



**FEBRUARY 2025**

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## CONTACT:

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**P.O. Box 754**

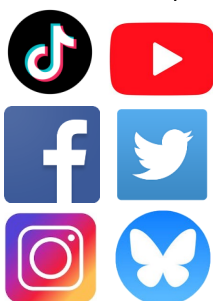
**Edwardsville, IL 62025**

**618-692-1818**

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[www.stephensonhouse.org](http://www.stephensonhouse.org)

*Follow us!*



**A Newsletter for the volunteers & friends of the Stephenson House**



## Grant Writer Wanted



The 1820 Col. Benjamin Stephenson House is seeking a motivated and detail-oriented Grant Writer to support our historic site's fundraising efforts. This role focuses on securing funding through grants to support our preservation, education, and community outreach programs.

### Key Responsibilities:

- Research and identify grant opportunities from foundations, corporations, and government entities.
  - Write compelling, well-organized grant proposals tailored to funder requirements.
  - Maintain a calendar of application deadlines and ensure timely submissions.
  - Collaborate with the Director and Board to gather necessary information and supporting materials for proposals.
  - Track and report on grant outcomes.
- Qualifications:**
- Strong writing and research skills.

- Experience in grant writing and fundraising.
- Ability to organize, prioritize, and manage multiple tasks.
- Familiarity with historic preservation, education, or nonprofit work is a plus.
- A writing sample is required with the application.

### Compensation:

This is a contract position, compensated as a portion of successfully secured grant funds.

This position offers an opportunity to contribute to the preservation of a significant historic site while gaining valuable experience in nonprofit fundraising.

### How to Apply:

Please submit your resume, a writing sample, and a brief statement of interest to:

RoxAnn Raisner  
[stephensonhouse1820@yahoo.com](mailto:stephensonhouse1820@yahoo.com)

Jaclyn Wallace  
[jtgriswoldwilson@gmail.com](mailto:jtgriswoldwilson@gmail.com)

Applications will be reviewed on a rolling basis.

# Greetings from the President

Dear Loving Reader,

I hope everyone is staying warm and ready to send their loved one a card for Valentine's Day. I've read that in the 1820's writing poems to your loved one was a trend. Maybe we should take a note from our ancestors and drop a few lines on special paper into our paramour's Hallmark card. Even better, come to our 'A Sailor's Valentine Workshop' and create something unique and meaningful for your loved one. We are only open on the weekends this month so come and get your Stephenson House fix. If RoxAnn has a fire going, you know you will be set for the week after enjoying that wood burning fire place smell. So stay warm, love your loved ones and have a beautiful February.



This is Truly Yours,

Lady Blue



Want to support Stephenson House  
when you shop online?

**PayPal** Giving Fund

Set us as your favorite charity, then click to  
donate \$1 each time you check out with  
@PayPal. It's easy:

[paypal.com/us/fundraiser/charity/1651866](https://paypal.com/us/fundraiser/charity/1651866)

**IT'S AN EASY WAY TO LEND YOUR  
SUPPORT!**





# News from the Past

*On May 27, 1826 the following item was published in Edwardsville's local newspaper, "The Spectator". The submission is printed in its entirety, including original spelling and punctuation.*

From the New York Mirror.  
FASHIONABLE WATERING  
PLACES.

BY A VILLAGE BEAU.

Miss Simper appeared at Saratoga in an elegant suit of sable. She was said to be in mourning for her father, an opulent broker in Baltimore, recently deceased. - Grief had wasted her health, and weeping had washed away her roses, and she was come to recover her appetite and reanimate her blushes. Miss Simper, of course, was an heiress, and attracted great attention. The gentlemen called her a beauty, and talked a great deal of her real estate, bank stock, and securities. Some of the ladies thought her complexion too sallow, and some objected to the style of her dress. Mrs. Highflyer said she had not the air of a woman of fashion, while Capt. Hilliard pronounced her a suspicious sail, and declared his belief that she was a privateer in disguise. The fair stranger, however, walked daily to the fountain, modestly cast down her eyes when gazed at, and seemed unconscious of all but her own horrors. About this time, Major Fitzconnell appeared upon the busy scene. He was a tall, handsome man, of easy address and polished manners, who seemed to regard all around him with an air of polite unconcern. He was announced as an officer in his Britannic Majesty's service, and brother to Earl Somebody, in England. It was reported that he had large landed possessions in the west. He did not appear to seek society, but was too well bred to repel any civilities which were offered to him. The gentlemen were well pleased with his good sense, his knowledge of the world, and the suavity of his manners, but as he seemed to avoid the ladies, they had little opportunity of estimating his qualities.

