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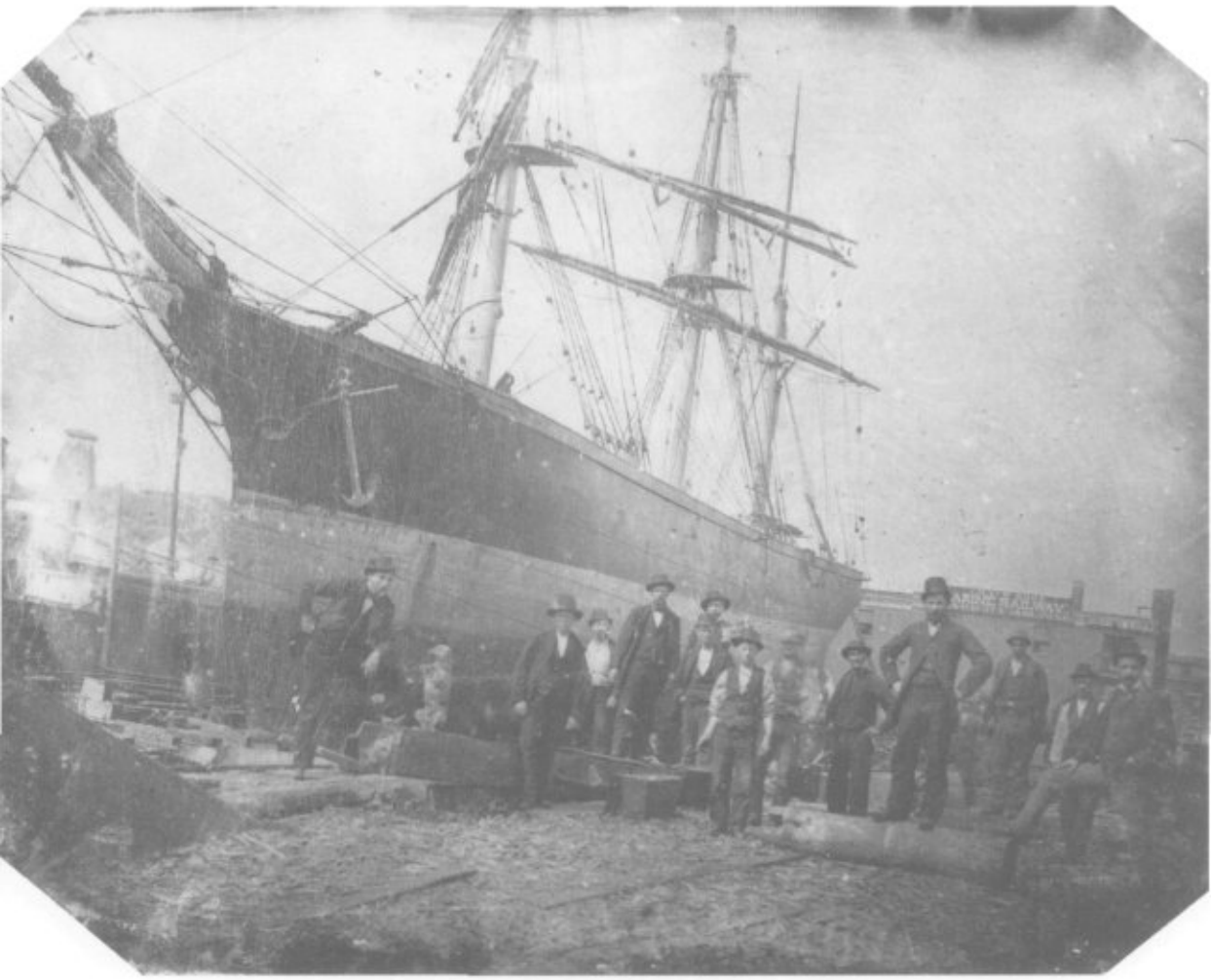
MARYLAND
Historical Magazine



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Editor's Notebook

Omaha Beach

"As it is, the dead of the battle-field come up to us very rarely, even in dreams. We see the list in the morning paper at breakfast, but dismiss its recollection with the coffee. . . . Mr. Brady has done something to bring home to us the terrible reality and earnestness of war. If he has not brought bodies and laid them in our door-yards and along streets, he has done something very like it."

So has Mr. Spielberg.

Thus did the *New York Times* of October 20, 1862, describe Matthew Brady's famous photographic exhibition of the dead of Antietam at his studio a month after the nation's bloodiest single day. Many of those dead lay in a thirty-acre cornfield—The Cornfield—and its vicinity, where twelve thousand men fell in four hours' fighting. The soldiers who fought at Antietam had never seen or experienced anything like it, and those who remained at home had no idea what the soldiers endured. Mr. Brady showed the price of saving the Union and shocked a nation in the process.

Steven Spielberg's acclaimed film, *Saving Private Ryan,* has followed Brady in bringing home to a nation, apparently one no longer capable of being shocked, "the terrible reality and earnestness of war" as it occurred on June 6, 1944. Allied commanders selected the Normandy beaches for their high tides that would allow landing craft to speed almost to the base of the cliffs upon which the Wehrmacht waited. Both sides knew that some, but not all, of the landing craft would be destroyed, that much, but not all, of the invasion force would die in the first hour. The men in the boats, incorrectly briefed that naval gunfire and aerial bombing would soften the defenses (they were untouched), quickly learned the odds as machine-guns decimated the first waves. A few survived the inferno and punched their way through the German defenses, but thousands did not. Never before has a film portrayed carnage like this. Some viewers leave within minutes; those who remain until the film's close sit dumbstruck in their seats.

At times unbearable in its realism, Spielberg's art nevertheless accomplishes an important object. It reminds us—and we bear reminding—of the terrible sacrifices made by the World War II generation. If the Founding Fathers comprised the greatest assemblage of leaders the nation has ever produced, it can be argued that the men and women who struggled through the Depression, fought a costly war to liberate the world, then rebuilt that world were the most remarkable generation in our history. Only the Civil War generation compares to them for fortitude and sacrifice. That they are still among us is a blessing we are foolish to ignore.

Today the sand on Omaha has an orange cast. With its imperceptible gra-

dient, it seems to stretch a quarter of a mile wide at low tide. The French treat it like a beach, sunbathing, launching boats, fishing. There is nothing festive about their conduct, but their very presence does seem unnatural. Houses dot the slopes of the once fearsome bluffs. A brasserie quietly beckons just below the monument to the U.S. 29th Division.

Americans who know what took place on that sand cannot put down a blanket or walk upon it without feeling queasy. The American Military Cemetery on the bluffs overlooking Omaha exacts a still greater emotional toll as one turns from looking down at the beach—the exact view of the German gunners—to the tens of thousands of white grave markers rising from a perfect green lawn. These are the men who saved Europe. (According to Stephen Ambrose, 90 percent of the men who landed at Normandy became casualties before the war's end.)

We have come a long way from Omaha Beach—evidently in the wrong direction. Our national amnesia impelled the director to make the film, not as with Brady, to call attention to his studio (repeat business will surely be low), but because we bear reminding. Or worse, relearning. Leaders, battles, dates, all have been out of academic fashion for some time now, replaced by relativism, a concern for self-esteem, and an alarming degree of ignorance. If an overemphasis on the dry data of history made it at one time the bane of education, the pendulum has now swung too far. Children drift from school through college with no historical anchor. An undergraduate history major was recently perplexed when asked what centuries witnessed European colonization of the Western Hemisphere, and a Johns Hopkins graduate student had never heard of the Roman Empire. What are the chances they would know about an obscure beach on the north coast of France?

If it takes a shock to keep such events from sinking into oblivion, so be it.

R.I.C.

Cover

Charles W. Booz and Sons, Baltimore [1880]

The Booz family settled in Baltimore and founded a ship-building and repair business in 1848 that served the sea-going community for generations. The ship pictured is the *Hulda,* built in Liverpool in 1864 and pulled onto Booz's marine railway for maintenance in the 1880s. The firm moved from Canton to Fells Point in 1879 and continued in business until 1949. Their century of work on the waterfront adds another chapter to the port city's rich maritime heritage.

P.D.A.

Germany, 1801. Merchants in the Hanseatic port cities of Bremen and Hamburg dispatched younger sons and brothers to the United States in an aggressive effort to establish international trade following the American Revolution. (From The New and Elegant General Atlas *[London: Robert Laurie and James Whittle, 1806].)*

The Role of the Hanseatic Cities in Early U.S.–German Relations

SAM A. MUSTAFA

Very little has been written on the origins of U.S.–German relations. Scholars have comprehensively investigated the German immigrations during the colonial era, and there exists a vast body of scholarship on the mid-nineteenth century emigration of Germans to America. But for the period from the American Revolution through the Prussian *Zollverein*—the first half century of American independence—there has been no general examination in English of the nature of U.S.–German relations. Neither has there been any investigation of how these commercial links—almost all of which were made through the Hanseatic ports of Bremen and Hamburg—related to diplomacy. German scholars have contributed a few works on specific aspects of economic or social history which have shed some light on German-American connections in the early nineteenth century.[1] French historians have generally focused upon the two decades of revolutionary and Napoleonic occupation in Germany, or upon general economic and commercial trends in the period.[2] In the first five decades after American victory in the Revolutionary War, a slow trickle of increasing economic interest and awareness opened the doors to German-American diplomatic relations. This article will address the earliest phase of that relationship: the connections which developed during the last years of the eighteenth century.

In the infancy of the American republic, interest in foreign affairs focused narrowly upon the prime European actors of the Revolutionary War. Prominent Americans served as representatives in Britain and France, and to a lesser degree, Spain and Holland. In the world-view of the young United States, Germany, like many other places, wasn't really on the map. In 1785 John Jay wrote to Congress outlining the locations where American consulates might be useful. Insignificant Germany could be covered by an official residing at Amsterdam.[3]

A few prominent Americans desired formal relations with the German powers. While serving as secretary of state, Thomas Jefferson was the most notable of those who desired better relations with Austria. He envisioned a consulate in Trieste and an embassy in Vienna.[4] A decade later, while on a diplomatic mission in Berlin, John Quincy Adams wrote to his father that the United States should try to send a mission like his to Vienna. President Adams replied that the Treasury could already "ill afford" the mission in Berlin.[5] The minuscule amount

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of commerce between America and Austria made it impossible to persuade Congress to spend money on such a project. When a consulate did open in Trieste in 1801, it was intended to be an entrepôt to northern Italy, not southern Germany. The first American consul stationed in Trieste indicated that his primary task was to keep an eye on the Italians, the Turks, and especially the Barbary pirates.[6]

Austria's Emperor Joseph II did not take the early United States seriously because it lacked a strong central government, and therefore did not seem to him like a state.[7] Frederick the Great of Prussia was similarly unimpressed with the new republic's prospects. As early as 1776, the Prussian ambassador in London wrote to the king that an independent America might mean great opportunities for Prussia in trade and diplomatically to avenge Britain's abandonment of Frederick during the Seven Years' War. But the king replied: "Without a navy, how do you expect me to protect such a commerce or make it respected?" Frederick instructed his ministers to politely refuse any American advances "by a civil answer."[8]

American independence was certain when Baron Goltz, the Prussian minister to Paris, approached Benjamin Franklin, minister to France in 1783. Goltz told him that a trade agreement was possible, now that the Revolutionary War was over, and he handed Franklin a list of potential trade items. Essentially, Franklin wrote to Robert Livingston, the arrangement would be a trade of American tobacco for Silesian linens. Franklin, who had correspondents in Berlin, was well-informed of the state of the Prussian economy and apparently was also lukewarm on the prospects for trade. For several years he had corresponded on this subject with his friend Peter Hasenclever, and with the Prussian Count von Essen. Franklin appears to have agreed with Hasenclever's sentiment that although preserving good relations between the United States and Prussia was important, trade arrangements were premature, owing to the relative ignorance of each nation about the other.[9] Nonetheless, Franklin passed the Prussian offer on to Philadelphia. Congress failed to take up the issue, even after John Adams wrote that he, too, had been approached by a high-ranking Prussian official for the same reasons.[10]

Thomas Jefferson served as the American minister in Paris in the last years of the *ancien regime.* As did most of the founders, Jefferson regarded the maintenance of the French alliance as America's primary diplomatic project.[11] While in Paris, Jefferson met with Baron Thulemeier, privy counselor to the aged and ailing Frederick the Great of Prussia. Jefferson then corresponded with John Adams in London (later in the Hague), and with Franklin (then roving without portfolio) as to the terms of a possible U.S.–Prussian treaty.

The ten-year "Amity and Commerce" agreement which resulted from these discussions was the first American treaty with a German state. Franklin, the

most senior U.S. representative abroad, was first to sign that document on July 9, 1785. Congress ultimately ratified it on May 17, 1786. Articles XXV and XXVI "granted the liberty" of establishing consulates in either country, and promised a mutual reduction of discriminating duties.[12] It seems that neither country took this treaty very seriously. Only Prussia tried to establish consulates, and neither nation made an effort to renew the agreement before the ten-year term expired. Further, under the Confederation, Congress had no power to force states to comply with mercantile treaties. It is unclear whether the Prussians knew this or not, but the treaty, even when ratified by Congress, had absolutely no binding force in the United States.[13] Most importantly, neither party fully respected or enforced the central tenets of the treaty; that Prussia and the United States would grant each other most-favored-nation status, and reduce discriminatory duties accordingly. Americans circumvented what they considered unfair Prussian tariffs by unloading and reloading in Danish or Swedish ports.[14] The Prussian treaty was little more than a pleasantry. All of the negotiations had taken place between diplomats who were assigned to other duties, and all meetings had occurred on French or Dutch soil.

Crucially, the American agreement with Prussia had no economic basis. The Americans were enthusiastic (Washington and others praised the treaty as a major coup for young America's diplomacy), but did not really have much to offer Prussia, a land-based power with little experience in capitalism or transoceanic trade.[15] Adams and Franklin, two of the American signatories of the treaty, held no illusions that a flourishing commerce with Prussia would suddenly spring into being. Both men had come to realize that a U.S.–Prussian relationship would be more symbolic than lucrative, and that the real pathway to German markets lay through the Hanseatic ports. Adams wrote as early as 1779 that Bremen and Hamburg were the only real entrepôts into Germany, and that in the latter, "all the commerce of lower Germany is transacted."[16]

American attempts to use formal diplomatic channels and to treat with the heads of state of the major German powers bore little fruit. Although high-level meetings between American and Prussian diplomats produced a treaty, neither nation acted as if a treaty existed, and trade and other contacts between them were minimal.[17] American relations with the Hanseatic cities, however, were quite different. No high-level ministers were present and no treaties were signed, but almost from the moment of American independence, the United States began to creep slowly toward diplomatic linkage with Germany via the two largest of the old Hanse cities: Bremen and Hamburg.[18]

Since the Middle Ages, the Hanse had usually "spoken for" German commerce in the wider world, since Germans imported and exported largely through Hanseatic harbors. By the 1790s, Bremen and Hamburg alone accounted for more than half of all imports to German-speaking lands from non-German

states.[19] Apart from the Hanse, the rest of Germany's merchants were inward-looking. The Hanse were thus uniquely suited among all the German states to serve as interlocutors between Germany and the United States.

Their geographical situation had, since the fourteenth century, given these cities a maritime culture with a resulting broad world-view. Contact with various lands made them liberal and more adaptive to change than the cities of the German heartland.[20] Most importantly, with their livelihood almost entirely dependent upon seaborne commerce, the Hanseatic cities developed a culture that centered upon business, and the *Kaufmänner* became the real nobility in these cities, a cultural elite that superseded even the scholarly and religious classes.[21] Because the merchant families straddled both the private and public sectors, the domination of the merchant class was greater than cultural: it translated directly into legal and administrative control of the decision-making bodies of the Hanseatic cities.[22]

In many ways, the merchant elites of the Hanse had more in common with the newly liberated merchant elites of the American seaboard than with other regions of Germany. Both the Americans and the Hanseatic citizens lived in republics that disdained nobility. Both were overwhelmingly Protestant, yet tolerant of religious minorities—Catholics and Jews—who were allowed to participate freely in the economic life of the cities, albeit not in the clubs, cliques, and social life of the well-to-do.[23] In both America and the Hanse, one encountered a people conservative in dress and in drink (while Bremers cherished their many fine old breweries, coffee was the primary social beverage of the Hamburgers).[24] In both cases, a large number of the most influential men were Freemasons, and unlike other areas of Germany, that organization was not met with fear and scorn in the liberal Hanseatic towns.[25] Finally, in both America and the Hanse, the merchants whose activities fueled the economies of the cities and influenced the politics of the government had an almost religious faith in the principles of the free market, and a belief that the values of democracy and republicanism were inseparably wedded to and dependent upon capitalism.[26]

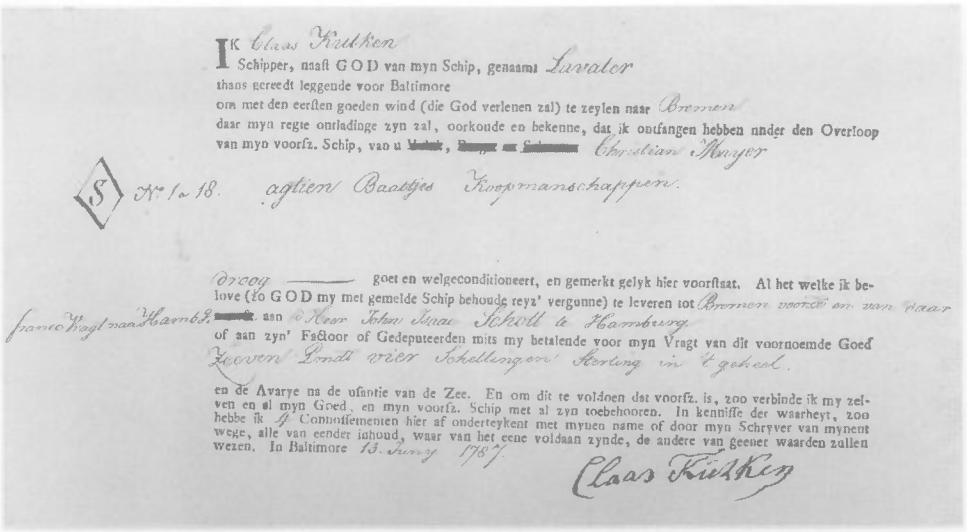
When American independence opened a vast new area to potential economic development, the Hanseatic merchant houses dispatched their younger brothers and sons to the New World to set up shop. Trading houses gradually spread out all over the world, including the United States, the eighteenth-century equivalent of multinational corporations with branches of the family firm in all the major ports where the merchant houses transacted business.[27] The trend toward this internationalization had been underway since the early 1600s. The English, Dutch, and to a lesser extent the French, all established chartered companies to manage trade in outposts and colonies, such as the East India Company, whose "outposts of progress" brought increasing profits home to London. Independent merchant firms began employing these tactics somewhat

Baltimore merchants thrived on the profits reaped from the Bremen and Hamburg alliances. (From Frank B. Mayer, "Old Baltimore and Its Merchants," Harper's Monthly, *January 1880.)*

later, in the eighteenth century, when families settled younger sons or brothers in distant lands to manage their firms' affairs and protect their interests in the new markets.

As revolutions in the Americas opened new markets, Hanseatic merchants jumped at the opportunity to partake of what had formerly been closed colonial systems. Prominent among the new world traders were German families such as the Huths and Fruhling & Goschen, from Hamburg, and the Meiers and Wichelshausens from Bremen. In many cases, they moved their operations completely during the Napoleonic Wars, in order to avoid the blockade and keep communications open with branches in America and the West Indies.[28] These families established a number of trading houses in New York, Philadelphia, and particularly in Baltimore.

A number of German firms expanded to America in this period. In 1799, at the age of twenty-three, Frederick W. Brune emigrated from Bremen to Baltimore, where he founded the merchant firm of Von Kapff & Brune. (The former was a Prussian émigré who had also come to Baltimore via Bremen.) Brune's success encouraged him to begin his own firm, which he ultimately expanded by sending one son to New York and another to Philadelphia, while he main-



IK Claas Kuikken
Schipper, maakt GOD van myn Schip, genaamt Lavater
thans gereedt leggende voor Baltimore
om met den eerſten goeden wind (die God verleenen zal) te zeylen naar Bremen
daar myn regte ontladinge zyn zal, oorkonde en bekenne, dat ik ontfangen hebben onder den Overloop
van myn voorſz. Schip, van u [redacted] Christian Mayer

(S) N°. 1 a 18. agtien Baaltjes Koopmanschappen.

Droog ——— goet en welgeconditioneert, en gemerkt gelyk hier voorſtaat. Al het welke ik be-
love (zo GOD my met gemelde Schip behoude reyz' vergunne) te leveren tot Bremen voorſz. en van daar
franco Vragt naa Hamburg. aan d'Heer John Isaac Schott te Hamburg
of aan zyn' Factoor of Gedeputeerden mits my betalende voor myn Vragt van dit voornoemde Goed
Zeuven Londs vier Schellingen Sterling in 't geheel.

en de Avarye na de uſantie van de Zee. En om dit te voldoen dat voorſz. is, zoo verbinde ik my zel-
ven en al myn Goed, en myn voorſz. Schip met al zyn toebehooren. In kenniſſe der waarheyt, zoo
hebbe ik 4 Connoſſementen hier af onderteykent met mynen name of door myn Schryver van mynent
wege, alle van eender inhoud, waar van het eene voldaan zynde, de andere van geener waarden zullen
wezen. In Baltimore 13. Juny 1787.

Claas Kuikken

Bill of lading of 1787 for Christian Mayer's ship, Lavater. *German merchants brokered finished goods such as cloth and metalware for American tobacco and foodstuffs. (Maryland Historical Society.)*

tained an affiliated office in Bremen. Long before its founder retired, F. W. Brune & Sons was a major shipper of American foodstuffs to Germany, and an importer of German goods in the United States.[29]

Dozens of other Hanseatic families came to American harbors. A branch of the Meier family of Bremen became prominent in New York, ultimately serving as consuls there and in New Orleans. The Heineken family, which had provided Bremen with some of its most prominent citizens, including a popular and famous Bürgermeister, was also represented in Baltimore, along with the Voghts of Hamburg and the Willmanns of Bremen. The firm of Mayer & Brantz had offices in both Boston and Baltimore, and specialized in European imports—the Mayers having come from Hamburg, Brantz from Berlin. One of their most prominent and problematic customers was Thomas Jefferson, who ordered a large number of books from them, and apparently rarely paid his bills on time.[30] The oldest son of the Lengerke family of Bremen also settled in Boston. There were many other examples of such families settling in the United States.[31]

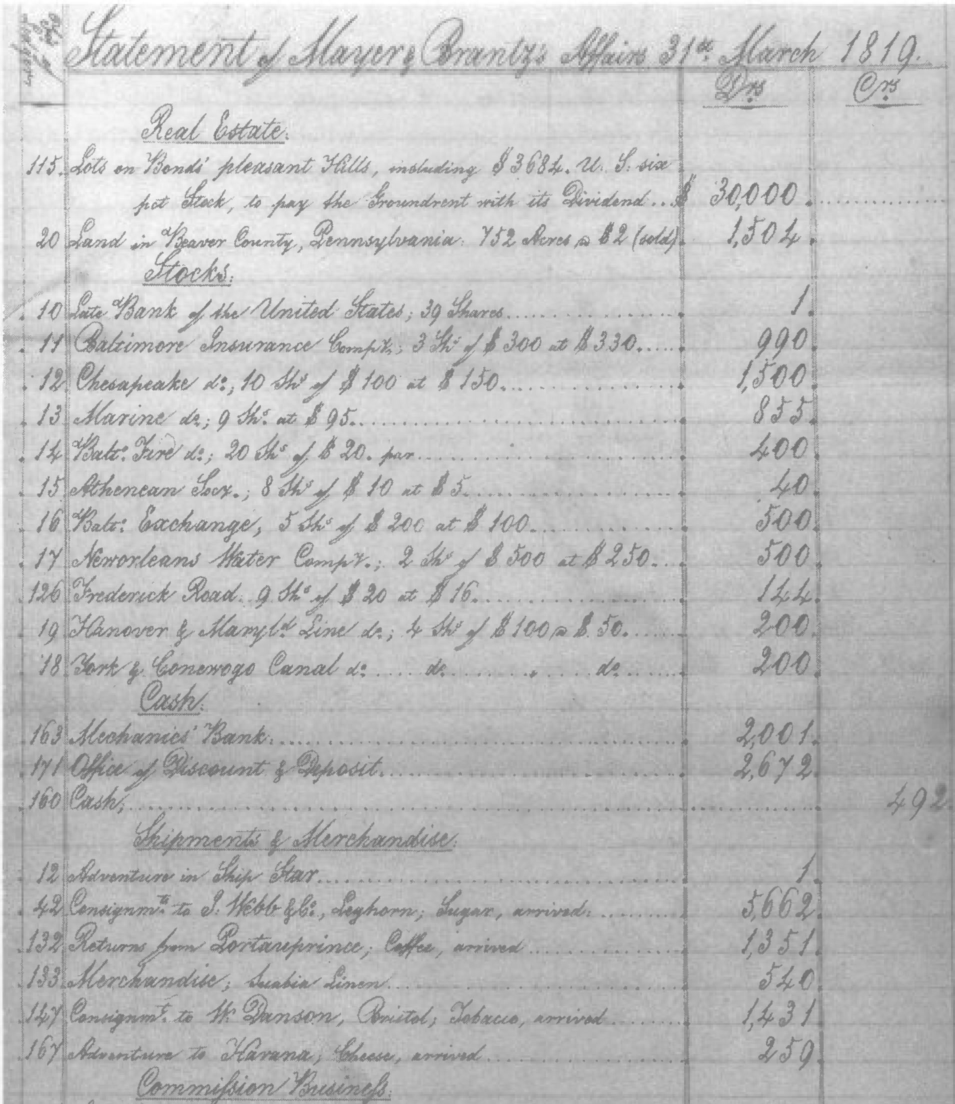
Interest in breaking into new markets brought the German *Kaufmänner* to America from the 1780s on. With branches planted in both the Old World of Hanseatic family politics, and in the New World of the unfolding American economy, the Hanseatic merchant families of Bremen and Hamburg quickly developed the first important social and economic links between the German and American people. This developed into political and diplomatic linkage within a single generation.

Bremen's merchants were generally more enthusiastic about American trade than were Hamburg's in the first years of the independent United States. In 1782 the Hamburg senate decided not to send a delegation to the United States—not out of fear of a British reprisal but because they had decided that the United States was not an equal, and did not deserve recognition. They ruled instead that individual merchants could trade with individual American states at their own risk.[32] Consequently, the majority of Hanseatic merchants doing business with America in the 1780s were Bremers. By 1789 there were fifty-one Bremer merchants who had some kind of commercial intercourse with the United States.[33]

Although most German immigrants to America were uninterested in international commerce, the presence of increasing numbers of Germans did create certain useful connections for merchants in America who wanted to expand U.S.–German trade. This was especially true for the Hanseatic businessmen who came after the Revolution to set up branches of their family firms. In many cases, these merchant-immigrants established themselves with the existing German communities, particularly around Baltimore and Philadelphia. Hieronymus Daniel Wichelshausen, for instance (brother of Friedrich Jacob, the second U.S. consul in Bremen), became a leading citizen in Baltimore's German-American community, active in public and charitable works.[34]

Frederick Konig, a Bremer transplanted to Baltimore, established his business on Howard Street near the docks, an "Importer of German and Fancy Goods." The emphasis on "German" products was deliberately aimed at Baltimore's substantial German-American community. Konig, like many other Hanseatic merchants living in America, hired young German-Americans to work for him, apprenticing these men and boys, bringing them up in the firm as Hanseatic businesses did "back home." Philip Sadtler, another Bremer merchant who emigrated to Baltimore, was one of the early investors in the Baltimore & Reisters-Town Turnpike. This was a project of great interest to many German businessmen in the United States, because the development of canals and turnpikes would open far easier commercial access to the many thousands of Germans living in the Pennsylvania and Maryland hinterland. Although he visited Bremen several times after 1800, Sadtler clearly considered Baltimore his home. When war came in 1812 he enlisted in an all-German militia regiment called the "Baltimore Jägers."[35] Other Germans, such as H. D. Wichelshausen, contributed money to help clothe and equip the volunteers.[36]

The correspondence of the German merchants in America shows a great depth of interlocking business and social relationships. They kept in touch with Germany, for both personal and commercial reasons. Konig's lifelong relationship with the Bremen firm of D. F. Kalkmann proved very profitable on both sides of the Atlantic; Konig shipped American cotton and tobacco to Germany,



Statement of Mayer & Brantz's Affairs 31st March 1819.

		Drs	Crs
	Real Estate:		
115.	Lots on Bondi' pleasant Hills, including $3684. U. S. six pct Stock, to pay the Groundrent with its Dividend …	$ 30,000.	
20	Land in Beaver County, Pennsylvania. 752 Acres @ $2 (sold)	1,504.	
	Stocks:		
10	Late Bank of the United States; 39 Shares	1.	
11	Baltimore Insurance Compy.; 3 Shs of $300 at $330	990.	
12	Chesapeake do.; 10 Shs of $100 at $150	1,500.	
13	Marine do.; 9 Shs at $95	855.	
14	Balt. Fire do.; 20 Shs of $20. par	400.	
15	Athenean Socy.; 8 Shs of $10 at $5	40.	
16	Balt. Exchange, 5 Shs of $200 at $100	500.	
17	Neworleans Water Compy.; 2 Shs of $500 at $250	500.	
126	Frederick Road. 9 Shs of $20 at $16	144.	
19	Hanover & Maryld Line do.; 4 Shs of $100 @ $50	200.	
18	York & Conewago Canal do. do. do.	200.	
	Cash:		
163	Mechanics' Bank	2,001.	
171	Office of Discount & Deposit	2,672.	
160	Cash;		492.
	Shipments & Merchandise:		
12	Adventure in Ship Star	1.	
42	Consignmt. to J. Webb & Co., Leghorn; Sugar, arrived	5,662.	
132	Returns from Portauprince; Coffee, arrived	1,351.	
133	Merchandise; Silesia Linen	540.	
147	Consignmt. to W. Danson, Bristol; Tobacco, arrived	1,431.	
167	Adventure to Havana; Cheese, arrived	259.	
	Commission Business:		
33	Sales for J. Webb & Co., Leghorn		152.
35	… McMillan & Dyson, Neworleans	293.	
62	… E. Sauge & Co., Leghorn	311.	
72	… L. Van Ryn, Rotterdam		133.
120	Harrison & Sterett, Auctioneers		1,801.
122	Sales for Lareynere & Bisdom, Rotterdam	5,334.	
126	… A. Armstrong, Bordeaux	158.	
130	… the Patapsco Insurance Company		2,587.
131	… R. L. Baelde, Rotterdam	1,971.	
164	Ship Prima of Bergen		4,311.
	Carried forward	$ 58,918.	9,476.

while Kalkmann shipped German luxury items back across the Atlantic.[37] Charles Mayer, a Hamburg merchant transplanted to Baltimore, kept many important business connections in the Hanse. He ran one of the earliest regular shipping lines between Baltimore and Bremen.[38] Mayer was an important philanthropist on both sides of the Atlantic, although he also had a reputation for snatching up firms that were inches from bankruptcy, and absorbing them into his expanding empire.[39]

American merchants were somewhat slower to open trade with Germany than the Hanseatic *Kaufmänner* had been to open trade with America. In the mid-1790s, however, American commercial interest in Germany began to develop. The adoption of the U.S. Constitution stimulated trade, if for no other reason than the fact that it had finally established a truly American economy with a more reliable currency and administration. The Constitution also empowered the United States government to negotiate with foreign countries on trade matters, and to establish treaties and conventions of commerce. By the same token, it allowed Congress to protect and support American commerce through legislation. Finally, it vastly improved the banking and credit situation of the United States. This was a particularly crucial factor in U.S.–German relations, because the Constitution thus allowed Americans to trade reliably with countries other than England, where commercial relations had long been established.

The expansion of European conflict, emanating from the French Revolution, also gave U.S.–German trade a substantial boost. American and Hanseatic merchants did not ignore the escalating geo-political tensions of the 1790s; they were, however, generally pleased to reap the benefits of neutrality. Neutral shippers expanded their market shares at the expense of competitors who were embroiled in conflict. War—that which was limited, of course, and fought somewhere else—could be good for business. With Britain and France at each other's throats, and the Dutch increasingly vulnerable to blockades (or overt conquest), American and Hanseatic vessels became the main neutral carriers in the Atlantic.

In many cases, American interest in Germany grew gradually, as the merchants' experience with the markets increased. Philadelphia's Stephen Girard began with a few shipments of Virginia and Maryland tobacco to Hamburg in the early 1790s. By the end of that decade he was running two ships regularly between Philadelphia and Hamburg, bringing back various finished goods and luxury items like brushes, candles, linens, glass (and glass products such as mirrors and lamps), and fine clothing along with lace, gloves, ribbons, tablecloths, hats, and napkins.[40] From the commerce, Girard's interest in Germany grew

Opposite page: Account sheet for the firm of Mayer & Brantz, 1819, a German firm that expanded to Baltimore under the leadership of a younger son. (Maryland Historical Society.)

with his increased experience. He learned the German language, even keeping some of his account books in German, and he made visits to Hamburg to see for himself how this growing trade could be developed.[41]

Isaac Hicks, a brilliant and eccentric New York Quaker businessman, became interested in German commerce in the 1790s, after he had expanded his food-importing and wholesaling business to include "dry goods" from various parts of Europe. Hicks' first deal with a German firm was in 1794: a shipment of American foodstuffs to the Hamburg firm of Caspar Voght.[42] From that point, he quickly became more involved in the Baltic trade, buying southern produce such as rice, cotton, and tobacco, and selling it to Germans, Swedes, and Russians, often unloading it first in Hamburg. In New York, Hicks became a wholesaler of imported German linens.[43] By 1800 he was writing that he preferred Hamburg over all other European ports, because the Hamburgers were ideologically neutral, and uninvolved in the shifting political winds in Europe. They, like him, just wanted to do business.[44]

In Baltimore, which had a very high concentration of Germans, Robert Oliver became interested in German trade in the late 1790s. Oliver had extensive connections with transplanted Germans, and he began to investigate opening his own trade route to the Hanse in 1798. He began with a few shipments of cotton to the Bremen firm of H. Heymann Sons. The linens his ships brought back sold so well and so quickly that Oliver excitedly wrote to H. Heymann Sons a few months later: "One cargo of German linens was formerly a large supply for a year's consumption, and we have now a demand for more than fifty cargoes."[45]

One problem Oliver encountered in his early dealings with German merchants was a lack of arrangements for handling credit between German and American firms. The long and uncertain journeys of this period made merchants dependent upon flexible accounts in various ports, as well as upon lenders who could handle currency exchanges between different countries. Oliver complained to F. J. Wichelshausen, the American consul in Bremen, that he wanted to do more business with Germany, but there were extremely long delays in the extension of credit and the transfer of funds; he had waited eight months for payment on a shipment of cotton.[46] Oliver was likely not alone in experiencing these problems, and it must have been one reason why American merchants were somewhat slow to pick up German trade.

