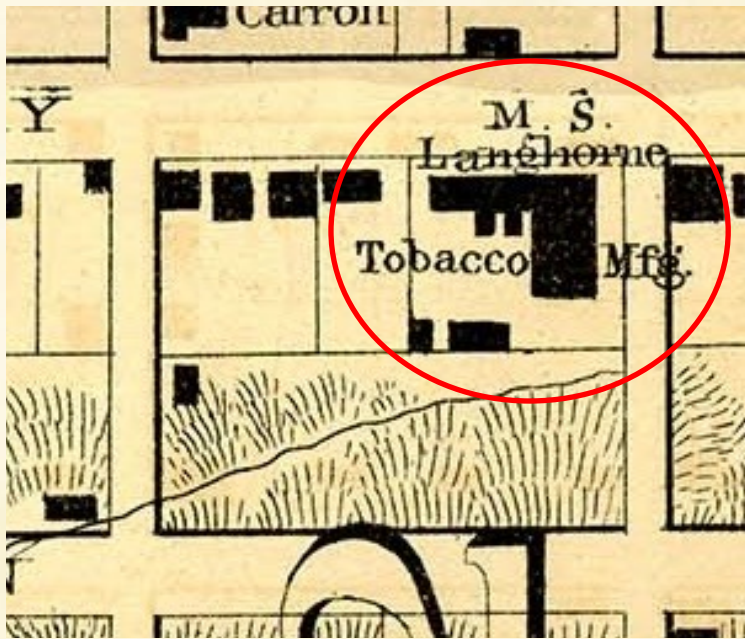
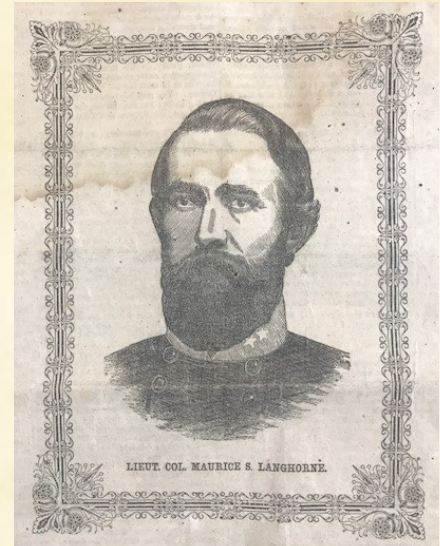


# Langhorne's Factory

The Langhorne family are prominent in nineteenth-century Lynchburg who owned a number of businesses and properties in downtown Lynchburg. Langhorne Factory became a hospital as an emergency measure once Lynchburg College hospital filled to capacity. The owner was Maurice Scarsbrooke Langhorne who was a noted tobacconist. During the Civil War he served in the 11th Virginia Infantry and was severely wounded at the Battle of Seven Pines effectively ending his field service. He returned to Lynchburg and accepted command of Lynchburg's Confederate military post. After the war he returned to the tobacco business.



Langhorne's Factory occupied the corner of Eleventh and Clay Streets as seen in Gray's 1877 map. Today the site is home to apartments.

*Some of my patients have been sent to the Langhorne Hospital, so I can see and attend to them every day. There are three wounded yankees there, one of them a splendid looking man, from Ohio. I have talked to him a good deal and found him very intelligent and very sick of the war. He says he has been very kindly treated ever since he has been here, and does not intend to fight us any more. The yankee wounded are mixed up in the hospitals with our men, and are treated exactly alike. They seem very well contented - Susan Blackford, May 18, 1864*

*I go now every day to Langhorne's Hospital, where some of my first patients have been moved, and the bright smile of welcome is always ready to meet me when I come to their bedside. There are two yankees there, one of whom is very badly wounded. Yesterday I went near his bed and found he was asleep, and the sheet had slipped off of his wounded knee and the flies had settled upon it very thickly. I gently drew the sheet over the limb, trying to keep from awakening him, but the touch, light as it was, did rouse him, and his smile of gratitude was very pleasant. I had talked to him several times before and had carried him some bread and other comforts, so he knew who I was. I can but feel sorry for him suffering, a stranger and a prisoner, with few kind words ever spoken to him - Susan Blackford, May 23, 1864*