Major Fitzconnell and Miss Simper met by accident at



the fountain. The officer, who had just filled his glass at her approach, presented it to the lady, who, in sipping the transparent element, dropped her handkerchief. The gentleman very gallantly picked up the cambric, and restored it to the owner - but the blushing damsel, abashed by the easy attentions of an elegant stranger, in her confusion lost her reticule, which the soldier gracefully replaced upon her wrist, and with a most respectful bow.

A courtesy on the one side, and another bow on the other, terminated the civilities of this meeting. The gentleman pursued his walk, and the lady returned to her chamber. That Miss Simper felt duly sensible of the honor of having elicited three graceful congees from the brother of an English earl, cannot be doubted; nor can we suppose, without injustice to that gentleman's taste, that he saw with indifference the mantling blushes which those attentions had drawn forth; certain it is, however, that as they separated in opposite directions, neither of them was seen to cast "one longing, lingering look behind."

As I had not the privilege of intruding into either of their chambers, I cannot say what fairy forms might have flitted around the magic pillow, nor whether the fair one dreamed of coronets, coats of arms, arms, kettle-drums, and epauletts. In short, I am not able to inform the inquisitive reader, whether the parties thought of each other at all; but from the extreme difficulty of bringing two such different persons in contact, I am induced to think the adventure would have ended here, had not "chance, which oft decides the fate of mighty monarchs," decreed theirs.

Miss Simper's health required her attendance at the fountain on the following morning at an unusually early hour; and the Major, while others were sleeping, had sallied forth to enjoy the invigorating freshness of the early breeze. They met again by accident at the

*(Continued on page 5)*

# Auction Items Sought for Spring 2025

The museum is currently collecting donations for the spring online *Sid Denny Memorial Antiques Auction*. The committee is looking for small to large size antiques and collectibles. If you unsure whether an item is appropriate, contact the site via email or phone. Modern items cannot be accepted.

Please note, we are no longer accepting 50/50 donations. All items donated are 100% to the museum. Also, unsold items will not

be returned to donors. The Stephenson House is a not-for-profit 501(c)3 organization and all donations are tax deductible to the full extent of the law.

Please print and fill out the form below to accompany your donations. The museum has copies available in the gift shop too.

**Museum Phone:** 618-692-1818

**Email:** stephensonhouse1820@yahoo.com



## Sid Denny Memorial Auction Donation Form

Donor: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Items: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

(From the Garden, Continued from page 3)

propitious well, and as the attendant, who is usually posted there to fill the glasses of the invalids, had not taken his station, the Major had not only the happiness of performing that office, but of replenishing the exhausted vessel, until the lady had quaffed the full measure prescribed by the medical dictator of this little community. I am not able to say how often they pledged each other in the salubrious beverage; but when the reader is informed that the *quantum* prescribed to a delicate female varies from four to eight glasses, according to the nature of her complaint, and that a lady cannot decorously sip more than one mouthful without drawing breath, it will be seen that ample time was afforded on this occasion for a *tete a tete*. The ice being thus broken, and the water duly quaffed, the gentleman proposed a promenade, to which the lady after some little hesitation, acceded : and when the great bell summoned them to breakfast, they repaired to the table with excellent appetites, and cheeks glowing with healthful hues, produced by the exercise of the morning.

At ten o'clock the lady issued forth from her chamber, adorned with new charms, by the recent labors of the toilet, and strolling pensively, book in hand, to the furthest corner of the great piazza, commenced her studies. It happened, at the same moment, that the Major, fresh from his valet's hands, hied himself to the same cool retreat, to breathe forth the melancholy muses of his soul upon his flute. Seeing the lady, he hesitated, begged pardon for his intrusion, and was about to retire --- but the lady assured him it was ' no intrusion at all,' and laid aside her book. The gentleman was soon seated beside her. He begged to know the subject of her researches, and was delighted with the taste displayed in the choice of her author; she earnestly solicited a display of his musical talents, and was enraptured with every note; and when the same impertinent bell which had curtailed their morning walk, again sounded in their ears, they were surprised to find how swiftly time had flown, and chagrined that the common-place operation of eating was so often allowed to interrupt the feast of reason and the flow of wit.

At four o'clock the military stranger handed Miss Simper into an elegant gig, and drove to the neighbor-

ing village; where rumor soon proclaimed that this interesting pair were united in the holy bands of matrimony. For once, the many tongues of fame spoke truly --- and when the Major returned with his blush-ing bride, all could see that the embarrassment of the lover was exchanged for the triumphant smile of the delighted bridegroom. It is hardly necessary to add that such was the salutary effect of this pleasing event, that the 'young couple' found themselves restored to perfect health; and on the following morning bade adieu to Saratoga Springs.

