William B. Phillips built the hotel at Sweet Springs then it is more than likely that a man named Thomas R. Blackburn designed it as they frequently worked together after

¹⁶ Reniers, *The Springs of Virginia*, 74.

¹⁷ Reniers, *The Springs of Virginia*, 150.

¹⁸ Amy Moses. "William B. Phillips, "Bricklaying... of the Best Work Done." master's thesis, University of Virginia, 2011, 39.

building the University of Virginia under Jefferson.¹⁹ Certainly, the Doric porticos look like the front of Pavilion IV at the University (Figure 12) and the bathhouse facade has striking similarities to the Range (Figure 13), suggesting more than familiarity with those designs. Although no formal documentation survives of their partnership, it is known that Blackburn drafted buildings while Phillips built them.²⁰

Together, they were unusually prolific and won many contracts for monumental projects throughout the Commonwealth, such as the Western Lunatic Asylum and the Virginia Institution for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind (Figure 14) as Jefferson's followers.²¹ Undoubtedly, there is a signature in the architecture of Sweet Springs which is legible in projects attributed to Blackburn and Phillips, but much information has been lost to civil war, fire, and abandonment. It could certainly follow that they designed and built the Hotel Grand at Sweet Springs as a duo, but the question will never be definitively settled without hard evidence.

Regardless, through investigation of the site, examination of 20th Century floor plans (Figure 15), and period descriptions from surviving accounts and newspapers, it is possible to reimagine the Hotel Grand at Sweet Springs as it was in 1839. In so doing, one reveals just how knowledgeable the architect and builder were about classical architecture, which had been stylistically introduced to many Virginians through the work of Thomas Jefferson as a gentleman architect.²² For this purpose, the most useful is that of Dr. William Burke who visited in the 1840s:

“Dr. Lewis has just now finished a house which for architectural beauty and accommodations is superior to any house built for the same use in the United States, that I have

¹⁹ Bryan C. Green, *In Jefferson's Shadow: The Architecture of Thomas R. Blackburn* (Richmond, VA: Virginia Historical Society, 2006), 23.

²⁰ *Ibid*, 23.

²¹ *Ibid*, 74-75.

²² Moses, “William B. Phillips,” 20.

seen. It is built of brick, has two stories besides a basement, which is appropriated to the kitchen, bake and store rooms, with offices for various purposes; the piazza 17 feet wide, the whole length of the building, stands on brick arches, and is reached by three sets of steps of black walnut, the width of each porticos by which the front of the building is ornamented; the principal story has a dining room 160 feet long, at one end of which is a ladies' drawing room, and at the other end a dancing-room; they are each the whole width of the building, which is 48 feet, and 40 deep.

In the second story, there are 36 bed rooms, with an entry between them; they are 14 feet square. The building has quite an imposing appearance.

The other improvements consist of a number of brick and frame cottages, sufficient to accommodate 350 persons..."²³

This arrangement of two large squared rooms to either end of a larger, rectangular dining hall on the main floor reminds one of plans from *The Four Books of Architecture* by Andrea Palladio, which Jefferson is credited for having familiarized many builders such as Blackburn and Phillips.²⁴ In constructing Monticello, the Virginia State Capitol, and the University of Virginia, Jefferson trained and educated architects on Palladian design, which they were subsequently hired by others to reproduce. This is not to say that Jefferson designed the Hotel Grand at Sweet Springs himself, but does suggest a connection. After all, if Thomas Jefferson had been its architect, he certainly would have been worth mentioning as such in Burke's detailed description.

Blackburn, the most likely architect of Sweet Springs, often took notes from Thomas Jefferson's copy of *The Four Books of Architecture* while working on the University of Virginia, adding to his credibility as its designer.²⁵ The arrangement of principal rooms, going from the ladies' parlor through the dining room to the ballroom, not only brings to mind Palladio's plans from the Temple of Piety (Figure 16) but also that of his Rialto Bridge (Figure 17). So much so

²³ William Burke, *The Mineral Springs of Western Virginia with Remarks on their Use* (New York, NY: Wiley & Putnam, 1846), 104.

²⁴ Green, *In Jefferson's Shadow*, 13.

²⁵ *Ibid*, 14.

that one can imagine the Hotel Grand at Sweet Springs as the Rialto Bridge hybridized with the University of Virginia to make a resort. Undeniably, taking inspiration from any bridge over water would be fitting for a watering hole, but Palladio's Rialto Bridge is an unusually poetic choice because of its accompanying description:

"Very fine, in my opinion," Palladio writes, "is the design of the following Bridge, and perfectly suited to the place where it was to be built, which was in the middle of one of the greatest and most celebrated cities in Italy, the metropolis of many other cities, and trading to almost all parts of the world. The river is very large, and the Bridge was to have been built just at the very spot where the merchants come together to negotiate and treat of their affairs. Wherefore, as well to preserve the grandeur and dignity of said city, as very considerably to encrease the revenues of the same, I design'd the Bridge so broad as to make three streets upon it; that in the middle large and fine, and the other two on the sides somewhat less. On both sides of each of those streets, I order'd shops whereof thus there would have been six ranges. Besides this, there were to have been galleries at each head of the Bridge, and in the middle over the great arch, wherein the Merchants should keep their exchange, and which would have been occasion'd no less ornament than convenience..."²⁶

The Hotel Grand at Sweet Springs is a flattening out of Palladio's bridge. The porticoes bookending its beautiful and large street have been turned forward, and the secondary streets have been moved above and below. Downstairs, the shops keep their use as workrooms and storerooms; but upstairs, they have been converted as guest rooms. The galleries at each head of the bridge have been kept too but repurposed as a ladies' drawing room at one end and a dancing-room on the other. In between, its exchange became a dining room but its use remained much the same. America's mercantile elite were meant to come together here. And, that is what the Hotel Grand was: a bridge not just spanning this valley, but one connecting the United States for a common purpose. There is an absolute beauty in this understanding that certainly says, "Empire."

²⁶ Giacomo Leoni, *The Architecture of A. Palladio; in Four Books* (London: John Watts, 1715), III, 25.

Supporting this theory, measured elevations of the Hotel Grand have been produced from 3D scans using FARO Scene (Figure 18). Accurate to the decimal, one sees that the architect was playing with complex ratios inspired by Andrea Palladio, but doing so with his own interpretation. The arcade which supports its colonnaded piazza does not mirror the bathhouse, as one might imagine their architect would do for uniformity, but rather works with a different set of numbers.

Whereas the bathhouse arches are stretched, raised up so that they would not touch the ground if completed in a full circle, the Hotel Grand arches are strictly based on a radius of four feet. The width of an arch under the piazza is eight feet, the height of an arch under the piazza is eight feet. This perfectly circular design is consistent with Palladio's description of Ancient Roman bridges, which suggested that it was the best and strongest way for these arches to distribute weight from traffic on the piazza above.²⁷ Looking over the facade, one can see that the keystone lunettes in each pediment above the doric porticos repeat this radius of four feet. Such design was not necessary for the bathhouse though, basing it off an arcade of the Tuscan Order instead (Figure 19). A copy by Blackburn of Palladio's drawing for this arcade has been recently found and published, further strengthening identification of him as the architect of Sweet Springs.²⁸

Other measurements from the Hotel Grand closely match Burke's figures, giving credence to him as a reliable source of information (Figure 20). The Hotel Grand is not absolutely perfect despite its balanced ABABA sequenced front though, but this may be forgiven as neither Burke nor its architect had such accurate equipment. On the side next to the valley

²⁷ Leoni, *The Architecture of A. Palladio*, III, 18.

²⁸ Green, *In Jefferson's Shadow*, 101

road, the Hotel Grand measures forty-three feet wide, but then only measures out at forty feet on the opposite end. There is a difference of three feet over the span of 243 feet between them. Each portico is forty-two feet wide with about fifty-seven feet of open terrace from one to the next. A “T” extending out from behind the central portico is separated from the dining room by a twelve foot gap, although sheltered above. This “T” measures forty-three feet wide and fifty-seven feet, repeating numbers from the main front, and giving it a 3:4 ratio for width to length. The main dining room measured 43 feet by 156 feet, narrowing on the far end as said.

A later edition of William Burke’s *Mineral Springs of Virginia* revised in 1853 offers another description of the hotel grand. One that is more complex and thoughtful, redeeming anything left out of his first attempt by embellishing it:

“The most striking and important object that meets the eye is the majestic HOTEL,” he writes, “of admirable proportions and *magnificent distances*. A lame man, like myself, would require a carriage to go from one end of it to the other. It is 250 feet long by 48 wide, and, including the basement, is three stories high. It has three grand porticos with piazzas intervening, and altogether has the most imposing appearance. The basement is divided into kitchens, and various departments for various purposes, with a bar-room and two reception rooms, one for ladies and the other for gentlemen. The middle floor has a dining room 160 feet by 48, a ball-room 40 by 48, and a drawing room 40 by 48 feet. In the third story there are thirty-six bed-rooms with an entry between them- they are about 14 feet square.

Such are the dimensional and such the proportions of this vast edifice, built of brick, with walls as thick as those of a fort, and piers as massive as its buttresses. It looks as if it would take a broadside of Paixhan guns to batter it down... It is the gayest of all the Mineral Springs.”²⁹

In this, Burke fails to mention the Hotel Grand as having been designed by Thomas Jefferson, casting further doubt on that legend. From what can be gathered, it seems as though that idea is of 20th Century origin after Sweet Springs was first abandoned. The earliest mention found of Thomas Jefferson having anything to do with Sweet Springs is in *The Old Sweet: A Biography of a Spring* written by Frances Logan in 1940, unabashedly arguing that the Hotel

²⁹ William Burke, *The Springs of Virginia with Remarks on their Use* (Richmond, VA: Ritchies & Dunnivant, 1853), 179.