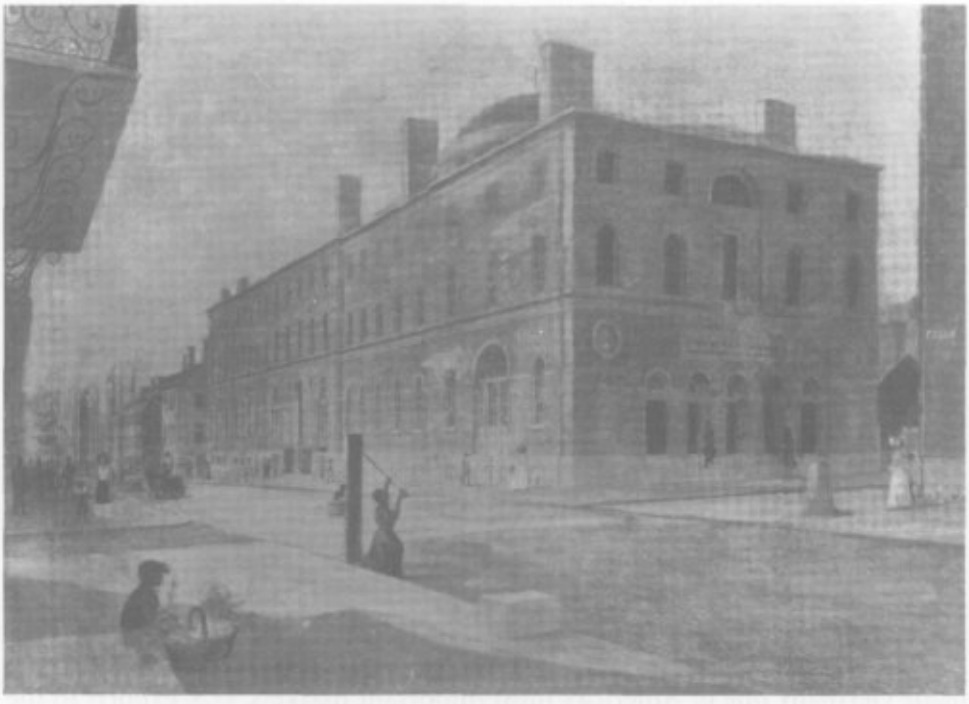
The decade 1790–1800 witnessed a dramatic increase in U.S.–Hanseatic commerce. American exports to the Hanse grew steadily, becoming a real competitor with U.S. commerce with Great Britain.[47] American merchant tonnage used in foreign trade doubled in the decade 1790–1800.[48] The proportion of American trade that called at the Hanseatic harbors likewise shot upward in this period. In 1790 the value of U.S. exports to Germany was a fraction of those to Britain. By the end of the eighteenth century, a boom in U.S.–German trade

Robert Oliver (1767–1848) opened trade relations with German merchants despite difficulties with currency exchange and long-term credit. (Maryland Historical Society.)

made Germany one of America's most important markets. U.S. exports to the German states (the overwhelming majority of which shipped via the Hanse) actually exceeded those to Britain in 1797, 1798, and 1799.[49]

Hanseatic trade with the United States was virtually the only U.S.–German commerce in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Very few vessels arriving in American ports from Germany came from anywhere other than Bremen or Hamburg. When Charles Buck visited Baltimore in the spring of 1799, he went to the waterfront, and immediately counted twenty-four German ships in the harbor on that day—all from Bremen and Hamburg. The warehouses, he noted, were full of German linens. Buck, who wanted to ship a cargo of coffee to his native Hamburg, inquired with six different ship captains, but found each vessel already fully loaded, and preparing to sail to the Hanseatic ports.[50]

Ships outbound to German harbors from the United States rarely sailed to ports other than the two largest of the old Hanseatic harbors. In 1800, for instance, customs records for the port of Baltimore show seventeen ships arriving from Bremen, eleven from Hamburg, and one from Emden. Outbound to Germany that year were twenty-eight to Bremen, ten to Hamburg, and two to Emden. German trade in 1800 accounted for 11 percent of Baltimore's arrivals and 15 percent of her departures. In customs records for American ports at this time, one can sometimes find the odd ship from Stettin or Danzig. In 1799, as in many other years, Baltimore's U.S.–German commerce was carried out entirely via Bremen and Hamburg. This scene was replayed in New York, Philadelphia, and



The Merchant's Exchange, Baltimore's customs house, situated at the corner of Gay and Water Streets, was at the heart of the city's commercial district. (Maryland Historical Society.)

Boston. The Hanse were unquestionably the conduit for U.S.–German commerce.[51]

One example of this burgeoning trade from Baltimore to the Hanse is the firm of John Smith, which had made a considerable profit selling American foodstuffs to France, returning with French wine to sell in America. In 1794 British blockades and French privateers drove Smith to consider a port he had never before considered: Bremen.[52] So many other Baltimore shippers became interested in this new commerce (largely tobacco), that by 1799 half (thirty-six out of seventy-two) of all American vessels that entered Bremen sailed from Baltimore.[53]

The U.S.–Hanseatic commerce was not always a direct line between Germany and America. American shippers frequently obtained cargoes like sugar and coffee from the West Indies and reshipped them to Europe from American harbors. "American" coffee often found its way to Hamburg in this fashion. German shippers sometimes plied a similar three-pointed circuit with other European ports. A vessel might sail from Hamburg to Baltimore with one cargo, then leave for Amsterdam with a different one.[54] Generally, more vessels were outbound to Germany from U.S. harbors than vice-versa, indicating first that American exports were raw materials—larger and bulkier than finished goods,

and secondly that American merchants were running a successful resale market for the "colonial products" that Germans wanted.

What were the goods traded between Americans and Germans at this time? Since the colonial period, Hanseatic merchants had shown an interest in the products of the American south: rice, cotton, and tobacco. Additionally, American coffee, sugar, spirits, and various other foodstuffs arrived in Bremen and Hamburg from the United States. Bremen and Hamburg definitely had different preferences for American goods. Hamburg's imports of coffee from the U.S., for instance, dwarfed Bremen's. The latter imported roughly 3.6 million pounds of American coffee in 1799.[55] Hamburg, by contrast, received a staggering 14.8 million pounds in 1797.[56] Bremen was by far the larger importer of American tobacco, taking in 3–4 times as much as Hamburg: nearly 12,000 hogsheads of tobacco leaf in 1799, compared to 3,183 for Hamburg in 1797.[57] Both of the Hanseatic ports imported significant quantities of cotton, rice, and sugar from the United States. For a brief span in the 1790s, Bremen imported more American sugar than did Hamburg, although after the Napoleonic Wars, this trade passed gradually to Hamburg. Both cities naturally dabbled in various smaller cargoes, and thus goods as diverse as rum, sassafras, rhubarb, rubber, turpentine, and a host of others reached Germany from America.[58]

Traveling in the opposite direction, German goods reached the United States from Bremen and Hamburg. From the outset, many Germans and Americans were convinced that German textiles would be successful in the United States. Fine cloths and finished clothing figured prominently in all the early U.S.–Prussian negotiations. They were also the primary trade goods which the Hamburg Senate proposed in 1782 for U.S.–German trade: "German cloths of every quality and color. . . . Cotton stuffs of every kind, manufactured in Germany."[59]

In addition to textiles, Germans exported metal products to the United States. German tableware, knives, and cutlery, famous since the Middle Ages, often sold well in American cities. Robert Oliver imported a large amount of German pewter in 1799–1800, shipped to Baltimore from Hamburg.[60] Oliver's friend and fellow merchant, John Smith, became interested in a tobacco/linen trade between Baltimore and Bremen in the early 1790s. By 1798, Smith was also importing tableware from Hamburg, running two ships per year regularly to the Hanse.[61]

German exports to the United States were frequently quite diverse, often consisting of luxury items like cologne, brandies, or toiletries, or products of craftsmen, such as cuckoo clocks, expensive children's toys, or fine silver-framed mirrors. In 1799 the Clifford Brothers of Philadelphia sent another cargo of sugar to Hamburg and gave Charles Buck, their agent, a kind of shopping list of the German goods they wanted to import on the return voyage. The list was four pages long, and included such varied items as shoe-horns, butcher's knives, forks, coffee mills, padlocks, brass fixtures, hairbrushes, playing cards, sewing

John Quincy Adams, minister to Prussia from 1797 to 1800, was one of the few high-ranking diplomats sent to Germany. (Maryland Historical Society.)

needles, snuff boxes, stained bottles, and so on. Generally, in the first decades after the Revolution, the United States exported large quantities of a few bulky items, while imports "consisted of small quantities of a large number of items."[62] Certainly all kinds of German manufactures and crafts found their way to America after the 1780s, but owing to the nature of most of these products, they were primarily purchased and consumed by the more affluent, larger northern cities.

The growing prosperity of U.S.–German trade soon occasioned the appointment of American consuls in Bremen and Hamburg. Commerce had developed to the point that the U.S. government wanted to nurture and monitor it. With the initial commitment of money and personnel to establish consulates, the United States in the 1790s took the first small steps toward an integrated diplomatic-economic relationship with Germany. In 1793, with the new Constitution in place and U.S.–Hanseatic commerce reaching a level which demanded a consular post, President Washington authorized the first two full-time diplomatic assignments of the United States to Germany: John Parish as consul in Hamburg, and Arnold Delius in Bremen.[63]

With the exception of the well-staffed embassies in London and Paris, early American diplomacy was relatively informal and *ad hoc.* In the case of American relations with Germany, virtually all the diplomatic work was done by consuls or consular agents. With the brief exception of John Quincy Adams, who

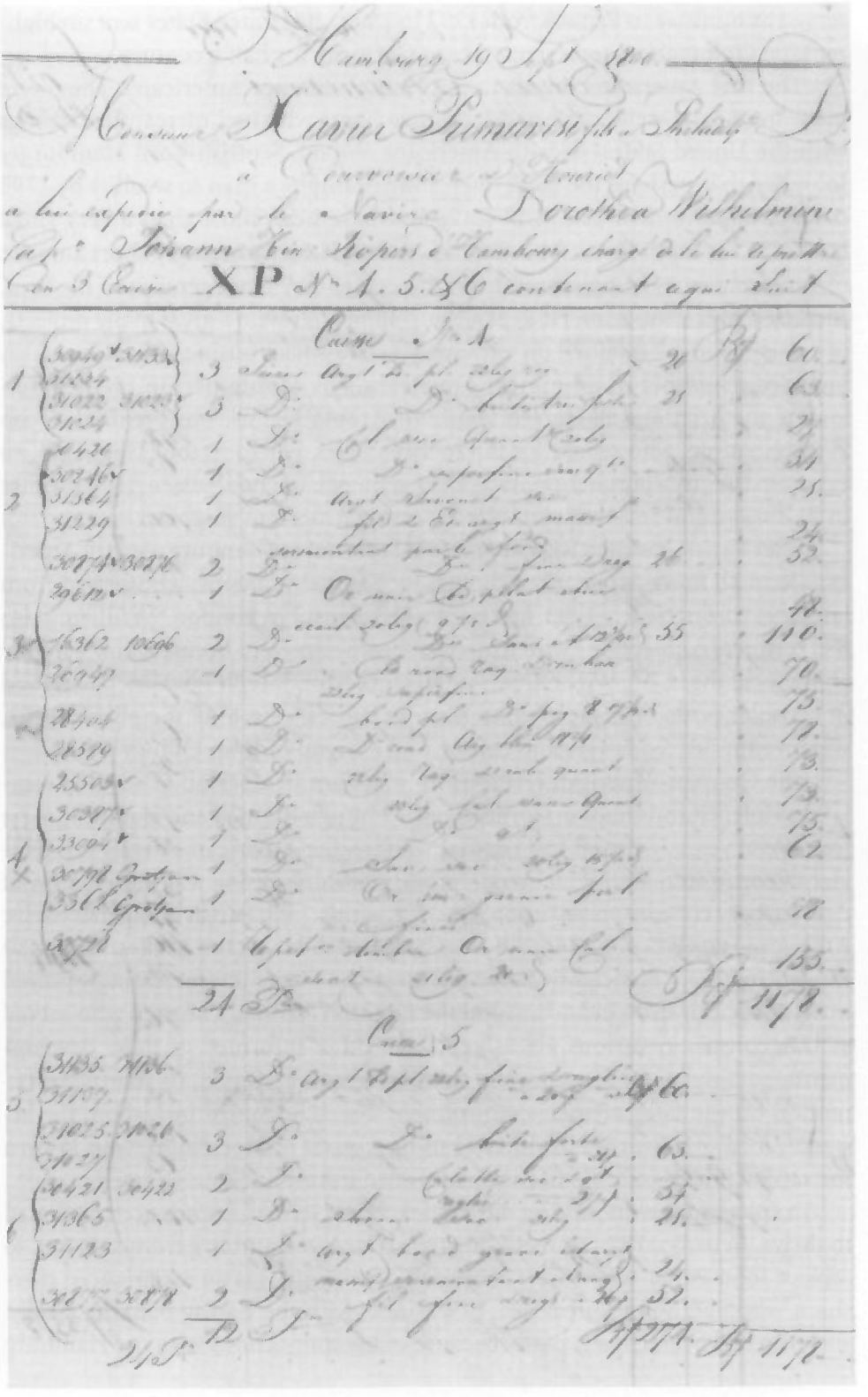
served as minister to Prussia from 1797 to 1800, the United States sent no high-ranking diplomats or representatives to Germany for half a century.

The first American consuls in the Hanse were not Americans. They were more frequently well-connected local merchants who had mercantile dealings with the United States, or with Americans abroad. Scottish-born Hamburger John Parish is perhaps the most interesting example: a man so wealthy by 1793 that his appointment as consul could not have been more than a very small feather in his cap.[64] Parish had made his fortune in an amazingly short amount of time, and in 1791 he retired from the day-to-day management of his firm, turning it over to his sons. He kept a controlling interest in a great many projects, of course, and he retained an extremely active social/business agenda, which included a number of prominent Americans. His counterpart in Bremen, following the brief and ill-starred tenure of Arnold Delius, was Freidrich Jacob Wichelshausen, who served for thirty-three years. Fluent in four languages, an expert in the city's familial-political arrangements, Wichelshausen had a brother in Baltimore and was well connected to many American shippers.

After Parish, the men who served as U.S. consul in Hamburg were all Americans, and all more experienced diplomats. Samuel Williams, who served from late 1796 through early 1798, had been a U.S. consul in London.[65] Williams also had business connections with American businessmen in Bremen, and with the U.S. consul there, F. J. Wichelshausen. His successor, Joseph Pitcairn, had served in consular posts in France.[66] John Murray Forbes, who took the post in 1801, was an experienced lawyer and consul, and a friend of John Quincy Adams.

The German-American relationship was born in a period of steadily escalating violence and chaos in world affairs. Although Bremen and Hamburg were for several years removed from actual warfare, the American consuls immediately stepped into a difficult arena. At sea, neutral shipping was increasingly at risk. Barbary corsairs preyed upon American ships; John Parish wrote that twelve American vessels outbound from Hamburg had fallen victim to these "Algerian Pirates" in 1793.[67] French privateers and Royal Navy warships increasingly preyed upon American ships in and around the English Channel. The men who served as U.S. consuls in various places kept each other informed of these developments, passing along the names of missing vessels and men, or sharing information on the fates of their countrymen. The U.S. consul in Lisbon, for instance, forwarded such a list in 1794 to the consul in Stockholm, who in turn forwarded it to Hamburg. Each consul added information and passed it on.[68]

In spite of these mounting difficulties, U.S.–German commerce continued to thrive. In early 1797, Samuel Williams arrived in Hamburg from London, to replace John Parish as the new American consul. He was an experienced merchant who had done a great deal of business with the Baring banking family, and who had been chosen partly because of his connections with the Hamburg



branch of this international financier.[69] Williams was immediately impressed with the burgeoning American trade there: "Hamburgh continues to be the great emporium of our commerce," he wrote to Secretary of State Timothy Pickering, shortly after establishing himself at his new post.[70] "The trade of this city continues as extensive as ever," Williams wrote again that July, "and the imports from America meet a ready and advantageous Fate as in any other part of Europe."[71] In Bremen, F. J. Wichelshausen concurred. "Commerce has never been so flourishing," he wrote, observing that twenty-five German-flagged vessels alone had arrived from the United States in the last six months, in addition to a large number of American ships.[72]

By 1799, business with the United States was so good that some Bremers talked about opening a "Trade Bank" *(Handelsbank)* to further encourage U.S.–German business, and to keep the profits from credit and money-exchange in Bremen, rather than relying upon outside third-parties. The fact that they admitted the need for this reveals more than just a booming commerce. The flow of trade was essentially unregulated. Capitalism was entering an awkward adolescence in this period, expanding beyond national borders, filtering through multi-national firms, dependent upon money-exchange and long-distance credit—all arrangements that were as yet but tenuously secured. For all of its impressive growth, the German-American economic relationship was vulnerable and sailing into very troubled waters.

In the final year of the century, at the height of its unparalleled prosperity, Hamburg's economy collapsed. Speculators, lenders, merchants, shippers, and insurers—more or less in that order—fell upon each other like dominoes in the late summer and autumn of 1799. By October more than eighty of the largest firms had toppled into bankruptcy, causing banks to fail from Vienna to London. The next month, the bottom dropped out completely; by the end of November, 152 Hamburg firms had closed their doors.[73] Bremen escaped the worst of the damage, although the collapse of many investments hurt the smaller city, and Bremen's lenders and insurers were strained, trying to deal with unrecoverable debts and gigantic losses. The city government was forced to bail out several tottering firms rather than risk losing them.[74]

The disaster had long and broadly planted roots. Success itself was naturally the primary cause. The 1790s had been boom years, so prosperous that a number of poorly capitalized businesses had come into being, eager to take advantage of the dazzling economic situation. They were heavily indebted at their outset, completely dependent upon a continuing economic upswing in order not only to prosper but simply to survive.[75] When these shaky firms collapsed,

Opposite page: Bill of lading, 1800. Hanseatic traders specializing in finished goods filled orders for American merchants in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. (Maryland Historical Society.)

they took a fair number of older, more reliable ones with them. In Bremen, F. J. Wichelshausen mourned the misfortune that befell not only the "foolish and extravagant businessmen," but also many of his trusted colleagues and friends, well-established merchants "who did not merit such a fate."[76]

A decade of steadily increasing business had encouraged merchants to buy on credit, knowing they could unload their goods at a profit later. As the boom market continued, prices became increasingly fickle, and merchants began to stockpile goods in larger quantities, waiting for the right moment to strike a coup by making a sudden, massive sale. The result, however, was that supply outpaced demand in virtually every important commodity, though this fact was kept hidden from most merchants because the supplies were hovering just outside the markets—waiting in warehouses around Hamburg.[77] Money became relatively scarce, and thus spending decreased, warehouses remained glutted, and incoming ships could not be unloaded.[78]

The 1799 crash took a disastrous toll on U.S. shipping to Hamburg. Joseph Pitcairn, the U.S. consul there in 1800, wrote that arrivals to the port had fallen drastically within a few months: "The commerce of America does not amount this year [1800] to one half of last — either in the Number of Ships or in the quantity of Goods."[79] By the late 1790s, Hamburg's merchants had become accustomed to seeing about a hundred American ships in the Elbe per year. In 1800, only forty-five dropped anchor in the harbor to trade.[80] Bremen's trade also suffered from the aftershocks of the Hamburg crash, although by early 1800 F. J. Wichelshausen was writing that "commerce begins gradually to recover from its languishing state."[81]

Focused upon the economic ills of their fallen mercantile prosperity, observers in the Hanse paid scant attention to an ominous political development across the Rhine. On November 10, 1799, General Napoleon Bonaparte carried out his *coup d'état* in Paris, becoming Consul for Life and military dictator of France. For many Germans, Napoleon was still the avenging angel of the Revolution: the new Prometheus who would inspire Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony. But for most people in the Hanse, absorbed as they were with the darkening commercial situation, Bonaparte's coup signified little. The story only began to appear in newspapers two to three weeks later and faded quickly thereafter. Wichelshausen dismissed it as merely another convulsion in the endless metamorphoses of revolutionary France. "Of Bonaparte," he wrote to Timothy Pickering at the end of November, "nothing decisive can be stated."[82]

In the 1790s, while the attention of governments was increasingly directed toward the disturbances of revolution and war, the merchants of America and the Hanse developed a thriving trade. Starting with no connections whatsoever in the mid-1780s, within fifteen years Germany had become young America's second most important foreign market for a number of important exports. The

United States, in turn, became Germany's primary supplier of key goods such as tobacco and cotton. In 1799 more than one hundred American ships entered Hamburg, and over seventy entered Bremen.[83] It was the high water mark of U.S.–Hanseatic trade for a generation to come.

The American and Hanseatic governments seemed almost not to notice. With the exception of the two American consulates (which, in Hamburg's case, was irregularly manned), neither side devoted much attention to managing the diplomatic considerations of the blossoming economic and cultural links that were developing. It is interesting to speculate how a U.S.–German diplomatic relationship might have developed had the Napoleonic storm not come. The wars heavily damaged commerce between Europe and the Americas for years and hobbled it so that it would take decades before trade reached the levels it had enjoyed during the 1790s.

As the eighteenth century closed, the United States and Germany were moving closer together at the juncture of the Hanseatic cities. That was where American and German goods changed hands, where virtually all the important transactions between the two peoples took place, where the businessmen of both societies met and formed friendships, and where the first tentative ties to meaningful diplomacy were being made at the lowest levels, by trade consuls. It remains a tantalizing "what if" to consider how U.S.–German relations might have developed had this relationship been allowed to thrive peacefully and uninterrupted. Would Americans and Germans have developed as close an economic and political symbiosis as Americans and Britons ultimately did? Would the bourgeois liberalism of the United States and the Hanse have penetrated Germany by way of the marketplace, ultimately replacing the authoritarian economies (and policies) of most German states?

These questions were rendered moot by the arrival of a true world war. Between Napoleon's coup d'état and his final defeat at Waterloo, the Hanseatic cities were occupied by five different foreign armies on eight separate occasions. From winter 1810 until summer 1813 (spring 1814 for Hamburg), they were directly annexed to, and administered by France. The Napoleonic conflicts increasingly became a war of economies and thus were a war against trade. The period 1800–15 represents a cæsura in the German-American relationship in which the Hanse were dealt a heavy blow, and the course of German political and national development entered a new and ominous phase.

NOTES

Abbreviations used in the Notes:

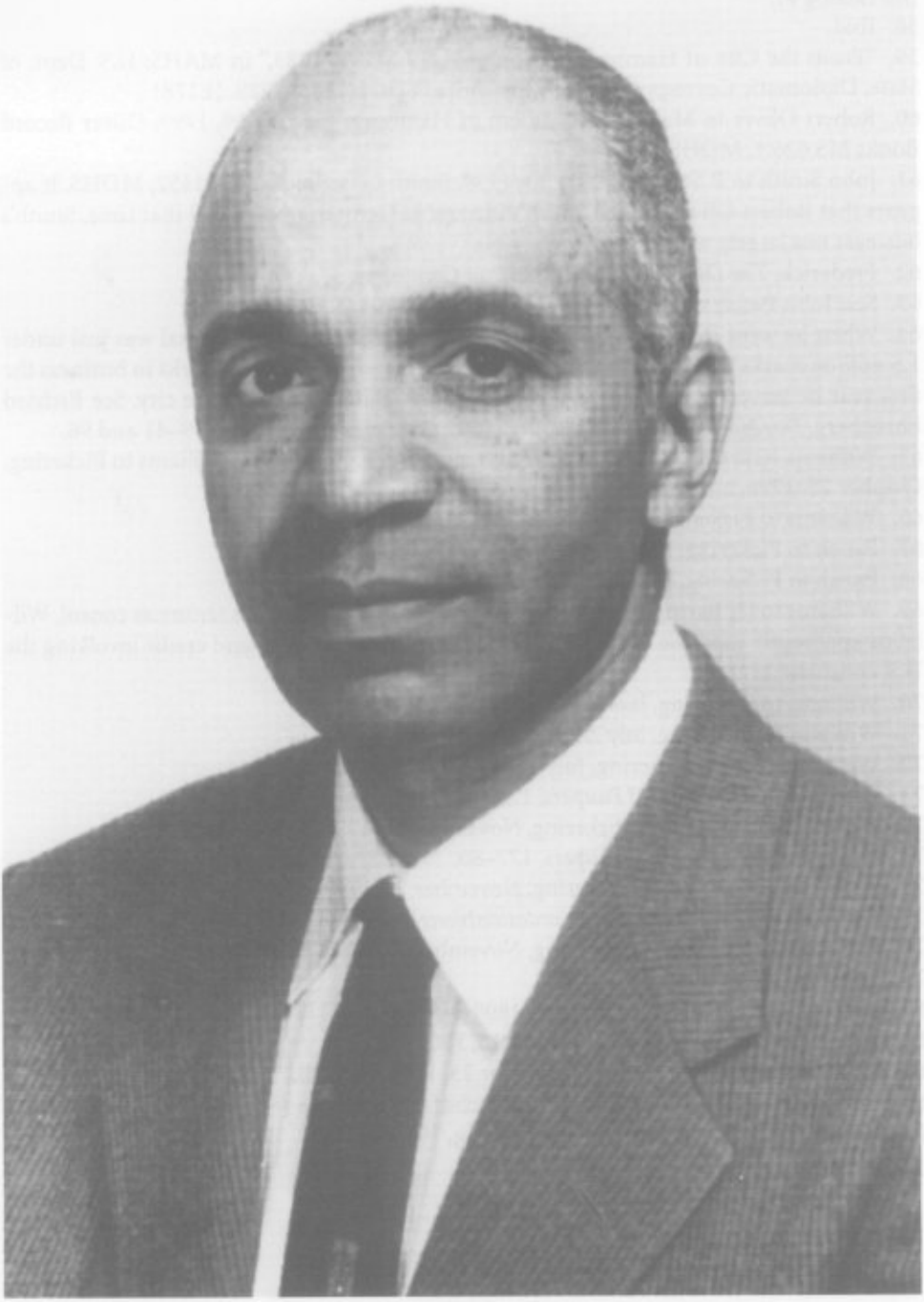
APS	Archives of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia. (Correspondence of and with Benjamin Franklin is noted by index numbers.)
MAHS	Archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston.
MDHS	Archives of the Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore.
PHS	Archives of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia.
NAW-B	National Archives, Washington. Papers of the U.S. State Department. Consular files from Bremen.
NAW-H	National Archives, Washington. Papers of the U.S. State Department. Consular files from Hamburg.
NAW-T	National Archives, Washington. Papers of the U.S. State Department. Consular files from Trieste.
SAH	Staatsarchiv Hamburg
SAB	Staatsarchiv Bremen
SuUB	Staats- und Universitätsbibliothek Bremen (archival materials contained in the "Bremensia" collections.)
SuUH	Staats- und Universitätsbibliothek Hamburg (archival materials contained in the "Hamburgensia" collections.)

1. There is no comprehensive study of the subject in German historiography. Among others, Andreas Schulz, Eva-Christine Frentz, Gerhard Ahrens, and Franz Röhrig have written about commerce and economics in the Hanseatic cities, and have touched upon trade with the New World. For specific works on Germans and Americans in this period, see: Ernst Baasch, *Beiträge zur Geschichte der Handelsbeziehungen Zwischen Hamburg und Amerika* (Bremen, 1878). Ludwig Beutin, *Bremen und Amerika: Zur Geschichte der Wirtschaft und der Beziehungen Deutschlands zu den Vereinigten Staaten* (Bremen, 1953). Heinrich Ernst Köppen, "Die Handelsbeziehungen Hamburgs zu den Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika bis zur Mitte des 19. Jahrhunderts." Dissertation, Universität Köln, 1973. And most recently, Franz-Josef Pitsch, *Die wirtschaftlichen Beziehungen Bremens zu den vereinigten Staaten von Amerika bis zur Mitte des 19. Jahrhunderts* (Bremen: Selbstverlag des Staatsarchivs, 1974.)
2. George Servières' *L'allemagne français sous Napoléon* (Paris: Perrin, 1904) is a classic comprehensive history of the period 1790–1815 in the Hanseatic cities. In the last thirty years, François Crouzet, Roger Dufraisse, Jean Mistler, Michel Morineau, Louis Bergeron, and Jean Vidalenc (several of whom have written for the journal *Francia)* have all contributed economic studies of the period, although none deal specifically with U.S.–German commerce. Mary Lindemann, Fernand Beaucour, Nicole Gotteri, and Helga Boulay have made contributions to the social history of the Hanse cities during this period, which are often useful insofar as they illustrate certain trends and developments related to economics.
3. Office for Foreign Affairs, September 19, 1785. Continental Congress Broadside Collection, from the Rare Books and Special Collections Division of the Library of Congress.
4. Sister Mary Anthonita Hess, *American Tobacco and Central European Policy: Early Nineteenth Century* (Washington, D.C.: Catholic University Press, 1948), 45–49.
5. Charles F. Adams, ed. *The Memoirs of John Quincy Adams* (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1874), 223.

6. John Lamson to Thomas Pickering, March 18, 1802. NAW-T. (American representation in Vienna did not occur until 1829.)
7. Samuel F. Bemis, *A Diplomatic History of the United States* (New York: Macmillan, 1942), 66. Hess also suggests *(American Tobacco and Central European Policy*, 49) that Jefferson was approached repeatedly by the Austrian ambassador in Paris, but that Jefferson had by the late 1780s lost his enthusiasm for an Austrian alliance. Finally, for an excellent exposition on Joseph II's conception of the definition of "the state," see T. C. W. Blanning's *Joseph II* (London: Longman, 1994), 56–70.
8. Paul Howarth, "Frederick the Great and the American Revolution," *American Historical Review*, 9 (1904): 463.
9. Peter Hasenclever to Benjamin Franklin, April 24, 1779, and October 25, 1786. The Papers of Benjamin Franklin, APS.
10. Hess, *American Tobacco and Central European Policy*, 44.
11. An excellent survey of early American diplomatic francophilia among the founders is Lawrence Kaplan's *Jefferson and France: An Essay on Politic and Political Ideas* (New Haven: Yale, 1967) More recently, by the same author: *Entangling Alliances With None* (Kent, Ohio: Kent State University Press, 1987).
12. James B. Scott, *The Treaties of 1785, 1799, and 1828 Between the United States and Prussia* (New York: Oxford, 1918), 48.
13. Frederick, *The Development of American Commerce*, 48.
14. See Wichelshausen to Pickering, April 6, 1797, and July 20, 1797, NAW-B.
15. For Washington's reaction, see O'Connell, "The Establishment of Diplomatic Relations," 2.
16. Baasch, *Hamburg und Amerika*, 43.
17. For the lack of U.S.–Prussian trade in this period, see: Martin Kutz, "Die Entwicklung des Außenhandels Mitteleuropas zwischen Französischer Revolution und Wiener Kongreß,"*Geschichte und Gesellschaft*, 6 (no. 4, 1980): 540–42.
18. On the traditional nickname for the cities, see: Schramm, *Hamburg, Deutschland, und die Welt*, 83. Lübeck, the third and smallest of the Hanse, and the only one opening to the Baltic rather than the North Sea, never played a significant role in American commerce.
19. Percy Ernst Schramm, "Die deutschen Überseekaufleute im Rahmen der Sozialgeschichte" *Bremisches Jahrbuch*, 49 (1964): 35. It is admittedly somewhat futile to speak of "German commerce" in this era; there was no such thing, rather a number of competing states.
20. Aside from the work by Uhalde, an excellent portrait of the Hamburg *Kaufmann* class can be found in: Mary Lindemann, *Patriots and Paupers: Hamburg 1712–1830* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1990).
21. Uhalde, "Citizen and World Citizen," 19–20.
22. Andreas Schulz, "Das Bremer Bürgertum in der Umbruchszeit 1789–1818," *Historische Zeitschrift Beiheft*, 14 (1991): 48.
23. It should be noted that Uhalde disputes the view of Rörig, Chapman, and others, that North Germany was the center of anti-Semitism in the country, particularly after the Congress of Vienna.
24. Uhalde, "Citizen and World Citizen," 60–64 and 78–79, and Lindemann, *Patriots and Paupers: Hamburg 1712–1830*, 44.
25. Uhalde, "Citizen and World Citizen," 260–69.
26. Ibid., 231. See also: Schramm, *Hamburg, Deutschland und die Welt*, 10–18, and Hans-Erich Bödecker, "Marchands et Habitat: Le Nord-Ouest de l'Allemagne vers 1800," *Revue*

d'Histoire Moderne et Contemporaine, 41/4 (1994): 571–74.
27. Uhalde, "Citizen and World Citizen," 19–20 and 42–45.
28. S. D. Chapman, "The International House: The Continental Contribution to British Shipping 1800–1860," *Journal of European Economic History,* 6 (Spring 1977): 11–12.
29. Brune Family Papers, MS 1921.1, MDHS.
30. MAHS: Mayer & Brantz papers. See also Charles F. Mayer Papers, MS 1574, MDHS. The Mayers were actually from Ulm, had settled in Altona and opened a business in neighboring Hamburg. One generation later they expanded to the New World.
31. For persons emigrating and dates of departure from Bremen, see *Register der Abzugsgelder, 1618–1810.* 2-R.2.B.3, SAB. See also the family papers in the SAB, filed by family name in "Die Graue Mappen." For activities upon arrival in the United States, American archives are usually more useful, particularly the MDHS for activities of German merchants in Baltimore.
32. Papiere des Senats: Handel und Schiffahrt. SAH: 111-1 C1.VII Lit.K 1782.
33. Pitsch, *Wirtschaftlichen Beziehungen,* 15.
34. File on Wichelshausen, H.D. (no file number), MDHS.
35. Philip Sadtler papers, MS 1701, MDHS.
36. File on Wichelshausen, H.D. (no file number), MDHS.
37. Frederick Konig papers, MS 522, MDHS. (From Kalkmann, Konig bought toys, musical instruments, tableware, toiletries, etc., selling them in Baltimore from his warehouse.)
38. Unfortunately, the records of this are either badly damaged or lost. The ship's name was *Lavater,* she flew either the Dutch or Danish flag, yet was home-ported in Baltimore. The first voyage was in 1787, and although she apparently ran several more, there are no surviving records in the MDHS that show cargo or passengers.
39. C. Mayer to Vander Wish, August 14, 1790, Charles F. Mayer papers, MS 1574, MDHS.
40. Stephen Girard papers, microfilm reel #166, APS.
41. Ibid., reels #63 and #167.
42. Robert A. Davison, *Isaac Hicks: New York Merchant and Quaker, 1767–1820* (Cambridge, Mass., 1964), 44–45.
43. Ibid., 98–99.
44. Ibid., 117.
45. Robert Oliver to H. Heymann Sons, January 21, 1800. Oliver Record Books, MS 626.1, MDHS.
46. Robert Oliver to "J. F. Wickelhausen," September 1, 1800, Oliver Record Books, MS 626.1, MDHS. The misspelling is Oliver's.
47. Kutz, "Die Entwicklung des Außenhandels Mitteleuropas," 541.
48. Douglass C. North and Robert Paul Thomas, eds. *The Growth of the American Economy to 1860* (New York: Harper & Row, 1968), 176.
49. *Historical Statistics of the United States: Foreign Commerce* (Washington, 1975), Series U 317–34. See also: Kutz, "Die Entwicklung des Außenhandels Mitteleuropas," 539–41.
50. Diary of Charles N. Buck (no page numbers), PHS.
51. All figures for Baltimore are from the Baltimore Customs Records, MS 2301, microfilm, MDHS.
52. John Smith to P. Strachan, January 13, 1798, Smith Letterbooks, MS 1152, MDHS.
53. Beutin, *Bremen und Amerika,* 18.
54. Most customs records after 1800 show "Port Whither" and "Port Whence" for ships' logs. Prior to 1800, records are often less clear on this.
55. SAB: Ss.2.a.4.i.2.b

56. SAH: *Verzeichnis der in Jahr 1797 an Hamburg gebrachten Waren.* (no catalog #).
57. SAB: Ss.2.a.4.i.2.b and SAH: *Verzeichnis der in Jahr 1797 an Hamburg gebrachten Waren.* (no catalog #).
58. Ibid.
59. "From the City of Hamburg to Congress, 29 March 1783," in MAHS: U.S. Dept. of State, Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States, 1783–1789. (E178)
60. Robert Oliver to Mallhüsen & Sillem of Hamburg, January 29, 1799, Oliver Record Books MS 626.1, MDHS.
61. John Smith to P. Strachan, May 13, 1799, Smith Letterbooks, MS 1152, MDHS. It appears that Robert Oliver piqued Smith's interest in German trade; until that time, Smith's business was largely with France.
62. Frederick, *The Development of American Commerce*, 37.
63. See: John Parish to Thomas Jefferson, July 19, 1793, NAW-H.
64. When he went into semi-retirement in 1791, Parish's personal capital was just under 1.5 million marks banco, and his firm did approximately 8.5 million marks in business the first year he served as consul. He was one of the wealthiest men in the city. See Richard Ehrenberg, *Das Haus Parish in Hamburg* (Jena: Gustav Fischer, 1905), 39–41 and 96.
65. Williams returned to London after his tenure in Hamburg. See: Williams to Pickering, October 25, 1796, NAW-H.
66. Williams to Pickering, February 7, 1798, NAW-H.
67. Parish to Pickering, February 18, 1794, NAW-H.
68. Parish to Pickering, March 22, 1794, NAW-H.
69. Williams to [?] Baring [in Hamburg], April 4, 1797. (During his tenure as consul, Williams apparently used the Baring Bros. for all currency exchange and credit involving the U.S. consulate.)
70. Williams to Pickering, January 31, 1797, NAW-H.
71. Williams to Pickering, July 28, 1797, NAW-H.
72. Wichelshausen to Pickering, July 12, 1798, NAW-B.
73. Lindemann, *Patriots and Paupers*, 177.
74. F. J. Wichelshausen to T. Pickering, November 25, 1799, NAW-B.
75. Lindemann, *Patriots and Paupers*, 177–80.
76. F. J. Wichelshausen to T. Pickering, November 25, 1799, NAW-B.
77. Wätjen, *Aus Der Frühzeit Des Nordatlantikverkehrs*, 1–6.
78. F. J. Wichelshausen to T. Pickering, November 25, 1799, NAW-B.
79. Ibid.
80. Pitcairn to Pickering, November 3, 1800, NAW-H.
81. Wichelshausen to Pickering, January 13, 1800, NAW-B.
82. Wichelshausen to Pickering, November 25, 1799, NAW-B.
83. Siegfried Fellmann, "Seehandel und Seeschiffahrt Bremens 1813–1830" (Examensarbeit für das Fach Geschichte, Universität Hamburg, 1966), 8–13.



