

# Architectural And Historic Survey



## Identification

**STREET ADDRESS:** 192 Stribling Avenue  
**MAP & PARCEL:** 18A-25  
**CENSUS TRACT AND BLOCK:**  
**PRESENT ZONING:** R-2  
**ORIGINAL OWNER:** S. Price Maury  
**ORIGINAL USE:** Residence  
**PRESENT USE:** Residence  
**PRESENT OWNER:** Horace & Helen G. Burr  
**ADDRESS:** 192 Stribling Avenue  
 Charlottesville, VA

**HISTORIC NAME:** Maury-McCue House  
**DATE / PERIOD:** c. 1897 - 1902  
**STYLE:** No Identifiable Style  
**HEIGHT (to cornice) OR STORIES:** 2 Storeys  
**DIMENSIONS AND LAND AREA:** 11.74 acres  
**CONDITION:** Fair  
**SURVEYOR:** Bibb  
**DATE OF SURVEY:** Fall 1977

**SOURCES:** City/County Records  
 Mrs. George Maverick  
 Mrs. Fred Tice (Judith Maury Tice)

Horace Burr  
 Edward O. McCue, Jr.  
 Mrs. John Clark

## ARCHITECTURAL DESCRIPTION

This house is basically a 2-storey, 3-bay, single-pile structure with one-storey, one-room wings at the west end (later enlarged to two storeys) and at the east side of the rear. A back porch with bedrooms above has been built behind the west wing and the central block. The stair landing projects between the rear additions. There is a screened porch at the east end of the house; and a porte cochere, originally with a porch above, is centered on the facade of the central block. The first storey walls are constructed of random fieldstone with raised joints, and the second storey walls are wooden shingled. The central block has two massive fieldstone end chimneys with fireplaces with round-arched openings with keystones, all of fieldstone, and irregularly shaped solid stone hearths. The interior end chimney in the rear wing appears to have been altered, and its relatively small fireplace has a segmental-arched opening. Most of the windows at the first level are very large, double-sash, 2-over-2 light, with bracketed hoods. Those in the rear wing are segmental-arched. Small windows in the west wing give it a medieval appearance. There are small casement windows at the second level throughout the house. The wide rustic entrance door is flanked by Federal fish-eye sidelights, apparently salvaged from another building, as were many of the windows and doors. The 2-storey entrance hall is separated from the rooms on each side only by piers. At the end, a wide stair rises to a large landing with a window overlooking the garden, and narrow flights on either side lead to a second-storey balcony. The present owners have added several Federal mantels and paneling from a local early 19th century house, closed half a dozen windows to accommodate their extensive art collection, and enclosed the back porch. Vines and dense shrubbery now cover much of the house. A small cottage with central stone chimney is falling into ruin, and the two gazebos (one stick style, the other Victorian) are gone, as is the porch above the porte cochere.

## HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION

In 1890 Stephen Price Maury was deeded a tract of 104 acres by his father, Jesse Lewis Maury of Piedmont (ACDB 94-157). According to tax records, there were no buildings on the property at that time. Over the years, Maury built and occupied three houses there, this being the second or third. The Burrs believe that he incorporated into this house the ruins of one or two mid-18th century stone buildings. There is nothing to indicate, however, that any part of an earlier building was standing on the site when Maury built this house in the late 1890's. He did use building materials salvaged from other structures, so much of the fabric is older than the house itself. Nails and a door have been dated c. 1760. In 1902 Maury sold the house and 15½ acres to Warren W. Walsh (ACDB 125-173), who sold it to Edward O. McCue, Sr., in 1910 (ACDB 143-217). He built the back porch, and the second storey above it and the west wing. The McCues lived there for thirty years and called the house "Glen Mary". William J. Root bought it in 1941 (ACDB 252-387) and sold it in 1953 to Theodore R. Wood (ACDB 304-572), from whom Horace and Helen Burr purchased it in 1955 (ACDB 316-521). They gave it the name "Carrsgrove".

Additional References: ACDB 2-15, 9-321 & 428, 13-455, 17-50, 94-157, 113-482

## SIGNIFICANCE

This is an interesting vernacular structure.



This section written in July 1926 in the Mill House, Chvr Va. (Nob RR)

[in Texas]

p. 87

scrap material which had been on the land when I traded for it, and we landed in Virginia with notes, which we thought to be worth about \$40,000.