Grand had been designed by him without the shadow of a doubt.³⁰ This claim does not appear to have been ever said by the resort itself while in operation, simply calling it the ‘Hotel Grand’ at Sweet Springs in brochures as referred to thus far, never Jeffersonian.³¹ Admittedly, calling it the Hotel Grand is rather uninspired but it did have another name once. A better name that captured the excitement of an expanding American empire. Printed by the *Madisonian* on September 3, 1839, the review of a convalescent staying there called it what Dr. John B. Lewis himself would have known it as: the *Great Western*.³²

It is evident that the architect of the Great Western was not just following national trends but international styles, demonstrating global awareness and a desire to make Sweet Springs a world class resort. Dr. John B. Lewis was not only competing with other Virginia springs but was trying to outdo anything anywhere. He wanted to build this big and beautiful hotel to gain respect. America was giving the British Empire a run for its money after declaring independence and sweeping past the Proclamation Line of 1763. Constructing this hotel grand, and calling it the Great Western, at Sweet Springs firmly established the United States as civilizing an area which had been off limits for British-American settlement just decades prior. There had been a shift in identity, a stunning change in the well-being of Americans and their material culture.

Fifty years after the Revolution, the United States had not only doubled its initial size with the Louisiana Purchase but was expanding into Texas, as well.³³ This land grab was incredibly impressive, truly making the United States an empire. While the British, French, and

³⁰ Logan, *The Old Sweet*, 5.

³¹ “Old Sweet Springs, Sweet Springs, West Virginia” (Roanoke, VA: The Stone Printing & Info. Co., c. 1920s), 1.

³² “Correspondence: Letters of a Convalescent, No. VIII.” *The Madisonian* (Washington, DC), September 4, 1839.

³³ Alfred M. Williams, *Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas* (Boston, MA: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1893), 290.

Spanish might have claimed the Americas for themselves, they had never really ventured into most of these areas. They had certainly not settled Monroe County although Governor Spotswood and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe had sworn to cross these mountains in 1716.³⁴ It was a new, fertile land and the United States raced in a mad rush to the Pacific Ocean, accomplishing what their British cousins only dreamt of doing. To quote the infamous words of Julius Caesar, building the Great Western in classical fashion said, “Veni, vidi, vici.” The United States came. The United States saw. The United States conquered.

This crescendo of American progress would be syncopated by the return of cholera panic in 1849 though, making the state government of Virginia debate leaving Richmond for one of the springs until it passed, but Sweet Springs was ready this time. It was an opportunity for the owners of this resort to realize their financial dreams. The Great Western had been completed for ten years but many improvements had since been made at competing resorts, as well. Politicians argued for vacating to Fauquier, Salt Sulphur, White Sulphur, or Sweet Springs, using a ballroom for the House and parlors for the Senate.³⁵ On June 5th, the *Richmond Enquirer* reported that a Mr. Cook had a preference:

“He thought that no place could be better suited to discharge our duties than Sweet Springs, in the county of Monroe. The gentleman who had charge of them was a good caterer, and he had no doubt that the charge would be moderate. Even should members object to the charges there, we could go to Red Sweet Springs, only half a mile off. There was delightful sulphur water, and the most excellent crystal free-stone water. Should we want any books, we could obtain them in two hours. He thought the price would not exceed \$7 per week...”³⁶

The article goes on to say that Mr. Cook continued to support the idea of Sweet Springs as a temporary capitol referring to its ‘eminent superiority.’ A Mr. Scott agreed with him calling

³⁴ “The National Order of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe” (Richmond, VA: The Evans Press, Inc., 1909), 3.

³⁵ “Virginia Legislature,” *Richmond Enquirer*, June 5, 1849.

³⁶ Ibid

it ‘extremely healthy,’ and a Mr. Yerby asked for a vote on it. The motion failed, adjourning to Fauquier White Sulphur instead simply because it was closer.

Nonetheless, Mr. Cook spoke with familiarity and his argument for Sweet Springs is important. It says that although the resort was remote, they would have been well cared for and safe from this pestilence. Not only that but the management could quickly meet unusual needs, such as finding any book in two hours, while keeping costs reasonable at one dollar per day. If that price was disagreeable, people could easily find alternative accommodations nearby but the Great Western at Sweet Springs was a place fitting for the state government to meet.

Its grand, classical edifice could have been civic architecture if it were in Richmond. Delegates would not have looked out of place convening in its dining room, and neither would Senators in the drawing rooms. Had the capital city been farther west, there would have been little or no question about relocating to it. Dr. John B. Lewis’ had hired excellent management and his aspirations of empire would have been validated but he did not have charge of it anymore. A notice for public sale had been repeatedly printed in the *Richmond Enquirer* throughout 1847, and requesting the *Richmond Whig*, *National Intelligencer*, and *Charleston Courier* copy, advertising that Sweet Springs would be auctioned off by decree of the Circuit Superior Court of Law and Chancery for the county of Monroe on September 30th.³⁷

It is unclear why but a Hugh Caperton and the Dunlap Family (of Dunlap Creek) had filed against John B. Lewis and other defendants, exposing the brick hotel and 159 acres for sale to the highest bidder. Agreeing with Burke’s latter description of the resort, accommodations could host between three and four hundred guests but all furniture would be sold separately for

³⁷ “Public Sale.” *Richmond Enquirer* (Richmond, VA), July 27, 1847.

cash. Dunlap and Caperton's commissioners encouraged possible investors to form a joint stock company perhaps as they themselves had done with Lewis, but the Great Western was not meeting their financial expectations. This may very well be the supposed lawsuit involving William B. Phillips but no extant copy of it has been found in research.

They were not alone in their troubles, though. Printed beside their notice on September 10, 1847, was another commissioner's sale for the competing Fauquier White Sulphur Springs itself.³⁸ Its administrator *de bonis non* would be auctioning off one hundred and twenty shares in the case of a deceased plaintiff and others. Fauquier White Sulphur Springs had been aggressively advertising itself in the *Richmond Enquirer* since opening for summer visitors on June 1st, talking about how quick and easy it was to travel from Alexandria or Fredericksburg with tri-weekly stages from Washington.³⁹ Guests would be comfortable with a copious supply of ice and an excellent band for entertainment through the last of October four months later. For comparison to Sweet Springs, board would cost \$10 per week, \$30 per month, or \$80 per season. The Old Sweet never really advertised itself in the papers, simply saying on July 23, 1839:

“THE SWEET SPRINGS in Virginia are now open for the reception of company- and the proprietor, together with the gentlemen having charge of the establishment, pledge themselves to render every attention possible to those who may favor this place with their patronage.

-Sweet Springs, July 23 22-9t”⁴⁰

It must have been open for the season before then, suggesting this announcement was specifically for the Great Western but it fails to excite or sell itself. There was no mention of ice, or food, or music. There were no romantic parallels drawn between its sparkling waters and the fountains of Greece or Italy, nor talk of its shade trees on the pretty knolls of its lawn. Although

³⁸ “Commissioner's Sale of Fauquier White Sulphur Springs Stock.” *Richmond Enquirer* (Richmond, VA), September 10, 1847

³⁹ “Fauquier White Sulphur Springs.” *Richmond Enquirer* (Richmond, VA), July 23, 1847.

⁴⁰ “The Sweet Springs.” *Richmond Enquirer* (Richmond, VA), August 20, 1839.

it may have been eminently superior to the other springs, as Mr. Cook asserted, John B. Lewis and his investors seemed to think people would just know this. After all, neither did the White Sulphur of Greenbrier County advertise itself; they would both be talked about by lesser resorts trying to bolster their own reputations.⁴¹

There was no need to pay for space in a newspaper if a place was attractive enough to be the news. After all, Sweet Springs had been given an entire column for that letter from the convalescent in 1839, but while the convalescent was amazed by the Great Western, the writer also dropped that were only 200 guests in residence that month.⁴² Sweet Springs had accommodations for two hundred more, according to its auction notice. Perhaps it would have paid for John B. Lewis and his investors to have self-promoted somewhat in the major cities from Boston to Charleston, but people had known of Sweet Springs as one of America's oldest resorts, and they had a select audience that talked amongst themselves.⁴³

The problem was in transportation as it had been for the brandy, sugar, and other luxury goods. Management recognized this, as it undoubtedly would have been a deterrent for more than just the Virginia Legislature, but John B. Lewis had worked hard to make improvements. While he and his investors had spent \$60,000 on the Great Western, sixty times more than any other hotel as previously stated, they were also reported as having raised an additional \$18,000 for road improvements in 1838.⁴⁴ In the year prior to opening the hotel grand, construction for road improvements had been authorized for a turnpike from Sweet Springs through Red and Blue Sulphur Springs to the White Sulphur at Alderson's Ferry in Greenbrier County. This would

⁴¹ "Red Chalybeate Springs," *Richmond Enquirer* (Richmond, VA), July 16, 1844.

⁴² "Correspondence: Letters of a Convalescent, No. VIII." *The Madisonian* (Washington, DC), September 4, 1839.

⁴³ "Old Sweet Springs, Sweet Springs, West Virginia," 2.

⁴⁴ "Sketch of the Acts." *Richmond Enquirer* (Richmond, VA), April 7, 1838.

have greatly improved accessibility to the resort, connecting it to the main routes and navigable waterways.

Rivers and creeks were the real highways in the 19th Century, as attested by the 1847 sale of Sweet Springs by Caperton and Dunlap, which went on to speculate that the Great Western might soon be one or two miles from a canal connecting the James and Ohio Rivers. Traveling by boat to the Springs would have been more comfortable and considerably smoother than bouncing over dusty country roads, but there was a great risk in it. Steamboats were in their infancy and not well understood with the very real threat of boiler explosions, but they were commonly used to go up the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers to the Springs of Virginia. Curiously, the name of another John B. Lewis appeared in the *Somerset Herald* on July 6, 1847, testifying to this danger as a survivor.⁴⁵

“From the New Orleans Picayune June 9. DREADFUL STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION. TWENTY LIVES LOST,” the headline read. All four boilers on the riverboat *Edna* had exploded at once, immediately sinking as a total loss:

“It presents another lamentable exhibition of the recklessness of conduct which too frequently characterizes those individuals having charge of the lives and property of the traveling community,” John B. Lewis of South Carolina said, “When [we] arrived at Columbia, many persons on shore remarked that she would most certainly blow up, such as the peculiar whizzing sound escaping from her, which we had heard before she made the landing...”

For whatever reason, these noises did not concern the inexperienced crew and the riverboat thereafter exploded as it pulled away, throwing splintered fragments hundreds of yards out amid the groans and shrieks of drowning passengers.

⁴⁵ “Dreadful Steamboat Explosion,” *The Somerset Herald* (Somerset, PA), July 6, 1847.