Dr. Benjamin Arthur Quarles (January 23, 1904–November 16, 1996). (Courtesy, Morgan State University.)

A Certain Style: Benjamin Quarles and the Scholarship of the Center

THOMAS CRIPPS

Benjamin Quarles, educator and scholar, died on November 16, 1996, "peacefully" and "without pain." In their book *Black History and the Historical Profession, 1915–1980* (1986), August Meier and Elliott Rudwick mark his work as "the final fruit of the philanthropic encouragement" of black scholarship. Thus, Quarles's death and the appointment of Kenan Professor Emeritus (Duke University Law School) Franklin to chair the President's Commission on Race Relations ended an era. Their age formed the bridge between the time when historians Carter G. Woodson promoted the discovery and celebration of African-American history and the present moment of analytical, monographic, intensely debated black histories.[1]

Of the two prolific figures, John Hope Franklin, historian, scholar, author, has long drawn the most attention while the quietly circumspect Quarles has attracted a smaller circle of celebrants. Franklin devoted his public career to promoting the acceptance of black scholars and their work into the American community that had formerly denied free access to its halls. Franklin's friends delighted in the legend that he sought the presidency of every major scholarly association (a goal readily achieved) as visible signs of the coming age of a black and white national sharing of some of the trappings of power. Along the way, he often allowed his simmering rage at the unfairness of American racial arrangements to bubble forth. "Too bad the great white fathers in the Southern [Historical Association] couldn't bring themselves to invite you . . . or myself to participate," he wrote to his friend Luther Porter Jackson in 1946. As for World War II as the vaunted "Good War" for its purity of social goals, his own personal brushes with surviving segregation in the armed forces led him to regard it as "Their War and Mine." Sometimes impatient with the reluctance with which some black scholars pressed against racial barriers, Franklin regarded them as settled in their "little world," while Quarles preferred a cozier metaphor—"our circles." As friends, they spent a lifetime jokingly "outcomplimenting" each other.[2]

It is to the quieter figure that I wish to turn, the coolly self-effacing, courtly, seemingly withdrawn Quarles. Even as Franklin enjoyed the adulation accorded a champion athlete, Quarles's celebrants sat as though before a personal mentor. William Brewer, a member of Woodson's old school, for example, praised

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Quarles's biography of Frederick Douglass with "deepest gratitude." And historian Ronald Hoffman, now director of the Omohundro Institute of Early American History and Culture in Williamsburg, felt that Quarles's *The Negro in the American Revolution* (1961) "more than any other study . . . profoundly altered my consciousness."[3]

In one of his earliest published writings, in the journal *Social Education*, Quarles set his goal as "Revisionist Negro History," not so much to break with the Woodson school but to build on it, or, as his work evolved, to serve as a broker between Woodson and the future. Perhaps we may trace this youthful preference for brokering between contending forces back to the ambiguities of a life lived in contradictory and ambivalent communities. There was the Boston of his youth, steeped in abolitionist lore but drifting toward a "racially polarized community" in the twentieth century. There was his undergraduate career at Shaw University in Raleigh, North Carolina, when he was introduced to black history by a white teacher. Later, there was the University of Wisconsin, where he took his graduate degree in a setting fully as ambivalent as Boston's, and the mentor who seemed uncommonly encouraging but who also harbored a strain of racial venom.[4] Then there was the American rhetoric of World War II. War aims were framed in liberal terms that the historian Thomas Cochran saw as the "major slogan" of the era, yet American society seemed to balk at the reforms that its slogans promised. Quarles spent the war in New Orleans as a dean at Dillard University among the town's own peculiar Creole ambiguities.

Then, in 1953, he came to Morgan State College in Baltimore and encountered a new patchwork of ironies. On the one hand, Baltimore had been blessed with a large free Negro community, with one of the most aggressive NAACP branches in the country and, rarely for a southern city, had enjoyed black councilmen as recently as the turn of the century. This middle course between slavery and freedom had stretched back to antebellum times when Frederick Douglass had found that in Baltimore "even the air smelled freer." Yet, closer to Quarles's day, it had also inspired Countee Cullen's verse:

> Now I was eight and very small,
> And he was no whit bigger
> And so I smiled, but he poked out
> His tongue, and called me, 'Nigger.'

"Once riding in old Baltimore," wrote Cullen, "That's all that I remember."[5]

Boston particularly must have marked Quarles's style of writing and teaching. Born in 1904, into an interracial family of an Irish mother and an African-American father, he and his two brothers worked in the servant trades, drawn by their father's calling as a porter on the steamers, the subway, and as a caterer's

helper. The boys spent their summers on the Bar Harbor packet boats and in Ben's case, setting ten pins, working an athletic club, and bellhopping in hotels as far south as Orlando, Florida.[6]

As friends do, Quarles and I sometimes reminisced over dinner. In hopes of triggering a few youthful yarns, a couple of times I told him a story that included, in passing, reference to the plight of black waiters on the packets. The philosopher Charles Sanders Peirce told the story as a case of his theory of "abduction," a form of guessing as a system of reasoning. In his book, *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* (1934), Vincent Starrett described the method as "The importance of the infinitely little."[7]

The tale unfolds on the night boat to New York, Peirce arose, feeling "fuzzy," perhaps from stale air. He took a cab uptown, soon realizing that he had left aboard a topcoat and a Tiffany watch given him by the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. Returning to the ship, he had the officers order "all the colored waiters . . . [to] come and stand in a row." Then, using "abduction," he reckoned that he "*must* put your finger on the man." Guessing, he sent a Pinkerton man to tail *one* waiter, leading Peirce to a flat where he threatened a "yellow woman" with sending her man to Sing Sing, took back the watch, and remained "cool throughout" despite the woman's "tremendous hullabaloo." In the hallway, he saw in another flat a "respectable looking parlor with a nice piano," pushed past two more"yellowish" women, and saw his coat wrapped in a bundle. "I see it, and I will take it," he said imperiously.

I told Quarles this tale of racial insult hoping to rouse a memory. But, as once he had done at a small dinner when friends had tried to draw from him a memory of his late night card dealing on the steamers (so fabled was his skill at poker that his family spoke of the winnings as "earnings"), he replied enigmatically. "Oh yes, the things we did then," he said, shifting the table talk. "We'll finish that one another time." His wife, Ruth Brett Quarles, traced this cryptic cool to his interracial family in which, often, one parent's joys might be the other's source of sadness. Within the family the phrase for sealing off the past was, "No just let that go."[8]

Clearly, Quarles had known two Bostons, the one in which he earned a waiter's wage—a life left clouded by time—and the other in which the echoes of abolitionism rang, and its NAACP filled the streets to protest the film *The Birth of a Nation.* In 1972 he spoke of Boston's "rich tradition of abolitionist activity," yet elsewhere confessed that he had barely heard of Crispus Attucks, the black martyr of the Boston Massacre, at least until Florence Walter at Shaw "opened up a whole new world" that included the history of black Boston. But his Boston had also included, his niece recalled, schooling at Boston English, spells of reading in Columbus Park, and frequent trips to Boston Public Library. Indeed, she said at his memorial, "reading and museum hopping were regular and enjoyable pastimes" for the young Quarles.[9]

Here I hope it is clear that I am anticipating Quarles's eventual mode of scholarship—introspection, balance, and judgement—rather than outlining a chronicle of American racial etiquette. These youthful traits, internalized along with his reserve, civility, and enigmatic humor, bonded into a scholarly and pedagogical style that embraced neither race essentialism nor integrationism as unalloyed blessings. Rather, I hope to show that much of the life of his mind dwelt in the open ground between black and white cultures where ambiguity colored historical meaning.

Quarles's experience as a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, for example, must have reinforced his sense of leading an intellectual life on a middle ground. Fellowship in hand, Quarles began the fall term of 1931 surely drawing upon the depths of his Boston cool to get him through the mixed signals of his mentors. As though speaking for an older generation, Carl Russell Fish welcomed him into his home while discouraging him from taking up seemingly marginal African-American history as a specialty.

In response, Quarles played it safe and wrote a master's thesis on aspects of the life of the Indiana Republican Senator George S. Boutwell. Reversing the spin, his doctoral mentor, the "crusty and insulting" (as Kenneth M. Stampp remembered him) and sometimes anti-Semitic William B. Hesseltine, "made an exception" to the rule of thumb against black history and allowed Quarles to write his dissertation, which became *Frederick Douglass.*[10]

Not exactly a minefield, but nonetheless a setting in which cool circumspection was at a premium. We have no eyewitness to Quarles's actual manner in this circle. Nor do we know much about his life in New Orleans where, threatened with the prospect of a respectable life as a dean at Dillard University, he abandoned all hope of pressing his Douglass manuscript upon a major university press. In 1948 he gave it to Associated Publishers, the publishing arm of Woodson's circle. The resulting book brought him to the attention of President Martin Jenkins of Morgan State College and Baltimore and their own forms of racial ambiguity.

We only know that he had left Wisconsin with his historical idealism intact and undiluted by the economic materialist histories of either Marx or by the then waning Charles A. Beard school. We know also that his path from Dillard to Morgan paralleled the nation's course through the liberal rhetoric of World War II. The aftermath of this era persisted into the time of Quarles's transition from New Orleans to Baltimore. For example, the NAACP successfully lobbied the army to release its film, *The Negro Soldier,* to civil rights agencies. The ideas of the Truman Commission on race relations in the capital not only indicted postwar racism but were woven into the Democratic platform of 1948. Movies like the United Auto Workers' *Brotherhood of Man* were urged upon teachers in need of "films of social content." The era saw the growth of a rhetorical move-

ment so fervent that *Variety*, the show business trade paper, ran a page-one banner in its own patois: "GEAR SHOW BIZ VS. RACE BIAS." Taken as a lot, it was an opening assault on racism. The literature on the left was equally demanding. Roi Ottley's *New World A'Comin'* (1943) and Rayford Logan's anthology, *What the Negro Wants* (1944) were typical titles. And they had their impact. The distinguished historian, Carl Degler, remembered that Gunnar Myrdal's massive *An American Dilemma* (1944) was the first book he bought upon his postwar entry into graduate school.[11]

Quarles left only a broken paper trail. Soon after reviewing a book for a journal, he gave it away to whomever happened into his office; he cleaned out most correspondence in the spring following its receipt. Most of the scaffolding of his written work, his notes and drafts, survive only in his publisher's archives, if at all. And if challenged to abandon this self-inflicted vandalism to his life's work, he replied only from behind his shy smile that it was astonishing that anyone would care. This code of silence extended into his family circle where his daughter recalled that "it was frustrating not to know what was truly his opinion about a particular issue."[12]

Such circumspection surely drew him to an intellectual center where no polar opinion could rule. Therefore African-American history was always a dualism. First, as he told a *Baltimore Sun* reporter, "history brings out the centrality of the Negro." Then, if this be so, black history is driven by "the dual, simultaneous processes of assimilating and transforming the culture." It follows that the debate over the persistence of "Africanisms" in American culture is beside the point; rather, they are to be treasured not for having survived or having been lost, but "only because they have become part of the total culture."[13]

This same dualism may be seen in Quarles's treatment of Lincoln and Douglass. The point could never be whether or not Lincoln was a racist: of course he was, to the extent which his *Zeitgeist* taught him to be so. Rather, the issue was his capacity for growth under the tutelage of the blacks who might reach him. Once, in class, when queried concerning Lincoln's obsession with colonizing freed slaves abroad in various tropical hellholes, Quarles granted the point but offered it as one of the "great aberrations" to which great men were entitled. More central was Lincoln's openness to black advice—and what blacks made of the advice once taken. For example, Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation *together* with "the esteem that Negroes had" for it combined to make it "one of the most far-reaching pronouncements ever issued in the United States." Thus Lincoln was, in Quarles's view, a "growing man" but also one whose works owed their meaning to what blacks made of them. As Quarles once told his colleague, political journalist G. James Fleming, "Not until Douglass became Douglass could Lincoln become Lincoln." In this defining formulation that trails through Quarles's work the point must always be that black history was a "vital

segment," as he writes in his and Leslie Fishel's *The Black American: A Documentary History* (1975), "of the American experience." And this black drama could have unfolded, said Quarles, only if blacks "did not tarry in the wings, hands folded."[14]

One of the beauties of Quarles's style was its capacity for effortlessly carrying this burden of dualism. The nearly biblical use of the device of meticulously balancing one phrase against its opposite runs through much of Quarles's prose, echoing Arthur Schlesinger's constructions in John F. Kennedy's speeches, such as the famous passage, "ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country," and W. E. B. DuBois's phrasing of black mentalité as an eternal "twoness." Thus Quarles's quoting Douglass on John Brown, "his deeds might be disowned, but the spirit . . . was worthy of the highest honor." Or Quarles reckoning that the Revolution "did not bring all that many Negroes hoped for . . . [yet it] had marked out an irreversible path toward freedom." And "Douglass was not ethnocentric; instead his interests embraced the family of man."[15]

Another of Quarles's usages that implied an earned place in American life for blacks—and therefore an ongoing progress—was parachresis: the subtle echo of another's work that, in turn, hints of one's own thesis. "Even the most lonesome of roads must have its turning," he says, borrowing J. Saunders Redding's book title, *Lonesome Road.* Black actions on their own behalf, he writes, must lead to "the full promise of American life," an unmistakable reference to Herbert Croly's reformist *The Promise of American Life.* And, of course, when Quarles linked Douglass to the "family of man," he also linked African Americans to Edward Steichen's populist photo essay, *The Family of Man.* As a corollary to this argument for Quarles's implicit optimism one might point out his term for African Americans as a group. Not invariably, but frequently, he spoke and wrote from a base in, as he put it, "black circles." Could he have meant "circles" as a metaphor for impermanence and therefore marked for eventual change? Certainly "race," "group," "class," or even the old Marxist coinage, "nation," referred to a permanent, even institutionalized, entity, whereas "circles" allowed an inference of no more permanence than the floating figures in a lawn party. To take only one case of this seemingly offhanded usage, Quarles's essay, "A. Philip Randolph: Leader at Large," refers to "black circles" no less than three times in two pages.[16]

Quarles's teaching also pulsed to the beat of this cautiously optimistic linkage between African Americans and progress as well as to their Euro-American countrymen. Romanticizing and legend had no place in his classes. If brought forth by a student, such an assertion would be greeted by a tolerant, slightly wry "thank you for this new information, and what are our sources?" As he told a reporter, "the intrinsic drama of black history" was its own reason for the tell-

Professor Quarles meeting a class at Morgan State College in the 1960s. (Memorial Convocation Celebrating the Life and Legacy of Dr. Benjamin A. Quarles, *Morgan State University, 1996.)*

ing. No need, even, for the study of slavery exclusively with reference to the baying hounds' and slavecatcher's points of view. But did his centrism logically lead to assimilation? Again, he embraced Douglass's politics: "racial self-reliance," yes, but merely "separate" associations, no. "It is gallant to go forth single-handedly," he quotes Douglass to John Brown, "but is it wise?"[17]

However much he believed in the correctness of his centrist point of view and of the impermanence of American racial arrangements, he also, with Douglass, thought activism was urgent. Of course he defined activism much as Max Beckmann defined his own activism in the Weimar Republic as Nazism rose. "At the barricades," no, but through his painting, yes. Similarly, apart from black history's utility as an African-American expression, it was also intended to refute generations of history written by means of Herbert Butterfield's "magnet of the mind," the metaphorical means by which the data one *needs* cling to the net and the rest is thrown back, thereby assuring history written with all of the jarring, contradictory—"black," for instance—data written *out.* And as to Quarles's affiliation with the black activists of a third of a century ago he not

only insisted that they "forced" the academy to act but that "we are indebted to the activists for our academic credibility."[18] Moreover, the most driven of the Morgan faculty activists, August Meier, reported that when he felt certain that his day would end in jail, Quarles, as coolly as ever, volunteered to "look in on" the missed classes. His only caveat in discussing activism with students—who were going to jail by the hundreds in the years of 1963 and 1964—was that their leaders, whether faculty or students, grant that "we must all be prepared to follow our own advice."[19] Moreover, he meant to stay on the ground at Morgan rather than to take the then newly opened doorway into the white academic world. For many years, the campus legend most often told about him was the story of a "blank check" offered by the Johns Hopkins University history department—a check which he tore up. Why should he not accept such a reward for a distinguished career? Apart from the fact he *wished* to remain at Morgan, surely he could accept rewards only on his own terms. He explained to a *Sun* reporter his preference for Morgan: "My ancestors were there at the seedtime, I have a *right* to the harvest."[20]

Quarles was such a model of circumspection and carefully worked centrism that I thought it useful to follow the trail of his mind into the classroom. Here, in the heat of the moment, carried by the approval of the dutiful audience seated as though in church, one might excuse a teacher for the hint of rhetorical extravagance that might resonate from his otherwise measured voice. Yet Quarles's circumspect manner remained remarkably constant in cleaving to his faith that the bipolar "twoness" of being both African and American was an enriching rather than a muddling experience.

In order to gain a feel for the persistence of this sensibility in both teaching and writing, I consulted with about two dozen former students whose careers ranged back some forty years. Far from a random sample, indeed hardly a scientific test at all, this interrogation, so I thought, might reveal the classroom Quarles. In order to hold in check the urge either to ramble or gratuitously praise and to avoid the inadvertent feeling that I was administering a belated pop quiz, I cast the interviews as inspired by the anonymous aphorism, that "education is what is left after you have forgotten everything you have learned." That is, I was seeking a residue of ideology, generality, and point of view that sat like wellworn stuffed chairs amidst the furniture of their minds. Less centrally, I sought signs of every teacher's temptation to find in his own experience some link to or identification with his subject.

Students of the genre of autobiography warn us that memory is a construction and that all recollection is to be regarded with caution and tasted only after testing for authenticity, credibility, and reliability. Much to my surprise, *these* constructions of varying ages emerged as though assembled from the same template.

Foremost among their memories was the cool dignity, the essential *gravitas,* the erect carriage of the man who seemed to strike awe in his students. Like Dr. Walter Amprey, until recently superintendent of the schools of Baltimore, most alumni found in him "inspiration" that arose from two linked sources—his stature as "gentle man" *and* "true scholar." Judge Bonita J. Dancy of Baltimore thought of it as "a grand . . . sense of dignity" that arose from a "soft . . . demeanor" and "how he carried himself" as though scholarly "authority" thrust him into an obligatory manner.[21]

As for the nature of, and the place of, African-American history in the general scheme of American academic life, Quarles left his students with the same sense of "centrality" that drove his writing. A veteran teacher, Sara Elias, almost without reflection defined Quarles's African Americans as "typically American, always hopeful" and by their presence, ever teaching "the minority view to the majority." In the same vein, Amprey imagined Quarles's black history as "completing the mosaic or the quilt" of national culture, an unintended irony in its reference to Quarles's last book, *Black Mosaic.* Students of all ages, and without any effort at "leading the witness," found such homilies embedded in their memories: black history "interwoven" in the American fabric; or so central to American history as to forecast the day when "there would not be a need for" a separate black history; or offered "contextually as a part of humankind."[22]

And yet this integrationist optimism rooted not only in the certainty of it in the future but its predicted sanguineness, allowed for, even encouraged, a strongly asserted black cultural nationalism. To those who had internalized it, this ideology was said with a quietly passionate conviction. Quarles's history, said Amprey, was "enriching the Negro in finding himself," a sentiment echoed in the memory of Margaret Reid, currently a professor of English at Morgan, who remembered arriving in Quarles's class from a segregated, rural school and suddenly plunged into "a total black history/literature thing" that left her "spellbound."[23]

Although Quarles stood on the dignity that a lifetime had instilled in him, most students, even those in awe of it, also saw not only the implied intellectual rigor demanded by it, but also just beneath its surface a well of sly humor. Together they defined his classroom manner as surely as the two traits helped color his balanced, careful writing style. "He was always so prepared for every class that he left you with a benchmark . . . you would want to achieve," recalled Judge Dancy. "Always at the top of his game," was the way Jerry Lymas put it. Dr. Amprey thought himself left with "a true respect for history"; moreover it seemed to be "history as a tool." Yet for the slacker, he offered a chiding so gentle as to allow its barb to pierce with minimal pain. "Is this new information?" almost every alumnus recalled Quarles asking of a student whose response might have strayed into error. "And what is your source for this data?" he gently asked as he pressed toward historical precision. In this probing style, he would "make you

answer the questions you had," recalled John Long, a graduate student and eventually the office manager for the dean of the graduate school. But the most persistent memory shared by the majority of the respondents was Quarles's closure of each class. From year to year, even hour to hour, his signature varied, but in one phrase or another as though grateful for the gift of their attention, he would say, "Thank you for this hour."[24]

NOTES

1. August Meier, "Benjamin A. Quarles," *Perspectives,* April 1997, 44.
2. John Hope Franklin to Luther Porter Jackson, October 23, 1946, cited in August Meier and Elliott Rudwick, *Black History and the Historical Profession, 1915–1980* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1986), 120–21. On World War II, Franklin, "Their War and Mine," *Journal of American History,* 77 (1990): 576–79; and Franklin's memorial tribute at Morgan State University, February 6, 1997.
3. William H. Brewer in *Journal of Negro History* (1948), cited in Earle E. Thorpe, *Black Historians: A Critique* (New York: William Morrow, 1971), 179–80; and Ronald Hoffman, in Quar*les: Memorial Convocation Celebrating the Life and Legacy of Dr. Benjamin A. Quarles* (Baltimore: Morgan State University, 1996), 27.
4. Benjamin A. Quarles, "Revisionist Negro History," *Social Education,* 10 (March 1946): 101–4; on Quarles's building on Woodson, see August Meier, "Whither the Black Perspective in Afro-American Historiography," *Journal of American History,* 70 (June 1983): 101–5; on Boston as "racially polarized," see Pamela Quarles's tribute to her father, February 6, 1997, in *Quarles Memorial Convocation;* and Mark R. Schneider, *Boston Confronts Jim Crow, 1890–1920* (Boston: Northeastern University Press, 1997).
5. Thomas C. Cochran, *The Great Depression and World War II, 1929–1945* (1968), 103, cited in Thomas Cripps, *Making Movies Black: The Hollywood Message Movie from World War II to the Civil Rights Era* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1993), 28; Cullen's verse quoted in Nathan Irvin Huggins, ed., *Voices from the Harlem Renaissance* (New York: Oxford University Press,1976), 359–60.
6. Conversations with Dr. Ruth Brett Quarles, particularly in early 1998.
7. Vincent Starrett, *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* (New York: Haskell House, 1971), 25–26.
8. The story first appeared in *Hound & Horn* (April–June 1929): 271–73, the quotation source. It is retold as a case in semiology in Thomas Sebeok and Jean Umiker-Sebeok, *"You Know My Method": A Juxtaposition of Charles Sanders Peirce and Sherlock Holmes* (Bloomington: Gaslight Publications, 1980), 17–22. Conversation with Ruth Brett Quarles, March 16, 1998, on Quarles's manner in the family circle.
9. Schneider, *Boston Confronts Jim Crow,* passim; Thomas Cripps, "The Reaction of the Negro to the Motion Picture 'The Birth of a Nation,'" *Historian,* 25 (May 1963): 344–60; interview, *Baltimore News-American,* September 3, 1972. On Walter, see V. P. Franklin, introduction to *The Negro in the Making of America,* 2nd ed. (New York: Collier Books, 1996), 10–11; and memorial tributes of Pamela Quarles and Sylvia Q. Simmons (1997).
10. Meier and Rudwick, *Black History and the Historical Profession,* 115–22. The late Professor Robert Johnson of Morgan is the source for an encounter between Quarles and his mentor in which the latter twitted Quarles for "writing like a nigger," to which Quarles is

supposed to have replied that "you expect me to write like an angel." At least three colleagues had heard the tale but Quarles's wife and other associates have no recollection of it.
11. Meier and Rudwick, *Black History and the Historical Profession,* 122, on "the changing intellectual milieu of . . . the era"; and Cripps, *Making Movies Black,* 91–92.
12. Pamela Quarles tribute. Ruth Brett Quarles recalled in an interview on March 16, 1998, that Pamela often roguishly said she became a psychiatrist in order to fathom her father.
13. Glenn McNatt, *Baltimore Sun,* November 24, 1996, citing an obituary; see Quarles's reuse of "centrality" in John Dorsey's interview, *Sun,* February 13, 1977; and on Africanisms, Quarles, *The Negro in the American Revolution* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1961), 37.
14. On "aberrations," Reginald Kearney, a former student, in conversation, November 1997; for Quarles on Lincoln, see *The Negro in the Making of America,* 139, 147; and Professor G. James Fleming in conversation with the author, autumn 1970; and blacks "in the wings" quoted in Franklin, introduction to *The Negro in the Making of America,* 12.
15. Quotations from, respectively, Quarles, *The Negro in the American Revolution,* x; Quarles, *Blacks on John Brown* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press,1972), xiv; Quarles, *Frederick Douglass: Challenge and Response* (Baltimore: n.p., 1967, reprint, 1977), 7.
16. Quarles on "lonesome roads" and the "promise of American Life" in *The Negro in the Making of America,* 18, 183; and on the "family of man," in *Frederick Douglass: Challenge and Response,* 7. Quarles, "A. Philip Randolph: Leader at Large," in August Meier and John Hope Franklin, eds., *Black Leaders of the Twentieth Century* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1982), 139–40.
17. On Douglass and the rejection of race essentialism or nationalism, see Quarles, *Frederick Douglass: Challenge and Response,* 6–7; and on the "drama" of history, Robyn Roberts, *Baltimore Sun,* February 19, 1983.
18. For Butterfield's "magnet" and the academy's "debt" to radicals see Earl Arnett, *Baltimore Sun,* November 11, 1969; see also John Dorsey, *Sun,* February 13, 1977.
19. These few lines on Quarles's relationship to Morgan's activists are derived from two remarkable essays that intersect in the terrain between scholarship and the role of the "public intellectual." See August Meier's introduction, particularly 19–33, to his *A White Scholar and the Black Community, 1945–1965* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1992), in which see also his "Case Study in Nonviolent Direct Action" (with Thomas Plaut and Curtis Smothers), 137–48, an account of a specific demonstration against a segregated Baltimore theater.
20. John Dorsey, *Baltimore Sun,* February 13, 1977.
21. During two crowded weeks in mid-November 1997, I had telephone conversations with about two dozen students. Their testimony, both quoted and not, made these final pages possible. For this paragraph I am grateful to Dr. Walter Amprey, Jerry Lymas, Judge Bonita J. Dancy, Edward Hitchcock ("soft . . . demeanor"), and Alma Thompson Bell ("how he carried himself").
22. Here cited are Sara Elias, Walter Amprey, Jerry Lymas ("interwoven"), Professor Charles Johnson ("a need for"), and Judge Dancy ("contextually").
23. Quoted are Dr. Amprey and Margaret Reid of the English faculty at Morgan State University.
24. This paragraph owes its existence to John Long, Bonita J. Dancy, Walter Amprey, Margaret Reid, Sara Elias, Alma Bell, Jerry Lymas, Edward Hitchcock, Charles Johnson, and Leroy Graham, among others who also drew upon their memories of Quarles.

Cover of the program book for the centennial celebration of Defenders' Day. (Courtesy, Alan Walden.)

Defenders' Day, 1815–1998: A Brief History

SCOTT S. SHEADS and ANNA VON LUNZ

> *A patriotic people naturally feels stirred by a lofty emotion, when it undertakes to memorialize a great national event.*
>
> James H. Preston, Mayor of Baltimore
> September 12, 1914

In the pre-dawn hours of September 14, 1814, following a tumultuous twenty-five-hour naval bombardment and thunderstorm, the skies cleared to reveal the twinkling of stars. At 7:30 A.M., as the last British mortar shell made its fiery plunge and exploded on the ramparts of Fort McHenry, the Battle of Baltimore ended. A little more than an hour later, as the last British warship sailed down the Patapsco, the defenders of Fort McHenry fired the morning gun and hoisted a thirty- by forty-two foot garrison flag "o'er the ramparts" while a band played "Yankee Doodle," thereby signaling to the inhabitants of Baltimore that they had won a victory.[1]

Soon after, the beleaguered garrison of federal and volunteer soldiers celebrated their victory with toasts. Within the galleries of the Maryland Historical Society rests a reminder of that celebration, a small japanned tin cup etched with the names of Armistead, Bunbury, Cohen, and others who had survived what is considered to be the most intense bombardment of an American fort until the Civil War. In the days that followed, Baltimore rejoiced with celebrations, an illumination of the city, and the defiant singing of a newly published song called "The Defense of Fort McHenry." Later it would be known as "The Star-Spangled Banner."

What transpired that September in Baltimore was more than jubilation after a hard-fought victory. The celebration marked the creation of one of America's most cherished icons, the Star-Spangled Banner. For 183 years thereafter, Baltimoreans have celebrated September 12 with all the fervor usually reserved for the Fourth of July. As a result, the annual commemoration of the Battle of North Point and the defense of Fort McHenry has become one of the nation's longest-running patriotic celebrations.

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On September 12, 1815, the first anniversary of the American engagement at North Point, Lieutenant Colonel George Armistead, Fort McHenry's commander, laid the cornerstone of the Battle Monument in downtown Baltimore and inaugurated the annual pageant of remembrance that the citizen soldiers of Baltimore proudly called Defenders' Day. Veterans contributed their pay for the purchase of the land and the erection of the monument. Amidst artillery salutes, fireworks, and military panoply, assembled dignitaries praised the veterans and their fallen comrades. Completed in 1825, the Battle Monument became the focus of ceremonies throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.[2]

Less than two years later, the First Mechanical Volunteers, a company of the 5th Maryland Infantry, erected a second monument to Baltimore's defense, this one specifically to honor Aquilla Randall, who was killed at the site where his volunteer infantry company first engaged the British on September 12. For unknown reasons, the monument was dedicated not on Defenders' Day but on July 21, 1817.[3]

The Defenders' Day celebration of 1824 was overshadowed by the impending October arrival of the Marquis de Lafayette, the French aristocrat who had served as aide-de-camp to George Washington during the Revolution. At 10:00 A.M. on September 13, the revered campaign tent Washington had used arrived from Mount Vernon by boat. A thunderous salute from thirteen cannon greeted the artifact, wrapped in silk bunting, as it was received by a committee from the Maryland Society of the Cincinnati. Captain Reuben Ross of the 5th Regiment Maryland Infantry commanded the company that escorted the tent to the Baltimore Customs House vault for safekeeping. On September 15 it was transported to Fort McHenry, where it was displayed for the ceremonies honoring the "Nation's Guest." A month later, on October 10, Washington's tent, now on the parade grounds of the historic Star Fort, was the scene of a banquet for General Lafayette. Mrs. Louisa Armistead, the widow of Lieutenant Colonel George Armistead, loaned "her precious relic," the original Star-Spangled Banner, for the ceremony. This memorable occasion marked the flag's first appearance at Fort McHenry since the battle and the last time the banner would ever wave from the historic fort's flagstaff.[4]

The original flag had been in Mrs. Armistead's possession since the untimely death of her husband in 1818. The flag remained with her at her home in Federal Hill from 1820 to 1826, then moved with her to her Mount Vernon residence until her death in October 1861. In her will, Mrs. Armistead specifically stipulated, "I give and bequeath to my daughter, Georgianna L. F. Appleton, 'The Star-Spangled Banner' which floated over Fort McHenry during the bombardment in 1814." Georgianna's son, Eben Appleton, resided in New York City and later inherited the treasured flag. It was donated as an irrevocable gift to the Smithsonian Institution in 1912.[5]

The Battle Monument as it appeared in 1840. The monument still stands at its original location as a reminder of the battles of North Point and Fort McHenry. (Maryland Historical Society.)