' This is a very ungenteel affair!' said Mrs. Highflyer. ' I never *heard* the beat of it in my born days !' said a fat shopkeeper's lady. ' How funny !' cried one young lady. 'How shocking,' exclaimed another. ' Egad, that's a keen, smart girl !' said one gentleman. 'She's a tickler, I warrant her !' said a second. "She's a pirate, by thunder ! Roared Captain Hothard.

In the meanwhile the new married pair were pursuing their journey by easy stages, towards the city of New York. We all know ' how the blest charms of nature improve, when we see them reflected,' and so on, and we can readily imagine, 'how happily the days of Thalaba passed by' on this occasion. Uninterrupted by ceremonious visits, unrestrained by the presence of third parties, surrounded by all the blandishments which give enchantment to the rural scene, it is not surprising that our lovers should often digress from the beaten road, and as often linger at a romantic spot, or a secluded cottage.

Several days had now elapsed, and neither party had made any disclosure to the other upon the important subject of finance. As they were drawing near the end of their journey, the Major thought it advisable to broach this delicate matter to his bride. It was upon a fine summer evening, as they sat by a window at an inn, enjoying the beauties of an extensive landscape, that this memorable conversation occurred. They had been amusing themselves with that kind of small talk which new-married folks find so vastly pleasant, as how much they love one another, and how happy they intend to be, and what a fine thing it is for two fond hearts to be dissolved and melted down into one, &c. Many examples of love and murder were related -- the lady told of several distressed swains who had incontinently hanged themselves for their mistresses, and the

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*(Continued from page 5)*

gentleman as oft asseverated that not one of those martyred lovers adored the object of his passion, with half the fervor which he felt for his own, dear, sweet, darling, precious little Anne ! At last, throwing his arm over his wife's chair, he said carelessly,

'Who has the management of your property, my dear ?'

'You have my darling,' replied she.

'I *shall* have when I get it,' said the husband --- 'I meant to inquire, in whose possession it was at present ?'

'It is all in your own possession,' said the lady.

'Do not trifle with me,' said the gentleman, patting her cheek --- 'you have made me the happy master of your person, and it is time to give me the disposal of your fortune.'

'My face is my fortune,' kind sir,' said she laying her head on his shoulder.

'To be plain with you, madam,' said the impassionate bridegroom, 'I have need of money immediately --- the hired gig in which we came to this place, is returned, and I have not means to procure another conveyance.'

'To be equally candid with you, sir,' replied the happy bride, 'I have nothing in the world but what you see.'

'Have you no real estate?' said the Major, starting on his feet.

'Not an acre.'

'No bank stock ?'

'None.'

'No securities, no jewels, no money ?'

'Nothing of the kind.'

'Are you not the daughter and heiress of a rich broker?'

'Not I, indeed.'

'Who the devil are you then !'

'I am your wife, sir, and the daughter of a very honest blacksmith.'

'Bless me!' exclaimed the Major, starting back with astonishment-then covering his face with both his hands, he remained for a moment absorbed in thought. Resuming his serenity, he said in a sneering tone, 'I congratulate you, madam, on being the wife of a beggar, like yourself. I am a ruined man, and know not whence to supply my immediate wants.'

'Can you not draw upon the earl, your brother ?' said the lady.

'I have not the honor of being allied to the nobility'

'Perhaps you can have recourse to the paymaster of your regiment ?'

'I do not happen to belong to any regiment.'

'And have you no lands in Arkansas?'

'Not an acre.'

'Pray then, sir, may I take the liberty of asking who you are ?'

'I am your husband, madam, at your service, and only son to a famous gambler, who left me heir to his principles and profession.'

'My father gave me a good education,' said the lady.

'O did mine,' said the gentleman, 'but it has not prevented me from trumping the wrong trick this time.'

So saying, Major Fitzconnel bounced out of the chamber, hastened to the bar, and called the landlord. His interesting bride followed on tip-toe, and listened, unobserved. The Major inquired 'at what hour the mail-stage would pass for New-York.' 'About midnight was the reply.' 'Please to secure me a seat,' said the Major, and let me be waked at the proper hour.' 'Only one seat ?' inquired the host. 'One seat only,' was the reply. The landlord remarked that it was customary for gentlemen, who set off in the night, to pay their fare in advance; upon which the Major paid for the seat.

The Major and his bride retired to separate chambers; the former was soon locked in the arms of sleep, but the latter repelled the drowsy god from her eye-lids. When she heard the stage drive up to the door of the Inn, she hastily rose, and having previously made up her bundle, without which a lady never steals a march, hastened down stairs. Upon the way she met the landlord, who inquired if her husband was awake.