Yet, stories like this did not deter people from traveling to the mountains of Virginia as can be seen walking through the old cemetery at Sweet Springs, though. “Sacred to the memory of Lucy Taylor Shepherd, consort of Mr. R.D. Shepherd of New Orleans,” a weathered tombstone reads (Figure 21). It does not say how Mrs. Shepherd died but she was buried with a 16 month daughter who predeceased her there. Life was difficult in the early 19th Century from the summer heat to endemics and epidemics. So much so that people would risk long and dangerous journeys if it meant hope for safety at the end. People were afraid but they put faith in the miraculous waters at Sweet Springs, a baptism for their physical health. The architecture of empire expressed wisdom and knowledge passed down from civilizations who did not just merely survive but lived with comfort, assuring people that man would triumph over nature. Mankind could triumph over its fears.

CHAPTER THREE: A WALK THROUGH SWEET SPRINGS TODAY

Ricky Lucas has cared for the property since being sold off by the state of West Virginia in the 1990s, but his family has lived and worked there for almost a century if not more. He jingled a key, gravel crunching underfoot as he approached an annex on the Great Western. Tall grasses whispered as wind swept multicolored leaves down the drive. Its entrance was shrouded by a gossamer veil billowing over dusty glass, vacant and dark. This place was never meant to be so empty, even in the off seasons. The Old Sweet seemed to watch, waiting for him to enter. He fumbled with a padlock, watching trees sway to-and-fro as a cloud of birds rose up from an uncultivated field. The lock clicked and Ricky Lucas turned the handle, hinges creaking into silence. A cold breeze sighed, its low sound moaning through the open door. Sweet Springs yawned waking up.

“This is the new part,” Mr. Lucas said as his eyes adjusted to the darkness inside. He did not turn on any lights as there was no electrical power. Being inside and staying there depended either on natural light or having flashlights. “I remember watching it built back in the ‘70s,” he continued, “One of the Five Sisters [the five brick cottages] was here, but the nursing home tore it down with the Central Hotel and old ballroom. They reused those bricks here, though. You can really tell outside where the old part ends and this new section begins because of the brick quality...” A nickel glinted in a sunbeam, Thomas Jefferson staring up at him from the ground. The man seems almost inescapable here.

“This half would be easier to convert for a new hotel,” Ricky Lucas pointed down the wing. Doors were left ajar, some with key fobs still in the knobs. “It would need very few updates to meet codes. The rooms are also much nicer and larger in this area, too. Mr. Berkley

would like to use the older part as a conference center instead for that reason. Plus, guests and employees can park along this back side where their cars wouldn't be in the way of our view... It's a possibility. Unless... Of course... We return it back to being a nursing home or a medical spa," Ricky said seeing just as much potential in those alternatives.

Odd pieces of furniture and decorations from the nursing home had been moved into this area. A popcorn cart, hospital beds, and office chairs waited for sale or to be trashed. Ricky Lucas quickly walked through the space to a sun porch where he had separated out fireplace mantels and Chinese Chippendale railings from around the property, all demonstrating mastery of both classical and fashionable architecture despite being a world away from their inspirations (Figure 22). As remote as Sweet Springs is today, it is a curiosity as to how such things came to be there at a time when these waters were even more so.

He shifted a fireplace mantel looking at one behind it. Lead white paint flaked off, revealing a tar-like coating underneath. "I don't know what this... black stuff is. I've tried scraping it off but it's gone through the wood." It appears that they had been stained black to look like imported Italian marble such as the fireplaces at nearby Elmwood, the home of Hugh Caperton, known to have been built by William B. Phillips.⁴⁶ Overall, these fireplaces were uniform in style with flat Greek ovolo moldings and engaged doric columns. There is a striking similarity not only between them and those in Elmwood but also the fashionable Travellers Club in London, which has occupied its clubhouse in Pall Mall since 1832 (Figure 23).

Ricky Lucas set back the mantel and started moving towards the old hotel lobby, first described by Burke as the ladies' drawing room but then corrected as a mixed drawing room.

⁴⁶ C.E. Turley, "Elmwood; Caperton, Hugh, House," National Register of Historic Places Nomination Form, (Morgantown, WV: West Virginia Antiquities Commission, 1975), 2.

The distance from door to door seemed further than one hundred feet in the darkness but Mr. Lucas walked with confidence crossing over a deep threshold. The floors were covered in an industrial gray carpet muffling his footsteps in this strange silence. There should be noise here. There should be people here. There should be crowds. It was all too still and quiet reminding of Poe's haunted palace once again: "*And round about his home the glory that blushed and bloomed is but a dim-remembered story of the old time entombed...*"⁴⁷

"See how thick this wall is?" Mr. Lucas asked, "It's where the hotel used to end so we're in the old part now. I think this room used to be much bigger, but the nursing home tore it apart and subdivided it. The ceilings used to be two feet higher, too. They completely gutted this place, ripping out the wooden floors, and pouring concrete everywhere... All that's really original here is the fireplace and that mirror." He pointed to a large pier mirror repositioned on one of the partition walls, facing the front door (Figure 24). It too had been painted white and the looking glass wept with mercury tears, reflecting nothing but emptiness. The fanciful mind easily imagines hundreds of guests in this *pronaos* of a reception room, inspecting themselves here before moving on to dinner and the ballroom beyond. Was their hair smooth? Were they perfectly clean for presentation? Had taking the waters given them a youthful glow...?

There had been an "L" shaped staircase tucked in one of the corners once but it has since been removed. "My grandfather was hired to take it out," Ricky Lucas said, "He kept the pieces for a number of years, but then gave it to a friend who built a house. I don't know where it is anymore..." Fortunately, a photograph of it was taken in the 1930s, the only known photograph of this interior as a hotel found in research (Figure 25). It almost looks blotchy as if the

⁴⁷ Poe, *The Complete Tales and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, 62.

photograph has been affected by silver mirroring but these blotches were from repair work on the walls. The plaster had cracked and crumbled needing patchwork everywhere. A darker pigment painted the walls but the filled-in holes had been left bone-white.

If it had been taken in the last days of Sweet Springs as a resort, it was painfully evident that it would be shutting down soon. If it had been taken shortly afterwards, it was also evident that the Great Western would need serious help, giving reason for its many drastic overhauls. Yet, if one can look past this damage from Civil War and ninety years of wear and tear, the staircase speaks just as much as the porticoes out front. Each step was a thick, broad plank which could have taken ninety more years of use. A delicate pattern decorated each rise underneath carefully turned spindles which were carved as small columns. There is a great fluency in the classical details. The Greek Revival architecture of Sweet Springs was not just ornament applied to its exterior, it had been carried inside as a unifying aesthetic language. The Great Western was not just a temple front, it was a temple throughout.

Here on this staircase, America's aristocracy could descend as a new patrician class every evening, precious stones sparkling in candlelight. Why go on the Grand Tour through Italy when one could experience ancient architecture at the Springs of Virginia? Revelers congregating in this lobby must have watched each and every guest coming down those stairs, envying their grand entrance if they were visiting from the White Sulphur or Sweet Chalybeate half a mile away. Men and women would have all been dressed in their finest hoping to ascend into immortality as a celebrated figure there, recalling yet another excerpt from "The Haunted Palace:" *"And all with pearl and ruby glowing was the fair palace door, through which came*

flowing, flowing, flowing, and sparking evermore, a troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty was but to sing, in voices of surpassing beauty, the wit and wisdom of their king.”⁴⁸

This nightly procession would have continued through large double doors centered on the side wall, opening up to another dark hallway with doctor offices now, but which would have entered into the *naos* dining room. This inner sanctum, the counterpart to Palladio’s mercantile exchange, would have been shockingly impressive in dimensions and is easily restorable with its back half surviving intact. It is still conceivable if one closes doors at either end of the space, hung on their original hinges (Figure 26). Aerial photographs show that eight fireplaces would have warmed and lit this space on cooler evenings but they have been capped and filled-in (Figure 27). It might be thought of as a hypostyle hall with a cult state of Hygeia fanned by punkahs, a saloon style akin to what is seen aboard the SS *Great Britain* (Figure 28) which itself was laid down in 1839, but the aforementioned convalescent has this to say about it: “The dining room is unusually spacious, being 160 feet long, 40 feet wide, and unobstructed by a single post or pillar.”⁴⁹

Questionably, the dining room would have been more amazing in its full glory without columns. It would have been bright, cheery, and clean. The architect successfully avoided being overly ornate. To have an enfilade suite, forty by forty-eight feet, forty by 160 feet, and forty by forty-eight feet without a single support sounds palatially spectacular. An extraordinary interior for an otherworldly experience which could not be matched anywhere else, as expressed by Burke saying that he would need a carriage to cross its terrace. Yet, architecture is only the stage for daily life and this was a setting worthy of bacchanalian feasts.

⁴⁸ Poe, *The Complete Tales and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, 62.

⁴⁹ “Correspondence: Letters of a Convalescent, No. VIII.” *The Madisonian* (Washington, DC), September 4, 1839.

As previously mentioned, it is known that they had very good mutton of which *The Virginia Housewife: Or, Methodical Cook* published by Mary Randolph in 1838 offers twelve recipes and four for lamb.⁵⁰ “They used to maintain grass here by herding sheep out onto the lawn. I think they killed six or seven of them every morning to cook,” Ricky said looking out the front windows. There were vegetable plots around the hotel too, in addition to the shelters for hundreds of pigs, cattle, and chickens, providing wholesome food for both the rest-seekers and pleasure-seekers. It is evident that the Great Western was well provisioned and bountifully supplied with fresh milk and eggs, Virginia hams and country butter, but what really elevated and exemplified the degree of luxury and thought that went into a culinary experience at Sweet Springs is its own mint julep:

*OLD SWEET SPRINGS MINT JULAP- Put into a long tumbler, a silver one preferred, about 4 tender shoots of mint. Upon them place a teaspoonful of sugar syrup or powdered sugar. Crush the mint lightly into this, and add 2½ ounces of good old Bourbon whiskey or brandy. (Many use old apple brandy.) With rasped or powdered ice fill the tumbler. Into this stick 3 sprigs of mint. Pause while frost forms. Decorate the top if desired with any small fruit in season. Admire and drink the delectable potion.*⁵¹

Most people today would not think twice about this recipe but it really was a marvel. After all, what ingredients did one need? Mint, sugar, brandy, and ice. These are all readily available nowadays but not necessarily so in 1839. One could not run down to a supermarket but rather had to plan months ahead of summertime for it. Sweet Springs had to be a year round operation just for this drink alone. While mint grows like a weed most anywhere, having sugar, brandy, and ice took logistics. These were luxury goods so John B. Lewis was not just interacting with Monroe County, he would have been actively engaging Virginia, the United

⁵⁰ Mary Randolph, *The Virginia Housewife: Or, the Methodical Cook* (Baltimore, MA: Plaskitt, Fite, & Co., 1838), 44.