We had started to Virginia to lead a peaceful, pastoral life, enjoying our clever children, and we expected to build a nice home on a farm of 104 acres in Virginia, adjoining what is now Frys Springs.

We went directly to Piedmont and arrived there on the 23rd day of December, the birthday of both Eleanor and Judith. The roses were in bloom by the little sunny porch and it was almost as warm as it had been in Texas. But the next day there was a severe snow storm.

As my people were not rich and I didn't have a house of my own, I didn't want to be a burden to them, so I paid \$50 a month board. At that time the cost of living was about one third of what it is today.

When we got title to the land given by my father we started to build White Cross, now the University Inn, and like most young people we built more house than we could afford. When our home was being completed, I could not be idle or keep from undertaking some venture; and, dreaming of the possibilities of a subdivision with a city park and a hotel, I bought twenty acres including Frys Springs, in March 1890\*. Then I bought 56 acres near the University from my father at \$100 a acre; mother gave her interest (1/3), with my wife and brother. Reuben, as endorser on a note for \$3200.00. In later years, to pay this note we had to sell White Cross, the home we loved so dearly and the place where my only son was born. [Lewis Augustine Maury, born 7 March 1892]

We bought about 66 acres, at \$33, an acre, with stock, in the Jefferson Park Hotel and Land Improvement Co., which I had formed and was president and general manager of.

We built the Frys Springs Hotel of about a hundred rooms, which we furnished and developed the grounds around <sup>to</sup> the hotel and park, ~~and~~ <sup>to which we</sup> built about two miles of street-car line. But many of the stockholders were unable to pay for their stock, and it came to an end leaving the company badly embarrassed. As most of the money which had been spent was mine, I was out about \$10,000.00, as I held

\* SEE "Early street Railways and the Development of Charlottesville" by Randolph Kean



\$50,000 of the \$120,000 worth of stock. The property went into the hands of Receivers and was sold for \$12,000, or about one fourth of its cost. But I didn't have any friends that would help me to buy in the property, and today it is worth nearly a half million dollars.

After the company was closed, the same old question appeared; what next? I was then about 42 years old with a wife and six children on a Virginia farm with too much house and still owing \$3200 on the land which I had bought from my father. My family must have been very anxious to get the money, as I was notified by their lawyer to pay up or be sold out. It was then that I sold White Cross for at least a third of its value; \$4870 was the price I got, and when I paid the note of mine and my brother's, there was only \$780 left. With this amount and about \$700 more, I built Arrowhead and moved in, having lived on at White Cross through the kindness of Jack Lovell and his wife until our new home was completed.

My wife, who is an artist at building up a home, soon had the new place pretty and comfortable, although we couldn't have city water and lights. Labor was cheap then, but that barely enabled us to live on a farm with even a mill to help out. But we did live, and we kept horses to ride and drive and we also have <sup>r</sup>diver Jersey cows. We fitted up a four<sup>r</sup>hand into a camping outfit and made many expeditions to many of the beautiful spots in the Virginia Mountains, mostly Goshen Pass, one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. When we camped there we swam in the sweet, clear water and the world looked very lovely to us. I remember we left Robert, our beautiful collie, sitting on the box holding the four reins in his mouth. I can see him now and how tired he looked, with the saliva running from his mouth— but holding on, the emblem of faithfulness.

These memories of so long ago, and with my charming family so far away, give me cause to ponder and ask: "Was I, really, worse than the average man that I should be left alone?" I must have deserved my great loss, or my dear family would be with me. For God is a just God and he does not punish us

persuasion couldn't induce him to stay with them, as he realized that his duty was done.

July 25, 1926. After this slight diversion in relating incidents of a happier day, I will continue the long, long Tale of the Black Sheep.

→ We lived quite comfortably at Arrow Head, with our horses, cows and garden. The house had nine rooms and a large back porch, the pillars of which were said to have been designed by Thomas Jefferson, the man whom Virginians are now trying to make into a god. Our \$250 stable was large and comfortable, and it sheltered under one roof, all our horses, cows, hogs, sheep, chickens and ducks, with our room enough for two vehicles. The house and outbuildings had only cost about \$1600, but there was an unpaid balance of \$800.