'He is not,' said the lady, 'and need not be disturbed.'

'The seat was taken for you then ?' inquired the innkeeper.

'Certainly.'

'O, very well --- we'll not disturb the gentleman --- the stage is ready, madam --- jump in.' Mrs. Fitzconnel jumped in accordingly, and was soon on her way to New York, leaving the gallant and ingenious Major to provide another conveyance, and a new wife, at his leisure.

# *Sewing Saturday*



**Come sew with us February 22.**

Join us for a relaxing day of sewing on Saturday, February 22 from 11 am—3 pm.

This month we're making ladies shifts for the wardrobe. We'll provide the fabric, pattern, & lunch; you bring a sewing kit (or use what we have). Feel free to bring a sewing machine this month unless you want to sew by hand. Please let the director know if you plan to help.

## News & Needs

### *Thank You...*

Alice Bean for organizing and implementing the Afternoon of Court Whist. You did a great job!!

Volunteers who've been helping to keep the site operating over the winter months.

Amy Mullane, Alice Bean, Juanita Panico, Mark Myers & Sarah Frerichs for attending Sewing Saturday in January to make aprons for the wardrobe.

### *Needs...*

- Someone to split firewood.
- Do you need service hours? We can help! There are a variety of jobs and projects we'd love to have help with.
- Please return Volunteer Training binders & sewing patterns, if you have one.
- Aprons and day caps for the interpretive wardrobe



# Upcoming Events, Tours & Activities

- February 1, **Sailor's Valentine Workshop**, 9 am–3 pm
- February 2, **Trivia Night Planning Committee Meeting**, 12 pm
- February 8, **Board Retreat**, 10 am–3 pm,
- February 15, **Playing the Past (Girl Scouts)**, 9 am–12 pm
- February 22, **Sewing Saturday: Ladies Shifts**, 11 am–3 pm
- February 25, **Board Meeting**, 7 pm
- February 26, **Lifelong Learning Institute (SIUE) tour**, 10:30 am, 25+/- adults

## Volunteer Get Together Planned for Next Month

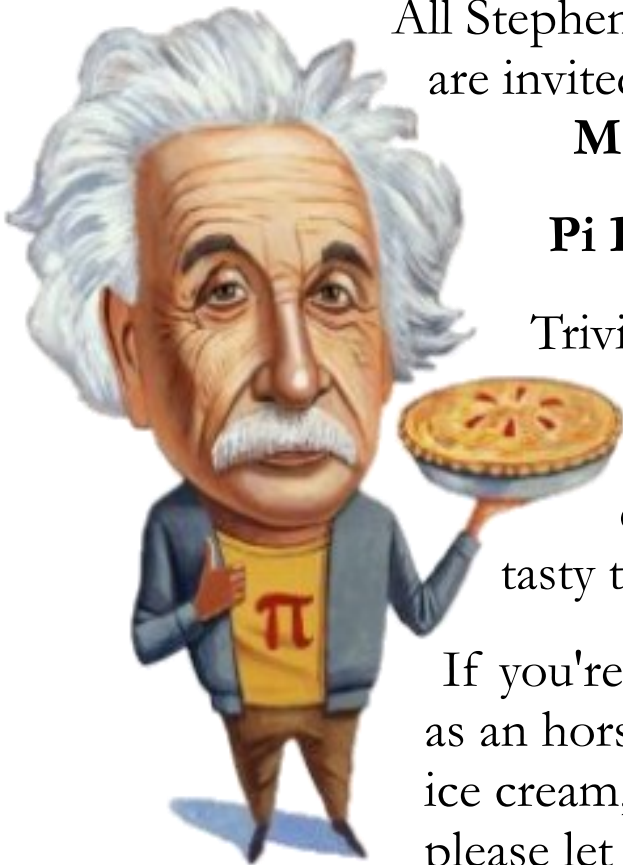
All Stephenson House volunteers and their families are invited to join us at the house on Friday,