⁵¹ Logan, *The Old Sweet*, 22.

States, and the world market. Sugar certainly did not grow there, it had to be brought up from Louisiana or the Caribbean. If the brandy was imported from France, one had to account for lost cargo and breakage en route across the ocean and bumpy roads. Yet, in the days before refrigeration, how did one have ice?

“There used to be ice houses up over the hill,” Ricky Lucas says pointing back through the 1970s addition. “They would flood the creek in wintertime by blocking it off so the water could freeze... Moving water doesn’t freeze, you know... Men would then cut out large blocks and haul them up the hill. They’d lower them down into the ice houses, which were like great big wells because it’s constantly cool underground (Figure 29), and cover that first layer with straw or saw dust for insulation. They’d then wait for the pond to refreeze and do it all again and again until the ice houses were filled. There must have been several ponds to do it all... It would have been backbreaking work, especially in the dead of winter...” On top of this, the Great Western would also have had to account for meltage. Just how much ice would have been necessary to store up is almost incomprehensible as the operation was on an industrial scale.

Bartenders did not just make one mint julep but hundreds each day from spring to fall. If Sweet Springs was at full capacity using Burke’s estimate of 350 guests and everyone limited themselves to just one for ninety-one days then they would have made 31,850 juleps with 222,950 shoots and sprigs of mint. If there are twenty-five ounces in a fifth of liquor, and this recipe calls for 2½ ounces for each drink, then they would have needed 79,625 ounces in 3,185 bottles or 266 cases. They must have bought by the barrel.

Using figures released from the Kentucky Derby, 15,925 pounds of crushed ice would have been needed, which could fill a third or more of the Great Western's main floor.⁵² Even if Sweet Springs was at half capacity, they would have made 15,925 juleps in one summer requiring at least 133 cases of liquor for the production of this one drink alone. These numbers are conservative, though. The stores below this dining room would have been very full. As it was customary to have at *least* one julep coming up from the bathhouse each day, the Old Sweet was a veritable factory in its production of this so-called 'delectable potion.' The Great Western must have always smelled of mint, blocks of ice cooling this space as servants chipped away at them as a sort of proto air-conditioning.

This drink is where the culinary meets medicine and belief. It was commonly believed that diseases like malaria were spread by *miasma*, a bad air which rose up out of swamps and city streets on hot nights.⁵³ Being somewhere cool that always smelled of mint and fresh fruit must have felt very safe. Yet, there is something more to the Old Sweet Springs Mint Julap than one finds in its modern descendant, given by Churchill Downs as thus:

*"Make a simple syrup by boiling sugar and water together for five minutes. Cool and place in a container with six or eight sprigs of mint, then refrigerate overnight.
Make one julep at a time by filling a julep cup with crushed ice, adding one tablespoon mint syrup and two ounces of Old Forester Kentucky Whiskey.
Garnish with a sprig of mint."*⁵⁴

It is a very different drink nowadays. There is less presentation to it. Not only is it sweeter going from a teaspoon of simple syrup to a tablespoon, the Kentucky Derby Mint Julep is visually disappointing compared to its predecessor. There is a rationale and good reason for

⁵² "Mint Julep." Kentucky Derby, 2017. Last accessed on 9 April 2017.
<https://www.kentuckyderby.com/history/traditions/mint-julep>

⁵³ Reniers, *The Springs of Virginia*, 67.

⁵⁴ Jennifer Caldwell, "The authentic Kentucky Derby Mint Julep recipe." Kentucky Derby, May 3, 2016.

this change, though. Mint stems make drinks bitter rather than imparting a minty flavor, hence why Churchill Downs calls for boiling six or eight sprigs of mint to extract their oil. Therefore, garnishing with three or four sprigs as the Old Sweet called for was not about taste but scent. The Great Western's version was a bouquet, a posy of mint and fresh fruit, used to stop miasma as one sipped their julap much like how Venetian doctors wore beaked masks filled with flowers and perfume to protect them from plague.⁵⁵ The Kentucky Derby julep only adds one sprig for a signature appearance but it is uselessly vestigial.

Something else was left out in the update: Admire. A mint julap was meant to be enjoyed over an extended period of time. One could only sip so much out of it every few minutes as the ice slowly melted. Holding onto a frosted cup could make people more comfortable by lowering body temperatures through their hands. Julaps were thermal coolers but not so much as to cause vasoconstriction which would prevent the release of heat.⁵⁶ The alcohol too could help vasodilate, keeping the skin open as a radiator, and allowing ice to more effectively cool down the body with the metal tumbler in hand. There was an actual science underneath the hocus pocus.

The technology and logistics are baffling. If Sweet Springs could do this, what does that say for the rest of its food? It is incredible that such thought was put into a drink on the edge of American civilization. Not only that but the Great Western was stocked to make them all summer long on this frontier. It was a machine for the economics of its region. There is a brilliance behind this structure that is mind boggling. Yet despite this complexity behind the

⁵⁵ Irwin W. Sherman, *The Power of Plagues* (Washington, DC: ASM Press, 2006), 162.

⁵⁶ Max McClure, "Stanford researchers' cooling glove 'better than steroids'- and helps solve physiological mystery, too." Stanford, August 29, 2012. Last accessed April 11, 2017. <http://news.stanford.edu/2012/08/29/cooling-glove-research-082912/>

scenes, guests would not have seen it. Just as they carefully rehearsed and calculated their actions, but with a certain nonchalance so as to appear effortless, so did the resort. John B. Lewis' management made everything about their comfort look elegant, simple, and easy. The Great Western had *sprezzatura* itself.

Beyond this room was its holy of holies, the *adyton* ballroom (Figure 30). A sign from the nursing home reads "chapel" over its door, which is fitting. Linoleum tiles popped and cracked as Ricky Lucas walked to it, but instead of him seeing an empty chapel, family stories filled it. Laughter and polite conversation accented the air with different pronunciations from so far as London and New Orleans. There would have been the smell of Eau de Cologne and Florida Water on top of the mint, cleansing this sanctuary for 19th Century society like frankincense and myrrh, further protecting themselves from miasmatic contagion. Beauty had made them holy, they were gods and goddesses here with Dr. John B. Lewis as their high priest. Mt. Olympus had moved to the Appalachian Mountains but there is no smell of mint or citrus musk here anymore. Only dust.

In his mind's eye, Ricky Lucas saw musicians playing anything and everything except "Home! Sweet Home!" If it were fiddled, revelers might stop drinking from these waters of Lethe putting down their mint julap cups to return home. They were mid pleasures and palaces dancing quadrilles and waltzes here (Figure 31). Splendor dazzled in this exile, women glowing with rubies and pearls as in Poe's story. A menagerie of people was there to be seen and more attendees packed-in, arriving from other resorts for this splendid ball. The room choked so windows were opened to relieve body heat, but they became improvised doors from the piazza outside as a Virginia reel was announced. This time would not be forgotten, these belles and

beaus lived for the promotion of enjoyment tonight. For the caretaker, it was a bittersweet foray. Sweet to remember this place of amusement, but bitter for what the Great Western had become.

Yet, the comparison to an *adyton* is especially apt in this room. Although hotels are commonly thought of as public space, it was only public for those who could afford to be there. The Great Western would have been inaccessible for many people as a financially restrictive place. It was for America's patricians and not everyone was part of the privileged class in their empire. This was painfully true for any enslaved person working in the hotel. Unfortunately, no mention of John B. Lewis has been found in surviving census records, Charles Lewis being the only family member noted as a head of household in Monroe County for 1830.⁵⁷ Nonetheless, Sweet Springs would undoubtedly have had enslaved workers as part of a larger plantation landscape including Lynnside. They would have always been there as an undercurrent.

The only exception would have been the liveried waiters, objectified for serving refreshments and dinner. There was a spatially enforced hierarchy not only between guests and slaves, the upstairs and downstairs, but also the servants, cooks, and field hands. While the hotel grand might have been possible because of the Year of Cholera in 1832, construction starting in 1833 as understood by its highway marker, it was built just two years after the Nat Turner slave rebellion in Southampton County, VA (Figure 32). Although the Great Western exudes confidence, it also expresses this anxiety. Its operation was happening under the shadow of a morally reprobate system and everyone knew it.

"It had been the lot of man," William Smith, a senator from South Carolina, had said defending slavery in 1820, "to serve one another from all time. At least, slavery has prevailed in every country on the globe, ever since the flood... All the nations of the East held slaves in abundance. The Greeks and the Romans, at the most enlightened periods of those republics, Athens, the seat of the Muses, held slaves... Demosthenes is made to say 'that the condition of a

⁵⁷ 1830 Census, Monroe County (WVa), US Gen Web. Last accessed 11 April 2017. <http://www.usgwarchives.net/wv/monroe/census/1830/0027a.gif>

slave in Athens was preferable to that of a free man in any other countries.’ The Spartans approached nearer to a true democracy than any other people ever did; yet they held slaves in abundance there. It prevailed over the Roman Empire. Julius Caesar sold at one time fifty thousand slaves, yet Caesar was never held to be a cruel or barbarous man...”⁵⁸

There is a sharp duality to the architecture of empire and civilization in the 1830s. On one hand, Greek Revival brought democracy to mind, but it also meant oppression. Evidently though, many Americans did not see contradiction in this. It was reality and simply how the world had always been. For some people to be comfortable, many others would have to toil. Looking over communications and miscellaneous news from the Springs, it is interesting to find them printed between advertisements for the Virginia State Lottery (Figure 33) and rewards for runaway slaves (Figure 34). The working class would have read about masquerades and celebrities at the Springs of Virginia, perhaps dreaming of winning the lottery or returning fugitive slaves to fund getting there themselves.⁵⁹ For some, the Great Western at Sweet Springs was a palace, but it could be a prison for others. The irony, this hypocrisy, should not disappear in the romantic haze.