On October 16, 1827, President John Quincy Adams, returning to Washington from a trip to New York, visited the battlefield at North Point accompanied by Baltimore veterans. The veterans recounted their personal experiences during Adams's brief visit, and afterwards Adams dined with the Cincinnati of Maryland and the officers and soldiers wounded in the battle at North Point. Although many presidents would later come to Fort McHenry, Adams's visit to the North Point battlefield was the last presidential appearance on that site to date.[6]

On September 11, 1839, on the day before the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of North Point, Mr. John Houck, Health Commissioner of Baltimore County, conveyed the deed for the Battle Acre site to the State of Maryland for the sum of one dollar. The next morning the Baltimore Independent Blues marched from City Hall to the home of Mrs. Louisa Armistead near Federal Hill to once again retrieve the original Star-Spangled Banner that had flown over Fort McHenry. A flotilla of steamboats carried various city dignitaries first to Bear Creek and then to the North Point battlefield. The flag was displayed at the podium where officials laid a rough-hewn block of granite as the cornerstone for the North Point Battle Monument. An official list of all the officers and privates who participated in the battles of North Point and Fort McHenry was deposited within the stone. The speeches and festivities concluded with a na-

tional salute by the artillery and a *feu de joie* by the infantry. The Independent Blues then returned the treasured relic to the widow Armistead for safekeeping. A monument would not be erected on "Dr. Houck's Acre" until the centennial celebration.[7]

John Pidgeon, a printer by trade who served in the Fifth Regiment of Maryland Infantry at North Point, attended the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration. While disembarking from a steamboat during the event, Mr. Pidgeon fell into the water. Many bystanders rushed to his rescue, but he did not recover from the incident and died during the night. It is probable that John Pidgeon was the only survivor of the Battle of Baltimore to die during a Defenders' Day celebration.[8] The following year, the Baltimore Theatre gave a performance of the national drama, *Plains of Chippewa,* for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who fell in the defense of Baltimore.[9]

In 1841 the surviving veterans of Fort McHenry and North Point organized the Old Defenders' Association, the forerunner of today's Society of the War of 1812 in Maryland. The Association of the Defenders of Baltimore in the War of 1812 was formally organized between May 14 and 30, 1842. The president of the United States, John W. Tyler, personally led a review of the veterans, who came from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. The official ceremony was held on the encampment grounds at Mount Clare Mansion.[10]

On September 13, 1858, the bodies of Daniel Wells and Henry G. McComas, were removed from a vault in Greenmount Cemetery and re-interred with honors in Ashland Square at Gay and Monument Streets. (These two young apprentices in the saddlery business had fallen at North Point in an exchange of fire that resulted in the death of the British commander, General Robert Ross; they were generally regarded as having fired the fatal and decisive shots.) The morning air resounded with a booming artillery salute and ringing church bells. Major William H. French of Company K, United States Light Artillery, led the procession, followed by five companies of the First Rifle Regiment. Twenty-five Old Defenders marched behind, others rode in carriages. When the procession arrived at Ashland Square, the site of interment (via the Battle Monument), a crowd of twenty thousand was waiting to pay tribute. Yet another Defenders' Day calamity awaited. In the midst of the fanfare the stage collapsed but without inflicting serious injury. Despite this distraction, Mayor Thomas Swann went on with his remarks which concluded, "Baltimore has been called the City of Monuments. She has been the nursery of brave and gallant men, and these monuments are the expressions of her gratitude and admiration for distinguished and patriotic services." The monument was only completed fourteen years later by a resolution of the Baltimore City Council, because individual veteran subscriptions were inadequate until that year.[11] On Defenders' Day 1860, local journalist and actor Clifton W. Tayleur presented a three-act drama he had written in honor of Wells and McComas, *The Boy Martyrs of September 12, 1814,* at the Holliday Street Theatre.[12]

The following year, the nation was engulfed in civil war, but Defenders' Day celebrations continued. Despite the turmoil of Federal occupation, suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and considerable Southern sympathies, the citizens of Baltimore remembered the surviving veterans of 1812, who were venerated as heroes. The Union army marked Defenders' Day exercises by parading hundreds of troops to the Battle Monument—doubtless to make highly visible the Stars and Stripes in a city whose sons in many cases now fought for the Confederacy.

Federal forces did more than just display the flag; they kept a sharp eye out for the disloyal. On Defenders' Day, 1861, at North Point, soldiers arrested several known southern sympathizers. Among them was none other than George Armistead Appleton, grandson of Colonel George Armistead, commander of Fort McHenry in 1814. The official report noted he was seized with a Confederate flag in his possession.[13] That same Defenders' Day, Federal troops arrested Frank Key Howard, editor of the pro-Southern newspaper, the *Baltimore Exchange.* Imprisoned at Fort McHenry, he would later recount the extreme irony of his position in an 1863 pamphlet entitled *An American Bastille:*

> When I looked out in the morning, I could not help being struck by an odd and not so pleasant coincidence. On that day [September13, 1814], forty-seven years before, my grandfather, Mr. F[rancis]. S. Key, then a prisoner on a British ship, had witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry. When on the following morning, the hostile fleet drew off, defeated, he wrote the song so long popular throughout the country, the "Star-Spangled Banner." As I stood upon the very scene of that conflict, I could not but contrast my position with his, forty-seven years before. The flag which he had then so proudly hailed, I saw waving, at the same place, over the victims of as vulgar and brutal a despotism as modern times have witnessed.[14]

In September 1863, barely two months after Baltimoreans heard the rumble of artillery far to the northwest at Gettysburg, a salute of thirty-four guns announced Defenders' Day from the city's various fortifications. With flags decorating the city, a squadron of cavalry, ninety-four wagons, fifty ambulances (all drawn by eight hundred horses), and 1,500 Union soldiers paraded from Broadway to Monument Square. General Robert Schenck of Ohio and commander of the Eighth Army Corps reviewed the troops with other officials. Captain John A. Bruce's Battery A, the Baltimore Junior Artillery, ended the day's festivities by firing a monumental salute of one hundred guns at sunset. At Lewis Ritter's hotel in Govanstown, the Old Defenders' Association concluded their annual dinner with toasts. One speaker held high his glass and reminded those attending that another war was being fought around them. "The Old Defenders, one

and all. May we live long enough to see this infamous rebellion put down, and the Stars and Stripes floating over an undivided Union."[15]

To mark the fiftieth anniversary in 1864, Baltimore mayor John Lee Chapman issued a proclamation requesting that citizens display the national colors in honor of the surviving Defenders. The day began with more guns banging away from Federal Hill. The Old Defenders assembled in front of City Hall, then boarded a railway car with other distinguished guests and traveled to Towsontown for an elegant dinner at the Smedley Hotel. Nearly fifty guests were present, including veterans and their families, and according to the *Baltimore Clipper,* all reportedly enjoyed the anniversary celebration. One of the toasts was given by North Point veteran, Ishmael Day, who had served as a private in Captain John Howard's 46th regiment, Maryland Volunteer Infantry. He fervently proclaimed: "To the President of the United States — A true patriot and friend to all the human race, he has but one fault, he shows too much mercy to the Rebels."[16] Lincoln's reaction, if he heard of the toast, is unrecorded.

In the postwar period many Civil War veterans wrote their memoirs. Those who had spent time at Fort McHenry recorded their impressions, including an awareness of the history of the place. They remembered an unexploded thirteen-inch British mortar shell that had been mounted on a wooden post in the Star Fort as a memento of the bombardment. One soldier could not forget the Old Defenders who had come to the fort and recounted their experiences.[17]

When the nation celebrated its centennial in 1876, in Baltimore another event was held to again honor Aquilla Randall, the 5th Regiment soldier who was killed at the Battle of North Point. The *Baltimore Gazette* reported that Captain Benjamin C. Howard led the march to North Point at 11:00 A.M. on Defenders' Day. Colonel Heath, Lieutenant Colonel Barry, and Major Stewart joined him at the monument at Old North Point Road and Battle Grove Road. Howard delivered a modest but impressive speech that was followed by volleys of musketry over the monument. Afterward, the company dispersed and returned to the city.[18]

Newspaper accounts of the Baltimore sesquicentennial, held in 1880, highlighted one particularly colorful participant and local historian, William W. Carter (1812–83). Carter had served as the first secretary of the Office of Park Commissioners under Mayor Thomas Swann, and it was due largely to this public servant's efforts that the original Star-Spangled Banner returned to Baltimore from New York City for the sesquicentennial parade.

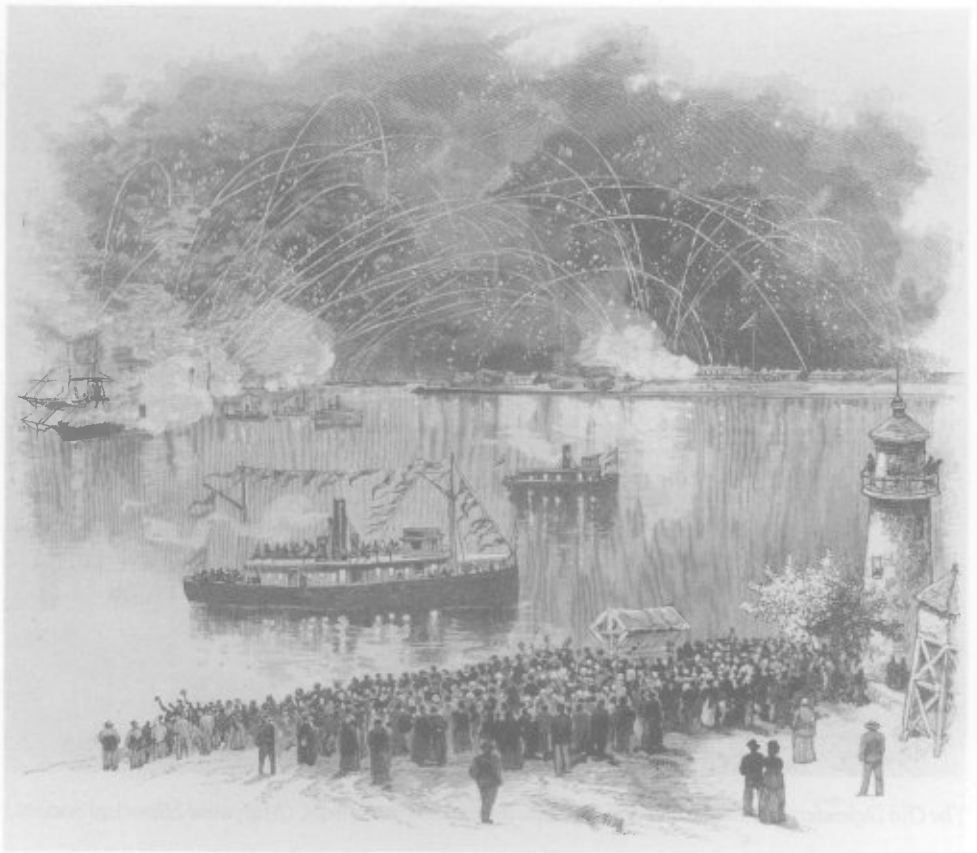
During the great procession on September 12, Carter had the honor of carrying "our nation's treasure" on his lap in a carriage for all the spectators to see. Eben Appleton, a native of New York City and the grandson of Colonel George Armistead, was now the proud owner of the Star-Spangled Banner. At the close of the event, Appleton cut three fragments from the original Flag and presented them to the local historian. Several months later, Carter donated the fragments

The Old Defenders gathered in 1876 to celebrate the nation's centennial. (Maryland Historical Society.)

to the Maryland Historical Society, and in 1926 the society conveyed the fragments to the Smithsonian Institution to be placed with the original banner.[19]

Through William Carter's efforts, a monument to Armistead was erected on Eutaw Place and dedicated as part of the 1882 Defenders' Day anniversary celebration. This monument was a replacement for an earlier one erected in 1827 that had suffered damage and subsequently had been moved, but Carter stipulated that the decorative elements of the first monument were to be incorporated into the second. He also procured funds to ensure this monument's maintenance and preservation. Later, the Armistead Monument was relocated to Federal Hill where it stands today.[20]

The most lavish Defenders' Day display took place in 1889, on the seventy-fifth anniversary. The first day of a week-long event began with a grand parade celebrating the development of American industrial art. President Benjamin Harrison observed a lengthy procession of floats. On the fourth day, five thousand troops engaged in a mock battle at North Point. That was followed by the first recorded pyrotechnic mock bombardment of Fort McHenry, viewed by several hundred descendants of the 1814 defenders. To further mark the anni-



In 1889, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Baltimore, the first fireworks display over Fort McHenry lit the city's skyline. (Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, *September 29, 1889.*)

versary, Baltimore printer James Young published *The Citizen Soldiers at North Point and Fort McHenry, September 12 & 13, 1814.* It is the first published compilation of the Defenders' names and official reports of the battle.[21]

In 1892, two years before the last known veteran would pass away, the Old Defenders' Association reorganized to include the sons and descendants of veterans. On October 23, 1893, the Society of the War of 1812 in the State of Maryland was incorporated, and a year later the first organized preservation efforts began to have Fort McHenry designated as a national monument.[22]

On June 1, 1894, William Welsh, the last known Old Defender, died at the age of ninety-four. He had served in Captain Levering's Independent Blues, Fifth Maryland Infantry at the Battle of North Point. With his passing, so ended the Maryland tradition of parading the actual veterans through the streets of Baltimore. Henceforth it would be up to their sons and daughters to tell their stories. Three months later, a crowd of fifteen thousand attended the eightieth anniversary ceremonies at Fort McHenry.[23]

Fort McHenry, 1894. In that year the last Old Defender died at the age of ninety-four, and the traditions honoring Baltimore's heroes passed to their children. (Maryland Historical Society.)

The last Defenders' Day ceremony of the nineteenth century, held on September 12, 1899, occurred while the nation was still celebrating the conclusion of the Spanish-American War the previous year. The highlight of the event was the honoring of Maryland's own most recent war hero, Captain N. Mayo Dyer, who commanded the armored cruiser *Baltimore* during the Battle of Manila Bay. Thirty-five hundred school children wearing red, white, and blue blouses and caps, assembled at City Hall Plaza and formed a human flag. The children sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" and numerous other patriotic melodies.[24]

On April 1, 1908, the General Assembly of Maryland proclaimed Defenders' Day, September 12, a statewide holiday. (Ninety years later, most Marylanders are unaware that this holiday exists.)[25] Five years later, the National Star-Spangled Banner Centennial Commission was incorporated to organize the observance on September 6–13 for the centennial the following year. The celebration held in 1914 remains the largest recorded Defender's Day celebration ever held in Baltimore's history. The state legislature appropriated $75,000, and

Baltimore City allocated $50,000 for the event. As a prelude to the festivities, on July 18, Maryland Senator John W. Smith introduced an appropriation bill and received an additional $75,000 from Congress for a memorial to Francis Scott Key. In his speech before Congress Senator Smith claimed that he wanted to "invite the people of the whole United States to share" with Maryland and the city of Baltimore in "the centennial anniversary of the birth of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"[26]

The week-long celebration began at 9 A.M. on September 6 with the firing of cannon from Fort McHenry and the arrival of the U.S.S. *Constellation* and her escorts, the battleships *Missouri, Maine,* and *Illinois.* Among the dignitaries were the governors or aides representing the eighteen states that were in the Union in 1814, the vice president of the United States, Thomas R. Marshall, several foreign ambassadors, and the keynote speaker and orator, Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan. A particularly high moment for the city was the dedication of Fort McHenry as a municipal park. Thus began various legislative initiatives to rehabilitate the site after years of neglect it had suffered while being administered by the War Department. Memorial bronze monuments and plaques were dedicated throughout the city. Some may still be viewed at Patterson Park, Fort McHenry, Federal Hill, the Flag House, and the Carroll Mansion.[27]

One hundred and three years after the Battle of Baltimore, the nation entered into a new type of warfare, far different from the color and pageantry of open field Napoleonic tactics practiced in the War of 1812. Trench warfare, poison gas, armored vehicles, and "aeroplanes" brought to the world a new and far more terrible age of warfare. Nevertheless, remembering Defenders' Day enabled news-writers and recruiters to utilize the flag as a "emblem of liberty, of equal rights, of justice to all who live in the shadow of its beautiful folds."[28] Musical playwright George M. Cohan's, "It's a Grand Old Flag" stirred patriotism anew as American troops fought under Old Glory abroad. At home renewed legislative efforts were undertaken to make "The Star-Spangled Banner" the national anthem. One of the principal proponents of that endeavor was Maryland Congressman J. Charles Linthicum.[29]

World War I postponed the installation and dedication of the Francis Scott Key Memorial until 1922. President Warren G. Harding presided over the dedication ceremonies in the first nationwide radio broadcast by an American president. The statue, however, did not depict author Francis Scott Key or the soldiers who defended the city. Instead, German sculptor Charles H. Niehaus chose to idealize the Greek mythological muse of music and poetry—Orpheus—and celebrations were held on Flag Day, June 14, not Defenders' Day.[30]

In 1921, Mrs. Reuben Ross Holloway, a native Baltimorean and descendant of a War of 1812 veteran, began her campaign to make "The Star-Spangled Banner" the national anthem. For ten years, this philanthropist and activist walked

Baltimore streets and the halls of Congress fighting for the proper display of the flag and urging acceptance of Key's offering as the national anthem. Her persistence, and Linthicum's efforts, resulted in legislation enabling Assistant Secretary of War H. Trubee Davison to officially dedicate Fort McHenry as a national park on September 12, 1928. Twenty thousand people attended the event. Shortly thereafter, in 1931, Congress made "The Star-Spangled Banner" the national anthem.[31]

During the Defenders' Day program at Fort McHenry in 1932, Governor Albert Ritchie dedicated forty-eight bronze state markers and eighteen bronze markers honoring individual defenders. Each marker noted the name of a particular soldier and the importance of his role in the defense of Baltimore. Furthermore, the park was presented with a seedling from the famous Cambridge (Massachusetts) Elm Tree, which shaded George Washington when he took command of the revolutionary forces in 1775. The seedling was planted outside the Star Fort in honor of the bicentennial year of Washington's birth.[32]

With the passage of the bill making "The Star-Spangled Banner" the national anthem, annual Defenders' Day events shifted from the Battle of North Point to the bombardment of Fort McHenry. The North Point battlefield fell victim to urban and industrial sprawl, and soon the last historic visages of the landscape that had become so intertwined with the nineteenth-century history of Defenders' Day disappeared. This transition away from North Point began on August 11, 1939 when President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the bill redesignating Fort McHenry National Park as a national monument and historic shrine. To this day, this is the only such dual designation that exists within the National Park system of three hundred and eighty-two sites.[33]

In 1942, Defenders' Day was commemorated by a live radio broadcast describing a mass induction of new recruits into the U.S. armed forces and the dedication of the new United States Coast Guard Training Station at Fort McHenry.[34] The involvement of the United States in World War II prompted author Neil Swanson to publish *The Perilous Fight* in 1945, the first popular book documenting the events at Baltimore in 1814.

Ten days after the Japanese surrendered on the battleship *Missouri,* the cruiser *Augusta,* arrived in Baltimore and docked at Pier 5 in Locust Point to take part in a mock bombardment of Fort McHenry. Franklin D. Roosevelt and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill had signed the Atlantic Charter aboard the *Augusta* in 1941. The cruiser had also carried President Harry S. Truman to the Potsdam Conference to discuss postwar foreign policies in July 1945.[35]

One of the most significant Defenders' Day ceremonies occurred on September 14, 1954, at the Maryland Historical Society. Here, the earliest extant copy of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was unveiled in a new exhibition specifically focused on Baltimore and the War of 1812. The mounted glass display of

this unique document preserved the original written verses that linked Fort McHenry and the Battle of North Point. These words will be forever in the hearts of a patriotic nation and are responsible for our celebration of Defenders' Day today.[36]

Ironically, four years later, on September 12, 1958, National Park Service archeologists uncovered the exact location of the flag staff at the fort. While working on a two-year research study, they discovered remnants of the base that had supported the original flag on that stormy night in 1814. Two massive hand-hewn oak timbers, the supporting cross braces at the base of the 1814 flagpole, were found in mud seven feet below the surface in the Star Fort.[37]

Fort McHenry National Monument and Historic Shrine continued to attract local and national attention, but despite civic pride in the events surrounding the defense of Baltimore in 1814, no grass-roots or legislative initiative arose to preserve the battlefield at Godly Wood even as a state landmark. In *The Perilous Fight*, Swanson noted:

> History has thrown its highlight on the naval action and left the Battle of Godly Wood [North Point] in shadow.... Even in Maryland, where the anniversary of the land battle is a legal holiday, there exists a notion that the whole thing was a trifling incident, inglorious in action and insignificant in result. Baltimoreans, who yield to no one in their pride of birthplace, are inclined to be apologetic when a stranger asks them to explain the holiday. Few know the truth.[38]

The public's acceptance of Fort McHenry as the birthplace of the national anthem has caused this oversight. In the last fifty years, Defenders' Day celebrations have centered on Fort McHenry to the neglect of the North Point. As a result, in the last half of the twentieth century, the memorials and historic sites commemorating the Battle of North Point, unlike those of other wars, have been largely forgotten. The expansion of the city and growth of interstate roads have all but reduced the once rolling countryside of the battleground to roadside markers. The plot of land known as Battle Acre and the site of the old Methodist Meeting House are all that remain of the battleground where thirty-five hundred Marylanders engaged a highly trained European army.

But if Fort McHenry's association with the Star-Spangled Banner has caused the North Point battlefield to almost disappear, it has been used to symbolically elevate issues related to the flag. During the 175th anniversary celebration in 1989, President George Bush arrived at Fort McHenry, the first and only American president to give an address at a Defenders' Day ceremony. On September 7 he asked the many veterans present, "to support a constitutional amendment making it illegal to desecrate that unique symbol of our liberty."[39] More recently, President William Jefferson Clinton closed his 1998 State of the Union

The Battle Monument, 1997. City officials and local dignitaries rededicated the restored memorial. (Baltimore City Office of Historic Preservation.)

speech by remarking upon the importance of preserving the original Star-Spangled Banner, currently on display at the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of American History. In November 1998 the original flag will be removed from the main exhibition hall for two years while it undergoes extensive preservation treatment. In 2002, it will return to a new interpretive display at the Smithsonian, ensuring that our national symbol will endure.

In Baltimore, the Society of the War of 1812 in Maryland is true to its long honored lineage of tradition of remembrance. Faithful members still participate in the Defenders' Day cavalcade. Each year on September 12, by "the dawn's early light," the battle sites are marked with wreaths of laurel in solemn reverence.

NOTES

1. Scott S. Sheads, "Yankee Doodle Played: A Letter from Baltimore, 1814," *Maryland Historical Magazine,* 76 (1981): 380–82. The authors wish to thank Nancy Brumucci of the Maryland State Archives and Lonn Taylor of the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History for their assistance.
2. *Baltimore American & Commercial Daily Advertiser,* September 12–13, 1815.
3. John W. McGrain, "Aquilla Randall Monument," *Baltimore County Landmarks Preservation Commission Report,* July 25, 1977; *Baltimore American,* July 28, 1817.

4. *Baltimore American and Commercial Daily Advertiser,* September 13 and 14, 1824; *Baltimore Clipper,* September 12, 1824; *Niles' Weekly Register,* October 9, 1824; William Darlington to Benson J. Lossing, September 7, 1861, West Chester Historical Society. Darlington was a neighbor of George Armistead's daughter Margaret, who lived in West Chester prior to her move to Minnesota. Benson Lossing was the well-known late nineteenth-century illustrator and author of *The Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812; The Civil and Military Arrangements for the Reception of Major General La Fayette in the City of Baltimore* [October 1824], Edward Johnson, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangement and Robert G. Harper, Chairman of the Military Committee.

5. Scott S. Sheads, *A Virginia Officer: Lt. Colonel George Armistead (1780-1818)* and *The Star-Spangled Banner: A History of the Flag (1813–2001),* unpublished manuscript; *The Star-Spangled Banner Flag Project,* Special Collections 39, Fort McHenry Library. On December 12, 1912, Mr. Appleton in a letter to Charles D. Walcott, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, formally presented the flag as a gift to the Smithsonian, so that "any American Citizen who visits the Museum with the expectation of seeing the flag [may] be sure of finding it in its accustomed place." Office of the Registrar, accession no. 54876.

6. *Baltimore American & Commercial Daily Advertiser,* October 16 and 17, 1824.

7. John W. McGrain, "Battle Acre," *Baltimore County Landmarks Preservation Commission Report,* July 1977 (updated, 1994); *Baltimore American and Commercial Daily Advertiser,* September 12, 1839.

8. *Baltimore American and Commercial Daily Advertiser,* September 14, 1839. Pidgeon was a private in Captain Christian Adrean's Union Volunteers, Fifth Regiment, Third Brigade, Third Division, Maryland Militia.

9. *Baltimore Patriot and Mercantile Advertiser,* September 12, 1828.

10. *General Society of the War of 1812 Register* (1972); The Association's first president was General Samuel Smith. See *Baltimore American and Commercial Daily Advertiser,* May 14–31, 1842. The society's papers were transferred to the University of Baltimore Archives in 1989.

11. *Baltimore American and Commercial Daily Advertiser,* September 14, 1858.

12. Ibid., September 12, 1860.

13. Scott S. Sheads and Daniel Toomey, *Baltimore During the Civil War* (Baltimore: Toomey Press, 1997); *Selected Records of the War Department Relating to Confederate Prisoners of War, 1861–1865,* M-598, Roll 96, National Archives.

14. John A. Marshall, *American Bastille: A History of the Illegal Arrest and Imprisonment of American Citizens During the Late War* (Philadelphia, 1870), 645–46.

15. *Baltimore Daily News,* September 14, 1863.

16. *Baltimore Daily Clipper,* September 13, 1864. Two Old Defenders died on September 12, 1864: Private Nicholas Smith, age eighty-four, of Captain Phillip B. Sadtler's Union Yeagers, Fifth Regiment, Maryland Militia, and Private Nathaniel F. Williams, age eighty-three, of Captain Joseph H. Nicholson's Baltimore Fencibles, U.S. Volunteers.

17. This thirteen-inch shell may still be seen today at Fort McHenry

18. *Baltimore Federal Gazette,* September 12, 1876; McGrain, "Aquilla Randall Monument."

19. *Baltimore Sun,* September 14, 1880. Eben Appleton shipped the flag to Baltimore City Hall by Adams Express. This was the last time the flag was in Baltimore.

20. *Baltimore American,* September 13, 1882, "Honor to a Hero"; *Baltimore Sun,* July 21, 1969

21. *Baltimore Sun,* September 12–13, 1889; *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Magazine,* "Baltimore's Gala Week," September 1889.

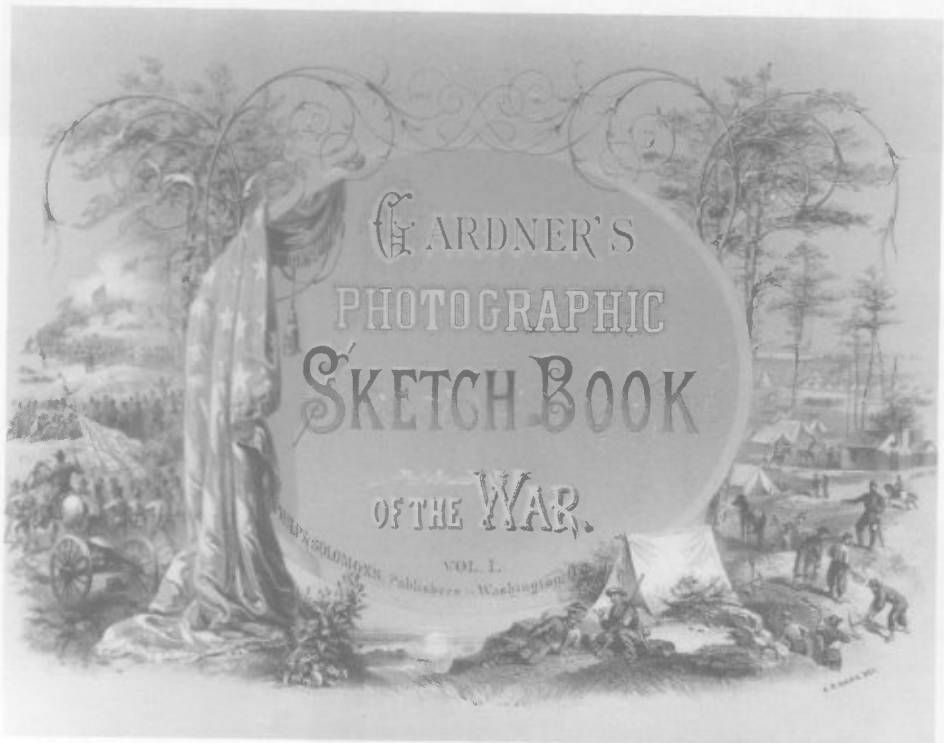
22. *General Society of the War of 1812 Register* (1972). Coincidentally, on September 12, 1893, the U.S. Army Board of Engineers on Fortifications outlined an elaborate defense plan for Baltimore harbor that would include Forts Carroll, Armistead, Smallwood, and North Point. See Merle T. Cole, "Defending Baltimore During the 'Splendid Little War,'" *Maryland Historical Magazine*, 93 (1998): 159–82.
23. *Baltimore Sun*, June 2, 1894. Welsh was buried in Greenmount Cemetery. From 1860 to 1867 he held the office of State Tobacco Inspector. During the Civil War, Welsh served as a member of the Union Relief Committee of Baltimore.
24. *Baltimore Sun*, September 12–14, 1899; "I Remember a Human Flag that Honored a Hero," by Harry T. Krause, *Baltimore Sun Magazine*, September 10, 1961.
25. "Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes" (Laws of Maryland, Article 13, Chapter 181, April 1, 1908). This was an act to amend Article 13, Section 9, subtitled "Legal Holidays," making September 12, Defenders' Day, a legal holiday.
26. U.S. Senator John W. Smith of Maryland, (63rd Congress, 2d Session, Senate Bill 5711. "History of Legislation Relating to Fort McHenry," Special Collections, SC-66, Fort McHenry Library.
27. *National Star-Spangled Banner Centennial, Baltimore, Maryland September 6 to 13, 1914: Official Programme* and *The Story of Baltimore*, compiled by Frank A. O'Connell and Wilbur F. Coyle (Baltimore: The Star-Spangled Banner Centennial Commission, 1914).
28. "Defenders' Day Saw Birth of the National Anthem," *Baltimore News-American*, September 12, 1918.
29. Michael Morgan, "Countian's fight Raised 'Banner' 50 years ago," *Baltimore Sun*, March 1, 1981; J. Charles Linthicum Papers, Special Collection No. 76, Fort McHenry Library.
30. "History of a Memorial," *Baltimore Evening Sun*, September 13, 1945; *Statue of Orpheus*, Special Collection No. 41, Fort McHenry Library
31. J. Charles Linthicum Papers, Special Collections No. 76, Fort McHenry Library.
32. *Baltimore Evening Sun*, September 12–13, 1932; *Baltimore News-American*, September 12–13, 1932.
33. "An Act to change the designation of Abraham Lincoln National Park, in the State of Kentucky, and the Fort McHenry National Park, in the State of Maryland," 76th Congress, 1st Session, August 11, 1939. Special Collections 66, Fort McHenry Library.
34. *Baltimore Evening Sun*, September 12–13, 1942; "The Star-Spangled Banner": radio address by Lucy Monroe, WFBR, September 14, 1942, Addresses Relating to Fort McHenry, 1775–1998, Special Collections No. 57, Fort McHenry Library.
35. *Baltimore Evening Sun*, September 13, 1945.
36. "The Unveiling of the Original Manuscript of the Star-Spangled Banner," *Maryland Historical Magazine*, 49 (1954): 259–62; George J. Svejda, *History of The Star-Spangled Banner from 1814 to the Present* (Washington, D.C.: National Park Service, 1969).
37. George MacKenzie, "Report on Brace Forming Probable Base of 1803 Flagpole: September 4, 1958," Fort McHenry Library, Cultural Resource Report-CX1958, No. 33; "1814 Star-Spangled Banner Site May Have Been Found," *Baltimore Sun*, September 12, 1958.
38. Neil Swanson, *The Perilous Fight* (New York: Farrar & Rinehart, 1945), xi–xii.
39. "Remarks at the Ceremony Commemorating the 175th Anniversary of the Star-Spangled Banner in Baltimore, Maryland, September 7, 1989 (*Weekly Compilation of Presidential Documents*, Vol. 25, No. 36, 1989: 1293–1355); Special Collection No. 57, Fort McHenry Library.

Portfolio

"Details"

Scottish-born photographer Alexander Gardner (1821–1882) emigrated to America in 1856. Working first for Matthew Brady, Gardner served as an official photographer for the Army of the Potomac before finally setting up a permanent studio of his own in Washington, D.C. In 1865–66 he published the two-volume *Gardner's Photographic Sketch Book of the War,* featuring his own work and that of other notable battlefield photographers. Photographic equipment was largely incapable of clearly capturing images of moving figures, such as would be seen in the heat of battle. Nevertheless, Gardner did capture movement of a different kind, sometimes unintentionally. We present here, from the collections of the Maryland Historical Society, a selection of Gardner photographs, and from each we have selected and enlarged a detail that the eye might often miss.

P.D.A./R.W.S.



Opposite: Headquarters, New York Herald, *Army of the Potomac, Bealton (September 1863).*

Headquarters Christian Commission in the field, Germantown, September 1863.