We had retained the greater part of the farm and we didn't miss the part which had been sold. But we gradually sunk deeper into debt, until finally, during the Spanish-American War, <sup>[1898]</sup> I went to work for the Government, at the Ship Yards in Norfolk, Virginia. I had been offered a commission in the Navy as Asst. Engineer, but when I reported for duty I was rejected on account of age and the loss of one finger from my right hand. The Hon. Thomas Martin, United States Senator from Virginia, introduced a Bill in Congress to remove my disabilities, but by the time the Act was consummated, the Spanish War ended. So I worked in the Navy Yard during the period of the war. Though it had been 17 years since I had seen service in England, I was rated at the Navy Yard as a 1st Class naval mechanic.

While I was away at work, the country was swept by a terrific snow storm, the worst, it was said, in sixty years, and great numbers of cattle were lost in the drifts. Mrs. Maury and the children, who were quite young, found it extremely difficult to exist, as they only had one trifling darkey to work for them. But their hearts were brave and they weathered the storm. The storm had worked havoc at the Navy Yard, and the ice was about eight inches thick on the docks.

I was one of the few out of five thousand men that worked outside every day. Commander Lovell insisted that I leave the yard for awhile, and he suggested that I return to Charlottesville and build a large rock addition to White Cross. This I did, but I didn't make very much money on the contract; in fact, I had to handle the greater part of the rock myself, to keep from losing money on the job.

In the meantime, something diverted my attention, which was never difficult to do, and I didn't return to my work at the Navy Yard. I kept trying to carry on with a family of six on a farm, but I was not a farmer and I couldn't stand the hard labor. Then long came a professor with larger ideas than capital, and I sold him Arrow Head for \$2750. After a few months the professor gave the place up, as he was unable to meet his payments. Then an old gentleman, who had once been rich, tried his hand with Arrow Head, but he quickly followed in the footsteps of his friend, the professor.

The last purchaser asked for possession within a week after the sale, to keep the deal from falling through, I agreed. With two men to help me, I started and built a two-story frame building, on what was later the site of Crosswood — and on the 8th day we moved in. When moving, it is never a safe plan to have man and wife at the same point at the same time, so I loaded the furniture, the older girls drove the wagons, and their mother unloaded the things. The roof of the house was not quite completed when we moved in, but the next morning saw the children on time at school, and they didn't lose a day.

Mrs. Maury could make even a shanty into a home, and we lived comfortably in this new house — a sort of eight day wonder — until I built the Hut on Hob Hill. Then we moved again. The Hut is a two-story, box type house of Swiss style. It has seven rooms and it only cost \$604; but it still stands and rents for \$25 a month!

Our days at the Hut were limited and it was not long before we moved back to Arrowhead, as the buyer was unable to make his payments. In the meantime, while living at the Hut, I had started in to build our last residence,