“Thousands of people who now pine at home,” writes the Louisa Railroad to its stockholders in 1847, “amid the malaria and chills and fevers of the low lands, will hie to the mountains in quest of health and pleasure. The people of different sections of the State will be thrown more together- prejudices will be removed- kind feelings will be engendered- local partialities will give way to a wider spirit of patriotism... But I have wandered from the subject of travel. I am free to admit that there may be some of those vagrant travellers, from across the briny waters, who, not being admitted into good society in their own country, come over to be feasted and caressed... These, and such as these would be gratified, to have an easy access to the monument of Jefferson [the University of Virginia] and the munificence of the State, that they might return home and denounce him and the State, as despots and slaveholders...”⁶⁰

Yes, Virginia had slaves but its people did not want to be known for this institution.

⁵⁸ Maurie D. McInnis, *The Politics of Taste in Antebellum Charleston* (Chapel Hill, NC: The University of North Carolina Press, 2005), 75.

⁵⁹ “Communications: White Sulphur Springs, July 30, 1835.” *Richmond Enquirer* (Richmond, VA), August 5, 1836.

⁶⁰ “To the Stockholders of the Louisa Railroad,” *Richmond Enquirer* (Richmond, VA), September 10, 1847.

“I think there would have been hidden staircases in either corner,” Ricky Lucas pointed to modern fire escapes, “Mr. Berkley says that the ladies and gentlemen would arrive from stagecoaches right outside and enter through a lobby down below. They wouldn’t have wanted to be seen wearing dusty clothes from their travels so the hotel needed some way for them to get upstairs and changed before being announced. I remember seeing a photograph of spiral staircases once, but I don’t remember where. Maybe it’s back home or in the office...” This interpretation does have plausibility as Burke’s revised description of the Great Western specified that the two rooms directly below this ballroom were separate drawing rooms for men and women. Mr. Lucas started down the steps picking at concrete plaster falling off the wall, “The nursing home took off all the original plaster when they redid this place. I guess they thought this would be more fireproof and safe, but this concrete just comes right off the walls.” The exterior had been expertly laid in Flemish bond (Figure 35), but it was curiously 1:3 English bond inside (Figure 36).

Ricky opened the door into a laundry room downstairs (Figure 37), mere feet from the valley road outside. It and another room occupied space underneath the ballroom, split by a thick wall which reinforced the dance floor above. It would have been clever taking advantage of this necessary division by using them as separate withdrawing room for parties, but there was no time to spend here. It was getting dark and he had not brought a flashlight with him. “This is the only level that has some electricity but it’s only in the service corridor,” Ricky Lucas said disappearing around a corner. There was some noise, a hum, and light bulbs flickered on in the hallway. They were widely spaced but old storerooms were perceptible between their incandescence (Figure 38). Signs labeled the rooms for linens and other supplies, showing that

they had functioned much the same for 150 years. “I wouldn’t recommend going in,” he advised, “They’re full of asbestos but there’s honestly not much to see anyways...”

“Go on out while I turn off the lights and lock up,” Ricky Lucas directed opening a door halfway down the corridor. Another wind groaned through, leaves blowing in with the smell of a controlled burn from outside. A cyber green car had pulled up with two curious passers-byes gawking at the hotel. They idled for a minute before continuing down the valley road. Barred basement windows of the Great Western glowed red from an exit sign inside, bringing one last stanza from Edgar Allan Poe’s rhyme to mind: *“And travellers, now, within that valley, through the red-litten windows see vast forms that move fantastically to a discordant melody; while, like a ghastly rapid river, through the pale door a hideous throng rush out forever and laugh- but smile no more.”*⁶¹ A circuit breaker was flipped and Sweet Springs blinked before going back into its hibernation.

⁶¹ Poe, *The Complete Tales and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, 62.

CONCLUSION

The Great Western at Sweet Spring was built with the architecture of empire, and although not everyone was part of the patrician class, it played an important part in expanding American civilization across the continent. It was not only functional as a hideaway for the Tidewater and low country, but it was a place to move beyond. Dr. John B. Lewis had settled the edge of the known world but found new horizons in doing so. Sweet Springs helped to link the East with its western territories as a place to see beyond, go beyond, and as a center for economic expansion. Lewis and his investors were commanding the roadways. They were commanding resources. They were commanding people.

The purpose for this garden of earthly delights, this Eden, was to protect and advance the culture of empire and civilization. Life, social and economic, centered there. It has always been a place for big dreams and Dr. John B. Lewis and his investors were certainly dreamers. So, although the ideas of *empire* and *civilization* are toned with conquest, this was not meant to be a site where people fought or stressed. It was a place to heal body, mind, and spirit, a place to rest and be inspired. That was the more important aspect of empire and civilization here as rest, relaxation, and enjoyment were reasons why guests like Mr. Cook would have preferred Sweet Springs to any other retreat.

This sentiment guided management up until its last days as a resort as evidenced by a poem printed in its brochure from the twilight years:

*"It seems to me I'd like to go
Where the bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
And the clocks don't strike and the gongs don't sound;
And I'd have stillness all around;
Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low whispering, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones,*

*In strangley, softly tangled tones.
 Sometimes, it seems to me I must
 Just quit the city's din and dust,
 And get out where the sky is blue,
 And say, now, how does that sound to you?"*⁶²

Although the hum of American progress grew louder through the lifespan of Sweet Springs as a resort, this poem goes to say that the hotel tried to keep its tone much the same as it had been on opening day, despite the civil war impacting it so heavily. Its memory might have been rattled from concussion, but its personality had not been impacted. Its charm had always been in its solitude, its deep connection with the earth. Yet, that is not to say Sweet Springs was an introverted personality. As an active part of the expanding United States, the Great Western certainly was not isolated. It would have been an exciting place to be in the summer of 1839, but the pleasure-seeker and rest-seeker would have both found enjoyment there. Those who wanted rest could find it there. Those who wanted pleasure could also find it there.

It is incredible to think about the construction and operation of Sweet Springs, which had transformed a modest construction of log cabins into a more permanent expression of an empire. Its fortress-like walls have withstood the ravages of time better than any other antebellum resort from war to wanton demolition. One can only hope that preservation and maintenance are successful in defending this old bastion but an end would not be the end. The Great Western is iconic but the land of Sweet Springs is eternal. This had been a valley of unbroken forests, an undeveloped, uncivilized, and un-American country. It is returning to that, the earth is renewing itself.

⁶² "Old Sweet Springs, Sweet Springs, West Virginia," 12.

If attempts at preservation are unsuccessful beyond 3D scanning then the woods will eventually reclaim Sweet Springs and its bricks will return to the clay. The bathhouse will fall into these waters going back to how everything had been for millennia before John B. Lewis, waiting for another time to rediscover it. It will join the other countless Springs of Virginia which came and went, but it will survive in its digital translation so long as the data is kept on file, existing more than just in yellowing words on bookshelves. The land itself will eventually close in around the aquamarine Sweet Springs, but perhaps a future society will rediscover it and people will once again enter Elysium.

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ILLUSTRATIONS



Figure 1: Christine Jefferies, *Highway historical marker for Sweet Springs, WV*, 2016.



Figure 2: Photo by the Author, *A Doric Portico at Sweet Springs, WV*, 2016.



Figure 3: Photo by the Author, *Andrew S. Rowan Memorial Home plaque*, 2016.



Figure 4: Shayne Brandon, *Aerial overview of Sweet Springs, WV, looking towards the bathhouse*, University of Virginia Library, 2017.



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Figure 6: Photo by the Author, *The bathhouse at Sweet Springs, c.1830s*, 2016.



Figure 7: Photo by the Author, *A signature on bricks in the bathhouse dated 1864*, 2016.



Figure 8: Unspecified Photographer, *Lynnside, State Routes 3 & 311, Sweet Springs, Monroe County, WV*, from HABS No. WVA-59, 1976.



Figure 9: Timothy H. O'Sullivan, *Ruins of Hotel at Fauquier White Sulphur Springs*, Library of Congress, 1862.



Figure 10: Edward Beyer, *Old Sweet Spa, Monroe County, VA*, from the *Album of Virginia: Or, Illustration of the Old Dominion*. Richmond, VA: Unspecified Publisher, 1858.



Figure 11: Photo by the Author, *Bricks on the front facade of the Great Western at Sweet Springs, WV*, 2016.



Figure 12: Photo by the Author, *Pavilion IV at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, VA, 2017.*



Figure 13: Photo by the Author, *West Range at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, VA, 2017.*