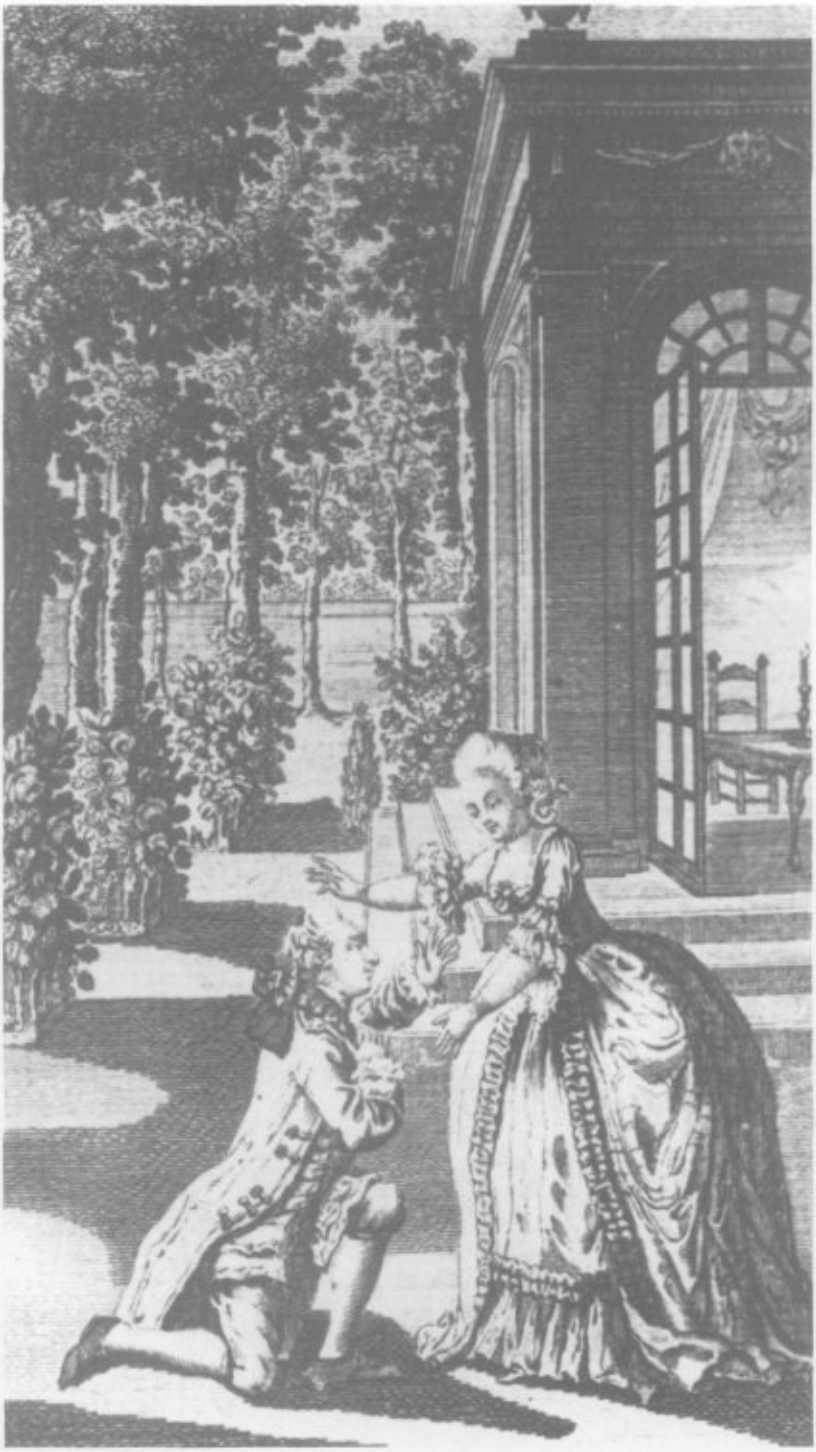
U.S. Military Telegraph Construction Corps, April 1864.

A Field Workshop in the Ninth Army Corps, before Petersburg, February 1864.

A burial party, Cold Harbor, Virginia, April 1865.

Pontoon bridge across the Rappahannock, May 1863.

Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia, April 1865.



The Lovers. Powerful economic forces in the colonial Tidewater created a new culture and values that soon affected intimate relationships. (From The Lady's Magazine, *August 1771.)*

Passion and Propriety: Tidewater Marriages in The Colonial Chesapeake

LYNNE A. EBERHARDT

Between the early years of settlement and the American Revolution, not quite two centuries, the idea of marriage in the Chesapeake tidewater evolved through different phases. From a pragmatic alliance to enhance the prospects for survival, it became, as health and material well-being improved, a means of economic alliance and social advancement based on English customs. Finally, it emerged as an institution with inherent American attitudes. In part, the changes derived from the vagaries of an economy based on a single cash crop—tobacco. In part, too, they sprang from human nature, as first-generation English immigrants reliant on English customs became third- and fourth-generation native-born colonists, whose ideas and outlook reflected American patterns.

The Etiquette of Debt

Residents of the Chesapeake Bay colonies of Maryland and Virginia paid homage to King Tobacco from the first days of settlement. Although English emigrants packed British customs and values into their cultural baggage, sotweed cultivation soon shaped a new identity for the local community. A tobacco mentality emerged in which men measured their personal standing by the richness of their harvest. But the words tobacco and debt soon became almost interchangeable terms in the tidewater. The volatile nature of tobacco as a cash crop gradually and relentlessly compelled planters to trade on credit, prevented them from ever becoming "perfectly independent," and caused them to dwell incessantly upon the topic of personal debt. As conditions in the international market caused crop prices to soar or plummet, some planters were caught in an escalating cycle of debt. Nevertheless, though trapped in a downward economic spiral, native-born would-be gentry emulated English aristocrats in their spending habits and material purchases.[1]

According to T. H. Breen, tobacco production provided "highly individualistic planters with a body of common rules and assumptions that helped bind

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A Perfect Description of

VIRGINIA:

BEING,

A full and true Relation of the present State of the Plantation, their Health, Peace, and Plenty: the number of people, with their abundance of Cattell, Fowl, Fish, &c. with severall sorts of rich and good Commodities, which may there be had, either Naturally, or by Art and Labour. Which we are fain to procure from *Spain, France, Denmark, Swedeland, Germany, Poland*, yea, from the *East-Indies*. There having been nothing related of the true estate of this Plantation these 25 years.

Being sent from Virginia, *at the request of a Gentleman of worthy note, who desired to know the true State of* Virginia *as it now stands.*

ALSO,

A Narration of the Countrey, within a few dayes journey of *Virginia, West and by South*, where people come to trade: being related to the Governour, Sir *William Berckley*, who is to go himselfe to discover it with 30 horse, and 50 foot, and other things needful for his enterprize.

With the manner how the Emperor Nichotawance came to Sir *William Berckley*, attended with five petty Kings, to doe Homage, and bring Tribute to King CHARLES. With his solemne Protestation, that the Sun and Moon should lose their Lights, before he (or his people in that Country) should prove disloyall, but ever to keepe Faith and Allegiance to King CHARLES.

London, Printed for *Richard Wodenoth*, at the Star under *Peters* Church in *Cornhill*. 1649.

A Perfect Description of Virginia. Promotional literature in England lured adventurous men and women to the shores of the Chesapeake in search of their fortune. (Maryland Historical Society.)

them together."[2] The planters' "etiquette of debt" took the form of an unspoken but implicit agreement: they acknowledged financial responsibility to their overseas creditors while irresponsibly over-financing genteel facades. Before long, these cultural concepts intruded themselves into more intimate relationships.

Until about 1660, tidewater settlers who planted tobacco enjoyed a measure of prosperity not found in England, and the more successful among them realized a social status they could not hope to have obtained in the British Isles. But they also left some things behind. Initially, the widely scattered farms limited opportunities for companionship and love matches, and the high mortality rate often prevented families from extending their lineages. But while day-to-day living quickly departed from English custom, and necessity and new experiences shaped different values, human nature, viz., the emotion of courting couples, remained passionately predictable.[3]

As debt and conspicuous consumption came to play an increasingly visible role in colonial Chesapeake relationships, tobacco production and the accompanying debt syndrome affected marital unions. In the early years of settlement, most of those so affected fell ill from consuming brackish water, exhausted themselves turning swampland into cropland, succumbed to malaria, or wasted in hunger when their farms failed. They were too busy staying alive to marry for more than companionship and convenience. But by the eighteenth century, which brought to the tidewater better health and longer lives, Americans could take stock of their situation. They began more closely to emulate English matrimonial models and arrange politically profitable and financially favorable alliances. By the eve of the American Revolution, the lack of fiscal self-restraint on the part of Chesapeake Bay colonists regularly jeopardized tidewater marriages.

Longevity and Courtship

By the eighteenth century, the effects of better health and longer life on the institutions of marriage and family were obvious. In 1768, one writer for the *Virginia Gazette* could happily report that "we are well assured there is a man . . . who is one hundred and one years old and has been married to his last wife for about five years. . . . He declares that if he was again single, he would marry as soon as he could, and would prefer a girl of about fifteen, to any other age." Plantation owner William Byrd found matrimony "thrives so excellently in Virginia that an Old Maid or Bachelor are scarce among us." In fact, old maids and bachelors had become relative rarities in the Chesapeake.[4]

Eighteenth-century women married at an average age of sixteen, earlier than their seventeenth-century immigrant mothers. Colonists had larger families which, when added to a declining mortality rate, resulted in a population increase. By the eighteenth century, colonists had the luxury of cherished friend-

Widower William Byrd (1674–1744) lost his second chance at marital bliss when his lady's father forbade the union. Byrd later denied his own daughter a life with the man of her choice. (Maryland Historical Society.)

ships and life-long contacts, an improvement over the original constellation of neighbors who grouped together out of necessity only to find their numbers swiftly and unpredictably diminished.[5] Had these new alliances changed the nature of more intimate and personal relationships? One writer to the *Virginia Gazette* thought so.

> When two Lovers consented, They were quickly cemented
> How unequal soe'er in Estate;
> For their principal Aim, When they nourished a flame,
> Was how to be happy, not great . . .
> When no woman was sold, Nor barter'd for Gold
> Nor obliged to take One she abhored,
> But the table is corrected, And now 'tis expected,
> That a Lady wed none but a Lord.[6]

High mortality rates in the early years of settlement had left few couples alive long enough to guide their offspring toward sound marital choices, but by the mid-eighteenth century gentrified parents sought guarantees to secure their children's legacies. The groundwork for many tidewater weddings began with courting, but the native-born elite patterned matrimonial etiquette after the English custom of negotiated, mutually advantageous alliances. These unions became the avenues by which economic, political, and religious beliefs passed from one generation to the next. "Happiness . . . was a product of measurable,

material relationships, one of position and role more than one's personality."[7] Consequently, for those children entitled to inheritances, courtship came under intense parental scrutiny.

The January 30, 1752, *Virginia Gazette* advised: "Marry thy Daughters in time, lest they marry themselves."[8] Tidewater society assumed women acted on their amorous inclinations and thus could not be trusted to judge the character and suitability of their beaus. Like their European cousins, the colonial aristocracy—worried about lineage and inheritance—worked out a system of arranged marriages based on relationships similar to those they had fostered with their factors and overseas creditors. Parents taught their children to cultivate an assumed friendship with a person they had never met, but what worked with tobacco selling did not necessarily lay the groundwork for successful marriages.

When nuptial negotiations began, the parents of both children discussed what each could contribute to the dowry. Debt being a prominent characteristic of tidewater society, Virginian Thomas Walker practiced the "etiquette of debt" when he negotiated with his son's future father-in-law on their mutual financial obligations. "My affairs are in an uncertain state, but I will promise one thousand pounds, to be paid in 1766, and the further sum of two thousand pounds I promise to give to him. . . . [However] the uncertainty of my present affairs prevents my fixing on a time of payment." The unstable tobacco economy prompted future father-in-law Bernard Moore to approve, adding, "At the same time that my affairs were in such a state . . . it was not in my power to pay . . . all the money this year that I intended to give my daughter."[9]

Eighteenth-century rules of courtship mandated that the suitor obtain prior consent of her parents before approaching her in person with his plans. If the gentleman came from an affluent family, he broached the subject of his prospective betrothal with his own father first. Young Mr. Tally's choice of marital partners must have been deemed unsuitable, for his father Nathaniel chose to "forwarn all Ministers from marrying Zebulon Tally, my son, to Mourning Abbot." Robert Bolling also erred, first when he proposed marriage directly to his beloved, and second when he sent a note that announced his intentions to his prospective father-in-law. Because he did not respectfully request the young lady's hand in person "this rendered public an Affair, which ought first to have been perfected: however, to put the best Face on the Matter, I declared, that such were my real Sentiments: and informed Mr. Miller, by Message of my Intentions." He soon understood that he had sidestepped the appropriate protocol for orchestrating a gentrified marriage because "Some people censured me for not acquainting him with it myself."[10] Had he done so, Miss Miller's father might have offered his consent rather than do what he did, which was to place an unyielding curse on the match.

At the turn of the eighteenth century, widower William Byrd found himself

spurned by the father of his lady love. Frustrated with her because she followed paternal orders to abandon their relationship, Byrd lamented: "Piety and good Sense makes her submit with Patience to the humors of a peevish & unreasonable Father . . . like a beautiful Flower he wou'd rather suffer her to wither on the stalk, than be gathered in bloom." How quickly he forgot his own pain when, eight years later in 1723, he forbade his eldest daughter Evelyn from marrying her suitor.

> Considering ye solemn promise you made me . . . that you wou'd not from thence forth have any Converse or Correspondence with the Baronet, I am astonisht you have violated that protestation in a most notorious manner. . . . I also forbid you to enter into any promise or engagement with him of marriage. . . . And neither he nor you may be deluded afterwards with Vain hope of Forgiveness. . . . I never will.

Byrd believed the offensive suitor only wanted his daughter's inheritance, which may have been true, and warned him that "I have made my will since I heard of your good intention . . . & have bequeath'd my daughter a splendid shilling, if she marrys any man that tempts her to disobedience." Five years later Byrd again groaned, "One of the most antik Virgins I am acquainted with is my daughter, either our young Fellows are not smart eno' for her, or she seems to smart for them."[11] Evelyn remained a spinster until her death at the age of thirty.

Meanwhile another member of the Virginia gentry, Landon Carter, vehemently disapproved of his namesake's fiancée. Yet, despite class-based tensions, love—or perhaps lust—provided a greater allure for young Landon than family fortune or social station. The elder Carter reminisced,

> I with great mildness asked him . . . if he did not think . . . by visiting a woman that he knew I would never Consent to his marrying would not ruin him. He answered calmly No. . . . Then sir be assured that although you will shortly be of age if you do not henceforward leave her you must leave me. He answered, then Sir I will leave you, on which I bid him out of my house . . . so Singular an act of great filial disobedience in a Child that I have thought once my greatest happyness.[12]

In colonial Chesapeake society the suitor deferred to his lady when they courted, much like the common planter to the local gentry. Among the elite, courtships resembled a public performance staged to display wealth and status and to reaffirm the hierarchy of social standing. How much of the suitor's gushing admiration was genuine, and how much of it was contrived for public dis-

play? "There are several others Dancing and [capering] about her, may they scrape all the skinn off their shins stepping over the benches at Church in endeavoring who sho'd be first to hand her in the Chariot."[13]

Ladies flirted coquettishly and then feigned indifference when approached. At least that was what they were supposed to do. Forsaking these rules of etiquette, Arabella Sly found herself chastised for being "so indecent in Action, as to giggle . . . without putting my fan before my Face." Gentlemen offered profuse compliments via poems and letters. Fifteen-year-old George Washington waxed poetic when "undone" by Frances Alexander's "sparkling eyes" as he wrote the memorable words, "Xerxes wasn't free from Cupid's Dart. And all the Greatest Heroes felt smart." Other beaus also expressed themselves, and as one young lady observed, "I dare say with truth he may declare his Love for her to be equal that of Mark Anthony to Cleopatra." While living in Virginia, tutor Philip Fithian wrote to his beloved in Pennsylvania: "O Laura, I wish most ardently, that I could with Propriety, from the present Moment, spend all my hours near your person. They would then, with their purple Wings, fly along through the Sorrows, & Tumults of Life, wholly unnoticed." The following year, to exhibit his affection, romantic Mr. Fithian "took a walk out before Dinner, & with my Penknife carved Laura's much admired Name upon a smooth beautiful Beech-Tree."[14]

Single women, especially those with family fortunes, had power. On one hand, a plethora of beaus provided the single girl with an assortment of potential husbands from which to choose. By 1810 Mrs. Elizabeth J. (Ambler) Carrington reminisced gratefully that she had not married the first man who asked for her hand. "Nature blessed me with that versatility of temper that . . . it would have been impossible to have fixed my attention to any one object, so that consequently I escaped an entanglement that might have eventuated in regret." On the other hand, multiple beaus created scenarios for flirtatious frustration. In 1785 Mildred Smith wrote to her cousin Betsy Ambler, "There is much speculation going on as to the preference I shall give and tho I do not intend to practice one Coquettish air . . . for my own amusement do I intend to leave these speculating genius to their own conjectures for some time at least till I have made my mind." Betsy replied, "What would be done if a little fluttering at the heart did not enable us to decide[?]"[15]

A scorned man sometimes displayed his wrath. When tutor Philip Fithian received word his beloved Laura was receiving calls from a rival suitor, he exploded: "But this said thing which I hear of that turn-Coat Laura, that She loves & courts one Mr. Rodman this distresses me exceedingly . . . yet if it shall appear that she has listened to another . . . I shall in return for her want of goodness treat her with contempt and Sincerely pity." Maryland's Governor Francis Nicholson vowed to kill his intended's father, two brothers, the potential bridegroom, the minister performing the ceremony, and the justice who issued the license if

Martha Burwell married another man. Another rejected suitor saw fit to assuage his ill feelings in the *Virginia Gazette,* warning others about "a lump of deformity, totally destitute of every amiable quality. . . . [I wish] to prevent others from falling in like manner, a sacrifice to the artifices of a vain coquette . . . [who will] rank you and treat you as lawful spoil."[16]

Well planned hints notified one party of another's interest. Fickle Philip Fithian, while enamored with a young woman from Pennsylvania, called female attention to himself when he tutored the Carter family children at Nomini Hall. "Our young ladies, they inform me that Miss Panton discovered a strong inclination to be better acquainted with me; which is a Curiosity that I cannot say I am altogether destitute of. I shall therefore, when I find it convenient make Miss Panton a visit." Gossip also piqued his interest regarding a neighbor's visiting cousin. "What made me desirous to see, & Curious to reconnoitre this young Lady, was, a Sentence that was dropt yesterday by a respectable Member of our Family, intimating a Desire that I may, on seeing Miss Lee . . . be so pleased with her person as to try to make her mine, & settle in this province."[17]

"Our dear Father . . . was under the immediate direction of his Father," Elizabeth Carrington wrote to her sister in 1796, delineating yet another problem derived from English custom, ". . . to qualify him for business, for it was no part of the Virginia System to give a younger son any other inheritance." Young men without inheritance sometimes made the best of a tenuous social position by accepting arranged marriages. A woman's family fortune, inheritance, or dowry enticed many a prospective suitor into believing his potential bride was young or beautiful. "Yesterday was married in Henrico Mr. William Carter . . . aged 23, to Mrs. Sarah Ellyson . . . aged 85. A Sprightly old girl with three thousand pounds fortune." Lucky Mr. Benjamin Dulany was also fortunate to marry Miss French—and her "fortune of twenty thousand pounds." Archibald Burnett spent time in jail for performing the marriage of eleven-year-old Sarah Vanhart to Stephen Coleman without her guardian's consent, and school officials reported twelve-year-old heiress Elizabeth Charlton "stolen" when John Severne took her to the Maryland side of the Chesapeake Bay to secretly marry her. The truly wealthy did not find it necessary to publish the sums of their joint dowries; the names of their respective plantations alone invoked visions of their newly joined wealth. "On Saturday last were united in the sacred and indissoluble bands of holy wedlock NATHONIEL BURWELL, Esquire of Carter's Grove, and Miss SUSANNAH GRYMES, of Brandon."[18]

The Heat of Passion

Not all couples were willing to accept an arranged marriage. For those who fell in love with an unlikely, inappropriate, or unapproved mate, or against their

Nomini Hall, Virginia. Tutor Philip Vickers Fithian pledged his heart to a Pennsylvania lass while he enjoyed the attention of the local young ladies. (Maryland Historical Society.)

parent's wishes, one recourse was to elope. Persistent Robert Bolling endeavored to secure Anne Miller's father's consent to their union. "He treated me with a Civility I by no means expected; but which, I found afterwards, was occasioned by his Apprehension of our making an Elopement." Some who succeeded in elopement did not live happily ever after. One girl's decision to marry her uncle's overseer resulted in a "tragical story." "Had she run away with a gentleman or a pretty Fellow, there might have been some excuse for her," the uncle wrote, with consternation based on class, "tho' he were of inferior Fortune; but to stoop to a dirty Plebian, without any kind of merit, is the lowest Prostitution." Benjamin Bowles anticipated a similar predicament when he advertised in the January 30, 1752, *Virginia Gazette*. "Whereas Sarah Holman, a Niece of mine, under Age . . . hath lately made an Elopement from me . . . I think it will be greatly to her Disadvantage, this is to give Notice to all County-Court Clerks not to grant them Marriage License." Giving public notice to prevent a marriage suggests that some sort of communal sanction for eloping couples may have existed. Widowed planter John Thompson angrily refused to see his daughter after her elopement. He then married his housekeeper in harsh hopes of having other children to inherit his property.[19] Mid-eighteenth-century evidence sug-

Robert Bolling (1738–1769) ardently pursued Anne Miller and wrote a passionate memoir of their affair. (Maryland Historical Society.)

gests that relationships between parents and children had changed. The native-born generation asserted its independence and planned its own destiny, with or without parental consent.

> Kisses, the subject of debate,
> What ecstacy they may create!
> Lips rever'd by gentle touch,
> Mayn't avail the passions much,
> But with mutual ardour press'd,
> Warm affections are confessed.[20]

In 1775 a plantation overseer wrote to housekeeper Lucy Gaines, "My deear love and the delite of my life. [I] can never forget your preshus lips as I have Cinst so often and am very desiours to make them my one."[21] With a lack of parental supervision, familiar contact ensued.

Elizabeth Carrington observed, "Here an opportunity presents itself — of advising you never to leave your daughters a hundred and fifty miles from you with any but a Mother or a Sister."[22] Opportunity presented itself to Robert Bolling. Enamored of motherless Anne Miller, he forgot "every Thing, I gave Way to the Impulse of my Passion. I seized the dear Creature to my Bosom, kissed her a Thousand times, swore she was the sweetest little D___l on Earth." Miller's father tried to watch over his offspring, but Bolling managed to arrange

a visit in his absence. The housekeeper "Suky was commissioned to inform me that Messrs. Miller and Johnson were gone . . . and would not return before the Saturday following . . . and my company would be acceptable on Thursday." And where was Miss Miller's chaperon when Robert Bolling made his ardent advances?

> By Accident into a Chamber, where she was sitting . . . on a Bed; I could no longer withold, but overcome by an Excess of Passion I threw myself thereon, and pressed her to my Bosom, with a Rapture, which can scarce be conceived. . . . While we were together on the Bed I overlaid and broke a Fan of hers; a necklace too had already fallen a Sacrifice to my Caresses.[23]

Compared with English standards, intimacy was easily attained in the colonies. Robert Bolling mused about "the great Intimacy, between Relations in this Colony, permitting many Freedoms; I found it impossible to have this Lady in my Arms for Hours together, without feeling such Emotions, as are the unavoidable Consequence of much Familiarity between the Sexes." Some of these scenarios arose from a lack of supervision. "As my Nancy was generally on a Bed with me, I had sufficient opportunity to represent the Violence of my Passion." Due to Anne's lack of maternal nurturing and tutoring Bolling saw "no Traces of that Reserve, with which Persons, on our Situation generally treat each other." Miss Miller's passion matched his own. "This girl did not blush to desire me," he wrote.[24]

Wealthy, young, and naive Rachel Ambler bore an illegitimate son by a French officer serving at Yorktown. Her cousin Elizabeth commented, "There is something so flattering in the attentions of these elegant french officers, and tho not one in them can speak a word of english, Yet their style of entertaining and their devotion to the Ladies of Yk. is so flattering that almost any girl of 16 would be enchanted."[25]

Unfortunately for young Rachel, chastity ranked high among society's admirable and virtuous qualities, and after she fell prey to the advances of the French officer, her disgrace resurfaced in family conversations for years. This motherless young lady may not have understood the expectations set upon her to make an advantageous marriage. Her cousin Mildred reflected, "had she . . . could been blest with a mothers care in early life and been taught the heinousness of such a departure from Female rectitude all might yet have been well."[26] Cousin Betsy lamented Rachel's ostracism by other family members. "Oh, her agony was indescribable." Rachel Ambler found herself "indeed lost to everything that is dear to Woman." She placed her own passions before social propriety and family honor, and exhibited a "departure from Female rectitude [that]

involves a family so irremediably." Cousin Betsy later offered an accurate summation of tidewater attitudes when she reflected, "appearance, and effect, is everything—and really between ourselves it would seem as if every solid virtue was sacrificed to these."[27]

The Rise of Virtue

> He, in whom Sense and Politeness are join'd,
> Whose Pleasure ne'er injure his Health or his Purse,
> Is he to be taken—for better or worse.[28]

While prospects for physical survival shaped many seventeenth-century marriages, the eighteenth century's relative prosperity introduced more refined values to courtship. Ostentatious display and attention to social status were not strangers to Chesapeake culture, but some people selected a mate for his or her virtue rather than social rank, indicating yet another transformation in marital patterns. For example, after Elizabeth Ambler's family fell upon hard times following the Revolutionary War, she later reflected on her sister's wise insight and personal satisfaction. Her sister had chosen an intelligent, personable, and kind husband instead of a more prestigious and financially secure (but shallow) one.

> She with a glance developed his Character and understood how to appreciate it while I, expecting Adonis, lost all desire of becoming agreeable in his eyes when I beheld his awkward figure, unpolished manners, and total negligence of person . . . (but) beneath the slovenly garb there dwelt a heart replete with every virtue.[29]

A "woman's happiness depends entirely on the Husband she is united to . . . it has never been my wish to keep my Daughters single till they were old enough to form a proper judgment of Mankind." In 1788 Anne Randolph discovered her daughter Judith's secret correspondence with her second cousin Richard Randolph. Anne opposed her daughter's entrance into an arranged marriage, and hoped she would be fortunate enough to find a relationship "so happy as to find in each other a similarity of temper and good qualities enough to excite esteem and Friendship, [or] they must be wretched, without a remedy." Judith eventually married her cousin with her mother's consent.[30]

Some members of the tidewater gentry found that a mate with little fortune but virtuous qualities made the better match. Betsy Ambler later defended her worthy, yet humbly poor, brother-in-law against repeated inferences that her sister could have arranged a more financially beneficial marriage.

> It has been illnaturedly said that my Father made objections on the score of the fortune, but nothing was ever less true, for tho' I have heard Mr. M__ll a hundred times declare that after paying the Parson he had but one solitary guinea left, yet had that been lacking my Father would have considered him the very best choice his daughter could have made."[31]

Charles Carroll of Annapolis advised his son, "In choosing a wife [she] should be virtuous, sensible, good natured, neat, cheerful in disposition; of good size, well proportioned, and free from hereditary disorders; and of the same social rank and religion as he." New guidelines for the selection of spouses developed later in the century. For example, one should use "great Providence and Circumspection in chusing thy Wife . . . [and] inquire diligently of her Disposition, and how her Parents have been inclined in their Youth." Furthermore, she should be "prudent and gentle, virtuous . . . discreet, a Husband's Will with Compliance to meet."[32]

> Remember thou are made Man's reasonable Companion, not the Slave of his Passion . . . the End of the Being is not merely to gratify his loose Desire, but to assist him in the Toils of Life . . . when thou findest Sensibility of the Heart, join'd with . . . an accomplished Mind . . . take her home to thy House; she is worthy to be thy Friend; thy Companion in Life.[33]

Seventeenth-century husbands and wives worked as teams. The budding farm could not grow into a prosperous plantation without the efforts of both partners. But while some "reasonable Companions" stood side-by-side to face new crises others believed a woman's destiny lay in the obligatory double standard of accepting and forgiving her husband's shortcomings.[34]

Marital Expectations and Disappointments

When Lord Adam Gordon visited Virginia in 1765 he optimistically noted that "American women . . . made excellent wives and [he] had not heard of one unhappy couple." Early in the eighteenth century the *Rules for the Advancement of Marital Felicity* advised "Never dispute with him whatever be the Occasion, and overlook not the important word OBEY." But when minister James Blair asked bride Sarah Harrison if she would "love, honor, and obey" she responded "no obey." The baffled Dr. Blair posed the question three times and received the same response. The couple survived the ceremony and the marriage.[35]

"I hope I have prepared myself for the worst that may happen--that is if my

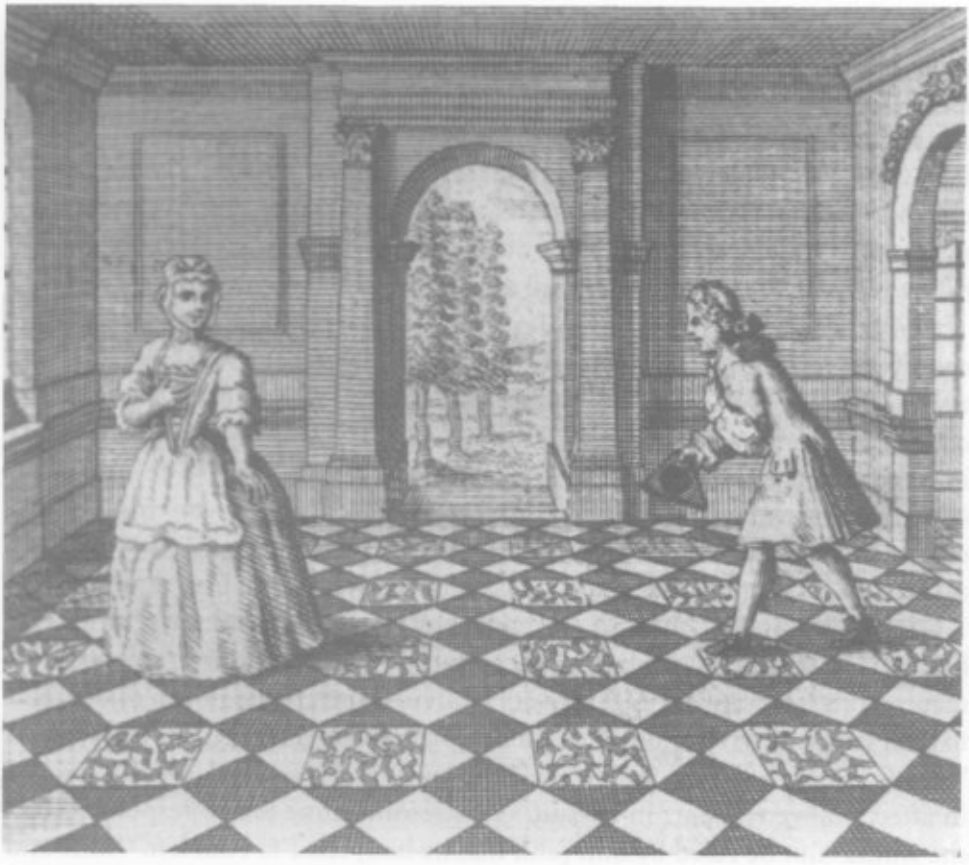
marriage should prove an unhappy one . . . I hope I shall be enabled to bear with whatever is the divine will."[36] The *Virginia Gazette* concurred with Elizabeth Foote Washington's fears when it advised,

> The most generally important Qualification in a good Wife . . . she ought to learn betimes even to suffer injustice, and bear it without complaint . . . for though they may have often reason to complain, they are always in the wrong to scold.[37]

Seventeenth-century women believed that "in our mother's era, when she transgressed — [she] was told her husband should rule over her." One hundred years later, wives maintained their own expectations of marriage and simply found "it was ever more pleasing to have my husband's opinion to coincide with mine." Reality did not always mirror marital aspirations. Mr. and Mrs. John Custis of Arlington went for weeks without speaking to one another. Out for a ride one day, Mr. Custis drove their carriage straight into the Chesapeake. When Mrs. Custis asked where he was going he responded "To Hell, Madam." "Drive on . . ." she retorted.[38] Elizabeth Washington pondered the fate of other dominated men.

> It is my mind that my husband should court my company – not avoid it if he can – as must be the case with those men who [have] those teasing kind of wives – or what else can be the meaning of men being so fond of going abroad – if it was not that they are sometimes tired of their wives company.[39]

Drink and gambling, and the lure of the taverns and the races became problems for those whose husbands had "an itch for the gaming — so great they could spend a whole day — or days in playing with the most indifferent creatures -- what excuses — what contrivances will they not make to blind a wife to get to a dice table."[40] Some husbands moderated their sojourns to the ordinary, and gambling did not become a problem for others. Betsy Ambler defended her brother-in-law's virtue when she explained, "it was greatly insinuated to G.W.N. . . . that Mr. M__l's fondness for play was added to an encreasing fondness for liquor . . . [but] Mr. M__l always played for amusement, and never for gain, and that he was of all men most temperate." Other wives had no tolerance whatsoever for gambling, as Mrs. Elizabeth Foote Washington gratefully acknowledged. "How much I have to thank thee for . . . that I should have a husband who despises the card and dice table – what a blessing."[41] Yet the wives of drinkers who suffered from the reveries of the night before found justice in their husbands' suffering.



The Tidewater gentry danced with an "etiquette of debt," an intricate web of financial obligation and conspicuous consumption that created, and sometimes broke apart, colonial marrages. (From Various Kinds of Floor Decorations *[London, 1739].)*

> What means this fury in my veins?
> This fire that hisses through my brains? . . .
> Now nauseous qualms my bosom heave,
> And, Oh! such sad sensations give . . .
> In dizzy mists my eyeballs swim
> A langour creeps o'er every limb, . . .
> But Patience! I deserve it all . . .
> Oh! fatal and accursed hour,
> And claret's more pernicious power . . .[42]

While some husbands found any occasion worthy of a toast, others found less to celebrate when British tobacco merchants cut the credit lines of individuals unable to make good on their debts. The tidewater gentry then elevated

virtuous behavior over false appearances. A desire to be financially solvent overrode the aristocratic aspirations of others as the advice "Let her not be poor . . . for a Man can buy nothing in the Market with Gentility" belied the fact that America's nouveau aristocrats could no longer cover their debts. A February 4, 1773 article from *Lady's Magazine* entitled "Reflections on Unhappy Marriages" cited conspicuous consumption as a cause of marital discord. The writer urged women to "change their present fashionable method of living and do what their grandmothers did before them, go to church, and be well acquainted with their own houses."[43]

Whether a woman ostentatiously presided over a plantation, or simply managed a virtuous home, she could take her husband to court for cruelty, desertion, or nonsupport. The true cause of the Custis's marital problems lay in a contract written in Northampton County. Mrs. Custis brought a large estate into the marriage and felt entitled to some say in its use. She also expressed her frustration at coverture. The court admonished both to "forbear" from calling each other "vile names," and ordered Mr. Custis to give Mrs. Custis an annual account of his estate. The court then ordered her not to run him into debt.[44]

Some women fled unfortunate marriages when they could not reform their husband's gambling, drinking, or spending habits. Newspapers ran advertisements from "abandoned" husbands that advised merchants not to offer credit to their runaway wives. Robert Smith complained that his wife Anne drove him "greatly in debt." Samuel Smith noted that as he and his wife Anne had "parted in affection, we will part in lawsuit." This second Anne Smith responded that she would "not be ruled by him [and that he had] tried to ruin her." Anne and George Jones disagreed "in the Management of our Affairs," and John Barrow seemed more bothered by his Anne taking their material possessions with her than by her disappearance.[45]

Some paternally arranged marriages did not work out when the girl who had married at age fourteen matured into a woman with a mind of her own. However, a woman who eloped from her husband lost both her legal rights and her social status. Elizabeth Allmond eloped from her William, Elizabeth Dunn eloped from her Agrippa, Elizabeth Jones eloped from her Vinkler, and Elizabeth Pearce eloped from her Jerimiah. All of these separation notices included the husband's disclaimer absolving himself from his wife's future debts.[46]

In the early 1770s, the *Virginia Gazette* aired many episodes of marital discord. Jane Hunter "behaved toward" her husband John "in so improduent a manner as to cause a separation," and Jean Johnson "not content to live with her John . . . went on in such a manner as to . . . ruin him." Mary Eckstine's husband saw fit to publish the complaint that he had "suffered . . . various abuses" by her. It is possible that he referred to his wallet rather than his person? When Mary Elliott left Thomas in 1775 she "conducted herself in such a manner" that he alerted his creditors to her behavior.[47]

Often a husband left his wife's first name out of the separation notice. Coverture relegated wives to the status of property, or perhaps a frustrated husband could not bring himself to mention her name. Jonathan Pike's wife "misbehaved," Joseph Blaine's wife "left me without a lawful reason," and John Field claimed wrong by the "woman whom, by youth, inexperience and imprudence, I was betrayed to marry." Thomas Younghusband issued four separate advertisements to "forewarn all Persons from trusting" his unnamed wife.