**March 14, 2025 at 7 pm** for

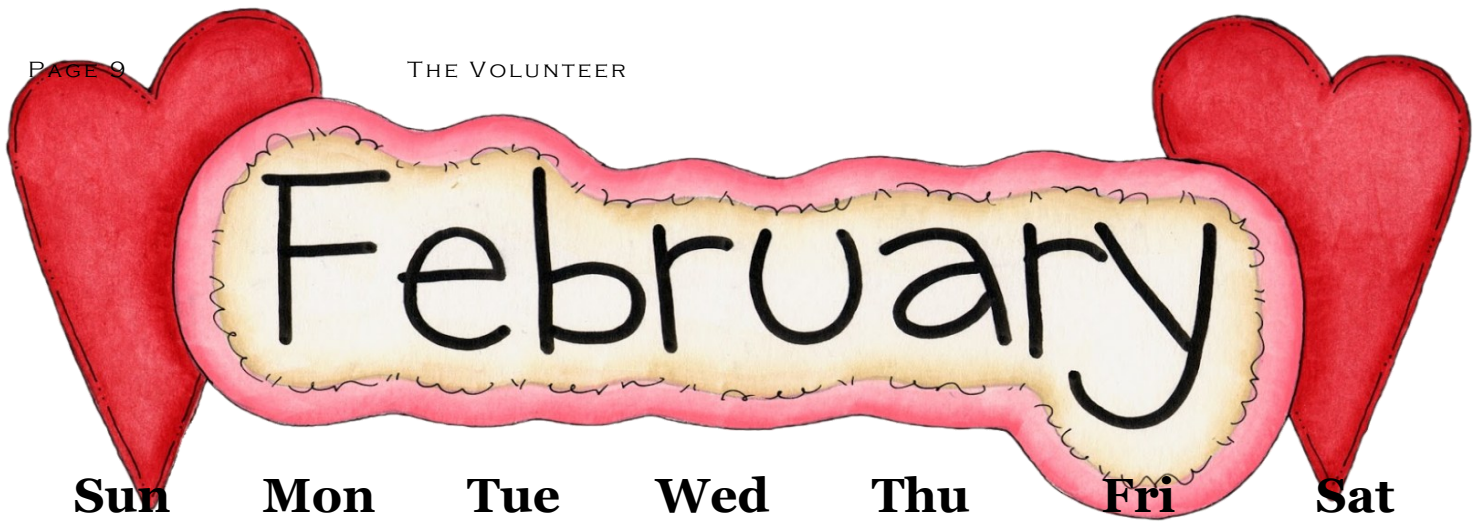
### **Pi DAY TRIVIA AND DESSERT!**


Trivia will be Pi and pie themed. This event is **FREE** to attend but please sign up to give us an idea of how many people to expect. This promises to be a fun and tasty time for all!

If you're willing to bring something to share such as an hors d'oeuvre, non-alcoholic beverage, pie, ice cream, paper plates/bowls, plasticware, or cups, please let the director know.







						1 Sailor's Valentine Workshop 9 am
2 Trivia Night Planning Committee Meeting 12 pm	3	4	5	6	7	8 Board Retreat 10 am-3 pm
9	10	11	12	13	14	15 Playing the Past 9 am
16	17	18	19	20	21	22 Sewing Saturday 11 am 
23	24	25 Board Meeting 7 pm	26 Adult Tour 25+/- 10:30 am	27	28	

# Be Our Friend...

*Renew your membership or become a new Friend.  
Fill out and mail the following information to us.*

*YES! I want to help.* Enclosed is my contribution:

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City, State & ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Amount Enclosed: \_\_\_\_\_ Membership Level: \_\_\_\_\_

*Please send me information about volunteering at Stephenson House.*

*Checks should be made payable to the:*

## **Friends of the Col. Benjamin Stephenson House**

Payments may also be made in our online store:

[www.stephensonhouse.org](http://www.stephensonhouse.org)

**\*Memberships are from January to December.** Benefits of membership are extended to an individual and his/her immediate family. We accept cash, check or credit card donations. Memberships are extended for monetary donations only. The Friends of Col. Benjamin Stephenson House is a 501c3 not-for-profit organization FIN 37-1395804



**Send your membership to the  
Friends of the Col. Benjamin  
Stephenson House  
P.O. Box 754  
Edwardsville, IL 62025**



## ***Membership Levels***

**Friend of Ben & Lucy**  
\$25

**Stephenson Family Friend**  
\$50

**Landmark Friend**  
\$100

**Heritage Friend**  
\$250

**Living History Friend**  
\$500

**Founding Friend**  
\$1,000 or more

**Corporate membership information  
available upon request.**

## **Our Board of Directors & Staff**

Muriel Jones, *President*

RoxAnn Raisner, *Site Director*

Peggy Emling, *Vice President*

Phil Stack, *Bookkeeper*

Doug Piper, *Treasurer*

Rachel Harris, *Secretary*

Elizabeth Edwards

Sean Goding

Rachel Hill

Stacey Lipe

Andrea Miracle

Kathleen Schmidt

Jason Stacey

Jaclyn Wallace

Leslie Wood



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**409 S. Buchanan St.**

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