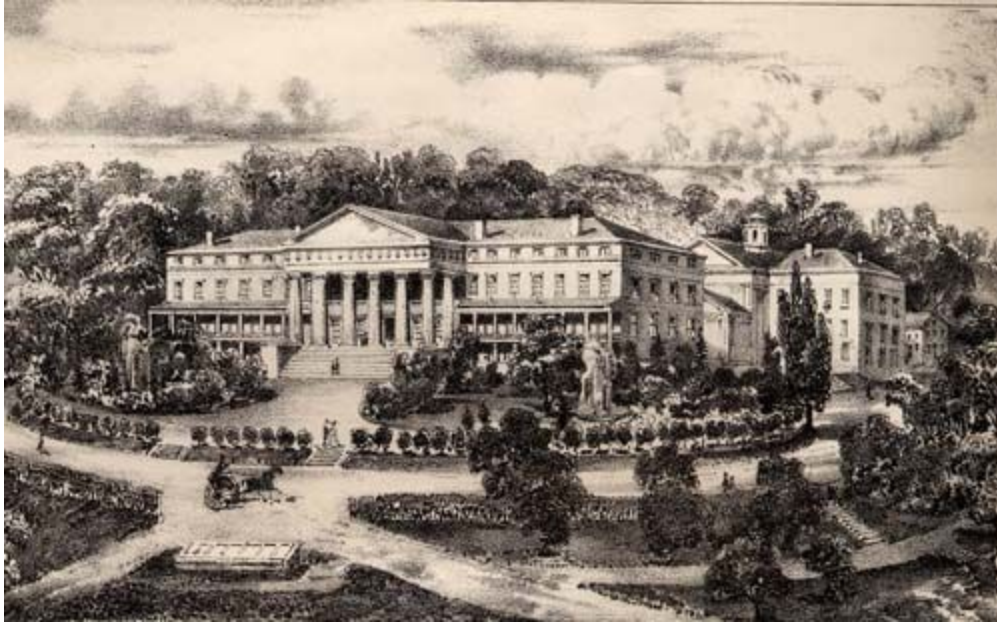


Figure 14: Unknown Artist, *Virginia Institution for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind*, c.1870s.
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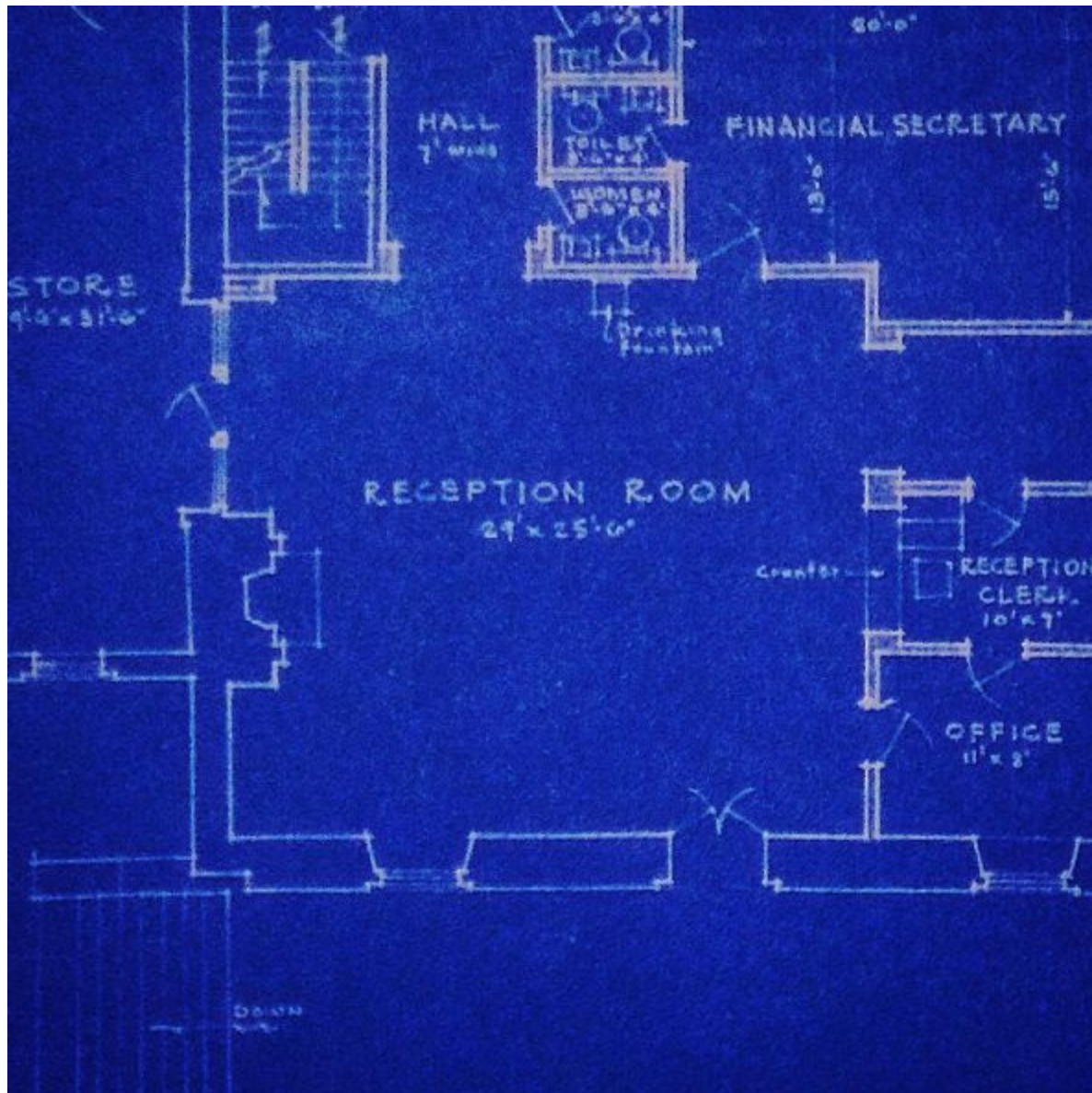


Figure 15: Unknown Architect, *Blueprint of Sweet Springs, WV, for conversion to the Rowan Memorial Home, c. 1940s.*

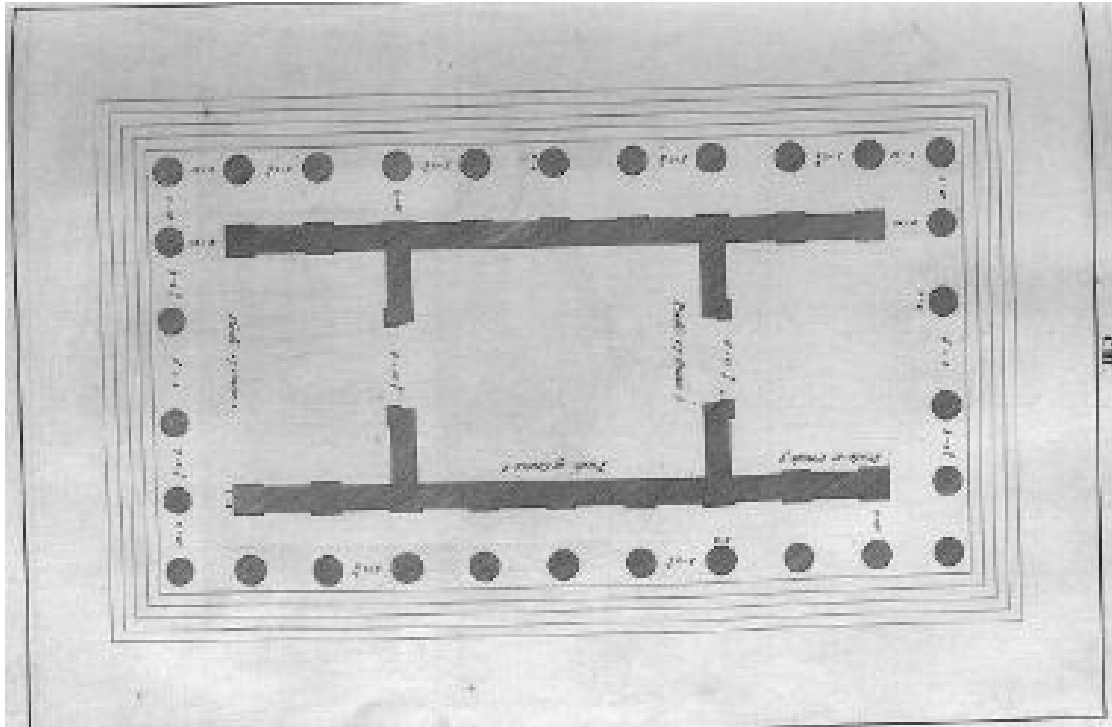


Figure 16: Giacomo Leoni, *Temple of Piety*, from *The Architecture of Andrea Palladio; in Four Books*. London: John Watts, 1715.

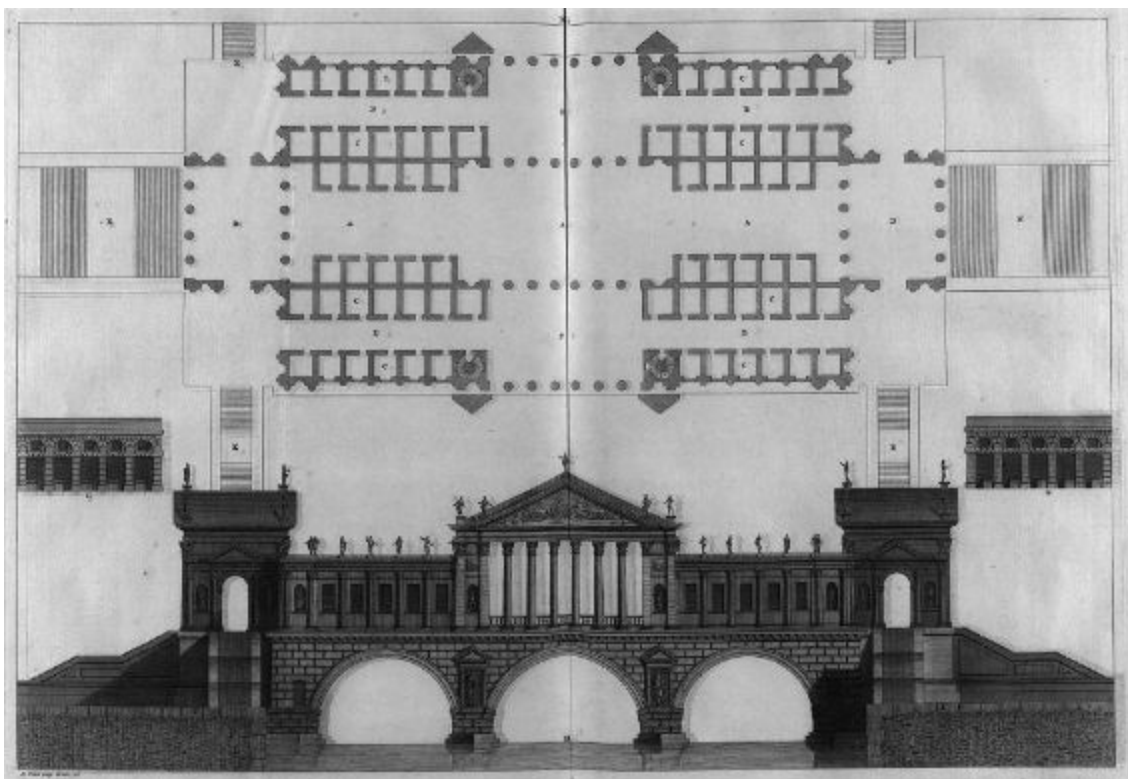


Figure 17: Giacomo Leoni, *Rialto Bridge*, from *The Architecture of Andrea Palladio; in Four Books*. London: John Watts, 1715.