Other husbands used the marital separation as a public excuse to rationalize their own over-extended plight. The above-named Mr. Younghusband purchased a "pair of curls" and a "plain bob wig" on September 20, 1769. His own wig cost more than his wife's "side hair," and eight months passed before he paid this debt. The repetitive advertisements that cautioned creditors "not to transact business with her on my account" may have been a denial of his own excessive spending habits.[48] Although each husband attributed subtle variations to his estranged wife's "neglectful" behavior, each anxiously avoided responsibility for further financial liability. This same pattern appeared elsewhere in the colonies. Debt, not patriarchy, linked tidewater society firmly to the tobacco culture. Some husbands had legitimate concerns regarding their wives' extravagant habits, exacerbated by the tardy crop payments linked to the economics of tobacco culture.

Not all women reacted meekly to a public denouncement of their virtue. On September 17, 1770, William Paul advertised in the *Virginia Gazette* that his wife had put him "considerably in debt." He published his announcement twice, and on October 25, 1770, Fanny Paul printed her own retort,

> I think it necessary to acquaint the publick that we some time ago parted by mutual consent . . . I . . . giving him . . . undeniable securities that I will not run him into debt . . . the falsity of [his accusations] will appear from the following certificate. . . . "We the merchants in Fredericksburg do hereby certify that Fanny Paul, wife of William Paul, tailor, hath not contracted . . . any debts on her said husband's account."[49]

Elizabeth Moore's husband published their separation and noted she "behaves in a Manner highly undutiful to my Peace." She responded immediately with the disclaimer, "As my husband Filmer Moore has publickly said his Mother would sooner live in a hollow Tree than with me, and has removed me to my Father's House, with Promise to come and live with me . . . and kept himself from me these last six Months, without any Provocation from *me (so that he has eloped from me and not I from him)* . . . I can prove this to be only Spite and ill will, for I have not run him in debt one Farthing." Wise Elizabeth embarked on

their short-lived marriage with a contract that stipulated, "If the marriage is completed and Moore dies without children, all Elizabeth's slaves are to return to her." If she died without heirs, the slaves reverted "as before" to her family.[50] She most likely entered into the union in good faith and anticipated that her expectations might not be met. Elizabeth arranged the appropriate provisions to address that possibility.

Some husbands should have inquired more "diligently of her Disposition," before choosing mates who proved "contrary to my Expectation or Desire." Sarah Brooks left Dudley, Sarah Hudson fled from John's "Bed and Board," and Sarah Pringle's Richard "hereby forwarn[ed] all . . . Persons from harbouring her." Thomas Coldwell's Delphia "hath been a naughty, furious Housewife for some Years past," James Atherton's Lucy "hath behaved in a very unfriendly manner," and Nancy Rodelphus and Rebecca Martyr both "behaved . . . in a very indecent Manner" toward their husbands.[51]

Mary Face refused to "cohabit as a wife" with her husband William, and Elizabeth Carter's husband proclaimed she had "shamefully neglected and opprobriously laid aside the Duties of a . . . Wife, in every respect where the conjugal ties of Love . . . are binding." Both protests suggest sexual problems within the union. Financial straits did not cause all of the separations. Infidelity, no stranger to either gender, interrupted many marriages. When Mary Prothero left her Robert for "one Cuttings . . . a silversmith by trade," the deserted husband labeled Cuttings "a remarkable small man." According to William Aubrey, his wife Catherine's "intent [was] to [take up] company with Abrahams." Aubrey's run of bad luck ended five years later when a slave poisoned him as he dined at a neighbor's plantation.[52]

Susan Grier's husband complained that she "absconded by carrying with her . . . some of my most valuable effects . . . two Negro children . . . a silver ladle, one dozen of silver teaspoons." He also declared that he was no longer "master" of his plantation because she had "gone off with Anthony Richards . . . who came in two years ago, whom I set free . . . but he has turned out a fellow of consummate . . . ingratitude." The enraged husband offered a reward of ten pounds for the pair.[53]

Some women did not find it necessary to be contentious in order to win a point and instead embraced the influential domestic power they held. "I never thought it degrading to give up my opinion to my husbands . . . I think a woman may keep up the dignity of a wife and mistress of a family — without ever disrupting her husband."[54] Others approached an unhappy marriage with a divine, rather than psychological insight, and rationalized, "We are taught to believe that everything is ordered for the best - that nothing happens by chance - therefore it is my study to reconcile myself to the divine dispensations - endeavoring to trust . . . that the almighty will not afflict us more than he will enable us to bear."[55]

Some fled their marriages to escape debt or to seek greener pastures; others fled abusive relationships. Court records, newspapers, and journals noted physical and mental cruelty. William Fitzhugh believed his brother-in-law's "unkindness and follery" shortened his sister's days. Colonel James Gordon noted that his neighbor had been charged in the beating death of his wife. On the Maryland side of the bay, John Barrett admitted to his wife's murder, and John Steadman was hanged for his wife's death. The evidence included bruises on her body and "the marks of a man's fingers" on her throat. When Althea Cook's husband killed her, the *Maryland Gazette* reported his "horrid usage and unparalell'd barbarity was such as decency forbids us to relate." Clergymen also practiced acts of cruelty. One member, "very near perpetrated" the murder of his wife by "ty'g her up by the Leggs to the Bed Post and cut'g her in a cruel Man'r with Knives."[56]

Then, as now, the rich exhibited notorious behavior. In Maryland, the Fourth Lord Baltimore's wife left him after years of "barbarous cruelty," and the Sixth Lord Baltimore faced rape charges.[57] When the *Virginia Gazette* commented that the plaintiff's testimony in the latter case was "most consistent, steady and sensible," Baltimore found it necessary to publish a lengthy explanation to ease his conscience. "[The] falsity of this charge, the absurdity of it . . . [was] a means of obtaining a . . . sum of money; or whether it was thought necessary to destroy me, in order to re-establish the character of the girl . . . as a man of pleasure I am in opinion against all force."[58] The court "accordingly" acquitted Baltimore. It is open to speculation as to whether eighteenth-century society deemed this act of pleasure acceptable and perhaps expected behavior for a man of Calvert's station. Baltimore connected this drama to that of Chesapeake society in general when he "surrendered" himself to the "Court of King's Bench, [to] stake upon the verdict of twelve men, my life and fortune, and what is dearer to me that either, my honour."[59]

Despite the problems of desertion, divorce, infidelity, and violence, many marriages appeared satisfactory if not blissful. "You bring to my mind Solomon's excellent description of a good wife. . . . Such is my dearest Betsy, Her worth I esteem far above rubies."[60] When stationed with the army in the winter of 1777, another man wrote to his wife,

> My dear, when you are writing, write of nothing but yourself . . . tell me of your going to bed, of your rising, of the hour you breakfast, dine, sup, visit, tell me of anything, but leave me not in doubt about your HEALTH . . . heaven never means to separate two who love so well, so soon; & if it does, with what transport shall we meet in heaven?[61]

In turn, wives acknowledged a good husband and responded with loving

thoughts. Elizabeth Foote Washington recognized, "I shall ever acknowledge him a great blessing - he possesses many good qualities," and she sensed "I do think that there is not another man scarce to be found that would have suited me so well as my dear Mr. W." As the years passed she reminisced, "There certainly cannot be a more truly affectionate and tender husband as I have — I believe there never was married people who lived happier that we do."[62]

Tobacco and debt played key roles in the Chesapeake Bay theater. Due to the transatlantic nature of the tobacco crop, debt-driven anxieties could never be eradicated and the tidewater society subsequently lived by the precept that appearances were all-important. These appearances affected the relationships families had with each other and with persons across the sea. Parents danced with the "etiquette of debt" to ensure that nouveau blood lines would be preserved, and mediated marriages designed to secure family fortunes became as significant and similar as trade alliances.

By the mid-eighteenth century many children arranged their own matches, even among the elite. They preferred "virtuous" qualities over social rank. Expectations dictated that wives preserve their marriages by privately enduring a husband's peculiarities of drink, gambling, physical abuse, sexual problems, infidelity, gross spending habits, or any other scandalous behavior. The courts provided relief for a few, and some chose to flee. Others lived happily ever after, wherein the words "til death do us part" foretold the grande finale. "The 31st of March made me the happiest of wives. The 15th of June, a day never to be forgotten, my adored B.T. was snatched from my arms. . . . Think, Oh think my friend what it is to be parted forever from those we fondly love."[63] From the early settlement of the Chesapeake up until the founding of the new republic, marital companionship evolved from an Anglo-centric concept to an American institution.

NOTES

1. T. H. Breen, *Tobacco Culture: The Mentality of the Great Tidewater Planters on the Eve of the Revolution* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1985), 15, 23, 56, 91.
2. Ibid., 56.
3. Edmund S. Morgan, *Virginians at Home: Family Life in the Eighteenth Century* (Williamsburg: The William Byrd Press, 1952), 129; Philip Alexander Bruce, *Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century* (Williamsburg: Corner House Publishers, 1968), 229; Russell R. Menard, "British Migration to the Chesapeake," in Lois Green Carr, Philip D. Morgan, and Lorena Walsh, eds., *Colonial Chesapeake Society* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press), 14, 100.
4. As quoted in Julia Cherry Spruill, *Women's Life and Work in the Southern Colonies* (1938, reprint New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1972), 137; *Virginia Gazette,* July 6, 1768.
5. Lois Green Carr, Russell R. Menard, and Lorena S. Walsh, *Robert Cole's World: Agricul-*

ture & Society in Early Maryland (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1991), 157, 158–59; Lois Green Carr and Lorena S. Walsh, "The Planter's Wife: The Experience of White Women in Seventeenth-Century Maryland," *William and Mary Quarterly,* 34 (1977): 153.

6. *Virginia Gazette*, December 17, 1772.

7. Jan Lewis, *The Pursuit of Happiness: Family and Values in Jefferson's Virginia* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1985), 172. Per Lewis, "In the balanced world of pre-revolutionary Virginia, comfort was thought to come from material independence."

8. *Virginia Gazette*, January 30, 1752.

9. Spruill, *Women's Life and Work*, 143.

10. Robert Bolling, *Robert Bolling Woos Anne Miller, Love and Courtship in Colonial Virginia, 1760*, J. A. Leo Lemay, ed. (Charlottesville: The University Press of Virginia, 1990), 53; *Virginia Gazette*, January 12, 1769.

11. William Byrd, diary entries for January 15, 1717, and July 20, 1723, and Byrd to Charles, Earl of Arrery, February 3, 1728, in Maude A. Woodfin, ed., *Another Secret Diary of William Byrd of Westover 1739-1741: With Letters and Literary Exercises 1696–1726* (Richmond: The Dietz Press, Inc., 1942).

12. Jack P. Greene, ed., *Landon Carter: An Inquiry Into the Personal Values and Social Imperatives of the Eighteenth-Century Virginia Gentry* (Charlottesville: Dominion Books, 1965), 185.

13. Morgan, *Virginians at Home*, 36.

14. *Virginia Gazette*, October 15, 1736; Spruill, *Women's Life and Work*, 175, 178; Philip Fithian to Elizabeth Beatty, August 31, 1773, in Philip Fithian, *Journal and Letters of Philip Vickers Fithian, 1773–1774: A Plantation Tutor of the Old Dominion*, Hunter Dickson Farrish, ed. (Williamsburg: Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., 1957); journal entry for April 4, 1774, *Fithian Journal*.

15. Mildred Smith to Jaquelin Ambler, February 1785, and E. J. A. (Elizabeth J. Ambler) Carrington to Ann Ambler Fisher, 1810, Elizabeth Jaquelin Ambler Papers, 1780–1832, DMS 54.5, Colonial Williamsburg Foundation (hereinafter cited Ambler Collection).

16. *Fithian Journal*, October 18, 1774; Spruill, *Women's Life and Work*, 171. Martha Burwell subsequently married Henry Armistead, apparently without violence or bloodshed. *Virginia-Gazette*, July 6, 1776.

17. *Fithian Journal*, April 4, 1774.

18. E. J. A. Carrington to Ann Ambler Fisher, October 10, 1796, Ambler Collection; Morris Talpalar, *The Sociology of Colonial Virginia* (New York: Philosophical Library, Inc., 1960), 220; *Virginia Gazette*, March 11 and December 3, 1773; Spruill, *Women's Life and Work*, 140.

19. Bolling, *Robert Bolling Woos Anne Miller*, 61–62; *Virginia Gazette*, January 30, 1752; Spruill, *Women's Life and Work*, 145.

20. *Virginia Gazette*, September 21, 1769.

21. Francis Norton Mason, ed., *John Norton & Son: Merchants of London & Virginia, Being Papers from their Counting House to be the Years 1750–1795* (New York: Augustus M. Kelley Publishers, 1968), 53–54.

22. E. J. A. Carrington to Ann Ambler Fisher, 1809, Ambler Collection.

23. Bolling, *Robert Bolling Woos Anne Miller*, 53, 57, 55.

24. Ibid., 53, 55, 54, 68. "I could for a moment suspect a [well] bred girl of practicing indiscretions such as hers." Perhaps Bolling's Nancy took to heart the lyrics of a song published in *Virginia Gazette*, January 26, 1769,

> When a woman's front is wrinkled,
> and her hairs are sprinkled with gray,
> Lackaday! How her lovers fall away!

> . . . And while the sun shines make hay;
> You must not expect in December
> The flowers you gathered in May.

25. Mildred Smith to Betsy Ambler, York, 1780, Ambler Collection.
26. Mildred Smith to Jaquelin Ambler, York, Ambler Collection.
27. E. J. A. Carrington to Ann Ambler Fisher, 1810, and Mildred Smith to Betsy Ambler, 1780, Ambler Collection; Mary Beth Norton, *Liberty's Daughters: The Revolutionary Experience of American Women 1750–1800* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1980), 56. Rachel's shame also soured her younger sister's marriageability and later caused family dissension over inheritance rights.
28. *Virginia Gazette,* January 2, 1752.
29. E. J. A. Carrington to Ann Ambler Fisher, 1810, Ambler Collection. Betsy also noted the changes in another letter to Ann on October 10, 1796,

> To know oneself has always been esteemed
> the perfection of human knowledge
> It is a knowledge, however, that few are
> scrupulously inclined to attain,
> being ever more solicitous to be known by others,
> than to know themselves.

30. Norton, *Liberty's Daughters,* 59–60.
31. E. J. A. Carrington to Ann Ambler Fisher, 1810, Ambler Collection; Mason, ed., *Norton & Son: Merchants,* 250–51. Merchant John Norton also described as a superior spouse the American helpmate who brought no dowry. "There is this consideration in our Country [that] Women in general supply [their] deficiency of fortune by making better wives."
32. Spruill, *Women's Life and Work,* 154; *Virginia Gazette,* March 6, 1771.
33. *Virginia Gazette,* February 20, 1752. Another poem appeared in the *Gazette* of March 25, 1775:

> Through the hazy walk of life
> Chequer'd [sic] o'er with care and strife
> We each other will attend,
> Be each other's faithful friend.

34. Spruill, *Women's Life and Work,* 136.
35. Talpalar, *Sociology,* 219; Elizabeth Foote Washington, journal, November 1779, Washington Family Collection, microfilm copy (Library of Congress Photoduplication Service, 1980), Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Williamsburg, Va., hereinafter cited as Washington Collection; Morgan, *Virginians at Home,* 40, 47–48.
36. Elizabeth Foote Washington, journal, November 1779, Washington Collection.
37. *Virginia Gazette,* January 21, 1773.
38. Elizabeth Foote Washington, journal, spring, 1789, Washington Collection; Morgan, *Virginians at Home,* 48.
39. Elizabeth Foote Washington, journal, November 1779, Washington Collection.
40. Elizabeth Foote Washington, journal, November 1779, Washington Collection; *Virginia Gazette,* April 16 and April 23, 1772. The successes and failures of marriages were popular topics. Williamsburg locals were entertained by plays entitled *The Provok'd Husband* or *The Way to Keep Him.*

41. E. J. A. Carrington to Ann Ambler Fisher, 1810, Ambler Collection; Elizabeth Foote Washington, November 1779, Washington Collection. This Elizabeth Washington was the wife of George Washington's plantation manager.
42. *Virginia Gazette,* March 25, 1775.
43. Ibid., January 30, 1752; Spruill, *Women's Life and Work,* 167.
44. Talpalar, *Sociology,* 219. Wives were "femme coverts" under the law. They were not legal citizens, and their money and property transferred to their husbands when they married. Spruill, *Women's Life and Work,* 169.
45. *Virginia Gazette,* January 12, 1769, December 13, 1770, August 17, 1776, August 30, 1776.
46. *Virginia Gazette,* February 15, 1770, August 5, 1773, April 1, 1773; Merrill D. Smith, *Breaking the Bonds: Marital Discord in Pennsylvania 1730–1830* (New York: New York University Press, 1991), 23.
47. *Virginia Gazette,* February 9, 1769, February 22 and March 22, 1770, July 16, 1772; January 21, 1775; York County Project: Abstracts and Transcripts of York County Records, microfilm reel #3135, May 20, 1765.
48. *Virginia Gazette,* October 13, 1778, May 21, 1772, October 4, 1770, October 18, 1770, January 10, 1771, January 24, 1772; Charlton Papers (Williamsburg: Colonial Williamsburg Foundation).
49. *Virginia Gazette,* September 17, 1770, October 4, 1770, October 25, 1770.
50. Ibid., May 2 and May 9, 1771; York County Project, reel #119, August 15, 1769.
51. *The Virginia Gazette,* January 30, 1752, December 2, 1753, August 20, 1772, September 10, 1772, September 8, 1775, June 16, 1774.
52. *Virginia Gazette,* July 6 and 27, 1769, August 26, 1775, October 11, 1776; York County Project, reel #M1797.3, June 22, 1768, May 28, 1773.
53. *Virginia Gazette,* December 14, 1769.
54. Elizabeth Foote Washington, journal entry, spring 1798, Washington Collection.
55. Ibid.
56. Spruill, *Women's Life and Work,* 172; Smith, *Breaking the Bonds,* 180. As Kaufman observed, "many of the problems they faced or created in their marriages existed in earlier periods and also exist today." *The Maryland Gazette,* November 8 and 15, and December 6, 1753, April 17, 1751, February 1 and April 26, 1753.
57. Spruill, *Women's Life and Work,* 172, 175.
58. *Virginia Gazette,* June 16, 1768.
59. *Virginia Gazette,* June 23, 1768. Open for speculation was his intimation that it was a "physical impossibility for me to have ravished this woman, who is stronger than I am," *Virginia Gazette,* June 23, 1772.
60. Spruill, *Women's Life and Work,* 166.
61. Morgan, *Virginians at Home,* 50.
62. Elizabeth Foote Washington, journal entries, spring 1789, November 1779, Washington Family Collection.
63. E. J. A. Carrington to Mildred Smith, July 10, 1786, Ambler Collection; Elizabeth Foote Washington, July 17, 1796, Washington Collection. Elizabeth Washington also lamented the loss of her husband, "My God — what shall I say — give me perfect resignation to thy divine will — (as) thou, my gracious Lord, thought fit to take the dear partner and companion of my life from me."

Death of a Soldier

CHARLES A. EARP

In August 1862, Isaac W. Lashley, a nineteen-year-old farmer from Allegany County, Maryland, enlisted for three years in the Union army. His regiment, the 8th Maryland Infantry, with the 1st, 4th and 7th Maryland, made up the Maryland Brigade under the command of Colonel Andrew W. Denison and was assigned to duty in Western Maryland. The brigade temporarily joined the Army of the Potomac during the 1862 and 1863 Confederate incursions into the state but aside from skirmishes at Maryland Heights and Funkstown, saw no action. After the battle of Gettysburg it remained with the army.[1]

In May 1864 General Ulysses S. Grant took the Army of the Potomac south across the Rapidan River and opened what would come to be known as the Wilderness Campaign. The Maryland Brigade, now assigned to the Second Division (Robinson's) of the Fifth Corps, crossed with the rest of the army and entered the Wilderness, the densely wooded, thinly populated area northwest of Fredericksburg, Virginia, that already had seen heavy fighting at the battle of Chancellorsville the year before. The Army of Northern Virginia was waiting for them.[2]

Warren's Fifth Corps constituted the center of the Union line and on the morning of May 5 the Marylanders were sent to support Wadsworth's Division of the Fifth Corps in an assault on the Confederate position. Wadsworth's attack failed and his men, including the famed Iron Brigade, fell back through the ranks of the Marylanders, who then stood fast and whose fire temporarily halted the Confederate advance. The Rebels attacked again in force, outflanking the Marylanders. Nearly surrounded the brigade was forced to retreat, with heavy casualties.[3]

Among those who fell was Private Lashley who received a serious chest wound. In August 1864, the following letters, some written by him and others about him, appeared in a Pennsylvania newspaper, the *Bedford Inquirer*. Bedford County, Pennsylvania, just north of Allegany County, Maryland, was then home to Lashley's family.[4]

Hospital near Mine Run
[May] 10, 1864[5]

Dear Father and Mother:

With sorrow, I would inform you, that I am now in the hospital. I had been in three engagements last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. In the latter, I was

Charles A. Earp writes from Lutherville, Maryland.

wounded through the right breast, you may suppose it is a serious case but it is not. I am getting along tolerably well, and think in a few days we will be removed to Washington Hospital. I will let you know as soon as I get there. I hope my dear father and mother that you will not trouble yourselves about me, as I think I will be all right in a short time; the fight is going on yet; the enemy are falling back. I have no time to write more, but will write soon again. I remain your affec't son.

I. W. LASHLEY

Fredericksburg Hospital
May 19th,1864

My Dear Mother and Father:

I write to say I am getting along slowly, my wound is not as painful as it has been. The Doctor tells me that with care I will continue to mend. We expect to be removed from this place to Washington or some hospital. I am in pretty good spirits and hope before a great while to be about. I have met with kind friends in this place, who have ministered to my comfort. My friend Luther[6] has escaped without a scratch as far as I know. My dear parents I can assure you I have thought much on the subject of Religion since I have been in the army, but since I have been lying here, I have found that Jesus has been my friend, and it has been a great comfort to me. Tell brothers and sisters to seek this blessed Saviour and make Him their friend, because he is a friend that "sticketh closer than a brother". I hope that all of you are in good health. May God bless you my dear parents. Do not write until you hear from me again, because I do not know how long we may remain in this place. I will write you again in a week or ten days.

(Without signature)

McClellan Hospital
Fortress Monroe, May 21, 1864

Mrs. Mary E. Lashley

Madam: Three weeks ago, I was ordered from my own Hospital in Washington, to Fredericksburg, to assist in the care of the wounded from "the Wilderness".

Among those placed under my care was your son, Isaac W. Lashley, of Co. C, 8th Maryland Regiment. My attention was first directed to him by one of his comrades, and I soon found he needed all the care I could give him. He bore his sufferings very patiently, saying that it was his Saviour's will that he should suffer so.

He told me that one of the Christian Commission wrote you for him. I will not, therefore, repeat what you have undoubtedly heard respecting the nature and date of his wound. It is my painful duty to tell you that when I left him on

Thursday morning last he was dying. He was, I think, partially delirious; but he told me some days before, if [he] died, to tell his mother he died in the grace of Jesus.

Someone else may write you of his death, but I will give you this message — the most comforting he could have sent you. I have delayed writing this, hoping to hear something more about him from some[one] who left after I did; but as I have heard nothing, and have been ordered away from Washington to this place where I shall be very unlikely to hear anything more, I felt that I must write this while the circumstances were fresh in my mind.

I wish to tell you, also, that he was under the care of a kind and faithful surgeon, and that he was made as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. I think the wound was mortal from the first, so that nothing could have saved his life.

I feel that when a Christian soldier dies for his country he leaves an honored name which will not be forgotten. Such men as your son we are sorry to lose, but we must give them up for the sacred cause of our country and human freedom.

He told me after he was wounded he gave his pocket-book to a surgeon, on the field, with his address, and this surgeon promised to send it to his home. He said if you ever received it, to use its contents as you pleased. I think he said it contained about $15

Allow me, Madam, to subscribe myself, Yours respectfully,

Caroline H. Merrick

Camp Near White House Landing, Va.
Saturday, June 11th, 1864

Dear Friend, Mrs. Lashley:

It is my painful duty to drop you a few lines to-day, painful for the tidings I have to send you. Your son, Isaac, my friend and companion is dead. He fell fighting nobly in defense of his country, and his country's flag. He was wounded through the body in a fight that took place, May 5th, near the Wilderness battle-field. I saw him a few moments in the evening when he was carried off the bloody field, but only a few minutes, and I was compelled to leave him. He was taken to the hospital. I heard from him a few days after; he was in Fredericksburg where all our wounded were sent. The person that saw him, told me he was getting better. I was glad to hear that, and I hoped and prayed that he might get well and live to be a comfort and stay to his parents whom he loved so much.

After that I did not hear from him for several weeks and that only a few days ago, and then the news was, that he had died, was buried at Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock river. He died on the 25th of May, about 5 o'clock in the evening, and was buried next morning. I am told that a board with his name marks his resting place, which is on the north side of the town and near the

canal. When he died he had on his person a small Testament, which he always carried, and a small memorandum book, so the person who was with him told me. I hoped that he got some one to write to you for him while he was there, and I hope you heard from him while he was still living. He had some money when he was wounded, how much I do not know.

The person who was with him said he did not think he had any money when he died, and I suppose he had given it to some one to send to you.

He was a good and noble fellow; and a true, brave soldier. I feel his loss deeply, for I loved him almost as much as I do a brother. He had many friends in his company and regiment.

I sympathize with you, his parents, who mourn his loss, but though you mourn, you need not mourn for him as one who had no hope. Almost the last words that dear Isaac said to me were that he was all right. I have reason to believe that he died with a bright hope of a "blissful immortality beyond the grave". He said, among other things, the last moments I was with him, that he hoped I would get out safe, and though suffering extreme pain himself, appeared glad that I was unhurt.

Dear friends, I hope I have not been the first to break the painful news to you, and that someone who was with him when he breathed his last, may have kindly sent you word Although it hurts me to write to you and tell you all I know of him, yet it is my duty both to him and you and I would not feel content until I had done so. I trust this dimly written sheet may reach you and find you all well and happy. I am quite well, and should be glad to get a line from you at any time. A letter will reach me by directing it to J. L. Troxell, Co. C, 8th Regt. Md. Vols. 2nd Brig., 2nd Div., 5th A.C., Washington City, D.C.

Believe me to be ever your sincere friend. J. L. T.

The record is not clear exactly where and when Private Lashley received his mortal wound. Private Troxell, who was there, says it was on May 5, during the first day of the battle of the Wilderness. Lashley's obituary also says May 5 in the Wilderness. Lashley's compiled military service record in the National Archives states that he was wounded at Laurel Hill on May 8, in a part of the battle of Spotsylvania Court House in which the Maryland Brigade also participated and sustained heavy casualties. Union losses in these two battles were appalling—17,766 in the Wilderness and 18,399 at Spottsylvania Court House for a total of 36,165 killed, wounded, and missing. It is possible that in the enormous task of reporting the casualties for these two battles, an error occurred in Lashley's case. The eyewitness account of Private Troxell seems more reliable.

Lashley's enlistment papers describe him as being six feet, two inches tall, of fair complexion, with blue eyes and black hair. Other papers in his compiled

military service record show that he was entitled to a one-hundred-dollar enlistment bounty but had only received twenty-five dollars of it before he died. There were no effects with him at the time of his death so his personal belongings mentioned by Private Troxell must have been sent to his parents. Although he died in a Union hospital in Fredericksburg and was buried in the hospital cemetery, no record exists of his reinterment in the Fredericksburg National Cemetery. If there, he lies among the unknown dead.

Isaac Lashley's letters, and those of Private Troxell and Nurse Merrick, reveal him to have been a devout Christian youth, a brave soldier, a patient sufferer, a considerate son, and a good friend. He would have been twenty-two years old on September 6, 1864.

NOTES

1. Isaac W. Lashley, Compiled Military Service Record, National Archives Microfilm Publications, Micro Copy No. 384, Compiled Service Records of Volunteer Soldiers Who Served in Organizations from the State of Maryland, Roll 107; *History and Roster of Maryland Volunteers, War of 1861–65*, L. Allison Wilmer, et al., eds. (Baltimore, Maryland: 1898) published by the State of Maryland, 1:304–5.
2. Ibid.; Mark M. Boatner III, *The Civil War Dictionary* (New York, New York: 1959), 805, 919–25.
3. *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington, D.C.:1880–1901), series 1, volume 36, part 1, pages 593,601,603,604, Reports of Division, Brigade and Regimental commanders. The colonel of the 8th Maryland filed no report; for an account by Colonel Charles E. Phelps, commanding the 7th Maryland Infantry, see *History and Roster of Maryland Volunteers,* 1:264–66.
4. The *Bedford Inquirer,* Bedford, Pennsylvania, August 19, 1864, from a microfilm copy at the State Library, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
5. The date on Lashley's first letter to his parents, April 10, 1864, as printed in the paper, is in error. It should be May 10, 1864.
6. Luther, mentioned in Lashley's second letter, is J. Luther Troxell, the writer of the fourth letter.
7. Obituary, *Bedford Inquirer,* August 19, 1864; Compiled Military Service Record; *The Photographic History of the Civil War,* Francis Trevelyn Miller, ed. (New York: 1912), 3:318, 320.
8. Compiled Military Service Record; Fredericksburg National Military Park.
9. Obituary, *Bedford Inquirer,* August 19, 1864. After the death of her husband, Lashley's mother filed for a mother's pension from the United States. It was denied on the grounds that she failed to provide the required supporting information. See Isaac W. Lashley, Co. C, 8th Maryland Infantry, Application of mother, Mary E. Lashley, Application number 285287, no Certificate number, National Archives.

Book Excerpt

After Chancellorsville: Letters from the Heart

The *Maryland Historical Magazine* from time to time presents excerpts from new books on the Maryland Historical Society list. *After Chancellorsville: Letters from the Heart,* is a collection of Civil War letters written between Private Walter G. Dunn of the 11th New Jersey Infantry and his distant cousin, Mary Emma Randolph, of Plainfield, New Jersey. Dunn was severely wounded in May 1863 at the Battle of Chancellorsville and hospitalized in Baltimore. As soon as he sufficiently recovered, he assisted surgeons as the wounded from Gettysburg arrived in the city. His letters described all manner of events taking place in Baltimore. Emma's, which begin in the summer of 1864 (he burned her earlier letters at the time of Early's Raid), give us a superb glimpse of wartime life in a small Northern town. Edited by Judith A. Bailey and Robert I. Cottom, the volume will be published in December. Randomly chosen letters are presented here with footnotes renumbered for the reader's convenience.

Jarvis US General Hospital[1]
10 P.M. Friday, July 10th 1863

My Dear Friend

Yours has just arrived and I hasten to reply. Today is my first experience in nursing wounded soldiers. I have improved quite rapid since I left home and as the wounded have been coming in by the hundreds for a few days past.[2] I volunteered to do what I could to relieve the poor sufferers and my services were accepted as a nurse. I have scarcely found time to eat since morning but as the most of the patients are now snoring away at a right smart gaile I thought that I would improve this opportunity, not knowing how busy I may be in days to come. In this ward there are several very bad wounds but we are all getting allong well. Nothing suits me better than to relieve sufferers. One patient who is suffering from a wound in his right hand, seems to talk a considerable in his sleep, if he continues to interrupt me much longer, I'll take down some notes.

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[1]Located on the confiscated estate of Confederate General George Hume Steuart in Baltimore.

[2]The wounded were from the Gettysburg campaign and may well have included men from the 11th New Jersey, which took heavy casualties on July 2 as part of General Daniel Sickles's Third Corps.

How cheering the news have been for a few days past—almost every day brings with it news of some new success of our troops. Meade's victory in Maryland,[3] surrender of Vicksburg, the expected fall of Ft. Hudson and the chase after Bragg,[4] what glorious news. I think that Rebeldom is soon to cave in.

You spoke of the proceedings of evening previous the one you wrote the letter was it for the capture of Richmond? You said, you imagined that I would be half sitting under one of those beautiful shade trees when I received your letter, allow me to inquire where you would imagine the other half to be.

I presume from what you said that the fourth passed off very pleasantly in Plainfield. How is your ice cream in a fun parlor?

There it goes again, the poor cripples are continually thinking and talking fight. Yes, the loyalty of Baltimore has been rather dubious during this war but this last raid of Lees has much changed the tide of sentiment. When Baltimore was threatened, many who were thought to be disloyal, volunteered for its defence. A great many of its streets have been blockeadeded with large hogsheads[5] filled with dirt and stone to prevent a rapid progress of cavalry. I like to sit in the front door of the hospital which opens into the street and whistle at the secesh girls, as they promenade up and down the street, to tease them. A disloyal man has to be very carefull what he says now or down he goes. A few days ago while some prisoners were passing through on their way to Ft. McHenry, a citizen sung out three cheers for Jef. Davis, and the surgeon in charge of this hospital who was standing by knocked him down, a cavalryman saw him fall, run up and commenced cutting him over the head with his sabre and would have killed him had not some one drug him out. Served him right; such a mans head should be severed from his body. Some parts of this City are very pleasant and nice while others are not fit to live in.

I saw your cousin Lewis Dunn[6] when I was out to the front—but he did not see me I do not think.

I should judge by the way that you answered a certain question, that I asked you just before I left you last, that you thought that I was rather forward or

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[3]As the Army of Northern Virginia withdrew from Gettysburg across Maryland to the Potomac, its rear guard fought off Union cavalry in a series of minor actions. Skirmishes, sometimes sharp, broke out in Hagerstown, Boonsborough, and Williamsport (July 6), and Downsville and Funkstown (July 7), but the Army of the Potomac under the command of George Gordon Meade undertook no vigorous pursuit and no pitched battle occurred.