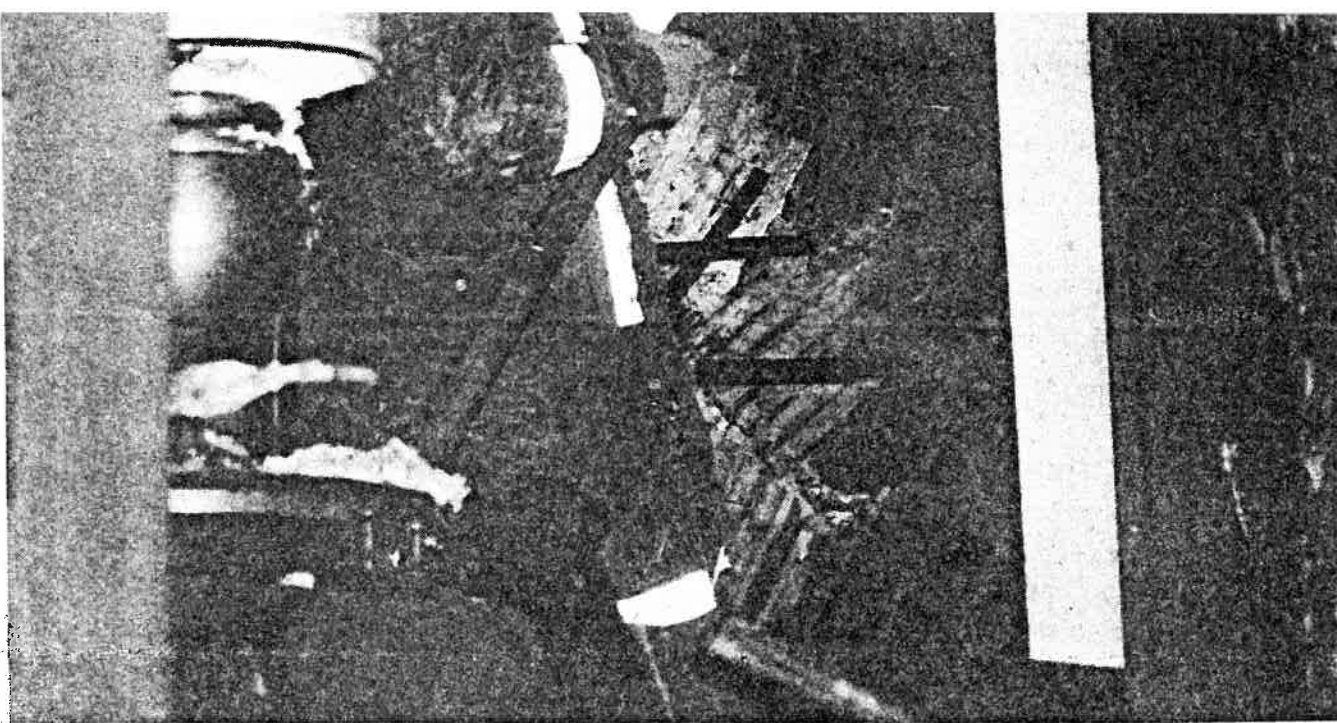
Crowswood. This was the largest house that I had ever undertaken. It was built of rock, and it had three stories, with 19 rooms. Money was very scarce at the time and I had to do much of the rock work myself. Finally, we had an Episcopal preacher Mr. Walsh, who really bought Arrow Head for \$2750, and paid for it. With this money I was able to complete Crowswood, and we moved into what was a real Virginia home, built of beautiful rock laid with red mud, which was painted with concrete. The house was trimmed inside with handworked oak, and the house set in a splendid grove of native oak and pine. After twenty years the house still stands and grows more attractive with age, and looks every inch a gentleman's home.

I continued to operate the farm, but with only slight success. Labor was then about one-third of what it costs now, but there was little or no profit gained from the farm. I managed for awhile to patch out an existance by contracting for building and engineering work, but in the main it was difficult to keep clear of debt even with the occasional help of my wife's mother.

But in spite of hard times and the fact that we were creeping deeper into debt, we had a happy life, as money doesn't always bring happiness. Finally my wife's mother agreed, from the kindness of her heart, to pay off all of our indebtedness, which amounted to about \$4200, taking a mortgage herself, although I had understood it was to be a "bona fide" gift. Gift or not gift, we were very happy over it, as I had always had an unholy hatred for mortgages, which so often mean financial death.

My wife was spending a large part of her time in Texas with her mother, leaving some of the children, the older ones, with me. On one occasion she spent about six months in Texas, where she had a much more agreeable life than she would have had on a Virginia farm. But I don't believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder, and it certainly didn't in her case. As a whole, I think we were about as happy as the average family, and we lived that way for about 29 years, with the occasional, little misunderstandings that make man and wife unhappy. If we could only learn to forgive and try to forget, we would be





Progress Photo by Jim Carpenter

**FIREMEN WORK ON STRIBLING AVENUE FIRE**  
Fire Damaged Home of Horace Burr

## Fire Damages Home On Stribling Avenue

By **LENNY GRANGER**  
of The Progress Staff

Fire damaged part of Carrsgrove, the large stone and frame Stribling Avenue home, Thursday night when the furnace malfunctioned and sent flames from the first floor den to a second floor bedroom, according to Charlottesville fire officials.

An estimate of the extent of damage has not been determined, because the house, owned by Horace Burr, contains numerous antiques and paintings. Members of the Burr family, who were home at the time, remained there overnight to safeguard the contents, according to Charlottesville Fire Capt. Benjamin Powell.

Three engine companies and one truck company responded to the 4:52 p.m. alarm Thursday, according to officials. Firefighters remained at the scene until shortly after 8 p.m.

The chimney where the fire apparently broke out was one of three fieldstone chimneys built by Price Maury in the late 1800s, according to Eugenia Bibb, a researcher for the Charlottesville Historic Landmarks Commission.