Figure 18: Photo by the Author and Will Rourk, *Measured scan of the Great Western at Sweet Springs, WV*. University of Virginia Library, 2017.

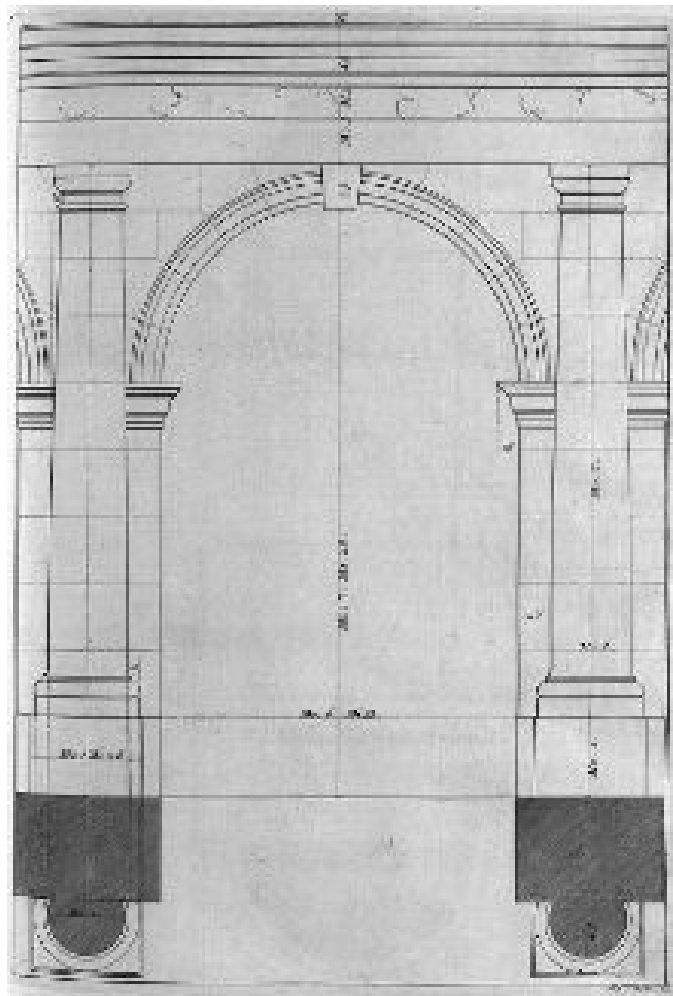


Figure 19: Giacomo Leoni, *Tuscan Order Arcade*, from *The Architecture of Andrea Palladio; in Four Books*. London: John Watts, 1715.

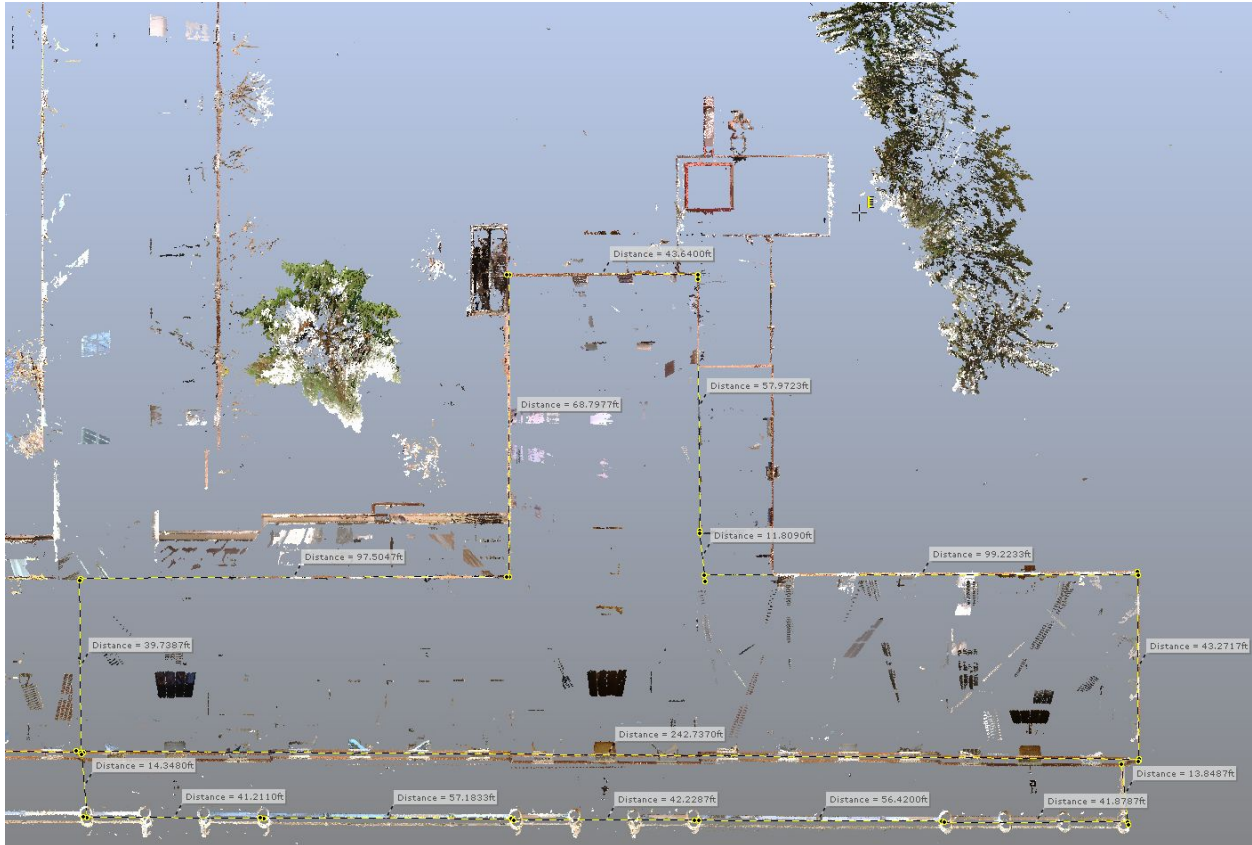


Figure 20: Photo by the Author and Will Rourk, *Measured cutaway of the Great Western at Sweet Springs, WV*. University of Virginia Library, 2017.

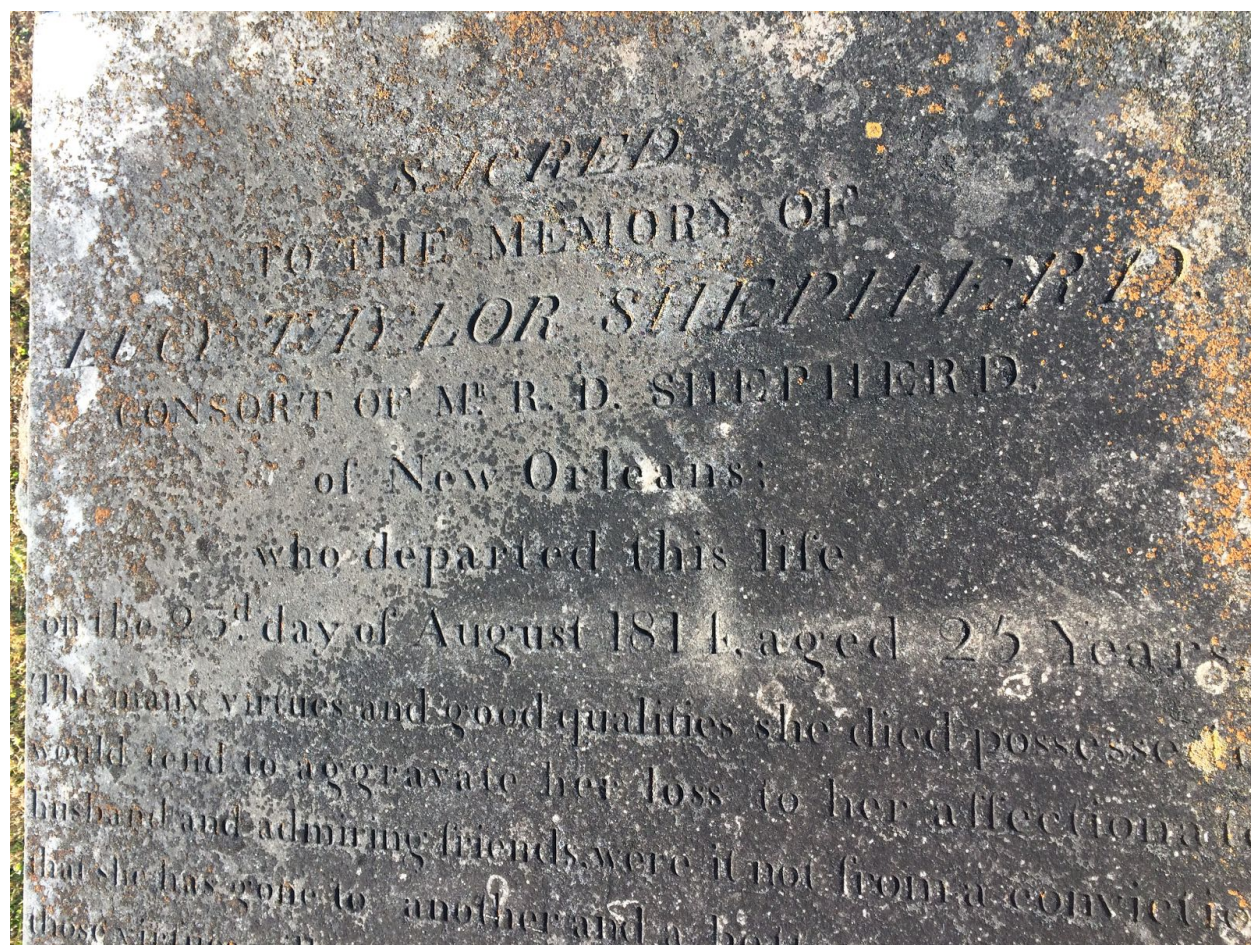


Figure 21: Photo by the Author, *Tombstone of Lucy Taylor Shepherd at Sweet Springs, WV*, 2016.



Figure 22: Will Rourk, *Fireplace surrounds collected from Sweet Springs, WV*, University of Virginia Library, 2017.