[4]The Confederate garrison at Vicksburg surrendered to General Ulysses S. Grant's Union forces on July 4, 1863. On July 8, Port Hudson, Louisiana, also surrendered, opening the Mississippi River and splitting the Confederacy in two. Confederate General Braxton Bragg had concentrated his army around Chattanooga, after losing most of Tennessee to the Federal Army of the Cumberland under the command of General William S. Rosecrans.

[5]Large wooden barrels.

[6]Emma had two cousins named Lewis ("Lew") Dunn, one of whom was Walter's brother. Walter is here probably referring to the other.

ahead of myself. I have no doubt but what I was and if such was the case I feel very sorry that I did it and hope that you will overlook it?

How are Dave and Sallie[7] getting along since the Fourth? Well I see that I have my sheet nearly filled but with what I cannot say for I have been called up to dress wounds I don't know how many times but you must consider my circumstances when you read it. I have come near the jumping off place and in the words of my inspired correspondent—I must close and so it goes. —Ever Yours, W. G. Dunn

The request for a speedy reply is supposed to be understood. W. G. Dunn

Brick House
Jarvis Genl. Hospital
July 30th 1863

Dear Friend

I feel sorry to say that I have been obliged to allow your letter, which I received the 20th, to remain so long without an answer. Since I received your letter I have been very sick and obliged to keep my bed, but now I am much better. I am patient now instead of nurse. I think that I will never enjoy good health as long as I stay in the hospital and I am going to improve the first opportunity to get away. Ike has also been quite sick but is now recovering. My shoulder is nearly well. I have found the ball and am waiting on the Surgeons motion to have it extracted. He says that it is in a very critical place and it would not be safe to cut it out now but thinks that in course of time it will work nearer the surface. It is behind my shoulder.

I heard a few days ago from N[ew] Market that they supposed that James Beatie[8] was killed. If such is the case, I feel almost as though I had lost a brother. Have you heard anything concerning him?

I see in the papers that they have quieted the mob in New York[9] but I believe that the draft has been suspended has it not? How is the draft progressing in Plainfield?

Did the threatened rioters make out much? If anything of the kind happened in Plainfield I would like to have a hand in it. I would like to have a

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[7]Probably David L. Randolph of Brooklyn, New Jersey, and Sallie Johnson, frequently mentioned in the letters. No further identification found.

[8]Probably Pvt. James Beatty, Walter Dunn's age and a member of Company D, 11th New jersey Volunteers, who had enlisted on the same day that Walter did. Beatty was listed as missing in action at Gettysburg on July 2, 1863. The War Department later listed him as having died on that date.

[9]On July 13, 1863, opposition to the draft in New York City erupted into a riot that lasted three days and was completely quelled with the arrival of Union troops rushed from the Gettysburg campaign. The riots were savage and severe, and contemporary newspaper accounts greatly exaggerated the extent of the destruction.

scratch with some of those Jersey Copperheads, I would show them no quarters. In my opinion they are worse than the rebes themselves.[10]

I expect that one of the patients in this ward will have his foot amputated either today or tomorrow. The Surgeon told him that he would either loose his life or his foot. They have taken up two arteries in his foot and tied them to keep him from bleeding to death. I think that if you had seen me when the doctors were performing the opperation, you would have thought that I was a butcher, I was so covered with blood.

A few days ago one of our patients died and about an hour afterward his wife came to see him. I never saw a woman so struck with disappointment as she was when I told her that he had just died. She was out of employment in the city where she lived and the Surgeon in charge gave her employment here as a nurse.

I suppose that you are thinking of going to Florida[11] as it is about time. I have had an invitation to a dancing party in the city next week and I think that that will have to do for my Florida this year. If you go Florida this year I hope that you will get home before 9 o-clock next morning. With the hope of an early reply, I will close and remain ever your Friend, W G. Dunn

P.S. When you read this consider that it was written by a patient. W G Dunn

Baltimore, Md.
July 14, 1864

My Dear Emma

Yours of July 6th was duly received, after several days of disappointment. Oweing to an unexpected visit to the suburbs of this City by a party of "Harry Gilmors raiders"[12] and circumstances connected therewith, I have been unable

[10]The term "Copperheads" refers to Democrats who were outspoken in their opposition to the war effort. Democrats were particularly strong in New Jersey, and Republicans in New Jersey regiments were unusually defensive about the loyalty of their state—one reason for Walter's vehemence. For a full account of New Jersey politics in the Civil War era, see William Gillette, *Jersey Blue: Civil War Politics in New Jersey, 1854–1865* (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1995).

[11]Florida beach was a bathing area frequented by Emma Randolph and her friends a short distance from Plainfield.

[12]Colonel Harry Gilmor, of a distinguished Baltimore family, led a band of Confederate "irregular" cavalry. On July 5, 1864, he was part of an "invading army" under the command of Jubal Early that crossed the Potomac and threatened Washington. On July 9, Early encountered a Union force hastily assembled by General Lew Wallace at the Monocacy River, near Frederick, and defeated it. As elements of the Federal Army of the Potomac rushed northward from Virginia to defend the capital, Confederate cavalry under the command of Bradley T. Johnson broke off and began cutting railroad lines north of Baltimore. Johnson sent Gilmor on a march to cut the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad northeast of the city, which Gilmor managed to do after stopping at his Baltimore County home along the way. After menacing the capital for two days, Early withdrew to Virginia on the fourteenth. For a detailed account of the operation, see B. F. Cooling, *Jubal Early's Raid on Washington, 1864* (Baltimore: The Nautical and Aviation Publishing Company, 1989).

to write you before. Do not consider the object of my delay to cancel yours, . . . as I pardoned you for your delay, thus do I hope to be pardoned.

This City has been in a very critical condition, surrounded as it has been with bands of lawless robbers,[13] when it was defenceless and its mail and rail communications all cut off from the outter world. For several days past the City has been the scene of the most intense excitement, but now is quiet and I think all danger over as the enemy is reported retreating toward the Potomac. On Sabbath evening Brig. Genl. Lockwood, Comdg the "Civil Forces" for the defence of the City, established his Head Quarters in our Office and a good portion of the time since the street in front has been crowded with troops. It would make you laugh to see the awkward appearance of some of the "Civil Forces" that have been daily reporting here. Yesterday the "Negros" reported by "thousands," armed with picks and spades for throwing up fortifications. Last evening at 5 o'clock the "Militia" was ordered out. The order was for all loyal men to turn out and the disloyal to leave the City. A large number have already reported to these "Head Quarters" and gone out to the front. It will take about five times as many such soldiers, as it would of Veterans to guard the City, for in several instances, a single volley of musketry has broken and made them run.[14] The raiders burned Gov. Bradfords house,[15] a short distance from the City, and I do not see why they did not enter the city, as there was nothing to prevent them. It is useless for me to write more on this subject as you will get all the particulars in the New York papers. I have been out to the "front" only once. I volunteered to take the "countersign" to Forts No. 6 &7[16] for one of the "Orderlies" if he would let me have his horse, which he appeared as willing to do as I was to go. I had a gay ride over hills and ravines and enjoyed it heartily. I have been employed as clerk in the Adjt. Genls. Office, consequently have not seen fight. I volunteered to go out to the front several times, but one of the Staff Officers told me, my services would be of more advantage in the Office, he being my superior, I obeyed him. I am glad to learn that you had such a fine time on the Fourth. The history of my doings on that day would differ greatly from yours. In answer to your question, the Baltimorians do celebrate it as a day of indepen-

[13]The reference to "Lawless robbers" is aimed at Gilmor, whose troops had acquired a reputation for brigandage after robbing a train and its passengers in the Shenandoah. See Kevin Conley Ruffner, "'More Trouble than a Brigade': Harry Gilmor's 2d Maryland Cavalry in the Shenandoah Valley," *Maryland Historical Magazine,* 89 (1994): 389–412.

[14]Walter is probably referring to the Battle of Monocacy, where raw Union troops acquitted themselves reasonably well in a holding action against seasoned Confederate veterans. He does not refer to the fact that in Washington military officials believed they could defend the city with invalids and hundred-day men.

[15]Bradley Johnson burned the house of Maryland Governor Augustus BRadford, a few miles north of Baltimore, in retaliation for the Federals' burning the house of the Virginia governor in Lexington before rejoining Early outside Washington.

[16]The forts surrounding Baltimore were numbered.

dence. In the morning my chum and myself took a walk to see what was going on in the City. Feeling quite ill after dinner I went to bed and slept soundly untill supper time, after which I went to Holliday St. Square, and saw a fine display of Fireworks, thus did I spend the Eighty-Eighth birthday of our National Independence. I declined an invitation to visit "Druid Hill Park"[17] on the Fourth with a party of ladies and gents and on Friday I received a note of invitation from the same party to visit the Park that evening, but I did not receive the note untill after the hour appointed for meeting at the depot, and as a matter of course I could not go, such is my luck. I have accepted the invitation to go out in the country. I expect to go on Sabbath afternoon and return Tuesday, as soon as the raiders relieve us of their non-welcomed presence. I wish that you were here to go with me but as that is impossible I will wait untill this war is over and then if our lives are spared we will have some pleasant trips togather. Please inform me who "Aunt Em" and "Cousin Hannah" are. You stated that you had been weighed, what is your weight?

I think that Plainfield must be past all redemption when the ladies are obliged to make their "beaux" from their own sex. I think, for the benefit of Plainfield and the people of N. Jersey in general, that it would be a nice plan for the State authorities to call home some of their Soldiers, I mean those who belong to the "Veteran Reserve (Invalid) Corps" what think you of it? If you are about to turn "beaux" I will know where to get one when I come home.

I rejoice to learn that Dannie Ayres, before his death, gave good evidence of his acceptance by "God," what a great amount of satisfaction it must be to his friends. I sympathise with you for the loss of your friend, Mr. Force.[18] It must cause sad thoughts when you reflect on the past, that you have been accused of being the cause of his enlisting, which some would say was the cause of his death.[19] Susie and your cousin Lew Dunn are very intimate; are they not?

I have heard nothing about Tom Titsworth and Will Smith being captured. I cannot credit it.

I suppose that Hattie Dunn[20] has returned from Alfred Center[21] has she not? It is reported in this City that there is a "great riot" in New York City.[22] I have not

[17]A magnificent park north of the city that had opened in 1859.

[18]Possible a relative of Emma's cousin, Susie Force, who would marry Lew Dunn, another of Emma's cousins, in March 1865.

[19]From the beginning of the war, women played a prominent role in inducing men to enlist in the army. Although community pride and competition with other towns boosted recruiting, women through encouragement, scorn, and what Gerald F. Linderman calls "sexual intimidation" drove men to war. See Linderman, *Embattled Courage: The Experience of Combat in the American Civil War* (New York: The Free Press, 1987), chap. 8. Embittered Union veteran Ambrose Bierce wrote scathingly of their effect in his chilling short story, "Killed at Resaca."

[20]Harriet M. Dunn, of Plainfield, attended Alfred University from 1862 until 1865.

[21]Alfred University.

[22]The report was erroneous.

seen a New York paper since the 10th, have you heard anything concerning it? I have already exhausted the time allotted for the writing of this letter and must close by asking you to excuse all imperfections in general for I have written this the way that the 11th Regt. Infy. Md. Vols. retreated at the Battle of Monocacy[23] a few days since, (double quick was no name for it). Please answer immediately and oblige one who holds you very dear and is anxiously awaiting your answer.

With much love, I am yours, W. G. Dunn

N.J.
Plainfield Union Co
July 18th 1864

My verry Dear Walter

I have just finished reading yours of the 14th which I received about 7 this evening for the third time, and agreeable to request "answer immediately" have seated myself to have a nice little chat with you, through the medium of the pen. To be candid I would much rather *you* would *surprise* me (as I dreamed last night you did). I should like it better. But as like Emma (ha hum) going in the country with you and your friend is an impossibility, we will let present circumstances rule, and have high hopes for the future life and health permiting shall we not?

This is my second attempt to write. Tis about nine (9) O'clock. Maggie dear Gracie and Jennie[24] has had a romp in my room, and it was impossible for me to accomplish any thing while they were having such a frolick. Maggie is so full of mischief. Jennie has learned her to say Mont Harrie Lew and last but not least Halt for she does not in her broken language use the letters W. and S. It is laughable to hear her pronounce some words, Walt and Shell particularly. Gracie and Maggie's good night kisses are still warm upon my lips and they (after Jennie had made Maggie say "Emma say somthing bout me") has all retired, leaving me *all alone*, but my sweetheart is nary with me. I can not write much to night, as I do not feel as well as usual. I fear that I can not *half* repay you for the amount of pleasure your letter was the means of affording me. My head aches worse than it has since my illness. Oh! for the "gentle hands." They would be welcome now I assure you "Dear" but I will do my best to interest you. If I do not succeed, you may take the will for the deed — will you?

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[23]The 11th Maryland Infantry was a one-hundred-day regiment mustered in on June 16, 1864, in Baltimore. Thrown into the Battle of Monocacy against a seasoned Confederate army under Jubal Early, they became part of the general Union rout as Federal forces fled all the way from Monocacy to Ellicott's Mills.

[24]Emma's sisters. Jennie was born in 1847. Maggie was born on September 5, 1861, and would die, unmarried, in 1888. Grace "Gracie" Fitz Randolph was born on May 3, 1863, the day Walter was wounded. She later married Isaac Harris. They had a son, Walter R. Harris, who gave Walter's and Emma's letters to Ruth Bailey about 1948.

Let me tell you firstly that I have been verry much excited lest those "pesky raiders" as Granpa calls them should take Walt prisoner, but I see he is not, do not know if his heart will be if he goes out in the country retreating with one of the pretty Baltimore Ladies. Shall want you to tell me how you enjoy yourself and what kind of a place it is you go to if it is not to tedious. I hope you will have a gay time. One week ago Sabbath day your sister Mollie came home with me from church. In the evening Lew came out and I accompanied them home. Our folks expecting to come down and spend a part of Sunday with us at your house with Eld. Rogers family. Oh! I shall never forget that visit to "your home." You would liked to have been with us, would you not. Cousin Joel and Lew[25] were busy in the Hay field in front of your house so your Father said "the women would entertain the dominic." Instead of that he entertained us nicly. He — Eld R. rather got the best of me. Mary said somthing as though she would like to live in N[ew] M[arket] or Plainfield. "Emma dont you think that Mary has a verry pleasant home indeed?" asked Eld. "Yes. A verry quiet pleasant home" I answered. "You think that you could live in a place like this so far from friends and be happy do you?" he asked again. Oh certainly I should like a change I said, not seeing what he meant. "Well, then" he said and his eyes sparkled, I think it would be a verry good change for Mary to take Emma's brother and Emma one of Mary's brothers. They had quite a laugh at my expense, Aunt Sallie Randolph[26] included since I spent the day with Eld. Rogers at your home. I love him better still. Last Sabbath twas communion at N[ew] M[arket]. Eld. Rogers preached the first time since he fell, text — Hebrews 8th Cpt. part of 9th verse. Eld. Bailey[27] has had the nuralegia and could not preach. By the way Eld. B. has resigned his ministerial charges and will not wait upon them longer than Oct. The most part of the community are quite thankfull that he did so.

I sympathize with you to think that you did not get your note in time to meet the part[y] at the depot on the 4th. I'm sorry you was sick in the afternoon. I guess you walked to far with your chum. What kind of a looking "Soger" is he? Has he a nice moustache? By the way are you sporting a moustache? One reason you are a favorite of the Lady your going in the country with! I think you do not have "white gloves" as you did one time when you wrote me, to "cultivate your musentonchet." [?] If you have any "Carte de visite"[28] taken please remember "your Amme."

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[25]Walter's father, Joel A. Dunn, and brother Lewis.

[26]Emma's aunt.

[27]Elder James Bailey (1813–1892) was the pastor of the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist Church from 1853 until 1864. In that year he "closed his labors with the church at Plainfield" and went to Alfred Center with his wife and two children, then to Walworth, Wisconsin.

[28]A visiting card, literally a card presented when calling on someone. They generally contained a photograph.

You want me to inform you who Aunt Em and Cousin Hannah are. Well now, what a question, I'd tell you. Aunt Em is Aunt Em, Father's sister.[29] Cousin Hannah is Mother's neice. Ha ha, that is kinda funny too. I think I hear you say I reckon so too, how to speak plain. I do not remember how I spoke of said persons, please enlighten me. I write so much nonsense that I do not wonder you what some of it means but realy I cannot call it to mind. It seems an age since I wrote one or received one from your own Dear self, but as I have answered immediately I hope you will do the same. May I look for one Sabbath Eve? Pa has been to the city of New York today and sayes all is quiet. No signs of a riot. I hope there won't be any!

You asked my weight. It is 128. The friday before I was taken sick, sunday, my weight was one hundred thirty-seven and a quarter pounds. The second time I was up town during my convalescence, I weighed 120. You see I'm gaining what I lost. Father thinks I will not gain my good looks untill I let my hair grow out, and do it up in the old fashioned way. I think about keeping it cut off for about 3 years, what think you on this subject? My cousins are verry anxious for me to have my "humbly face" printed on some cards. I think if I have any taken it will be a miniature and for miself to look upon when my hair has gone grey.

Yes I do think it would be advisable to call home some of Veteran Reserves, more especialy the "Invalid" weak armed ones. Yes you know where there was a good "beaux" when you come home from the war. But wether you will find me here or not is to be decided for the Ladies tell me I make a good one. Some of the charming ones may propose. It's Leap year and as I have not latly been in the habit of saying no to requests. I do not know what may happen but I guess your tired of this. The "Ladies" have all returned from A[lfred] C[enter]. Hattie is looking quite well, and so is Judson[30] and Wardner[31] Titsworth. Jennie has been talking in her sleep. She said she did not know what time she would die. I thought perhaps her dream was not pleasant, so I woke her. Did you dream when you was sleeping on the fo[u]rth? Several times I wondered where you was, but no answer. Did you go and take dinner with that Lady last Sunday? I was eating chicken in *my old place* at your *Father's right hand.* Hope you enjoyed your dinner as well as I did mine. I will stop. Please write soon and now good night. May angels guard you while you sleep, safe till the morning light. Then I have faith to

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[29]Aunt Mary Randolph, born in 1838, was the sister of Emma's father, Barzilla J. Randolph.

[30]A. Judson Titsworth, of New Market, attended Alfred University throughout the war.

[31]Wardner Carpenter Titsworth was born in 1848, the eighth child of Isaac Dunham and Hannah Ann (Sheppard) Titsworth. He was a member of the New Market Seventh Day Baptist Church and attended Alfred University from 1863 until 1866. In 1877 he accepted a pastorate at the Farina, Illinois, Seventh Day Baptist Church, and in 1883 became the pastor of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church in Alfred, New York.

believe that our heavenly Father will guide you and answer the prayers for your safe return "To those who love you truly and" dearly tis my prayer. Dearest Walter, remember me as yours with *everlasting Love* Till *Death* Emma

Baltimore, Md.
September 14th 1864

Dear Emma

. . .

This evening being very much fatigued with the confinement that my duties demand and desiring some out of door exercise, I accepted of an offer, from a friend to take a ride on horseback. I rode out Charles St. to the Country where I enjoyed a good long ride and returned feeling much benefited (for I have not enjoyed very good health for a few days past) by the pleasant exercise that horseback riding affords. I never before appreciated it as I do now and I would recommend that as a very healthy exercise for you. I met several ladies out riding this evening, it is very fashionable here. Do you ride out often?

. . .

The Office is much more pleasantly situated now than before. It is on one of the most fashionable streets in the City. The building is large and more commodious and the change had made a great improvement, but the beauty of it is, that there are two very pretty looking young ladies directly opposite, who have quite a habit of sitting in the windows where they can be seen. I presume that they have an idea of "making love" to some of the fellows in the Office, I hope I may not fall a victim.

. . . W. G. Dunn

Plainfield Union Co. N.J.
Nov. 1st 1864

Dearest Walt

Good morning Youre well: How am I? I do not see how I can help feeling much better after such a dear missive as I have just perused: believe me Walt. It is verry interesting and to get another just like it. I'm going to answer by return mail, "business permitting" (haw) for I'm acting "Chief Book Keeper" at the "Office": our former Clerk having met with quite an accident getting his foot mashed under the Seventh day evening excursion train. Dr. Stillman says it will have to be taken off just above the ankle—to bad.

. . .

The Soldiers came just in time last thursday evening to get their supper at "Aunt Ems" and go to the meeting with the Plainfield Clubs at West field. Pa says they had a grand time friday evening meeting at the "Wigwam."[32] Sabbath evening excursion train to Elizabeth City—verry large meeting and Pa said and

so did Mont, Lew and all of them that they never seen dwelling houses trimed and illuminated as those they paraded past and—came home about eleven. Jennie and your humble Servant sit up (or rather took the sofa) to wait for them. (Pa, Mont, Lew, and Oll). We of course fell asleep, and the first thing I heard, "Em wake up and see 'Walt' dont you know Walter Dunn is here!" I answered So am I. They laughed at that and Em (haw) was "wide awake." Pa went to bed but Ollie dident go and do likewise nary a once. You know he likes to sit up with me. But they out stayed him and a happy time we had. After Jennie and I went and took another nap slept about half hour after they Skedaddled, and 3 A.M. before we retired now I have not told you how long they stayed. How about those drinks that was bet on the "last night"! Hey!

. . .

Last evening there was a grand procession and a large turn out of Cavalry. Cous. Jont was Capt. Will 1st fruit [lieutenant]. They had a splendid tramp. Your Uncle Isaac Dunns house was luminated and several others. I with all my Cousins was at the "Wigwam" to hear the great and honorable speaker Col. Montgomery from the South. He kept the audience in "roars of laughter." I got home about 1 P.M. taking an extra cold with me. Tomorrow Evening is an extra meeting. A speaker still more humores than the Col. Sabbath Eve. is to be another Cavalry Show. The ladies are to prepare wreaths of Evergreen to trim the poneys. Our Grace is to be the Goddess of Liberty.

Oh! I wish you were here to attend some of the meeting. By the way New Jersey (so the speaker said) is in the United States, and is going for the Union. Now dont you wounded "Sogers" want to see an agent from said state. Now I'll bet you would look at me should I come, and I think I'd have to for I do not know about that young nurse. I hope you will come and vote. Be sure if you can and we will welcome the Soldiers to dinner.

. . .

It is nearly night. . . . I think of you always, and remember you as my own Dearest Friend, the one I expect to find "True as the Stars." I have confidence that such you will prove. Good night. Please write soon to your own true and still loving Emma

Haddington U.S.A. General Hospital, Phila. Pa.
Nov. 30th 1864

Dear Emma

Although not in your debt, I consider it a privalege to write you a few lines, informing you as to my whereabouts.

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[32]Emma referred here to the excitement and enthusiasm leading up to the presidential election, which was held a week later, on November 8.

Last Monday, I with many other cripples, was transfered from Jarvis to the above named Hospital, situated near Philadelphia, Penna. The transfer was a matter of choice to me, but I can assure you that I got badly worsted by the change.

I left a Hospital where I lacked nothing for comfort, while here everything comfortable is lacking. I never before saw such a comtemptible, ill begotten, long forsaken chance of a place, as this is. I cannot describe it, nor will I say anything more about it, as I cannot say anything good.

According to my anticipations when I wrote you last the opperation was performed on my shoulder successfully. The wound, which is very sore, is doing as well as I can expect. I am not entirely over the effects of the Aether as I took such a large quantity. Dr. Dickson told me I took enough to kill nine men. The Steward who administered the Aether told me I took 16 oz. of Aether and 4 oz. of Chloriform, more than any man has ever yet taken at that Hospital. It leaves me with a headache from which I have suffered almost continually since the opperation. The ball that was extracted is a Minie Ball[24] some flattened at either end. I presume it struck a tree before wounding me.

The Doctor here chose me for a Wardmastership in this Hospital, the same day that I came here, but I declined it as I am anxious to be returned to duty at the Office as soon as my wound heals. He asked me several questions, and after finding out that I lived so near here, said he would reccommend me for a furlough. If I accept it, it will be to get out of this place. I am determined to leave here soon, if I cannot by fair means, I will by foul.

. . .

I cannot write more at present. Please excuse me for taking this liberty and write me immediatly. Consider me situated among strangers with nothing to read to while away my time which hangs very heavy. Accept my love. Ever yours
W. G. Dunn

"At The Office"
Plainfield Union Co. N.J.
Nov. 30th 1864

My Dearest Walt,

Now if I should come quietly up to your bedside and lay my hand on your forehead would you say "Emma what do you want"? How dearly I should love to greet you this morning with something besides the pen. I think if said Nurse should happen to see me would think she would have to step back: Don't you?

It is a beautiful morning the sun shines so warm. There is a gentle breeze. The roads are good. Granma says "It's Injun summer" and the folks seem to be enjoying. It makes me sigh to think of those who are forced to remain in doors. I think a gallop on horse back this fine day would help any ones health.

. . .

I'm very thankful that you have writen to me the last letter I should get while that "Pesky Rebs" ball was in your shoulder. And also thank my heavenly Father that he has permited you to live through (it could not help being) the painfull operation of extracting the ball from your shoulder. How I should like to be with you and not let you get sad and lonsome. I was thinking of you at the time you was writing me and I was lying on the sofa thinking of the pleasures gone and trying to drive the "blues" away with bright hopes for the future. I wish I could write you what my thoughts of the future has been for the last week but it would cause you many sad thoughts and give you pain for you have told me you did not like to hear me speak so. I love you too well to cause you for a moment to feel unpleasant. I shall endeavor for your sake Dear Walt to keep a good heart, and not get discouraged: I know I'm naughty but feeling as I have this week I cannot help it. I have been alone all day (for it is after 4 PM) and I'm afraid I shall not get to the shop to morrow. I'm so wearry. I feel like having some one to take my head and lay it on his shoulder (not the wounded one) with gentle caresses sooth the pain [in] my head and let me sleep for a little while as I did one night for I'm verry tired. I must finish and go home. Please excuse me for writing and giving vent to my feelings thus Dear Walt. I will try and do better next time. How are you getting along? "Aunt Eliza" told Pa yesterday at the vendue[25] (Uncle Reubens) that you had [the] ball taken out your shoulder, and was geting along finly. Is it so? Tell me just how you are? Please will you! If you cannot write get some one to drop a few lines for I shall long for an answer. And to hear about the "substitutes" I'm verry anxious. I know you will tell me in your next for you have said so. But I must close for I cannot write any more. I will write again to morrow if I feel well enough for I know how cheering it is to receive a few lines from a friend.

That you may be tenderly cared for is the wish of one who holds verry dear. And my prayers though feable are in your behalf. That he who cares for us all will watch over and in his good time remove these afflictions and bless us both with health. If it is not to be so, may I meekly say "Thy will be done." Good night.

Ever yours with much love E. Randolph

Book Reviews

Bridges Over Time: A Technological Context for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Main Stem at Harpers Ferry, West Virginia. By Michael W. Caplinger. Institute of Technology and Industrial Archaeology at West Virginia University, Monograph Series-Volume IV (Morgantown, W. Va.: West Virginia University Press, 1997. 79 pages. Illustrations, notes, bibliography. $15.00)

Those of us who have experienced a day trip to Harpers Ferry probably ventured up one of the craggy heights that form a triangle surrounding the historic village. Once atop, we captured the magnificent view created by the confluence of the great Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers in the valley below. This vista is made even more dramatic by the deep valley formed by the uplifted earth of three states. Known as Maryland Heights, Loudoun Heights, and Bolivar Heights, these landmarks represent the convergence of Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia respectively. The picture of nature revealed before us is, and has always been in our memory, interrupted by the iron, stone, and concrete tentacles that carry the railroad from the base of Maryland Heights across to Harpers Ferry. One also notices that the river contains long abandoned piers and masonry structures which served the crossing in a period long before our memory.

This work by Michael W. Caplinger focuses on the design, construction, and chronology of the various Baltimore & Ohio Railroad bridges that have crossed this expanse. He explores the evolution of bridge-building technology through a close examination of the various spans that carried the railroad across the Potomac at Harpers Ferry. The book is not as intimidating as the title implies. The author devotes a respectable amount of space in placing these structures in the context of history and alongside the personalities who designed them.

Part One is fully devoted to a survey of the western transportation improvements emanating from early nineteenth-century Baltimore, the birth of Harpers Ferry and, in particular, the establishment and expansion of the B&O Railroad and, its competitor, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. This section brings the reader to the water's edge, anxious to accept the technological history which must follow in order to venture across the Potomac River. The river crossing was a significant event for the B&O and Baltimore. While the ultimate mission of the railroad was to reach the Ohio River, crossing the Potomac signified the first step outside Maryland's boundaries on western soil.

The sections that follow are focused on the planning, construction, and use

of this series of railroad bridges from 1834 to the present. The author chronicles the evolution of these engineering landmarks, the floods and fires that destroyed them, and the innovations used to rebuild them. The B&O Railroad's first bridge over the Potomac into Harpers Ferry encompassed a number of firsts and nationally significant developments for the civil engineering community. It is a nearly perfect illustration of nineteenth-century design and the construction techniques used to solve a difficult problem.

Indeed, the crossing at Harpers Ferry proved to be testing ground for the B&O. This challenge offered the railroad the first comprehensive opportunity to face nearly all of the significant engineering problems of the period at once, and in one location. As his book progresses, Caplinger relates his chronicle of the Harpers Ferry structures to the broader subject of bridge engineering in America and to the transition from intuitive to scientific civil engineering. Interwoven throughout the text are vignettes of historical events affecting both the town and its bridges. John Brown's Raid and the American Civil War had significant implications for the crossing, as did the postwar railroad boom, the introduction of all-iron bridges, and the development and use of steel plate girders and rolled beams.

The transitions in engineering technology, which are examined in chronological detail, bring the reader through an evolutionary technological history to the present structures. The author points out that, of all the industry once settled on the banks of the two rivers at Harpers Ferry, only the railroad survives. The physical remains of past bridges are described and provide the reader with a mini-field book. Other subjects such as depots, track improvements and adjunct historic structures are mentioned but do not divert the reader away from the central thesis.

The historical prints and photographs accompanying the text number nearly fifty and are a wonderful complement. They visually document the changes through time. Line drawings and sketches of various designs and structural components assist the reader in understanding the technological context of the work. Side bar biographical sketches of the prominent historical players such as Benjamin H. Latrobe Jr. and Wendell Bollman are inset in shaded boxes throughout the book. These men were innovators of national significance and directly influenced the bridges at Harpers Ferry. Caplinger's bibliography and notes indicate a well researched work and provide a notebook for further study. Although the book is arranged in a simple and easy-to-follow format, the absence of an index hinders its use as a quick reference source. The author explains technical terms adequately within his text. Nevertheless, a basic glossary would be helpful.

Those with an interest in Harpers Ferry, the railroad, or civil engineering will find this a delightful and well-done monograph. The next time I venture up the crooked streets of Harpers Ferry to the top of Bolivar Heights, I will see the

bridges more clearly and understand them more deeply. Their presence across the river valley will, perhaps, enhance the view rather than interrupt it. They are, after all, a distant artery connecting Harpers Ferry to my home town of Baltimore.

COURTNEY B. WILSON
Chief Curator, B&O Railroad Museum, Baltimore

From Colonials to Provincials: American Thought and Culture, 1680–1760. By Ned C. Landsman. (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1997. 256 pages. Notes, bibliographic essay, index. $29.95.)

In *From Colonials to Provincials: American Thought and Culture, 1680–1760* the most recent volume in Twayne's American Thought and Culture Series, Ned Landsman sets out to define the cultural developments of a period in America's past that even students of history commonly dismiss as boring and unimportant—the years between the initial founding of the colonies and the onset of the imperial crisis. Indeed, Landsman is correct in his claim that an understanding of this era is critical to an understanding of American values at the time of the Revolution, and he succeeds in drawing out the primary elements of colonial culture. But, unfortunately, he leaves his readers largely on their own to figure out how his treatments of these cultural elements coalesce into a specific comprehensive thesis.

Landsman argues that between 1680 and 1760 colonists learned to think of themselves not as inferior subjects of a remote and indifferent mother country but as influential citizens of an expanding and integrated empire. But rather than identifying with the metropolitan English, the colonists saw themselves as kin to Lowland Scots, Protestant Irish, and inhabitants of outlying ports such as Manchester and Newcastle. According to Landsman, whose previous work has centered on early modern Scotland and its role in American colonization, residents of the British provinces shared a particular cultural perspective. They experienced the Enlightenment, dissenting religion, and liberty in much the same way. *From Colonials to Provincials* stresses the interplay of ideas between the colonial and Scottish thinkers as it focuses on the Great Awakening and the Enlightenment. Landsman contends that these two movements sparked the American passion for free inquiry and self-improvement and were the primary shapers of American culture in general and attitudes about liberty in particular.

In his introduction, Landsman explains that previous studies of the transformation of colonials into provincials have addressed only New England elites, and he declares his intention to broaden the inquiry to include all Americans. While he does reach beyond New England to New York, Pennsylvania, and New

Jersey, he ventures south of the Mason-Dixon line only to occasionally check in on developments in Virginia. And because Landsman is exploring intellectual history, his study never really makes it out of the realm of the educated elite. Contrary to Landsman's intentions, this is not a study of American culture; it is a study of a particular segment of American culture. Such a focus is not without merit. Undoubtedly, trends begun by the elite did "trickle down" to the population at large to some degree, and, given Landsman's implicit goal of uncovering the origin of the mentality that led to Americans' distaste for British rule, it is important to understand the values of the men who would lead the rebellion.

More problematic is the absence of a clearly defined central argument to direct the reader through the volume. Landsman's grasp of the exchange of ideas between Scotland and America is masterful, and his sections on the Enlightenment and the religious revivals overflow with detail. But a reader less familiar with the period in question or with intellectual history runs the risk of becoming bogged down with these details. When that happens, he or she loses sight of the rather dimly lit thesis. The final chapters on American attitudes about liberty and the coming of independence do help to pull the pieces together, but at that point it is difficult to go back and figure out how the previous information fits into this newly clarified argument. The reader would benefit from a line of reasoning that is more explicitly articulated in stages throughout the chapters. In other words, the central thesis should be more boldly and prominently declared. As the book now stands, the reader is left with the feeling that Landsman has presented a valid argument that illuminates the formation of American culture and character but with only a vague sense of precisely what that argument is.

Jennifer Jones
Bel Air, Maryland

Tituba, Reluctant Witch of Salem: Devilish Indians and Puritan Fantasies. By Elaine G. Breslaw. (New York: New York University Press, 1996. 280 pages. Appendices, notes, index. $24.95.)

This extensively researched and immaculately documented study revisits the Salem witchcraft trials of 1692 to look carefully and in depth at Tituba, one of the first three women to be accused of witchcraft and the first to confess. A household slave in the home of a Congregational minister, she was brought before the magistrates for using folk counter-magic to cure a mysterious illness afflicting the minister's young daughter and three other girls. Furious at her engaging in the occult, no matter how well-intentioned, the minister and other citizens caused her to be arrested and interrogated "upon Suspition of Witchcraft" (190).