The Carrsgrove property was once owned by President James

Monroe, who sold it to Reuben Maury in 1809, according to Miss Bibb. Several generations later, Jesse Lewis Maury gave it to his son Price as part of a total of 104 acres.

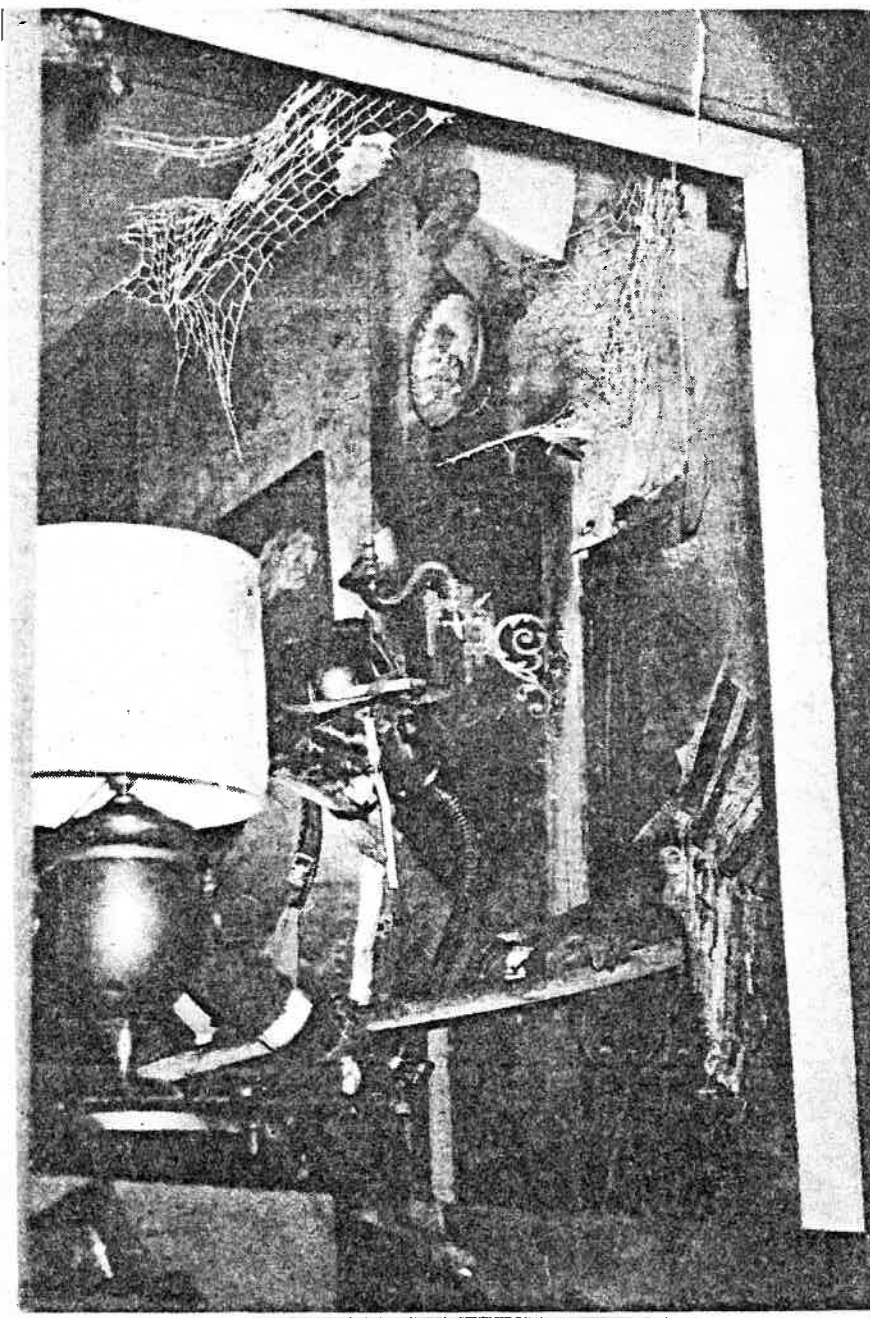
There is considerable debate among Burr and some local historians about whether part of an original structure, dated at 1747 with a 1760 addition, has survived as part of the present building. Miss Bibb, however, has uncovered no evidence to support that.

"Tax records (at the time Price Maury received Carrsgrove from his father) say there was no building at the time," she said.