Figure 23: Photo by the Author, *Smoking room at the Travellers Club, Pall Mall, London, 2016.*



Figure 24: Will Rourk, *A mirror in the main lobby of the Great Western at Sweet Springs, WV*, University of Virginia Library, 2017.



Figure 25: Frances B. Johnson, Staircase at *Old Sweet Springs, Monroe County, WV*, from the Carnegie Survey of the Architecture of the South, c. 1930s.



Figure 26: Will Rourk, *Original doors inside the Great Western at Sweet Springs, WV*, University of Virginia Library, 2017.



Figure 27: Shayne Brandon, *Aerial overview of the Great Western at Sweet Springs, WV.* University of Virginia Library, 2017.



Figure 28: Unspecified Photographer, *Dining saloon on the SS Great Britain, Bristol, UK,* 2017. SS Great Britain, last accessed on 2 April 2017, <http://www.ssgreatbritain.org/your-visit/things-to-see/ship>



Figure 29: Photo by the Author, *Inside the icehouse temple at Montpelier, Orange County, VA, 2017.*



Figure 30: Will Rourk, *Ballroom of the Great Western at Sweet Springs, WV*, University of Virginia Library, 2017.



Figure 31: Unknown Artist, *The Tricolored Quadrilles*, c. 1830s. The American Antiquarian, last accessed on 9 April 2017, <http://www.americanantiquarian.org/Exhibitions/Dance/danceimages/tricolored.jpg>

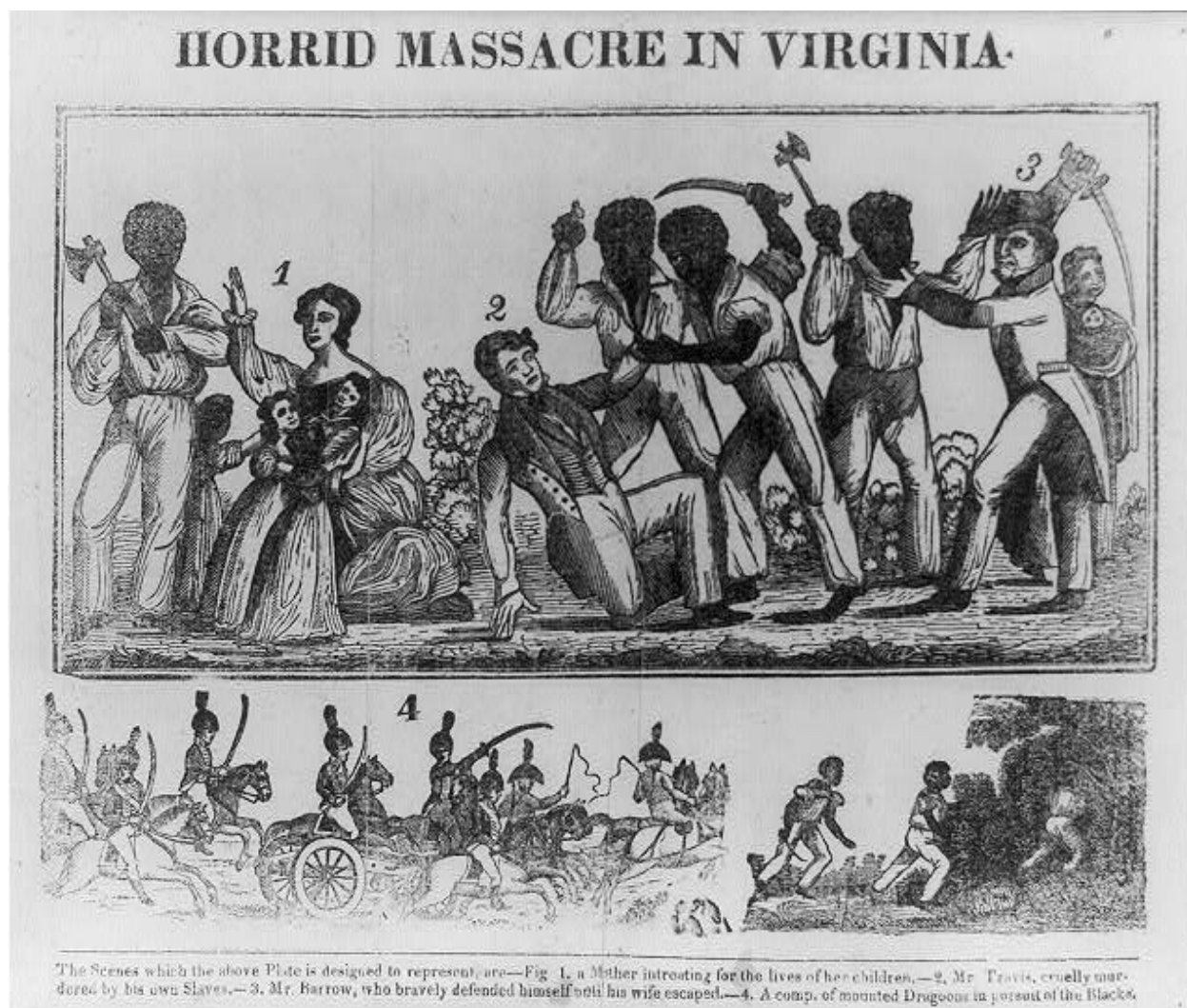


Figure 32: Unknown Artist, *Horrid Massacre in Virginia*, composite of scenes from *Nat Turner's rebellion*, 1831, Library of Congress, last accessed on 9 April 2017, <https://www.loc.gov/resource/cph.3a39248/>

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 Aug. 2. [25—17] **D. M. HOYT**

BIGGIER'S
Exchange and Lottery Office,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Drawing of the Alexandria Lottery, Class A, drew July 21st, 1836:

4	36	30	23	14.
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Single No. Prizes: \$50 \$40 \$30 \$25 \$25.

Figure 33: Richmond Enquirer, *Advertisements for the Virginia State Lottery*, August 5, 1839.

\$10 REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber the 2d day of June, 1844, a negro man named Major. Major is about 26 years old; of a low stature, though stout and pretty well built; he has a scar over one of his eyes, (not recollected which;) he had on when he went off, cotton oznaburghs pantaloons and shirt and a palm leaf hat, and carried with him sundry other clothing; among which he had a pair of striped gingham pantaloons and coat. It is expected he will aim to go to Hanover to Mrs. Mosby's, where he has some relations, or he may aim to go to Mr. Jones Hines, who lives near Col. Goodall's in said county; or he may have gotten free papere, and aimed to get to the State of Ohio, or some other free State. Any person that will deliver the said negro to me, or secure him in jail so that I get him again, I will pay the above reward. My post office address is Fife's, Goochland, Virginia.

THOMAS JAMES.
 July 9 18—w4w

Figure 34: Richmond Enquirer, *\$10 reward for a runaway slave named Major*, July 16, 1844.

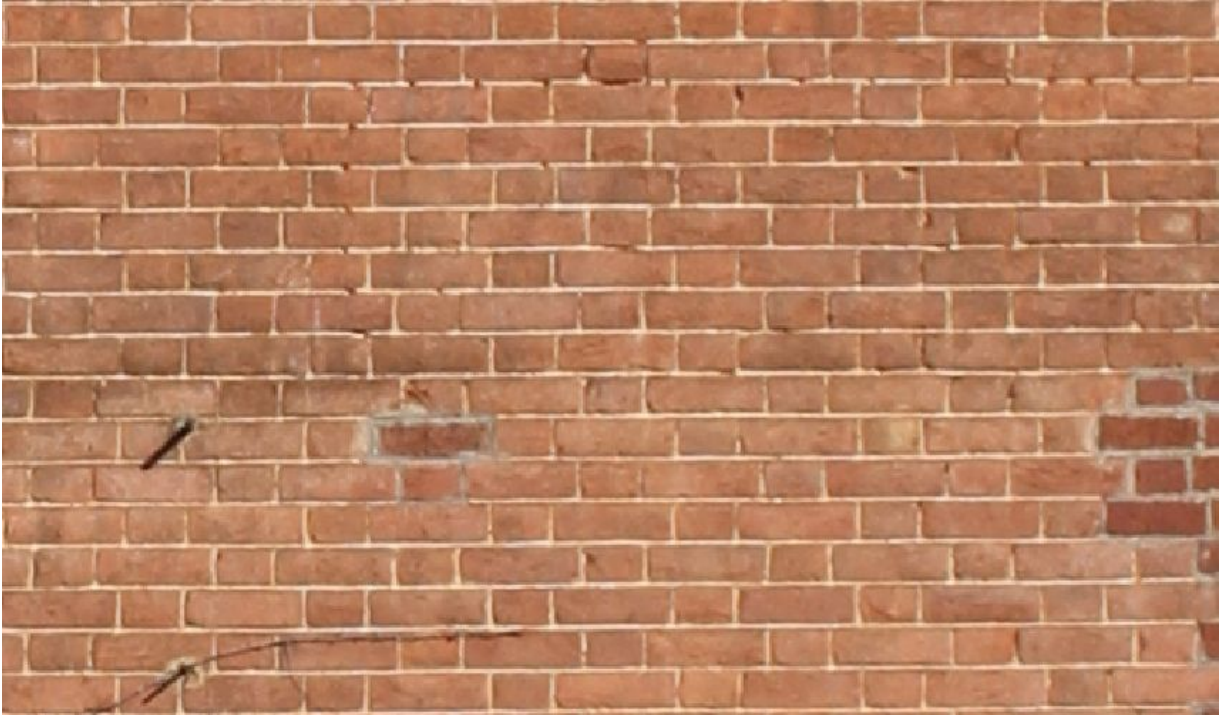


Figure 35: Will Rourk, *Flemish bond on the exterior of the Great Western at Sweet Springs, WV*, University of Virginia Library, 2017.



Figure 36: Will Rourk, *English bond on the interior of the Great Western at Sweet Springs, WV*, University of Virginia Library, 2017.



Figure 37: Will Rourk, *A lower drawing room in the Great Western at Sweet Springs, WV*, University of Virginia Library, 2017.



Figure 38: Will Rourk, *Between storerooms in the Great Western at Sweet Springs, WV*, University of Virginia Library, 2017.