Breslaw devotes a chapter to this interrogation, noting as others have noted that Tituba very quickly moved from denying that she hurt the children to describing spectral visits from other women and a "tale man of Boston" (190), who with threats forced her to serve him. Whether her response was instinctive or calculating, her reluctant but imaginative answers to leading questions seemed to cause the attendant children to suffer strange fits and bites; she told of witches' meetings and animal familiars and commands to sign a book and hurt the children. She identified as participants the two women accused with her. These and many others maintained their innocence until their executions; but Tituba, though she was indicted and jailed, was allowed to live, as were others who confessed. During the next terrifying six months more than 150 people were accused of witchcraft, and more than twenty were executed or died in prison. Only when respectable people were named and some confessors recanted did the royal governor dissolve the emergency court and end the trials. But the repercussions lasted well into the next century, shaking the theocratic foundation of the community and leaving questions that have concerned historians for three hundred years.

Unlike interpretations of fifty years ago, which saw political parallels between the Salem trials and the communist witch hunts, or discovered sexual repression and the love of "sport" in the accusing adolescents, or even blamed hallucinations on the consumption of spoiled grain, Breslaw asks how a relatively simple member of the Salem underclass could baffle the ruling elite herself and serve as an example to others. She argues an approach that focuses on Tituba's unique multicultural background.

Using her own archival research and that of others, the author traces Tituba's origins to Guiana, where as an Arawak Indian she was kidnapped by slave traders and sold to her Massachusetts master while he was a merchant in Barbados. There she was exposed to the Caribbean Creole culture, became familiar with shamanism and voodoo and other forms of magical practices, and retained her own native concepts of good and evil. From her Congregational master and through her residence in a Christian home she would have been acculturated to Puritan ideas about God and Satan, confession and covenant. Blending this dual background into ambiguous images, she could manipulate the Puritan investigators into infering that she had special knowledge. In Breslaw's words, her story "both fascinated and repelled her listeners. But they listened and absorbed the information needed to exorcise the Devils from their community, an evil presence that only Tituba could help them locate" (129).

In some ways, the author sees her subject as yet another neglected woman's story, and she conveys not only Tituba's significance but also her somewhat childlike personality. This is not a biography, however, but a biographical study of facts and speculations. Both text and notes demand and reward close read-

ing. Breslaw's investigations bring together encyclopedic information about such diverse topics as slave labor on sugar plantations, the impact of folk culture on colonial America, and the life of a domestic slave in a Puritan household. She adduces linguistic patterns from Tituba's testimony to show how advanced her acculturation was, contrasted with the testimony of another slave. She shows how Tituba could combine images from oral and print-oriented cultures, relating, for example, the Arawak evil *kenaima* to the Puritan Satan, or childhood games to conjuration and divination. There is little reference to twentieth-century interest in magic, but there is much on the nature of the occult, then and now.

Tituba's story is essentially about the unique contribution an unassuming person could make appearing at a transitional, if frightening, moment in history. No matter that she recanted her confession, blaming her master for forcing her to lie, or that her disappearance from Massachusetts without a trace is as mysterious as some of her imaginings, multicultural Tituba played a role, along with widespread social and intellectual changes already at work, in preparing New England for the Enlightenment.

Brooke Peirce
Goucher College emeritus

Come Shouting to Zion: African American Protestantism in the American South and British Caribbean to 1830. By Sylvia R. Frey and Betty Wood. (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1998. 320 pages. Maps, notes, bibliography, index. $49.95 cloth; $16.95 paper.)

Protestant Christianity has played such a central role in the African-American community that it is sometimes difficult to imagine one without the other. Yet for the hundreds of thousands of enslaved Africans brought to the American South and British Caribbean before 1800, conversion to Protestantism was far from a foregone conclusion. In *Come Shouting to Zion,* Sylvia R. Frey and Betty Wood trace this remarkable conversion, characterizing it as a reciprocal movement in which slaves blended African religious traditions with particular features of evangelical Protestantism.

Broad in scope, this book covers nearly four hundred years of history in Africa, Europe, and North America. But Frey and Wood focus on the American South and the British islands of Jamaica, Barbados, and Antigua from the mid-seventeenth century until the 1830s, when British emancipation and American slave revolts changed racial relationships. Beyond comparisons of American and Caribbean conversions, the authors develop several themes, including the survival of African traditions in the Americas and the spiritual leadership of black women.

Frey and Wood begin with pre-colonial Africa, where traditional cosmologies became destabilized by the massive development of commerce and communication. When Islamic and Christian missionaries entered this changing world, some Africans adopted useful aspects of the missionaries' belief systems, establishing a dialectical pattern of conversion that would reappear in the New World. Most African slaves had never encountered Christianity before they reached the Americas, but their dynamic spiritual heritage guided their responses. Despite the horrors of the Middle Passage and the complications involving the slaves' different ethnic backgrounds, "West African" elements survived in the Americas, including ecstatic worship routines and rhythmic, call-and-response-type music (36). The authors effectively outline the variations of African-based beliefs while demonstrating their overall compatibility.

The authors are not so subtle in their portrait of Anglican missionaries, who appear starkly condescending in their early attempts at conversions in the colonies and whose "doctrines and rituals held little intrinsic appeal" for the slaves (79). Conversely, Moravian missionaries on Antigua offered an inclusive faith with an emphasis on oral performance that drew the slaves' attention. Soon, the Moravians' approach was adopted by other evangelical denominations such as the Methodists and Baptists, whose mid-eighteenth-century revivals in the American South prompted important conversions.

Black leaders, male and female, gradually spread Christianity throughout the quarters until a new wave of post-Revolutionary revivals swept the South and the islands. Slave conversions had a dual nature, involving both assimilation and resistance. Black Protestants constructed their own versions of affective worship at camp meetings and revivals but also adopted foreign theological concepts and sexual mores. In turn, white Protestants embraced the new, spontaneous worship styles but tempered their earlier expressions of equality in cooperation with patriarchal slave owners. Racial divisions became more pronounced, especially on the islands where there were few biracial congregations. By 1815, Protestantism had become a dominant religious influence among Afro-Atlantic peoples.

At times, the authors push the limits of their evidence, as in their conclusions regarding the prevalence of African-based cultural forms and the extent to which the Southern black Christian community was "a women's organization" (163). Also, Frey and Wood do not fully address the curious timing of Methodist and Baptist slave conversions, which peaked in the midst of the denominations' conservative shift. But the power of the book is not so much in its details as in its overall framework. The authors' organic, transatlantic perspective on African-American conversions illuminates the full force of this Protestant transition. Perhaps a companion volume will examine slaves' encounters with Roman Catholicism in such areas as Maryland, Louisiana, San Domingue,

and Cuba to offer another comparative dimension. As it stands, *Come Shouting to Zion* provides a lively, masterful account of this decisive American experience.

Ryan Smith
University of Delaware

Ploughshares into Swords: Race, Rebellion, and Identity in Gabriel's Virginia, 1730–1810. By James Sidbury (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1997. 302 pages. Illustrations, index, $18.95.)

Lest the reader be mislead by the book's title, author James Sidbury states clearly in his introduction, "this book is not about Gabriel's Conspiracy. It is, instead, about the black and white worlds of the late-eighteenth-century Virginia , the worlds in which that conspiracy grew" (1). Professor Sidbury goes on to use Gabriel's Conspiracy as a point of reference, a window, as it were, through which the reader can glimpse the people and events of that period in the world that was Virginia. Sidbury has examined an impressive number of manuscripts from which he has skillfully woven (also with secondary sources) a vivid reconstruction of the local culture and community of eastern and Piedmont Virginia. Though he departs from the plethora of historical studies of plantation slavery and slave society that are concentrated on broader regional and national levels, Sidbury's book raises some of the same questions as those studies. Nonetheless, Sidbury's analysis and conclusions are a result of an examination of a local (Richmond and environs) community and the state. This method of investigation, which is quite effective but hardly unique, accomplishes the task of uncovering the dynamic processes through which enslaved Richmonders sought meaning in their lives and a measure of, or possibly ultimate, freedom. Enslaved men and women are glimpsed living, working, and struggling within their local communities. Not ironically, an examination of human activities on such a level tends to offer a far richer composite picture in much the same way that a microscope captures more of the minutiae than does the naked eye.

Gabriel Prosser's revolt and its subsequent suppression further provides author Sidbury with the opportunity to examine how Gabriel and his fellow conspirators viewed themselves, as well as to what degree they were influenced by the African and European roots of their Virginia culture. The book is divided into four distinct parts. The "Prologue" sets the stage by tracing the emergence of racial identity in eighteenth-century Virginia. The prologue becomes somewhat protracted as Sidbury reveals, through recorded documentation, deft analysis, and conclusions, how the emergence of a racial consciousness among the African-American slaves in the quarters around Richmond was the impetus for the events that followed. Part I comprises three chapters in which the cultural

process, i.e., creolization, appropriation, and collective identity are examined. In Part I Sidbury also moves from a provincial analysis to a more sharply focused representation of the cultural processes that influenced Gabriel's Conspiracy. Chapter one opens in the spring of 1800 when a band of Creole slaves from the Richmond environs formed a fraternal movement for the purpose of insurgency. Gabriel, a slave belonging to Thomas Prosser, soon emerged as the leader of the group. Subsequently, in chapters two through four, Sidbury utilizes evidence produced in the trial, the roles of the slave informants, and finally, a predictable response by the white power establishment as the framework from which he examines the important impact of creolization, appropriation, and collective identity in providing fertile ground for the seeds of the budding conspiracy. At one point while planning the insurrection, Gabriel asked his brother, Solomon, a blacksmith, "to make Scythe Swords" (68) for his band of men even though he must have realized that swords would be insufficient for the insurrection. Sidbury here makes the observation that in traditional Western and West African religious and political thought, the sword represented the ultimate coercive authority. Similarly, Europeans had long associated the sword with gentility and authority. Sidbury argues that this conscious decision on the part of Gabriel represented an attempt to appropriate a symbol of authority recognizable in Virginia's dual (African and European) cultural heritage.

Part II moves from the conspiracy to the environment of early Richmond in order to consider the social milieu that provided the context within which a culture of resistance took shape and meaning. These chapters provide the most convincing evidence for Sidbury's argument that early Richmond was a complicated urban world where blacks and whites of different status interacted with one another in surprisingly inconsistent ways. Chapter 5 looks at the rapid growth of early Richmond from Piedmont tobacco town to the urban center of Virginia. New patterns of social relations emerged which offered enslaved and free African-Americans more of a measure of freedom and autonomy than had existed in rural Virginia. More slaves were given opportunities to hire themselves out and eventually purchase their freedom. A cultural space where blacks and working-class whites mingled was carved out along the wharves of Richmond's waterfront. The balance of Part II examines how urbanization affected the population's (black and white) work, and the equally important consideration of the manner by which free and enslaved black people adopted or appropriated various strategies to influence the evolving institution of urban slavery.

The "Epilogue" closes out the book by considering how the African Americans, slave and free, came to view Gabriel's Conspiracy. Sidbury points out that whites sought to insure that enslaved Virginians would retain a collective memory of what became of those slaves who dared to challenge the institution of slavery. Condemned conspirators were systematically hanged throughout Richmond and

Henrico County to serve as examples to unapprehended conspirators and other slaves coveting freedom by the sword. But this act only served to fuel the legend and folklore surrounding the events. Contrasting versions of the conspiracy soon became a part of living oral tradition among Virginians of African decent. Official versions written by whites for the publications of the era abounded.

Sidbury has ostensibly uncovered every known document in attempting to help us understand and appreciate the significance of the conspiracy. However, one comes away from this book with more understanding of events than of their catalysis, Gabriel. This is not a criticism of the book considering the author's stated intent, and the fact that all that is known of Gabriel has been revealed. Yet somehow one cannot help but wish that we knew more about the man, Gabriel. What is the significance, for example, of the fact that Gabriel and his brother, Solomon were given Biblical names? The record reveals that Gabriel believed that he was ordained of God to lead "God's chosen people" (74). Could it be that he had been imbued with a messianic mission from birth? Like his brother, Solomon, Gabriel was a blacksmith by training. Hence, he must have been an imposing, if not charismatic, physical presence given the fact that the hammer and anvil require arms with layers of muscle. Indeed, in the fall of 1799 Gabriel and Solomon were caught stealing a pig from a neighboring farmer. The farmer accosted the two slaves and a fight ensued. Apparently bigger and stronger, Gabriel got the better of the white man, biting off part of his left ear. Records reveal that he was later tried by the Henrico County Court and punished with thirty-nine lashes. This lesson apparently did not frighten him. What element in his character soon after inspired him to risk all to lead a dangerous conspiracy? These are questions that shall remain unanswered in spite of all that this book reveals.

The narrative flow of *Ploughshares into Swords* is stimulating, and Sidbury's analytical powers are evident throughout the book. This book is an impressive piece of scholarship that should find a well-deserved place in the canon of history of Virginia. Scholars will also find it a welcome addition to the literature of African-American and cultural studies.

F. Keith Bingham
University of Maryland Eastern Shore

Contact Points: American Frontiers from the Mohawk Valley to the Mississippi, 1750–1830. Edited by Andrew R. L. Clayton and Frederika J. Teute. (Williamsburg, Virginia: Omohundro Institute of Early American History and Culture, 1998. 258 pages. Notes, bibliography, index. $18.95 paper.)

Contact Points focuses on the "multi-sided negotiations of power" that have shaped American frontier history. All of the essays in this volume are distinguished by their emphasis on "contested spaces," "identities," and "gender con-

flicts" as a means of illustrating the "moral, human, and environmental cost of colonial conquest on the frontier" (2–4). For these researchers the past is a rhetoric that reveals the implicit ideological and cultural assumptions that historical actors at various times on several frontiers are largely unaware they possess.

Frontiers, however, have always been "contested spaces," at least for those of us whose interests range from Francis Parkman to James Axtell. Nor are the analyses of class, identity, race and gender new directions in American historical scholarship. One immediately recalls the works of Richard B. Morris, Alan Kulikoff, Francis Jennings, and Carolyn Merchant that are classics in this regard.

What is new, though, in this book is a scholarly tendentiousness that treats history as a malleable "story" to be hammered out on the anvil of cultural relativism and deconstructionist frontier anthro-babble. On the subject of frontier "identities," for example, one comes across prose more deadly than an Indian tomahawk: "In making decisions about strangers, preoccupations about cultural norms helped to group other persons and give them a name" (233). The book contains eleven essays, the best of which are by Andrew Clayton, Jill Lepore, and Stephen Aron. These historians skillfully dissect issues like white and Indian civility, the mythologies of Indian removal, and the cultural use of woodlands. The other essays are post-modern pirouettes of questionable value. In fairness, let's look at one such pirouette, Jane Merritt's "Metaphor, Meaning, and Misunderstanding: Language and Power on the Pennsylvania Frontier" which conflates Frederick Jackson Turner and Michel Foucault. Indian retreats on the colonial frontier, she argues, can be explained by the collapse of "shared metaphor" (86–87). Shakespeare understood metaphoric language, but it is not clear that the Delaware, Shawnee, and Iroquois did since ethno-politics had to be filtered constantly through Indian dialects, the German of Moravian missionaries, and the English of frontiersmen of questionable literacy. Rather than a gradual metaphoric debacle, this reviewer prefers to think that military and economic realities better explain Indian withdrawal on the colonial frontier. Also we are informed that over time "implicit meanings" in "shifting metaphors" can erode individuals' power in communities (81). One suspects, however, that the only erosion taking place here is the deconstructionist erosion of scholarly sensibility.

On the whole, *Contact Points* fails to make contact because it is more a work of trendy sociology than one of rigorous historical argument. Many of these writers can profit from reading the work of Tom Davidson, perhaps one of the best historical anthropologists in America today. They'll see how a real professional does it.

John R. Wennersten
Tokiwa University
Mito, Japan

Lee's Miserables: Life in the Army of Northern Virginia from the Wilderness to Appomattox. By J. Tracy Power. (Chapel Hill and London: The University of North Carolina Press, 1988. 485 pages. Notes, bibliography, index. $34.95.)

This is a history of the Army of Northern Virginia during its last year, May 1864 to April 1865, from the point of view of ordinary soldiers. The book certainly comes at the right time to attract a wide readership because we are just now at the apex of interest in common soldiers. Witness the success of recent books by James M. McPherson on Civil War soldiers and by Stephen Ambrose on World War II soldiers, as well as the likelihood that the Oscar for best picture of 1998 will go to *Saving Private Ryan,* a film about soldiers in France in 1944. Power's book is based largely on unpublished diaries and letters (not reminiscences) of participants and involves, as he says, an "interweaving of narrative and analysis." He intends to enhance our understanding of the soldier's experience, based on the documentary record, and to "contribute something to our understanding of the possible causes of Confederate defeat" (xiii, xv).

Power takes us over ground that will be at least somewhat familiar to most readers (e.g., Spotsylvania, Cedar Creek and the siege of Petersburg), but he does so in a distinctive way. We are not going from the Wilderness to Appomattox as we might in traditional military history. We are going from a moment in early 1864, when, as the author puts it, "morale was high among Lee's troops as they prepared for yet another campaign between Richmond and Washington" (2), to a moment in early 1865 when, according to one private, "it seems that the soldiers have become so tired of fighting that they are almost willing to give it up on most any terms" (263).

Not all gave up, of course. To the very end there were vows to fight to the death, and some even threatened to become bushwhackers if their army surrendered. And not many gave up easily. They sustained themselves in adversity by their loyalties to one another and to their revered Robert E. Lee. They engaged in wishful thinking, believing, for example, in July 1864 that Jubal Early's foray into Maryland could actually threaten Washington, D.C. and, when it did not, that it had still been a serious blow to the adversary's morale. And they hoped against hope—some of them that the Democrats would win the fall elections in the North in 1864 and negotiate a peace, or that in February of 1865 the Confederate representatives would be able to get Abraham Lincoln to agree to recognize Confederate independence. But, eventually, the good morale of early 1864 all but evaporated. For some individuals the change involved an accumulation of bad news (the fall of Atlanta, the re-election of Lincoln, the March to the Sea, and the near annihilation of the Confederate army in Tennessee) in combination with the increasingly obvious precariousness of their situation along the line from Petersburg to Richmond. At the same time, low morale in many in-

stances more directly correlated to such matters as insufficient food and the failure of the government to meet payrolls. Whatever the individual motives, and often reports of dire circumstances at home were involved, desertions became a flood. In the end, Lee had too few men. Many had been casualties of battle, and now many abandoned the cause. Not, of course, because they no longer believed in its original validity, but because they had come to doubt its viability.

This is a marvelous book. It will be read with relish by scholars and by buffs. It possesses an authenticity about war, albeit about a particular army in one phase of its history, that all will appreciate. The only problem is that the last chapter, pertaining to methodology and historiography, might have been better conceived as a first chapter. Indeed, readers might be well-advised to read the last chapter first. They can then read it again at the end, as the author intended.

Fred M. Rivers
Towson University

Matthew Brady and the Image of History. By Mary Panzer. (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press for the National Portrait Gallery, 1997. 232 pages. Bibliography, index. $39.95.)

In *Matthew Brady and the Image of History*, Mary Panzer examines the life, career and work of an enigmatic figure whose images continue to shape popular perceptions of nineteenth-century America. Brady enjoys name recognition even among those whose knowledge of photography is slight. Yet, many may be unaware of the fact that he was nearly blind for most of his career and relied on a team of photographers to produce the images that bore his name. A great talent at attracting celebrity and winning acclaim for his work, he nonetheless was perpetually plagued with financial problems. His great accomplishment is his creation of a gallery of images that together form a picture of America at a critical period of its history. Over the years, notes Panzer, we have forgotten that Brady was, in fact, an artist who consciously composed an image of his times, a construct that we have come to accept as a straightforward record of fact.

At the height of his career, Brady's studio captured the faces of statesmen and politicians, actors, writers, and artists, and a host of ordinary people. Brady had great talent for portraiture, in part because he recognized that both photographer and sitter were, essentially, performers playing to an audience. Brady's personable approach elicited from his sitters a relaxed, comfortable response to the camera, producing a spontaneity often lacking in early portrait photographs. At the same time, Brady and his sitters were consciously creating a persona, presenting an image of themselves as they most wished to be and to be seen. In this way, says Panzer, both photographer and the photographed were "giving a face and form to the new middle class" in America.

Brady was also strongly influenced by painters of historical events like Emanuel Leutze and Alonzo Chappel. Both were part of a movement that attempted to inspire patriotic feelings in its audience by representing American heroic ideals. Images like *Washington Crossing the Delaware* helped shape a collective national memory and united viewers through common interests and sense of identity. Brady, too, worked to create pictures with "historical interest" that would bring history to life for a contemporary audience and for future generations. In 1858 he opened a studio in Washington and persuaded many of the nation's political leaders to sit for his camera. In a time of great uncertainty, his portraits of these men carry an aura of permanence and authority. He photographed every member of the 1861 Senate, thought by some to be the last time such a gathering might occur given the uncertainty of a government about to come apart. The image was enormously popular and often reproduced in engraved form.

Brady is perhaps best known for his work during the Civil War. Although certainly not the only photographer in the field, his talent for self promotion made him the most famous. His passion for photographing men of fame and fortune was again reflected in his work in the field, as he produced portraits of military men in heroic poses singly and in carefully arranged groups. Unlike his associates, Alexander Gardner and Timothy O'Sullivan, however, Brady and his operatives rarely produced graphic representations of dead soldiers lying as they fell. Instead, his battlefields are serene, pristine landscapes that offered his audience a setting on which to project the battle as they imagined it.

Toward the end of his life, Brady fell on hard times, his health and career in sharp decline. Although he attempted to revive public interest in his work, his association with the world that ended with the war was of little interest to a nation that wanted to forget. Panzer outlines his struggle to find a home (and buyer) for the massive collection he called "Brady's National Historical Collection." She also provides readers with an impressive gallery of some of the photographer's portraits, including biographical information for each of the sitters.

In a cleverly titled section, "Recollecting the Past: A Collection Chronicle of Matthew Brady's Photographs," Jeana K. Foley documents the convoluted path taken by Brady's many images as they were scattered before and after his death. The essay also provides an interesting view of Brady's financial operations and the difficulties he faced in managing a large, multi-city business enterprise. The book concludes with an appendix of contemporary descriptions of Brady and his work.

Although clearly aimed at a popular audience, the factual information presented in the text and notes, in addition to the images themselves, will be of interest to curators and historians. Panzer overreaches on occasion in placing

Brady's role in the development of a shared sense of history, as when she asserts that Americans had none before the Civil War. Nonetheless, her book, produced in conjunction with an exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery, provides the reader with a comprehensive view of Brady's career, a fine selection of the stunning work that Brady's studio produced, and a fascinating look at one of the most influential image-makers of the nineteenth century.

Laura Rice
Maryland Historical Society

1898: The Birth of the American Century. By David Traxel. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1998. 384 pages. Notes, bibliography, index. $28.95.)

Imagine for a moment that Daniel Boorstin and Barbara Tuchman agreed to collaborate on a work of history. The fruit of their intellectual union would probably look a lot like David Traxel's *1898.* Like Boorstin, whose influence is acknowledged, if only implicitly, Traxel celebrates America's optimism, pragmatism, inventiveness, and sheer exuberance, exploring some little known but scenic byways of history, discovering captivating bits of Americana that seem to shed light on the national character, like L. Frank Baum's pre-Oz career as the philosopher of department store window decoration, or the advertising campaign that launched Uneeda Bisquit on a surprised but delighted nation. Yet the inheritance from the maternal parent, Ms. Tuchman, is at least as strong.

The core of *1898* is a vivid narrative of the Spanish-American War, characterized by Tuchmanesque cinematic scenes and quick cuts, and by the kind of illuminating fact that breaks down preconceptions and haunts the memory, like Tuchman's unforgettable image of Lord Salisbury, British prime minister, frozen in immobility at the foot of a double staircase, unable to decide whether to ascend the left flight or the right in *The Proud Tower.* Traxel's description of the American invading force coming ashore in Cuba, the transport ships surrounded by the bobbing corpses of countless horses and mules, loaded too soon, killed by the tropical heat in the unventilated lower decks, and tossed overboard makes for a picture that one cannot forget and which serves as a grotesque backdrop for all the famous deeds of derring-do that follow.

Traxel has written a highly readable piece of popular history that will have considerable appeal to general readers in this centennial year of the Spanish-American War. Indeed the centennial aspect of the book is paramount. The thread on which the various events discussed in the book is strung is the calendar year 1898. The book begins with a description of New Year's celebrations culled from the press and closes twelve chapters later with Christmas observances. It would be too crude to argue that each chapter is devoted to the events of a single calendar month, but the chronological thrust is obvious and by no

means unwelcome in this day of history as static analysis. It must be pointed out, however, that *1898,* for all its joys, is not a work of original scholarship. It is based almost entirely on published sources, secondary works, newspapers, and memoirs, some of these last used rather too uncritically. The unquestioned hero of the book is Theodore Roosevelt, and Traxel is somewhat too enchanted by T.R. and too willing to accept the Colonel's individual version of events as given in his *Autobiography.* For that minority who find Roosevelt a tiresome blowhard, parts of *1898* will prove a trial. Some factual errors disfigure the text. Most are small but irritating. William Jennings Bryan won the Democratic presidential nomination for the third time in 1908, not 1904. William Allen White's famous anti-Populist editorial was entitled "What's the Matter with Kansas," not "What's Wrong with Kansas." More serious, however, is the author's persistent linking of the idea of progress itself to social Darwinism, as if the very concept of human progress had not existed before the publication of the *Origin of Species.*

A more worrisome difficulty arises out of the very nature of the book. Traxel's thesis is that *1898* marked a watershed in American history. *The Birth of the American Century* is the book's subtitle, after all. Why concentrate on this particular year unless it is a turning point? Of course this notion has been a commonplace among diplomatic historians time out of mind, and many years ago Henry Steele Commager argued that the 1890s marked a basic shift in American intellectual history. Traxel, however, is obligated to telescope social, economic, cultural, and even political turning points into the year of San Juan Hill and Manila Bay, along with the conventional diplomatic and intellectual revolutions. It doesn't work. It isn't clear whether Traxel is even serious about wanting it to work or whether the publisher just wants to cash in on the expected centennial hoopla. In any case it is the linkages between 1898 and the years before and after that are the weakest, least informed, and most perfunctory parts of the book. *1898* is aimed at ordinary readers, who will enjoy its compelling narrative, its vivid characterizations of people and events, its clear and pungent prose. The book is unremittingly interesting. The only dull patch is a discussion of John Dewey's ideas, and William Shakespeare, Steven Spielberg, and Mickey Spillane working together could not make John Dewey's ideas seem gripping. Scholars may find the book more useful than they expect, not because of new facts or interpretations, but because Traxel's juxtaposition of scenes and events from widely disparate areas of American life often puts old facts in new and sometimes serendipitous contexts.

John G. Van Osdell
Towson University

Notices

Call for Entries: The 1999 ABC-CLIO *America: History and Life* Award

The ABC-CLIO *America: History and Life* Award is a biennial award of $750 given to recognize scholarship in American history that advances new perspectives on accepted interpretations or previously unconsidered topics. The award seeks to recognize journal articles that propose new perspectives or topics, and in so doing extend historical knowledge and raise new avenues of investigation.

Individuals as well as editors are invited to submit nominations. Each entry must be published during the period November 16, 1996, through November 15, 1998. One copy of each entry must be received by each member of the award committee by November 15, 1998. No late submissions will be accepted. All entries must be clearly labeled "1999 ABC-CLIO *America: History and Life* Award." For further information, contact the Organization of American Historians, at 812-855-7311.

Call for Proposals. "People and Places in Time": Baltimore's Changing Landscapes—A Public History Conference

On September 24–25, 1999, the University of Baltimore, Baltimore Heritage, the Baltimore History Alliance, and the Commission for Historical and Architectural Preservation will host a public conference, the focus of which will be new and innovative research on Baltimore's history, archaeology, and efforts at preservation. The goal of the conference is to bring together people from different professional fields to examine how changes in Baltimore's "landscapes" can better inform planning for life in the region in the twenty-first century. The conference will study all aspects of human experience in the city—its social, cultural, economic, religious, industrial, ethnic, racial, and cultural dimensions.

Conference organizers particularly encourage proposals on the following topics: Building and rebuilding Baltimore; public health (from yellow fever to brown fields); the economics of redevelopment; demographic landscapes; changes among nonprofit institutions; faith communities; legal landscapes; leisure and recreation (from Spring Garden to Planet Hollywood); and cultural landmarks.

Papers may be adapted for publication in a number of formats by the sponsoring institutions. Individual or panel proposals are welcome. Please send a proposal of one to three pages and a resumé or c.v. by January 15, 1999, to the Planning Committee: Baltimore History Conference, Division of Legal, Ethical, and Historical Studies, University of Baltimore, 1420 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, MD 21201.

The Pennsylvania History Association's Annual Conference

The Pennsylvania History Association invites submissions for its annual conference, to be held November 4–6, 1999, at the Senator John Heinz Pittsburgh Regional History Center in downtown Pittsburgh. Papers and presentations should address the conference theme, "At the Confluence." Pittsburgh has been described as being located "at the confluence" of the Allegheny, Monongahela, and Ohio Rivers, but the mid-Atlantic region can also be understood as sitting "at the confluence" of different geographical, social, political, and economic developments. Submissions that adopt interdisciplinary approaches or address pedagogical issues are especially welcome, but all topics will be considered. Please send six copies of a one-page paper abstract and a short vita to: David Hsiung, PHA Program Committee, History Dept., Juniata College, Huntingdon, PA, 16652, or via e-mail to hsiung@juniata.edu. The deadline is January 15, 1999.

Scholars in Residence Program at the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission

The Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission invites applications for its 1999–2000 Scholars in Residence Program and its newly inaugurated Collaborative Residency Program. The Scholars in Residence Program provides support for fulltime research at any commission facility, including the State Archives, the State Museum, and twenty-six historical sites and museums. The Collaborative Residency Program will fund original research that relates to the interpretive mission of PHMC sites and museums. Proposals are to be filed jointly by the applicant institution and interested scholar. Both programs are open to all who are conducting research on Pennsylvania history, including academic scholars, professionals, graduate students, writers, filmmakers, and others. Residencies are available for four to twelve weeks between May 1, 1999, and April 30, 2000, at the rate of $1,200 per month. For further information and application materials, contact: Division of History, Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, Box 1026, Harrisburg, PA, 17108, or e-mail: Robert _Weible@PHMC.state.pa.us. The deadline is January 15, 1999.

Christmas in St. Michael's 1998

The Eastern Shore town of St. Michael's, Maryland celebrates the twelfth annual Christmas in St. Michael's on Saturday, December 12 and Sunday, December 13, 1998. The tour of homes will take place from 11:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. on Saturday, and 12:00 Noon to 4:00 P.M. on Sunday. A Christmas bazaar, choir performances, and a parade will also take place. Advance tickets for the event are $15.00; after November 30, tickets are $20.00 per person. For further information, write P.O. Box 873, St. Michael's, Maryland, 21663. Or, call toll free: 1-888-465-5428.

D.B.S.

In the Mail

Robert K. Headley's letter to the editor in the summer 1998 issue of the magazine questioned the 1873 date assigned to William Weaver's "birds-eye views" of Baltimore based on the fact that the Academy of Music (pictured on page 86, spring 1997) did not open until 1875. The academy opened on January 3, 1875 and would have been under construction for many months beforehand. The photograph clearly shows scaffolding on the front of the building. Weaver took his pictures from the scaffolding around the steeple of the First Presbyterian Church. The *Manual of the First Presbyterian Church, 1877,* states that the spires were completed in 1874. The photographs could have been taken in 1873 or 1874 and should have been bracketed [1873–1874] in our essay. Mr. Headley also noted our incorrect placement of the academy at the corner of Howard and Center Streets. The building stood in the middle of the block.

Melanie Anson writes to clarify two items in the review of her book, *Olmsted's Sudbrook: The Making of a Community,* which appeared in the summer issue. First, John Charles Olmsted and Frederick Law Olmsted Jr. were not in charge of the Olmsted firm by the time Sudbrook Park's development began in 1889. The firm remained under the direction of Frederick Law Olmstead Sr. "until his active participation ended in 1895." [For a slightly different interpretation, see Elizabeth Stevenson, *Park Maker: A Life of Frederick Law Olmsted* (New York: Macmillan, 1977) page 365. —Ed.]

Second, Sudbrook Park's original deed restrictions "were the most comprehensive land-use restrictions proposed for any Olmsted community, pre-dated and were far more numerous than Roland park's early deed restrictions, and contained no racial or religious restrictions." [The reviewer's query primarily concerned racial and religious restrictions, not those pertaining to land use; the book did indeed address the lack of racial and religious restrictions in Sudbrook Park, but the only reference is buried deep in the footnotes (page 202, note 26). —Ed.]

Maryland Picture Puzzle

The summer Picture Puzzle bears the inscription "Tollgate, Reisterstown Road, 1910," but there were in fact three tollgates on Reisterstown Road, at Owings Mills, Pikesville, and Park Circle. The summer puzzle did not match the pictures we have of Pikesville and Park Circle, and we therefore assumed that it was the tollgate at Owings Mills. Our readers then made a convincing case that it was actually the Randallstown tollgate on Liberty Road. The building is very similar to one depicted in an 1880s photograph; the few discrepancies are probabably the result of remodeling.

We would like to thank our readers for correcting our misidentified photograph. The winners are William Hollifield, Percy Martin, and Raymond Martin. Extending the benefit of the doubt, we want to give at least partial credit to Ellen Bordley, who suggested it was the Reisterstown Road tollgate.

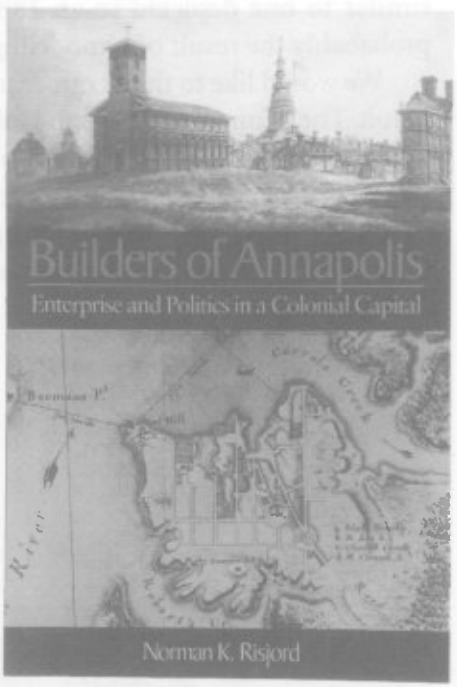
Additionally, we would like to apologize to Mr. Harry Dingle, descendant of C. D. Kenny, former owner of Fairy Knowe, for misspelling his name in the summer issue.

New from the Maryland Historical Society!

BUILDERS OF ANNAPOLIS

Enterprise and Politics in a Colonial Capital

By Norman K. Risjord



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