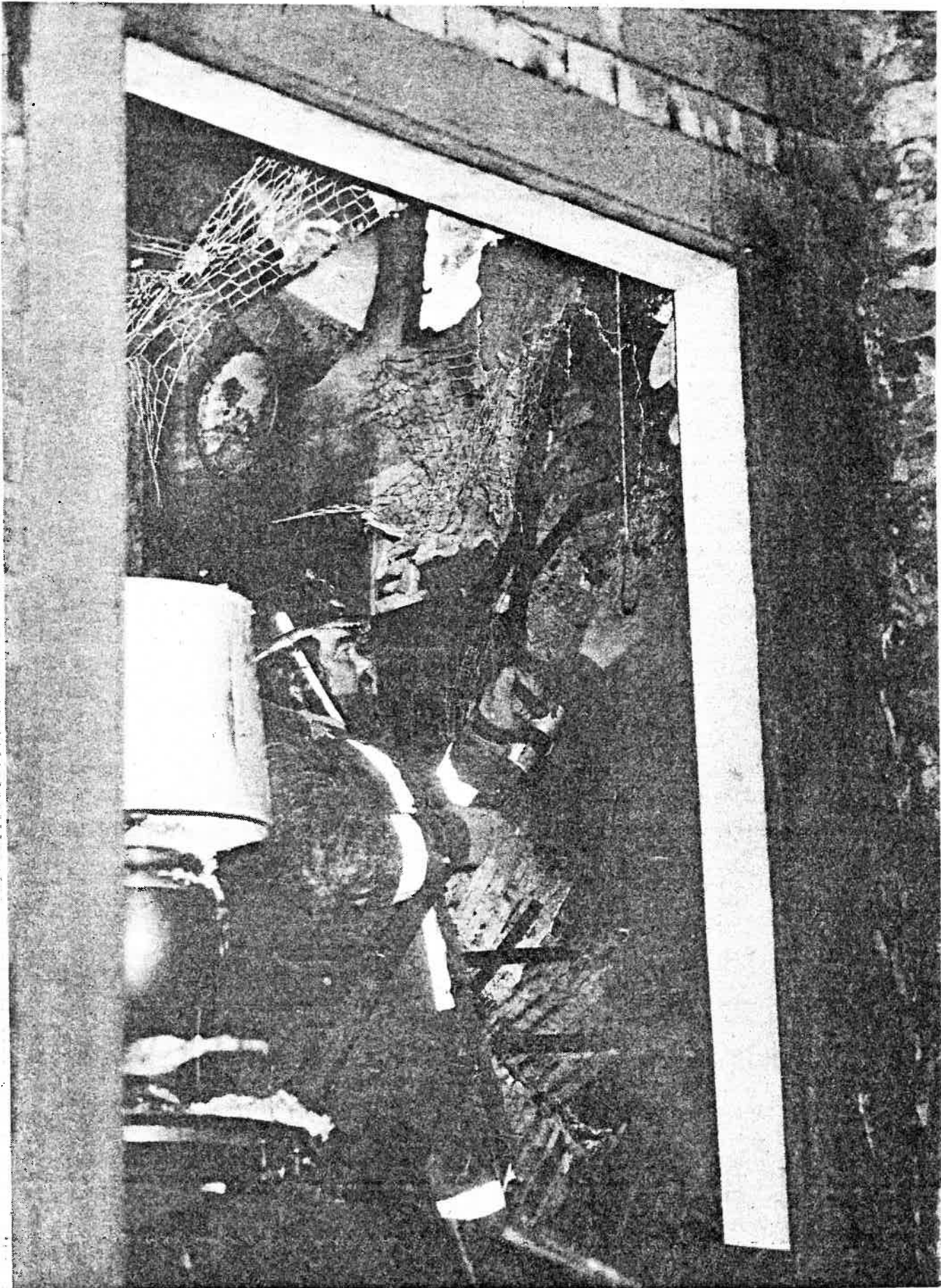
That does not eliminate the possibility that some ruins once stood on the property. "Everyone who has known this house and knew Price Maury never said they heard anything about it being any older than the 1890s," she said.

"It is quite possible there was a house at this site in 1747, but I don't think there is any evidence that part of that house survived," she added.

Burr, she said, has dated some nails in the house to the 18th century, but Maury was known to have used salvaged materials in his buildings.







Progress Photo by Jim Carpenter

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Fire Damaged Home of Horace Burr



